# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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THE NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

## Notes and Clippings.

A FRENCHMAN'S estimate of humanity in 1886 foots up "a lot of fools who spend most of their time and money in making iron balls to go through steel plates and in making steel plates to keep out iron balls."

A DAILY paper avers that a sheet of ordinary paper warmed in front of a fire will, in a dark place, giv a very decided electric spark upon the application of the knuckle, with a crackling sound. On placing a sheet of gold leaf between two sheets of paper thus electrified, and passing a pencil point over them in a zigzag course, a luminous flash quite strong will appear.

MISS ANNA BALLARD, well known among journalists in this city as the only female member of the Press Club, writes from Colombo, Ceylon, that the Salvation Army has attacked the island, but that the soldiers are regarded there with little favor. The nativs havn't the least idea what they are up to, and think that their peculiar antics and goings-on are only amusing illustrations of the peculiarities of the English people.

IF Christ had lived to-day and performed the miracle of making wine, as he did at Cana of Galilee, the officers of the internal revenue would hav arrested him, and after carting him all over the state for trial before the United States court, then he would hav been sent to the Albany Penitentiary for one year and a fine of five hundred dollars and costs. If old Noah had lived in these days he would hav been arrested for being drunk, and sent to jail to break stone for ten days at least.—*Star of Liberty.*

WHEN the unabridged edition of Webster's dictionary first appeared (without a definition of the word unabridged), that great scholar, Caleb Cushing, wrote a criticism on the stupendous work, saying that, for its size, it had as few errors as could be expected. This puzzled the editors, who asked an explanation of Mr. Cushing on the subject of these errors. In reply Mr. Cushing marked 5,000 mistakes in the volume which had been sent to him, and sent it back.

NEW YORK has a fair thirst. It consumes six million barrels of lager beer a year, or at the rate of about five barrels for each man, woman, and child. Considering the large number of Prohibitionists, other total abstinence people, and children not of drinking age, a good many citizens must drink a good many kegs in the course of a year. That's all right, provided the beer is good and they do not exceed their limit. We suspect, however, that the vast crowds of strangers who visit the town consume a million or two kegs. The out-of-town man in the metropolis is apt to stay himself with flagons, especially if he comes from a Prohibition state.—*New York Sun.*

THE business men of Auburn, N. Y., are very enthusiastic over Revivalist Moody's recent meetings in that city. This does not mean that the business men are interested in religion, but that the people drawn to Auburn by the meetings make business livelier. "One of them is reported as saying: 'I will giv $10, and my partner will do the same, I know, to keep these meetings up a week longer. Mr. Moody draws to the town people who hav money to spend. They come into our store with their Auburn friends, see some of our fine goods, and perhaps goods they hav not seen at home, and we catch them for anywhere from $5 to $100.'" The Auburn business man has evidently learned all that the scriptures hav to teach on strangers and taking them in.

CARDINAL TACHEREAU, of Quebec, has prohibited Catholics from attending the meetings of the Salvation Army, and instructed them to throw the tracts and hymn-books distributed by the Salvationists in the fire. The cardinal has a clear conception of the appropriateness of things in this regard. The tracts and hymn-books of the Salvation Army are mischievous documents, and are fit for nothing better than kindling material. Still they are not so mischievous as that dogma of the Catholic church which permits a priest or cardinal to peremptorily order what disposition others shall make of reading matter that falls into their hands.

A NEW paper out West has started under difficulties. It tells its own story as follows: "We begin the publication of the *Roccay Mountain Cyclone* with some phew diphphiculties in the way. The type phounders phrom whom we bought our outphit phor this printing ophphice phailed to supply us with any ephs or cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. The mistaque was not phound out till a day or two ago. We hav ordered the missing letters, and will hav to get along without them till they come. We don't lique the loox ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best regulated phamilies, and iph the *ph*'s and *c*'s and *x*'s and *q*'s hold out we shall ceep (sound the *c* hard) the *Cyclone* whirling aphter a phashion till the sorts arrive. It is no joque to us—it's a serious aphphair."

CHESTER BURROUGHS, of Williamsburgh, found eleven-year-old Ida Kaufman wandering in the streets on Christmas night. He took her home, and then went to the police station and told her story as follows: "Her parents are both dead. After their death her Sunday-school teacher took her to her home. She kept her for a time, but she had occasion to use all the rooms in her house, and so the other day she told the child she must go and find a home for herself. From what I can ascertain from her I think she attended Sunday-school in one of the churches in Ainslie street." The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children will look after that Sunday-school teacher.

SAYS a dispatch from Rome: "The pope, receiving Christmas congratulations from the College of Cardinals, spoke at some length of the position of the church in Italy. He protested against the anti-clerical movement, and said the holy see was now despoiled of the last remnants of its patrimony. The only liberty left to him was that held by the Roman pontiffs in the earliest ages. The Italian government, he declared, had assisted the laity in unduly interfering with the administration of the church, had expelled religious bodies, and had tolerated an organized hostility against the Vatican. As the head of the church he must continue to protest against the position in which he is placed." The pope should come to America, and if he finds rents are too high in New York, he could go West, get married, and grow up with the country. His mind needs the broadening influence of travel.

# Communications.

## The New God.*

It is an open secret that man has always made his gods. If they have not suited him, it is his fault. He has had the power to consult his own taste—like the artist who paints the picture or carves the statue. If the gods have been bad, it is because man, the maker, has been a bungler. He has not made good use of his material.

The gods exist in and through man, as the image exists in and through the mirror. Take away man and you take away God—the image vanishes. If there were no humanity there would be no divinity. Disturb certain molecules in man's brain, and the deity is at once dethroned. In him—that is, in man—"we live and move and have our being," must be the honest confession of every God. If one must worship his maker, then innumerable divinities must hymn their peans to man. When humanity passes from the theater of universal action, then every heavenly power will "shuffle off its mortal coil." When the wave, man, subsides into the vast ocean of being, then its sparkling crest that caught the many-colored rays, and for a moment flashed above the wave most resplendent of all, that also subsides, for its glittering movement was but a part of the mighty billow itself.

It has seemed in the history of the world as if man wanted to deceive himself with his own splendid creations. He has delighted in his gods, and as Saturn was overcome by his child, so man has been overcome and ruled by the offspring of his brain. He has made the mechanism of his heart a commanding voice from heaven. Perhaps this is necessary, as the doll is necessary to the pleasure of the little girl. It may be a radical weakness. Perhaps it is an art element, a poetic demand. Perhaps man needs this halo, this phosphorescence of his mind, to give an added charm to existence. We all like to see the moon over our right shoulder, we like to have the cards run in happy fashion, we like to be told that the stars make fortune for our way, and that the lines of our hand betoken good fates and pleasant paths. We like to feel that the universe is our friend; that the sun loves us and because he loves us gives the blessed light; that nature is interested in our welfare, and the winds of summer blow expressly for our benefit, and the seas roll softly in order that our ships may come to land. Every man has his pet superstition. Fate is so hard, things are so cruel, and life so sorrowful that man asserts a supreme beneficence with a kind of despairing faith. As Rousseau pathetically says, "If there were no God man would have to make one." It is for this very reason, that there is no God—that is, no sovereign goodness—that man makes a God, because if man were not unhappy he would not manufacture deities to console him in the midst of his innumerable troubles. Every God that man has made has been at heart a representation of the tragedy of life. It is man's protest against the awfulness of fate. In old times the priest and the medicine-man were one and the same. Their function is similar—so long as there is disease there must be medicine, and so long as there is suffering there must be theology. The perfectly happy man will be thoroughly Atheistic. He will need no gods. With the last form of suffering will vanish the last form of deity. The more gods a man has, the more woes he has to combat. The gods symbolize catastrophe by what Stephen Pearl Andrews would call a "terminal conversion of opposites." A belief in an infinite God is an assertion of infinite unhappiness in the universe. The more God, the more evil, is an invariable coördination. The man who doesn't want a God is the man who has no sins to atone for, and no pains to assuage. Only when one is sick does he send for the doctor, and only when mankind is in trouble does it resort to theology. As Ingersoll says, the best way to make men believe in gods is to increase the number of earthquakes and cyclones. If there was an earthquake every day, the churches would be thronged. Financial disasters always enlarged the prayer-meetings. When a man can't pay his note, he is ready to become a Christian. The way to produce big revivals is by a depression of trade. When the markets are lively the churches are dull, and when the markets are dull the churches are flourishing. Thorough happiness and business prosperity are the greatest of Infidels.

If there really were a God, there would be no belief in God. The fact that there is a belief in God is proof positive that there is no such being, and the more universal that belief the stronger the demonstration of Atheism. Universal belief in God has been used by theologians as an evidence that there is a God. A little deep consideration, however, will show that this universality is evidence to the exact contrary, for, as I have said before, if men were perfectly happy they would not believe in a God. There would be no need of it; they would be so prosperous in action that belief would have no value. Faith would cease, and life would be all in all. Every Christian—every religionist who believes in a God—always affirms that he does it for the sake of happiness. He must do it, or he would be miserable. This is the supreme argument of orthodoxy. Therefore, if in the nature of things one were supremely happy, he would not have the slightest motive for believing in God, and since no one acts without motive, he would not believe in God. So I say if there were a God—that is, a real God, a real, infinite, and eternal goodness—there would be no conscious belief in him. The fact of his existence would to every perfectly happy mind be an unconscious state. It could not be otherwise, and Atheism would be the natural result. The conscious belief could only come with the existence of evil, but the existence of evil is inconsistent with the existence of a good God. No good God out of vanity would afflict men in order that they might know he was in existence. God could only be introduced to the acquaintance of humanity by the devil himself, and no self-respecting deity would resort to such a surety. Therefore God by his very goodness is forever precluded from endeavoring to convince men of his actual being. He cannot do this except by doing something wrong, and then he is no longer God, but Satan. Therefore, if there were a God—infinite goodness—there could not by any possibility be a conscious belief in him. Therefore, if there is a conscious belief in God, this belief is a demonstration that there is no God; for the belief arises out of man's perception of his misery and as a relief from it. Theism is simply an effort after happiness, and in its very nature disproves the thing believed in.

To illustrate: Is it not a physiological fact that if a man is perfectly healthful he is unconscious of the fact? The moment knowledge comes, disease comes, for knowledge comes not by harmony, but by disturbance. When one is conscious of digesting his food, he has incipient dyspepsia. When one consciously says, "I am healthful," that very moment he is beginning to be unhealthful, for if he were absolutely healthful he would not think of saying anything about it. Carlyle says that perfect health as one supreme characteristic includes perfect unmindfulness of it. The first flash of recognition announces a molecular disarrangement.

Intensity of life always flows to unconsciousness of life. The highest life, as the Buddhists say, is the Nirvana, the unconscious life. The highest poetry is that which knows not itself. The greatest poet, Shakspere, was so thoroughly unconscious of what he himself was that his highest ambition was to be a successful business man, and own a little property. If he had been as ambitious as a poet as he was as stage manager, he would not have written his great dramas. The element of unconsciousness was absolutely necessary to enable him to be the wonder that he was. Self-knowledge would have destroyed the transcendency of his genius. When a poet thinks himself a poet, he ceases to be a poet. When he says to himself, "I am writing something good," we may be quite sure he is writing something bad. When an actor thinks to himself, "I am acting well," the charm is broken, and perfection ceases. Absolute *abandon* is what makes the flower of perfection. When the woman stands before the glass and says, "I am beautiful," then she ceases to be perfectly beautiful. The beautiful woman must not recognize her own charms. When she herself beholds them, they begin to vanish. The mirror is the greatest foe of beauty. It is worse than old age. It makes too many reflections. It is a glass too much, and intoxicates only to destroy.

Thus in all life—in art, beauty, healthfulness, action—it is the unconscious life that is the grandest life. It must be so with the God element, if there is one. It must be a perfectly unconscious life. To come into consciousness is the negation of itself. To think God, is to annihilate him. To attempt to prove his existence, is to reveal his nonentity. The highest possible evidence, therefore, of the being of God would be absolute and unqualified non-belief. If God existed, the highest compliment we could pay him would be ignorance of his existence. Demonstration is dethronement.

The making of gods and the belief in gods demonstrate that there are no gods, and so the field is clear for the making of a new one. There is no real god in the way, and hence in the making of a god we can suit ourselves. We have the raw material to our own hands to mold as we desire.

Man is in so much trouble and vexation, and is so worn and weary with sorrow, broken in hope, that without doubt for the next few thousand years he will need a god. So long as there is dyspepsia, liver complaint, headache, and heartache, there will be gods. So long as there is a doctor, there will be a theologian. But when the doctor has cured the last disease, he will have buried the last priest. The skilful surgeon is the greatest foe of the church. His scalpel cuts deeper than any sword. Every pain removed destroys an argument for deity. Every new remedy consigns the pulpit to oblivion. Hygiene is heresy *per se*.

> The devil was sick; the devil a saint would be.
> The devil was well; the devil a saint was he.

The wit of Rabelais prophesies the result of the science of right living. There never was a saint yet who was not on the sick list. No one in perfect health ever sat on the anxious seat, or was born again. Confirmation in the church is simply hospital treatment. It is for invalids, not well people.

Man in his highest estate, when he has reached the serene hights of imagination; when he can overlook the universal world with exalted wisdom; when the splendid reality is understood, and courage comes with discipline; when unselfish knowledge takes the place of selfish faith; when brotherhood is so firmly established that sorrows are ameliorated; when there is so much humanity that suffering is lost in sympathy; when laws of health so prevail that death is always a happy ending; when nature is so controled that cyclones become zephyrs, and earthquakes only melodious thunders, and lightnings, like angel visits, are few and far between; when there are no grasshoppers in the land, and golden harvests shine—I believe in that beautiful and sublime estate all men will be Atheists. They will be so happy, so wise, so contented, so neighborly—they will have such confidence in one another—that they will need no gods. In themselves they will find all wealth of thought, hope, and aspiration. In the elevation, dignity, and splendor of man himself will be seen the brightest form of existence. In life itself will be discovered a magnificence of power which will render every god a useless encumbrance.

If men were ideally perfect, we should need no state as a police force any more than we should need a God. But as men are not ideally perfect, and therefore there must be a state authority, as a mark of imperfection for the time being, so, as a sort of necessary evil, there must be a God for the time being; but, as we try to improve the state and have as good a one as we can, so we must have as good a God as we can. As we must have a state that will advance, and not retard, humanity, so we must have a God that will advance, and not retard, humanity—a constructive God, a God of progress. Therefore let us proceed to make a God. In the Genesis of the new Bible, the process of creation is reversed. In the old Bible, God makes man. In the new Bible, man makes God—and I hope that man will be more successful in deity-making than God was in man-making. God had to drown his creation, and repented that he had made it. Let us make a God that we can pronounce excellent, and have no repentance afterward—a God suitable to civilization, a God that we shall not be ashamed of in the day of judgment.

There is not an existing deity who can pass a civil service examination for promotion to the rank of the new God. Therefore we must start from the beginning. We need a brand-new divinity.

First of all, the new God must be a God of law, and not of miracle. In the progress of civilization, miracles have been entirely abolished. They are no good. They accomplish nothing. They cannot build steam-engines or telephones. They cannot even cure disease. A God who would resort to a miracle nowadays is very unwise, as well as weak. He loses his dignity. It is like putting on cast-off clothing. It's out of date, besides being pretty well worn to pieces. Law is the fashion now. It is the acknowledged power. Law is the illumination of the intellect and the record of all knowledge. What has miracle ever done? Nothing. It has been destructive, not constructive. The triumphs of law are on every side. The march of day and night, the fair ranks of stars, the procession of the flowers, even thought in its illimitable flight, are the expressions of law. Without law they cannot be. Outside of law there is no force. From beginning to end law sweeps with resistless energy. It cannot be changed; it cannot be annulled. God must accept it. If he rejects law, he rejects life. If he attempts miracle, it is suicide. Miracle is simply a trick of law. It is pettifogging. It cheats only the vulgar. A God who can only manifest himself by signs and wonders is unworthy of notice. It is like wearing a placard; it is like the artist who painted the picture of a horse, and, for fear it might not be recognized, wrote underneath: "This is a horse." A miracle is such an announcement of deity. Any potentate who cannot win recognition through law, but must perform like a clown in a circus for effect, cannot carry off the honors of to-day.

Law is democracy—miracle is aristocracy. It is the weapon of tyranny. God must be democracy, or resign leadership. He must do like the rest of us, or vanish from the theater of action. He must regard the order of things. He must study cause and effect, sequence and consequence. He must accommodate himself to mathematics and the process of gravitation. He must be patient, like Humboldt, and recognize the cosmos. He must think with Huxley, and experiment with Tyndall, and invent with Edison. He must rely upon knowledge and the co-relation of forces. The God-like to-day is that which

*A lecture delivered before the Society of Humanity by Samuel P. Putnam.

is obedient; which is perfectly natural; which follows the line of the least resistance. The more God, the less miracle. Miracle betokens weakness—disease. It no longer means regeneration, but degeneration. No respectable divinity would any longer be guilty of the performance of a miracle. He would lose his prestige. It's like playing with loaded dice or marked cards. It won't do. The game must be square and the deal straight. There must be no hidden aces. There must be no Gladstone agility, who, as Labouchere asserts, always plays his game with three aces up his sleeve, and then swears that the Holy Ghost put them there. Our new God must be no such juggler—no charmer, charm he never so wisely. He must be a legal luminary. He must swear by the constitution of things. He must practice in the open court of the universe; stick to evidence, and win his case on its merits. The new God must be loyal to what is. He must take the oath of allegiance to reality. If he rides upon the whirlwind or directs the storm, he must take counsel of nature and get her good-will before he does it, or he will inevitably be destroyed.

The God of the future, the God of humanity, the God of this world, must forswear all signs and wonders; all extraordinary and abnormal things; all strange appearances; all cyclones, earthquakes, lightnings. He must renounce all fish stories. He must let the sun keep on its way, and the hands on dial-plates of time. He must not make iron float or poison cease to kill. He had better not try to walk upon the water, for he will have a cold bath and the cold shoulder. He had better not cure disease without a physician's certificate. He had better not send devils into swine, or he will assuredly be sued for damages. We need no such disturbers of the peace. We want a gentle, orderly God, who pursues the even tenor of his way with divine complacency; who has no desire for notoriety; who will not advertise himself, like Barnum or Buffalo Bill; who will go with the tide; who will seek favoring gales; strenuously cultivate the matter of fact; attempt no royal road, but tread the popular way; who will stick to nature, truth, reality, and common sense, and who will be a divinity simply because he has the deepest insight into law and the most undeviating regard for its majestic course.

Miracles hereafter mean littleness and not greatness. In order only can any valid rulership appear.

Again, the new God will be a servant and not a master. There will be no divine despot, but a divine worker—one who can do something—a serviceable deity, not an ornamental one. We want a useful God—no exalted drone; no God to pose as sovereign; no dude deity who is on dress parade, who can think of no higher function than to show off, who studies good looks and desires compliments, who is to be praised night and day, who must have golden service and perpetual incense. Away with such a God! Away with the master and the despot, away with the golden throne and subservient multitude, away with incense, the worship, and the prayer; away with any deity who will command! We want no God on the throne—not one. Such a God must abdicate, and if he can't join the toiling millions and do his share of this world's labor, let him cease to be. Bury him with all his tinsel. Such a God is a disgrace and a curse. The god of the future is the god of service, of labor, of helpfulness; who can lend a hand; who will plow and sow and reap. We want a god of vigorous muscle, of nerve and brain; who can earn a living in the sweat of his face; who can dig and delve, go into the bowels of the earth, sail the high seas, furl and unfurl the canvas, load and unload the ship; who will pull down old tenement houses and build new ones, who will clean the streets, remove filth and disease; who will make bread for the starving poor, bring the cattle from the thousand hills to the homes of toilers; who will put out the darkness with electric lights; who will weave a network of railroads with deft and wondrous power; who will set a million machineries at work; who will strike at the forge, tug at the engine, poke the fire, snap the whip, spur the horse, drive the herd, lug brick, hit the nail on the head, saw logs, chop wood, build the fires, sweep and dust—yea, sew on shirt buttons, darn the stocking, black boots, and kill fleas, musketoes, bedbugs, and grasshoppers. That is what the god of the future must do. He must be a menial god, a slave god, a servant god. That's the glory of deific power—to be a ministry.

We can't afford to have the old God. It's too much waste of material. We need all the force we can get for practical business. This fierce, tumultuous, intense age—every potency of it strained to the utmost—every faculty on the alert—the brain radiating with electric strife—poor girls making shirts at four cents apiece—why, we can't allow that old God to remain on his throne. He must come down. He cannot sleep and dream dull care away. He must awake; he must fling off his regalia and put on the blouse of the workingman. He must stand at the bench, at the oar, at the mast. He must ply the needle; he must tug and tussle with the necessities of life; he must put on the harness; he must learn his trade; he must acquire skill; he must join the grand army and do watch and ward for human welfare. Out upon that old sovereign, sitting upon his throne drinking the sweet incense from this accursed earth! Away with the music!—away with the seraphim and cherubim!—away with the golden mansions built on agonies! Confiscate heaven—fling it open to humanity—draft the king and all his courtiers into the squads of industry and train them to service! Teach them the art of living, for themselvs and others! Turn the great white throne into a machine shop, and set the archangels to greasing the wheels. Let the arm of deity be the arm of some mighty enginery, glittering, wonderful, sweeping with superb poise and curve, so that ten thousand happy hands find work to do. That's the new God—the God of service, the God of work; a mighty God indeed, who finds the making of a pin as glorious as the making of a star, who finds all action equally sublime, who finds all labor equally sovereign; who feels that a throne is a disgrace, that to receive worship is dishonorable, that to rule is criminal, that to serve is godlike, that to give is divine. The God of the future will no longer be sought for in the skies—that is the poorest place for a deity. He will be found in the midst of poverty and disease. He will be found in hospitals by the bedside of the sick. He will be where suffering is. He will be with the aching body, the torn heart, the tortured mind. He will set the broken limb, cool the fevered brow, calm the raging pulse. He will be the physician and the nurse, the mechanic and the artist. He will be the schoolmaster abroad. He will be learning, education, knowledge, discipline. He will be the warm heart, the strong arm, the foot that keeps step to the music of eternal progress.

That will be the God of the future, the beautiful God, the loving God, the God of service, who shall be a flaming minister to the wants of humanity.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

## The Money Question.—II.

What would be the effects upon the nation of the adoption of such a system of national money as I described in my former article on this subject? Let us try to study them carefully.

1. No person would be treated unjustly by the change. Those having money now would be able to change it for the new money, or they would be at liberty to keep the old money if they pleased.

2. Under the new system any person having the requisit security would always be able to borrow money; for it would not be necessary to stop loaning money in order to prevent too much getting into circulation, as that would be effected by increasing the rate of interest. The higher the rate of interest, the fewer would borrow, and the more would make deposits. The amount of money in circulation could be controled in this way as certainly as the amount of steam going to the engin is now controled by the governor. Banks would therefore never hav to cease loaning, and they would always loan to all on the same terms and at the same rate.

3. No person would then hoard money. It would always be secure in the banks, and money loaners could then only get interest by loaning to the banks, as all borrowers would go to the banks. There would then be nothing gained by hoarding it up, and when not in use it would be placed in the banks.

4. Under the new system, money would always be equally plentiful, and, consequently, of a constant and uniform value. This would make the prices of everything else much more steady than now, and this would take a large part of the speculativ element out of business. The prices of things now depend largely upon the amount of money per capita in circulation, and this again depends upon the will of our bankers. When it is to their interests to lower prices, they stop loaning money and decrease the amount per capita in circulation. When it is to their interest to raise prices, they loan money freely. The present system of banking is like a game of cards, the result of which is to be decided by skilful tricks. Bankers are the professional gamblers, and the people with whom they play are their ignorant and innocent victims, not one in ten thousand of whom even pretends to understand the tricks of the game.

5. Under the new system we should only accept as security for money things that are the products of labor. None of the natural things of the earth or of the heavens should be accepted. Land, mines, natural timber, air, water, the sun, moon, and clouds, as well as the bodies of men, should be rejected, because in the very nature of things private individuals cannot justly own any of these things. No person can justly acquire an exclusiv right to natural things. All kinds of fixed improvements on land could be accepted as security; so also could gold, silver, diamonds, etc. The government could loan safely to anyone one-half the value of his house, and could assist anyone to build to the extent of one-half the cost of his house by simply charging enough more than the interest to pay the insurance also. How this would stimulate building! How it would increase work! How it would raise wages! How it would improve the homes of the people! and how this would improve their health and morals! To prevent people from borrowing money on land, the government should cease to tax anything but land and raise the tax on it to a full rental. Then it would cease to hav a commercial value, and could not be given as security for money.

6. If money could not be borrowed on land, the rate of interest would decline to the point where it ought to be. It would be more difficult then to giv security for money, consequently it would be more difficult to keep out any fixed sum per capita. This would cause interest to decline.

7. It will be noticed that at present, when money is scarce among the people, that is, when it is hoarded up in bank vaults, interest is high, and when it is plenty among the people and scarce in bank vaults, interest is low. This condition of things would be exactly reversed by the national system which I hav outlined. Interest would be lowest when the people had the least and the banks the most money.

8. Under the national system, if it should be found impossible to put out a sufficient sum of money by loaning, the government could increase it by making public improvements. The whole railway system, the telegraph system, and the express business should be carried on by the government. They should build railways, canals, bridges, etc. This would furnish employment to the people and would put the national money in circulation.

9. The probability is that under this system interest would be very low, probably two or three per cent on an average. But let me compare the results of the two systems upon the average laboring man.

Let us suppose that Mr. A. is a mechanic working at $2 per day, and that he works three hundred days a year. His salary is $600. If he is married, he can hardly liv on less than $10 per week, including $2.50 for rent of house. Let us suppose, then, that he saves $100 a year. A lot of land suitable to build on will cost him $400. This will take him four years to earn. He cannot build the poorest kind of house for much less than another $400, which it will take him another four years to save up. If he has been healthy and fortunate, he can, we will suppose, get into a small house on a poor lot at the end of eight years. Very few are so fortunate as this. Then he will hav to pay taxes on his lots and house; also revenue on his clothes and food. Let us now see how it would work with the same man on the new system. He would not hav to buy any lots. He would simply take them up on condition of paying the rent to the government. In two years he would hav $200 saved, and could begin to build his house. The government would loan him the other $200 and insure his house for $200 for about $8 a year or less. He would get into as good a house in two years as he now does in eight. If he and everybody else paid the rent of his land to the government, then he and everybody else would get back an annual pension from the government. Those who would rent a great deal of land would hav to pay more taxes than they would hav returned in pensions. Those having large families and not renting much land would get more in pensions than they would pay in rents.

In two years more Mr. A. could pay the government the $200, or could expend that amount in enlarging his house and increasing his comforts. It is easy to see how much Mr. A.'s condition would be improved under the new system.

One more illustration: Some years ago the people of Flint, Michigan, decided they must hav a system of water-works. A company was formed and the city council agreed with this company to pay them $7,500 a year for one hundred hydrants, to be used only in case of fire. The company was to charge for water for all other purposes. The water-works cost less than $100,000.

Now, suppose the city of Flint could hav borrowed money of the United States government at about three per cent, and put in the water-works and owned them; they could hav then sold $2,000 more water than the cost of operating the works. One hundred thousand dollars at three per cent would cost $3,000 a year. Deduct from this $2,000 derived from the sale of water to private parties, and the citizens would then hav to pay only $1,000 a year for the one hundred hydrants to be used for fire purposes, instead of $7,500.

I am well aware that there are people who will see great objections to such a system of banking as I hav described. Such people can see great objections to the world revolving around the sun, and to the earth revolving upon its axis. They can see great objections to anything that was not invented in the Dark Ages.

J. G. MALCOLM.

### An Enterprising Priest.

Father Palmer, a Catholic priest, of New Orleans, has been arrested on the charge of selling imported wines to saloon men. Father Palmer admits he sold wine which he had imported for sacramental purposes, and which had been left over. It should strike religious people as something worse than blasphemy for an ordained priest to thus turn into the beverage of commerce the blessed blood of a crucified deity.

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## A Liberal Mutual Aid Association.

In case of the death of even some of our best workers, if preceded by misfortune or long sickness, their dependent loved ones would be left unprovided for. And we know the meager pittance resulting from appeals to charity would afford but slight temporary relief.

In time of sickness, the more prolonged the greater and more intense must be the mental anguish of knowing not alone that lack of necessaries prevents the chance of restoration to health, but coming death will leave loved ones destitute.

I am in receipt of a number of letters in regard to a Liberal Mutual Aid Association, and all without exception express hearty approval of such an organization. Some, however, hav erroneous conceptions in regard to the matter, that I desire to remove.

There is very great need of such an association, but it does not yet exist. To avoid mistakes, and insure the greatest possible good, the discussion in THE TRUTH SEEKER and other leading Liberal periodicals of everything pertaining to such an organization is much to be desired. It is a matter of personal interest to every Liberal man, woman, and child in the United States and Canada.

It would greatly expedite the formation of such an association if all in favor would at once send me their names and addresses.

The selection of location for the office of the Association is a matter for decision by those desiring to join. There are many good reasons why it should be West, as far as Chicago or, perhaps, Omaha. Yet New York city has some claims as the great metropolis, the center to which all business gravitates; then, too, the laws governing such organizations in New York state are of the very best, insuring, as far as human forethought and enactment can do so, protection of every member, and impossibility of fraud or mismanagement; although the judicious selection of officers, and the publication every three months of an itemized account of all receipts and expenditures in THE TRUTH SEEKER and other Freethought periodicals, would afford ample safeguards to all members, no matter where the office may be located. There is no chance for sectional jealousies in the Mutual Aid, since all its members claim, "The world is my country; to do good, my religion." Will all the Liberals please send me their names, addresses, and their choice of location for the office of the Association?

The Mutual Aid should be established for the greatest good to the greatest number, and not to afford fat perquisits or big salary to some one person or a favored few. No remuneration should be allowed any officer, except the secretary in charge of the office, and he or she should only be paid, as in any other business, reasonable compensation for actual service rendered. The office, and all pertaining to it, must be conducted with the most rigid economy compatible with efficient conduct of the business of the Association. Under no pretext should the total expenses—including percentage to agents, secretary and clerk salaries, office rent, printing forms, blanks, etc., etc.—exceed the semi-annual dues and one-half the membership fees. When the number of members has increased so that there is more money thus received than sufficient for the most careful and rigid economical administration of the affairs of the Association, the semi-annual dues should be at once reduced.

The Mutual Aid must not be in any way connected with any other organization, but stand entirely independent, relying solely upon its own merits. Liberals of every shade of opinion can unite in the noble work of affording mutual aid, and thus, becoming personally interested in each others welfare, a stronger bond of unity and more fraternal feeling will be cultivated—"a consummation most devoutly to be wished for."

It is a very grave mistake to regard mutual aid as charity. It is not a charity, but a legitimate business enterprise, conducted on strict business principles. Its objects are to enable its members while in health, by means of coöperation, to make provision for sickness, provide for their dependent loved ones in case of death, and secure services of Liberal lecturers at burial.

The best and most equitable way to provide aid for sick members would be by creating a reserve fund, formed by one-half of all membership fees, and ten per cent of all death claims paid.

After one year's membership any member totally incapacitated by sickness—that is, dangerously sick, confined to bed—for more than one full week, would be entitled to loan from the reserve fund. The physicians of the society and of the sick member should consult and report to the secretary of the society the nature of the sickness and amount necessary per week to provide nursing and comforts for the sick, and necessaries for the family; and on approval by the executiv committee and the surrendering of certificate of membership to the association as security for amount loaned, amount so agreed on shall be paid each week to such sick member during total disability from sickness. If member recovers, the amount loaned or part thereof may be repaid any time within two years without interest. If not repaid within that time, amounts loaned and interest thereon will, on death of such member, be deducted from amount of certificate, and the remainder paid to heirs.

Until all Freethinkers practice the ennobling precepts of Liberalism there will always be need to guard against fraud. It would not be justice to offer a premium to people to encourage or feign sickness. The organization would speedily come to grief if certain amounts were to be paid in every case of sickness, with no provision to insure repayment. No society could be self-sustaining on any such Quixotic basis. We want mutual aid, not charity. It is to avoid the cruel humiliation of depending on or soliciting charity that the Liberal Mutual Aid Association should be instituted.

Uniform assessments and graded amounts of death benefit will insure equity for all. The most able and experienced insurance men advise making three classes:

| | |
|---|---|
| Aged 21 to 35, death benefit | $3,000 |
| Aged 35 to 45, death benefit | 2,500 |
| Aged 45 to 60, death benefit | 2,000 |

These amounts constitute whole benefits. Members can take whole, half, or whole and half benefits.

Membership fee, whole benefit, $5.00; half benefit, $2.50; whole and half benefit, $8.00. Semi-annual dues, payable January and July, whole benefit, $2.00; half benefit, $1.00; whole and half benefit, $3.00. Thirty days' notice to members to pay assessments.

The Mutual Aid should be just what its name implies; it is not really an insurance company; there can be no profits or dividends to divide. There is no compulsion to pay assessments; it is an agreement among men and women of honor to secure to each other aid in sickness, and, in case of death, provision for loved ones, by each paying small specified sums—assessment of one dollar to pay death claims, membership fees to make reserved fund to loan the sick, and semi-annual dues to defray the expense of conducting the business of the Association. A person is a member and entitled to the benefits of the Association just so long as he complies with the conditions. When any member neglects to pay dues or assessment, that neglect forfeits membership, and all claim on the Association. Repayment of dues and assessments to disaffected members is an absurd impossibility. The dues paid would hav been expended in conducting the business of the Association. Every cent of every assessment—less ten per cent for reserve fund—would hav been paid to heirs of deceased members. How then could the money be paid back?

WOMEN MEMBERS ON EQUAL TERMS.

The most experienced actuaries assure me the objections to insuring women are the result of ancient tradition and prejudice. There is very trifling, if any, more risk in women than men. The Mutual Aid being founded and composed of those who advocate equal rights, should accept women members on exactly the same terms and conditions as men.

There should be women on the board of officers and directors. Many women hav loved ones, in part or wholly dependent on them, who would be left to suffer but for such provision as the Liberal Mutual Aid would afford. It will be the only society of the kind that accepts women on exact equal terms with men, and will doubtless attract large numbers of women, who, thus becoming interested in the good work of mutual aid, would be induced to take activ part in Liberal propaganda work.

Too long the organization of such a society has been delayed. Let us to work! Will the Liberals who favor such an organization please write me at once, giv name and address with choice of location for the office of the society, and any other suggestion or proposition deemed of interest?

Box 104, *North Parma, N. Y.* C. B. REYNOLDS.

## Woman's Constitutional Right to Vote.

A portion of the argument of Mrs. Lida Johnson, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 11th, seems to be unsound. The right to vote is restricted by state laws, on account of age, crime, and sex. The right to vote is not such a privilege or immunity necessarily belonging to the citizen that its denial is unconstitutional under Art. 14, Sec. 1. There must be a limitation as to age; it is proper that there should be a limitation as to crime; and limitation as to sex is not forbidden in Art. 15. The same principle applies to Art. 1, Sec. 2, for children and criminals are people, as well as women.

But the provision in Art. 4, Sec. 4, is not so readily dismissed. Is that a republican government, to which one-half the people hav given no consent, in which they hav no share, and which has been accepted only by a majority of the other half? Is that a republican form of government which allows a little over one-fourth to rule over the other three-fourths? This is a question which the disfranchised class hav a right to hav decided by the Supreme Court of the United States. HENRY M. PARKHURST.

*New York*, Dec. 22, 1886.

## W. S. Bell in Texas.

After leaving the Pineries I had a long trip to my next stopping-place, which was Trenton. Here I found many wide-awake Freethinkers. The first of them I met was Mr. J. W. Bell, who very kindly took me under his care. I gave a lecture in the Bailey school-house, about two miles from the town, and another in the town hall. In both cases I had large and enthusiastic audiences. I did not find in all Texas a more earnest set of Liberals than I found here. The orthodox sun stood still for the space of two days, while the hosts of Liberals were rallying at liberty's call. I hav nothing but pleasant memories of my short stay among the Liberals of Trenton.

At Paris I made the acquaintance of Mr. R. Peterson, Mrs. Peterson and daughter, and was very courteously and attentivly entertained by them I was greatly interested in their accounts of their travels abroad, as both Mr. and Mrs. Peterson are good talkers. But on my audience I hav no lavish praise to bestow. If you will take my word for it, every time the door opened the people of that audience (with a few exceptions) turned their heads to see who was coming in. As many of them came late, and as they came straggling along one after another, the reader can imagin how often the head-turning was repeated. And, to make matters still worse, they would turn around at such critical moments as I was just making a clinching argument, or getting off a witty point in illustration. It may possibly hav occurred to some of them in the course of the week following that I intended certain remarks to pass for a joke, but, good souls, they evinced no such conclusion while I was talking.

This was one of the first lectures of the kind these people had ever heard, and, it being Sunday, possibly they may hav had too sensitiv an appreciation of the sanctities of the holy day to allow themselvs to indulge in a profane laugh.

Another long railroad ride brought me to Henrietta. My right-hand man, Mr. John W. James, I found sick-abed, but after a few hours he was on his feet, and we were soon busily engaged in making arrangements for lectures in the Court House. There are but few Liberals here who are willing to show their hand (with anything in it). As it is a Prohibition town, quite a good many of the townspeople came out to hear me; and one, a Prohibitionist, said my lecture had converted him from the error of his way. On the second evening my audience was not so large, as the Prohibitionists had gotten up a counterblast.

Next day, on my way back to Fort Worth, while the train was stopped at Bowie for dinner, Mr. Clark Arnold came in the car to see me and to explain why the Freethinkers of Bowie could not hav Liberal lectures.

My last lecture point was my worst. I went to Weatherford without knowing much about the place or the Liberal sentiment, and so, when I got there, I found it a priest-ridden place, and could get but a very few to come out to hear me. It will take a good deal of Liberal talk to wake up the people. I was very pleasantly entertained by Mr. E. P. Nicholson and daughter. I had one hearer from Slip Down Mountain who came all the way on horseback to hear me ring my bell. On the day I left Weatherford it was necessary for me to take an early start. I am not partial to early rising. The old saw about the early bird getting the worm never seemed particularly brilliant to me. I hav always cherished a wish, when I hav had this early-bird chestnut dinned in my ears, that some "varmint" would catch the early bird for being so previous; and although it is a hard thing for any one possessed of kindly humanities to say, yet I must confess that I never hear this oracle about early rising repeated without wishing that the man who originated it had been that veritable worm himself.

As I had lectured some years ago in Joplin, Mo., I thought I could do so again, and accordingly after leaving Texas, and a long ride through the Indian Territory, I reached Joplin to meet with disappointment. Some of the good Liberals who lived here years ago hav moved away, and some hav become poor, and others, who hav become richer, hav not worked much at the Liberal cause. I gave a talk to the Knights of Labor, when I gave my lecture on "Liberty and Morality," and had but very few out to hear. There was a free show in town, and Liberals and Christians, such as they are in Joplin, prefer a "nigger show" to an instructiv lecture.

At Carthage, Mo., I gave only one lecture. I was very cheerfully and nicely entertained by Mr. Watson Heston and wife, and part of the time by Mr. and Mrs. Warner. We had a very good audience, keen and appreciativ. Several expressed a desire to hav me come again and giv a course of lectures.

Mr. Heston is not very robust, and his wife is ill, and, consequently, he is financially embarrassed. He has pluck, but, poor fellow, I was sorry to see him tugging away at duty and destiny under such a heavy load. Perhaps some large-hearted, open-handed Liberal may become to him an earthly providence.

Going back west two hundred miles I reached

Wichita, Kan., November 30th, and lectured December 1st. I found this the most activ of all Western towns, excepting, of course, Chicago, St. Louis, and Kansas City. But the people hav gone wild. It is speculation upon speculation. Smith buys a piece of land at high rates, and sells it again to Brown at an advanced price, and Brown raises the figures and sells it to Jones, and so it goes, but where is the end? And what kind of an end will come to this balloon business? There are many Liberals here, but they, too, are as crazy as their more orthodox neighbors in the mad chase after the almighty dollar.

I spoke to a good audience, but in the worst hall I ever attempted to speak in. It is a hall with a horrid echo. Mark you, my reader, it was not the worst hall to speak in simply because it had an echo, but because it had the most tormenting echo I ever heard. If there is anything we hate in this world it is to hear two persons talking at the same time, but in this case it was one talking twice at the same time, one voice going down the hall, and another coming back. That makes too much of a good thing. One lecture at a time is enough. W. S. Bell.

302 State st., *Chicago, Ill.*

## J. L. Andrew.

After meeting my engagements in New Jersey and Eastern Pennsylvania, I made my way to Western Pennsylvania, lecturing in Butler, Millerstown, Petrolia, Parkersburg, and Oil City. In all of those places there are some stanch Freethinkers, and in nearly every place the audiences were quite satisfactory. In Butler the lecture was given in the parlor of Nixon's Home. The Methodist minister was invited to be present, and duly came. He was courteously offered the privilege of making what remarks or criticisms he considered necessary. He only stated that, as he was desirous of making the right preparation for the next world, he could not afford to dabble in philosophical questions. He also affirmed that Paine and Voltaire regretted their antagonism of Christianity, which was conclusiv proof that they had done a mischievous wrong. Avoiding, under the circumstances, anything that savored of a discussion, I reminded him that neither Paine nor Voltaire had ever expressed any sorrow because of their assaults on Christianity, and that true wisdom consists in the making the best of this life, rather than in a superstitious preparation for the next.

For some time it has seemed to me very strange that a man who is at all acquainted with the real thoughts and feelings of the age could really accept the religious theories that were extant in the darkest days of European civilization. The reluctance of Christian ministers to publicly discuss the gravest problems of religious thought can never be justified by the statement that unbelief is confined to a few. It is not skepticism that the church has to deal with to-day; it is not mere doubt; it is a condition of widespread unbelief, affecting nearly every class and condition of society. Nor is this unbelief limited to men. I hav found among women of several churches as strong unbelief as I hav found in the minds of men. And it would be no discredit to the intelligence of the ministers to claim that they share the prevailing unbelief. With this conscious and evident decline of faith comes a declining zeal; and there is more attention being given to practical questions than ever before. It is interesting to see what hold the church has on the masses.

Last week the ministers of Davenport, Ia., met to discuss the question of public attendance at church. That city has a population of at least twenty-three thousand, and yet, on actual count, only about three thousand two hundred attended church on a recent Sunday evening. All those who ever attend church would amount to no more than eight thousand, leaving fifteen thousand who never avail themselves of the benefit of the clergy. Without a doubt, this is an average attendance in cities of that size. The churches hav reasonable cause for alarm when the people pay no heed to them. The disregard of sensible people toward religion is the argument of the Catholic clergy against a purely secular education. Speaking of this question, there is some reason to expect serious troubles in this country respecting the conflicting claims of the state and religious sects concerning public education and general taxation for its support. Either state authority in that line must be ignored, or people, irrespectiv of their religious belief, must contribute to its support.

In Indiana lectures were arranged for in Rome City, Ligonier, and Corunna. In spite of cold weather we had good audiences. At Ligonier on the first night there was about one hundred and fifty present, and over three hundred the second night. It is the desire of the Liberals of Noble county, Indiana, to hav a large meeting next summer at Rome City. There is every necessary facility to make such a meeting a success. The city itself has less than a thousand population, but there are several large hotels within a mile for the accommodation of visitors. There is a large lake, in which there is an island of about ten acres, which contains a pavilion that will seat about four thousand persons. Excursions are very frequent to this place during the summer months. If the Liberals of northern Indiana begin in time there is no reason why a successful gathering should not be held there. They are very desirous of securing Mr. Ingersoll for one lecture. If they succeed they would expect an audience of several thousand. It was estimated that at least twenty thousand went to hear Sam Jones at Rome City last year; and it is very reasonable to suppose that Mr. Ingersoll could draw a much larger audience.

On my way West I lectured in Molene and Rock Island. I expect to spend the winter in Kansas, and shall be glad to hear from all those in that state who desire lectures. Address, care of Prof. D. D. Bryant, Ft. Scott, Kansas. J. L. Andrew.

## New York Freethinkers' Association.

Since my return from New York sickness has prevented my doing any work for the Association. While in New York the executiv committee convened. It was then decided, 1. To hav certificates of membership designed and printed at once; C. B. Reynolds was to attend to this. 2. A list of the names of members of each county was to be forwarded to the president, T. B. Wakeman. 3. Circulars of instruction were to be prepared containing hints and suggestions as to the best methods of carrying on the work in each county—until such circulars were prepared the leaflets of the Canadian Secular Union were to be used. 4. T. B. Wakeman was instructed to prepare Liberal lesson leaves to be used in science schools; Prof. G. G. Grower, lesson leaves on chemistry and electricity. Only a part of the plan of work has been carried out. The county committees hav not been appointed. An organizer was to hav been sent to the different counties. We hope by earnest work to redeem the time lost. To carry out this plan there is need of funds. Let the Liberals who are desirous of seeing the work move in this state send in their names and donations. Remember the membership fee is only twenty-five cents.

The donations and membership fees since October 17th are as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Adalade Cosad | $1.25 | A. L. Watson | $ 25 |
| John Tompkins | 1.00 | Chas. Lownd | 1.00 |
| Geo. A. Kenyon | 25 | Mrs. Wm. Thorp | 1.00 |
| Jasper Griggs | 25 | J. H. Horton | 1.00 |
| Wm. A. Jenkins | 1.00 | W. E. S. | 25 |
| James L. Parshall | 1.00 | Edward Ross | 25 |
| E. B. Foote, Jr. | 1.00 | Mrs. Sarah Ross | 25 |
| E. H. Gault | 50 | Annie Ross | 25 |
| S. F. Pearsons | 1.00 | Napoleon B. Ross | 25 |
| B. M. Knapp | 25 | Charles Travers | 25 |
| S. Block | 1.00 | Wm. Travers | 25 |
| O. H. Davis | 1.00 | Mrs. Myra Travers | 25 |
| Chas. L. Tompkins | 1.00 | Mabel Travers | 25 |
| Mrs. E. E. Curtis | 1.00 | Geo. Broom | 25 |
| E. G. Fowler | 25 | T. B. Wakeman | 50 |
| W. M. Vail | 25 | Samuel P. Putnam | 1.00 |
| Mrs. Elizabeth Weed | 25 | Helen H. Gardner | 1.00 |
| Mrs. Sarah A. Smith | 25 | A. M. Booth | 1.00 |
| Frank Smith | 25 | Charles Booth | 1.00 |
| Wm. Shrekgast | 25 | Ralph Helm | 1.00 |
| Mrs. Elizabeth H. Mead | 25 | B. F. Bissell | 1.00 |
| Charles Hall | 25 | M. E. Rose | 25 |
| James J. Mills | 25 | | |

Will Ralph Helm and B. F. Bissell please send me their address, that I may send them certificates?

F. C. Reynolds.

## Samuel P. Putnam's Lecture Engagements.

| | |
|---|---|
| Martinsburg, West Va | Jan. 5, 6 |
| Greensburg, Pa | Jan. 7 |
| Pittsburgh, Pa | Jan. 9 |
| Kent, O | Jan. 10, 11, 12 |
| Alliance, O | Jan. 13 |
| Akron, O | Jan. 14 |
| Columbus, O | Jan. 16 |
| Piqua, O | Jan. 17, 18 |
| Cincinnati, O | Jan. 19, 20 |
| Rome, Ind | Jan. 23 |
| Linesville, Pa | Jan. 24, 25, 26 |
| Chicago, Ill | Jan. 29, 30 |
| Nekoma, Ill | Feb. 1, 2 |
| Fort Madison, Ia | Feb. 5, 6 |
| Belton, Mo | Feb. 7, 8 |
| Bavaria, Kan | Feb. 9, 10 |
| Salina, Kan | Feb. 11, 12, 13 |
| Brookville, Kan | Feb. 14, 15 |
| Fort Dodge, Kan | Feb. 20 |
| Garden City, Kan | Feb. 21, 22 |
| Denver, Col | Feb. 27, March 6 |

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

The work of the American Secular Union for the coming year will be the same as that of the last year. It will include lectures in the field by the secretary, the pushing forward of the Nine Demands by legislativ action, the publication of documents in regard to these Demands, the organization of societies, etc. The contributions show the generosity and determination of those who are interested in the work of the Union. We ask those friends to giv to the fund who believe in the work, and who are able to do something. If all will contribute, a sufficient sum will be raised to vigorously prosecute the work. Already under the auspices of the Union an effort is being made in the territory of Idaho for the enforcement of church taxation. These efforts will be continued wherever opportunity occurs; and every point of advance be made available throughout the whole country. Samuel P. Putnam.

## The Roman Catholics.

The writer is a Liberalist of the extreme truth seeking order, and Agnostic to everything not apparent to his reason. He is not opposed to religion. In his survey of all religions which now interest the inhabitants of our extended Union, he has always cherished the hope that enlightened humanity as a whole, if left to itself, would select that religious faith nighest the elevation of its mind; the outcome of which would be something like a competitiv universal brotherhood of kindness.

But it seems the Roman Catholic religion is one that scorns to come within the scope of this brotherly compact of religious faiths. With the Roman Catholic "submission" is the word, and subserviency to the will and dictum of the "holy father" at Rome, extending through his endless line of priests, bishops, archbishops, and cardinals, etc.

In fine, this pure phalanx of priests of the holy father assumes to do the thinking, praying, and cursing for the whole world, as in the past, for all nations and all peoples. Verily, how surpassingly good is this disinterested kindness, this voluntary act! But are not these Catholics, these holy men, presuming too much upon the ignorance of us Americans?

The writer has been drawn to examin into these priestly exertions just now through their unusual efforts to Romanize this vast republic. In looking into the past history of the holy apostolic church of Rome, dating far, far away in past centuries, we find its history a trail of blood, butcheries, tortures, and meddlesome intrigues with all nations! Its holy pretensions hav ever been found those of hypocrisy, audacity, and crime. Based upon ignorance, they hav ever been antagonistic to progress and learning. They hav ever suppressed advancement in the arts and sciences, but when by circumstances a new discovery has forced itself upon the world, this holy autocrat at Rome was the first hypocritically to claim its merit—*vide* astronomy, printing, electricity, magnetism, animal and mineral; galvanism, etc.

Is our glorious republic prepared to surrender all its political power and greatness to the dictum of the holy father—the holy buffoon at Rome? Are we to forget the cruelties and butcheries of the Conquest of Mexico? Are we to forget the tortures of the Inquisition? Are we to forget the sale of indulgences for uncommitted and premeditated crimes, for the support of the holy father? Are we to forget the absolution for crime? Are we to forget that no contract is held binding when made with a heretic? Are we to forget that the term "Protestant" took its name from its conflicts with the holy father at Rome? Were it possible to believe the exertion of this holy hierarchy was really philanthropic in thus attempting to control the thoughts of mankind to the acquirement of a higher state of happiness, we could not but applaud the benevolence of the intention. But the history of its past horrid acts, and the present priestly masquerading, from the altar-boy here to the holy buffoonery at Rome, giv only the assurance of a priestly grasp for power. This peculiar church well knows the art of fascination. From their costly cathedral down they hav this object in view. The eye, the ear, and the smell are to be gratified. Even the pealing echoes from the Gothic arches hav a solemnity, and subdue even a simple-minded Infidel into subjection. We ask, Hav we not reason to be alarmed when they, the Catholics, unblushingly demand a separate appropriation of the state school fund for their schools? And why? To indoctrinate their children with bigotry and ignorance, and a hatred and contempt for every other species of faith. Jesse.

*Brooklyn.*

## The Blessed Doctrin of Substitution.

*From the London Truthseeker.*

It is sometimes said—and truly said—that even Mr. Spurgeon is becoming less Calvinistic; but a strong paragraph, in one of his latest published sermons, shows that the Ethiopian does *not* change his skin. He said:

It has been my joy to preach to you for many years the blessed doctrin of *substitution*. Now, if Jesus became our surety and substitute, and suffered in our stead, it is an inevitable consequence that we cannot suffer punishment, and that the sin laid upon our surety cannot now be laid upon us. If our debt was paid, it was paid, and there is an end of it; a second payment cannot be demanded. You know the story, the very excellent story, which I think was first told by Mr. Moody, of the man who in the French war was drawn for a soldier, but a friend stepped in, and was accepted as his substitute. That substitute served in the war till he was slain in battle. The man for whom he served was drawn a second time, but he declined to serve. He appeared before the court, and pleaded that he had been drawn once, had served in the war by his substitute, and must now be regarded as dead, because his representativ had been killed. He pleaded that his substitute's service was practically his service; and it is said that the law allowed his plea. Assuredly it is according to divine equity even if it be not according to human law. No criminal can be hanged a second time; one death is all the law requires; believers died in Christ unto sin once, and now they penally die no more. Our condemnation has spent itself upon our gracious representativ. The full vials of divine wrath against sin hav been poured upon the head of the great shepherd, that his sheep might go free; and therein in our joy, our comfort, our security.

# Communications.

## Ireland and the Papacy.—II.

These archers carried the cross-bow, the most potent weapon of those days, and an arm altogether unknown to the Irish. So powerful was it that at one hundred yards it would shoot a bolt completely through a fully-armored man, and consequently death would be almost instantaneous. All good Catholics believe that when a man dies in a state of sin he goes straight to hell. When passions are awakened one will be apt to say and do what he might not in calmer moments. The church, knowing full well that in the excitement incident to a battle, with his passions fully aroused, a man would be very likely to commit some sin, considered the advisability of prohibiting the use of this deadly weapon; but the matter was compromised, and the Lateran Council, in 1139, "*strictly forbade its employment among Christian enemies.*"

The atrocities committed by the invaders are almost unparalleled in history—one of the favorit amusements being to cut open a pregnant woman and carry the unborn infant aloft on their lances, tossing it to and fro. I know of no historian who disputes their atrocious conduct; they only differ on the quantity, not on the quality.

In 1171 Henry went to Ireland in person. Six months thereafter the island was subjugated, and, at a council held at Cashel, he fulfilled his part of the contract with Adrian by making "special provisions for the support and protection of the clergy." He also appointed an English lord high constable, an earl marshal, and high steward, and "distributed vast tracts of Irish territory among English nobles, on the strictest feudal principle." In April, 1172, he returned to Wales, where, at St. David's church, a solemn high mass was offered up in gratitude for his success. The principal celebrant was the pope's legate.

It is claimed that the English occupation was intended for the benefit of the inhabitants, who had fallen into evil ways, become dissolute, and were no better than so many wild beasts. Catholic writers say the holy father was so moved by these reports that he was compelled to act as he did. Be it so. It is a question too lengthy to be discussed here. I simply claimed the donation. Yet even on this point I might take an exception and say that the Irish laymen were as good as their clergy. We look for the highest possible standard among teachers of morality and religion, and very frequently look for it in vain; and if St. Anselm and St. Bernard can be believed, the Catholic clergy of Ireland led very irregular lives, and daily broke every one of the Ten Commandments.

I think the true reason was that the Irish colleges had become somewhat independent of Rome. Their scholars were continually bringing up questions which troubled the holy see. The two saints above quoted, being deeply imbued with the Italian ideas of the papacy, were unable to hold their own in controversy with the Irish clergy. It was mainly on their representations that Adrian gave the English invasion the color of a "holy war." Moreover, the orders were too numerous to suit the pope, for, at the synod of Kells, in 1152, three thousand members of these orders attended, and there were less than three hundred secular priests.

Possibly, if the discussions and writings of the Columban order were more closely scanned, impartial criticism might discover that they were a thorn in the side of the holy father. In speaking of them, McGee says: "The Columban order, which attached more importance to the acquisition of knowledge and missionary enterprise . . . issued out of their remote island, carrying their strongly-marked personality into every controversy and every correspondence."

No early Catholic writer seems to question the right of Adrian to make this gift. Every country was considered the property of the holy see. Boniface VIII. claimed Scotland, and, had it not been for the dauntless courage of Edward, it would hav been donated to some favorit. Boniface boldly declared that it belonged to Rome because "it was contained in the universal grant of Constantine, the emperor, of all islands in the ocean, to the successors of St. Peter." America, claimed on these grounds, was divided, almost before its discovery, between the Spaniards and Portuguese. By the same right, the popes meddled with the election of all rulers, and, whenever it was judicious, refused their sanction to the elevation of any obnoxious prince, and denied the rights of the church to the people who served them.

And this selling of countries was nothing unusual, the pope always making a shrewd bargain. In 1265, Clement IV. sold to Charles of Anjou a certain portion of Italy, and ordered the people, several millions in number, to accept Charles as their ruler. By the terms of sale Charles was to pay the holy see eight hundred ounces of gold yearly—and it was expressly stipulated that, should any payment be delayed, Charles was to be excommunicated. If this happened a second time, all the inhabitants were to be placed under the ban and deprived of their sacraments and divine worship. But the ban operated differently with different parties. Charles of Anjou was a weak prince; Charles V. was strong. So, when his soldiers occupied Placentia, which was claimed by the pope, the ban was placed on the soldiers, not on Charles V.

Nowadays we laugh at the "anathema sit" of the holy father, and it affects THE TRUTH SEEKER and Brother Macdonald as much as it changed the course of that comet which excited the ire of one of Leo's predecessors. But a few hundreds of years ago it was different. Then superstition was rife, and when the successor to the meek and lowly Jesus sent out his curse, it had both a moral and physical effect. The churches were draped in mourning and then closed; the bells refused to ring; the sacraments, without which they could not enter their heaven, were refused the dying; the clergy, who were also the doctors, left the sick unattended; the dead were refused burial, and their putrid corpses filled the atmosphere with disease, sweeping off the inhabitants by the score. The devil, always hovering around, seeking whom he might devour, in the shape of a ghoul feasted on the unburied child, and the fond mother knew full well that, having died without baptism, her darling was condemned to everlasting torture. Every thunder-shower was magnified into an exhibition of God's wrath, and the commonest incidents of a daily life plainly showed that the deity sided with the holy father.

Even Jesus, who had shown so much compassion for suffering humanity by becoming one of themselvs; passing through all the trials and troubles incident to infancy, and ending his career by dying for them on the cross; and who, in his glorious ascension still not unmindful of their claims, refused to allow his heart to become etherealized, so that it might ever be sensuous and sensible to human pangs—even he, at the command of the pope, withdrew from the interdicted country and informed its inhabitants through his earthly representativ that his return hinged on their paying the disputed Peter's pence.

The English pope, with his Italian surroundings, not considering the Irish as Christians, authorized the use of the cross-bow against them, and his "anathema sit," working on the superstition of the people, enabled his late master, Henry, to conquer the island. He obtained what he sought, and for years each Irish household paid into the hands of an English collector the sum of one denarius—say, one penny. When Henry VIII. broke from Rome this collection was still continued, only it was diverted into another channel—*hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

Now, for my second proposition. I might hav said very truthfully that the redeeding of Ireland was made by the pope on the accession of each English ruler, from the time of Henry II. up to and including Mary, wife of Philip. For, in the papal benediction bestowed on a new ruler in sympathy with Rome, the various English kings were always mentioned as rulers of Ireland. But when I made that statement I particularly had in view the Spanish Invasion, known as the Armada.

Henry VIII. had upset all the papal calculations. He believed himself equally infallible and started a popedom of his own, with himself as head performer. When his daughter Mary ascended the throne, Pope Julius III.—ex-Cardinal Del Monte of Council of Trent fame—negotiated her marriage with Philip of Spain. As Spain was intensely Catholic, the reasons are obvious. They were married in 1554, and by agreement the pope waived (for the present) the restoration of the church property which had been confiscated by Henry VIII.

On St. Andrew's day, November 30, 1554, the queen, Philip, and both houses of Parliament knelt before Cardinal Pole, who gave the papal absolution to the entire nation, freeing them from all the penalties of schism, and "restored them to the communion of the holy church."

But, contrary to all expectations, Mary died without issue, and Elizabeth, a Protestant, in due course of time mounted the throne. Philip made advances to her, but couched in such language that the queen peremptorily declined. Imagin a lover of to-day, in claiming a lady's hand, telling her, through one of his friends, and a male friend, too, that she must not expect him to remain with her only till she became pregnant. This was the language of this favorit son of the church.

Angered at the refusal, Philip prepared the Armada. It consisted of 132 ships, fully equipped, and the priestly element was represented by over three hundred members of the Holy Inquisition.

Before sailing from Lisbon, it was placed under the special protection of the Holy Virgin and St. Jago. A solemn pontifical high mass was celebrated, at which the body of the omnipotent God was offered up to appease the wrath of those very elements he had created and "carried in the hollow of his hand." But the storm king, unmindful of the commands of his lord and master, dispersed the fleet, destroying many. The hardy Briton captured and sunk nearly the balance, and the papal anathema hurled at them with impotent rage culminated in their little island becoming the commercial metropolis of the world.

McGee says there was no religious significance attached to the fitting out of this expedition. Let us see. The pope's legate attended to the religious part of the affair, and the fact of the Inquisition taking such a prominent position seems somewhat significant. Moreover, there is no question that Pope Sixtus V. both recognized Philip's claims and promised monetary aid. Adrian had deeded Ireland to the English; he, by the same right, could deed both Ireland and England to Spain.

There is voluminous testimony in proof that Sixtus V. promised to pay one million gold crowns when the Spaniards landed on English soil. This amount was never paid, and the interviews between the pope and the Spanish ambassador, as reported to Philip, show in bright colors the inconsistencies of his peculiar character. Being the son of a vine-dresser, his ideas never seemed to soar above his origin, and he showed that peculiar attachment for money which is a prominent characteristic of the Italian peasant even to this day.

"I told him," says Alvarez, in writing to Philip, "that your majesty had fairly earned the million crowns; half a million was due immediately, and your majesty hoped that when he understood the distress of your army in Flanders he would not only make no difficulty in providing that sum for you, but would let you hav the second moiety in advance. He replied that he did not see why he should be expected to go beyond his engagements. I said your majesty looked rather to the spirit than the letter, and you considered that even if he had given no promis at all, he was bound to come forward and assist your majesty, considering what you had done and spent in the cause of God." "His holiness did not reply, but turned up the whites of his eyes, and looked piously to heaven."

I consider the above as having a "religious significance." Had this, and other interviews of a like nature, never been held, it is hardly possible that such damaging evidence would hav been so securely kept in the archives of Catholic Spain.

The present position of Ireland, politically, morally, commercially, would be too lengthy a subject to discuss here. It is an open book, and can be read by any who so desire. The reasons given are as diversified as the mental status of the various reasoners. We can agree, however, that the Catholic portions of the island are as loyal to the pope as the other sections are hostil. Had all, regardless of creed, been allowed the means of education and self-improvement, possibly the "Isle of Saints" would not now be such a strong recruiting station for the holy see.

But religion, or want of it, was the prime factor in placing that once prosperous island in her present pitiable position, and the careful reader of history, while he deplores England's treatment of her, feels to condone the crime; for it was the only way in which her possession could be assured.

And on what is the Irish loyalty to Rome founded? Merely an idea which Ignorance and her twin sister, Superstition, hav fastened on these people. It is ridiculous to say that Rome desires the Irish to be educated. She has always been opposed to popular education. She knows too well that when her children begin to read, they begin to think, and the various schisms that hav torn her asunder hav proven to her that thought is destructiv to arbitrary creed.

Nothwithstanding Gladstone's heroic struggle, he was doomed to defeat from the start. The Vatican had not forgotten his "Controversy." His "Dawn of Creation and of Worship" was issued as a mild sop, and met its inevitable fate. Rome recognizes no Christianity outside of her pale. To her all are pagans but the inhabitants of the Eternal City. Parnell will be equally unsuccessful unless he joins her communion. Some time ago there was a rumor to that effect. If it should prove true, then, being compromised to the Italian method, he will receive the support of every priest.

In connection with the recent election in England, I noticed in the July 18th issue of the New York *Sun*, a paper notorious for its subserviency to Catholicism, the following from the pen of its London correspondent, W. H. Hurlbert. It is a quotation from a private letter received from Louis J. Jennings, one of the most advanced English friends of Home Rule:

> The priests were not heartily with us, they fearing a secular, gratuitous, and compulsory state of education far more than they love Erin, your friend the cardinal to the contrary notwithstanding.

However, the present agitation must be productiv of good. I reason thus because I hav noticed that the son of the Irish emigrant is not so loyal to Rome as was his uneducated father.

I might also make a remark about that body known as the Knights of Labor. When they first came to the front, their platform received the indorsement of many true humanitarians, as also the support of thousands, possibly millions, who hav since turned away in disgust. And what was the cause of this change? Simply, Rome. T. V. Powderly, an Irishman by birth, and Catholic by profession, elected to his present position by Irish votes, prostituted his high office by submitting the rules and regulations

to the approval of the successor of the very man who was the cause of his nativ country occupying her present abject position. Mr. Powderly, being an educated man, should know that wherever Rome rules ruin ensues. She is Rome first, last, and all the time.

If Colonel Ingersoll could only be induced to look into this Irish question, sift it thoroughly, and then lecture on it, I feel to say it would be productiv of immense good. Hundreds of thousands, ignorant of these facts, would be made acquainted with them, and one lecture from him would bring them more quickly to the notice of the public than if a dozen "high privates in the rear rank" of the Liberal army, like myself, were to write them up for a hundred years.

Personally, I disclaim any antipathy to Rome, beyond what should be naturally expected from a Liberal, from one who is desirous to see the great human family advance rapidly on its grand march of improvement. Catholicism, *per se*, is no better, no worse, than any other form of Christianity, and so long as a certain portion of humanity are so constituted that they must be shaken over hell at stated periods, in an attempt, vain at times, to make them bearable as citizens, so long can she be tolerated.

I do not suppose this article will hav any weight with those who are wedded to their Italian masters. They will bow to the decisions of Rome. She owns them, and therefore can commit no wrong, or, as Pope Gregory IX. more graphically puts it: "Of nothing the pope may make something. He may render valid a sentence which is null, because in the things that he desires his will takes the place of reason. He can dispense with right; he can make injustice to become justice."

But there are thousands of noble Irishmen throughout our land, men who dare to read, to think, to act for themselvs. To each one I say, These are facts, historical facts; indisputably historical. Investigate them for yourself, and on being satisfied of their truth, remember the lines of the poet:

> Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
> The saddest are these, "It might hav been."

And ask yourself the question, What might hav been the position of my nativ land among civilized nations had it not been for papal interference?

McARTHUR.

## It Is a Question of Free Speech.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* After the support which you received in articles published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, it seems like a work of supererogation to say more in that line, but noticing how difficult it is to beat the simplest ideas into heads enveloped with rank prejudice, I desire to say a few words. It seems incredible that intelligent men, after having a matter explained to them as clearly as language can explain it, will continue to argue from their own standpoint of egotistic prejudice, instead of from the standpoint of facts. To say that we hav free speech, but everyone is held responsible for the abuse of his freedom, is simply to state in another way that speech is *not* free. Who is to decide when speech has transcended its proper limits? The majority? Hav not the majority been shown to be wrong in innumerable instances? It ought to be clear as the noonday sun that if a man has a right to advocate a change of government, he has an equal right to advocate the abolition of government. To deny this is to deny that any man has a right to express any opinion whatever.

After all that has been printed in THE TRUTH SEEKER on this subject of Anarchy, it would be quite as logical and quite as just to accuse you of a "leaning" toward Christianity because you do not demand that police shall be stationed at the church doors to prevent the clergymen from entering on Sundays, as to accuse you of a leaning toward Anarchy because you advocate freedom of speech on social and political subjects. After reading all the arguments of Anarchists, I cannot see any prospect of a time when Anarchism will become practicable as an actual system of civilization, but my respect for THE TRUTH SEEKER will begin to wane the moment it ceases to advocate absolutely free speech on all subjects of human interest.

It is clear that C. L. Carter, M.D., has a long way to travel before he will be a *free* thinker. He says, "Those people are mistaken as to what is a free government." Well, is it justice to hang a man for being mistaken?

My private opinion publicly expressed is that if every mother's son of those policemen at the Haymarket had been blown to the Catholic hell in which he so implicitly believes, it would hav served him perfectly right. Of course I shall be accused of sympathizing with Anarchy. Not so. I say this because from all the evidence it is clear that the police will fully precipitated the conflict on that tragic night. Mr. J. Tomkins says they were "nobly doing their duty." They were doing nothing of the kind. If they had been "nobly doing their duty" none of them would hav been injured, so far as it is possible to foresee. Mr. Tomkins kindly informs you that "there are plenty of people who are ready to make Liberalism and Anarchism synonymous terms." So the editor of the foremost Freethought journal in America must ascertain what "plenty of people" are "ready to make," and trim his sails accordingly.

Don't worry, Mr. Tomkins, about what "plenty of people" are ready to do. Though people as "plenty" as sands on the sea-shore should try to make a lie the truth, they could not succeed. I want our weak-kneed, *soi-disant* Liberals to understand that the verdict against the Anarchists was not simply a verdict against Anarchy nor against murder, but against Freethought. Christians are chuckling fully as much at the thought that they hav given Infidelity a blow as that they hav silenced a few Anarchists. I want our weak-kneed friends to understand that when they join in the Christian clamor against free speech, they are digging away the foundation from under their own castle. They will see it by-and-by.

Mr. Editor, in all the years you hav occupied the editorial chair, the grandest, richest laurels you hav ever won hav been won during this very summer in connection with these Anarchist cases.

Instead of favoring treason and disunion, it is clear to every unprejudiced observer that you hav advocated only simple and exact justice, and you will hereafter be honored for possessing the courage to stand by your convictions in the face of adverse criticism. Nail to the mast the motto "Absolutely free speech and free press," and if THE TRUTH SEEKER must go down in consequence of sustaining that motto, it will go down like a majestic ship, with its colors flying.

N. G. W.

## The Past and Present.

*From the Investigator.*

The Christianity of Paine's day is not the Christianity of our time. There has been a great improvement since then. One hundred and fifty years ago the foremost preachers of our time would hav perished at the stake. A Universalist would hav been torn to pieces in England, Scotland, and America; Unitarians would hav found themselvs in the stocks, pelted by the rabble with dead cats; after which their ears would hav been cut off, their tongues bored, and their foreheads branded. Less than one hundred and fifty years ago the following law was in force in Maryland:

Be it enacted by the Right Honorable, the Lord Proprietor, by and with the advice and consent of his Lordship's Governor, and the Upper and Lower Houses of the Assembly, and the authority of the same:

That if any person should hereafter, within this province, wittingly, maliciously, and advisedly, by writing or speaking, blaspheme or curse God, or deny our Savior Jesus Christ to be the Son of God, or shall deny the Holy Trinity, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, or the Godhead of any of the three persons, or the unity of the Godhead, or shall utter any profane words concerning the Holy Trinity, or any of the persons thereof, and shall thereof be convict by verdict, shall, for the first offense, be bored through the tongue, and be fined twenty pounds, to be levied off his body. And for the second offense the offender shall be stigmatized by burning in the forehead the letter "B," and fined forty pounds. And that, for the third offense, the offender shall suffer death without the benefit of clergy.

The strange thing about the law is that it has never been repealed, and is still in force in the District of Columbia. Laws like these were in force in most of the colonies, and in all countries where the church had power.

In the day of Thomas Paine, the church was ignorant, bloody, and relentless. In Scotland the kirk was at the summit of its power. It was a full sister of the Spanish Inquisition. It waged war upon human nature. It was the enemy of happiness, the hater of joy, and the despiser of religious liberty. It taught parents to murder their children, rather than to allow them to propagate error. If the mother held opinions of which the infamous kirk disapproved, her children were taken from her arms, her babe from her very bosom, and she was not allowed to see them, or to write to them a word.

It would not allow shipwrecked sailors to be rescued on Sunday. It sought to annihilate pleasure, to pollute the heart by filling it with religious cruelty and gloom, and to change mankind into a vast horde of pious, heartless fiends. One of the most famous Scotch divines said, "The kirk holds that religious toleration is not far from blasphemy." And this same Scotch kirk denounced beyond measure the man who had the moral grandeur to say, "The world is my country, and to do good my religion." And this same kirk abhorred the man who said, "Any system of religion that shocks the mind of a child cannot be a true system."

At that time nothing so delighted the church as the beauties of endless torment, and listening to the weak wailings of infants struggling in the slimy coils and poisonous folds of the worm that never dies.

About the beginning of the nineteenth century a boy by the name of Thomas Aikenhead was indicted and tried at Edinburgh for having denied the inspiration of the scriptures, and for having, on several occasions, when cold, wished himself in hell so that he might get warm. Notwithstanding the poor boy recanted and begged for mercy, he was found guilty and hanged. His body was thrown in a hole at the foot of the scaffold and covered with stones.

Prosecutions and executions like this were common in every Christian country, and all of them were based upon the belief that an intellectual conviction is a crime.

No wonder the church hated and traduced the author of "The Age of Reason."

Some one not connected with the church had to attack the monster that was eating out the heart of the world. Some one had to sacrifice himself for the good of all. The people were in the most abject slavery; their manhood had been taken from them by pomp, by pageantry, and power. Progress is born of doubt and inquiry. The church never doubts—never inquires. To doubt is heresy; to inquire is to admit that you do not know—the church does neither.

More than a century ago Catholicism, wrapped in robes red with the innocent blood of millions, holding in her frantic clutch crowns and scepters, honors and gold, the keys of heaven and hell—trampling beneath her feet the liberties of nations—in the proud moment of almost universal dominion, felt within her heartless breast the deadly dagger of Voltaire. From that blow the church never can recover. Livid with hatred, she launched her eternal anathema at the great destroyer, and ignorant Protestants hav echoed the curse of Rome.

In our country the church was all-powerful, and, though divided into many sects, would instantly unite to repel a common foe.

Paine struck the first grand blow.

"The Age of Reason" did more to undermine the power of the Protestant church than all other books then known. It furnished an immense amount of food for thought. It was written for the average mind, and is a straightforward, honest investigation of the Bible and of the Christian system.

Paine did not falter from the first page to the last. He givs you his candid thought, and candid thoughts are always valuable.

R. G. INGERSOLL.

### The Result of Meddling with the Unknowable.

When Mr. Lilly, like another Solomon Eagle, goes about proclaiming, "Woe to this wicked city," and denouncing physical science as the evil genius of modern days—mother of Materialism and Fatalism, and all sorts of other condemnable isms—I venture to beg him to lay the blame on the right shoulders; or at least to put in the dock along with Science those sinful sisters of hers, Philosophy and Theology, who, being so much older, should hav known better than the poor Cinderella of the schools and universities over which they hav so long dominated. No doubt modern society is diseased enough; but then it does not differ from older civilizations in that respect. Societies of men are fermenting masses, and as beer has what the Germans call *oberhefe* and *unterhefe*, so every society that has existed has had its scum at the top and its dregs at the bottom, and I doubt if any of the "ages of faith" had less scum or less dregs, or even showed a proportionally greater quantity of sound, wholesome stuff in the vat.

I think it would puzzle Mr. Lilly, or anyone else, to adduce convincing evidence that at any period of the world's history there was a more widespread sense of social duty, or a greater sense of justice, or of the obligation of mutual help, than in this England of ours. Ah! but, says Mr. Lilly, these are all products of our Christian inheritance; when Christian dogmas vanish, virtue will disappear, too, and the ancestral ape and tiger will hav full play. But there are a good many people who think it obvious that Christianity also inherited a good deal from paganism and from Judaism, and that if the Stoics and the Jews revoked their bequest the moral property of Christianity would realize very little. And if morality has survived the stripping off of several sets of clothes which hav been found to fit badly, why should it not be able to get on very well in the light and handy garments which science is ready to provide? But this by the way. If the diseases of society consist in the weakness of its faith in the existence of the God of the theologians; in a future state, and in uncaused volitions, the indication, as the doctors say, is to suppress theology and philosophy, whose bickerings about things of which they know nothing hav been the prime cause and continual sustenance of that evil skepticism which is the nemesis of meddling with the unknowable.—*Huxley, in the Fortnightly Review.*

### Pope Powderly.

*From the New York Sun.*

Mr. Powderly issues orders like an unquestionable autocrat. He commands the Knights of Labor not to giv any money to the condemned Anarchists, and this he does, apparently, not as a matter of argument and opinion, but as an absolute decree. For our part, we hav no anxiety about the Anarchists, and are just as willing that they should be hanged with their pockets empty as with their pockets full; but it seems a queer thing in this country for a gentleman with spectacles to set up as a positiv lord over the minds and thoughts of thousands of intelligent and self-supporting men, and to tell them whether they may or may not bestow a little alms upon a few poor wretches who are trembling on the brink of the grave.

> Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
> That he is grown so great?

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## The Pilgrims and American Independence.

The Boston Congregational Club held a celebration on the 21st ult., in honor of Forefathers' Day, the occasion being the 266th anniversary of the landing of the ilgrims Pat Plymouth, Mass. December 23d is generally regarded as the day when the landing was made; but this is immaterial. The solemn fact that these old Puritans landed is one which cannot be gotten over.

At the gathering above mentioned, Mr. James G. Blaine, of Maine, made an address, and, rather strangely, he said nothing about the tariff. At the same time everybody must regret that there was not in 1620 a duty on Puritanism sufficiently high to hav kept it out of the country. Among other things, Mr. Blaine said:

"In a notable paper from Lord Bacon he defines the rank in which men connected with states should be held in history, and in his favorit Latin he gave the founders of the states. One of the most eminent New England ministers not many years since, in quoting that paper from Lord Bacon, gave, I think with great justice, to the Puritans and Pilgrims of New England the classic title of *Conditores Rei Publicæ*—the actual founders of the republic—and I hav often thought since I hav made personal acquaintance of the Puritans and Pilgrims, or their descendants, not sharing their blood myself, that, if the civil influence can be separated from the religious, the Puritans and Pilgrims hav made a far deeper impression upon civil and patriotic America than even on religious America. They had divisions and sects. They had their share of differences. They were troubled with damnable heresies. They quarreled with neighbors, and had exactly that kind of trouble that belongs to the aggressiv theologian; but when their descendants put into the cause of liberty the real teaching of their religion, they then had for forces the Baptists of Rhode Island, Dutch Reformers of New York, Presbyterians of New Jersey, Quakers of Pennsylvania, Catholics of Maryland, Royal Episcopalians of Virginia, Huguenots of Carolina, and Methodists of Georgia, and they could not hav made that union upon a single tenet of creed, with the exception of their belief in God; so that when Dr. Bushnell spoke of the Puritans as the *Conditores Rei Publicæ*, he spoke the verdict of history; for, according to Jefferson—coming from a region that did not hav an over degree of admiration for New England men—but for the Adamses, and he specially named John Adams, they could not hav conducted the Revolntionary war, and could not hav made the Declaration of Independence."

It is always difficult to tell what would hav happened if something else had not happened, and no one can ever know whether or not we could hav had the Declaration of Independence without the Puritans. But one thing is tolerably certain, which is, that the Declaration of Independence never would hav been written or realized but for those who were *not* Puritans. Of the four foremost men in the Revolutionary days, not one was a Puritan or of Puritan ancestry.

Washington was a Virginian, and his ancestors never saw New England, and probably never wanted to see it. If Washington had any religion, it was very far from being Puritanism.

Thomas Jefferson was another Virginian, whose ancestors came to Virginia before Plymouth rock had been pressed by the feet of the Pilgrim Fathers. He was an Infidel, and held Puritanism in contempt.

Thomas Paine was an Englishman, and if anything could be greater than his love for liberty, it was his abhorrence of religious bigotry.

Benjamin Franklin was as far as possible from being a Puritan. He cannot be mentioned in an article on Puritanism without changing the subject.

John Adams was perhaps of Puritan stock, but not of Puritan sympathies.

It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Blaine's statement that the Puritans and Pilgrims were the real founders of this country is not only untrue, but does great injustice to the actual fathers of our republic. The Puritans did as well as could be expected considering the religious views they held, but the fact remains that while they were quarreling among themselvs, exiling Quakers and hanging witches, others uncursed by their execrable creeds were laying the foundations of political and religious liberty.

## Professor Denslow was Misunderstood.

The following note comes from Baltimore, Md.:

"MR. EDITOR: I hav read Professor Denslow's answer to the propositions of the lecturer in the Manhattan Liberal Club. I do not now wish to discuss or criticise Mr. George's or Mr. Clark's axioms of political economy, but it strikes my mind that Professor Denslow, who would consider the lecture of the day as, at least, an intellectual amusement, did not even reach in his answer 'a good way above the minstrels.' Every law scholar will agree with me that the state is more than an aggregation of individuals, and can, therefore, hav rights which no individual can possess. Hence the state, the nation, can hav claims to the land, though man did not make it. Where is the logical absurdity in asserting that the state keeps the land (and landed interests of the nation) in trust for the people, though man as an individual cannot own it?

GEORGE DYRENFORTH."

Professor Denslow may hav been misreported. In condensing a fifteen minutes' address into a few lines it is not always easy to preserve the full meaning of the speaker. Our correspondent's criticism has been submitted to Mr. Denslow with the following result:

"NEW YORK, Dec. 21, 1886.

"MR. EDITOR: Before Mr. Dyrenforth answers my point, he must first see it. At the date of his attempted answer he had not yet seen it. He supposed it to be that the state could hav no rights that an individual does not hav. That is not my point by any means. On the contrary, I assert that the rights of a state consist mainly of those which individuals do not hav. My point is that if labor is the only rightful source of title to land, as George asserts, then land is not a thing to which title can be asserted, except that title is based on labor. It is not a question as to the rights of a state, but as to the *ownability* of land. George's dogma is, 'Land is not ownable by man, on moral grounds, because it was not created by man.' George says 'it was created by God.' I say it was never created at all as substance. Neither does man create the substance of a chair or table. All he can do is to appropriate its substance to himself, and then modify from something that is useless into something that is useful. This he does also with land. The value of land is due to the demand of society, and not mainly to any labor done upon it by its owner. But so are all values, whether of goods or of labor itself, due to the social demand for them, not to the expenditure of force or effort in producing them. Hence land and labor and all commodities derive both their title and their value from like sources. Title originates in appropriation, and value originates in demand. One economic principle governs them all—they are paid for as they are desired or wanted. In this sense want is mother of wealth, and poverty goes with progress.

"Mr. George comes down with a hard and fast pseudo-theological assumption that man cannot own land because nothing is ownable except by the man whose labor makes it.

"This principle, if true at all, is true as to all attempted owners who did not make the land, whether they be men, beasts, angels, corporations, devils, states, empires, or what not. The land either is or is not morally ownable by a person that did not make it. George has a choice between the two persons, viz., the state and the individual, and says it must be the state. So far as he should say it must be the state from expediency, because ownership by the state causes a more activ production, or a more widespread distribution, or a more equal consumption of wealth, I would be prepared to meet him on economic grounds, for this would be an economic question.

"But when he leaves economics and plumps at us the pseudo-theological assertion that man cannot own land because he does not make it; that God alone makes land, and that no man can hav the moral right to own what he does not create, then it becomes a valid answer to say that on this moral ground the state can hav no better right than the individual, since, relativly to God, the state is merely man, like the individual, and, not having made the land, cannot own it. The land must be left unowned, under George's ethics, to the God who made it. V. B. DENSLOW."

It is well to encourage the discussion, in an intelligent and understanding manner, of the social theories of Mr. Henry George; not because they are in themselvs of any more importance than many other men's theories, but because they are at present occupying more than any others the attention of the public at large. The practical working-out of these theories means the abolition of taxes upon everything but land-values; and Mr. George would hav it distinctly understood that there is a difference between a tax upon land-values and a tax upon land itself, though that difference is not conspicuous to a casual observer. Further, these theories mean free trade, and, according to Mr. James Redpath, the abolition of patents, of collection of debts by law, and of copyrights on books. It may be noted, though, that the publications of Mr. George bear upon the back of the title-page the customary "Entered according to act of Congress," etc., and he is at present receiving a handsome "increment" which he would not hav enjoyed but for the fact that the interest which society feels in these works has created a demand for them. When this "increment" arises from land that society has rendered valuable, Mr. George defines it as "unearned." The distinction is a fine one. It is true that the books are the product of Mr. George's genius, but it often requires as much genius to buy land judiciously as to write a book, and the value of either depends, as Professor Denslow says, on the demand of society.

Mr. George's theories, like any others, should be closely scrutinized before they are adopted. There may be flaws in them.

## The First Churches.

"MR. EDITOR: Will you hav the kindness to answer through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER the following questions, viz.: 1. When and where was the first Roman Catholic church founded? 2. When and where was the first Protestant church founded? 3. Was there a Christian church founded before the Roman Catholic church?

"C. H. BETTS."

1. The Roman Catholic church, as its name denotes, was founded at Rome in Italy. Its history is generally traced back to about the year 100. In the fourth century Roman Catholicism was embraced by Constantine, the first Christian emperor, and the sword was brought to the aid of the cross. Catholicism flourished best under the worst emperors.

2. As far as we can ascertain, the first Protestant church was founded in the lower states of Germany, by Martin Luther and his followers, about 1524–1529. The Lutheran church is the oldest of the Protestant sects.

3. History says that when Peter and Paul came to Rome in the year 60 they found a Christian church established there. It is supposed to hav been founded by those who had heard of the alleged miracles of Christ. The scene described in Acts ii, 1–10, is sometimes said to hav marked the birth of the Christian church. The apostles, says the account, were all with one accord in one place. There were the regulation "rushing sounds," "cloven tongues of fire," and other manifestations of that character. The apostles were thereupon filled with the holy spirit, passed under control, as our Spiritualist friends hav it, and used language which surprised the bystanders. They were accused of being "full" of new wine. True, Peter lifted up his voice in protest and said, "For these are not drunken, as ye suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day," that is, 9 o'clock. But if Peter had fully understood the tenacity of intoxication from the beverage specified he would hav realized the weakness of his defense. It is a well-known fact in the science of over-stimulation that 9 o'clock A.M. is an early hour for the effect of a new-wine drunk on the preceding night to pass en-

tirely away. The scoffers were doubtless aware of this, hence their mention of new wine in connection with the remark that the apostles were "full." Religious people will thank us for thus digressing to point out a fresh illustration of the divine observation that the children of darkness are wiser in their day and generation than the children of light.

As a matter of fact, the time when Christianity emerged from paganism, in which it had its source, is a very indistinct point in history, even admitting that such a point exists. The Christianity of to-day is the outgrowth and descendant of the first superstitious notion that found an abiding-place in the brain of ignorant and barbaric man. The church of to-day is "rebaptized paganism," and its prototype is buried beyond discovery in the dust and ashes of ten thousand years.

## Shining Lights.

The attention of the religious world is distracted nowadays from strictly theological subjects, and centered more particularly upon distinguished exponents of Christianity. For instance, considerable interest is felt in the Rev. Mr. Goodell, of Providence, R. I. This gentleman's ministerial conduct toward Deacon Foster's wife has got him into a divorce suit, and Deacon Foster's diaconal relations with Mrs. Goodell hav complicated the matter very much. Which of the four is the guiltiest depends upon the opportunities each has enjoyed for being wicked.

In Philadelphia the Rev. Mr. Messaros is before the Court of Quarter Sessions charged with attempted criminal assault upon a lady of his congregation. The conduct of which he is now said to be guilty cannot be mentioned here, and his previous record is bad.

Over in Brooklyn the case of Father Sherman and his victims comes up occasionally, and Pastor Staunton still holds the public eye; while the Rev. Mr. Downs, of Boston, is as irrepressible as ever. There is no doubt that when these religious lights hav sunk below the horizon of forgetfulness, others equally brilliant will successivly appear.

Right here we would say that Bishop Missionary Taylor is trying to raise twenty thousand dollars for a steamboat to carry Christian morality into the interior of Africa. If Christian morality may be judged by its effects on some ministers, it would, perhaps, be worth twenty thousand dollars to this country to hav it carried up the Congo as far as that river is navigable—and left there.

## Locksley Hall Sixty Years After.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, has written a new poem, entitled "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," and the New York *Independent* has taken the trouble to hav it cabled to this country. The poem is a long one, containing some three hundred lines of eight trochees each. In the first part of the poem the author devotes himself to a melancholy retrospect. He sees that the enthusiasm of his youth was mistaken. Now he would hav the world stand still. We quote:

"Forward rang the voices then, and of the many mine was one;
Let us hush this cry of Forward till ten thousand years hav gone."

But if the world must stand still, why this attention to evolution?

"Is there evil but on earth? or pain in every peopled sphere?
Well, be grateful for the sounding watchword, Evolution, here.
Evolution ever climbing after some ideal good,
And Reversion, ever dragging Evolution in the mud."

If we are not to shout forward any more for ten thousand years, evolution will get tired of waiting for the procession.

These two lines may be regarded as a shot at the Roman Catholic church:

"From the golden alms of blessing man had coined himself a curse:
Rome of Cæsar, Rome of Peter—which was crueler, which was worse?"

It is not easy to understand what the following couplet refers to. What was the light which France showed, and who is the Irishman that put it out? Let no guilty man escape.

"France had shown a light to all men, preached a gospel all men's good;
Celtic Demos rose a demon, shrieked and stayed the light with blood."

It is when the poet touches the evils of the times that he writes the wildest. The notion of human equality is scouted:

"Ay, if dynamite and revolver leave you courage to be wise,
When was age so crammed with menace, madness written, spoken lies?

Envy wears the mask of love; and, laughing sober fact to scorn,
Cries to weakest as to strongest, 'Ye are equals, equal born!'

Equal born? O yes, if yonder hill be level with the flat,
Charm us, orator, till the lion look no larger than the cat;

Till the cat, through that mirage of overheated language, loom
Larger than the lion, Demos end in working its own doom.

Russia bursts our Indian barrier. Shall we fight her? Shall we yield?
Pause before you sound the trumpet? Hear the voices from the field?

Those three hundred millions under one imperial scepter now,
Shall we hold them? Shall we loose them? Take the suffrage of the plow?"

Well, why not take the "suffrage of the plow" as well as the suffrage of the pen or sword? Also as the three hundred millions of British subjects are directly interested in the proposed war with Russia, in which they will be called upon to take an activ part, their feelings certainly should be consulted.

There is too much talk going on to suit Brother Tennyson. The tonguesters may overthrow the English government:

"Chaos, cosmos! Cosmos, chaos! Once again the sickening game,
Freedom free to slay herself, and dying while they shout her name!

Step by step we gained a freedom known to Europe, known to all;
Step by step we rose to greatness; through the tonguesters we may fall."

Following is his ironical exhortation to the republicans:

"Tumble nature heels o'er head, and, yelling with the yelling street,
Set the feet above the brain, and swear the brain is in the feet,

Bring the old dark ages back without the faith, without the hope,
Break the State, the Church, the Throne, and roll their ruins down the slope.

. . . . . .

Author, Atheist, essayist, novelist, realist, rhymester, play your part;
Paint the mortal shame of nature with the living hues of art;

Rip your brother's vices open, strip your own foul passions bare:
Down with reticence, down with reverence, 'forward,' naked let them stare.

Feed the budding rose of boyhood with the drainage of your sewer;
Send the drain into the fountain lest the stream should issue pure;

Set the maiden fancies wallowing in the troughs of Zolaism;
Forward, forward—ay, and backward, downward, too, into the abysm;

Do your best to charm the worst, to lower the rising race of men;
Hav we risen from out the beast? then back into the beast again.',

We should say that something needs turning "heels o'er-head," when, as a result of the present state of affairs, such things exist as the rhymester describes a little further on:

"Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying the time,
City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?

There among the glooming alleys Progress halts on palsied feet,
Crime and Hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the street;

There the master scrimps his haggard sempstress of her daily bread.

There a single sordid attic holds the living and the dead.

There the smouldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted floor,
And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the poor!"

The next two striking lines are rather difficult to scan. They are poor poetry. No wonder old Poetry passes hence at the sight of them:

"Poor old Heraldry, poor old History, poor old Poetry passing hence,
In the common deluge drowning old political common sense!"

It will be remembered that in his first poem on the subject plain Mr. Tennyson denounces the lord of Locksley Hall as in every way an undesirable person. Now he says of him:

"Worthier soul was he than I am, sound and honest rustic squire,
Kindly landlord, boon companion. Youthful jealousy is a liar!"

The whole tenor of the poem is in favor of that reversion which, as the poet expresses it, "drags evolution in the mud." It is a plea for the established church, for the aristocracy, and for all the conservatisms which block the way of progress. In his first "Locksley Hall" the poet said:

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

The process of the suns for sixty years does not seem to hav had a widening effect upon the thoughts of Mr. Tennyson. The life of an author cannot be called a success when it is a contradiction of his own best and bravest words.

## Editorial Notes.

THE Winsted *Press* has given its readers J. E. Remsburg's lecture on the Sunday question delivered in that town recently.

THE article by Colonel Ingersoll on another page we hav credited to the *Investigator*. It reads very much like an extract from a speech which Mr. Ingersoll delivered some fifteen years ago for the benefit of the Paine Monument Fund.

As a sample of the intelligence the average editor brings to the consideration of the cases of the Chicago Anarchists the following may be taken from the San Antonio *Light*, Texas:

"No mere sentimentalism should be permitted to stand for one moment between the men who threw those bombs in the Haymarket Square and the gallows. The time has fully come for all such methods of obtaining redress of grievances, real or imaginary, to be punished as redhanded murder of the most inexcusable and unjustifiable kind. The bomb-throwers are in the same catalog of criminals with passenger-train wreckers who to spite an official will endanger the lives of a whole train-load of innocent men, women, and children."

If this sapient scribe will kindly catch the man who threw the bombs, no doubt the condemned men will help him deal with them as specified. But the men he desires to hang are not, according to the judge who sentenced them, the culprits. There is where the whole trouble is, and that is just what the enlightened public protests against—hanging men acknowledged to be innocent.

THE editor of the *Christian Advocate* is not satisfied with the result of his labors in the cause of morality. Not long ago he printed a very proper editorial article pointing out the deleterious nature of a letter in the *World* detailing the proceedings of the Lord and Lady Colin Campbell divorce trial. He has now discovered that "though the strongest terms were used in characterizing the evil, three ladies of respectable position called at the house of a neighbor to borrow his copy of the paper referred to, that they might read the letter denounced." The editor adds, "Nor is this the only instance of which we hav heard." From which Dr. Buckley draws the inference that it is a prurient curiosity rife in the public mind which calls for the vile stuff in question, and that the newspapers are merely filling a long-felt want. At the same time, it is deplorable that the official organ of the Methodists should hav offended against the law which makes the direct or indirect advertising of immoral literature a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment.

A GREAT deal of interest is taken by the Chicago Knights of Labor in the case of the Rev. Dr. McGlynn, of New York. They are anxious, it is said, for a speedy decision in the matter, so that the order will know what to expect from the Catholic church. In an article in the organ of the Knights, in which the labor and Irish landlord questions are discussed in connection with Dr. McGlynn, is the following paragraph:

"When the church strikes at the means of life, and makes it an article of faith that the tens of thousands of Irishmen must toil and starve that a hundred English landlords may liv in idle luxury, it simply drives the great masses of the people out of its fold. Life is a struggle for existence, and when the church proposes to use the religious sentiment and theological superstition of men to make the struggle hard for the thousands, while relieving the one from any struggle, then is rung the death knell of any church. . . . Henry George's theories can well stand the anathema of the church, but the church cannot afford to anathematize them."

The Chicago Knights are evidently made of sterner stuff than their Eastern brethren, their general master workman, or even the leader of the political movement in New York. A declaration of independence of the church would not be a bad thing for the Knights of Labor to draft and sign.

## Lectures and Meetings.

J. E. REMSBURG lectured in Paris, Ill., December 21st. Paris was once the home of D. M. Bennett, and it was here that THE TRUTH SEEKER was first published. Mr. Remsburg met many of Mr. Bennett's old neighbors, all of whom remembered him as one of the most honorable and generous of men.

MRS. H. S. LAKE is speaking at Haverhill, Mass., this month. The first Sunday of January she speaks at the Boston Spiritual Temple; the last two Sundays of January at Worcester, Mass.; the first two Sundays of February at Berkley Hall, Boston. She may be addressed for further engagements in care of the *Banner of Light*, Boston, Mass.

W. F. JAMIESON is having good success in Denver, Col., where he is engaged for Sunday evenings for six months. He says that he will, however, giv way for any of his brother lecturers traveling through the West, so that they can hav an opportunity to address the Denver people. Notice, several weeks in advance, should be given, so that Mr. Jamieson can respond to the many calls for lectures which he is receiving. He has calls at Abileue, Industry, and Enterprise, Kansas; Osceola, Wilber, and other towns in Nebraska. These calls he cannot get time to fill until spring. He will giv four lectures in Canon City, Col., December 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th; in Black Hawk, two lectures; three in Central City; Loveland, some time in January. He has concluded to make Colorado his future home. He considers it superior to Minnesota as a state—far ahead of it in climate, and more Liberal people than he ever met in any one state.

## Literary Notes.

IN the *Forum* for January the Rev. J. M. Buckley has an article on "The Morality of Ministers." A treatis on this subject is always timely.

ATTENTION is call to the attractiv advertisments of Colonel Ingersoll's "Lay Sermon," and Aunt Elmina's "Little Lessons for Little Folks." The address, 28 Lafayette Place, is appended because after January, 1887, that will be the home of THE TRUTH SEEKER for the next ten years.

HENRY W. AUSTIN will publish in the January issue of the *Southern Bivouac* an article entitled, "My Pilgrim Fathers." The tenor of the article is widely different from that usually employed in describing these distinguished gentlemen, as the following extract will show: "Some people, the other day, found fault with Mr. Froude for bleaching Henry VIII., but who has protested against the whitewashing of the Pilgrim Fathers which has been going on systematically for two hundred years? Occasionally, 'tis true, at the Plymouth memorial banquets, some gentle speaker gently suggests that while the good old times were very grand, they were somewhat hard and narrow in their religious practices. But such historical heresy is quickly quenched by some historical fountain of eloquent whitewash, and the doubly false, because only half true, pictures of history are disseminated through our newspapers, so that they strengthen the wrong teaching of our school-books."

## Obituary.

DIED.—On Sunday, Dec. 19th, at St. Luke's Hospital, of cancer of the stomach, John B. Johnson, weaver, in his 79th year.

The deceased was born in Manchester, England, where in 1832 he activly assisted in the founding of the weavers' union. He was an early convert to the social theories of Robert Owen, and was an enthusiastic advocate of the famous "People's Charter." After the disastrous failure of 1848 he fled to America, where he continued his efforts in the cause of popular progress, and ultimately identified himself with the Socialistic Labor Party, and was its nominee for mayor of New York in 1880.

When recognizing the approach of death he refused the Christian sacrament pressed upon him and declared his complete acceptance of the Positivist religion founded by Auguste Comte. He retained possession of his strong common sense to the last, and passed over to the great majority as a child sinks to sleep. HUGH MCGREGOR.

# Letters from Friends.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Dec. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Now that the pope is mixing up his religion with our politics, is it not time for us to mix up our politics with his religion? Ought men who are the mental and moral slaves of a foreigner to be elected to offices of honor and trust in a free republic? W. H. BENSON.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 20, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Glad to see the "Petrified Blasphemer." It's splendid! A copy of the paper containing the account was mailed me to discourage and strike a blow at my pernicious blaspheming, and the same, as soon as read, I mailed you, and am convinced the blow is now the other way—boomerang! Go on in the good work of ridicule; continue the work of illustration. Respectfully, R. H. RALSTON.

HALE, KAN., Dec. 10, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I see so much about chess turning to wheat that I hav concluded to add my knowledge upon the subject. In your issue of December 4th Mr. A. Moot says: "I am positiv that he [Mr. Burk] nor any other man ever saw wheat and chess that grew from the same root." I want to say to all your readers that I hav seen wheat and chess growing from the same root, on the same stalk, on the same head; and will make affidavit to it. FRANK WILLETT.

FREDONIA, N. Y., Dec. 2, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $1 to replenish THE TRUTH SEEKER's magazine on my delinquent subscription, which I think ought to be stopped as soon as the ammunition runs out.

I readily see by the contributions of THE TRUTH SEEKER that the greatest need is organization to more effectually advance liberty, which is the true source of all happiness. Professions nowadays are stale commodities. What you are doing is what moves the world. We must hang together or in the end we must hang separate. PLINY SMITH.

BEAVER DAM, WIS., Dec. 13, 286.

MR. EDITOR: As the presiding elder of the Broad Gauge church, of this place, I am requested to send you $11.05 for the following missionary documents, as per inclosed bill. These documents are to follow a Bible-smelling committee, who has been appointed by the other gentlemen of the cloth—or sky-pilots—of our city to sell or giv away Bibles. Our church, being opposed to the circulation of obscene literature, has appointed a similar committee to circulate documents showing what their Bible really is. This is the first instalment. We shall probably send for another soon.

ELDER ANDREW WILLARD.

SOUTH ROYALTON, VT., Dec. 18, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to express my sincere thanks to you for the last cartoon in your very interesting paper (December 18, 1886). That number ought to be circulated all over our country, to wake up every man and woman to the situation of things in regard to our free speech, free press, and political liberty. Even here in these United States—so called—of America we hav slumbered too long on the brink of a worse than Vesuvius. Catholicism is fast sapping the very foundation of all freedom and liberty. How can our statesmen be so blind to the dangers which are at the door of the temple of freedom? Oh, for a Gabriel to blow a trumpet which would echo through the land, and raise the dead to life before it is too late to ward off a bloody, cruel war!

Please find $1; I wish it were $1,000 instead; but we hav to struggle to take care of our bodies. But the mind must be fed as well as the body, in order to liv and be a blessing in our day and generation.

Please send me THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1887 and four copies of the last number of THE TRUTH SEEKER, to giv away where they will do most good; the remainder to help you publish your paper. Wishing you every good that can come to a friend of humanity,

Yours ever, MRS. H. J. SEVERANCE.

LINCOLN, ILL., Dec. 14, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I was just reading about a saloon-keeper buying a church to get rid of it. It was in his way—the law would not permit him to sell whisky so close to a meeting-house. It reminds me of a saloonist in my boy days, keeping a saloon in a church basement, and renting the upper room to a body of good Christians. Some wag, being of the poetical persuasion, placarded the building with these lines:

There's a spirit of joy, a spirit of woe,
A spirit above, and a spirit below;
The spirit above is a spirit divine,
The spirit below is a spirit of wine.

We hav in our beautiful little city a holy evangelical church, run by saloon-keepers—a snug, well-appointed gospel mill, where a beer-drinking priest deals out his stuff to a beer-guzzling laity, and all goes right, as the whole mess is neutral in politics and religion. How reaching and all-embracing our lovely Jesus is! The sins of drunkard-making are washed out every Lord's day, and the bedrabbled linen is cleansed of the blood of the drunkard by the blessed *bier* of the lamb. How easy things go!—come to the flock, and get this evangelical faith; it covers up all—come in—we will sing; and such a song, and how the melody floats around the holy room! and while the auriculars take up the words, "This is the way I long hav sought," the olfactories gather the sweet fumes of the garden of Gethsemane as they exude from a hundred beer-sotted throats. Oh, our blessed religion is so expansiv! Like a rich man's conscience, it will stretch and never tear. Ask one of these lovely Christians about the style of religion he embraces, and he will put you off evasivly. You will think of the two "nigs" stealing chickens. The one up on the roost says to the one on the ground, "Jim, ain't dis kind er wrong ter carry on like dis?" The one on the ground says, "Pete, dat am a great moral queshtun—han' down anodder pullet!" So they go right along, and follow the priests. The great moral questions are passed over in full faith that faith is the thing most needed. In fact, it is about all that there is, as it were, visible; for the Christian work of our savior is passed over and forgotten—lost to sight in the fashionable scramble to exhibit millinery on living show-frames, in temples with fine carpets, stained windows, and cushioned seats. "Why will not men think?" SLO HYOUM.

MINIER, ILL., Dec. 15, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find 50 cents, for which you will please send me one dozen copies of Mr. Ingersoll's "Lay Sermon." Some of the good church people hav asked me several times for it.

The Christian church is holding a protracted meeting here at present. The other night the preacher showed us the beauties of the conspiracy between God and Moses against Pharaoh the king and his people. I must say he made a grand fizzle of it. Think of it—God, in the dead hour of the night, killing the first-born in each family, so while there was confusion his good people might escape. Is this not sublime? I was amused last night when I entered the church a little late to find but a small audience, of which a good number were Infidels, and, most of all, one of our most Liberal ladies presiding at the organ helping them out with the music. Would they do likewise for us? In the sermon we Infidels were carried back to the beginning of life, in which connection the preacher made the statement that from nothing came nothing, which we heartily indorse; also, that this country had made great advancement on account of liberty, which again is true. Since the shackles hav been broken, at least in part, from mind, lips, pen, and press, we are glad to note the advancement. I hope to see the day when the balance of the locks and chains will be broken and fall from humanity, which will be sure death to the church.

As soon as we can obtain a good lecturer, we will hold our meetings, where we will giv advanced ideas instead of superstitious sermons. Best wishes to THE TRUTH SEEKER and Brother Heston. Every number speaks volumes.

J. SCHAAF.

MILFORD, NEB., Dec. 14, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: What course does THE TRUTH SEEKER advise, what course does it take, in these gusty times, "presaging the storm?" That is a fine bit of verse of Mr. Putnam's:

You say there is a God above the boundless sky, . . .
What is this monarch doing upon his golden throne
To right the wrongs stupendous, giv joy instead of moan?
'Tis we must build the paradise, and bravely right the wrong;
The God above us faileth, the god within is strong.

I quote from memory, and perhaps quote at it rather than quote it. What is this "god within?" or what are we doing to "build the paradise and bravely right the wrong?" Is it enough to say of all the churches that they are centers from which emanate bigotry, tyranny, superstition, and hypocrisy? that they cause more immorality than morality? more vice than virtue? more greed than charity? That from the smallest and weakest to the largest and most powerful they are a fraud and a humbug, affirming "the things ye know not of," and preaching "the things whereof ye cannot prove?" Must we not hav something to take their place that will promote true morality, hence happiness, charity, "peace on earth," and "good will toward men?" Must we not do all we can for the general welfare? It cannot be exactly true that "the love of money is the root of all evil," but it certainly comes very close to it. And should not we and everybody else encourage coöperation—Socialism—among those who hav sufficient confidence in each other to undertake it, but no law to enforce any such thing? And will not we advocate graduated taxation, government control for the public as well as the stockholders of all public institutions, so that one class cannot—to so great an extent as now, anyway—be the robbers of another or all the others? If not this much, what then? C. M. CLARK.

CARTHAGE, MO., Dec. 17, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: On the 29th of last month, Prof. W. S. Bell paid our little city a flying visit and gave this church-ridden community his lecture on "Liberty and Morality." Owing to short notice, many Liberals in the city and surrounding country did not know he was here, yet a fair audience responded, and enjoyed his lecture most thoroughly. Mr. Bell is a logical, incisiv, and gentlemanly speaker, and his numerous witty illustrations of the shams of Christianity and society often set the audience in a roar and kept the few Christians among them in a good humor. It was an intellectual feast to all the Liberals who heard him, and even the piously inclined admitted that his discourse was able and enjoyable, although they did not agree with him in some things. If he could hav given several lectures here, he would hav drawn crowded houses, as he aroused many careless Liberals, and quite a number of church people seemed disposed to hear the witty Infidel. We found Mr. Bell a very genial and pleasant comrade, and his brief visit here has made him many warm friends. As he is abundably able, and is doing splendid work in the cause of Freethought, we wish him great success. Out of about twelve hundred voters here, there are not less than seven hundred who are Liberals, but, with the exception of a noble few, they are afraid to do anything not agreeable to the church for fear of hurting them in business. Such craven cowardice and niggardly servility is contemptible, and they deserve to be domineered over by the church until they die off and make room for men who hav courage enough to stand by their convictions. This place has eleven God-houses, but only two small factories. Everything is stagnant except the heartless and hypocritical curse of Christianity. Large sums of money are collected at fairs and festivals for the benefit of worthless preachers who enjoy good salaries, and yet we see men tramping the streets in search of work, and little children shivering in scanty rags and half-starved. But Carthage is very respectable, painfully so—aristocratic mediocrity! respectable hypocrisy! Honesty in rags, and muscle and brains begging! *Delenda est Carthago!* WATSON HESTON.

BLUE SPRINGS, GA., Dec. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: As I hav never had an education in school, I never thought that it would do for me to expose my ignorance, though I hav a practical education. I left a mother in August, in 1861, to join Company F of the Eighth Georgia Battalion. I was captured at Lost Mountain, in this state, and was in prison in Camp Douglas, Chicago. From there I enlisted in the Sixth U. S. Volunteers, for the Western frontier. My company was ordered to Fort Douglas, Utah, among the Mormons. On the trip after we left Fort Laramie I became herniaed, and was left at Fort Hallock, in the hospital. I became a cook for the lieutenant-colonel of the Fifth U. S. Volunteers, he taking me back to Denver, Col., and from that I got into the mines at Black Hawk and Central City, Col. I served for seventeen years in the mines.

I came home in 1881. I hav spent $1,300 in prospecting in Georgia. I find plenty of gold, silver, and galena in this county.

For fear I should occupy too much time and space, I will tell you what I want. I want a Liberal chemist. I want an honest man, who can analyze and tell me the truth, so that when he makes a decision I can say on oath exactly what a metal is and the worth of it in gold, silver, copper, or galena. I hav some samples now on hand that I want tested. I hav some that looks like silver and galena, though the party who brought it to me gave me some metal which, they say, came out of the quartz. It is tin, and I don't believe that it came out of the rock. I propose to prospect and open at my own expense until it will pay one dollar a day for a deed to one-half of the discovery of the lode, ledge, or deposit, with all deposits, pockets, and angles pertaining thereto. They will make a deed to this effect.

I hav a history of seventeen years on the western frontier and how I learned to read and write. "The Age of Reason" was the first book that ever I saw that caused me to study. I sent with a club from Quartzburg, Boise Basin, I. T., in 1880, and got the "Life of Thomas Paine," morocco bound and gilt edged. That is my guide to-day. As ever, Your true friend, W. FELT LINDEY.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, OR., Dec. 6, E.M. 286.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $4 for THE TRUTH SEEKER for next year, and "Men, Women, and Gods," by Helen Gardener, and "The Order of Creation," by Gladstone, Huxley, Réville, Müller, and Linton.

You will please conduct your paper as seems best to yourselvs, either with or without illustrations (I like it best with), and I shall be satisfied, as I hav been. Only continue to allow all kinds of Freethinkers to be heard when they debate and don't get angry. Yesterday I went to Brownsville in company with a school-teacher. While passing a beautiful house the teacher noticed and called attention to an elegant, large, gilt-edged Bible which was conspicuous in the bay-window in the second story. I said that it reminded me of some words ascribed to Jesus about whited sepulchers which were clean without but impure within. He said that those impure stories were historical and necessary to complete revelation. I said that I did not see that it was either necessary or of any use whatever for God to tell stories which were so obscene that neither of us would be willing to read them in public. And further, it was blasphemy to accuse God of being their author if he was pure. Blasphemy was mild when compared to the dogma that as in Adam we all died, so in Christ are we all made alive. What could be more preposterous than to believe that an all-wise and absolutely just being either would or could create a pair of beings about six thousand years ago and place them in a garden and forbid them to eat of the fruit of a tree that was there when he foreknew that they had that in their natures which would cause them to eat the fruit, and when at the same time he had given them their dispositions and could hav given them different ones (or else he was not omnipotent), or he could hav left them unmade, or at least he could hav removed some of the temptations or told Adam that there was a very shrewd enemy in the form of a serpent? My friend, the school-teacher, listened patiently and said he would reply when going home if I would listen as long as he had. I promised to listen and did so, but although he talked quite as long, I failed to see that he had refuted anything I had said. He said he should deny my premises, and then proceeded to make some dogmatic affirmations without proof and build an argument on them. If I could see the least bit of reason in them, I could remember them, and would willingly giv them to you. But as I fail to do either, I hope you and he will forgiv me. GEORGE F. ELLIOTT.

ALLIANCE, O., Dec. 5, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Procrastination is the thief of time. I thank you for sending the paper after our subscription expired. We could not get along without it. We hav tried to get some subscribers for you, but failed. Then Mr. Rockhill said, "Send $5 for two years' subscription;" and now I send $5 to apply on subscription, and $3 for I. R. Hains.

I am glad that the second sober thought has prevailed, and Chicago will not write her name in so dark an infamy as the hanging of those seven men would hav entailed. And when, oh, when, will the peoples of the world rise above the barbaric age of the gallows? Is it any better than legal murder done in a spirit of revenge? And we are all made murderers.

No, not all. I, as a woman, hav no voice in making the laws, and I hope that when women hav the franchise one of their first acts will be to wipe from our statutes that most revolting of public crimes, and I here and now utter my protest against it, even if those men in Chicago were worthy of death. But I think, as you do, it should not be considered a crime in our free country for anyone to express his thoughts. Yet there are some thoughts we wish people were educated above indulging in.

I hope you will excuse me for saying that I am sorry you resigned your position with the officers of the Secular Union because some of the Freethinking public misrepresent and misunderstand your position and principles. If reformers wait to be appreciated by those they seek to benefit, the Golden Age will be indefinitly postponed.

If we are truth seekers, we should divest ourselvs of bigotry and intolerance; should be willing to accept evidence, and not let prejudice blind our perception of truth. I suppose the Secular Union has enough work on its hands when it takes the Nine Demands as a text to preach from, to try to educate the people up to a recognition of the justice of the Demands, and also the danger of disaster to our nation when they are ignored. But I think we should seek for the truth on all subjects, and present it through its organ, THE TRUTH SEEKER. In whatever direction we look there seems to be great need of reforms, and so many of these are questions of vital importance to the well-being of the people! We need the light of knowledge shed on the evils of society, and many seekers for the truth in regard to the causes of disease, crime, unhappiness, and the many wrongs that crush out the joy of living—for I believe with Ingersoll that happiness is the birthright of all, or should be.

I must say we read with interest and appreciation of the abors of Watts, Putnam, Remsburg, Reynolds, etc., who nav all spoken for us "allies in Alliance," as T. C. Leland used to call us. I don't see the point when C. Fannie Allyn thinks the Spiritual papers not as Liberal because they don't publish the other side of the question. I don't see as it is necessary for them to; but it would be wrong, perhaps, if THE TRUTH SEEKER should refuse to publish both sides of the subject, or of other subjects of public interest. And, although we are Spiritualists, we appreciated largely Nelson Hunt's poetry, "There is no Death." And Mr. Rockhill says he knows what the Indian wanted of his dog and gun. He could shoot at a mark with the gun for pastime, and the dog was to bark when Nelson Hunt got there. MRS. S. S. ROCKHILL.

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SACRAMENTO, CAL., Dec. 14, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I must say that I presume that you know your own business, but whether you do or not you certainly hav the right to manage it in your own way, and do what you think is the best for yourself and your patrons. I must say also that I am sorry to see you show so much sympathy toward the Chicago Anarchists. Mr. Editor, when it comes to this, that you nor I can do business in our own way while we obey the laws of our country, it is about time to sell out to some one who likes to do it in the other way. For instance, I am doing a legitimate business, am employing, say, six, eight, or ten men, more or less. Tom, Dick, and Harry come along from Europe (for we know that almost all strikes are caused by foreigners); they say to my men, "You shall not work for Goodell any longer unless you join our league, and charge him a higher price." Now, what right hav they to do that? When the people of our nation hav to submit to such things, can we call this a free nation? Talk about free speech—where is the freedom when you or I are allowed to go through the country talking publicly and advising the people to strike for higher wages, and if the employers don't submit to their dictation to murder them, or burn their property—do anything, but make them obey their orders? You call that free speech? Now, I don't know whether those men who are sentenced to death in Chicago threw the bomb that caused death or not, but if they made incendiary speeches, as has been represented they did, they deserve death, for I hold that you nor I has the right to go through the country exciting the people in any such way. If the ignorant, or any others, accept our advice, and do as we hav dictated and recommended, we certainly are just as guilty as those who really committed the act. Mr. Editor, I think there has been too much sympathy expressed by several writers in your paper, for the good of it. Some people believe, and express that belief boldly, that THE TRUTH SEEKER advocates all sorts of wrong-doing by the Anarchists; but, of course, that is not so, yet I would rather see less of it. I hav long thought I would write a few lines to you on the subject, but now I hav done. THE TRUTH SEEKER I prize much as a whole; it grows better every year. Of course, we must not expect that every article pleases every reader.

I shall send you some money the fore part of the year for the general good of our cause. N. D. GOODELL.

[Our correspondent expresses regret that we should show sympathy toward the Chicago Anarchists. We were not aware of having shown any special sympathy for these misguided and foolish enthusiasts. We are interested in seeing them fairly tried and punished according to their offense. This interest we hav from time to time expressed, and future developments will show whether or not it has been unduly excited. Strikes are a different mattter, the discussion of which, as the story-writers say, may be "reserved for another chapter."—ED. T. S.]

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BRONSTON, KY., Dec. 15, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The outlook at present is not encouraging for the great American republic. Unless the great mass show that they understand the true principles of the government of the United States—that is, that the true power of government is based on and derived from the voluntary consent of the governed, and not from any priest, or king, or God inhabiting the skies, or any other place, and that this government, by the consent of the governed, is for their own individual, mutual, and collectiv benefit, that they may thereby enjoy life, liberty, property, and the pursuit of happiness here on this earth and in this life, acknowledging no other power to govern them than their own written Constitution, which may be changed from time to time to suit the advance made by science and civilization—I say that, unless the great mass of the American people truly understand their Constitution, it will not be a great while till we will see our dear republic torn to pieces and governed by a lot of petty kings set up by the "power and grace of God," with such mottos as these everywhere to be seen: "Be subject to the powers that be," "All authority comes from God," "'Tis better to obey God than man." Priests and kings hav always governed, and laid under tribute, and fleeced the great mass by pointing them to a God in the skies, claiming that they are this God's agents, and that unless we do as they tell us, this great God of the skies will, when we die, cast us into a great lake of fire and brimstone where we will hav to burn and suffer forever and forever in a world that will hav no end. Will the priests and kings succeed in getting the great American republic completely under their control? A word or two to the great mass, and I will close. No great civilization can be built up unless it be on the corner-stone of the family. A man and his wife, and their sons and daughters, properly educated, form the greatest and grandest foundation of human society. The ownership of land should be limited to the actual necessities of the individual or company. Trade should be positivly free; church and state forever separate. All property should be taxed alike. The government should find out what amount of money was most healthy for its citizens, and furnish that amount. Our present circulation per capita is not enough. There should be no conflict between capital and labor. Every man should become rich if he can by fair, square, and honest dealing. The doctrin taught by the God of the skies on the subject of riches has caused an immense amount of poverty, misery, and wretchedness to the inhabitants of this earth. It is right that each man and his family should support themselvs, and make property in some way by their own exertions.

I will giv a rule that will make everlasting friends of capital and labor. That is this: Let each man keep an exact account of his business; if he be a daily laborer, let him see to it that when Saturday night rolls around his income is greater than his expenses; if the expenses should be the greater, he must economize at every point. This is a free country. He must change his business and never cease trying until he gets the income greater than the expenses, and then all will be lovely. So of every business. When this rule is adopted, there will be no more trouble between capital and labor. J. N. BROWN.

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CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Dec. 15, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I cannot but note, in reading in the *North American Review* the essays of Robert G. Ingersoll and Jeremiah S. Black respectivly, the philanthropy and generosity of the one, and the selfishness and maliciousness of the other. I hav especially noticed in the works of R. G. Ingersoll the absence of all that which tends to promote a feeling of animosity in the mind of the reader who may differ from the author in the vital points that are treated of. I hav utterly failed, even once, to find the place and circumstance of his abusing any professor of religion or believer in the faith which he is professedly arrayed against. I hav utterly failed to find the place in any of his numerous works, whether the nature of the work be agressiv or defensiv, where he attacks the character of his opponent or devotes himself to the task of proving the inhumanity and consequently the false motiv of the other. I hav yet to find the passage recording an accusation against any Christian man or woman, either personally or indirectly. In his essay Mr. Ingersoll confines himself entirely to the Christian religion, giving no cause of offense to any professor or believer beyond that which his statements would naturally contain. Upon the other hand, Judge Black regales himself with comments upon the personal character of his opponent, and in many places meets decisiv arguments and statements with invectivs and assaults upon the motivs and emotions of Mr. Ingersoll. This is not gentlemanly, nor is it acting in accord with the claimed divine command of the God whose character Mr. Black is so carefully trying to clear from the accusations of the eminent Infidel. For my part, I think it would be a much more manly thing for any believer, and for Mr. Black in particular, to confine himself strictly to the discussion of the points at issue, as is clearly the aim of R. G. Ingersoll. Then would he meet the Honorable Believer upon his own ground—free from all emotions and motivs which tend to make his arguments pueril and defectiv. Let gentlemanly conduct beget gentlemanly conduct, and so fulfil the law of humanity. Let Infidels and believers alike confine themselvs strictly to the subject under discussion, and leave revilings and personalities to those who can find no better argument or persuasion. As Colonel Ingersoll strikes at the root of Christianity by reviewing the Old Testament scripture and detecting its weaknesses—of which it has many—and placing them before the world parallel with his own opinions and belief, it is necessary, and therefore becomes every man who attempts to meet him openly before the world with the object of confuting his arguments, to meet him fairly and squarely, and attack nothing but Infidelity and the arguments brought forward by him in support of his belief. I know nothing of the personal character of either the one or the other, only so far as the writings of both authors reveal it; and judging from these alone I conclude that Mr. Ingersoll is philosopher enough to deal fairly with everyone and attack no individual personally or in a disrespectful manner. Many Christians, and prominent ones at that—men who should know better, and who should be taught better if they do not know—are guilty not only of disrespect, but of positiv abuse, when the question of their belief is assailed.

Under this score could be named many of the popular divines of the day, among the first of whom is ranked T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn. Mr. Talmage is guilty of using language which would put to shame an honest unbeliever. Indeed, I believe it to be almost a characteristic of the average Christian. Mr. Ingersoll deals fairly with the faith, and uses it no worse than necessity demands. Again, upon the other hand, Judge Black (from the reading) seems to be personally arrayed against his antagonist, and fully meditates total annihilation. The force of his argument is fully lost by his endeavors to convict his opponent of inhumanity and immorality. He completely loses sight of the main theme in places, and entirely devotes himself to making charges which he must certainly fail to prove. Would it not hav been better for Mr. Black to hav boldly attacked the ground-work of Infidelity—shown wherein the unbeliever was wrong, and carefully corrected him, if this were possible—not losing sight of the fact that liberty of thought is the one great object of his opponent's work? Why not show as noble a spirit, and one as free from vindictivness and that spirit of intolerance of the belief of others which was characteristic of the Roman church of the Middle Ages, as does the great apostle of liberty? A calm and deliberate course of reasoning alone will suffice to settle this question in the minds of the thinking people of to-day. Infidelity will exist as long as facts remain substantiated in the minds of philosophers and profound thinkers. If Christians can confute the arguments brought to bear upon the bulwarks of the church, let them proceed to do so at once—however, not indulging in matters pertaining too much to the spleen, nor in the things which pretend to be confutations, but which are in reality only subterfuges to evade the points at issue. If Christianity will not bear the light of philosophy and science, it is not a sufficient thing for men to pin their faith to. If it will, let us keep the fact no longer from the world, but open wide the door of salvation that all may see and enter in. 'Tis true, the world was saved, if the world needs salvation.

If Christianity can save, if it has saved, if it ever will save the world, it is time we were seeing some of the fruits. It is evident that it does not save the people from sin, for here in our own America—the center of Christianity, we might say—we behold a degradation that is appalling. The Christian world is boasting to-day of the churches it has erected, the school-houses it has built, the colleges it has founded, but it neglects to say anything about the asylums it has been obliged to prepare for the insane of its own making, the jails and penitentiaries for the confinement of those it has failed to save, the almshouses it has caused to be built for the benefit of those who are not benefited by this wonderful light of the church. We never hear from the pulpit anything about what Christianity has failed to do. So far as I can see, Christianity is not saving mankind to any great extent. If the Bible is true, three times as many more souls sink into hell every year than soar on wings eternal into paradise. How is this? Of the population of the globe, which is estimated at 1,294,000,000, the Christian world can only claim at its best 371,000,000. Why is this? There are still 483,000,000 Buddhists, and 189,000,000 savage tribes, not including Mohammedans and Hindoos, which are respectivly 103,500.000 and 139,500,000. Then we must still count the Jews, who reject Christ—8,000,000. This looks bad for Christianity, if it is the only true way. She has been in existence eighteen centuries, and do you think she is saving the world? If God is depending on this religion for the salvation of the world, most of the inhabitants stand a poor chance of ever seeing the pearly gates or the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. If she progresses in the same ratio in the next eighteen hundred years, perhaps she will hav made some faint impression on the unsaved of other climes; but we can never hope to see the majority of the race in that land where all is bliss, while hell will be so thickly populated that there will not be standing-room left. When we apply the test of figures, we find that Christianity is not saving the world. Even the ranks of the church are broken, and those she relies most upon are found to be rotten sticks.

If we view the matter from a philosophical standpoint, we must conclude, then, that no system of religion is entirely true; that no one doctrin or creed will save the world; that man must rely upon himself and look to none other for aid; that all the Gods that ever had an existence in the brains of the people never did, nor never can, affect the race one iota. Christianity may sound well when preached from an orthodox pulpit, but when tested by a practical test it is weighed in the balance and found wanting. I am in sympathy with all Freethought movements that are reasonable. I believe that a higher education is needed for mankind. This is all that will elevate and benefit. And we, who hav entered the fields of research, should be willing to do anything to gain that end, and thereby accomplish the good we so devoutly long for. I would force upon the world, if I could, the sentiments so ably expressed by the poet Lowell:

> Be noble! and the nobleness
> That lies in other men,
> Sleeping but never dead,
> Shall rise in majesty
> To meet thine own:
> Then shalt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
> Then will pure light around
> Thy path be shed—
> And thou wilt never more be sad and lone.

This nobleness can only be obtained by strict conformance to the rules of morality and humanity laid down and engraven upon all refined and educated minds.

MARION F. HAM.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## The Children's Christmas Tree.

Come and see, see, see,
Our bending Christmas tree
Full of mystery and splendor
Drooping down and over me;
Full of little lights a-shining
As stars upon the sea,
That our Santa Claus, Claus,
With his funny, furry paws,
Ignoring gravitation
And its laws, laws, laws,
Brought through the gleaming spaces
And the snow, snow, snow,
From a land of northern pines
Where the Borealis shines,
With a radiance almost awful
In its glow, glow, glow.

Happy "time, time, time,"
Says the clanging Christmas chime,
And the bells are sweetly telling,
In a tuneful, rhythmic rhyme,
Of the toys, toys, toys,
For the darling girls and boys,
Though they rend the winter morning
With their laughter and their noise.

Oh! the buns, sweetest buns,
For the merry little ones,
And a thousand hands hav wrought them
Wondrous guns, guns, guns.
Such a clatter and a bang,
Like an army's measured clang
Of jolly soldiers marching
To the strains their fathers sang.

And the dolls, cunning dolls.
'Till the number quite appalls,
That the doting little mothers
Guard from careless haps and falls,
And from Rover's racing raids
Through the gardens and the glades.
These miniature matrons,
In their glossy bangs and braids,
Tending dollies through the chills,
And a hundred other ills,
And, with more mature mammas,
Hav their heartaches and their thrills.

Here are books, books, books
In the branches and the nooks,
Full of pretty, painted pictures
Of the robins and the rooks;
And their little throats would sing
Songs to charm the prondest king,
But they every one are frightened
At Madam Fashion's looks.

Hark the drums, warning drums,
Sound a solemn call that comes
With a thrilling tap to tell us
Of the sorrow in the slums.
Of the silent grief that grieves
Summer morns and winter eves
That so many thorns are scattered
With the roses and the leaves.

Oh! the joys, joys, joys
Of the precious girls and boys,
What makes the home an Eden
But their prattle and their noise?
Bring them in from all the valleys,
And the prairies rolling wide,
From the homes upon the highlands,
Where the summer flowers died;
From the hills of far Europa,
With its castles on the Rhine,
From the western world of sunset,
Where the golden glories shine;
From the snowy, frozen Norseland,
Where the Vikings used to be,
From the flowing, classic Tiber,
And the islands of the sea.
May our love for each be tender
As an angel's falling tear,
Strong to aid earth's lonely children
With our cheer, cheer, cheer,
And the ready hand of welcome
Reaching far or clinging near,
Is the spirit to remember
Just a year, year, year.

*Clearwater, Neb.* MARY BAIRD-EINCH.

## Are Your Hands Clean?

Dora, Nellie, Katie, and Mary were busily engaged in discussing the character of one of their schoolmates, Alice Bradley.

"Oh, she is so vile! She tells fibs and cheats, and she is as cross as two sticks. She talks about people"—and oh, dear, there was hardly a fault known that these little girls did not bring up as being possessed by Alice. In the midst of the conversation, the father of Dora, who was in an adjoining room writing, called, "Dora! Dora!"

"What, papa?" she answered.

"Come here, my child."

She obeyed him, and he asked quickly, "Dora, are your hands clean?"

"Why, yes, papa!" the child replied. "See!" holding up her little white hands, and then ran back to her mates and resumed the conversation about the absent Alice. Each child tried to outdo the other, seemingly, in bad remarks concerning Alice, who had somehow incurred their displeasure.

Presently Dora father called again, "Dora, my child, come here."

Again she ran to his side, when he questioned once more, "Dora, are your hands clean?"

"Of course they are, papa, I've just washed them," and back she ran to listen to the unkind words and to add her own to them about Alice. Their tongues ran on, and their voices rose to a higher key as they rehearsed the evil qualities and bad conduct of the little absent playmate. In the midst of the din of voices they heard the deep tones of Dora's father calling, "Dora! Dora! my child, come here!"

"What is it, papa?" she inquired as she leaned upon his arm.

"Dora, are your hands clean?" he inquired slowly and sternly.

"Why, papa, are you crazy?" asked the child. "Don't you *see* they are clean?" holding her hands close to his face. "They're just as white and clean as they can be."

"Dora," said her father, gravely, "I thought they could not be clean, nor those of your friends, either, when you are engaged in such untidy and unfriendly work as picking to pieces another's character. Alice is as good a child as either of you, and yet you are making her out worse and more wicked than it is possible for any child to be. My little daughter cannot be engaged in any such dirty work and expect to keep her hands white and unsoiled. Are you and your companions above reproach? Hav you no evil habits, no bad qualities, no wrong motivs or impulses? Think, my child, before you censure and deprecate others, if *you* are wholly blameless, if you are above criticism, if your conduct is always right and proper—if your hands are clean!"

Dora saw the drift of his meaning, and returned to her companions, pondering her father's words. She said no more of Alice Bradley in an unkind or thoughtless way, but turned her attention, and that of her mates, each one upon themselvs. The lesson was fixed in *her* mind, at least, forever; and, now she is a woman grown, I heard her say that whenever she was tempted to speak an evil word of another, or think an evil thought, her father's face, long since buried from her sight, would rise before her, and his deep voice would penetrate her ear—"*Dora, are your hands clean?*"

Let us take the lesson home. It is a good one. Let us strive to keep our hands and our minds clean and unspotted. Let us look for the good in our friends, and not the evil, and liv the good that is within ourselvs.

S. H. W.

## Our Puzzle Box.

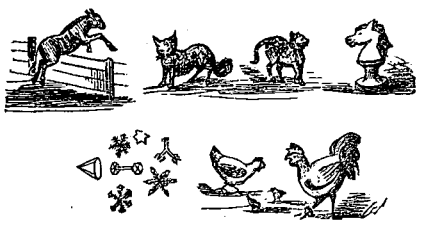
1.—TRIANGLE.

1
2 7
3 8
4 9
5 10
6 11

1.—A letter. 2 to 7.—Referring to some male. 3 to 8.—A twig. 4 to 9.—Thought. 5 to 10.—To shed feathers. 6 to 11.—A small basket for holding fruit. 1 to 6.—A shellfish. 1 to 11.—Calm.

*N. Boothbay, Me.* WARREN B. ORCHARD.

2.—REBUS.



A proverb.

3.—SQUARE.

1.—Too long. 2.—A boy's name. 3.—Maxim. 4.—Exact. 5.—Poor.

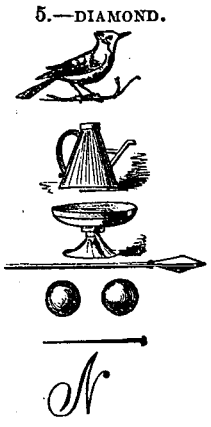
*Lyons, N. Y.* C. ROOKE.

4.—SUBTRACTION.

From "a figure's outer bound,"
To make it neat,
Take *clay reversed* or *swampy ground*,
And leave *St. Pete.*
Or take direct a *jingling sound*,
St. Pete you greet.
Four letters, just one-half, 'tis found
You must delete;
And yet, what will the most astound,
The *last reversed*
Is *not* the *first*,
But shows, in brief,
A sort of *Asiatic chief.*
But these subtracted as I say,
Will always that same name display;
But Pete or Peter, saint or salt,
Whether it be for worth or fault,
"For ye," says Christ, "are the salt of the earth;"
"If it lose its savor," 'tis little *worth.*
"Remember Lot's wife" is wholesome talk
When salt is salt, and chalk is chalk—
For the pun of our Lord
On this very word,
"Thou art Peter, and on this Rock"—
This petrified fossil,
The cranky apostle,
Who knew to lie, to curse, and to mock—
On him the church of Rome has built,
And guilded his guilt with greater guilt.
Rock, saint, salt, sin, it's all the same,
Our figures *outer boundary's name*
Will help each chick to crow its grief
For Peter's shame.

J. K. P. BAKER.

5.—DIAMOND.



The central word reads the same downward or across.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, DEC. 18, 1886.

1.–Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Mercury, and the Moon in conjunction.

2.–
C
FOR
CRUET
FRANTIC
COUNCILOR
RETIRED
TILES
COD
R

3.–A in star, artisan; pears in L, personal; Three hats on S, hearthstones.

## Correspondence.

BANGOR, ME., Dec. 12, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav not written a letter for a long time, so I thought I would amuse the readers of the Children's Corner by telling a little story.

A BAD HABIT.

Lillie had a very bad habit. She would tell lies. Though her mamma tried to make her tell the truth, she would not, and it got so bad after a while that when asked a question she would tell a lie. One day her mamma said that she should go to New York (she lived in the suburbs of the city) in the afternoon. She told her friends that she was going away. "Where—to New York?" "Yes," said Lillie, "and then take the steamer for Europe." One of the little girls was to hav a large party the next day. She thought that Lillie could not come to it, so she said nothing about it, for she did not want to make her feel bad.

That afternoon Lillie and her mother took a public carriage and went to New York. When she came back and found that the little girl was going to hav a party, and had not invited her, she felt very bad. "There! I will never tell any more lies," said she. She was cured of a bad habit.

P. S.—Habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it doesn't change *a bit.* If you take off another, the whole of *it* remains. If you remove another, it is not *t*-totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a bad habit you must throw it off altogether.

Yours truly, MARIE STEWART
(aged 10 years).

FOOTE, IA., Dec. 18. 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write a few lines for the Corner. Pa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER and I like to read the Children's Corner. I am six years old and read in the Second Reader. I liv on a farm in Iowa. I hav four brothers and one sister older than myself. I do not go to school this winter. Well, I will close for this time.

Your little friend, LOLA E. OLDAKER.

[We call the above a nice little letter for a child of six years.—ED. C. C.]

BRUNSWICK, MO., Dec. 20, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My father has been taking THE TRUTH SEEKER four or five months and is sorry he did not take it sooner. There are about twenty-three hundred inhabitants here, and there are ten churches. My father thinks that there was never a lecture on Freethought here. I do not go to church, but I go to school. I am a little girl twelve years old, and I think that the Freethinkers are the best and wisest people in the world.

Yours truly, BESSIE ISAACS.

BRADFORD, O., Dec. 12, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I see so many letters from little boys and girls in THE TRUTH SEEKER I thought I would write. I am nine years old. I go to school every day. I like all my studies very well. I first studied geography last winter. I like it better than all my other studies. I read the Children's Corner every week, and I like to look at the pictures. Yours truly, CLAUDE SMITH.

[J. R. PERRY.—Thanks for your pleasant letter. Yes, we would like to hav the story, if not too long, for our columns.—ED. C .C.]


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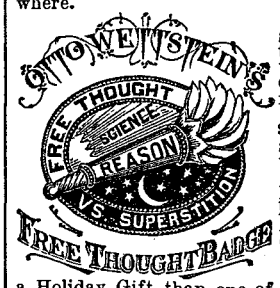
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## Leadville Piety.

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I was standing in front of the hotel when my attention was attracted by a dilapidated, antiquated-looking specimen of a saloon bummer, who was passing along the street ringing a bell. At intervals he would cease ringing and shout: "Religious racket right away at the big tent! Roll up, tumble up, or slide up on yer y-ear, for we'll hav a bang-up dish o' gospel talk from Faro Bill, and d-o-o-o-n't you forget it."

Turning to a dapper little gambler who stood near, I asked:

"Who is this Faro Bill?"

"Who is he? Well, now, if that ain't the boss play for high! You kin break me right here if I thought there was a bloke in the mines that didn't know Bill. He used to be one o' the boys, but got capped into a religious game by a slick-tongued gospel sharp about two months ago. He's chopped on all his old rackets, and don't stand in with nothin' that don't show up a Bible or a prayer-book in the lay-out. Billy used to be the boss gambler of the camp, and warn't afeared to sit in a game with the flyest sport that ever slung a card; but he's clean gone on the pious lay now, and seems to hav lost all the good there was in him. The boss mouth-piece of the heavenly mill has gone down to Denver, an' Bill is a-goin' to stand in an' sling gospel to the boys as well as he can."

This explanation, given in the most earnest tone, started me instanter for the big tent. It was used at night for a variety theater, where "artists" of questionable character performed acts of still more questionable decency, and was rented for religious services every Sunday morning. I found the tent filled to its utmost capacity. Many had, no doubt, come through curiosity to see how Bill would deport himself in this, his initial sermon. Upon the stage sat a burly, red-faced man, with arms folded in a careless manner, who looked over the large audience with an air of the most decided independence. This was Faro Bill, the speaker of the occasion. When he arose he glanced around the tent for a moment, evidently collecting his thoughts, and began:

"Feller citizens: The preacher bein' absent, it falls on me to take his hand and play it fur all it's worth. You all know that I'm just learnin' the game, an' of course I may be expected to make wild breaks, but I don't believe there's a rooster in the camp mean enough to take advantage o' my ignorance an' cold-deck me right on the first deal. I'm sincere in this new departure, an' I believe I've struck a game that I can play clear through without copperin' a bet, fur when a man tackles a lay-out like this he plays every card to win, an' if he goes through the deal as he orter do, when he lays down to die, an' the last card is ready to slide from the box, he can call the turn every time.

"I was readin' in the Bible to-day that yarn about the prodigal son, an' I want ter tell yer the story. The book don't giv no dates, but it happened long, long ago. This prodigal son had an old man that put up the coin every time the kid struck him for a stake, an' never kicked at the size of the pile, either. I reckon the old man was purty well fixed, an' when he died he intended to giv all his wealth to this kid an' his brothers. Prod givs the old man a little game o' talk one day, an' induced him to whack in advance o' the death racket. He no sooner got his divvy in his fist than he shook the old man an' struck out to take in some o' the other camps. He had a way-up time for a while, an' slung his cash to the front like he owned the best payin' lead on airth; but hard luck hit him a lick at last an' left him flat. The book don't state what he went broke on, but I reckon he got steered up agin some brace game. But, anyhow, he got left without a chip or a four-bit piece to go an ante on. An old granger then tuk him home an' set him to herdin' hogs, an' here he got so hard up an' hungry that he piped off the swine while they were feedin', an' he stood in with 'em on a husk lunch. He soon weakened on such plain provender, an' says to himself, says he: 'Even the old man's hired hands are livin' on square grub while I am worryin' along here on corn husks straight. I'll jist take a grand tumble to myself an' chop on this racket at once. I'll skip back to the governor an' try to fix things up, an' call for a new deal,' so off he started.

"The old man seed the kid a comin', an' what do ye reckon he done? Did he pull his gun an' lay for him, intendin' to wipe him as soon as he got into range? Did he call the dogs to chase him off the ranch? Did he rustle around for a club an' giv him a stand-off at the front gate? Eh? Not to any alarming extent he didn't. No, sir. The scripture book says he waltzed out to meet him, an' froze to him on the spot, an' kissed him, an' marched him off to a clothin' store an' fitted him out in the nobbiest rig to be had for coin. Then the old gent invited all the neighbors an' killed a fat calf, an' giv the biggest blow-out the camp had ever seen."

At the conclusion of the narrativ the speaker paused, evidently framing in his mind a proper application of the story. Before he could resume, a tall, blear-eyed gambler, with a fierce mustache, arose and said:

"'Tain't me as would try ter break up a meetin', or do anythin' disreligious. No, sir. I'm not that sort of a citizen. But in all public hoo-doos it is a parliamentary rule fur enybody as wants to ax questions to rise up and fire them off. I don't want ter fool away time a-questionin' the workin's of religion; oh, no. As long as it is kept in proper bounds an' does not interfere with the boys in their games, I don't see as it can do harm. I just want ter ax the honorable speaker if he has not giv himself dead away? Does it stand to reason that a bloke would feed upon corn an' husks, when there was hash factories in the camp? Would enybody hev refused him the price of a square meal if he had struck them fur it? Would eny of the dealers who beat him out of his coin see him starve? As I remarked afore, I don't want ter make eny disrespectable breaks, but I must say that I hav got it put up that the speaker has been a tryin' ter feed us on cussed thin taffy, an' no one but a silly would take it in."

Bill glared upon the speaker and fairly hissed,

"Do you mean to say that I am a liar?"

"Wall, you can take it just as you choose. Some folks would swallow it in that shape."

Bill pulled his revolver, and in an instant the bright barrels of numerous weapons flashed in the air as the friends of each party prepared for activ duty. The brevet preacher was the first to fire, and the rash doubter of spiritual truth fell dead on the ground. Shot followed shot in quick succession, and when quiet was again restored a score or more of dead and wounded were carried from the tent. Having secured attention, Bill said:

"Further proceedings is adjourned for the day. You will receive the doxology."

The audience arose.

"May grace, mercy, and peace be with you, now and forever, Amen; an' I want it distinctly understood that I am going ter maintain a proper respect for the gospel if I hav ter croak every dirty son-of-a-gun in the mines. Meetin' is out."

### Bad News from T. Winter.

T. Winter now is very sick,
But still his mind is bright;
And whilst his hand can hold a pen,
He is resolved to write.

So all my brothers, far and near,
Who love a brave Freethinker,
Let your friendship now be felt,
And never prove a sinker.

Now's your time to float me on
O'er floods of pain and sorrow;
And what you wish to do to-day,
Leave none to do to-morrow.

My heart is with you, every one,
I wish your lives bright cheer,
But as to me, the way I feel,
My end is drawing near.

T. WINTER.

*Cincinnati, O.*, Dec. 1, 1886.

### Colonel Kelso's Book.

MR. EDITOR: I take great pleasure in seconding the excellent notice by John Peck of John R. Kelso'sgrand book, "Spiritualism Sustained."

I hav but recently finished reading it—and a grand treat it was. I said to my friend, "Whoever sends a dollar for that book and reads but the last chapter richly gets his money's worth." If all of Brother Kelso's books are as ably written as this one—and I hav no doubt they are—no thinker can afford to be without them. I lent the book to a friend, and, after reading it, the lady said to me, "Mr. Mitchell, when you die I want you to will me that book, for it is the best one I ever read." SEWARD MITCHELL.

*Newport, Me.*

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MR. EDITOR: I see that John R. Kelso is out again with a new work entitled, "Spiritualism Sustained." He handles the subject with the proof at command in his usual masterly style characteristic of all his writings. There is one thing very evident—he proves beyond a question that all the old patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, and all believers in the orthodox religion, were or are Spiritualists, no matter how much they may denounce Spiritualism as a doctrin of the devil, as I hav heard many of them do. Assuming Spiritualism to be a fact, the work will be a very interesting one to those who are fond of such reading. If Mr. Kelso had given his own personal experience in investigating the subject which was the cause of his conversion to the new faith, I presume skeptics would hav been better satisfied.

E. W. COUNCILMAN, Materialist.


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—o—

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—o—

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—o—

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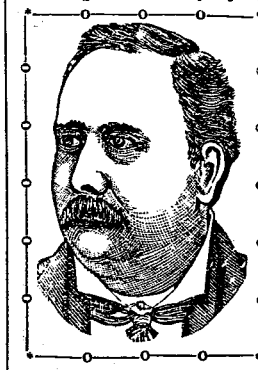
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## News of the Week.

THE eleven horse-car lines of the Brooklyn City Railroad were tied up last week Thursday by order of the Knights of Labor. At the end of fourteen hours a settlement was reached, and the men went back to work. The Knights claim that it was a victory for them.

PETER MASTERSON, a New York alderman, was killed last Sunday by being thrown from his carriage while riding in Central Park.

MORE people got drunk on Christmas day than on any other day of last year. Within twenty-four hours from noon on that day the police arrested nearly seven hundred "drunks."

GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN, of Illinois, the candidate for vice-president on the Republican ticket in 1884, died in Washington last Sunday afternoon of rheumatism and brain disease. General Logan was born in Murphrysboro, Ill., in 1826, and was of Irish descent. He served in the war and in Congress for many years.

THE Rev. Dr. Samson, a Baptist preacher of this city, will hold a "conference of skeptics" every Sunday, for twenty-five successiv weeks, in the lecture-room of the Berean Baptist church, where he will "answer" all questions asked by those who do not believe in religion. Dr. Samson is an able man, but he is mistaken in supposing that he will answer the questions of skeptics. He will merely display his skill at evading them.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND still suffers from rheumatism.

THERE were twenty-six excise arrests in the city last Sunday.

GOVERNOR HILL has refused to commute the sentence of Mrs. Druse.

DR. MCGLYNN, the supporter of Henry George, has probably been suspended from his priestly functions, as he has not officiated at his church for two weeks.

THE Knights of Labor pickets who hav been on trial in Amsterdam, N. Y., hav been held as disorderly persons, and required to giv $250 bail for their good behavior for one year.

A PROMINENT life insurance man in Hartford, Conn., says that his experience and the records of life insurance hav shown him that young men of twenty years of age who abstain entirely from all kinds of intoxicating drinks hav a good prospect of living to be sixty-four years of age, while the moderate drinker, at twenty years of age, can only expect to liv to be thirty-five and a-half years old.

THE Rev. H. C. Higgins, of Kirksville, Mo., an inmate of the state insane asylum there, was found dead on the brick walk which surrounds the asylum last Saturday morning. Higgins had a room on the fourth floor. He had constructed a rope from his bedding and attempted to reach the ground, but, the rope breaking, he fell to the pavement and was killed. He was seventy-one years old, and had been a prominent clergyman in Missouri.

ON Christmas day Mr H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., made a free will offering to his responsible employees of a choice of $250,000 worth of stock in his business, or the same amount in cash, the decision to be rendered by July 1st, next. Mr. Warner is the founder of the Warner Astronomical Observatory and organizer and director of probably the largest propriciary medicin business in the world. This gift is in line with a purpose which he long ago formed to giv his responsible employees a share in his business when it was successfully established.


## THE ORDER OF CREATION.

*A Discussion Between*
**Gladstone, Huxley, Muller, Linton, Reville.**
On the Conflict between Genesis and Geology.

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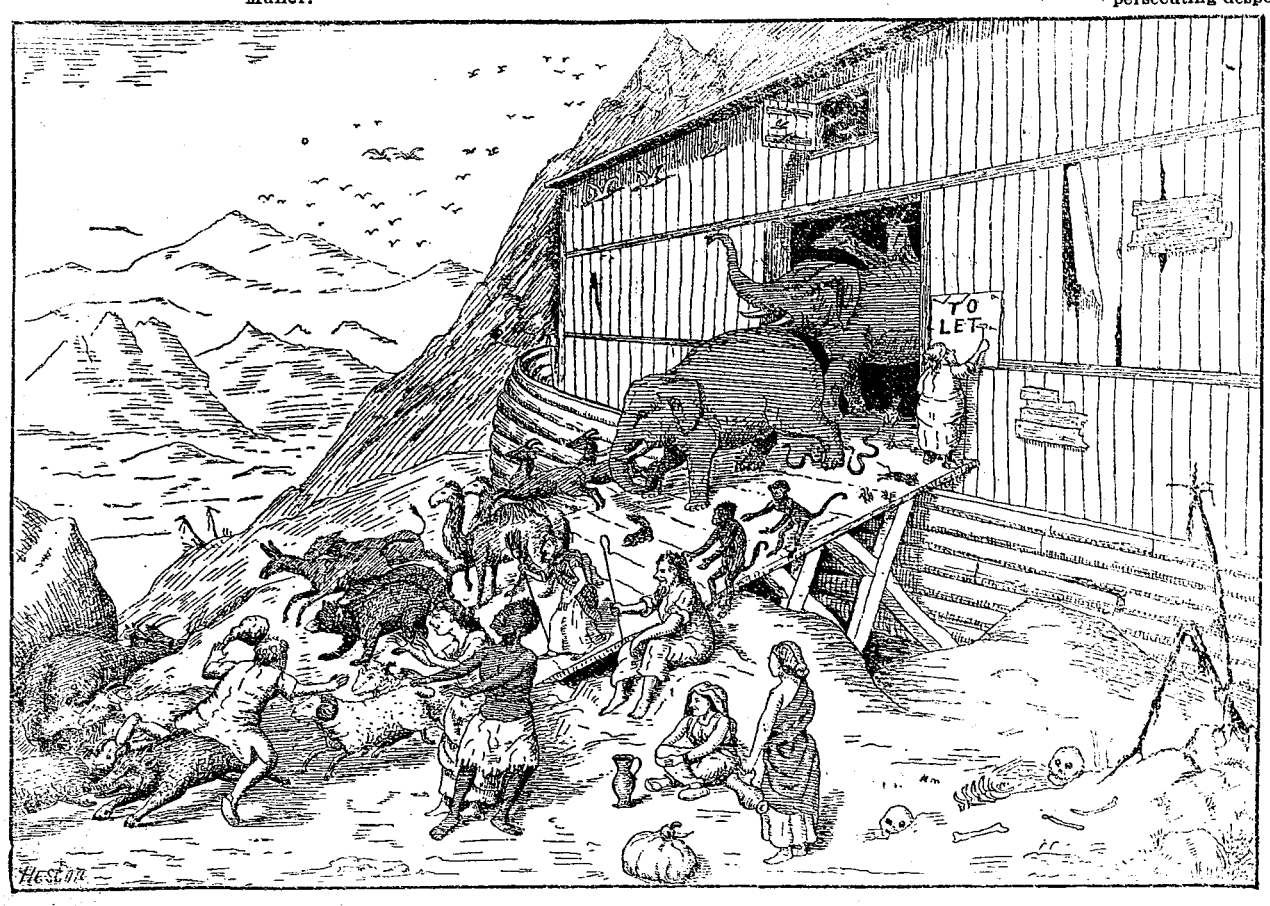
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## Gems of Thought.

THE work of persecution, torture, tyranny, and death to those who dared to dissent, as a matter of course, existed longer in the Romish church than in its offspring, the Protestant, but this was only because its opportunities were more favorable to it. So far as the newer church has had the power and the opportunity, it has shown the same bloodthirsty, ferocious, tyrannizing, and persecuting despotism—*D. M. Bennett.*




TURNED OUT TO GRAZE.

And Noah went forth, and his sons, and his sons' wives with him; every beast, every creeping thing and every fowl, and whatsoever creepeth upon the earth, after their kinds, went forth out of the ark.—Gen. viii, 18, 19.

DESCARTES lived and died a good Catholic, and prided himself upon having demonstrated the existence of God and of the soul of man. As a reward for his exertions, his old friends the Jesuits put his works upon the "Index" and called him an Atheist; while the Protestant divines of Holland declared him to be both a Jesuit and an Atheist. His books narrowly escaped being burnt by the hangman, . . . and he was driven into subterfuges and evasions which were not worthy of him. "Very cowardly," you may say; and so it was. But you must make allowance for the fact that in the seventeenth century, not only did heresy mean possible burning or imprisonment, but the very suspicion of it destroyed a man's peace and rendered the calm pursuit of truth difficult or impossible. . . Let those who are sure that they would hav done better throw stones at him. I hav no feelings but those of gratitude and reverence for the man who did what he did, when he did; and a sort of shame that anyone should repine against taking a fair share of such treatment as the world thought good enough for him.—*Huxley's Lay Sermons.*

THE man who in his day was the grandest of Freethinkers; the man who dared question even the authority of Moses; the man who said. It has been said by them of old time so and so, but I say unto you something else; the man that dared utter new thoughts concerning God, concerning practical questions of morality; the man that dared even criticise the very heart of the nation, the temple and its worship; who dared touch the people in the most sensitiv and tender part of their religious life—he has been erected into a despot and set up as an enemy to that which he himself practiced; held up as a reason for our not doing that which he sets us an example of doing in the grandest possible way.—*Savage's What Are Brains For?*

O FREEDOM! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man
Armed to the teeth art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield and one the sword!
—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE smallest pilgrimage was that to Rome; the greater, that to the Holy Land, by which the palmers obtained remission of their sins and also were shown by the monks of Egypt, Sinai, and Palestine many interesting relics, and vestiges of supernatural events. They were shown the barns which Joseph had built, vulgarly called the pyramids; the bush which had burnt before Moses and was not consumed, and the cleft of the rock out of which he peeped at the "back parts" of Jehovah; the pillar of salt which was once Lot's wife, and which, though the sheep licked it out of shape, was continually restored to its pristine form; the ruins of the temple which Samson overthrew; the well where Jesus used to draw water for his mother when he was a little boy, and where he used to wash his clothes; the manger in which he was born, and the table on which he was circumcised; the caves in which the disciples concealed themselvs during the crucifixion, and the cracks in the ground produced by the earthquake; the tree on which Judas hanged himself and the house in which he resided, which was surrounded by the Jews with a wall that it might not be injured by the Christians.—*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

To ask for evidence is not generally regarded as a symptom of a diseased brain. Delusions, illusions, phantoms, hallucinations, apparitions, chimeras, and visions are the common property of the religious and the insane. Persons blessed with sound minds and healthy bodies rely on facts, not fancies—on demonstrations instead of dreams. It seems to me that the most orthodox Christian must admit that many of the miracles recorded in the New Testament are extremely childish. They must see that the miraculous draft of fishes, changing water into wine, fasting for forty days, inducing devils to leave an insane man by allowing them to take possession of swine, walking on the water and using a fish for a pocket-book, are all unworthy of an infinit God, and are calculated to provoke laughter—to feed suspicion and engender doubt.—*Colonel Ingersoll.*

As supernaturalism retires to the rear, and rationalism and a belief in the laws of the universe advance and are looked to for guidance and wisdom, the more the happiness of our race will be secured, and the sooner will the enmity and cruel jealousies arising from diverging religious creeds cease to hav an existence among the sons of men. —*D. M. Bennett.*

## Odds and Ends.

WE hav long suspected Baron Tennyson of having the gout, and his latest poetical feat confirms the suspicion.

THERE is a man out in Illinois whose name is Joseph Gotobed. He is said to be of a very retiring disposition.

A NEWSBOY who jumped from the Brooklyn bridge into the river still languishes in jail. No one will undertake the job of bailing him out.

IN sixteen million years not a drop of water will remain on the surface of the earth.—*R. A. Proctor.* The outlook for the Prohibitionists grows gloomier every year.

AN Illinois citizen became enthusiastic upon first seeing the Atlantic ocean. "Why," he said, "it's immense! grand! What a prairie it would make if it would only keep still!"

AN austere-looking lady walked into a furrier's yesterday, and said to the yellow-headed clerk: "I would like to get a muff." "What fur?" inquired the dude. "To keep my hands warm, you simpering idiot," exclaimed the madam, crushing him like a thunder storm.

HE was a traveling printer, and being out of employment he hired himself out to a farmer. One day the farmer said: "I want you to set that hen." "How do you want me to set her—full face extended and displayed?" "No," said the simple farmer; "condensed, in a 'box.'"

A LONG head: Mrs. Greene: "Timothy, what hav you done with the letter that was lying on the bureau?" Timothy: "I put it into the letter-box, ma'am." Mrs. Greene: "Oh, provoking! Didn't you see there was no address on the envelope?" Timothy: "Yes, ma'am, but I thought you didn't want nobody to know who you was writin' to."

A MAN of tact always manages to get out of difficulty. The clerk of the parish whose business was to read the "first lesson," came across the chapter in Daniel in which the names Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego occur twelve times, and finding it extremely difficult to pronounce these names, he went through the chapter referring to them as "the aforesaid gentlemen."

FASHIONABLE young woman (to dealer): "I want to look at a cane that would be suitable for a Christmas gift." Dealer: "For a young or old gentleman, ma'am?" Fashionable young woman: "Oh, quite young." Dealer: "Do you know what size hat he wears?" Fashionable young woman: "Five and a half, I think." Dealer: "I see. The largest size will please him best. The smaller the hat, ma'am, the larger the cane."

A YOUNG man living in Arkansas, wrote to his father in Daviess county, Ky., some months ago the following. He said: "A Campbellite preacher once came into these parts and one Sunday afternoon went to see some of the families down in the Lake settlement. At one house he asked the lady where her husband was. She replied: 'He is out hunting.' 'What,' said the preacher, 'Has he no fear of God?' 'Oh, no!' she replied, 'he has his gun and dogs with him.' The preacher then inquired, 'Hav you any Campbellites about here, as they call them?' She replied, 'I really don't know, my husband hunts and kills all sorts of varmints and stretches their skins on the side of the house. You can go and look at them and see for yourself.'" The preacher, of course, did not examin the "varmints'" skins to find a Campbellite, but he no doubt concluded that they needed a missionary in the Lake settlement.

"I DIDN'T intend that you should see it just yet, George," remarked a young wife to her husband, "and I was afraid that you might think me foolish to spend so much money for a chair, but it is so comfortable and luxurious, and I thought you would be pleased——" "Pleased!" he repeated enthusiastically; "why, I am delighted. It's just what I've wanted for a long——" "Oh, it isn't for you, George, dear, it's for mother."

CALLED BACK.

We rather thought, Padre McGlynn,
You somewhat of a goose,
When you came out and stepped aboard
The Henry George caboose.

And now you see we were not wrong,
For you hav raised the dander
Of him who livs in ancient Rome,
Your daddy, Proper-Gander. —*Life.*

A MOTHER gave her little boy two bright new pennies and asked him what he was going to do with them. After a moment's thought, the child replied: "I am going to giv one to the missionaries, and with the other I am going to buy a stick of candy." After a while he returned from his play and told his mother that he had lost one of the pennies. "Which did you lose she asked?" "I lost the missionary penny," he promptly replied.

A MILESIAN living on Morgan street recently retained a lawyer to procure a divorce for him from his wife. "What grounds hav you for the application?" asked the lawyer. "Well, sor," replied he, "me wife, Mary Ann, was a widdy fwhin I married her, an' she diz be blowin' in the wages I makes at the gas foundhry fur masses fur her other old man, an' I can't be shupportin' her here and him in purgathory at all; that's me case, sor, an' I want th' bill afore next pay day."

"How marvelous this charm of Christmas time," said a lady to her husband. "There is something in the very air that thrills, and kindles, and ennobles. How can anyone deny the divine origin of the day in the face of this universal kindly feeling, this 'good-will toward men,' that can only be heaven-born." "Yes, indeed," he replied. "What is it you hav there, my dear?" "It's the satin lining for the table scarf I'm making for Mrs. Crabapple. She sent me a bureau cover last year with common silesia, and I fancy that when she sees this four-dollar lining, she will feel cheap enough."


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THE MOCKERY OF FAITH.

A Christian woman in Northwest Dakota, whose favorit phrase was, "The Lord is my shepherd," etc., was recently lost in a snowstorm and devoured by wolves.—*Newspaper Clipping.*

## Notes and Clippings.

WARNINGS multiply. While standing during the opening prayer on Sunday, Dec. 26th, with the congregation of the Winter Hill Congregational church in Somerville, Mass., of which he was a member, the Rev. Dr. S. H. Keeler, a man of 86 years, fell dead.

JUDGING from the way money is coming into the benevolent treasuries of the various denominations, it looks as though a good many people were spelling missions with an *o*—o-missions. By-and-by, if things go on in this way, it will be oh-missions! It is a bad spell.—*Chicago Advance.*

ABNER MAGOUN, of South Hanover, Mass., visited New York a short time ago, and took rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He is crazy on the subject of religion, and imagins that he is a savior like Jesus Christ. He made known his divine mission, and was committed as a lunatic. Nineteenth-century messiahs meet with poor encouragement.

ARTHUR E. SAUNDERS and Alfred W. Granger, of Westfield, Mass., were recently arrested for violating the "Lord's" day by fishing for pickerel through the ice at Southwick ponds on a Sunday. At the trial they produced several witnesses to prove that their catching of a fish was a work of charity, and was not done until attempts had been made to buy one to satisfy the craving of a sick woman. One of Southwick's doctors testified that he had ordered a fish for young Saunders's mother, who was recovering from a serious illness. The young men were discharged.

No attention is paid in New Orleans to the new Sunday closing law, and no effort is made to enforce it. A law will not avail much unless there is public sentiment back of it. Sunday is the busiest day of the week there for the theaters, and for many of the stores, while cocking-mains and other such amusements are publicly advertised for that day.

IT is now definitly settled that Father McGlynn is suspended from his clerical functions. Whether or not he will go to Rome has not been made public. The best way for Brother McGlynn to put the matter at rest would be to send the pope his address, with an invitation to call the next time he comes to New York to see the city, and then await results.

THE following statement is by a Catholic bishop of France, and its accuracy is attested by a writer in a Protestant journal of this city: "We need not deceive ourselvs, gentlemen; the mass of our people is no longer Catholic except in name. The majority are pure Deists, if they are not avowed Materialists. The special doctrins of Catholicism are no longer held except by a continually decreasing number of the laity."

THE Philadelphia *Inquirer* says, sarcastically: "Among the demands of the striking street-car drivers in Brooklyn is a recognition of the dogma that 'if a man is compelled to work for a living he is nevertheless a man, and should be treated as such, and not as one of the brute creation.' These men are preposterous. Street-car horses never make more than two or three trips a day; they are well fed and comfortably housed, all at the company's expense, and we should like to hear of a street-car company that treats its men as well. Not want to be treated as brutes! We venture to assert that the company never had the remotest intention of treating them that way."

AT a meeting of the St. Louis Evangelical Alliance, a resolution was presented saying that since the recent resolution of the Alliance condemning the ballet had seemed to imply an approval of the opera, and thus tended to the disparagement of the character of the Christian ministry and Christianity itself, therefore the Alliance heartily disapproved of all theatrical plays and performances whatsoever as worldly and carnal divertisments, unbecoming the Christian character and conversation; that they disapprove of the opera, because the art of music was invariably more or less combined in it with carnal and worldly displays, and that they warned the members of their churches not to frequent the opera in any place, or any other theatrical display apt to make people worldly, carnal, sensual, and criminal.

THE trustees of the chief public museums of this city seem to be seriously considering the question of Sunday opening. Such a consideration can lead to but one result. This is a result for which those who favor a rational and humane observance of Sunday by those whose only day of leisure it is can afford to wait. Among the trustees of the Museum of Natural History, Mr. Morris K. Jesup seems to be the most strongly opposed to the Sunday opening. His wishes are entitled to special respect because the museum owes to him what those who are able to inspect it on week days know to be one of its chief attractions—the admirable collection of native woods. If he should be outvoted, it would be feasible to screen the collection from the sacrilegious gaze of Sunday visitors, or to put up a placard setting forth the wish of the giver that his gift should not be looked at by them. Such a request it is not lightly to be supposed that they would disregard.—*Times.*

THE New York excise commissioners hav decided not to license places of amusement in the vicinity of churches. They should hav added, especially Catholic churches, since the Catholic church runs New York. The decision was rendered in the case of Webster Hall near St. Ann's church. The proprietor is a Jew, and probably objected to buying his license of the priest. Hence the priest protested, and the license was refused.

A METHODIST clergyman of Chicago has prepared an *Index Librorum Prohibitorium*, which he submitted to a council composed of his fellow-ministers. The *Index* includes, among others, the works of Charles Dickens, François Voltaire, Ernest Rénan, Oliver Wendell Holmes, George Elliot, Matthew Arnold, and Theodore Parker. The writings of these authors hav, according to the reverend censor, been injurious to the minds of their readers, and it is likely that, if he possessed the power, he would hav them publicly burnt after the manner of the inquisition and of John Calvin. The Chicago *Times* remarks that "the author of the new *Index* is probably one of 'those well-intentioned persons,' of whom Dickens spoke, 'who do not perceive the difference between religion and the cant of religion, piety and the pretense of piety, a humble reverence for the great truths of scripture and an audacious and offensiv obtrusion of its letter and not its spirit in the commonest dissensions and meanest affairs of life.'"

# Communications.

## The New God.*

Again, the God of the future must be a limited God. An unlimited God is no God at all. The moment anything becomes unlimited it ceases to be an object of thought, and becomes as nothing. Practically, it is nothing. We cannot think infinite space or infinite time—and there is no such thing for us. Real space and real time, that which we can picture, conceive, imagine; that which is related; that which contains things, events, persons, powers, are finite, are bounded, are limited. We can think nothing else. So with God. If we are to hav a real God, he must be subject to limitations. He must be hedged in, or we cannot picture him—there is no thought of him. An infinite God is an infinite nonentity—a mental negation. He is of no use. Nothing is just as good as the infinite. Neither is definable, and so neither is serviceable. The finite is the practical. Mankind has never been satisfied with a limitless God. The doctrine of the trinity is an attempt to break up the barren conception of infinite being—to give some outline and color, some relation, some companionship, to God. The trinity was an endeavor after a conceivable God, after limitation, and comprehension, and imagination. All the glorious picturesque deities have been limited finite deities. There is no poetry in the infinite. You cannot put it into a single dramatic situation. It has no incidents. To give a chance for poetry, passion, pathos, sublimity, there must be three at least, and not one. Man is compelled to believe in a triune—that is, a divided, limited, bounded, related God—in order to believe in any God at all. Such is the assertion of orthodoxy itself. There must be a trinity, it affirms, in order to have a God that can by any possibility be recognizable by the human mind. Every religion must have more gods than one, or it would die of starvation. It would have no spiritual or intellectual nutriment. Art must have a thousand gods. As Goethe says, polytheism is necessary to art. It must have gods many and finite. The gods of Greece—they are the gods that make art, poetry, romance; they are the gods that make music, that fill the heavens with color, that make all nature a storehouse of wondrous pictures and imageries; they are the gods that haunt hill, and dale, and piney grove, and sparkling fountain; they are the gods that we see flashing gloriously in the dim woods, or resplendent on the mountain heights; they are the gods that sit upon the clouds or build palaces in the evening sky; they are the gods that wheel the sun on its glowing round, or pour the glittering moonbeams; they are the gods that come to human sense, that radiate in the human mind, that thrill, enchant, till poesy becomes the voice of every bosom, and genius kindles the imagination of the rudest worshiper. Christian theology was no improvement upon the magnificent mythology of Greece.

When Pan bade farewell to this world and Christ appeared, poetry ceased to be for centuries, and art was entombed in a sepulcher more lasting than that of the son of Joseph. The soul of man wandered amid the barren speculations of the philosophy of the infinite, and there was no light and joy for the common way, only so far as Greek mythology remained in the face of Jesus, and the blessed halo of the Virgin Mary. In the new God we must have the splendor, the vividness, the distinctness, the imagery of the Greek mythology. We must have a God limited, comprehensible, understandable—a God of outline, of color, of relation—a God that is something, not nothing; that is physical, not metaphysical. We want a man-God, and not a shadow-God.

So, again, I say, the new God must be a thoroughly human God. He must be anthropomorphic. He must have body, parts, and passions. He must be like ourselves, for we make him out of ourselves. His substance is humanity and all the noblest qualities of our own being. His virtues are our virtues, his thoughts our thoughts, his feelings our feelings. He is our representative on the hights of life, woven from every fiber of natural existence. He is our image, thrilled with our life-blood, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. The gods of poetry, of art, are always human—intensely human. The divine is but the concentrated elixir of the human. All the gods are earth-born, and they mount the skies. They go from earth to heaven. This is the constant procedure. No God ever came from space any more than a tree or a flower. Every God smacks of the soil. He grows from it, and holds his title to divinity from the natural power that glows within him. Christianity was compelled to have its earth deity or it would have died on the dreary shores of speculation. It had to have its Jesus—the son of man—with the face of a man, the heart of a man, the brain of a man, who could eat, drink, sleep, walk, and talk like the rest of us. All the worship of Christianity has gone to Jesus or to Mary. The Father and the Holy Ghost have been constantly neglected. All warmth of affection, all glows of feeling, have been poured out upon the earth deities. They have had the poetry of the church. The glories of art have clustered around them. They are the fountains of perpetual interest. They are the sources of enthusiasm. Christ has always been the power of Christianity.

> In the cross of Christ I glory,
> Towering o'er the wrecks of time.

This is the song of religion. It could have no song, no rhythm, no movement, no dynamics, without this human picture—without this man like ourselves—made ideal and beautiful in suffering and glory. Every God has been a man-god, and must be. It is not the fault of religion—it is the eternal necessity of nature. Man cannot worship an abstraction; he can not bow down to the unknowable; not knowing, he does not care. Man will worship only what he sees and knows. He can worship nothing else, he can love nothing else, he can aspire to nothing else. Man cannot wish to be other than himself. This is impossible. He cannot think of anything greater than himself. His gods, therefore, are simply himself—ennobled and majestical, with ampler conditions—but still himself. In the bosom of every deity beats his burning heart; in the brain of Jove and Jehovah radiates his glittering mentality. We cannot violate this law in the making of our new God. He must be entirely human. We must make him in our own image, or we cannot pronounce him good. He must be our fellow-being; he must be made of our affections, of our sympathies, of our aspirations, of our thoughts, of our virtues. He must be the transcendent expression of simple human nature; he must be with man and of man; no less than, no more than, man; the choice extract of humanity; the intensification of our mortal being.

Moreover, the God of the future must be an imperfect God. A perfect God would be a perfect failure. Perfection is the beginning of decay. It is the end of progress. It is nothingness; for after perfection there is no more—no more life, no more growth, no more struggle, no more attainment. Perfection is death. A perfect God would be a dead God. He would do nothing; he would be nothing. Imperfection is the condition of life. It is the source of all wisdom, of all energy, of all labor. It is the creative power; it is the soul of evolution. With imperfection there is something to attain—there is a future, there is a best. With perfection there is no future, no best, no charm. Imperfection is the artist, the poet. It shapes and reshapes. It is never satisfied. It eternally goes on. It is forever new, forever bright. It is what makes folks interesting, and God among the rest. I don't like perfect men and women, if there are any. They are altogether too nice. They cannot keep you awake. They have no points. They are so smooth that there are no electric flashes. They never stir you. Perfection is the height of stupidity and dullness. We never want to reach it. It is like putting on grave-clothes. Imperfection is the salt of the earth. It keeps things fresh. Mistakes and failures are the occasions for growth and new power. To fall is to rise; to go wrong is to create a greater motive to go right the next time. We gain wisdom by being compelled to experiment. An infinitely perfect being could not be a wise being. He would have no power of choice. He would have to do right, whether or no—like a machine. All perfection must be mechanical perfection. There can be no intellectual or moral perfection. In the very nature of things it is impossible. Wisdom involves choice—decision. It means that one can go wrong, and does go wrong, and so finds the better choice, the nobler decision. This is the road of virtue. It is up and down, down and up; it is failure and gain; it is folly and then wisdom. The wisest man has some time been the biggest fool. If he had not been the biggest fool he never would have been the wisest man. That is the way he got his wisdom. He learned it by his folly. Our mistakes are our best teachers, our defeat is our discipline, our weakness is our strength. Pain is the mother of progress, ignorance compels information. We toil because we are dissatisfied; we push forward because we see the better; we seek the future because it is more brilliant than the past. Our errors are the spurs to activity, our sins are electric batteries that make us more splendid men and women—they give the sparkle and the vim. It is sin that makes the wine of virtue. Take away sin, and virtue would be like wax, something to be molded, not a fiery impulse. I do not want perfection. I want that which is always growing—growing better, wiser, nobler, truer—and this cannot be except by constant imperfection. Of course we don't want the same imperfection. Variety is the spice of imperfection, as of life itself. We must not stay where we are; we must change; we must pass from one imperfect state to another. To remain inactive is the infinite curse; to be to-morrow exactly what one is to-day is a damnable iteration. Better change for the worse than not change at all. Do something different. If you cannot get a new virtue, then get a new failing. You thus improve your possibilities, if not your real gain. Change is life; and life, in the end, is moral advancement.

The New God must be a growing God, a changing God, a God of life; not the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, but different, because he advances, because he reaches the new, the better, and the nobler. Only an imperfect God can be the living God—more beautiful to-day than yesterday, grander to-morrow than now; a constant attraction, because a constantly new quantity, widening and brightening with the fresh horizons of the world. The New God is not far off, but close by—just a little ahead of us—just a little better than we—"not too bright or good for human nature's daily food." As we advance, he advances; as we grow, he grows; as we attain wisdom, so does he; as we acquire virtue, so does he. He is simply a little farther along than ourselves, that is all; not enough to discourage, but encourage—just enough to keep our spirits up, so that we keep on trying. A perfect God would be of no avail, but an imperfect God, striving along that upward path that we ourselves attempt—a beautiful, glorious, entrancing picture of what we mean to be—our heart's sweet hope—that God, the deepest of ourselves, the highest of ourselves—ourselves in disappointments and in victories—this is the God to which we surrender ourselves with reckless joy. Through this God we triumph over fate; through this God we scorn death and disaster; through this God life acquires worth; through this God there is eternal progress.

Again: the New God is a result, and not a cause; the product of the universe, and not its maker; the createe, not the creator; the outcome of things, and not the beginning. The question of original cause must forever be abandoned. We cannot discuss it. A great first cause is not in the vocabulary of science. It is a shadow and a myth—a fleeting imagery. Travel far as we may, it is still unattained. We know nothing of the origin of what is. We simply know life itself. That is the fundamental term. Life is, and always was. We trace its path, but not its source. There is only evolution, process, motion, change. Nature is an eternal fact. That wall we cannot scale. What is on the other side no mind, however vast, can discover. We know not there is another side—that there is anything more than phenomena. Nature as a fact breaks in lines of law upon the brain of man. Law is our interpretation of nature—our way of accepting facts. It is our impression of things, and so our guide, and the best we have. But man is the law-maker, not nature. Nature gives facts, not law. Law is our intellectual method, the classification of our intelligence. Nature is fact, ever on the move, uncreated and indestructible. As law is the result of that fact in man's mind, so God is a similar result of the same fact in conjunction with humanity. There is no God to begin with, any more than there are fruit and flower—any more than there are sea and sky. These come, and so God comes. This is the only possible God there can be—a created God. In the long process of time, choice elements may prevail, and a superior and splendid power appear. God, if there were one, could not make a universe, but the universe might make a God. And such might be the New God—not the cause, but an effect; not antecedent, but consequence; not going before, but following after; not the root, but the blossom; not the prologue, but the epilogue to the immeasurable drama of the world, or rather an overture in the orchestration of manifold existence, not to be played until after the instruments are tuned. It has taken millions of years to tune the universe to the right pitch in order that a respectable deity might be introduced. The older the universe the nobler the Gods. As wine improves with age, so does the God-element in humanity. It works itself clear; the lees settle, and the diamond sparkle discloses the subtlest flavor of excellence.

Having our new God, with the characteristics already noted, the question arises where to locate him. Shall we find some beautiful star for his residence? Shall we build him a palace in the sky? All Gods hitherto have been objective and parts of the natural world, and when they have disappeared as entities and remained as ideas or principles, still they have been put in the outward universe. Go where we will, however, there is no throne of God. The telescope discovers no deities. The divinities vanish as the stars multiply. If the undevout astronomer is mad, so also is the theological astronomer. He needs no God. The dissolving nebulæ are the vanishing points of the miraculous. The glasses of the telescope, like a burning focus, destroy every vestige of creation, and discover only evolution. There is no dwelling place for deity in the outward world—not in evening's gold or morning's fire—not in star or sun, not in wind or wave, not in forest or hill, not in grotto or fountain's play. Man makes the bubble divinity. It floats awhile in the air. It catches the thousand colors of heaven—more beautiful than all gold and jewels; but it is only a bubble blown by man himself—his breath made it, and when Galileo's instrument swept the starry skies it smote that bubble and it can never flash again. The universe sparkles with divinity only in the effervescence of our own con-

*A lecture delivered before the Society of Humanity by Samuel P. Putnam.—Concluded.

sciousness. Strive as we may, we find no God in nature; no fatherhood, no motherhood, no love, no mercy, no goodness, no justice. Matthew Arnold endeavors to save a resemblance of God in the phrase, "The power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness." There is no such power. There is no righteousness in the universe outside of humanity—not a particle. Man is the only wise and good being that we know anything about. The stars are not righteous. They do not represent virtue. The sun is not good, nor the sea, nor the winds. Nature in her essence is absolutely indifferent to all morality. She cares not for beauty even. The beauty of nature is woven from our imagination. Take away our thought, our sense, and the magnificence of beauty disappears. Its home is within, not without. So with goodness; all goodness is human goodness, all virtue is human virtue, all wisdom is human wisdom, all righteousness is human righteousness. Matthew Arnold's phrase is only a remnant of savage faith. The pure intellect disdains it. The pure intellect knows that nature is neither right nor wrong, neither good nor bad, neither righteous nor unrighteous. Nature has neither heart nor brain. There is no intelligence in nature, as we understand intelligence; no thought, no purpose, no choice, no wisdom, no design, no progress, as we understand progress. Nature is no better to-day than she was yesterday, and no worse. Nature does not grow—I mean in substance. She simply changes her form, and for no reason that we can give—or nature either—and I suppose that is why we call her Dame Nature. She does not reason, she does not provide. She does nothing except simply be, and glance from mask to mask of eternal mystery. Ingersoll says that nature—simply nature—has no sense. Does it not seem so? She makes idiots; the blind, the lame, the halt. She makes disease catching instead of health. She makes millions of creatures to prey upon millions of other creatures. She makes death the most infinitely cruel and senseless thing that is possible to be. Nature is wasteful—a miser in regard to happiness, but a prodigal in regard to life. She wouldn't deviate a hair's breath to save twelve hundred millions of human beings.

We cannot trust nature; she must be constantly watched. We have to carry umbrellas to ward off her sun and rain, wear overcoats to shield our bodies from her storm and cold, and shoes to keep clear of her mud and thorns. Every stitch of clothing is an argument in favor of Atheism. It proves there is no God. The shirt that the theologian wears is a protest against his creed. If he thoroughly believed his theology, he would go naked and unshaved. A new suit of clothes is a fresh argument against deity. Every time we shave we cut the friendly acquaintance of nature. Every tailor, every mason, every barber, every shoemaker, is practically Atheistic. They flourish because they take the place of God, and do what he ought to do. Even the minister's gown and cardinal's hat are anti-theological, and flout the metaphysics of the sermon. Every drug we take, every dose of medicine, every doctor's case of instruments, every pharmacy, are demonstrations of nature's unrighteousness—they are means of warfare. We are always fighting nature. We must do it in order to live. On sea and land, on the farm, in the shop, in the laboratory, in the hospital, at breakfast, dinner, and supper, when we lie down at night, when we get up in the morning and wash our faces, when we build the fires, everywhere except at the church and altar, we are fighting nature, trying to get the better of her, to gain an advantage. At the church and altar there has been a kind of armed neutrality. Theology has been an attempt to reconcile man with nature—at the expense of man and for the glory of nature—in her rudest aspect, as witness Bishop Butler's "Analogy," the greatest of theological arguments, and which contains the substance of all theology. Butler's argument is this, that nature herself is orthodox. Therefore if we believe in the benevolence of nature, we must believe in the benevolence of the orthodox God. The only answer to Butler's Analogy is Atheism. The attempted reconcilation fails. Man will not agree with nature. He cannot without being a slave, a savage. Every stroke for civilization has been a battle with environments. The first plow wounded the heart of nature in man's behalf. The first boat was the signal of liberty from her land forces. The first sail was a flag of defiance to the winds of heaven; the first steamship put its mailed breast against her waves; the first telegraph conquered her lightnings; the first telephone gave man a chance to talk back, and say his say in spite of thunder; and the electric light is a proclamation that we can do without the sun and make our own day if need be. Nature is not divine. She gives no God, no righteousness—only eternal force, eternal fact. Nature does not even give law. Man gives law by the action of his own mind—no brain, no law. Man infuses into nature that order which to him is so admirable. So nature, bare, simple, outward nature, is no palace for the new God. He is in the realm of mind only, in the heart and hope of man. He is subjective, not objective, and becomes an objective power, law, righteousness, wisdom, providence, virtue only through the struggle of man. The God element is a human element. It is ideal, not real. It is a process, not a thing. It is not entity, but movement. It is essentially spirit, that is, motion. It is not existence *per se*, but a mental exhibition of it. It is a stream of tendency, the ideal, the choice moments of existence, the survival of the fittest in man's mental stages, the stored memory of the race of all that is good and beautiful, the magnificent power and presence accumulating through innumerable centuries; the splendor of heroism, the beauty of love, the grandeur of justice, the glory of mercy.

The poet has sung of this until his melody has recreated earth and heaven, and the sun has been made beneficent, and bursting with Apollo's music; and the moon is the lovely Diana, and the stars her glowing nymphs; and the forests, and the rivers, and the ocean caves, and the blue dome have radiated with effulgent forms. The painter has painted this, and the sculptor has carved it. It has rolled forth in mighty symphonies, amid whose jubilant notes joy wings its flight like a bird. In himself man has always found the glorious consolation; in himself, the sovereign majesty; in himself, the throne of the invisible; in himself, the luster of creation's dawn, and all the wonder that will be. There is no outward God. In ourselves we find the brightest and the best—in ourselves, not as individuals simply, but as one grand humanity. The sorrows of life, the pain, the disease, the death, the awful force of nature constantly thwarting, the vastness of space wherein thought sinks trembling, bind us together in a noble comradeship, such as no deity could do.

Because there is no God, therefore the strong shall aid the weak, therefore the skilful shall help the ignorant, therefore health shall administer to disease, therefore affection shall be more sweet. Atheism makes the sublimest moral motive. It is the nurse of the most splendid virtues. Because there is no power above us we are to be our own providence. We invent. We build. We reconstruct. We remould. We plant. We reap. On the vast fields of nature we combat with her thousand forces, and under the flag of our united humanity make our homes, amid the harvests that our hands have wrought.

Grander than all is our humanity, and the New God is not above humanity, but in and of it, the brilliance of its flowing life. In the making of the new divinity we reverse the plan of ages. The New God is subject, not sovereign; servant, not master; an instrumentality, not a king of heaven. He is for use, not for ornament. He is finite, not infinite; human, not superhuman; imperfect, not perfect—a struggling, growing, achieving God—a changing God. Man is the maker, and the power and authority of God are derived from man himself. So long as this God represents the ideal of humanity—the beautiful, the sublime, the progressive—so long as it grows better with experience and is thoroughly humanitarian, so long as it makes harmony, and not discord, unites and not disintegrates; so long as it is poetic, artistic, rhythmic, musical, evolutionary—so long as we make it and unmake it, get rid of it when we want to, and follow our own sweet will, so long as it and science will not quarrel, so long we will keep the new God; but he must be ever the New God. He must not grow old. He must shine with glorious youth. He must be ever active, ever burnished, ever at his best; and when he comes to be anything less, and grows dry, cold, unimaginative, and unromantic—when he becomes dogma—then put him on the shelf. It may be best for the present to preserve and fructify the God-element, as the art and literary element of human life, as the shimmer of romance and the glitter of sentiment; but the highest excellence of humanity is when there are no Gods, neither new nor old, when man is all in all, cultivated, disciplined, lofty, the master of himself, the champion of his natural rights, and the lord of his own heart.

I find thee not, designer of the skies—
Shaper of worlds—the mind that planned the scheme
By which the universe is smoothly run—
The wisdom that from nothing made the whole
And crowned the blank of space with perfect stars;
Though search I everywhere from point to point,
From sparkling sun to sun, from void to zone
Packed with the glittering dust of million spheres
I spy no throne for thee—no palace bright—
No dazzling heaven—no holy dwelling-place—
Whence thy great mandates drive the wheels of time;
I see no angels hovering round thy car;
No faintest motion of that car I catch
Making new music in the fields of space;
I only find the sweep of mighty LAW,
Unending, unbeginning, needing thee
No more than tossing billow needs the leaf
That drops upon its bounding bosom swift.
Outside of law thou art not, and in law
What more is working than pure life itself?
The atoms are eternal, uncreate;
They speed forever on their circling way,
Make and unmake the forms that flash and fade,
Now congregate in splendor like the suns,
Then separate in fierce, diffusive fire,
And with new motion whirl new heavens again.
The world itself is infinite—in the past
And in the future meets no shining bound,
And throughout space no wall to hedge it in.

It needs no deity; itself so strong—
So beautiful—so orderly—so sure—
No touch of thine is traced along its course.
E'en if thou wert, thou wert a useless thing—
A hanger-on to law, a shadow vast,
Out of whose empty breast no force is felt.

But as I look within my soul's wide realm,
Its thoughts, emotions, feelings, vague and dim,
There is a ray ineffable—a flame
Tender and mighty—a glory marvelous—
A mystic and unfathomable light—
The rich effulgence of a stainless fire
Burning upon our being's utmost heights—
And to this perfectness of Nature's zest—
The blaze of virtue—excellence of self—
The grandeur of the ever-beaming truth
That bursts athwart the dome of inward life—
To this I give the gracious name of God—
This is the deity alone I find,
To which I bow with utter reverence.

I scorn the outward deity of men,
The sovereign of the skies—the image cold
Of a dull terror and barbaric thought;
But to the infinite sublime within—
The deity that honest manhood makes—
To this I yield with ready heart and hand.

## Wanted, a Better Religion.

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* says:

I was so impressed with the story of the deserted churches and decaying piety which Dr. Prime and your correspondent saw in their visits to a few special localities in New England, that I determined to examin the same proportional extent of locality in this city, to see if a similar state of things did not exist here. The result is that I find the condition of social and religious life in certain localities in this city is even worse than that which those gentlemen say exists in localities of corresponding extent in New England.

I hav lived all my life in New York, and by ancestry and choice I am a Presbyterian, and my children adhere to the same faith. I think I know of every Presbyterian church which has ever existed, or which now exists, in this city. I am not yet fifty, yet I can remember when my parents attended Dr. Phillips's church in Wall street, and when I attended Sunday-school at the Brick church in Park Row, and Sunday-school anniversaries at the Tabernacle in Broadway. About that time there were more than twenty Presbyterian churches in the locality bounded by the Battery, Bleecker street, and the North and East Rivers. In fact, there was a church in each of the following streets: Broad, Wall, Nassau, John, Fulton, Dey, Murray, Chambers, Duane, Park Row, Roosevelt, Cherry, Catherine, Market, Rutgers, Allen, Rivington, Canal, Hudson, Houston, Spring, besides three in Broadway. Now there are but two Presbyterian churches in that entire locality, and take away Trinity and St. Paul's and two Methodist churches, there is not a Protestant church left. Theaters, tenement-houses, drinking-saloons, etc., etc., stand in their places. Is this conclusiv evidence that "the old faith" is dying out? I can remember when the great portion of the population in that section was church-going, educated, and refined. *Now* few reside there, except those who swear, drink, quarrel, and gamble. Is this unquestioned evidence of the degeneracy of the children of church-going people in this city?

Chicago is nearly as bad.

The current issuse of the *Knights of Labor*, a Chicago journal, contains an editorial entitled "A Plea for the Children," addressed "To the Ministers of Chicago." It urges ministers to "get less material for sermons out of dusty books, and more out of dusty factories and musty teuement houses." It says that children brought up in unwholesome quarters hav before them an almost certain future of ignorance, shiftlessness, and immorality. It charges that "this Christian civilization about which ministers speak so much seems bent only upon grinding young lives into coin." In Chicago there are 3,750 children under fifteen years of age, and many of them under twelve years of age, working all day in the mills, foundries, and factories. "Over one thousand of these are girls, who, besides earning twenty-five cents a day, are learning something by the contact with machinery and men." Between 1870 and 1880 the number of adult males employed in the United States increased twenty-five per cent; the number of children, fifty-nine per cent. In the tobacco industry seventeen per cent of the employees are children. In commenting, the *Knights of Labor* says: "Are not these facts ominous, and their discussion more important than infant baptism? . . . Will the ministers of Chicago lock up their study rooms long enough to see what is going on in our city? . . . Ask the sales-girls how much they are fined for laughing? . . . Go to Minonk, where girls working in the tile and brick factories, wheeling bricks in the broiling sun, earn the bread their fathers' wages taken out of a truck store will not buy, . . . then come home and giv us a sermon on the beauties of Christian civilization." The dead earnestness of this plea and the accuracy of its statistics make it worthy of attention. The employment of children in factories has a tendency to lower wages until this employment becomes a necessity. In addition to this it injures the child in mind, in body, and character.

To us it does seem as though that kind of so-called Christianity was dying out. Forms, ceremonies, beliefs, creeds, and shams that make one no better are worse than useless—they hinder Christianity which is love to God and man. Church machinery is usually very far from religion, very expensiv, and costs more than it is worth. G. F. LEWIS.

*Corry, Pa.*, Dec. 26, 1886.

## For Mr. Reynolds's Defense.

Wm. Waterman, $1; Thomas Knight, $2; S. H. Sandford, $1; J. E. Phelps, $1; Lyman Smith, $1; Wesley F. Mills, $2; John D. Powers, $3; F. H. Nicoles, 55 cents; R. W. Barcroft, $2.50; Peter Hope, $1; I. Child, 50 cents; Wm. Gray, Sr., $1; Benj. Parkins, $1; James Body, $1; Silas B. Latham, $2; Morris Johnson, $1; L. W. Gallup, 50 cents; H. S. Brooks, 50 cents; Joseph Tibbits, 50 cents; David L. Evans, 50 cents; H. M. Dougall, 50 cents; L. Garlick, $1; W. Thorpe, $1; Jacob Allen, $1; George B. Lawrance, 25 cents; George Mincle, $1; Chas. Massey, $1; Mrs. W. Thorpe, 75 cents; Ira Adams, $1; Wm. Francis, 50 cents; B. Warner, 50 cents; D. H. Clough, $1; E. Daley, $1.50; Mrs. O. D. Sherman, $1.50.

## To the Subscribers to the American Secular Union Fund.

I conceive it my duty, from time to time, to make acknowledgment to the supporters of said fund, of all moneys received and how disbursed. The patrons of the fund will see the propriety of occasional statements from the treasurer. It givs an opportunity for correcting errors, and verifying their donations.

I am not responsible for moneys others receive and expend for the American Secular Union, and shall not recognize as these funds moneys so received and expended. I call the attention of the subscribers to this fund to the following, from the Constitution of the American Secular Union:

SECRETARIES.—Article VIII. The Secretary's duty shall be to keep the records, complete lists of members and other papers of the League, and also of the Board of Directors; to report promptly to the Board of Directors all facts communicated to him by the secretaries of local auxiliary Leagues, and to prepare a careful condensation of the same for the Annual Congress; and to conduct such a correspondence as usually pertains to his office. It shall be the duty of the Assistant Secretary to assist in this work under the Secretary's direction.

TREASURER.—Article IX. The Treasurer, after giving security satisfactory to the Board of Directors, shall receive and hold all funds of the Leagues subject to orders duly drawn by the Secretary and countersigned by the President. He shall report the state of the finances of the League at every Annual Congress, and oftener if required by the Board of Directors or Finance Committee; and upon the election of a successor he shall deliver to him all the property of the League that he may hold.

Subscribers wishing their money applied to especial purposes—such as the free distribution of tracts, pamphlets, etc., legislation for advancing the "Nine Demands," aiding individual lecturers in the field, or any other legitimate purpose in the province of the American Secular Union—should clearly state to the Treasurer when remitting how they want their money used. On this point I quote from the Constitution, Article II., Sec. 5 and 6:

5. To promote, by all peaceable and orderly means, propagandism of the great principles of religious liberty and equal rights, devotion to truth for its own sake, and universal brotherhood on the ground of a common humanity; more particularly to establish a Liberal Lecture Bureau for the mutual benefit of hearers and lecturers, by which the formation of local Liberal societies may be facilitated and stimulated, and by which Liberal lecturers of sufficient ability and unblemished moral character, without the least discrimination on account of their religious opinions, may be encouraged, furnished with employment, and helped to devote themselvs to the Liberal cause.

6. In all other practical and proper ways to promote the emancipation of the state from the control of the church, and to foster the development of that natural intelligence and morality which constitute the necessary and all-sufficient basis of secular government.

The following is a statement of the financial condition of the Union up to December 31, 1886.

AMERICAN SECULAR UNION FUND—RECEIPTS.

November 28th, Tenth Annual Congress receipts, per S. P. Putnam, $39.50. Subscriptions: Fred Koezly, $2; John Engstrom, $15; A. Pionnie, 50 cents; B. G. Smith, $10; Frank B. Hunt, $5; Helen H. Gardener, $5; J. E. Phipps, $1; S. Hunt, $2; F. M. Borden, $1; Mrs. Mary Johns, $2; Dec. 7th, Walter C. Wright, per T. B. Wakeman, $10; Mrs. C. Schofield, per S. P. Putnam, $2; Robert Riddell, $2; A. F. Manert, $1; Wm. Wadsworth, $1; Dec. 10th, Dr. E. F. Beale, per TRUTH SEEKER, $1; Dec. 10th, John D. Powers, $7; N. H. Schwartz, $1; George Maddocks, $2; J. McClemont, $2; Stephen Carter, 50 cents; M. McCarty, 50 cts.; Mat. Whalen, 75 cents; Chas. Sach, $1; E. N. Dunckel, $18; Dec. 28th, R. W Bancroft, $2.50; Chas. Ahlstrom, $1; P. F. Spencer, 50 cents; Wm. Gray, Sr. (An. Mem.), $1; J. J. McCabe, $10; A. E. Smith, $1; Elmina D. Slenker, $1; E. M. Davis, $10; Wm. Mansfield, $1; John Price, $1; Mrs. Wm. Raynor, $1; Wm. Hunt, $2; total subscriptions, $164.75.

DISBURSEMENTS.

November 22d, Chas. H. Johnson, per S. P. Putnam, $5; Nov. 28th, D. A. Blodgett, per treasurer, $50; Dec. 7th, blank book, 40 cents; Dec. 11th, Samuel P. Putnam, $50; total, $105.40.

Editors of Freethought papers will please insert this communication and statement as written, as it is the only check between the American Secular Union and the subscribers to the fund.

CHAS. ECKHARD, Treas. Am. Sec. Union,
Society of Humanity Building, 28 Lafayette Pl.
*New York*, Dec. 31, 1886.

## Lecture Engagements of Samuel P. Putnam.

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|---|---|
| Martinsburg, West Va | Jan. 5, 6 |
| Greensburg, Pa | Jan. 7 |
| Pittsburgh, Pa | Jan. 9 |
| Kent, O | Jan. 10, 11, 12 |
| Alliance, O | Jan. 13 |
| Akron, O | Jan. 14 |
| Columbus, O | Jan. 16 |
| Piqua, O | Jan. 17, 18 |
| Cincinnati, O | Jan. 19, 20 |
| Rome, Ind | Jan. 23 |
| Linesville, Pa | Jan. 24, 25, 26 |
| Chicago, Ill | Jan. 29, 30 |
| Nekoma, Ill | Feb. 1, 2 |
| Fort Madison, Ia | Feb. 5, 6 |
| Belton, Mo | Feb. 7, 8 |
| Bavaria, Kan | Feb. 9, 10 |
| Salina, Kan | Feb. 11, 12, 13 |
| Brookville, Kan | Feb. 14, 15 |
| Fort Dodge, Kan | Feb. 20 |
| Garden City, Kan | Feb. 21, 22 |
| Denver, Col | Feb. 27, March 6 |

The applications for his services in the field received by the secretary show the great interest that is felt in the work of the Union. From all parts of the country there is a generous response, and, without doubt, during the coming year the American Secular Union will be well sustained. The contributions, so far, manifest the excellent spirit of its supporters. Courtlandt Palmer subscribes $200; Dr. E. B. Foote, Sr., $100; the Chicago Secular Union, $50, and others, as already noted, together with what has before been paid into the treasury, according to the report of the treasurer, published in this issue. Reports will be made monthly, and the progress of the work made known. The secretary welcomes all criticisms, and will profit by them in the best manner; but when it comes to fighting, he will reserve all his fire for the enemy. He has no blows to strike against any Liberal. He leaves his work to be judged by the good sense of the friends of the cause all over the country. He has only the best of wishes for those who differ from him. So far as they are in favor of Freedom he will coöperate in every possible way. But he will enter into no contest with Liberals whatsoever. He has neither time nor inclination. He will answer all attacks simply by doing the best he can. When he is convinced that any mistakes are made, he will proceed to do better. We need all our force for the common enemy—for opposition to the tyranny and superstition in the world to-day.

The American Secular Union no doubt will hav a prosperous year, and 1887 will not go by without seeing some advance for Liberty. The Board of Apportionment of New York city hav voted the sum of $10,000 for the opening of the museums on Sunday. This is the direct result of the work of the Union; of the notable petition signed by the citizens of New York last year, under the management of our national organization. There is no failure for us. But because our work is in the advance, we must use small means; but with small means we can accomplish large results. Where the Christian church has its thousand of dollars, we only hav one or two; but what we do hav shall count for all that it is worth. In the spirit, therefore, of humanity looking forward, we hope that all friends will aid in the advance work of the coming year, and generously sustain the national organization. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

## A Chance for Practical Work.

Under certain Catholic laws of 1864, amended in 1881, '82, '86, and applicable to certain judicial districts of this state, committing magistrates could send children under five and not over sixteen years to institutions of the same religious faith as parents or guardians, the maintenance to be a county charge. For two years persistent and strenuous efforts hav been put forth to hav the Board of Supervisors of this county pay for about fifteen children committed to the Catholic Protectory at Buffalo and Home for Juvenil Delinquents at Rochester, N. Y. The board hav persistently refused to pay. On the final adjournment a preamble and resolution were offered by one of the members, calling upon our representativs in Assembly and Senate to use all honorable means to hav said laws repealed, and during debate and before adoption I secured an amendment applying to all religious laws, regardless of sect or denomination, whereupon the preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted. The people of this county are fully aroused. Many prominent lawyers came before the board, and addressed them on the law, stating the aims and objects of the Catholic church, charging them with hostility to our institutions, and calling upon the people for vigilance and a strict enforcement of the law, which, being bad, would cause an early repeal of same. Here is a chance for Secular work, and whoever in this state can use any influence with assemblymen or senators, should at once commence work and assist our Cayuga county representativs in repealing all obnoxious sectarian laws. Sound the alarm along the line through your paper; rouse up New York city influence; bring to bear the strength of the State Association and Secular Union! People are reading, and watching, and awakening from their Rip Van Winkle sleep; and here is a glorious opportunity, and proper efforts may secure from this legislature and the Constitutional convention our stolen rights. EDWARD ROSS.

*Montezuma, N. Y.*

## "Good Advice."

"My son," says Robert J. Burdette, in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "I observe that you are pleased to be a little bit sarcastic on the subject of the 'modern evangelist.' Now, do let the evangelist hav his way, as well as the 'reformers.' Let him go where the crowd is. He won't hurt the crowd. He doesn't teach the multitude to do anything wrong. Herr Most didn't get into jail for listening to Sam Jones. The Chicago Anarchists were not the outgrowth of a revival meeting. No Presbyterian elder, no Methodist class-leader, no Baptist deacon, has been indicted for throwing bombs at the police. There may hav been an Infidel or two, a Freethinker, may be; an Atheist, perhaps, mixed up in that crowd of Anarchists; I do not positivly know, but there may hav been; you can easily ascertain. But I do know that the deacon and the elder weren't there. None of Sam Jones's converts were there. The evangelist may hav some odd, rough, funny ways of teaching, but he doesn't teach evil."

What is the sophism of Bob's advice? I conceive it is this: Anachronism in the comparison of the evangelists and Anarchists. He takes the present evangelists, who hav got their boodle, instead of the by-gone evangelists who were fighting and striving to obtain their boodle for themselvs and successors. Cromwell was an Anarchist as regards royalty. Luther was an Anarchist as regards the papacy. George Washington was an Anarchist as regards British rule; so are the Fenians. Jeff Davis was an Anarchist to the Union. Jesus Christ was an out-and-out Anarchist; that is, if we are to take for granted that there existed such a person as is portrayed by the ecclesia and its books. All these Anarchists, the moment they gain their ends, hav their own plans ready to execute, and they institute a *régime*—a government which takes the place of the defunct or minority one. Theirs is no more Anarchy, and their future care is to keep their guns leveled and ready to shoot down any new-fangled Anarchism. Maybe Bob is correct in saying that the preacher and the deacon were not in the ranks of the Chicago Anarchists, for what would they want there? Yet I do not know. I would sooner suppose they were too busy guarding their already gotten boodles to interest themselvs in such a thing as current Anarchism. But their forerunners and predecessors, the founders of their systems, were Anarchists.

Now as to the bomb. My impression when I first heard of it was that it was brought in and thrown by those who wanted to implicate the Anarchists.

OBSERVER.

## Random Remarks.

I hav observed there is a call for an album containing the cartoons of THE TRUTH SEEKER. It would be one of the best things to lay on the table for visitors to look at. It would sell too. I hav bought a large dollar scrap-book to paste them on, but it is quite a cumbersome and troublesome affair.

Considerable has been said and written by the readers and correspondents of THE TRUTH SEEKER on Freemasonary. I know something about this matter that, if presented, would shed light on many important points connected with it, and that without doing violence to the Masonic cause. It is a fact that only a very small percentage of even Masons themselvs understand the system which they hav undertaken to honor. The question of the presence of the Bible is one of the points least understood. Masonry itself is pagan. It is not even Jewish. This question does not touch the "mysteries," so called. yet it is a deep mystery, unfathomable to ninety-nine out of one hundred of even the thirty-three degree Masons. It comes within the scope of the scholar and antiquarian, and such alone can solve it. Let me invite the Masonic correspondents of THE TRUTH SEEKER to try their hands on this question. The published authorized hand-books of Masonry tell the wide world that on their altar is placed the holy Bible, and that without it there is no Masonry. The "Landmarks" say the same thing, in substance, and add that Atheists are not allowed to be connected with Masonry. How came the Bible to occupy this position? And when? *What was there before? i. e., on the altar and on the spot now occupied by the Bible?* This is the grand question. Masons tell us without blushing that Masonry is older than Solomon of Palestine, and that it refers back to Egypt—that there it had its origin, where it built pyramids and other lasting monuments. May we not ask *what* was that which stood on its altar occupying the place where the Bible now has the honor to rest? Masons also allow that in those days Masonry was better than it is now. Should not we then try and find out that ancient relic and restore it on the altar as the legitimate occupant, and eject the profane Jewish-Christian Bible? Then, again, we are informed every day that Turks, Hindoos, Africans (heathen), Chinamen, Japs, etc., Brahmans, as well as Buddhists, are to be found not only to hold membership, but to possess lodges. What about the Bible in this case? A Turk would see us all damned and helled before he would admit a Christian Bible on the altar of his Masonic lodge. Then does he put the Koran thereon? If he does, I do not see that his Koran would answer at all to the Masonic Holy Bible of the United States Masons. That would cut all Masonry in two, square through the vitals. Then would a Brahman or a Buddhist admit a Bible, whether in part or with its usual Christian supplement, to ornament his Masonic lodge? I rather think not; and more, even the sight of such a book would drive him to find purification for his person. Then what about a Chinaman and the Japanese, who hav no reverence whatever for this Bible? There is a terrible inconsistency here somewhere. Who can explain it? May I ask some Mason, who is acquainted with the Grand Orient of France, what does that body use on its altar in place of the Bible? I do not happen to know, and it is a question of interest to us all.

Anti-masonic writers place Masonry among the pretentious and bogus organizations. I think I hav good grounds for believing that their representation is very false. There is a sure link here which connects with the heathen religion of Greece and Asia Minor. Nay, there are several or many links. The heathen system is here without a doubt, perpetuated

under difficulties. Masons of high degree do not deny the fact, even when conversing with the profane. Then what about Solomon, Hiram, the Tyrian king, and the two Johns of Jerusalem? What are these characters? The remote parent of Freemasonry, which was neither Jewish nor Christian, was infinitly purer and worthier than either Judaism or Christianity. The Jewish God is the devil borrowed from the regions of northern India, and reconstructed into number one God, but without stripping off his diabolic and cruel characteristics. The Christian God is the same. He is identical also with Typhon of Egypt. The Masonic god, sometimes entitled the "Great Architect of the Universe," is not by any means identical with the Jewish God or with the Christian God. SOL-AMMON.

## The Primitiv Church at Rome.

History says that when Peter and Paul came to Rome in the year 60, they found a Christian church established there (Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER).

The "Man of Sin" is sorry to hav to contradict the above statement *in toto*. The book of Acts, which is the only history we hav (if, indeed, it may be called history) of the incipient church at Rome, tells us in substance this:

Paul landed at Putioli (*i. e.*, Pontioli, formerly Dicearchia), and traveled by land to Rome, a distance of about a hundred and fifty miles. A few brethren, hearing of his approach, went out, and met him at Appii Forum, forty-three miles from the city. When he arrived at Rome, the centurion delivered him to the captain of the guard, who allowed him to reside where he pleased, attended by a soldier. After three days Paul called together the principal Jews and told them the cause of his being brought there as a prisoner. He alleged that he had been unjustly accused by the Jews, and had appealed to Cæsar. He said he had nothing of which to accuse the people of his nation, and that it was on account of the hope of Israel that he was bound with this chain. To this the Jews replied:

We hav received no epistle from Judea against thee, and none of the brethren who hav come from Jerusalem hav told us any evil thing of thee. But we are desirous to hear from thee what thou thinkest, *for this doctrin, we know, is not received by anyone* (Acts xxviii, 21, 22).

This is the Syriac version, which is doubtless more correct than the Greek, for Paul spoke the Syriac language, and could not hav addressed his Jewish brethren in Greek. The Greek translator, or later scribe, took the liberty of amending the last sentence thus: "For as concerning this *sect*, we know that everywhere it is *spoken against*." He doubtless saw that to admit that Paul's doctrin was not received by anyone (*i.e.*, scarcely anyone) in the great city of Rome, would be a bar to the claim set up as early as the time of Irenæus (A.D 190) that Simon Kepha, alias St. Peter, was bishop of Rome from the early part of the reign of Claudius to the close of the reign of Nero (*i.e.*, from A.D. 42 or 44 to 66 or 68).

And they appointed a day, and many assembled and came to him at his lodgings (xxviii, 23).

Where, oh, where, was the church of Rome when the great apostle to the gentiles found no house of worship open for him in that great city, but had to proclaim the gospel to a handful of Jews at his own lodgings under the guard of a soldier?

And now as to the time of Paul's arrival at Rome, Canon Farrar, in his elaborate "Life of St. Paul," has compiled a table of dates of the apostle's life from twenty-six leading authorities, and to these we hav added nine more, including Dr. Davidson, Rabbi Wise, Smith's Bible Dictionary, and McClintock & Strong's Religious Cyclopedia. The result is curious. Three of the authorities decline to guess; thirteen guess, A.D. 61; five, A.D. 62; five, A.D. 63; two, A.D. 60; two, A.D. 58; two, A.D. 56; one, A.D. 57; one, A.D. 59; and one (Wise), A.D. 65.

The reason of this bewilderment is that Paul had been dead sixty or seventy years before Nero came to the throne. Paul doubtless went to Rome in his old age and died there. But there is no evidence at all that Simon Kepha (falsely called Peter) was ever there. He probably died at Babylon some twenty years before Paul went to Rome.

The historical characters mentioned in the book of Acts, and known to hav lived in the first half of the first century, are: Judas of Galilee; Annas, Caiaphas, and Ananias, high priests; Gamaliel, lawyer; Theudas, rebel; Herod Agrippa I.; Herod Agrippa II.; Claudius Cæsar, emperor; Pilate, Felix, and Festus, governors of Judea; Drusilla and Bernice, sisters of Agrippa II.

There is not a scintilla of historical evidence to connect a single one of these persons with Paul or with any apostle or contemporary disciple of Jesus, the adored messiah, much less with Jesus himself. But on the other hand we claim to hav discovered with more or less certainty in the works of Josephus traces of the following persons named in the book of Acts, all of whom lived and most of whom died before the Christian era:

Paul (Pollio the Pharisee); Manaen of Acts xiii, 1, Vulgate Manahen (Manahem the Essene); Stephen (Onias, the martyr, B.C. 66); Herod (the Great), friend of Pollio and Manahem; Bernice, his niece; Agrippa (M. V.), chief minister of Augustus Cæsar; Gamaliel (Hillel?), preceptor of Paul; Sopater or Sosipater, embassador of high priest Hyrcanus; Silas (Silvanus), pretor of Ephesus; Tyrannus of Ephesus; Secundus of Thessalonica (Jucundus?); Tertullus the orator (Nicolaus of Damascus); Augustus Cæsar, Roman emperor, B.C. 31 to A.D. 14.

Who but the first emperor was ever designated as Angustus Cæsar? See Acts xxv, 21, 25, 26, and xxvii, 1. Compare Greek and Syriac.

There are also two probable identifications of persons named in the fourth gospel, to wit: Malchus (Malichus), an attaché of the high priest Hyrcanus, B.C. 79–40; and Nicodemus, a minister of King Aristobulus, B.C. 64.

The nucleus of all the gospel stories antedates the Christian era. But the text has been corrupted and enlarged so as to describe a mythical Jesus crucified under Pontius Pilate. ANTICHRIST.

[We hav it upon the authority of Philip Schaff, Ph. D., S.T.D., LL.D., Baldwin Professor of Sacred Literature, Union Theological Seminary, New York, that "the earliest record of a Christian church in Rome we hav in Paul's Epistle to the Romans (A.D. 58). Though not founded by Peter or Paul, who came to Rome in the year 60, it may possibly be traced to those 'strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes,' who witnessed the Pentecostal miracle." Whether or not history agrees with our statement must be settled by deciding whether or not Professor Schaff is reliable. The early history of the church is involved in such doubt and obscurity that it is at best but guesswork on the part of honest historians. By Romans it is learned that Paul had religious brethren in Rome, but probably they had not yet gone into the "dome business." It is a matter of inconsiderable consequence, as a church in Rome A.D. 60 would no more prove the truth of Christianity than would a church in New York in A.D. 1887.—ED. T. S.]

## Missionaries in China.

*From Outing.*

CHEE FOO, March 31st.—At anchor in this beautiful harbor of the province in which Confucius was born just 2,427 years ago. But a famous Protestant mission at this place interested me on this occasion more than anything relating to the venerable sage. Some time ago, so the story runs, the head of this mission wrote home that he had purchased bricks, and had with them built a chapel in which his nativ converts could hold service. In a postscript to his letter it was stated that "with the few remaining" bricks a humble abode had been erected for himself. Those that I met made a joke of this by informing me that the house was twice as large and as costly as the chapel. I determined to investigate, and so, calling a boat, rowed ashore and started up a long hill to the mission in regard to which this unkind story was told.

Chee-Foo is quite a summer resort for the European residents of Shanghai, and the men-of-war are apt to make a pleasure station of it. There is a small colony of merchants in the town, and between its prominence as a health resort and a trading station, about as agreeable an exile as can be imagined. I found the chapel, at last, on a hill commanding an extensiv and beautiful view of the water. The only visible furniture in this house of worship was a row of wooden benches. I commenced inspecting the premises from the outside when my attention was arrested by a lady who could be none but a missionary. You can never mistake them. I introduced myself as a stranger desirous of seeing her famous mission, whereupon she invited me in, gave me tea and cake, and an instructiv talk on her missionary life. The house she lived in was certainly more spacious and comfortable than that of many parsonages I know. Such luxuries as glass window-panes, stoves, beds, etc., she had. Books and periodicals surrounded her. I looked upon her home as a palace, after what I had experienced of Chinese living, and even the homes of the Jesuits in Pekin.

She told me that she had lived here many years, and when I expressed my wonder at her fortitude, she admitted that it was a hard life, but that she was sustained by the grace of God.

Her salary is about $1,000, which enables her out here to liv on a scale that would be impossible at home under $10,000. She has an excellent cook at $6 a month. By the way, she pays her teachers, nativ converts, the same wages as her cook.

She told me she had fifteen pupils. These she calls "converts." She clothes and feeds them, and the cost of doing this for a year is $400 for the whole lot. All her work about the house and garden is done by converts on a sort of Christian coöperativ plan. She employs none that do not become converts. I asked her whether she had ever known of a Chinaman who had been converted strictly through his spiritual nature. She regretted that she did not recall an instance.

It is necessary to board and clothe your converts if you want them to stay converted out here, missionary reports notwithstanding.

However, my missionary friend wished me to bear in mind that she never resorted to paying Chinamen in cash for becoming converts, as, she said, "many missionaries do out here."

I came away from this mission somewhat depressed in mind regarding our workers in the Lord's Chinese vinyard. Once at school I put a whole week's pocket-money into the church plate after a sermon on foreign missions. The pastor had drawn a touching picture of the sufferings endured among the heathen for the spread of the truth. I was told that millions of benighted souls were yearning for the "light," and that we had but to raise the money and ship off a missionary in order to draw into the Christian fold thousands of lost heathens who spend their lives in sunning themselvs under cocoanut-trees, and worshiping sticks and stones. I was distinctly given to understand that the nativs lined the shore of every heathen country, and that the Christian emissary had but to address them in order to win their hearts to himself, and their souls to Christ. The faith in foreign missions I had once entertained was certainly not strengthened by this day's experience. This woman evidently supposed that she was about her master's work. She undoubtedly believed that she was doing good. But for the life of me I could not but think that in this delusion she was as much of a heathen as the benighted creatures around her.*

* It is not unlikely that one reason why our missionarics make so little headway among the followers of Confucius is that the best of them must hav difficulty in following the elevated precepts of that illustrious philosopher. For instance, when asked what he considered the most valuable of precepts, he answered: "Do not unto others what you would not hav them do to you."

## Lectures and Meetings.

CAPT. R. C. ADAMS, of Montreal, is delivering before the Freethought society of that city a course of lectures on "Business Morality." The lectures are reported every Monday by the Montreal *Gazette*. They are of a very able and interesting character. Captain Adams is the author of the work, "Travels in Faith," and is among the ablest and most activ of the Canadian Secularists.

FROM the beginning of his fall campaign to the last of December, J. E. Remsburg delivered one hundred and forty-six lectures. His appointments for January are as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Waterloo, Ind | Sat., Sun., 1, 2 |
| Montpelier, O | Mon., Tues., Wed., 3, 4, 5 |
| Adrian, Mich | Thurs. 6 |
| Bowling Green, O | Fri. 7 |
| Ai, O | Sat. 8 |
| Metamora, O | Sun. (forenoon) 9 |
| Berkey, O | Sun. (afternoon) 9 |
| Sylvania, O | Sun. (night) 9 |
| Laingsburg, Mich | Mon., Tues., 10, 11 |
| St. Johns, Mich | Wed. 12 |
| Fremont, Mich | Thurs. 13 |
| Wayland, Mich | Fri. 14 |
| Nashville, Mich | Sat., Sun., 15, 16 |
| Scotts, Mich | Mon. 17 |
| Kalamazoo, Mich | Tues. 18 |
| Belding, Mich | Wed. 19 |
| Charlotte, Mich | Thurs. 20 |

His work during the remainder of the winter will be confined to Missouri and Illinois.

## Does Socialism Mean Faith?

It is the practice of most denominational, and many secular journals, to identify Socialism with Anarchy, and then to represent all Socialists as "Infidels." In view of this fact, the following paragraph with which Laurence Gronlund, an able Socialistic author, closes a letter in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, has a timely interest: "I can only add that there are numerous circles of Christian Socialists, with two excellently written organs, just as determined in their Socialism as in their Christianity; that in all the British universities classes are formed for the study of Socialism, and that the present writer has been listened to and applauded by hundreds of students of the universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, with professors in the chair; that a prominent minister of the Established church of Scotland declared to me that he only waited for disestablishment to become a Socialist lecturer, and that the English trades-unions, in congress assembled, hav found it prudent to affirm that they were 'not unfriendly to Socialism.' Great Britain will be the first country to realize Socialism, believe me, and let all men of good will rejoice, for Socialism does not mean a leveling down, but a leveling up; not disorder, but order; not denial, but faith." —*Exchange.*

THE Rev. Charles F. Deems, pastor of the church of the Strangers, in this city, received the following letter from the superintendent of a Sunday-school:

"My zeal in the matter of building the church has been so overpowering that I hav even been tempted in the spirit of humble trust, and much prayer, to that which is (considered) wrong—that I might thereby do good, to wit: I took $500 and consecrated it to the Lord, and asked him to direct the wheels of fortune, as might be for the best in its investment in the Louisiana State Lottery. I asked that if it could be consistent with God's will I might draw enough to build the church. I lost the $500, and believe that the Lord so directed."

Mr. Deems thinks that the superintendent might hav as righteously planned to rob a bank and asked God to pardon the burglary.

# Communications.

## The Catholic Church and the Laity.

Catholicism makes a broad distinction between the church and the laity. The church is one thing, the laity another. The first is divine, the second human. The one arrogates to itself supreme power and dominion, and irons the other with a despotism that bids it hear, tremble, and obey. Guistiniani, D.D., an ex-Catholic priest, born, educated, and ordained in Rome, but in 1840 a Lutheran missionary in this city, in a work entitled, "Rome as It Is," observes, "In that church [the papal] the members and professors do not constitute the church, but the bishops and councils, with the infallible pope at the head, constitute the visible and invisible church." The church is all; the laity nothing. The laity are obliged, under pain of excommunication and anathema, to surrender their natural rights of conscience, reason, opinion, private judgment, and interpretation. They are debarred from any voice in Catholic synods and councils, and from any participation in the management of the spiritual, temporal, or financial affairs of the church. They are kindly relieved of all concern about their souls and conduct, and hav nothing to do but reverently accept and implicitly obey the arbitrary mandates of the church, observe its rites, contribute to its support, and trust their eternal welfare to its custody.

Such being the despotism of the church, and the servitude of the laity, the latter cannot be held responsible for the injustice, absurdity, and barbarism which so much degrades the canons, bulls, letters, and proceedings of the former. Instead of being answerable for the faults of matters in which their participation is inhibited, they are entitled to the sympathy and charitable consideration of the more fortunate heretics.

They hav, it is true, sanctioned by acquiescence the catholicity of the inviduous election; but it is also true that they hav often murmured against the corruptions and inconsistencies of the church, and not unfrequently remonstrated against them, and sometimes opposed them by open hostility. Guistiniani, from personal observation, declared: "The people of Rome are not as stupid as the priests would wish. The secret police of the establishment, the paid spies of the confessional, and the multitude of gen's arms may terrify them, but they cannot chain their mind or fetter their intellect" (Rome as It Is, p. 88). The doctor speaks also of the scoffs, jeers, and derisiv laughter with which the men and women of Rome assail priests and monks on occasions of public excitement. His descriptions are not overdrawn. Archbishop Spaulding has more than corroborated them in a sermon which he preached in the cathedral of Baltimore after his return from the late ecumenical council held at Rome. The Baltimore *Sun* reports him as saying: "There hav been 288 incumbents of the papal office since St. Peter, of whom 69 hav laid down their lives. Afterward, when the eras of fire and bloody persecution had ceased, 45 were driven from their places. The forty-sixth is now imprisoned by men who call themselvs Catholics, under pretext that they want him to be a spiritual prince, and to be relieved from the cares of temporal government. An army of six hundred troops and camp followers invaded the papal territory, committing every species of villainy. Four priests were stabbed in one day and night. One bishop was almost murdered. He had seen that spirit of hatred to the church throughout the south of France and Italy. When in Marseilles, while riding in a carriage in company with two abbots, the soldiers hooted at the abbots, so that they were obliged to leave the carriage."

In the *Courier des Etats Unis*, Nov. 13, 1886, p. 5, we find an item which we translate as follows: "Seven thousand persons participated in a demonstration which took place to-day [Nov. 7th] at Mentana, in Italy, in commemoration of the battle of 1867. Many speeches were pronounced. The orators denounced the temporal power of the pope and the pretensions of the clergy."

A similar spirit prevails in all Catholic countries. Sometimes it is expressed in raillery and pasquenades, sometimes in parochial or diocesan riots, sometimes in combats within consecrated walls, and sometimes in the open collision of arms. How often in the cause of church reform hav Catholic princes and subjects armed themselvs against the pope, invaded his territory, tried him before councils, condemned, incarcerated, and expelled him from his throne! Into what disastrous schisms has the antagonism between the church and the laity rent the Catholic communion! How often has it cost the church the membership of its brightest luminaries! And how often has the vicar of Christ fled for personal safety to Anagna, Perugia, Viterbo, and other cities, from the enraged laity of St. Peter's patrimony! Hume, in his "History of England," vol. i, p. 419, says: "Though the name and authority of the court of Rome were so terrible in the remote countries of Europe, which were sunk into profound ignorance, and were entirely unacquainted with its character and conduct, the pope was so little revered at Rome that his inveterate enemies surrounded the gates of Rome itself, and even controled the government of that city, and the embassadors from a distant extremity of Europe who carried to him the humble, or rather abject, submission of the greatest potentate of the age, found the utmost difficulty to make their way to him and throw themselvs at his feet." Gibbon, in his "Decline," vol. vi, ch. lxix, p. 427, speaking of the tumultuous laity of the holy see, says: "On Holy Thursday, while Pascal [pope] officiated before the altar, he was interrupted by the clamors of the multitude, who imperiously demanded the confirmation of a favorit magistrate; his silence exasperated their fury; his pious refusal to mingle the affairs of earth and heaven was encountered with oaths and menaces that he should be the cause and the witness of the public men."

During the festival of Easter, while the bishops and the clergy, barefoot and in procession, visited the tombs of the martyrs, they were twice assailed, at the bridge of St. Angelo and before the capital, with volleys of stones and darts. In the riot that ensued the houses of Pascal's friends were destroyed and he himself barely escaped with his life. In alluding to the scenes that followed the election of Pope Gelasius II., Gibbon writes: "Cencio Frangipani, a potent and factious baron, burst into the assembly furious and in arms; the cardinals were stripped, beaten, and trodden under foot; and he seized without pity or respect the vicar of Christ by the throat. Gelasius was dragged by the hair along the ground, buffeted with blows, and bound by an iron chain in the house of his tyrant." Glancing at the popular tumults which agitated the reign of Pascal II., the distinguished historian relates that, "in a civil commotion, several of his [Pascal's] priests were made prisoners; and the inhuman Romans, reserving one as a guide for his brethren, put out the eyes of the others, crowned them with ludicrous miters, mounted them on asses, with their faces toward the tail, and extorted an oath that in this wretched condition they should offer themselvs as a lesson to the head of the church." Such brutality, though paralleled by papal atrocities, cannot be mentioned without disapprobation, nor can the sanctity or importance of any cause atone for the guilt of their perpetration.

From the above statement we infer that the Catholic laity are not responsible for the ignominious character and conduct of the papal church, and though their practical acquiescence may expose them to the reproach, yet they hav vindicated their immunity from such a charge by many strenuous efforts to reform the church in its body and head, and that they still lie at its foundations as a sleeping volcano, giving fitful evidence of smothered disaffection, and destined in the future to repeat the convulsions of the past.

JOHN ALBERGER.

*Baltimore, Md.*, Dec. 22, 1886.

## Life.

*From the New York Mirror.*

Born of love and hope, of ecstasy and pain, of agony and fear, of tears and joy—dowered with the wealth of two united hearts—held in happy arms, with lips upon life's drifted font, blue-veined and fair, where perfect peace finds perfect form—rocked by willing feet and wooed to shadowy shores of sleep by siren mother singing soft and low—looking with wonder's wide and startled eyes at common things of life and day—taught by want and wish and contact with the things that touch the dimpled flesh of babes—lured by light and flame and charmed by color's wondrous robes—learning the use of hands and feet, and by the love of mimicry beguiled to utter speech—releasing prisoned thoughts from crabbed and curious marks on soiled and tattered leaves—puzzling the brain with crooked numbers and their changing, tangled worth—and so through years of alternating day and night, until the captive grows familiar with the chains and walls and limitations of a life.

And time runs on in sun and shade, until the one of all the world is wooed and won, and all the lore of love is taught and learned again. Again a home is built with the fair chamber wherein faint dreams, like cool and shadowy vales, divide the billowed hours of love. Again the miracle of birth—the pain and joy, the kiss of welcome and the cradle-song, drowning the drowsy prattle of a babe.

And then the sense of obligation and of wrong—pity for those who toil and weep—tears for the imprisoned and despised—love for the generous dead, and in the heart the rapture of a high resolve.

And then ambition, with its lust of pelf and place and power, longing to put upon its breast distinction's worthless badge. Then keener thoughts of men, and eyes that see behind the smiling mask of craft—flattered no more by the obsequious cringe of gain and greed—knowing the uselessness of hoarded gold—of honor bought from those who charge the usury of self-respect—of power that only bends a coward's knees and forces from the lips of fear the lies of praise. Knowing at last the unstudied gesture of esteem, the reverent eyes made rich with honest thought, and holding high above all other things—high as hope's great throbbing star above the darkness of the dead—the love of wife and child and friend.

Then locks of gray, and growing love of other days and half-remembered things—then holding withered hands of those who first held his, while over dim and loving eyes death softly presses down the lids of rest.

And so, locking in marriage vows his children's hands and crossing others on the breasts of peace, with daughters' babes upon his knees, the white hair mingling with the gold, he journeys on from day to day to that horizon where the dusk is waiting for the night—sitting by the holy hearth of home, as the last embers change from red to gray, he falls asleep within the arms of her he worshiped and adored, feeling upon his pallid lips love's last and holiest kiss.

R. G. INGERSOLL.

## Civil Service and Catholic Schools.

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of November 13th appeared an extract from one of your exchanges stating that at a recent examination before the civil service commission, three of the applicants failed to pass for want of a proper understanding of the methods of doing business, all three being Catholics, educated at Catholic schools. That was no surprise to me. I hav observed similar failures going on around me for twenty years past. And I hav known men like Mr. McCullough who, when they discovered the cause of their inefficiency, determined to boycott the Catholic schools, and giv their children the benefit of a secular education. If items of that kind are looked for and published as often as they occur, this civil service business will do more good for the country than its originators had any idea of. When those competitiv examinations shall hav proved beyond a doubt that those religious schools are in fact nothing better than laboratories for the manufacture of imbecility, their occupation will soon be gone, and a vast amount of poverty and ignorance will disappear along with them.

Heretofore a young man having graduated at one of those institutions was compelled to spend a term or two at some school or college where practical methods were taught and illustrated before he could obtain employment in any lucrativ position. If this new-fangled arrangement compels him to undergo a public examination before he can draw salary from the government, he has nothing to fall back on but preaching or pedling.

I am going to be a civil service reformer from this time forward, and the man that means to enforce it shall get my vote.

At the city of Utica a short time ago, I called at the house of a widow, whose husband was one of my schoolmates. I soon got on friendly terms with the youngest son, a lad of twelve or thirteen years. I got him to show me his school-books and tell me how far he had progressed in his studies. I was surprised to see that the books were the same as are used generally in the common schools, whereas I thought the boy was attending one of the Catholic institutions, with which the city is too well supplied. An older brother explained to me that it was by his direction that the boy was sent to the district school, because he had found by experience that it was a better place to learn than at the Catholic schools.

He went on to tell how too much time was spent at the "Brothers' School" in studying the history and mystery of religion, and but little attention paid to the affairs of this world. That had been my own experience exactly, and the experience of every one whom I had consulted upon the subject. This young man got his eyes opened earlier in life than we of the preceding generation—as, indeed, he had better opportunities for doing.

His father and I got what little education we had in a school so intensely Catholic that the teacher (Bartholomew Lynch) one afternoon, just before prayers, caused his own son to be mounted upon the back of one of the largest scholars, his pants stripped down, and a birch-rod laid on to his bare haunches in punishment for taking the name of the Lord in vain.

This method of inculcating the fear of God (which Solomon tells us is the beginning of wisdom) into the minds of young Catholics was technically called "hoisting," and only very few youngsters who went to school to learn wisdom were fortunate enough to escape it. Indeed, the efficiency of a teacher was rated according to the number of hoistings he executed in the course of a term. I was hoisted before reaching the end of my ninth year for disobeying an order I had never heard. I stopped on the way home from school to eat some blackberries that grew alongside of the road, not knowing at the time that I was eating forbidden fruit. The punishment had its natural effect. I hated the tell-tale that informed on me, and afterwards I took care to eat my blackberries on the sly. I soon learned that my schoolmates had a code of morals among themselves quite different from that which we learned in the catechism. Being punished indiscriminately for almost everything we did, and for things we never thought of doing, we

were forced to the conclusion that whatever act of pleasure or mischief we could do without being caught at it was right, and the rest was all wrong. I hav known many pious men and women since that time whose moral code was much the same. These things happened on the other side of the Atlantic, in the "Island of Saints." Mr. Lynch's penitentiary, above referred to, was located here in Oneida county, which goes to show that the "holy Catholic church is alway the same, in every age and country," *wherever she dares to exercise* her authority. Doubtless some of your young readers will be surprised to hear that such savagery was practiced so late as the middle of this nineteenth century. But if you writers and publishers did your whole duty to the rising generation, these things would be better known than they are. I get out of patience with men who are continually writing about the "dark ages" and locating them three or four hundred years back, when, in fact, the darkness is so thick even now that only few persons are able to see that those religious schools are instituted and kept going for the purpose of shutting out the light.

The founders and managers of those schools hav perception enough to know that without their aid it would be impossible to make people believe that the first of all virtues is "obedience to lawful superiors," and that disobedience is the blackest of all earthly crimes; that poverty, humiliation, and suffering constitute the true basis of happiness, both for time and eternity. No full-grown man, either savage or civilized, was ever made to believe such stuff as this. In order to propagate the idea at all, it must be planted in the soft and simple mind of childhood; nursed, cultivated, and made to grow along with its seed bed.

Another monstrous fallacy must be planted at the same time to grow along with it, as it were, to prove one absurdity by another. They hav told us of a God, a ghost, or some kind of a supernatural being, who "created man in his own image and likeness," and soon after he got sorry he did it. Since then he has been doing his best to destroy his own creatures; cursing, drowning, crucifying, and damning them. They tell us that a man having all this hammered into him when he is a child, and retaining it up to his dying day, has a chance to escape damnation; but the opinion is gaining ground every day that a man who fails to get rid of most all of it before reaching the period of middle life deserves to be damned.

JEREMIAH O'BRIEN.

## An Orthodox Fraud.—III.

We all know the Bible, our "holy book," is the source from whence we draw our inspiration, our ideas, sentiments, and beliefs which constitute our religion.

The language, words, style, phraseology, and the personifications, with the agencies and functions which they perform, are all quoted, copied, and reverenced as the means through which, by divine appointment, we are to be enlightened in regard to the mysteries of life and its duties, the methods of salvation, and our future destiny.

Without this holy book and its inspired teachings, we are told, we could be nothing but pagans, ignorant of God, without a knowledge of the means of being saved; we would liv and die savages, unredeemed from sin, and we must be eternally lost.

The church, being impressed with the inestimable value of this precious book, knew the eternal consequences for evil that would grow out of any imperfections, or misunderstandings of its contents; and in order to see if there were any obstacles in it that should be removed, which were making it repulsiv or objectionable to any class of readers or thinkers, it set apart the revising committee, thus making assurance doubly sure that it was doing its whole share in inciting sinners to repentance by making the means of salvation, if possible, more easy, sure, intelligent, and attractiv.

This committee tells us in part what gross mistakes, misleading errors, and false representations it found. It reveals to us that we hav been deceived, that the whole superstructure of our faith is on a false foundation, or rather without any foundation; that the personalities which hav been represented as appointed and instituted by divine authority as the agencies through which only we can be saved, are but myths of copyists and translators, and are not found in the earlier manuscripts of which our Bible purports to be a copy. In these more ancient Greek manuscripts there was no personal God in the sense our scriptures present it, to be offended, to be disappointed and thwarted, by the wicked machinations of men. Nor did he doom the whole human family to destruction, then afterward relent, nor send any personality into the world in the name of an only begotten son, a Christ, a Lord, a Savior, a Redeemer, a Holy Spirit, or Holy Ghost, or Comforter, through whose sacrifice, intercession, atonement, or agency, the world might not perish, but hav eternal life.

Our Bible represents that Palestine was the locality of this plot—that it was all devised and executed there. But the revisers tell us that in the copies of the New Testament supposed to belong to about the fifth century, and in the original Greek, the words which our English translators hav converted into names were simply substantivs or common nouns, expressing abstract ideas of good and evil, right and wrong; terms denoting the moral virtues and their antitheses. They went back in their researches with the view and for the purpose of finding as much of the original truth as possible, made this discovery, and tell us so.

They claim to hav been much more critical, careful, and thorough in their researches than King James's committee, who furnished us our authorized copy, our Protestant standard for over two hundred and fifty years.

If, as the revisers tell us, there were no such personages as Christ, or Lord, or Savior—then consequently no son of God—referred to in the earlier Greek scriptures, which giv us the first ideas we hav of what occurred in Judea over eighteen hundred years ago, then he or they could never hav lived or died there. If they were never there, then they had nothing to do with our sins or our salvation. None of this fabrication originated in Palestine. It was a scheme got up, and was many years in maturing, not in Greece alone, but in western Europe. To Augustine may be ascribed the credit, or the infamy, more than to any other one man, of establishing the doctrins and formulating the faith of modern orthodoxy. The Galilean teacher and his disciples had nothing to do with it. It was not born till centuries after their time.

The learned African pagan, Augustine, who lived a dissolute life till the age of thirty-two, when he went to Italy and joined the church (386 A.D.), enlisted his genius and imagination in the work of completing this orthodox scheme of salvation. It had lacked exactness and coherence in some points, and did not entirely commend itself to the skeptical pagan mind. But St. Augustine wrote his "De Peccato Originali" ("Original Sin"), his "De Gratia Christi" ("The Grace of Christ"), and his "De Civitate Dei" ("The City of God") "to subvert the foundations of paganism and establish those of Christianity." "Of all the fathers of the Latin church," says Villemain, "St. Augustine manifested the most imagination in theology." His subtle and vigorous mind has often displayed, on mystical problems, an amount of sagacity which would hav sufficed for the most sublime conceptions."

The Greek scholars or writers who compiled and put on separate parchments the gospels, acts, and epistles of the New Testament, St. Chrysostom, bishop of Constantinople at the close of the fourth century, says, were unknown, as "none of the apostles affixed their signatures to the gospels now bearing their names." That was the work of the church long afterward, and we hav simply the church's word that they are genuin. "The first collection of these Greek manuscripts," Tertullian, another saint of the early part of the third century, says, "was made by Marcion, the heretic, a Greek scholar, about the year 145 A.D. It consisted of one gospel and ten of Paul's epistles, and they were not then considered the word of God." Bishop Irenæus, Tertullian, and Epiphanius charged Marcion with mutilating these first copies. This mutilating was a common practice with copyists, in those days. Everyone took the liberty of changing the text to make it support his own mythological or metaphysical opinions. The testimony of scholars, including the late revisers, is that the oldest manuscripts now extant are the most rational and sensible; and we hav every reason to believe that the original gospels were still more pure and practical in their ethical common-sense lessons. The many forgeries and doctrinal changes introduced by each of the copyists, to propagate his own faith, making such a diversity and conflict in the teachings of the text of the different copies, led to the exciting controversies as to what was the correct religious belief, whence originated the great Arian revolt; and it led to the fifty councils that were held in the fourth century to settle the faith.

We can imagin how easy it would be for a credulous, ignorant, idolatrous people, of whom not one in ten thousand could read—overrun and conquered by the Roman armies, with their idols and divinities captured and confiscated—to accept the laws and the religion of their conquerors after the first generation had passed away and the missionaries of the church had introduced to them the doctrins and dogmas, the personifications and miracles, and all the vulgar pagan and idolatrous ideas they had woven into the scriptures for the sole purpose of adapting them to the mental and moral condition of the barbarian hordes whom they wished to enlist in the church of what they still called, with all its corruption, the Christian religion.

It was after the Bible had been taken into Western Europe that these words had become names to represent personalities or mythic divinities. The contest for changing them began around the Mediterranean, in Greece, Africa, and Italy. Centuries were largely spent in bloody wars among the early Christians to decide and settle among disputants the exact definitions and status of these terms, and as to precisely what they should represent. During this time copyists were changing the text and adapting it to the various beliefs.

It was in this way many of the one hundred and fifty thousand different readings became established. The pagans of Western Europe found but little difficulty in adopting the phraseology of the text to their prevailing idolatrous conceptions and predilections. The revisers could trace all this course of history, and thus account for the corruptions and departures from the older Greek copies. They own to having discovered these many errors and misrepresentations. They know the scriptures are not literally true, and are falsely taught.

While in their revision they made many minor verbal and grammatical changes, which only tend to make the false teachings more plain, easy, and certain, they hav done comparativly nothing to correct the gross, serious, and important errors by which all Christendom has been led and is held in superstition. They were frank enough in the fraud to say they would not, and did not, mean to corrupt them. In regard to the verbal changes they made, they say, in their "Companion," that "these improvements occur on every page, and almost in every verse, but the majority of readers and hearers will scarcely observe them, and few of them alter the sense very materially." "They do not change a single article of faith, nor a single precept of duty." "In this vast mass of improvements we may well say in ninety-nine out of every hundred changes the two committees are agreed."

Knowing as they did the gross fraud perpetrated upon us in our English translation by converting these simple Greek words into names, that we should believe that they represented personalities whom we must admit existed or now exist, for the purpose of saving our souls and securing our final abode in heaven, they hav practically done nothing to undeceive us by making a proper correction of the text. The cool, complacent piety they virtually assume, and the assurance they parade as a virtue on their part in not doing it, indicate a state of mind difficult for honest men to understand. They tell us we hav been misled, and then claim it is a virtue that they did not intend to undeceive us; rather that their task was to make the text less doubtful and more explicit in enforcing on us the deception. Their design seems to hav been more to fix and fasten the fraud upon us than to make it more easy for us to understand it and to cast it off. They hav done their task and shown us how they hav done it, in which we see their design. In a quiet exultation over their success, they say through the "Companion:"

> It is a matter of wonder and congratulation that two committees, divided by the ocean, and representiug two independent and high-minded nations, sensitiv of their honor, should, after several years of unbroken and conscientious labor, hav arrived at such a substantial harmony in the translation of their most sacred book, which is recognized by both as their infallible guide in all matters of Christian faith and duty. And herein is the finger of providence, and the best guarantee of success.

To arrive at this "substantial harmony," the American committee had to yield its preferences to the English.

> The American renderings [they say], if judged by the Greek text, may be traced chiefly to greater fidelity and consistency.

The English favored being "faithful to the idiom and vocabulary of the 'Authorized Version,' because it is incorporated into their liturgical and devotional literature, and that the Book of Common Prayer is a greater power in England than in the United States."

In thus compromising for the sake of harmony, the more liberal and rational of both committees had to surrender their convictions and preferences to the conservatism, the prejudices, and traditional rigidity of those who attached more importance to faith in the authorized text than in fidelity to the truth. This disagreement was all anticipated and provided for in the rules adopted to control the decisions. The parties went into the revision tied and pledged to submit to the result, be it what it might. It shows a uniform disposition to surrender to superstition, and to unite in perpetrating on the credulous what they all virtually discovered to be a popular, pious fraud; and then say: "The Anglo-American Revision is the noblest monument of Christian union and coöperation in this nineteenth century."

T. E. LONGSHORE.

*Philadelphia*, Jan., 1887.

"NEVER deny the babies their Christmas," says Marion Harland. "Let them believe in Santa Claus, or St. Nicholas, or Kris Kringle, or whatever name the jolly Dutch saint bears in your region." This has our hearty indorsement, but the case is different when a similar appeal is made in behalf of full-grown men and women who build steeples and erect altars to deities and saints more fanciful and impossible than even this good-natured god of the babies. This particular delusion of childhood does no harm; the similar delusion of manhood is fraught with the greatest mischief to the human race.—*Winsted Press*.

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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## SPECIAL NOTICE.

THERE are about a thousand of our subscribers in arrears, their indebtedness aggregating some two or three thousand dollars. To each one of these debtors, of course, the amount is small, but to us the amount is very large, and sadly hinders our work. We need this money—need it now—and we respectfully ask that it be remitted.

It costs a great deal of money to publish a large journal, and we hav no extensiv advertising patronage to help us out. We depend entirely upon the subscription list and book sales to obtain cash to pay bills, and when so large a sum as two and three thousand dollars is kept from us, the financial shoe grows painfully tight.

Every subscriber can see upon his tab just to what date his subscription is paid. Those whose time has expired, are requested to remit at once.

## The Museums in the Park.

The Board of Estimate and Apportionment of this city is entitled to much credit for the persistency with which it labors to unlock the doors of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History on Sundays. The habit of the Board has been to giv the two museums $15,000 each per annum. Last year, the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER will recollect, the gift was accompanied by the request for Sunday opening. Mr. Morris K. Jesup appeared before the Board and argued that the museums could not be opened. The American Secular Union thought differently, and took the matter up, and obtained the indorsement of the Central Labor Union, an organization representing some hundred thousand laborers, besides the signatures of some ten thousand citizens of the city, judges, city officials, and merchants of high repute. These were presented to the trustees of the museums, together with an argument in favor of Sunday opening. The most that the trustees would do in the matter was to appoint a conference committee, which committee has had the petitions under consideration ever since, but refused to report thereon. Mr. Jesup's reasons for closing the museums are purely religious, as every one knows; but, with the hypocrisy natural to church people, he stated that funds were lacking to hire employees for Sundays. A bill was introduced at Albany, and passed the lower branch of the legislature by a large majority, giving the museums several thousands of dollars additional on condition that they were accessible to visitors to the park on Sunday. Mr. Jesup defeated this bill in the Senate, and the moyement came to an end, as nothing could induce the conference committee to act.

Last month the same Board of Estimate and Apportionment sat again to parcel out the city's cash. When it came to the museums, the Board again preferred their request for Sunday opening, and accompanied it with the offer of $5,000 to each museum to pay the extra cost. The museum trustees are now in a quandary. They want that money, but they do not want to open the museums. They know the public is with the Board, for the agitation by the American Secular Union last year plainly brought this out, but the trustees are mostly pious, and desire to "preserve the purity of the Sabbath." But they do not desire to flatly refuse upon religious grounds, for such reasons are not popular in a great city like New York, where even one portion of the religious people are not Sunday-keepers. They are, therefore, busily inventing excuses. Mr. Jesup says the $10,000 is not enough; also that those who hav donated treasures of art to the museums hav done so on condition that the treasures shall not be looked at on Sunday; the treasurer of the Metropolitan Museum says he is afraid the crowd on Sundays would be so great as to injure the exhibits; while the president of the museum is to ill to talk about it. Altogether, the trustees are in a muddle.

Meanwhile, the Board of Estimate and Apportionment keeps the bait of $10,000 before them; they hav the petition representing the wishes of over a hundred thousand of the citizens of the city; they hav a lively recollection of last winter's agitation of the subject, and they hav the unanswerable argument of the secretary of the American Secular Union on file. The best thing they can do is to gracefully yield to the popular demand, and open the doors, that the people may see the treasures their absurdly applied piety has so long concealed, and which are in large part paid for by the self-same public that has so long bumped its nose against their locked doors.

## The Religion of a Rationalist.

An article with this title is in the last *Forum*, by the Rev. M. J. Savage, who claims to be a Rationalist, and he not only declares what a Rationalist *may* believe, but what he *must* believe. This is just like a clergymen. Now, it will be admitted that a Rationalist, with a certain kind of temperament, will believe exactly as Mr. Savage does. He may do this honestly; but that he or any Rationalist must believe this is a most preposterous assertion. All those beliefs that Mr. Savage mentions are not capable of scientific evidence. They are simply beliefs of the emotions, and not of the intellect. They are the outcome of feeling, and not knowledge. Every man has a creed, says Mr. Savage. This is true. Every man has a belief. But what is belief? It is not knowledge. When knowledge comes, belief ceases. Belief is of the heart. What is a rational belief? It is not necessarily that which results from the use of the reason, but it is simply that heart-feeling which is not contrary to reason, and therefore reason allows it to be. But reason does not justify the belief, much less does it make the belief imperativ.

Of the beliefs which Mr. Savage mentions, not one is the result of science. All that science declares is that these beliefs held in a certain way, carefully defined, are not unreasonable. If Mr. Savage had "walked humbly with his God," we would not criticise; but when he insists that we must believe these things, we object. They are matters, not of reason, but of choice and taste, like beefsteak and plum-pudding. The Theist believes in God because he likes it. The Churchman believes in the church because he likes it. Religion is like oysters—people take it as it suits them. Mr. Savage might as well insist that all must be fond of oysters as that all must hav a "religious belief."

Mr. Savage givs a big definition to religion. He is like the boy who set the old hen. His father asked him how many eggs he put under the hen. "One hundred and twenty," replied the youth. "Why so many?" said the father. "I wanted to giv the old hen a chance to spread herself," answered the boy. Mr. Savage is bound to giv religion a chance to spread itself. He has put everything under it he can. Even the Atheist has a snug, warm place. Mr. Savage in substance says that religion is simply man's thought of the universe. Such a definition includes for religious belief every intelligent animal—the horse, the dog, the ant, the caterpillar, and the flea. Do not all these hav a "thought of the universe" and their relation to it and the power not themselvs? Hence they are religious; only they do not build churches and hire ministers. Sensible fleas, sensible horses and dogs! You hav the religion that man has, according to Mr. Savage, but you make a better use of your material. It does not cost you so much as it does man!

It always has seemed to our mind that religion was a feeling based upon a certain kind of thought; not merely upon thought *per se*—upon the thought that the powers that be are good, beneficent, worshipful, admirable, and intelligent. When one thinks thus, he is religious; if he does not think thus, he is not religious. He may be moral, but he is not religious. Now, science does not necessarily giv any such thought of the universe as religion demands. It reveals as much badness as goodness, and so implies that the powers that be hav nothing worthy of our adoration. We hav to build more factories than churches in order to fight these powers. Mr. Savage says, "Man is love, pity, tenderness, self-sacrifice, devotion, worship, aspiration." Whence came these? Mr. Savage implies they must come from a God, and therefore God exists. But man is also lust, selfishness, bigotry, murder, lying, theft, meanness, etc. Whence came these? By the same reasoning, from the devil. We can therefore prove as big a devil as Mr. Savage can a God.

Mind, however, is a process, not a thing, and its antecedent is not necessarily similar, any more than water or fire are like their antecedents. Mind is the result of conditions, like heat. Because certain conditions of matter produce hydrogen, therefore hydrogen is the original cause of all things, is just as rational a statement as to assert that mind is the original cause. Mind is only a result, and has never been demonstrated to be anything else.

Mr. Savage is too dogmatic, too imperious, and he cannot be allowed to stand as a representativ of Rationalism. If he had come before the bar of science and graciously asked permission to hold these beliefs; if he had said, These beliefs, as I hold them and define them, are not unreasonable, they are not against science, they are nice, comfortable, happy, and, to me, noble and consoling beliefs, and though I do not know they are true, but I hope they are—if Mr. Savage had come in this way, no doubt science would smilingly consent to his having these intellectual and emotional luxuries so long as he held them in the spirit of humility which becometh him who knoweth not; but when Mr. Savage flourishes his clergyman's baton, and orders science, on pain of excommunication, to affirm these beliefs, as necessarily rationalistic beliefs, then science will meet the issue and will proclaim itself a most glorious rebel. It will resent the imposition on its limbs of these manacles of "necessary beliefs." We grant that Mr. Savage is a Rationalist. We grant that some of his beliefs are not irrational; but when he asserts that his belief is, or must be, the belief of all Rationalists, then his assertion is irrational, for there are thinkers deep and broad as Mr. Savage—giant thinkers—who do not, and will not, accept a single one of his "rational beliefs," but oppose them all as childish beliefs. They are rational only in the sense that a child's belief in the ability of its father to carry it over a roaring stream is rational. It may be true. The feat is not an utter impossibility. These beliefs are not shut out entirely from human acceptance. This is all the rationalism that Mr. Savage can claim for any of his beliefs. He is not obliged to giv them up. He can hold them without being laughed at. That is all that the "Religion of a Rationalist" amounts to. It is a pleasant dream and possibility against which human reason pronounces no decisiv mandate. But to announce that the human reason has peremptorily declared in favor of these beliefs, so that every Rationalist must hold them, is simply an untruth, and is the proclamation of a priest, and not a thinker.

## Jesus and His Family.

In his sermon on the Sunday after Christmas, Henry Ward Beecher said of Jesus and his family:

"The mother and brother of Christ did not believe him to be what he declared himself to be. Between this Mary, celebrated in the magnificats for two thousand years, and the real Mary there is a wide difference. That she had the slightest spiritual perceptions or insight there is no proof, and she and her other sons though Jesus was 'cracked.' They saw not what he did; they could not enter his sphere. When he was grand and great they said that he was crazy, and begged him not to tramp around and exhibit himself to the common multitude. They wanted him to stay at home and be a good citizen."

A daily journal of this city censures Mr. Beecher severely for these "flippant and slangy" words. "From a Christian pulpit," says the *Sun*, "he ridicules Christian theology, and handles what it regards

as its holiest mysteries with the carelessness of contempt. He is worse than the Infidel, though he presumes to speak as an expounder and defender of the gospel. He does not even think it worth his while to giv more than slap-dash conclusions as to the character of Christ and the holy family."

If the journal rebuking Mr. Beecher were a Christian journal, we should allow this flagellation to be just. To Christian journals truth is of less importance than theology. A secular paper, however, should first hav compared Mr. Beecher's words with the record of Christ and his family, and found whether they are just or unjust. Mr. Beecher should not be condemned for speaking the truth.

## Names Wanted.

Will the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER send us the names of all their friends who are Liberally inclined, so that they may receive a sample copy of this paper? We desire to largely increase the subscription list, and shall be grateful for all aid extended.

If our present subscribers would mention to their Liberal friends that THE TRUTH SEEKER is a good paper to subscribe for, it might be the means of materially helping us.

## The Heretic Priest.

The following conversation between a *Sun* reporter and Monsignor Preston, vicar-general, is an authoritativ statement, so far as it goes, of the attitude of the Catholic church toward Edward McGlynn, pastor of St. Stephen's church, and land reformer of the Henry George school. Monsignor Preston said:

"Dr. McGlynn has been suspended from performing any of the functions of a priest. He cannot officiate at mass, and he cannot preach. It has been asserted that Dr. McGlynn's political acts had less to do with his suspension than his refusal to build parochial schools, but they who say this speak without knowledge. It is not true. He has been suspended because he holds doctrins as to the ownership of land which are contrary to the teaching of the church, and also because he disdained to notice or obey the request of Archbishop Corrigan to cease meddling with politics in the way he did. We are all soldiers of one army, you know, and we must obey."

"To answer what charge has Dr. McGlynn been summoned to Rome?"

"He has not been summoned to Rome to be complimented," Monsignor Preston replied. "He has been summoned to be criticised. Further I may not say. This doctrin of denying man's right to property in land is preposterous. The world will never permit it to prevail. The church will, in my opinion, never allow it to be held within her borders. It is contrary to the pope's encyclical, as the archbishop showed in his letter."

"How can Dr. McGlynn be restored to his pastorate?"

"By recanting his land theories."

"By no other way?"

"By no other way."

"Is there a possibility of the archbishop and Dr. McGlynn coming to an agreement in the matter, and thus ending the trouble?"

"Their agreement or disagreement amounts to nothing in this matter until Dr. McGlynn recants."

"What if Dr. McGlynn should refuse to go to Rome? Would he by that act put himself outside of the church?"

"By no means. He would remain a priest, but a priest without a charge. To the charges already preferred against him would be added the charge of contumacy, a very serious matter, one possibly resulting in the severing of the connection between church and priest."

Whether Dr. McGlynn will get upon the stool of repentance or not, no one at present knows. Intimations are not wanting from some of his political friends that he will not.

It is the well-known policy of the church to allow none of its preachers to harbor any ideas but its own. Dr. McGlynn is not the first man asked to recant, but he is fortunate in living in this century when he cannot be put upon the rack or wheel to force his retraction. There is an inquisition still at Rome, but it is not the institution of Seville, and its power over the bodies of its heretical priests is limited. Dr. McGlynn can return to America after his interview with the authorities at the Vatican.

Unconsciously, in this interview, Monsignor Preston has revealed a policy of the church hitherto denied. Dr. McGlynn, he said, has been suspended because he "meddled with politics *in the way he did.*" A few weeks ago, the *World*, of this city, reported that "few men did more than Dr. McGlynn to secure the nomination of Governor Cleveland for president by the timely and effectiv assurance which he gave at the final moment that the voters whose interests he had at heart would support that nomination." But Dr. McGlynn was not then suspended, refused the power to officiate at mass, nor prohibited from preaching. The manner of his political meddling then was not offensiv to his superiors.

Whether the world or the Roman Catholic church will permit the idea to grow that land should be free is not, we think, a matter for Monsignor Preston to airily settle off-hand. The church may excommunicate all Catholics who hold such sentiments, and thus keep the Catholic fold clear of the heresy, but the world has an obstinate way of thinking for itself, and any idea that is prohibited seems to spread the faster because of the prohibition. Numerous instances of this kind might be cited, were their recital not calculated to injure the feelings of the Romish authorities. Dr. McGlynn himself recalled one such to the recollection of Archbishop Corrigan during the campaign.

Whatever the outcome may be of this disagreement between a Catholic "soldier" and his officers, it will hav served to show that the Romish church is still the same dungeon for the brain that she has been through all the centuries. Within her borders thought is a prisoner, and every tongue a convict locked in its narrow cell. Before freedom can come, the Roman Catholic church must go.

## The Umatilla Reservation School.

The fight over the Indian agency school on the Umatilla reservation in Oregon is one of the evil results of parceling out the education of the Indians to the different religious sects. Pursuant to that policy, this school fell to the lot of the Roman Catholics, and they established a so-called school conducted by so-called Sisters of Mercy. The excommunicated Agent Coffey was given charge of the agency by the government at Washington, but though a good Catholic, his appointment was distasteful to Archbishop Gross, and a warfare between the agent and the church has since been waged.

The archbishop accuses Agent Coffey of dismissing two of the "sisters" from the school to make room for two teachers of his own selection, and of a general desire to make the school undenominational. This latter constitutes the most serious offense in the eyes of the archbishop, and the sisters were directed to resign. Then Agent Coffey and the Indian commissioners took hold and placed other teachers in charge of the school. Of this action the archbishop writes indignantly:

"Had even all of the sisters resigned, did that giv the commissioners and Coffey the authority to change a school given us Catholics by the government, into an undenominational one? But the commissioners hav not even that poor excuse, for of their own authority they, without consulting the Catholic authorities, turn out the priest, the principal, and two of the sisters. In the same arbitrary manner they took from us Catholics a school given us by the government, and turned it into an undenominational one. Who gave Coffey and the commissioners such powers? Without a word to the Catholic authorities, a Catholic school given us by the United States government has turned into an undenominational one—that is, a school where no religion whatever, whether Catholic or Protestant, can be taught to our poor Indians."

The other side of the case is given the public through the columns of the *Oregonian* by Col. Wm. Parsons, special United States Indian agent, who investigated Coffey's charges against the sisters and priests, and because of which Commissioner Pearson removed them. The most flagrant of the sisters' offenses was maintaining two schools with a force of teachers sufficient for only one. They drew pay from the government for conducting the Umatilla reservation school, but devoted most of their time to a school at Pendleton. The money which supported the Umatilla school was raised by the sale of a square mile of land belonging to all the Indians, regardless of sectarianism, upon which the town of Pendleton now stands; and they complained that it was not right that this money should be used to support a sectarian school. Only a small proportion of the Indians on the reservation were Catholics, the remainder being either Protestants or not members of any church; consequently a large proportion of the children who ought to hav been in school did not go at all so long as the sisters had charge of the only school on the reservation. When the two sisters were removed, and the others deserted, and the school was made unsectarian, the attendance of the Indian children more than doubled. The school is also much better conducted, the scholars advance more rapidly in their studies, the buildings are better kept, and the sanitary condition of the school is much improved.

Of course the Catholic church authorities are angry at having the school taken from them, but it is vastly better for the school itself. Under the present management the children will possibly learn sufficient to make them good citizens. Under Catholic management they would learn only sufficient to make them good Catholics. And there exists a wide chasm between a good citizen and a good Catholic. The government should recall its Indian gifts to the churches, and itself maintain thoroughly secular schools. In no other way, it seems, can the peace be preserved and the education of the Indians satisfactorily accomplished.

## Editorial Notes.

DEAN GRAY, of Harvard, told the Fifth avenue worshipers last Sunday "how to approach God." This, we imagin, should read like the old recipe of "how to cook a hare? First catch your hare."

THE court which will try C. B. Reynolds for blasphemy convenes at Morristown on the 18th inst. Mr. Reynolds's case is set down as the first to be heard. Let us hope that it will be the last of the kind that will ever be heard in the world.

ABOUT every paper in the country has this week an obituary of 1886 and a prophecy for 1887. It occurs to us that most folks know what happened last year, and that no one knows what will happen this year. Therefore the utility of the articles is very doubtful.

THE Russell Manufacturing Co., of Middletown, Conn., made the Methodist church fair a donation of a sample case of suspenders to be sold for the benefit of the Lord, and on the same day reduced the wages in one department of their work five per cent. Their employees hope no more church fairs will be held.

A MORE or less sensible guess as to what will happen in the next world to Christians and heathens was made last Sunday by Rev. Dr. Kimber, of Augustine's chapel, in this city. "I believe," he said, "that a good, conscientious heathen, who acts according to his lights, will stand a much better chance in the next world than those Christians who belie their creed by their unrighteous lives. In fact, I think the lot of the latter will be infinitly worse than that of the heathen." If there is a "next world," we think the Rev. Dr. Kimber is right.

THE Andover heresy trials are still going on, and the professors who hold and teach "the larger hope"—*i. e.*, that dead people may be given a chance to repent and be saved—hav had a hearing. The discussion has involved the waste of a large amount of breath, and that is about all. The scriptures may, or may not, teach future probation, and the Andover creed may, or may not, teach the same doctrin. The facts in the matter are not altered in the slightest degree by either; and what the facts are nobody knows or can know. All discussion of the subject, therefore, is, in the language of Ecclesiastes, "vanity and a striving after wind."

IT is a very short peg indeed upon which the Roman Catholics authorities cannot hang a plea for special generosity in giving by their followers. This year is the jubilee year of the pope's ordination as a priest, and the archbishop of Paris has set the example for other archbishops by commanding that all the faithful shall pray for the pope, shall make heavy donations to the Peter's pence fund, shall giv him chalices and other gold and silver sacramental objects, and, as the special homage of Paris, a tiara is to be subscribed for, the jewels of which, the archbishop suggests, shall be those now only "ministering to vanity." This suggestion means that the women are to be asked to giv up their jewel ornaments to make a hat for the pope.

IN a recent issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER we noted that Lillian Harman's sentence having expired, she was released. We gave the notice on the authority of *Lucifer*. But when Mr. Harman went to Oskaloosa to pay his daughter's half of the costs, and take her back to Valley Falls, she absolutely refused to hav the costs paid, claiming that she had wronged no one, and could not acknowledge the justice of the sentence to pay costs. Therefore she is still in custody, along with her husband, and the state officers say she will be held until the costs are paid. Mr. Walker also announces that he will not pay costs when his sentence expires, and unless the supreme court reverses the decision of the court which convicted them, their sojourn in jail is likely to be long.

POLITICAL success does not always bring happiness. Abram S. Hewitt got about thirty thousand more votes than any other candidate for mayor of New York, and was elected. He is a man of nervous temperament, and is troubled with insomnia, which the excitement of the campaign aggravated so that he did not get much sleep until after the election. Last Saturday Mr. Hewitt went down to the City Hall and took the oath of office, and, while standing in a draught receiving the congratulations of his friends, he took cold and is laid up with rheumatism. His message had to be sent to the board of aldermen by a messenger, and another man is acting mayor. Meanwhile the defeated candidate, Mr. Roosevelt, went away to Europe and married a nice girl; Henry George is about to enter upon an editorial career at the helm of the *Standard*, and Mr. Wardwell is doubtless comfortably fixed somewhere near the fire. Not one of them, probably, would exchange places with Mayor Hewitt, and take his insomnia and rheumatism. It is better to be healthy than to be mayor, even of "the great metropolitan city of New York."

# Letters from Friends.

TORONTO, ONT., CANADA, Dec. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I forward $5, for which you will please giv me credit on my subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER for 1887, and let $1 be applied for the defense of Mr. Reynolds. The rest of the money is for pamphlets as per list inclosed. Continue the pictures; the balloon was first-rate.

JAMES BODY.

PERRIS, CAL., Dec. 16, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5.00 for THE TRUTH SEEKER for 1886-87. Accept many thanks for continuing to send the paper. If I tell you I cut wood and drew it twenty miles to get the $5.00 sent, you will understand how much I think of the dear, grand old TRUTH SEEKER.

Hoping not to be in arrears again, I remain,

Yours for the truth, H. L. WRIGHT.

WILSON, ILL., Dec. 23, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Your subscriber, Eli Erickson, of Wilson, Ill., emigrated from here some time ago, and I bought the unexpired time of THE TRUTH SEEKER. As that time is now expired, I remit a year's subscription, and also one new subscriber. We are both activ workers in the cause. Campus contains a Catholic and a Methodist church. Your paper, with its cartoons, keeps them red-hot. They had rather see the devil come there than THE TRUTH SEEKER.

E. T. POTTER.

TOPEKA, KAN., Dec. 24, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $8.50, for four subscriptions to the grand old journal of liberty. We hav commenced work here, and will organize a union soon. I think we can muster up close to one hundred faithful soldiers to the cause of humanity and reality. We hav been receiving THE TRUTH SEEKER through the news stands. I think by spring we can raise the subscriptions to twenty-five, as we intend to work faithfully. C. H. ST. CLAIR.

FORKS CREEK, COL., Dec. 19, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Received your circular to-day, and will send you two dollars on my subscription, as it is all the small bills I hav. Would not do without the paper for twice the amount. We take the *Investigator*, *Freethinkers' Magazine*, and the *Liberal*. So you see we are well supplied with food for the mind.

We look forward to Mr. Putnam's coming with pleasure. Would like to get up a club for THE TRUTH SEEKER, but I liv at a railroad station, where there are but few people, most of them Catholics.

Mrs. Buckner-Johnson has left us for "sunny" Florida. All her friends miss her very much.

And now, hoping that prosperity and success will follow THE TRUTH SEEKER and the Liberal cause in general through all time to come, I am, Yours truly, B. L. SMITH.

FARMINGTON, UTAH, Dec. 15, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5.75—$5 on subscription for the best of papers, 50 cents for Colonel Ingersoll's "Lay Sermon" to mail to my orthodox friends, and 25 cents for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL.

I feel to say that the cartoons are excellent and full of meaning; besides, they assist in introducing the paper in this (Mormon) community, so we must not be so sensitiv "out West" here over the ridiculing of "sacred" things as some of our Eastern friends. THE TRUTH SEEKER is a fine missionary for the cause about here, as the Mormons think it hits the other Christians more direct than them. So they venture to read, not seeming to realize that thereby they will be led to question the divinity of their own creed.

What seems best of all, we are to hav the genial S. P. Putnam with us again, and before the winter is gone the Utah orthodox will begin to think Ingersollism and Infidelity is growing. HEOTOR W. HAIGHT.

JAMESPORT, MO., Dec. 25, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: It makes me sad to think tha. there is one man in this land of boasted liberty who is compelled to be a hypocrit in order to make a success of any business. Must the teachers of this country surrender their manhood and religious independence in order to keep their positions? "Schoolmaster" writes very discouragingly about his liberty. God's Town must be completely engulfed in the darkness of superstition and intolerant ignorance.

Come farther West, brother, and you can gain your freedom and manhood for which you pine and weep. We, as a class, in the West set store by a man according to his value to society. The teachers here do not find it necessary to act the hypocrit to keep in the profession. I am outspoken at all times on my religious opinions, yet I respect and consider the feelings and opinions of others. Some of my best friends are in the Christian ranks, although I am known by everyone to be past redemption. I work and argue against Christianity on every occasion, and yet am now employed for the sixth successiv term in a Christian district by Christian directors. For seven years hav I contended against every class of religious fanatics without mercy or fear, and during all that time hav been employed continuously in three districts, one after another. Christianity is certainly on the wane here.

Mr. Remsburg writes me that he will be here sometime in January, and I hope he will awaken a spirit of investigation and inquiry. We need hundreds more such men in the field constantly, if we wish to accomplish a final triumph of our cause. I am often surprised at the ignorance of the people with regard to religion. Can there not be some more perfect system of organization proposed? It seems to me that the Liberals lack system, especially as to revenue. The fund of the National Secular Union is uncertain, and depends entirely upon the liberality of its friends. This is not as it should be. A few pay all the expenses, while the great mass of Liberals pay nothing. U. F. SHULER.

MONTROSE, IA., Dec. 2, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Assuming that you will pardon a stranger friend for addressing these few lines to you, I will state our case, and solicit some advice. There are a great many Liberals in this vicinity, but we are unorganized, and hav never had any Liberal lectures in this neighborhood. So the field is all open to the preachers, who hav been striving hard for the last ten or twelve days and nights to get up a revival, but without success, or a very poor one, as they got only one old darkey woman and one white man and his wife to come forward, the latter having once been Methodists, and then Baptists, and now Methodists again.

The preachers tried all their arts to get the people to join. They first called on all who wanted to go to heaven to rise—only one or two responded. They then called on all who wanted to go to hell to keep their seats—when about all remained seated. Now, we are tired of this thing, and wish to organize and hav some lectures from a good Liberal speaker. Please tell us how to proceed, and what would be the probable cost; and by so doing you will oblige,

Yours respectfully, W. B. VAN VLIET.

ROANOKE, VA., Dec. 19, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Enclosed find one dollar, to continue my paper three months more, and then I hope to be able to hav a club of three here. This is a very religious place. I know of but one Infidel besides myself that has got the sand to say so. My next-door neighbor, our ex-mayor, reads my TRUTH SEEKER, and is as anxious for every issue as I am, but don't want people to know it, for fear of losing popularity. I hav long since publicly expressed my unbelief, and I don't see as it hurts me in my business, for I try to show my neighbors that it does not require a Christian always to be a charitable and benevolent man. I like THE TRUTH SEEKER, and always intend to read it as long as I can get it. The letters from friends are very interesting. I like the pictures; but of course I don't indorse everything that comes under the head of Freethought. Some able and good men are Atheists, but I think I hav had sufficient evidence for me to be a Spiritualist. I don't doubt that half the mediums claiming to operate between this condition of man and the next are frauds; but if we can prove one genuin communication, though there be a million frauds, the fact that it is possible still remains.

E. STODDARD.

MONTESANO, W. T., Dec. 14, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Your most highly-appreciated paper is received regularly, and I find many communications and editorials upon the important issues of the day that are worthy of the highest praise.

Our small city is at present in a quiet state, but it has been but a few weeks since the good people had a serious church trial, which ended in one or more of the truly good being "fired," and finally in the burning of the church, by whom no one knows.

I believe that but a short time will expire before an orgauization will be perfected in this valley, as there are, to my knowledge, many Freethinkers here. and it needs only a starter to bring things to a business basis.

We are suffering at present from the iron hand of the local option law. The city is cheated out of a revenue of about $500 a year, and there is more whisky sold than when they granted a license.

The county has been, and is now, to a great extent governed by a set of cranky temperance fanatics, but it will not be so long, as we are gaining ground slowly but surely.

Knowing that you are working in a good cause, I expect entire success of your faithful organ.

Inclosed please find $3.00 to apply on subscription.

FRANK LESSMAN.

PORTLAND, OR., Dec. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: There is a young preacher out West who promised to marry five young ladies. Everyone agrees that he is a very promising young man.

It would be just as reasonable to expect a man to climb a tree headed up in a barrel, as to expect a man who is a slave to a creed to think clearly on scientific subjects.

A preacher not long since accused me of lying. He said I had no right to infringe on his patent.

Preachers compare themselvs to worms. I wonder how they would like to be used for bait.

Christians should be careful what they pray for. They must remember the flood was brought about by a Baptist prayer-meeting.

I had a splendid dog, until he followed a friend of mine to a Presbyterian church. After that he went to sucking eggs and killing sheep.

I guess Christians will quit climbing the golden stairs pretty soon. They will be going up in an elevator.

The Bible was made for impostors to preach, and fools to believe.

The people are farther advanced in religion in the West than in the East. We hav a god factory in 'Frisco.

Preachers generally use large words and small sense. The man with the longest head generally uses the shortest words.

Preachers go 'round the country pedling heaven and begging on the Lord's credit, wherever his credit happens to be good.

Preachers say we must be washed in the blood of the Lamb. Why not be washed in the blood of the Pig? I would like to ask the question whether if Jesus Christ should walk into Trinity church in New York with his old clothes on he would be welcome?

I wonder how old Christ was when he was born,

A good many Christians hav more faith in a lightning-rod than in God.

There is a moral about the betrayal kiss of Judas. It shows the folly of kissing a man.

There are not many Christians who would kneel in the mud with their Sunday pants on to thank God for anything.

I think a man with a big foot would stand a poor chance on the narrow path.

The Salvation Army has nominated Jesus as a candidate for governor of Oregon. The members go around hollering, "Hurrah for Jesus!" The Salvation Army is booming town property in the New Jerusalem.

I hope that my readers will pardon any irreverent remark I might make, as I am not much of a Jesus man.

Everybody will be going to heaven pretty soon, for hell will soon be full.

The Christian religion offers a greater reward for one thief that repents than for ninety-nine men who hav always been honest.

I wonder what they would do in heaven if there should be two saints to one harp. G. W. BOWMAN.

STEUBENVILLE, Dec. 24, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Presumption gone mad is what I should designate the disease of the religious fanatics who pretend to describe what they call God as a monster man, with all the passions and attributes of man. The idea that man should attempt to fathom the power that originated the circulation of the blood, a blade of grass, or even the growth of a finger-nail, with his limited capacity, seems to me the most presumptuous, and at the same time the most ridiculous, thing in the world. When will we learn to know that we do not know anything about it? We are of the earth, earthy, and when we attempt to go beyond that we are attempting more than our capacity warrants.

How much better "Agnosticism!" It does not pretend to know anything beyond this life, and uses all the powers that nature givs us to better the condition of our fellow-creatures and those who are to come after us. We waste no energy on other worlds, but endeavor to improve the condition of those who hav to occupy this, and, when our time comes to leave it, we resign our place and only know that if we ever are conscious again we hav nothing to regret, and hope to use the talents given us to do all the good we can in a second life as we hav done in this.

Why will man run after baubles in another world and leave undone his evident duty in this? It is the fact that cunning priests hav learned that they can liv sumptuously on the labor of others, so long as they can turn the attention of the masses to a future world, while they gull them out of the blessings they might hav in this. Talk about political rings; why, they are harmless in comparison to the rings of the priests, that encompass the whole world, both civilized and savage. They must be broken up by the organization of those who can burst the chains they hav placed on the minds of men, before mankind can be raised to the full stature of manhood. J. DOWNES.

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH, Dec. 19, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I desire to write a few lines to comfort and cheer all those who are advocating the cause of oppressed humanity. We hav here to labor under at least an average of adverse circumstances, and for one I will do my best to "look upon the bright side," and hope for the best.

I like the idea of Putnam and others for us to organize as far as possible in order to more effectually combat the errors of the past, and also to build up something better adapted to the higher wants of humanity. But for the present here in Utah we shall most likely hav to be satisfied with organizing politically in self-defense with all classes who are non-Mormon against the People's Church and State party.

Now a few words about subscribers for our TRUTH SEEKER. Various excuses are made for not subscribing. The few who feel inclined find it difficult to raise the money; for the little they get has to be spent for the necessaries of life. I hav offered the journal to any new subscriber for two dollars, while I pay three, so, if possible, to induce others to come along. I show it, and use encouraging words. Now, by waiting till a few days after New Year, I hav the promis of one new subscriber; therefore I delay to send till then my amount. I cannot refrain from acknowledging my grateful feelings to you and many others who write for our excellent journal; for it is a feast of mental food to all who read it, unless their appetite is depraved; and as for the pictures, I look over them with delight every time.

I cannot omit to say we hav a few good and true Freethinkers here in Utah that I love much to associate with. But for fear of trespassing too much by being too lengthy I will close, after stating in short what pertains to C. B. Reynolds for his defense and services in our cause, who deserves much more than he gets from his friends. The $2.50 sent is from H. S. Brooks, Joseph Tibbetts, David L. Evans, H. M. Dougall, and L. W. Gallup, each fifty cents.

Fraternally, L. W. GALLUP.

HAVANA, ILL., Dec. 22, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: As I hav not written a letter for THE TRUTH SEEKER for some time, I thought I would giv you a short sketch of our Freethought work here.

Quiver township is in Mason county, Ill. It is noted for its great revival meetings, which are held here every winter by Rev. Mr. Juda, pastor of the Christian church. Last winter this Rev. Juda was conducting his orthodox circus, and about fourteen were converted, baptized, and declared members. All were baptized in winter, when the themometer was about zero. They were afraid to put it off until warm weather for fear they might die, and if they should die without being baptized they thought sure the devil would get them. This same Juda, who did all this work last winter, has just closed his big meetings to his sorrow. After all his

preaching, begging, and kind invitations for people to accept his doctrin, I am glad to say he did not get a convert. Disheartened-looking, sad, and melancholy, he gave it up as a bad job. This was rather sad for the man of God, but what was the cause of all this? Why, the good people of Quiver are beginning to think and reason upon this subject, and during his meetings a couple of true and not-afraid-to-speak Liberalists scattered the doctrin of Freethought among this good people, and that is what opened their eyes and caused them to think. The minister tried to stuff them with his Bible myths and prodigal-son stories as he had done before, but it was all of no use.

Last Sunday, December 19th, the members had the pleasure of baptizing a lady who united with the church last summer, but at that time was in feeble health, and they thought it unsafe to baptize her then, but last Sunday, when the thermometer ranged about zero, she was taken to the beautiful Quiver creek, and, when all the congregation had assembled on the banks, she was led down into the ice-cold water and ducked in the name of the Lord. The waters in the creek seemed to laugh at such ignorance as this. It was a disgrace to a civilized community like Quiver. But the great time is over, and the minister has gone to labor in some more promising field. I am happy to say that Freethought gained more converts than he did.

I think if we can keep the ball of Freethought rolling, we can do a great deal of good in this community. I for one am always ready and willing to, and do spread Freethought every time I hav a chance, and I think it's every true and honest man's duty to do all he can to keep the flag of liberty flying in the air. Our forefathers fought hard against the church that we could hav the pleasure of enjoying liberty, and now to stand by with our mouths shut, and say nothing, and let our country go back into the hands of the church again, would be like standing by and seeing a thief run off with the goods of an honest man's labor.

I am a Freethinker now, and will continue one until this mortal frame of mine is laid to rest. J. A. WEABER.

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NEW CAMBRIA, KAN., Dec. 19, 286.

MR. EDITOR: The worthy secretary of the American Secular Union has hit the right nail on the head when he says: "If it were not for political power I should never think of a Freethought organization." That sums the whole thing up in a nutshell. Liberals, did you ever consider that as long as you are about equally divided up among the political parties you are not the "kind of cats" that politicians cater to? The majority of Catholics are Democrats, and the majority of Protestants are Republicans; and do they not both receive favor from their respectiv parties? Hence the advantage is apparent of being organized and throwing our influence in a body; then we can accomplish something and obtain recognition. What is the use to write to the candidate of your respectiv party when it is a foregone conclusion that you allow to vote for him no difference what his answer may be, which is generally this: "While I am in favor of a total separation of church and state, if I am elected I would vote against any measure favoring the Nine Demands of Liberalism." Is not such an answer a contradiction in terms, because the Nine Demands of Liberalism show just wherein church and state are united? And can it be possible that he doesn't know the meaning of the word "total?" No, he knows your prejudices for your party, and that with the fact staring you in the face that you can expect nothing better from the other parties you will support him.

Liberals how do you intend to accomplish the Nine Demands of Liberalism? Only through a political effort. But our leaders must not wait for us to become strong through organization before they make a political effort. Did our Revolutionary fathers wait until they became strong before they made an effort for national independence? Did the advocates of Abolition wait until they had become strong through organization? Did the noble men and women throughout all ages wait until they gained enough friends to defend them before giving their grand truths to the world? No; the word wait is not the stuff of which heroes are made. The only way for us to succeed is to make a bold stand, and then, and not till then, can we surmount what seems to be an impossibility. To pave the way for this, attend your respectiv parties' convention, and tell them in plain words what plank you are most in favor of in their platform, and insist if they don't intend to carry out the plank to the letter for the sake of truth and contempt of hypocrisy not to insert it. And then compare notes, and if there are any of the parties that will make a faithful promise to carry out our plank, then it is the bounden duty of every Liberal to support that party, and this you can do without sacrificing any of your political principles, of course, except you are prejudiced because there is no other issue between—especially the two old parties—except the tariff, and they are divided on that, there being free-trade Republicans and protectiv Democrats. But if there are none that will make a faithful promis to carry out the Nine Demands of Liberalism, then we should ally ourselvs with some new party, because they are most always progressiv, and hence the easier to ingraft upon. Remember that the Abolitionists had received no promises from that once hale and buoyant party, the Republican, who carried out the Abolitionist movement to their entire satisfaction. What would such an effort accomplish in my opinion? It would force all parties to expunge from their platforms planks they hav no intention of carrying out. What effect would this hav? Why, there are thousands that would leave their party if it should omit one plank in the platform, no matter if there never had been any other use made of it any more than an ornament; and who could blame them, that being the most beautiful part about the platform? Besides, this would force an issue and would giv an impetus to Liberalism throughout the country. I am aware that new movements are made up of individuals who hav been ostracized more or less, but if you can get them to take hold once they will sweep every thing before them, no matter if their social faculty has been forced to lie dormant on account of their uncongenial surroundings.

JOHN W. ABBOTT.

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KENT, O., Dec. 27, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Much is being said at the present time about landed equality. Many claim that the god of nature intended all land to be free, and to belong to his people in equal proportions; that no *one* has the right in equity to hold in "fee simple" any part of Mother Earth, but that each and every one should hav the right to enter upon any lands they may desire, to grow the necessaries of life, without hindrance or objection by anyone else. I know this field of argument is open and broad enough for many fluent speeches, but I wish to giv in a few words my idea of the question, and, to represent the same, I wish to place man back to the more primitiv state, and imagin every man to be in possession of forty acres of land. On this amount of land every man could certainly grow enough to feed a large family. But I soon learn that we need something besides food for our comforts. We need clothes to keep us warm. What are we to do? Why, we hav only to grow the cotton, and raise the sheep, and we are fixed. This seems easy, but we shall need some device for making the cotton and wool into yarn, the yarn into cloth. How are we to do this from the ground? Why, one man says, you take my land and grow food for us both, and I will make machinery to make the yarn. Then comes another and says, You take my forty acres and raise keeping for all three of us, and I will make the clothes for all of us. We now hav food and raiment, but we need houses to liv in. What shall we do in this case? We can not grow our houses. Now comes the fourth man, and says, Farmer, you take my land and raise food for the manufacturer, the tailor, and the laborer, and we will make the sawmill, saw the lumber, make the iron and nail mill, make the nails, etc., to build us all houses, and we will exchange our work and product for your work and product. By this plan all are fed, clothed, and housed. No price seems to be set to any article of production on either side. A mutual and equitable exchange or barter is expected. When the farmer takes his product to the manufacturer to barter for articles of manufacture that he needs, he finds a great deal of time and labor is required to make the exchange; also finds that many times other farmers hav supplied the wants of the manufacturer and laborer, and he fails to make an exchange. He may desire to cross the Atlantic, but finds no place where he can trade corn for a ticket of transit. Neither is it convenient to carry with him potatoes or onions to pay his other expenses while making the trip. To remedy this, our government, like others, has said that certain metals of certain size and quality shall hav a certain denominate value, and such minerals (called money) shall be taken and given in exchange for all articles of value; also shall be taken for all labor, service, or assistance rendered by one to another. The law-makers when making such law did not, nor could not, put a price upon any article of traffic or commodity, but left each and every one to determin what he should, or can, get for such article or service. If law should fix the price of corn or a day's work, and it was afterward found the price of corn was too high, the laborer would soon be found a producer of corn, and a surplus would be the result. Then a reaction would come, and the number of laborers would be augmented, and corn would become scarce.

Where the price of everything is left to be governed by circumstances, equality of prices can be better fixed. When there is a surplus of corn, the price of corn decreases. When more manufactured articles are on the market than there is a call for, the prices must decline. When there is a surplus of laborers, and men are looking for work, there must be a reduction in wages.

Thus we see how it is that landed property came to be in the hands of a few. We do not all want land. The doctor, the lawyer, manufacturer, mechanic, etc., hav no use for land, but each earns his living by his brain and skill. Land did not grow everything needed to make us comfortable, and barter or exchange was a failure. We find that although each had an equal proportion of Mother Earth when we started, necessity compelled us to barter away our rights in such land that one man might hav more land in order to raise produce for those who choose to utilize the other blessings that nature has placed within our reach. Even those that wish land do not need the same amount. One man wishes land on which to graze his flocks, and needs more acres. Another wishes to grow grain, and requires less acres. Another livs near town, and wishes to engage in "truck farming," and can till but a small amount of land. No two require the same amount. Again: if there were no individual lands, who would take the trouble to enrich the poorer lands for others to work? Who would work the poorer land when the rich valleys are more productiv? To remedy this difficulty, man, from the earliest ages, has made natural, just, and equitable laws to protect each individual in his natural rights. No one is allowed to infringe or trespass on the rights of another. I believe it as much impossible to keep up and maintain a civilized nation or government without individual rights and individual property as it is for vegetation to grow without the light and heat of the sun. All are not, nor cannot be, farmers. It requires skill and hard work to grow the necessaries of life. No two farmers can grow the same amount of crops, even on the same land. The farmer who uses the best judgment, does the most work, and that at the proper time, who is the most economical, and sees to his business the best, is the most successful. As with the farmer, so with the manufacturer, the doctor, lawyer, mechanic, and the common laborer. No two laborers will do the same amount of work in a day of the same quality. No two use the same economy, etc., consequently one makes a better living than another.

Would it be right for the economist to be compelled to divide with the shiftless spendthrift! No two trees in the forest are of the same commercial worth, although growing side by side on the same ground, their leaves drinking in the same rains and dews, and breathing the same air. Nature has so decreed, and man cannot change her laws. We may, and it is our duty to, improve our condition in life all we can, but we cannot all arrive at that same moral, physical, or financial worth. We should not envy those who succeed better than ourselvs. If we do as best we can, the same god or power that brought us into this world, and to which we are all subject, will, when the separating link is broken that binds the present with the eternal future, if he has so decreed, waft our never-dying soul to its future destiny—our material bodies back to mother dust to foster the minute germs of a new creation.

From whence we came, or where we go,
Is not for mortal man to know.
We need not ask—no one can tell
Whether we stop here, or go hence to dwell.
While we are permitted here to liv,
Ask not what we would not freely giv.
Make the best of everything all we can,
And envy not our fellow-man.

A. D. SWAN.

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CONOORD, KY., Dec. 17, 286.

MR. EDITOR: "Chilton A. White has joined the Christian church." So says one of our country organs. Not that there is anything remarkable about a man of this name joining this church or any other. It is a simple fact, an every-day occurrence, but there is a point or two of which I wish to make a note.

Chilton A. White has been a distinguished light in our political circle. He has heretofore been regarded as a profound jurisconsult, gifted with a large share of forensic eloquence, and has held positions of trust and emolument. As we said before, this thing of itself is of little moment, but we believe one logically inclined might get an argument out of it, might draw an inference.

Why did Chilton A. White wait until this time in his life to seek ingress at the door of salvation? That entrance would hav welcomed him years ago. There is a reason, and I propose to voice it. He, unless compelled, would never do it. He has harbored the reason long, but he smothered it too, and would hav suffocated it if he could. But it seems secrets are tired of concealment, and are avenging themselvs by revelation, so this one has strengthened with his weakness, overmastered, and, at last, betrayed him.

Our reason or inference is this—and if our distinguished subject can detect an error in it we would be glad to hav him do so: He is growing old. Whisper it as softly as you please, but it is all too true. He is growing old in that sense that bespeaks inanition and decay. The kind of vitality which he has been utilizing is running low, and he seeks this holy receptacle for his waning powers. Yes, after having harvested the fruitage of his prime and vigor, he is going to devote his exhausted energies to God. It seems as though God gets a great deal of this kind of largess. I do not know whether he ever inspects the nature of the compliment or not, but if he does he cannot feel very highly flattered, one would think. But what matters it so Chilton A. White turns good and goes to heaven? And then here is something else of consideration. If younger and more effectiv men hav crowded him from the rostrum and forum, he may yet occupy the exhortation platform, and it may be in time the pulpit, in his turn filling the place of some one still more effete than himself—not be hustled into obscurity all at once, but by kindly imperceptible degrees. If he is compelled to forsake Blackstone, his God of civil law, which he never desecrated by question or deviation, he still as a *dernièr resort* has the supreme head of the new Jerusalem for quotation and interpretation. Quite a philosophical deduction and a pleasing perspectiv.

We will close our brief criticism with an antithesis. We quote *verbatim* the brave words of one whose name is as familiar to THE TRUTH SEEKER family as a household word: "Having been victimized by this sentiment called religion, and the best part of my life lost, I feel certain that it is, and always has been, a curse to the race, and I am striving to rid myself, and wish I could the world, of the last dregs of it."

What a contrast! The author of these grand utterances has had the advantages of time, experience, and education. He is a man of letters, has figured conspicuously in court circles, and been made the recipient of many honors due his superior abilities. But greater than all are his unswerving integrity, his deep insight into truth, and his unwavering fidelity to it. It is these supereminent qualities that hav lifted him above his fellows and made him the greatest "Roman of them all." Accumulating years hav not robbed him. They hav, instead, added majesty to his mind and dignity to his name. Unlike our newly-made child of Christianity, the act of whom proclaimed retrogression, deterioration, and decline, his course is marked by development, progress, and advancement. While the one has sunk into the driveling occupation of saving his own soul, the other is working earnestly and intently in meliorating the condition of the race. The act of the one abets and indorses enslavement, while every thought and deed of the other make for emancipation. The one is forging manacles; the other is striving by every honorable means to break them. The one, as the crowning act of his life, blindly embraces delusion; the other as indignantly rejects it. The church may vauntingly boast of its newly-acquired acquisition, and prate of the wonderful influence likely to result from it, but a thousand such acquisitions are as nothing compared with this name which glorifies the splendid domain of Freethought.

Begging our friend's pardon for the contrast, we will leave, for the time, the "regenerated," who, like the poor cardinal, turns to his God when he can no longer serve his king. O religion, thou art a jewel!

VIRGINIA E. VANCE.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## Hail, Thou New Year!

Hail, thou New Year! though thou hast come so soon,
I'm hardly willing yet to say good-bye
To the old friend who lays aside his crown,
And in the grave of time lies down to die.
I had grown fond of him, and learned to know
The faults and virtues of the dear Old Year;
He brought me many a comfort, many a joy,
Although—ah, yes—he caused me many a tear.

But for the tears, as often as they flowed,
He gave me peace, he gave me smiles again,
And taught me to look upward to hope's skies,
And see the rainbow gleaming through the rain.
The dear Old Year! He came as merrily
As thou dost come, just twelve short months ago;
And now, because he has grown old at last,
Shall we forget the faithful life? Ah, no!

Thou art a stranger; what know men of thee?
Thy promises may all be fair and bright,
But many a morning dawning cloudlessly
Has brought a weary day and stormy night.
Well, we will welcome thee—ay, trust thee, too;
Thy face is fair, and young, and glad, and we
Will ask a blessing on thy reign, O king!
Till a new year shall take thy throne from thee.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

## Rebecca.

Rebecca lived away back in the last century, when the people spun and wove all the garments they wore. The spinning-wheel was more important than any other article of household furniture, and it was not ornamented with gay ribbons and set up in the best room, as sometimes seen in these days, but it was in almost constant use, the big wheel going round and round from the rising to the setting of the sun. Rebecca was very handy at spinning all kinds of yarn, except street yarn, and also knew how to weave the yarn into cloth; then, too, she knew how to fashion the cloth into clothes. She was a bright-eyed, smart, capable Yankee girl when she attracted the attention of the wife of Governor Belcher, who was in pursuit of a maid to assist her in such work as Rebecca was versed in. Jonathan Belcher made the acquaintance of Lady Belcher in England, where they were married, and she followed his fortunes to the wilds of America. Mr. Belcher was a graduate of Harvard College in the year 1699, and was regarded as a very promising young man, and in England associated with the Princess Sophia and her son, who is known in history as George I.

When Governor Burnet of the Colonies died in 1730, Mr. Belcher was appointed by the king governor of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and he held that honorable position for eleven years. Afterward he visited England for the third time, and then was appointed governor of New Jersey, and went there to liv. He became the patron and great benefactor of Princeton College. But it was while he lived in Boston, and was governor of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, that Rebecca went to liv in his family. Lady Belcher was greatly interested in her tidy waiting-maid, and was often amused at her witty remarks. Sometimes Lady Belcher was sad when she thought of her distant home and her relativs far across the deep Atlantic. At such times Rebecca would strive to interest her in various ways.

"If I could read, dear lady," she said one day, "as you can, I would not be lonely."

"Would you like to learn to read?" inquired Mrs. Belcher.

"Oh, I would indeed," answered Rebecca.

"Then I will teach you," said the good lady. "We will commence now."

Rebecca clapped her hands, and danced about in great glee. She was so apt a scholar that she soon learned to read, write, spell, and cipher.

Oh, how proud she was of her attainments! And how hard she studied! She did not neglect her other duties, but repeated her spelling lesson while at the spinning wheel, or while washing dishes.

At length, when the news spread that Rebecca had become a scholar, she was invited to teach a school. So she opened a school for little girls and boys in her father's house. There was a big fireplace in the room, for there were no stoves then, and the children sat about on benches, stools, and little crickets. She taught them well and faithfully, however, and imparted to them all the book knowledge that she knew.

After a while Rebecca married, and went to liv in a home of her own out among the blue hills at Milton. Little children of her own, boys and girls, came to her, and she tanght them how to grow into good men and good women. When they were grown they never forgot her lessons, and, as after awhile they went away to liv in other parts, they never forgot her. When children they used to hav great fun, piling into the big wagon, which was drawn by oxen, and riding into Boston to see the sights.

The time came when their children, Rebecca's grandchildren, had greater enjoyment riding out to Milton to visit her. Rattlesnakes were in the woods, it was said, and along the fences, but they did not care for rattlesnakes when they went berrying. Berries, wild cherries, and all kinds of nuts were abundant there in their season. One of her grandsons was one day up in a tree, picking cherries, when he accidentally disturbed a nest of hornets. Quick as thought, when he saw what he had done, he threw his basket over his head, and as it bounded to the ground, he jumped, and fell flat upon his face. The hornets in their wild rage flew at the innocent basket and commenced stinging it. The boy, whose name was Isaac, lay as still as a mouse, peeping with one eye occasionally at the enraged hornets stinging the old basket. There he lay until the hornets had had their revenge out, and left, which was not till near nightfall, when he cautiously arose, and ran home to tell the tale to Rebecca, his grandmother, who drew a moral from the action of the hornets toward the innocent basket.

Rebecca lived to a great age, and her life was honest, just, and useful, and she often told of the happy days she passed as lady's maid at the residence of good Governor Belcher. She was wise, thrifty, and industrious, and her traits of character may be still seen in her descendants. S. H. W.

## Susie's Perplexity.

"What can they giv me, I wonder?
They gave me last year such a lot,
I really can't think of a present
I havn't already got.

"Books with the prettiest covers,
The prettiest pictures, too,
And full of the sweetest stories—
I havn't yet read them through.

"Work-boxes, thimbles, and needles,
And dresses, and gloves, and shoes
And tables, and china dishes,
How many nobody knows.

"I looked in the windows in Boston,
Full of everything nice and fine,
But I did not see a collection
One-half as pretty as mine.

"My room is perfectly lovely,
Just perfect, and anything more
Would make it dotted and cluttered,
'Twould spoil it, I feel quite sure.

"Ah, I know of another Susie,
She livs just over the way,
Her room looks bare, and her mother
Goes out to work by the day.

"She has just the sweetest of faces,
She's just as good as she looks,
But her mother can scarcely giv her
Her food, and her clothes, and books.

"So I won't take any presents
This year, but this I will say,
Giv them all to the other Susie,
Who livs just over the way." —*M. W. R.*

## Regulating the Elephant.

Everybody had heard that the great elephant was loose, and several families whose gardens he had torn up and whose boys he had trampled upon, were sure of it. There was great excitement, and the town held a meeting to decide what should be done. They did not want to exterminate him; in fact, many of them did not believe that they could extermiuate him, for he was a pretty big elephant. Besides, he was useful in his proper place—in shows, in India, and in story-books.

"Our best plan is to try and regulate him," said an enthusiastic speaker. "Let us build toll gates along the routes we find he is going to take, and make him pay——"

"Yes, but that leaves him roaming round," shrieked an old woman. "And I don't want my boy killed."

"Keep your boy away from him; that's your business. Why, madam, don't you know that an elephant's hide and tusks are valuable for mechanical and surgical purposes, and that he is useful in India? Besides, there's the toll he will pay. We shall by this means get money enough into the public treasury to build schools for a good many boys who are not trampled to death."

"That's the plan. Regulate him! Regulate him!" shouted the crowd,

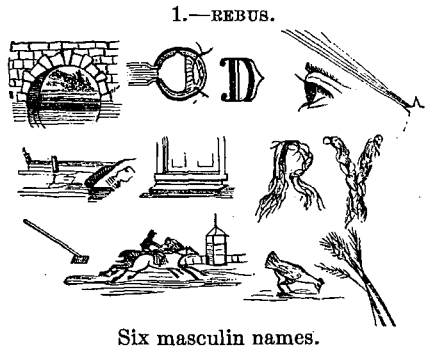
So they appointed a great many committees, and drafted constitutions and by-laws, and circulated petitions, and by the time the elephant had killed several more boys and trampled down a quantity of gardens, they had erected very comfortable toll-houses for the gate-keepers and gates for the elephant; and then they waited with great satisfaction to see the animal regulated.

Slowly the great feet tramped onward; slowly the great proboscis appeared in view; and, with a sniff of contempt, the elephant lifted the gate from its hinges and walked off with it, while the crowd stared after him in dismay.

"Well!" exclaimed the keeper, catching his breath; "we havn't made much money so far, but the regulation plan would hav been first-rate if the elephant hadn't been a leetle stronger than the obstruction." The elephant's name was Whisky.

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.



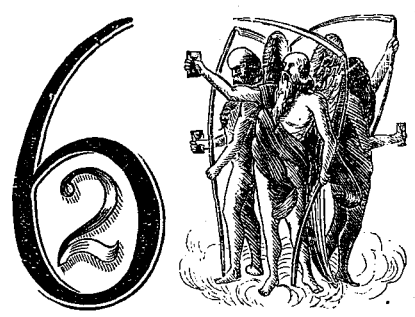
Six masculin names.

2.—DIAMOND.

1. A letter from Southampton.
2. To lay in order.
3. Departed souls.
4. A title of nobility.
5. A river in the United States.
6. Compactness.
7. Denominations.
8. To dally amorously.
9. A letter from Southampton.

Warren B. Orchard.

3.—REBUS.



Arithmetical.

4.—DIVERSIFIED ANAGRAMS.

Giving the sequel to "Adam's Adventures," as suggested by Heston's eighth cartoon in Truth Seeker of September 11th.

Altho' it was not *harp-time* yet,
A creature with a *harp I met.*
'Twas Erin's harp, and *Hirem Pat*
Was playing "Adam's old *prime hat.*"
The tune to me did *he impart*
With all the vim of his *imp heart;*
Yet ne'er before did *harp emit*
Such discord as did *hamper it.*
Poor mother Eve cried, "*Hie, tramp fly!*"
"With widow's weeds don't *tamper, Hi!*"
"You cannot *trap me, Hi,*" she said,
And knocked that *prime hat* off his head.
But Hirem cried, "Oh, *I'm her Pat,*"
And begged, "Pray, do not *rip me hat!*"
So fierce she grabbed him by the hair,
I knew we ne'er should see *them pair.*
A perfect *earth-imp* now in ire,
Revenge has set his soul on fire;
With cunning now he eyed *their map*
To know the place where Eve must nap.
"So when her eyes in sleep are closed,
I'll steal the monkey unopposed;
And so of *household gods* bereft,
The hat by will, the beast by theft,
'Twill leave her sad and desolate."
'Twas thus I overheard *him prate.*
"A *thrim ape* 'tis," Pat swore in court,
For he had bobbed the monkey short.
In vain the trick the rogue to save!
Justice still overtakes the knave!
He sees her with a rope, not far,
And hears her warning, "*hemp Itar.*"
'Tis ever thus since Eden's blight
Our "household gods" work Love's despite.

*Irwin, Iowa.* J. K. P. Baker.

Note.—All the *italicized* words contain in each place all the letters of *a name* for certain "household gods." Only eight letters; and if anyone will try to accomplish something of the same kind perhaps he will giv me some credit for what I here offer in the form of a story—the sequel to "Adam's Adventures."

J. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, DEC. 25, 1886.

1.-A high pitch. 2.-Alexandria. 3.-The (k)nights at the poles are longer than those on the line.

## Correspondence.

Ely, Vt., Dec. 21, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon. As I am a Freethinker, and a reader of The Truth Seeker, I think I will write a few lines for it.

I liv among the snowy hills of Vermont, but in spite of the snow and dismal weather which we are now having, it seems quite pleasant here to me, as this has always been my home.

There are not very many Freethinkers here, but those that are are so cowardly that they dare not speak the word Freethought outright. There are one Catholic and two Protestant churches here. I go to the Protestant church quite often, as I like to hear both sides of the story.

It seems so strange to think that people will believe such stories as there are in the Bible. If the fairy tales had the word Bible printed upon them, the people would believe they were true. I think that Freethought is one of the greatest beliefs in the world. Yet how many people hav been put to death on account of it—a business that would be carried on to-day if the churches had the power. A great many people think that a person is not human unless he believes in some church, and yet how many of the greatest and most distinguished men were, and are, Freethinkers!

How the people of the church dislike Robert G. Ingersoll! I heard it preached the other evening that "he would not be the orator he is if it wasn't for the Christian world."

Now, dear Miss Wixon, I think I shall hav to close, as I am afraid I shall tire you with my letter. If you think this worth printing, I should be pleased to see it in print. I remain, Yours respectfully,

Dena L. Dimond.

P.S.—I should be pleased to correspond with some of the young folks of The Truth Seeker who are about sixteen or more years old. D. L. D.

Oak Point, W. T., Dec. 12, 1886.

Dear Miss Wixon: I saw in The Truth Seeker of Nov. 6th that some kind friend offered to giv a small prize to the little girl who can write the best piece in regard to the world we liv in.

Although we hav but a slim chance for education in this part, I thought I would try my hand at it. I am eleven years and three months old. We liv on the north bank of the Columbia river, forty miles from the Pacific ocean, and sixty miles from Portland, Or., the principal city of the Northwest. Lumbering and fishing is the principal business. Trees grow very large here, from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet tall, and from six to seven feet in diameter; they are mostly fir, spruce, cedar, and hemlock, and there are logging camps here, where the men cut down these big trees and saw them into different lengths, and oxen, some six or seven yoke, haul them to the streams, or else to the railroad. A railroad passes by our schoolhouse with logs, where it rolls them into the Columbia river, and then these logs are made into rafts, and towed by steamers up or down the river to mills, where they are sawed into lumber, and ships carry it to every part of the world.

There are a great many salmon in the Columbia river, and, in the early spring and summer, men go out in boats, two men to each boat, with long nets six hundred and seven hundred yards long and thirty feet deep. They drift all night and take their fish in the morning to the canning houses, where they are cut up and put in cans, cooked, and then labeled and sent to all parts of the world. Some of these salmon weigh forty and fifty pounds.

In the fall we can see the ships go right below our house, up to Portland, empty, and go back down the river loaded with wheat, which comes from Eastern Oregon and Washington Territory, and which goes mostly to Europe, where there are many people and bread is hard to get.

The largest city in the world is London; the largest in the United States are New York, Boston, Chicago, New Orleans, and San Francisco. In Chicago they pack large quantities of beef and pork and send it to all parts of the world.

In the Southern states there are great quantities of sugar, cotton, tobacco, and rice; the Middle states produce plenty of fine fruit, grain, and vegetables. The climate of the northern part of the United States is cold, temperate in the center, and hot in the South. Europe produces large quantities of fruit, wool, wine, and grain. There are many beautiful rivers, mountains, and lakes in the world. The largest river is the Amazon, and the largest in the United States is the Mississippi.

This is all I know of this world as yet; but I hope, by reading The Truth Seeker, and especially the Children's Corner, I may grow wiser as I grow older. And, in conclusion, I think this world is just as we make it ourselvs. If we be kind and peaceable to others we will get kindness in return. I am your little friend, Lizzie Lawson.

[Lizzie's letter did not come to hand until after we had selected the little essay for the toy prize. We thank her for the interesting sketch of the place where she livs, and shall be pleased to hear from her any time. Perhaps some girl or boy in the East will tell us now about our manufactures and industries, which will interest our Western friends. We are truly proud of the intelligence and capacity of our children in the Corner.—Ed. C. C.]

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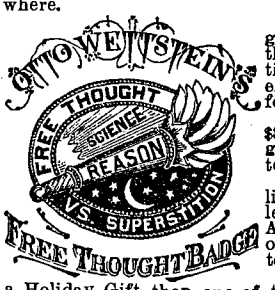
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# Poetry.

## Uncle Bill on the Preachers.

They tell me this, and they tell me that,
And they tell me everything,
The road forks here, and the road forks there,
And the road goes round in a ring.
They giv me wheat, and they giv me chaff,
And call it the bread of life,
They claim religion is pleasure and peace,
They claim it is penance and strife.

They reason from love that God is good,
From hate—and they make him bad;
They preach: "His mercy for ever endures"—
They preach that he will get mad;
They figure and twist and make him one,
They twist him again—he is three;
They split his kingdom in two, and yield
The devil the earth and sea.

They muddle my brain with doubt and dirt
And talk of his marvelous light—
They say I am blind when I cannot see
A dawn through eternity's night;
They stand me up in a row and draw
A crooked line in the dark,
And tell me to toe the scratch, and say
I'm damned if I straddle the mark.

They prove the Bible is true, and prove
It teaches an endless hell;
They prove it is truer than that, and prove
That all shall at last be well.
They say that it says what it does not say,
And what it does say—deny,
And, say what you will, if you say they are wrong,
They say what you say is a lie.

There's Elder Brown of the Baptist church,
He argues it plain and square
That ducking a man is saving a man
And no other method is fair;
But the Presbyterian parson, White,
He argues it square and plain
That spraying a man is saving a man
And all other methods are vain.

While Rev. Green, the Methodist man,
Declares, with a two-sided wink:
The odds doesn't matter a single drop,
But just as you happen to think;
And Quaker Smith has a broad-rimmed view,
And says, with a "thee" and "thou,"
That water baptism don't wash with him
(His claim I'm inclined to allow).

But how in the devil, or how in the Lord,
Such mysteries may abound,
And celestially be all the truer because
They are not terrestially sound,
Is more than my noddle can manage, and so
I say to the preachers: Go on!
What God wants of me he can tell it to me
As well as he could to St. John;
And I say to the Lord, and believe if the Lord
Has got any sense he can see,
He needn't to send any drummers around
When he has any business with me.

FRANK FELT.

## Jesus and the Jews.

She was a charming young widow of the Catholic persuasion. The subject of conversation was the rejection by a young lady, a devout member of Mother Shurch, her affianced, a gentleman of Jewish descent, well cultured and of unblemished character, whom she fondly loved. After a long courtship and an exchange of plighted vows, sealed by many tokens of genuin affection, by persuasion of parents, mother superior, and other devotees of the "true faith," reluctantly, tearfully, she told him she couldn't marry one of Hebrew extraction. No, not even if he should consent to kneel at the same altar with her.

I expressed my regret that hearts cemented by the holiest ties should thus be ruthlessly torn asunder, and that the poor girl should sacrifice her happiness at the dictation of those who regarded the most sacred affections of the soul as secondary to religious prejudice.

"Indeed," said the young widow, "I think she did perfectly right. Nothing could induce me to marry a hook-nosed Jew. I despise the race."

"Now, Mrs. J.," said I, "listen. Young widows, having tasted the charms of married life, are not usually indisposed to matrimony. Suppose you should meet a man, brilliant in intellect, pure in morals, possessed of every element of manly beauty, and, withal, blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, would you reject his suit simply because he was a Jew?"

"Yes," she returned. "I wouldn't marry him if he was the last man on earth."

"This strikes me as marvelous," said I. "You would refuse a Jew under such circumstances, and yet you and your church worship a Jew as God. Do you not suppose your savior loves his own people?"

"Oh," she replied, "the blessed master doesn't love 'em any more." B. W. L.

## Obituary.

*From the Tribune.*

Henry Willis, of ship canal fame, died at the residence of his grandson, Milton Willis, December 20th, aged 85. He retained his mental vigor and faculties until the last. In August, while in Washington, he was taken sick with a congestiv chill, and never fully recovered from the attack. The immediate cause of death was cancer of the stomach.

Mr. Willis was born in Philahelphia, his father being English and his mother Welsh. The former died when he was two years old, the latter when he was seven. He spent his boyhood days in working at shoemaking on a farm. He then began work on the old Pennsylvania Central railroad, built in 1827–34. In 1835 he was appointed superintendent of the old Portage railroad which crossed the Alleghany mountains. In 1837 he came to Detroit and superintended work on the Michigan Central. The next year he took charge of the work of building a railroad from Kalamazoo to Allegan. In 1840 he settled in Battle Creek when there were not sixty people there, and has ever since lived there, engaged in many enterprises designed to develop the county. He helped to organize the National Republican party with Thaddeus Stevens in 1834, was an activ Abolitionist and supporter of the underground railroad, and a Republican from the birth of the party. He was also a strong temperance man, never having used liquor or tobacco. In religious faith he was a Spiritualist. He married twice and leaves five children. He was a man of immense energy and perseverance, and had achieved almost a national reputation by his pushing of the project of a ship canal across the lower part of Michigan, from lake to lake. He also traveled extensivly throughout the country.

Mr. Willis was for some time previous to his death a patron of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

## Book Notice.

"MEN, WOMEN, AND GODS."

This is the title of a very radical book by Helen H. Gardener, with introduction by Robert G. Ingersoll, which has been sent to this office with a request for a review. The book is a striking illustration of the way independent women are upsetting things in these latter days, and by their logic tearing to pieces the wisdom of their elders, and by their ready wit exposing the weak sophistry of time-honored customs, that, coming down to us through the misty vistas of the musty past, had been supposed to be infallible till the so-called illogical sex got ready to investigate them. This spirit of research may well alarm the elders, chief priests, scribes, and Pharisees of the present day, who hav foolishly preserved the records of their theocratic dynasty, and with strange blindness permitted women to learn to read for themselvs.

"Men, Women, and Gods" is a handsome duodecimo volume of 175 pages, including appendix, and is devoted to three vivacious, scathing, and witty lectures, excoriating the blind belief and unthinking credulity of the devoutly orthodox Christian women of the age, who hav no more idea of the real intent of the Bible history they worship than the benighted heathen they work for in the missionary societies hav of the internal mechanism of the mcon. The volume can scarcely be called attacks upon religion or religious sentiment, since there is a divine breath of charity toward humanity permeating its pages. The author's leading opinion seems to be that women should take no stock in religion or science at second hand, but should industriously investigate everything pertaining to themselvs from a stand-point of their own judgment. The book, which has already run through five editions, is embellished with a fine portrait of its author.—*New Northwest.*

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## News of the Week.

THE Rev. William J. Sherman, who was a Roman Catholic priest until he got married a short time ago, has joined the Reformed Catholic church, of which Father O'Connor is the head. Father Sherman denies the charges of immorality which hav been made against his character.

THE New Year came in wet, and then froze.

MAYOR HEWITT went into office last Saturday.

PARSON MESSAROS, of Philadelphia, has been found not guilty of the charge of criminal assault.

THERE was a great fire on the 31st ult. in the People's park, Madras, India, where the annua fair was being held. It is reported that three hundred lives were lost.

ONE hundred and forty open bars are reported from the prohibition city of Bangor, Me. If the count is correct, Bangor has as many bars, according to its population, as New York.

ON January 1st the proprietors of the Boston *Herald* announced to their employees a proposition to giv to them during the current year a proportion of the net profits of the business after reserving the interest on the value of the property. The employees are to share in proportion to the wages received during the year.

A FUND is now being raised for the widow of John A. Logan.

THE Law and Order Society of Pittsburgh, Pa., began a war on the Sabbath-breakers last Sunday, and as a result all of the cigar stores, confectioneries, and a large number of saloons were closed. The cigar dealers threaten to retaliate by stopping the street cars and closing up all kinds of business next Sunday.

THE New York *Herald's* dispatches report that the Socialistic element has triumphed in the Chicago trades assembly. A Socialist named Kleiver, nominated by George Schilling, has been elected president, and F. W. Long, a member of Parsons's assembly of the Knights of Labor, defeated a conservativ candidate for secretary.

UNDER the heading of "A Clergyman's Victim," the news comes from Chicago that Miss Fannie Matthews, who eloped with the Rev. C. B. Seals, of East Lynn, Ill., has been placed in her mother's care by the Pinkerton detectiv agency. Seals, who was fifty years old, had a wife and family, and was highly esteemed as a pastor. He engaged Miss Matthews as an amanuensis, and then eloped with her.

THE Rhode Island Supreme Court has found the Rev. Mr. Goodell guilty in two cases. Deacon Foster gets a divorce, but Mrs. Goodell is denied one on account of her own improprietics. Thus after having shown each other to be without honor or virtue, Mr. and Mrs. Goodell must still acknowledge each other as husband and wife. There is, however, some consolation left this wicked minister. The committee of the Methodist church, after spending two days investigating the charges, has unanimously acquitted him.

WHILE worshipers were going in and out of St. James's Catholic church in this city, last Sunday, a feeble old woman came along, and sat down upon the steps. The weather was the coldest of the season; she wore slippers instead of shoes, and her clothes were of the thinnest material. She laid a bundle beside her, and leaned her face in her hands. It seems that no one paid her the slightest attention, until, after a few minutes, she fell over to one side—dead. Then the sexton came out and raised her up, and she was carried to the station-house, and thence to the morgue. On the third finger of her left hand was a marriage-ring, but no one knew who she was.


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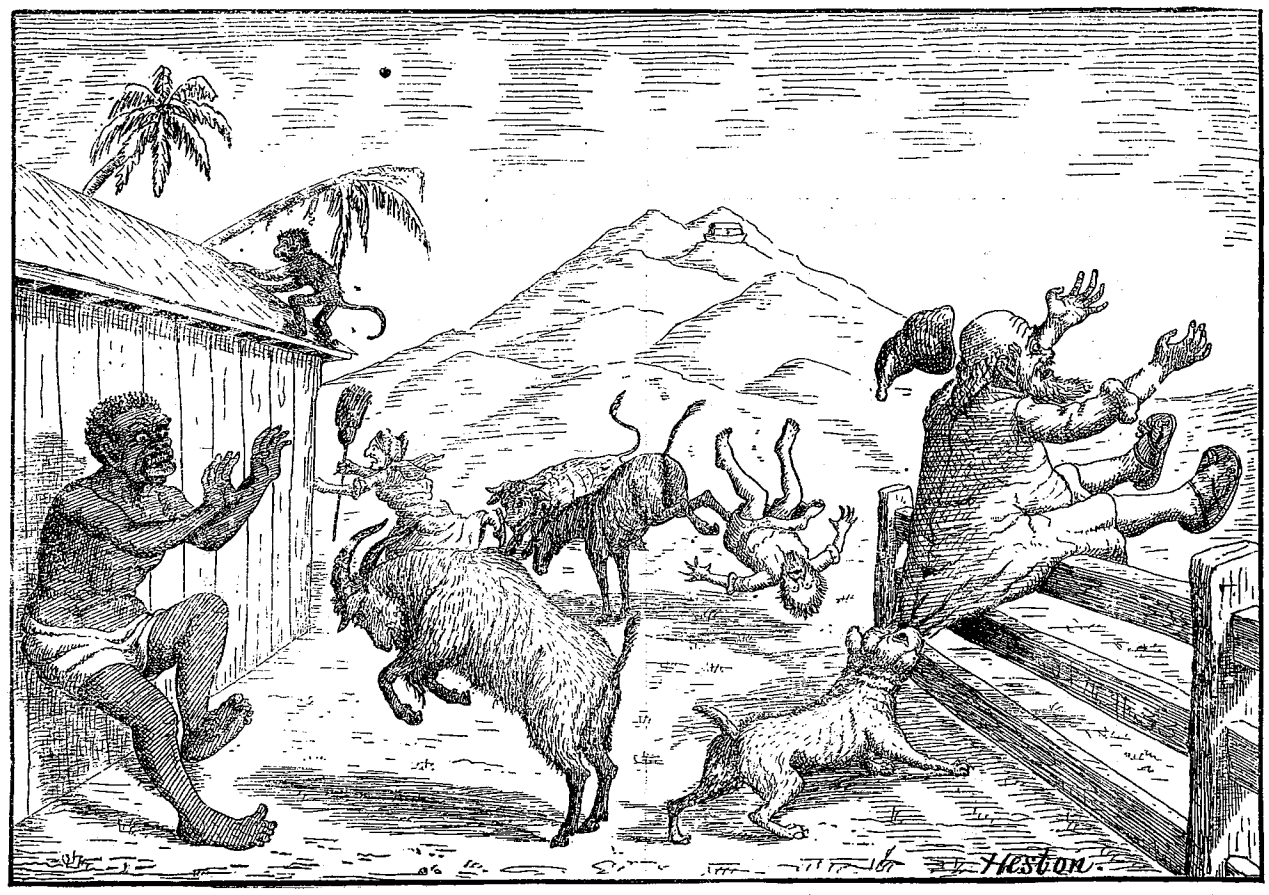
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And the fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth.—Gen. ix, ii.

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IF through the weakness of human nature you should sometimes deviate from the strait path of rectitude and propriety, play not the false part to deny your mistake, but frankly admit that you were weak, for the moment, and resolve that the fault shall not be repeated.—*D. M. Bennett.*

DON'T be satisfied with telling the young student that a magnet attracts iron. Let him see that it does, let him feel the pull of the one upon the other for himself. And especially tell him that it is his duty to doubt until he is compelled by the absolute authority of nature to believe that which is written in books. Pursue this disciplin carefully and conscientiously, and you may make sure that, however scanty may be the measure of information which you hav poured into the boy's mind, you hav created an intellectual habit of priceless value in practical life.—*Huxley's Lay Sermons.*

CHRISTIANITY not being a revelation but a conception, the gospels not being either inspired or accurate, but fallible and imperfect human records, the practical conclusion from such premises must be obvious to all. Every doctrin and every proposition which the scriptures contain, whether or not we believe it to hav come to us, unmutilated and unmarred from the mouth of Christ, is open, and must be subjected, to the scrutiny of reason. Some tenets we shall at once accept as the most perfect truth that can be received by the human intellect and heart; others we shall reject as contradicting our instincts, and offending our understandings; others, again, of a more mixed nature we must analyze, that we may extricate the seed of truth from the trash of error, and elicit to use Fichte's words, "the divine idea that lies at the bottom of appearance."—*Greg's Creed of Christendom*

FOR weariness comes of having
When happiness means pursuit,
And love grows dwarfish and stunted,
And bears but little fruit,
When the serpent of self forever
Is coiling about its root,

So lips which hav met in kisses
Grow chary of tender speech—
So hearts which are bound together
Grow burdensome each to each,
Since the only things men value
Are those which they cannot reach.

—*Anon.*

ONE man prays thus: How shall I be able to lie with that woman? Do thou pray thus: How shall I not desire to lie with her? Another prays thus: How shall I be released from this? Another prays: How shall I desire not to be released? Another thus: How shall I not lose my little son? Then thus: How shall I not be afraid to lose him? —*M. A. Antoninus.*

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

Wealth, and glory, and place, and power,
What are they worth to me or you?
For the lease of life runs out in an hour,
And death stands ready to claim his due;
Sounding honors or heaps of gold,
What are they all when all is told?

A pain or a pleasure, a smile or a tear—
What does it matter which we claim?
For we step from the cradle into the bier,
And a careless world goes on the same.
Hours of gladness or hours of sorrow,
What does it matter to us to-morrow?

Truth of love or vow of friend,
Tender caresses or cruel sneers,
What do they matter to us in the end?
For the brief day dies and the long night nears.
Passionate kisses, or tears of gall,
The grave will open and cover them all.

Homeless vagrant, or honored guest,
Poor and humble, or rich and great—
All are racked with the world's unrest,
All must meet with the common fate.
Life from childhood till we are old,
What is all when all is told?

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

CONSIDER that thou doest many things wrong, and that thou art a man like others, and even if thou dost abstain from certain faults, still thou hast the disposition to commit them, though either through cowardice or concern about reputation, or some such mean motiv, thou dost abstain from from such faults.—*Epictetus.*

Is there anything which is more certain to sap the foundations of morality than the public maintenance of a creed which has long ceased to command the assent and even the respect of its recognized defenders?—*Farrar's Seekers After God.*

OUR evidence that any particular writing is from God can never be stronger than the evidence of reason for or against the matter contained in it. —*Dr. Hodge.*

LIFE would not go down, if it were not admitted that impulses must be controled, and that reason ought to govern our actions.—*J. S. Mill.*

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THE man who invented the English language must hav been a humorous sort of chap. Otherwise he would never hav called servants "help."

SOLOMON had seven hundred wives, and he was considered the wisest man of his time. In these degenerate days Solomon's wisdom would hav been questioned.

PROFESSOR ZWEIBEER is a very absent-minded man. He was busily engaged in solving some scientific problem. The servant hastily opened the door of his studio and announced a great family event: "A little stranger has arrived." "Eh?" "It is a little boy." "Little boy? Well, ask him what he wants."

A NOVELIST makes his heroin throw $100,000 of her own money into the sea so as to relieve her lover of the suspicion of being mercenary. She should hav given the money to her lover to start a paper intended to fill a long-felt want. She would hav lost it just the same, and it would hav been a little more natural.

BRUTE force again. Edith: "I was so shocked last night. I don't believe I will see George if he calls this evening." Maud: "What did he do?" "Why, last evening he suddenly took hold of me, twisted me around into his arms, and forcibly kissed me a dozen times. I don't believe your little Willie ever insults you that way, does he?" "No, he's a regular gump."

NOBODY outside of the profession has any idea how difficult it is for an editor to satisfy his patrons. For instance: A Western paper announced as follows: "Mr. Maguire will wash himself before he assumes the office of sheriff." This made Maguire mad, and he demanded a retraction, which the paper made thus: "Mr. Maguire requests us to deny that he will wash himself before he assumes the office of sheriff." Oddly enough this only enraged Maguire the more. Some people are so hard to please.

SHE and her brother, aged eight and ten, were attendants upon the Sunday-school of the orthodox church in the village in which they lived. The Universalists were endeavoring to establish a church there, and held Sunday services and Sabbath-school in the town hall. As the children were on their way to Sunday-school one day, the boy insisted upon leaving the beaten path and attending the lately organized school, greatly to his sister's indignation. In consequence of the young man's contumacy the affair reached the dimensions of a regular "scene" upon the public street, in which a sturdy boy was marching off toward the hall, with a little girl hanging to his jacket skirt, weeping in a heart-broken fashion. "What's the matter, sis?" asked a gentleman whom they met. "Has your brother been whipping you?" "No, sir; but he's real naughty." "What has he been doing?" "He's goin' to that new Sunday-school at the hall!" "I didn't know it was naughty to go there. What is the matter with the new school?" "Why, didn't you know? They havn't got any hell there."


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## Notes and Clippings.

ONE of the latest "missionary books" to circulate in China is a Chinese version of the "Pilgrim's Progress." The little volume is illustrated with pictures drawn and engraved by Chinese artists. In these Christian appears in Chinese costume, and throughout the book all the scenes and incidents are depicted in a garb familiar to the people for whom the book is intended.

THE Rev. Henry W. George, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Topeka, Kan., one of the most prominent clergymen in the city and state, is in trouble on account of his fondness for books, which has led him to take a great many from a bookstore of that city without troubling himself to pay for them. There hav been rumors for several years of such proceedings on his part, and now it is said that Mr. George has been asked to resign, and that he has returned many of the books which he took. His friends claim that he is a kleptomaniac.

THE organs of the Vatican announce that the Holy Congregation will discuss at one of its next sittings the project of creating a number of new saints. Among those whose claims are being considered are Cardinal Fisher, Sir Thomas More, and other prominent Catholic martyrs of England under Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth. The Jesuit Father Berchmans is also to be promoted to a saintship. If there is anything that would tend to ameliorate the sin and suffering of this sad world, it is undoubtedly the creation of a few more Catholic mummies into saints. Let the great work proceed!

THE San Francisco Methodist clergymen hav been discussing the question, Who was Cain's wife? The matter should be easily set at rest. As the Adam and Eve family was the only one in existence during the Cain era, and as he belonged to that family, his wife would of necessity hav been his sister. It is not a pleasing thought, but the clergymen generally seem to prefer it to the scientific theory of descent.

THERE was a missionary concert at a Rockland church the other evening, says the Rockland, Me., *Courier-Gazette*, and among other things was a long paper on missionary work read by a young lady. When she had finished, the leader of the meeting said, "We will now sing, 'Hallelujah, 'tis done,'" whereat everybody smiled.

THE recent death of Dr. Archibald A. Hodge recalls this anecdote illustrating his methods in the class rooms: Once while he was a professor in the theological seminary he asked a student for a definition of eternity. The student need not hav been ashamed to confess his inability to answer that question, but, after some hesitation, he replied that he used to know the definition, but had forgotten it. "Oh, my, my, my!" exclaimed Dr. Hodge, bringing his hand down forcibly upon the table. "What a calamity! The only man in the universe that ever knew what eternity it has forgotten."




AN EARNEST CHRISTIAN.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY says: "Tolerably early in life I discovered that one of the unpardonable sins, in the eyes of most poeple, is for a man to presume to go about unlabeled. The world regards such a person as the police do an unmuzzled dog, not under proper control. I could find no label that would suit me, so, in my desire to range myself and be respectable, I invented one, and as the chief thing I was sure of was that I did not know a great many things that the —ists and the —ites about me professed to be familiar with, I called myself an Agnostic. Surely no denomination could be more modest or more appropriate, and I cannot imagin why I should be every now and then haled out of my refuge and declared sometimes to be a Materialist, sometimes an Atheist, sometimes a Positivist, and sometimes, alas and alack, a cowardly or reactionary Obscurantist."

A SAOO, Me., paper is "proud to state that since the liquor agency was established in Biddeford not a single drop has been sold for other than medicinal or mechanical purposes," and adds: "While we deplore the large amount of sickness, we are glad to see the boom in the noble art of mechanics."

AN effort is being made by the Christian priests in Sydney, Australia, to put down all Sunday concerts and Freethought Sunday lectures by law, and they ask the government to make a law for this purpose, if there is not in existence one ready to hand. The Sydney *Daily Telegraph* ranges itself against persecution of this kind. It says: "Here, then, is a clear issue submitted to the judgment of the public at large. Shall Sunday Freethought lectures and Secular lectures be put down by criminal prosecution? The gospel has invoked the law. We cannot help feeling that a claim like this is utterly out of accord with the inborn British love of liberty and the higher civilization of the century. We are certain that it will jar upon the sense of moral and intellectual freedom in the majority of our readers. It is suggestiv of tyranny and smacks of persecution. There is no such thing possible to human nature as compulsory conversion to this or that form of religion."

A WELL at Yakutsk, in Siberia, has been a standing puzzle to scientists for many years. It was begun in 1828, but given up at thirty feet because it was still in frozen earth. Then the Russian Academy of Sciences continued for some months the work of deepening the well, but stopped when it had reached to the extent of some three hundred and eighty-two feet, when the ground was still frozen as hard as a rock. In 1844 the Academy had the temperature of the excavation carefully taken at various depths, and from the data thus obtained the ground was estimated to be frozen to the depth of six hundred and twelve feet. As external cold could not freeze the earth to such a depth, even in Siberia, geologists hav concluded that the well has penetrated a frozen formation of the glacial period which has never thawed out.

MICHAEL GILROY, of Scranton, Pa.; aged 65 years, died suddenly at St. Peter's Cathedral while the service was in progress. He had knelt down in his pew to pray, when it was noticed that he suddenly moved forward. Those around him supposed he had fallen asleep, and no attention was paid to him until the service was concluded, when an effort was made to arouse him and he was found to be dead.

# Communications.

## Christian Absurdities.

No doubt many Christians will be shocked at the title of this article. For the Christian will claim that Christianity has no absurdities.

In my day infant damnation has been preached, and only a short time ago the ministers left off preaching a burning hell. Fifty years ago every Christian believed the Mosaic account of creation, and all the Munchausenisms of the Bible. In short, every word and every line was the inspired word of God. To-day Talmage and Sam Jones are about the only ones outside of a lunatic asylum who entertain such belief. Three hundred years ago nearly every Christian believed in a flat earth. Fifty years ago the Bible was on the side of slavery. Within that time nearly every minister drank spirituous liquors, and quoted texts of scripture to sustain the practice.

Indeed, the Christian believed that each and every one of these now abandoned and absurd propositions had the broad foundation of the scriptures to rest upon. If these are not absurdities, why are they not believed and preached now? If these are absurdities, may it not be just possible that, all unknown to himself, the Christian may be the champion of other absurdities equally glaring? If so, can it be wicked to point them out?

We are the creatures of circumstances. We are affected by influences put in operation a thousand years ago. As one writer expressed it, "We are the result of all that has preceded us." We, in turn, are destined to influence those who may come after us many generations hence. How important, then, that we strive to eliminate truth from error, inaugurate the reign of reason, and make a lofty manhood our constant aim. For, according to the laws of heredity, the higher we mount in the scale of moral and intellectual excellence, the higher the plane on which our children will begin the career of life. Whoever points out an error should be regarded as a benefactor. Yet it is a sad fact that Christianity has proved itself to be the bitterest foe to those who hav been most activ in leading men out of the error of their ways.

For more than eighteen hundred years Christians hav turned a deaf ear to nearly every claim of humanity, under the false impression that everything must be done for the "glory of God." What is the condition of those nations which hav been Christianized, and where the experiment has been most thoroughly tried?

There is no Christian nation which has not been engaged, first or last, in blowing out the brains of some other Christian nation. The Christian nation of England made opium-eaters of the Chinese, and forced this loathsome habit upon an unwilling people at the point of the bayonet. This Christian nation has reduced the people of India to a state of servitude which would disgrace a heathen ruler. A long time we were fairly holding our breath, expecting the British lion and the Russian bear (both Christian pets) to close in a deadly encounter, and that rivers of Christian blood would flow. The British lion has been tugging away at the vitals of Egypt, just to let her know that the "Prince of Peace" still reigns throughout the British possessions. In Ireland, one Christian tears down the shanty over another Christian's head, just to remind him that Christ had not "where to lay his head," and that he is no better than the meek and lowly savior.

Bonaparte said that God always favored the big guns and heavy battalions. In every Christian country God has favored the rich, the high-born, and powerful, and suffered the poor and the helpless to be trampled into the dust.

Go into any Christian city where the greatest number of church spires can be counted, and there you will find the greatest amount of poverty and misery, and the most degrading ignorance.

Brothels under the very shadow of church steeples; grog-shops within sound of the church organ; gambling dens as plenty as mushrooms after a shower, and gambling, robberies, and murders are the order of the day. Defaulters, bank-swindlers and confidence-men seem to be running neck and neck with Sabbath-school teachers and members of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Rome is one of the most Christian cities in the world; and yet, for perfidy, licentiousness, and pure cussedness, it has not a peer on the face of the globe. Nothing is more common than to hear Christians prating about the high standard of morality and civilization in Christian countries, as though these were the results of Christian teaching.

I maintain that we hav reached our moral standing and our high state of civilization through many tribulations, and in spite of the church or Christianity. The truth is, we hav made headway only as Christianity has been beaten back by the friends of human progress.

From a Hottentot to a Byron or a Webster, what a long, long journey! The difference in regard to mental capacity can scarcely be expressed. The difference in personal appearance is no greater than the difference in the structure of the brain. There is no process known to Christianity to make these brains similar. It is the work of centuries, of influences, of teaching, of circumstances and environments. The "change of heart" which the Christian talks so much about will not reach the case.

Christianity never turned rascality into honesty, nor ignorance into intelligence. In the earthquake district to-day may be seen the workings of religion. Acres are covered with prostrate human beings. Their screeching and wailing can be heard incessantly. The places of worship are not closed. It is one continued camp-meeting. The same scenes are enacted many times on board of a vessel in time of a storm. At such times they call on a God for assistance who never puts in an appearance when most needed. They confess acts which they never ought to hav been guilty of. They make pledges which they never fulfil. They promis things which they never perform. When the danger is past and the scare is over, they are not one whit better than they were before. Men and women are not made better by being scared, no matter whether the scare comes from a storm, or an earthquake, or a fiery hell. Sober thought, careful study, and close investigation, and not big scares, hav elevated the race. Christianity has rendered no service to mankind, but it has deceived them and made them dishonest.

A Catholic who worked for me said one day, "Well, Miesthur Pake, I have been radin' your bucks and papurs, and it all looks rasonable, and if it was not for the fear and dread of hell I wad belave it." Now, Christianity made him dishonest with his God, himself, and everybody else. For if "it all looked rasonable," he could not help but believe it, and he lied every time he denied his honest convictions.

At a temperance meeting the ministers were talking about the best method for advancing the cause. One minister said he believed in prayer—"if we would advance the temperance cause we must all pray. God would answer prayer." He said he knew it. The next Saturday night his horse got into the grain, and filled himself. On Sunday morning he took the horse to a neighbor, and wanted to know what he must do. The man told him he had better pray, but he had not the least bit of faith in prayer as a horse medicin. Christianity had deceived him, and made him say he believed what he did not believe.

Colonel Ingersoll's story of the man who stole the bread and meat illustrates a point. "What did you do with the bread and meat?" "I ate the bread and threw the meat away; it was Friday." To eat meat on Friday was a greater crime than stealing.

Nothing is more common than to hear ministers say that all great and good men are Christians. Has Christianity ever produced greater orators than Demosthenes and Cicero, or a greater philosopher than Plato, a greater mathematician than Euclid, or a man of higher moral standing than Socrates? Yet these were all heathen. What better evidence is needed to show that great and good men can be produced outside of Christianity? The study of the sciences, especially astronomy and mathematics, has done more to elevate the race than Christianity. Christianity binds and dulls the human intellect, while the study of the sciences makes the most exact and accurate reasoners, and "reason makes the full man." As Webster expressed it, "mind is the great lever of all things."

Christianity has not only made men dishonest with themselvs and others, but it has turned them into tyrants. Father Lambert says in regard to Colonel Ingersoll, "All this time he has delighted in tearing and wounding and lacerating the hearts and faith and feelings of those by whose tolerance he is permitted to outrage the common sense and sentiment of Christendom." Nobody knows better than Colonel Ingersoll how Father Lambert plays the liar when he pretends that it is by the "tolerance" of Christians that he and other Freethinkers are allowed to express their opinions. And the disposition which he manifests toward Colonel Ingersoll is ample proof that he has all the elements of a tyrant. The decrees of Christian emperors, the persecutions and imprisonments, and the tortures of the inquisition furnish the most undoubted proof that the Christian taint has had a tendency to produce tyrants all through the Christian ages.

The fair import of Father Lambert's language is that Freethinkers are only allowed to speak and write through the tolerance of Christians, and that the Freethinkers hav no rights which Christians are bound to respect. In other words, that every priest and minister has the right to berate a Freethinker as much and as long as he pleases, and then to stop his mouth if he attempts to reply.

What Father Lambert says as an individual is not a matter of so much consequence. But the fact that he is backed by all the churches, and by all the priests and ministers, shows that free speech (notwithstanding the guarantees of the Constitution) is a matter still to be fought for in this country.

I will not say, like Foster, that "every church is a den of thieves," but I do say that in their corporate capacity the churches do lie and play the hypocrit and tyrant. A presiding elder at the dedication of one of our churches said that Infidelity had never done anything that the world was proud of; that Christianity had produced every truly great man, and that we are indebted to the churches for every reform. The churches are so much given to lying and hypocrisy that they frequently deceive, and tell a half-dozen lies during the life of one generation.

Keeping in mind these high-sounding claims of the churches, let us hear what Mrs. Lucy N. Colman has to say in regard to the position of the churches only thirty or forty years ago. She was an Anti-slavery lecturer—

"All the churches were closed against us. The ministers often led the mobs who assailed and insulted us. I hav been mobbed several times, and in more than one instance the mob was led by a minister, and the persons composing the mobs were eminently Christian."

It is only a little while since the churches stopped teaching the doctrin of endless punishment, and many can remember when nearly all the churches indorsed the doctrin of infant damnation. Thousands like Mrs. Colman, hav lived to see the churches turn all these somersaults.

In our village to-day the churches hold what they call a temperance union meeting, and the ministers will throw froth all over their white jackets in denouncing the rum traffic.

In almost every town old men can be found who hav set out the bottle to ministers and drank with them. Many a time when I was a boy I hav heard ministers quote scripture to prove that God was not on the side of the "Cold Water Party," as the temperance party was then called.

"Be temperate in all things," I used to hear them shout; which, being interpreted, meant that one must not take big drinks if he drank often, and that ministers must be tolerably sober when they delivered their sermons.

To-day the church claims all the glory of the temperance and antislavery reforms—such has ever been the hypocritical pretensions of the church. It has opposed every reform until it has seen that it would be crowned with success; then it has thrown the whole weight of its influence in favor of the reform, and then claimed all the glory.

The claim so frequently put up by Christians that the church is at the head of every humanitarian movement is founded more in hypocrisy than in truth. Nearly every step in the useful arts and in the sciences has met with opposition from the church.

It was but as yesterday that nearly all Christians were laughing at the theory of evolution, and calling Darwin the descendant of a monkey. Nearly all men regarded as scientists hav indorsed evolution. When the theory comes to be adopted by the masses, as it certainly will be, the church will make the discovery that it is in perfect harmony with holy writ, and will claim that the discovery was made by some monk or priest or pious minister, and that Darwin stole it from him. And this may be taken as a specimen of all the scientific discoveries which the church has ever made. She has reduced lying to a fine art, and false pretenses and the most brazen hypocrisy will be made to serve her turn as long as dupes can be kept in ignorance of the truth.

From the beginning of the fourth century to the end of the fourteenth century Christianity had everything its own way. By bolts and bars, by excommunications and tortures, it silenced every voice raised against it. That thousand years was an age of superstition and mental darkness such as the world had not seen for a thousand years before. Through the ignorance and degradation of that thousand years we cast our vision backward, like looking through a desert, to the painters and poets, the sculptors and orators of pagan Greece and Rome. The fertil field of paganism contrasts in a telling manner with the desert of Christianity.

For this ignorance and superstitition the historian holds the church responsible. The power of the church was supreme. It commanded the purse and the sword in every Christian country. It built some of the most splendid churches and cathedrals the world ever saw. Could it not hav endowed institutions of learning as well? Be it remembered, the church has always known that "ignorance is the mother of devotion." The Christian will claim that he is just as much in favor of good schools as the Freethinker. Just so! But to run a school to suit a Christian there must be scriptural reading, prayer, and a hymn sung every morning, and the old hag of superstition must be installed as teacher. Then every scholar must be impressed with the idea that the Bible is the word of God. Then how will the story of the three Hebrew children, and that of Jonah, and the feats of Samson, and the astronomical legerdemain of old Joshua, and the Mosaic account of creation, he made to tally with science? Science will be made to tally with this worse than heathenish nonsense. Run the schools to suit the average Christian and we should soon be enshrouded in the ignorance and superstition of the Dark Ages.

Everything withers which Christianity touches.

Taking no thought of to-morrow; selling everything one has and giving to the poor; giving a thief your coat after he has stolen your cloak; turning the other cheek after one has been battered by the slugger; hating your friends and relatiws; using a sword instead of making peace, is pure Christianity. And Christianity unadulterated and unmolested will drag its votaries down to barbarism.

Man is by nature a progressiv being. Every system of religion which does not recognize this fact will hav no other effect than to load him with dead weight. There must be a never-ending conflict between the spirit of progress and any system of religion founded on so-called divine revelation. All such systems of religion, in the very nature of things, must be stationary, and therefore can operate only as fetters on progressiv beings. Christianity has been tried and found wanting. It has been in the crucible for eighteen hundred years, and has proved to be mostly dross.

The poor regard the lofty temples dedicated to the meek and lowly Jesus as monuments of hypocrisy. Into them they are never invited, nor would they be welcome if they should come. They are built for the rich. These gorgeous temples are found in every city, where the worshipers follow the example of the meek and lowly by despising the poor. Poor fishermen like those who followed Christ would be kicked out without ceremony. Even Christ himself, if he should appear, meek and lowly and riding on an ass, would not be allowed to enter one of these fashionable churches. Talmage would not go near enough to him to spit on him. And if his photograph should be found in an art gallery, "Mad Anthony" would order it taken down.

The prayers of such men could not be put on the market for a cent on the dollar, and they avail just as much on earth as they do in heaven. It is a wonder that Garfield did not liv forever when all the Christian scullions were praying for him. The whole system is a sham, and the people are outgrowing it as a robust youth outgrows "Mother Goose's Melodies." Hell is played out, and the devil has retired from activ service.

We hav in this country about eighty thousand men—good, bad, and indifferent—known as priests and ministers—I call them Christian brokers. Ask any Christian what service these eighty thousand men render to the country, and the answer is, "Oh, they explain the word of God!" Didn't God know enough to write so as to be understood without eighty thousand men to help him out with his meaning? Moreover, this word of God expressly states that "it is so plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein."

Marched in single file, the eighty thousand priests and ministers would form a line more than forty miles in length. They add little or nothing to the productiv industry of the country, and doubtless it takes the labor of a million of men besides to run the Christian racket in this country. Oh, how I do wish that I could induce my countrymen to fairly figure up the output of this great outlay. If these eighty thousand pulpit pounders were divided into two gangs, and one gang should dig holes in the ground and the other gang should fill them up again, the country would be just as well off, and then perhaps the people could see how little is accomplished by the expenditures. If the people in every village and hamlet, where there is a church, would just figure out the outlay of running it each year, and then calmly consider how little the people hav to show for the money expended, they would say in a quiet way, "What fools we mortals be!"

I am aware that the average Christian will say that I am lacking in reverence for the ministry, and for what he deems sacred things; but I hav no desire to wound his feelings. At the same time, I must speak the truth as I understand it. I believe rum-selling to be a bad business, and I must not refrain from saying so because, forsooth, I may injure the feelings of the rum-seller. I denounce gambling because it is too much like stealing. If the gambler does not like the way I classify his business, let him stand from under. I denounce the rum-seller, the gambler, the horse-racer, the prize-fighter, in short, any kind of business which absorbs the sweat and the toil of the people and givs them nothing in return.

These priests and ministers are quartered on the people like so many leeches, and absorb a great pro portion of what they produce; and all they get back is claims on the promised land and an interest in the prayers of these gospel bummers, which would not affect a shadow. If the gambler does no good, and is a positiv injury to society, kick him out. If the rum-seller is an unmitigated curse, why should he be tolerated? Away with all these leeches! Why should priests and ministers hav exemption from their fair turn at the oar, and still suck up the substance of society?

Why should ministers and church property hav exemption from taxation more than other men and other property? As obtuse as the Christian is, he would feel the outrage if he were compelled to pay taxes on Infidel property.

I am unable to see why I should be compelled to pay taxes on church property more than on a race-course. I am no more more interested in the one than the other. I think both are pernicious in their effects and influences. Why should the people at large be made to pay for prayers in the legislativ bodies, in the army and navy, and in prisons? Is this government a church institution, or is it a government of the people? As the parrot said to the monkey, there would be "a hell of a time" in the Christian camp if they were compelled to pay for Infidel lectures.

Where do the president and the governors get the constitutional authority to set apart a day of thanks giving and prayer? Is it any part of their civil duty? Is it not a matter of the church and not of the state? By what authority am I compelled to observe and keep holy one day in the week? What business of the state whether I work six days and keep one, or keep six days and work one, or none at all? Why should the motto, "In God we trust," be put upon the coin of the country? Who is empowered to say for me that I put my trust in God? Is this coin exclusivly for the use of Christians? Hav I no rights under the Constitution which the Christian is bound to respect? When the Constitution was established, did the fiat come from the church or from the people?

If a man be a good citizen, what right has the state to inquire whether he is a Christian, Infidel, Mohammedan, or Jew—whether he believes in one god or twenty, or no god at all? If a citizen is called as a witness, what right has the state to inquire into his theological views? If a man see another commit theft or murder, the Christian infers that it is better for the thief or the murderer to escape justice than to allow a man to testify who is not sound on the "goose question." In some states, if a thief is a Christian, his oath would be allowed, while an honest Agnostic would not be allowed to testify—not to bring a thief to justice—not even the murderer of his wife or child.

When we formed this government, did we not hav it written down in the Constitution that Congress should pass no law to establish any system of religion, nor to prohibit the free exercise thereof? Can not anyone see that each one of the cases cited is mere church usurpation—that the church and the state hav never been entirely separated?

Still Christians are constantly talking about "God in the Constitution," Christ the "supreme ruler," and the "Bible as the foundation of all law." Instead of granting more power to the church, the people should take away from her every power which she has usurped. All the fangs of the old ecclesiastical reptil hav never been extracted—the coils of the slimy old serpent are still to be dreaded. I once heard of a boy who had a pet hen, and in due time she became impressed with the scriptural command to "increase and multiply." The day the boy arranged the nest to set the old hen, some of the older brothers found an owl's nest. They took two eggs from under the hen on the sly, and put under two owl's eggs instead. One day the boy went to look after the old hen, and he saw the head of a young owl protruding from one of the eggs. For a moment he stared with mute astonishment at the hooked beak and big eyes of the owl, and then, with hat in hand and eyes a-glare, and hair standing erect, he ran to the house and said, "Father, you just wait a day or two, and if them chickens come out with bodies pro portioned to their heads, I'll show you some of the cussedest chickens ever hatched out in America." Now, if the American people do not want to hatch owls instead of chickens, let them count the cost before they vote God into the Constitution, thereby putting more power into the hands of the church. Power in the church means chains for the people. The darkest day in the history of Europe was when Christianity bore rule without restraint.

I would like to ask if the ignorance, the poverty, the misrule, the worse than heathenish darkness of Christian Europe for more than a thousand years, secured the eternal happiness of a single soul. Will anyone pretend that good conditions, enlightenment, and happy surroundings here will cut off all hope of happiness hereafter? Does the happiness of God's children in this world so inflame his wrath that he will punish them forever in a world to come? Such has been the teaching of the church.

No matter about being happy in this life, no matter what we suffer or endure here, if we can only walk the streets of the New Jerusalem. "This world is but as dross and filthy rags; this world is but a wilderness, this world is not my home," has ever been the song of the church, and has caused more ignorance and suffering than all other causes combined. It draped all Europe in mourning for more than a thousand years.

This world is our home. Here we are born, here we must liv. We can neither sow nor reap in the skies. From the earth every blessing must come, and it behooves us to make it yield all the blessings possible. Let us hav good homes, good clothing, a good supply of healthy food, hours for sleep and recreation, and let us strive to make it possible for even the poorest to enjoy these blessings. No human being should be considered so low as not to be entitled to the consideration and help of the highest. Acts of kindness from each must ultimately result in happiness to all.

JOHN PECK.

## A Reminiscence of Nearly Sixty Years Ago.

In the little town in western Massachusetts where I then lived, the minister of the only church in the place (Presbyterian) was an arrogant, tyrannical man, settled for life, with a salary of six hundred dollars a year, having, in addition, a fine farm, which he married with his wife soon after his settlement.

This man acted as though "he was monarch of all he surveyed"—he took control of the schools, suggested the disciplin, ordered the recitation once a week, by all the pupils, of the Westminster Catechism; appointed church meetings, in which he told the brethren which one of the political candidates they were to vote for—in short, in all matters of any interest he was both judge and jury.

When the Methodists made their entrance into the place, this dictator said they were not to be tolerated. Keep away from them, was the command; but then, as now, there were some people who objected to arbitrary rule; they broke over the command, went to hear these enthusiastic, earnest men, and brought away such glowing descriptions of the exercises that others ventured to disobey the edict; and at last a society was formed, and a demand made for the use of the meeting-house a portion of the time. At a town meeting called to decide the claims of this new society, it was unanimously voted to grant the use of the church (meeting-house, I should hav said; it was heretical in those days to talk of a *building* as a church) every fourth Sunday to the Methodists. The members signed off from the Presbyterians, and their minister-tax was henceforward to be paid to support this new sect. The fourth Sunday at length arrived. My father decided to go and hear the new speaker, taking his children with him. We arrived in good season, and, when the bell ceased tolling, the Presbyterian minister walked up one flight of stairs into the pulpit, the Methodist minister the other. The Methodist, as is their custom, proceeded to open the services by reading a hymn; the Presbyterian stepped in front of the one who had a clear right to be heard, raised his hands, and said, "Let us ask for the presence and blessing of God." Either his voice was so loud as to drown the reading of the hymn, or the brazen audacity of the act completely overcame the stranger minister, and he shut his book.

The congregation was in a wonder as to what further was to come. In a moment the silence was broken by the loud voice of a man known to all the town as an Infidel, but whose character was such that any office of trust to be given by the town was given to this man. He invited the new society to occupy his house, a large, commodious dwelling just opposit the holy edifice. The minister followed (let me write his name in full, as he never married, and no children hav brought his name down to this time)—Dennis Wood, and the congregation was soon reduced to small size, and the Presbyterian preached his sermon. I wish I could recall his subject.

What of the old society? From that day their prosperity ended—the congregation diminished, it was impossible to raise the salary required. The minister's farm was so badly managed that it yielded very little. A minister's family is generally a growing one, and this was no exception to the rule. The family became so poor that they were obliged to lose their home. A brother of the minister owned a home in a neighboring town, whither they removed, were supported by charity, and finally, in the last days of the husband and wife, by a young woman whom they took in her childhood to be a servant to their children, and treated so shabbily that members of their their own church sometimes prayed for her, hoping the Lord would do for her what they dare not do. Perhaps their prayers were heard. At any rate, this neglected orphan was a success. She removed to a flourishing city, did a prosperous business, and, when she knew of the needs of these, her old oppressors, went to them and cared for them till they died. One of the most bitter opposers of the Methodist church in that little town was a man, considered rich in those days of small fortune. He was superintendent of the Sunday-school, and in a general way officious. His eldest daughter had married a man who was afterward converted to the new sect. I think the father-in-law never forgave him for so great a crime, and made public announcement, when the new church was built, that, if he could see the steeple from his garret window, he would board it up. "See how these Christians love each other," was just as applicable sixty years ago as to day.

LUCY N. COLMAN.

A PASTOR in a state adjoining this, preaching from the text, "Beware of covetousness," said: "Last Sunday night the collection in this house amounted to $1.80, and the dollar was thrown in by a Baptist brother from Richmond, Va., who happened to be here and did not know any better. The other six hundred of you dropped in the eighty cents."—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

# The American Secular Union.

## News and Notes.

Again the familiar rumble of the wheels and the snort of the engin, and the journey across the continent is begun—from the shining portals of the East to the Golden Gates of the West. Farewell, myriad-lighted city, the moonlight on the Hudson, the glancing bridge glittering like a fairy palace, and the torch of Liberty. Away through the blackening night to the misty morning. Away to the blue Potomac (blue with cold at present) and the "old Virginia soil." At about noon, amid a sweeping storm, I strike Harper's Ferry. Here is where I first buckled on the knapsack and, with a new pair of army shoes, tackled the Virginia mud. A hopeless task. I found it much easier to wrap my blanket about me and recline upon its downy bed—that is, away down almost to the bottomless pit. It seems a million years ago since I was in this valley. Perhaps it was—who knows? What is time anyway? It was in this valley that I was "converted," one rainy day when the mud was knee-deep, and the musket was like a cannon on my shoulders, and my liver was out of order—a propitious time for "regeneration" Anybody would be anxious for a "change of base" under such circumstances. It was a curious psychological experience. I don't quite understand it myself. I must leave it to the doctors, for, without doubt, it belongs to pathology. Neither Moody nor Sam Jones ever had a more thorough trial of the "new birth" than I did; I was just as much a "miracle of grace" as anybody.

I arrived at Martinsburg, W. Va., at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, and the moment I greeted my good friends, Louis Wolfes, Sr., and Harmon H. Bohda, I felt at home. I knew they were of the right stuff, although I had never seen them before. They are subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and, of course, we were comrades of long standing. I went first to the pleasant home of Mr. Wolfes, where I met his wife, a stanch Freethinker, so full of life that it is impossible for her to be anything but a heretic; also I met Louis Wolfes, Jr., and wife, who were just in the splendor of honeymoon, and I gave them all the Secular benedictions that belong to this world; and Charles H. Wolfes, the younger son, who, like his father, is a stalwart of Liberalism.

In the evening at Feller's Hall, whose proprietor, Mr. John Feller, and his wife are Liberals, I gave my lecture, "Universal Mental Liberty." The hall was filled, and the audience was of a miscellaneous character. There were some Christians present, and a portion of these took a somewhat noisy departure before the close of the lecture. Evidently they had heard something new. The majority of the audience received what I said with approval. It was the first Freethought lecture ever given in Martinsburg, and the next day there was an immense amount of discussion on the streets. It was the opinion of some that the Infidel should be driven out of town. He had no right to disturb the peace of orthodoxy.

After the lecture I had a bit of a sleighride in the moonlight to the house of Mr. Bohda, about a mile out. On the way we passed a party coasting down hill. For a moment New England flashed over my mind, and I thought I was on the glorious New Hampshire hills, dashing along the glittering road. How I wanted to jump on those flying sleds and be a boy again!

Mr. and Mrs. Bohda made my stay delightful in their hospitable home. I could not find a better place than Martinsburg for the beginning of my labors. All was cheer and comfort. On the second evening the hall was again filled, and on Friday evening I gave a parlor lecture at Mr. Bohda's, where agreeable sociability was mixed with the intellectual entertainment. Christians were present and received our declaration of views in a very generous manner. The work thus accomplished at Martinsburg has done great good. It has stirred the community wonderfully, and Freethought has received a splendid impulse.

Messrs. Wolfes and Bohda are the chief supporters of our cause in Martinsburg. They are both from the old country, of good German stock. Mr. Bohda came to Martinsburg in 1840, and Mr. Wolfes in 1853, and both hav been residents there ever since. They were Union men during the war, and passed through many incidents of that tremendous drama, many of whose great actions occurred in the imme diate vicinity of their home. They hav always been Freethinkers, and hav manfully expressed their views. They are well known in the community and occupy honorable positions. Among other influential and outspoken Liberals of the place are John Heller, Arthur Stevens, John Hutzler, John Pickens, Thomas Kratz, and Mrs. Catherine Brantner, with those already mentioned. There are many who hav taken no decided stand, but there is a large element in this place and vicinity of intelligence and power which is in favor of Freethought. The churches, however, still cast their overshadowing superstitions. The majority of the people are unprogressiv.

I hope to visit Martinsburg on my return-trip, and greet again these vigorous and noble comrades of Liberty who hav done so much to giv me pleasure and courage for my work. I am writing this on the express train, going forty miles an hour, and I hav no doubt the compositors will scold when they see my hieroglyphics made while the coach is shaking like a ship at sea. But I must take times as it flies, lightning-train and all. The day is lovely. We speed along the ice-bound river, amid the ever-varying mountain forms, with crests of blue and mantles of sparkling snow, beneath an almost cloudless sky, intensely radiant. I am hurrying on to greet our Pittsburgh friends, that Roman company who keep our eagle standard ever at the front. I shall lecture at Pittsburgh to-morrow, Sunday; at Kent, O., Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday; at Alliance, Thursday; at Akron, Friday, and at Columbus, O., January 16th. My other lecture engagements are as follows:

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|---|---|
| Piqua, O. | Jan. 17, 18 |
| Cincinnati, O. | Jan. 19, 20 |
| Rome, Ind. | Jan. 23 |
| Linesville, Pa. | Jan. 24, 25, 26 |
| Chicago, Ill. | Jan. 29, 30 |
| Nekoma, Ill. | Feb. 1, 2 |
| Fort Madison, Ia. | Feb. 5, 6 |
| Belton, Mo. | Feb. 7, 8 |
| Bavaria, Kan. | Feb. 9, 10 |
| Salina, Kan. | Feb. 11, 12, 13 |
| Brookville, Kan. | Feb. 14, 15 |
| Fort Dodge, Kan. | Feb. 20 |
| Garden City, Kan. | Feb. 21, 22 |
| Denver, Col. | Feb. 27, March 6 |

*January* 8, 1887. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

## Liberal.

*From Secular Thought.*

A Liberal paper should be edited by a Liberal man. And by the word Liberal I mean, not only free, not only one who thinks for himself, not only one who has escaped from the prisons of custom and creed, but one who is candid, intelligent, and kind—that is to say, Liberal toward others.

This Liberal editor should not forever play upon one string, no matter how wonderful the music. He should not hav his attention forever fixed upon one question—that is to say, he should not look through a reversed telescope and narrow his horizon to that degree that he sees only one thing.

To know that the Bible is the literature of a barbarous people, to know that it is uninspired, to be certain that the supernatural does not and cannot exist—all this is but the beginning of wisdom. This only lays the foundation for unprejudiced observation. To kill weeds, to fell forests, to drive away or exterminate wild beasts—this is preparatory to doing something of greater value. Of course the weeds must be killed, the forests must be felled, and the beasts must be destroyed before the building of homes and the cultivation of fields.

A Liberal paper should not discuss theological questions alone. Intelligent people everywhere hav given up most of the old superstitions. They hav pretty well made up their minds what is false, and they want to know something that is true. For this reason a Liberal paper should keep abreast of the discoveries of the human mind. No science should be neglected; no fact should be overlooked. Inventions should be described and understood. And not only this, but the beautiful in thought, in form and color, should be preserved. The paper should be filled with things calculated to interest thoughtful, intelligent, and serious people. There should be a column for children as well as for men.

Above all, it should be perfectly kind and candid. In discussion there is no place for hatred, no opportunity for slander. A personality is always out of place. An angry man can neither reason himself nor perceive the reason of what another says. The orthodox world has always dealt in personalities. Every minister can answer the argument of an opponent by attacking the character of the opponent. This example should never be followed by a Liberal man. Nobody can be bad enough to prove that the Bible is uninspired, and nobody can be good enough to prove that it is the word of God. These facts hav no relation. They neither stand nor fall together.

Nothing should be asserted that is not known. Nothing should be denied, the falsity of which has not been, or cannot be, demonstrated. Opinions are simply given for what they are worth. They are guesses, and one guesser should giv to another guesser all the right of guessing that he claims for himself. Upon the great questions or origin, of destiny, of immortality, of punishment and reward in other worlds, every honest man must say, "I do not know." Upon these questions, this is the creed of intelligence. Nothing is harder to bear than the egotism of ignorance and the arrogance of superstition. The man who has some knowledge of the difficulties surrounding these subjects, who knows something of the limitations of the human mind, must of necessity be mentally modest. And this condition of mental modesty is the only one consistent with individual progress.

Above all, and over all, a Liberal paper should teach the absolute freedom of the mind, the utter independence of the individual, the perfect liberty of speech. We should remember that the world is as it must be; that the present is the necessary offspring of the past; that the future must be what the present makes it, and that the real work of the reformer, of the philanthropist, is to change the conditions of the present, to the end that the future may be better. R. G. INGERSOLL.

## Men, Women, and Books.

It is a strange fact that no matter how fully men think that they believe in a principle of reform, if it does not touch them personally, or, at least, as a class, they hav to be waked up to the realization of their own standard of belief every time the subject is mentioned.

I was a good deal amused by an illustration of this human weakness a few days ago.

A friend and I had started to take a stroll one lovely Sunday morning out on the Riverside drive. The walk was so enjoyable that before we realized the fact we were beyond the point where streets are cut through to the drive, except at long distances.

This fact being once borne in upon my consciousness, I immediately discovered that I was tired. The prospect was not encouraging. It would be a long walk to the nearest car at best, and no unoccupied public carriages appeared.

Therefore we fell to leaning over the railing looking out on the river, and idly speculating on the best way to get home.

A gentleman walked briskly past us, and then he, also, turned to get the fine view from where we stood. My friend told him of our desire to get back home, and asked if he could tell us which way to walk to find the nearest cross-street to the cars. Should we go on or back? He assured us that four blocks further on was what we wanted, and that it would also bring us out where we could take an elevated train.

This seemed hopeful, and as we walked we talked.

The gentleman was evidently a professional man, well-to-do, and of fine instincts.

We talked of the value of land along the drive, and of the fine locations for beautiful homes. I said that I should like a certain lot, that the outlook would be quite inspiring from that point.

The gentleman at once began to pass judgment, in a mild way, upon my wish. He held that no one had a right to own such a lot, etc., etc.

It was just after the Henry George campaign, and he drifted into that. He talked well.

Finally he said: "I tell you, sir, and madam, that there are to-day just two great questions before the world. Both affect every poor man. These questions cannot much longer be kept down and thrust aside. They are the questions of the labor movement and of prohibition, and they are the *only* questions of importance to-day or for the near future."

"Well," said I, "I agree with you as to the importance of these questions, but I think that you might, without doing violence to the truth, add another question, if not two others, that are quite as important, and which will affect quite as many, perhaps more, people." He stopped short, and stared at me. He had, up to this time, thought me harmless, and, after giving me a casual glance, had addressed most of his remarks to my more impressiv-looking companion.

I waited for his jaw to assume its normal position, and for his eyes to return to their sockets. Then I said, "And I may go farther and say that one of these questions deserves and should hav precedence to all others."

Then he began to brace up for a fight.

"I cannot conceive, madam, of any question that any human being can feel should stand ahead of these in point of either time or importance."

"Well," said I, "this question should hav been settled before the first man ever got drunk, and therefore before temperance, not to say prohibition, could hav been thought of, and before competition in labor ever created a problem to solve. Therefore I claim that it should hav precedence in *time*. And since it affects more than one-half of the race directly, and every human being by heredity, I claim for it precedence in importance; for those who are affected most by it are also most affected by the two questions named by you."

The man gasped. Then he said, "I am totally unable to conceive of what you mean." "That is because you are a man," said I, "and are therefore unable to conceive of an important question which has not for its object the happiness and ambition first of all for man. The question I refer to is human equality between the sexes, in this country expressed most directly by the ballot, and called woman-suffrage."

He brightened wonderfully, and my companion said, "*Good.* She hit you fairly that time. And I am with her heart and soul. You are in a hopeless minority in this company." Then we all laughed, but the gentleman hastened to say that he, too, was a most earnest believer in that cause—only he did

not hold it "so important, nor so urgent, as the other two, though," he added, "I've advocated it strongly, because I feel sure that the woman's vote would carry Prohibition!"

As an aid in itself still the question of human equality and justice was utterly sunk in the pitiful question of whether she would "carry" another measure. We had reached our cross street and said, "Good-morning."

Then there was a moment of silence in which I knew that my companion was in the depths of humiliation. Then I laughed, and he said:

"I don't wonder you laugh. How utterly inconsistent men are! And, great God, how little they realize the altitude of their own selfishness and self-conceit! Now, that man really thinks that he is a strong believer in human equality, and would be highly indignant if told that he thought more of his own comfort and happiness and future welfare than of that of his mother or wife or daughter; and yet he had to be waked up out of a deep sleep before he was even able to grasp the idea that there is still one-half of the human race prevented from expressing even an opinion upon the topics he named, and which are of equal, if not of greater importance to that very half." "But he is a 'thorough suffragist,'" said I. "Thorough nonsense! He is nothing of the kind Manly men are ashamed to say that they are not, but so long as they hav to be waked up with dynamite before they even recall that such a thing exists as a disfranchised and humiliated class—why, they don't believe in helping to crush such an ignominy half as much as they believe in toasting their own toes before a club-fire which shall agree never to warm their wives or daughters." "Tut, tut, tut," said I, "you are excited. Why, that poor man has no idea that he did not come off with flying colors. He doesn't even know that his last remark indicated that he believed women to be so soft-headed that they'd vote the sentimental ticket always, and not be divided in their opinion and healthy in their differences as men are. He thinks they could be 'voted' in a body to carry conservativ and prohibitiv measures."

Speaking of that, it may be news, and bad news to some, that in the recent election in Washington Territory the woman's vote, quite contrary to all predictions, *defeated* prohibition.

The governor of Wyoming has sent me some reports from his territory, and some information which I may share with you later on. It would be very wholesome information for our weak-kneed Liberals who are "afraid to risk" the experiment of human equality for women.

But, speaking of wholesome information, if you want to get more of that desirable article in one book than you ever saw before in so small a space, and if you want to get it in such a charming style that you will be tempted to sit up nights to read it, why, I strongly advise you to get the "History of Woman Suffrage," edited by those three brilliant and deservedly famous women, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and Matilda Joslyn Gage.

While it is edited by these three able women, it is written by many different people, and no one could believe, without reading it, how interesting it could be in matter, and how attractiv in manner of presentation.

It is as interesting as a story-book, and twice as instructiv. It has a good deal of Freethought talk in it too. It is humorous, pathetic, forcible, thoroughly dignified, and at the same time "light." One does not hav to "wade" through it. It is history at its best.

There is a chapter (the last one in the first volume) by Mrs. Gage on "Woman in Church and State" that is as heterodox as Colonel Ingersoll, and as carefully collected as are Mr. Remsburg's statistics.

Mrs. Stanton never misses a chance to stick pins in wherever they will do the most good, and if the situation demands a safety-pin it is always on hand and is carefully adjusted. Miss Anthony is more orthodox in her methods; but it is a vigorous trinity, and "the word, the truth, and the life," which they hav given, will do your hearts good to read, whether you believe in the "cause" or not.

Read it, and see if I hav not come even far within the truth as to the merits of this remarkable work.

I believe that I used to hav a little prejudice against Miss Anthony, but I take it all back. I heard her say something once that ruffled my temper.

After reading these volumes I am only surprised that her language was not often so vigorous as to ruffle my entire costume.

Very sincerely, HELEN H. GARDENER.

## C. B. Reynolds's Defense Fund.

Photius Fisk, $10; G. N. Hill, $1; B. F. Runels, $1; Walter Runels, $1; Thos. Z. Furgeson, $1; S. Brewer, $1; H. Celler, $1. By sale of photos: W. W. Morris, $1; H. G. Avery, 35 cents; A. Jarvis, 35 cents; A. Pionnie, 35 cents; Miss Patterson, 35 cents; Henry Allen, $4; Chas. Douglas, $1; A. C. Lake, $1; Rufus Perkins, $2; Frank Schuneman, $1; Andrew Beveridge, $1; Thos. Beales, $2; Chas. Zeigler, $1; Ben Turner, $1.

Mr. Reynolds's case is down for trial at Morristown, N. J., Tuesday, the 18th.

## Henry George Attacks the Catholic Hierarchy.

In his new paper, the *Standard*, Henry George givs Dr. McGlynn and his church superiors the benefit of nearly ten columns of praise and abuse. It is needless to say Dr. McGlynn receives the praise, and Archbishop Corrigan the abuse. The conclusion at which Mr. George arrives is one that exactly agrees with THE TRUTH SEEKER's prediction all along, and allows us the finest possible opportunity to say to Mr. George, We told you so. His conclusion is this:

American workingmen might as well make up their minds that in their fight for the enfranchisment of labor they must meet the opposition of the Catholic hierarchy.

The following are the vital points of Mr. George's attack:

"The Catholic church," he says, "has been used to bolster the power of tyrants, and to keep the masses quiet under the social injustice; the Greek church to support the absolutism of the czar. Luther hurled his direct anathemas against German peasants driven into agrarian revolt by the unbearable oppressions of their lords; the English church has been the stanch supporter of regal tyranny and landlord robbery, and Presbyterian ministers hav preached to Scottish clansmen that in resisting eviction from their homes they would be resisting the will of God, while in our own day and place the popular preachers of the great liberal denominations, however careless they may be of the charge of heterodoxy, are careful to temper the gospel to their wealthy sheep. But never before in the history of this country," he says, "has there been such a barefaced attempt to use the Catholic church as a political machine—such an audacious exercise of ecclesiastical power to stifle political opinion and control political action."

Dr. McGlynn, it appears, was silenced once before by the church authorities. In welcoming Michael Davitt, in 1882, Dr. McGlynn said that the soil of Ireland belonged to the people of the country, and not to a few landlords. For this a letter was sent by the cardinal prefect of the Propaganda directing Cardinal McCloskey to suspend "the priest McGlynn." Cardinal McCloskey did not do this, but Dr. McGlynn was ordered to make no more Land League speeches, and he obeyed, remaining silent for years.

When Dr. McGlynn and other Catholic clergymen had given Mr. George assurances of their support in his race for mayor last fall, Mr. George heard that Archbishop Corrigan was offended by the attitude of Dr. McGlynn, and at Dr. McGlynn's suggestion Mr. George called on the archbishop with a letter of introduction from Dr. McGlynn. This is Mr. George's account of the interview:

I called accordingly on the archbishop, who received me courteously, but gave me little opportunity to speak on matters as to which I could speak with propriety, insomuch as he opened the conversation by reading to me two letters from the propaganda, dated in 1882 and addressed to his predecessor, Cardinal McCloskey. In these the suspension of "the priest McGlynn" was demanded at the express order of the pope, because, in his Land League speeches, he had taught doctrins openly contrary to the teachings of the Catholic church, and he was censured because in other ways he had shown "propensity to favor the Irish revolution." The archbishop gave me at some considerable length a history of the matter. the essential point of which was that the execution of this sentence had at that time been suspended on the understanding that Dr. McGlynn should make no more public utterances. The archbishop said that that understanding had now been violated by Dr. McGlynn—so much so that a Protestant gentleman with whom he had recently dined had complained to him of the scandalous declarations of the doctor in regard to the rights of landowners. The archbishop told me that he had called his council to meet at 12 o'clock that day for the purpose of taking into consideration the case of Dr. McGlynn, and, as I understood, of at once suspending him.

On leaving the archbishop I called on Dr. McGlynn and informed him of the result of my interview. He said that his understanding of the promis he had felt himself obliged to make in 1882 was that he should deliver no more speeches on the Irish question, which promis he had kept; that he had since made speeches in behalf of Mr. Cleveland, to which there had been no remonstrance whatever, and that, although he had not up to that time received any inhibition from speaking at the Chickering Hall meeting, yet even should one come he could not, now that he had been announced to speak, refrain from doing so consistently with his own self-respect and without publicly renouncing the rights of an American citizen.

October 1st Mr. George held a campaign meeting at Chickering Hall, at which several Catholic priests were expected to speak. Of this meeting and its results Mr. George says:

Dr. McGlynn went to Chickering Hall and spoke, though the other Catholic clergymen who were to hav been present did not come, having, as I afterward learned, received an express command not to do so. I did not hear Dr. McGlynn's speech, but I know how it impressed those who did. A lady who was present, and who had no idea of the situation, said to me after the meeting, "Dr. McGlynn spoke like a man who expected this night to be his last." She did not know that he spoke under the shadow of what to a Catholic priest is worse than death. Dr. McGlynn informed me the next morning that he would not speak again during the campaign. And he kept his own counsel. Not until weeks after the campaign, and until the matter, bruited about from the archbishop's palace, had found its way into the press, did I learn, or had I the faintest suspicion, that on the morning after that speech Dr. McGlynn had really been suspended for two weeks. Dr. McGlynn made no more speeches in the campaign, obeying to the letter the command of his ecclesiastical superior. But he did show his sympathy in all non-forbidden ways, and when, on the eve of the election, "Monsignor" Preston, the archbishop's right-hand man, issued a pronunciamento designed to prevent Catholics from voting the workingman's ticket, which pronunciamento was distributed at the church doors, Dr. McGlynn volunteered to ride around with me to the polls—in this silent way to show that a conscientious Catholic could and did support me.

Dr. McGlynn's offending, thinks Mr. George, is not for having taken sides in politics, but having "taken a side which Archbishop Corrigan does not like. What Dr. McGlynn is punished for is, for taking the side of the workingmen against the system of injustice and spoliation, and the rotten rings which hav made the government of New York a byword of corruption. In the last presidential election Dr. McGlynn made some vigorous speeches in behalf of the Democratic candidate without a word or thought of remonstrance. His sin is in taking a side in politics which was opposed to the rings that had the support of the Catholic hierarchy."

Mr. George continues: Whether Dr. McGlynn will go to Rome is something which rests with himself; whether he ought to go to Rome is a matter which may properly be discussed. Some of his friends, following the lead of the impulsiv Michael Davitt—who, on the eve of his marriage with a charming lady, was disposed to take roseate views—hav seemed to think that Dr. McGlynn ought to obey the summons to Rome, in order to present the case of those Catholics who believe in the common right to land, and force the question to an issue, which would forever still any pretense that this doctrin was condemned by the church.

This might be all very well if Dr. McGlynn could go to Rome after some such unequivocal popular expressions as would convince the Roman authorities that he was the embassador of American Catholics, and that they did not propose to be trifled with. But for him to go to Rome as a suspended priest with any expectation of getting a hearing as against an archbishop backed up by all the influence of the rich Catholics of the United States, and by all the powerful influence of the English colony and English intriguers at Rome, would be folly. Dr. McGlynn would hav no chance in Rome to make any presentation of the case, even if the Propaganda were a perfectly impartial tribunal.

But it is not. The cardinals of the Propaganda are a set of Italian Bourbon politicians, bitterly opposed to everything savoring of freedom and progress, and committed in advance against Dr. McGlynn and the doctrin of "the land for the people."

What it would do if Dr. McGlynn went to Rome would be simply to side-track the issue and drop Dr. McGlynn, metaphorically, through some ecclesiastical trap-door. He would be worried and heartbroken by delays, compelled to defend himself against all sorts of side charges, and finally sent into some convent, or ordered off to Africa or China. As *Puck*, chuckling over the suppression of Dr. McGlynn, declares, "The church hath a million ways of squelching the insubordinate, and Dr. McGlynn is marked for squelching. The job will be done delicately, but it will be done effectivly." Nor does "Monsignor" (my lord) Preston hav any doubt as to what will become of Dr. McGlynn if he goes to Rome. "He is not sent for to be complimented," says this "My Lord" Preston; "he is sent for to be disciplined."

The truth is that having Dr. McGlynn ordered to Rome is a cunning scheme to get rid of him with the least possible remonstrance from his congregation. It would be unpleasant, to say the least, to try to cut off his head here among those who know him and love him, so he is to be sent away to be executed, and time is to be allowed to dull feeling.

There are the strongest possible reasons why he should not go to Rome. In this matter a great principle is at stake. Does an American citizen cease to be a citizen when he becomes a priest? Is an American citizen, because he is also a Catholic priest, to be held to answer before a foreign tribunal because of his action in American politics? If this is so, then the sooner we know it the better.

Dr. McGlynn has not been summoned to Rome at the instance of Rome, but at the instance of Archbishop Corrigan, prompted undoubtedly by the "castle Catholics" and the ring politicians of New York.

But whether the Roman ecclesiastical authorities are used through Errington by the British government, or through Archbishop Corrigan by a New York ring, or whether they act in American politics on their own motivs and for their own purposes, makes little difference. The prime fact is in the outrageous claim that the American Catholic clergy, perhaps for their numbers the most influential class of men in this country, are to be in their political action the puppets of a foreign power, four thousand miles distant in space and many centuries distant in ideas; that these men, each of whom may influence hundreds and thousands of votes, are to be subject to disgrace and punishment, to be thrown out of their homes and means of livelihood if their political action does not suit the Italian cardinals of the Propaganda or the worthy gentleman who livs in the twelve-hundred-roomed palace called the Vatican. If American Catholics hav not more spirit than to submit to this, then is Catholicism indeed utterly inconsistent with free institutions!

But I am confident that there is too much spirit in American Catholics to submit to such dictation, and for my part I would rejoice to see Dr. McGlynn make the issue clear and plain by utterly refusing to go to Rome to answer for his conduct as a citizen. In his case the point has long been passed at which endurance ceases to be a virtue. His submission when arraigned for favoring the Irish revolution has merely encouraged ecclesiastical tyranny. The time has come when he ought to make a stand for the sake of his brethren in the priesthood, as well as for the sake of the principles of American liberty.

Even without going into the question of why the government of a world-wide church should be allowed to rest in the hands of a knot of reactionary Italians, it is clear that the organization of the Catholic church in this country is not such as self-respecting American Catholics ought to be contented with, or as is suited to the genius of our institutions. The organization of the church in this country is autocratic in the last degree. The American Catholic priest has no such independence as belongs to the priest of Italy, France, or Spain. Ecclesiastically he is under martial law, for, by a fiction which the ecclesiastical politicians of Rome hav seen fit to preserve, this country, like Ireland, is considered as a missionary country, and is, therefore, under the absolute government of the Propaganda. Some pretense of securing to American priests a little show of independence was made at the council of Baltimore, but what it amounts to may be seen from the fact that there are in New York city only nine pastors who cannot he removed at a moment's notice by will of the archbishop. As for Catholic congregations, they hav not only no choice as to their pastors, and no voice in church matters, but hav no control whatever over the edifices they build and the property their contributions create. The congregation of St. Stephen's now see their beloved pastor thrown out of the church their contributions hav raised and beautified, and they are helpless to prevent it.

However, there is one thing they can do. They can keep a tight grip on their money. That would be the most effectiv means of bringing the ecclesiastical autocracy to its senses.

# Communications.

## Has Christianity Benefited Woman?—I.

In the discussion of this question, I shall divide the subject into three heads. First: As the Bible is the foundation of the Christian religion, I shall briefly examin its contents and ascertain its attitude toward woman—whether or not its teachings, when carried into practical life, would tend to ameliorate the condition of woman. Second: To compare the condi ion of woman in the ancient pagan civilizations with her condition in Christian countries. Third: If Christianity has not been the cause of woman's elevation, what has?

Throughout the entire Bible we find woman treated with that inferiority characteristic of all barbarous people. She is treated as a being for no other purpose than to gratify the sensual appetite of man and as man's physical slave. In the second chapter of Genesis she is simply an after-consideration, and, in connection with this legend of Eden's sin and curse, woman is considered as having caused all the crime and suffering in the world; and this cursed dogma is the central idea around which many minor doctrins hav clustered that for centuries hav been the cause of woman's degradation in Jewish and Christian countries. The writers of the Bible treated women as property—creatures to be bought and sold, bartered or given away, like so many cattle. The female servant or handmaid belonged to her master, who usurped the rights of a husband, as in the case of all the patriarchs. That women were bought and sold is amply sustained by such incidents as in Genesis xxix, where Jacob agrees with his uncle, Laban, to work seven years for Rachel, but, according to the custom of the country, when the seven years were ended, Laban required Jacob to take Leah, the oldest daughter, and work seven more years for Rachel. Thus Jacob's two wives represented the price of fourteen years' labor.

In the Decalog, woman is placed in the same catalog with other property. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox. nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's" (Ex. xx, 17). In chap. xxi of the same book, seventh and eighth verses, we find these words:

"And if a man sell his daughter to be a maid-servant, she shall not go out as the men-servants do. If she please not her master who hath betrothed her to himself, then shall he let her be redeemed. To sell her unto a strange nation he shall hav no power, seeing he hath dealt deceitfully with her."

Here we hav the selling of one's own daughter to be a wife, or concubine, or handmaid, sanctioned by the scriptures, and if she please not her master he is to let her be redeemed. A man may buy a maid and rob her of her honor, and, if he is not in every way satisfied with his bargain, her father may redeem her. Are these the teachings that are intended to purify and elevate woman? Is this an example that would influence the stronger sex to regard with affection and respect the weaker sex?

If there is anything that tends to brutalize man and degrade woman, it is the cursed system of polygamy, yet nowhere in the Bible is polygamy condemned, but in many instances actually encouraged. The Bible characters that are taken as models of righteousness were polygamists. We read in Genesis xxvi, 5, that God blesses Isaac, and givs this reason for it: "Because that Abraham obeyed my voice, and kept my charge, my commandments, my statutes, and my laws." Yet Abraham kept concubines, and was cruel enough to turn his handmaid, Hagar, and her child into the wilderness to starve. Clearly, then, God is not displeased with the system of a plurality of wives, for Abraham obeyed his commandments, his statutes, and his laws.

David also walked in his ways and kept his commandments, and was a man after God's own heart, and yet had a score of wives. It is often said that God punished David for his polygamy, but this is not true. The punishment was for David's action toward Uriah, not because he had more than one wife. When God reproved David for his crime he says: "And I gave thee thy master's house, and thy *master's wives* into thy bosom, and gave thee the house of Israel and of Judah, and if that had been too little I would moreover hav given thee such and such things." If this is not conclusiv enough to prove that God countenanced polygamy, and that David was only punished for his crime against Uriah, a passage from 1 Kings xv, 5 will, no doubt, be sufficient: "Because David did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord, and turned not aside from any thing that he commanded him all the days of his life, save only in the matter of Uriah the Hittite."

Solomon was another of God's favorits, and yet had a harem of a thousand wives and concubines. So much did God think of David and Solomon that he declared that their posterity should forever sit upon the throne of Israel. Whether or not he kept his promis does not concern us now.

Christian apologists say that God had to countenance many of the vices of the Jews; was obliged to lead them gradually in order to civilize them. The omnipotent ruler of the universe obliged to countenance such vices as polygamy and slavery in order to control his chosen people! He could harden and soften the heart of Pharaoh at his pleasure; why could he not hav done the same with the Jews? Why not hav made mankind better anyway? Man was made bad and governed worse, and Jehovah not being able to manage all the different people, he takes one tribe under his especial care, and leaves the rest of mankind to take care of themselvs, many of whom worked out a far better and nobler civilization than the Jews ever attained. If polygamy and concubinage were displeasing to the Lord, he might hav said something about the sacredness of the family ties and the equality of the sexes. Amid the thunders and lightnings of Sinai he might hav declared that the husband should hav but one wife, and the wife but one husband. But instead of this he sustains the barbarian in his prejudices, and fortifies the heathen in his crimes. If Jehovah was really desirous of civilizing the Jews, instead of being so precise about the fashioning of candlesticks, the killing of goats, and the dyeing of ram-skins red, he might hav said that the master should not hold his maid-servant in concubinage, that a man should not sell his daughter, or take to himself more than one wife. He might at least hav hinted to Moses that he had not shown the highest respect to the weaker sex when he ordered several thousand captiv maidens to be given up to the lusts of brutal soldiers and licentious priests. Omnipotence certainly ought to hav been able to hav said something that would hav bettered the condition of wife and mother. But if we read the Bible with an unbiased mind we will find that Jehovah had all the prejudices and vices of the Jews.

Of all the passages of the Bible that treat woman with disrespect and contempt, the twelfth chapter of Leviticus caps the climax. Here Jehovah declares motherhood a sin. The mother that has given birth to a son is unclean for forty days, and if she giv birth to a daughter she is unclean for eighty days. During her "purifying" she is unfit to enter a synagog, and, to add insult to injury, she must take a sin-offering to the priest, and he must offer it as an atonement for her transgression. If there is anything that thrills the husband's heart with tender emotions, that fills his soul with love and adoration for the gentler sex, it is the pure and lovely mother, clasping to her breast her darling offspring. But upon this loveliest of objects Jehovah looks with supercilious contempt. He pronounces her unholy and unclean. But why must her days of purifying be twice as long for a daughter as for a son? Because the daughter will, in her turn, become a mother. Such a doctrin, whether it comes from gods or devils, heaven or hell, from the church or the lowest sinks of perdition, is savagery pure and simple, and it ought to consign to eternal oblivion the god that is said to hav inspired it, the book that contains it, and the church that indorses it.

The Christian here tells us that the old Mosaic laws were done away in Christ—that the Old Testament laws are abrogated. Be this as it may, they show the barbarism of the times, and if Jehovah inspired the writing of them he was a devil instead of a god. Whether we are subject to the Mosaic laws or not, they hav influenced Christendom even to our day to such an extent that it has been, and is yet among a certain class, considered a sin, as an attempt to thwart the will of God, if the suffering of the mother was in any way relieved during child-birth, and we must judge these teachings by their influence. And it is but recently, and now only by the more liberal, that Christians consider themselvs not bound by the Old Testament. But when we examin the New Testament, we find the same ideas prevailing, that woman is in every way inferior to man, and the apostolic writings tend to subjugate and degrade her.

1 Cor. ii, 8, 9, says: "For the man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man; neither was the man created for the woman, but the woman for the man." 1 Cor. xiv, 34, 35, again says: "Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home, for it is a shame for women to speak in the church." A woman is here commanded to keep silence, and if she wishes to learn anything, let her ask her husband at home. Supposing she has no husband, or supposing her husband is a dunce, as many husbands are, then the woman must remain an ignoramus or violate this plain injunction of scripture.

Ephesians v, 22, 23, 24, says: "Wives submit yourselvs unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord, for the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church; and he is the savior of the body. Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything." The wife then is to be subject to her husband as the church is to Christ; or the husband is as superior to the wife as Christ is to the church. Does this declare the equality of the sexes?

First epistle to Timothy ii, 11–15, says: "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence. For Adam was first formed, then Eve. And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression. Notwithstanding she shall be saved in childbearing, if they continue in faith and charity and holiness with sobriety." Here again woman is commanded to say nothing, and if she ventures to teach she violates the commandment; and, if the doctrins of the church be true, she will suffer eternal torment for her temerity. But the strangest part of it is that man is superior to woman because he was first made. If this be true, then the necessary inference is that the oyster is superior to man because it was formed before man. And Adam was not deceived, and consequently was not in the transgression, but Eve, being deceived, was in the transgression; or, in other words, if you sin knowingly you are excusable, but if you are deceived into sinning you are judged guilty. Remarkable jurisprudence that! And the abominable dogma is again brought forth, that for woman's sin in Eden she is to be forever subject to her husband, and he is to rule over her.

GEORGE H. DAWES.

## Post Mortem Probation of Infants.

This world's social problems solved, labor subjected, crude notions of justice smothered under featherbeds of privilege, crime manacled, prolification checked, authority triumphs all along the line.

The poor we hav always with us, simply in order that the scripture may be fulfilled. Our great productivity renders misery superfluous. The rich, as usual, feed the poor; fashion, inventiv and refining, employs thousands in shooting and stuffing little birds for ladies' bonnets. At Newport banquets, that *recherche* dish, a *paté* of humming bird's tongues!

Our "vale of tears" thus redolent of Christian graces, let us turn from the serene enjoyment of this best possible of worlds, to provide for little truants that hav flown away from its school lessons.

In the *Homiletic Review*, Dr. J. L. Withrow, with benevolent solicitude, remarks: "It might clear the atmosphere of some of these *progressiv theories* to preach them squarely.

"Let those who hold to this probation frankly say to the afflicted parents, at the next funeral: 'Your child may indeed hav been regenerate, but its choice of God is a matter to be determined in the future. Of course, if it shall not choose God for itself in the unseen world, your infant will go into everlasting punishment.' Let the preacher venture to speak out such a speculation, and then settle with the bereaved as best he can."

You are wittier than you wot of, Dr. Withrow. Your *speculation* is a *double entente*. If it would not pay, that settles the question, but why not take a majority vote at the grave? The *Andover Review* palliates the shock by assurance that "infants transferred to the heavenly home are under influences perfectly Christian, and develop gradually into spiritual and intellectual maturity, and with a certainty as nearly absolute as any moral certainty can be; so nearly absolute that it is unnecessary to take alternativs into consideration."

Just a delicate seasoning of doubt to flavor the dead sweet of a humdrum routine! And but for the exceptions, what would become of the best of good rules—class privilege of babydom for instance?

The Andover allowance of post mortem influences might be even too liberal for the corporeal safety of babies, were not allowance also made for the decline of modern faith, and the force of the animal storge in parents. Without irreverence toward the *vox populi* of graveyard majorities, is not such appeal to the parties most immediately interested like subjecting tariff legislation to our manufacturers? Of course they will decide in favor of it.

As Grover Cleveland substantially allowed in his inaugural, class interest is the legitimate aim of democratic government. Hell, then, must hav been devised for some party's advantage. A chief source of clerical incomes, without which the precious influence of Christianity might be lost to this world, hell is implied by heaven as the foundation by the superstructure.

Would it be reasonable, or faithful, to deny the influence of heredity over heaven, or to assign equal chances of the sinister alternativ to a respectable pew-holder's baby, as to an Infidel's or a pauper's? Christians no longer burrow in catacombs, nor hold conventicles on the sly in Scottish woods. Nay, Parson Malthus has united Mr. Church with Miss Polly Conomy in holy bands of wedlock.

Like the high and low dilutionists of homeopathy, we may agree in principle, though differing in dosage of damnation. I think there ought to be enough to flavor a heaven rather too insipid for the vulgar taste, and where "the tune the old cow died of" is said to be still all the rage.

Theologic endowments are differential. If the Catholic owns the most effectiv hell, Islam and Utah boast a more attractiv heaven, especially for the heroic sex. Let each make the best of his belongings. Measured by their clerical revenues, fear seems to be the more efficient tax-collector. A virile Christendom repudiates sheol and hades dilutions, it takes hell-fire reverend. Dr. Withrow says Andover cheats in diverting attention from an "intermediate state," where the infant school arrangements may be wanting. It seems that the "progressiv theology" has borrowed from Rome a little purgatory. He concludes with true maternal pathos: "My dear baby of which death deprives me, and which I felt sure beyond doubt the dear Lord took to himself, was it one of those alternativ children that fail of everlasting life? Tried by this fact, who wants aught to do with the theory?"

Of everlasting life? Everlasting ephemera, everlasting phenomena, eternal nonsense. What do you know about the duration of souls, Dr. Withrow? How unfair, or how unfortunate, that in a universe where worlds are seen dissolving and suns flying to pieces, while ideas and societies follow suit in spiritual space, your little jelly-bud, that never had opened into consciousness, but trembled between plant and animal, should fail of an immortal career! If in the absence of reason, any dogma of faith could be found between the covers of the Bible, to avert such a catastrophe! But none has ever beamed on my benighted eyes.

Really, it is very illiberal first to beg the question of existence, and then damn it, before the dawn of vital consciousness.

But I suppose infants must take their chance of grace, a celestial class privilege, with the rest of us.

Swedenborg wants hell by way of contrast. Should we appreciate light and its colors without a dark background? Or perfumes without stenches, or music without noises? Must not some throats be burnt with fourth-proof spirits or red pepper, in order that others shall delight in pure cold water?

As the sun cools his fires in a sea bath, so the nervous or the bilious wed with plastic lymph, and maiden rosebuds with old money-bags. As howling winds and driving sleet make cosy hearths, so our holy fathers opine to found the heavenly mansions on the hells, the Lord's vinyard sending down roots into the lava of craters, and Trinity church leasing brothels.

M. E. LAZARUS.

## Missionaries on the Congo.

[When Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, was in this city, the Methodists invited him to address a preachers' meeting, and answer a few questions relativ to the Congo as a basis for duping Christians into giving money for missionary purposes. The following is the seventh inquiry and Mr. Stanley's reply:]

7. What hav been your relations to missionaries? Where missionaries hav been imperiled, what hav been the causes?

This is a very delicate subject. "Where missionaries hav been imperiled, what hav been the causes?" My relations to missionaries hav been very cordial, indeed. Here and there I hav met people who did not seem to understand their avocation, and who would hav been far better employed in their own country. I will giv you this instance: A missionary, who seemed very intelligent, arrived on the Upper Congo, and asked me for land. I gave him two hundred acres, at a penny an acre; granted it to him in perpetuity. I introduced him to the chiefs of the neighborhood, and they agreed to accept him as a friend. There was every prospect of that man being able to be useful in that region. Founding a state, as we were, we were glad to hav missionaries, and travelers, and tourists, any and everybody who came and could behave himself in that region, because the larger number of white men I could show to the nativs of Africa, the greater would be our influence, and the sooner would civilization be diffused among them. This missionary bargained with one of the nativ chiefs to build him a number of houses for a certain specified number of brass rods. The chief assembled the men and built the houses; and when they were completed and he asked for payment, the missionary refused. Consequently, if we had not been there, this would hav been one of the causes that imperiled that man. I told you that this was a delicate subject. I need not say to you that I argued with that missionary—I preached to him. I told him that his word should be as good as his bond, and, however heavy the demand was, he had promised to pay, and therefore it was his duty to pay. He said, "I do not see why you should interfere in our private affairs." I answered: "I hav but to say the word, and you will hav good reason to understand why I do interfere in your private affairs. If I say to this chief that I wash my hands of the matter, then good-bye to you." Well, he paid.

"Where missionaries hav been imperiled, what hav been the causes?" I told you it was a delicate subject. I dare say some of you read some remarks in some of your New York papers—something relating to the fact that I was the cause of these missionaries having been murdered—some three thousand, all the missionaries being expelled, and Bishop Hannington murdered.

The king of Ukara is a charming and amiable chief and honest man, comparativly speaking. The missionaries went there. At first they located at the southern end of the lake. They then crossed over and made friends with this honest man, the king, and their leaders were very enthusiastic for the king. To cut the story short, they bought a ship and finished her for something like £1,000. They were prepared to launch her. The king—this honest man, comparativly speaking—came with his long staff in his hand, as the custom of the African chief is, and he said: "The ship is built. It is a very fine, nice ship, indeed. Now, do tell me, who is going to pay me for the timber from which that ship was built?" The missionaries said: "We hav bought her as she is. If you hav any lien upon her, you should go to the Arab who sold her to us." "Well, perhaps you say true; I will go."

He marched off with his staff in his hand, a slow, deliberate man, and went to the Arab, and said, "I see you hav built the ship and sold her, but what about the timber?"

"Well, but you know," said the Arab, "the missionaries only paid me for the ship. They did not pay me for the timber, or for the nails, or for the work on it, but for the ship; and they took her with all the debts upon her, whatever they were."

"Well, there is some sense in that," said the king.

He went back to the missionaries, and they said, "That is impossible, we did not buy the debts. It is Sungoro, the Arab, that must pay you."

"Ah, well," he said, with a deep sigh, "you two parties in this affair do not know whether I am to receive anything or not, and therefore I put my staff on the ship and say she shall not leave here until the money is paid."

"Well," said the missionaries, "if you talk like that, help us to launch the ship, and we will go and bring our goods in her, and then pay you."

"Good," he said; "that is honest, that is fair. Now, boys, help these white men launch the ship."

The ship was launched, the missionaries embarked, but in making the trip she foundered, and they lost everything. They swam ashore, and received a letter from the Arab telling them that the king had heard of the loss of the ship, and as he had not been paid, he was sure they intended to cheat him, and, therefore, he was determined to seize upon them. "Now," said he, "you bring your small boat and help me to escape."

The missionaries brought their boat alongside the shore, but all around it were the king and his people. The missionaries were killed, the Arab was killed, and sixty of their people were killed. That is another of the causes that hav imperiled the missionaries.

What caused Bishop Hannington's death? You cannot serve God and mammon. You must serve one or the other; and there is the mammon of wealth, and the mammon of fame, and the mammon of ambition, and if a missionary becomes also an explorer for fame, he must needs meet the dangers that involve the explorer; and when the bishop left the well-known roads, and came with a well-armed force through Uganda, the people of that country took him for one of those Germans bent on annexing the whole of that region. They could not understand why a man should come to the back door when the front door was open to all comers.

On the Congo there are some forty or fifty missionaries to-day, including Catholic missionaries. It is not likely that they will be permitted to imperil themselvs or their cause, because then they would come in conflict with the state. Nevertheless, they may imperil themselvs by going beyond bounds by such conduct as the race which I described in my last work on the Congo between the English Baptists and the undenominational missionaries, headed by Dr. Sims. It was simply a race from Stanley Pool toward Stanley Falls, thinking they were doing God's work. It was very nice to see. No sooner had I given permission to the English Baptists to establish themselvs at Leopoldville than the undenominational people came and asked for permission to establish at Bolobo. Then the other party asked permission to establish at Lukolela, and then the other party at Equatorville; and then they came to me to negotiate for a grant 400 or 500 miles ahead of them, and I also gave localities there.

Lately a missionary, who has done a great deal of work in exploring, came very near imperiling the work of the missionaries on the Congo. Of course, when he had a fast steamer he could escape the nativs. He was safe enough. But suppose he had been pursued, and his steamer had gone aground, then what would hav been the outcry in England immediately? It is useless to struggle against the barbarism of Africa. It is enjoined upon the missionary that he shall not use deadly weapons; and when these people meet them with drawn bows and leveled spears, they run. That implies to the nativs that they are cowards. The nativs say, "Whatever they hav got is ours. Let us pursue them." Therefore, one of these missionaries had to use his rifle to save himself. Had he remained in the vicinity of the stations he would not hav had to do it. He would hav had the protection of the authorities. These are the causes that imperil missionaries; their own imprudence, their own want of judgment.

## New York's Progressiv Excise Commissioners.

The excise commissioners of this city hav decided to encourage the sale of beer and light wines by fixing a new grade of license between the $75 saloon license and the $30 ale and beer license, which does not permit the sale of wine. They hav also decided to increase the fee for the saloon license under which spirituous liquor is sold with ale, beer, and wine.

One thing they find lacking is a sufficient force to detect violations of the law. The commissioners hav no power to enforce the law, and while they acknowledge the cordial coöperation of the superintendent of police, they say that it is nevertheless a fact that men whose licenses hav been revoked, and more to whom licenses hav been refused, hav gone right on selling in defiance of law.

They attribute much of this difficulty in enforcing the law to the fact that in some respects the law is deemed by a large number to be unjust and absurd, especially where it prohibits the sale of beer and wine at a musical or other entertainment. The law, they say, was evidently directed at disreputable resorts, and was not designed to affect rational and orderly amusements. They say that

> A very large class of our citizens, and by no means the least industrious and respectable among them, feel the operation of this law to be a purposeless outrage of their personal rights.
>
> That the legislature did not consider the combination of wine and music as wicked or very injurious in all cases is evident from the fact that they specially exempted church fairs and Sunday-school exhibitions from the operation of this law.
>
> Many people fail to understand why they should not be allowed to enjoy a glass of beer at a secular concert as well as at a church fair.

They suggest also that short term licenses for balls, fairs, and excursions should be provided for by law, and they hope that the incoming mayor will recommend to the legislature a bill embodying their suggestions.

As long as alcoholic drinks are to be sold, it is best to hav the sale regulated, if at all, in a sensible and impartial manner. This certainly is not done when beer and wine can be sold at church fairs without a license, while the respectable and orderly concert-hall next door is refused a license on account of its propinquity to a church building.

## Lucky for Him.

*From the New York Sun.*

The Rev. Dr. Heman Lincoln, the learned Baptist theological professor and politician, explains, or tries to explain, that he didn't mean what he was thought to mean when he told Mr. Blaine and his hosts, the Boston Congregational Club, on Forefathers' Day, that "the city of Collins and O'Brien is not quite the city of Winthrop and the pilgrims." The inference seemed plain, but it is due Dr. Lincoln to say that he is averse to being considered a disciple of Dr. R. R. R. Burchard. Moreover, he is a voluminous volunteer contributor to our valued contemporary, the *Boston Journal*, and his communications show in him a commendably low opinion of Mugwumps. He is entitled to the benefit of this certificate of good sense.

It may be well, however, for the purpose of reminding him to be cautious in his excursions from theology into Boston politics, that it is mighty lucky for him that Boston and Massachusetts are very different from what they were in the time of the elder Winthrop. If they were the same now as then, the Rev. Dr. Heman Lincoln would not be a professor in the Baptist Theological Seminary at Newton. There would be no Baptist theological seminary in Massachusetts, Congregationalism would be the established church of that state, and Baptist preachers and teachers would hav to keep their convictions to themselvs or make for the Providence Plantations. It seems to us that the Rev. Dr. Heman Lincoln and everybody else in Boston who doesn't want to stand on the Saybrook Platform, and has still less desire to stand in the pillory, should be very glad that Boston is not the same sort of place it used to be two hundred and fifty years ago.

It is a curious thing, however, that many men, instead of being grateful for the religious toleration which they enjoy, are angry because some creed which they dislike is not excluded from it. We do not believe that Dr. Lincoln is one of that sort. All Burchardesque remarks indicate a suspended consciousness in the maker. It is as if he had gone to sleep in the time of the Mathers and woke up in the Boston of Collins and O'Brien. His surprise at finding that "papistry" flourishes and that ill-favored old women can walk past the frog-pond without being ducked for witches is natural.

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# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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C. P. SOMERBY, - - Business Manager.

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## SPECIAL NOTICE.

THERE are about a thousand of our subscribers in arrears, their indebtedness aggregating some two or three thousand dollars. To each one of these debtors, of course, the amount is small, but to us the amount is very large, and sadly hinders our work. We need this money—need it now—and we respectfully ask that it be remitted.

It costs a great deal of money to publish a large journal, and we hav no extensiv advertising patronage to help us out. We depend entirely upon the subscription list and book sales to obtain cash to pay bills, and when so large a sum as two and three thousand dollars is kept from us, the financial shoe grows painfully tight.

Every subscriber can see upon his tab just to what date his subscription is paid. Those whose time has expired, are requested to remit at once.

## Names Wanted.

Will the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER send us the names of all their friends who are Liberally inclined, so that they may receive a sample copy of this paper? We desire to largely increase the subscription list, and shall be grateful for all aid extended.

If our present subscribers would mention to their Liberal friends that THE TRUTH SEEKER is a good paper to subscribe for, it might be the means of materially helping us.

## Mr. Henry George and the Catholic Church.

When Henry George ran for mayor of this city last fall, the elements supporting him were the most incongruous ever united by a common purpose. First of all were the trades-unions and the Knights of Labor, then the German Socialists, then the Freethinkers and a large dissatisfied element of scholarly voters who hav for years been so disgusted with common politics that they hav altogether refused to vote. Added to these were a few heretical Protestant clergymen, and a few Catholic priests, at the head of whom was Dr. McGlynn. The Knights of Labor and trade-unionists are largely Catholics, the Socialists are mostly Infidels, but pay no attention whatever to that phase of reform, and are not reckoned among the working Freethought contingent of this city. Aside from the clergy, nearly all the George campaign speakers were Infidels, and not a few were drawn from the membership of the Manhattan Liberal Club. The compilers of the "George-Hewitt Campaign," just issued by the Lovell Company in the interest of Mr. George, are both sturdy Freethinkers.

As the candidate of this mixed multitude of supporters, Mr. George proved himself a remarkably expert politician. He had an ear for all sorts, agreed with about everybody, but put his main dependence upon "working the religious racket," as the ordinary politicians express it. It is probable, though, that he would hav extended at least a finger to the Freethought element but for the advice of one gentleman.

Near the beginning of the campaign, seeing the general support that Liberals were extending to Mr. George, we thought it well to obtain from him some expression of views upon the objects for which Liberals are working. We wanted to know if, in case the Liberal paw helped pull the mayoralty chestnut out of the fire, the Liberals would be appreciated. In pursuance of this desire for information, we wrote Mr. George an open letter, and sent it to him by the hand of one of his chief lieutenants. Our readers will perhaps recollect the drift of the letter. Mr. George found time to read it, graciously expressed the opinion that it was "not bad," and had not one of his campaign speakers been at hand—a Positivistic gentleman with a perennial sneer upon his lips—who said that the Liberals were hardly worth catering to, Mr. George would hav answered it. However, he never did, but continued to kneel before the Catholic and Protestant altars impartially. Mr. George is no sectarian. We continued to express the opinion that the dalliance of the reform party with the church would turn out to be another Delilah affair, disastrous to all but Delilah, who would get her eleven hundred pieces of silver from all the lords of the Philistines.

And so it proved. The Chickering Hall meeting was intended by the managers of the George campaign to catch all the floating piety of the city and land it on the George platform. The campaign speakers known to be Infidels were sent elsewhere or kept quiet, and the "religious racket" had the floor. To the eye of the public the meeting was a spontaneous expression of a desire for George's election. The immense audience did not know that it was the floating piety of the city, and the absence of a few advertised Catholic priests was not noted. The result of the meeting, however, would probably hav opened Mr. George's eyes had he known what he knows now—that all the Catholic priests were ordered not to attend, and that the result of Dr. McGlynn's speech was his arbitrary suspension for two weeks.

The disciplining of his friend very naturally makes Mr. George angry. Perhaps he is also chagrined that so powerful an organization as the Catholic church has sat down upon him. But, in the end, it will be helpful. Mr. George is the friend of social progress—its advocate, and an efficient worker for it. He has stirred up the country as has no other man upon any subject, except Col. R. G. Ingersoll upon religious questions. Whether one agrees with his theories or not, he must be thanked for that. It is a matter of history, we believe, that the Roman Catholic church never agreed with a single progressiv idea until the rest of the world forced it to. Its opposition now will benefit rather than harm Mr. George. We never could see upon what grounds he expected its aid, or why he even expected it to keep silence. His land theories are heretical, and subversiv of the existing order of things, and when did the Roman Catholic church fail to denounce such theories?

Mr. George is an able man, a student of history, and he knew these things as well last summer as he knows them now. Yet he endeavored to "work the church" for votes, but boils over with hot indignation now that his theories are officially condemned. We can applaud every sentence he writes exposing the trickery, the duplicity, the tyranny, of the Catholic church, but we cannot sympathize with him. Dr. McGlynn is the injured party, and every American citizen should feel his pulse jump when he considers the danger American liberty is in from the machinations of a powerful hierarchy, directed by unscrupulous men.

## Costly Playthings.

Among the financial burdens which the people of this city hav to bear in 1887 are the following large interest accounts on bonds issued for the benefit of the two museums in the Park. The bonds are due in 1903, when they must be taken up:

| | Principal | Interest |
|---|---|---|
| Consolidated stock—city—Metropolitan Museum of Art | $25.000.00 | $750.00 |
| Museum of Art and Nat. Hist. stock | 2.000 00 | 80 00 |
| " " " " " " | 291,000 00 | 14.550.00 |
| " " " " " " | 665,000.00 | 39,900.00 |
| | 983,000.00 | 55,280.00 |

This year the city raises $55,280 for the museums, besides $30,000 for running expenses, and an additional $10,000 if the museums are kept open on Sunday. At present these museums are rather costly toys for the people to support, considering that they are of value only to an exceedingly limited number of persons. It is better to pay the extra $10,000 and make them of some use.

## The Andover Farce.

The Boston *Post* has given the Andover trial the title of "The Trial of the Century." The *Post* is right. It is the trial of the century—for childish absurdity. A rational person can scarcely regard the trial as a serious thing. It seems like a farce, or the play of children. Yet the men conducting it—the complainants, the defendants, the board of visitors forming the court, the advocates—are men of learning, of prominence in the community, and in their daily walks command the respect of all. But among rational folks how can seriousness attach to a trial where the complainants gravely accuse one of the offenders with having taught his students to "pronounce sheol with the circumflex accent, indicating doubt," and the accused considers the charge of sufficient importance to indignantly deny it, and affirm, with the deepest earnestness, that he teaches students to pronounce the word with the downward accent, indicating power and a full acceptance of the idea conveyed!

The charges against the five professors amount to nothing in their bearing upon the disputed points of Christian theology. The trial is a sane proceeding only when the questions discussed are whether the teachings of the professors agree with the Andover creed. The founders of the seminary settled upon a certain creed, to the propagation of which they wished their money applied. This was their right. The five professors are now accused of teaching doctrins for which no authority can be found in the creed. If they hav done this, they ought to resign, for it is not honest to misuse trust funds. The board of visitors of the seminary can remove a professor only for "misbehavior, heterodoxy, incapacity, or neglect of the duties of his office." As neither of the professors has misbehaved, or is incapable, or has neglected his duties, the charge has narrowed to "heterodoxy."

Professor Smyth is the head and front of the offenders, because, as editor of the *Andover Review*, and joint author of a book called "Progressiv Orthodoxy," his opportunities hav been larger, and he is alleged to hav zealously improved them. The charges against him may be taken as the substance of the complaint against the five professors. He is accused:

Of having maintained and inculcated that the Bible is not the only perfect rule of faith and practice, but is fallible and untrustworthy, even in some of its religious teachings.

This Mr. Smyth denies, but kind-hearted people would honor him more if he had maintained that the rule of faith laid down by Christ, that except a man hate his wife, and mother, and father, and brother, he could not be a disciple, is fallible and untrustworthy.

Of having taught that men "are not sinners who hav not heard of Christ, or, at any rate, not in danger of being lost."

This charge was likewise denied by Professor Smyth, who said that he predicated sinfulness of man universally.

Of having taught that no man can be lost without a knowledge of the historic Christ.

Professor Smyth likewise denied this teaching, but he ought to hav maintained it. For if no man can be lost without a knowledge of Christ, every one is safe. There is not a judge in the world who would giv a ten-day sentence on such incomplete evidence as the world has regarding Christ.

Of having held that the atonement of Christ consists in his becoming identified with the human race in the incarnation.

Of having taught a modal trinity (that is, that the trinity consists in modes of being, and not really of three persons).

Of holding that the work of the holy spirit is chiefly confined to the sphere of historic Christianity.

Of asserting that without knowledge of the historic Christ man does not stand under the law.

Of having taught that faith ought to be scientific and rational, rather than scriptural.

Of teaching that there is and will be probation after death to all men who do not decisivly reject Christ in their earthly life, and that this should be emphasized and even made central in systematic theology.

Professor Smyth denied all but two of these gentle impeachments of his Calvinistic orthodoxy. While he insisted that the "work of the spirit" was universal for the race, he held that such work had been chiefly confined to the sphere of historic Christianity.

"If it has not been confined to the sphere of historic Christianity," he triumphantly asked the court, "why has it not converted Asia and Africa without the preaching of the gospel at all?" As to probation after death for those who had never heard of Christ, he held that question to be one for further inquiry rather than for dogmatic teaching. Of whom he proposed to inquire, Mr. Smyth did not say. The question was a temporary one, he added, for in time all men would hear of the gospel. Therefore, though the idea is not wanting in practical and present importance, he would not insist on making probation after death a central doctrin in theology, but only an inference from a doctrin or fundamental principle. That is to say, rather than lose his position and salary as a professor at the Phillips Academy at Andover, Mass., he would let all those who had the misfortune to be born before Christ, and all those since who had not heard of his birth, go straight to hell! The heathen and the others should feel obliged to Mr. Smyth, and endeavor to do something for him.

The board of visitors will hav difficulty in fastening upon the five professors the charge of heterodoxy. They hold a great deal closer to Calvinism than they do to common sense. They are not even Liberal Christians. The present Congregationalism of New England is heresy itself compared to their creed. They hav proved in this trial their right to rest peacefully among the fossil relics of Andover.

If this trial shall be generally known as the "trial of the century," the title will also generally be qualified by some such word as "absurd." Tilting at windmills is seriousness personified beside this "trial."

## The Annual Religious Steal.

The following is a list of the money to be spent by our city government during 1887 upon institutions of the various churches—a few of which are worthy of aid—the most of which are not. The total amount exceeds by $221,003.30 the grant for 1886:

| | |
|---|---|
| New York Asylum for Idiots | $778 00 |
| American Female Guardian Society | 25,000 00 |
| Children's Aid Society | 70,000 00 |
| The Children's Fold of the City of New York | 17,680 00 |
| Foundling Asylum of the Sisters of Charity | 279,893 00 |
| Hebrew Benevolent Society of the City of New York | 75,000 00 |
| Hudson River State Hospital | 11,697 00 |
| Institution for Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes | 15,750 00 |
| New York Institution for the Blind | 8,750 00 |
| New York Catholic Protectory | 247,500 00 |
| New York Infant Asylum | 100,157 00 |
| New York Infirmary for Women and Children | 4,500 00 |
| New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb | 13,950 00 |
| New York Juvenile Asylum | 107,250 00 |
| New York Society for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled | 25,950 00 |
| New York State Lunatic Asylum | 1,074 88 |
| Protestant Episcopal House of Mercy | 2.200 00 |
| Nursery and Child's Hospital | 110,000 00 |
| Roman Catholic House of the Good Shepherd | 6,000 00 |
| St. Joseph's Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes | 20,040 00 |
| State Asylum for Insane Criminals at Auburn | 1,560 00 |
| The Shepherd's Fold of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New York | 5,000 00 |
| State Homœopathic Asylum for the Insane | 3,546 92 |
| Five Points House of Industry | 10,400 00 |
| Association for Befriending Children and Young Girls | 12,000 00 |
| New York Magdalen Benevolent Asylum and Home for Fallen Women | 400 00 |
| For support of children committed by magistrates to various charitable institutions in the city of New York, at a per capita allowance of $2 per week for each child, including deficiency for the year 1886 | 250,000 00 |
| | $1,426,076 80 |

This last item of a round quarter of a million will be divided up among those enterprising institutions which find the care of children at two dollars per week so profitable that they keep salaried agents at the various police courts to induce the magistrates to commit juvenil delinquents to their tender mercies. The Roman Catholic children's prisons will get the most of this quarter of a million, and the Protestant and Infidel taxpayers can hav the satisfaction of knowing that they are spending hundreds of thousands of dollars annually to train up good Catholics. It is a cheerful prospect, and we congratulate the Roman Catholic authorities upon their success in grand larceny. The boodle aldermen can sit at their feet and learn.

## Genesis and Geology.

In expounding the Sunday-school lesson from Genesis for the little Methodists recently the exigetist, Dr. Vail, said: "But the records of the rocks, the account written on the stone leaves of the book of nature, declared that these six days must hav meant six long periods of time." This statement has been the cause of many letters being written to the Methodist official organ asking if this is the doctrin of the Methodist church.

The reply of the organ is that the church has not formulated a doctrin on the conflict between geology and Genesis. Many Methodists, says the organ, no doubt "believe that these six days must hav meant six long periods of time. But many Methodists believe that six *literal* days are meant; and some of the ablest scholars among us hold that view, and also some who are most proficient in the natural sciences. Still others take the ground that the narrativ is not to be interpreted literally, except as to its fundamental facts—the creation of matter and man by a personal God, the free agency of man, and his fall—and hold that the rest is a semi-poetic drapery. Some of the clearest thinkers who believe both the testimony of the rocks and the testimony of Genesis, hold that immeasurable ages ago God created matter, and left it without form and void to the operation of natural laws, which natural laws account for what geology reveals, and that he then fitted up the earth for the habitation of man in six days. Under these circumstances let every intelligent Sunday-school teacher and superintendent teach without impeaching the sacred record what seems to him to be the truth."

This is a yielding on the part of the church quite unexpected, but we doubt if the view will be accepted by the majority. Of all Protestant denominations, Methodists are usually the last to get a new idea, but cling tenaciously to the ancient doctrins of the sect. Nevertheless, if the church makes the six days of creation mean six "good whiles," she may at last accept the science of evolution, and then where is theology?

We should like to get the views of the late Mr. John Wesley upon the subject. We fear they would not coincide with this advice of the editor of the organ.

## Editorial Notes.

"If the number of women admitted to the clergy were much larger, and they were allowed to exercise the pastoral function in all churches, they would be likely to hav a poor chance in competition with clergymen."—*Daily Paper.*

Yes, there would undoubtedly be a falling off in the church attendance now composed largely of parson-worshiping women; but might not a boom in morality be reasonably expected?

Moses Hull, who was arrested in the suit against him by one Hale, has come off victorious Hale advertised in various papers that he gave a great number of books away with every subscription to his insignificant journal, and Mr. Hull expressed his doubt of the genuinness of the transaction. Hence the arrest and subsequent acquittal. Mr. Hull is to be congratulated upon the good work he has done.

The *Evening Post* of this city makes the charges that church statistics are wilfully falsified by church officials to show that the churches grow faster than the population; that church statistics are less trustworthy than others; and that church membership lists are intentionally inflated, as also are the returns of church benevolence. The *Post* seems to understand the effect that Christianity has upon its professional supporters.

George Macdonald, the English novelist, is a reverend, and consequently an authority upon what constitutes a Christian. Here is his latest definition:

"A Christian is just one who does what the Lord Jesus tells him. Neither more nor less than that makes one a Christian."

It is well that the world should know this. Jesus said, among other things, that if any man come to me and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." By doing just as Jesus tells him a man may become a good Christian, but he would scarcely be deemed fit to associate with decent folks.

Mr. George Macdonald desires space in The Truth Seeker to remove a misapprehension. Many discriminating persons hav thought that he is the author of the articles published in this paper signed Si Slokum, and he has received assurance of distinguished regard on that account. This he does not object to, but when a correspondent comes forward and accuses him of seeking to inaugurate chaos and to involve the country in civil war, he conceives it his duty to arise to a question of high privilege. Mr. Slokum is a separate and distinct individual, and resides at 2 Lewis avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. He is a *littérateur* whose name has been in the papers almost as long as that of Ned Buntline. He is a story-writer, and has furnished a tale for the Truth Seeker Annual for 1887 that Mr. Macdonald is sure he never could hav written. His views as published in The Truth Seeker are his own, and he has abundant ability to defend them. He had won a reputation as a writer before George Macdonald was born. Like other men of merit he is modest and does not write for glory, so that no great harm has been done. But if some day the writings of the younger Macdonald should be attributed to Mr. Slokum the injustice would be of a serious nature.

We print in this issue an article by Colonel Ingersoll, setting forth his ideas as to what a Liberal paper should be. These are among his sentences:

"A Liberal paper should not discuss theological questions alone."
"The paper should be filled with things calculated to interest thoughtful, intelligent, and serious people."
"There should be a column for children as well as for men."
"Above all, it should be perfectly kind and candid."
"Nothing should be asserted that is not known."
"Above all and over all, a Liberal paper should teach the absolute freedom of the mind, the utter independence of the individual, THE PERFECT LIBERTY OF SPEECH."

We find in the article nothing with which we can disagree, and this for the reason that The Truth Seeker is exactly the sort of Liberal paper the colonel has described; and, besides having all the features enumerated, The Truth Seeker is illustrated, though this may be covered by the passage which says that "the beautiful in thought, in form and color, should be preserved." Altogether, the prospectus applies to this paper about as closely as words can be adjusted to fact.

Our Canadian friends hav another Freethought journal, and we trust it may be longer lived than its predecessors. Mr. Charles Watts and H. C. Luse hav begun at Toronto the publication of *Secular Thought*, and the first number is out. Mr. Watts tells us in his usual dignified and dispassionate style why he publishes the journal, Dr. E. B. Foote writes upon the Secular value of the laws of health, C. A. Watts sends a short account of Secularism in England, E. A. Stevens shows Secularists their present duty, Helen Gardener writes a letter from this city, Colonel Ingersoll informs Mr. Watts how to conduct a Liberal paper, Allen Pringle describes the failure of theology, the associate editor, Mr. Luse, tells a story for the children, J. A. Risser briefly surveys the Secular movement in Toronto; there are some short thoughts for thinkers, a few sunbeams, and some editorial notes and comments of great luminosity. The paper is well printed, and contains about half as much matter as The Truth Seeker. It will undoubtedly be a powerful force in civilizing Canada, and no country is in greater need of reclamation from Christian barbarism. Mr. Watts also professes to be not unwilling to send a copy or two into the United States. We extend to our esteemed contemporary a cordial welcome to the battle against ecclesiastical wrong, and the hope that it will meet with the success the talents of its distinguished editors deserve. There ought to be a hundred Liberal journals where now there is only one.

In the *Progressiv Age* of December 18th, Mr. J. M. Jamison, who writes the "Current Jottings," asserted that the editor of The Truth Seeker had been obliged to refrain from condemning the conviction of the Chicago Anarchists because of loss of subscribers. Mr. Jamison was asked why he printed such a statement when he knew nothing about the facts. Up to this time he answereth not, but in the *Age* of January 1st we observe the following:

"Pardon.—The editor of the *Progressiv Age* is not responsible for the article which appeared against The Truth Seeker, nor does the publisher claim to know anything about The Truth Seeker's gains or losses The article in question which appeared in this paper December 18th last was contributed by Mr. Jamison. How Jamison received his information about The Truth Seeker's affairs we do not know, but we are under the impression that Mr. Jamison, as a Liberal, would not misconstrue things; but if the editor of The Truth Seeker does cherish such sentiments, we trust that Mr. Jamison will use some method to right himself. As far as the *Progressiv Age* is concerned, it disapproves of all personal controversy. In addition, we must state that we look upon The Truth Seeker as an honest, upright journal, and fearlessly expressing its views on all subjects, and deserves the support of every Freethinker. H. Hammerschlag, Publisher."

This exonerates the *Age*, and Mr. Hammerschlag's friendly feelings are reciprocated; but, with him, we wish Mr. Jamison would "use some method to right himself," as that gentleman is wrong on both counts. We hav not lost subscribers because of our position on the Anarchist case, and we hav not refrained from expressing our opinion when we considered it advisable. And perhaps we may be allowed to suggest here that an addition to our subscription list would not induce us to say what we do not think, nor would the discontinuing of his subscription by some dissatisfied reader induce us to keep quiet when we think it necessary to speak. That would not be Freethought, and The Truth Seeker would not then be a Freethought journal.

## Lectures and Meetings.

Two clergymen came all the way from Illinois to attend J. E. Remsburg's lectures at Mt. Vernon, Indiana.

Mr. W. F. Jamieson has obtained the promis of Brother Putnam to go to Denver, Colorado, and occupy his "pulpit," for two Sundays. Other speakers will fill three other Sundays during Mr. Jamieson's absence in Nebraska. January 25th and 26th he has an engagement in Minden, or near there; 28th, 29th, and 30th in Central City; February 4th, 5th, and 6th in Osceola; 7th, 8th, and 9th in Stromsburg; dates not yet filled for other points; will probably visit Wilber, Waverly, Eagle, Clearwater, Neligh, Syracuse, Salem, Frenchtown, Iudianola, and Arlington. He will hav about twelve nights left, and invites Liberals who would like to hav him giv them from two to five lectures to write him without delay. He would be willing to dip down into Kansas for a half dozen lectures, and will invade Iowa if the "call" is loud enough. Address 271 Fifteenth street, Denver, Colorado.

# Letters from Friends.

ELYSIA, O., Dec. 19, 286.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to say that we hav had Mr. John E. Remsburg here. On the 13th he gave us a lecture, "False Claims," and everyone was very much pleased with it. It was very hot for the lovers of the Bible, but it was the truth, and they could not deny it, and they want him to come again. I wish every Liberal would try and get Mr. Remsburg to lecture in his town. He sows good seed, and they will all take root and grow. He is a grand orator.

CHARLES A. WOOD.

GARRETTSVILLE, O., Dec. 28, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: The cartoon on the first page of THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 25th illustrates plainer than words the situation of many professed Liberals, who claim to stand on evolution, yet cling to orthodoxy with a death-like tenacity, worthy of a better cause, afraid of Mrs. Grundy, fearful of losing patronage, or it might stir up unpleasantness in the family or church to which wife or daughter belongs. A fig for such Liberals. "Git offen dat platform, or leff go de critter."

A. C. LAKE.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, WYO. TERR., Dec. 31, 1886.

TO READERS OF THE TRUTH SEEKER: I sent for "What's to be Done." It is one of the most interesting and original books that has ever been written. My copy has been in constant use, and those who read it are compelled to see the follies and crimes that grow out of Christian Paganism. It is not Anarchistic, but rather highly Socialistic. Its morality is of an order so high that the best among us will stand self-condemned in the presence of the moral ideals that are therein presented.

The author is all the more grand and worthy that he dared to confront a merciless despotism, and present ideas that must ultimately govern men's thoughts and lives if we are ever to reach that heaven to which we expect to attain.

Many portions of the book deal with the most complex problems of Sociology. Altruism is taught as the fundamental principle that should guide human conduct.

G. L. HENDERSON.

SOLDIER'S HOME, WIS., Dec. 29, 286.

MR. EDITOR: "What an awful malediction where God threatens, 'If ye will not hear and lay to heart to giv glory to my name, I will curse your blessing.' The curse of God is bad enough, but when it falls on our very blessings, in what a sad case we shall be! Let us hasten then to giv glory unto his name, by lips and life, by word and walk" (*Christian Standard*). Poetical surely, though it savors somewhat of the Don Quixote persuasion, which existed way back in Spanish lore of frenzied knight-errantry. Doubtless this editor of the *Christian Standard* is abundantly familiar with God to giv him all the lip he wants to. And yet it would not be a safe investment for us poor heathen who never knew this God, lest he become angry and *curse* our *blessing*. Now, Mr. Editor, if this immaculate journalist of the great *Christian Standard* keeps on the track of his God as he has found it, there is nothing on earth to prevent him from becoming the greatest hound in the orthodox pack, except his overzealous pursuit, which might run him into a strait-jacket.

Respectfully, NELSON HUNT.

THOMPSONTOWN, PA., Dec. 29, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5, to be used as directed.

I want to do all I can afford to to spread abroad the work of L. R. Smith, "Personal Existence After Death Improbable," of which I order several copies, so that it may be read all over the land. It expresses a thought well worthy of consideration. Let the eyes be opened of those who so unfortunately are forced to dread hell in a personal existence after death, and of those as well who are made to believe that they alone will go to heaven without a thought of others. Let humanity learn to be good here—now—in this world, the only one we know of. Establish happiness here by acts of justice and right. Enjoy this and rejoice over the coming of a profound and dreamlesss sleep in nature after (at best) a toilsome life here. How sweet an unconscious sleep! Rest, instead of a doubting, dreading, endless torment or fancying a monotonous horn-blowing, harp-snapping, golden street-walking, starry crown-wearing heaven. Any sensible man or woman would rather sleep than march in the ranks of a Salvation Army. Friend L. R. Smith, let's shake!

JAY F. HALDEMAN.

LUNENUURG, MASS., Dec. 26, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please say to your artist that the cartoons during the past year hav, as educators, been a success.

> Folly and fraud, secure from pulpit, law and throne,
> Are reached by ridicule alone.

Those illustrations that hav so keenly presented to the understanding of your patrons the ridiculous fables and legends of a most superstitious age, are priceless. Take the last, if you please. As a fact, what a blasphemous reflection upon God who had just fitted up the world as good as new, and got everything running as nice as a cotton hat. A most roundabout way to gain a desired end, *viz.*, to get a good sort of people started on this planet, worthy of the cost of time and material.

After Noah had got everything secured for a sea-voyage, port-holes all calked and "payed," hatchways tarred and canvassed, it is reported that an Irishman appeared before the ark, claiming audience with the captain, whom he addressed as Mr. Noah. Standing knee-deep in water, he cries, "Good Mr. Noah, do let me take passage with you during the storm!" But the inexorable "No" rang from the upper deck, and the supplicant withdrew. Still the rain fell, and the flood increased, and Pat, submerged to his loins, returned to the ark and renewed his supplications, with prompt denial from him he had so lately addressed as Mr. Noah. Turning on his heels with dauntless heroism, he exclaimed: "Go to hell with your ark, Old Noah, there will be no great of a shower after all."

I consider this story as authentic as anything about Noah's voyage, and any methods, and all methods, that turn the mind of readers, hearers, or seers to the folly and fraud of such fables are commendable; and truly horrible as those illustrations hav been, they are as mild as daisies and gentians to the terrible realities they aim to lay before the mind's eye.

A. H. WOOD.

EAST HICKORY, PA., Dec. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Perhaps you don't know that I liv in a hot-hole of superstition and bigotry. There are a great many here that will read THE TRUTH SEEKER and call it good, but dare not subscribe for fear of their friends. I hav got some of them to think that the Bible God hates a coward. I guess I can get two or three subscribers by New Year's. I hav had bad luck for a year—burnt out once, now hav a broken leg. I am going to the post-office to-day, and will send you some money. I will also try hard to get a subscriber or two. As soon as I can afford it, I want to get Paine's works and lots of others; but for the present THE TRUTH SEEKER will hav to fill the bill. It is a thunderbolt in this community. The cartoons are just the ticket. They tell longer stories than could be printed on twice the space they occupy, and some people will look at them who would not read, and it starts a train of thought they otherwise never would hav had. There is a tough set of citizens in this neck of woods, but we thank God we do not liv in New Jersey.

N. SPENCER.

COLUMBUS, KAN., Dec. 25, 1886.

TO THE HUMANE READER: For fifty years "without money and without price," with tongue and pen, under persecutions, prosecutions, pecuniary losses and sacrifices, mobs, injury of person and perils of life, I hav advocated and defended truth, liberty, individuality, justice, and humanity against all usurpations of power over natural and individual rights, all monopolies, slaveries, and tyrannies, under every name and in every form.

During all this time I had hoped that now, at sixty-eight, I should hav a home, but I am at present a homeless tramp. I hav not been shrewd and selfish enough to keep my home, and pretended friends hav unjustly deprived me of it and what little I had, and I hav but $150 left.

I suffer much from insomnia and several chronic ailments, and I need a warm, quiet room to myself, near liberal, congenial, humane minds.

If any who read this are *able* and *want* to let me hav a life lease of an acre or half an acre of land, on which to build me a small, cheap house, I will be very grateful, and they can address me at Columbus, Kan.

J. H. COOK.

FABIUS, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1886.

FRIEND MACDONALD: Please mail me six copies of Ingersoll's Lay Sermon, so I can distribute them to friends in various parts of the United States. Did my finances permit, I would scatter them broadcast over the land to set people to thinking. As it is, I am compelled to pay tax to the powers that be—which are ordained of Gold—else I must take a respectful leave of my home and its surroundings, which "Barkis" must obey *nolens volens*.

That book notice by Chamberlain was splendid. I guess Hageman is on the right track. Mrs. Freeman's letter was very interesting. McArthur, too, deals sledge-hammer blows to the "Mither Choorch" that tell every time. Historic facts are, indeed, stubborn things.

We shall anxiously watch for full reports of Reynolds's, also the Anarchists' trials in the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Am glad to learn my friend McMillan, of Wamego, Kan., gets some Freethought sentiments in local papers, a thing I've been doing for several years with fair success. Hope many of your readers will do the same, so as to kindle and keep the camp-fires burning. Eternal vigilance is required for safety.

HOMER A. BILLINGS.

GRIDLEY, KAN., Dec. 27, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: In renewing my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, I am happy to inform you that I am impelled to do so from a sense of justice, not so much for myself or for you and for those who are already enlisted and fighting against the evils of the church, but I feel this to be one of the best methods Freethinkers hav to build up and keep up the march of the human race to freedom and happiness. I feel that I hav enlisted in, and am now engaged in, the grandest undertaking of my life—that of trying to disabuse the minds of the rising generation of the great church idea. In my feeble way I try to make plain to all with whom I talk upon the subject that we hav nothing to do with anything but this world, and that it is an impossibility for us to know anything of any other. Consequently it behooves us to improve all our time and energies to make this world and its inhabitants better. I am happy to note the forward strides made in the past year by the American Secular Union, and especially the solid work performed by its secretary, Mr. Putnam. I long for the time when he may again be on the wing, and fly from city to city, or hamlet to hamlet, sowing the good seed which will fall in good ground, to be safely garnered in due season. His "News and Notes" are so full of everything that makes or puts life in literature that I am always desirous for the paper when he is on the road. Yet there are many more reasons why I like THE TRUTH SEEKER. First, I like the editorials, the management, the letters from friends, the Manhattan Liberal Club, and last, but not least, the pictures. They catch the eye of the young, and such as would otherwise pass the paper unnoticed. I trust that you may be fully supported, to the end that the paper may always appear as bright and buoyant as in the past year.

Wishing you and all truth seekers a happy and prosperous New Year,

C. H. CUSTENBORDER.

NEW CASTLE, WASH. TERR., Dec. 20, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed 25 cents in stamps for "Truth Seeker Tracts" as per order.

One would think by the appearance of your columns of letters from friends that Freethought has but few followers in this far-off corner of the world. Very seldom a letter is to be seen. But one who livs here a little while will soon satisfy himself that the seed of Freethought has been sown, and that a grand harvest is at hand. The only thing that is needed is a good lecturer to urge organization among us, and form leagues. The church has but very little influence, although she has her embassadors in the field.

I think if Brother C. B. Reynolds should be so fortunate as to get clear from the baboons of New Jersey this time he would do well to immigrate at one with his tent also, and we will assure you that he will find a race a little further advanced from the ape.

The noble TRUTH SEEKER is anxiously looked for every week. All your subscribers are well pleased with it. Its appearance creates considerable discussion with our Christian friends, though it is pretty hard to get any of them to read it. But if they won't read, they hav to talk.

Yours fraternally, J. MORGAN.

MISSOULA, Dec. 18, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $10 as my subscription for 1886-7. With balance send me Lacy's criticism on Lambert, and also Antichrist on Jesus, and Gladstone and Huxley on order of creation. I do not think they know much about it, but man must talk anyhow. Think of Argyll and Sir. W. Thomson. The latter givs the age of the earth at about fifteen millions, and the former about ten millions—only a jump of five millions in fifteen. Did ever you see boys at marbles? They make no mistakes like the above.

In the "Reign of Law," by Argyll, he labors through pages on pages to tell us about it. The preposterous egotist! Why, any Rocky Mountain savage will say more in two or three simple observations than his dukeship in all his pages of law. The Indian thus saith, "Behold, everything you see has its own way to act or to be, and the way of everything is the way fixed for it by the 'parent power' sustaining it."

After all, science can only be the perfection of common sense. Scientific speculations are of another kind, are they not? Theology is only the exercise of speculativ desire. Well, I suppose those giants will ever be at it. The field is grand and tempting, but, oh, how futil the trial that must forever end in throwing up the sponge! As for myself, I think I see that parent power every day, call it what you choose.

A. MCDONALD.

GREAT VALLEY, N. Y., Jan. 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: It becomes my sad duty, on the present occasion, to inform yourself and the many patrons of THE TRUTH SEEKER of the death of F. N. Albright, my only brother, who passed away at his recent home near Hudson, Mich., on the first day of December last, at the advanced age of seventy-four years. I hav not learned the particulars of his demise further than that his death was not preceded by a long and painful term of sickness; that, after the first day or two of suffering from a quite acute pain in his side, there appeared to be but little if any pain up to the time of his death, which ensued in about two weeks. He passed away without a struggle, like one passing into unconscious slumber, so peaceful and quiet that the friends in attendance hardly perceived when the heart ceased beating. Our brother, as you were aware, no doubt, Mr. Editor, was a stanch Freethinker of the Materialistic order—one whose mental ability, logical acumen, and quick perceptions made it quite easy for him to discard those ancient fables misnamed the holy Bible.

Our brother, though dead, speaks to the world through the influence which he wrought while living, which was to console the broken in spirit, to destroy the theological scarecrow, to giv in its place human sympathy and brotherly love. Brother was an admiring friend of D. M. Bennett, THE TRUTH SEEKER, and yourself, writing Mr. Bennett letters of condolence while in prison; also writing to President Hayes, in his behalf—those friendly missivs and urgent appeals in behalf of one who was wrongfully incarcerated, and whose greatest desire was to liberate his fellow man and sister woman from theological shackles. Yours truly,

A. F. ALBRIGHT.

MONTROSE, IOWA, Dec. 27, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find three dollars to apply on my subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER for 1887, a paper that has been coming to this office before and ever since it became a weekly, and never missed but one number to date. Perhaps you would like to know whether it has filled its mission here or not. So far as I am concerned, THE TRUTH SEEKER, in connection with other Liberal papers and books, has placed me in a position to defend the truth as I see it. Their influence was not confined to me. All those who are capable of thinking for themselvs hav more or less read your paper. Most of them are convinced that there is no truth in the doctrin of a personal devil, the divine inspiration of the Bible, or in the divinity of Christ. And the teachings of Liberal works are so reasonable, so convincing, and so true, that these views hav penetrated the churches, even to the front seats, and the clergy know it. Hence their raving madness. With malice they wilfully and maliciously misrepresent the moral character of those they call Infidels. They do not tell their non-thinking sheep that the inmates of all penitentiaries, houses of ill-fame, lowest dens of vice, and all

murderers are Christians. At the same time many there be skeptical to the core who pat them on the back and tell them to "go in; we will foot the bill," claiming to be Christians, yet believing not a word of it.

There are two or three here whom the priests hav given up for lost. We thank them for it; we hope their voices may be heard all over the land. May they echo and reëcho from ocean to ocean, that all may "rejoice and be exceeding glad." But the truth of the matter is, Christians are the ones who are lost—lost in the fog of superstition, a fog of their own manufacture.

The cartoons are all right. Go on with them. Those who cannot comprehend simple truths by reading should be accommodated with something they can comprehend. Yours in Liberalism, A. CRANDALL.

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NATIONAL MILITARY HOME, VA., Jan. 2, A.S. 287.

MR. EDITOR: You must surely hav had a happy New Year yesterday over your success in preparing such a splendid paper as is the first number of THE TRUTH SEEKER for 287. Let me say I wish you would change your chronology, and use the Bruno calendar. Even the Mohammedan era would be more honest than the Christian, for from the Arabs monkery filched the almanac, both name and art.

To begin with, the picture of the year "1887," so-called, is a bright idea fit to be lithographed and framed for the office or library. If the artist will turn his hand to that kind of work, though he do only one sketch a month, I venture that not a reader will rail at "them horrid pictures," and all subscribers will be satisfied.

Samuel P. Putnam's "New God" is the best one ever gotten out of the fire. Pain's furnace heat must hav been seven times more intense than ever to hav freed the old demo from so much dross, and brought out a boss democrat. This piece of work is the author's best poetic production, and all the better poetry because it is thoroughly logical. Yet, the more you refine God the worse you make him, for then he must suffer to see the misery which he is unable to amend. Let us build heaven on earth. JOHN P. GUILD.

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HAVEN, KAN., Dec. 31, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed herewith you will find 80 cents, for which please send me books, etc., indicated by the inclosed list. I hope you will continue the illustrations in THE TRUTH SEEKER, as each one seems to be better than most of those that appeared before. I hope you may make arrangements for printing an edition of the Bible with illustrations by Heston. I had thought to ask you to print the year's pictures in a book, but I see that some one else has done so, so I will second the motion.

I must tell you of the revival at the church near here this fall. They had a number of preachers, and preaching two and three times a day for several weeks, and when they closed they had caught fourteen converts—one lady, six girls, and seven boys. It was a Hardshell Baptist meeting, so, of course, the converts had to be baptized, and that was where the fun came in for some of the outsiders. At the time set for the water part of the program all hands repaired to a place in a ravine near by in which there was a small quantity of water, and the performance began by the dipping of the boys, and by the time the seventh one had been dipped the water was very muddy. A man who is the father of three of the girls that were to he baptized, told the preacher that he would not allow him to baptize one of his hounds in that mud-hole. The preacher then said that the ladies would be excused until some future time. About a week after the postponement the managers found a more satisfactory place in a creek, about six miles away, near where it empties into the Arkansas river, and took the females there to dip them. The ice was three or four inches thick, the day bitter cold, and they had to cut a hole through the ice before the performance could begin. The old lady was the first to be baptized. The immersion passed off quietly, but the next was a girl who was not used to wading in the water, and as she waded in her dress floated on the surface of the water, which caused much merriment among the small boys standing on the ice. The last to undergo the torture was a nervous girl who seemed to hav no control over her feelings, and as she was led into the water she said, "O-o-o-h, I can't stand it!" and kept repeating it till the preacher tipped her over backwards, when, as she forgot to close her mouth as she went under the water, she strangled, and as she came up she screamed, and crying, "Help! help!" bounded for the shore. If the church people had known how much profanity their cold water performance would tempt people to indulge in, perhaps they would hav waited till a warmer day. Such performances should be prohibited by law. Several of those young ladies caught cold, but nothing serious resulted. The preacher was protected by water-tight rubbers under his "jeans." G. S. BISHOP.

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STONEHAM, MASS., Jan. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I write because I hav two things to say. First, I want to add to others my thought that I am glad, as a truth seeker, you express a desire for justice to be given to the Chicago Anarchists. If killing can be made legal (as it is), it is hard for some of us to see why some of the illegal killing is wrong. I am totally opposed to murder, whether private, legal, or scientific. To me, all are wrong. Perhaps it may be because I like the golden rule of Confucius, which it is said Jesus told again. I should certainly object to being killed myself, and should not advocate what I dislike. I believe the Anarchists are sincere. But, if they are dangerous, then they can be restrained. If other wrong-doers were as summarily dealt with, we should hav a few less monopolists for Anarchists to preach against. Factories, shops, and mines are in many cases productiv of death. Sometimes the owners know it, but the world takes off its hat, givs them the best pew, and silently ignores the slow bomb that has killed many a girl, woman, boy, and man. Overwork, to fill some one's greed, is another bomb that slowly kills many. I think a person hardly Liberal who advocates death for his brother man. That is better for Noah and his friends, whom Brother Heston is now representing. Let me add to J. N. Brown's rule for capital and labor. "Let each man keep an exact account of his business," and if he is an employer and finds that his men and women are faithful, and are earning three times as much for him as they are for themselvs, let him follow the example of Warner, Godin, Leclaire, De Courcy, and others, by introducing profit sharing. This will stop all strikes and Anarchists, and decrease ninety-nine per cent of soup houses and pauper houses, and increase civilization at the same rate. I would say more, but abler pens than mine are ready.

Second: Why cannot Miss Wixon, Mrs. Slenker, and others get up some cheap story books for our children? I will do what I can. I mean this for Spiritualists and Liberals. Let them be sold for five and ten cents. Can we do this? I am ready to work in this direction. Educate the children, and the old folks will be all right. Mrs. Rockhill cannot see my point. It is this. We claim (and I am a Spiritualist) to be Liberal, to prove all things, to hear all sides, and to feel that the church, in restraining free discussion, has more Christianity than humanity. So it seems to me that all that tends to enlighten and Liberalize rightly belongs in a spiritual paper. If my point is still dull, I will say that our papers are doing this more and more. The *Banner* has a Freethought department, and other papers, like the *Olive Branch*, are seeing the point and acting up to it, for which I am heartily glad. The *Independent Pulpit*, with a Materialist editor, is extending to Spiritualists a hearty greeting. I am glad that both sides of the question are to be given. We shall all be wiser and better for it. Investigation will injure no truth or fact. Let it tear down the false, eliminate the mistakes, and giv us chance to grow.

Brother Macdonald, send me for the inclosed stamps Ingersoll's "Lay Sermon." Burns says:

> "What's done we partly may compute
> But know not what's resisted."

If the family circle knew how much I hav refrained from saying, they would breathe a sigh of thankfulness. I will close with what may be in the next Bible revision. And he said unto his disciples, "Giv me the storm and tempest of thought and action rather than the dead calm of ignorance and faith." Verily, verily, I say unto you, ye shall hav "malice toward none and charity for all."

C. FANNIE ALLYN.

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BURTON, MICH., Jan. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav often thought within the past ten years I would present a few ideas through your excellent paper on some of the objectionable features of funerals as practiced in most of the towns and cities of this country—costly caskets, expensiv hearse outfits, dark or black mourning habiliments, required, black crape for badges and door-knobs; whispering and muffled tread in the house of mourning, and while handling the remains before burial. The popular and wealthy and highly connected must lie in state with great pomp and circumstance, and sometimes on a gorgeous catafalque or cenotaph. Most of these customs grew out of the church dogma taught in the Bible, that death is man's greatest enemy, his implacable foe. He comes on his white horse, silent and invisible, like a thief in the night. He strikes, and none can stay his fatal blow. He is sent of God. The smiling infant, the blooming maid, the stalwart man, must go at his call.

> Death, the tyrant, heeds no cry,
> And none can from his presence fly.

He is ever watching in all the abodes of men, on the farm, in the shop, the cottage, the palace, on railroads, steamboats, and in the awful tempest,

> The angel of death spreads his wings on the blast,
> And breathed in the face of his foe as he passed.

He is here. Yes, his victim is now stiff and cold in his unyielding embrace in this house of mourning. Step light, speak in whispering sighs and agonizing fear, his fingers may now be feeling for your heart-strings. This is terrible to contemplate, and much worse to observe by sensitiv philosophic souls. I do not wonder many do not liv out half their days. These funeral scenes, with their grief, fear, and horror, make many sick, and fill their few lingering years with sadness and gloom, especially if the lost friend did not accept the faith of the saints. If he be a Catholic, priests may mumble Latin prayers for his release from purgatory, if his friends can pay enough money. If not, his doom is sealed. According to the faith of both Catholics and Protestants, the majority, if not two-thirds, are doomed to unmitigated and remediless woe. So they join hands to drape the world in black, emblem of night, sorrow, and gloom. The churches recommend and encourage the undertakers, sanction and sustain these customs to giv solemnity and power to priestly rule. The casket-makers charge treble the cost of their caskets, and treble for hearse and attendants. This is a terrible tax on the community. Let people join hands to produce plain, cheap coffins, and their neighbors and friends will convey the deceased to his narrow house. Especially let the poor and common classes start shops for this kind of work, and they will soon regulate this merchandise of death. See how this works. The opulent say, "May as well be out of this world as out of fashion." So the poor, not to be thought odd or ridiculous, often ape the ways of pride, and the burden is too great. Shall the living struggling poor suffer to display the insignia of death? A casket costing $20, $25, $40, $50, and even more, to be gazed at a few minutes, then hidden forever beneath the sod! Years are often required before the poor man can cancel this debt, with the wants of a surviving family pressing him hard.

I write this to help the church man, the poor, the opulent, to throw off most of this burden, and if we must squander, help the living brother. I believe in paying due respect to the dead—a plain, cheap coffin, stained or simply varnished, decent, ordinary clothes, moderate and unaffected grief, not fashionable public wailing, fainting, and screaming.

Brother Liberals, Spiritualists, and reformers of every shade, let us try and mingle reason and common sense in our dealings with both the living and the dead. Friends of reform, let us hear from you on this subject. Help make and direct public sentiment. Let us begin this reform in our own homes. When death by accident, disease, doctors (for doctors sometimes kill), old age, earthquakes, cyclones, shipwrecks, railroad disasters, removes the vital forces, and allows the chemical to fully enter the once activ form of some one in our family circle, let us not allow those to mouth platitudes over them who hav fostered the crape, the pall, the night of endless woe. Death is as natural and beautiful as life. It is the portal to better conditions and fairer scenes. Man is immortal in his personality. I know it, but will not here try to prove it. There is no resurrection of this mortal body, as the church holds. It never will be needed. A fine, beautiful, electro-magnetic, spiritual body will be his. He will start "over there" in his progressiv career where he left off here. Forever will bloom before him the realizations of hopes deferred here, with kindred to share and enjoy. The custom of using flowers in moderation, evergreens, etc., at funerals is beautiful everywhere. Let us liv right, die right, and be buried inexpensivly, until cremation comes to dispose of our dead as the most healthy, economical, and expeditious. This will relieve the masses from the tax of caskets, tombstones, marble monuments, slabs, etc., that indicate the Golgothas of our land. A cheap headpiece for the grave is dry, smooth, two-inch plank, boiled in pitch, painted white, with name, date, etc. It is very durable. D. HIGBIE, M.D.

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CONOORD, KY., Dec. 29, 286.

MR. EDITOR: Theology would hav us think that it has made a discovery. It now says that God is not God, but the divine principle of love. Hence, we may infer when we hear the word god that it is only a soubriquet for love.

It is by no means flattering to our self-respect to be called profane, blasphemous, or hav applied any of those harsh epithets which superstition so cunningly makes the means of shielding itself, but how much does this divine principle resemble that God described in the Garden of Eden? I am always sorry to spoil a pretty legend, but whenever I read that story, I invariably think of the deity as an unusually large man, wearing a broad-brimmed hat drawn considerably over his eyes, stogy boots, the remainder of his garb of some coarse, substantial material, and himself as exercising that gruff kind of authority that some landlords are wont to use toward a dependent.

Now, we are quite willing that the divine principle shall here be supplemented, but do solemnly protest against the surreptitious manner in which it is done. This love idea never grew out of the church. It has been sweeping through the realms of Freethought for ages. It is the legitimate child of Freethought. Nor will she relinquish her claim without a struggle. Call it kleptomania, or by any other refined species of nomenclature, but this sort of transfer of others' rights should be restrained. It is a well-known fact that the church requires strong propensities and weak faculties. Reverse these properties, and we would soon know her as she is no more. But with all this, prosperity, attained by piracy, should feel the weight of an embargo.

If God and love are synonymous, or rather, if love is going to annihilate Jehovah, we shall sheath our sword, discard our proud title of Infidel, and believe. This divine principle has demonstrated its ego in manifold ways. It finds a delightful and delicate rendering at the hands of one who pays his *devoirs* to the tangible only that he may invade the holier sanctum of the intangible. Thus

> Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;
> The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing.
> And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the hights where those shine,
> Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

This essence is a pantheism in which the student of nature has implicit confidence. Science, that reliable witness that was never known to shrink at cross-examination, and has never been guilty of perjury, attests it.

It may vary with the medium through which it passes, manifesting itself in the crude forms of untutored ignorance, no less than upon passing through the refining cupel of intelligence.

It reveals itself in the clutch of avarice, the scowl of hate, the mad frenzy of jealousy, and the brooding spirit of revenge, these being forms of "elemental strife" by which, we are told, all subsists.

It can be read in the caress or infancy, in the betrothal seal, the parting clasp of friendship, and the lingering kiss of death; in the gladness of a smile, the pathos of a tear, the moan of misery, the shout of joy, the cross of suffering, and the Christ of compensation; for

> Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
> Thrill the notes of deepest woe.

The student of nature discerns this essence alike in the heart of society and the depths of solitude. It resides in the atoms, diffuses itself everywhere, and permeates all things. It is a republicanism, disdains a shackle, and should serve as the archetype of every nation on the globe. It is the affection of the universe, and with the completion of the harmonies will make heaven. VIRGINIA E. VANCE.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## Five and Ninety-Five.

A lady sat in happiest mood
Whiling the hours away,
With pondering thought of the many gifts
That made her life so gay.

For she had youth, and beauty, and wealth,
And friends of honored name;
Said she, "I'll heed ambition's voice,
And add to all sweet fame.

"Out of every hundred, the proverb says,
But five of these are wise;
So I'll try to please the ninety-five,
For in numbers the magic lies.

I'll write bright stories from day to day,
And string pretty words of rhyme,
But I'll never say aught that will giv offense,
Not even for truth sublime.

I'll never pen one odious word,
Lest friends might grow estranged,
But twine my laurel with love and praise
That it may bloom unchanged."

And so she wrote, and wrote, and wrote,
And the ninety-five gave praise;
But scarcely heeded the other five
Her paltry prose and lays.

Her laurel has faded. This lesson learn,
Would you keep your fame alive,
Grapple the truth though the heavens fall,
And seek praise of wisdom's five.

VIRGINIA E. VANCE.

*Concord, Ky.*, Jan. 2, 287.

## A Selfish Girl.

The school children at Maplewood were a very dull set, both at books and at the playgrounds. Everything seemed to be so uninteresting, especially for the younger ones. The schoolhonse was a tottering shanty, situated on the side of an old red hill, very uncouth in appearance, the only ornament being a gourd-vine, which had crawled up the mud-and-stick chimney. Scarcely a quarter of a mile from this house a beautiful little river flowed, but none of the smaller children were allowed to go there alone, and the larger ones did not hav the inclination to go with them.

The teacher, who had noticed their discontent, one day called them up and told them to study hard for three weeks, and if at the end of that time they had said perfect lessons, she would giv them a long play-time, and let them spend it on an island in the river.

They clapped their hands and readily consented, all but Ethel Hammon, who was very stubborn, and never willing to learn. She was not liked by the other pupils because she was so easy to get mad, and so liable to quarrel and fight.

Mabel True, who had heretofore stood about the middle of her class, was encouraged by the hope of a reward, and soon stood at the head. Mabel was quite different from Ethel, being of a good and kind nature. She was not worshiped by the other pupils, but could make herself liked when she tried; but you know people don't always feel in a mood to be liked.

For the time being, Maplewood school was changed—a spirit of interest was now among the pupils. At noon they laughed and talked about their long playtime, and learned their lessons without any trouble. Mabel, after learning her own lessons, would teach the smaller ones theirs.

Finally the much-talked-about day was at hand. Of course some novel way of enjoying it must be thought of. After a short discussion, they decided to crown one of the little girls their queen.

"Who shall it be?" asked Shelley Benton.

"I want Mabel!" said several of them together.

"I don't," Ethel said, trying to get in front of each. "I don't want Mabel, I don't want her, and if you don't crown me I will not play."

"Well, we will not hav *you*," Ledonia Wall retorted. "Mabel is so good we will giv her the crown."

"She is not," and Ethel slapped Ledonia in the face.

Ledonia did not resent, and they decided to crown Mabel.

All the large girls consented to go with them down to the river. When they were safely rowed over to the little island, Ledonia and several other of the little girls proceeded to make the crown—some to gather pretty autumn leaves, some to pull the thorns, and some to pin them together. The boys walked around in search of pretty flowers so it would resemble gold. Shelley procured a whole handful of dandelions and goldenrods. How beautifully the colors of the autumn leaves blended with the yellow flowers! The shade of a large dogwood-tree was selected, so they marched to the cool, shady bower in pairs. Mabel walked in front. Shelley and Ledonia followed close behind bearing the crown.

Poor little offended Ethel who sat on the bank looked up through her tears and saw the procession. She immediately ran up to the other children as if she meant to join in the play.

"Is it possible," said Ledonia, "that you mean to join?"

"Yes," she said, snatching the crown and placing it upon her own head, "but I won't let Mabel be queen, for I wish to be it myself."

"We don't want you Ethel," said Ledonia, "because you are so mean."

A struggle followed, and Ledonia procured the treasure. Ethel snatched it from her, tore it and threw it on the ground. "I shall not play with you," so she ran back down to her old seat and continued to weep.

When Ledonia saw that the beautiful crown was torn, she began to cry, but Shelley took up the shattered leaves and said, "Don't cry, we can soon mend it," and they did. This time they succeeded in crowning Mabel, and all of them declared that the colors were very becoming to her.

When they came back to the school-house the teacher saw that all had enjoyed themselvs but Ethel, but the little girl excused herself by saying, "I wanted the crown and they would not giv it to me."

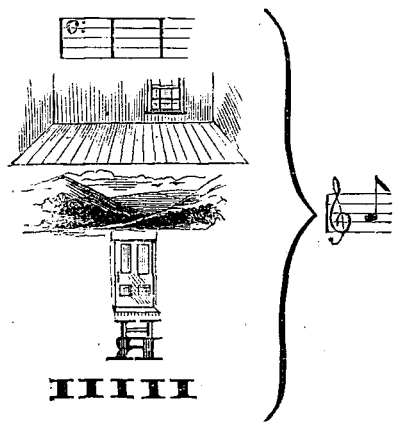
Mabel did not part with the wreath until school-time, then she took it off and hung it on a bonnet-rack. Later on, when all the pupils were engaged in learning their lessons, Ethel reached over, took it, and placed it on her head. She did all she could to attract the attention of the others, but they refused to look up from their books. The teacher, however, looked up and called her to stand up in the middle of the floor the rest of the afternoon. She felt terribly ashamed, and did not take her eyes from her book the whole time, and as soon as school was out she threw the wreath upon the floor and hastened home. Ethel was the only one who had been selfish, and, consequently, the only one who did not enjoy herself. She ought to hav learned a good lesson by this, but, as it is a true story, she did not.

DARLINA BELL.

*Overton, Ga.*, Dec. 25, 286.

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.



Six girls' names.

2.—DIAMOND.

1. A letter.
2. A drink.
3. To make ashamed.
4. Giving form.
5. To bar.
6. A part of the body.
7. A letter.

SNOWFLAKE.

*Lyons, N. Y.*

3.—A TIMELY ENIGMA.

For Arabic precision, or bold Roman grace,
Examin me carefully, look at my face;
Of all the figures that one can see
There is none more graceful than mine may be.
My eyes, too, are black, black as jet, you must know;
But my face is as white as the driven snow.
Connoisseurs hav declared that my frame at its best,
Would surely be found to be most statuesque.
I'm certainly activ, I am just built to go,
Tho' sometimes folks say, I'm a "little too slow;"
Then my time-serving critics discover at last
That they "really believe" I am "going too fast;"
And it may be the truth in either case,
For, tho' always I run, yet I keep the same place.
Long ago they compelled me, both early and late,
And always, to carry a pendulous weight;
But, having at last lost the pendulous thing,
I hav gone ever since, as I should, with a spring.
In argument, too, on some questions, I find
I hav really convinced the most skeptical mind;
So the very same person who "wound me up tight,"
Will acknowledge at last all the time I was right.
I sometimes the truth, by my silence, maintain,
But sometimes I speak it out loudly and plain.
In Germany, Italy, England, Spain, France,
All know what I tell them, or show, at a glance.
To enlighten mankind is my mission sublime,
Not on questions of Heaven, but questions of time.
I am priest to the present, the hours as they fly,
And giv no attention to gods, ghosts, or sky.
I am peaceable always, and yet, if you like,
When the proper time comes, for the right I can strike;
And I strike without moving my hands from my face,
Yet this striking is no metaphorical phrase;
I strike with my tongue, which no one may dispute,
Be it angel or devil or human or brute.

*Irwin, Iowa.* J. K. P. BAKER.

4.—WHAT IS PECULIAR ABOUT THESE LINES?

*Suggested by W. Heston's picture, "A Trial of Faith."*

I.

Do not play a gay Alp to nod,
Like Jupiter shaking the Earth;
You've a very poor head for a god,
And your effort provokes only mirth.

II.

Ye Boot-straps, as parts to obey,
Your *soles* are in danger of woe;
Ye can *heel-up*, a Fraud if ye stay,
But must surely "*raise cane*" if ye go.

*Irwin, Ia.* J. K. P. BAKER.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, JAN. 1, 1887.

1.—
S
H E
R O D
I D E A
M O U L T
P O T T L E

2.—"A sleeping fox catches no poultry."

3.—
Y E A R N
E D D I E
A D A G E
R I G I D
N E E D Y

4.—*Perimeter*—deleted words: *mire* (found in reverse); *rime*, reversed, *emir*; word left, *Peter*.

5.—
J
C A N
L A V E R
J A V E L I N
B A L L S
P I N
N

## Correspondence.

Dec. 22, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am a little girl eleven years old. I liv in Cle Elum. It is in Washington Territory. The coal mine is about three miles, and the silver mines are about twelve miles from Cle Elum. Cle Elum is a nice little place. It has no school and no churches. I like to go to school, but I don't like to go to church very much. My mamma and papa hav a ranch on the Snack River. It is very nice on the river. I hav a nice little horse. He is a pacer. His name is Casie Eye. My sister and I hav a large Newfoundland dog. His name is Crucan.

From your little friend, MAY KAHLOW.

OMAHA, NEB., Dec. 14, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav written twice, and, seeing my letters published, I will write again.

This fall, mamma, my little sister Mary, and I went out to Wisconsin to see grandpa and grandma. We had a very nice time. Once I went to giv the cow some corn, and she came after me, and I ran into the hen-coop, and she came in there, and I began to scream, and grandpa came out and told me to giv the corn to the cow, and then grandpa drove her to the stable, and I ran to the house.

Well, good-bye for this time. I am rocking the cradle, so I can't write very good.

With good wishes, I remain,

Your friend, MAGGIE GRIFFITH.

MYSTIC BRIDGE, CONN., Dec. 26, 1886.

DEAR AUNTIE: I was so glad to get the "Story Hour." I hav wanted it for a long time. Little Susie's face is beautiful. Mamma read me about little Susie. It made me feel so sad I could not help crying. It was wicked that she had to die, so lovely, and all you had, too. I commenced this letter one week ago to-day. Now I will finish it. I hav read with mamma nearly every story, and it is so lovely all the way through. Some of the stories are so sad, others so funny; one makes me laugh, and then I feel like crying. Mamma says you are a natural writer. I wish I could, when I grow up, write such lovely stories. Do you like fairy stories? Mamma doesn't, but I do. I had a pretty tea set from mamma, a fairy book from Ira, Christmas cards, candy, nuts, and other little thing, whole suits of clothes for my dollie. I hav got mamma to finish my badly-written letter. I will try to do better by and by.

From your little friend, CORA.


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FOR
LITTLE FOLKS.

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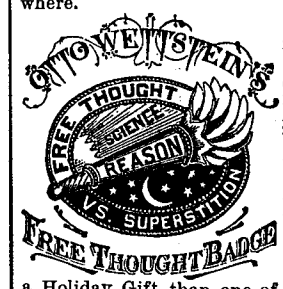
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I've been thinkin', as I pondered
O'er my Testament to-day,
How I learned to love my master
And his blessed laws obey;
How I traveled on in darkness
Many long and weary years
'Till a big protracted meetin'
Rather ruffled up my fears.

I had kind o' got to thinkin'
On my last eternal rest;
And in huntin' the division
'Twixt the cursed and blest,
I found it where we register
And sip the sacred cup,
But now, in my opinion,
It's a little higher up.

If I ever served the devil,
It was in a modest style,
And my conscience kept a botherin'
'Bout the end-up, a'l the while;
And whene'er they prayed in meetin'
For the sinners who were there,
I felt that my roost was twisted
By the magic of their prayer.

But with rallied resolutions,
I determined on a start
For to find that sweet salvation,
And that blissful change of heart;
If I missed the gates o' heaven,
Of which I'd hearn 'em tell,
Still I'd merit moderation
In the temperature of hell.

Though the devil was a lurkin'
'Round about my carcass still,
I rather thought sensation
Would pull me up the hill;
It came (I'll ne'er forget it)
In a noble-looking man,
He had a bald place on his pate
And a warm grip in his han'.

He was erect of stature,
Was rather long and slim;
He had angelic features,
And a traveling agent's grin;
He made me a sort o' study,
And oft partook my cheer,
And I found him strictly human
In his masticating gear.

On life he spoke of dangers
That beset us goin' through:
He led me out in Eden
And portrayed a thing or two;
He made the cities solid gold
For old rusty ones like me,
If I only took the sacrament
And dropped in a liberal fee.

He said angels sang the louder,
And thumped their harps the more
When they snatched a veteran sinner
From pandemonium's door;
And ended up by sayin',
Though not exactly in what way,
'Twould increase my earthly blessin's
What time I had to stay.

I had often felt forsaken,
And lonely, and depressed,
Since my good wife smiled so faintly
And passed to eternal rest;
Now, I felt my sin the greater,
The heavier my care,
For in her dying moments
I agreed to meet her there.

I felt my heart had melted,
I felt sure of a reward,
I had no fear of evil,
I had learned to love the Lord;
But as a sort o' passport
To the mansions of the blest,
I told the world about it
And was converted like the rest.

The preacher heard us witness,
Each convert in his turn.
And, pointin' out God's precepts,
Their meanin' bade us learn;
Some went off into trances,
While some indulged in fits,
I felt no end of feelin',
But I didn't lose my wits.

He stood us in a circle,
And, with big tears in his eyes,
Asking that God s gentle blessin's
Might be showered from the skies;
He described our gentle savior
In his melting monotones,
While our good old white-haired deacon
Filled the pauses up with groans.

Since then I've lived a Christian,
Though it often tries my steel,
And I sometimes tell of glory
That I don't exactly feel;
And it often makes me waver.
Bein' a little steeped in sin,
To see so many out o' church
Better than them that's in.

That modest village preacher
Has never come a-near
Since our liberal contribution,
And our hearty welcome here;
And I've learn he frankly stated
(Just where I now forget)
That "he saved that batch of sinners
On a hundred-dollar bet."

Now, when in the lofty steeple,
The bell swings to and fro,
And I think of all that's happened
In the years so long ago,
I feel a secret, sneakin' dread
To rally at the call,
When I think I was converted
By the devil after all.

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## Scriptural Wine.

A work of unusual interest at the present time when "Christian Temperance" is widely advertised as something efficacious in destroying the evils of intemperance, is a publication in pamphlet form by the New York Truth Seeker Company of a compilation by E. C. Walker, of Kansas, of the texts of scripture bearing directly or indirectly on the question of liquor drinking.

The writer holds that the "overwhelming weight of its [the Bible's] argument, precepts, and the example of its saints, is against temperance," and to sustain his position he has gone to the book itself and copied its texts, which constitute the bulk of his pamphlet.

In List A he includes "all texts which unequivocally condemn the use of intoxicants." The list begins with Proverbs xx, 1, and concludes with the remark that "of the New Testament writers not one has clearly said that wine and strong drink are curses to the children of men."

List B is composed of those passages "which commend or enjoin the use of wine or strong drink, or which promis an abundance of wine as one of the blessings to be bestowed upon certain favored individuals or families or tribes, or upon the Israelitish nation, or include the deprivation of it among the punishments inflicted upon the disobedient." This list is a long one and includes forty-five texts, which are printed in full, with irreverent comments that make the Bible temperance preachers stand in a ludicrously inconsistent light.

In Num. vi, 20, the Nazarite is told that he may drink wine; in Deut. vii, 13, God is represented as promising Moses to bless the wine of the Jewish people; in Deut. xi, 14, God promises rain to help out the wine crop; again (ib. xiv, 26.) the command is given to buy wine and strong drink and drink it; in xv, 14, the "fruit of the wine-press" is to be given liberally as a blessing, and in xxviii, 39, the prohibitory doctrin is set forth as a curse, as also in verse 51, where wine is to be taken away as a punishment for disobedience.

In Judges ix, 13, it appears that God himself drinks more or less and feels it; and David, the man after God's own heart, dealt out wine, according to 2 Sam. vi, 19, to men and women; the same book, xvi, 2, says that wine exists "that such as faint in the wilderness may drink." Solomon, according to 2 Chron. ii, 10, when he decided to build a house for the Lord, promised to pay for the labor in wine among other things.

In Ps. civ, 15, we are informed that "wine maketh glad the heart of man," and that the Lord is in the wine business. In Prov. iii, 10, abundance of wine is promised as a blessing, and in xxxi, 6, 7, is found the famous quotation: "Giv strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy heart. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more."

"Drink thy wine with a merry heart," is a quotation from Eccl. ix, 7; and the author discovers the earliest mention of milk punch in the Song of Solomon v, 1: "I hav churned my wine with my milk; eat, friends, drink, yea, drink abundantly, O believers." Passing over a number of texts, all showing that wine was regarded as an article of luxury to be freely partaken of by the righteous and withheld from the unrighteous as a punishment, we come to the familiar passage in Isa. lv, 1, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, . . . come buy wine and milk, without money and without price."

In Jer. xxxi, 12, the goodness of the Lord for his provision of wine is to be sung. Wine is placed in the list of blessiugs in Jer. xl, 10, xlviii, 33, and in Dan. i, 5, it is spoken of as "nourishing." God threatens to take away his wine as a punishment, Hosea ii, 8, 9; ix, 2. In Joel i, 5, drunkards and priests and ministers of the altar are commanded to awake and "howl" because the new wine and the drink offering is cut off, but later the howling should cease because "the mountains shall drop down new wine," according to Joel iii, 18. In Amos ix, 14, the Lord commands the making and drinking of wine, or prophetically says, "They shall drink."

The destruction of wine is continually threatened as a punishment (as is also the destruction of corn and oil), and its restoration promised as a blessing. See Mich. vi, 15; Zeph. i, 13; Zech. ix, 17.

In the New Testament the wine business seems to hav been respected. In Luke vii, 33-35, we read that the son of man came drinking, and was pointed out as a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners. "Here was his opportunity," says the author, "to condemn the drinking of wine, to speak for that which is now called temperance; but from his lips fell no word of warning; to those gathered about him he said nothing in favor of the great reform which Christians of to-day, falsely assuming to speak in his name, declare finds its sanction and inspiration, its bulwark and tower of defense, in the Bible."

The good Samaritan (Luke x, 34) had a supply of wine with him. Jesus, according to John ii, 3-11, made wine at a feast by miracle to "manifest forth his glory," and when he came again into Cana he repeated the performance (John iv, 46). Finally we come to the passage in 1 Timothy v, 23, "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for the stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." And to show at what complete variance is the Bible with prohibition, Col. ii, 16 is quoted: "Let no man therefore judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of a holy day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath days."

List C., covering eight pages, givs passages conditionally condemning the use of wine upon certain occasions by certain persons. Luxe x, 9-11, forbids the priests to drink wine when in the tabernacle; forbids communion wine as well. Num. vi, 3, 20, forbid and permit the drinking of wine. Judges xiii, 4, warns a woman against wine-drinking and the eating of "unclean" things now freely eaten. Prov. xxxi, 4, 5, tells kings and princes not to drink wine lest they forget the law. Eccl. ii, 3, and Isa. v, 11, are quoted with comments that show the inhibition to hav been against excessiv drinking, and verses 8 and 10 show that failure of the vintage was threatened as a punishment, as usual.

In Jer. xxxv, 6, the Rechabites abstained from wine because their father commanded, "Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye nor your sons forever," but for the same reason they would neither build houses nor sow seed —verses 7, 8, 9, 10. "Is living in a house and planting seed equally wrong with planting vinyards and drinking wine?" queries the author.

Daniel would not drink the king's wine nor eat the king's meat—because it was the king's. He went without wine for "three whole weeks" (Dan. x, 3). Joel iii, 3, speaks of selling a girl for wine; Rom. xiv, 21, says it is not good to eat flesh or drink wine; Eph. v, 18, says, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess;" 1 Timothy iii, 3, says the deacons must not be "given much to wine," or filthy lucre, or lying! 1 Peter iv, 3, speaks of "excess of wine." In conclusion the author says of this list: "The condemnation, where there is any, is of its excessiv use, and especially of its excessiv use by the priests when engaged in the duties of the altar."

List D contains passages which incidentally mention the use of wine and strong drink without condemning or commending them, which "amounts really to the sanction and authorization of their use." Melchizedek, who was priest of the most high God, "brought forth bread and wine" (see Gen. xiv, 18). Lot got very drunk without rebuke, according to Gen. xix, 31-36.

List E is devoted to passages showing that scripture wine did intoxicate. This is largely a repetition of List D. Gen. ix, 21, shows Noah drunk on wine. Lot (Gen. xix, 31-36) was made drunk by his daughters, who apparently knew that Bible wine was intoxicating. About thirty texts are referred to, showing beyond possibility of doubt that the wine of the scriptures was an intoxicating liquor.

It may be well to mention that Mr. Walker is himself a total abstainer and an advocate of the strictest temperance. He simply undertakes to show, and succeeds perfectly, that the claim that the Bible is the great bulwark of temperance is absurdly false. In conclusion he says: "There are but a very few passages, none of which are found in the New Testament, which condemn the use of intoxicants; more than five times as many encourage or enjoin their use; a few condemn the use of wine on stated occasions, by certain persons, or in excess, while a large number of other passages make mention of its use as a matter of course, and with no hint of censure or of its evil effects; and, finally, there is nothing found in the Bible which supports the assumption that Bible wine was not intoxicating."

We heartily commend this pamphlet to the ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in this and other places, and to ministers of the gospel who hav imposed upon themselvs or are imposing upon others the notion that the Bible is a temperance book. Ten cents sent to the Truth Seeker Publishing Co., 33 Clinton Place. New York, for "Bible Temperance," by Edwin C. Walker, will bring ten times its worth of information to all who are interested in this prominent modern phase of the temperance question.—*Winsted Press.*

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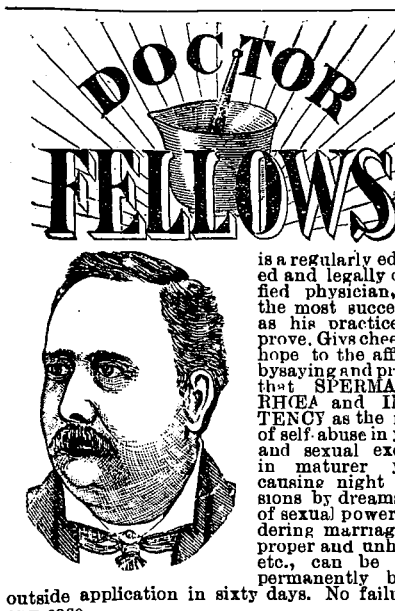
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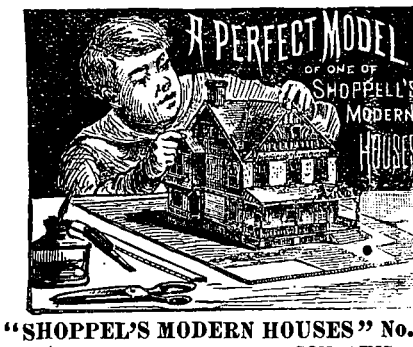

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## News of the Week.

PARSON GOODELL returned to his pulpit in Providence last Sunday after an absence of five months, and in a prelude to his sermon declared to a sympathizing congregation his innocence of the scandalous things charged to him.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is getting better.

DR. MCGLYNN has expressed his determination not to go to Rome.

A STRIKE among coal-handlers has caused a stringency in coal in this vicinity.

IT is reported that the Socialists hav captured all the offices in the Chicago trades assembly.

JUDGE PICKETT, of New Haven, Conn., has fined an employer $50 for blacklisting workmen.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S son, Herbert, has been appointed special agent of the United States treasury.

JOSEPH TOSSO, the man who composed the "Arkansaw Traveler," died at Covington, Ky., last week, aged 85.

FOUR young men hav just suffered the death penalty by hanging in Sydney, New South Wales, for assaulting a servant girl.

TWENTY-SEVEN lives were lost last week by the wrecking of the German ship Elizabeth, near Cape Henry, Va. A dozen or more bodies hav been recovered. Twenty-one of the crew of the Harvey Mills were lost in the foundering of that ship between San Francisco and Seattle, W. T.

BRIG.-GEN. MARVIN LUBE, a Salvation Army warrior, of Pittsfield, Mass., was brought into court the other day charged with threatening to kill his wife.

JOHN ROACH, the shipbuilder, died last Monday of cancer of the tongue similar to that which caused the death of General Grant. Mr. Roach, it is said, never used tobacco.

A MONKEY was the first comer at a leading church in Providence, when it was opened last Sunday for morning service, and there was considerable of a time in getting him out.

A TERRIBLE railroad accident was caused on the 4th by the collision of a passenger and freight train near Tiffin, O. Sixteen passengers were burnt to death by the cars taking fire from a stove.

WARNINGS against the custom of praying and otherwise worrying the Almighty are growing more terrible every day. On Jan. 4th Miss Kate Nicholson, of Maysville, Ky., while preparing to retire at night, knelt in front of the grate to say her prayers. Her clothes caught fire and she was burnt to death.

GEN. W. S. SMITH, the hero of the cavalry charge on Mobile, mct the Rev. Mr. Booth, of Buffalo, on a Niagara Falls train, one day last week, and grabbed him by the throat. The men were separated, but met again, and the general drew a pistol on the clergyman. Peace was again restored by timely interference. General Smith charges Rev. Mr. Booth with ministerial attentions to Mrs. Smith.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK recently seized a big squash in the window of a Harlem clothing store, and charged the owners of the squash with violating the lottery laws. They had offered a gold watch and chain to the customer who should come nearest to guessing the number of seeds in the squash. Justice Welde has decided that the squash has committed no offense, and its owners were dismissed. The squash was returned to them, and four stalwart negroes wrapped it in the Stars and Stripes and bore it back to the store on a litter. A brass band preceded the squash through the streets. The question of the number of seeds has been resumed.


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## Gems of Thought.

OUR race is as susceptible of improvement as the races of any of the animals below us. If it is found possible to spend time, care, and expense in improving the breeds of horses, cattle, sheep, and swine, is it not vastly more important to hav a care for securing a vigorous, healthful, and long lived progeny?—*D. M. Bennett.*

THE religious demand of to-day is religious truth, and men who dare speak it. Better that the truth should sever the church than that lies should be told to keep it together. the truth would prove everything that we now hold holy and sacred to be false and base, we must still say, Let us hav the truth!—*L. K. Washburn.*

To a believer in Christianity nothing seems so like a special act of providence as the preparation made for the coming of Christianity through the preceding events in the history of Greece and Rome. To a believer in Christianity, I say, it seems so. But those who do not believe in Christianity say, "Yes, that is the true account of the matter. Christianity arose from a happy confluence of the Greek and Roman with the Hebrew civilization. This is the source of that excellence you call divine." —*Goldwin Smith's Study of History.*

THE ability to think is never found except as an ability of animal organization, and the ability is always found higher or lower as the organization is higher or lower. The exercise of this ability varies in childhood, youth, prime, and old age, and is promoted or hindered by climate, food, and mode of life, yet the orthodox maintainers of "soul" require us to believe that the ability to think might be found without animal organization, and might, nay, will exist in dependent of all vital conditions. They contend that what they call the "soul" will liv when the human being has ceased to liv; but they do not explain whether it did liv before the human being began to liv. The orthodox contend that as what they call the elementary substances, taken separately, do not think, therefore man without a "soul" cannot think, and that as man does think he must hav a soul. This argument, if valid at all, goes much too far. A trout thinks, a carp thinks, a rat thinks, a horse thinks, and by parity of reasoning, all these animals should hav immortal souls.—*Bradlaugh's Has Man a Soul?*

THE spell of sanctity once broken, the Bible once approached, examined, and studied, as other books, an analogous result has followed. The critic has approached tenderly and respectfully, but the approach at all implies an assumption of a right to question the supernatural character of the object of his investigation. Certainty passes into probability, and the difference between certainty and probability is not in degree but in kind. A human witness is substituted for a divine witness, and faith is changed into opinion. The authority of the translation was the first to be shaken. Then variation in the manuscripts destroyed the confidence in the original text. If the original language was miraculously communicated there was a natural presumption that it would be miraculously preserved. It had not been miraculously preserved, and the inference of doubt extended backward on the inspiration.—*Froude's Science and Theology.*

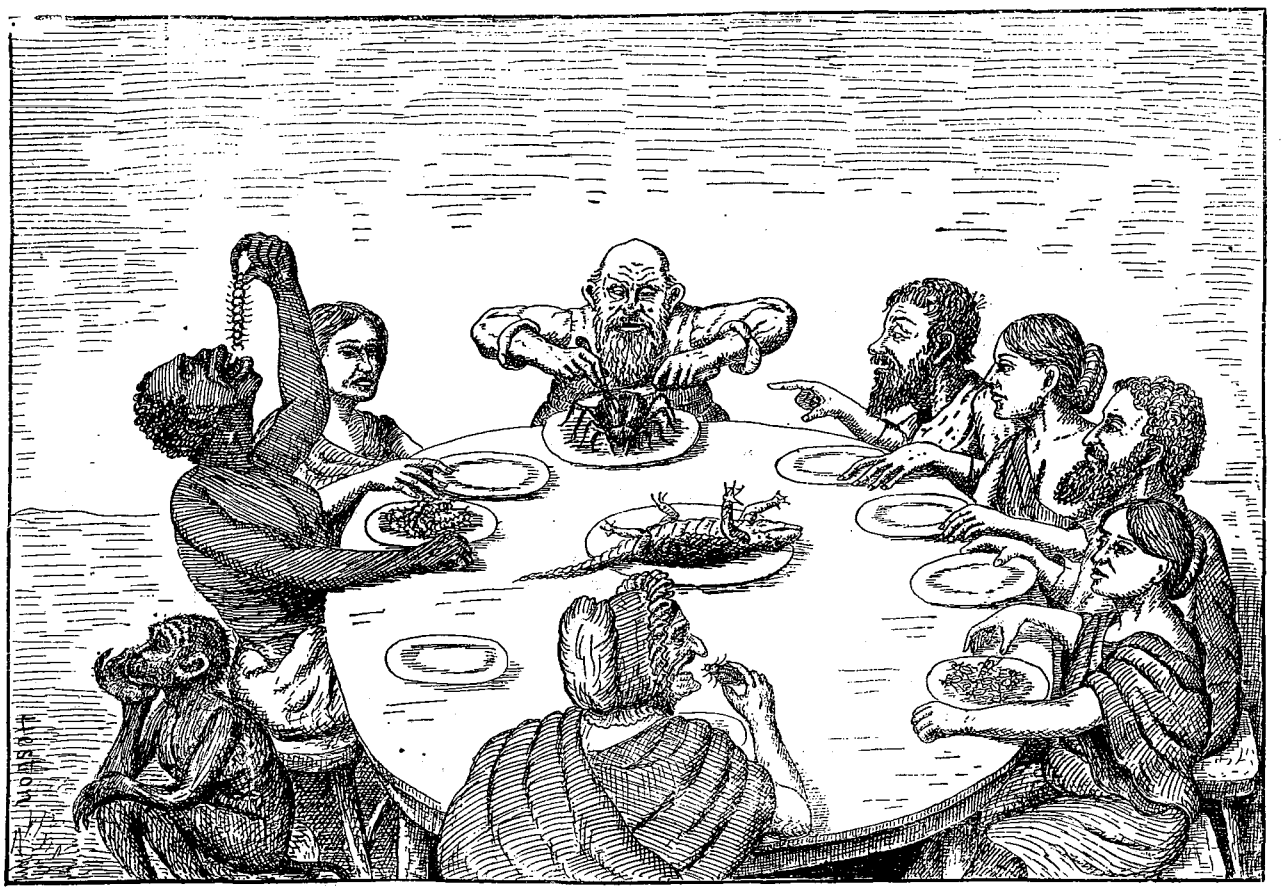
LET the young student but remember that truth can never contradict itself, and that a vigorous conflict between counter-claims can permanently injure only error. For what fails to survive the tests of truth deserves to fall, even though it lacerate our heart-strings to surrender it up.—*Edward Kobber.*

I HAV always found that the honest truth of our own mind has a certain attraction in it for every other mind that loves truth honestly.—*Carlyle.*

DEATH is universal. Rich and poor, young and old, happy and sad, all go down before it and it asks no questions. It does not wait upon your convenience or mine; it does not ask whether it is conferring a boon or wrecking a life; it goes right on, and all the arts of thousands of years hav not disarmed that old foe.—*Frothingham's Consolation of Rationalism.*

"OH," but they say to me, "you take away immortality." I do not. If we are immortal it is a fact in nature, and we are not indebted to priests for it, nor to Bibles for it, and it cannot be destroyed by unbelief. As long as we love we will hope to liv, and when the one dies that we love we will say, "Oh, that we could meet again!" and whether we do or not it will not be the work of theology. It will be a fact in nature. I would not for my life destroy one star of human hope, but I want it so that when a poor woman rocks the cradle and sings a lullaby to the dimpled darling, she will not be compelled to believe that ninety-nine chances in a hundred she is raising kindling-wood for hell.—*Ingersoll.*

BE not simply good; be good for something.—*Thoreau.*



DID NOAH AND FAMILY EAT BUGS AND REPTILS?

Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb hav I given you all things.—Gen. ix, 3.

## Odds and Ends.

TENNYSON was once a peerless poet. Now he is a poetless peer.

THE congregation were singing "I would not liv always, I ask not to stay," when lightning struck the church steeple and the scramble began.

ADAM, in Eden's Garden, was by heaven
In restful slumber cast;
Then woke, and lo! a wife was to him given;
That first rest was his last.

A BACHELOR, upon reading that "two lovers will sit up all night with only one chair in the room," said it could not be done, unless one of them sat on the floor. Such ignorance is positivly shameful.

GUS: "I see that the queen has forbidden the admission into the household of Windsor Castle of all newspapers containing reports of the Campbell divorce case." Jack: "Yes, I suppose she thinks they might poison the moral sensibilities of the prince."

THE ministers who oppose the ballet do so upon principles of humanity. It is cruel to expose so many girls of sixty years of age and upward to the draughts of the stage, with such slight protection against lumbago, rheumatism, and sciatica as they wear.

"THE great trouble with you, John, is," said a lady to her husband, who was suffering from the effects of the night before; "you cannot say 'No.' Learn to say 'No,' John, and you will hav fewer headaches. Can you let me hav a little money this morning?" "No," said John, with apparent ease.

THE news editor prepared an article in which he said: "Mr. Dash is hopelessly ill." Before going to press Mr. Dash died, and a hasty alteration was made in the sentence to meet the new condition of affairs. When Mr. Dash's friends read in their paper that "Mr. Dash is hopelessly dead," they were naturally shocked.

THE Salvation Army in Portland, Oregon, held service in the jail there on a recent Sunday; and the leader told such a startling story of his wickedness before he joined the army, that, after the performance was over, one of the convicts said, "The lamp can now be extinguished; the vilest sinner has returned."

DISHEARTENED missionary, returning to his field after years of absence: "Oh, unhappy man, you hav lapsed into error and darkness and paganism again!" Chief heathen, apologetically: "Well, you see, after you went away a Catholic missionary came along and told us the bad place was full of Methodists, and so he scared us into communion; then he went away and a Presbyterian came along and waked us up on regeneration, adoption and election, and we joined his church; then an Episcopalian came and we burnt our Westminsters and stocked up on prayer-books; then he left, and a Baptist landed and walked us into the water and baptized us right, and we'd just about got settled when a New Congregationalist came over and told us that so long as we were heathens we had a dead sure thing of going to heaven; but if we became Christians we had to walk mighty straight or go to the everlasting bonfire. So we ate him up, burnt our Bibles, and resumed business at the old stand. Boys, put the parson in the cage and fat him up for Thanksgiving day."

"I SEE that your brother Moses was arrested in Chicago the other day," he remarked to old Abrahams yesterday. "Vhell, dot doan' signify nothings, does she?" "Yes, but he was charged with arson. That's a serious offense." "Dot doan' amount to shucks! To show you how easy he get oudt of it I haf a letter in my pocket, written two weeks ago, in which he says it vhas all fixed up for his wife to set der place on fire while he vhas off to his lodge. All I hat to do to clear Moses is to send on dot letter."

AN estimable old sheep-raiser of Vermont, though a church-member and a deacon, was sadly addicted to the ardent. He was induced by the reform committee of the local church to take the abstaining pledge, subject only to the sheep-washing periods, during which tasking times it was deemed essential to allow of some stimulant. But matters did not seem to mend with the worthy deacon very much and the committee paid another remonstrating visit after a while, when they found him in a woeful state of intoxication. "You see that 'ere sheep?" he asked, pointing to a dejected looking Cotswold; "that's (hic) cleanest sheep in Vermont; wash him every fifteen minutes."

THE unlucky Tom-tit: A certain Tom-tit, feeling himself somewhat swelled up by the salubriousness of a fine large October morning, thought he would go ahead and puff out his plumage to such an inordinate extent that his fellow-tits would mistake him for an owl; and, scurrying away, afford him much amusement of a refined and intellectual character. His little racket would hav worked all right, had it not happened that, just as he was indulging in the preliminary chuckles over his success in frightening his comrades, a Philadelphia gunner came along, and, mistaking him for a partridge, bowled him over without further ceremony. Moral: This fable teaches that safety does not necessarily lie in insignificance, unless the latter receives the undivided attention of the individual.


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Vol. 14. No. 4. {PUBLISHED WEEKLY.} New York, Saturday, January 22, 1887. {33 CLINTON PLACE.} $3.00 per year.





## EARNEST BUT DELUDED.

"His track I see, and I'll pursue."—*Old Hymn.*

## Notes and Clippings.

A MAINE clergyman writes to a Portland newspaper to say that his salary has been cut down one-half because he voted for St. John.

A MINISTER may occasionally be carried away with the inspiration of his theme, but he generally gets back in time to take up the collection.

JOHN SWINTON enters his earnest protest against Heury George's stirring up of the Catholic church. Michael Davitt also takes sides against George.

A RELIGIOUS newspaper says that it does not seem to be quite the thing to depend on the profanity of the passengers to keep the street cars hot in these cold days.

OMAHA preachers are struggling with the question whether hell is larger than heaven or not. It is pleasant to note that the question is generally decided in the negativ.

CONSCIENCE is said to be the voice of the soul, but it does not follow that the man whose sole squeaks all the way down the broad aisle has a troublesome conscience.

CHARLES H. MCKENZIE, who died in this city last week, was one of the "noble six hundred" who made the charge of the light brigade at Balaklava, of which Baron Tennyson wrote when he was a poet.

THE most heavily endowed educational institutions in the United States are: Girard College, $10,000,000; Columbia, $5,000,000; Johns Hopkins, $4,000,000; Princeton, $3,500,000; Lehigh, $1,800,000; Cornell, $1,400,000.

LAST week the German Reichstag failed to pass a bill which Bismarck favored, and Bismarck dissolved the parliament and sent the members home. A new election will be had, and if Bismarck is again defeated it is believed that something like a crisis will occur in German affairs.

AUGUST SPIES, the condemned Anarchist, is to be married to Miss Van Zandt, who is said to be an estimable young woman. The general sentiment is that it would be in better taste for Mr. Spies to refrain from taking a wife just now. The prospect is that she would soon be a widow.

A WRITER in one of the Washington Sunday papers calls the attention of the American Bible Society to the fact that he recently sought in vain to find a copy of the Bible in one of our largest federal buildings in the capital of the nation. He wants a few home missionaries sent into this field.

A MAN who delights in calculations contributes this: "If the immortal George Washington, when he was forty-eight years of age, had stepped into a railroad office and pawned his little hatchet for a ticket to the planet Mars, he would at the rate of fifty miles an hour hav arrived there this year."

JUDGE DANIELS, much to the delight of the labor reformers, has recently decided that the "cornering" of food products by monopolists is a conspiracy punishable as a crime. Judge Daniels was a candidate for the Court of Appeals last fall and was defeated by the Labor vote, which, as is charged by John Swinton, was sold out to Peckham by a bargain between the Labor party leaders and the Irving Hall Democrats. Regret is now expressed that labor should hav opposed its friend; but politics seems to be politics the world over, whether it goes under one name or another.

THE *Journalist* does not giv the name of the hero of the following story, but it cannot be Dr. Buckley, for the *Advocate* office is nearly two miles from the Alderney Dairy: "The editor of one of the religious weeklies patronized the Alderney Dairy for ten days running last month. At his last visit, he called the waitress to him, drew a large handful of money from his pocket, and remarking, 'You are a very faithful servant, young woman, and shall be rewarded,' put some coin beneath his place. He ate his usual dinner of oatmeal, baked apples, milk and pie, and departed. Tho expectant waitress raised the plate and found two cents!"

IT is strange, says the editor of the *Secular Review*, what an intimate connection there is between bishops and brewers, how naturally the cathedral runs to drink, and what "beauty of holiness" sits enshrined in the sublime alliteration, Bible and Beer, Gospel and Gin, Lush and Litany! The fact has lately been ascertained that the largest owners of gin-shops and beer-houses in London are its two cathedrals, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. The bishop of London, it is said, in riding from his abode in St. James's square to his official palace at Fulham, passes more than a hundred gin-shops built upon land belonging to the church. A writer in the *Examiner* says: "Some years ago, after residing three or four months in Scotland, I had occasion to visit several cathedral towns—Norwich, Peterborough, and others. In the North I hardly found a person who could not read and write; in the cathedral towns I found very few who could." According to general testimony, the inhabitants of cathedral towns are exceptionally ignorant and drunken.

CONGRESSMAN GALLAGHAN, of the Pennsylvania legislature, has a queer reason for objecting to prayers in Congress. In the House the other day he made a sensation at the opening session by moving that the custom of opening the House with prayer be dispensed with. He said he did not make the motion because he was opposed to prayer. The legislature proposed to force upon the people a prohibition amendment to the Constitution, which would be an abomination in the sight of God, and it would be little less than sacrilegious to hav the proceedings of a body which proposed this opened with prayer. God had sanctified the use of wine, and it would be an abomination to abolish its use.

SIX coal carrying corporations—the Philadelphia & Reading, the Delaware & Hudson, the New Jersey Central, the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, the Lehigh & Wilkesbarre, and the Lake Erie & Western—hav combined to put up the price of coal and to put down the wages of the coal-handlers. These corporations control immense quantities of coal. Recently the coal-handlers hav struck, the coal supply has nearly stopped, and prices are something enormous. This action on the part of the monopolists furnishes to the Socialists a strong support for the argument that the state should own the coal fields, pay handlers living wages, and supply the consumers at the lowest possible rates.

# Communications.

## Christian Absurdities.

The money spent in the vain endeavor to get men to heaven would make all comfortable on earth.

The Methodist society in twenty-six years has spent $19,000,000 on missionaries and for missionary purposes; so says the editor of the New York *Independent*, while right under his nose to-day, in the same city, in four blocks are eight hundred destitute and starving people.

Trinity Church owns $15,000,000 worth of property, and derives an income therefrom of $400,000 a year. Nine million dollars' worth of this property is exempt from taxation. Some of the most disreputable places in the city of New York, according to report, are owned by the Trinity Corporation.

About a year ago a committee was appointed to examine into the condition of tenement houses in the city. In their report, Jan. 6th, Dr. Gunn, chairman of the committee, said that among the tenement classes, Trinity Church had the reputation of being the meanest landlord in the city. He says he found halls covered with filth from overflowed closets. In one instance he found a cellar covered with filth a foot deep, from a broken sewer pipe. Dr. Gunn says it is the policy of the church never to repair a building until no one, however wretched, can live in it. Yet Trinity, like other churches, spends vast sums for missionary purposes.

Oh, how long will the people be deceived! Can not anyone see that the churches are not founded on the principles of humanity? Cannot anyone see that the missionary is not moved by the lofty desire of taking the poor and ignorant by the hand and leading them up to a nobler manhood and a higher civilization, but by the groveling and ignoble device of adding numbers and power to the church? For this the missionary is hired. And yet the Christian must eat the broken body and drink the blood of his savior, and wear a long face, to let you know that his kingdom is not of this world.

Did a long puritanical face ever get anyone to heaven? Do the clanging of bells, and forms and ceremonies, have an upward tendency? Must a man wade through fountains of blood, and be splashed under water, to win a white robe and golden crown? Must a man turn cannibal, and eat the body and drink the blood of a man who died eighteen hundred years ago, in order to be saved? Must a man believe in an old book written by semi-barbarians, abounding in tales and fables, and filled with obscenity and absurdities—with all manner of nastiness and impossibilities—in order to secure a through-ticket to the New Jerusalem?

In order to secure heaven must a man wander through the earth enshrouded in gloom, and look as though he was struck with death? Judged by the sermons of fifty years ago, a smile would send a man to hell, and a dress finer than sack-cloth would cut off a woman's hope of heaven. There was great danger of hell if everything was not as gloomy as the grave.

If it isn't going to be a little cheery in heaven, I don't want to go there. If a little fun on earth is going to send us all to hell, then hoorah for hell, say I. Let us make the most and the best of this life. This, to my mind, is the surest way to stave off hell, and the shortest route to heaven. Let us have a little of the sunshine of life, with smiles and joy and cheerfulness, while we may.

In the broad light of the nineteenth century ought we not now to begin to outgrow their superstition. But the moment you bring a man's superstition under the focus of common sense he begins to stare like a stuck pig. This is partly because he is afraid of hell, and partly because the priest has taught him that common sense will be at a discount in heaven.

Nothing but gold will satisfy the Christian avarice here, and gold is to be the chief attraction in heaven. The streets of the New Jerusalem are to be paved with gold, and he is to have a golden harp. Then he is to have a white robe, and walk over the gold-paved streets, and twang his harp, throughout a never-ending eternity. The Christian declares that this is just to his taste; no change of dress, no change of occupation; never dreaming that this may grow just a little monotonous after fifteen or twenty thousand years. One would think that after one or two hundred thousand centuries he would joyfully glide into the land of forgetfulness just for a change. Jewels and gems and gold would have no attractions for me, and I would much prefer my every-day clothes to white robes. And as for wings, I think they would be terribly in the way when I want to put on my overcoat. I am quite fond of music, but I think the eternal blare of a brass band, or any other kind of music, would become tedious after a while.

What kind of companions would old Abraham and David and Solomon and Joshua make for such men as Emerson, Bryant, and Phillips? Who that has been put through the modern schools of civilization would want to associate with old David and Joshua, splashed all over with human blood?

And then these men to have from fifty so a thousand fancy women, and some of the rest of us not to have any. Queer heaven that! I want to see all the women in heaven, and I want my choice among them all, and then I want to be the choice of the woman who is my choice. And then occasionally—if they could only stop the twang and bang of the harps for a little while—I would like to hear the innocent prattle of lovely children. And then, too, if there is to be anything like a perfect heaven, there must be some courtship going on. It would afford me a thousand times more delight to see a loving couple in some secluded nook making love, with the birds singing over their heads, than to see old David straddling round with his bloody clothes on.

Oh, happy love! where love like this is found!
Oh, heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me thus declare:
"If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
Our cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In others' arms breathe out the tender tale
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
Love is heaven, and heaven is love,"

Yes, I have an idea to have anything like a tolerable heaven, there must be a great deal of love there: love of wife, love of children, love of friends—that is, if I consent to stay there. And with heaven full of love, whom will such bloody old tyrants as David and Joshua find to fight?

Now because I have no desire for the Christian's heaven, and because I do not fear his hell, he is anxious to have me wafted to the most uncomfortable region that his imagination can paint for all eternity. This may be extremely orthodox, but it is very inhuman. In some states I would be imprisoned. This shows that it is not policy to differ from a Christian. If one is in the state of Delaware or New Jersey, he had better get out before expressing an honest opinion.

The Christian need not wonder that I have no taste for his society, nor any desire for his heaven. If a Christian should go into one of our large cities and open just such a heaven as is described in the New Testament, he could not loop in one out of a thousand, especially if there was a good minstrel troupe on the next block.

How long will the brains of men be muddled with such heavenly (or hellish) nonsense? The idea of divine inspiration, or that God has been in the book business, is exceedingly ridiculous. Still more ridiculous the idea of a class of men once existing who could foretell coming events. But when the statement is made that a man wrote an account of his own death and burial, it would seem that the very hight of absurdity had been reached.

It is well understood by scientists that as we trace back the history of man he descends in the scale of civilization until he reaches a state of brutish ignorance. Hence it is but natural to suppose that the writings of three thousand years ago would be stained more or less with error. If the scientific attainments of that age be considered, it will be no surprise to find the writings of that age marred with the grossest conceptions. We must not wonder at the Mosaic account of creation. It was the nearest approach to science that they could make.

When the last cloud of superstition is dispelled, we shall find that all the Bibles which hav ever been written reflect only the knowledge of the times in which they originated. Not one of the score of books claimed by different peoples as sacred rises above the ignorance and superstition of the age which gave it birth. Not one of them transcends the powers of the human intellect. The belief that those writings originated at the throne of God has had a blinding effect upon the minds of men. Because the chains of superstition forged by these writings must be broken before men can outgrow the ignorance of these so-called sacred writers. And to-day we are struggling to free ourselves from the meshes of ignorance thrown over us three thousand years ago.

There is no system of supernatural religion which will stand the full blaze of reason. Honest historical and strictly scientific tests would sweep them all from the face of the earth. Faithful historical records would show each and every one of them to be of human origin.

The scientific delvers have brushed away the last vestige of the miraculous. Among scientists scarcely a man can be found who is considered sound by strictly orthodox men. The fall of man is not accepted by men of scientific attainments. Mr. Beecher ridicules the idea. Man has occupied millions of years in his ascent from the most brutal savage up to his present condition. His fall has been gradually upward. The plan of salvation must follow the fate of the fall.

Moreover, crucified saviors have been too plenty to give to any one particular significance. The story of Christ agrees so perfectly with the story of the Indian savior, Christna, as to leave no doubt of its borrowed origin. When two stories are told exactly alike, it is reasonable to believe that the one has been copied from the other. If one story is many centuries older than the other, it is evident that the older was not borrowed from the later.

The Freethinker marvels at the stupidity of the Christian. But it should be borne in mind that probably as soon as he could talk he was taught to say his prayers, and the sacredness of the scriptures was firmly impressed upon his mind. Through years of Sabbath-school teaching, and by hundreds of sermons and exhortations, this idea has been ground into his very soul. And then it should be remembered that the constitution of the mind is just as much inherited as the constitution of the body. And according to the rules of heredity, for centuries this idea has been wearing channels into the brain, widening and deepening as the generations have come and gone, until finally men became so blinded by superstition that they tortured and murdered those who differed from them in opinion. Thousands have been hanged for the unmeaning crime of witchcraft, because people had been taught in an old book that they must not suffer a witch to live. The most cruel wars have been waged, and millions have been slain, because Christians believed that the most high God was tickled by blood-letting and throat-cutting. For hundreds of years men were kept in the most besotted ignorance because they believed that the Bible contained all they ought to know. When these things are held up before the followers of the "meek and lowly," they say that Christianity is the handmaid of learning, and that it never persecutes—that it is full of patience and long-suffering, that it upbraideth not, thinketh no evil, is full of love and charity even unto the end.

If this is true, then there was no Christianity in the world for more than a thousand years. Was the Inquisition instituted by some power outside of Christianity? Can what are known as the Dark Ages be attributed to anything but Christianity? During that time were there not the most terrible wars recorded in history, and such tyranny and oppression as the world never saw before? For hundreds of years was it not death, and that by slow torture, to say a word against the church? May the world never see the like again!

I am glad that it is better now; but it is not because the church has reformed, but because she has been crippled; but she longs for her former strength. She still believes that there is no salvation except through blood. Allow her to get God into the Constitution, and to make Christ the supreme ruler of the country, and then see how long it will be before she will go back to her old tricks of making converts by the rack and thumb-screw. Allow me to say to every Liberal in this land that the battle has not been won as long as Christianity gives to men preference, place, and power. Let every man stand upon his mental and moral worth.

When men and women depend upon faith and prayer, and let people die without medical treatment, it shows that Christianity has not lost its blighting grip upon the minds of the people, and that there yet remains much for Liberals to do. When an old feeble woman past eighty is plunged through the ice into the water, when the mercury is below zero, and dies the same day from the exposure; when our asylums are peopled with Christian lunatics; when men and women turn cannibals and eat the body and drink the blood of their savior, it all goes to show that there is yet work for the lovers of freedom to do. Fifty years from now we shall make the Christian as much ashamed of these superstitions as he is now of the fiery hell and infant damnation of fifty years ago.

Fifty years from now religion will consist in doing good and making our fellow-beings happy. To-day all the merit of the Christian religion lies in belief. "He that believeth not shall be damned." No matter about good works; you must believe. A more damnable doctrine was never taught. The Christian is sure he believes, and therefore he is as confident of heaven as though he held a full covenant deed of it, without being troubled about good works.

Now, I want to show the Christian by his own standard, the New Testament, just what his chances of heaven are worth (Mark xvi, 16 to 19): "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that do believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

Now, my dear Christian friend, step forward. In addition to a check which will secure for you a crown and a harp, I will give you one hundred dollars for the first lively, healthy, robust devil that you will cast out. If you have never learned anything but plain English, I will give you another hundred dollars if you will utter a few sentences in Greek, Hebrew, or Sanscrit. And if you will handle a good big rattlesnake without mittens you shall be rewarded with his rattles; they will prove a fine accompaniment to your harp. Now, I will take a little strychnine—just what will lay on the point of a small pen-

knife—and drop it into a little water. Don't tremble now, because if you take it and pull through all right you will not only escape hell, but will secure heaven. Remember the promise in the New Testament, and down with it; if you have faith like a grain of mustard, there is not the least bit of danger. Webster says that to be sick is to be affected with any kind of disease. Now, most people die of some kind of disease. But why should any one die of disease when the simple laying on of hands would cause one to recover?

Either there are no believers, or else the promise is not worth a penny whistle. Now, Christian, how is it? If you can't heal the sick, you don't believe; you must go to hell sure. Allowing the promise to be good, and that every Christian is a believer, all the doctors' diplomas in America would not be worth a rupee.

Unless these Christians are very great liars, they are praying for my conversion every day. But is there a sane man who believes that any Christian can exhibit these signs any more than I can? Consequently, his chances of heaven can be no better, and I am nothing but a poor Infidel, whose oath would not be taken in a court of justice in some of the states in this Union, and who has been loaded with a thousand Christian curses. JOHN PECK.

## Has Christianity Benefited Woman?—II.

But we find woman in the pagan countries of Egypt, Greece, and Rome not only regarded with hat respect and adoration due the weaker sex, but having the opportunity of reaching the highest pinnacle of fame. Minerva occupied as exalted a place in the hearts of these pagans as Hercules. With them woman was considered the social and intellectual equal of man, and instead of motherhood being a curse, the mother was considered the highest type of womanhood. Centuries before Christ was born women sat upon the Egyptian throne. The education and religion of that country were largely in the hands of women. Sibyls wrote the books of "Fate." Hundreds of years before our era women had been accorded as high places as the intellectual arena afforded. Sappho flourished 600 B.C., and so highly was her intellectual endowments considered that Plato assigned her the honors of sage and poet, and familiarly entitled her the "tenth muse." Women occupied places in the philosophical schools and lectured on literary and scientific subjects, the last representativ of which was the ill-fated Hypatia, who was murdered by St. Cyrel and his mob of Christians at Alexandria, A.D. 414.

It is true that in early times women had been subject to barter and sale between their male relations, according to barbaric customs. "But the later Roman (pagan) law having assumed on the theory of natural law the equality of the sexes, control of the persons of women was quite obsolete when Christianity was born. Her situation had become one of great personal liberty and proprietary independence, even when married, and the arbitrary power over her of her male relations or her guardian was reduced to a nullity, while the form of marriage conferred on the husband no superiority." Thus, as a daughter and a wife, she had grown to be honored and recognized as an equal with the son and husband under pagan law.

Sir Henry Maine, speaking of this great liberty of the pagan women, says: "Christianity tended from the very first to narrow this remarkable liberty. No society which preserves any tincture of Christian institutions is likely to restore to married women the personal liberty conferred on them by the middle Roman law. The expositors of the canon law hav deeply injured civilization. There are many vestiges of a struggle between the secular and ecclesiastical principles, but the canon nearly everywhere prevailed. In some of the French provinces married women of rank, below nobility, obtained all the power of dealing with property which Roman jurisprudence had allowed, and this local law has been largely followed by the code Napoleon. The systems, however, which are least indulgent to married women are invariably those which hav followed the canon law exclusivly, or those which from the lateness of their contact with European civilization hav never had their archaisms weeded out."

When Christianity came into power in the Roman world, Maine says, "again began the sale of women. Christianity held her as unclean and in all respects inferior to man, and during the era which begins modern history the women of dominant races are seen everywhere under various forms of archaic guardianship, and the husband pays a money-price for her." Unlike the polygamist practices of Bible characters, and as was the custom of the early Christians, the pagans of Greece and Rome strictly enjoined monogamy, and to them Christians are indebted for the system of monogamy, and not to the teachings of the Bible. Lecky says in his "European Morals": "The Roman (Pagan) religion was essentially domestic, and it was a main object of the legislator to surround marriage with every circumstance of dignity and solemnity. Monogamy was, from the earliest times, strictly enjoined, and it was one of the great benefits that hav resulted from the expansion of Roman power that it made this type dominant in Europe. In the legends of early Rome we hav ample evidence both of the high moral estimate of women and of their prominence in Roman life. The tragedies of Lucretia and of Virginia display a delicacy of honor, a sense of the supreme excellence of unsullied purity, which no Christian nation could surpass." Hallam says, in his "History of Literature:" "Love with the ancient poets is often tender, and sometimes virtuous, but never accompanied by a sense of deference or inferiority. This elevation of the female sex, through the voluntary submission of the stronger, is a remarkable fact in the philosophical history of Europe. It originated partially in the Teutonic manners. Some hav said the reverence and adoration of the female sex, which has descended to our own times, is the offspring of the Christian dispensation. But until it can be shown that Christianity established any such principle, we must look a little farther down for its origin. Without rejecting the Teutonic influence, we might ascribe more direct efficacy to the favor shown to women in succession to lands, through inheritance, or dower, by the later Roman law."

The early Christians did not look upon marriage with that sanctity that characterized the later Roman and Teutonic nations, but in its grossest forms. Lecky says that marriage under Christian rule was viewed in the most degraded form. The notion of its impurity took many forms, and exercised for some centuries an extremely wide influence over the church. Polygamy was not uncommon among Christians, even down to the eighteenth century. And how could it be otherwise? Believing in a book that teaches polygamy and a God that sanctions it, their lives could not be different than they were. And, strange as it may seem to Christians, the early apostles, nor did Christ, ever say one word against that debasing system. William Ellery Channing, one of America's ablest divines, says: "There is no prohibition of polygamy in the New Testament. It is an indisputable fact that although Christianity was first preached in Asia, which had been from the earliest ages the seat of polygamy, the apostles never denounced it as a crime, and never required their converts to put away all wives but one."

The biography of the popes is almost one continuous recital of licentiousness and crimes against females. For many years the Vatican was nothing but a brothel, and one historian declares that the licentiousness of the clergy had ruined Italy. Justinian was a polygamist and a companion of prostitutes. Charlemagne, who spread Christianity and devastation by fire and sword throughout a large part of Europe, had a harem of nine wives and several concubines. And Louis XV., the "most Christian king," had a harem that cost more than $100,000, and consisted mostly of young girls.

The Protestant critic will say that all this Christianity was not responsible for; that those people were Romanists, and had turned aside from the principles of Christianity. However this may be, they lived lives which were consistent with the teachings of the Bible; nor, as has been shown, can they find that Christ or the apostles ever uttered a word against a plurality of wives. But if Catholics practiced polygamy, Protestants did the same. Sir Wm. Hamilton, in his Discussion of Philosophy and Literature, speaking of Luther and Melancthon says: "They promulgated opinions in favor of polygamy, and went to the extent of vindicating to the spiritual minister the right to private dispensation, and to the temporal magistrate the right of establishing the practice, if he chose, by public law."

On Dec. 19, 1539, at Wittenburg, Luther and Melancthon drew up the famous "Concillium," authorizing Philip of Hesse to hav a plurality of wives. This document bears the names of Martin Luther, Philip Melancthon, Martin Bucer, Dionysius Melander, John Lening, Antony Corvinus, Adrian Kraft, Justus Winther, and Balthasar Raida, nine of the most eminent of the leaders of the Reformation.

Luther advised Henry VIII. to hav a plurality of wives, but by murdering two, and divorcing two others, the founder of the English church avoided it.

John of Leyden established polygamy at Munster, and drove from their homes all those who dare oppose the odius custom, and other Protestants followed his example.

With such a record as this, it ill becomes Christians to point the finger of scorn at the Mormons, and, with the most glaring inconsistency, the Congress of the United States will employ a chaplain to open the business of the day by reading a chapter from a polygamous book, pray to a polygamous god, and then enact a law for the suppression of polygamy in Utah.

Neither did Christians think it necessary to educate women, and too many of them now think that money spent for the higher education of women is thrown away. Less than three hundred years ago a woman was hardly permitted to learn the alphabet, and to learn the multiplication table was overstepping the bounds of propriety; and Luther had the manliness to say that "no gown worse becomes a woman that she should be wise." The most of the Christians are to-day opposed to giving women equal educational privileges with men, setting forth the monstrous and unjust excuses that they are too frail, or that it would make them vain and forgetful of their motherly duties; and these excuses are fortified by passages from St. Paul, "Women should learn in silence with all subjection." Yes, woman is too frail to be the intellectual and political rival of man, but she is not too frail or vain to be his sexual and physical slave. She is not too frail to enter the workshops and factories and help support a family. She is not so frail but Christians will take advantage of her circumstances and employ her for a mere pittance to do labor in mines that the strongest men and mules should do; and the Christian church looks on and says, "'Tis well, she must not be suffered to teach nor usurp authority over man."

GEORGE H. DAWES.

## The Liberal Club.

It is hoped that the absence from these columns, the past few weeks, of reports of the regular meetings of the Manhattan Liberal Club has not led any to believe that those meetings hav been discontinued. Not by any means. Except during vacation, the Liberal Club never suspends. When the final smash of matter and crush of worlds takes place, and "this old hulk we tread shall be a wreck, a slag, a cinder, drifting through the sky without its crew of fools," the president of the club will secure the attendance of some lecturer who makes a specialty of seismic cataclysms and other judgment-day phenomena, and the subject of the recent disturbance will be ably discussed in speeches of ten minutes each. Admission, five cents; ladies and Presbyterians free.

The 429th regular meeting of the club was well attended. The writer of this was present, and having taken a seat, and satisfied himself that the beauties of his new ten-dollar diamond badge-pin were not concealed, he was enabled to make the ensuing observations. He found himself surrounded by a distinguished company. Mr. Eckhard, treasurer of the American Secular Union, was seated by the register, near the door. If a man was ever designed for any special purpose, Mr. Eckhard was designed for a treasurer. His substantial structure suggests a granit bank building with burglar-proof vaults. A little way up the aisle Mr. Edward King sat upon the front edge of a chair, this position being necessarily assumed in order that the feet of Mr. King might rest upon the floor. Although still a young man, deep thought has made Mr. King partially bald, but he still remains the favorit orator of the workingmen, and has a walkover among the fair sex. Over against the wall reposed Herr Eckstein, a mysterious individual from the West, who is known to hav set type on the *Ironclad Age*, and to hav an acquaintance with the Anarchists of Chicago. On the present occasion he wore a look that plainly expressed his dissatisfaction at the mild character of the proceedings. The legal profession was represented by nearly all the Law Committee of the Labor party.

The Chair opened the meeting by expressing regret at the continued absence of the secretary. Dr. Leverson, one of the oldest members of the club, was the orator of the evening, and "The Coming Constitutional Convention" was his subject. He held that there was a science of legislation, which, if understood by all, would make difference of opinion upon law-making unnecessary. This science was the result of a study of all legal experiments since the time when the first law was made of which we hav any historical record. These experiments were first methodized and reduced to a system by Jeremy Bentham. The legal science is almost unknown among our legislators. The first reform which Dr. Leverson would ask the Constitutional Convention to make would be the establishment of the referrendum, as in Switzerland, where all laws are submitted to the people for ratification. Then there should be proportional representation, the method of securing which the speaker described. It is in operation in Denmark. All other desirable reforms would follow from the adoption of the referrendum and proportional representation, and a vast amount of highcockalorum would be gotten rid of. Dr. Leverson is a member of the Law Committee of the Labor party.

Mr. Wakeman announced that he was on the Law Committee of the Labor party and had helped to draft a code which would substantially abolish the legal profession.

Lawyer Searing opened the discussion by invitation. He would hav the Convention inaugurate some measure to limit the time covenants may run on land. At present if land is sold under the covenant that it shall never be used for certain purposes stated in the conveyance, the covenant holds good forever. The conveyance of property by wills and testaments should likewise cease. Mr. Searing is a member of the Law Committee of the Labor party.

Colonel Hinton argued with great earnestness that there should be some provision made to remunerate hired journalists for their services in building

up great newspapers. At present newspaper proprietors enjoy the proceeds of other men's lives and brains.

Mr. Sutherland pointed out what he conceived to be the weakness of Dr. Leverson's scheme, and was applauded.

Lawyer Chamberlain said he had a good deal to do with getting up the Constitutional Convention in the way of distributing ballots for it, but he was not sure he had done a good thing. Mr. Chamberlain is a member of the Law Committee of the Labor party.

At this point Dr. Weeks, author of the "Songs of Morning," and Captain Clark, the ancient mariner who has seen a composant, both arose to speak, but the Chair announced that the time had arrived for Dr. Leverson to close the debate, so both were disappointed and the audience doubly so. Dr. Weeks always has something good to say, and Captain Clark, having made observations in all parts of the world, civilized and barbarous, is a valuable addition to the literature of the day.

After Dr. Leverson had cut up his critics in a smooth and unruffled manner, the audience dispersed.

THE SAME PROTRACTED.

The meeting following the one of which the foregoing is an account was addressed by Prof. Thomas Davidson, of Boston, on the subject of coöperation. The professor is one of the most learned of men. He belongs to the Concord School of Philosophy, is a student of the occult, and is able to read and write many dead and most of the living languages. He also speaks Latin with fluency and Greek with safety. What is more important, he has a good command of English.

The usual audience had assembled to hear about "Coöperation." The secretary of the club, it is well known, is treasurer of the Workingwomen's Fair Association, which is now holding a fair to raise money for the purchase of a press to print the labor daily on. The duties of that position prevent the secretary from attending the club, and the minutes of the previous meetings hav not been read for about six weeks. In opening the present meeting the Chair expressed regret at this state of things, and exhorted the members to attend the fair in a body and do what might be done to induce the secretary to return. The Chair would go itself. The man with the badge-pin cannot too highly praise this resolve on the part of the president of the club. The fair is a very attractiv institution, and affords more pleasing young ladies to the square inch than any other place except the Liberal Club. The president's determination to take it in, therefore, needs no further commendation.

Professor Davidson was introduced with appropriate ceremony, and received with applause. Coöperation, said the professor, is simple social justice. It is not Socialism, for Socialism is slavery. It is not Anarchy, for Anarchy is confusion. It has all the good points of both. Its end is Anarchy—that is, the abolition of government, which would come when people became perfect; not before. But Anarchy is an end, not a beginning, and if the Anarchists dealt more in thoughts, and less in words, they would see that free coöperation is the proper thing for them to advocate. Many things are mistaken for coöperation which are not such. Among these are profit-sharing and those so-called coöperativ institutions carried on with borrowed capital, like Godin's enterprise at Guise in France. Coöperation must begin in a small way, and before it can begin people must be educated in its philosophy.

Professor Davidson's lecture was full of interesting remarks, and, as the saying has it, should be heard to be appreciated.

Captain Clark was first on deck. He conceded that the lecturer showed marked ability, but regretted that he could not agree with him. The captain here hoisted a large roll of paper upon the desk, ballasted it with the glass of water which stood conveniently at hand, and otherwise prepared himself for action. He did not believe in coöperation. It was only a substitute for something worse, and bore the same relation to Socialism that varioloid bears to small-pox. "It has been suggested to me," said the captain, "that I should follow the Socialist, Dr. Aveling, about the country, and take the platform with him in the interests of Socialism. I was told that what he would say in favor of Socialism could never do it half so much good as I could accomplish by making an unmitigated ass of myself in opposing it." Captain Clark regarded such language as unjust.

Colonel Hinton said that the previous speaker could not be called a Socialist or a Communist. There was nothing social about him, and he seemed to hav no views in common with the rest of mankind. The reform of our present unjust system, Colonel Hinton thought, would come through the trades-organizations and the Knights of Labor.

Mr. Leavitt noted that the lecturer had ignored the many experiments in coöperation which had already been made. There were Brook Farm, Harmony, Economy, Oneida, the Shakers, and many other coöperativ enterprises on record. All of these were inaugurated by able and earnest men, but not all were successful.

Mr. Henry did not believe in altruism. He believed in thorough selfishness. No man deserved any more rights than he claimed and exercised. If people want more rights than they hav, let them take them.

A stranger, who developed into a strong supporter the theories of Karl Marx, took the floor. We couldn't afford to wait, he said, for coöperation. It was too slow. This speaker delivered himself with a strong German accent. He had bristling hair and whiskers, each particular one of which stood on end in an aggressiv way, and in the midst of which his face looked like a bare spot in a buffalo robe. Why the typical Socialist should consider this the proper way of getting himself up is one of the problems to which an evening's discussion at the club might be profitably devoted. If there is anything in the science of physiognomy, this jack-in-the-box style must hav a deep significance. This is said in all kindness, because it is plain that an orator who appears before an audience looking like an unkempt pirate must plead his case under a prejudice.

Following this lecture, William Snyder, Esq., speaks, Jan. 21st, on "The Land Grant System and Its Abuses;" and on the 28th Dr. R. G. Eccles will present "Evolution, Illustrated by a Flower."

Among the resolutions which the writer of these lines made on New Year's Day was one to the effect that, with divine assistance, he would hereafter report the meetings of this club with regularity. That he will do so with veracity he trusts the reader needs no assurance. Long familiarity with the truth has taught him to prize it highly. His Friday evenings shall be lent to visiting these meetings, and after a few moments spent in interchange of greetings, he will proceed to make a note of all who take the floor, whate'er their name, transcribe the same, and print it as before. Then as a casual line of verse in an agreeable meter ne'er made a story sound the worse, but winds it up the neater, he will henceforth, from time to time, evolve a closing bit of rhyme.

## Law and Order.

*From the Standard, Henry George, Editor.*

The Anarchist cases hav proved that while organized workingmen are as a class in favor of due administration of law, the society-saving class is at heart a lawless class. Spies and his associates were convicted by a jury chosen in a manner so shamelessly illegal that it would be charity to suspect the judge of incompetency.

The accusation was murder by an explosiv thrown by an unknown person between whom and the defendants no connection was shown. The meeting, at which it was thrown, was peaceable and lawful. The mayor so declared it; and although the chief of police agreed with him, hardly was the mayor out of sight when the chief, at the head of a squad of policemen, ordered it to disperse. Then the explosiv was thrown.

The only evidence against the defendants in connection with this meeting was that they were present and that some of them spoke. Yet this jury, many of whom confessed to fixed opinions against the accused, found a verdict of murder.

Upon this the labor organizations, although opposed in opinion to the defendants, raised a fund to vindicate the law. How different the position of the "better classes." No well-informed lawyer can defend the conviction upon legal grounds. Laymen may think the proceeding lawful because outward forms of law were observed, but the lawyers who defend it do so solely on the ground that "Anarchy," and "Communism," and "Socialism" must be stamped out. They concede that it was a mere subterfuge to punish men for opinion's sake, but urge that the opinions are dangerous to society; and when a layman is confronted with the truth that this trial was a legal farce, he falls back upon the same plea. An opinion more dangerous to society than that men who teach unpopular doctrins may be silenced by illegal convictions of infamous crimes could hardly be conceived.

Which then is the law and order class?—the class that demands a lawful trial for victims of popular hate and fear, and out of its slender means contributes to that end, or the class that uses the machinery of the law to mangle the law itself in an endeavor to silence doctrinal adversaries?

## Lenses for the Lick Observatory.

The San Francisco *Chronicle's* San José correspondent writes under date of December 28th:

The crown and flint glasses of the great objectiv of the Lick Observatory arrived safely at the summit of Mount Hamilton at 1 P.M. Monday. The boxes containing the glasses were taken to the south room of the observatory, where a fire had been started hours before to produce the proper temperature. When the covers of the boxes were removed it was found that the glasses had not moved out of place in the slightest degree. The wrappings of cotton flannel, forty yards to each glass, were then carefully cut away, and the glasses brushed and wiped with the utmost delicacy by Mr. Frazer, in accordance with instructions given him by Alvin Clark. This done, the glasses, set on edge on steel rollers, were put in a cast-iron cell inlaid with silver, with a space of six and a half inches between them. This space has eight oval houses for cleaning and ventilation. The next move was to transport the cell, with its valuable attachment, weighing altogether six hundred pounds, to the vault in the north room under the pier which supports the twelve-inch equatorial. Here every precaution had been taken to prevent moisture, and here the glasses will remain until the time comes for mounting them. Investigation shows that neither the flint nor the crown glass had been injured at all. Each was in as good a condition as when it left the hands of the Clarks. Captain Floyd thinks that the observatory will be ready to be turned over to the trustees of the university by the 1st of September.

The Lick observatory, an illustration of which was published in the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1886, was built with $750,000 left for that purpose by James Lick, a pronounced Freethinker. The observatory is located at San José, Cal., and is so far advanced in construction as to be ready to receive the monster telescope which it is designed to support. The telescope will be the largest and best ever made. When completed, the observatory is to be connected with the University of San Francisco.

## The Privacy of Mail Matter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Permit me through your columns to make an appeal to all Liberals, of whatever name, in reference to the question involved in the following extract taken from the Topeka, Kan., *Commonwealth*. I am not in a state of health to do the subject justice, but the intelligence of your readers is such they cannot fail to see that it is a question in which we are all interested; for we know not how soon any true Liberal may be called upon to occupy a prison cell.

It seems that E. C. Walker and Lillian Harman object to having their correspondence read by the prison officials, and as a consequence are not allowed to send or receive letters. It makes no difference whether we sanction the course pursued by those parties or not. They are imprisoned for what *they* believe to be right. So was Bennett; so was Heywood. The question is, Hav prisoners rights that officials are bound to respect? I hope the friends will look into this matter—test this question to its utmost.

Mr. Dodge is stated to be assistant U. S. district Attorney of Cleveland, O. The *Commonwealth* says:

Mr. Dodge has written an opinion in which, after carefully reviewing the law governing the delivery of the United States mail, he declares that no prison official has the right to open a prisoner's mail, and that any official who does so is liable to fine and imprisonment under the federal statutes. The only law in the Revised Statutes which would seem in any way to apply to the almost universal practice of opening and reading letters addressed to prisoners before delivering them is contained in section 3,892, which provides that "any person who shall take any letter, postal card or packet . . . before it has been delivered to the person to whom it was directed, with a design to obstruct the correspondence or pry into the business or secrets of another, or shall secrete, embezzle, or destroy the same, shall for every such offense be punishable by a fine of not more than $500 or by imprisonment at hard labor for not more than one year, or by both." This provision apparently applies to all letters passing through the mails, and no exception is made in the case of convicts or any other class of persons.

*Longmont, Col.* LOIS WAISBROOKER.

## The "New God."

I like Mr. Putnam's "New God" very well, if he would call it by some other name than "God." In fact, it is now thirty-five years since I hav believed in an "outward God" or an inward God, the highest aspiration in myself and others being my standard, which I would not disgrace by calling it "God."

We hav had too many Gods, most of them very bad ones, too long for a new God—one thus christened, I mean. We may exalt the better life within ourselvs, but for humanity's sake, and progression's sake, let us not call it "God." Let us drop that misnomer, and, if we must worship something, worship ourselvs and others, since the worst of us are better than any God ever made. But I do not believe in worship. A worshiper is a cringing sycophant, a very slave. A venerator, an aspirator, is a noble being.

Hav we not outgrown substitutes? We want nothing in the place of religion. We need no God. All we need is to search out the good within ourselvs and cultivate it. Away with a church of humanity! We want humanity without the church. The church has been cursing humanity for eighteen centuries. Its God, devil, Bible, creed, and priests hav been right in the way of all reform, progress, and philosophy ever since there was a church. Let us not pick up these old fungous words and clothe our new views and reforms with them as Christianity gathered up pagan mythology and wove it into her church of humanity eighteen hundred years ago.

But I forbear. Those readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER who see the *Freethinkers' Magazine*, December number, will find my views on this subject more fully set forth than space can be allotted me for in these pages. ELLA E. GIBSON.

*Barre, Mass.*, Jan. 8, 287.

# The American Secular Union.

## News and Notes.

I came Saturday, January 8th, to the much-flaming city of Pittsburgh. It is almost as brilliant by night as by day. The natural gas is so exuberant that it is kept burning all the time, and Pittsburgh looks like a gay festival city whether the sun shines or not. It is a mighty center of industry, and just now it is quite prosperous. The iron arms are constantly busy, and the glittering molten seas roll into innumerable forms, for the service of this world.

This is the place for the Liberal pioneer band to do its level best, and it does so with Roman Staley, Frank Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. Abel, H. H. Timby, Harry Hoover, and others to stand by the flag of the free through thick and thin. I like to sojourn at Pittsburgh. The friends here giv plenty of inspiration for the long task that is before the secretary, for they are full of hope and good cheer. On Sunday afternoon I gave my lecture, "The New God," and all seemed to be thoroughly satisfied with the modern divinity. In the evening I spoke at Allegheny City on "American Democracy." Good audiences were present at each lecture, and besides the lecture quite a number of Freethought books were sold. Our Pittsburgh friends are doing much in this direction. Our best literature is on sale every Sunday, and several hundred books and pamphlets are yearly distributed in the community. This is a useful work for every Liberal society to undertake. A large instrumentality of growth is the well-read book, and if a book is purchased it is pretty sure to be thoroughly perused.

The Pittsburgh corps is about the best disciplined of the divisions of the grand army of Freethought. It has learned much in the school of experience and knows how to adjust its forces for the most valuable results. It wastes no material.

Sunday afternoon I enjoyed the pleasant hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Abel, with Mr. and Mrs. John Meingle, Roman Staley, etc. Mr. and Mrs. Abel are always ready to lend a hand and make the pathway of the Secular pilgrim attractiv. They are among the foremost Liberals of the place. Besides those already mentioned, I was glad to meet among our allies Mrs. Jane Douthitt, L. W. Wickes, Philip and Ed. Baumbach, Mr. Joseph and family, G. R. Griffiths, Thos. Grundy, C. L. Stevens and wife, etc. Countenances, I find, are more familiar than names, and I cannot always remember the designation, but the pleasant greeting and warm wishes are not forgotten.

Monday afternoon I left Pittsburgh for Kent, O. On arriving at Ravenna, O., I found the train for Kent three hours behind time; there was nothing for it but to take a sleigh-ride to Kent. I like sleigh-rides when the weather and the horses are favorable, but this particular sleigh-ride was not very attractiv. It was ten degrees below zero. Old Boreas had a "nipping and an eager air" as he came sweeping over the western Reserve, and the horse was about twenty years old, and he did hate dreadfully to take that cold journey. But he did his work "manfully," when he got down to it; his aged heels perambulated with delightful assiduity over the creaking snow. He seemed to me like Tam O'Shanter's nag, as he went tumbling along into the icy darkness. Good old horse! he brought us safely to the well-lighted hall just in time for the lecture, and I proceeded at once to the platform and warmed myself up with a description of "The New Heaven and Earth," where there will be no belated trains, nor sleigh-rides in the teeth of a northern blast, and the lecture trip of the Freethought pioneer will be a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

I found Kent quite an agreeable place. There are about fifty subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER in the city and vicinity, and this congregation of Liberals makes one feel at home. I gave three lectures, and the audiences were good despite the extremely cold and unpleasant weather. Their reception of Freethought was most cordial and encouraging.

Mr. Marvin Kent, the owner of the hall where the the lectures were given, is one of the wealthiest citizens of the place, and from his family the town received its name. He is a generous supporter of our cause, contributing on this occasion the use of his large and handsome hall for the first two evenings. He is a genial Freethinker, and is popular with all classes. When our friend, T. C. Heighton, was injured and confined to his bed for months, Mr. Kent was wont to tell the Christian deacons what comfort the Infidel took in the midst of his severest sufferings in looking at the picture of Ingersoll instead or praying to God, and the deacons had nothing to say; they saw the point.

Mr. Joseph Heighton and his brother, T. C. Heighton, and Mr. B. F. Conaway are old-time anti-slavery war-horses, and the blood of reform is in them yet. Their Freethought improves with age, and attains youthful energy with advance of years. Mr. Joseph Heighton has done valiant service for freedom with his violin and song. He has put the vim into many a meeting by his cheering music, and I had the pleasure of being aided by it at my last lecture on "The Glory of Infidelity." All the Heightons, men, women, children, and grandchildren, are of the Liberal order, and they make a splendid company in the advance ranks of humanity. I enjoyed their hospitality, and hope to return again to their pleasant homes.

I enjoyed also the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Marsh and Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Reed, who are enthusiastic and devoted Liberals. Among the many other friends I met are Mr. Morgan, Mr. Chapin, Dr. J. A. Morris, Mr. Swan, Chas. Maloney, G. W. Dean, Jas. France, O. F. Stedman and wife, Wm. Firth, Geo. Ferry, etc.; also Mr. Musson, of Magadon, and Marvin Dean, of Ashtabula county, who is ready to go most any distance in order to hear a Freethought lecture. There was quite a gathering of Freethinkers and so the work will go on.

One of our stanch friends, Mr. Joseph Newham, was sick at the time of the lectures, but his interest was as bright as ever, and his contribution and cheering word were sent.

In connection with the Union here they hav a Liberal Library Association, and quite a number of valuable books hav already been purchased and success is assured. The best of our books are thus exerting a constant influence.

Professor Marsh, who preaches in the Universalist church, is quite a Liberal, and is pretty open in the expression of his thought, and he is doing much to aid the Liberal cause. I quite enjoyed his acquaintance, for he is a learned and able man, and there is but little difference in our ideas. I think, however, he is making a mistake in trying to ride two horses going in different directions. No matter how broad-minded a man may be, this is a quite impossible feat, and my friend, Mr. Marsh, must giv up one or the other of the flying steeds. He cannot liberalize the Christian, and he certainly cannot Christianize the Liberal. I guess he will take the Radical course eventually, and if he does, he will make a brilliant advocate of Secularism.

Marius Heighton, secretary of Kent Secular Union, a teacher in one of the schools, has been doing a good work by insisting upon the abolition of Bible-reading in the town schools, and the board of education has sustained him, and a significant victory has thus been attained.

From Kent, on Thursday, January 13th, I take an early morning ride to Earlville, and speed by railroad to Alliance, where I always find good friends. The Smith Sons, George W. Thornberg, Mr. and Mrs. Rockhill, John Kryder, Emil Tanner, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, Mr. Barkeley Brosius, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and others are always ready to do their best for the traveler. Somehow it is stormy weather every time I come to Alliance. I don't think this is a fair division. I shall keep on trying Alliance until at least once it and the "summer land" coincide. However, I had a good audience in spite of rain and thaw, and my visit was delightful.

I was pleased to meet friends from a distance, Mr. Enoch Wickersham, and Mr. Eli Taylor of East Rochester, and others. There had been acquaintance for many years through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and we greeted as old friends. I intend to go to East Rochester on my return, and with these veterans push the campaign for Freethought at that place.

On Friday I came on to Akron, a lively, bright, and advancing city. I found the Buchtel Hotel a pleasant abiding-place. The first Freethinker I met was Wm. Buchtel, the owner of this handsome building, and one of the foremost citizens of Akron. He and his brother, Mr. John Buchtel, and Mr. Shoemaker, another Liberal, hav done more than any others to build up the city. In the afternoon I visited with Wm. Buchtel the various manufacturing works of Akron, and I found them something wonderful in their way. At the Iron shops I met John Jacques, by whose efforts, with those of Mr. J. D. Thomas, a TRUTH SEEKER subscriber and activ Liberal, and Mr. Wm. Buchtel, the lecture was given. Mr. Jacques is a veteran Secularist of the English stock, and it was a pleasure to meet so solid a man without a particle of superstition, and his wife equally devoted to "Universal Mental Liberty," upon which subject I lectured. A fair audience was present in the Universalist church, which was kindly given for the occasion. The Universalists present did not seem to be at all disturbed by my radical utterances, and I guess the church will not feel the bad results of the outright Infidelity which for once baptized its elegant adornments.

Akron, with its curious and many-shaped and deft machineries, givs one a glance into the immensity of human life. In one place they manufacture daily hundreds of thousands of ornamental handles, tops, etc., to brushes, coffee-pots, and such things. It takes hardly a second to make these tiny decorations; and away they go in a constant stream all over the world. The way matches are made, and match boxes, is simply a marvel. The machinery seems to hav hands and feet, eyes, and all, and to move with swift intelligence. In the factory at Akron are made each day 57,600,000 matches. What a devil of a time Lucifer must hav of it over our broad land, with these millions of little brimstone torches let loose every day! The Buckeye Machine Company sends forth from its enormous factory one hundred and ten machines each day. It employs eight hundred men, and they work only eight hours a day, and earn from two to three dollars each—according to skill and celerity.

I also visited Buchtel College, founded by John Buchtel. It is a commanding building, in which are some three hundred students. It is under the Universalist *regime*, and is somewhat of a shining light on the path of Liberalism.

I leave Akron with bright anticipation of work to be done here in the future. The hospitality of Mr. and Mrs William Buchtel and their son, Mr. John Buchtel, and his wife, who is just from Germany to this fair home in America, was delightful. The good cheer and warm greeting of other friends—Mr. Jacques, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Marble, Mr. H. K. Poole, and John Hendrix, of Canton, and others—make up for all lack of fashion and popularity to our cause, and sweeten labor with the light of hope.

I am now railroading it to Columbus, O., where I guess, as my friend Ralston writes me, I shall hav an "excellent meeting, with everything singing off like music."

After Columbus next week I shall be at Piqua, Mechanicsburgh, and Cincinnati, O. On Sunday, Jan. 23d, I shall be at Rome City, Ind; at Linesville, Pa., Jan. 24th, 25th, 26th; at Chicago, Jan. 29th, 30th; at Nekoma, Ill., Feb. 1, 2; at Ft. Madison, Iowa, Feb. 5th, 6th; at Belton, Mo., Feb. 8th; at Brookville, Kan., Feb. 9th, 10th; at Salina, Kan., Feb. 11th, 12th, 13th; at Bavaria, Feb. 14th, 15th; at Fort Dodge, Feb. 20th; Garden City, Feb. 21st, 22d; at Denver, Col., Feb. 27th, March 6th. I expect to be at Los Angeles and Santa Ana, Cal., March 13th and 20th, and at San Diego between these dates. I wish all Liberal friends at these places to note the dates given and do their best to make a success of the campaign there worthy of the Golden State.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*C. A. & C. R. R.*, Jan. 15, 1887.

## Lectures and Meetings.

MRS. F. C. REYNOLDS will speak in Pittsburgh, Pa., on Sunday, January 30th, before the Secular Union.

SATURDAY night and Sunday, January 8th and 9th, J. E. Remsburg drove twenty miles through a blinding snow storm and delivered four lectures—one at Ai, O., one at Metamora, and two in the Christian church at Berkey. On the previous Sunday he gave two lectures in the Christian church at Waterloo, Ind.

THE Pittsburgh Secular Society will giv a social on the 29th, the anniversary of the birthday of Thomas Paine, at Brook's academy, Sixth and Liberty streets, at which there will be vocal and instrumental music. The opening address will be at 8 o'clock sharp. All are cordially invited. The committee of arrangements consists of F. A. Pierce, Roman Staley, G. R. Griffiths, E. Baumbach, H. H. Timby.

FRIENDSHIP LIBERAL LEAGUE of Philadelphia will commemorate the 150th anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine in Industrial Hall, Broad and Wood streets, Sunday, Jan. 30, 1887, with exercises consisting of lectures, vocal, and instrumental music, recitations, etc. At 2:30 and 7:30 P.M. Charles Watts will lecture. Liberals throughout the state are cordially invited to come and enjoy this intellectual feast. Seats free.

THE Liberals of Linesville, Pa., will observe the anniversary of Paine's birth in an extended manner. The services will occupy January 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, and 26th, closing on the latter evening with a grand ball. The ladies of the Linesville Secular Union will also on that evening serve dinner to the guests. Freethinkers from everywhere are cordially invited to attend this meeting. Some of the speakers will be Samuel P. Putnam, C. Watts, Mrs. A. M. Freeman, Samuel P. Brigham, Mrs. F. C. Reynolds, and others. G. W. Baldwin is the secretary of the Linesville Union.

## The Decline of Religion in High Society.

The Washington *Post* notes that in some hundred messages and letters of condolence addressed to Mrs. Logan, which hav been published in the papers, only two had any allusions whatever to the supreme being or to the consolations of religion. The two exceptions are by Stephen A. Douglas and Col. John Hay, both of whom said, "May God comfort and sustain you."

Among the friends who omit the invocation are Frances F. Cleveland, Lucretia R. Garfield, Col. Fred Grant and his wife, Mrs. Senator Vorhees, Mrs. General Black, Senators Plumb, Dawes, Edmunds, Hale, Cameron, Conger, Manderson, McMillan, Harrison, Platt, Miller, and Leland Stanford, Governor Oglesby, Generals Sheridan, Sherman, Sickles, Fairchild, Belknap, Miles, Schofield, and Dodge, Governor Rusk, S. S. Cox, Levi P. Morton, Andrew Shuman, Whitelaw Reid, S. B. Elkins, Attorney-General Garland, Mrs. David Davis, Samuel J. Randall, Postmaster-General Vilas, and forty Grand Army posts. Fifty years ago, adds the *Post*, it would hav been quite impossible for such omissions to hav occurred, and a century ago a message of condolence that lacked the religious element would hav seemed a mockery.

# Communications.

## That Orthodox Fraud.

Having received several letters respecting the "Orthodox Fraud," as revealed in the revised Bible, and asking for more specific information to be furnished through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I add the following items, and suggest to those interested in this, to me, very important question, to procure "The Companion to the Revised Old Testament," and "The Companion to the Revised Version of the New Testament," each volume costing about seventy-five cents. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York. It can be furnished through THE TRUTH SEEKER office.

"The whole number of English revisers in 1880 amounted to fifty-two (twenty-seven in the Old Testament company and twenty-five in the New Testament company). More than two-thirds belong to the church of England."

The Independents, the Wesleyans, the Baptists, and the Presbyterian churches of Scotland were well represented in the committee. Among these revisers are several of the ablest and soundest biblical scholars of the age, who would be selected by all competent judges as preëminently fitted for the task.

"In 1871, a committee consisting of about thirty members was formed, that fairly represented the biblical scholarship and leading churches and literary institutions of the United States, to coöperate with them in this work of common interest. It was likewise divided into two companies, which met every month in New York (except in July and August). Ex-President Dr. Woolsey, of New Haven, was president of the New Testament company, and Professor Green, in Princeton, N. J., of the Old Testament company." So says the "Companion to the Revised New Testament."

The American committee represented Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Reformed, Unitarians, Lutherans, and one Friend or Quaker. They were all reverend D.D.'s or professors of colleges and divinity schools, and most, if not all, of them familiar with Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. The names of the English committee are given in the "Companion to the Old Testament." They were over ten years in completing the revision of the New Testament, and fifteen years at the Old. A contract the committees made with the British publishers of the revisions for a portion of the profits furnished the means of defraying their expenses.

The Revision movement originated in resolutions adopted in 1870 in the Upper House of the Canterbury Convocation, a conclave of bishops and dignitaries of the Episcopal church in England. And the "Companion to the Revised Old Testament" says, "Of all religious bodies in English-speaking Christendom this one was the best-fitted to set on foot a work of so much difficulty, delicacy, and importance. But the committee appointed by the convocation was expressly authorized to invite the coöperation of any eminent for scholarship, to whatever nation or religious body they may belong. Their work, therefore, cannot bear the stamp of a sect or a party, nor is it colored by the views of any particular school." There is much more testimony to the ability and impartial character of the committees, and of the care taken "to select expert biblical scholars, mostly professors of Greek and Hebrew."

The "Companion" also states further in regard to funds for necessary expenses, that they were in part "cheerfully contributed by liberal donors" interested in the enterprise.

But no adequate conception of the character and importance of the work, and of the dilemma of the revisers, can be formed without a careful reading of these Companions.

*Philadelphia, Jan.*, 1887. T. E. LONGSHORE.

## Lincoln's Religious Belief Similar to Ingersoll's.

The Louisville, Ky., *Times* of the 25th ult. contains some interesting reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, by Judge James Madison Nelson, of Nyack, N. Y. The judge, it will be recollected, is a nativ of Clark county, Ky. His father, Thomas Pope Nelson, was the first United States minister to Turkey, and died while a member of Congress from the Winchester (Ky.) district. His great-grandfather was Thomas Nelson, Jr., one of the Virginia signers of the Declaration of Independence. Judge James Madison Nelson went from Kentucky to Illinois, and later to New York, where he has repeatedly been a member of the legislature and prominent in politics. He knew Abraham Lincoln intimately for a quarter of a century, and was often with him at the White House during the trying times of the war. He is an ardent admirer of the "martyr president," and puts on record quite a number of hitherto unpublished anecdotes and incidents in the life of this great man, from his boyhood to his death. Referring to his theological opinions, he says: "In religion, Mr. Lincoln was about of the same belief as Bob Ingersoll, and there is no account of his ever having changed. He went to church a few times with his family while he was president, but so far as I hav been able to find out he remained an unbeliever. I asked him once about his fervent Thanksgiving message and twitted him with being an unbeliever in what was published. 'Oh,' said he, 'that is some of Seward's nonsense and it pleases the fools.' Mr. Lincoln in his younger days wrote a book, which was published, in which he endeavored to prove the fallacy of the plan of salvation and the divinity of Christ." S. R. S.

## Brick Pomeroy and Anthony Comstock.

[Last week's TRUTH SEEKER contained a brief mention of the discharge of a Harlem merchant, arrested by Anthony Comstock for offering a gold watch and chain to the person who should guess nearest as to the number of seeds in a squash displayed in his store window. Brick Pomeroy, in his *Democrat*, made some humorous remarks about the absurdity of the arrest, and these called out a letter from Comstock, which Pomeroy published, and in which Comstock holds that guessing on the number of seeds in a vegetable is certainly gambling, when done for a prize, and asks Mr. Pomeroy to coöperate with him in saving the youth of the country from that utter destruction of the moral character which would inevitably follow guessing at squash seeds, if not suppressed by the strong arm of the law and the powerful opinion of an aroused public. Mr. Pomeroy reads the letter and then blandly remarks:]

We hav no desire to mislead, misstate, or vilify any one who is doing his duty bravely and right into the teeth of the storm, but we do delight in turning a man's head around so he can see a few things that custom helps him to overlook.

Anthony Comstock does not perform his whole duty.

He cites us to the declaration of the Penal Code of the state of New York and its definition of a lottery. Please read the paragraphs to which he calls our attention.

Now then, Mr. Comstock, come with us. Not to the store of a struggling merchant, who has taxes to pay, but to the rendezvous of a class who pay no taxes on their property, and who are not in want!

We will enter this church, the first one we come to. A church fair is in progress. Do you see the hand bills, the signs, the crowds of people going in and out?

They are Christians! They are the ones who back you up in your war against lotteries!

Come to the back part of the room.

Do you see that here are a dozen or more tables? That the wives and sisters and daughters of the deacons of the congregation are proclaiming with all their voice that they hav various articles of goods to be disposed of by LOTTERY!

Do you see the church-members and their children here, all excitement as they wait to see if *their ticket*, that was bought and *paid for*, has drawn the doll-baby, the gold cane, the silver watch, the silver flute, the religious organ, or the ungodly piano?

Do you, can you, will you realize that there are *more lotteries held each year* in the churches, basements of churches, halls and parlors of church people, for religious purposes, that is, to raise funds to help religious societies, than there are for all other purposes?

And yet this is the truth.

Sister Suydam goes about selling 100 tickets at fifty cents each. The prize is a gold watch of the cheap variety. The place is a church. The deacons all urge the boys and girls to buy a ticket.

They are doing more in one night to encourage the lottery business than we do in a year. They teach their children to gamble, then turn them out into the world, educated to the lottery business, and the moment they run in opposition to the church you step in and, as agent for the Society for the Suppression of Vice, grab the ones whom your gilded palaces of religion taught to defy and to break the laws.

Dare you tackle the lottery business that is carried on as above stated in churches?

Is it a sin and a crime to run a lottery in a store, a saloon, or a business office, and a virtue to run a similar one in a church?

You know that lotteries are held in churches. You know that the same plan to dispose of something is carried on in church fairs as in stores.

Then why do you not walk into the dens of saints and ply your vocation, the same as you walk into the places of *far more honest persons*, because they make no pretensions to lip-service piety?

Dare you walk into the church you are a member of and arrest a person who is there defying the law, trampling upon the constitution, and running a gambling school?

Dare you arrest even one member of a Christian church in this city, who in the church and in church service conducts a lottery scheme?

In your hunt for vice, sin, crime, defiance of law, etc., you should enter the churches once in a while.

*Impartial administration of the law* is what we contend for.

Yours is *not* an impartial administration of the law. Therefore it is of itself a fraud and a disgrace that the society which defines your duties and pays you for performing is constantly cognizant of, and therefore responsible for.

We will accompany you almost any night to one or more of the church fairs, religious lotteries going on constantly in this city, and will point out to you bald-headed and adept offenders against the law regarding lotteries, if you will dare to arrest and prosecute.

A reply is requested, as the public will condemn you or the editor of this paper, and we desire to know which one is right.

## Mrs. Walker's Determination.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In your issue of January 8th you make me contradict myself. You say that you gave the notice of Lillian's release from jail on the "authority of *Lucifer* itself." If you will refer to the issue of November 26th, you will see that I used this language:

So, then, while I ask no one to help me pay the costs that her captors hav charged against Lillian for their trouble in robbing her of her liberty, if she is not soon released, after her infamous sentence of forty-five days has expired, then I propose to raise from my own scanty earnings the money necessary to purchase her redemption from bondage, if she will consent to be thus released.

The following paper, put into my hands by Lillian herself through the prison bars, givs her reasons for thus refusing to be ransomed:

I want the readers of *Lucifer* and everyone else to distinctly understand that I, and I only, am responsible for the refusal to pay my half of the costs. My father was determined to pay my "ransom," but I was determined that he should not; and finally, after much argument and pleading, I induced him to consent to leave the matter alone until I shall authorize him to purchase my liberty. But that time shall never come. I will never pay, nor allow to be paid, one cent of the costs of this prosecution, even though in default thereof I shall end my life in a prison cell. Let them do their worst; I will never admit that I hav committed a "crime" by acting as I hav done in this union with Mr. Walker, nor will I beg a favor of them. They can keep me imprisoned all my life, they can kill me by inches; but still I scorn and defy them.

One of the county commissioners informed me this morning that they would keep us in jail until the costs were paid, no matter how long that might be. He also informed me that I would be sent to Topeka or Leavenworth to be kept, and that Mr. Walker would be kept here "until the last day, and that until after supper." So our friends need not be surprised if they hear nothing more of us. But we will still be living and as determined as ever. Imprisonment may ruin our health; it cannot daunt our spirits.

My father came this evening with the intention of paying half the costs and taking me back home. But I will not consent to his doing so. He thinks that he will be blamed for not doing his duty, that people will say that he is an unnatural parent, etc. But it is not true; he has done all he possibly could for my comfort. It is I who refuse to pay costs. Anyone who blames him for my remaining in jail is either ignorant of the facts or, to use plain Anglo-Saxon, a liar!

*Oskaloosa*, Dec. 7, 1886. LILLIAN HARMAN.

The annexed paragraph, clipped from one of our county papers, shows the position of the court, commissioners, and sheriff in regard to the matter:

Sheriff Housh called on us Wednesday. He says the court issued an order for Walker and Lillian Harman to remain in jail until their fine and costs were paid, and he is willing to take care of them until his time is out, and then he will turn them over to his successor.—*Meriden Report.*

The prison regulations now enforced against these "anti-marriagists," as they are called, are more arbitrary and severe than ever before known in so-called civilized lands, so far as I hav ever heard. Not only are the prisoners forbidden to write for *Lucifer* and other papers, but for weeks past *all* letters, and even postal cards, are forbidden to pass to or from them. And to cap the climax, the order now is that *no* reading matter whatsoever shall be allowed to reach them. No communication is permitted between Edwin and Lillian in the jail, and for several weeks no chance for an airing outside their respectiv cells has been vouchsafed to them.

A hearing of the case was had on appeal before the supreme court of Kansas at Topeka, on Thursday, the 6th inst., but no decision was reached, and it is not probable that a decision will be promulgated before February 1st. Then, if the decision of the lower court is affirmed, it will mean *perpetual imprisonment*, in default of payment of costs. If the lower court is not sustained, the case will go back on some technicality for another hearing, with a probability of the same result being reached as before. It is true that it is in the power of the supreme bench to set aside the verdict of the lower court, and declare that there was no ground for prosecution, and thus end the case by ordering the prisoners to be released unconditionally; but as all Kansas judges are *electiv*, it is scarcely to be expected that the members of the supreme bench will in this case so far sink the politician in the jurist as to giv judgment in accordance with the dictates of justice, to say nothing of considerations of humanity.

Considerable space in THE TRUTH SEEKER has been devoted by correspondents to criticisms on Mr. Walker's course in this affair, none of whom seems to hav sensed the real points at issue between us and our persecutors. Not wishing to take up your valuable space with this discussion, I again offer to send to

any address, gratis, back numbers of *Lucifer*, showing just where we stand in this controversy.

Yours for liberty, equality, and fraternity,

M. HARMAN.

*Valley Falls, Kan.*, Jan. 10, 1887.

## Locksley Hall, the Third.

"Locksley Hall, the First," we all know and love. "Locksley Hall, the Second," has already been criticised with great force and justice by THE TRUTH SEEKER. "Locksley Hall, the Third," is a title I want to substitute in place of that given by Mr. Louis Belrose, Jr., to a poem just published by Brentano, at Washington, and modestly called, "To the Poet-Laureate." Perhaps it might still more properly be termed, "Locksley Hall, the Second." It certainly harmonizes admirably with both its predecessors in melody, while it is far in advance of both of them in sentiment, as may be judged from some extracts:

"Let us hush this cry of forward, till ten thousand years are gone,"
Let us stop the stars that, rising, light the night and bring the dawn.

Science moves but slowly, said you; science moves, and turns not back,
Though we love or though we hate it, what she wills must clear the track.

Though the rebel brute within us writhe in anguish at the sight,
Fact is lord of earth and heaven, fact is truth, and truth is right.

Hopes that hung upon a dream are vanishing, and now we weep;
Look! the glorious sun is shining; shall we turn again to sleep?

Courage, aye, and faith, O poet! Still when first the warm wind blows,
Little birds shall nest in England, hedges bloom and bear the rose.

England still has men and maidens fit for love and firm in need;
England still may find salvation, though she lose both crown and creed.

F. M. HOLLAND.

## Our London Letter

It is stated as an incident of the late gale that a seaman, who was rescued with others from a wreck on the east coast, gave considerable trouble to his preservers, being loaded with a large Bible, which was fastened to him, with the result that he was dragged through the raging seas head downward into the lifeboat in an unconscious state, and was with difficulty restored. This would appear to be a very near exemplification of that passage in the blessed book stating that "the letter killeth." Doubtless, in after life this man will relate his adventure as a signal instance of being preserved through having a Bible in his possession, and the tale will be served up in the Christian magazines *ad libitum*. I know a man who declares, and quite believes, that a piece of parchment inclosed in a bag, and worn under his shirt (which he tells me has been blessed by the pope—the parchment, not the shirt) has saved his life on more than one occasion. I only remember one instance he gave, which was when he was fighting in Egypt; a sword gashed his thigh, and he was considerably shocked when I said I failed to see how the mysterious parchment had saved him. He explained that he might probably hav bled to death if he had not been the possessor of such an invaluable treasure. Fetich-worship is quite as widely spread in so-called Christian communities as in heathendom, and I cannot see how people can be so deluded as to subscribe such enormous sums to heathen missions, merely for the purpose of calling the particular object of worship by another name than that which it already bears.

Judging from present appearances, the bulk of the people in this country will be in a state closely allied to lunacy next year; and if all the proposed schemes are carried out; more money will be wasted than was ever known before in the same space of time. The church-house to be built in honor of the occasion, at a cost of £250,000, has met with great opposition from the minor clergy, who, however, do not object to the money being collected if possible, but think that, instead of building with it, a *pro rata* division should be made amongst themselves, excluding all the wealthy parsons. No doubt, very many other poor people would approve of a similar arrangement, and if the idea was fully carried out there would be an excellent opportunity of seeing the practical working of Socialism for a short time.

During the present year, now rapidly drawing to a close, Freethought has been making fairly steady progress, though it is not always easy to say how much, as Freethinkers are not very well able to carry on their teaching in the style of the salvationists; and we hav no revival meetings, nor missions, to stimulate the undecided ones, and so be able to boast of crowds being converted all at one time. The work is slow, but sure and steady; new lecturers and writers are coming forward, and the opposition, once so persistent, is to a considerable extent abandoned or modified. The will to persecute is probably just as strong, but the means are not so ready at hand as a few years back, and it has been found of late very expensiv and unprofitable work to interfere with the opponents of supernatural creeds. It is a difficult matter to form Freethought societies on a large scale, as the Atheist must necessarily be a Freethinker in every sense of the term, and out of any hundred of them, perhaps no two think alike on all points; and, besides this, the majority of them here prefer reading, or otherwise occupying themselvs in their own homes; and, having no God to pacify by going to his house every now and again, they will only attend a club or lecture just when the inclination may take them, which may be, and often is, very seldom. Efforts will likely be made next year to consolidate as far as possible the Freethought community, and in a twelve months' time there may be some progress to report in this direction.

Wishing you and your readers all prosperity and happiness in the ensuing year,

J. D.

*London*, Dec. 29, 1886.

## The Golden Age.

A happy dream is haunting still the earth—
In weary hearts it finds its brightest birth—
When all shall be resplendent 'neath the sun,
And the full harvest of man's soul be won;
When Freedom on its mountain hight shall reign
And Wisdom walk upon the laden plain;
When every home shall be a gracious rest,
And plenty to the lips of toil be pressed;
When truth shall be the monarch of the world,
Its stainless banners o'er fair lands unfurled.
Not backward o'er the struggling past we gaze
To find the human soul's sublimest rays;
Not there the picture of the Golden Age,
Though many a splendid deed adorns its page;
Not there the glad fruition of our dream;
We've only glimpses of its bright fore-gleam
In souls heroic, lofty, pure, and wise,
Whose spirits drank the ardor of the skies.
The ever-broadening way of human thought
Still stretches to the goal for which they wrought;
Like stars they shine upon the night of time,
But pour their splendors into day sublime,
That surely comes with golden promis wide,
Breaking and glittering with full-flowing tide.

We are not born to perish like the swine;
To breathe and hope along our narrow line;
To sink at last into a hopeless grave,
And vanish like the glitter of a wave;
In living link we struggle, each with all:
Bound to the race, with it we rise or fall,
And its sublime career is ours to share;
We claim the fruitage of its crowning fair.
Our life is wrought into the gleaming whole;
We touch the glory of the poet's soul;
We paint the picture, carve the statue fine,
And with the Golden Age our spirits shine.
It is a dream; and yet 'tis real, too,
As are the mountains and the bending blue;
All nature is alive with its glad hour;
The boundless future breathes its ample dower
Upon the toil and struggle of to-day;
Each duty flings its clear, prophetic ray,
And joins us to the highest and the best;
We cannot sink—we triumph with the rest.

Weave, then, the golden future of the race
With heart, hand, hope, and all your action's grace;
The Golden Age is more than poet's fire;
'Tis more than happy thought or bright desire;
It is within the humblest deeds we do;
In faithful work the golden strands we view;
Day after day we make the beauty vast
On farm, in shop, where'er our lot is cast.
The iron rail, as well as roses light,
The sturdy blow, as well as music's flight,
Make beautiful the life of coming years,
Giv glory to the dawning day that cheers
Our whole humanity, from least to great,
With every varied talent and estate.
Each hope, each thought, each living heart and brain,
Unfolds the grandeur of the one vast strain.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

## Religion—Is It Permanent?

The origin of the word "religion" is in dispute, and the definitions of it are as varied as its forms. A comprehensiv definition of it is, adoration of supernatural powers with expectation of benefit. Religion in this sense is universal, and no people hav yet been discovered who were entirely destitute of it. Universality proves that it is congenial to man's nature, but does not insure its continuance. Smoking, drinking, and war are universal, but total abstainers and peace men look for their extinction. Religion has doubtless been in a measure beneficial, but in the light of present knowledge it appears illogical, unnecessary, harmful, and doomed to extinction.

Religion is illogical. It is based on second-hand revelation. Samuel should worship if God speaks to him and demands it, but Thomas does right to demand a message by "direct wire" to himself. This acceptance of other people's revelations is the root of all religious delusion. Education destroys supernatural belief, and logic demands that the observances that arose from and depend upon that belief should be dropped. Holyoake remarks that speaking of a thing lessens the performance; the enthusiasm goes off in words instead of in acts. Merchants and artists might as well meet and glorify trade and art abstractly, singing hymns to commerce and uttering aspirations to beauty, but it is more logical to put the enthusiasm into the world. Knowledge of nature teaches that prayer is illogical, for the course of events is never arbitrarily interfered with. Effect is always preceded by natural cause.

Religion is unnecessary. Men find they can do without it. Its consolations are not effectiv, nor are its restraints heeded by educated people. A sea captain in a storm said: "There is now no hope but to put our trust in God." An old lady exclaimed: "O Lord! has it come to that?" People now trust in human skill and knowledge. God has never asked for adoration, and cannot need it, and the emotion is more effectiv for man's benefit, if practically applied.

Religion is harmful. It gives supernatural explanations, and keeps people from looking into things. It has opposed all progress of science that conflicted with its "revelations." Claiming divine authority, it is necessarily intolerant; and, logically, can kill, persecute, or malign those who ignore its claims. It prevents interest in this world by teaching that "religion is the chief concern of mortals here below." It considers the building of churches more important than the construction of drains; the maintenance of priests of more consequence than the provision of schoolmasters and health officers; the future welfare of the soul of more moment than the present advantage of the body. It inculcates the study of the Hebrew scriptures and Christian gospels and epistles as divine oracles; thus laying the foundation of sectarianism, and wasting intellect upon the rhapsodies and vagaries of the ancient oriental mind, instead of applying it to the opening of nature's secrets for the advantage of man.

Religion is doomed to extinction. It began in ignorance and fear, and declines coincidently with advance in knowledge of nature. The most ignorant and immoral peoples are the most religious. The degree of intelligence is shown by the distance at which God is placed. The supposed nearness of cause to effect corresponds to the education. The savage believes in immediate divine agency, but knowledge discovers ever new links in the chain of causation. The evolution of religion is shown by Max Muller and other writers to progress through herotheism, polytheism, and monotheism to Atheism. Advance in science is coincident with the demand for a natural explanation of the universe. Progress, therefore, demands the abolition of religion, and the analogy of its past course of development points to its extinction.

Religion may continue in name, and we see a great effort now made to interpret it as "morality," "aspiration to the best," "the consideration of man's relation to the universe," thus preserving its existence and vested interests while abandoning its doctrins. But this is not historic religion, nor is it an honest use of the word. As belief in religious doctrins declines, there is evidence of a union of all Christian denominations to combat Rationalism. They no longer can afford to quarrel among themselvs, and too many know their minor distinctions to be false, but a struggle for existence is impending. It therefore behooves Rationalists to assume open and uncompromising hostility to religion and its forms. There will be enough half-way Liberals to remain in the church and reform it from within. But opposition from without is essential to this reform, and all who see the falsity of supernatural religion should act up to their light. The worship of God absorbs a vast amount of thought, emotion, and means that might be directed more profitably to the consideration of the welfare of man. Every lover of humanity should insist that the welfare of man here and now should henceforth be "the chief concern of mortals here below."

ROBERT C. ADAMS.

### Some New York Vital Statistics.

In 1886, 12,216 marriages were registered in this city, against 11,716 in 1885. Two grooms and six brides were born at sea; 7,425 grooms and only 6,660 brides were foreign born. The American girls got the odd 765 foreign husbands. Of bridegrooms, 209 were colored, and of brides, 200. Nine negroes married white women. Eight Chinamen and one Japanese also took Caucasian brides.

Widowers had better luck than widows. Of widowers, 1,590, and of widows, 1,245 remarried. The men were ahead on third marriages by a score of 92 grooms to 38 brides, and one man was married for the fourth time, and one for the fifth time, with no women to dispute the record. As to the ages of matrimony, these are the figures:

| | *Under* 20 | 20 *to* 30 | 30 *to* 40 | 40 *to* 50 | 50 *to* 55 | 55 *to* 60 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Brides..... | 2,964 | 7,449 | 1,285 | 364 | 54 | 14 |
| Grooms..... | 215 | 8,355 | 2,610 | 782 | 160 | 101 |

The brides now almost disappear from the record. While there were 42 grooms between 60 and 65, there were but 6 brides, and but half that number between 67 and 70, although there were 24 grooms. Only one bride owned up to being over 70. There were 8 grooms between 70 and 80, and two grooms confessed to being between 80 and 90.

There were 37,330 deaths and 31,319 births, against 35,682 deaths and 30,030 births in 1885. Under 5 years of age 16,151 children died. There were 1,466 violent deaths, of which 207 were from drowning and 222 by suicide. Fifty of the suicides were women. The means of suicide were: Stabbing and cutting, 28; hanging, 38; shooting, 63; jumping from hights, 15; drowning, 16; suffocation by gas, 14; poisoning with paris green, 11; with arsenic in other forms, 6; opium, 14; other poisons, 17.

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

E. M. MACDONALD, - - - Editor.
C. P. SOMERBY, - - Business Manager.

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**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**

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|---|---|
| Single subscription | $3 00 |
| One subscription two years, in advance | 5 00 |
| Two new subscribers | 5 00 |
| One subscription with one new subscriber, in one remittance | 5 00 |
| One subscription with two new subscribers, in one remittance | 7 00 |
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| Any number over five at the same rate, invariably with one remittance. | |

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

THERE are about a thousand of our subscribers in arrears, their indebtedness aggregating some two or three thousand dollars. To each one of these debtors, of course, the amount is small, but to us the amount is very large, and sadly hinders our work. We need this money—need it now—and we respectfully ask that it be remitted.

It costs a great deal of money to publish a large journal, and we hav no extensiv advertising patronage to help us out. We depend entirely upon the subscription list and book sales to obtain cash to pay bills, and when so large a sum as two and three thousand dollars is kept from us, the financial shoe grows painfully tight.

Every subscriber can see upon his tab just to what date his subscription is paid. Those whose time has expired, are requested to remit at once.

## Names Wanted.

Will the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER send us the names of all their friends who are Liberally inclined, so that they may receive a sample copy of this paper? We desire to largely increase the subscription list, and shall be grateful for all aid extended.

If our present subscribers would mention to their Liberal friends that THE TRUTH SEEKER is a good paper to subscribe for, it might be the means of materially helping us.

## Protestant Jesuitism.

We hav before called attention to a society existing in this city for the ostensible purpose of protecting and perpetuating the separation of church and state. It is a society with a few correct principles and a lot of bad habits. Its few correct principles are held as the result of reading the constitutional writings of Infidels like Jefferson. Its bad habits hav been formed from too intimate association with Protestant pensioners upon the state. The statement of the society's objects reads well to the ordinary Protestant. But if the society really meant what its secretary says it does, it would adopt the Nine Demands of Liberalism. That is the best document to adopt to protect and perpetuate the separation of church and state.

The society is just now considering a problem of importance to itself, if to no one else. It is this: Shall the society continue as an independent organization, or leave its work to some other society, "such, perhaps, as the Evangelical Alliance."

In his report to the society, in which this proposition is put, the secretary embodies an argument for the work in hand, and adds a short chapter upon state education. The gist of his argument is that things should be left about where they are now—churches should be exempted, chaplains appointed, Sunday laws passed, the Bible should still be read in the schools. He maintains that the Roman Catholic cry that our schools are Godless is "one easily controverted." In considering state education he advocates, as a basis upon which all should unite, the adoption of the formula of the Hebrew rabbis of this city. The state, he thinks, should teach:

"1. The existence of a God.
"2. The responsibility of every human being to God.
"3. The deathlessness of the human soul.
"4. The reality of a spiritual state beyond the grave, in which condition must be determined by character."

If these are the society's ideas of protecting and perpetuating the separation of church and state—that churches should pay no taxes; that chaplains should parade in hypocritical disguise before our legislatures; that Sunday laws shall limit freedom of action one-seventh of the time; that a barbarous and obscene Bible shall be a rule of conduct for our children; that these children shall be taught the existence of something which the wisest admit they know nothing of; that responsibility to this gigantic myth shall be affirmed; that the young mind shall be loaded down by the state with a belief in a deathless soul—what no man ever has proved; that there is a spiritual sphere beyond this life—if all these constitute the society's ideas of separation of church and state, we think the society will do well to leave its work for the Evangelical Alliance to complete. The "spiritual state, in which condition must be determined by character," is heaven and hell; the other basic principles are Christian dogmas. The whole platform is covered deep with sectarianism. The Evangelical Alliance can do no worse, and has, at least, the merit of being honest in its claims. The Alliance does not sail with the Union flag aloft and skull and crossbones in the locker.

Let the people know just what you want, Mr. Plumb, when you ask their support. Jesuitical organizations do not commend themselvs to Americans.

## We Urge a Gentleman to Right Himself.

In the last TRUTH SEEKER we expressed a wish coincident with that of the publisher of the *Progressiv Age* that our esteemed friend, J. M. Jamison, would "use some method to right himself" as to an unwarranted statement he had previously made in that journal concerning THE TRUTH SEEKER. Mr. Jamison evidently thinks that he has done so in the subjoined from the *Progressiv Age* of January 8th:

"It seems that the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER has had his feathers ruffled by my statement that THE TRUTH SEEKER had ceased its utterances about the Chicago Anarchists because of loss of subscribers. The publisher of this paper has since come out in a 'pardon' card disowning any responsibility for my criticism on the position of that otherwise able journal, and trusts that I 'will use some method to right myself.' I hav nothing to 'right' on my part, but felt it a duty to do what I could to 'right' the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, as many other well-wishers for the Liberal cause hav done to get him 'right side up with care' on the Anarchist question. I dare correct the errors of even Liberal writers, who sometimes misconstrue Freethought liberties into a license to advocate the destruction of society, law, and order under the flimsy pretext of freedom of speech and action, then ask to be acquitted of the legitimate deathly results that flow from such utterances and acts. I hav no patience with such 'crazy thinkers' and writers, that they write in or edit a 'Freethought paper' to the contrary notwithstanding; and the subscriber who refuses to support a publication that advocates the licensing of murder, the destruction of law, order, and society under the guise of 'Freethought,' does not 'only serve to show that the subscriber made a mistake in supposing that he wanted a Freethought paper,' but it shows that such a subscriber has retained his mental balance and is able to distinguish between Freethought and license for evil.

"Of course I hav it not within my power to state whether subscribers in discontinuing THE TRUTH SEEKER informed the publisher of the reasons for discontinuing the same, but I do know that THE TRUTH SEEKER published various communications from subscribers censuring the editor's course in the strongest terms, and expressing sincere regret. Right on the heels of these, readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER must hav been very forcibly informed that the management of that journal had taken a *hint* (before being completely kicked out) by the very sudden cessation of the disturbing feature, for which THE TRUTH SEEKER columns were so soon conspicuous. I do know that I hav received letters commending the position I took and expressing much regret at the course pursued by THE TRUTH SEEKER. I do know that months ago several TRUTH SEEKER subscribers told me that on this account they should stop the paper as soon as the time for which they had paid expired, with the names of whom I did not then charge my mind. If the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER flatters himself that what I say is untrue, let him write to C. Garwood, Box 858, Baltimore, Md., why he stopped his subscription, and at the same time ask what that gentleman knows of his neighbors who were or are also subscribers. James Bayne, of this city, stopped it for the same reason. When the Anarchist aberration has passed off THE TRUTH SEEKER editor's mind, that journal will doubtless again take its once merited position in the front rank of Freethought journals."

Our friend never made a greater mistake in his life than in printing the foregoing. So far from righting himself, he has wronged himself outrageously.

Granting, for the moment, that the writer is correct about Messrs. Garwood and Bayne, we might offset against them many times their number who hav subscribed for THE TRUTH SEEKER because, as they put it, they wanted to take a paper that defended freedom and was in favor of fair play even for Anarchists. So that were the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER governed in his utterances by the subscription list (evidently Mr. Jamison's idea of an editor's criterion of principles and conduct) the balance would still be in favor of our judgment. But neither of the gentlemen mentioned assigned any such reason as alleged, and one of them gave an entirely different cause for discontinuing. But allowing that these two did refuse to renew because of the Anarchist affair, and multiplying these many times, measuring by the rule of Cash, we are ahead quite a good deal. And if there was any "very sudden cessation of the disturbing feature" conspicuous in our columns, it was not from the cause assigned, but because we had said all that the occasion demanded. Mr. Jamison should recollect Mr. Ingersoll's advice to Liberal editors not to play too much upon one string, however wonderful the music.

In publishing the first statement, without knowing anything whatever as to the facts, Mr. Jamison began wronging himself. The greatest wrong, however, which J. M. Jamison has done to J. M. Jamison is his misrepresentation of THE TRUTH SEEKER, in which he crowds upon the line beyond which lie the miasmic fields of dishonesty. Mr. Jamison says:

"I hav nothing to right on my part, but felt it a duty to do what I could to right the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER . . . on the Anarchist question."

And then he continues, referring to us:

"I dare correct the errors of even Liberal writers who sometimes misconstrue Freethought liberties into a license to advocate the destruction of society, law, and order, under the flimsy pretext of freedom of speech and action."

Again, and now referring to our contributors as well as the editor:

"I hav no patience with such crazy thinkers and writers, that they write in or edit a Freethought paper to the contrary notwithstanding."

And now the charge is direct:

"And the subscriber who refuses to support a publication that advocates the licensing of murder, the destruction of law, order, and society, under the guise of Freethought, shows that he has retained his mental balance and is able to distinguish between Freethought and license for evil."

These are gentle charges to make—that we hav misconstrued Freethought liberties into license to advocate the destruction of society, the destruction of law, and the destruction of order; and that THE TRUTH SEEKER has advocated the licensing of murder. Upon what foundation do the charges rest? Upon this, and nothing more: There are seven men in Chicago under sentence of death, convicted for what? Because some unknown man at a meeting threw a bomb which killed several policemen. Two of the convicted men were not at the meeting at all, and there was no evidence, except that of one man, which was impeached, says the Chicago *Sentinel*, beyond all question, to show that any of the convicted men threw or helped to throw the bomb. The judge who sentenced them officially placed this on record. No one knows who threw the bomb; and how can the court hold men as accessories where there is no principal?

We regarded the trial as unfair, because of the clamor of the press; and the conviction unjust, because of insufficient evidence. We said so. That is all we hav done. Since then a good many others hav said so, some of them prominent Liberals, like Charles Watts—surely an unprejudiced person; Samuel P. Putnam, secretary of the American Secular Union; E. A. Stevens, chairman of the Executiv Committee of the Union; J. L. Andrew, and dozens of others. We hav conversed on the case with but one Liberal who thought the men should hang, and he had not read the evidence. Our opinion is now the opinion of all the workingmen's organizations of this and almost every other city. Thousands of names of those who are not generally counted as "workingmen," and do not belong to any organization, hav been signed to a petition for a new trial; and even the Municipal Council of Paris and the Council of

the Seine hav deemed the matter grave enough to add their entreaties in a petition to the authorities of Illinois, transmitted to the governor by our embassador to France. Surely, in a matter in which so many agree, there is sufficient merit to base an opinion upon.

The editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER has put these things before the public many times. He has stated in the clearest way possible in the English language that he is not an Anarchist. He has devoted time and space to showing why the Anarchistic philosophy is all wrong. He has said that if these men had been fairly and convincingly convicted of murder they should meet the penalty. Yet in the face of all this the absurd sentences of Mr. Jamison are written. With him plain words seem to hav no value whatever, and the statement of an opponent, if not beyond his comprehension, certainly never limits his lurid sentences.

We still desire our friend to right himself. And as he seems to be governed in all things by Cash, we will hold out a reward. We will pay him one hundred dollars for every editorial he can find in THE TRUTH SEEKER advocating the destruction of either law, or order, or society; one hundred dollars for every sentence advocating the licensing of murder. If this sum is not large enough to stimulate him to right himself, the reward will be increased. We are determined that Mr. Jamison shall yet do justice to Mr. Jamison.

## Labor and Religion.

Writing of the late candidate for mayor of this city, and the Catholic church, the editor of the New York *Herald* says:

"And now comes a heavy blow to the workingman's organization. From the capitalists and monopolists? Not at all. From Mr. George himself. The practical result of what he says is that a laborer, if he is a Catholic, must giv up his church and his religion as a first step toward the realization of his ideas.

"Well, the Catholics will not do it. We should hav mighty little respect for them if they did do it. No man has a right to ask them to do it. If Mr. George's theory of social life includes renunciation of a man's religion, then the theory is radically wrong, and the great body of his followers will leave him rather than leave their church. All that is as plain as a pikestaff."

The *Herald* is looking into the wrong end of the glass. A man may be as religious as Torquemada and still accept Mr. George's theories. It is the religion which refuses to yield; which does not allow its votaries to think a new thought, and which is radically wrong. In fact, both Mr George and the Catholic church may be radically wrong, and yet a man has the unbounded right to believe in either.

## The Bakers and the Clergy.

The bakers of New York seem to think the clergy govern the city, or at least hav a powerful "pull" with its inhabitants. Bakers' Union No. 1 has issued an appeal to those Sabbath-desecrating gentlemen who earn their living on the Lord's day. The appeal recites that bakers work exceedingly long hours every day; that many of them are compelled to labor on Sunday; that they hav tried to hav Sunday work abolished, to no avail; "therefore," they say, "we appeal to the clergy of this city for assistance, and beseech you, reverend sirs, to do all in your power to hav this grievance abolished within your respectiv parishes. We believe you can do a great deal of good in this matter; and as your duty as clergymen and humanitarians commands you to see that the Sabbath is not desecrated by toil, we feel satisfied that our appeal to you will not be made in vain."

Poor bakers! Do they not know that every clergyman of a wealthy parish is bound to be against them, and that the real humanitarians among the ministers of this city can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand? Do they not know that the doctrin of Christianity to-day is, "Be contented with the position in which it has pleased God to place you," whether that position is the scorching temperature of bakers' cellars or the freezing front-platform of a street-car? Do they really expect the clergy will tell their customers to eat stale bread and dry cake on Monday that the bakers may rest on Sunday? Do they imagin a single clergyman will speak from his pulpit against their long hours, low wages, and bad treatment? Poor unsophisticated bakers, how little you know of the church! If the slaves of the South had waited for the church to free them, they would be cultivating cotton to-day, with slab-sided pietists from Vermont as overseers.

The clergy, like God, help those who help themselves, and the clergy are never the first to begin.

## A Historical Statement.

A correspondent from Kansas, in closing a business-letter, says:

"I believe it to the interest of the cause for you to giv a historical statement for and against the existence of Christ in your paper. The proof must be independent of the Bible."

With every disposition in the world to oblige a friend, we cannot comply. Outside of the Bible there is not one word of historical evidence for the existence of Jesus. And, of course, the historians did not say, in so many words, that he did not liv. Perhaps what will best suit our correspondent is the "Revelations of Antichrist," giving the reasons for supposing the Jesus of the gospels to hav been somebody else. It is a work far too voluminous to reprint in these columns.

## Editorial Notes.

COLONEL INGERSOLL is lecturing the people in various sections of the country at $100 a night on the wickedness of accumulating riches.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The inaccuracy in the above statement is that not one word of it is true.

THE court at Morristown did not reach Mr. Reynolds's case last Tuesday. The report of the grand jury, the calendaring of some civil cases, and the trial of a murderer took precedence of the blasphemer. The case will probably be reached some time next week.

IF Dr. McGlynn could break the alliance between the Tammany Hall end of the Democratic party of this city and the Fifth avenue cathedral, he would be doing the citizens of this city an inestimable benefit, and more to purify politics than the civil-service reformers of two states.

TWO members of the Young Men's Christian Association of Buffalo had a theatrical manager arrested for running his theater on Sunday, and the manager retaliated by having them arrested for running their oil refineries upon the holy Sabbath. It's a poor law that don't apply to more than one person, says the manager.

HENRY WARD BEECHER says that the Anarchists "are as much outside the pale of humanity as the wolf and bear. It is not culpable to exterminate them." The *Winsted Press* is logical in adding: "Now, according to the theory on which the seven innocent Anarchists of Chicago are condemned to death, if anybody shall hereafter kill an Anarchist it will be the duty of the state to hang Beecher."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Investigator* relates that at a prayer-meeting lately held in the prison at Charlestown, the chaplain had much to say upon the influence of the Christian religion in making people moral. He was replied to by one of the convicts, who said he couldn't indorse that statement, as there were more than fifty murderers and man-slaughterers in the prison, every individual of whom was a Christian. The attention of the Catholic priest of the Connecticut state prison is respectfully called to this incident.

A LABOR paper informs the public that the Clerks' and Salesmen's Union of this city will labor to hav the Penal Code amended so that tradesmen arrested repeatedly for violating the Sunday law shall not get off with $1 fines. When the clerk's get to Albany in their endeavor to enforce eighteenth-century Sunday laws they will run against an opposition beside which a stone wall is soft. There are too many interests in this city which object to the enforcement of Sunday laws for them to accomplish their purpose.

OUT in Oshkosh, Wis., the home of our viril Infidel friend George M. Hare, the pastor of the Lutheran church has set up an excommunicating shop in opposition to the Canadian cardinal. Last week the Rev. I. G. Nuetzel preached a sermon on the Knights of Labor, and announced that if any members of his church belonged to the order, they must resign from it or be expelled from the church. The announcement created a great stir among the Lutherans, and it is predicted that the Knights of Labor will lose a large number of members in consequence of the attitude of the church.

IF the fool-killer of Indiana starts out seriously bent on business, a writer in an Indianapolis journal signing himself "Inter Nos" will be in great peril. That anonymous writer pretends to see great significance in our printing a communication without expressing dissent from the sentiments thereof. This Indiana writer must be very young. If we printed our editorial disagreement every time one of our correspondents says something which goes against our own opinion, the two editorial pages would hav to be expanded into four. It seems to us that a great many people are needlessly worrying over the communications of Mr. Slokum's, and the author's identity. A letter lying on our desk says that Si Slokum is James Redpath, and that Mr. Redpath is trying to get up a revolution through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Another says he is Col. R. J. Hinton. These guesses are all wrong, of course. Mr. Redpath is the managing editor of the *North American Review*—a valuable publication, by the way—and has not written a line for these columns for years. Colonel Hinton is industriously pursuing his career as a journalist, and is engaged upon the large dailies of this city. His sentiments hav never been expressed in these columns except through the pen of George Macdonald in his wonderful reports of the Liberal Club. To quiet the nerves of those who imagin that the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER is inaugurating a bloody revolution, we will let out an editorial secret concerning Mr. Slokum's communication. It was first taken to John Swinton. The rotund and rosy-faced proprietor of his own paper read it, and said to the waiting writer, "True enough; but I wouldn't print it for five thousand dollars." As Mr. Slokum couldn't raise any more than that sum, he put the article in his pocket and came here. We read so high-priced an article with curiosity, and said to Mr. Slokum that we didn't think he was within several years' travel of correct, but we would print it, which we did, with results almost appalling. If Mr. Slokum's story in the ANNUAL for 1887 creates as much excitement as his communication, we shall gently lead him to the top of the Brooklyn Bridge tower, and push him off.

A MURDERER hanged on the 13th inst. at Norristown left a confession of his crime and a farewell address, of which eighteen pages were devoted to proving the existence of a God. The about-to-be-deceased gentleman expressed his feelings generally in the following pious paragraph: "I stand upon the brink of a never-ending eternity in terrible disgrace, and, barring the sympathy of a few Christian people, absolutely friendless in America. This, though the saddest, is one of the happiest hours of my life. I hav been born again—converted unto God. I am as humble as a little child. I love him and all his people. A voluntary and true repentance and almost unceasing prayers of faith hav carried the forts of Satan by storm, and the victory (which is the gift of God) is mine."

THE daily papers report that the Rev. William M. Gilbert, of the St. James Methodist Episcopal church of Philadelphia, has become a Rationalist. On Sunday, the 9th, he announced to his congregation that he had for some time been uneasy in his mind, and had finally concluded not to preach what he did not believe. He subsequently said to members of his congregation that he did not believe in the divinity of the Bible, and did not know anything about immortality or whether there was a God. Several of the ministers of Philadelphia expressed great surprise at the defection of Mr. Gilbert, although some said it was nothing more than they expected, as Mr. Gilbert had not been sound in his views for some time. Mr. Gilbert is about forty years of age, and has been in the ministry some twenty years. He had held several important charges in Philadelphia, and was appointed to St. James's church at the meeting of the Philadelphia conference in March last.

ON another page we print a communication from Mr. Harman. If that estimable gentleman will refer to *Lucifer* of Dec. 3, 1886, top of second editorial column, on second page, he will find this paragraph, by Martha Meadows, and reprinted from the Valley Falls *Register* of even date with *Lucifer:*

"On this coming Saturday [Dec. 4th] Miss Harman, of the Walker-Harman anti-marriage jail-birds, can walk out of the door of the steel cage, free. Walker cannot walk out for another thirty days. Great is autonomy."

If Mr. Harman, after reading this, will turn to the last column on the first page, and to the third column of the second page of the same issue of *Lucifer*, he will find that he commented severely upon this letter of Martha Meadows, but nowhere denied that his daughter would be free the next day. The conclusion, then, was natural that Mrs. Walker would be released. We could not know—what it seems Mr. Harman did not know so late as the day before the expiration of his daughter's sentence—that Mrs. Walker would refuse to be liberated.

## Information for Book Buyers.

"GOD and His Book" is the heaviest Iconoclastic broadside that has been fired at the Jewish Jehovah and the Bible by any recent English Freethinker. Christians may get angry at it, but their system of religion cannot escape conviction under the powerful indictment drawn by Mr. Ross.

DEMAS BARNES'S "In Search of Summer Breezes in Northern Europe" is a capital narrrativ, and, what is more, is one of the few books of travel that deal honestly with the church and her history. Mr. Barnes finds Christianity to be at the bottom of much of Europe's misery, and has no hesitation in saying so.

THE *Freethinkers' Magazine* has been removed by Mr. Green from Salamanca to Buffalo, and comes out in larger type and with an engraved cover. T. B. Wakeman's name appears as associate editor. The leading article in the January number is Mr. Ingersoll's Lay Sermon, reprinted from THE TRUTH SEEKER'S pamphlet. Another and exceedingly good article is by A. B. Bradford on Prohibition. The "Woman Soul," by Courtlandt Palmer, heads the literary department. The magazine is greatly improved in appearance, and should be generally found in the families of Freethinkers.

MR. B. R. TUCKER, of Boston, has undertaken the gigantic task of translating the works of P. J. Proudhon, and issuing them in monthly parts of sixty-four pages each. When a volume is finished, they will be rebound for a small sum. Each volume will contain nearly five hundred pages, and there will be not far from fifty volumes. The monthly parts are twenty-five cents each, or three dollars per annum. Mr. Proudhon was the great French Anarchist, and in his works he covered the fields of political economy, sociology, religion, metaphysics, history, literature, and art. For those who like Anarchistic works Mr. Tucker's scheme possesses great advantages, and perhaps he might be induced toward the close of his labors to hasten the work that its completion may come within the compass of an ordinary lifetime. The parts are admirably printed from large new type upon heavy paper, and when a volume is bound it will indeed be handsome. Mr. Tucker's address is box 3,366, Boston, Mass.

# Letters from Friends.

ERIE, PA., Jan. 9, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Papa gave me the little book entitled, "Little Lessons for Little Folks." I am ten years old. I hav read it nearly through. I like it very much, and will show it to my playmates. I think it would be good for every little boy to hav such a nice book. I am very fond of reading, and always keep my books clean and tidy. I will write you a longer letter some other time, for I am getting sleepy, as I always go to bed early.

Yours truly, HARRY STORRS.

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y., Jan. 3, E.M. 287.

MR. EDITOR: Let me say a word about "A Truth Seeker Around the World." Mrs. Thorpe says it would take a large farm to buy these volumes from her if she could not get more, and I indorse every word she says. It is without exception the best work of its kind in the world, and there is not a Liberal in America who would be without it if he or she knew its value. I tell you we all feel proud of our Liberal library, and we take solid comfort with it, and a more happy, Infidel family is not to be found in America. Wishing you all good health, long life, and that THE TRUTH SEEKER and its cartoons may never die, we all remain yours for the cause of humanity and truth.

MRS. AND MR. WM. THORPE AND FAMILY.

BELLMORE, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just read "Personal Existence After Death Improbable," a 32-page pamphlet, by L. R. Smith, lately published by the Truth Seeker Company. It is neatly gotten-up and decidedly the best thing of its length I hav ever read upon this interesting topic. I regard the work as a valuable contribution to Liberal literature, and a hard thing for the disciples of orthodoxy to meet. Some people talk a great deal and say but little. Not so with the author of this work. He is another kind of individual by a large majority. Every word tells. He strikes straight from the shoulder, and his blows are of the sledge-hammer order. His diction is good, his style superb, and his argument unanswerable. Every Liberal in the land should hav a copy of this "little giant" work. L. HEINE.

P.S.—Inclosed find 25 cents, for which send me this amount in "A Lay Sermon." L. H.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Dec. 30, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $4—$3 to renew my subscription, 50 cents for a dozen of Colonel Ingersoll's "Lay Sermon," 25 cents for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, and 25 cents for Dr. Foote's "Hand-Book." I hav taken your paper a year, but I hav been a Freethinker for over twenty years. I was brought up in the Catholic religion, but I am now an Atheist. I like your paper very well; the pictures are good and interesting.

I pass around the works of Voltaire and Volney to my Catholic neighbors. I knew a priest in Louisiana who ran away with $18,000; it was money subscribed for rebuilding a church. He was a very good priest, and everybody had confidence in him. Another one stole $5 from a poor man. I never knew one honest priest. "The Decay of Christian Morality," by L. K. Washburn, is one of the greatest truths about Christianity ever told. CHARLES LAMBERT.

GARRETT, KAN., Dec. 28, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $1.50 for THE TRUTH SEEKER for six months from Jan. 1st.

I hav thought for some time of suggesting to you to giv us in THE TRUTH SEEKER a compilation of the doleful and damaging (to Christianity) remarks made by Christian divines and eminent Christian writers who, after having made thorough research into Christian lore and history, hav been compelled to deplore its weaknesses and failures to sustain itself on firm and tenable grounds.

I hav occasionally run across a saying of a Christian writer like the Rev. Albert Barnes, who, it was said, after he had spent many years writing commentaries and works on the Bible, remarked that the matter looked very dark, or words to that effect. I think a chapter of such admissions, and telling where they can be found, from different divines (I think there are a number of them extant), would be a good missionary document. CHARLES GREGG.

[If Mr. Gregg will collect the "doleful remarks," we will cheerfully print them.—ED. T. S.]

NEWPORT, ME., Jan. 9, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I want the rich Infidels, Liberals, and Spiritualists to donate one hundred dollars to put in pamphlet form the lecture of S. P. Putnam printed in THE TRUTH SEEKER entitled "The New God." But few workingmen hav read more than I hav in the last forty years, and I can truly say I hav never been so completely electrified and had every drop of my blood so stirred to healthy action, as by reading that sermon.

Are there no others but the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER that are to read that grand and able production? Must it lie unread except by comparativly a few, when millions ought to read it?

The world will not progress until it gets a "new God." Every crime that has been committed for thousands of years can be charged to the Christians' Bible God.

No person in the world will know my feelings when I was reading that immensely important sermon. I cried out from the depths of my soul, "Oh, why hav I not the means to send out a million copies of that sermon to open the eyes of the people that they may become free men and women, and be no longer slaves to a blasting, enslaving, degrading belief in an inhuman, monster God?" It ought to be put in cheap pamphlet form and scattered by hundreds of thousands. Never did, nor never will, the people progress and grow into noble men and women, instead of Christians, until the God worshiped by Christians is dead. He has ever stood directly across the highway of life, and prevented the onward march of freedom.

In every grand and noble effort made by reformers to better the world God has stepped on the track, determined to block the way, and only by an immense amount of hard work has he been dragged off. But go he must; die he shall, that humanity may liv. SEWARD MITCHELL.

[Mr. Putnam's lecture, "The New God," will be printed in a neat pamphlet at once, selling for 10 cents. Orders will be filled as soon as the pamphlet is out.—ED. T. S.]

ANSONIA, CONN., Jan. 5, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Reynolds's article in the last TRUTH SEEKER deserves the attention of all Liberals. By all means let us hav a Mutual Aid Association. It will unite and hold Liberals together as nothing else can.

At the last meeting of our local society here the subject was brought up, and without exception all present were in favor of it.

Let every local organization discuss the matter at their meetings. The different views of Liberals can thus be obtained, and at the same time an idea can be formed of the number of persons we can depend upon to join us.

The subject should be thoroughly discussed in the various Freethought journals, and Liberals should present the matter to all their friends who hold Liberal views. There is no reason why a solid and powerful association cannot be formed very soon.

Some of our members think there should be a death benefit, but none for sickness, while others think there should be both.

Let every Liberal make such suggestions as he or she thinks proper. We want all the information we can get. Let us hear from Liberals. GEO. G. GROWER.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, Jan. 5, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In "Mixed Pickles," December 25th, Si Slokum asks who wrote the lines: "What mortals think they know of God," etc. I hav a few verses I wrote several years ago, and came very near getting in jail for it at Fayette, Mo. Here they are:

What mortals waste through fear of God,
If half was rightly used,
'Twould rend the bands that bind man's brains
For centuries abused.

What mortals think they know of God
A million tomes rehearse.
What mortals do not know of God
O'erflows the universe.

Away with church and Bible Gods,
Make mortals free to speak;
Teach them not under priestly robes
To heaven they can sneak.

Mortals, fear not this fabled god,
But make a god that acts
In harmony with the men and times,
And not with Bible facts.

Long liv THE TRUTH SEEKER! It reaches me on Monday—I get it from a newsdealer. I don't belong to the Secular Union, for I don't stay in one place long enough. I was a Knight of Labor, but came to the conclusion that Mr. Powderly was working in the interest of the church too much. He is a Catholic, and has not been excommunicated. His orders concerning the Anarchists shook my faith, and I withdrew. I will be subject to no political or church man. I was born in exile in Siberia, and you can judge whether I am posted on slavery or not. A STRANGER.

SOLDIERS' HOME, WIS., Jan. 4, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Having seen in our latest TRUTH SEEKER extracts from Tennyson's remarkable effort in verse, instructing the Johnny Bull aristocracy, in a sort of circumlocutory way, how to *mismanage* their national affairs, I was mightily impressed with the notion that many tons of better poetry than Tennyson's went every day into somebody's waste-basket. Alas! poor Tennyson! too much monarchy hath made thee mad. Tennyson should write, like your humble servant, *expressly for the waste-basket*. For instance, like this:

U. S. RELIGION RUNNING WILD.

What sottish priest can't easily tell
His oft-told tale of heaven and hell?
And prove it in a miuute?
Enough at least to satisfy
The mob that always linger by
T'invest their money in it.

When Jones attends the "Holy Fair,"
The rabble run from everywhere,
Surround him in a minute;
As Sammy flings his logic down,
Their godly yells distract the town.
Sam smiles. There's money in it.

When Brooklyn's foul-tongued apish clown
Performs his antics up and down,
Where fashion's dupes assemble,
He gyrates glib, with ardent soul,
Their madd'ning shouts surpass control,
While roof and rafter tremble.

His ghoulish gaze, his mocking face,
His nine-inch smile and wild grimace,
Cause some of them to wonder.
He sees their fix, he's there in time
To turn the scale. O God sublime!
They shake the house like thunder.

Alas! and did their savior bleed
To giv us all a side-show creed,
To humor Jones and Talmage?
Far better had their God not died.
Had these two cranks been crucified,
There had been little damage.

Now, Mr. Editor, if by any possible miracle these verses should receive favorable notice, I will send my paper containing them to a special Christian friend of mine in Arkansas. I lived there twenty years. They want nothing sentimental. The more uncouth and illiterate the more easily they understand it, and the better they like it. All their great men, poets, statesmen, preachers, politicians, vigilance committees, etc., etc., like mighty easy "readin'."

Yours straight, NELSON HUNT.

NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: At the meeting of the Newark Liberal League yesterday, Mr. T. B. Wakeman delivered his very able and interesting lecture on "The Scientific Conception of God." The hall was well filled, although the day was stormy. A discussion followed. Other exercises consisted of a reading entitled, "Trying to Convert an Infidel" (from "Peck's Bad Boy"), by Mr. John G. Hunter; the singing of two Secular songs by the audience, and announcements, among which the chairman said that Chas. B. Reynolds would lecture on the next Sunday, and spoke of his trial at Morristown, advising any that could to be present on that occasion.

Since the opening of our lectures in September, we hav had lecturers and lectures about as follows: Henry Nichols, on "Monastic Communism;" J. L. Andrew, "Liberty and Law;" Dr. J. K. Bailey, "Mistakes of Materialism," and a second Sunday on "Immortality; or, The Psychic Powers of Man;" Wm. Hanson, first on "Prohibition Unconstitutional," second Sunday in a discussion on the same subject, worded a little differently, with Dr. E. V. Wright, each occupying fifteen minutes alternately, covering ninety minutes, to a crowded house; Mr. Chas. B. Reynolds, on "What the Bible Really Teaches;" L. K. Washburn, "Criticisms of the Christian Church;" Dr. T. L. Brown, on "Some of the Things and Laws of This Life;" Nelson Gates, "Is the Will Free?" Mrs. Lucy N. Colman, "Reminiscences of the Anti-Slavery Movement;" Dr. Robert A. Gunn, "Truth About Alcohol," and Wm. Hanson on the two Sundays just previous to last, making criticisms on Henry George's theories.

On January 2d occurred our election of officers. Our nomination and election was conducted entirely by ballot. Mr. C. A. Marshall was chosen president; Mr. Geo. Gillin, vice-president; Miss Cora J. Marshall, secretary; Mr. Armand Pionnie, treasurer, and Messrs. H. G. Avery, D. H. S. Holmes, Douglas Withial, and W. W. Morris, council.

Our arrangements are nearly complete for lectures ahead until February. Besides Mr. Reynolds, we shall hav Mr. Wakeman in three lectures; Dr. Gunn, on "Land Taxation;" Samuel Gompers, "Various Phases of the Labor Movement," and James Caffrey, on the "False Teachings of the Liberal Church and the True Teachings of the Christian Church." Our ninth anniversary occurs on the 31st of this month.

GUS.

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 31, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: I wish you a happy New Year, and to do what little I can to make it so I send you three dollars to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER for 1887. Please send the ANNUAL as soon as it is issued.

A moral simoon has just swept over this city in the form of a church scandal, and it will be many a day before we will be able to get rid of its evil influences. A minister's wife sues for a divorce upon the ground of adultery. The usual ministerial defense which is in use in such cases was set up, namely, to incriminate some one else, which generally suits the church so long as the parson escapes, and it makes no difference who has to suffer. In this case it was the minister's wife, the one he had sworn to love and cherish, the mother his children, and the last one whose reputation any gentleman, even if he makes no profession of religion, should wish to destroy. But he nor the church had any pity or forgivness in their hearts, so they sacrificed her in hopes to save him. The evidence offered was of the most filthy character, but was intently listened to by the hundreds of females (I will not say ladies), most of whom were members of the three Methodist churches where the minister had held forth during his several years' residence in this city.

The case was held for advisement, and probably will be dismissed, as we hav no judges but those that sympathize with that great moral humbug commonly called religion.

I am sorry to see that you hav so many delinquents upon your books, and hope they may feel it their duty to pay up, even if they hav to go without something else; but I find that most of the Freethinkers are not millionaires, consequently they don't hav much spare change; in fact, most of them help support a superstition half of their lives, which keeps them poor, so that when they get their eyes open to the truth they hav but little money left, and are too old to lay any more away for themselvs or their children, or to spend for luxuries. L. L. NORTHUP.

NEWBURG, N.Y., Jan. 9, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Having been a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER most of the time since its commencement in Paris, Ill., and perceiving that all of your correspondents hav been literary persons and professors of some kind, and being myself unfortunately only a working man and an untutored pagan, I hav through diffidence refrained from writing until now. I shall make the attempt to giv you a few items of information from this section of the Christians' country, and the more so as I very seldom see in your "Letters from Friends" any correspondence from Orange county, N.Y., although there are said to be many Infidels in Port Jervis, some in Middletown, Goshen and Sloatsburgy.

Newburg, with a population of 20,000 and some fifteen churches, has about one Freethinker (an earnest one) to every church, not counting in any of the members of the small Unitarian congregation, as they are only partially free, and as much inclined to bow the head and worship as the orthodox sects.

THE TRUTH SEEKER was formerly kept on sale at Fielding's,

but for the past three or four years at Sansbury's news-store on Broadway, where I buy it regulary every Saturday, and could not exist without it—mostly from the force of habit, I suppose, as there are six or eight other Freethinkers who seem to liv without it, which to me is a mystery.

Of course THE TRUTH SEEKER, as its name implies, is intended primarily for those who are seeking for, but hav not yet found, the truth; but yet there is also much outside of the general information of importance to all who take a lively interest in the advance of Liberal ideas, to interest the advanced thinker and profound reasoner, or one who has progressed beyond the mere setting-up of the myth or mark for the pastime of knocking it down again and again, when the real evil is constantly confronting us and demanding all of our energies to combat it. In the last TRUTH SEEKER, more than in any previous number, is the supreme evil described—first on page 19, by S. P. Putnam, the last half of the first column of said page—and is that malevolent power in nature ever at war with the happiness of man. It may occasionally appear to let up for an instant, as the rackers in the Inquisition after racking the victim would sandwich in a little benevolence only to fortify the victim for fresh torture. So with the infernal power in nature, so admirably described by Cicero, "On the Nature of the Gods," liber 3; by Hume in "Dialogues on Natural Religion," chap. x-xi; by Lucian in "Jupiter Tragedian;" and also by Heston on first and last pages of TRUTH SEEKER of Jan. 8th.

H. SPENCER CLARKE.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 5, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: You will find herewith $3 for another year of truth-seeking on my part. I never really knew that life was worth living before I came across your paper. I now wish to do a little indorsing:

First, I want to indorse every editorial note I hav yet read in THE TRUTH SEEKER, especially the position held by our editor on the Chicago trial (or rather mock trial). Let those who consider these seven men assassins read their speeches to the court. These speeches are published in pamphlet form.

Next, I want to vote for the cartoons. I believe this to be one of the most popular and effectiv methods of reaching the public mind. If my brother is in the mud, and I try to rescue, him I expect to soil my clothes; but I hope I will never become so awfully refined that, to keep my mental hands clean, I would allow a fellow-mortal to perish in the slough of ignorance.

Now, last, but not least, I want to say a word for our Children's Corner. I am pleased with its management, and can say to the children (large and small), You—that is, we—ought to appreciate so good a friend as Miss Wixon. I know she is good, for I hav seen her. Yes, I had the pleasure of meeting her at her home, in Fall River, last October. I wish the world was full of just such people, who can love and work for the enlightenment of our children.

The Goodell scandal has been settled at last. The Supreme Court of the state found him guilty, and the ecclesiastical conference unanimously declared him innocent. This is explained by one of the Christians. He says two non-praying judges could not be expected to get at the truth as surely as these eight God-ordained prayerful parsons. About a year ago I met Goodell in discussion. He gave me a book to read, and I gave him one or two TRUTH SEEKERS. He says, "Who is this Macdonald? Who ever heard of him? Look at our great Bishop So-and-so," etc. I asked him if Jesus Christ was very popular in his time. Before I left his house he expressed regret at having met me. I understand he is to preach next Sunday from the text, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." That ought to clear him.

W. P. BLYTHE.

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LAKE CITY, IA., JAN. 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: It is rather amusing to read Mr. J. G. Malcolm's articles in your late papers, and see with what ease he starts the wheels of our government to running so nice and smooth, without ever jumping a cog or making a single crack; and then how nicely he fences before anyone can strike back. I presume everything appears as clear as mud to Mr. Malcolm. It puts me in mind of building a perpetual motion in my younger days. It was a nice affair, I tell you, until I set it up for business, and then it had just one little fault—the "cussed" thing would not work; and I feel quite positiv the same is true of Mr. Malcolm's land theory, or theory of taxing land only, to raise all taxes required to carry on the government. Though he has not told us (that I hav observed) how a people expect to get possession of the lands of the United States that other people hav honestly bought and paid for, if he expects the owners of property to giv it up to others for the asking, I think he will find he is barking up the wrong sapling. I am an old man, and hav as much of the love of human kindness as the average of men, but if any man was to undertake to enter onto my premises and take forcible possession without paying me the last dollar my property had cost me in solid, hard labor and money, I should be very apt to send him to his long happy hunting-ground. But, says one, the government is going to pay for all these lands. Well, pray, who is the government? The people, of course. Then we are to be taxed for our own lands. Sublime thought! No, there is not a government on the earth able to buy the lands and their improvements; and the improvements would hav to go with the lands, as they would be worthless after a farm was broken up. It is said the most essential part in cooking a hare is to catch it first. Now, will Mr. Malcolm tell us how he expects to catch his hare? I think I am safe in predicting that any man starting out in the next presidential contest with such wild notions on the land question as Mr. Malcolm or Mr. Henry George advocates will be left so far in the background that he will swear after election that he never thought of running for the presidency at all. Mr. Malcolm appears to be a smart man, but if all that he does not know in righting the apparent wrongs of the country was put in one book, I think it would be a large one. As for his money system, I hav nothing to say, only it looks well on paper. I could tell much better after seeing it put into operation. Long liv THE TRUTH SEEKER, and may that good fellow Heston liv forever and die fat.

J. L. TOMPKINS.

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BARRE, MASS., Jan. 10, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Permit me to congratulate you on your "Happy New Year to All" cartoon. "The Freethought era" opens up grand in THE TRUTH SEEKER for 287 with such a glowing frontispiece to herald it in. I think we ought to get up a donation for Watson Heston, who, I hear, is not in good health, and has a family to provide for. Come, friends, what say you to it? I cannot do much, but I will do a little.

The Christians hav had their week of prayer, and are booming revivals with their usual winter ferocity. Sam Jones and Sam Small were booked for Boston. Am not sure as to the arrival. Andover is now breathing more freely, and the high pressure being removed from Parson Downs's church by the case being non-suited, the curly-haired, fiery-headed, would-be-still-continued preacher must look elsewhere for the $6,000 back salary that he so energetically and hopefully sued for. And here is more interesting religious intelligence from the vicinity of the Hub:

St. Stephen's Catholic church, South Framingham, Mass., by dint of great exertion on the part of its pastor, Father Cullen, has just succeeded in obtaining the necessary amount of money to purchase a bell, and on Sunday, December 12th, six of the holy fathers assembled to "bless" the sacred piece of metal. The ceremonies were ridiculous in the extreme, and the services truly blasphemous were there any god to take note of the proceedings. Said Father Cummings: "The blessing of this bell will impart sanctity in your midst, as from this day forth it will be a sacred thing. Our Lord left us the seven sacraments. . . . By the blessing of this bell it will bring to us certain spiritual and material blessings. It will send out rapturous praises to God, and it becomes the Angelus bell of the parish, and when the funeral train leaves the church, it will toll mournfully and remind you to pray for the dead. It will speak in tones of thunder to the sinner, and it will be a great alarm bell warning men of their forgetfulness to God. This bell is the symbol of the presence of God within this church. The knowledge of God is the only thing that touches the heart of man."

Now, please, what kind of talk is this, right here in enlightened Massachusetts—"pray for the dead!" Ought not such lies, followed by receiving money for such prayers, be an indictable offense for obtaining money under false pretenses?

After the sermon and chanting by the choir, "the ceremony of blessing the bell took place, by Archbishop Williams first washing it with the oil of the dead, and then anointing it with chrism." In the consecration the bell was named "Thomas."

Friends, I hav no language wherewith to express my sadness over such mummery. "Rum, Romanism, and rebellion," and the worst, Romanism!

ELLA E. GIBSON.

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KENT, O., Jan. 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: There seem to be various opinions as to the actual meaning of "free press, free speech," etc., and I wish to giv my opinion—not thinking that anything I can say is going to settle the question, but we get new ideas from each other.

My view is that no such rights or privileges hav ever been, or should be, given man as absolute and unrestricted liberty of speech or press. By the law of nature, we are restricted in everything we do, say, or hav. The birds of the air and beasts of the forest are one and all restricted in their liberties and hav to battle for life with every enemy that surrounds them—must giv battle to the elements, must search and fight for their everyday food. So with man. We are surrounded from without and within with enemies that we must conquer or make a failure of life. We receive our help and education from many sources, not alone from the wisdom of others as taught us in childhood, but can complete our studies only as we learn daily from the school of life those ennobling thoughts that really finish our scholarship on earth. It is from this source that we learn of ourselvs, of man as a whole. No one can know just how to do, to act, to speak, or conduct himself properly, honorably, or justifiably without curtailing his natural desires for doing and thinking wrong. To do this he must bring in the aid of the better and more deliberate judgment and reason it is the privilege of everyone to possess. Happiness should be the most eagerly sought after; envy, the most shunned. The two are antagonistic, and cannot both occupy the same heart at once. In seeking happiness, we cannot envy our neighbors their wealth, their office, their influence, or anything they rightfully possess. We should not attempt to pull others down to build ourselvs up; in doing so, we shall fall beneath their ruins.

It has been said, "The pen of influence is mightier than the sword of battle." This being true, we should guard both tongue and pen, that we shall not deprive others of the liberty and happiness we ourselvs are striving to obtain. A word once spoken can never be recalled. Many a poor man or woman has nought but his or her good name or character to boast of and to make him or her happy. Many a poor girl has been driven to ruin by a slanderous pen or tongue. Many a man has failed in business simply from slanderous reports regarding his financial inabilities. Even the truth should not be uttered at all times.

Every man woman, and child should be protected in their inherent rights to liberty, and no one by tongue or pen should undertake to deprive them of such.

There are many kinds of happiness besides individual happiness. There is happiness of community, of state, of countries and nations, wherein many are happy. Where the majority are happy in any state or nation, the laws by which such are made happy must be the best for all.

Envy is the hideous monster that would break the law of reason, chain the pen of justice, and turn loose the fiends of destruction, only to satisfy the frenzied cravings of desire. It is the duty of every countryman to stand by his country, of every father to stand by his child. He that would sell the prattle of his child is worse than a brute, and deserves not the name of man, much less to use pen or tongue to destroy the happy homes of millions of old and young who are associated together under one government.

Let everyone look to the law of justice, search well into the deep recesses of reason, before trying to pull down the strong to build up the weak. Generals are as essential to conduct an army as privates are to do the fighting. The two are inseparable; neither could win a victory alone. As is our army, so is our government. We need men of able minds, men of experience, at the heads of the different departments, to giv orders to the common soldiers who hav to fight the battles. Everyone cannot be an officer. Many must remain in the ranks. Just so with the more common employments and avocations of man. Nature forces us into the world, through it, and out of it. We know not from whence we came or whither we go. We can only make the best possible use of things as we find them, and while it is our privilege and duty to gain as high an eminence in life as possible, we cannot all get to the top. We must liv in a lower sphere until we can gain a higher. We need the true and happy laborer as much as the man of capital. Each is useful and proper in his sphere. One can do nothing without the other. No pen or tongue should be allowed to crush either. Everyone has the same right to climb the stairs of wealth as far as he can and not interfere with the rights of others.

Ask not what ye would not giv. It is not wealth or position that really brings us happiness, for where there is envy there can be no real happiness. Where there is a desire to use a slanderous tongue or pen to destroy individuals or governments, there can be no enjoyment or content. Happiness is found in the family where is found economy, love, affection, cleanliness, industry, etc., and not where is found envy, strife, dissatisfaction, and immorality. Thus we see that both the tongue and pen are restricted from saying, writing, or publishing that which is a detriment to mankind and for which the author should be held responsible.

Reason, best of heaven's blessings,
Given only to mankind!
Life would scarce be worth possessing
Did not reason rule the mind.
When in state and pomp parading
Kings and presidents we see,
Reason tells us: Envy not them;
They must die as well as we.

A. D. SWAN.

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AXTELL, KAN., Jan. 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav not seen anything from here for some time, and it seems right that all should know that we are still in the *fight*. Our Farmer's Alliance (of which I am president) discussed partially the Sabbath laws, and the pious ones found they were going to get too much, so they adjourned (being in the majority), but they got a good reply in the Axtell *Anchor*, and everybody has found out that they hav not got the truth on their side. Our Liberal Union has about 400 books and tracts out doing missionary work, and the revival "sky-pilots" are getting nothing here but "water hauls;" they can't get a hand-up for prayers, or for evidence of interest in the meetings. "We hav 'em scared." They got the Rev. Rogers (Universalist) to lecture at the Mason installation, and it was the finest exposition of the Religion of Humanity ever given in the town. He said, "An honest God is the noblest work of man. There is no God except as we perceive him in humanity." He showed up the selfishness of the churches and its members, saying that their chief concern was to save their little souls from hell. I am not a Mason, and cannot say how much Masonry he talked, but I do know that many that heard it would hav left the hall if it had been a Liberal lecturer that had said the same things. We are shaking the dry bones of the old orthodoxy. The Rev. Mr. Kloss, of the Congregational church, recently announced that he would close his course of sermons on the "national evils" by a discourse on Infidelity. I told his members I was going; that if the leading Infidels advocated what, if followed by a large part of the people, would lead to a national evil, I wanted to know it, that I might shun it. I went, and to my surprise he said that Infidelity was a good thing; it acted as a prod to make Christians better; and his sermon all through was kind and courteous. We hav brought about this change by organization. Less than one year ago in this town the religious mouth-piece, Rev. Clagget, said: "Every Infidel is a liar, and Ingersoll is the chief of liars." I "chinned" him up in good shape in a crowd the next day, and went to work to organize; and lo, the change! Before we organized I was a hellion; now I am kindly treated.

Of course the pious will tell me about the faults of some of our members, but I call to their mind the acts of some of their folks, and they are sorry they said anything about it. Catholicism has driven the filthy old Bible from our schools, and we must not forget to giv praise where it is due; but we may look for her to ask that her members pay their tax to the parish schools, so I will not praise her too loudly. I say to the Liberals of every town, village, and city: Organize. That is the only way to command respect. You will find that you are stronger than you think. The main thing is to be Liberal, and the world will find it out.

E. W. MINER, Sec. A. S. U.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## Sunny Sally.

*Such an Old-Fashioned Story.*

Sunny Sally lived by the sea,
Seldom a single dollar had she,
Simple the roof her bright head o'er,
Scarcely a wild rose about her door.

Sunny Sally smiled with the sun,
Smiled when the rain-drops pattered down,
Smiled with the storm-king's angry roar,
Smiled when the loud waves beat the shore.

"Strong and stanch is the good ship, 'Gold,'
Strong and true is my sailor bold;
Shines in the north the lover's star,
Showing him home from lands afar.

"'Sooner than summer roses fade
Shall you see me, dear,' his letters said.
'Silks will I bring, and silver store
Sallie shall fish in the sea no more.'"

Summer fled with the birds and flowers;
Sallie smiled through the autumn hours,
So sad a smile one wept to see—
"Sailor, my sailor, come home to me!"

"Strong and stanch was the good ship, 'Gold,'
Strong and true was my sailor bold;
Since Love is good, I will not despair,"
Still white threads shone in the golden hair.

Swallows twittered beneath the eaves,
Soft winds fluttered the fresh young leaves,
Spring stole again o'er the shining sands,
Strange ships came from distant lands.

Sunny Sally wept by the sea,
Such joyful tears one smiled to see;
Safe at home was her sailor bold,
Sunk 'neath the waves the good ship, "Gold."

Safely at home, a true man still,
Safely at home, but a poor man still.
"Savings of years are gone," said he,
"Sunk with the ship in the angry sea.

"Silvery store and silken sheen
Shall deck the mermaids' caves, I ween."
"Shall we care for that?" she softly said,
"Since love is left we will work for bread."

—*W. P*

## The Allen Boys.

That was all true about Rebecca, the story that was told in the Corner, for Rebecca was my great-grandmother, and she often related the incidents of her early days.

When she lived in the family of Governor Belcher, they kept four negro slaves, named Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and they were good, true, and faithful.

After Rebecca married, she lived in Milton, as was told you in her story. Her grandchildren thought everything of her, and those who lived in Boston took "solid comfort" whenever they visited her rural home in Milton. There were Isaac, Henry, and Charles who lived in Boston; and all the neighbors knew it when the Allen boys went out to their grandmother's. Such running and racing over the hills! Such whooping and hurrahing! "Make all the racket you please. Boys are boys, and will never be boys but once," said Grandma Rebecca.

And then such splendid dinners as she used to make for them! She did her cooking usually in a fireplace, as it was called, and you could see the blazing fire all the time on the hearth. There was a crane with pothooks and trammels, on which hung the kettles. When she baked, it was in a kettle, with live coals heaped on top of its cover; and then she had a tin sheet set up before the fire for meal cakes, and an iron spit on which were roasted meat and eels. But once a week she made a fire in the big brick oven, and when it was hot she baked beans, brown bread, pan-dowdy, pumpkin pies, and Indian puddings; and if you never tasted the goodies baked in an old-fashioned brick oven you will never know all you hav missed.

And then, the suet puddings boiled in a bag along with the pork and vegetables—my! how good! The lumps of suet were as big as the top of your thumb, and shone like topaz, or quartz crystals! Flour was not so cheap and plenty as in these days, and a sack of flour at Thanksgiving was made to last a year. A pound of tea held out the year round, and five pounds of sugar went the same length of time. But they had plenty to eat, such as it was, and it was all wholesome and healthy. The Allen boys thought it was splendid, and ate with a relish, and after eating they were ready for play.

One day they captured a rattlesnake in a thicket on one of the Blue Hills. They made a slip-noose out of strong vines and twigs, and managed to get it twisted around the snake's body, which they dragged home in great triumph, the reptil hissing, squirming, writhing, and making the most horrible contortions in his wild efforts to free himself. They got it home at last, and their grandfather dispatched it with an ax. It had twenty-seven rattles.

"Now," said Charley Allen, "if old Adam had just knocked that pesky sarpent in the Garden of Eden in the head, there wouldn't hav been such a fuss about that apple business, would there, grandfather?"

Their grandpa, who had read a copy of Paine's "Age of Reason," and was rather skeptical, laughed heartily and said he guessed Adam was "kinder lacking in mother-wit, or else he wouldn't 'a' been such a tarnal fool as he was, but would hav licked the old sarpent and mauled him on the spot."

Their grandpa had an old white horse and a shay, and when old Whitey was harnessed up, the one-horse shay was looked upon as an elegant equipage, in which the old couple were accustomed to drive into Boston to visit their son and daughter, the Allen boys' parents. When they were all ready to start, Billy, another grandson who lived with them, with his sister Ann, would be called to bring the basket of eggs that they were to carry as a present, and the box of butter, and then he would hav to get the bag of oats for the horse to eat when he arrived in town. Then Billy would jump in and curl up at the feet of the patriarchal couple, and they would jog contentedly along to Boston town.

Gran'ther Allen, as he was called, was an even-tempered man, generally speaking, but sometimes he would let his temper get the best of him, and then he was *awful*.

He had a little bird that he thought much of, and one day some one left its cage door open. Jimmy, the cat, observing the same, with one bound knocked over the cage and grabbed the bird. In a jiffy there were only a few blood-stained feathers left to show that a bird once lived there. When Gran'ther Allen saw what had been done, he was white with rage. He glanced at Jimmy, who was contentedly licking his paws, and lapping his chops, and merely said, "Old cat, your minutes are numbered," and with one blow of a club Jimmy was as dead as his victim.

"I do not believe," said the old man, "in violent measures generally, but this case comes under the old Mosaic dispensation—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

"Why don't you eat the cat, then," said Billy, "same as he did the bird?"

Gran'ther made no reply, but strode out of the house.

Jimmy had only followed his cat instincts, and was greatly lamented by the Allen boys. He had a noble funeral, however, and was buried with great pomp and ceremony in the garden, Billy acting as undertaker and minister, and the others as chief mourners.

The Allen boys were once invited to Canton to attend the wedding of their cousin. They were on hand early, but getting quite hungry before the ceremony, which took place in the evening, they went around to the pantry window, opened it, and crawled into the room, where they helped themselvs to the three kinds of wedding cake and two kinds of wine. They stuffed themselvs so full of cake and wine that they were found at a late hour, two of them, in the barn in a bewildering state of intoxication, one in the pig-sty, fast asleep with the pigs, and another had crept into the hen-coop. They were so ashamed of this escapade that they never tasted liquor afterward.

They kept their young married cousin well supplied with partridges, quails, rabbits, woodchucks, and squirrels after that, and when not hunting in the woods they made many fishing excursions up and down Charles river for her benefit.

The Revolutionary war had left the country very poor, and money was so scarce that a silver dollar looked as big as the moon, and the Allen boys were early put to work to earn their living. They had one sister, little Sarah, who used to run on errands.

When the boys discovered that Sarah was a favorit with the grocer, and could get, therefore, more candy for one cent than they could for five, they entrusted their pennies to her, and the way she managed their financial affairs, and the candy she procured for them, would hav been a credit to an older head than was hers.

There was a remnant of witchcraft remaining in New England in those days, and the Allen boys looked with wonder upon a woman who lived in Milton who declared she was bewitched, and that she had a dish-kettle in her stomach. She would be very angry when any one disputed it, but the boys laughed and giggled at her vagaries.

The Allen boys grew up and became smart, industrious men. Isaac became a dentist, Henry, a merchant; Charles, a sea-captain, and Billy an actor, which calling much displeased his folks, but he was excellent in his chosen profession. Ann died young, and Sarah married the grocer who gave her so much candy for a cent, and, although they were roguish boys, they all made out well in life and were good and honorable citizens, and honest members of society. MIRIAM.

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—HALF SQUARE.

1.–To lie close.
2.–Additional.
3.–To remain.
4.–To test.
5.–A note in music.
6.–A letter.

*Lyons, N. Y.* SNOWFLAKE.

2—REBUS.




A bouquet.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, JAN. 8, 1887.

1.–Archibald, Ira, Cecil, Harry, Horace, Henry. 2.–

P
BED
MANES
BARONET
PENOBSCOT
DENSITY
SECTS
TOY
T

3.–2 in 6, three times. 4.–Teraphim.

## Correspondence.

LUDLOW, ILL., Jan. 4, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I saw so many boys and girls writing, I thought I would write, too. I go to school now. I read in the Third Reader. I like to go to school. I am ten years old. My father has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for eight years. I like to look at the pictures in THE TRUTH SEEKER, they are so comical. Well, I must close.

Yours truly, DALE NEWKIRK.

Dec. 22, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am eleven years old. I read THE TRUTH SEEKER, and it is a very nice paper. There are thirty inhabitants in Cle Elum. I hav a cousin here and he is going to write a letter to you. I hav a horse and he is very intelligent; his name is "Dandy." My sister and I hav a great time roaming about the hills. It is very romantic; tall, towering pine trees reach high into the air. They often make houses out of one tree.

From your friend, IONE KAHLOW.

TORONTO, Dec. 31, 1886.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write you a letter for my little sister and myself. She is four and I am ten. Pa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER. Pa and ma are truth seekers, and they hav lots of fun with Christian visitors. I read the Children's Corner to my sister and look at the pictures; we think they are just fine, especially Mrs. Noah beating the skunks. We hav a dog—he is a water dog. We are going to get a harness for him; he will pull us on the sled. We hav a kitten; it is six months old, and it is the boss of the house. When ma is sweeping the kitten runs after the broom. I must close now. Wishing you a Happy New Year, we are truly your friends,

ALICE AND EMMA CHURCHILL.

P.S.—If you think this is not fit, please do not print it, as it is my first letter.

[We think it a good letter for the first and hope you will write again.—ED. C. C.]

BALSTON SPA, N. Y., Jan. 2, 287.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write a letter for the Corner. I am a little girl ten years old, and study arithmetic, geography, and spelling. I read in Swinton's Second Reader. My father and mother are Freethinkers, and all my brothers and sisters. My father takes THE TRUTH SEEKER and Green's *Magazine*, and mother takes the *Ironclad Age*, and we hav lots of Liberal books. We hav the "Story Hour," and mother bought us the "Apples of Gold" a short time ago, and we all love father and mother, for we are so happy together. This is my first letter, and I would like to see it in the Children's Corner. I hope you will excuse my poor writing.

From your little Freethinker friend,

HATTIE THORPE.

P.S.—I hope you had a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. H. T.


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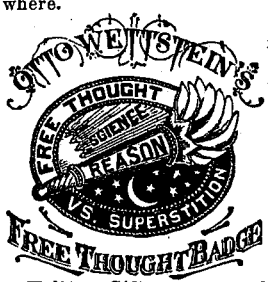
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## Poetry.

### The Andover Creed.

IN MODERN ENGLISH.

There was a man whose name was Adam,
A woman—Eve—she was his madam;
A crafty, impious imp of evil—
Call him serpent—call him devil—
Induced these folks to eat an apple,
With which they'd been forbid to grapple;
Immortals thus were rendered mortal
And driven forth from Eden's portal!
There is a place of endless terror
Prepared for those who fall in error,
Where fire and death and torture never
Cease their work, but rule forever;
Such horrors e'en in wild Ashantee
Were never known nor thought (see Dante).
To this dark cave, for Adam's sin,
Must all his children enter in;
And millions of his poor descendants
Must suffer for *his* independence.
But the all-merciful creator
Took pity on the fallen traitor,
Prepared a narrow path of pardon
That led to heaven's happy garden;
And, lest mankind prefer to sin,
*Predestined some* to walk therein.
Ah! Happy souls; *your* goal is heaven,
Already are *your* sins forgiven!
But millions still in error languish,
Doomed to death and future anguish,
Who ne'er hav heard of Adam's sin,
Nor of the peril they are in;
Who know not of the way of pardon,
Nor of the fall in Eden's garden;
*They* hav no promis of election,
No kind decree for their protection.

This, my friends, is the Andover Creed;
Put it aside for the time of need!
In the hour of grief and sorrow
From it consolation borrow;
When your dearest friends are dying,
Read it to the mourners crying—
Read with features stern and solemn
As the massiv granit column!
Teach it to the tender maiden,
To the man with sorrow laden;
Teach it to the timid child,
Watch its look of horror wild—
Note the half-defiant fear,
Flushing cheek, and pitying tear;
Teach it to the broken-hearted,
From their loved ones newly parted;
Show them that their pride and beauty—
Type of love and filial duty—
Filling all their home with brightness
With her form of airy lightness—
This—their darling—whom they cherished,
Has in hell forever perished,
All because of *Adam's* folly!
'Twill drive away your melancholy
And leave with you, consistent one,
A sense of duty nobly done;
Ah, a wonderful thing is the Andover Creed,
Put it aside for the hour of need!

*E. Frank Lintaber, in Puck.*

## The Law of Property.

Mr. Clark's article, "The People's Share in Wealth," in the *North American Review* for July,* shows a praiseworthy appreciation of the present muddled and deplorable condition of industry; of the strained relations of classes in the existing system, and of the present uneconomic and inequitable division of the results of industry.

He says: "Present wealth is unutterably selfish, vulgar, and tyrannical. Poverty is growing savage and brutal, and Macaulay's 'Huns and Vandals' are showing their teeth, not from the outside of civilization now, but from the underside;" and more that is equally graphic, timely, and truthful.

But when he comes to the remedy—this, the burning problem of the age—he surely has not given us, nor solved, nor penetrated, nor even touched. For he says, "I trust I hav shown that for the equitable distribution [division] of a people's joint heritate it is wholly unnecessary to disturb the existing tenures of property. These hav grown up as naturally as accretions of coral. They are *right*." He says the solution and remedy are completely given in the answer to the question, "What is the absolute, underlying law of ownership—all ownership whatsoever?" and its "enforcement" by "the death-rate tax." He cites the theory and practices of England, and the words of our own Declaration of Independence as to life, liberty, pursuit of happiness, etc., and pointing out what they imply, says, "Now this is the same as saying that the people of the world jointly own the world, and that the people of any country jointly own that country while they utilize and maintain it," and "all men are equal in the natural right of access to the world's wealth, but they can improve and enjoy this wealth only in accordance with individual capacity. In the distribution [division] of wealth, therefore, all men are not entitled to an *equal* share in property, but to an *equitable* share; and an *equitable share is an equal share according to ability, industry, and economy*." This, then, he givs as the answer and the "law." And he says of it, "This formula is all there is of democracy; all there is of economics, all there is of social justice;" and if this be so, alas, then, for at least economics—and the question is one chiefly of economics; and so alas, also, for society! And of this he says, "It stands here as ethics," after just stating that it stands for democracy, economics, and justice. "Let us convert it into mathematics." Now he is going to make it stand also for mathematics—this seems to be ignoring due scientific discrimination with unbecoming recklessness. By and through this "conversion" he discovers or works out what he calls his "death-rate tax," which, although he here makes it identical with the "law" itself, is to be used to enforce the "law" "when the people once comprehend the true law of ownership, and the perfect method of enforcing it, through the collection and redistribution of the birthright, death-rate tax," etc. And he says, "The pivot on which this transformation [from ethics to mathematics] turns is the fact of death." "The entire wealth of mankind reverts from one generation to another every fifty years." Well, what of it? He answers: "But now, if a nation's wealth is simply a reversion extending through fifty years, one-fiftieth of that wealth reverts in one year." Well, again, what of it? He answers: "This one-fiftieth is two per cent of the whole value." Still, again, what of it? He answers with the strongest kind of an affirmation, *i.e.*, an interrogativ affirmation: "Is it not perfectly clear, therefore, that an annual tax of two per cent on the value of the property collected by society, and expended for the common good of society, would effect complete democracy of ownership—would giv, with every year, to every child born into the world, an exactly equal share in all the opportunities and all the advantages of life?" To which I reply, with equal emphasis, "No! In fact, not clear at all, and will again ask how would or could it do so?" But instead of immediately answering this time, he thus dogmatically (and may it not be said, arrogantly?) proceeds, "In this tax lies the science of redistribution [redivision], and the true rejection of all spurious or half-baked economics like Socialism or Communism." This suggests the phenomenon of a very drunk man declaring that it is the "other men" who are drunk, and not he; for it does seem to me that it is Mr. Clark's economics which is not even as much as half-baked, and quite spurious. Besides, who ever before heard, or expects to hear again, of such a science as "the science of redistribution?" One would suppose that if we were so fortunate, or might be, as to hav a science of distribution or division, this would, besides being a possibility, answer a far better purpose on the principle, if on no other ground, that "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." But Mr. Clark further on does revert to the two per cent death-rate tax, and makes some efforts to state how, combined with more and similar dogmatic affirmations, it is to secure the results above claimed.

But Mr. Clark leaves, and proposes to leave, untouched the present system of competition with all its iniquitous tendencies and characteristics; the evils after they hav been wrought to be palliated only, at most, by taking back from the profit- and mammon-mongers a portion of their "ill-gotten gains." But how, even, is this that's taken back to be made to accrue to the benefit of the people from whom it was in the first place (according to Mr. Clark) exploited? Why, in this way: if they are out of work, or such of them as are, the government is to use this fund, or as much of it as remains after paying its own expenses, to furnish them with work, and "to hav annually, at call, a common fund large enough to break, if they wish, by mere competition, any individual or corporate monopoly the earth can produce."

Impotent conclusion! A mere increase in taxation two per cent instead of one, for I submit in all candor and seriousness that there is nothing, absolutely nothing, in this "fact of death," or "average death-rate," or "reversion of wealth every fifty years," having any bearing upon the solution of this great question of economics, viz., How with a minimum expenditure of labor to produce a maximum of results, or as to "the people's share in wealth?"

He says (to conclude), "The indirect result of this tax would be greater than even the direct" by compelling money to go in business instead of lying in bank. But how so? Would not the tax on it be the same in business as out? He adds, "Universal co-operation would be established in one bound." Impossible!

W. M. Boucher.

* An epitome of his book, "Man's Birthright; or, The Higher Law of Property." By E. G. Clark. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

## A New Work on Spiritualism.

The *Gazetteer* received from the author, several weeks ago, a book entitled, "Spiritualism Sustained," by John R. Kelso, A. M. The book is a handy volume of 250 pages, and a credit in general appearance to the publishers, the New York Truth Seeker Company, who will supply copies by mail at $1 each. The volume is divided into lectures, as follows:

I. Spiritualism Sustained by the Bible.
II. Spiritualism Sustained by the Christian Church.
III. Spiritualism a Necessity in God's General Government.
IV. Spiritual Mediumship.
V. Objections to Spiritualism Answered.

Col. John Kelso, as a writer, is well known among the "Liberals," having written and published several volumes, presenting the most pronounced Materialistic opinions and arguments. His friends and admirers must hav been astonished when the above book made its appearance, as in many things his opinions hav apparently undergone a radical change. He claims to hav been made a convert to a belief in a life after physical dissolution, by proofs his analytical mind could not resist, and frankly owns that in one thing, at least, he had indulged in a very grave mistake. Those who know the colonel best will giv him credit for his candor, if they do not accept his conclusions.

The book is a remarkable one. It is not, as might be expected, devoted to the presentation of the evidences on which the author bases his conclusions; indeed, he tells his readers he has studiously avoided it, for the reason that second-hand evidence is in reality no evidence—only reports, and reports are not necessarily true. This is a very good rule to adopt in the investigation of phenomena apparently in conflict with universal experience, such as are vulgarly classified as supernatural. But while Colonel Kelso studiously avoids giving his own experience, which, in many instances, might most likely be corroborated by living witnesses, the first two chapters of his book are devoted to proving modern Spiritualism true by the statements of the writers of the Bible and the records of the Christian church! In other words, he treats the testimony of living witnesses as insufficient, but that of those long dead, and in many cases anonymous, as perfectly convincing. He confesses on nearly the first page that he considers the Bible totally unworthy of belief, and follows it up with over forty pages of "proofs" from the Bible that Spiritualism is true! He says he puts the witnesses on the stand unimpeached, and yet in the sentence preceding he declares them totally untruthful, and in prior works has at least made strenuous efforts to impeach them.

In explanation of this apparent inconsistency, it should be stated that Colonel Kelso, though himself an Infidel, says he wrote this book for the purpose of converting Christians, and as they believe, or are presumed to believe, the Bible is an inspired book, and therefore its every teaching strictly true, he has a perfect right to use their witness to sustain his cause. The idea seems to be to leave the character of the witness cited, for veracity, in this discussion, entirely in their hands. From this standpoint—Bible proofs of Spiritualism—we think the colonel has made out his case. We cannot see how an orthodox Christian can deny spirit communion—both good and evil—but we fear few of them will be converted by this book, notwithstanding the formidable array of quotations and ingenious arguments of its logical author. It is not likely many will ever see the book. Christians are not in the habit of going to an Infidel writer for proofs of immortality, or for interpretations of the book which is the basis of their faith. But, as if the author was afraid that some of the more Liberal among them might hav a curiosity to know what he had to say on so recondite a subject, and believe his witnesses, he devotes most of the fourth chapter to proving that these same witnesses are untruthful, and totally unreliable every way. Were it not for the fact that we hav every confidence in the author's sincerity, we would be almost tempted to believe that he wrote this volume to foist his arguments against the authenticity of the Bible upon Christians, rather than to make converts to Spiritualism, for the arguments presented in this chapter are, to our mind, the strongest to be found in the whole volume, and the only ones in fact that appeal to the intellect. The first two chapters are valuable to the student for the amount of matter bearing on the subject, which he has brought together, culled from the Old and New Testaments, and also for the testimony collected from the writings of the Christian fathers and Christian history, not generally accessible. This latter evidence is, however, seriously weakened by the fact that the same witnesses quoted to prove the truth of intercommunication between the living and the dead, also testify to the truth of the most remarkable, and in the light of science utterly incredible, miracles, as being quite common occurrences all along from the middle of the second century, almost, if not quite, up to our own day—such as raising the dead to life, healing the sick and maimed by a word; transportation of human bodies invisibly through the air, changing of one substance to another, incredible wonders performed by holy relics, etc., etc. This is, however, in harmony with the rest of the book—to present what at first glance is convincing evidence only to destroy all confidence in its credibility by subsequent facts and deductions.

To our mind, the portions of the book devoted to explaining how spirits commune with mortals, and the methods to be observed by investigators, is uninteresting, possibly because the previous pages failed to convince us that there are any spirits; possibly because it is not original. The same may be said of the answers to objections to Spiritualism. There is nothing new here. All that is said is familiar to every reader of the literature of Spiritualism; here the tone of the writer is apologetic and leaves an impression upon the reader of mental weakness not characteristic of the author's other writings, or of other portions of this volume, where he lays aside the spiritual for the natural and logical.

As has been stated, the book has its value, but if it ever makes any converts to a belief in modern Spiritualism, we shall be greatly surprised. Its careful perusal ought to awaken to thought and investigation, and if it does this it will not hav been written in vain.—*Sunday Gazetteer, Denison, Texas.*

### "PERSONAL EXISTENCE AFTER DEATH IMPROBABLE."

This is the title of a work by L. R. Smith, which shows much deep thought and clear reasoning, and is well worthy of careful perusal by every earnest seeker after truth. While I cannot agree with the author in all his conclusions, I can fully indorse much that he says, and especially the account given in his preface of the religious ideas prevailing in the section where he lived during his boyhood, and the zeal and persistence with which those ideas were instilled into the minds of the young. I do not think it strange that the promulgation of such dogmas caused untold misery and unhappiness when operating upon the tender minds of the young, and can but rejoice that the author has found the better way, and is endeavoring to lead mankind into the flowery paths of love, virtue, and obedience to duty. He argues truly that we should devote all our energies to the duties of this life, as it is the only one of which we know positivly anything.

On this point, as indeed throughout, the work displays a sound logic and keen perception which should commend it to all. I bespeak for it a generous patronage from the Liberals of this country, and can assure them the perusal of the pamphlet will well repay its trifling cost.

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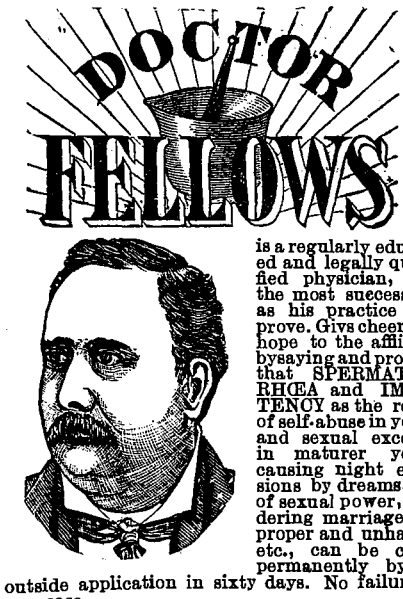
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## News of the Week.

MEASLES increased in this city last week. There were 641 cases and 72 deaths.

CLUVERIUS, the young Virginian who betrayed and murdered Miss Madison a year ago, was hanged at Richmond on the 14th.

MAYOR HEWITT'S health is slowly improving.

LORD IDDESLEIGH, formerly Sir Stafford Northcote, is dead. He was one of Charles Bradlaugh's most bitter opponents.

OVER 223,000 cubic yards of limestone and slate rock has recently fallen out of the bank of Niagara river, near the falls. The great quantity of accumulated ice caused the break.

ANOTHER priest filled Dr. McGlynn's place in St. Stephen's church last Sunday. The parishioners held an excited meeting in the evening, and resolved to boycott the church henceforth. Dr. McGlynn was a great favorit with his congregation.

THE 3,000 employees of Pierre Lorillard's tobacco works went on strike last week against a reduction of pay. Mr. Lorillard is the broad-minded gentleman who a year or so ago endeavored to put a boycott on the members of the Jobstown Secular Union.

ACCORDING to the Rutland *Herald*, a Woman Suffrage fair just held in Music Hall, Boston, netted $6,000 for the cause.

GEN. W. B. HAZEN, chief signal officer at Washington, died last Sunday. General Hazen was born in Vermont in 1830.

MISS DODGE and Miss Agnew, the women members of New York's school board, hav entered upon the duties of their office.

EX-ALDERMAN MCQUADE, convicted of receiving a bribe while in office, went to the Sing Sing prison last Monday morning.

SAM JONES, the Tennessee revivalist, preached in Boston last Sunday. As something different from Parson Downs, he was pronounced tolerable.

IN a speech in Newark, N. J., the other night, Mr. Powderly, of the Knights of Labor, denied that he had been in any manner controled by the Catholic church.

FIFTY-ONE persons were arrested in New York for violating the excise law last Sunday. It is probable that one hundred times that number broke the law without being molested by the police.

HENRY B. STANTON died in this city, January 14th, aged eighty-one years. Mr. Stanton was an anti-slavery agitator; a lawyer, a Democrat in politics, and served as Senator of New York. His disease was pneumonia. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is in London, and was informed by cable of her husband's death.

A NEW YORK policeman named Rourke was found off duty the other day by a roundsman and was rebuked. He thereupon drew a pistol, and shot and killed his superior officer. Rourke is a ruffian, and has been known to be such for years by the people who hav kept him on the police of the city. Citizens are wondering how many more there are like him among the "finest."

IN the trial of the case of Father Fitzgerald against Archbishop Williams in Boston on the 12th, John C. Kennedy, a lawyer, testified that on June 16, 1884, a conversation took place in the presence of the plaintiff's nieces and others. It was about improper proposals which the plaintiff had made to one of his nieces. One of the nieces accused him of seducing her. The other testimony related to the departure of the nieces from the plaintiff's house in consequence of improper proposals. Father Kennedy declares his innocence of the charges.


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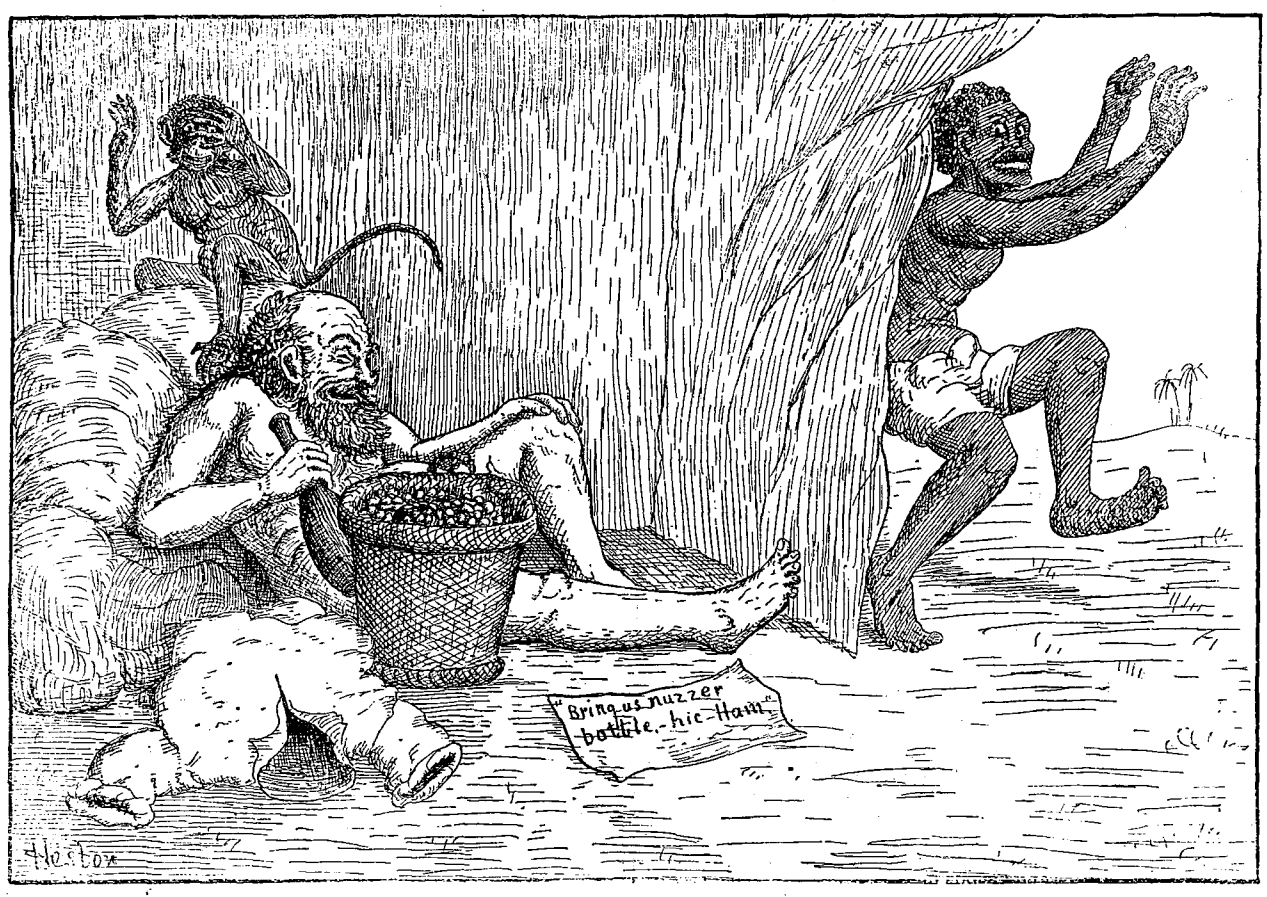
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THE FIRST "DRUNK AND DISORDERLY."

And he drank of the wine, and was drunken.—Gen. ix, 21.

## Odds and Ends.

BY executing murderers on Friday it givs them just about time enough to reach heaven for Sunday.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher: "Now, children, can any of you tell me who Methuselah was?" Small scholar: "He was a chestnut."

THAT was a highly-educated Apache who informed an examiner that there were three elements—earth, air, and firewater.

"YOUNG men believe in nothing nowadays," says Mrs. Ramsbotham, with a deep sigh. "Why, there's my nephew, Tom, who was brought up as a Christian, and now he's an acrostic."

FAITH is sometimes represented by the figure of a drenched female clinging to a sea-washed rock, but a better personification would be a bald-headed man buying a bottle of patent hair-restorer.

"AND what was the disposition of the remains?" was asked of a man who recently lost his mother-in-law. "The disposition of the remains," he replied, with real feeling, "was quiet and peaceful."

A POLITICIAN walking along the street accidentally dropped a lie. A gentleman called after him to tell the politician of his loss. "Oh, it is no consequence," said the latter; "I hav plenty more." This story teaches that even a politician can sometimes speak the truth.

AFTER the clerk had pulled down everything in the store without satisfying his customer, a woman, she asked him if there was anything else he had not shown her. "Yes, ma'am," he said, "the cellar; but if you wish it, I will hav that brought up and shown to you."

MISS BRIDGET O'FLAHERTY, a graduate of a parochial school, and who has just been appointed teacher, has a singular theory in geography, which she teaches. It is that in traveling it is easy to distinguish the different states as you pass through them by their colors, as laid down on the maps.

A MAN went to the priest to hav his friend's soul prayed out of purgatory, and put a shilling on the plate. "Is my friend's soul out?" he asked. The priest said it was. "Quite sure?" the man asked. "Quite sure," replied the priest. "Very well," said the man; "if he is out of purgatory, they won't put him in again—it's a bad shilling."

"WHO is that poor, old ragged-looking man, papa?" "That's an inventor, child; he invents entirely new ways of saving time money, and labor in the production of useful articles." "Who are those gentlemen with big gold chains and diamond studs—they aren't inventors, are they?" "No, dear; they 'improve' the machines the other man's invented."

THERE is said to be but one lawyer in heaven. How he managed to pass St. Peter is not known, but it is conjectured that he passed himself off for an editor and slipped in unexpectedly. When he was discovered the startled angels searched the realms of felicity in all their length and breadth for another lawyer to draw up papers for his ejectment, but they could find none, of course, and he held the fort.

A PRINTER'S devil was pierced to the heart
With the charms of a dear little miss,
Quoth he to the lass, "My dear, ere we part,
Let us seal our love with a kiss."
But the maiden replied, as the imp she eyed,
"Dost think I'd let you revel
Where others before you hav vainly tried?
Nay, nay; I'll not kiss the devil!"

Years passed away, and the sweet little lass
Became an old, sorrowful maid;
Riches she had, but then, alas!
Her beauty had all decayed;
Once again they met, and fain the old maid
Would recall the former issue;
But the devil replied, as the old maid he eyed,
"No; the devil now wouldn't kiss you!"

A COUNTRY parson, in encountering a storm the past season in the voyage across the Atlantic, was reminded of the following: A clergyman was so unfortunate as to be caught in a severe gale in the voyage out. The water was exceedingly rough, and the ship persistently buried her nose in the sea. The rolling was constant, and at last the good man got thoroughly frightened. He believed they were destined for a watery grave. He asked the captain if he could not hav prayers. The captain took him by the arm, and led him down to the forecastle, where the tars were singing and swearing. "There," said he, "when you hear them swearing, you may know there is no danger." He went back feeling better, but the storm increased his alarm. Disconsolate and unassisted, he managed to stagger to the forecastle again. The ancient mariners were swearing as ever. "Mary," he said to his sympathetic wife, as he crawled into his berth after tacking across a wet deck, "Mary, thank God they're swearing yet."

CHAUNCEY BLACK, says the Harrisburgh *Telegraph*, was booked for a speech in Reading. The meeting was very large, and there had been selected as chairman a good-natured nativ, who didn't know any more than the law allows. He, it seems, had attended a previous Democratic meeting, where Secretary Stenger had orated in his fervid style, and had seen the speaker introduced, consequently he felt it to be his duty to introduce Mr. Black in a few remarks. Taking the chair, he thanked the meeting for the honor, and then commended the candidates and democracy, winding up by saying: "And now, fellow-citizens, I introduce to you the honorable Mr. Lieutenant-Governor Black, who will show you that the Democracy is a cloud of smoke by day and a pillar of cloud by night." Immense cheering followed, during which Mr. Black was seen to be struggling hard to suppress his emotions. The next morning a number of Reading Democrats went to the station to see Mr. Black off. Among them was the chairman of the meeting. He looked as if something troubled him, and he finally drew Mr. Black to one side and whispered: "Governor, I'm not quite clear about that pillar of cloud business, but I got it from Stenger." And Mr. Black laughed all the way home to York.


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## Gems of Thought.

THE divinity of Christianity is strongly claimed upon the ground of its prevalence in the world and the large numbers who acknowledge it as the true faith. If this criterion is the true one, several other systems are equally divine, and some of them far more so.—*D. M. Bennett.*

AN Agnostic is one who says, respecting God, "I don't know." He does not deny, neither does he affirm. He simply says, "I don't know." Perhaps he would like to believe, but cannot, as he sees, or thinks he sees, no reason for it. Suppose you try to convince him. You ask him if it is conceivable that all this wonderful world should exist without a God who created it. He replies that it is indeed a wonderful world, but it does not clear up, but rather deepens, the mystery to suppose "a God" created it; for you hav then two mysteries, the origin of the world and the origin of God, too, to account for. To him it appears the simpler assumption that the world, the substance of it, is self-existent and eternal.—*W. H. Spencer.*

ONE world at a time is my doctrin. It is said in this Testament, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" and I say, Sufficient unto each world is the evil thereof. And suppose, after all, death does end all. Next to eternal joy, next to being forever with those we love and those who hav loved us, next to that is to be wrapped in the dreamless drapery of eternal peace. Next to eternal life is eternal sleep. Upon the shadowy shore of death the sea of trouble casts no wave. Eyes that hav been curtained by the everlasting dark will never know again the burning touch of tears. Lips touched by eternal silence will never speak again the broken words of grief. Hearts of dust do not break. The dead do not weep. Within the tomb no veiled and weeping sorrow sits, and in the rayless gloom is crouched no shuddering fear.—*R. G. Ingersoll.*

ABBOT. Ashes are on my head, and on my lip
Sackcloth, and in my breast a heaviness
And weariness of life, that makes me ready
To say to the dead abbots under us,
"Make room for me!" Only I see the dusk
Of evening twilight coming, and hav not
Completed half my task; and so at times
The thought of my shortcomings in this life
Falls like a shadow on the life to come.
*Prince Henry.* We must all die, and not the old alone;
The young hav no exemption from that doom.
*Abbot.* Ah, yes! the young may die, but the old must!
That is the difference.
—*Longfellow's Golden Legend.*

I SAY unto you that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man . . . take away thy coat, let him hav thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain (Matt. v, 38-41). Put up thy sword, for all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword (Matt. xxvi, 52). Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth (Matt. v, 5). The doctrin of non-resistance would mean nothing but the destruction of the gentler and finer races, and the rampant tyranny of the stronger; the reign of violence, not of peace; the triumph of Satan, not of Christ; in a word, the suicide of all meek and truly Christian peoples. . . . Christ's exhortations are a guide to the spirit we must cherish, not to the conduct we must pursue. We must cultivate the temper which will effectually prevent us from being quick to resent or prone to retaliate or severe to punish; but without abnegating these natural instincts, which are sometimes our safest guides, or ceasing to maintain that firm attitude of self-protection which, under the governance of good feeling and good sense, is the best antagonist to the prevalence of violence upon earth.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half-willing, half-reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them from the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings, one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go,
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being to full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know. —*Longfellow.*

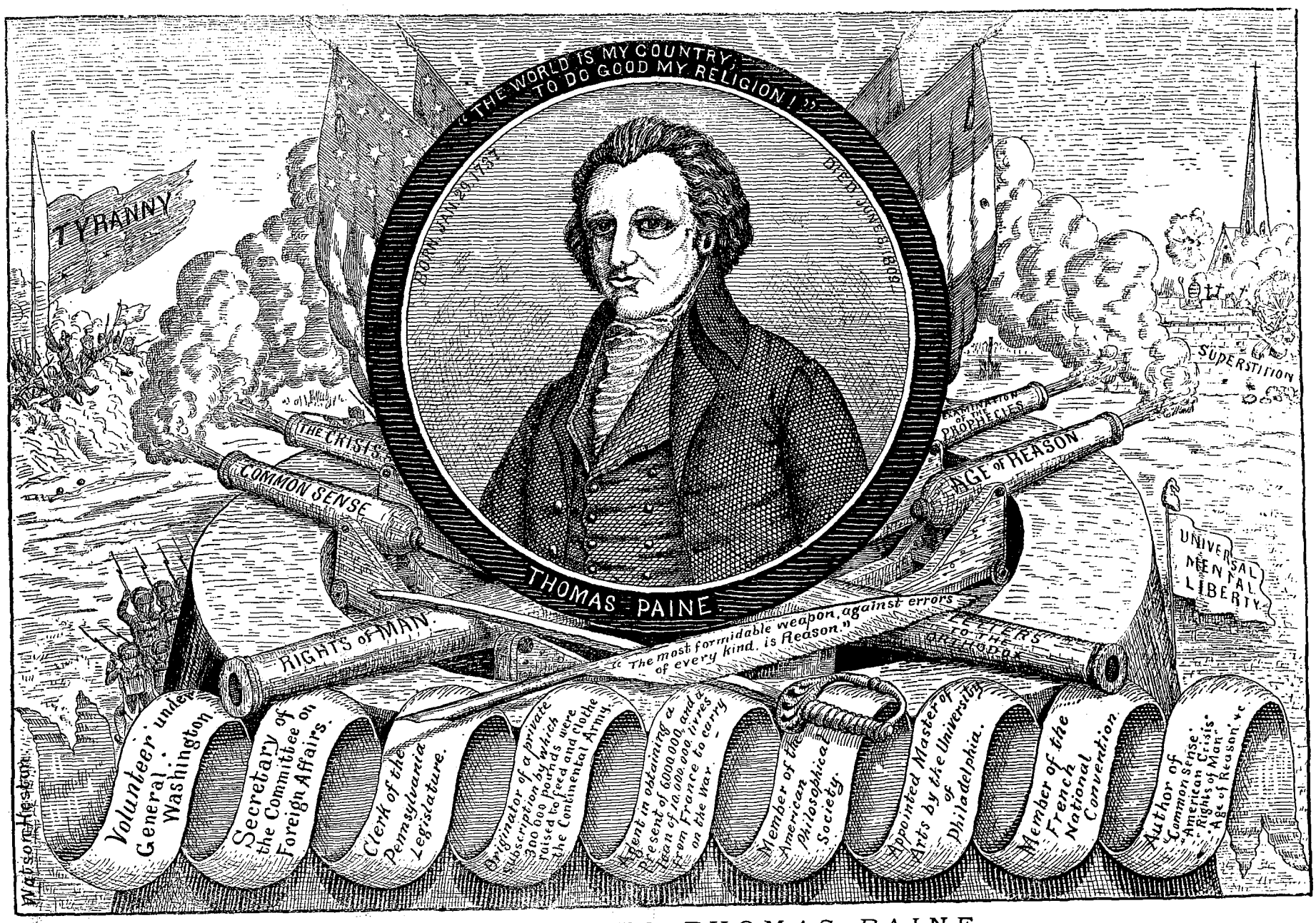
CONSIDER the seed dropped into ground. It swells with germinating energy, bursts its integuments, sends upward a delicate shoot, which grows into a stem, putting forth in due season its leaves and flowers. And yet all these processes are operations of matter, for it is not thought necessary to assume an immaterial or spiritual plant which affects its purposes through the agency of the material structure which we observe.—*Dr. Henry Maudsley.*

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## Notes and Clippings.

THE Boston *Herald* claims that if Professor Smyth is found guilty, there will be no probation for the poor heathen after death.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL Teacher: "Now, children, what happened on Christmas; can't you remember?" Wee Scholar (in great delight): "It snowed."—*Youth's Companion.*

GLADSTONE wrote an article for the *Nineteenth Century* on Tennyson's "New Locksley Hall." The proprietors of the publication paid Mr. Gladstone $1,250 for the article.

THERE is a manufacturer in Cleveland who runs a religious annex to his factory on business principles. The *Appeal* says that "he makes great pretenses to being a Christian. He is in the habit of calling the girls into his office occasionally and holding a prayer-meeting. Then this pious fraud charges the girls for the time thus lost."

AT the regular Monday meeting of the Methodist ministers of Baltimore, there was a long and heated discussion over the following resolution: "Having read in the daily papers that some ladies of the city are making arrangements for a charity ball, to raise funds for the poor; therefore, be it resolved, that we hereby decidedly condemn such methods, and hope the ladies will hereafter abandon them." After much talk this resolution was defeated, and a much milder one was substituted, stating that the meeting was opposed to balls and dances, and requesting the ministers to ask their members not to take part in any held in the name of charity.

JOHN SWINTON'S protest against Henry George's "attempt to drag religious controversy into the arena of labor," the *Winsted Press* answers: "Fudge, John! It is just as important that the laboring man should be free from superstition as from poverty. Piety and poverty, begging and priestcraft, go hand in hand everywhere, and it is worse than useless to put dollars in a man's hand to be given to the clergy to erect temples of dishonor in which to preach subjection of the masses to the kings of earth and heaven."

THE postal law makes it larceny to take a newspaper and refuse to pay for it. A newspaper in Illinois recently brought suit against forty-three men who would not pay their subscriptions, and obtained judgment in each for the full amount of the claim. Of these, twenty-eight men made affidavit that they owned no more property than the law allowed them, thus preventing attachments. Then they, under the decision of the Supreme Court, were arrested for petty larceny, and bound over in the sum of $300 each. All but six gave bonds, while six went to jail.

THE Buffalo *Courier* tells of a four-year-old citizen of that place who, having been naughty, was reprimanded by her mother and told that the Lord knew every act of her life. In a half-repentant frame of mind she walked into the front parlor, and was pensivly regarding the fire in the grate when the cat came alorg and tried to work into her good graces by purring and rubbing against her ankles. Even that did not please her, and at last her mother heard her snap out: "Go way, pussy! It's bad enough to hav God watching me, 'thout having you tagging me around."

"I WANT a Bible," said a tall, gaunt woman, stepping into a bookstore on Woodward avenue. "Do you wish the revised edition?" inquired the clerk civilly. "I ain't pertikeler. I jes want one in the house so I'll hav a safe place to keep my specs in. A family Bible that won't never be meddled with is the kind, I reckon." She got it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

LATELY a clergyman from Oberlin set forth before the Congregational Club of Cleveland the principles of heredity, maintaining their correctness by records and statistics, and inferentially intimated that the charitable work the churches were advocating and practicing was doing harm instead of good by keeping in existence poverty, disease, and crime, which is the result of the inexorable law of heredity, and which it would be for the general benefit to let die out. The tendency of the position taken was that the law of "the survival of the fittest" is a fact, and it is questionable whether its course ought to be interfered with.

IN a recent lecture in London, Frederic Harrison, the Positivist, said: "When Socialists of the type of Mr. Henry George or of Karl Marx strove to prove that the land of a country, or the machinery and factories, were all by rights the property of society, not of individuals, and should all be administered in the name of and for the benefit of society, the Positivist objection was that they did not go half far enough. Why stop short at land, railways, machinery, and factories? All products, movable or immovable, lands, houses, furniture, food, even clothes and tools, were all equally products of society, and should all be enjoyed or used in the name of society and to the benefit of society. The Positivists, who professed the only complete, consistent, and practicable Socialism, were the only Socialists who were not afraid of their own doctrins; for even the noisiest Anarchist at an open-air meeting thought he had a right of property in his own boots and his own shirt, to say nothing of his own tongue."

MUNKACSY'S "Christ," now on exhibition in New York city, is attracting great attention, and notably so from the Jewish journals of that metropolis. It is pronounced "a wonderful painting," says a Jewish contemporary; "it is this Jesus of history whom Munkacsy has portrayed upon his canvas, not the Jesus whom St. Paul embodied in his theological system, and whom St. John transfigured for the admiration of future worshipers." We hav not seen the artist's work, but hav read many accounts or descriptions of it. This "Christ" of Munkacsy is the work of the imagination, the face is not the face of a Jew, the landmarks are obliterated, and hence the painting lacks the element of truth, which is the essential element in a historical work of the kind. Behold the Jesus as portrayed by the immortal painters of the Roman Catholic faith. Do they typify a Jew? Does the portrait of the Virgin Mary typify a Jewess? Go into any Catholic church and observe the types there exhibited. They are modeled after the highest forms of ancient Greek manhood and womanhood, hence as works of art they are false, both in conception and coloring. The church was too cunning to paint on canvas a typical Jew for worship and adoration while the living typical Jew was in the Ghetto degraded and enslaved by the church. —*Jewish Times.*

# Communications.

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## Christian Absurdities.

I do not expect in one essay to show all the absurdities of the Christian religion—just enough to set one's thinker at work. When one cheek is smitten, where is the Christian who will turn the other to receive another blow? Where is the rich Christian who will sell all he has and give it to the poor? Let the church show one thrifty Christian who takes no thought of the morrow. How many rich Christians can be found who invite in only the poor when they make a feast. I would like to see the talented minister who would leave a big salary and a fat position and wander up and down through the earth without "staff," or "scrip," or "purse," to preach the gospel. These are all Christian rules, but let them be strictly enforced, and men and women would leave the church as rats desert a sinking ship. Let these rules be enforced, and who will enter the courts of heaven. Even Talmage would not be allowed to enter the back-yard. There never were any such Christians, and there never will be.

If you refer the Christian to the tortures of the Inquisition, or to the ignorance and brutality of the Dark Ages, he will exclaim, "Oh, that was not owing to Christianity, but rather to the want of it;" and will tell you that Christianity has outgrown her superstition and her cruelty. Thus what is Christianity and humanity in one generation is superstition and brutality in the next.

While the church claims to give tone to the morals of the people, and to be shaping the destinies of the world, all unknown to herself there is an advancing civilization which is constantly molding and modifying her creeds and beliefs, and to which she yields as unerringly as the wax to the seal. Some day the people will outgrow the idea of God-written books and God-inspired men, and consign the prophets, saviors, angels, and ghosts to the limbo of the impossible, and come down to the solid conclusion that there is nothing above the natural.

The Christian is willing to have you hold up the other saviors, Christna, Zoroaster, Quexalcote, and a half-dozen others, before the world as impostors, if you will only except his "only begotten." He believes that there was some deception in regard to the other saviors, but is perfectly sure that his particular redeemer is an emanation from God. I wonder if it ever occurred to the mind of the Christian that the followers of the other saviors were equally sanguine.

If Christ was celestially begotten, what business had his biographers, Matthew and Luke, with the lineage of Joseph? They might have traced the lineage of any other man with as much propriety, if he was not the father of Jesus. Is it possible that Matthew and Luke could know better about the circumstances of the conception than Mary herself? It is said that Joseph was informed in regard to the matter in a dream. But should a dream be taken before the testimony of this mother of Christ? When Joseph and Mary had been looking for the boy (Christ), and found him in the temple, what was her language—"I and 'God,'" or "I and the 'Holy Ghost' have been looking for you?" Not exactly; but "*I and thy father* [Joseph] have sought thee sorrowing." Had not Mary a right to know who the boy's father was? The whole story of the divinity of Christ has no better foundation than a dream. And even the dream is contradicted by the direct testimony of the mother of Christ.

Now, if the New Testament is an inspired book, the part which declares that Joseph was the father of Christ is just as much inspired as any other part of it, and away goes the divinity of Christ. If it be contended that there are other parts of the New Testament which declare differently, then away goes the validity of the book.

Beecher says, "That Christ should be the center and active cause of such stupendous imposture on the supposition that miracles were but deceptions, shocks the moral feelings of those even who disbelieve his divinity." Now, I would like to ask Mr. Beecher, and Christians generally, if the miracles of Christna establish his divinity; if the miracles of Zoroaster establish his divinity; if the miracles of Apollonius and Simon Magus establish their divinity. Mr. Beecher further says, "Even Infidelity would feel bereaved in the destruction of Christ's moral character. But to save that, and yet explain away the miracles which he wrought, has put ingenuity to ludicrous shifts." Now, Mr. Beecher, I defy you to prove that Christna, Buddha, Zoroaster, Apollonius, and Simon Magus were other than good men. Do you therefore accept the miracles, which it is claimed they wrought, as genuine? The Christian is so much taken up with his savior that he calls him the "savior of the world." Nothing would astonish him more than to learn that Thibet, Mexico, Greece and Rome, India, Egypt, and Persia have all had their saviors and virgin mothers. Mayence, Shing-Mou, Alemene, Prudence, Minerva, Semile, Chimalmen, Maia, and Celestine were all virgin mothers, while Sakia, Christna, Zulis, Quexalcote, Bacchus, Hercules, Alcides, Yu, and Hesus were either gods or god-begotten saviors, regarded by their respective worshipers with as much veneration as Christ is by Christians, and their mothers were regarded as pure and spotless virgins, like Mary, the mother of Christ.

Now, my Christian friend, when history informs us that there have been more than a dozen saviors who have been crucified for the sins of the world, don't it begin to look as if this savior business had been a little overdone? With all of these saviors, one would reasonably expect that such men as Ingersoll, Putnam, and Palmer would go to heaven. If they don't, what will become of poor Talmage and the two Sams?

Is it not a little strange that the gods have taken such a liking to young virgins? All who will take the trouble to consult Josephus, book xviii, chap. 4, third paragraph, will get a clearer idea of virgin-born gods. It may not be out of place briefly to state the circumstances. There was a beautiful woman of high standing, whose name was Paulina. Decius Mundus, also rich, fell in love with her, and offered her a vast sum of money to comply with his desires. She was deaf to his entreaties, and scorned his gifts. Mundus resolved to starve himself to death on account of Paulina's refusal.

A freed woman told Mundus that for so much money she would pledge herself that his desires should be gratified. The money being paid, she made an arrangement with a priest to tell Paulina that the god Anubis wanted her to meet him in the temple. So she went to the temple, and when the hour of sleep came the lights were put out, and the temple closed. Mundus, who was concealed in the temple, leaped out, and Paulina thought it was the god Anubis. Here is the key to the secret of all the gods and saviors that were ever born of women, and they have all been begotten in the same way. All through the eastern world the belief was common that the gods could and did hold commerce with women. In the case above cited, all will see that Paulina could not have been imposed upon unless such belief had been common. This ought to prove an eye-opener to all Christians. But I honestly believe that there are thousands of Christians who would still shout and sing and pray if they knew the whole thing to be a farce.

In recent times, heavenly messengers or angels are represented in books and tracts as beautiful women with wings. Anciently they were young men, and it is to be hoped for the peace of society that the sex will not be changed again. We prefer the gentler sex; they are far less mischievous.

It beats all how many beautiful young virgins have been visited first and last by heavenly messengers, and what a deal of mischief has been wrought thereby. If so many young women had not been deceived by these amorous messengers from the celestial regions, as Paulina was by Mundus, believing him to be a god, some of the saviors would have been just common babies.

Nearly all of these virgin-born gods had stars to mark the place of their birth. So, too, they had wise men come to worship them. All trace their lineage to some royal personage. Nearly all were born on the twenty-fifth day of December, and all had similar titles. Christna, the savior of the Hindoos, was called "God, the most high," more than a thousand years before the birth of Christ. Adonis was called "God Supreme," and Osiris, "the Lord of Life." "Holy Living God," and "the Son of God" were titles common in the East centuries before the dawn of Christianity. The Christians have their "Lamb of God." The Hindoos have their "Holy Lamb of God;" the ancient Mexicans, their "Ram of God;" the Celts, their "Heifer of God;" and the Egyptians, their "Bull of God." While these saviors have done little good in the world, it is demonstrated that they have done much harm. Men have been taught that they could stain their garments with crime, and then shift the consequences of their iniquity on these saviors. A more pernicious doctrine was never taught among the children of men.

It is easy to see why priests and ministers are so anxious to keep their adherents ignorant of other saviors and older systems of religion. The similarity is so great as to leave no doubt in the mind of the most obtuse Christian concerning the borrowed character of his religion.

There is in the British Museum a representation of the crucified savior, Christna, corresponding almost exactly with pictures of Christ on the cross as seen in religious books and tracts. In different parts of India may be found figures of the same crucified savior chiseled in the solid granite, antedating the crucifixion of Christ hundreds and hundreds of years.

When a gentleman first discovered these facts, and declared his intention of publishing them, he was visited by prominent Christians, who tried to dissuade him from his purpose for fear it would have a tendency to unsettle the minds of many as to the genuineness and the originality of the story of Christ. Moreover, when the British Parliament sent a deputation to India to investigate the sculptures and monuments and sacred books, a Christian bishop of Calcutta got hold of the report, and so defaced it that it could scarcely be called the same report. Everything pertaining to the Hindoo savior, Christna, had been entirely erased.

Christian writers have expressed their fears that the enemies of their religion might seize these facts and hold them up before the world, and if generally known the people would be led to believe that the whole story of Christ had been borrowed from this original.

No matter whether the story of Christ is borrowed or original, no matter whether it originated among the Jews or Hindoos, it is too ridiculous for sober consideration.

The idea of a child having a ghost for a father is so absurd that one would be led to think that no intelligent mind had ever given the subject a serious thought. Calling the father of a child a holy ghost does not help the matter a mite. It is as impossible for a holy ghost to be a father as it is for an unholy one. But what benefit have all these saviors been to human kind, anyway? What benefit to the starving poor to believe that some time in the future they will have a pair of wings, and twang a golden harp?

Priests and ministers have so warped and muddled the minds of men and women that thousands who are suffering for the common comforts of life, instead of studying and laboring to better their condition here, give all their thoughts to the hereafter.

Don't be afraid that with our best effort, and that by devoting our entire thought and energy to the bettering of our condition here, we shall render this earth such a blissful abode that we will be unable to appreciate the joys of heaven, if we ever get there. The first step toward heaven is happiness here. Let us strive to banish hell from the minds of men, and to let them know that the gods will never interfere with our affairs on earth. For eighteen hundred years the minds of men have been turned toward gods, saviors, and Christianity. Now let us have as much time devoted to the cause of humanity, and if the world is "the better for it," as I believe it will be, will there be any less joy in heaven, or will the gods fare any worse? Set the dogs on a man who is willing to be miserable all his life because he believes he is going to be happy in heaven. No man shall outdo me in being happy in heaven if I can help it, and I believe I can endure good food, a comfortable home, and any amount of happiness here.

Instead of teaching the young to devote their lives to the service of God, let us teach them that there are sublimer duties to perform, inasmuch as men are above myths. Priests and ministers have led the youthful mind astray long enough. I would like to have every priest and minister in the land stand up while I tell them something. When you teach children that they must live for the service of God, be kind enough to explain what good they can do him. Would it not be better to teach them to help the aged and the feeble, and to make the world look bright and happy all around them? Would not such teaching have a more practical bearing?

If hell is to be the reward for trying to make the race happy, give me the hottest corner of it. If, as the ministers say, "hell is paved with good deeds," let us keep right on paving until we fill it up entirely. If noble and heroic actions are going to set hell to sputtering, then the meanest actions will by the same rule secure heaven, and Talmage and the two Sams may came out ahead yet. Mr. Minister, you have been a teacher a long time, and a little wholesome advice will do you good. Don't worry too much about your savior. Try to be a savior yourself, and induce others to act as such. Do not bother your brain about the blood of the lamb. See that the hungry have something to eat. Do not speculate too much about the plan of redemption, but see how many you can redeem from squalor and want. Do not shift burdens upon the shoulders of others which you ought to bear yourself, and never take pay for services which are of no benefit to anybody.

Do not build costly churches as long as the poor are without decent homes. Heaven is too far off; we can't afford to wait; start one right here. Earth is the best location for a heaven that I know of. Besides, the heaven here will be a reality; the heaven promised by Christians is just a little misty. "What is hit is history, and what is missed is mystery." Do not be too selfish—get interested in the welfare of every human being. This world was made for the accommodation of the whole human family, not exclusivly for Christians. If there is anything which can make "a dying bed as soft as downy pillows are," it is the consciousness of having lived good and useful lives.

My clerical friends, is not this better than to go through the world looking as if you were struck wit

death, and with a puritanical face long enough to drink out of a churn? What kind of a god do you worship, anyway? Is he going to punish you for trying to have a little sunshine, and for making other hearts glad as far as you are able? Will a virtuous life, made up of generous and noble acts, unfit you for the enjoyments of another state of existence? When you compare this life to a "vale of tears," and say that it is a "dark and stormy desert," "a wilderness of woe," that you are only a "pilgrim and a stranger," that "this world is not your home," you fill this life with gall and aconite, and, as far as your influence can go, banish all the joys of earth, and spread only gloom and sorrow. You may think such a course in life will fit you for another world, and the sooner you start the better it will be for this.

JOHN PECK.

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## Mrs. Colman's Reminiscences.

I do not remember at what age I learned the astounding lesson that in this so-called Republican country there were several millions of human beings who were bought and sold like the beasts of the field; but it must hav been almost in my babyhood, for I well remember being taught the cradle song by my mother, who died when I was five years of age. Let me giv a few verses of this song, which Christian mothers taught their children:

I thank the goodness and the grace
That on my birth hath smiled,
And made me in these Christian days
A happy English child.

I was not born, as thousands are,
Where God was never known,
And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood and stone.

I was not born a little slave
To labor in the sun,
And wish I were but in my grave,
And all my labor done.

I think my pious mother must hav been sorely puzzled to answer satisfactorily to herself the questions which I was almost constantly asking her: "Why did God let children be slaves? and if God made little children, why did he make them black? if that were the reason they were slaves? and was God good?" and many others of the same nature. This being a slave seemed to me, even at that time, the worst of all calamities, save one, that could befall anybody, and that other was the going to hell to be burnt forever in actual fire.

My poor little brain was so excited, in trying to find answers to these many questions, that I wonder that I did not entirely lose my senses and become idiotic. Perhaps the death of my mother, and the changes that naturally followed in the family, served to take my mind from this particular problem in theology.

About this time, from 1824 to 1830, there swept over New England what was called a "revival of religion." As I looked back upon it, it seems like some scourge or plague, so great was the sorrow that followed in its wake. Protracted meetings were everywhere the order of the day; sensational ministers were sought for, and employed to preach, with all the effect possible, the coming of the day of judgment and the sure doom of the impenitent.

Here was another problem to be solved—of what use was preaching or praying for those who were elected from the foundation of the world to be saved? And how worse than useless to try by any means to avert the doom of those who were foreordained to destruction! My queries, no matter to whom addressed, always received the same answer: "Child, Satan desires to hav you, and so he is putting such questions into your head. Answer him, as did the savior, 'Get thee behind me;' and remember it is very wicked to reason upon the ways of God. You hav the holy Bible; read that and accept it; it is God's word." At last, in despair, I began to read the Bible, consecutivly, chapter by chapter; but, alas! I found it wholly inexplicable; and when I went to my good Christian aunt (who was in the place of mother to me) and begged her to tell me what such things meant, and why God used such filthy words, and what was the good of such laws, and why women were required to do things that were wrong in the nature of things, the only answer she could giv me was, "I don't know; put away the Bible till you are older; read now the Psalms and the New Testament."

Such was the mental food given to children to digest sixty and seventy years ago. Is it better to-day? Liberalism has so permeated thought that, like homeopathy in medicin (all pathies being so much afflicted by it that no respectable doctor salivates with calomel, or denies to a patient burning up with fever cold water), so the Protestant religion in all its different creeds is a mild mixture compared to what it was at the time of which I am writing. Perhaps for the reason that its hideousness is so nicely covered there is more need that Liberals be on the alert. Christianity demands entire subjection to its edicts; no matter that it keeps in the background the damnation of infants in another world, if it shall continue, as to-day, to teach, not only in Sunday-schools, but in public schools, supported by the entire public, the doctrins of the Bible. Until the majority of the people are allowed mental liberty, we are not safe. To-day, in this year 287 since Bruno gave his life in defense of liberty of thought, a citizen of New York is under arrest in the state of New Jersey for ridiculing the idea of the God of the universe being born of a woman and subject to all the ailments of babyhood. It is to be hoped that the jury will fail to convict, but the intelligence of a New Jersey juryman is, at the least, questionable. Freethinkers everywhere should use their utmost efforts to cause the removal from our statute-books of laws that make free speaking a crime. Within three years three persons hav suffered imprisonment in England for caricaturing the God of the Established Church of that realm. Christians of this country and of England do not hesitate to go into foreign countries, decry their gods, and demolish the representativs of such gods, and if the nations object the sword soon settles the matter.

At the time when Mr. Garrison first published his demand for the immediate and unconditional emancipation of the slave, all *respectable* people considered themselvs Christians. The different sects denied the name to each other, but each sect assumed the name for themselvs. The Presbyterian, who was at that time Christian *par excellence*, refused to fellowship the Unitarian, because the Unitarian denied that Jesus of Nazareth was the real God—he made him out a strange being, hardly intelligible to himself perhaps, but surely not God. Presbyterians and Unitarians alike denied the Christian name to Universalists, though the Universalist took excellent care of the son of God, making him not exactly equal to the Father God, but of great importance in the godhead to the human family, in that he had "willingly suffered death for every individual, and in so doing had paid to his Father (the principal God) the debt which Adam and Eve had entailed upon all their descendants forever and forever." This debt once paid, the Universalist persistently taught, had "destroyed death and hell, and even him that had the power of death—the devil." And so they were denied the Christian name, for of what use was a creed without a burning hell and a devil to so tempt human beings that few only could escape the eternal flames?

There lived at this time a lady in western Massachusetts somewhat famed as a writer, who left the Presbyterian church and joined the Unitarian. This lady was a great favorit with an aunt of hers, who considered this new heresy a sin fatal to salvation, but she was so warmly attached to this very sinful niece that she could not deny herself the pleasure of frequently visiting her. One day, when taking leave of the niece after a pleasant day's visit, the aunt embraced her friend very warmly, and, with the tears falling profusely, said to her: "Oh, do come and see me very often while we liv, as you know when we die we shall be separated forever." Such was the assurance with which a certain class of Christians were endowed that they could with great certainty fix the eternal state of themselvs and others.

*Syracuse*, Jan. 17, 287. LUCY N. COLMAN.

## Has Christianity Benefited Woman?—III.

Our own country is probably in advance on the question of equal rights of the sexes, and yet with us there are many prejudices to overcome. There is the general impression that the woman who has the audacity to enter any of the learned professions is not a genuin lady. They hav to meet the calumnies and slanders of the bigoted and envious. In our own country, at Baltimore, in 1829, the first girl passed an examination in geometry, and a howl of indignation went up all over the country. And of the three hundred and eleven institutions of learning in the United States that bear the name of colleges, only one hundred and seventy admit both sexes on equal terms, and five admit women only. In countries where the ecclesiastical spirit is yet strong women hav the fewest privileges. Compare the condition of women in Spain, Ireland, and Russia, with the skeptical countries of France, England, and the United States. In Germany, though the intellectual class is thoroughly skeptical, yet the government is as thoroughly orthodox, and the masses are superstitious. It is thought good for the safety of society to degrade annually several thousand girls. In Berlin there are ten thousand licensed women, and in order to carry on their business they hav to furnish a certificate from a clergyman showing that they are regular attendants at church, and that they partake of the sacrament, thereby putting both church and state sanction on the vilest practice to which a woman can be subjected. She is considered simply a creature for the gratification of the lowest passions of men. And the more ignorant and orthodox a people, the more is this cursed idea entertained. In Russia it is yet, in many places, considered a disgrace for a woman to sing in the church, and the soprano is supplied by small boys. In England, though recently woman has been making much progress, yet it has not been long since that in some of the old Swiss cantons women were led to the market with a halter around their necks to be sold to the highest bidder. In 1877, four professors in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in London, resigned because some women were admitted to the college, and they received the thanks of the London populace. And in 1869 four women were mobbed at the Christian University in Edinburgh when they were admitted to the college of physicians and surgeons. There are now several medical colleges whose doors are open to females, but female students are not given equal clinical advantages with male students.

Woman certainly does not owe her present elevated condition to Christianity, but to the secular movement that has been slowly but surely undermining the church, and if it were not for the reverence many people hav for the wisdom of Moses and St. Paul, the women of the United States would be the political and social equals of men; but on this question the church imposes her indomitable No.

Why, then, should women cling so tenaciously to the church?

She is the untiring beggar for its support, and without her influence the church would long ago hav sunk into oblivion.

The church is a great social organization, and woman loves society more than man; she dreads the social ostracism to which she would be subjected by withdrawing her support from the church, and her education has never been as practical as man's, and consequently she is not so much of an inquiring mind. Then, woman from her sensitiv nature loves the excitable emotions furnished by religion. Her whole thought has been trained in that direction, and by taking advantage of her constancy and tender emotions the priests can play a winning card.

But, thanks to a few brave, heroic souls, woman is being gradually led from the bondage of superstition. She begins to read and think for herself, and will soon be the equal of her lord and master. She is beginning to learn that the clergy hav too often proved a treacherous enemy, and that the church has not always been the truest guardian of her sacred rights. The veil is being drawn from the face of Christianity, and instead of the beautiful system woman once thought it to be, she sees a superstition, the features of which are far more horrid than Zelica saw when the veil was drawn from the face of the prophet of Khorassan.

GEORGE H. DAWES.

*Dexterville, Wis.*

## Organized Infidelity in Waco, Texas.

*From the Independent Pulpit.*

The fourth year of the Religious and Benevolent Association was completed on the 12th of December, 1886, and a suitable anniversary was held that evening in Liberal Hall. The work of the fourth year, like the three preceding it, was very satisfactory, and the prospects for future success were never more encouraging. When, four years ago, this association commenced to hold its meetings in the Court House, every one predicted for it a brief career. Six months was the longest time it was expected to continue, and many said it would go to pieces in three. A little later on they gave it a year, then two years, when finally all prophesying ceased, and everyone came to regard it as one of the permanent institutions of the city. It speaks well for the Liberal people here that they hav conducted their affairs with so much regularity and order. During the past four years their meetings hav been as regular as those of the churches, and although they were the last in the field out of the twelve or more white congregations in the city, not more than three of them can boast of a larger average attendance. During this time we [J. D. Shaw] hav been their regular lecturer, and in no instance hav we ever had an inattentiv audience, or been disturbed by anyone. The affairs of the association hav been conducted with great harmony, and in no way has that harmony been disturbed by any bickering or strife. The work of the fourth year reveals a healthy state of the association. One change from former years ought to be mentioned here, and that is the increased number of young people now in attendance. During the earlier years of our work they seemed to stand aloof from us, and our congregations were mainly made up of old people. Now we hav many young people, and a more orderly, well-behaved, and attentiv company would be hard to find. All in all, we hav much to encourage us in our ethical work, and the association enters upon its fifth year with renewed zeal and buoyant prospects of continued success.

# The American Secular Union.

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## News and Notes.

Columbus is a big, handsome city of about seventy-five thousand inhabitants, with a somewhat gloomy capitol building, and buggy factories that seem to tower to the very heavens. Twelve thousand buggies are made here every year. What a buggy procession! almost equal to a New York bedstead. How many rides this delightful city affords! What is the use of walking when so many buggies are made every year? Columbus is reckoned the richest city according to its inhabitants, next to Hartford, on the continent. Most of its people are well-to-do, and millionaires abound.

I found a splendid Liberal element, with the glory of youth and stalwart age. I felt as if I was in the very blaze of morning's fire amid these forward ranks. The hall was crowded on Sunday afternoon, about four hundred being present. An organization was formed, and nearly fifty ladies and gentlemen united with it. The following officers are elected: James Williams, president; F. S. Montgomery, vice-president; R. H. Ralston, secretary; Dr. P. E. Blesch, treasurer; Dr. J. B. Schueller, Samuel Goodman as executiv committee with these officers. I hav the highest hopes of the success of this organization in the capital of the great state of Ohio. The Liberal element has been advancing here for years and the hour is now ripe for a decisiv movement. Those who take lead in the matter represent the best moral and intelligent forces in the community.

Dr. Schueller is president of the Humboldt Society, which was organized here some years ago, and is a very Liberal influence. I attended its Sunday evening meeting, listened to a pleasant address by Captain Lee on German life and manners, to music, and enjoyed the free-and-easy sociability for which our German friends hav such a delightful genius.

Mr. Ralston, Mr. Montgomery, Samuel Goodman, Charles Augustus and wife, Dr. J. M. Stewart, L. H. Webster, Frank Kochne, W. H. Moore, C. G. Voght, Mrs. H. M. Lyndoll, J. B. Cochrane, Mrs. H. S. Seville, A. Synold, J. S. Cleman, and many others, make a noble list of Freethinkers in this beautiful city, who will be more than a roll of names, a power indeed for universal mental liberty. I do not believe our banners here will ever touch the dust. My heart is full of hope as I bid farewell to these excellent allies.

Monday I came to Piqua, Ohio, a lively town of ten thousand inhabitants, quite historic in its associations. It was once a famous Indian encampment. Nearly five thousand Indians were congregated here in the last century—the Piqua tribe. Piqua means "the man from ashes," and the legend is that this tribe originated in an ash-heap. Considerable lie in those ashes, I guess. The mound-builders were once here, and the country about is covered with innumerable relics, all sorts of war implements, inscriptions, skulls, etc. The English and the French had a big fight here for possession of the great West. A fort was built, and this is one of the first settlements in the country.

Piqua is a difficult place. I did not hav a single ladr at my lectures, and that is something that I don't like. The crust of orthodoxy here is pretty firm. However, we will not be discouraged. A Secular Union was formed, and the work will be pushed. J. D. Kruschke has plenty of backbone, with Mr. H. C. Maag, T. C. Willtheis, and others, and our flag will be flung to the breeze. I expect to strike here again on my return, and also Bradford, about nine miles away, where there is a lively set of Freethinkers, who came, some of them, spite of cold and ice, to the lectures, and made our camp-fires brighter—Mr. J. W. Smith, Charles Lambert, H. W. Smith, W. W. Bosserman, and Robert Campbell. Mr. W. C. Baker, of Montra, came twenty-five miles to join our company. So I don't feel a bit discouraged. This picket line will not disband, but keep on harassing the enemy.

A round-about journey, trains belated as usual, and just at dusk Wednesday I arrived at Mechanicsburgh, a pretty town, on a gentle declivity, of two thousand inhabitants. Here I find plenty of good cheer. Veterans of freedom who bate no jot of heart or hope, S. S. Staley, J. C. Vanness, George B. Vanness, Milton Chaney and family, Ellis McCarty, George Freeman, H. Baley, O. F. Boulton, John Paschal, Van Davis, Thomas Martin, Mr. Bowen, Mr. S. Kingsley, Asa Bates, Wm. Howard, John Rhodabaugh, Mr. Taylor, and others. The lecture was well attended. I hope to return here and organize our friends for permanent work. Near by is Springfield, Ohio, a rattling city of about thirty thousand inhabitants, and there must be some Liberals in it, and I purpose eventually to lecture there. This part of Ohio affords favorable fields for our labors.

Early Thursday morning I go dashing down to Cincinnati on the "Flying Dutchman" express, which spins along with glorious velocity. Our brilliant Materialistic, philosophic, phrenologic friend, Beall, who knows a man by his build almost with mathematical accuracy, was ready with a good handshake, the prelude to the cheering company which this Rhine of America (pork rind) always affords—a solid, substantial, slow, comfortable city, where music fills the air, and mud the streets; where the sidewalks are so uneven that one needs to be drunk in order to walk straight. If he is sober and is in a hurry, he is liable to be arrested for intoxication. But Cincinnati folk are never in a hurry. They go stately by. They do business as if all eternity were before them; and if you are a stranger, they always look at you askance, and wonder why you ever came to town.

Cincinnati, however, is a delightful residence city. It is devoted to art culture, good living, and elegance. Its suburbs are among the most magnificent in the world.

The thermometer leaped from zero up to sixty-two and a rainy evening set in, but about four hundred gathered together to listen to the lecture. The audience was most responsiv and speech was easy.

Friends came over from Covington, and I expect to lecture there sometime on my return. I was pleased to meet my old and tried friend, Dr. Hallowell, who is a stalwart Liberal, and has been in the brunt of the battle for years. He was at Lexington, Ky., when I lectured there, and his home was mine. He now livs in Covington, and is still ready to do and dare for Freethought. His wife is thoroughly devoted in spirit to the same cause.

I spent a few moments with William Winter, who was not able to attend the lecture on account of sickness. He is recovering, however, and at eighty years of age is bright and sturdy as ever. We hope to carry on the work to which this "grave and reverend signior" has consecrated so many years. A good greeting with Warren, who is the backbone of our finances. Others may fail, but, like charity, this generous Liberal never fails.

Edgar C. Beall is like an electric battery, and does more than any other man to put intellectual life into Cincinnati.

I enjoyed the hospitality of Walter Maxwell at Palace Hotel. The entertainment was royal, and Mr. Maxwell is one of our brightest thinkers as well as a genial host.

John A. Geeting, of Washington, Ind., came one hundred and seventy-five miles on purpose to hear the lecture. A pretty good Liberal that. Mr. Geeting has been for years an open advocate of our cause, and he has done much in his county, where he occupies an honorable political position, to advance Liberalism. I shall lecture at Washington, Ind., on my return, and look for a successful campaign at that point. So Cincinnati has been a bright spot, with happy associations and brilliant promis.

This bright Saturday morning, almost like spring, with beautiful blue skies, and fleecy clouds, and shimmering woods and fields, and flashing waters, and white villages coming and going, I am on my way to Rome City, where I lecture to-morrow, Sunday, afternoon. Next week I go to Linesville, Pa., to a Paine celebration; to Chicago Paine festival Jan. 29th and 30th (appointment at Nekoma is adjourned). I shall be at Fort Madison, Feb. 5th and 6th; at Belton, Mo., Feb. 8th; at Bavaria, Kansas, Feb. 9th and 10th; at Salina, 11th, 12th, and 13th; at Brookville, 14th and 15th; at Ft. Dodge, Feb. 20th; Garden City, 21st, 22d; at Denver, Feb. 27th and March 6th; at Tulare, Los Angeles, San Diego, Santa Ana, March 13th to 31st; at San Francisco and Oakland, the first two Sundays in April. I expect to be in California through April and May. Will friends in California please arrange for lectures at every possible point? SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*G. R. & I. R. R.*, Jan. 22, 1887.

## The Sunday Law of Massachusetts.

A pamphlet with this title, written by an eminent lawyer, has just been published by Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston. It givs not only all the statutes, including that passed a year ago in favor of bakers, but all the decisions under them; for instance, that by which corn is not to be hoed on Sunday; that by which fraud committed on that day goes unpunished, and that by which notes signed then are null and void. So much information can be found nowhere else so easily. The unwillingness of the people to hav these statutes either repealed or enforced is compared to Artemas Ward's position—in favor of the Maine liquor law, but against its enforcement. The plan recommended is to hav a day of rest secured by laws, arranged for the practical good of the community, with no reference to religious interests, and with full provision for all "rational wants," including "travel, recreation, social intercourse, or whatever other pastimes be of good report, and any labor necessary to assure for the hour the reasonable personal comfort of himself or family, or for the saving of actual waste his own property and that of his neighbor."

This pamphlet is known to hav been read by Governor Ames; and its good effect may be seen in his recommendations to the legislature "that the whole body of the Sunday laws should be thoroughly and carefully revised." I know of nothing likely to hav a better influence on the members, and hope their attention will be called to it by the friends of liberty. Now is the time for vigorous effort against the day of tyranny and persecution.

F. M. HOLLAND.

## The Liberal Club.

If any one had dropped into the German Masonic Temple at 220 East Fifteenth street on the evening of Friday, January 21st, at fifteen minutes before 8 o'clock, he would hav thought that the 431st regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club had been adjourned to some other place. No one was present. A little while later an audience which comfortably filled the hall had arrived. The man with the badge-pin took observations, and he noticed that many who came in alone sat alone. They did not seem to be acquainted. They were unsocial. They did not bunch themselvs together and discuss the characters and affairs of those who had not yet arrived. This feature, which some hold must be cultivated before Liberal societies can expect to attract members of the churches, seemed to be entirely wanting here. By a flagrant violation of society etiquet, each individual kept his own counsel and attended to his own business. Such is the disorganizing and disintegrating influence of unbelief.

At ten minutes past eight, the Chair said that, the first secretary being absent, the secretary's son, who was the second secretary, would come forward and read the minutes. The second secretary referred the Chair to the official report of the previous meeting printed in last week's TRUTH SEEKER. The Chair then introduced the speaker of the evening, William L. Snyder, Esq., who spoke upon "The Land Grant System and its Abuses." Mr. Snyder took his hearers back to the days of the feudal system and discussed the matter of *alods* and feuds and fiefs and serfs and vassals and villains, and aids, and reliefs, and wardships, and the *jus primis noctis*, and escheat, and some of the other peculiarities of the age of chivalry. It was in this age that our present system of land grants had its inception. The granting by the government of tremendous stretches of land in this country to foreign syndicates and railroad corporations was what the lecturer especially objected to, and the extent of these grants was given in a bewildering array of figures. Mr. Snyder held that the government had no right to grant away the people's land.

The Chair announced that the floor was open for discussion in speeches of ten minutes each, members of the club having the call.

Mr. Sutherland denied the accuracy of the lecturer's figures. He pointed out that the land grant system had had beneficial results, impeached the legal acumen of Mr. Snyder, and made other remarks calculated to lessen the force of that gentleman's arguments.

Dr. Weeks maintained that the previous speaker had corroborated the lecturer rather than otherwise. He had noticed that Mr. Sutherland often made good speeches without knowing it. The land grant system had its merits, but these were greatly overshadowed by its evils. The railroads do some good. The same might be said of the devil. He didn't believe in total depravity even in the devil and railroad directors.

Mr. Henry opened a ten-minute address with the somewhat superfluous remark that his father and mother were Irish. In a very polished and guarded manner he then proceeded to develop the fact that he was an Anarchist. People who will be slaves, he said, deserve to be slaves. Those who don't take their rights hav no reason to complain. The true idea of freedom has dawned upon only a few men, and they are under sentence of death. All the evils we hav in this republic came through the ballot, and the ballot can only make them worse, not cure them.

Mrs. Leonard said that we women would confiscate every scrap of land granted to railroads unless the railroads kept their agreements, which they hav not done. It is the duty of the roads to be public carriers between producer and consumer, yet in the West people are burning corn which the people of the East are starving for. Giv women the government, and if they make as big a botch of it as the men hav, there will be some reason then in calling them the weaker sex.

After further discussion and some closing words by Mr. Snyder, the Chair said that, provided Dr. Eccles would consent to postpone his lecture on "Evolution" until next month, of which there was no doubt, the next meeting would be a celebration of

the birthday of Thomas Paine. This is right, for, in the language of Mr. Wakeman, whene'er through liberty and law a temple shall arise, the grandest mortals ever saw thrown upward to the skies; whereon by love shall be engraved the names of men of deed who labored for a world enslaved by tyrant and by creed, above them all, in bold relief, immortal, without stain, shall shine his name who was their chief —the glorious name of Paine.

A Liberal paper should be perfectly kind and candid. In discussion there is no place for hatred, no opportunity for slander. A personality is always out of place. An angry man can neither reason himself nor perceive the reason of what another says.

Above all, and over all, a Liberal paper should teach the absolute freedom of the mind, the utter independence of the individual, the PERFECT LIBERTY OF SPEECH.—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

## Pioneer Pith.

What men need nowadays is pith—the marrow, kernel, substance, bottom fact, bed-rock truth. Knowledge is so vast that its essence must be presented to the masses of humanity. The multitude need condensed thought. Learned specialists must master every detail in their several departments of knowledge, but the pith of all must be extracted and furnished to men at large, if general intelligence is to prevail. The day of rhetorical utterance and diffusiv expansion of ideas is past, and what men want is concise, clear, logical demonstration of fundamental truths. Esthetic tastes may still delight in descriptions of imaginativ excursions into "supernal realms of ethereal bliss," in strolls through "umbrageous woods" and meanderings by "the shimmering sheen of the creaming waves," but practical men now see beauty and fitness and crave knowledge of the underlying facts of nature, told in plain words with solid proofs.

The facts to be first presented should be the *pioneer* truths, which, as the word signifies, must go before to remove obstructions and prepare the way for human advance in the path of progress. A right conception of the order of the universe is essential to efficient action. Religion has presented erroneous conceptions of the universe, which now hinder man's development, and nowhere does the sentimental, vague, visionary, rhetorical element more prevail than in the presentation of its theories. To deliver men from bondage to the ideas of supernatural religion and from subjection to those who liv by their perpetuation, they must be given the pith of radical ideas, what Professor Clifford called "organized common sense."

The pith of Rationalism is the fact that the universe is controled by natural laws, and develops by uninterrupted successions of cause and effect; no arbitrary supernatural will ever interferes. Once grasp the idea,

> Nature never nods,
> Nor leaves her work to gods,

and all the dogmas of theology will be cast off. Teach men that connected causes produce all results, and the ground is cleared of the rubbish of faith and is ready for the plowshare of reason and the seed of knowledge. Whatever happens,

> The only cause
> Is nature's laws.

Nobody knows how nature's laws originated, or, if they had a beginning, who started them. But, if there was a starter, there is no evidence that he ever interferes with their working, and science has proved that orderly evolution is the law of the universe. It therefore follows that this world was not made suddenly by the word of a God, nor was man made out of the dust; no serpent tempted man to fall, and he needs no atonement; no revelation was ever given by a being superior to man, but all knowledge has been gained by man's own study of nature; no miracle ever happened, and no prayer to supernatural powers was ever answered; no savior was born of a virgin; no one ever rose from the dead.

Put this pith of natural law into every man's mind and slavery will cease. No longer will man be the victim of beliefs about gods, angels, and devils, and be the prey of those who thrive by his bondage. All the elaborate structures of religion will crumble, the mazes of theology will be made straight, the multifarious creeds will be abandoned, and the emancipated Christian will adopt

THE PITHY CREED OF RATIONALISM.

> Jehovah ranks with Jupiter;
> The Bible's Hebrew lit'ratur';
> Confucius, Jesus, both were men;
> A future life's beyond our ken.
>
> A miracle do not expect;
> Seek nature's cause for each effect.
> From man hav come all gods and creeds;
> Your only savior is your deeds.

ROBERT C. ADAMS.

SEND to THE TRUTH SEEKER office for a catalog of the books we hav for sale. The catalog is free.

## Elevating Mr. George.

*From the Cincinnati Sun.*

Yesterday the *Sun* encountered a member of the Henry George Club, and the latter made this astonishing and sensational charge:

"The Roman Catholic church is using the leaders of the Knights of Labor to destroy the Henry George land movement, believing that if Henry George's theories are not crushed they will result in the overthrow of the church. When the Knights of Labor met in Richmond there was a conference of Roman Catholic bishops in Baltimore. These resolved that if Powderly should fail of reëlection the influence and power of the church would be turned against the order. Powderly is a Catholic; and used to carry the red card which entitled him to admission to all the labor organizations of all kinds and degrees. During the Henry George campaign he made a speech for him, but in another speech at Philadelphia he said he was sorry he had, and advised all Knights to keep out of politics. This was the beginning of a gradual change. Now, couple the suspension of Dr. McGlynn with the reasons given by Vicar-General Preston. It indicates that Mr. George's theory of the abolition of private property in land has received the censure of the church, and that she is using Mr. Powderly to make use of his position as general master workman to overthrow the land movement, notwithstanding the fact that the creed of the Knights of Labor is composed of planks of political significance referring to the land question.

"A prominent K. of L. shows his prominence by the methods he adopts to injure the most prominent political movement of the day, and displays the domination under which he dissembles in the duplicity with which in the same breath he pretends friendship for a cause he is endeavoring to stab in a most vital spot by appealing to a popular prejudice he well knows is based on falsehood and misrepresentation, and says, referring to the George club: 'It looks as if it was a regular anarchical organ under a new and deceiving name.'"

"Do the rank and file of the K. of L. know what is going on?"

"Most assuredly not. They are in sympathy with Henry George, and are liable to adopt his ideas at next Sunday's convention. The leaders alone are working the scheme. They are acting under instructions from the East, and are careful to conceal the real purposes of the order. They intend to build up a separate political party, but they are in danger of being knocked out by Henry George's ideas. Notice how sudden they hav concluded to drop politics. It is only when they fear the triumph of the land theory and the disintegration of the church that they conclude to go out of politics. It is, indeed, a fact that the fiat has gone forth from the Catholic church to destroy Henry George. They intend to use the church's firm and faithful follower, Mr. Powderly, and he in turn has indorsed the move against George."

## Prof. E. L. Youmans Dead.

*From the Sun of Jan. 19th.*

Professor Edward Livingston Youmans, editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*, died suddenly yesterday at the Knickerbocker Apartment House, 247 Fifth avenue, of catarrhal fibroid consumption. He had an attack of pneumonia two years ago, from which he never entirely recovered. He went South a year ago, but his feebleness increased, and he has not been at his office in the publishing house of D. Appleton & Co. for six months. The vivacity and flow of Professor Youmans's spirits continued almost to the day he died. His father, who is over ninety years old, and his mother, who has nearly reached ninety, liv in Mount Vernon, Westchester county.

Professor Youmans will be remembered chiefly for the fact that he found, or created, for Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall an audience in America before they had one in England. He was the most enthusiastic of writers and lecturers in America on scientific subjects. Born at Coeymans, N. Y., on June 3, 1821, his parents removed to Saratoga while he was a child, and when thirteen years of age he was attacked by ophthalmia, and for several years he was totally blind. His eyesight troubled him all his life. While he was blind he invented a machine, as did Prescott, the blind historian, by which he was able to write. He was assisted by his sister, Miss Anne Eliza Youmans, who is a well-known writer on botany for children. Professor Youmans's earliest studies were chemistry and physics. His first publication was a chemical chart with illustrated chemical changes by colored diagrams. His first book was a Classbook of Chemistry, published by D. Appleton & Co., and from that time, in 1852, until his death he was in some way connected with the same publishing firm.

He married a widow of a member of the cabinet of the king of the Sandwich Islands. When King Kalakaua visited New York over ten years ago he dined with Professor and Mrs. Youmans. Professor Youmans's title was given to him by Antioch College, in which he became professor of chemistry in 1866. The University of Vermont made him a physician, but he never practiced medicin.

It is said that it was through a conversation Mr. William H. Appleton had with Professor Youmans, who had entered the store as a stranger to buy books, that Professor Youmans began his connection with the firm.

Some of the books Professor Youmans wrote are "Alcohol and the Constitution of Man," "Handbook of Household Science," "The Correlation and Conservation of Forces," and "The Culture Demanded by Modern Life." It was through Professor Youmans's close friendship with Herbert Spencer that he came to found the *Popular Science Monthly*. He early exerted himself for the reproduction in America of the works of Spencer, Darwin, Mill, Bain, Huxley, Lecky, Tyndall, Maudsley, Carpenter, and others, and arranged with D. Appleton & Co. to pay foreign authors as American authors are paid. In 1871 he took up the copyright question and visited England several times to organize the International Scientific Series on the basis of a simultaneous publication in different countries of scientific books. The series hav been published simultaneously in London, New York, Paris, Leipsic, Milan, and St. Petersburg. Fifty-seven volumes hav been printed. In 1872 Professor Youmans started the *Popular Science Monthly* in order that he might print chapters of Herbert Spencer's "Study of Sociology" for the series, as no magazine publishers in this country would print them. Professor Youmans was assisted by his brother, Dr. W. J. Youmans, in his editorial work.

## Editorial Notes.

C. B. REYNOLDS's trial for defending the Christian deity from the blasphemous imputations of the holy scriptures is set down for Tuesday, February 1st. The proceedings will be at Morristown, N. J., as previously intimated.

JAMES PARTON has an article in the *Forum* for February, on "Outgrown City Government," showing the inevitable mischief of political methods in municipal affairs, and advocating the necessity of a strong centralized administration, with ample powers and a long term of office.

THERE seems to be a disposition just at present among the Liberal journals to giv each other sly stabs under the ribs. It is an epidemic of ill-nature which we cannot account for, and which we regret to see among our esteemed contemporaries. Let the editors use all their energies in making good and brilliant journals, and they will hav no time for qucrulous fault-finding.

THIS is all the sympathy Dr. McGlynn gets from the *Christian at Work:* "Father McGlynn's deposition from the pastorate of St. Stephen's church, this city, is but a natural consequence of his disloyalty to his church authorities. Dr. McGlynn is popular and magnetic; but popularity and magnetism in the Roman Catholic church are poor substitutes for obedience and loyalty."

A SUBSCRIBER in Toronto, who asks concerning the Sinaloa coöperativ scheme, is referred to the report of the Liberal Club in THE TRUTH SEEKER of November 27, 1886. If the statements in that report are true, Sinaloa is about the last place in the world a man should go to, for the walking back is very wet and rough. The prospectus of the company can be obtained by addressing Edward Howland, Hammonton, N. J. The other side of the story cannot be had until some coöperativ individual returns from Sinaloa.

THE late Judge Black possessed one level-headed idea. He hated the Pilgrim fathers for their arrant pharisaical hypocrisy. The feeling crops out in a number of his letters and speeches, and it cropped out continually in his conversation. "I remember the last time I saw him alive," said a resident of Pennsylvania to a *Record* reporter; "he put his hand on my shoulder and said in his expressiv manner: 'Young man, I hav been young, and now am old. I hav read many things; I hav seen many things; I hav heard many things; and I say to you that since the fall of Adam, nothing, *nothing* worse has happened in this world than the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock.'"

THE authorities of the Chattanooga Methodist University, an institution under the control of the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist church, hav rejected the application for admission of two young men on the ground that the applicants are negroes. Some of the religious papers condemn this action, but others sustain the authorities. In the discussion over the matter, it leaks out that "niggers" are not yet men and brethren to the good Christians of the Methodist church South, but it does seem a little queer that the institution managed by the society organized to care for liberated colored persons should slam the door in their faces. But Southern Methodist sentiment is still against the social equality of its former slaves. The Rev. Mr. King, of Birmingham, Ala., publishes a card saying that his church is "for white persons exclusivly, and colored persons are not invited or expected to attend." Some time will yet be required to civilize the Southern Christians.

## Lectures and Meetings.

W. S. BELL is arranging for missionary work in Illinois, Indiana, aud Michigan.

THE success of the Denver Secular meetings is shown by the following from the daily *Republican:* "Prof. W. F. Jamieson lectured at Unity church last evening on another phase of the 'Does Death End All?' series, entitled, 'Modern Spiritualism.' The church was crowded, and many extra seats had to be provided for the use of those present. Professor Jamieson simply gave a synopsis of the more exhaustiv lecture on Spiritualism he will deliver next Sunday evening. He has studied the subject of Spiritualism for twenty-five years, and will giv his audience the benefit of his investigations." At the close of the lecture, Spiritualists came forward and shook hands with the lecturer, expressing their gratification with his fairness in handling the subject. He will be absent on a several weeks' lecture trip through Nebraska, and will then return to Denver and remain until summer. After his engagements in Minden, Central City, Osceola, Stromsburg, Neb., he is to deliver three lectures in Wilber, Neb., February 11th, 12th, and 13th. He can be addressed at Wilber, Neb., care of John N. Gouff.

# Communications.

A Liberal paper should be perfectly kind and candid. In discussion there is no place for hatred, no opportunity for slander. A personality is always out of place. An angry man can neither reason himself nor perceive the reason of what another says.

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## The Age of Man.

The Bible givs the age of man on the earth as somewhat less than six thousand years. This result is arrived at by adding together the ages of the descendants of Adam down to Noah, and from Noah to Abraham, and from Abraham to Jesus, making a total from Adam to the Christian era of 4004 years, and from the birth of Christ to the present time a total of 5890. Of late there has been a disposition on the part of the clergy and certain so-called scientific defenders of the Mosaic account of the creation of the world and of man to twist and distort the plain declarations of the Bible into a statement that the world "may hav" been created millions, nay, æons and æons, of ages ago, and that man "may hav" existed on the earth much longer than the orthodox chronology seems to allow for. In order to test the accuracy of the Bible theory, it is only necessary to compare its statements with the ascertained facts of modern science, and to display the same fair spirit of inquiry that we would in the investigation of any other subject that was brought under our consideration, omitting no facts that are material in assisting us to an honest and sound judgment. In asking the question, What is the age of man on the earth? we may say that our answer must be principally derived from the results of the investigations of scientific men in such fields of research as astronomy, geology, paleontology, anthropology, morphology.

Taking the earth as we know it to-day, we find it inhabited by a variety of kinds of wild and some few domesticated animals, and by various races of men differing in color, type, tongue, and in many other respects. Some parts of the earth we find inhabited by civilized men, others by barbarians; and the question naturally arises, Were all men originally savages, and hav the civilized developed from these, or were some men, or, at least, was one man, originally created with organization and faculties suiting him for civilized life, and are savages and civilized human beings alike his offspring?

By reference to the writings and works of the various civilized races, we are enabled to determin their age as a civilized people, and with some degree of certainty trace them back to a semi-civilized, or even a savage, condition.

Records of the Greeks and Romans show these two great empires to hav been inhabited by civilized people as far back as 800 B.C.; by the aid of tradition the Aryan peoples may be traced back from 1500 to 1800 B.C.; the Chinese may be found in a highly civilized condition, with a monarchy and government, as far back as 2500 B.C.; while, according to such eminent authorities as Lepsius and Bunsen, the Egyptians hav a history that carries us back more than 4000 years B.C. Now, if this be true, and men did not build cities in a day or a year, or make a language in a century, then we hav to consider how long man existed on the earth previous to this, and how many years he would take to reach this stage of existence.

If it could be demonstrated that the earth was not in a condition to be inhabited more than six thousand years ago, of course that would settle the question; for it would be readily granted that the earth must be in a fit condition for man to liv upon it before he could make his appearance.

Now, to us matter and force appear to be alike indestructible; the study of chemistry has demonstrated pretty clearly that not one atom of matter is ever lost in the universe, and what is true of matter is equally true of force, for matter cannot exist without force, and force without matter is a mere abstraction. But if matter and force are imperishable, indestructible, it would seem to follow of necessity that that which cannot be destroyed could never hav begun. Therefore matter and force are eternal.

And not only are matter and force imperishable—they are also infinit. Buchner (page 94, Force and Matter) says: "If matter be infinit in time, *i. e.*, immortal, it is also without beginning or end in space; our usual notions of time and space cannot be applied to it. Whether we investigate the extension of matter in its magnitude or minuteness, we never come to an end or an ultimate form of it." No atom is so small that a smaller is not conceivable, and *vice versa;* nor can we by any possibility scale the hights nor fathom the depths of nature. Matter seems to be everywhere.

To this statement, however, theologians demur.

They acknowledge that matter and force are indestructible now, but they declare that deity "might hav" given them this quality at their creation.

But, in whatever manner this earth came into existence, it is admitted on all hands that it has not existed in its present condition always.

Men of science believe that this earth is an offshoot from the sun; that it once was a molten mass, and that it took ages to cool down sufficiently to allow of life existing upon it.

On the other hand, some theologians think that it was created in much its present condition a few thousand years ago, and that all forms of life appeared upon it a few days after its formation. Some divines, however, are prepared to admit that the earth was created thousands of years before living beings. Briefly stated, the view of men of science is that there are good grounds for believing that all the particles of matter which compose the solar system were once in a gaseous condition; but that in the course of numberless ages, through loss of heat the particles of matter were drawn closer together and formed into one huge burning mass, which went spinning along in the universe. This mass was what we call our sun, and from it were thrown off, at various intervals, huge masses of molten matter, which continued the spinning process, and ultimately by loss of heat the outer portion of each of these smaller masses became solid; and thus the various planets in our system were formed.

This is the accepted theory of men of science. But whether it is true or false, it is certain that the earth has not always been in its present condition; the shape which it assumes being the result of its spinning motion, and the rocks forming part of the outer portion of it, giving evidence of having been fused together by fire, thus demonstrating that the earth was once a burning mass upon which no form of life could possibly exist.

Sir William Thompson is of opinion that at least four hundred million years would be required for the earth to cool down so as to allow of life existing upon it at all, while some scientists regard this immense period of time as altogether insufficient. When, however, we turn to the study of geology we find ourselvs in the possession of better data to assist us in arriving at some approximate date in reference to the probable age of the earth and of man.

In the crust of the earth and various rock formations upon it we hav ample evidence of numerous changes which hav taken place at various epochs of the world's existence, while periodical volcanic eruptions and earthquakes go to show the great force of heat still existing beneath the surface of the earth; moreover, a diligent study of geology reveals the fact that what was once a portion of the earth's surface is now submerged beneath sea or ocean. To estimate the age of the earth we then hav to look at the rock strata and calculate how long they would take to form. We know that the chalk beds which are to be found in various parts of the earth are made up of the shells of minute animalculæ that pass their whole existence in the water. These shells are driven by the sea's waves into certain positions, and in the course of hundreds of thousands of years a great bed of chalk may be built up. But if it has taken hundreds of thousands of years to deposit the chalk formation, who can say what vast periods are required to account for the great granit and other rocks that existed in geological periods long antecedent to the chalk? The truth is, no figures can adequately convey to the human mind the vast period of time required for the formation of these strata. But, though we can giv no definit time to represent the duration of the earth's existence, we might, nevertheless, venture to giv some approximate date to the period at which it is likely that man—as man—first made his appearance.

Paleontology is the science which most assists us in determining within certain limits the age of man.

Geology shows us how the earth has undergone numerous changes, and what these changes are, while paleontology, which means a study of the fossil remains discovered in the earth, helps us to understand the probable age of man.

As a science, paleontology is only of recent birth—being about twenty years of age. But in these few years it has made immense progress. In all the civilized nations of the world, men of science hav labored diligently, and their industry and perseverance hav been rewarded by discoveries of great importance to all lovers of truth.

Nature's rule undoubtedly is to destroy and leave no trace of the beings that hav existed upon the earth; but there are exceptions to this rule, and it is the province of this young science to deal with these exceptions. Millions of living creatures hav played their part in the world's great drama and passed away, but the remains of some few hav become in some way or other imbedded in rock, or sand, or chalk, and these few remain to tell the story of man's greatest antiquity. Where, then, shall we find these remains?

A skeleton was found some time ago at New Orleans, sixteen feet below the surface, beneath the roots of a cypress-tree, with four fossil forests above it. Humboldt supposed a tree of this kind to be 6,000 years old, yet above these human remains are four fossil forests of trees, which gives us 24,000 years, at least, as the time that these human remains must hav lain in the earth. (See Samuel Eadon, M.A., M.D, on "Antiquity of Man.") Then we hav the opinion of Sir John Lubbock, who says: "If one account, given by William A. Koch to the Academy of Science at St. Louis, be true—but there is no reason for disbelieving it so far as I am aware, except that it proves the Genesis story to be false—then at some remote prehistoric period man had hunted the mastodon in the Mississippi valley, for the bones of the mastodon, and the arrowheads used by the primitiv hunters, were found mingled together at Gasconade county, in Missouri" (Prehistoric Times, page 934). This opinion is strengthened by that of Sir Charles Lyell, in his "Antiquity of Man," page 204; by Agassiz, in his "Types of Mankind," page 352; and by Carl Vogt, and numerous other eminent authorities.

In 1823 a skeleton was found in the loess of the Rhine. The eminent French scientist, Cuvier, pronounced the remains to be human and of vast antiquity. Next in importance to finding the human remains is to find the tools or weapons employed by man in past ages, or the bones of animals which had been of service to man. Of these there hav been many discoveries which are of the greatest importance. In a cave at Wurfort, and another at Engihoul, and at various caves in Belgium, were found the bones of human beings mixed up with those of the bear, the hyena, the dog, and other animals, in addition to pottery, which was found imbedded in the mud of limestone to a great depth.

In other caves were found human remains intermingled with those of extinct animals. According to Quatrefages, M. Lartet proves, in his account of the remains found in the grotto of Aurignac, "that man lived in the midst of the quaternary fauna, which he used as food, including the rhinoceros, and was followed by the hyena of this epoch, who finished the remains of his meals."

Quatrefages further says that in 1858, in the valley of Vézène, near the station of the village of Les Eyzies, the engineers discovered the cave of Cro-Magnon, which "has given us a type of one of the best characterized fossil races."

That most eminent authority, William Taylor (Anthropology, chapter i), says: In Assyria, Palestine, Egypt, as in other lands, one may find sharp clipped flints, which show that here also tribes in the stone age once lived, before the use of metal brought in higher civilization.

Then we hav the discovery of human remains in Kent's cavern, which was made known by William Pengelly, who claims 300,000 years as the lowest estimate for man's existence in England. When to this is added the testimony of so cautious and accurate an observer as Sir Charles Lyell, who givs the sanction of his authority to M. Lartet's discovery in 1860 of seventeen human skeletons; in addition, the bones of cave-deer, cave-hyena, cave-lion, polecat, wild-cat, horse, stag, etc., which carry us back at least a hundred thousand years. Yet even here we find man in a fairly advanced stage of existence, and we should be required to add several thousands of years to account for this advanced condition.

Anthropological science is equally strong in its proof of the vast antiquity of man. Further, it reveals the important fact that man is not of one type nor one race, but that there are at least eight realms with distinct types of man, and accompanying fauna and flora.

These are as follows:

1st. The Arctic, with the Esquimaux.
2d. The Mongol, with the Chinaman.
3d. The European, with the Caucasian.
4th. The American, with the Indian.
5th. The African, with the Negro.
6th. The Hottentot, with the Bushman.
7th. The East Indian, with the Malay.
8th. The Australian, with the Papuan.

Now, if man were less than six thousand years old, we should hav to suppose that all these races, so diverse in type and characteristics, hav all developed from Adam, or rather, to be more accurate, and supposing the story of the flood to be true, we hav to suppose all these races to hav developed from the family of Noah. Is not this a preposterous supposition?

To the Aryan races we are indebted for almost all our science and literature; while all the Semitic peoples may lay claim to having founded three of the most important religions of the world, viz., Christianity, Judaism, and Mohammedanism.

No student of anthropology, however, would think of regarding the Semitic races as the lineal descendants of the Aryan, or *vice versa*. These races are so distinct, their characteristics so marked, that they are not to be confused. Having shown that the Semitic races are descended from the Negroid type, and the Aryan from the Turanian, the late Professor J. W. Jackson, in an article in the *Anthropological Review* of 1869 (see "Freethinkers' Text-Book," Part I., page 57, by C. Bradlaugh) dealing with the Caucasian race, says: "What, then, is this Caucasian?

And we reply, the highest type to which man has yet attained. He presents us with that form of humanity in which cerebration and respiration are most powerful in proportion to alimentation and reproduction. He is the most effectually developed type of man; the one in whom the functions that are specially human are most powerful in proportion to those which are also bestial."

This, of course, implies an organic structure adapted as an instrument for the efficient discharge of these higher duties.

And, accordingly, we find that his brain is equal in volume to that of the Turanian, while it is superior in form and finer in quality; thus conducing, through intensity and activity, not only to greater mental power, but also to a power of a higher order. His thoughts are more logically concatenated, and his conceptions are more beautiful and artistic. His special superiority to the Turanian is, however, in the moral sentiments. He is better developed coronally, and hence is more amenable to the influence of "faith, hope, and charity," and we may add, justice. Thus, in a sense, it may be said that he unites the excellences of the two inferior races without the defects of either. He has the breadth of the Turanian without his coarseness, and the altitude of the negro without his narrowness, while in temperament he immeasurably transcends them both. Of course, with such a brain, so powerful in structure, so fine in quality, so complex in its convolutions, and so intense in its functions, there must be a face to correspond; that is, with features distinctly marked and delicately chiseled, and susceptible, in duly cultured individualities, of all the varying shades of intellectual expression:

But this high caste Caucasian, this man of civilization, is organically, lingually, and theologically, divisible into two well-marked families, Aryans and Semites, or Indo-Europeans and Arabians; the former especially located in Europe, and the latter in Asia, although the first are the predominant population of Persia and India, and the last extend throughout all northern Africa. It may thus be said that the Caucasian occupies the temperate zone of the world from India to Britain, with the Negroid races to the South and the Turanian to the North, the Semites resting on and through Moors, Tuaricks, Nubians, and Abyssinians, gradually shading off the former; while the Aryans rest on and through the Slavons, Muscovites, the Cossacks gradually shade off into the latter. Thus, whether whether we regard their geographical position, their mental constitution, or their organic specialties, we shall find that the Semites are allied as flower and root to the Negroid type of the South, and the Aryans to the Turanian type of the North.

It is too late in the day to attempt to prove that climatic conditions or congenital accidents will account for all the varieties of mankind having descended from one pair.

No one ever saw a negro or Indian child born of white parents, or a white child born of negro or Indian parents. With slight modifications, the Egyptian mummy displays the same type as the Egyptian of the present day; and for more than four thousand years the Chinese type has undergone no very important changes. And, if this be true, how can it be pretended that all the races of mankind hav developed from one pair of individuals less than six thousand years ago?

And, while the study of geology demonstrates the great age of the earth; paleontology, the vast antiquity of living forms, and anthropology shows us distinct types of man; comparativ anatomy, or, rather, what Haeckel calls ontogeny, reveals to us the history of the development by a study of the individual in the embryo.

The history of the individual in the embryo is really an epitomized history of the race.

And if we are to take the data relied upon by almost all scientific evolutionists, we shall be lead irresistibly to the conclusion that man is an evolution from lower forms; that there was a time in the remote past when he so nearly resembled the catarrhini apes that the name "man" would be a scarcely an appropriate term by which to describe him; and that by slow and gradual stages he developed from the very lowest form up to his present position.

And, taking this theory as the only reliable hypothesis, we find that we hav not to answer the question of the age of man as man, but are driven back and back through a long series of changes from man to the ape, from the ape to the amphioxus, from the amphioxus to the ascidian, and from the ascidian to the moneron; and with this vast field before us we scornfully throw aside the Biblical six thousand years, and cleave to the scientific view that man's origin and development are not to be measured by thousands of years, but by vast periods of time which the human mind is altogether unable to realize or understand.

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

## A Difficult Task.

*From the Christian at Work.*

The church must proclaim to the Socialists, "What you need, what you ignorantly seek after, can only be found in the light of the gospel." And they must be able to demonstrate that it can be found there. Just now this is not a very easy task. If the victories of to-day are Christian victories, the failures are the failures of a professedly Christian people. The oppressions of large corporations with the indifference manifested towards individual right and the public welfare, and the insensate, heartless greed for gain are the fruits of corporate action directed by professedly Christian men.

A Liberal paper should be perfectly kind and candid. In discussion there is no place for hatred, no opportunity for slander. A personality is always out of place. An angry man can neither reason himself nor perceive the reason of what another says.

Above all, and over all, a Liberal paper should teach the absolute freedom of the mind, the utter independence of the individual, the PERFECT LIBERTY OF SPEECH.—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

## The "Lucifer Match."

I hav arisen while the stars are still visible, unable to sleep for thinking of the abominable outrage that in the name of justice has been and is being perpetrated upon E. C. Walker and Lillian Harman, who are still incarcerated in a prison cell and subjected to severities greater than those usually visited upon the most atrocious criminal. And for what? Every Liberal should pause and ask this question. Is it because they chose to make their own marriage contract? The Quakers do that, and it is recognized as legal. Why does the law, which winks at prostitution, the business of procurers, and all manner of outrages upon decency, on every hand seem to become so incensed, and wreak it dire vengeance upon this special couple, victimizing them in the most cruel manner? It is for this reason: Mr. Walker has been for years engaged in vigorous attacks upon the church, and its outrages upon the people, both by voice and pen, and these attacks are, if possible, to be stopped.

The church is wise enough to perceive, if some Liberals are not, that in no way can she continue to hold her power over the people, except by keeping woman in continued bondage, and thus, through the law of heredity, perpetuate a race of slaves.

It is only through the enslavement of woman in marriage that, in this age, a race can be begotten that will submit to the fetters forged by church and state. And a contract such as theirs, which guarantees to woman a "right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," must not be tolerated. Here is the contract:

E. C. Walker, as one of the contracting parties, made the following statement:

"This is a time for clear, frank statement. While regarding ALL *public* marital ceremonies as essentially and ineradicably indelicate, a pandering to the morbid, vicious, and meddlesome element in human nature, I consider this form the least objectionable.

"I abdicate in advance all the so-called 'marital rights' with which this public acknowledgment of our relationship may invest me. Lillian is and will continue to be as free to repulse any and all advances of mine as she has been heretofore. In joining with me in this love and labor union, she has not alienated a single *natural* right. She remains sovereign of herself, as I of myself, and we severally and together repudiate all powers legally conferred upon husbands and wives.

"In legal marriage, woman surrenders herself to the law and her husband, and becomes a vassal. Here it is different. Lillian is now made free.

"In brief, and in addition: I cheerfully and distinctly recognize this woman's right to the control of her own person; her right and duty to retain her own name; her right to the possession of all property inherited, earned, or otherwise justly gained by her; her equality with me in this copartnership; my responsibility to her as regards the care of offspring, if any, and her paramount right to the custody thereof should any unfortunate fate dissolve this union. And now, friends, a few words especially to you. This wholly private compact is here announced, not because I recognize that you, or society at large, or the state hav any right to inquire into or determin our relations to each other, but simply as a guarantee to Lillian of my good faith toward her. And to this I pledge my honor."

Lillian Harman then responded as follows:

"I do not care to say much; actions speak more clearly than words, often. I enter into this union with Mr. Walker of my own free will and choice, and I agree with the views of my father and of Mr. Walker, as just expressed. I make no promises that it may become impossible or immoral for me to fulfil, but retain the right to act, always, as my conscience and best judgment shall dictate. I retain also my full maiden name, as I am sure it is my duty to do so.

"With this understanding I giv to him my hand in token of my trust in him and of the fidelity to truth and honor of my intentions toward him."

Then M. Harman said:

"As the father and natural guardian of Lillian Harman I hereby giv my consent to this union. I do not 'giv away the bride,' as I wish her always to be the owner of her person, and to be free always to act according to her truest and purest impulses, and as her highest judgment may dictate."

Then followed the usual congratulations.

Who was injured by this method? No one. And I hesitate not to affirm that, could the principles of that contract be actualized in the sex relations of men and women, it would take but few generations to produce a race of people that would be incapable of enslaving or being enslaved.

I am glad these two heroic souls refuse to pay any fines imposed upon them by their persecutors, thus refusing to recognize themselvs as criminals.

In the old Abolition days Foster, when arrested, would refuse to aid his captors in their injustice by even walking, and they were obliged to carry him. (See Parker Pillsbury's "Acts of the Antislavery Apostles.") I feel anxious all Liberals should realize the animus of these persecutions, and raise their protests against them.

Had Mr. Walker been some obscure individual, no notice would hav been taken of this affair, but with his influence against church domination in all affairs of life he must be suppressed

Our marriage system is based upon the church-idea of women's inferiority—is orthodoxy crystallized into law—and should be protested against by every Liberal who has brains enough to perceive it, the law of mutual contract being amply sufficient. What is the importance of the taxation of church property when compared with this continued sex slavery of women, and its effects upon offspring, producing, as it does, every species of crime, not excepting murder?

To giv an idea of the outrages perpetrated upon these two innocent persons, I will quote a part of a letter just received from Mrs. Lillian Harman:

We hav not been allowed to send out or receive letters for quite a while. It has been three weeks since I hav seen Edwin, and Housh has ordered the other prisoners to pass no notes between our cells. But if they think they can make us change our minds by such a course, they are mistaken. It simply strengthens our determination to endure to the last. Papa suffers more than I do, and I feel so sorry for him. It was hard to decide whether it was my duty to go with him or stay here, but I decided that the fine should not be paid. I hav chosen my course, and shall not depart from it. But my conscience troubles me when I look through the bars and see his eyes filling with tears as he talks to me, telling me he cannot sleep for thinking of me. But had I gone, it would hav been *surrender*, and I could never hav forgiven myself for my cowardice. In last *Lucifer* papa says that if he and Ed could hav known how the people were going to act, the union would not hav taken place in this state. But had I known it, I would hav been willing to take my part. I am glad that I did, and I would not do otherwise, could I recall the past. We send and receive letters when papa comes.

Thus this brave, heroic girl endures for conscience' sake week after week, with no prospect of an end, this awful imprisonment. She writes further: "Our case comes before the Supreme Court the 6th of January, but the decision will not be given, except by mere chance, until February. There is not more than one chance in ten that Judge Crozier's decision will be reversed."

And these things occur in the state of Kansas, a state that at one time we fought so earnestly to save from the clutches of a slave oligarchy, at the present time in the hands of an equally cruel and oppressiv power; a state that now deserves the contempt of all right-minded persons; a state that hunts fugitiv wives, and whose citizens pay, as I saw a short time since reported in the papers, a reward of fifty dollars for the return of a run-away wife to her owner, her husband. O Kansas, blush for shame at your degradation!

Let every lover of liberty keep out of Kansas, where freedom of speech and of the press is not respected, where the right of contract is denied, where fugitiv wives are hunted and returned for a ransom to their sexual bondage, where prohibition, with its war upon individuality and its cultivation of hypocrisy, is the law, and where church power rules triumphant, which always means persecution and intolerance, if not the rack and gibbet.

*Milwaukee.* JULIET H. SEVERANCE, M.D.

## Progress in Missionary and Revival Work.

Pious Tourist: "Well, John, I suppose you are now a good Christian?" Converted Chinaman: "Me one good Chlistman? Ya-a-s. Me cuss, me lie, me git dlunk, all same Melican man; me no work on Sunday. 'F me steal, Chlist love me, Chlist pay—oh, you bet me damn good Chlistyan!"

SABINA, OHIO, December 25th.—Mrs. Robert Johnson, wife of a prominent farmer, was adjudged insane to-day. She became a raving maniac after attending a protracted meeting at Dakin's Chapel, conducted by Rev. Guilford, the Adventist, of Clyde, Ohio. She will be taken to the Dayton Asylum.

ADRIAN, Jan. 12th.—At the Second Baptist church last night, during a revival meeting, Mrs. Susan Brown, a colored member, was "taken with the power," and, springing to her feet, she shouted, "Glory, hallelujah!" The next instant she fell to the floor dead. A scene of great excitement, amounting almost to a panic, followed, and several women were seriously injured.

A Boston lady prominently identified with Sunday-school work, and who is much interested in bringing our Chinese residents within the pale of Christian influence, called the other day upon one of her celestial protegés. John welcomed her visit to his laundry with evident pleasure, and when the greetings were over the Mongolian, in response to her inquiry, gave her to understand that he enjoyed very much attending the Sunday-school, information that was exceedingly gratifying. Anxious, however, to receive more practical demonstration of the influence of the school upon him, she asked him if he did not think it did him good. "Yi, yi!" came the convincing response, "washee fol le whole conglegation."

The New York *Sun* reports: "Mr. Moody's recent meetings in Auburn, N. Y., hav been largely attended, and hav been of great profit to many citizens of that town. One of them is reported as saying: 'I will giv $10, and my partner will do the same, I know, to keep these meetings up a week longer. Mr. Moody draws people to the town who hav money to spend. They come into our store with their Auburn friends, see some of our fine goods, and perhaps goods they hav not seen at home, and we catch them for anywhere from $5 to $100. If they did not come with the intention of buying, and hav not funds, we ship the goods. The sale is sure, for in every instance we hav received a draft two or three days afterward. The trade brought by a circus doesn't compare with what we are having now.'"

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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## SPECIAL NOTICE.

THERE are about a thousand of our subscribers in arrears, their indebtedness aggregating some two or three thousand dollars. To each one of these debtors, of course, the amount is small, but to us the amount is very large, and sadly hinders our work. We need this money—need it now—and we respectfully ask that it be remitted.

It costs a great deal of money to publish a large journal, and we hav no extensiv advertising patronage to help us out. We depend entirely upon the subscription list and book sales to obtain cash to pay bills, and when so large a sum as two and three thousand dollars is kept from us, the financial shoe grows painfully tight.

Every subscriber can see upon his tab just to what date his subscription is paid. Those whose time has expired, are requested to remit at once.

## Names Wanted.

Will the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER send us the names of all their friends who are Liberally inclined, so that they may receive a sample copy of this paper? We desire to largely increase the subscription list, and shall be grateful for all aid extended.

If our present subscribers would mention to their Liberal friends that THE TRUTH SEEKER is a good paper to subscribe for, it might be the means of materially helping us.

## A Useless Protest.

This is the objection of *John Swinton's Paper*—a journal to which the workingmen are more indebted for their organizations than to any other force—to the McGlynn fight:

"We protest most energetically against the recent attempt to drag religious controversy into the arena of labor. Nothing could be more disastrous to the great movement now in progress for the elevation of the working classes, and in which men of every race and creed, as well as men without creed, are beginning to take part. The work has been prosecuted hitherto without trenching upon any man's conscience, and thus only can it be carried to success—clearing the way as we advance, and overcoming the stumbling-blocks as they are met. We hav dreaded all along that the enemy would precipitate some ecclesiastical obstacle across our lines, behind which our forces would fall to fighting each other—thus confounding the forward march, and blasting the glorious hopes which hav been nursed and guarded with so much care. Woe betide the man who serves the enemy's purposes by raising distractions that must prove fatal to the unity of organized labor! Better, infinitly better, were it that good Father McGlynn had never left his altar than that he should be used as the agent for precipitating the obstacle upon which our united ranks are to be broken, in the warfare against social and industrial wrong."

Mr. Swinton has rather sharper eyes than are usually found in editorial sanctums, but he does not see very far in this business.

The suspension of Dr. McGlynn is not of itself a cause of war. It is only an incident, or the accident which may bring on the struggle inevitable between the church and labor. Catholicism is a vast repressiv force in society. The organization of labor is a vast expansiv force. When the two come in contact, something must crack. The evolution of society is not going to stop because the pope declines to get up out of his chair. Bulls against comets, and papal decrees against round worlds, never shortened a comet's tail nor put a corner on the earth.

Let the fight go on!

## Religion in Prisons.

The Roman Catholic chaplain of the Connecticut state prison has published a report of his doings in the prison, and the claims he makes are interesting, because, if true, they show that the best raw material for Christians is found in prisons, and is composed of that too large class of people who are not, never were, and in all human probability never will be honest.

The chaplain reports that his prison parishioners attend mass numerously, that at Christmas and Easter Sunday they become possessed of an overwhelming desire to partake of the sacrament, "thus giving evidence of good will, an earnest perseverance in good, and the best proof of a lively practical Catholicity." The grace of God, adds the optimistic chaplain, "through the ministrations of his ministers, reconciles them to their fate, enables them to exercise self-control, and renders them docil and submissiv to the rules of the institution. It schools them so effectually to govern themselvs that when they return to the outer world, they, with few exceptions, liv as respectable law-abiding citizens."

If this priest could only be believed, that portion of the public out of jail might take heart, and look forward to the time when prisons would be comparativly uninhabited. But facts compel us to say that the priest is mistaken. Religion, so far, has never been a restraining force of sufficient power to deter its professors from committing crime. No profession turns out so large a proportion of rascals as the ministerial profession. The worst defaulters of the times hav been noted for the zeal with which they prosecuted their church-work. And the men who liv in state prisons—the common run of them—hav had a more or less perfect education in religion. The men who are complimented by this chaplain for their burning desire to partake of the sacraments, hav, most of them, been attendants upon church services before their incarceration. If religion in prison is so beneficent, why is it so unavailing out of prison? That it is valueless to prevent crime we know from the enormously large percentage of prisoners who hav had religious training previous to their downfall. And most of them are of the persuasion of our cheerful chaplain.

That religion renders convicts docil and submissiv is a matter of doubt. Remove the force of keepers from any one of our large penal institutions, and, even though the criminals attend mass regularly, and evince the liveliest interest in the sacramental proceedings, we think the jail would soon be a pandemonium. The most pious of them would not feel called to remain and expiate his crime, and if the prison were cleared without further felonies it would be a marvel. Catholic priests and Protestant ministers, who imagin that their ministrations are honestly loved by the rough element to whom they preach, do but delude themselvs. Every prison is full of Uriah Heeps, who think to curry favor with the authorities, to obtain concessions, and to secure a pardon, perhaps, by their outward appearance of religious fervor. Chapel, too, is a relief from the monotony of a cell, and, while there, it is no hard matter to feel religious. They believe thoroughly in Christianity—they were taught it when young—and nothing would be more natural than for a person doing enforced penance to feel contrition.

"When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be,
When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he."

But the contrite feelings produced by the more or less pathetic sermons of the chaplains do not last. It is easy for men to be good when they cannot be bad. But moral feelings produced by stone walls, armed keepers, and an appeal to religious sentiment, are like houses built on sand. The first wave of temptation washes clear over the sandbar, and sweeps away the flimsy structures. Prison reports show that a very large proportion of the men and women in state prisons are serving their second or third term. The Rogue's Gallery is a list of persons who liv in crime, notwithstanding the ministrations of the ministers they hav been forced to listen to while temporarily restrained from plying their trade. No matter how zealous they may hav been to feast upon the blood and body of Christ, or how frequent their attendance upon mass, as soon as they possess physical freedom they ignore the promised other world punishments, and go back to their evil ways. Hell is too far off to be a potent force for practical righteousness.

It is one of the demands of Liberalism that the employment by the state of chaplains for prisons shall cease. Aside from the injustice of compelling those who do not believe in Christianity to pay for teaching it to criminals, there is the strongest possible reason for discontinuing the practice—and that is its inutility. It does no good. It is absurd to deal out to prisoners the same religious platitudes that hav proved so lamentably insufficient upon the very same persons when out of prison. As well might a perverse doctor continue to dose a patient with a medicin that has been found by experiment to be useless or worse. A change of treatment is absolutely necessary. And the treatment which will be found best for those who are morally sick will be education. Most of the state prison inhabitants are ignorant. For learned rascals there is little hope of reformation. But ignorant criminals, unless inheriting the predilection for crime, can often be made useful citizens. From the reformatory in this state, where education is made absolutely compulsory, and diligence in study (and progress according to the capacity of the prisoner) is made a condition of release from durance, there are annually paroled and discharged scores of men to fill useful positions in society who, had they been confined in state prison with no instruction but such as Protestant or Catholic chaplains deal out, would instead become professional criminals and a source of trouble and expense to the community. These men are taught practical secular knowledge, the three R's, and the higher branches, and those best fitted such trades as telegraphy, stenography, carpentry, and other specific industries. Practical morality is a study diligently pursued; and in this the teachings of Socrates are of as high authority as those of Jesus. The mind, the body, the moral nature, are simultaneously educated. Religion plays a very subordinate part, and is taught in the most general way. Sectarianism is carefully excluded. The result is a good percentage of permanently reformed men.

In state prisons the opposit system is pursued—hard labor, no education, and plenty of sectarian Christianity, the Protestant and Catholic teachers taking turns at the unfortunate men. As a consequence, most of the prisoners go out only to shortly return to their cell, to labor, to mass and the sacraments. A "state prison bird" who has been given theology as his only moral food, the fear of hell and an angry God as his only incentiv to do right, and yet reforms, is the exception and not the rule. And any Catholic priest who for his own glory reports to the contrary reports what is not so.

## Is it Hopeless?

Under the heading of "Not Peace, but a Sword," the New York *Sun* says:

"Of all the delusiv and misleading talk that is now bestowed on the public by various statesmen, we should say that this sentence from the inaugural address of Governor Green of New Jersey, belongs at the top: 'There is no natural conflict between labor and capital.'

"This might be true in such a world as ideal Christian reformers would like to see, but it is not true in the world we hav.

"In the nature of things the conflict between capital and labor is perpetual. On one side it may be waged with wisdom and benevolence, or with merciless oppression; and on the other side with patience, with resignation, or with resentment and violence; but it goes on constantly. The conflict between capital and labor is the perennial conflict between buyer and seller, and we can see no reason why it should not continue until the time comes when the precepts of Christ are brought into genuin, unqualified, and universal practice, when all men will strive not to see how much they

can get for themselvs, but how much they can do for their neighbors."

What is the use of talking about the precepts of Christ, when the facts recited are staring everybody in the face? The world had ideal Christianity —that is, a lot of crackbrained vagabonds, helping each other to be miserable—for three centuries, since when it has had worldly Christianity for fifteen more bloody and dreary centuries. There is no healing balm in the gospels for the sores of society, and if the world must wait for the Christian millennium for labor and capital to harmonize, then truly is the conflict perennial.

But supposing we see what science and humanity can do before settling down into incurable pessimists. The Gods hav failed; let man try his hand.

## The Dilemma of Mr. Walker's Friends.

So far as the law has been quoted, the judge who sentenced E. C. Walker and Lillian Harman was wrong. His decision that the two persons were married legally, and that a further contract of the same kind by either party would render him or her liable to the law against bigamy, makes the punishment inflicted legal tyranny, for no law was cited punishing parties who are really married, but who hav neglected some prescribed form. Bonafide marriage is what the state demands, and that it had in the self-performed ceremony by which E. C. Walker took Miss Harman for better or for worse. The question whether legal marriage is a good or bad thing does not enter into this case. Mr. Walker and Miss Harman claim to be married; a marriage vow was the intention of the ceremony, and the judge decides that they are married. That settles the question so far, and clears the ground for another look ahead.

The two prisoners are now confined in jail, the one because his sentence is unexpired, the other because she will not pay the costs of her trial. Everyone admits that the sentences are unjust for the reasons given above. They are simply being punished for marrying in their own way, when the law does not prescribe such punishment, but does declare such contracts legal. The decision of the trial judge was asinin. However, Mr. Walker and his wife are in jail, and what shall they do about it?

The first feeling of every one suffering an injustice is to fight. The feeling is natural and commendable. People ought to fight injustice much more than they do. But there is reason in all things. No man could be blamed for joining the Catholic church when the screws were on his thumbs. The dungeon was too much for the fortitude of even Galileo. Mr. Walker and Miss Ha man hav suffered enough, and hav done all that honest and consistent adherence to principle requires. Longer self-incarceration might be misconstrued into obstinacy. A jail is no place for a pure woman and an honest man. There is no principle demanding the sacrifice. Nothing is to be gained. The supreme court has the case, and its decision can be rendered without their further imprisonment. If people are seeking to reform any law or custom, it can usually be better done out of jail than in. There is no dishonor in surrendering to brute force—no sacrifice of principle—and there is no common sense in biting one's nose off to spite the face. Supposing that in Mr. Reynolds's case the jury convict, and the court fines him. Is there any sacrifice of Liberalism in paying that fine, and getting out of the clutches of men who persecute for opinion's sake? Mr. Reynolds can spread Liberalism faster by lecturing than by contracting rheumatism from damp prison walls. The nineteenth century has had its martyrs to principle, and may hav others, but there is little sense in voluntarily staying in jail to convert a lot of fools who havn't brains enough to appreciate the act.

If the supreme court does not reverse the rulings of the lower court, then Mr. Walker's friends should appeal to the governor to remit the costs, if that is legal. But if no other way opens, the costs should be paid. Especially should the imprisoned girl be released. Mr. Walker is of mature mind, and can better judge whether he is likely to advance his cause faster confined at Oskaloosa or free to go where he pleases. At any rate, Mrs. Walker's and Mr. Walker's friends might assume the responsibility of freeing them, as did Mr. B. R. Tucker's friends when he heroically defied his great bugaboo, the state, by refusing to pay taxes. Mrs. Severance calls loudly for Liberals to do something for the imprisoned; but what can they do? They cannot tear down the Oskaloosa jail. They cannot reverse the decision of the court. They cannot force the supreme court to free him. Mr. Walker is fighting for the right to marry himself. Some Liberals agree with him; the majority are quite content to hav the ceremony performed by a civil officer in whose forms there is no superstition. The only point upon which they can agree is the injustice done the Walkers in imprisoning them after the decision that in marrying themselvs they kept within their legal rights.

The most sensible course, then, is to submit to the extortion and get out of jail. When free, they can renew the warfare for whatever principle is dearest to them. But whichever way Mr. Walker decides is best for himself, he should insist upon his wife's liberation. His advice would probably hav weight with her.

A Liberal paper should be perfectly kind and candid. In discussion there is no place for hatred, no opportunity for slander. A personality is always out of place. An angry man can neither reason himself nor perceive the reason of what another says.

Above all, and over all, a Liberal paper should teach the absolute freedom of the mind, the utter independence of the individual, the PERFECT LIBERTY OF SPEECH.—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

## The Row in the Catholic Church.

The fight over Dr. McGlynn continues. Another priest has taken charge of the parish, and the parishioners hav resolved not to support in any manner their new spiritual director. The labor unions hav held a mass meeting and denounced Archbishop Corrigan with language lurid and energetic. Henry George has printed another number of his paper, and uses over one-eighth of it in considering the case. Mr. George now hates the Romish hierarchy as ardently as he loved Catholic voters before election.

The efforts of his friends, however, will not avail Dr. McGlynn. We are much mistaken if even the most devoted of his parishoners does not weaken in his allegiance when the authorities put the ecclesiastical screws upon the lay thumb. A refusal of church privileges—confession, absolution, sacraments, burial rites—to be followed by excommunication, will bring most of the Catholics of St. Stephen's parish to their knees. The new priest, noted as a strict disciplinarian, will not hesitate to use this measure if necessary to subdue the teapot tempest. Martin Luthers are not abundant around Twenty-eighth street, and a few months, probably, will see St. Stephen's filled again with superstitious worshipers.

For the vehement rebuke Mr. Corrigan received from the leaders of the labor unions, he will care little. Still less will the pope care for the abuse that incidentally falls upon him. The hierarchy has a purpose and it is not to be easily turned aside. If the Catholic flock cannot be ruled, it is of no practical value to the church authorities, and might as well be ruined. The Labor leaders wasted their breath in trying to save Dr. McGlynn.

Henry George's assault is not with new weapons, but it would prove a serious blow to the church if the Protestants of this city could be induced to believe him, and to act upon their belief. Mr. George charges that Archbishop Corrigan acted at the instance of Tammany Hall; that for a long series of years the church has been in alliance with this corrupt organization, and for votes given has received large grants of public land at nominal prices, and a lavish appropriation of public money; that it is highly significant that Corrigan never interfered with Dr. McGlynn until a new party arose which threatened to defeat Tammany; that the vicar-general of this diocese was permitted to issue a pronunciamento against the workingmen's candidate, which was distributed at the church doors; that priests were permitted to speak against the Labor party from their altars; and that the power of the confessional and the threat of the refusal of absolution were used against the party which opposed the Tammany ring.

As we said, these are not practices of the Romish church now for the first time brought to light. Henry George is but going over a well traveled road—and one over which THE TRUTH SEEKER has gone so often as to wear a path for itself. We hope, however, that because of his well known piety Mr. George will be more successful than we hav been in arousing public sentiment. But we doubt it. The Methodist official organ applauds the declination of Bourbon Romanists to attend social gatherings where Henry George is invited, and evidently sympathizes with the Romish church authorities in their efforts to maintain disciplin in the priestly ranks. "Prudence," says the organ, "appears to be a quality which Mr. George has yet to acquire," and "there is one thing Protestants can learn from Roman Catholics—to be true to their religion." Should the other Protestants follow this lead, Mr. George will find himself between the devil and the deep sea, and will hav to take to the woods. Protestant hierarchies, as well as Roman Catholic, hav authority to maintain.

There is one person prominently connected with this conflict who deserves a crown. Dr. McGlynn is a moral hero. We hav seen nothing to indicate that he believes less in the Catholic faith than at any previous period of his life, but his correspondence with Archbishop Corrigan shows him to be possessed of an independent spirit. When Dr. McGlynn was handed the telegram ordering him to Rome, he said simply, "No reply." When, a few days later, the archbishop addressed him requesting a reply to the message, Dr. McGlynn wrote, refusing to go, and added: "My doctrin about the land has been made clear in speeches, in reported interviews, and in published articles, and I repeat it here. I hav taught and I shall *continue to teach*, in speeches and writings, *as long as I liv*, that land is rightfully the property of the people in common, and that private ownership of land is *against natural justice, no matter by what civil or ecclesiastical laws it may be sanctioned*, and I would bring about instantly, if I could, such change of laws all the world over as would confiscate private property in land, *without one penny of compensation to the miscalled owners.*" The italicizing is by the archbishop, who makes the correspondence public. Again was Dr. McGlynn summoned from Rome, and the archbishop invited him to come to see him and read the summons. Dr. McGlynn's reply was, "I will not come to see you," and, "I will not go to Rome."

Though disagreeing with his political and religious opinions, one cannot help admiring the independent attitude of the rebellious priest. He has no use for the ecclesiastical despot of Madison avenue and no fear of the other despot at Rome. Of course Dr. McGlynn will suffer ecclesiastical degradation, and his career as a priest is probably ended forever, but he has preserved his manhood and the independence of an American citizen.

Summed up, this row teaches one lesson that the Labor party, and all connected with it, may well take to heart: That any movement of the masses toward cutting loose from old associations and forming new ones with the purpose of leveling existing social inequalities, will hav the opposition of all Christian churches. A few heretically inclined preachers like Newton—who has abandoned about everything of Christianity but the salary—may come out for the new order, but the churches as a body will be against it always and forever, until forced to swing around by the flood of public opinion. The American churches were the bulwark of American chattel slavery, and they will be the bulwark of American industrial slavery until a revolution in public sentiment shall take place. The leaders of any new movement must therefore address themselvs to the people regardless of churches. Especially is this true of Labor leaders. Almost every Protestant minister is the paid attorney of wealth. Every priest is an oath-bound soldier in an army sworn to conquer the Western world, and to gain as much of the Eastern world as is possible. The churches want the earth, and they are not over-particular how they get it. There is no bond of union between them and poverty. Their charity is doled out with pharisaical humility to help their own chances for heaven. Their asylums shelter the poor in the same spirit that a jailer throws a crust to a prisoner. Individual Christians may be humane and good people, but the official utterance of every powerful church is on the side of tyranny. There is no exception that we know of. If those who conceive themselvs wronged are going to right themselvs, they must expect to fight Christendom, or, at least, that portion of it which is Christian.

The cause of the wrong that labor has suffered from the church lies deeper than any Labor orator or writer has yet sounded. The fault is in the system of religion, not in the men who administer it. The late Labor candidate for mayor of New York would do well to make a note of this.

# Letters from Friends.

A Liberal paper should be perfectly kind and candid. In discussion there is no place for hatred, no opportunity for slander. A personality is always out of place. An angry man can neither reason himself nor perceive the reason of what another says.

Above all, and over all, a Liberal paper should teach the absolute freedom of the mind, the utter independence of the individual, the PERFECT LIBERTY OF SPEECH.—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

HANOVER JUNCTION, PA., Jan. 5, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I see from the tab on my paper that my time is up; and as I cannot do without the dear old paper, I must renew again. So here goes for two more years. May she ever liv to keep her readers in remembrance of her founder. JAMES B. DENTON.

ABILENE, KAN., Dec. 30, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3 to renew my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER from Feb. 20, 1887, to Feb. 20, 1888.

I would rather do without one meal a day than do without the grand and welcome TRUTH SEEKER. Wishing you all the success imaginable in your work for humanity,

J. BEETEM WISE.

DAYTON, O., Jan. 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am a Liberal, having preached seven years, and ceased in 1845, and lectured one year on the constitution of man. I went into the war and lost my health, and am now a twelve-dollar pensioner. I was admitted to the National Soldiers' Home near Dayton, Ohio, and began preaching Liberal views to the inmates, four or five thousand in number. That was in the fall of '75; the chaplain of the home was then getting eighteen hundred dollars per year for preaching endless hell and damnation doctrins. SEVEN RECORDS.

DUCK LAKE, Jan. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of Nov. 20, 1886, is an article written by C. D. Wallace entitled, "Earthquakes and Volcanoes," in which he refers to the volcano Skaptar Jokul. I would like to know where the volcano is. In what country is it? I hav looked thoroughly for it, but fail to find it. I never heard of the volcano before, and wish he would tell us through the columns of your paper where I will find it, and oblige an earnest INQUIRER.

[To save time and space we may say that Skaptar Jokul is a volcanic mountain in Southeast Iceland. It is sometimes written Skapta Jökul—*jökul* being the Icelandic word for glacier.—ED. T. S.]

MT. VERNON, MO., Jan. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5.75, to be applied as per inclosed list.

We are cast in a land of sky-pilots. There are five gospel mills in our town, and they grind the year round. We get along handsomely, however; they let us severely alone; havn't had a spat for a long while. But we still need the grand old TRUTH SEEKER, and expect to take it as long as the necessary funds can be had.

We hope all your delinquents will pay up (or cease to call themselvs Liberals) and make this the most prosperous year the "king of papers" has ever had. Hurrah for Heston and the cartoons! they are just immense. Z. C. DENNEY.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Jan. 12, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Last Sunday Samuel P. Putnam lectured before the Pittsburgh Secular Society on "The New God." This lecture is one of Brother Putnam's best, which ought to be praise enough, but it is so original, and I may add so radical, that I desire to call special attention to it in hopes that your readers may call for it frequently.

At 8 P.M. Mr. Putnam lectured in Wilson's Hall, in Allegheny City, on "True Democracy." This lecture was a masterly defense of individual liberty as opposed to monopolistic aggression, and gave general satisfaction.

Brother Putnam is alive all over, and if he does not set the prairies on fire (figurativly) it will not be his fault.

Yours truly, HARRY HOOVER.

LONGMONT, COL., Jan. 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been reading Colonel Kelso's book, "Spiritualism Sustained," and I find it the most complete cutting from under of the prevailing orthodox beliefs that it has been my privilege to peruse. How the ordinary Christian can read this book and remain such is more than I can comprehend. It seems to me that anyone whose occiput is mounted with an intellect must, after analyzing Mr. Kelso's arguments, become a Spiritualist or a sadducee believing in neither angel nor spirit—to wit, a Materialist; and in either case there is an advantage to Liberalism.

I am somewhat surprised to find some of our friends criticising the colonel because he has not advanced what would be proof to them of the truth of Spiritualism, when he expressly states that the work was not written for any such purpose, but to make the churches accept the logic of their own book or reject the book itself; the latter alternativ being what no Liberal would object to. The colonel does not depend upon the truth or falsity of the writings he introduces in evidence for his belief in Spiritualism, but he is taking the writings upon which the churches rely to confound them. That he may some day giv to the readers of your paper his reasons for becoming a Spiritualist is not impossible, but knowing how long and how persistently he held on to his Materialistic belief, he may doubt the expediency of so doing; besides, as he is pretty certain that Materialists will be on the right side of the practical questions of this life, it doesn't so much matter what they believe as to another so that they are truly Liberal.

By all means buy and read Colonel Kelso's book; read it and lend it to your neighbors, is my advice to the readers of your valuable paper. LOIS WAISBROOKER.

MCLOUTH, KAN., Jan. 14, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Within please find money order to pay for the most valuable paper published in America—a paper whose value cannot be computed in dollars and cents. The illustrations are all that any of the friends of mental liberty hav claimed for them. I hav tried hard for two months to raise a club for your paper, but the two names within are all that I can send you at present. Hard times, high price of paper, and fear of ostracism are the reasons for failure to forward names. The fear of hell, and the frowns of the pious saints who are running the new Jerusalem, the awful dread of being called an Infidel, the knowledge that when once branded as a Freethinker you will forever be shunned by all the heavenly hosts on their happy journey to heaven, is a sufficient terror to make the ordinary mortal tremble.

J. F. WILLITS.

CRITTENDEN, ARIZ., Jan. 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: When I last sent in my subscription, I desired the paper should be promptly stopped at expiration of subscription. In bidding you adieu for the present, I wish to bear testimony to the general excellence the paper has attained the last year. I also wish to thank you for the brave and noble defense you made for the rights of the Anarchists. It does not take much moral courage to stand up for the popular; but for the unpopular, there's the rub. It looks as though you would not only hav to publish a diagram of an idea, but the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States also, with a commentary on the same. Strange those orthodox Liberals can't see that if free speech is broken down a free press will be the next object of attack; but they are not wholly to blame, as the Associated Press dispatches hav deceived them by lying "late, early, and often." F. A. LAMONT.

EATON, O., Jan. 2, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5—$2.50 for a new subscriber. Your Letters from Friends column has always been a great source of enjoyment to me. They (the letters) cultivate a feeling of brotherly love among the scattered forces of the Liberal army, a feeling necessary to the success of the many objects in view.

Freethought is a dormant element in this section of the state. The church has been so long the molder of opinion that it seems almost impossible to break her shackles. However, we hav a few scattered brethren, a number large enough to form a nice little union, if we only had a Remsburg or a Putnam to giv us a few lectures and organize us. No one here seems to want to take the lead on account of the anthemas he would most assuredly receive, but the ice once broken the followers would be forthcoming regardless of public opinion, or the venom of the sky-pilots.

F. R. CHRISTMAN.

BIG STONE CITY, DAK., Jan. 5, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: This is my first attempt at addressing you, and I presume the last, as I am quite an old man, of sixty-three years, and in quite poor health. I inclose $5. I wish you to send me the new year's ALMANAC, credit $3 on old year's account, and send paper for balance as far as it goes.

Our country is bankrupt owing to mismanagement of our officers supported by our churches. We hav a goodly number of Liberals here—some able men, all honorable. We hav had no lectures here but by Mr. E. C. Walker. He was well received, and kept his new "ism" in the background. I am glad he did so, as we are carrying too many improvements at present to succeed. It don't answer to approach the public too harshly on new subjects; still, I feel like giving the dishonest ones "hell" at times, but I hav only to look back a few years to see myself standing shoulder to shoulder with them, fighting the (to me) battles of the Lord, so I hav charity for them, as I wish them to hav for me.

Your pictures are wonderful; keep them up.

R. JONES.

MT. ALTON, PA., Jan. 4, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Your paper has become an indispensable necessity in our household, but No. 50, Dec. 11th, came crumpled and torn, and the front page, containing Remsburg's glorious, instructiv, and convincing "Fathers of Our Republic," was missing. Probably it passed through the hands of the same loving Christian mail-agent who opened a package of pen-work for us about that time and robbed it of two Catholic Lord's Prayers.

Three years ago a young lady renounced her church (Catholic) and proclaimed her Infidelity, and great was her persecution ever after. One pious, good soul said to her, "Don't, for God's sake, reveal the confession, as it will injure the holy mother church." Another dear, angelic damsel made it her precious duty to inform the young woman that it was the duty of her parents to make way with her at once, for she is doing great damage to the church revealing their holy secrets. Another sweet-tempered creature said, "Shure, if the church could hav her own way, they would burn that heretic to the stake." Another chimed in her beautiful voice, "Ah, to be shure, she's a divvel and she ought to hav a rope tied around her and dragged through the streets until she is dead; then burn her, so the witch cannot liv!"

Last June a woman rumseller (selling without license) who lived in this vicinity, being very religiously inclined, cherished a pious thought that she would rank higher in the eternal realm and wear a brighter crown were she to perform one great duty her savior revealed to her—if she would remove a great stumbling-block to Christianity, a notorious Infidel. To prepare for the glorious cause she imbibed freely of the holy spirits (in which she dealt) with prayer and praise upon her lips. She was prepared for the sacrifice of the Infidel and his family to the Lord. It was a clear, calm night when the angel of mercy crept stealthily along until she reached the door of the blasphemer, and there she halted for prayer. She thought a match and a few combustibles were sufficient to relieve the world of one great drawback. To her consternation, she found the Lord in the enemy's ranks. She was detected. Her present headquarters is Canada. And, instead of removing the notorious Infidel, the town was rid of a notorious den of infamy. MRS. E. A. FAIROHILD.

BARTRAM, DAKOTA TER.

MR. EDITOR: As many of your letters from friends giv their opinions of the cartoons, I will giv mine. I think the question should not be what we like best ourselvs, but how to exert the greatest influence for good on our friends. Many of us stand almost alone among our relativs. We know how to prize the glorious light of Freethought, reason, and common sense, while our friends are still in the darkness of superstition. We know how to sympathize with them, for we hav been there ourselvs. Now, it seems to me that sound arguments, like those of John Peck, Watts, and others, will set more people to thinking than ridicule, which is considered by most Christians as a sort of martyrdom. If all Freethinkers would stand up for their principles, and do as Christians do, preach the gospel of common sense to every creature, priestcraft and superstition would soon be no more. I am sure if all young persons could hav a chance to investigate both sides before they are gobbled up by the church, the church would never get them, or, at least, very few. Giv us plenty of good common sense tracts and lectures for free distribution, and we will make converts to Liberalism.

C. STRATTON.

DENVER, IOWA, Jan. 8, 287.

MR. EDITOR: I should hav sent you a Happy New Year before, but "better late than never;" so you will find $5 inclosed (if some post-office pirate does not jay-hawk it) to pay my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER for this year and next. Should I be under the sod or over the river before the time expires, send the paper along, for somebody else will get it. I am in my sixty-fifth year, but can well enjoy Brother Heston's delineations. I am sorry, however, that he didn't hav Noah and his family feeding the animals in the ark, or cleaning out the stalls, and throwing the filth out of that little window.

I see there is occasionally one, even among your readers, who has not yet evoluted out of illiberality, but can still apologize for Jeffrey judges and aristocratic domination. Before the Rebellion we warned the people of the coming storm, but little attention was paid to it, and for the wrong to four million black slaves one million lives were sacrificed. What sacrifice shall atone for fifty million white slaves? Bear in mind that between liberty and aristocracy there is an eternal and irrepressible conflict—an enmity that can only be satisfied with the destruction of one or the other. Their final grapple will be a death grapple. A billion dollars' worth of church property untaxed; $346,000,000 greenbacks, and a still greater amount of so-called national currency untaxed, thus throwing the burden of taxation upon the laboring classes, and also compelling them to pay large dividends on hundreds of millions of watered stocks, to make the rich still richer. With legislativ bodies bought like hogs and sheep in the market, with the press a ring, courts in chains, judges and juries bribed, what means hav the people to reform and correct wrongs and abuses but by revolution? If by peaceable means the great wrongs which are crushing the producing classes are to be righted, it must be done quickly. Another "impending crisis" is at hand—another great storm approaches. Tyranny cannot avert it, but will only hasten and aggravate it. When the laboring classes can no longer endure the burdens so wrongly imposed upon them, like the Israelites, they will march through the Red Sea.

Truly yours, M. FARRINGTON.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., Jan. 14, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just completed a scrap-book and named it the "Crimes of Preachers." It is made up from clippings taken from the daily papers during the past year. I hav the names of seventy-three of God's chosen leaders who hav fallen from grace during the year 1886, and hav one for every other day for this year. Out of the seventy-three names, the church to which fifty-five of them belonged is given. Catholics come first, and number sixteen; Methodists second, and number fifteen; Baptists third, and number eight, and the balance are divided up between the different denominations. It is not supposed that I hav collected over ten per cent of the crimes published, or that even that number of their crimes ever found their way into the papers. What class of men can make a better showing than those chosen by God? I am a Liberal, and, what is more, I am a Spiritualist; but I hav no more use for a God, hell, devil, Christianity, or old orthodoxy than I had when I was an Infidel. I am a Spiritualist after years of investigating, and during the past four years one of the members of my own family has been a medium, and my chances for investigating the phenomena hav been unsurpassed; no conditions required; no darkened rooms and no money ever received, therefore deception is at a discount and fraud impossible. My wife and I are the only outspoken Liberals in this place that we know of, and it is a city of thirty thousand inhabitants. We never force our views upon any one, but when we are asked for our opinion or our views we always express

them without fear. A few Sunday evening's ago we were asked our opinion by some member of the church in the parlor of the hotel where we are living. While no one in the place has more friends than we had, I am sure they all think more of us after hearing us express our views, and this is the way we gave it to them: We believed this world would be incomplete without Ingersoll, and thought he was a better man than Jesus Christ, and a great deal smarter. We loved the name of Paine, and had not these men lived we would not hav dared to express our opinions as we had just done. We did not believe in a God, hell, devil, Jesus, or the Bible.

To say they were surprised would not half express it. They all said they had never heard any one express such views before. THE TRUTH SEEKER, with several Spiritual papers, is read every week, and they are always mailed or passed around among our orthodox friends. Some say they are afraid to read them for fear it will cause them to think, and that they are afraid to think for fear of losing their faith in Jesus. This part of the country is as far behind the North, East, and West in Liberal thought as it is in manufacturing and agricultural pursuits. S. M. BIDDISON.

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LYNDON, ILL., Jan. 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In Professor Denslow's reply to George Dyrenforth's criticism, TRUTH SEEKER, Jan. 1st, he uses this language: "The value of land is due to the demand of society, and not mainly to any labor done upon it by its owner. But so are all values, whether of goods or of labor itself, due to the social demand for them, not to the expenditure of force or effort in producing them."

In your comments in the same issue you use the following: "It is true that the books are the product of Mr. George's genius, but it often requires as much genius to buy land judiciously as to write a book, and the value of either depends, as Professor Denslow says, on the demand of society."

Is this true? Does the value of either or both depend on the demand of society? As far as the land is concerned, this is true, I will admit. And it is true for the same reason that the Russian edition of the Nihilistic romance, "What's To Be Done?" is worth $600, while the translated American edition is worth $1 in cloth. With this difference, society can get along without the romance, but cannot exist without land. The Russian edition of this romance is under ban. In other words, limited to that which has already been published, and the demand of society advanced the price to $600, because limited. And so the same way with land. Humanity or society being unlimited, land being limited, there is a continual increasing demand for land, and thus to the means of subsistence. But surely this cannot apply to Mr. George's books, because they are being published, as it were, to an unlimited extent, or as the demands of society require; and the price or value does not depend upon the demands of society, for his books can be bought at just as low a price as they ever could, although to-day the demand for them is probably a thousandfold greater than when first published. I use the word "price," as I infer that is what Professor Denslow and THE TRUTH SEEKER mean in using the word "value," as the word "value," when applied to land, or books, or commodities, may hav two meanings.

Professor Denslow further says, "Value originates in demand." Then daily papers must be of great value, as they are in great demand. So they are of great value, but not as far as price is concerned. I will giv you a definition of values, which can be applied either to land, labor, or commodities: The value of a thing depends upon the demand of society correlativ with the facts, whether the thing demanded can be furnished in limited or unlimited quantities, and the labor required to acquire the right to appropriate the thing demanded.

Thus it will follow, Can the thing demanded be furnished in unlimited quantities? Labor will be the greatest factor in giving it value. Can it be furnished only in limited quantities? The demand will be the greater factor in giving it value. And so it is—land being limited, the demand for it continually increasing with the increase of society and its desires, must necessarily depend for its value (under present conditions) upon the demand; whereas, books and other commodities usually to be furnished in unlimited quantities, must depend for their value, to greatest extent, upon the labor value in their production. O. H. BARTHEL.

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CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 19, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Last Sunday evening Mr. Charles Watts, of Toronto, Canada, was in our city and gave a lecture on "Morals and Religion" at the People's Theater. The audience was a small one consisting of one hundred or one hundred and fifty people of both sexes. Why was this? The weather was all right, and nothing else of any importance was going on in the city. The admission was of no account—10, 20, and 30 cents—so that many people could hav been there if they only could hav known it. The reason that there was such a poor audience, and the reason that the Freethinkers' societies of our Forest City don't amount to much, I will endeavor, with your kind permission, to explain in your valuable paper.

But first, about Mr. Watts's lecture: Why was there such a small audience? Because there had been no advertisment about it that would amount to something. I myself did not know before last Sunday that Mr. Watts was in the city; also, the People's Theater is, in my opinion, no place at all to lecture. It is badly located and dangerous in case of fire; ugly and commonly furnished, and during the week it is visited mostly by people of the lower class and dudes and dudesses. But, nevertheless, if Mr. Watts had done more to announce his intention to lecture to the people through the city papers, I am certain he would hav had a full house. Mr. Watts's lecture was a very good one, and if we would only hav lectures like his a little more often in our city I am sure that it would not only be to the benefit of members of our Union, but the lecturer too. It is very seldom that we hear a Secularist in Cleveland, and we notice with regret that Mr. S. P. Putnam is not coming to our town. The organization of Freethinkers in Cleveland is not the best one. The Liberal League has not met for the last five weeks, and so of the Secular Union too. Very little you hear from them. This is not a good record for a city with two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, where surely are ten thousand Freethinkers who could be organized if the members of the League and Union would be a little more activ.

In opposition to this, look at the religious people of Cleveland and see how hard they are working to increase their membership; and they are successful too. A week ago last Sunday, for information, I attended one meeting of the Methodist church at the New Music Hall, and was surprised to see the Sunday-school filled up to the last place. The minister, after a long sermon full of nonsense, asked every Christian in the audience to rise. The remaining ones he called out, and spoke to them about hell and heaven and all the good things they would get if they would join his congregation. He was successful with every one of them except myself, and after leaving the church I gave one of the members who accosted me such a piece of my mind about himself and his companion that he couldn't say another word, but promised he would pray for me.

Well, nevertheless, it is hard to see how the chuch is successful with lies and nonsense, where we with the truth can't do anything because we are too helpless and not organized enough. Lecturers like Mr. Ingersoll and Watts or Mr. Putnam are what we need, and a little more free distribution of our principles and we will be more successful than the church. Why should it not be possible, even in Cleveland, with its hundreds of churches and not one hall for the Freethinkers and Secularists? If our Liberal League would be a little more activ, to-day we would hav one of the finest Union sections in the country. FRED L. HOFFMAN.

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COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: We are pleased to inform our Liberal friends that our meeting has been a success. We engaged Mr. S. P. Putnam to deliver his lecture on "Universal Mental Liberty," and did considerable advertising, and to our surprise had an audience of from three hundred to three hundred and fifty, and, in the opinion of some, four hundred.

This was gratifying. To see the smiles of the Liberals that happened in late, as their eyes were greeted by a finely filled house of pleasant-looking people, was indeed a pleasure. The lecture was followed by the poem, pathetic and beautiful, "Why Don't He Lend a Hand.?"

After the lecture came a few remarks relativ to the intentions and designs of the society and the means used, with a reading of our Liberal platform, and after that again the names were taken of different persons wishing to become members, which we take pleasure in sending you. We learned that many did not giv us their names, fearing that the same were to be published in the news columns, but we still think that there are numbers enough to please the officials of our organization with a feeling that Columbus will be a star in a free country yet.

A few TRUTH SEEKERS distributed along on the seats of the hall were grasped up with the eagerness that follows a famin, and not only read but smiled over, and many more were called for than could be furnished. The Liberal publications offered at the desk in front were surrounded by a crowd of both ladies and gentlemen, who purchased a goodly number.

One pleasant feature, and one that we wish to do all that we can to continue, was the large proportion of ladies that we were thankful to see out. Not only was the proportion large, but their enthusiasm was cheering. Women are wearying of the lullaby of "inspiration" without really knowing what it is that wearies them. They want to say something about their right to cast a ballot, and as many Christians are with them, they think it is "Christian" to enlighten them and do not believe that the scripture says—in the New Testament, too—"Suffer not a woman to teach," "Let her learn in silence," and teaches her humility in other ways, much too embarrassing for intelligence.

A scientific course of lectures was announced to follow the lecture of Mr. Putnam, beginning January 23d, on the subject of either astronomy or geology. Music is to be added to the attraction.

We take this means of thanking the evening *Dispatch* for its just and favorable notice of the event, as well as the Ohio *State Journal*, and any other paper extending the hand of fairness; also to the Liberal Odd Fellows, who were so kind as to lay aside their difference of opinion and grant us their elegant hall for the purpose of our lecture for the 16th. Gentlemen, take new zeal, and receive our assurance that you will find more friends after some advertising than you had thought would be in your whole community.

Very respectfully, R. H. RALSTON.

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WORCESTER, MASS., Jan. 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Living away off here in Massachusetts, I had labored under the idea that Kansas was a free state, but it seems as though I was mistaken, as many a better and wiser man has been before. My attention has been called very forcibly to the fact by reading the continued persecution and imprisonment on the part of the state authorities of our sister state toward Mr. Walker and his noble companion. Ah, but, says one, they broke the laws of the state. Well, what of that? Show me a man or woman that does not. Why, out here in staid, Puritanic old Massachusetts one would not liv over eight hours if he obeyed all the laws on our statute books. Many, very many, of our judges do not even know them. I saw a lawyer win a case in the Central District Court of Worcester, only last week, owing to the ignorance of the judge and opposing counsel. But standing at this distance and viewing the case, it seems as though there was an under-current at work in the case of these two grand reformers. Being co-workers and partners in one of the most outspoken and fearless papers of the age, ever helping the weak and downtrodden, battling with all the forces at its command against bigotry and superstition, the champion of woman in her endeavors to gain her just rights, what wonder that the hirelings of the church should seek to strike a blow at freedom by striving to chain the master minds that guided that noble sheet! Shame on you, cowards, hypocrits, minions of a yet more despicable master! Tear the scales of justice from off your court-houses, and place in their stead a jug of whisky and a Bible. Trail your eagle in the dust, and let an owl surmount your statue of Liberty. Liberty! why, your fathers would blush in their graves to hear your definition of the word. Liberty! ah, many a century must come and go ere she shall dare to rest in her weary flight on your borders. What was their crime, that ye thus persecute these two brave, fearless souls? Was the love they bore each other too pure? Who gave one of these drones, called clergymen, the right to step in and leave the damning magnetism of his useless life to shadow the beauty and harmony of theirs? "Get out of my sunshine," was the reply of a teacher in the centuries agone, and we repeat it to-day. I would giv much to know what per cent of the officials of Kansas bear pure and unstained lives. What nice row of state officers the governor of Kansas could muster, Mr. Editor, at his capitol, that had never broken the laws of their nativ state! Why, the whole superstructure law is founded in hypocrisy and deceit. I am glad the Free thinkers all over our land are awakening to the gross injustice that is being forced upon us by the church and its spectable minions. It is time that we claimed a voice in the councils of the land that our fathers hav given to the world Paine, Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, and our own Ingersoll toiled for a free, untrammeled country. Let us watch well that the heritage they gave shall not become a "mess pottage." If we hav those among us who need legislation and an iron band to keep them together, even as we hav these who must needs hav a burning hell to keep them within the bounds of decency, let them hav it; but we demand "that souls that hav become a law unto themselvs" shall be let alone by their more ignorant neighbors.

Yours for liberty, FRED L. HILDRETH.

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MAHONING, O., Jan. 4, 1887.

TO SI SLOKUM: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 4, 1886, I find an article entitled "The Impending Revolution" with your name attached. Now, assuming that you are sincere in believing that a revolution of labor against capital is near at hand, and should be precipitated, will you allow me to ask you some questions?

1. Except in St. Domingo, has there ever been a successful revolution of the laboring classes against capital, even in Rome, where the slaves were ten to one, and captivs taken in war at that, although there were revolts?

2. Then assume that your "million minute" men could and did spring to arms, where are the arms and money? Wealth could take wings, you know? Could they steal and pillage, say you? How was it at Pittsburgh? While the mob destroyed the property of the railroad, the citizens looked on; but when the mob undertook to pillage the town, everyone had something to lose, and the citizens armed themselvs and beat the mob off. But if we could suppose (so absurd a thing) that for a time the mob might triumph, and the government was powerless to quell them, could not the governments of Europe be induced to send over their trained soldiers to restore order? The cause of law and order is one the world over.

3. But assume that they could overturn the government, what could they do? They might steal and divide the wealth of the country. But without a monopoly of wealth, manufacturing, mining, railroading, and other industries, could not be carried on, and there would be poor inducement for such enterprises, if mobs might seize on property at any time. That article was so exceedingly foolish, if the writer was sincere, that it is utterly unworthy of notice only for this: from the formation of the Greenback party up to this there hav been the most inflammatory writings and addresses, inciting labor against capital.

Now nothing is easier than to persuade poor men that they are wronged by the rich, and these constant appeals to them has driven them almost to madness. Even Ingersoll must draw a vivid picture of want and wealth without suggesting any remedy but voting, when he admits that law can do but little for them. Now for twenty years this agitation has been going on. Only discontent and unhappiness hav been the result. And happiness is the thing desired. Is it not, Ingersoll? Now, allow me to submit to Denslow, or any man with clear, strong, and cultured intellect, whether capital and labor must not work together for their mutual benefit; whether monopolies or combined wealth must not exist in order to manufacture, mine, build railroads, etc., and by this giv employment to labor; whether capital does not pay the taxes to support the government and the poor when capital does not employ them; whether capital, employing labor, does not produce wealth; whether wealth is not less dependant on labor than labor is on wealth to employ it; whether there was ever a time in this or any country where labor was more employed (in peace), or could purchase more with its earnings, than here and now; whether supply and demand must not regulate all productions; whether, if there is too great a supply of labor, some must not be idle all or part of the time, and the remedy should be in the future ss supply of the article. J. B. SMITH.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight.
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## A Boy of ye Olden Time.

I hav heard of a boy who lived long ago—
For such boys are not found nowadays, you know—
Whose friends were as troubled as they could be
Because of a hole in his memory.

A charge from his mother went in one day,
And the boy said "Yes," and hurried away,
But he met a man with a musical top,
And his mother's words through that hole did drop.

A lesson went in, but, ah me! ah me!
For a boy with a hole in his memory!
When he rose to recite he was all in doubt—
Every word of that lesson had fallen out.

And at last, at last—oh, terrible lot!—
He could speak but two words: "I forgot!"
Would it not be sad indeed to be
A boy with a hole in his memory?

## The World We Liv In.

This world is a wonderful planet on which we liv. It is much smaller than the sun; the circumference, or distance around it, being twenty-five thousand miles, and the diameter, or distance through it, being eight thousand miles. It is a round body, composed of land and water, there being three times more water than land.

There are five divisions of land. Those of the Eastern Hemisphere are Europe, Asia, and Africa; those of the Western Hemisphere are North America and South America. We liv in North America.

All the people inhabiting the earth are of five different races, differing in complexion, hair, shape of the head, etc. These races are divided in five classes, called Caucasians, or white race; Mongolian, or yellow race; Malay, or brown race; Ethiopian or negro, black race, and the American or Indian, red race.

Most of the Caucasians, Mongolians, Malays, and Ethiopians liv in the Eastern Hemisphere. While the Western Hemisphere contains mostly Caucasians, there are quite a number of negroes that were first brought here as slaves. The Americans were the first people found here.

North America and South America hav been discovered but a few hundred years. Christopher Columbus first discovered this new world in 1492; since that time it has been rapidly growing in wealth and population.

North America is divided into British Possessions and Alaska occupying the northern part, United States the central, Lower California, Mexico, Central America, and Yucatan the southern.

I liv in Wyoming, Chicago county, Minn. Wyoming is situated on the St. Paul and Duluth Railroad, thirty miles north of St. Paul, the capital of Minnesota. I can tell a great deal more about the world, but, for fear of making my article too long, I will close by saying my grandpa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and to please him I hav written this. Your little friend CARRIE A. ABBOTT,
(Aged 11 years).

## You Conquer Me, Me Conquer You.

There was an old Indian fled from a bear;
He afterward found it asleep in its lair.
"Yo, ho!" said the Indian. "How do you do?
You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you!"

He raised his tomahawk high in the air,
And, bringing it down, laid Bruin's brain bare.
"Yo, ho!" said the Indian. "How will that do?
You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you."

The Indian went to the city one night,
Where he became exceedingly "light."
"Yo, ho!" said the Indian. "This will not do;
You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you."

So to fast set an entering wedge
He right away signed the temperance pledge.
"Yo, ho!" said the Indian. "This will I do—
You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you."

Some fellows the Indian's temper to try,
A whisky-jug placed where he would pass by.
"Yo, ho!" said the Indian. "Know you me do;
You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you."

He then raised his tomahawk high in the air,
And bringing it down on the crockery-ware,
"Yo, ho!" said the Indian. "Guess that will do.
You conquer me, ugh! me conquer you."

JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

## Little Lessons for Little Folks.

We hav just been reading Mrs. Slenker's (Aunt Elmina's) book by the above title, and although we had read the matter before in other columns, yet we must say it is more charming in its new dress than ever. If the book could be in the hands of every child in the world, the world would thereby be the gainer. It is just what the children will all be delighted to hav for their own, for its real value as well as a memento of its author who is a true friend to everybody; and as the price is only forty cents, it comes within the reach of all. It is varied and instructiv, touching many useful subjects. Buy it, and make the children happy.

SUSAN H. WIXON.

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—CHARADE.

Two beasts will giv, when rightly joined,
Silver or gold that is uncoined;
One beast, methinks, might well be shown
As Aaron's golden calf full-grown;
A verbal argument at leat
That gold produces such a beast;
Still, if you doubt what here is said,
Remember pigs may be of lead;
A horse of metal, too, indeed,
Is of a most vivacious breed;
But with this first we next display
The second as a beast of prey;
If gold once changed into a brute,
Pray, may not beast then retransmute?
And these become, as here we find,
Silver or gold in mass, uncoined!

*Irwin, Ia.* J. K. P. BAKER.

2—.REBUS.




Advice as to money matters.

3.—ANSWER TO MR. BAKER'S ANAGRAMS.

Poor Eve, *the prima donna* of her day,
Or "lady first," as we should say,
With Patrick had a sorry time—
He took the *mire path* of crime.
She thought *him a pert* young "gintlemin"
Until he stole her *Teraphim*—
Her household god—the monkey cute;
"I *am the rip* that took the brute."
Said Paddy: "May it plaze your grace
I thought *him pater* to our race,
And thus a common *parti; hem!*
Or *Pater patriae* (hic), *pro tem.*
Oh might *I rap them* on the knob,
Who say *I harm pet* apes, be gob!

I ape eel this case to the supreme bench,
That's a *jeu de mot*, as they say in French."
Pat's skilful pleading was in vain,
They sent him off to the home of Cain,
Or the "Emerald Isle," the "dear ould sod,"
Which then was called the Land of Nod.

*Grand Rapids*, Jan. 8th. ESPRIT FORT.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, JAN. 15, 1887.

1.–Barbara, Flora, Della, Dora, Honora, Louisa. 2.–

P
A L E
A B A S H
P L A S T I C
E S T O P
H I P
C

3.–A clock. 4.–The first lines of each stanza are *Palindromes.*

## Correspondence.

HEMPSTEAD, N. Y., Jan. 9, 287.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am nine years old, and a member of the Hempstead Freethought Association. I hav recited several poems at our meetings. My papa is the president. Papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER the *Investigator* and the *Freethinkers' Magazine.* I do not go to school. Mamma and papa teach me at home. I am in the Third Reader, study geography, arithmetic, language, and shorthand writing. For my Christmas, among many other things, I received the "Story Hour," and "Little Lessons for Little Folks." I hav no brothers or sisters, but I hav a pet canary named Willie. I went with papa and mamma to White Sulphur Springs Convention, and had a real good time. If you like this letter, I will write again sometime. Wishing you a happy New Year,

I am your sincere friend,
ADA E. DEMOTT.

LEBO, KAN., Jan. 2, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: This is the first time I ever wrote to you. My father has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for four years. I like to read in the Children's Corner. I was just reading a letter from "Uncle John," and it was a nice, long letter, and I thought I would try and write one. My mamma is sick in bed. She and I are here by ourselvs. I will ask if "Uncle John's" son is better. I hope he is. I am eleven years old, and I am in the Third Reader. I am a stranger here. I came here about two weeks ago. I would like to see this letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER. I did not go to school to-day. I had to stay home and help my sick mother. I hav three brothers and two sisters. I hav only one brother and one sister at home now. One of them is in Wichita, and one in Reading, and one sister in Lebo. If you think this is worth printing, I may write again.

Yours for Freethought,
WALTER PENFIELD.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I cannot resist adding a few words to my son's first attempt at writing you a letter, to express my appreciation of your work for the cause of Freethought.

To educate the children in the principles of Liberalism is the most noble work of all.

With best wishes for your success and happiness, I remain Your friend,
MARY F. PENFIELD.

[Such kind appreciation as the above stimulates us to continue in our work. We thank our friend for good wishes, and trust we may always merit them.—ED. C. C.]

ELK GROVE, CAL., Jan. 5, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I like to read the letters of the little folks. My papa said if I would write you a little letter he would buy me your book, the "Story Hour." I am a Freethinker's boy. I am eleven years old and study reading, spelling, and arithmetic. As this is my first time, I will close.

Yours truly, SUTTON F. COTTRELL.

BURNETT, NEB., Jan. 3, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write you another letter, seeing you were so kind as to hav my other one printed. I am not going to school this winter. I hav a little brother named Bennett, after D. M. Bennett. We take several papers, including THE TRUTH SEEKER. I read the essay on "The World We Liv In," from Gertie Martin. I think it was splendid. I wish I could write one as good. She is a smart, clever little girl of her age. I received a copy of the *Liberal*, and a lecture from J. Hacker. I think the lecture was splendid for Liberals. Father said he would send and get the "Story Hour" for me. I shall be very much pleased. Well, I will close for this time. Hoping you spent a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I remain, Ever your friend,
ESTELLE WHITNEY.

CROMWELL, IOWA, Jan. 11, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My pa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER. We all like it and Watson Heston's pictures very well. Pa sent twenty-four TRUTH SEEKERS to our Christian friends, hoping they might be of some benefit to them.

The *American Catholic News* has been sent to us for some time. Pa is not so prejudiced as not to read it, but he intends to send them THE TRUTH SEEKER in return.

Mr. Putnam was here, and made us a visit last fall; we went to both lectures, and liked them very well, and hope he will call and see us on his return.

Mr. Remsburg gave us a good lecture also.

This is my first trial to write for the Children's Corner, hoping not to be the last, and will try to do better the next time.

Yours respectfully, MINNIE M. GEIER,
(aged 11 years).

MOODY, TEXAS, Jan. 9, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am yet a boy, but a good-sized one. I liv in a "Christian community" where all summer they get filled with the Holy Ghost, and when winter comes they giv up their religion for the ball-room. Last summer I went to a protracted meeting where the preacher would stand on the platform and say, "Come to Jesus, he will save you right now!" And furthermore they would say, "If you want to be saved, come and giv me your hand." Like as if taking hold of their hands would save them. They would draw picturss in their minds of hell and the souls that are there, and preach it to the audience, and tell them to come right to Jesus and be saved. They say that the government ought to be founded on the teachings of the Bible, and I think it would be a poor government. Not long ago I was talking to a man and he asked me if I didn't think if they obeyed the teachings of the Testament that they wouldn't do far from right? I told him that none of them obeyed the teachings of the Testament. JOHN M. SIMMONS.

MINIER, ILL., Jan. 7, 1887.

MISS WIXON: I thought I would write a letter for the Children's Corner; this is the first time I hav tried. My father has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for five or six years. Father said it was a splendid paper. I read the Children's Corner. We hav three churches here. We don't belong to any; we used to belong to the German church, but father was not green enough to belong to church. Mr. J. E. Remburg is going to speak here this winter. Mr. W. S. Bell spoke here last winter; we went four nights; we all thought he was a splendid speaker. He told the truth. It is no use to learn humbug when we are young, and no use when we are old. We hav a book with your picture in it. I do not go to school this winter. I hav four sisters and one brother; two of my sisters go to school, and my brother. I hav two sisters older than myself. My sister said that her teacher told them in school that there were six men on the mountain, and, at once, some of the men were gone, and they looked for them and they could not find them, and so they came back in three or four days. They had a book, and they said that God wrote this book. We hav a Bible—it is a German Bible. I cannot read German, but, I think, if I could I would not read in it any way, because it is not fit to read. Two of my sisters learned the humbug; it did not do them any good. They do not believe in it. I will close for this time. Yours truly,
MINNIE IMIG.


LITTLE LESSONS.

FOR

LITTLE FOLKS.

BY AUNT ELMINA

(MRS. E. D. SLENKER).



NEW YORK:

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Long may the people liv,
May long years to them giv
  Plenty and peace.
Let no crowned knave or fool
Make man an abject tool,
But from their odious rule
  All get release.

True men, awake, arise!
Scatter the enemies
  Of liberty.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On you our hopes we fix.
  Let all be free.

Let peace on earth prevail,
Ne'er let the nations fail
  In harmony.
Crush aristocracy,
Strengthen democracy,
Then o'er the earth will be
  Blest unity.

## "David" and "Goliath."

Where, oh, where is the "Reverend" A. C. Wheeler? Who knows anything about him as a knight-errant and champion of the "Word," but more especially as a would-be gospel compeller and overthrower of Colonel Ingersoll? Be it known that "Reverend" belongs not to him by right of ordination, but is bestowed upon him free-gratis and for nothing by the writer on account of his buckling on the armor of superstition, and setting out some time ago in quest of the scalp of the great Liberal leader of the world, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll!

Be it known to all the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER—if they didn't know it before—that the "Reverend" A. C. Wheeler, known to a portion of the *World's* readers (those who care to read *critiques* (?) on the plays of the period) as "Nym Crinkle," sometime last winter renounced the flesh and the devil of the stage for the nonce, shook the dust of the *World* office and Gotham from his feet, and set out on the intellectual warpath in pursuit of the scalp of Colonel Ingersoll, the acquisition of which he felt would be a great boom for God, the Bible, and Christianity, all three of which need booming, indeed, in view of the legions that hav renounced their allegiance thereunto, and whose numbers are constantly swelling with seceders from the ranks of those who "go it blind" on the supernatural, and are bound by blind faith and superstition to the juggernaut of the most baleful and lurid religion ever invented by man for the subjugation of man!

The *World* called the colonel "Goliath" and the "reverend" "David," and professed to believe that the latter would bring down the former with his little sling. The metaphor was good, but the belief was away off, so to put it. Compared with the "reverend," the colonel is indeed a "Goliath," physically and mentally; and to believe that the modern "David," with his little intellectual sling, could cast an intellectual stone that would knock out the modern "Goliath" intellectually, is to believe something not believed outside of the *World* office, if we except the outside followers of the "reverend," if he has any.

And what moved the "Reverend" Wheeler to fly off at a tangent, as it were? Why did he leave the flesh-pots of the stage to mount the rostrum as a defender of God, the Bible, and Christianity—to put it more accurately, to antagonize Colonel Ingersoll? Shekels, of course. What moves all the priests to rant and rave, to croon and croak, to whine and beg, to denounce and threaten on the first day of every week, which, strangely enough, they call the seventh and holy, and which all of them break, holy as they declare it to be? Why, shekels, to be sure. It is the easiest way going of rounding up shekels into the thousands; hence never a dearth of pulpit-pounders. And shekels moved the "Reverend" Wheeler to fresco his face with the war-paint of orthodoxy, and go in quest of the scalp of the heterodox Colonel Ingersoll. Vain quest, vainglorious "David," even before you started to open the campaign!

As everybody knows, Colonel Ingersoll is the best advertised man in the States, if not Christendom, not excepting Barnum of "great moral show" notoriety. He can draw bigger houses at fifty cents admission than any other man living. Remember it costs nothing, or next to nothing, to hear Beecher or Talmage, and, besides, the latter draws on account of his buffooneries and bizarre vaporings.

The "Reverend" Wheeler knew this as well as others, and it occurred to him that he might profit himself in shekels from the fame acquired by the colonel, by making the latter a foil against which he might show to advantage, and his first move was to write a critique (?) of a lecture given by the colonel. There was nothing more in this "critique" than any true believer of a monstrously false religious scheme will tell you; but, of course, it brought bushels of letters to the *World* office from "true believers," some of which declared he was the "coming man" for the faithful to rally around, if not the "David" who had already come to knock out the Goliath of Infidelity on the spot.

That settled it with the "Reverend" Wheeler. He would go lecturing. He had the gift of pen, and could write up a lecture. He had the gift of gab to a certain extent, great enough, he thought, being on the "right side," or the side of Christian religion—which, by the way, as it presents itself to us in these days, was never the religion of Christ, and therefore a misnomer in name—to overcome the splendid eloquence of Ingersoll, and uphold a false against a true belief.

If we thought the "Reverend" Wheeler sincere in his wish to down Ingersoll and boom the Bible, we should say he had taken a contract which he never could carry out; but as we believe his motiv to hav been shekels, there is nothing to say about a "contract," there being none. He set out on the warpath for shekels, Ingersoll to be his profit, if he had any, though ostensibly he went forth to conquer the doughty colonel. He undoubtedly reasoned thus, or about thus: "Three or four hundred dollars a week, if I can make as much from a lecture at my tongue's end, will knock the spots out of forty or fifty a week; and I'm going to venture it; nothing venture, nothing hav;" and he started out with his lecture for the provinces—he was too shrewd to make his *debut* in New York, which had witnessed a sorry failure of his in the dramatic line—said lecture being called, "The Mistakes of Ingersoll."

The title was a happy thought, with Ingersoll's "Mistakes of Moses" as a foil; but it proved, after all, to be a mistake of Wheeler's, as was his dramatic venture. It was thought he would draw fairly well, there being enough of the truly blue superstitionists in every place of any importance who, having looked in vain to their priests and parsons to floor Ingersoll, would go to hear and see, once at least, the one daring enough to pit himself against the eloquent colonel who has dealt the Christian religion such staggering blows, malgre the priests and parsons "holding the fort." Yes, they would go once—many would—but when they found the champion of Infidelity was not unhorsed by the pale and puny knight of orthodoxy, they would fall back upon the regularly ordained gospel shouters, praying for a champion to come to the aid of their assailed religion, and hoping for the best, contenting themselvs with the belief, if the champion came not to the front, that it was the Lord's will he came not.

Well, the "Rev." Wheeler struck out for fame and shekels, leaving the devil behind him in Gotham as busy as ever he was. We heard of him appearing in one obscure town in Rhode Island to a well "papered" house, but never heard from him again as a Bible-boomer and Ingersoll-slayer. Either the "followers of the Lamb" were off their feed, or they thought the pale and puny knight of Gotham wasn't the sort of champion for the waging of the battle that would put Ingersoll *hors de combat*, and so not the knight for their shekels, which they kept in their pockets.

Now, who knows anything about the "Reverend" Wheeler? Is he about, is he around, Bible-booming and Ingersoll-squelching? We know "Nym Crinkle" is here again with the fleshpots of the Gotham stage, but where, oh, where is the "Reverend" Wheeler? We know that "Nym Crinkle" left Gotham to bloom as the "Reverend" Wheeler, and we know that the "Reverend" Wheeler left the provinces under cover of darkness and appeared in Gotham in his old role of "Nym Crinkle;" and we know that the Goliath of light and reason lost not a hair to the David of darkness and superstition; and the latter "know," while comforting, would be greatly more so had the Quixotic knight who set out to annihilate the colonel been a foeman anyway worthy of his steel. This onslaught of the modern David against the modern Goliath might be likened to that of a bat against an eagle! The bat would hav better sense, though, than the David had.

To this particular David, who slunk back to Gotham with his little useless sling, and to all other would-be Davids, I would say: Lay not the flattering unction to your little souls that you can unhorse the Champion of Light and Reason; or that you can be any more successful in the attempt to stay the constantly rising tide of Infidelity than was the old dame who tried to stay the tides of the ocean with a broom! When the gyves of Christianity are stricken from the world, then will the world advance as it never yet has advanced.

SI SLOKUM.

## Obituary.

Massena Paine Thurston, of Burr Oak, Mich., died Friday, Jan. 7, 1887. He was conscious to the last, and with his latest breath spoke in an audible tone to one of his sons watching by him. He met dissolution calmly, without fear, and without a change of the secular views that were his during the latter years of his life. Thus closed a somewhat long and remarkable career. Born at Painesville, Ohio, March 31, 1812, he emigrated with his parent to Detroit, Mich., when three years of age; remained there fourteen years, then removed to Mongoquinong prairie (now Lima, Ind.), and soon afterward locating in Colon township, St. Joseph county, Mich., in 1834, where he has ever since resided.

Among the tillers of the soil, the sowers and reapers, he was ever foremost in discarding the old, slow, and tiresome methods, and adopting the new, better, faster, and easier ways. His progressiv spirit was clearly evinced by the fact that he was ever seeking to obtain the better grades of stock kept on the farm, the latest and best farming tools and implements, and also of household utensils and machines.

A few words in regard to his views of death and a hereafter may not be out of place. To him death meant simply the ceasing to liv; that the physical system when worn out or broken can no longer continue the process of life, and that to die was a natural process, to fall asleep again in the arms of nature, from which he sprung. He banished all of that gloom of the past, with which church, creed, and dogma hav surrounded death, and threw sunshine around the end of life. To him the most probable view that could be taken of human existence was that it terminated with death; that when the organization which produces mind ceases to hav life, the mind no longer has any existence; and that the only immortality humanity can attain to is the continuation of the race by succeeding generations, which may progress and become more perfect and developed by the experiences and struggles of the generations that hav passed before. This, in few words, was his belief.

The last work of his life was a literary one, it being a series of quotations from, and comments on, the Bible and the claim that is made for it. His lamp of life expired, however, before the work was in print, but he had the satisfaction of knowing it was in the publisher's hands, and that others will circulate it for him.

A few years ago he prepared a brief sketch of his life, his journeyings and progress in the realm of thought and investigation, and the conclusions he had reached in regard to religious beliefs and a life beyond, and requested that it be read at his funeral when that time should come. The funeral was held at his late residence, D. R. Hazen, of the Sherwood College, reading the piece, to a large and attentiv audience, which the deceased had so carefully prepared, supplementing it with a few grand thoughts and remarks of his own.

Whether on that Friday morning after death he saw a more glorious sunrise, with unimaginable splendor above a celestial horizon, or whether his apathetic and unconscious body still sleeps in cold obstruction and insensible oblivion, we do not know. But if no other immortality awaits him he will hav one in the hearts and affections of his children and his children's children for many generations to come.

The six sons, who bore their mother to her long rest nearly two years ago, carried their father to his grave.

S. K. T.

Mr. Thurston was a subscriber and patron of THE TRUTH SEEKER from almost its first appearance, and one of the most ardent admirers that D. M. Bennett ever had. Very naturally he became one of the pioneers in the Freethought movement in his section of country. He has been quite a liberal purchaser of books from this office, at different times obtaining large quantities of tracts, and distributing them among friends.

The noble life and serene death of this man furnish a fresh refutation of the pious falsehood that the Freethinker livs without hope and dies in fear. Judging the Freethought philosophy by the lives and deaths of its votaries, it answers the requirements of all occasions. The world puts on a glory

For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent.
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves
Shall hav a voice, and giv him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

## Book Notice.

A LAY SERMON. By Robert G. Ingersoll. Delivered before the Tenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union at Chickering Hall, Nov. 14, 1886. Reported for THE TRUTH SEEKER by I. N. Baker, and printed by permission of the author. The only correct editton. New York: The Truth Seeker Company, 28 Lafayette Place.

Robert G. Ingersoll never opens his mouth without saying something, but he never said so much to the point—so much real, practical good sense—in the same length of time, as he has in this pamphlet. The pamphlet itself seems but a condensation, a synopsis, as it were, of the great thinker's best thoughts on the most practical, everyday questions. It reads like a beautiful poem, melted and stirred up and all poured out together in one unbroken stream of oratory.

There is really only one place to begin to quote from this "Lay Sermon," and that is with the first word, and only one place to leave off, and that is with the last word. As it costs only 5 cents, the reader is advised to read it all.—*New Thought.*

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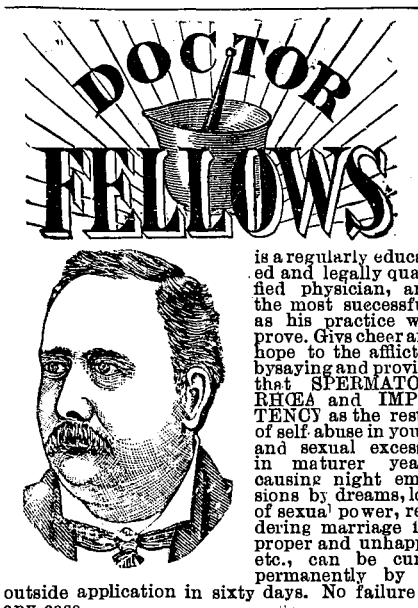
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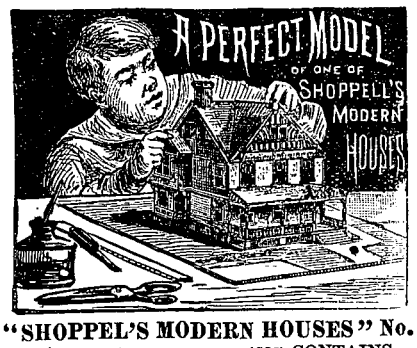

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## News of the Week.

HISCOOK has been chosen U. S. Senator from New York.

PROF. E. L. YOUMANS, editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*, died on the 18th.

BEECHER has been elected an honorary member of the Young Men's Hebrew Association.

MAYOR HEWITT, of New York, is not yet able to leave his house, being doubled up with rheumatism.

THE young lady who was to hav married August Spies, the condemned Anarchist, has changed her mind at the solicitation of friends.

A SUSPENDED priest at Brainerd, Mich., almost caused a riot last Sunday by locking the church doors and addressing the people from the steps.

SAM JONES and Sam Small are reviving Boston. The Rev. Phillips Brooks preached last Sunday in Faneuil Hall to an audience of criminals and outcasts.

A NEW YORK policeman fired after an escaping prisoner one day last week, and shot dead the son of an Italian druggist standing on the steps of his father's store.

POLICEMEN were stationed in Dr. McGlynn's church last Sunday to preserve order. Priest Donnelly officiated. There was a large attendance, but no one gave any money either at the door or in the plates.

Two young desperadoes named Tristram shot a storekeeper at White Plains, N.Y., one day last week, and then, when pursued by the police and likely to be captured, committed suicide. No cause is known for the murder.

MICHAEL DAVITT, the Irish Land Leaguer, spoke to an audience of some 8,000 at Madison Square Garden, this city, last Sunday evening. Alluding to McGlynn's case, he said that the priest should obey the summons to Rome.

LAST Sunday the Chinese celebrated their New Year's all over the city. What a daily paper calls "a contribution from Christendom" was made by a half dozen young roughs, who invaded a laundry, pummeled the proprietor, and nearly killed a policeman who attempted to arrest them.

SULLIVAN broke his wrist in an encounter with Pugilist Cardiff the other day. By keeping the fact to himself until the stipulated six rounds had been fought through, the astute Mr. Sullivan escaped being knocked out, as he undoubtedly would hav been if his opponent had known he was disabled.

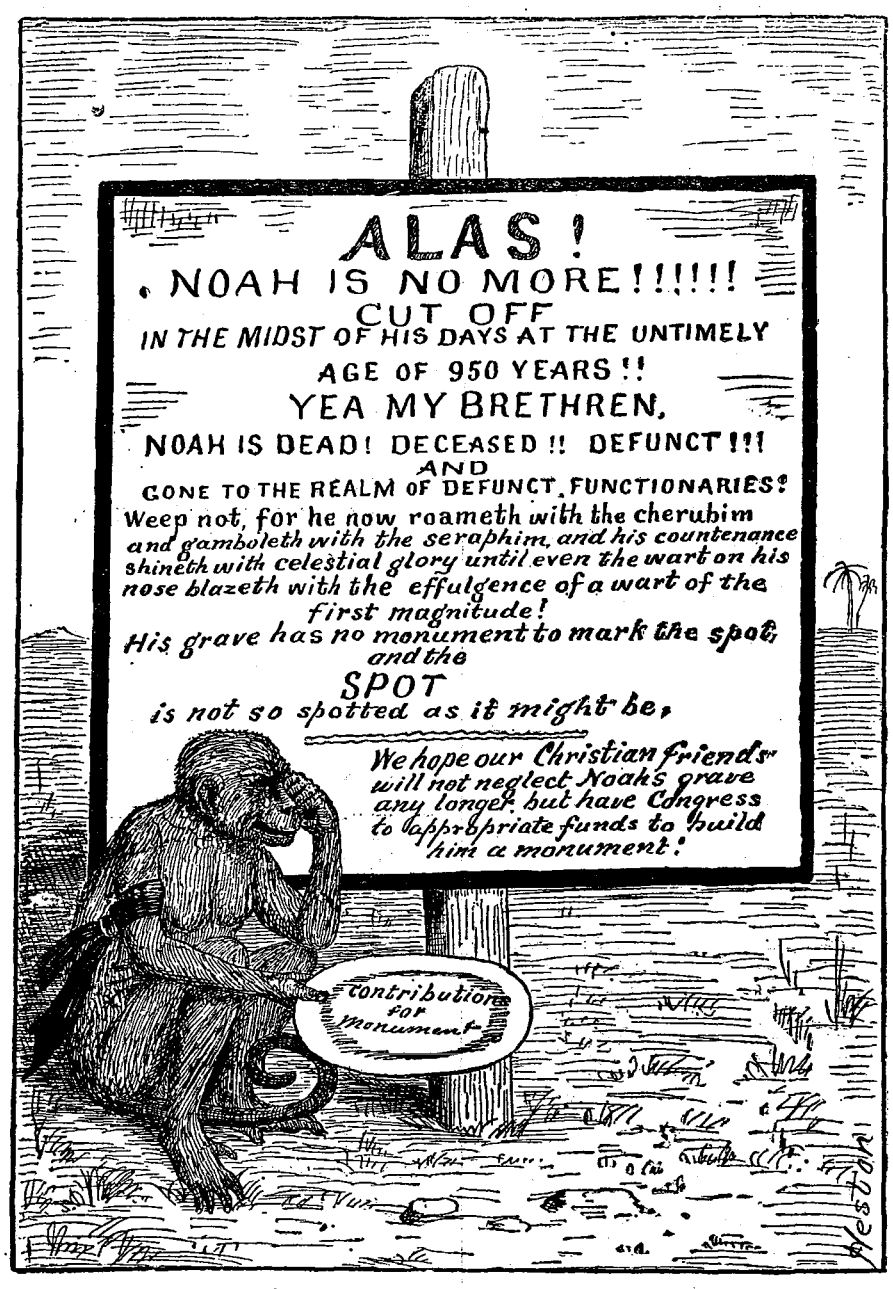
THE Scottish-Protestant Alliance has sent to Queen Victoria a memorial setting forth that the aggressions of the papacy in Great Britain and the supremacy of the pope are subversiv of the queen's authority and of the people's rights and liberties, and that the avowed aim of the papacy is the Vatican's conquest and subjection of Great Britain.

IN his discourse last Sunday, Felix Adler proposed for truant children cottage homes in the suburbs of this city in place of huge asylums. He had mentioned the scheme to the school board, but the board pleaded poverty. Professor Adler thought that if the untaxed property of New York were brought to book, the plea of poverty would not be necessary.

THE Rev. Dr. Wm. R. Huntington, now pastor of Grace church, this city, is not an ambitious man. By a unanimous vote, the diocesan convention at Cincinnati appointed him assistant bishop of southern Ohio, and he declined the position. It may be added that the salary of an assistant bishop is $3,500, while the pastor of Grace church is given $10,000 to scratch through the year with.

THE Rev. Henry Enos, a Methodist preacher from Brunswick, N. Y., came to this city a year ago to complete his education. He studied religion until it crazed him, and he imagined that the Andover trials had terminated in favor of the professors who believe in probation after death. Wishing to take advantage of that probation, the Rev. Mr. Enos attempted suicide, and is now in the hospital trying to recover.

THE coal strike is still on, and the shooting of a boy by one of the special policemen hired by the coal companies to protect their property against violence of the strikers has not contributed to an amicable settlement. The special policemen were standing on the pier, and were snowballed by some boys. They drew their revolvers and fired, and an innocent boy looking on was shot through he head. Four of the men were arrested.




OBIT.—THE GOOD DIE YOUNG.

And all the days of Noah were nine hundred and fifty years and he died.—Gen. ix, 29.

## Odds and Ends.

IT may now be said without violating the truth that Alfred, Lord Tennyson, occasionally, if not oftener, drops out of poetry.

THE recent failure of "Adam and Eve" in Paris wasn't a marker compared with the failure they made of themselvs some years ago.—*Puck.*

GOVERNOR ALGER, of Michigan, gave four hundred and eighty-seven suits of clothes to Detroit newsboys, and Baxter street is wildly jealous over the boom in second-hand clothes in the Northwest. At last accounts, only one newsboy had not disposed of his gift, and he was hunting around for a pawnshop.

HUSBAND: "My dear, that is a long motto you are working." Wife: "Yes, John." He reads on it:

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

"Is it to be hung in the vestibule of the church, my dear?" "No, John, I'll hang it on the chandelier in the hall."

A LADY, who had recently lost her husband, and a friend were eating dinner together at the residence of the latter. "I sympathize with you from the bottom of my heart in your great sorrow," said the friend. "It must be terrible to lose such a man." "Ah, me, yes!" sighed the widow; "it is only the hope of meeting him in a better land that givs me courage and a desire to liv."

THE potter stood at his daily work,
One patient foot on the ground;
The other, with a never-slacking speed,
Turning his swift wheel round.
Silent we stood beside him there,
Watching the restless knee,
Till my friend said low in pitying voice,
"How tired his foot must be!"

The potter never paused in his work,
Shaping the wondrous thing;
'Twas only a common flower-pot,
But perfect in fashioning.
Slowly he raised his patient eyes,
With homely truth inspired;
"No, marm, it isn't the foot that kicks—
The one that stands gets tired!"

JUDGE FRISBIE'S HEATHEN.

Judge Frisbie, one of the pioneers of Arizona, has had a Chinese servant in his employ for many years. Always a consistent pagan, Ah Wong never until this winter manifested any interest in Christianity. The American's religion, he always said, was good enough for Melicans, but he would stick by his Joss. Some time in December the judge became interested in a revival in progress here, and after going forward one night he became impressed with the conviction that it was his duty to reclaim Ah Wong. At first the Chinaman was obdurate, and would not listen to the friendly exhortations that the judge made to him, but at length he announced his willingness to attend the services, and see what they were all about. After a steady attendance of a week or more, the Chinaman, in response to a question from the judge as to what progress he was making, said that he was not very much impressed with the religion of the Americans, and that he guessed that he would not go any more. The judge was in a bad humor that night, and he let fall a remark to the effect that if Wong did not join the church he could not work for him. He could not stand having a heathen in his house when it was in his power to save him. The next night found the Chinaman at the revival, and two or three evenings later he was among the number that went forward.

The rejoicing over the conversion of the heathen was tremendous, and the festivities extended far into the night. Along about midnight the judge, who had been out at a card party, led a procession to his cabin, where Ah Wong was found, routed out, and made to get up and bring out his idol. This secured, the crowd marched back into town, and in the presence of nearly all the citizens the ugly little thing was burnt in a bonfire which had been started in front of the tavern. While this ceremony was in progress, the judge descanted at great length upon the labor which he had done in bringing this heathen to see the error of his ways. As Ah Wong appeared to take as much interest in the cremation of his idol as anybody present, no one doubted the sincerity of his conversion. The judge is a candidate for the territorial legislature, and some infirmities of his in the direction of strong drink had always weighed heavily in the balance against him. With this public conversion of himself and his Chinaman he felt that at the next trial he would stand a better show than ever before. Some of the people in the crowd admitted as much, and the judge and his servant went home happy.

It now turns out that Ah Wong never really renounced the pomps and vanities of paganism. He had no more than got home from the celebration just described when he set up another idol and regularly paid his devotions to it. At the same time he continued his attendance at the revival, where he was looked upon as a brand plucked from the burning. Yesterday morning two visiting revivalists called at the judge's place to see the famous Christian Chinaman, and what was the judge's horror on leading them into the den occupied by Ah Wong to see the celestial in the act of adoring a little god of hideous aspect which he had set up in place of the old one.

"You heathen devil!" exclaimed the judge, turning an elegant red; "what are you doing?"

The unabashed Chinaman stepped back from his rude altar and, throwing up both hands, said, half apologetically: "Chinaman make velly sure. Me catel ee Joss and me catchee Melican God."

The judge was speechless, and the visitors could only cough and shake their heads. That night neither the judge nor the Chinaman was at the revival. It was announced that the judge had become a backslider, and that Ah Wong had never got far enough on the highway to become even that.—*New York Sun.*

## Gems of Thought.

THE object of our lives should be to make this world as beautiful, and ourselvs and our fellows as happy, as is in our power.—*D. M. Bennett.*

"SISTER AGNES is my name in the church and that by which our dear Mother Mary knows me. Saint Agnes is my patron saint and I do her work, and obey her wish when I call myself by her name." "Her wish? Do you believe in the saints?" cried Virginia, blushing gravely. The sister smiled. "Do I believe in the sun and moon and stars?" she said. "Of course I do. The dear saints and our blessed Mother Mary are half the good influence of religion, half the foundation of the church." "If I could but believe in the saints!" cried Virginia. "But papa says that it was part imposture and part disease; and I hav never dared to let myself believe in the things that I hav read of them. How I wish I could! And how I wish I could feel as they felt!" "Child, do not bring your father's authority between us. He is a good man, no doubt; but he has trusted his own strength and God has abandoned him and given him over to destruction," etc.—*Mrs. E. Lynn Linton's Under Which Lord?*

IN all animals, the living brain is essential to all phases of thought. The thought-ability of any animal is always in precise proportion to the perfection and activity of the brain. The power of developing thought grows, diminishes, and ceases, the cessation always being complete when the brain ceases to perform its vital functions. If the brain is injured, the thought-ability is impaired, the thinking deranged, yet who to-day would think it wise or necessary, with evidence of aberration of thought resulting from local injury, to treat it as a case of demoniacal possession?—*Has Man a Soul? by Charles Bradlaugh.*

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.
—*Tennyson.*

WE are a law-abiding race; the mass of us are little given to unpractical speculation. We are too earnest to tolerate impiety, and the traditions of religion will retain their hold with the millions long after they hav lost their influence over the intellect. Intellect, we know, is not omniscient. Emotion has a voice in the matter, which is always on the side of faith; and women, in such subjects, are governed almost wholly by their feelings. The entire generation at present alive may probably pass away before the inward change shows itself markedly in external symptoms. None the less it is quite certain that the ark of religious opinion has drifted from its moorings, that it is moving, with increased speed, along a track which it will never retrace, and toward issues infinitly momentous.—*J. A. Froude.*

THERE is another element of our happiness which springs from the fact that we do not know the future. How large a part of the pleasure of life is shattered and blighted by our unreasonable anticipations of coming evil! How much happiness would be lost if you knew that you were to be sick to-morrow; that a friend was to be stricken down; that a mercantil adventure was to go awry; that this or that evil was to come! You would hav no heart for the smile and laughter and sunshine of to-day, glad and bright though it might be, if you were overshadowed with the cloud of a certain misfortune that was to come on the morrow.—*Savage.*

CHRISTIANS say to me, "What do you propose to giv us in the place of Christianity?" I hav not torn the good down. I hav only endeavored to trample out the ignorant, cruel fires of hell. I do not tear away the passage, "God will be merciful to the merciful." I do not destroy the promis, "If you will forgiv others, God will forgiv you." I would not for anything blot out the faintest star that shines in the horizon of human despair, nor in the sky of human hope; but I will do what I can to get that infinit shadow out of the heart of man. "What do you propose in the place of this?" Well, in the first place I propose good fellowship—good friends all around. No matter what we believe, shake hands and let it go. That is your opinion, this is mine; let us be friends. Science makes friends; religion, superstition, makes enemies. They say belief is important. I say, No, actions are important. Judge by deed, not by creed. Good fellowship, good friends, sincere men and women, mutual forbearance, born of mutual respect.—*R. G. Ingersoll.*

LIFE is a battle, and it is by fighting that we acquire the power to fight; it is by marching that we become inured to the exposure, toil, weariness, and want of the march. We could not now sally out and take a long campaign. But we soon get used to it, and the soldiers after the campaign are so in love with the open air that they cannot sleep in a bed. So it is wrestling with fate; we make it our tributary, our companion, our friend, and extract from it the blessing it would fain withhold. How much there is in that Old Testament legend of the patriarch wrestling at midnight with his unseen foe! He cries, "I will not let thee go until thou bless me!" And he gets the blessing! —*Frothingham.*

THE tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity.
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
—*Shakspere's Othello.*

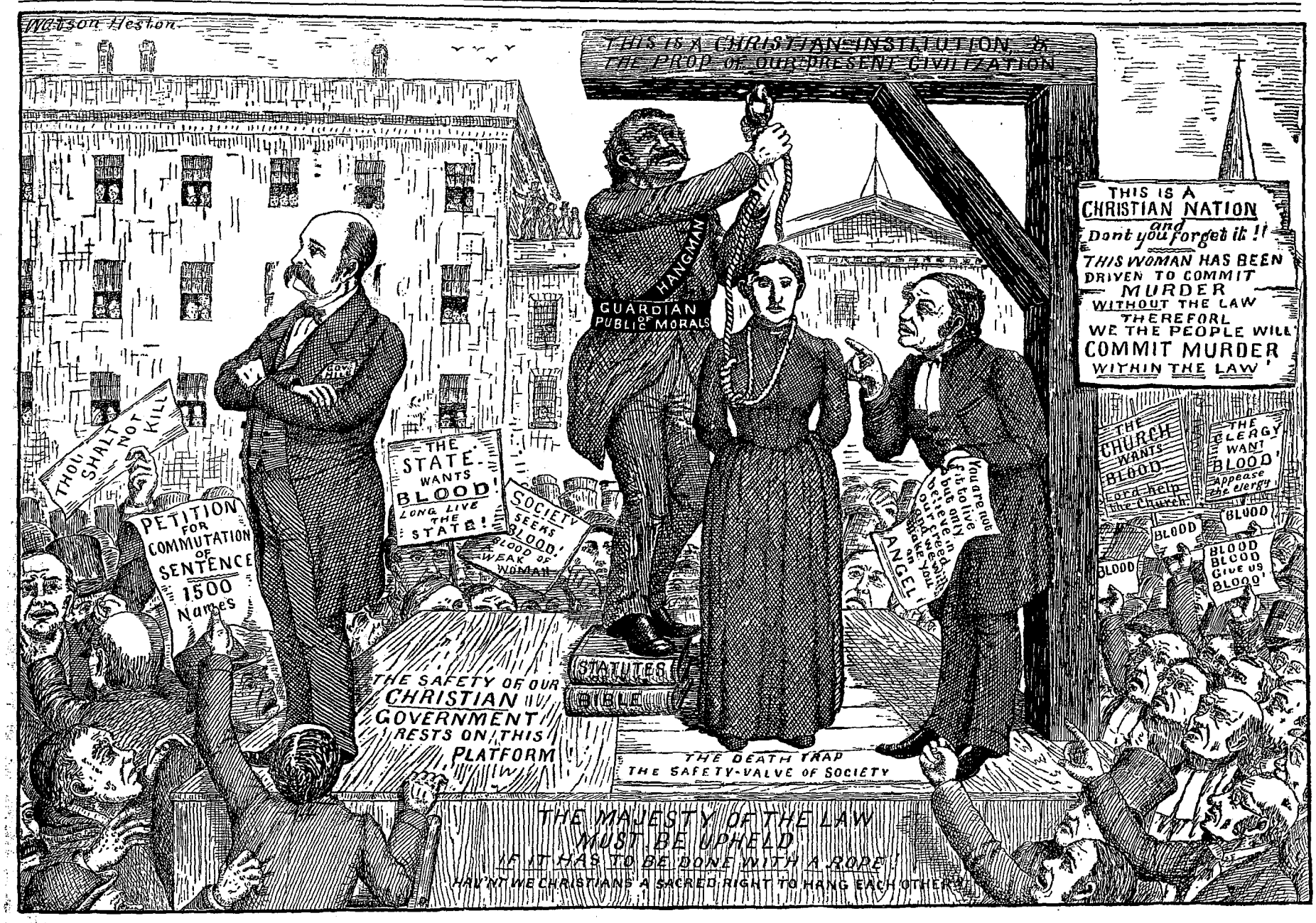
THERE are men who hav no theory about God, who deny that they hav any consciousness of him, who are in much closer and sweeter and more vital relations with him than some who can produce him, as if he were a pocket-piece, on all occasions, and rattle off his attributes as if they knew the whole contents of his infinitnde of being.—*Chadwick.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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## THE GIBBET AS AN ENGINE OF REFORM.

The ignorant offspring of church and state must suffer for the shortcomings of its parents.

## Notes and Clippings.

THE Rev. Heber Newton expressed the opinion in a recent sermon that "woman is inevitably destined ere long to receive the franchise through successiv stages."

EX-GOV. HOADLEY, of Ohio, is expected to come to New York to liv, having formed a law partnership here. Being a Freethinker, Governor Hoadley should at once join the Manhattan Liberal Club.

A NUMBER of Catholic cardinals took steamer from this port for Rome last Saturday. Among them were Gibbons, of Baltimore, and Taschereau, of Montreal. These two worthies will be decorated with red hats by the pope.

IT is not an extravagant estimate that there are five hundred hypocrits, impostors, and cranks of both sexes getting a living by acting as temperance lecturers, evangelists, etc., in the United States and Canada.—*Christian Advocate.*

A LEADING Baptist minister in Richmond, Va., has received a letter from Boston, signed H. F. Steadman, asking the ministers of Richmond and the South to pray especially for Boston, which is represented as being in an unprecedented condition of wickedness.

COLORED worshiper: "Mistah Clarence, wasn't dem patriarchs of old de mos' forgetfullest men you ebber knowed of?" Mr. C.: "How so, Mr. Johnson?" Mr. J.: "Why, I heerd de preacher at my house ob worship read out de good book time an' time again, how Abraham he ferget Isaac, an' Isaac he ferget Jacob, and Jacob he ferget a whole lot moah. 'Pears like dem patriarchs couldn't 'member anybody."—*Pittsburgh Bulletin.*

THE high hats worn by women having been much complained of by New York theatergoers, the ladies, hav begun leaving their head-gear in the dressing-room. They wear the same hats to church, but no complaint has as yet come from that quarter.

A COMMITTEE appointed by the National Woman Suffrage Association called on the president on the 28th ult., and presented a memorial asking him to veto the Edmunds bill or the Tucker substitute therefor, whichever shall pass Congress, proposing to disfranchise non-polygamous women of Utah. The president said that he would giv the memorial his careful consideration.

A WOMAN in Bridgeport, Conn., complains that her husband, who is a member of the Salvation Army, makes her life miserable around the house by too much praying and singing and assaults upon her and the children, because they do not believe in his religious methods. It is enough to make a man lose his hold on all the religion he has to be compelled to break off abruptly in the middle of a prayer or a hymn to hammer his wife and children because they do not join in the worship.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* notes that "in the last number of *Tydschrift* a 'Diary of a Boer in the Kafir Commando' is published. We extract two consecutiv entries: 'Sunday, February 23d. No Kafirs in sight. Held divine service. Prayer-meeting at night—a blessed time. Monday, February 24th. Saw Kafirs on the hills. Commando went out and shot thirty-four, besides a number that got away wounded. Thanksgiving service in the evening on return to camp. Sang Psalm 107, and went on sentry. Shot two Kafirs.'"

A CHUNK of a boy asked a New York ticket seller for a half-fare ticket the other day. "How old are you?" asked the ticket seller. "Ten years old," said the boy. "When were you born?" asked the railroad man. "Ten years ago," said the young Yankee. He got his half-fare ticket.

CONCERNING Mr. Henry George's doctrins which he claims to derive from Moses the Rev. Henry Brann says: "George's theory of the nature of property is taken from the German Atheist Fichte; 'the naturalization of land' is from the English skeptic Herbert Spencer, and the 'unearned increment' theory from another English skeptic, John Stuart Mill."

REPORT says: "A theatrical company is to be put on the road, with the approval of the Roman Catholic church, to collect a fund for the relief of the creditors of the late Archbishop Purcell. The company will not do business during Lent." It is cheering to know that the company will keep Lent. In this respect it will resemble the money placed in the defunct archbishop's hands.

THE town council of Paris has lately opened several night shelters, each of which has accommodation for several hundred outcasts. When applicants arrive at these homes, where they may remain several days at a time, they get a thorough overhauling in a bath, and are then given a fresh outfit and a bowl of soup. There are three other night refuges belonging in the Œuvre de l'Hospitalité de Nuit, established in 1878. This work is kept up by voluntary contributions. It receives cast-off clothing, bread, and all sorts of crumbs from rich men's tables for distribution. In addition to providing nightly lodging for the miserable, it receives the convalescent from hospitals, and finds places for those who are willing to work. Last year it received 60,000 homeless creatures, many of whom remained for several consecutiv nights. Of these 50,000 were French, 3,221 German, 2,112 Belgian, 890 Swiss, 602 Italian, and 70 English. Over 76,000 pieces of bread and 15,000 bowls of soup, or other rations, were served, and 15,000 articles of clothing distributed. The total expense was $350,000.

THE Bismarck *Tribune* describes the picturesque appearance of a train that recently reached there after a tussle with a blizzard. "The most interesting sight of all," it says, "was the white-capped snow-plow which came just ahead of the train. The plow was loaded with several tons of pure white material, and the engin was a gigantic moving icicle, of curious shapes and exquisit beauty. The drive-wheels, the boiler, the bell, and the smokestack were handsomely slated with ice and snow, and the cab was a perfect little crystal palace."

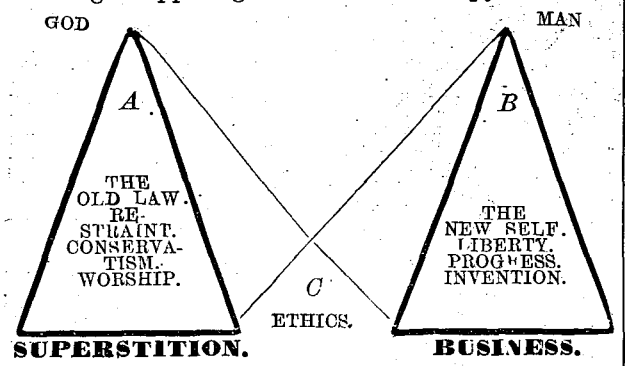
AT a large meeting of Dr. McGlynn's friends held in this city last Sunday night Henry George said, "If priests must be pulled like puppets by an irresponsible power, then I say that that kind of Catholicism is a menace to free institutions." Mr. George has been a long time getting around to this view. At the next outlook he takes he will see that priests always hav been puppets in the hands of higher authorities, and always will be. If Mr. George was less in love with himself and his own theories, he might see a little beyond the length of his own nose.

# Communications.

## Ethics.*

Ethics includes the various efforts made by thoughtful men to reduce the views of mankind concerning right and wrong to a system or a moral science—a self-consistent department of philosophy. I hav arrived at the conclusion that this cannot be done, and that ethics or morals will, with the progress of thought, be consigned to the same limbo that abolished and obsolete studies, as alchemy, astrology, sorcery, divination, incantation, spells, charms, witchcraft, and prayers, hav been, or will be. For morals are but the study of interests whose relations to pure selfishness hav become obscured, and with the restoration of these self-relations they will cease to be morals, and will be studied as mere phases of self-interest, all of whose motivs and reasons are known.

The following diagram will assist in explaining why ethics or morals will disappear from the thought of the individual and of the race. First applying it to the individual man: He enters on the stage of life led by his parents, who supply him with a sort of code for his infancy, which we will express by the pyramid *A*. He then goes on into life and builds up an efficient character and personality of his own, which we will express by pyramid *B*. If we suppose each of these pyramids to be capable of casting a shadow toward the other, that will express the degree in which the precepts we inherit from our parents and the lives we develop seek to influence each other. There will thus grow up between the two a third pyramid which is wholly made by the crossing of opposing shadows. This is pyramid *C*.




Let *A* represent our inherited code of parental influence, *B* our personal lives, *C* will represent the degree in which each seeks to modify the other. For instance, *A* opens life for us with the precept, "Obey your parents." As our lives develop (*B*), we substitute the maxim, Obey your own intelligence, or interest—in short, go as you please. But each of these influences, casting its shadow toward the other, results in a third or mixed command, viz., Obey your parents so far as your own intelligent sense of your and their well-being will permit, *i. e.*, obey yourself. The first canon, *A*, is the precept of blind infancy, and promotes the infant's welfare for a time. The sccoud, *B*, rises up into independence of the first but is essential to the adult's welfare within certain limits. The third, *C*, is the result of the union of *A* and *B*, and is ethics. It says, harmonize the obedience due to your parents with the obedience due to your own selfhood and sense of justice—in short, straddle.

But as the supreme court which is to administer this rule as between you and your parents is your own supreme court or conscience, and not theirs, it rests with your judgment finally to determin, so far as such determination is essential to the guidance of your own conduct, when your parents' interests are equitably harmonized with yours. Hence, after all, the rule, Obey your parents, on close analysis is eliminated, and the rule that survives is, Obey yourself—as intelligently as you may, of course, but, whether more or less intelligently, it is, Obey yourself. The necessity of this change of ethics in our advance out of youth into maturity is represented by most nations by a definit line called the period of majority.

Take another parental rule—love your brother. If you've got two apples, giv him the bigger one, and run your chance of thereby securing the bigger one next time, when he has the two apples. Out of this we grow, as we begin to liv our own free lives, into the rule—first, "Keep the bigger apple yourself;" then "Keep both apples, but giv your brother a piece out of the larger;" then "Keep both and reflect whether your brother deserves a piece out of the smaller one or not," until finally the rule becomes, "Barrel up all your apples, you'll need them next winter." The first is the rule *A*, of the infant or dependent organism. The third is the rule *C*, of the P. I. G., or perfectly independent gentleman, *alias* the capitalist, relativly to whom the brother, whose fitness to survive depends on his alacrity to serve, is styled labor or the proletariat. Now, if we let the shadow from the rule of dependent life *A* cross the shadow thrown by the rule of independent life *C*, there results a third rule, which, in fact, is an impossible rule, and a juggle called the ethical rule, or *B*, which says: "Giv your brother the apple, provided that if you were in his circumstances and he in yours you would wish him to giv you the apple"—a metaphysical set of conditions which can never be actually supplied. Hence the rule becomes a mere implement to aid in begging; something that is freely quoted by those who want to get something for nothing, and quietly ignored by all who are not prepared to giv something for nothing.

This third rule—called by those who make a living out of the net profits obtainable by begging under it the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as ye would that men should do unto you"—is useful only as a begging machine in helping the parasitic classes—priests, nuns, ministers, and professional reformers—to liv upon the productiv—viz., the farmers, merchants, and manufacturers. As we advance in life, and in our knowledge of the economic laws that govern society, we discover that the money which does most good is that which we keep reserved from immediate consumption, productivly invested; and that which does least good is what we giv away to professional beggars of every sort, and to organized hierarchies, formed for securing pretended salvation from imaginary ills, and pseudo-reform of imaginary evils, which hierarchies really liv on the profits of systematic beggary. Of course I do not include among these hierarchies of holy beggars any churches which deserve to be classed as amusements, or as sources of instruction about matters which lie within the domain of human knowledge. There are a few such, and they are generally distinguishable by the fact that their gate fees are sufficient to keep them running without much intimidation or superstitious imposition.

Morals or ethics in the infancy, both of the individual and the race, consist chiefly in repressiv rules, framed by the adults to promote their own convenience, and all aim at subjugation—"Obey," keep still, don't whisper aloud, don't wink, don't doubt, don't laugh, don't steal—a very comprehensiv maxim for a child, or slave, who is of the age, or in the condition wherein nothing belongs to him; don't sing, don't scratch the paint, don't make a noise going up and down stairs, don't tease the cat, or kiss the girls, or let out the birds, or upset the ink, or leave the door open. This is the decalog of infancy. Under it the only good boy is the sick boy; hence the maxims: "The good die young;" "The worse the boy the better the man," and "The devil looks out for his own."

It is easy to see that this early system of ethics is framed by the parents to promote their own convenience. How long it shall last depends on the despotic temper of a race. Among the Romans the child's obligation to obey lasted until his parent died, though the child might become first consul. So the wife, like the daughter, was bound to implicit perpetual obedience. She had so little ethical freedom that she was property. Pagan Rome has done what it could to impart these two precepts to Christian Rome.

But generally among civilized races the subjugativ ethics hav given place to the go-as-you-please ethics, some time between the ages of sixteen and thirty, as between the child and his parents. Then has come a formidable effort to make the child believe that though he has come to know enough to paddle his own canoe through this world, yet it is a very serious thing to face the issues of the world to come, and for that he needs a priest. The assumption is of course that the priest knows something about the next world which other persons do not—an assumption which every intelligent priest knows to be false as to himself, but is able to preserve his sincerity in most cases by nourishing the slender delusion that some priest of higher rank or earlier date knows more than he. But to all in whose minds this assumption can be made to prevail a second period of subjugation and tutelage is preached in the effort to hold the human mind under the domination of the class of men who make their living by teaching what they don't know in the interests of virtue.

Let us now transfer to the race that analysis of ethics which we hav been applying to the individual. Every generation of men is born into the world surrounded by an atmosphere of superincumbent human experiences, errors, truths, traditions, impositions, suppositions, poetic analogies, and moral monstrosities, which profess to be the lesson of all the past to the youthful present.

Around the cradle of each generation await three magi—the priest, the man of business, and the philosopher. The priest brings to him a kaleidoscope, a rattlebox, and a string of beads, and says to him, Here is ample provision for your whole nature. By looking into this kaleidoscope you see the glories of heaven. By turning this rattlebox you produce the harmony of the spheres; by counting these beads, every time a bead is dropped a sin is forgiven. The man of business brings a hoe, a loom, and a pen, and says, I call you to honest toilful work. Every time you turn over a sod you giv bread to the hungry; every time you speed the shuttle you clothe the naked; every time you touch the pen you are inspired anew. The philosopher says to him: I bring you only sadness. I can only show you that the priest's glories of heaven are bits of broken glass, that his music of the spheres is the striking of one chip on another, and that his pretended forgivness of sins is itself a sin against nature, for which, poor priest! no soul has so much need to be forgiven as his own. All that I can offer you is the solitude that comes to the wise, the sadness that attends the pure, the persecution that is due to the kind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* By VAN BUREN DENSLOW.

## Land Ownership.

The controversy lately arising between Mr. Henry George and certain dignitaries of the church is a very interesting one, but with which I hav no intention of meddling. It is, however, a matter of prime importance to know by what method the main question is to be determined, whether by an appeal to divine, human, or natural law.

The great difficulty of determining the matter by assumed divine authority or dogma occurs in the necessity of first deciding what is divine authority upon the subject; for the proper ownership of the land is not simply a Jewish, Mohammedan, or Christian interest; but a human one. Even if it were purely Christian, its decision by Christian authority could be binding only on those who accepted the authority, and could hav no further application. Now, the Christian religion, divided into many sects, orthodox and heretical, does not embrace one quarter of the inhabitants of the globe, not to deduct the great numbers of those in Christian communities who utterly deny and reject the church and the oracles she holds most sacred.

The Mohammedans constitute a still smaller propertion, and the Jews not a one-hundredth part of the population of the earth. Even if we consider these all as a unit, as accepting the Mosaic law, they would still constitute a minority. It is well-known, however, that only the Jews giv more than a very qualified acceptance to Moses's teachings, to say nothing of that large percentage of the intelligence of so-called Christian nations which repudiates wholly the idea of their divine origin.

For all practical purposes, then, and in any general application of a principle, the conception of a law of land ownership, as proceeding from a source specially divine, must prove barren of any salutary result to human well-being, except as such divine intent is manifested through nature and her unerring operations.

For those, however, who look upon the laws of Moses as the "word of God," there can be no excuse for their refusing to accept as conclusiv his wise provision for the holding and periodical redistribution of the land. "The land shall not be sold forever, for the land is mine and ye are sojourners with me," is clearly the Jewish or Mosaic law, whether we regard it as truly divine or merely human. This is not and cannot be denied. And, although no passage in the New Testament expressly recognizes such a law, it virtually teaches that all nations of men are made of one blood to dwell on all the face of the earth. The tradition of the church in all ages has been, "The earth he hath given to the children of men," and then all men are tenants in common. Whether the earth has been cursed or blessed does not affect the fact of the gift. It holds good just the same. It is also worthy of observation that monopolizers of the land are quite willing to accept it subject to the curse, the church not less than state corporations.

I hav said all this, not with the desire or purpose of entering into any theological controversy, but merely to make clear the distinction between "property in land" and property in other things or commodities, which are, and hav been, universally admitted to be property in all time and among all people.

It is by failing to recognize this important difference that these theologians run into the error of confounding the generally recognized "rights of property" with the ownership of land. And their courteous and able opponent, it seems to me, fails equally to comprehend the distinction; for while they infer that property in land must be made absolute, or the principle of property itself be sacrificed, he assumes substantially the same ground, and argues that private property in land cannot rightfully exist at all, since the land is not the product of labor, but the "gift of God," or the "bounty of Nature."

To this point where "opposits meet," I address myself. John Locke stated a universal principle, in perfect accord with all rational utterances of the ages: "The earth and all that is therein is given to men [not necessarily by any anthropomorphic God] for the support and comfort of their being." I know of no dissent from this proposition on the part of any statesman or divine, philosopher or economist. As a necessary deduction from this proposition the following conclusions appear as legitimately drawn in respect to private right:

1. The individual must hav property (ownership) of the land and in the things it contains and in the forces it embraces. But

2. The individual must not hav (absolute) property in them to the exclusion of others. This covers the whole ground, and obviates all disputation as to the nature of property in land as contrasted with property in movables. With regard to chattels there can be no doubt that property rights depend upon the principle that they are the products of one's labor; but it is equally true that labor produces nothing until it is "joined to the land," or to something grown from or derived from the land. Now, if labor has not first property in these, *i.e.*, a right of occupancy, how can it hav in the resultant production? for his labor has not created, but only effected change in the raw material.

If, on the other hand, the land is the property of the state, in any absolute sense, does the state then part with the property when the worker has wrought it into other forms? And if so, what does property in the state amount to? If we mean merely that the state is charged to see that equity is observed in its apportionment and use, it is a harmless thing and can work wrong to none. If we mean, however, that such property is absolute (and if not absolute, why must private property be so?), then the state can transfer it to individuals, and so a system of monopoly, like the one we hav, necessarily results. For wherever commercial monopoly of the land exists, the state has already parted with its property. In this country this is particularly true, most of the private titles being directly traceable to the general government. How land, once the property of the state, and which has been transferred by the state to the individual, can be again "nationalized," is a matter of law in which Mr. George has not deigned to instruct us. "Eminent domain" is precisely absolute property, and this is what the state has parted with, if anything. It may be said that the land was the property of the state to be "let," not "sold," to the individual to the exclusion of others. But the effect of letting and of selling land is precisely the same as to the effecting of all the powers of eviction, absenteeism, and rack-rent, which betray the unjust and immoral tendencies of exclusiv private ownership. Letting is merely selling for a specified term.

In England, where the allodial form of ownership has never obtained, and where all land-holders are traditionally tenants of the state, the vices of landlordism hav been developed to the direst extremes. Nationalization of the land there would be simply for the nation to resume the management of its estate, and to require all tenants to account directly to the government. But this could giv the people no guarantee that the same course would not be run over again, or that the same extremes of wealth and poverty would not be perpetuated. Such action might possibly be tolerated by a people with such traditions, but it would be wholly incompatible with our popular traditions, our land system, and our form of government.

It is evident that this confusion of thought in respect to private ownership of land arises from the failure to comprehend the true nature of property. The ownership over movables approaches the absolute, for the man can carry them with him and personally control their use. And yet the right of property in them relates to the service rendered by exertion and sacrifice through which they hav been made fit for human uses, rather than to the materials of which they are composed. For it is not the salts and gases composing the food, rainment, or shelter, in which the property inheres; for these exist in nature, plentiful as the air, earth, or water. It is the particular form and adaptation to use which our labor has effected, over which we exercise the right of property; for when the food or clothing is consumed these elements go back to nature and disappear as property. Our dominion ends even over the elements composing our physical structure when their uses in that structure hav been subserved. Nature exacts the strictest return of every particle of matter she has yielded to our control. She recognizes no title "forever" in any thing whatever.

With the land we hav the elements and forces of nature in a raw state, and our title to property in them depends primarily on occupancy alone. Hence, all our laws respecting dominion over the land are wholly arbitrary and invasiv, without rational, ethical, or economical justification, except in so far as they define and enforce the natural law of ownership depending on occupation.

In his renowned 45th chapter, Gibbon, in stating how the development of the Roman civil law arose, givs the general principle of property in land. He says: "The original right of property can only be justified by the accident or merit of prior occupancy." It is plain that this is not only the original but the sole justification of private property in land. Without prior occupation no application of labor can be made, and no right to the land, or to anything connected with it, or produced from it, can be exercised or enjoyed.

This, then, is the natural law in regard to land ownership. Surely we would be scarcely justified in assuming that either Archbishop Corrigan or Cardinal Manning is ignorant of the well-known fact that commercial property in land is comparativly a modern institution, and even now confined to a few western nations. It is true that in a certain way it was permitted by the Roman civil law, but the spirit of that law was consistent with, not opposed to, the "agrarian laws," the very constitution of the state requiring that every citizen should be a land-holder, and every land-holder a citizen. The *Dominium*, which corresponded to the German *Allod*, and to our absolute ownership, originally extended only to the *domicilium*, that which was occupied as the home.

Traffic in slaves, greatly multiplied by Rome's aggressiv wars, called for the extension of the dominion of the patricians, on which to place their human chattels, and thus the absolute power, at first exercised alone over the sacred precincts of Rome, was extended over wide demesnes, and ultimately became matter of transfer and sale, until the whole territory of imperial Rome was swallowed up by large proprietors, and occupied by numberless slaves, to the exclusion of the exploited and evicted citizens. It was not, as vulgarly believed, the agrarian laws which endangered and finally ruined the Roman civilization, but the suppression of those laws and the triumph of a spurious principle of property, which at last violated all property rights, whatever.

It is not probable that either of these divines would deem the abolition of slavery as an attack upon any just system of property, and yet a generation has scarce passed since numerous doctors of divinity denounced the antislavery agitation as dangerous meddling with "the sacred rights of property," to question which they held to be treason to the state, and blasphemy against an institution of divine origin. We must conclude that it is the garish light of scholastic learning which causes these educated men to overlook the dangerous precipices toward which commercial monopoly of the land is drifting; the laying of tribute upon labor by a wholly useless class; the "rack-rent," "eviction," disinheritance and murder, scarcely disguised; and the inevitable reprisals which must follow—agrarian crimes, rebellions, assassinations. Will they never ask themselvs whether any true principle of property can involve such robbery, such mockery of justice, such national degradation and general ruin?

Absolute property in land givs to one man dominion over the inheritance of thousands, carrying with it virtually the power over life and death, liberty and slavery. "Occupying ownership," or possessory property, givs only to the worker security of title in possession to such land or goods as his labor has been joined to, while leaving to all others similar opportunity. This is the natural and equitable law. No divine law can differ from it, and all human laws should conform to it. J. K. INGALLS.

## Why Am I Not a Christian?

A REPLY TO THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

GENTLEMEN: You will permit me to thank you for your card, asking why I am not a Christian. And in my reply I shall endeavor to treat the subject fairly. Religion is a matter of policy, locality, and education. And of the thousand religions you hav selected your religion for the reason that you hav been educated to believe it the best. But while you believe it the best, I believe it the worst; for it is heaven or hell for everybody, and almost everybody for hell. Now, I don't like such a religion as that.

And if any of your mothers hav died, and they were unbelievers, according to the creed of your church they are now in hell, and whilst they are weeping and wailing it is your duty to love and praise the one who sent them to that place of eternal agony and pain. You may like such a religion, but I do not. There is no evidence that Mary, the mother of Christ, believed, or ever said, that her son was the son of God and, if she did believe that he was the son of God, she would hav been quite apt to say so, and if she did say so, the fact ought to hav been recorded, for her opinion on that subject ought to hav been as good or better than the opinion of others. Now, if she died with doubts as to who was the real father of her son, according to the Bible she is now in hell. I do not believe that Christ would damn his own mother, nor do I believe that you ought to love a God that has damned your mother. I hate such a religion as that.

Truth cannot contradict itself. The Bible is filled with contradictions; therefore it cannot be true. Your religion is founded on the Bible and the belief that it is God's word, but you differ in your opinions as to its real meaning—that is, you cannot understand the book. And you say that God knows everything and can do everything; then he knew that you could not understand, and did not want you to understand, or he would hav made the book so that you could understand, or else he had nothing to do with its making. It is either the one or the other, and you can take your choice.

A God that could make a universe, with its worlds and millions of stars so perfect as not to clash one with the other, ought to hav been able to make just one little book that would not so clash with itself as to make one a Presbyterian, another a Unitarian, and another one a Universalist, and then damn the Unitarian and the Universalist for not having been Presbyterians. Gentlemen, on your card you giv me several Bible passages, and I will now giv you one: "The fear of the Lord prolongeth days: but the days of the wicked shall be shortened" (Prov. xix, 2). Now, I do not fear the Lord; for if there is a God I do not believe him to be one-half so bad as the Bible represents him to be, and yet I hav beaten you, who fear him, in the record of life, for I hav lived longer than most of you will liv; for, instead of my days having been shortened, I hav lived within a few days of the age of three score and ten—the full age allowed to man. Besides, by your authority, I hav proved that I am not a wicked man, for my days hav not been shortened. Now, if I am not wicked, why should I be damned?

Christ never hurt anybody in this world, but you think that he will not object to seeing almost everybody burnt in the next world. He never kept Sunday as a holy day, believing, like Paul, that all days were alike, and I agree with him in that, but you are against him. And you want to know why I am not a Christian. Christ was a friend to the poor, and I sometimes hav given a little. Let me giv a little item, clipped from one of our village papers. And when you read it, if you feel like it, you can send me another card and ask why I am not a Christian:

M. Babcock's Christmas tree this year bore the sunny fruit of charity in the shape of envelopes containing five-dollar bills for several poor widows of St. John's, and several dollars for poor boys. Mr. Babcock's theology isn't up to the orthodox standard, but when it comes to the solid religion of clothing the widow and feeding the orphan his record outshines that of many who, neglecting to scatter sunshine in the paths of their less favored fellow-mortals, hope to mount to joys celestial on the clipped wings of creed and dogma.

Now, you see, I did not giv much nor giv because I am so very fond of giving, but I thought it might suit Christ just as well to see me giv a little as it would to see me on my knees, or to see me paying a minister for praying and asking God to feed them. And if it suits him it will be cheaper for me, and it may be that it will be just as well for the widows. I hav given more than two hundred dollars to the clergy and the church, and yet they insist that I ought to be damned if I will not believe the Bible to be God's word. So I hav stopped giving to the church, and wish to find a cheaper way of being saved than by the way of the church.

Now, let me giv an extract from a letter of thanks which I received, and I only giv it as a means of showing how much good a little gift may do, and how much better it was to giv as I did than to giv to the church. The writer says that she received a paper—it wasn't a Christmas present, for after getting the paper she said that she and her children had a spell of crying. So I infer that the paper was a Christmas notice to pay her rent or get out of the house. She writes: "I thank you for your kind and generous present. On Friday I had been given a paper, and then we had a spell of crying. Susie was taken sick, and when Johnnie came home she was asleep. When Johnnie gave me the envelope I could hardly believe what I read—'Five dollars from Santa Claus.' And when I took from it the new five-dollar bill I knew I was not dreaming. In our great joy we awoke Susie to tell her the good news. I shall save the money to commence my rent somewhere else, and I am thankful to think it will keep a roof over our heads for five weeks. To-day I think the sun has shone with a softer light than it ever did before, and I think, too, the Lord made you his agent to help us in our distress. May he reward you a hundredfold!"

Now, gentlemen, I hav some doubts as to the propriety of publishing these items, but when you ask why am I not a Christian, I must say something. I want you to work a little more humanity into your religion, and treat Christ with more respect than to believe that he will damn any man for his honest opinons. But you say that I was born a sinner. Well, I am not to blame for that any more than a black man is to blame for having been born black. And it would be just as reasonable to damn him for his color as to damn me for having been born a sinner.

This poor woman, you will notice, thinks that I am an agent of the Lord. Well, if I work for God and furnish my own money and do just what he wants me to do, and charge nothing for my work, I don't believe that he will ever damn such an agent. The fact is, if there is a God, and if Christ ever lived, I hav a better opinion of them than you hav. You hav my kindest regards and best wishes. M. BABCOCK.

*St. John's, Mich.*, Jan. 20, 1887.

## How Would the "Rogue's March" Answer?

*From the Central Presbyterian.*

In one of the Richmond churches we heard last Sunday one of the most touching and earnest appeals to the sinner we ever listened to—and what thereupon followed? A hymn was sung, the benediction pronounced, and then the musicians in the gallery struck up in the briskest and loudest strains a quick-step march from a popular opera, and so sent the congregation almost dancing out of the church.

SEND to THE TRUTH SEEKER office for a catalog of the books we hav for sale. The catalog is free.

# The American Secular Union.

## Second Statement of Treasurer.

RECEIPTS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1886. | | |
| Dec. 31. | Reported receipts | $164 75 |
| 1887. | | |
| Jan. 3. | Dr. E. B. Foote, Sr., per. S. P. Putnam | 100 00 |
| " 6. | Courtlandt Palmer, per Treas | 50 00 |
| " | John A. Kemple, per *Investigator* | 3 00 |
| " 14. | Chas Eckhard, for Watson Heston | 5 00 |
| " | L. Walfesse, and others, per S. P. Putnam | 20 00 |
| " | Converse Close, " " " | 1 00 |
| " | Pittsburgh Secular Union, " " " | 13 00 |
| " | Mrs. Jane Douthitt, " " " | 5 00 |
| " | L. W. Wicks, " " " | 1 00 |
| " | H. H. Timby, " " " | 1 00 |
| " | Kent Secular Union, " " " | 15 00 |
| " 20. | Columbus Secular Union (Charter), per T. S. | 5 00 |
| " 25. | Dr. John Collins, " " | 5 00 |
| " | Columbus Secular Union, per S. P. Putnam, | 25 00 |
| " | J. Newham, " " " | 1 00 |
| " | Kent Secular Union, " " " | 10 00 |
| " | R. G. Smith, " " " | 5 00 |
| " | Alliance, " " " | 7 81 |
| " | Akron, " " " | 8 75 |
| " | Mechanicsburgh, " " " | 15 00 |
| " 28. | Ithamar Eddy, " " " | 1 00 |
| " | Rome City, " " " | 2 00 |
| " | S. W. Devenbough, " " " | 10 00 |
| " | Linesville L. L., per G. W. Baldwin | 25 00 |
| " | Capt. Nelson Smith, per TRUTH SEEKER | 1 00 |
| " | Henry Aller, " " " | 2 00 |
| " | Henry Beichling, " " " | 1 00 |
| " | Frank Schumman, " " " | 1 00 |
| " | Elisha Hyatt, " " " | 1 00 |
| " | Jos. Schuhart, " " " | 1 00 |
| " | F. C. Scharnhart, " " " | 50 |
| " | D. W. Whitney, " " " | 1 00 |
| " | D. Buckingham, " " " | 1 00 |
| " | F. Partugal, " " " | 1 50 |
| " | Newton Whitehead, " " " | 2 00 |
| " | Otis C. Jillson, " " " | 1 75 |
| " | H. D. Goodall, " " " | 10 00 |
| Total receipts | | 524 06 |

DISBURSEMENTS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Reported disbursements, Dec. 31, 1886, per Treas | | $105 40 |
| 1887. | | |
| Jan. 2. | S. P. Putnam, per Treas | 25 00 |
| " 3. | " " " | 25 00 |
| " 3. | " " " | 100 00 |
| " 7. | D. A Blodgett, " | 50 00 |
| " 14. | Watson Heston, " | 5 00 |
| " | S. P. Putnam, " | 56 00 |
| " 15. | Peter Eckler, per Putnam | 10 00 |
| " 25. | S. P. Putnam, per Treas | 72 56 |
| " 26. | Chas. H. Johnson, per Treas | 5 00 |
| " 29. | S. P. Putnam, per Treas | 38 00 |
| " 31. | T. S., per Treas., stattonery and postage | 10 00 |
| " | D. L. Scott-Browne, per Treas | 1 95 |
| Total disbursements | | 503 91 |

*Jan.* 31, 1887. CHAS. ECKHARD, Treas.

## News and Notes.

Rome City, Ind., is a village of about six hundred inhabitants. I was met at the station by our friend Ithamar Eddy, in the midst of a driving rain, and went with him to his home, about four miles in the country, where I had a good Saturday night's rest. Rome City is quite a summer resort. From thirty to fifty thousand people come here on pleasant Sundays from every direction. Forty excursion trains break the Sabbath day, but nothing is said, since it is for the "benefit of clergy." When ministers can make anything by Sunday violation, they are perfectly willing to undertake the job. The buildings connected with the island, river, park, etc., are owned by the railroad company, but are given for use to any parties who desire to get up attractions, and the Methodist clergymen are ready to avail themselvs of this opportunity for a "religious racket" and big excursions and big gate-money. Twenty-five cents admission to every poor pilgrim who wants to hear the gospel of this "summer-land." Talmage, Sam Jones, Bill Nye, and other notorieties hav been here under the auspices of the church, and enormous crowds hav attended. The clergy are up to a trick or two worthy of Barnum himself. For an advertising dodge, giv me a few Methodist elders. They put their work in fine, Sabbath days and all. It was announced that a man would ride a bicycle on the lake, thus emulating in modern style the miracle of Jesus, for to ride in a bicycle over the water is certainly as difficult a peregrination as to walk. Thousands came to see the wondrous spectacle. Of course they had to listen to a round of sermons before the marvel appeared—and what was the marvel? Simply a contrivance by which a bicycle was put upon a small flatboat and used as an instrument for paddling—a very ordinary sort of humbug. And I guess all Christian miracles would pan out just the same way if exploited in the light of the nineteenth century. Of course the whole affair was a transparent fiction, a lying for the glory of God, but it brought money, and the ministers waxed fat, and no doubt laughed in one another's faces at the gullibility of the people and rejoiced in their devout cunning.

It is proposed to hav a Freethought convention here some time, and I think it might be a grand success. There are many Liberals in Noble and adjacent counties, and, in fact, throughout northern Indiana. It is easy of access from all parts, railroad connections are good, and I believe that on some bright summer's day we could gather an immense number; but I should want to hav the clerk of the weather thoroughly on our side and furnish a first-class holiday, all jeweled with blue skies and silver, fleecy clouds, and musical with soft winds, for I notice that Liberals don't like to go to meeting in mud and rain. I presume arrangements will some time be made for a grand rally of our forces at Rome City.

Sunday, January 23d, was like an April day, and rain and shine kept coming and going, and getting mixed up in marvelous fashion. When the sun was shining brightly the rain kept pouring down. It did not like to quit, but I had a full house after all. Mr. Corbin, Dr. Williams, and others are pleasant friends and good workers, and I quite enjoyed my visit to Rome City, and look forward with high hope to the future organization of our forces here.

Mr. S. W. Devenbough, whom I met at Cassadaga Congress, and who was present at the New York State Convention this year, and who is an enthusiastic and outspoken Liberal, in spite of the stormy outlook came several miles to the lecture with his wife and daughter, and I went with him to his pleasant home in Brimfield, where I spent Sunday night. Nearly thirty years ago he came to this spot, covered with the "forest primeval," and began with his ax to hew a home in the wilderness. Amid many difficulties he conquered stubborn nature, and now has one of the handsomest and best farms in the state, with elegant residence, big barn, and all the comfortable aspects of country life. Mr. and Mrs. Devenbough, like sensible Liberals who don't look forward to harp playing as a reward for this world's toil, hav enjoyed the fruits of their work in pleasure and refinement here and now—in delightful travels over Europe, California, etc.—and so I found this a model Secular family, where leisure and noble delight blend with laborious days. I was quite refreshed by its natural and enlivening hospitality. I expect on my return to see these friends again and inaugurate something of a Liberal campaign in Noble county, including Rome City, Kendallsville, Albion, Ligonier, etc.

Monday was a lovely day, and the ride to Kendallsville over the sparkling snow was invigorating and gave me good courage for the long jump eastward, three hundred miles, to the blazing camp-fires of Linesville, Pa. I feel very much like a spirit—a witch, indeed—I hav been taking so many night-rides, traversing immense and shadowy spaces, starlighted, moonlighted, or domed with impenetrable clouds. I hav been flying along, not on a broomstick, however, as I should hav had to do a hundred years ago. The Lucifer of to-day has provided much better accommodations for those who want to take a fast trip.

I did not get to Linesville until Tuesday. Meanwhile, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the fort had been held with courage and endurance by those two bright stars of the feminin persuasion, Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Reynolds, and I understand from good authority that we men were not missed a single bit; that, in fact, the women did a little better than we could hav done; and this I most potently believe. Mrs. Freeman has won golden opinions. She is a most ready speaker, good for a long discourse or for a short, brilliant speech. Her lectures are both thoughtful and sparkling, and entertain and instruct. Those who want something bright, witty, progressiv, sensible, must secure the services of this talented lady. Now that she has consented to enter the general lecture field, I hope that Liberal societies will keep her busy.

Mrs. Reynolds, brave and patient while the clouds of orthodox persecution are threatening, is doing valuable service by her earnest words, and is especially worthy of generous support now that her husband, Mr. Reynolds, is at the point of issue where the lightnings of religious hate hav the opportunity to strike with force and desolating power.

Mr. Charles Watts arrived on the noon train from Pittsburgh. His wife has just met with a serious accident—a fall from a carriage—which at one time seemed quite dangerous, and prevented Mr. Watts from fulfilling lecture engagements. At last accounts, however, Mrs. Watts was recovering. Our valiant comrade needs our hearty sympathy, for the pioneer work is severe enough if we hav health and strength. With sickness, especially of loved ones absent, the strain upon one's vitality is simply terrific.

Mr. Watts spoke with his usual impetuous and instructiv eloquence, and gave three discourses during the remaining sessions of the meeting; and so did the secretary, mainly upon the "Nine Demands of Liberalism," and the importance of organization.

I had to leave Linesville Wednesday afternoon, before the big ball came off, with the music and dancing, the yellow-legged chickens, mince pies, etc., besides the array of "fair women and brave men," and those who know the mind of the secretary will realize that he obeyed the summons to duty very unwillingly. But he must be at Waterloo, Ind., Thursday night, and delays this season of the year, with ice and thaw, are dangerous.

Mr. G. W. Baldwin, our stanch captain at Linesville, had his forces in good order, and with Mr. C. D. Thayer, our good Nestor; Mr. Butler, the chairman; Mr. Hamlin, who as usual furnished excellent music, assisted by Mr. A. M. Freeman, of Chicago, who fingered the light guitar, and Mr. Thorp Williams and sister, who made exhilarating strains, so that if we had been in a Methodist camp-meeting we should hav shouted, Glory hallelujah! Mr. D. G. Brockaway, of Farmdale; Mr. A. Morey, of Gustavus; Mrs. Dr. Bookes, of Helena, Neb.; C. B. Brooks, Mr. John Bissell, etc., altogether made our ranks full of hope and good cheer, spite of the low mutterings of the orthodox party who didn't like to see Liberals quite so contented and happy.

I expect to visit Farmdale, Ohio, on my return. There is quite a knot of Liberals here, and an effort will be made for organization. Thus the fields of labor are continually opening.

Another midnight ride, and the iron horse dashing through the blue and golden gates of morning, and I arrive at Waterloo. I am met by that indomitable pioneer, E. R. Shoemaker, who bears almost all the burden of the campaign here, but he is able to do it. However, I found other good allies, Mr. Kelly, etc., and with Mr. Shoemaker spent a few hours in seeing the friends who fall into line at the summons, and are ready to keep our banner at the front. Mr. Remsburg has already been here, and I think that Waterloo will make a good live point eventually. Without doubt there will be an organization of our Liberal forces in this place and vicinity.

I lectured in the Reformed church, as it is called. This makes two churches that I hav lectured in since I began this trip. I begin to feel quite evangelical. The droppings of the sanctuary are upon me. Times change. The Reformed church would hav burnt me once. It now givs me a comfortable reception.

Gen. Blair, of Waterloo, presided over the meeting, and with cordial remarks made the introduction of the speaker favorable.

The church was full to overflowing, although two revivals were going on at the same time. We had good music by Mr. Bergman and his band, and it was of the right sort—cheery, secular, inspiring—and this added charm helped me to giv my discourse with better effect. A considerable number of Christians were present, and listened with apparent good nature to my criticisms of the ancient faith. My subject was "Universal Mental Liberty." As by taking another midnight train I could arrive in Chicago in time for the Paine celebration, it was proposed that I giv my lecture, "The New Heaven and Earth," the next night. I left it for the audience to decide, and by a unanimous rising vote it was resolved that the second lecture should be given, so I remain over for this Friday evening, and proceed to Chicago to-night.

I am now at the farm home of Mr. Shoemaker, a beautiful place three miles out of Waterloo. Mr. and Mrs. Shoemaker and their two sons, who are at home, are intelligent Freethinkers, and it is a pleasure to be in this family, amid the broad acres, where you hav plenty of room to stir about. However, I hug the stove to-day as I write these notes, for the skies are thick with clouds, and the winds are howling with a sort of melancholy thunder, and the pine-trees are doing their level best to make one feel blue, and on the whole it looks as if we wouldn't hav a very pleasant evening for the lecture. However, the die is cast, and we must buckle on our armor. If there are but few of us, we will hav a good time—ring out the old, ring in the new—under the very roof of the church itself. To-morrow and Sunday next I shall be in Chicago; Feb. 5th and 6th, at Fort Madison, Iowa; Feb. 8th, at Belton, Mo.; Feb. 9th and 10th, at Bavaria, Kansas; Feb. 11th, 12th, and 13th, at Salina, Kansas; Feb. 14th 15th, at Brookville, Kansas. I am in hopes, if time allows, to lecture at Haven and Windom, Kansas, on my way to Fort Dodge. I expect to be at Fort Dodge on Feb. 20th; Garden City, Kansas, Feb. 21st and 22d. I find I must change my dates for Denver; I shall be there March 6th and 13th, and not Feb. 27th, as before announced. I hope to go to Greeley, Longmont, Boulder City, Central City, Colorado Springs, while in Colorado. Will friends at these places interest themselvs in this matter, and arrange for lectures. I shall be at Los Angeles, Santa Ana, Tulare, and other places in Southern California from March 13th to April 1st. During April I expect to be at San Francisco, Oakland, San Jose, etc., and in other places in California until June 1st. I shall be in Portland, Oregon, Baker City, etc., in June, and in Washington Territory in July. I want friends at these places to correspond with me at the earliest possible moment in order that I can arrange the lectures two or three months beforehand. My permanent address while en route is 750 W. Lake street, Chicago. All letters sent there will be forwarded.

SAMUEL P. PUTMAM.

*Waterloo, Ind.*, Jan 28, 1887.

S. P. PUTNAM has generously foregone his claim to nearly a thousand dollars due to him as secretary, in order that the American Secular Union may work on in the new year untrammeled by debt. Religious journals please copy.—*London Freethinker.*

## Paine Celebrations.

AT THE MANHATTAN LIBERAL CLUB.

An audience that crowded the hall to its outside limits assembled at the rooms of the Manhattan Liberal Club on the evening of the 28th, to take part in the Paine anniversary services. The regular speaker of the evening, Dr. R. G. Eccles, had kindly given way, by request, that the evening might be devoted to recalling and rendering more sacred the memory of the Author-Hero of the Revolution.

Mr. Wakeman presided. He had hoped to secure on this occasion the attendance of Dr. VanBuren Denslow, the biographer of Paine in a work called "Modern Thinkers," but Mr Denslow was unavoidably kept away.

Mr. E. W. Chamberlain, after saying that a poem which he was about to read was the grandest one ever written, gave the extracts from Miller Hagaman's poem on "Liberty," printed in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 25, 1886. This poem, as Mr. Chamberlain said, embodied the spirit of Thomas Paine's writings.

Mr. Wakeman made the address of the evening, taking the Positivistic view of Paine, and showing that it is not his mere destructiv work that constitutes his strongest claim to our respect.

Following Mr. Wakeman, there was a piano solo by Mrs. Randolph, who played an original piece, copies of which were on sale for the benefit of the Workingmen's Free Library. Professor Wessel gave a violin performance of great merit. Mrs. Hinton recited a poem, and was recalled to giv another; and Miss Russell sang two songs very sweetly. Mr. Wakeman spoke briefly, saying that there still survived in the United States two of the old-time Thomas Paine Liberals—Capt. George Loyd, of New Rochelle, N. Y., and Horace Seaver, of Boston. Captain Loyd was present in the audience. Some token should be sent from New York to Boston on this occasion, and Captain Loyd would say what that should be.

The venerable Captain Loyd told about the present tenure of the land around Paine's monument, and said further that he had cut a limb from a tree that once grew over the grave of Paine. As Mr. Wakeman was going to Boston to attend the Paine anniversary proceedings, he would send this limb to Mr. Seaver, with a suitable inscription.

Further exercises consisted of more music from Professor Wessel's violin, and a short address by Mr. Gunton, in which the latter pointed out that the way to secure the liberty which Paine advocated was to abolish poverty. Poor men could never be free men.

In his closing remarks Mr. Wakeman said that Paine had showed that poverty and suffering could be largely done away with when men should inaugurate the universal republic, the federation of the world.

Everything had passed off so smoothly and interestingly that the audience nearly forgot the flight of time, and it was at a late hour that the meeting broke up.

Friday evening, the 4th, Dr. Eccles givs his lecture on "Evolution Illustrated by a Flower."

AT THE SOCIETY OF HUMANITY.

On the evening of the 29th, there was an anniversary celebration and sociable at the parlors of the Society of Humanity, at 28 Lafayette Place. The committee having the affair in charge had decorated the rooms for the occasion and prepared a fine program. A large crayon portrait of Paine, from THE TRUTH SEEKER office, hung on the wall back of the speaker's stand, and this was surrounded by a half dozen silk copies of the Stars and Stripes, which Mr. Eckhard had bought, and which the young ladies of the committee had festooned about the picture with becoming taste. Large flags extended from the center to each side of the room, and above them all an illuminated placard bore this motto:

> The world is my Country; to do good, my Religion.

The rain fell in torrents all the afternoon and evening, which fact is here mentioned casually and not because it had anything to do with the meeting. Amid the prevailing dampness the members kept dry the powder of enthusiasm. For lecture occasions the society has borrowed the chairs which Mr. Reynolds uses in his tent, and these were nearly all filled when, at 9 o'clock, Dr. Ned Foote called the assemblage to order, and introduced Mr. Edward King, who spoke for about thirty minutes on the traits in Paine's character which made it appropriate that this society should commemorate his birth. Mr. King read extracts from many writers and historians, showing how great were the Author-Hero's services in the cause of civil liberty, and expressed a belief that Paine deserved a place in the Positivistic calendar, although Comte had not seen fit to accord him that honor. Mr. King would not attempt to eulogize Paine. Robert Ingersoll had taken that task in hand, and with his last word on the subject the force of eulogy had ceased. Nothing more could be done than to repeat the words of the great Liberal orator. Paine was constructiv as well as destructiv, and wrote his "Age of Reason" when he did in order, as he said, that, amid the general uprooting of superstition then going on, morality might be preserved. Mr. King's address contained much that was new and interesting as touching the scientific and historical value of Paine's work, and was received with hearty tokens of approval by the audience.

Colonel Ingersoll was expected to attend, and would hav liked to be there. The reason for his absence is given in the following letter:

89 5TH AVE., Jan. 29, 1887.

MY DEAR MACDONALD: Yesterday I had an operation performed on my throat. To-day I am speaking, as an Irishman would say, only in whispers. I would like to be with you honoring the memory of the man who did more for liberty than all the popes, cardinals, archbishops, bishops, priests, and clergymen that ever lived on the fears and ignorance of the human race. They were and are the friends of God, whereas Paine was the friend of man, and every man should be his friend. Yours truly, R. G. INGERSOLL.

There were recitations by Mrs. Mazenovitch and Mr. Tonks, and Mr. Reynolds made a brief and stirring address. Then the chairs were removed, the musicians took the platform, and dancing ensued. It might be deemed invidious to point out any one among so many well-meaning people as especially deserving of mention, but it would be unjust to conceal the fact that Mr. King is scarcely less graceful as a dancer than as an orator. It is intended to preserve the social feature of the occasion, and to hav social meetings at these parlors as often as practicable.

## The Catholic Church.

What! Yankeedom be but an appanage
Bestowed by the pope of Rome
On the younger son of some saintly name
Under St. Peter's dome?
Out on the old hagmalion!
The mother of scarlet knaves!
We're needing no son of *that* mother
To tread on our fathers' graves.

We're needing no high cockalorum
With pallium, surplice, and pyx,
No rosary humbugging prayer-wheels,
No dryrotting crucifix;
No masses, or vespers, or matins,
No altars, or fonts, or shrines;
No jeweled, cross-fashioned tiaras,
No cannibal food and wines.

We laugh at your saintly relics,
Your crosses and Holy Grails,
Your musty old bones of the martyrs,
Your parings of Peter's nails:
From Constantine down to Pius—
The ninth of that name I mean,
Who made the "immaculate Mary"
Not a whit less "unclean."

We're a nation of simple Yankees,
And down upon saints and such,
And if asked if we needed salvation,
We'd answer at once, "Not much!"
Away with your antique doins'!
Your rigmarole trash at Rome;
We've quite enough of the wretched stuff
Among ourselvs here at home.

As witness the muss at Andover,
Where wiseacres seek to know
The chances of soul salvation
Of the dead of the long ago.
To the souls of the Pliocene period
Some offer to giv a lift;
From that 'way back to the Simian line—
At least the "Flint Folk o' the Drift."

We've enough to do in these stirring times,
To help in the struggle of life;
To us the great question of questions:
The boss and the worker's strife.
We'd rather a million times over
Hav plenty and peace at home,
Than all of the spiritual "fixin's"
Of the Vatican at Rome.

M.

## A Story About Colonel Ingersoll.

*From the Sun.*

"I served in Col. Bob Ingersoll's command," said a veteran of the Ochiltree Club at the panorama of Bull Run this morning, "and whenever I want to hav a good laugh I recall in my mind the incidents connected with his capture in Tennessee. I hav seen somewhere a cruel paragraph to the effect that the colonel surrendered very willingly, and I want to brand that falsehood for just what it is. A braver man I never saw in five years of service. We were scattered over a good deal of territory surrounding a village at the time the colonel was taken in and cared for by the Johnnies. We were in a skirmish at the time, and the colonel was trying to get to a demoralized wing of his command. As he was passing through a series of cattle pens he was surrounded by a lot of Confederates and commanded to surrender, but he didn't do it worth a cent. He kept right on, running at breakneck speed. He was not so stout then as now, and as a pedestrian he was no slouch. The bullets were flying about him thick as hail. If he could get to another branch of his command he felt that he could rally the boys and win the fight. A number of his men saw that he was in imminent peril, and that if he didn't surrender he would be killed, and they yelled at him at the top of their voices to stop and surrender. He heeded, but I could that he did so with regret and disgust. Here is where the humor began. When the colonel stopped he threw up his hands and screamed out 'Stop firing! I'll acknowledge your —— old Confederacy!' The colonel was taken over to a store for safe keeping, and he proved to be a great curiosity. People flocked around him, listened to his stories, laughed, and declared that they were having more fun than they ever had in their lives.

"That night the colonel sat around the store till a goodly number of the rebels came in, and then he began to treat and tell yarns. Finally the crowd overflowed the place and blocked up the entrance to it. Then the colonel went outside. The boys were all feeling well under the potency of words and drinks, and every man, woman, and child within the sound his voice loved him. Directly the colonel was asked to make a speech. This was what he was working for, and a minute later he was on a box and addressing the crowd—and it was a right rough crowd, too. No lecture that great orator has ever delivered contained so much that was good in it. It fairly bubbled over with good will and the milk of human kindness. He pictured how regretfully the North took up arms against the South, reminding his hearers that they had fired the first shot in their assault upon Fort Sumter. Then he went off on slavery, placing the poor white before him in the place of the unfortunate blacks, a people with souls and all the instincts of the whites, but down-trodden for no other reason than that they were black. He pictured the scenes, when those who had held human souls in bondage were called before the judgment throne to answer for deeds done in the flesh. It was a touching appeal, and brought out streams of tears and storms of applause from the very men who had but a few hours before shot at and captured him. At the moment when the most pathetic passages in his speech were being delivered, Gen. Forrest, the Confederate cavalryman whose command had made the capture, rushed into the crowd, all aglow with excitement, but not anger, and exclaimed: 'Here, Ingersoll,' stop that speech and I'll exchange you for a Government mule.' A short time afterward Colonel Ingersoll was paroled. He was demoralizing the whole of that whole command, and would have had it revolting against its commander had he been allowed to go on for two or three days as he had on the first day."

### Another About His Dog.

Colonel Fellows is a great admirer of dogs, and doesn't hav to observe which way the tail curls to judge whether the breed is good or not. It is also easier for him to reach down and pat a good dog's head than for Commissioner Brennan. The other day a superb Irish setter stuck his nose into the colonel's hand unbewares as he stood discussing County Democracy affairs in the Hoffman. The colonel was charmed, and patted the shaggy red head, saying, "You're a fine fellow; who's your master?" The setter slowly shook his head. "He heard what I said, and he doesn't know who his master is. Did you see him shake his head?" said the colonel.

"That's Bob Ingersoll's famous Irish setter, colonel," said a gentleman.

"Ingersoll's! There you hav proof. The dog's an Agnostic, too," and the colonel patted the setter again, and with the touch of increased respect.

### A Roman Catholic Fetich.

*From the San Francisco Argonaut.*

And now, while we hav the *Examiner* in hand, we will publish an extract from its edition of July 7th. It illustrates, we think, the relation that exists between religious bigotry and political cowardice. It demonstrates the attitude which a Democratic newspaper holds to the Catholic church. We giv this wonderful item of politico-religious information, and ask intelligent Romanists to imagin how such a thing must appear to the non-religious man or the man without faith. If it is not too severe a strain, let him reflect how the average, level-headed, common-sense, Protestant-minded individual must regard such arrant nonsense as this idolatry of a piece of rotten wood, when there is not one chance in a million that the sacred splinter came from the true cross. And if it did, it is not of the least consequence in the world. Let us giv the item before we continue our criticism:

THE SAVIOR'S CROSS—THE PORTION OF IT OBTAINED BY ST. FRANCIS'S CHURCH.—A venerated treasure has been acquired by the people attending St. Francis's church, on whom the Redemptorist Fathers hav bestowed a portion of our savior's cross. Archbishop Riordan has affirmed the genuinness of the wood, which is inclosed under glass in a small silver reliquary, fastened to the wall by the side of the blessed Virgin's altar and under the large crucifix left by the missionaries at the close of their labors in the church. The holy rood upon which the Redeemer died is at the palace of the Pontiff, in Rome, and a remarkable fact recorded of it, as is attested by the faithful, is that, notwithstanding how many pieces, or splinters rather, are taken therefrom, it never diminishes.

We are glad to know that our most worthy Archbishop Riordan has so mastered the legend of the discovery of the true cross by the Empress Helena nearly four hundred years after its use for the crucifixion of Christ—if it was ever so used—that he can affirm the genuinness of the wood. We hope it may do a great deal of good, and in case the church should burn, let the faithful be not in the least degree despondent lest they should be unable to get another genuin splinter, because this particular piece of wood possesses the miraculous power of reproducing itself; and if this miraculous power of self-multiplication fail, let it be known that reliquary sellers hav never been out of genuin splinters, and never will be, so long as they command a good price, which bigotry and ignorance are always willing to pay. Is it a wonder that in this nineteenth century, this age of intelligence, there should be found men and women who will sneer at such pretensions, and refuse to believe in a religion that must be supported by such idiotic nonsense as this?

## Lectures and Meetings.

THE Association of Moralists is a Liberal organization now in the twelfth year of its existence. It has some remarkable features. A copy of the constitution will be sent to any address on receipt of a one-cent stamp. Address Dr. A. R. Ayres, secretary of the Society of Moralists, Hannibal, Mo.

W. F. JAMIESON gave his tenth Sunday evening lecture in Denver, Col., before an audience that packed Unity church, extra chairs having been brought in, and many turned away unable to gain entrance. His subject was the fifth of a series of discourses on "Immorality," being entitled "My Personal Experience in Modern Spiritualism." He is now filling his Nebraska engagements: Minden, Central City, Osceola, Stromsburg, Wilber, Waverly, Argo, Omaha. Address at Denver, Col.

# Communications.

## Christian Absurdities.

The Christian's duty is narrowed down to reading an old book, and bowing down to his great Spontagligasticus, and to giving him a great deal of cheap advice; and to thinking how his God is filled with pure cussedness because a woman ate an apple six thousand years ago. The true Christian can be of but little service to his kind, for his time will be mostly spent in trying to beat the devil, and doing the agreeable to the "great first cause least understood."

The Christian teaches that a certain individual was executed nearly two thousand years ago, and through his blood all can escape the consequences of wrong-doing. Is it possible that the great interests of the world can be made to hinge on such a circumstance?

What does it matter to the thousands of starving poor, huddled together in tenement-houses like beasts, whether Christ died for them or somebody else, or whether he died at all or not. What they want is better conditions, better houses, better food and clothing—not blood. To them the blood of Christ will do no more good than any other blood. The man who is more interested in imaginary beings in the skies than he is in the suffering ones ought to be treated as an outlaw.

The blood of Christ will never reach the brothels and rum-holes and slums, scattered all through the land, like scars after the small-pox. The teacher is more needed than the preacher. The great want of the people is practical knowledge—less talk about the efficacy of blood and more practical work—more humanity and less Christianity. The soup-houses and cheap dinners which have been furnished in some of the large cities have helped the poor more than all the missionaries who have made fools of themselves among the heathen.

We want to stop fooling with gods and saviors, and by and through our own efforts make the poor and suffering understand that we are their real saviors. What good will it do to tell the human vermin that swarm our cities—sleeping in dry-goods boxes and gangways, and living on garbage—that they must look to a crucified savior? Out upon such nonsense! When will men learn that the blessings of heaven can do us no good on the earth—that the blessings to ourselves and others must come through the efforts of our own heads and hands. When will men get off their knees and leave off their sky enterprises and turn their gaze from heaven to earth?

Christianity has been long and faithfully tried. It originated in ignorance, and ignorance has been a characteristic feature of its adherents until the present time. For a thousand years it held the people of Europe in the midnight of darkness. From the time it was firmly established it has been characterized by persecution and slaughter. Wherever Christianity has had the power it has murdered and imprisoned, roasted and robbed, with a savage ferocity.

The most deadly strifes and terrible encounters recorded in the world's history have taken place among Christian nations. The inventive genius of the Christians has been taxed to produce weapons which would reduce to froth the greatest number of Christian brains in the shortest time. Remember the mission of Christianity was not to bring peace, but a sword.

There has scarcely been a war since the Christian era unless some Christian nation has had a hand in it. For hundreds of years Christianity did not find out that drunkenness was a crime, or decency and cleanliness a virtue. In this country in an early day ministers frequently took grain in payment for their services, and had it distilled into whisky. Many of them kept a bountiful supply on hand, and frequently indulged, even to inebriation. For many years the church was the "tower of strength" to slavery—church-members and ministers owning slaves, and selling babes from the breast of mothers, and sometimes their own children, into bondage. One devout Christian declared "that each year he meant to devote one slave to the interest of Zion." Not unfrequently the prayer of the slave-owner and the sound of the driver's whip could be heard from the same plantation.

In some mysterious way, crime and some of the most evil practices have followed the missionary to every clime. A faithful account of all the prostitution in every Christian country would be appalling. In the most Christian society, even in the churches, practices obtain which are little better than prostitution. Hundreds of women can be found in the churches living with men who can in no just sense be called their husbands—men for whom they never had any affinity; men whom they never loved; men whom they married because they were rich, without any regard to the eternal fitness of things. Where is the difference between such practices and open prostitution? In both instances the woman is in the market for money.

The church has always assumed authority in these matters; and when these unholy alliances produce nothing but gall and aconite, and when these disgusted parties seek to free themselves from such loathsome bonds, the church puts up his hands in holy horror, and exclaims, "What God has joined together let no man put asunder." But it should be remembered that the stock in trade of the church are forms and ceremonies, and not principles.

The church prates about licentiousness and lewdness—about license and obscenity, free love, and all that, but never rebukes this high-handed adultery when it is under the forms of the church.

No one will trust a man because he is a Christian. Not one of them could draw a dollar from a bank on his church certificate.

Almost every paper brings intelligence of some Christian getting away with unearned money. Bank robberies are frequent; forgeries are so common as to excite little comment; jails and poorhouses are full; executions for murder are matters of daily occurrence; seductions and elopements, infanticide and suicide, are occurring in almost every neighborhood. Money everywhere obtains place and power. Legislators, both state and national, sell out, and so readily that the price is taken into account by capitalists and corporations when a new scheme is projected. Even Christians have no confidence in each other. Suits at law often occur between Christians, in which one swears a lie directly into the teeth of another. Neither has one Christian nation any confidence in another. It does beat all how the peaceful influence of the meek and lowly Jesus has set his followers to cutting each other's throats.

Such are the fruits of the Christian religion after a trial of two thousand years. Christianity has never made men better, but it has made thousands worse. John Calvin, Torquemada, and all the witch-burners and woman-whippers might have been decent men if it had not been for their religion. Christianity has sacrificed millions upon millions in holy wars. It has tortured and murdered tens of thousands for opinion's sake. It has murdered other tens of thousands for the unmeaning crime of witchcraft.

With all these facts before our eyes, after this long and faithful trial, is it not about time to run down the curtains, put out the footlights, close the doors, and pronounce Christianity a failure?

Some of the most depraved men who ever cursed the world have been the most zealous Christians. Nothing is more natural than for guilty persons to become devout. Having sinned beyond the world's forgiveness, they seek forgiveness in heaven. Having violated every principle of decency and justice, and brought upon themselves the just condemnation of all good people, they seek the consolations of religion. The bloodthirsty murderer, Constantine, was a case in point. Some of the most devout Christians are found in states prison. Nearly every man who mounts the scaffold is attended by his spiritual adviser, gives utterance to orthodox sentiments, and when the drop falls, another spirit becomes the tenant of that "mansion in the skies not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Too vile for earth, he is twitched to heaven with a rope, where only the pure can enter. Perhaps the poor victim whom he murdered, although a moral and upright man, has never had a "change of heart," and he must roast in hell. This is the Christian's idea of it. The Christian is always full of repentance, but seldom mends.

Every time the Christian gets scared about hell he repents. As soon as the scare is over, he goes back to his old tricks.

The Christian religion has been a declaration of war against every instinct of our nature. A cardinal doctrine is that it is wicked for one to be happy until he gets to heaven. Then he is to be rendered eternally happy by wearing white robes, without anyone to wash them, and all the time he is to keep flapping a beautiful pair of wings, which will sprout out on his shoulders, and twang a harp without cessation. If you are happy here, you cannot be happy hereafter. The way to fill heaven with smiles is to wear a long face here. If one is inclined to enjoy himself here, he is on the broad road to hell. To be sure of eternal life, one must look and act as if he was struck with eternal death. He is the most acceptable who is the most miserable. To be on your knees and regard yourself as a worm of the dust is to be godlike. To be a bold and independent thinker and investigator is always to be partaking of the forbidden fruit. To make a hell of this life is to escape hell in a life to come. So the Christian fixes it.

For hundreds of years the doctrine was current that all men were born in sin; in other words, were hell-deserving. Sin could not enter the kingdom of heaven, therefore every child that died, although free from crime, must be handed over to the superintendent of the plutonian regions, because a woman ate an apple six thousand years ago. See yon group of merry children sporting on the green; hear the innocent ripple of laughter. Are these innocents hell-deserving? Who can look upon such a group and say they are totally depraved—that they are born in sin? I could only loathe and detest a God who would consign such a group of innocents to endless torments. And yet for centuries the church taught this horrible doctrine. Oh, what a God! Oh, what a system!

According to the Christian idea, the sorrows and miseries of this life far exceed the joys and happiness, and then while a few are elected to share the joys of heaven, the vast majority are elected to endure the most frightful torments throughout an endless eternity. If this theory be correct, then words more frightful in their consequences were never uttered than those words uttered by God when he said, "Let us make man" If there is a God who ever created one human being only to damn him, then I loathe that God. Damn a God who will damn an innocent child. The human mind cannot conceive anything more ferocious. I am in favor of a great deal of happiness, therefore I utterly detest this damnation doctrine.

The latter-day Christian will tell you that he does not believe in infant damnation. There is where good sense and justice outrun his religion. He sees the barbarism of infant damnation only when he forgets the monstrosity of his religion. If all children are not born in sin, then the fall of man goes for naught. If they are born in sin, and there is no way of being saved only through repentance and belief in Jesus Christ, then every child that dies unrepentant must go to hell. If, then, there is no sin at birth, what does the old snake story amount to? If there is any other way to be saved except through Jesus Christ, then away goes the plan of salvation. To deny infant damnation is to deny the fall of man. That gone, the plan of redemption is a bubble. Infant damnation is not the only horrible feature of Christianity.

"If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother, and his wife and children, and brothers and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

Not for Jesus's sake, nor for heaven, nor the fear of hell, will I hate my father and mother, or my wife or children, or brothers or sisters. Here is where Christianity and humanity part company. He that loves the one must hate the other. When human kind get to hating themselves, the race will become extinct. What I have just reason to hate I will put out of the way if it is in my power to do so. Down with this doctrine of hate and all who teach it; it has cursed the world long enough. When less hell and hate are taught, and more love for our kind, then will all be happier here, and none fare worse hereafter. The church and the priesthood may lose, but humanity will gain. Calling one a savior or redeemer who teaches such a doctrine of hatred does not abate the curse of it one iota.

"Take no thought of your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, or what ye shall put on."

Of course not. Don't think about your living; if you don't get a square meal, eat with the swine, or gnaw any old bone which you may find, like a dog. Don't think about digging a well when you get thirsty; drink out of a mud-puddle. If the drink and diet don't agree with you, you will get to heaven all the quicker. And then the poor Esquimaux—they are not to think about clothing. Whew! let us go in and warm! Nowhere outside of a "sacred book" can be found such fool talk as that. To follow the advice would be little better than suicide. "He that believeth in me hath eternal life, and shall not come into condemnation. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned."

Here real merit is entirely lost sight of, and eternal happiness or misery is made to hinge on simple belief. This passage of scripture seems to rest upon the assumption that belief is like a pair of old slippers—they are off or on as you may desire, without much trouble on your part. But if you slip them off and death overtakes you, certain parties will begin to punch up the fire in regions already uncomfortably torrid.

JOHN PECK.

## "The Childhood of the World."

I hav just finished reading to my children a little work of Edward Clodd's, with the above title, published in the Humboldt Library (No. 60); and while I would recomend it, as well as his works entitled "The Childhood of Religion" and "The Birth and Growth of Myth" (No. 47 and 54, Hum. Lib.), I want to take exception to some of his assertions, and add, perhaps, a little to his testimony from the writings of others in the same field of thought. "Everything," he says, "in the wide world has a history." "Clever men" hav traced the history of even the "stones of the roadway;" more wonderful still the history of living things; most wonderful of all, the boys and girls of this generation. To these he says: "Well, it is about yourself that I am going to talk; for I want you to learn as far as we are able to find out how it is that your are *what* you are, and *where* you are." So far, good; but he adds, and to this I take exception: "Remember I do not say *how* you are, or *why* you are, for God alone knows that, and he has told the secret to no one here, although, maybe, he will tell it to us one day elsewhere." Pure fancy, and should be omitted. He then goes back, away back, to "show you that man was once wild, and rough and savage; frightened at the roar of thunder and the quiver of lightning, which he thought were the clap-

ping of the wings, and the flashing of the eyes of the angry spirit, as he came flying from the sun; and that it has taken many thousands of years for man to become as wise and as skilful as we now see him to be." This was the childhood of the race; and all the knowledge we hav since acquired has been by slow experiment and patient toil. And the story is not one of progress alone. Races, after attaining a comparativly high degree of intelligence, hav backslid, obstacles hav arisen, and the race degenerated. He tells you "several reasons for the belief that man was once wild and naked, and that by slow degrees did he become clothed and civilized. All over the world the first evidences we hav of man's existence are the tools and weapons found. These are of a low order, and constitute what is known as the first or rough stone age." He givs as a sample of primitiv men the nativs of Australia, Borneo, and Ceylon. On these islands, he says, "there liv at this day creatures so wild that if you saw them you would scarcely believe that they were human beings, and not wild animals in the shape of men, covering themselvs with mud, feeding on roots, and living in wretched huts, or in the woods under the shelter of trees." The rough stone age—the first indication of man, and by far the longest period of his existence—takes us back countless ages in the world's history, all through what is called the Quaternary period, showing him to be contemporary with those monster extinct animals. Says De Mortillet:

All geologists are agreed that the duration of the period in which we liv is as nothing compared with that of the Quaternary period. It is as a day compared to ages, as a drop of water in a stream. All paleontologists understand what a length of time is required for the rise and decline of animal species which while they hav been upon the earth hav been lavishly distributed over an enormous area. . . . The earliest Quaternary epoch, the pre-Glacial, is characterized so far as man's works are concerned by a stone implement of peculiar form. It is dressed on its two sides, usually rather roughly chipped; it is rounded at the base, pointed at the top, and its edges are pretty sharp. In general form it is more or less almond-shaped. This implement in past times, called by workmen in quarries '*langue de chat*' (cat's tongue), is now called '*hache de St. Acheul*' (hatchet of St. Acheul), terms derived from the locality in which it has been oftenest found. They are found in abundance in the Quaternary alluviums of France, England, and Spain. Nay, within a few years they hav been found in the valley of the Delaware near Trenton, New Jersey, by Dr. Charles C. Abbott. The figures which he has published and his description tally exactly with the St. Acheul hatchets of France and England.

But this is not all. M. De Mortillet takes us back still further, back to Tertiary man:

But first let us understand what is *meant* by the terms "Quaternary man" and "Tertiary man." The fauna of the mammals serves clearly to determin the limits of these later geological periods. The Tertiary is characterized by terrestrial mammals entirely different from extant species; the Quaternary by the mingling of extant with extinct species; the present period by the extant fauna.

The man of the early Quaternary, he who made the St. Acheul hatchets and used them, is the man of Neanderthal, of Canstatt, of Enggisheim, of La Naulette, of Denise. He is indubitably a man, but differing more widely from the Australian and the Hottentot than the Australian and Hottentot differ from the European. Hence unquestionably he formed another human species, the word "species" being taken in the sense given it by naturalists who do not accept the transformation doctrin. Tertiary man, therefore, must hav been still more distinct, of a species still less like the present human species—indeed, so different as to entitle it to be regarded as of distinct genus. For this reason I hav given to this being the name of man's precursor, or he might be called *Anthropopithecus*, the man-monkey.

After enumerating the evidences of such a being, he says:

It results, therefore, from the Abbé Bourgeois's researches that during the middle Tertiary there existed a creature, precursor of man, an anthropopithecus which was acquainted with fire and could make use of it for splitting flints. It also knew how to trim the flint flakes thus produced, and to convert them into tools.

But to return to Mr. Clodd. He says:

God placed man here naked, and left him to seek for himself the food and clothing best suited to that part of the world in which he livs. If God had given men thick hair-covered skin he could not hav moved from place to place with comfort, and so man is made naked, but given the power of reasoning about things and acting by reason.

Now, we know why God made man naked, but Mr. Clodd doesn't tell us why he made him savage. Mr. Clodd is talking to the children, and seems to think it is very essential that the child should be instructed in the "God idea." It is so much easier for the child to comprehend than the more complicated evolution theory, and then, too, he seems to think it is somehow essential to morality!

He says, farther on: "The nobler your view of him (God) is, the nobler is your life likely to be;" but somehow his facts don't reflect much nobility on God. It might occur to the mind of a child that it should be as easy to create a polished gentleman as a howling savage. And then, too, it might bother a child to know why a man could not "move from place to place with comfort" in his own "thick hair-covered skin" as well as in the skin of some other animal. But how does he know that early man was naked? Grant Allen says: "Several of the sketches of cave-men, cut by themselvs on horn and bone, certainly show (it seems to me) that they were covered with hair over the whole body." The Quaternary man might hav been "given the power to reason about things, but if so he made very poor use of it." Passing the rough stone age, he describes the "new stone age," with its polished tools, its curious methods of obtaining fire, of cooking and pottery, of the cave homes and lake dwellers, their ornaments and drawing, and ends the chapter with the assertion "that man is greater than the brutes, . . . since no brute has been known to draw a picture, write an alphabet, or learn how to make a fire."

Our author seems very anxious to impress this distinction upon the minds of his youthful readers. In the next chapter, after speaking of savage decoration, he says that "the love of what is beautiful, or what is thought to be beautiful, is theirs, and that is another thing which the brute has not. No herd of cows ever leave off feeding to admire a sunset, and you never saw a horse or a monkey with face lit up with delight at the sight of a rainbow."

It is possible that the Quaternary man would quit his cannibalistic feast to admire a sunset, or call the attention of his best girl to the beauty in a rainbow. But students of Darwin deny that man alone has a sense and love of the beautiful. It may be traced through the whole animal kingdom. Nobody denies the distinction between man and the brute, but the question is, Was it always so? The facts brought forward by Mr. Clodd show that the farther back we go in the world's history, the nearer man approaches the condition of the brute; and Professor Huxley has shown that there is a greater difference between the highest and lowest men than between the lowest men and highest apes.

In part second of his book Mr. Clodd would "show you by what slow steps man came to believe in one all-wise and all-good God, . . . the early struggles of man from darkness to twilight—for no man really loves the darkness—and from twilight to full day." But the question suggests itself, Why darkness at all, when God had but to say, "Let there be light." In all of Mr. Clodd's facts, or fancies, I fail to find any proof that the "God idea" is in any way intuitional, or that a religious sentiment originates in man himself. Its origin is in the endeavor of primitv men to explain the phenomena of nature. Sir John Lubbock, speaking of the lowest races of men, says:

They hav no idea of creation, nor do they use prayers; they hav no religious forms, ceremonies, or worship. They do not believe in a supreme deity, or in the immortality of the soul; nor is morality in any way connected with their religion. . . . It is a much-disputed question . . . whether the lowest races of men hav any religion or not . . . The ideas of religion . . . are intimately associated with, if indeed they hav not originated from, the condition of man during sleep, and especially from dreams. . . . To the savage they hav a reality and an importance which we can scarcely appreciate. . . . It is of course obvious that the body takes no part in these nocturnal adventures, and hence it seems to them natural to conclude that they hav a spirit, which can quit the body. Lastly, when they dream of their departed friends or relativs, savages firmly believe that they are visited by the spirits of the dead, and hence believe, not indeed in the immortality of the soul, but in the existence of a spirit which survives or may survive the body. . . In other cases the belief that man possesses a spirit seems to hav been suggested by the shadow. Thus among the Fejeeans "some," says Mr. Williams, "speak of man as having two spirits. His shadow is called the 'dark spirit,' which they say goes to hades. The other is his likeness reflected in water or a looking-glass, and is supposed to stay near the place in which a man dies." Probably this doctrin of shadows has to do with the notion of inanimate objects having spirits.

These primitiv people "look at things with the eyes of absolute ignorance." The Eskimo "looks upon glass as ice, and biscuit as dried flesh of the musk ox." The Bushman of south Africa, says Chapman, thought his big wagon was the mother of his small one. Schultz tells how "a Kaffir broke a piece off the anchor off a stranded vessel and soon after died; ever after the Kaffirs regarded the anchor as something divine and did it honor by saluting it, as they passed by, with a view to propitiate its wrath." "No wonder, then," as Hume says, "that mankind, being placed in such absolute ignorance of causes, and being at the same time so anxious concerning their future fortune, should immediately acknowledge a dependence on invisible powers possessed of sentiment and intelligence."

Here, then, we hav the origin of religion, and no doubt Frederic Harrison was right in saying: "The primitiv uncultured man frankly worshiped external objects in love and in fear, ascribing to them quasi-human powers and feelings." A little child stumbles against a chair; his idea is that the chair was to blame; the chair hurt him, and he wants it whipped. Primitiv man feels the same, and what can hurt him can help him by hurting his enemies, and no doubt the earlier stages of fetichism took no cognizance of any indwelling spirit or ghost. Still primitiv man must hav very early conceived a supposed duality in his nature. His dreams satisfied him that there was something which could leave his body during sleep. Then his shadow on the ground, reflection in the river, and echo in the forest, all suggested a connection with this something in the man. Dr. Tylor says: "It seems as though the conception of a human soul when once attained to by man, served as a type or model on which he framed not only his ideas of other souls of lower grade, but also his ideas of spiritual beings in general."

It matters not whether religion began, as Harrison claims, with "nature worship," or, as Spencer claims, with a "human ghost." Both arise from the most natural causes in the world, a very necessity of thought; and the idea of "a groping after God," or a special faculty, "the religious sentiment," in primitiv man is all nonsense. Yet I would not deny, for I do believe, that such a faculty has become implanted in man's organization through countless generations of worship by the rules of heredity and laws of evolution. Mr. Darwin says: "It is worthy of remark that a belief constantly inculcated during the early years of life, while the brain is impressible, appears to acquire almost the nature of an instinct. And the very essence of an instinct is that it is followed independently of reason." And this is why a man is so loth to giv up the traditions of his youth; and this is why "the hand may well tremble that writes it, and the ears may tingle that hear, yet it has been both written and said, 'There is no God, except such as man has made.'" I would nail the motto of Mr. Cleveland, "Tell the truth," over the door-post of all who would teach the young. Giv them the facts. One little fact is worth more than all the assertions of all the men that ever lived, and a world of fancy thrown in. Teach them to discern between facts and fancy. Facts alone are demonstrable. Fancy is all right in its own domain—poetry. Facts may be "stubborn things," but they are not harmful. Giv them your conclusions, but at the same time giv them to understand that you are not infallible. Giv them the conclusions of others, even though they may clash with your own. An idea never hurt anybody. You may be a firm believer in deity, but do not hide from them the fact that there are Atheists just as wise and honest as yourself. There are too many such in the ranks of Freethought, and whose nobility of character is too well known, for you to affirm that a belief in deity is necessary to morality. Morality has nothing to do with a belief in deity.

Mr. Clodd should hav transposed his sentence to read, "The nobler your life is, the nobler your view of him [God] is likely to be." Neither has morality any more to do with religion than immorality. Indeed, I think not as much. Utility is the standard of morality, and not the "fear o' hell or hangman's whip."

Herbert Spencer writes: "I believe that the experiences of utility organized and consolidated through all past generations of the human race hav been producing corresponding modifications, which, by continued transmission and accumulation, hav become in us certain faculties of moral intuition, certain emotions responding to right and wrong conduct."

Giv the children the facts. There are enough, and more than enough, to occupy their minds in a life study. Take them to the haunts of nature. Let them listen to the

> Tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Let them con the advice Milton put in the mouth of his angel:

> Heaven is too high for thee to know what passes there,
> Be lowly wise.
> Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
> Dream not of other worlds.

*Buffalo, N. Y.* A. L. Ballou.

## Sam Jones's Sentiments.

I'd rather be a noble, generous sinner than a stingy Methodist.

It is mighty hard to keep a two-hundred-pound, fat, sleek, Methodist straight.

Where is the preacher who is not striving for a bigger church and a bigger salary?

What is a creed but an old skin stuffed with sawdust, good to be exhibited in a museum.

That fellow lying in the gutter drunk is a better man in the sight of God than those fellows talking about him.

These religious women who are gadding about all over creation and neglecting their homes—I don't like them.

Dr. Talmage puts the second Advent about the year 1900, but what are we going to do with these old sinners in Boston before that time?

One editor said I ought to be glad because he had made me. I asked him if he could not make some more. Well, he said he had no more dirt.

A man that will creep up to my bedside and steal a dollar out of my pocket is a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian beside a man that would smirch my good name.

I expect my preacher to make a good sermon on a Sunday morning, and I would rather hav him do that than hav him coming around the house kissing the babies.

Now, if we members of the church will only stand together, and when the devil hits one of us with his paddle, if the balance of us would catch him on the first bounce, why, then the devil would be out—don't you see?

I hav been preaching frequently when I hav seen the nose of some elegant sister turned up at me at an angle of forty degrees, and I hav said, "Sister, let that nose turn down; the devil has got a mortgage on that nose, and he is going to foreclose some day on the whole gal."

Suppose you go down some day and try to hypothecate your Methodism for some dry goods. How much do you suppose you will get for it? Why, my dear, the storekeeper will say, "I can show you the names of Methodists on my books who hav been owing me for twenty years."

I know a man must think and study to preach. But let me say to you right here that I don't believe in the old idea, "If you open your mouth, the Lord will fill it." I believe he will fill it, but he will fill it with air. And there are now too many old air-guns running around over this country.

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**

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## SPECIAL NOTICE.

THERE are about a thousand of our subscribers in arrears, their indebtedness aggregating some two or three thousand dollars. To each one of these debtors, of course, the amount is small, but to us the amount is very large, and sadly hinders our work. We need this money—need it now—and we respectfully ask that it be remitted.

It costs a great deal of money to publish a large journal, and we hav no extensiv advertising patronage to help us out. We depend entirely upon the subscription list and book sales to obtain cash to pay bills, and when so large a sum as two and three thousand dollars is kept from us, the financial shoe grows painfully tight.

Every subscriber can see upon his tab just to what date his subscription is paid. Those whose time has expired, are requested to remit at once.

## Names Wanted.

Will the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER send us the names of all their friends who are Liberally inclined, so that they may receive a sample copy of this paper? We desire to largely increase the subscription list, and shall be grateful for all aid extended.

If our present subscribers would mention to their Liberal friends that THE TRUTH SEEKER is a good paper to subscribe for, it might be the means of materially helping us.

## Michael Corrigan's Letter.

The following is the full text of a secret circular referred to by Dr. McGlynn's friends to show that Mr. Corrigan uses his priests for political purposes when it suits the interests of the church. The occasion of its writing occurred in 1875, when Mr. Corrigan was bishop of Newark. An amendment to the constitution of New Jersey was to be voted on, which forbade all appropriations, by state, city, or town, to any society or corporation. Mr. Corrigan sent this letter to all his priests:

"NEWARK, Sept. 3, 1875.

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: Having taken legal advice, I am informed that, by the new constitutional amendments, clerical property is liable to taxation. This would involve so heavy an additional burden to the diocese that I feel it my duty to recommend you to instruct your people to strike out the objectionable clause, or, better still, to make assurance doubly sure, let them strike out the whole ballot.

"It is not enough to abstain from voting; let them vote, and vote against the amendment.

"Very truly yours,

"MICHAEL, BISHOP OF NEWARK.

"P.S.—Remember that our people must cancel, by pen or pencil, the whole ballot, and then vote it thus canceled, in order to protect against injustice.

"Remember also that the special election in regard to these constitutional amendments will take place next Tuesday, September 7th."

The amendments were defeated, as the Catholic residents of the large cities of New Jersey are exceedingly numerous. But some of the priests resented the imposition upon them of this Jesuitical work, and gave copies of the letter to reporters, who were sworn to secrecy as to the source whence they derived them. But the authenticity of the letter has never been denied by Michael Corrigan, now archbishop of New York, and official squelcher of Dr. McGlynn.

## Idolatrous Begging.

The University of Ottawa, Ont., needs a chapel, because "of education in every form the ruling principle is religion." To study the works of nature "the young man must do everything with a view to God." Therefore, "every house of education must hav a special department sacred to God." This we learn from a circular sent to "our Christian families" by "Yours in Jesus and Mary Immaculate, Thomas Ferron, O.M.I., missionary." It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the object of the circular is to solicit pecuniary aid for the enterprise.

But the college is no deadhead in this matter, and in return for cash dispenses an immense amount of spiritual benefit. Everyone who collects money for the college is unreservedly promised "an increase of grace here and glory hereafter." The collector also shares "in twenty-five masses daily, that is, nine thousand masses yearly, and in all the prayers and good works of this religious community." For those who contribute the cash the scope of the spiritual benefits widens to "relations and deceased friends." They are given the following "certificate of affiliation to the Rev. Frs. Oblates of M. Im'culate (Mary Immaculate) of the University of Ottawa:"

This is to certify that, as a token of gratitude for an alms given to aid in the erection of the chapel of the University College of Ottawa, we make

*M*

a sharer in all the masses, prayers, and good work of our community.

J. H. TABARET, O.M.I., D.D., Pres.

The holder of this certificate shall be entitled to share in twenty-five masses daily, and in all the prayers and good works of the Rev. Oblate Fathers of the University College of Ottawa.

For 10 years, by a contribution of $ .25.
Forever, " " 2.00.
A family for 10 years only, " 1.00.

SPECIAL PRIVILEGES.

The name of any person who shall collect and remit $15 shall be preserved in a silver heart at the feet of a statue of St. Joseph, patron of the University.

All persons collecting and remitting $25 will be affiliated forever, and besides enjoying all the other privileges, will, if they so request, be presented with a rosary from Jerusalem.

Anyone may affiliate his relativs or friends, living or dead, by making an offering, in their name, of one of the above-stated sums. The names of the affiliated must be forwarded to the College, in whose registers they will be preserved.

None can be considered affiliated until he has forwarded his subscription.

Please address all communications to the Rev. Fr. Thomas Ferron, O.M.I., College of Ottawa, Ont., Can.

Imprimatur † J. THOMAS, Bp. of Ottawa.

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I giv you my heart and my soul.
Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, assist me in my last agony.
Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, may I breathe forth my soul in peace with you.
300 days' ind., Pius VII., April 28, 1807.

The century in which we liv is called the age of science, but it appears that there are rather wide streaks of superstition running through it. And the worst of it is that those who are sunk so deep in superstitious idolatry as to giv money in answer to such appeals are in sufficient numbers to rule the greatest state in the Union, and to hav a commanding influence in ruling the nation.

## Good Christians.

There are many things which tend to make joyous the lives of Freethought publishers, and the publishers of THE TRUTH SEEKER get their share. The sagacious and energetic business manager of this paper sits up nights devising methods of spreading the profound views of our contributors and the doings of the Manhattan Liberal Club, and a happy thought that came to him recently when the stars were shining was that the newsdealers of the country might, by giving them a chance to make a hundred per cent profit, be induced to stay at home from prayer-meetings and sell TRUTH SEEKERS. At once copies of the paper were forwarded to a large number, and for a few days thereafter visions of an Infidel world, and wealth sufficient to pay for the paper sent to subscribers who haven't paid us, were bright in this office. The following postal cards show how the scheme worked. The first is from a jocose newsdealer of Erie, Pa.:

"SIRS: You may think free as much as you please, but I want to let you know hereby that the 'Atomnical combinations' are as yet in such an irregular motion 'twixt you and me as not to allow you to send me any more of your dung-pile expectorations. The best to do with such scents for cents as yours is to shun the infinitly more than any pest-house. PETER FRIEDRIOHS."

Mr. Friedrichs, it will be observed, is a coiner of words as well as a vender of news. His syntax is a little awry, but his theology is evidently sound. We wish we could add, without doing violence to truth, that he is a gentleman.

The next two are from stationers residing in the enlightened province of Ontario, which territory must hav been included in the list by mistake:

"Your trashy and senseless sheet is not required in this country. We prefer Christians to Infidels; they are better men and citizens, notwithstanding your shallow sophistry to the contrary. When you and your adherents hav done as much to elevate humanity as Christians hav, you will then hav some claim to be heard; but such blatant do-nothings as Infidels are generally, should hav a little modesty and not try to push themselvs where they are not needed or wanted. Send me no more of your TRUTH SEEKER; its contents belie its heading. Yours truly, D. B. PHILLIPS."

We are sorry indeed to hav troubled Mr. Phillips, but the regret is somewhat softened by the knowledge that had he not been addressed, we should not hav had the pleasure of his courteous correspondence.

The last of the three is from a gentleman of sterner mold, perhaps a village squire, "with eyes severe, and beard of formal cut," who looks upon a heretic as proper food for flames. He writes:

"SIRS: Be good enough to send me no more of your scurrilous and blasphemous literature. I hav called the attention of the proper authorities to its circulation in this country, and trust they will take steps for its immediate suppression. Yours, etc., J. R. DAVIS."

When Mr. Davis's red-hot pen hissed over this postal card he evidently had not read the late warlike speeches of our senators, or he would hav been more careful how he pinched the American eagle. But let the suppression go on. It will be a fitting conclusion to the attempted suppression of the works of Ingersoll and Paine, and about as effectual. The Canadian officials are capable of undertaking such a work, but their intelligence is not of that high order necessary to render it successful.

These are replies from only three out of several hundred newsdealers who received consignments of TRUTH SEEKERS. We anticipate an enormous amount of fun in the immediate future.

## The Bishop of Buffalo.

A bishop with a less densely ignorant flock would hav hesitated before penning the following lumbriciform sentence. But Stephen Vincent, Roman Catholic bishop of the Buffalo diocese, can put it in a pastoral letter, confident that none of his readers knows enough of history, ecclesiastical and secular, to trip him up. The sentence is supposed to bear upon the subject of labor and capital:

"The church that has come down through the ages without a taint on her escutcheon, that has come forth from fierce contests with royal tyrants and despotic rulers unscathed and pure, that would see nations fall away and peoples severed from her communion rather than betray her trust, be false to faith or morals, that has time and again braved all powerful despots in defense of injured justice and defenseless innocence, will not now compound a felony or compromise morality, or tarnish a record so glorious, or bring dishonor on a name above reproach."

The escutcheon of the Catholic church must be composed of peculiar stuff if the crimes of her officials hav failed to taint it. We should think that the murders committed by the very first Christian emperor would hav left a drop of blood upon that escutcheon, even if the lying of Eusebius had no effect upon it. Is it possible that the shield of the church has been unstained by such robbers as Calixtus, such murderers as Theodosius, such crazy hogs as Simeon Stylites, such royal assassins as Clovis the Great, such incestuous bishops as Sixtus I. and John XI., such debauchees as Virgilius and Sergius, such crowned knaves as Pepin and Charlemagne, such villainies as those of Hildebrand, the poisoners of popes, such pious monsters as St. Dominic and Innocent III., such traitors as Innocent IV. and Boniface VIII.; such butchers of humanity as Charles the Fifth, Philip the Second, the Duke of Alva; such fiends in human form as Torquemada, such obscene theologians as St. Liguori, such ravishers of innocence as Pius VI.—is it possible all these villains

hav lived and died good Catholics, been loved and honored and canonized, without staining the escutcheon of holy Mother Church?

The compounding of felonies and compromising of immoralities hav been the distinguished and distinguishing work of the churchmen of all ages, when not themselvs engaged in such enterprises.

## Mr. Reynolds's Case.

The trial of Mr. Reynolds has been postponed till the May term of the Morris county court. This decision was arrived at after profound consideration by the court and district attorney. Mr. Reynolds renewed his bail—Mr. Edwin Worman, of Boonton, affirming that he would risk five hundred dollars that Mr. Reynolds would be in Morristown on the first Tuesday in May—and is now prepared to go about his master's business (Liberal lecturing) for the next three months.

It is our opinion that the legal authorities of Morristown are ashamed of themselvs, and will never press the case to trial. They hav, perhaps, considered that God is able to take care of himself without the interposition of the Morris county legal luminaries. Or it may be that they hav read the statutes forbidding a non-resident of New Jersey to sue for libel, and doubt their ability to prove that the Jewish Jehovah is a naturalized citizen of this country. At any rate, it is the opinion of several of the Morris county officials, as well as our own, that District-Attorney Cutler will never try the case.

## The Rev. Mr. Caldwell.

We hereby acknowledge the receipt of the subjoined letter:

"CHURCH OF CHRIST, J. W. CALDWELL, Pastor.
"MAPLETON, KAN., Jan. 20, 1887.

"EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: On the first page of your issue of January 15th, is the picture of a man who has cut off his hand and foot, and put out his eye. You giv this as an illustration of literal obedience to Christ's teachings in the Sermon on the Mount. Such a picture, in illustration of the text, is beyond all respectability. You know, if you are capable of comprehension, that Christ did not mean that anyone should literally fulfil this teaching, and among the millions who hav accepted his teaching, not one, not the most silly, has ever so understood him. Why will you, a *truth seeker*, so flagrantly misrepresent the teachings of a man who 'knew no sin?' How can you, in the name of truth, make such hideous misrepresentations? You must be in desperate straits to defend your cause. No man, in any way eminent for brains or learning, ever called Jesus evil, or put such an unnatural construction upon his words. Your misinterpretation would put Voltaire, Paine, Renan, and Strauss to shame. They would not dare to so misrepresent Christ.

"You are to be congratulated if you will be true to the name of your paper. There are hundreds in the same great enterprise. We will not accomplish any good, and will do much harm, if we misrepresent or falsely interpret the greatest religious teacher and hero of the centuries. Let me, as a friend, admonish you not to let your prejudice blind you to the *truth*. Sincerely, J. W. CALDWELL."

We are not fully aware of the extent of our own capacity of comprehension, but after reading Mr. Caldwell's letter we hav no doubts as to his.

We know well enough that some Christians—possessing some common sense and a few humane feelings—repudiate the absurd, the cruel portions of the Bible, but if Christianity be true we would not like to stand in their shoes, for God shall take away their part out of the book of life, and if they add to the things in the Bible, God shall add unto them the plagues that are written therein.

Mr. Caldwell is to be congratulated upon the certainty with which he knows what Christ meant and what he did not mean. He should hav been upon the New Testament Revision Committee, and then a lost world might rejoice and be exceeding glad that at last all doubts touching sacred things had been removed, and the pathway to heaven made clear. With him to straighten out the tangle, the differing sects would vanish, as all would, of course, hav no reason for seeing darkly through the interpretation spectacles of so eminent a gentleman as the pastor of the Church of Christ of Mapleton, Kansas.

But, unfortunately for those who pick the roses from the bush and leave the thorns, their proceeding does not eradicate the thorns, and the thorns are just as real as the roses. Every orthodox church believes in the plenary verbal inspiration of the scriptures. The commentators excuse God's palpable cruelty in a thousand ways, but who shall judge God? Christ taught much by parable, but his worst utterances were direct commands. It is not Christ's fault that the world is not full of cripples; and the reluctance of his followers to obey his orders indicates lack of faith.

If Christ did not mean, "If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off and cast them from thee," how do we know that he meant that those who lose life for his sake shall find it?

If he spoke falsely when he said that "if ye hav faith, ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and it shall be done," did he tell the truth when he said, "And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive?"

If he was mistaken when he said that "if any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, he cannot be my disciple," was he right when he said, "And everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life?"

If he deceived all his followers when he told them that "they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them," did he not deceive them when he promised that those "who do and teach" the beatitudes "shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven?"

If he spoke apocryphally when he said, "He that believeth not shall be damned," did he speak canonically when he said, "He that believeth shall be saved?"

If he spoke untruthfully when he said, "I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother," did he speak truthfully in saying, "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my father which is in heaven?"

If we are not to believe that Christ "came not to bring peace, but a sword," when he says so, shall we believe that "whosoever shall giv to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, shall in nowise lose his reward," upon only the same authority?

If he used metaphor when he said that "whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple," did he use metaphor in saying that "your heavenly father shall giv the holy spirit to them that ask him?"

If he did not put unnecessary conditions upon getting to heaven when he told the young man to "sell that thou hast and giv to the poor," was the woman sure of eternal bliss to whom he said, "Thy *faith* hath saved thee?"

Jesus said that "except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, ye hav no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life." If that was a figure of speech, what is this: He also said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of God."

A great many more questions like these might be asked the Kansas exegetist, which neither he nor any other theologian can answer in any way that will relieve Christ. The authority for one quotation is as good as the authority for the other. If one passage shows Jesus to hav been kindly disposed, the other shows him arrogant in his claims to divinity and impatient of unbelief. There is just such a fellow as Jesus floating around this city now. Occasionally he comes to see us, and the burden of his song is that he is the savior; belief in him is necessary to salvation; scoffers will be punished, and so on to the end of the chapter. He occasionally spends a night in the station-houses; Sundays he goes into strange churches, and is ejected when he wants to talk at the preacher; calls the contemporary Christians "generations of vipers," and in many other ways irresistibly reminds one of Jesus. But this nineteenth-century reformer has been crazed by reading the theologians' history of his first-century prototype.

We will admit, if Mr. Caldwell desires, that Jesus never lived; that he never said one word attributed to him; that all the gospels are anonymous; that we cannot tell divine writing from human; that we should not know divine writing when we saw it; that no one else would; that the Holy Ghost has been charged with writing a lot of books that he never saw; that the early Christian fathers wrote the gospels, and therefore Christ is not responsible for what they make him say; that the middle-century copyists put marginal notes made by priests into the texts of Bibles; that there are one hundred and fifty different readings of so-called holy writ; that the last revision of the New Testament is no nearer Christ's words and meaning than the King James translation; that both the Old and New Testaments are full of contradictions and obscenities; that the history of Christ is paralleled by other and preëxisting "saviors;" that the Lord's Prayer is a garbled copy of an ancient Jewish prayer; that the apocryphal New Testament is as reliable as the canonical books; that the religious world is in complete confusion regarding all its sacred literature; that there isn't any "original Greek" of any book in the New Testament; that Jules Soury was right when he said Christ was insane; that his birth and death are barren of proof; that his resurrection and ascension are idle tales—all this and much more will we cheerfully admit to Mr. Caldwell, but we must contend that there is as much proof that Jesus said the disagreeable things as there is that he spoke the agreeable and flattering passages. The good and bad stand and fall together. If Jesus taught anything, he taught, "Woe, woe to the world," and that it was better to suffer here than to go whole to hell.

There was no misrepresentation in the picture complained of. Christ was not the greatest religious teacher of the centuries. Several so-called saviors hav more followers, and a man's greatness is generally gaged by what he accomplishes. Socrates was as great a hero as Christ, and hundreds and hundreds of thousands hav endured more at the hands of Christ's followers than he endured at the hands of the Jews. Mr. Caldwell greatly overestimates the character of Christ and the value of his alleged teachings.

## The Picture.

There are perhaps two sides to the question which Mr. Heston has raised this week in his picture on our first page, and the question is whether or not a woman should suffer the death penalty. Just now interest centers in Mrs. Roxiana Druse, of Herkimer county, New York. Mrs. Druse killed her husband—there seems to be no reasonable doubt of that fact. She pleaded self-defense. Druse, she claimed, had subjected her to long years of intolerable cruelty; and, besides, was in the habit of scoffing at religion, having read the works of many skeptical writers. An examination of the case by Governor Hill, in response to a petition for commutation of sentence, failed to substantiate the charges of cruelty, and the stories told by Mrs. Druse in regard to the killing of her husband had already been shown to be absurd fabrications. Her life certainly could not hav been threatened at the time of the killing, as the victim, it was shown, sat at the table eating when the fatal shot was fired. Having killed her husband, Mrs. Druse cut up the remains and burnt them in a small stove.

Such are the facts, as nearly as we remember them, in Mrs. Druse's case. We do not believe that Mrs. Druse should be hanged. Society and religion are responsible in the main for such combinations of ignorance and superstition as this woman represents, and society and religion should cease producing and reform rather than exterminate them.

## Following the Lead of The Truth Seeker.

*From the New York Herald of Last Monday.*

The *Herald* is for free and frank discussion all the time. It advocates a fair hearing for even the most unpopular doctrins.

DR. J. L. YORK, who has been absent in Australia and New Zealand for the past two years, has returned to his home at San Jose, Cal., where he will rest until the first of May, when he will begin a lecturing tour, coming East through Salt Lake City, Denver, and other principal intermediate points between California and Paine Hall, Boston. In his travels abroad Dr. York was accompanied by his wife. Dr. York promises the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER an account of his work across the Pacific and a description of the countries visited and their inhabitants. He was very cordially received by the Freethinkers of New Zealand and Australia, who gave him crowded houses to lecture to and substantial reward for his work. He was affectionately called the Freethought revivalist. His farewell to the people on the other side of the globe was from Auckland, N. Z., and an immense audience of Freethinkers cheered him on his way. As a token of esteem he was presented with an album of New Zealand ferns, nearly two hundred in number. The album, according to the Auckland *Bell*, is bound with mottled Kauri boards, engraved in gold and fancy fretwork. The Brisbane Freethinkers presented Dr. York with an elegantly silver-mounted emu egg to induce him to remember them. If we can believe the Australian and New Zealand papers—and there is no reason why we cannot—Dr. York won the affections of the Freethinkers wherever he tarried. Our other lecturers must look to their laurels when he starts East.

SINCE the repeal of the compulsory prayer attendance in Harvard College, the faculty hav been compelled to publish an appeal to the law students asking them to attend the chapel services.

SEND to THE TRUTH SEEKER office for a catalog of the books we hav for sale. The catalog is free.

# Letters from Friends.

AYLMER, ONT., Jan. 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $5, for which you will please renew my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and send me the books mentioned in inclosed list.

The progress of Freethought in this country is slow, but it is sure and certain, as is the case with all truth.

With hopes for the triumph of Liberal principles everywhere, I am, Yours truly, W. A. GLOVER.

BOULDER, COL., Jan. 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I write to inclose you $6—$3 to pay what I ought to hav paid long ago, and $3 more to pay for another year's subscription. I like the grand old TRUTH SEEKER, and don't see how I could get along without it in the house; but I would rather do without it than get it and not intend to pay for it.

Wishing you a Happy New Year, I remain, a truth seeker, Greenbacker, and Materialist, N. R. HOWARD.

SOLDIERS' HOME, WIS., Jan. 21, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Doubtless you know all about it yourself, but for the benefit of many of our brother truth seekers, who, like myself, are also interested, please say, if you hav not already, that the House of Representativs on Jan. 18, 287, concurred in the Senate amendments to the Mexican pension hill. And hence the few survivors of one of the most remarkably successful wars known to this or any other age hav become in a measure partially recognized. NELSON HUNT.

MORRILL, KAN., Jan. 6, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3.10 for THE TRUTH SEEKER for the coming year. The frontispiece in your issue of Jan. 1st. is to the point, and don't you think the grand old TRUTH SEEKER would look better headed 287 E.M., instead of the year of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, son of the Holy Ghost and Blessed Virgin, the mother of God? There is no proof of any of them ever having an existence. If any of them ever did hav an existence, we hav no date to start from. J. W. SCOTT.

FOX LAKE, WIS., Jan. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Within find money order for two years' subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. My first thought was, I cannot subscribe this year; my second was, I cannot do without the paper; my third was, I can never read it and be owing for it. It is said first thoughts are best. I'll take my chances on the last this time. Send paper, and hold on to Heston, don't let him giv you the slip; hold him as surely as his bulldog holds old Noah in your last issue. Yours, for truth, reason, and liberty, C. B. HAWES.

GLENWOOD SPRINGS, COL., Dec. 31, 1886.

MR. EDITOR: Once more the good old TRUTH SEEKER is a weekly visitor to my home, and it is with pleasure that I peruse its pages. I used to be a subscriber to it when Mr. Bennett was at its head, but somehow through neglect I failed to renew my subscription. Now, through the kindness of R. L. Baker, a stanch worker in the cause of Freethought, I am made a present of a year's subscription to your paper, and many thanks to Mr. Baker for the same. I think the paper is better than ever, and I am bound from this time on it shall always be a visitor at my house if I hav to work nights to pay for it. B. S. SOULE.

PORTVILLE, Jan. 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just finished reading my last TRUTH SEEKER, and, as I want to send stamps for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, will improve the opportunity of expressing my appreciation of our noble TRUTH SEEKER and its manly editor. I hav no suggestions to giv in regard to the management of the TRUTH SEEKER; in fact, I think it could not be beat the world over. And in making choice of contributors I would hardly know where to begin or leave off, but C. Fannie Allyn is my kind of Spiritualist. I would like to know why we hav been gettiug no reports from the Liberal Club. I would like to hear something from George Macdonald. His letters from down East were just the whack. J. L. BROOKS.

FRIEND, NEB., Jan. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find amount of my renewal for this year, and my best wishes for the success of the cause for which you labor. I see you sometimes hav a little tariff from some of your correspondents. I look upon that just as I do the exemption of property from taxation. There can be no injustice in taxing all property to defray the proper expenses of government, wherein all are interested. Whenever any particular property is exempt, the remainder hav got to make it good. I hold that there can be no injustice done by allowing every person to buy and sell whenever he can do to the best advantage; whereas, if you protect some man's interest, somebody has got to be hurt by supporting him. Paine said: "The world is my country;" therefore, I say, let every person hav free access to the markets of the world.

Respectfully, J. W. GILBERT.

NORSE, TEXAS, Jan. 12, E.M. 287.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $1.90 in subscriptions for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and a few books as per inclosed list. I thought that I should hav been enabled to send you a larger order, but circumstances will not allow it this time.

Texas has, as you are undoubtedly aware, suffered severely from a continued drouth the year just passed. In many portions there were not raised sufficient crops for subsistence; in other places nothing, or next to nothing, was raised, and many people are consequently now in a destitute condition. There are places, I am reliably informed, where they are now actually suffering for want of food; they are appealing for aid. Nearly all the western portions of our state are more or less affected by this unprecedented severe drouth.

We fortunately had sufficient rain here to make a, comparatively speaking, fair crop, while but a few miles west—even in this community—but very little of anything was raised. Although we had some rain last fall, enough to start the early sown wheat, it is now again becoming dry, and prospects at present are rather gloomy.

T. THEO. COLWICK.

BRIGHTON, IND., Jan. 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: You will please find inclosed $11.50, for subscriptions to your paper. I think it is the best Liberal paper that I hav seen, and I must say that I cannot do without it. I am not like some of your subscribers that order their paper discontinued when your views do not coincide with their way of thinking. Such men, I think, are not quite out of the woods. I think your opinion on the trial of the Anarchists sound, and cannot see how anyone could take exception to it. McArthur's letters to "D. C." are good, and if what he says is true, it makes a bad showing for Catholicism. She is the mother of harlots and evil-doers, and she cannot he handled too roughly. The writings of Peck and Washburn are good; in fact, it is all good. Keep on in well-doing, and you will gain the respect and esteem of all honest men and women. Wishing you success, C. A. SHATTUCK.

EAST OAKLAND, CAL., Jan. 4, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $2 for my subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I am sorry at not being able to send you more money at present, but as soon as I can spare a few dollars I am going to send to you for Thomas Paine's and R. G. Ingersoll's complete works. I had the luck to hear Mr. Ingersoll twice when he was here in Oakland. I also called on him in company with a friend, a strong Freethinker, A. H. Schow. I think Mr. Ingersoll is one of the finest and best speakers I ever heard, and it would be a grand thing if we should be able to put him in the presidential chair at Washington.

You can count me as a steady subscriber for your valuable paper; it would be impossible for me to get along without it, and I agree with the gentleman that sent you ten dollars for a year's subscription; it is worth that amount for those who can afford to pay it. ANDREW JOHNSON.

GOLDSMITH, IND., Jan. 1, 287.

MR. EDITOR: We had Mr. Remsburg with us December 27th, 28th. He gave three lectures at Petersburg—"Sabbath-Breaking," "Apostle of Liberty," "False Claims of the Church." We had some of the pious old saints come out and hear him. The old bell-wether of the New Light church came to hear "The Apostle of Liberty." We had a hard time to get the school-house. No stone was left unturned to keep us out. Some went so far as to see a lawyer about it, but the law gave us the house beyond question. Their next move was to get an old Methodist priest to hold forth in the New Light church. The lecture was a little the longer, and the minister's congregation came to hear it when about half delivered. We feel that we came out first-best all round I brought Mr. Remsburg to my home and entertained him. I know his lectures were well received. He is much of a gentleman, and a fine speaker.

Mr. Editor, as you ask for names of Liberals, I inclose a list. DAVID SMITH.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Jan. 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: My morning's mail reminded me that another year had spun around, and that I had again the pleasant duty of adding my mite in support of the welcome TRUTH SEEKER, and I inclose another year's subscription. I went to a dinner in your city the other night, and the tables were loaded down with a great variety of food, many kinds of which it would be impossible for me to enjoy, but there were so many palatable other dishes that I think it was the best dinner I hav sat down to in many years. So with your paper—there are many articles which I cannot stomach, but there are so many more which to me are benedictions that from the pleasure derived I feel it a privilege to continue. An Agnostic friend of mine wrote me a few days ago, said he had given up your paper and was subscribing for the—or, rather, to the ——, and sent me a copy. When I had time I glanced over it, and wrote him in return that, while your paper was bad enough, the other was infinitly worse, and that I could not think of deserting Father Bennett's ship.

Yours truly, HORACE L. FAIRCHILD, M.D.

FORT WAYNE, IND., Jan. 17, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Within please find $5—$2.50 to apply on my paper, and $2.50 for a new subscriber. I hav been working for that subscriber for over a year. I tell you it is hard work to find Freethinkers here; too many doxology shops for them to thrive. There are a few, but they dare not make their convictions public, or they would be brought before the people in such a manner as to ruin their business. So they say nothing, but keep up a devil of a thinking. There is an old saying that it is hard for a cat to be in hell without claws, and it is about the same for a Freethinker here. Still I do not feel discouraged. I sent you a new subscriber last year; now another. That is encouraging, taking into consideration that we hav two theological colleges (Lutheran and Methodist), two Catholic churches (English and German), having the second largest congregation in the state; three Presbyterians, three Lutheran, with a church or two for every other Christian creed, I believe, making us the most church-cursed city in the state (to a population of 35,000). Some of my church-going friends may think this is strong language. It is a fact, though, as I will prove. Here we hav millions of church property that pays no taxes while it costs as much to protect it as other property of the same value. Consequently we hav to pay that much more taxes.

Now these are the facts in this case: While we hav the largest and most costly church-edifices in the state, we also hav a county debt of $265,000 (city debt about the same in proportion) without a decent road in the county (two toll-roads excepted) or decent street in the city; no parks, no place to pass a quiet hour, except it be a church or saloon; and as the church services hav become so stale, the saloons are very numerous, and are doing a thriving business. Now, Mr. Editor, I think that this non-resident God (it would be hard work for the preachers to prove that he ever was a resident of the state) should be compelled to pay his taxes just the same as other people. Then we should soon be out of debt and hav some improvements in our city. J. S. FROST.

SALEM, O., Jan. 4, 287.

MR. EDITOR: My physical and financial restrictions compel me to limit my aspirations to your lowest terms, $5 for two years, which I herewith remit.

I am glad to see Spiritualism is sustained. I supposed it would be, and am glad to see it is done, and done so well as it is said to be by Colonel Kelso and the Bible. The objections to Spiritualism always seemed to me so inefficient as to make for the other side. When the raps appeared in western New York forty years ago, they were explained as sounds produced by the toe joints, and this poor explanation was persisted in for many years, and now it is persistently insisted that Kelso's book defeats its purpose by showing that there is falsehood as well as truth in the Bible. The fact is, as it seems to me, the Bible is a good witness to a believer therein, and would remain such even though explained as not infallible, but, like all other testimony, liable to be erroneous and deceptiv, and also that this explanation is due from those who would use it as a witness.

It is said our business with notions differing from our own is to understand them, not to quarrel with them. I think Materialists are not always aware that we reject the supernatural, the miraculous, and are as philosophical on the unknown and unknowable as the full-fledged Agnostic.

JOHN MCDONALD.

OSBORN, OHIO, Jan. 17, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: As there are so few Liberals here that hav any means and sand enough to be candid and tell their honest thoughts, I see but little chance to get new subscribers, so I renew my own for two years. Can't do without THE TRUTH SEEKER, and am fully convinced that you are doing a grand work. When your illustrations first began I thought them a little rough on sincere, yet beguiled religious people; but I hav changed my mind, and think them a great addition to the paper. Watson Heston is a genius, and he has chosen a fruitful field, for there are enough Bible absurdities to furnish him a subject for every day of his life, even if he should liv a thousand years.

I am a thorough Freethinker, for there is no subject or question so sacred that I will not think and reason about it without the least prejudice or reverential awe. I am a Rationalist, for I am always ready to receive and accept whatever seems to me rational or reasonable. I am an Agnostic, for I do not know whether there be a God or future state, or not; but still it does seem that the weight of argument is against it. I do wish people could talk about their religious differences without passion, the same as they can about other subjects. Then, perhaps, more people would be honest and candid, and say what they think. S. F. WOODWARD.

WEST UNION, O., Jan. 15, E.M. 287.

MR. EDITOR: In remitting my dues, as one of the first class referred to in your recent notice to delinquents, I desire to speak of the excellence and indispensableness of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Our Liberal society here is in a rather stationary condition, owing to the fact that, with a few exceptions, its members are not stimulated by the splendid facts sent out every week in THE TRUTH SEEKER. I inclose a circular showing an effort I made to hav a social meeting of Adams County Liberals, and hoping to take a few subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER, but the day was terribly cold, and about twenty friends sat down to dinner, but no subscribers were taken.

Until the entire mental and moral energy of Liberals is stirred into activity, through a realization of the vital human interests at stake in the deadly contest between Secularism and superstition, no Secular society can hav the vital force and cohesivness necessary to success. This realization and condition of growth it is scarcely possible to attain, except by each member reading weekly THE TRUTH SEEKER, and pondering its momentous and serious facts, and thus coming into sympathy with the grand Liberal magnetism of the age. The success of broad humanitarian Liberalism depends more on THE TRUTH SEEKER than on any other paper published on the planet. J. F. BECK.

HARWICH, MASS., Jan. 12, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Please find within $3.75—75 cents of which pass in to Father Hacker when convenient. I hav been waiting to see other parties send their fee, but hav not run across them; shall endeavor to soon.

I hav only to say THE TRUTH SEEKER is all I can ask for—a paper full of the best, most useful, and pertinent literature. Besides, the cartoons are *multum in parvo*. Let no one fear to raise the ire of mythologists. Giv them an inch, and they will take an ell. Slam-bang at them rather than bate your breath, but let us never be disrespectful to others that honestly differ from us. As Paine said, "Destroy the king, but save the man," so I would say, Destroy Christianity, but

save the poor dupes who in earlier life were seduced by its insidious influence.

I enjoy reading the incisiv contributions of Si Slokum and Mr. Peck, and scarcely less the grand expositions of your able contributors who lay bare to view the consummate monstrosity of the Roman church. How glad I am that there are able men among us that can do it! And then the two pages of "Letters to Friends"—they are amusing and instructiv. And what excellent opportunities to get into correspondence all over the country! I think we ought to avail ourselvs of such excellent chances. And the little ones so well entertained by that lover of children in the Corner! Many a girl and many a boy, I dare say, will hav been "saved as brands from the burning" by the large-hearted editor of the Corner, whose philoprogenitivness is aptly called into requisition for children who, in a certain degree, she can call her own. B. F. ROBBINS.

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BRAIDSTOWN, Jan. 22, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Permit another item on Lincoln's religion. Last May, when on Memorial day we were in Springfield, Ill., we had the pleasure of an extended conversation with Hon. W. H. Herndon, Lincoln's early law partner. This partnership began in 1843, and only the assassin's bullet dissolved it. The conversation turned upon Lincoln's religious views, about which there seems, according to the standpoint taken, to be a variety of views. Mr. Herndon notably knew Lincoln longer and more intimately than any other living man. He told us that when Lincoln was a clerk in a country store in Sangamon county the latter wrote a very fanciful book, militating against the Bible from an orthodox standpoint. His employer, having read the work, replied, "You are a rising young man; but if you publish this book you will forever blight your worldly prospects." Lincoln then and there put the MS into the fire, after he had "put the fire into the manuscript." Mr. Herndon further told us that Lincoln's religious views were then practically those held by the liberal wing of the Western Unitarian Conference, namely, that while he would not submit to any dogmatic tests, he did honestly and at all times endeavor to promote "truth, righteousness, and love." Such, practically, is the sum of Colonel Ingersoll's religion. And if we do not much mistake, Ingersoll to-day and Lincoln, were he living, would, upon application, be cordially welcomed into the fraternity of the more progressiv Unitarians in the West. So would scores of others who hold like principles. ZOA TOPSIS.

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OSHKOSH, WIS., Jan. 23, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In your editorial of the 22d inst. I notice you refer to a split in the Knights of Labor and the Lutheran church, and seem to think that the Knights of Labor will lose many members thereby. I am a Knight and I think I know whereof I speak. It is true that we hav lost a few members by the action of the priests of not only that denomination, but others as well; but where we hav lost one we hav gained two. Now, look at the absurdity of their action! In the first place, these priests object to their members belonging to any secret society, while at the same time they call a secret convention of Lutheran priests to determin, or, in other words, to take a vote whether the Knights of Labor shall go to heaven or hell (I can't do away with the old version, for it seems more expressiv). Now, I know many church-members who are Knights, and who would let the church and its priests go to the devil before they would giv up their Knighthood; and if those priests will come to me I will giv them a pass to the warm climate aforesaid, and a letter of introduction to his Satanic majesty, with a request that he will stir up the fires a little for their benefit, and if necessary use the Knights of Labor coal for that purpose. I am satisfied that all the churches and preachers are determined, if possible, to break up our organization; but if the heads of the order do their duty, the blow will fall upon the churches. I think it would be safe to say that the Lutheran church alone will lose ten thousand members in this state if they persist in fighting us, and they cannot afford to do it. As for me, I hav a Bible of my own, and it consists of but one book, and that book has but one chapter, and that chapter contains but one verse, and that verse is composed of only two words—viz., Do right. My Bible needs no revision, consequently we can do away with a large army of priests, and the money it takes to support them could be given to the deserving poor of our land. I believe the Knights of Labor are doing more for the poor to-day than all the churches in the country. I do not blame the poor workingmen for their belief, for it has been taught them from childhood, but I do blame the preachers when they teach what they know to be false. Our order is in a flourishing condition in this city, and these wolves in sheep's clothing will find it out in the near future. I am more and more pleased with THE TRUTH SEEKER and its cartoons, and agree with you on the Anarchist question, all others to the contrary notwithstanding, and I admire the writings of many of your correspondents. I am only an humble mechanic, so you cannot expect much from me. GEO. M. HARE.

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LETTER FROM SI SLOKUM.

2 LEWIS AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1887.

BROTHER MACDONALD: What's the matter with the folks the country about? It would appear that they think that this man, that man, and t'other man—any man but Si Slokum—are bent on working up a revolution through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and all on account of a supposition and conundrum in an article of mine which you publishcd, entitled, "The Impending Revolution," which supposition, to begin with, was, Suppose the mighty host of this country's workers should lay down its tools [this doesn't appear to be taking up arms, does it?] some fine day, and resolve to do no more work until matters between its millions of members and comparativly few grinding employers were adjusted to the scale of justice, as between man and man; if not the precise words, the precise supposition, as a whole; and which conundrum was as follows: "Grabocrats, monopolists, and robbers in general, including Jay Gould and his pals, the Wall street bandits [when comes the laying down of tools—not taking up of arms], what are you going to do about it?"

This supposition, with the conundrum—I admit that the first was somewhat startling, and the second decidedly staggering—knocked the sycophantic defenders of monopolies and grabocracy silly, and they are getting no better of their silliness very fast, it would appear, for they charge that Si Slokum is James Redpath, Colonel Hinton, Jeff Davis, Geronimo, Bismarck, General Bowne, Ben Butler, Bombastes Furioso, and hell—excuse me, sheol—knows who else.

Now, be it known to the timid, wherever they are, that Si Slokum is *not* James Redpath; that, personally, he doesn't know James Redpath from the exalted St. James; that Si Slokum is *not* Colonel Hinton; that, personally, he doesn't know Colonel Hinton from—oh, any Kentucky colonel you can name; that Si Slokum is *not* any other homo than Si Slokum himself; that Si Slokum's personality, years, avoirdupois, moderate fondness for extract of corn or rye, and hatred for grabocrats, are all his own and no other person's. Hoping this will be satisfactory so far as setting me on the shoulders of those who, doubtless, are burdened enough already, is concerned, I remain,

Yours fraternally, SI SLOKUM, himself.

P.S.—As I, and not Redpath, *et al*, must be the one who is trying to kindle the fires of revolution through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I would say to "Inter Nos," and all other *inter noses*, that I am not seeking to kindle anything but the fire that keeps the pot boiling; but all the same, and without any "kindling" effort on my part, the "revolution" I spoke of will sooner or later be on—a comparativly bloodless "walk-over," if according to my supposition—is on the way now, and "revolutions never go backward;" and the monopolistic grabocrats, the plutocracy of the country, are doing their best to fan it into a flame. I repeat, in effect, what I said in that all-disturbing article, that, if it comes red-handed, it would be, perhaps, better for the country, as the grabocracy would not forget it as quickly as the white-handed sort. Nothing is so cowardly as wealth. S. S.

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LEXINGTON, KY., Jan. 10, 1887.

"He went about doing good"

MR. EDITOR: That practice continued would bring together assemblies of disciples until there would not be room to contain them.

Let Freethinkers remember that a taste for fanaticism being absent from us, there is but one course to adopt to prevent Liberal ideas from falling into the oblivion which stands like a vampire ready to devour all shades of opinion, good, bad, or indifferent. The world, with all its advantages, is not firmly intellectual, but plastic, like clay, and can be molded by the shrewd manipulator into any shape, unless the few to whom this would be distasteful will arise and demand that our theories shall harden into real plans and institutions which will perpetuate our views and make them the greatest and most substantial things in the world. Love is the only principle which cannot be trampled out and obliterated by the foot of time or tyranny, the only magnetic force which prevents the universe from falling back to star-dust.

Let it be remembered that a habit of self-indulgence carries with it a kind of self-condemnation, a sensation of restlessness, which is not felt when most of our time is spent in doing good.

What shall render the future of the world different from the past? Instead of the reign of a brutish indifference, a careless selfishness, and disregard of the rights of others, all the sweetness of the human heart must become prominent.

The yearning love for the world, which burnt in the heart and moistened the eyes of Voltaire, we must experience by a happy contagion, which will permit us no longer to behold with indifference human beings with the intellects of angels sinking to the degradation of fiends, because, forsooth, they were raised so—the hydra was not strangled in the cradle, which poisoned these infants' breath, which covered them and filled the heart with the foul slime of hypocrisy, delusion, discontent, and all the dreariness of despair. That deep, passionate love which is indigenous to the human heart must sleep no longer, but awake with an ecstatic thrill and "bless them unawares," like the Ancient Mariner, when the cursed albatross of hatred, and sloth, and pride, will leave us, and sink like lead into the sea of earth's misery and shame.

But you ask, What will create such love? What, O Heavens! when men and women all around you are not only sick with poverty and sorrow, but are poisoned and enfeebled, their best powers crippled by the corruption, the horrible stench, the strangling slime, the withering contagion which the Jewish Bible emits from its black, bloody, and guilt-stained pages. Like the flies and lice of Egypt, it covers alike counters, tables, kneading-troughs, makes the air sickly and malarious, and distorts the brain until the loathsome nightmare of falsehood, distortion, and corruption are the only mental fruit of what we call mind. What glorious things we could do if we were not trammeled with robes of Jewish folly, expected to utter incantations instead of using all our energies in the cause of knowledge and benevolence.

What would be your emotions to see your friends exposed to the plague, smallpox, cholera, and black vomit at one fearful moment of time? Would you not rush and bring to bear quickly upon the case every influence which was available for purposes of relief, security, and future happiness? Agitate, keep the subject before the people, fear not to pass the hat for money, until the land is dotted with beautiful Freethought school-houses and lecture rooms, happy homes for orphans and poor young men and women.

If our poor are comforted and relieved, well. If enthusiasm is wanting, we must be disgraced or get up an artificial heat from somewhere, such as sustained the followers of Cromwell in their fiery opposition to royalty, church, and state, creeds, etc.

A new Cromwell should arise, who would be able to lead peaceful hosts into Washington, and while the usual discussions are going on, he should calmly order delinquents to the "painted chamber," entertaining the audience with a history of their doings as they passed before him, as was done long ago in England. How often we hear the expression used, "The truth is powerful, and will prevail;" but the truth will never conquer except by the superhuman efforts of burning and determined hearts who are resolved to conquer or die.

But the beautiful glow of the universe is not compelled entirely by outside force, neither is morality made of rigid lines or logical rules. Feeling ofttimes determines what is best for us, and the tissues which giv birth to these feelings, so susceptible of improvement, are a legacy handed down from previous experiences and influences.

Make the most, then, of what you find in human nature. "Coincide with it," and draw it into something broader and more noble by a magnetism which brings enchantment to the soul. Men of the finest mold are a kind of prophets, showing what the world can be, but men of the passions well directed leave an impress which defies the power of time to efface.

If the faint enthusiasm of reason is intrusted with the care of the mighty undertakings in question, we may fail where we ardently hope to succeed. The world is but human; every feeling, association, and memory upon the side of right should be enlisted; every harmless piece of machinery and artistic device should be used to arouse the heart of man and lead him into a new and glorious field of action.

We can learn human nature from the practices of the Methodists, and some keen-sighted Spiritualist has, I think, brought the news to us that even in heaven, when the golden streets seemed cold and lonesome, some dear member would contrive to get a few chips from an old Methodist church to make a fire, around which they would pray and shout until the bliss of heaven was held at a discount. ALHAZA.

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ROCK GROVE, ILL., Jan. 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I see by the last TRUTH SEEKER that you call on your readers or patrons to furnish you with names of solid Infidels that are not now readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, with a view to send them sample copies. I hav taken a view over the field of this locality, and hav selected the herein inclosed list of names as proper persons to be tempted with sample copies. They all hav stood the brunt of revival meetings all along without being affected by them in the least, and some are quite old men. However, they are generally of the Agnostic kind (the don't know kind); but as they are all intelligent persons, it would be a great gain to the cause to put weapons in their hands such as THE TRUTH SEEKER, and other Liberal and scientific literature. They would then be enabled to talk back to some purpose, in place of simply keeping mum.

While I am at it, I may as well giv you some inside view of our little farm community, or neighborhood. The rule here is, the ghostly church leaders keep up revival all winter, which in the main is not preaching or explaining scripture texts, but simply going through a performance that to a deaf person would look like a backwood's show, the object of which evidently is to mesmerize the weak and negativ-minded, which is sometimes accomplished, especially if the operator is a strong positiv person, and the surroundings are favorable, mostly effectiv on children and young females; rarely on strong, positiv men, and hardly ever on positiv, intelligent, and well-informed women. Always toward spring the "bloods" become tired of the sameness of the thing, so they change the program by calling out the fiddle, which soon dissipates the mesmeric influence (at least in most cases), or at least turns it in another and more natural channel, where a natural instinct plays a big part. Indeed, no coaxing, praying, or preaching is at all necessary. The thing goes booming from the start, but just as soon as the frost is out of the ground, then all the winter sports are dropped without the least formality, and by common consent the thing stands adjourned to next December. Souls need no saving in summer, and there is no time in a farming community to attend frolicking parties. I am a man of seventy-five years of age. What a grand change has taken place since my young days! Then it was considered a most horrid crime to say the Bible was originally fixed up by cunning old monks, and that no God ever authorized them to write it, and that it all was a myth and a sham to lead ignorant and uninformed people by the nose. But now it has become not only honorable to say so, but is deemed a sure sign that a man has a sound and intelligent mind. The same idea is even proclaimed from the pulpit itself, and that by some of the most gifted preachers in the world. And what is more, such hav the largest and most respectable congregations, and the best paying ones, too.

I hav been a subscriber and reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER since D. M. Bennett first started it at Paris, Ill., some fourteen years ago, I believe. 'Rah for the pictures! I am cutting out all my pictures from THE TRUTH SEEKER, to preserve them in a scrap-book, before sending out the reading matter on missionary work. I would suggest that it would be an advantage to print advertisments or other unimportant matter on the opposit side of the large picture, for the cutting out spoils the reading matter of the second page, which is generally valuable. SOLOMON FISHER.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## Miss Lillipop's Housekeeping.

Little Miss Lillipop thought she must help
To wash up the dishes and wipe up the shelf,
To brush off the table and sweep up the floor,
And clean off the stains from the paint on the door.

She put on her apron, and pulled up her sleeve—
She didn't want work that was only make-believe;
"For muzzers who've dot yittle chillens," said she,
"Must hav yittle housekeepers; dat's what I'll be."

Little Miss Lillipop went through the room,
Whisked the dust high with the edge of her broom,
Broke the poor cup which she dropped on the floor,
Left the paint twenty times worse than before.

Splattered and splashed—but oh, how could I chide
The little swelling heart with sweet helpful pride?
"For how would my muzzer be able," said she,
"To get froo her work if she didn't hav me?"

## Science Column.

Under the above heading we propose to giv a short sketch every week on topics relating to the world in which we liv. Every child comes into being ignorant of its surroundings and the laws that govern life in its varied aspects and conditions.

He is obliged to learn all about the world, and how to liv in it, all about life and his relations to the same. In the past it has been that too many were ready to die before they had learned how to liv. They were started on the wrong track, and were instructed in the geography and philosophy of another world before learning the rudiments of this—they were taught, ignorantly, it may be, the ethics of another life before they had learned the morals of this one.

In preparing and offering the little items of scientific information which we propose, it is our desire that the children who shall become interested in them will feel that they are starting somewhere near the right way in the journey of life, and they will not be obliged to unlearn much of that which they find in this column in after years. The letter in another column suggests "World-Building" for our first topic.—Ed. C. C.

WORLD-BUILDING.

'Tis a grand old world, with stories bright
And fresh as morning dew,
Which grow and gleam on our growing sight
In ever deepening hue.

It is, indeed, a grand and lovely world that we liv in, and it is very natural to want to know all about its birth and growth.

There are those who hav made this world a study, and who hav devoted much time to the understanding of its silent but powerful forces.

Our world, the earth, is, as you may know, a planet, belonging to what is termed the solar system, and is like a book full of beautiful pictures, whose every page is ornamented with precious jewels.

A planet is an object or body that revolves around the sun. Its name is from a Greek word, *planetes*, and stands for a wanderer.

"Solar" means belonging to the sun, and the solar system comprises those planets and their moons and comets that travel around the sun at different distances.

The planets are not shining and bright, because their outer surface or crust has become cold. Besides our earth there are seven other big planets in our solar system. Their names are Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune.

People hav been very ignorant in the past about how these planets or worlds came to be, and many children hav been taught wrong stories in regard to world-building. It is only within a hundred years that people generally hav begun to learn the truth. Before that they were prevented from learning many things by ignorant men who had power and were called priests.

*Geology* tells us about the structure of our planet. This word is from the Greek, and means to talk about the earth.

Millions of years ago the earth was a little bit of nebula—a cloudy, hazy, misty, baby spot, thrown off, probably, from the sun, and it went whirling, rushing, like a whirligig, around and around, on and on, through space, faster than we can think. As it flew through space, atoms adhered to it, and it grew larger by degrees.

You ask how it came to be round. It was in obedience to a force, or law, which we can see in operation to-day in the rounded apple, or the drop of dew on a rose in summer time. For thousands and thousands of years the earth was growing amid steam, vapor, heat, and storms, like a swelling bud that some time was destined to blossom in brightest bloom and beauty. Fire, and smoke, and many gases, that to us would be poisonous, helped it to unfold, and after many ages of constant motion, and adding to its form, the heat of its body began to float off into space, obeying still its inherent law. As it grew colder and colder, it showed signs of solid matter here and there on its surface, with many rents and rifts.

There were great gaps and yawning gulfs, earthquakes, volcanoes, geysers, melting rocks, fire and tempests, a thick and muddy atmosphere, and the elements all in frightful commotion, with a great many wonderful changes, in that early time, while the earth was working itself clear, and into shape and condition fit for our dwelling-place.

No one can tell the exact age of the earth, but it is safe to say it is more than a million years old. Its crust is thought to be about fifty or sixty miles in thickness, and it grows very hot as we penetrate deep down below its surface, and it is supposed that very hot fires are still raging in its heart or center.

S. H. W.

Questions.—What is the earth? Define planet. From what word is it derived? Define solar. What is the solar system? Do the planets shine? Why not? Name the other planets in our solar system. How were the children taught formerly in regard to world-building? Who prevented the truth from being spoken? What does geology teach? Define the word. When was the earth a bit of nebula? How did it go through space? What adhered to it? How came it to be round? What aided its growth? What happened to it after many ages? What occurred before it was fit to liv on? Does anyone know the age of the earth? How thick is its crust?

## Legacies.

When a rich man dies and leaves a written request that a certain other person shall hav his money for his own use, it is called a legacy. How many of the young readers of the Corner are there who would not like to receive one? No doubt you all think you could appreciate that.

Now, there are other things besides money which are left for us by others, which are sometimes called legacies, which are not always so well appreciated, yet are quite as useful. No doubt some of you hav had an intimate "grown-up" friend to whom you hav been accustomed to listen, and whose mind seemed to you to be a fountain of knowledge always overflowing with sparkling gems of wit and varied information. What sadness clouded your pathway when the life of that friend suddenly went out, and you realized what he had been to you! You felt that the loss to yourself and the world was great, indeed, and how you did wish that you might take up or become possessed of his goodness and wisdom, and if you could do this, how much better the world might be when you should leave it.

While your friend could not leave to you all his wealth of wisdom, you will find as the years go by that he has indeed left you a rich legacy in the gems of thought, the fruit of his experience, which he dropped by the way while with you, and which are stored in your memory, as money in the vaults of a bank, from which you may draw, as you are able, to use them to your advantage. You are continually being left legacies of this kind in the thoughts written and stored in the Corner, and many other papers and books which hav been written and printed, from which you can freely draw all you can use. There is one thing, however, which you cannot come into full possession of without labor and experience. It is called good judgment. If you hav for some time been a careful reader of the Corner, and hav parents or guardians who are thinking people, and hav taught you to think for yourselvs, and as far as possible attribute the things that occur around you to their true causes, you hav already a great advantage over those who are being reared by credulous and superstitious people, as many children are.

You hav, no doubt, learned that there are many things which can be demonstrated as being true; that is, can be positivly proved or made evident to the senses beyond question or denial. Such things are real facts, or truth. By comparing statements of which we know little or nothing with what we do know, we learn whether or not they are true, because all truths will agree or be in harmony with each other wherever found. Thus we may increase our store of facts and strengthen our ability to judge correctly and quickly. We may soon form a habit of doing this, and be far less liable to be led into error.

When we hav seen it proved by experiment, and know that water will always flow down hill, unless some force greater than the force of gravitation acts upon the water to prevent, it would be difficult to make us believe that a man could cause a large body of water to separate and stand like two solid walls, with nothing but the air between them, simply by holding a rod like a walking-cane over or toward a portion of it. Perhaps you hav heard a story something like this. How does it compare with what you know of water? As you grow older, you will often hav occasion to apply such tests as above indicated, and the facts so obtained will serve to drive away many groundless fears which haunt the narrow minds of those who hav not learned to apply them.

You will do well to remember that there is no subject too "sacred" for the application, as there can be nothing more sacred than the truth.

In this way you will liv longer and be happier, besides leaving the world better than you found it, by making others happier also, because of your influence upon them.

That you may all do this, and more, is the sincere wish of your Uncle George.

[We thank the writer for the above beautiful legacy, and trust it may not be the last he will leave the children of our Corner.—Ed. C. C.]

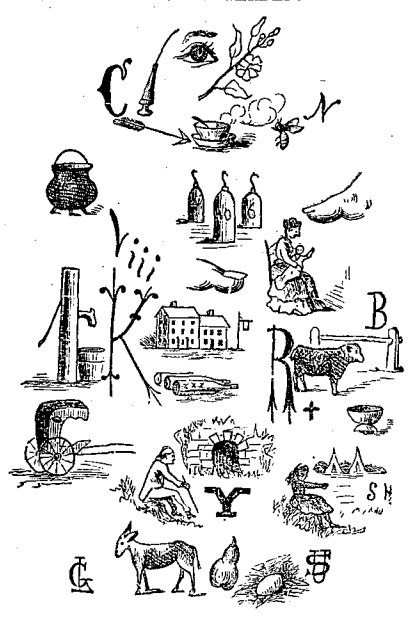
## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—ANAGRAM.

"A musical instrument like a large lute"
Is the thing that I mean when I speak of *her boot.*

J. K. P. B.

2.—KITCHEN GARDEN.



Fifteen vegetables.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, JAN. 22, 1887.

1.— NESTLE
EXTRA
STAY
TRY
LA
E

2.—Arrow grass, hair grass, feather grass, broom grass, crown and beard grass; star flower, trumpet flower, wall flower, corn flower.

## Correspondence.

Austin, Nev., Jan. 8, 1887.

Dear Miss Wixon: This is my first letter I hav ever written, and as I am a little Freethinker seven years old, I thought I would write my first letter to you. I like the Children's Corner; mamma reads it to me. I read the children's letters every week. My papa has taken The Truth Seeker for many years. We laugh at the pictures every week. I am going to send for Aunt Elmina's book for children. More next time.

From yours truly, Harry Moss.

Cuming, Ga., Jan. 16, 1887.

Dear Miss Wixon: I once more come before you as a beggar, for which I am ashamed—not to beg alms, but to ask a place in the Corner to thank the friends who hav responded to my situation. I hav a friend indeed at Philadelphia, who has been sending me The Truth Seeker regularly. We hav moved, and changed our post-office to Cuming. Pa is a tenant, and since we hav been up here in north Georgia, we hav to move every year, and you do not know how hard it is on him. I began to think we would hav to be thrown out all because pa is an outspoken Infidel, and the only one that dares to speak what he thinks. He will not act the hypocrit under any circumstances. I think he is wrong. I believe in policy myself. Oh, how I wish for a home! I hate the word "tenant," or "serf." As Uncle Bob says, "home is where the virtues grow." Nellie H. Guthrey.

Oneida, Ill., Jan. 1, 1887.

Dear Miss Wixon: I go to school, and sit with another girl, whose name is Kate E. Main. She is as old as I am, and we are in the same classes. I study reading, arithmetic, geography, language, and spelling. It is very cold weather here now, and the snow is deep. There are five of us going to school, two girls and three boys. I must close for this time. Yours truly, Edith J. Rees.

Burnett, Neb., Jan. 5, 1887.

Dear Miss Wixon: My sister wrote a letter to the Children's Corner, so I thought I would write one. I am a little boy seven years old. I am in the Third Reader, and study spelling and arithmetic. I hav four sisters and three brothers older than myself, and one brother younger than I. Well, I guess this is a long enough letter for the first one, wishing you success with the Corner. I read the story in the last paper about, "Are Your Hands Clean?" and I thought it was very good. Yours truly, G. L. Whitney.

Atlantic Highlands, N. J., Jan. 15, 1887.

Dear Miss Wixon: I liv at Atlantic Highlands, a Christian seaside resort. Our house is about twenty feet from the water of Sandy Hook bay. I hav a boat and I go fishing and rowing in the summer, and in the winter I go to school. I am twelve years old. My studies are spelling, history, algebra, grammar, arithmetic, geography, Fifth Reader, and etymology. My papa takes The Truth Seeker. I go to Sunday-school and read The Truth Seeker at home. I like the pictures first-rate. My school-teacher told us the other day how the world was made. She said God took a stick and dipped it into molten fire and brimstone, and whirled it around and a piece flew off and made this world, and another piece flew off and made Venus, and another piece flew off and made Jupiter, and so on until all the planets were made. I wrote this for the Children's Corner in The Truth Seeker; if you think it best, please put it in.

Willie C. Stickle, aged 12 years.

National Soldiers' Home, Va., Jan. 9, 287.

Miss Wixon: I hav often thought of paying tribute to the Children's Corner over which you so happily preside, but it has seemed on approach to be too sacred a precinct for an old bachelor soldier to intrude upon. The open-faced letter (that is a printer's term) from Dena L. Diamond calls me to the front. I am somewhat acquainted at the village of Ely, Vt., where that young and brave Freethinker resides, having been born in Port Mills village, in the township of Thetford (named after Thetford, England, where our honored Thomas Paine first saw the light). Ely is in the next township, Vershire on the northwest, and in between is West Fairlee, in which I hav lived about half my days, and where there are some of the terrible Freethinkers also, and not altogether afraid of their own shadows. Tell your correspondent, for me, that there is no thought but Freethought; the ideas that are bound upon one by force or fear are not thoughts, but notions—not Yankee notious, but useless notions—and the reason the church people hate Col. Robert G. Ingersoll so much, and their dislike amounts to hatred, is because he tries so effectually to free them from the yoke of bondage which they hav worn so long they think it a part of themselvs. They almost always speak of him as Bob Ingersoll. Now, how refined and gracious that is! How would they like to hav us call Jesus Christ Jed Christ?

I want to hav all our young friends learn to use the Bruno calendar, adopted by the Secular Union; at least, when writing on scientific and philosophical questions. They must know that Giordano Bruno was the first who brought such themes to a focus, and made a system of knowledge, showing that the universe was under the dominion of unchanging law, instead of being governed at the hap-hazard beck of a God, and for doing this the lamb-like Christians burnt him alive in the city of Rome, two hundred and eighty-six years ago. As the pious bigots say that the world is indebted to Christianity, as they name their nonsense, for civilization, whilst they teach Bruno's science in their schools, not letting their pupils learn there ever was such a person, we ought not to reckon time by the Christian style, but giv honor to whom honor is due, and date our chronology from the martyrdom of Bruno, making this year to be 287. I think that children are the most interesting creatures in the world, and the best that Christians believe about Jesus is that he was once a chubby baby boy. The Children's Corner is the most delightful part of The Truth Seeker, and a deal of truth is to be found in it. I wish there was a whole paper published by the Liberals for the little ones. Your "Story Hour" is splendid, and if you and the good Truth Seeker folks could arrange a Long Hour, it would be glorious. There, I am crowding the rightful occupauts out of their snug Corner, and shall hav to bow myself out.

Yours for the children,
John Prescott Guild.

[Mr. Guild will please accept our thanks for the above beautiful letter and his kind appreciation of the Corner, which will never be so "sacred" as to bar him or any other friend out.—Ed. C. C.]

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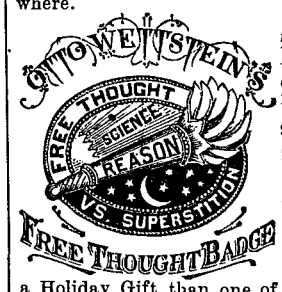
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## The Battle of Life.

I am tired, lay me down;
Welcome death; I sleep at last;
I hav fought, but gained no crown;
"One of a crowd," is all my past,
Yet had I hoped a course to run
Should bring me honor, wealth, and fame;
Or if not all, but only one,
Yet I, at least, should make a name.

Well, some must stand, and some must fall,
Some must be leaders, some be led;
The happy chance comes not to all;
Some fight for honors, some for bread.
When the brave leader you decree
Honors and rank and royal smile,
Forget not, men as good as he
Are standing in the rank and file.

—*London Society.*

## Ingersoll and Lambert.

For the past two years, but more especially the last three months, various Catholic friends hav persistently called my attention to a book entitled, "Notes on Ingersoll," by Rev. L. A. Lambert. I was assured that it completely demolished that celebrated Infidel, and one enthusiast remarked that the arguments used were so clear-cut, so convincing, they carried conviction to the most obdurate.

The articles of Mr. Ingersoll, to which these "Notes" were supposed to be an answer, first appeared in the *North American Review*, and are known as his controversy with Judge Jere. S. Black. I had read them, and thought that Ingersoll had by far the better of the argument. Moreover, I did not remember having seen anything since which could cause me to change my mind.

Therefore, I reasoned that if "an obscure country pastor" could effect such a work, his place was not in an obscure, interior town, but in some large city, where, the observed of all observers, he could receive that homage justly his due for having saved Christianity from her impending doom. Hundreds of the most important positions in the church in Italy are occupied by men whose only claim to distinction is that they are members of some rich and powerful family. But here was one, an Irish-American, of poor but virtuous parents, who, by his gigantic intellect, had destroyed with one fell blow what God, the virgin, the angels, and all the rest of Christendom had been vainly endeavoring to do for centuries.

So I bought the book, determined that when it had carried conviction to my heart I would present the reverend gentleman's claims to the holy father—claims which his nativ modesty would naturally prevent his presenting in person. I read it carefully three times, and each time felt more and more satisfied that it would not be fair to assist in having him removed from his present position, as, at least so says the Buffalo Catholic Publication Company, "it is the wish of the people among whom he resides, that he may long be retained as pastor of St. Mary's church, and that his health, strength, and usefulness may not be impaired for many years to come." So the suffering souls of St. Mary's can depend that, so far as any exertion on my part is concerned, he is likely to remain "an obscure country pastor."

A woodcut of the Rev. Lambert, which graces the first page, shows a man of considerable mental ability, and an impression is made that, under other circumstances, he might hav been both an able and an original thinker.

From a somewhat limited biography, I learn that he founded the *Catholic Times* at Waterloo, N. Y., which has since consolidated with the *Union*, and is now known as the *Catholic Union and Times*, of Buffalo. Also that he is an author: his "Thesaurus Biblicus," or hand-book of scripture reference, being "a mountain of scholarly research and patient toil."

The preface is by the Rev. Patrick Cronin, who takes to himself the credit for having published the "Notes" in pamphlet form, as originally they appeared only in the columns of the Buffalo *Union and Times*. For, says he, "regarding them as a complete annihilation of the preteptious scoffer [Ingersoll], and desirous that they should reach a much larger public than could be secured by any newspaper," etc., etc.—the nativ modesty of the author was overcome and the "Notes" appeared. There is no question in regard to the motiv. The spoils of Egypt, filthy lucre, had nothing to do with it. It is claimed that one hundred and twenty-five thousand of these pamphlets, which could be produced at less than five cents per copy, hav been sold at twenty-five cents per copy. A clear case of *ad majorem Dei gloriam*.

As he warms to the subject, the Rev. Cronin enthusiastically remarks: "Would that those whose minds hav been poisoned by the specious pen and brilliant rhetoric of our American arch-blasphemer could read these 'Notes.'" "With cold, relentless cruelty, Father Lambert pursues Ingersoll in these pages, step by step, piercing him with keen Damascus blade at every turn; aye, dissecting him to the very marrow of his bones." "Oh, that to-day we had more Father Lamberts, especially in these United States, to giv us opportune pamphlets like this!"

Now, the Rev. Lambert comes on the scene, and in his introductory, after comparing Mr. Ingersoll with Paine, Voltaire, Hobbes, Bolingbroke, and others, claims that as the objections Mr. Ingersoll raised were not original, there is no necessity for his answering them. "The proper way to meet Mr. Ingersoll is," says he, "not to defend Christianity against his scattering, inconsequent, illogical, and unphilosophical attacks, but to make his article the subject to be considered," etc—and he proceeds to consider it by taking up various sentences and answering them in this wise:

INGERSOLL. We know nothing of what we call the laws of nature except as we gather the idea of law from the uniformity of phenomena springing from like conditions. To make myself clear, water always runs down-hill.

I thought this a rather clear proposition, and read the following answer with some surprise:

LAMBERT. We acquire a knowledge of the laws of nature by observing the effects of the forces of nature; but we do not gather "an idea of law" from the study of these forces and effects. The idea of law, in general, is, and must be, prior to the idea of particular laws, etc., etc.

This I thought to be mere quibbling. But he goes on to giv his "idea" that as "water runs up in the capillary tubes of every vegetable that grows" (by the by, this is called the force of suction, from which the word sucker is derived), and because "the Mississippi carries its water up an inclined plane, a perpendicular distance of five miles," and "the same is true of a portion of the Nile;" and as "the equator all around the earth is a mountain thirteen miles higher than the surface at the poles," and the "polar regions are vast sunken valleys," he concludes that the saying, "Water always runs down-hill," is incorrect, else the polar regions would be flooded. Therefore, when Mr. Ingersoll made the statement he knew nothing about the subject; in fact, less of this world than of the next. He adds, "You saw, somewhere, a bit of water running down a hill, and you gathered an idea that it always does so."

And so he goes, on, on, on, ever quibbling, till the point is reached where, in speaking of the presumed existence of God, Ingersoll says:

This question cannot be settled by saying that it would be a mere waste of time and space to enumerate the proofs which show that the universe was created by a pre-existent and self-conscious being. The time and space should hav been wasted, and the proofs should hav been enumerated. These proofs are what the wisest and greatest are trying to find.

LAMBERT. I shall produce the argument of a philosopher for the existence of God. It runs in this way: I allow you to doubt all things if you wish till you come to the point where doubt denies itself. Doubt is an act of intelligence; only an intelligent agent can doubt. It as much demands intellect to doubt as it does to believe—to deny as it does to affirm. Universal doubt is, therefore, an impossibility: for doubt cannot, if it would, doubt the intelligence that doubts, since to doubt that would be to doubt itself. You cannot doubt that you doubt, and then, if you doubt, you know that you doubt, and there is one thing, at least, you do not doubt, namely, that you doubt. To doubt the intelligence that doubts, would be to doubt that you doubt, for, without intelligence there can be no more doubt than belief. Intelligence, then, you must assert, for without intelligence you cannot even deny intelligence, and the denial of intelligence by intelligence contradicts itself, and affirms intelligence in the every act of denying it. Doubt, then, as much as you will, you must still affirm intelligence as the condition of doubting, or of asserting the possibility of doubt, for what is not, cannot act.

This much then is certain, that however far you may be disposed to carry your denials, you cannot carry them so far as to deny intelligence, because that would be denial of denial itself. Then you must concede intelligence, and then whatever is essential to the reality of intelligence. In conceding anything you concede necessarily all that by which it is what it is, and without which it could not be what it is. Intelligence is inconceivable without the intelligible, or some object capable of being known. So in conceding intelligence you necessarily concede the intelligible. The intelligible is, therefore, something which is, is being, real being too, not mere abstract or possible being, for without the real there is and can be no possible or abstract. The abstract, in that it is abstract, is nothing and, therefore, unintelligible; that is to say, no object of knowledge, or of the intellect. The possible as possible is nothing but the power or ability of the real, and is apprehensible only in that power or ability. In itself, abstracted from the real, it is pure nullity, has no being, no existence, is not, and therefore is unintelligible, no object of intelligence or of intellect, on the principle that what is not is not intelligible. Consequently, to the reality of intelligence a real intelligible is necessary; and since the reality of intelligence is undeniable, the intelligible must be asserted, and asserted as real, not as abstract or merely possible being. You are obliged to assert intelligence, but you cannot assert intelligence without asserting the intelligible, and you cannot assert the intelligible without asserting something that really is; that is, without asserting real being. The real being thus asserted is either necessary and eternal being, being in itself, subsisting by and from himself, or it is contingent and, therefore, created being. One or the other we must say, for being which is neither necessary nor contingent, or which is both at once, is inconceivable, and cannot be asserted or supposed.

Whatever is, in any sense, is either necessary and eternal, or contingent and created, is either being in itself, absolute being, or existence dependent on another for its being, and, therefore, is not without the necessary and eternal, on which it depends. If you say it is necessary and eternal being, you say it is God; if you say it is contingent being, you still assert the necessary and eternal, therefore God, because the contingent is neither possible nor intelligible without the necessary and eternal. The contingent, since it is or has its being only in the necessary and eternal, and since what is not is not intelligible, is intelligible as the contingent only in necessary and eternal being, the intelligible in itself, in which it has its being and therefore its intelligibility. So in either case you cannot assert the intelligible without asserting necessary and eternal being; and, therefore, since necessary and eternal being is God without asserting God, or that God is; and since you must assert intelligence even to deny it, it follows that in every act of intelligence God is asserted, and that it is impossible without self-contradiction to deny his existence (*Brownson's Quarterly Review*).

Alas! poor Brownson. I knew him well. Educated a Protestant, he tried in vain to gain an honest living by literary work. Heavy, dull, phlegmatic, his articles were too labored even for his cultured co-religionists; and it used to be said that eternity had been created for the sole purpose of studying his essays. Starvation stared him in the face. In a moment of inspiration he became a Catholic, and the world was electrified with the news that the great, the original, the profound Orestes A. Brownson would publish a quarterly review in the interests of the "Holy Church." In order that the cares of a growing family should not disturb his mental equilibrium, his son was educated by the church, and received holy orders. He is dead now. Peace to his ashes! His foibles, and those of his father, are buried in the grave.

Well, the *Review* appeared, and no Catholic center-table had its complete outfit unless one or more copies were ostentatiously shown on it. Time crept on; the Catholic world was not prepared or educated to receive these wondrous argumentations, and slowly but surely the circulation of the Review fell off—off—off—till not a score stood on its books. And now, poor Brownson is resuscitated by "an obscure country pastor," and his insane ravings, superinduced by a too lavish use of chloral, are foisted on an American public as the conclusions of an eminent philosopher and incontestable proof of the existence of a God.

It is not my intention to analyze the "Notes." I read them for my own pleasure and profit. I will merely quote the last article, as it contains a proposition which I propose to notice.

INGERSOLL. We should remember . . . that the early Christians believed everything but the truth, and that they accepted paganism, and admitted the reality of all the pagan miracles.

LAMBERT'S COMMENT. In making and printing this statement you lose all claim to respectful consideration. We must brand it in the whole and in all its parts as a falsehood; and he who made it is ignorant or malicious, or both. And yet this falsifier talks glibly of "honesty" and "honor bright." *We charge* Mr. Ingersoll with *falsehood* in making the above statement. We call on him to verify it or stand as a convicted falsifier. A falsifier cannot be trusted; his glib talk of honesty and virtue must be looked upon as a snare, like that of the profligate who talks of virtue to his intended victim. We can respect an enemy, but when we find deceit and falsehood in his methods, we relegate him to that disrespectable class which affords remunerativ employment to detectivs and policemen. A falsifier is a manufacturer of base coin, a counterfeiter, a fraud.

We here conclude these notes, believing we hav accomplished what we undertook to do. We hav said enough to convince our readers that Mr. Ingersoll is profligate of statement; that he is not to be trusted; that he is unscrupulous; that as a logician and metaphysician he is beneath contempt; that he is a mere galvanizer of old objections long ago refuted; that he is ignorant and superficial—full of gas and gush—in a word, that he is a philosophical charlatan of the first water, who mistakes curious listeners for disciples, and applause for approval.

Of course, we do not expect him to reply to us, and for several reasons. First, he will not want to; second, he cannot; third, he can pretend not to notice an obscure country pastor. Very well. Then let some of his disciples or admirers try to rehabilitate his smirched character. We hold ourselvs responsible to him and to all the glib little whiffets of his shallow school.

NOTE TO NINTH EDITION. As I anticipated, Mr. Ingersoll has publicly declined to reply.

Thus endeth this remarkable production—remarkable in more ways than one, remarkable in so far that a Catholic clergyman, even though "an obscure country pastor," should raise his voice in defense of a Protestant champion of Christianity. Just think of it—Jere. S. Black, a member of a church which characterizes the Catholic church as "the Scarlet Woman," "the Whore of Babylon," and other pet and suggestiv names, being defended by a Catholic priest—Jere. Black, puffed up to the skies as a defender of Christianity! Well, well, times hav changed, for the publisher, Rev. Patrick Cronin, says "As may be observed, these 'Notes' are written from the broadest Christian standpoint; so that they ought to be as welcome to all who believe in Jesus Christ, and in the revelation he has made, as to Catholics. We need scarcely add the hope that they may hav a large circulation; and we ask all who glory in the triumph of Christian truth, to aid in spreading this pamphlet."

But who ever heard of a broad Christian standpoint—a standpoint so broad that a Calvinist and a Catholic could meet, and, with locked arms, sing the song of the saints? I never did, and Patrick Cronin and L. A. Lambert deserve the kindest considerations of all Christendom for having shoved that plank into the Christian platform.

But what is Christianity? From what standpoint is Jere. Black or the Protestant buyer of the "Notes" to view it? If Black views it from his own, then, according to Lambert's he must be damned: unless—just think of it—unless this mighty champion, with his "great intellectual merit and ability," this cogent reasoner, is willing to accept salvation by pleading guilty to "invincible ignorance."

But I hav more particularly to do with the concluding portion of the "Notes." I hav no doubt that Mr. Ingersoll had good and sufficient reasons for declining to meet Mr. Lambert. It is not customary for a leader to go out of his way to answer every charge, even if made by a clergyman. The intellectual status of Mr. Ingersoll is too well defined to need any explanation from him. The curious reader of the "Notes" will find a reason on its every page, and may possibly determin that Mr. Ingersoll simply declined "to stoop to conquer." But it is different with me, and with thousands of others. Personally I am not—at least, I do not think I am—a "glib little whiffet of a shallow school," but an open and avowed Infidel, and if the Rev. Lambert will hold himself responsible to me, I will, in lieu of a better man, meet him in the columns of the press and argue on the merits of his particular school.

It is eminently fitting that "an obscure country pastor" should be met by one in his own station; by one who desires no higher position than that of a "high private in the rear rank of the Liberal army."

I should ask that we keep in view the truism that "a belief never changes a fact;" that the arguments should be impersonal; that we deal with *cold facts*, and that the articles appear simultaneously in THE TRUTH SEEKER and the Buffalo *Catholic Union and Times*—as the originator of this last, the Reverend Lambert, has claims which his admirer, the Reverend Cronin, the present editor, will not ignore.

On the part of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and for its thousands of readers, can be promised a respectful hearing, not of sophistries, but of any facts that may be presented, for there are multitudes anxiously awaiting light, and if they hav immortal souls which can only be saved by means of the Catholic church, they want to know it; and want that knowledge right away. And so do I.

Therefore, Brother Macdonald, kindly forward a marked copy to the Rev. L. A. Lambert, pastor of St. Mary's church, Waterloo, N. Y.

Let us hope that the reverend gentleman's keen Damascus blade has not become dull nor he tired of dissecting Infidels to the very marrow of their bones.

McARTHUR.


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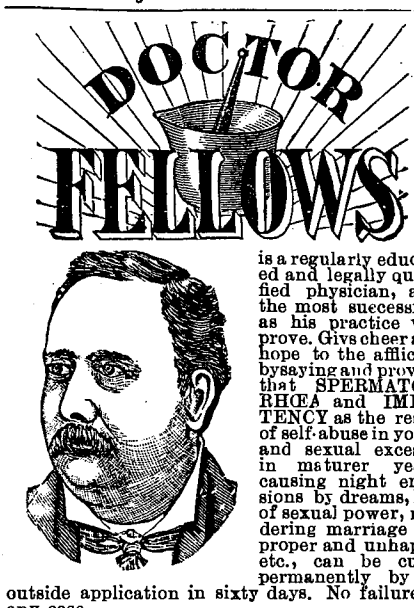
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## News of the Week.

NUMEROUS cases of small-pox are reported.

MICHAEL DAVITT, the Land Leaguer, has returned to Ireland.

BOODLE ALDERMAN O'NEIL is now on trial in this city for bribery.

THE fasting girl of Monon, Ind., is said to be dying after ninety days of total abstinence from food.

THE New York Produce Exchange has sent a memorial to Congress urging more efficient harbor defenses.

AN old man kneeling at his devotions in the Catholic cathedral at Portland, Me., died suddenly last Sunday.

THE New York excise commissioners hav decided to raise liquor-saloon licenses from $75 to $200, beginning with Feb. 1, 1887.

LAST year's immigration into the United States amounted to 386,755 persons, an increase of more than 60,000 over the year 1885.

A SENSATIONAL statement has been circulated to the effect that Brigham Young is still alive and intends to appear as one risen from the dead.

IT is reported that the strike in Lorillard's tobacco factory is off, an amicable settlement having been reached between employer and employees.

THE printers of New York will petition the legislature to establish a state printing-office instead of giving the work out to so-called "rat" contractors.

MAYOR HEWITT is steadily recovering his health, though the sciatica troubles him somewhat. He has not as yet been able to devote much attention to the duties of his office.

CASHIER SCHROEDER, of a German savings bank in Jersey City, embezzled so much money that the bank has put itself in the hands of the court. Mr. Schroeder has disappeared.

FATHER DONELLY, the priest who succeeded Dr. McGlynn, reports that McGlynn is owing the servant girls of the parish from $20,000 to $50,000, and that the debt on the church has increased $80,000 under McGlynn's management.

THE fisheries question is causing a good deal of hostil talk between Canada and the United States, and the nations are snapping at each other's heels, with an occasional growl from England. The Senate has passed a Retaliation bill.

THE bodies of the two Tristram boys who shot and killed a man at White Plains, N. Y., a short time ago, and then shot themselvs, were refused burial in consecrated ground because the brothers had committed suicide instead of waiting to be hanged.

EDWARD UNGER, of this city, quarreled with his room-mate, killed him with a hammer, cut off his head and threw it into the river, and then packed the body in a trunk and shipped it to a fictitious address in Baltimore. The crime was traced back to Unger and he has confessed his guilt.

THERE was a terrible riot in the districts adjacent to Belfast, Ireland, last Sunday, between the Catholics and Protestants. One report givs some thirty people shot by the troops, and a hundred wounded. Another says there was no injury done beyond gunshot wounds. A great many arrests were made.

A POLICEMAN found little nine-year old David Dugan, of 99 Charlton street, naked in a hallway, the other day, with a swollen eye and a bruised back and chest. He explained that his mother had beaten him and driven him out of the house. The mother, upon being arrested, claimed to hav had scriptural authority for whipping the boy. She was held in bail for trial.

KIRALFY, who runs a gorgeous spectacular play at Niblo's Garden, this city, sent invitations to all the ministers around New York to come and see his performance. The invitation was generally ignored, but the Rev. Mr. Reed invited the company to come and hear him preach. Only six of the dancing girls accepted the invitation, the rest declining on the ground that they were Roman Catholics.

THE coal strike is still on. The managers of the Old Dominion line steamers hav had the master workmen Knights arrested for ordering the strike. A general strike in other branches is expected if the coal companies do not yield. Fortunately the weather is moderate, or great suffering would be caused among the poor on account of the high price of coal.


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SAM JONES told his Nebraska audiences that he is a gentleman. It is only when Sam gets west of the Missouri river that he dares indulge in such flights of fancy.

"DINNY, yez do he drinkin' too much fer a lad o' yer years," said an Irishman to his son. "If it isn't careful yez are, ye'll foind yerself filling a drunkard's grave before you die."

A MANUFACTURER out West informs us, and wishes us to inform the American public, that his patent huzz-saw has just captured the finger of scorn, and that it will never again he pointed at anyone.

MRS. MULLIGAN: "And so you hav no mother now?" Motherless boy: "No, mum." Mrs. Mulligan: "Well, me boy, whenever you feel the want of a good whipping, come to me, and I'll be a mother to you."

LITTLE DOT: "I know what I'm going to get for a birthday present." Little Dick: "What?" "A new doll; big one, too, I guess." "Did your mamma tell you so?" "No, hut I seed her making a lot of clothes, and they is too little for me."

DOCTOR: "What ails you, sir?" Patient: "I don't know, doctor. I hav such a buzzing sound in my ears all the time. Would you like to look at my tongue?" Doctor: "No, never mind. Bring your wife around some day. I'd like to look at her's."

CHRONOLOGY.—Old gentleman (putting a few questions): "Now, hoys—ah—can any of you tell me what commandment Adam broke when he took the forhidden fruit?" Small scholar (like a shot): "Please, sir, th' warn't no commandments then, sir!"

CAPTAIN WALSH of the Salvation Army wears a red shirt, on which is embroidered, "A hurning hell awaits the careless." It is rumored that his wife did the decoration with a view toward making the captain wipe his feet hefore coming in the front door.

AN "impressionist" sent in a "sunset" picture to the Royal Academy. He carefully marked on the hack of the frame which was the right side up; but he added, in a polite note, "Should my work be placed on your walls upside down, please catalog it as a sunrise."

THE farmer leads a pleasant life. "All day long, with a laugh and a song," he drives the alien cow from his corn-field, and repairs the rail-fence. Merrily he swings the ax to and fro, and the chips fly right and left, until, yielding to his well-aimed blows, the tree falls on him and breaks a leg.

IRONFOUNDER: "This strike will cost me a good many thousand dollars." Reporter: "All your men out, eh?" Ironfounder: "Yes, and there's a hig lot of iron solid in the hlast furnace." Reporter: "Now, when did the men strike?" Ironfounder: "While the iron was hot, of course."

"I'M so glad I got mamma to come and liv with us," said young Mrs. Tocker to a visitor. "Charley didn't use to he at all orthodox, hut he is hecoming so. He told me so this morning. You know he used to believe like Ingersoll, hut now he says he thinks there is such a thing, and that it's dear mamma that converted him."

A PENNSYLVANIA farmer who has heen trouhled with crows scattered a peck of whisky-soaked corn in his field. The crows got inehriated, flew away, and never returned. A Connecticut farmer tried the same thing, and now he finds the crows waiting for him every morning. He does not consider the plan a supreme success.

RICHARD COEUR DE LION was one of the most stylish men in Europe in his day. When he donned his suit of shining armor, put on a tin helmet, pulled on a pair of laminated steel hoots, threw a sheet-iron ulster gracefully over one arm, and picked up a club with a spike in the end of it, society dudes said he was "dressed to kill."

A NUMBER of Chicago ministers recently attended the opera in that city with a view to learning the status of the ballet from a moral standpoint, and it is said that when the leading dancer executed a *faux pas*, or whatever it is called—*coup d etat* possihly—on her hig toe-nail, several of the excited brothers were heard to murmur "Amen."

A CHINESE gentleman, hearing the simple name of Azurizawa Ryochi Nichome Sanjukanbox Kiohashi-Ku, has discovered the secret of photographing in natural colors. It is hoped he will not, in imitation of Daguerre, christen the new process with his own name. Think of going to a photographer and telling him you want a dozen Azurizawaryochininichomesanjukanbozkiohashikuotypes taken!

THE dreadful nature of tohacco which was made apparent when Grant died of "smoker's cancer," is still more apparent now that John Roach, who never used tohacco, died of the same disease. If it can he shown that tobacco kills alike the man who doesn't use it and the man who does, its destructiv nature will he sufficiently plain to he effectiv in platform oratory and other hysterical performances.—*Winsted Press.*

OH, BISHOP OF KALAMAZOO!

The reverend hishop of Kalamazoo
Once went behind the scenes,
To see for himself if it were true,
What he'd heard of footlight queens.

He was dazzled at first with the glare of gas;
The carpenters knocked him down;
The prompter forbade him this way to pass;
He was sworn at hy the clown.

He stuck in a groove, and fell in a trap;
Was hoisted to the flies;
But arrived without any further mishap,
As they rang up the curtain's rise.

And there, in the wings, all dressed in smiles,
Stood two pretty ballet maids,
Of symmetric limhs and witching wiles—
Said one of the lively naiads:

"His head is bald—he must he gay:
Say, governor! Who are you?"
"My dears," did the rev'rend wand'rer say,
"I'm the hishop of Kalamazoo."


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IN every instance the persecutors who in the past hav been so ready to ruthlessly deprive of liberty, happiness, and life their unfortunate victims, who did not subscribe to the doctrins enjoined by the ruling powers, hav done so in the name of the religion of Jesus, and under the auspices of the highest system of morality said to he known to man.—*D. M. Bennett.*

"THE monastic movement," Gibbon tells us, "was not less rapid or universal than that of Christianity itself." One small Egyptian city devoted itself almost wholly to ascetic life, and in its monasteries lived ten thousand monks and twenty thousand virgins. At the close of the fourth century, the monastic population of Egypt equaled the entire population of its cities. The empire swarmed with men whose only business was to wander from place to place, asking alms and collecting stories of miracles and peculiarities of the saints, for the benefit of the church. "A hideous, sordid, and emaciated maniac, without knowledge, without patriotism, without natural affection, passing his life in a long routine of useless and atrocious self-torture, and quailing before the ghastly phantoms of his delirious brain, had become the ideal of the nations which had known the writings of Plato and Cicero, and the lives of Socrates and Cato" (Lecky). To separate from his family, if he had one, and to show no regard to the mother who bore him, were thought hy the hermit the most acceptahle offerings he could make to God.—*Underwood's Lectures and Essays.* [Whoever wishes to know the extravagant hights to which the spirit of asceticism carried the monks of the fourth and fifth centuries, should read the article, "Pillar Saints," in Chambers's Encyclopedia, and also study the whole of Tennyson's poem, of which I can afford to giv only one stanza. —*Hylax.*]

Although I he the hasest of mankind,
From scalp to sole one slough and crust of sin,
Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce meet
For troops of devils, mad with blasphemy,
I will not cease to grasp the hope I hold
Of saintdom, and to clamor, mourn, and sob,
Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer,
Hav mercy, Lord, and take away my sin.
—*Tennyson's St. Simeon Stylites.*

I HAD rather think of those I hav loved and lost as having returned to earth, as having become a part of the elemental wealth of the world; I would rather think of them as unconscious dust, I would rather dream of them as gurgling in the stream, floating in the clouds, bursting in the foam of light upon the shores of worlds; I would rather think of them as the lost visions of a forgotten night, than to hav even the faintest fear that their naked souls hav been clutched hy an orthodox god.—*Ingersoll.*

THE Agnostic refuses to see any more reason for thanking a good God in the heavens for the welcome, fruitful sunshine than for cursing an ugly devil in the skies for the withering drouth or the destroying tornado. To the Agnostic, the good and evil in the world are strangely mixed, and he sees no evidence that God, if there is a God, is infinitly wise and good, in the sense we use the terms of human relations, and any other use of these terms he thinks an abuse of them. If you ask him if it would not he a pleasant and consoling helief that somewhere ahove us is a heavenly father, who is filled with loving kindness and tender mercy, who watches over us as a mother over her sleeping hahe, he prohably replies that it would be indeed a pleasant helief, hut the question is not what is pleasant, hut what is true; and his experience has taught him that if there he a God watching over us, man will stumhle and fall, and go to the bad, unless he looks out for himself. What does it avail if a God watches the falling sparrow? It falls all the same, and no all-seeing eye saves it, if the cat sees it.—*W. H. Spencer.*

To helieve that God is cruel, short-sighted, capricious, and unjust, is an affront, an indignity, which (on the orthodox supposition that God takes judicial cognizance of such errors) must he immeasurably more guilty and more perilous than to helieve that the Jews were mistaken in imagining that he spoke through Moses, or the Christians in imagining that he spoke through Paul. He is affirmed to he a jealous God, an angry God, a capricious God—punishing the innocent for the sins of the guilty, punishing, with infinit and endless torture, men whom he had created weak, finite, and ephemeral—nay, whom he had preordained to sin—a God who came down from heaven, walked among men, feasted at their tables, endured their insults, died by their hands. Is there no peril in all this?—no sin in helieving all these unworthy puerilities of a creator who has given us reason and nature to teach us better things? Yet countless Christians accept them all with trembling and hasty dismay, as if afraid that God would punish them for forbearing to helieve evil of him.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

IT were hetter to hav no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of him; for the one is unhelief, the other is contumely; and certainly superstition is the reproach of the deity. Plutarch saith well to that purpose: "Surely," saith he, "I had rather a great deal men should say there was no such man at all as Plutarch than that they should say that there was one Plutarch that would eat his children as soon as they were horn;" as the poets speak of Saturn. Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation; all which may he guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not; but superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men.—*Bacon's Essays.*

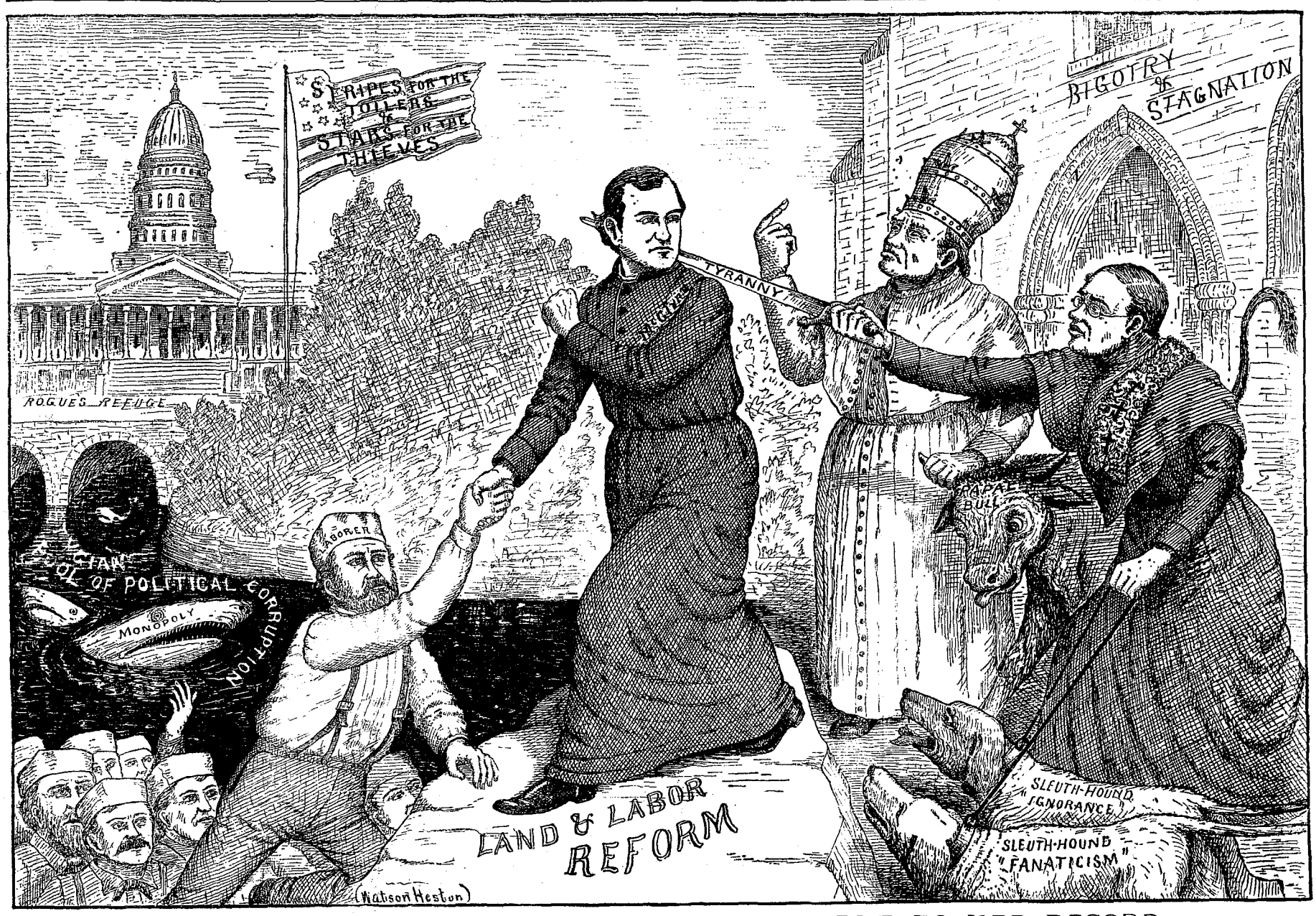
CAN I commit a sin against God hy thinking? If God did not intend I should think, why did he make me a thinker? For one, I am convinced, not only that I hav the right to think, hut that it is my duty to think and to express my honest thoughts. Whatever the gods may say, we must be true to ourselvs.—*Ingersoll.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

Vol. 14. No. 7. } PUBLISHED WEEKLY. } New York, Saturday, February 12, 1887. {33 CLINTON PLACE.} $3.00 per year.


## THE CASE OF DR. McGLYNN—THE CHURCH TRUE TO HER RECORD.

"He didn't snivel worth a cent,
Nor gush to any great extent,
But labored on a level plan—
A priest but none the less a man."

## Notes and Clippings.

THE police of Brussels hav just seized a Socialist paper and imprisoned the editor.

JOHN RUSKIN, formerly an English author, is preparing to enter the Roman Catholic church. Ruskin's intellect has been weakening for some years.

THE remains of James Lick were removed from San Francisco, on the 10th of January, and deposited in his final and appropriate resting-place, beneath the dome of Mount Hamilton Observatory—a most fitting monument to his generous benefaction.

THE Women's Suffrage Party State Committee have sent letters of thanks to United States Commissioner Wilkes Angel for dismissing the charge of illegal voting against Mrs. Lucy S. Baker, and to District-Attorney Daniel N. Lockwood for advising the dismissal.

SANDWICHED between a notice of a meeting at the Methodist church and a notice of a big sponge, we find in the *Neapolitan Record* a little advertisment of THE TRUTH SEEKER. We thank the editor of the *Record*, and Mr. John Peck, whose influential good will we recognize.

ANARCHIST AUGUST SPIES, in jail at Chicago, has married Miss Nina Van Zandt by proxy. His brother acted the part of groom at the ceremony, being commissioned to do so by a paper which the condemned man caused to be drawn up, and which he signed. The legality of the marriage is now under discussion.

SAYS the *New Theology Herald:* "The dodging and downright dishonesty of so many of our professed Christian teachers calls for more than a word of protest from some source. If Christianity can be preserved only by such methods, it will and ought to perish."

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE, primate of Algiers, has interested the pope in a scheme to rebuild Carthage, as a center for Catholic missions. It won't be many years before we shall hav to dig an arcade country under this crust, if we want to get away from the contribution box.—*Tidbits.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER has obtained a world-wide reputation by its pictures on scriptural subjects, of which it presents two each week. THE TRUTH SEEKER is ably edited by Eugene M. Macdonald, assisted by a well-appointed corps of correspondents. It is cheap at the price of its subscription.—*New Orleans Southland.*

PAUL BERT'S remains were buried at Auxerre, on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 15th, in the presence of about twenty-five thousand people, a large number of whom had traveled from Paris. The weather was exceedingly cold, the thermometer having fallen to 21°, and the attendance of so many mourners must hav been due to something more than the "mere sense of duty," to which the *Daily News* attributes it. The speeches lasted for two hours. Among the speakers were M. Flourens, the foreign minister, and M. Berthelot, minister of education. The latter, who is a life-long friend of Rénan, and one of the countrymen from the prejudices of the church as well as of the throne. Other speakers were M. Guichard, the senator; M. Millieaux, most eminent scientists in France, significantly remarked that Paul Bert sought to free his mayor of Auxerre; M. Spuller, one of Gambetta's lieutenants; M. Janssen, vice-president of the Academy of Sciences; and MM. Dastre, Dehairin, and Chauveau, lecturers at the Sorbonne.—*London Freethinker.*

THE Catholic cardinals who hav just arrived at Havre by the steamer Burgoyne carried bad luck to the vessel. The weather was rough going over, and on the first day out three men fell from the foretop, one going overboard and being lost, and the others sustaining severe injuries. It may be some consolation to the surviving friends of the man who was drowned to know that one of the priests on board retained sufficient presence of mind to grant him conditional absolution.

IT would appear that the new pastor at St. Stephen's church is not truthful. He told a reporter that Dr. McGlynn owed the servant girls of his parish from $20.000 to $50,000 on moneys borrowed, and that McGlynn had increased the debt of the church $80,000. It is now stated that the "$20,000 to $50,000" is nearer $15,000; that it is not due to servant girls, but to well-to-do members of the congregation, and that it was loaned to the trustees of the church instead of Dr. McGlynn. The $80,000 debt is for improvements made by the trustees.

"A ROMAN Catholic layman," certified by the editor as a distinguished Roman Catholic of great experience in and knowledge of that church, writing in the *Independent* on Dr McGlynn's case, says: "It may seem a strange assertion, but I believe it true, that a priest who brought a legal action against his bishop, no matter how just his case might be, could not get a fair trial. One of several reasons would be that Catholics hav a strong feeling against any condemnation of ecclesiastical authority, and some would inevitably be judge or jury. It would need a thorough knowledge of the inner workings of the Catholic church to understand this subject fully. The vast majority of Catholics know nothing whatever of the private troubles, sins, or wrongs of the Catholic clergy. The present writer heard a priest say, long before the McGlynn case became known, that he considered it a special mark of the divine character of the church that the greatest scandals were never known, while trifling matters, easily explained and soon forgotten, were alone made public. It may be said, however, that a good priest can always appeal with certainty of justice to the holy see: There never was a greater or more mischievous fallacy. It is true, and I could bring forward many cases in proof, that at the present day justice can generally be obtained at Rome. But the favor or right is purchased at too dear a cost. The priest who dares to take a case against his bishop to Rome is a marked man. He may gain his case in Rome, but he comes back to break his heart in America. A little knowledge of human nature will suffice to justify my assertion. Consider the tremendous power of a Catholic bishop over priests and religious. He is an autocrat; he may be a benevolent man, but his whole training and position tempts him to be the very reverse. I am far from asserting, nor do I believe it to be so, that every Catholic bishop acts tyrannically, but the habitual mode of action of a Catholic bishop in regard to his priests tends to the exercise of chronic tyranny."

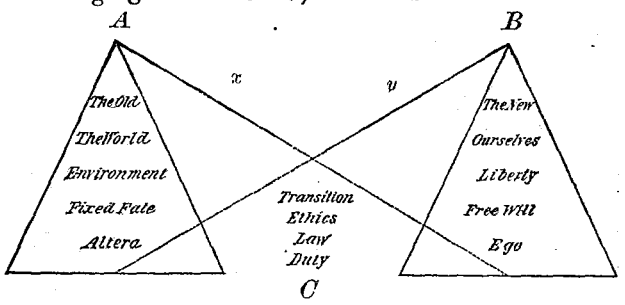
# Communications.

## Ethics.*

II.

To return to our metaphor of the pyramids. All the past is expressed by the pyramid *A*. All the freedom and power of our self-developed personality is expressed by the pyramid *B*.

Each influences the other, and is in turn influenced by it. In some minds the Past dominates. They are all Experience, but no Creativ Invention. In others the Present is full of Inspiration, and the past, only of Error. In the same mind the Past rules at one time, and the evolving self at another. The power of each over the other may be represented by third lines of influence *x* and *y*. These two lines varying in their angle result in a third Pyramid of converging Influence—*C*, or Ethics.




As each generation enters upon its career it is pressed upon not merely by the old religion, but by the old industrial methods, or the old work and the old science and philosophy, or the old thought. From each of these it makes its own Exodus, under its temporary Moses and Joshua, away from its task-masters, apast the bitter lakes and through the sea of weeds, and by help of the manna and the quails, until it looks down from Pisgah and from Nebo, and then, with strength unspent and eye undimmed, it dies with its face turned toward its Canaan.

But, on his passage out from his old Egypt to his new Canaan, to every man there is delivered his two tablets of stone containing his decalog, or his system of ethics, in three handwritings, viz., some of them in a hand which he can read and nobody else can—these are his rights; some in a hand which he can't read but everybody else can—these are his duties; and some in a hand which neither he nor anybody else can read. These are the book of the consequences of his acts, or their ultimate utilities.

In the race, as in the individual, a threefold tendency toward emancipation accompanies the unfolding of man's powers, but this emancipation is always an emancipation from the thraldom of the past into a degree of relativ present liberty, in which present liberty lies involved the conception of those changes and that new birth which, as we look forward to it, assumes the aspect of the evolution of the future. This threefold emancipation from the old religion to the new, from the old industry to the new, and from the old science, philosophy, or thought to the new, goes on in an ever-recurring circle essentially the same as the circle of life, in which infancy brings with it subjection, maturity brings liberty, liberty brings love; love involves the ovum, and the ovum passes through gestation into infancy again. This is the circle of life; this, also, is the circle of thought, and in this circle ethics marks the point of always imperfect union, where the old givs way to the new, or law yields to liberty, or the rights of others consist with the evolution of self. Let us, for greater simplicity, consider the three aspects of man as a worshiper enchained by the past, man as a worker energizing the present, and man as a thinker giving birth to the future.

It might seem at first as though religion, being essentially the voice and thraldom of all the past, could involve no evolution of the new; and yet underneath the robes of the Roman bishop, whose vestments embody designs which carry us back to that early morning when the names were not yet given to the constellations, and when in our Northern sky the poetic fancy of the Hindoo shepherds had not yet beheld among the scattered and formless stars the savior bruising the serpent's head as they swung together around the icy pole—underneath, I say, these priestly vestments which carry us so far into the past there lurks always a latent reformer who dreams of a new and holier Rome—

> Proud views of human kind,
> Of men to gods exalted and refined;
> False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,
> Where earth and heaven but seem, alas! to meet.

Superstition, in all its forms, seizes upon the prevailing ethics of every period, and adopts it as its own. Thus Catholicism in America proclaims that its sympathies hav always been republican; Protestantism in America stoutly asserts that a faith which uses alcoholic wine to typify the blood of Jesus is a "total abstinent" religion; and both forms of superstition declare that a faith which resists the dissection of a dead body is scientific; that one which denies the possibility of communication with the spirits of deceased persons demonstrates immortality; that one which relentlessly pursues every Magdalen with its scorn imitates Jesus, whose chief friend was a Magdalen; and that one which preaches a holy crusade against polygamy in Utah is in strict harmony with the ethical example of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, and Solomon.

Fashionable superstitions strengthen themselvs by intermarrying with the first families, the best corner lots, the people in power, and the prevailing ethics. The two run in parallel lines, because success associates with success. The successful priest sells a different commodity, but he belongs to the same set, because he sells to the same customers with the successful in all other occupations.

A very extensiv idea prevails among Christians that a man cannot know what is right, or if he does know it, cannot do it, unless he has some sort of experimental acquaintance with a deity. The Chinese opinion is that he must hav money in the bank, and must own his own home before he attains to a good ethical position. The Greek view was that he must hav known the philosophers. The basis of unity in these three views is found in prosperity and thrift. Among Christians a prosperous and thrifty man will generally hav an experimental acquaintance with deity. It is not wholly unnatural that a man who finds all his wants provided for, without the consciousness of having created by his own labor any considerable fraction of the wealth he enjoys, should attribute the excess over what he has created to the beneficence of a superintending providence.

Among the Chinese a prosperous and thrifty man will hav money in the bank and will own his home. Among the Greeks such a man only had leisure for philosophy. So in each case we find the best ethics associated with the man who has prosperity. Two centuries ago the good all believed in burning witches. Five centuries ago the extremely ethical all believed in rescuing the Holy Sepulcher from the Unitarians, sometimes called the Mohammedans. Ethical Europe was convulsed with agony and seven million lives were sacrificed because a rock in Judea, in which the body of a Hebrew peasant was supposed to hav lain for a day and a half, should be permitted to remain in the hands of gentlemen of Turkish extraction who did not perceive that this deceased Jewish peasant had been, prior to his birth, the creator of the universe and continued after his death to be the ruler, and that a large portion of his virtue still inhered in the rock from which he had risen.

In all, fifty millions of persons hav been slaughtered under the Christian dispensation in the various wars, persecutions, and punishments which hav had for their authors the highly ethical, and for their object to teach us that we could not comprehend right from wrong without knowing Jesus, and without an experiential acquaintance, either in our own persons or by proxy through a priesthood, with a personal creator. Meanwhile the industries, agriculture, manufactures, and the arts hav been saved to us by the selfish passion of gain, which the church, the truly good, the highly ethical, tried to stamp out of the human heart but could not. The populations needed to carry on these industries hav been saved to us by the passions of the uncalculating, the unreflecting, and the poor, whose simple hearts and ardent tempers could neither be extinguished for the salvation of their immortal souls nor held in check by the frigid calculations of economists. Society has been rescued by its lower, humbler, animal class from the annihilation that its higher, spiritual, ethical class would hav brought upon it—the whole sinfulness and deviltry of the world being absolutely essential to save us from depopulation at the hands of those whom the rigid pursuit of the higher ethics consigned to the barren, unproductiv virtues of poverty, chastity, and humility—the three qualities so highly calculated to send the race to the next world for lack of the means of existence in this.

And this brings us, like a ship drifting toward the breakers, upon the hidden rock of ethics, the true mystery of the moral world, the appalling fact that, while the little burglaries, thefts, larcenies, and single murders by which the ill-balanced weaklings of society end their individual wretchedness in solitary tragedies are committed by bad people, the stupendous felonies over which the ages bleed and weep, the great wars, the widespread tyrannies, the oppressions, the persecutions, the crusades, are all committed by the aggregated good people of society, by the refined nobilities, the praying devotees and saints, the holy priesthoods and churches, the righteous governments, the great armies, the large fortunes, the principalities and powers which all the world respects.

There are two principles in ethics that render this result inevitable, viz., that the commission of great wholesale crimes, of vast social enormities, requires the concurrence of so large a number of persons in the crime that none but those whom popular frenzy assumes to be the good people can hav the influence essential to leadership in such crimes. A man who was raising crops, smelting iron, or weaving wool would never hav made a leader for the Crusades. It required a Peter the Hermit, a man of prayer, to lead in so vast a crime. One or two cobblestones may occasionally be laid down toward the pavement of hell by people who are passionate, who destroy their local influence over their immediate neighbors by lewdness, profanity, selfishness, and avarice. But when hell is to be paved all over from end to end, and roofed in and weather-boarded, it must be done by prayerful and self-denying ascetics who never earned a dollar by industry, but whose lives hav been wholly devoted to making men better by prayer. The world is wholly dependent for its vast aggregated social crimes on its first-class saints, because these social crimes require extended organization, and this involves elements of leadership which command wide respect among the fools, and this kind of constituency of respect none but the pious can ever obtain. Hence, we see the Southern rebellion, a bad movement, led by Jefferson Davis, a saintly man and thorough Christian; while emancipation, a good movement, was led by Lincoln, who was neither a saint nor a Christian. The unification of Italy was led by Garibaldi, an Atheist, and the republicanization of France by Hugo and Gambetta—more Atheists. The reformation in England was led by the sensualism of Henry the Eighth, and the Christianization of Europe and the origin of the Christian Sabbath dates from Constantine, a murderous beast below the moral level of Nero or Caligula. Thus, often, the best movements are led by the impious and dissolute; the worst movements by the sanctified and prayerful.

Our great crimes also come from our good people from a second cause, viz., that, all straining after excessiv righteousness, necessarily strands the striving saint upon some excess of iniquity. In trying to get as far from nature as possible, and in asserting the depravity of nature, the would-be saint drenches his soul in the unnatural without discovering that his unnaturalness is a form of self-murder and of inhumanity to man. All the varieties of asceticism, including celibacy, self-mutilation, self-torture, fasting, stripes, renunciation of the world, the surrender of one's wealth and liberty to the church so extensivly practiced in the long night of ecclesiastical ascendancy known as the Middle Ages, persecution for producing unity of faith, and all the varieties of intellectual intimidation practiced by the holy, are independent and original forms of wickedness which only exist in connection with and as the immediate outgrowth of sincere and well-meant efforts to attain to a superior degree of holiness. There is, therefore, in human nature a law of natural ethics to the effect that all efforts to monopolize holiness in excess, to corner the market on virtue, to fix things so that all who want virtue will hav to get their supply from your particular crib or perish—all these efforts of the "unco guid" defeat themselvs by turning out only moral monstrosities.

On the other hand, the great deliverances and blessings which bloom like flowers till their sweetness clothes the moral world in fragrance, all grow upon the rank and fetid compost heaps of sin. But for our crimes, what would hav given birth to jurisprudence? And yet nobody cares to be assassinated in order that our legal friends may add another brick to the edifice of jurisprudence. But for our diseases, what would hav developed the natural sciences? And yet who cares to pine on a sick bed in order that the pilgarlics may grow wiser as to the cause of his sickness? But for our superstitious fears, who would hav studied the stars? And yet does it pay to be superstitious when the end of the superstition is the inevitable discovery that it is not in our stars, but in ourselvs, that we are underlings? But for our famins, who would hav developed luxury? And yet to see these suffer, and those riot in needless wealth, is the profoundest of all lessons in Atheism. And but for our worship, how could we hav arrived at philosophy? And yet the chief zeal of worship is to crucify philosophy.

> Who ponders national events shall find
> An awful balancing of loss and gain,
> Joy based on sorrow, good with ill combined,
> And proud deliverance issuing out of pain
> And direful throes.

And again:

> Sometimes the arrowy sharpness of a sorrow,
> Piercing life's common calm,
> Smites hidden rocks of comfort, which to-morrow
> O'erflow in healing balm.
> 'Neath burdens that we stagger in the taking
> We walk erect at length;
> And bitter blows that bow almost to breaking,
> Reveal our secret strength."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*By VAN BUREN DENSLOW.

## The Epistle to the Romans.

Paul's epistle to the Romans is doubtless substantially genuin, but there is room for grave doubt whether it was addressed to the Romans. The caption itself is no evidence, and it is remarkable that the words "at Rome" in chapter i, verses 7 and 15, are omitted in MS G (Farrar's St. Paul, p. 450). The only other evidence to prove that the letter was addressed to the Romans is contained in chapter xv, which did not exist in Marcion's copy; and Marcion first brought the Pauline epistles to Rome about

A.D. 138. The last two chapters, xv and xvi, were wanting in Marcion's copy, nor did either Irenæus or Tertullian, who quoted frequently from the epistle, make any reference to those two chapters.

For these and other reasons the authenticity of those chapters is rejected by many able critics.

But there are further cogent reasons for believing that the body of the epistle was not addressed to the Romans.

In the first chapter, which contains the words "at Rome" twice, but which are wanting in MS G, the writer says, "Your faith is heard of in all the world.' This could not be true, if there is any truth in the account given in Acts xxviii of Paul's arrival and reception at Rome.

Eliminate this doubtful portion of chapter i, and the last two chapters, which the ablest critics hav rejected, and all the rest of the epistle might hav been addressed to the Romans.

But mark how this epistle differs from others. It is not addressed to a *church* like those written to the Corinthians, Galatians, and Thessalonians; nor to *elders* and *deacons*, like the epistle of Philippians. The words *bishop*, *elder*, and *deacon* are not used, and the word *church* occurs only in chapter xvi, which does not belong to the letter. And of the numerous persons saluted or commended in that last chapter, not one has ever been identified as a resident of Rome.

These and other considerations (aside from the omission of a salutation to St. Peter) hav compelled even orthodox critics to believe that the last chapter of Romans is a fragment of a letter to some other place than Rome (Farrar's St. Paul).

In chapter xv (which Marcion's copy did not contain) Paul promises a visit, and says, "I will pass by you into Spain." Hence the tradition that the apostle visited Spain also. But the writer of Acts says that Paul "hired a house at his own cost and resided in it two years, and there he received all who came to him."

So then the only tangible evidence concerning the primitiv church at Rome is to be found in the last chapter of Acts, and from that it appears that there was no church organized there when he arrived, and he was only able to bring a few Jews into his lodgings for the purpose of expounding to them his new doctrin, which, as they said, "Was not received by anyone." Nor does it appear that the little Christian society which Paul may hav organized about fifteen years B.C. made much, if any, headway for nearly a century; for when Josephus came to Rome, A.D. 62 or 63, to intercede with Nero for certain Jewish priests who had been sent to Rome in bonds by the persecutor Felix, he knew nothing of the existence in Rome or anywhere else of any Christian sect.

ANTICHRIST.

## Christian Absurdities.

"Though an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."

This is a death-blow to all inquiry and investigation. Anything contrary to the New Testament brings down the curses of the church here, and consigns the one who differs to everlasting torments hereafter. The Mohammedan, the Brahman, and the believers in every other system of religion can find no escape from hell, however innocent and conscientious they may be. Is it any wonder that Martin Luther defied the pope, and quarreled with the bishops and cardinals, and left the church; that he then turned round and called on the flames of hell to devour those who dare differ from him? Is it any wonder that the world has been filled with bigots and Christian cranks when such stuff has been taken for the word of God?

"And when he had called unto him his twelve disciples, he gave to them power against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of diseases."

A greater lie was never uttered. Power was never given to mortal man to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of diseases, and everybody knows it. Most people die of some sickness or disease. But with such power, why should anybody die? What would a doctor's diploma amount to if such power had been given to men? For hundreds of years this was believed, and the only treatment for the sick were old relics and shrine cures, and the laying on of hands, and the people died by scores and hundreds. Epidemics were disastrously frequent, and swept off the people by the thousand. As many live now to the age of seventy as lived then to the age of forty. Such are the penalties for forcing such holy slush down the throats of the people. If Dr. Foote had lived then, and attempted to treat disease in a common sense way, it would have cost him his life. Science has triumphed. Ecclesiastics have been forced to take a back seat. The death rate has been changed from about twenty-six years to nearly forty.

"Resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. Of him that taketh away thy goods, ask them not again."

We are first taught that we must ask even God not to lead us into temptation, and then told not to resist evil. How are we going to avoid temptation if we do not resist evil? The full meaning of this text is that if a man sue you, and by bribing the court or by false witnesses defraud you out of half your possessions, you are to hand over to him the balance. If a man steal your horses, you are to call him back and give him your cattle also. If a slugger break your nose, just encourage him to knock an eye out also. If this is God's word, who can respect him or what he has written? The fact that nobody gives heed to these commands shows that even Christians have outgrown them. God's law has been superseded by the law of common sense, and if the gods want to be respected, they must keep abreast with the times.

"And all the devils besought him, saying, Send us into the swine, that we may enter into them."

Out of a legion of devils, might not some one have sprung a net over one, or caught him in a trap, or lassoed him? What an acquisition a good, healthy, robust devil would be at the present time! I will sign over my claim to the New Jerusalem, not for a live, kicking devil, but just for a fossil. Let all who are "weary and heavy laden" gorge themselves on such ecclesiastical "offal." It may give them rest. "Let the anxious souls come up to the altar."

"They shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels and in the presence of the lamb. And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever, and they have no rest day nor night."

How does this comport with the idea of a merciful God? Think of a young child not among the elect suffering such punishment through all eternity! Who can respect a God who brings a child into existence only to damn it?

> Since it was so badly done for,
> I wonder what it was begun for.

If God knew that a certain portion of the human family would be damned, why bring them into existence at all? How long will men worship a phantom of the skies, marked by every trait of a savage?

> O thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
> Wha, as it pleases best thysel',
> Sends one to heaven and ten to hell,
> A' for thy glory,
> And no for any gude or ill
> They've done afore thee.

Can the human mind conceive anything that would so shame a devil as a god, possessed of all power, glorying because creatures of his own creation were writhing in eternal torment?

"Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat, or, What shall we drink, or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."

Yes, God is the good shepherd; he will provide for the wants of his sheep, and see that the wolves do not get away with the lambs. "Those who trust in the Lord shall not come to want." These promises are not worth a rupee; they have never been made good. Thousands have starved, and frozen, and died of disease, trusting in God, and calling upon him for help to the last. What would become of the human family if all should try to live by trusting in the Lord? There is entirely too much trust; God never pays down.

"Ask, and it shall be given you." I tell you it is a big lie. Hundreds of mothers who have seen their children die of starvation know it is a lie. All who were down upon their knees, praying for the life of Garfield, know it is the blackest kind of a lie.

"If ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."

Calling things by their right names, I score another lie against the New Testament. With a mountain of faith, I defy the Christian or anybody else to move even a grain of mustard-seed without physical force. And as for men overcoming impossibilities, faith or no faith, it is too silly to talk about. No man can annihilate space or check the flight of time. There are a hundred and one other things which man can never accomplish. Heston's cartoon is to the point. Faith will never help a man to lift himself over the fence by his boot-straps.

According to these passages of scripture—and I cannot see why Christians are not bound by them—there is not a Christian in all this broad land. Is there one Christian who can move a mountain? Is there one who can take poison, and not be hurt? Is there one who can cast out devils? When he is smitten on the one cheek, is there one who will give the offender the opportunity to bite off an ear? Is there one who will give a thief a yoke of oxen because the thief has stolen from him a team of horses? Show me a Christain who takes "no thought of the morrow," and I will show you a man who cannot tell an angel from a bluejay. Where are the Christians who can cure "all manner of diseases?"

According to these rules, there are no Christians. The truth is, Christianity is dead, and Christians are only praying around the corpse. When they are warned by the unpleasant odor, it is to be hoped that they will put the putrid carcass decently out of the way.

The New Testament is held up before the world as a moral guide, a marvel of pureness, and a model of wisdom. Over and over it has been asserted that it is the only faultless book ever written; that it is impossible to point out one erroneous passage, or find a false precept; that if all would follow its teachings there would be nothing but happiness in this world, and not a soul lost in the world to come. Such are the ideas taught to the young in regard to the New Testament, whereas, it was such a firm belief in such terrible passages as I have quoted that reduced them to actual practice, and produced the ignorance and beastiality of the dark ages. A firm belief in these hellish dogmas turned all Europe into a lazar-house for more than a thousand years.

Paying no attention to the laws of health, having no regard to cleanliness, living upon insufficient and unhealthy food, and depending upon prayers, and shrine cures, and old relics, and faith when they were sick, sent epidemics over Europe so frequently that the population did not double in a thousand years. So besottedly beastly did the believers in the New Testament precepts become, that "He stinks like a Christian," passed into an adage, even among Mussulmans.

A firm belief in these unnatural doctrines will dry up all the sweet juices of humanity, and choke out all the manhood of any people in any age or in any country.

The clergy have ever regarded the natural affections of the heart, all social pleasure, all amusements, in short, every joyous instinct, as sinful. To be happy was to be in danger. Whatever afforded comfort and joy was of the devil. To be on your knees bathed in tears, to be afflicted and in sorrow, was most pleasing to God. In short, nothing could be right which was natural.

Salvation depends not upon meritorious acts (for ministers tell us that "hell is paved with good deeds"), but upon belief in the anti-natural and supernatural. It is mainly owing to Christian teaching that the minds of men have been soured to such an extent as to make them desire to murder and torture each other.

One writer says that "the unhappiest nations of the earth are the most immoral, the most selfish, and the meanest in every ugly sense of the word."

If this be so, then the Christian countries must bear the palm for immorality, selfishness, and meanness over all other nations on the globe. For, according to all history, a more miserable condition than fell to the lot of the Christian during a period of more than a thousand years, known as the "Dark Ages," could not be imagined. Ignorant of the first rudiments of learning, ignoring every law of health, relying upon the most degrading superstitions for the cure of diseases, believing that he must afflict himself to please his God, looking upon this life as a "vale of tears" and "a scene of sorrow," believing that God looked on approvingly when he killed a man who disagreed with him in belief, starving every day, and tortured by the horrid nightmare of superstition every night, believing that the more he suffered here the happier he would be hereafter—in short, that a hell of a life on earth was the only way to escape hell after death—is it any wonder that Christian countries found no parallel for ignorance and suffering and brutality for more than a thousand years?

JOHN PECK.

## Mohammedanism in Central Africa.

In the *Contemporary Review* Joseph Thompson describes the new civilization wrought by Mohammedan influence upon the naked negroes. He says:

When I reached Central Soudan, the sights and scenes I there witnessed burst upon me like a revelation. I found myself in the heart of Africa, among undoubted negroes, but how different from the unwashed, unclad barbarians it had hitherto been my lot to meet in my travels in Africa! I could hardly believe I was not dreaming when I looked around me and found large well-built cities, many of them containing 10,000 to 30,000 inhabitants. The people themselvs, picturesquely and voluminously dressed, moved about with that self-possessed sober dignity which bespeaks the man who has a proper respect for himself. I saw on all sides the signs of an industrious community, differentiated into numerous crafts, evidence sufficient to show how far advanced they were on the road to civilization. I heard the rattle, the tinkle, and the musical clang of workers in iron, in brass, and in copper. I could see cloth being made in one place, and dyed, or sewn into gowns or other articles of dress, in other places. In the markets, crowded with eager thousands, I could see how varied were the wants of these negro people, how manifold the productions of their industry, and how keen their business instincts. Almost more remarkable than anything else, no nativ beer or spirits, nor European gin and rum, found place in their markets. Clearly there were no buyers, and therefore no sellers.

Outside the towns, again, no forest covered the land; the density of the population and its numerous requirements had made the virgin forest a thing of the past, and its place was taken by various cereals, by cotton and indigo, and other vegetable productions which minister to the inner and outer man. What could hav produced this great change?—for that a change had occurred could not be doubted. Certainly contact with Europeans had had nothing to do with it. The character of the industries, the style of art, indicated a certain amount of Moorish influence, giving them the direction which they had assumed. How had the first great steps been taken? No Moors or Arabs were to be seen among the people. No such races held the reins of government, and by their powerful influence caused the introduction of new arts and industries. Evidently, whatever had been done had been done through the free aspirations of the negroes toward

higher things. I was left long in ignorance of the agency which had thus transformed numerous tribes of savages into semi-civilized nations, ruled by powerful sultans, who administered justice of a high order (for Africa), and rendered life and property safe. That agency was almost exclusivly Mohammedanism.

If such a reclamation of a whole people from barbarism had been accomplished by Christian influence, the religious press of the country would trumpet it far and wide. Every minister of the gospel holds that civilization is a positiv proof of the divine character of Christianity. Is it possible that Mohammedanism is "divine" also?

## The American Secular Union.

### News and Notes.

In spite of the stormy weather, a good houseful greeted me on Friday evening at Waterloo, Ind., and with the aid of exhilarating music there was no lack of "dynamics." Things kept a-moving. Professor Bergman, who knows how to bring music out of every string of a violin, was once a minister, but he left the pulpit for the fiddle, and much more music and joy has he given the world since; and at seventy years is jubilant in spirit because free in thought. There is more march of human progress in the notes of a violin than in all the prayers of the clergy.

My friend Kelly, of Waterloo, criticised my "New Heaven and Earth" from the Spiritualistic point of view, but only enough to show that our difference is simply one of evidence, and not of philosophy. In fundamental conceptions of life and duty, and the real glory of humanity, there is no divergence. It is simply a question of the continuation of life, and not as to its quality, or how it can be most worthily manifested. The profound thought in regard to human destiny is identical in the Materialistic and Spiritualistic view of universal being. On the plane of actual existence there is no disagreement.

Again I had to sit up and wander through the shades of night until half-past two in order to take the train for Chicago to be in time for the brilliant Paine Anniversary that was coming off Saturday evening. It was a happy and successful gathering indeed, and the variety of entertainment was enough to keep me in courage and good spirits for the rest of my journey. About four hundred were present, and the exercises consisted of music, recitations, dramatic performance, etc. I had the honor to giv the oration of the evening in memory of our hero. The opening address was made by E. A. Stevens. Mesdames C. Izard and G. L. Baldwin gave a charming duet with an excellent instrumental accompaniment by Mr. O'Connor. Prof. J. J. Ely enchanted us with an exquisit violin solo, and Prof. H. F. Scully's humorous recitations won most hearty plaudits; and Mr. Atherton's "Behind the Scenes" mingled comedy and pathos with the skill of the trained artist. Miss Mildred Holland's happy song voiced the noble feeling, while Miss Grace Hayward's hilarious but beautiful negro melody to the lightsome tones of the banjo filled the round of gaiety with rapturous greeting. Then came the well-acted farce, "Stage Struck," by our friends, Mrs. Josephine Tarbell, Douglass E Atherton, and James Murphy, who showed the genius of comedy with grace, brightness, and dramatic life. All was merry indeed, while the flying feet kept time to the swift strains that ceased not with midnight's solemn hour. Thus with joyous heart we keep the memory of those sublime heroes who in days of suffering and peril forgot all pleasure in the dread performance of duty. Thus the glory of life is attained by being happy when we can be happy, and thus out of fleeting delight we gather power for the noblest labors, and strength for suffering.

E. A. Stevens, president of the Chicago Secular Union, is a live man, indeed, and by his efforts the society here has accomplished a marvelous amount of work considering the means at hand. There are meetings every Sunday at which lectures of the highest order on literary, scientific, and political subjects are given by the first talent in the city. From five hundred to a thousand dollars are raised every year for local expenses, besides generous contributions to the national organization. The Chicago Union sets a good example to other auxiliary associations by its subscription of fifty dollars to the fund of the American Secular Union. If all would do as well in proportion to their ability, we might hav plenty of means for aggressiv legislativ work. and the printing of documents, facts, statistics, etc., in regard to the Nine Demands, which is of the highest importance to our cause. While the lecture work is absolutely necessary for interest and enthusiasm, this work, in order to be practically successful, must be backed up by documents, official correspondence, legislativ action, etc., and this is what I hope will be achieved in the future. Mr. Stevens, as chairman of the Finance Committee, is ready to put his shoulder to the wheel, and I believe that he will do invaluable service. While I am in the lecture field all official correspondence, etc., should be sent to 750 W. Lake street, Chicago, either to my name or to Mr. Stevens. This will be my permanent address until my return. All money contributions can be sent directly to Charles Eckhard, treasurer, 28 Layfayette Place, New York. I delivered my lecture, "The New God," on Sunday evening before the Union, and his majesty was quite well handled by Mr. Long, Mr. Sawyer, Mr. Zimmerman, Mr. Simpson, General Trumbull, etc., and my ideas as to what a god should be, if we must hav one, were cordially accepted.

I hav had pleasant meeting with friends while here, and can go westward with brighter hope than ever. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, M. S. Card, Miss Stella Campbell, A. C. Berg, W. J. Horne, Mr. and Mrs. Brainard, Mrs. Josephine Tarbell, Douglass Atherton, E. S. McComas, Charles J. Sundell, Dr. Clavinger, Dr. E. S. McLeod, one of our stanchest supporters and always ready to lend a hand; Wm. Zimmerman, Olaf Olsen Ray, who has translated all of Ingersoll's works into the Scandinavian language; Frank Smead, Mr. C. A. Frankel, and others whose names are legion, I guess, are allies who bate no jot of heart or hope for freedom and humanity.

I was pleased to meet a good friend, Mr. Richardson, of Oshkosh, Wis., who came nearly two hundred miles on purpose to attend the festival occasion; also Mr. Wm. C. Howard, of Valo, Ill.

Mr. James B. Stoddard, of Ogden, Utah, one of my right-hand men in my last year's campaign in that country, gave me an unexpected grasp of the hand. and I was glad to meet so brave and strong a comrade. He is now lecturing with marked success on "Mormonism *vs.* Americanism." He is a good thinker and eloquent speaker, and understands his subject thoroughly, and is dealing some sturdy blows against this oriental despotism into which he was born, and whose shackles he has felt.

I am now at the delightful home of Mr. A. D. O'Neill, a vigorous Freethinker, out of the fold of the Catholic Church, one of the pioneer citizens of Chicago, and who has done his share in building up its metropolitan splendor. His wife and daughter are still Christians, but of so generous a spirit that if all were like them I should feel disposed to put my armor down. The Golden Rule would surely prevail. The fireside is comfortable here, and all is like a stream of delight, and mind and body receive ample supply for the toilsome journey before me up and down the mountain hights and the shores of the restless ocean. Mr. O'Neill has one of the finest bird collections in the city, which he himself made by his skill as hunter and taxidermist. Very few men are better posted than our friend in the natural history of birds, deer, etc., and his beautiful museum, so life-like in appearance, is a treasure for those who delight in nature's infinit variety, with its resplendent colors and curious forms.

To-morrow I again set my face westward, with the sincere hope that no cyclones or blizzards may cross my path as I traverse the plains of Kansas to the snowy summits of the Rocky hills. I lecture at Fort Madison, Iowa, Feb. 5th and 6th; Belton, Mo. Feb. 8th; Bavaria, Kan., Feb. 9th and 10th; Salina, Kan., Feb. 11th, 12th, and 13th; Brookville, Feb. 14th and 15th. I hope to be at Haven, Kan., Feb. 17th, and at Windom, Kan., Feb. 18th. I shall be at Dodge City, Kan., Feb. 20th, and at Garden City, Feb. 21st and 22d.

I shall perhaps be at Greeley, Colorado, Sunday, Feb. 27th, but the date is not certain. I shall be at Longmont, March 2d; at Denver, March 6th and 13th. I hope to lecture at Boulder City, Central City, and other places while in Colorado, but arrangements are not yet perfected. I expect to be in San Diego, California, March 16th and 17th; at Los Angeles, March 20th and 27th; at Santa Ana between these dates; at Tulare about March 30th and 31st; at San Francisco and Oakland the first two Sundays in April; at San Jose, Sonoma, and other places in California as arrangements can be made until June. In June I expect to be in Oregon; in July in Washington Territory, and then turn Eastward by way of Baker City, Boise City, Butte City, Salt Lake City, etc. If the field keeps opening before me as it has since I left New York, I do not know when I shall see that city again. However, the more there is to do the better, and we will keep on the harness until the Christmas turkey begins to doff its feather; then, I guess, we will take a good square meal in Gotham.

*Chicago, Ill.*, Feb. 3, 1887. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

### The Liberal Club.

The man with the badge-pin has been officially apprised that if he does any more such reporting in the future as he has done in the immediate past, he will not be welcome to the regular meetings of the Manhattan Liberal Club, but, on the contrary, will be hung up on the outer wall of the building. As the weather just now is rather cold, this is not a pleasant prospect, but it is better than no prospect at all.

The 443d meeting of the club was addressed by Dr. R. G. Eccles, of Brooklyn, and attended by a good audience. The lady secretary was back at her post, and sold THE TRUTH SEEKER and Henry George's *Standard* in about equal numbers. After the secretary had read the minutes of the previous meeting, Mr. Wakeman told about his trip to Boston, and the way Uncle Horace Seaver accepted the cane made from wood that grew over the grave of Paine, and which the Liberal Club had forwarded by its president to the Nestor of Liberalism. The cane was supplied with a silver ring bearing this inscription:

Horace Seaver. From Thomas Paine's Grave. Presented by New York friends Jan. 29, 1887, Paine's 150th birthday.

Mr. Wakeman said it was worth a trip to Boston to witness the venerable editor's delight at the gift and the fraternal spirit which prompted it, and to hear his eloquent words of thanks and appreciation. In the *Investigator* Mr. Seaver says:.

The kind donors will please accept our fraternal thanks, and the assurance that the historical cane will be carefully preserved in the stronghold of the Paine Memorial.

After these preliminary matters, the Chair introduced Dr. Eccles, who would speak upon "Evolution Illustrated by a Flower." The lecture was illustrated by colored charts. Dr. Eccles produced a small moth-shaped orchid which he passed around through the audience. It looked much like a little butterfly, but was in fact a plant. Dr. Eccles afterward explained why it was of that shape. It depended, he said, on the butterfly or moth to carry its pollen dust from one plant to another. Unless the moth performed this office, the orchid must die. The moth, on the other hand, was in the habit of screening itself beneath the orchid for protection from the birds which would otherwise make a meal of it. In hiding, the moth selected orchids that most resembled itself, so as to deceive the birds, and in return for the protection thus afforded, the moth fertilized the plant. Plants which, owing to dissimilarity, the moth did not patronize would perish, and thus the moth-like orchid survives. Many other plants depended upon insects like bees to carry the fertilizing pollen from one to another, and the wind performs the same office, as in scattering the tassels of corn upon the silk. There are few self-fertilizing plants, and these are of the most degraded character. Nature has erected a barrier against such a process, and the fertilizing point of a blosson is nearly always located in a spot inaccessible to its own pollen. Dr. Eccles said that the man who put it down in the sciptures that flowers toiled not, made a mistake. They had to struggle for their existence, and use all sorts of devices to protect and perpetuate themselvs. They hav their likes and dislikes, their favorits and amours. The doctor pointed out that the medicin which we extract from some plants exists there evidently to protect the plant against the very disease which it is designed to cure in ourselvs. We get quinine from the bark of the cinchona-tree, which grows mainly in malarial districts. The cinchona-tree is also found in non-malarial districts, but in such cases its bark contains no quinine. Dr. Eccles very appropriately closed his lecture with following lines, adding to the rhyme of the poet the beauty of his voice:

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

The audience applauded the speaker long and heartily at the close of his remarks. The lecture had been both interesting and instructiv. The doctor avoided technical terms as much as possible, but when it became necessary to giv the Latin names of plants, he showed himself equal to the occasion, and wrestled with polysyllabic terms without extra effort.

The Chair invited discussion of the lecture in speeches of ten minutes each, members of the club having preference. Members did not respond with their usual alacrity. The subject required special knowledge of botany, and the speakers at the club are more inclined to generalize on great questions than to go into details Dr. Eccles is known to be an anti-Socialist, and Herr Oppenheimer was inclined to regard the lecture as a covert attack upon the theories of Karl Marx, but as he wasn't sure on this point he refrained from criticism.

Dr. Leverson made a plea for the introduction of botany and other natural sciences in our schools. Nothing could develop the powers of analysis like the study of practical botany. This should be taught the young in place of the present word grinding called botany, and the teaching of lies called grammar.

Nobody wanted the floor when Dr. Leverson retired, but the audience was interested in the subject and waited patiently. The Chair, therefore, made some brief remarks. Mr. Wakeman regretted that teachers had rarely been found who could make the subject of botany interesting. Dr. Eccles had shown how that could be done. Mr. Wakeman objected, however, to the expression "the barrier of nature." The idea was a mythological one. The objection to self-fertilization of plants was a chemical one, not sentimental. The stigma and pollen of one plant were so much alike that they could not fructify each other. Mr. Wakeman again complimented Dr. Eccles on his avoidance of technical and other hard words, and recommended that others should follow his ex-

ample. Mr. Wakeman then proceeded to a development of his theory of plant life, in the course of which he used the words exogeny, osmosis, exosmosis, cellular genesis, and capillary interfusion.

There was no one to continue the discussion, and Dr. Eccles closed the debate. He had not used the words nature's barrier in a mythological or theological sense. He did not believe that the ruler of the universe used design or accomplished things by manual dexterity. He used "barrier of nature" as a short phrase to express what others expressed with a great number of large words.

This was one of the most interesting meetings the club has had, and the audience were nearly unanimous in indorsing the Chair's request that the doctor would prepare and deliver a similar lecture on the development of animal life.

At the next meeting Col. A. H. H. Dawson, of Kentucky, speaks on "Capital Punishment for Women and Men," when the case of Mrs. Druse will doubtless be considered.

## Some Aspects of the Druse Case.

The argument that judicial proceeding are too fallacious to warrant decisions upon which human life or death shall depend has a strong exemplification in the Druse case. The record in this case contains fourteen solid consecutiv pages narrativ of neglect, cruelty, and foul and abusiv outrage endured by this wretched woman from her husband for twenty years. This culminated in a blow, immediately preceding his murder and provocativ of it, which he dealt his wife with such violence that her eye was closed for over a week. Three witnesses testify to the effect of this: 1. Mary: "After father struck her she acted as though she was crazy. She acted like a wild person. Her eyes looked wild. She talked very fast. She acted different than I ever saw her before." 2. Gates: "She was excited. She appeared just like a crazy person." 3. George: "She looked wild. She was frightened." Apart from this evidence the atrocious details of the crime are enough to suggest to any thoughtful person serious doubts of the mental integrity of the murderess. The shooting in the presence of witnesses, in the family circle, all the children assisting, indicates a very peculiar psychic condition. No sane woman would do such a thing without great provocation, and the provocation shown, taken in connection with twenty years of outrage, and the fact that Mrs. Druse had reached a critical period of life (about forty-five years of age*), was certainly suffi cient to produce insanity. The manner of the disposal of the body was preëminently the act of an insane woman. With the testimony of the children superadded, all the evidence points directly to an unsound mental condition of the defendant, and it is a reproach to the administration of justice that this woman has exhausted all her legal remedies, and been finally sentenced to be hanged, and that up to this time no intelligent investigation has been made, nor even attempted, into the question of her mental and moral responsibility. This woman was poor; and lacking means to adequately prepare a defense, which requires great elaboration and expense, and which is at all times unpopular and difficult of explanation to the average juryman, her counsel, in the exercise of their best discretion, thought it prudent to forego a defense which, when incompletely presented, surely works disaster, and resolved to rest upon other grounds.

The counsel in the case cannot fairly be censured for this. Their position was a difficult one. Overwhelmed by a morbid prejudice which pervaded the whole community and clamored for a victim, their skill was of little avail, without the fairness which we hav a right to expect in a court. But these reasons should hav been urged upon the application for commutation of sentence, and it was the duty of the judge whose attention had been called to these facts to save this woman from death, or at least to make some ef fort to ascertain her true condition. The old law books tell us that it is the duty of the judge to protect the rights of the prisoner to the uttermost, but we hav drifted far away from this principle, and it seems to be now considered quite a feather in the cap of a judge if he can by any means procure a conviction.

There are other features in which this case was grossly unfair, yet this judge is reported as saying that he is "aware of no reason why an application for commutation of sentence should be granted." If a trial is a search after the truth of a matter, the most important part of this trial has been omitted, namely, the inquiry into the sanity of Mrs. Druse, and until it is proven beyond all question that she was morally responsible for her acts, it will not be well for the state to proceed to extremes in her case. The safeguards of life and liberty are already too few, and the people will resent the unwarrantable and wanton taking of life upon such superficial judicial proceedings. The governor has been badly advised in this matter, and a reconsideration is in order. If this woman is hung, the shame and indignation of the people will find vent in such an expression as this state has not heard for many a day. To prevent this the wisest of our statesmen should intelligently interest themselvs.

Feb. 7, 1887, ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

*Pathology of Mind, Maudsley, 3d ed., pp. 206–223.

## The Anathema Maran-atha.

The following, taken from the Philadelphia *Morning Post*, is the everlasting curse of the Roman Catholic church against Victor Emanuel, king of Italy. It is the perfection of scientific swearing, and if the curses hav the desired effect, it is certain that the king of Italy is now very uncomfortable:

By authority of the Almighty God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and of the Holy Canons, and of the undefiled Virgin Mary, mother and nurse of our Savior, and of the celestial virtues, angels, archangels, thrones, dominions, powers, cherubims, and seraphims; and of all the holy patriarchs and prophets; and of all the apostles and evangelists; and of the holy innocents, who, in the sight of the Holy Lamb, are found worthy to sing the new song; and of the holy martyrs and holy confessors, and of the holy virgins, and of all the saints, together with all the holy and elect of God, we excommunicate and anathematize him, and from the threshold of the holy church of God Almighty we sequester him, that he may be tormented in eternal excruciating sufferings, together with Dathan and Abiram, and those who say to the Lord God, "Depart from us; we desire none of Thy Ways." And as fire is quenched with water, so let the light of him be put out forevermore. May the Son who suffered for us curse him. May the Father who created man curse him. May the Holy Ghost which was given to us in our baptism curse him. May the Holy Cross which Christ, for our salvation triumphing over his enemies, ascended, curse him. May the Holy and eternal Virgin Mary, mother of God, curse him. May St. Michael, the advocate of holy souls, curse him. May all the angels and archangels, principalities and powers, and all the heavenly armies, curse him. May St. John, the precursor, and St. Peter, and St. Paul, and St. John the Baptist, and St. Andrew, all other Christ's apostles together curse him, and may the rest of his disciples and four Evangelists, who, by their preaching converted the universal world—and may the holy and wonderful company of martyrs and confessors, who by their holy work are found pleading to God Almighty—curse him. May the Choir of the Holy Virgins, who, for the honor of Christ hav despised the things of this world, damn him. May all the saints who from the beginning of the world and everlasting ages are found to be beloved of God, damn him. May the heavens, and the earth, and all things remaining therein, damn him.

May he be damned wherever he may be; whether in the house or in the field, whether in the highway or the byway, whether in the wood, or the water, or whether in the church May he be cursed in living and dying, in eating and drinking, in fasting and thirsting, in slumbering and sleeping, in watching or walking, in standing or sitting, in lying down or waking, mingendo, cancando, and in blood-letting. May he be cursed in all the faculties of his body. May he be cursed inwardly and outwardly. May he be cursed in his hair. May he be cursed in his brains. May he be cursed in the crown of his head and in his temples. In his forehead and in his ears. In his eyebrows and in his cheeks. In his jawbones and in his nostrils. In his foreteeth and in his grinders. In his lips and in his throat. In his shoulders and in his wrists. In his arms, his hands, and in his fingers. May he be damned in his mouth, in his breast, in his heart, and in all the viscera of his body. May he be damned in his veins and in his groin; in his thighs and genital organs; in his hips and in his knees; in his legs, feet, and toe nails.

May he be cursed in all the joints and articulations of his body. From the top of his head to the sole of his foot may there be no soundness in him.

May the Son of the living God, with all the glory of His Majesty, curse him, and may Heaven, with all the powers that move therein, rise up against him—curse and damn him! Amen. So let it be! Amen.

## A Fable for the Times.

One Cold Day in the latter part of January, 1887, a plainly-dressed but Intellectual looking Individual walked up the marble steps of a building in which a Religious Paper was published, and inquired of the slave in attendance if he could direct him to the Editorial Sanctum. The slave ushered the stranger into the presence of a small and bald-headed man, who had just picked up a pair of Shears with which to write an Editorial Article. The baldheaded man asked what he desired, and the stranger explained as follows:

"My name is Historical Accuracy. I hav worked for several years as Assistant Editor on an Infidel Paper, and although the atmosphere was congenial, and my efforts appreciated by both the Editor and the Readers of the paper, yet, owing to the prevalence of Religious Prejudice, the circulation of my writings has not been greatly extended, and the Salary is not large. I hav called to say that I would accept a position upon your valuable and widely read journal if you should happen to hav a Vacancy."

"Sir," said the Editor of the Religious Paper to the stranger who had given his name as Historical Accuracy, "you hav called at the Wrong Number. We hav no use for you here. Do you think we want to ruin our Business? Begone at once;" and the Editor reached for a large and dangerous looking Club.

"Yes, sire," replied the stranger, "I see that I hav committed an Error. I will go immediately, as you suggest."

As he turned to depart, he observed near the door an expensivly dressed and evidently prosperous Person, who was writing very fast with a Gold Pen. He inquired of the slave who this luxurious individual might be, and was told in reply that he was the Religious Liar of the Establishment. Above the desk at which the rapid writer sat was the legend:

JANUARY 29TH. THIS IS MY BUSY DAY.

As the scribe paused to consult the last year's file of the paper of even date, the stranger made bold to ask to what subject he was now turning his Intellectual Forces. The Religious Liar replied that he was re-writing the Annual Slanders concerning the Life and Death of Thomas Paine.

"I hav just written," said he, "that Paine lived a cowardly and beastly Life, and died a cowardly and beastly Death."

"But," said he who was called Historical Accuracy, "the statement is a cowardly and beastly Lie."

"I am aware of that Fact," responded the Religious Liar, "but our Readers are not, and you should remember that Lying is what I get big Money for."

"So I should judge," said the stranger; "and when you hav exhausted your *repertoire* upon this subject, to what will you next turn your Attention?"

"It will be my next duty to record that Robert G. Ingersoll has been converted, and will never again write or speak against Christianity. I shall also Casually Observe that during his residence in New Mexico he was in the habit of Stealing Sheep."

"That again," replied the stranger, "is an adult falsehood. It seems to me that your Zeal is more robust than your Discretion. Mr. Ingersoll is alive, and will be able to refute your Assertion. Why do you not wait until he is dead? You can then lie about him without so much fear of Successful Contradiction."

"Because," said the Religious Liar, "Mr. Ingersoll may liv longer than myself. I am troubled with Dyspepsia and a Disordered Liver, while, in spite of the divine assurance that the wicked will not liv out half their days, the Colonel seems to be enjoying a tolerable degree of Health. Should I sin away the hour of grace and neglect to falsify his character while I tarry here, I might miss the reward which will be paid in heaven to those who lie for the glory of God. I must therefore improve the shining hour and get in my work."

"Well," Historical Accuracy answered him, "you are indeed a precious rascal. To sheol with you and your paper!" and he advanced toward the Door.

"Out of my sight!" thundered the Religious Liar, taking down a blunderbuss, which he pointed at the visitor.

"Yes," said Historical Accuracy; "I will return to the Infidel Publisher. Better a small Salary and a clear Conscience there than Luxury in a Den of Thieves who steal men's reputations. But remember," he observed as he closed the door, "one day I shall return and Knock you Out."

ON January 30th C. B Reynolds lectured before the Ansonia, Conn., Secular Union. He had a good audience and a lively discussion with some local Christians, of which he has written an entertaining account for next week's TRUTH SEEKER. Mr. Reynolds says: "Now, that I am free till May from the bigots of New Jersey, I should be glad to discuss with a New England divine. Meantime I hav some calls West—engaged for Kent, Ohio, February 26th, 27th, and 28th. Will friends between here and there, and in that vicinity, desiring lectures write me at once to 33 Clinton Place, New York?"

A DEEPLY religious journal of this city learns with grief of the publication of Sunday-school cards by the proprietors of a patent medicin with the consent and knowledge of a certain Methodist superintendent and pastor. The cards are for distribution in New Hampshire. On one side of the card is printed the Lord's Prayer. On the other side, pictures of the two Edens; from the trees of one garden monkeys hang suspended by their tails; underneath is the statement: "These are the ancestors of Darwin and Huxley." Among the trees of the other garden are two figures representing Adam and Eve. Beneath is a statement, "These are the ancestors of ——." Then the name is given of the proprietor of a certain quack medicin. Accompanying the same is the statement: "These cards are to be distributed in the Sabbath-schools, so as to secure uniformity in repeating the Lord's Prayer in concert. Sent out by a Methodist superintendent, Rev. Mr. ——, pastor."

FRIENDS from various parts of the country hav sent us the story of an alleged blasphemer's punishment by an alleged angry God. The affair is said to hav happened at Douglas, Ga. William Burklett is the alleged victim. He is said to hav been a profane man, and on one occasion exclaimed, "I hope that God will paralyze me," when at once "his hands dropped to his side, his legs refused to move, and his eyes rolled wildly around. His prayer was answered, and he stood paralyzed on the spot where, but a few moments before, he was a magnificent type of physical manhood. He tried to speak, but his tongue would not move. Half a dozen men who were present were rendered motionless by the evident visitation of the hand of God." All this is, of course, a lie. But we hav grown tired of chasing down the liars in these cases, and do not propose to take any trouble in the matter. Only fellows like Talmage will believe these stories, and until he earns that thousand dollars we offered him, we shall let him and his like hav all the fun they can get out of these ghost stories.

"THE Bible theory is not that man is by evolution the descendant of a monkey, or any other inferior form of organized life, but the product of divine power by a special act in the creation of Adam and Eve. Such is clearly the meaning of the record as given in the book of Genesis. The truth of this record is distinctly recognized in the New Testament. The church of God, resting its faith on what the Bible so clearly teaches, has in all ages adopted this view, and is not likely to abandon it for any other view. The view abundantly accounts for the existence of the race of men on this globe, and is far simpler in its character, as well as much surer in the evidence supporting it, than the speculation of evolution from a lower order of animals. We say speculation, for no one will pretend that evolution, as applied to the origin of man, is actually a demonstrated truth. It is almost wholly a mere guess in the name of science: and being opposed to the word of God, it ought to be rejected." These are not the words of John Jasper, but of a journal which advertises itself, not without reason, as "the largest, the ablest, and the best religious and literary weekly" of the country. But if the *Independent* is the best, what must the worst be!

# Communications.

## After Eighteen Christian Centuries.

A SERMON.

There is a good deal to attract our attention in the words of Paul to the Galatians:

Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting (chap. vi., 7, 8).

Adam, Cain, and David all lied to God, and "a pretty how dee do" they hav made by their deceptions. Jacob killed a kid, and went and lied to his father. His ten sons killed a kid, and went and lied to him. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Jacob sowed the wind and reaped the cyclone. He did not sow wheat and reap tares; he sowed tares, and he reaped tares till he could not rest. Now, my friends, the Bible of the Christian peoples makes its first man prominent as a liar to God, and a defamer of woman to our race; its second man killed his brother and lied about it; and David, "a man after God's own heart," murdered Captain Uriah, and took Mrs. Uriah to himself; and all through our peoples' sad, horrid, awful story of wrongs and crimes, of gory gloriousness, and of glorious goriousness, liars and defamers, murderers and seducers, hav been the leading characters; right has given way to might, honest worth to cunning trickery, light to darkness, virtue to crime, truth to error, kindness to savagism. During all the ages of recorded time, in the midst of the creations of man, whether in Egypt, where all was grandeur, or in Greece, where beauty led art, every act has been to produce and to possess. There has not been any attempt to refine and to elevate the individual; physical force, not moral character, has been made the stepping-stone to so-called civilization, and as the peoples of the earth hav sown, so hav they reaped. Their ways and means of advancement hav been lies, thefts, murders, deceptions, wrongs, wars, and their harvests hav been and are prolific. In the blood of their youth and beauty it is written: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption."

In the United States, where "peace" is the order of the day, it is estimated that four per cent of all our labor is used to erect fortifications, to make gunpowder, bullets, cannon-balls, etc.; four per cent of our efforts are given to organize destructiv measures. This is bad enough, God knows! But look at the standing armies of Europe and Asia—at the millions of men training for destruction; think of the thousand millions of dollars yearly worse than wasted to support these mad, wild, criminal policies. Wars hav been the principal seed sown by the church and state, and the harvest never fails; dead men, ruined lives, wasted time, desolated homes, attest the truth of the text: "For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The *Nation's* correspondent at Vienna, alleges that the European coalition against Russia has been concluded, and even givs the details of the joint action as fully decided upon. The allies are England, Austria, Hungary, Italy, and Germany. If Russia should declare war, the plan of action is for Austria to occupy the south of Hungary and Servia, the English and Austrian fleets to occupy the Black sea, while Germany makes ready a half a million of men to watch the Polish frontier, and to come to the rescue in case of an Austrian defeat. If Turkey should join the coalition, her integrity will be guaranteed, and cost of her armaments will be paid, but if Turkey joins Russia or attempts to close the Bosphorus, the Balkan states and Greece will be supported by an Austrian army from Bosnia in sweeping Turkey out of Europe. If France joins Russia, a million of Germans will cross the frontier, and 200,000 Italians will watch the Alps. The reward of Italy will be the restoration of Nice and Savoy. The correspondent declares that so confident are the members of the coalition that the only fear is that the Czar will retreat instead of advancing. The whole influence of the Roman Catholic church is said to be employed on the side of the coalition.*

What a picture this is for the wife, mother, sister, and father to look upon! What a condition of affairs this is for husband, son, and brother! And yet, while all of Europe and half of Asia are engaged night and day drilling and accumulating for battle, to the neglect of every decent calling, our editors hav such headings to their European cablegrams as, "The Russian Bear is About to Dance!" Well! The same heartlessness is shown by some of our leading dailies in their announcements that they hope that the Chicagoans will make short work of the Anarchists, and that they hav their headlines already set in big type, "Seven Up," and that they do not wish to hav so good an editorial spoiled. This spirit exemplifies the text, "For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption."

* The *Press*, Philadelphia, Jan. 10, 1887: "All Europe arming.—A prominent diplomatist givs his views of the situation.—A terrible war threatening.—Russia building railroads; England massing troops and building ships; France, Austria, and Italy bristling with weapons; Turkey concentrating troops; Europe one vast arsenal."

Take the New York *Sun* for a month, and the chances are that on an average one column per day will not giv space sufficient to cover a brief notice of the murders, fratricides, suicides, homicides, arsons, stealings, etc., which run riot through the length and breadth of our land. During the decade just passed, there was an increase, in the United States, of eightfold over the idiocy of the decade just before. "In no period of our history," says the Indianapolis *News*, "has wealth centralized so rapidly in the hands of non-producers as during the past ten years in the United States. Every millionaire makes a thousand paupers and five hundred imbecil idiots, lunatics, and criminals. Millionaires are flourishing like gourds: the delinquent classes increase like June flies; and the politicians put another coat of kalsomine on the whited sepulcher of party, and the minister of God, who ought to apply the cauterizing iron to the social ulcer, prays for the heathen." Is it to be wondered at, in the face of the facts which stare us out of countenance in every direction, that in Niles, Mich., a man should hav inscribed upon his wife's tomb the following?—

The more saints, the more hypocrits;
The more peace, the more plenty;
The more priests, the more poverty;
The more religion, the more lying.

This is an odd epitaph—odd because it is true. When a truth is spoken, even in the presence of the dead, it is questioned. It may be that the editor who published this item lied. The merchant, lawyer, banker, minister, liv by lying; by their deceptions, trickeries, and robberies do they all thrive and grow fat; and the editors hav to follow to keep in fashion and in funds. We do not stop to censure the individuals. They are so besotted in self craft, so custom-bound and minister-driven, that ninety-nine hundredths of them do not for a moment think that they are not engaged in the most honorable of callings; but for the institutions, be they republican or be they monarchical, which permit such a state of things to exist, our contempt has no language to express itself.

"When a man in New York," says a recent observer, "shows a disposition to be honest, he is set down to be a stranger." During eleven months in 1886 there hav been fifteen hundred strikes in New York city. Never was labor so crowded. Its mutterings are heard in every district of the United States. How much longer do our incorporated classes think they may steal, pillage, and misuse? One hundred thousand little children are driven to the mills of Massachusetts every day—driven by necessity, by a force more exacting, more cruel, than the lash of the planter was when slavery was most black with its horrors. What education will these children hav when they become women and men? Under the enforced idleness of machinery and low wages, is it to be wondered at that Boston should be said to hav more prostitutes than any other city of equal population in the United States? Why do not the blue-bloods of Beacon Hill deny such statements as these when their statisticians publish them? The New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children during the last twelve years has convicted 8,545 persons and rescued 15,812 children. In the last six years it has had to care for and clothe 3,338 destitute children and furnish them with 27,100 meals. Do wild animals, even, in rearing their young, leave them so dependent upon other animals? Is instinct better than intelligence?

A traveler recently from a trip through the interior of Russia writes that the civilization of Moscow reminded him of "some wild Indian chief who in his old age puts on a pair of epaulets or a high hat—it simply emphasizes savagery;" and it might be said of us Americans that we, in our youth, hav heaped almost as much misery upon our laboring people as Russia has after many years of continuous wars and peaceful tyrannies.

And now let us turn for an instant to that hypocritical set of Christian pirates over across the water:

A singular and significant exhibit of the march of immorality in the United Kingdom of Great Britain is made in a recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* by means of a series of diagrams, in which the record of twenty odd years is placed before the eye in one glance, and it is not a record which can be contemplated by churchmen or philanthropists without sadness. Since 1861 the apprehensions for drunkenness, and on charges of "drunk and disorderly," which were reported in that year at 82,196 in England and Wales, hav steadily increased until in 1884 they numbered 198,274. Had the increase only kept pace with the growth of the population the figures for 1884 should hav been about 105,000, so that the rapid stride made by this kind of offenses against law and decency is palpably due to a lowering of the moral character of the community. As bearing on the same general subject, and as presenting an astounding condition of affairs, the figures of the nation's drink bill are even more significant. In 1861 the citizens of the United Kingdom paid for drinks nearly £95,000,000, or $475,000,000. They should hav paid in 1876, according to the ratio of the increase of population, about £107,000,000, but they did pay the astonishing sum of nearly £148,000,000. Some hope for the temperance people may be gathered from the fact that the bill since 1876 has decreased to £125,000,000 in 1883, but this will be regarded as cold comfort when it is considered that the natural increase according to population should hav made the sum paid for liquors in that year but about £107,000,000.

The record of the divorce courts shows also the steady demoralization of her majesty's subjects. In 1861 but 263 petitions for divorce were filed in England and Wales. In 1884 the number had risen to 703, though the normal increase, according to population, should hav brought it up to only 340. With the growth of immorality the passion for self-destruction has also grown naturally, and while but 1,533 attempts at suicide, successful and unsuccessful, were reported in 1861, the number had swollen to 3,212 in 1884. The census of idiots, lunatics, and persons of unsound mind showed 76,765 such unfortunates in 1883, against 39,647 in 1861.

In crimes of a repulsiv nature, which show their perpetrators to be wholly devoid of moral principle, the increase in the last twenty years, especially in London and the larger cities, has been startling in the extreme, but it is not necessary to specify these classes of offenses more particularly. The drunkenness, pauperism, and idiocy to be found in the United Kingdom are indications that the morality of the people is declining rapidly. The church and the philanthropists may wisely ask themselvs whether it is not expedient to begin mission work at home, and spend some of the money which is now used for Christianizing the heathen in reforming the outcasts of society who pass under their own eyes daily.

And here is an extract published within a few days in the San Francisco *Chronicle:*

On all hands it is agreed that never has greater distress prevailed in London than at present. It is not only among the unskilled, but the suffering extends to the skilled working class, and there seems to be no prospect of employment for them in the coming winter. Foremen who hav been in constant employment in the same firm for fifteen or twenty years hav been turned off, owing to bad times, during the past few weeks. By the river side and in the vicinity of the docks the crowds of unemployed are daily growing greater. Hunger and want hav driven them almost to desperation. If some steps are not taken to relieve the distress the consequences during the coming months are likely to be terrible in every sense of the word. All the thousands who are now sleeping in the open air will be driven to seek shelter when the cold weather sets in, and the workhouses and charitable institutions which are available are totally inadequate in number. The Socialist leaders are taking advantage of all this distress to press for the adoption of several measures, one of which, at least, is worthy of special mention. It is that one free meal a day in the local board schools be granted to all children who desire to partake of it. It appears from a report published by the *Daily Telegraph* that over thirty per cent of the children who compulsorily attended school last winter were there without having any food.

Well may Spurgeon hold up his hands and pray, as it is reported he lately did, and end in these words: "O Lord, shut the mouths of the blasphemous, especially those pretending to be preachers of the gospel, and who are yet blasphemous! Turn their hearts that they may know thy truth and be able to preach in favor of it."

And now let us spend three minutes in modern Italy and glance at the result of sowing wars, superstitions, and deceptions:

In the November *North American Review* Ouida says that "whatever may be the opinion of Europe as to the political advantages accruing to it from the independence of Italy, it must be mournfully confessed that the losses to art and to history through it are greater than any which could hav been caused by centuries of neglect or long years of hostil occupation and devastating war. It is scarcely to be measured, indeed, what these losses are, so immense are they in their extent, so incessant in their exercise, so terrible in their irreparable infamy. No doubt it could never be foreseen, never be imagined, by those who brought about and permitted the consolidation of Italy into one kingdom, that the people, nominally free, would become the abject slaves of a municipal despotism and of a barbarous civic greed. None of the enthusiasts for Italian independence possessed that power of foresight which would hav told them that its issue would be the daily destruction by hordes of foreign workmen of its treasures of art, and its landmarks of history. Yet there is no exaggeration in saying that there is nothing less than this.

"Italy cannot be narrowed to the petty bounds of a kingdom created yesterday; she has been the mistress of all art, the muse and priestess of all peoples. What are the Italians doing with her? It is sickening to note and to record. Nothing can ever giv back to the world what, day by day, municipal councilors having houses to sell, syndicates and companies merely looking for spoliation and speculation, contractors who seize on land as a trooper seizes on a girl in a sacked town, are all taking from the fairest and most ancient cities and towns on earth.

"I wholly fail to account, on any philosophic or psychological grounds, for the utter deadness of soul which has come upon the the Italians as a nation. Born with loveliness of all kinds, natural and architectural, around them, the esthetic sense should be as instinctiv in them as their movements of limbs or lungs. Instead of this it is entirely gone out of them. They hav no feeling for color or sense of symmetry, and little or no sense of reverence for the greatness and the gloriousness of the past."

Of Rome, Ouida says: "The leaders of an invading and victorious army would hav been ashamed to cause the havoc and the blasphemy which the Roman municipality hav carried out with shameless callousness; the indignant voice of Europe would hav bidden a Suwarrow, a Napoleon, a Constable de Bourbon stay his hand had he dared to level with the dust the august monuments of which neither the majesty nor the memories hav power to daunt the impious hand of the nineteenth century Edilizia."

The Italians themselvs are "insensible to the horror of their work, just as they are unconscious why yellow, blue, and green chairs on a red carpet offend a delicate taste. To whitewash frescoed walls, to make old monasteries look brand new, to scrub aad peel and skin sculptured marbles, to daub over beautiful arches and columns and cloisters with tempera painting, mechanically reproduced in one set pattern over and over again, over miles of stucco, to outrage the past and vulgarize the present, to respect nothing, to set the glaring seal of a despotic and bourgeois administration over all which ages hav made lovely and reverent—all this they think an admirable and hygienic work, while they let human excrement be strewn broadcast over the fields and emptied into the streets at midday under a boiling heat, and set the guards of their rivers to drive out with blows of the scabbard the poor children who would fain splash and bathe in them under canicular suns. The excuse of hygiene is only the parrot cry which covers the passion for iconoclasm and destruction. To make their own *interessi* while the moment lasts is the only desire at the heart of all these civic

councilors and engineers, architects and contractors, house-owners and speculators. To petty personal purposes and selfish personal profits everything is sacrificed by the innumerable *assessari*, *consiglieri*, and *sindaci* by whom Italy is regarded as the Turkish pashas regarded the Egyptian fellah.

"Could Dante come to life, no curse that he ever breathed upon his countrymen would be one-half so fierce and deep as that with which he would devote the Italian of the close of the nineteenth century to the vengeance of the offended gods. But Dante's self would say his curses to deaf ears, wadded close with the wool of vanity and greed."

THE MORAL.—"For he that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption."

This means, if it means anything, that selfishness, selfcraft, and competition are seeds which, if planted and fostered, will eventually break "the law and the prophets," and crush out every particle of manhood and womanhood under any form of government possible to be practiced. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

"But he that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." This commands us to act one his part toward the other, to forget self in the common interest which each has in making the incorporated commonwealth worthy of its trust; to cooperate so that the weak and needy can hav the instruction and the assistance of the strong and talented; and to become interdependent to the end that the able and experienced may be advanced to and retained in those positions for which they are best fitted.

Sowing to the flesh means catering to one's animalism; it means brute force; it means savagism.

Sowing to the spirit means the cultivation of man's better nature; it means equity, interdependence, love.

A. K. OWEN.

## Chaplain Photius Fisk.

I hav often queried in my own mind whether or not the readers of the Liberal papers, THE TRUTH SEEKER, the *Investigator*, etc., hav any idea of this man, Photius Fisk, and how much we are all indebted to him for his generous help whenever the call is made for money for any worthy object. If a meeting of the Secular Society is called, and aid is solicited to pay expenses, you will always see, or almost always, opposit his name, ten dollars given. Is a Liberal sick, or aged, or without means of support, you may, if you inquire, find that a monthly donation from this same man is sent "to keep the wolf from the door." Thus much I know, as I hav seen the subjects of his charity, and more than once found them quite near home.

Does some one wish to put in print something that the Liberals ought to know, Mr. Fisk's purse is opened, and a donation made for that cause. I know a woman who worked hard in the Antislavery times for the slave, and who is now in the South, teaching among the freed people, who finds her work much lighter from her acquaintance with this generous man; and these freed people, for whom her daily work is done, are always remembered with barrels of food once at least every year. Does some one of the old Abolitionists die, who suffered torture and imprisonment at the hands of the slaveholder, like Captain Jonathan Walker (he of the "branded hand"), Mr. Fisk originates and pays for an appropriate monument, sends it to the burial-place, and has it placed upon the grave. I do not know how many stones he has thus erected—I know of three. I think he has paid for a thousand dollars' worth of shares in the Paine Memorial building in Boston, and a munificent donation of valuable pictures, gathered from many parts of the world, are already occupying the walls of some of the rooms of "Paine Hall." But all this does not tell my readers who this remarkable man is.

I hav before me a *Missionary Herald* of 1822, given me by Mr. Fisk himself while I was making him a short visit the past summer. I asked him to tell me something about himself, and he gave me this book, in which I find that he is a nativ Greek, by name Photius Ravasales; that he is the only one of his family that escaped death in Smyrna from the plague which ravaged the country in 1814, father, mother, two brothers, and two sisters falling victims. His age is a disputed matter, one writer making him, in 1822, twelve or thirteen, another sixteen. His uncle, who had him in charge, says he was born in Hydra.

This *Missionary Herald* has a report of a conversation with this young Greek boy in reference to his being sent to America, from which I copy the following: "When I asked him," says the writer, "if he would like to go to America, his eyes sparkled with joy. I asked him why he wished to go. He replied, 'To learn.' 'How long are you willing to remain?' 'Till I am learned.' I named several branches, and asked if he could learn all those. He answered modestly, '*Quanto posso* (As much as I can).'" The writer adds, "The boy speaks Maltese and reads and speaks Greek and Italian." This account is taken from a letter dated, "Malta, Oct. 12, 1822," and signed, "Pliny Fisk." It seems Mr. Fisk gave his name to the young lad, perhaps thinking he would be a great acquisition to the cause of the missionaries. He was put under the care of the Rev. Mr. Cornelius, of Salem, Mass. So much I take from the *Herald*.

I believe Mr. Fisk was first sent to a mission school in Cornwall, Conn., and afterward to New Haven, and finally to Amherst, Mass., to the academy which today is a college. Mr. Fisk was not pleased with the strictness of the rules at these several places, and failing to keep them he was sent back to Malta. He then concluded to be his own master, worked his way back, educated himself, was converted to Presbyterian Congregationalism, ordained a clergyman of that order, and for a time preached in Vermont. Mr. Parker Pillsbury, in a short sketch which I find in the pamphlet, "The Man With the Branded Hand," says: "The severities of the winters in a place so far north as Vermont proved to be too much for his constitution, he being of a race born, and for many generations living, under so much more indulgent skies. He soon became unable to discharge the many duties and responsibilities of a minister, especially so far north as Vermont." Mr. Pillsbury also says Mr. Fisk was too much of an Abolitionist to be tolerated in an American pulpit.

In 1842 Mr. Fisk obtained, or rather received, the appointment of chaplain in the United States Navy, which he still holds, though retired from activ service. On my table is a photograph of Chaplain Fisk, taken in Malta some years ago. I am often asked whom the picture represents, but before I can answer comes from the person asking, the declaration, "What a benevolent face! He must be a good man;" all of which is true. Mr. Fisk was on the other continent when the great fires which destroyed so much in Chicago and Boston occurred. He immediately telegraphed to Wendell Phillips, who had charge of his funds, "Do as I would do." This good man was never married, and having no family he seems to hav adopted as his own all the poor, and especially the oppressed, whom he can reach. He has great pity for orphan children, as he "remembers that he was kicked about as a football, or showed off in some church like a monkey, to raise missionary funds."

I hav written what I know of Chaplain Fisk, but I hav no doubt that he is more remarkable in what I do not know than what I do. He seems to follow the scriptural injunctions, "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them;" "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth." I hav never met a more pronounced Liberal than is this man of whom I am writing. He has very little patience with anything "namby pamby," but is thoroughly outspoken and candid.

LUCY N. COLMAN.

*Syracuse* (on this anniversary of Thomas Paine's birthday), Jan. 29, 287.

## Worth Reading.

We think the following is a good thing, indeed. It appears that Chicago's mayor closed up Jerry Monroe's saloon. Some Freethinking man, who could and would look on both sides, wrote his honor the following letter, which we find in the Chicago *Times* of the 8th of January, 1887. We commend it—let it be read—as showing how people are thinking, and, what is important, what intellectual men are saying.

SLO HYCUM.

*Lincoln, Ill.*

NO. 3,000 MICHIGAN AVENUE.—HON. CARTER H. HARRISON, Mayor of the city of Chicago: It is reported upon the authority of this morning's papers that your honor has deprived a citizen of a political office upon a religious ground. If this be true I desire to enter my protest. First, because it is in plain violation of the highest law of this state; second, because it is in violation of every principle of justice, and last, because it is in violation of common sense. I claim that a man who sells rum is a man holding a political office, because he has to be licensed as much as does an attorney, who is an officer of court, or a minister, who is an officer to perform marriages. The man who in the name of the city is licensed to make drunkards is compelled to pay enormous taxes. The man who is licensed to make lunatics receives enormous fees, but pays no taxes. I submit that the man who pays large taxes for the privilege of making drunkards can't hav his license revoked and his place closed under the pretense of a morality which is defined by a religious sentiment rather than by the plain provisions of the laws, while the place of the man who makes lunatics is allowed to be open on all days of the week, all hours of the day, and whose place, according to the uncontradicted statement of Rev. D. L. Moody, is infested with unfailing regularity every Sabbath with the presence of the devil—a place which is notoriously infested at all times with the vociferators of lies, where the public press charges that bribers of councils, legislatures and judges, wreckers of railways, and defaulters are constantly in the regular habit of assembling, and places where the pockets of the poor are constantly picked by holding hell and damnation before their eyes as the highwayman holds his dagger and revolver before the eyes of his victim. Nor is this done, your honor, by the sneaks who sit in the pews, but by the man who stands in the pulpit; and it is a matter of regret that Mr. Moody has not made himself more certain, at least to a certain intent in general, as to whether the devil, when he enters the church, does not make straight for the pulpit. I ask your honor either to restore Jerry Monroe's license or else, in the same name as that in which you closed his place, to close the churches. I ask it in the name of the just and equal protection of the law. I ask it in the name of a taxpayer, who is not only called upon to support drunkards and religious lunatics alike, which may be done under law, but who is called upon indirectly, if not directly, to support churches, which he cannot be called upon to do in any such name. I do not know Jerry Monroe. I was never in his place. I do not know any man, woman, or child, to my knowledge, who ever did go there. I am no way related to him by blood or marriage, no wise professionally, or in any capacity his agent or attorney, nor by any of these ways with the owner of his place, or any person who ever visited it. I am not an officeholder. I hav no political ax to grind, no favor to curry with religion. I am a citizen; a large taxpayer, hav children of my own, and only ask to be allowed to liv in a society where every man shall be guaranteed the just and equal protection of the law, and not subject to the clamor of cranks, who preach temperance and religion in one or two directions while at the same moment are themselvs the most intemperate and immoral in all others. I hav been your honor's political well-wisher. I never stood up to defend any man, except when it seemed that all others had forsaken him and fled, and then only because I felt that then was the moment in which might most fittingly be remembered the cause for which Socrates and Jesus died—the truth. I trust your honor dares to be just and fear not. Yours, ——.

## Pius IX.'s Blessing Upon the Confederacy.

*From the Chicago Daily News.*

At the treasury department the other day, Mr. Crites, of Nebraska, the chief of the division of captured and abandoned property, unearthed a time-worn paper which was found among the records captured at the time of the evacuation of Richmond that will settle the controversy forever. It has lain all this time in the pigeon-holes of the department, unknown and unnoticed, while the historians and theologians hav been disputing its existence. Attached to it is the following letter of transmittal:

BRUSSELS, May 9, 1864.—*To the President:* Herewith I hav the honor to transmit the letter which his holiness Pope Pius IX. addressed to your excellency on the 3d of December last. Mr. W. Jefferson Buchanan has obligingly undertaken its conveyance, and will deliver it to you in the person. This letter will grace the archives of the executiv office in all coming time. It will liv, too, forever in story as the production of the first potentate who formally recognized your official position, and accorded to one of the diplomatic representativs of the confederate states an audience in an established court palace, like that of St. James and the Tuilleries. I hav the honor to be, with the most distinguished consideration, your excellency's obedient servant,

A. DUDLEY MANN.

To His Excellency, Jefferson Davis, President C. S. A., Richmond.

The letter of the pope is written upon parchment in the quaint, ecclesiastical style, in Latin, of course, and is addressed as follows: "Illustre et Honorabile Viro Jefferson Davis, Præsidi Fœdoratarum Americæ Regionum, Richmond." The following is a translation of the text:

*Illustrious and Honorable Sir*—Health: We hav received with fitting kindness the gentlemen sent by your excellency to deliver us your letters bearing date of the 23d of September last. We certainly experienced no small pleasure when we learned from the same gentlemen and the letters of your excellency with what emotions of joy and gratitude toward us you were affected, illustrious and honorable sir, when you were first made acquainted with our letters to that reverend brother, John, archbishop of New York, and John, archbishop of New Orleans, written on the 18th of October last, in which we again and again urged and exhorted the same reverend brethren that, as behooved their distinguished piety and their episcopal charge, they should most zealously use every effort in our name and also bring an end to the fatal civil war that had arisen in these regions, and that these people of America might at length attain mutual peace and concord, and be reunited in mutual charity. And very grateful was it to us, illustrious and honorable sir, to perceive that you and these people were animated with the same feelings of peace and tranquillity which we so earnestly inculcated in the letters mentioned as having been addressed to the aforesaid reverend brethren. And would that other people also of these regions, and their rulers, seriously consider how grievous and mournful a thing is intestin war—would be pleased with tranquil minds to embrace and enter upon counsels of peace.

We, indeed, shall not cease with the most fervent prayers to beseech God, the omnipotent and all good, to pour out the spirit of Christian charity and peace upon all the people of America, and deliver them from the evils, so great, with which they are afflicted. And of the most merciful Lord of compassion himself we likewise pray that he may illumin your excellency with the light of his grace, and conjoin you in perfect love with ourself.

Given at Rome at St. Peter's, Dec. 3, in the year 1863, and of our pontificate the eighteenth. PIUS, P. P., IX.

### The Revised Creed.

The following creed is being circulated among Congregationalists by the American Board. The additions to the old creed are: The first paragraph entire; in the third the words "according to the deeds done in the body" ("entered into paradise" substituted for "descended into hell"); in the final paragraph, "The Holy Scriptures," "The new spiritual birth," "The final separation of the righteous and the wicked," and the word "death" in the final clause. "Holy Catholic Church" is changed into "Holy Church Universal," and "Resurrection of the body" into "Resurrection of the dead."

I BELIEVE.

In One God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost;

In the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth;

And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead and buried; He entered into Paradise, the third day he rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence he shall come to judge, according to the things done in the body, the living and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; The Holy Scriptures; The Holy Church Universal; The Communion of saints; The new spiritual birth; The Forgivness of sins; The Resurrection of the dead; The Final Separation of the Righteous and Wicked; And the Life and Death Everlasting. Amen.

WE advise every man, woman, and child to get Col. R. G. Ingersoll's "Lay Sermon," to read it and to hold sacred every word of the grand philosophical truths contained in the greatest of all sermons.—*Beacon Light.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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## The Catholic Quarrel.

The congregation of St. Stephen's is weakening in its boycott of the new priest, and is slowly resuming the superstitious services of the Catholic church. This is a result which needed no prescient eye to predict.

But Dr. McGlynn seems not afraid of the sword of tyranny nor of the bull of the pope. If his ecclesiastical head is to come off, he will not make the work of the executioner easier by bending to the blow. In the *Standard* of the 5th inst. he talks back to Archbishop Corrigan in a manner that must surprise the church authorities, long accustomed to abject submission on the part of their tools. He denies that he ever retracted his theory of land tenure, and only promised to abstain from making speeches because he "knew too well the power of his ecclesiastical superiors." He calls the famous Cincinnati pastoral —in which Bishop Cleveland denied the right of the people to sovereign equality, contended that God's vicegerents are above state officials, and that allegiance is owed to God before country—an infamous letter. He reminds Archbishop Corrigan that he has before this executed political errands at the archbishop's request—such as traveling to Washington to advance the promotion of John Newton—and denies that bishop, propaganda, or pope has any right to punish him for the part he played in the canvass of the Labor candidate for mayor. To Cardinal Simeoni's threat that if he failed to go to Rome the cardinal would be placed under "the painful necessity of having recourse to measures and of adopting provisions which surely would be unpleasant for him," Dr. McGlynn says that it would hav had more weight had not the unpleasant measures been already resorted to. He closes with this defiance of the whole hierarchy:

"I deny the right of bishop. propaganda, or pope to order me to Rome. The 'vow of obedience' of the priest, of which so many absurd things hav been said within the past few weeks, is simply a promis to obey the church authorities in matters concerning the priest's duties of religion. It were monstrous to imagin that this promis has not clear and well-defined limitations. My obligation, taken as a student of the propaganda, was not, as some seem to imagin, to go wherever and to do whatever that institution should see fit to command, but simply to return to my nativ place and there devote myself to the ministry of religion. In an interview published in the *World* during the late municipal canvass I took occasion, from Mgr. Preston's political letter, to admonish him and other ecclesiastical dignitaries of the grave danger of repeating the folly and the shame of condemning scientific truth as religious heresy, a shame and folly of which their predecessors had been guilty in the condemnation of Galileo and Copernicus. It seems that they are fated to repeat this crime and blunder, and to add another to the many reasons that hav made men look upon ecclesiastical authority as one of the greatest foes of scientific progress, of national development, and of rational liberty, and in large part a hindrance rather than a help in the way of bringing to the whole world the light, the purity, and the comfort that come from the teachings and the ministrations of Christ."

That this fight will weaken the power and influence of the Roman Catholic church in this country there can be no doubt. Though Dr. McGlynn's congregation does go back, its submission to the priests will not be quite as abject as before the row. A second occurrence of the kind would strain the bond of union until with some individuals it would snap. And it is needless to say that every individual who leaves the Roman Catholic church is a benefactor of his kind.

## The 29th of January.

The 29th of January is a remarkable day. Annually on that date the Freethinkers of the country meet in their various town to celebrate the birth of Thomas Paine. This year such meetings were more numerous than ever, reaching from Canada to California, from Wisconsin to Texas. And they were good meetings, too; large, enthusiastic demonstrations of people determined to set right the falsifications of Christian historians.

It is not the action of the Freethinkers, however, that makes the day remarkable.

On the Sunday following the 29th of January, about eighty thousand, more or less, useless preachers get up on their hind legs behind their pulpits, and bray about the individual honored by the Freethinkers. From the miraculous performer of Brooklyn to the most insignificant rider of a Methodist circuit, are heard these sounds: "Tom Paine drank a quart of rum a day! Tom Paine ran off from England with a friend's wife! Tom Paine recanted!" With variations according to the skill of the brayer.

It *is* remarkable that the 29th of January should drive some eighty thousand men insane. Were Christ about, we should say he had selected another animal, with longer ears, into which to drive his devils.

## Methodist Color Prejudice.

Before the Abolition movement in this country, the Methodist church tacitly reprobated the practice of its members in keeping slaves. John Wesley was particularly severe upon Methodist slave-holders. But the church never inaugurated a movement for abolishing slavery, its remonstrance being confined to a few words in its rules and "Disciplin." When Garrison and his friends began their agitation along in the '20's, Methodists opposed them in every way, and during the existence of the *Liberator*, the activ period of Abolitionism, the Methodist church was a most obstinate foe of the colored people. In 1844 the church divided on the question of slavery, but it was sixteen years before the church became a very powerful ally of the antislavery people—that is, when the war was upon us, and the problem as good as settled.

In 1864, the war being nearly over, and the slaves free, the church organized a Freedmen's Aid Society, "to advance the cause of education in the South, and especially to promote the mental and moral improvement of the freedmen." In 1880 the ignorance of the white population demanded attention, and the Freedmen's Aid Society was instructed to appropriate a portion of its funds to the education of the "white folks." Under this instruction schools were organized in different parts of the South, and the university at Chattanooga, Tenn., was established.

Right here began the trouble. The colored people complained of being excluded from "white" schools, and reproached the Methodists for their bigotry. The General Conference of 1884 took hold of the matter, and on May 28th adopted this resolution:

"*Resolved*. That this General Conference dcclares the policy of the Methodist Episcopal church to be that no member of any society within the church shall be excluded from public worship in any and every edifice of the denomination, and no student shall be excluded from instruction in any and every school under the supervision of the church, because of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

This ought to hav settled the quarrel, but it did not. Though the university at Chattanooga had been established for the education of the whites, under this resolution colored students could not be excluded. But when recently two young negroes applied for admission, the management refused their application solely because of their color. This refusal has aroused the color prejudices of the Methodists, and Methodist opinion is again divided upon the negro problem. While all Methodists now agree that the negro can be saved by the power of Christ, a large proportion of them are equally certain that it must be accomplished by separate schools and churches. They are willing to associate with gentlemen and ladies of color in the next world, but not here.

In considering this question, and pronouncing what the world will accept as the opinion of the Methodist Episcopal church, the official organ takes as a starting-point the assertion that the Methodist church has in all time been "fixed in its antislavery principles," and has steadfastly maintained an attitude consistent with these principles. This is so misleading that it may be well to rebuke the arrogance of the organ by quoting a few of the earlier declarations of the church.

In 1836, before the division of the Methodist church, and while the Abolitionists were vigorously spreading their principles, the General Conference of the Methodist church was held in Cincinnati. An antislavery society had been formed there a year or two previous. On the 12th of May, the Rev. S. G. Roszell presented in the conference the following preamble and resolutions:

"WHEREAS, Great excitement has pervaded this country on the subject of modern Abolitionism, which is reported to hav been increased in this city recently by the unjustifiable conduct of two members of the General Conference in lecturing upon, and in favor of, that agitating topic; and whereas, such a course on the part of any of its members is calculated to bring upon this body the suspicion and distrust of the community, and misrepresent its sentiments in regard to the point at issue; and whereas, in this aspect of the case, a due regard for its own character, as well as a just concern for the interests of the church confided to its care, demand a full, decided, and unequivocal expression of the views of the General Conference in the premises. Therefore,

"1. *Resolved*, by the delegates of the Annual Conferences in General Conference assembled, That they disapprove in the most unqualified sense, the conduct of the two members of the General Conference who are reported to hav lectured in this city recently upon, and in favor of, modern Abolitionism.

"2. *Resolved*, by the delegates of the Annual Conferences in General Conference assêmbled, That they are decidedly opposed to modern Abolitionism, and wholly disclaim any right, wish, or intention to interfere in the civil and political relation between master and slave as it exists in the slave-holding states of this Union."

The preamble and resolutions were adopted, the first resolution by 122 to 11, the last by 120 to 14. At this conference an address was received from the Wesleyan Methodists of England, pointing out the duty of the church in the conflict between freedom and slavery. As the English Wesleyans held that slavery is antichristian, the conference refused to publish the address.

In the pastoral address to the churches occur these passages:

"It cannot be unknown to you that the question of slavery in the United States, by the constitutional compact which binds us together as a nation, is left to be regulated by the several state legislatures themselvs, and thereby is put beyond the control of the general government as well as that of all ecclesiastical bodies, it being manifest that in the slave-holding states themselvs the entire responsibility of its existence or non-existence rests with those state legislatures. . . . . These facts, which are only mentioned here as a reason for the friendly admonition which we wish to giv you, constrain us as your pas ors, who are called to watch over your souls as they must giv account, to exhort you to abstain from all abolition movements and associations, and to refrain from patronizing any of their publications," etc. . . . "From every view of the subject which we hav been able to take, and from the most calm and dispassionate survey of the whole ground, we hav come to the conclusion that the only safe, scriptural, and prudent way for us, both as ministers and people, to take is, wholly to refrain from this agitating subject," etc.

The temper exhibited by the General Conference, says James G. Birney, from whose pamphlet we are quoting, was warmly sympathized in by many of the local conferences, not only in the slave states, but in the free. The Ohio annual conference had a short time before resolved:

"1. That we deeply regret the proceedings of the Abolitionists and Antislavery societies in the free states, and the consequent excitement produced thereby in the slave states; that we, as a conference, disclaim all connection and coöperation with or belief in the same; and that we hereby recommend to our junior preachers, local brethren, and private members within our bounds to abstain from any connection with them, or participation of their acts in the premises whatever.

"2. That these brethren and citizens of the North who resist the abolition movements with firmness and moderation are the true friends of the church, to the slaves of the South, and to the Constitution of our common country," etc.

And the New York Annual Conference, held the very next month (June, 1836), resolved:

"1. That this conference fully concur in the advice of the late General Conference, as expressed in their Pastoral Address.

"2. That we disapprove of the members of this conference patronizing or in any way giving countenance to a paper called *Zion's Watchman*, because, in our opinion, it tends to

disturb the peace and harmony of the body by sowing dissensions in the church.

"3. That although we could not condemn any man or withhold our suffrages from him on account of his *opinions* merely in reference to the subject of abolitionism, yet we are decidedly of the opinion that none ought to be elected to the office of a deacon or elder in our church unless he giv a pledge to the conference that he will refrain from agitating the church with discussions on this subject, and the more especially as the one promises 'reverently to obey them to whom the charge and government over him is committed, following with a glad mind and will their godly admonitions;' and the other, with equal solemnity, promises to 'maintain and set forward, as much as lieth in him, quietness, peace, and love among all Christian people, and especially among them that are, or shall be, committed to his charge.'"

Two years after (1838), when the late La Roy Sunderland, whom all our readers know—a man of extraordinary ability—had established his *Zion's Watchman* in this city, the New York conference again resolved:

"As the sense of this conference, that any of its members or probationers, who shall patronize *Zion's Watchman*, either by writing in commendation of its character, by circulating it, recommending it to our people, or procuring subscribers, or by collecting or remitting moneys, shall be deemed guilty of indiscretion, and dealt with accordingly."

In commenting upon these resolutions, Mr. Birney said:

"The preachers—judging by the vote on the anti-abolition resolutions—were expected, of course, to conform to the advice in the pastoral address. The New York Conference, the most influential, set the example of exacting a pledge from the candidates for orders that they would not agitate the subject of slavery in their congregations. The *official* newspapers of the connection would, of course, be silent. Therefore, as a measure for wholly excluding the slavery question from the church, it was of the last importance that *Zion's Watchman*, an *un*official paper, and earnest in the antislavery cause, should be prevented from circulating among the members."

The Hon. James G. Birney was driven from Kentucky because he liberated his slaves, and was mobbed and robbed time and again for his antislavery principles, many church officials, says Parker Pillsbury, sanctifying by their presence and approval the shameful outrages. Anti-abolition meetings were held in Cincinnati, where Mr. Birney was, and one committee appointed to draft resolutions contained thirteen men who were members of Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Wesleyan Methodist, Swedenborgian, and Unitarian churches. In 1840 the General Conference adopted this resolution:

"*Resolved*, That it is inexpedient and unjustifiable for any preacher to permit colored persons to giv testimony against white persons, in any state where they are denied that privilege by law."

This resolution deprived some eighty thousand colored Methodists of their rights.

The separation of the Methodist church into the "Methodist Episcopal church," and the "Methodist Episcopal church South," occurred in 1844. This very separation, says Parker Pillsbury, revealed more clearly the depravity it was designed to conceal. Some Northern Methodist ministers called the division a *secession of the North from the South.* Others said the separation was on the line between the free and the slave states. This was false, for the Northern division contained some four thousand slaveholders and thirty thousand slaves. In 1846, two years after the separation, the Baltimore conference (Northern) passed the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That this Conference disclaims having any fellowship with abolitionism. On the contrary, while it is determined to maintain its well-known and long-established position, by keeping the traveling preachers composing its own body free from slavery, it is also determined not to hold connection with any ecclesiastical body that shall make nonslaveholding a condition of membership in the church; but to stand by and maintain the disciplin as it is."

And the next Rhode Island Conference passed this:

"*Resolved*, by the Providence Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church in Conference assembled, That while we regret certain allusions in the resolutions of the late Baltimore Conference, we nevertheless consider the position assumed by that body in relation to slavery, especially as defined in its Pastoral Address, *as exceedingly judicious, and the best for the church and the slave possible under existing circumstances.*"

The extracts below Parker Pillsbury quotes from the "Address of the Philadelphia Annual Conference to the Societies under its care within the bounds of the Northampton and Accomac circuits." We quote it at length, that it may be intelligible to readers unfamiliar with the machinery of Methodism, as showing indisputably that the church authorities mere *not* Abolitionists:

"Whereas, the Disciplin says, 'Virginia Conference shall be bounded on the east by Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean;' and 'Philadelphia Conference shall include the Eastern Shore of Maryland and Virginia'—the Chesapeake Bay, an arm of the ocean, being between them, therefore resolved, That in our administration we will regard the 'Eastern Shore of Maryland and Virginia' as not being 'border' work in the sense of the 'Plan of Separation.'

"We cannot, therefore, but regard all the Methodist Societies within the Peninsula as under our pastoral jurisdiction, according to the provisions of the plan of separation.

"If the plan of separation givs us the pastoral care of you, it remains to inquire whether we hav done anything as a Conference, or as men, to forfeit your confidence and affection. We are not advised that, even in the great excitement which has distressed you for some months past, any one has impeached our moral conduct, or charged us with unsoundness of doctrin, or corruption, or tyranny in the administration of disciplin. But we learn that the simple cause of the unhappy excitement among you is, that some suspect us, or affect to suspect us, of being Abolitionists. Yet, no particular act of the Conference, or any particular member thereof, is adduced, as the ground of the erroneous and injurious suspicion. We would ask you, brethren, whether the conduct of our ministry among you for sixty years past ought not to be sufficient to protect us from this charge. Whether the question we hav been accustomed for a few years past to put to candidates for admission among us, namely, *Are you an Abolitionist?* and without each one answered in the negativ he was not received, ought not to protect us from the charge. Whether the action of the last Conference on this particular matter ought not to satisfy any fair and candid mind that we are not, and do not desire to be, Abolitionists. . . . *We cannot see how we can be regarded as Abolitionists* without the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church South being considered in the same light. . .

"Wishing you all heavenly benedictions, we are, dear brethren, yours in Christ Jesus,

"J. P. DURBIN,
"J. KENNADAY,
"IGNATIUS T. COOPER, } *Com.*
"WILLIAM H. GILDER,
"JOSEPH CASTLE,

"*Wilmington, Del.*, April 7, 1847."

In the same year (1846) that the Baltimore Conference disfellowshiped Abolitionists, the following questions were asked candidates for ordination in the Methodist ministry:

"The Rev. Mr. Quigley proposed that each candidate should be asked whether he was a slave-holder; and whether he was engaged in any of the modern improvements of promoting the abolition of slavery; and none dissenting, the question was severally asked as follows:

"Bishop Hedding—'Are you a slave-holder?'

"To which all answered. 'No.'

"Bishop Hedding—'Glory to God! not one of their souls is stained with the blood of Africa.'

"Bishop Hedding—'Are you an Abolitionist?'

"To which all answered 'No.'

"Bishop Hedding—'Thank God! there is none of them willing to cut off the heads of our Southern brethren because they happen to hold slaves.'"

Upon this duplicity Parker Pillsbury exclaims: "This, then, is the boasted division between the Northern and Southern Methodist church!! And this the opposition of the former to slavery. Grosser fraud and falsehood was never known! The ministry who practice it should receive the unmingled execrations of the universe."

It will be difficult, in the face of all this, for the Methodist organ to maintain that the Methodist church has been a consistent antislavery teacher. The church North was finally forced to condemn slavery by something more than a few empty words in the Disciplin, but no one even pretends that the Methodists South ever became Abolitionists or favored freeing the slaves from any sentiment inculcated by the church or derived from the Bible. The force of circumstances, not the teachings of Christianity, made theoretical Abolitionists of Northern Methodists, and practical Abolitionists of their white brethren in the South.

But now that the war is over, the slave is free, and twenty years hav passed on their healing wings, it seems that the Methodists do not love the negro. He is welcome nowhere, except as a servant, or as a preacher to people of his own color. The white Christian South will hav the negro in neither school nor church; the white Christian North holds his nose when his colored brother enters the sanctuary.

It is true that as a matter of principle, and holding to the letter of the decree of the 1884 conference, the Methodist organ admits that colored students hav a right to enter the Chattanooga university. But their desire to enter is put down as an intrusion, and a snub is administered to them on the ground of expediency. Churches South and North, for the sake of "asserting a principle," hav been known by the editor to *invite* colored people to their services, and on such occasions hav treated them with great honor—but no negroes were seen there afterward. And the application of the colored students to the Chattanooga university is, says the organ, to be regretted. They should hav been persuaded not to raise the issue; and the conduct of the management of the Boston Conservatory of Music, who persuaded colored students to leave that institution, is quoted approvingly.

It appears, then, to be the opinion of the Methodist church that while the letter of race-equality must be strictly observed, it may be broken, to good advantage and the glory of the Lord, in the spirit. The holy church may not officially make a law that colored people shall not enter her institutions upon an equality with whites, for that would bring upon the holy church the condemnation of the sinful world, but the officers of such institutions may rightly and expediently persuade the negroes to go elsewhere. "Of course," they say to the applicant, "if you insist upon remaining, you can; but, on the whole, you will be happier elsewhere." In this way the general conference maintains the public reputation of the church, and the managers and students of the colleges are spared the disagreeable presence of negroes. The ingenuity displayed in this is worthy of the source.

## A Jumble of Questions.

Our esteemed friend, ex Soldier John P. Guild, calls the following "kindly queries:"

"NATIONAL MILITARY HOME, VA., Jan. 26th.

"MR. EDITOR: Can you tell me—

"1. If Lincoln did publish a pamphlet in his younger days against Bibleism; and, if so, is there not a copy to be had from which to reprint it?

"2. If Henry George is the agent of Landlord God, and John Swinton is his lackey, in what principle do they differ from tomfooling popery?

"3. If the Liberal Club is not a laughing club, is it not worthy of serious reporting, or is ridicule the most befitting way to stimulate Secular talent?

"4. Whether intellectual freedom should be politically guaranteed to the extent of protecting your neighbor in burning down your house or poisoning your family?

"5. If, as the *Catholic Review* (Jan. 22d) observes, it was a serious mistake to array the Catholic (?) church against the working men, who is to be charged with the blame—the priest who tried to help the toiler, the pope who bounced the priest, or the printer who chronicled the event?

"6. Why Secularists cannot afford to pay for their literature as well as the pietists?

"7. What has become of the Liberal, Mo., University?

"JOHN P. GUILD."

1. Mr. Lincoln wrote, but did not publish, a pamphlet against the Christian religion. The story told by "Zoa Topsis," in our Letter from Friends, in last week's issue, is substantially correct, we believe.

2. Henry George's idea seems to be to transfer the land to a landlord who can never come around to collect the rent. It's a great scheme. John Swinton goes with Henry George so far as George's ingenious plan makes for Socialism, which is Mr. Swinton's Utopia. It is believed that there exists just now an intellectual coolness between these two eminent revolutionists.

3. The Liberal Club is reported by its assistant secretary in his official capacity, and in his most serious vein. That the reports please the members of the club we hav been often assured; that they please our readers the readers themselvs hav assured every one who peruses these columns. The reports are stimulating to Secular talent, because many speakers hav taken the platform just to read in the reports what wonderful things they said.

4. This is an absurd question. Burning houses and poisoning families are not intellectual efforts. The man who cannot perceive the distinction between freedom of the intellect and freedom to injure others needs a small dictionary. A very small one indeed would instruct him amazingly.

5. Respectfully referred to the next ecumenical council, if composed of the same men who decreed the infallibility of the pope. Only intellects like theirs can answer it satisfactorily.

6. Secularists can afford to pay for their literature; if they cannot, they should not purchase. But as the chief organ of the Methodist church trusts its subscribers only three weeks, we judge that Infidels pay about as promptly as the pietists.

7. Mr. M. D. Leahy, of Liberal, Mo., is the proper person to write to concerning the Freethought University. As the *Liberal* has suspended again, we hav no information concerning the institution.

We extend to Mr. Guild the assurance of our fraternal regard.

# Letters from Friends.

LACONIA, N. H., Jan. 13, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am very well pleased with the paper, and do not want it stopped. Put in some red-hot shot to the enemy. They need something to wake them up. I do a little once in a while; hav not much time, but whenever I hav a chance I go for them. I hope all subscribers will pay up, so as to lighten your heart, and cheer you in the work.

I inclose $5 for two years, and hope you will hav two years of good success. GEO. BUCKLEY.

NEW GLASGOW, N. S., Jan. 27, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am surprised that any person should make such absurd charges against you as those made by Mr. J. M. Jamison. I am sure that you expressed your opinion in such a plain manner that no person could misunderstand you, unless very anxious to do so. I wish to say that I think much more of THE TRUTH SEEKER for the part you took in the matter, and if this was not one of the most orthodox places in the world I would get some subscribers for the paper. Yours truly, F. M. BORDEN.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am afraid that the proposed bill against the hanging of women will act prejudicially (if carried through) against the efforts of those who are trying to obtain for woman her rights. And probably the enemies of woman's rights will not be slow to see the point. The bill does verily declare the inferiority of woman as a responsible being, and I am astonished at the obtuseness of some writers who hav been simply and blindly carried away with sentimentality. In this great fight mere sentimentality will not do much for us. Yours for liberty, DRUID.

SMITHVILLE SOUTH, Jan. 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I want to say a few words about the pamphlet entitled "Personal Existence After Death Improbable," by L. R. Smith. My friend Mr. E. Hyatt and myself hav distributed about five dozen copies in and about our section of the country. To tell the truth, to talk reason and common sense in an orthodox community, is, to me, like throwing a club in a hornet's nest. I want to wake up their paralyzed brains to a proper state of cultivation, and I know of nothing better calculated to do it than Smith's pamphlet. I want to circulate it throughout the land. Liberals, will you lend a hand? C. N. S.

HEBER CITY, Jan 6, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find postal-note for one dollar to pay for three more months of the grand old TRUTH SEEKER. I hav been a constant subscriber for eight years, and as long as the paper is conducted as it has been I do not see how I could do without it. I was more than pleased in regard to the stand you took in the trial of the Anarchists, not that I indorse their teachings, but I like to see fair play. The cartoons are splendid, every one of them; and if I was able I would giv five dollars toward defraying the extra cost they make. Wishing all connected with THE TRUTH SEEKER a long, happy, and useful life, I remain

Your friend, ANDREW LINDSAY.

GREENWOOD, N. Y., Jan. 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3. to pay for the best paper in the world another year. If I were a good writer, I would make some suggestions that I think would help us along in our good work of freeing people from superstition. The women seem to be the most devoted to supernatuaralism of any class we hav. I know men that are quite Liberal in their views, yet would not dare take THE TRUTH SEEKER in their house to read on account of the storm it would produce. Now, can't we, by flattery, get on the right side of them some way and get them to read it? Once get the ice broken, they are all right. R. L. ALVORD.

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am pleased to see that Mr. George has defied the Catholic and all other churches. He must see now that it is very little use to advocate any reforms for the elevation of the workingman until he gets them beyond the control of priestcraft. Let him now place himself beside Colonel Ingersoll and batter down the gates of superstition. There can be but little done toward the emancipation of the race from the evils of monopoly, and all the other evils by which it is robbed of its rights, until the influence of religious bigotry is torn up by the roots. J. DOWNES.

[Mr. Downes givs Mr. George too much credit. Mr. George has not defied the church. He castigates the officers of the church for administering consistently the principles and disciplin of the church. That is, Mr. George is angry with the tiger for tearing its enemies.—ED. T. S.]

KENT, O., Jan. 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Putnam has been with us, and his inspiring eloquence has filled us with new life. January 10th, 11th, and 12th he lectured before the Secular Society to appreciativ audiences. His lectures hav vivified the indifferent, aroused the lethargic, enthused the workers, cheered the despondent, and put new thoughts and aims into the minds of all. His first lecture, "The New Heaven and Earth," lifted the veil of myth and misunderstanding from the minds of many and gave them a glimpse of the grandeur and glory of Freethought and the consequent exalted life of the race to come. His second lecture, "Universal Mental Liberty" was, if possible, grander in its conceptions than the first, and thrilled the hearts and charmed the minds of his fine audience. He who hears him once desires to hear him again, consequently his audience the third night was larger than either of the others. He took for his subject, "The Glory of Infidelity," and showed that to the Infidel Christianity is indebted for its polish, respectability, and life. He edified and enlightened the seekers after truth. His peroration the first night, "Why Don't He Lend a Hand?" held his hearers spellbound. His presentation of the Nine Demands of the American Secular Union won friends for the cause and showed their justness. His coming will aid us in raising THE TRUTH SEEKER club to one hundred names, and add to the interest in and membership of our library. In furtherance of the project to make our club one hundred, find inclosed our fifty-fifth subscription for your paper and its cartoons.

MARIUS HEIGHTON,
Sec. Kent Secular Society.

CARLISLE, IOWA, Feb. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I send $1, which please use as directed.

The so-called Christians are running what they call a union meeting—the Baptists, Methodists, and Brethren. They hav left the Campbellites out in the cold, and I understand the Campbellites are feeling sore over it. They hav been running some three weeks, and hav only succeeded in getting three or four weak-minded grown persons, and one or two children, to join them. The priests are ranting and sweating day and night, but it all does no good; the people are getting their eyes open. There are ten Liberal people here now for one ten years ago.

The cartoons are splendid, and THE TRUTH SEEKER is the best paper I ever read. I am now over sixty, and a very poor scribe, but I want to read your paper as long as I can see. M. GUISINGER.

ELMORE, VT., Jan. 19, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I noticed in THE TRUTH SEEKER a request for a list of friends' names that are Liberally inclined. I inclose a list. There is one man here, a neighbor of mine, that has lived to a good old age, eighty-six. For the past fifty or sixty years he has belonged to the church, has read his Bible every day and prayed to his God. He has made up his mind that he has got to die before long, and thinks he has not lived just as he ought to hav done and the gates of heaven will be closed against him. He is a strong believer in the old-fashioned hell, with all of its fire and brimstone, and it is enough to make a man's blood run cold to hear that man take on. He says he knows he shall be damned. That is the consoling influence Christianity has for him in his last days. I pity him. His doctrin has become second nature, and he thinks it must be true. How much better if he could look back on his past life and think how much enjoyment he had managed to squeeze out of this world, having no hopes or fears for the next. S. B. DOTY.

HEUVELTON, Jan. 13, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I see I am reading a paper not paid for, being a few days behind. I now inclose $7--$5 for two years advance payment, $1 for the lecture field, seventy cents for the Secular Union Fund, twenty-five cents for the ANNUAL.

I would be glad to send more, but cannot at this time. I want to help friend Reynolds $1 soon, in his suit for freedom of thought and speech.

Mr. Editor, I am an old subscriber. I hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER from the time of its first publication in New York, and I think this is the first time I hav been in the rear on my payment on the first of January.

I expect to take THE TRUTH SEEKER as long as I liv, which cannot be many years more, as my next birthday counts my age four score years; and when I die I die for myself; no man, nor son of man, can die for me. Every one dies for himself.

I like THE TRUTH SEEKER; it is enlightening the world, and bringing many up out of the pit of superstition. I will cast my vote for the cartoons; so continue them for the enlightenment of the blinded intellect. OTIS C. JILLSON.

ADRIAN, MICH., Jan. 20, 287.

MR. EDITOR: As my health seems to be slowly improving I thought I would drop in with my old Episcopal Quakers on last Sunday, as they were holding their quarterly meeting in their new church near to my place. The principal speaker on that occasion was a Mrs. Middleton from Indiana. She made quite a portly appearance as she stepped forward on the rostrum with her head covered (I thought she would hav looked a little better with her head uncovered, but probably she had a reason of her own, or somebody else's, for keeping it covered). She now read a few verses from the Bible, and then exposed her ignorance and bigotry by eulogizing it as the oldest and greatest of all books. If it were not for this holy Bible, she said, we would not know whether we were a man or a monkey, and here she made a drive at Darwin and the philosophy of evolution, then at Infidelity. Then she went back and told the audience (which was a large one) about this Bible God, and that he made everything out of nothing. Then he made a man out of the dust of the earth, and he blew into his nostrils and he became a living soul; then about his eating of the forbidden fruit and thus bringing death and sin into the world, hence the need there was of a savior. She forgot to tell the faithful about the woman and how she was made, and that it was through her maneuvering in connection with a snake that the man was misled; and all this trouble was brought on to his posterity. Then she fired up and went on under a heavy head of steam; sometimes a little streak of sense, then a big streak of nonsense; keeping this Bible in her hand all the time and at times reading a few verses from it for fuel to keep up the internal fires of the brain from the additional flow of blood to the brain, thus to supply the waste that was going on there. Under this mental strain her face got more than commonly red, and her eyes would seem to flash fire. Near the close of her harang she made this remark, that the longer she spoke the easier it was for her to talk. This remark, with these physical demonstrations, was sufficient to satisfy any clear, cool-headed philosopher that she was partially insane; and, of course, she nor her religious dupes knew it, and the probability is that if she is still patronized by this church superstition, the child of ignorance and fraud, she will still go on in this line of march until reason and what little common sense she has left will be dethroned, and she will hav to be numbered with others of this church who hav ended their days in an insane asylum. S. D. MOORE.

BENTON HARBOR, MICH., Jan. 4, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5—$3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER for this year, $1 for the defense of Mr. Reynolds, and $1 you may place where you think it will do the most good. I am the only one that takes your paper here, but mine goes the round of the neighborhood, and the "Lay Sermon" by Colonel Ingersoll has been read by many people in this place. Yet there are no outspoken Freethinkers here—four churches, and more in contemplation. The Spiritualists hold meetings here in the Opera House, and hav some very eloquent speakers.

The inclosed slip I cut out of an Adventist paper printed at Battle Creek, Mich., which an Adventist handed me, saying triumphantly, "Ingersoll has recanted, and Infidelity must go." Then I read to him the "Lay Sermon" of Brother Ingersoll, and he went away rather down-hearted.

The communications of S. P. Putnam in THE TRUTH SEEKER are delightful and instructiv. EMILY J. CASTLE.

[Following is the extract:

R. G. Ingersoll, the noted Infidel lecturer, has stopped lecturing, and is reported to be suffering fr m cancer of the throat. In answer to a gentleman who asked him why he had given up lecturing, he said: "I hav fought God long enough; I hav given up fighting God."

The story is a falsehood. We shall soon publish something from Colonel Ingersoll on this subject.—ED. T. S.]

DEMING, NEW MEXICO, Jan. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find amount to cover subscription for the ensuing year

Of course I indorse the illustrations; they are no more absurd than the stories they are intended to represent, and yet the churches say such pictures are no better than sacrilege—as if it were any worse to represent a ridiculous story with a ridiculous illustration, than a true story with a sensible one.

Popery is indeed the antipode of liberty, and Watson Heston caught the inspiration in one of the past numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER. Some day we will build him a monument higher than the church ever designed for Spurgeon or Talmage. Think what a brutal mind Spurgeon must hav had to utter the words: "In fire exactly like this which we hav upon earth, our bodies, asbestos-like, will be forever unconsumed." Of course, such sentiments are good enough for Spurgeon and the church of England, but over in this country we hav advanced to a higher, dryer, and purer atmosphere of reason and understanding.

It is wonderful how many people there are who look upon God (or natural forces, if you please) as if it were a human being, endowed with the organs of speech and hearing. If this force or power or condition which brought everything into existence is personal God, etc., and clothed in personal attributes, you destroy the supremacy of God's power, right there. Such a God cannot make a world, or if he did he can't make another one.

The embodiment of all that is true and good and beautiful and pure—some people call that God. Well, that is a conception; if any one wants to worship a conception, let them do so—Pallas Athene will do just as well; but do not clothe conceptions in personal attributes. The North Pole is a conception. We read of an expedition sailing for the North Pole, but there is no pole that any body knows of. A certain person crossed the equator; did any body ever see an equator? Just so with parallels of latitude, state lines, etc.—imaginary, but not tangible.

I sometimes feel that I am almost alone here in the realm of Freethought, but still hav for a boon companion the grand old mountain, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," which antedates Genesis by several years. This is no small consolation in itself. Hoping the Freethinkers will never be divided against themselvs on any minor points, I am, Yours respectfully, D. S. WEAVER.

OUR PICTURES AND PAPER.

SNOWVILLE, VA., Jan. 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I think each time an extra good picture comes out in THE TRUTH SEEKER that I'd like to paste it up on every pulpit in the land. I am sure they would, in time, antidote all theology, even with the most pious. One such picture as that in the last paper, showing Thomas Paine and his greatest works at one glance, is more effectiv with most people than would be a volume of biographical information. There it is all at one glance; you see it and take it all in. It is daguerreotyped ineffaceably in the mind. I hav all the pictures filed away, and a day or two ago I thought I'd look them over so as to impress them more fully in my mind, and I was astonished to find how familiar each one looked, thus proving what a hold they hav on memory.

Though our friend Peck has already received his peck of praise, we (Mr. S. and I) must add our mite also, for we find excellent good food for thought in his "Christian Absurdities." Mrs. Colman's reminiscences carry me way back in the past to the first strong work in the antislavery, temperance, and theological reforms, and I seem to liv them over again and feel once more the odium (?) of being so nearly alone in the advocacy of these heterodox ideas. We always find pith in Putnam's pennings, and among the friends he meets are many names familiar to me through private correspondence, and through him I seem almost to greet them in person. Mrs. Severance writes sensibly and justly concerning the "Lucifer Match." The editorial advice

seems to me sensible; that is, that they hav martyrized long enough, and could now do better work out of jail than in.

We read with interest the accounts of Dr. McGlynn, but hav little hope that any congregation of Catholics will ever dare to defy the pope's anathema, even for love of a favorit pastor, though we well know that this love is one of the strongest in nature.

Our TRUTH SEEKER is our preacher, and we all love it as a dear friend, teacher, and guide, though we each reserve our right to think as our individual idiosynocrasies compel us. We are still greatly influenced by a favorit paper, especially after taking it for a long series of years, during which it manages, like some good teacher and leader, to keep a little in advance of us, pointing out and clearing a way whereby we may follow. ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

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WHITE BLUFF, TENN., Jan. 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will please find $3 for another year's subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. I believe my time runs out this January. It is a feeble expression when I say your paper pleases me much. I believe it gets better every number. I want you to know that I think the pictures are a great addition to the paper, and your sentiments in regard to the Chicago Anarchists accord with mine. I never did believe they would be hanged for free speech; if they are, it will start the worst revolution that ever was known to history. I am not in favor of female suffrage. If women are allowed to vote, myself or any other Infidel will not be allowed to remain in Tennessee, or any Freethought papers to come in the state. Every Biddy will go up to the polls and vote as the priest tells her to, and that will be the end of religious liberty. I don't believe in Prohibition—am opposed to the principle. I don't believe Spiritualism; don't see any sense in it. I am a Materialist to the backbone, and believe the railroads, express, telegraph, telephone, and money banks should belong to the government, as does the mail business; and I think R. G. Ingersoll the best and the smartest man in the world now, to-day. I am fifty-eight years old, don't owe any man a cent, never drink whisky or other liquors, and pay my subscription in advance for all papers I take. I think this will introduce myself as your humble servant, S. P. JONES.

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KENT, O., Jan. 27, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Representativ Cain, of the state of Texas, has introduced a bill in Congress to create a retired list for government clerks, in consonance with the law of the same character applying to officers of the army and navy. The general provisions of the bill are that after a clerk has served for forty-five years continuously, he may, at the discretion of an examining board, be retired at three-fourths of the pay he was receiving at the time of retirement. Or he may retire at the end of thirty-eight years' service at two-thirds pay, or at half pay at the end of thirty years, subject to the discretion of the examining board. There seem to be various opinions as to the propriety of Congress passing a bill of this nature. Has our general government been reduced to one great monopoly, in which a position once obtained guarantees a life lease to the holder, on retiring from which a lucrativ sinecure must be provided for him? Or is it a government of the people, for the people, by the people, in which we hav an abundance of material to fill all of our offices, —executiv, legislativ, and judicial—with all these subdivisions, including all the clerical skill necessary to do the business of this great republic without repeating the term of office or term of appointment? These clerical positions furnish constant emyloyment at the very highest wages. Thousands of men and women having the very best of characters and business ability are daily making application for clerical positions to the many departments of the government, and are as often rejected and forced to retire without any encouragement, the officers of the different departments adhering strictly to the Jacksonian principle, "To the victors belong the spoils."

Mr. Cain seems to base the necessity of this bill upon the fact that the army and navy hav a retired list. But is it not time that congressmen should learn that two wrongs do not make a right? We want no more monopoly bills passed, but laws wrought from the warp and woof of justice, tempered with equality, on the basis that all men and women hav equal rights to protection by the general government, and employment according to qualification and merit. I would suggest a law compelling the commanding officers of the different departments of the general government to discharge one-fifth of all the employees under their respectiv commands each year, and hire other men and women in their places, keeping a complete roster of all employees discharged and hired, the yearly retired list to be so selected that no one employee could hold his office to exceed five years. This system would develop new ability, and keep on hand a reserve corps of men and women qualified to transact the business of the government, providing for the departments what the G. A. R. does for the U. S. army. A. D. CLARK.

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CARIBOU, ME., Jan. 16, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Although you may possibly hav never heard of it, still, I suppose it is a fact, for I hav either read it myself some time or other, or else my mother read it to me when I was a boy, that, once upon a time in the early history of this country, at a time when there were but very few printing-offices in the United States, some people got together in convention assembled for the purpose of having the press suppressed. And during the session one man arose and said, "Mr. Chairman: I feel impressed with the impression that the press ought to be suppressed."

And, although I do not feel impressed with the impression that THE TRUTH SEEKER press ought to be suppressed, still, I would really like to say to the Christian as well as Infidel world that if there could be any force or power brought to bear upon me to drive me any farther into Atheism than I am in it now (and I think that would be a pretty hard thing to do), that force or power has been brought to bear upon me during the past autumn.

I let my farm last spring to a sickly brother-in-law, which compelled me to work out. Passing over the spring and summer, allow me to say that it was my fortune—or misfortune, as the case may be—to work at two different houses where they pray. To one house I carried Mr. Babcock's pamphlet, "Why Don't God Kill the Devil?" which I read to them in oratorical style, and which elicited from them peal after peal of hearty laughter. When I was done, the man admitted that it was smart, and written by a smart man. But he could not believe it. And had they not been particular friends, I should hav told them they dared not believe it.

To the other house I went to breakfast every morning, and listened about a dozen times to their mess of foolish mummery that they thought should be called by the sacred name of prayer. After that, when the signal came for kneeling, I very coolly rose from the table, set back my chair, opened the door, and went out and went off to my work. And that was the last of my listening to prayers there! Now, then, Christian friends, be not offended (unless you wish to) at these few lines of friendly warning, for they are intended for your good. I consider it a disgrace to a disgraceful cause for any person to offer up a prayer to an imaginary throne of grace unless they can offer up a pretty good one.

Now, then, Mr. Editor, I like THE TRUTH SEEKER first-rate, and may, perhaps, take it as long as it is illustrated. I like the "Letters from Friends" department first-rate, because it is the *vox populi* (the voice of the people), and not simply that of the editor.

Mr. Putnam's lecture, "The New God," is first-rate, and very convincing. And I don't see how any person, after reading that lecture, can ever again believe in a personal God.

I hav read several letters criticising the editor and the colonel, all of which, I think, are uncalled for. To be sure, this is a country within the boundaries of which not even the president is above criticism. But I don't think the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER or the colonel deserves criticism.

H. H. GILMAN.

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GEUDA SPRINGS, KAN., Jan. 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: There are quite a number of Freethinkers in this vicinity. They, like everyone else, must some time succumb to the inevitable, and in such cases our orthodox friends make many remarks about our manner of putting away our dead. Now, I think we should hav some mode for a burial ceremony. Hav you not a burial ceremony for Freethinkers? If so, I think it would be a good plan for you to publish it in pamphlet form; I would like to hav something of the kind. One of your old subscribers, Mr. John H. Jones, recently passed from this life to the beyond. Mr. Jones died the 6th of last September. He used to liv at Sampsell, Mo.; came here early in 1886, and ran a general store. Here was sick a long time, and suffered a great deal. His TRUTH SEEKER was lots of comfort to him in his long illness. He was a strong Liberal and Freethinker, a self-made man, and a deep thinker and reasoner. He was conscious unto the last, and was firm in his belief to the last. On the 18th of last September another one of our number passed away, Mrs. Caroline M. Bixler (mother of the writer hereof). She had been for many years a Liberal, and a strong one, too. She formerly lived in Trenton, Iowa; was long a subscriber to the Boston *Investigator*, her brother, Q. M. Noel, being a noted Infidel in that country. Mrs. Bixler was a great reader and thinker, and a good reasoner. I can well remember of ministers visiting her for the boasted purpose of converting her, but they invariably went away wiser than they came. She had many friends, and was noted for her kind-heartedness. We would like to hav some Liberal come and giv us a lecture, but as we are rather out of the beat of any lecturer, it will be hard for us to get one. I notice an article in THE TRUTH SEEKER of September 18, 1886, by Si Slokum, that hits us Prohibitionists pretty hard. I don't think he really means to call all who are Prohibitionists "fools," but one would take it so. Many persons, and many who are Freethinkers, are Prohibitionists, and Freethinkers, as a rule, are not fools—by no means. We hav prohibition here in Kansas. Some say it does not prohibit. True, but does the law forbidding any one to steal, murder, and pillage prevent stealing, murder, etc.? Of course it does not. In spite of the law, persons will steal, murder and pillage, but will any one say that the law is no good? Who would want the law wiped out?

The same with our prohibition law. It has been a great benefit to our state. It brings the best class of people to the state. From reports of a majority of the county attorneys of the state, crime has decreased considerably since prohibition has been a law. Then does it prohibit in the state of Kansas? I say that it does, to the extent that any law is obeyed. There are gluttons who abuse food, but in their abuse of it do they injure any one beside themselvs? No; but the person who abuses the use of strong drink not only injures himself, but all concerned in him. There is the difference. If it was only the one who abused it that was injured, it would not be so bad. Rum, and strong drink of any kind, if not an evil, becomes an evil after awhile, and why not make laws to govern one evil as well as another? Slokum says, not in these words but to this effect, that prohibition can never be established. Let me say to him, prohibition is established in Kansas. It is here to stay, and don't you forget it. They hav tried to resubmit the question of prohibition, and failed, and should it be resubmitted to the voters of Kansas to-day, it would carry by a larger majority than before.

Mr. John H. Jones has a son here (John S. Jones), and we are trying to get up a club for THE TRUTH SEEKER; think we will be able to send you a few subscribers. I expect this article is getting too long, so I will close. Q. M. BIXLER.

["The Truth Seeker Collection of Forms, Hymns, and Ceremonies" contains an appropriate service for funeral occasions, besides much other matter. It is sent to any address for 75 cents.]

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NEW YORK, Jan. 28, 1887.

TO J. B. SMITH, *Dear Sir:* Yours received, *via* THE TRUTH SEEKER, with regard to the article of mine entitled, "The Impending Revolution."

In that article did I say that a revolution against capital should be "precipitated?" Well, let me see? I said this: "A revolution is in order, and it is high time it were on." I repeat the words, and hav the satisfaction of knowing that it is on to a considerable extent, some forty thousand workers in these whereabouts having laid down their tools—laying down of tools, not the taking up of arms, is what I referred to in that article—and by so doing hav "paralyzed the commerce of three cities," the press says.

Well, suppose the "million minute men," with the eight or ten million at their backs, should lay down their tools—remember, please, I said nothing about taking up arms—the whole country would be "paralyzed," wouldn't it? Well, to ask the conundrum I did in the original article, "What are the grabocrats going to do about it?" Allowing they hav all the arms, just for argument's sake—they can buy all they want—what will these arms avail them? Can they shoot the ten million workers into taking up their tools and going to work as before at starvation wages? If you think so, Mr. Smith, keep on thinking so; it is pleasing to a monopolist and employer so to think, undoubtedly.

By illustration I explained how this "revolution"—you seem to be fearfully worked up about it, and the article of mine that so worked you up, such a "foolish" one, too—could be a bloodless one, a "walk over," as it were; but you had to explode with gunpowder and dive into blood, at one fell swoop, so to speak—I can smell the powder and the blood on you now, even at this distance from Mahoning, Ohio.

Don't go for the scalp of any "foolish" writer that chances to get into print, Mr. Smith, when such fool words as the following slop over from your brain-pan:

"Suppose the revolutionists should succeed, could not the governments of Europe be induced to send over their trained soldiers [ha! "trained soldiers!" Your soul was in arms and eager for the fray when you penned those words] to restore order? The cause of law and order is one the world over."

Mr. Smith, had you lived in "the time that tried men's souls" in this country, it is a dead sure thing that you would hav hoisted the Tory flag—at heart, not outside where the patriots, the "revolutionary mob," could hav seen it, oh, no! —and stood, for all you were worth, with the English and Hessians in the interest of "law and order." I marvel me muchly, now I think of it, why England, then the mightiest of nations, could not hav "induced the other European powers to send over their *trained soldiers* to restore order." What a pity that the "revolutionary mob" triumphed in those days, eh, Mr. Smith? Certainly the patriots were nothing but a poorly armed "mob," a "revolutionary mob," anything and everything but "trained soldiers," but they "got there" all the same, England not being able to "induce other powers to come and help her restore law and order."

Suppose the South had whipped the North (the government), do you think we could hav "induced," etc.? Not much. Governments, like individuals and communities, turn to the rising, not the setting sun. And I am telling you, Mr. Smith, a capitalist or sympathizer, and hirer of workers, perhaps, that if the ten or twelve million workers should lay down their tools—who the devil said anything about "springing to arms," as you put it?—some fine day, that they, the people, would then be the government, and would look to it that the grabocrats preserved "law and order," at their peril otherwise. Yes, sir, we should then hav a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, instead of a government, as now, of thieves, by thieves, and for thieves. And I am telling you also that I hope to liv to see the day when the laying down of tools shall take place, even if a little bloodshed follows. Why be so scary about a little bloodshed in this case? The world, especially the Christian world, has ever been engaged in blood-letting, and ever will be, I suppose; and as it seems to be a necessary operation, or one that can't be prevented, what matters it when, where, how, or by whom the operation is performed? Should the workers all lay down their tools, and bloodshed should follow, owing to you monopolists and sympathizers, let it follow; that shed by the workers will be shed in the justest cause that the world ever knew! The "saviors of society" (the latter a rotten thing), corruptionists, monopolists, and thieves will hav great need to call upon all the gods and devils ever invented by man to succor them, and don't you forget it!

In Section 4 of your letter you ask "if capital and labor should not pull together for their mutual benefit." By all means, Yes. But do they? No. This pulling together is what we want, and for the want of it we are having the present troubles. The fact is, and you know it, that capital has done all the pulling, and that's what's the matter. It pulls millions upon millions out of the mines, the factories, the railways, etc., while labor pulls but a crust. That's the sort of "pull together" you argue for, Mr. Smith, but the workers are arguing for a hold on the rope whereby they can hav a chance to pull with you. Do you call it "mutual benefit" when, making a million dollars out of a railroad you build, you pay your men one dollar a day? No doubt you do; but I am telling you the workers look not at it in that light. When you capitalists cease to be grab-alls, things will run much smoother than at present. But you won't be till you are forced to be, I am afraid. It is turkey for you and crow for the worker, or, in your magnanimity, crow for the worker and turkey for the capitalist, every time and all the time. Now, this sort of distribution has been going on long enough; and the workers are going to hav some of that turkey, if it takes a leg, so to speak. Good-bye, SI SLOKUM.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## Grandma's Decision.

"Shall we call him John?" and the father smiles,
As he lifts with a father's pride
The baby, the wonderful baby boy,
To the youthful mother's side.

She raises her happy and tender eyes,
Like the soft, blue gentian flowers,
Saying, "John is not a pretty name
For a baby such as ours."

"Augustus or James?" But again she turns
To him an unwilling ear.
"Nor David?" "Oh, no, though it's very well
For the usual babies, dear.

"But a name that will hint of joy combined
With sweetness, for ours is meet,
Such as love indeed may havdeftly coined—
Yet Bertie I think is sweet."

"Bertie is spelled with an *i* and *e*?"
The father objects, "Oh, Nan,
Remember some day that our boy will be,
If his life is spared, a man."

And grandma, who listens with smiling mien
To each fond, disnuading plea,
Unwittingly quotes, what's in a name
That may of such import be?

"David or Bertie, Augustus or John,
What matter? 'Tis all the same.
It is not the name makes the baby dear,
The baby endears the name."

## Mary Baird Finch.

DEAR CHILDREN, YOUNG AND OLD: Having read and reread "The Christmas Tree," by that sweet, nature's poet, Mary Baird Finch, and as I know you all must love her gentle, loving, refined, humane spirit, and would like to know her history, I will very briefly, for want of space, allude to her.

Thirty-five years ago, when I was thirty-three and she was fifteen years old, I lived with the Baird family three months. They lived in a long log cabin, on the prairie in Knox county, Ill. They were renters—poor, honest, and industrious. I had come from New York the previous year, and passed through Chicago, before there were any railroads there, and much of Knox county was still open prairie.

Mary was a *love*-child, for her parents were temperamentally and mentally adapted for a happy parentage and harmonious, loving life. They and their children formed a happy, affectionate family, and all were noted for their innate goodness and kindness. I believe I am right in saying that Mary's natural desire for knowledge was great, but her opportunities for school education were poor and limited, and that what she learned was the natural craving and action of her fine brain and impressible temperament, which will, more or less, be its *own* teacher, and self-accumulating. She is one of the poets that are *born*, not *made*. I remember how attentiv and docil she was when I and others used to sing, speak, or read in private, or at our public meetings. She was older than her years, and, like Byron, "loved to look on nature in her loftier moods." About twenty-five years after I had left her abode in Illinois, and she had a family in Nebraska, she, having seen my articles in THE TRUTH SEEKER, surprised me by a letter full of sympathy and gratitude for my kindness to her, and the truths I taught her when a girl. For several years we hav been correspondents and mutual sympathizers. I was greatly surprised that that artless, unschooled woman had developed into such an affectionate, nature-loving, nature-describing, nature-picturing poet. There is so much nature, so much history, so much science, so much sublimity and simplicity, and better than all, so much humanity in her poems, that it seems as though all her readers must be made happier and better by their perusal.

May I not say truthfully that she is the Robert Burns of the prairies? Is she not worthy of the mantle of that humane bard?

Like myself, poor, gentle, loving Mary suffers much with physical ailments and infirmities, and I read her letters about her family cares, toils, troubles and trials, and her great physical sufferings when she is often near dying, with great emotion and sympathy. Every poem of her natural, soul-felt, inspiring effusions I read in the Children's Corner I am afraid will be her last, and her graphic pen fill and thrill me no more.

Do we not all pray that her *humane* and *exalted* pen may yet grace the Children's Corner for a long time to come? Bless and preserve that sweet, poetic songster, Mary Baird Finch.

*Columbus, Kan.* J. H. COOK.

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—FOSSIL FOOTPRINTS—AN ANAGRAM.

'Tis not in *Chili stone* alone
These "fossil footprints" may be shown,
Of beasts, and birds, and reptils vast,
Whose tracks alone record their past;
Here one, a kind of frog, is seen,
Its spreading toes well webbed between
Like Arctic snowshoes long and broad,
And thus we track it where it trod;
Two inches deep, these tracks declare
The pond'rous load such feet did bear;
In size so elephantine vast,
This huge batrachian of the past,
Leaves Gulliver no room to brag
About the beasts of Brobdingnag;
To prove that all I say is so,
South Hadley folks its tracks can show;
And of a bird of such huge parts
Its tracks will often hold four quarts,
Whose chicks we therefore must surmise
Exceeded ostriches' in size;
Just ask the folks who liv around
Where "Noah's ravens' tracks" abound?
But do not try, at any rate,
To prove the tracks of greater date;
So once South Hadley's wisest sage,
Held to these footprints' earlier age,
And, what is more, he proved it too,
So all the people thought it true
Till later quest at length obtains
The fossil prints of splashing rains;
"What, ho! before the rainbow's span,
Or earth could yet giv life to man!"
And so they racked their fertil brains
To reconcile the dates and rains,
And when they reached the rainbow's arc
Faith stamped her chronologic mark;
In eighteen hundred forty-two,
E'en Boonton brought one track to view,
Six inches long and half as wide,
With three thick toes with claws supplied;
But in the light of Reynolds's suit,
I think I "spot" that ancient brute
Still living, if it can be said
Such creature was not always dead;
And yet, and yet, and yet, and yet,
The thing can sweat when "overhet;"
'Tis not alone in *Chili stone*,
These "fossil footprints" may be shown;
'Tis known quite well how wide the list
By every palcontologist.

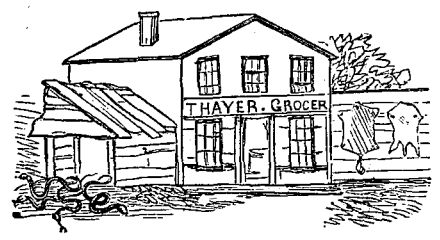
*Irwin, Ia.* J. K. P. BAKER.

2.—REBUS.




Scriptural.

3.—REBUS.




A fact in natural history.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, JAN. 29. 1887.

1.–Bullion. 2.–Venture nothing in speculation.

## Correspondence.

BAKER'S CORNER, IND., Jan. 18, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My mother takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and thinks it is a splendid paper. I read the Children's Corner, and more especially the letters. I am fifteen years of age. I am going to school this winter. We liv half a mile from a Wesleyan church. I go to meeting occasionally, just to hear what they hav to say, and you may be sure they giv the Infidels a round. The last time I was there the preacher told about a woman that went off in a trance at one of their meetings, and died while she was in that condition. The preacher said that he wished God would kill a good many more people in that way, and he said that Infidels were afraid to speak for themselvs. We hav no place for a speaker just now, but if we succeed in building a hall they will find out we are not so cowardly after after all.

Mr. Remsburg lectured at Petersburg, about twelve miles from here. Father and some of the other men of the neighborhood went up to hear him. Father thought him an excellent speaker.

It is extremely cold weather here now. This morning we were all gathered around the warm fire, and father took occasion to read Mr. Peck's article in the last TRUTH SEEKER, and after he had finished, mother remarked that he was more than a peck; he was a good bushel.

From your friend, EDNA A. BAKER.

SIMCOE, Jan. 22, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I'll be eleven years old in April. I hav two little sisters, Inez and Ruby. Inez is four, and Ruby is two years old. It is fun to see them run for THE TRUTH SEEKER to see the pictures when papa brings it home. I go to school. I like my teacher. Her name is Miss Bray. She reads the Bible in school every morning, and then she makes us pray, which I do not like, because my parents are good Freethinkers. This is a small town: about two thousand inhabitants, near Lake Erie. We hav had only one Freethought lecture here by Charles Watts. There were only two ladies present, my mamma and a friend she had to go with her.

Yours truly, WILLIE HELLERICH.

P.S.—If this letter is worth putting in the Children's Corner, I may try to write a better letter when I am not so sleepy. Good-bye, again! J. W. C. H.

ASH, MINN., Jan. 15, 287.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My father takes THE TRUTH SEEKER. I like to read the Children's Corner, and a good many other articles in it. So I thought I would write a few lines for the Corner. I am fifteen years old. I am keeping house for my father. He is a widower. I am his only child. My mother died when I was about two years old. I cannot remember her, but my father told me of her. My father was poor and had to get me cared for as cheaply as he could. Some of his acquaintances told him it would be better for him to let me go to the parochial school, as the sisters would take better care of me than other folks would. O Miss Wixon, I could not begin to tell you how mean and cruel those god-serving sisters and priests are to poor children that are beguiled by them or left to their care. They whip and pound them to force them to the very heart, so as to make them fearful, so they get them to fear the punishment of their God. I will tell you all about the sisters and their mummery the next time. This is a nice country we liv in, but it is very cold in the winter. We hav forty acres of land. My father's name is David F. Anderson; he is a strong Liberal, and thinks if the world is ever saved by the death of anyone, it will be Bruno instead of that Jewish Jesus. For fear I am occupying too much of your time, I will close for the present. With best wishes for all Liberals, I remain, Fraternally yours,

STELLA ANDERSON.

P.S.—Dear Miss Wixon: This is my first letter. I hope you will publish it. S. A.

VALLEY FALLS, KAN., Jan. 9, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I hav not written to you for so long, I believe I will try again. Through your columns allow me to sincerely thank Virginia E. Vance for inscribing to me her beautiful poem entitled, "My Books." I am late about expressing thanks, but still, I guess, it's "better late than never."

I stated in my last letter to you that I had commenced to read "Ingersoll's Forty-three Lectures Complete" through. I hav succeeded at last, and think it perfectly splendid. I hav also read his "Prose Poems and Selections," and like them really well. My sisters were home from college during vacation, and one of them recited "The Vision of War" (one of Ingersoll's prose poems) at the Lyceum which is held in our district schoolhouse every Wednesday evening. It seemed to please the audience very much.

The subject for discussion for the next meeting of the Literary Society is, "*Resolved*, That a woman should hav the right of suffrage." I, of course, am on the affirmativ. My papa is vice president of the society, and one of my brothers, treasurer. My brother says that after he takes up the next collection he is going to Canada "for his health." I am afraid it would not pay, for he has only taken fifty cents for collection. We are the only Liberals in this neighborhood, so, of course, we are terribly tongue-lashed in the discussions.

At the last meeting the subject under discussion was "*Resolved*, That a man's character is made for him more than he makes it for himself." One fellow, on the affirmativ, said that he thought the parents formed a man's character. "Now, for instance," he said, "take good Christian parents, and they will teach their children to be honest, industrious, studious, and in every way to be good, while if you take parents who think the opposit, they will teach their children to be dishonest, wicked, and to do all manner of mean things. The first will grow up to be a good citizen, while the last will lead a wild life, and come to a bad end." I am not sure those were the very words, but they were something to that effect. As we are the only family in the neighborhood who believe the opposit to Christianity, we guess it was intended for us. But I don't see that it was at all appropriate, for I am sure mamma and papa hav always taught their children to be honest, industrious, studious, and to do no manner of mean things, and so far we hav none of us come to a bad end.

My letter is getting too lengthy, so I will close. I am, as ever,

E. HORTENSIA HARMAN.

# Science Column.

## About Fossils.

And this our life, exempt from public haunts,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
—*Shakspere.*

A piece of slate was handed me on which was impressed the delicate tracery of a handsome fern. The slate was taken from the coal mine at Portsmouth, R. I., and the impression upon it was a fossil. This word (fossil) we get from the Latin *fossilis*, which means dug up, and it is applied to the vegetable or animal substances, or their remains, which are found in the rocks. It is by means of fossil footprints of animals, impressions of reptils, birds, flowers, and foliage imprinted in the solid rock that the earth is telling her grand old story. Sandstone and shale hav kept the pages of the earth's story-book clean and bright. The coal-beds wrap within their dusky blankets a great history of other days.

When the little branch of fern impressed on the slate was alive and green, the earth was soft and moist; great marshes and swamps and bogs and mud abounded; shrubs and big trees shed their leaves on the muddy surface of the earth, and as the moistened ground grew cool beneath a changing atmosphere, the leaves decaying became indelibly fastened in the mud, which after a time became coal.

We could not liv at that time in the world's history, for the air was too hot and stifling, and was too heavy with carbonic acid gas, but it was splendid for the trees and vegetation which were being turned into coal for our use. Curious insects buzzed and hummed through the air, and huge fishes swam in the water.

Before that time there were some signs of organic life. Curious little creatures called trilobites had a being on the earth, and when they went to sleep they left their skeletons embedded in rocks and stones, to tell us they once lived. Sea-weeds, too, of that period hav left their hardened ribbons in the rocks to show us that they were tossed on the shores a hundred thousand years ago. Immense birds, with tails like reptils, left their prints in the sandstone of the Connecticut valley. The oldest air-breathers, so far as known, are the remains of some hideous frog-like reptils found in Pennsylvania coal-beds, and also in Nova Scotia. By means of these remains, or fossils, and there hav been found a great many of all grades and character, each in its own time, however, we are enabled to learn the history of the world we liv in.

S. H. W.

QUESTIONS.—What is the meaning of fossil? How does the earth reveal her history? What was the condition of the earth when the fern was green and new? Could we hav lived then? Why? Was it good for trees and foliage? And why? What about the insects and fishes? What about trilobites? What is found in sandstone of Connecticut valley? What about the oldest air-breathers? Where were they found?

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## An Unpublished Poem.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker—*Sir:* When I heard of Mr. Bennett's death in December, 1882, I wrote the following lines, intended as a tribute to his memory, to be read at the funeral services, but realiziug the impossibility of getting them to you in time for that sad rite I laid them by, and they hav lain unthought of among other MSS since that date. To-day, in looking over the odds and ends that fill an amateur poet's portfolio, I came across them, and, if agreeable to you, would like to see them appear in The Truth Seeker as one more memorial tribute to its brave founder. D. L. B.

*Greenwich, N. Y.*, Jan. 30, 1887.

IN MEMORIAM.

*Written for the funeral of D. M. Bennett.*

Gone in the fulness of thy strength,
Brave laborer in the cause of Truth,
Ere yet thy rounded journey's length
Had tired the energy of youth!
With hearts that hoped the coming years
Had healing—all unneeded now—
To-day we bring, with starting tears,
The laurel wreath to bind thy brow.

Yes, thou hast won the victor's crown,
In earuest battle for the right;
Who stripped the fear-held bandage down
From darkened eyes, and showed the light
To men who turned, with glad accord,
From slavish views and baneful creed,
To follow Truth—nor sought reward,
Save in the thanks of thousands freed.

To-day we trace the lengthening chain
Of years back through the silent past,
When Error held her cheerless reign,
And Hope's fair sky was overcast;
When Reason's wondering doubts were stilled,
And Truth's first teachers, faint and few,
Their lives with scorn and menace filled,
The scourge of brutal malice knew.

What scenes of horror greet the eye;
What cruelties we dare not name!
See Freedom's young apostles die,
Their lives go out in smoke and flame!
See Bigotry, with cross and book,
Beside her bleeding victims stand,
Gazing unmoved, with hellish look,
On tortures that her hate had planned.

O Reasou, that thy crowning day,
The hope of youth, the dream of age,
Should thus be traced throughout its way
In blood, on history's troubled page!
That Superstition's stake and rack
Should thus hav ruled the onward years,
While struggling Truth, unheard, fell back
Before the strength of coward fears.

Through the leng midnight reign of faith
Some few stout hearts hav never quailed;
Hav braved her hatred even to death,
And Error's gathering hosts assailed.
Some few brave souls who dared to stand
Erect and firm in Freedom's name
Hav passed her torch from hand to hand,
And kept alive the sacred flame.

Theirs was the work whose fruits to-day
Are freedom's blessings round us shed;
Theirs be the honored place alway
Which merit givs the voiceless dead.
And now amid their foremost ranks
With fond accord we place thy name,
And for thy works a people's thanks
As just inheritance we claim.

Rising from doctrins once embraced,
The world's opinion thou didst dare;
Each creed in thought's tribunal placed,
And asked an honest verdict there.
And once thou reason's light hadst shared
No wavering marked thy cherished plan;
But, armed with truth, went forth prepared
To battle for the rights of man.

From the brave utterance of thy thought
A nobler trust in man arose,
And falsehood's hosts, to judgment brought,
Went down before thy trenchant blows!
For truth upheld, for strength displayed,
For courage that a dungeon knew,
For work performed, thy life has made
Each tribute of affection due.

"Man's works liv after him," is traced
Through all achievements that we see,
Nor shall his memory be effaced
Who givs his all to make men free,
Not till hope's quickening tide, that runs
Through all the ages, stops congealed,
And Liberty forgets her sons
Who fell on glory's battle field.

Such laborers in the world's behalf
Our richest tributes fitly claim,
And Justice on thy cenotaph
Shall yet inscribe thy honored name.
And grateful thousands yet shall meet
Where freedom's warrior silent lies,
And in fond thoughts, when there they greet,
The memory of thy works shall rise.

Rest, hero, from thy labor, rest!
The coming years shall bring to thee,
From north and south, from east and west,
The chorus of a people free.
That time beyond the prophet's gaze,
Grander than poet yet hath dreamed,
When earth's united sons shall raise
The anthem of a race redeemed;

Redeemed from mental slavery's blight,
And blest with millions yet to be,
When minds, rejoicing in the light,
Shall hail the truth that made them free.
Down the long aisles of coming time
Thy name shall still shine in the van
With those whose works hav made sublime
The ever onward march of Man.

*Greenwich, N. Y.*, Dec. 9, 1882. D. L. B.

Our German readers should send 25 cents to the *Freidenker*, of Milwaukee, Wis., for a copy of the "Amerikanisher Turner Kalenar."

## New Books.

T. C. Widdicomb, of Byberry, Philadelphia, Pa., has written a little pamphlet upon "Natural Theology," upon which he places the extravagant price of 25 cents.

"Easy Lessons in Socialism," by W. H. Benson, is published by the author at Philadelphia. Six cents will obtain the pamphlet for those interested by addressing the writer at 1225 Filbert street.

"Heredity and Education," their relation to each other and to the human race, is President E. A. Wood's address to the Pennsylvania Medical Society. Dr. Wood livs at Pittsburgh, and inquiries for the treatis should be sent to him there.

*The Chicago Law Times* is a new quarterly, edited by Catharine V. Waite. It is a pretentious and well printed volume of some 130 pages. Its object is to mend the machinery of the law. The articles are all by men and women of recognized ability. The price is 50 cents; $2 per year.

"Papers in Penology" is published by the authorities of the Elmira Reformatory. The papers are by Charles Dudley Warner and Charles A. Collins, and were originally printed in the *North American Review* and *Harper's Magazine*. Those interested in punitiv institutions will find these papers of great interest.

"Anarchy," by C. L. James, of Eau Claire, Wis., is what he calls a "tract for the times." Mr. James is a scholar, an erudite historian, and a forcible and graceful writer. He maintains that government can be abolished, and that there is no necessity for it to be restored. Very few will agree with him. The price of his pamphlet is 25 cents.

W. S. Bell has revised his pamphlet upon the "Conflict Between Christianity and Civilization," and published a second edition, which may be had for fifteen cents by addressing him at 302 State street, Chicago. Mr. Bell's little pamphlet is a very effectiv document in convincing Christians that the world is not so much indebted to Christianity as the ministers would hav them believe.

"The Conflict between Liberty and Prohibition" is an inquiry into "the most practicable method of reforming the world." Other essays on political subjects are included by Mr. J. R. Beasley, the writer, who sells the phamphlet at 50 cents. His address is Chattanooga, Tenn. Mr. Beasley is a Liberal and earnest gentleman, and the price of the work is not too much to pay for the settlement of many important social questions.

Under the name of "A Gentile," Dyer D. Lum, of Port Jervis, has published a handsome octavo volume of 91 pages upon the Mormon Question in its Economic Aspects: Being a Study of Coöperation and Arbitration in Mormondom, from the Standpoint of a Wage-worker. Mr. Lum finds a great deal more of good in the social system of Utah than the practical workings of the scheme will bear out. The price of the book should be about 50 cents.

Miller Hagaman, whose poem on "Liberty" was recently noticed in these columns, has another poetical work, called "The Divine Malignity." The dedication is:

TO
CALVIN BURNING SERVETUS.
"*Put on green wood.*"

The poem is a protest against the doctrin of hell. Mr. Hagaman was educated for and entered the Presbyterian ministry, but was expelled for holding the views to which he now givs metrical expression. The volume is very handsomely printed, and is sold for one dollar by The Truth Seeker.

"Christianity *versus* Infidelity" is the title given to the debate between Dr. J. L. York and H. A. Long at Brisbane. The discussion continued six nights, and "closed amid cheers, groans, and general uproar." The subjects attacked were Christian Theism, the development theory, the inspiration of the Bible, the divinity of Christianity, and the respectiv values of Secularism and that form of supernaturalism prevalent in Australia and elsewhere. The audiences seem to hav been exceedingly discourteous, and disturbed the disputants impartially. Mr. Long, the Christian champion, rambled away from his subjects, and Dr. York had to follow him occasionally, though generally confining himself to the set proposition. In oratorical talents the men are about evenly matched, and of more than ordinary ability. Nevertheless, the debate is unsatisfactory, the points made by each running into and over each other. Dr. York is the better thinker, Mr. Long being superficial and given to stringing words together without much sense. The price of the book should be about a dollar, and it may be had of Dr. York at San José, California.

No. 85 of the Humboldt Library is "The Essential Nature of Religion," by J. A. Picton. The author believes that religion is of God, but that Christianity is no more divine than other systems, though superior to them. The work is of no particular value. No 86 of the same library is "The Unseen Universe: Philosophy of the Pure Sciences." By Wm. Kingdon Clifford, F.R.S. The first is a consideration of the important problem of personal immortality for the human race, the second a scientific consideration of philosophy. The price of each number of this library is fifteen cents.

Gerald Massey has sent us copies of his four lectures, privately printed, but sold for 25 cents each by the author, at Villa Bordighiera, New Southgate, London, N. The titles of lectures are "The Historical (Jewish) and the Mythical (Egyptian) Christ;" "Paul as a Gnostic Opponent, not the Apostle of Historic Christianity;" "The Logia of the Lord, or the Pre-Christian Sayings Ascribed to Jesus the Christ;" "The Devil of Darkness, or Evil in the light of Evolution." Mr. Massey's reputation as an Egyptologist and explainer of "sacred" mysteries assures the purchaser of these pamphlets extraordinary value for the money.

"The Mediumistic Experiences of John Brown, the Medium of the Rockies," is published by Moses Hull, at Des Moines, Iowa, and sold for one dollar. It is advertised as "wild, weird, and wonderful," and we notice that our Spiritualistic exchanges speak well of the work. It purports to prove that spirits can liv with mortals, that spirits can foretell the future, that spirits can come to the unlearned and teach them philosophy, that spirits can heal the sick, and it includes directions for the development of mediumship. The chief failure of the book is that the writer forgets to establish a fact fundamental to his reasoning—the existence of the spirits to do all these things.

The *Gazetteer* received through the mail the other day, a very interesting little book, nicely bound and neatly printed, entitled "Little Lessons for Little Folks, by Aunt Elmina." Aunt Elmina is Mrs. E. D. Slenker, of Virginia, an old lady who has written many pretty things for boys and girls. Her aim is always to interest and instruct, and in this she is remarkably successful. The book before us has chapters devoted to the Stars, Monkeys, Fishes, Fresh Air, Matter and Life, Books, Clover, Water, Stones, Animals and Vegetables, Little Leaves, The Nerves, Sense of Smell, Hereditary and Natural Selection, the Camel, Frog, Cow, Dolls, Grass. They are all easy lessons, and yet those of mature age can read them with profit. The Truth Seeker Publishing Company will send this book to any address for 40 cents. The same firm has sent the *Gazetteer* J. K. Ingalls's "Economic Equities: A Compend of the Natural Laws of Industrial Production and Exchange," a fit companion to his "Social Wealth." The price is 50 cents.—*Sunday Gazetteer.*

Under the profound conviction that Romanism is the insidious enemy of liberty, and most serious menace to the republic, Mr. A. J. Grover, of Chicago, has written the pamphlet "Romanism: Danger Ahead. The Reason why a good Roman Catholic cannot be a good Citizen of this Republic." We imagin that few readers of The Truth Seeker will disagree with Mr. Grover in this position, but as to what shall be done about it, who can say, keeping the guarantees of the Constitution in mind? However, the first thing to be done is to acquaint the people with the facts, and for doing this Mr. Grover's pamphlet is invaluable. We do not agree with the New York *Sun*, that he has exaggerated his statements so greatly as to invalidate them. He quotes the words of Roman Catholics themselvs, and the conclusions drawn therefrom are certainly not strained nor illogical when one considers the bloody history of the one church above all others that has aimed to subjugate to her despotic will whole continents and peoples. We are frank to confess it, we are afraid of Roman Catholicism so long as the masses of the population are blind to its plain purposes, and deaf to all remonstrances against granting it new supplies of funds from state treasuries. Mr. Grover's pamphlet should be widely circulated. The price is forty cents. Sold at this office.

Aunt Elmina (Mrs. Elmina Drake Slenker) has found her proper sphere. No one in the Liberal ranks is more capable of talking to children with their pen than this woman. The lessons she givs to the little folks in this little volume of one hundred pages are every one of them scientific lessons. This volume is worth more than a whole Sunday-school library. Could we hav had such a book in our childhood, teaching us what the stars are, how large they are, how far from the earth, how fast their light travels, etc., we might hav dispelled much dense ignorance we hav been compelled to wade through.

Every lesson in this book is taken from nature; the six chapters on "Life and Her Children" are worth more than the price of the book. Send 40 cents to its publishers, and get the book for your young folks. We will send for it for you if you prefer.—*New Thought.*

## Obituary.

Died.—Jan. 13, 1887, Richard J. Lamborn, of Glen Hall, Chester county, Pa., of neuralgia of the heart, aged 70 years.

Mr. Lamborn's sickness was of short duration. He was about and attending to his affairs up till the morning of his death. He was a subscriber to The Truth Seeker from its infancy, and sympathized with its purpose and sentiments in a general way. He was a man of broad and Liberal views. An independent thinker, he granted to others what he claimed for himself, the right of self-judgment. His motto was to liv true and correct lives. That was not only his guide when in life and health, but was his solace in the dying hour. When he knew his departure was at hand, he called his children around him and gave them his blessing, and injunction to liv true and correct lives. And, being fully conscious of his approaching dissolution, he did not express any regrets, but was fully resigned, and passed out of the clay tenement calmly and peacefully.

He will be greatly missed. While passing through the journey of life, he left his mark of fidelity and usefulness. He did not eat the bread of idleness; was an industrious, provident, and useful citizen; a good business man, a successful farmer and adopted all the progressiv improvements.

A visit to his late home, where he spent some thirty or forty years of his life, and the improvements made by him will satisfy the visitor that he lived for a good and useful purpose; and his example and influence will still continue to liv as a monument to his memory. A year ago he had his tombstone erected, with the following inscription: "Learn to obey nature's laws, and liv up to your highest ideas of right.

Bound to no party, to no creed confined,
The world our home, our brothers all mankind;
Do good, love truth, be just and fair to all;
Accept the right, though every ism fall."

Dutton Madden.


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**Tributes.** There hav been so many applications for Mr. Ingersoll's "Tribute to His Brother," "The Vision of War," the "Grant Banquet Toast," and the recent address over "Little Harry Miller's Grave," that they hav been printed on heavy toned paper, 18x22, illuminated border, and in large, clear type, suitable for framing, and the four will be forwarded to any address, for 50cts, or either one for 15cts.

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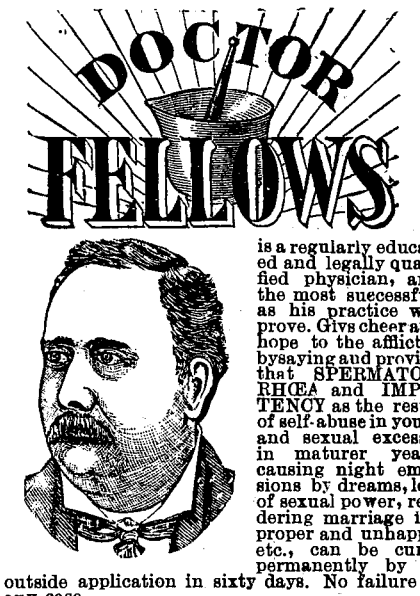
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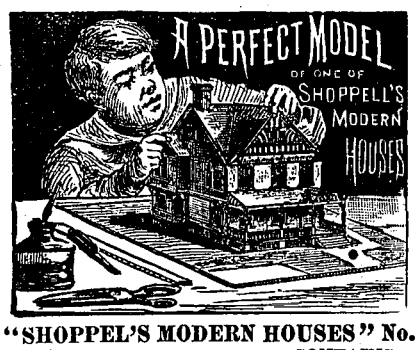

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## News of the Week.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., got a touch of the blue laws last Sunday. Every barber's shop, cigar store, and restaurant was closed by the Law and Order League, and it is now proposed that newsdealers shall also keep their places closed on Sundays. The business men talk of protesting in mass meeting.

THE measles epidemic in New York continues its fatal career. Small-pox cases are reported as less frequent.

THE president has signed the Interstate Commerce bill regulating the charges of railroads as carriers.

THE Limerick, Ireland, municipal council has refused to celebrate the queen's jubilee on the ground that the queen has visited Ireland only twice and has never assisted Irish charities.

OVER 200 petitions were received last week by Senator Blair at Washington protesting against the running of Sunday trains. Blair is the well-known Christian statesman of New Hampshire.

THE land reformers are making considerable capital out of the fact that Sir Thomas More is to be canonized as a Roman Catholic saint. It is maintained that according to the views set forth in his "Utopia," More was a Communist.

REPORTS from Belfast, Ireland, still tell of riots between Protestants and Catholics.

ANOTHER boodle alderman, O'Neil, has been convicted. Alderman Cleary will be tried next week.

THE House Committee has reported favorably upon the bill to giv Poet Walt Whitman a pension of $25 per month. Whitman worked in the hospitals during the war.

THE coal handlers' strike has not materially changed since a week ago, except that 'longshoremen and other Knights of Labor hav struck through sympathy with the coal handlers. It does not now look as though the employers would yield.

ONE of the most disastrous railroad accidents on record occurred near White River Junction, Vt., last Saturday. The Montreal express, going at thirty-five miles an hour, jumped the track and fell more than fifty feet into the frozen river. Some seventy-five passengers were on board, and about thirty-five of these were killed, either by being crushed to death or burnt by the fire from the stoves, which turned the wreck into a huge funeral pyre.

SOMEBODY carried an infernal machine aboard the steamer Guyandotte of the Old Dominion line, one day last week, and left it in a closet. The thing exploded when the steamer was off Staten Island, creating great havoc in that part of the ship, and slightly wounding two persons. The Guyandotte came back into port for repairs. No clue to the person who carried the explosiv aboard has been found, though rewards to the amount of $6,000 are offered for his arrest and conviction.

THE Rev. John Hedman, it is understood, has been given a month to resign from the pastorate of St. Ansgarius Episcopal church in Chicago. He has been investigated. The charges are incompetency and gross neglect in the discharge of his pastoral duties, misappropriation of the church books and moneys, perversion and lying, drunkenness, undue familiarity with young women of this parish, and visiting houses of ill fame. It is also charged that a strange relation existed between Hedman and an unmarried woman, who possessed great influence over him, and, it is said, Hedman wanted to marry another young woman, but the first one wouldn't let him. Hedman is said to be a fine pulpit orator, and irreproachably orthodox.


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NIMROD.—HE TREETH A POSSUM.

He was a mighty hunter before the Lord: wherefore it is said, Even as Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord.—Gen. x, 9.

## Odds and Ends.

WE object to sending millionaires to the halls of Congress. When a man gets a million, he wants more. Send poor men, who know when they hav enough.—*Puck.*

A BOSTON girl at the Charity ball, on being asked to dance, accepted the invitation with the remark that she usually preferred the "Boston Financier" style—"close and rapid."

MR. EDWIN BOORMAN, of Findley's Lake, has a photograph representing five generations of his family, taken at one sitting. He has been offered a large sum for it by a descendant of one of the Albany patroons whose vouchers of pedigree were "lost in a fire, don't yer know."

IN the Senate, last week, Senator Frye got into a stew over the Can. fishery question. Senator Ingalls sat in his perch and pouted, and Senator Edmunds said the Dominion Government couldn't cod him as long as he had his hearing. The opposition was cast into the shadow; but there was a good deal of de bait before the subject was finished.—*Independent.*

DOWN in Ohio a woman had a drummer arrested for winking at her. When the trial came off, it was found that the eye which she claimed he wunk, was a very clever glass imitation of the human optic. Of course this put a stop to the suit, but she was bound to get square with somebody, so she found out where the eye was made, and presented a bill to the firm for the advertising she had given them.

"You hav heard all the evidence," said the judge in summing up, "you hav also heard what the learned counsel hav said. If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you, your verdict will be for the plaintiff; but if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will giv a verdict for the defendant. But if you are like me, and don't believe what either of them hav said, then I'll be hanged if I know what you will do."

AGENT (selling preparation for removing stains from clothing)—"I hav got here—" Servant (who responds to the agent's ring)—"Excuse me, please, but we are in great trouble here to-day. The gentleman of the house has been blown up in an explosion." A.—"Ha! hurt much?" S.—"Blown to atoms. Only a grease spot left of him." A.—"Ha! Only a grease spot, you say? Well, here's a bottle of my champion eradicator which will remove that grease spot in two minutes."

THE "Town Tatler," of the New York Sunday *Star*, tells this: I read a good story this week about Henry W. Grady, the editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*. Some years ago a paragraph was printed in the *Constitution*, saying that a man well known in a certain circle of Atlanta society had died. The next day the alleged dead man called at the *Constitution* office and demanded a retraction. "This paper," said Mr. Grady, "never takes back anything it has said, and will not in this case, but if you insist that you hav been misrepresented, why, we'll put you among the births. That will square it."

ONE of the most entertaining bits of autobiography we hav ever read is the following account of his professional life, with its disappointments and rewards, by a Texas editor: .

| | |
|---|---|
| Been asked to drink | 11,362 |
| Drank | 11,362 |
| Requested to retract | 416 |
| Did retract | 416 |
| Invited to parties and receptions by parties fishing for puffs | 3,333 |
| Took the hint | 33 |
| Didn't take the hint | 3,300 |
| Threatened to be whipped | 170 |
| Been whipped | 0 |
| Whipped the other fellow | 4 |
| Didn't come to time | 166 |
| Been promised whisky, gin, etc., if he would go after them | 5 610 |
| Been after them | 5 610 |
| Been asked what's the news | 300 000 |
| Told | 23 |
| Didn't know | 200 000 |
| Lied about it | 99,977 |
| Been to church | 2 |
| Changed politics | 32 |
| Expect to change still | 10 |
| Gave to charity | $5 00 |
| Gave for terrier dog | $25 00 |
| Cash on hand | $1.00 |

SOME SEVERE SPELLS.

There was an old woman whose laughter
Would shiver a tough oaken raughter;
For she had the catarrh
At away above parrh,
And death caught her napping soon aughter.

Miss Viola Fordyce O'Neil
Was as trusty as Bessemer steil;
She had lots of cash money,
But what was too foney,
She rode the wild bicycle wheil

There once was an old pedagogue
Who tramped all about with a dogue
He was deaf and was dumb,
Was quite partial to rumb,
And finally died in a bogue!

I honor the man with a heart,
Who'll giv of his substance a peart
To another whose fight
With adversity 's quight
Too bitter and devilish teart!

There was an old woman of Lynn,
Who lied like the father of synn;
But she got a bad cough,
And it whooped her right ough,
And music no more from her chynn!

There was a youug maid of Dubuque,
Who wanted to marry a duque;
So she shook all her beaux,
And put on striped heaux,
And married a pedler named Luque!

—*Si Stokum.*


## POULTRY.

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## Gems of Thought.

OF chance or charge, oh, let not man complain,
Else never, never, shall he cease to wail.
—*Beattie's Minstrel.*

IF all mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind. Were an opinion a personal possession of no value except to the owner; if to be obstructed in the enjoyment of it were simply a private injury, it would make some difference whether the injury was inflicted upon only a few persons or on many. But the peculiar evil of silencing the expression of an opinion is, that it is robbing the human race: posterity as well as the existing generation; those who dissent from the opinion, still more than those who hold it. If the opinion is right, they are deprived of the opportunity of exchanging error for truth: if wrong, they lose, what is almost as great a benefit, the clearer perception of truth produced by its collision with error.—*Mill's Liberty.*

WHILE the churches were encouraging slavery in this country, the "Infidels" generally were educating the people up to an appreciation of its unjust character and pernicious influence. Christianity, adding meanness and falsehood to its crimes against reform and progress, now claims the credit of having prepared the people to abolish slavery, when the fact is, the whole influence of the system was in favor of slavery, and its advocates brought the teachings of the Bible to sustain it, until the progress of liberal and humane sentiments produced a change in public sentiment.—*Underwood's Lectures and Essays.*

THE claim of superiority of the worshipers of Jesus is based upon the transcendent quality of his moral teachings: that he enunciated a code of moral maxims such as the world has never been able to boast of before or since. This claim is totally unfounded.—*D. M. Bennett.*

GOD does not giv a bird wings, and then damn it for flying.—*Anon.*

STRANGE it is that men should admit the validity of the arguments for free discussion, but object to their being "pushed to an extreme;" not perceiving that unless the reasons are good for an extreme case, they are not good for any case. Strange that they should imagin that they are not assuming infallibility when they acknowledge that there should be free discussion on all subjects which can possibly be doubtful, but think that some particular principle or doctrin should be forbidden to be questioned, because it is so certain, that is, because they are certain it is certain. To call any proposition certain, while there is any one who would deny its certainty if permitted, is to assume that we ourselvs, and those who agree with us, are the judges of certainty, and judges without hearing the other side.—*Mill's Liberty.*

MATERIALISTS [and philosophical Radicals, Agnostics, etc.] generally regard Jesus—the records of whose life are very scanty and largely fabulous, and of whose existence even there is some ground for doubt—as probably a man of no great intellect, but of a benevolent heart, of some chimerical and fanatical notions, together with a good deal of moral wisdom, a man thoroughly conscientious, who lived a life of purity, and died a martyr to his faith and supposed mission. As a reformer and a benefactor he has our esteem and gratitude. Could he return to earth at the present day, there is scarcely a doubt that he would be regarded by a large proportion of his professed followers somewhat as he was by the Pharisees of eighteen hundred years ago. He would probably find less cordial welcome, and less courteous treatment, in the churches where worship is performed in his name, than in the Liberal halls where his character is freely criticised, and the miracles ascribed to him are ridiculed as fabulous and foolish.—*Underwood.*

THE natural philosopher [or physicist], in addition to the sensations common to all men inspired by the event of death, believes that he sees with more certainty that it is attended with the annihilation of sentiment and thought. He observes the mental powers increase and fade with those of the body, and even accommodate themselvs to the most transitory changes of our physical nature. Sleep suspends many of the faculties of the vital and intellectual principle; drunkenness and disease will either temporarily or permanently derange them. Madness or idiocy may utterly extinguish the most excellent and delicate of these powers. In old age the mind gradually whithers, and, as it grew and was strengthened with the body, so does it, together with the body, sink into decrepitude. Assuredly, these are convincing evidences that as soon as the organs of the body are subjected to the laws of inanimate matter, sensation, and perception, and apprehension are at an end.—*Shelley's Essay "On a Future State."*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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## A SAINT TRIUMPHANT.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., Jan. 18.—The elopement of the Rev. R. L. Bidingfield and Miss Mary Robinson was announced to-day. Bidingfield was a resident of Carroll county and a Baptist minister of more than ordinary ability. He has a wife and several children, whom he abandoned. Miss Robinson was the daughter of a wealthy planter and is said to hav carried off several hundred dollars of her father's money.—*Press Dispatch.*

## Notes and Clippings.

HERE is a case of "English as she is spoke:" The Russian composer, Dvorak, recently sent the following telegram to the Leeds committeee from Cologne: "I am coming to-day in Victoria. Will somebody snatch me from the station, as I might not recognize the journey?" He was "snatched."

"THERE are three millionaires among the local preachers of the Methodist church in Canada."—*Exchange.* "And a certain ruler asked him, saying, Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? But Jesus said unto him, Sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor. For it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."—*New Testament.* Probably an interpolation.

AMONG the effects of J. H. McKnight, found dead in his bed recently in a Chicago hotel, was the following letter addressed to the coroner: "I am going to try the spirit world. I hav always been a square and honest man, and I expect to be so in the world to come. There is nothing that makes one man greater than another but honesty, and if I find anybody in the other world that ain't honest, I expect to cuss him out and pass on. There is a great spirit that rules the universe, and that spirit is honesty. George Washington was a great man. Why? Because he was honest. Abraham Lincoln was a great man. Why? Because he was an honest man. Honesty is all in this world and all in the world to come. Bob Ingersoll is the smartest man in America and but few people know it. He is too smart to believe that something can be made of nothing. He is too smart to believe that the being that is represented as being love would consign his creatures to everlasting fire. There is a great spirit that rules this universe, but who is he and where did he come from? Let him come up and giv an account of himself. How did he get his position? He seems to be a big bug."

THE facts in a case which illustrates the rigid rules of the Catholic church concerning divorced people hav just been made public at Louisville, Ky. Michael McCoy, a grocer of that city, has been excommunicated from St. Patrick's Catholic church, owing to his marriage with a Miss Emma Long after having secured a divorce from his wife. On the night of his nuptials with Miss Long, his neighbors and his former church associates surrounded the house and threatened him with violence, until quelled by the police. In reading McCoy out of the church, Father Lawler denounced him and the marriage, and declared that he would not tender the man his services though he were upon his dying bed. He also forbade any of the members of his church to speak to or in any way recognize McCoy.

THIS is Beecher's way of looking at the Knights of Labor and their strikes: "It is a curse of European governments that they insist upon taking care of the people. The people can take care of themselvs. This abomination, the Knights of Labor, is the result of this infernal idea of paternity of government. Because a few men in New Jersey think their employers hav wronged them, all this nation is called upon to suffer on the order of this paternal government of the Knights of Labor. This is from want of intelligence. The working people are being taken care of by the Knights of Labor, instead of taking care of themselvs, and people all over the land are being punished, and business is stagnated because of it, just because a few men in Jersey hav done wrong. The destruction of the poor is their ignorance."

MEMBERS of Parliament come cheap. Labouchere tells the following story of a Radical member of the British House of Commons: "The atmosphere of the House of Commons does not seem to agree with Radicals. They soon want to become fine gentlemen. He remembered a case in one of the divisions with regard to the admission of Mr. Bradlaugh. About ten minutes before the division a highly respectable gentleman on the Liberal side of the House came to me and said, 'You know I hav been thinking this over, and my conscience won't allow me to vote for Bradlaugh.' I replied, 'I hav not got time enough to talk about your conscience—what do you want?' The member said: 'What do you mean? I am not that sort of a person;' whereupon I said, 'Do you want to be made a knight?' and the gentleman replied, 'No, you are entirely mistaken.' I next asked him, 'Hav you got a wife?' and he answered, 'Yes.' 'Well, do you get asked to those crowds, those receptions at the Foreign Office?' The honorable member admitted that he and his wife rather complained that they had not, and then I said, 'You go in and vote, and I'll see that you are asked to them in the future,' and in about ten minutes I polled that patriot in." Even a New York alderman would scorn to sell his vote for such a low consideration.

THE case of the Chicago Anarchists, as it now stands, is briefly this: These men, while convicted in the court below, hav secured a writ of supersedeas from the chief justice of the state of Illinois, staying and virtually nullifying the sentence, and placing these men again in the position of being innocent until proven guilty, if and until the supreme court in full session shall say whether or not the entire record shows defects sufficient to warrant a new trial. In cases of property, where money is at stake, there a writ of error is a writ of right, and virtually means nothing except that the court will consent to review the case. But where life is involved, and a man sentenced to die, a writ of error is not a writ of right, and the court issues it only when upon examination of the records sufficient errors appear to justify its issuance. The supreme court of Illinois can issue no supersedeas in a case of death penalty unless it believes there was an unfair trial. Judge Scott did so believe; he issued a writ of error, which, if sustained by the full court, puts those men in position of being innocent until proven guilty; and this supersedeas by Judge Scott so places these men until the full session of the court is held. Mr. Spies is not under sentence of death. The sentence, by which he was to die on December 3d was suspended, and destroyed by the supreme court. Mr. Spies is not sentenced to be hung, and cannot be hung until resentenced; and cannot be sentenced until retried, if the supreme court sustains Judge Scott. He has a right to all the civil franchises of a citizen; he can make civil contracts, and is to-day signing agreements to write certain articles; he can contract for property, sign deeds, and make a will.—*Knight of Labor.*

# Communications.

## Thomas Paine.

In the world's history volumes are devoted to commemorate men who hav besieged cities merely for bloody conquest, subdued provinces only to enslave them, and overthrown empires simply to set up other tyrants. Seldom, if ever, in their own generation do moral heroes receive the gratitude, honor, or reward their unselfish services deserve.

The highest intellects, or those intellectually in advance of the masses, always look to the good of others, not personal aggrandizement, and, being the least ambitious among men, it remains for future generations to place on them the "diadem immortal."

Fame seems like a river that bears upon its surface the lighter substances, but in which the weightier and solid sink until a more progressiv and appreciativ intelligence reverently resurrects the memory of those whose high resolves burnt deep within their hearts, and who, with the electrifying eloquence of justice, roused men to wrench the New World from the hands of royal imbecils.

In the line of mankind's saviors, few seem to hav possessed such singular proof of capacity, such deep insight into the meaning of things, such courage, perseverance, and freedom from either bigotry or dissimulation as he whose name we recall to honor, on the 29th of January, the immortal Thomas Paine.

Paine's birthplace, home, pursuits, habits, and early associates are an oft-told tale, and to recite these unimportant facts to Freethinkers, who know and venerate him for his public services, seems largely a work of supererogation. Still for those who may be unfamiliar with these facts, it is well to briefly restate some of them. The hero whose memory every handful of true Freethinkers throughout this country will to-day commemorate—a duty in which every good citizen of this republic should participate—was born of Quaker parents, in Thetford, County Norfolk, England, one hundred and fifty years ago to-day. He received but a limited education, being substantially self-taught, and was successivly a stay-maker, sailor, exciseman, tobacconist, and teacher. In 1772 he published his first political pamphlet, showing the evils arising from the inadequate payment of excisemen, their liability to bribery, etc. This *brochure* was sent to Benjamin Franklin, and induced him to recommend the poor author to come to America. On what trivial pivots great destinies turn! He came with the intention of teaching—especially with the design of elevating the education of woman, and edited a magazine then published in Philadelphia. In that publication his first poems appeared, and one of those, "The Liberty Tree," shows how he began to imbibe that supreme passion for liberty which seems to hav taken entire possession of his after life.

His ardor for the revolution increasing, he devoted himself entirely to political literature, and in January, 1774, published the spark that fired the train of independence—that lucid, admirably-reasoned pamphlet, "Common Sense." This flew in tens of thousands of copies all over the colonies. It soon seized on the minds and hearts of the people, and cast all other authors in the shade. Its effect was electrical.

Remember that Delaware, Maryland, and New Jersey had already restrained their delegates in Congress from advocating open revolt.

Bancroft's History shows that even in November, 1775:

> The legislature of Pennsylvania was in session. It still required its members to take and subscribe the qualifications which include the promis of allegiance to George III. It elected nine delegates to the Continental Congress; of these Benjamin Franklin was one—the only one who was the unhesitating champion of independence. These were their instructions: We direct that you exert your utmost endeavors to agree upon and recommend such measures as you shall judge to afford the best prospect of affording redress of American grievances, and restoring that harmony between Great Britain and the Colonies so essential to the welfare and happiness of both countries. Though the oppressiv measures of the British Parliament and administration hav compelled us to resist their violence by force of arms, yet we strictly enjoin you, that you, in behalf of this colony, dissent from and utterly reject any proposition, should such be made, that may cause or lead to a separation from our mother country, or a change of the form of this government.

That sort of conservatism had been at work too long. Franklin saw the people must be aroused, and he knew the only man capable of flashing the torch of freedom was Thomas Paine, who in that memorable appeal for independence embodied in words the vague longing of the whole country, for, in great emergencies, statesmen are seldom as radical or correct as their constituents.

Listen to this great-hearted heretic's plea for independence:

> Every quiet method of peace hath been ineffectual; our prayers hav been rejected with disdain; reconstruction is now a fallacious dream. Bring the doctrin of reconciliation to the touchstone of nature; can you hereafter love, honor, and faithfully serve the power that has carried fire and sword into your land? Ye that tell us of harmony, can ye restore to us the time that is past? The blood of the slain, the weeping voice of nature cries, 'tis time to part. The last cord is now broken; the people of England are presenting addresses against us. A government of our own is our natural right. *Ye that love mankind, that dare oppose not only tyranny but the tyrant, stand forth!* Every spot of the old world is overrun with oppression; Freedom hath been hunted round the globe; Europe regards her like a stranger, and England hath given her warning to depart; oh, receive the fugitiv, and prepare an asylum for mankind.

As a match touched to powder fires a magazine, so these fiery words set the country ablaze, and this common fire blazed luridly in the Continental Congress. This secured the union of all the states, and the Declaration of Independence was produced. America listened to Paine's grand, resistless appeal; she received gladly *for awhile* the fugitivs who had been hunted round the globe, and, in some respects; partially realized the daring dream of that heroic soul who contributed such nervous eloquence to make this republic a *worthy asylum for mankind.*

We cannot follow in detail the story of the Revolution, but we can record that the shout of victory was for the sturdy colonists as a result of Thomas Paine's powerful earnestness, sterling honesty, and strength of logic when espousing the cause of Liberty.

Paine soon became secretary of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and was the accepted oracle on subjects of constitutions and governments. The University of Pennsylvania conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts; he was elected a Member of the American Philosophical Society, and the state of Pennsylvania gave him a grant of £500. Why? Because his "Crisis" sustained the army, excited the national sympathy, and produced money and union in support of the war at every crisis when a number appeared. Though a poor man, Paine headed the subscription for the distressed soldiers with $500—the last dollar he had. He gave the fruit of his brain for the common good, refusing to copyright his works, so that they would be republished, hav wider circulation, and thus increase their influence. He originated public opinion, molded it, and led it to final success, so that John Adams remarked that "in vain would hav been the sword of Washington (worthy as he was) but for the pen of Paine."

After the war the Paine farm of three hundred acres, worth ten thousand dollars, was presented as a testimonial by the state of New York, and Congress awarded him three thousand dollars as a mere compliment, apologizing for the smallness of the sum on account of the poverty of the Union, burdened, as it then was, by the expense of the war.

He then visited Europe, introduced iron bridges in England, and mixed with the best talent of the day, but when the fawning flatterer of royalty, Edmund Burke, wrote his "Reflections on the French Revolution," Paine shot out his modern thunderbolt, the "Rights of Man," and shivered the aristocratic sham to atoms. His previous political works had largely produced the revolution in France, and as a result already that high altar of despotism, the Bastile, had been destroyed.

Public recognition of his great service to the American republic did not result in his calmly sitting down to enjoy what was then willingly bestowed, but merely intensified his determination and increased his enthusiasm to strike stronger and deeper into prevailing infamous frauds, whose outgrowth were hypocrisy, vice, and ferocity in France. To him, "the peace of slavery was worse than the war of freedom."

Mixing with Condorcet (whom he transformed from a famous mathematician to a famous Socialist), Brissot, Mme. Roland, Petion, Claviere, and Buzot, *La Republican* was the medium through which Paine, assisted by this brilliant coterie, sent their exciting exhortations through France.

As an illustration of the power of his pen, an act of Parliament was considered necessary to suppress his works in England about that period.

You all know Paine's glorious service for liberty in France, where, elected to the National Assembly from several places at once, he stood the solitary representativ of justice and mercy. Refusing to support Robespierre in the death of Louis Capet—though willing to "kill the king, he was anxious to save the man"—he fell under suspicion (for the wrongs of ages had transformed men into tigers, whom nothing but human blood could satisfy), was imprisoned and condemned; and while daily awaiting death, calmly prepared his "Age of Reason," which he dedicated to the American people, still as solicitous for our mental liberation as he was for our physical freedom. Contemplate that sublime spectacle—the man who on the brink of existence, daily expecting to ascend the scaffold to the gory knife, where the gray hairs of aged men mingled with the tresses of beautiful women—the one man unterrified in an age of terrors—fearless alike of life or death, dreading nothing but dishonesty, devoted these (supposed) last hours to writing the boldest criticism on the Bible that had ever seen the light of day! The "Age of Reason" is the red rag before the ecclesiastical bulls; it is the gage of defiance for all theologians of Christianity to answer, but their answer never has nor never will come. From this onslaught of Paine's largely dates the downfall of faith, the destruction of bigotry, and the elevation of mankind to mental liberty. The fangs of the clergy were then directed against him, and he replied with the second part of the "Age of Reason."

Since then, treacherous misrepresentation, bitterest calumny, vilest vituperation, hav been malignantly hurled upon his name for three-quarters of a century; but as we clear away this *debris* of bigotry and persecution, brighter gems of genius and grander characteristics are revealed.

On the overthrow of the republic by Napoleon, Paine returned to the United States, the condemned, the ostracized, the hated by all the priestcraft, who hav not yet ceased to employ their spiteful venom.

To this man who first wrote the words, "The United States of America," the undoubted author of our Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence, and the securer of that independence, no reverential shaft rears its lofty column in these United States! Why this neglect? No, not neglect, for a monster monument was erected—one which it was hoped would securely hide the true man from view forever. That monument was slander.

As Courbet, the French artist-Communist, led the populace of Paris, in 1871, to pull down the Column Vendome, built to commemorate the butcheries of their brethren by Bonaparte, so we Freethinkers, by these annual services, are hurling down on the heads of those who built them the pyramids of falsehoods which hav rested so long on the fair fame of Thomas Paine.

The priest has been aided in his defamation of this great defender of true principle by the aristocrat—when not the latter by the capitalist. As capitalism is sure to create an aristocracy, so a constitutional government is often but the mask whereby the people, through ignorance, indifference, or necessity, are lured to embrace a greater tyranny by their oppressors than armed legions could maintain. This capitalism has created an American aristocracy more relentless, cruel, and heartless than those of Europe.

Thomas Paine well said that the constitutional government of England gave just enough liberty to enslave a people more effectually than by open despotism, and boldly advised the people to "lay the ax at the root, and teach governments humility." Alas for the traditions of American freedom! Similar sentiments uttered in the United States one hundred and fifty years after Paine's birth, and only seventy-eight since he died, are punished with death. Seven Freethinkers and reformers lie in the Chicago jail awaiting the dread sentence (which only a new trial may remove) for uttering far less violent views. During that iniquitous trial activ steps were taken to crush free discussion and the expression of individual opinion. Under the pretense of combating unconstitutional measures the authorities overthrew the Constitution themselvs. For, if the freedom of the press and of private opinion are to be assailed by government, then, indeed, hav the people degenerated, or never learned the lesson which such heroic souls as Thomas Paine labored so earnestly to instil. It is not strange when we remember that theological rancour has, by odious lies, almost obliterated the principles he taught as well as the important part which Paine, and other Freethinkers, played in founding what might hav been the substructure of that "great asylum for mankind."

No longer do we welcome representativs of liberty to America—they are now "foreign disturbers," and must be denounced. But society goes into convulsions on the advent of a scion of the "blue-blooded" aristocracy of Europe, who are morally thieves and intellectually idiots. Such are the patriotic standards of the latter part of the nineteenth century. Such were the standards of the Roman republic when its corruptions had grown ripe for judgment. But these are only transitory—only prove the recklessness of ruin to which our aristocracy are fast drifting.

> Is true freedom but to break
> Fetters for our own dear sake,
> And, with heathen hearts, forget
> That we owe mankind a debt?
> No! true freedom is to share
> All the chains our brothers wear,
> And, with heart and hand, to be
> Earnest to make others free!
>
> They are slaves who fear to speak
> For the fallen and the weak;
> They are slaves who will not choose
> Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
> Rather than in silence shrink
> From the truth they needs must think;
> They are slaves who dare not be
> In the right with two or three.

Well may we remember the words of Madam Roland, as she turned on the scaffold to gaze on the statue, "O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!" when we think of those whose hands are already imbrued in the blood of innocent victims. The unpunished murderers of the capitalistic rioters (or their Pinkerton agents) in East St. Louis, Chicago, and Milwaukee denote the desperation of a class on the verge of a speedy downfall. Justice cries aloud for vengeance.

> They may veil their eyes, but they cannot hide
> The sun's meridian glow;
> The heel of a priest may tread thee down,
> And a tyrant work thee woe;
> But never a truth has been destroyed;

They may curse it and call it crime;
Pervert and betray, or slander or slay
Its teachers for a time;
But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
As round and round we run;
And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done.

Year by year, the toiling millions are receiving a broader education—largely the result of necessity. Once let them realize true social ethics, their collectiv momentum will insure the enforcement of a new Declaration of Independence. The second Declaration is as just as the first, and is its natural result. The first founded our political independence; the second will secure our industrial interdependence. The first was founded by the bullet, but it is hoped to establish the second by the ballot.

Then let the rallying cry of Freethinkers and social reformers be: "Ye that love mankind, that dare oppose not only tyranny but the tyrant, stand forth!"

Paine died in 1809 comparativly deserted, and few dared own his friendship after his fearless pamphlet, the "Age of Reason," appeared.

He might hav had his faults, but the faults of such noble souls are like foothills around the base of lofty mountains—the nearer we stand to them, the more they obscure our judgment of their true proportions by hiding the peaks that rise beyond. But when we draw farther off, they slowly shrink into the plain, while the mountain giant, at first obscured, rises free and clear in majestic grandeur. Even so, as we look at the life and deeds of this great hero, do we realize how insignificant were any faults he possessed, compared with the grandeur of his purpose.

Truth was the great magnet whose influence he obeyed; where that guided, Paine implicitly followed, and thus this unselfish philosopher and patriot spent his life in a continual struggle for the good of others.

With a wise head and loving heart, he reasoned not for confutation, but to weigh, consider, and determin how best to counteract the vile hordes whose constant endeavor was to make men drudges and slaves to royal and theological taskmasters. Paine's mind seems a deep well, which was in no danger of being exhausted by the copious draughts made upon it. His power and force of character was hightened by his versatility of thought, but thought endowed with keenest perception and finest discrimination. There was nothing of the mean, groveling, selfish panderer in his composition. He was a student of men as well as books, with sympathies and experiences enlarged by contact with the bitter actualities of those in humble life, whose sufferings seemed to deepen, exalt, and awaken him to trumpet-toned utterances for action.

The rights of which Paine wrote were those resting on man's requirements and nature's supply; not rights sanctioned by conventional compact of rulers; not *inherited* from past generations, but *inherent;* not received from priests and kings, nor secured by their parchments, but rights derived from the fact of existence and embraced in the very charter of our being. Knowing that liberty makes life, and that life should be strong enough to guard and maintain liberty, he also knew that the pursuit of happiness flows from freedom of action, and that when government presumes to regulate the volition of a people a great crime is committed and desolating oppression is enforced. "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" must be conditions of existence, for unless we exercise those functions we become diseased, and a portion of the body politic perishes.

To face a danger manfully is to comprehend its import and its power, and in this his forethought was prophetic, as even to-day the most advanced social and political reformer can still extract nourishment from his works.

With Paine it was unmanly to murmur at loss of time, money, or energy. Great wisdom, devotion, and sacrifice were necessary to reform abuses and suppress existing evils, and gladly he gave all; to him it was cowardly to shrink from danger—even of death at the gory guillotin.

Paine left us a reflex of his character in the sublime sentence: "The world is my country; to do good is my religion." There never was counselor more faithful, patriot more sincere or successful, statesman with keener or more comprehensiv views, or a man more unassuming, yet of firmer or more decided qualities.

May Americans long appreciate the genius and reverence the virtues of their noble benefactor, for he left them a legacy greater than his works—the contemplation of his high-souled, unselfish character.

E. A. Stevens.

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In Protestant Prussia the Catholics hold the districts of richest agriculture and most famous traditions. According to the latest census, they form a mass of 9,600,000 earnest Catholics as against 18,000,000 nominal Protestants, not more than four or five millions of whom ever attend any place of worship or hold a single dogma of positiv Christianity.

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## Mr. Reynolds in the Nutmeg State.

Through the efforts of Prof. G. G. Grower arrangements were made for me to lecture on Sunday afternoon and evening, January 30th, before the Ansonia Liberal Society, which was organized at my last visit, and was one of the good results of the New York Freethinkers' Association convention. Despite discouragements, the society is holding its own and doing valiant service for Freethought. The officers deserve especial thanks. Through the services of Mr. Grower the science Sunday-school cannot fail to continue to increase in interest and usefulness.

The weather on my last visit was very unfavorable, but I had a good and very appreciativ audience at the afternoon lecture on "The Heaven of the Bible." It is strange that, while all Christians claim to be striving to reach heaven, and tell us that, no matter how great the suffering, privation, or self-denial, heaven will amply repay for all, yet no two agree as to just what sort of a place it is, or just what happiness in heaven consists of. The only one point in regard to heaven, which all Christians I hav ever met fully agree upon, is that they hav no desire for immediate admittance to its joys. The most intensely selfish creature that ever embraced Christianity—preëminently the religion of selfishness—always eager to be first to partake of the joys of earth, is not alone quite willing, but desirous, to be the very last to partake of the joys of heaven. Nay, he prefers that all his wife's poor relations, even his wife herself, shall go to heaven ahead of him. It is conceded that the Bible alone givs any idea of heaven; and after I had by chapter and verse described this land of the blessed, one young man in the audience declared, "I'm blest if a blessed one on 'em ever wants to get to such a cussed heaven."

This lecture set some of the Christian friends to thinking, and will yet induce them to seek heaven here and now—a heaven that consists in a home of gentleness and love, heavenly peace and joy, that comes of helping and making glad some sorrowing heart, in preference to the Bible with its candlesticks, snuffers, altars, flesh-hooks, ash pans, and angels.

In the evening the hall was crowded. I spoke on "Religious Persecutions of the Nineteenth Century." After the lecture two gentlemen essayed to defend the faith. The hand-bills announcing the lecture kindly invited the clergy to attend and defend their cause. This they lacked courage or courtesy to do, but it was evident our two friends had come fully prepared, for a very large number crowded the outer hall—as many as could squeeze in—and tried all they could to sustain their champions. I giv a few of their assertions and my replies:

*First Gent.:* "We are indebted to the church for our advance in education and for all our scientific discoveries. All knowledge comes from God and the Bible. There is no other source of knowledge."

I quoted from the pastoral letter of the House of Bishops of the Episcopalian church, published in the *Churchman* of Nov. 6, 1886, and read in all the Episcopal churches, which declares unbelief is rife and widespread in all the churches, because of the enlargement of knowledge, scientific discoveries, and the freedom of the press; and the bishops announce, "Blessed be God, the church has something better than philosophy, education, or learning in which to trust, namely, the word and spirit of the living God." I quoted 1 Cor. iii, 19—"For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." The church has always opposed science, and tried to silence or torture to death the benefactors of the human race. They burnt Bruno for giving us some facts in astronomy, denounced Faust and Gutenburg as having dealings with the devil, declared printing of the evil one, the steam-engin the work of Antichrist, and the telegraph of Beelzebub. All knowledge did not come from God and the Bible. There were other sources of wisdom, if the New Testament was true. I quoted Acts vii, 22: "And Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians."

*First Gent.:* "The true church never persecuted. Persecution was the work of the false church. Persecution or cruelty was directly contrary to all the teaching of Jesus."

I assured the gentleman that the Spanish Inquisition was founded, justified by the declarations of Christ and the apostle Paul, and quoted John xv, 6—"If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burnt;" and 2 Thess. i, 7, 8—"The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." Paul and his followers in New Jersey would inflict torture on the flesh out of love for the soul. "Deliver such a one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus" (1 Cor. v, 9).

*First Gent.:* "You claim to hav been a minister; you did not believe as you do now; you do not know what the church was; the true church was always right; you are blaming on the true, the acts of the false church; you do not know what the church is; do you know?"

I told the gentleman that I knew that every denomination claimed to be the church—God's special favored few, the Israel of God, and denounced all others. I knew the more devout the Bible worshipers, the more intensely they hate any who differ with them.

*First Gent.:* "Christians never hate; that is, the true church does not. Hate is all of the devil. Christ never taught hate, but only love. Read his teachings."

I read Luke xix, 27: "But those mine enemies which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me." And Luke xiv, 26: "If any man come to me, and hate [Greek *miseo*, to detest, to abhor] not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life, he cannot be my disciple."

*First Gent.:* "What would woman be but for the church? A mere slave. Christianity has made woman independent and respected. Women owe everything to the church."

I quoted from the pastoral letter of the House of Bishops: "The Infidel theory declares the individual to be the supreme unit of society, and so demands for every individual complete and equal freedom. It affirms all discriminating legislation based upon differences of sex to be degrading and tyrannical, and claims for woman an absolute control over her patrimony and acquisitions, as well as over her person. Thus the Christian law of the household is disparaged and denounced.

"The essentials of domestic life hav been ordained and established by the will of God, and underlie the constitution of society. These it is the function of civil government to protect and regulate, but not to change." The church would follow the teachings of the Bible, and degrade woman, not elevate her; would here in free America hav the earnings of the wife appropriated by the husband, and the wife deprived even of right to her own person. This is the doctrin of the true church, for it is founded on Bible, which makes motherhood a sin, and teaches women hav no rights the man, saint of God, need respect. "Let the women learn in silence, with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach" (1 Tim. ii, 11, 12). "Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak, but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home, for it is a shame for women to speak in the church" (1 Cor. xiv, 34, 35).

*First Gent.:* "I would not trust any one who did not believe in the Bible and a future state. There is nothing to keep people from every crime you can think of only the fear of punishment hereafter."

I tried to convince the gentleman that he would not steal my handkerchief even if sure the constable did not see him, and that he would never be found out. People are honest or dishonest, virtuous or vicious, good or bad, not because of fear of hereafter, but from their heredity and environment. The Christian religion is a system of rewards and punishments, and teaches to do good in hope of reward; avoid evil from fear of hell, not from principle. We should do good because it is right—from love of right and hate of evil. It is not true God made us; we are what our parents and grandparents made us.

Then the first gentleman ran away and elbowed his way out of the crowd.

*Second Gent.:* "The true church deplores the wrongs done by the false church. But God is love and truth—his law is love."

I called attention to the fourth Commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

This law was not good; not true. We should not honor parents if their acts are vile and infamous. We should honor them for the good only. It is not true that good, loving, obedient children liv longer than bad, undutiful children. The God who spoke that command from Mount Sinai, and wrote it on the table of stone, either did not know or wilfully told falsehood.

*Second Gent.:* "You cannot deny the love of Jesus; he has shed abroad love in all human hearts, all nations of the earth hav given evidence of his holy love."

The Catholic and Protestant are the best evidences that Christ has shed abroad love in all human hearts. The Christian nations of Europe to-day are building forts and massing their armies expressly to show the peace and love Jesus has shed abroad in all human hearts.

*Second Gent.:* "The teaching of the Bible, the blessed New Testament, makes all who will believe it tender, pitiful, and good to each other."

I read 2 John x: "If there come any unto you and bring not this doctrin, receive him not unto your house, neither bid him God speed."

*Second Gent.:* "I won't deny the Bible. I hav no more to say when you read it out of the Bible."

The discussion lasted about one hour and a half; our Liberal friends were jubilant over it, and hope some one of the ministers may be induced to come to the rescue of their faith.

C. B. Reynolds.

# The American Secular Union.

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## News and Notes.

Early Saturday morning, February 5th, I arrived at Fort Madison, Ia., a beautiful town of six thousand inhabitants, on the banks of the Father of Waters, which trends to the westward here, as like a broad lake it goes sweeping by, flowing again to the southward six miles away at Nauvoo, the once famous Mormon city, with temple of polished limestone. From a noble declivity the village greets the eye with imposing appearance, although it can boast only of a thousand people. The temple is gone. Not a stone is left. Joe Smith, whatever might hav been his moral derelictions, had an eye for beauty and use. He knew a good thing when he saw it, and the site he selected for his city is one of the finest on the banks of the Mississippi. Descending on three sides in rolling lands to the majestic stream—wide almost as a bay—toward the interior it spreads in gentle and fruitful prairies. A lovely place, indeed, for the New Jerusalen! But the dream has vanished, and Mormonism was obliged to go marching on. It does seem, however, as if the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. The Mormons left their desolated home, numbering six thousand. They now count two hundred and fifty thousand.

Summer time is beautiful in this country, and there are many pleasure resorts about Fort Madison, and it now has a somewhat metropolitan aspect, for a boom has spread its lively colors in the air. A new railroad is to pass through, a bridge built across the river, and shops located here, and every man you meet has speculation in his eyes, and corner lots whirl dizzily upward. There is no doubt, however, of a solid increment in the wealth and industry of the city.

There is a state penitentiary here. On Saturday afternoon, with my friend, Frank M. Gustin, I passed within its gloomy portals with a kind of shudder. I don't fancy prisons. The thick walls make my heart sick. As I went into the warden's room I saw a young convict in prison uniform talking in quiet tones with a pretty lady, evidently his sister, or perhaps sweetheart. What a romance in this simple scene! woman ever faithful and loving, even amid the shadows of disgrace. So the horror is jeweled with beauty.

There are nearly four hundred criminals in this institution, and they work at various occupations, and take it comfortably ten hours a day with three square meals. They hav plenty of substantial food, and leisure to eat it. They don't hav to be in a hurry like railroad passengers. They breakfast and dine together, and carry their suppers to their cells, which are very neat institutions, oramented, some of them, with flowers, pictures, etc., and in each of them there is an electric light which blazes away with palatial effulgence until nine o'clock. Up to that time they can read, after that they sleep and dream till six o'clock in the morning. There is a library in which novels and sermons are curiously mixed, but the sermons hav a quiet time of it, while the novels hav evidently gone the rounds of every cell—a good sign. I was pleased to notice among the novels the story of our brilliant Chicago friend, Mrs. A. M. Freeman, "Somebody's Ned;" one of the most successful of our Western romances. But I didn't see the "Lay Sermon" there. I wish every criminal could read it. Its blessed humanity would be better than a thousand preachers. They hav the privilege of an evening school also, of Sunday services with a good orthodox chaplain who gets twelve hundred dollars per year, while the surgeon only gets six hundred, and the keepers six hundred. Those who do the real service receive half pay. The chapel has a stack of Bibles and "Gospel Hymns," and its walls are plentifully besprinkled with scripture texts, such as, "The Lord is thy Shepherd," "Create in me a clean Heart," "Trust in God," etc. Now, I think it would be better to hav such mottoes as these, "Honesty is the best policy," "Ignorance is the mother of crime," "Labor conquers all things," etc.

As a matter of fact, these criminals hav more of the comforts of life than hundreds of millions of innocent people. I believe that two-thirds, if at liberty to go, would remain. I would myself rather be here than tramp it this cold weather. Put in the element of free will, and this modern prison house is as pleasant as the old orthodox heaven. I am sure it's much more enlivening to make shovels, hoes, pitchforks, boots and shoes, chairs, etc., and eat, drink, and sleep, than to play on a harp. There is no starvation here, no filth, and if the clothes are not quite stylish, it must be confessed they are all the fashion. Society must and does provide for the criminal, however great a one he may be. When will it equally provide for the honest man, and assure him work and a home? When theology is buried, and science is king.

The weather was rainy and foggy, and the streets icy, all the time of my stay at Fort Madison. In fact, it was so icy that I felt considerably righteous, for I found it impossible to stand without holding on to the railings, and since the Bible declares that "the wicked stand on slippery places," I must be otherwise. I didn't hav a great many present the first night or Sunday afternoon, but Sunday evening the attendance was fair. Some came twenty-five or thirty miles to attend the lectures, in spite of nature's frowns, and so the audience was "fit though few," and we had cheerful companionship. A Secular Union was organized, and I hav high hopes of the Liberal element of this community, that notwithstanding all the difficulties of pioneer Freethought, it will be a grand intellectual and social power.

I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Tewksbury, and Dr. and Mrs. Moorman while at Fort Madison. These are sturdy radicals, who formerly fought the battle of freedom under the antislavery flag, and their reminiscences of the romantic days of the "underground railroad," and midnight travels, and haystack residences, and wagon loads of grain, plus negroes, flung vivid light upon that momentous era that prepared men's minds for heroic strife. Mr. Tewksbury is a Spiritualist, and Dr. Moorman a Materialist, and so I had both sides of universal thought, and was glad we don't think alike. I rejoice meeting those who traverse different paths of truth.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gustin are earnest Liberals of the kind that keep the world a-moving, and I was pleased to meet with such good comrades.

Dr. and Mrs. Rix H. J. Huiskamp carry the life of Liberalism into art as well as thought. Dr. Huiskamp is not only a generous Liberal, but an enthusiastic musical genius. His violin cost three thousand dollars, and it can make harmony, indeed. These allies of the world's progress are inspiring.

Mr. F. D. Shelden and wife, of Salem, are of the old Quaker stock—and these make excellent radicals. The "inner light" when transformed into the glow of reason, becomes a noble torch of progress. Mr. Shelden was once a preacher, but antislavery and reform brought him to good, sound Secularism. He and his wife, and Mr. T. G. Rook, came twenty miles to hear the lectures, and I shall giv them a call on my return, and lecture at their home, Salem, Iowa. I also expect to lecture at Burlington, Mt. Pleasant, Montrose, Nauvoo, etc., on my return.

Mrs. Sarah McGaw, of Burlington; A. Crandall and W. J. Fisher, of Montrose, also joined our forces from a distance—good soldiers all, in the army of humanity.

Mrs. E. L. Grevitt, H. T. Bradish, M. O. Warner, L. Matlas, and others, of Fort Madison, are those pleasant friends of progress that one delights to meet.

So I left Fort Madison with high hopes and happy remembrance of its cordial welcome, and expect to meet friends again on my return.

I had to get up at half-past four in the morning and travel all day long to Kansas City until 10 P.M. Tuesday morning I am on my way to Belton, Mo. Here I find some good friends, too, and enjoyed my visit, and, as they want me to come again, I think I shall do so. I lectured on Sunday evening on "The New Heaven and Earth," which was favorably received. Some Christians were present, and asked a few questions, which were answered, I hope, to their satisfaction; but I find it hard work to make them stick to the point. They continually fly off into all sorts of irrelevant queries. They need training in logic.

Mr. Dell Barker, C. J. Abbey, A. Hope, G. D. Hope, Frank Blair, Joe Carr, Charles Williams, James Calvert, L. M. Campbell, R. M. Johnson, D. C. Ide, and others make a good, live company for this part of the field, and will do service worthy of the cause.

In order to make connections for Salina, etc., I had to take the midnight freight for Kansas City. It was three hours late, and I had to find a couch upon the floor until three o'clock, with a package of Freethought books for my pillow. At three o'clock the train came along, and from Belton to Olathe I had a bit of a nap over its thundering wheels. Then I had to jump out and make a dive for an extra freight train. I had to put a package on one end of a car in motion, and the other on the other, and then make a leap for the platform, where I landed safely, and again slept, knowing that I was safe for Kansas City this time. But my troubles were not all over. The freight train left me with my luggage, about seventy-five pounds' weight, a mile and a half from the station, not a hack, nor a horse car, nor any means of conveyance at hand; only lines of rail, and looming freight trains and snorting engins. A saw-horse, I believe, would hav been better than nothing, but not even that put in an appearance, nor any other vehicle. I almost wished that a procession of one hundred pirates would come along and do a little swearing, that I might say, Amen. It was the longest mile and a half I ever traversed. I could only go about a rod at a time, and then take a rest on my seventy-five pounds of luggage, like "Patience on a monument." There is lots of human nature in this world. A good fellow came along and gave me a lift for about half a mile. He wanted to know if I would do the same thing for him in New York city. I told him I certainly would lug his baggage for him in New York city if he ever struck me there, and I hereby giv my note of hand that I will lug any unfortunate traveler's baggage a half mile, if I am there, if he has to take his chances with a midnight freight. Well, I thought I earned my grub that morning, and at the elegant passenger station of Kansas City I ate my breakfast with an appetite deeply cultivated by that early twilight pilgrimage.

I am here at Brookville now. Arrived last evening, and lectured to a full house. I had to change dates, Brookville, Feb. 9th and 10th; Bavaria, 14th and 15th; Salina, 11th, 12th, and 13th; Follen, 16th. I thus hav an eight days' campaign laid out for me in this county, and, if last night's meeting is an indication, there will be a most succesful advance movement. I find a splendid element here—enthusiastic Liberals. But more next week when the battle is fought and won. I think I shall hav a good story to tell. On from here I go to Windom, Dodge City, and Garden City. I shall be at Greeley, Col., Feb. 27th; Longmont, March 2d; Denver, 6th and 13; and Boulder City, Central City, Canon City, and other places, I hope, while in Colorado, but arrangements are not yet made. I expect to be in San Diego, March 16th and 17th; Los Angeles, 20th, and 27th; Santa Anna and Santa Barbara between these dates; Tulare and Visalia about the 30th and 31st; San Francisco and Oakland, April 4th and 11th; and Sonoma, Stockton, Sacramento, and other places throughout California, until June 1st. I shall be in Portland, and other places in Oregon, in the month of June; in Washington Territory in July; and about August 1st I expect to return Eastward by way of Baker City, Boise City, Butte City, Salt Lake City, etc.

Will friends be on the lookout and make arrangements for lectures wherever possible? Everything is bright so far, and our lines are rapidly forming.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*Brookville, Kan.*, Feb. 10, 1887.

## California Letter.

DEAR EUGENE: Your kind note is at hand, and I am glad to know that I am not forgotten by the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, which, to my mind, is better than ever before. Those pictures are immense, and, by the way, tell Watson Heston that the very next time I send a letter to THE TRUTH SEEKER office with money in it, there will be five dollars in it for him also, sure. He deserves it, and more, from every level-headed radical Liberal in the country, as nothing stirs up the gall of orthodoxy, and keeps the vital issues of Freethought before our people so effectivly as Watson Heston's cunning hand.

You speak of a few letters giving a *resumè* of the progress of Freethought and my observations and experience in Australia. These I will write with pleasure as soon as I can find the time to do so. I hav hardly had time to say, How are you? to the friends at home, before numerous letters pour in upon me desiring my presence in a half dozen places at once. Oh, that I were a holy ghost, that I might serve all at the same time. But, alas! human limitations hedge me about on every hand. I hav this day received a letter from J. E. Clark, your agent and friend at Los Angeles, which has the ring of true metal in it, and I am glad to be called to Los Angeles, as I will hav the opportunity which I hav long desired, to meet our Brother Putnam, and will do my best, John-the-Baptist-like, to open up the way for him in Los Angeles and San Bernardino counties during the months of February, March, and April.

After seeing Brother Putnam I will be better able to mark out my lecture tour of the eastern states, when I hope to take part in our next Liberal Congress, leaving San Jose about the first of May next.

The friends at San Jose, Messrs. Schwartz, Magenheimer, Parsons, Vinter, and others hav already taken up the matter of Brother Putnam's visit there, and will do all in their power to make it a grand success. Our cause in California needs several such as our friend Putnam to thrust in the sickle of Freethought and enlarge the borders of mental liberty. And if this should meet his eye, I hope he will drop me a few lines, and he may be assured that anything that I can do to assist him in our noble cause will be done with all my heart.

The friends of Freethought in San Francisco and Stockton hav recently held rousing Paine celebrations. I am sorry I could not be present; for, as you know, if I hav a high admiration for any man, living or dead, Thomas Paine is that man. The fragrance of his life has furnished inspiration and unanswerable logic to the Ingersolls, Remsburgs, Washburns, and Kelsos of our day. Let us build him a monument! Yes, build it higher every year in the hearts of a liberty-loving people—

> Until all the world be lighted,
> And all true hearts united
> In Reason's righteous reign.

Could Thomas Paine be here to day, he would lift his warning voice not only against a fashionable and effete orthodoxy and a Protestant Christianity which

has lost all power to protest, but against Romanism, that most insidious foe to mental liberty which is at this moment fastening its hideous fangs into the vitals of our republic.

I wish there were a thousand newspaper men in the United States like Frank Pixley, of the *Argonaut* of San Francisco, to drive in the blade of true democracy against the heartless assumptions of both of the rotten-hearted political parties of the day.

What do these time-serving parties care for the perpetuation of our free institutions? Who, with half an eye, cannot see that little by little every feature of Americanism is being eliminated from the fair face of our republic? And never, so long as I liv, will I cast a vote in favor of any man who will pander to this Roman curse, be he James G. Blaine or any other aspirant who bids for this cursed Catholic vote. No true American can wear the collar of this Catholic beast. Not that I hav aught against any foreigner as such, but I hate and fear the minions and virus of popery. What we need is a third great party, American in platform and principle, to lay hold on this scarlet woman, as well as her daughter, and save our country before the lovers of liberty are driven to violence and bloodshed.

I hav also received some hearty and wholesome letters from Seattle, asking for another boost. I like those Seattle people and will crave their patience for a season, when I hope to look into their faces again. Father Crane, of Seattle, one of the stanch friends of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and a real veteran in Freethought, writes a happy letter. Well, how could he help it, when, although he is about eighty years of age, he has been and gone and got married again in his old age? But then I think he showed sound sense, for if any one needs a wife to comfort him and bless his home and setting sun, it is the aged man and woman, who need affectionate companionship in the failing, withering period of life.

In looking over THE TRUTH SEEKER of January 29th, my eye fell upon the obituary of M. P. Thurston, of Burr Oak, Michigan, and my mind went back to the period some ten years since when our friend Thurston called me to hold a grove meeting a short distance from his beautiful rural home in Burr Oak, and his generous hospitality I hav enjoyed on several occasions during my canvass of Michigan. M. P. Thurston was one of nature's noblemen—clear-headed, kind, and yet radical in his views, and a lover of truth for truth's own sake; and to hav him in the front of an audience was a fountain of inspiration, so full of sympathy was he in the expression of radical views against priestcraft and Bible superstition.

Let our old friend rest from his labors and struggles for the right. Other hands will bear the burdens and minister to the cause of Freethought. But none can be more honest and sincere, or more true to our cause than was our friend and brother, Thurston, and the record of his life will long remain to mark the career of a consistent Freethinker and a good man.

DR. J. L. YORK.

*San Francisco, Cal.*, Feb. 4, 1887.

## The Liberal Club.

It was a salubrious evening when the Manhattan Liberal Club held its 434th regular meeting, and no one could find an excuse for not attending. The hall was therefore full. Mr. Eckhard was present as usual. Mr. Jones, from the Spiritualists' society, had pictures of Mrs. Druse, the Herkimer county lady who wound up an unpleasantness with her husband by shooting several large bullets into his person, cutting him up into sections, and cremating him in a small stove. Mr. Jones had petitions for the commutation of Mrs. Druse's death sentence. It is held that it would be indelicate to hang a woman of her fine sensibilities and tender sympathies. Quite a number of persons signed the petition.

In opening the meeting the Chair announced that it had connected itself editorially with a monthly magazine, copies of which were on the table, and Mr. Erastus Dean would take subscriptions for the same. Then the Chair introduced the speaker of the evening, Col. Andrew H. H. Dawson, of Kentucky, an old-time member of the club. Colonel Dawson was warmly received as he laid his manuscript upon the desk. He has aged somewhat since a dozen years ago the writer, who had never heard much oratory, was first awed by the colonel's eloquence, poured from the platform of the old meeting-room at Science Hall. But though he has grown older, age does not appear to hav materially withered him, nor has custom staled his infinit variety of gesticulation. Mr. Dawson's subject was "Capital Punishment for Men and Women." The custom of hanging, the speaker said, had a theological origin. Moses was the author of the *lex talionis*—an eye for an eye and a life for a life. But people are losing confidence in Moses. We are finding that he was mistaken on various subjects. His geology is contradicted by the testimony of the strata, and the strata are the *vox Dei*. The theology of Moses is as questionable as his cosmogony. The colonel objected to capital punishment because the law and those who administered it are liable to make mistakes and hang the wrong person—an error which it is not within their power to rectify. The average jury is generally stupid, and the witnesses are worse. Besides dishonest witnesses, there are honest ones whose ignorance is even more fatal than rascality.

To illustrate the liability of ignorant persons to misunderstand what they see and hear, the colonel told several stories. A boy got the names of Esau and Esop confused, and said that Esau wrote fables and sold the copyright for a bottle of potash. Bridget was requested to serve the tomatoes undressed, and, thinking the word "undressed" applied to herself, appeared *en deshabille*. An Irishman was told that his wine was "a nectar fit for the gods," but in repeating the compliment to a friend declared that the beverage would make "a nectie for Jesus Christ." A countryman witnessing the play of Othello, and becoming exasperated by the Moor's persistent demands on Desdemona for the handkerchief which he loved so well, arose in his seat and advised the actor to "blow his nose between his fingers, and go on with the play." It was upon the testimony of persons like these, said the colonel, that human lives were taken. He would abolish capital punishment, but if there were those who still believed in the *lex talionis* of Moses, he was willing to hav a clause in the law that all the disciples of Moses should be hanged.

There was a feeling that the speaker of the evening had been somewhat vague in his remarks, so the Chair spent a few moments in pointing out the conclusions which the colonel had omitted to draw from the premises laid down, and in showing in what manner the lecture bore upon the subject under discussion. Then Judge Groo, or Grove, was called upon for some remarks. The judge is an able jurist, and has been a candidate of the Prohibitionists for president or governor or some other minor office.

Judge Groo, or Grove, said he was glad the Chair had drawn some conclusions from the lecture, as he himself had been unable to effect such a result. He had no sympathy with the flings at Moses and the Bible. He did not think there was any disagreement between Moses and science, but believed that the scriptures told things about as they were. The judge's speech then became an exhortation in favor of the prohibition of the liquor traffic, to which sixty or seventy per cent of murders were ascribable. He opposed capital punishment.

Mrs. Leonard denied the right of men to hang women. When men were on the jury, women were not tried by their peers. The influence of judicial excutions on prospectiv mothers made murderers of children before they were born.

Dr. Weeks held that in hanging women under a law they had no hand in making we were traitors to a representativ form of government. Hanging did not deter from crime. It is on record that in England, when picking pockets was a capital offense, men were arrested for picking pockets while attending the execution of a criminal convicted of that offense.

Herr Oppenheimer wished to raise the question of the right of society to take life; also the question of moral responsibility and free will. Society, according to Karl Marx, has only the right to restrain and reform.

Lawyer Chamberlain called attention to the fact that if a man assaults another man's wife, the other man would be justified by public sentiment in killing him. If he abused his own wife in the same manner, the woman, having no other husband, would not be considered justifiable in becoming her own protector. This applied in the case of Mrs. Druse.

Colonel Dawson closed by saying that Mrs. Druse was inadequately defended. Important testimony was not introduced. Mrs. Druse was justified in the killing, and there were a good many other husbands who should be shot. He would hav the law offer rewards for women who killed their brutal husbands. Women were angels; men, as a rule, were brutes.

At the next meeting (providence permitting) Herr Oppenheimer lectures on Karl Marx's doctrins.

The writer should hav mentioned at the proper place that Miss Helen Gardener was present at the meeting of which an account has just been given. It was observed that Miss Gardener did not avail herself of the free admission extended by the club to Presbyterians and ladies. She was heard to say to the secretary that it was bad enough for women to be denied the right to vote or to be hanged, and to be robbed of other legal prerogativs, without being classed with Presbyterians as deadheads.

The absence of the scrap of rhyme with which this record often ends, promised herein from time to time, has been deplored by many friends. Likewise the absence from the floor, for some weeks past, of Captain Clark is being noted more and more, and made the subject of remark. The badge-pin man will therefore strive—if happily his muse consent—to keep the poet's flame alive, and thus avoid all discontent. And while the lamp holds out to burn, he trusts the captain may return.

SEND to THE TRUTH SEEKER office for a catalog of the books we hav for sale. The catalog is free.

## Spiritual Photography.

In the report of the Investigating Committee, published in THE TRUTH SEEKER of August 7th, we stated that there was placed in our hands for examination one negativ bearing characteristics entirely different from the rest. While all the others could easily hav been produced without the knowledge of the sitter, it was "the unanimous opinion of the committee that this negativ was produced from actual figures standing near the sitter." I think I may reasonably claim the exposure, on February 2d, in Boston, of Mrs. Ross, the materializing medium, whom I understand to hav been the sitter in that negativ, as some evidence of the correctness of the conclusions which the committee reached.

HENRY M. PARKHURST.

*Brooklyn*, Feb. 7, 1887.

## Answers to Inquirers.

BENJ. S. HOXIE.—Prō-to-plăsm.

GEO. X. YOUNG.—1. Most Christian ministers recognize that logically they cannot sustain their theology in debate. Fifty years ago they thought they could. Hence the old-time debates, and the present refusal by the preachers to discuss. In a word, the reason is, they know more now than formerly. 2. Travelers assure us that the Mohammedan women are a trifle more fanatical than Mohammedan men. It is the nature of women to be more intense in religious and other sentimental matters than men. In doing good or bad, women go further than their brothers.

W. J. SKIDMORE.—The Rev. S. Baring-Gould is a devout English Churchman, and the author of several very learned works, to wit: "Origin and Development of Religious Belief," "Legendary Lives of the Old Testament Characters," "Lost and Hostil Gospels," and "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages." Our correspondent "Antichrist" has made much use of "Lost and Hostil Gospels" (336 pp., London, 1874). In 1878 Antichrist translated the "Book of the Generation of Jesus" ("Sepher Toldoth Jeshu"), which was printed in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and issued in a pamphlet, price twenty cents. He called it the first English translation of that remarkable legend concerning a Jesus who was stoned and hanged for sorcery about 75 B.C. After it was published, he discovered that Baring-Gould had made an earlier translation of a part of the story, also a partial translation of another version of the same, accompanying both with copious comments, but admitting that there was a Jesus who practiced magic in Judea, who was outlawed for being a bastard, and who was stoned and hanged for sorcery a hundred years before the time of Pontius Pilate. Mr. Gould furthermore admits that the Talmud repeatedly refers to that Jesus, while it is entirely silent about any later one. And to prove the fact he translates all the passages from the Talmud relating to Jesus. Another significant admission by Baring-Gould is this at the outset of his book: "It is somewhat remarkable that no contemporary or even early account of the life of our Lord exists, except from the pens of Christian writers. That we hav none by Roman or Greek writers is not, perhaps, to be wondered at; but it is singular that neither Philo, Josephus, nor Justus of Tiberias should hav ever alluded to Christ, or to primitiv Christianity." "Lost and Hostil Gospels" costs about $3 to import.

### A Boston Estimate of Sam Jones.

Sam Jones is a cheap and comic version of the Rev. Joseph Cook, with a vulgar coarseness and an obtuseness of intellect wholly his own. In common with his popular prototype, he is windy, illogical, and intolerant. The manner in which he deals with things sacred is offensiv to every refined and intelligent sentiment. His assumed positiv knowledge of the creator and the hereafter, and the blatant, self-confident manner in which he rants it forth, are simply ignorance made bold by encouragement. We are willing to concede the sincerity of Mr. Jones's motivs, and the reality of his religious fervor, but things sacred cannot be treated respectfully from a comic standpoint, and earnest, religious sentiment side by side with funny anecdote and low wit is out of place, to say the least. A cheap method of winning a cheap laugh is not a method by which a dignified knowledge of the higher life may be inculcated. Buffoonery is objectionable under any circumstances, but when it is brought to bear upon the subject of religion, it becomes unutterably offensiv.—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

SINCE his return west, J. E. Remsburg has delivered twenty lectures in Missouri, and has now commenced work in Illinois. His appointments for this state are as follows: Carlinville, Thursday and Saturday, Feb. 17th and 19th; Litchfield, Friday, Feb. 18th; Girard, Sunday and Monday, Feb. 20th and 21st; Strasburg, Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 22d and 23d; Chrisman, Thursday, Feb. 24th; Minier, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Feb. 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th; Waynesville, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, March 1st, 2d, and 3d; Quincy, Friday, March 4th; Bushnell, Saturday and Sunday, March 5th and 6th; Kewanee, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 7th, 8th, and 9th; Lyndon, Thursday, March 10th; Geneseo, Friday and Saturday, March 11th and 12th.

THE Philadelphia Presbytery has voted to strike out from the confession of faith the declaration that "the man may not marry any of his wife's kindred nearer in blood than he may of his own, nor the woman any of the husband's kindred nearer in blood than of her own." This rule could not hav been very well enforced, or Brooklyn's chief Presbyterian ministerial harlequin would not hav his sister-in-law for a wife.

# Communications.

## Ethics.*

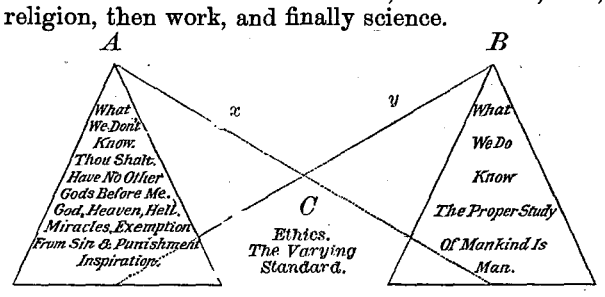
Life is a web. The under threads are as essential as the upper; indeed, they interchange momently, yet we call those under threads evil, and the upper, good. Without the under the upper could not be. The under and the upper are the same thread. So in life. The highest exaltations of righteousness are the profoundest sins of which we are capable. When Abraham stands ready to sacrifice Isaac, it is holy, in Judea; in Massachusetts, it is wicked. But that is because the Jews are a chosen people, and Massachusetts is honeycombed with Infidelity. So the punishment of the innocent for the guilty is a single thread. When it occurs in a court of justice, it is on the under side of the cloth, and we call it detestable, even in erring humanity. When it occurs in the Christian scheme of salvation, it is on the upper side of the cloth, and we contemplate it with rapt ecstasy as the consummation of all holiness, even in deity. But it is the same thread at the point where we detest it as at the point where we worship it.

This is one of the mysteries in apprehending which religion has the honor of having preceded philosophy. Several years ago, in reviewing Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics," I undertook to say that his system did not recognize the manifest duality in ethics; *i. e.*, that all things which are good in their primary effects are evil in their secondary effects, and *vice versa*, so that no one thing could be spoken of as good or evil in all its effects. Some of the little satellites that revolve around Herbert Spencer denounced my statement as one that prevented the happy nuptials being celebrated between Spencer's ethics and Christian ethics. They do not seem to know that the sources of Christian ethics recognize this duality or conflict between antagonistic laws or contending ethical standards as fully as I did, and hence that to be in full harmony with Christian ethics, Spencer must also recognize it.

Jesus says (1), "It must needs be that offenses come." No man could more plainly state that sin is a necessary outcome of the constitution of things, or in a scientific sense that all sinful acts are performed in obedience to a natural and, therefore, to a divine law. But (2) "woe unto him by whom the offense cometh." Is not this duality? And Paul asks, But if through my lie the truth of God doth the more abound unto his glory, why then am I accounted a sinner? Is not this ethical duality. If the truth of God abounds because of Paul's lie, how is it that it can be a sin for Paul to lie? He does not assert that his lie is or is not a sin. He only asserts the duality of ethical law.

Again, in the Old Testament: "I send the light, and I control the darkness. I make good, and I create evil. I, the Lord, do all these things." In this theory of the duality of ethics, the Bible, though written some years earlier than Spencer's "Data of Ethics," yet succeeds in bringing the discussion more nearly down to date.

With this notion clearly before our minds, that all ethical movement, like all astronomical, molar, and molecular movement, is a movement in the mean between two antagonistic attractions, or is a vibration between majority law or universal law, and minority law or particular law, we proceed to trace the method of ethical evolution of the race, as concerns, first, religion, then work, and finally science.




Suppose pyramid *A* again to represent the whole body of what men now dead hav imagined, and *B* the whole body of what men now living hav ascertained. Between these run the lines of mutual influence $x$ and $y$, whose angles of inclination vary in any two persons, and vary in the same person at different times. Out of these varying lines grows the pyramid, Ethical Belief, or the Moral Code of each man, and which evidently can never be the same for any two men.

All men will concede that religion combines all that we don't know, and science all that we do know. The ideas of religion consist essentially in (1) belief in God. (For this science substitutes a recognition of only the universe.) (2) Religion says God created the world. (Science says the world was never created.) (3) Religion says God will redeem the world from sin. (Science says redemption from sin is an impossible dream of visionaries. Men will always sin, and the redeemed will always keep it up nip and tuck in a scrub race with the unredeemed.) (4) Religion says the influence which does most to redeem the world is a belief in a future state of rewards and punishments. (Science says the world has only been damned so far as it has been brought under the ascendency of priests. Witness the shipwreck of civilization for a thousand years, known as the Dark Ages.) From all this the world has been rescued by the labors of men who hav wrought as if this were the only world we shall ever know, viz., for pleasure and for gain.

Between these has arisen a system of ethics, which was a progressiv war in which religion has had a continually diminishing, and science or Atheism a continually increasing share.

In the tenth century the ethical rule was that the pope, representing religion, was supreme over all thrones, codes, and consciences, could depose kings, absolve treaties, repeal laws, and that the clergy were exempt from all courts, penalties, and human laws. The Atheist should be burnt.

The next stage in ethics required that the supremacy of the pope be limited to spiritual things, and his punishments to those which acted on the soul's welfare. But an Atheist should still be burnt. The third stage required that all men should hav the legal right to be Atheists, but in becoming Atheists they lost every other legal right except that of being an Atheist. The fourth stage restores to the Atheist his legal rights, but informs him that, of course, he will expect to be considered a moral outcast. The fifth stage informs him that if he will listen to lectures on ethical culture, and say that he doesn't know whether there is a God or not, but hopes there is one, he will be permitted to take part in the temperance work and prison reform associations.

This progress calls up the practical question, How much has a belief in God and the future life helped men toward an accurate knowledge of the nature of right and wrong, for instance, relativ to the fundamental and primary question of the right of one person to kill another person? A few months ago a pious Episcopalian clergyman of Louisiana, enjoying a large experiential acquaintance with God, in each of his three forms of father, son, and holy ghost, an acquaintance which was hightened by a direct laying on of hands from the apostles down to himself, shot and killed a brother Episcopal clergyman, because the latter, in assisting a young lady to step down from a chair on which she had risen in the effort to reach high enough to put a book into a bookcase, had tendered his assistance in so direct a manner that the young lady had publicly stated among her friends that his conduct was such as to leave them to infer what they pleased.

The Theist who did the shooting has never been tried, and probably never will be. Why? Because it is a universal law of animal life, which has its beginning low down among the vertebrated animals, that the male animal who takes life in the interest of his exclusiv regard for the female, shall be deemed to hav obeyed the higher law. This law prevails among lions, tigers, cats, dogs, wolves, foxes, pirates, politicians, Comanches, Basutos, clergymen, and all other vertebrate animals. It isn't necessary among any of these animals that the female shall hav been injured in word or in thought. It is only necessary that the male animal should hav been enraged, even though he has manufactured in his own imagination the facts which hav produced his rage. Inasmuch as these are the principles which prevail among the vertebrated animals before the evolution of the notion of deity, and as they continue exactly the same after the notion of deity is developed, and the missionary fund rivals the internal revenue in its dimensions—isn't it plain that this notion exercises no sort of influence over our sense of the right or wrong of taking life?

If we analyze the cases in which the life of one man may still be lawfully taken by another, we will find them to be essentially the same as those for which one buffalo may kill another, with the consent of the balance of the herd, viz.:

1. For interfering with the prerogativ or headship of a buffalo in authority. In the human herd we call this resisting lawful authority or legal process, or rebelling against the best government the sun ever shone upon, etc.

2. For interfering with the stamping-ground or rights of property of buffalo No. 1. And so on.

What, then, is the nature of the ethical evolution, both in the individual and the race. It is largely a change from force to purchase, and from purchase to persuasion, as a means of obtaining what we want. Hence the primary agency in effecting the first change from force to purchase is money, or wealth, trade, exchange, and commerce. The chief agency in effecting the second is enlightenment or reason.

In the low stage of productiv industry, the man who needs to influence the will of another has no other means of doing so than the tiger has, viz., to kill. But as mankind advance industrially, there arises a cheaper mode than to kill, or even than to coerce him—that is, to buy him. The real ability of men to avoid killing is in the proportion to their ability to buy the services and cooperation of those whom they hav a desire to command. "Thou shalt not steal." Why? Because, as industry emerges out of barbarism, it is cheaper to buy.

But as society becomes more compact, and the moral sense more developed, we distinguish between commodities or services on the one hand, and conduct on the other, and say it is lawful to buy the former but not the latter, especially if the conduct to be purchased relates to some public office or private trust. In respect to these we advance to the rule, "Thou shalt not buy," but assert a new rule, Thou shalt instruct and persuade.

In this evolution, what the people in any one stage of it style wrong is not something inherently, abstractly, and eternally wrong, but something made obsolete by an advance to a plan of action which has substituted a new mode of inducing action which presupposes a wider harmony of interests.

In savage and barbaric life, and amidst the lower classes in civilized life, if you cross a man's purposes in any way, pay him less wages than he thinks his due, or even refuse him employment, or make the method of his work other than that he desires, he is ready to fight in some form, perhaps openly, perhaps secretly, with his fists, with a club, or by litigation in court; but as he rises in the material scale, each $10,000 he acquires diminishes his ferocity, smoothes his language, wipes out the anxious, contentious, angry wrinkles from his face, renders him more timid in contest and more courteous in his efforts to avoid it, until you get up to a man with whom contest is impossible, on two grounds, viz., first, he can't afford to fight with you; secondly, nobody can afford to fight with him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*By VAN BUREN DENSLOW.

## Christian Absurdities.

There are stars so far distant that light, traveling at the rate of nearly 200,000 miles per second, would require thousands of years to reach the earth. Yet Christians, for hundreds of years, with knowledge derived directly from God, taught that these stars revolved around the earth every twenty four hours. The velocity of a body revolving around the earth at such a distance would be inconceivable. If the stars were globes of solid cast steel, such a rate of motion would reduce them to fragments in a moment.

It is computed that the star Sirius is many hundred times larger than our sun. Think of the incongruity of such a globe revolving around this little speck of earth. A mountain moved from its base by the attraction of a mole-hill would not involve a greater absurdity. But such was the interpretation of God's holy word by an infallible church. If those who made such egregious blunders were guided by heavenly wisdom, is it not about time to discharge such blind guides and trust more to human intelligence?

It is always on the tongue of some Christian that Christianity is of more importance to the world than all else besides. This assertion has been rung in the ears of the people until the majority have come to believe it without question. For twelve hundred years the world would not have been made worse if the church had been governed by devils. During that time it did nothing which proved a blessing to mankind. We are not yet free from the chains which the church forged during that period of time.

The fear of hell as taught by the church has degraded thousands, and bound the mind in worse chains than ever enslaved the body. The church, not content with putting a devil on the track of men to lure them into evil practices, has absolutely sent him into men to worry and torment them here, and then keep the fires uncomfortably hot down below.

Ever since that little episode in the garden, it has been claimed that there were certain beings and individuals who had power over the devil. And yet ever since that event he has been dragging souls down to hell, contrary to the wishes of those who had power over him; and yet, in the language of Webster, he "still lives."

Somehow he has managed to elude the best efforts of all the saints, saviors, and gods, and still he seems to hold the winning cards. In the Garden of Eden, God made him eat dust and crawl on his belly. Why didn't he come down on him with his squelcher?

At another time, God got to bantering with him about old Job, and they stood face to face, and yet God let him slip through his fingers again. If God was clothed with omnipotent power, and the works of the devil "kindled his fierce wrath," one would think that while he had the devil in hand he would have sat down upon him. Either God lacked the power, or else there is not the enmity between them that Christians have represented. The "Old Fellow" and Christ have had a good many bouts, and although Christ could have made "Old Sooty" get behind him and do just what he said, and although he knew that the devil would get ninety-nine out of every hundred of the souls which he was trying to save, yet somehow "Old Splitfoot" seems to survive, and is still on the "war path."

Now if the devil can beat God and Christ, and all the holy saints and apostles, there is no use of a poor uncircumcised wretch like myself contending with

him. Years ago I made up my mind to let him have his own way. I don't call him any ugly names, and never make up ugly faces at him, and he don't give me any trouble.

Origen and Cyprian, and all the Christian fathers, bear testimony that the early Christians had power over the devil. They give the names of many who had power to cast out devils. Yet the church and the ministry have been fighting him ever since. Still he is among us, as rampant as ever. He must be a sly "old coon," indeed. I think it is about time for the church and the ministry to stop trying to help God, and to leave off fighting the devil, and turn their attention to ssomething that will be of some benefit to the human race.

Christianity has proved the most direful foe to republicanism. Somehow it turns out that true Christians make bad republicans. Many professed Christians may be good republicans, but in every such case the Christian has outgrown his religion. Republicanism is rooted in the love of liberty. One can scarcely find a Christian who will concede to others the right to differ from him in opinion. But the largest liberty consistent with the public good is the very soul of republicanism. Even as learned a man as Martin Luther is known to have been was the most tyrannical and bigoted of mortals. While he claimed the right to put his own interpretation upon the scriptures, and to differ from the church and the pope, he called upon the "flames of hell to devour" those who differed from him. Such a spirit of intolerance has served as the foundation for some of the most despotic governments which have ever cursed the world, and is inimical to a republican government.

Every true Liberal will strike for the right of all men to the privileges which Luther claimed for himself—freedom of the mind, freedom of speech, of the press, of schools, and a government untrammeled by sectarian influence. Had Luther conceded to every other man the rights which he claimed for himself and stuck for universal mental liberty, he would have stood without a peer as a reformer.

Let no one think the state is free as long as men are compelled to support a system of religion without their consent. It is as great an outrage for Liberals to be compelled to pay taxes on church property, and to pay chaplains, as it would be to compel Christians to contribute Freethought halls, and force them to defray the expenses of Liberal lecturers. Christians have no more right to force the Bible into the common schools than the Liberals have the writings of Paine or Voltaire. The Christian has no rights under the Constitution above a doubting Atheist.

If the state has a right to look after the morals of its subjects, I claim that it is bound to exclude the Bible from the schools on moral grounds. A book which sanctions the selling of tainted meat—the buying and selling of human beings as chattels—which not only sanctions but commands wars of extermination; which sanctions the indiscriminate murder of men, women, and children, the ripping up of women alive, and the eating of one's own children, should be excluded from the common schools on the ground that such teaching has a tendency to corrupt the morals of the young.

To attempt to push such a book into the schools on the ground of inspiration does not help the matter one mite. I cannot prove that Byron and Pope and Burns were not inspired, but I do know that they have written some poetry which, in my judgment, would make a very improper book to put into the schools. Whether the Bible is inspired or not, one thing is certain, the devil could not have written anything worse than can be found in some parts of it.

Our schools are instinctively associated with the idea of progress; but Christianity is a standstill religion. God is perfect, and this perfect God is the author of the scriptures. They, too, must be perfect, and consequently cannot have the spirit of progress in them. Therefore neither the scriptures nor the religion based upon them has any place in our common schools.

When the most convincing evidence is adduced to prove that man has come up by slow degrees from a savage state, and, therefore, that the story of the fall of man has no foundation in fact, the Christian insists that somehow science has made a blunder, because there is God's word to the contrary. And thus it is the Christian can never move out of his tracks; he cannot take any step in advance. If he were confronted with every demonstration of science, the old snake story, or some other story equally absurd, if found in the Bible, would outweigh them all. For the advancement of the race, for the good of mankind, the slimy worms of superstition should no longer be allowed to crawl through the chamber of the human mind.

When the Christian is confronted with the fact that there have been many saviors, some of them crucified for the sins of the world many centuries before the birth of Christ, and that the incidents in the life of Christ correspond almost exactly with those of the Indian savior Christna, he winks like an owl and declares that the historian is an enemy of God, and fit only for the companionship of devils.

When sciences demonstrates that the Mosaic account of creation cannot be true, the Christian replies that whatever contradicts God's holy word is of the devil, and that he will not be dragged down to hell because the devil assumes the garb of a teacher of science. Such is the consequence of faith in so-called sacred writings, and such the fate of those who allow themselves to be entangled in the meshes of superstition.

A short time ago Christians believed in and taught infant damnation. I wonder if God has suffered to any great extent, or if the dangers of hell have been increased since they stopped teaching that horrible doctrine? The cause of humanity has certainly been promoted. Who can calculate the advantages to the human race when the minds of men shall be entirely freed from the withering blight of God-made books!

The ignorance of Bible writers crops out on nearly every page. Hence science and civilization can only advance as confidence in the Bible, as the divine word of God, is broken up. A belief in the Bible as emanating from the throne of God has turned men into savages, and hedged up the way to human progress, and will ever act as a brake on the advancing wheels of civilization.

Many Liberals are talking a great deal about "reconstruction" and "building up." Let me say, once for all, that nothing permanent can ever be "built up" until the rubbish of Bible superstitions are cleared away. The temple of "universal mental liberty" must have the everlasting bed-rock of scientific truth for its foundation. JOHN PECK.

## Reminiscence.

When my child (a daughter) was seven years old, my husband was killed on the New York Central Railroad, by an accident caused by the penuriousness of the company—I ought perhaps to say, the criminality of the officers of the road. A switchman who had been employed by the company for a number of years, at the meager wages of seventy-five cents per day, struck, and demanded one dollar. It was refused, and the switchman discharged. A foreigner, I do not know his nationality, whether English or Irish, no matter—he was an ignorant man, who had landed in the country the week before—was employed in place of the discharged switchman. My husband was an engineer, and at that time ran the "lightning-express." At the station where the accident occurred this train never stopped. The whistle was sounded to announce the approach of the train. The new man, in his confusion, probably waking from sleep, thought he must do something, so turned over the switch, letting the moving train into a freight train standing on a side track, and in a moment my husband was dead. Mr. Colman was buried from Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., where we then resided, Andrew Jackson Davis officiating at the funeral. I was at that time a Spiritualist. I had given up the church, more because of its complicity with slavery than from a full understanding of the foolishness of its creeds. The Universalist and Unitarian churches were offered for the funeral, but I did not accept the use of them. I was no longer in sympathy with any church. My husband had belonged to the Odd Fellows' Association, in Boston, but the lodge to which he belonged had disbanded.

However, the Odd Fellows of Rochester voted to attend the funeral in a body, and take charge of the same when it should leave the hall. I consented to this arrangement, only requesting that they would omit the prayer. I had at that time fully outgrown public prayer.

I shall, in course of this autobiography, giv a chapter upon Spiritualism, as it came to me, and I think if those of my friends read it who hav accused me of not studying its philosophy and examining its phenomena, they will acknowledge their mistake; but for the present I hav something to say of the great Central Railroad corporation, and here a little of "woman's wrongs" will be admissible. I waited a suitable time, expecting some one of the officers of the road would call to see me, not doubting they would expect to do all that money could do to pay for their criminality. They had run extra trains (the funeral was held on Sunday) from Albany east, and Buffalo and Niagara Falls west, giving free fare to all who wished to attend the funeral. It was computed that five hundred people went away from Corinthian Hall, not being able to gain an entrance. The hall seated fifteen hundred. Every possible spot was filled; thus much honor was paid to the memory of the murdered man, and the railroad company paid the expenses. But a large funeral would not support a family, and Mr. Colman left only a home, and that mortgaged.

As they had sent messages of condolence and sympathy, and freely paid the funeral expenses, I supposed they would be ready to do more. At last, tired with waiting, I made a journey to a city where the superintendent of that division resided, called at his office, was told he was not in. I then went to his house; he was expected home to dine at his usual hour. I determined to stay until he should arrive. It was late in the afternoon when he came, and after being informed by the servant that a woman was waiting to see him, he came into the room and graciously informed me that he never did business at home; but I concluded to stay right there till he should hear what I had come that distance to say. He finally asked me if I had had dinner, and in his great condescension said I would be welcome to dine with them.

At length my persistency overcame his determination not to talk business, and this was the final word: "The corporation acknowledges no indebtedness. A person who works for an incorporated company becomes one of the company, and consequently can claim no damages. This the Court of Appeals has just decided. Mrs. Colman, we hav done more for you than we hav ever done for any other person situated as you are. To pay damages to our employees would be a bad precedent. We paid the funeral expenses, and some of the officers attended the funeral. And do you not see, Mrs. Colman, that we hav no right to take the company's money, and giv to you? We hav in this company widows and orphans, and we must not take what their money earns and giv it away." This man had common sense, strange as it may seem, and was a shining light in the Episcopal church in that city; and, more than all else, he had caused the experienced switchman's discharge, putting in his place the ignorant foreigner to save twenty-five cents a day. Within the next six weeks I consulted nine different lawyers, some of them the best in the state, all of them agreeing that any or all juries would giv the damages demanded, and all of them also gave as their opinion that I would never get one cent. Like Dickens's poor Mrs. Plite in the "Circumlocation Court" (Court of Chancery), the trial would never be called, but always be put off to another time.

I now asked the company to giv me employment in some of their offices, mentioning a ticket office. The official raised his hands in respectable horror, and said: "Mrs. Colman, you wouldn't put yourself in such a public position, such an exposed situation? You hav a little daughter; she might feel degraded by her mother taking a position in a public office. Can't you take boarders? We could send you twenty-five of our laborers next week."

A little girl would be in no danger of being degraded by her mother cooking for twenty-five Irishmen employed in digging on the railroad, and certainly she (the mother) would hav to keep pretty close to her man-appointed sphere. I was not, however, ready yet for the boarders. I called on the postmaster, and said: "You hav opened a window in the office for ladies; will you not giv me the place as clerk?" "I wish I could," said the gentleman, "but I dare not make the innovation." Not entirely discouraged, I next went to a printing-office, which had advertised for boys to learn to set type, and said, "Would you giv me such place?" "No; a printing-office is no place for a woman." This was forty years ago. To-day we hav women in post-offices, ticket-offices, and printing-offices. This was a time of "woman's wrongs." Has she conquered all her rights? Not till she makes, or helps to make, the laws by which she is governed. LUCY N. COLMAN.

*Syracuse*, Feb. 1, 287.

## A Full-Grown God Needed for that Job.

This little anecdote of the big Charleston earthquake has been repeated with great gusto by a good many story-tellers since that terrific shake-up, but hasn't yet got into print—"too awfully blasphemous, ye know." But it's good enough to save, just the same; and here it is:

When the earth was rumbling and the heavens were overcast, and all the elements filled with fearful portents, just like the pleasing Biblical pictures of an omnipotent God's grand wind-up of his never-ceasing mercies to miserable man, preparatory to plunging said miserable man into perpetual hell-fire, there to merrily sizzle through eternity—in short, when every superstitious creature in Charleston was scared into a sudden belief that the end of the world was at hand, a venerable colored man, more than one hundred years old, bent and gnarled in body, his face twisted into countless furrows, and the few remaining tufts of wool on his shiny old pate turned whiter than snow, fell on his knees right in the middle of one of the main streets (at least the wicked Charleston wag who started the story says so), and lifted up his toothless gums in prayer, thus:

"O Lawd Gawd, my deah massar, save yo' ole an' faithful suvvant in dis his's yhour ob need! Come down, Lawd Gawd A'mighty! Come down! Come down! An' be mighty quick 'bout it! Der ain't no time ter linger; come down yheah straight an' suddent! I want ye right now! Come to wunst, O Lawd, an' no waitin' nor haltin' by de wayside. I got to hev ye, I got to hev ye!" [Just at this point there was a quake of increased violence, and the already terror-stricken old man shrieked still more frantically]: "An', O Lawd Gawd, come down you'self; come down in pusson! I want you, O Lawd! Doan' sen' dat son o' yourn. Come down you'self! Dis yere ain't no kind o' a job fer a boy to fool aroun'."

IT is reported in Boston that an elderly citizen of that town who was induced to try the toboggan slide, and is laid up with a broken leg in consequence, wrote to Sam Jones: "Go for tobog. in your next sermon. It's just h—ll!"

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## "The Truth of History."

The neighboring article by Col. R. G. Ingersoll upon "The Truth of History"—which we print in the most prominent shape possible to our types—will, we trust, prove sufficient to relieve the editor from answering further queries concerning the distinguished writer's mental health. Though perhaps unnecessary, we request Freethought journals in England and the colonies to giv the article a wide circulation—not because the absurd rumors deserve refutation, but because there are many sincere friends of Mr. Ingersoll credulous enough to be pained by them.

## The Indian Problem.

The wordy warfare over the Umatilla reservation Indian school, between the Roman Catholic archbishop of Oregon and Indian Agent Coffey and the Indian commissioners, has finally been brought to a close for the present. The archbishop gets the worst of it practically, for his tools hav not been reinstated in the school.

The correspondence in the *Oregonian* develops the fact that Agent Coffey had to obtain the indorsement of the Catholic authorities before he could obtain the appointment, and the removal of the sisters and the priest by the agent was regarded by the archbishop as an act of treachery. In his opinion, by the policy of the government which parceled out the schools to the sects, he owned the school, and the agent was as much his servant as the meanest priest in his diocese.

The Indian policy of the United States government is a stupendous failure. The religious schools are valueless, if we judge by the results. One of our friends, living on the ground, says that no improvement in the character of the Indians is perceptible. Should the churches really civilize the Indians, they would destroy the source of large revenues, and this they will not do. The civilization the red man receives at the hands of the church is just sufficient to make him a Christian—and no one requires to be told that such civilization need not be of an exalted grade.

Horace Greeley used to say, in the days when the financial question was pressing for solution, that the way to resume was to resume. So with the Indians—the way to civilize them is to place them among civilized surroundings. As long as Indians are allowed to hav guns, ponies, and practically unlimited range, they will remain nomads. Surroundings, climate, and habits of life are all-powerful influences to mold the character of races. A few years ago, when there was talk of annexing Santo Domingo, Colonel Ingersoll objected. "You might go there," said he, "with five thousand Congregational preachers, five thousand ruling elders, five thousand professors in colleges, five thousand of the solid men of Boston and their wives; settle them all in Santo Domingo, and you will see the second generation riding upon a mule, bareback, no shoes, a grapevine bridle, hair sticking out at the top of their sombreros, with a rooster under each arm, going to a cock-fight on Sunday." If such degeneration might be expected of New Englanders, because of climate alone, can we expect a lot of impracticable teachers of falsehoods to civilize an Indian with a gun in his hand, a horse under him, and unlimited range for his nomadic propensities? Industrious, intelligent white men, under the present reservation system, would degenerate into vagabonds in a few decades, as many hav already done.

Preachers and churches are all of no use in the settlement of the Indian problem. In the first place, the government has not the slightest shadow of right to make the sects a present of large sums of money annually, thousands of acres of land, and a whole race of people for their preachers to practice upon. The government has no more right to establish religion in the territories and upon reservations than it has to establish a state church for the states. To the Indians given to the Catholics is taught Catholicism; the Methodists teach Methodism, the Presbyterians teach Calvinism—think of civilizing an Indian by teaching him effectual calling, justification, adoption, sanctification, and the perseverance of the saints!—the Baptists teach the important difference between open and close communion, sprinkling and total immersion—all at the expense of the government. Where is the warrant for this useless expenditure of money? It surely is not found in the Constitution, which prohibits the giving to the churches of a cent of public money for any purpose whatever.

The only practicable and effectiv way to civilize Indians is to make them see the necessity of procuring homes. An Indian will never build a home till forced to. He must be disarmed, allowed to select land from vacant territory—as much as he can utilize—and then left to his own exertions, for, until hunger drives him, an Indian will not work. If this policy were pursued for ten or twenty years, instead of wasting more money annually upon the churches than would be used in boarding Indians at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the Indian problem would be in a fair way toward solution. They might become farmers, raising sufficient to support themselvs, but they never will become civilized by learning the miraculous birth of Jesus Christ. Their education can very safely be left to the common schools. What is good enough for the white population on the frontier is good enough for any Indian.

If the "noble red man" is used justly by the government, treated like a man and not like a child to be humored; if the agents can be kept from stealing from him, and the churches from robbing the government under the pretense of civilizing him—then Indian wars would not be necessary, and such rows as this one on the Umatilla reservation—so disgraceful for our government—would be impossible. The United States hav got very much the worst of their unauthorized bargain with the churches, and the contract should be promptly broken.

## Temperance or Free Liquor.

The saying that "politics makes strange bedfellows" is, in the current vernacular, a chestnut. It is, however, a sound one. In the last presidential campaign it seemed odd to see the candidate from the land of Puritanism cheek-by-jowl with Romanists, and expecting to make his election sure by their votes. Another curious spectacle was the indorsement (probably sympathetic) by clergymen of a candidate who owned to breaking the seventh commandment. Another seeming incongruity was presented in politics during our last local election, when Freethinkers were working for the success of a man who promised, if elected, to enforce the Sunday laws. But the greatest apparent anomaly is the present joining of forces in this state by the Prohibitionists and the liquor dealers.

The excise commissioners of New York are desirous of reducing the number of liquor saloons in this city, and of raising the character of such as shall remain. There are at present some ten thousand saloons dispensing liquid poison on Manhattan Island. The excise commissioners are of the opinion that half this number is quite sufficient for the welfare of the city. They hav, accordingly, increased the price of a license for places that sell what is known as "hard" liquor to $200, or nearly three times the former price. At the same time they allow a man to sell beer and light wine by annually paying thirty dollars. Every one knows that much drinking of whisky and kindred liquors leads to drunkenness and disease, while light, pure wines and beer are comparativly harmless. Recognizing these facts, the excise commissioners hav undertaken, in the most practical way, to reduce intemperance in New York.

The liquor dealers oppose this action strenuously. A great proportion of their number cannot afford to pay $200 per year for their licenses, with the probability staring them in the face that the commissioners will still further increase the price if $200 should not prove exorbitant enough to drive the low groggeries out of existence. They recognize that a large number of them must seek other means of livelihood. The Christian Prohibitionists profess to desire the extermination of saloons. If we giv them credit for sincerity in their professions, any recognition of their possessing common sense must be withheld. Without discussing whether in Maine and Kansas and other prohibitory states Prohibition is effectual (upon which there are diverse opinions), it may be safely asserted that Prohibition will not serve to prevent liquor drinking in New York city. We hav now a stringent law against selling liquor on Sunday, but even during the few days in the year when great efforts are made to enforce it, a bibulous New Yorker can walk from the Battery to Harlem, and obtain a drink upon nearly every block. The present condition of affairs—low license and unlimited opportunity to sell—is what the liquor dealers enjoy and the Prohibitionists deplore.

Yet at Albany, where the forces opposed to the excise commissioners hav centered, are seen Mr. Gibbons, president of the State Liquor Dealers' Association of New York, and Mary A. Bizunday, president of the Woman's Temperance Union of Ohio, working heartily and unitedly to kill the bill for high license! Mr. Gibbons is working from a business standpoint, Mrs. Bizunday from a sentimental one. Business and sentiment in the liquor traffic never can agree. If Mr. Gibbons is level-headed, Mrs. Bizunday is wrong. He desires a free chance to sell whisky; she would drive the whisky seller out of the trade. Their purposes are as wide apart as possible, and one of them must be wasting a great amount of energy and money. Which it is we leave for the people of common sense, conversant with the facts, to determin.

## Co-operativ Schemes.

We are in receipt of several inquiries relativ to the coöperativ schemes on Puget Sound, and on Topolobampo bay, in Sinaloa, Mexico.

Of the Puget Sound enterprise we know nothing except what we learn from the letters of the secretary, published in this paper some time since. We advise people to go slow in joining that or any other colony, though we would not insinuate aught against it.

The Topolobampo bay colony is a pretentious enterprise. The bay is a good one. The land around it is fertil. The climate is warm. Those are the advantages. But there is no wood, and water has to be brought from islands. Ultimately, the coöperativ city will be supplied with water from the mountains thirty miles away. But it takes a long time and much money to construct a thirty-mile aqueduct. There are no railroad facilities. Mr. Owens is under contract with the Mexican government to build a railroad within ten years—but ten years is a good while, and it requires many hard Mexican dollars to build railroads. The land is good for but one crop per year—that is, during the wet season. With irrigation, doubtless, vegetables and fruits can be grown at all times, but irrigation requires water, and the aqueduct is not yet built.

There are now over three hundred persons upon the ground, colonists from all parts of the country. They were forced to provide and take with them everything they would require for a year's sojourn—food, clothes, tools, etc. Mr. A. K. Owens, the head of the enterprise, has now issued the following order, in the *Credit Foncier of Sinaloa* of February 8th:

"*Sinaloa, during* 1887, *is no place for women, children, aged persons, persons not in vigorous health, and persons not having money to meet the expenses of going and staying there.* I urge again that only the physically strong and the financially capable take the lead; and I wish to say positivly, that there are now upon our lands and *en route* for Topolobampo all, if not more, persons than we can possibly employ before next fall. *I therefere order that no persons start for Topolobampo without written permission from me*, and that those who act in violation of this instruction will forfeit every right of a colonist, and will not find employment, food, shelter, assistance or protection at our settlements."

Mr. and Mrs. Howland, the editors of the *Credit*

*Foncier*, who had announced their early departure for Sinaloa, and packed their goods, are ordered to unpack, and continue the publication of the paper at a safe distance from the seat of war.

This order by Mr. Owens is a conclusiv answer, for the present at least, to all inquirers. Do not think of joining the colony for a year. And perhaps it will be the part of prudence to wait till the aqueduct is built, the railroad well under way, and a few of the advantages of civilized life obtainable, before selling out and giving all you hav to an enterprise that may result disastrously. It is easy to lay out a city on paper, but a much more difficult task to convert the Mexican state of Sinaloa into a paradise that must support many thousands of colonists.

## A Judge Exceeding His Powers.

The newspapers state that in Ogden, Utah, the other day, Judge Henderson asked a Dane who applied for naturalization papers whether he believed in polygamy. The Dane replied that polygamy was a law of God. The Dane's son, who had also applied to be naturalized, returned substantially the same answer to the question. Papers were refused them.

We should like to know where a judge obtains authority for prying into a man's religious belief before granting naturalization papers. As well might the judge ask him if he believes in transubstantiation or the trinity.

They are dangerous precedents, these judicial inquisitions, and they are becoming too common. When a man commits bigamy is time enough to subject him to penalties.

## Editorial Notes.

S. P. PUTNAM'S brilliant lecture upon "The New God," which has afforded THE TRUTH SEEKER correspondents so wide a field for criticism and approval, is now issued in a very neat pamphlet of thirty-four pages, selling for ten cents.

THE March number of the *Popular Science Monthly* will contain a portrait of the late Professor E. L. Youmans, engraved on steel by Schlecht. The likeness is considered remarkably vivid, while the execution of the work is much superior to ordinary book-plates.

A RELIGIOUS paper of this city calls the new theology of the Andover professors "private views," "free thoughts," and "mere speculations." We should like to know what the old theology is but "mere speculation?" Does anybody hold that our current theology is an exact science, demonstrated as clearly as mathematics? If so, where is the demonstration, and why does not the world accept it as implicitly as it does that two and two make four?

A WRITER in a religious journal says, "It would be worth the while of skeptics to reflect that the two deepest thinkers among contemporary poets, Robert Browning and Alfred Tennyson, are believers." We disagree with the remark. Browning is a mystical stringer together of words, the value of whose laboriously constructed sentences has to be sought by diligent study, and when found is not worth the search. Tennyson, when he could write poetry, was a broad man. Since his intellect weakened sufficiently to enable him to write "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" we suppose he could accept Christianity gracefully.

SAYS the *Catholic Review*: "There is no longer a school question for Catholics. It is closed. The door of discussion, which was slightly ajar prior to 1884, was closed, locked, bolted, and barred by the Plenary Council held in that year, which directed that Christian schools should be maintained by all the parishes in the United States, not prevented by extreme poverty from carrying them on. That decree is law for priests and people." There is, however, a school question for the rest of the people, and that is to see that the school funds raised by taxation are never divided between the public and the parochial schools. And there is another school question for Freethinkers, which is to remove the present religious exercises from the public schools. Why should a Freethinker be obliged to spend half an evening removing from the mind of his child the effects of the half hour's religious training the youngster has had in the morning? Yet this is just what Freethinkers in this city hav to do, notwithstanding the order of the state superintendent of education that religious exercises should be excluded from the schools. It is an infamous outrage upon our rights.

WE printed recently the amount given to the various religious institutions of this city from the regular appropriations. The total was but little less than a million and a-half dollars. The following institutions collectivly receive additional per month from forty to fifty thousand dollars from the excise funds. The grant from the excise funds for the third quarter of 1886 has just been published. The institutions receiving the money are the Institution of Mercy, St. Joseph's Asylum, St. Stephen's Home for Children, Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, Missionary Sisters' Third Order of St. Francis, Association for the Benefit of Colored Orphans, St. James's Home, Association for Befriending Children and Young Girls, St. Ann's Home, American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless, Asylum of St. Vincent de Paul, St. Agatha Home for Children, St. Michael's Home, Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society, Ladies' Deborah Nursery and Child's Protectory. The total amount for the quarter was $132.911.92. This is about the usual amount of spoils quarterly divided among the sectarian thieves, and brings the total annual booty of the various churches to over two millions of dollars.

## The Truth of History.

Thousands of Christians have asked: How was it possible for Christ and his apostles to deceive the people of Jerusalem? How came the miracles to be believed? Who had the impudence to say that lepers had been cleansed, and that the dead had been raised? How could such impostors have escaped exposure?

I ask: How did Mohammed deceive the people of Mecca? How has the Catholic church imposed upon millions of people? Who can account for the success of falsehood?

Millions of people are directly interested in the false. They live by lying. To deceive is the business of their lives. Truth is a cripple; lies have wings. It is almost impossible to overtake, and kill, and bury a lie. If you do, some one will erect a monument over the grave, and the lie is born again as an epitaph. Let me give you a case in point.

A few days ago the Matlock *Register*, a paper published in England, printed the following:

"CONVERSION OF THE ARCH ATHEIST.

"Mr. Isaac Loveland, of Shoreham, desires us to insert the following:

"'1 GROVE-ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD,
LONDON, Nov. 27, 1886.

"'DEAR MR. LOVELAND: A day or two since I received from Mr. Hine the exhilarating intelligence that through his lectures on the "Identity of the British Nation with Lost Israel," in Canada and the United States, that Col. Bob Ingersoll, the arch Atheist, has been converted to Christianity, and has joined the Episcopalian church. *Praise the Lord!!!* Five thousand of his followers *have been won for Christ* through Mr. Hine's grand mission work, the other side of the Atlantic. The colonel's cousin, the Rev. Mr. Ingersoll, wrote to Mr. Hine soon after he began lecturing in America, informing him that his lectures had made a great impression on the colonel and other Atheists. I noted it at the time in the *Messenger*. Bradlaugh will yet be converted; his brother has been, and has joined a British Israel Identity Association. This is progress, and shows what an energetic, determined man (like Mr. Hine) who is earnest in his faith can do. Very faithfully yours, H. HODSON RUGG.'"

How can we account for an article like that? Who made up this story? Who had the impudence to publish it?

As a matter of fact, I never saw Mr. Hine, never heard of him until this extract was received by me in the month of December. I never read a word about the "Identity of Lost Israel with the British Nation." It is a question in which I never had, and never expect to have, the slightest possible interest.

Nothing can be more preposterous than that the Englishman, in whose veins can be found the blood of the Saxon, the Dane, the Norman, the Pict, the Scot, and the Celt, is the descendant of "Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob." The English language does not bear the remotest resemblance to the Hebrew, and yet it is claimed by the Reverend Hodson Rugg that not only myself, but five thousand other Atheists, were converted by the Rev. Mr. Hine, because of his theory that Englishmen and Americans are simply Jews in disguise.

This letter, in my judgment, was published to be used by missionaries in China, Japan, India, and Africa.

If stories like this can be circulated about a living man, what may we not expect concerning the dead who have opposed the church?

Countless falsehoods have been circulated about all the opponents of superstition. Whoever attacks the popular falsehoods of his time will find that a lie defends itself by telling other lies. Nothing is so prolific, nothing can so multiply itself, nothing can lay and hatch as many eggs, as a good, healthy, religious lie.

And nothing is more wonderful than the credulity of the believers in the supernatural. They feel under a kind of obligation to believe everything in favor of their religion, or against any form of what they are pleased to call "Infidelity."

The old falsehoods about Voltaire, Paine, Hume, Julian, Diderot, and hundreds of others grow green every spring. They are answered; they are demonstrated to be without the slightest foundation; but they rarely die. And when one does die there seems to be a kind of Cæsarian operation, so that in each instance, although the mother dies, the child lives to undergo, if necessary, a like operation, leaving another child, and sometimes two.

There are thousands and thousands of tongues ready to repeat what the owners know to be false, and these lies are a part of the stock in trade, the valuable assets, of superstition. No church can afford to throw its property away. To admit that these stories are false now, is to admit that the church has been busy lying for hundreds of years, and it is also to admit that the word of the church is not and cannot be taken as evidence of any fact.

A few years ago, I had a little controversy with the editor of the New York *Observer*, the Rev. Ireneus Prime (who is now supposed to be in heaven enjoying the bliss of seeing Infidels in hell), as to whether Thomas Paine recanted his religious opinions. I offered to deposit a thousand dollars for the benefit of a charity, if the reverend doctor would substantiate the charge that Paine recanted. I forced the New York *Observer* to admit that Paine did not recant, and compelled that paper to say that "Thomas Paine died a blaspheming Infidel."

A few months afterward an English paper was sent to me—a religious paper—and in that paper was a statement to the effect that the editor of the New York *Observer* had claimed that Paine recanted; that I had offered to give a thousand dollars to any charity that Mr. Prime might select, if he would establish the fact that Paine did recant; and that so overwhelming was the testimony brought forward by Mr. Prime that I admitted that Paine did recant, and paid the thousand dollars.

This is another instance of what might be called the truth of history.

I wrote to the editor of that paper, telling the exact facts, and offering him advertising rates to publish the denial, and in addition stated that if he would send me a copy of his paper with the denial, I would send him twenty-five dollars for his trouble. I received no reply, and the lie is in all probability still on its travels, going from Sunday-school to Sunday-school, from pulpit to pulpit, from hypocrite to savage—that is to say, from missionary to Hottentot—without the slightest evidence of fatigue—fresh and strong, and in its cheeks the roses and lilies of perfect health.

Some person, expecting to add another gem to his crown of glory, put in circulation the story that one of my daughters had joined the Presbyterian church—a story without the slightest foundation—and although denied a hundred times, it is still being printed and circulated for the edification of the faithful. Every few days I receive some letter of inquiry as to this charge, and I have industriously denied it for years, but up to the present time it shows no signs of death—not even of weakness.

Another religious gentleman put in print the charge that my son, having been raised in the atmosphere of Infidelity, had become insane and died in an asylum. Notwithstanding the fact that I never had a son, the story still goes right on, and is repeated day after day without the semblance of a blush.

Now, if all this is done while I am alive and well, and while I have all the facilities of our century for spreading the denials, what will be done after my lips are closed?

The mendacity of superstition is almost enough to make a man believe in the supernatural.

And so I might go on for a hundred columns. Billions of falsehoods have been told, and there are trillions yet to come. The doctrines of Malthus have nothing to do with this particular kind of reproduction.

"And there are also many other falsehoods which the church has told, the which if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."

R. G. INGERSOLL.

W. F. JAMIESON, on his tour through Nebraska, has had crowded houses, and is re-engaged to deliver other courses of lectures on his return trip to Colorado. Address at Minden, Neb.

L. K. WASHBURN intends making a lecturing tour west through the states of New York and Ohio, and is desirous of entering into correspondence with Liberal societies and with individual Freethinkers who can and will prepare the way for him to speak. We hav heard Mr. Washburn several times, and can personally guarantee the quality of his oratory. On or off the platform he is one of the best men in the world. Address him at Revere, Mass.

# Letters from Friends.

CARLISLE, PA., Jan. 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Find herewith $1. The abominable illustrations sent out weekly in your paper are almost equal to an emetic to me, but I take the paper for sensible articles and "Gems of Thought." The terrible strain Mr. Heston makes to be smart I'm afraid will hasten his departure from the world, and I would advise him to strain no more.

Respectfully, M. BURGESS.

CHARLESTON, ILL., Jan. 29, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Dr. Charles McGrew is trying to organize an investigating society here, to investigate all religious denominations and see which is the best to liv up to. He has asked several church-members and ministers to join it. The answer by the ministers is: "I don't want to investigate. I know all I want to know." How wise they are—too wise to liv on earth! J. B. DAZEY.

MIDDLE FALLS, N. Y., Jan. 31, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Why will you persist in that dreadful "bob-tailed" spelling of "hav," "giv," and "liv." Giv it up, friend Macdonald; you cannot revolutionize the established orthography so far as these three small words are concerned, and your readers will never take kindly to a system that givs an unfinished appearance to their best thought. Let your readers vote on it! D. LOUIS BODGE.

DUBLIN, IND., Jan. 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I like the general character of THE TRUTH SEEKER well, but the pictures—what shall I say? Well, they are repulsiv in general to look at, and hav a very unpleasant effect. For instance, take Noah and his family eating worms, bugs, and lice. Such a scene is enough to nauseate the stomach of a dog. When you think of it, your victuals won't taste good. If you go a-fishing with such bait, you will catch nothing but tadpoles. MILTON THORNBURGH.

DAYTON, IND., Jan. 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: To say that I am astonished and surprised at the bold and outright hits and assaults you continue to make in battling divine revelation of the Christian persuasion is a mere begging of terms, and insufficient to express my congratulations in regard to the great good you are bringing about in the cause of Freethought. If your illustrated journal of Freethought does not do wonders in its field of labor, and bring to its office a large patronage, it will only be due to the stupidity and lack of appreciation by the civilized world. C. S. GRAFT.

BARTON, FLA., Jan. 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Following on the heels of the destruction of my business by Knights of Labor Christian bigots, came impaired health, resulting in a lung difficulty, and therefore hied I to the land of flowers. It is not only that, but while it has the loveliest climate—so far, at least—I ever saw, yet it is dyed in superstition. When I get a little stronger, I will write a long letter descriptiv of what I hav seen in Florida. I write this to ask the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER in this section to giv me their address, so I can call on them or write. A. C. EVERETT.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 21, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $11 for subscriptions. You are doing a noble work in behalf of the mind-enslaved portion of humanity, and it is the earnest wish of the writer that you may not weary in well doing.

Friend Bradford's "righteous indignation" is just to the point, and I trust that our Liberal friends will gladden the editor's heart with prompt remittances.

Will not some of our Liberal friends, whose communications are always interesting, be more liberal in their criticisms of each other? Sometimes in reading these the thought forces itself upon us that the term Liberal is slightly "out of joint." L. E. JORDAN.

NUNDA, ILL., Jan. 4, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I do not think THE TRUTH SEEKER adds any strength or influence to its usefulness by advocating the Anarchist side of the free speech question. If I injure your character or your business by the use of free speech, I make myself liable to an action at law, which is all wrong according to your theory. No; free speech is not designed to injure another. Hence I fail to see the point you attempt to make. But I do not intend to stop my paper in consequence. Long may THE TRUTH SEEKER wave, is my wish.

Yours, J. E. BECKLEY.

[If Mr. Beckley, or an Anarchist, injures any person by his speech, then should he be liable. And when he, or any one else, shows that the speeches of the Chicago Anarchists killed the policemen, or led to the killing, then will we advocate their punishment.—ED. T. S.]

BRADFORD, PA., Feb. 5, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Charles Watts has just completed a lecture tour through Pennsylvania. We gave him a call on short notice and had a good company of Freethinkers out to hear him, while the clergy and their faithful followers were very shy. They were afraid that their miraculous religion would be held up to the gaze of the people.

We think Thomas Jefferson said truly that the Christian religion should be classed with other superstitions.

We expect C. B. Reynolds here the 20th of this month. We want to show the people what Secularism really teaches, and that what is known and can be demonstrated is of more use to men and women than their supposed supernatualism. When the people become educated, then we can get a crowd to hear a Secular lecture. I see in this week's issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER that my old friend and neighbor, J. L. Brooks, of Portville, N. Y., is a Spiritualist. How he is, and I am not, I cannot understand. We hav lived in the same locality, breathed the same kind of air, and attended generally all the public mediums that hav professed to know about spirits. After a full and careful investigation I hav reached the conclusion that Spiritualism is untrue and has no scientific basis. I am yet ready to be convinced, and I would like friend Brooks to tell me what made him a Spiritualist, and if it can be demonstrated before a body of scientific men.

C. J. CURTIS.

CRITTENDEN, ARIZ., Jan. 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Each number of THE TRUTH SEEKER is so good, and so much better than its predecessor, and the cartoons are improving so and hit so near the center, that I do not know how to get along without it. But, more than that, your splendid defense of the rights of free speech from both foes within as well as without prompts me to make an extra effort to sustain you, so please find $2 inclosed. Promptly discontinue at expiration, as it is quite possible I may hav gone over the range by that time.

I also inclose a tribute that was read at the grave of little Ida Linder, a bright, precocious child of Freethinking parents, who objected to priestly burial. An appeal was made to a Freethought friend on his way to the funeral, and was prepared upon the spur of the moment, and, as usual, the incomparable Ingersoll was drafted upon. F. A. LAMONT.

FRIENDS: We stand at the grave of one whose morn of life had hardly commenced ere the evening of death claimed her.

"Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the hights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

The little one has fallen into a dreamless sleep.

The grand law of evolution that sits enthroned on the material, mental, and moral world is ever unfolding for the better.

While we mingle our tears of sympathy with the bitter tears of the bereaved parents, we may hope that if there is a future life the pure spirit of the little one will progress toward a grander and nobler life.

Nature is always wiser than man. We bow to the inevitable. Let us do our duty here and the star of hope we may hav always.

Adieu, little one! May the fadeless glory of the morn be ever thine!

PAISLEY, OR., Jan. 19, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find a check for $40.90, for which send, first, fifty copies of your valuable paper, and the remainder in tracts for promiscuous distribution.

There has been organized here a Sunday-school that pretends to be Protestant to all outward appearances, but which under the guise of Protestantism issues Sunday-school cards that are unmistakably Catholic in creed.

And to successfully cope with the machinery of superstition, and return "railing for railing," the Liberals of this place hav organized a Liberal League, with the following officers: George C. Duncan, president; Jerome Gaylord, treasurer; and George W. Hayes, secretary.

We further request of you that you send us a copy of the constitution and by-laws of the American Secular Union, and necessary instructions whereby we may become a part and be known as a factor in the grand cause of Liberalism, and as laborers for the promotion of truth and morality.

Although occupying an isolated position, and having no means of communication but a weekly mail to keep pace with the Liberal advancement of the age, still we hav banded ourselvs together for the purpose of mutually assisting to advance the cause of Liberalism.

This village has been the scene of many hotly-contested encounters between Satan (truth) and preachers of different denominations; but, thanks to precept and the widespread prevalence of common sense, the encounters so far hav proved the truth of the adage that "time and skill will couch the blind."

We hav neither church nor jail, hav never had a serious disturbance in the place, although dances and gatherings for amusement are frequent.

Liberalism is in the ascendant, and for friendship or sociability we challenge the coast, and, from an impartial standpoint, would challenge any orthodox village of equal size in the world.

But with all this, these Christian fathers shout, "Heretic!" and seek by every device to reform the "heathen," though we are neither roughs nor rowdies. They try to preach Christ to us, and him crucified, and thus purge Paisley. We hav hitherto listened and passed unheeded their slurs and insults, heard them cry till hoarse that "Infidelity and crime walked hand in hand," and that our boasted Liberality meant the unbridled sway of passions, but we now "war, ceaseless war, declare," and will try issue with them in the arena of truth and enlightened reason.

They seek by falsehsod to create the impression that it is a contest between the scum of the saloon and the Sabbath-school, when Liberalism is supported and encouraged by the most influential citizens of the place, both men and women.

Yours for the cause of Liberalism,

GEORGE W. HAYES, Sec.

NEW YORK, Feb. 4, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to giv your readers a few of my ideas. First, take the land question. I consider it quite unnecessary to insist on nationalizing all the land, as Henry George teaches, and thereby disturb needlessly the minds of millions of title-holders. All the good desired by his doctrin will be reached by taxing the ground only, and exempt all and every improvement thereon, of any kind whatever. This would touch and disturb only the speculators in lands and lots, concerning which we are all agreed that this class is a curse. The tax would then fall heavier on unproductiv land and vacant lots than now. Such holders would either build on the lots and cultivate the land, or sell it, and probably much more of it than now would be sold for taxes. This is my remedy. With the exception of the speculators, all other title-holders could and would support this plan. I voted for George, but since I learned that he is opposed to any income tax, I dropped him, because I consider a graded or progressiv income tax the most just tax, borne the easiest, and only by those best able to pay it, and exempting all the poor class. This tax would be worth more for the majority than all else. As it is now, the poor pay proportionately more in taxes than the rich, even if the latter honestly paid his personal taxes; but as now he evades and dodges even them. If these two ideas or principles on taxation were put forward, I cannot but believe that soon a majority of voters could be obtained for it. This would prevent excessiv accumulation of land and wealth to a few persons only. Now is the time, the best chance to revise the constitution, and agitate.

Now, another subject is the 287 B.M., or B.S. I would ask these advocates, Is man not older? or is science older? I was asked to see and read the articles on "Chronology" in the Encyclopedia Britannica, and I will do the same, and ask whoever has a chance of access to that work to see and read that article, and I predict that whoever is able to read with understanding and profit will find that any new era, except it commence counting from the earliest known time, would be only a curse. This year of 287 will not date "A.D." No, no! but has taken it nevertheless for its foundation.

FRED KOEZLY.

CHARLOTTE HARBOR, FLA., Jan. 29, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I notice much fun is being made in different ways of faith cures, and laying on of hands, etc. Now, while I believe there is much evil results caused by overworking all things, mentally, morally, physically, or spiritually, still I believe there is good in all things, and everything should be worked or used according to its ability and usefulness. Now, while so many utterly ignore all things spiritual, and others pitying them ignore everything materialistic, I should like you to publish the following cures done by myself, while the people yet liv who hav been cured. I will only speak of three, although I hav cured many more; in fact, never miss a case where faith is strong.

Case No. 1, at Fort Bassinger, Fla. I was teaching a small school. One of my little scholars, Mr. Rauluson's boy, aged nearly six years, was bitten by a large stub-tailed, cotton-mouthed moccasin snake. The child swelled from the foot to the crown of his head. I preached here as well as taught. They sent for me. When I got there the little fellow was so much swelled that his skin was nearly bursting, and he was beginning to turn black. Some spots on him were nearly as large as my hand. I used some simple remedies, but kept rubbing him gently with my hands. My simple work and their great faith cured the child the fourth day.

Case No. 2, at Fort Bassinger. Mrs. Chandlier had a cancer on the side of her nose. It affected her eye and whole side of her face. She was old, having grown children, and when she wished me to cure the cancer, I confess my faith was weak. I had business at Sanford, Fla. I consulted Dr. ———, who said it was no use. He had burnt them out with lunar caustic, but on the side or anywhere about the bridge of the nose they could not be cured. I returned to Bassinger, and after consulting the inner man long and earnestly, I finally got faith. I used some simple remedy. It and our faith did make her whole. The cancer was gone, and the place where it had been showed no scar. I was greatly surprised, as it was done so quickly.

Case No. 3 is here, and a negro woman. I was teaching a little negro school, when one day, about four weeks ago, an old darkey known as Parson Joe came running to the schoolhouse and told me Aunt Ann had broke her leg right off, and wanted me to go and see her. I took a piece of sack and the coal-oil can, and put out for the field. I found the leg broken off below the knee. I took some splinters and bound the leg tight, poured plenty of oil on it, and told her she could walk on it again in three days from that day, and she did it, and is now as well as ever.

Now, all this can be proven. I don't wish to see medicin thrown away. Neither would I wish to see faith given up. My belief is that simple medicin and great faith are better than strong medicin and weak faith, for the mind truly has much to do in making the person. Let us do all the good we can, each in our own way. None of us is perfect. There are many of to-day who ought to hav Jesus's story of the mote and beam retold to them, and heed it.

Yours for truth in all its forms, REV. S. B. HURLBUT.

LE ROY, KAN., Jan. 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: A teacher of fair qualification, in 1837, while endeavoring to make the arithmetical rule of subtraction plain, called my attention to the "bottom principle of the rule," to wit, take nought from nought, and nought remains; and I hav pondered over that "bottom principle" for fifty years, and am now totally unable to seize, to grasp, to comprehend nothing; ergo, am forced to pronounce it raw material, too intensely intangible for practical purposes. That teacher taught me also that before anything—material—was, a something in the form of a man existed, filling all space, inclosing all power, possessing all wisdom, and I hav striven to comprehend, to analyze this problem, but for space to exist without a material boundary is as impossible for me to comprehend as "was the before" anything existed. He taught me also that this "form of a man," enthroned in "boundless space" by the exercise of his "will power," instantaneously developed, in all its beauty, loveliness, perfection, vastness, and sublimity, the "material universe," and though time has passed since the exercise of that "power" that the whole cycle of numbers cannot measure,

yet its loveliness, beauty, sublimity, and grandeur show no change, nor has there been even one diminutiv star added thereto, or, in fact, taken therefrom. Then I must conclude, *a priori*, that that "form of a man," like the unfading amaranth, expanded to the remotest bounds of the universe, and now as "before time was" reveals no space wherein to locate a loathsome hell or an incomprehensible, intangible heaven, but overwhelms every observer by its inexpressible sublimity. Then, ho! every being possessing the "form of a man," come, come! and see and know the possible, the inevitable, the incontrovertible conclusion of this grand problem, to wit, if that "form of a man" was omnipotent, omniscient, and filled to its most remote bounds the incomprehensible universe, you individually constitute the elements and collectivly compose that something possessing the "form of man;" ergo, if that "it" was the personification of all good—and that "it" was, we hav the voluntary testimony of all those possessing the "form of man," from the moment of the grand, glorious, infinit expansion—then what hav you to care for but the never-ending to-day? You are the god.

If possible, continue the illustrations, and nail to the foremast-head of the grand old TRUTH SEEKER the sunlit flag on whose folds are inscribed the unalterable, the unchanging demands of all intelligent people, and under that flag may you place every ocean, sea, and bog, and enter every terrestrial home. A. V. COFFIN.

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SACRAMENTO, CAL., Jan. 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: As I promised you, please find inclosed a draft for twenty dollars, which use as directed.

Mr. Editor, I did not expect you would publish my last letter, but I am not sorry you did. Since you hav done so, allow me to say a few words more. Where are we drifting? Look at Boston, Chicago, San Francisco. See how the devils are acting. Yes, devils in human shape, tearing up railroads, and playing the devil generally. What is to become of the country if such things are permitted to go on the way they hav been going for the past few years? The only way that I can see to prevent these things is to hav a little judicious hanging. If that will not prevent this devilment that has been going on along back, then I don't know what will. In the name of heaven, what good does all this mischief do the laboring classes? It looks very much to me like the man who killed the goose that laid the golden egg. It does more harm than good to the laboring classes. Are the people so foolish as to suppose that capitalists are going to build railroads, factories, and other things for the fun of seeing them torn to pieces or burnt up? How long will it be, if things go on in this way, before capital will be driven from the country? The way to hav good times is to make capital secure. I would rather hav ten enterprising capitalists in the town where I am than a thousand labor strikers. Why? because we laborers can't do anything without capitalists, or money, to do it with. I am a laboring man myself. I hav worked for a living ever since I was large enough to work (I am nearly seventy-three years old), and I never saw a day that I could not find something to do at some price. If I could not get my own price I would do the next best thing until I could find something better, and this advice I would giv to all laborers, Do the best you can for yourself and mind your own business, and let other people's business alone. Many a one has made a fortune in that way, but no one ever made any thing in the other but the contempt of every honest man.

Mr. Editor, in my opinion the people owe it to themselvs to vindicate their right to citizenship, their right to possess property, and their right to use it lawfully as they please, if they hav to stamp out all strikes and strikers until they stop their nefarious work of all kinds. N. D. GOODELL.

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MCMINVILLE, TENN., Feb. 1, 1887.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKER: I like your name, but one of the greatest mysteries I hav ever met with is, that you can hardly find two people on earth that agree in every thing as to what is truth? But here is another mystery about as great: Our never-ceasing bickerings, and jealousies, and quarrels about these differences of opinion. If I prefer a pencil, and you pen and ink to write with, is that a just cause for animosity? If I feel sure that I am going the road to heaven, and you to hell, hav I any reason to hate you for it, or you to hate me? If there is a great future, as some of us think, the difference that will be made between us there will not be so much on account of our differences of opinion as on account of the difference of our affections. It will be whether we hav loved one another and done good, or hav we hated each other and done evil? Having been in the church or out of it will not be brought up in the trial at all. If there is a God, as some of us believe, he don't want our bread and meat and potatoes; he wants us to love and help each other.

Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, if I should advance some ideas different from some I see in THE TRUTH SEEKER, don't think I hate you or any of your correspondents. I love you all, as I love my own soul. But one thing I am afraid of: that you will not publish what I write, and then I will hav nothing for my time and trouble. But I will write once and see what will become of my offspring. And let me begin with "G. W. B.," Portland, Oregon. He says he is "not much of a Jesus man." Well, here is one thing I would say, and it seems to me it might stir him up a little. If he is right about Jesus and the great future, I am as safe as he is; but if I am right, can he say his condition is as good as mine? But the fact of my faith about Jesus, as I hav already intimated, is a small matter. I must love my fellow-man, and treat him as I would like him to treat me.

My dear Brother Bowman says, "I wonder how old Christ was when he was born."

Suppose that the eternal came to earth and took upon him a human form, and that human form was what was called the humanity. Then I would ask Mr. Bowman to answer his question himself. He would say that the humanity of Jesus was about as old as any of the rest of us were when we were born. But the divinity, who will tell us how old he was?

That Jesus Christ was thus God and man is proven positivly from the fact that he loved, and pitied, and suffered like a man, yet raised the dead, cured diseases, and in a moment quelled the violence of the storm like a God.

Brother Bowman asks "whether if Jesus Christ should walk into Trinity church, in New York, with his old clothes on, he would be welcome." But I would ask, What has that to do with the Bible, or Christ, or Christianity?

And if there is "a young preacher out West that has promised to marry five young ladies," does that prove Christ to be an impostor, and God to be a myth? As well might we say that one spurious coin proves all coins to be valueless. It is exceedingly humiliating to see so much of self and the love of the world in our preachers and the churches of the present day. But then I am often forced to ask my own heart, Am I any better? While we are condemning others, it might be well to heed Christ's admonition, "Cast first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull the mote off thy brother's eye."

He says further that "the Bible was made for impostors to preach and fools to believe."

A man who can say that says:

1. That he has never read the Bible with care and thought, for if he had he could see wisdom in that book that he can never find anywhere else.

2. That he has never read history, except it is Infidel history, for if he had he would know that a large majority of the wisest men that hav lived for the last eighteen and one-half centuries were strong believers in Christ and the Bible of Christ.

It shocks me to hear him speak of being "washed in the blood of the pig." Christ is called a lamb because he was clean and innocent. His blood was shed for us; he died for us. But by the blood of Christ is meant truth. Oh, that we could all see the truth! To see the truth, love it, and obey it, is the way to heaven. Oh, that all truth seekers might find it!

Do you tell Brother Bowman that when we get to heaven, if there are two saints for every harp, it will be all right, for no one would like to be playing on his harp all the time; for while half are playing, the others will put in their time lamenting their lost brothers.

He says: "Everybody will be going to heaven pretty soon, for hell will soon be full."

Hell may be a bigger place than we think, as we havn't been there yet to see how big it is.

A great deal of what Brother Bowman says is merely "ridiculing of sacred things." I wish I could see him and join with him in prayer. But if he says there is no God to pray to, I will ask him to tell me something about his origin. He did not make himself. He was dependent at first for his existence on some power other than himself, and he must be dependent for the continuation of his existence on the same power that made him.

Dear Editor, your "slight disagreement" is a wonder to me. You seem to forget, or not to hav noticed, two things: 1. That as a general thing all animals are afraid of man. 2. That when God spoke to Adam, man had not sinned. A vast change must hav taken place after that event.

And the "mockery of faith" is another wonder. But I will keep back what I hav to say on this subject for another article, provided you publish this and send me a copy.

Yours in love, yours in the very kindest of feelings,

J. R. HAGGARD.

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SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Jan. 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been an Infidel or Liberal for fifteen years; a subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER for one year; and am a member of the Secular Union. I hav read with interest the various communications from different Liberals with due deference and respect for all my fellows, of whatever shade of belief.

I desire to express my humble opinion. First, I am very sorry to read the special notice or dun for money owing to our paper, THE TRUTH SEEKER. Such things destroy that confidence we should hav in one another, a confidence which is the only true standard of brotherly love and friendship. When a Freethinker or Liberal cannot, by reason of circumstances, pay for his paper, let him come right out like a man and say so. Then let us put things in a shape so that those who are able will be induced (and, surely, they ought to be willing) to contribute to the deficiency, and without trying to make a show of our generosity either.

Another thing I am very much pained to read in our paper is, that a set of men supposed to be consistent and reasonably well informed, if not a little more intelligent than those who hav traveled through life in the old ruts of superstition, should think that Freethought means to be free to think and concoct crime of any sort, or free to try to overturn any system of civil law—no matter by whom enacted—that is a reasonable protection to humanity, without putting something better in its place. I now refer to Anarchism. When the telegraph flashed the news of that butchery (the outcome of our already too free institutions) in Chicago, the whole law-abiding portion of the United States were up in arms. Knights of Labor hastened to denounce such men and measures, and in almost every city and hamlet public sentiment was a unit against such law-breakers. Now, are any considerable number of Liberals going to allow themselvs to fall into that ridiculous fashion of petting criminals as soon as the bodies of those policemen hav got cold? There is scarcely a criminal in any jail in this country who does not hav a lot of soft-hearted women, with some men, to help start public sentiment in the other direction, and they too often succeed in defeating the ends of justice. It is simply silly to talk of the injustice of the law that may hang those men. If they hav, or one of their number has, violated the law, let them suffer without men from our ranks trying to make intelligent martyrs of those murderers who hav come to this land by the invitation of its people, and then turn on them and try to overturn the laws of the only free government under the sun based on liberal principles. If the law, by which those men may hang, is wrong, go about it in an orderly manner and work for its repeal. I notice one Liberal speaks of that bomb-thrower as being an emissary of the capitalists. Was anything of that kind proven? Besides, hav not those men stood right there in open court, and derided and defied our laws? The outlook under present circumstances for true Liberalism does not look nearly as encouraging to me as it should. No great and good end can be accomplished without unity of action and some regular system or plan, and, most of all, a well-defined good principle must underlie and accompany it throughout. Another thing that speaks bad for the cause espoused by those condemned men is that, to say the least, here in Springfield, where I am thoroughly acquainted, you cannot find a man who will defend those men, except the sluggers, shoulder-hitters, and worst class of vagabonds we hav. They can be seen examining pictures, and eulogizing the condemned men, while they fill themselvs with whisky. Although I lack the polish and education of which I should hav been glad to avail myself, I am not writing for fame or glory. I wish to state—call it prediction or what you may—that our society will grow not one-half as fast among people of intelligence and strict reliability if we are to hav such things to contend with. In my judgment, "N. G. W.'s" private opinion publicly expressed in regard to every mother's son of those policemen at the Haymarket should hav remained a private opinion rather than to be expressed in terms of that character, and I shall prefer to remain egotistic if in order to be free I must espouse the cause of a lot of ranters who in the name of free speech advised murder, pillage, and incendiarism. Those men would never hav had the police there to stop their meeting had they always been conducting themselvs in an orderly, peaceable manner. And if the stopping of that riotous demonstration by the Catholic police was a victory against Infidels, I cannot see it but in the light that our society must advocate Anarchism. I can only look at it that although all Anarchists may be Infidels, yet the majority of Infidels are not in any sense Anarchists. The absolute free speech idea must fall to the ground at once. With that you cannot hinder me from advocating slanders of any kind, or going on the street and preaching in favor of gambling-dens or any other kind of a den that no set of orderly people would tolerate.

In conclusion allow me add I came to this country in 1864 from Switzerland, and hav lived in Sangamon county, Illinois, for twenty-two years continually. I had but five dollars when I landed. Myself and wife hav saved a comfortable property by hard work. We hav never given one cent to the church; never had a living being raise a question against our character for square dealing in any way. I keep a permanent eating-house on a principal street and show THE TRUTH SEEKER around fearlessly among the people, and know what turns more people away from reading and endorsing it than anything else; and I believe nothing would suit church people (who are posted) better than to hav a chance to make it appear that we are Anarchists, Communists, and Socialists.

My best wishes are with the paper, and I do not believe free thought, speech, or press is going down, but want to see the best means used to raise it to the highest standard of right. S. PFARRER.

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FORT LARAMIE, WYO. TERR., Jan. 29, 1887.

FRIEND MACDONALD: Let us shake! If there is one thing more than another that I admire THE TRUTH SEEKER for, it is the stand it took in regard to admitting a free discussion of the economic or industrial questions in Liberal Leagues, and its protest in behalf of the condemned Chicago Anarchists. I know of hundreds of simon-pure Freethinkers who hav lost interest in THE TRUTH SEEKER, for the simple reason that having passed through the rudimentary stage of Freethought, which heretofore has dealt almost exclusivly with the religious phase of the question, they passed on to the still more important question of the distribution of the products of labor. Mr. Jamison, together with other so-called Freethinkers who discontinue their subscriptions to this paper because it has dared to question the act of the farce in Chicago, called a court of justice, had better return to the church, where they properly belong. Mr. Jamison exhibits more intolerance than many Christians whom I know, and for my part, I wouldn't lose much time in an attempt to set a man of his opportunities right.

The names of the condemned Anarchists, whom Mr. Jamison would doubtless delight in seeing executed, will occupy a bright page in history alongside those of Robert Emmett, John Brown, and others, when that of Mr. Jamison is buried in oblivion, or only remembered to be despised. Spies, Fielden, Parsons, and the other condemned men are simply paying the penalty of resisting the tyrannical powers that be, and if executed, will go to join illustrious predecessors who hav dared to expose the villainy of the oppressors of the people. Let Mr. Jamison be relegated to the ranks of the consensus of the competent, along with Abbot, Underwood, *et al.*, who joined hands with the law and order element to place D. M. Bennett behind the bars of a bastile. Better a thousand times that THE TRUTH SEEKER should cease to exist than for it to refuse the use of its columns for the free discussion of every question which affects the welfare of humanity. Fraternally, J. ALLEN EVANS.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## Four Bills.

A gas bill lay on a table green—
The prettiest gas bill ever seen;
Patrician was it, puffed with pride,
It reposed with ease on its paper side,
A pink yonng thing, with a margin wide.
The figures on it in a row
Made a stunningly handsome little show;
They were four in number, small and sweet,
The cost of many a thousand feet;
You may wager your all, they were there complete!

A plumber's bill on a mantel near
Looked down on the sheet with a covert sneer;
It dryly said, "You look so queer,
Puffed out in your pride while I am here!
Really, now, were it worth my while,
I'm not quite sure bnt I'd try to smile!
I'm always about you—can't you see
You are no account by the side of me?"
A wrangle ensued between the two,
As troubles from pride will often brew.

An ice bill grinned as it watched the fun,
Not seeming to care for either one;
It glanced at both as they fiercely swelled,
And then remarked that it felt compelled
To interfere in the quarrel there,
And frowned on each with a savage glare.
"You quarrel for the foremost place,"
It said with a sneer on its clammy face:
"The summer's coming, and then you'll see
Where both of you stand by the side of me."

A drink bill then came staggering in—
A bill for beer, and brandy, and gin,
Together with whisky, wine, and rum—
The whole a most astonishing sum.
Said the drink bill to the other three,
"You look dumb gaunt beside of me;
A thousand per cent upon first cost
In crime and pain, I figure, is lost;
You see you are left, I hav no doubt,
So make your bow and hustle out."

—*Adapted by J. P. Guild.*

## Biographical.

I.—GIORDANO BRUNO.

Of all men that ever lived on the planet earth, perhaps not one ever gave such an impulse to science and revealed truth as did Giordano Bruno. Few hav shown such extraordinary mental capacity, and none has expressed himself so clearly and boldly at a period when it was regarded as a crime to think and to talk upon questions not under the sanction of ecclesiasticism.

The town of Nola, not far from Naples, in Italy, is the place honored by the birth of the great philosopher and promulgator of Freethought.

In the year 1548 this illustrious man first saw the light. His original name wus Filippo, but when he became, at fifteen, a novitiate of the Dominican (Catholic) order, his name was changed to that of Giordano.

He early became a doubter upon the recognized problems of Christianity as then taught, and boldly questioned the authorities. He was a born skeptic, and when only sixteen he discarded the doctrin of the "holy Trinity" as most absurd, and laughed at the scriptural version of the origin of man as too ridiculous for belief. Before this, he was reprimanded and dealt with leniently, because he was an able and brilliant scholar, and so bright and shining a light was wanted in the church.

Copernicus had been dead twenty-six years, but had left behind him an astronomical history that startled the world, and this doctrin of the great astronomer became the belief of Bruno, who boldly expressed his adherence to it.

Then, for the third time, was his creed investigated, and as he was about to be summarily dealt with by the priests, he was obliged to flee from the wrath tc come, and he became a wanderer from place to place.

The Protestants were just as bitter against him as were the Catholics, and John Calvin would hav put him to death for doubting the so-called "Word of God," as quickly as he did Servetus. He taught what is now an accepted fact, *i.e.*, the revolution of the earth; and the people were ready to destroy him for it. But he continued teaching and debating wherever he went, from one country to another, and was almost continually compelled to flee after speaking the truth. He was imprisoned in dungeons for seven years, the fiends of the Inquisition having been seeking his death for some time; and was, after submitting to great insult and abuse, sentenced to be burnt alive. It may never be known to what tortures he was subjected by the Romish church in order to make him renounce his convictions. Honestly, bravely, he admitted all the heresies charged against him, and fearlessly gave good reasons for them—reasons that could not truthfully be gainsaid or disproved. He could not, he would not, recant when he knew he had the honest truth and that alone. He tried to make others free, to show the worth and beauty of reason, truth, and common sense over falsehood, duplicity, and hypocrisy. He strove to remove the chains of superstition and bigotry from the human mind, to show the right of all men to think and believe each for himself; and for this he was burnt alive, tied to a stake, and the hot flames made to hiss and scorch and blister his poor body until death brought relief to his sufferings. He said, when his awful doom was made manifest to him: "I feel my sufferings, but I despise them; I shrink not from death, and my heart will never submit to mortal."

The books he left show the depth and power of his wonderful, far-reaching mind. His philosophy is grand, beautiful, and inspiring. His rare abilities as a scholar and thinker made him a welcome guest in the courts of brave kings and radical emperors. Noblemen desired him for guide and friend, distinguished philosophers and students recognized his genius and were spell-bound before his eloquence and logic, but the wrath of the devotees of religion shadowed him everywhere he went. Brave, noble, heroic Bruno—a martyr to free thought and free speech, thy name, in letters golden and eternal, shines as no other name in the heaven of human liberty and human redemption!

Although money has been raised in this country, and in other lands, to erect a statue to his memory on the very spot where he was so cruelly and barbarously executed, yet his greatest monument is, and must ever be, in the hearts of those who are made better and nobler by his teachings. He began a new system of scientific knowledge, showing that everything moved in obedience to fixed and immutable laws, instead of being ordered by a changeable and capricious God, as was then being taught.

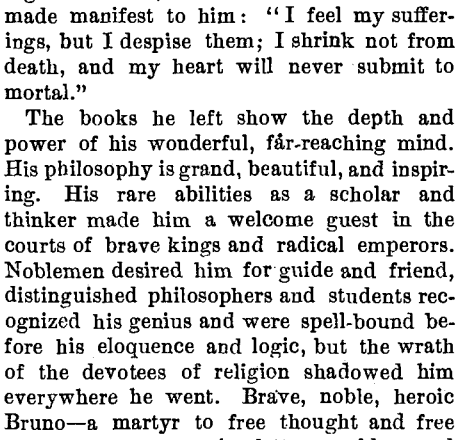
An effort has been made to date a new era, the era of science, from the day of his terrible martyrdom in Rome, February 17, 1600, and the same is in use by many Liberals now; but, whether it should ever be brought into general recognition or not, let no one cease to remember the worth, the intellectual grandeur, the greatness, of the immortal Italian philosopher, the friend of freedom and pioneer of scientific knowledge, whose efforts broadened and brightened the world we liv in, who organized a system of knowledge, showing the universe to be governed by law, and gave his body to be burnt for the cause of truth and science—Giordano Bruno.

S. H. W.

QUESTIONS.—Where was Bruno born? In what year? What was his original name? When did he discard the doctrin of the Trinity? What does "holy Trinity" mean? Why was he obliged to flee from his country? What did he teach? How long was he in prison, and what for? Could anyone disprove his theories? For what did he strive? When condemned to death, what did he say? What can you say of his teachings? Who recognized his genius? What can you say of his monument? When was his martyrdom? What of the new era? Why should we remember and honor his memory?

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.




A famous quotation.

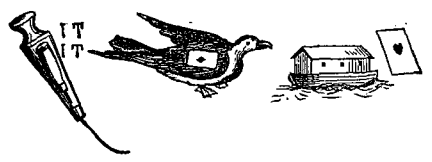
2.—AN ARENACEOUS ANAGRAM.

*A sand-bar* here, changed by my wand,
"A grave old Spanish dance" must stand,
From whose just center here, as planned,
*A bar* reversed, at my command
You take, and leave but—*sand.*

That which you took, I now remand
To form our Terpsichorean band.
Behold now where that creature tanned
Looks like some Bedouin or brigand—
*A nativ of Arabia's* land—
*Him take* and leave but—*sand.*

*Irwin, Ia.* J. K. P. BAKER.

3.—REBUS.




A frequent remark about any strange event.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, FEB. 5, 1887.

1.–Theorbo. 2.–Cauliflower, carrot, beet, bean, peas, potato, tomato, pumpkin, kale, rhubarb, radish, cabbage, celery, squash, asparagus.

## Correspondence.

OMAHA, Jan. 24, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am ten years old, and go to school and learn English, German, and music. I read every TRUTH SEEKER, and like the Corner very much. I would like to hav your yicture; we hav several pictures of Freethinkers in our rooms. I hav heard S. P. Putnam, and like him very much.

Your little friend, JOSIE JUERGENSEN.

ARLINGTON, NEB., Feb. 4, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON, AND THE LITTLE FREETHINKER FRIENDS: I see so many letters in the Children's Corner, that I thought I would write. My mother and I are at home all alone. I hav a brother and a sister; my brother goes to school every week, and my sister is married. My father has gone to California. You will excuse my bad writing. I will close. Love to you and the children of the Corner. JUSTIN J. HAMMER.

RYERSON, MICH., Feb. 2, 1887

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write a letter to you for the first time. I like to read the letters in the Children's Corner. I am ten years old. I go to school. I study reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and language. My pa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for three years. If you think this is good enough to publish, I will try to write again. Hoping you spent a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, I remain,

Yours truly. ADA MCEVILLA.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 3, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am ten years old, and go to a public school. My father has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for nearly six years, and I like the Children's Corner very much. I had the "Story Hour" for my Christmas. I hav three brothers and one sister. My brother has "Little Lessons for Little Folks." This being my first letter, I think I will close now, hoping to see this letter printed.

Respectfully yours, RALPH STOUT.

BRADFORD, O., Jan. 30, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I saw that my other letter was published, so I thought I would write again. I hav no sisters or brothers. Maybe I can write a story for the Children's Corner. Mamma is reading THE TRUTH SEEKER. I read in the Children's Corner every week. I just finished reading about the world we liv in. Bradford has thirteen hundred inhabitants. It has five churches. There are only three little Freethinker boys here. For Christmas Mamma bought me the "StoryHour," and I think it is very nice. Papa went to hear Mr. Putnam two nights, and he thought his lectures were very good.

This is my second letter.

Yours respectfully, CLAUDE SMITH.

NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, VA.,
Feb. 6, A. S. 287.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Your kindly reception emboldens me to visit your cheerful Corner again. I offer a few contributions toward that "Song Hour," which I wish you to edit. If such rhymes suit you, I will let my versetry mill grind out some more of the same sort. Teach the children temperance by all means; without that, other things are not of much account. It is by Bands of Hope, Cadets of Temperance, and such things, that the churches are recruited. Let Liberals not be remiss in the juvenil temperance work. The children are to be the redeemers of the nation, and Secularists must train all the youth they can reach to think well and to drink not at all. The science articles that you hav so well begun in the Children's Corner will be most helpful. They should be collected when done, and bound in a "Science Hour" book. With my compliments to all in the Corner, I shall remain, Your poet ever,

JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

ROCHELLE, ILL., Feb. 8, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am a boy eleven years old. I go to a public school, and study arithmetic, language, geography, physiology, reading, and spelling. My father takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and has taken it many years, with other papers. He writes so much in THE TRUTH SEEKER that I thought I would write, too. There are eight rooms in the school where I go, and I am in the fifth room. I hav two sisters and one brother. I had a little brother that died two years ago. I think he was the dearest little boy that ever lived. We hav two cats named Thomas Paine and Benjamin Franklin. I cannot tell them apart only by their tails—one is shorter than the other. My father is an Infidel, and I think that is the right way to believe. We hav your "Story Hour" and your "Apples of Gold." We think they are the nicest books in the world. I guess I will hav to close for this time. OTTO WETTSTEIN, JR.

CASEY, IOWA, Feb. 3, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write a letter to the Children's Corner. It is the first time I hav tried. My father has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for eight years. He said it was a splendid paper. I read the Children's Corner. I am nine years old, and read in the Fourth Reader. I hav been going to school every day, but I hav been sick for twelve days and didn't get to school. It is so cold here that I cannot go out to play. I hav to stay in the house. I hav five brothers and no sisters, and one sister-in-law, niece, and nephew, and a father and mother. I shall like to see summer come, so my nephew and I can play out of doors. I study geography, arithmetic, reading, spelling, and writing. With best wishes for your happiness, I remain, Your friend,

ANNETTRE HAGER.

BALSTON SPA, Jan. 23, 287.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know that I was very much disappointed in not seeing you at the convention last September, but I must say that we had a very nice time swinging, rowing, and singing. I met with a great many Liberals there, and they are just the nicest people I ever saw. Well, I will tell you what a joke Mr. Somerby and the rest of THE TRUTH SEEKER people got on my father and mother. My sister Hattie and myself went the first Sunday to the meeting, and had a nice time. So mother and father started the Saturday following, and thought it not convenient for us to go, so went alone by a very early train, and got there just in time for dinner. In the mean time, Mr. Somerby and the rest of THE TRUTH SEEKER people drove seven miles another route, and took sister Hattie and myself over to the convention; and just as ma and pa had sat down to dinner, I tapped ma on her shoulder, and you should hav seen how surprised she was, and they all laughed, and I tell you we had a nice time. I warrant some of them won't forget it any more than I will. Now, the next thing is, I had a handsome surprise at Christmas of a beautiful Christmas card, with two little girls, and a book called, "Little Lessons for Little Folks." I guess where the book came from, but the card is a mystery unto this day. But a thousand thanks to the donors. I hope you had a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year as I did.

Well, I guess that this letter will take up too much room, so I will close.

Your little Liberal friend,

SADIE E. THORPE.

## Chat with Correspondents.

OLD BOY.—We do not think Henry Juergens dead, but probably otherwise engaged.

J. P. G.—Your favors received, and will be used in their order. Many thanks.

B. F. ROBBINS.—Thanks for kind appreciation. It encourages us to new effort, and to never grow weary in well doing.

SEWARD M.—We hav not seen Hagaman's poem, but it is highly indorsed, and must be a fine production. Your article received, and it will appear as soon as we hav room for it.

J. R. P.—Your excellent communication will appear soon. We hav seen the paper you allude to, and regard the matter as mysterious. But hav you seen the account of the *exposé* of H. V. Ross?

KATIE COLLAR.—As we hav had other communications on the same subject, we shall hav to put yours aside, although it is a very good one. Write on some other subject, and be sure and spell and punctuate properly.—Ed. C. C.

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# Poetry.

## The Injured Pedal.

I believe the millions, and billions, and quadrillions of worlds are inhabited. . . . I think all worlds loyal but this. The great organ of the universe, its pedals, its pipes, and its keys, are all one great harmony, save one injured pedal, save one broken stop—the vox humana of the human race—this disloyal world. And Christ must mend the key.—*Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, in Christmas Sermon.*

Of course, Brother Talmage, of course,
You say it, and so it must be,
For, whatever Reason and figures declare,
The Truth must with Talmage agree,
Or so much the worse for the truth!
Those quadrillion worlds are sustained
By God and his book, when the sense of the verse
Is rightly drawn out and explained.
(The branches may wither in blight,
The trunk may be twisted and stubbed,
But the crab-tree of God will yield apples of gold
If once it is piously clubbed.)

"He made the stars also." By this
We know that by him they were made;
We know, now, the stars are all glorious worlds;
God knows that we know, hence if weighed
In the scales of an enlightened age,
Earth, satellites, planets, and suns
Revolve in the text, and a wayfaring fool
May read it as fast as he runs.

Hence, therefore, whatever evolves
From darkness, confusion, and doubt,
Rewarding the patience of martyr and sage—
A fact hammered painfully out—
We find it is measured and classed
In scriptures, though wisely concealed,
Till God has been taught by the science of man
How much may be safely revealed.

This great astronomical text,
When prayerfully pondered, implies
All things whatsoever unless it may be
The thing that it flatly denies;
And so it is proper to hold
That beings resembling man
Are dwelling in all these quadrillion worlds
According to God's perfect plan.

This theory, oft entertained
By Infidels, proves after all
That infinit realms of an infinit king
Are fenced in with no common wall;
"But bounded by God on the North,
On the South, and the East, and the West,"
And God is circumference and center, and God
Is all there is of it—the rest
Is sorrow, rebellion, and sin,
And these are a local affair
Produced from the dust of an unruly world,
And finished in hell and despair.

"And all worlds are loyal but this,
Each pedal, each pipe, and each key
Attached to the organ of God's universe
Are one in divine harmony;
Save one injured pedal, save one
Broken stop, which, alas! we must name
The vox humana of the lost human race,
And Jesus must doctor the same."

When Satan, through chaos, from sheol
Arrived at the sun and beheld
The ten million billion quadrillion of stars
That circled around him, he yelled
"Defiance at heaven's blue vault,"
And, spotting this earth for his prey,
As God in his infinit love had ordained,
He spoiled it in less than a day.

Old Jupiter, Venus, and Mars,
Uranus, and Saturn, and all
The neighboring spheres were avoided because
They were not molested. Man's fall
Preconceived, was, however, unwished,
The rich flavored fruit that excelled
Was flavored to tempt, but God never desired
The result those conditions compelled.

Imagin a quadrillion sons
Of one single father—suppose
That all of them dwell in his favor but one,
And he, in his ignorance, shows
A strong disposition to judge,
And choose from appearance—believe
The father in mercy indulges the youth
With evil prepared to deceive;
You see how the boy is at fault,
You see that the father is kind,
The lad has two eyes, he should look through a board,
Or suffer for being so blind;
So Adam, though doomed from the first,
Had power to resist, but the game
He was destined to play, and was destined to lose,
He lost, and was therefore to blame.

The tree standeth up when it stands,
The tree falleth down when it falls,
The wind passeth by as it travels along,
The shock is severe that appalls;
Things are as they are, and they are
Not as God fondly hoped they would be,
But fixed by a compact he made with himself,
And does not annul, don't you see?

When Satan had ruined the earth,
Oh, what if the havoc had spread
And upset the Lord in a quadrillion worlds!
Then, Jesus, thy blood that was shed
For this had been needed by those,
And thou wouldst be bleeding to-day—
And ten million billion quadrillion quintillion
Of years would not finish the fray.

An average of four thousand years
To each individual star,
Would hav to be spent in preparing to shape
Thy coming from regions afar;
Then millions and billions of seed
Of trillions of women would bruise
The heads of a quadrillion serpents or more
As Satan might dictate and chose.

Thirty-three weary years at a stretch,
A quadrillion times thou wouldst liv
With beings like man, and a quadrillion times
Thy murderers thou wouldst forgiv;
Three times a quadrillion of days
In hell thou wouldst preach to the damned,
And hell in excess of its numbers to date,
A quadrillion times would be crammed.

A quadrillion crosses and spears,
A quadrillion God-inspired books,
A quadrillion Anthony Comstocks, besides
A similar bill of Joe Cooks,
A quadrillion deacons and popes,
A quadrillion thumbscrews and racks,
A quadrillion Ingersolls going about
Thrice armed with a quadrillion facts.

A quadrillion Talmages, strong
In the Lord and the power of his might,
A quadrillion cushions a quadrillion times
Would pound—but, thank Satan, his flight
Touched no other pedal but this,
At no other stop did he stop;
So, minus one key, the old organ goes on,
And Talmage goes off—with a pop!

FRANK FELT.

## A Theological Romance.

It is now a little more than seventeen years since a very remarkable book, entitled, "Exeter Hall," was published in New York, by the American News Company. The book was said to be very ably written, and as the name of the author was not given, reviewers were puzzled to know who the writer could be, and among the numerous guesses Dickens and a certain noble lord and others in the higher ranks of literature in England were suggested as having written the work. Critical notices of the book in London, Boston, New York, and Chicago were largely favorable, and the secular press, though inclined, as usual, to court an approving nod from the church, could not but admit that some unusually clever expert, who was accustomed to be behind the scenes, had given the popular theology of the day one of the mightiest of blows, which sent it staggering, and causing numerous high priests, lord bishops, doctors of divinity, and reverends of the church militant to cry out in affright and confusion. Prominent theologians became alarmed. The five thousand copies of the first edition were soon exhausted. A demand was made for a fresh supply, and though unscrupulous priests had been very busy decrying the book and cautioning the faithful against its seductiv pages, thousands hav read the work, a large majority of whom hav left the church never to return. While struggling against powerful opposition, "Exeter Hall" has now, through the enterprise and independence of Messrs. Colby & Rich of Boston, reached its tenth edition.

Thousands more will hav to read this book; it should be to Liberals a household treasure. Its massiv logic, its keen reasoning, its array of proofs will awaken doubt, and must at last lead to the conviction of every honest investigator, and eventually silence the most stubborn. The highest praise has been awarded to the author for his keen research, for his presentation of biblical contradictions, for his exposure of priestly quibbles, jealousies, and frailties; for his recount of the wrongs arising from present social usages; for his condemnation of land monopoly long before Henry George wrote on the subject; for his strong denunciation of every kind of oppression, and for his deep and genuin sympathy with the poor, the wronged, and the afflicted of every land. All this is shown in a story which has been pronounced "beautiful, tender, and pathetic," and which has touched to the quick every reader who has calmly perused it.

A Chicago editor pronounced the book to be "the most scathing ever written in America since the 'Age of Reason,'" and stated to his knowledge that nearly every woman who was led on by the attractiv narrativ to finish the work became forever afterward alienated from the church. I speak for myself when I say that having been induced to read "Exeter Hall," by a dear friend, now passed away, I was led from darkness to light, and from the power of superstition to that of common sense. I hav read the book over and over, and every time with increased admiration; and I know that other women who hav perused it are ready to indorse this commendation. There should be no jealousy among Liberals, and when from my standpoint I pronounce "Exeter Hall" a work of incomparable excellence, I am inclined to think that few, if any, will deny it that deserved superiority. Some of the ablest writers in the Liberal ranks hav readily admitted as much.

A Boston writer says: "No book has ever appeared of a Liberal or progressiv character so effectiv and deadly a foe to old theology as this work, so deep in its knowledge of the sects of the day, so biting and keen in its sarcasm, and so beautiful in its tender, delicate, and pathetic appeals." The late LaRoy Sunderland wrote: "It treats on matters of which I hav had a life-long experience; and the pictures are all of them most truthfully drawn. It is a book for the million." B. F. Underwood says: "I wish a copy of 'Exeter Hall' could be put into the hands of every intelligent person in the United States," and Junius, Jr., "Not having until recently perused one (a novel) for years, yet I am proud to say that I hav read 'Exeter Hall.' And such a treat! It is ingeniously and powerfully written, and abounds in convincing arguments, splendid delineations of human nature, severe sarcasm, and a gorgeous array of historical data and facts. I would say don't rest until you hav purchased and read 'Exeter Hall.'"

I could giv many extracts from other writers, but those I hav given will be sufficient. It was suggested that "Exeter Hall" should be dramatized, but dreading the frown of the church what actor would risk his popularity, or what theatrical company would venture to shock a pious audience by appearing in characters as Martin Mannors, Rev. Dr. Buster, Rev. Tom McGlinn, or the beautiful Mary Mannors? No, the time is not yet ripe for this, but the stage of the future has a treat in store for the thousands whose applause will reëcho from the walls of empty churches. A translation of the work has been asked for particularly, as I know, by German Liberals. Had I the means and the ability, the people of Germany and France should soon hav one of the best and most enlightening literary treats that could be offered.

The author has written other books of rare excellence, and admirable in their way, but as "Exeter Hall" deals more directly with the Bible, with priestly assumptions, and with laws and usages hostil to the interests of the human race, it is a great iconoclast, and should find a place in the family of every Liberal. Let it be read, and when the scales fall from eyes long accustomed to see nothing but light and glory in Christianity, and when thousands of our infatuated worshipers look around in surprise after they hav become "clothed in their right mind," they will be ready to exclaim, *Ex pede Herculem!* I feel confident of this; and now, having as a duty said so much in favor of "Exeter Hall," I shall close these remarks by quoting from the book itself a trenchant verse, the prediction of the author:

"We've been waiting through the night,
And the dawn will soon appear;
And the mountain's misty hight,
From the clouds shall burst out bright;
And the eagle in his flight
Reach a radiant atmosphere;
And the toiler on his way
Shall look up and see the day."

—*Mrs. E. Ellis in the Banner of Light.*

## Obituary.

MR. EDITOR: To the memory of the most Liberal friend we had we write this obituary.

Isaac Barclay, M.D., of Gustavus, Trumbull county, Ohio, died suddenly, January 26, 1887, aged sixty-five years. He was sick but about three hours; was driving towards home, and got as far as a neighbor's house, when he died with a violent attack of acute congestion of the lungs, with supposed heart trouble. He was one of a family of seventeen children, twelve boys and five girls, of which three are now alive. He graduated at the Cleveland, Ohio, Medical College, in 1847, and had been in activ practice as a physician and surgeon ever since, having lived in Gustavus the past twenty-three years. His experience in life, his vast acquaintance with the humane side of life, as well as his superiority of mind, led him, so far as is possible to know, to believe not in the Jewish or Bible God, but in the God of nature and humanity, in his own words a "supreme intelligence." So superior as a man, and so magnanimous in mind was he, that with all his acquaintances, and with the vast number of families he became physician to, he tied the cords of love, of respect, and affection so tightly by his kindness, his integrity and generosity, that when he died all were mourners, and his funeral attendance was larger than ever known in the community. The whole public were as one family of mourners.

His mind was clear to the last; in fact, not over five minutes before he died he felt his own pulse, and expressed himself as at peace with humanity. He was not a member of any church. For several years past he had repeatedly expressed himself as devoting his life and ability as a physician and surgeon to the public, and for the benefit of humanity, and he did, in fact, devote hundreds of dollars in service and in money to those needing assistance. To giv an example, in one instance, when a poor woman had raked together ten dollars to apply on her doctor's bill, he took the money, and taking out his pocket-book at the same time, took another ten dollar bill from it, wrapped it around the one the woman gave him, and handed them both back to her, saying, "I guess that will settle the bill." Numberless other cases could be cited, but space forbids. He was always first and foremost to aid in any public benefit, as well as private families needing aid, with his money, his attendance, and all. As a physician and surgeon he was unequaled. He leaves a widow, but no children. May a part of Rev. Mr. King's prayer come true when he said he wished more of us could walk and see as did Dr. Barclay. He never attended any church, but when Mr. Remsburg was here he was known to ride ten miles to hear the lecture, and then sit and talk with the lecturer until one and two o'clock in the morning. D. BURNS and I. N. PAYNE.

*Farmdale*, O., Feb. 1, 1887.

[*Investigator* please copy.]

## New Books.

The *Kansas Blade*, Concordia, has a few good words for each of following books just published at this office:

"Ingersoll's Lay Sermon," delivered before the Tenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, New York, November 14, 1886. Price 5 cents. Our readers who may want this lecture in a substantial form can get it by sending 5 cents to THE TRUTH SEEKER office. It is one of the best of Ingersoll's lectures.

"Economic Equities; or, a Compend of Natural Laws of Industrial Production and Exchange." By J. K. Ingalls. The subject is ably handled and the work well printed. Price 25 cents. Every one should read it.

"Little Lessons for Little Folks." These are very pleasant stories for children. They explain many things in nature that are, when not understood, mysteries, but with the explanation simple and easy. Few children can read this book without being wiser and better, for it contains nothing but what should be taught, and the instruction is beneficial. Everybody wants to know all about plants and animals, diamonds, and precious stones, and the numerous minerals. This book does not describe all the animals nor minerals, but it does many of them, and in a very fascinating style. There are very few aged people but what can learn important truths from it. Buy one and you will never regret the money. It costs 40 cents, and can be had of Mrs. Elmina D. Slenker, Snowville, Va., or at THE TRUTH SEEKER office, 33 Clinton Place, New York.

The Truth Seeker Publishing Company, 33 Clinton Place, New York, hav complimented the *Gazetteer* with the following publications recently issued by them:

"Bible Temperance," by Edwin C. Walker. Mr. Walker givs in this little book every reference to the drinking of intoxicating liquors to be found in the Bible, and these references are classified under the following heads: Passages unequivocally condemning the use of wine (a short chapter, by the way); passages commending or encouraging the use of wine or strong drink (a very long chapter); passages conditionally condemning the use of wine; passages which incidentally mention the use of wine; passages showing that scripture wine did intoxicate. We especially commend this little book to the members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Price 10 cents.

"Personal Existence after Death Improbable," by L. R. Smith. Mr. Smith has gone over the evidences presented by different classes in favor of immortality, and his conclusion is that man is mortal. This book presents the facts of nature on which Materialists base their conclusions in a strong light. "Facts change beliefs, but beliefs can not alter facts," says Mr. Smith, in commencing the investigation, which is true enough. After going over the field he arrives at the conclusion "that there is not the slightest foundation in known facts upon which belief in a future life can be built." The world generally does not agree with Mr. Smith, but it is easier to deny his conclusions than refute his arguments; and yet, how little do we know after all! We recommend this book to Brother Burhans. Price 10 cents.

"The Origin of the Christian Bible," by O. B. Whitford, M.D. Price 25 cents. This is an exceedingly interesting book, and contains many facts regarding the origin of the books of the Old and New Testaments, of which most persons are utterly ignorant. We will not venture an opinion as to its merits, but

respectfully refer the matter to the editor of *Our Battle Flag*.

"A Masonic Vindication of Right, a Protest against Persecution," by O. B. Whitford, M.D. Mr. Whitford was a Freemason, was "fired" out of the order by the grand lodge of Montana, because he wrote and published an antichristian book, and declared himself an Infidel. Masonry dates back by tradition to the time of King Solomon, consequently has nothing to do with Christianity, and hence Brother Whitford has a perfect right to "kick" against the action of his grand lodge. The pamphlet is interesting, and we respectfully recommend it to the thoughtful consideration of the grand lodge of the state of Texas, which body, from recent decisions, we judge to be in harmony of sentiment with the grand lodge of Montana. Price 15 cents.—*Denison (Tex.) Gazeteer.*

# Ingersoll's Works.

**The Gods.** Paper, 50 cts; cloth, $1. In five lectures, comprising, "The Gods," "Humboldt," "Thomas Paine," "Individuality," and "Heretics and Heresies."

**The Ghosts.** Paper, 50 cts; cloth, 1.25. Contents: "The Ghosts," "Liberty for Man, Woman, and Child," "The Declaration of Independence," "About Farming in Illinois," "The Grant Banquet," "The Rev. Alexander Clark," "The Past Rises before Me Like a Dream," and "A Tribute to Ebon C. Ingersoll."

**Some Mistakes of Moses.** Paper, 50cts; cloth, $1.25.

**Interviews on Talmage.** Paper, 50cts; plain cloth, $1.25.

**What Must We Do to Be Saved?** Paper, 25 cents.

**The Christian Religion.** By R. G. Ingersoll, Judge Jeremiah S. Black, and Prof. George F. Fisher. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.

**Orthodoxy.** 56 pages, 12mo, paper, 10 cents. $1.00 per doz. post paid. Printed in large, clear type, and containing as much as could be delivered in two ordinary lectures. This makes a grand missionary document. Liberals should scatter it generously.

**Ingersoll Catechised:** His Answers to a Number of Vital Questions Propounded by the editor of the *San Franciscan*. 5 cents; 50 cents per dozen; 25 copies, $1; 100 copies, $3. Millions of these should be circulated.

**Vindication of Thomas Paine** from the attacks of the New York *Observer*, by Robert G. Ingersoll. Price, 15 cents.

**Address on the Civil Rights Bill.** Large size octavo, paper, 10 cents.

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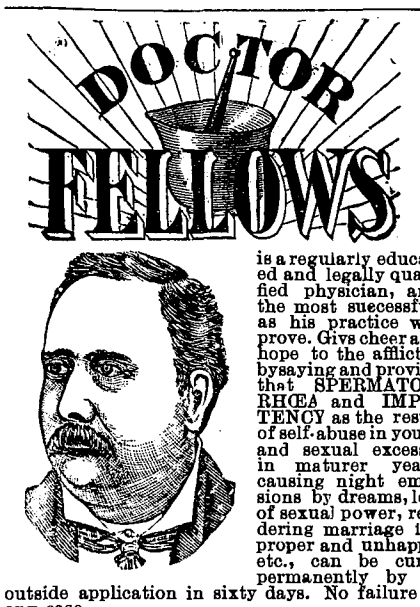
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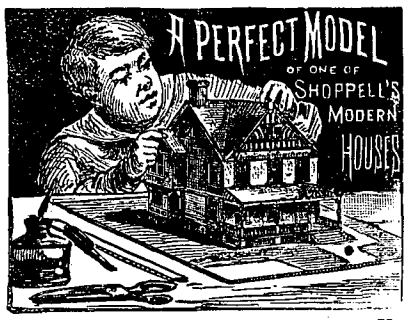



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## News of the Week.

THERE has been a strike, attended by some violence, among the streetcar drivers of Boston.

THE police took in forty-five persons for violating the excise law in this city last Sunday.

SNOW and ice in Montana and Dakota threaten not only floods and disaster in the spring, but suffering and death during the present season.

CHINA has made full indemnity for the attacks on American missionaries some months ago, and the emperor has proclaimed toleration throughout the empire.

THE Rev. Howard Crosby said last Sunday that he believed in the use of wine, and that the scriptures bore him out in that view. Some excitement was caused by this declaration.

THREE of the boys who sing in the cathedral that Mrs. A. T. Stewart built at Garden City, Long Island, were drowned while crossing the ice on a pond on their way home from church last Sunday.

HUNGARIAN MUNKACSY'S picture of "Christ before Pilate" has been sold to Mr. Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, for something over $100,000. which is the largest sum ever paid for a picture in this country.

CLEVELAND has vetoed the pension bill having for its object the "relief of dependent parents and honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who are now disabled and dependent upon their own labor for support."

THE coal-handlers' strike is over, with no apparent gain on either side. The men who went on strike will go back to work at the old rates, provided they can find employment. Coal is dropping again to former prices.

BILLS are being introduced in the national legislature at Washington to provide the country with guns, armor, and cruisers. There is a big surplus in the treasury, and some people think it should be spent at once.

At Belfast, Ireland, last Saturday night, gangs of Orangemen and Catholics raised a riot and pelted one another with stones. They were dispersed by the police. One man was stabbed, and some policemen were bruised.

MANY of Dr. McGlynn's parishioners hav signed a pledge that they will contribute no more money toward the support of the Catholic church until their pastor is restored to them. There is no prospect that McGlynn will be reinstated.

NEW YORK and Philadelphia capitalists hav just consummated what is one of the greatest coal deals ever made in the Monongahela valley. They hav secured about 6,000 acres of coal fields, and will control the price of coal to a very large extent.

MRS. DAVID RAITH, of Pekin, Ill., was taken to the asylum, having been crazed by religious excitement. This is the second case of insanity caused by the excitement attending a revival in Pekin, and citizens are taking steps to remove the revivalists from the city.

THERE is somewhat of a secession from the pope in Germany. The Catholics of that country oppose Bismarck, while the pope supports him, and the people there as here are protesting against so much politics from Rome. It is claimed for the pope that his design in upholding Bismarck and his army bill is to preserve the peace of Europe.

THE Rev. S. C. George, pastor, of Chamb rsburg, Pa., is charged with attempting to assault a servant girl while he was the guest of Dr. R. W. Ramsey. Mr. George declared that he was under the impression that the girl was sick when he attempted to enter her room. The Presbytery has dissolved his relation with the church, acquitted him of criminal assault, and reprimanded him for imprudence.

A SEQUEL to the encounter between Gen. William Sooy Smith and the Rev. Oliver J. Booth, on a Niagara Falls train, on January 3d, because of the clergyman's attention to General Smith's young wife, was the forced resignation of Mr. Booth from the rectorship of the church of the Ascension. It was then reported that the rector had some habits which interfered with his duties. It is now announced that Mr. Booth has gone to the Asylum for the Insane at Utica. The clergyman, it is said, has an unquestionable craving for stimulants.


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## Odds and Ends.

THE archbishop of Paris will be the next to receive the red hat from Rome, and is now safe in betting his old headgear on the ward election.

CALIFORNIA widows stand no nonsense. An Oakland paper stated that a citizen had gone to a happier home, and the widow has sued the paper for libel.

OMAHA man: "So you attended the French cooks' ball at St. Louis?" St. Louis man: "Yes." "I hear it was a great success." "It was—all but the supper."

*Public Opinion* tells us "How to Drink Water." We know how already, as we drink nothing else. *Public Opinion* ought to try its skill on temperance society officers.—*Puck.*

SAID a maid, "I will marry for lucre,"
And her scandalized ma almost shucre;
But when the chance came,
And she told the good dame,
I noticed she did not rebucre.

"WHAT do you weigh, Pat?" "Sometimes four hundred pounds, sir; and sometimes six hundred." "How do you make that out?" "Well, y' see I'm drivin' for a coal dealer, an' I always weighs the difference between the coal an' a ton."

"LOOK here," said a man this morning, going into his grocer's, "those eggs you sold me New Year's were bad." "Well, that wasn't my fault." "Whose fault was it then?" "Blamed if I know. How should I tell what was inside of them? I'm a groceryman; I'm no mind-reader."

"YES," said Mr. Hendricks to the minister, "I am proud of that dog. Why, he knows the different days of the week." Just then the dog began to run to a gun which stood in the corner, then back to his master, and wag his tail. "He's made a mistake this time, pa," said Bobby; "he thinks it's Sunday."

A WOMAN was seated in a cutter in front of a store on Monroe avenue the other day when the horse began to kick, and a pedestrian caught him by the bridle and observed, "Seems as if he was frightened at something." "Perhaps he is," replied the woman as she tumbled out, "but I always thought the front of a horse got scared first."

YOUNG husband: "It does seem to me you might learn how to cook better than that. My mother—" Young wife: "There, that will do; I refrain from learning how to cook on principle." "Oh, you do! Thinking of me, of course?" "No, of my son." "Son?" "Yes; I don't intend he shall ever make any nice girl miserable, bragging about my cooking."

IN the Arkansaw legislature. Member from White Oak Fork: "Mr. Speaker, you, sir, hav doubtless read something concerning the tariff. Sir, I am opposed to all kinds of oppression, and I therefore move you, sir, that we abolish the tariff." Speaker: "That power belongs exclusivly to Congress." "And hasn't the state of Arkansaw got anything to do with it?" "No." "Then, sir, I was laboring under a misapprehension. As I arose to make a motion, I will withdraw my tariff motion and move you, sir, that we adjourn till one o'clock."

IN the days of Rome's greatness one Marcus Cassius had a large cooperage at the corner of Appian Way and Mars Hill. Upon a certain day two of his apprentices sought to see which would make a better beer keg. Caius Antoninus was the successful competitor, which so maddened Titus Demetrius that he knocked in the head of Antoninus's keg with a beetle. Caius cried aloud in his agony as he surveyed the ruin that had been accomplished. "See what a rent the envious casker made." Rome's downfall dated from that day.

A BOY who had lived in Paris, Me., until he was eight or nine years old, and had gone regularly to church, where he had heard the doctrin of future punishment strenuously preached, moved to another town. In school one day the teacher told her little folks about some trivial misdemeanor which had been committed by some naughty boys. "Won't God punish 'em?" asked the youngster from Paris. The teacher, taken by surprise, hesitated. "Well, there's a God up to Paris that would punish 'em, anyhow," remarked our young friend before the teacher could answer.

"YOU believe in the Bible, do you not?" asked a man with yellow hair to a Lincoln-street dentist. "Certainly," replied the tooth carpenter, fastening his forceps on a stomach tooth of his questioner. "Believe Cain killed Abel?" "Yes." "Believe the injunction 'Honor thy father and mother?'" "Of course." "And the story about Jonah and the whale?" "Eh, eh." "Believe the Bible right through, eh?" "Yes, sir." "And there is nothing that would induce you to go against the grain of a single sentence?" "No, sir. I am a firm believer in the Bible, and try to practice what it preaches." "Good. You think its all right to take a life for a life?" "The Lord thought so; that's good enough for me." "And an eye for an eye?" "At all times." "And a tooth for a tooth?" "You bet, every time." "Well, just pull these two rows and giv me a set of false teeth in exchange."

"CASUS BELLI has been the cause of more wars than all the other foreigners in this country put together," said the driver of a Blue Island avenue car as he leaned heavily upon his brake. "Who brought on the Revolution? Casus Belli. Who started the war of 1812? Same cuss. Who was it that made us fit the South in '61? Casus Belli Who was it that tried his darndest to git up a war with Mexico? Belli. I see by the mornin' paper that the same beast is figerin' on a war with England over a mess of fish. In the country where I was reared a feller named Bostwick used to go round stirrin' up fights between his neighbors. He had heaps of fun as long as it lasted, but one day, late in the fall, an uncle of mine and the Kendrick family squatted themselvs in a brush heap, and when Bostwick came along they filled him so full of holes that he fell to pieces when they picked him up. I'm for chokin' the gizzard out of this Belli, even if he does come from Roman and Italian stock. He's got no business in a free country. He's wuss'n Satan. How old is he, anyhow?"


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"I CONGRATULATE you," said Miss Lascelles, a little coldly, "and yet there is something greater in life than domestic peace." "No, no; there can be nothing better!" cried Mrs. Nisbett warmly. "There can be no real goodness where there is discord at home; and the woman who neglects her own family, that she may giv her time and energies to a 'cause,' is doing wrong whatever the cause may be."—*Mrs. Linton's Under Which Lord.*

NOTHING lovelier can be found
In woman than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote;
—*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

So much for the wife, now for the husband.
To make a happy fireside clime,
To weans and wife—
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life. —*Burns.*

THE gentleman is superior to all sectarian influence, jealousy, and passion. When you see a dogmatist, you see one who has no conception of gentlemanly character in man. It is of no consequence whether the individual belongs to one sect or another: it is of absolute, vital importance that a person hav intelligence and conscience. He should recognize his brother or sister whatever belief may be avowed or disavowed by them; for to be a good man or a good woman is more than a profession of faith in a religious creed, and the two things are not necessarily connected. —*Frothingham's American Gentleman.*

STERN law-giver! yet thou dost wear
The godhead's most benignant grace,
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face;
Flowers laugh before thee in their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful power!
I call thee; I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness hav an end!
Giv unto me most lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason giv—
And, in the light of truth thy boudsman let me liv! —*Wordsworth's Ode to Duty.*

I HAV made up my mind that if there is a God he will be merciful to the merciful—upon that rock I stand; that he will not torture the forgiving—upon that rock I stand; that every man should be true to himself, and that there is no world, no star in which honesty is a crime—upon that rock I stand; that the honest man, the kind, sweet woman, the happy child, hav nothing to fear either in this world or the world to come. Upon that rock I stand.—*Ingersoll.*

WHENEVER the clamorous passions of the lower nature in man hav been raging at will and dragging him down and creating war in the soul, whenever these are silenced and brought into subjection to the higher nature, then there is peace where there was discord, there is joy where there was shame and sorrow, there is a consciousness of salvation—salvation of character—where before there was damnation. This is the atonement I believe in. Not vicarious atonement. Not another suffering for me, but my higher nature suffering in tears, sorrow stricken, yea, crucified—because of the sins and shame of my lower nature. And the atonement is a natural at-one-ment of the lower and higher nature, whenever the immoral demands of the lower are subjected to the moral commands of the higher.—*W. H. Spencer.*

IF there is a devil, he is God's devil. Either this or God is not infinit. If he is infinit, then there is nothing in the world which is not a fraction of his wholeness.—*John W. Chadwick.*

LIFE lies before us, not behind, and when things are done with it is a man's duty to go past them and press forward to new duties.—*Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.*

WISE man was he who counseled that speculation should hav free course, and look fearlessly toward all the thirty-two points of the compass, whithersoever and howsoever it listed.—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.*

"THINK of a being," James Mill used to say, "who would make a hell—who would create the human race with the infallible knowledge, and therefore with the intention, that the great majority of them would be consigned to horrible and everlasting torments."—*J. S. Mill's Autobiography.*

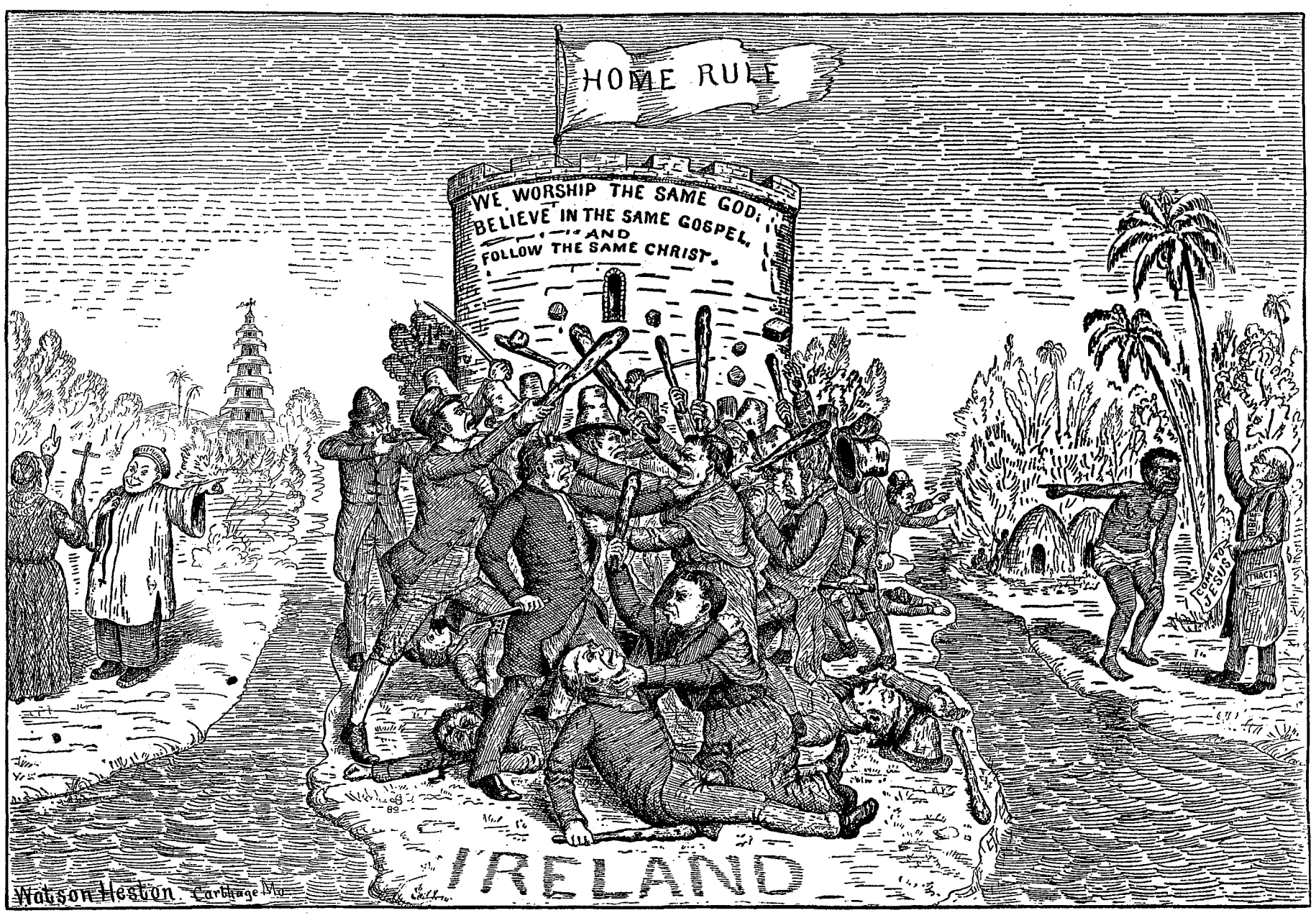
MATERIALISM [this used to be the favorit name with Mr. Underwood for what was the opposit of orthodox Christianity, and may be considered another name for Infidelity, or what now passes as Agnosticism], which recognizes no other god than nature, no better worship than work, no better religion than morality, no other life than this, is the belief of no small numbers in this country, as well as in Europe, and it is making its influence felt among thoughtful minds of every class. It has among its friends some of the most profound and cultivated minds of the age. The masses, although they can giv but scanty attention to scientific and philosophical questions, hav caught the spirit of the age, and are thinking less about God and more about themselvs, inquiring less as to "what they shall do to be saved" in another world, and asking more how they can add to their comfort and prosperity in this world.—*Underwood.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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THE GOSPEL OF PEACE IN IRELAND.

## Notes and Clippings.

TWENTY-FIVE more Mormon elders are reported to be in the South making converts to this sect of Christianity.

THE Senate of this state has passed by a vote of 20 to 9 a bill giving women the right to vote in municipal elections.

THE Leavenworth, Kan., *Times* thinks that the enfranchisment of women will be an issue in that state at an early day.

GENERAL BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, says that he livs and sleeps clothed in red, and that he hopes to die and be buried in it. Some of his back-sliding converts hope that the redness will be continued to the extent of Avernian vestments.

A FEW months ago there was an account in this column of the burning of a young woman in the West, whose nightdress caught fire as she kneeled in prayer. Miss Josephine Mackey was fatally burnt in the same way in Louisville the other evening. She was kneeling before an open fire, and a coal snapped out upon her dress.

THREE years ago John Lute secured a claim in Sargent county, Dakota, and two years after died. The widow was left with the claim, a cabin, and five children under ten years of age, and with her own hands she is making a living for them off the land. One of the coldest days recently she went alone three miles to haul a load of straw for her stock. On the way the load upset, and she reloaded, with the thermometer 25° below zero.

SENATOR Blair, the New Hampshire hypocrit, says the *World*, has a curious conception of the true significance of the phrase "progressiv legislation." He wishes to force upon the people an old-fashioned, puritanical, blue-law Sunday. If Senator Blair had his way no cars should run, no newspapers be sold, no mail be distributed, no boots be shined, no chins be shaved, on the day of rest. But the world does not roll backward, and dubbing legislation "progressiv" is not an effectiv way to deceive the public.

A REVIVAL has been in progress at the Fair Haven church for a number of weeks, and many hav professed conversion. Edward Berry, one of the leaders of the colored population of the little hamlet, was a convert, and soon became violently crazy. In his paroxysms he imagined that he was John the Baptist. He was taken to the Trenton Asylum for the Insane, and after a great deal of suffering died. It seems to us that it would be well for the Methodists to keep negroes out of their revivals rather than out of their universities.

J. B. PARKES, a substantial farmer living near Kingston, Madison county, Ky., has successfully trained a force of seven large monkeys to work in his hemp fields, and to break and prepare the hemp for market. They do the work more quickly and better than the negroes he formerly employed, and at about one-fourth the cost. It required about four months of patient work to train the animals, but they now do their task with rare intelligence. The monkeys were sent to Mr. Parkes by a brother, who is in business in Cape Town, South Africa, and who had seen the animals put to similar uses there. Mr. Parkes has sent for ten more of the useful imitators of human workmen, six of them to be used by John G. Taylor, a neighboring farmer, who is also an extensiv raiser of hemp.—*New York Times.*

AWAITING the decision of the Andover Board of Visitors upon the recent heresy trial, the Philadelphia *Evening Call* sarcastically observes: "The Kamschatkans, the Hawaiians, the Zulus, and others of the benighted lovers of candles and despisers of all raiment except plug hats, are no doubt anxiously awaiting the decision of the learned clerical court. Of course, if these Boston theologians determin that the heathen must hear of Christianity *before* he dies, and will not be permitted to hav any chance afterward, the lovers of missionary diet will hav to bow to the inevitable. The fact that the people engaged in the case cannot by any possibility know anything about what they are to decide, will not make any difference. There will be a decision all the same, and one that the ruler of the land of the large umbrella will be compelled to respect; if not in this world, certainly in the next, which is completely under the dominion of these theological 'Pooh-Bahs.'"

THE Legislativ Committee on Railroads of Connecticut has reported favorably a substitute bill to regulate the running of Sunday trains. It provides that no railroad company shall run any train on Sunday, except from necessity or mercy. Before 10:30 A.M. and after 3 P.M. it may run trains carrying United States mails, or such other classes of trains as may be authorized by the railroad commissioners, to whom an application must be made, stating that such trains are required by public necessity or for the preservation of freight. No freight shall be unloaded except from necessity or mercy. A violation of the act is punishable by a fine of $250, to be recovered by the state. No company shall transport passengers on Sunday for less than the highest regular fare collected on week days, and no commutation, special bargain, or mileage tickets shall be provided for use on Sunday under a penalty of $50. The act is not to be considered as repealing or superseding existing statutes, which prohibit secular work or recreation on Sunday, except so far as it may be found in its operation to be inconsistent with them.

"REGULATORS" are at work in the backwoods of Chester county, S. C. They are ignorant men and women who are banded together to purify their neighborhood of all licentiousness and other wickedness, and are very religious, and they always hold prayer-meetings before going out on raids. Their practice is to go to the house of a person whom they think in need of correction and take him out into the woods, and, after delivering him a speech on the effects of his evil-doing, pray over him and then apply the lash. The number of lashes depends on the enormity of the crime. After chastisment the Regulators warn their victim that the treatment will be repeated for every act in continuation of his evil-doing. Among those who hav received attentions from the Regulators are violators of the Prohibition laws, disturbers of church service, and adulterers. A white man was severely whipped for living openly with a colored woman, while a colored man found in the house at the time of the raid was whipped for being in bad company.

# Communications.

## Ethics.*

The late John Roach, in a published argument concerning our shipping interests, said that he had within fifteen years performed $100,000,000 worth of work, and usually employed more than five thousand men, but he had never asked a favor, and never had a lawsuit or a complaint of defectiv workmanship. Some years ago, while in the practice of law, I brought suit for clients in New York against the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company. Soon after there came a statement that the pendency of a suit, wholly irrespectiv of its merits, with so powerful a corporation impeded future business and profits in dealing with the same corporation, in such a degree that to carry it to trial, whatever its result, would damage my clients to an amount many times greater than the sum involved. With each expansion in their own business it had become less possible for them to quarrel with profit. Thus with evolution of the individual in power, and with the simultaneous rise of those with whom he deals, there is an ascending scale in ethics. The savage animal, pauper, tramp, pirate, zero stage is, if he has what you want, kill him. This is the Cain and Abel stage. The second criminal stage is, don't kill but rob him. This is the Joseph and his brethren stage. The third stage, don't rob but defraud him. This is the Jacob and Esau stage. The fourth stage is, don't defraud him but sue him. This is the Roman and British stage, when the law takes the place of the club, and perjury supersedes violence. The fifth stage is, don't sue him but buy him, he can be useful to you hereafter. This is the Simon Cameron, Oakes Ames, Jay Gould stage. The sixth stage is, don't buy him, but explain the matter to him so that he will discern the harmony between his interests and yours. This is the stage we are all anxiously waiting for. To pass from the first stage to the sixth, a race must undergo industrial, scientific, and superstitious changes which spread over several thousand years. In the first stage he is a hunter of beasts and of men. In the fourth, fifth, and sixth stages he has never carried a weapon nor fired a gun. In the first he clothes himself in the pelts of the animals he has slain. In the sixth he could not tell within three thousand miles where or by whom any article of his apparel was made. In the first stage he saw a mysterious evil spirit in henbane and another under the serpent's tongue, and to this he attributes the poison. But in the sun, earth, and winds there are other spirits. He is a fetichist or polytheist. The number of gods he believes in bears a general proportion to the number of men he has slain. His superstitions are coterminous with his crimes, and his crimes are the measure of his lack of social power. In the sixth stage he delegates the care of poisons to his physician, and the care of the mysteries to his theologian; and it is all he can do to get a moment's peace, because his front door bell is continually on the ring to let in some new financier who has a scheme for making him richer. If any person raises a quarrel with him, a hundred influential persons are ready with their mediation, their services, and their cash to aid him in settling it. If you doubt that all the principles of ethics undergo a complete revolution as you advance in wealth, that your rights increase and your obligations diminish, try the experiment of causing it to be believed that you hav got a surplus of five millions which you would like to invest on good security. An adventurer in New York, a few years ago, being actually penniless, lived three years on the deposits which flowed in to him from people who thought he had five millions to lend. He bought him a country seat, a turnout, and came near going to Congress. Thus we see that all the amiabilities, virtues, amenities, kindnesses, affections, tendernesses, devotions, and disinterestnesses are showered upon us in the degree that we rise in that social power which stands expressed in the three forms of wealth, position, and reputation. It is idle to say that this is not an ethical gain. It involves the true secret of all ethical gain. When Lear had given away his kingdom to his daughters, he learned gradually that they had no moral characters. If he had kept his kingdom they would hav continued loving and affectionate.

The civilizee accomplishes far more in the way of self-gratification by purchasing, persuading, inducing, than the barbarian does by killing, lying, stealing, coveting, etc. But he does it by means of later appliances which in earlier ages did not exist at all, and which even to-day do not exist in the hands of some.

An advance in ethics, therefore, means the substitution of those means of commanding the services and coöperation of our fellow-man which are incident to abundant wealth and a well-trained intellect for those which are incident to scant resources and mere animal passion without intelligence. For, as the individual man develops in health, wealth, intellect, social power, and address, he constantly comes into possession of a larger power to make the interests of others harmonize with his own interests, and a larger wisdom in the use of this power. With this accession of power the disposition to kill, lie, steal, to carry off one's neighbor's wife or slaves, disappears, and the decalog resolves itself down into one command—what you can't obtain by persuasion or purchase, by reason or work, wait for.

Ethical growth, then, is merely the growth of the power of the individual over his environment, and as it proceeds, the individual, instead of acquiring new ethical rules, forgets the old, and finds himself conscious more and more that life consists in liberty, while law loosens, one by one, its shackles, like the schoolmaster, the parent—which are combined in the church and Mrs. Grundy—but finally leaves him, if he desires it, an absolutely free man, free even from the last forms of bondage—the fear of what others will say.

It is well, however, to observe the condition on which this emancipation can alone happily proceed. viz., that of free exchange, which implies a large capital and a good bank account on the part of the person who claims the right to be thus free. He may take up his residence in the big house on the hill, provided he is at all times ready to tender a fair exchange of thoughts, truths, and purposes with those who dwell in the valley. No man can be hap pily free from the obligation to serve his fellow-man. But as his freedom increases and his means increase, this service, which was once a bondage, becomes the strongest of all the passions, since every element of self-sacrifice disappears from it, and in serving others he is always serving himself.

What, then, is this power within which makes for righteousness? It is simply the power within to adapt itself to the powers without. It is called in Genesis replenishing the earth and subduing it. It is called in political economy the growth of the power of man over nature. It is called by Spencer the increasing adaptation of man to his environment. It is called by Fourier the harmonial adaptation of the passions to the universe. The word passion has been falsely identified by the religious with those qualities of our nature most essential to our existence, such as the passion for personal freedom, the appetite for food, the passion for property, for power, for the sympathy of the other sex, etc.

These we hav been told by those distorters of human nature—the priests—are to be subjected to the rack, the thumbscrew, and the gibbet; and, in their stead, the hight of ethics will consist in magnifying those other passions by means of which priesthoods are aided in taxing mankind for their own support, such as the passion for knowing something about what can't be known; the passion for doing wrong without being punished for it; the passion for having our wishes obeyed by the deity so as to run the universe in some degree ourselvs; a passion which finds its vent in prayer; the passion for finding out what is to become of us after death, and for insuring ourselvs against accidents in that connection.

These passions hav nothing to do with the welfare of the individual, and tend only to the preservation of the priest, to the building of costly edifices for him to strut in, either physically in his costly robes or intellectually in his ideas, most of which relate wholly to magnifying the machine of which he is a part. This has resulted in an inverted ethics known as religious ethics, in which all passions and duties are made to be holy in just the degree that they benefit the priest and the ecclesiastic machine only, and are base and groveling in the degree that they tend to make the people grow in wealth, in freedom, and depth of thought, in individual independence and in moral self-sufficiency. The priest's effort has always been to conquer the growing man with mystery.

But this is the reversal of the natural process, the end of which is the complete triumph of man over destiny, when he stands on the summit of Mt. Nebo, with all of nature below him—conscious that he is himself the highest development of mind known or knowable—that that which has been called God is only his own shadow thrown upon the clouds—that above him there is no heaven, only empty spaces and silent stars, that below him there is no hell, only nature's lawns and the volcano's fires—that before him is the great mystery which no plummet has sounded, upon which Moses, Jesus, and Paul, pope, bishop, and preacher, all enter, knowing absolutely nothing as to whither they are going.

The right, therefore, is like the present, an ever-shifting standard. A few years ago slavery was right—the best thing possible, because the very money in which to pay wages did not exist. To-day slavery is wrong, but working for wages is right. In a few years more, perhaps, working for wages will be deemed a form of slavery, and all men will demand to be permitted to work for profits. So a few years back it was thought not disgraceful that woman should be purchased in marriage, and the money paid. To-day it is disgraceful to buy the affections of woman, but not the toil of man. But as the world grows richer, it may, peradventure, come to be as disgraceful to offer coin for toil as it now is to offer it for love. Men may possibly demand the same choice of working where they can work passionately, as women now demand of loving where they can love passionately. Yesterday was the day of force. To-day is the day of purchase, but purchase may not last forever. Behind it stalks the age of reason. We think to-day there could be no society without the judge, the penitentiary, and the scaffold. Two centuries ago they thought there could be no society without the rack, the thumbscrew, and the Inquisition.

The first step in ethics is to learn that the whole structure is transitory—that with the advance of man toward his highest destiny the old religion becomes a tinkling curiosity, like the old school-bell; the old work is looked back upon as if it were a pair of gyves upon the wrists; the old science dissolves into the mere husks which enfolded for us the new truth, and at the very apex of the great pyramid of Existence stands the new man, transfigured into all the fulness of sovereignty, serenity, and light, declaring to the universe in his own behalf, Thou shalt hav no other gods before me, for I, Humanity, am a jealous god, and am unwilling that any shall worship the shadows in presence of the substance.

*By Van Buren Denslow.

## The Christian Amendment to the National Constitution.

When a building full of people and property has been blown to pieces by the explosion of a dynamite shell within its walls, and the whole neighborhood is terrified by the concussion, those who flock to see the ruins immediately ask the questions, Who fired the bomb? where was the deadly material manufactured? who brought it here? and what was the motiv in producing all this wreck of property and life?

Mr. Washburn, in his lecture delivered at Investigator Hall, and which is handsomely published in the *Investigator* of the 25th of January, exhibited and commented on a dynamite bomb which he found in the organization and purposes of the National Reform Association, better understood as the God-in-the-Constitution party. But I strongly suspect there was not a man in his audience who knew where this particular bomb came from, who made it, and how it ever got into a country like this, whose government is entirely secular, and knows nothing of any God, any religion, or any other world but this. Now, I respectfully submit to Mr. Washburn, whom I regard as a very heavy piece of metal in the Radical park of artillery wherewith we are battering down the fabric of the old superstition, that he prepare another lecture, in which he will giv information on the points mentioned in the sentence immediately preceding this; for I think no person can understand the proper relations between the state and the church, and the large, iniquitous progeny born of an adulterous union, unless he is acquainted with Scotch and English history, and especially that part of it which began with the sixteenth century and extended down to the final expulsion of the Stuart race of kings from the English throne. As I hav lived for half a century in western Pennsylvania, where this amendment party was organized, and which is still its stronghold, I at the time it began its career attacked it, and, of course, to do so intelligently and intelligibly, had to examin the subject carefully. Now, if Mr. Washburn will take the hint above given, and prepare a second lecture on the same subject, he will find all the material he needs in the volume entitled "The Confession of Faith," published in 1813 by W. W. Woodward, of Philadelphia, and containing, besides the "Confession of Faith," and "Larger and Shorter Catechisms," three very remarkable documents: First, "The National Covenant of the Church of Scotland," subscribed at first by the king's majesty and his household in the year 1580, and thereafter by persons of all ranks in 1581, and then again by Charles II. at Spey in 1650, and at Scone in 1651. Secondly, and next in order, the famous document called the "Solemn League and Covenant," signed by all ranks and conditions of men from the king down. Third, "A Solemn Acknowledgment of public sins and breaches of the Covenant, and a solemn engagement to all the duties contained therein." If Mr. Washburn would trace the history of that movement in the British Isles down to the time when a handful of the old Cameronians, disgusted and disheartened with the government for annulling the Solemn League and Covenant, migrated to these shores, about one hundred years ago, and set up the same claims for Jesus Christ as king of this nation as their fathers set up for him as king of Scotland and England, a lecture could be made of deep interest to those who are not content with studying things on the surface, but wish to make themselvs happy, as the Roman poet expresses it, in understanding the causes which produce them.

The great advantage which the founders of our government and the framers of our Constitution had was that the history of the world lay before them, every page of which shed light on the subject of their study. Our government was not a growth, as the British, French, and every other government in Europe was, out of religious barbarism. It was a new creation altogether, adumbrated by the miracu-

lous birth of Minerva, mature and all armed, from the brain of Jupiter. The theory promulgated by the God-in-the-Constitution party, which appeals so powerfully to the chivalric loyalty of every Christian to Christ as his leader and king, is not an untried one. It was tried thoroughly, as any one may see from the authorities I hav quoted, in Scotland and England, and is proved by its own documents to hav been the prolific mother of hypocrisy and of sin generally, in all its shapes and forms. But the mischief is, that in this heels-over-head, rough-and-tumble insanity of money-making, which characterizes our age, men will not take time to examin the subject in the light of history and philosophy. The benumbing influence of this craze after wealth, this ridiculous ambition to be known as a millionaire, is seen in the radicals themselvs. Look at the tameness of their submission to the constitutional and legal enactments of the different states of the Union, throwing out of court the testimony of a man in cases involving liberty, life, character, and property, unless he believes the false and childish dogmas of the popular religion. For when the framers of the Constitution had nearly finished their work of making it a purely secular instrument, remembering, as they did, that the organic laws of the thirteen states were modeled after the priest-ridden nations of Europe, and had no proper regard for the rights of mankind concerning religion, they designed to cure the evil by Article 6, Section 2, of the Constitution, declaring that "this Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every state shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding." And yet Chief Justice Waite, who is an Episcopalian Christian, in administering the oath of office to Garfield and Arthur, as presidents of the United States, made them both "kiss the book."

Mr. Washburn says that the "watchword of the amendment party is 'unity of essentials;' these essentials being the doctin of the trinity, total depravity, vicarious atonement, and the necessity of faith in Jesus Christ to secure salvation." The chain of doctrins, however, is not complete. It lacks the last, and most important link of all: salvation from what? Why, from eternal hell-fire. But the revolutionists, as I call them, omitted these fearful words, in order to catch such gudgeons as Dr. Miner, of the Universalist Church, and Dr. Mayo, of the Unitarian.

But Mr. Washburn amazes me by saying, "It does not seem possible that a very large party could be formed on such a platform as that." Why, look at the great national sects, by which I mean those sects whose churches are located in all the states of the Union—the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Methodists, the Lutherans, the Episcopalians, and, I may add, the Congregationalists, who are powerful in the New England states, and in all that tier of states in the Northwest over which the New England emigration has swept. To this day, with all the abrading influence of civilization and common sense against them, the Puritan notion that you can, and ought to, make a man religious and moral by law is rife, as is seen in the prohibitory legislation which abjures the national Constitution and sets up the authority of the Bible in its place. A man such as Beecher was before the locks of his strength were shorn off by Delilah, with the fire of the old Crusaders, Peter the Hermit and Saint Bernard, in his soul, and followed by a host of younger apostles like himself—there is no telling what they might not do if they would undertake a new crusade to glorify Christ by putting him and his religion into the Constitution and making presidents, governors, and legislators out of his "saints." The sects of this country raise millions of dollars every year to support their religion at home and abroad. The politicians are all under cow to them, as was evinced in our Pennsylvania legislature a few weeks ago, when a simple-hearted member, at the opening of the session, moved to dispense with the empty formality of a chaplain's prayers. The politicians of both parties fell upon him as a lot of hungry wolves would fall upon a stray sheep, for his impiety, while not one of them really cared a snap of his finger for religion or any of its formalities. It was only intended to show their constituents at home what good Christians they were. Look at the voluntary contributions made to the class called evangelists or revivalists, who are generally illiterate men, but full of zeal and the Holy Ghost in converting sinners. They are all making themselvs rich—Moody and Sankey, Sam Jones, and Sam Small, to say nothing of the reverend layman, Joseph Cook, and the women preachers. All that saves us from a crusade to revolutionize the country and "put the government squarely under Christ and his saints" is the extent to which the leaven of Infidelity has leavened the whole lump of state and church. I know we liv in the nineteenth century, but human nature is the same now as it ever was, and whenever you meet with a really religious man, you see one who, if you know how to play upon the instrument of his feelings of loyalty and devotion to Christ his savior, can be lashed into excitement that would dare and do anything in his service. I don't like the idea of our liberties lying at the mercy of any set of men. A. B. B.

*Enon Valley, Pa.*, Jan. 30, 1887.

## The Four Canonical Gospels.

Any student of the only authentic writings of the first century, viz., Paul's and Clement of Rome's epistles, is at once convinced that there existed then no such work as that called the four canonical gospels. No allusion, quotation, or intimation of their existence can be gained from these authentic writers. Later on, and in the beginning of the second century, numerous gospels appeared, such as that of Nicodemus, of the Infancy of Jesus, of the Virgin Mary, the Memoirs of the Apostles, the Protevangelion, which we hav, and many others now lost, but from which the fathers of the second century quoted freely, giving most of the time the name of the gospel from which their quotations were taken. But up to the year 180, not a single one of them quoted from any of the four gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; the names of these evangelists appear nowhere in their quotations. This is so absolutely true and correct that we invite every Secularist to defy and challenge all the priesthood, Catholic or Protestant, to produce one single authentic instance where a father of the church makes a quotation, declaring that it is taken from Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John, prior to the year 180.

In that year, 180, Theophilus, bishop of Antioch, was the first Christian writer (ad Antolycum, ii, 22), who quoted one of the gospels, as follows: John says that "in the beginning was the word, and the word was with God." (See Waite, History of the Christian Religion, p. 354.) Up to that time the fathers had preached and quoted every day from thirty or more other gospels, never from the canonical ones. This is certainly a proof that the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John were not in existence prior to 180.

But in that year, and in the following ones, the Christian world was flooded with the first edition of these freshly manufactured gospels, bound in one volume. This sudden apparition of hitherto unknown gospels was the work of a gang of forgers, at the head of whom were Eleutherus, bishop of Rome, and Irenæus, a fanatic at his service, as will be demonstrated immediately.

Such a forgery has not even the excuse of being a pious fraud, invented for the glory of God, as many others hav been; it was made only and especially to satisfy the ambition of the bishop of Rome by elevating him above all other similar dignitaries of Christendom. His accomplice, Irenæus, who was another subaltern ambitious, was also, as a reward for his services, to be invested with a bishopric in Gauls. What Eleutherus wanted was to establish as a positiv fact that Christ gave all his powers to Peter, and that Peter transferred them to all his successors on the seat of Rome, of which already popular opinion had been adroitly induced to believe that Peter had been the first bishop. To establish these points by authentic writings, there was an apparently insuperable difficulty; not a single one of the thirty or more gospels then in use could supply a word, text or sentence which could be interpreted as giving to Peter more authority than to the other disciples. Eleutherus was not to be stopped by such a difficulty. If there were no text in the old gospels to foster his ends, he had to make new gospels in which they would be found. Hence the forgery was resolved. Exactly how the desired interpolation was done of course we do not know, but it is presumable that it was done by forging marginal additions as desired on some of the manuscripts of the old gospels so freely used in the composition of the new ones, which marginal additions Eleutherus and Irenæus forced their scribes to insert in the new text, as being an authentic part of the old ones; and so it was done.

That they had a large force of scribes is evident from the rapidity with which that new edition was distributed in Europe, Asia, and Africa, during the years included between 180 and 190, where they are found in almost general use, and where they were unknown ten years previous.

Now what were these forgeries? Not many certainly, but all to the point. Some of them may be cited here and are certainly forgeries, since such texts cannot be found in the old gospels from which the new gospels were entirely manufactured. In Luke xxii, 29, Christ is made to say to all his disciples: "I giv unto you a kingdom, as my father has given one to me." In Matthew xviii, 18, he intrusts to all his disciples the power to bind or loose everything on the earth, promising to ratify their doings in heaven. These are forgeries, made for the purpose of erecting the priesthood as a privileged aristocracy above the common people. But now we come to the forgeries made for raising Peter above the other bishops. In Matthew xxvi, 18, they made Christ say to Peter: "You are a rock, and on that rock I will build my church." In verse 19, he is said to hav given to Peter the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and also, of course, the power to bind and loose every thing on the earth. This was one of the main objects to be attained, viz., erecting Peter as the successor of Christ. The next one was to give Peter the power over the other disciples, and over all laity; it was forged and inserted in the manuscript intrusted to the scribes or monks who were writing the gospel of John, and is found there in chapter xxi, 15, 16, 17, where Christ is supposed to hav given to Peter the supremacy over the sheep and the lambs; that is to say, over the whole clergy, and over their flocks.

The introduction of the above text was the only motiv for the production of the four canonical gospels.

We hav said that the forgers used scribes, and we must add that these were Greek students, at least those who were intrusted with the reduction; the other ones may hav been simple copyists, slaves probably, as there were any amount of them in Rome in these times. Who were these Greek writers? Most probably the monks already installed at Rome from Alexandria, where they originated, and from whence they sent colonist into Antioch, Ephesus, Corinth, and other large cities of the empire, during the late end of the second century. (See Sesarios, Zozomen, and especially Jerome, the *vitâ eremit.*, part 3.) These were nativ Greeks of Egypt, and were Greek students. Hence the first four gospels' Greek text; the first Latin version was that of Jerome, at the end of the third century.

These monks left imprinted on these gospels many material proofs of their part in it, not only in the idiom of the Greek language used by them, but also in many places in the text itself; and, since I hav quoted John's gospel about the lambs and the sheep, it will not be amiss to finish this short notice by calling the attention of the faithful to the two last verses of that (John's) gospel. We read in xxi, 24: "This is the disciple (John) which beareth witness of these things, and who wrote these things, and we know that his witness is true." Who says we know? Certainly it is not John himself, since the writers speak of John. The *we* are evidently the Greek monks who wrote the Greek gospel of John. The last verse (25) seems to bear the stamp of the fanatic Irenæus. He don't say *we*, he says *I*. Speaking of the deeds of Christ, he says, "If they should be written every one, *I* suppose that even the world itself would not contain the books that should be written." This is, I believe, the greatest hyperbole of language ever risked by any writer. We may attribute it to Eleutherus, but probably it is the work of the fanatic Irenæus. H. J. Seigneuret, M.D.

## An Intemperate Temperance Advocate.

The voice of science has well said that there is no hallucination so vain and fatal as is the idea that alcoholic beverages are ever of any use.

The Spiritualist and the Materialist may boast of their brains and insight, and as Freethinkers in philosophy, and as citizens of a democracy, claim their right to tamper with themselvs, and argue their personal liberty to torment other people by drinking or selling intoxicating liquors; but in so doing they hav not risen above the ancient orthodox theology which believed wine to be a good creature of God, and counted Medford rum as the apocalyse of divine mercies.

It profits comparativly little that inverstigation into the properties of matter, and the enunciation of the principles of forces, has swept, or is sweeping, away the idle fears of former ignorance, and strikes the iron scepter from the hands of a priest-sanctioned despotism, so long as the rum power holds undisputed sway, and political emancipation leaves men in brutal slavery under the compromise of a license law.

It is of slight moment, as set beside the mightiest want of the time, that Spiritualism has come to this world of sepulchers freighted with the blossoms of a summer-land beyond the frosty tomb, if to its substantialized hope of immortality it does not add its blessing upon the temperance theme and lend its aid to the present struggle to prohibit the giant incubus of drink from further polluting the earth with its noisome form.

What signifies it to know that we shall meet beyond the river, if, knowing it, our lives are not made better on this side, and why should we care to know each other there if we do not learn to love each other, or at least respect each other, here? And both self-regard and mutual esteem preclude the indulgence in whatever weakens body and mind, without affording greater strength somewhere at some time, and thus debarring it, determins that we not only close our own gates to the danger that may rage in the streets, but also commands that we clear the highway of society from every pestiferous libertin that subsists on the lives and property of those so unwise or unguarded as to allow it entertainment.

Dogmatic Atheism arrives at the conclusion that the idea of a God is the king of superstitions, and it sees no hope of the freedom of man in the world until the throne is tugged down from the sacred skies and sunk in the sea of oblivion.

Yet Atheism, at its best, being only negativ in itself, offers nothing but an opportunity, however broad that opening may be; and whilst acknowledging the gods of fabulous conceit and fraudulent crafts to be airy nothings, though of electric potency over vacant minds, and conceding that the notion of God is the king, however short and shorn a king, of superstitions, yet it must be more strenuously stated that alcohol is the emperor of hallucinations, before whom God himself is made to bow by his own worshipers, and supplicate for his very being, and beg for a sheltering shingle upon his earthly temple.

Trinity steeple may point its spire of faith to heaven and sport its fashionable piety on money gathered by the lease of its estates for gin-mills; it may dispense gospel grace in mission chapels for the poor by ministers paid with the wages of sin, and boast its Christian charity in alms earned by weeping mothers which the fathers spend for rum.

The Secular Union prints well its nine demands of Liberalism. Still it is only half-way Liberal, nay, only half-way just, in that it does not demand the enfranchisment of woman, and it lets the lesser evils shut the greater from sight, in its silence on the subject of the liquor traffic, and it givs countenance to the hateful trash by echoing the barkeepers' hypocritical cry of personal liberty.

It is captious to complain of the cost of the clergy, while it is the minor expense of anything in the name of culture. However much mistaken the ministry may be in its methods, it is not to be once mentioned for criticism by the side of the saloonocracy, which not only swallows the major share of labor's money, but damns men to a worse hell, if not as lasting, as Calvin ever dreamed of.

The Jewish Jehovah is but a pigmy, lost in the boots of the lurid Gambrinus who invented German lager beer. Labor is lost, and learning is in the shade, whilst the brewery rules the land and men are afraid to speak for fear of a shot.

JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

*National Soldiers' Home, Va.*

## The American Secular Union.

COURTLANDT PALMER, President.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary, - - 710 West Lake St., Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas. E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com.
E. A. STEVENS, Chair. Fin. Com., - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.

### News and Notes.

I hav had a busy campaign since I landed in Brookville, and hav been lecturing every night. The Bavaria Secular Union has done splendid service since its organization. It has had lively meetings, and the community has been in a blaze of excitement. When it was noised abroad that the Infidel was coming, the Christians declared that he should not hav the use of the schoolhouse, which up to this time had been used for all public meetings of whatsoever kind, the Christians occupying it for their Sabbath services. They evidently forgot the Golden Rule, and did not want that others should hav the same privileges that they themselvs enjoyed. The air was full of threats by the disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus—that, if necessary, there should be a little knocking down in order that the mouth of the Infidel might be shut. So there was promis of an interesting occasion. Any life is better than no life at all, and "bloody noses and cracked crowns" are preferable to absolute indifference.

The Bavaria Union arranged the series of lectures to be given in the county of Salina, where there is a large Liberal element, as well as plenty of religious bigotry. I was met on my arrival at Brookville by that good Hercules of our cause, the "village blacksmith," F. H. Terry, who can bring fire, both mental and physical, with his sturdy blows. Notwithstanding his outspoken Infidelity, he has the best business of any man in the county, for the Christians know that he can shoe a horse with skill and neatness, and they don't care for his religious opinions so long as he can do superior work. When it comes to business, Christians know a thing or two as to their worldly profit.

Along with Mr. Terry was Mr. A. S. Hall, Newton Mitchell, A. K. Mott, E. G. Hall, A. C. Hall, Enoch Lewis, I. D. Roberts, A. N. Case, president of the Union, and others. Their hearty reception was all that was needed to restore me to wonted vigor and good cheer after an all-night and all-day ride. We joined our forces for a good square meal, and the hour or two before the lecture went merrily by. The town hall of Brookville was filled by an appreciativ audience, and I gave my lecture on "Universal Mental Liberty." The second evening was severely cold—it blew almost like a blizzard, so that but few could come from the country, but the hall was full, and I pictured "The New Heaven and Earth." There are many Liberals in Brookville among its leading citizens, and I hope for a flourishing organization in the future. It has about twelve hundred inhabitants and is rapidly growing. The country about it is excellent, producing wheat, corn, etc., though a large part of the lands are used for grazing purposes, hills and knolls quite rocky and precipitous being scattered about. The Smoky Range is about twelve miles away, and quite lofty for this prairie country. This is called Spring Creek Valley, about a dozen miles long, beautiful indeed when the silver glittering wings of spring are shining over, and the horizon is fringed with glowing hights and luminous groves—a happy valley indeed for those who can be content with the fair fruits of earth and rural complacency.

I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ingraham while at Brookville. Mr. Ingraham is one of the foremost business men of the place and is fearless in the expression of his Liberal views, and it does not seem to hurt him in the least, even so far as the patronage of Christians is concerned. Mrs. Ingraham is equally advanced and frank in sentiment, and although her mother belonged to the church, her father, Mr. W. Mardin, is of the Liberal faith according to the gospel of Ingersoll.

Many others I found in this genial company of Freethought—Mr. Frank Blackburn and wife, Frank Hoag and wife, Alfred Hoag, Daniel Hurford and wife, O. P. Bicknell and wife, J. D. Roberts and wife, Levi Roberts, Dr. Stearns, Newton Mitchell and wife, Mrs. Crosier, of St. Louis, etc. Mr. Newton Mitchell, who introduced me at the lectures, is one of our best posted Freethinkers in this part of the country, and it won't do for the clergy to engage in controvery with him, for he knows more about church history than any ten of their ordinary caliber put together.

Once in a while I come across a really interesting Christian, who has some originality, and such a one is Mrs. Ira Freeman, who is a kind of a transcendental Christian, and has a wonderful way of interpreting the Bible, which she devoutly believes to be the word of God, the whale story and all. At the same time she thinks that Ingersoll is the greatest man living, and she delights to read him. She has declared that she will convert the Infidels, or the Infidels will convert her. I guess the latter will be the outcome. She admits that the Infidels are right in theory, but they lack the holy spirit. They hav not the "God-principle." I told her she must take my "New God," and then her way would be perfectly clear, and Infidelity and the "God-principle" would be all right, and fit together like the two sides of a hinge, and harmony would prevail, and the doors of progress open. Mrs. Freeman's husband is the celebrated Yankee razor strop man, who has been during the fifty years of his career in every city and village in the United States, and has sold, I guess, about a million strops. He is an Infidel, with but one article to his creed—namely, razor-strop. His catechism is as follows: "Do you believe in almighty God?" "No, I do not. I believe in the razor-strop." There is no doubt his one article of faith and business is of more value than all the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. Still when it comes to "shaving," I shouldn't wonder if the theologians beat him.

So my time in Brookville went pleasantly by, and on Friday morning, February 11th, I took the train for Salina, the county-seat, fifteen miles distant, a bright and activ place of about eight thousand inhabitants, with large prospects, its real estate doubling almost every twenty-four hours, as it passes from hand to hand. New railroads are to be built, and it is expected that Salina will be one of the foremost cities of the state, with a population of twenty thousand in a year or two. It already has a Catholic university, and a Methodist and normal college. It has quite a progressiv aspect, and a good Liberal element among the leading people of the place—Mr. J. M. Ittem and wife, M. D. Teague, A. L. Dodge, Judge Osborne, C. E. Martin, Henry Rosmond, Joseph Henry, author of that excellent pamphlet, "Hints About Funerals," etc., a veteran of seventy-four years, and thoroughly interested in reform; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Abbott, of New Cambria, both live Infidels, who keep things on the go; John Buchi, A. S. Peterson, Oscar Seitz, J. H. Hardison, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Garverich, Mrs. Helen Eggleston, Mrs. Mary Bicknell, John Foster, Frank Ferlem, Mr. Reese, John Gibson, Dr. Newman, A. J. Anderson, L. C. Sawin, Dr. W. S. Hauser, J. Beetem Wise, of Industry, who walked about thirty miles to attend the lectures; O. Fasse, Matt Hederich, August Holinquist, and others. The friends in Salina did all they could for the success of the lectures, and were generous in their contributions, and I hav not found a more pleasant company.

The lectures were given in the Opera House, the largest and best audience room in the city, and for three evenings it was filled with intelligent gentlemen and ladies, who found in the ideas of Liberalism the most satisfactory, intellectual, and moral stimulus. On Sunday evening, February 13th, an organization was effected, and I hav no doubt that Salina will be one of our brightest points, and as it grows in material and business wealth will also be on these broad and beautiful plains a beacon-light for freedom.

This is a lovely country, indeed. If I were a farmer, I think I might choose this Arcadian land, where you can look for miles upon a delightful prospect—rolling prairie, soft blue horizons, little valleys and wide-sweeping undulations, plentifully watered with creeks and rivers, the soil bursting with wealth, and flowering into splendid fruitage. It seems an easy life here, to tickle the breast of Mother Earth and make her laugh with harvests. Monday morning the sun shone with golden luster, and bright fleecy clouds floated along the immeasurable blue, and the billowy landscape rolled against the remote azure with gray and glimmering ranks. Friend Terry took me over from Salina to Bavaria behind his fleet-footed mare, and the ride was a spell of joy indeed, and work was forgotten amid the magnificent peace of nature. When we got to Bavaria, however, there was tumult. The Christians were still determined to keep us out of the school-house, and had signed a petition to that effect, and loud were the threats of what might be done. However, we kept on the even tenor of our way, knowing that the dog who barks the loudest bites the least. When evening came the building was crowded to its utmost capacity—some being obliged to go away. Our opponents were present, but not a move was made, and all listened attentivly to my discourse on "Universal Mental Liberty," and even Christians began to think that Infidelity has some good points. My friend Mrs. Freeman, the transcendental Christian, made an onset, and spoke eloquently in favor of the whale story, and a few other miracles that the "ruler of the universe" might perform. She had read in the *Science Monthly* that the whale had a big reservoir of fresh air constantly on hand. That settled it. If Jonah had fresh air he might survive, although he had nothing to eat or drink. Mrs. Freeman did not, however, explain how Jonah got through the whale's throat without being choked to death. Perhaps for that especial occasion, the "ruler of the universe" made an India-rubber throat capable of being stretched to meet every emergency like Mrs. Freeman's interpretations of the scriptures. She can make the Bible mean anything, no matter what it happens to say. For her especial benefit, I gave on the second evening "The New God," for I felt that she needed that more than anything else, as a restorativ to sound logic, for the old God is indeed a God of confusion. Some of the allies of the church tried to make a disturbance on the second evening, but the tide of Freethought went triumphantly on.

We had the largest meetings ever held in the village. and the Christians are now thoroughly ashamed that they ever undertook the role of persecutors. The Bavaria Secular Union has won a grand success. It is composed of the best citizens of the country, who maintain their cause with dignity and determination, and from this time on the Liberal movement will hav greater power than ever. Mr. A. N. Case, the president of the society, presided at the meetings. I hav enjoyed the hospitality, while here, of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Mott, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hall and family, Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Lewis and family, and so the days hav passed pleasantly and swiftly, and recreation has been mingled with labor. Yesterday I visited Mr. George Hanley, one of the brave soldiers and officers of the war, who entered as private and won a captain's rank, and, as the result of his patriotic services, is now suffering from paralysis. He is a Deist somewhat after the manner of Thomas Paine, who believed in a God and future state. He is not exactly satisfied with my Agnostic attitude, but in spirit he is thoroughly in favor of liberty and justice for all, and so our platform is about the same after all.

I was pleased to meet with Mr. W. F. Adams, a teacher in the schools here, a man of fine ability and eloquence, who has valiantly defended our cause in spite of the attacks of the church. The orthodox hav tried to remove him from his public position, but the universal sentiment of the community would not allow. He is deservedly popular in his profession.

Mr. John Geissler, Mr. Davis Armstrong and wife, Mr. Albert Loucks, Mr. David Rodenbush, Mr. A. O. Bolund, Mr. John Bennett, Mr. Harris, Mr. David Douglass, Mr. Eugene Douglass, Mr. Martin Dean, Mr. Wm. Shaw, Mr. Wm. Bartel, Mr. Cramer, Mr. J. W. Yount and son, and others, are among those whom I hav had the pleasure of meeting, and who are in activ sympathy with Freethought.

Some of our enthusiastic boys who are in favor of fair play serenaded our friend Terry last evening; the Stars and Stripes greeted the morning sun in honor of the victory for free speech, while some mystic hand draped in deep mourning the orthodox fort. There is general jubilation, and the dogs of war hav slunk into their holes.

I shall keep the battle a-going in New Cambria Thursday night with our stanch friends, Mr and Mrs. J. W. Abbott. I shall lecture at Windom Friday; at Dodge City, Feb. 20th; at Garden City, Feb. 21st and 22d; at Greeley, Col., Feb. 27th; at Longmont, March 2d; at Denver, March 6th and 13th; and other places in Colorado as arrangements can be made. I hav received a call from Prescott, the capital of Arizona, and hope to be there March 16th and 17th. I shall be at Los Angeles, San Diego, Santa Ana, from March 20th to 27th; at Tu-

lare, Visalia, about March 30th and 31st; at San Francisco and Oakland, April 3d and 10th; San José, April 17th and 24th; and Sonoma, Stockton, Sacramento, and other places in California until June 1st. I shall be in Oregon in June; Washington territory in July: and return Eastward in August by way of Baker City, Oregon, Boise City, Idaho, etc. Will friends please keep a long look ahead and arrange for lectures so that every possible point can be covered and the movement pushed along the whole route? SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*Bavaria, Kan.*, Feb. 16, 1887.

## The Liberal Club.

It rained so hard on the evening of Friday, the 18th, that hardly one hundred persons braved the weather to attend the 435th regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club held on that date; but those who were present wouldn't hav missed it for a good deal of money. To say that the meeting was lively would be the faintest possible expression of a great truth. The Chair. in opening the exercises. had considerable to say about the trouble Herr Oppenheimer, the lecturer of the evening, had taken to inform himself concerning the theories of Karl Marx, which he would proceed to elucidate. The Chair's prodigality of praise for the lecturer. raised the expectations of the audience to a high altitude. and therefore when Herr Oppenheimer ascended the platform he was greeted with a round of applause. The orator bowed condescendingly in acknowledgment of the salute, and said he was convinced. from the reception accorded him, that all present did not regard him as an unkempt pirate, as THE TRUTH SEEKER's reporter had so unjustifiably described him. Mr. Oppenheimer intimated that he was prepared to enter a contest of beauty with his critic. As for his German accent. he couldn't help that, having been born in a country where that accent is quite marked; but he believed he could speak English a good deal better than the reporter could speak German. The orator seemed to hav the sympathy of the audience the same being evinced by hearty applause every time he gave the badge pin man an unusually hard jab

When Herr Oppenheimer had said all he had to say on the foregoing subject, he tackled his lecture on Socialism. The following is about what he said:

Karl Marx was the Darwin of political economy, and his name represents the idea of evolution in that domain. Nobody can speak of political economy without mentioning his work "Das Kapital." published in 1867, in which he destroyed the fallacies of the present system, and laid bare the sores on the body politic. He showed how the few are robbing the many, and appropriating their earnings; how chattel slavery was succeeded by serfdom, and the latter in turn by industrial bondage; how factories and the means of production in the hands of monopoly reduce the workers to freedom only in name and to slavery in fact. Depravity and vice are the inevitable results.

As a substitute for this system Marx proposes Socialism or universal co-operation. Some may say, "You foreigners are not needed. We hav a domestic remedy. Henry George's land nationalization is the great panacea." But Henry George's scheme of land nationalization is not original with him The doctrin was put forth by a German professor of political economy in 1878 [*sic*] before "Progress and Poverty" was written. His books, in which he devotes three pages to consideration of the scheme. hav laid unread in the Astor Library for ten years. So Mr. George's doctrins are not patentable. But something more radical than land nationalization is needed. The government should own the railroads, the telegraphs, and the mines—take them just as they are now organized, and eliminate the profits of the greedy capitalists. Laborers will then be the servants of their fellow-citizens instead of Mammon. Socialism is democratic. and the people can at any moment recall any person who betrays his trust in office. Values would be fixed by the cost of production, which a central bureau of information would keep apprized of and publish daily. There would be no overproduction. Children will not labor under the slave yoke of wages; every man will hav to work. and none will be allowed to fatten on vested rights. There will be libraries accessible to all, hospitals, houses of refuge. and infirmaries for the aged. We may paint the future in all the glowing colors of the imagination. but anything our fancy can suggest must fall far short of the actual under the reign of Socialism. Our present system must take its place among the curiosities of the museum.

Mr. Wakeman maintained that the lecture had fulfilled his expectations, and was now open to discussion in speeches of ten minutes each.

Mr. Sutherland arose to inquire if there would be wages under Socialism. Herr Oppenheimer arose to reply that the abolition of the wage system was what Socialism aims at.

Dr. Weeks predicted the ultimate adoption of such a system as the lectured had outlined, but he didn't think Herr Oppenheimer should sneer at Henry George. He believed Oppenheimer had more pride in maintaining his own position than zeal for the truth. The first great divine commandment is, "Root, hog. or die." And the second is like unto it, which is, "Giv every hog a chance to root." Henry George's theory offers us all a chance to root. Others may hav mentioned the theory of land nationalization, but George had popularized it, and his books hadn't laid ten years unread in the Astor Library, either, but were known all over the world.

Following Dr. Weeks's remarks came what was beyond dispute the speech of the evening. It was made by Captain Clark, a man of varied experience on land and sea, and who has the advantage of being able to fortify his opinions by observations taken in all parts of the world, civilized and barbarous. In a few well chosen words Captain Clark thanked the writer of these reports for the cordial invitation to return which had been extended to him. Reference was then made to the lecture. Captain Clark said that when he joined the Liberal Club, and began boring the audience in afflictions of ten minutes each. he did not know it was a Socialistic camp. He had a dream the other night to the effect that the devil came on earth, and Herr Most took him to the Liberal Club to hear a lecture on Socialism, and upon going back below he assured his guide that there would soon be as big a hell on earth as there was now in his domain. "Somebody," said the captain, "has suggested that the Socialists follow the example of the Pilgrims, and go to some foreign shore. Why don't they do it? For the reason that Socialists can not exist apart from those who are not Socialists. They are parasites. Uncle Sam is a sleeping lion, but it won't do for you Socialists to rile him too much, or he will strike back, and when he does strike, he will utterly spifficate you. What do discussions on Socialism amount to? A distinguished lecturer says tweedle dum. Then a distinguished critic says tweedle-dee; whereupon the distinguished lecturer replies that, in reference to the remarks of his distinguished critic, he would say that with a slight modification there really is no difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee." Captain Clark's address caused much merriment, and he said he was glad to furnish the club with amusement, which was a thundering sight more than most of the speakers did. The captain is rapidly improving as an orator, and keeps his course a good deal better than he used to.

Colonel Hinton opened his address with the remark (referring to the previous speaker) that it was idle to answer a fool according to his folly. The colonel further said Captain Clark, in going all over the world, had demonstrated that no matter how far an ass travels, he will never come back a horse.

Dr. Eccles regretted the turn affairs had taken. The question should be discussed calmly. In his opinion the lecture was merely palaver. Socialists theorize, but always avoid placing cause and effect side by side. They are dreamers. You hear the same sort of talk in the asylums. Insane people are apt to be logical. but they are afflicted with a lesion of the brain. Dr. Eccles welcomed Socialism as the redemption from the curse of Henry George. It was the case of one poison antidoting another.

Lawyer Searing quoted some poetry from Goethe for the benefit of the writer of these lines, and then Mr. Oppenheimer closed the debate.

## A Party at Colonel Ingersoll's.

*From a correspondent.*

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll and his wife celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding Sunday night, the 13th—not formally, but most delightfully. Not caring to hav any of the timeworn and troublesome silver wedding foolishness, they told no one until their friends had all assembled, and then the happy tale was passed from one to another, merely as an interesting fact, not as an announcement of great importance.

It is generally understood among their friends that the Ingersolls will be at home on Sunday evening. They liv on Fifth avenue, a few squares below Twenty-third street. The location is central, and the hospitality is of the most natural and friendly order. The result is, a company of the most interesting men and women in New York drop in on them. No formal invitations are sent. Every friend who chooses to go is welcome, and one friend can introduce another. Some go first to church, and then, by way of refreshing contrast, go to Colonel Ingersoll's and breathe the fascinating air of Infidelity. Mrs. Ingersoll is a handsome lady, who makes everyone who enters her house feel that he is very welcome. In appearance she is a regal Roman matron, handsome enough to be a striking figure anywhere. In manner she is as gracious and kind as hostess can be. And the two daughters—I hesitate to speak of them as beautiful, because that word doesn't mean anything any more when applied to young ladies. But they are beauties, of the sweetest types of beauty—the beauty of soul as well as person. Somebody has said that in a family sons are like cedars of Lebanon, but daughters are like roses of Sharon. Never anywhere hav I seen daughters who more thoroughly resembled "roses of Sharon" than these. I heard a guest say to one of them,

"You hav no brothers?"

"No," she answered, "no brothers;" and her tone didn't indicate any regret whatever.

"Well," said the questioner, "your father is boy enough for one family."

"Yes," she answered, "we don't need any brothers."

One feels at once that this is a house without any shams. Everything is genuin. There is no pretension before the world of what does not exist. The atmosphere of harmony is so contagious that it takes hold of the guests, and in a little while they are moving about and chatting together in the most comfortable way, exactly as though they had known each other all their lives. Everyone who has ever entertained knows that it takes extraordinarily natural entertainers to make guests feel so much at home.

The great Infidel moves about among his friends like a big boy who is delighted to see them, and has something pleasant to say to each one. There is no studied attempt at entertaining. It is all quite like "home folk." And it is home folk ways, for the Ingersolls liv in the very arms of the public, as it were. Their big house is always full of people; their family includes an enormous number of friends.

Whom does one see at the Ingersolls' on Sunday evening? Here is a well-known western politician, a good-looking, bright minded man in the middle of life, and in the heart of success. Over there is Mrs. Croly (Jenny June), whom everybody likes because she has a really kind heart, and likes to see all get on and be happy. And not far from her is Miss Helen Gardener, who lectures on the same unorthodox topics that the great colonel handles so eloquently. He introduces her to her audiences in this city frequently. She is a pretty, petite, girlish-looking lady, whom nobody would suspect of holding opinions so ponderous, and launching them so courageously at the public. She writes books worthy of the biggest-brained man and the most radical in America, but she doesn't look it. To the right, talking music with a lady who adores it, is a California journalist, good-looking and exceedingly graceful as to tongue. The stout man with the longish curly hair is Harry Hilliard, artist, whom all the world knows of. Three or four professional singers are scattered about—tenors, contraltos, and sopranos. They sing at fitful intervals when solicited. Pianists of high degree are also to be seen. Here a journalist. The tall form of Allen Thorndyke Rice flits about a brief hour, and vanishes. Harry Edwards, of Wallacks, and his wife, beam upon the company. Mr. Edwards is a perennial beamer. Like Ingersoll himself, he will never be old, because he has a strong grip on the interests of life. Colonels, judges, and other title-wearers are numerous, but they all forget to be stilted at Ingersoll's. Any affected dignity falls away from them as a garment. The air of the house doesn't encourage it. Poets are there, and enter into the heartiness of the occasion so much that they forget to be jealous of each other.

We were all invited to be sure to be present when the golden wedding was to be honored, and even the diamond wedding, which the cherubic colonel assured us he intended to remain here to be on hand to celebrate, and we all wished that he would be.

## Names Wanted.

Will the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER send us the names of all their friends who are Liberally inclined, so that they may receive a sample copy of this paper? We desire to largely increase the subscription list, and shall be grateful for all aid extended.

If our present subscribers would mention to their Liberal friends that THE TRUTH SEEKER is a good paper to subscribe for, it might be the means of materially helping us.

## Lectures and Meetings.

WE are informed that a series of essays or lectures, on religious, moral, and social subjects, from a scientific point of view, by Mr. John Lord Peck, is to be given at the rooms, Number 28 Lafayette Place, on Sunday afternoons, at 3 o'clock, during the next two months, commencing February 27th.

DR. J. L. YORK, whom the Californian papers call the celebrated orator of the West, has plunged into his work again with his usual vigor and eloquence. On the 13th inst. he began a four weeks' course of lectures at Los Angeles, Cal., at the completion of which he will go to San Bernardino, Anaheim, Santa Ana, and San Diego. About May 10th he will start East, stopping at Salt Lake, Denver, and other prominent points on the line, wherever Liberals giv him encouragement, for a night or a week, as required. As his terms are reasonable, we advise those desiring lectures in their towns to write him at once at San José, Cal. The doctor's wife will accompany him East.

FOR striking the happy medium and pleasing all while displeasing none, the *Cass County Leader*, of Belton, Mo., is entitled to the contents of the pastry-shop for the following report of one of S. P. Putnam's lectures: "The lecture delivered at this place Tuesday night by the Freethinker, Samuel P. Putnam, of New York, was pronounced a very able effort by those with whom that belief obtains. Of course there were those present who did not think the lecture very argumentativ because it was not in the nature of their views to do so. Upon the whole, we suppose Mr. Putnam fulfilled the mission of his visit here in delivering to the disciples of Atheism a discourse upon their theory of the mission of man on earth, where he begins and where he ends. We think that every man should be entitled to his belief, whether Christian or Atheist, and be respected in it as long as he does not obtrude his opinions in an obnoxious way upon people who hav different convictions. Some men are Atheists because they cannot see and understand why they should be Christians, and on the other hand, the many are Christians because they cannot believe otherwise, and are heartily glad of it."

# Communications.

## Christian Absurdities.

A hundred years ago every sick person must be either bled, blistered, or drenched. It was believed that patients would die if not thus treated. But life was prolonged when these practices were left off. Experience has shown that there is no relation between belief and facts. The Christian believes that there could be no moral standard but for his religion. The truth is, his morality no more depends on his religion than life depended on blistering and bloodletting a hundred years ago. Christianity does not promote morality. It makes no distinction between acts of cruelty and acts of disinterested benevolence. It commits a murder as conscientiously as it feeds a starving child, and many times the murder has been considered the more meritorious act. It could not see the cruelty of the Inquisition. It could not see the brutality of whipping women. It could not see that killing men and women for opinion's sake was murder. Evidence of Christianity is no evidence of morality. A case in point. Perhaps no man ever doubted that Stonewall Jaakson was a Christian. He had the habit of throwing up his hands in a very peculiar way. This habit was observed by many. In battle, at headquarters, and even at the table, his hand was seen to rise in a mysterious way. Some thought it a mere habit without purpose; but the few who had been admitted to the inner temple of his heart knew the significance of that uplifted hand, and it is thus explained: He regarded God as the giver of all good. He said that he never put a glass of water or a mouthful of food to his lips without thanks to God; that he had practiced it so long that it became a habit and second nature. He asked God to give council and help him at every step. If his own statements are to be credited, God was in his mind almost constantly. If he found that a letter had to travel on Sunday to reach its destination, he would not mail it until Monday.

Now, if Christianity is to be taken as the standard of morality, Stonewall Jackson ought to hav been a man of the clearest moral perceptions in the world. Let us see:

In the first place he chose the profession of a cutthroat. At the storming of Chipultepec, Jackson's battery commanded the main street of the city. Orders had been given that the town would be shelled in such a length of time unless it surrendered. When the time was up the street was packed with men, women, and children. The order was given and Jackson's cannon vomited their deadly fire upon those defenseless people. A lady hearing him recount the sad havoc that his guns had made among women and children, asked him, with a woman's heart, if he did not feel some compunction. "Not the least," he coolly replied, "I did my duty." Though Jackson never received a letter without thanking God, never sent one without imploring a blessing; though God was always present with him, God never told him that it was wrong to hold human beings as chattels. If it had not been for the advantages of a splendid education, Stonewall Jackson would have been a Christian lunatic. Thousands have been claimed as true Christians who could lay no claim to morality, while some of the most moral men whom the world ever knew were not Christians. Morality is not on outgrowth from Christianity; it is above and independent of Christianity, and older than Christianity.

We are no more indebted to Christianity for our morality than we are for our inventions and improvements. For hundreds of years Christianity produced scarcely a book that was of value to the world.

Neither could Christianity boast of orators, poets, or historians. Neither has Christianity wrought out any great inventions. The telescope, the successful application of steam as a motive power, the steam-engine, the printing-press, the railroad and telegraph, in short, all of the inventions of modern times which have proved to be of such great value to the race were in no sense Christian inventions. I do not mean to say that some professed Christians have not made some important discoveries, and wrought out some useful inventions; but I do mean to say that they did not have their origin in Christianity. It is no secret to the patient student of history that Christianity fought many inventions and discoveries of modern times with a desperation worthy of a better cause.

These inventions and discoveries have started the world on the high road of progress and civilization, while Christianity stands still. Show me a priest or minister who is not bound by the same creed which bound him at his ordination. All his preaching and teaching is in support of the old creed. Compare the inventions and improvements of to-day with what they were fifty years ago. In mechanics, in agriculture, in the schools, in scientific discoveries, in every department of learning and business, there are improvements which show that the career of man is onward and upward to a higher destiny. Now, go and examine the Christian creeds. No improvement there. They stand to-day as they stood fifty years ago. It is next to impossible to get a new truth into the mind of a Christian, or to get an old superstition out.

For impossibilities, absurdities, and obscenity, few books equal the Bible. Although the Bible was written many centuries ago, at the dawning of civilization, yet in the mind of the Christian no writers before or since have equaled Bible writers.

Notwithstanding the filth and nastiness of the Bible, notwithstanding the abominations which it not only sanctions but commands, even to eating of one's own children, yet the Christian believes it to be a model of pureness, and that even its nastiness has a tendency to elevate the race. Does not this border on lunacy? Can it be a good system which thus warps and muddles the minds of men? Should not the minds of the youth of the land be protected from such debauchery? It is a disgrace to the age that scarcely a person can die unless the funeral services are conducted by one of these elevated-road conductors, whose mind is about as near the normal condition as an old tin pan in a wagon-rut. Some of their funeral sermons are refreshing.

The next time you attend a funeral, just notice how the "awful solemnities of the occasion" lengthen out the preacher's countenance. Pay attention to the manner in which he uses his handkerchief, mark his nasal twang, and think what an awful thing it would be to die, and then have such a bogus specimen of humanity utter the last words over your dead body, as if to see how extremely ridiculous the last scene in the great drama could be rendered. Hear a pious ranter at the funeral of a dead baby: "Gaud in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to tear this beautiful bud from the parent stem, ah. I think I can see the hand of providence in it, ah. Gaud saw, ah, that it would become the idol of their hearts, ah, and Gaud removed this little jewel, ah, to let them know, ah, that nothing must be adored, ah, above their creator, ah. The Lord gave, ah, and the Lord taketh away, and blessed be the name of the Lord, ah."

Think what brutes Christianity makes of men. The human mind cannot conceive anything more brutal than killing a prattling babe to spite a loving mother. I would smite a God who would kill a child because I love it. What would become of the race if all mothers hated their offspring? "Oh, it is right to love your children, but not too much." Well, how much? Why, just as much as you can, and not have God get mad at you. And then, according to the Calvinistic creed, "Gaud in his infinite wisdom" takes nineteen-twentieths of these little prattlers away from their fond mothers, only to use them as kindling-wood in hell. Christian buncombe!

What love can a savior have for a Christian when the Christian tries to make him stand all his loathsome tricks? In olden times they used to pile all their sins onto an old billy-goat; now the Christian piles them onto his savior.

There is no man who has the soul of a man who does not regret every wrong which he has ever committed. And when a man has thus reasoned himself into this repentant mood, he is least liable to be guilty of further wrong. And further, he will be least inclined to shift the consequence of such wrongs on another individual or being. And still further, he knows that many wrongs can never be entirely atoned for.

Not so with the Christian. He has a different scheme. He can run up a criminal debt, and get out all right. "Jesus pays it all, all the debt I owe." Though his heart is black with crime, "Jesus can make it white as snow."

Is such a scheme well calculated to develop a noble manhood? If there is a true way to damn the race, it is to teach them, and to make them thoroughly believe, that they can commit all manner of crimes, even to the murder of wife and children, and come out without a stain upon their garments. Even heaven itself is not too pure for their reception. With my last breath will I condemn such teaching. Instead of a dozen crucified saviors, it would have been a thousand times better for the race if a savior had never been heard of. What blasphemous nonsense it is to talk to the Christian about other saviors! "Jesus Christ is the savior of the world." This has been sung in his ears until it is impossible to lodge a fact in his mind in regard to the dozen other saviors who or which have been crucified for the sins of the world.

The average Christian will give money to send missionaries to the heathen in India, when he is too stingy to provide decently for those of his own household. He knows that all the widows are burnt on the funeral pile with their husbands, because he has seen the ashes which a missionary brought back which had been gathered from the spot where a widow was burnt. And he knows that all the mothers throw their children to the crocodiles in the Ganges, because he has seen a little shoe which a missionary snatched from the foot of a child before it was thrown in.

But, oh, horror of horrors, when you tell the Christian that his cross and his savior and his whole plan of salvation were borrowed or stolen from these same heathens, he is astounded, not because you have told him the truth, but because his Great Spontagligasticus, the autocrat of the skies, does not summon you without a moment's warning to appear before the high court of heaven to answer a charge of slander against his "blessed redeemer."

But the Christian's savior is only a third or fourth rate article; it has not even the poor recommendation of being second hand. There had been so many saviors before Christ that he, as a redeemer, did not even possess the charm of novelty. Divine honors were were paid to Zoroaster, Christna, and Buddha as redeemers hundreds of years before the birth of Christ. If the Christian would go to India himself instead of trusting to dishonest missionaries, he would see thousands of devout Hindoos on their knees before the cross in adoration of the savior Christna, who was crucified for the sins of the world more than a thousand years before Christ.

A brief outline of the history of this wonderful man ought to satisfy every Christian that his whole scheme was borrowed from this original. But "with God all things are possible," and with the Christian "Great is the mystery of godliness." It is just as easy for the Hindoos to have stolen their system from the Christians as for the Christians to have stolen their system from the Hindoos. The little circumstance of their system being more than a thousand years older need not stand in the way in the least.

The Indian savior was born of a virgin mother. Vast multitudes followed him, declaring him to be the redeemer promised by their fathers. His miracles consisted in raising the dead, healing the sick, casting out devils, etc. He comforted the sorrowing, relieved the oppressed, and visited the poor and the suffering. The mother and child were visited by wise men, and angelic hosts. The mother and child had to flee on account of an edict of the tyrant Cansa, ordering the first-born to be slain. In short, the story of Christna is the story of Christ. From this source the warp and woof of the web of Christianity were taken.

JOHN PECK.

## Our London Letter.

When the printing office of the *Freethinker* was burnt down the religious papers were loud in assertions that it was a judgment of the almighty, but I hav not seen any such statement following the reports of the destruction by fire of sundry churches and chapels during the past few weeks. It would be extremely satisfactory to know the cause of so many of these places being burnt down in so short a time, and also why there hav been several sudden deaths among the servants of the Lord, either while praying or preaching. In most cases the buildings hav been insured, which shows clearly that those who are fervent in prayer to their God don't care to trust him very far. Pious Christians also apply the same rule to themselvs as to their churches, only believing "Leave thy fatherless children, I will provide for them," in theory, and not in practice, whereby they show their common sense, but at the same time their gross hypocrisy. Probably it is the experience of most people who are not believers that there is no such accomplished hypocrit as your average Christian man of business, and no one can be surprised that such is the case, as it is absolutely impossible that anyone can do any description of work and really believe in the directions laid down for daily life by the putativ founder of Christianity. The common tramp and loafer is the true Christian, though in most cases he does not know it, while the professor, instead of encouraging such practical Christianity, makes laws to suppress it. I cannot understand why people should waste money and time in pretending to believe what they know they disbelieve, and can only conclude the game pays in some way or other.

The prosecution of the Socialist leaders has not repressed the movement in any way, and it appears to gain ground here as elsewhere. The coming debate between Mrs. Besant and G. W. Foote on the subject will, no doubt, be instructiv, as the question should be thoroughly thrashed out by such disputants, and all the arguments both for and against will be brought forward. Freethinkers are divided on the matter, but, being Freethinkers and not Christians, can differ without quarreling. Charles Bradlaugh disapproves strongly, recommending coöperation in its place, though, as I understand it, Socialism is coöperation on a more fully extended scale. Since Bradlaugh has sat in Parliament without opposition, his views on things in general appear to hav become greatly modified, and another few years may see him with strong Conservativ tendencies. Fortunately, his partial withdrawal from the cause will in nowise adversely affect it, as there are so many more able workers and leaders than there were twenty-five years ago, and the places of those who fell out of the ranks can be immediately filled with equally qualified helpers.

Charles Bradlaugh is doing a good political work, and his efforts on behalf of oppressed toilers hav had good results so far. He has made a decided mark in Parliament, and has gained a considerable

## The Lick Observatory.

[The following letter upon the Lick Observatory, written from Mt Hamilton to the San Francisco *Examiner*, will be of interest to Freethinkers, as it concerns the princely donation to science of one of the sturdiest Infidels of the Pacific coast. The illustration was made specially for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL of last year from a photograph taken by one of the gentlemen connected with the observatory. It is the only picture of the buildings and grounds in print.—ED. T. S.]

Mount Hamilton is the home of the Lick Observatory, the location of the great telescope, which within a few months is to draw the moon from her sphere two hundred thousand miles away, and bring her within a hundred miles of optical criticism.

The astronomical and scientific world are looking with anxious eyes toward this Mecca, where they hope to hav their most enthusiastic expectations realized, and the wonders of the heavens revealed to their gaze. The years that hav been devoted to the labor of preparing and constructing this monument to a philanthropist's memory evidently hav not been wasted. The great improvements made upon this mountain, four thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea, creating a barren, rocky peak into a home where science is to be fostered and the unknown mysteries of centuries revealed, is certainly a work which all alike can view with admiration and pleasure.

There are few San Franciscans who hav ever visited this point. The register shows that the majority of visitors are from distant cities or from the other side of the Atlantic. No doubt this fact is greatly due to lack of information obtainable in regard to the expense attached to the trip, the distance from the city, and the time occupied in reaching there. Certainly no such information was at my disposal when the trip was determined upon. Therefore the facts are given here.

It is seventy-six miles by rail and stage from San Francisco to this summit. Both the South Pacific Coast Railroad and Southern Pacific sell round-trip tickets for $7.50. If it is necessary, one can leave San Francisco at 4.30 P.M., and take the stage at San José on the following morning. It leaves only on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings. If a party of four or more are going up they can be accommodated on any day by notifying the stage company. The round-trip stage tickets from San José are four dollars each. A pleasant way for a party of three or four to travel is to take the afternoon train, hire a vehicle in San José, and drive to Smith's Creek, twenty-five miles distant, where excellent accommodations can be had. The early morning ascent of the mountain in the clear, bracing air is the most delightful part of the trip, and one which once made will never be forgotten. The expense to a party of four will not be very much larger than going by stage, although great care is needed in the selection of horses and driver.

The road from San José to Smith's Creek is in most excellent condition, and the rapid change of scenery and repeated changes of climate, from a warm breeze to the cool zephyrs which meet one with a welcome as one crosses some little valley or stream running from the canyons on the right, are delightful. From Smith's Creek to the summit the distance is seven miles. The road has a very slight upgrade, which makes the riding neither tiresome nor disagreeable, and there are no ruts or rocks to jolt one into soreness and ruin one's evenness of temper. The road winds around and around, and over and over again the traveler sees familiar landmarks a few yards below that were passed a quarter of an hour before.

About half way up the mountain the view opens out a fine extent of country in the Santa Clara Valley. Of course, at this season of the year, the hills are brown, and in the distance dark and purple shades mingle and destroy the freshness and green of the verdure which adds so greatly to this part of the country when the rains render the ground moist and giv life to the trees and flowers.

The first view of the brick structure, waiting to receive the great dome, that is obtained during the ascent, does not strike any responsiv chord of pleasure or satisfaction. It appears dwarfed and insignificant, and the rapid succession of views as the horses wind around the bends in the roadway do not dispel this feeling.

At last the summit is reached, and Capt. R. S. Floyd, the president of the Lick trust; Capt. Thomas E. Fraser, the superintendent, and Prof. J. E. Keeler, the assistant astronomer of the State University, come out to receive the party. They wear an air of surprise at the visit—pleasant surprise, however—but it is doubtful if they were not expecting it and had been watching the climb through their telescopes all the way up the mountain. Then one notices the presence of ladies, and, sure enough, it is not long before Mrs. Floyd, Mrs. Fraser, and Miss Matthews hospitably and kindly receive visiting friends in their charming home.

There are no accommodations on the summit for visitors. It cannot be expected that the three gentlemen named can giv their time to explaining to every visitor the nature of the instruments now in use. Neither can they well allow any one to wander aimlessly among the valuable machinery and paraphernalia which are located at various points on the mountain. It is not improbable that before the great telescope is completed, a hotel will be erected somewhere on the reservation, but at present the visitor must look out for his own provender as well as for the care of his horses. The water supply is scarce on the summit, but a notice about half way up the mountain warns the driver to water his horses at the spring at that point.

The foundation and walls of the brick dome, which will shelter the great telescope, are completed, and looking from where I am writing a dozen or more men can be seen busily engaged in placing in position the stone caps upon which the dome will rest, or rather revolve. This will be the largest revolving dome in the world when completed, which will be about the middle of March. Its inside diameter is seventy feet, and it will be seventy-five feet in hight. The bed upon which the great telescope will revolve, composed of concrete, iron, and granit, is now complete. The last slab was placed in position yesterday, immediately over the spot where rest the remains of the founder, James Lick.

But the great interest of all visitors centers in the lenses, about which so much has been written and published during the past seven years. They arrived safely a few days ago, and are now locked up in a fire-proof vault, guarded by double iron doors. Captain Floyd appeared to notice the impatience of my party, but he said nothing while coolly conducting the visitors from one point to another, all of interest, and giving interesting descriptions of the uses and wonders of the polished, delicate instruments which suddenly appeared in various places in most surprising ways. Finally the vault was reached and the doors opened with care, while every visitor involuntarily removed his hat. There they were. "I thought there were two glasses," mildly suggested one of the party.

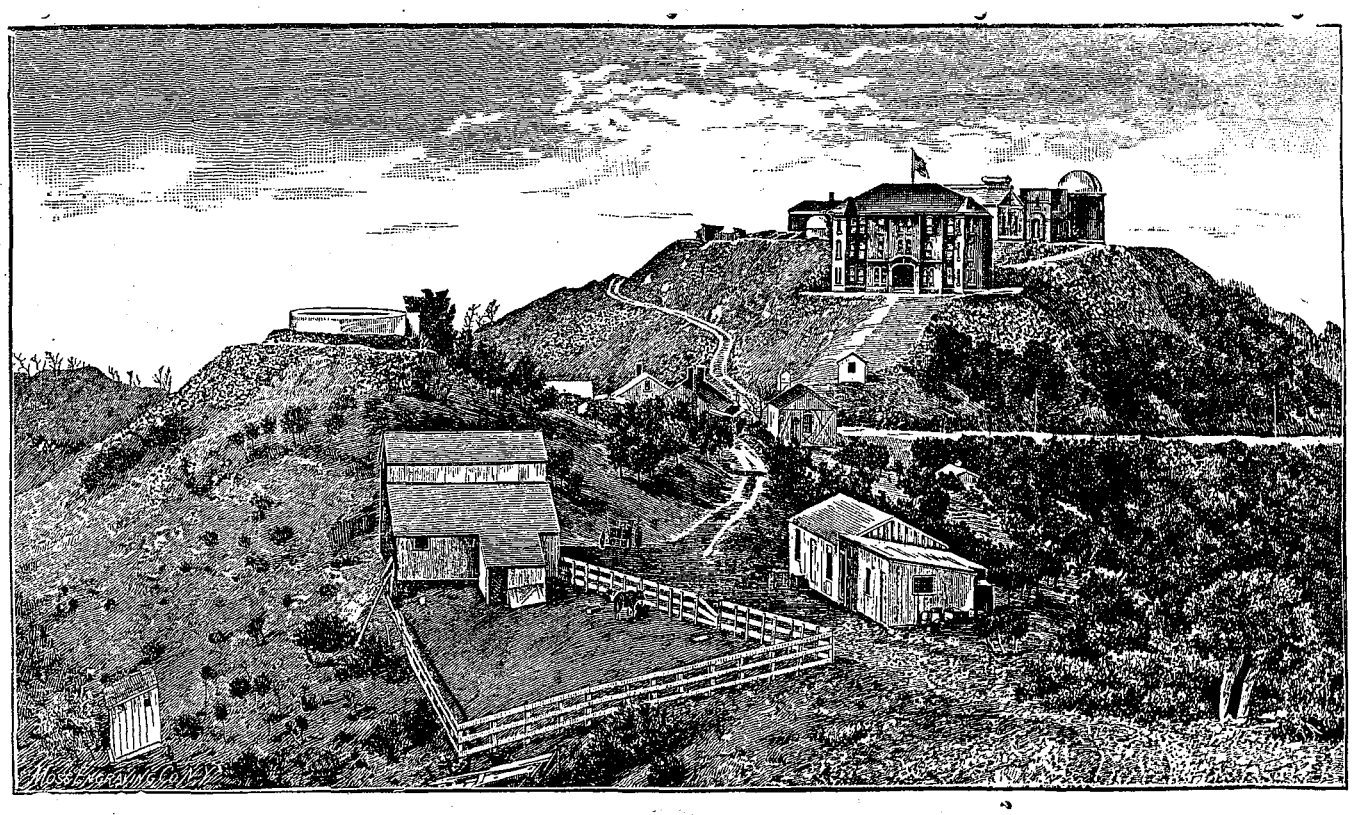
"The two glasses are in that steel ring," said the captain, "bound in with iron bolts. There is a space of six and a half inches between them. You only see the rim of the steel ring. Wait and I'll move it around."

He did so. The face of the crown glass was exposed to view, and through it could be seen the flint glass and the wall behind through both. An American flag was hung up behind the lenses, and a photograph taken, with a foot-rule resting on top of the steel ring, so as to giv a better idea of the size of the glasses.

I was then allowed to enter the vault and closely inspect the lenses. In the center, or nearly in the center, of the crown glass, hardly a quarter of an inch apart, there are three small black specks, about the size of a pin's head, looking like the bubbles so common in glassware. They run in to a point, but how deep they are in the lens it was not possible to learn. It is possible that these specks were the cause of a recent statement that the glass was imperfect.

Captain Floyd appeared to pay no attention to the matter when he was questioned about it, further than to state that the glasses had been thoroughly tested by such experts as Professors Newcomb, of the Naval Observatory; Hastings, of Yale, and Burnham, of Chicago, and there could be no doubt that they are perfect. The specks noticed could not in any manner interfere with the usefulness of the telescope.

In alluding to the lenses he said: "Take down some figures now. Speaking with approximate exactness, the circumference of the clear aperture of the great Lick objectiv is equal to 9.4247779608—expressed in feet and decimals of a foot, while the diameter is 3.1415926535 in feet and decimals. Of course you know that the objectiv, or object glass of a refracting telescope, is composed of two lenses—one the crown glass and the other the flint glass. The space between them when mounted in the telescope will be six and one-half inches—the same as they are now located in that steel band."



THE LICK OBSERVATORY.

With this Captaia Floyd closed his little lecture, the doors of the vault were closed and locked, and the party walked out of the building into the open air.

But what a change in so short a time! Half an hour before the summit of the mountains and the canyon and the hillsides below were bathed in the warm sunlight. Now the lower world was shut out from view. The two lofty peaks above us are still reflecting back the sun's rays, but stretchibg out as far as the eye can reach are clouds of white, snow-like banks of fog, rolling over and over each other as if in play, and as they move and change their form, their edges catch up rays of the sinking sun, which giv them the loveliest of hues and most startling contrasts of color. It was a wondrous scene! Even the dwellers on the mount, to whom this kaleidoscope of nature is not new, gaze out upon it in silence. The visitors look on with admiration and delight expressed in every feature. It is a fairy transformation scene. As the sun sinks lower the clouds throw off their bright colors and become tinged with purple and yellow, and finally these changes also pass away and the beauty of a few minutes previous becomes dark and somber, and the laden dulness of the heavy banks of fog chills the air and the little group assembled so far above them.

(*Continued from page* 134)

amount of respect, his enemies decreasing continually in their efforts to injure him, and, if they hav no love for him, they certainly hold him in decided fear, and hav long since found he is the wrong man with whom to pick a quarrel. J. D.

*London*, Jan. 30, 1887.


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## Why Not?

The House of Representativs has passed an anti-Mormon bill which will probably become a law. It is substantially the same as proposed last year, the main difference being the omission of the clause appointing trustees to administer the property of the church. The bill repeals the charter of the Mormon church, and instructs the attorney-general to institute proceedings to recover all of the property of that corporation which was not acquired in accordance with the laws of the United States. Churches, grounds, churchyards, and property used for purposes of worship are not interfered with. It also revokes the charter of the Mormon Immigration Society, and devolves the property of both of the corporations to public school purposes. It leaves the election laws substantially as they are at present, except that it vests in the president the power to appoint probate judges subject to confirmation by the Senate. Polygamists are excluded from the registration lists. The concluding sections of the bill provide that all religious societies, sects, and congregations shall hav the right to hav and to hold, through trustees appointed by any court exercising probate powers in a territory, only on the nomination of the authorities of such society, sect, or congregation, so much real property for the erection or use of houses of worship, and for such parsonages and burial grounds as shall be necessary for the convenience and use of the several congregations of such religious society, sect, or congregation.

Now that the United States are fairly embarked on the religious business, why stop at Utah? Why not stop the immigration of Catholics? Thousands are arriving every year, and our jails are full of them. Why not take away all the property of all the churches save the church buildings, grounds, and churchyards? The churches own immense properties, centered in the hands of a few—the bishops of the Roman Catholic church holding in their own names millions and millions worth of lands—why not, if such holding is dangerous to the state, take this away, and devote it to building public schools? There is need of a score more schools right here in New York for the ignorant Catholic population. Why not take hold of these overgrown ecclesiastical corporations in the East as well as in the West?

It is true, the Christians of the East are not so thoroughly Biblical as the Christians of Utah, but they follow the example set by Solomon, as far as their means permit. It is hardly fair, because living is cheap in Utah, and the Western saints can afford a dozen or more wives, while the Eastern saint must be content with one and two or three mistresses, that the East should be excluded from the benefits of legislation! Why not, then, enlarge the scope of this bill and control all the churches?

With the exception of preventing the practice of polygamy as a religious rite in Utah, we fail to see what the United States hav to do with Mormonism. And the present universal law against bigamy is just as good as a special law against polygamy—except, perhaps, that it doesn't suit the Christians of the East, who ache to persecute their religious brethren in Utah. Moreover, if our virtuous legislators at Washington are determined to punish all violators of the seventh commandment, they need not travel as far as Utah to find them.

## Frank Rivers.

Grief sincere and darkening will be felt by hundreds of Freethinkers when they learn that Frank Rivers was stricken with apoplexy on the morning of the 15th inst. at Buffalo, and lived but a few moments after the stroke.

Frank Rivers possessed a character all his own. Bluff and hearty in his bearing, as became a man of his avoirdupois, he was so gentle in his treatment of his fellows, and so enthusiastic in pushing good works, that every generous man loved him. He was the oldest living ex-showman in the world, and famous throughout the country for the number and variety of his amusement enterprises. He was born in Springfield, Mass., over sixty six years ago, and from the age of ten till about fourteen years ago was connected with traveling amusement companies. In 1849 he went to California. His first day's work paid him $27. Then he sold his claim for $5,000 and started for San Francisco, where he organized the first circus company in California, and afterward took seventeen shows thither from the East, among them three circuses and the first opera company ever seen on the Pacific coast. He went to Europe, and brought back Melett, the court jester, and took the famous Swiss bell ringers to California. He took the first circus to South America that ever visited that country, and managed the first circus that ever visited Australia, Japan, the Sandwich Islands, and the City of Mexico. He knew Dan Rice when the latter was a hostler. When the war broke out Rivers lived in Philadelphia, and paid taxes on $175,000 worth of property, he having brought with him $165,000 in gold from California. But his property deteriorated during the war, and reverses befell the veteran showman. In 1864 he traveled with an English opera company.

He afterward located in Boston, and was a medical bookseller when the founder of The Truth Seeker was set upon by that church scavenger, Anthony Comstock. Mr. Rivers's hearty and honest nature was thoroughly aroused by the outrage upon Mr. Bennett, and he worked untiringly for the editor's release. Through his efforts mass meetings were held in Boston, and by that means the voice of thousands of Boston's citizens was heard in the White House at Washington condemning the treatment of Mr. Bennett. Since Mr. Bennett's death, when speaking of the cowardly conduct of Hayes, tears of indignation would start in Frank Rivers's eyes. He hated a hypocrit with every drop of blood in his honest body.

At the time of his death Mr. Rivers was traveling for Charles Scribner's Sons, putting their magazines upon the counters of booksellers. He had been in Buffalo about twelve days, stopping at the Bensler House. The Sunday before his death he had suffered from a cold, but on Monday was feeling better, and was about the hotel all the evening. He retired late, and shortly after two o'clock his bell rang. The porter found him stricken by apoplexy, from which he could not rally. His wife livs in Newark.

Mr. Rivers was an educated, companionable man, with a deep knowledge of the world, and a full appreciation of the worthlessness of the current theology. He hated his enemies and loved his friends, and his friends loved him.

## Not for Peace, but for Power.

A paper published in the western part of New York, slavishly devoted to the despot in Rome, has the effrontery to assure its readers that the recent order of Leo XIII. to the Catholics of Germany to support Bismarck in his demand of the Reichstag for a seven-years' war appropriation is purely and solely in the interests of peace. "His French children," says the concealer of the truth, "are just as dear to the pontiff's heart as his German children. Therefore he uses his influence for the passage of a measure which, in his judgment, will tend to insure that peace which the toiling masses of either country heartily desire."

This is all stuff! The pope orders the Germans to support those candidates for the Reichstag who wil vote for Bismarck's Septennate bill for the simple reason that Bismarck will in return giv the German Catholic bishops more power, and thereby improve the position of the papacy in Germany.

Some fifteen years ago Bismarck procured the passage of what are known as the May laws, which deprived the pope of the power to appoint bishops in Germany without first consulting the government, and in various ways hampered Rome. About a year ago the Prussian Chamber of Deputies passed an Ecclesiastical bill, allowing the church to settle without interference all questions pertaining to its own organization and disciplin. This was done in pursuance of a bargain with the pope to help Bismarck control the political Liberals of Germany; to secure the pope as an ally against France; and also to secure his aid in further consolidating the German empire. By the terms of this contract the pope was bound to help Bismarck whenever France showed her teeth. This Bismarck probably reckoned the pope would do willingly, because he hates the Atheists who are at the head of the French government, and who are depriving the church, one after another, of her state subsidies. But, precisely as we predicted at the time the contract was made, the pope has outwitted the prime minister. Before Dr. Windthorst, the leader of the Catholic party in the Reichstag, was ordered to support Bismarck, the pope exacted further concessions in the revision of the May laws. These hav been granted, and the church exultingly claims to hav forced Bismarck to concede her all her "essential" rights. That means she is free to plot with or against the government, as her interest may require. It argues well for Dr. Windthorst that he has refused to obey the pope, claiming with Dr. McGlynn of this city that Leo XIII. should not meddle with politics.

The "holy father's" solicitude for his French and German children is precisely as great as his desire to control them, and no greater. If he thought he could strengthen his hold by setting Germany and France at war with each other, he would do it if he could. Popes always hav fought when it was policy to fight, and no European wars hav been so bitter and bloody as the religious wars.

It is the sheerest nonsense to ascribe the pope's interference to any motiv but gain.

## Here We Hav It!

Quoting last week the *Catholic Review's* opinion that there is no longer a school question for Catholics, we said:

"There is, however, a school question for the rest of the people, and that is to see that the school funds raised by taxation are never divided between the public and the parochial schools."

Even before that was written, the following bill had been introduced in the Senate of this state by Senator M. C. Murphy, and referred to the Committee on Literature, consisting of the Hon. Senators Charles L. Knapp, of Lewis county, Stephen M. Griswold, of Brooklyn, and Edward F. Fagan, of Queen's county:

AN ACT

To amend Chapter 218 of the Laws of 1875, entitled An Act to further amend Chapter 448 of the Laws of 1863, entitled An Act to incorporate the Society for the Protection of Destitute Roman Catholic Children in the City of New York.

The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Section 1. The third section of said act is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

§ 3. The Court of Special Sessions of the Peace, in and for the City and County of New York, is hereby authorized and empowered to commit to the care of such corporation, children between seven and fourteen years of age, as idle, truant, vicious, or homeless children, in the same manner and under the same circumstances, as any magistrate in the City of New York is by said Act authorized and empowered to commit such children thereto, and all the provisions of said Act, in reference to the committal or discharge of such children by any magistrate in the City of New York, or the return of any child to the committing magistrate, are hereby made applicable to the said Court of Special Sessions of the Peace, in and for the City and County of New York, *and the schools established and maintained by the New York Catholic Protectory shall participate in the distribution of the Common School Fund in the same manner and degree as the Common Schools of the City and County of New York.*

Sec. 2. This Act shall take effect immediately.

We are indebted to James M. King, chairman of the Committee on Legislativ Action of the United States Evangelical Alliance, and our Methodist contemporary in the iron building around the corner for a knowledge of this demand of the Catholic church.

Mr. King, it is fair to say, denounces the bill vigorously. We presume, however, he objects to the bill for a reason analogous to that which moves a pig to crowd a companion away from a full trough. The Protestants hav got what they want in our public schools—Bible-reading, prayer, and religious songs—and do not propose to divide the money, which provides these Protestant religious exercises, with their old-time Romish enemy. But notwithstanding the Protestants are as deep in the mire as the Catholics would like to be in the mud, this bill must be opposed. If every Infidel in New York state will write to the Senate Committee on Literature, having the bill in charge, and to his senator, opposing the measure, the effect will be good. The Evangelical Alliance will work against the bill, and coöperation with them will in this case be fighting the devil with fire.

Our schools are bad enough as they are. Do not allow the great enemy of American liberty to make them worse, or to withdraw one cent from their support.

## Sunday Laws in California.

When California adopted her new constitution she provided guarantees of religious freedom, enacted that no person could be deprived of his civil rights on account of his opinions upon matters of religious belief, and gave every person the right to affirm or take the oath according to his or her religious prejudices. About the sole relic of legal barbarism left intact was the useless formula of "So help me God" upon affirmations. And since the adoption of the constitution the legislature has found no time to violate the instrument by the enactment of blasphemy or Sunday laws, save one little statute of the latter class which prevents the legal employment of bakers on Sundays.

This condition of affairs is very displeasing to those bigots who think they hav the right to control the actions of others one-seventh of the time, and they hav been holding "mass meetings" to impress upon the public the necessity of Sunday laws. The most notorious gathering was held in the Assembly chamber, at Sacramento, which was called to order by a minister who introduced the speaker of the Assembly as the chairman of the evening. It is evident from the speaker's action in granting the use of the Assembly chamber, and his language when addressing the audience, that the I-am-my-brother's-keeper kind of folks hav caught one, at least, of California's lawmakers. The other assemblymen and senators, however, were conspicuous at the meeting only by their absence. "If the object of holding the meeting in the Capitol building," says the Sacramento *Record-Union*, "was to secure the attendance of the lawmakers of the state, it was a failure."

The pretense of the leading hypocrits who addressed the meeting was that Sunday laws are not a religious institution, but are asked for solely in the interest of the poor working man, God bless him! The shell of this cant was broken through right away by the religious zeal of the lesser oratorical lights. Some of their sentences are significant. After the Rev. Dr. Frost had secured order, and Mr. Speaker Jordon had stated the object of the meeting to be not religious, but to "secure the setting aside of one day out seven for a day of rest" (God bless the workingman!), an assemblyman from Los Angeles occupied the platform. He contradicted his speaker flatly, for "while California had so much to boast of, it had no day set apart for rest expressiv of religious sentiment, appropriate for Christian worship. With religious people, this is a religious question." Mr. Knox was followed by Senator Steele, who bore down upon the iniquity of compelling the workingman—God bless him!—to labor on the holy Sabbath day. But the learned senator forgot to say that Sunday in California is a legal holiday, and that no man can be forced to labor thereon.

Senator Steele was superseded by the Rev. E. R. Dille, chaplain of the Assembly, who should hav explained first where the Assembly obtained the constitutional authority to employ him, but who, instead, went on to say in substance that the workingman, God bless him! should hav one day out of seven upon which to rest, and the Christian should hav one day set apart sacredly for his use and behoof because "the government has recognized the Christian religion." Hurling a shot at the Germans and demanding the reënactment of the Sunday laws, the assembly chaplain gave way to the Rev. Dr. Frost. This gentleman is a furious upholder of Christianity. In regard to the Sabbath, he said it "was the law of creation. God set us the example himself. No man can lay claim to respectability unless he obeys the Ten Commandments." It pained him exceedingly, he said, to see five thousand Sacramento boys perch themselvs on the sharp points of a picket fence all the Sabbath day to watch a game of baseball. He was sorry that the boys didn't appear to be pained also, but they did not, although they would undoubtedly toss restlessly about on the cushions of a church pew. Dr. Frost added a lamentation that California and Nevada were the only two states sufficiently reckless as to their future to hav no Sunday laws upon their statute books, and closed with the time-worn story of the ship leaving Boston with the undue proportion of one hundred and fifty thousand gallons of rum to one missionary, and he a small one. The cause of Dr. Frost's grief over this unbalanced cargo is not stated, but is supposed to be because a small missionary could never hope to drink all that rum.

While these fanatical, one-sided, and wholly false statements of the California preachers hav no weight with sensible people, refuting themselvs to every well-read mind, they constitute, nevertheless, sufficient reason why the friends of liberty should be alert. Since the new constitution of California was adopted Sunday laws were placed upon the statute books by Republican legislators. When the Democrats swept the state, the laws were repealed. Assemblyman Knox, at this meeting, claimed that the Republican party was sure to pass a Sunday law within thirty days after it controled the state. Mr. Knox is, of course, a Republican, and his declaration was a bid for the church vote. It will be a detriment to California if Mr. Knox is a true prophet.

The Liberals of the Golden state must remember that unless they watch this movement of the clergy and thwart it, Sunday laws will soon hav a place in the Code, and the legislature will find some way to grant exemption from taxation to the churches and make money donations to their almost as worthless institutions.

## Editorial Notes.

"THE TRUTH SEEKER, New York, says: '"God and His Book" is the heaviest iconoclastic broadside that has been fired at the Jewish God and the Bible by any modern Freethinker. Christians may get angry at it; but their system of religion cannot escape conviction under the powerful indictment drawn by Saladin."—*London Secular Review*. Saladin's copyist made a mistake. THE TRUTH SEEKER said, "by any recent English Freethinker." Some living American bookmakers hav drawn indictments equally powerful, though of different "counts." But Saladin is a mighty warrior!

"THE removal of the old Dutch Reformed church in Lafayette Place vacates another important territory for gospel preaching. There are some latter-day thinkers who will conclude it doesn't matter, as the Astor Library is so near. But all the reference books in the world will not lift up a soul alienated from God."—*Christian at Work*. Do not let your heart be troubled, Brother Hallock, concerning the means of spiritual grace in Lafayette Place. THE TRUTH SEEKER will move into the beautiful street just as soon as the weather permits the masons to finish the new building for our printing-office and editorial rooms.

MR. HARMAN visited his daughter and her husband at the jail in Oskaloosa on the 7th inst., and "heard the voices of the prisoners through the outside grating." Mr. and Mrs. Walker were in good bodily health, and of resolute mind, and commissioned Mr. Harman "to say to all their friends that while sincerely thanking them for their kind offers to furnish the money to pay costs of imprisonment, they most earnestly protest that they ought to be allowed to decide the question whether these costs shall be paid for them or not." We can not help thinking that this is an unwise decision, for unless the supreme court releases them, they are doomed to a life-long imprisonment. We do not see what good purpose is to be served by this self-inflicted incarceration.

THE Young Men's Institute of the Young Men's Christian Association of this city has refused to admit Wiltshire Payne to the privileges of its architectural class because he is a negro. Young Payne acquired what education he has at the Cooper Union, and his treatment by the two institutions illustrates the wide difference between orthodox Christianity and benevolent heterodoxy. Commenting upon this affair the Rev W. B. Derrick, a colored clergyman of this city, said: "The religious element in this country fails to carry out its professions. The Young Men's Christian Association draws its inspiration and support from the churches, and it acts as the churches themselvs desire it to act. Those men who would be the first to call a mass meeting to condemn intolerance in the South are the very ones to ostracize the colored man in the North. What can we expect from the South when such a spirit is manifested here? Not until the American church shall cease to discriminate against color can anything be hoped for from the state. It's a disgrace to the country, and some day, when the young colored men hav grown into a knowledge of their strength, they will show by their votes how they regard this treatment. This prejudice is not new. It has always existed in this association. I hav never known of a colored clergyman being invited to assist in the work or organization of the association, although the latter's ostensible purpose is to moralize and Christianize young men, either outside or inside the church, regardless of color."

WHAT kind of men do they hav down in Georgia for postmasters? In the issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 12th inst. we alluded to an incident said to hav occurred at Douglas, Ga. It was one of those crazy stories about an angry God paralyzing a blasphemer. William Burklett was the alleged victim. He is said to hav been a profane man, and on one occasion exclaimed, "I hope that God will paralyze me," when at once "his hands dropped to his side, his legs refused to move, and his eyes rolled wildly around. His prayer was answered, and he stood paralyzed on the spot where, but a few moments before, he was a magnificent type of physical manhood. He tried to speak, but his tongue would not move. Half a dozen men who were present were rendered motionless by the evident visitation of the hand of God." J. M. Harding, M.D., of Oil City, Pa., felt curious about the case, and wrote to the postmaster at Douglas. He received the following reply, which he publishes in the Detroit *Evening Journal*:

"DOUGLAS, GA., Jan. 21, 1887.

"MR. J. M. HARDING, *Dear Sir:* I answer yours of the 16th instant received, and will say I hav gathered all the information I could about it, and I will just say I think it is true.

"Very respectfully, B PETERSON,
"Postmaster, Douglas, Ga."

Mr. Peterson could not hav passed a civil service examination before obtaining his office, or else common sense is not sought for in postmasters. Mr. Peterson's thoughts are not very valuable as evidence.

THE Minneapolis, Minn., papers of the 13th inst. tell a story in which boundless superstition contends with insanity. It is of an attempt to bring back to life by the prayer of faith an only daughter who died some three months ago. Mrs. Anna Stickney is a widow lady residing in Northeast Minneapolis. Faith-healing meetings hav been held in that section of the city, and Mrs. Stickney was a regular attendant. She is a lady of more than ordinary intelligence, say the papers, and a church-member in good standing. During the illness of her daughter, last December, an alleged faith-cure by the Rev. R. A. Torrey made a deep impression upon her, and after her daughter's death the idea occurred to her to resurrect the child by prayer. Tuesday the corpse was brought from the receiving vault and laid upon a couch in the parlor. Bands of women from the faith-cure meetings gathered daily about the couch and prayed. On Sunday the mother's insane mind saw movements—she sent the women from the room—the lungs of the corpse became inflated—perspiration started—the agonized mother rubbed the corpse, when it became stiff and cold under her hands—all signs of life had disappeared. Such is the story she tells, and so limitless is her superstition that she regards the stiffening back into death as God's judgment upon her for interfering in his work by attempting to hasten the resurrection instead of waiting for prayer to accomplish the miracle. It is a weird and pitiable affair, and one's sympathy for the mother is uncontrolably mixed with indignation toward the system of religion which givs birth to such horrible impostures.

THE Boston *Herald's* correspondent in this city has found in the insane asylum asylum on Blackwell's Island a young woman whose condition excites feelings of pity and indignation. Through the long hours of the day she sits poring over a Bible, now and again raising her eyes from the page to ponder and weep. She is not violent or in any way dangerous to others or herself. She is the incarnation of sorrow, and will weep from now till death relieves her. She is the daughter of a member of an evangelical church, and was brought up to implicitly believe the Bible and trust the clergy. Some two years ago she married a man who was an Infidel, and the soul of honor, true to moral principle, and devoutly loving his wife. They had been married six months, when the husband fell a victim to pneumonia. His death came upon his wife almost as suddenly as if he had been brought home mangled by an accident. A source of grief to her was her fear because he had never been converted. The family physician watched her anxiously for a time after the funeral, for he could discern the seriousness of the trouble, but he soon concluded that she was in no danger. She seemed more than ever devoted to the church. One day she went to her pastor with a frightened mien to ask for consolation and light. With much trepidation and tendency to hysteria, she told him how she had dreamed that she had been granted a vision of hell. She had been praying incessantly since her husband's death that she might be informed as to his fate. She had begun to hope that her prayers might be efficient in bringing him divine favor, when the answer came in the shape of this vision. At all events, she feared that this dream was the answer, for as she had made her way through the burning lake she had seen her husband writhing in torment. Could her pastor offer any cheer? Could he assure her that the vision was a mere fancy—that it meant nothing? No, the pastor, rigid zealot of the old school, could see nothing less in it than an announcement of the judgment of providence upon the scoffer. With fanatic conscientiousness he told her his convictions. She listened in perfect belief, and went to her home a lunatic. It was not ascertained for a time, of course, that her mind was seriously affected; she began to spend her entire time reading the Bible. occasionally stopping to reason with herself, the conclusion of all her reasoning invariably being that there was a hell and that her husband must be therein. At first she argued the matter quietly, but with pathetic firmness, with those who were near her; then she relapsed into communing with herself alone. And that will be the end of her history.

# Letters from Friends.

DODGE CITY, KAN., Feb. 9, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find check for fifteen dollars. Apply as directed. Mr. Putnam is going to be here in a few days. All arrangements are made where he will speak, and I leave it to him to write about this country and the friends of our cause. MORRIS COLLAR.

SEATTLE, WASH. TER., Jan. 16, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3, for which please send THE TRUTH SEEKER another year. Heston is a brick. I get my money's worth from his pictures alone. Many a hearty laugh do I hav over them, and were it not for my giving them away to my neighbors, I would paste them all over the room, so I could feast my eyes on them continually.

F. H. HARKINS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav lately sent Mr. Hacker $1, for which I received from him one dozen of his lectures. I hav read them very carefully, and found that they were full of good, sound sense, and I would advise every person who claims to be a Liberal to send Mr. Hacker at least something to make his old age pleasant. I am sure that the reading they would receive in return would teach them a good deal.

BURTON DAVIS.

MERRIOK, L. I., Jan. 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The little pamphlet that you are selling, entitled "Personal Existence after Death Improbable," written by L. R. Smith, I think is the boss, the champion of light weights. It seems to me to be the conclusion of a thinking man, near his end, after a life of study and investigation. I hope that every reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER will send for one or more; they are so cheap that they can afford to lend them out to their neighbors. Besides, it would be a charity to help Mr. Smith, for he has been sick for a long time, and not able to work; but I hope that he may get well again, so that he can teach school; he would be likely to scatter some more of the seeds of common sense into the children's heads.

F. H. MOLLINEAUX.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Feb. 5, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of Feb. 5th I notice an article from the Rev. J. W. Caldwell, Mapleton, Kan., in regard to the picture contained in your issue of Jan. 15th of the man who has maimed himself in accordance with Christ's injunction, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out," etc. The reverend gentleman says, "Not one among the millions who hav accepted his teachings, not the most silly, has ever so understood him." Now, I wish to state that I am personally acquainted with a man who did so interpret his meaning, to the degree that he unsexed himself, and I would add that, barring his religious fanaticism, he is by no means a fool. Neither has he ever been considered a lunatic, though the fact of his having maimed himself is no secret, being very generally known in the community in which he resides.

A READER.

BRISTOL, WIS., Jan. 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: You are sound on the indictment of the Chicago Anarchists. I read the testimony closely, and I could not see that a murder was proved against one of them. Had they been indicted for making speeches, inciting a riot, there might hav been some reason in it, but to indict men for murder, fail to prove it, and still hold them for murder, only shows what senseless public clamor will do. I hold that any party or sect that openly or secretly advocates the destruction of his neighbor's life or property for any reason whatever should hav the strong hand of the law laid upon him at once. Advocating destruction and death is not the way to cure the evils that we are enduring. Educating the people is what is needed. When this is brought about our evils will disappear like a frost before the rising sun. Inclosed find five dollars for two years' subscription. Wishing THE TRUTH SEEKER prosperity, I remain, as ever,

A. D. CORNWELL.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Jan. 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I herewith inclose you a postal note for $1.50 for six month's subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER; will endeavor to send you the rest before the year's subscription runs out, which, I think, will be in April, 1887. There was a feeling on my part to giv up THE TRUTH SEEKER when you first got up the picture business; in fact, almost wrote you to stop it. But I found my head after a little thought, and came to the conclusion to let it come. Having recently taken a partner for life, and one who is a United Presbyterian, it would hav a tendency to raise a rumpus in the camp. But by letting it come it brought a new thought along, and I am glad to say in nine cases out of ten, when I come home, I find the wrapper torn off, and, in fact, if I ask if the paper came, I am told all about the pictures. Many a hearty laugh we had over the Adam and Eve business. Then I explain, in a gentle but not harsh way, the means and processes used to scare people to believe such nonsense, and I must say it has done good. Of course, to wipe all out it takes years of mental development, but with kind words and encouragement, and a little sacrifice, these things will come around all right. I think the greatest trouble with men is, they think women are not capable of understanding such things, and if a woman makes a mistake, or has a mistaken notion, they pounce down on her, and try to drive her along, which a majority of women will not stand, and the consequences are strong-headedness and loss of confidence in what one says. I hav tried with kind and gentle words to explain things of this kind, and found I made better headway, and in places where one would least expect to. So you see, even if I don't take so much interest in the union as a body, I am still with them at heart, and our cause moves on. Yours truly, J. S. J.

SEATTLE, WASH. TER., Feb. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The grand old TRUTH SEEKER still comes to hand every week, laden with gems of thought, which are highly appreciated by me, as I hav taken it ever since it was hatched out in a seed-garden in Illinois. The cartoons are grand, and I only wish THE TRUTH SEEKER could afford to add another sheet, so they could be cut out and put in an album, without hiding so much valuable reading matter. Our young city of about 12,000 is in a flourishing condition. We hav, I think, fourteen churches; last, but not least, we hav a flourishing Liberal association, somewhat like your Liberal Club, where we discuss all manner of subjects for the good of man here and now. We meet every Sunday evening. For the last three Sundays we hav been trying to keep God out of our constitution, and I tell you we hav given the old Jew God a pretty rough handling. Our Odd Fellow's Hall is well filled, and a deep interest is felt in the cause. Inclosed find $6, to renew our subscriptions. D. M. CRANE.

AUSTIN, TEX., Feb. 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Being an occasional reader of your paper, and believing it to be the very best medium in the United States for the dissemination of every new fact touching the Christian religion, I inclose you a clipping from the Austin *Daily Statesman* of this morning. I send this simply to let you know that we in Texas are not behind Philadelphia and New York in Christian grace.

Yours very respectfully, M. R. SPRINGER.

THE EXTRACT.

ROUND ROCK, Feb. 7.—A Baptist preacher, who has been some days at Mr. Black's, in Old Round Rock, this afternoon is alleged to hav made some kind of insulting approach or proposition to Mr. Black's little twelve-year-old daughter. Her mother, Mrs. Black, learned the fact, sent to the store for her husband to come at once and bring his shot-gun. He did so. She met him at the gate and told him what had occurred. He returned to his store, got a black-snake horsewhip, leaving the gun in his wife's hands. The parson started to leave the premises, but Mr. Black went over and gave him a severe castigation. The parson ran, and at last accounts he was fleeing on foot in the direction of Manor.

BALLSTON, SPA., N. Y., Feb. 6, E.M. 287.

MR. EDITOR: Please send sample copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER to Mr. William H. Haigh and Charles Massey, both of Ballston Spa., N. Y. I hav been talking to them concerning their eternal salvation, and told them that if they ever expected to possess wings and a harp, and dwell with the lamb that was slain from the foundation of the world, they must subscribe for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and become members of the family of truth seekers, and then their calling and election would be sure. Brother Macdonald, I am almost through Volume II. of "A Truth Seeker Around the World," and would like to see Volume III. (if the Lord will permit) before I open on Volume IV.

I hav just got fourteen photographs of prominent Infidels put into a gold-gilt frame, with two places for Mrs. Thorpe and myself, making sixteen, and it is something to be proud of. I wish every Infidel in the land could see it, with Brother Ingersoll in the center, and Mrs. Thorpe takes great pride in showing it to our Christian neighbors. Hoping the TRUTH SEEKER family are enjoying the blessings of good health and prosperity, we are, as ever, yours in the cause of humanity, MRS. AND MR. WILLIAM THORPE.

ALLIANCE, OHIO, Jan. 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $5, to be applied on my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. I plead guilty to negligence in not remitting ere this. S. P. Putnam lectured in this place on the evening of the 13th inst. to an appreciativ audience. Parties came twenty miles to hear him, and felt doubly paid for their trip. Mr. Putnam is doing a good work, and he is "the right man in the right place." I think the idea C. Fannie Allyn advances concerning the getting up of some cheap story books for children a good one, and hope to see it succeed. She is also right in wanting all sides heard in our Liberal papers, including Spiritualism. THE TRUTH SEEKER, in my estimation, is a truly Liberal paper, and I rather think that Robert G. Ingersoll gave a very good description of it without naming it. Let Heston go on with his cartoons. I know of a great number who took but little interest in THE TRUTH SEEKER before it was illustrated, but now are greedy to devour it, and all because the pictures hav made them think, and now they want to read it. I read with great interest G. H. Dawes's first article, "Has Christianity Benefited Woman?" and hope he will continue the articles. The issue of January 15th is brim full of good thought, and is a copy that will be read by many with interest, regardless of their religious views.

Your for universal mental liberty, CARRIE E. WEIR.

COLFAX, Jan. 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The last number of THE TRUTH SEEKER, January 15th, is unusually full of good things. John Peck's article is well worth the subscription price of the paper. In fact, it is hard to tell, of all the good articles, which is the best.

Dr. Higbie's letter on the extravagant display becoming so common in putting away our loved ones, voices my sentiments exactly. Then Mr. Putnam's start on his new campaign; his "News and Notes" will be an interesting feature of the paper, as we follow him in his wanderings.

When the time comes to make arrangements for his appointments in this place, we want to be ready to receive him, for we are making calculations on both seeing and hearing him in Colfax. I read an article in THE TRUTH SEEKER several weeks past, describing a polling-place on election day in New York city, which was said to be a sample of all the rest. I thought several times as I was reading the proceedings of that miserable, demoralized, but highly important official group, Why don't they admit the women? When I came to the last of the article, behold, that was the remedy suggested! Let me tell you the remedy is good. We practice it in Colfax with excellent results.

Inclosed you will find twenty-five cents in stamps, for which please send to my address THE TRUTH SEEKER Annual as soon as published. KATE P. WOLFARD

BURLINGTON, KAN., Feb. 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find an account of a very sad accident which happened to our esteemed friend Mr. Borland. Mr. Borland is an old subscriber of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I thought that perhaps the readers of your paper would be glad to hear from him. I am glad to say that he is very much better now, and he thinks he will be able to go out again in a few more days.

I first became acquainted with Mr. Borland about eleven years ago. At that time I was a stanch supporter of the Methodist church, and thought to doubt God's word would send a man to hell before breakfast on an empty stomach. But since then I hav read a good deal of Freethought. Mr. Borland gave me some TRUTH SEEKERS to start with; then he loaned me "The Gods," and "Mistakes of Moses," and a host of others, of which he has a large assortment. Finally I became a subscriber for THE TRUTH SEEKER myself, and now my wife and children are all Freethinkers.

There are over one hundred outspoken Infidels in this county now. If we were only organized we could do much better work; as it is, we giv the Christians some pretty tough punches in the ribs. I attended the Philomatheon Literary Society on Friday of last week, and read for their amusement "Uncle Pete's Religious Experience," which made some of the good sisters open their eyes pretty wide.

Yours for truth and reform, C. K. LEVERING.

AYER, MASS., Feb. 13, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: For sending me "The Fathers of our Republic" you hav my sincere thanks. You ask my thoughts on the lecture. The array of tangible facts are creditable alike to their authors and the renowned lecturer who has presented them. It is well for us and them that they left such clear evidences of their sentiments. The tree of liberty, or rather freedom, which these great and generous intellects planted, has grown to bear much good fruit, and, like the great banyan-tree, has dropped its branches and taken root in other hands. But the church, true to its instincts, is trying to fasten its insidious ivy of religious dogmas on its fair branches to poison its leaves which are for the healing of the nations.

The true heirs of such noble ancestry must exercise eternal vigilance to watch and repel this impudent and would-be despotic foe. Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson are, with a liberal clerical whitewashing, thought fit subjects for labeling them "Christians," while Paine, the unwitting teacher and educator, receives the honored label "Infidel." Franklin, Paine, and Jefferson were avowed, undisguised Deists—Infidels to a religion that has shed more blood than light—while Washington was reticent and noncommittal. Brother Remsburg just puts them all in one happy class, and resurrects them from the theological sands of hate, prejudice and slander. This is as it should be.

The force of truth is great,
It must and will prevail,
When false reports shall cease,
The slanderous tongue will fail.

But for the doubters, the Infidels, where would the world hav been to-day? The thing called religion has cost too much—too much precious life, too many temples and dungeons. The church has been consistent with its faith in blood. When the blood of Jesus failed, they killed the next best man. Will some one inform me if Infidels ever killed or persecuted? ELIJAH MYRICK.

MARION, N. Y., Feb. 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The issue of Jan. 29, 1887, has not yet arrived. I suspect some pious friend intends to reform me. It is a poor plan, however. For the special benefit of such disposed person I will refer them to Exodus xx. 8. Once before my paper came badly torn. Please forward me a copy of the above number. I wish to keep the numbers of this year unbroken. I am not blaming the company, because I am satisfied of promptness in the past. I borrowed Mr. Coggswell's paper for last week. I look for the paper with the same eagerness that I used to look for a letter each week from my "best girl." I think the advice to Mr. Walker and his wife is sound. 'Tis the same I gave friend C. B. Reynolds. Pay the fines by all means, put on the gloves, and strike from the shoulder. A jail is no place for business; isn't room enough to circulate in. I truly admire her grit, and would like to see them win; sorry I can't send them something besides sympathy. If there is any petition in circulation for the release of those seven men in Chicago I am willing my name should be put on. I am glad to see that so many of your readers are of the same opinion as myself. Hang the man that flung the bomb, if he can be found. It won't do to kill the wrong dog. I hav been through the East this winter and I know how the laboring men feel, and let me tell you there is trouble ahead if some of these monopolies are not regulated. The Knights hav many friends that will aid them outside of their own ranks when they put a ticket in the field. Let the local clubs nominate their men for assessors, and put a tax on these rich concerns, and if they don't like it, tell them—as the arrogant manufacturer told three hundred thousand mechanics in the winter of '73 in the New England and Middle states—that they are free to look up a more congenial location; and also add that they can take the Swedes, Italians, Canucks, French, Scotch, and the rest of their imported stock along with them. I

protested at that time to flooding the country with such help and remarked that when the time came that this population got ready to cut their throats I should not feel under any obligation to render them assistance, and never would apply the strike plan. I put right out. As for stating your grievances to these princely manufacturers, that is useless. Just put your vote against them every time. When one endeavors to be fair with his men the rest of the same branch of brass, iron, steel, or cotton goods either force him to join the combination or ruin his trade. This I know to be a fact. Enough and more. JOSEPH E. COY.

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KEOTA, IA., Jan. 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 11, 1886, you print a letter from "Schoolmaster," in Godstown, Out West. He laments over his chains that bind him to an intolerant community, leveling his more elevated thoughts to the dark ruts of ignorance, envying you for your liberty of expressing your sentiment. And yet there is no nobler calling than that of a teacher. He may, like old Samson, break his chains, and carry the gates of that intolerant, ignorant city upon the hill, and let the sun of reason shine on their streets. His lessons of geology, astronomy, physic, history, etc., will, like burning foxes, destroy the fields of superstition, the fountain of faith and miracle; and although his Philistines may dance above his head now, compelling him to harp as they demand, he may, like the aforesaid old gentleman, bring down that conglomerate of the dark ages, but the *débris* would soil his butter. His strength is not in, but under, his hair; so no Delilah will shear him. I envy him for his philanthropic opportunity to lead his scholars on to the new era of science. I envy his scholars, for their time will, at least, not be spent in miracle-planting. My own teacher was a very orthodox man. He was the father of that Professor Hochlman, in Leipsic, who, a few years ago, wrote a book, sustaining the Bible in its snake and ass talk. He dealt us big rations of religion, but very little of science, yet truth comes ever uppermost. I left my old sweet home in Saxony in 1853, twenty years of age, as a double-geared, Materialistic Atheist and Abolitionist. But those precious childhood years, troubled with Bible-history and faith lessons, are forever lost. Many people will never uproot these miracle-traps, and fall an easy prey to the priesthood. May the sparks under the hair of "Schoolmaster" grow quick and so abundant that he has to burst forth as a light in the ranks of Freethought. May you, Mr. Editor, and Mr. Heston continue to hit the right nail as usual, and the amplification of THE TRUTH SEEKER circle will follow.

For the inclosed $5 send THE TRUTH SEEKER to a new subscriber. Respectfully, CHAS. NAUMAN.

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NORTH SYDNEY, C. B., Jan. 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: It is not very often you hear from persons so far east as Cape Breton. In olden times we are told that wise men came from the East, but in these times of evolution there seems to hav been a "reversion," as a large proportion of your instructiv and entertaining correspondents, I observe, are from the land of the setting sun. What few persons of Liberal tendencies in religious matters there are on this island are so surrounded with the "dead calm of ignorance and faith" as to prevent their coöperation among themselvs, and shroud them from kindred spirits in the outside world. And when one of them recently, with a laudable desire to coöperate with his fellow-men for worthy objects, irrespectiv of creed, desired to join a lodge of I. O. G. T.'s, one of the members kindly intimated that a man who did not believe in God ought to be shot. Of course the Freethinker was blackballed. No toleration for heresy there. It is needless to add that rum and religion are the dominant elements in our population. In this town of about three thousand people, there are said to be over sixty rum shops of one kind or another, or one to every ten or eleven adults of the entire population. There are five churches in town, and one of the smallest of these took over $1,200 at a bazar the past summer. These few facts will enable your readers to form a faint conception of the difficulties and obstacles to be encountered by the man who has the courage to attempt the distribution of Freethought literature in such a community. A railroad has been surveyed to connect us with the continental system at the Strait of Canso, about eighty miles from here, and perhaps in another year, when that is completed, our charming natural scenery may beguile some of our nature-loving brethren from abroad to visit us. Especially would we enjoy a missionary visit from Brother Putnam, Reynolds, Remsburg, or Watts. The latter gentleman, I perceive, is one of the editors of that very promising new paper just started in Toronto, *Secular Thought*, which I am about to subscribe for, notwithstanding I already take two Liberal papers. This is the best recommendation I can giv it to your many readers. R. J. MOFFAT.

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WAVERLY, W. T., Feb. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Is there no way that we can get the unpolished truth concerning missionaries and their works in what they call heathen lands? The Christian people of America seem to be ready to send their money to a distant land, with the idea that it will do more good than if the same amount was charitably expended in our own country.

Noticing your report in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Stanley's answer to question No. 7 givs me an idea that we should know what these men are doing that are sent to other countries with the full confidence of our people. The reports of their actions should be given to us by disinterested parties. We hav a right to know if there is any wrong-doing. Do we not see the pernicious works of the church in our own country, and the loose morals of some of the preachers? What guarantee hav we that the same rules and forms are not adopted in heathen countries, where intelligence is no barrier to missionary avarice and immorality? All reports that we get concerning missionaries are written by themselvs, and I fear they are not particular concerning the truth. If you hav any means of reaching the truth in these countries, I think you would confer a favor on all who hav such great faith in the saving power of Christianity. Could you not induce some correspondent in heathen countries to giv us facts that would be fair and reliable. If you cannot reach the truth in such a way, I would suggest that we send some able man to write up the doings and works of missionaries in Africa, China, or some other country. We know what they do here. Can we expect better because they are in a nation where ignorance is the greatest evil that they hav to contend against, and to the utmost of their power they will try to plunge the inhabitants into deeper ignorance, for that is how their bread comes. Look at Spain, look at Italy, and what do we see?—plenty of gospel-pounders, but very few of the common classes can read or write. The priest knows that education is a weapon that will strike his creed with a merciless blow. JOHN STEWART DICK.

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BAKER'S CORNER, IND., Feb. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $10.25, to be applied as per inclosed list. We cannot well afford to be without your paper.

I want the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER to know that there is a little band of healthy, robust Freethinkers in this vicinity. We, the outspoken ones, are not very strong as to numbers, but unwavering in what we conceive to be right, taking the lamp of science, reason, and good common sense for our guide. The waves of superstition and bigotry beat against our little bark to no avail. About seventeen years ago the Wesleyan Methodists organized in our neighborhood built a church, and hav ever since worked with all the energy and zeal imaginable to scare the devil out of the neighborhood, but they as yet seem to hav made no impression on his Satanic majesty; he still continues to flaunt his banner to the breeze defiantly, and we believe he ultimately will triumph. Understand me, reason and Freethought are the antagonists they are assailing. They are at this time holding a protracted meeting, going over the same program which has to be gone over every winter, reclaiming backsliders, driving, as it were, the lost sheep into the fold. They are very loud in their denunciations against pride and worldly-mindedness, but as to the former, I take notice that they hav an equal amount, if not a double portion, in comparison with those they term sinners and worldlings. I tell them I am unable to conceive how we could subsist on this earth and be divested of worldly-mindedness, as they are bound to admit "we are of earth earthy, and of the dust dusty."

I am well pleased with the pictures, and take pleasure in calling the attention of some of our Christian neighbors to them, as I think they speak so plain that they cannot fail to understand; and then some will look at pictures who would not take time to read a Freethought article. I am a great admirer of Mr. Peck's plain style of writing. I never fail to read his articles, and hope he will continue to speak through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER "Has Christianity Benefited Woman?" is excellent. Such articles do not fail to come under my observation. Belonging to the politically ostracized portion of the community, I take great pleasure in reading anything calculated to work for the advancement of woman's cause, which means advancement for the whole human family. Mr. Dawes, in his last article, speaks of woman clinging so tenaciously to the church. This I do not deny; but, speaking for myself, I hav not noticed much, if any, difference between the sexes with regard to this matter. One thing I will aver, without fear of successful contradiction, that by far the larger portion of the preachers are men, and this would include a goodly number, as they are indeed numerous. I want to say here that man has it in his power to giv woman the ballot, and thus open up the political field before her, placing her on an equality with himself. This, in my opinion, would be a great step towards educating her up to a condition above her present one. With regard to the church, there are many other things I would wish to say, in order that I may be distinctly understood on this matter; but as my letter has already grown too lengthy, I will discontinue for this time by saying that a friend has handed in a few names of persons whom he would be glad to hav receive sample copies of paper. I herewith inclose them. SARAH F. BAKER.

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REPLY TO J. L. THOMAS.

MR. EDITOR: J. L. Thomas has written a somewhat severe criticism in THE TRUTH SEEKER of January 22d of my views on the taxation of land. I am not sure that I should hav felt able to reply to his article had he not flattered me a little, and very nearly gave his sanction to my views on the money question.

I must say that I do enjoy such critics as Mr. Thomas. He states his objections clearly and boldly, and makes very little effort to say ugly things to his opponent. All this should be characteristic of Liberals. Let those who are trying to defend what they know is false fill pages with high-sounding emptiness, declamation, and mean epithets, but truth seekers should always treat their opponents with kindness and consideration.

Mr. Thomas's main question is, "How do people (that is, the public) expect to get possession of the lands of the United States?" Before answering this question, I would like to ask Mr. Thomas if he does not think that the people of the United States ought to hav possession of the lands of the country? If not, who should possess them? Again, I would like to ask him if he does not think that the natural things of the country should be enjoyed by all persons in an equal degree? If not, why should some be allowed a larger share of those things than others? Does Mr. Thomas think we should be allowed to enjoyed our natural rights, that is, the right to use natural things in proportion to the amount of money we hav to pay for them? or, does he think natural rights are inalienable and that they can never be justly bought or sold? Does Mr. Thomas think the present state of society, when about one person in ten is allowed any right to natural things, is a just state of society? If he does, I would like to hav him explain why one-tenth of the people should be allowed to enjoy all the natural things and the other nine-tenths none. If he does not uphold this system, if he believes all should be allowed equal opportunities, I would like him to explain how this could be done. I shall not insist on my way of doing it, but believe it should be done in some way.

I believe there is always a way to do what is right. If it is right that all should hav equal opportunities, then I believe we should see that all hav equal opportunities, and for all time to come. Will Mr. Thomas say Amen to this?

Mr. Thomas and many others speak of the views which I advocate on this subject as "theories," "theories," "theories," as though they were something that never had been and could not be put in practice. Yet I cannot see that there is any more theory about man's inalienable and equal right to land than about his natural right to liberty. Indeed, his right to the latter implies his right to the former; for no man can be said to hav his liberty in a country wholly owned by other people. Hence a freeholder is one who holds an estate in fee simple. One who does not so hold is not a freeholder, and is, therefore, not free.

Still, I do not blame Mr. Thomas for considering these views mere theories, for the air is full of it. Newspapers and public speakers constantly represent them as theories. But I claim the charge is false, and propose to prove that what is so often called a theory is a well established business principle.

Let us take a railway corporation for an illustration: It is proposed to build a railway through a certain country. A meeting is called and an estimate of the cost is laid before it. A company is formed and each member subscribes for so much stock. When the necessary funds are raised in this way the stockholders elect a board of managers. Each stockholder pays in a certain percentage of his stock, and the work commences. Finally the road is completed and owned by the stockholders. They do not divide the road up into little pieces and giv so much to each stockholder. The business managers operate the road and make it earn all they can. They pay all the expenses of operating it out of the earnings, and at the end of a certain time they declare a dividend in favor of the stockholders; that is, they pay to each stockholder so much for each share he owns. This dividend may be declared annually or semi-annually, and it is paid to each stockholder in proportion to the number of his shares. The expenses of constructing and operating the road are also borne by the stockholders in proportion to the number of their shares. Stockholders are not charged more or less in proportion to their wealth, or to the kind of houses they liv in, or the kind of clothes they wear, nor do they get dividends with relation to these things. The poorest stockholder must pay the same rate of expense of operating the road as the richest, and he gets the same dividend.

Now, society may be fairly considered a great corporation, and what we call the government may justly be called the board of managers. Each citizen, man, woman, and child, may be considered a stockholder, and since we hav long ago declared that we are all created equal, and hav certain inalienable rights, we can see nothing wrong in the proposition that each citizen shall take just one share of stock, and that that share shall be his equal share of the natural things of the country. Since they are already made, the board of managers hav only to proceed to operate them, and after paying the expenses of operating the national corporation, they should declare annually or semi-annually a dividend in favor of all stockholders, and this dividend should be equal. The earnings of the corporation operating the natural things of the country are the rent—the annual rent—of those things. It could be collected just as we collect taxes now. The difference would be that assessors would only hav to appraise the value of the land, but would not appraise the value of improvements.

There are thousands of corporations operated on these principles now, and they are a grand success, and are the chief characteristic of our boasted civilization. There would be no new principle involved in forming one more corporation, the grand national corporation, and operating it as I hav indicated above. There would be no more theory about it than about a railroad, or any other corporation.

Now, I want Mr. Thomas to understand that this would not be taking the land away from the people. On the contrary, it would be distributing it fairly and equally among the people. As we hav it now, the land is taken away from nine-tenths of the people, but under the proposed method of distribution all would be equal owners.

It has been supposed that the rent of the land of the United States would bring in a revenue of $5,000,000,000. We hav never yet used $1,000,000,000 in a year. This would leave an annual sum to declare in dividends of $4,000,000,000, or more than $66 to every man, woman, and child when the nation is 60,000,000. A family of five would then get $333 dividend every year. With this money they could pay the tax on a good farm, and liv free from taxation on everything else. I do not see that the richest man in the country would hav any right to complain of the operations of this law. It would do away with ninety-nine per cent of our tramps, and about the same percentage of our lawyers. It would make it easy for men to make an honest living, and hard for them to make it dishonestly. It might seem a little hard on the land speculators, but it would be for their good.

It seemed rather tough to take the slaves away from their masters, but there was nothing unjust about it. Natural rights are always more sacred than legal rights, though our lawyer-legislators try hard to reverse this order.

Mr. Thomas will observe that my plan of effecting the desired change is not by evicting present owners from their lands, but simply by changing the method of taxation.

J. G. MALCOLM.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

## Children's Pets.

As I am a great lover of dear children, and want to see them grow up to be noble men and women, I will tell you what I think is the kind of "pets" that will help you to be clean, cultured, and refined when young and old.

To be full-grown, noble men and women it is absolutely necessary to keep the choicest company. But children are not like old people and want pets, something to amuse and please, something to play with as pets. Among the truly lovely pets are the lamb, the calf, the colt, the dear little chicks, and the darling birds, though but little can be done with the birds in the way of making pets of them, for it is both cruel and wicked to ever imprison those dear little darlings, the birds. Their home is in the field and forest, and should never be in a cage.

First, look at the lovely, innocent lamb! What a dear, harmless look the lamb has that draws out every feeling of love and tenderness as you look into the lovely face. And what a warm, soft coat soon grows on the back of these dear creatures, the lambs, which I hope every child loves.

And next the "bossy," the pretty calf. How nice for the boys and girls to fondle and caress is a nice sleek calf, glossy and soft, almost, as silk. Look into the full, intelligent eye! What a noble specimen of the animal creation! Children should delight to play with, fondle, and feed these dear animals. By kindness and caressing them these attractiv young creatures can soon be made to feel you are their friend. When you go to their pens take something in your hands—a piece of bread, oats, or a potato—and they will soon become attached to you.

And the splendid colt. What a noble specimen of the animal creation is the colt! It can hardly be fondled as can the lamb and calf, but a colt is an animal to be admired by all lovers of a noble horse. The horse is the most intelligent of the domestic animals, and the most abused, because the fleetest. By training he will perform wonders.

Next, and in some respects the most interesting of all the pets for children, are the dear little chickens. See that flock of a d zen or more! Hear their sweet music and conversation! Yes, they can talk so that their fond mother can understand them. See how quick after they are out of their shells they will begin to scratch. Nature has provided them with the means to get their food while they are young by the help of their mother. See and hear them tease the old hen to hover them, so they may get warm. Throw down some crumbs, and see them start with it; or, if it is a worm, start and run by themselvs. Who does not love a dear little chick? And how busy they are all day to get their food, eating lots of worms!

But there are other animals I am pained to see children make pets of. I mean cats and dogs. All the others I hav told you of are very useful, lovely, and attractiv, but cats and dogs are not useful, and should never be made pets of. Cats are treacherous creatures. They destroy a great many dear, lovely birds, which are so useful to destroy bugs and worms. But cats are of no sort of use whatever, and decidedly unhealthy for children to play with. If these worthless creatures must be kept, they should always be in outhouses, but in the room with the family, never.

When the world becomes truly civilized, cats and dogs will disappear. Dogs, which are a decided nuisance, are the meanest and most worthless animals on the face of the earth. They cost millions of days' work of poor people to feed them, and they destroy hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of valuable sheep every year.

Children, never make a pet of a cat or a dog, and never fondle them, for they are unhealthy, and their society is demoralizing.

With an earnest desire to elevate the race, which can only be done by beginning with the children, do I send these loving lines to the Children's Corner.

Your friend, Seward Mitchell.
*Newport, Me.*

[Very few will agree with the views expressed above in regard to cats and dogs. Their keen instincts and intelligence, especially that of the dog, will long render these creatures favorits with men, women, and children.—Ed. C. C.]

## Our Puzzle Box.

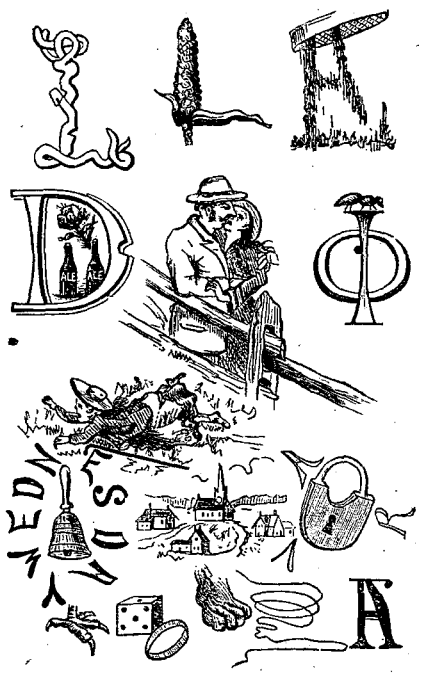
1.—LETTER REBUS.

**101** For grafting, here, in rebus, see

**S** The shoots or twigs of any tree.

J. K. P. Baker.

2.—REBUS.



Twelve names of fiction.

3.—WORDS WITHIN WORDS.

1. From contrary take at small seed, and leave canceled.
2. From musical wind instrument take an animal of burden, and leave a gift.
3. From a small fresh-water fish take a house, and leave to cut down.
4. From a kind of coarse brown paper take a soft food and leave a kind of flower-bud.
5. From a small European bird take a resinous substance and leave a kind of bandage.
6. From a detached bastion take an instrument for catching fish and leave a stringed instrument of music.

Warren B. Orchard.

4.—REBUS.




What we all know.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, FEB. 12, 1887.

1.–Chinolites. 2.–Set not your candle under a bushel, but on a candlestick. 3.–Snakes shed their grosser skins.

## Correspondence.

Roohelle, Ill., Feb. 6, 1887.

Dear Miss Wixon: I thought I would write you a letter. I will be nine years old in a few days. I go to the public school, and am in the second room, B class. Papa has taken The Truth Seeker ever since I can remember, and we all hav to laugh at the pictures. I hav two cats, and one of them is black, and the other is black-and-white.

I guess I hav written enough for this time.

Ever your friend, Sidney Hoadley.

Sand Lake, Mich., Feb. 7, 1887.

Dear Miss Wixon: This is my second letter to the Corner. I take pleasure in reading the letters in the Children's Corner. I received from J. Hacker his lecture. It is good. I would advise every young Freethinker to send for it. The Methodists are holding revival meetings here. They hav been in progress ten days; hav not got any converts yet; don't think they will. My father and myself went to the meeting last evening. The preacher did nothing but abuse Infidels. Father says the church is in its dying agony, and that is the cause of the preacher's wrath.

I am glad that my parents are Freethinkers. They never allowed any one to tell me any ghost stories or any yarns about the black man. I am not afraid of ghosts. I am not afraid in the dark. Some of my Christian neighbors' boys dare not step out in the dark for fear the black man will get them.

Yours, James J. Berridge.

Gloucester, Feb. 8, 1887.

Dear Miss Wixon: I hav seen so many children of my age writing to you and the Corner, I thought I would. I am twelve years old. My grandma has taken The Truth Seeker for a long time, and ever since the children hav been writing to you she has wanted me to write to you, and so has my father, but he does not know I am going to. This is going to be known to no one except my grandma and myself until they see it. My father, mother, two sisters, and four brothers, hav gone to Fernandina, Florida. Father has gone to keep a hotel called the Egmont. In the summer he keeps a hotel here, and that is called the Pavilion. I do not go with my father and the rest, but stay at home to go to school, because I do not like to stay in a class but one year. My studies consist of arithmetic, grammar, spelling, geography, reading, writing, and besides these I hav singing and drawing. I hope you will think this worth printing, because my grandma wishes to see my first letter in print, and I know my father will. This is all for my first time. Ever your true friend,

Lena R. Davis.

Calistoga, Cal., Feb. 6, 287.

Dear Miss Wixon: Allow me a little space in the Corner to inform our young friends, Walter Penfield, and such others as may care to know, that our dear boy did not recover—Ralph Ellsworth Wey bright is dead. He suffered a long time. His vitality was very great. His ailing was of a cerebral nature— hat is, located in the lower back brain. He got a hard blow from a bat on the lower back part of his head while playing ball at school, and also fell several times, striking on his head and shoulders—the last fall being the hardest. From that time until his death he saw but few well days. We loved him. Of course we miss him. He was conscious to within a few hours of his death. He had no fear of death or a hell. A minister called to see him, but Ralph declined to see or hear him. Slowly but surely the end came, and he has gone.

I did not want to write this sorrowful news for the Corner, and might hav kept our loss to ourselvs, but for the sympathy expressed by our little friend, but, if we look at life and death from a natural standpoint, we need not distress ourselvs overmuch. It can do no good to the dead whom we loved, and it may do harm to the living. Freethinkers and their children ought to be more easily comforted than those who fear future punishment. We should study nature, ourselvs being a part of it, and accept the inevitable when brought face to face with it with as much reason as possible.

We are but a part of the great universe We cannot control it, nor do we know of any individual power that can. We need not scare ourselvs with some ideal monster, nor flatter ourselvs with an impossible heaven. If our children can free their minds from these useless thoughts, they can devote that time to something useful, practical. Suppose, for instance, that we get a good knowledge of the world we liv in, learn how to make ourselvs comfortable and happy, not by taking advantage of or wronging others, but in some way that the world will be better for our having lived a while in it, teach by attraction as much as we can, etc. But I must stop here. Yours until next time,

Uncle John.

[We sympathize with our friends in the loss of little Ralph. The children of our Corner are bright jewels, and we cannot part with one without sorrow. We can be glad that we had the light of his countenance and the joy of his presence for a little while, and the memory of his sweet, short life will always be a pleasure to recall. He is now beyond all pain and suffering, all sadness and sorrow. Let us think of his life as a pure, bright star, pointing ever to high and noble endeavors, to greater usefulness and worth to our fellow-creatures.—Ed. C. C.]

# Science Column.

## Our Katy-Did.

She did! She did! She did!
Katy did! Katy did! Katy did!

That is the song Katy did sing all night long to its mate. You hav heard it, of course you hav, many a time. But did you ever see the singer?

Yes; well, then, you know he is only a kind of grasshopper. His color is a lovely green, with wings and wing-covers of a darker shade.

It is not the female grasshoppers that do the singing, but the males, and what they say sounds like "Katy did." Nobody knows what she did but the one who keeps the same old plaint going from the setting till the rising sun.

The Katy-did grasshopper is an insect. How do we know that? Because he has six feet and rings on his body, *as all insects hav.* He belongs to the class called annulates, meaning rings, and is in three distinct parts.

Grasshoppers' babies are born without wings, and they pass through six changes before coming to be full-grown, perfect grasshoppers.

Katy-did's wing-covers are longer than the wings, and inclose the body like a pea-pod.

I suppose you think he says "Katy did" with his mouth, as you would say it, don't you?

Not at all. The sound, which is really and only a call to his mate, is made by the striking of the little taborets, or tiny drums, in the triangular part of the wing-coverings that overlap each other, and then, as the air escapes from the sacs of the body, when they are struck, snap, whack, it reverberates, and makes the sound of, "Katy did—she did! she did!" It can be heard a long distance.

The Indians call these insects grasshopper-birds. They get quantities of them and grind them into flour, and make cakes of them to eat. They regard Katy-did cakes as a very fine dish. The Katy-did is more common in the West than in the Atlantic and Southern States. S. H. W.

O. W. Holmes has sung, as below, of the Katy-did:

I love to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty Katy-did!
Thou mindest me of gentle folks—
Old gentle folks are they—
Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female Katy-did!*
I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing notes,
So petulant and shrill.
I think there is a knot of you
Beneath the hollow tree—
A knot of spinster Katy-dids—
Do Katy-dids drink tea?

Oh, tell me where did Katy liv,
And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young,
And yet so wicked, too?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me! I'll tell you all about
My fuss with little Jane,
And Ann, with whom I used to walk
So often down the lane,
And all that tore their locks of black,
Or wet their eyes of blue—
Pray tell me, sweetest Katy-did,
What did poor Katy do?

Ah no! the living oak shall crash,
That stood for ages still;
The rocks shall rend its mossy base,
And thunder down the hill,
Before the little Katy-did
Shall add one word, to tell
The mystic story of the maid
Whose name she knows so well.

Peace to the ever-murmuring race!
And when the latest one
Shall fold in death her feeble wings
Beneath the autumn sun,
Then shall she raise her fainting voice
And lift her drooping lid,
And then the child of future years
Shall hear what Katy did.

* This is a mistake, as the female Katy-dids do not sing.

Questions: What is a Katy-did? How do you know it is an insect? To what order or class does it belong? Why called annulate? How are grasshoppers' babies born? How many changes before they are perfect insects? How is the sound "Katy-did" made by the insect? What do the Indians call these insects? What do they do with them? Who can repeat the poem?

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# Communications.

## "Shakspere" was Francis Bacon.

*From the Phonographic World.*

We hav just received from the hands of the author, William Henry Burr, of Washington, D. C., one of the oldest stenographers in this country, a most remarkable work (issued 1886), entitled "Proof that Shakspere Could Not Write," and setting forth the fact that the great poet was no other than Lord Francis Bacon, the famous English philosopher.

With the name of William Henry Burr, the older generation of phonographers are all familiar, though a short sketch concerning him will undoubtedly be of interest to our younger writers. Regarding him, Mrs. E. B. Burnz, answering our query, writes in a recent letter:

From what I can learn, William Henry Burr is about sixty-five years old. He is one of the oldest phonographic reporters in the country. He was one of the corps of phonographic reporters—the first formed in the United States—that went with Henry M. Parkhurst, in 1848, to report officially for the United States Senate. After a few years he took up miscellaneous, independent reporting, then returned to Washington, and was for several years an official reporter in the House of Representativs. By judicious investment he acquired considerable property, and has been for a number of years retired from reportorial business.

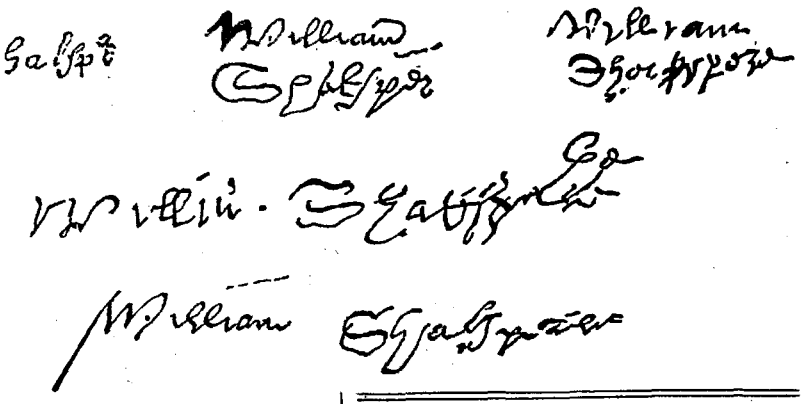
Upon receipt of the book, we addressed a letter to Mr. Burr, to which we received a very courteous reply, from which we clip as follows:

Since the publication of my pamphlet, I hav learned that one W. H. Smith, of London, has maintained for twenty years, or more, that Shakspere could neither write *nor read*. The conviction that he could not write came to me the moment I saw the engraved *fac similes* of those five autographs in Drake's "Shakspere and His Times." That was on the 16th of January, 1884.

We produce Mr. Burr's own autograph in our column of "Signatures," for this issue. Standing so prominent in the past history and practice of shorthand in this country, and now appearing as author of a work which is destined to overthrow the world's most cherished romance of her greatest playwriter, will surely render him an object of respectful regard by every shorthand writer in the universe.

The book itself, even though its authorship was unknown, or not known to us as emanating from the pen of a shorthand writer, is one of the literary curiosities of the day. The tale proceeds, deepening in intense interest at every added line, and with a constantly strengthening chain of evidence destroying all existing popular illusions concerning Shakspere, until it leaves us, at the close, with the world's greatest idol-poet *not* a poet; Shakspere *not* Shakspere. We are introduced to Francis Bacon, son of a lord keeper of England, educated at Trinity College, an adept in French, Italian, and Spanish, admitted to the bar at twenty-one, and elected to Parliament at twenty-three—a man of genius and learning, in every way capable of producing works of the highest order, and known author of "Bacon's Essays," ranking with the best literature of the day. At twenty-nine, Bacon "obtained his first show of favor from the court; he became queen's counsel extraordinary, but the office was *without emolument*. At this time plays for the theater were written and rewritten again and again to meet the demand." What more natural than that Bacon, with a high standing at court, which scarcely permitted his fathering the part of a common play-writer, and yet, without income from his high position, should hav turned his talent to practical account? or that, in preference to an unknown *nom de plume*, he should rather hav chosen them to hav been produced by one known as "William Shakspere," who, at that time, was part owner of a theater in London?

We are then introduced to Shakspere, son of an illiterate wool-stapler, uneducated, a beer-tippler and poacher, married at eighteen to a girl of twenty-six, and absconding from Stratford (his birthplace) to London, five years later. So the author continues, drawing parallel the two lives by successiv years, and proving, beyond a doubt, that Shakspere was in no manner the author of the works which bear his name. We are further told that "no handwriting of Shakspere has ever been discovered except five autographs. In March, 1613, when he was nearly forty-nine years old, he signed his name to a mortgage, and again to a deed relativ to the same transaction. Three years later he subscribed his name to three briefs, or sheets of his will. The five fac-similes are here reproduced:



They are all such signatures as an illiterate person, unaccustomed to write, would be likely to scrawl; they are so different that an acquaintance with one is little help to the recognition of another.

This book of fifty pages should be in the hands of every lover of "Shakspere." The author cites stanza after stanza, bearing directly upon the lives, conditions, and experiences of the two men, Bacon and Shakspere, proving his theory, which finally leaves the careful reader in no doubt as to the correctness of his deductions, and supporting his statement that Shakspere was no other than Francis Bacon.

## The Meditations of a Truth Seeker.

FELLOW TRUTH SEEKERS: Some years ago, when my little son began to read history, I took his book and interlined here and there some paragraphs, a few of which I now lay before you for serious consideration, and I hope it may not fail to meet the eyes of a goodly number of poor deluded Christians or hypocrits.

A gentleman had a little son five years old, who had been taught by his parents to do right and shun evil; but in a thoughtless moment he stole a half-dollar from his father. The father whipped his hand with a little switch, saying to him, "There now, my son, if when you may hav grown older you steal, you may suffer much more than you now suffer from the effects of this little switch." Another man had a little son, three years old, who had not been taught so much as had the other boy, and who stole from his father a five cent piece. His father, when he became aware of it, was at work in his carpenter shop, and was very much enraged at his little son; so much so that he caught the little hand, laid it across the chopping-block and chopped it off with a hatchet. He then said to the poor little fellow, "Now, because you cry, and that you may never steal from me again, I'll just cut off this other hand." And he drew the other hand across the block and chopped it off also. This was a very barbarous, fiendish deed, and no doubt shocks your sensibilities; but I will now tell you of a father who acted as much more fiendishly than this as the sun shines more brightly than the moon. He had two children, a daughter and a son, who were so young that they did not know anything at all about right from wrong, good from evil. In this condition of stupidity, in which their father had purposely left them, they, in disobedience to his order, not knowing that it was evil to disobey, stole and ate an apple, for which act of disobedience he cast them into a lake of fire, there to writhe and burn throughout all eternity; and he did this not only to them, but also to their innocent posterity for all coming generations. Oh, had this fiend but chopped off their hands instead! Now, I hold that a person who believes this story to partake, in the least degree, of truth, and at the same time believes that that father is a just, merciful, benignant, or even an honest or decent father, is utterly incapable of rendering a fair and impartial verdict in accordance with the preponderance of testimony and the law; and I further hold that he is not capable of freely enjoying a single honest emotion. He and I hav very different notions in regards to that which constitutes veritable honesty. If the story of Adam and Eve, the apple, and heaven and hell does not shock your sensibilities, it is because it has been drummed into your mind from infancy, and that you hav not sufficient capacity to think yourself out of such a ridiculous condition of mind, such a fit of drunkenness, and you believe it just as the cannibal believes that it is right for him to kill and eat his fellow-man; and just as the Southern people in the United States thought it was right to buy and sell their own mulatto daughters and sons, and those of their neighbors, in slavery.

You don't know how depraved and low you are in the estimation of a veritable thinker. If there is a God, such as Dr. Thomas Paine fancied to exist, then, surely, the so-called holy Bible is a terrible blasphemy.

The little Christian children throughout the United States (Benighted States) are from their earliest infancy taught how to be liars and hypocrits. Their Christian mothers teach them that Santa Claus comes with a sleigh loaded with candies and toys, and drawn by reindeers over the tops of houses, and that he comes down the chimney on Christmas eve, and fills their little stockings with good things. Till having attained to the age of six or eight years, the little child believes this to be truth. But after that age it learns that its mother was a consummate liar. If the human mind is susceptible of being trained, and if from infancy it be trained in this manner, and in after-life it be not hypocritical, deceitful, and villainous, it must be because the germ of truth and honesty was so firmly set in the mind from the beginning that even such false training could not uproot it. In the United States (Benighted States) an honest mind is a great rarity, and is deserving of much praise. By such training the little children are taught how to brazenly practice the system of hypocrisy called Christianity. Were they not so taught from their earliest infancy, they could not, without smiling in each other's faces, pretend to believe the horrible absurdities that are taught by that particular system of humbug. Now, young men of America, those of you who are able to sit down and count over the ends of all your fingers, exclusiv of your thumbs, do let me prevail upon you to think a little. Dare to do right; dare to be true to manhood; dare to think for yourselvs, and to ward off all sophistry, all false doctrins, and all that has a tendency to debase the mind; and "do, for gracious sake, put down your clothes!" for the eyes of the world are upon you. Intelligence is one thing, while cultured stupidity and superstition are quite another. A fool may be educated to set the words of a language, or of several languages, up in straight harmonious rows according to grammatical precision and established usage, as is the case with many of our would-be statesman; but by veritable intelligence he must ever be recognized as a cultured fool, or, in vegetable parlance, as a cultivated weed. A mushroom, paint it in as many glowing colors as you will, can never be a rose; nor can a lie ever be truth, no matter how many gawkies may hav been induced to believe it so to be.

The Christian historian says: "As to the merits of Alexander the Great, I pretty much agree with a certain pirate, whom the Macedonian soldiers once took prisoner. Alexander demanded of this man by what right he committed his robberies. 'I am a robber by the same right that you are a conqueror; the only difference between us is that I hav but few men, and can do but little mischief, while you hav a large army, and can do a great deal.' It must be confessed that this is the chief difference between conquerors and robbers." To which I say, when the murdering, plundering, robbing, conquesting Christian Europeans first came to America, they were so ignorant as to the veritable geographical position of the country that they thought it to be a part of India, and therefore they called the veritable Americans Indians. They captured these noble Americans, falsely called Indians, and, having robbed them of their wives, their children, and their land, sold them into abject slavery, as they did, also, with Africans. Now, these Europeans and their descendants are holding the land thus plundered, conquered, from the Americans; and there is now more misery and suffering in America than there ever was before the Europeans came to this country. And so it will continue till the demon, Christianity, may hav been blotted out forever.

Christianity is an established system of hypocrisy and fraud, under which the few sharpers, thieves, gull and fleece the very many gawkies. If the American descendants of Europeans had been bred to veritable honesty, they would always hang their heads in shame when reflecting upon the fact that America belongs to them just as a stolen watch belongs to the descendants of the thief who stole it. But Christianity is enough to harden the cheek of anybody.

Had it not been for Lafayette, the Americans could not hav gained their independence. Hence, he was the veritable father of our independence. The Christians make light of him because he was not a Christian. When on his death-bed he said, "This life is like the flame of a lamp; when the oil is out, the light is extinguished and all is over." He was the greatest man who ever lived that had the wealth and opportunity to display veritable greatness. Had the independence of the United States of America, together with religious liberty, and especially the United States patent office, not been established, England would hav remained in the Christian darkness that prevailed throughout all Europe prior thereto. The advancement made under the United States government, founded by such Infidels as were Lafayette, Thomas Paine, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and others of their kind, has had the effect to pull Europe up along with it, in consequence of which, the world has advanced more in one century than it had done during all past ages. Mormonism and Spiritualism are advancements, because they hav set the people to thinking. And thus, step by step, the people are elevated from the bogs, fens, and quagmires of Christianity. The process is slow, but I hope it is sure.

Is there a God? The priest says yes. Did that God, almighty, make man? The preacher says yes. What did he make man for? The knave and his dupe say for God's own glory. Did God make man just as he desired him to be made? The knave and gawky say yes. We know that man is but a poor, frail creature of circumstances. All his physical and mental organs are developed according to the circumstances that hav surrounded him and his ancestors for many past generations. The organs of the head, such as amativness, combativness, caution, self-esteem, etc., and the consequent disposition, inclinations, and will of the man, are all the result of a chain of circumstances with which he has been surrounded, and over which he has had no control. Therefore, man is exactly what God, from the beginning, desired him to be, else that God is a botch, and not a good man-maker. If man is and always has been exactly what that God desired him to be, then that God is a fiend, else fiendishness is holiness. I tell you, my fellow truth-seekers, this god-idea is ridiculous. A million gods, pumping away for a million eternities, could not create from a million tons of nothing a single atom of matter. I hav often asked priests and preachers what my answer should be when asked if God is good and just. I hav asked them this question after having heard them tell me that I must not judge God; that no person, not even the pope, has a right to judge him; and they hav invariably told me that I should answer saying that God is good and just. I then say to them, Why, you hav just me that I must not judge him at all. Now, if I hav a right to judge him at all, surely I hav the right to render a decision that I think coincides with truth and justice. Ah, Mr. Priest, I see that you desire only to make a good priest-paying dupe of me! Your argument is nothing else than a mere tissue of stultifying sophistry.

If there were a God, such as the Jewish-Christians imagin that they are worshiping, and if man be permitted to exercise the faculties of reason and sound judgment, with which he is by nature endowed, seeing that all animated nature is teeming with murder, pain, horror, terror, and sadness, he must pronounce that God a fiend of utter fiendishness. The animals all murder and prey upon each other, and man seems to be the worst of them all. He does the same, and even worse. He preys upon the vitality, the labor, of his fellow-man while he is yet alive, and thus kills him by the inch. The rich, fiendish Christians and Jews hav the poor people chained, like Prometheus, to a rock, and prey upon their vitality, their labor, as the vultures preyed upon the vitals of Prometheus, which grew again, as does the labor, the vitality of the poor people, keeping them in continual torment, serfdom; and the rich are continually irritating this torment of the poor by flaunting in their faces the bitter sarcasm of fine coaches and horses, commodious palaces and parlors, fine silks, satins, and diamonds, all of which the poor people know were produced by their own hard labor; and that they hav been cheated out of them by the trickery of the non-producing rich who hold and enjoy them.

The Christian historian also says: "It has been affirmed that Cortez and his soldiers killed four millions of the Mexicans in completing the conquest of the country. He pretended that his only object was to convert the people to the Christian religion. But he and his soldiers acted like fiends, rather than Christians." To which I say they acted like veritable, consistent Christians, and that the most fiendish thing they did was to enslave the Mexican people to the false, fiendish, unrelenting system of humbug called Christianity. Hear their chief tyrant—this is what he said: "But those, mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither and slay before me" (see Luke xix, 27). Oh, what a fiendish tyrant! His enemies are said to hav done by him as this shows he would hav done by them—served him right.

Brain may be compared to the sensitized plate which the photographer places in the camera obscura, and which, on being exposed to the light, let in through the lense, receives an impression of whatever object may at the same time be in front of the lense. So, through the five channels of evidence, called the five senses, it seems to me that impressions are made upon the brain; and thus the mind, the memory, and the judgment called conscience are formed. If the impressions upon the brain be very slight, they vanish; and to that extent, the brain forgets; and the same may be said of those made upon the sensitized plate, as aforesaid. When the plate, or the brain, is decomposed, the impressions vanish, and thus endeth the spirit, or soul.

*Havana, Cuba.* GEORGE NEWTON.

MRS. WILLIE VANDERBILT wears a $130,000 pearl necklace to the opera, Mrs. Senator Stanford appears at the diplomatic reception in Washington with $500,000 worth of jewelry on deck, Mrs. Frank Leslie startles New York with diamonds as big as birds' eggs in her ears, and Boston givs its poor all the free soup they want to satisfy their hunger.—*Boston Herald.*

## Obituary.

S. L. Shaw, of Saranac, Mich., on the 29th of December, at his home, in his 73d year, passed away, leaving a faithful and devoted wife and four amiable and intelligent daughters to mourn the loss of a worthy husband and a tender and loving father. Brother Shaw has been one of the leading minds and efficient workers in the reform movements of Michigan for the last twenty-five years. His home was the home of the weary pilgrim toiling in the interest of these reforms. He never left it doubtful as to where he stood. In all suitable times and places he was not silent as to his conviction. He was not familiar with the term of cowardice—he was brave and willing that friend and foe might know what his views were. He never spoke in the terms of apology for his desertion of the old creed. He was willing to aid in every way possible the cause of Freethought and individual rights. To this end and for this purpose he paid out his money freely. While he was thus willing to do his best in the interest of the Liberal movements in this state, he was at the same time a rational and devout Spiritualist. In the fulness of this conviction he lived for many years, and in the rest which it brings, and in the full assurance of its truthfulness, he died. In him the Liberal cause and Spiritualism hav lost one of their best friends. While many among us do not share with him in the assurance of continued existence, yet we are with him heartily in all that relates to human progress and the interest of our common humanity. We mourn in this, that we hav lost a co-worker. In silence we stand at his tomb, and bring the tribute of our tears. J. H. BURNHAM.

*Saginaw City, Mich.*, Feb. 10, 1887.


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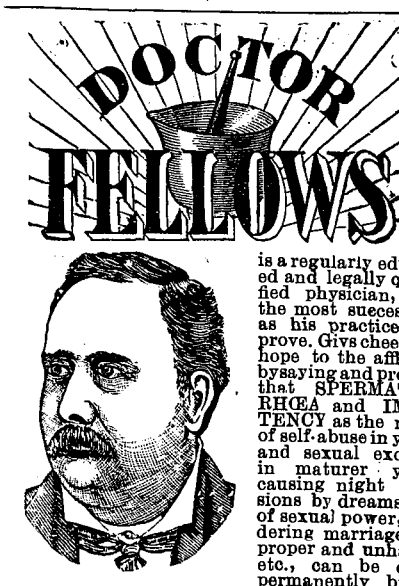
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## News of the Week.

A BILL to provide the country with torpedo boats and floating batteries has passed the Senate.

MRS. DRUSE, the Herkimer county woman who murdered her husband and cut him up and cremated him, is to be hanged on the 28th inst.

THE coal handlers' strike, which was declared off last week, left a great many men out of work who would now be glad to go back at the old pay.

THE Boston baseball club will giv the Chicago club $10 000 for the sake of having catcher Kelly play with them. They will also pay Kelly $5,000 for the season.

THE Law and Order Committee at Union City, Tenn., called out the local preacher one night last week and gave him a whipping. It was charged that he had stolen a hog.

ALDERMAN JOHN CLEARY was known among his associates as "Honest John," but he is now on trial as a boodle alderman. Jacob Sharp, the briber, will be arraigned soon.

AN heir-at-law of Mrs. A. T. Stewart has brought suit against Stewart's heir, Judge Henry Hilton, to recover several millions which Hilton is charged with misappropriating.

GIBBONS, the American cardinal, is in Rome, and met the pope last week. He received a cordial welcome, and the meeting between the two distinguished humbugs lasted an hour.

THE Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood had a meeting last Sunday in this city. Captain O'Brien wrote from New Haven that with the help of God and a little dynamite he hoped to see Ireland one day free.

SAM JONES, the revivalist, lectured here last week for the benefit of a Methodist church. Jones is described as a tall, thin man, with a dark complexion, an artificial nasal drawl, and an affected bruskness.

"HAPPY BOB" VAN BRUNT, a member of the Salvation Army at Elmira, N. Y., has just been sentenced to be hanged April 15th, for murdering the brother of a girl with whom he had been consorting.

A TREMENDOUS wind-storm swept this section of the country last week Friday night, making great havoc with buildings, trains, and shipping. At Rochester, N. Y., a bridge was blown down with loss of life.

CAPTAIN UNGER, of this city, who killed his room-mate, cut up the body and shipped it to Baltimore in a trunk, has been sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary. He saved his neck by pleading self-defense.

IT is reported that a prospector has just discovered some mummies in a mountain cavern in Dakota. They are five in number, evidently very old, having probably been imprisoned hundreds of years ago by a landslide.

THE funeral of Frank Rivers, the veteran book-seller and Freethinker, who died at Buffalo on the 15th, was held in Brooklyn last Sunday. Cornerstone Lodge of Masons attended the funeral and held Masonic services at the grave. The interment was in Cypress Hills Cemetery.

AT a recent meeting of the Congregational Club of San Francisco, it was said that in that city of 300,000 inhabitants the attendance at the Protestant churches was about 32 000, and at the Catholic churches about 18,000, making a total church attendance of about 50.000. Probably three-fourths of the population never attend church.

THERE was a small riot at Cambridge, Mass., last Sunday, growing out of the street-car strike. Boys and hoodlums attacked the non-union drivers, a crowd gathered, and there was a collision between the mob and the police. A half-dozen policemen were wounded. The police fired upon the mob, but it is not known to what extent their shots took effect.

THE New York *Sun* says: "For some months the Widow Richardson of Bloomington has been, apparently, a great invalid. Her physician advised her to hav an operation performed, but she put him off, and the next day, after a season of energetic prayer at her bedside by members of the Salvation Army, she arose from the bed, shouting, 'I'm cured! I'm cured!' The Salvation Army say that she was cured in answer to prayer; the doctors say that she has had nothing the matter with her at all."

# LITTLE LESSONS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

By AUNT ELMINA

(MRS. E. D. SLENKER).



NEW YORK:

THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY,

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## Odds and Ends.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES takes life easy now, and never gets up until "the cock hath twice done salutation to the morn."

AN American dentist is going to Africa to practice his profession. The heathen has rumed his teeth on tough missionaries, probably.

WIFE (enjoying her dinner): "What can be more delicious than a nice canvas-back?" Husband: "A greenback, my dear, a greenback."

A CHICAGO contemporary has learned that a man has discovered that the buckwheat-cake, like the human heart, once cold, can never be itself again.

IT is said that the czar gets up every morning with war in his heart, but after he has had about four witchski cocktails, gentle peace begins to spread her wings.

A RESIDENT of Stuyvesant Square says that life in that neighborhood would be simply gilt-edged in its luxury if the St. George church bells could only be seen, and not heard.

A soft, sad stir is in the air,
Preluding gentle spring,
When base-ball umpires nest again,
And hens begin to sing.

BUMMER: "I've paid a great deal of attention to mind-reading. As an experiment ——" Sharp old gentleman: "I'm something of a mind-reader myself. Your intention is to strike me for a quarter, but you won't succeed."

A GOOD healthy mince pie for supper is cheaper than going to the menagerie, and you know all about the animals just the same, particularly when you awake in the middle of the night to shake the baby hippopotamus off your chest.

A CATHOLIC priest, named McGlynn,
Did not think it a terrible synn
To take a firm stand,
And say, "Free is the land;"
But Pope Leo replied, "It's too thyhn."

MRS. PARISHIONER: "Is it possible? And so your wife is a deaf mute?" American minister: "Yes, she was born so." "How terribly she must feel the affliction!" "On the contrary, she is the happiest minister's wife in the country." "Indeed!" "Yes, she never hears a word that the congregation say about her."

THERE was a great Doctor McGlynn,
Who regarded land-owning as sin;
Henry George's small taper
He thought quite the caper,
And found the millennium therein.

OSCAR BALDWIN, who four years ago was sentenced to fifteen years in the state prison for embezzling two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of the funds of the Mechanics' National bank of Newark, N. J., has been released on the ground that his imprisonment for more than five years was illegal. A man in New York was recently sent to jail for ten years for stealing seven dollars and a half. If it should be decided that more than five years of his sentence is *not* illegal, he will spend the remainder of his life in regretting that he didn't embezzle two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

STRANGER: "I'm taking subscriptions for a monument to Adam. Can I put you down for something?" Boston merchant: "Adam? I havn't seen his death in the paper lately." Stranger: "Oh, no, he died some time ago." Boston merchant: "And there hasn't been a monument raised to him yet? Shameful! You may put me down for fifty cents. What regiment was he in during the war?"

OMAHA sinner: "How do you like your new minister?" Omaha saint: "Don't like him at all. He is not cut out for a preacher; he ought to hav been a business man." "That's a fault, is it?" "Yes, sir, he has entirely too much business ability. Last Sunday he preached a roaring sermon on hypocrits, and at the close invited all hypocrits in the congregation to stand up. Of course, no one arose." "I suppose not; but what of that?" "Why, then he followed up his advantage by passing the contribution-box."

A KENTUCKIAN who had a claim against a railroad in that state for four hundred dollars for damages in a smash-up, was recently visited by one of the company's lawyers, who inquired, "What sort of injury did you sustain?" "Narvous injury, sir." "To what extent?" "To sich an extent that my old shot-gun now wobbles about so much that no longer ago than yesterday I shot at a rabbit and knocked over the best coon-dog in all Kentuck. I've riz on my claim to seven hundred dollars, and I'm goin' to push it until somebody hollers for mercy."

FROM a city in the Mexican state of Jalisco we hav received the following request: "Editor *Argonaut*, D ar Sir: If you hav not any inconvenient, I will request you send me one exemplar of your accredited newspaper. If his lecture is affability to me, I will tell you, and then you can send me a subscription. Please excuse me if I am grievous Your most respectfully. —— ——." The gentleman is not at all grievous. We hav forwarded a copy, and trust that the lecture of the *Argonaut* will prove affability to him.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

O BLACKSMITH!

O workman of the brawny arm
And the bronzed brow—Oh, say,
Out of he hissing and smitten steel,
What dost thou make to-day?

Dost thou use thine art in this time of peace
To fashion the thirsty sword
That shall cleave its course without remorse
In the battle-wrath abhorred?

Or dost thou forge, with force and fire,
The terrible bayonet,
That shall gleam at the front and bear the brunt
When the serried hosts hav met?

And the gray-haired workman paused in his task,
His heated brow to cool;
He shook his head, and, "Alas!" he said,
"I'm making a shoe for a mule."

HISTORY
OF THE
INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT
of Europe.
By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D
Revised Edition—2 vols—Price, $3.
tf 33 Clinton Pl., New York city

## Gems of Thought.

WHEN it is considered how religions hav been formulated in the past, how they hav in all cases been made up of pre-existing systems and traditions, the source of the Christian religion need not be a matter of much doubt.—*D. M. Bennett.*

MANKIND can hardly be too often reminded that there was once a man named Socrates, between whom and the legal authorities and public opinion of his time there took place a memorable collision. Born in an age and country abounding in individual greatness, this man has been handed down to us by those who best knew both him and the age as the most virtuous man in it: while *we* know him as the head and prototype of all subsequent teachers of virtue, the source equally of the lofty inspiration of Plato and the judicious utilitarianism of Aristotle—the two headsprings of all other philosophy. . . . Of the charges of impiety and immorality the tribunal, there is every reason for believing, honestly found him guilty, and condemned the man who probably of all then born had deserved best of mankind to be put to death as a criminal.—*Mill's Liberty.*

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle—
Be a hero in the strife!

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
—*Longfellow's Psalm of Life.*

STRANGE enough how creatures of the human kind shut their eyes to plainest facts; and by the mere inertia of oblivion and stupidity, liv at ease in the midst of wonders and terrors. But indeed man is and was always a blockhead and dullard; much readier to feed and digest than to think and consider. Prejudice, which he pretends to hate, is his absolute law-giver: mere use and want everywhere leads him by the nose.—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.*

THE solvency of great mercantil companies rests on the validity of the laws which hav been ascertained to govern the seeming irregularity of that human life which the moralist bewails as the most uncertain of things; plague, pestilence, and famin are admitted by all but fools to be the natural result of causes for the most part fully within human control, and not the unavoidable tortures inflicted by wrathful omnipotence upon his helpless handiwork.—*Huxley.*

IT is a contradiction in terms and ideas, to call anything a revelation that comes to us at second hand, either verbally or in writing. Revelation is necessarily limited to the first communication—after this, it is only an account of something which that person says was a revelation made to him; and though he may find himself obliged to believe it, it cannot be incumbent on me to believe it in the same manner; for it is not a revelation made to me, and I hav only his word for it that it was made to him.—*Paine's Age of Reason.*

SEEING that, by the confession of the most obstinate enemies of innovation, our race has hitherto been almost constantly advancing in knowledge, and not seeing any reason to believe that, precisely at the point of time at which we came into the world, a change took place in the faculties of the human mind, or in the mode of discerning truth, we are reformers: we are on the side of progress. From the great advances which European society has made, during the last four centuries, in every species of knowledge, we infer, not that there is no more room for improvement, but that in every science which deserves the name, immense improvement may be confidently expected. —*Macaulay.*

EPICURUS did not take any trouble to provide himself with those remedies which might hav enabled him to bear pain; such as firmness of mind or shame of doing anything base, exercise and the habit of patience, precepts of courage and manly hardiness; but he says that he supports himself on the single recollection of past pleasures, as if anyone, when the weather was so hot that he was scarcely able to bear it, should comfort himself by recollecting that he was once in my country, Arpinum, where he was surrounded on every side by cooling streams: for I do not apprehend how past pleasures can allay present evils.—*Cicero.*

Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
Oh, no, the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites but lanceth not the sore.
—*Shakspere.*

THAT the love of a special subject is a great spur to industry needs no proof, and it has never yet been shown that the mind is less exercised when it is exercised with pleasure. Every experienced student knows that the great secret of study is to read with appetite.—*Goldwin Smith.*

Good morrow to thee: welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love, we rise by time,
And go to't with delight. —*Shakspere.*

"ARE you sure that all which you take for good and godly is so in fact, my Virginia?" said Richard Fullerton to his daughter, holding her hand and looking steadfastly in her face. "Yes, papa," she answered, "the church is the voice of God on earth—oh, papa, if you would but hear it!" "I hear a better—the voice of science, and of that true humility and courage which can confess ignorance yet not be disturbed. But tell me, child, who has got hold of you," etc.—*Mrs. Linton's Under Which Lord?*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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A SALVATION BOOM ON THE ANDOVER SECOND PROBATION PLAN.

Scene outside the gates of the New Jerusalem. (Inside next week.)

## Notes and Clippings.

It is reported that Sam Jones received $19,000 for one month's work in Boston.

California has 4,000 wine-growers, and at least 160,000 acres are planted in vines. This represents an investment of $60,000,000, and givs employment or support to 150,000 persons.

"Why do the heathen rage?" asks a r elig ious paper. If they got a larger percentage of the money collected for them, perhaps they wouldn't rage so much. We merely offer this as a suggestion.

All signs point to an early spring in these parts. Not only was the ground-hog unable to see his shadow on the 2d of last month; not only hav robins and bluebirds appeared, but, best of all, wild geese hav begun flying northward. This is good news with coal at its present price.

It looks as if religious reform was making progress when the pulpit lets go of the ballet and jumps on the *décolletté* dresses. The ballet is an old institution that has never done any great amount of harm. But the *décolletté* style in a hard winter is most reprehensible. —*St. Paul Globe.*

Miss Mattie Smith, of West Laurens, was very ill, and Mrs. Edwards, who has a reputation as a faith healer, was called to pray over her. After the praying, Mrs. Edwards said that Miss Smith must go out for a ride. The invalid's friends objected, but she went, though suffering great pain. When she returned, she went back to her bed, and not long afterward died.

A Georgia negro went to a lawyer the other day, much disturbed in his mind because some white men had told him that he had not been legally baptized. The day of the ceremony was very cold, he said, and the preacher, who was not well, stood on the bank of the stream and repeated the words of the ceremony, while two deacons dipped the convert. This baptizing by deputy gave rise to the question of the validity of the ordinance, and he wanted legal advice.

Miss Kate Rapp, a young lady from Millwood, while visiting at the residence of Mrs. Terry, has experienced religion and was baptized at the Baptist church on Thursday night, February 3d. She was accompanied by Mrs. Ida Ryan, formerly Miss Ida Terry, and a number of the other young ladies. She was dressed in a white robe which made her appear very elegant. She was so overjoyed with happiness that she assended the long flight of stairs with a light heart and walked bravely into the pool and the following hymn was sang: "Come to Jesus."—*Leavenworth Times.*

A recent number of the Berlin *Nation* has a story illustrating the truth that the clergy are always on the side of the wealthy and strong. For several years after 1730 in Germany there were very good harvests, and very low prices for produce. Under these circumstances, many of the landed proprietors began to be annoyed and felt that they were damaged by the prayers offered up in church every Sunday for abundance, and they asked the priests and pastors to pray for short crops, which the clergy refused to do on the ground that it would be unchristian. The question was referred to the chancellor of the University of Halle, and he gave, in 1734, an opinion in favor of the landholders, which is to be found in vol. i, p. 973, of his great work, "Gelehrte Anzeigen."

The woman suffrage law which has been in force in Washington territory for three years no longer exists. By the decision of the supreme court, the suffrage is restricted to men. It is certain, however, that a vigorous effort will be made to secure a re-enactment of the law at the next session of the legislature. The defect, because of which it has been declared invalid, can easily be remedied, and as soon as the legislature assembles it will find itself besieged by the suffragists.—*Seattle Intelligencer.*

Another thing of good augury that the German election shows is the manly way in which a great body of the Catholic electors hav resented the interference of Rome. The more these German Catholics reflect upon the manner in which the papal authorities hav endeavored to sell them out to their persecutor, the man of blood and iron, in return for his proposed "mediation" in Italy, the clearer are they likely to see the danger of permitting foreign ecclesiastical interference in politics.—*The Standard.*

Professional humorists may be interested in these two jokes: "Mrs. W., walking on one of the wharves at New York, jocosely asked a sailor why a ship was always called she. 'Oh,' said the son of Neptune, 'because the rigging costs more than the hull.'" "A preacher who kept a huckster's shop was heard one day to say to his shopman: 'John, hav you watered the rum?' 'Yes.' 'Hav you sanded the brown sugar?' 'Yes.' 'Hav you wetted the tobacco?' 'Yes.' 'Then come in to prayers.'" The first was published in the "Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Vermont Almanack" in 1799, and the second in "Benjamin West's Rhode Island Almanac," of 1805.

Jim Stevens, colored, was hanged at Princess Anne, Md., last week Friday, for an outrageous assault upon a white woman 80 years old. The account of the hanging states that he was engaged in silent prayer when the drop fell. His "spiritual adviser" said: "Into God's gracious mercy and protection we commit thee, the Lord bless and keep thee; make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee, lift up his countenance upon thee and giv thee peace now and forever."

Evidently Henry George's dislike of Archbishop Corrigan is opening his eyes to the political machinations of the Roman Catholic church. He says: "If there is a conspiracy to defeat the will of the people in the matter of a constitutional convention, there is every probability that, besides the corporations, there is in it the fine Roman hand of Archbishop Corrigan, and it may be that it is his influence with the managers of the corrupt democratic rings to which the inception of this bold attempt is due. That he did secretly exert himself to defeat at the polls the call for the convention we hav several times specifically charged, and this he has not ventured authoritativly to deny. It would be quite consistent with the character of the man and the methods of the school of clerical politicians to which he belongs that, having failed to defeat the constitutional convention before the people, he should now be schem ing to defeat it in the legislature."

# Communications.

## Christian Absurdities.

Buddha was another known to have been crucified some six hundred years before Christ. He left paradise, and came down to earth, that he might take upon himself the sins of the world and relieve mankind of their suffering. His mother was a pure virgin, and was regarded as the queen of heaven.

His religion was of a very superior order. He taught the brotherhood of man and the equality of the human race. All mankind, according to his doctrine, formed one great family. Therefore he taught love, forbearance, patience, compassion, pity, and charity.

On account of his teachings and wonderful miracles it was declared that he was no mortal child, but an incarnation of deity. It is claimed that his moral code is the most perfect in the world. About one-third of the human family are converts to his religion. Thus the Christian may see that his savior has not the poor recommendation of being second-hand. If the Christian could see the worshipers of all the different systems of religion engaged in worship, he might be led to ask himself, "Which of all these different systems of religion is most acceptable to God?" or, if mankind is benefited by all this holy nonsense; or, if God would suffer any great inconvenience if this pious mumble should cease altogether.

Draper says, "It was not the importation of Greek skepticism which made Rome skeptical, but the excess of religion itself which sapped the foundation of its faith."

If the Christian could see all the bibles which have been written; could he know about all the saviors that have been crucified; could he see the adherents of all these various systems of religion engaged in worship—if not insane, he would see how silly these forms and ceremonies are. But I contend that Christianity tends to produce insanity.

When scientists, without an exception, teach that matter is indestructible, therefore without end, and that what cannot be destroyed cannot be created, and the Christian admits the soundness of the teaching and yet pretends to believe a book which says the whole universe was created in six days out of nothing, and gives as a reason that he "believes it because he can neither understand nor explain it," does he talk like a sane man? Would not such declarations be taken as evidence of insanity before any court?

When the Christian is told about the miracles of Simon Magus, Apollonius, Christna, Buddha, and many others—that the truth of these miracles rests upon as sound a historical basis as those of Jesus Christ—and he rejects all the evidence, but believes in the miracles of Christ, when he has no means of knowing who recorded them, is he under the sway of reason?

When a man declares that he believes that a father and son can be born at the same time, is it not safe to say that his mind is unbalanced?

When a man ignores the relations of numbers, and sets at defiance the plainest and simplest principles of arithmetic, he cannot be pronounced a man of sound mind. Now, I propose to test the Christian's sanity by putting his belief in regard to the trinity in arithmetical form:

1+1=3; 3=1; 1=3; 3—1=3; 3—2=3. Can figures be so placed as to involve a greater absurdity? And yet these figures express just what the Christian believes in regard to his God. I say the Christian is a lunatic!

If there is any new discovery in the field of science, the Christian immediately looks through the book of Genesis to find out if there is any heresy involved in it. If the new truth does not correspond with the statements in Genesis, then the Christian's pipe is out. The Copernican theory, the discovery of America, the facts of geology, and many other facts of science have been met by the Christian with his book of Genesis, and every time he has been driven to the wall. And yet, at every new discovery, he renews the fight with about as much consistency as a mad mule. All the facts of science may be sunk in the ignorance of barbarism, but to the Christian the snake story and the rib story and the six days of creation are of far greater importance. He is afraid that his Great Spontagligasticus will get mad at him if he does not on every occasion slap science in the face with these Munchausenisms.

If God wrote the book of Genesis, it shows plain enough that science is not his stronghold. The country of the Nile has been known for thousands of years. The soil, brought down by the current each year, causes the bed of the river slowly to rise; and every year more of this soil is deposited inland. The ruins of a city, once beyond the reach of this deposit, are now covered with mud. By measuring the depths of these deposits from year to year, and then measuring the aggregate depth, and by other very accurate experiments, scientists have ascertained, not the exact age of the world, but that the river Nile flowed just where it does now, thousands of years before the creation as laid down in Genesis, showing that the evidence was not all in when the Mosaic account was written.

There is the most undoubted evidence that there hav been great changes in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Remains of the most gigantic mammals and the most prodigious plants have been found. These have passed away and others have taken their places. Ages were required for the growth and development of these animals and plants. And yet one change has succeeded another, each change requiring a period of years which makes us dizzy to think of—all going to show that the author of Genesis had been off on a lark, and had not entirely sobered up when the account was written.

But all this weighs nothing with the Christian. He reads in Genesis, "In six days God created the heaven and the earth," and exclaims, "Let God be true and every man a liar!" When these facts in regard to geological changes were first promulgated, the Christian claimed that no such changes (as above described) had ever taken place during the history of man, therefore the animals and plants were brought into existence by a direct act of creation. But science answered, "Neither has man witnessed a direct act of creation," and that the "natural or spontaneous growth of animals and plants was far more reasonable than that they were produced by a sudden act of creation out of nothing and without a progenitor."

Moreover, there are stars so far removed from the earth that it takes light millions of years to traverse the intervening space. The most powerful telescopes reveal such stars to human vision. Where were those stars when God "created the heaven and the earth" about six thousand years ago? How do the pious sticklebacks meet these hard facts of science? "Man can be mistaken, but God is perfect." When a man denies the relation of numbers, when he ignores the facts of history, when a man denies the demonstrations of science, it is safe to say he is not of sound mind. The fact cannot be doubted that sincere Christians are lunatics, and ecclesiastics are mainly responsible. This state of lunacy gives them lives of ease and keeps them fat and sleek.

The truth is, the scheme of redemption without the fall of man is like a bird with one wing; take away the "six days of creation" and you might as well pull out the tail-feathers, for the snake story is not worth a cent; if you damage the snake story, you might as well cut off the head of the bird entirely. It is all linked together and must all be gulped down together. Well, the Christian is a man of "unbounded stomach." He has faith to believe that the whale swallowed Jonah, and with a little more faith he will soon be able to swallow the whale.

When the evidence is all in it will be found that man did not commence his career in a garden in a state of innocence. The first signs which have been found of man show him to have been a savage. He probably roamed at large without any permanent home or habitation. A hollow tree, a hole dug in a bank, or a cave, was his only shelter. His body was nearly covered with hair, and his first attempt at a "fig-leaf" was probably a patch of hide from some animal which he could kill. His food was wild fruits, roots, grubs, bugs, and snails. His weapons were mainly such as nature afforded him—his fists, rough stones, and perhaps such clubs as he could break from the limbs of trees.

The career of man can be traced with a good degree of accuracy from the age of the rough-chipped flint up through the age of polished stone, and through the age of bone and horn, to the bronze age. Through all these steps of progress the course of man can be traced, but the steps have been so slow that millions of years intervened while each step was being taken.

It is well known from fossil remains that there were plants before animals—shells, reptiles, and fishes before mammals. Although the length of the period required to produce "its kind" cannot be accurately ascertained, yet one period is never mistaken for another.

The implements found with the remains of man afford a history of his advancement which can be traced almost as unerringly as American history.

Rude stone hammers show when man had progressed far enough to have mechanical operations which required pounding or driving. Stone axes and knives show when he had something to split, hew, or cut. The arrow-head shows the invention of the bow, scraping and skinning knives show the tanning of hides, and rude bodkins and needles show when the manufacture of garments commenced.

Thus, briefly, the progress of man is traced from the savage state up to the historic age, and shows that the old story of the creation and the fall of man, as recorded in the book of Genesis, instead of being the word of God, is not worth a beggar's notice.

There never has been a time when man was pure, innocent, and happy. It has been taught that the fall brought sin into the world. Sin was never brought into the world by eating an apple. Sin is the child of ignorance, and will only be banished from the world when ignorance is banished. Intelligence is the parent of pure thoughts and noble deeds. It is insanity to teach that sin brought death into the world. It has been observed that throughout all time, and throughout the vast field of nature, there is a building up and pulling down—evening and morning, life and death. Wherever there is life there is death. It is as natural to die as it is to be born. There will be the same happenings after death that there were before birth. We were unconscious before birth, we shall be unconscious after death.

Nearly all astute thinkers regard death as a natural law, applicable to man as well as to animals and plants. Did the eating of an apple cause the death of animals and plants, known to have existed millions of years before the advent of man, or is death a universal law?

Moreover, if Christian teaching is true, if man had not partaken of the forbidden fruit, he would have lived forever. If he had been chopped into a mince-meat it would not have killed him. Even if he had been devoured by a tiger, somehow he would have kept right on living. A bolt of lightning would not have affected him any more than a puff of smoke.

Such monstrous absurdities man has believed for thousands of years, because he has been taught by a designing priesthood to put his faith in an old book which they claim was written by the finger of God. The further this subject is pursued, the more the signs of insanity increase. I assert, without equivocation, that all sincere Christians are crazy. Where there is a lack of sincerity on the part of professed Christians, there must be a corresponding lack of honesty.

The Christian seems to regard those who do not believe in such things with an eye of pity. He will tell you that you were born in sin; that the spiritual light has not yet dawned upon you; that you see with the "natural" eye, while he sees with a "spiritual" eye, and that that makes a difference which you, in your benighted condition, cannot understand; that the "mystery of godliness" is very great, which none can understand but those who have received light from on high; that some day the "scales" will drop from your eyes, and then the light will be revealed to you as it is in Christ Jesus. The most ignorant Christian will confront the most astute scientist with such pious palaver. The less he knows the better Christian he is. The better Christian he is, the less he is aware of his insanity. The more you try to convince him of his insanity, the more you are in danger of hell. Every test which can be applied to a Christian shows him to be insane. When one believes that a man can die and come to life again, that he can vanish and appear at pleasure, that men can come to life even after they are dead and stink, that the air is full of ghosts and demons, that a man can live in the belly of a fish, that snakes can talk, that a man can control the motion of the planets; that he can be taken up away from the earth bodily, that a child can be as old as his father, that a father and his child can be born at the same birth, that whether you add, subtract, multiply, or divide, one is the same as three, and three the same as one—Great Scott! is he not mad, crazy? There is nothing but the plea of Christianity that could keep a man with a mind thus wrecked out of an insane asylum. Otto, the wife-murderer, was "jerked to Jesus." He left Erie county for his celestial abode May 21st, at 10:30 o'clock. Too vile for earth, the authorities sent him home to Jesus. How many sneaks and snobs, how many dudes and dead-beats, how many thieves and rapscallions, robbers, adulterers, and murderers Jesus must have hugged and welcomed since A.D. 33!

No matter how much good Otto's wife may have done—no matter about her intellectual or moral worth—if she did not believe in Jesus, she, the innocent wife, is in hell, while the murderer is lounging around in the cozy nooks of the New Jerusalem. The last words of Otto were, "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit."

According to Sam. Jones, his chance was a great deal better than Ingersoll's. With the Christian, belief outweighs every other consideration. Belief is like an old hat, put on or laid off at pleasure, brushed up and made to look well when needed; but woe, woe, to the man who does not have it on when death comes, for "Old Splitfoot" will dandle him on a red-hot pitchfork, sure.

JOHN PECK.

### Familiarity With Great Persons.

A correspondent in Mexico writes of a little six-year-old Mexican girl who, dinner being late one day, said in Spanish, with perfect innocence and no thought of irreverence, "Jesus, but I'm hungry." The writer says that the little children, in moments of sudden fright or pain, cross themselvs and murmur, "Protect me, God," as devoutly as their elders do.

### A Result of Early Training.

A Lewiston newspaper says that the little daughter of a well-known clergyman was heard talking as she lay in her crib the other night. She said: "Dear Lord, this afternoon I saw out upon the cold sidewalk a poor little girl, and she had no shoes or stockings on—and—and"—hesitating as though staggered by the problem—"it's none of our business, is it, God?"

## Mrs. Colman's Reminiscences.

I next applied for a place in a public school, and obtained one by taking the place of a man and doing his work, for which I was paid $350 a year. The man who preceded me received $800 per year.

I had an object in view in taking that school other than earning my living. There had been for many years in Rochester a school called "The Colored School," to which all children having colored blood, who accepted public instruction from the city, were required to attend.

The school-room was the basement of the African church, situated in a low part of the city, both in respect to it geographically and morally, but, no matter what the distance from the home, or what the age of the child, this was the school. I presume it was because of my known Abolitionism that I was offered the place as teacher, though the difference in the salary paid was one item in the city's favor. I took the situation, determining in my own mind that I would be the last teacher, and that the colored school should die. The death was accomplished in just one year. I persuaded the parents to send the more advanced children to the schools in their own districts, suggesting that they always see to it that they were particularly clean in person and dress, and also that they impress upon such children that his or her behavior be faultless as far as possible. I then advised the trustees of the church to refuse the use of the room for school purposes. When the time came for the commencement of the school for the new year, there were neither scholars nor school-room. The death was not violent; no mention was made of it in the papers, and I presume not ten persons outside of the colored people knew of its decease, or, if they had known, would hav cared that the disgrace was abolished. I was given another school for perhaps no more laudable reason than I obtained the other, but this time it was not to save money.

If I were not writing an autobiography, I should feel that there was a good deal of egotism in many of my anecdotes; but I was in them, and my experience is what I am writing. At this time Miss Susan B. Anthony was recognized as a teacher, and at the annual meeting of the State Convention of teachers of New York (held the previous year) had, by great adroitness or skill, gotten a lady teacher appointed to read an essay at the next meeting of the institute. The lady appointed was rather of the milk-and-water kind, and what she would hav said had she not lost her courage for the attempt I cannot tell. I know that she would not hav said anything against the Bible as God's word, or the use of it in the public schools. When Miss Anthony found the lady would fail her, she came to me, saying she worked very hard to get the appointment for one of our sex, asking me to prepare something, and take the place as substitute—a place I never like. I said they would probably not hear me, but rejoice that one woman had failed to meet her engagement, and so they would only hav to listen to Miss Anthony, as she held an appointment for the same meeting. I at last yielded to the persuasion, and agreed to read an essay if permitted. In the weekly or monthly meetings of the teachers in Rochester I had advocated the abolishment of corporal punishment, but had not succeeded in converting any of the teachers (save one); all were sure there could be no order without the whip. I thought, if I could be given the opportunity, I would at least say why my opinion was against whipping children, and accordingly prepared an essay which would take about twenty minutes to read. After writing it, I took it to the city superintendent, asking him to do me the kindness to read it and criticise it—not the argument, but the style. He read it, and said: "You use the personal pronoun *I;* it would be more elegant to say *we*" (you see, my friend, I began a long time ago to be egotistical). I said: "How can I say *we*, when *I* know I am alone; no one agrees with me." "Well, then, it's all right; but I warn you you will raise a hornets' nest about your ears."

The prophecy proved true. I was not known to the convention, and in the discussion upon the pro's and con's of the propriety of allowing a substitute self-appointed to take the place of a regularly-appointed essayist, I kept entirely still. I felt sure that some of the Rochester teachers had whispered the words, "Infidel-Abolitionist," and I did not care to be known, unless accepted. A teacher sitting by me said: "What is there about that Mrs. Colman, that they object so much to hearing her? They hav already taken the entire time of one session discussing whether or not they will hear her. Do you know the lady?" I said, "A little," but was not disposed to introduce myself. At last the vote was announced as favoring the reading of the essay. I was greatly embarrassed when I began the reading of that very simple paper; but when, in answer to the question, "What will you do with the words of Solomon, the wisest man who ever lived—Spare the rod, and spoil the child?"—I answered: "Just what I would do with the example of Solomon, if a Mormon were to say to me 'Solomon had seven hundred wives. Why may I not hav seven or seventy?' I would say the civilization of the nineteenth century has outgrown Solomon and his wives," the storm of hisses, and the words, "She's an Infidel," took the fright all away. I am not made of the material that can be frightened by opposition, or thrown from my position by insult. In answer to the mournful assertion, "She has taken away my Bible," I said, "If your Bible is an argument for the degradation of woman, and the abuse by whipping of little children, I advise you to put it away, and use your common sense instead." This was forty years ago. I do not know another woman who, standing in my place at that time, would hav risked her reputation by saying thus much of the Bible.

The session of the institute was continued till long after the hour of adjournment, and when the evening session came Mrs. Colman and her Infidelity was the theme. I suggested to the chairman that, in my opinion, it would be more profitable to the meeting to discuss the subject matter of the essay rather than the religious opinions of the writer. It was a hot discussion, lasting until eleven o'clock at night. Miss Anthony's essay was hardly noticed (education jointly of the sexes was the subject), as she in those days, nearly forty years ago, did not trample upon the holy scriptures. Whether she does to-day I do not know. I'm glad, however, to know that her life-long associate and friend, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, has allowed herself to be advertised as a speaker at a Freethinkers' Convention.

Now what was the penalty put upon Mrs. Colman in Rochester for that Infidel essay? I was appointed teacher at School No. 1, at that time confessedly the most difficult school to govern in the entire city, made up of all nationalities, over-large for the size of the room, with two assistants, young girls, each with a whip in her hand. The state superintendent, who was at the convention where I had declared against the rod, did me the honor to say I had convinced him that the legislature should abolish corporal punishment, and he should ask them to do so that coming winter, and so by his advice I took the whip from the young ladies, told them I was senior teacher, and would from that time do the whipping. Suffice it to say, I had no trouble in managing the school without blows, though one day a mother came to the school, bringing with her a rawhide, and asked me to whip her boy. I said, "Madam, I'm not half paid for teaching your boy; do you expect me to whip him also?" The look she gave me always brings a smile when I think of it.

"Why don't you whip him yourself?" I asked.

She said, "I hav whipped him a great deal; he doesn't care for my whipping. I thought he would care if you whipped him."

Poor human nature! We take upon ourselvs motherhood and fatherhood, and try to govern our children when we hav not the knowledge to govern ourselvs. But the legislature did not abolish the rod.

In Syracuse, where I now reside, the Rev. Samuel J. May, an old Abolitionist, when chairman of the board of education, advised the prohibiting of corporal punishment, and it was done, and that rule is in force to-day. Mr. May was a reformer in the true sense of the word; not only did he work for the freedom of the slave of the South, but he was an open advocate of suffrage for women, an anti-gallows man, the workingman's friend, and, indeed, in our effort for mental liberty, he was ever our friend. He was particularly emphatic in the demand for one code of morals for both sexes. Mr. May's memory is revered and monuments are erected to his memory, but his work has not been carried out, and to-day no occupant of any pulpit, so far as I am informed, finds his duty in speaking for the outcast—perhaps I should exempt the Universalists from this reproach. I did not remain teacher long in Rochester; the small salary and the wide difference made in the wages paid to men and women for the same work was a bitterness I could not easily bear, and then I was not popular among the teachers. I always insisted that the schools were for the benefit of the scholars, and that is not allowable. Dickens's "nurses" are not the only officials, by any means, whose comfort is the principal thing to be thought of. Everywhere the rule holds good that the governors are the ones to be benefited, not the persons governed. The exception proves the rule.

I had been feeling for a long time that I must speak for the slave, but how or where to begin was the problem. The death of my eldest sister, with whom my father and mother lived (my aunt was now my mother), made a change for them imperativ, and it seemed best that they should come to me. I could now leave home for a time, as my mother could care for my child and keep the home. I had one friend in Rochester who thoroughly believed in me, and she has kept that belief in all these years—Amy Post. We hav been more like dear sisters for forty years than like anything in relationship more remote. She declared herself ready to plan a campaign and to accompany me as escort. She therefore said, "Get ready, write out two lectures, so that you may be prepared to speak twice in one place if desirable, and I shall soon make an appointment." Mrs. Post had been a life-long friend, prominent with her husband in the monthly and yearly meetings of that society, and had only left them because they were false to freedom in the person of the slave. She, of course, knew people in every quarter of the state where there were friends, and in many places there were very many who had left, like herself, the society.

LUCY N. COLMAN.

## The Sinaloa Colony.

A dispatch to the New York *Times* from Portland, Me., givs the substance of a letter received in that city by the brother of H. M. Chase, one of the Portland contingent of the Sinaloa colony. It was written January 9th. Mr. Chase says that when the party reached Guaymas on their outward journey the steamer promised by the Credit Foncier Company was not there, and the colonists, after purchasing three months' provisions, chartered a French ship at a cost of $9 a person to carry them to their destination. The colony at Sinaloa is situated on a low ridge of hills, and there are lots of rocks and cactus trees scattered about, and but little else. Mr. Chase goes on to say:

> Water is our greatest bugbear. We get plenty to drink and cook with, but are not allowed to wash with it. We use salt water altogether for that purpose. The water we hav is good and cool, not very far behind the Sebago. We get it from an island seven miles away. It is said that in the rainy season the high tides flow into it and make it brackish. That is why we shall hav to go to the river to locate. The company hav some property there. The weather in the middle of the day is like June. At night it is like November. There are very heavy dews, which wet the tents like rain. I think the situation is hardly what it is represented. It will take years and years to build a city here. We cannot get water from the river, as it is too far away. They hav a road cut, and it is fifty miles by that road. The only thing to be done is to locate on the river and try and support ourselvs until the company can get things to enable us to build on the city site. There are no tools or anything here now. I shall not be able to write as often as I expected. Stamps are scarce, and money a sight scarcer. We chipped in all we had at Guaymas to buy provisions, and it is a pretty scarce article in this camp at present.

This justifies Mr. Owen's order for no more colonists to go to Sinaloa expecting the company to help them.

## The Anarchists.

In response to an appeal from me to aid in the effort to hav the sentence of Mrs. Druse commuted into imprisonment for life instead of hanging, a friend says:

> I hav no sympathy for her simply because she is a woman. . . . You would not hav lifted your voice to save a man who had chopped his wife to pieces. You do not say a word when seven innocent men are condemned to death—seven men who do not deserve to be hung any more than you do, and who are proven guilty of nothing worse than the expression of their opinions in words none too plain. You are as dumb as an oyster at this outrage.

Until I had received this sharp rebuke I was totally unaware that I had been publicly silent on a subject for the defense of which my private writings had brought me many a letter of protest and condemnation.

While I am not an Anarchist in the full sense of the word, and believe in law and order save under extreme wrong, tyranny, and oppression, yet I grant to every man, woman, and child the right to speak fully and freely on any and every subject they deem of importance to themselvs or to the community (of course choosing proper times and opportunities).

We must be free to speak for all sides, as it is only by hearing all sides that a right judgment can be formed. I don't think these "seven condemned men" are proven guilty of anything more than free speaking, which, under our laws, is every freeman's right. I no more believe in hanging a man than a woman, though as a woman is a subject and a slave to man under her present condition as a non-voter, as well as a wife, we are compelled to show her special favors until she wins her birthright of political and practical equality. But I plead that we hav no right to commit one murder to atone for another.

Hanging is barbarism. It is demoralizing to all who participate in it as well as to all who even hear of it. Our civilization is too far in advance of it for it to be much longer tolerated.

I do not intend to make a long plea for the Anarchists, simply because all that can be said regarding their probable innocence and the injustice of their sentence has been said by wiser pens than mine, but I do desire to do my duty by putting on record in this public way my protest against hanging these men for doing what they deemed a grand and noble work for humanity, and doing it, so far as evidence proves, within the bounds of law.

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

## Jesus as a Railroad Official.

A Mannsville, N. Y., preacher, who recently received a half-fare pass on the Ontario and Western Railway, wrote back to the passenger agent: "Your favor of the 17th inst. is received containing clerical pass 98, for 1887. Many thanks for so useful a card. When it will be yours to board the train to journey into the world of the unseen, may the general passenger agent of the Earth and Heaven Air Line, Jesus Christ, grant you a free pass check subscribed with his own hands. Gratefully yours."

# The American Secular Union.

COURTLANDT PALMER, President.
SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary, - - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas. E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com.
E. A. STEVENS, Chair. Fin. Com., - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.

## Third Statement of Treasurer, February, 1887.

RECEIPTS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1887. | | | |
| Feb. | | Reported receipts | $524 06 |
| " | 4. | Nashville Sec. Un. (char.), per M. I. Green, | 5 00 |
| " | 8. | E. R. Shoemaker, per S. P. Putnam | 15 00 |
| " | | Chicago Sec. Un., per E. A. Stevens | 30 00 |
| " | 10. | Agnosticus, per TRUTH SEEKER | 5 00 |
| " | | Farmdale, O., Sec. Un. (charter), per D. G. Brockway | 5 00 |
| " | | John Nuessle, per TRUTH SEEKER | 1 00 |
| " | 23. | Samos Parsons, per Treas | 50 00 |
| " | 24. | Davitt D. Chidester, per TRUTH SEEKER | 1 00 |
| " | | S. F. Davis, " " " | 1 00 |
| " | | J. T. W., " " " | 1 00 |
| " | | Wm. Fray, " " " | 1 00 |
| " | | Mrs. Lizzie Fray, " " " | 1 00 |
| " | | Zenas Kent, " " " | 1 00 |
| " | 28. | Fort Madison, per T. M. Gastin | 25 00 |
| " | | Belton, per Dell Parker | 10 00 |
| " | | Salina, per I. M. Ittem | 25 00 |
| " | | Bavaria, per L. H. Terry | 25 00 |
| " | | David Clark | 1 00 |
| " | | Windom, per Lester Marks | 12 00 |
| " | | Dodge City, per Clarence Petty | 22 00 |
| " | | Garden City, per Chess Bros | 20 00 |
| Total receipts | | | $781 06 |

DISBURSEMENTS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1887. | | | |
| Feb. | | Reported disbursements | $503 91 |
| " | 9. | S. P. Putnam, per Treas | 45 00 |
| " | 14. | Package (express) from E. A. Stevens | 45 |
| " | 23. | Carl Edelheim, per Treas | 25 00 |
| " | 24. | D. A. Blodgett, per Treas | 50 00 |
| " | | G. M. D. Libby, per E. A. Stevens | 2 75 |
| " | 28. | S. P. Putnam, per Treas | 140 00 |
| Total disbursements | | | $767 11 |

*Feb.* 28, 1887. CHAS. ECKHARD, Treas.

The treasurer, in the name of the American Secular Union and its officers, heartily thanks the subscribers to the Fund, as the treasurer has canceled all known claims, and the Union starts anew without the dead drag of debt; but the Union is sadly in need of literature.

## News and Notes.

Thursday I left the pleasant home of A. R. Mott, of Bavaria, who is one of the most thoughtful of our Freethinkers, and hospitality was mingled with intellectual enjoyment. The day, however, was fiercely blustering. Nature was thoroughly orthodox. Not for years had such a blizzard swept the plains. The oldest settlers were unaccustomed to such continuous blasts, and sweeping clouds of dust. I was to take the freight train, and it was four hours late. Waiting for the train, and the wind blowing sixty miles an hour, was not a comfortable experience. To add to my vexation, just as I sat down to eat a good dinner at my friend Terry's, trusting that the train would still be fifteen minutes behind time, it came thundering along a little bit too soon, and I was obliged to leave the loaded table like a cannon-ball, and

Chase the glowing hours with flying feet

for the space of a quarter of a mile, in order that I might put myself safely in the car, and reach my destination—cyclones to the contrary notwithstanding. I begin to think that the Secular path is almost as hard to travel as the old-time Jordan. I did want that dinner in order to help keep that railroad car from blowing off the track. I arrived at New Cambria, where I was to lecture that evening, and amid somewhat of a lull in the hurricane, crossed the fenceless prairies to the home of my friend, J. W. Abbott. His brother, George Abbott, and Judge Osborne were there, and with a good fire and plentiful supper we defied the storm. Evening came on cloudy and cold, and it blew great guns, and it was simply dangerous to be out with a team. One could not see a rod in advance. It was useless to make any attempt to reach the hall, so we had our Liberal convention around the fireside. Mrs. Abbott is one of our bright women. She has stirred the community up considerably with lectures on woman's rights, Infidelity, etc. She holds her own with wit and argument, and is achieving quite a victory for Liberalism, and I hav no doubt she will be one of our foremost champions on the lecture platform, for she has the courage of her convictions, and has plenty of life, and progressiv thought, and ability for speech. Mr. Abbott is also a clear-headed worker whose contributions to THE TRUTH SEEKER show that he understands what to do and how to do it. So I had a pleasant time in their prairie home, while the heavens were black without.

Friday morning we were up at three o'clock, preparatory to a land voyage to Salina to catch the early train. Fortunately the wind went down, the clouds rolled off, and the moon and stars appeared. The breath of night was icy still, however, and so I wrapped myself in the hay at the bottom of the wagon, while my friend Abbott, brave charioteer, in the lofty seat above met the brunt of the night that did its best to disturb our equanimity before it fled from the conquering day. Sleepily I watched the advance of the brilliant dawn. One by one the stars sank into the faint luminous glory of the unseen orb. Far along the horizon flashed the crimson banners, and trees and houses, and the bare telegraph poles, were bathed in a soft color wondrously enchanting. I seemed advancing into a magnificent temple, as the glowing beams multiplied on every hand, and the god of day came marching up the glittering corridors of the sky. That was a beautiful journey indeed, from darkness into blithesome morning. The winds had made everything clean and bright, almost like polished gold and glorious azure, and shining fields encompassed my rattling journey to McPherson and Windom. At Windom I found a royal pioneer indeed, who for years has kept up the battle for Freethought with unabating courage—Lester Marks, who has been in every part of the Union, taking land journeys from Kansas to New York, and Texas to Kansas, and keeping alive when the doctors thought he ought to be dead—a man of unbounded perseverance and commanding energy, in spite of disease. I went to his home, three miles in the country, where I spent a pleasant day. He has four children, Frank and Ford, Avis and Jessie, all bright young Liberals. Ford was the first baby born in Ford county, Kansas, and so got his name. Mrs. Marks has three brothers who are Baptist clergymen—sound in the faith, while Mrs. Marks is both wise and otherwise, and this shows that in some cases woman has more sense than man—three to one. I gave the first Freethought lecture in Windom, a new village of about six hundred inhabitants, and the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, about half the audience being obliged to stand. The most respectful attention was paid to my declaration of the principles of "Universal Mental Liberty." It was quite a surprise to many that Liberals could make such a showing as they did, and create such an interest and receive such a welcome. Mr. Marks's outspoken advocacy has made many allies of our cause—Mr. Wm. Gilpin, James Gilpin, I. L. Rury, I. D. Kaufman, Mr. Young, Dr. Richardson, Jake Willhelm, John Lloyd, James Adams, A. J. Petz, James Derbin, M. Conley, Will M. McKean, A. W. Sylvester, James Tuckhope, A. M. Smith, William McLaughlin, C. S. Sherman, and others, and they will hold the fort, I believe. Windom expects to grow. It is said that two more railroads are coming here. The country about is excellent, especially for cattle and hog raising, and this, at present, is the chief industry. There is a wonderful tide of immigration to Kansas this year, and its western portion is a booming land indeed. Real estate is doubling in sixty days in some quarters.

I arrive at Dodge City in the midst of a big snowstorm, the first of the season here. The plains are white, and if they only had sleigh-bells here, how they would jingle! But they hav no bells, and all the runners they hav are extemporized wooden ones.

What a picture strikes my eye of change and growth as I look upon this bustling Western city! Where two years ago only low frame buildings were seen are now palatial brick blocks, and the population has advanced from two thousand to six thousand, and this frontier town begins to hav the elegance of an Eastern metropolis. The country is being rapidly settled up, and farms are taking the place of stock-ranges. This promises to be one of the finest fruit lands in the world, besides being adapted to wheat, corn, etc. Rains are now plentiful, and there is but little need of irrigation. Thousands of cattle from Texas and the Southwest are shipped from this place. Dodge City was once a rough place, with its multitude of cowboys and the wild element of frontier life, but now it is a pleasant place, with social order, elegance, and the advantages of the most enlightened communities.

I was quite pleased to meet my old friends, Clarence Petty, Morris Collar, J. Collar, and others, all enthusiastic for the cause, together with new allies—Isaac Raines, G. A. Workman, J. D. Goodman, H. B. Karch, Esky Peterson, Wm. Dean, Chas. Hall, Dr. T. J. Wright, Gen. H. B. Van Vorhees, D. M. Frost, Mr. Lauber, Wm. Spencer, Henry Garris, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Berry, J. H. Colburn, etc. Some of these came five, ten, fifteen, and eighteen miles to attend the lectures, in spite of the snows that made the roads difficult for travel. I had good audiences, both afternoon and evening, Sunday, February 20th, in Kelly's Opera House—one of the finest in the state, and which seats several hundred. This is a good Liberal community, and I hav no doubt our organization here will flourish. I hope to return when skies are clear. This is a point of great promis. The churches don't grow much. Western life does not favor ecclesiastical authority.

I must confess to something of astonishment to find Garden City, to which I came on Sunday night, a rapidly growing place of about six thousand inhabitants. Two years ago it was only a bit of a village; now it is rushing along like a railroad train, with flags a-flying, and the noise and excitement of a boom of the first order. This is one of the finest cities of the plains. The land office is established here, and settlers are flocking in. Superb brick blocks, hotels, dwellings, houses, etc., make it seem as if you were in a part of New York itself. There is a vim about this place that is quite enchanting, and I enjoyed it from the very moment I struck it, especially when I shook hands with the Chess Brothers, who were the first ones to fling our flag to the breeze—and a splendid company they soon found, although the churches are here in full phalanx—G. A. Kimball, J. A. Garver, H. C. St. John, Grant Stanley, Chas. M. McGill, and others. I hav not found any more inspiring comradeship.

I lectured last evening at the Opera House. The attendance was large. I was introduced by H. C. St. John, a son of ex-Governor St. John, who has the fire of Liberal thought as well as reform, and believes in humanity and this world, and not in God. I lecture again on Wednesday evening at the Opera House, when I hope for a still larger attendance. Meanwhile I am resting at the home of W. A. Chess, where I find a cordial Liberal element, baby and all, and the recreation is delightful. Mrs. Chess and her sister and mother hav been for years in the atmosphere of a generous Secular life. Mr. Lewis D. Smith, the husband and father, was a noble-hearted Freethinker—one of the leading and veteran editors of Michigan at the time of his death, and always an outspoken advocate of our cause—and whose last request was that no clergyman should preach over his dead body. All he desired was the voice of affection, the presence of loved ones—wife, children, and friends—and thus to pass into the bosom of eternal Nature. So I find in this Western home the remembrance of a heroic life, and with it incentiv to the broadening work of the future and hope for the triumph of justice.

I look forward to friendly greetings in Colorado at Greeley, Feb. 27th; Denver, March 6th and 13th. I am obliged to giv up going to Prescott, Arizona, and shall be at San Diego, Cal., March 17th and 18th; Los Angeles, 20th and 27th; Santa Ana, 21st, 22d, and 23d; Norwalk, 24th and 25th; Tulare, 29th and 30th; Visalia, 31st and April 1st; San Francisco, 3d and 10th; San José, 17th and 24th, and other places in California up to June 1st. I shall be in Oregon during June, in Washington territory during July, and return Eastward in August.

*Garden City, Kan.*, Feb. 22. S. P. PUTNAM.

## The Liberal Club.

The writer has now attended the Manhattan Liberal Club with more or less constancy since the autumn of 1875, and during that time a good many graceful persons hav occupied its platform, but he does not remember having heard a more agreeable speaker than Mrs. Fay Pearce, of Boston, who talked about "Coöperativ Housekeeping" at the 437th regular meeting of that body.

The evening of Friday, Feb. 25th, was a pleasant one as to weather, and the writer loitered somewhat on his way to the club, so it was near a quarter past 8 o'clock when he reached the corner of Fourteenth street and Third avenue. Here he was about to accelerate his steps, fearing to miss a portion of the exercises, when he perceived one of the most distinguished and learned members of the club descending the steps of the elevated railroad station. Underneath the steps an Italian merchant keeps a fruit-stand, and here the member halted and purchased two apples, one of which he proceeded to eat as he walked along, and the other he placed reflectivly in a small satchel. The man with the badge-pin was greatly impressed by the dignified simplicity of the act. It is well for the young and worldly to occasionally meet in their walks examples of that obliviousness to mere outward appearance which comes to those whose minds are made the storehouse of philosophy and the abiding-place of great thoughts. It was therefore in a spirit of humility that the writer pursued his way, arriving at the hall just as the secretary had finished reading the minutes of the previous meeting.

The Chair introduced the lady speaker of the evening in a way that did great credit to its gallantry, in which it is never wanting on such occasions, and Mrs. Pearce began her lecture. Mrs. Pearce is an engaging little lady. As is said to be the custom in Boston, she used eye-glasses which it was necessary to support with one hand while reading through them. The speaker began by saying that the first great fact in society is the existence of the two sexes. The stronger sex is organized and is running the world, while the other is unorganized and is doing nothing. The great characters of the world hav been men. Women hav made very little mark in the world's history. Men are like the land, and individuals are the mountains and rocks that endure, while women are the ocean, one being merged and lost in the others like the waves of the sea. Men hav managed everything, women stay at home. Mrs. Pearce believed that women, being the buyers of groceries for the family, should take it in hand to organize coöperativ stores and abolish the middlemen. The speaker gave a history of Robert Owen's attempt to institute union stores in England. The reason those stores failed

was because the men in charge of them were too smart and kept all the profits, or were incapable and lost all that was invested. Retail distribution should be a part of housework. The great leak in the household is the grocery store, and when women combine and buy goods together this leak will be stopped. At present housekeeping is so expensiv that the young man can't afford to marry and support a wife, and the girls are driven into industrial pursuits as his competitors. Mrs. Pearce's system had been tried in Cambridge, and failed. The ladies interested in the enterprise just gave it a little money to start with, but seemed to forget that their patronage was necessary to keep it going. Each kept trading with her old grocer so as not to hurt his feeling by dropping him. Besides, the husbands of the lady coöperators laughed at them, and regarded the affair as a great joke, which killed the enterprise quite dead. In spite of that failure the speaker still believed in coöperativ housekeeping as the one step that will save society. Other methods hav their good features and are well meant, but they are defectiv, lacking this great principle.

Mrs. Pearce spoke for less than an hour, but owing to her facility of speech she said as much as a man would be expected to in half a day.

Mr. Sutherland expressed himself as much pleased with the lecture, but did not agree with it. If cooperativ stores are established, other stores must close, thus throwing many persons out of employment, and there are enough idle people at present without increasing the number.

Mr. Leavitt told the audience that this was an old story with him. He published the first article in America about the Rochdale stores in England and the Familistiere at Guise, in France, and had been a Fourierite for forty years or more. In his opinion, Mrs. Pearce's scheme would not amount to much.

Mrs. Hallock said she was afraid Mrs. Pearce would never come to the club again if she was to be criticised so sharply. Men should remember that women are individuals, and could liv more than one day if the men were all dead. Men discuss the rights of women as though they were the women's keepers. What hav men got to do with the question, anyway? If men say women should not vote, women may say men should not vote, and one statement has as much weight as the other. Mrs. Hallock gave Mr. Leavitt several sharp digs.

Lawyer Searing very gallantly declined to regard women in the purely material light in which she had been discussed by the others. Woman was greatest in the domain of the heart. In concluding, Mr. Searing beamed sweetly upon the little Boston lady, and said he hoped she would come to the club again. It is but kind to hope that Mr. Searing's winning smile was not shed in vain.

Dr. Weeks, as a solution of the labor problem, proposed to shorten the hours of labor until everybody worked the same length of time. In the struggle for female rights, women are women's worst enemies. They must learn to stand by each other. There are twenty men who will defend women's rights where there is one woman brave enough to do so.

Herr Oppenheimer didn't think the scheme was feasible. You can't save much out of the wages of a man who isn't working, no matter how much he cooperates.

Mrs. Pearce reminded her critics that the subject of the evening was coöperativ housekeeping, which they had scarcely touched. She could not discuss coöperation in general, as she did not propose to reform the universe. She desired that women should be given a chance to show what they could do.

At the next meeting the subject of temperance is on the program, and prohibition, high license, low license, and free rum will be discussed by able students of these various aspects of the question. So doth the noble work go on of throwing light on error's ways, for which the speakers, every one, deserve mankind's unmingled praise. And though the torch of Liberty be from the hand that holds it hurled, a noble symbol still we see—a Club Enlightening the World.

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Following this report will be found an absurd article by Seward Mitchell. Mr. Mitchell is evidently one of those important persons in the world's economy who keep one foot held back stiff ready for a kick. The lecture on a flower gave him a chance to unlimber. Everybody who has read THE TRUTH SEEKER knows that about nine out of ten of the lectures at the Liberal Club are devoted to industrial and social questions. Mr. Mitchell's growling has, therefore, the appearance of pure maliciousness. He probably speaks without thinking; some people hav to do that way or keep still, which may be his case. The kicker hath "all seasons for his own."

## Gentle Criticism of the Liberal Club.

Tithing, mint, anise, and cummin, and omitting the weightier matters of the law—the labor question! A hundred thousand men and women in the city of New York struggling for an existence, and the Liberal Club discussing the nonsense of a "flower."

The wealth producers of the world in the throes of death, and an intelligent body of men and women fiddling on a subject that has not merit enough in it to go across the street to hear! Probably not a person in the audience who owned the house he livs in, yet discussing matters of not the slightest importance to the producers! A million-dollar yacht in your harbor, every dollar of the cost of it was stolen, yet no one in all that big city has manliness enough to go and sink her and hang the thief who controls it! Better a damned sight—more to the credit of the Manhattan Liberal Club—to adjourn to the wharf of that pirate and scuttle her than to talk about the nonsense they talked about. It needs patience to deal with children!

When the club was discussing their nonsense, didn't they know that a girl less than seventeen years old was kidnapped and in prison for the crime?

It would be far more to their credit to discuss the right of organized pirates, called a government, than thus spend their time in talking on subjects not worth a hill of corn to any one. Fifty thousand men in New York on a strike, and the Infidels dumb!

And now that the Senate of the United States has passed a vote to steal $21,000,000 of the people's money for the useless purpose of war, it remains to be seen if the club has principle enough to pass a resolution denouncing the outrage.

As it is but a few hours' ride from New York to Washington, the better way would be to raise an army in New York, proceed to Washington, and drive out that "den of thieves," the United States Senate. I shall look with deep interest to see if THE TRUTH SEEKER givs a report of the Cincinnati Conference on the 22d of this month.

SEWARD MITCHELL.

## Moses and George Harman Arrested.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* M. Harman and son, George, editors and publishers of *Lucifer*, were arrested last night and taken to Topeka by the U. S. marshal, on a charge of having used the U. S. mails for the circulation of obscene literature, printed some time last June in *Lucifer*. The article fixed upon in complaint was headed, "An Awful Letter." It appears that the charge is based wholly on the use of one word, viz., the name of the male organ of generation.

Moses was daily expecting to hear from the supreme court in the case of Walker and Lillian, who hav been in jail during the last five months, but no news comes in regard to them.

But now comes a dispatch from Topeka, asking me to sign an appearance bond of $500 for Moses and George. So I suppose they hav had their preliminary examination, and been bound over for appearance before the U. S. court, time not known.

I hav sent dispatch required, and hav friends there who will accept my promis. So they will be here to work, we hope, this evening. N. H. HARMAN.

*Valley Falls, Kan.*, Feb. 24.

## Mr. Reynolds in Pennsylvania.

At Pittsburgh, Pa., I found Prof. Wm. Seymour, of Philadelphia, holding the fort and gaining golden opinions (and lots of silver dollars for charts) from all sorts of people by lecturing, under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Liberal Society, on Phrenology and Mesmerism. I was made happy by meeting Roman Staley, president of the Pittsburgh Liberal Society. When in the ministry I always found that the members partook of the spirit of the elder and leader, and the Pittsburgh Liberals seem to faithfully emulate Roman Staley, and so are zealous, stanch, and true.

A lecture was arranged for me at Wilson's Hall, Allegheny City, on Sunday evening, the 13th inst.; subject: "Life's Duties." Quite a goodly number attended, a good delegation coming from Pittsburgh. I sold quite a large number of pamphlets.

We had a most delightful visit with Dr. E. A. Wood, president of the Medical Society of Pennsylvania, who has done such efficient work in winning the most intelligent residents of the south side to Liberalism. His pamphlet on "Heredity and Education" is a masterly production. I would the New York Freethinkers' Association was financially able to purchase 50,000 copies for gratuitous distribution; for until "Heredity and Education, and their relation to each other and to the human race," are more fully understood, the great conflict between capital and labor, and the increase of crime, poverty, and misery, can never be stayed.

On Sunday evening, the 30th, I delivered my lecture, "The Bible—Whence It Came and What It Really Teaches," at the Opera House, Bradford, Pa., to a large and appreciativ audience, the leading paper giving me a flattering notice and a column and a half synopsis of the lecture. As the sure criterion of the influence of the lecture, I sold fifteen dollars' worth of pamphlets, quite a number of TRUTH SEEKERS, and obtained some new subscribers, and the promis of many more. O. H. Wheeler, J. Curtis, and Mr. Birney make a trinity of Freethought that to commune with fills the heart with joy, hope, and courage. Long may they liv to lead the Liberal host in oildom!

I am now at Kent, Ohio, advertised for a course of four lectures, the 26th, 27th, and 28th. From here I go to Akron, Ohio, March 2d; Cleveland, Ohio, March 6th; Painsville, March 7th and 8th; Bowling Green, 9th and 10th. Will friends in vicinity of Kalamazoo and Chicago please write me?

The delay in organizing and incorporating the Liberal Mutual Aid is not because of lack of interest on the part of Liberals, or because of any doubt of its proving a great success, but some modifications of the original plan hav been suggested, and it is deemed advisable that every detail receive the most careful consideration, and that every possible precaution be taken to insure its embracing all the best features, while avoiding the mistakes of similar organizations, and to secure the greatest possible advantages at the lowest possible cost to the members.

It is proposed to obtain five hundred *bona fide* applications for membership before applying for incorporation. We shall doubtless hav more than this before the 1st of May. Please address applications to me care of Charles Eckhard, 28 Lafayette Place, New York.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

## A Short Visit to Mrs. D. M. Bennett.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I am quite sure that many of your readers will enjoy a description of a short visit which I made while in New York, in the early winter, to Mrs. Bennett, as I know how interested they were in her as a woman, and how much they admired and loved her for the loving tenderness and constant wifely attentions to the now departed hero.

I found Mrs. Bennett in the same room where Mr. Bennett died, living in the same way as she lived with him, taking her meals out at the same place as when the husband lived. Mrs. Bennett seemed very well, and looked even more beautiful than when I saw her last. She had what is called, or what is known as, a "spiritual expression," and when she told me of the feeling (though she does not claim to be a Spiritualist) that possessed her that he, Mr. Bennett, was with her, and so she cared little about going out or mingling much with people, she charmed me with her fidelity to the one love of her heart—"He was the love of my girlhood, the dear husband of my matured womanhood, and that he was murdered, just as we were nearing age, 'tis so hard to think of; and that professed Liberals helped to make his death martyrdom is the worst of all to bear."

Mrs. Bennett is comfortable as to the means of life, and in her room, exquisitly neat, has many beautiful things which Mr. Bennett brought her from India and other places in his travels. I am often asked of Mrs. Bennett, and she will pardon me that I hav written this, as it is for the eyes of dear friends.

*Syracuse*, Feb., 287. LUCY N. COLMAN.

## Lectures and Meetings.

W. F. JAMIESON will deliver second courses of lectures on his return trip to Colorado, in the following-named places in Nebraska: Waverly, Feb. 25th, 26th, 29th; Osceola, March 1st, 2d, 3d; Stromsburg, 4th, 5th, 6th. Also in Central City, Newark, Minden, and first lecture in Lowell; probably in Burnett and Milford. Address at Central City, Neb.

MRS. H. S. LAKE speaks for the Spiritual Society of Portland, Me., Feb. 27th; at the First Spiritual Temple, Boston, March 6th, 13th, and 20th; at Bridgeport, Conn., March 27th, April 3d, 10th, and 17th; at the Cassadaga Spiritual Camp-meeting, Aug. 17th, 19th, 21st, and 23d. Societies desiring her services will address her: 123 West Concord st., Boston, Mass.

J. E. REMSBURG is lecturing to crowded houses in Illinois. Gen. Richard Rowett, the hero of Allatoona, and one of the most popular orators of Illinois, presided at his meetings in Carlinville, and declared them to be among the happiest occasions of his life. "The lecturer," he said, "presented more facts in ten minutes than the average clergyman did in ten years."

IN Portland, Oregon, the latest organization of Infidelity is the "Social Order of United Liberals." This order, says a local journal, has taken up the unoccupied ground in society never before preëmpted. Its missions are the promotion of society in every respect and the advancement of education and civilization, the enforcement of the law, the maintenance of purity, virtue, and respectability in general. The society is one that should be received and encouraged by the people of Portland.

T. B. WAKEMAN is delivering a course of religio-philosophical lectures before the Philosophical Association of Brooklyn, which meets Sunday afternoons at Phenix Hall, South Eighth street, near Bedford avenue, Williamsburgh. Last Sunday his discourse was upon the scientific conception of God; March 13th, 27th, and April 10th, he will speak, in the order given, of the scientific conception of Christ, the Holy Virgin, and the Holy Ghost. April 24th, at the same place, he will debate with Rev. S. Miller Hageman upon "Which is Best for the World, Christianity or Science?"

### A True Estimate of Anthony Comstock.

*From the New York Sun.*

Anthony Comstock is at work to procure legislation to stop the advertising of medicins. Governor Hill has already vetoed one of his measures.

Comstock is a nuisance, and if a bill were passed to stop him, it would not be a bad thing.

# Communications.

## He Descended into Hell.

"Who but an Infidel," says St. Augustine, "will deny that Christ was in hell?"

And the annotator of the English translation of the Latin Vulgate adds:

Calvin, then, you see, with all his followers, are [*sic*] Infidels, who, instead of this descending of Christ in soul after his death, hav invented another desperate kind of Christ's being in hell, when he was yet alive on the cross (Note on 1 Peter iii, 19).

St. Augustine is not quite sure what apartment in hell those prisoners occupied to whom Christ preached, but Catholic authorities all now agree that it was purgatory.

"He preached to the spirits in prison (*en phulake*)," says the Greek text. But Dr. Murdock translates the Syriac text thus: "He preached to those souls detained in hades." And in the margin he givs as the equivalent of *hades* the Syriac word *sheol*. Indeed, *sheol* is generally the same as *hades*. It occurs in Matt. xi, 23; xvi, 18; Luke x, 15; xvi, 24; Acts ii, 27, 31; Rev. i, 18; vi, 8; xx, 13, 14. In Acts ii, 24, the Greek version has *thanatos* "death," for *sheol*.

In Revelation we read that death and *sheol* (hades) delivered up the dead that were in them, and that death and *sheol* (hades) were cast into the lake of fire. And in Luke we are told that the rich man lifted up his eyes in *sheol* (hades) being tormented in the flame.

Some Christians are striving to amend the Apostle's creed by substituting for, "He descended into hell," "he ascended to paradise." But others are taking a more heretical view of the case. Thus the Rev. Dr. Domer, a Lutheran, of Washington, D. C., has boldly come out with a rational interpretation of the text, "He went and preached to the spirits in prison." Dr. Domer not only accepts the Catholic doctrin of purgatory, but maintains that all souls will, after having expiated their sins in hell, become repentant and ascend to heaven.

The descent of Christ into hell is fully narrated in Part II. of the "Acts of Pilate," in substance as follows: Joseph of Arimathea, to show that Jesus had raised others from the dead, invited some of the chief priests to go and see for themselvs. They went to Arimathea (supposed to mean Ramah, the reputed birth-place of Samuel, about four miles northwest of Jerusalem), and not only saw the empty tombs of old Simeon and his two sons, but found the risen men and brought them back to Jerusalem, where, at the request of the priests, the three men wrote an account of their experience in hades, in substance as follows:

At midnight a light equal to the sun shone into those dark regions. The patriarchs and prophets were filled with joy, saying that this light was from the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. John the Baptist narrated what he knew about Jesus. Seth, at the request of his father Adam, told a story of what occurred at the death of his father, thus: Adam wanted to escape death; so he sent Seth to the gate of paradise to entreat God to send an angel to point out a certain tree which yielded oil wherewith the son might anoint his father and save his life. An angel came and told Seth the tree was no longer to be found, but after 5,500 years from the creation the son of God would come into the world, when he would anoint Adam and others with this same oil and raise them up from the dead. At this good news the patriarchs and prophets rejoiced.

Then came Satan and talked with Hades. Satan wanted to secure Jesus, who, by the coöperation of himself and the Jews, had been crucified. Jesus had called himself the son of God, had healed many, had restored the dead to life, and done many other evils to Satan and his servants. Hades suggested that if Jesus was so powerful it might be hazardous to hav anything to do with him. Satan said he wasn't afraid, and Hades ought not to be afraid either, of their common enemy. But Hades could not be persuaded to take a hand in the undertaking, giving as a reason some late experience he had had with Lazarus, who, after coming down there, had been taken back by force, flying away like an eagle. "So don't bring Jesus here," said Hades, "lest he raise all the dead, and not one will be left to me." In other words, Hades was afraid Jesus would raise hell.

While thus wrangling, a voice like thunder announced the coming of the king of glory. Hades directed his demons to secure strongly the gates of brass and bars of iron, and stand guard while Satan went forth to repel the coming king. The patriarchs clamored for him to be let in, and there came a voice saying, "Lift up, ye gates." "Who is this king of glory?" inquired Hades. "The Lord, strong and mighty," cried the angels; "the Lord, mighty in battle." At these words the gates were shattered, the bars were broken, and in came the king of glory in the form of a man, lighting up the dark places, and liberating all the dead.

Hades gave up all for lost. The king seized and bound Satan hand and foot, and delivered him over to Hades to keep till the second appearing. Hades received the prisoner as Beelzebub, the arch-devil, the root of all evil, who had caused the king of glory to be crucified, with the further sinister purpose of depriving Hades of his power.

The savior then brought Adam and the rest of the old saints out of Hades, blessing them, and making the sign of the cross on their foreheads. Taking Adam by the hand, he led him and all the rest into Paradise. At the heavenly door they met two old men, Enoch and Elias, who were to liv till the end of the world, and then be slain by Antichrist. Then came along a lowly man, bearing a cross. The holy fathers inquired, "Who art thou?" He answered that he was a thief who had been crucified along with Jesus. He said he had just met the archangel Michael, who told him to stand aside till the forefathers of the race came in. Then the saints welcomed the repentant robber, and all went into Paradise together.

ANTICHRIST.

## Confiscating Mormon Property.

The following is a synopsis of the anti-Mormon bill, as it is known, which has passed both houses of Congress, and is now before the president for his signature:

The first six sections of the bill apply to prosecutions for bigamy, adultery, etc., and make the wife or husband a competent witness, but not to be compelled to testify.

The seventh and eighth sections apply to the powers of court commisioners, and of the marshall and deputy marshalls. The ninth and tenth sections apply to the marriage ceremony. They require a certificate, properly authenticated, to be recorded in the office of the probate court. The eleventh section disapproves and annuls all territorial laws recognizing the capacity of illegitimate children to inherit or be entitled to any distributiv share in the estate of the father. The twelfth section disapproves and annuls territorial laws conferring jurisdiction upon probate courts, with certain exceptions.

The thirteenth section makes it the duty of the attorney general of the United States to institute proceedings to escheat to the United States the property of corporations obtained or held in violation of section three of the act of July, 1862, the proceeds of such escheat to be applied to the use and benefit of common schools in the territory.

The fourteenth section regulates proceedings in such cases. The fifteenth section disapproves and annuls all laws of the legislativ assembly creating or continuing the Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company, and dissolves that corporation. The sixteenth section directs proceedings for the disposition of the property, and assets of the Emigrating Fund Company.

All such property, in excess of debts and lawful claims, is to escheat to the United States for the benefit of common schools in the territory. The seventeenth section disapproves and annuls the acts of the legislativ assembly incorporating or providing for the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and dissolves that corporation. It makes it the duty of the attorney-general of the United States to institute legal proceedings to wind up the affairs of the corporation. The eighteenth section makes provision as to the endowment of widows, who are to hav one-third of the income of the estate as their dower.

Section nineteen givs to the president the appointment of a probate judge in each county.

Section twenty makes it unlawful for any woman to vote in any election, and annuls acts of the legislativ assembly which permit female suffrage.

The four next sections make provisions as to elections, and require of voters an oath or affirmation to support the Constitution, and obey the laws, especially the anti-polygamy act of March 22, 1882, and this act.

Section twenty-five abolishes the office of territorial superintendent of district schools, and makes it the duty of the Supreme Court of the territory to appoint a commissioner of schools. Section twenty-six givs to all religious societies, sects, and congregations the right to hold, through trustees appointed by a probate court, real property for houses of worship and parsonages.

The twenty-seventh and last section annuls all territorial laws for the organization of the militia, or for the creation of the Nauvoo Legion, and givs the legislativ assembly of Utah power to pass laws for organizing the militia, subject to the approval of Congress. General officers of the militia are to be appointed by the governor of the territory with the advice and consent of the council.

In the Senate, when debate was had upon the bill, Senator Vest said that as a matter of course the bill would become a law, but he could not vote for it. He was very well aware what the public sentiment of the country was, but no amount of criticism would affect the performance of his duties as a legislator. He could not vote for it, because, in his judgment, it violated the principle of the Constitution as to rights of property. The provision as to the Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company was naked, simple, bold confiscation, and nothing else. It took money subscribed by individuals and applied it to an object (public schools) not contemplated by the corporation. The same thing might be done in regard to any other religious corporation in the country. It was no answer to say that it applied only to the Mormon church. He recollected a time when in this country a storm of popular madness threatened to destroy the Roman Catholic church with all its rights of property; and when it was preached from the pulpit and hustings that that church was opposed to a republican form of government; that it taught treason, and that it should be abolished; and when it was openly proclaimed that the property of that church should be confiscated to the treasury of the United States.

Senator Call opposed the bill. He characterized it as a disgrace to the statute book, and as a second step toward the establishment of religious persecution and intolerance. As to the provision depriving illegitimate children of a share in the property of their fathers he declared that the Spanish Inquisition has never done anything more cruel or inhuman.

Senator Butler said he should be very glad to vote for any measure that would result in exterminating the evil and crime of polygamy, but in doing so he could not violate what he believed to be the best principles of the Constitution. He thought that the bill did violate those principles. The provisions pointed out by the Senators from Missouri and Florida (Vest and Call) were so clearly in violation of the principles of the Constitution, of the rights of religious opinion, and of the rights of property, that he could not sustain it.

The bill passed by a vote of thirty-seven to thirteen.

## Mormonism Itself.

The origin of the Sabbath, or the setting apart, as a day of rest, every seventh day—that is, the 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th, is unknown. But it was a day sacred to rest at a period long anterior to the time assigned to Moses, among the Assyrians, who were planet-worshipers, and was so rigidly observed that even the king could not ride in his chariot on that day. After the conquest of Babylon by Persia, and the substitution of the monotheism of Persia for the worship of the heavenly bodies, the priests, Ezra and Nehemiah, who conducted the emigration from Babylon to Palestine under military protection from the Persian government, established monotheism and the observance of the Sabbath among the nativs, but not without great difficulty, in consequence of their opposition, for the emigrants intermarried with them, adopting to such an extent the ancient faith that Ezra, in his rage, tore his own hair out, while Nehemiah, equally enraged but more sensible, tore out the hair of the backsliders. There is a reference to these matters in Ezekiel viii, 14–16, where the prophet tells us that, in the Lord's house, "there sat women weeping for Tammuze," that is, for the departure of the sun in the fall of the year. And he saw a greater abomination, for, "at the door of the temple of the Lord, between the porch and the altar, were about five and twenty men with their backs toward the temple of the Lord, and their faces toward the east, and they worshiped the sun toward the east."

Here this people became known as Hebrews, or people from beyond the Euphrates. I do not know that there is any evidence that polygamy existed among them. But little is known of them till two centuries or three before our era, when there were some one or two hundred thousand of them in Alexandria, showing that there must hav been a stream of emigration for a long period from the neighborhood of the Tigris and Euphrates, as there had been, at an earlier time, of the dark, not the negro, race, remains of which exist to this day in southwestern Europe.

At the request of Ptolemy Philadelphus, a collection of their literature was made some three centuries before our era, of which everything relating to them, from Abraham, including Moses, to Solomon, is fabulous, no such persons having lived. The names of a few sheiks recorded upon Assyrian monuments, who were taken by the kings of Assyria in their raids into the region of Palestine for slaves, enabled the priestly authors to giv a semblance of history to a period of a few centuries before the emigration to Palestine. All the fabulous stories concerning those imaginary polygamists from Abraham to David and Solomon are accepted as historical by Mormons and Christians, and the barbarous deity they are represented as worshiping is adopted as God by both of them. But the Mormons are consistent; they worship the God and accept his institution, polygamy. The Christians are inconsistent; they worship the God and insult him by rejecting the institution, and making its observance a crime. And what is strange, in defiance of his command that they shall worship no other God, they accept and worship, as God, a purely imaginary man, who never married. And what is still more strange, capping the climax of inconsistency and absurdity, they adopt the religion of a man, Paul, who not only did not marry, or recommend marriage, but put himself squarely on the record against it.

Now, our government, which Christians say is a Christian government, and should recognize this polygamous God in its Constitution, proposes to confiscate the property of the Mormon church for its faithful adherence to its institution. This it has no constitutional right to do. But let us giv this subject a little thought. Why should any church be established, or if established, allowed to exist a moment? Solely for the benefit of the people. Why has government protected the church, and why has church property not been taxed? Because the people supposed that what was claimed for churches was true, viz., that they would benefit the people. For this is, in theory at least, a government of the people,

by the people, for the people, and not for the glory of any God, or vicar of God; or for the creation of a priestly class that livs in comparativ idleness and luxury, by selling to ignorance the old Asiatic lies and superstitions on which the church was founded that shrouded Europe in the night of the Dark Ages, murdering the thinker and his thoughts, and now, when it cannot murder the man, murders every thought that would elevate the race, as do all the sects that are based on the same absurdities and infamies. The question is whether the condition of the people is improved by any church, and that is a question of fact to be learned by observation. And if any church is not a benefit, its property should be confiscated for the use and improvement of the people for whom it was given, and who hav, besides, an equitable claim upon it, in consideration of the taxes which, through false representations, they hav remitted for its support.

Thus this question of Mormonism, or polygamy, should be decided on its own merits, after comparing the Mormons with other religionists, whose creeds and conduct are based upon the Bible, here and now, and not with what may be supposed to hav happened in Asia thousands of years ago. And it is well to remember when we are told that there are many unhappy and degraded women in Utah, that they hav been recruited largely from Europe, and what are the natural fruit of sixteen centuries of Christian supremacy and Christian moral and religious teachings, and that the Mormon women enter into the marriage relation as voluntarily as do women where polygamy is unknown, and if maltreated, a Mormon woman should hav the same redress as though she were the sole wife.

Of course the suffering of a first wife may be intense when a second is taken. But when a third is taken, she must enjoy the punishment of her rival. All this she must hav considered before entering into the relation. And she understands the nature of the attraction of her rival, and that her triumph must be temporary. But she is not turned out of doors. She has her house and her children, and is provided for. She is not driven into the streets, like a discarded mistress, to lead a degraded life which she can escape only by suicide.

From all that I can learn of the condition of Mormon women—and I hav read the report of many of Miss Kate Field's lectures—I am surprised that women in Eastern cities hav any tears left to shed over their condition, when they cannot walk a block without seeing evidence of the greater degradation and suffering of women in their own neighborhoods; nor take up a paper that does not contain heart-rending accounts of the pitiful condition of women who work sixteen hours a day, earning only fifty cents, in tenements unfit for a human being, with rent to pay and sometimes children to support, exposed to summer's heat and winter's cold, and able to buy only the poorest food, for which they pay the highest prices. Read this suggestiv item from a Brooklyn paper. An unknown girl committed suicide. A newspaper notice brought a hundred women to see if it was the missing daughter of either of them.

But I do not consider Kate Field an unbiased witness. And her example tells as strongly against monogamy as do her words against polygamy. Were she married, her married friends would confide to her griefs as heartrending as anything she heard in Utah. Her grandmother I knew well, and hav passed many pleasant evenings at her house. She had been an actress, and must hav been very attractiv when young. But she was not a convert to St. Paul's nonsense, as I suppose Kate is—that "the unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, but she that is married careth for the things of this world"—for she was the mother of a large family. Hence Miss Kate, who appeals in behalf of Mormon women, though herself a "lone, lorn creetur," finds attentiv hearers. And here I submit that if Paul's mother could hav known how he would turn out, she would not hav raised him. But I shed no tears over the present aspect of the Mormon question. It is the entering wedge of the great question of the confiscation of all church property, which must some day come before the country; and I rejoice at hearing the ringing blows of the party leaders driving it home. For the largest church in the Union exists, not for the benefit of the people, but for exalting a foreign potentate, who claims their spiritual and temporal allegiance, and in his last encyclical requires their obedience to the priests, who are his servants. And the title of the large block of real estate which the city governments, exceeding their power, hav given to this church is not in the people from whom it was stolen, but in the bishops whom he appoints, and the money yearly given under various pretenses is not to educate their people in republicanism, who hav no conception of what it means, but to increase the number of his subjects. When the press, conscious of its power and its consequent responsibility, shall devote itself to enlightening the people as to their rights and duties—for the press is an educator, and upon it depends the future of our country—instead of wasting time, ink, and paper in advocating the claims of lawyers—who, if the best judges of the forms of legislation, are the worst possible judges of its spirit—to legislatures, governorships, and presidencies, the people will confiscate the property of all useless churches, converting their buildings into halls of science. For scientists are the reformers of our day. Then we shall liv, not under a government of the people by lawyers, for the benefit of lawyers, but under a government of the people, by the people, for the people, and may it never perish from the earth.

J. S.

## McArthur to the Rev. L. A. Lambert.

DEAR SIR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of February 5th, ult., I addressed an article to you, and up to date hav not been favored with an answer, unless I am to consider the following editorial, which appeared in the *Catholic Union and Times*, of Buffalo, February 10th, to be your rejoinder:

WHO IS HE?

Who is this "McArthur," anyway, who fills an entire page of the current TRUTH SEEKER, trying to bring himself forward as an Infidel champion *vs.* Father Lambert?

Does he come forth as an *accredited representativ* of Infidelity? Are the unbelieving scoffers willing to confide their cause to him, and to accept the result of a public discussion with this gentleman, so that in his defeat they will acknowledge theirs? Or is he, rather, some obscure little blasphemer whose vanity thus seeks notoriety, and whose defeat would be altogether ignored by the rest of the gang? It appears that during the past two years McArthur has been continually annoyed by hearing of the "Notes." At last, he tells us, "I bought the book, determined that when it had carried conviction to my heart," etc.

Thou little Infidel blockhead! Conviction is not carried to the heart. It belongs to the head. The intellect is convinced; the heart is persuaded. Conviction is produced by reasoning; persuasion by appeals to the passions.

If this be a specimen of McArthur's precision of expression, we warn him, in all charity, to hav nothing whatever to do with Father Lambert.

Am I to consider this your answer, or is it only another effusion from the Rev. Patrick Cronin? Hav you placed your case in his hands? Surely the author of "Thesaurus Biblicus," "a mountain of scholarly research and patient toil," might hav secured a more able defender.

I am asked if I come forward "as an accredited representativ of Infidelity," etc. There was no demand of this kind in your challenge. You state that you hold yourself responsible to any Infidel who may come forward. So Pat Cronin has been as injudicious in this editorial as he was in his preface to your "Notes," where, by placing you on a pedestal, he made you a butt.

What is a representativ Infidel? Does Pat know what Infidelity means? Does he know it is simply a geographical question, and if it were possible to take a correct census of the real opinions of the inhabitants of this country, it is very possible that Catholicism might be called Infidelity? Suppose every Infidel in the world agreed on any given person as their champion, what would it amount to? Who would be able to come forward to meet him as a representativ Catholic? Surely neither yourself nor Pat, for this is the particular domain of Mr. Pecci, residing in Rome, Italy, and he is very jealous of his assumed rights. His co-religionists do not represent either themselvs or even a single idea without Mr. Pecci's permission.

One Dr. McGlynn, of New York—possibly Pat may hav heard of him—gave his private opinion, the other day, on a land question, and Mr. Pecci quietly squelched him. So if Pat had good sense he would not hav asked that question.

Pat says: "Conviction is not carried to the heart. It belongs to the head." Physiologically speaking he is correct, but from a Catholic standpoint he is wrong. Pat should brush up his theology and study the fundamentals of your latest form of worship, the Sacred Heart, which was revealed by Jesus Christ to Saint Marguerite Marie A-la-Coque. Don't look in your French dictionary for the meaning of the term. At what theological seminary did Pat study that he should display such ignorance? He ought to know that this whole country has been dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and I therefore used it in a purely Catholic sense.

"But," says he, "the intellect is convinced." Show me a Catholic who has been convinced in this manner! Do Catholics think? I opine not. If Father Pat were able to write an original article, and were to astonish his readers by printing it, Mr. Pecci would interfere at once, and Pat would be bounced.

Catholicism is founded on faith, and that alone, and Butler's Catechism defines it as "a divine virtue by which we firmly believe what God has taught."

"How do you know with certainty what God has taught?"

"By the authority of his church, which is the pillar and ground of truth."

It is related of St. Denis, of France, that he suffered martyrdom by decapitation and as his head rolled off, the body followed it, and, stooping, the hands gathered it to the breast, and the legs quietly walked off a distance of two miles. For this he was canonized, and a would-be convert, studying this peculiar and unusual phenomenon, was urged by the reverend exhorter to say if she believed it. "Father," she answered, "I pray God night and morning to grant me grace to believe that the legs took the first step."

So the original question resolves itself back to convincing Mr. Pecci, and then Pat will immediately fall into line and claim he was convinced through his "intellect."

I thank him kindly for his charitable warning. History is full of examples of Catholic charity toward Infidels, and I always question the inner motivs of a priest when he bases his advice on that virtue. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentis.* No pun intended.

So much for Father Pat. *Requiescat in pace.*

Now, my dear Father Lambert, as you are the objectiv point, let us to business. Your challenge was open to all, and was accepted by me. It is true I threw ridicule on your "Notes," for I did not then and do not now understand them.

When you stated that the Mississippi carried its waters up "a perpendicular distance of five miles," I merely objected to the phraseology, not the alleged fact; for that loose way of putting it might be productiv of mischief, as I could see Pat Cronin, after the term "perpendicular" had been explained, writing an editorial and claiming that the Mississippi was nothing more nor less than an inverted Niagara Falls on a grander scale, and giving you as his authority.

My objection to your quoting Orestes A. Brownson's opinion was, that if it should be handed down to posterity, the reincarnationist of the future would quote it as incontestable evidence that Tertullian had revisited this earth.

And thus I might go on through the entire "Notes." So, if you occupy an unenviable position, you can only thank Pat, for you allowed an irresponsible party to write a glowing eulogy, and being fully persuaded by him that your "Notes" would never fall into the hands of any one who would take the trouble to seriously consider them, you added a challenge which, if the publishers' statement be correct, has been repeated 125,000 times.

I accepted the challenge, and you shield yourself behind your friend, and answer in an editorial filled with low, coarse, vulgar terms.

So, as there is a disinclination to meet me, as per your own proposition, I will make you another offer.

Mr. J. E. Remsburg, an Infidel lecturer, will meet you in Buffalo, and argue in public the merits of your system. An expert and reliable stenographer will be selected by disinterested parties to report the arguments *verbatim et literatim*, and the Truth Seeker Company will publish them in pamphlet. In order that there may be no question as to my sincerity, immediately on your acceptance, I will place in the hands of the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER a sum of money sufficient to cover all contingent expenses, such as hiring the hall and stenographer, paying advertising, etc., etc., and will make any other equitable arrangements you may suggest, and if you will agree to meet Mr. Remsburg for five evenings, I will forward to the committee of arrangements a certified check for one hundred dollars, to be paid you at the completion of the contract.

I hav been impelled to this because I hav been assured by some of your personal friends that on several occasions you hav expressed yourself as more than anxious to meet an Infidel. I hav before me a letter from one of them, with same initials as your own, in which Infidelity is sneered at, and Infidels described as fleeing before "an obscure country pastor."

I hav tried in vain to satisfy the writers that you will not argue these questions, for I know from experience that gentlemen of your cloth never come to the front unless their adversary be handicapped.

So it will be my business to see that these admirers of yours receive a copy of this letter; and in event of no answer, it will remain for you to giv them good and sufficient reasons for your backdown.

I tell you plainly, you must either meet Mr. Remsburg, or withdraw the challenge from the "Notes;" else you will be stripped of the lion's skin in which you hav been masquerading for the past two years.

Awaiting an answer at your earliest convenience, I am,

Yours truly,

MCARTHUR.

## Evolution's Perfect Work.

Irreligion is the goal toward which we are all hastening. And, after all, why should not humanity be able to do without dogmas? Speculation would replace religion. With the more advanced among the peoples dogmas are now displaced by the working of the intelligence, which breaks and disperses these incrustations of the mind. In France we are already irreligious for the most part; the workingman believes little more than the *savant;* he has his little stock of ideas of his own, more or less profound and ingenuous, upon which he livs, without feeling the want of the priest's assistance. In Germany the work of the decomposition of dogmas is also much advanced. In England it is beginning; but it proceeds quickly. Christianity seems to be everywhere making way naturally for Freethought. Buddhism and Hindooism likewise. In India a large proportion of the intelligent are Freethinkers; in China there is no state religion. Yes, it will be long; but religion is doomed. For Europe one can even now imagin the time when it will hav disappeared. . . . There is certainly one black point, which is Islam. Oh, those Turks! what narrow minds! Rebellious to open argument, enemies of all that is not the perfect equilibrium of the literal faith! How can such people be made to understand reason? . . . After all, if they will not follow us, one can do without them. Yes, I believe one will be obliged to do without them.—*M. Ernest Renan.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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## REMOVAL.

THE TRUTH SEEKER Bookstore is now at 28 Lafayette Place, three doors below the Astor Library. Lafayette Place runs parallel with, and one block east of Broadway, between the latter street and the Bowery. Lafayette Place begins at Great Jones street, and continues northward to Astor Place. For a week or ten days longer the Editor will be found at 33 Clinton Place.

Our new quarters are most commodious, consisting of a large store and basement, and a new building in the rear for a printing-office and editorial rooms. The old place has long since been too small for the transaction of our rapidly growing book trade, and though moving is a task of difficulty, we were forced to find more room. The Truth Seeker Company has secured a long lease of the premises in Lafayette Place, where we hope to meet all our old friends and many new ones.

The neighborhood is very religious and literary, but we hope to survive the former fault and add to the latter good quality. At the corner of Great Jones street is St. Joseph's Union and the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin. A little nearer us are the *Christian Union* and the *Church Press*. North of us is the *Churchman*, while just opposit our place the Episcopalians are fitting up a house for clergymen who hav become disabled through undue attendance to their ministerial duties. The street is full of religion, but with the aid of the Astor Library and Watson Heston's pictures we hope to be able to reform it.

Come and see us.

## THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL.

This elegant yearly publication is now being scattered over the country by the hundred. It would hav been scattered before, in response to the very generous orders received, could we hav prevailed upon the mechanics employed in its preparation to make a little haste.

However, the ALMANAC is well worth waiting for. Aside from the regular resumés of the Freethought year, we hav had compiled for this issue of the ANNUAL a complete collection of the Sunday, Oath, and Blasphemy Laws of all the states and territories of the United States. This is a most important work, and has been performed by a competent lawyer of this city. Freethinkers can by it see at once under what disabilities they rest, and we predict that they will be astounded at the mass of religious legislation upon the statute books of the various states. Some curious and infamous laws hav been unearthed by the researches of our lawyer. How many know, for instance, that in Connecticut's Code of 1642 blasphemy was punishable by death, and was so punishable even after the Revolutionary war—till 1784—when the penalty was changed to whipping on the naked body, not exceeding forty stripes, and sitting in the pillory one hour? At present—since 1821—the penalty is a fine of one hundred dollars, imprisonment for not more than a year, and the heretic may also be compelled to giv bonds that he will not again so offend the kind-hearted Christians. Dakota describes blasphemy as "casting contumelious reproach or profane ridicule upon God, Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost, the holy scriptures, or the Christian religion," and it is a misdemeanor unless it shall appear beyond question that such language is used in serious discussion. Delaware puts religion into her constitution, has strict Sunday and blasphemy laws, and ignores the federal Constitution and tramples upon right by compelling every county to pay to each Sunday-school fifty cents annually for each white scholar in the school. The negroes may pay their own Sunday-school bills. Maine has two years' imprisonment for the bold man who shall deny that God created, governs, and will finally judge the world. Anyone who profanely speaks of the trinity in Maryland may be placed in jail for six months. Massachusetts has a blasphemy law very nearly like New Jersey's, with which the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER are well acquainted. Other states hav equally unjust legal discrimination against Freethinkers, and the Sunday legislation is enormous. The compilation occupies forty-five of the large ANNUAL pages, in small type.

Other contents of the ANNUAL are a story by Si Slokum entitled "The Parson," an article on the right to testify by Frederic May Holland, a poem by D. Louis Bodge, and a plentiful selection of choice pictures from D. M. Bennett's account of his trip around the world and Miss Wixon's "Story Hour."

## Missionary Misrepresentation.

One of the ways by which the Christian historians, missionaries, and theologians deceive the common people is well shown by the following. It is from a daily paper, condensed from a religious organ:

"The Rev. Jonathan Crossett, who for seventeen years has been a missionary in China, says that one section of China is still untouched by the missionaries—the Mongols living to the north and west. The Mongols go down to Lassa in Tibet as to a Mecca, and (1) evidence can be found among them of the teachings of the early Christians. They are the most tenacious as to their religion of any people whom he had ever met. Their deity is called Borhan, or "light," and their belief—Lamaism—(2) is founded upon tenets held by all Christians. They observe (3) one day in every seven, and although they (4) worship idols, they hav (5) Ten Commandments similar to the Biblical commandments, and (6) their system of morals is very high."

1. Lamaism is founded upon Buddhism, and is the political expression of that religion. Lamaism is a few hundred years older than Christianity.

2. Lamaism is founded upon tenets held by Christians only so far as Christians hav borrowed from Buddhism. Buddha was born six hundred and twenty-four years before Christ was.

3. The keeping of one day in seven is not peculiarly Jewish or Christian. The practice is older than either historical Judaism or Christianity.

4. The "worship" of idols is the same in China as among Catholics—that is, the idols represent the deities as a statue of the Virgin Mary represents the supposed mother of Christ, and are "worshiped" with the same feelings.

5. The commandments of the Mongols are from Buddha, not from Moses, and are not copied. It is by no means certain that the scribes who "restored" the Pentateuch did not borrow from Buddha.

6. The idea that morals are founded upon Christianity is one of the most baseless in the world. The morals of Eastern countries (before the missionaries get there) are superior to the morals of the Western countries. No people hav been so immoral as those of Christian countries—England, France, and Italy. The gilded vices of the Roman empire were virtue itself compared with the saturnalia of Europe when the Catholic church was supreme. For beastliness nothing could excel the revels of the popes, archbishops, and priests, and kings and courtiers of the Middle Ages. When Columbus returned to Spain from the West Indies, his sailors brought a dreadful venereal disease, contracted from the nativ women of a hot climate. Previous to that it had never been known in Europe. Within a few years it was the pestilence of Europe, and afflicted almost the entire population, from king and pope to beggar and priest. If Christianity is practical morality, then there were no Christians when Christianity ruled the world, and the religion has spread very little since—among Christians. Morality is the common property of all people, and not the exclusiv possession of any sect. Morality does not proceed from religious tenets, but from the experience of the race. And the Christian system certainly did not originate it. As Professor Huxley says, "If the Stoics and the Jews revoked their bequest, the moral property of Christianity would realize very little." For the ministers of a system of religion that is borrowed in every essential dogma, from the creation to the resurrection, to express surprise at finding morality outside of their creed, is a mountainous exhibition of assurance.

But it will never do—neither do we expect it—for those whose living depends upon keeping up the huge imposture of "our particular superstition" to tell the truth about neighboring older religions. Though the grave-clothes of Eastern superstitions were the swaddling-wraps of Christianity, the people must not know it, or the collection boxes and pews of all the churches would soon be empty.

## Private Societies.

The viciously irrepressible agent of the soapboiler of John street is at work in Albany upon the legislature. The bill he is endeavoring to hav passed is substantially the same as the one vetoed by Governor Hill last winter, and is leveled at those who make, sell, and advertise proprietary medicins, the publishers and sellers of such books as Dr. Foote's "Plain Home Talk," Prof. Burt Wilder's "What Young Folks Should Know," Mrs. Shepherd's "For Girls," and publishers of newspapers or magazines containing accounts of "deeds of bloodshed, or crime," or "disgusting" matter.

The bill is as vicious as the agent, and should never become a law. The books it aims to suppress are, many of them, of the highest physiological value, such as Dr. Foote's volume; and the law would be intolerable in its bearing upon newspapers. The *Sun*, the *World*, the *Times*, would all be at the mercy of a stupid jury—and New York juries are about the stupidest in the world, the *Tribune*, the most conservativ paper in the city, could never publish its London dispatches when some divorce suit is giving to New York society a full account of the marital misdeeds of that English aristocracy it so slavishly and nauseatingly imitates. Should the bill become a law, no daily newspaper in the state would be safe from prosecution—medical publishers would be at the mercy of the soapboiler's agent, and any publisher could be put in jail who printed what the agent and a jury think "disgusting."

It is time for these private societies to hav their charters taken away. They are not needed in the administration of law, and they almost invariably serve the private ends of their agents and officers. The Society for the Suppression of Vice is the worst of the lot, because its president is the most bigoted, its treasurer the stupidest, its agent the most unprincipled. But all of them—Crosby's Society for the Prevention of Crime, Gerry's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, even Henry Bergh's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—are maliciously used by the agents for private ends. A good case in point is the arrest last week of the officer of the Charity Organization of the City of New York—an organization that of all others should do noble work. But on Wednesday of last week its agent—a man formerly employed by Gerry's society—was proven to hav caused the imprisonment of an honest woman, then to hav secured her discharge, which he kept in his pocket till her friends raised twenty-five dollars for himself. This, it has now been found, is not his first crime. He has long been practicing the same game. He would arrest poor persons ignorant of the law, it is said, and hav them imprisoned on some trivial complaint. Then he would negotiate with them or their friends for their release, and, as charged, in the event of satisfactory terms being made, he would prevail upon the commissioners to commute the sentence of his victims. This agent has also been arrested for stealing an overcoat, and for a long time his photograph disgraced the Rogue's Gallery at police headquarters.

The underhand, sneaking work of these societies compels the employment of men of unscrupulous character, coarse-grained, brutal, and dishonest. No gentleman would accept the position of agent of one of these societies, though the salaries are large. The work is too dirty and mean. So it happens that the men who do accept the position are the very worst possible ones to perform the delicate and discriminating task of prosecuting the right people. "Clothed with a little brief authority," they become despots over the ignorant ones with whom they come in contact, and a meritorious action by one of these agents is an exception so rare as not to affect the rule.

The rightful legal machinery of New York is extensiv enough to punish all real criminals, and care for all cases of genuin distress. These societies create crimes by special laws for the sake of punishing them. Their work is not only supererogatory but cruel, and the motivs of the societies are generally religiously puritanical fanaticism. Individual members of the societies may possibly mean well, but they are deceived by the agents whose bread and butter depend upon the existence of the society. It

is safe to say that not one of the private societies of this city is necessary to morality, charity, or kindness to either animals or children. Every one of them should be killed, and the work performed by the proper officers chosen by the people.

But if there is one over another of these societies that is the incarnation of reckless tyranny, it is the soapboiler's of John street.

## Clerical Paupers.

In the Interstate Commerce bill passed by the present Congress there is a prohibition of reduced fares. Railroad managers are not allowed to cut rates for drummers, theatrical troupes, nor for other classes of travelers who usually obtain favorable rates of transportation. The attorney-general has decided also that passes are prohibited. The single exception is in favor of "ministers of religion."

Of course everyone knows that Congress cannot legally giv money to ministers from the public treasury. Why should it put its pious hands into the pockets of the railroads and take out cash? Ministers everywhere obtain half-fare rates over railroads, through the "courtesy" of general ticket-agents, but why should Congress make the custom a law?

We are told that ministers of the gospel are usually underpaid, and that their small salaries in country places will not stand the drain of railroad travel. Very well; then let them stay at home, or seek some profession that pays better. But the reason is not a good one. If everyone of small means should be given half-fare rates, the cars would be crowded with semi-deadheads. And should not the honest, hardworking mechanic be treated with as much "courtesy" as the "pastoral-call" making minister? A mechanic's labors are of infinitly more value to the community than the labors of the clergy, and there is no good reason why he should not be recognized. The average wage of the clergy, taking the country by and large, is about $600 per annum, supplemented by presents of food and fuel, which help along wonderfully. The average wage of the laborer is much less, about $400 per annum, and he has to buy his food and fuel. For Congress to giv one class half-fare rates and compel the other to pay full rates is an outrage.

The custom is a survival from the time when church and state were united—when the minister was thought by the community to amount to something. That time having gone by, ancient customs should be dropped.

## The Sham of "Jeffersonian Democracy."

The Young Men's Democratic Club of Brooklyn celebrated the anniversary of Washington's birth with a dinner complete in itself and happy in its effects upon the eaters. The great Democrats of the state were there, but the Mugwumps and Republicans were absent.

After the dinner came the speeches as usual. The orator of the evening was David B. Hill, governor of the state, and the next morning Democratic daily papers reported his speech in full, because it was crowded with "Jeffersonian doctrin." This Jeffersonian doctrin is the conjuring-phrase of the Democrats of this part of the country, and they twist it around to mean anything they want, from removing officials of opposit political faith to marking out a policy for the party. Jefferson, according to Mr. Hill, was the embodiment of all wisdom, all patriotism, all statesmanship; and to the sage of Monticello was given the honor of originating and organizing the Democratic party.

All this praise is deserved. Jefferson, without doubt, was the ablest of the early presidents—a man of clear sight and logical mind. It is not to criticise Governor Hill for his estimate of the character and qualifications of Jefferson that we mention this meeting, but to call to mind the truth that while Democrats so loudly praise Jefferson, and pretend to follow his lead, they really are, at least in this state, violating his most cherished principles.

Thomas Jefferson believed that church and state should be kept separate. He did not believe that religion should be supported from the public treasury. He made religion an entirely private affair. Along with his wine bill he jotted down in his accounts the money given to the gospel, and he gave this, as he bought the wine, for the use and dignity of the president. Personally he was a Materialist, and completely repudiated the doctrins of the Christian church. During the eight years he was president, not a single religious proclamation did he issue. Explaining this omission, he said: "*I know it will giv great offense to the clergy, but the advocate of religious freedom is to expect neither peace nor forgivness from them.*" Of priests he wrote: "*In every country and in every age the priest has been hostil to liberty; he is always in alliance with the despot, abetting his abuses in return for protection to his own.*" Jefferson's opinion of the clergy was that they are a bad and useless lot; but whether they are good or ill, he held that the state can hav no call to support them.

It is to these principles that we wish to call the attention of the Democratic panegyrists of Jefferson, and particularly the attention of the Tammany Hall party of this city, of which Governor Hill is one. That party is the loudest in sounding the praises of Jefferson, and its orators are rivals in announcing their adherence to the "good old Jeffersonian doctrins." Yet Tammany Hall would be sat down upon very hard by Thomas Jefferson, were he alive to-day. The Hall is run in the interests of Catholicism, and the Romish archbishop of the diocese has a thousand times more influence in electing Democratic city officials than hav the principles of Thomas Jefferson.

And how is it at Albany, where Governor Hill controls his party? Millions of dollars a year are given the clergy, under one pretense or another—donations to religion manufactories, called charitable institutions; exemptions from public burdens, and round fees for long-faced prayers! What would Thomas Jefferson say of the two millions annually given to the churches of New York city, and of the millions given to the other churches of the state? What would he say of the Freedom of Worship bill, which would turn state institutions into hot-beds of Roman Catholic superstition? What would he say of the bill now before the New York legislature dividing the school money of the state—raised by impartial taxation—between the public schools and the schools of the church? He would denounce them, one and all, as cunning schemes of "the hierophants of our particular superstition for molding the minds of the people as wax in the hollow of their hands."

But did we hear a word of this from the lips of Governor Hill at the dinner of the Young Men's Democratic Club? Not one. There were epithets hurled at "iron-clad, rockbibbed Republican Rhode Island," lamentations that the two Republican senators from Nevada should prevent the Democrats from having a majority in our "house of lords," plenty of spread-eagle buncombe on all subjects, but not a word upon matters in the adjustment of which true statesmanship is demanded. The truth is, there is no principle in the dominant political parties of today. Their platforms are traps to catch votes; their orators speak honeyed words to win votes; their law-making is all for votes. The legislature of this state this week hung a woman for votes. Two weeks ago Congress passed an interstate commerce bill for votes, only one of the provisions of which congressmen seem to be interested in—the provision about free passes.

We confess to a feeling of disappointment in Governor Hill's speech. He did such admirable service last winter in vetoing one of Comstock's schemes that we expected better things from him than from the average politician, who is chiefly a compound of self-assurance and ignorance. Jeffersonian Democrats of the present day use Jefferson's name as a shibboleth, without knowing much about Jefferson's ideas.

## Editorial Notes.

THE articles in the *Forum* bearing the title, "How I Was Educated," are to be followed by a series entitled, "Books That Hav Helped Me." The first paper will be by Edward Everett Hale, and will appear in March.

"ANTICHRIST," in this week's TRUTH SEEKER, tells how Christ descended into hell, and what he did there. But the whole story is apocryphal, and a more rational answer to the question, "What did Christ do in hell?" would be, "He played poker with the devil."

SAM JONES preached a sermon in Toronto week before last of which a synopsis only filled two and a quarter columns of the weekly *Globe*. There were just six ideas in the whole of it, and five of the six were foolish. Jones's sermons are peculiarly well fitted for a Canadian Christian audience.

THE editor of the *Clyde Democrat*, published at Clyde, N. Y., is hereby informed that the story he prints, purporting to be a conversation between Col. R. G. Ingersoll and H. W. Beecher upon religion, is a lie from top to bottom. Mr. Ingersoll and Mr. Beecher never conversed upon religious matters. We state this upon the authority of the Rev. Henry W. Beecher.

WATSON HESTON requests us to print a notice like this: "All who are interested in THE TRUTH SEEKER cartoons will confer a favor on the undersigned if they will send portraits, newspaper cuts, engravings, or photos of prominent churchmen and other queer and crooked characters to Watson Heston, Carthage, Mo."

WE are gratified to hear that the National Labor Union at its recent congress in Cincinnati listened patiently and appreciativly to THE TRUTH SEEKER'S vigorous and engaging correspondent, Dr. Juliet H. Severance, of Milwaukee. Dr. Severance is one of the ablest of the woman-suffragists, and a most earnest labor reformer.

MR. LENNON, a New Jersey legislator, has introduced a bill in the legislature of his state which "provides that hereafter no day in the week or in the year shall be set apart or designated wherein it shall be unlawful for the citizens or inhabitants of this state to carry on their legitimate business." There is small danger that so sensible a bill will become a law in a state where a man is indicted for blasphemy for defending the Christian deity.

THE Rev. Mr. Agnew, Roman Catholic priest, of Chicago, has announced that no child of his parish will be allowed to make the first communion unless an attendant of the parochial school. The order is intended to force all children of Catholic parents to attend the priest's school, because at public schools the children do not develop a religious and spiritual life, while at parochial schools this development is first attended to. Parents may judge by this of the relativ value of the two schools.

IT is reported of Mr. Huxley that while recently talking to a circle of personal friends, some one suggested to him that there might possibly be a heaven where compensation would be made for the sufferings of people while on this earth. And now the religious press is scandalized by this reply: "Oh, this idea of being sent up to heaven to sit on a damp cloud and sing hymns—what sort of a compensation is that? Does it make amends to me for the suffering I hav endured here, and the suffering I hav been obliged to entail on my children?"

A MR. DE LISLE, Roman Catholic, has blocked the bill in the English Parliament giving Atheists the right to affirm when taking a seat in the House of Commons. Mr. Bradlaugh delicately suggests that perhaps some of Mr. de Lisle's constituents will "remind him that it is only a few years ago that a Roman Catholic was excluded by statute from Parliament, and that it is only very lately that the spirit of prejudice has been sufficiently broken to permit English Roman Catholics to obtain suffrages sufficient to return them to the House of Commons."

A FEW weeks since we found this paragraph in the New York *Sun*:

"Harry Edwards, of Wilkesbarre, was a member of the Salvation Army, but he fell from grace, and went back to his wicked ways. The other night he went to a meeting of the Army and scoffed, and some say blasphemed. Then suddenly he said: "I cannot see! I cannot see!" and he has been blind since. Many think he has been visited with divine wrath."

Wilkesbarre, Pa., must hav been meant, as there is only one town of that name in the country, and as we happen to be acquainted with one of the prominent manufacturers of the place, Mr. J. R. Perry, the paragraph was sent to him. He writes: "There is not a word of truth in that paragraph. I hav made inquiry, and can find of no such person or circumstance. If such an occurrence had taken place, it would hav been in all our city papers, but I hav not noticed anything, nor any comment, which would hav been made by them. Well, you may set it down as a salvation lie, but notwithstanding that, it will no doubt travel through all the public sheets devoted to such superstition, to the ends of the earth, and its falsity will scarcely overtake it, because journalism is becoming rather loose in moral principles. All that we can do is to deny it for the benefit of those who can appreciate it, and who will the more detest such methods of proselyting through appeals to cautiousness."

HON. J. W. AKERS, state superintendent of public instruction of Iowa, has given this opinion for the guidance of teachers on the question of religious exercises in the public schools in that state. He says: "The teaching of the catechism or the tenets of any religious denomination by a public school-teacher, in a school-house erected, equipped, and maintained by public taxation, is contrary to the letter and spirit of our constitution and laws. The exercises of a public school should not, and cannot, be legally increased or diminished nor in any manner influenced by religious teaching. The presumption is, and we think the courts would hold, that when a teacher is required to giv such instruction, either before the regular exercises of his school begin, or after they are concluded, his labors hav thereby been increased, for which added service he is compensated from the public funds. This is clearly unauthorized and illegal. The electors of a school district may permit their school-houses to be opened and used for religious meetings and literary societies, provided they are of such a nature, so conducted, and held at such times as not to conflict with the primary object for which the houses are intended. But the teaching of catechisms and the peculiar doctrins of a religious denomination, by a public school-teacher in a public school-house, either preceding or following the exercises of the public school, tends strongly to convert our common schools into sectarian and religious schools, and should therefore be prohibited."

# Letters from Friends.

MECHANICSVILLE, Feb. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $7—$5 of which, according to your generous offer, will pay for my subscription to March 17, 1888. The other $2 in addition you can use where you think it will do the most good. GILES CHASE.

MONTGOMERY, Feb. 11, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to convey to you in as few words as possible my almost entire satisfaction in the way you hav of conducting your paper. There is once in a while a picture, if I were its editor, I believe I would not put in. Some of them are grand, such as the "Mockery of Faith." Oh, what stunning blows they do strike! Do not stop my paper.

W. T. GALLOWAY.

Jan. 17, 1884.

MR. EDITOR: Permit me to say I congratulate you for your just and humane course regarding those in bonds in Chicago. THE TRUTH SEEKER is and ought to be the laboring man's defender against all "mad-dog" stigmas and cries of "Anarchists," "Mollie Maguires," and "Infidels." Christians should be hedged against in attempts to exterminate "bad men" by the wholesale. S. GLEASON.

PRINCETON, KY., Feb. 5, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I notice in THE TRUTH SEEKER of this date that Mr. Reynolds's trial is postponed. I desire to contribute my mite to the fund for his defense, and in case the authorities never try the case the fund thus raised can be kept in reserve for similar cases when they arise. I inclose $1. I am anxious to hear a Liberal lecture, but believe to hav one here would do no good, unless disguised by another name, and of very mild tone. Wishing you much success, I am,

Yours truly, O. P. ELDRED.

BALDWINSVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I like THE TRUTH SEEKER. I like it very much, but the very thing you call "valuable" is, to me, the only thing to dislike, and that with a will. Your reasons for using the illustrations are good; I am only sorry that people need such things. Mr. Heston does occasionally make a good point; for instance, Beecher on the rear platform of the evolution car, trying to hold on to orthodoxy. But this "large additional expense" I long to see in the shape of the best thoughts of our most advanced and intellectual Freethinkers. Mr. Washburn's essay was, for me, the best thing of the year. JULIA A. J. PERKINS.

ROCHESTER, MICH., Feb. 4, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5 for two years' subscription. I am pleased to count myself one of the old subscribers to your paper. I commenced with the first number, in Paris, Ill., and hav continued it thus far. It seems to grow better with age. I like the spirit and temper of its editorials. There is so little of wrath and bile about them, while they seem to hit the mark about every time. I shall be glad if John Peck's late articles get into pamphlet form. Oh, that Thomas Paine's picture in the last number was enlarged and in shape to frame! What an illuminated biography it would present! C. H. GREENE.

BOSTON, Jan. 29, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find check to make me square with you for THE TRUTH SEEKER until Jan. 1, 1888. As there hav been some who hav stopped their subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER on account of your favoring justice for the Chicago Anarchists, I want to say this: that my subscription for the next year is an offset to one of them, for I had made up my mind to take some other paper owing to the meanness you showed toward Heywood that started at the Albany Convention over a year since; but the justice you hav manifested toward the Chicago Anarchists induces me to help along THE TRUTH SEEKER another year.

Respectfully yours, W. C. JAMES.

[We never knew that Mr. Heywood complained that we treated him meanly, nor hav we the slightest idea that we did.—ED. T. S.]

HUEY, ILL., Feb. 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: An item of religious interest has just transpired at or near Boulder, in the neighborhood of Clinton county, Ill. A revival meeting has been going on for several weeks under the auspices of the Holiness Band, the minister in charge being a thorough revivalist, and converting many good people to his theory of sanctification. The other day something happened which has left the meeting without a minister. While stopping at a neighbor's near the church, where he had stayed the night previous, he was seen prowling through the kitchen some time after breakfast, the wife being out attending to her domestic affairs. When she returned she noticed that he hurriedly came out of the kitchen, and that one of the pantry doors was open. Soon after the minister said he would make a call on Brother Pritchard and several of the other brothers before evening church service. But just before starting he said that he had had a revelation from God that their mincemeat used for pies was poison, and he was commanded to tell them not to use it. He then left, and the wife, not believing his revelation, as she had used the mincemeat before, went to work and cooked more pies, and at dinner the family ate of them heartily, and were immediately taken sick. Dr. Newton, of Boulder, was called in, and pronounced the family poisoned. He was in time, however, to save the whole family. The wife barely pulled through with her life. The minister had told several of the neighboring brethren that morning of his revelation concerning the poisoned mincemeat. The excitement in the matter got so high before church-time that when that hour did roll around there was no minister to direct sinners in the path of sanctification, nor, at this writing, has he put in his appearance in the interest of sinners, or in the interest of law and justice. The many converts say that no one to this day knoweth where their good minister at this time rusticateth. Some, however, think that he, like good Elijah of old, hath gone up. CHAS. C. MOORE.

EAST GERMANTOWN, IND., Jan. 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: It is not more than two years ago that I first heard of the Freethought movement. Before that I would go to church every Sunday to hear an inspired sermon from an inspired Bible, delivered by a sometimes inspired (by alcohol) preacher. Now, see what THE TRUTH SEEKER has brought me to say in response to some remarks made by our preacher recently, answered by letter as follows:

Perhaps you will be surprised to receive a note from me, but at a recent burial sermon you classed Freethinkers as Atheists, which are about the same; for if a man thinks for himself he will discard orthodoxy, and is then classed as an Atheist. The most sacred gift that nature has implanted in man is thinking, and every man must think and reason upon all questions before pronouncing himself; and if you will study the principles underlying Freethought you will not class them as you did with criminals, but if your desire is to make an easy living by upholding this religious humbug which contains nothing but wind, then you must preach hell-fire and make whirlwind assertions, and all such; but, on the other hand, if your desire is, Mr. Wagner, to do good by teaching knowledge that benefits all, such as science and discoveries by scientific appliances, and truths as laid down in histories, and morality only, then you would do a lasting favor to your community and your name will go down as a public benefactor, and will be honored many years after your period of activity. PHIL FRANZMAN.

Of course he never answered this letter, and will perhaps holler louder. Don't you think, Mr. Editor, that every Freethinker should resent and right all shameless falsehoods and misrepresentations by the preachers in some such a way?

PHIL. FRANZMAN.

ROCKPORT, MO., Feb. 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: For the first time in its history Rockport has been shaken from its center to its circumference (not a Charleston shake, however). Mr. Remsburg was here, and delivered four of his lectures—"The Apostle of Liberty," on the 29th, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the grand old hero Thomas Paine; on Sunday, the 30th, his lectures "Sabbath-Breaking" and "Bible Morals;" on Monday night, the 31st of January, "False Claims." The lectures were largely attended by fine-appearing and intelligent audiences, and listened to with rapt attention. Mr. Remsburg is regarded as a fine orator and a man whose truthfulness cannot be successfully assailed. I hav been describing what the intelligent ladies and gentlemen in his audiences think and say of him. The people of the other side are composed of the same element that some eighteen hundred years ago cried out, "Crucify him, crucify him." It is the spirit that pervaded the breasts of the masters of the Inquisition; it is the same malignant spirit that pervaded the soul and being of John Calvin when he caused the burning of Servetus some three hundred and fifty years ago. Servetus had fled from the Vatican to the mountainous country of Switzerland in the hope to find a place of refuge. It seems he counted without his host, for Calvin caused him to be burnt at the stake with a green-wood fire to prolong his punishment, and hugged the flattering unction to his soul that he was doing God's service. The same hellish and malignant fiendishness fills the diminutiv souls of some of the orthodox here. G. G. BEOK.

WARREN, PA., January 24 1887

MRR MACDONEL *Sir*

This is the first time I ever adresed your Paper with out enclosen—a Order and it is with reget that I doe so now my reason is your corse in the Annerca affare at Chicago I agree with J M Jamsen it only inger your Paper but inger the caus of Freethout which we ar all battelng for and when it is throne in our fase that our leading Paper is advocating Annercan what can we Say there is not one of the readrrs of your Papere in my acqantence that dose not Denounce your corse and are wating to se if you will not stop the advocatin of that Damedle Doctirn But you hav aright to doe as you pleas and advocate what you pleas and your pateron hav the same write that theary wond doe to advocate that men can Burn murder and incite others to Burn and murder and decause you can ot prov it he is not comited eny Crime under free speach that wond doe in this contry you say that you ar increasing your circulation that is not strange for your Annercans friends will super you thru the Chicago triel and then the will drop you like hot cakes and your Old Subscriders will drift of that acount for so meny in rearege on your subscriptin—wating to see how the cat may jump my Paper run out the first of Febuary Pleas stop it when you git thrue with your Annercar then will consider the case

yours Respect GUY C IRVINE

[We can never hope to make a man like this one understand our position, and we reluctantly conclude that our intelligent friend is gone from us forever.—ED. T. S.]

HAY SPRINGS, NEB., Jan. 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: As so many are telling what they like and what they dislike, allow me in the list. First, I am a new subscriber, and will say I like THE TRUTH SEEKER; do not know how I would do without it. I like your position with regard to the Anarchists. When THE TRUTH SEEKER arrives, my wife and myself both want it. I want to see if John Peck has written, and so with her; she wants to know if Mr. Andrews has written. I want to say, by the way, John Peck is my favorit of all your contributors. In my opinion, he still sleeps on the fore side. I feel like joining hands with him him and taking the pledge never to giv up the struggle until the mind of man is free. I am very glad to see his name in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and hope he will write more. I do not want you to think that I underrate the rest of the writers and speakers. I see by your paper W. F. Jamieson is coming to Neligh, Neb. How I would like him to wake them up at Hay Springs. But we homesteaders are so poor we can only look on and admire. There are quite a good many Infidels here. I was talking with one of the finest of men about a poor cripple having to work on Sunday. I said, "Do you think it wrong?" "No," said he; "I am a Bob Ingersoll man." The same man, I believe, will be the representativ for the state legislature on the Democratic ticket next year.

I want to tell every Infidel if he will stand up for his belief under all circumstances it will not, as many think, hurt his business, for he can easily bluff the clergy of his community, and then everybody will say he is smart.

HENRY W. MATTLEY.

PROVIDENCE, Feb. 18, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find a list of names to send papers to, but I cannot assure you that you will get one subscriber from the lot, although they are all Liberals. I hav just received THE TRUTH SEEKER with Mr. Ingersoll's article entitled, "The Truth of History." Don't you think that it would make a splendid Liberal tract for distribution, to refute the old chestnut slanders of leading Liberals having recanted and being converted? The exposure of the frauds goes on. That fire in the town of Liberal laid bare the secrets of a noted spook-establishment of the place, which had mystified and deluded its hundreds. Mrs. Ross, of Boston, has been shown up as a humbug, as she was, in this city some time since, and now this week a Mrs. Green of this city was brought to grief by the editor of a local paper, who held her as she was impersonating a spirit, tore the mask from her face, while a friend of his turned on the gas. But notwithstanding all these exposures, they find hundreds of willing dupes, and why shouldn't they, when such a noted Liberal as Colonel Kelso writes "Spiritualism Sustained by the Bible?" That is a catching card, and it is not at all surprising to me to find that since an institution of humbug and superstition which has based its theology upon the Bible has deluded and hoodwinked its hundreds and thousands, a similar institution (only of a lesser note) should be able to draw consolation from the same text-book of superstition. We are told of the "divine teachings of Spiritualism," and the seances are begun by singing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," showing what I hav always held to be patent to any one, that Spiritualism is a sort of a first-cousin to religion. L. L. NORTHUP, Materialist.

BAKER'S CORNER, Feb. 7, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I think I can say, as does Mrs. E. A. Fairchild, of Mt. Alton, Pa., that your paper has become an indispensable necessity in our family; we look forward to its coming with eagerness—even our children are anxious to see what the pictures are each week. But the one that strikes me most forcibly is found in Oct. 8, 1886, "Robbing the Family to Feed Drones." How true to life it is, as it is practiced to-day! Think of the untold numbers of helpless, innocent children who are not only robbed of their physical sustenance but are also deprived of all good, wholesome mental food, so that they are compelled to grow up to be but intellectual dwarfs. We hav many such in our immediate vicinity, as we are surrounded by orthodox of the deepest dye. Although we hav a goodly number of Liberals here, some few outspoken Freethinkers, and many who I think would be on our side if it were not for fear of condemnation by the church, we are badly in need of some good Freethought lectures here, but are so hemmed in by priestcraft that even our school-house is thought by our Christian friends to be too good a place in which to hold an Infidel lecture, but many hav begun to read Liberal literature, and quite a number of Freethought books and pamphlets hav been purchased by persons here. One good brother said in meeting, "It is awful to think how much pizenous literaturey is coming through the mail." We, however, are very glad that people are beginning to awaken to a more grand and noble purpose in life by reading good, sound logic.

We hav been trying for some time to get new subscribers for your estimable paper, but hav only succeeded in getting one name. We therefore inclose $5 for a renewal of our subscription and the new subscriber. MRS. LIZZIE BAKER.

NEW WATERFORD, O., Feb. 14, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I herewith inclose to you my personal check, No. 631, on National Bank of Commerce, in New York, for $11, to be applied as directed.

I want to say in what directions I like THE TRUTH SEEKER.

I like the illustrations. They help convey to Liberals and illiberals a correct idea of the absurdities and wickedness of the superstitions of theology.

I like the man with the badge-pin, and the way in which he reports the doings at the Manhattan Liberal Club. Giv him a new Faber No. 2 and plenty of rein.

I like the firm stand taken by the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER in behalf of a fair trial and justice for the Chicago Anarchists, and for fair play and a fair hearing generally for everybody.

I like the editorials. They usually go right to the point, and sharpen said point and the people who read the said editorials.

I like "Notes and Clippings," "News of the Week," "Gems of Thought," "Communications," "Children's Corner," "Science Column," "Letters from Friends," "Book Review and Notices" (very much), the account of friend Putnam's doings and wanderings up and down, and of the American Secular Union. I like the advertisments and what they advertise, and as the "Poetry" is thrown in, and doesn't take up much space, I guess I'll include it also.

From all which it may be inferred that I like THE TRUTH SEEKER about as completely as that infamously cruel and devilishly bloodthirsty organization known as the holy (?) Roman Catholic Church "cussed" the late Victor Emanuel

in the "Bitter Curse," reproduced in THE TRUTH SEEKER of February 12th, and which "cussin'" is about as childish and contemptible an exhibition of impotent rage, cold-blooded cruelty, and malicious vindictivness, as could well be imagined.

Colonel Owen and myself leave for Topolobampo to-morrow. I wish THE TRUTH SEEKER many long years of prosperous usefulness. DAVITT D. CHIDESTER.

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MERIDEN, CONN., Feb. 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hand you herewith check for $10, for four new subscribers, whose names please find on your blank. I must confess I feel somewhat discouraged to find so many illiberals who profess to be Liberal. The list should hav been forty instead of four, with the effort I hav made to obtain them. I hav been watching several weeks to see your notice to the thousand vicarious atonement Liberals reduced to five hundred. It must be they retain their old habits of charging their shortcomings over to Christ. Why don't you show them some justice instead of so much mercy, and make them pay up? No decent Freethinker will ride a free horse to death. If they are too poor to pay for feasting on your bounty, let them say so, and borrow from their friends who know them. If they are rich and stingy, they ought to be born again, and own up that they are not Liberal, take some Christian paper full of gush, God's glory, and quack medicin advertisments, pay nothing, and get nothing. Everything looks favorable for this year being a great eye-opener, if those who hold to saving mankind from crime, poverty, and ignorance in this world will improve their opportunity to circulate millions of McArthur's letters to his Catholic friend, and millions of Ingersoll's "Lay Sermons," with John Peck's "Christian Absurdities," as flyers among the numerous Protestant branches that hav grown from the old Catholic hulk, as that grand old apostle of liberty did the "Crisis" during the Revolution. We will then hav a different Second Advent from the one that the followers of Christ and Miller hav been looking for since 1843, in the election of Ingersoll and Henry George to preside over this great and glorious nation, when cathedral and cottage will be taxed alike. N. F. GRISWOLD.

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FOND DU LAC, WIS., Feb. 17, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am pleased with your paper, and especially with the pictures—they photograph ancient history. But many of us miss an article from the man who has by reading, research, and thought become qualified to make the pictures. All who see them cannot read from them alone the history. I wish he could or would write the truth to go with them. I am glad the New Jersey court and judge were not ready with their inquisition for Mr. Reynolds's case. It will allow him to breath freely a while longer, and I would suggest to Mr. Reynolds to shirk a full hearing of his case until the last day in a New Jersey court. If they ever dare to bring it to trial, then on the trial hav a note-taker, and take every word, including Ingersoll's speech, and then print a book, and I will warrant he will sell enough to pay him a salary of $2,000 a year for a number of years.

I hav read the arguments of Gladstone, Huxley, Muller, and others, on Genesis and science, and Mrs. E. Lynn Linton's in reply, and will say that she has stated the case with more truth and common sense for the reader than all the rest. The book as now published is not to be read by many, while if printed in a ten-cent pamphlet, with her answer and a brief condensed statement of the rest, it will be purchased and read by millions, and work a revolution.

I am in favor of the Interstate Commerce bill, not for its protections, but for the fact it is a commencement to shake a gigantic fraud, and I am in favor of the laboring men beginning to think. It matters not what particular form they adopt, but the fact that they begin to think and not be voted by the old parties, who hav been allies in destruction of the welfare of the country for twenty years or more, is gratifying.

I am glad Dan Manning is out, and hope a man will be appointed who will deplete the treasury in paying the debt of the United States, instead of finding some way to waste the money.

I send you some names for you to send sample copies.

Yours truly, DR W. C. PRIEST.

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BRONSTON, KY., Feb. 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: That there is a conflict approaching that will test the validity and soundness of the government of the United States I am perfectly satisfied. It may be remote or it may be near, but come it must. Look at the agitated condition of Europe to-day, the prime cause of which is ascribed by the crowned heads to the example set by the government of the United States. Look how we are divided among ourselvs, Democrats, Republicans, Prohibitionists, labor reformers, Anarchists, Communists, Socialists, and others of minor note. What's the trouble? The United States is the only government on earth that recognizes the power and authority to govern to belong to the people. All other governments recognize the power and authority to govern as coming from God. Startling as it is, nevertheless it is true that between these two theories is an irrepressible conflict.

In the *American Catholic News* of Nov. 17, 1886, under the caption "The Republic in Danger," is an ingeniously written article by Henry A. Brann, D.D., denouncing our public schools, that I wish every American would read and truly understand it. Near the conclusion of his arguments he says, "At any rate the Catholic doctrin and demand stand. The rights of God are prior to those of the state or even those of the parent." Do you hear that? In the same paper Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, speaking of Christian unity, says, "In the Roman Catholic church of the sixteenth century, when Luther went out from her, these great requisits of Christian unity were found, and they are found as well in the Roman Catholic church of to-day; elsewhere I fail to find them."

There is an unusual effort being made at present all over the civilized world for the unity of Christendom.

What does it mean? It is the combined effort of priestcraft and kingcraft to crush the doctrin contained in the Constitution of the United States that the people hav a right to govern themselvs.

Catholics, Protestants, citizens, men and women everywhere, shall we go back into the Dark Ages or shall we continue to advance as we hav for the last one hundred and ten years? J. N. BROWN.

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114 EAST 41ST. ST., NEW YORK, Feb. 22, 1887.

FRIEND MACDONALD: You will see by inclosed cards that we are at last located, if not yet established, uptown in connection with our down-town place, and hope to be able to diffuse the light of THE TRUTH SEEKER in this neighborhood more successfully than where we first commenced. We hav scriptural authority for it that "the way of the transgressor is hard." I (the writer) do not know in what respect I am a transgressor, but do know that my way is also at present hard—quite so, but *aut inveniam viam aut faciam*, out of difficulties and obstacles which now surround me.

I saw by your last issue that the man with the badge-pin was apparently becoming solicitous as to my welfare and much concerned about my temporary absence from the meetings of the Liberal Club. He appeared to regard me as a stray lamb (or perhaps a grizzled old goat) that had wandered from the fold, and was kind enough to express the hope that I would meander back again. My heart was touched by this indication of brotherly love on his part, and on last Friday evening I boldly encountered the storm of wind and rain and thunder and lightning which raged outside, and found my way to the club for the express purpose of thanking him publicly from the platform for his kind solicitude in my behalf, which I did, and while on my pins took occasion to say some other things of which he doubtless took due note. Those who orate at the club should remember

If there's a hole in a' your coats
I rede ye tent it,
There's a chiel among ye takin' notes
And faith he'll prent it,

as I do, and remain, with kind regards,

CAPTAIN CLARK, the Mariner.

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DAYTON, O., Feb. 2, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: If we wish to succeed in convincing the world with reference to the fundamental principles of error in all religious doctrins, we must show the growth, the germ of it, or in other words, its first start to deceive mankind. I spent twenty years in my travels through Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and last, though not least, Palestine. I was trained in my youth to believe the Bible, but my long residence and observations in Palestine convinced me that the statements made in the so-called "inspired Bible" were not at all justified by the geographical facts. I found no sea, no lake, in Galilee. I found that the tower of Babel could not possibly be sixty-four thousand feet high, and as it was built only one hundred and thirty years after the deluge, or destruction of all mankind but Noah and family, who lived two hundred years after its destruction, I naturally asked myself, Could one man and two boys build a tower sixty-four thousand feet high?

Then taking in connection the moral injustice and a God's hatred and malice toward the beings he "made in his own image," and his love to the inhuman, cruel, and brutal few he chose out of the crowd, I came to the conclusion that I must be a grand hypocrit, like all the Christian preachers, to make money off the poor, ignorant masses. For fifty years I wore the hypocritical "tiara." After that I threw off the cloak that I hated to wear, and became an honest man and a Freethinker.

The most important object in this communication is to say that our friends, the Freethinkers, hav furnished the truth to the world that the Bible is false from the beginning to the end, but Brother John Peck, through the valuable TRUTH SEEKER, has capped the whole truth. To that valuable work, THE TRUTH SEEKER, and Mr. John Peck, the world owes a debt of gratitude that money can never pay, and I will here say that if there is one Freethinker in the world who will order a million numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER with Brother John Peck's "History of the New Testament," I will giv all I hav in the world to erect a monument to his memory. F. R.

---

IONIA, MICH., Jan. 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $6—$1 to bring up my three months' delinquency and $5 for renewal and one new subscriber. Only one new subscriber after all the work I hav done! I could hav procured a dozen for any other paper with half the effort, and yet there are hundreds that would take it and agree with all it advocates, especially the Nine Demands, if it were not for the church society influence brought to bear against their interests—if their true sentiments on the subject were known. The martyr business is a little out of fashion nowadays, and but few persons can afford to suffer even as much as I hav—not less than one thousand dollars a year for the last ten years—by speaking out their honest convictions. If anything should be done to so reorganize society that public sentiment could be changed and reason take the place of superstition—some place furnished for women and children to go on Sunday besides to church and Sunday-school—the work would soon be done. As to this Bible, nobody that reads it believes the half of it, yet eighty thousand pettifoggers under fat salaries keep up the farce. Out of the five thousand inhabitants of this city, not one hundred would be left in five years if the tables were turned and the half of the money and time expended to enlighten the people now spent to keep up the religious racket.

A short time since, on returning from hearing a specimen of pulpit eloquence in which the little Methodist pounder took the occasion, as usual, to giv Thomas Paine a racket, winding it up with a little doggerel, the last couplet of which was:

Where he's gone and how he fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares,

I remarked to a friend that the preacher should hav read Thomas Paine, which if he had done he would hav known that Paine was a very religious man. A sub-disciple elder was walking, with his wife, just forward of us, and a dozen others just behind. He stopped, having overheard my remark, and said, "I want to ask you one question." I said, "Well, I will answer it if I can." Question: "What is religion?" I replied, "It is faith and belief in the unknown and the unknowable." Said he, "What?" I repeated my answer. He replied, "I don't know where you get such a definition." I said, "Out of my thinker, and you know it is true." He answered, "I don't know as I do." Said I: "Does not all that is known or knowable belong to science?" He said, "I suppose it does." "Then," said I, "what is left for religion?" His reply was, "Huh!" and our crowd moved on. I giv this to show how easily their questions are answered. S. M. BAYARD.

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LEXINGTON, KY., Feb. 2, 1887.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: I venture to send another "mosaic" for the purpose of informing you that the Young Men's Christian Association is now trying to raise its head in our midst. They are praying and singing most fervently; but I find that thousands here hav very little faith in the efficacy of prayer. I was complaining last night of my sufferings, having been turned out of church, and an old lady referred me to the good Lord, who is supposed to help his followers when in distress; but when I remarked calmly that the good devil would be quite as sympathizing and kind, she laughed heartily, and seemed to agree with me. "If Christ was around, no doubt, he would console us to some extent, but deliver me from the 'old one,' for he seems to be iron-hearted and penurious," said I.

Christians affirm that Christ was never "evoluted," and probably they are right; but their vague and childish notions reflect no credit upon the clergy who hav formed and perpetuated the cumbrous systems in which they hav faith. They hav never located their heaven and hell, yet believe in it with the obstinacy of idiots. They would tread life's wastes with hysterical energy alone, could they not indulge in dreams, which feed their hopes, and throw a fallacious light upon their existence. Next, after years spent in tireless anxiety respecting the proper instruction of Sunday-scholars—after prayers, money, and the human breath hav been expended, and that for weary years—they and their teachers manifest less interest every day in "divine things," the picnic and Christmas tree being the principal incentivs to improvement; and the church vestibule is the place where Sunday-scholars stand and insult in a loud voice members of other churches as they pass by. A riddle or enigma has also been composed, introducing the obscene mandrake story from the memoirs of Jacob in the Old Testament. And this to confirm and purify the morals of children!

But, dear Infidel ladies, if this was all! Day after day I hear a complaint like the following (this is no dream, it is truth): Mrs. Smith, perhaps, stands high in the church, looks like vinegar on communion day, all other rules of the church being kept with equal strictness. She hires a poor girl to do her work, who was raised in affluence, agrees to pay almost nothing, forces her to perform the labor of three servants (takes four boarders). The poor girl is soon broken down and miserable. Some man, who sees all this, likes the girl and pities her. He offers her a cottage and support, but no marriage. We know the result. But who has heard of her despair, her death by laudanum, her body carried out silently at night? And just now, in this town, there is something said about houses of refuge. Church-members, living in luxury, weeping and sprinkling cologne over your sins—kneeling in the dirt to your bloodthirsty heathen God—hav you any refuge from your own accusing conscience over your bowl of oysters, your splendid cake and wine? Do you never see the ghost of the pale orphan who was led by your white jeweled hand to the gates of sheol?

What will a man gain by being a Christian? I heard a Baptist divine declare from the pulpit, a few days ago, that no good could be effected in the human heart without a call or inspiration from God. Then, certainly, Christians, being influenced by a supernatural power, should walk among us as angels; how rarely one should fall! Few Lucifers would we hav at that rate. And then the good weight in stores, the truth-telling, and noble behavior would be something immense.

When Infidels do anything good, they receive very little praise. I know an Infidel lady whose husband is a Christian, converted once a year. He seduced a young lady, who called on the wife, with her baby in her arms, weeping bitterly. The injured wife gave her a back room, and treated her with kindness until her father came for her. This beautiful saint met her husband with tears and smiles and great kindness. Of course, her neighbors blamed her. Instead of kind words from Christians there comes a shower of slimy Egyptian toads around; we almost step on them. We can hardly speak but an orthodox scorpion is hurled in our faces.

A late writer informs us that St. Augustine gloried in the fall of the Roman empire and the triumph of Christianity. I glory in the fact that when Alaric entered Rome he did not find citizens putting one another on the rack for the sake of opinions. One worshiped Venus, and another Apollo, unpersecuted. St. Augustine attributes his own reform to the perusal of Cicero, Plato, and the Stoics, though, like other crack-brained persons, he finally went over to Plotinus, the Neoplatonists, and Christianity. What hav such vagaries done for us? But the Stoics hav taught the principles of honor and truth, how to liv, and how to die. ALHAZA.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## Grandmother's Kitchen.

Dear grandmother's kitchen in the old fashioned farmhouse,
That stood by the brook at the end of the lane,
Whence four generations hav walked forth in their grandeur,
To do their life's duty, nor labored in vain.
There were judges and jurors, and learned legislators,
And ministers, too, of both gospel and law,
But the stateliest thing in that famed ancient mansion,
Was plain old grandmother—her peer you ne'er saw.

There were porch, and back leanto, and cluttered-up attic,
Where on stormy days the small children played "bear,"
The great, solemn "north-room," without picture or carpet,
For weddings and funerals opened to air;
A huge chimney-stack, that smoked like a furnace,
A "buttry" well stocked with meal, milk, and cheese,
But the blessedest room found in all that old building,
Was grandmother's kitchen—come in if you please.

Our grandmother's kitchen was stout-timbered and spacious,
Through small-lighted windows the sunshine looked in;
Its wide-hearthed, broad fireplace, with black free-stone mantel,
Warm-welcomed each guest, stranger, and kin;
From the beams overhead there was hung the ripe pumpkin,
And strings of rich apples prepared there to dry;
Oh, who can forget the fine-flavored pastry,
The toothsome and wholesome grandmother's pie?

The democrat table there stood, long and cross-legged,
White linen bespread it—she made it herself—
When the hot dinner from the big pot and brick oven,
Smelling of spice from the storekeeper's shelf,
Loomed up in profusion from bowl, pitcher, and platter,
For master and servant, for neighbor and friend,
There met together, a supply the most gracious,
In grandmother's kitchen, which all could commend.

JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

## My Neighbor's Dog.

The story of my neighbor's dog may be interesting to the children of THE TRUTH SEEKER, because it is founded on fact and teaches a moral worth careful study.

On the other side of the way, for some eighteen years, has lived my neighbor's dog Carlo, who is a Newfoundland as black as a coal, and a dog of great intelligence. He is watchful, but not vicious, and knows enough to respect the wishes of his neighbors. One night he got into a fit of barking at some prowlers, and kept it up so long that I awoke from a sound sleep, wondering why he would not be quiet, and, going to my window, I could see nothing to giv him so much trouble, so I said, "Carlo, why are you making so much noise? I want you to be still. Go to your nest and be quiet." As soon as he heard me and saw me at the window, he commenced wagging his tail, and ceased his barking immediately. I appreciated his intelligence, and we hav been friends ever since.

But this was many years ago, and for a long time we hav enjoyed this mutual respect and good will for each other. His master always liked him, but of late saw that he was getting old and manifesting the usual carelessness of declining years, and, wishing to hav as fine a dog when his Carlo should throw off his mortal body, and go to dog-heaven, as the saying goes, he purchased, or had presented to him, a fine pup of the same breed.

When the new pup was brought to Carlo's notice, it seemed to put new life into him, and he strutted around and licked the newcomer from head to tail, and he even went so far as to squat down and try to interest the little fellow in a game of dog-romp. It was quite a while, however, before the wee fellow could appreciate this kindness and good feeling on the part of Carlo, but at last Jack, by dint of effort on his tutor's part, began to romp and growl, and worry at the legs and bushy neck of Carlo.

How kind, and careful, and attentiv the old dog has been to the newcomer who was to take his place! He never tired of teaching him how to watch, as well as to play all his own dog-tricks. He taught him how to open the gate by wedging his nose between the latch and the gate-post, so that he could get out and in whenever he wanted to, and he never failed to call his attention to a good opportunity to run at a chance pig that unconsciously strayed too near the house. He always went for the pig's tail, and would hold on to it, and race the piggie for dear life until he was far enough away, but while he did this he was never known to draw blood; he would just bite hard enough to hold by the bristles, and seemed to do it for fun until he had run as far as he wished. If the pig walked, Carlo would hold on, and walk along quite contented.

Jack soon caught on, and was not long in having the fun all to himself, because he could run faster. How tenderly old Carlo would provide his newcomer with choice pieces of meat-bones that he buried, and would dig up for himself and Jack to gnaw at when they felt so inclined!

If an angry dog came their way, and attacked little Jack, he would fly with all his might to his protector, and the dog was mighty big and lucky that escaped punishment when Carlo put his nose on him. Many and many a fight had he on Jack's account.

I am afraid that with all his dog-kindness and dog-wisdom he acted foolishly. He was too indulgent with his *protégé*. He often denied himself the little delicate bits of food that were put upon his platter, and would invite Jack to eat it; and when Jack was sick one time, he would not eat a mite until he got over his spell, so that they could eat together. But, alas for the short-sightedness of poor old Carlo! Jack has grown up to be a strong and rough-tempered dog. He is even larger than Carlo, but instead of returning the kindness of his protector, the indulgences which he received hav made him greedy and ugly, and he, from long habit, now claims as a right what was permitted through kindness, and as a result, he will snatch away every bit of food he can lay his teeth on, and let poor old Carlo go hungry to his kennel. On several occasions he even went so far as to bite and tear poor Carlo in the neck, because he was very hungry and would not drop the bone he took from his own platter, and this is the way he is repaying his old protector and instructor for the kindness he has for years bestowed upon him.

The other day their master, as usual, brought to each his food, and placing their platters far apart, we watched the result. Carlo, with his old and worn teeth, made slow headway, but Jack pitched into his with tremendous energy, and soon devoured it and turned the corner with his mouth full of food in great haste to drive Carlo off. He was so greedy that he did not take time to finish his own in order to rob Carlo of his. He immediately snatched the best and largest piece with a growl and fled. The old dog licked his chops and looked wistfully in the direction that Jack had gone, and with a low, moaning cry he limped into his house of straw, and there he cried in distress with his bodily pains and his cruel treatment from Jack.

Any kind-hearted boy or girl will naturally feel sorry for poor old Carlo, and will say that Jack is an ugly dog, both sneaking and mean, and will resolve that under no circumstances will he treat his parents in so shameful a way. And yet, how often do we find children that hav been clothed and fed and educated while their parents in the prime of life hav toiled hard to make them happy, turning against them in their old age, and greedily snatching away the saved-up money, and when that was gone, under the pretense of doing better, hav sacrificed the old homestead, and cruelly, by law, driven the old people into a cold world or to a country poor-house! My advice is: Grant no unnecessary privileges to children; teach them to make their own living and become useful members of society. Hold on to your homestead as long as you liv.

Children, above all other virtues, should cultivate kindness to old people, especially their parents, forgiving them their follies when age has benumbed their limbs or ruffled their temper; and whenever you reflect on your past and theirs, it will fill you with pleasure instead of pain.

J. R. PERRY.

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—CHARADE.

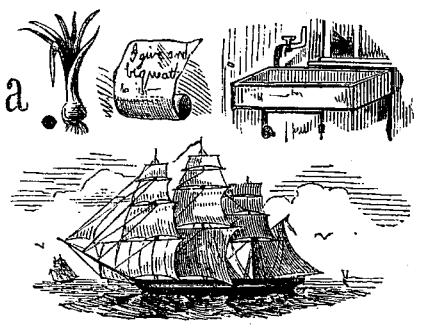
"Twixt the *tooth* of a wheel and a *table*,
I must be brought on;
Then you hav "something that's capable
Of being thought on."

Of all other things this is certain—
They are incomprehensible;
'Tis *sense* that must lift up the curtain
To make anything *sensible*.

Call anything infinit, absolute being,
That is all can be thought or be said of it;
No definit lines such term agreeing—
No body, parts, passion—no tail and no head of it.

J. K. P. BAKER.

2.—REBUS.



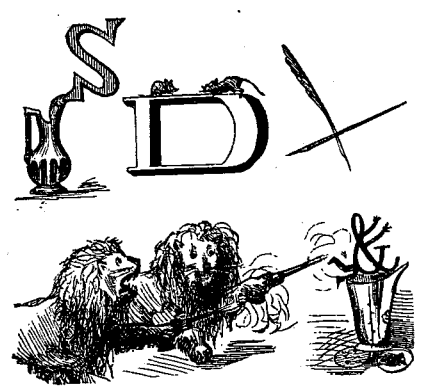
An old saying.

3.—SQUARE.

1. A marked feature.
2. A river in Europe.
3. A passage in a hall.
4. A passage into a bay.
5. Tines.

*N. Boothbay, Me.* WARREN B. ORCHARD.

4—.REBUS.



Paternal counsel.

5.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
(*To "Old Boy."*)

In longwort, but not in plant;
In scepter, bnt not in mace;
In inches, but not in slant;
In bandage, but not in brace;
In herring, also in bream;
In salmon, but not in trout;
In mist, but not in steam;
In bumpkin, but not in lout.
Now all the letters find,
And place them in a row—
They then will name a color
That I think you all do know.

*Pittsburgh, Pa.* H. E. JUERGENS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, FEB. 19, 1887.

1.-Cæsar came, saw, and conquered. 2.-Saraband. 3.-All in all, it's a singular case.

## Correspondence.

BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 22, 287.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I desire to tell you how delighted I was in reading your beautiful tribute to the memory of that most heroic of human beings, Giordano Bruno. So few, even of Liberals, appreciate his lofty courage and glorious devotion that your eloquent article seemed trebly generous and noble. And as John P. Guild so truly says, "The children are the ones we should particularly instruct." Wishing you all happiness and the utmost prosperity, GEO. N. HILL.

[That our friends may not forget either the living or the dead, we will say that it was chiefly through the efforts of brothers Hill and Wakeman that the new calendar, dating from the time of Bruno's martyrdom, the era of science, was inaugurated.—EN. C. C.]

OMAHA, NEB., Feb. 11, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write you a letter letting you know that papa reads THE TRUTH SEEKER and has taken it for the last eight years. I read the Children's Corner every week, and think you are a splendid conductor. I hav a sister nine years old and a brother two years old. I am twelve years old and attend a public school that is near our home. I am in the seventh grade at school. I hav the "Story Hour" and think a great deal of it. Susie's portrait is sweet and beautiful. Your book is so nice that every reader of the Corner ought to hav a copy. As this is my first letter I will close, wishing success to the Corner.

Your friend, MARGARET COLVIN.

[The above is an excellent letter for the first one, well written, and every word spelled correctly. We thank Margaret for her complimentary allusions to our work, and shall count her among the choice treasures of the Children's Corner.—ED. C. C.]

# Science Column.

## Plant-Animals.

Does it seem odd to think of a plant-animal? Of course it does if you hav never before thought of it.

What is it? I thought you would ask that. But, of course, the name suggests that it is something partaking both of the nature of a plant and an animal, and usually found growing in or near the salt water.

The other name of these creatures is *zoöphytes;* and still another, *radiates*, and they are of the lowest order of life, having a beginning away back in the long-ago time.

Did ever you see a star-fish, or a "five-finger," as it is sometimes called? It has short, purplish spines all over it, and is shaped like a star—hence its name. They are quite common on the beaches, and I hav picked them up frequently on the shore of Cape Cod and at other places.

The jelly-fish is another zoöphyte, or plant-animal. They are transparent, and vary in form and color, some being as large over as a big washtub, but there is so much water in their bodies that when placed on the land they dry away to almost nothing. They exhibit lovely colors, and are very curious, but, although they appear only a lump of jelly, they hav mouths, and stomachs, and nervous systems. They are good swimmers, too. If you touch them they will sting you, and their sting is poisonous and causes great pain. It is thought that the big jelly-fish, coming in contact with good swimmers, sting them so that they are paralyzed and drown—that, instead of being taken with cramps as commonly supposed, they are stung by a jelly-fish. If you hav been on the water in the night (salt water, in which only they exist) you may hav noticed the luminous spots seeming to follow the vessel or boat—this is phosphorus emitted largely by jelly-fish, of which the water seems to be full.

Then, there are polypi. These are plant-animals, too, and from these you get your beautiful pink and white coral beads. They are so numerous in some sections that islands are made of their outside coverings.

Now, are there any other specimens of plant-animals that you know of?

Sea-urchins? Yes, that's right, and sea-anemones, that attach themselvs to rocks and look like beautiful flowers that grow on land. If you touch one with a stick it will contract instantly. Sometime we may pursue this interestlng subject further.

S. H. W.

QUESTIONS.—What is a plant-animal? What is its other name? Spell zoophyte. Describe the star-fish, also the jelly-fish. What is the consequence if we handle them? What of the luminous spots seen in the water at night? Name other plant-animals.


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## More Gems from Jones.

Sam Jones held forth in his jerky, disjointed way to a large crowd at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms the other night. Sam, as usual, was affectedly eccentric, and hopped from one thing to another like a grasshopper in a hurry to get there; and the "Christians" assembled to hear him giv tongue vigorously applauded his wild and grotesque utterances, under the impression, probably, that they were honoring God by so doing. Among the series of sayings of the salient and saintly Sam were the following:

"Show me what a man likes and what he hates, and I will tell you the kind of man he is."

Well, now, Sam, there is Chauncey Depew; he likes the festiv feed, where the green turtle and the capon smoke upon the board, and where, the feed done justice to, he will be called upon for a "few remarks;" and he hates all labor federations. Now, what manner of man is Chauncey, Sam? Now, I like a glass of good old Bourbon, when in the mood for it, and hate like poison the hypocrit masquerading in the garb of square-toed frankness. Now, Sam, what sort of a man am I? You can answer by mail, through the press, or at one of your kangaroo seances, as you like. I say "kangaroo," because you jump about so with your tongue.

"One trouble with the theology of to-day is that it is too broadcasted. I like things in rows. I want my theology to be like a telescope, so I can look up through it and see the spires in the city of God."

Yes, Sam, theology, as you say, is rather "broadcasted," consequently it is rather diaphanous, as it were; but so much the better for the world, Sam. So you like things in rows, eh? How would three or four rows of brownstone fronts suit you, eh, old boy? As you do not follow "the Master," in that he preached without money and without price, but exact a goodly sum for your freaks of speech, you seem to be on the road to "things in rows"—brownstone houses, for instance. But about that telescope business, Sam; you know you can't see the "spires of the city of God"—you couldn't, even with the Lick telescope, the largest in the world—and so own up that you want your theology to be like a telescope that you may shut it up and put it in your pocket, when desirable. Honest Indian, Sam, isn't this the reason?

"A man's reputation is like his girl. He can put her on or off and not lose much. Reputation is easily made. To-day a crowd will cry a man's hosannas; to-morrow it will cry, 'Crucify him!'"

Sam, you put your foot in it too far here. Put a girl on or off and not lose much, eh? What do you think the girls will say to that? Why, they'll come down on you like a thousand of brick, for all time; and when you lose the girls you lose three-fourths of your hearers. You are right about a man being cried up to-day and howled down to-morrow; and to-morrow, Sam, some one of more pronounced freaks of speech than yourself will bob up, and you will become a wall flower. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

"Infidelity is only a great big mouth going all around talking. There's nothing in it but mouth, nothing behind it to back it up. Look under it and over it and through it and on all sides of it and you only find mouth."

You are wrong here, Sam. It is theology—orthodoxy—that is the great big mouth. Why, it is continually mouthing. If it didn't mouth, it would die of inanition. It has mouthed for two thousand years, and mouths to-day the same lurid doctrins that it mouthed at the start. It is obliged to mouth, or it would lose its pins. Infidelity is not backed up, I'll allow, by a monstrous God and fearful devil, consequently has no need of such a mouth as orthodoxy continually shoots off, and which has got to back up these beings for all they are worth, or lose its grip on the non-reasoning ones of earth. The less you say about "mouth," Sam, the better for your side of the house, which has an acre of mouth to an inch for the other side, and needs it all and even more.

"Faith is traces, and all you've got to do is step in and go ahead. Doubt is like these hold-back arrangements, and if you step in you are sure to go backward."

Yes, Sam, you can go ahead in the traces of faith, from little to great faith, but where are you then? Can you see, do you know, any more than when you started? A ton of faith brings you no more knowledge than an ounce of the same commodity. You are wise in not saying where you go to when "going ahead." Doubt, you say, is a pull-back arrangement that takes us backward. Doubt, Sam, is the halt on the march in the dark—not the march that I think you are on, but which you advocate for shekels—and when it blossoms into unbelief, then opens up a broad way of light from which the ghosts and goblins of superstition flee in affright. Hurrah for the "pullback arrangements," Sam. May they increase and multiply until unbelief makes the dark light.

"We shouldn't ask for more grace, but we should use the grace we've got already. It's not the use of grace, but the misuse of it, that damns men. There never was a bigger falsehood perpetrated on God than the Sunday-school song, 'Surely, the Captain can depend on me.'"

I agree with you in this, in every particular, Sam, and as far as the song goes, I must say I think the "Captain" who depends on the singers thereof will get badly left; and that's what you think, of course, or you would not hav sat down on it so heavily.

"People say to me, 'Jones, why don't you preach Christ? You only preach law.' To all such I say, 'Do you suppose I'll bring my God down here among you cutthroats?' The pulpit is the last place in the world to show the white feather. The greatest blessing a church can hav is a preacher who is game from head to foot. The guns of the devil were never closer to the pulpit than now."

So you don't propose to make a common thing of your God, eh? Keep him in a glass house of your own, I suppose? Well, I would do the same, were I you, and "in with a crowd of cutthroats." A God would be as much out of place among cutthroats as a hog in a drawing-room, I should think. Your God must feel awfully thankful to you, Sam. Say, Sam, can you find a pulpit where the "white feather" is not shown? As for your "game preachers," why, the papers are full of the "little games" of preachers, some of which are rather darkly tinted. You read of them probably. I agree with you in your proposition that the "guns of the devil were never nearer the pulpit than now." To tell the truth, I think there's a truce between the devil and the preachers. What do you think, eh?

"A man who has the courage to preach his convictions must be eccentric nowadays. I'm eccentric, they all say, and butcher my grammar. God never made two fellows alike, because if he did, one of them wouldn't amount to much."

Sam, how many of a hundred pulpiteers hav any convictions of the truth of what they preach? Albeit, you are somewhat eccentric, Sam, I don't think it follows that you are preaching your convictions. You are simply preaching—to call it that—for applause, notoriety, and shekels. Suppose God had made another fellow just like you, Sam—but don't let us think of it, in view of your conclusion in the premises, for you, possibly, might hav been the one that wouldn't hav amounted to much!

"There's many an old Salvation Army fellow who is going to sit around the throne, and many a D.D. who is going to take a back seat. I'm going to be a D.D. myself some day, but then things are coming down and I'm going up."

I don't know about the Salvation Army fellows "sitting around the throne," Sam. You do, of course, or you wouldn't hav so stated; but I agree with you that "many a D.D. will hav to take a back seat." I see you are going to chance it, however, by becoming a D.D.; but then, you say, "things are going down, and I am going up." I don't exactly understand you, Sam, but I must say that you appear to be somewhat egotistical.

"A good many preachers hav got wholesale liquor dealers in their church, but they don't say anything about them, because they might hurt their feelings. If there is anybody in this world I hold in contempt, it's the fellow who goes around with his feelings sticking out like quills on a porcupine's back."

Now, Sam, see here: Does a trader rap a buyer over the knuckles because the buyer is in some business which the trader thinks is off color? Not much. Well, then, shouldn't the preacher deal as gently with his customers as the trader with his? Why, the parson that raked over the coals the liquor man, the coal man, the grocer, the lawyer, the Wall-street bandit, the alderman, etc., etc., would very soon hav to put up his shutters, my dear fellow, and go into the liquor or coal business himself. Don't exact too much of the poor parsons, Sam. As for the object of your detestation, how uncomfortable the "fellow" must feel, eh? and what a queer sight, with his "feelings sticking out all over him like quills on the fretful porcupine!" Let us hope there are not many such, Sam.

"Do you want to know the difference between moral and physical courage? The first is the hero standing up for the right, and the second is the little bullpup sleeping on the mat."

You may be right about moral courage, Sam—I think a good deal of moral courage myself—but you are hardly generous with physical courage, don't giv it a fair showing off; your metaphor here is away off, Sam. Moral courage is a big fellow and a good one, but physical courage is his big brother, I won't say better, as he follows lines so different. He isn't a "little bullpup sleeping on a mat," but a full grown bull dog, wide awake and alert. When you can down John L. with moral courage, then I'll giv in that the latter is a bigger and better dog than physical courage, his brother, that leads in all enterprises of pith and moment.

Go on, Sam, with your freaks of speech. They amuse your hearers, don't hurt us, and put money in your purse. In time, if you are not bowled over by some other freak, you can hav what you like—"things in rows"—brownstone fronts, you know.

SI SLOKUM.

## A Disgraceful Job.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:*

I was so impressed by Colonel Ingersoll's article on "The Truth of History," in your last issue, wherein he deals some hard blows on the habit of lying and misrepresentation among ecclesiastics, that I resolved to ask you to print the following truthful account of the late disgraceful job put up for the state of Maine Druids, who are supposed to worship as a god the power that sustains the world, and some of whom go so far as to contend that the Christian God is the corresponding devil or destroyer.

There are many Druidic organizations on this continent, and among these there are five civil corporations.

The corporation in Maine contains a university, the seat being Sherman, in the wilds of Aroostook. Once every summer—and that for a brief time or a few days—this corporation has power to grant the degree of M.D. on persons of seven years' successful study. The charter was granted by the legislature in 1880. It has a membership of 575, many of whom are doctors and lawyers who hav graduated elsewhere. The number of the original medical graduates of this institution are four, and no more.

In 1883 the president, Dr. D. H. Owen, of Sherman, who is a life officer, granted a dispensation to hold the university for a short period in the city of Lewiston. The same year the said dispensation was withdrawn or canceled, and still again renewed after a few months. The university met at Bangor and Lewiston in June, 1886, and, having performed some work, closed in July, not to be opened in Lewiston again for a year. About that time the person who acted as vice-president at Lewiston went to liv at Columbus, O., having closed his house at Lewiston. His name is Dr. Samuel York Carleton. He is very old, much older than he looks, and was an important and gallant officer in the war with Mexico in the days of Santa Ana. I hav never heard it alleged that Dr. York, as he is commonly known, was anything of an Infidel. Indeed, I think he is not an Infidel.

On the 23d day of July, 1886, just after said Dr. York left for Columbus, the president, Dr. Owen, having been bothered and pestered to death by York's enemies, who seem to be numerous and rife, formally canceled once more the dispensation whereby the corporation and its university held forth at Lewiston, and this time he did not mean to renew it any more. The declaration was given to six Maine dailies, including the Portland, Augusta, and Bangor papers.

Dr. York (Carleton) got tired of the West, and returned to his home some few months ago, but the corporation, as such, did not know that he was in Maine.

For some specific purpose which we cannot exactly exactly determin, some vile folks concocted a trick to play on York, which cannot be considered short of diabolical. A reporter of the Boston *Herald* was rigged up as a candidate for the medical profession. This reporter, whose name is said to be Beamis, called up Dr. York one night this month, and, as if in great hurry and anxiety, said he was on his way to the City of Mexico, where he was going to open a doctor's office, and wanted to be admitted to the mysteries of Druidism. Dr. York had not the power even to make him a Druid, and in the state of Maine Dr. Owen, at Sherman, alone had such power, to say nothing of making him a doctor.

It must be remembered that Dr. York is an aged man, and had been once totally blind for two years, and that his health has been very precarious for many years.

The reporter brought out a long article in the Boston *Herald* containing lies so thick and dense as to leave very little room for a true or correct statement of even a single point. If collected together, the lies would fill a column of THE TRUTH SEEKER. But, of course, something took place between York and the reporter, for the latter speaks of the doctor's making him a Druid, and raising him "by the sword." It seems that York gave him a matriculation paper, for which he charged him $5. That was a preceptor's card; there was no university act, but only a preceptor's privilege. The reporter further said that York granted him a diploma. York in reply says he did not grant him a diploma, but that he gave him an old blank to study the Latin thereon. Of course there could not be any graduation, to say nothing of a diploma.

The university was not in Lewiston at all, and the corporation was not aware of the whereabouts of Dr. York.

The first thrust made against the Druids of Maine was perpetrated by the Episcopal church in 1877, and the malignity of that ecclesiastical old fury has ever since continued. Some groups of doctors here and there hav often chimed in with the old ecclesiastical hag, and between the two a great deal of inconvenience has been the result to the Druidic cause. But what this last persecution was got up for we do not yet know. It is probable, however, that the object was to break up the charter of the Druidic Corporation in Maine. Fortunately for us, they made a miserable *faux-pas*, and in order to make anything out of it will hav to bolster it up with further lying. By the way, the reporter says he got commission from York to practice medicin and law, as well as to preach the gospel, but was told he need not believe in God unless he chose to. J. DAVIES, M.D.

*Whitney's Crossing, N. Y.*, Feb. 16, 1887.

## Obituary.

K. Hanson died suddenly Feb. 3, 1887, at his home in Boggy, Bosque Co., Texas. He was born in Norway, Jan. 22, 1821, emigrated to this country in 1849, and settled in eastern Texas, where he lived for twenty-eight years, when he moved with his family to Bosque Co., Tex., where he lived until his death.

Deceased was brought up a Lutheran, the state religion of Norway, but upon the reading of a few Freethought pamphlets some years ago, among which were, "The Bible—What Is It?" by J. D. Shaw, of which he immediately expressed his appreciation, and said he only wished he could hav had the benefit of its perusal years before, he experienced a complete and radical change in his religious or ethical views, and finally lost all faith in the Lutheran religion, and renounced Christianity altogether, his eyes being opened to the injustice of its cardinal doctrins, its superstitions, and the absurdity of its claim to divine inspiration of the Bible. He at once and forever repudiated all its unreasonable creeds, and espoused the cause of Freethought, the principles of which he adhered to until his end. To close, in the appropriate words of E. A. Rohn, in his obituary notice of him, "He believed in the brotherhood of man; that religious duties consist in loving mercy and doing justice toward our fellow-men. He was faithful in all his relations of life—just, charitable, generous."

He leaves a wife and five grown-up children, with relativs and friends, to mourn his loss.

His sons, H. Jacob Hanson and Isaac Hanson, are both promising young men and Freethinkers. T. THEO. COLWICK.

*Norse, Texas*, Feb. 15, 1887.

## New Books.

We hav received from the publisher a copy of "Little Lessons" by Elmina D. Slenker.

The book is designed expressly for children, admirably written, full of just such information as they need, which is presented in the writer's most charming and attractiv style. We publish below a chapter selected at random from the book. The book is an octavo of 98 pages. Price, in best binding, 40 cents.—*The Edgar Post.*

We are in receipt of a small book, published at THE TRUTH SEEKER office, New York, and written by MRS. E. D. SLENKER, entitled "Little Lessons for Little Folks." This small work is one of the most interesting and instructiv books for the young which we hav seen in a long time and should be in the hands of every child old enough to read and understand in the country. If some of our Sabbath-school superintendents would furnish their scholars with plainly written facts from nature instead of books of fiction describing some little child who became so good that it died in early childhood, the rising generation would be greatly benefited.—*Star of Liberty.*

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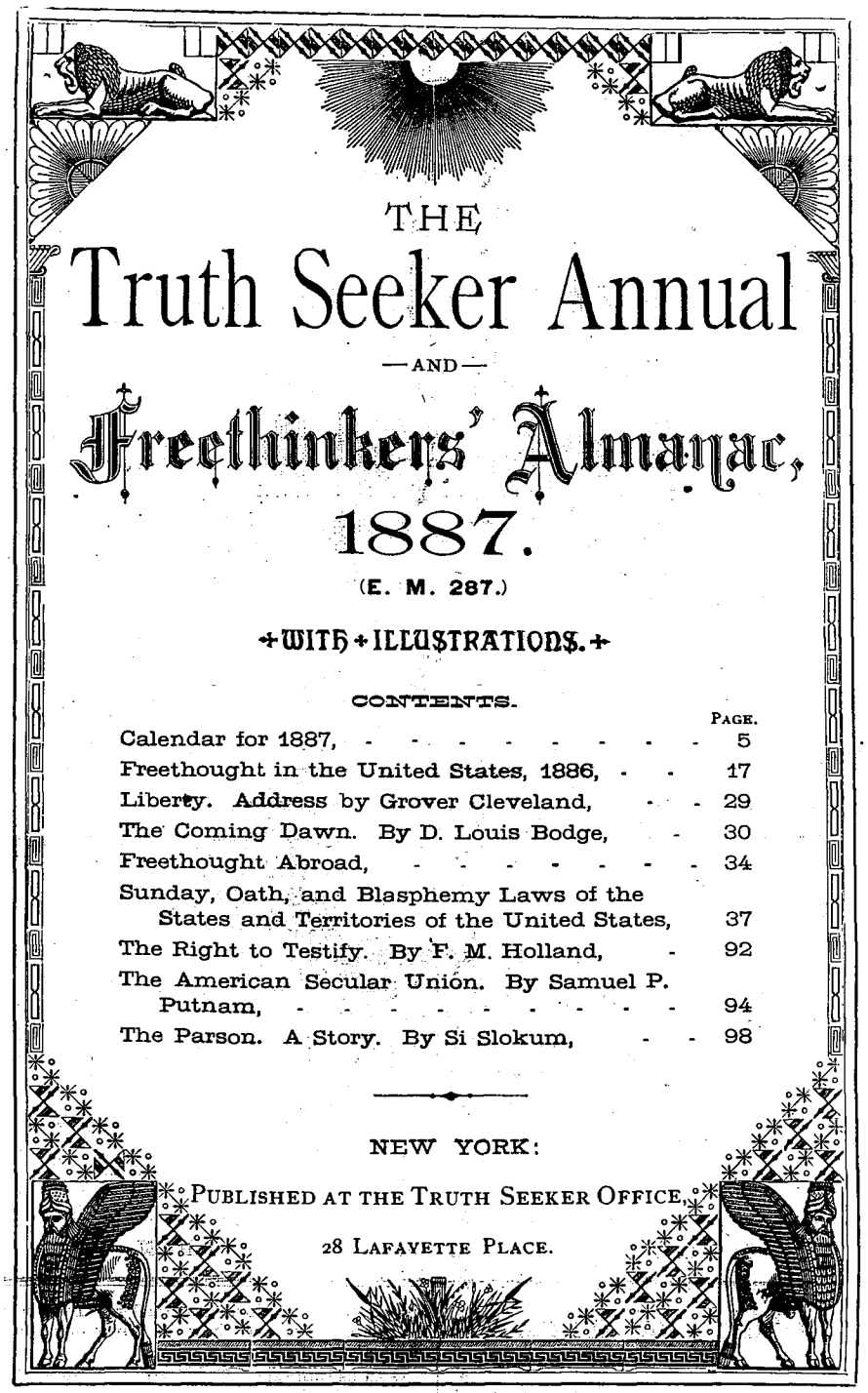
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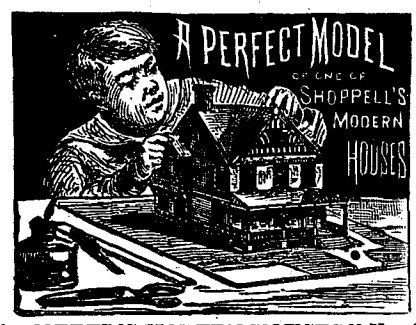
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# News of the Week.

CARDINAL JACOBINI, the pope's secretary of state, died at Rome on the 28th ult.

THE yacht Mayflower will go to Europe to contest the queen's cup with foreign boats.

THE Dauntless and the Coronet, two fast American yachts, will try a race across the Atlantic soon.

MRS. ROXALANA DRUSE, of Herkimer Co., N. Y., was hanged last Monday for the murder of her husband.

THERE is a rumor afloat that Dr. McGlynn is to be reinstated as pastor of St. Stephen's, but the report finds few believers.

THE house failed to override the president's veto of the dependent pension bill, which is regarded as killed for the present.

MAYOR HEWITT is recovering from the rheumatism, and hopes shortly to enter upon the task of saving society according to his ante-election program.

A RIOT occurred at New Ross, Ireland, last Saturday, between Catholics and Protestants. Stones and clubs were used, and many persons were injured.

IN the late German elections Bismarck and the pope were victorious, and the passage of the seven-years army bill is now assured. The Socialists made large gains.

A CONSTITUTIONAL amendment to change Inauguration Day from March 4th to April 30th has passed the Senate and has been favorably acted on by the House committee.

GEN. BEN BUTLER slipped when getting off a train at Philadelphia on the 25th ult., and dislocated his shoulder. He came to New York, was readjusted, and went on with his business.

THE Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers hav won a victory in the strike at the Mingo works, Pittsburgh, Pa., and are now said to be the only recognized body in the trade.

BRAUNSOHWEIG, who with Herr Most was imprisoned for violent talk, was let out of jail this week, his time having expired. His friends gave him a reception. Most's sentence ends soon.

CARL SOHURZ, who was a cabinet officer under Hayes, slipped on Sixth avenue last Saturday, and broke his thigh. Mr. Schurz is fifty-eight years old, and it is feared that the injury may permanently cripple him.

A COMPANY of American capitalists, Rufus Hatch being among the number, hav just purchased 50,000,000 acres of land in northwestern Texas, northeastern New Mexico, and southeastern Colorado. The price is not known.

MISS MAGGIE READLING, the Banksville, Pa., girl, whose reported miraculous cure of paralysis has excited attention, has been almost speechless since she was cured of paralysis. Skeptics regard her "cure" as open to question.

TOM CLEARY is the next boodle alderman to be tried. He is a good Catholic, and it is reported that twelve hundred children who attend St. Peter's school in this city hav been instructed to pray that he may triumph over his enemies.

THE Central Labor Union of New York has passed resolutions denouncing Judge Brown for his decision that Knights of Labor are conspirators, and T. V. Powderly for his action in forbidding Knights to extend help to the Chicago Anarchists.

THE Rev. Mr. Ward, of Englewood, N. J., shot his wife and himself one day last week. He made the usual error of shooting his wife first. Mrs. Ward is recovering, and the chances of her husband getting well or dying are about even. Temporary insanity is the only explanation of the shooting yet offered.

A BAND of Holiness evangelists entered Columbia, S. C., two weeks ago and inaugurated street services. The band consisted of three men and two women, and their conduct was such that a committee of citizens waited upon them one day last week, escorted them to the depot, put them aboard a train, and promised to hang them if they ever came back.

A TREMENDOUS earthquake on the 22d ult. along the Mediterranean coast in Italy is said to hav destroyed two thousand lives. In the district of the Genoese Riviera over 1,500 people were killed. In the village of Bajardo the superstitious inhabitants thought the judgment day had come, and took refuge in a church. The building was shaken down and 300 were crushed to death.




INTRODUCING ABRAHAM, THE FATHER OF ISRAEL.

# Odds and Ends.

WHAT will the present year bring forth?" asks an exchange. Bring Fourth of July, of course.

DR. TALMAGE says that he intends to die in Brooklyn. This is good so far as it goes; but when, doctor, when?

DON'T judge a man's wit
By the clothes that he wears;
Don't judge a man's grit
By the way that he swears.

SAM JONES's bad grammar was more than Boston people could stand. Boston people are anxious to go to heaven, but they want to get there grammatically.

THE formation of Mother Eve's tomb on the outskirts of Djeddah shows her to hav been a woman over thirty feet high. Small wonder that when she said, "Eat," Adam ate.

IT is reported in refined and intelligent Mormon circles that Brigham Young is to appear on earth again. His wife are waiting for the fulfilment of the prophecy with widely diversified feelings.

BROWN: "What do you think of the play?" Fogg: "Fairly good thing; but what I object to is the intense realism in the third act—a church scene, you know. It was so natural that I actually went to sleep."

As an instance of the cheapness of Chinese labor, says the San Francisca *Call*, we note that in Chinese courts of justice witnesses can be hired at ten cents apiece to testify on either side of the question at issue, or on both sides at fifteen cents.

THE Rev. H. Bernard Carpenter, the Boston poet, has received an autograph letter from Tennyson, praising some of his recent work, and he is petitioning to hav the frog-pond deepened, that he may drown himself in the presence of his congregation.

THE temperance women of the District of Columbia, who met the other night and passed resolutions thanking Congres for passing the Interstate Commerce bill, are now importuning Judge Reagan to know when the pool-rooms are to be shut up.

"I SHALL be out late to-night, my dear," said young Professor X. to his wife; "there are some educational matters that must be attended to." "Very well," replied the patient wife. Then Professor X., on educational matters intent, slipped over to the Polo Grounds, and taught the young female idea how to chute.

"How long would you be willing to wait for me?" she asked, in tones so low he could scarcely catch the words. And then she went on: "You know, George," she said, "that father has recently invested in a western silver mine, and he is going there at once, and I cannot leave mother alone. So I ask you again, George, how long would you be willing to wait for me?" "Wait for you, my darling," repeated George with deep emotion, for his was no fleeting love, dear reader; "I will wait for you until we learn how the silver mine pans out."

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—The Blair Educational bill is a big thing in figures, as you will find by taking the $70,000,000 it calls for out of the treasury, and mixing these up with the statistics of illiteracy contained in the last United States census. A few mathematical calculations will enable you to ascertain exactly how much learning it will produce to the acre.—*Puck.*

AN old tramp who had agreed to saw wood for half an hour for his breakfast from a Bridgeport woman quit at the seventh stick and said: "Madam, I hav struck for more breakfast and less wood; are you willing to arbitrate?" "Certainly," she replied, and she left the case in the hands of her bulldog, who ran the tramp half a mile, and decided that a lockout was inevitable.

"RICHES take unto themselvs wings and fly away," said the teacher. "What kind of riches is meant?" And the smart bad boy at the foot of the class said he "reckoned they must be ost-riches.' And the only sound that broke the ensuing silence was the sound that a real smart bad boy makes when, without saying so in just so many words, he seeks to convey—and usually does convey—the impression that he is in great pain.

"OWING to ill-health," says Bill Nye, "I will sell at my residence in town 29, range 18, west, according to government survey, one crushed-raspberry colored cow, aged six years. She is a good milkster, and is not afraid of the cars—or anything else. She is a cow of undaunted courage, and givs milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any forn she would be a great boom. She is very much attached to her home at present by means of a trace chain; but she will be sold to any one who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. Purchaser need not be identified. I will also throw in a double-barreled shotgun, which goes with her. In May she generally goes away somewhere for a week or two, and returns with a tall, red calf, with long, wabbly legs. Her name is Rose, and I would prefer to sell her to a non-resident."

ONE of the city officials, whose office is on the second floor of the City Hall, is a very cautious man. They say that when he proposed to a young lady something over a year ago, he went at it in an original manner. They were sitting in the parlor, and Mr. S. began as follows: "Miss ——, do I look like an ape?" "Why, Mr. S., what a question! Of course you don't." "All right. Do you take me for a jackass?" "A jackass? What do you ask that for? Of course I don't." "Very well. You don't consider me a harum-scarum good-for-nothing, do you?" "Why, I never thought of such a thing. Why, Mr. S., what put such a notion into your head?" "Well, Miss ——, inasmuch as you find me devoid of these objectionable peculiarities, I hav come to the conclusion that you feel an interest in me, and I want to ask you to become my wife." They were married.

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# Gems of Thought.

MANY a negro bears upon his body the seared scar of the branding-iron, and the purple lines of the Protestant whip. And what did the thousands of Protestant ministers do? Preached, every one of them, from carefully-selected Bible texts to prove that slavery was a divine institution.—*E. M. Macdonald.*

OUR literature is comparativly Liberal. Indeed, its Infidel tendencies are the lament of the pulpit and the religious press. The best magazines in the country are objects of frequent attack by the evangelical press for the heterodox character of many of their contributions and editorials. The secular press is chiefly in the hands and under the control of men who hav outgrown the whole Christian theology. If they show it respect, it is not because they hav any love or sympathy for it, but because it has been sanctioned by the faith and piety of millions, and because it is yet nominally the religion of the people for whom they write. The great majority of professional men are undoubtedly Freethinkers. [This last assertion is the most doubtful that the writer makes. I transcribe his words in a town of upward of eighty thousand, and there is scarcely a lawyer of any eminence, or even a physician, who lets it be known that he is a Freethinker, even if he is known to be one by those who are intimate with him. But this is a state of things that can't last long.] The public advocates of Freethought now speak in the best halls and to larger audiences in the West than the clergy can get to hear their sermons. And the Liberal cause is gaining daily.—*Underwood's Lectures and Essays.*

WE can conquer nature only by obeying her laws; and, in order to obey those laws, we must first learn what they are.—*Winwood Reade.*

THERE is a phrase, "Christian gentleman," and the idea of Christian seems usually to accompany the idea of gentleman; but why should the word gentleman be always associated with the name Christian? When you speak of a Christian gentleman, do you mean that the gentleman and the Christian are one and inseparable? Do you mean that a gentleman must be a believer in total depravity, in an eternal hell? that there is no gentleman unless he believes in damnation, that absolute refinement, good breeding, gentlemanliness, involves a belief in the absolute destruction and eternal torment of nine-tenths of the human family? By no means; when the terms Christian and gentleman are associated together, the term Christian is taken in its largest, not in its smallest, sense.—*Frothingham's American Gentleman.*

I BELIEVE in the gospel of intelligence. This is the only lever capable of raising mankind. Intelligence must be the savior of this world. Humanity is the grand religion, and no God can put a man in hell in another world who has made a little heaven in this. God cannot make a man miserable if that man has made somebody else happy. God cannot hate anybody who is capable of loving anybody. Humanity—that word embraces all there is.—*R. G. Ingersoll.*

OH, if the selfish knew how much they lost,
What would they not endeavor, not endure,
To imitate, as far as in them lay,
Him who his wisdom and his power employs
In making others happy? —*Cowper.*

I CARE not one straw for a belief in God, unless that belief makes one a better man. A God to whom you simply doff your hat or bend your knee as you enter church, and who frightens you a little on your death-bed, but exerts no restraining power on your vices, no ennobling influence on your character and life—what is such a God good for? He is nothing more than a horseshoe over your front door; nothing but the new moon over your right shoulder; nothing but a hollow, gilded figure-head on your boat, as you go sailing down the stream of time. I want no such God. I believe in no such God. I will teach the existence of no such God. But I believe in moral ideas as supreme. I believe in them as the divinest thoughts in all the great universe of mind. I believe in their mighty power to hold one up when he stumbles against temptations.—*W. H. Spencer.*

IF new-got gold is said to burn the pockets til it be cast into circulation, much more may new truth burn in the soul till it find utterance.—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.*

IT is assumed that the oath of a person who does not believe in a future life is worthless—an assumption which betokens much ignorance of history in those who assent to it (since it is historically true that a large proportion of Infidels in all ages hav been persons of distinguished integrity and honor); and would be maintained by no one who had the smallest conception how many of the persons in greatest repute with the world, both for virtues and attainments, are well known, at least to their intimates, to be unbelievers.—*Mill's Liberty.*

FEELING without judgment is a washy draught indeed; but judgment untempered by feeling is too bitter and husky a morsel for human deglutition.—*Jane Eyre.*

WOE to us if we cannot be resolute. The miserable man is he who halts between two opinions, who would and would not; who longs for the merchandise, and will not part with the price. He who has dared to look his destiny, however frightful, steadfastly in the face, to measure his strength with its difficulties, and once for all to giv up what he cannot reach, has already ceased to be miserable.—*Carlyle's Letters.*

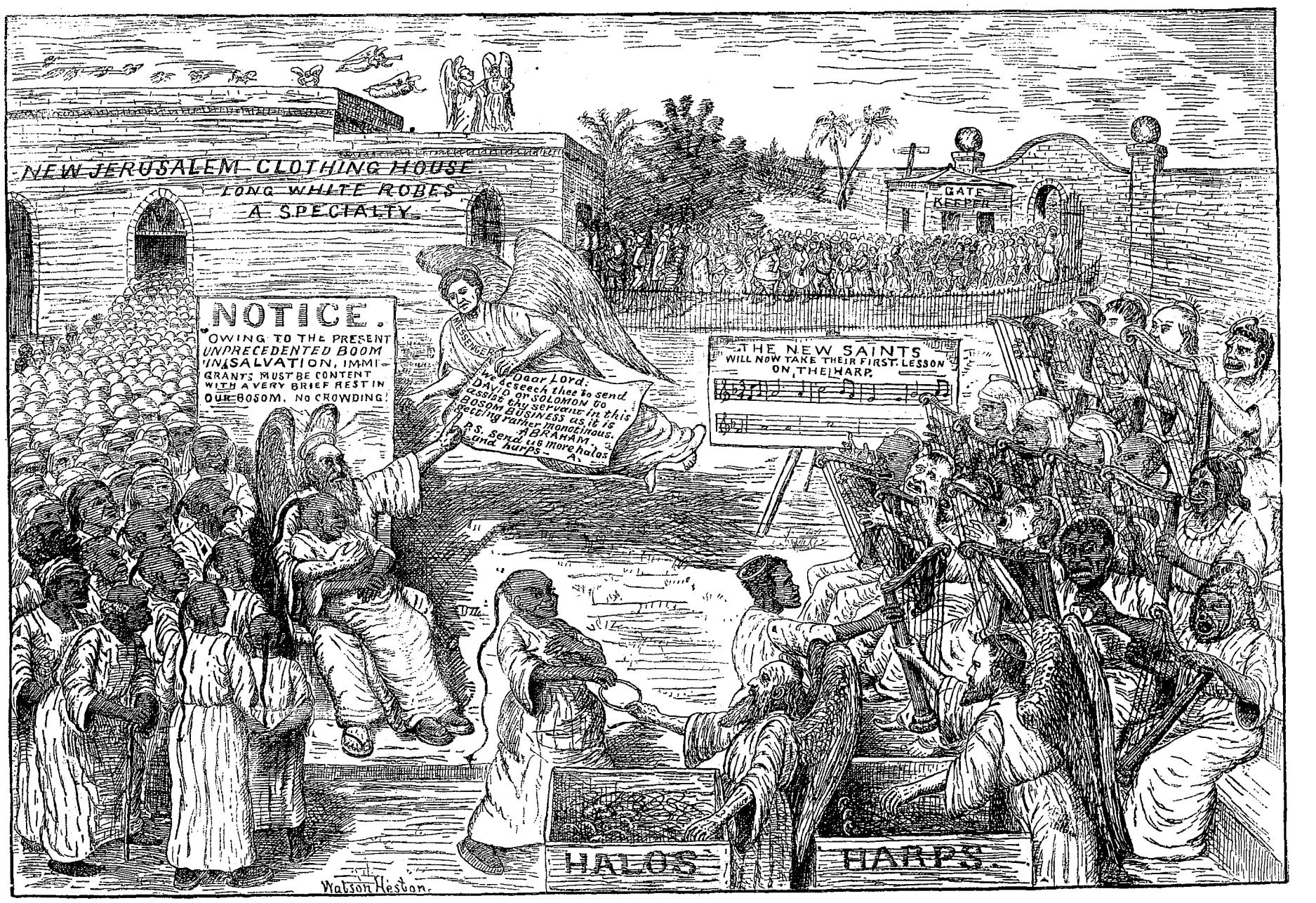
THE three conclusions which I hav chiefly endeavored to make clear are these: That the tenet of the inspiration of the scripture is baseless and untenable under any form or modification which leaves to it a dogmatic value; that the gospels are not textually faithful records of the sayings and actions of Jesus; but, occasionally, at least, ascribe to him words which he never uttered and deeds which he never did; and that the apostles only partially comprehended, and imperfectly transmitted, the teaching of their great master.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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THE SALVATION BOOM ON THE ANDOVER SECOND PROBATION PLAN.

Scene inside the gates of the New Jerusalem.

## Notes and Clippings.

THE Ohio legislature last week repealed a law discriminating against colored children in the public schools. Some of the good, pious people of the state threaten to withdraw their offspring from the schools if any "niggers" are allowed to attend.

FOURTEEN of the seventeen prominent women of Seattle, W. T., who were interviewed on the woman suffrage question, said that they were glad that the law had been declared void. This shows that the "prominence" of these fourteen ladies is due to something besides their good sense.

AN amendment to the Naval Appropriation bill, introduced last week by Senator Aldrich, appropriates $25,000 for the purchase of the steamer Stiletto for use as a torpedo vessel. The Stiletto is a ninety-foot yacht owned by a Connecticut man, and is said to be the fastest boat in the waters of the world.

MISS NINA VAN ZANDT doesn't know whether she is the wife of August Spies, the Anarchist, or not. Justice Engelhardt, of Chicago, who performed the marriage proxy for Spies, has returned the alleged marriage certificate to the county clerk. The clerk said he would not file the paper until he had obtained legal advice on the subject.

WHEN the Rev. Mr. Ward, of Englewood, N. J., shot his wife two weeks ago, the crime was charitably attributed to temporary insanity. The friends of Mrs. Ward now allege that the shooting was wilfully done, and that it was the crowning act of a long period of brutal treatment. He simply became angry at her and shot her. Mrs. Ward is recovering at the house of her brother-in-law, and when the reverend criminal is well enough to be out he will hav to face a prosecution.

THE friends of the Rev. Mr. Staunton, of Brooklyn, havn't got through having trouble about their pastor. After he was ousted from the presbytery and his wife had secured a divorce, he established an independent church. Now he has disappeared and his flock is without a shepherd. He is under bonds to pay his divorced wife $8 per week.

JOACHIM PECCI, pope of Rome, was seventy-six years old on the 1st inst. Father McGlynn's congregation sent him a congratulatory telegram promising that they would continue to pray for him. This is uncalled for. If there is anyone who does not need praying for, it should be the man who is infallible in spiritual matters, and who is physically too weak to be wicked.

AT the minister's weekly meeting recently, Chicago, the Rev. F. Taylor read a paper upon Christianity and Socialism, in which he said that "Moses, David, and Solomon stand in straight alignment with Henry George." The conclusion of his discourse was as follows: "To digest the whole matter, God's ancient land law made a per capita distribution of the soil, made the metes and boundaries of each inheritance perpetual, provided a periodical cancelation of incumbrances, and ready redemption at any time without interest. At the very vestibule of the New Testament, we find John the Baptist advocating Socialistic principles when he said: 'He that hath two coats, let him giv one to him that hath none, and meat likewise.' Turn it which way you will—Old or New Testament—the Bible affords the absolute property theorists magnificent fighting all along the line. It is passing strauge that, with such strong intrenchments in the Bible, the Socialists of recent years hav nearly all been Atheists, and hav entertained toward organized Christianity sentiments of incurable bitterness. But the mystery disappears when we remember that they, like the people, are more disposed to read the church than the Bible, and find it mustering with their enemies."

UP in Missouri they hav caught on to a scheme to turn the regular sensational "revival" to practical account, in a worldly sense. First, a noted "professional" is engaged who understands exactly how to "convert," then a committee is sent arouud to all the business men with a written "indorsement" of the prospectiv series of meetings, which they all sign with the understanding that the meetings will bring the country people into the city by hundreds, and make business brisk. After all the business men and the men of wealth and influence hav given their indorsement, it is easy to get nearly every one else to add his name, as the average man loves to be in fashion. These signatures appear in the local papers, and prove a powerful advertisment among the unsophisticated people of the rural districts, who imagin the entire population has got religion, and whole families pour into town to hear the wonderful evangelist whose ministrations are attended with such a marvelous outpouring of the holy spirit. The Sedalia *Bazoo* one day last week had over a page of such indorsements of a great revival meeting now in progress in that city. It is the shrewdest business scheme that has come under our observation for some time, and next thing to a paper railroad boom for a dead town.—*Gazetteer.*

THIS is a part of Counselor Swett's argument in behalf of his clients, the Chicago Anarchists: "I know of no more appropriate illustration of the legal status liability of the defendants in relation to their intemperate utterances, or in relation to their liability under all the evidence, than to recall the history of the formation of the Republican party. It was a party which had for its object the reformation of the civil society and the civil institutions in this country. The most radical of its leaders characterized the Constitution of the United States as 'a league with hell.' Underground railroads were everywhere established, leading from Mason and Dixon's line to Canada, and people conspired, contrary to the Constitution and laws, to aid and abet the slave in his escape. If he were arrested by officers of the law, people were guilty of a conspiracy to rescue him. The storm finally culminated, and by and by old John Brown, caught up by the inspiration of the occasion, committed an offense against the laws of Virginia. Was everybody who made speeches for the Republican party guilty of the offense for which John Brown was convicted? The side taken by the prosecution and the court is to say that John Brown's raid was a natural outgrowth of the Republican party. If there had been no Republican party there would hav been no John Brown's raid, and therefore that all Republicans who made speeches and believed in the Utopian idea of a change in society for the benefit of a class were like the Anarchists, and were *particeps criminis* with old John Brown, and ought to be hanged."

# Communications.

## Mrs. Colman's Reminiscences.

One Saturday morning word came to me from my friend that she had made an appointment for me to speak in a Presbyterian church in the town of Rush the following Sunday evening, and that she would call for me in a few hours. I was full of fear; to speak in a church was something formidable. What if I should fail? We were to be entertained at the home of the person who had obtained the use of the church—a Friend—but whose standing was such in the town that the trustees granted him the use of the building. Mr. Hallock did not know me, but supposed I was an experienced speaker. Mrs. Post charged me that on no account was I to tell them that I had never spoken, save for a few moments in some convention. She said they had no anxiety, and it would be foolish to giv them any cause to fear a failure. The bell rang for the services to commence, and, with trembling knees, I ascended the pulpit. I always had such command of my voice that my embarrassment was not observable if I could keep out of sight the trembling that possessed my physical frame. The meeting was pronounced a success. Mrs. Post and Mrs. Hallock sat with me in the pulpit; Mrs. Post opened the meeting with a short speech and then introduced me in quite a flattering manner. When riding home, after the lecture, Mr. Hallock said to Mrs. Post, "Does Lucy Colman always speak from a written manuscript?" Mrs. Post's answer was, "I never heard her when she used notes before this evening." "Well," said Mr. Hallock, "if she will throw aside her notes I will obtain the house in the other part of the town, and take her over there for another meeting. I don't like reading; I'm too much of a Friend." So the notes were carefully put aside, and the next meeting was an extempore speech. My indefatigable friend soon appointed the third meeting. This was in the town of Williamson, where lived a noted reformer, Griffith Cooper. He had been a naval officer, but had been converted to the doctrin of peace in some special outpouring of the spirit, and was a Friend, but left the organization for the same reason that Amy and Isaac Post had—because of proslavery in the order.

I had a professed friend in Rochester who, though a Friend and Abolitionist, always felt that he held a commission from God to attend to God's business in this world. He was eminently Christian, and kept all the commandments of the law (save paying his debts). He did not like my Infidelity. As soon as he heard that an appointment had been made for me through Griffith Cooper for a Sunday lecture, he made haste with his wife to visit Mr. Cooper, and told him he was afraid the speaker would be a great disappointment, as she was entirely new to the business, etc. This was very perplexing to Mr. Cooper, as he prided himself upon having introduced to that community very able speakers—as a specimen, Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, the accomplished Polish woman; but the meeting was well advertised, and must go on. When Mrs. Post and myself arrived, Mr. Cooper evinced much dislike for me, saying that his friend and wife from Rochester were already his guests, and had told him that we were imposing on them a person who was entirely green, and would no doubt disgrace the getters-up of the meeting. I was so chagrined that I refused his hospitality, as did my friend, and we sought a home, which was easily obtained, elsewhere. The church where I was to speak was a Union house, built by more than one body of Christians. The Reformed Presbyterians had at that time a settled minister by the name of Gregg. He occupied the pulpit in the morning, giving it to me for the afternoon. At another village a mile or more away, the Methodists were holding a protracted meeting, but gave up the hour of my appointment, and came in a body, five ministers, and seated themselvs directly in front of the pulpit, and, to their honor be it written, were very respectful to me and to the meeting.

Mr. Gregg opened the meeting; the house was crowded, and it was daylight, much more trying than evening for a young speaker. Mrs. Post always said (she was with me in the pulpit) she could hear my heart beat, so activly did it thump, but when I saw Mr. Cooper with his guest from Rochester (the wives did not venture to come to the church) looking as though a great catastrophe was about to happen, I lost all fear, and so conquered the timid getter-up of the meeting that at the close of the services he came to me, apologized for his inhospitable greeting, said he was proud of my success, and gave me a cordial invitation to his home, etc. I was already engaged by Mr. Gregg to go to Webster, some twelve miles, that evening, and speak for him at one of his regular appointments.

All these persons, save my constant friend, hav long since passed over the river of death, but I hav recorded this to show how much more to be dreaded and, if possible, avoided is a false friend than an open foe. Once engage in the dirty work of injuring one who does not believe in your creed, and the work grows apace, and, worse than all else, such persons come to really think they are doing God a service for which they shall merit and obtain a high seat in heaven.

In the autumn of that year Mrs. Post proposed that we should go to Michigan, and attend the annual convention of the Western Antislavery Society, and so find and plan work for the winter; and now commences my most arduous work for the slave.

The convention was held in a small town some fifteen or twenty miles west of Detroit, not at that time on the line of any railroad, so we were obliged to stay in that city over-night and find an early conveyance in the morning.

Mrs. Post, always fertil in resources, suggested that we hunt up some of the colored people of the city, quite a number of whom she had entertained at home; so we went into a barber's shop, where we found a good-looking, intelligent mulatto, who, learning our names and business, invited us to go to his house, where he said we would find his wife, who would be glad to entertain us as long as we desired to stay in Detroit, adding that Mrs. Bibb, the widow of the Rev. Henry Bibb, was a boarder in their family. I think Mr. Bibb deserves some little notice here, as he was a somewhat notable man, and the first colored man whom I ever heard speak from pulpit or platform. He made his escape from slavery, was retaken, and subjected to a punishment, for the awful crime of trying to be a freeman, that would shame a savage. An iron ring, stuck thick with sharp-pointed nails, was put about his neck and welded together. The ring was so small and close that the least turning of the head in any way would cause these points to bore into the flesh. Such was his equipment for day and night. The master was a Christian man, deacon of the Presbyterian church in the place.

The region of the South where Mr. Bibb was held as a slave was at this time greatly troubled by horse-thieves, and a company of them, visiting the town for the purpose of buying horses (as they said), came to see the deacon's stables. They were so shocked at the cruelty displayed that they immediately decided to buy the slave—the deacon agreeing to make the price low on account of the light color of his victim, which, as he said, made him less valuable.

The bargain was made; Bibb was taken to a blacksmith shop, and the iron collar cut from his neck, the horse-thieves taking good care in a few days to possess themselvs of horseflesh from this good Christian's stable, to cover the expense of their purchase. They were very kind to their man, but told him they could not afford to giv him his freedom without making something out of him, and that they would sell him to some one who would treat him well, compared to the treatment he had received from his former master, and that before they should sell him they would teach him to escape from slavery, and put himself beyond being retaken, all of which they did. Mr. Bibb became a reverend, and quite a successful business man, and died leaving some considerable property to his widow, a beautiful and accomplished woman.

To return to our journey, we found a more than comfortable home with our new acquaintances, Agnes and William Wallace. They were fugitivs of some ten years' standing, always fearing arrest. In the ten years Mr. Wallace had bought and paid for a pretty cottage on Congress street, and Mrs. Wallace had furnished it by the use of her needle. It was not only comfortable in the furnishing, but there were many elegancies that very few of the working people of that day felt able to supply themselvs with. Such people were slaves by the laws of many of the states, and the United States laws protected the states, and returned the fleeing bondman, and the church said, "Amen; 'tis according to scripture. Paul sent back Onesimus; why shall we dispute the law of God?" Mrs. Wallace proposed that we should come back to Detroit after the close of the convention to which we were going, and we agreed to do so. We found a conveyance to our meeting, arriving rather late in the afternoon. We were both of us strangers to most of the meeting. Henry C. Wright, an Eastern man, whom Mrs. Post had frequently entertained, was there, but he seemed hardly to notice us. He was talking of the angels, like a new convert to the church. He could think of nothing but Spiritualism. Mr. Wright did not trouble himself about us, not even sufficiently to introduce us, but at last a Mr. DeGarmo, who was a former resident of Rochester, discovered Mrs. Post, and soon found a home for us with his sister and husband, who were residents of the place. Here I found the Boston *Investigator*, as also the *Liberator*, Mr. Garrison's paper.

This family were ready to embrace Spiritualism when the proof should come to them; but I think it never came—never while I knew them. We had very earnest discussions concerning the subjects which the meeting was to entertain. Marius Robinson was present, from Ohio, a man almost ethereal in his make-up. He was one of the "Lane Seminary boys," studying under Dr. Beecher, who left that institution on account of the position its president held toward the antislavery cause.

Mr. Robinson gave up his anticipations of the pulpit, became an earnest worker for emancipation, and edited for some years the *Antislavery Bugle*, a very respectable paper published in Salem, Ohio, the organ of the Western society.

This man, whom to look upon, one would be impressed with his goodness, was set upon by a mob some few years before, while lecturing for the slave's cause, tarred and feathered, and left to die if not able to remove himself from the solitary place of his persecution. So long a time elapsed before his discovery and rescue that his death seemed imminent. He was very sick, for many months confined to his bed, and never recovered his wonted health. This man was not at all inclined to giv up this meeting to Spiritualism. He, with Mrs. Post and myself, loudly opposed the whole thing. This was the beginning of hostilities, so to speak, with the Spiritualists of Michigan and myself.

I was appointed by the Western society as their agent, and so advertised, but had to pay my own expenses and make my own salary. Not a very bright outlook for earning a living for the home in Rochester, but I had succeeded so well in three months that the American Antislavery Society, its headquarters in Boston, being informed that I had kept myself employed, paying my own way, sent me a commission to work for them, guaranteeing my expenses, and a small salary, at the same time charging me to use diligence (in all ways) to make my collections cover the expenses.

I had asked that society to employ me when I decided to go West, but my Rochester *friends* had sent them word that I would fail (I had more than one of that kind of friend there), and so had failed to get an appointment. It was a great satisfaction to be told by the general agent at the end of the year that my work had cost the society, in expenses, much less than any other one in the field. I did not tell him what was true, that when not able to find people sufficiently friendly to the cause to entertain me for the cause's sake, I never allowed myself the luxury of more than one meal a day, or a fire in my room, no matter though the thermometer marked many degrees below zero. If reformers were a little less like other people, and would put aside their jealousies and fears that some other one would be a little more popular than themselvs, and so not be guilty of suggesting that there might be improprieties in the conduct of such a one, the work for the world would be more easily done. But we are all as yet very imperfect, we shall learn by and by, let us hope.

LUCY N. COLMAN.

## From Florida.

FORT MYERS, FLA., Feb. 15, 1887.—It may interest some of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER to get a word from this far-off "summer-land." We arrived here from the "cold regions" some ten days since, and found June weather here, and it has continued quite uniformly ever since.

This place is the farthest south of any considerable settlement on the main-land of Florida. The inhabitants are mainly from the East and Northwest, there being but few nativs of Florida here, except the colored and the Seminoles, whose reservation is some distance inland, but some of whom often come to the white man's market with venison and other products of the chase or of their primitiv industries.

This climate is the finest you can conceive. There are clouds which relieve the monotony of a continuous "shine," but which never cast a pall of gloom; and there are constant breezes from the Gulf and ocean which render the almost vertical sun of June and July tolerable to bear, they say. At the latter month, I am told, their rainy season commences, which must, I should suppose, mix the heat and wet in somewhat uncomfortable proportions. This side of the Caloosahatchie is supposed to be below the frost line, yet last winter Jack Frost made a raid some distance below it, and his traces can be seen here now in the stumps and shortened limbs of the cocoanut, mango, and even guava-trees. This year he came quite down to the river, but did not cross at this point, where the river indeed is really an arm of the Gulf, or rather of Charlotte Harbor. This harbor is a beautiful sheet of water, interspersed with islands, but the shores are low, and the country low, and the soil sandy, but quite productiv. Henry George has hardly been heard of in this region, but everywhere people are complaining that the land is forestalled, that advancement is checked and, in many places, wholly suspended by the arbitrary refusal of large proprietors to sell at rates possible to be paid. It is but a brief period since nearly all the land in Florida was public land. Now little or no available land is open to entry under the homestead law. The management of the public lands in this state might be said to be exceptionally villainous only that it is merely different in detail from that in the other states and territories. Wherever the *bona fide* settler goes in search of land, he finds it in the hands of parties who hav anticipated his purpose and blocked his way, and such action is sanctioned by the laws of the state or general government. It seems to me this speaks poorly for a state control of the land, since in all modern states the land, origi-

nally owned by the state, has been quite generally given up to private commercial ownership. This, but for a circumstance hereafter explained, would be something astonishing, since, as a question of commerce, no profit can possibly arise from the purchase and sale of land. To place a price upon land adds nothing to its productivness or to the exchange of commerce, begets no supply, and creates no demand for any production of labor. It would, of course, operate as a bar to those who sought to apply their labor and had not means to purchase; that is all. For, whatever price is put upon the land originally, or subsequently added, in whatever speculativ appreciation, adds nothing to the general wealth, nor even to the wealth of the land-holders themselvs, taken as a whole, since control of the land of a country, such as will maintain a monopoly, can only be effected at a great loss to some, especially those who attempt to carry on speculations by the use of credit. Commercial transactions, taken as a whole, tend to equilibrium, *i.e.*, the profits, over and above appropriate remuneration of services, form an equation with losses. This cannot be otherwise. And why this proposition is ever thoughtlessly questioned is because we hav before us the immense fortunes which a few acquire through careful or fortunate improvement of the ebb and flow of the trade currents, while the losses, however well noted at the moment, at once disappear, leaving not even a wreck behind.

That this same principle holds true in regard to traffic in land no one familiar with real estate operations will question. In any matter of gaming, there must be as many gains as losses, and as great amounts of one as of the other. I know, for instance, a family in southern Ohio, whose ancestor took up a considerable tract of land when it was the "Northwest Territory." They hav been selling land ever since, but seldom bought any, except under foreclosure. They hav now—the fourth generation—more land, at least in pecuniary value, than ever before, and are largely wealthy in improvements, buildings, and also in shares and bonds. All these values, however, so far as they hav been derived from the trade in land, hav been obtained from the losses of those who hav attempted to obtain homes, or carry lands on speculation, but whose selling has been in the main compulsory, and so at a loss, and which the successful holder has been thus, and only thus, enabled to add to his stock. One family has made profits; a thousand, losses.

As an illustration of this, and of the folly of efforts at curing the land evil by taxing away its profits, when there were really none to tax, I will state that in one of the counties north of this, I noticed an advertisment of two hundred and eighty-five farms and lots to be sold for taxes. Doubtlesss some of these were taxes neglected by oversight, and due from non-residents who were able to pay; but a large proportion of those are due by persons "declining the business" of dealing in lands, because compelled to do so from economic causes. Where land is able to be rented, either with or without improvements, there seems to be an increment to the credit or profit side, to be sure, but it must be remembered that this is largely balanced by the interest paid upon land credits, and that what is not thus balanced is really a time purchase, an instalment, as it were, of the purchase price, and represents very closely, if not identically, the interest upon such price, and can but show that, as in all other games of chance, losses form an equation with gains, however they may be shared.

The deduction seems plain, then, that the body of the people hav no interest in land traffic, more than in any other system of gaming, and that it is a grave mistake to giv it the sanction of public law.

On our way to Florida we stopped at Washington, and "did" some of the public shows. We attended the woman's meetings, both Suffrage and Temperance. We listened with a good deal of interest to Mrs. Neymann, Mrs. Colby, Mrs. Wallace (mother of Gen. Wallace), Miss Frances E. Willard, Mrs. Whitehall Smith, and, last but not least, Mrs. Isabella Beecher-Hooker. The movement in both directions has evidently not only come to stay, but to make a home for itself. It seems quite probable, as you hav pointed out, that the woman's ballot may not only help on the prohibition movement, but also the God-in-the-Constitution craze; but although I hav heretofore shared this fear, I now think that the God which they will help put into the Constitution will not be the mere masculin Jehovah of the Jews, but rather the Elohim of Genesis, embracing "Mother Nature" as well as "Father Spirit."

The hierarchy of the eclesiastical institutions, no doubt, perceive that the enfranchisment of the woman means the abdication of their supremacy, and so consistently oppose it. Woman's subjection in the church is assured so long as inferiority in rights is maintained in the state. The real priest is constitutionally opposed to her civil emancipation. Many ministers, however, whose noble manhood underlies their theological conceptions, join heartily in the movement, indifferent to consequences. Doubtless in the minds of some there is a purpose, also consistent with the priestly *rôle*, to turn it to religious account by guiding a movement which can be no longer directly resisted. But whoever has listened to Miss Willard, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Wallace, or Mrs. Hooker, will become satisfied that the enfranchisment of woman, in civil and secular affairs, will necessarily lead to her supremacy in the church, where she far outranks the other sex in number and in zeal.

Of course, this will not be attained without a terrific struggle with the male supremacy which now dominates the ruling sects. The Catholic church has already a woman among its immaculately conceived divinities, a "mother of God," and numerous dead women elevated as saints; but its entire living hierarchy is composed of men, celibates at that, who are divorced as far as possible from human ties, and direct relation to posterity. Now, the woman's movement is especially a human one, and the religion to which it leads is one in which humanity will no longer be sacrificed to the theological idea; but the theological conception will prevail which is best calculated to lift and ennoble humanity. The fact that all the leading minds in this movement are taking a deep interest in the labor and economical reforms is proof of this position. Not only are the ladies who are conspicuous for their religious fervor earnest investigators of the labor question, but the more Liberal and even skeptical of them are evincing the same interest.

While, therefore, I attach little importance to the ballot in the hands of man or woman, as anything more than an educational experiment, and am unable to understand how a truth or natural law can be determined by "a show of hands," I am deeply interested in this rebellion of woman, more for what it promises to lead to than for what it distinctly proposes. J. K. I.

## The Jewish and Christian Fiddle.

To F. W. Beardsley, *Dear Sir:* Your letter dated Birmingham, Connecticut, February 16th, came to hand via the editor of The Truth Seeker.

I receive a great many letters; some from men who are not honest—they do not mean what they say; they are hypocrits, wolves in sheep's clothing; they claim to be what they are not; they pretend to be Liberals, when I know they are working in the interest of the church. I take such men and shake 'em up, then giv them an airing, then roll them under my foot, and then sit down on them—sometimes hard. But you seem to be an honest inquirer, and, as such, are entitled to due consideration.

As to your first question, "Where does John Peck get his authority in reference to the crucified savior Christna? I hav seen the name spelled Crishna and Krishna, but I never saw it spelled Christna. The name is pronounced Kreeshnah."

The authority in regard to the Hindoo savior Crishna will be found in "The History of the Christian Religion," by Charles B. Waite, and in "Sixteen Crucified Saviors," by Kersey Graves, in Taylor's "Syntagma," and in a number of other works.

These works can all be obtained at The Truth Seeker office, and I commend them to your notice. Perhaps they may reveal things to you which you never thought of before.

In regard to the second question, "Where, in the Bible, does it say that death ends all, or something similar?" I hav to say that I am not aware that I ever made the statement that the sentence "death ends all" could be found in the Bible.

But the sense of the sentence can be found in the Bible, if not the sentence: "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more. . . . And thou shalt seek me in the morning, but I shall not be" (Job vii, 9, 21).

"But man dieth and wasteth away, yea, he giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the water faileth from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up, so man lieth down and riseth not till the heavens be no more; they shall not awake nor be raised out of their sleep" (Job xiv, 10, 13).

"The wicked shall not be." "The wicked shall perish, . . . and be as the fat of lambs; they shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away" (Psalm xxxvii, 10, 20).

"For that which befalleth man befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they hav all one breath, so that man hath no preëminence over the beast, for all is vanity. All go unto one place, all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?" (Eccl. iii, 19, 20, 21.)

There are many other passages of the same import, but I hav not the time to look them up. I hav given you sufficient to show you that any doctrin can be proved by the Bible. It has been said that the Bible is like an old fiddle—any tune can be played on it. The violin has been pronounced the king of instruments because it affords the greatest variety of sounds. But the number is scarcely greater than the different doctrins which can be established by the Bible.

It teaches love and hatred, war and peace. It encourages the use of wine and strong drink, and forbids it. It teaches honesty, and recommends the selling of tainted meat. It teaches the love of parents and the hatred of parents; the love of children and the hatred of children, even the eating of them. It teaches monogamy and polygamy. It commands virtue and then consigns young virgins to the lustful embrace of a brutalized soldiery. In brief, there is no end to the absurdities, abominations, and contradictions of the Bible.

Read it for yourself, with your eyes open! You will find it one of the most convincing Freethought documents which has ever been published. Hoping this may prove satisfactory, I am,

Respectfully yours, John Peck.

## Why Am I Not a Christian?

REPLY NO. II. TO THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Gentlemen: After reading your card asking why I am not a Christian, I sent it to the Rev. J. E. Richards, who once sued me for expressing my honest opinion as to his religious belief. And let us hope that it will do him much good. Christ was put to death for having expressed his honest opinions, and I was sued for having expressed my honest opinions. When I look back at the record of professed Christians and see how bad they hav been, it almost makes me shudder to look at a church.

According to Lord's "Modern History," a work used in our public schools, the Catholic church used to sell indulgences—that is, the right to commit sin. And its business agent said: "There is no sin so great that the indulgence cannot remit it. Even repentance is not necessary; indulgences save not the living only, they save the dead." "The very moment that the money clinks against the bottom of this chest, the soul escapes from purgatory and flies to heaven."

Now, gentlemen, as bad as the Catholics were and their religion is, it is better than your religion. They pray for the dead; you do not. They are willing to giv a man a chance in the next world by praying his soul out of purgatory; but if your mother is in hell you let her alone. You profess to believe in prayer, but you will neither pray for her release nor pay a minister to ask God to let her out. You say that Christ cast out devils; but he did not cast them back into hell—he was willing that they should remain out where they could get a little fresh air. Don't you think that your mothers, if in hell, ought to hav a little fresh air sometimes? Christ was so good that he never hurt anyone, not even the devil, when he had a chance. He is said to hav forgiven a thief and a band of unbelieving murderers who took his life for the reason that they did not believe him to be the son of God. And yet, you insult the memory of Christ by supposing that he who was willing to forgiv unbelieving murderers will damn or has damned your unbelieving good mothers. And you want to know why I am not a Christian?

The church always has run everything, and to-day it tries to run our public schools. It has more cheek than honesty, and no respect for the rights of others. Let me giv my views on the Bible-in-school question, which were published in the *Evening Journal:*

THE BIBLE IN SCHOOL.

Sir: I see by the *Journal* that "Mt. Clemens has been agitating itself over the Bible-in-the-public-schools question, and the teachers hav lent their aid to continue the unsettled state of affairs by requiring the pupils to vote upon the subject. The returns showed 441 in favor of reading the book; 36 against it, and several who didn't care anything about it."

Now, it is evident from the above article, taken from the *Journal*, that the teachers hav influenced those children how to vote, and if so, they hav shown themselvs unfit for the positions which they occupy. In school they should attend strictly to the things in this world, and let the clergy, church, and Sunday-schools do the looking after the things in the next world. Protestants would object to the Catholic Bible, and the Catholics object to the Protestant Bible, and others object to the running a school in the interest of any sectarian church or religion.

All religions and all Bibles are sectarian, and the law has settled the question of sectarianism, and settled it fairly and squarely, by saying, "The legislature shall make no laws to compel any person to pay tithes, taxes, or other rates for the support of any minister of the gospel or teacher of religion" (Article 4, section 29, of the constitution of the state of Michigan). Now, when a teacher reads a religious lesson, he is a teacher of religion, and if he reads it in school, he is a violator of the law, for the law says that he shall not do it.

And we find these words on page 17 of the General School Laws for 1885: "No school district shall apply any of the moneys received by it from the primary school interest fund, or from any and all other sources, for the support and maintenance of any school of a sectarian character."

Now, the Catholic, the Protestant, and all Bibles and religions are sectarian, and the overriding of the constitutional rights of the tax-payer caused a most scandalous law-suit at St. Johns, another law-suit at Lowell, and it has been a bone of contention at many places for years. In place of discord, there should be harmony in the school district, and if the teacher, in place of a religious lesson, would giv a temperance lesson and point out and explain the effect of alcohol on the human stomach, it would be better for the school, and no one justly could find fault with such a course.

*St. Johns, Mich.*, Jan. 7, 1887. M. Babcock.

Gentlemen, you should hav a better opinion of Christ than to believe that he would cast out a lot of devils and then send them to drive a drove of hogs to water, where the devils could get a drink, and then believe that he will cast your unbelieving good mothers into hell, where they will hav to try to do without water forever and ever. M. Babcock.

# The American Secular Union.

COURTLANDT PALMER, President.
SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary, - - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas. E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com.
E. A. STEVENS, Chair. Fin. Com., - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.

## News and Notes.

The Chess brothers, Garden City, Kansas, are a couple of Michigan boys, full of the pioneer spirit and enthusiasm for humanity. It was they who began the campaign in this frontier town, which, in two years, can boast of the graces of an Eastern city, so rapid has been its advancement in wealth and prosperity. Our friends did not know but they would be alone in the battle, but they soon, on carefnl inquiry, discovered a large and influential number of Liberal minded men and women who were interested in the expression of Freethought, so that the Opera House was secured for the occasion, and it was nearly filled with one of the most appreciativ audiences I hav addressed.

Mr. H. C. St. John, a leading lawyer of the place, a son of ex-Governor St. John, is a thorough-going Liberal, keen and clear as a northern breeze. He has his father's reformatory ability, but not any of his orthodoxy. I enjoyed the hospitality of himself and wife, and brother, Mr. J. P. St. John and wife, and I was delighted with the company of such genial and progressiv minds, who see the bright and intellectual side of life, and take the world at its best.

Another stanch Liberal is G. A. Kimball, who, in the Western phrase, has the "sand;" who puts his colors out with great determination and stands by them no matter what the consequence. It was his slendid generosity, with that of the Chess brothers, that made the success of our work here so brilliant and promising.

Dr. Frank Cartwright, Mrs. Wilma E. Cartwright aud his wife, Dr. Dodd Cartwright, J. A. Garver, Grant Stanley, Charles McGill, Albert Rigrish, A. S. Parsons, Fred Finnup, Wm. Inge, Wm. Householder, D. R. Widmer, and others of these pioneer ranks display the courage and frankness of thought which is so inspiring in these Western communities.

I had a much larger audience on the second evening than on the first, and I look for a live society here. Garden City is a kind of miraculous evidence of abounding Western pluck and audacity. Lots hav gone up from $40 to $3,000 in two years, and some pretty big fortunes hav been made, and still the wheel goes rolling on, and a bigger jump than ever is expected in the spring. Western Kansas seems to be the Eldorado of the tide of emigration this year. The prairie schooners by the thousand are floating on, and many of them will ride at anchor on these beautiful plains.

My Freethought friend, Morris Collar, of Dodge City, who is one of the leading citizens of that place, and has a most elegant residence on the outskirts, has laid out an addition to that growing city, and named its avenues Voltaire, Paine, Bruno, and Bennett; so hereafter, as we drive our teams along this dashing metropolis, we shall greet the Freethought signals. Only think of the luxury of driving 2:40 down Voltaire avenue, or racing nip and tuck on the Bruno boulevard, or beating the wind on the Bennett road with the clattering hoof, or riding through Paine street in a coach and six. Happy times are coming, and I thank friend Collar for his delightful suggestions. Our very highways shall proclaim the glories of human endeavor, and, in the midst of sublime memories, we'll "jump into the wagon, and all take a ride."

However, I had to wait two hours to take my ride on Thursday evening, when I bade good-bye to Garden City, with pleasant anticipations of another visit. The train was nearly two hours behind time, and I missed the train at Pueblo, and was obliged to lay over for several hours ere I could pursue my way to Denver, where I arrived at and about midnight. I tumbled to sleep as soon as I possibly could. Saturday morning dawned gloriously, although I did not catch much of a glimpse of it until about noon. What a joy it was to look upon the mighty and snow-capped peaks towering into the sparkling azure, and girt with brilliant cloud draperies, as if they had just come out of nature's most fashionable millinery, and were bent on dazzling the eye of every beholder. I like the Colorado mountains—queenly and beautiful, coquetting with the sky as they lift up their jeweled heads, and winning brightest smiles from heaven with myriad colors and wondrous, fantastic forms of beauty.

I met for a few minutes my Liberal friends, Thos. J. Truss and John G. Jenkins, and, as I found I could not fulfil my California engagements if I remained over March 13th, I was generously permitted by my Denver comrades to forego my engagement for the second Sunday in order that I might reach the Pacific coast in time. I find that San Diego is four day's ride from Denver, and here I am now over two thousand miles west of New York. Would that I had the seven-leagued boots, but I must be satisfied with the iron horse. I hope, however, for better things, and that we can harness a hurricane and go at the rate of a hundred miles an hour instead of twenty-five. Saturday afternoon in the golden, glorious sunshine alongside the splendid lofty walls of the mountains I speed to Greeley, and soon I find myself by the genial fireside of Captain Wadlia, where I feel perfectly at home, so Liberal and cordial is all the atmosphere about. In spite of many difficulties our Greeley allies keep the flag on high, floating to every breeze of heaven. Captain Wadlia has been stirring up things quite lively with several able articles in the Greeley *Sun* on "Church Taxation," "The Cost of Religion," etc., and there has been a newspaper battle in which the clergymen of the place hav participated, and as truth has had a fair showing, and our captain knew how to handle it, it has done some pretty effectiv work in the way of facts and figures as well as arguments.

Eular C. Stillwell is the secretary of the Union here, and knows no such word as fail. On Saturday evening there was a social meeting at her house, and we had a very pleasant time, with music, short speeches, etc. Mr. Hoagland, the Unitarian minister, joined our company with affable spirit, although not exactly on our platform yet. But in answer to my address on the Nine Demands he gave a very sensible and fair-minded discourse, and struck the keynote of the unity of Liberalism. J. W. Leighton, our earnest, Liberal worker, who was the first one to break ground in Greeley for the work of our Union, also gave a rattling speech, and also my namesake, L. L. Putnam. He has a good name, and so, of course, I think he is a good fellow, and I was glad to hav the family honor so well sustained as it was by his remarks. This Saturday night meeting was a pleasant success indeed, and made way for a full house on Sunday evening, the largest audience that has yet been present at a Freethought lecture.

Sunday morning I went to hear Mr. Hoagland. He is a thoughtful man and has fine literary ability, and it was an intellectual treat to listen to his discourse, based on transcendental philosophy, concerning the gentleness and goodness of God as a father to all. I also remained in the "Bible class," where John Fiske's latest book and Evolution were pretty thoroughly discussed, with radical differences of opinion, but with the utmost generosity of spirit. This Unitarian church, with its somewhat broad platform, an intelligent society, and a progressiv minister, is doing good work for Liberal sentiment, but a work that can by no means take the place of our deeper and more advanced labor for human liberty. The success of a Liberal Unitarian Society only renders more imperativ the organization of Secular Societies in order that the best may be attained.

Sunday evening I lectured on "The New God," which seemed to suit the cultivated men, whom I addressed, except one man, who, when I was about a quarter through, muttered, "I can't stand that," and forthwith strode out as if he thought the very lightnings of God were after him. I guess, however, he got a nervous shock that will giv him a little mental illumination.

They are having quite a revival at the Baptist church. A young man is here who talks quite vigorously, especially in regard to hell-fire and the awfulness of Infidelity. In fact, he is so vigorous that he insulted with his remarks a class of young ladies in the Sunday-school last Sabbath, and with one accord they all arose and left. The remark he made I would not publish in "News and Notes," nor some other things he has said. I went to his prayer-meeting yesterday, Monday afternoon. Dear me, what a mental displeasure it was to listen to those reverberations of superstition! In the evening I took in the regular revival services. His sermon was the most picturesque bosh I ever endured. It reminded me of THE TRUTH SEEKER'S suggestiv illustrations. He spoke quite familiarly of the evening devotions in the ark, of "Mr. and Mrs. Noah," as if he were there on that occasion. "Mrs. Noah!"—that struck me like a blizzard. I suppose this young gentleman must hav received her card. He spoke of "Mr. Noah's" devotions—why did he not say something about "Mr. Noah's" spree when Mr. Noah found himself safe on dry land. I am sure it would hav added piquancy to his discourse. He spoke of little, insignificant Zaccheus "setting" on a tree, and "sidling" down to the feet of Jesus. I wonder if thus this theological gosling was hatched. Good luck to him! I believe he is doing more damage to Christianity than I can do.

I hav had quite a varied amount of entertainment and amusement since I hav been in Greeley. I feel as if I had almost circumnavigated the universe.

I hav enjoyed, along with my visit with Captain and Mrs. Wadlia, the hospitality of Mr. Fred. Smith and his wife. Mr. Smith has one of the finest libraries in the state, and it is a pleasure to meet with one so well informed and who has so thoroughly mastered the scientific position and recognizes the true relations of mind and matter. Captain Boyd also is one of the best thinkers I hav met. He has traversed the whole circle of human thought from Plato to Kant and Spencer, and understands the logic of science and accepts its results.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Hoggarty are also advanced Liberals, who out of orthodoxy hav come to the front in the noble domain of Freethought, and I spent a happy evening in their home, from whence the black wings of superstition hav fled, and where Reason's torch is bright.

J. W. Cairns, Dr. A. L. Camp, Major Williams, Max Clark, F. B. Pollock, J. E. Billings, John Levy, Joseph Morse, A. D. Moody, Samuel Graham, Dr. Welch, L. W. Hooper, I. J. Stevens, Henry Currier, Jas. Tuckerman, and others, are among those who hold the fort in these mountain fastnesses.

I was pleased to meet Mr. York and Miss Campbell—good allies who made my way so agreeable last year at Forks Creek, with the Smith brothers, who are so ready to lend a hand for Liberalism.

Since I was here last fall, Charles Berry, the nephew of Captain Wadlia, has died. He was, at the time I met him, unwell, but cheery and enthusiastic for Freethought. He knew that he could not recover, and he went home East to his father's to die. He suffered greatly, but in the midst of all he was bright and heroic, and found his consolation in humanity itself and the beautiful thoughts of science. He met death with noble patience and without fear, and so we place the dear flower of memory over the grave of our departed comrade, whose bright companionship I shall always remember.

So I go on with courage to new fields—to Longmont, Boulder City, Denver, etc. I hope to be with friends at Prescott, Arizona, March 13th; then I hasten to National City and San Diego, Cal., March 16th, 17th, and 18th; Los Angeles, March 20th and 27th; Santa Ana, March 21st, 22d, and 23d; Norwalk, March 24th and 25th; Tulare City, March 29th and 30th; Visalia, March 31st, April 1st; San Francisco and Oakland, April 3d and 10th; San José, April 17th and 24th; Sonoma, Stockton, Sacramento, and other places in California until June 1st; Oregon in June; Washington territory, July; as heretofore noted. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*Greeley, Col.*, Mar. 1, 1887.

## The Liberal Club.

The 438th regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club was held on the evening of Friday, the 4th. Mr. Wakeman presided, and Judge Jay Groo was the speaker of the evening. The badge-pin man sat by the secretary's table, and scooped in the proceedings. He noticed that the admission fee of five cents was dodged by a young man from Philadelphia, who was present for the first time, and whom Treasurer Morris gazed after more in sorrow than in anger.

Judge Groo opened his lecture with some light irrelevant talk, and baited his audience for a few minutes with chestnuts in order that they might the more readily follow him. He was not, he said, a lecturer, as the word is understood. He always talked for nothing, and paid his own expenses. This method had not proved a financial success. The lecturer had noted that despite all the work done for temperance, people continue to drink. Efforts in behalf of abstinence hav not had the desired effect. He proposed to show the extent of the evil, the causes of it, and the remedy.

The extent of the evil is this, that eight hundred millions of dollars are spent annually for liquor. Add to this the cost of the material of which liquor is manufactured, the costs of arrests for drunkenness, the asylums, the pauper-houses, charities, and loss of wages caused by drink, and we would in one year hav a sum greater than the national debt, all of which could be saved by prohibiting the sale of liquor. Six hundred thousand persons die annually from the effects of drink. Side by side, they would make a row of graves thirty-four miles long. This is 165 men per day—seven per hour. Seven men, the judge estimated, would die from the effects of drunkenness before his address was ended. If the tolling bells could be heard for each one, the ringing would be nearly continuous. If these victims of drink were to form in line and march, one man going by per minute, it would take forty-one days and forty-one nights for the procession to pass a given point.

The cause of drunkenness, the speaker maintained, was taking intoxicating liquor into the stomach. The jurisprudence of the country is responsible, because it licenses saloons. Liquor-drinking is on the increase. More is drank now than twenty-five years ago. Moral suasion and the Christian religion hav failed to produce the fullest results. Prohibition laws should be passed and enforced. The speaker closed with a reference to one Moses, and the phenomena he witnessed on the mountain, and said that there wasn't much hope for this country until its temperance laws agreed with the laws of God on the same subject.

Mr. Rosenbourgh was the first critic. He had lived in New York fifty years, and had sold liquor. These temperance lecturers all told the same stories. He had heard them first forty years ago. Mr. Rosenbourgh didn't know about that fellow Moses, but he guessed he took liquor when he could get it. Christ was a distiller, and made wine. This speaker favored high license. Proper education in the effects

of over-stimulation would do more than anything else to eradicate the liquor habit.

Mr. Nichols said the favorit beverages in New England were applejack and Medford rum, and very good drinks they were, too. The controling races of the world, past and present, hav been and are users of alcoholic liquors. The finest specimens of physical manhood come from regions where drinking is practiced to the greatest extent; for instance, the blue-grass regions of Kentucky, and the lowlands of Scotland. Liquor is a necessity. Mr. Nichols believed in no license and no prohibition. There should be no restriction on the sale of so desirable and necessary an article as rum.

Mrs. Leonard took a teaspoonful of stimulant after her meals. Her grandfather drank whisky with regularity up to the advanced age of 101.

Mr. Brophy once believed in free rum, but was now a Prohibitionist.

Lawyer Chamberlain said there was a class of retailers of superstition called ministers, who dealt out a mental poison as deleterious to the mind as liquor is to the body, and these are the men back of the prohibition movement. Mr. Chamberlain saw no way of restricting the sale of liquor consistent with liberty, and would therefore favor what was called "free rum;" that is, no license and no prohibition.

Dr. Foote, Jr., believed liquor to be an unmitigated evil. He was an advocate of individual prohibition. If people were given a chance to be wicked, and still remained good, it showed a higher state of civilization than that in which they wanted to be wicked and couldn't. Take away liquor as a stimulant, and the user will generally resort to something as bad. Some teetotalers lived totally on tea. (It was several minutes before this pun dawned fully upon the audience. Then a German gentleman sitting in front thumped the floor violently with his umbrella.) Adulterated liquor, the speaker maintained, was as good as any. The worst thing in any liquor was the alcohol, and the more water added to it, the better. Drunkards generally come upon the state for support ultimately, and the legislature should get up a scheme for making liquor cost the drinker enough so that every time he indulged he would be laying up something to pay his expenses on the road to ruin.

Judge Groo remarked in closing that the critics did not seem to agree in their opposition to him. The atmosphere of the Liberal Club was different from any to which he had hitherto been accustomed, but he rather enjoyed it. In reference to the wine made by the savior, he said he would not object to Mr. Rosenbourgh manufacturing all the wine he could from cold water.

So the meeting closed. The liquor problem was not settled.

At the next meeting Mrs. Hinton will discuss the question, "What is Socialism?"

## The Number of the Beast.

The beast with seven heads and ten horns, described by John the Revelator, has been the subject of a vast amount of useless study by religious dupes. Some hav believed that the number of the beast indicated the year 666 of the Christian era. Others, with more rational notions, having ascertained that the Apocalypse was probably written about A D. 68 or 69, just after the death of Nero, hav professed to find the number of the beast in the name Nero Cæsar, spelt with Hebrew letters; giving to each letter its numerical value, the product is said to be 666.

Numerous other similar solutions hav been put forth, and now comes a new one by the Rev. M. Baxter, an Advent preacher. He has issued a little pamphlet from the office of the *Christian Herald*, Bible House, New York, entitled, "The Great Crisis." In this he tells us that "Antichrist will be a Napoleon;" that the name Napoleon is derived from the Greek *Apollyon*, that is, from the Greek aorist, *Apoleon*, and that taking the Greek word, *Napoleonti*, and giving to each letter its numerical value, it foots up 666. Therefore "Antichrist must be a representativ of the Napoleon dynasty." But where is the coming "Man of Sin" to be found? Prince Louis Napoleon, though he had the number 666 contained in his name, says Mr. Baxter, was lacking in the characteristic of being "a king of fierce countenance," etc., and furthermore, the prince got killed in 1879. But the prophetic successor now exists, says Mr. Baxter, in the person of Prince Paul Jerome Bonaparte, who was born in 1823. His face is the very image of the first Napoleon, and the fatal number, 666, is discovered in the Greek nominativ for P. Jerome Napoleon; and not only in the Greek, but the Hebrew letters of that name, to wit: Pe, 80; Gimel, 3; Resh, 200; Aleph, 1; Mem, 40; Beth, 2; Aleph, 1; Nun, 50; Pe, 80; Resh, 200; Teth, 9; total, 666. The Hebrew alphabet, being practically devoid of vowels, the name as spelt out by Mr. Baxter is P. Grom Bonprt. He does not explain why he contracts Paul to P, nor why he ends Jerome's name in Greek with an *e*, making it Jeromee. But the omission of that *e* would hav made the number too small by five, and the addition of *aul* to the first initial, *P*, would hav made the number 431 too many. In expounding prophecies, you must always fit the fulfilment to the prediction, even if you hav to pervert both.

And now for the edification of all Adventists, as well as other cranks, whether Christians or skeptics, the "Man of Sin" who writes for THE TRUTH SEEKER will submit a solution of the problem of the number of the beast which is entitled to grave consideration from its antiquity. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has translated what he calls the Second Toldoth Jeshu, a Hebrew document brought to light in 1705 by Huldrich. It givs a full account of the life and death of Jesus, the son of Miriam (Mary), by Joseph Pandira. An uncle of Jesus, named Simon Ben Kalphus (answering to Simon Kepha, of the first Toldoth Jeshu), having procured the incommunicable name (Shem Hamphoras), wrought signs and wonders just as Jesus had done. Having by this means become a leader of the sect, he sat on a tower and wrote commandments. The narrativ then proceeds:

> And Simon composed for the deception of the people of Ai lying books, and he called them "Avonkelajon" (Evangelium). . . . He also wrote books in the name of the disciples of Jeshu, and especially in that of Johannes (John), and said that Jeshu had given them these.
>
> But with special purpose he composed the Book of Johannes (the Apocalypse), for the men of Ai thought it contained mysteries, whereas it contained pure invention. For instance, he wrote in the Book of Johannes that Johannes saw a beast with seven heads and seven (ten) horns and seven crowns, and the name of the beast was blasphemy, and the number of the beast was 666. Now the seven heads mean the seven letters which compose the words, "Jeshu of Nazareth" And in like manner the number 666 is that which is the sum of the letters composing his name.

Mr. Baring-Gould has not given the seven Hebrew letters answering to "Jesus of Nazareth," but the "Man of Sin" has ascertained them. Their English equivalent is Jshu Natzr, and the names and numerical values of the Hebrew letters are, Yod, 10; Shin, 300; Vau, 6; Nun, 50; Yod, 10; Tsaddi, 90; Resh, 200; total, 666.

The authenticity or great antiquity of this document we will not pretend to vouch for, but it is perhaps about as truthful as any of the rest concerning Christ and Christianity, and it purports to hav been written by Rabbi Jochanan, son of Saccai, in Jerusalem (see Rev. of Ant., pp. 394–413).

Mr. Baxter announces that Christ is coming about the year 1900, or a little sooner, and is sure that within thirteen years all of us will be either in heaven or hell.

ANTICHRIST.

## A Decided and Sound Opinion.

*From the New York Tribune.*

The punishment of two years' imprisonment and a fine of $500 for selling a copy of Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques" and a copy of the "Heptameron," inflicted on a New Jersey bookseller, has no relation to either justice or equity. In the first place, it was preposterous to class these books with the kind of literature intended to be prohibited by the law, and the charge smells loudly of gross ignorance or malignity. It was not to lay base traps for booksellers that Anthony Comstock was commissioned, and such work as this can only bring his office into disrepute. It is difficult to know what to think of the jury that convicted in such a case and the judge who passed such a sentence upon such a conviction, but there need be no difficulty in reaching the conclusion that the cause of public morals is injured, not supported, by such flagrant abuse of the law. It is, however, to be hoped that this really monstrous case of tyranny and injustice will decide the New York legislature to pass the bill now before it making it a penal offense to entice anyone into committing a breach of the law for the purpose of procuring evidence on which to prosecute.

SENATOR MURPHY'S BILL.

"A person who commits or participates in any act which would make him an accessory of the crime if the act committed were a felony, is a principal and may be indicted and punished as such, and any person who without specific written authority from the district-attorney of the county in which the crime is committed or attempted, entices, solicits, induces, or aids another to commit such crime, is a principal, and may be punished as such."

## The Marriage of Catholics on the Pacific Coast.

*From the California Spirit of the Times.*

DEARLY BELOVED: Appointed by the Vicar of Christ, as we are, to watch over your spiritual welfare—nay, placed by the Holy Ghost, though most unworthy on our part, to govern you in religious matters, having, moreover, to giv an account of your souls to the divine judge—we are constrained by a sense of duty and responsibility to address you some words of admonition. For, although we are aware that many among you are dutiful children of the church, and delight in revering and obeying its holy laws, there are others (but we trust they are few) who imagin that the church is too rigid, and that they are at liberty to dispense themselvs from its rules—to obey or disobey. But the church, like Christ, is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; it is the same here as in other parts of the world; its sacred laws, enacted under the guidance of the divine spirit, are as binding here as in any other place.

Therefore we deprecate the haste of those who, when about to marry, will not giv timely notice to their pastors, nor wait for due publication of the bans; we heartily deplore the bad dispositions of those who, under the guilt of mortal sin, receive the holy sacrament of matrimony without any religious preparation; and we sincerely regret the negligence of those who fail to obtain for themselvs the treasure of the nuptial benediction as a pledge of the favor and protection of heaven. But, above all, we condemn, as fraught with the most disastrous consequences, the rashness of those who recklessly make matrimonial engagements without carefully examining whether in the persons of their choice are found the qualities required in good husbands or wives. Now, among the qualities which a Catholic should seek in a companion before matrimonial engagement, and, in fact, before beginning or contemplating any mutual affection, is the incomparable treasure of the Catholic faith. Hence, the church abhors, and has ever abhorred, mixed marriages. She does not allow them to be celebrated inside of her temples, nor with her sacred vestments, nor with the imparting of any blessing. And this attitude, and these laws of the church, are founded on very obvious reasons. For, leaving aside those happy instances in which the non-Catholic party respects in the Catholic the right of the free exercise of religion and of the Catholic education of the offspring, and treating the question on its own merits, it is evident, in the first place, that the faith of the Catholic is naturally liable to be weakened, if not seriously injured, by the absence of all faith, or a different belief, in the other party. In the second place, the want of the Catholic example, and frequently the actual non-Catholic and sometimes anti-Catholic exertions of one parent must naturally or necessarily damp, materially injure, or wholly paralyze the faith of the offspring. It also often happens that before the children are sufficiently old to understand and practice their religion the Catholic parent is carried away by death; and in this case it cannot reasonably be expected that the surviving parent who does not value the Catholic faith for himself, will take much interest at all in securing it to the children. Would to heaven that said experience did not corroborate these reasons, and that we were never called on to mourn over the deplorable results which we hav pointed out.

Hence, every Catholic young man and young woman should calmly and seriously reflect on this before entertaining the thought of even the possibility of an engagement, and should also take counsel, in due time, of parents and respectiv pastors. Instead of doing so, there are some Catholics who, despising the authority of the church of Jesus Christ, and almost abjuring their faith, apply for the celebration of their marriage to a civil officer or Protestant minister, not only exposing themselvs thereby to make a contract which has no force before God and consequently does not prevent their intercourse from being a "horrible concubinage," but also committing really a sin or sacrilege—partaking of the enormity of a sacrilegious communion received at the hands of a minister or a magistrate. This language may appear strong, but we fear it is scarcely strong enough to awaken the indifferent Catholic to a sense of his duty—the only object we hav in view.

We therefore ordain: First, that the pastor, unless authorized by the ordinary, shall not assist at the marriage of those who will not hav applied to him at least three days previous to their marriage; second, that none can be married without having furnished due vouchers for their freedom, and, when both parties are Catholics, without the due publication of the bans; third, that in no case whatever can a Catholic be married by any other person than a priest without subjecting himself to excommunication; fourth, that when the parties are entitled to the nuptial benediction the pastors shall see that the special mass for that benediction shall accompany or follow the celebration of the marriage; fifth, that as the holy see teaches, there must be a grave cause for a dispensation for a mixed marriage, and that the usual promises must be made, otherwise it would be a grievous sin to contract.

Finally, we direct that this circular be read from the altar at high or low mass and vespers on the first Sunday of Advent every year in all the churches of the province.

Yours, sincerely, in Christ,

PATRICK W. RIORDAN, Archbishop of San Francisco.
FRANCES, Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles.
PATRICK, Bishop of Grass Valley.

*From the Roman Catholic Monitor.*

The laws of the Catholic church concern Catholics alone—and no one else. All Catholics are bound to believe, with St. Paul, that "marriage is a great sacrament," whilst a vast multitude of those outside the church may look upon marriage as merely a temporary union of two people to last just as long as it suits the taste and convenience of either party to stay out of the divorce court. Non-Catholics, therefore, marry, remarry, and intermarry, as often as they meet with any person foolish enough to go into a limited partnership with them—but no Catholic can thus transgress the law of God and the church without being guilty of mortal sins which bring eternal damnation upon the unfortunate soul thus stained.

THE anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated by an eight days' reunion at Greenwood Hall, Cincinnati, beginning March 27th and continuing through April 3d. Two meetings per day will be held, excepting on Sundays and on March 31st, on each of which dates there will be held three meetings. This reunion will be under the joint auspices of the Society of Union Spiritualists, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and the Southern Association of Spiritualists. Address all correspondence to G. W. Kates, secretary, Chattanooga, Tenn.

MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE writes of Mrs. Slenker's "Little Lessons for Little Folks:" "I was pleased to receive 'Little Lessons,' which I consider a valuable little work. I am always glad when science is taught children in a comprehensible manner. It is a safeguard against false beliefs. I was especially glad of the chapter upon fresh air. There is incalculable ignorance upon this subject. People do not begin to know of the poisonous qualities of impure air, which not only destroys human life, but will decay wood. The old houses of Parliament were rendered so weak by foul air that a hammer could be driven through the largest beam in consequence. Air is life. The higher a nation rises in civilization the more pure air it requires. I thank you for having published the little book, and for giving me an opportunity to see it."

# Communications.

## Freethought in Australia.

Among Australian Freethinkers there is probably no event of greater interest than the Freethought conference which is held each year in one of the chief cities. The fourth of these annual assemblages was held during the latter part of last month, and proved as interesting as its predecessors. Resolutions were passed favoring Sir Alfred Stephens's Divorce Extension bill, the compilation of a new Secular song-book for Freethought Sunday-schools, coöperativ effort to effect the repeal of blasphemy and heresy laws and laws concerning oaths, legislation for the relief of female shop assistants, taxation of church property, and a few other matters. It was resolved, among other things:

That a sub-committee (resident in Sydney and Melbourne) be appointed, with full power to take such steps as they may deem necessary to secure the amalgamation of the Secular societies of Australia for the engagement of lecturers and for propagandist purposes.

Another resolution (and it was one upon which opinions were somewhat divided) was submitted by the Melbourne Anarchists' Club, and ran as follows:

That the various Freethought associations of Australasia be recommended to incorporate in their "Objects" the following resolution, adopted by the National Secular Society at their Annual Conference, held at Glasgow, on the 13th June last, viz.: "Secularism affirms that progress is only possible through liberty, which is at once a right and a duty; and therefore seeks to remove every barrier to the fullest equal freedom of thought, action, and speech."

The motion was carried by a two-thirds majority, upon the important word, "fullest," having been struck out. After the conference, a deputation appointed from the delegates waited upon the minister of justice for the purpose of securing an alteration in the law relating to oaths and affirmations. They were promised that their wishes should be met as far as possible. An important step will in all probability be taken shortly by the amalgamation of the Australasian Secular Association (N. S. W. branch) with the Liberal Association (New South Wales). A motion to that effect was submitted to the conference, and a special meeting of the latter association will be held next month to decide the question.

Previous to the conference, and during Mr. Joseph Symes's visit to Sydney, the blue-coated gentry of that place attempted to exert a little of their customary domineering authority by taking steps to prevent him from re-delivering a lecture on "Phallic Worship." The meeting having been arranged for, and the Oddfellows' Hall having been applied for for the purpose, the Freethinkers learnt to their surprise that the police, hearing of the proposed re-delivery of the lecture, interviewed the secretary of the institution, and informed him that if the lecture were delivered, the license should be forfeited. It subsequently transpired that the police had made this attempt at intimidation entirely on their own authority; and having been cautioned against a repetition of their meddlesomeness, the lecture was delivered without further trouble.

Politics and piety got awkwardly complicated a few weeks ago. It happened in this manner: A Sydney firm shipped twenty Bibles to Melbourne, and upon their arrival there they were found to be a "pirated edition" of the "revised version," and not allowed to circulate in the British dominions. It appears that the author of the work had granted or sold the copyright to the Oxford and Cambridge universities, and the copies in question being non-copyrighted American editions, dare not pass through the Custom House. Here arose the difficulty. Literature confiscated by this wondrous institution is consigned to the flames, as the copies of the *Freethinker* were treated two or three years ago; but how could they possibly burn God's non-copyright edition of his "word" in that manner? The idea was too terrible. A happy thought occurred to the pious official, and instead of allowing the precious volumes to be destroyed he had them re-shipped to Sydney. But in spite of such laudable precautions, the divine author appears to hav repented his having allowed this tranaction to hav progressed so far, and probably considering modern international copyright laws of superior import to ancient revelations which hav long been exposed, he thought it best to "square" matters, and accordingly wrecked the unfortunate vessel which carried them.

A notice recently appeared in the *Liberator*, announcing the contemplated formation, on an extensiv scale, of a Freethought book depot. Although Mr. Symes appended a note to the effect that it "is a move in the right direction, and it is to be hoped will meet with the success it deserves," the announcement appears to hav been premature, for nothing further has been heard of it.

An effort has recently been made to suppress the *Liberator*, a petition having been presented to the legislature, numerously signed, and calling upon them to either stamp it out by existing law, or, failing that, to specially legislate it out of existence. The petitioners received the usual information, to the effect that the matter would receive consideration; and there the affair has ended.

There has been a deal of fluttering in the Roman Catholic dove-cotes during the past few weeks, Miss Edith O'Gorman, the "escaped nun" from America, being on a lecturing tour through the colonies, much to the satisfaction of the Protestant section of the community. In New South Wales party feeling ran high, and the Orangemen and their Roman rivals broke out in activ riot.

Mr. W. W. Collins, who recently paid Melbourne a short visit, is lecturing again in Sydney; and Mr. Thomas Walker is busy combating theology in Queensland. Mr. Picton, the lecturer for the Sydney Christian Evidence Society, is also in the latter colony, and between the two religious excitement is a little warmer than is usual in that sultry climate.

There has been little Freethought news arriving from New Zealand of late, owing principally to the suspension, or rather cessation, of the *Rationalist*. Without a representativ newspaper a body is apt to soon become disorganized. There is little prospect, however, of such a fate befalling the Freethought societies of "Maoriland." Mr. Joseph Evison, the editor of the *Rationalist*, is already bringing out a new paper, which is to be entitled the *Liberal*, and which promises to be superior if possible to its predecessor. Iconoclastic theology is not to monopolize the space to the detriment of all other matter; but more attention is to be given to constructiv social reform; nor is the paper to be exclusivly a party paper, but a Freethought paper in the strict sense of the term; in short, it will be, in the words of the circular, "A thoroughly Liberal paper, in which the merely anti-theological element is made subservient to the social and political element."

DAVID A. ANDRADE.

*South Yarra, Melbourne*, Jan. 24, 1887.

## Questions Without Answers.

The answer should be a reason of the hopes, not the fears, that are in you (see 1 Peter iii, 15).

1. As we are required to love our enemies, may we not safely infer that God loves his enemies?
2. If God loves his enemies, will he punish them more than will be for their good?
3. Would endless punishment be for the good of any being?
4. As God worketh no evil, can God inflict, or cause, or allow to be inflicted an endless evil?
5. As we are forbidden to be overcome of evil, can we safely suppose that God will be overcome of evil?
6. Would not endless punishment prove that God had been overcome of evil?
7. Would not endless punishment be the return of evil for evil?
8. As we are commanded to overcome evil with good, may we not safely infer that God will do the same?
9. Does not justice require of us the fulfilment of the law of God?
10. Will not justice be eternally violated if the law of God be not universally fulfilled?
11. If all men justly deserve endless punishment, will not those who are saved be saved unjustly?
12. If you had sufficient power, would you not save all mankind?
13. Are you more merciful than the God who made you?
14. Is the creator of human sympathy less benevolent than the created?
15. If God would save all men but cannot, is he infinit in power?
16. If God can save all men but will not, is he infinit in goodness?
17. Did God design universal salvation when he created man?
18. Will God carry his original design into execution?
19. Can finite man frustrate the purposes of the almighty?
20. Would endless punishment benefit the almighty as the inflictor?
21. Would endless misery benefit the saints as spectators?
22. Would endless misery benefit the sinners as sufferers?
23. If endless punishment be the wages of sin, would the sinner ever receive payment in full?
24. If the scriptures should testify that God will hav all men to be damned, could we safely infer that a part was to be saved?
25. As the scriptures testify that God will hav all men to be saved, can we safely infer that a part will be damned?
26. If God made an endless hell before he created man, did he know there would be any use for it?
27. If God knew there would be use for an endless hell, must he not hav created some men for endless misery?
28. If God made an endless hell, was it included in the works which he pronounced "very good?" (Gen. i, 31.)
29. If there be a personal devil, who made him?
30. If a holy angel was tempted to sin by surrounding evil, is heaven a holy place?
31. If an angel became a devil by sinning, was Adam the original sinner?
32. If men are totally depraved by nature, must not children be so likewise?
33. If children be totally depraved, is it true that of such is the kingdom of heaven? (Mark x, 14.)
34. Men are to be washed from their sins. If they are totally depraved, what is there to wash?
35. Is it the revealed will of God that all men should be saved?
36. Can God will all men to be saved, knowing that a part will be forever lost?
37. Can Jesus Christ be the savior of any more than he actually saves?
38. If Christ be in no sense the savior of unbelievers, why are they called upon to believe in him as their savior?
39. If unbelievers are not called upon to believe in Christ as their savior, what are they to believe?
40. Must not the thing that is to be believed be true before it is believed?
41. Must not the thing to be believed be true, whether it is believed or not?
42. Does not the law of God require all men to love him supremely, and their neighbor as themselvs?
43. Will not justice be eternally violated if the law of God is not fulfilled?
44. Would not the salvation of nine-tenths of mankind glorify God more than the salvation of half?
45. Can we giv glory to God in the highest without believing in the salvation of all men?
46. If sin exist eternally, can it be that Christ was to "finish the transgressions and make an end of sin?" (Dan. ix, 24.)
47. If there be no certainty in relation to the final destiny of man, is not salvation a work of chance?
48. What better is chance than Atheism?
49. If God be not the father of sinners, why are sinners taught to pray, "Our father which art in heaven?"
50. Can he be a Christian who affirms that if he believes in the salvation of all men, he would not worship God?
51. Can he be a Christian who inquires, If all men are to be saved, what use is there in being virtuous?
52. Some say that if they did not believe in endless punishment, they would take their fill of sin. How much sin would it take to fill a Christian?
53. If all men deserve endless punishment, would it not be right for God to inflict it?
54. If it would be right for God to punish men eternally, would it not be wrong for him not to do it?
55. If the return of evil for evil be right in deity, would it not be equally right in man?
56. Does the belief of endless misery cause the believer to "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory?" (Peter i, 8.)
57. Can a belief of anything short of universal salvation fill the heart with joy and peace?
58. Will not the devil and all his works be destroyed? (Heb. ii, 14; 1 John iii, 8.)
59. Will not death, the last enemy, be swallowed up in victory? (Isa. xxv, 8.)

The above questions were handed to me to copy some two years or more ago, by a friend of mine, and as they are too good to lose, I thought I would send them to THE TRUTH SEEKER. I do not know who wrote them first, but send a copy just as I got them.

*Mount Forest, Can.* WM. LEWIS.

## The Junius Question.

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 31, 1886, I submitted proof positiv that Philip Francis was not Junius; that is, I proved an alibi. Junius wrote a private letter to his publisher Woodfall on the 11th or 12th of November, 1769, saying, "I hav been out of town these three weeks, and though I got your last I could not conveniently answer it." But on the 4th of November, 1769, Philip Francis wrote a letter to his brother-in-law in America from the War Office in London, and I hav found another alibi. But now comes a Junius student, Judge Horace P. Biddle, of Indiana, who presents in the *Public Press* of New Albany not less than half a dozen alibis for Francis. His article was written for the purpose of answering a presumptuous lawyer who in a long series of articles on the Junius question in the Indianapolis *Sentinel* concluded with a most positiv indorsement of Philip Francis as Junius. That lawyer had notice of my alibi last summer, but thought he could evade it by the silly plea that "Junius was such a gay deceiver." As if the war clerk Francis could hav any possible motiv in telling an unnecessary lie to the printer Woodfall, who never for a moment distrusted his unknown correspondent Junius, and even sought his advice more than a year after he had ceased to write (see Private Letters, 63 and 64).

I will quote only one of the alibis submitted by Judge Biddle:

On the 6th of January, 1772, Junius wrote a private uote to Woodfall, his publisher, concerning the famous letter to Lord Mausfield, No. 58. Upon the same day, and during several days before and for several days after, Sir Philip Francis was at Bath, over a huudred miles from London, attending upon his father, who was sick at that place, and in the language of Sir Philip, "truly in a deplorable condition"

(Notes and Queries, 4th S., Vol. 11, p. 130.) This alibi, it seems to me, is equal to old Weller's, and I concur with the writer of the article cited: "After this, shall we hear any more about Francis?"

Judge Biddle concludes by remarking that the opinion in England that Francis was Junius, after having prevailed against many conflicting opinions during half a century, but never fully believed, is now entirely exploded.

Now, let any one, if he can, produce a single alibi or other fact incompatible with the identity of Paine as Junius. The author of "Junius Unmasked" intends to write the Life of Paine, which will require several years of research in England and France, because Paine's work was all secret up to the age of fifty-four, when he wrote the "Rights of Man" in reply to Burke, and first came out openly as an author. And even then he says, "Had Mr. Burke not urged the controversy (in regard to the French Revolution), I had most probably been a silent man." When the time comes for Mr. Moody to begin his "Life of Paine" he says he will go through it like a whirlwind, and scatter the falsehoods to sheol.

BURR.

## The Railway Problem.

As our people hav no idea that the railway problem in England presents about the same features that our own does, a brief abstract from the papers of Charles Waring, in the *Fortnightly Review*, of London, will not be amiss. As early as 1872, Sir Henry Tyler said: "The question is, whether the state shall manage the railways or whether the railways shall manage the state." But then the question was a very simple one as compared with it today, because of the enormous growth of the system in number of miles and wealth.

The capital of the English railways is now four billion dollars, or more than the national debt. Their lines are over 20,000 miles. They carry 700,000,000 passengers per year, and some 260,000,000 tons freight. Their receipts were over $350,000,000; working expenses, $185,000,000; net profits, for dividends, $165,000,000. There are some 400,000 shareholders, who receive about $400 each per year, average. They employ some 400,000 people. They hav managed England almost from the very outset, and their power is now despotic. Their sole consideration is what will make the most money for their owners. And if it pays them as well to convey one hundred passengers or tons of freight as it would to carry a thousand, it is safe to say they will carry but the hundred. That is to say, important—yes, absolutely essential—as are the railroads to our very existence at this time, yet they are wholly managed in the interest of a few persons, the public being secondary. To the life of the nation their monopoly is like a monopoly of air, water, or bread, yet these roads are held and operated as monopolies.

In Parliament the railway shareholders are supreme, because the landholders hav united with them, their interests being identified (new roads increase the price of land). Thousands of new laws hav been enacted, and this has drawn the legal profession into partnership with them.

In the beginning, says Waring, monopoly was not suspected, but the need of single management excluded independent carriers. By leasing, purchasing, and pooling, competition has been virtually suppressed and prevented. For forty years efforts hav been made to control these evils by legislation, but in vain. "And now," says Waring, "the companies hav obtained a position of superlativ strength and advantage, and one which they may well regard as almost impregnable." The railways hav purchased or destroyed all competing canals or river ways. "But the sea is the great free-trader," says Sir Thomas Farrer.

Byron, apostrophizing the ocean, exclaims:

> Man marks the earth with ruin; his control
> Stops with thy shore.

But Mr. Waring says, "The railways, however, do not hesitate to attack the competition of the sea," and are doing it successfully; and here is a point our free-traders should note. In fact, British agriculture is as much oppressed by the preference given to foreign imports of farm products over English farm products as it is claimed our American farmers are oppressed by our protectiv tariff, which taxes the exports in taxing the imports they are traded for.

Home products are charged outrageously, in order to favor foreign imports and meet ocean competition, and every favor and facility is given to foreign imports over home products. Mr. Waring givs us a list of charges, showing discrimination in favoring or disfavoring home products, as well as in favoring foreign over home. A few I cite here: "Among these curiosities I find the following: An equal charge for 27 as for 86 miles, and again an equal charge where the difference is 116 miles. The same goods in same quantities are charged as follows: For 27 miles, $1.15; for 20 miles, 35c.; for 8 miles, $2.08; for 100 miles, $4.12, and for 112 miles, one-third more than for 114 miles; same charge for 28 as for 2 miles. Between Norfolk and London, for cattle, 10 shillings per head, or $2.50; between London and Midland counties, a longer distance, 5 shillings, or $1.25. Preferences to large dealers are common, preferences for storage given, and in a thousand ways favors and disfavors shown.

In grouping and districting the country so as to charge the same rates to and from stations at various and great distances, the companies hav generally exercised a wise discretion for the people, but this only proves their power. Where there is no coal, but plenty of iron, they hav carried coal for a trifle, and thus built up enormous industries, as at Westbury, but the slightest caprice could ruin the whole of it. The fact is, as anyone who can think must know, that all the trade, all the industry of Great Britain is now at the mercy of a few men. By a nod or a whisper they can make millions of people tremble and turn pale. In all the history of this world, never has there been a time when such awful power was placed in so few hands.

By securing control over harbors and purchasing docks, they are obtaining virtual control over ocean transportation. [In Texas several harbors are under control of the railways. At Chicago we see the railways cunningly obtaining ownership of the lake shore.] Hardly a session of Parliament passes in which docks are not transferred to the railway companies.

Mr. Waring shows that it will require more legislativ interference and office-making to attempt to control the roads than it will to take and operate them by the government.

Within twenty years the called-up capital of the companies has increased from £445,000,000 to £801,000,000 sterling, the mileage has increased from 13,000 to 19,000 miles; the passengers from 252,000,000 per year to about 700,000,000; the receipts from £36,000,000 to £70,500,000 sterling; working expenses from £17,000,000 to £37,000,000.

Four or five company managers now control what were originally over two hundred lines, and the tendency is for all to come under one management.

Mr. Waring almost exhaustivly treats the subject, and suggests state control as the only solution of the problem. The articles hav been republished in full in the *Library Magazine* of New York. Those interested in this most important of all subjects can get the number for a trifle.

HOLT.

## The Bright Future.

Credulity is one of the early characteristics of childhood. Although the absurd story of Santa Claus, with his impossible nocturnal visits and gifts to all good children, has been transmitted from generation to generation for hundreds of years, the infant mind is still easily impressed with this nursery legend, and perhaps it will be so continued until maturer age and the child's reason show its absurdity.

Reasoning from the standpoint of developed reason and intelligence, is it unreasonable to hope that our descendants in the not very far-off future will look with equal surprise on the legendary and monkish superstitions which now surround us?

Many thinkers are not observant of the fact that the world has made rapid advances in liberalization within the last half century, and we now look back with astonishment at what our forefathers once held as sacred. Who shall predict, at the rate we are now unfolding, what may be the result of the future? It is not difficult to show that from the religious element of man's composition the vast multitudes of priests hav ever drawn, and still draw, their support and importance.

Perhaps about the year 3000, or less, the "holy father" at Rome will be farcically exhibited in full canonicals on the stage by some traveling theatrical corps. Then may be seen the once-splendid "grand deputy of God" with cross and golden key, in full pontifical robes, becapped with high tiara, heading his holy army of cardinals, archbishops, priests, confessors, sanctified and fumigated by his numerous attendant chorus and altar boys. Then may he be seen, the host, holy cross and all, masquerading on the stage, at fifty cents per capita, before our children's astonished eyes—astonished that such mummery could ever hav passed off as a serious matter of religion. This may seem extravagant nonsense to many, but when we consider how many myths of past ages the intelligence of the world has outlived, it cannot but encourage us to hope for the world's much higher future. Even like the nursery legends of our childhood they will cease to scare like the absurdities of Santa Claus.

Taking the world as a whole, it has ever been a severe struggle for the champions of truth to overcome the stubborn belief in a multiplicity of gods and goddesses, with their capricious and malignant influences upon the living; but it has been done after the struggle of ages. Ignorance ever backed by the complications of the priesthood has gradually had to yield the conflict, and science, the arts, and general intelligence now reign triumphant to the extent they never ruled before. The champions of truth hav done wonders! In this war of blind superstition they hav vanquished the army of pagan gods, reducing them to the lonesome number of three—"Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

In speaking of the world we must estimate it as a whole, and forbear charging our ancestors with the crimes of past ages. The Liberal is apt to look with surprise with what pertinacity the orthodox priesthood cling to what is called the Bible, even although science, reason, and common sense repudiate this monstrosity as a libel on Omnipotence. However, he will cease his surprise when he bears in mind the immense army of priests and laymen who gain their sustenance by upholding this journalization of ancient deeds of barbarity and libidinous literature.

It is a great error to suppose that what is known as orthodox priesthood are so ignorant and obtuse as not to understand its bald absurdities. Not so. The learned orthodox priesthood, the sanctimonious bellwethers of their flocks, know too well the folly of attempting an argumentativ justification of its enormities, and thus with assumed dignity wave controversy aside.

JESSE.

*Brooklyn, N. Y.*

## A Revival that Does Not Revive.

*From the Sunday Gazetteer, Denison, Tex.*

The editor has been honored with an invitation to attend "a meeting" in progress at the Southern Methodist church, "for your special benefit." We return thanks to the management for getting up this meeting for our benefit, and if we discover any beneficial results, shall not hesitate to make due and prompt acknowledgment. This invitation also informs us that we are the subject of the prayers of the Christian people of Denison, and we are earnestly entreated to avail ourself of the benefit. This is certainly very kind of these praying people, and, however much we may disagree with them as to the efficacy of work of this kind, we assure them that whenever we become aware of any advantage accruing to us from this source we will inform the readers of the *Gazetteer*. While having our shortcomings, of which no one is exempt (not even Rev. T. E. Sherwood, probably, whose name is appended to this document, and who says all Infidels are scallawags), yet we don't think we are a very great sinner. We strive to attend to our own business, earn an honest living by working for it, pay our just debts, and express our conscientious opinions when a proper occasion presents itself, frankly and honestly, even on religion. However, as happiness is what we are all after, we will not put a straw in the way of any one who desires to make us happier, or who can add to the joy in the household.

"God calls you," says this circular. We don't know about that. He hasn't addressed us that we are aware of, and as we are suspicious of "middle-men" in transactions of this kind, Mr. Sherwood will please excuse our abruptness if we say we don't believe it. "Jesus Christ has died to redeem you," says this invitation. The Universalists say if he died to redeem all men, then all men will be redeemed. Not being a divine, we will delay any discussion of this question until the clergy settle it among themselvs. "The Holy Spirit impresses you." If this is so, then it must be it wishes us to use our own best judgment in deciding this question of religion, after a careful investigation of the whole subject in the light of historical facts and common sense, as this is the impression we received when reading this document. The closing appeal is put in the form of a question: "Will you giv God a chance to save your soul?" This may be clerical, but to us it is impertinent. The God that could speak a universe into existence, and govern it by his providence, does not certainly require puny man to giv him an opportunity to do what he pleases. However, whenever he notifies us (any messages from "middle-men" will be looked upon with suspicion) that we must do something to giv him "a chance," we assure the author of this conundrum that we will jerk off our coat and go to work in good earnest. But meantime we shall jog along the old way, striving to make the best paper for Sunday reading in the state of Texas.

## The Perspicacity of the Kiralfy Brothers.

The clergymen of Cleveland hav all been invited to attend the performance of the "Back Crook" in that city, and some are very indignant. Said the Rev. G. T. Downing: "I would as soon accept an invitation from the devil to watch the fires of hell burn. The invitation is an insult. The Kiralfy brothers must look upon the clergy of this country as a gang of long-eared asses."

## A Roman Catholic Opinion.

*From the Catholic Review.*

We do not, indeed, prize as highly as some of our countrymen appear to do the ability to read, write, and cipher. Some men are born to be leaders, and the rest are born to be led. The best ordered and administered state is that in which the few are well educated and lead, and the many are trained to obedience.

Those of humanity who reflect, see, and advance, always hav to drag behind them the long tail of those who know neither to reflect nor to see, and who will not advance. But progress goes on all the same; convinced adepts of the different religions, positiv and dogmatic, diminish daily in number among the really activ members of mankind. Let us be satisfied with this. Those who are not for progress from henceforth exist, so to say, no more; they will disappear totally one day. The exercise of the mind becomes more than ever a condition of existence. The preponderant *rôle* of the religions in past times is explained by the fact that then they were almost the only means by which men could set their intellectual and moral activity to work. They were the unique opening for all the higher aspirations of our being. At that epoch, with the exception of religion, there was no mental occupation other than coarse and material; nothing between the visionary and the most common reality. In the present day the necessary and natural middle course is found. One can meditate without being a dreamer; one can even be a visionary without being constrained to believe. Science and art hav spread before our eyes their domains with never-ending perspectivs, where every one can expend his surplus activity without wasting it needlessly. Science permits of disinterested research, without tolerating the wanderings of the imagination. It givs enthusiasm without delirium. It has a beauty of its own consisting of truth.—*M. M. Guyau.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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## Religious Persecution in Arkansas.

It has been generally supposed that since the New England religious persecutions of the Episcopalians, Catholics, and Quakers the Christians of this country had come to let each other alone and united in stealing from our public treasuries and persecuting the Infidels. This is not the fact, however, as some very recent Southern cases show. They are brought to light by a speech in the Arkansas senate by Senator Crockett.

It appears that up to two years ago Arkansas allowed Seventh Day Adventists and Seventh Day Baptists the same privilege that other states allow them, namely, the privilege of keeping Saturday and laboring Sunday. In 1885 this law was repealed, and since then the persecutions of the Adventists and Baptists hav been common. Senator Crockett's speech was in advocacy of the reënactment of the law, allowing religious organizations to keep any day in the week for Sabbath, providing one day in the week is kept.

Two cases of persecution which the senator brought to the attention of the Senate are atrocious. The first was of a Mr. Swearigen, who settled in Arkansas from a Northern state. He is a Seventh Day Adventist, the Biblical religion of which C. B. Reynolds was once a distinguished ornament. Mr. Swearigen settled upon a farm four miles from town. He was far away from any church, and, after having kept Saturday according to his conscience, worked upon his farm on Sunday. His labor and his faith were shared by his son, a lad of seventeen. The two were observed by their Christian neighbors, and reported to the grand jury, by whom they were indicted. They were tried, convicted, and fined. Having no money, they were imprisoned for twenty-five days in the county jail. At the expiration of the sentence, the Sabbath-breaker's horse was levied on to pay the fine and costs, amounting to $38. The horse sold at auction for $27. A few days afterward the sheriff demanded $36—$11 balance due on fine and costs and $25 for board for Swearingen and son while in jail. When told that the Adventist had no money, he promptly levied on the only cow, but was persuaded to accept bonds, and the amount was paid by contributions from friends of the same faith.

The second case was of a young married couple who moved into Arkansas from Ohio. They were Seventh Day Baptists. When the law allowing them to choose their own Sabbath was repealed in 1885, they continued the religious habit of keeping Saturday and working Sunday. An envious Christian neighbor observed them, the grand jury indicted the husband; he was tried, convicted, and put in jail for refusing to pay the fine. Week after week passed by, the baby sickened and died because the mother had no means to hire physicians; the wife was prostrated, and, a day or two before the law was appeased and the husband released, she, too, died. He returned home only to meet his neighbors at his gate bearing her coffin to the graveyard—dead of a broken heart and lack of care.

At the time this bill was pending in the legislature, six men were under indictment and were to be shortly tried at Malvern for breaking the Christian Sabbath. They kept their own day of worship, but the theological Moloch was not satisfied with that—they must observe the Christian Sabbath as well. Though the bill passed the Senate, we do not know whether it became a law in time to save these men from a fine or the jail.

Christian intolerance cannot be so far down the aisles of time as is currently supposed when Infidels here in the North are imprisoned for opinions' sake, and tragedies such as Senator Crockett recited are enacted in the South.

The church and state must be really as well as theoretically separated.

## The Knights and the Church.

Cardinals Gibbons and Taschereau, the former of Baltimore, the latter of Montreal, are now in Rome. Their errand, as given to the public, is twofold, viz., to obtain their red hats and to settle whether the Knights of Labor is an organization to be condemned by the church. Cardinal Taschereau, in obedience to instructions received from Rome, has already settled the question for Canada by condemning the order and ordering Roman Catholics out of it. In this country the question is still open, though regarded as practically settled in favor of the Knights. Cardinal Gibbons is friendly to the order, and has made an argument addressed to one Simeoni, prefect of the propaganda at Rome, in favor of allowing Catholics to remain members.

It appears from this argument that the American archbishops hav voted upon the question, and that ten of the twelve see no reason for condemning the Knights. Mr. Gibbons has examined the Knights' constitution and by-laws, and has "not found therein the elements which the holy see so clearly designates as condemnable, and the formula of their organization contains neither oath nor obligation which prevents those who do not belong to it, or even their enemies, from becoming acquainted with their affairs. Catholics are not forbidden to divulge everything to competent ecclesiastical authorities, even outside of the confessional." The master workman of the order has also assured Mr. Gibbons that he "professes his religion faithfully and receives the sacraments regularly," and "with filial submission he begs the pastors of the church to examin all the details of the organization, and says that if they find therein anything reprehensible to point it out and he will faithfully promis to hav the proper modifications made." Mr. Gibbons givs, further, nine reasons why the church need not condemn the order. They are:

"1. Because such a condemnation does not appear to be justified either by the letter or by the spirit of its constitution, of its laws, or by the declarations of its heads.

"2. That such a condemnation does not appear necessary in view of the transient form of the organization and of the social condition of the United States.

"3. That it would not be prudent, on account of the reality of the wrongs of the workingmen and the fact that the existence of such is admitted by the American public.

"4. That it would be dangerous to the reputation of the church in our democratic country.

"5. That it would be powerless to compel the obedience of our Catholic workingmen, who would regard it as false and iniquitous.

"6. That it would be destructiv instead of beneficial in its effects, forcing the sons of the church to rebel against their mother, and to range themselvs with condemned societies which they hav hitherto avoided.

"7. That it would be ruinous to the financial support of the church at home, and to the raising of Peter's pence.

"8. That it would turn into doubt and hostility the marked devotion of our people toward the holy see.

"9. That it would be regarded as a cruel blow to the authority of the bishops of the United States, who, it is well known, protest against such a condemnation."

When the Knights of Labor met recently in Baltimore, Mr. Powderly, it is well known, spent a good deal of his time with Cardinal Gibbons. It was then, probably, that he gave the debasing assurances which the cardinal now transmits to the pope. But if Executiv E. A. Stevens had been made general master workman, instead of Terence Powderly (a not unlikely turn of affairs, when both were upon the executiv board a few years ago), we fancy the cardinal would hav had less comforting news to take to his master. Powderly has sold the Knights out to Rome.

Cardinal Gibbons's reasons are sound, looking at the matter from his standpoint. There is no need of the church denouncing an organization it owns, and which it will own so long as the present master workman is kept in office. That is the main and sufficient reason, and no others are necessary. The others given are what the lawyers call cumulativ, and would be good were not the first so strong as to render them useless. It would be, as Mr. Gibbons says, highly imprudent to raise a row in this country between the church and her followers. The atmosphere of the United States is conduciv to independence, and the McGlynn affair is a warning to ecclesiastical authorities. Every time the church condemns a success, she shows her fallibility and damages her reputation. But, most cogent of all reasons to the pope, a condemnation of the Knights would stop the collection of Peter's pence, and endanger the pecuniary welfare of the holy church! That reason is of itself sufficient to turn the darkest heretical black into the purest of religious white. The church must hav cash or the church goes down. It cannot liv on the love of God alone.

Cardinal Gibbons has done well, and proved himself a most adroit politician. There is only one thing more to be explained. Cardinal Taschereau's officially authorized condemnation of the Knights still stands good in Canada. How is it that the order is all right this side of the Canadian line and all wrong on the other?

## A Cheering Letter.

Here is one of the letters we occasionally receive which make life worth living:

"GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Feb. 17, 1887.

"TO THE OFFICE OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Gents:* I hereby remit your $3.25 for back dues on your paper. I like your paper all but your George's or Anarchist arguments. I do not believe in dividing my fortune with some loafer—that is too apostolic, like Ananias and Sapphira when they were dividing with Peter and, keeping a little back, got killed for it. That is not our Liberal principle, from my standpoint. So I will discontinue your paper at present until you can afford to be logical to your government in your arguments, for we hav no use for dynamite in this country where there is a free ballot. Yours respectfully, A. D. YOUNG."

We are glad to hear from Mr. Young—glad, indeed, that he has at last concluded to divide his fortune with creditors who hav honestly and well earned a little of his cash. We wish he had divided earlier.

We are pleased also with Mr. Young's hearty appreciation of THE TRUTH SEEKER—for he expresses his appreciation unqualifiedly. The true appreciation of friends sustains us in many a dark hour. It is true, friend Young makes a slight reservation in enumerating his likes, but as the two or three things he mentions that he dislikes are things he never found in THE TRUTH SEEKER, his admiration of the paper is complete.

We are glad that he does not like Anarchy. Neither does the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER. In fact, so intense is our dissatisfaction with the system that we hav used several columns of the paper several times to show how fallacious, as a philosophical system, Anarchy is in theory, and how utterly impracticable it would be in fact. We are pleased to know that Mr. Young has read the articles and agrees with us.

It is also a source of great satisfaction to find in the West a gentleman who indorses our opposition to Henry George. Here in New York about all our friends oppose our notions. But we would not vote for a man for mayor of the city who was pledged to enforce the Sunday laws, and who looked to piety instead of to principle for votes. Neither can we see how Mr. George's theory of taxing land values instead of the houses and improvements upon the land would giv us all a farm, or even a building lot. So we opposed Mr. George's election to the mayoralty of New York, and still oppose his theories of land reform. That so well-informed a sociologist as Mr. Young pronounces our opposition sound is gratifying, and will hav its influence upon our New York friends.

Other points of agreement between Mr. Young and the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER are also noticeable. Like him we do not believe in dividing with loafers; like him we do not think dynamite is needed where there is a free ballot. On this point, as against Anarchy, we hav said much. On several occasions hav we been scoffed at because we told workingmen that it is foolish to make incendiary speeches when the place to talk is at the ballot-box. Liberal principles demand neither unworthy division nor dynamite. In asserting this we are "logical" to the government, and therein is another point of agreement with Mr.

Young. He also is "logical" to the government. In fact, in the face of all the opposition we hav recently encountered, Mr. Young's letter is like an oasis in the desert.

We thank him for writing it, and for his unlimited approval of our editorial course. That he does not take THE TRUTH SEEKER is of no consequence, so long as we hav won him over to our views. We do not believe he will backslide into Anarchy, or go off to Henry George's ideas, or the advocacy of dynamite.

## Mr. Remsburg in Danger.

Our esteemed friend Worley, of Odessa, Mo., furnishes us with a batch of newspaper clippings, from the *Democrat* of that place, which indicate that there must hav been fun in Odessa a short time since.

It appears that J. E. Remsburg was invited into the town to deliver a three days' course of lectures. As the editor of the *Democrat* was not informed of Mr. Remsburg's subjects, he was beguiled into advertising the meetings. Since the lectures, the editor spends most of the time in tearing his own hair, with short intervals of abusing Mr. Remsburg and the Infidels of Odessa. Sackcloth and ashes but feebly express his contrite humility.

There was talk, after the first lecture, among the proslavery orthodox element which dominates the place, of mobbing Mr. Remsburg and getting him out of town in the most expeditious manner; but wiser counsels prevailed, and he rode out upon the train as usual. It was not humanity that prevented the mobbing, but a fear that the world about would condemn the act. The opinion entertained by the Christians of Odessa of the Infidels may be gathered from this paragraph in the *Democrat*:

"Prior to and during the reign of Robespierre in Paris God and the Bible were mocked and derided, and death proclaimed an *eternal* sleep. Outlawry, rapine, plunder, debauchery in all its phases, and murder ran riot in that unhappy city, and her streets ran red with the best blood of France. Sodom, Gomorrah, and Babylon might be quoted where men devoted all the days in the week (Sunday included) to the gratifications of their depraved inclinations, and what a harvest they did reap!"

Mr. Remsburg may congratulate himself upon getting away from Odessa alive. The ungrammatical tom-tit who edits the *Democrat* is a fire-eater, and now expresses a great desire to make a meal of the Infidel. His appetite seems to increase with the distance between himself and Mr. Remsburg.

## The Latest Kansas Arrests.

The arrest by United States authorities of Moses and George Harman—which we had scant time to chronicle last week—seems to us to be very much the same kind of an affair as the arrest of the former editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, D. M. Bennett.

The article complained of, if we are rightly informed by N. H. Harman, is one upon which trouble was threatened at the time of its publication. A clergyman announced that it was "the evidence he was waiting for," and a copy of the paper containing the article was sent to the post-office inspector, presumably to get him to prosecute, but that was the last of it, though Mr. Harman evidently thought he was to be a martyr.

The article in question is a coarsely-written and exclamatory denunciation of the abuse of marital rights. Such an article would not be allowed in the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER, because it not only is offensiv, but useless. Nevertheless, it is not obscene, and surely a man has a right to say things which may offend. We do it every week, and are remonstrated with almost as often. Mr. Heston's pictures are offensiv to Christians, but we do not see how he could be held to blame for that. Our right to hav them made and to print them is unquestionable. The pictures, the editorials, the reports, the contributed matter in all our daily and weekly journals, offend hundreds of thousands every week. If everything were suppressed which offends anyone, there would be nothing printed. So, because the article is offensiv is no reason for its suppression.

The opinion of the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER as to the utility and rightfulness of the United States postal laws upon obscene literature is well known. The laws are unconstitutional, and hav no place upon our national statute books. Any prosecution under them must, therefore, be condemned.

As to obscenity laws in themselvs, they are necessary and right when enacted by state legislatures and enforced by the proper municipal authorities. No one living in a large city can doubt that these laws, or rules of society, are of the first importance in properly punishing the nefarious scoundrels who traffic in books of the vilest type, and ruin young men without a thought other than the dollars gained. Such books are known at a glance, and should be burnt wherever found.

The difficulties attending the enforcement of these laws are two, but one of them would be almost done away with by the repeal of the unconstitutional national statutes. There hav sprung up in almost every state societies of private persons who hav taken upon themselvs the task of enforcing obscenity laws. Under the national statutes they inflict much injury. Under state statutes they cannot, for the sense of the community more often secures justice in a state than in a national court. These prosecutions should be taken out of the hands of these meddlers and put into the charge of the local police. The second difficulty attending the prosecution of the obscenity laws is the delicate judgment required in deciding what properly comes under the statute. In old times the conversation and literature were very "broad," and naturally the works of genius that hav come down to our generation are broad. Such works are the Bible, Shakspere's poems and plays, Swift's works, Rabelais's works, the "Arabian Nights," and dozens of others, without which our literature would be much poorer. Again, certain people—narrow and starved in thought, dyspeptic, and fanatically pious—regard with professed horror objects to which educated and traveled people never giv a second thought. Such folks look upon art galleries as the devil's evangels, and the theater as a section of hell. If the law was interpreted by them, the world would be what a nunnery generally is not—a place of austere "virtue," as ridiculous as unpleasant. When once outside of the really obscene, it is impossible to draw the line; it has never been done, and we do not believe it ever can be. Like blasphemy, it is a question of geography, of social custom, of education—in short, of pure opinion.

But if we take the opinion and definition of one of the most bigoted authorities extant—him of infamous memory in connection with D. M. Bennett—we do not see how the article for which Moses and George Harman are held to bail can be termed obscene. It could not corrupt the morals nor deprave the mind, and if the use of one word is in this case obscene, then it is in every case, and the publishers of all medical books may be prosecuted.

No one can regret more than we the possibility of another fight on this unwelcome question. Nothing new can be said upon it, and no good can come of it.

If the purpose of *Lucifer* is to discuss such questions as this article raises, Mr. Harman certainly could insist upon the language of his correspondents conforming to the usages of the world, or he could exclude their communications from his columns. His was the risk, and no correspondent should ask an editor to risk his liberty that the correspondent's ideas may be circulated. But if Mr. Harman and his son are sent to jail for printing a word, it will be no less an invasion of personal rights, no less an outrage, than that inflicted upon the founder of this paper. And that is putting the matter very strong.

## Blind On One Side.

In relation to the bill recently introduced in the Senate of the New York legislature by Senator Murphy, requiring that "the schools established and maintained by the New York Catholic Protectory shall participate in the distribution of the common school fund in the same manner and degree as the common schools of the city of New York," quoted in THE TRUTH SEEKER of February 26th, the *Christian Advocate* says:

"We must not only protest against the bill in question, but it is high time to demand of the legislature the repeal of the clause in the Children's Law of 1884, which condemns children to be sent to institutions under the control of persons of the same faith as the parents of the children, as not only unconstitutional, but as multiplying enormously the number of infant paupers, and as heavily increasing the burdens of taxation, and as enlarging the tendency of Roman education to illiteracy, pauperism, and crime."

This is right. Not only should the law referred to be repealed, but every law granting a penny from the treasury of the state should be repealed, as well as every law giving the Protestants the right to invade state institutions and teach their sectarianism. The law allowing judges to giv vagrant children to Catholic charities is not one whit more unconstitutional or immoral than the law which allows the managers of the Randall's Island House of Refuge to make that public charity a Sunday-school for the Protestant church.

But we notice that with the *Christian Advocate*, as with other religious organs, it makes a vast difference whose ox is gored.

## Send the Bible Society to Jail.

Anthony Comstock has had John A. Wilson, of the Globe Publishing Company, at Paulsborough, N. J., sent to prison for two years and fined five hundred dollars for sending through the mails Balzac's "Droll Stories" and the Queen of Navarre's "Heptameron."

Comstock's attention was attracted to Mr. Wilson last September by an advertisment of these books Under an assumed name he sent for copies, and the federal grand jury found indictments upon them. Mr. Wilson stood trial upon Balzac's work, and when the jury convicted him on that, pleaded *non vult* on the other indictment, with the penalty stated. Two years ago Comstock tried to imprison a man for selling the "Heptameron," but a Freehold, N. J., jury acquitted the seller. A Trenton jury, it seems, is less educated in the classics.

It would be in order now to imprison all who sell the works of Shakspere, Swift, Sterne, and Rabelais, and of those Jewish fellows who wrote the Old Testament.

## A Golden Opportunity.

A bill permitting the New York municipal authorites to giv the American Museum of Natural History four hundred thousand dollars has become a law.

If Mayor Hewitt and the other gentlemen composing the Board of Estimate and Apportionment are in earnest in desiring the Sunday opening of this museum, now is their opportunity.

To obtain this money the managers of the museum would sink their piety out of sight, and the people of the city might then obtain a view of the treasures of the museum.

COMPLAINING in the last issue of *Liberty* of his side-tracking by B. R. Tucker from the editorial columns of that paper, Henry Appleton incidentally makes public a just cause of complaint against another editor. He says:

"I did send a communication to THE TRUTH SEEKER, but Macdonald, though he had just published your communication, chose to even outdo your side-tracking method of disciplin by dumping me out of his columns altogether."

We apologize. Mr. Appleton's communication has been in the accepted pigeon-hole since its receipt, and twice progressed as far as the hook, but its length and the arrival of other matter hav prevented its seeing daylight. Nevertheless, we hav hopes.

WHILE the social fabric of our republic is being turned topsy-turvy by dissatisfied labor, and humanitarians are racking their brains for a social panacea, it is encouraging to find one man who knows it all and is willing to impart his knowledge to others—at five dollars an hour, as his card says. Not only can W. M. Boucher, 28 Waverly Place, this city, answer Pilate's old conundrum, but he professes to be able to tell what science is, what law is, what value is, what money is, and he also teaches economics, ethics, sociology, and explains international bi-metalism and the labor problem. Mr. Boucher is a valuable man to hav in a large city and Henry George, Dr. McGlynn, and the labor leaders should apply to him at once to settle the problems vexing the Knights of Labor and other working bodies.

THE ideas of the Roman Catholics as to salvation were newly stated the other day by a Jesuit of San Francisco. He laid down the law that out of the Roman Catholic church there is no ordinary hope for salvation, and that he who stands aloof from her exposes himself to everlasting damnation. In order that a person can be saved he must, according to the law of Christ, belong to the church of Christ. There could only be one church of Christ, and this church, the speaker contended, was and could only be the holy Roman Catholic church. The heathen would not be judged by the law, "for one that knows not the law will not be judged by the law." The Jews could be saved provided they came into the church. As for Protestants, salvation was open to those of them existing in "invincible ignorance" or complete unconsciousness of the law. In this respect they were as heathens. They were spiritually in union with the church and virtually were within it. Protestants yet in doubt must speedily clear up their doubts, or else die without the church. This is a very pretty doctrin for Roman Catholics, and for their sake we are sorry it is such a stupendous humbug.

## Mr. Remsburg's Bereavement.

MY DEAR MACDONALD: Over the wires this morning came the sad words, "'Gene is dead." Our pretty babe, two years old, and named for you, has died. I am now hastening home, and my work in Illinois is suspended for the present.

Yours truly, J. E. REMSBURG.

*Decatur, Ill.*, March 2, 1887.

# Letters from Friends.

ARLINGTON, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am happy to state that we hav a Freethinker that dares to name a boy after Robert G. Ingersoll. The youngster is eight months old and a bright fellow too. His name is Robert I. Halstead, and he will be trained in the Freethought line, for his father and mother are Freethinkers. Please let it be known that there is another who will bear the name of our friend Robert. G. W. MONSING.

CARLINVILLE, ILL., Feb. 21, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: We had J. E. Remsburg here to deliver three lectures on last Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, and had a good turnout to hear him, notwithstanding bad weather and that the Baptists and Methodists were holding a revival meeting on the opposit corner of the Opera House where Mr. Remsburg spoke; and as a result of those lectures I send you the inclosed order for books, and expect soon to be able to send another order and perhaps one or two new subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER. W. H. WHITE.

DEXTER, Mo., Feb. 21, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: We had J. E. Remsburg with us last week. He delivered an excellent course of lectures to very small houses. The churches hav all our women. The best men are not church-members, though they claim to believe in the God of the Bible, and are not afraid to investigate. We had Jamieson here last winter, and he gave us splendid lectures. Your humble servant and J. W. McCollum had to put up the collateral in both instances. I get very much discouraged telling the truth sometimes, and it would pay me if I could bring myself to be an orthodox hypocrit. JOHN Q. CARTER.

STITZER, WIS., Feb. 14, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been receiving and reading THE TRUTH SEEKER for more than one year, and am well pleased with its contents. My belief is in science as a guide for civilized man, and that theories and doctrins that cannot be demonstrated to be true are unworthy of serious thought, and belong to the superstitious traditions and teachings of primitiv man. Among us the shades of Egypt are holding in bondage the minds of the people. As they bear their chains so willingly, how shall they become free? As bishop has burnt bishop at the stake for place, so the people should bear their burdens hoping for everlasting happiness in another world if their reason can be so directed. WM. A. GRISWOLD.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Feb. 11, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I read M. Babcock's answer to the Young Men's Christian Association. I enjoyed it very much and wish we had more such men in our midst. It really seems as if such words were enough to convert any true person to truth. If some patent medicin man could invent a medicin that would digest words in a Christian brain, he would be the savior of this world, but I am afraid it is hopeless, as they swallow them by the dozen, and they should be taken one at a time, and slow at that, until a healthy digestion is accomplished. Your paper is one of the best as well as one of the most truly religious papers in the world.

CHARLES SACH.

SALEM, IOWA, Feb. 21, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I want to tell you and the readers of your valuable paper of the intellectual feast that we had on the 5th and 6th of the present month, in listening to the three lectures of Samuel P. Putnam in Fort Madison, Iowa, a distance of twenty-five miles from our place, through the rain and sleet; but we felt amply rewarded for our trouble.

Putnam is a little Samson in our ranks, and I think he was effectual in removing the superstition from the minds of some of his hearers.

My husband is seventy-seven years of age, and my age is sixty-four, and we are both strong in the belief of the Nine Demands of Liberalism. CHARLOTTE SHELDEN.

ALLEGHENY CITY, PA., Feb. 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Having read with great pleasure your most worthy paper for the past two years, I congratulate you for the success you hav had with the same. It ought to be read by a great many more Liberals. I favor the cartoons, as they are very entertaining, as well as instructiv. We all hav enough to do for the advancement of the grand Freethought movement, free speech, and equal rights. Independence and freedom were once won for us, but in the nineteenth century we hav to fight another battle—a battle for our rights, the rights of man. I am happy to think that we are gaining ground. I can see a bright day, and that not very far in the future, when the people of this country will hav to respect our noble Declaration of Independence and Constitution.

Mr. Seymour is with us for to-morrow afternoon, and Mr. Reynolds in the evening. C. R. GRIFFITH.

CHICAGO, ILL., Feb. 7, 287.

MR. EDITOR: I received a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER sent me some time ago, for which, thank you. I buy your paper every week from Mr. F. F. Follett, 302 State street. I could not do without it. It seems that the most dreary, lonesome time in my life was when I was out in the Rocky Mountains where THE TRUTH SEEKER was not to be had. The pictures are very, very good. My Christian friends are afraid that God will damn them if they read the paper, but they cannot resist looking at the pictures, —I or no —I. A highly educated and prominent lawyer of this city has renounced Catholicism. After reading a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER he said: "It is the only paper that I hav ever seen worth subscribing for." So much for your paper, regardless of what those gentlemen Peter Friedrichs, D. B. Phillips, and J. R. Davis, hav written you. Perhaps they are to be pitied rather than blamed. They hav been taught to believe in that obscene old book, and the crimes sanctioned by it, and they hav not the courage to renounce the gods and all their crimes. STELLA CAMPBELL.

STRASBURG, ILL., Feb. 24, 287.

MR. EDITOR: J. E. Remsburg delivered his lectures here as announced last week. David Siberts and lady came in a wagon through the Illinois mud ten miles to hear him; Mr. Lugar, from Seigal, nine miles away, attended both lectures; Uncle Bill Storm and his four boys walked five miles to hear the lecture. Judge Brackin, eighty-two years of age, occupied the chair, and his gray hairs gave dignity to the occasion.

Mr. Stewardson and Mr. Shelton made music on the violins, Miss Ida York on the organ, Mr. Seymour on the bones. Miss Pearl York and Miss Emma Martin closed the first evening with song; John Brackin, J. N. Storm, and myself took up the collection. We did not hav twelve basketfuls left, but, after paying all expenses, we hav $6.70 left. The worst recommendation that I can giv Mr. Remsburg is that Christians feel hurt because he did not say something that they could find fault with. You may want to know how I enjoyed it. If you do, just ask some old Methodist how he felt when he was born again. He can tell you, for he is used to describing his feelings. A. YORK.

VISALIA, CAL., Feb. 14, 287.

MR. EDITOR: It is with regret we learn that the Boontonites are not likely to press the case against our champion, C. B. Reynolds. They are quite willing to avoid an exposure of their bigotry in the secular courts, with the eyes of the whole civilized world on them. Would that Mr. Reynolds could force them to the issue, affording Mr. Ingersoll another opportunity to shed the brilliant light of his grand intellect on the benighted of mankind.

I would like to draw your attention to two publications by Ignatius Donnelly, entitled, "Atlantis" and "Ragnarok." They not only explain many of the legends and traditions of savage races, but show that much of the Old Testament or Jewish scriptures is virtually history, though badly mutilated. Mr. Donnelly's theory of the drift is well supported, not only by the relations of the legends from two hemispheres, but by the sciences of astronomy, geology, and paleontology. It is, in fact, the first work successfully harmonizing science and the Bible, or a large portion of it, which would be gratifying to Christians, if they would read it, and edifying to all.

T. J. C.

IPSWICH, DAK., Feb. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $4—$3 to apply on my subscription, and the balance for books, as per order. Please excuse negligence for not remitting sooner. I assure you I could not get along without the grand old TRUTH SEEKER, and hail with joy its weekly visits. It is the only intellectual friend I hav, outside my own family and one or two old men who, like myself, are ripening fast for the grave, for our long and peaceful slumber. I hav been trying to get at least one subscriber, but, alas! not even one. There are a few who would like to take the paper, but are too poor. Others hav not the moral courage to step out and assert their rights in this God-forsaken, priest-ridden community. They hav tried their best to ruin me and my business, but as I am now getting better acquainted, I quite often hear it is said, "I would rather deal with Brown, because I can depend on what he tells me." So I am strong in the faith that truth may yet prevail.

With many good wishes to you and all the lovers of truth up and down the broad land, and hoping Brother Heston's shadowing forth the folly of the old Jew book may never grow less, I remain, A truth seeker and Materialist,

A. J. BROWN.

BRAIDWOOD, ILL., Feb. 27, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I like your course with THE TRUTH SEEKER; it is at its best, and you appear to be able to keep it there. Your course in the Anarchist trials is correct. People here publicly express the belief that that bomb was thrown by a Pinkerton thug, and the pieces of the shell are said to compare with a pattern of United States ware shell cast at the Potomac arsenal. How did Anarchists get that shell? A lawyer here said to me, speaking of the trial, after having carefully read the proceedings, "It is as big a farce as I ever saw."

And now a few words to Mr. Goodell, of Sacramento. Since the war I hav lived in a mining town; hav seen strike after strike, but I hav never known strikers to injure property. During one strike we had quite a number of buildings burnt, mostly belonging to citizens of the place. An old rookery or so belonging to the coal company was burnt. The coal company made a great cry for the militia, but the town council thought they could do a little in the way of protecting property. They put on an efficient night watch. In a few nights a gentleman was caught under a large dry-goods store in the act of setting it on fire. You will say he was a striking miner. No, he was not. Was he a citizen of the town? No. He was a farm hand in from the country, and he was not seen in town till he was caught under the building. But a coal company lawyer cleared him all the same.

And now a few questions to Mr. Pfarrer, of Springfield, Ill. During the Gould strikes on the Southwestern railroads Pinkerton's thugs were at East St. Louis. A number of people had been over to St. Louis for groceries. On coming back they were fired into; five or six were killed, and others wounded. Who committed this murder? Again, the day before the Haymarket meeting a body of unarmed people were fired into near the McCormick Reaper works, and three or four killed and others wounded. Who did that shooting? During the butchers' strike at the stock-yards, Armour had Pinkerton's thugs there. When they were being sent away, a lone boy was seen on the sidewalk—was fired at and killed. Who committed that murder? At Jersey City another boy has been shot. Who protects these criminals? And why are they not prosecuted?

Mayor Harrison was at the Haymarket meeting, and there told the chief of police that it was a lawful and a law-abiding meeting. Therefore the police had no business there, neither had the bomb-thrower.

Whose property has been injured by strikers? I hear of none. By what authority does Bill Pinkerton keep that band of thugs? I know of no law for it.

Heston's pictures are splendid. F. B.

FONTANA, KAN., Feb. 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please send me a catalog of books—Liberal and scientific works—and discount straight, as I want about $15 or $20 worth of them myself; and as I went out last night and heard the voices of three ministers at one time in three different houses, I concluded to put the truth in the hands of all that I can. I went to the Baptist church Friday night, and the preacher in his sermon requested the members of the church to go around and solicit all their friends to come to their church and tell them of the goodness of God, etc., but if they met an Infidel, just pass him by, for they would be fooling away their time talking with him. Then he looked around at me, and remarked that almost any fool could ask the best of lawyers questions that he could not answer (I had been asking the preachers in this town some hard questions). He also compared a skeptic to a buzzard, that would sail over all the nice, living, fat cattle and pounce down on the carcass of a dead one and there satisfy his gluttonous wants. But there was one argument, he said, that they could not answer, and that was this: If the Christians were right, the skeptic would lose his soul; and if they were not right, they would lose nothing but their works. After we were dismissed, I approached the minister and told him that I accepted the comparison he had made between me and the buzzard, and therefore I would pounce upon him. I said that I thought his unanswerable argument expressed a great deal of doubt about the divinity of his cause and showed that he only worshiped through fear that the skeptics were not right. For my part, I was not afraid. He bade me Good-night. F. D. MILLER.

CLIFTON, KAN., Feb. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I send you five dollars for THE TRUTH SEEKER for two years.

Here in the West the farmers are waking up of late, forming Farmers' Alliances, shipping their own grain and other products. The grain buyers had formed a pool, making a basis of three cents per bushel the price for shipping corn, and as much more as they could make; on other grain and hogs and cattle in proportion, and the farmers got tired of it and kicked. Within the last month five Farmers' Alliances hav been organized here in Washington county, along the line of the railroads. At first the pool-buyers said the farmers could not hold together, and would not amount to anything; but they hav already got up scales and office and to-day commenced shipping grain at this point, with very favorable prospects. All along the line of the Central Branch of the Pacific and Kansas Pacific the farmers are taking up the matter of organization in this state, not only for shipping grain, but for political purposes. First, we strike at the effects to free ourselvs from some of the present leeches, and as we grow in strength and numbers will try and reach back at this treacherous villainy of class legislation that has made it possible for a few persons to become millionaires by impoverishing the many. We are beginning to discuss these important questions among the farmers pertaining to transportation, taxation, tariff, and monetary and political economy. We are getting disgusted with our agents in the legislature and Congress; look upon them as a body of political demagogs. We think there are too many lawyers, bankers, and bondholders in these bodies. The people hav been deceived by them. They got there by unjust means, especially the U. S. Senate. JOHN C. HANAN.

DUNDEE, MINN., Feb. 19, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed I send you $5 to renew my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER.

I would feel lost without your paper, and I am glad to inform you that my wife takes fully as much interest as I do in the paper. I hav earnestly hoped for the Interstate Commerce bill to become a law ever since its first introduction, and now as it is a law I think it will be a great help to the poorer class. I am aware that a common carrier can no more haul freight and passengers at the actual cost of transportation than a merchant can buy goods and sell them again at cost and make a living at it. But whenever a merchant sells to some of his customers at double profit, he can sell to just that many at cost, and thus favor his chosen ones and be as well off financially as if he had charged all the same, so long as he is not caught at it, or so long as the poorer or unfortunate ones cannot help it. But this is not justice! Now there is a clause in Section 22 of the above-named law which I think unjust. It reads as follows—viz., "Nothing in this act shall be construed to prohibit any common carrier from giving reduced rates to ministers of religion." Now, take the common carrier in the same view as we hav taken the merchant. If they only charge a living profit for carrying passengers, they cannot carry ministers at reduced rates and make a living at it. This no one should ask of the common carriers. Then if they make a reduction below living profit for ministers, they must charge just so much more to the rest in order to liv themselvs, which is not doing justice to the rest of the passenger traffic. Now, we hav it. There are but two ways the common carrier can make reductions for ministers; one way beats the rest of the people, all

but the ministers themselvs, and the other way beats the common carrier. I say, beat neither; but charge all the same—and only a living profit—ministers and all. You ask for names of Liberals; find list inclosed. C. W. BANTA.

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BAVARIA, KAN., Feb. 21, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Friend Putnam has been here, and given us seven lectures in this county, two in Brookville, three in Salina, and two in Bavaria, with good houses in all the places. We had at Bavaria an example of Christian tolerance, as they hav been telling us they had a great deal of it. As soon as they found we were going to hav Freethought lectures here they took up a petition to the county superintendent of public instruction, asking to hav the schoolhouse closed, so we could not use it for Infidel meetings, it being the only building here large enough for any meeting. Christians hav used it ever since it was built, seventeen years ago, for a church. Thanks to the school officers, the scheme did not work, and we had our meetings at the schoolhouse, and it was the best advertisment that could hav been given us, as the house was not large enough to hold all who came, and many went home without being able to hear the speaker.

Two very devout Christians took so great an interest in Mr. Putnam's last lecture that they could not keep from interrupting him. One was moved by the spirit of the Jewish God, the other by the spirit of—well, corn, I suppose; but Mr. Putnam answered them very satisfactorily to the Freethinkers. I hav not known of any of the honest Christians sanctioning the actions of these men. We had thought that intelligent Kansas was a long way ahead of New Jersey, but, from all indications, we must wait before we claim it.

Perhaps it would hav been the best thing for us here if the Christians had succeeded, as then we would hav built a hall of our own as a public hall open for everything. We will soon hav one here. Our thanks are due to the school officers, also the young men here, as they hav attended all of our meetings, and set a good example for some of the older Christians to follow, by listening, and not interrupting or making any disturbance.

We hope, by honest and fair dealing, to show our Christian friends we do not need a Jewish God to control us, but depend upon doing right to our fellow-man for our salvation, if any is necessary. T. H. TERRY,

Sec. pro. tem. Bavaria Secular Union.

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CEDAR FALLS, IOWA, Feb. 11, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: By reference to your files of 1880, and, I think, for the month September in that year, you will find an article written by me, entitled, "Cain's Wife—Who was She?" In that article I broached the new and startling discovery (startling to Christians) that the Bible teaches in plain and unmistakable language that in the beginning there were two separate and distinct creations of men and women; that, as the closing and final act in the six days' work of creation, a pair—a man and a woman—were created, made, and formed, and brought upon the stage of the green earth, and then and there received their instructions both as to what they should eat and what they should do. The making of that pair was the last act in the work of creation on the sixth day.

On the seventh day, God being weary, he took a rest.

And, coming upon the scene of his six days' labors on the morning of the eighth day, he failed to find his man and woman. They had skipped and gone over to the land of Nod. Hence he found it necessary to make another pair—another man and woman. For it was on the eighth day that God said, "There is not a man found to till the ground." Accordingly God proceeded at once to make another pair. It should be observed, however, that entirely different methods were used in the creation or manufacture of those two pairs of human beings.

The first pair came by the first method, while the second pair, called Adam and Eve, were manufactured, and each out of different materials, the woman coming several days after Adam, as time was required for him to dry sufficiently for practical purposes.

Now, let any critical Bible student read Gen. i and ii carefully, and he must arrive at the same conclusion as herein set forth.

Nevertheless, I claim priority over all, theologians, Bible commentators, or others, in making and publishing to the world this idea—this fact of a double creation, at different times and by different methods. These wonderful and startling facts were first published to the world in the year of grace 1880, in THE TRUTH SEEKER.

And now comes Dr. T. W. Chambers, an eminent writer and theologian of the regular orthodox persuasion, and in his critical notes an Genesis, written in the light of modern literary and scientific research (soon after my discovery was published), referring likewise to the documentary views of the modern "high critics" (evidently referring to my notes), saying, "as he pointed out a seeming difference in style at Gen. i and ii," that there is evidently here a change in style, "a transition to a new division, or, as some suppose, to a mere document which Moses was divinely directed to use in making his record."

The editor of the *Sunday-School Times*, where I find Dr. Chambers's views briefly set forth, also says that from time to time critical side-light articles hav been added by eminent specialists in the line of the Sunday-school lessons, etc. Now, what is this but an acknowledgment from these theologians and would-be teachers that they hav already received considerable light from those not reckoned as orthodox believers in all the traditional teachings heretofore imposed upon them by the church? Well, we are glad to see them adopting our views, but what we complain of is that they are thus stealing our thunder without giving us due credit for our discoveries, and appropriating to themselvs what has cost us much study and scientific research.

It was my intention at the start to hav the article containing my important discoveries copyrighted, but, owing to a press of business at that time, it was neglected; and now, finding that those views are becoming popular with theologians and others, while we secretly rejoice, we still think that no *Christian* has any just right to appropriate our discoveries to his own use without giving us due credit.

J. C. N. ABBOTT.

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FENNIMORE, WIS., Feb. 16, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am not a subscriber to your paper, but intend to be soon. You sent me a few sample copies, which I hav circulated freely and carefully.

What first prompted me to write you is this. In your "Letters from Friends," I notice many of them admit to being "Infidels." This word is hateful to me. I am a Freethinking Moralist, as near as I know what the term means, but I'm a Liberal anyhow, and can't help it. I'm not Infidel to my friends, my neighbor, my patients (being a physician), my wife, or my country. As to being Infidel to my God, I am not aware that I am under any obligation to take Webster's definition, any more than I am obliged to take his definition of freedom. As I am credibly informed, once upon a time, when a woman with a child at her breast was running through a tangled cypress swamp for freedom, with a bloodhounds upon her track, Mr. Webster took the side of the bloodhounds and called it liberty. I wish that all Liberals could regard the name "Infidel" in the same light I do; but if they can't I'll not put them upon the Christian rack, nor burn nor crucify them.

I am not posted or in any manner informed of the nature of the persecution or prosecution of a Mr. Reynolds. If the case stands as I am led to understand it, I would like to contribute to the fund for his defense, if there be such a fund. How can I find out?

As to the cartoons of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I can say "Amen" to them. They constitute a literature of themselvs that is quicker read and easier comprehended than anything that is written, and are also more expressiv, because they appeal to the eye as well as the understanding.

I will not presume to giv advice to Liberals, but will tell them my plan of working.

We are aware that it would be the personification of foolishness to attempt to convert an old, straight-backed Calvinist to reason.

My plan is a "still hunt" among the young, from ten to twenty years of age, and the more intelligent the better. I place Liberal literature in their hands, and it is so new and strange to them that they read it with avidity and ask for more. Thus the good seed is sown; and some, at least, will fall upon good ground. I find that the more intelligent young men are Liberal from nature, Sunday-schools and preachers to the contrary notwithstanding.

All the youug people want is a starter, a place to begin; they liv in an atmosphere that is repulsiv to their nativ sense of justice, common sense, and decency.

Reasoning from my success in this matter, I would advise all Liberals to make the acquaintance and court the friendship of all the bright boys they can, and place all the inducements possible in their hands of looking up their own interests, and let the blockheads go into the church for preachers or religious editors. D. O. PICKARD, M.D.

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NEW CAMBRIA, KAN., Feb. 20, 287.

MR. EDITOR: The worthy secretary of the American Secular Union has come and gone, and he has left the Liberals of this vicinity feeling encouraged. The fact is, even the most sanguin Liberals did not know that there were so many Liberals in this community as there are. It is safe to say there are no less than one hundred, Salina being the center. The Opera House of Salina was comfortably filled for three evenings to hear Mr. Putnam's brilliant, flowery, logical, and poetical lecture; and another marked feature of those meetings was that the audience applauded to the echo as if it were a political gathering. A Secular Union was organized at Salina with about thirty-six members, of which your humble servant is one, along with the rest, Dr. Houser being appointed to procure the charter and issue the call for the first meeting as soon as the above document is received.

I took it on myself to make some pleasant calls with Mr. Putnam upon several distinguished citizens. Mr. Putnam went where I led the way, and my acquaintance in the town at this time was very limited. Mr. Putnam made a very extensiv sale of books at Salina. We learn that they had crowded houses at Brookville and Bavaria, all three of those meetings being a brilliant success. What can the Christian expect when the prayer of the righteous availeth naught? It will be remembered that just before Mr. Putnam started he uttered a prayer that he might not come in contact with any wind-storms or cyclones; but he did with onc of the worst gales that hav been in this part of Kansas for the last seven years, which spoiled our meeting at New Cambria, so much so we left my humble home but a few steps with the lecturer, and turned back and took shelter under its roof for the night, but we learn since that there was an audience of twenty or thirty, awaiting our arrival at William's Hall. I felt very much disappointed, as I had the honor of arranging this meeting. I suggest to the auxiliaries of the American Secular Union they must not expect too much from organization at once, but must hav patience and remember all new movements must hav growth which requires time. Remember the short life of the Grange and other organizations that lacked patience. Don't expect any more for the present than that our meetings will be a place of social amusement and education of the young, and an exchange of ideas, thereby improving one another; and remember that we can do this much cheaper than the churches, because we will hav no minister's salary to pay, every one being his own spokesman with us. We can hold entertainments and make them self-supporting, and we can also be able to decide, when we hav an occasional lecturer from abroad, whether we can't replenish our treasury instead of a few having to bear the burden of the expenses, as it is where no organizations hav been perfected.

But the most important thing about organization is in being ready to act in a body the moment an opportunity is offered to accomplish something; and as a proof that our worthy secretary is aware that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" we hav only to call your attention to his fight for the opening of the museums in New York on Sundays. He has succeeded in making this a political question of the municipal government of the city of New York. So he has the peculiar faculties of forcing our demands on the body politic, and, I fear, much faster than Liberals will make up their minds to follow where he leads the way; and I want you all to understand one thing: we can never accomplish the Nine Demands without a political effort, and as nine issues are greater than one or two, you must make up your minds to sacrifice one or the other, if need be. By this means you can hasten the day of equal and exact justice.

JOHN W. ABBOTT.

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AURORA, O., Feb. 22, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav concluded to inclose a short article I published in my county paper as a schedule of part of my belief. I see by the two pages of "Letters from Friends"—a most interesting part of your paper—that there are many Liberal farmers. They may be as desirous to read something on agricultural questions as on greenback, temperance, and financial matters. There are no subjects of more vital importance than the ones merely glanced at in this communication. Is it not a strange anomaly that in the labor discussions that hav grown so fierce in the last few years the farmer is seldom included among the different classes of labor? He is generally left out of sight.

I am nearing fourscore, and until the last year hav not thought of finishing a day's work with eight or ten hours. I hav earned what I am worth and much more that is wasted and spent on others. Society and government, by their burdens and taxations, hav failed to strengthen themselvs lately in my affections, and I begin to feel like challenging their demands.

I like to read in your correspondence anything that shows what my fellow-Liberals are at home. This article may help them to some hints about myself. So please put my name to the article if you deem it worthy of publication. It was published in the Portage County *Democratic Press*, Ohio.

Yours, N. EGGLESTON.

THE LOAD THE FARMER CARRIES.

MR. EDITOR: Is it any wonder the farmers of all nations, in all times, hav gone down under the weights imposed upon them? Is it any wonder the American farmer begins to stagger? And yet the blessed creatures never did, and do not now, know what ails them; or rather suppose that nothing is the matter so long as when they go to town some rich banker condescends to stop and ask about the health of their families and the condition of their crops. They do not understand the relation between those crops and the notes upon which the banker grows rich, but remember with thankfulness how the banker overlooked their coarse garments, and smiled graciously upon them. Such notice pays for a large instalment of toil, while it is the cheap return offered by idleness and luxury to those who create everything.

The farmer not only makes the country, he makes cities, he makes the world. He makes the sun and all the stars. If it were not for him they would be of no use. They might as well go out, and they would go out. He not only has given perfume to the jasmin and color to the roses; he is the creator of all roses and gardens and fields of grain. The banker and railroader only manipulate and transfer and exchange what he creates, and get rich; while he grows poor and poorer, until he is broken down, overburdened, and crushed under the load of parasites that swarm on him. So went under the once industrious and noble farmers of the Euphrates, of the Nile and northern Africa, and of Italy and Spain—and they drew down in their ruin the many wonderful cities that had forgotten their makers and creators in the days of their vanity and blindness.

The farmer treads the wine-press, but does not drink the wine. He makes the tapestry and the carpets and the laces, but daintier feet and hands cannot spare him room upon their rich, soft figures, or share their loveliness with him. He builds railroads, colleges, and churches, Euclid avenues and Fifth avenues. He does more; he maintains all the vermin and parasites that infest them, all the worthless, unworked classes, and the courts and penitentiaries that keep them in order. Cabinets and legislatures, mines and manufactures, would starve without his crops. Had he no further stent than to support himself, he could do it as he once did, and be a gentleman again.

But I hav not much hope for him. I confess that some signs are favorable. But most of the men who come to the front in our agricultural schools, institutes, and provision law making, are not the best farmers of the country. They are men whose dispositions are distressed greatly by close application to home work.

Again, the strikes in our cities and mines are operating indirectly most severely upon the farmer; more so than upon the classes against which they are directly aimed. Agriculture is not yet ready to sing the song of eight hours, or ten hours, for a day's work. The idle world demands of the farmer fourteen hours at least, or eviction, and his ears never hear a swell of sympathy.

Higher wages mean more burdens and higher taxes for the agriculturist. They mean less crops, less work, less profits, and more mortgages on the land. They mean abandonment of the old homestead, removals, tears, and extinguishment. Higher wages and less time for field hands, besides all this, encourage idleness and unsteady and expensiv habits among those training for farm life.

By almost universal consent the dissolute machinery of society and government is running adversely to the welfare of labor on farms, and the laborer is fast hastening the way toward the doom of his forgotten predecessors.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## One by One.

One by one, the moments whirl us
Swiftly down life's restless stream,
One by one, we're passing onward
Through the darkness and the gleam.

One by one, the hours are speeding,
Never halting on their way;
One by one, while youth and pleasnre
All may vainly bid them stay.

One by one, the days are fading,
Weeks and months roll into years,
One by one, they fill the record
Of time's memories, smiles or tears.

One by one, the leaves expanding
Robe the woods in deepest green;
One by one, at Autumn's summons,
Fading, falling, quit the scene.

One by one, friends on life's journey
Drop asleep to wake no more;
One by one, they fail to greet us
At the erstwhile welcome door.

One by one, oh, may we ever
Lessons learn from time's decay,
One by one, to fill our places
Nobler, worthier every day.

*Bald Mountain, N. Y.* -D. L. B.

## Two Industrious Girls.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav not written in the Children's Corner for a long time, and so I thought I would write a few lines. I think "The World We Liv In," "A Selfish Girl," and, "Are Your Hands Clean?" are very nice stories. Uncle has "The Story Hour," and I think it is very nice. I hav a book that was given me by a cousin. The title is, "Write Your Own Stories." Every other page has a picture, and opposit are lines to write your story on; and the one that I hav chosen is two little girls, one with a dust-pan and brush and the other with a dusting-cloth. And under the picture are the words, "Brushing Up the Crumbs;" and if you think it good enough, please publish.

Your little friend, ROSA MCLENITHAN.

These girls are brushing up the crumbs. They are trying to surprise their mother. She is surprised when she comes home. She sees her six-year-old daughter dusting the room and her four-year-old brushing up the crumbs. They don't like it because she came home, but when she calls them in the other room, she givs them candy, and then they say they are glad she came home. After they ate a little of the candy, they went back to dusting and sweeping until it was all done. When supper-time came, they helped set the table and get the supper. When supper was ready and their papa came home, he was surprised to see everything so neat and tidy. Weren't they kind to their mother?

ROSA MCLENITHAN.

[A nicely written story, and shows the author to be a bright and smart little girl, who may yet become a famous writer.—ED. C. C.]

## Our Puzzle Box.

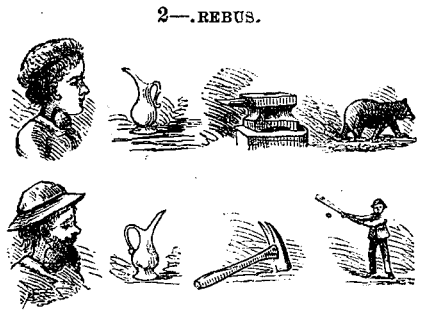
1.—EXERCISES IN READING.

A tedious man to preach did try;
Eight tedious men "Amen" reply;
Eighty just men began to sigh.

A ton, dead weight, the *giant* drew;
Eight hundred weight, all *I* could do.

UNCLE JAMES.

2—.REBUS.



A quotation.

3.—PUSSY IN THE CORNER.

Eight cats each in a corner sat,
Seven other cats before each cat;
And on the tail of each of these
There sat a cat in feline ease—
How many cats in all is that?

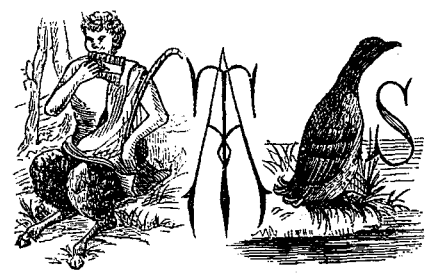
J. K. P. BAKER.

4.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

Find one in pile, but not in heap;
Find two in mild, but not in meek;
Find three in raven, but not in prey;
Find four in river, but not in bay;
Find five in short, but not in long;
Find six in powerful, but not in strong;
Find seven in brown, but not in white;
Find eight in wrong, but not in right;
Find nine in beautiful, but not in pretty;
For my whole, find in Europe a noted city.

*N. Boothbay, Me.* WARREN B. ORCHARD.

5.—REBUS.



The small boy's aspiration.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, FEB. 26, 1887.

1.–Ci-ou-s—cious. 2.–Ariel, Lear, Cinderella, Rosalind, Barkis, Antonio, Belinda, Hamlet, Lochinvar, Claudis, Falstaff, Paulina. 3.–Cross-grain-ed. B-ass-oon. M-inn-ow. Cap-pap-er. S-tar-ling. Lu-net-te. 4.–Drunkards let in a thief at the mouth to steal away their brains.

## Correspondence.

ELLENSBURG, WASH., Jan. 31, 1887.

MISS WIXON: My father has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for several years. I hav seen so many letters in the Corner, I thought I would write one too. We liv near Yokamo river. In the summer we hav a great time down there. There are rocks of all shapes and kinds, as granit, slate, quartz, basalt, etc. There is no timber except along the river, and back in the mountains. There are balm, alder, dogwood, and other kinds of trees along the river. Back in the mountains are fine fir and tamarack. I am ten years old. I love to read the stories in the Children's Corner, and always read them.

Yours truly, THOMAS W. PARRISH.

LISBON, IA., Feb. 13, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Our school has been out since February 4th. I hav been sawing wood since then. We hav had fine winter weather, but to-day is pretty windy. We liv on a farm two and a half miles south of Lisbon. We hav one hundred and ninety-five acres of land, twenty-five of which is timber. We are the only Liberals in this neighborhood. Pa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER ever since it was printed. I hav four brothers and two sisters. Lisbon is a small town of one thousand inhabitants and five churches. We all like Watson Heston's pictures; this morning we all had to laugh at Nimrod when he treed a 'possum. I will close for this time. EDWIN A. SAILOR.

COLON, MICH., Feb. 28, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I had intended to write before this, but owing to sickness in our family I could not. My Grandpa Powers has been very sick, but he is better now. I was so glad to see Uncle John in the corner again, but ere I got time to reply to him I read in the Children's Corner the sickness and death of little Ralph. I mourn with and for Uncle John in the death of his little Ralph. That is what we all hav got to come to sooner or later—to be laid away in our last resting-place, but we cannot help but mourn for our dear departed ones. I hope that Uncle John won't forget his little TRUTH SEEKER friend in his loss, for I love Uncle John and all THE TRUTH SEEKER friends. I wish to send my love to Uncle John. In the last Corner I read about "Pets," by Seward Mitchell, and some day, with your permission, I want to hav a little talk with him about pets, for I think by talking with the pen we become acquainted with each other. I am glad to see that Mr. Putnam has started out again on his round of travels, and I wish he could drop in on us some day, but I don't expect any such pleasure is in store for us. I send my best respects to all the Children's Corner friends. I will close with love to you.

Sincerely yours, FRANCES B. CORNWALL.

[Yes; you may talk with any of our correspondents, but please be brief, as you see our space is limited.—ED. C. C.]

HARRISBURG, PA., Feb. 14, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I suppose you thought it strange not to hear from me after so kindly publishing my story, but nevertheless I wrote to you a day after THE TRUTH SEEKER containing it reached me, thanking both you and Mr. Cozine for the kind attention given my story. But it is a mystery to me why you did not receive the letter, for, soon after I mailed it, it was returned to me unclaimed. The address was correct, being the same as stated at the top of the Corner; and not till now did I find an opportunity to write you again. I don't understand why Mr. Cozine asked for my full address in THE TRUTH SEEKER, when he did not want to write to me, as I complied with his request, and that was the last I heard of Mr. Cozine. As it is not our custom to depend on God, I will just hav to hope you will receive this letter.

HERMAN S. TAUSIG.

[It must hav been owing to some mistake that the letter did not come to hand, as our mail is large, and we never knew such a thing to happen to a letter of ours before. In regard to D. B. Cozine, his conduct is inexplicable. To offer prizes and then fail to comply with his own terms, nor even to deign an explanation of his conduct, is very strange, to say the least. He cannot be a true Liberal, for we never knew one to be guilty of such wrong-doing. To deceive a child in such a manner is the hight of meanness. But let us charitably think that his mind may be unbalanced or that he has become a member of some religious body where they wink at such things. Liberals are of better material.—ED. C. C.]

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 12, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As you were kind enough to print my other letter, I thought I would write again. I spent six weeks with my auntie. While there, mother moved to Cleveland, Ohio. I came home and started to school here. It was just examination, but I went through with it, and was promoted. I did not expect it, for I had been here for such a short time. I like the school here better than either of the schools I hav attended, because they do not make us keep our hands behind us. They let us sit the way we like. I attend the Case avenue school. My mother got married while I was in Springfield, and my stepfather is a Presbyterian, and would like to hav me attend Sunday-school regularly, but mother runs the Sunday-school business. Mother says I can go sometimes to please him. She says it won't hurt me to go sometimes. The more I go, the less I think of the way they do. I went last Sunday, and the superintendent said that when we go along streets and see so many cards on the door with diphtheria on, we ought to come to Sunday-school and be good. They cannot scare me that way. It is the money they want. They are building a new church, and want a great deal of money. I hav a little friend living in Illinois somewhere. Her name is Nora Carter, and if she sees THE TRUTH SEEKER I would like to hav her write to me. My address is 975 Payne ave., Cleveland, O. I am going to send you some verses mother wrote. She wrote them just for fun. I asked her for them, and she gave them to me to do what I pleased with them. I wanted to send them to you and hav them printed with my letter, if you think it worth while. I close my letter hoping you will think it worthy a place in the Children's Corner. ETHEL VANETTA.

They say that I am drifting away from all things good,
Drifting away from heaven, drifting away from God;
Drifting away from righteousness, drifting away from truth,
Drifting away from everything they taught me in my youth.

They say I am drifting onward, far out into the night,
Drifting away in darkness, drifting away from the light;
Ever drifting downward, farther from the sky,
Drifting away from God's mercy, drifting on to die.

I know that I hav drifted far out on the bay,
But with the lamp of reason to light me on the way,
And freedom for companion, with truth and right to guide,
I think I'll float on safely, and come in with the tide.

## What is Evolution?

Evolution is a pretty big word, but your minds are capable, I am sure, of taking in its import.

It means, briefly expressed, to grow, to unfold by degrees, little by little, step by step. The world was not made in a year, nor in six thousand years, as was formerly taught, but, as has been told you before, it has been growing slowly for millions of years—is still growing and developing?

Plants and animals did not attain their present state all at once. They hav been growing—evoluting—and are yet some ways off from perfection.

Linnæus and Buffon were the first among modern naturalists who taught gradual growth or evolution.

Low types of life existed first, like the mollusks that are found in the very oldest rocks; after them came certain kinds of fishes, and then the water animals appeared; following them came crawling and slimy serpents, hideous reptils, and then the mammals. Mammals means those creatures that nurse their babies, like the cow, the cat, and the goat. The word mamma is derived from mammal, and you can see readily how like it is to it. Man, the highest species of animals, came last, but the first race, or primitiv man, was not of the same order that you see to-day. Far different. But there was that in him that foretold what is to-day, as every form of life has shadowed that which was to come after.

Through many changes, variations of climate, food, battles with enemies, and many other causes, organic life has developed, the stronger and best fitted to liv surviving the weak and inperfect organisms. Darwin calls this "the survival of the fittest," and "natural selection."

Everything advances in the most perfect order, and is subject always to law and government. Through successiv stages of reptil, beast, and savage, the human being has come, and when you see a man or child behaving like a brute, you must be sorry for that one, because he has not yet developed properly, and is still showing very plainly that he is in the order of evolution.

You ask what it is that has caused all the great changes in nature. The two great causes are Force and Matter, and I guess we shall hav to call them the parents, the father and mother of the universe.

Evolution, or growth, or progress, whatever we may call it, is a great study, and when you are older, and your minds stronger, you must read the works of the great writers on the subject, and use your eyes in observing plants and animals; the elements, as fire, air, water; and studying about their habits and ways in a wild condition, and also when domesticated; note the difference, and draw your own conclusions. You hav reason and intelligence, and, of course, reason and intelligence are intended for use or exercise, and to make us good and useful citizens of the world in which we liv. S. H. W.

QUESTIONS.—What is the meaning of the word evolution? Was the world made in six thousand years? How long has it been growing? Is it finished yet? What modern naturalists taught evolution first? Name the oldest forms of life. Name the next. What is the meaning of mammal? What word hav we from it? What is the last species called? Was the early man like the present type? Tell the causes of progress. What does Darwin call this? What is subject to law and government? Through what changes has man come? When must we be sorry? Can you tell the two prominent causes of change? What shall we call them? What ought we to observe and study?


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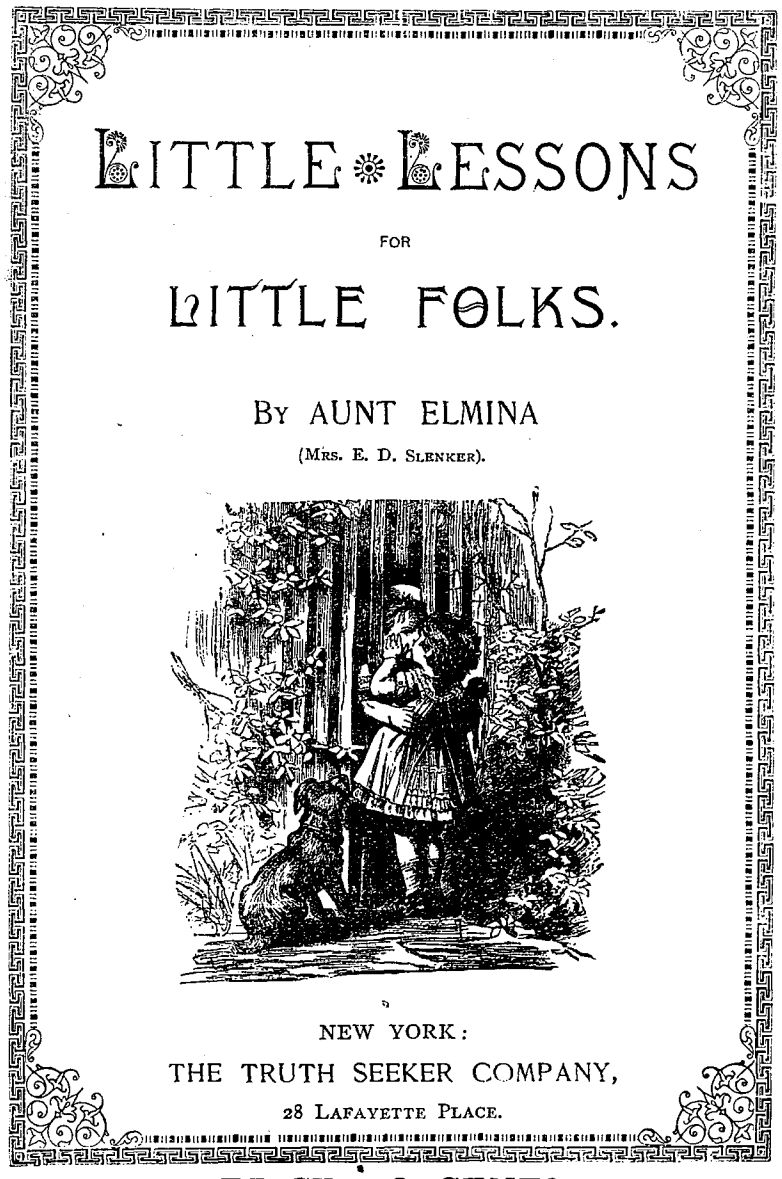
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THE FATHERS OF OUR REPUBLIC: Paine, Jefferson, Washington, and Franklin. By John E. Remsburg. Published by J. P. Mendum, *Investigator* office, Boston, Mass.

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*Syracuse, N. Y.*, Feb. 20, 287.

I hav been reading this last lecture, "The Fathers of Our Republic," with more than ordinary interest.

Everybody who knows Mr. Remsburg is well aware that he never hits wide of the mark, and always hews to the line of his subject. All his lectures are like bright coins from the mint, but this is a real gem, more precious than gold. In the time of battle arms are of more consequence than gold, and this lecture will prove a real weapon in the hand of every Freethinker engaged in the great struggle for equal rights and mental liberty.

Every reader of Christian literature knows how often Thomas Paine has been referred to as a "scoffer" and an "Atheist." Ever since his death, few sermons hav been considered complete without a reference to the "awful death of Tom Paine." In a recent sermon Talmage repeated the stale lie.

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JOHN PECK.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN CHRISTIANITY AND CIVILIZATION.

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This production of W. S. Bell's is just as clear cut and incisiv, though, of course, it lacks that peculiar "horse radish" bite and sting that none but Stephen K. Foster could impart. Pamphlets of this nature are frequently the best educators (especially in this hurried, bustling age) for the reason that very many will take time to read the small collections of well-written, well selected and compiled gems of truth and wisdom that would not take time to read any large, elaborate work or treatis on science or philosophy. In the hope that this little truthful missionary may reach the multitude with its words of truth and soberness, I giv my hearty commendation, GEORGE LYNN.

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"See here, boys," said he, "what a funny looking fox I've shot."

"Fox!" said they. "Great Scott! Jerusalem! Julius Cæsar! Do you think we don't know a skunk when we see it?"

MORAL.—When you find a dead skunk don't bag it, but bury it.


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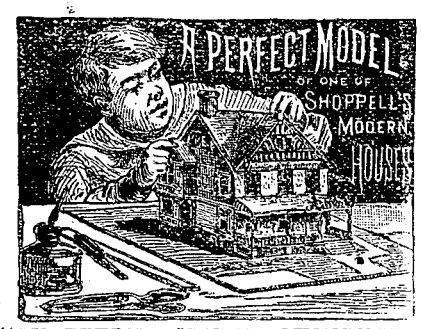
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## News of the Week.

THIRTY-SEVEN men, out of a possible ten thousand, were arrested last Sunday for violating the excise law.

WILLIAM COOK, one of the seven men who organized the Knights of Labor, died in Philadelphia, Sunday, of heart failure, aged sixty-five years.

LAST SUNDAY'S papers reported that Henry Ward Beecher was dying. He had been stricken with apoplexy, and his left side was paralyzed. His family and friends had given up all hope of his recovery. Mr. Beecher lived through Sunday and Monday, though in an unconscious condition. Up to the hour of closing this page, news of his death has not reached this office.

WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP, the alleged mind-reader, is in New York exhibiting wonderful tricks in psychology. Mr. Montague, of Boston, is here doing the same tricks, which he attributes to muscle-reading.

OLD Mr. Goodman, 76 years of age, a highly-esteemed citizen of Huntsville, Mo., got angry at his wife last Sunday, and struck her on the head with a boot and killed her. When he saw that she was dead, he opened an artery in his arm, and then hanged himself.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, of Germany, is 90 years old on the 22d inst.

THE burning of a steamer on the Tombigbee river, in Alabama, caused the loss of about twenty lives.

THE elections in New South Wales hav resulted in the return to the Legislativ Assembly of 83 free traders and 41 protectionists.

FATHER MCGLYNN has been invited to be the orator of St. Patrick's day. The pope has sent his benediction to the recalcitrant pastor.

THE resolution to submit to the people a constitutional amendment, providing for woman suffrage, has been concurred in by the House by a vote of 52 to 7.

CARRIE FEATHERSTONE, a hallelujah Salvation Army lass, was arrested in Brooklyn the other day. She stole $500 worth of jewelry from a person who had befriended her.

FATHER O'NEIL, a Roman Catholic priest of Brooklyn, was arrested in this city the other day for being drunk and disorderly. He was literally picked out of the gutter, having got into a fight and been thrown down.

TRADE dollars are to be redeemed by act of Congress. As these dollars are almost entirely out of circulation, the redemption will help no one but the speculators who bought them at a discount. The bill to redeem them is regarded as a corrupt job.

BRAUNSCHWEIG and Schenck, the two wild-mouthed Anarchists who were imprisoned with Herr Most for violent speech-making, were let out last week, and six hundred of their friends gave them a reception. The speeches made at the meeting were about the same as those for which the men were arrested.

DURING the illness of Mayor Hewitt, which has included all the time since his election, Henry R. Beekman, president of the board of aldermen, has been acting mayor. This official has made things very lively for dive keepers, illegal traffickers in liquor, and other evil-doers. It is not generally believed that Mayor Hewitt will be able to do any better.

IN the United States there are 2,269 breweries, which produce annually 460,832,400 gallons, or over seven gallons per head. In Germany there are 23,940 breweries, which produce annually 900,000,000 gallons, or over twenty gallons per her head. In Great Britain there are 26,214 breweries, which produce annually 1,050,000,000 gallons, or over thirty per head.


# THE ORDER OF CREATION.

*A Discussion Between*

**Gladstone, Huxley, Muller, Linton, Reville.**

On the Conflict between Genesis and Geology.

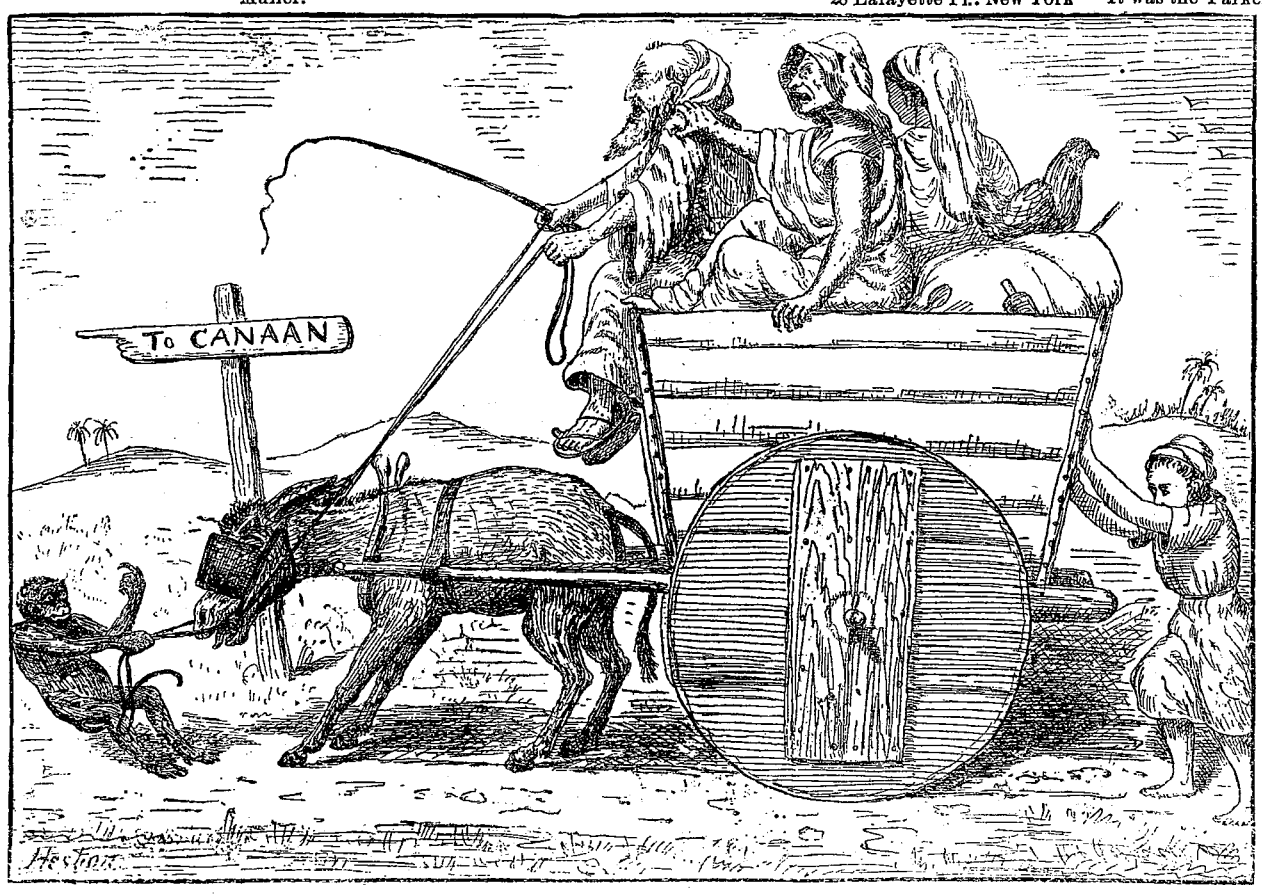
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ABRAHAM EMIGRATES.—Gen. xii, 5.

## Gems of Thought.

WHAT influence was it that brought freedom to the manacled slave toiling in the swamps of Georgia or the burning sun of Louisiana? Was it the Protestant church? Was it the Methodists, or the Presbyterians, or the Episcopalians, or the Baptists? Was it any or all of these? No. It was the men who ridiculed the infallibility of the pope, and laughed at the immaculate conception It was the Parkers and Pilsburys, the Garrisons and Phillipses, aided by a host of abolitionists—heretics every one. They read the first line of our grand charter of liberty, and then set free three millions of human beings.—*D. M. Bennett.*

HOMER saw that the story of Ulysses would not be probable if he represented so great a man as caught by mere songs; so they promis him knowledge, which it was not strange that a man desirous of wisdom should consider dearer than his country. And, indeed, to wish to know every thing of every kind, is natural to the curious; but to be attracted by the contemplation of greater objects, to entertain a general desire for knowledge, ough to be considered a proof of a great man.—*Cicero's Chief Gold and Evil.*

EVEN now, the great mass of the clergy are accustomed to refer to the fable of the Flood as though it were an actual event, while the more advanced theologians maintain that the Flood was confined to Asia Minor, and the animals carried into the ark were simply a few domestic animals, claiming that the Bible can be interpreted so as to harmonize with this view. They are shameless enough to get a new lease of life for their system by such a statement as this, when the language of the Bible is so clear, so unmistakable, so unequivocal, that no honest man can read the story of the Flood, and doubt that the author meant a deluge extending over the whole earth, and destroying all animals not saved in the ark. —*Underwood's Lectures and Essays.*

"THE only laws that we know," said Richard Fullerton, "are those which we are slowly finding out for ourselvs in the positiv sciences and that educated, and still to be educated, sense of justice, equity, and respect for humanity, which we embody in codes, and call concretely conscience. It is childish to talk of a devil who tempts us to do evil—humiliating to common sense and manhood to fear eternal punishment if we hav done evil—and what grosser superstition has the world ever seen than the Christian doctrin of God incarnate in man that we might all hav a better chance of heaven?—a better chance, mind you; not a certainty—and the whole universe disturbed that we might be less unfairly handicapped."—*Mrs. Linton's Under Which Lord.*

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rest unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little and of one to me.

Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things, and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself.

And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
—*Tennyson's Ulysses.*

O, FORTUNE! thou that givest unto each his portion in this dirty planet, bestow (if it shall please thee) coronets and crowns and principalities and purses and pudding and powers upon the great and noble and fat ones of the earth. Grant me that, with a heart of independence, unyielding to thy favors and unbending to thy frowns, I may attain to literary fame; and though starvation be my lot, I will smile that I hav not been born a king. (From a letter of date August, 1814, to be found in the third chapter of Life of Thomas Carlyle by *James Anthony Froude.*)

ATHEISM claims the right to think and the right to speak the thought, without any penalty being imposed upon the thinker. It denies that there is any subject so sacred that it should not be investigated; any assertion so authoritativ that it may not be tested. While Christianity proclaims that hell is the preordained punishment for unbelief in doctrins incapable of verification by experience, Atheism asserts that unbelief is a duty where evidence is insufficient, and that faith in dogmas relating to the unknown is foolish credulity.—*Mrs. Besant's Gospel of Atheism.*

IT may be questioned whether a single man, or even a single priest, preacher or churchman, ever fully "realized" the import of the doctrin that is spoken of as "everlasting punishment in hell." We know the names of single men whom the far-off contemplation of it drove to the madhouse. Nothing but dense ignorance, credulity, mental and moral apathy, wrapping human sensibility about as with the hide of a rhinoceros, enabled them to bear the suggestion of it, and still go on their way believing, hoping, and rejoicing. In proportion as men become intelligent, conscientious, and sensitiv, they throw the incubus off, though with it they cast over creed, church, scripture, and all the associations of religion. For reason is more than all.—*Frothingham.*

## Odds and Ends.

THE German workman, when washing his hands before eating his lunch of sausage, is preparing for the wurst.

WHEN two Americans meet the first thing they do is to "smile." This is more evidence that our national characteristic is humor.

NAOMI was 580 years old when she got married, but "she got there just the same." Girls, paste this in your sky-scraping hats.

FIVE nativs of one of the South Pacific Islands were hanged for killing a missionary. They appear to be very strict in enforcing the game laws in that section.

THE Pittsburgh *Despatch* says that the "tramp toils not, neither doth he spin." Don't you believe it. No yarn in the world equals that which is spun by the tramp.

"DID Charley come to see you Sunday night, Ella?" asked Clara. "Why, no; it rained too hard. Did Fred come to see you?" "Certainly. He always comes—rain or shine." "He must be a rain beau, then."

A BOSTON man on the fated Montreal train ran into a saloon at Concord to take a drink and returned to the station just in time to see the rear end of the train as it passed out of the railroad yard. A few hours later his car plunged into the White River. And did that man go down on his knees and swear never to touch another drop? Not so. He took another drink and went back to Boston rejoicing.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.—Bill Snort, of the Crosby County *Clarion and Farmer's Vindicator*, was in Austin yesterday, and a friend happened to remark that he ought to go and hear a prominent Austin clergyman. "Is he very eloquent?" asked Bill. "Yes, and he flings his arms about very liberally." "Flings his alms about very liberally, does he? Then you bet I'm going. There is no journalist in Texas who needs alms as much as I do."

OMAHA WORLD MAN: You are "Bloody Jim, the Western Terror," eh? Why, you and I went to school together, and you were the biggest coward in the whole town.

BLOODY JIM: I am yet.

"I suppose, though, you hav become a dead shot."

"No, I've got an old pistol, but I never load it. I'm afraid it might go off."

"Yet you make your living robbing stages?"

"Yes."

"How do you manage?"

"I tell them to halt, fork over, and they fork."—*Omaha World.*

A GENTLEMAN owns a fine tract of cedar land not far from Austin, Texas, and a few days ago he was told that some negroes were cutting down the timber, so he rode out to see about it. To his astonishment he found a wealthy white neighbor, with a team and wagon, hauling off the timber. "Why, I am astonished, colonel," said the owner of the land. "I heard that a lot of negroes were stealing my timber, and here I find you, a white man, cutting my timber. You ought to be ashamed of yourself." "Well, to tell you the truth," responded the other party, "I hate to steal timber like a darky, but these cedar trees make such good fence rails that I concluded to drop all pride of race."

I.

WRITE something none can understand,
And all who read will say "'Tis grand!"
And upward turn their eyes and sigh,
And murmur: "This is poetry!"

II.

Write something that has no pretense
To anything but common sense,
A stanza brilliant, pungent, terse—
That, dear Sophronia, is verse!

SHE KNEW HIM.

She sat beside me at the play
In all her girlish loveliness,
While in the box across the way
A dowager in gorgeous dress

Sat, while the diamonds glittered bright,
On wrinkled neck and shoulders bare;
"Ah, were those gems my own," I cried,
"I'd find for them a place more fair."

"Sweetheart," I whispered, "need I tell
Where I would hav those gems repose?"
She faltered not (she knew me well),
"Why, with your uucle, I suppose!"

THE BOODLER AT MONTREAL.

Drink, drink, drink,
That the time may pass away;
Slink, slink, slink
Away from the light of day.
There's a chap I knew in the states
Standing across the way.
I was honest then, old man—
I hope he's not going to stay!

Why, all New York seems here,
And all of the crowd are gay—
St. James street? Yes, I know,
But it might be old Broadway.
I've just been out for a walk,
And it had a bad effect,
For I met such a lot I knew,
And they gave me the cut direct!

Think, think, think,
How heavily time does hang!
Sometimes, do you know, I wish
I'd taken my chance with the gang!
Better the prison bars
And the convict suit of gray
Than the look of scorn that night and morn
Is eating my heart away!


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OR,

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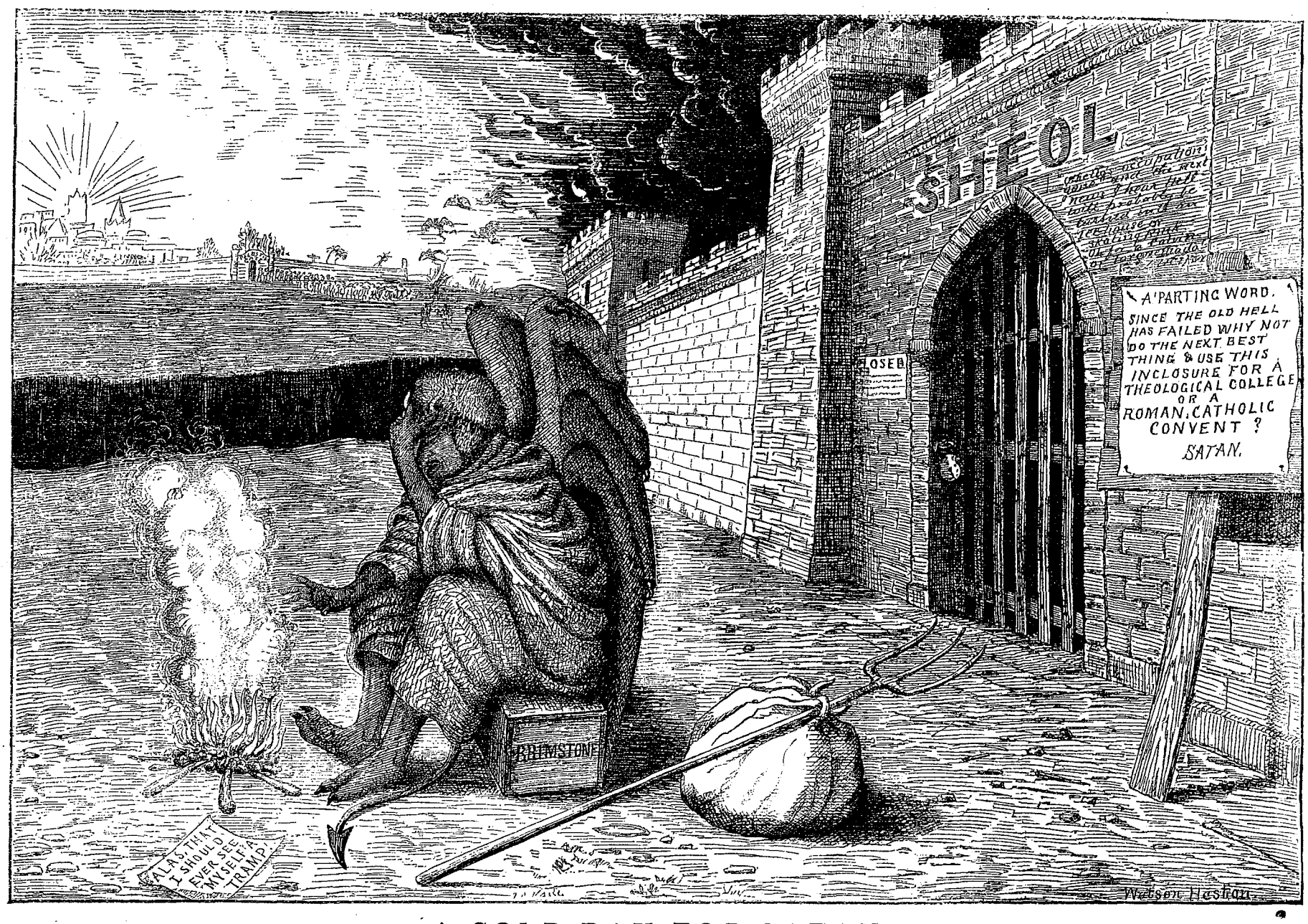
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# THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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A COLD DAY FOR SATAN.

Final result of the New Salvation Scheme.

## Notes and Clippings.

THE bill to allow women to vote in town and city elections was defeated in the New York legislature.

THE venerable Gladstone has informed his party that he will lead the opposition to the Irish Coercion bill in Parliament.

BOTH branches of the Maine legislature hav failed to giv the necessary two-thirds vote on the passage of the amendment to the constitution providing for female suffrage.

IT appears that the Rev. Mr. Mallory, who publishes a religious paper called the *Churchman*, at 47 Lafayette Place, speculated in oil and lost $30,000. He has now arrested his broker for forgery and fraud.

THE London *Times* reports that Captain Condor, of the Palestine Exploration Expedition, after four years' labor has succeeded in deciphering the Hittite inscriptions which orientalists hav been unable hitherto to read.

JAMES CATHCART, a Salvation Army captain, paraded the streets of Grand Rapids, Mich., after he had been ordered to desist. The authorities locked him up, and now he sues the mayor of the city for $10,000 damages.

AT a recent meeting in Baltimore of the Freedman's Aid Society, an organization for the education of Methodist ministers among the negroes of the South, Secretary T. C. Hartzell said that he had seen some old colored preachers hold the Bible upside down, and all they could do was to shout and pound the Bible; but he'd rather hear a man like that preach than a namby-pamby, pink-paper young man read a milk-and-water essay. The brethren shouted, "Amen."

THE *Living Church* holds that "we hav no right to sit down and speculate about a future probation, and while calculating the probabilities of God's mercy, become unmerciful ourselvs." Yet this is what Christians hav always done and are doing now.

IN a paper entitled "The Handwriting of the Insane," recently read in Philadelphia, Mrs. Henry Hazlehurst said that the giving way of the mind in an educated person was often shown in bad spelling, blotting, frequent erasures, the absurd use of parentheses, italicization, and underscoring in excess.

THIS may not be a true story, but it is interesting if true: A Chicago minister, preaching on "The Immortality of the Soul," stepped to the front of the platform, and, leveling a finger at the congregation, said, "You may lose your wives and get others; you may lose your husbands and get others; you may lose your horses and carriages and get others, but when you lose your souls it's Good-bye, John."

CHAPLAIN ALLISON of the Minnesota legislature in his prayer the other morning showed how intimate he was with the supreme being by the following familiar conversation: "And now, dear Lord, bless the reporters, whose nimble pens catch our every word almost before it is uttered. Like thyself, they are omnipresent, and almost omnipotent. If we take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, they are there. They meet us in the jungles of Africa, they waylay us in the solitary canons of Colorado, and when at length we find the latitude of the magnetic pole, behold, they are there. May their light and goodness be equal to their power, and in the general assembly of heaven, let no reporter be excluded."

THE Rev. Alexander E. Duncan, a graduate of McGill University of Canada, who is taking a year's course of study at the Yale Theological Seminary, has made a formal complaint against Prof. John E. Russell, Winkley professor of Biblical theology, alleging that his teachings are heretical, in that he denies the divinity of Christ.

THE New York *Sun* says: "Edward Kuehl, of Omaha, whose body was cremated in Buffalo, had tried many religions without success. He was born a Jew, and married in that faith in St. Louis; then he went to Utah and became a Mormon, and married two wives. His first wife got a divorce; and pretty soon he got one from the other two, and joined a Protestant church in Omaha. This didn't suit him, and he became a Spiritualist; and after trying this he concluded to believe nothing at all, and so died."

A STATEMENT of the footings of the appropriation bills passed at the last session of Congress has been completed by the clerks of the Committees on Appropriations. It is as follows: Agricultural, $1,028,730; Army, $23,724,718.69; Diplomatic and Consular, $1,429,942.14; District of Columbia, $4,265,890.66; Indian, $5,226,897.66; Legislativ, $20,701,221.67; Military Academy, $419,936.93; Navy, $25,753,165.44; Pensions, $76,252,500; Post-office, $55,694,650.15; Sundry Civil, $22,382,490.96; Mexican Pension Deficiency, $6,900,000; Public Printing Deficiency, $107,000; miscellaneous appropriations (estimated), $3,500,000. Total of appropriations, $247,387,144.30.

THE *Christian Leader* says: "Intrinsically and essentially, orthodoxy is infernal—yes, that's the word, it is infernal. Millions of sincere and gentle souls profess it, but they know not what manner of spirit they are of No heathen dogma begins to rival in enormity this which our infatuated evangelical brethren are so zealous to retain."

THE forthcoming annual report of the New York superintendent of school buildings, will show that there are in this city 134 schoolhouses, valued at $8,453,500, and occupying an area of over 23 acres, with about 12 acres of flagged yards and sidewalks. They hav a street frontage of over 2 miles. The areas of the floors and roofs, together with the cellars, exceed 99 acres.

THE Rev. Dr. Holland, in a sermon in St. Louis, said: "Civilization has cushioned us with conveniences and made us soft. We are the children of luxury, and we must hav a luxurious creed, a church that assigns us no heavy tasks, a style of preaching that invites us to lounge in our pews as in barbers' chairs, where sins are neatly trimmed like side whiskers, and then sprayed with cologne water of amiable sentiment. So religion is used to sanctify a dudism of spirit more contemptible than any of the sins it fears to look in the face and smite—a boudoir piety without moral indignation, without courage, afraid of suffering, ready to faint at the first touch of a real cross."

# Communications.

## Miracles and Miracle Workers.

What is a miracle? It is no miracle to cure the sick, the blind, the deaf, the lame. These are things of a common occurrence. If a man ever ascended from the earth bodily, as Elisha and Christ are said to have done, there can be no doubt about the miraculous character of such an event. Turning all the waters of a great country like Egypt into blood, and stopping the planets in their courses, were real miracles, if any such events ever took place. If a person has ever been brought to life after life had become extinct, it is safe to say a miracle has been performed.

I am afraid that very few people duly consider the consequences involved in a miracle, or the dire uncertainty of everything earthly if a miracle has ever been wrought.

If a single exception to the laws of nature could be established, what assurance could anyone have that any and every law might not at any time be violated? Instead of certainty and stability, he would find nothing on which he could depend.

In regard to the miracles of the New Testament, there is a little legerdemain which should be noticed, and which many, on account of early education, may fail to see.

It is common to state that the wonderful performance was witnessed by "many," or by the "multitude." But it should be borne in mind that the "many" or the "multitude" who are represented as witnessing the miraculous performance do not bear testimony.

If one should state that he saw a horse ascend out of sight, it would not give strength to the statement to say that a thousand men witnessed the phenomena, so long as the thousand do not corroborate the statement by the weight of their testimony. But there is another drawback in regard to the New Testament miracles.

The "many" or "the multitude" are not only as dumb as rocks, but nobody knows within a hundred years when these miraculous stories were first told, and, worse than all, nobody knows who first told them.

Latter-day Christians do not talk much about miracles, except those recorded in the Bible. Indeed, there are many who believe that those are the only ones ever wrought. But it is well known that in the early days of Christianity nearly all the church dignitaries could work miracles.

A man who could not cast out demons was thought to lack the spirit of Christ. Irenæus says that "all who are truly disciples of him, receiving his grace, wrought miracles in his name. They cast out devils, healed the sick, raised the dead," etc. He declared that "in the church are many endued with prophetic gifts—speaking with all kinds of tongues, laying open the secrets of men," etc.

Tertullian challenges the heathen magistrates to summon before their tribunals any person with devils, and says that "the evil spirits can be exorcised by any Christian whatsoever." This shows that devils were more plentiful in those days than they are now, and that Christians were well up in their devilish business.

But a very significant question arises right here. When the early Christians were given full power over the devil, how does it happen that he is still around to "loop" us into trouble now? Why did they not demand an "unconditional surrender?"

As we learn more of Christianity in an early day, we shall know more about miracles and wonders and wonderful men and women than is written down in the Christian's philosophy. Veronica, who was healed by touching the hem of Christ's garment, had a statue erected to Christ, and near the statue grew a certain unknown herb, "which was a certain remedy for all known distempers." This is attested by Eusebius. A single seed from that most wonderful herb might render nugatory every doctor's diploma in the land.

This woman followed Christ to the crucifixion and put her handkerchief to his face, on which Christ impressed his picture, showing that in addition to his other accomplishments he was a grand photographer. Why could he not have given us a picture of Joseph and Mary and Pilate, and the dead men who came out of their graves, and the two thieves on the cross? To-day one could scarcely fail to make a fortune out of such an art gallery.

The Christian does not stop to consider that if a thing is possible, it is no miracle. The miraculous is always the impossible. Neither Jesus Christ nor any of his apostles could do an impossible thing more than anybody else, even with God's help.

In an early gospel, entitled, "The Acts of Peter and Andrew," there is recorded one of the most remarkable miracles ever written down in any book.

It is related as follows: "After the needle had been brought, and all the multitude of the city were standing by to see, Peter looked up and saw a camel coming, and he ordered her to be brought. Then he fixed the needle in the ground and said with a loud voice [of course it must be loud if Jesus Christ heard him]: 'In the name of Jesus Christ who was crucified under Pontius Pilate, I order thee, O camel, to go through the eye of the needle.' Then the eye of the needle was opened like a gate, and the camel went through the eye of the needle, and all the multitude saw it. But there were some who did not believe. So another needle and another camel were sent for [the first needle could not be used because the eye could not be got back to its former size], and the camel went through twice, with a woman sitting upon it."

There is no sane person who believes that any such transaction ever occurred. But if the gospel containing this Munchausenism had been incorporated into the New Testament by vote of the councils, it would have been believed by all good Christians. The gospel containing this story was received and considered sound by all the early churches.

Can any Christian satisfy himself why he disbelieves the story as stated above, and yet believes that the planets were stopped in their course and that a man went up from the church contrary to the law of gravitation, and that children could be thrown into a red-hot furnace without being burnt, and a man could be brought to life after decomposition had commenced? But with the assistance of the great Spontagligasticus, who is clothed with power to render the impossible the possible, there is nothing but what the Christian can be taught to believe, however absurd or abominable it may be.

The camel trick was seen by the "multitude," and those who rose out of their graves were seen by the "many." There is the same dodge in both statements. Even if we had the testimony of the "multitude" and the "many," the laws of nature were the same then that they are to-day, and neither the "multitude" nor the "many" could make an impossibility possible. The "multitude" or the "many" might lie, or they might be deceived, or they might wish to deceive others, while the laws of nature are always constant and truthful, and render the idea of miracles entirely ridiculous.

If all the Christians in the world should tell me that they saw a troop of dead men arise out of their graves, I would not believe them. And it was just as much impossible for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle eighteen hundred years ago as it is to-day. True, the gospel containing the camel story was rejected, the one containing the account of the pedestrians from the graveyard was accepted, but this circumstance could not turn a big lie to the truth.

The Christian often attempts to show the inconsistency of the Infidel, because he believes historical statements, and at the same time rejects statements in the New Testament. But, as usual, the Christian falls into the pit which he has digged for another. The Infidel shows his consistency by making a distinction (and the greatest distinction, too, in the world) between the possible and the impossible.

Another great miracle is recorded of John in one of the rejected gospels. It is to the effect that while he was in Rome he was thrown into boiling oil, and it had no effect upon him. Now, the Infidel may believe that there is such an edifice as St. Peter's at Rome, although he has never seen it, because he knows that it is possible to erect such a building. But he knows that it is impossible for a man to be boiled in oil, and come out in good, serviceable condition. Can the Christian see the difference?

All of these gospels, whether accepted or rejected, were written in the interest of the church, and the object of all of these miraculous stories was the same, viz., to make them appear so very wonderful to the vulgar masses as to make them believe that they were more and beyond what could be produced by mortals, therefore written or dictated by the great Spontagligasticus, and of divine origin. This made it possible for a class of ecclesiastics to stand midway between the people and God, and to act the part of middle-men transacting business between two worlds.

The miraculous birth of Christ, his resurrection and ascension, and the miracles which it is said that he wrought, are all outside of and beyond the natural, and cannot therefore be true.

Clement, who wrote about the year 97, in his long epistle to the Corinthians says not one word about the immaculate conception of Jesus Christ, or of his miracles, or of his material resurrection. If these things had been believed in at the time that Clement wrote, would he not have spoken of them?

The truth is, the miraculous part of Christ's character was attached to him further on, when a hierarchy was to be built up, where ghosts, and demons, and a resurrected savior could be made to play a needed part.

It is a matter of great wonder why the Christian lays so much stress on the miracles of the New Testament. The miracles of the Koran are more numerous and even greater, and are equally well attested.

The miracles of Chrishna are similar to those of Christ, and more than a thousand years older, and, no doubt, were the source from which many features of the New Testament were borrowed. Buddha was also a great miracle-worker, and, whether certain writers are mistaken or not in regard to the Buddhistic features of the New Testament, one thing is certain, that the masses of the East believed that all great men could work miracles. Christ was no exception. Perhaps the easiest way to make the Christian see the folly of the whole miracle hallucination would be to introduce to him one of the greatest miracle-workers in the world. Waite says that "he was one of the most remarkable characters in history." I refer to Apollonius. He lived in the time of Christ, and performed greater wonders than Christ ever dreamed of.

The most astonishing miracles occurred at his birth. He was guided by angels, and was an interpreter of dreams and visions. He could converse with animals, and had the power of moving through the air, and kings and princes did him honor. At a feast, bread, fruits, wine, and every delicacy were brought without hands. This was certainly a greater miracle than turning water into wine. In an instant he went from Smyrna to Ephesus, and stayed the plague which was raging there.

At Athens he cast a demon out of a youth, and commanded the demon to give a visible sign, whereupon a statue began to shake and totter, and finally it fell to the ground. At a wedding he caused everything to vanish into the air, including gold and silver vessels, cup-bearers, and cooks.

Philostratus says this happened in the center of Greece, and that "many" were acquainted with the facts.

You see, my Christian friend, here is the evidence of the "many," so that the statement stands on just as good a foundation as your New Testament miracles.

At Rome he was accused of treason. The accuser came forward with a roll of parchment in his hand upon which the accusation was written. When it was unrolled it was a blank—neither sentence, nor word, nor character was there.

Apollonius met a funeral procession, and said, "Set down the bier." He touched the young woman and she overcame death which was upon her.

At Alexandria he pronounced a convicted man innocent whom he had never seen or heard of before. A further examination of the case showed that he was correct. Trees under which he passed saluted him in articulate words. When he was a hundred years old he was thrown into prison at Rome. One of the prisoners asked him when he would gain his liberty. "To-morrow," said he, "if it depends upon the judge; this moment, if it depends upon myself." To show that he could not be confined longer than he willed, he drew himself out of his irons and then put them back again. When summoned before the tribunal Domitian was so struck with the answers of Apollonius that he said, "I acquit you of the crime with which you are charged, but you must remain until I can converse with you." Apollonius replied, "You can detain my body, but not my soul," and vanished from the tribunal. When asked why he was called a god—"On account of being good," replied he.

On the same day he appeared to two friends, Damis and Demetrius, who were three days' journey apart. Demetrius could not believe that Apollonius was in the flesh. He stretched forth his hand and commanded Demetrius to feel of it and know that "I am in the flesh." At Ephesus, while talking to a vast concourse of people, he suddenly cast his eyes on the ground and cried, "Strike the tyrant, strike!" After a moment's pause he cried out, "Keep up your spirits, O Ephesians, for this day the tyrant is killed! At this very moment, I swear by Minerva, the deed is done." At that moment Domitian was being assassinated at Rome by Stephanus. The truth of this statement rests upon Dion Cassius and Philostratus.

He entered a temple at Crite, was taken for a robber and bound. At midnight he freed himself from his chains, and called the priests of the temple to let them know that he did nothing in secret. The gates of the temple opened for him and shut after him, and the temple resounded with the songs of many virgins. The burden of their song was, "Come to heaven, leave the earth, come, come."

He appeared to a man after death to let him know that the soul is immortal. For many centuries after his death, if he did die (for some writers deny his death), Apollonius was worshiped as a god. Temples were erected to his honor, and for hundreds of years pilgrimages were made to his birthplace as Mohammedans make pilgrimages to Mecca. Roman emperors treated his memory with all the honor due to the memory of an emperor.

JOHN PECK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Talmage's Tall Story Discounted Twelve Thousand Per Cent.

In Carnac, France, are Druidical remains, twelve thousand stone pillars, ranged in avenues (many others having been removed by peasants), supposed to be burial monuments on an ancient battlefield. The belief of the Christian natives is: "St. Cornelius, being (in the days when a bitter persecution was raging against the Christians) hard pressed by an army of pagans, fled to the sea-shore, but finding no boat to further his escape, he uttered a prayer, which suddenly transformed his ruthless pursuers into stone." I hav this account from the *Leisure Hours*, a London Christian magazine. The Brooklyn man can't tell a story worth a cent.

J. P. GUILD.

## Mormon and Gentile Boycotts.

*From the Salt Lake Tribune.*

In 1863 the soldiers of General Connor, stationed at Fort Douglas, scattered out through the territory, and at various points discovered and located gold and silver mines. The next session of the Mormon legislature promptly passed a bill taxing the gross proceeds of the mines twenty per cent. It was vetoed, of course, by Acting-Governor Fuller. In 1866, Daniel H. Wells, as lieutenant-general of the Nauvoo Legion, issued a secret order, detailing men from the legion to repair to the avenues of approach to this territory for the purpose of turning back incoming prospectors for mines. In 1868, when the Union Pacific Railroad was rapidly approaching this valley, steps were taken by the Mormon leaders to get all mercantil business into their own hands. Six hundred small shop-keepers were broken up in business, and the so-called coöperativ stores were organized. That was done not only to destroy the business and drive out the non-Mormon merchants, but to leave no field for expected newcomers to occupy.

In 1869 they cast out of their church, and as far as they could, ruined them afterward, a score of their best men because they claimed the right to advocate the opening of the mines of Utah. Up to this time the Mormon people had escaped beggary, if not starvation, only because of the disbursement of money by the Overland stage line and by the United States government in the purchasing of supplies for its posts; also, by supplying the territories of Idaho and Montana in their early days with flour at a dollar a pound, and the fag-ends of old stocks of goods and groceries at similar rates. Out of the government money which built the railroad, they secured millions.

With the railroad came a new instalment of miners. Mining and smelting became an established and productiv business, supporting, in the main, the railroads, and inducing their extension in various directions. For more than fifteen years the mining and smelting and business interests incidental to mining and smelting hav disbursed in Utah from three to five million dollars a year. During these years almost every session of the Mormon legislature has endeavored to bite the hand that thus fed the Mormon people. Measures hav been introduced, perfected, and passed, designed to obstruct and cripple mining and smelting, and only failed of success because of the interposition of the gentile governor's absolute veto.

During all these years, and for more than fifteen years prior to these years, every obstacle that could be has been laid in the path of gentile establishment, progress, and success in Utah. All the tremendous power of the church over its membership has been brought to bear without a moment's intermission to force Mormons to boycott gentiles. Every kind of pressure—political, religious, business, social—has been brought to bear to force the Mormon people to boycott the gentiles. Spies, spotters, rounders, heelers, the city policemen, the church assassins, Mormon officers and courts of all grades and descriptions, ecclesiastical and secular, hav been employed remorselessly to force the Mormon people to boycott gentiles. "These vipers that we hav nursed in our bosom," says George Q. Cannon. This "all hell and the devil that is invading us," says Daniel H. Wells. "Cursed is the man," says Joseph F. Smith, "and I curse him in the name of Israel's God, who sells a lot or a farm or a house to a gentile." The blasphemous ruffian! Gentiles hav been followed by church assassins and beaten and shot to death and their bodies chucked into spring-holes. They hav been called out of their beds in this city and shot to death by the police. They hav been shot and sewed up in sacks, and thrown into the river for simply attempting to avail themselvs of their rights under the land laws. In former times, a gentile had no more show in Utah than "a cat in hell without claws," as the saying goes. Spies hav been stationed at the doors of gentile business houses to spot for destruction those Mormons who, at the peril of their lives and the bread of their families, still dared to buy a yard of cloth or a pound of sugar of a non-Mormon. And when the gentiles hav been driven to the point of sacrificing their all at cost, with the intention of getting out of this inhospitable hole, they hav been mockingly told that they could go as soon as they pleased, and the sooner the better, but that they couldn't get a dollar for their property. That was to be indirectly confiscated. There is no language that can adequately depict the extent of the ostracism, the malignity, and devilishness of the contumely, the vileness of the denunciation and abuse that hav been perpetually visited upon gentiles and Mormon apostates in Utah by the Mormon church for a third of a century. Of us and our morals, religion, and civilization they hav said: "Their civilization is the civilization of hell. Their religion is a failure. Their marriage is adultery. The teachers of their schools are prostitutes. 'Better send your children to hell than to gentile schools.' Their clergy are hypocrits, teaching for pay an unauthorized, a dead and damned religion. Their newspapers are sewers of falsehood, obscenity, and defamation. Their government is a despotism, its officers tyrants, bigots, persecutors, thieves, corruptionists; their institutions are of the devil; the first democrat was Lucifer, whom the eternal threw over the battlements of heaven into the burning pit; their God is a polygamist, their savior a sort of Mormon apostle come before his time, leading a bevy of abandoned women about Judea; themselvs in general a band of conspirators, seeking nothing in the world but to rob, waste, and destroy the poor Latter-Day Saints. Their government is to giv place to the Mormon government, their men to be wasted by wars, pestilences, and famins, their women then to be led captiv to people the harems of the Mormons."

All this may sound strong, but every observing person who has lived in Utah ten years, Mormon or gentile, knows that it is but a feeble representation of the facts. It is not too much to say that the hatred of the Mormons for gentile comers in Utah was never equaled in strength and fierceness by that of any sect of which history givs account. And it has found vivid expression and unrelenting effect in every utterance and act of the Mormon leaders toward gentiles and their interests since gentiles first came to Utah. It has been carried just as far as the Mormon leaders dared, in the early times, often to murder. To-day they carry it just as far as they possibly can and dare. What Mormon employs a gentile? or ever did? or would think of such a thing? Scheme after scheme has been devised within the last five years to enforce a general boycott. Lists of the proscribed gentiles hav been made and published, over and over, in black letter; meetings hav been held, secret meetings; fanaticism and hate stirred up; pledges made—all that human and superhuman (superstitious) power could do, aided by the complex organization of the Mormon church, has been done, to destroy gentile trade and business. So that to-day it is probable that it does not lie within the power of the Mormon church to further injure in a business way the gentiles of Utah. On the contrary, instead of their withdrawing Mormon trade from gentiles, the gentiles are gaining Mormon trade. They are more capable, and conduct business on business principles, instead of mixing it up with malignant passions and insane schemes to compass the impossible.

They hav put up with all this as best they could. Many gentile employers, perhaps all of them, hav given employment to Mormons as freely as to gentiles. They hav patronized Mormon stores and banks and manufacturers without a thought of retaliation for or reciprocation of the treatment accorded to them. It has never entered their thoughts to boycott Mormons as Mormons hav boycotted them. They came to Utah free men, they hav maintained their freedom—such is the extent of their crimes, such the sole cause they hav given for Mormon hatred, ostracism, and opposition. They hav steadily demanded that the Mormons submit to the just laws of this country, and giv over their idea of empire-founding looking to universal dominion. They do not, for themselvs, propose to be enslaved by or pay tribute to the Utah species of Mohammedanism. And they propose that the authority of the United States shall be respected in Utah as it is in the other parts of the Union. To that end they hav spared no effort, they will spare none. But to accomplish even this, dearer to them than life, they hav not, and they never will, stoop to Mormon methods. It is possible, however, that they will cease to furnish the Mormon church with the main part of the funds with which that church carries on its miserable contention against them and all that they cherish as sacred and of value.

About three months ago an organization called the Utah Loyal League was conceived by the gentiles, literally for purposes of self-defense. The preamble of its constitution reads as follows:

> Recognizing the necessity of organizing for self-defense that element in Utah whose existence is threatened by the pretensions and practices of the so-called Mormon church, it is proposed by the subscribers to form an association, open as to its general object and purpose, but secret as to its membership and proceedings, to be known as the Utah Loyal League, comprising a central league at Salt Lake City, and branch leagues at all available places in the teritory or elsewhere. In pursuance of this purpose, the following constitution is hereby agreed to.

Article 1 merely prescribes the relations of the central and branch leagues to each other. Article 2 contains the gist of the whole scheme. It reads as follows:

> Signing the following form of enrollment and paying dues as therein specified, shall be the only qualification of memberships of the Utah Loyal League. But canvassers for new members shall solicit none but such as are known to be in hearty sympathy with the end sought by the association, and no candidate shall be enrolled unless vouched for by some member of the League.
>
> FORM OF ENROLLMENT.
>
> The objects of the Utah Loyal League are to combine the loyal people of Utah, male and female, irrespectiv of politics, in opposition to the political rule and the law-defying practices of the so-called Mormon church; to oppose the admission of Utah into the Union until she has the substance as well as the form of republican government; to raise money to maintain agents in Washington or elsewhere to labor for these ends.
>
> Sympathizing with these objects, and believing organization to be necessary to attain them, I hereby enroll myself as a member of the Union Loyal League, and agree to pay fifty cents upon enrollment and fifty cents every month so long as I remain a member.
>
> And I promis upon my honor not to divulge the names of the members of the League, or any of the transactions of the League.

No boycotting in this, no coercion, no oaths to hav one's heart cut out and stuffed into his mouth if he does not join the league, stay with it for life, and obey all its behests, or if he betrays its secrets. It has no secrets; not a word has ever been said in its meetings, or an act done, that would reflect aught but credit on it if published. Scrubs hav got into the league—there was one such among the apostles—and hav tried to giv its secrets to the Mormon press. Over these things the Mormon press hav cackled like a hen that lays no eggs, but makes up for it in cackling. I hope they will publish the above; it was given to the press in substance three months ago by resolution of the league itself. The wider the publicity given to the objects of the league, the better for its purpose. I will say in passing that the league was a business men's child. It originated in the Alta Club, a business men's club; office-holders, politicians, and, as far as possible, professional men were excluded from prominence in it. Joseph R. Walker is president, Henry W. Lawrence chairman of the executiv committee, John E. Dooly chairman of the finance committee, and among the vice-presidents, and on these committees, are some of the strong business and mining men of the territory. When that most sluggish and conservativ of all classes—the money-making class—takes hold of a public question, no man of sense will question their belief at least that there exists a vital necessity for it. And no intelligent man, were he forty times a Mormon of the Mormons, will attempt to maintain that the objects of the league are not such as every good citizen ought to sympathize with and work for. If any should attempt to he could not maintain it. The Mormons ought to be more interested in the accomplishment of the objects of the league than anybody, since their accomplishment is all that can save the Mormon church, finally, from absolute and deserved extinction. But a Mormon of the Mormons would not decry the objects of the league. He would simply, stolidly deny the facts. We do not propose to answer lies. As to the facts; like all other men, we must be allowed to be the judge of the conditions and necessities of our own environment. And, like all other men worthy so to be called, we are willing to abide the consequences of our acts.

But this is a digression. The league has prospered and grown beyond the most sanguin expectations of its originators. In the mines and at the smelters, without any aid or even suggestion from the executiv authority of the body, it has taken on to some extent the form of a protectiv union against Mormon labor. Although it was not thought of, to my knowledge, it will be seen upon reflection that this was inevitable. It is not in the nature of man, upon being slapped in the face, to turn around and stand to be kicked. Any man who does it thereby acknowledges himself a coward, and earns and deserves the contempt of his fellows. A miner, we will say, joins the league. He is tolerably conversant with the treatment always and now meted out to gentiles by the Mormons. He will reason something as the writer of the following letter does (an actual letter, by the way):

> There are, I suppose, out of about one hundred men employed here, about twenty Mormons. The eighty gentiles will contribute (at fifty cents per month), if all join the league, forty dollars, while the twenty Mormons will pay in tithing $120, besides other assessments made upon them. Thus will the —— mine, owned and managed by loyal men, contribute at the least three times the amount to help the Mormon church that it will to oppose that institution. This should not be. It makes fools of us What? we giv forty dollars to fight the Mormon church, and $120 to the Mormon church with which to fight us? How long would a Mormon company allow gentiles to work for them under the same or under any circumstances? The Loyal League won't do unless it acts with the same weapons and the same earnestness that the Mormon church does. Excuse me for withholding my name. I hav given you facts, they speak for themselvs.

They do speak for themselvs, and for themselvs the miners, seizing the opportunity by the foretop, hav given this tendency to the league. It could not be helped, even if it were desirable. The employers, the owners, and superintendents of mines, could not help it if they wished. And for one, I am glad of it. Doubtless our mines and smelters in Salt Lake and Summit counties alone are paying out to Mormons five thousand dollars a day the year round, five hundred of which, if these workers liv up to their profession, goes to swell the coffers of the Mormon church, to maintain the Mormon lobby in Washington (which makes a national clatter and perfume not unlike that of a volley of o'er-ripe eggs thrown against a wall), to subsidize the pimps of the mercenary part of the press, possibly to corrupt venal Congressmen, and all to defeat the establishment of decency and good government in Utah. While we do that, our talk is vain, our pretensions idle, our sincerity more than doubtful.

But this is another digression. Probably (I do not know) half a dozen Mormons hav already been

discharged from the mines through the establishment of the league. And it is astounding to hear the Mormon organs squeal. They do not like to be hoist with their own petard. They do not like the taste of their own medicin, even in the most homeopathic of homeopathic does. The bully! It has been belting a baby, so to speak, with brass knuckles, these thirty years. The baby has become a broth of a boy, and strikes back, more in fun than in earnest. The big bloat takes to a fence corner like a beaten cow and bawls for mercy! Let 'em beg, let 'em squeal, but let the good work go on. Let us act as we talk, or for the future keep still. I trust the miners will all join the league and never rest while a Mormon is employed in their respectiv camps. They hav got the organization, anyhow, since they are in the majority, if they all join, and can make what use of it they please. And if they don't and can't make it answer the purpose of a boycott on Mormon labor in the mines, they are fools to hav aught to do with it.

O. J. HOLLISTER.

## The American Secular Union.

COURTLANDT PALMER, President.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary, - - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas. E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com.
E. A. STEVENS, Chair. Fin. Com., - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.

### News and Notes.

Again I am at Longmont in front of the mighty mountains where Long's Peak towers to the sky, with its glorious crowns of snow. The friends here, like the hills themselvs, hav plenty of backbone, and hav no thought of retreat, whichever way the winds may blow. A large audience was not present at my lecture, but then it was appreciativ, and it was a pleasure to be with them. Mr. P. G. Ashe and family, Miss Annie, Mollie, and Mattie Ashe, gave us some delightful music, Mrs. Georgiana Rice a recitation on "Liberty," which stirred the pulses, and I gave my lecture, "The New God," and we had a good rally around the camp-fires of Freethought. I made my stay at the "Lone Ranch," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rice and family, where sociability prevails. I met again our octogenarian Liberal, Mr. Simmons, who is almost ninety years of age, but who still looks forward and sees in death only a way of getting more life and vaster intelligence, and star-packed space never grows dim to his vision. I called at the comfortable mansion of Colonel Kelso, where with Mrs. Kelso he enjoys the paradise of progressiv life. One can be happy here, if anywhere, with these broad plains and shining hills, and love and thought to spread their banners in the morning sky. Colonel Kelso has just published his book, "Spiritualism Sustained," which I hav enjoyed reading, not because I expect to be converted to his view, but because I like to see the troublesome dilemma into which he so learnedly and skilfully puts our Christian friends by showing that the Bible after all is but a record of spirit manifestations, and so proclaims the unity of this life with the next, if such there be, and overthrows the very foundation of orthodoxy. If the colonel's arguments are valid, he strikes a most vigorous blow at ecclesiasticism and fanaticism, and brings the Bible into some common relation with humanity, so it is no longer the armory of despotism and superstition. If it shines with a mystic halo, it is human illumination after all, and not supernatural, and so I thank the colonel for his live book, and believe it will giv a better idea of the Bible than now commonly prevails.

Mr. George W. Way, George X. Young, John Hertha, and others, are among our allies at Longmont, whom it was a pleasure to greet.

I found a good welcome at Boulder from Dr. Ambrook, Joseph Wolf, Lemuel Mackintosh, Marius Smith, Fred Squire, Dr. Brace, A. J. Macky, Chas. Dabney, Eugene Austin, Ross Howard, and others, and the audience was quite large at my lecture on "Universal Mental Liberty." Dr. Ambrook is very activ, and it was through his efforts that we broke the ground for Freethought organization. There is a fine Liberal element in Boulder, and it can eventually be made a controling power. Joseph Wolf, who introduced me at the lecture, is full of the stuff of which reformers are made. He is a born pioneer. He was the first to push ahead the Greenback party in Colorado, in spite of "ten thousand foes." When he believes in a thing, he stands by it through thick and thin, and so he will make a radical who will never flinch from the logic of his thought. With such representativs as Mr. Wolf, Dr. Ambrook, and others, I hav no doubt of the success of our cause at this point.

I was pleased to meet Dr. L. Z. Coman, of Nederland, who came twenty miles from the snowy range to attend the lectures, and who knows no fear in the expression of his thought, even though the orthodox do threaten him with persecution. There are several stanch Liberals at Nederland—W. P. Hanna, W. B. Williams, etc.—and I hope some time to visit their lofty home.

The Unitarian Society here is quite Liberal, and I enjoyed very much my acquaintance with Rev. John Dutton, their minister, who is a scholarly and genial gentleman with a comprehensiv understanding of the intellectual drifts of the world, and is not at all bigoted in the presentation of truth as he understands it.

I enjoyed the hospitality of Dr. Ambrook and Mrs. Ambrook, whose home is attractiv with art and literature; and I anticipate a pleasant return to this delightful city, upon one side of which, within walking distance, cluster the splendid and picturesque hills, with mighty boulders, and on the other side stretches the vast plain, like a measureless ocean sweeping to the remote horizons. Sublimity and loveliness mingle in the entrancing panorama of this mountain spot.

Early on Saturday morning, the hills blazing like silver, and the plains luminous with soft gray expanses, mingling with the far-bending sky, I come again to Denver, Queen City of all this glorious land. Our friend Jamieson has been doing effectiv work here and at other places in the state, and I find our forces in excellent order, and the interest in Freethought is evidently on the increase. Unity church was filled to overflowing on Sunday, and a large number were obliged to go away for lack of room. Thomas J. Truss, John G. Jenkins, president and secretary of the Union; Miss M. J. Patterson, recording secretary; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roth, Mr. and Mrs. Coplin, Mr. Sherman, etc., are generous and patient in their devotion to the work. There is a Secular Sunday-school established, which, in spite of many drawbacks, is improving. I am more than ever impressed with the importance of the work, and the necessity there is for better instrumentalities to teach our children the principles and practice of our philosophy of life. I hav no doubt that successful Sunday-schools might be established in many places if we had good text-books and good singing books. A good singing book is perhaps what we need more than anything else, for we cannot build up a social life without the aid of music and poetry. I hope the funds of the Union hereafter will enable the Liberals of the country to hav these needed instrumentalities, for the voice of the platform must be assisted by permanent local effort and advancement; and, as our treasurer in his last report suggests, we must hav literature—tracts, text-books, music books, etc., for the maintenance of our lines of progress, or we shall inevitably go back.

I am much encouraged with what has been done by the Denver Society, and what it proposes to do. It has able leaders, who make the best of their opportunities, and I believe we shall hav in this city a splendid example of Freethought enterprise.

Monday I came to Loveland, where N. R. Faulkner is our pioneer, who is determined to see what can be done, and start the ball. The success is quite assuring. The Opera House was filled last night to listen to my lecture on "Universal Mental Liberty," and the audience was attentiv from beginning to end. I expect to return here and complete the organization. O. E. Baffin, C. M. Currier, Burt Davis, C. N. Randall, George Lloyd, R. White, and others are among our friends. I was pleased to meet Mr. Guard—of the old guard, indeed, for he is nearly seventy years old, and has been on the frontier a tireless worker since 1850, and always a Freethinker. He bates nothing of youthful fire, and is a good example of enthusiasm and hope to those who hav not worn the harness so long and feel sometimes a little worn out and discouraged. To greet such a veteran of liberty makes one renew his spirit.

I was glad to meet again Capt. and Mrs. Wadlia and Eulah C. Stillwell, of Greeley, who came twenty-five miles across the plains to giv another welcome and aid our services with music. Capt. Wadlia has written and composed several songs, and they hav the true ring and melody. He gave a rendition of "The Sweet By-and-Bye" into "The Sweet Here and Now," and it makes a good Secular lyric. It was quite an addition to our lectures here and at Greeley to hav the vocal and instrumental music furnished by Capt. Wadlia and Eulah C. Stillwell.

This finishes my work in Colorado for the time being. I expect to halt here for another campaign in the fall. To-morrow I go on to Prescott, Arizona, where I expect to lecture on Sunday, March 13th, instead of at Denver. I shall be at San Diego March 17th and 18th; Los Angeles, March 20th and 21st; Santa Ana, March 21st, 22d, and 23d; Norwalk, March 24th and 25th; Tulare City, March 29th and 30th; Visalia, March 31st and April 1st. I hope to be in National City and San Bernardino near these dates, as I hav received calls to both for lectures. I shall be in San Francisco and Oakland April 3d to 10th; San Jose, April 17th and 24th; Stockton, May 1st and 8th; Sonoma, Sacramento, and other places in California, until June 1st. During the month of June, I shall be in Oregon; during July, in Washington territory, and in August return East by way of Baker City, Boise City, Salt Lake City, etc.

I was pleased to meet in Denver Mr. Smith, of Forks Creek; Alex. Campbell, of Elk Rapids, Mich.; Richard Day, of Alamosa, Cal., who came from a distance to attend the lectures, and whose cordial greeting was a delight indeed. I can now take my long jump to the Pacific coast with courage. I know I shall land amid a gallant company. I long for a look at the mighty sea and the Golden Gates.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*Loveland, Col.*, March 8, 1887.

### A Well Deserved Word of Cheer.

*Col. R. G. Ingersoll to W. Stewart Ross, Editor of the London Secular Review.*

MY DEAR FRIEND: The Protestants denounce idolatry, and yet they hav made of the Bible an idol. They, in common with the Catholics, attribute a miraculous virtue to certain pieces of paper on which certain marks hav been impressed. Before these pieces of paper and these marks they not only bow, but, on this altar, sacrifice, with the utmost cheerfulness, the highest attribute of the human mind—the very manhood of man.

They not only enslave themselvs, but spend much of their time in making manacles and fetters for their children, and in denouncing those of their fellow-men who refuse to be enslaved.

These worshipers of the Bible speak in a kind of smiling contempt of the ancients, who derived great consolation from oracles so written, so worded, that they could not be surely understood; so written that the event prophesied, whatever it might be, would either in a literal or a spiritual sense be fulfilled. And yet the Bible is filled with just such oracles—with dark sayings that only seem to illumin the mind—with all that is vague, contradictory, and shadowy—to which any meaning can be given by fear or faith or hope.

These passages are like strange shapes, fragments of which, dimly seen by the terrified, alternately resemble monsters and friends. Curiously enough, the fact that this revelation called the Bible cannot be understood is regarded as one of the evidences of its divine origin. God's thoughts, they say, are not like the thoughts of men; consequently, contradiction becomes confirmation.

We who deny the supernatural origin of this book must admit that it was naturally produced. If it is not supernatural, it is natural; and it will hardly do for us to hold the Bible in contempt simply because it is not a supernatural book. We insist that the Bible was produced by man; that it reflects the ignorance, the intelligence, the aspirations, the belief, the morality, and the meanness of a large majority of the Jewish people, and that, like other records of other nations, it is a mingling of fact and falsehood, of folly and philosophy, of cruelty and mercy.

The Deists of the last century refused to worship this book; refused to kneel in its presence; refused to extinguish the light of the mind at its command. They attempted to show, and they did show, that the Bible is immoral, cruel, ignorant, and absurd. Having demonstrated this, they came to the conclusion that it could not hav been written by a being of infinit wisdom and goodness. In this they were certainly correct.

They also took the ground that nature has a creator, and that this creator is infinitly wise and good, and that this being could not, by any possibility, hav been the author of the Bible. In this they were mistaken. We are compelled to ask, Could not infinit wisdom and goodness just as easily command crime as permit it? Is it any worse to order the strong to slay the weak than to stand by, infinitly powerful, and refuse protection? Did not this God of nature create things as objectionable as the Bible itself? Is nature, taken altogether, any better than the Bible? If God did not command the Jews to murder the Canaanites, nature, to say the least of it, did not prevent the crime. If God did not uphold the practice of polygamy, nature did. If God did not inspire the errors and absurdities that we find in the so-called sacred book, they were all produced by nature. It will not do to relieve God of the responsibility by saying that certain crimes were natural productions, and, at the same time, insist that God is the author of nature.

The moment we deny the supernatural origin of the Bible we declare that nature wrote its every word, commanded all its cruelties, told all its falsehoods, and made all of its mistakes. It must hav been not only a natural, but a necessary production. There was and is no power in the universe that could hav changed one word that was not changed. All the mistakes in translation were necessarily made, and not one that was made could by any possibility hav been avoided. In other words, this book, like any other fact in nature, could not hav been otherwise than it is.

So we are driven to say that nature has produced all superstition, all persecution, all slavery; that nature has practiced every virtue, and has committed every crime. There is good in nature. It is nature in us that loves the truth, that admires courage, that sides with the weak, that pities the oppressed. It is nature in us that is touched by the beauty of form, the glory of color—that stands enraptured before the statue and the picture, and that listens entranced to the thrilling voice of song.

In man nature contemplates herself—approves or condemns her own actions—admires and despises,

rejoices and regrets, fears and hopes. Nature is crime and criminal, justice and judge.

Infidels hav opposed the Bible not on account of the good things in it, but on account of the bad, and Christians hav upheld it not on account of the bad, but on account of the good. And, unfortunately, these Christians hav imagined that the doctrin of inspiration must be upheld in order that the good things in the Bible might be preserved. In this way they hav only succeeded in sanctifying the infamous. Throw away this doctrin of inspiration, and the Bible will be more powerful for good and far less for evil.

This book can be made to uphold almost anything that man desires. It is the consolation of every vice and the barricade of every crime.

A few years ago American Christians looked upon that book as the foundation and defense of human slavery; yet slavery is a crime that includes all others, and in comparison with which most others are virtues. The Bible was the word of God, and for that reason man was under obligation to obey. Had it been considered simply as the work of man, it would not hav been quoted to justify that which the intelligent men of the nineteenth century hold in abhorrence. Had the idea of inspiration been thrown away, all passages in conflict with liberty and science—with the recorded experience of the human race—would instantly hav become harmless. The Bible would not hav been considered as a guide for man, but simply as a collection of the opinions and mistakes of dead barbarians. The good passages not only would hav remained, but their influence would hav been increased, because they would hav been relieved of a burden.

No one cares whether the truth is inspired or not. The truth is independent not only of man, but of all the gods. And by truth I mean the place of man in nature—the relation he sustains to the all; the relation between things, and between thoughts and things; between acts and consequences, between conduct and condition. The perception of truth bears the same relation to the logical faculty in man that music does to some portion of the brain; it is a mental melody. This sublime strain has been heard by a lonely few, and yet I am enthusiastic enough to believe that it will be the music of the future.

For the good and the true in the Old and New Testaments we should hav the same regard that we hav for the good and true wherever they are found. For the false and infamous in the Old and New Testaments we should hav the same contempt that we hav for the false and infamous wherever they may be found. We who know how false is the history even of to-day—the almost numberless mistakes that men hav made who honestly endeavored to tell the truth—how hard it is, with all the facilities we hav, to get a truthful account of the simplest occurrence, must see that nothing short of inspiration—admitting for the moment the possibility of inspiration—could hav prevented the Bible from being filled with errors.

At last we are beginning to see that the "scheme of things" is hardly worthy of worship, and that the present should not bow in humility and awe before the mistakes and absurdities of the past. The wise men of the ancients were foolish. Their law-givers were cruel; their priests superstitious; their philosophers narrow and shallow; and, in the sands of that desert called the Past, there are no springs at which the present can quench its thirst.

We hav taken another step. We are now convinced that the God of nature—if there be one—is neither merciful nor cruel; that he can be neither softened by prayer nor bribed by sacrifice; that he cares neither for curses nor for tears. And if the God of nature is not worthy of worship, what must we say of nature? Why should we worship a something, call it what you will, that so arranged and planned this world that life forever feeds on life, that joy is only born of pain? Can we bow in thankfulness before this fact? Why should we worship anything—book or being? Any being worthy of worship could not want it. To want worship is to be unworthy of it. Worship must be worthless if the worthy cannot giv it, and the worthy cannot receive it. There can only be worship when one is unworthy enough to giv it and another unworthy enough to receive it.

One of the worst things about the Bible, one of the worst in the average religion, is that it demands the sacrifice of self-respect. Every man is compelled to admit, before he can become a Christian—before he is fit even for conversion—that he is wholly and thoroughly depraved in thought and act, in mind and flesh; and, in addition to this, he must giv up and throw away the fruit of his experience, observation, and reason. Voluntarily he goes back to the childhood of the race. He becomes a frightened barbarian—an anxious savage.

The religious world has denied the constitution of the mind by claiming that each man for himself does and can control his thought, and does and can, without regard to evidence, or what he thinks to be the truth, choose his creed and church. This idea founded the Inquisition. This idea justifies hell.

We all remember the condition upon which Antonio was willing that mercy should be rendered to Shylock—

> That for this favor
> He presently become a Christian.

This was in accord with the religious philosophy of that day. Antonio supposed that this could be accomplished by an order of the court, and millions of pious Englishmen are still of the opinion that the same thing can be done by an act of Parliament. These frightful inconsistencies should be denounced by every honest man.

The intelligent should hav the courage to follow your example. Every man should be taught that his fellow-men hav the right to know his honest thoughts.

You hav attacked the Bible from every side. You hav pointed out thousands of contradictions, so glaring, so absurd, that one is almost convinced that they were intentionally made. You hav shown the littleness, the weakness, the shamelessness, the uselessness of hundreds and thousands of falsehoods. You hav shown the cruelty, the heartlessness, and the impossibility of hundred and hundreds of others. You hav stripped robes from priests, and beneath these robes you hav found hypocrits, assassins—and honest fear. You hav plucked patriarchs by the beard, and hav compelled them to confess that they were polygamists, adulterers, and monsters. You hav compelled prophets to admit that they lived by exciting the hopes and fears of men, and that their threats and promises were equally nought; and you hav shown that, in this so-called sacred book, each crime can find a text and every infamy a flag.

You hav earned the thanks of all who really think. You hav hastened the coming of that day when there will be found in the world's creed this at least:

> Happiness is the only good.
> The time to be happy is now.
> The place to be happy is here.
> The way to be happy is to try to make others so.

And when that day comes, those who by thought or deed hav added to the sum of human joy will be saints, and on that calendar will be found your name.

Yours always, ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

*New York*, Feb. 13, 1887.

## The Printers Celebrate.

Before the Truth Seeker Company moved into its present quarters at 28 Lafayette Place, a three-story brick building, designed for press, composing, and editorial rooms, was erected in the spacious back-yard. The new composing-room is a vast improvement over the old one, being a large square apartment, with snow-white walls and ceiling, and broad windows all around it. The printers conceived that it would be the proper thing to herald their entrance into these quarters with such exercises as should make the occasion memorable; and, having nothing selfish about them, they also determined to invite their friends to share in the glories of the event. The TRUTH SEEKER printers are all members in good standing of Typographical Union No. 6. They are named as follows: Theodore R. Stevens, sometimes called "Pop," because he is father of the chapel; he has been in the office some ten years; John Clancy, an Englishman, known as "Bol," which is short for Bolivar; James Phair, who learned the trade here ten years ago, and who has since been connected with the Salvation Army, and got out of it not much the worse to all appearances; Will Colby, who has come to weigh two hundred pounds by sticking to a TRUTH SEEKER case for seven or eight years; Edward Gilmartin, familiarly called "Short," because he doesn't seem to hav got his growth, although ten years at the business; Thomas Moran, who walked into the office five or six years ago with his hat in his hand, and was taken on as office boy because he was polite; and George Howard, an "extra," who is just learning to leave the *e* off *hav*, *giv*, and *liv*. Besides these, George Macdonald, the foreman, carries a Union card. He entered the office and began sweeping the floor and running for pie in the fall of 1875.

THE TRUTH SEEKER printers achieved a reputation as entertainers when, a year or so ago, a chapel send-off was given to the young Hindoo, Amrita Lal Roy, on the occasion of his leaving America for India; and therefore when the following invitation and program was issued there was no lack of responses:

THE TRUTH SEEKER CHAPEL OF ENLIGHTENED PRINTERS ask you to join them, on the evening of Monday, March 7th, in the Festiv exercises incident to their Removal to the New Composing Room at 28 Lafayette Place.

THE HOOK.

*PART I.*

8:30—OPENING ADDRESS. - - - By Father Stevens.
8:31—Close of above Address.
8:32—Speech. - By Mr. Ed. King, if he is in the Audience.

*PART II.*

8:50—March. - To B. Klancy, said to be the Oldest Living Compositor.
N.B.—The Editor will Review the Procession.
9:00—Take out Copy for the Lanciers. (Saratoga.)

> Resign yourself to joy and mirth—
> The Band will play for all it's worth.

9:20—A Waltz. - - To W. Colby, who does not waltz.
9:40 (or earlier)—Wayback Quadrille.
10:00—Waltz Quadrille. - To Happy James, of the Salvation Army.—*Sacred Music.*

*PART III.*

> On with the dance; let joy be unconfined!
> No sleep till morn. Your favorit partner choose,
> And chase the glowing hours out of their shoes.

Virginia Reel. To be led by Anyone who Knows it.
Saratoga Lanciers. To the Ladies, who will Choose their Partners.
Jig Quadrille. To Mr. Somerby, Business Manager.

> Now take the partner nearest you,
> And "hoe it down." Hurroo, hurroo!

NOTE.—The Editor and other Refreshments will be found upstairs.
Waltz. - - - - - - - - To All the Craft.
Wayback Quadrille Again.
Ninepin.
Virginia Reel. Livelier than Before.
All join hands and sing "Auld Lang Syne." Hands around.

Everything went off to perfection. As many as sixty ladies and gentlemen were present. Two violins, a harp, and a concertina, furnished music, and when the Wayback Quadrille was called for twenty couples made the lookers-on envious because they couldn't dance. There is no knowing when quiet old Lafayette Place got such a waking-up before. People in the neighborhood came out on their roofs and stood in the cold just to look in at the windows. The best dancer in the Virginia reel was Mr. Charles Eckhard. Mr. Somerby entered into the spirit of the hour with an enthusiasm which he rarely exhibits, while Dr. Foote, Sr., made some of the young folks realize that they didn't know much about dancing after all.

The editor entertained in his rooms upstairs, and when a young lady was required to complete a set, that was the place to look for one. Cheer of the approved sort was afforded the guests at appropriate intervals. The wonder of the day was where so many beautiful ladies came from. The harper harped with his harp until 12:30, after which time Edward King made a speech involving the experience of Benjamin Franklin as a printer; Mr. McEllery gave Bill Nye's version of the address of Spartacus to the gladiators; Mr. John N. Bogert recalled some happy reminiscences; the gentlemen of the composing-room sang solos and choruses, and Mr. LeCompte played good old tunes on his violin. It is believed that everybody present had a good time, and departed with a high opinion of printers as hosts, especially THE TRUTH SEEKER chapel. The only regret expressed was that the filling of the room with the appliances of the trade would make a repetition of the occasion impracticable. The members of the chapel wish to hereby extend thanks to all who were there, and helped to make their modestly-planned reception a glittering success.

## Lectures and Meetings.

MRS. H. S. LAKE speaks at the First Spiritual Temple, Boston, Mass., March 13th and 20th; at Bridgeport, Conn., March 27th, April 3d, 10th, and 17th. Address, 123 West Concord street, Boston, Mass.

J. E. REMSBURG has engaged to deliver forty lectures in Kansas. The following is a list of his appointments:

| | |
|---|---|
| Twin Mound | Friday, Sunday, Mar. 18, 20. |
| Ridgeway | Saturday, Sunday, Mar. 19, 20. |
| Burlingame | Monday, Mar. 21. |
| Fall River | Tuesday, Mar. 22. |
| Leon | Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Mar. 23, 24, 25. |
| Andover | Saturday, Mar. 26. |
| Benton | Sunday, Mar. 27. |
| Genda Springs | Monday, Tuesday, 28, 29. |
| Cedar Vale | Wednesday, Thursday, Mar. 30, 31, Friday, April 1. |
| Humboldt | Saturday, Sunday, April 2, 3. |
| McCune | Monday, April 4. |
| Mound City | Tuesday, April 5. |
| Garnett | Wednesday, April 6. |
| Burlington | Thursday, April 7. |
| Max | Friday, April 8. |
| Wellsville | Saturday, Sunday, April 9, 10. |
| Marysville | Saturday, Sunday, April 16, 17. |
| Haddam | Monday, April 18. |
| Clifton | Tuesday, April 19. |
| Downs | Wednesday, April 20. |
| Logan | Thursday, April 21. |
| Beloit | Friday, April 22. |
| New Cambria | Saturday, April 23. |
| Salina | Sunday, April 24. |
| Bavaria | Sunday, April 24. |
| Conway | Monday, April 25. |
| Windom | Tuesday, April 26. |
| Sterling | Wednesday, April 27. |

FROM Longmont, Col., Colonel Kelso writes: "The flag of Freethought is still waving over our lively little city, and our bombs, charged with the dynamite of reason, common sense, science, and historical facts, are keeping up quite a commotion in the ranks of ignorance, superstition, and intolerance. On Sunday evening, Jan. 30th, Lois Waisbrooker delivered a lecture on temperance to a full house in Library Hall. Though a stanch advocate of temperance in all things, she showed conclusivly that the so-called temperance cause is thoroughly dead; that after its unconditional surrender to the church it had been immersed by her in the filthy pool of Prohibition politics, until it was not only dead from suffocation, but damned with dirtiness. She showed that it is not so much the use of intoxicating drinks that leads people to poverty and wretchedness, as it is poverty and wretchedness that lead them to the use of intoxicating drinks. She showed that, instead of needing Prohibition laws to render the poor unable to drown their sorrows in the intoxicating bowl, we need the abolition of all those laws by which laboring men are made poor and sorrowful; by which they are made to crave intoxication. She showed that we need less laws and more justice. On the evening of the 2d inst., that 'little giant,' Samuel P. Putnam, lectured in the same hall to a rather small but appreciativ audience. His subject was, 'The New God.' I will not attempt even a brief analysis of this masterly lecture. I could not do it justice. It must be heard from Putnam's own lips. I wish it could be thundered into the ears of every man and woman of the whole country. On next Sunday evening I am to throw a 'Sunday Question' bomb into the ranks of the enemy. Should this bomb do good execution, you will probably be informed by some other pen of the fact."

# Communications.

## Church and Fiddle.

M. BABCOCK'S REPLY NO. III. TO THE Y. M. C. A.

GENTLEMEN: Some few years since, a fiddle was added to the choir of one of our St. John's churches, and its pastor might hav well said, "We will commence worship by fiddling, and singing the praise of almighty God." Now, the fiddle has been looked upon as the devil's own instrument, and it would seem that when the fiddle went in, God stepped out and the devil stepped in, and ran the church to suit himself. Members began to quarrel. I published circulars of good advice and pointing out their mistakes, and then Rev. Richards, their pastor, sued me for $10,000, for saying, "He doesn't believe the Bible to be the word of God."

Now, it would seem that after forsaking the church God was with me and the devil with their pastor, for, in trying to beat me, he beat himself. In court, he swore that he did not believe in witches, but he believed that God said, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to liv." He swore that he believed every word of the Bible to be the word of God, and then admitted that he did not believe that the last half of the last chapter of Saint Mark in King James's edition is the word of God.

And by this he knocked the bottom all out of the Protestant Bible (which suits the Catholics), for if the last half of the sixteenth chapter of Mark is an interpolation, how are we to know that one-half of every other chapter is not an interpolation?

Notwithstanding the good man who was after my money swore that he did believe all of the Bible to be the word of God, the court held that he did not believe all of the Bible to be the word of God. So he got no verdict on that part of the charge. But upon one other little matter he got only one cent on the dollar of the sum for which he sued. He did not get one-quarter enough to pay his own costs, and yet the devil—if there is a devil—made some of the members believe that he had won so great a victory for the Bible and almighty God that they ought to—and they did—serenade the good man with a brass band.

And after this, the good man charged, not me, but one of his own members, with unchristian conduct. And during the great church trial, brother was against brother, sister against sister, and the devil was to pay. And, gentlemen, it was a worker of this church, who, acting as your agent, gave me your card asking why am I not a Christian. Christ never opened his worship with a fiddle; he never sued anybody for talking against his religious belief, nor hav I ever sued anybody for talking against my religious belief; but Rev. J. E. Richards sued me for $10,000. I am with Christ, but the pastor and his backers are against him.

Now, what I want to talk about is this. This reverend in court swore that he believed that God will say to those upon the left hand, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." And he could not say but possibly hell-fire may be hot fire, the same kind of fire we hav in our stoves. Now, here is a minister who, if he swore to the truth, believes in a hell, and he and I met almost daily for years, and yet he never warned me against that awful place! What kind of a man is such a man as that? Believing in hell, but would sooner see me in hell than try to save me! But that is not all. This believer in hell is the father of children, and Henry Ward Beecher said that any man believing in such a hell as this reverend gentleman believes in, who will permit himself to be the father of children, is himself a monster. You will notice that the reverend believes and he doesn't believe, and it must be very nice to know just when and how much to believe and how much not to believe of the book from which he reads and preaches on Sundays. And this good man, who sued me for money and for saying, "He doesn't believe the Bible promises to be good," in court swore that he did believe the promises to be good, and he "believed that he could remove a mountain with prayer, if it was God's will." But, then, why doesn't he try it?

He said that he never had tried to remove a mountain with prayer, which fact is rather against his belief. Now, for several days there has been a mountain of ice which has so dammed Grand river a short distance from here as to flood the village of Lyons, carry off houses, and cause the people to flee for their lives. In vain they tried to remove the ice with dynamite, and if there ever was a first-class opportunity for this good man to try the effect of prayer, it was when the waters were overflowing the village of Lyons.

But where, oh, where was this mighty man of great faith? Of the tens and tens of thousands who were there from abroad, ready and anxious to help, I hav not learned that this mighty man was with them. Can it be that he would sooner see them drown than go to their relief, or didn't he believe, and only swore that he believed as a means of getting my money? Now, gentlemen, if the Bible promises are good, you could hav removed that mountain of ice with prayer, and by not trying it you hav established yourselvs a set of unbelievers; and by the same book by which you damn others you must be damned. Now, if you, or Richards, or anyone ever did believe that a mountain could be removed by prayers, it only goes to show what fools we mortals be.

It is said that two officers, just before going into battle, invited another officer to join them in prayer. He declined to do so, and after the fight it was found that the two who had prayed were killed, while the one who refused to pray escaped without a scratch. And men pray and ask God to soften their hearts, but the hearts of church-members are no softer, on an average, than are the hearts of others. I hav just heard of a man who gave one hundred dollars to the church, but refused to giv anything to the poor woman who sat out in the cold upon the doorstep, and, with tears in her eyes, begged for a little help. Now, I do not say, nor do I believe, that all church-members are bad, but I do say that their prayers hav not made them, on an average, better than others.

Gentlemen, if you believe, as the Bible teaches, that Christ forgave the unbelievers who murdered him, you should not insult him by believing that he will damn me and others for our unbelief. That kind of logic won't do. Hoping that you yet may see the error of your ways and hav a better opinion of Christ, and instead of tying yourselvs to the Bible adopt the religion of common sense and humanity, I remain your well wisher, M. BABCOCK.

*St. John's, Mich.*, Feb. 20, 1887.

## Concerning the Famous Six Days' Job, and Cain's Wife.

We read in the "holy book"—the reading of this book broke the heart of Baron Munchausen, and planted him in a too previous grave, the remarkable snake, fish, and ghost stories contained in said "holy book" laying so far over his own remarkable flights of imagination as to crush him with the gangrene of mortification and break him all up, he succumbing to the crash at one fell swoop, as it were—we read that the Lord was just six days in building and stocking heaven and earth, taking a rest on the seventh. Six days, eh? Regulation days, as we understand them, of twenty-four hours to the day, sixty minutes to the hour, sixty seconds to the minute, and the seconds of the same caliber as at present, I wonder? This query is pertinent because, later on, we read that to the Lord a day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as a day. Now, did the Lord work six days of twenty-four hours each—regulation hours, understand—or six days of a thousand years each? This is a puzzler for the pietists, many of whom say, with the immortal Toots, "It's of no consequence." Neither is it; but in a work for man's own belief and guidance—God's own chronicles at that—why wasn't the straight and correct tip given? A certain church paper of the present period tells its readers that, while many accept the regulation days, others incline to the opinion that the "six days" mean "six long periods of time;" and as much as says, "You can take your choice, brethren; you pays your money."

I think, however, that we must accept these days as we reckon days, for it says the Lord rested on the seventh day, and had the days been of the thousand-year variety, the Lord must hav neglected things, and we read in the Chronicles that he was very busy immediately after creation, and couldn't possibly hav rested a thousand years; *vide* his seances with Adam and Eve and others later on, long before a thousand years had elapsed.

Omnipotent and omni-everything, why needed the Lord to take a rest? Not that I begrudge him, for I like to take a rest myself at times, but it seems to reflect on his powers of endurance—let us be thankful it was not for a thousand years, if that would hav entailed upon us a Christian Sunday of like duration! Whew! think of it, mortal man—of a Sunday a thousand years long, and run on the Blue law Protestant plan!—the Catholics are more liberal with regard to Sunday, not objecting, in countries where the pope's toe is universally kissed, to cock-fights, bull-fights, and other cheerful and exhilarating amusements on the holy day. But think again of a Protestant Blue law Sunday a thousand years long! Holy smoke! isn't it enough to giv one the horrors of forty horse-power intensity? Don't let us think of such a Sunday again!

In the narrativ of creation, we learn that man was the last thing made by the Lord—to except the woman would be quibbling merely—and that he was made of the dust of the earth. I hav often wondered, the earth, sun, moon, and stars having been fashioned from nothing, why man needed to be made of dirt—very likely, though, the entire stock of nothing had been used up in the previous fabrications—unless it was to knock the conceit out of him, by telling him what he was made of when he got to riding too high a horse, as it were.

I know of some men to whom it must be gall and wormwood to think that man was an afterthought of the creator, and made out of dirt at that, for want of better material. Yes, indeed, gall and wormwood, so overloaded and top-heavy are they with triple X self-esteem. Take a high-up metropolitan hotel clerk, for instance; tell him he is made of dirt of the earth, and he would annihilate you if he could. Possibly this thought has a stand-off in the egotistical belief that he is fashioned after God's own image, as stated in the legend of creation in the alleged words of God himself. Very likely, with the hotel clerk, very likely.

If we go it blind on the polyglot, we must believe that God is a person built like man, and the prototype, in the matter of form, of man. This givs us a clear conception of God in the concrete, and in our mind's eye we can see him, picturing his face as we may, according as we look upon him either as a benevolent or a vengeful God.

The man who swallows the Bible entire, without "coppering" any of the statements therein, must believe in a personal God of an image after which man was fashioned. But there are Theists, parsons included, who "copper" here and there, and quite extensivly. They are not the true-blue receivers of the word, but take certain things as set forth *cum grano salis*. Some of these take no stock in a personal God, believing God to be a spirit, and not a person, yet these same switchers-off nearly all believe in a personal devil, man shaped, consequently God-shaped, but having horns, tail, and cloven hoofs. While they can giv up the personal God, they can't, or won't, giv up the personal devil. Queer, isn't it? Well, let them stick to the devil if it does them any good, and they are so fond of him. I wish them joy of their pet.

Reading on, we very shortly come to the Garden of Eden story, with its ever-to-be-remembered apple-tree and talking snake. The story, being familiar to everyone, need not be dwelt upon. Admitting it as a "ground-floor" fact, what must be thought of the being who, knowing the nature he had implanted in the man and woman just made by him, who knew beforehand that they would go for the fruit forbidden them, yet puts it within their reach, and leads them to their own destruction? Eating of this proscribed fruit, as reported, they were bounced from Eden, when everlasting trouble for man commenced, as the maker knew it would. It seems to me that this was a most unfair piece of business, to say the least, on the part of the Lord, and not to be reconciled with true goodness.

Bounced from Eden, Adam had to hump himself as a farmer. In course of time two sons were born to him, these being Cain and Abel; the first named the first born. Cain took up with farming, and Abel with sheep-raising. Cain brought an offering to the Lord—potatoes or something he had raised—but the Lord wouldn't hav it, but took Abel's offering, a nice fat lamb. This made Cain mad, and well it might, for he had offered the best he had to offer, and he up and went for Abel and knocked him out—dead as a herring.

This act is not to be defended, if his intention was to kill Abel. But there is no positiv proof that he intended to kill him. Mad, he pummeled him harder than he thought, and very likely was surprised when he found he had fixed him. To be sure, according to the report of the affair, he told the Lord, who asked where his brother was—as if the Lord didn't know—that he wasn't his brother's keeper, and didn't know where he was. But this proves nothing. He had soured on the Lord, and said the first thing that came to his lips. This act I don't think should stand as murder in the first degree against Cain, but manslaughter in the fourth degree.

But the Lord bounced Cain from his home and farm, and he skipped for the land of Nod, of which land no mention had previously been made. The direction and distance of this land from Cain's ranch are not stated, but without the slightest premonition this hitherto-unheard-of land is sprung upon the astonished reader, who, if he be a scripture-swallower, must accept the "land of Nod" without inquiry as to its location, thus proving himself a Christian of the true-blue order of architecture.

But the surprise of the "land of Nod" is nothing to that immediately after sprung upon us—the taking of a wife in said land by Cain! This is a surprise party whose dynamic force is beyond human comprehension. It would hav knocked me silly had not Byron long ago given the straight tip with regard to this wife episode. Now, the report that Cain went to the "land of Nod" and took a wife is not correct. The slugger—first on record—took a wife in the first instance, and then skipped out for the "land of Nod." And that wife—who was she? Why, she was Adah. And who was Adah? Why, she was Cain's sister, was Adah, and that's what's the maddah with Adah!

The world owes Byron—the poet-stalwart of the stalwart poets—a tremendous debt of thankfulness for clearing up the mystery of Cain's wife, even though the exposé was of unsavory character. But we all know that "in the beginning" there must hav been a good deal of sister-marrying, shudder at it as we may. Let us be thankful that there are now other fellows' sisters, and draw the pall of forgetfulness over the primeval days of the race fashioned of dirt, after God's own image. SI SLOKUM.

## Mr. Reynolds in Ohio.

KENT, OHIO.—I arrived at Kent March 24th, ahead of my time, expecting to lecture Saturday evening, the 26th, but an impecunious theatrical troupe were, by lack of patronage elsewhere, driven into the town, and desired to make one Moore Miss, a last despairing effort to get car-fare home to New York. Mr. Kent, the owner of the hall, and his son, who cannot endure the thought of human suffering, if in their power in any way to alleviate it, generously helped them out by permitting them the use of the hall, and I gave way, the more willingly as the stormy weather made the railroad track a hard road to travel on foot.

I had a very pleasant acquaintance with the Liberals of Kent, and found some stanch old veterans, who "endured the cross and despised the shame" during the time "that tried men's souls"—the pioneer days of Abolition. Joseph Heighton and his brother Thomas renounced the Bible because it both taught and defended slavery. Joseph Heighton devoted himself and all he had to the cause of human freedom, and was ostracized, beaten, stoned, shot at, his cattle poisoned, his horses killed, his barns and his home burnt over his head, and he warned to quit the advocacy of Abolition, or he would be hanged to a tree on his own farm; and these outrages were perpetrated by avowed Christians, leading men in the churches, who thus desired to show their reverence and belief in the holy Bible. The brave old veterans hav lived to hear the church extol what it then condemned, and claim all the honor of achieving what it most zealously and desperately opposed.

Joseph Heighton's eldest son, Marius, inherits all the fearless independence of his father, combined with the gentle, loving nature of his mother, and despite his being the most zealous worker for Liberalism, he is loved and respected by all who know him. Thomas Heighton, a venerable, sturdy champion of reason, right, and truth, and his bright, cheery-hearted wife, are glorious specimens of Infidelity. If a good woman is a crown to her husband, then Thomas Heighton's wedding-day was his coronation day, and no mistake.

I would some of our policy Liberals, our mollusks, could realize the truth that a pure, honest, useful life and earnest advocacy of Secularism does not injure, but helps in business, and secures the respect of the community. Mr. L. G. Reed is an outspoken Infidel, carries on the largest grocery business in Kent, and has the respect and confidence of the entire community. Unsolicited, they selected him councilman, and I hav never yet found a man or woman who lived up to the principles of Liberalism, who practiced justice and mercy, and sought ever to promote the happiness of those around them (as does L. G. Reed), whose Infidel opinions injured their business in the long run, or lost them respect of the best citizens.

There is in Kent one loud declaimer, who talks, but fails to liv out Liberalism; who, taking advantage of others subscribing to THE TRUTH SEEKER, rushes into print as a champion of Freethought—but, like the deacon, what he givs "is nothing to nobody." Such characters meet with just contempt. I was glad to find only one of the kind in Kent.

It is unfair to the many grand, kind, noble hearts who all helped in the good work to omit to mention them, but there is limit to THE TRUTH SEEKER'S columns. But of the staid old stand-by, B. F. Conaway, through whose exertions the club of fifty—now nearly seventy-five—subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER was secured, I cannot but say I do most devoutly wish his glorious example might find followers in every town. It was a hopeless task to get subscribers to a Liberal paper, quite impossible—at least, that was the general opinion. But quiet, patient perseverance won the victory, as it always will, and the club was raised, the money paid, and the number still increasing.

On Sunday afternoon, the most fierce and savage storm prevailed, yet there was a goodly number present. In the evening the storm somewhat abated, yet raged quite furiously. Large attendance and most earnest attention; sold large quantity of Liberal literature. Monday the Liberal lectures were the town talk. In the evening the hall was crowded. I spoke on "Salvation—Secular or Christian, Which?" I called attention to the utter failure of the Christian scheme of salvation. The Bible declares, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Ezek. xviii, 4). Christ came to save all who believe in him. What does he save from? Not from sin, for men and women continue to sin. Not from death, for men and women all around us die. Not, as churches allege, to save our immortal souls from eternal death, for the church itself claims our souls are immortal, and cannot die. Not from hell fire, for the church has discarded hell. But, if men needed salvation, could Christ save sinners? "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Did Christ's soul die? The church says emphatically, No! Christ was God, his soul could not die. Then he could not pay the penalty, for the decree is, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." But the Bible and Christ declare his soul did die (Isa. liii, 10, 12; Rev. i, 18). Which are we to believe?

But, cries the Christian, "Christ came on earth to pay the penalty of man's sins. He was a willing sacrifice, and poured out his life's blood on Calvary's cross!" The New Testament declares (John xix, 33, 34) that Christ never poured out his blood willingly at all—he did not shed his blood. No blood was poured out on Calvary's cross until after Christ was actually dead (John xix, 34).

The Catholic priest, Rev. Geo. Leming (who, I am told, used up Colonel Ingersoll in debate), indulged in a debate of about an hour after the lecture, or rather gave a number of harangs, with the hope to drive away remembrance of the damaging facts I had proved in regard to the Christian plan of salvation. He denied that Christianity could ever land a man in jail; declared a man's blood would pour out after he was dead; that Christianity, in spite of all efforts of its foes, was greatly on the increase; that the church was the friend of liberty and of education, and a number of similar assertions, not once even attempting to prove anything he asserted. I was induced to giv one more lecture the next evening on "The Trial of Satan;" had immense audience and great enthusiasm. Once again was proved the advisability of giving three or more lectures, whenever possible, the influence and results so far exceeding those of one—deepening conviction, removing prejudice, and giving a permanent boom to the cause. I left the dear friends Wednesday morning, full of bright hope and glad enthusiasm, myself greatly cheered and encourag d by the success achieved. C. B. REYNOLDS.

## Matters and Things.

It is only a few days ago that the "house" in Washington actually convened and did business without the opening services of a chaplain! Just think of it! One whole day that God Almighty did not know that there was a "house." There was none to nudge him, so to speak, into a respectful remembrance that there was a set of godless souls waiting for the overshadowing presence of the Holy Spirit before they could proceed with business! How unfortunate for the country! It was the first time in six years. It is gratifying to learn that the house is still there, and that the chaplain's salary still goes on.

And now comes Beecher, with these words: "A man who believes in hell is a candidate for the insane asylum." It is cheering that once in a while we hav a minister who will acknowledge that lunacy often arises from too much orthodoxy. Still, hell goes on by the preaching of the word, the asylums prosper, and "man will not think." We are like the old Calvinistic Baptist preacher, when preaching about the doctrin of universal salvation: "Brethren, we hope for better things."

Now, there comes a craft in sight! What is it? It is the old ship of Zion, and on board there appears the "old Mother of Harlots" and the Protestant child! *Mirabile dictu!* How they hobnob together! They are talking plans to get God into the Constitution and God into the schools. The lion and the lamb, the vulture and the sparrow. We hav heard that there was mooted the question of an alliance to effect the God question. Suppose the two powers forget their blood-letting till they get a firmer grip on superstitious mortality? Turn back the clock till the time of the Dark Ages, before the printing press was made; put the telescope under the bed; no light nor science wanted—the electric light need not apply. Prepare the Inquisition; restore the prophets, and let mental darkness reign. Put God in the Constitution—put him in the schools; put the orrery in the cellar, take the charts from the walls of the school-room; put up a picture of the holy Virgin, surrounded by a canopy of canonized saints—old St. Bartholomew, Constantine, and other devoted Christians.

A Christian tells us that God is everywhere. That is, he is the shape of all space outside of all material bodies. If so, he must be wonderfully elastic. As the heavenly bodies fly through space, he must change form as the spheres change places. Wonderful being! Wonderful nonsense these deluded superstitious dupes believe. God is like a lot of balls in a vessel of water. Shake the water, the balls move about, and the water represents God filling the universe. Yours during the war,

*Lincoln, Ills.*, Feb. 24, 1887. SLO HYCUM.

## The Mortara Child Abduction Case.

Now when the jealousy and the strained relations of Germany and France, and also the complications of Italy in Abyssinia, are being made the occasions for renewed agitations and intrigues for the reëstablishment of the temporal power of the pope (agitations which will be set in motion by the energetic general staff of the church, the Jesuits, in the United States also, just as was done a couple of years ago for the recovery of the sequestered property of the Propaganda), it may be opportune to recall to the memory of the present generation an occurrence that has nearly been forgotten, but that produced, about a quarter of a century ago, the profoundest sensation of indignation and horror, and contributed as powerfully to the downfall of the temporal power of the pope as did Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to the abolition of slavery.

At the time when the emperor Napoleon III. had reached the zenith of his power, and the temporal power of the pope was defended against the Italian people by a strong French garrison at Rome, there lived in Bologna, one of the most important cities of the then Papal States, a wealthy Jewish banker, Mortara.

One night the Mortara family were aroused from their sleep by the appearance of a papal officer and a squad of *sbirri* (papal police soldiers), who showed Mortara a peremptory order issued by the papal authorities in Rome to carry his little five-years old boy to Rome for confinement in a monastery. This order resulted from the fact that when that little boy was an infant his Catholic nurse was induced secretly to carry the infant into a church and hav it baptized, the officiating priest binding the nurse to the most absolute secrecy. Mortara, seeing that resistance would be useless, gave up the child to the officer, but started also for Rome. There he procured an audience with pope Pio Nono, threw himself to his feet, and begged for the restitution of his child. But in vain; "*Non possumus*"—"It is impossible"—was the only answer he received. One may imagin with what feelings that father returned to the grief-stricken, bereft mother; and is it to be wondered that the fathers and mothers of the whole civilized world sympathized with them, and proclaimed a government that authorizes such barbarous practices unworthy of existence?

Mons. Fould, a friend of Mortara's, was at that time secretary of the treasury of Emperor Napoleon, and through Mons. Fould Mortara procured the intervention of the emperor. But even the voice of Napoleon was not powerful enough to bring about the release of the child. When, some twelve years later, the defeat of the French by the Germans caused the withdrawal of the French garrison from Rome, and permitted the Italian army to take possession of Rome, the Mortara parents anticipated the release of their child, and a joyful reunion. But what was their disappointment, when they found that the wily Jesuits had secretly removed their child to some foreign convent! When later on they discovered their then grown-up son in a convent in Belgium, he was so alienated from his parents that he would not recognize them any more, and felt even grateful to his captors for having him brought to salvation. And such a dangerous organization that approves of child abduction is allowed to gain more power every day in this republic! L. K.

## A Sunday City.

*From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Two things surprise all strangers who visit St. Louis.

One is to find all the saloons open on Sunday, the theaters giving performances, even matinees, the beer gardens crowded in season, the Sunday mail a municipal feature, and almost universal liberty as to the observance of Sunday.

The other cause of surprise is to find that the Monday police dockets are unusually light. There is no more Sunday drunkenness in St. Louis than in cities where saloons are closed on Sundays. There is less disturbance of the peace, and in St. Louis more workmen are ready for work Monday morning than in cities where their Sunday welfare is taken in charge by the law.

These are facts which we do not care to account for. They will not be denied by anyone who is acquainted with the condition of other cities.

After this satisfactory state of affairs has continued for a whole lifetime, the legislature in its wisdom proposes, without taking any vote of the people of St. Louis, to change it totally, to invent a long catalog of new offenses, to interfere with personal liberty and local self-government, to turn the innocent amusements of thousands and tens of thousands into causes of arrest and prosecution, and to excite all that quarreling and bad feeling which are invariably excited when the attempt is made to enforce Sunday laws in large cities.

Before such a Pandora's box of ills is opened for us, the voters of St. Louis should hav a voice in determining whether they want it or not.

St. Louis is doing well enough as it is, and it is always a good plan to let well enough alone.

## The Unbelieving Judges of Ohio.

It is not generally known that the Bible is used for swearing in superior court judges, and for no other purpose in our courts. The Bible formerly used by this court for this purpose, and on which every judge of the court to that time had been sworn, was destroyed by the court-house fire.

Said Judge Peck to the *Post*:

"So far as I know, ours is the only court in the county or state which clings to this time-honored custom, but in some states the book is commonly used in this way."

"We do not administer the oath of office in that way in the common pleas courts," said Judge Robertson when asked about it. "It is a custom which should be abolished."

"Why?" was asked, with some astonishment.

"The administration of oaths by the use of the Bible presupposes that the person to whom the oath is administered believes that the Bible is the word of God. As a matter of fact, there is not a judge in this county to-day who believes that it is the word of God, or will hav the hardihood to say that it is a verbatim statement of God's word. Under that condition of things, it should not be used in this way. I will say, however, that the oath administered is nearly the same as that administered to the judges of Israel, and half our laws are right out of the books of Moses almost—hav come down to us, and hav been in common use from that day to this."—*Cincinnati Post.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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| One subscription with one new subscriber, in one remittance | 5 00 |
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| One subscription with three new subscribers, in one remittance | 8 50 |
| One subscription with four new subscribers, in one remittance | 10 00 |
| Any number over five at the same rate, invariably with one remittance. | |


## The Death of Henry Ward Beecher.

By this time all the world knows of the death of the greatest Christian preacher of this age. But whether orthodoxy or heterodoxy has the more cause to mourn is an open question. Orthodox in belief Beecher certainly was not. He would hav resented, probably, being told that he was an Infidel, yet no conservativ theologian thought of him otherwise than as one of those liberal preachers who damaged the cause of Christ by his liberal interpretation of the scriptures and rejection of the fundamental tenets of Christianity.

Mr. Beecher was born June 24, 1813, in Litchfield, Conn. When a boy of thirteen he wanted to be a sailor. His father, Lyman Beecher, apparently consented, but as he sent him to Amherst College, said, "I will hav that boy in the ministry yet." At college Henry Ward studied hard, but with his face to the sea. However, before the close of a year he became impressed at a revival, and turned his thoughts toward the ministry. His father had become president of Lane Theological Seminary, at Walnut Hills, near Cincinnati, and Mr. Beecher, after graduating at Amherst in 1834, went thither for his theological training. Before he finished his studies, he edited for some months the organ of the New School Presbyterian church, in the absence of Dr. Brainard. He condemned the pro-slavery rioters who destroyed Dr. Burney's press at that time. In 1837 he became pastor of a Presbyterian church at Lawrenceburg, Ind., and in 1839 he went to Indianapolis. In 1847 he took charge of Plymouth church, which was organized for him. He gave notice at once that temperance and antislavery were a part of the gospel that he should preach. His efforts drew public attention toward him, and almost from the first he had large audiences.

It was as an Abolitionist that Mr. Beecher first won world-wide and glorious fame, and recently, while in England, he was honored for that to such an extent that upon his return he told a reporter that the Englishmen must think he was the one man in this country who freed the slaves. When the fugitiv slave law was passed, he became one of the most prominent of the directors of the underground railroad company. His congregation were nearly all stockholders of the line, and the church has been called its Grand Central Depot. The deviation from the established rules of gospel preaching and the opening of the pulpit to political discussions caused much excited denunciation in orthodox circles. The pluck of the Plymouth pastor in those times of excitement was unquestioned. When Wendell Phillips failed to get a hall in New York and Brooklyn wherein to speak, because of the bitter hate for Abolitionists, Mr. Beecher threw open Plymouth church for him, and, as a disturbance was threatened, he had his trustees attend the meeting armed with heavy canes. In the Kansas settlement struggle, Mr. Beecher himself led a subscription to send Sharp's rifles and Bibles to Kansas. On June 8, 1856, on Sunday morning, it was announced that a gang from the vicinity of Washington Market intended to visit Brooklyn that evening, "to clean out the d——d Abolition nest of Plymouth church," and "lay out" Beecher. The church was strongly guarded by armed men, and although a bullet was thrown through a glass window at the pulpit, it created only a ripple of excitement.

In February, 1860, Bishop Faulkner, then a member of Plymouth church, returning home from Washington, brought a ten-year-old mulatto girl, valued at $900, and Mr. Beecher took the little slave-girl into the pulpit on Feb. 5, 1860, and asked for enough money to buy the child's freedom. When the contribution-box passed, Miss Rose Terry, a member of the congregation, drew a ring from her finger and dropped it in the box. Mr. Beecher put the ring upon the slave-girl's finger, told her that it was her freedom ring, and named her Rose Ward, after the donor of the ring and himself. On June 1, 1861, the congregation purchased the freedom of a twenty-year-old slave-girl named Sarah, and as the collection was taken up much jewelry was thrown into the box.

Mr. Beecher's popularity was greatly enhanced by a visit to England in 1863, and he was enthusiastically greeted on his return. He rapidly gained the reputation of the foremost pulpit orator of the country, and his salary was gradually increased to $20,000.

The first cloud upon Beecher's fair name was his marriage of Mrs. McFarland to A. D. Richardson, when Richardson was dying from a wound inflicted upon him by Daniel McFarland for seducing the latter's wife. This marriage created a great scandal, and was denounced as a free-love performance, as it was denied that Mrs. McFarland had a legal divorce. The second cloud was the Tilton scandal, which for six months of 1874–5 filled columns of the daily press. About the scandal the less said the better.

Mr. Beecher's position as a Congregational preacher was anomalous. He did not believe in the Calvinistic creed, and he voluntarily resigned from his official membership of the Congregational body. He had, though, a sort of india-rubber way of preaching heresy. Periodically he would publicly renounce some leading doctrin of the church, startling the whole Christian world, while the Infidels exulted. Then he would deliver a sermon which enabled the orthodox to catch breath, so churchly was it, while the heretics wondered if he was losing his senses. His sermons in which he denounced the doctrins of hell, the vicarious atonement, and the fall, were all folfowed by discourses more than usually conservativ.

But, notwithstanding this habit, there is no doubt that Mr. Beecher was at heart a social and theological heretic. For several years he enjoyed the friendship of Stephen Pearl Andrews, when the latter was startling the country by his radical lectures and writings. Mr. Beecher often visited Mr. Andrews, in those days, though after the Tilton-Beecher trial the two rarely met. The great preacher came to learn of the Pantarch, and to most of Mr. Andrews's statements of principles yielded the assent of conviction. On one of these occasions, when Mr. Beecher had allowed that his friend was about right in his Radicalism, Mr. Andrews asked him why he stayed in a pulpit when the doctrins of the church were so uncongenial. "I cannot help it," replied Beecher; "if I should come out I should be execrated by all my people. I should be an outcast. And I never could liv through it. I must hav sympathy and friends; it is my nature, and I cannot change it. You, Andrews, are strong, and don't care what the world says; in your position I should die."

We hav often heard Mr. Andrews repeat the story of the interview in which Mr. Beecher said this. It was about the last visit Beecher made to Andrews, for the noted scandal then became public, which doubtless led to the separation of the two great men. Mr. Andrews felt that Mr. Beecher was not true to principles honestly held, and he did not care to continue the acquaintance. And Mr. Beecher, like most people whose virtue is questioned, was not so bold as previously, when he felt that his reputation would carry him through any heresy he might entertain. Fifteen or twenty years ago it nearly cost a public man his good name to hav it known that he was a friend of Stephen Pearl Andrews. To-day, a great many are glad to say they enjoyed the acquaintance of the Pantarch.

But, with whatever failings he may hav had, Henry Ward Beecher has made the world better, broader, more generously tolerant, kinder, and more inclined to take a rational view of religion. The refusal of the Congregational ministers of Chicago to send a message of condolence to Mrs. Beecher when her husband lay dying, was an act that must cover the ministers with infamy. It cannot hurt the dead. Freethinkers will grieve at this new exhibition of Christian uncharitableness, and it will enhance their esteem for a man whom the Congregationalists feared and hated even though dying.

## The Church's Felonies.

There is now a strong probability that the people of New York will not hav a convention to revise the constitution of the state during 1887. The late candidate for mayor of the Labor party believes this to be the fault of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Maybe it is, but if so the hierarchy will gain little. Should a convention be held this year, we doubt if the people could be awakened to the importance of the question of providing in a new constitution that church property should not be longer exempted from taxation. By another year, possibly the people may find some interest in the matter. There are now in the legislature two bills bearing upon this exemption swindle which should not become laws. One is introduced by Assemblyman Crosby and incorporates the "St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children" and provides, of course, for exempting all its property. The other is introduced by Senator Plunkett, and includes as follows:

"Every building erected for the use of a college, incorporated academy, or other seminary of learning, every building for public worship, every public school-house, free hospital, court house, and jail, and the several lots wherein such buildings are situated, and the furniture belonging to each of them."

A third bill has been put through this session, but was vetoed by Governor Hill, which exempted about forty thousand dollars' worth of property belonging to a Young Woman's Association of Troy. All these assaults upon the state treasury hav had the effect of stirring up another senator—Mr. Dunham—and he is earnestly opposing so much exemption. He has burrowed in the tax offices and in every other office where he could obtain statistics showing the enormous increase in tax exemptions during the past few years and the corresponding increase in the tax thus thrown upon individual owners of taxable property. His investigations, says the correspondent of the New York *Times*, show a marked tendency toward soldering the relations between church and state, the state like a patient beast staggering along under an increasing load of church exemptions. Senator Dunham believes that all kinds of property should bear their proportionate weight of the burden of taxation, and thus by its general distribution lighten the load now thrust on individual citizens:

"The general statute and existing judicial decisions relativ to the exemption of property from taxation," says Senator Dunham, "are so broad and liberal that every deserving charitable or benevolent, educational, religious, and literary institution can easily obtain all the relief from taxation to which it is justly subject, and for that reason every measure designed to giv special exemption from taxation should be thoroughly considered." The claim that charity should be considered in the case of institutions he regards as flimsy indeed. "Let us consider," he says, "what New York city has done already for charity. It spent in the year 1886 $1,550,000 to support its department of charities and correction. It appropriated and paid to charitable societies, under the provisions of existing special acts, $1,205,000. It paid to charitable institutions out of the excise fund $550,000—a total of $3,305,000. In addition to this, there was exempted from taxation in that city last year, property of charitable societies, the assessed value of which, if taxed, would hav been about $30,000,000, which, at the rate of tax for that year (2.29 per cent), would hav produced $687,000. This amount of tax was an indirect appropriation to charities. The city of New York, therefore, paid to charities during the year just closed no less a sum than $4,092,000. Notwithstanding that the city of New York pays millions of dollars annually for charitable purposes, there is not a session of the state legislature but what foists or seeks to foist upon that city additional burdens by special legislation.

"There was exempt from taxation in the city of New York for the year 1886 real property, the assessed value of which, if taxed, would hav been $277,619,160, which is more than the assessed value of the real and personal property of any county in the state, except New York and Kings. It is more than the assessed value of the real estate in Albany, Erie, and Westchester counties combined for the year 1885.

"The church and charitable property in New York city exempt from taxation for 1886 was in round figures $75,000,000, a greater amount than the assessed value of the real

estate of any county in the state, excepting Albany, Erie, Kings, and New York, and about three times the assessed value for 1885 of the real estate in any one of the counties of Broome, Cattaraugus, Chautauqua, Columbia, Livingston, Montgomery, Cayuga, Niagara, Oswego, Queens, Saratoga, St. Lawrence, Steuben, Ulster, or Wayne.

"It is high time that this wholesale exemption of property from taxation in the city of New York was restricted, if not stopped altogether, as it is becoming a very serious question. The greater portion of this property exempt, in fact, nearly all of it, is south of the Harlem river, on Manhattan Island, an island which contains, including all the parks, avenues, and streets, but a little over 12,000 acres. These costly charitable and religious institutions, with their ample grounds, which they probably would not hold if they were taxed, only tend to overcrowd and increase the rents of the taxable property in the city. These exemptions are an injustice to those who are compelled by circumstances to liv in the city, or who do business there."

It is a pity that in our Senate Mr. Dunham stands practically alone in seeking justice in taxation, but he has allies in a good portion of the press, and if the constitutional convention does not meet till 1888 it may be possible to arouse the people on the question.

No authority less than a constitutional prohibition can keep the thieving fingers of the churchman out of the state treasury.

## The Star of Bethlehem.

A paragraph is going around through the press of the country carrying a prophecy that the so-called Star of Bethlehem will again make its appearance during the year 1887.

We first hear of the Star of Bethlehem in connection with the birth of Christ and the appearance of the seven wise men from the east. It may not be necessary in a brief examination of this question to inquire why, if the wise men saw the star in the east, they immediately went west; nor need we ask who these wise men were, since none would be able to answer. For Judea extends but a few miles east from Jerusalem, and beyond that is a desert inhabited then, as now, by barbarian Arabs who did not speak the language of the Jews, and it appears that these gentlemen had no difficulty in making themselvs understood in Jerusalem. They arrived, too, while the infant was still in the manger, so that their journey, with the means of conveyance then in use, must necessarily hav been short. Neither is it to the purpose to inquire why these wise men are mentioned by Matthew alone, nor what became of them, why we hear of them no more, whether they returned to their own land with the glad tidings or not. Why, if the star they saw was the Star of Bethlehem, and they knew it to be such, they should stop at Jerusalem, several miles north of Bethlehem, to inquire through the streets, "Where is he that is born king of the Jews?" we need not ask. A star that would lead them west to Jerusalem, and then turn a sharp corner and go south to Bethlehem, must, of necessity, hav pursued an erratic course. Stars, as Col. John R. Kelso points out in a consideration of this question, are of two kinds—fixed stars and planets. If a fixed star, it would not move at all; if a planet, it must hav had an orbit, circular or elliptical. It is the orbital motion of the planets that enables astronomers to calculate their recurrence with accuracy. The Star of Bethlehem was obviously not a fixed star, and since, as is equally obvious, it moved in neither a circle nor an ellipsis, how can its periodicity be determined?

The first astronomer to note the alleged recurrence of this star was Tycho Brahe, in the constellation of Cassiopœa, in 1572; and that the star which he saw was the star seen by the wise men rests upon a guess prompted by the superstition of that age. Three hundred years ago people were in the habit of believing almost anything except the truthful and the probable.

Tradition had it that the same star had appeared in 1257, and it took very little research in those days of blind faith to ascertain that, with some modifications, a similar star had illumined the Christmas of 942, etc. On the strength, therefore, of tradition and faith, Tycho Brahe fixed the periodicity of the star at 315 years, which is the difference between 1257 and 942. This would indeed giv 1572 and 1887 as the proper years for it to come again, but if we reckon backward toward the beginning of our era, dividing 1887 by 315, we shall hav a remainder of 312, which would necessitate the placing of the birth of Christ back three years B.C., or else calling the present year 1890.

It is a curious fact that while the believers in this Star of Bethlehem instance Brahe as authority for the fact that it appeared, that eminent astronomer himself did not share their belief. He says: "Nor is one to persuade himself that this star is like that one which appeared to the wise men of the east at the birth of our savior, for that one was not in the heavens among the other stars, but in a lower aerial region and near the earth."

As a final reason for not believing that the "Pilgrim" of 1572 will shine again in 1887, it may be said on the authority of scientific men that no star with a periodicity of 315 years is known to astronomy, and astronomy is the oldest of sciences.

## A Pious Don Quixote.

Mr. George A. Sheridan has taken advantage of Colonel Ingersoll's world-wide reputation to try to make a little fame for himself. At the Atheneum on Washington Hights, last week, he delivered a "reply" to Ingersoll. Among other foolish things, he said this:

"The trained philosophers of Christianity could pierce Ingersoll's ragged armor as easily as a breath from the nostrils of Jehovah could scorch his Infidel soul into cinders."

Well, why don't they do it?

## Christian Assurance.

In the *Christian at Work* of the 10th inst., Lewis E. Jackson givs the church accommodation of New York city. The list is as follows:

| Denomination. | No. of churches. | Sittings. |
|---|---|---|
| Baptists | 50 | 40,000 |
| Congregational | 7 | 5,600 |
| Friends | 4 | 3,200 |
| Hebrew Christian | 2 | 500 |
| Independent | 1 | 800 |
| Jews | 30 | 24,000 |
| Lutheran | 24 | 19,200 |
| Methodist Episcopal | 73 | 58,100 |
| African M. E | 8 | 5,000 |
| Free Methodist | 2 | 1,000 |
| Moravian | 2 | 1,000 |
| Presbyterian | 70 | 56,000 |
| United Presbyterian | 6 | 4,000 |
| Reformed Presbyterian | 5 | 3,000 |
| Protestant Episcopal | 84 | 67,000 |
| Reformed Episcopalian | 2 | 1,200 |
| Reformed (Dutch) | 28 | 22,000 |
| Roman Catholic | 61 | 58,200 |
| Unitarian | 3 | 2,400 |
| Universalist | 4 | 3,200 |
| Miscellaneous (comprising 8 denominations) | 34 | 27,000 |
| | 500 | 409,000 |

The number of Protestant communicants Mr. Jackson givs as follows:

| Protestant church organizations. | | Communicants. |
|---|---|---|
| 1 Baptist | 40 | 12,368 |
| 2 Methodist | 53 | 12,707 |
| 3 Presbyterian | 48 | 19,823 |
| 4 Protestant Episcopalian | 64 | 31,369 |
| 5 Reformed (Dutch) | 22 | 6,600 |
| Smaller denominations | 58 | 11,600 |
| | 285 | 94,467 |

This is a beggarly showing. New York city has a population of about a million and a half. Less than one hundred thousand of these, or only one in fifteen, it appears, are communicants of the Protestant churches. The Catholic church sittings are less than sixty thousand, but as the Catholic churches are filled several times on Sundays, that denomination must be allowed more church-goers. Probably a quarter of a million would not be a high estimate. But that would bring the church attendants of New York under four hundred thousand, or less than one in four of New York's population.

Yet this beggarly minority hav the assurance to imagin that they are divinely endowed with the right to control the rest of the people of New York.

## Papal Benedictions Only Matters of Courtesy.

On Mr. Pecci's birthday the parishioners of Dr. McGlynn sent a cablegram of congratulation. The pope sent back the following message in Latin:

"Your telegram most acceptable was to the sovereign pontiff who returning thanks to the reverend McGlynn to you and to the faithful of the parish the apostolic benediction most lovingly imparts."

The receipt of this gave the faithful of St. Stephen's much joy, because they thought it indicated, by the inclusion of "Alumnus McGlynn," that the pope would restore the suspended priest to his parish, and sit down hard upon Archbishop Corrigan. Their joy has since been subdued to find the blessing only an empty compliment. Cardinal Simeoni has followed the blessing with this explanation:

"Behold the true origin of the blessing bestowed by the pontiff to the graduate [Dr. McGlynn], and to the faithful parish: The pontiff on the occasion of the anniversary of his creation and coronation received innumerable telegrams. To them all an answer was given according to custom, but only as a matter of politeness and compliment."

This dashes the hopes of Dr. McGlynn's followers, and sets at rest the controversy which had arisen over the pope's message. That the explanation adds to the market value of papal blessings we do not think is shown.

## Editorial Notes.

A MASSACHUSETTS paper says that in some churches there is more rejoicing over one wealthy pew-holder who pays one hundred dollars, than over ninety and nine young converts who pay a dollar each. The cause of rejoicing is the extra dollar.

THE Methodist Year Book claims that the Methodist church in the United States has 4,000,000 members, with 11,000,000 others who are believers in Methodism. This givs that sect more than one-fourth of the population of the country. The church owns $103,000,000 worth of property—untaxed, of course.

JAMES A. BLISS, the Boston medium, has been arrested by the United States authorities for improperly using the mails. It is charged that he advertised to answer all sorts of questions in sealed letters, without breaking the seal, for $2, but when the money was sent the questioners received no reply. Mr. Bliss asserts his innocence, and says that as his trust is in God, he knows he shall be able to prove it.

NEW YORK city possesses at present either the most liberal officials it has ever had, or the most astute politicians. If a bill, drafted by the excise commissioners at the suggestion of Mayor Hewitt, becomes a law, the German vote will assuredly go to the County Democracy, for the bill provides that in the discretion of the excise commissioners they may issue special licenses for the sale of beer, wine, and ale after 1 P.M. on Sundays. This is the bill the Germans long hav wanted.

SPEAKING of Anthony Comstock, who has recently arrested the principals in a hog-guessing match in a little country village in this state, the New York *Sun* says: "The man is making an intolerable nuisance of himself. The next we hear of him he will probably be nosing around to catch people matching quarters or engaging in a chicken raffle, to stop boys at marbles, or arrest the girls who sell tickets for a grab-bag at a church fair. There is such a thing as making the world so proper that existence would be unendurable."

THE New York *Herald* grows sarcastic. The Rev. Mr. Duncan, of Chicago, recently said of his church that "it seems to be a rendezvous for the oddest lot of dried up, sour old Christians you ever knew. I've been pitching into them lately. I well know they are alive, if I can arouse a little spunk in them. What they will do with me I don't know. Fire me, perhaps." Quoting his remarks, the *Herald* observes: "Yes, 'fire me,' expresses it quite well. But when his exit is announced, it will read, 'The Rev. Mr. Duncan has been called to a wider field of usefulness.'"

PROF. ST. GEORGE MIVART, who is a Roman Catholic, has an article in the *Forum* to explain that "confidence in the perdurability of the [Roman Catholic] church" is sustained by the fact that the church changes its mind about things as often as occasion arises. In his own words (lest it should be thought that any paraphrase might misrepresent him): "Little by little the invincible advance of historical, as of other, science permeates and transforms the whole Catholic body, and ultimately reacts upon the supreme head." The infallibility of this church seems to rest upon the fact that it never acknowledges a mistake.

IN the annual report of the inspector of the Milwaukee House of Correction are some figures which will please our religious friends. During the year there were confined in the prison 1,624 persons, mostly of the male sex. They were of all nationalities and trades, though about one-half were Americans. In religion the sects were represented as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Catholic | 796 | Universalist | 1 |
| Lutheran | 455 | Jew | 7 |
| Methodist | 64 | Quaker | 1 |
| Episcopal | 52 | Disciple | 1 |
| Presbyterian | 60 | Greek | 1 |
| Baptist | 20 | Infidel | 1 |
| Congregationalist | 6 | No religion | 155 |
| Reformed church | 4 | | 1,62 |

We are afraid the Methodist *Advocate* will think there are not enough Methodists and Congregationalists in the list, but Dr. Buckley must recollect that the northwest is settled largely by north of Europe people who take naturally to either Lutheranism or Catholicism. The figures are from the report as given by the Milwaukee *Sentinel*.

BY authority of the General Council of the International Federation of Freethinkers, and under the auspices of the National Secular Society, the International Freethought Congress for 1887 is appointed to be held in London on September 10th, 11th, and 12th. Freethinkers of all nations are earnestly invited to send delegates. The meetings will be held in the Hall of Science, 142 Old street, E.C. The secretary of the general council is M. Napoleon Navez, Rue de la Provence (Nord), Antwerp, Belgium. The arrangements in England will be made under the direction of C. Bradlaugh, 20 Circus Road, St. John's Wood, London, N.W., to whom communications should be addressed.

# Letters from Friends.

NEW ERA, MICH., Feb. 22, 287.

MR. EDITOR: I may say in passing THE TRUTH SEEKER is improving, and the beauty of it is that its editor givs and takes blows with such good humor; and, "O Lawd Gawd Almighty come down on dat Heston, and don't send yo' son to squelch him. No boy ken do dat job." Right glad am I to see the Science Column. THE TRUTH SEEKER is just hell, and I would not hav it if it was anything else.

J. M. LOGAN.

BAVARIA, KAN., Feb. 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Not to flatter, or to appear as in any way a vain prompter, I wish to express my sincere and overflowing admiration for S. P. Putnam's lecture denominated, "Universal Mental Liberty." It was from beginning to end a clear-cut and concise statement of truths, every one a telling fact to one who is not so near dead in the sublimely ridiculous as to not permit himself to look upon an open, demonstrated truth.

A. K. MOTT.

PORT CLINTON, O., March 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $10, and the names of five new subscribers, who, I feel quite confident, will remain with you during life.

I hav had my last year's papers bound, and they make a very handsome book. I am passing it around among my friends, and I hope soon to be able to send you some more names. Wishing you much prosperity,

I remain, W. S. FLAUGHTER.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, MASS., Feb. 22, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $1. I hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER some time, and like it very much, pictures and all, and am sorry that some professing to be Liberals feel such a tender regard for the old superstitions of the church as to be grieved by the pictures. In my opinion they are doing a vast amount of good by showing the inconsistencies of the Christian theory to those who would not take the trouble to read.

CHANDLER M. POWERS.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., Feb. 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $5 for books.

I take nine papers. I would not part with the glorious old TRUTH SEEKER for all the papers in Christendom. I hav each volume handsomely bound, and contribute a portion of the same, with many other bound volumes of Freethought works, to the city free library, where I trust they will be read by many truth seekers. I rejoice over the pictures by Watson Heston. They are just the thing to open the eyes of the blind. Long liv Watson Heston. He is doing a good work. Go on with the pictures.

I must say a word in praise of the political outlook. A strike with the ballot is the only effectiv way for labor to gain its rights in this country. When the wage slaves learn to apply the ballot to their interest, then, and not till then, will their wrongs be righted.

R. BUTTERFIELD.

WAYNESBURG, PA., March 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $3. The orthodox here hav had a devil of a time with a young student by the name of Day. The young man does not believe the whale swallowed Jonah, and they do not want such young men in the school for fear they might prevent some other student from being a preacher. There are but five outspoken Liberals in Waynesburg. I was the first one to introduce THE TRUTH SEEKER in the town. My son, H. Clay Luse, went to college for three or four years, and he did not attend church as much as they would hav liked him to do. Finally he quit the school, they having threatened to expel him from college. He is now helping Mr. Watts to run a paper in Toronto, Canada. It is starting off very well. I hope it may be a success. The Secular thought papers are hard to run. That kind of doctrin is unpopular. Success to all Liberal papers.

SAMUEL LUSE.

OGDEN, UTAH, Feb. 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: It is with much sorrow I hav to inform you of the departure from earth-life of our late friend and fellow-worker, Robert Wilson.

He was an old acquaintance, and strongly attached to the cause of the Secular Union, and had made a lecturing tour in southern Utah with good effect. He worked hard in the cause of the rights of labor and of freedom from the power of priesthood of the Utah saints, and with all the efforts of a true friend of the masses subjected to that power, and against the powers of the church and Christianity in general.

He was a Knight of Labor, and had fulfilled several missions in this vicinity, and worked with indefatigable zeal for the rights and progress of that order, and was just appointed to take charge of a coöperativ institution of that body, when he took ill suddenly and died in two days after. The Knights of Labor took charge of his body, and his remains were respectably attended to on Sunday, the 20th inst., with all the honors and respect of that brotherhood, while his widow and family were waited upon and consoled in a more substantial way than by words of condolence.

He had grown to be a substantial and earnest worker in the cause of emancipation from religious and political bondage, and his loss will be severely felt by all his brother-laborers for the general good of humanity.

He passed away on the 15th inst., in the fifty-sixth year of his age. He was so earnest in his mission that he did not wish to leave his work in its present stage, and reluctantly yielded to the inevitable.

I had intended to be present at his funeral, and had prepared an address and some suitable selections for the occasion, but was unable to be there, in consequence of a severe cold I received the day before, which deprived me of the power to speak loud enough to be heard.

He was an intimate acquaintance, a friend and neighbor for over twenty years, and will be much missed and lamented by,

Yours truly, JOHN A. JOST.

KINGSTON, N. M., Feb. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $2.50 for your valuable paper, which I think the grandest educator of the age. Mine is the only number of the grand old TRUTH SEEKER taken at this place. I hav tried to get the newsdealer here to keep them, but he was afraid he might lose some orthodox custom, should they see a copy of so Liberal a paper on his tables. There are very few outspoken Liberals in this community. We need a few lectures from Putnam, Reynolds, or Watts. Although not yet cursed with any church, we hav been overrun with sky-pilots, some four reverends being among us at one time. And how they tried to cut each other's throats! It was really amusing for an outsider to watch them. So far their presence here has amounted to naught, except to get one of them into quite serious trouble. He has left us to our sins, and the country would be well rid of all his kind.

I loan my paper, when I can, to parties who I think are thirsting for truth and knowledge; but I find it rather an up-hill business trying to convince people of the error of their ways who hav had superstition trotted into them while upon their mother's knee. You know yourself how hard it is to unlearn what we hav learned amiss.

J. C. BURGE.

LINCOLN, ILL., March 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: On Saturday, the 26th inst., I went over to Minier to hear J. E. Remsburg discourse on the themes that go with liberty. At Atlanta I fell in with James Tuttle, a sentinel on the front outposts for fifty years, who now rejoices that he sees the army coming at last. He has been a reader of your paper from the first number in Paris, Ill. On arriving we were happy to meet Dr. Nicolay, Jacob Schaff, Mr. Briggs, and a host of others, who had everything ready for a lecture. We found Mr. Remsburg, a trim, black-headed, gentlemanly man of thirty-nine—an earnest, persistent, patient, and engaging speaker, who has his subjects, points, and facts in wonderful readiness, and he had large and intelligent crowds. Hearty responses were given, when, with biting sarcasm, he held up the skeleton of the church with her "False Claims." "The Fathers of the Republic" were seen, as it were, when their portraits were presented. "The Apostle of Liberty" was listened to with close attention. "Bible Morals" opened wide their eyes on Monday night. The universal verdict was that the lectures paid every one who listened.

Yours, A. R. CRIHFIELD.

GREELEY, COL., March 2, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $9. The pictures in your paper are of great benefit to children, as well as a pleasure. My eldest son, who is eight years of age, is very much interested in them, and always asks questions until he understands the characters thoroughly. His teacher in the public school is a stanch Methodist, and takes particular pains to instruct the children accordingly; but I told the little boy to tell her that I did not desire him taught superstition, as he could learn better about the Bible at home.

A few days ago his teacher was catechizing the school, and asked, "Who were the first people that inhabited the Garden of Eden?" The little Infidel, being the first to raise his hand, immediately answered, "Adam and Eve." She asked him, "How do you know?" His answer was, "I read it in THE TRUTH SEEKER." She asked "Who tempted Eve to Eat of the fruit?" and he again answered, "The serpent." She looked at him in surprise, and asked from whence he gained his information. He replied, "We read THE TRUTH SEEKER, and it has pictures of all of those things in the Bible." She had nothing more to say. Let the good work go forward, for the children of to-day will be the men and women of the future.

EULAH C. STILLWELL.

MONTPELIER, IND., March 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a careful reader of your paper for several years, and noted the tyranny and persecution that reformers hav received, and the desire expressed by Brother C. B. Reynolds that Liberals should organize and combine to protect each other from such persecution. The brother is now experiencing the need of such aid. Less than one year ago I had our school-house locked almost in my face by a Sunday-school teacher at the adjournment of their school for fear I might say something that would not suit their orthodox views. For want of organization the Liberal element may be compared to dry, fallen leaves blown pell-mell by a whirlwind, orthodoxy disrespecting and calumniating their character and motivs without proper regard for truth, gagging them and cramming its dogmas into them at every opportunity. I hav for several years seen the necessity of more closely organizing the Liberal element irrespectiv of Materialism, Spiritualism, or any other ism except free, untrammeled search for fact or truth, and progression. The reformer has all manner of falsehood, fraud, and corruption to contend with; therefore I am in favor of a secret order with initiation fees and monthly dues—secret because we hav to deal with fraud and deceit; and fees and dues to insure a treasury on which we can depend, and know what our resources are.

I would recommend that our business meetings be secret, all other meetings public; that it be made a school to teach each other to liv in harmony with the law of our existence here, teaching the idea of a higher manhood and womanhood and the harmonious blending of nature's laws when demonstrated as science; these as the true morality.

A life insurance I think is not practicable, because the necessary dues to support the insurance would be so heavy that the average Liberal cannot pay them and meet other expenses. We need our means now to educate ourselvs to not need legacies for the future generations, but wide-awake, just, and honest self-reliance.

A proper appreciation of the true principle or genius of human liberty and equality is the best legacy our children can inherit. I hav no desire to run things were I capable, but would like to see attained a more thorough, helping, and activ organization of Liberals generally, and would like to hear from others interested in the subject. I cannot treat in detail in this brief article, but wish to call attention to the subject, feeling that it is one that more than almost any other should claim the attention of reformers.

WILLIAM ALLEN.

COLUMBUS, KAN., Feb. 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav read with great pleasure J. E. Remsburg's lecture, "The Fathers of Our Republic," and would advise everyone to buy and read it. It proves most conclusivly that not only Paine, but Jefferson, Washington, and Franklin were Freethinkers, and Deists, or Atheists. It proves that they were world-wide humanitarians, and that they all, more or less, despised and rejected priestcraft and religious bigotry, and that their spirit and purpose was to keep church and state entirely separate, and, as Dr. Franklin said, "Let every tub stand on its own bottom." Dr. Franklin's expressions of his contempt for the inhuman absurdities of orthodoxy are very clear, comprehensiv, and striking.

Mr. Remsburg's logical deductions from and comments on the authentic and historical quotations from each of these great men, in his clear, comprehensiv style, are seldom surpassed.

I am impressed that if the truth was known about the opinions of several other lesser lights (fathers of our republic), it would prove that they, too, were more or less heretical, and that orthodoxy holds them under "false claims."

J. H. COOK.

NEW HARTFORD, IOWA, Feb. 21, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of February 19th M. Burgess and Milton Thornburgh object to the illustrations, and D. Louis Bodge objects to what he calls "that dreadful bobtailed spelling of hav, giv, and liv," and wants your readers to vote on it. I giv my vote to leave out all the silent letters possible, but think your taking a few words at a time is probably better than to make a wholesale slaughter of the nuisance at once. Fool spelling has got to go under. The time was when we could not plow without a plough; and the time will soon come, I hope, when a man will laf and not disturb the meeting, as he does now when he laughs. As to the illustrations, if Mr. Burgess and Mr. Thornburgh will take the pains to show their papers and watch the result, they will find one average illustration will drive more superstition out of a man in a minute than they could by talk in two hours. Mr. Heston's illustrations always speak for themselvs, leaving no chance for argument, and they are the grandest thing ever thought of for missionary work, as a wayfaring man, though (better tho) a fool, invariably tumbles to the racket. I never had a man ask to borrow my paper until since the illustrations appeared; now they borrow it and show it to their friends, and the result is more Infidels. Let me thank THE TRUTH SEEKER and Mr. Heston for the good the illustrations hav done, and are doing, and ask that never less than two a week be given us.

MEL PIERCE.

LEXINGTON, KY., March 16, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am weary of presenting facts to Christians; I would rather send them where they will, I trust, be further investigated. A late writer (Lilly) states that St. Augustine gloried in the fact that the date of the downfall of the Roman empire was that of the triumph of Christianity. I glory in the circumstance that the noble Romans, neither in tempest or sunshine, were known to stoop to put a man on the rack for the sake of his religious opinions. When Alaric entered Rome, he found one man worshiping Hercules and another Apollo, as his judgment dictated. St. Augustine attributed the reform of his own character to the perusal of the works of Cicero, Plato, and the Stoics, though, like other crack-brained persons, he finally went over to Plotinus (a weak philosopher), to the Neo-Platonists, and Christianity. The Stoics hav taught the world the stern principles of truth and morality; how to preserve the dignity of human nature from shipwreck; how to liv and die with a mild intrepidity which Christians know not how to imitate.

Emerson hints that when the blood is loth to leave the arteries—when the mind passes gently from feeling to form—then the noblest acts and demonstrations appear, but it cannot be denied that the true religion of nature, which furnishes the purest and sweetest conceptions, arises when no passionate flush of strength clouds the brain, whose holiest dreams spring from the pressure of poverty and sorrow. A gentle, useful life will then be substituted for fanaticism. We have found a pure region. There is no temptation there, no cloud of error or vice darkens that pure sky forevermore. Miss Gibson wishes to behold the arrest of an impostor. I would not dare to obstruct the course of free speech. The simpletons who listen to impostors might as well be locked up in a school where they could be taught the difference between error and truth.

The "Catholic curse" caused some excitement here, and some were kind enough to say that no such anathema was used by that church. But I turned to the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy, which settled the question. Means to a useful end and morality for all is creed sufficient for all men who hav bid a final farewell to the sphere of monkeydom. Take notice that Mr. Parkes, of this county, employs monkeys as hemp-breakers in preference to negroes. A great professor, standing high in the Kentucky University

in the face of these facts, declares that monkeys hav no thirst for knowledge—that idiots hav that thirst for knowledge. I wonder if an idiot could break hemp to Mr. Parke's satisfaction. He has not the thirst which makes a good hemp-breaker. Respected savants, who write for THE TRUTH SEEKER, delay not one moment; leave everything! Hasten to this seat of learning, and sit at the feet of this illustrious sage, who has given printed publicity to this opinion. But such purposeless analysis would not suit Emerson. He would prefer a useful synthesis in the shape of a man or monkey, who could earn and faithfully work for a living.

ALHAZA.

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FRUITLAND, MICH., Feb. 13, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed I send two dollars to apply on THE TRUTH SEEKER.

I am in my sixty-fourth year, and am trying to open up a new farm in a heavy timbered country. In August, 1885, I was struck by a log and had my knee dislocated, and hav not done a day's work since. In October last I was prosecuted by one of God's holy saints for $2,000. The circumstances are these: I was the owner of a harmless shepherd dog which the holy man's daughter took every opportunity of teasing and abusing on my own premises till he finally bit her; hence the prosecution. I am an outspoken Infidel; everyone knows it for miles around; but I hav heard of only two persons who take his part, and I must giv the Wesleyan Methodists, of which sect he is a member, the credit of being opposed to him in his unjust prosecution.

I like THE TRUTH SEEKER, but I was shocked to see that you should espouse the cause of the infernal Chicago cutthroats. They and their ilk are mostly escaped jail-birds of Europe, the very offscouring of the earth. They claim that the world owes them a living, but being too lazy and shiftless to earn it themselvs they seek to get it by murdering and robbing the honest, industrious, hard-working people of this country. It is with deep sorrow and shame that I saw you espouse their cause. I believe you hav thereby injured your paper hundreds of dollars, and set back Liberalism for a score of years at least. It can't be for the reason that you like to take the part of the poor and down-trodden, for the very same class hav been robbing, murdering, and maltreating the poor, honest, hard-working, docil, and long-suffering John Chinaman for years, and you hav never yet raised your voice or pen in his behalf, to my knowledge. If that is being a Freethinker, then I am not one. I am sorry THE TRUTH SEEKER has departed from its original design, which was, as I understood, to advocate the cause of Freethought in religious matters; but you seem to hav left that mainly to others, and hav gone to dabbling in politics and several other kinds of ics, for all which I am profoundly sorry. But I will quit scolding. You doubtless think you are right and I think I am. It is merely a difference of opinion between us. THE TRUTH SEEKER is yet the best paper published; there are many very good things printed in it, so I will take it a while longer. I hav not seen anything of the hair-snake controversy for a long time. I hav seen numbers of these snakes in the state of Pennsylvania. They were always called living horse hairs by everyone, and were believed to be such by all. They certainly looked like it. There was one circumstance in regard to them that seems to substantiate the theory, and that is that they were always seen in mud puddles in the road a few days after a shower of rain in the heat of summer, and at no other time or place.

Yours truly, JOHN SHUEY.

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OAKLAND, Feb. 11, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In reading THE TRUTH SEEKER of February 5th, I find an article from the San Francisco *Argonaut* which makes mention of the savior's cross. It tells us the piece of rotten wood, or rather the sacred splinter, or portion of it, was obtained by the archbishop of St. Francis's church. I am truly glad to know that it has the miraculous power of reproducing; should multiplication fail, I should be entirely out of splinters, as I am the possessor of a piece of the true cross, as well as other sacred relics. I will simply mention a few of them. My husband and I attended a masquerade ball recently. He sustained the character of a priest, and consequently had a large number of sacred relics for sale for the benefit of the Catholic church. He had the backbone of a snake that St. Patrick drove out of Ireland; also the finger-nail of St. Veronica, and the pencil that Adam wrote the names of the animals with; also St. Peter's key, and the piece of money found in the fish's mouth by St. Peter; one hair from the beard of Mohammed; nails from the ark and first tabernacle; brick from the tower of Babel; whalebone from the whale that swallowed Jonah, and last but not least, a piece of the true cross, and prayer-book with the picture of the holy mother of God to protect him. The reporters took it in as a huge burlesque. The highest price on those relics was one thousand dollars, the lowest twenty-four dollars.

We are expecting a rich treat when Samuel Putnam comes to Oakland; we need a Liberal lecturer here so much, to sustain our cause for liberty and humanity. I am glad that Mr. Reynolds's case was postponed. I should think that the baboons of Morris county would be ashamed of their actions toward him. We attended the Paine celebration in San Francisco, which was a grand success—good music and the best of speakers engaged for the occasion.

The cartoons are fine; long liv Watson Heston. He must certainly hav a bright intellect, as well as a great deal of moral courage, to illustrate the teachings of the holy Bible, book divine, just in the way and manner he does. We put the pictures in our scrap-book, and I must confess it is one of the most Radical scrap-books I hav ever seen. I hav often shown it to my Christian friends, as I am a very outspoken Agnostic at all times. What little light I hav received I do not propose to hide under a bushel. I am convinced that if I believed in a personal God, and devil, and burning hell, I should hav more friends, but I prefer nothing but solid facts, and we hav that in our library. Books are good company.

I am much pleased with John Peck's writings. He might be termed a whole bushel, unless he turns Spiritualist, like Col. John Kelso. I, for one, cannot find facts strong enough to sustain a belief in Spiritualism, but Kelso seems to sustain it by the Bible. I hav read his "Deity Analyzed," but his latest production I hav not seen as yet. I wish you success in your battle for truth and liberty in this religiously superstitious land of ours. My husband talks of visiting New York next August. I don't suppose he will be long in finding the office of the grand old TRUTH SEEKER.

MRS. A. H. SCHOU.

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BOUNTIFUL, UTAH, Feb. 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3, which you will giv me credit for on my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. Circumstances will not permit at present, or I would send more. I am doing all I can to help Freethought along. I hav a good hall, which at any time is open to a Freethought lecturer. I am in hopes that friend S. P. Putnam will giv us a call on his trip West. I think we can get a good houseful, but I am sorry to say that many of our Freethought people as a rule are very backward in helping the cause of Freethought. Here in Utah people hav been so badly deceived that it is a difficult thing to get them to assist in financial matters, and the only way to get these people to work with us is to prove to them that our cause is just, our intentions good, with the hope of breaking the bond of priestcraft, and willing at all times to help out anyone in the mud.

Now, in order to show the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER how the so-called Infidels in this country are looked upon as being beyond redemption, and held up to the world as of the lowest class—too low to be charitable or to do one kind act for their fellow-man—I will giv them an idea how some of our Christian people show their willingness to help their fellow-man when in the mud. I do not wish to hav it understood that I hav no faults, but we hav a motto, "Do unto others as we would they should do unto us," and I hope all Freethinkers will observe this. I was raised in the Mormon church, and not being willing to uphold the doctrins of Mormonism, I was excommunicated from priestly circles, and ever since hav been boycotted to the fullest extent. A pretended friend of mine came along one morning on his way to the city, with a large pair of horses. He stopped and asked me if I was not ready to let him baptize me, as it would make a better man of me. I told him if I could only believe that baptism would be the cause of my becoming a better man, I would willingly receive the baptism. At that he left me on his way, little thinking that I was soon coming behind him. We had not been far on the road, when we overtook a young man, with a load of hay, stuck in the mud. This good saint who was so anxious to baptize me, and a number of others, passed the young man by without offering assistance; but as soon as I came along—the Infidel, who was thought by all to be the last one to lend a helping hand—I pulled him out, although the young man was a member of the church. Not that I had a better team than the others, for it was not so good. One horse was a colt that had never pulled on a load, and how he would act I could not tell. It happened that a lady friend was riding with me, and made the remark, "Why did not some of the brethren with good teams lend a hand?" I told her that in my travels if there was anyone in the mud, I or some other Infidel was always ready to lend a helping hand. At any rate, I hitched my team on the front of the team with the load of hay, and getting three good pulls, the load came out. The young man thanked me, and I drove away. The next day this same saint, in company with a number of others, wished to know if he should baptize me for the remission of my sins and the reception of the Holy Ghost. I said, "No; not a man of your stamp, who would pass by his fellow-man in the time of need. Your baptism," said I, "would not do me any good, and as for the reception of the Holy Ghost, if that is the kindness you are filled with, I hav no use for it."

S. HALES.

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LAKE CITY, IA., Feb. 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to say a few words in connection with the very remarkable article appearing in your paper of the 19th inst. under the signature of the Rev. S. B. Hurlbut. His statements appear honestly made, in all candor. But, pardon me, dear readers, if I cannot accept his last statement as true. I'll state what I know about snake bites and cancers. I know what appeared to be simple medicins hav cured cancers when the blood was perfectly pure, and no reliance was placed in faith. I know simple remedies hav cured the worst of snake bites. I will giv a case in point. I once had a colt bitten by a copperhead snake, the worst case of poison ever known in that country. After it was swollen from foot to body, and a blubber formed at the breast larger than a peck measure, cracking in all shapes, with a greenish, bloody liquid oozing therefrom, a neighbor man called in to see the colt. It was then extremely bad. Said he, "Why do you not cure it?" "Because it is past all redemption." "Not so; it can be cured, and that easily." "Very well, you can hav the colt for one dollar." "I do not want your colt, but go, and go quick, and get plenty of the spirits of turpentine and saturate all swollen parts effectually uutil cured." I went without faith, simply to please a kind neighbor. I returned with the medicin, made two applications, and all poison disappeared in four hours, and never reappeared, as is common in such cases. Many persons were cured in the same way—simply saturated raw cotton and put to the wound, or, if on finger or toe, put the wound in a vessel of turpentine, and as sure as the Lord made "little potatoes" a cure will be effected, faith or no faith. I had no faith in regard to my colt, and I know the colt could not hav had. Had he been placed in fire his sufferings, to all appearance, could not be greater than they were while the turpentine was drawing out the poison. But people say if the application is made soon after the bite there is no great pain attending the cure. All the reverend gentleman has said is easy enough to believe until we come to the leg-setting business—that is a stunner. It puts me in mind of a good, noble, kind-hearted man I knew nearly fifty years ago. No man had more friends; kind in sickness and a good neighbor. But alack! and alas! he would look you square in the face with those pretty soft eyes of his for hours, and tell you all about having been bewitched, and what a vast amount of milling he had to perform as a horse, and the various ways he had undertaken to find out who was bewitching him; all to no avail. The first thing he would know after the bit would leave the mouth he would be standing in his yard in his night clothes. Now, this man was deceived, or trying to make people wonder—which? Now, if all be true we hav heard, there is no man living or dead could do more at healing the afflicted than one of our Iowa men. He claimed no supernatural power, nor asked for faith, but he was almost a walking galvanic battery. He used no medicin, but when sick enough he died like other men. Now, Rev. Mr. Hurlbut, are you very sure the old black lady's leg was broken square off? It may be true, as you state, when the laws of nature are reversed, but not until then. If you can do what you claim in the way of healing a broken limb, you can make your millions in Iowa. Yes, come at once! Stop not to preach, teach, or pray, but come right along; it is now toboggan time with us. I send you a dollar for Heston. The picture of his "Saint Triumphant" is worth at least five dollars. Were I rich I would surely help Heston. We are having a revival here now. I shall take some pains to show them one saint at least.

J. L. TOMPKINS.

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BELVIDERE, ILL., Feb. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I believe that the best place for preaching the gospel of Freethought is within the enemy's camp. It is very well to express our opinions in Liberal papers, but the trouble is, it is only Freethinkers who read them, and so the shots fired fall short of the game. I hav had at different times some of my Freethought views published in our county papers. I had to be very careful in my language, to avoid harsh expressions, to be as polite and gentlemanly as possible, for I hav learned that if I did not do so, they would not be printed, or if they were it would arouse the rage of church people to such a degree as to prevent my getting access to the papers again. The fact is, the church has got a first mortgage on nearly all our secular papers. In consequence of the views published, I hav had some replies, one from one of our most intelligent and influential citizens. He presented me with Professor Fisher's reply to Robert G. Ingersoll, and begged me to read it carefully, for its logic was unanswerable. I asked him if he had read Ingersoll's article, that called forth Fisher's reply. He said he did not remember; he did not know that Fisher's was a reply to any argument of Ingersoll's. Would you believe it, the church people hav printed Fisher's reply to Iugersoll without Ingersoll's name being mentioned, or any intimation in it that it is a reply to him. I asked my friend if he thought it honest to present the case in that shape—would it not be more honest to print both articles in the same book, and leave the reader to judge between them? Was it honest to keep dark about the other article? He replied that he did not think it proper for Christians to lend their aid in spreading Infidel literature. I accepted his book thankfully, and promised to read it carefully if he would promis to read Ingersoll's. "For, you see," says I, "there can be no danger, for Fisher has the last word, and, as you say, knocks Ingersoll all to smash." Well, he promised to read Ingersoll's, and I took Fisher's reply home, and did read it carefully, and must say that it is the best defense of Christianity of any work that I hav read. I do not know whether there is any published reply to it or not. If there is not, I think it would be worth while for some able thinker to reply to it. Christians hav several times called my attention to it, from which I conclude that it is widely circulated among them. My friend's wife had written marginal notes and interlined passages on nearly every page to call attention to its strongest points. To follow her example, and for fear that my friend would fear to read Ingersoll's argument—for there is where the greatest trouble is, Christians are afraid to read Freethought literature—I wrote the following on one of the blank pages of the book containing Ingersoll's and Black's arguments:

Men of sound intellect, and earnest, honest seekers for truth in these enlightened days, demand that both sides of a case should be patiently and honestly heard. When the question of God or no God, Christianity or Infidelity, or any other question of like nature comes before them, when they perceive a disposition in the advocates of one side to suppress the arguments of the opposit side, and insist that only their arguments should be listened to, it is evidence to them that those advocates are interested in the success of fraud, that their case is a dishonest one; for it is a fact indisputable that it is only fraud that dreads to hear the opposit side. Truth always courts, invites, and welcomes investigation.

Investigation is ever an enemy to fraud;
Investigation is ever a friend to truth.
Hear all sides and truth will prosper;
Hear only one and fraud will triumph.

When I handed him the book, I called his attention to the above. On reading it he acknowledged its truth, and—well, I think he is going to read the book. If he does, and has got any brains, he is lost to the church of which he is a prominent and influential member.

I inclose a copy of some verses that were published in the Belvidere *Standard* four weeks ago. In them you will perceive that I hav asked some very important questions of the clergy. Strange to say, I hav had no answer from any o them yet. I am afraid that it is because I neglected to offer a pecuniary compensation. If that is the reason, to remedy it, I am going to offer a reward of $500 for an answer to those questions. If that fails, I will then begin to think that they cannot answer them, or else they are so rich that they don't need any money.

ROBERT SWAIL.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—CHARADE.

*Two caps* combined and joined behind,
A *city's head* must cover;
And thus "ability" you find
To think, dare, do, or suffer.

J. K. P. B.

2.—OCTAGON.

1. Out of sight.
2. A precious stone.
3. A flat fish.
4. To follow.
5. One who debates.
6. That is without.
7. Territory (abbr.).

*Lyons, N. Y.* CONRAD ROOKER.

3.—REBUS.




The pride of our republic.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, MARCH 5, 1887.

1.–Cog-i-table. 2.–A small leak will sink a great ship.

3.–
TRAIT
RHINE
AISLE
INLET
TEETH

4.–Your success, my son, depends partly on skill, and in a measure on sense. 5.–Gridelin.

## Correspondence.

BAKER CITY, ORE., Feb. 14, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write my first letter to you. I am seven years old. I study reading, spelling, writing, geography, and arithmetic. I do not go to school; mamma teaches me at home. We liv in Pocahontas mining district, about eight miles from town. I like the Children's Corner in THE TRUTH SEEKER splendid. Sister Pearl joins in sending good wishes.

Your little friend, RENA ETHEL BAISLEY.

ELK GROVE, CAL., Feb. 19, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Encouraged in seeing my first letter in print, I will try to write a second. We hav a nice school, and some of the children are little Freethinkers, like me, but the most are hide-bound Methodists. Inclosed you will find $1, for which you will please send me your book, the "Story Hour." We get THE TRUTH SEEKER Thursday or Friday, and we all laugh at Mr. Heston's funny pictures. We all like them very much. I hav no brothers and sisters, but I hav a papa and mamma, both Freethinkers.

I will close with love for you and the children. SUTTON F. COTTRELL.

HAGERSTOWN, WAYNE CO., IND., Feb. 15, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I am a Freethinker, and a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I will write a few lines. There are several Freethinkers here, but some are afraid to own it. I was in hopes we could hav a lecture here this winter, but failed to hav it. Samuel P. Putnam wanted to deliver a lecture or two. How I do wish we could hav had them, but those persons who had the means were afraid if they would do much toward a lecture it would be hard on their business, and those persons who hadn't the means would freely giv if they only could. We had three lectures here—the first two were delivered two years ago, by Charles Watts and Samuel Putnam; the third lecture was delivered over a year ago by John E. Remsburg. I never enjoyed myself any better than I did at those lectures. I wish we could hav a lecture here every week or so. There are four churches here. It seems so strange to think that people will believe such stories as there are in the Bible! I think that Freethought is one of the greatest beliefs in the world, yet how many hav been put to death on account of it—a business that would be carried on to-day if the churches had the power! I would so much rather talk than write, but as we cannot talk, I will just write, but I hope we may meet in the near future. I think I shall hav to close for this time, or I will take up too much of your time. I hope to hear from you soon. Yours sincerely,

ANNA M. PIPHER.

[We heartily reciprocate the wish that we shall some day meet and become acquainted. The children of the Corner are very dear, and we think much of them all.—ED. C. C.]

AUSTIN, NEV., Feb. 14, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I go to school. I am in the Second Reader. I study spelling, writing, and reading. And I liv away off in Nevada, in among the silver mines. Some of them are very deep. I am a little girl nine years old, and this is my first letter. It was my little brother who wrote last time, and I thought I would like to write, too. Please excuse bad spelling. I will do better next time. So good-bye from

Your loving friend, ALLIE MOSS.

JAMESPORT, MO., Feb. 21, 287.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write a letter to the Children's Corner to try and form acquaintance with the truth seekers. I scarcely ever go to church. I don't believe in ancient tradition. It has too much cruelty and superstition. I had rather depend on the laws of nature. I am twelve years old. I went to school this winter. My teacher's name was Mr. Brookshier. I study reading, spelling, arithmetic, writing, and geography. My father is a subscriber for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and has been for nine years. I am just finishing the "Story Hour." I think it is noble. We all like the Children's Corner, and THE TRUTH SEEKER also. For fear of wearing your patience, I will close. This is my first letter, and I hope it will not find the way to the waste-basket.

Your true friend, LENEA A. EADS.

HOLDEN, MO., Feb. 20, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I told you in my other letter that I am a happy little girl nine years old, but maybe you hav forgotten me. We are all Liberals (I mean our family). Pa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER and the *Freethinker's Magazine*. I like to read all the little letters in the Children's Corner. I do want to tell Stella Anderson that what she wrote about the sisters treating her so badly in a Catholic school sounds very unreasonable to me. My brother (aged ten) and I hav been attending a Catholic school here for two and a half years, and they are so kind to me and to all that I love them dearly, and don't like to hear them misrepresented. They never ask any but Catholic students into their chapel or to study the catechism. I study orthography, reading, grammar, second part geography, and music. Effie Miller, my good little friend, and I played a duet at our last commencement, and we were much applauded; but I think that was because we are such small performers on the piano. But I must close my letter, with words of love and cheer for you and all your readers.

CORA LEA CARTER.

SALEM, ILL., Feb. 17, 287.

TO DEAR MOTHER WIXON: I take the liberty to call you so because I feel that I am one of the many hundreds of little chicks that hover beneath thy broad and encircling wings of liberty, truth, and science.

I'm highly delighted with the Science Column. If there is anything I do like, it is natural science. I like to read of the great ages which rocks teach.

My father dug a well last fall to the depth of forty-two feet of solid sandstone, with the exception of nine feet of earth. We found embedded into the deep, solid rock a small rock bearing the resemblance to a suspender having ridges running the entire length, and also inch lines running crosswise. My supposition is that it is an ancient rule. The piece blown out was about ten inches in length—we do not know the exact length. We also found several pieces bearing the resemblance of hickory nuts and walnuts.

I would like some of our older friends to giv me a little light in regard to this measure, if they hav any knowledge in regard to whether the ancients ever used any such measures, and about the length of time it has been deposited there.

We hav a society here that has been running for about ten years, callen the Tironian Literary Society. I repeated Colonel Ingersoll's "Lay Sermon." Some of the older members of the society say that it is the grandest piece ever spoken in the society. Next night I am going to read them an essay on the brain. I am also memorizing the "Decoration Day Oration," delivered in '82, as some of the members think there is no one capable of delivering an oration. Oh, how I would like to hav several of his orations to recite to the society! Would that I were able, I would hav his entire works.

Wonder when Mr. G. E. Macdonald is going to visit his old home in New Hampshire, or hear of another Ben Stackpole. The piece has been read at the society, and also many other pieces taken from THE TRUTH SEEKER, that "terrible Infidel paper."

As I hav the opportunity of spreading the light of liberty in the society, I intend to do what little I can in my weak and humble way. I think the scales are falling from their eyes.

With this I will close, fearing I hav taken too much of your valuable space.

Yours for truth and liberty for all,
RUFUS O. WILLIAMS.

P.S.—I would like to ask if there is any one that knows the words to the song, "James Bird?" If so, I would like them to be kind enough to send it to me. R.O.W.

# Science Column.

## Seven Ages.

Those who hav made the earth a study, looking carefully at its every phase and formation, at all the different layers that make up its crust from top to bottom, examining the curious fossils that lie in different portions of the same, hav marked out seven great ages or divisions of time belonging to the earth's most wonderful and interesting history.

We all want to know all about the world we liv in, and the division of its varied ages in their order renders the learning of them comparativly easy.

Each age has a title to distinguish it from the others.

Let us see now if you can call them in their order:

*Azoic, Silurian, Devonian, Carboniferous, Reptilian, Mammalian, Age of Man.*

That is just right. Now we will see how well you can tell the meaning of the seven ages.

The first, or *Azoic*—what does that mean? *Azoic* is a Greek word; *a* means "without," and *zoë* "life"—without life. It means that ever and ever so long ago there was a great, hissing, steaming, surging ocean sweeping over the new, infant earth, and not a speck of animal or vegetable life anywhere about. All was still except the stirring waters.

They, the waters, were working like yeast, you say. Yes, to raise the world. There were minerals and rocks then, and that was all, with here and there a bit or strip of land.

Following this came the *Silurian Age.*

The learners and explorers found so many fossil mollusks in that part of Wales inhabited by the Silures, a tribe of ancient Britons, that they named this time *Silurian*—the age of mollusks. And mollusks, you know, are little, soft, jelly-like creatures living inside of hard and bony shells. If we could hav looked over the earth then, we would hav seen various kinds of rocks, mud flats, barren sands, limestone, shale, and sandstone, and the water swarming and alive with lobster-like creatures, mussels, and other mollusks.

The third period is what? *Devonian.* Right. Where does this name come from? Devon, in England.

Yes. Insects came along then, and fishes—oh, lots and lots of them. And they had wonderfully beautiful scales, very hard and horny.

Different kinds of shells and lovely corals also abounded, and long strings of ribbon-like sea-weed trailed along the shores. Grass had commenced to grow then, too, rushes and straggling, shrubby-like trees, and some ferns and handsome mosses.

Well, then, what was the next great period? *Carboniferous.* Right again. And what does that long word mean? *The Age of Coal.* Yes. So much of it there was that this seems the most appropriate title that could be given it. And, oh! how wild and rich everything was growing then—spongy bogs, and reeds, swamps, and great tree-ferns! The earth was like an immense hot-house, without the flowers; the air moist and warm and teeming with carbonic acid.

In the waters were other kinds of fishes, and on the land new animals and reptils.

Leaves and mud and trees all sank together, hardening into the great coal-beds from which we derive so much light, warmth, and comfort.

Upon this age stands the *Reptilian.* Of course, you can readily tell why it is called thus. Because there appeared so many reptils, in the water and on the land, at that time—and they were monsters, with big, protruding eyes, wide mouths, and some of them had wings and could fly.

Next, when the earth seemed to be well prepared for their advent, came the Mammals. You know what "Mammal" means, for you hav had that word in another exercise.

The *Mammalian Age* discovers such great animals—I expect we would be frightened to meet such to-day.

The megatherium was a monster of a creature, with very long claws, and its head and neck were much like the head and neck of the sloth.

Were there any plants then?

Oh, yes; and they were somewhat similar to those of our present time. The earth was calm and cool, like one recovering from a fever, and then came

THE AGE OF MAN.

And is the earth finished? you inquire.

By no means. Work is still going on, the earth is still changing, and man is continually progressing, learning more and ascending ever to higher degrees of knowledge.

We can only in these exercises briefly touch upon very interesting and instructiv matters, which you are to continue as you grow older.

Shakspere tells of the *Seven Ages of Man*, and perhaps you can recite the words, which are as follows:

All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players:
They hav their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being the seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms;
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And his shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: and then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress's eyebrow: then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: and then the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd;
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

S. H. W.

QUESTIONS.—Into how many ages is the earth divided? Name them in their order. Define Azoic. What of the Silurian age? Could we hav looked over the earth at that time, what would we hav seen? Name the third period. Whence comes the name Devonian? What creatures were living at that time? Name the next great period. What is the meaning of carboniferous? What was the earth like then? Of what is the coal composed? Name the next age. Why called Reptilian? What of the Mammalian age? What great monster of an animal flourished at this time? When came the age of man? With the advent of man was the earth completed? Recite the "Seven Ages of Man."

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# Poetry.

## "Alexander the Good."

Died December 23, 286.

If thou art stanch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man,
This was a kinsman o' thy ain—
For Mathew was a true man.
—*Robert Burns.*

Is not majesty majestic off, as well as on the throne?
Is the brightest star less bright because its brightness is unknown?
And the Macedonian tyrant, hailed the chief of ev'ry state
That his wickedness could ruin, in his carnage was he great?
In the greatness of thy goodness, Alexander, and the shame
His—not thine—hath it dishonored as thy honor graced a name?

Men are born, and men are living, men are dying, men are dead,
Rain, and mist, and dews descending, rivers running, oceans fed;
Light and darkness, sun and shadow, summer, winter, heat, and cold,
Bud and blossom, leaf and forest, sandy grains and mountains bold,
All are coming, all are going in the great harmonious strife,
And the everlasting dying is the everlasting life.
If the sunshine woo the ocean, and the ocean seek the sky,
If the sky with kindly coldness send it weeping, to supply
Earthly thirst and earthly verdure, it will find its way again
Down the rills that jump the hillside, through the lines that cut the plain,
To the parent sea, whose bosom, heaving with a mighty joy,
Welcomes back the truant changeling change were powerless to destroy.

In their ceaseless fermentation, dust and moisture, heat and light,
Raise the oak and send the eagle daring in his fearless flight,
And the friction of the passions, striving in the living clay,
And his restless aspirations in their agonizing play,
Rear the man above the meanness of the levels lower down,
Till the stars are known and counted, and their lustre gilds his crown,
Till the eagle's flight is measured, and the wind that sweeps the main
To the skyward peak computed in the "throbbing of his brain."

But the oak shall waste and crumble, and the wings of flight shall fail;
Worlds shall burn and worlds shall darken—ashes float in ev'ry gale—
Gain is loss and loss is increase—gold and drops again unite,
When the fires of dissolution reassert their flaming might;
Earth was robbed and man developed, patient, tender, wise, and brave,
Earth demanded restoration—in her bosom find his grave.

More than this the priest will tell you; more than this he does not know,
And his noblest thought of endless life is endless in its woe;
More than this the curtained seeress in her frenzy may imply,
But the soul distrusts the soothing that deigns to cheat the eye;
More than this the little children in their merry prattle say,
But the music of their laughter, sweet and holy, dies away;
More than this, my Alexander, could thy longing wish divine?
And thy honest faith was honest, but thy reasons are not mine.

Alexander, Alexander, hear me, hear me! I am lost
In the maze of bloom and beauty, in the wreck of blight and frost,
In the order and confusion, in the music and the noise,
In the worth that is not valued, in the overvalued toys.
Tell me truly, tell me plainly, was thy soul a living breath?
Is the true life everlasting more than everlasting death?
From the silence comes no answer—he is gone. We must confess
That our knowledge is a phantom of the things we cannot guess;
Childlike, we may say, "A unit is a single thing, or one,"
But the units of a unit are the atoms of a sun.
Upward, downward, eastward, westward, northward, southward, what are these
But the finite limitations of illimitable seas?
Pain and pleasure, grief and triumph, in the pict ure of a day
Are the light and shade as fleeting as a wintry blast in May,
While a universe, conspiring in its utmost stress of power,
Paled the rosy cheek of youth, and dyed the velvet of a flower.

What are words that say so little? What are words that say so much?
How they deluge all our thinking! How our thoughts elude their touch!
How they foil our dearest wisdom! How they wound us where we bleed!
How they mock us with compassion that our sorrows do not need,
When the highest revelation to the understanding heart
Is the speechless overflow of nature drowning all her art!

Alexander, youth's companion, brother, father, when the boy
Left the dreamland of his boyhood, he did not forsake the joy
Handed down by thee, and given as a token from the sphere
Where thy rapture caught the proverb, "Man deserves our kindness here."
And the Alexander in him means a weakness crowded out,
For a strength that was not nativ barricaded the redoubt
Of a knight that was not valiant, and he made a bolder stand,
When a double warmth went thrilling from the pressure of thy hand,
Reaching up to those above thee, reaching down to those beneath,
Ever finding joy, but never finding all thou wouldst bequeath.
Aged, poor, toilworn, and anxious, hopeful, faithful, proud, and free,
Reverence lifted up thine eye, but worship did not bend thy knee.
God was love, or God was nothing; love was all that was not vain;
Life a battle-field, and victory—being fit to liv again.

Alexander, had the parting left thee lingering here behind,
Thy farewell would be the prelude to a greeting. Thou wouldst find
All the past in all the future, and the hour I can not reach
With my blinded straining vision would be present in thy speech.
"We shall meet again," is dearer than, "We part to meet no more,"
For its fondest, truest meaning is that we hav met before.
And the hope without the promis, and the prayer without the trust,
Burst resistless from my heart, and are not smothered in thy dust.

FRANK FELT.

## The Lay Sermon.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir*: Comments on Colonel Ingersoll's "Lay Sermon," recently published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, being in order, I will offer a few thoughts that it suggested to my mind. The thought comes to me that "everybody is as he must be, simply because the conditions to which he is subjected enable and compel him to be as he is." If it is desirable that he should be otherwise than as he is, he should be subjected to conditions that will enable and compel him to be as he should be. That cannot be effected by Anarchism or Individualism.

The assertion that "to do right should always be dictated by the highest possible selfishness," is simply Bibleism. The colonel being a novice in that craft, I shall help him out a little. The Bible assumes that God made man for his own honor and glory, which is a purely selfish purpose. And he will put all things under him, and be all and in all, which is a purely selfish and supremely grasping ambition. Nevertheless, it should make man coequal with God, and joint ruler in the kingdom of God, which should be the highest honor that human ambition can aspire to. It is notorious that all enterprises of men are undertaken to serve the selfish ambition of their projectors and promoters. Nevertheless, all the good that the world has realized through the agency of man is the result of his selfish enterprises. Therefore selfishness is the source of all the good we hav ever realized, or can reasonably hope for in this world, or any other. Moreover, selfishness is indispensable to self-preservation. Without it we should not be well preservcd, nor well worth preserving, for if we take selfishness out of man, we shall take all the ambition out of him, and he will not be worth a cent. Better subject him to conditions that will enable and compel him to do by others in all things as he would hav others do by him. Then human selfishness will be a mutual blessing, instead of the mutual curse, to the human race, that the fundamental principle of our present civilization tends to make it.

If great wealth is the mother of crime, abject poverty should be the mother of virtue and innocence. If great wealth is the mother of crime, Dame Nature should be regarded as the mother of all abominations. Happily she is not a dog in the manger, but distributes her wealth with a bountiful hand, and invites all to partake freely, without money and without price. But human invention, that is called a Christian civilization, subjects us to poverty and want in the midst of wealth and plenty. "Graineries bursting, and famin looking into the doors of the poor! Millions of everything, and yet millions wanting everything and having substantially nothing." The colonel thinks "there is something wrong there." So do I, and regret that he has not suggested a remedy that has in it the promis of efficiency. Nature provides but one remedy; if we reject it, we shall not find another by guessing.

In the most primitiv state of human existence on this planet the individual should necessarily hav been a law unto himself, and might was the only recognized law of right. That was Anarchy, and it made Collectivism a necessity for the mutual preservation of the weak against the strong; Collectivism made government a necessity, and government is tyranny. Therefore, when the Colonel asserts that "Anarchy is a reaction from tyranny," he makes the slight mistake of putting the cart before the horse.

He "would not take an inch of land from any human being that belongs to him." Does an inch of land belong to any human being except by the law of might? The law of our being givs no right but of possession to the ground we stand upon. Nevertheless, the colonel insists that "if we ever take the land, we must pay for it, and not rob anybody." Those cannot pay for land who hav nothing to pay with; and it is as much robbery to compel others to buy land for them as to take the land, without compensation, from those who claim to own it. Therefore, I shall suspect the colonel of pleading a "crooked" cause, and making crooked work of it.

The assumed state right of eminent domain is evidently based on the assumption that might makes right. The state, being supreme, assumes the right to take, either with or without compensation, as the state shall elect, whatever is assumed to be required for the common good. The state Socialists base their demands upon that assumed state right, and the colonel virtually admits that their position is well taken. So does Blackstone. So do all jurists of note or intelligence. Nevertheless, I shall neither suspect nor accuse them of being Socialists, but shall award them the merit of having the moral courage and self-respect to admit a self-evident fact.

The colonel evidently has no more confidence in "free soil" as a panacea for social ills than I hav, for he again inquires, "What remedy, then, is there?" and refers us to the ballot. The law should settle these questions between capital and labor—many of them; but he expects the greatest good to come from civilization, from the growth of a sense of justice. What civilization or sense of justice can he reasonably expect so long as private wealth is the power behind the throne; greater than the throne in monarchical countries, and the power upon the throne, and omnipotent everywhere, in democratic countries?

A few workingmen recently assembled for the purpose of publicly discussing questions of interest and importance to themselvs, were brutally assaulted by a gang of ruffians armed with clubs and revolvers. A bomb was thrown by an unknown person who was permitted to escape. Seven men were sentenced to be hanged for expressing their views on the subjects of the colonel's essay; and like outrages are as liable to be committed everywhere else in this country as in Chicago, unless the spirit of them is crushed in the bud by an outspoken and plainspoken protest against such ruffianism in the name of law and order, and notwithstanding their attempt to intimidate press and people. Nevertheless, the colonel exultingly assures us that we hav a free press, free speech, and the protection of person. I think he should "take the cake" for cold irony and grim satire!

He exhorts us to become home-owners. That will require years of the most stringent self-denial, which he denounces as unjust. Then the conditions to which we are subjected are unjust, and he has suggested no remedy, as I can see, that has in it the promis of efficiency. Probably it will not be prudent for him to. Nevertheless, he has promised to do what little he can to hasten the day when this earth shall be covered with homes, and when "by the fireside of the world shall sit happy fathers, and mothers, and children." I think he will do but little indeed to facilitate that happy event, unless he improves his method of doing; but I will offer the foregoing in evdence that his effort will be likely to do some good, though of a somewhat negativ kind, where the seed falls upon well-prepared ground. Therefore, I shall cheerfully recommend a careful perusal of his essay by all who need enlightenment on the subject, and they are legions.

J. A. TUTTLE.

## "The New God."

Putnam's last epic, "The New God," is a marvel of strong argument, vivid illustration, pungent thought, and brilliance of expression. The author's ideas are strikingly original, and his fresh, novel, and epigrammatic treatment of his subject adds a charm which is as indescribable as it is ineffaceable. Its whole tenor is bold, trenchant, iconoclastic, and Atheistic, and the only infelicity I find is in its title, which should rather hav read, "No God," instead of "New God," as the writer admits that "to think God is to annihilate him; to attempt to prove his existence is to reveal his nonentity." Still, there is so little to criticise and so much to praise that Putnam is almost to be envied for the possession of rare genius to so epitomize divinity. The lecture is a Secularist's apotheosis of humanity; it is both episode and apolog; it is also a grand oratorio of aphorisms.

## Obituary.

DIED.—At De Fumiak Springs, Fla., Feb. 24th, of inflammation of stomach and bowels, Mrs. Lydia L. Curtis, wife of E. F. Curtis, of Farmington, Ohio, and mother of Mrs. E. I. Lord and H. A. Curtis. Her remains reached home Tuesday. Funeral services were held at her residence, conducted by D. M. King, of Mantua, Ohio.

Mrs. Curtis had been in poor health for some time, and it was thought a trip to Florida might prove beneficial, but such was not the result.

She had been a constant reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER for many years, and when leaving home thought she could not get along without it, and had it forwarded to her at Florida. She was also a great admirer of Ingersoll, and was never happier than when reading articles from his pen. C. L. C.

DIED.—On Saturday, Feb. 26, 1887, at 1:30 A.M., Frankie Annette, daughter of J. A. and Elizabeth Cutshall, in the ninth year of her age. Funeral from her parents' residence, No. 30 Strawberry Lane, Allegheny City, Pa., Monday, Feb. 28th, at 10 A.M. The exercises will be conducted by the Pittsburgh Secular Union.

The above is a copy of the notice published in the daily papers of this city. At the appointed time, Harry Hoover and Thomas Grundy, of the Pittsburgh Secular Society, Prof. Wm. Seymour, of Philadelphia, and other Liberals met at the house of mourning. The ceremonies were opened by Mr. Hoover reading a poem entitled, "Man's Mortality." Professor Seymour, assisted by several ladies, followed by singing a beautiful selection from Ayres's "Book of Forms." Mr. Grundy delivered a touching address, stating the Secular views of life and death, and extending sympathy to the bereaved family. After the singing of another selection, Mr. Hoover spoke of the superiority of Secularism over orthodoxy in the hour of trial, and cremation over interment in the article of death. He closed by saying:

Our consolation of Secularism is that it robs death of half its terrors, and frees the mind from the harrowing fear of an endless hell. 'Tis said that not a pebble can be dropped in the ocean, or the air stirred by a butterfly's wing, but what the impulse given is felt around the world. So with dear little Frankie. The sun of her brief life had hardly risen until it set in death; but this brief time has sufficed for her to touch the tender chords of feeling, and set in motion sweet influences that shall echo down the ages and tincture many a life yet to be. Her life was a blessing to her parents, and her memory, like a sweet incense or the voice of a singing bird, will dwell forever in their hearts. I am glad indeed that our bereaved friends hav the good sense and moral courage to depart from the common custom of consigning the remains of friends to the charnel vault or festering grave, and hav adopted the method approved by science, reason, enlightened sentiment, and good taste. How consoling to know that the loathsome worm will never touch her tender cheek, but that her dear remains, purified by fire, inclosed in a beautiful casket, can be added to the household treasures, her sacred dust ever near!

The cremation took place at Samson's crematory, 6th ave., Pittsburgh, and was witnessed only by the family and immediate friends.

R. STALEY,
Pres. Pittsburgh Sec. Society.


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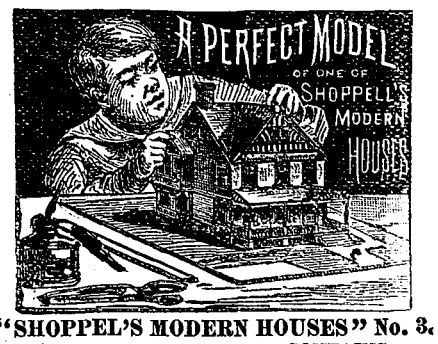
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## News of the Week.

SIXTY-SEVEN excise arrests were made in New York city last Sunday. There are about 9,000 saloons, the larger part of which were open.

FRANK M. SCOTT, bookkeeper for C. L. Webster, who is Mark Twain's publisher, is accused of embezzling $20,000.

A GOOD many New York Socialists celebrated last Sunday evening the sixteenth anniversary of the Paris Commune.

A MAN has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment at Worcester, Mass., for hurling the epithet of "scab" at a man who was filling the place of a striker.

THE authorities are making it very lively for violators of the theatrical and license laws. Harry Hill, who has been called the wickedest man in New York, was arrested three times last week and put under bonds.

IT is said that the Rev. Matthew C. Julien, pastor of the Trinitarian church in New Bedford, will receive a call from Plymouth church, Brooklyn, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Henry Ward Beecher. He has filled the pulpit there, and made a favorable impression.

BISMARCK'S seven year's army bill has passed the Reichstag.

ANOTHER unsuccessful attempt to assassinate the czar of Russia is reported.

CAPT. JAMES B. EADS, of ship canal fame, died at Nassau, Bahama Islands, on the 8th.

MRS. PARSONS was arrested in Columbus, O., last week for making a violent public speech.

BARNUM is again established in New York at the head of a show which he calls the greatest show on earth.

THE yachts Dauntless and Coronet hav started on their $10,000 race from New York to Cork Harbor, Ireland.

IT is reported that Oliver Wendell Holmes, the author, was recently married in Chicago to Miss Lillie Pond of that city.

E. H. ABBOTT, of Buffalo, N. Y., supreme secretary of the Royal Templars of Temperance, is defaulter to the extent of $5,000.

THE religious ceremony of a marriage was performed between Christine Nilsson, the great singer, and Count Miranda, at Paris last Saturday. The two hav been married for some time.

THE Rev. Charles W. Ward, who shot his wife and himself in the Episcopal rectory in Englewood, N. J., three weeks ago, is said to be nearly out of danger. Mrs. Ward also is recovering.

MRS. NEEBE, wife of Oscar Neebe, one of the condemned Chicago Anarchists, died and was buried last week. George Schilling conducted the funeral services. Neebe was not permitted to attend.

THE bridge over a street in the suburbs near Boston gave way as a train on the Boston and Providence Road was passing over it, and six cars, containing over two hundred people, fell fifty feet to the ground below. Nearly forty persons were killed, and as many more received serious injuries.

THERE was a most disastrous accident on the Third avenue elevated railroad in this city last week. The road was blocked by a fire on the Bowery. A number of the bolder among the passengers left the trains and started to walk to the nearest station along the narrow plank walk that fringes the track. The line of trains began to move, and one of the walkers climbed to the rear platform of a car and clung there, and as the train moved on his projecting body swept the walkers from the narrow path to the street below. Three men were killed and seven serlously injured.


# THE ORDER OF CREATION.

*A Discussion Between*
**Gladstone, Huxley, Muller, Linton, Reville.**
On the Conflict between Genesis and Geology.

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## Gems of Thought.

IT may safely be decided that all religions are of human origin, and that all past and existing systems are more or less modifications of the primitiv system.—*D. M. Bennett.*

FOR our purposes the simple fact that a naked world is possible, nay, actually exists (under the clothed one), will be sufficient. Much, therefore, we omit about "kings wrestling naked on the green with carmen," and the kings being thrown, "dissect them with scalpels," says Teufelsdrockh, "the same viscera, tissues, livers, lights, and other life-tackle, are there; examin their spiritual mechanism, the same great need, great greed, and little faculty; nay, ten to one but the carman, who understands draught-cattle, the running of wheels, something of the laws of unstable and stable equilibrium, with other branches of wagon science, and has actually put forth his hand and perated on nature, is the ore cunningly gifted of the two. Whence, then, their so unspeakable difference?" From clothes.—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.*

HATH not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter as a Christian is? If you prick us do we not bleed? If you tickle us do we not laugh? And if you wrong us shall we not revenge?—*Merchant of Venice* (*Act* 3, *Scene* 1).

WE are sure that God made our reason and our hearts. We cannot be so sure that he is the author of the Bible. So that, if we find insoluble discord between the two, there can be little question which must and ought to yield.—*T. Starr King's Eternal Punishment.*

IO VICTIS.

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life;
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplets of fame;
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flowers in its branches, whose hopes burnt in ashes away,
From whose hand slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day
With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone;
With death swooping down on their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.
While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its pæan for those who hav won;
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victor, I stand on the field of defeat.
In the shadow 'mongst those who hav fallen, and wounded, and dying, and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,
Hold the hand that is hapless and whisper, "They only the victory win
Who hav fought the good fight and hav vanquished the demon that tempts us within;
Who hav held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high;
Who hav dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be to die."
Speak, history! Who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say—
Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won the success of the day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians or Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ? —*W. W. Story.*

WHOEVER, through moderation and constancy, is at rest in his mind, and in calm possession of himself, so as neither to pine with care, nor to be dejected by fear, nor to be inflamed with desire, coveting something greedily, nor relaxed with extravagant mirth—such a man is that identical wise man whom we are inquiring for, he is the happy man to whom nothing in this life seems intolerable enough to depress him, nor exquisit enough to transport him unduly.—*Cicero's Tusculan Disputations.*

A BONNY sight is always a bonny sight when the cost of it does not come out of one's own pocket.—*Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.*

LET us hav courage. Priests hav invented a crime called blasphemy, and behind that crime hypocrisy has crouched for thousands of years. There is but one blasphemy, and that is injustice; there is but one worship, and that is justice.—*R. G. Ingersoll.*



ABRAHAM PRAISETH SARAI:

Behold, now, I know thou art a fair woman to look upon.—Gen. xii, 11.

## Odds and Ends.

A JERSEY CITY father became awfully jealous because a reporter added to a baby-arrival item, "Thanks to Dr. Blank."

SMITH: "Who is that gentleman you were talking with just now?" Brown: "He claims to be a titled Englishman of distinguished family, but I doubt it." Smith: "Why?" Brown: "Because he didn't ask me to lend him any money."

THE squaw of a chief of the Sioux
Eloped with a red-headed Jioux;
The pair in Dubuque
The husband o'ertuque,
And he made a nice how-dioux-yioux-dioux.

A FORMER minister of Stewarton, in Ayrshire, used to preach the same sermon (on "The Ten Virgins") year after year in a neighboring parish on the Monday after the communion. At length an old clerical friend gave him a pretty strong hint to choose a fresh subject by expressing his belief that "his ten virgins must now be pretty auld maids!"

FIRST Charleston lady: "Ise gwine ter chutch to tank de Laud dey ain't no mo' erfquakes. Ain't yo' gwine too, my sister?" Second lady: "No, no, my sister, I no gwine! Will you attend de brick chutch?" First lady: "De brick chutch fo' tru', but don' yo' trus' de Laud?" Second lady: "I trus' de Laud, aw my sister, I trus' um, but I neber fool wid um."

OMAHA man: "Seems to me you folks badly need civilizing." California man: "Eh! How so?" "I saw in the paper the other day that a stranger in Oakland visited every bookstore in hopes of buying a Bible, and could not find one in the place." "Oh, that's on account of the climate." "Climate?" "Yes, folks are so healthy there they never think of Bibles."

EPITAPH ON AN AUTHOR.

The heroes he drew
Were true to the life,
His narratives through
With morals were rife,
His life and work blended
So well, it is not
Strange his tale ended,
He rests in a plot.

A CHICAGO drummer says that when he was in Iowa recently he wanted a tobacco box, and in a cigar store bought a tin one and put it in his pocket without opening it. When he did open it he found that it contained a whisky cocktail. "You can find whisky in almost anything you buy over there," he is said to hav said. "It's always turning up in unexpected places. Iowa is a Prohibition state."

ONE of the many tales of the late Sergeant Ballantine now rife points a moral for the consideration of Lord Selborne, and the advocates of the expurgation of law reports. Mr. Ballantine was examining the petitioner for divorce, and asked, "When you entered the room what did you see?" "I had rather not say," replied the witness, "in the presence of ladies." "Ladies!" ejaculated the sergeant, looking around at a fashionably dressed crowd with ears intent and eyeglass ready, "do not you know that they come here for the very purpose of hearing what you had rather not say? Pray do not disappoint them."

MINISTER (to boy who is digging for worms): "Little boy, don't you know that it is wrong to work on Sunday, except in case of necessity?" Boy (going on with his digging): "This is a case of necessity. A feller can't go fishin' 'thout bait."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher asked her scholars each to learn a verse, to recite at the next anniversary meeting, appropriate for the occasion. They all came prepared the next Sunday, and all went off well till it came to the last, a very little boy, in whose ear the teacher whispered as he came up: "Now, speak out loudly, Johnnie." Johnnie, reluctantly dropping his money in the box, shouted out, "The fool and his money are soon parted!"

THE *Hotel Register* recently said: "A hotel in Pittsburg is managed by a Mr. Barrell. Prohibitionists will hardly stop at that house." Whereupon the Havre de Grace *Republican* suggests that "he would be a good man to stave off creditors." Or a good man for a confidential adviser, provided the Barrell doesn't leak. A Western editor suggested that the hotel now had a "bung up good man," but that editor is dead now. His life might hav been spared if he had said the Barrell was "hooped up" for business, or something of that kind, but he didn't, and a brick fell fatally on him.

A DISTINGUISHED literary man of Oakland stood up in the police court to answer to the usual charge of vagrancy. "I object, your honor," he said, with dignity, "to this persecution of gentlemen who follow the profession of letters, and——" "I understand," interrupted the judge, "you were found sleeping under a doorstep; that you hav no visible means of support, and that you hav been seen under the influence of liquor." "What of it?" cried the prisoner, "though I am as poor as Richard Savage when he made his bed in the ashes of a glass factory; as drunken as Dick Steele, who was full nine-tenths of his time; as ragged as Goldsmith when he was on his fiddling tour; as immoral as Byron, as dirty as Sam Johnson, as——" "There, there," cried his honor impatiently, "I've no doubt your associates are a disreputable lot, and I shall deal with you in such a manner as to cause them to giv Oakland a wide birth. Sixty days with hard labor. Mr. Clerk, furnish the constable with the names of the vagabonds mentioned by the prisoner."


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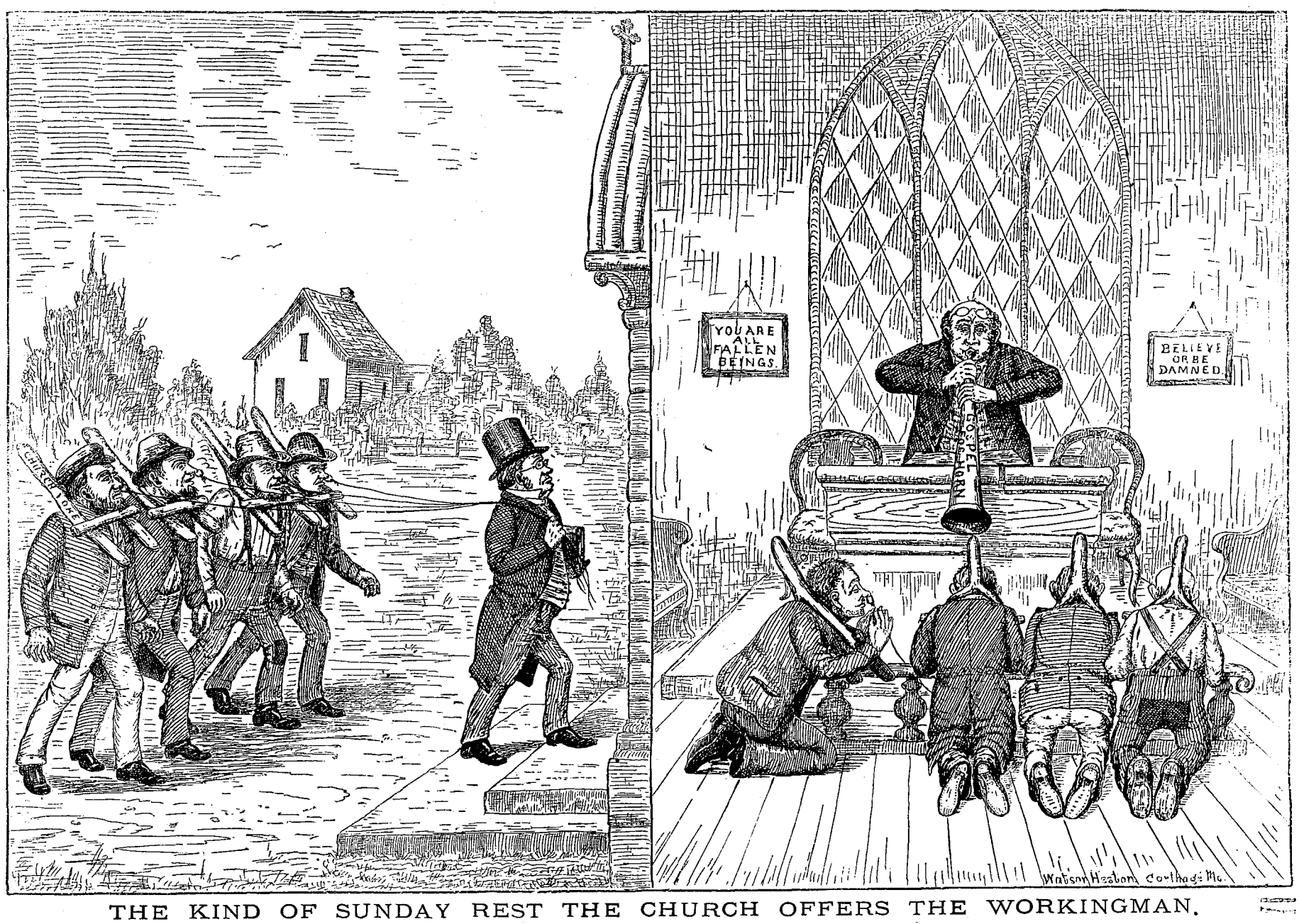
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THE KIND OF SUNDAY REST THE CHURCH OFFERS THE WORKINGMAN.

## Notes and Clippings.

CARDINAL GIBBONS has got his red hat. So has the hand-organ man's monkey.

THERE are in the postal department at Washington two employees appointed by Andrew Jackson in 1831. Their names are Inze Lawrenson and James H. Marr, aged respectivly 84 and 81.

SOME Catholics in Detroit, Mich., raised a riot last Sunday over the deposing of their priest by the bishop. A half-dozen policemen were battered and bruised, but none was fatally injured.

BEECHER'S successor has not yet been found. To attempt to fill his place with any of the general run of pulpit-whackers would be, as some one has expressed it, like trying to wad a cannon with a doughnut.

GLADSTONE said in a recent speech that should Ireland extend her request for home rule beyond self-government in affairs exclusivly Irish, subject to unquestionable supremacy of the imperial Parliament, he could no longer promote her cause.

THE *Springfield Union* is informed from trustworthy sources that a syndicate has been formed in New York to buy up Europe, Asia, Africa, East Boston, and New Jersey, and annex them to New York city, under the title of the Consolidated Earth.

MAYOR HEWITT has appointed as president of the board of health a Mr. Bayles, who is not only a Knight of Labor, but has been quite activ in the order in northern New Jersey. He is author of a published plan for adjustment of the labor question, and was talked of in Orange and Newark as a workingmen's candidate for congress.

THE Rev. Joseph Cook says it would hav been better for Beecher if he had died twenty years ago. The New York *Herald* adds that it would hav been ten dollars in the Rev. Mr. Cook's pocket if he had never been born. It is safe to bark at a dead lion.

MR. FREDERICK HARRISON has been traveling in France on foot and stick in hand, with an occasional lift by the road in diligences and carts. He givs it as his opinion that no man or woman that he saw in the least desired war, or even thought about it.

CHARLES F. FREEMAN, the religious fanatic of Pocasset, Mass., who in May, 1879, slew his daughter as an offering to God, has been pardoned by the governor and council. But who can pardon the promoters of the religion which is responsible for his insane act?

A DISPATCH from Rome says: "Cardinal Taschereau, of Montreal, has succeeded in taking the matter of the Knights of Labor before the holy office. It is probable that the decision will ratify the condemnation of the order in Canada, and forbid any extension in the United States."

SOME time ago the Rev. Samuel D. Hinman was a missionary among the Indians of Dakota. Bishop Wm. H. Hare investigated him and his mission, and made charges of shocking conduct against Hinman. The latter sued the bishop for slander, and got a verdict in his favor. The bishop appealed the case, and the decision was reversed. Now the Rev. Mr. Hinman has moved for a retrial of the case, and by the time the matter is finally settled it is believed that both the priest and his bishop will hav been proved to be rascals.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, in a recent letter on savages, says that "the early Britons readily lent money on the promis of repayment in the next world." Sir John is right. As noted by Colonel Ingersoll, the church has always been willing to swap off treasures in heaven for cash down. It's a good deal like finding money.

ALFRED STINIT, of Corvallis, Or., cannot trust himself in the presence of liquor, and has published this card in the local papers: "I hereby notify all persons within this state that they must not giv or sell me any intoxicating drink under any consideration. If they do, I shall prosecute them to the full extent of the law."

IT is said to be the opinion of those qualified to judge that the Supreme Court of Illinois will confirm the decision of the court below in the case of the condemned Anarchists. If this decision is reached, the sentence can not be affirmed and the day of hanging fixed before the first Tuesday in September. A hearing of the arguments for a new trial began at Ottawa, Ill., on the 17th.

APPLICATION has been made to the treasury department in Washington for the free entry at San Francisco of a joss for a joss-house in that city. Free entry is claimed on the ground that the joss comes under the classification of images and regalia for religious associations. The joss is 150 feet long, and is composed of wood, paper, tinsel, and metal. The officials are in a quandary, as the tariff on gods is a new and unsettled question.

THERE are many institutions in this city of a real or quasi charitable or educational character, and some which do not partake of that character at all, whose property is exempt from assessment, but so far as these take care of real objects of public charity they are paid for doing so out of the public funds to the full extent of the cost of the service. Through the exemption of church property the people do hav to pay toward the support of all churches, without reference to their own belief in the teachings of any of them, or their sympathy with the particular work in which they are engaged. When a costly church is built by a rich congregation for the direct benefit or gratification of its own members, and for the promotion of a faith or a work in which they are specially interested, there is a forced contribution from the community, from which no one can escape, for the purposes of that particular organization, through this exemption from all share in public taxation. There is no limit to the amount of wealth that may be thus devoted to propagating the faith and promoting the objects of a religious organization without any tax upon the property which it holds. There is no reason why large plots of valuable land, buildings for uses that are mainly social, or which are made remunerativ, and costly and highly ornamented edifices for the gratification of the tastes and sentiments of those who use them, should be wholly free from taxes, while the humblest home of the poorest worker has on that account to pay an increased share to the public revenues. It is a matter which should be more closely looked into than anyone has heretofore ventured to look into it.—*New York Times.*

# Selections.

## Some Interrogation Points.

*From the North American Review.*

A new party is struggling for recognition—a party with leaders who are not politicians, with followers who are not seekers after place. Some of those who suffer and some of those who sympathize hav combined. Those who feel that they are oppressed are organized for the purpose of redressing their wrongs. The workers for wages, and the seekers for work, hav uttered a protest. This party is an instrumentality for the accomplishment of certain things that are very near and very dear to the hearts of many millions.

The object to be attained is a fairer division of profits between employers and employed. There is a feeling that in some way the workers should not want—that the industrious should not be the indigent. There is a hope that men and women and children are not forever to be the victims of ignorance and want—that the tenement house is not always to be the home of the poor, nor the gutter the nursery of their babes.

As yet, the methods for the accomplishment of these aims hav not been agreed upon. Many theories hav been advanced, and none has been adopted. The question is so vast, so complex, touching human interests in so many ways, that no one has yet been great enough to furnish a solution, or, if anyone has furnished a solution, no one else has been wise enough to understand it.

The hope of the future is that this question will finally be understood. It must not be discussed in anger. If a broad and comprehensiv view is to be taken, there is no place for hatred or for prejudice. Capital is not to blame. Labor is not to blame. Both hav been caught in the net of circumstances. The rich are as generous as the poor would be if they should change places. Men acquire through the noblest and the tenderest instincts. They work and save not only for themselvs, but for their wives and for their children. There is but little confidence in the charity of the world. The prudent man in his youth makes preparation for his age. The loving father, having struggled himself, hopes to save his children from drudgery and toil.

In every country there are classes—that is to say, the spirit of caste, and this spirit will exist until the world is truly civilized. Persons in most communities are judged not as individuals, but as members of a class. Nothing is more natural, and nothing more heartless. These lines that divide hearts on account of clothes or titles are growing more and more indistinct, and the philanthropists, the lovers of the human race, believe that the time is coming when they will be obliterated. We may do away with kings and peasants, and yet there may still be the rich and the poor, the intelligent and foolish, the beautiful and deformed, the industrious and idle, and it may be, the honest and vicious. These classifications are in the nature of things. They are produced for the most part by forces that are now beyond the control of man—but the old rule, that men are disreputable in the proportion that they are useful, will certainly be reversed. The idle lord was always held to be the superior of the industrious peasant, the devourer better than the producer, and the waster superior to the worker.

While in this country we hav no titles of nobility, we hav the rich and the poor—no princes, no peasants, but millionaires and mendicants. The individuals composing these classes are continually changing. The rich of to-day may be the poor of to-morrow, and the children of the poor may take their places. In this country the children of the poor are educated substantially in the same schools with those of the rich. All read the same papers, many of the same books, and all for many years hear the same questions discussed. They are continually being educated, not only at schools, but by the press, by political campaigns, by perpetual discussions on public questions, and the result is that those who are rich in gold are often poor in thought, and many who hav not whereon to lay their heads hav within those heads a part of the intellectual wealth of the world.

Years ago the men of wealth were forced to contribute toward the education of the children of the poor. The support of schools by general taxation was defended on the ground that it was a means of providing for the public welfare, of perpetuating the institutions of a free country by making better men and women. This policy has been pursued until at last the school-house is larger than the church, and the common people through education hav become uncommon. They now know how little is really known by what are called the upper classes—how little after all is understood by kings, presidents, legislators, and men of culture. They are capable not only of understanding a few questions, but they hav acquired the art of discussing those that no one understands. With the facility of politicians they can hide behind phrases, make barricades of statistics, and chevaux-de-frise of inferences and assertions. They understand the sophistries of those who hav governed.

In some respects these common people are the superiors of the so-called aristocracy. While the educated hav been turning their attention to the classics, to the dead languages, and the dead ideas and mistakes that they contain—while they hav been giving their attention to ceramics, artistic decorations, and compulsory prayers, the common people hav been compelled to learn the practical things—to become acquainted with facts—by doing the work of the world. The professor of a college is no longer a match for a master mechanic. The master mechanic not only understands principles, but their application. He knows things as they are. He has come in contact with the actual, with realities. He knows something of the adaptation of means to ends, and this is the highest and most valuable form of education. The men who make locomotivs, who construct the vast engins that propel ships, necessarily know more than those who hav spent their lives in conjugating Greek verbs, looking for Hebrew roots, and discussing the origin and destiny of the universe.

Intelligence increases wants. By education the necessities of the people become increased. The old wages will not supply the new wants. Man longs for a harmony between the thought within and the things without. When the soul livs in a palace, the body is not satisfied with rags and patches. The glaring inequalities among men, the differences in condition, the suffering and the poverty, hav appealed to the good and great of every age, and there has been in the brain of the philanthropist a dream—a hope, a prophecy, of a better day.

It was believed that tyranny was the foundation and cause of the differences between men—that the rich were all robbers and the poor all victims, and that if a society or government could be founded on equal rights and privileges, the inequalities would disappear, that all would hav food and clothes and reasonable work and reasonable leisure, and that content would be found by every hearth.

There was a reliance on nature—an idea that men had interfered with the harmonious action of great principles which if left to themselvs would work out universal well-being for the human race. Others imagined that the inequalities between men were necessary—that they were part of a divine plan, and that all would be adjusted in some other world—that the poor here would be the rich there, and the rich here might be in torture there. Heaven became the reward of the poor, of the slave, and hell their revenge.

When our government was established, it was declared that all men are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, among which were life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It was then believed that if all men had an equal opportunity, if they were allowed to make and execute their own laws, to levy their own taxes, the frightful inequalities seen in the despotisms and monarchies of the Old World would entirely disappear. This was the dream of 1776. The founders of the government knew how kings, and princes, and dukes, and lords, and barons had lived upon the labor of the peasants. They knew the history of those ages of want and crime, of luxury and suffering. But in spite of our Declaration, in spite of our Constitution, in spite of universal suffrage, the inequalities still exist. We hav the kings and princes, the lords and peasants, in fact, if not in name. Monopolists, corporations, capitalists, workers for wages, hav taken their places, and we are forced to admit that even universal suffrage cannot clothe and feed the world.

For thousands of years men hav been talking and writing about the great law of supply and demand—and insisting that in some way this mysterious law has governed and will continue to govern the activities of the human race. It is admitted that this law is merciless—that when the demand fails, the producer, the laborer, must suffer, must perish—that the law feels neither pity nor malice—it simply acts, regardless of consequences. Under this law, capital will employ the cheapest. The single man can work for less than the married. Wife and children are luxuries not to be enjoyed under this law. The ignorant hav fewer wants than the educated, and for this reason can afford to work for less. The great law will giv employment to the single and to the ignorant in preference to the married and intelligent. The great law has nothing to do with food or clothes, with filth or crime. It cares nothing for homes, for penitentiaries or asylums. It simply acts—and some men triumph, some succeed, some fail, and some perish.

Others insist that the curse of the world is monopoly. And yet, as long as some men are stronger than others, as long as some are more intelligent than others, they must be, to the extent of such advantage, monopolists. Every man of genius is a monopolist.

We are told that the great remedy against monopoly—that is to say, against extortion—is free and unrestricted competition. But, after all, the history of this world shows that the brutalities of competition are equaled only by those of monopoly. The successful competitor becomes a monopolist, and if competitors fail to destroy each other, the instinct of self-preservation suggests a combination. In other words, competition is a struggle between two or more persons or corporations for the purpose of determining which shall hav the uninterrupted privilege of extortion.

In this country the people hav had the greatest reliance on competition. If a railway company charged too much a rival road was built. As a matter of fact, we are indebted for half the railroads of the United States to the extortions of the other half, and the same may truthfully be said of telegraph lines. As a rule, while the exactions of monopoly constructed new roads and new lines, competition has either destroyed the weaker, or produced the pool which is a means of keeping both monopolies alive, or of producing a new monopoly with greater needs, supplied by methods more heartless than the old. When a rival road is built, the people support the rival because the fares and freights are somewhat less. Then the old and richer monopoly inaugurates war, and the people, glorying in the benefits of competition, are absurd enough to support the old. In a little while the new company, unable to maintain the contest, left by the people at the mercy of the stronger, goes to the wall, and the triumphant monopoly proceeds to make the intelligent people pay not only the old price, but enough in addition to make up for the expenses of the contest.

Is there any remedy for this? None, except with the people themselvs. When the people become intelligent enough to support the rival at a reasonable price; when they know enough to allow both roads to liv; when they are intelligent enough to recognize a friend and to stand by that friend as against a known enemy, this question will be at least on the edge of solution.

So far as I know, this course has never been pursued except in one instance, and that is in the present war between the Gould and Mackey cables. The Gould system had been charging from sixty to eighty cents a word, and the Mackey system charged forty. Then the old monopoly tried to induce the rival to put the prices back to sixty. The rival refused, and thereupon the Gould combination dropped to twelve and a half, for the purpose of destroying the rival. The Mackey cable fixed the tariff at twenty-five cents, saying to its customers, "You are intelligent enough to understand what this war means. If our cables are defeated, the Gould system will go back not only to the old price, but will add enough to reimburse itself for the cost of destroying us. If you really wish for competition, if you desire a reasonable service at a reasonable rate, you will support us." Fortunately, an exceedingly intelligent class of people does business by the cables. They are merchants, bankers, and brokers, dealing with large amounts, with intricate, complicated, and international questions. Of necessity they are used to thinking for themselvs. They are not dazzled into blindness by the glare of the present. They see the future. They are not duped by the sunshine of a moment or the promis of an hour. They see beyond the horizon of a penny saved. These people had intelligence enough to say, "The rival who stands between us and extortion is our friend, and our friend shall not be allowed to die."

Does not this tend to show that people must depend upon themselvs, and that some questions can be settled by the intelligence of those who buy, of those who use, and that customers are not entirely helpless?

Another thing should not be forgetten, and that is this: there is the same war between monopolies that there is between individuals, and the monopolies for many years hav been trying to destroy each other. They hav unconsciously been working for the extinction of monopolies. These monopolies differ as individuals do. You find among them the rich and the poor, the lucky and the unfortunate, millionaires and tramps. The great monopolies hav been devouring the little ones.

Only a few years ago the railways in this country were controled by local directors and local managers. The people along the lines were interested in the stock. As a consequence, whenever any legislation was threatened hostil to the interests of these railways, they had local friends who used their influence with legislators, governors, and juries. During this time they were protected, but when the hard times came many of these companies were unable to pay their interest. They suddenly became Socialists. They cried out against their prosperous rivals. They felt like joining the Knights of Labor. They began to talk about rights and wrongs. But in spite of their cries, they hav passed into the hands of the richer roads—they were seized by the great monopolies. Now the important railways are owned by persons living in large cities or in foreign countries. They hav no local friends, and when the time comes, and it may come, for the general government to say how much these companies shall charge for passengers and freights, they will hav no local friends. It may be that the great mass of the people will then be on the other side. So that after all the great corpo-

rations hav been busy settling the question against themselvs.

Possibly a majority of the American people believe to-day that in some way all these questions between capital and labor can be settled by constitutions, laws, and judicial decisions. Most people imagin that a statute is a sovereign specific for any evil. But while the theory has all been one way, the actual experience has been the other—just as the free-traders hav all the arguments and the protectionists most of the facts.

The truth is, as Mr. Buckle says, that for five hundred years all real advance in legislation has been made by repealing laws. Of one thing we must be satisfied, and that is that real monopolies hav never been controled by law, but the fact that such monopolies exist is a demonstration that the law has been controled. In our country, legislators are for the most part controled by those who, by their wealth and influence, elect them. The few in reality cast the votes of the many, and the few influence the ones voted for by the many. Special interests, being activ, secure special legislation, and the object of special legislation is to create a kind of monopoly—that is to say, to get some advantage. Chiefs, barons, priests, and kings ruled, robbed, destroyed, and duped, and their places hav been taken by corporations, monopolists, and politicians. The large fish still liv on the little ones, and the fine theories hav as yet failed to change the condition of mankind.

Law in this country is effectiv only when it is the recorded will of a majority. When the zealous few get control of the legislature, and the laws are passed to prevent Sabbath-breaking, or wine-drinking, they succeed only in putting their opinions and provincial prejudices in legal phrase. There was a time when men worked from fourteen to sixteen hours a day. These hours hav not been lessened, they hav not been shortened by law. The law has followed and recorded, but the law is not a leader and not a prophet. It appears to be impossible to fix wages—just as impossible as to fix the values of all manufactured things, including the works of art. The field is too great, the problem too complicated, for the human mind to grasp.

To fix the value of labor is to fix all values—labor being the foundation of all values. The value of labor cannot be fixed unless we understand the relations that all things bear to each other and to man. If labor were a legal tender—if a judgment for so many dollars could be discharged by so many days of labor—and the law was that twelve hours of work should be reckoned as one day, then the law could change the hours to ten or eight, and the judgments could be paid in the shortened days. But it is easy to see that in all contracts made after the passage of such a law, the difference in hours would be taken into consideration.

We must remember that law is not a creativ force. It produces nothing. I raises neither corn nor wine. The legitimate object of law is to protect the weak, to prevent violence and fraud, and to enforce honest contracts, to the end that each person may be free to do as he desires, providing only that he does not interfere with the rights of others. Our fathers tried to make people religious by law. They failed. Thousands are now trying to make people temperate in the same manner. Such efforts always hav been and probably always will be failures. People who believe that an infinit God gave to the Hebrews a perfect code of laws, must admit that even this code failed to civilize the inhabitants of Palestine.

It seems impossible to make people just, or charitable, or industrious, or agreeable, or successful, by law, any more than you can make them physically perfect or mentally sound. Of course we admit that good people intend to make good laws, and that good laws, faithfully and honestly executed, tend to the preservation of human rights and to the elevation of the race, but the enactment of a law not in accordance with a sentiment already existing in the minds and hearts of the people—the very people who are depended upon to enforce this law—is not a help, but a hindrance. A real law is but the expression in an authoritativ and accurate form of the judgment and desire of the majority. As we become intelligent and kind, this intelligence and kindness find expression in law.

But how is it possible to fix the wages of every man? To fix wages is to fix prices, and a government, to do this intelligently, would necessarily hav to hav the wisdom generally attributed to an infinit being. It would hav to supervise and fix the conditions of every exchange of commodities and the value of every conceivable thing. Many things can be accomplished by law. Employers may be held responsible for injuries to the employed. The mines can be ventilated. Children can be rescued from the deformities of toil—burdens taken from the backs of wives and mothers—houses made wholesome, food healthful—that is to say, the weak can be protected from the strong, the honest from the vicious, honest contracts can be enforced, and many rights protected.

The men who hav simply strength, muscle, endurance, compete not only with other men of strength, but with the inventions of genius. What would doctors say if physicians of iron could be invented with curious cogs and wheels, so that when a certain button was touched the proper prescription would be written? How would lawyers feel if a lawyer could be invented in such a way that questions of law, being put in a kind of hopper and a crank being turned, decisions of the highest court could be prophesied without failure? And how would the ministers feel if somebody should invent a clergyman of wood that would to all intents and purposes answer the purpose?

Invention has filled the world with the competitors not only of laborers, but of mechanics—mechanics of the highest skill. To-day the ordinary laborer is for the most part a cog in a wheel. He works with the tireless—he feeds the insatiable. When the monster stops, the man is out of employment, out of bread. He has not saved anything. The machine that he fed was not feeding him, was not working for him—the invention was not for his benefit. The other day I heard a man say that it was almost impossible for thousands of good mechanics to get employment, and that in his judgment the government ought to furnish work for the people. A few minutes after, I heard another say that he was selling a patent for cutting out clothes, that one of his machines could do the work of twenty tailors, and that only the week before he had sold two to a great house in New York, and that over forty cutters had been discharged.

On every side men are being discharged and machines are being invented to take their places. When the great factory shuts down, the workers who inhabited it and gave it life, as thoughts do the brain, go away and it stands there like an empty skull. A few workmen, by the force of habit, gather about the closed doors and broken windows and talk about distress, the price of food, and the coming winter. They are convinced that they hav not had their share of what their labor created. They feel certain that the machines inside were not their friends. They look at the mansion of the employer and think of the places where they liv. They hav saved nothing—nothing but themselvs. The employer seems to hav enough. Even when employers fail, when they become bankrupt, they are far better off than the laborers ever were. Their worst is better than the toilers' best.

The capitalist comes forward with his specific. He tells the workingman that he must be economical—and yet, under the present system, economy would only lessen wages. Under the great law of supply and demand every saving, frugal, self-denying workingman is unconsciously doing what little he can to reduce the compensation of himself and his fellows. The slaves who did not wish to run away helped fasten chains on those who did. So the saving mechanic is a certificate that wages are high enough. Does the great law demand that every worker liv on the least possible amount of bread? Is it his fate to work one day, that he may get enough food to be able to work another? Is that to be his only hope—that and death?

Capital has always claimed and still claims the right to combine. Manufacturers meet and determin upon prices, even in spite of the great law of supply and demand. Hav the laborers the same right to consult and combine? The rich meet in the bank, the club-house, or parlor. Workingmen, when they combine, gather in the street. All the organized forces of society are against them. Capital has the army and the navy, the legislativ, the judicial, and the executiv departments. When the rich combine, it is for the purpose of "exchanging ideas." When the poor combine, it is a "conspiracy." If they act in concert, if they really do something, it is a "mob." If they defend themselvs, it is "treason." How is it that the rich control the departments of government? In this country the political power is equally divided among the men. There are certainly more poor than there are rich. Why should the rich control? Why should not the laborers combine for the purpose of controling the executiv, legislativ, and judicial departments? Will they ever find how powerful they are?

In every country there is a satisfied class—too satisfied to care. They are like the angels in heaven who are never disturbed by the miseries of earth. They are too happy to be generous. This satisfied class asks no questions and answers none. They believe the world is as it should be. All reformers are simply disturbers of the peace. When they talk low, they should not be listened to; when they talk loud, they should be suppressed.

The truth is to-day what it always has been—what it always will be—those who feel are the only ones who think. A cry comes from the oppressed, from the hungry, from the down-trodden, from the unfortunate, from men who despair and from women who weep. There are times when mendicants become revolutionists—when a rag becomes a banner, under which the noblest and bravest battle for the right.

How are we to settle the unequal contest between men and machines? Will the machine finally go into partnership with the laborer? Can these forces of nature be controled for the benefit of her suffering children? Will extravagance keep pace with ingenuity? Will the workers become intelligent enough and strong enough to be the owners of the machines? Will these giants, these Titans, shorten or lengthen the hours of labor? Will they giv leisure to the industrious, or will they make the rich richer and the poor poorer?

Is man involved in the "general scheme of things?" Is there no pity, no mercy? Can man become intelligent enough to be generous, to be just; or does the same law or fact control him that controls the animal and vegetable world? The great oak steals the sunlight from the smaller trees. The strong animals devour the weak—everything eating something else—everything at the mercy of beak, and claw, and hoof, and tooth—of hand and club, of brain and greed—inequality, injustice everywhere.

The poor horse standing in the street with his dray, overworked, over-whipped, and under-fed, when he sees other horses groomed to mirrors, glittering with gold and silver, scorning with proud feet the very earth, probably indulges in the usual Socialistic reflections, and this same horse, worn out and old, deserted by his master, turned into the dusty road, leans his head on the topmost rail, looks at donkeys in a field of clover, and feels like a Nihilist.

In the days of savagery the strong devoured the weak—actually ate their flesh. In spite of all the laws that man has made, in spite of all advance in science, literature, and art, the strong, the cunning, the heartless, still liv on the weak, the unfortunate, and foolish. True, they do not eat their flesh, they do not drink their blood, but they liv on their labor, on their self-denial, their weariness, and want. The poor man who deforms himself by toil, who labors for wife and child, through all his anxious, barren, wasted life—who goes to the grave without ever having had one luxury—has been the food of others. He has been devoured by his fellow-men. The poor woman living in the bare and lonely room, cheerless and fireless, sewing night and day to keep starvation from a child, is slowly being eaten by her fellow-men. When I take into consideration the agony of civilized life—the number of failures, the poverty, the anxiety, the tears, the withered hopes, the bitter realities, the hunger, the crime, the humiliation, the shame—I am almost forced to say that cannibalism, after all, is the most merciful form in which man has ever lived upon his fellow-man.

Some of the best and purest of our race hav advocated what is known as Socialism. They hav not only taught, but, what is much more to the purpose, hav believed, that a nation should be a family; that the government should take care of all its children; that it should provide work, and food, and clothes, and education for all, and that it should divide the results of all labor equitably with all.

Seeing the inequalities among men, knowing of the destitution and crime, these men were willing to sacrifice, not only their own liberties, but the liberties of all.

Socialism seems to be one of the worst possible forms of slavery. Nothing in my judgment would so utterly paralyze all the forces, all the splendid ambitions and aspirations that now tend to the civilization of man. In ordinary systems of slavery there are some masters, a few are supposed to be free; but in a Socialistic state all would be slaves.

If the government is to provide work, it must decide for the worker what he must do. It must say who shall chisel statues, who shall paint pictures, who shall compose music, and who shall practice the professions. Is any government, or can any government be, capable of intelligently performing these countless duties? It must not only control work, it must not only decide what each shall do, but it must control expenses, because expenses bear a direct relation to products. Therefore the government must decide what the worker shall eat and wherewithal he shall be clothed; the kind of house in which he shall liv; the manner in which it shall be furnished, and, if this government furnishes the work, it must decide on the days or the hours of leisure. More than this, it must fix values; it must decide not only who shall sell, but who shall buy, and the price that must be paid—and it must fix this value not simply upon the labor, but on everything that can be produced, that can be exchanged or sold.

Is it possible to conceive of a despotism beyond this? The present condition of the world is bad enough, with its poverty and ignorance, but it is far better than it could by any possibility be under any government like the one described. There would be less hunger of the body, but not of the mind. Each man would simply be a citizen of a large penitentiary, and, as in every well-regulated prison, somebody would decide what each should do. The inmates of a prison retire early; they rise with the sun; they hav something to eat; they are not dissipated; they hav clothes; they attend divine service; they hav but little to say about their neighbors; they do not suffer from cold; their habits are excellent, and yet, no one envies their condition. Socialism destroys the family. The children belong to the state. Certain officers take the places of parents. Individuality is lost.

The human race cannot afford to exchange its liberty for any possible comfort. You remember the

old fable of the fat dog that met the lean wolf in the forest. The wolf, astonished to see so prosperous an animal, inquired of the dog where he got his food, and the dog told him that there was a man who took care of him, gave him his breakfast, his dinner, and his supper with the utmost regularity, and that he had all that he could eat and very little to do. The wolf said, "Do you think this man would treat me as he does you?" The dog replied, "Yes; come along with me." So they jogged on together toward the dog's home. On the way the wolf happened to notice that some hair was worn off the dog's neck, and he said, "How did the hair become worn?" "That is," said the dog, "the mark of the collar—my master ties me at night." "Oh," said the wolf, "are you chained? Are you deprived of your liberty? I believe I will go back. I prefer hunger."

It is impossible for any man with a good heart to be satisfied with this world as it now is. No one can truly enjoy even what he earns—what he knows to be his own—knowing that millions of his fellowmen are in misery and want. When we think of the famished we feel that it is almost heartless to eat. To meet the ragged and shivering makes one almost ashamed to be well dressed and warm—one feels as though his heart was as cold as their bodies.

In a world filled with millions and millions of acres of land waiting to be tilled, where one man can raise the food for hundreds, millions are on the edge of famin. Who can comprehend the stupidity at the bottom of this truth?

Is there to be no change? Are "the law of supply and demand," invention and science, monopoly and competition, capital and legislation, always to be the enemies of those who toil? Will the workers always be ignorant enough and stupid enough to giv their earnings for the useless? Will they support millions of soldiers to kill the sons of other workingmen? Will they always build temples for ghosts and phantoms, and liv in huts and dens themselvs? Will they forever allow parasites with crowns, and vampires with miters, to liv upon their blood? Will they remain the slaves of the beggars they support? How long will they be controled by friends who seek favors, and by reformers who want office? Will they always prefer famin in the city to a feast in the fields? Will they ever feel and know that they hav no right to bring children into this world that they cannot support? Will they use their intelligence for themselvs, or for others? Will they become wise enough to know that they cannot obtain their own liberty by destroying that of others? Will they finally see that every man has a right to choose his trade, his profession, his employment, and has the right to work when, and for whom, and for what he will? Will they finally say that the man who has had equal privileges with all others has no right to complain, or will they follow the example that has been set by their oppressors? Will they learn that force, to succeed, must hav a thought behind it, and that anything done, in order that it may endure, must rest upon the corner-stone of justice?

Will they, at the command of priests, forever extinguish the spark that sheds a little light in every brain? Will they ever recognize the fact that labor, above all things, is honorable—that it is the foundation of virtue? Will they understand that beggars cannot be generous, and that every healthy man must earn the right to liv? Will honest men stop taking off their hats to successful fraud? Will industry, in the presence of crowned idleness, forever fall upon its knees, and will the lips unstained by lies forever kiss the robed impostor's hand?

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

## The Liberal Club.

THE TRUTH SEEKER moved week before last, and the man with the badge-pin got so weary hollering while others lifted at the thousands of pounds of types, imposing-stones, and other bric-a-brac, that instead of going to the 439th meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club, he stayed at home to rest. Sustained intellectual effort must be followed by a period of relaxation. Such information regarding the above meeting as is here afforded was derived from the lady secretary.

The lecturer of the evening was Mrs. Isabelle Hinton, who spoke to the query, "What is Socialism?" It was one of those fortunately very rare occasions when President Wakeman was not on hand to call the meeting to order, and that duty devolved upon Deacon Dean, who got along with it quite well. Concerning what followed, the secretary says: "Mrs. Hinton opened her address with an appropriate poem—at least, what could be heard of it in the back part of the room was appropriate, but, being more a musician than an elocutionist, she seemed to forget that, in reading, emphasis should be regulated by the sense, and not by meter, as with the accent in music. So, not unlike Colonel Dawson, the speaker allowed the stress of voice to fall somewhat too monotonously upon syllables and words by measure, and then allowed her voice to drop almost to indistinctness in uttering other words of the greatest importance." Having made this technical and Delsartian criticism of the style of the discourse, the secretary proceeds to consider its matter: "The lecturer spoke more of results that would be attained by the institution of Socialism than of the specific methods, in detail, by which these results may be reached. One never before having heard of Socialism would hav known but little more about it at the end of the lecture than at the beginning." As the Liberal Club audience is somewhat acquainted with the subject, however, her omission to tell what Socialism is, instead of what it may possibly aim at, was not seriously felt. The lecture lasted half an hour, during which time President Wakeman arrived, and furnished occasion for applause.

Dr. Kinget complained that the speaker had not done justice to the subject. Monopolists, tyrants, bosses, and other rulers must be eliminated by universal coöperation. Of Dr. Kinget's remarks the secretary observes: "The doctor forgets that in any and every movement there must be a leader."

Mrs. Leonard expressed her surprise at Dr. Kinget's lack of comprehension.

Mr. Leavitt said that Socialism was one of some thirty reforms which he was interested in. Among the others were graduated taxation, land limitation, greenbacks, and the shutting off of immigration to this country. To the latter reform Mr. Leavitt had determined to devote all his great powers as an orator and writer. Those who read this in foreign parts should hasten to America before Mr. Leavitt gets in his work and closes our ports.

Mrs. Florence Kelly Wishnowetzki was next introduced by the Chair, with some difficulty, as "all the way from Russia." Mrs. Wishnowetzki said that joke was too far fetched, as she was from Philadelphia. The lecture to which she had listened was of too general a nature, and had not added to the sum total of her knowledge of Socialism.

Mr. Sutherland maintained that, as Professor Denslow had pointed out in a recent lecture, Socialism is a return to barbarism, because all savage tribes are social in their customs. The secretary here comes to the relief of Socialism as follows: "Mr. Sutherland is evidently unaware of the potency of a principle or law known to students of Integralism as the *antithetical repetition of the lowest in the highest*; that is, that the lowest, the stages of barbarism, *will* reappear in the highest stages of civilization, but they will appear 'with a new spirit and a different purpose.' Socialism was and is, in a measure, prevalent in the barbaric stages; so are the habits of breathing and eating. Is it logical to reason that if we breathe or eat now we shall return to barbarism? Just as logical as to say that Socialism is barbarism. Dismiss your fears, Mr. Sutherland," proceeds the secretary; "you need not anticipate impossibilities. The government of the United States is nearer Socialistic than that of almost any other country, and its course is the true course of evolution, for the Socialist believes that the administration by the whole for the good of all is for the fittest to survive."

Dr. Weeks and Herr Oppenheimer followed, making some good points, and then came the closing speech of the evening, Colonel Hinton answering in behalf of Mrs. Hinton. "The only thing which marred what he said," comments the secretary, "was his tendency to attack the person holding an opposit opinion instead of the opinion itself." Nearly everybody, he said, agreed that the railroads and the telegraph, as well as the post-office, should be in the hands of the government. Why not, then, the land and the means of production and distribution?—remembering always that government means the whole people—in the hands of all for the good of all.

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The 440th regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club was marked by the return of Mr. Isaac Cohen to its platform.

Dr. Edwin V. Wright, who was expected to address the meeting on "Dangers of the Republic," failed to appear at the proper time. This in no wise disconcerted the president, who, in opening, merely announced the facts in the case, and observed cheerfully that the club would, as in so many previous instances, draw upon its own inexhaustible resources. The audience would please to nominate its speaker. The names of Cohen and Eccles were immediately suggested. Herr Oppenheimer was present, and gave visible tokens of being willing to make a speech, but he was overlooked. The Chair asked Dr. Eccles to make the overture, as he would be more likely to take the orthodox side and thus stimulate discussion. Dr. Eccles was sustained by applause as he took the platform. It was always supposed, he said, by the general public that some danger to our republic is imminent. Some see danger in Anarchism, others in Socialism; they balance each other. Catholicism and Freethought also pair in an innocuous manner. Monopolies are all blessings, and are capable of becoming greater blessings. At the same time, monopolies are curses. Such is the nature of truth; whatever is good is bad, and the better it is the worse it is when turned to a bad end. We are apt to be extremists and see only one side of truth. Socialists who would suppress all small monopolies would substitute therefor a national governmental monopoly. Monopolies would be harmless if they were kept in subjection during their incipiency. We should hav such a law passed that any monopolist who lowers his rates in competition to kill a rival shall keep his prices down after the rival is dead, and thus kill himself. Dr. Eccles's speech was quite satisfactory.

Mr. Cohen then took the floor. It was very gratifying to see him there again, as he has been absent for a good while. He informed his friends that he had recently been a resident of the city of Washington, and consequently could speak with confidence of United States affairs. He regretted that Dr. Eccles had been so non-committal in his remarks, and had said nothing positiv eyether one way or the other. Mr. Cohen said eyether twice, so that the audience would see that he did not say eether, which has passed out of use. Mr. Cohen did not believe the government was in danger, because the people were able to get along all right without any government. He had been in rural districts where they didn't know we had such a thing as a government, and didn't care to know. Mr. Cohen believed in protection as against free trade, because under free trade a strike would hav no show of success, as manufacturers would import instead of manufacturing. Dr. Eccles evidently misunderstood the nature of Socialism. It did not propose to put industries in the hands of the present government, but the government would be changed to fit Socialism. The speaker believed all monopolies were evils. He also discussed the pension and appropriation bills, and the Interstate Commerce bill. Mr. Cohen shows signs of having studied the congressional methods of expression, and has contracted an ornate style of oratory. He discourses fluently of the splendors of the Roman empire, and knows as much as any one about the cause of its fall. A speech or sermon nowadays which contains no reference to the fall of the Roman empire is not considered a finished effort.

Mrs. Hallock, who had hardly succeeded in deferring her criticism until Mr. Cohen had finished his speech, was the next speaker. She said the greatest monopoly was the monopoly of the weaker sex by the stronger. All other evils can be traced to this one. Women are never elected to Congress, and yet they hav to suffer for the sins of that body. "Aren't you ashamed of yourselvs?" she inquired.

Colonel Hinton said that the paramount and overwhelming danger is the divorcement of the citizen from the government—the contempt of the rich and the indifference of the poor. No one with any capacity of observation can deny that such is the state of affairs in the United States.

Mr. Sutherland was glad to hear that things were no worse. He did not believe governments could conduct enterprises as profitably as individuals. He had taken observations in the navy yard at Brooklyn, and never saw half the employees there working at once. The greatest danger to government is corruption in politics.

Mr. Flynn, a new member, said Dr. Eccles had amused him. Mr. Flynn endeavored to rebuke the club for not accepting the Bible for authority, and then quoted from that aged book a saying that is nowhere between its lids. Then he said that the proper place for woman was by the fireside. The lady secretary desires to know what business Mr. Flynn has to form an opinion upon that subject. It is women's duty, she holds, to stay by the fireside or not, just as she chooses, and men hav no voice in the matter whatever.

Dr. Eccles closed the debate.

A member purchased a TRUTH SEEKER of last week, and, when he found there was no report of the previous meeting, desired his money returned.

Mr. Wakeman referred to the approaching annual meeting and election of officers, and warned the club that it must elect a new president, as he should decline to be a candidate. This announcement caused deep regret. The club will probably decline to accept its president's resignation. As for the writer of these lines, he can never think of any but Brother Wakeman as the proper chairman of the meetings. But if the edict has gone forth, and there must come the bitter end, while we lament departed worth, and mourn the club's distinguished friend; yet shall the cause of light progress; the right shall grapple with the wrong; the hosts of truth will onward press, and help to boom the thing along. Aspirers to forensic fame shall those who dwell in darkness teach, and members will discuss the same in speeches of ten minutes each.

The next lecture is by John Beverly Robinson, Esq., on "Anarchism and Christianity."

## The New Theology as Bad as the Old.

Writing of Col. R. G. Ingersoll, the editor of the *New Theology Herald* says:

> It is well known that for several years the great Goliath of the Philistines has been losing his enthusiasm for destructiv work. He himself has said that only the need of money now keeps him before the public as a religious iconoclast. Once he had enthusiasm, but his heart is no longer in the work.

The above statements are lies.

# The American Secular Union.

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## News and Notes.

It was a glorious day, Wednesday, March 9th, when I journeyed along the jeweled ramparts of the mountains shining with all sweet colors in the brilliant atmosphere, so clear that the most distant summits were almost as distinct in outline as the first ranges. The beauty of nature answered to the high hope within of humanity's progress. My sojourn in Colorado was pleasant indeed. The friends there are good to the core. Our pioneer, Jamieson, has labored effectivly. The Denver society will conquer all difficulties, I know. Austin W. Smith has offered a lot worth thirty-five hundred dollars for the building of a Secular Hall, and so our temple of humanity will sometime greet the sun amid this mountain land. With such devoted supporters as Messrs. Coplen, Fisher, Roth, Freeman, Hurlburt, Truss, Jenkins, A. H. Weber, C. T. Weber, Fred Warren, Z. Shedd, Dr. McCall, with their families and others, Denver will be one of our brightest camp-fires in the long line of freedom, and Colorado shall fling for us its pennons from a thousand hights.

Along I go through the golden sunset, the moonlight and starlight, the corridors of morn, and beneath the cloudless arch of day, by the glistening Spanish Peaks that stand like two enormous sentinels guarding a world of enchantment. This is a strange country indeed, New Mexico and Arizona. I seem to be on a different continent, so wonderful and grotesque is the scenery. The winds and the waves hav played mighty pranks in these weird and desolate regions. Volcanic fires and lava streams hav written their history here. The deserts, gray and red, stretch away, edged with a thousand fantastic forms, that tower in the blue horizon six and twelve thousand feet high. It seems as if this were once the dwelling-place of giants, who had a high old spree, and tumbled things about in reckless fashion, without any regard for appearances. It is a world of anarchy, and it seems out of place for the iron horse of civilization to go dashing along these ancient solitudes. How is it possible for any modern thing to flourish here? And yet all of a sudden out of these grim ruins we come upon a bright city of from five to ten thousand inhabitants, and wonder how it is possible for such things to be, for the hand of progress to unroll so busy a scene of life in the very heart of the wilderness. We find the conveniences of civilization mingled with barbaric relics, and the wild savage stands alongside the elegance of wealth, a marvelous contrast. We ride by Indian villages, with their desultory mud huts, quite stately and comfortable-looking, some of them, and in the morning sun they present a picturesque aspect; and the little black barbarians that stare at us with such keen eyes under dark masses of tangled hair look for all the world as if they had just sprung from the soil, human weeds that grow up in a night. I almost expected to see them sink back into dust as the train went rattling by.

All day long, and all night long, and another day I had to travel far into the midnight ere I reached a place of rest—and not much of a rest at that, for the station where we changed cars is only about six weeks old, and the hotel accommodations are not of the finest. The station itself is only a freight-car, and the hotel a rude building of clapboards, and our couch a pine bunk, where I hadn't room to turn over for fear of tumbling off and rolling downstairs; and several others were in the same room with me, piled soldier-fashion together. However, I slept well. The landlord was one of the jolliest fellows I ever met—fat as Falstaff, and as humorous. He was bound to make you happy, and I verily believe that if I had slept outdoors on the hard ground he would hav made me imagin that I was on a downy couch, his remarks were so exhilarating. He was as good as a band of music.

Saturday was a lovely day, and we sped over the new railroad to Prescott, the capital of Arizona, arriving about morn. Arizona can boast of one thing, at least—a splendid climate. The air is perfectly delicious. The heavens are of a lustrous blue. The mountains shine like diamonds.

I found Prescott a thriving place of about two thousand inhabitants. Fort Whipple is about a mile from the city on the railroad. Several companies are stationed here. The legislature has just adjourned. Prescott has been isolated for years, being sixty miles from any railroad, and the stage journey over a rough country sometimes taking three days. The Prescott and Arizona Central Railroad, just built, givs it now a bright promis. The country about is heavily timbered, and gold and silver and copper mines are plentiful. The soil is good. It can produce wheat, corn, and potatoes; fruits of all sorts can be raised—apples, peaches, strawberries, etc. So this is not a desert country after all, as some people imagin. It has many advantages. The winters are delightful, the summers are cool, Prescott being at an elevation of about five thousand feet, and in the warmest season one needs a blanket when night comes, and sleep is always refreshing.

The orthodox hav had it their own way so far. The church rule has been undisturbed, and the priests really thought that the Infidel had no right to enter this land which they had preoccupied. However, there are some Liberals here—true blue, every one of them—and on Sunday afternoon and evening I had good audiences, and a Secular Union has been started. We hav hoisted our flag for the first time in this territory, and it will not come down. J. N. Rodenburg, T. W. Roberts, W. T. Richardson, Joseph Ehle, C. F. Collins, J. H. Brown, G. W. Sines, D. W. Frary, Peter B. Ohlsen, and others, nearly fifty in all, are among the best and bravest soldiers of liberty. I hav enjoyed myself in this frontier land. I hav struck a good people and work for the future is open. I shall come here again, and visit other parts of the territory. I don't mean to let orthodoxy hav this country all to itself. It must fight hereafter for every inch it possesses. The first Freethought lectures hav been given and the response is generous and noble. I hav found pleasant fellowship and dauntless hearts.

To-day I leave for California. I shall soon see the Pacific, and revel in its glory. I shall be at San Bernardino, San Diego, Los Angeles, Santa Ana, Norwalk, Tulare City, Visalia, until April 1st; at San Francisco and Oakland April 3d and 10th; at San José April 17th and 24th; at Stockton, May 1st and 8th; at Sonoma, Sacramento, and other places in California until June 1st; in Oregon during June, Washington Territory during July, and then I shall go eastward via Baker City, Boise City, etc.

I anticipate great pleasure in seeing Dr. York, who is doing such service for Freethought on the Pacific shore, and whose comradeship is so inspiring. I am looking forward to happy days in the Golden state, among its genial and enthusiastic people. Up to this point the work has been encouraging, and hope is bright.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*Prescott, Arizona*, March 14, 1887.

## English as She Is Writ.

I hav sometimes wondered if it is wise to teach young people to hav that absolutely blind faith in dictionary definitions and synonyms which is so common in the lower grades of our schools, and, indeed, with a large number of teachers. I hav attended one or two teachers' conventions, and hav heard really heated debates, between people who ought to hav known better, over the use of a word in a certain connection, "because the dictionary defines it to mean so and so," or because Webster declares it may be used instead of so-and-so. Shades of meaning, or even the more obvious and grosser uses of the word, are often sadly confused or lost by this blind adherence to authority which at best can only indicate or approximate the real value and color of the word.

I suppose it is due to some such reason that we are constantly made ill by the use of the word "aggravate" to mean provoke or irritate, and since its real meaning is so far from either of these, it invariably carries me back to my earliest school-days, when in our grammar class we were confronted with the following diagram, which we were told to fill out according to previous instructions; "and," our teachers added, "do try to hav some variety. Don't all use the same words." This is the diagram: "I love to (———) in the garden." We had one earnest, conscientious girl in the class who, however wanting in imagination, was always anxious to please the teacher. She therefore astonished the class and brought upon herself much ridicule (the cause of which she never did fully comprehend) by rendering her sentence thus: "I love to ferment in the garden."

She was not frivolous, therefore she avoided the word "play," which most of us used. "Walk" did not attract her, but when she looked in her dictionary and discovered that work meant the same as ferment, she felt that she could risk not only her correctness of sentiment, but also gain much honor by using a word that few, if any, others in the class would discover. She meant to astonish us with her erudition, and delight the teacher by her strict observation of instructions. The brilliancy of the result far outshone her most ardent desires, however. But I doubt if she ever did know why. I know that I did not for a long while thereafter, for she produced the "unabridged" to prove her point, and the evidence seemed to be on her side, however much the laugh was on ours (and of course we all laughed, as if we knew what we were laughing at, as that seemed to be the thing expected of us, and there is a good deal of monkey and a vast deal of savage left in us all yet). Perhaps this was a little worse misconception of the real meaning of a word than is implied in the use of "aggravate" for "provoke," or "residence" for "house," or "executed" for "hanged," or in the following use of "apartment," and one or two other words which were actually in a New York daily paper recently: "Wanted, by a hard-working colored lady, apartments in sub-cellar or attic, where washing will be allowed. Neighborhood must be first-class, and other residents of the house all ladies and gentlemen. No children." The same great daily said editorially that a man had been "executed" that day, and that the Anarchists would better not "aggravate" law-abiding citizens any further if they did not want to perform the same tight-rope trick to order and on short notice.

HELEN H. GARDENER.

## Goethe's Estimate of Voltaire.

"In Voltaire, nature produced the man most eminently endowed with all the qualities which characterize and honor his nation, and charged him to represent France to the Universe. After having produced these two extraordinary men, types, one of the royal majesty, the other of the French genius, nature rested, as if to make them better appreciated, or as if exhausted by the creation of two prodigies.

"A man must possess many advantages in order that public opinion may recognize in him an incontestable superiority; it is especially in France that a public, disdainful and difficult to please, soon ceases to regard whatever is not truly extraordinary. For a man to conquer its lasting approval, it is not too much for him to hav a multitude of talents, a wide and universal comprehension, a union of qualities the most opposed to one another, and which seem the most incompatible. Nothing short of a marvel wins the admiration of a Frenchman. But nature created marvels for him, in order to condemn him to admiration. I know not if we Germans are more sensitiv to literary beauties than the French, but we are certainly less avaricious of our applause; it suffices that talent givs us some pleasure to be the object of our homage; but even that which he admires the Frenchman does not love, while among us whatever is admired is loved also.

"Depth, genius, imagination, taste, reason, sensibility, philosophy, elevation, originality, nature, intellect, fancy, rectitude, facility, flexibility, precision, art, abundance, variety, fertility, warmth, magic, charm, grace, force, an eagle's sweep of vision, vast understanding, rich instruction, excellent tone, urbanity, vivacity, delicacy, correctness, purity, cleanness, elegance, harmony, brilliancy, rapidity, gayety, pathos, sublimity, universality, perfection, indeed—behold Voltaire!

"Voltaire will be always regarded as the greatest man in literature of modern times, and, perhaps, even of all times, as the most astonishing creation of the author of nature, a creation in which he pleased himself to assemble, once, in the frail and perishable organization of a man, all the varieties of talent, all the glories of genius, all the powers of thought."

## Mr. Slokum Has a Poor Opinion of Mr. Hill.

BROTHER MACDONALD: Did you expect to hear anything from Dave Hill at the late junket in Brooklyn, "upon matters in the adjustment of which true statesmanship is demanded?" What! anything of this kind from Dave the Demagog? Demagog from teeth to toenails, and working the governorship for all it is worth for the presidency. Not much, if he knows himself, and I reckon he does—or thinks he does.

Yours fraternally, SI SLOKUM.

## Strange, but Probably Not True.

*From the London Tablet (Roman Catholic).*

The pastoral letter of the archbishop of Paris contains a forcible appeal to the faithful to keep holy the Sabbath.

The spirit of contradiction, of perverse rebellion against the law, which makes the French nation so difficult to govern, is nowhere more strikingly manifested than in their contempt for the ordained observance of Sunday as a day of rest. The *ouvrier* seems to identify the breach of the Sabbath with self-respect and the vindication of liberty. He will refuse to work for an employer who makes it a condition that he does not work on Sunday. He will take Monday as a holiday, but not Sunday.

This perverse crochet is a constant source of difficulty between workmen and Christian employers. I hav known a church kept waiting for necessary repairs—a roof that let in the rain—because the cure would not consent to hav the men working on Sunday, and the men would not giv in on the point.

Periodically the church starts a crusade in behalf of the sanctification of the Lord's day, and sermons are preached, pamphlets written, associations formed, etc., to enforce the observance of the commandment. Undoubtedly these efforts hav met with a great deal of success. The large shops are now closed on Sundays, and the great majority of the small ones.

The first great business house that inaugurated this good rule was the Bon Marché. Those who saw that now famous establishment put up its shutters on Sunday prophesied that it would soon be bankrupt; but the Bon Marché held on its way, and it may be said that in this case virtue earned its reward, for no house of the kind has ever flourished, probably, as that popular shop has done.

But no efforts, so far, hav made any perceptible effect on the workingman—the *ouvrier* proper. He holds to his principle of working on Sunday and resting and generally getting drunk on Monday. A Christian architect will bribe his masons and plasterers with higher wages on Monday if they will but work that day and get tipsy on Sunday, but in vain. The *ouvrier* will not be tyrannized over by the priest, for he is persuaded that it is the cure who has invented the Sabbath, and it is a point of honor with a workman not to be hoodwinked and domineered over by the cure.

# Communications.

## Mr. Reynolds in Ohio.

AKRON, OHIO, Mar. 2d.—Bidding adieu to the friends at Kent, I took train on the Valley Road for Akron, where I found royal accommodations at that model inn, Hotel Buchtel, one of the very best $2 per day houses in the state of Ohio. My hopes of success were dampened by the assurance that "but very few could be induced to attend a Liberal lecture, there was no interest," etc. So it was well-nigh eight o'clock before I lugged my grip, filled with choice Liberal pamphlets, across the street to Ayliffe Hall, and was surprised to find about two hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen there assembled—about fifty more arrived later. My lecture on "The Bible, Whence it Really Came, and What it Really Teaches," was well received, and at its close the very brisk demand for Liberal literature assured me of the real interest awakened. There was no good reason why I should not hav delivered two more lectures, and thus insured more permanent good and a glorious impetus to the cause, but fear of failure had prevented the friends from arranging for more than the one lecture.

The friends of Kent are desirous to secure the Tent for two or three weeks the coming summer. If it can also go to Akron there is little doubt that quite a strong Liberal society would be organized.

Mr. William Buchtel, the leading Liberal of Akron, with great kindness, took me in his carriage to all those points of interest in the city that he thought THE TRUTH SEEKER readers would like an account of. We first visited the sewer-pipe works. The material for sewer-pipe, tile, and pottery abounds in the immediate vicinity of the works. It is a kind of half-rotted, slaty stone and clay; this is brought in carts to the works and dumped into the basement, and thrown into the great mills, water being from time to time thrown on it as it is ground into putty and forced through a ten-inch cylinder and carried to the cutters, where it is cut off into pieces of about six inches long, and placed in receivers on an elevator belt and carried to the story above, where men feed it into a mold worked by a steam engin. The putty is forced into the mold under immense pressure, and, in less than a minute, is dropped out from the bottom of the mold in the form of sewer pipe, and received by men in waiting who wheel it away on little go-carts to the drying-room. A few days later it is coated with a glazing liquid, and then packed in a kiln and baked for three or four days. The kiln is then opened and allowed to cool off, and the sewer pipe is all ready for shipment. Hundreds and hundreds of lengths of sewer pipe, of diameter from six inches to five feet, are turned out every day.

We next visited the Barber match factory. They were making in this one factory 50,600,000 matches a day, using up for matches and packing-boxes 30,000 feet of pine lumber. The celerity with which pine planks are transformed to parlor matches, boxed and packed ready for shipping, is really astounding. Pine planks are planed smooth on both sides to just the length of the matches (two and a half inches), and then by a circular saw cut into blocks about twelve inches wide and three inches long. All knots are thrown out. These blocks are carried into the match-room and fed into machines that cut the blocks up into match size, round each piece, and stick the end of each one into a perforated iron plate about 24x15 inches, each match being firmly held in place with a sixteenth of an inch space on all sides of it. Soon as these plates are filled, which is done at the rate of about three every minute, they are carried across to the dipping and drying machine. An endless band about a yard wide and about three hundred feet long is constantly revolving in an oval frame of about six feet high and one hundred and fifty feet long. The plates filled with the matches are placed in grooves on the lower part of the belt, points down, and are carried over two pans of chemicals, dipping the ends as they pass. As the band revolves and reaches the upper frame the dipped ends are up, and exposed to strong draughts of air from fans, which dries the phosphorus on the tips, so that on traveling on to the place of starting the matches are perfectly dry. Each plate is taken off and put in a machine which by one motion of a lever punches out all the matches into a receiver, and boys throw them into nests of boxes. The empty plates are returned to be refilled. When ten boxes are filled with matches they are carried into the packing-room, where there are two rows of about forty girls. With lightning rapidity the girls will grasp just the necessary number of matches, fill and fasten the paper boxes, which are constantly dropping down to them through a spout from the room above. Upstairs the paper match-boxes are made, printed, glued, and thrown to the girls below through the spout by small machines. A roll of the thick paper of which the boxes are made is placed on the machine, which folds it, prints the label on it, marks it, glues it, and then with one motion it is cut, the glued sides pressed together, and a perfect match-box flipped into the spout for the girl below to fill. Thus the work goes on with unceasing regularity and precision.

In the packing-box department the lumber is cut, and the side pieces planed perfectly smooth, sent up to the printing-office, and return with the label printed on the wood in vermillion letters. There is no sound of hammer heard in the box-making shop. The workmen place the pieces under a nailing machine fed with nails by boys, and the nails are forced in, and a packing-box made, and very thoroughly nailed while a smart workman would be driving two nails. Within five minutes from the time a plank is laid upon the table to be cut into blocks, that plank is made into extra round parlor matches, packed in small paper boxes, with neatly-printed label; each dozen boxes packed in another paper box neatly printed and wrapped, and each dozen such packages packed in a wooden packing-box having printed label on both sides, and all ready for shipment.

We next drove to the Buckeye Reaper and Mower works, but were too late to see the men at work, as the mechanics in those shops hav established the eight-hour law. The company are turning out 106 machines every day, besides the immense amount of work done in repairing old machines. On our way to the hospitable, happy home of friend Buchtel we stopped to gaze upon the pride of Akron, the Buchtel College—a magnificent building, with most valuable and extensiv grounds, built and endowed, the pet project of the brother of our Mr. Buchtel. The immense factory was running full force, turning out large numbers of pulpit-pounding machines of the Universalist pattern. They are made to build up skim-milk theology, and dispense with the sulphurous fires of other manufactories, not even using the last patent cooler, sheol.

Mr. Wm. Buchtel is an Infidel. What has he ever done for humanity? Well, he was content to let his brother attend to the imaginary spiritual needs of the people. He preferred to provide for their actual needs; so he adorned the city and increased its business interests by the erection of a splendid hotel. Having made a success of life and amassed a handsome fortune, he employs it in helping the industrious mechanics and workers to secure homes of their own, building houses for them on such easy terms that what they would otherwise pay for rent soon purchases the home of their own. He thus builds up the city and secures as permanent residents the best class of people. And, although an Infidel, he has the love and respect of the entire community.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Thanks to the zeal for the cause manifested by Mr. Thos. F. Lucas, the People's Theater was engaged for me to deliver a lecture on Sunday, March 6th, under the auspices of the Cleveland Liberal Society. After spending one night in the happy home of friend Lucas, I was taken possession of by Mr. L. B. Silver, the father of the Prohibition party in Ohio, known far and near as a stock-breeder and for his great success with his Ohio Improved Chester hogs. Mr. Silver is a deep thinker, a zealous Liberal, a Radical hygienist, and an enthusiastic admirer of THE TRUTH SEEKER. The clerk of the weather put a damper on our meeting—from Saturday afternoon till Sunday evening it rained tremendously. The attendance was small, yet I greatly enjoyed the delivery of my lecture, and all present seemed to do so. I sold a very large amount of Liberal literature, including twenty copies of "The Bible Inquirer," and as many of "Blasphemy and the Bible," and exhausted my supply of TRUTH SEEKERS in responding to eager, anxious inquiries. Mr. B. C. Hart, the most shrewd and enterprising of theatrical managers, for whom Mr. Waldeman is now building on Euclid avenue, opposit the Union Club, one of the largest and handsomest theaters in the state, was so favorably impressed with the lecture that he offers to engage me to deliver two lectures, guarantees me crowded houses, and makes very liberal offers. I hope to avail myself of his kind offer during April, on my return from Chicago to be tried in New Jersey for blasphemy in May.

PAINESVILLE.—From Cleveland we turned Eastward to Painesville, and suffered an intense longing to keep on East, and visit our loved ones home, but stern duty forbade. Painesville is a hard field. There are a few stanch, brave hearts, but the mollusks are so numerous, and so dreadfully destitute of backbone, they exercise a most discouraging influence. We passed three very pleasant days with that glorious old veteran, Joseph Sedgebeer, and his better-half. Mr. Sedgebeer is over eighty-five years of age, yet retains full vigor of his cultured mind, and is earnest and enthusiastic as a young convert in the cause of Liberalism. It was our privilege to aid him in carrying out his long-cherished desire to bequeath the means to insure gratuitous circulation of leaflets and pamphlets on heredity, hygiene, and physiology. I delivered two lectures at Painesville, but, from lack of desire for Liberal literature, I fear I failed of awakening much interest.

BOWLING GREEN, March 10th.—This village is wild on gas and oil—not a promising outlook. I lecture at the court-house to-night. Friends will please address me at Kalamazoo, Mich.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

## The Projected Insurance Company.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir*: The proposed organization of a Liberal Mutual Aid is a matter of very far-reaching importance. Its organization concerns not only those Liberals who intend to join, but also those who will not, either because they already belong to other "aids," or are "insured."

If the proposed Liberal Mutual Aid should fail after a number of years, as so many other "aids" hav done, every Liberal will share the discredit caused by such failure; the question whether he or she was a member will not be asked by public opinion. Such a failure would be a set-back to the whole Liberal movement, and should, therefore, be prevented at the outset. These remarks hav a tendency to convey the idea that I am opposed to the organization of a Liberal Aid. I am not opposed to such an organization, but would very much prefer to see a "Liberal Mutual Insurance" formed. But in either case, the organization should be founded on a strictly scientific basis, not only to secure its permanent success, but also to insure justice to the members. There should be no guess-work, because we hav sufficient statistics to enable us to formulate strictly scientific conditions of membership, and if the Liberal movement is correct in taking science as its basis, then a "Liberal Aid" or "Insurance" will not fail if it is based on science also.

There are some fundamental truths which we should seek and observe in formulating an aid or insurance association; otherwise, failure, or at least injustice, will result.

1. The amounts agreed to be paid out at the death of members must also be paid in. In addition to this, the expenses must also be paid in, and also the difference or loss arising by members dying before they hav paid in as much as is paid out at their death.

The running expenses are such a small item that they can easily be raised, but the benefits are necessarily large amounts, say from $500 to $2,000. Taking, for example, a member 30 years of age: We find that according to the combined experience table he will probably liv 34 years more, and if $1,000 is to be paid out at his death, he must pay in an average of $29.41 to pay in the $1,000. If he does not on the average pay in this amount, somebody else must pay it for him, otherwise there will be no $1,000 at his death, unless the association has some other source of income, as, for instance, interest on an invested reserve fund. If the $29.41 is paid in annually, and invested at say four per cent, the compound interest would produce an income sufficient for almost double the amount, so that instead of $29.41, only about $15 would hav to be paid in annually to produce $1,000 in 34 years.

If the benefits are raised by assessments at deaths only, and the average age of the members is 30 years, then, because over eight members will die annually out of every 1,000, according to statistics, each member must pay over $8 during the first year, if $1,000 is paid at each death.

If 1,000 new members join the second year, and the average age of these new members is also 30 years, the total average of all the members will be nearly 30 1-2 years, and in a little over two years the average would be 31 years, consequently the assessments would amount to as much more in proportion, and must keep on increasing each year, so that the general average of all assessments would be again $29.41; otherwise, those members who liv to the average probable age, which is 64 years in the assumed case, will get left, because at 60 years over 30 die out of every 1,000, and at this age the living members would probably not be as able to pay $30 as they were to pay $8 at 30 years. At the age of 70 the death rate is nearly 65 out of every 1,000, and it is safe to say that the $65 per member would not come forth; and, therefore:

2. Those who join at about or before 30 years of age, and liv to about 70 years, will surely get left on the assessment plan.

It is true that if the average age of the new members constantly joining is 30 years, the total average age would rise slower than the average age of the first members, but this only puts off the final result a little longer.

3. All the members will either die or cease to be members before they die.

Those who are members at their death simply oblige the association to pay to their beneficiaries the amount agreed to, but those who cease to be members before their death, and hav made payments for the benefit of others, should be dealt with justly, and the question whether they hav any claim against the association after making payments for the benefit of the remaining members must be decided before starting. When there is no reserve fund provided, it is just to say that the fact that the remaining members were willing and ready to pay the benefits of the ex-members while they were members, was a full compensation for the assessments which the ex-members actually did pay while members. But when there is a reserve fund accumulated, those who cease to be members before death clearly hav a claim against the reserve fund, because a part of it was intended for

them, and the cessation of membership does not giv the remaining members any just claim for that part of the reserve fund, which was never intended for themselvs. This is especially true when inability to continue payment causes cessation of membership. It follows, therefore, that

4. When no reserve fund nor any other fund is accumulated, those who cease to be members before their death should hav no claim against those who remain members. And

5. When a reserve or security fund is accumulated, then those who cease to be members before their death hav a just claim against such fund.

The conditions of the association will probably change materially in time, and experience shows that the change is generally very material after about seven years; that is to say, as the association grows older, deaths will occur more frequently, and on the other hand, if a reserve fund is accumulated, membership will be more valuable therefor.

6. Provisions should be made which will justly equalize the benefits and disadvantages arising as the association grows older or richer.

7. All provisions concerning the future of the association, such as reserve fund, should be based on the expectation of life, as shown by the combined experience mortality table.

I will present definit conditions for membership in accordance with the above truths in my next letter.

*New York*, March 9, 1887. A. LANGERFELD.

## Money for the Catholics of Cayuga County.

FRIEND MACDONALD: In your paper of March 12th appears an editorial entitled, "Blind on One Side," accompanied by an extract from the *Christian Advocate* of Feb. 26th. This extract refers to the same law to which I referred in a letter to you some time ago, and published in THE TRUTH SEEKER. As I then said, the law operates only in certain judicial districts of this state, and is an unwholesome and unconstitutional law, and should be repealed. The same law our Cayuga county representativs were, by resolution of the board of supervisors, called upon to use every honorable means to repeal, and to-day in Albany are seeking assistance for its repeal. Let the *Advocate's* friends, and all other lovers of secular government, help. The entire Protestant clergy of Auburn are protesting against another intrusion now before the legislature, known as an "Act to incorporate the Catholic Orphan Asylum of the city of Auburn." I inclose a copy of the protest. The people are slowly but surely awakening to this important question. My position is this: If you giv one, giv all, including the Infidel; but beyond and above that is a constitutional ground, which is this: Make no appropriations of the people's money for sectarian purposes; let every denomination stand or fall by itself. Protestants do not take such a liberal position. They demand appropriations for themselvs, but when the Catholic asks, they say, "An awful thing! Giv not to those abominable Catholics, but abundantly fill us!" As you say, "it makes a vast difference whose ox is gored." All American liberty-loving citizens should now join hands to repeal all obnoxious sectarian laws, and instead of the preacher in charitable institutions substitute the teacher. EDWARD ROSS.

The following is the protest and a pertinent letter, evidently written by a Catholic:

*To the Citizens of Cayuga County:* We, the undersigned pastors of Auburn, desire to call your attention to a bill before the legislature to incorporate the "Auburn Orphan Asylum." By the provisions of the bill a burden is imposed on the people of this county to sustain an institution wholly under the control of the Roman Catholic church, and which will be used in perpetuating that faith. We protest against the taxing the people to support Roman Catholic institutions, as, we believe, taxation for the support of *any* sectarian institution is dangerous to American liberty. We call upon the people of this county to oppose the continued growth of a principle which might ultimately make all public institutions Roman Catholic in their character, and the United States a papal country subject to the pope at Rome.

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|---|---|
| FRANK HAVEN HINMAN, | ARTHUR COPELAND, |
| O. E. COX, | GEO. P. AVERY, |
| WM. H. HUBBARD, | JOSEPH K. DIXON, |
| J. J. BRAYTON, | ALBERT S. HUGHEY, |
| CHAS. C. HEMENWAY, | THOMAS SHARPE, |
| GEO. FELD, | F. V. BROWN, |

WM. H. ALLBRIGHT.

*To the Editor:* I see by the morning paper that the Protestant clergymen of the city sign a protest against the incorporation of the Catholic Orphan Asylum and the payment of anything toward its support. Has not the Catholic as good right to a portion of the taxes to support his asylum as the Protestant? It would be all right with those Protestant clergymen if Catholic children were sent to the Protestant asylum to be educated in the Protestant faith. Is it not unkind in gentlemen professing to be ministers of the gospel to sign a document of this kind? Is it not inhuman in clergymen from whom would be expected more of brotherly toward those professing a different religious belief? It seems that the Catholic religion, especially the pope of Rome, to these gentlemen is a terrible nightmare.

Who in this city ever heard of that great and noble prelate, Dr. Brainard, being mixed up in any dirt of this sort?

Do these people ever think that the first man that ever landed on this continent was a Catholic? They will be the last to leave it. ADAM O'NEIL.

At a meeting of the Cayuga county supervisors, of which Mr. Ross is a member, last December, the following resolution was adopted, together with an amendment offered by Mr. Ross to include "all other legislation of a sectarian character, regardless of sect or denomination." The resolution was offered by Chauncey J. Wethey, supervisor from the town of Throop:

*Resolved*, I. That in the act of the legislature (Chapter 240 of 1875), amending Chapter 405 of 1878, by which magistrates are required to commit juvenil delinquents to a "reformatory or other institution," controled or governed by persons of the same religious faith as the parents of such delinquent; and in the requirements of said act, devolving upon boards of supervisors the duty of making proper provisions for carrying out such purpose, and providing for the payment to such "reformatory or other institution," of proper charges for the maintenance and board of such delinquents, by taxes drawn from the people of the county, we recognize a principle sought to be established, which is in conflict with the governmental policy and spirit of the constitution of this state, in this, that it seems to require and compel recognition and support by the state of sectarian institutions of a particular religious character, *i.e.*, the Roman Catholic reformatory.

II. That the duty implied and enjoined in said acts of ascertaining and determining what is the "religious faith" of the persons who control and govern; and what, if any, is the "religious faith" of the "parents," or either of them, of the delinquent youth, is entirely impracticable.

III. That the people of this county, now here represented by us, their supervisors, are unwilling to commence, or enter upon, any system of recognizing and patronizing, by payments to its support, any Roman Catholic or other sectarian institution; and we call upon our members of the legislature to move for and promote the repeal of this act, as offensiv to our people, and contrary to the long-established policy of our government.

## Our London Letter.

The archdeacon of London last Sunday in his sermon to the Socialists at St. Paul's cathedral gave his hearers but sorry comfort with the platitudes so common in the mouths of modern professing Christians. His statement that "when Christ said, 'The poor ye hav always with you,' he was declaring an inevitable law of human nature," met with general disapproval and cries of dissent. That passage is a great source of comfort to wealthy believers, and acts as a splendid salve to their consciences. It is an extremely fortunate thing that the "good book" contains so many satisfactory phrases of a similar nature, as it is much pleasanter to remember those than others of an opposit nature, and it is certainly true that the Bible so well commends itself to all classes and shades of opinion. In this respect, perhaps, there is no other book on an equal with it, and such a convenient collection of contradictions is undoubtedly a "light to the path and a lamp to the feet."

Socialism is certainly gaining considerable ground, but there is no immediate probability of any particular result therefrom, as the program is apparently so diverse, and the leaders are not fully united, and until there is a thorough unity and singleness of purpose, it will not be the power it aims to be.

The same may be also said of Freethought; so long as there are jealousies and enmities it will make but little headway, and would do well to take a lesson from the Jesuits in organization. While there are thousands in the land who hav cast theology overboard, they abstain from identifying themselvs with any Freethought society so long as they see dissensions in the camp, and it will take many years to present a sufficiently strong front to successfully oppose priestcraft. The opposition of the sects to each other is doing as much as aggressiv Freethought to overthrow the system.

The power of the Romish church over the people is well shown in Italy and the south of France at the present time. Although the church at Bajardo was thrown down by the earthquake shock, burying in its fall three hundred worshipers, yet the devotees are not convinced of the inefficacy of prayers and worship, but still go on calling upon the trinity and all the saints in the calendar to protect them. In time of danger the influences of early education will assert themselvs, and it is only by properly training children and keeping them from foolish superstitions that any real good can be effected, and until this is done on a largely increasing scale, the power of the priests will not be broken. J. D.

*London*, Feb. 28, 1887.

## The Eastern Knight to His Western Friends.

*Saladin in the Secular Review.*

We often gaze over the "misty and mournful Atlantic" to try to discover how the aspirations that are so dear to ourself are firing the hearts of the descendants of the pilgrim fathers. And we take courage and heart of grace when we find that our battle lines are drawn up on two continents, with spears leveled for the charge and faces turned grimly to the foe. On both continents the banner of intellectual liberty streams athwart the welkin like an angry thunder-cloud. In vision, we behold the Forlorn Hope of the West march forward, the first rays of freedom's morning twilight shimmering on their spears and dancing on their plumes. The enemy outnumbers them by a hundred to one, but they dash their battle-axes against Christianity's ramparts, cemented with the blood and vitrified with the martyr-fires of well-nigh two thousand years. Might to the sword and the gallant arm, and toughness to the shield that defends the heroic hearts of the Ingersolls and the Washburns, the Macdonalds, the Mendums, the Seavers, the Underwoods, the Remsburgs, the Reynoldses, the Putnams, and all the shining phalanx of liberty's paladins as they toil in the vanguard of the manhood of the world.

The Western Hemisphere has no harder worker in our cause than Samuel Putnam. All last year he worked as few men can work, and when he found that the society with which he was connected had only an indifferent exchequer, he gave up his claim to the salary which he had earned so well. This is the kind of man to place in the breach to defend the flag of our movement. Better one man like this than fifty common John Smiths, who, before they will work, make careful calculations as to how they will be paid. Money will pay for the work of the hack, but it will never pay for the work of the poet and the enthusiast. Is Samuel Putnam a poet? Judge ye. Here are the concluding lines of his ode to "The Statue of Liberty and Thomas Paine," which were read at the New England Freethinkers' Convention:

Our noble PAINE—without his voice, his pen, his "Rights of Man,"
Thy form superb would not to-day defy the tyrant's ban;
O'er land, o'er sea, thy coronal would not in joy outray—
It was our hero's mighty thought that gave thee this glad day.

Unlaureled still because he taught that liberty is light;
That reason is man's noblest power—the morning to thy night;
That king and priest are both alike the foes of human weal,
That righteous liberty will not to God nor tyrants kneel.

Fling out thy voice, O Statue! let thy dumb lips proclaim
To ignorance and prejudice our hero's deathless name;
Speak forth the truth, O Liberty! speak justice to mankind,
And let the heedless multitude the world's true saviors find.

In thy silence, scorn the servers of the creeds that should be dead;
In thy glory, teach us courage in life's forward ways to tread;
Teach the truth forever beaming with new luster and new gain,
And in thy scroll of honor write the name of THOMAS PAINE!

Unite, as in the case of Putnam, a faculty for affairs propelled by the white-heat impetus of the poet's soul, and you hav a combination which the world sees all too seldom.

## The Chicago Congregationalists' Infamous Action.

A dispatch to the New York *Sun* of March 9th is as follows:

Commenting on a failure of the Congregational ministers to adopt unanimously a resolution to send a telegram of condolence to Mrs. Beecher at their meeting yesterday, the *Times* says:

Alas for the rarity of Christian charity! At the weekly meeting of the Congregational ministers of Chicago yesterday a resolution of condolence with Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher was offered. Strange to say, the resolution produced a "heated and bitter discussion," and developed so much opposition that it was finally withdrawn by the mover. The proposed tender of sympathy was objected to on two grounds—that it might be construed as an indorsement of Mr. Beecher's theological views, and that the dying divine had never fully cleared himself of the charges of immorality brought by Theodore Tilton. The doctrinal objections, however, seemed to carry the most weight, and it was evident that, while the brethren were ready to forgiv Mr. Beecher for any lapses from virtue of which he may hav been guilty, they could not find it in their hearts to overlook his lapses from orthodoxy. The action of these Congregational clergymen displays a spirit of narrowness and intolerance which it was hoped had vanished forever from the Protestant pulpit of America. Those who can conceive of Henry Ward Beecher withholding his sympathy, under like circumstances, from the wife of a dying fellow-clergyman may be able to discover some justification for this pitiful exhibition of clerical bigotry, but no others can. It has been supposed that even "Christians" ceased hating each other at the grave; but it would appear from yesterday's proceedings of the Congregational preachers of Chicago that such is not always the case.

The *Inter-Ocean* says:

The discussion over the resolution of sympathy to Mrs. Beecher at the meeting of Congregational ministers yesterday was worse than unfortunate—it was in many of its phases simply disgraceful. Those who opposed the resolution, which simply tendered the sympathy of the Congregational ministers of Chicago to a woman hanging over the death-bed of her husband, and that husband the greatest preacher of the Congregational church, based their opposition on the theory that some people might construe this expression of sympathy into an indorsement of Mr. Beecher's theological views. . . . What a comment on the action of the Congregationalists was the action of the Methodist ministers, who, at about the same time, adopted by unanimous vote, and without discussion, a resolution tendering their sympathy to Mrs. Beecher!

Those who opposed the resolution took a great risk. Granted that their motivs were good, still they made a mistake, which, in the light of the possible effects, was almost a crime. The blood of millions will boil over this insult to the memory of a man who has been a tremendous force in our civilization, who has done so much, not only for his own church, but for Christianity, and among all those interested in extending the influence of the church there will be keen regret over the unfortunate incident at the meeting of the Congregational ministers yesterday. . . . As the case stands, the man whose sermons and whose work hav done more for Congregationalism than any other has received a blow that will hurt those who are near to him for all time.

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## The Connecticut Christians.

The Connecticut legislature has passed a law prohibiting the running of trains in that state between the hours of 10 A.M. and 3 P.M. on Sundays. The new law affords a splendid opportunity for the constitutional lawyers.

The United States Supreme Court has decided that a state cannot impose any restrictions upon transportation of freight or passengers across state lines without usurping a power exclusivly vested in Congress by the Constitution. The state may not regulate, even within its own borders, traffic on its way from or to another state. That is interstate commerce, and Congress alone has the right to legislate concerning it.

Connecticut can prevent the running of those trains which start and stop within her borders, but that number is few.

What a pity it is that the Christians cannot control the actions of everybody! They are such a moral lot—so kind, so charitable, so humane!

## The Pope as a Politician.

In a very recent number of a Congregational journal published in this city there is a contribution by a Catholic layman of unusual clearness of vision. The subject is as old as the papacy, and will never be without interest until the papacy is no more. The subject is "The Pope in Politics."

The layman finds, what we hav been dinning into the ears of the people whenever we could, that the power of the pope in politics is not only immense and activly exerted, but a power to be reckoned with immediately. Ireland and Germany are illustrations. "It was," says our layman, "the nicest touch of a balance when the holy father had to decide between English political influence and Irish support of the Catholic church. The Irish bishops held the fort. They were very determined and very outspoken. That is matter of history; and so the holy see took the part of Ireland just so far as to maintain a neutral policy. It is true that Irish Catholics hav submitted to their ecclesiastical superiors as no other nationality ever has done, and that English Catholics submit to their bishops just in exact proportion as their bishops submit to them." In Germany the pope, too, has played his supporters false. For years Bismarck has oppressed the Catholics of Germany, and they hav been urged from Rome in every term of entreaty and affection to stand true to their faith and their "holy father." Herr Windthorst was their leader, and he was supported by the church and by the pope so long as it suited the latter's purposes. But to-day, Bismarck is courted and honored by the head of the church, while Windthorst receives "with scant courtesy an advice amounting to an order to change his whole policy and submit to the dictates of the man whom he has so long considered not only his personal enemy but the enemy of the ecclesiastical superior who has uttered this strange mandate." It is Germany to-day; to-morrow, admits the layman, it may be America. Supposing, he says, "that the United States and Canada had a difference of opinion on, say, the fishery question; that England took the part of Canada, as she is bound to do; and that the supposed interests of the holy see threw the balance of her power into the scale. What would be the result? American Catholics would be 'requested' not to take any part against England. We should hav the very same policy enacted in the United States as that which is now being enacted in Germany."

With these two recent examples of the machinations of the Vatican before them, the people of this country should be on their guard. But it is safe to wager a hundred to one that the people will not. The church will get the usual donations and exemptions, and this policy will be continued till the papacy is too powerful here to be resisted. Then the religionists who fill our jails, asylums, hospitals, and courts will hav their own way, and the pope in Rome will possess more real power than the president in Washington.

## Repeal the "Comstock" Laws.

The injustice of the case of John A. Wilson, sentenced to two years in prison and fined five hundred dollars for sending Balzac's "Droll Stories" by mail to a customer, cries eloquently for the repeal of the statute which allows such infamies to be perpetrated.

The proceeding was a case of railroading at the instance of Anthony Comstock. The judge, in the presence of the jury, reached down from the bench, shook hands with Comstock, and appeared overjoyed to be able to help him. All through the trial the judge was against the accused, and his charge was marked by unjudicial bias. No evidence that the book was reputable, nor that all booksellers handle it, was allowed, and the jury retired for deliberation without looking at the book. Two of the jurymen hav since said that they convicted upon the judge's charge, expecting that the sentence would be only a light fine.

The people of Paulsborough, N. J., declare the verdict and sentence to be an outrage, and propose getting up a petition to President Cleveland, stating the facts, and asking him to investigate the conduct of the court, and to extend a pardon to Mr. Wilson.

## The Kansas Supreme Court Decision in the Walker Case.

In considering this case last October we showed plainly that Mr. Walker and Miss Harman were legally married, and that any punishment inflicted upon them could not be for illegal cohabitation, but must be for not complying with the statutes relating to marriage. This position has been sustained by the Supreme Court of Kansas in the decision handed down on the 5th instant. The clerk of the court writes to Mr. Harman as follows:

"The 'autonomistic marriage' is declared illegal. The judgment of the District Court of Jefferson county, and the conviction of E. C. Walker and Lillian Harman, affirmed.

"On September 19, 1886, E. C. Walker and Lillian Harman entered into what they called an 'autonomistic marriage,' at the house of Moses Harman, the father of Lillian, at Valley Falls, in Jefferson county.

"They refused to take out any marriage license, and also refused to hav any person authorized by law perform any marriage ceremony. Soon afterward they were arrested for the violation of the provision of the law regarding marriage, and subsequently tried and convicted. E. C. Walker was sentenced to the jail of Jefferson county for a period of seventy-five days, and Lillian Harman was sentenced for forty-five days. They were required to pay all the costs of the prosecution. The time of imprisonment of the parties has expired, but they are still in jail on account of their failure to pay the costs. From the judgment and sentence of the District Court they appealed to the Supreme Court of the state. On yesterday the opinion of the court was handed down, affirming the judgment of the District Court. The principal opinion in the csse was written by Mr. Justice Johnson. The court declares the legislature has the power to prescribe reasonable regulations relating to marriage, and that punishment may be inflicted upon those who enter the marriage relation in disregard of the prescribed statutory requirements."

A syllabus of the decision, prepared by the clerk, reads:

"1. The mutual present assent to immediate marriage by persons capable of assuming that relation is sufficient to constitute marriage at common law, and such a marriage will be sustained in this state where its validity is directly drawn in question.

"2. The legislature has full power, not to prohibit, but to prescribe reasonable regulations relating to marriage, and a provision prescribing penalties against those who solemnize or contract marriage contrary to statutory command is within legislativ authority.

"3. Punishment may be inflicted upon those who enter the marriage relation in disregard of the prescribed statutory requirements without rendering the marriage itself void.

"4. Under Section 12 of the marriage act, all persons who enter the marriage relation, and liv together as man and wife without complying with the conditions and regulations of the act, are guilty of a misdemeanor and subject to the punishment imposed by that section.

"All the justices concurring. C. J. BROWN,
"Clerk Supreme Court."

Chief-Justice Horton also filed a concurring opinion, in which he affirmed three important points. "If Lillian Harman," he says, "desires to retain her own name, I can perceive no objection to her doing so. A married woman has the same control of her person and property as her husband. The wife does not merge her individuality as a legal person in that of her husband." He also narrows the case to a sharp point by deciding:

"Upon the record, as presentcd to us, the question in my opinion for consideration is not whether Edwin Walker and Lillian Harman are married, but whether in marrying, or rather in living together as man and wife, they hav observed the statutory requirements.

"My construction of these provisions is that a ceremonial marriage must be celebrated in conformity therewith, and that any persons living together as man and wife without being married according to these directions are liable to the penalty thereof. I do not say, nor do I intend to intimate, that a 'consensual marriage' is not valid, but the legislature has the right to require parties assuming the marriage relation to hav the marriage entered into publicly, and a record made of the same. This I think the purpose of the statutory regulations."

The statute under which the imprisonment is declared legal is as follows:

"Any persons living together as man and wife within this state without being married shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall be fined in a sum not less than five hundred nor more than one thousand dollars, or be imprisoned in the county jail not less than thirty days, nor more than three months."

The decision, then, amounts to this: Marriage is a civil contract, valid and binding when entered into by consenting parties. But those entering into marriage without complying with the statutory regulations may be punished. The judges, it seems, care more for the mint and cumin of law than for the weightier matter of morality.

As for the Walkers, now, the only question is, Will they submit to the state? Being Anarchists, they hold that the state has no rightful control over their actions, and no rightful power to enact rules, compliance with which is enforced. But until the majority of the people of Kansas adopt their view, they will suffer less personal inconvenience by complying with a law they cannot repeal. They are willing to be married legally if the ceremony can be of their own choosing, and as the object of the autonomistic marriage was to secure Lillian Harman her personal rights, and as these hav been granted by the decision of Judge Horton, there would seem to be no further need of exercising their autonomistic rights in this matter. Indeed, we never could see why Mr. Walker should need to enter into a contract not to abuse Miss Harman, for if either one of the parties felt the necessity of such a bargain they should not hav married. In the relation of marriage a true husband is superior to the brutal laws made in the biblical days—and retained on the statute books because they were supposed to be of divine origin—when woman was regarded as property, and man was nearer the beast than he now is.

The gist of the Walker-Harman case is this:

1. The contracting parties first intended to assume the relation in such a manner that if either felt dissatisfied they could separate without resorting to the divorce courts.

2. When this contract was found to be a county-jail affair, they claimed their ccmmon law right to legally marry by a simple contract.

3. The courts hav decided that such marriage is valid, but illegal, and its illegality is punishable, though the marriage may not be annulled except through the proper channels, and for the proper cause.

4. The parties are punished, not for cohabiting, for they are man and wife, but because they married without employing some person empowered by law to celebrate marriages.

5. The dispute, therefore, is now between Mr. Walker and Miss Harman on the one side, and the state of Kansas on the other. Hav the people of Kansas a right to make rules governing their own

conduct, and to enforce them. Under the Constitution of the United States they undoubtedly hav. If they choose to make marriage a matter of public record, they can do it as legally as they can make the transfer of real estate a matter of public record. Common law obtains only where there is no statute.

Whether the Kansas law is wise or foolish is a question of opinion. A believer in the supremacy of society over the individual will say it is good. Those who contend that the individual's rights are superior to society's will condemn it.

## Improved Relations.

In a recent dispatch to this country, the German minister on ecclesiastical affairs is quoted as saying that the relations between church and state in Germany had greatly improved, though the government at present could not hope to establish complete religious peace.

Just so. Bismarck made a bargain with the pope. For Catholic votes in support of his bill to increase the army Bismarck will allow curates to be appointed without consulting state officials, and he will also restore religious orders whose members devote themselvs to educating girls. In other words, he will restore convents and convent schools. Therefore, and because of this bargain, the relations of church and state are greatly improved!

But why should not complete religious peace be established between the Protestant and Catholic sects? Christ, we hav understood, was the Prince of Peace. Perhaps, however, the sects do not worship that side of his character.

## Strip Comstock of His Power.

Last summer Anthony Comstock made a great fuss over the pool-selling at the race courses on Long Island. He said that the Brooklyn district-attorney, Mr. Ridgway, was bribed not to prosecute.

A legislativ committee is now examining the affairs of Brooklyn, and the matter of pool-selling is being looked into. Last Saturday District-Attorney Ridgway was on the stand, telling what he knows about it. One case recalled showed, he thought, conclusivly that Comstock's men were blackmailers. There were two McDougalls on the island selling pools. Anthony Comstock's men entered a complaint against one McDougall for gambling. The case was taken before the grand jury, and on the testimony of two of Comstock's men an indictment was found. But as the complaining witnesses could not agree or could not giv the name, the indictment was made against "John T. McDougall, alias Dougall McDougall, or Dougall McDougall alias John T. McDougall," so that the right man could be held either way. McDougall was arrested, and he responded to the indictment, giving bail for his appearance for trial. Just before the time set for trial, McDougall's attorney called on the witness and said it would be of no use to call the case, as it had been settled. Mr. Ridgway asked how it had been settled, and the attorney said that Comstock's men had been to see McDougall, and they were satisfied that he was the wrong man. Mr. Ridgway said he was indignant at the manifest blackmailing that had been practiced, and he insisted that the case should go on, and it did. The complaining witnesses from Comstock's office were put upon the stand, but they testified directly contrary to what they had done before the grand jury, and the man was acquitted.

There are about two thousand good and valid reasons why Anthony Comstock's society should hav its charter repealed. The story told by District-Attorney Ridgway is a good basis for at least one of these reasons.

## Editorial Notes.

THE Rev. Justin D. Fulton, Baptist, of Brooklyn, has resigned the pastorate of the Centennial church to engage in the work of converting Roman Catholics. He will go West, taking with him some reformed Papists. Mr. Fulton's zeal for the welfare of the Catholics arises, it is said, from a lack of appreciation of Mr. Fulton by Mr. Fulton's congregation.

HERE is Henry George's latest statement of his land theory. The oftener he states it, the more difficult of comprehension it appears to become. He says:

"I hav never asserted that the land belongs to all men. Rather, I believe it belongs to God, and that men are his children to tenant this wor d for a little while. I do not think that the earth should be divided between men, for an equal division of land is impossible."

If in the evolution of ideas the notion now accepted by many should be reached by all, namely, that there is no God, as the word is generally understood, what would become of this theory? We are not especially enamored of Mr. George's ideas, but we are willing to spare the space to assure him that all theories having a theological basis are just as sure to be exploded by intelligence as darkness is to disappear when the sun rises.

A RELIGIOUS paper of England, the *Christian Million*, has come forward with a proposal for the queen's subjects to giv that lady a jubilee present of a Bible, the lettering of which will be entirely formed of jewels! The cost will be only £3,586,489, which can easily be subscribed by each person over whom the queen graciously condescends to rule contributing threepence. The *Christian Socialist* calls the editor of the *Christian Million* the Supreme Flunky.

WE congratulate the amiable son of the publisher of the Boston *Investigator*, Mr. Ernest Mendum, upon the happy event which took place in his career on Wednesday, the 9th instant, at the home of Miss Isabel Crowell, in West Yarmouth. And we beg leave, though unacquainted with the bride, to assure Miss Crowell that she obtained a good husband. We must also compliment Justice of the Peace L. K. Washburn for the felicitous manner in which he celebrated the contract. It is said that his remarks upon matrimony were of great and permanent value.

SOME thieves broke into St. Stephen's church last week and stole the golden ciborium, six silver chalices, and several smaller pieces of plate, valued altogether at several thousand dollars. The ciborium is a bread-dish, in this case used for holding the sacramental "body of Christ." We are very sorry for the priests of St. Stephen's, but what in the world are they doing with thousands of dollars' worth of gold and silver stuff in their strong box when scores of their parishioners are scarcely above starving point? Raw corn, eaten from his hand, once afforded Jesus a meal, and why should his servants eat from gold and drink from silver?

THE Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of the *Independent*, is a gentleman of wondrous resource in sustaining his religion. On a late Sunday he occupied the pulpit of Plymouth church, and during his discourse, the subject of which naturally was Henry Ward Beecher, he claimed that religion had freed the slaves, promoted temperance, sent the boodle aldermen to prison, overthrown political machines, ordained "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man," harmonized the relations of labor and capital, besides affording to the human race spiritual blessings too numerous to mention. The churches should vote Dr. Abbott a substantial pension to reward his capacity of invention.

G. H. MULLEN, school superintendent of Delaware county, Iowa, has issued the following order to a director of a school under his control: "The teaching of catechism by a public school teacher in a schoolhouse erected, equipped, and maintained at public expense is contrary to law, although done before nine o'clock in the morning or after four o'clock on a school-day. You will, therefore, as a sub-director, see to it that such illegal teaching is discontinued at once. Our public schools must be freed from sectarian and religious bias." The order givs great offense to the Catholics of the school district, who hav heretofore obtained the services of a public school teacher to instruct the children in the catechism

THE legislature of Michigan proposes to submit to the people an amendment to the constitution of the state prohibiting the manufacture, sale, or gift of spirituous, malt, or vinous liquors, except for medicinal, mechanical, chemical, or scientific purposes. The religious papers claim that such a prohibition would violate that clause in the present constitution which says "that the legislature shall pass no law to prevent any person from worshiping almighty God according to the dictates of his conscience." The claim is based on the desire of the churches to hav wine for sacramental purposes. Unless the church communicants can drink the blood of Christ they hold that their religious rights are infringed. But supposing the members of some sect should demand a quart of whisky per diem for each individual, to conscientiously worship almighty God with, what would the religious folks say then?

THE Tennessee legislature has passed a "Barber's bill," making it a misdemeanor to do barbering on Sunday. The bill was passed by a vote of 26 to 4. The bill provides that it shall be a misdemeanor to engage in the business of a barber, to shave, shampoo, cut hair, or keep open bath-rooms on Sunday. The penalty is a fine of not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars, or imprisonment in jail not less than five nor more than thirty days, both or either, at the discretion of the court. A Chattanooga barber who is dissatisfied with the law wants the legislators to tell him when Sunday comes. "If," he says, "a man with a perfect timepiece starts west from Chattanooga, when he has gone one degree he finds his time four minutes fast, when he has gone fifteen he finds he has gained one hour, when he has traveled one hundred and eighty he has gained twelve hours, and when he has come around again to the meridian of Chattanooga he has gained a whole day, and lost a day of the week. Then let him turn around and make an eastern circuit. When he has gone ninety degrees he has lost six hours, one hundred and eighty he has lost twelve hours, and when he gets to Chattanooga again he has lost a whole day of the week. Now, again, we will suppose a man in California desires on Saturday evening to send a telegram to a friend in Liverpool. 'Hold,' says the Sabbatical English operator, 'we don't do business on Sundays.' On Monday morning the Liverpool operator is ready for business. 'Hold,' says the Californian, 'we don't do business on Sunday.' Again, a wholesale merchant in London desires to instruct his agent in India. 'Hold,' says the India Sabbatarian, 'we don't do business on Sundays;' but when next day the agent wishes to correspond with his employer, 'Hold,' says the London Sabbatarian, 'we don't do business on Sunday.'" Since the earth is the Lord's, and it grieves him to see man break his Sabbath, the Chattanooga barber thinks Sunday laws are of not much use unless the sun can shine on all sides of the globe at once.

MR. J. M. BUCKLEY, a notorious Christian speaker, who loses no opportunity to attack Freethought, writing in a Christian paper, says:

"Mr. Samuel P. Putnam, a notorious Infidel speaker, who loses no opportunity to attack Christianity, writing to an Infidel paper, says: 'I am now at the delightful home of Mr. ——, a vigorous Freethinker. . . . His wife and daughter are still Christians, but of so generous a spirit that if all were like them I should feel disposed to put my armor down. The Golden Rule would surely prevail.' This aside concession to the spirit of Christianity and the Golden Rule is not uncommon in the writings of Infidels. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Putnam would lay his armor down. He simply in a fit of sentiment thought he would; perhaps, at the last analysis, he does not even think he would. The Jews crucified Christ; the conceited philosophers would not accept him. If Mr. Putnam searched for them, hundreds of both sexes could be found who illustrate the principles of Christ, and if none could be found, prayer and obedience would transform him into a true Christian. But for neither of those has he any taste."

The principles of the wife and daughter to whom Mr. Putnam paid the tribute of a generous nature are not the principles of Christ, but the principles of humanity. The Golden Rule is a good many hundred years older than the Christian religion. Christ, in a freak of good humor, repeated it; but the principles which are distinctivly the Nazarene's own run something like this: "If any man come unto me and hate not his father, mother, brother, sister, aye, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple. Except ye believe and are baptized ye cannot be saved. He that believeth not shall be damned." The sentiment of these is widely different from the sentiment of the Golden Rule.

THE Rev. J. S. Fall, of Minneapolis, recently read a paper before the Liberal ministers' association of his city, in which he said some things rather unpalatable to the brethren: "Each denomination in our city differs. No two of them agree. They deny each other fellowship at communion, a circumstance that has been common with each and all until recent years. It changes according to circumstances, education, and prejudice, and, chameleon-like, it takes color from that to which it is attached. It is obtained through as many different modes as there are denominations, but generally through the manipulations of some officiating minister or mountebank. For this purpose we hav in our midst the Salvation Army. For this purpose the Exposition building is to be secured by Sam Jones as captain of the 'Minneapolis clerical hosts,' who, by such act, admit their own worthlessness, where he will dispense doctrins as old as Zoroaster and more devilish than any that preceded it; doctrins championed by one of our loud little ministers a few weeks since in the language of the 'fear of hell,' the hangman's whip to keep the wretch in order, through which means, doubtless, numbers in the community will claim they hav got religion, until the several denominations hav become like the several kings of England, who, when they found their ranks depleted by death and desertion, would send out their press-gang, whose business it was, with guile and force, to apprehend the unwary. The church secures and sustains and uses about the same course, only using different instrumentalities. They intoxicate their victim with excitement, and by appeals to their fears allow themselvs to be twofold more the child of hell than before. Investigation will prove that a large number of criminals, defaulters in high places, and those who proved of the worst morals, belong to the class who claim they hav 'got religion.'"

LECTURING at Binghamton, N. Y., recently, the Rev. Wm. Butler, Methodist missionary to Mexico, revealed some religious secrets. Mexico, he said, "is now more degraded than it was three hundred and forty years ago. When Cortez conquered the land he divided it up among his followers, and the Aztec inhabitants were made slaves. For three hundred years these poor people did not own a home or hav an interest in the soil of their own country. Cortez also instituted the ecclesiastical system which has been the curse of the country. One-half of the lands and property of the country was drawn into the possession of the church, and could not be taxed for any purpose until the power of the priests was overthrown. During the last fifty-eight years Mexico has had fifty-three rulers. Leaving off the last three rulers, whose aggregate terms of office amount to seventeen years, we see that in forty-one years she had fifty rulers. That is, at an average interval of about nine months, a conflict would arise, and a change of rulers would be made. When Maximilian was made emperor of Mexico, Pope Pius IX. promised the blessings of God on the enterprise, and perpetuity to the new dynasty. For a time it looked as though his words would prove true. Our government was struggling with the South, and President Lincoln was compelled to refuse aid to the little band of republicans who were fighting against hope rather than acknowledge Maximilian as emperor. After the surrender of Lee, Lincoln directed Seward to write to France and remind them of the meaning of the Monroe doctrin. His language was courteous, but its meaning was, 'Get out of Mexico,' and the French troops were immediately withdrawn, and a republican form of government reinstated. The Mexican Congress has demanded and obtained the expulsion of the Jesuits, and their cathedrals are now being put in use for our missions. Even in our lifetime these men hav been guilty of all the wickedness of the old Inquisition of Rome. Whoever refused to bend conscience to the will of these inquisitors was placed in a narrow cell and the entrance bricked up. This building was given up to the people one day, and its horrors discovered."

### Because They are Proper Nouns.

Will you please let me know in your next issue why you use capital letters in printing the words God, Christ, Christian, Bible, etc.? By so doing you will oblige

*Pittsburgh*, March 14, 1887. JOHN SMITH.

# Letters from Friends.

SAN JACINTO, CAL., FEB. 13, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: As money is not so plenty as to be picked up on the streets at will, I hav to wait till I can find it, and as I was a rebel-hunter during the Rebellion I am consequently so much behind financially that I am compelled to enforce loans sometimes. Last year I clubbed with a seeker after truth, and he in turn sends in several more names as subscribers. I was a soldier three and a half years, hav a wife and three children, and am disabled from earning a living at my trade as carpenter. You will therefore excuse my delinquency in this case.

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GREELEY, COL., March 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3 for one years' subscription to your paper.

S. P. Putnam arrived here Saturday last. Quite a goodly number of the friends gathered at the residence of Mrs. E. C. Stilwells, to welcome him to our little city once more. We had a very pleasant time—speeches, songs, etc. On Sunday evening the Unitarian Hall was crowded to its utmost seating capacity, and many standing, to listen to "The New God." Last August he gave us "The New Heaven and Earth," and now we hav "The New God" to rule "The New Heaven and Earth." It was a splendid effort, and delivered in that happy vein so peculiar to Putnam. S. P. Putnam is a splendid specimen of manhood, so frank and open in all his ways, upon the platform and in private, and he improves upon acquaintance. Some of the more orthodox, who heard him last summer, and thought him rather radical, heard him last night in a more radical lecture than "The New Heaven and Earth," and thought him just the man for the Freethought propaganda work. I hope he will return East by this route, and visit Greeley again.

J. W. LEIGHTON.

GOSPER COUNTY, NEB., Feb. 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I never see anything in THE TRUTH SEEKER from this section of the universe, and I wish to hav you continue the paper. There are a good many Liberals out on the prairies of Nebraska who do not support a Liberal paper. The general complaint is hard times, high prices, etc., when asked to subscribe. We hav had a lyceum for the past two months; could not get the believers in inspiration to tackle a religious subject. Mr. G. Lewis, one of our fearless, outspoken Freethinkers, takes the *Investigator*. We exchange every week; and, take both together, they fill the bill. With the illustrations, we are able to take care of any revival of religion in our district.

We hav one or two rigid orthodox neighbors, who can't be induced to read one of these papers. The young folks like to look at Mr. Heston's engravings, and I don't think they will ever join the church. They most generally start a lively conversation, to say the least. I always like to read the "Letters from Friends." They are quite diversified, and come from all sections of the country. I sometimes think that with the amount of advice, warnings, and suggestions you get, there is no lack of editors in the Liberal ranks. With regards to THE TRUTH SEEKER folks, believing that our cause is based on the rock of science, truth, and justice,

H. OLMSTEAD.

EUBANKS, KY., Feb. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: It seems to my mind that there are principles underlying the subject of theology which seem to escape the line of investigation. Theism or Atheism should be first established. If there be a God, then settle all questions of religion accordingly. If there be no God, then all systems of religion fall alike. If it be decided there is a supreme being at all, then the question of the Bible should be discussed. In the discussion of the claims of the Bible, my opinion is that man's physical organization should be considered and the difference between intuitiv convictions and moral reasoning properly canvassed. There is such a thing as credible testimony in the world, and rules whereby its claims are established. After hearing the testimony for the divinity of the Bible, I then think its internal merits would be in order. If we admit there is a supreme being, we hav a right to examin the Bible in the light of his natural character and our knowledge of justice and mercy. In this examination, we admit there are some things sustained in the Bible that are contrary to our finite knowledge of mercy and justice. In our mode of thought, we hav canvassed these matters in two ways. First, our imperfect knowledge of design as portrayed in this world of death. Taking creation as an objectiv element of divine wisdom, pain and death is its finality. Second, the relation we observe in the process of moral, intellectual, and physical development. We find in the Bible a moral development and a system. We find types, legal, prophetic, and historic, culminating into a system, called the gospel of Jesus Christ, or Christianity.

DR. W. BAKER.

INGALLS, KAN., Feb. 23, E.M. 287.

MR. EDITOR: I hav lived here ten years; hav always been an outspoken Freethinker. I think I was the first man who ever took THE TRUTH SEEKER in this county.

And I want to say to all the friends of Freethought: If you love the cause, honor it and its noble heroes by being honest, temperate men and women, slow to anger, and having charity for the shortcomings of others, and in course of time people will begin to doubt what the pulpit monkey tells them about Infidels.

I was digging a well yesterday, and came in to dinner all mud and clay, and a Jesusite asked me what was the matter. I told him I had just been taken from the mire and the clay. I showed him all the nice pictures in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and tried to get him to take it. It was no go; but I herein send you the money for three new subscribers, and I think I will send you two more in a month.

I think you made the right move on the Anarchist question. But I think Powderly is the right man in the right place, for this reason: If he were an Infidel, the Christian world would never join the order, for fear he would lead them to hell or hades; if he were a Protestant, the Catholics would not join, for they look upon a Protestant as worse than an Infidel, and as one who will never be saved, but the Protestants believe that lots of Catholics are saved, and recognize them as Christians; while every Infidel ought to know that a man with the brains that Powderly has, no matter what he may say or how often he may attend mass and go to church, does not believe in the balderdash and theological slush that he hears from the pulpit. The Catholic Knights of Labor, I believe, think as much of Powderly as they do of the pope, and the pope knows it, and that is why he dares not do in America what he has done in Canada.

A. BUTTERFIELD.

RACINE, WIS., Feb. 7, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I like THE TRUTH SEEKER very much, and I am glad every time it appears. I inclose $1 to pay for my subscription, and when the spring comes I will be able to send you more money.

I would like to do something for your paper and for the cause of liberty. There are a good many Freethinkers here in Racine, but there is not much talk about religion. What the talk is about is politics and Knight of Labor movements, and few know what others think about God, heaven, and hell. Our politicians dare not speak about church taxation or against the church, for fear of losing their influence, so the church-members are on top of almost everything. I would like to hav some one come around and giv a lecture, to wake up the population in Racine. Last year I was trying to do something for Mr. Remsburg, but could only get promis of about $15, and that was only half the expenses, so I gave it up that time, but I can try again.

J. P. BRUDHAHL.

ST. CATHERINE'S, ONT., Feb. 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: What can I say to encourage you in your well-doing? If I say your paper is good, and still improving, and that I should feel out of sorts did a copy of it not come to me weekly to take the place of church attendance, old and stale, I would only be repeating what everybody else says who has read it understandingly, even for six months only. The articles which appear in it weekly are all good (for something), and it indicates weakness in anyone to dogmatically take exception to others' views because they don't coincide with their own. Variety is the spice of everything, and opens up the way for thought and candid discussion. The Indian said he was glad everybody did not see alike, for if they did everybody would want his squaw. This would be a queer world if everybody and everything were alike, for there would be nothing to descant upon. The cartoons are all good and suggestiv, and John Peck is a host, and givs full and running-over measure every time. His disquisition, when finished, should be collected and reprinted. It would make a valuable missionary document, and add one more to the list of tracts. "News and Notes" are interesting every time, and thy editorials are well worth the subscription. Also, "Letters from Friends" are interesting and entertaining, giving, as they do, a variety of views and opinions for thought and study. Next comes the "Children's Corner," which is a fine acquisition; even the juvenil contributions are interesting.

In short, to sum up in full, were I addicted to praying, my first prayer would be that every man, woman, and child who can read should be possessed of a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER for weekly perusal.

C. B. THOMPSON.

ANAHEIM, CAL., Feb. 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: After reading in THE TRUTH SEEKER the letter from D. Higbie, M.D., in regard to extravagance of funerals, I will giv my experience in this section. In 1877 I became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clark, very intelligent, respectable Spiritualists. It was always a pleasure to exchange ideas. In 1884 she was taken ill. On a visit at that time she said do not think she ever ge we.; and as I do not believe in making a display, or patronizing the priests; now will you officiate at my death, as you need a certificate from the R.-P. society?" I felt it my duty to do so. She died Nov. 19, 1886, just seventy years and four days old. They telegraphed for me to come, but just four days before I was run over in the streets of Los Angeles; so I had to notify Mr. Clark of my accident—three ribs broken—and consequently he postponed the meeting, buried as she requested, with plain coffin painted white, friends placing beautiful flowers thereon. Jan. 9, 1887, he called together friends and neighbors, and I fulfilled my promis, a granddaughter playing, "The Three Angel Visitants" to open, spirit rappings to close, which called forth the gratitude of the family and friends. No charges to pay. By so doing we can create a public sentiment that will look upon death as natural as life, and as beautiful. My request to my heirs, assigns, and friends that outliv me is, cremate my body when I get through with it, with no one to tell God what he ought to do with my "never-dying soul," provided I hav one.

I see by THE TRUTH SEEKER of Jan. 22d that S. P. Putnam is to be at Los Angeles March 13th. Friend Putnam, you are not giving yourself time enough to this needy section. We will welcome you at Anaheim. Honestly, I feel about as Ella E. Gibson does in regard to "The New God"—"I am so disgusted with everybody's God (but mine), that it don't seem necessary for any new one." But, no doubt, yours will be a great, grand improvement on the Bible Lord God Jehovah. Remember that "nature never nods, nor leaves her work to God." True, "the only cause is nature's laws."

Ere this reaches you, or I know how C. B. Reynolds's trial will go at New Jersey, I must urge our brave brother and wife to talk up their bed and walk this way (tent, too). This is just the best climate for grove or tent-meetings, from April till November, and it is my honest opinion that they will rouse those who are resting in superstition, and make well financially. Liberals of all classes need help on this coast to start the train of progressiv ideas, and a chance to form each other's acquaintance. Isolated Freethinkers are lonely, and but for the feast each week that THE TRUTH SEEKER brings us, we should die mentally. Long may its pages greet the world, with its motto, "Universal Mental Liberty!"

MRS. KATE PARKER.

ELMWOOD, ILL., March 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Robert G. Ingersoll, who lived many years in this neighborhood, has many fervent disciples around here. One of the oldest and foremost is Dr. Fountain Watkins, who has been a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER from its very start, but who, being nearly eighty years of age, owing to his feeble eyesight, can't read the foremost Liberal paper any more, for which he feels very sorry, as THE TRUTH SEEKER has been for so many years his best company. The old gentleman warmly recommends the paper to all searchers for religious and other intellectual light. He hopes that its circulation will be increased a hundred-fold; that Brothers Putnam, Remsburg, Reynolds, York, and all the other warriors against hypocrits, the devil, and the other seven plagues of churchism, will not be weary in well-doing. Dr. Watkins nursed, doctored, and healed hundreds of afflicted free of charge, and might hav collected not less than $50,000 from his patients, if he had charged for his services, as is done by the wearers of the college sheepskins. Dr. Watkins was a prominent worker in the antislavery crusade, and scores of runaway negroes owed their liberty to his kindness.

He belonged long enough to the church to become practically acquainted with the mockeries, delusions, and general "cussedness," to leave it and fight its superstitions for the last thirty years. He well remembers how the preachers used to slander the abolitionists for trying to abolish the God-ordained institution of slavery, and how they swung around as soon as it became popular to call the negro a man and brother.

Dr. Watkins generally is for justice and right, even if he is in the minority. He has been fighting orthodoxy with impregnable arguments, whose sound logical foundation could not be overcome by the often wrathy clergy. He has likewise been a consistent champion of the common people's downtrodden political rights. He has opposed the national banking system from the start, and doesn't like to hav lawyers, tricksters, preachers, and other slick-tongued rascals fill the offices. Dr. Watkins predicts "terrible convulsions in this once glorious land, if the people don't attend to their politics, morals, and religion themselvs," instead of having them attended to by professionals. He thinks that reason and justice should rule, so that rascality, corruption, and dynamite can't ruin.

Rev. Royce, who officiated as pastor of the Elmwood Congregational church for nearly seven years, had to resign on account of his liberal views. He was charged by two hide-bound deacons with having sometimes read THE TRUTH SEEKER; with having associated with Infidels like Dr. Watkins; with having helped needy non-church-members, and with not preaching regular hell-fire.

The church business is going away down below par in this neighborhood, and Dr. Watkins is proud of having done his little share in demolishing the sectarian idols, and hopes to liv long enough to hear of well-organized Liberal societies all over the land. He has been greatly delighted with the masterly productions of the Missouri artist, Watson Heston, and wishes to that gentleman good health, sufficient worldly goods, and a long life.

R. D. ROWE.

FORT WASHAKIE, WYO. TERR., March 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Having become located again I will again hav THE TRUTH SEEKER sent to me. Inclosed find $5, which please credit me with. I also inclose a few of the conclusions to which I hav come after much thinking on the subjects which concern the welfare of my fellow-beings, and which presents to every thinking mind the three great problems, Whence? What for and Whither?

1. A man who does not know that a baby born to-day would, if left to the guidance of its own instincts, develop into the same superstitious brute that one born five thousand years ago would hav developed into under the same circumstances, is incapable of fulfilling the duties of a legislator.

2. In making this statement I hav purposely ignored that factor of infinitesimal significance called heredity.

3. Man is a multiplicand handed to us with the privilege of using any multiplier we may choose, and the result depends upon our choice.

4. Again, man is like a musical instrument which we cannot alter without mutilating, but, having the choice of the performer, can make to produce either good or bad music.

5. A man who does not know that the chief value of education is not that it will make rulers moral enough to do right, but that it will make the ruled intelligent enough to know what their rights are and to demand them, is unworthy to be a school teacher.

6. One of the most difficult tasks for the literarily inclined people of this age, considering our miserably circumscribed existence, is that of wisely chosing their reading from the mountains of printed rubbish which floods the world.

7. One of the most favorable signs of the times is that waking up of the laboring classes to a realization of their power, and that casting about for a proper means to assert it which we see on every hand.

8. All speed to the day when this republic shall be in

nature what it now is in name—a government of the people, by the people, for the people.

9. A man who diverts one day's productiv labor from useful channels until every man, woman, and child in this country is well fed, clothed, and housed, is a villain.

10. Every person who eats and dresses without working, or having worked, or having been pronounced by the proper authorities incapable of working, is a thief.

11. The sin which wholesale robbers directly commit against the world by their own idleness is infinitely less than that which they indirectly commit by causing the world to support the multitudes whom their luxury employs.

12. Anyone who does not know that if a rich man should buy $1,000,000 worth of corn, burn it up, and throw the ashes into the sea he would damage the world to the extent of $1,000,000, is, to call things by their right names, a fool.

13. No one but a wholesale robber could giv a ball costing $250,000 unless he had at least one hundred thousand guests.

14. A labor-saving machine does not make life any easier for those who labor, but it enables an additional number of thieves to liv without labor.

15. He who does not know that receipts for labor should be made of the cheapest convenient material is unworthy the name of statesman.

16. Of all the chimerical, preposterous, hyper-idiotic ideas I ever saw expressed none is more absurd than that the way to ruin a country is to flood it with every article necessary for man's convenience, comfort, and welfare. It would not be so surprising if only our most ignorant population argued thus, but when one sees column after column of our "great" newspapers filled with this idiotic rubbish he feels like saying, in the language of his grandmother, "What is the world coming to?"

But, in the name of common sense, what can the American people expect from those who are chosen to administer this government, and make laws for the amelioration of the misery of its people, when, instead of choosing men who are profound thinkers, they not only elect incompetent men, but those who, even if they had the ability, hav not the time, and who, if they had both the ability and the time, could not inaugurate any radical changes without damaging their own interests.

I speak of that almost universal custom of electing capitalists instead of philosophers to do that work which, incomparably more than any other work in this world, needs the brain of a philosopher for its proper accomplishment—the making of wise laws. J. W. FERRIS.

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OSCEOLA, NEB., Feb. 17, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: It would appear, according to the Rev. Mr. Talmage, that "thirteen years from now will bring universal victory for Christ and the church" (sermon Feb. 6, 1887). But as it has taken nearly nineteen hundred years to claim the merest fraction of the human race, and, according to the best authorities, that fraction becoming more and more skeptical, one naturally inquires by what means is it to be brought about. Is it the God-revealed method that is to be used? Mr. Talmage says, "A red line runs through the church history of nineteen hundred years—a line of blood." While freely admitting that Christians hav been persecuted, it can be confidently asserted that the persecutors for opinions' sake hav been those claiming a revelation from God, either pagan or Christian, and calling their opponents Infidels or heretics. It seems "Diocletian massacred the Christians," but Diocletian was a good emperor, only he was too religious and obeyed his gods and their religion.

The chief business of the church has been the using of the sword and torch. "By the millions must we count those slain," says Mr. Talmage; and further, "Protestants hav represented Catholics as having a monopoly of persecutors, but both Protestants and Catholics hav practiced infamous cruelties." The horrible persecutions related by Dr. Draper (History of the Conflict between Religion and Science) and others are said by Protestants to apply to the church of Rome, but there is no plainer fact in history than that the church, Catholic and Protestant, has always persecuted just according to its power. And why? They hav the God-revealed authority they adopt to sanction it. Jehovah says, "If thy brother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend, entice thee to serve other gods, thou shalt surely kill him." Christ says he is the vine, ye are the branches. "If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them and cast them into the fire, and they are burned." He givs authority to the church that "whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven," and that offenders shall be delivered "for the destruction of the flesh that the spirit may be saved." Who shall say that Queen Mary was wrong when she thought God would be pleased with her for burning heretics, when he himself is coming "in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and who shall be punished with everlasting destruction." The common civilities of life are forbidden the Christian. "If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrin, receive him not into your house." "If an angel from heaven preach any other gospel let him be accursed." "He that believeth not the son the wrath of God abideth on him." "He that believeth not shall be damned." It is impossible to hold such doctrins and not hav a persecuting spirit. Hence the words of Dr. Talmage, "If set side by side you could girdle the earth with the fires of persecution." "For when any one sect got complete dominancy in any land, persecution and cruelty took possession of that sect." "Catholics were by Protestants put to the worst tortures." "See the Catholics after the Huguenots. See the gentiles after the Jews. See the Presbyterian Parliament of England, more tyrannical in their treatment of opponents than had been the criminal courts. Persecution against the Baptists by the Pedo-Baptists. Persecution of the Established church against the Methodist church. Persecution against the Quakers. Persecution against the Presbyterians." Count the number of thousands that lost their lives on account of God's command, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to liv." Christ said, "I came not to bring peace, but a sword." "To set a man at variance with his father, and the daughter against her mother;" and surely he has done it. Were such God-made doctrins, with which the Bible so largely abounds, relegated to savagism and knavery to which they belong, and doctrins drawn from the experience of mankind and found by practice to be good put in their places, a brighter prospect would adorn the morning of the twentieth century. The doctrins of love, equity, and truth were taught ages before Christ, and were they disseminated without the aid of "revelation," but with all the aid of modern science and art, Mr. Talmage would not be troubled so much with Infidels. JOHN ROSS.

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GRATTAN, MICH., March 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Thus far I hav refrained from saying anything in reference to the illustrations by Mr. Heston in your paper. At times I hav thought that the space might be better occupied with good reading-matter. In order to advance the Liberal cause, it is of the utmost importance that those who are "joined to their idols," through the wiles of priestcraft, should be led to see that there is a better way. Those who are brave enough to dare take your paper and read it will be with us in any event. In order to succeed, Freethought must make inroads upon those who are really with, or are inclined to go with, Christianity. Therefore the question, Will the pictures tend to invite or repel that class? is of paramount importance.

The illustration in your last issue, February 26th, givs at a glance so plain and concise a representation of the effect of Bible teaching that I am inclined to say, Let us hav the pictures. That one illustration, if well studied, tells the whole story.

There we see, central and prominent, the cause of the woes of Ireland. Christian priestcraft has done it. That nationality, honest, brave, and industrious, but credulous and impulsiv, are represented as doing just what is the legitimate outcome of Bible teachings all the way through; by Moses, the prophets, and Christ and his apostles in the New Testament.

Be not startled, Christian reader (if this chance to meet the eye of any such), for really the teachings of Christ, the "meek and lowly," etc., are not only in perfect accord with, but really in advance of, the Old Testament in teaching that which induces just such horrible acts as we see illustrated in the center of that picture.

Do you ask why, or in what respect? I answer that the Old Testament does not even teach immortality definitly.

But Christ not only brought "immortality to light," but he plainly taught the doctrin of eternal punishment in its most hideous form.

And not only that, but although it is said he suffered and died to save *all*, in answer to the question, "Lord, are there *few* that be saved?" his reply, if it meant anything, certainly conveyed the idea that only a very few, comparativly, would escape the sentence that he would pronounce at the day of judgment, when, seated on the throne of his glory at the right hand of his father, God, he shall say to those on the left hand, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

And this vindictiv spirit may be found prominent in all the groundwork of Bible teachings. That being the case, why should we wonder at the scene prominently depicted in the picture referred to.

If God the father and Christ his beloved son teach and do such horrible things, we may naturally expect that those who believe in what is inculcated in the iuspired word would be animated by the same spirit. Why should they be expected to deal more gently with those who they think are leading souls down to hell than God the father, and his son, the "blessed savior?"

Such scenes as the picture represents hav been enacted in poor Ireland from the Battle of the Boyne to the present time, Christians doing to their fellow-Christians even that which is shocking to barbarians, as the illustration plainly represents.

And now let us try to analyze this picture. We see a crowd of angry men struggling for life—or to take life, rather. The traditional Irish shillaleh that "never misses fire" is playing a prominent part; Christians are engaged in a life-and-death struggle with their fellow-Christians, and all because of a little difference in religious belief.

Such scenes hav really been enacted in Belfast and other places, even during the past year. Then notice on the right the almost naked simple African barbarian; notice his horrified mien as he points to the other side of the stream in answer to the missionary with Bible under his arm, tracts in his pocket; and when the missionary says, "Come to Jesus," the mute but horrible reply is: "Why ask me to do it? Surely I ought not, for see, just over there, what the result might be."

Then on the left we see the priest with cross in hand, and finger pointing up to his imaginary God, saying to John Chinaman, "Come, go with us, do and think as we do, and you may be better here and hereafter." But the heathen Chinee, with a smirk and absurd grin on his face, points to the center piece, as much as to say, "Do you expect me to accept and believe a religion that is the sole cause of such terrible doings?"

I cannot conceive of a more plain and forcible "bird's-eye-view" of the practical results of Christian priestcraft.

And now, fellow-Liberals, laying aside all minor differences, let us all, by example as well as precept, every day, and at all times and places, endeavor to teach mankind that there is a better way. Let us teach and practice the religion of humanity, for humanity's sake; inculcate, and make it so plain that he who runs may read, the grand idea that how to liv and act in this life for the good of mankind here and now is worthy of all our best thoughts and efforts; then, if so be that there is a continued future existence, if any deity or power rules or controls all things in justice, the better our lives here, just so much better may we reasonably expect to start there. CONVERSE CLOSE.

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WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., March 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: It was awfully icy, and passing a large brick edifice, being attracted by the music within, I entered and took a rear center-aisle seat. I forget the number of it. A short, thin, gray-haired man was behind the pulpit, and I learned that he had just returned from a three months' furlough given him by his generous and appreciativ congregation, and that during his vacation he had been health-seeking among the various faith-cure establishments on Long Island.

He announced that he had been decidedly benefited, and was on the highway to ultimate recovery. I felt then as if I should like to hav been a member of that congregation—one of his parishioners—they all looked so happy.

Having a poor memory for dates, I cannot remember where the text or texts were, for there were two of them, and I thought I was in for an all-day's job.

It appeared that the Evangelical Alliance (whatever that is) had ordered all the ministers to preach from a certain text, but this gentleman hadn't spent three months for nothing. He had made the most of his time, so he picked out another text that he said would not conflict at all with the aforesaid Alliance's text, and it didn't, for nothing more was heard of either of them for the next forty minutes. He began by saying that he desired to preach from his heart, but his language indicated that he was preaching from a very disordered stomach.

He remarked that the smallest man in the world was the stingy man—the selfish man, the man who would only think of self when he met "the withered hand of beggary, and the white lips of famin." And the largest man in the world was not always the man of large stature. It did not depend upon the size of the body, but upon the size of the heart. The man who gave freely of earth's treasures, gave to the poor, to the destitute, to the widows and orphans (and he didn't forget the church), was the large man. The more he gave, the larger he became. The man who spent his money for charitable purposes, spent it copiously, was the largest of men.

Talking of spending money reminded me of what I heard a very bad man (in the eyes of a great many ministers) once say. He said: "Oh, I tell you, if you hav but a dollar in the world, and you hav got to spend it, spend it like a king; spend it as though it were a dry leaf, and you the owner of unbounded forests! That's the way to spend it. I had rather be a beggar and spend my last dollar like a king, than to be a king and spend my money like a beggar."

He stated further, that he sometimes wondered why Christ paid so little attention to education. Well, that is funny. Why didn't he start a university? Why didn't he establish the multiplication table? Why didn't he rob Newton of his discovery? Why didn't he get ahead of Galileo? Why didn't he anticipate Darwin? Why didn't he outstrip Proctor? Why didn't he write what he knew about this world, and what he knew of another? Why didn't he write his own book, and thus avoid the question of inspiration? I don't wonder he wondered. The greatest wonder of the world is why ministers pay so little attention to education. This minister assured his congregation that although he had been absent from them for three months, he had been kept constantly informed upon all matters pertaining to the church, and that the old adage had proved true, that "when the cat's away the mice will play" (it's a wonder he hadn't said rats); that he was grieved to learn that during his absence many of the members had backslidden, and were in danger of going down to death and hell. I was beginning to get frightened. I didn't know but some of them had thrown away their roller-skates and had donned a toboggan suit, and had taken a couple of slides, and I was mighty glad that I wasn't a member of that congregation after all—they did not look so dreadful happy. I learned, however, that that was not the unpardonable sin which they had committed, but that some of them had been guilty of the great crime of staying at home. I hav read somewhere that the fireside was the holiest altar beneath the skies; that "the home where virtue dwells with love is like a lily with a heart of fire—the fairest flower in all this world." "Home is where the virtues grow." That was my idea, but it seems that the doctrin of the church is different. I know it says that you must forsake your father, mother, wife, and children for Christ's sake, but I did not think it said that you must forsake your home. Well, it wasn't necessary, for what would home be without them?—a Godforsaken place. I was disappointed in the sermon. I thought perhaps he would tell his congregation how glad he was to return to them, how he appreciated their kindness in giving him a much-needed rest, and with returning health would come renewed energy and enthusiasm in the cause he espoused. I expected to hear him wish them all a Happy New Year, and say that day by day he became more and more attached to them by the bonds of friendship and love.

I should like to hav heard him express his gratitude, for "gratitude is the fairest flower that sheds its perfume in the human heart." My desire was not gratified. His mind was traveling in an opposit direction. His language was totally different. He made the following statement, and when he made it I thought to myself, there's a place that is better than this. He said, "I would not call you thieves, I would not call you robbers, I would not call you reprobates, but I say that the wickedest men that ever trod this earth are in this church to-night!" There is no place like home. H. H.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

" Between the dark and the daylight.
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## Be Careful.

Be careful what you sow, boys!
For seed will surely grow, boys!
The dew will fall,
The rain will splash,
The clouds will darken,
And the sunshine flash,
And the boy who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, girls!
For every seed will grow, girls!
Though it may fall
Where you cannot know,
Yet in summer and shade
It will surely grow;
And the girl who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, boys!
For the weeds will surely grow, boys!
If you plant bad seed
By the wayside high,
You must reap the harvest
By and by,
And the boy who sows wild oats to-day
Must reap the wild oats to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, girls!
For all the bad will grow, girls!
And the girl who now,
With a careless hand,
Is scattering thistles
Over the land,
Must know that, whatever she sows to-day,
She must reap the same to-morrow.

Then let us sow good seeds now!
And not the briers and weeds now!
That when the harvest
For us shall come,
We may hav good sheaves
To carry home.
For the seed we sow in our lives to-day
Shall grow and bear fruit to-morrow.

—*Flora McElwell.*

## Giordano Bruno.

Inscribed to Brother George N. Hill, Boston.

When superstition stood most proud
Upon the hills of Rome eternal,
And old tradition tortured truth
With falsest fears of fates infernal;
There science shot her first bright ray,
Like a silent spear ethereal,
Athwart the gathered, ghostly gloom,
And shone a sun-born star imperial.

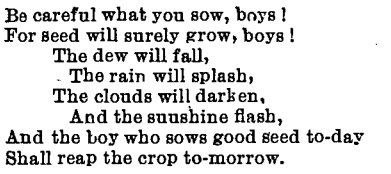
To ope or shut the gates of fact
Vain are the fabled keys of Peter;
The songs of liberty we sing
Are sweeter than the psalmist's meter;
The church that strove to support God
By silencing the voice of reason,
Is now ignored by government,
And common sense is no more treason.

To him who bore bold Bruno's name
Was more of nativ honor given
Than dwelt in those who through death flame
Had hoped to find the port of heaven.
For him a monument we make
Which countries shall concenter
To mark his martyr place, and date
Man's calendar—*Anno Scientiæ.*

JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.



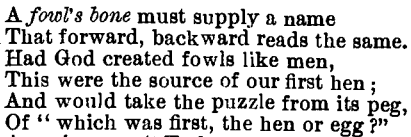
What some farmers hav to do.

2.—IMPERFECT DIAMOND.

1. A letter.
2. A word of denial.
3. A reposition.
4. A woman's name.
5. Ravenous.
6. A wading bird.
7. An unctuous substance.
8. Expressing more than one.
9. A letter.

WARREN B. ORCHARD,
*N. Boothbay, Me.*

3.—REBUS.



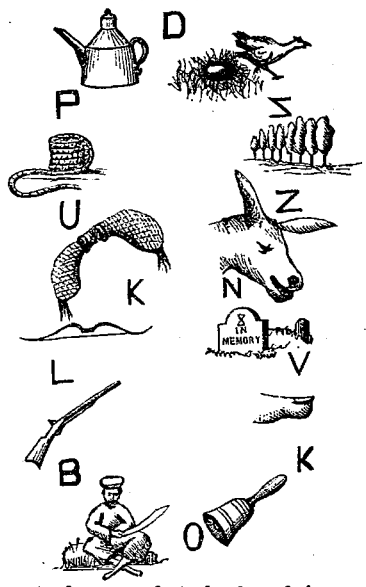
Easy lesson in spelling.

4.—PALINDROME.

A *fowl's bone* must supply a name
That forward, backward reads the same.
Had God created fowls like men,
This were the source of our first hen;
And would take the puzzle from its peg,
Of " which was first, the hen or egg?"
Agassiz says, " To be exact,
All life comes from an egg," in fact.
But that which here concerns alone,
Is but to find this poor *fowl's bone.*

J. K. P. BAKER.

5.—A FIGURE 8 REBUS.




Twenty-four words to be found in regular order in this puzzle.

6.—HALF SQUARE.

1. To injure by false report.
2. A great number.
3. Quick of motion.
4. A river in Africa.
5. A female deer.
6. East-north (abbr.).
7. A letter.

*Lyons, N. Y.* CONRAD ROOKER.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, MARCH 12, 1887.

2.-When you're an anvil, bear; when you're a hammer, strike. 3.-Only eight cats sitting each on its tail in the corners of an octagonal room. 4.-Pantaloons.

## Correspondence.

GIDEON, KAN., Feb. 23, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am a boy twelve years old. I go to school, but the teacher has got the measles, also some of the scholars. We hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for six years. I like to read the Children's Corner. I liv on a farm. Well, I will close for this time. I hope to see this in print.

Your little Freethinker friend,
HENRY WATKINS.

ALLEGHENY, PA., Feb. 27, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am eleven years old. I go to the public school, and am in room No. 13. My studies are arithmetic, geography, physiology, spelling, reading, and writing. My father takes THE TRUTH SEEKER. I like the pictures very much, and read all the letters in the Children's corner. My father is a member of the Secular Union of Pittsburgh. One of their members lost his daughter on Friday, Feb. 25th, and funeral services were held on Monday, Feb. 28th, by the Secular Union, and her body was cremated the same day. We hav a very fine crematory here, and it is heated with natural gas. This is all at present. If you see fit you may print this. This is the first letter I ever wrote.

Your friend. GRACIE CAHILL.

NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, VA.,
March 5, A. S. 287.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I join hands with Brother George N. Hill, in giving you gratulation for the sterling sketch you drew of the brave Bruno for the Children's Corner portrait gallery. Since Brother George has been so gracious as to quote my little sentiment, let me say that we became known to each other through correspondence concerning the "Science Calendar," and in the pleasure of his personal acquaintance I hav been builded up. And it is no flattery to say that there is not a better boy in Boston than he is—a stout and sound lifter of "philosophy and plaster," and an uncompromising temperance advocate. He should walk oftener into the Children's Corner.

Yours for liberty and the little ones,
JOHN P. GUILD.

MOODY, KAN., Feb. 8, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Ma has been taking THE TRUTH SEEKER for several years. It is one of the best papers on the subject of Liberalism. The *Pulpit*, edited by Mr. Shaw, is a good book. It has some good pieces in it from youngsters, and others from the editor that are the best reading. Mr. Ingersoll's "Lay Sermon" is as good as one needs. I hav heard many lectures on "What must We Do to be Saved?" but we hav Mr. Ingersoll's lecture, "What Must We Do to be Saved?" and it is the best one I ever read or heard.

I am told by the preachers that the Bible is the word of God, but where is their proof? They say the apostles are their proof, but how could the apostles write a book when they had never seen him nor heard his voice—for "no man saw God at any time?"

"No man can see God and liv." If this is so, What will the holy saints do when they approach the golden throne of God? I was talking to a man not long ago about faith. I quoted two or three passages showing faith that the believer can hav. He said he believed that he could get the faith to do that. Here are the passages: "In my name shall they cast out devils. They shall speak with new tongues. They can handle serpents, and if they drink any deadly poison it shall not hurt them. They can lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." If any man has got this faith, why don't he step forward and make himself known?

Where is the Christian that can drink poison and not be hurt by it? Let me mix him a dose of "Rough on Rats," and if it does not kill him I will know that he has faith.

When I am in some distant land,
Read the writing of my hand,
And if my name no more you see,
Read these few lines and think of me.

Yours truly, JOHN M. SIMMONS.

OPHIR, CAL., Feb. 21, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I will be seventeen on the third day of July, 1887, although I am married and hav a little girl which will soon be three years old, so I don't know whether you will call me a child or not; although I consider myself nothing more than a child, for I hav been wrapped in ignorance so long that since I am married to a Freethinker, and hav just got my eyes opened, I think I am nothing but a child. When I was, what you might say, a baby—for I was but four months old—my mother, who is a Catholic, thought that she was not able to giv me a Catholic education, so she sent me to my grandmother, at Sacramento, where she had sent my oldest brother, so that he should get the same education that I got, when I was old enough. When I was five years old, my grandmother thought I was old enough, so she told my brother to get me a catechism so I should learn to say my prayers. She asked me if my mother had taught me my prayers, such as the Lord's Prayer, and the Virgin Mary's Prayer, and when I told her No, that mother thought I was too little to say my prayers, she was shocked; so, as little as I was, I had to kneel down every night and say my prayers. I had to repeat the above named prayers and two or three more long prayers. When I was nine years old, my folks moved to Sacramento. I had been going to the public school, but now I had not learned what my folks wanted me to learn, so my grandmother told my mother to send me to the convent.

So she proposed to my mother to send me to San Francisco to the sisters at South San Francisco, so away I went to learn to make my first communion. I did not like the place very much, for there was too much praying to be done. In the morning the bell was rung to get up, and while dressing we all had to pray. Then we had to go out in a big, long hall and pray for a good hour; then go to 6 o'clock mass, and by this time the breakfast bell would ring, which I, for one, would enjoy very much.

One day one of the sisters told the girls in her room at school that if they would write to the Virgin Mary, she would answer it; so one day one of the girls wrote a letter to the Virgin and put it at the foot of a statue of the Virgin, and then locked the door and put the key in her pocket. One of the sisters had a key to the door, so she opened it and took the letter out and answered it, and took it to the place where she had got the letter that the girl had written, and then locked the door again. On the following day the girl opened the door and found the letter, and, after reading it, she ran to the sister that told us to write, and said that the Virgin had answered her letter.

This is a very foolish thing for a girl as old as she was to do, but she was not to be blamed for this. One time, the girls told me I would never go to heaven because I sewed an apron on Sunday—for I had to wear it to school the next day. None of the girls would speak to me for a long time, for I was so wicked, so they told the head sister about it, and she put me in punishment for a week and I was not to speak to any of the girls for this great offense. My husband takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and it is a very good paper; it is the first Freethought paper I hav ever seen. I appreciate the pictures very much. I don't think there is much Catholicism about Mr. Heston, or he could not print such illustrations. I think that if he should stop the pictures it would not be worth as much as it is this way. My little girl likes to look at the monkeys and other preachers.

We hav some Freethought books that I hav learned from to know what Catholics are. These books are entitled "the Holy Cross series." This is something that I was not taught in the pious prisons, as I call them, that I was in for several years, both in Sacramento and San Francisco.

I remember the girls crying, and wishing that they could find some way to get out of those fiendish prisons, so that they could go around among the people and expose them, and tell the people how the girls are treated there. Some of the girls in there were very ignorant and superstitious. They told me that I would never go to heaven because my faith was not good enough, because I couldn't believe all their tom-foolery just right.

Well, I must close my letter, for it is getting so long that I am afraid you will get tired of it before you finish reading it. If you see fit to print this letter in the Children's Corner, I would be very glad to see it in print, it being my first letter since I resurrected from the Catholic fold.

I will ever remain your true friend and Freethinker, MRS. ROSA KAISER.

# Science Column.

## Physical Series.

[The instructiv lesson below was intended by Mr. Grower, the experienced chemist, who kindly furnishes it, for children of thirteen or fourteen. It is good reading also for children of an older growth, who will, we trust, explain it to the little toddlers. We regret that its length necessitated its division into two parts.—ED. C. C.]

NO. I.—MATTER—ITS GENERAL NATURE.

1. *Physics.*—Physics, in its widest sense, includes all natural science; in its restricted and popular sense it treats of the phenomena presented by bodies which may be shown without changing the identity. It is thus distinguished from chemistry, which treats of those phenomena accompanied by change in the composition of bodies.

The following example will make this difference clearer: Copper is a reddish metal; it may be drawn into wire or rolled into thin sheets, but it is still copper. Therefore these are physical properties, and are included in physics.

But if the copper be placed in nitric acid, it will be dissolved; the acid, which was previously colorless and cold, will become blue or green and hot, and at the same time a reddish brown, suffocating gas will be given off. These are chemical changes, and are included in chemistry because the identity of the copper and nitric acid is destroyed. We no longer hav copper and nitric acid, but a substance called nitrate of copper. In trying this experiment, use only small quantities of acid and copper, and hav the acid in a comparativly large, glass vessel, otherwise the action may be so violent that the acid will boil over and do damage.

2. *Matter.*—Anything which takes up room is called matter. The food we eat, the water we drink, and the air we breathe, are all matter, because they take up room. Mountains, rocks, lakes, rivers, plants, and animals all occupy space, and are therefore matter.

Forces, such as heat, light, and electricity, do not take up room; neither do feelings, such as hope, love, and fear; therefore none of these are matter.

3. *Extension.*—The property of matter, by virtue of which it takes up room, is called extension.

EXPERIMENT.—Invert a tumbler and immerse it in a vessel of water. The water will not rise and fill it. This shows that the air takes up room, and illustrates the property of extension.

4. *Properties of matter.*—Besides taking up room, matter has certain other properties. Those properties which are possessed by all kinds of matter are called general, or universal; some of these are, extension (already explained), indestructibility, gravitation, impenetrability, compressibility, inertia, mobility, divisibility, and elasticity by pressure. Those properties which only belong to certain kinds of matter, or depend upon certain conditions, are called specific or characteristic. There are a great number of specific properties of matter, such as color, hardness, ductility, etc. The important ones will be described in their proper places.

5. *Indestructibility.* By virtue of this property matter cannot be destroyed. If a bottle be broken, the glass still exists—it is not destroyed. If a board be cut into shavings, the wood is not destroyed. If a newspaper be torn in pieces, the paper is still there. If iron be reduced to filings, the metal still exists. When rain falls on the ground and disappears, the water is not destroyed; it merely soaks into the earth. When water is boiled away or a wet body gets dry, the water still exists; it goes into the air in the form of vapor, but not a particle is lost.

When a piece of paper is burnt, gases are given off, smoke and ashes are formed, but nothing is lost. The matter which was in the paper still exists in the ashes, smoke, and gases. Not one particle of it is destroyed. The coal we burn and the food we eat are changed in a similar way, but the matter still exists. When a piece of iron rusts, the metal which appears to be gone is all in the rust. These last examples, namely, the burning of paper and coal, the consumption of food, and the rusting of iron, are all chemical changes, since by the operation the substances are altered in composition.

Do what we will, matter cannot be destroyed. Heat it all we like, cool it, break it, melt it, burn it, dissolve it in water or acids, or add anything to it—it makes no difference how it is treated, not one particle of it can be destroyed. This important and universal property of matter is its indestructibility.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

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# Poetry.

## Why?

Prior to the great beginning,
When there was no heaven, no earth,
When there was no sunlight, starlight,
Before creation had its birth;
When a blank and boundless nothing,
Harmless, lifeless, round him fell,
What occurred to break his slumber,
What was there to loose the spell?

Breathless, lifeless, all-pervading,
Deep, boundless, starless, rayless night—
No, not night, for there was nothing—
Out of which sprang worlds of light;
Out of which was made the heavens,
Countless worlds remote and near,
And all living, moving creatures
In the depths of sea and air.

Yet we know not what aroused him
To begin his mighty plan
Of creation in its vastness,
Forming, lastly, sinful man;
Why did he not leave great nothing
In its harmless, silent space,
Rather than make man so sinful
As to wreck the human race?

When there was no grief, no anguish,
When there was neither joy nor pain,
Why create both good and evil,
Why not let great nanght remain?
If creation brought forth evil,
And from evil comes forth good,
Where, then, is the point dividing,
Satan's works from works of God?

When there was no place for sinning,
Nor for sinful man to dwell,
Why did God create a devil,
And conceive an endless hell?
Why was silence ever broken?
Why was man to misery born?
Why were devils made to tempt him,
And then leave him here to mourn?

EUGENE HOUGH.

## The Arcana of Nature.

Spirit of the great unknown,
I dwell in the infinit seas,
I sing in the wind's glad tone,
And sigh in the soft summer breeze;
I brood in silence and storm,
I come with the earthquake's wrath,
I pillow the worlds on my arm,
And stay the sweet moons in their path.

I scatter the sunshine of June
That heralds the grass and the grain,
I dream by the fountains at noon,
Or waken the winter again;
My girdle of rainbows I bind
As I sit by the gray ocean side,
My footsteps are fleeter than wind,
My pulse is the flow of the tide.

I am soul of the legions of suns,
I touch their swift wheels with my hand,
Yet the smallest streamlet that runs
Is mine with its silvery band,
And mine in its silvery song;
Tho' the chorus of stars is my own,
I hasten their cycling throng,
And breathe in their undertone.

I marshall my forces and go
To systems nnseen of the earth,
I laugh in their rivers that flow,
I attend the least star at its birth;
Of the nniverse I am the lord,
Tho' I whisper my secrets as mild
As dew shimmering down on the sward,
And I wait on the steps of your child.

I am heart of the lily and rose,
I hav painted them out of the deep,
I move in each blossom that blows,
And the zephyr that over them sweeps;
Yet I tread on the outermost bar,
And ride on the ripples of day,
I hav twirled the bright rim of a star
And danced in its billows away.

I hav kept for the children of men
A book illumined with gold,
Vast suns wrought my radiant pen,
And the volume shall never grow old;
I hav lettered the rocks by the sea,
In the caverns and depths of the mine,
I hav writ on the ages that flee
A psalm and a sermon divine.

The atoms are mine, and I build
From the molecule up to the man,
Gradations evolving that gild
The ages, and æons I span;
I am bridegroom of Time, and I wed
With the loveliest daughters of Space,
I set my own seal on each head,
And smile on each beautifnl face.

*Frenchtown, Neb.* MARY BAIRD FINCH.

## Book Notices.

THE NEW GOD.

Mr. Putnam's new lecture with the above title is published in a neat pamphlet and makes a valuable addition to our Freethought literature. It is one of the author's very best efforts, and has a genuin Liberal flavor. It overflows with good things. It is condensed in expression. A volume is packed into a sentence, and a whole life's experience crowded into a line.

I hav read nothing from the pen of Mr. Putnam that leaves more satisfaction in the mind. It is sound, logical, brilliant, and persuasiv. It is not an argument; it is a poem of facts, a string of truths, a cluster of rare and beautiful statements that sparkle like diamonds. It puts the crown upon Atheism. In speaking of this work it is almost impossible to withstand the temptation to prove one's praise by quoting from it, but this would be injustice to the author. It would be like plucking a rose from the tree, or stealing a gem from a necklace.

To appreciate this lecture one must read the lines as the writer has placed them. This essay is not a piece of carpentry, but a creation. It came as an inspiration, and was preserved in its original form with the dew of birth upon its brow and limbs. The thoughts in it go singing through the mind, and their song is rich and sweet with joy and hope. The fire in it lights and warms every utterance. There are grand and startling expressions in this lecture that show depths of feeling and a rare insight.

Mr. Putnam has done other work for Liberalism that deserves praise, but he has never put more into any thirty-four pages that he has ever written. This work is a revelation of genius. The thoughts in it shine like stars. It is full of the creativ spirit. Every line is alive and seems to breathe and pulse with the thought it holds. The writer has left his own life in the words he has written. Every sentence is warm with the blood of the author.

"The New God" was made by an artist-hand, guided by a poet-soul. It is as perfect as sculpture. The creator makes his "god" in his own image, and breathes into his nostrils the breath of his own life.

There is health in this essay; there is courage in it; there is hope in it. Not a dead word can be found on one of its pages. This lecture is not a coffin, not a tomb; it is a house of the living, a home of the loving, a place where livs and moves a human being. It is full of a great thought, a great faith, a great idea. It throbs with love of truth, and thrills with passion for truth.

Mr. Putnam was in the hights when he saw this vision of "The New God." He was on his intellectual knees, not in worship, but in wonder. I believe no one can read this pamphlet without being better for doing so, without seeing clearer, and understanding better what has been called "the mystery of godliness." This mystery is exposed and shown up, and the truth revealed.

This little book should go into the home of every Liberal in the land. Our youth should read it and catch its inspiration. It will widen their minds, strengthen their hearts, and make truer and tenderer their lives. This lecture on "The New God" is an appeal for a new man—a prophecy of a greater, nobler humanity. A man that can giv the world such thoughts as Mr. Putnam has here expressed should be nobly encouraged and sustained. L. K. WASHBURN.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just read Mr. S. P. Putnam's lecture entitled, "The New God," which is published in neat pamphlet form by the Truth Seeker Company. As the perusal of this pamphlet has afforded me a good deal of pleasure, I will write a few lines, not so much by way of criticism or commendation as to giv expression to some thoughts that the lecture has suggested. Any God, it seems to me, would be an improvement on the one we hav inherited from our immediate ancestors. I therefore indorse Mr. Putnam's opinion that the old God ought to be superseded at once. Take the Roman Catholic God—I suppose he is the same one that a very large number of people in this country hav been nursing, feeding, and trying to keep in good humor with song and instrumental music, and large presents of land and scrip. But with all these sacrificial efforts to make their God act decently, they hav only succeeded in making him more and more independent and inhumanly eccentric. Our Christian friends say that this old God constructed and has general supervision over everything that exists, and that "not even a sparrow falls without his notice."

A few days ago he gave the south of Italy and France a shaking up, and a church that was built for the special purpose of glorifying him was taken possession of as a place of safety by about three hundred of his faithful and confiding friends and children, but what kind of a reception did he giv them? Why, he just tumbled the walls and roof down on them, and maimed and killed the whole three hundred as a reward for their kindness to and confidence in his protecting power and disposition.

Don't you think that that sort of a God ought to be discharged?

Don't you think the Italians could elect or make a new God that would not be so ill-tempered and inconsiderate of the feelings of his dearest friends? Mr. Putnam does, and so say we all—that a god who can't find any more useful employment than destroying the lives of his most faithful friends by floods, earthquakes, epidemics, contagious diseases, wars, and such like things, had better resign, and if he won't resign, then he ought to be discharged, and something else put in his place. Mr. Putnam has crowded into this lecture a number of crisp and brilliant sentences, some of which may strike the reader, on first thought, as being rather paradoxical. He seems to think that the God element can not be destroyed in the minds of the masses at present, and that, therefore, it would be reasonable to construct a new God, who or which would embrace everything that is grand, noble, elevating, and the personification of humanitarian benevolence. But yet he should not be so faultlessly pure and perfect that there would not be room in him for improvement when occasion required it. The lecture is unique in that it is an attempt to portray the kind of a God that would be useless to put in the place of the old, and the manifold beauties which the new God ought to possess. He finally concludes his lecture with a peroration in blank verse, in which he wanders through the univcrse in search of the new God, but finds him not outside of the aspirations, impulses, and poetic revelry of his own mind. The lecture is, to say the least of it, very interesting reading, and will amply repay any person for the time and money it costs to purchase and read it.

J. J. MCCABE.

IDEOLOGY. Nutrition, Instinct, Innervation, Sensation, Consciousness, Memory, Thinking, Consecutiv Ideas. By Dr. LaRoy Sunderland, Foundation Fellow of the Society of Science, Literature, and Art, London. Vol. III. Boston: J. P. Mendum, publisher. Price, $1.

This volume of Dr. Sunderland's work on "Ideology" treats mainly of the causes and cure of disease. Near the outset, in his chapter on bad habits, the author says: "There are bad habits in walking, dressing, and in sleep; but the habit most pernicious, and worse if possible than all, is the medicinal—the habit of dosing with syrups, pills, and powders, and nostrums too numerous to count." Dr. Sunderland's method is what he calls self-cure, and he givs scores of testimonials to show that it has the desired result. Everything yielded to it, from gout, rheumatism, and anchylosis to bad spells, delirium tremens, and insanity. It would be a good deal more gratifying to the reader if Dr. Sunderland could hav brought himself to the point of telling in explicit language exactly how one afflicted with a disease should proceed in order to cure himself. It is well enough to hav the tricks of charlatans exposed, and to know that there is a natural method of cure, but that knowledge does not materially aid the patient. It is admitted that Dr. Sunderland possessed remarkable power over the minds and bodies of some persons brought under his influence. He could place a subject in a condition wholly oblivious to painful sensation. It was hoped that in "Ideology," his last and chief work, he had left his secret as a legacy to the world. But it must be confessed that he has not done so. He has given no end of effects with no hint as to the cause. No one can help expressing a feeling of disappointment that he chose this course instead of doing what it may be supposed he was able to do toward clearing up the mystery of the wonderful phenomena which he claims to hav produced. The so-called miracles of Christ, if performed by him, did not exceed to any great extent of marvelousness the miracles of Dr. Sunderland. The difference was in degree only. Dr. Sunderland repudiated the miracles of Christ, but recounts others achieved by himself, and offers them to the world unexplained by natural causes. We cannot deny the interesting nature of this work on "Ideology." Its value must be left for others to estimate. Dr. Sunderland has been more successful in explaining the psychology of religious insanity, as manifested in revivals, than in showing how we may cure all diseases without medicin.

*The Swiss Cross* is a monthly magazine of the Agassiz Association, published by N. D. C. Hodges, 47 Lafayette Place. "The name," says the publisher, "was selected as being the emblem of Switzerland, the home of Louis Agassiz, noted for the great service he rendered to the world by means of voyages of scientific discovery." It is not going to commit itself to any of those scientific heresies which throw doubt upon "revealed" truth as found in the scriptures, and so when a contributor casually assumes in effect that man is a better developed animal than his remote ancestor, the editor hastens to point out that "this assumption [that man has developed from an ape-like animal] was never allowed by Professor Agassiz," and warns his readers that "the theory of evolution is not yet proven." If the editor would be equally scrupulous with regard to all unproven theories, he would be often called upon to rebuke correspondents for their assumptions of "supreme wisdom," "spirit of God," "the Lord," "the creator," and other similar unprovable hypotheses. The *Swiss Cross* is sent to subscribers for $1.50 per annum.

Once a month *Science* gathers up the educational articles it has printed during that time, adds some original and selected articles, correspondence, etc., and publishes a periodical named *Science and Education*. The subscription price is $2.50 per year, and it is in every respect a first-class publication.

WE receive occasionally from 47 Lafayette Place a copy of *Science*, a weekly publication devoted to the general diffusion of scientific knowledge. It is an eminently conservativ journal, well printed, and edited with discretion. We know of no other scientific journal that would fill the place occupied by *Science*. $5 per year.

Dr. William A. Hammond opens the April *Popular Science Monthly* with an able article entitled "Brain-Forcing in Childhood." The paper givs a vivid picture of the evils of the book-cramming process, now so common in both public and private schools, and also contains a strong plea for fewer studies, more direct contacts with nature, and less of the intervention of books.

## A Pleasing Anecdote Spoiled.

Here is a time-honored story which we find in our illustrated contemporary, the *Graphic*. It has a new application and new names, but the tale is more ancient than might be supposed on a superficial examination:

John Quincy Adams and John Hancock, "the Signer," married two sisters, the daughters of a noted Methodist divine in Connecticut. John Quincy was a favorit with the old people, and Mary's choice was approved by them. So, when the banns wese published, the parent said, "Mary, if you will furnish me the text, I will preach you a wedding sermon." She was equal to the task, and gave the text, "Mary hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken from her." Needless to say that justice was done to the occasion and the text.

Not so with Margaret, who in the meau while was receiving the attentions of her John in a very inexpensiv way, so far as her parents were concerned: for it is said that "he never crossed his legs under their festiv board." So, when the banns were published, she said to her father: "Father, you preached a wedding sermon for Mary. Cannot you preach one for me?" He at first demurred; but at last he consented, and called for the text, when Margaret, who was equal to the occasion, said, "And John came, neither eating nor drinking, and yet ye say he hath a devil."

This is a pleasant anecdote, and may be true about somebody; but as to John Hancock and John Quincy Adams it can't be true.

John Hancock died four years before John Quincy Adams got married. Hancock's wife was a Miss Quincy, of Massachusetts; Adams's wife was a Miss Johnson, of Maryland.

If this ingenious inventor had substituted the elder John Adams for John Quincy, the anecdote might hav appeared more credible, for both John Adams and John Hancock married Quincys. But if the father of either bride was a preacher, he could not hav been a Methodist, because Methodism was not then established in America.—*New York Sun*.

## A Letter from Miss Gibson.

MR. EDITOR: I have just read with sadness in to-day's TRUTH SEEKER of the decease of little Gene Remsburg, our great and good lecturer's two-year-old pretty boy. Every heart will throb with pain over his bereavement, and that of his interesting wife and family.

It was with great pleasure that I perused Mr. Remsburg's lecture, "The Fathers of Our Republic," delivered before the tenth annual congress of the American Secular Union, in New York city, last November. It is to be regretted that the Liberals do not possess sufficient funds to publish such lectures, and distribute them wholesale among our ignorant enemies who are constantly misrepresenting us and our aims. Many of our Christian foes know no more of the real character of the fathers of our republic than do the Hottentots. This little pamphlet givs the information that every person over the age of sixteen years ought to be ashamed not to know. A Moody asks for $250,000 to establish a training school for missionaries in Chicago, and lo! in a few days in was all secured, John V. Farnell, whom I very well know, heading the list with the modest sum of $100,000, while Mrs. George McCormick follows suit with $50,000, and so on along down, until the amount is reached. Will we Liberals ever be able to do the like for truth that our enemies are doing for superstition?

I can cordially respond to the eloquent

tribute paid to the worth of Richard J. Lamborn in THE TRUTH SEEKER, February 12th. The deceased was one of my hearers in Marshalton, Chester county, Pa., the five months of Sundays I lectured there in the winter of 1878-79. Never was there a truer man and a more stanch and devoted Freethinker. The brothers, Richard and Robert, were known far and wide for their probity, zeal, and freedom from bigotry and error. May Robert long survive to bless his family and the community. Had we more such men the world would be the wiser and the better.

I cannot forbear saying a word in praise of the excellent article, "Mormonism Itself," in THE TRUTH SEEKER, March 5th, by J. S., and the article preceding it, "Confiscating Mormon Property," equally true and good; while as for Antichrist, well, I always hold up both hands in his favor!

On the whole, I do not think THE TRUTH SEEKER is dwindling into nothingness, but still more than sustains its prestige; and in its new quarters I hope it will flourish and spread itself like a green bay-tree, until its branches shall cover the whole earth.

Yours truly, ELLA E. GIBSON.

## The "Sovereign Superstition."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Allow me to trouble the intelligent TRUTH SEEKER readers with the names and notions of a few more "intemperate temperance advocates," of whose company none need feel ashamed when opposing the sovereign superstition:

"No greater hallucination has ever deluded the mind of mind than the idea that alcohol is ever necessary for any use."—*Wm. Tyndal, scientist.*

"I regard the liquor traffic as the gigantic crime of crimes." (This has been repeated by so many notable men that its authorship is uncertain.)

"It is impossible to license crime by halves; to authorize injustice at all, and hope to regulate the measure of it."—*Wm. H. Prescott, historian.*

"Statesmanship consists rather in removing the cause than in punishing or evading the result."—*James A. Garfield, statesman.*

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whoso is deceived thereby is not wise."—*Solomon, king.*

"What makes them so smiling and happy, you think?
Because they hav nothing but water to drink."
—*John Pierpont, veteran poet.*

"Alcohol causes three-fourths of all chronic illness which the medical man has to treat."—*Dr. Chamois, medical author.*

"Now that they had come to see that the medical use of intoxicating drinks was working great mischief, that evil must be assailed."—*Gerritt Smith, reformer.*

"Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!"—*Shakspere, if not Bacon, the essayist.*

"O thou invisible spirit of wine!
If there is no other name to call thee by,
Let me call thee devil!"
—*Shakspere, dramatist, or Lord Bacon.*

"Intoxicate (Low L.—L. and Gk.) From pp. of Low L. *intoxicare*, to make drunk.—L. *in*, into; *toxicum*, poison, borrowed from Gk. *toxikon*, poison for arrows. Gk. *toxikon* is der. from *toxon*, a bow, of which the plural, *toxa*, is used to mean arrows."—*Prof. W. W. Skeat, etymologist.*

"I am aware that there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties itself into the hell of death, dishonor, and crime, that it is demoralizing to everybody that touches it."—*Col. R. G. Ingersoll, the world's greatest orator.*

I am sure I never said anything stronger than that, and for the simple reason that nothing stronger can be said. If the alcohol habit, the liquor business, is "the sum of all villanies," is not it of highest moment to seek to be rid thereof? I know that we should be temperate even in the use of water, but it is the business of firemen to use enough of it to put out the flames; and until the efforts of those who realize the liquor evil hav culminated in its extinguishment, they can hardly do anything intemperate in their attempts toward that end. As for choice of words, I use Webster's unabridged and Skeat's etymological dictionaries. If the Bennett bookstore can supply a more complete vocabulary, with stronger words, I shall be happy to buy.

I had sooner be "an intemperate temperance advocate" in hell, than to be a temperate toper in heaven. Drunkards claim to be moderate. JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

# THE Truth Seeker Annual
—AND—
# Freethinkers' Almanac,
# 1887.

(E. M. 287.)

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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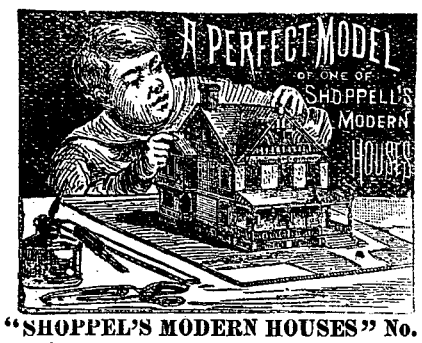
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## News of the Week.

LYMAN S. WEEKS, a respected citizen of Brooklyn, heard a noise in the lower part of his house one night last week, and went down stairs to see what caused it. He was met by a burglar, who shot him dead and escaped. The police hav no clue to the murderer.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND was 50 years old on the 18th inst.

BOODLE ALDERMAN CLEARY is in jail, and his trial is progressing.

THERE was a violent earthquake shock at Charleston, S. C., on the 17th.

THE Richmond Hotel, in Buffalo, N. Y., was burnt last week, with the loss of eleven lives.

THE New York *Sun* has commenced publishing an afternoon edition. It is probably the best evening paper New York has ever had.

A RECENT attempt was made to blow up the czar of Russia with a bomb. At least, such is the report, and arrests in connection with the matter are numerous.

MUNICIPAL elections are held in Kansas in April. Women may vote in town and city affairs in that state, and they are registering for the coming election in great numbers.

THE New York Presbytery has decided that the Rev. J. C. Mackay should be deposed, as he has been found guilty of immorality and drunkenness, and his wife has secured a divorce from him.

CAPITAL punishment in Maine has been abolished.

FRESHETS of the Missouri in Dakota are doing great damage.

REPORT says the Prince of Wales has recently paid $11,000 to settle a suit brought by a Canadian woman whom he seduced in 1861.

EX-GOVERNOR HOADLY, of Ohio, and his partner, Edgar M. Johnson, upon application to the supreme court, hav been admitted to practice in the courts of New York.

THE yachts Dauntless and Coronet, racing from New York to Cork Harbor for $20,000 sweepstakes, were sighted by a British steamship the other day. The Coronet was said to be twenty miles ahead.

INVESTIGATION into the railroad bridge accident near Boston, in which twenty-nine people lost their lives, shows that the bridge was defectiv in construction, and had not been safe for the past fifteen years.

THE commissioners of internal revenue report that in the months of November, December, and January, 10,020,961 pounds of oleomargine were consumed in the United States, and 114,607 pounds were exported.

A MAN named Lawton, doing business on Wall street, and reputed sound and a millionaire, disappeared a few days ago with a woman and all his assets. Many firms, including several banks, were heavy losers. Lawton is thought to hav carried a million with him.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, which comes the 17th of March, was celebrated in the usual way. The Hibernians turned out and paraded in their high hats and green sashes, and made business lively where whisky is sold. To please the Irish the politicians flew the Irish colors from City Hall.

NEW YORK'S city chamberlain, W. M. Ivins, has been talking recently before the Harlem Democratic Club on the subject of "Political Assessments." He said that a candidate for senator must put up $50,000, and judges $10,000 to $30.000. He added that it costs a mayor about $20,000, and that Hewitt, the last candidate, cheerfully contributed his share at the recent election. The various "halls" and clubs, he says, raised a million to elect Cleveland.


## THE ORDER OF CREATION.

*A Discussion Between*
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ONE OF THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

And the Lord plagued Pharaoh and his house with great plagues.—Gen. xii, 17.

## Odds and Ends.

SPEAKING of animals, what does the catamount to?

SINCE the advent of Lent, a great many women hav done all their repenting in seal-cloth and sashes.

"WHAT are the last teeth that come?" asked a teacher of her class in physiology. "False teeth, mum," replied a boy who had just wakened up on the back seat.

AUNT RACHEL: "Why, boy, how you do swear!" Boy (flattered): "I don't swear wery good; but I reckon when I git as old as my dad, and has the practice, I'll beat him all holler."

THE Salvation Army stopped in front of a saloon in East Portland and began singing. "It is water that we want, not beer," and the saloon keeper turned the hose on them. And yet they were not happy.

"POOR fellow! he died in poverty," said a man of a person lately deceased. "That isn't anything," exclaimed a seedy bystander. "Dying in poverty is no hardship. It is living in poverty that puts a thumbscrew on a fellow."

A ONE-LEGGED preacher in a Georgia town once upbraided a young man for carrying a gold-headed cane. "There are no gold-headed canes in heaven," said the man of God. "No; and I guess there are no one-legged preachers there either," was the rejoinder.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher: "Who was king after Saul?" Scholar: "David." S.-S. T.: "Who followed David?" S.: "Solomon." S.-S. T.: "And who came after Solomon?" Little girl (out of turn): "Oh, please, miss, I know." "Who, then, Dottie?" "The queen of Sheba."

De bigger dat you see de smoke
De less de fire will be,
And de leastest kind of possum
Climbs de biggest kind o' tree.

De darkey at de old camp-ground
Who kin loudest sing and shout
Is a-gwine to rob some hen-roost
Afore de week is out.

AMONG the begging letters recently received at the office of a benevolent society was one running thus: "This unfortunate young man is the only son of a widow who died childless, and his earnings maintain his aged father and infant brothers, whose whole support he is." The secretary of the bureau wrote on the margin of the epistle the following note: "The circumstances of this case are evidently exaggerated."

"PATRICK," said the priest, "the Widow Moloney tells me you hav stolen one of her finest pigs. Is that so?" "Yes, yer honor." "What hav you done with it?" "Killed it and ate it, yer honor." "Oh, Patrick, when you are brought face to face with the widow and her pig on the judgment day, what account will you be able to giv of yourself when the widow accuses you of the theft?" "Did you say the pig would be there, yer riverence?" "To be sure I did." "Well, thin, yer riverence, I'll say, 'Mrs. Moloney, there's your pig.'"

JANE: "Please, sir, there's a man here who wants——" The minister: "Now, Jane, you know I can't be bothered with visitors." "He says he is poor, and if you will only——" "Send him away, Jane, at once. I declare it is very annoying. While writing this sermon on charity I've been interrupted three times."

A LADY of a neighboring city purchased a book of Bible stories for her little boys, and the other evening she spent an hour and a half in reading a portion of its contents to her offspring. When she had got thoroughly tired, she stopped and asked them if they did not think the book very interesting. "Well, it is pretty good," said one of the young critics, "but you hav read nothing but chestnuts so far." The lady left the room suddenly after to smile out loud.

SATISFACTORY COLLATERAL.

The other morning as the janitor of a bank not very far from the Palace opened the door he was surprised to observe three rather tired-looking citizens seated on the steps, the center one of whom held a sealed envelope carefully in sight of his companions.

"Want to make a deposit, gentlemen?" asked the casbier, who shortly arrived. "Step inside."

"No, I want to negotiate a loan," said the man with the envelope, "and there ain't a minute to lose. I want $5,000 quicker'n hades can scorch a feather."

"What collaterals hav you—government?" inquired the bank official.

"Government nothin'. I've got something that beats four per cents all hollow. You see I've been sitting in a poker game across the street, and there's over four thousand dollars in the pot. There are three or four pretty strong hands out, and as I've every cent in the center the boys hav given me thirty minutes to raise a stake on my hand. It's in this envelope. Just look at it, but don't giv it away to these gentlemen. They're in the game, and came along to see I don't monkey with the cards."

"But, my dear sir," said the cashier, who had quietly opened the envelope and found it to contain four kings and an ace, "this is entirely irregular—we don't lend money on cards."

"But you ain't going to see me raised out on a hand like that?" whispered the pokerist. "These fellows think I'm bluffing, and I can just clean out the whole gang. You see we ain't playing flushes, so I've got 'em right in the door."

"Can't help it, sir. Never heard of such a thing," said the cashier, and the disappointed applicant and friends drifted sadly out. On the corner they met the bank's president, who was himself just from a quiet little all-night game at the Union. They explained the case again, and the next moment the superior officer darted into the bank, seized a bag of twenties, and followed the trio. In about ten minutes he returned with the bag and an extra handful of twenties, which he flung on the counter.

"Here, credit five hundred to interest account," he said to the cashier. "Why, I thought you had more business snap, sir. Ever play poker?"

"No, sir."

"Ah! thought not—thought not. If you did you'd know what good collateral was. Remember that in future—four kings and an ace, flushes barred, are always good in this institution for our entire assets, sir—our entire assets."—*San Francisco Wasp.*

## Gems of Thought.

IF the candid reader will examin one by one the different dogmas and rites of the Christian scheme, he will find that they were all believed in several centuries before the birth of Christianity. —*D. M. Bennett.*

I BELIEVE in the gospel of good living. You cannot make any god happy by fasting. Let us hav good food, and let us hav it well cooked, and it is a thousand times better to know how to cook than it is to understand any theology in the world. I believe in the gospel of good clothes; I believe in the gospel of good houses; in the gospel of water and soap. I believe in the gospel of intelligence; in the gospel of education. The school-house is my cathedral. The universe is my Bible. I believe in the gospel of justice, that we must reap what we sow.—*Ingersoll.*

CHRISTIANITY, from a system of positiv theology, has been reduced to an expedient, and what was once boldly preached as the truth is now uttered without earnestness, and apparently without conviction. The truth is, there is no justifiable Christianity. The last phase of the worshiping man's religion is at war with the methods or civilization and must decay. We are opposed to Christianity as organized in churches, as preached in the pulpit, as professed in the chapel, as practiced in society. It is religious experience which is outgrown and out of place in this century, and bears the same relation to our thought and faith that superstition sustains to knowledge. The priestly attempt to palm off upon the world this worn-out, played-out religion of superstitious worship is a piece of desperate impudence. The Christian manner of using the idea of a hereafter is the worst kind of gambling in futures.—*L. K. Washburn.*

THE same word in Hebrew (and Plato thought in Greek also) signifies "to prophecy" and "to be mad," and even among themselvs the prophets were often regarded as madmen—(1) an idea to which their frequent habit of going about naked, (2) and the performance occasionally of still more disgusting ceremonies (3) greatly contributed. That many of them were splendid poets and noble minded men there can be no doubt; but we see in conduct like this little earnest of sobriety or divine inspiration, and far too much that reminds us of the fanatics of Eastern countries and of ancient times.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.* (1) And Jehu came forth to the servants of his lord, and one said unto him, Is all well? Wherefore came this mad fellow to thee? etc. (2 Kings ix, 11). (2) And Michal, the daughter of Saul, came out to meet David, and said, How glorious was the king of Israel to-day, who uncovered himself to-day in the eyes of the hand-maids of his servants as one of the vain fellows shamelessly uncovereth himself (2 Samuel vi, 20). See also 1 Samuel xix, 24, Isaiah xx, 3, and other places. (3) See Ezekiel iv, 13. I decline transcribing the passages. Let those who hav stomachs for it read it for themselvs, and those who hav more stomach may read the whole chapter, and also 1 Kings xx, 35, 38.

NOTHING hitherto was ever stranded, cast aside; but all, were it only a withered leaf, works together with all; is borne forward on the bottomless, shoreless flood of Action, and lives through perpetual metamorphoses. The withered leaf is not dead and lost, there are forces in it and around it, though working in inverse order, how else could it rot? Despise not the rag from which man makes paper, or the litter from which the earth makes corn. Rightly viewed, no meanest object is insignificant; all objects are as windows, through which the philosophic eye looks into infinitude itself.—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.*

IT is true that our [Unitarian] theory of life allows us greater freedom of enjoyment, indulgence of a wider range of amusements. The games and pastimes that stricter sects forbid, we enjoy. We find nothing wicked in playing cards, in dancing during reasonable hours and with right company, and even in an occasional attendance upon the best theatrical plays. But we believe that these things are only the spice of life, not its food. . . . We cannot see that they make us love God less, and we know that the permission to enjoy them makes us love our religion better.—*W. L. Chaffin.*

AND so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm can come from him to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
Their proudest palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

—*Whittier.*

IF there be one thing upon the earth that mankind love and admire better than another, it is a brave man; it is the man who dares to look the devil in the face and tell him that he is a devil. —*James A. Garfield.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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WOMEN THE SUPPORTERS OF PREACHER AND POPE.

## Notes and Clippings.

IN Nevada City, Col., the exercises of the Salvation Army are classed as "shows," and the managers must take out a license.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., has one of the wisest Chinamen in the world. He is a laundryman, and he has kept an advertisment running in the local paper for fifteen years.

FROM the *World*: "Mark Twain is said to be thoroughly Agnostic in his religious views. He, however, attends church regularly, being fond of the eloquent sermons of his friend, Dr. Twitchell."

A STEAMER 500 feet long, 62 feet wide, and 43 feet deep is being built by the Lands of Birkenhead, England. She will hav engins of 17,000 horse-power, and, barring the Great Eastern, will be the biggest vessel afloat.

THE Rev. Charles Wood, of Englewood, N. J., who shot his wife and then himself, has got well enough to be arrested upon complaint of Mrs. Ward. She believes that he shot her maliciously and with premeditation.

THE Haddock murder case is being tried at Sioux City, Iowa. The Rev. Mr. Haddock, nearly a year ago, conducted a crusade against the liquor trade, and was assassinated. The liquor dealers are accused of conniving at the murder.

IT is reported in New York that Dr. McGlynn has received a letter from Cardinal Gibbons telling him the pope is anxious to receive "a friendly visit" from him. There is nothing in the report of the pope's abdicating in McGlynn's favor.—*Utica Herald.*

THE pope has named Archbishop Corrigan prelate assistant to the pontifical throne. The *Sun* remarks that every Christian in America will rejoice at this intelligence. We don't believe it. Father McGlynn's supporters go off by themselvs and weep.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND recently quoted from Ecclesiastes, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," etc., and the *Sun* said that Cleveland was "singing the Song of Solomon." Since the editor of the *Sun* joined the Roman Catholics he has given up reading the Bible.

THE chief of the Buffalo fire department swore in a very acceptable, gentlemanly, and heroic way, and we are proud of him for doing it. In the midst of the terrible excitement, when the flames were crackling like so many demons, he exclaimed, "Damn the building; save the people!" If there was any sin in that profanity the recording angel just dropped a convenient tear on the page and blurred the item. We should be willing to take our chances with several such damns on our conscience.—*Herald.*

THE Rev. Dr. Newman, ex-inspector of consultate, and now pastor of the Metropolitan church at Washington, preached a sermon the other evening on the rapid progress Christianity is making among the poor heathen of the Celestial empire, and by way of lending spectacular novelty to the entertainment, he invited the poor heathen of the Chinese Legation to come and be saved. On learning the nature of the discourse, through the assistance of their interpreter, the embassy is said to hav waxed highly wroth, and joss-danged the doctor as the cheekiest mountebank out of Hong Kong.—*Puck.*

MAYOR HEWITT has asked the legislature at Albany to make a law allowing special licenses to be issued for the sale of beer and wine Sunday afternoon. The Methodists and temperance people are making the air blue with their objections to the scheme.

So far from Socialism being in league with Atheism, we believe it, on the contrary, to be in closest harmony with Christianity. Socialist may not mean Christian, but Christian ought surely to imply Socialist. "Whenever the states," says F. A. Walker, in *Scribner's Magazine* for January, "shall undertake to do all, or a considerable part, of what Christian morality requires, it will become very socialistic indeed."—*Christian Socialist.*

A REPORTER of the Saginaw *Courier* asked Bishop Richter what Catholics would do if the prohibitory amendment should become a law. The bishop replied: "We shall simply defy the law if the prohibitory amendment passes. We get our law from God, and would go to Jackson, every one of us, before we would giv up using wine for sacramental purposes. But, then, you know, when we use the fluid it is no longer wine. Blessing it makes it the actual blood of Christ, so we would not infringe the law there."

A VERY sad case is reported of a young lady who tripped and fell while engaged in a dance, and sustained an injury which culminated in paralysis. This does not offer a subject for moralizing, for the right or wrong of things is not to be determined by accidents. An intelligent Christian lady fell while visiting a sick neighbor, and was disabled for months. Ministers of the gospel hav been attacked by fatal hemorrhages while preaching the word in the pulpit. The time has passed when any good impression can be made by conclusions that do not rest upon truth.—*Christian Advocate.*

SAM SMALL has been telling what a drunkard he was before he was converted. If he was half as bad a character as he pictures himself, he was about as low and brutal as men get. He broke his mother's heart and sent her to the grave, covered his wife with shame, and made his own children afraid of him. It isn't much of a man who would confess to such a record as that. After reading his confession, one is inclined to echo the remark of an old negro in a revival meeting where a new convert had been telling of his sins. "Put out dat lamp," solemnly spoke the colored brother. "Why for?" said the minister. "De vilest sinner done return," was the response.

THE London *Freethinker* pours this acid drop on the grave of Beecher: "Ward Beecher, the American divine, has gone hence and left his £5,000 a year and perquisits. When in Scotland last year, Beecher, in addressing a meeting of Scotch sky-pilots in Glasgow, told his brethren that the Americans were going to put up a headstone for Ingersoll when he died, and write the name of the great Scottish poet on it, 'ROBERT BURNS.' The devil-dodgers, with their usual obtuseness, didn't quite see the joke at first, but after several severe efforts it did dawn upon them, and they laughed sepulchrally. 'Colonel Bob' deserves the epitaph, for he has burnt, and continues to burn to the blistering point, the whole American preaching fraternity, Beecher included. As poor B. has 'gone before' Ingersoll, however, perhaps he will write and tell us how he likes it."

# Communications.

## The Age of Man on the Earth.

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of Jan. 29, 1887, is an able article on this important subject by Mr. Arthur B. Moss.

The importance of this subject cannot be overestimated, for if the hypothesis affirmed by Messrs. Moss, Priestley, Haeckel, Watts, and other Atheistic scientists be true, "it must sooner or later produce a complete revolution in the conception entertained by man of the entire universe."

As to the opinion of Sir William Thompson, "that at least four hundred million years would be required for the earth to cool down so as to allow life to exist upon it at all," though an eminent authority, this is mere speculation; other scientists of equal authority giv different opinions, and there are no means of proving the correctness of any of them, and if there were, they hav nothing to do with "the age of man on the earth."

A considerable portion of the article is not material to the subject under consideration, and will be passed for the present to an examination of his historical evidence.

The first branch adduced is the statement that "the records of the Greeks and Romans show these great empires to hav been inhabited by civilized people as far back as 800 B.C. By the aid of tradition, the Aryan peoples may be traced back from 1500 to 1800 B.C. The Chinese may be found in a highly civilized condition, with a monarchy and government, as far back as 2500 B.C., while, according to such eminent authorities as Lepsius and Bunsen, the Egyptians hav a history that carries us back more than 4,000 years B.C."

This is rather a partisan statement, one which may mislead the reader, for the inference may be drawn from it that the Greeks, Romans, Chinese, and Egyptians at the dates here given had reached a stage of existence in which they had built great cities, had regular governments, and were "highly civilized;" but history does not prove this to hav been the case, though the Greeks and Romans had made considerable advancement on the road to civilization; yet they were far short of reaching that "high civilized condition" intimated by Mr. Moss, when we compare them with the civilized nations of the present day.

Those ancient people are known to us by four kinds of evidence: (1) Written records, (2) Architectural monuments, (3) Fragmentary remains, (4) Tradition. Of these, the first only can be considered as a true source of history, though the others afford its most interesting and valuable illustrations.

Taking this for our guide, it is evident that the Egyptians hav no true source of "history that carries us back more than 4,000 years B.C.," but we hav a tradition that the early Egyptians believed that their ancestors lived in caves in the ridges of stone which border the Nile valley, and that their greatest benefactors were Osiris and Isis, who elevated them into a civilized nation.

According to Manetho, a nativ historian who lived in the reign of Ptolemy I., 323 to 283 B.C., gods, spirits, demigods, etc., were the first rulers of Egypt. This is only a way of saying that the earliest history of Egypt, like that of most other nations, is shrouded in ignorance and fabulous conjecture.

Egypt, like those other ancient nations, commenced its existence not as a united kingdom, but consisted at first of a number of scattered nomes, petty states, or families, as they may be termed; each had for its nucleus a temple and a number of priests. Fifty of these nomes are mentioned by one, and thirty by another historian. As one became more powerful, it swallowed up its neighbors, and in this way consolidated and grew into a kingdom, which in time embraced the whole country.

The first mortal king was Menes, also called Misraim and Sesostris. He was of upper Egypt, but by his talents and exploits he made himself master of lower Egypt, and therefore may be considered the founder of the empire. Tradition says this was only something over 2,000 years B.C.

Egypt rapidly rose to eminence and power, and architectural, a more certain history, began with the second, fourth, and fifth dynasties of Manetho, which reigned simultaneously in lower, middle, and upper Egypt. Proofs of its greatness are found in the vast structures of stone and fragmentary remains which overspread the country. The structure of the pyramids shows great advancement in science and the mechanical arts.

As to the Chinese being "found in a highly civilized condition, with a monarchy and government, as far back as 2,500 years B.C.," this is wholly a gratuitous statement. It was so far from being the case that authentic history proves that only a few centuries ago they were but half-civilized, and that they are not "found in a highly civilized condition" to-day.

In connection with this statement, Mr. Moss says: "If this be true, and men did not build cities in a day, or a year, or make language in a century, then we hav to consider how long man existed on the earth previous to this, and how many years he would take to reach this stage of existence. Some parts of the earth we find inhabited by civilized men, others by barbarians, and the question naturally arises, Were all men originally savage, and hav the civilized developed from them, or were some men, or at least one man, originally created with an organization and faculties suiting him for civilized life, and are savages and civilized human beings alike his offspring?"

It is presumed, and in fact the records teach, that man was originally created with an organization and faculties suiting him for civilized life, with faculties susceptible of high mental and moral culture; that after the people migrated and settled in different parts of the earth, some under certain conditions and circumstances developed this organization and faculties, rapidly advanced in art and civilization, made language, built cities, founded empires such as Greece, Rome, Babylon, Carthage, and Egypt; and the time it took "to reach this stage of existence" was from the flood till some centuries before Christ.

On the other hand, the Chinese under certain circumstances, or conditions of existence, somewhat different, did not make any great advance in civilization, and only a few hundred years ago were semi-civilized; while, again, other peoples degenerated into abject barbarism. This is in accordance with the law promulgated by Darwin, Huxley, and other evolutionists, that a species may develop higher, it may remain stationary, or it may degenerate. Therefore this branch of history affords no evidence whatever which controverts the brief statement of the Bible.

The next branch of evidence, which I will briefly notice, is anthropology, the science which treats of the natural history of man. Mr. Moss asserts that "it proves the vast antiquity of man. Further, it reveals the important fact that man is not of one type, nor of one race, but there are at least eight realms with distinct types of man and accompanying fauna and flora."

After enumerating these eight distinct types and races, he again says: "If man were less than six thousand years old, we should hav to suppose that all these races, so diverse in type and characteristics, hav all developed from Adam, or rather, to be more accurate, and supposing the story of the flood to be true, we hav to suppose all these races to hav developed from the family of Noah. Is not this a preposterous supposition?"

This apparently is intended to convey a double meaning, to attack the Mosaic record upon two different lines—the first, that there are more than one species of men; if this is untenable, then fall back upon the second, that the period of time is too short for "all these races to hav developed from the family of Noah."

Now, as to the first. The supposition that all men are of one species is not preposterous, and if Mr. Moss intends us to understand by the phrase, "Eight distinct types and races," that there are eight different species of men, he is mistaken, for science does not teach but one species, with many varieties. Huxley says, "I cannot see any good ground whatever, or even any tenable sort of evidence, for believing that there are more than one species of man."

These remarkable varieties of men are not more "diverse in type and characteristics" than the varieties of a number of species of domestic animals. Take the horse, the sheep, the cow, and the dog, and of each of these four species there are a number of varieties as different and distinct from each other as the varieties of men. No one will pretend to say that the distinct "types of men" are more diverse than the different varieties of horses, the different varieties of cattle, or the different varieties of dogs; yet there are only one species of the horse, one species of domestic cattle, and one species of the dog.

Huxley givs for example the fox, a species of wild animal "which has a very large geographical distribution," of many varieties, with as distinct differences and peculiarities as are found in the varieties of men. The varieties of tigers "hav exceedingly different characteristics," yet they all belong to one species.

The same is true of most species of animals, both domestic and wild.

Pritchard, in his natural history, says that "no other differences occur than may fairly be attributed to the difference of external circumstances; and hence it may safely be concluded that the different races are all members of the same family, and the offspring of one common stock." It is useless to multiply authorities, for it is a fact taught by science that all the different races of men are of one species; then we are inevitably forced to the conclusion that they sprang from one original pair. Huxley says, "At present there is no evidence whatever for saying that mankind sprang originally from any more than a single pair;" and Pritchard says, "As with the race of dogs, so with the race of men; the varieties hav become permanent from one original pair."

Comparativ philology is equally strong in its support of this great fact; hence it appears that after successiv scientists hav labored with untiring energy to advance to perfection these branches of science, they prove, at least, the same facts enunciated by Moses, nearly 3,500 years ago, long before the sciences were known. Then how came Moses, in an unlearned age of the world, to possess a knowledge and to state this fact which science has only in the present century been able to reveal? It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that either he was gifted with faculties far surpassing all human experience, or else his knowledge was divine.

"Well," say our Atheistic friends, "we admit that science teaches that all the varieties of men originally sprang from one pair; that in this particular it is in accordance with the Bible;" and, moreover, we *must* admit that we cannot account for it except on the theory that the pen which wrote this ancient document was guided by him who designed and created every species of the animal world after its kind.

But right here arises this other point. Mr. Moss says, "Supposing the story of the flood to be true, we hav to suppose all these races developed from the family of Noah." Is not the human period as given in the Bible too short?

Not at all, and, for illustration, it is only necessary to notice a few species of domestic animals. Take the dog; we find this species has varied to a very great extent; it is well known that there are very remarkable varieties of dogs. We hav the pointer, the bulldog, the terrier, the greyhound, the bloodhound, the mastiff, and others, differing from each other to the greatest extent; yet all these important varieties, so diverse, hav arisen from the same source within much less time than the Bible givs for the development of the different varieties of men.

There are about 150 varieties of pigeons. The four which represent the most extreme divergence of one variety from another are the carrier, the pouter, the fantail, and the tumbler. There are no four varieties of men that are more diverse in type and characteristics than these four varieties of pigeons, yet they sprang from the same source—the rock pigeon.

The same is true of other species of domestic animals, but these examples are sufficient to show that if, by select breeding, or selection by man, the many varieties of dogs and of pigeons are developed with as extreme divergences of types and characteristics as are found to exist in the varieties of men in perhaps, at most, not over one-half the given length of the human period, then we may reasonably conclude that climate, station, food, and other conditions of existence would develop the different varieties of men within the period given in the Bible.

The oldest existing books are the scriptures, which alone of ancient writings briefly describe the preparation of the earth for the abode of man, the creation, the flood, and the dispersion.

It lays the foundation of all subsequent history by sketching the divisions of the human race into its three great families, and describing their earliest migration. Oriental scholars hav, by patient diligence, deciphered the inscriptions which the temples, palaces, and fragmentary remains of Egypt, Assyria, and India bear, and what is the result? They hav added immeasurably to our knowledge of those ancient times, and both corroborated and explained in a wonderful manner the brief allusions of the Bible.

Again, the question naturally arises, how shall we account for this most striking accuracy of the Mosaic records? How came Moses, in an unlearned age, to possess this knowledge and to state these great facts which successiv scientists, after ages of unceasing labor, hav only within the present century been able to reveal? We are forced to the conclusion that his knowledge must hav been divine. We cannot explain it on any other theory.

Thus signally failing to prove the Mosaic record false, or convict Moses of error, we are driven to prehistoric times—to the field of paleontology and geology. Here Mr. Moss makes another stand, and givs us this statement: "A skeleton was found some time ago at New Orleans, sixteen feet below the surface, beneath the roots of a cypress-tree, with four fossil forests above it. Humboldt supposed a tree of this kind to be six thousand years old, yet above these human remains are four fossil forests of trees, which giv us twenty-four thousand years, at least, as the time that these human remains must hav lain in the earth."

It is very easy to discover the illogical reasoning by which he arrives at this extravagant conclusion. He first conceives that Humboldt supposed a cypress-tree in some distant part of the earth to be six thousand years old, then he supposes this particular tree to be six thousand years old; then he supposes each of these fossil forests to be six thousand years old; then, upon this batch of suppositions, he asserts "twenty-four thousand years, at least, as the time that these human remains must hav lain in the earth." Now, does he imagin that any sensible person will accept such a conclusion, based, as it is, solely upon a medley of unconnected and unsupported suppositions? Such an idea is simply preposterous.

Mr. Moss will certainly giv to other people all the right of supposing which he claims for himself; then, we think that Humboldt supposed a cypress-tree somewhere in some distant land to be five hundred years old (a very great age); then we suppose this particular tree above this skeleton to be five hundred years old; then we suppose each of these fossil forests to be five hundred years old; then, according to Mr. Moss's logic, we draw a veritable conclusion that two thousand years, at most, was the time that these human remains must hav lain in the earth. This would only carry us back about two hundred years before Christ. These conclusions are very wide apart, but ours is just as tenable, in fact, much nearer correct, than that given by Mr. Moss.

Again, he says, "We hav the discovery of human remains in Kent's Cavern, which was made known by William Pengelly, who claims three hundred thousand years as the lowest estimate for man's existence in England." Now, as to the time of "man's existence in England" it is only speculation or guess-work; then suppose we cut off two ciphers from the right of Mr. Pengelly's figures, and we hav 3,000 years, a period approximating correctness, and which more accords with the evidence than that given by Messrs. Moss and Pengelly.

The remainder of his article amounts to about this: "Man lived in the midst of the quaternary fauna," and from this he arrived at a conclusion expressed by the phrase, "Vast antiquity of man." Now, this is too vague and indefinit; it is tantamount to no argument at all, for it does not prove nor giv us any tangible idea of the length of the geological period of *homo sapiens*, the very thing which is now indispensable before proceeding further if he wishes to overthrow the Bible account of creation.

It is true that the remains of man are found in the deposits of the Quaternary age, but no such remains hav been found which carries the human period back more than a few thousand years. As yet I maintain that the Mosaic record and science are reconcilable, both as to the creation of man and the flood. Probably Mr. Moss will next discuss the geological history of "man as man," and the flood. These will require a considerable article without touching the question of the "origin and descent of man."

We will not "scornfully throw aside the Biblical six thousand years" until we hav proven it to be false. So far Mr. Moss's efforts hav been a failure. He has just reached the fighting ground, and I suppose he will contest every inch of it.

J. W. GRABILL.

## Mrs. Colman's Reminiscences.

When I went to Michigan, Spiritualism was rioting like some outbreak of disease. Circles were the order of the day, and of the night. Though I believed at that time in the phenomena as spiritual, I could not consent to be dictated to in my work by spirits. Spirits had always existed since the advent of humanity, as had God; why had they, like God, been so dilatory in their work? I preferred to do my own work, and be resposible for its success or failure.

The Indian spirits had not then introduced themselvs. They were mostly one's own personal friends, or some noted man, like John Quincy Adams, or some minister—if among the Methodists, John Wesley; among the Friends, George Fox, or Elias Hicks. Their communications were by raps or tips, and some people were entranced and delivered speeches, not always full of wisdom, but often seemingly above the capacity of the medium.

The subject more generally dwelt upon was the inharmonies of social and domestic life, and more than one couple released themselvs from their partnership by and through the advice of the spirits. I remember one woman who, with her husband, was traveling, giving discourses upon the development of "The Love Principle." Their outfit was a hand-cart, containing their wardrobe, some pictures which they offered for sale; and two children accompanied them. The husband drew the cart, the wife walked, and the children alternated, sometimes riding in the cart, at other times walking.

These people were so refined that they ate no meat, nor anything that grew in the dark, like garden vegetables; but as they asked the hostess (who had taken them to keep over Sunday) for eggs for their breakfast, I suggested that it would be very improper to eat eggs, as they surely grew in the dark. They, however, ate the eggs with a relish, and their spirituality was not perceptibly diminished. The wife told me she had never been so happy since she was married as then. She felt now that she was helping the spirits to improve the world; and surely I do not know that she was not.

The most remarkable case of Spiritualism that came under my notice was that of a young married woman, constantly controled by the spirits, who refused all food for weeks together. She was informed by her own hand, spiritually controled, that she must refuse longer to be the wife of her husband, that even her little daughter, being the fruit of lust, was on a low plane, and association with her much would hav a degrading effect upon the mother; but if she would faithfully follow spirit direction, refusing food, etc., she would become a spirit without death, as the material of which her body was composed would pass off, particle by particle, without any inconvenience to herself. She practiced as directed, became not a spirit but a skeleton, left her home, became an inmate of a spiritual community, but, after a year or more, awoke to the use of common sense, returned to the city, and would gladly hav returned to her home, but the door was closed against her. She lived a strange life, was for some years the wife of another husband, who proved thriftless in all things. She adopted the profession of spiritual healer, accumulated an independent property, shirked further care of the husband, and when last I saw her was really a charming woman. I never felt like decrying or defaming this woman. She had accepted this new doctrin as a religion, and faithfully she kept its commands. The wrong is in giving up one's own sense, and listening to counsel that we do not understand. There was, no doubt, back of all this that I hav related, a bitterness that none but a woman married to a coarse, uncongenial husband could appreciate.

When the convention which Mrs. Post and myself had attended adjourned, she prepared to go home; and as I had promised to speak in Detroit, I concluded to go with her on her way home and fulfil the engagement. Mrs. Wallace had obtained a house, and the meeting was advertised. We had a peaceful meeting, but not large. Mrs. Wallace had been often employed in sewing for the Ward family. Captain Ward, reputed rich—he who afterward employed a medium to advise him in his business, so it was said—she (Mrs. Wallace) was confident if I would make application to him, he would make a donation to the slave's cause; so she undertook to introduce me. I hav often been refused money, sometimes with insolence, but I do not remember to hav ever been more grossly insulted than by this same gentleman. As I recall his words and looks, happening nearly forty years ago, my indignation returns, and I find that in all these years I hav not forgiven him. My colored friend was astonished beyond measure. This was before A. J. Davis had borrowed from the Russian a "diakka," else we might suppose some one of the supposed infernals possessed him. Some of the scriptures are so applicable to people of this time that I like to quote from them: "Let no man say, when he is tempted of evil, he is tempted of God [spirits], for God [spirit] cannot be tempted of evil, neither tempteth he any man; but every man is tempted when he is drawn away by his own lusts and enticed."

It seems to me quite as dishonorable to put our own wrong-doing upon spirits as it is for a Christian to go into heaven upon the merits of another. Let me, at least, bear the fruits of my wrong-doing, as well as the honor of a good deed, or, if not honor, my own satisfaction. I can't feel that the Spiritualists gain anything over the Christians in having so many gods as guardian spirits, or so large a number of evil spirits rather than a devil. I should feel like the little girl who would not allow her little dog to follow her because "'twas bad enough to hav God tagging after her without a dog also." Too many attendants of any kind are not agreeable.

I hav spun out my reflections upon Captain Ward to more length than was requisit, and will say, "Peace to his ashes." After leaving Detroit, I went to Ypsilanti, and worked in that region. I found a good home with S. D. Moore and wife, one of the subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER for some years past. He is an old man, but his letters always giv me the impression of a good hand-shake. His wife, a good woman, "has passed on." Mr. Moore took me around the country and spoke with me wherever he could find a house open to us. We met with some hostil words, but with neither blows nor stones.

I then went to Ann Arbor, where is located the State College. There was a little society in that place composed mostly of "progressiv Friends." They had a small meeting-house and it was open to anyone who wished to use it for the slave's cause. I had no difficulty in this city; the students of the college did not get aroused to deeds of violence, but a few months later, while an antislavery meeting was in session, addressed by a gentleman, the students, with "some others of the baser sort," attacked the speaker, broke the windows of the little church, demolished the seats, and completely broke up the meeting. I found a home in the family of a Quaker minister, who, I hav been told, was very popular in that order. He was a very tyrant in his family; his eldest son told me that he had often flogged him, but the last time he attempted it he refused, at his order, to remove his coat, but said, "Sir, if you wish to fight, I'm ready; yesterday I should hav obeyed you, but to-day I'm a man—twenty-one years old." Such was Christian parental authority forty years ago. Sixty years ago I knew a Methodist elder stop three times in his morning prayer and severely whip his child, a mere baby, because it would not keep still through the service. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was a lesson well learned by some of our fathers and mothers of the olden time.

*Syracuse, N. Y.* LUCY N. COLMAN.

## Comstock's Character.

The Assembly Committee, in its endeavor to find out why pool-selling upon horse races was allowed on Long Island last summer, has dragged out more damaging disclosures of Anthony Comstock's character. Monday, March 21st, District-Attorney Ridgway, of Brooklyn, was again upon the witness-stand. The New York *Herald* reports his testimony as follows:

"What I wish to ask you is," said Mr. Parsons, counsel for Comstock's society, in striking the keynote of the chimes of disclosure that followed, "who were the accused to whom you referred last Saturday as having been indicted on June 30, 1884, and who came and gave bail through surreptiticus information received from Mr. Comstock's officers, Messrs. Britton and Oram?"

Mr. Ridgway could not recall the names, but said that he could readily obtain them by reference to the records of his office. Then, attention being called to a number of pool-selling and gambling cases that were nolle prossed on the night before Mr. Ridgway took office, by his predecessor, General Catlin, Mr. Ridgway was asked whether the grand jury had power to indict on other than the testimony of reputable witnesses. He said that Mr. Comstock had endeavored to hav General Catlin indicted on a written statement, but the grand jury refused to consider the complaint, and dismissed it altogether. (Applause.) The mention of Comstock's name excited applause for Ridgway, and Committeeman Arnold was obliged to say that the audience was becoming objectionable in its conduct.

"Now, Mr. Ridgway, has Mr. Comstock made himself obnoxious to you?" asked Mr. Parsons.

"Yes. Before I became district attorney he sent one little boy to buy an obscene sleeve button from another little boy, who was the only son of a widow, and I defended the prisoner gratuitously." (Applause.)

"Mr. Ridgway, I will giv you the entire range of anything you may know or hav heard of concerning Mr. Comstock."

"Well, sir," answered the district attorney, with his gaze upon Mr. Comstock, who sat between Lawyers Parsons and Goodrich without a blush or a shiver at the evidences of public antipathy or the cutting statements made by Mr. Ridgway, "his attitude, his manner, and the means that he resorts to for gaining notoriety by prosecuting people, as well as the fact that reputable people hav told me they would not believe him under oath, hav formed a very strong impression upon my mind. Hundreds of people hav spoken to me about him."

"You hav mentioned a number of gentlemen—Leonard W. Jerome, Perry Belmont, Belmont Purdy, and Wright Sanford—hav these gentlemen spoken to you about Mr. Comstock?" inquired Mr. Parsons, with a yawn as though he fain would not impress any degree of importance to the question.

"Oh, yes, sir," was the answer, "I think they hav. They talked of him as a public nuisance." (Laughter.)

"On what circumstance do you base the accusation that Mr. Comstock, or persons in his employment, is guilty of blackmail?"

"One of the circumstances was that which got McDougal acquitted—the denial that he was the guilty man by Comstock and Britton. Another circumstance was the conversation, which I hav already quoted, that took place in the grand jury anteroom with Mr. Leonard Jerome, Mr. Wright Sanford, Mr. Lawrence, and Mr. Hecksher. Mr. Jerome said, pointing to the Comstock emissaries: 'These men can continue their persecutions just as long as they see fit. They will not get a single dollar out of the Coney Island Jockey Club.'"

"Hav you ever spoken of Mr. Comstock as a blackmailer?" Mr. Parsons asked, in a low tone that could hardly be heard.

"Well, I had a conversation once with Joseph A. Britton, his chief man," was the evasiv answer. "He called on me soon after I went into office and said that Comstock was a scoundrel and a rascal, and that if he could be persuaded to hav confidence in me he would giv me information on which Comstock could be sent to Sing Sing. He asked me if I were a Mason. (Laughter.) I said I was not. Britton said he would come to see me again, but I told him that if he were false to his employer he should never come near me again."

Mr. Parsons was much subdued after this statement, and pursued his inquiries concerning the man in whom he had expressed so much confidence with greater caution. Mr. Ridgway finally admitted that he had never called Comstock a blackmailer in so many words. He had, however, said that he believed Comstock participated in the extortions practiced.

"From whom did you obtain information?" queried Mr. Parsons, with a trembling voice, "on which you base these statements?"

"On, it was generally reported that pool rooms in New York had to pay a weekly stipend to Comstock. And some time ago, when policy shops were raided, entries were found on the books seized such as "Cash, A. C.," so many dollars, or, "A. Comstock, cash."

Mr. Parsons smiled a deathly smile, and said he was glad to hav Mr. Ridgway tell him "these things," but he wished he would giv him the name of some person on whose statement the district attorney based the belief that Comstock was a blackmailer.

"Well, sir, the chief of the secret service of the United States, Mr. Drummond," said Mr. Ridgway, with evident emotion, and the silence that followed was so intense that had any one of the hundreds of eyes that were focussed on the unflinching Mr. Comstock winked just once the action of the eyelids would hav been plainly audible.

## The Moral is that the Story is Probably a Lie.

One day some five years ago, John ——, a profane carpenter, who oscillates between Waterville and Sherburne, villages in the Chenango Valley, in the prosecution of his trade, while very angry with one of his men for spoiling some work, started to utter an oath, but instantly became speechless. Less swearing was done in the valley on this account for a long while, and the story ran far and wide. John shortly joined the church, but his voice did not come back until a year ago, when, becoming very angry again, and forgetting that he was speechless, he started to swear—and did swear, to his own utter amazement and that of all in hearing. He has since used his voice without difficulty.—*Syracuse Standard.*

Editors are supposed to know everything—can you find a moral to fit this? I am pained to think that this incident points to the conclusion that swearing is one of the fine arts and deserving encouragement.

John, the profane carpenter, did not swear vigorously enough, and was punished by being made speechless. When he again started to swear, his thoughts were concentrated on the biggest kind of an oath, and he was blessed by the recovery of his speech. This seems a fair inference, but I defer to your judgment.

A TRUTH SEEKER.

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### News and Notes.

I left Prescott, Arizona, Monday afternoon, March 14th. It is seventy-five miles from the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad. There are about three houses along the whole route. However, it is a lovely ride. The vast ranges of mountains stretch on every side —the San Francisco peaks, where Fremont's party was lost in 1846, and fed on dead horses; Bill Williams's mountain; the Granit mountain, etc. Away they roll and glitter for hundreds of miles in the dazzling azure and lustrous gold, and the desert sands shine like a pavement of marble wrought with gleaming colors. Half-way down the long incline we stop at Barnhart's Hotel, the only hotel and house for a space of thirty miles. What a monopolist this landlord is! He allows no competition even for a private dwelling. He takes the cake for a bloated capitalist. The engin that supplied water for the locomotiv broke down, and the prospect was that we should remain all night long in this solitary tavern for lack of steam, or foot it to Prescott Junction. Finally good fortune prevailed, and we proceeded, but I thought every minute we should run off the track, which at times undulated like the waves of the sea. But the wheels hung on, in spite of every variety of motion, and with a whole skin we arrived safely at our jolly Falstaffian landlord's, who made us forget all the ills of life with his vivacious obesity. I think he must hav a jew's-harp in every bone of his body, he was so musical. He would make a jolly archangel. The train was seven hours late, and we were obliged to bunk in the freight-car, and rest our weary bones on Uncle Sam's mail bags. I suppose if Anthony Comstock had been present he would hav arrested us for violation of the postal laws. No Freethinker should find repose for his derelict flesh on these sacred leathern receptacles. However, we slept well, listening to the clicking of the telegraph wires, and occasionally disturbed by the fleeting feet of dusky Indian maidens, who flashed alongside with their crimson blankets, and in the "dim religious light" one might imagin them to be beautiful, but "distance lends enchantment to the view." The Indians are the ugliest-looking people I ever came across. They havn't a particle of grace, and they can not compare for muscular power with the white man. Most of the "braves" that I saw seemed to be in the last stages of consumption. The talk of an Indian being "straight as an arrow" is simply nonsense. I didn't see anyone of that style. Even the young men hav hollow chests and crooked legs. Civilization is altogether in favor of manly beauty. The Indian squaw is terrifically homely and dirty.

In the early morning the train came along; we dashed over the Colorado river into the deserts of California, climbing long ranges of hills. I expected the moment I struck California to see flowers. But for hundreds of miles only waste mountain lands present themselvs, scarcely a green blade to be seen. Not until we come to San Bernardino valley does the glory of California burst upon the view, and its tropical magnificence of fruit and flower appear. I was too late to lecture or see friends at San Bernardino, as I hoped to do, and I was obliged to go on to San Diego. What shall I say of this most lovely spot, the paradise of the world, where snow never mantles the soil, but shines only on the distant summits that fringe the infinit sky? Here Winter is like an eternal spring, and summer's bosom moves with soft refreshing gales. A busy mart this is, San Diego, fronting the broad Pacific, ready to take the commerce of the world, with its beautiful, wonderful harbor fifteen miles long, never disturbed by storms, and where a thousand ships might float and mingle the flags of every nation in peaceful glory. With what joy I looked upon the vast Pacific, stretching seven thousand miles away, and watched its prancing waves, as, like glittering, white-robed steeds, they came dashing on in battalions miles in length along the strand, and rolled back in music and broken splendor, unable to conquer the immovable land! Glorious sea, delightful shores! fringed with glowing gardens, where oranges and lemons jewel the verdant picture all the year round, and blooms are unending from month to month, and every day a splendid harvest drops its wealth. Back of all this lustrous scene tower the mountains, six thousand and ten thousand feet high, in superb beauty and majesty. I am in love with this land, and do heartily wish that I could by a few corner lots and rest here in peace and independence. Corner lots are almost as high as New Jerusalem in this country. They are good things to hold on to if you hav any desire to go up. Alas! my bank account forbids the exhilarating ascent, and therefore I must be a wanderer still, and quit this magnificent sea and sky with happy memories and anticipations of a longer sojourn yet to be.

It used to be said of San Diego that it had plenty of climate and nothing else. But now it is a vigorous business place and an elegant resort for thousands of travelers. It is full of people all the time, hundreds coming and going each day. Its population has trebled in the last two years. It now numbers twelve thousand. It must be the center of a great trade when the net-work of railroads is completed, and the commerce of the "gorgeous East" floats to its incomparable bay. Corronado Beach promises to make one of the most brilliant sea cities in the world. Hundreds of lots hav already been sold, and advanced in value to thousands of dollars, and beautiful cottages are being built. A hotel of enormous proportions is to be erected—a palace indeed—with five hundred rooms, a stately court, and all the conveniences and adornments of modern life. Summer and winter rival each other here in beauty and softness, and every day of the year one can bathe in the sparkling billows. Mountainous islands gem the horizon, the blue sea rolls away to China and Australia, the bright hills of Mexico girt the southern view; to the west, and east, and northward circle the picturesque peaks with blazing crowns of snow, and San Diego and National City hold dominion over the fruitful lands between. If one seeks for health and luxury, this is the appointed place.

And the people are as good as the climate—genial, generous, progressiv, and Liberal in thought. Wm. A. Allen is our pioneer friend in this movement, a typical American, who has been all over this continent, with varied fortune, undaunted by any adversity, and always getting ahead, no matter what his luck. It was through his interest and enthusiasm that these lectures hav been given in San Diego, and that a grand success has been achieved. He spared neither time nor money for the cause. I was glad to meet such a thorough-going reformer. The first thing we did was to go over to National City and find A. N. Burgess, whose lively communications to THE TRUTH SEEKER hav no doubt been noted. He is a whole-souled Liberal. Freethought is in every bone in his body. He was built that way, and orthodoxy has never had a chance to capture his overflowing spirits. He took us at once to his home, Mrs. Dr. Potts's Sanitarium, on Paradise Mount—well named, for the situation is delightful, and the buildings of royal proportions, stately and handsome, with every comfort; and here is where the sick in heart and body can find the healing balm on this sunny eminence overlooking the bay and city and measureless sea, amid orange groves and thousands of flowers blooming all the seasons round. I wanted to stay a month or two in this Eden of my wide wanderings, and I almost wished that I was sick, in order that I might hav the pleasure of getting well in this splendid retreat. Mr. Burgess has charge of the place, and he knows how to keep things at their best. He and Mrs. Burgess are most companionable Freethinkers, and their entertaining hospitality made me wish I had a week, instead of a day, to spend on Paradise Mount.

The Burgess family are a big element in this country. There are fourteen in all, and most are of the Liberal order, and they all keep pretty steadily at the front. Mr. Frank Burgess and W. W. Burgess are brothers of A. N., and are just like him in Freethought and enterprise.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Shaug came twenty-five miles to attend the lectures. It was a pleasure to greet such noble friends, and I hope to accept their kind invitation and see them in their home in the happy valleys overlooking the sea.

I was glad to meet our mighty veteran, Dr. Abram Bronson, who has written for THE TRUTH SEEKER, and who, at the age of eighty, still bears the armor of the soldier.

Mr. W. E. Rowe is another activ Liberal, and I was pleased to meet him and his wife and daughter; also Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. James Bidwell, Captain Smith, Mr. Hunt, formerly of New York; Mr. Richmond Savaile, of the Philadelphia League; Mrs. M. C. Kasten, who furnished excellent music for our lectures; Henry H. Nichols, J. M. Ashbaugh, E. Nichols, P. H. Grost, H. C. Coddington, Mrs. T. D. Newton, Wm. Callard, Señor Aramiyo, a Mexican Freethinker; John Meklasck, John Moore, R. Worthing, etc. The lectures were well attended in spite of many other attractions. The audience on the second evening was twice as large as on the first, and the newspaper notices were exceedingly favorable.

There is a Liberal society already established here, doing good work. It will probably unite with our national force and take out a charter in the Union.

This is a favorable point, and I think I shall hav to return, perhaps in the month of May. The friends here are exceedingly desirous of pushing the work right along. I am in hopes that Dr. York will come and aid the people here with his enthusiastic utterances. At any rate, I announced his coming, and I guess he will obey the summons.

My good friend, A. N. Burgess, gave me a glittering gold piece as a personal souvenir when saying good-bye, and I intend to carry it about in my pocket for luck as long as I liv; only when I get ready to shuffle off this mortal coil I'll buy with it a good square meal in remembrance of my San Diego trip. I feel quite sure now that fortune will smile upon me, and that some day I shall be a rich man. Friend Burgess has given me a good start and I will stick to it.

I am now on my way to Los Angeles, Santa Ana, Norwalk, Tulare City, Visalia, San Francisco, and Oakland. I shall be in these latter places April 3d and 10th; in San José, April 17th and 24th; in Stockton, May 1st and 8th; in Sonoma, Sacramento, and other places until June; in Oregon and Washington Territory, June and July, as already noted.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*C. S. R. R.*, March 19, 1887.

### The Liberal Club.

The price of admission to the Manhattan Liberal Club remains at the low figure which has heretofore prevailed—namely, five cents—ladies and Presbyterians being admitted free; the former because they are ornamental, and the latter for their own spiritual good. If the club has one benevolent object in view more than any other, it is to civilize the Presbyterians. When the writer of these records threw the vivifying rays from his badge-pin upon Treasurer Morris and handed him two five-cent pieces instead of one, that official appeared greatly surprised, and during the excitement several persons walked in without paying anything. There was a large audience present.

Mr. J. Beverley Robinson was the speaker of the evening, "Anarchism and Christianity" being his subject, and, when introducing him, Mr. Wakeman said he would not repeat his previous words about the young man, as it might embarrass Mr. Robinson to hear himself so highly spoken of. Mr. Robinson, who is a fine-looking young man, said that he regarded Anarchism as the lineal descendant of primitiv Christianity, which died an early death. Since the days of Constantine Christianity has been what paganism was before that time. Anarchism comes forward to preach again the doctrin of non-resistance to evil; it is a protest against all violence. There is no reason why our law should be respected except that it has the brute force to compel obedience. It has no moral authority. We breed big men financially, and crush out great men judged by any other standard. The power of the church is no longer theological, but political, as in former days. Bismarck and Leo clasping their bloody hands show this. The respect once yielded to revelation is now yielded to revelation's enemy, science. The authority of an alleged God being destroyed, it is time to assert the supremacy of moral law. Tear down the prisons, discharge the police force, disband the army and militia, dismantle the forts, put the navy out of commission. Abolish force everywhere. This is the new moral and religious dispensation of Anarchism, and this is primitiv Christianity, and the Anarchist of to-day reaches back through the centuries to clasp hands with the Galilean reformer.

Mr. Wakeman said this had been a remarkable lecture. He did not believe that Christians would relish it. Discussion was then invited in speeches of ten minutes each, members of the club having preference. Nobody came forward until the Chair said that it hoped no time would be lost through the modesty of our philosophers.

Mr. Boucher began a speech on the floor, and was invited to the platform. Mr. Boucher remarked that the Chair knew he couldn't do well on a platform and wanted him to make a failure. Besides, he wished to speak for only a moment. The Chair repudiated all evil intentions against Mr. Boucher, and then that gentleman proceeded to speak for nearly half an hour. The lecture, he said, was a concrete *non sequitur*, and a reaction to a reaction. He then began to trace the progress of mankind from earliest times. He had reached the Middle Ages, when the audience rebelled, and the Chair did its duty.

Mr. Hertig, of Chicago, being invited to offer some remarks, said that coming out of the rowdy West he felt embarrassed in appearing for the first time before a metropolitan audience. Mr. Hertig had been profoundly impressed by the parallel between primitiv Christianity and modern Anarchism. He regarded Jesus as a type of the discontented, and as one of the most common productions of every age. The difference between him and the modern social reformer was that Jesus offered his followers checks on the hereafter as a reward, while his representativ of to-day offers checks payable here and now. The hereafter, Mr. Hertig believed, was a rather shaky institution. Ministers of the gospel preach future bliss with great hesitation.

Dr. Weeks threw out the thought that the preach-

ing of Anarchism of this sort would convert Christians to Jesus. The doctor didn't believe Jesus worked miracles. Miracles were chestnuts in even those days. Jesus taught that God was a father instead of a tyrant, and in many things the doctor would agree with him.

Mr. Sutherland was glad this lecture had been delivered, because it was the flower and bloom of Anarchism, the best that could be said on the subject, and probably not six persons who had heard it took the least stock in it.

Colonel Hinton said that the article by Ingersoll in THE TRUTH SEEKER last week contained a great fallacy so far as it touched upon Socialism. This arose from a misapprehension in Colonel Ingersoll's mind as to what Socialism is.

Mr. Warwick, from Brooklyn, the next speaker, admitted that how to deal with the criminal and vicious was a great problem. Non-resistance would not solve it, and if a man assaulted him he would lock him up if he could.

Herr Oppenheimer followed. First knocking out Mr. Sutherland, he proceeded to say that he was down on the program to demolish Ingersoll before the end of the month. Herr Oppenheimer will look better when shearing time has had a chance to do its perfect work.

An attractiv program is presented for the month of April. Mrs. Clara Neymann will speak, the 1st, on "Dangers Ahead!" Next Leander Thompson will take off the "Scum of Society;" then "Illusions of Legislation" will be dispelled by the Hon. Dennis McMahon. On the 22d Colonel Hinton tells "The True Story of John Brown and His Men," of whom the colonel himself was one. The 29th will be signalized by Herr Marx Oppenheimer's discourse on "Col. R. G. Ingersoll and Socialism." Herr Oppenheimer ought to swap dates with Mrs. Neymann. Mr. Wakeman's retiring address as president of the club is also down for the last of the month, and the annual election of officers will likewise take place. Mr. Wakeman's resignation is before the club, but he will probably meet with armed resistance in trying to get it accepted. This world centers at New York, New York centers at the Liberal Club, and the Liberal Club centers in its president. When the sun retires from the solar system it will be time for Mr. Wakeman to resign his position. Until then any overture he may make in that direction will be ruled out of order, and the regular business will proceed.

## Lecturing in Nebraska.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In coming to Nebraska on a lecture tour the last days of January, I did not expect to be employed more than a few weeks. Yet here are the spring days upon us, and the prospect of several weeks more of lecture work before we leave for Colorado.

My first stopping-place, after leaving Denver, was Minden, where D. S. Newbold met me with a carriage, and in the evening presented me to a full house six miles from the town. The audience gave us a cordial greeting.

Next night a large turnout at Newark. D. S. Newbold and wife, Asa Smith and wife, Jason T. Bloodgood, wife and children, and many other families were present—clear-thinking, independent farmers—despisers of fashion and sham. From such will come the backbone of the Freethought movement. An Infidel who keeps a grocery and is afraid to express his honest convictions—"Good Lord, deliver us!"

Alexander S. Bleyer was my correspondent with reference to a series of lectures at Central City. C. A. Stitzer, J. B. Traver, and many others worked vigorously to make the meetings prosperous. I hav a list of sixty-five names at Central City. Good audiences, many Christian ladies and gentlemen, attended and gave very respectful attention throughout. A Baptist clergyman, the Rev. W. H. Edger, was a punctual attendant. He came forward, was introduced, and we had several pleasant chats. He is a manly man notwithstanding the damaging fact that he is a minister. He owns the church he preaches in. Perhaps that is why he is so independent. Good idea! Let each minister own his own church. I gave six lectures.

John Ross, Morgan James, Thomas Reagan, and a large company besides, are the undaunted of Osceola. In Indiana several years ago I became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. James, and Mr. and Mrs. Reagan. Mrs. Reagan and Mrs. James are sisters. The aged father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Ventress, are living with the former. Seth Henshaw, of Greensboro, Ind., was a relativ of theirs. Mr. and Mrs. Ventress were vigorous Abolitionists in the trying times. Now they are peacefully waiting to cross the river to summerland life. They are Spiritualists without the least reservation, but sensible Infidels as well.

A Methodist parson, the Rev. S. P. Mather, foamed, fumed, and fretted himself into a fever. He finally capped the climax by saying in his pulpit, "The devil is coming to town." When I arrived I found a fine audience. It was a good advertisment—cheap, too.

My patriarchal friend, Morgan James, in his introduction remarked that he had the pleasure of making the audience acquainted with his brimstone highness. I took the occasion by the horns, and gave a history of what I had been doing for several centuries in making this world fit to liv in.

By giving three lectures on Sunday, I packed in five lectures in forty-eight hours before excellent audiences.

F. F. Vogel, Mr. Headstrom, and a host of others made the three lectures at Stromsburg a rousing time. The name of their hall reminds one of Brother Gardner—"Lime Kiln Hall." Splendid Liberals here.

John N. Gouff and several energetic helpers made the work boom at Wilber. We had the use of the fine, large brick court-house. There was good interest, and a strong desire among Christians to debate. I leave a challenge in every town, as our distinguished friend, Andrew Johnson, left a flag and a copy of the Constitution when he, too, was on a tour.

The Baptist clergyman called at the residence of my host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Gouff, to see me. We had a two hours' frank conversation. On the following Sunday forenoon he preached against Infidelity. He came down from his pulpit, warmly shook hands with me, and hoped he had "not been too severe in his remarks." I said: "Not at all. It is just what I like. Pitch in, do your best, and may truth win." The day before, I suggested that we hav a friendly debate, but could not prevail upon him to join issue; so in the afternoon I replied to his long-range sermon.

Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter are the outspoken Freethinkers of Waverly. I gave two lectures to middling-sized audiences. Considerable bigotry among Christians, and some moral cowardice among half-hearted Liberals. In fact, Waverly is about the most languishing town I hav encountered upon the trip.

W. F. JAMIESON.

## In Memory of Beecher.

The following resolutions in memory of Henry Ward Beecher were passed by the Pittsburgh Secular Society at their regular meeting, Sunday, March 13, 1887:

WHEREAS, By the death of Henry Ward Beecher the Pittsburgh Secular Society recognizes the fact that this country has lost a good and wise man, one of her foremost citizens—good because he was magnanimous, benevolent, industrious, just, and temperate; wise, in that he taught that for centuries the brotherhood of man has been marred by the perpetuation of old ideas, creeds, and dogmas, because he proclaimed the necessity of truth wherever found. Of all the gospel ministers, he was about the nearest to being what Secularists believe ministers of the nineteenth century ought to be. He was an enemy of superstition and sectarian bigotry, and a warm friend of science; a man who progressed with the times. He loved his fellow-man, and made the world better for having lived in it; therefore,

*Resolved*, That it is eminently fitting that we should place upon record our feelings of appreciation for his services and regret for his loss.

*Resolved*, That with the greatest respect for the religious belief of the deceased and his family, this society extend its deepest sympathy to the bereaved relativs and friends, hoping that even in the sadness of their affliction they may yet find some consolation in knowing that the worth of his private qualities and the value of his public services are properly appreciated.

R. STALEY, Pres.

## Lecture by the New Male Star.

[Report made by a lady after the present style of reporting women's lectures.]

A fair-sized audience assembled last night to hear the new male star in the lecture firmament.

He had been heralded as a "second Castelar," a "John Bright in miniature," etc., etc. Expectation was therefore on tip-toe, and all of the good-looking ladies took front seats, of course.

At exactly eight o'clock Mr. Newman stepped upon the stage. He is a small man, with large, luminous brown eyes, and fair complexion.

He wore his hair cut short and parted on the left side, about an eighth of an inch from the middle. It looked as thought it was used to a good brush, and had received some attention from a first-class barber from time to time. His collar, which was linen and of the usual style, stood firm and close about a shapely throat, and a small white necktie told where it joined upon the shirt. Mr. Newman wore a shield bosom shirt, with three small diamonds glistening upon its snowy surface, and another gem gleamed from the third finger of his shapely left hand. His cuff-buttons were of the most correct style, and his cuffs, which were of white linen, were visible below the cuff of an evening coat of black broadcloth. His coat was lined with black satin, and hung upon him gracefully. From beneath his trousers peeped the daintiest of feet, encased in patent-leather shoes.

The shoes were tied with silk strings. During the lecture one of the strings became untied, but the plucky little lecturer appeared not to notice it. Mr. Newman has small teeth and a very winning smile. He used his hands with the best possible effect, to show that they were white and delicate. We feel sure that if all lecturers on Timbuctoo were so delightful, the whole female population at least would soon be converted to his way of thinking.

The charming little man will lecture in Chicago next week.

He received much applause and a recall. The subject of his lecture was, as near as we gathered, "The Nativs of Timbuctoo." He said that they lived there, and were as comfortable as could be expected under all the circumstances; that otherwise it was folly, and if it were not so it was largely due to destiny.

The lecture then closed amid renewed applause, during which the plucky little man bowed himself off the stage.

We neglected to state that Mr. Newman wore a watch, with chain and charm attachment. The watch was worn in the upper left-hand vest pocket, and the chain was very evidently gold.

Those who had the good fortune to meet the brilliant little man say that he had an overcoat and hat of the most correct style. But this we did not see, and so can only vouch for the real literary feast we hav reported above. His necktie buckled in the back.

HELEN H. GARDENER.

## Lectures and Meetings.

W. S. BELL is arranging for a debate with the Rev. Mr. Purvis at Farmersville, Ind.

THE Secular Society of Denver, Col., Mr. F. J. Truss, president, Mr. John G. Jenkins, secretary, hav this to say of W. F. Jamieson's lecture on "Thomas Paine," delivered in Unity church: "'The Military and Political Life of Thomas Paine' was the best effort since his engagement by our society. The audience was raised to a high pitch of interest. The eloquence of the speaker, as he portrayed the deeds of the heart devoted to human liberty, the mighty power of intellect that could perceive centuries ahead of his fellows, the self-sacrificing patriotism that laid purse and life on the altar of liberty, and the earnest appeal that justice be done the mighty and majestic, though much maligned, hero, touched the living springs of sympathy and justice in the hearts of those seated before him." Mr. Jamieson is yet lecturing in Nebraska nearly every night, and two or three times Sundays. Address at Lowell, Neb.

THE Kalamazoo *Herald* of the 21st ult. says: "A very good audience assembled at the opera house last evening to hear Ex-Rev. C. B. Reynolds's secular address. The gentleman chose for his subject, 'Religious Persecutions of the Nineteenth Century.' He is a speaker of more than ordinary ability, and his manner of handling his theme was picturesque and attractiv. It cannot be said that his arguments were particularly new, since, like everything else, there is nothing new to be said on this subject. But they were advanced with some originality and no little dramatic power, and those who attended were well entertained." The Kalamazoo, Mich., *Morning Gazette* says of Mr. Reynolds's lecture in that town on the 22d ult.: "A large audience greeted ex-Rev. C. B. Reynolds at the opera house on Sunday evening. Mr. Reynolds is an able and eloquent exponent of Freethought, possessing much humor and great dramatic ability. He was for twelve years a very earnest and devoted minister of the Seventh Day Adventists. Three years ago he was induced to investigate the 'reasons of his faith and hope' through the missionary zeal of our outspoken, Liberal, and popular townsman, Mr. Elias H. Gault, then a resident of Rochester, New York. Mr. Reynolds made his *debut* on the Liberal rostrum at a convention of the New York Freethinkers' Association, held at the Academy of Music, Rochester, New York, in September, 1883, delivering a glowing eulogy on D. M. Bennett, the founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER.'

## Business Notes.

IF anyone has a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER of November 8, 1879, that he does not want, Mr. F. G. Smith, of Albany, Mo., will buy it.

OUR friends in Chicago living or doing business near Adams street will find copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER for sale at P. O. News Co.'s store, 103 Adams street. The place is just opposit the post-office. The P. O. News Co. can also supply TRUTH SEEKER ANNUALS, and other of our publications.

### No Quarrel About Precedence—Walk Abreast.

*From the London Secular Review.*

We cut the following from THE TRUTH SEEKER of February 26th:

THE TRUTH SEEKER, New York, says: "'God and His Book' is the heaviest iconoclastic broadside that has been fired at the Jewish God and the Bible by any modern Freethinker. Christians may get angry at it; but their system of religion cannot escape conviction under the powerful indictment drawn by Saladin.—*London Secular Review.* Saladin's copyist made a mistake. THE TRUTH SEEKER said, "by any recent English Freethinker." Some living American book-makers hav drawn indictments equally powerful, though of different "counts." But Saladin is a mighty warrior!

From this we learn that, in the opinion of friend Macdonald, America has done more than England to shatter the superstition of him of Nazareth. We are not eager to dispute this point, and are rejoiced to concede that America is doing her share of the glorious work, and that none of America's sons is doing that work more steadily and manfully than Mr. Macdonald himself.

THE Newtonville, Kan., *News* notices that the attendance at all the Sunday-schools upon a recent Sunday morning was about two hundred and fifty. The attendance at a game of baseball in the afternoon was about six hundred.

THE mind cure has found a congenial field in Chicago, where there are five hundred professional healers, five chartered colleges of instruction and twenty not chartered, and these various institutions are graduating at least three hundred and fifty pupils each month. The Cleveland *Plaindealer* is mean enough to add that they cure hams in Chicago, too.

# Communications.

## Miracles and Miracle Workers.

According to the testimony of Vospicus, Eusebius, and Marcellus, the people of Tyana, his birthplace, worshiped Apollonius as a god for more than four hundred years. The whole pagan world testified to the deep impression which was left by the life of this supernatural man, for the people used to exclaim, "We hav a living god among us."

Eunapius, in the fifth century, said, "Apollonius was not so much of a philosopher as something between a god and a man," and that Philostratus ought to have entitled his "History of Apollonius" "The Descent of God upon Earth." He was worshiped by both Christians and heathens. Some of the early church writers, Eusebius in particular, admit that he was a miracle-worker, but attribute his power to sorcery.

Such is a brief outline of the life and doings of one of the most wonderful men whose name was ever placed on the page of history.

Here is an account of a man who lived in the time of Christ, and who performed more numerous and more astonishing miracles than are recorded in the New Testament. Why does the Christian believe these miracles and reject those of Apollonius? Any reason which the Christian may be able to give for believing that Christ was more than human, will apply to Apollonius with tenfold more force.

The Christian will claim that Apollonius deceived the people. But did he hold the exclusive right to deceive secured to him by letters patent?

If Apollonius could so successfully deceive the people, how does the Christian know but he has been imposed upon in like manner by the miracles of the New Testament?

I have talked with many Christians, including some ministers, and I have yet to find one who ever heard of Apollonius. Why is this so? Simply because Christianity cannot bear all the light of history. To let the Christian know that divine honors have ever been paid to any but Christ is not the policy of the church. It would prove almost disastrous to the church for the people to know how many have been engaged in the miracle business, and had supernatural powers attributed to them.

A true comparison between Christ and other men who have had divine honors paid to them, and who have worked miracles, would have a tendency to make Christians weak in the knees. If those who put so much confidence in the miracles of Christ could know that history gives accounts of hundreds of miracle workers, he would come to understand that none of them were performed by divine assistance, Christ included among the rest. In all human probability God has never been engaged in the miracle racket. If a first-class magician could be smuggled into a protracted meeting, when they have a high pressure of Holy Ghost steam on, and the enthusiastic minister should tell them that God was going to "make bare his arm" and "show forth his wonderful power," and the magician should vanish and reappear, and cause objects to vanish and return at his bidding, when the audience should see him cut off the heads of men, and birds, and animals, and restore them to their normal condition, nine out of every ten would verily believe that the hand of God was in it. Such feats would have been first-class miracles two thousand years ago.

But how different it would all appear if the deluded noddies should come to know how these tricks (for they are mere tricks of deception) are performed! Now, to help the Christian understand the hocus-pocus of miracles, I will introduce another great trickster, or magician, or miracle worker, so that the Christian may judge whether God has had a hand in all of these miracles. Remember miracles are always easy if the conditions are right. All that is necessary for a first-rate miracle is a shrewd trickster, and a few interested ones and a lot of fools.

We come now to another great miracle worker, Simon Magus. His miracles were received as genuine by both Christians and heathen. He was educated at Alexandria, and had an immense following. In Rome a statue was erected in his honor. He styled himself the Christ, and wished to be called "the standing one."

He was a disciple of Dosithius, and when Dosithius attempted to chastise him for assuming to be a standing one, the rod passed through his body as through fog; whereupon Dosithius fell down and worshiped him. His wife was brought down to him from the higher heavens. It is stated that in a discussion with Peter he claimed to have the power to fly through the air, to mix with fire, to make statues move, to animate lifeless bodies, to make bread out of stone, to pass from mountain-top to mountain-top, that he was the son of God, and would endure forever, and that all who believed in him would endure forever, and that Peter had no such power given to him.

Nero ordered Simon to be brought before him. Simon assumed first the form of a little child, then that of a very old man, then that of a young man. Nero said he had confirmed his godhead by his deeds, for he ordered the angels to come to him, and they came; he raised the dead, and was himself raised from the dead after he was beheaded. When imprisoned, he turned into a ram; the ram was beheaded, and Simon escaped. Here is a man who lived at the same time that Christ is said to have lived, who performed even more and greater miracles than Christ did. Why, he came out a whole ram ahead of him!

Candidly, my Christian friend, must it not be admitted that Christ lived in an age of miracles? It has been the policy of the church to keep you ignorant of these other great miracle workers, because if the masses come to know that the same miracles which Christ performed had been performed by many others, they would only have a par value with the rest.

Abonoticus was another great miracle worker. He had a temple built to his honor. From this temple he delivered oracles. People flocked to him from all parts to consult him. The sick were healed, the dead were raised, the lame, the dumb, the blind, and deaf were all made whole by his miraculous powers. His prophecies were held in high esteem by all classes.

Long before the birth of Christ, and for many years after, every country and city had its prophets and miracle workers, and wonderful men, whom the ignorant masses regarded with awe, because they believed that they were assisted by some unseen and mysterious power.

Why, we haven't got fairly over the miracle craze yet. Only comparatively a short time ago men were perambulating the country with old clouts and rags, or other things equally disgusting, which had been worn or touched by some disgusting old saint, and with these relics the sick were cured, the blind made to see, and the dumb made to speak. Even now the Catholic church boasts of the miracles which she has wrought, and still claims the power of working them.

What sane person believes that the sick can be cured, or the blind made to see by touching an old rag? There is no more virtue in one old rag than another, and no more virtue in Christ's garment than there is in a breech-clout of a Digger Indian.

The truth is, these things have never happened. There are always impostors when and where the people are ignorant enough to be imposed upon. It does not appear that Christ ever pretended to work miracles. But as many great men had been regarded as miracle workers, and as Christ was made the power behind the hierarchy, and clothed with divine power, of course he must have the power to work miracles also. Miracles can be wrought only in the minds of the ignorant. Chemistry knows of no quality in an old rag, imparted by the touch of a saint, which will cure disease. Science knows of no methods of infusing life into a carcass that "stinketh."

There are thousands who believe in the miracles of Zoroaster. Vast multitudes believe in the miracles of Christna. Thousands believe in the miracles of Apollonius and Simon Magus. Mussulmans believe in the miracles of Mohammed. Mormons believe in the miraculous finding and translating of their Bible. The "Friends" believe in the miraculous powers of Jemima Wilkinson. The Jews believe in the miracles of the Old Testament, and Christians believe in the miracles of the New Testament.

It would appear that these miracle workers have been engaged in a very extensive business. Does the Christian believe that all of these miracle workers have had divine assistance? If the Mussulman has been imposed upon, may not the Christian have been imposed upon in like manner? If Mohammedans had an object in imposing upon the people, may not the early Christians have been influenced by the same object?

When the number of miracle-workers and the vast number of miracles which are said to have been wrought are taken into consideration, it seems a little strange that the few miracles said to have been wrought by Christ and his disciples should attract general attention.

But it has always been the policy of ecclesiastics to boycott other saviors and miracle-workers, so that their dupes may know nothing but "Christ and him crucified;" and that is the reason why the average Christian knows nothing about the saviors and miracle workers not spoken of in the New Testament. The church knows the consequence of having the full knowledge of the many saviors and miracle-workers come to the people. The similarity is too striking.

To understand how easy it was to perform miracles, it is only necessary to know the superstition of the people among whom the miracles were performed. When the people believed in sorcery and charms, in signs and dreams, in warlocks and witches, in ghosts and prophets, in demons and angels, is it any wonder that they were imposed upon by miracle workers? And then it must not be forgotten that for hundreds of years the people were taught that they could serve God by lying for the church.

There was no dearth of miracle workers when the church so much needed miracles. When a credulous people could be convinced by miracles, there was no lack of impostors to perform them? Why should one give credit to the miracles of the Bible, and discredit the miracles of Mohammed, Apollonius, Simon Magus, and all the rest? The probability is that if one worked miracles, they all did. But the truth is that the people were deceived, and no miracles ever wrought.

The ignorant masses believed that nearly every great man could work miracles, or at the least had some power beyond the natural. Everything in nature not understood had a god or spirit behind it. Gods, angels, or demons controled everything. They were in the bodies of men, fishes, fowls, and animals. Earth, sea, and sky were full of them. It is just as natural for miracle-workers to turn up among such a people as it is for water to seek its level. To show the mental altitude of the people among whom miracle workers have operated, it is only necessary to refer to some superstitious beliefs among them.

It was believed that anyone who would take the afterbirth of a black cat littered by a first-born black cat, whose mother was also a first-born, burn and reduce it to a powder, and put some of it into his eyes, would be enabled to see spirits, demons, etc. It is not strange that such people should believe in miracles.

When the wisest had their minds filled with the miraculous, and believed in demons, ghosts, and witches, the minds of the ignorant were constantly terrified by the miraculous and the unnatural.

So learned a man as Justin Martyr believed that devils could get into men, and he declares that "all over the world Christians in the name of Jesus cured and set free those who were possessed with devils when all other enchanters failed."

Thus it appears that there was a strife between those who cast out devils in the name of Christ, and the "enchanters," or those who cast out devils by some other hocus-pocus racket.

The minds of men were filled with superstition, and the country swarmed with enchanters, soothsayers, sorcerers, and miracle workers.

Nobody doubted that Apollonius and Simon Magus and many others could work miracles, but it was claimed that they worked miracles by magic. There was a great strife between these magicians (for that was all that any of them were), but the Christians gave the preference to those who performed those wonderful acts in the name of Christ, of course.

JOHN PECK.

## Anarchists Tucker and Appleton.

As the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER hav become considerably interested in the subject of Anarchism, and as Mr. Tucker has attempted to explain the essential point whereon he and I hav come to disagree, I will, with your permission, try to throw some further light on the subject.

Mr. Tucker and myself are both Individualists. We both affirm the sovereign individual to be the inviolable, social monad, and that every exercise of authority over him without his consent does violence to natural law, and evidences diseased social conditions. We both affirm that liberty, with individual responsibility for the costs of its assertion, is the only way to true social order; or, to transpose the terms, individual responsibility for the costs of our actions being the measure of good order, the only way of fixing and balancing said costs is through liberty.

As to the basic assertions upon which the philosophy of Individualism rests, Mr. Tucker and I are fully at one. It is in the deductions that follow this philosophy, as bearing upon the methods of social regeneration, that we hav come to view the situation differently.

All wrong systems hav their source in the individual. The first individual who alienated his sovereignty set the tide of despotism in motion. The aggregate individuals who alienate their sovereignties to the keeping of others constitute the aggregate subjects of the world's rulers. For purposes of the governmental discussion, society is made up of two classes—those who in multiform spheres desire to alienate their sovereignties, and those who accept the invitation as rulers. There is no individual who is not subject to a variety of rulers. The relativ weakness of all individuals toward others makes rulership a universal system.

Sovereignty, then, becomes the great exchangeable commodity of the world. It is universally bartered and sold. It is at first promiscuous and unregulated. Seeing it afloat in this chaotic way, the statesman steps in and organizes the market. The great mass of individuals who hav sovereignties to dispose of become his patrons. He drafts a set of rules and regulations which are to govern the market, and they acquiesce. He thus builds up a trade, and finds it the greatest source of profit and power. Like all others who rule the markets, it is of course of chief importance that he make the business of selling sovereignties a necessity, and the profits as great as possible. To this end he encourages and defends usury, as made possible by land, currency, and commercial monopoly. When the whole structure is organized and fortified by agencies of coercion, it constitutes the state.

The state is an organized establishment which has grown up out of the trade of buying and selling sovereignties. Its origin and development follow the universal law of the markets. It did not create itself—its creation was invited. Its invited rulers, finding a source of profit and power in the business, naturally boom the business by fortifying monopolies. Being aware of the fact that the basis of independent sovereignty lies in free access to the soil and the tools of exchange, they, of course, interdict this, to the extent that lies in their power, as do all other enterprising business men in their spheres. They are also alive to keeping their patrons ignorant of the secret sources of what makes their business necessary and lucrativ. In short, they are no better and no worse than other successful business men.

Now, the problem which lies before Mr. Tucker and myself is how to get rid of this woful business of bartering sovereignties. He says attack the organized sovereignty brokers—the state—which is the efficient cause of our lamentable social condition. So do I say attack the brokers, as I would say were it attempted to break up Wall-street stock-gambling. But I deny that the sovereignty brokers are the radical efficient cause of the evils. I say that the mass of ignorant, helpless, superstitious, vanity seeking, city-crowding priest and fashion ridden individuals who patronize these sovereignty brokers are the efficient cause, and that a logical remedial application of individualism has to do with them as the efficient cause.

Mr. Tucker may aver that the brokers hav so "fixed" the market that it is impossible to get any vantage ground, or any tools for the exercise of individual sovereignty except by patronizing them and submitting to their terms; yet he believes in great, crowded cities, and will not touch or countenance any scheme by which it is proposed to colonize emancipated individuals under conditions that make the practice of liberty and individual sovereignty possible. He says he proposes to stand right here in this great, crowded, jumbled, collectivized city of Boston and down the state, and that if Anarchism is not good for Boston and New York it is good for nowhere. I say that liberty and individual sovereignty are only possible under their nativ conditions, and that until somebody gets down to the individual patron of the sovereignty-brokers, and succeeds in getting some personal character into reformers themselvs, the state will mock at Tucker and me as impotent cranks, if it does not ultimately seize upon some opportune public craze to hang us, or dispose of us under the heels of its servant and patron—the mob.

Sovereignty-bartering individuals, being the root of social evils, are to my mind the proper subjects for the application of remedial expedients. I find, in fact, that theological and civil rulers are universally more liberal than the average individuals who create and patronize them. The civil officers who tried Christ for Anarchism before a Roman court of law did not want to convict him. The mob cried, "Crucify him!" and they obeyed. So, in Chicago some time ago the judge emphasized to the jury that they might freely judge of the justice of the law as well as of the facts. It was the mob outside, and the hireling newspaper press, who study to voice the average prejudices of individuals, who demanded the gallows. Clergymen are notoriously ahead of the average individual in the pews below. Where, then, is the source of the state, civil and theological, and where lie the radical sources of individual sovereignty and liberty?

In individuals.

The mistake of Mr. Tucker—stanch, brave, and truthful as he is—was in announcing a purpose in *Liberty* which was aimed at an organized result, rather than at the source of despotism. Having staked his reputation and identity as a reform leader upon this partial machine, and defiantly nailed his challenge on the door of the state, he wraps himself up in the mantle of a hero and refuses to budge. His great weakness is the fear of being inconsistent, that most dwarfing of all species of moral cowardice. When I am quoted as saying something a year ago, or a month ago, which I deny and repudiate to-day, it is a source of gratification, as witnessing that I hav grown and am not afraid to grow. Mr. Tucker is so organized that when he finds a man contradicting himself at different stages of his growth he thinks that he has next to annihilated him, though he has really demonstrated the chiefest promis for good within him.

Mr. Tucker's position will not permit him to grow, and confess it, except at the cost of extinguishing his personal glory as the first agitator of Anarchism in America in the English language. He is imprisoned in his own machine. I am sorry he did not plant his movement on the broader field of Individualism, so as to hav left infinit room to grow in, without danger of inconsistency, that terror he so much dreads. But he is made of stuff that does not budge when once fixed upon a purpose—a tireless worker, and tremendous power for good withal. As for me, I am willing to be inconsistent, to be called a compromiser, to eat the words to-day which I uttered yesterday, to roll and tumble and stand on my head, or be guilty of any kind of intellectual contortions, if thereby I am kept free to grow. To grow is my religion, and all the machines in the universe shall not prevail against it.

HENRY APPLETON.

## Miraculous Plaster from Knock.

The following "yarn" has been going the rounds of the country and religious papers for the past three months:

WILKESBARRE, December 14th.—A remarkable case of restoration of speech to a young lady who had been dumb for eight years, through the agency of faith and prayer, is reported from the neighboring village of Ashley, and the facts in the case are well authenticated. Miss Kate Martin, now nineteen years of age, lost the power of speech through a severe illness of scarlet fever. Many of the physicians of the neighborhood exhausted the utmost resources of their skill in the attempt to relieve her, but without avail. Of late years she has held the belief that her voice would be restored to her suddenly and miraculously, and has spent many hours in prayer. She was an earnest Catholic, and hearing of the wonderful cures effected by visiting the famous chapel of Knock, in Ireland, tried to induce her parents to let her pay a visit to the shrine. They were too poor to do this, but, at her solicitation, succeeded with some difficulty in procuring some of the plaster from the walls of the chapel. This was soaked in water, which Kate drank freely of.

After spending the whole of the evening in prayer, she retired, and on awakening in the morning found her speech restored to her in all its fulness and power. The first use she made of her recovered voice was to offer heartfelt praise to God, and the unusual sound of her voice issuing from their daughter's room aroused her parents, who rushed in and joined their thanks to hers.

The postmaster of Orangeport, N. Y., Mr. M. E. Atwood, is a heretic who places little confidence in the phenomena of the miraculous. He wrote to the postmaster of Ashley, Pa., and the subjoined is the reply:

ASHLEY, PA., Jan. 26, 1887.

P. M., ORANGEPORT, N. Y., *Sir:* Replying to yours in reference to case of miraculous cure of Katie Martin, I hav to say the outward facts are substantially as stated. She livs here; lost her voice, as stated, from sickness when a child, and can now talk.

The cure she attributes to the use of the plaster from Knock, aided by the prayer of faith. They are uneducated and superstitious people, but hav practiced no deception in the matter. They fully believe the cure has taken place just as represented, and from supernatural causes. Without saying what I think about the matter myself, I will simply add that I suppose such cases of the voice being restored from natural causes, when lost in a similar way, are not unknown to the medical profession.

I hav given in brief an answer to your inquiry. To go into details would take considerable time and labor. I am,

Yours very respectfully, J. K. P. FENNER, P. M.

The above letter was forwarded to THE TRUTH SEEKER by Mr. Atwood, and sent by the Editor to J. R. Perry, who livs at the scene of the miracle. Mr. Fenner, it may be incidentally mentioned, is a member of the Methodist church. Mr. Perry's explanation of the matter is as follows:

WILKES BARRE, PA., March 5, 1887.

E. M. MACDONALD, *Dear Sir:* Yours of March 2d came duly to hand, and as I was at leisure I started on a tour of inquiry and inspection, to ascertain what bearing the case had on truth, which I will impartially record.

I first called at the post-office at Ashley, in charge of Postmaster J. K. P. Fenner. A young lady in charge informed me of the neighborhood of the patient's residence, and stated that she knew her for years, that she could not talk above a hoarse whisper, and also that she was now well, but could not say what cured her, though she (the Miss Martin) firmly believed it was the plaster from Knock chapel that did it. The residence was pointed out to me, and I called to see the young lady whose speech had been restored. There is a deep cut made by the L. V. R. R. close to her residence, and I was at a loss how to find a way over, when I noticed a plump-looking damsel of about eighteen or twenty years of age coming down from the house. I called to her, suspecting she must be the lady, and she returned my call in a full, round voice, pointing out which way to cross over.

She informed me that a friend had brought some plaster or mortar from the chapel of Knock, and it had cured her. She had lost her voice by taking a bad cold, and could not speak aloud for five years.

I inquired as to what she did with the mortar. She said:

"I soaked it in water, and it dissolved, and that night when I went to bed I drank the water."

"What effect did the water seem to hav in your throat? Did it burn or scratch or bite you?"

"Oh, yes; it was strong, and I was praying all the time to get well."

"How did your voice come to you? Was it very sudden, or did it require some time?"

"Well, at first it was weak, but it kept improving for four or five days, getting better all the time."

"Then it did not come to rights immediately that night?"

"No, sir; it took five days or so until it was strong. It was a bad cold I had taken."

She stated that she had received hundreds of letters about it from all parts of the country. Some contained postage stamps, but most of them had none, and that a few of them she had answered, but she had "not time to be answering them all."

I inquired who were the friends that had so kindly brought her the plaster, but she seemed to evade the question, as she thought, no doubt, I was about to make further inquiry. This stimulated me to find the persons, but as she referred me to some other parties in Ashley, I took my leave, wishing her long life and happiness.

Miss Martin and her mother, Mrs. Margaret Martin, are keeping house for a man named Kane. Mrs. Martin I did not see, but Mr. Kane was present and proffered his explanations of the cure, stating that it was all through faith in the "blessed Virgin Mary, mother of God." The plaster, he said, would "amount to nothing on a heretic," and only for the belief in the holy Catholic religion no cure could be made with it "no more than a shtick or gob of mud." It was the "faith that did the work." I suggested if that were so, why use the mortar at all? Why not get well by prayer without it?

"Well, now, ye see," said he, "that you don't understand it. The blessed mother of God made her appearance at that chapel for all to be healed that had faith to go there and lave their diseases and their crutches behind when they came away cured, do ye see?" and this argument was as clear as mud to me, so I took my leave in search of the parties in Ashley.

I met a Mrs. Hooley, and fortunately she was in possession of all the facts. She was on her way to Wilkes Barre and would tell me all about it. So for half an hour she talked about the case. She told me that it was a Mr. James Murphy and wife who had brought the plaster over, and that she was using it on a sick girl who had been betrayed by her lover, and went "away crazy" because she did not dare to marry him. Mrs. Hooley had sent for the girl, and she was using the plaster daily. I said:

"Mrs. Hooley, what kind of mortar or plaster is it? Is it soft or hard like a rock?"

Said she, "It is as hard as any mortar or stone you ever saw. You could no more break it than you could break a stone."

"But how can you dissolve it in water to use it if it is so hard?"

"It won't dissolve at all; you could no more dissolve it than you could dissolve a bit of stone. It rests on the bottom of the vial that contains the holy water, which the priest at the chapel of Knock always fills, and puts the plaster into the bottle, and when the holy water is all used up by sprinkling or bathing, you are at liberty to go to your own priest and get some more water blessed and pour over it again. That plaster I hav will last forever and forever and be doing its duty all the time."

Mrs. Hooley then gave me an account of the discovery of the virtues of the plaster by an accident, stating that a blind man went scrambling along the wall and accidentally got some of the mortar from the plastering under his finger-nails, and then carelessly put his fingers into his eyes, rubbing them. They at once began to smart, and in a few moments he could see as well as anyone. The people rushed to the chapel and began tearing off the mortar from the walls and crevices, so that if the priest had not put up a high board fence the church would hav been torn down. "Oh, yes," continued she; "there are fields and fields of old crutches laying there, left by the lame that hav been cured. Bless her holy name!"

By way of comment, I wish to offer a few thoughts about this miracle. If Mrs. Hooley speaks truly, it looks to me as if the young lady had been deceived about the plaster. It will be noticed that the young lady stated that she dissolved the plaster and drank it; that it had a certain effect upon her throat, etc. Mrs. Hooley says she has some of the same plaster, given her by the same persons who brought it over, and that you can no more dissolve it than you can dissolve a rock; which looks right, as we know that when limestone has been heated sufficiently to giv off its carbon and form lime it will dissolve into milk of lime, and when it again combines with the atmosphere it hardens by age into its original limestone condition, and cannot be dissolved in water, forming carbonate of lime.

It may be possible that the sacred plaster was considered too valuable to part with, and that Mr. Murphy instead gave the girl a bit of quick lime, which she dissolved in water and drank; and it is possible that it may hav had the effect to act upon her vocal organs, and in four or five days restored her lost voice, doing it in a perfectly natural way.

It will be observed also that Miss Martin's own statement differs from the published account, which states that "after spending the whole of the evening in prayer she retired, and on awakening in the morning found her speech restored to her in all its fulness and power;" while the young lady stated to me that it did not return fully at once, but required four or five days; that it was better in the morning, but weak, and that four or five days passed before it got strong. The story of her arousing her parents by the sound of her voice issuing from her room, etc., is in part a fabrication, as she has but one parent, Mrs. Margaret Martin, unless Mr. Kane rushed into her room with Mrs. Martin to join in the praises, Mrs. Margaret Martin being Mr. Kane's housekeeper. Instead of eight years, the lady said it was about five years since she took a bad cold and lost her voice. She did not say anything about scarlet fever. When the superstition which encircles this case is removed, and the facts, fairly stated, appear, this miracle seems to amount to no miracle whatever, and may be accounted for by perfectly natural causes.

J. R. PERRY.

## Wanted: A Million for Missions.

The priests are publishing in their organs, and many country journals copy them, free advertisments headed as above, varied by occasional puffs thus:

It was announced in Chicago on Saturday night that the $250,000 guarantee fund asked by D. L. Moody to found in Chicago a training school for missionaries had been fully subscribed. Among the subscriptions are the following: John V. Farwell, $100.000; Mrs. George McCormick, $50,000; Marshall Field, $10,000.

Every one of these supposed large contributors is only advertising his business. The lambs inquire who they are, what business they are in. Millionaires, say the lambs, whom Christ has purified and blessed with worldly wealth, a species of Christianity no way objectionable to the embassador of him whose life was poverty and humility. Barnum gave the priests pointers how to advertise for Christ's sake and profit. A tramp illustrated their motiv. He may hav been a priest. Calling at a house for breakfast, the Christian lady said, "I never turn a hungry man away empty," whereupon she handed him a piece of plain bread, saying, "I don't want you to think I approve of your conduct; I giv you this for God's sake." To which the tramp replied, "Won't you please put a little butter on it for Christ's sake?"

"God save and multiply the fools," said Josh Billings. "If it wasn't for them, how would so many get a fat living without earning it?"

*Corry, Pa.*, March 19, 1887. G. F. LEWIS.

SEND to THE TRUTH SEEKER office for a catalog of the books we hav for sale. The catalog is free.

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

E. M. MACDONALD, - - - Editor.
C. P. SOMERBY, - - Business Manager.

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## "Fighting the Devil with Fire."

The Evangelical Alliance has at last done something which we can almost unreservedly commend. Under direction of James M. King, the chairman of the Alliance Committee on Legislativ Action, a protest has been prepared against the passage of Senator Murphy's bill which proposes to divide the public school funds with the schools of the New York Catholic Protectory. The protest is an argument bearing upon the attempt by Roman Catholics to weaken our common school system by the establishment of parochial schools, and division of the school funds therewith. It is not to be expected that the Evangelical Alliance will tell the whole truth, but, so far as the Alliance goes against the bill under consideration, it will hav the hearty aid of Freethinkers.

The protest and petition is, too, something more thau an objection to the one bill. The legislature is asked to inquire into the law under which children are committed to the various sectarian institutions at the public cost. This would indeed be a wise investigation for the legislature to undertake, but we should regret to see as a result of such investigation the adoption of the assumption of the Alliance that education in state institutions should "accord with Christian morals as taught in the Bible and recognized by law." We want no biblical morals taught, nor has the law any business to recognize religion.

The following is the petition, which Freethinkers can use by erasing the words within brackets in the last paragraph. Paste it to a sheet of paper, get all the signatures at hand, and forward it to the senator or member of the assembly of your district:

*To the Honorable the Legislature of the State of New York in Senate and Assembly:*

The undersigned respectfully and earnestly protest against the bill introduced in the Senate by the Honorable Michael C. Murphy, to amend the acts relating to the Society for the Protection of Destitute Roman Catholic Children, and intended,

First, To facilitate the commitment to that corporation of idle, truant. or homeless children; and,

Second, To authorize the schools of the New York Roman Catholic Protectory to participate in the distribution of the common school fund in the same manner and degree as the common schools of the city and county of New York.

I. The undersigned call upon your honorable bodies to preserve inviolate the school fund and its revenues, as plainly prescribed by the constitution; to keep church and state forever separate in our legislation; to guard the infant wards of the state from all sectarian schools or reformatories; to allow in institutions assisted by public moneys no foreign control or un-American influence; but to recognize the right of every delinquent, idle, truant, or homeless child to an unsectarian education as an American citizen in an American school.

II. The undersigned respectfully submit to your honorable bodies that the clause in the Children's Law (Laws of 1884, Chapter 438) which condemns children to be sent to institutions under the control of persons of the same faith as the parents of the children, is an unconstitutional provision suggested by persons who wish the state to do their will, in forcing children to adopt the faith of their parents, whatever it might be, in disregard of the constitutional rights of such children, who, as the wards of the state, and under the exclusiv control of the state, are entitled to receive fitting instruction in all the duties of good citizens without discrimination or preference of sect, and to be shielded from all attempts at proselytism or propagandism. They ask your honorable bodies to appoint a committee,

First, To investigate thoroughly and openly the effect of that law in multiplying enormously the number of infant paupers, notably in New York, Westchester, and Kings counties, in heavily increasing the burdens of taxation, and enlarging the tendency of Roman education to illiteracy, pauperism, and crime.

Secondly, To inquire how far the education given in the various reformatories assisted by the state accords [with Christian morals as taught in the Bible and recognized by law;] with American principles of civil and religious liberty; with the loyalty, rights, and duties of American citizens; with the harmony and goodfellowship which it is desirable to preserve among our nativ and foreign citizens, especially on religious questions, and with the absolute exclusion of all foreign intermeddling and dictation, by threats temporal or spiritual, with American politics and legislation.

Senator Murphy, who introduced the bill against which this protest is directed, is the senator with whom a member of the Brooklyn Constitution Club had a notable conversation last winter. The Constitution Club member was endeavoring to get a bill through the legislature taxing alike all property, including churches and church institutions. He called upon Senator Murphy, and showed him the bill. "A good measure," was the comment of the senator. "Will you introduce it?" asked the member of the Constitution Club. "H'm; I think you had better try to get Mr. —— to introduce the bill. Perhaps he will do it. You see," and the senator lowered his voice to a tone of confidence, "there are six Catholic institutions in my district, and if I introduce this bill I shall be killed." These six Catholic institutions are the propelling power that moves Mr. Murphy in his advocacy of the bill against which all American citizens must protest.

Moreover, the unconstitutionality of the measure is so apparent that when legislators' attention is called to the fact, there should be no hesitation in opposing it. Article IX., section 1, of the constitution of this state provides:

"The capital of the Common School Fund, the capital of the Literature Fund, and the capital of the United States Deposit Fund, shall be respectivly preserved inviolate. The revenue of the said Common School Fund shall be applied to the support of common schools."

The legislature of 1875-6, Mr. King recalls, adopted a proposed amendment to the constitution as follows:

"Section 2. Free common schools shall be maintained throughout the state forever. The legislature shall provide for the instruction, in the branches of elementary education in such schools, of all persons in the state between the ages of five and twenty-one years, for the period of at least twenty-eight weeks in the year.

"Section 3. Neither the money, property, nor credit of the state, nor of any county, city, town, village, or school district, shall be given, loaned, or leased, or be otherwise applied to the support or aid of any school of instruction under the control or in charge of any church, sect, denomination, or religious society; nor to or in aid of any school in which instruction is given peculiar to any church, creed, sect, or denomination, or to or in aid of any such instruction; nor to or in aid of any school of instruction not wholly under the control and supervision, and in charge of, the public school authorities. This section shall not prohibit the legislature from making such provision for the education of the blind, the deaf and dumb, and juvenil delinquents, as it may deem proper, *except in institutions in which instruction is given peculiar to any church, creed, sect, or denomination, or religious society.* Nor shall it apply to or affect the Cornell University endowment fund hitherto pledged and appropriated."

With a prohibition that the state shall giv no money to any institution under religious management, nor permit religion to be taught in any state institution or common school, such an amendment as the above should be adopted by the coming constitutional convention.

Concerning the law authorizing magistrates to commit children to institutions under the control of people of the same religious faith as the children's parents, it is very doubtful if it would be upheld by the Supreme Court. But whether it would or not, it is clearly an alliance of the state with a sect, and is that far undoubtedly un-American. The Evangelical Alliance's argument on this point is entirely one-sided and worthless. Mr. King does not seem to know that the law upon blasphemy has been repealed, and he cites worn-out legal opinions that Christianity is a part of the common law of this state. In his argument is seen the fine hand of that Protestant Jesuitism which would destroy the Roman Catholic Protectory but preserve the Protestant House of Refuge. These two institutions, however, need different treatment. The Protectory is owned and run as a private religious business, and in such a business the Roman Catholics hav an unquestionable right to embark. But New York city, by legislativ enactment, givs the Protectory many favors and a great deal of money—some three hundred thousand dollars annually. It is this contribution which should be withdrawn. The House of Refuge, on the other hand, though begun as a private enterprise, has passed into the hands of the state and is supported exclusivly by public money. Into the Refuge, though, as into Girard College, the Protestants hav wormed their way till the House of Refuge is as thoroughly Protestant sectarian as the Protectory is Catholic sectarian. What is needed in this case is the expulsion of the ministers who liv upon the bounty of the state and manipulate the institution for the glory and profit of their sect.

But so far as the Evangelical Alliance is working against the division of the school funds, so far is it entitled to the help of Freethinkers.. Circulate the petition and protest, and send the result to the assemblymen and senators at Albany.

## A Short-Range Teacher.

The president of the National Normal University of Lebanon, Ohio, Mr. Alfred Holbrook, is of the opinion that he has settled the religion-in-the-public-schools question. In the *National Normal Exponent* for March he prints his views, and marked copies are sent around to editors, presumably for the editors' enlightenment. The gist of his complaint is this:

"In most cities in the United States where Catholics hav not a large influence in the control of public schools, they hav established parochial schools for the children of Catholic population. In some cases, they hav succeeded in securing a division of the public funds for sustaining their sectarian schools, and in all cases complain of the injustice of taxing the Catholic population when any form of Protestant religious instruction is tolerated in the schools or no religious instruction is given. The Bible is to them the most offensiv book that can be used. This policy and craft is patent enough; and, with the aid of anti-religionists, Catholics hav, in most cities, driven the Bible and religious instruction from the schools altogether."

Right away does Mr. Holbrook fall into error. The above statements are not in accord with facts. In the first place, the Catholics are as yet unable to secure a division of the school funds, and their failure is the cause of the order by the Baltimore plenary council to each priest to build a parochial school. We know of an attempt to divide the school funds in a town of Pennsylvania, but the state constitution prevented it. We know of the recent attempt in our own legislature, but the bill has not become a law. We know of one town where the Protestants were bulldozed into contributing to the building of a parochial school. We know that at Poughkeepsie the public school officials employ Catholic teachers, but we do not yet know of a single state that has by statute divided the school money with Roman Catholics. So far, American principles dominate the land. Let us hope they always will.

Again, Mr. Holbrook errs in saying that in most cities anti-religionists and Catholics hav driven the Bible and religious instruction from the schools altogether. We hav heard of a few towns and school districts where the Bible and religion are omitted in the school exercises, and we know that the superintendent of education once issued an order to that effect in this state, but we know that the order is disregarded, and we know, too, that in most cities the schools are far from "godless," but are, on the contrary, crammed full of superstition.

That Mr. Holbrook's observation has been very limited is shown, too, by another asseveration. "We hav known," he says, "of several teachers who, feeling it their duty to read a short portion of scripture, and to offer a brief prayer in the opening exercises of their school, and having been denied this privilege or being condemned for thus pursuing a conscientious course, hav resigned and given up their positions to those who would comply with the demands of Infidel or Catholic directors. We hav never known, however, of an Infidel or Catholic teacher having been ejected from his position by Protestant directors because he did not engage in religious exercises." We shall be under obligations to Mr. Holbrook if he will send us the names and addresses of the Christian school-teachers who resigned because Infidel directors would not let them read the Bible. We think we can find him some Infidel school-teachers who hav been refused positions because of their heterodoxy, and others who hav been compelled to remain silent or forfeit their jobs.

The calm uniqueness of this university president's statement of premises led us to expect a unique remedy. But the nostrum he puts forth as of his own compounding is an old quack medicin, widely advertised and thoroughly worthless. It is only this:

"Let the teacher announce to the school that he will be glad to meet all the pupils who wish to join with him in religious exercises a quarter of an hour before the legal time of opening school every morning. He will, also, let it be known that there is no reproach falling upon one who does not wish to be present while the religious exercises are being conducted. The teacher thus, while he is occupying the public school building, does not use the time of the student in his devotions; he is taking his own time and gratifying that part of the community who wish their children to engage with him in his religious duties; while those parents who are opposed to religious exercises, in any and every form, cannot reasonably complain that the legal time of the teacher is employed, or that is there any diminution of his efforts in behalf of the pupils in their regular course of instruction as prescribed by law, and as required by directors under the law. In several schools where this plan has been adopted, Infidel and Catholic parents hav conceded the use of the school building to the teacher for religious exercises out of school hours in his own time. They do this the more willingly when they learn that there is no stigma placed upon the pupils for absence from religious exercises. In most cases where this plan has been adopted and pupils are free to attend or not, all the pupils hav most cheerfully and promptly been present during the quarter of an hour thus bestowed. Not only so, in some such cases Infidel parents hav expressed their satisfaction in the growing moral influence which has extended through all the school exercises in consequence of the conscientious conformity of the teacher to what he conceives to be his duty."

While the Infidels will doubtless feel grateful to Mr. Holbrook for his kindness in allowing that no "stigma" shall rest upon the absentees, and for his backhanded acknowledgment that heretics look after the morality of their children, they will probably continue to resist the use of public property to teach private religion. This "remedy" has often been tried, and in Bloomfield, Iowa, led to a lawsuit instituted by an indignant Infidel, whose children had been kept in the cold hallway while the little hypocrits inside were taught religion.

There is another very conclusiv reason why the nostrum is worthless. It supposes that all schoolteachers are Christians. But suppose they are not—which is the supposition of a fact—and suppose an Infidel is the teacher, shall the schoolhouse be opened fifteen minutes earlier for the Infidel to instruct in comparativ religion, or in Freethought as opposed to all supernatural revelation, such children as choose to attend? If not, why not? Mr. Holbrook says Infidel teachers are never ejected from their positions because of their belief upon religious matters, and surely they must hav their consciences respected as well as the Christians who self-sacrificingly resign when opposed by "Infidel directors." Would Mr. Holbrook, who is a gentleman eminent in his section of the country, be willing to help pay for fuel to warm a group of Infidels who were using public property to tear down his religion? Go to, Mr. Holbrook! Before you undertake to enlighten editors upon this subject, giv it a little thought yourself.

## A Puritanic Sunday for New York City.

If Mayor Hewitt's orders are enforced, New York is about to hav the same Sunday experience that a few Eastern and Western cities hav suffered. In response to a written complaint made by William H. Lawless, president of the Hat Salesmen's Protectiv Union, that the law against Sunday opening was not enforced, the mayor has written the police commissioners that the matter must be attended to at once. He said the existing laws were for enforcement, and gave instructions that the attention of the police force be called to the subject, with orders to notify parties who hav heretofore violated this law that any further transgressions will not be tolerated.

If the Sunday law is enforced, no stores can be open except restaurants, drug stores, news-stands, cigar shops (where no liquor is sold), and fruit and confectionery places. Grocery stores must be closed by 10 o'clock in the morning. All the Bowery and avenue stores which now sell hats and clothes on Sunday, all the barber-shops where working humanity gets a clean shave for the benefit of his best girl, all the toy stores, all the haberdashers—in short, everything but the exceptions mentioned, must be double-barred and bolted, and if any presumptuous store-keeper shall not obey, he may be fined ten dollars and sent to the county jail for five days.

There are some ten thousand liquor stores in this city, of which fully nine thousand are guardedly open on Sunday. There are fully twenty thousand grocery stores, which are usually all open up to twelve or one o'clock. Upon the Bowery and the avenues and streets of the East and West Sides there are fully another ten thousand small stores whose proprietors stand behind the counter on Sundays ready to serve customers. The police force numbers not over twenty-five hundred men effectiv for Sunday duty. It looks, therefore, to an impartial observer, as though the mayor had undertaken a large contract.

But what is the use of this fuss over Sunday work? Every man of common sense knows that New York will not observe Sunday in a Puritan fashion. The people will hav their excursions, their picnics, their Sunday outings and music. Every Sabbath morn the city is emptied of all who can find anywhere to go, and money to go with. If a man needs a new hat or to be shaved before he goes on an excursion, and other men stand ready to sell him a hat and to shave him, whose business is it but the persons' interested? It certainly is not Mayor Hewitt's, nor Howard Crosby's, nor Archbishop Corrigan's, nor John Hall's, nor Bishop Potter's, nor any other old fossil's. Neither is it the affair of those virtuous country legislators who at Albany enact Sunday laws and other puritanic restrictions for the great and wicked city of New York, and then come down here, where they are lost in the crowd, and break them. In his "deestrict" there is none so good as the country assemblyman. When he visits New York there is none so reckless. Perhaps if it were not so easy to break these laws, the assemblymen would be more cautious in passing them.

## Unjust Discrimination.

The Chinese residents of San Francisco hav imported a religious symbol in the shape of a Dragon-Joss. The dragon is one hundred and fifty feet long, and is built of silk, glass, paper, feathers, tinsel, and goat hair.

The law authorizes the free importation of religious symbols, by any church acting in good faith—that is, uses the bric-a-brac for religious purposes. Cardinal Gibbons will not hav to pay duty on his red hat, as it is a tool of his trade. He might also bring with him a miscellaneous assortment of furniture, such as subselliums or sediliums—strings of beads called rosaries—lambs with crosses on their shoulders and halos round their heads, called Agnuses Dei—holy oil cans, called chrismatories—archbishops' canes, called croziers—holy sprinkling pots, called aspergills—long cloaks and nightdresses, called albs and dalmaticas—altars and miters, and phylacteries for charming off witches—all these and much more might he bring through the custom-house free of duty; but when a rival church imports a harmless though hideous Dragon-Joss, the Christian treasury officials call it a "work of art" and levy a large toll thereon.

To say nothing of the poor judgment of the officials in classifying the monster, we hold the imposition of duty on the dragon to be an unjust discrimination. Why should not the Chinaman hav his gods and idols free of custom duty as well as the Christians their religious furniture. The bowing to a dragon is no worse, at any rate, than the scraping to a crucifix.

## A Probable Victory.

There are at last good prospects that the people of this city will be allowed to examin the treasures in the Central Park museums for the exhibition of which they hav paid such princely sums. On Monday evening, the 21st ult., the trustees of the museums held a meeting, and on Tuesday Mayor Hewitt stated to a reporter that Sunday opening was now only a question of finances. "At the meeting of the trustees," he said, "there was a large preponderance of opinion in favor of opening the museums, but the trustees want to know where the money is to come from. No action was taken, as there was no action to take, but I think it is certain now that as soon as arrangements can be made the museums will be opened Sundays."

There can be no doubt that the legislature will authorize the New York city authorities to furnish the funds. Such a bill passed the Assembly last year, but was defeated in the Senate by the museum trustees themselvs. When the city board of estimate and apportionment made up their budget for the current year, five thousand dollars each were offered the museum trustees if they would open on Sundays. This was refused. Since then, the American Museum of Natural History has applied for four hundred thousand dollars for an enlargement of its buildings. A bill permitting this sum to be given it has passed the legislature. The men who spend the city's money are known to be in favor of Sunday opening, and the pressure of public opinion in this direction is tremendous. The legislativ bill is not mandatory upon the city officials, but permits them to giv the museum the money. "Are you going to shoot?" asked the coon of Davy Crockett from an upper branch of a tree. "That's my intention," replied Davy as he leveled his gun. "Well, then, I'll come down," said the coon, and he crawled back to the tree-trunk and descended at Crockett's feet.

When the museums are opened to the Sunday visitors of Central Park, as it seems they soon will be, how few will know to whom they are indebted for a sight of the treasures and curiosities therein! Even the city officials scarcely realize who it was that brought to the surface the public sentiment which backs them up in their demands upon the museum trustees. But had it not been for the persistent efforts of the American Secular Union in circulating petitions and stirring up the daily press of this city during the fall and winter of 1885–6, the museums would be unheard-of institutions to a majority of the people of the city. Like the Lenox Library, the museums are now unknown quantities to all but a few people of leisure, scarcely more accessible than a private art gallery. The efforts of the Secular Union made the population of New York aware that it had paid enormous sums for these playthings of the wealthy, without deriving any benefit therefrom, and almost unanimously the demand for Sunday opening was seconded. Having started the ball with an impetus that has since kept it going, the Union remained quiet because a cry was raised that only Infidels desired Sunday opening, and so great is the prejudice that this would hav defeated the Union's object. Mayor Hewitt is called a Christian; Mr. Beekman, the president of the board of aldermen, is an Episcopalian, and they can get credit for public spirit.

Once let the Sunday visitors at Central Park know that the museums are open, and the buildings will be thronged. It is safe to say that in the four or five months of summer and fall the exhibits of the museums will be examined by a greater number of people than hav passed their portals in all the previous years during which those institutions hav encumbered the ground.

In this issue we introduce to the Liberal public a Christian writer who is anxious to enlighten Mr. Arthur B. Moss, a scientific Freethinker of London, whose contributions to these columns hav been extensivly read and universally commended. Mr. Grabill believes that Mr. Moss has been teaching error in his papers about the age of man upon the earth, and we hav provided him space in which to show reason for the faith that is in him. Having restrained our own inclination, we trust none of our scientific correspondents will jump upon Mr. Grabill until Mr. Moss is heard from.

The *Freeman's Journal* says of Henry Ward Beecher:

"Perhaps—and this seemed possible from same of his utterances—he had thoughts of laying down his flowers, his reeds, his equipment of pretty metaphors, and pantheistic implements at the foot of the church planted on the rock of St. Peter. But, though we cannot doubt that, had he felt obliged to speak honestly, he would hav said that the truth—admitting that God livs—was in the Catholic church, he never spoke, and he died silent."

Our Roman Catholic contemporary is very far from the truth. If Mr. Beecher had possessed sufficient courage to break from Plymouth church he would hav stood beside Colonel Ingersoll rather than crouched at the feet of the pope. Beecher was of the radical, not the conservativ type. "It is my work," he said to Frank Carpenter years ago, "to destroy the old. Others must do the rebuilding; my nature is destructiv." Such a man as that could never hav joined the Catholic church.

Scarcely had we time to congratulate Mr. Ernest Mendum upon his happy marriage to Miss Isabel Crowell, when we are called upon to mourn with him at her death. She died in Melrose, on the 19th ult., from typhoid-pneumonia, and was buried on the following Tuesday. The Ingersoll Secular Society adopted this resolution:

*Resolved*, That the members of the Ingersoll Secular Society hear, with the utmost sorrow, of the sad and sudden death of our late kind and Liberal associate, Mrs. Ernest Mendum. As Miss Isabel Crowell, we had learned to know and appreciate her worth, and as the wife and helpmeet of our brother Earnest, we had hoped to hav for many years the pleasure of her assistance and friendship; but Death spares neither friend nor foe, and we unite our grief with that of those who were nearest and dearest to the stricken one, and extend to them all our heartfelt sympathy in their and our great bereavement.

We are sure that the bereaved husband has the honest sympathy of many scores of friends. They may not take his burden of grief away, but let us hope they can make it lighter by sharing it with him.

# Letters from Friends.

SNOHOMISH CITY, WASH. TERR., Feb. 21, 287.

MR. EDITOR: I hav enlisted three more names in the interest of humanity. Inclosed find $9.50 to pay for same, $1 for TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, and a renewal for myself for the present year. The cartoons are what take the eye, so keep on with the good work. We shall endeavor to hav Mr. Putnam with us when he comes to the territory. This place is situated about fifty milcs north of Seattle by water.

J. S. MARTIN.

PETERBORO, N. H.

MR. EDITOR: Here is $5 which you ought to hav had long ago; but, by the great horn spoons, I hav been in an awfully tight spot for two years past, and could not do as I know I ought to hav done. But I am going to come out game at last. If you could know what a time I hav had, you would shed tears like pouring soapsuds out of a washtub. But you need not stop to shed any sobs now, for the rub is about past. I indorse your position on the Anarchy controversy to the bone. The position of the *Ironclad Age* is just simply pitiable. Monroe shows himself a bitter sectarian in his position and treatment of the question. Sorry to see it.

GEO. GEER.

DOWAGIAC, MICH., March 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav intended writing THE TRUTH SEEKER some time, but am spurred up to it just now by our having had Mrs. A. M. Freeman here to giv us a lecture, subject, "Some Things I Don't Understand," and she was not alone, either, for many others don't, but she handled those old Bible stories without gloves. As Liberals generally take no stock in them, I wish our lecturers would come to the issues of the present time, and leave those antiquated myths for others to ventilate, who do believe them. She was well received, and we shall try to arrange for another on her return. Putnam passed us by, but we hope to hav Reynolds with his tent when the weather is warm enough. Please say so to him, if you're in correspondence. And now a bit of business. As our time expires the first of April, may as well inclose amount in this; also $1 for Heston, and remaining dollar for "Exeter Hall" and Saladin's work, "Did Jesus Rise from the Dead?" and the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1887, if extant. If memory serves me, this is right. If not correct, I will make it so in my next.

AMOS KNAPP.

WILLIAMSON, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: There are three churches in this little town, Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian. The Baptists hav been running protracted meetings for the last eighteen weeks, and hav finally quit, and not a one hav they had the chance to clean up in the river Jordan—excuse me, they hav got a wash-tub in their church. The Methodists hav been running meetings nearly every evening for two months, and not a soul saved as yet. They expect the praying band here this week from Syracuse, and hav agreed to pay them $200 for one week of hallooing. I hav a pack of hounds that I will let out cheaper than that, and I will guarantee that my dogs can save just as many souls as theirs. They all say if it was not for these old Infidels they could reap a rich harvest. No doubt the preachers could. I came home a few days ago and found the Methodist priest in my house inquiring about the welfare of my wife's soul. She, in her way, told him all about it in short meter. Suffice it to say that he did not wait to sing or pray. He asked for medicin for his wife, and was willing to pay. I told him I treated all paupers alike, and gave it to him. This is getting to be a hot Freethinking community.

A. G. AUSTIN, M.D.

HAVANA, CUBA, Feb. 26, 1887.

DEAR EUGENE: I and, I hope, all other readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER hav long since learned to esteem you highly; and I desire you to believe me when I say that I hav hitherto believed THE TRUTH SEEKER to be the very best and most ably edited paper in Ameriea, and that I do not want to see the star of its glory sink in the quagmires of aristocratic or capitalistic despotism. On page 122 of the issue thereof of the present month, you say that when anyone shows that the speeches of the Chicago Anarchists led to the killing of policemen, you will advocate their punishment. Right then the capitalistic tyrants took you by the throat. They will register it against you and try to pin you down to it.

The speeches of those noble heroes, Parker Pillsbury, Gerritt Smith, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Joshua R. Giddings, and others of their kind led to the rebelling of the slave-mongers against our Union; not that any state seceded, or even tried to do so, for not even a god can do that which it has not the power to do, and a state has no power to even try to secede from the Union.

If your expression above referred to is the proper doctrin, then, of course, you would consent to the punishment of the Abolitionists above named, because their speeches led to the killing of many Union and rebel soldiers, eh?

If you will turn to page 474, Abbott's "Lives of the Presidents," you will find that yours is the exact view taken by a rebel judge in New Orleans, and whereby he had a great many Union men punished because some rebels had killed some other Union men.

If your pockets hav been well filled by the capitalists, to induce you to gradually switch off onto the track of capitalistic despotism—which I do not at all believe to be the case—you will then command a certain degree of false respect, but if you do it through cowardly imbecility, you will get no respect at all from any quarter.

Eugene, please now, do switch back onto the track of rational universal mental liberty, where you hav so long and so successfully driven the grand old locomotiv, THE TRUTH SEEKER, with its extensiv train of rational truth seekers, safely over the bogs, fens, and quagmires of superstition, till you may hav finally landed them safe and sound upon the shores of rational liberty and justice. We don't want to lose you; we know too well the sound of your whistle, and we hav great faith in you. Yes, Eugene, do come back onto the track laid by Franklin, Paine, Jefferson, and others of their kind, lest, the first thing we know, you land us all in an Ashtabula or a Woodstock heap of ruins and of fire and brimstone.

GNEOOTRWGEES.

MILAN, Mo.

MR. EDITOR: I am greatly pleased with your paper. I will say I would not hav it stopped for $10 per year. I can find more truth in it than in any other paper I take, and I am taking thirteen others. I was raised a Sunday-school scholar until over fifteen years of age. Since then I hav been a shorthand reporter on several of the Chicago papers, during which time I had my eyes opened. I hav reported Ingersoll at various places, heard Mr. Remsburg and many others of the great speakers, thus having all my early doubts vindicated, and by the presence of THE TRUTH SEEKER in the house, with barely a word in its favor, every member of the family of five others besides myself are converted to its sentiments. I extend thanks to those who first put a copy of it in my hands.

I see in one of your papers an item in reference to a Sunday-school superintendent putting $500 of the treasurer's money into the Louisiana State lottery, and praying God to direct it to the best advantage, and he drew a blank. I suppose that is a point in favor of the lottery, because it seems as though God preferred to help the lottery rather than the Sunday-school.

Inclosed find $3 for paper another year.

L. J. MALLORY.

NEWPORT, ME., March 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I received the package of "Lay Sermons" you sent me for the dollar I sent you, and I am surprised that you can publish such a splendidly got up book at such a very small price, five cents. In any sense, it is perfect. I hav just finished reading it for the third time, and as I read it, I felt that there are hundreds of thousands of people that would buy and read it if they knew the rich treat there is in it.

And the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL! How can such a splendid book as that be sold for the very low price of twenty-five cents? The laws on Sabbath-breaking, blasphemy, etc.. are worth a great deal more than the price of the book to any one who wishes to know what Christian tyranny has done and is doing. I should think that you ought to sell many thousands of ANNUALS.

And I wish to speak of another book I hav recently read, "The Fathers of the Republic," by J. E. Remsburg. I hav read with pleasure and profit all of Mr. Remsburg's works, and truly he givs to the world very important truths, which ought to be read by millions. When Christian priests hav tried to blacken the character of the grandest men nature ever produced, Freethinkers ought to scatter the very important books printed by the Truth Seeker Company by the thousands.

SEWARD MITCHELL.

BRAIDENTOWN, FLA., Feb. 6, 1887.

E. M. MACDONALD, *Kind Sir:* I hav thought for some time of writing to you and the Liberal society, but my courage failed, as I wrote several letters last summer to prominent Liberals, but they did not answer my supplication. One lady answered in a postal with kind wishes. I hav always been a Freethinker. My father, Thomas McClean, was one also. He was born in 1763, a soldier in the Revolution. I hav a common education; read the *Investigator* in my eleventh year, 1832, and at frequent intervals since. Yearly losses by rains, sickness, and my husband's death hav reduced me now to poverty. After settling up, I had enough left to bring myself and four daughters to Florida. Misfortune has followed me and mine, and I am in straitened circumstances. I wish the Liberals could help me a little. I can help myself some. I can sew, but I cannot be on my feet very much. I hav done nothing for priests, and I hav not been to hear any preaching since 1852. I hav taught my children to think for themselvs; none leans to orthodoxy. I hope your society will try to help me a few dollars. If some of those Liberal lecturers could see me as I am living, I think they would giv me something of their own accord. I do wish some one could come here and lecture. I am alone in my views on religion. People think it very strange I do not go to any of their meetings. I suppose some think I am no better than a heathen. I do not suppose they would really let me suffer for food, as there was some sent me last week.

That kind lady in Brooklyn has sent me several of your papers and *Investigators*, and I thank her very much for so doing. I hope you will place my poor distressed case before your readers.

MRS. E. J. SNODGRASS.

GREELEY, COL., March 11, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Again the manna of truth has been showered upon the people of Greeley, and some of us feasted sumptuously, and had our hunger satisfied. The 26th of February found a very intelligent assemblage of Liberals at the residence of the secretary. Among the number was the genial countenance of S. P. Putnam, who demonstrated his untiring energy by giving us an extemporancous, pithy, and interesting talk, in which he proved that the largest individuality was attained by a diversity of opinions. He was followed by the Unitarian minister, who concurred heartily in the facts developed by the speaker. Considering his orthodox principles, one would think he had undergone a metamorphosis.

On the night of the 27th of February, the poetical genius delivered his lecture, "The New God," to a large and appreciativ audience, every word and sentence sparkling with truth and the fire of eloquence. So completely did he demolish the substructure of the orthodox God that all the delightful things told of the invisible heaven seemed to exist here on earth. His language, ideas, and gestures sent such conviction and thrill of emotion that the audience was held spellbound. He showed that man was a progressiv being, his physical, intellectual, and moral achievements constituting the god, man possessed of these endowments being the noblest work of nature, and the only being worthy of worship. When he uttered the proposition that he believed in a God potent enough to kill "grasshoppers and fleas," a good Christian brother, whose locks were silvered and whose ideas were petrified with religious bigotry, concluded that he was in the "wrong nest," and made his exit.

Monday evening, March 7th, the secretary and treasurer of the Greeley Secular Union had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Putnam deliver the first Liberal lecture ever given at Loveland, Col., and we trust gave some impetus to the occasion by singing appropriate songs. In conclusion, I cannot refrain from mentioning the name of N. R. Faulkner, of Loveland, who proved himself to be an efficient and zealous worker in the cause of Freethought.

Hoping that wherever our worthy secretary may go his sentiments will glitter with undiminished luster, and the fetters of superstition be broken asunder, and truth and liberty established throughout our land,

EULAH C. STILLWELL,
Sec. Greeley Sec. Union.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA., March 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav becn buying THE TRUTH SEEKER from the news-office since last spring, and hav carefully read every number. I was much pleased with the first number, and the longer I read the better I like it. I think it is a deeply interesting journal, and is steadily improving. Heston's pictures are interesting, amusing, and instructiv, and I hav heard people say that they show up some of the absurdities of the Christian religion much better than the best written article could do. Even some of my Christian friends had to laugh at the picture of Adam plowing with a hog, which appeared in your paper last fall. Success to Heston!

I am especially pleased with the stand you take in regard to the Anarchists. I do not believe in murder, neither do I believe in hanging scven Anarchists because some Anarchist or Socialist has committed a murder.

Putnam, Reynolds, Denslow, Si Slokum, Bowman, and many others among your contributors are dealing heavy blows at orthodoxy, and Mrs. Colman in her "Reminiscences" givs hard facts, very unpalatable to the average Christian. I also read the "Children's Corner," and feel encouraged when I see so many young people breaking away from the bondage of superstition, and who on Sunday do not hav to hurry off to church to learn a batch of silly, nasty fables from that most indecent of all Christian books, the Bible.

I am a compositor on a highly Christian temperance paper. The editor's wife is president of the W. C. T. U. of this state. They think it is a sin to read THE TRUTH SEEKER, or any other paper that dares to advocate the rights of laboring men and women, or that dare to hav opinions of their own on religious subjects. I rejoice that a few journalists dare to advocate the right, and fear neither American capitalists or the Jewish God they pretend to worship.

This is a very Christian town. Gospel mills are plenty, revivals are conducted each winter with great vigor, and if we may believe the newspapers, nearly all the sinners are converted. The Salvation Army marches around with its drums and tambourines, and there is a large Catholic factory and one Catholic church. And yet saloons and other institutions too vile to be mentioned, but generally found flourishing side by side with the churches, also are plenty.

Success to the grand old TRUTH SEEKER. May it liv long, and successfully battle error, superstition, and oppression. I believe the course you are now pursuing satisfies the great majority of your readers.

W. H. H. PEARSON.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, OR., March 6, 287.

MR. EDITOR: I hav no advice to giv you about how to conduct your paper, but it seems to me that it would be a safer and more prosperous way to giv no credit. I know that there are many poor but honest Liberals; but there are some that are dishonest, and not Liberals, who would wrong their best friend. I am poor, and perhaps may be glad to get your paper on credit, but I believe that it would be better for both you and me if you had a rule to never giv credit, except when personally acquainted, and then to use your own judgment whether you do or not. I see that a great many want you to make a book of THE TRUTH SEEKER cartoons, or tract, or a book of doleful sayings, or something else. Now, these things may do well enough as suggestions, and although they may appear feasible to the writers, and they would take a copy or more, yet we are so different from each other that it is doubtful if it would pay to act on all such suggestions, even if your company was rich enough to do so. I think we that don't hav the responsibility don't consider the expense and probable income from such ventures. As a friend of mine used to say when about to giv advice, "You know your own business best." It takes money to run a large printing-office, as well as a farm or foundry, and although I often see something that just suits me, yet I will not let the wish be the father of the belief that it would be profitable for you to put it in book form. I particularly like John Peck's "Christian Absurdities," and "An Orthodox Fraud," by T. E. Longshore.

It was refreshing to find at least one who did not know everything; I refer to Helen Gardener on the "Social Heresies." Many who knew less would hav written all about them. Of course you employ many other writers who swing a free pen, each of whom has their specialty, and I like them. I hav received all of the books that I hav ordered, and hav not missed a number of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

I hav been here six years, and when I came here had not a rag to my back, but now hav plenty of them. No, I meant to say, we had nothing but our clothes, but by economy hav lived and saved a nice house and barn, and a few acres of rich land, and furniture, and two cows, with an average of $400 per year, and now don't hav to pay rent or buy fuel or vegetables. I say this for the benefit of workingmen, for I am a carpenter, and hav worked in New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco, and never could save anything in any of the large towns, but don't think that there are any special inducements to come to Oregon. I think that I could hav done as well or better in almost any of the eastern states if I had bought a small piece of land and built a cheap house in the country, and improved as fast as I could.

G. F. Elliott.

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Pittsburgh, Pa., Feb. 3, 1887.

Mr. Editor: As my wife's step-father used to say, "I shall die without reforming the world," but the next half-century will see much more advancement in all branches of knowledge than my short span of seventy-nine years has beheld, though I hav lived through the grandest age that the world has any true historical account of. The old Egyptian, Assyrian, and Hindoo stony records show that the world has lost some arts known to the ancients, and possibly they may be recovered by future researches in the earth, or in the written records of the Bramans or the Chinese. Let us hope that those mines of knowledge—claimed to be thousands of years back of our era—may be opened up in the early future. There are, however, many things about to be brought in in the not very distant future that will immeasurably improve the condition of the human race, and it should be the business of reformers to urge them forward. No intelligent reformer can doubt the right of every human being to light, air, water, and earth; to all the elements provided by the creator—call it God, spirit, essence, force, or what you will—for the use of the successiv races that hav inhabited and are destined to inhabit the earth. No race, much less an individual of a race, nor any number of individuals in combination, hav a right to monopolize the elements to the exclusion of any individual from the equal enjoyment of them, and any such monopoly and exclusion is the robbery of right—what I call God-given right. It is objected that we must not interfere with vested rights; that the legal owners hav paid their money for the land, and that it would be all wrong to interfere with them in any way whatever. In reply, it is not desired nor designed to do this directly, but to make it desirable to themselvs to sell that portion of their ground which they cannot use to advantage without oppressing others. The land was stolen (appropriated) originally by force against right, *i.e.*, by robbery, sold by the robber, and by that purchaser to another, and another, and another, down through a long succession of holders, who passed laws confirming their title, and then called it vested right. But it being a robber title in the beginning, all the holdings through twenty generations could not giv a just title any more than the passing of a stolen horse through twenty holders could deprive the real owner of his right. This you may say is law, and, of course, the real owner would get his horse, but I am not talking of law as it is, but as it ought to be—equity. Every child when born is part owner of all God-given or natural elements, and all the law-making power we justly possess in the case is to secure to the child these natural rights. The law has just as good right to deprive me of light, air, and water, as of land, and the coal, iron, and other materials in and on the earth, which it now deeds to Tom, Dick, and Harry, who are thus rendered independent, and able to compel, through his necessities, servitude from their landless neighbor. The law-making power should be exercised only to protect the natural rights of every sentient being, and to further the interests of all humanity. I hav a good deal more to say, but will defer if for the present. I may bore you with it at a future day.

I will say here that I hav believed for many years, and hav discussed in my family, and among a few friends, that man was given his hands to make a living by work—of course, using his brain so as to work intelligently—but that he has not the right to use his brain-power for his own personal advantage, but should use it for the furtherance of the best interests of the race.

J. Scott.

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Portville, N. Y., Feb. 28, 1887.

C. J. Curtis, Bradford, Pa., *Dear Sir:* In a recent Truth Seeker I note a letter from you, in which you refer to my being a Spiritualist, and ask me to giv my reasons for being one through The Truth Seeker's liberal columns. Now, when a certain class of Materialists ask if I am a Spiritualist, I always feel like replying as did some one when asked that question on the witness stand; he said, "Yes, sir, I am a Spiritualist, but I am not a d——d fool!" Now, you will notice in almost all debates between Materialist and Spiritualist, after the latter has given the testimony of witnesses to phenomena that preve spirit return to be a fact—testimony such as would be received without question upon any other subject (as, for instance, the materializing, in the presence of Miss Fairchild, of Boston, of from fifty to one hundred spirit-forms in an evening, many of them babies, and this with the medium plainly in sight, and in the presence of a score of disinterested spectators)—the former will invariably ignore everything attested as having no weight, because he did not see it. Now, in giving a few instances of my own experience, I shall not hope to convince anyone, but simply do so in answer to friend Carl's request, thinking some one may find them of interest. "The beginning of my being a Spiritualist" was in reading the works of A. J. Davis, thirty or more years ago, and falling in love with the philosophy of Spiritualism. Nothing seemed more reasonable to me than the manifestations, and I am sure mere phenomena would never hav made spirit return seem so real had I read nothing of the philosophy in the beginning. Mr. Curtis says he has thoroughly investigated Spiritualism. This I hav never had an opportunity to do. We began by having private circles among a few friends in our neighborhood, about twenty years ago. We were mediums, and all investigators only. Remember we were not paying our money to be hoaxed by frauds. Our mediums were our friends, our neighbors, who had no object in deceiving, and none of them hav ever become public mediums, although many possess wonderful powers. One, my niece, whom Mr. Curtis knew as Ella Stevens, and who, every one knows, is as pure and as honorable as an angel, has given us wonderful proof of spirit-power. As a healer, she cured herself of inflammatory rheumatism of many years' standing. Another honorable lady friend, Mrs. E. M. Pearsol, was often controled to repeat, line by line, as it was copied from her lips, long, beautiful poems, and lectures far beyond her capacity to do normally, as she had had but little literary culture, having married at thirteen years of age, and having eight daughters to rear in humble circumstances. I do not mention these cases as remarkable, but because they seemed to bring proof to my mind, knowing as I did all the attendant circumstances, and the noble character of the parties. I will only giv one more instance in my experience. It was a beautiful August morning, seven years ago, that my wife and I arrived on the Cassadaga camp-ground, near Cassadaga Lake. In less than an hour we were seated alone in the tent with Charles Watkins, the medium for independent slate-writing. He did not leave the room after we entered, and no one else came in. Previous to entering we had written several questions and rolled them into tiny pellets, and upon the medium's producing two clean slates, we placed the pellets between them, and he laid them on the table, placing his hands on them. In this manner three intelligible messages were written, one signed by my father, one by my wife's mother, and one by our son-in-law, Edgar Hall, whom you knew. There was no possible chance for collusion that I could see, as thousands were coming and going every day. You say you are satisfied that Spiritualism "has no scientific basis." Yet there are many illustrious names of scientific men who think differently, among whom are Professor Crookes, F.R.S., in England, who started out with a three months' investigation to prove that Spiritual phenomena were produced by odic force, but who, after two years' investigation, found indisputable proof of individual spirit existence and return. Professors Varley, Wallace, Zöllner, Hare, and many scientific men of authority attest the truth of his statements. It is true the laws governing these phenomena are little understood, but enough is known, it seems to me, to make men hesitate about setting bounds to scientific discovery. Of one thing I am assured, there can be nothing supernatural; whatever is, will and must be accounted for according to natural law. Neither, according to my belief, is it necessary to hav any divine, creativ power to execute said law. I omitted to rank D. M. Bennett among the illustrious few who found Spiritualism to hav "a scientific basis," as attested in a little pamphlet written by him on Spiritualism. Professor Tyndall, in "Fragments of Science," p. 73, says: "Besides the phenomena that address the senses, there are laws, and principles, and processes that do not address the senses at all, but which must be spiritually discerned." And again he says, wisely, "You never hear the really philosophical defenders of uniformity speaking of impossibilities in nature. They best know that questions offer themselvs to thought which science, as now prosecuted, has not even the tendency to solve. They keep such questions open, and will not tolerate any unlawful limitations of the horizons of their souls.

Trusting I hav not written at such length as to make myself unwelcome, or trespassed upon the forbearance of our friend The Truth Seeker, I will close.

Yours for all truth, John L. Brooks.

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Middle Falls, N. Y., March 7, 1887.

Mr. Editor: Judging from the number of communications received bearing on the subject, my little squib in The Truth Seeker of February 19th has created quite a little breeze among the spelling reformers and deformers. Some of the letters of my correspondents are amusing, as illustrating the ignorance of their writers regarding the subject with which they are attempting to grapple, and some are so peppery in their composition as to indicate that orthography correctors are not invariably persons of good breeding. I hav not time to reply to all of my correspondents, and would prefer to hav them send their communications direct to The Truth Seeker office, so that your readers may hav the benefit of their alleged correction of the faults of our admittedly crooked English spelling. It may surprise some of these wiseacres to learn that I am a spelling reformer myself, and hav been an advocate of such reform for years; but nothing short of a radical change will suit me—the selection and adoption of nine new characters to represent the letters which we lack to express the sounds of the language, without making some letters do double, quadruple, and even sextuple duty, as the letters *a* and *o* do now. With each vowel sound denoted by a single character, and the substitution of *j* for soft *g*, *k* for hard *c*, the transposition of those consonants that need it, and the elimination and omission of all not sounded, the orthography of our language would be so simplified no child would need to spend the tedious years of drudgery now necessary to learn to spell. Such a change, I am satisfied, would shorten our printed matter at least one-quarter, possibly two-fifths, according to the proportion of changed words used in our discourse; *i.e.*, three-quarters of the space now occupied in each number of The Truth Seeker would contain all its printed matter, leaving room thereby for more than one-fourth additional matter. So sweeping a reform would, of course, produce an almost total change in the structure of our language in its represented form, destroying the tracing of our words to their sources in the original roots, and involves many difficulties familiar to every student; but, notwithstanding, so great would be the benefit accruing from the change I would heartily welcome it, and be glad to see it adopted by every periodical and every educational institution in the land. We who hav finished our "a-b, ab's," would never become accustomed to it in our days—it would pain the eye every time we looked upon a printed page—but to coming generations it would be a blessing, and we ought to be willing to sacrifice something of taste for the good of those who are to follow us. But, I would ask my would-be critics, May we ask for the adoption of such a radical overhauling of our orthography with any prospect of success? and more especially can we accomplish anything by taking three small words (for the other words changed in The Truth Seeker, such as genunin, feminin, and the like, occur so infrequently as to be scarcely noticed), and curtailing them to present a decidedly "bob-tailed" appearance, any more than we could hope to change the organization of some lordly oak by sending a man into it annually to lop off the extremities of three small twigs? There is no more reason why the final letter of have, give, and live should be omitted than the final letter of shall, will, and fill, not a particle, and yet there is a very good reason why it should be omitted from all six, as well as hundreds of other words, and I only mention it to show the inconsistency of spelling "deformers." The old, and as generally worded, offensiv adage that "every little helps" does not apply in this case, except in the one item of space saved, and that, in each issue of The Truth Seeker, will not amount to five full lines.

Nothing of moment can be accomplished by those who are trying to grapple with so grave a subject by pruning and lopping among the twenty-six characters we now hav. Twenty-six letters cannot be made to represent nearly forty sounds, except by making each vowel do more than double duty, as I hav mentioned, and the difficulty will only be overcome by the adoption and making of additional type. I do not understand how a half dozen papers are going to effect a reform by changing the termination of less than a half dozen words; and even these words are made to conform to the established orthography when the article in which they appear is to be printed in book form, and in some cases where it is not, or at least not so specified. If the readers of The Truth Seeker will turn to the number in which my little complaint appeared they will find therein a two-column article by the leading Freethinker of the age, in which wherever the words hav, giv, and liv occur they are spelled each with four letters, which, I think, will bear me out in my assertion that "contributors will not take kindly to a system that givs an unfinished appearance to their best thought." True it is that the departure of a word in spelling from the established usage offends the eye simply because it has been so long associated with it in another form; but something is due to taste as well as utility (else there would be no premium on beauty), and a displeasing innovation should not be sanctioned unless the end sought justifies the proceeding and compensates for the discomfort involved. There are people to whom a straggling, out-of-line row of fruit or shade trees looks just as pleasing as a precise line, and who would gaze with the same emotions upon a bog-covered swale that they would upon a well trimmed lawn; but all are not constituted alike, and while a thoughtless person might stroke a cat's fur the wrong way and see nothing incongruous in the operation, such a proceeding would offend the nerves of a more sensitiv one; and so in the case of the three words under discussion, their uncouth, abbreviated appearance offends the eye wherever they occur in that form. I admit that as usually spelled these words are not in accord with the principles of phonetics, but cutting off the final letter does not mend the matter, and neither of them, in the amended form in which they appear in The Truth Seeker, is spelled as it will be if the principles of spelling reform are established, since the fourth sound of *a* and the second sound of *i* as heard in the words hav and liv are not now represented in our alphabet. There are other amendments needed in connection with the use of our language equally with the spelling reform. Not a day passes but each writer sees the need of having a third personal pronoun, one which shall express personality without denoting gender, and it has been suggested that we use for the nominativ case the word *e*, and inflect it as follows: Nominativ, *e;* possessiv, *es;* objectiv, *em*. With such a new pronoun we should not hav to "work around the point" by writing as we do now, "Everyone is the architect of his or her own fortune;" and many a word now needed to make our meaning clear could be dispensed with; but I do not know of any journal willing to undertake to introduce the practice. In conclusion, I trust I shall not be misunderstood by your readers. I am in favor of the spelling reform movement just as I am in favor of the adoption of the metric system, which would, if it came into general use, save an incalculable amount of time and money in our exchange with foreign countries and between our own states, and which I should be glad to see established everywhere throughout the world. If the spelling reform movement shall be made sweeping and thorough enough to need no reforming itself, it will compensate for all the annoyance and inconvenience of the years during which we are becoming accustomed to the altered appearance of the language, and will be the grandest achievement of the age. So with the metric system if it come into universal use. But if only one or two isolated merchants adopt it, or, to make the analogy nearer perfect, if one uses one table of it only, while another uses a different one in his business, and the great bulk of the people ignore it altogether, it will only "prolong the agony" as in the case of that kind-hearted but mistaken son of the Emerald Isle who, wishing to curtail his dog, lopped off a small piece of the tail each day in order that "the poor craythur might become accustomed to the pain by degraaes."

D. Louis Bodge.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## Who Can Read it?

A PRINTER'S POEM.

An S A now I mean 2 write
2 U, sweet K T J,
The girl without a I,
The belle of U T K.

I 1der if U Ntertain
The calm I D A bright,
That 8 T miles from U I must
M— this chance to write.

And 1st, should N E N V U,
B E Z, mind it not,
If any friendship show, B sure
They shall not be 4got.

From virtue never D V 8,
Her influence B 9
Alike induces 10derness
Or 4titude divine.

And if U cannot cut a —,
Or cause an !,
I hope U'll put a .
2 1?

R U for anXation 2
My cousin, heart and ☞?
He offers in a ¶
A § broad of land.

He says he loves U to X S,
You're virtuous and Ys;
In X L N C U X L
All others in his I's.

This S A, until I U C,
I pray U to X Q's,
And do not burn in F I G
My quaint and wayward muse.

Now, fare U well dear K T J,
I trust that U R true,
When this U C, then U can say
An S A I O U. —*Selected.*

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.

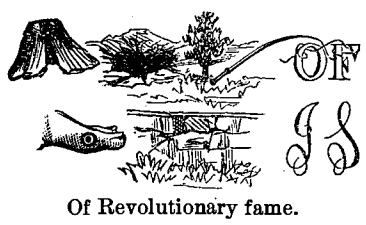



A well-known poet.

2.—NUMERICAL.

My 1, 2, 3 is to impair.
My 4, 5, 6 is a number.
My 6, 5, 4 is used for fishing.
My 3, 2, 1 is an animal.
My whole is the name of an animal.
*Lyons, N. Y.,* CONRAD ROOKER.

3.—REBUS.




Of Revolutionary fame.

4.—DOUBLE CURTAILMENTS.

1. Twice curtail a kind of grass and leave to fall.
2. Twice curtail a catch, and leave to embrace closely.
3. Twice curtail an old game at cards, and leave a fish.
4. Twice curtail the division of a country, and leave to play the hypocrit.

WARREN B. ORCHARD.

5.—WHY.

Why are *faultless* ones like meat?
Or bread and butter, milk and wheat?
Why are they like a dose of pills?
Why are they like eleven mills?

Or like the gems of rarest worth?
Or like the precious ores of earth?
Why are they like the flowing rills?
Why are they like a dozen mills?

Why are they like the flowers that blow?
Why are they like the driven snow?
Why are they like blacksmiths' drills?
And why, oh why, like thirteen mills?

Why are they like the mountains grand?
Why like a little grain of sand?
Why are they like the daffodils?
And why, oh why, like fourteen mills?

Why like oceans, lakes, and ponds,
But not like copper, nickle, bronze?
All other things the reader wills,
And adding evermore the mills.
*Irwin, Ia.* J. K. P. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, MARCH 19, 1887.

1.–Capacity.

2.–
HID
CAMEO
HALIBUT
IMITATE
DEBATER
OUTER
TER

3.–Ours is a country enlightened by free institutions.

## Correspondence.

PRINCETON, MASS.

When I had anything hard to do, I used to cry. Now I laugh, which makes me feel better; it takes my strength to cry. . . . Mamma, to me you are like a rose that blooms in spring, blooms in summer, autumn, and winter. PSYCHE CERES HEYWOOD.

ZALESKI, O., March 2, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I saw so many boys and girls writing for the Corner I thought I would write one too. I hav seven brothers who read THE TRUTH SEEKER and think the pictures are very nice. We hav organized a Congress Club, of which I am president. I hav a hard time putting the questions and keeping order. I am a little girl seven years old. If you can read this and would print it I will write again. CLELIE JAMES.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Feb. 18, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I hav not seen any letters from this city, I thought I would write one. We do not take THE TRUTH SEEKER, but we intend to take it as soon as possible. We hav a friend here who takes it, and he lets us take copies to read. I read the Children's Corner, and all the rest I can understand. I will hav to close, wishing you success. Your Freethinker friend,

IRWIN REMICK.

FINDLAY, O., March 6, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As mamma was reading THE TRUTH SEEKER, I discovered in it the Children's Corner. I thought it would be nice to write you. I am nine years old. I go to school every day. I read, write, spell, study arithmetic, and geography. I belong to the Juvenil Temperance Society. There are two hundred in our lodge. We are expecting Mr. Putnam to lecture before long. Papa and mamma will hear him lecture.

Yours respectfully, MANONIE FILSON.

OSAGE MISSION, KAN., March 7, 287.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write a letter for the Corner. I am a little girl eleven years old, and study arithmetic, geography, grammar, and spelling. I read in McGuffey's Fourth Eclectic Reader. My father and mother are both good Liberals. We liv near the Methodist church. They hav revivals, but they never get many mourners. My sister and myself went to church last evening. The preacher did nothing but abuse Infidels. Father says the church is in its dying agony, and that is the cause of the preacher's wrath. Your little friend,

MELISSA SIMMONS.

PRAIRIE CITY, IA., Feb. 24, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Seeing so very much correspondence to you from various boys and girls, I will pen you a few lines. My father has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER as far back as I can recall, and I am deeply interested in the puzzles, etc., in the Children's Corner, which I must say is conducted under the most skilful management. I am a boy fifteen years of age. At the age of ten I required a habit of writing stories, sketches, etc. Since that time I hav written many stories. I once wrote one for our home paper, which filled ten columns. Yours very truly,

FRANK V. DRAPER.

[Perhaps Frank will some time write a story for our Corner. But it would hav to be short, as we hav many correspondents and not much space.—ED. C.C.]

WARNIC, OR., Feb. 19, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I like to read the Children's Corner and to look at the pictures. I am eleven years old. I hav one sister, she is eight years old, and one brother two years old. We call him Volney. I went to school a part of the winter, but on account of the snow, which fell ten inches deep, and the extreme cold weather, our school was discontinued until spring, when it will be resumed again. I read in the Fifth Reader, and spell in the highest spelling class in our school, study geography, arithmetic, and writing. My sister sent for the book entitled Aunt Elmina's "Little Lessons for Little Folks." Papa is going to send for the "Story Hour" for me. We liv thirty-five miles south of Dallas City, which is situated on the Columbia river. We hav a fine view of the surrounding country, in which we can see three perpetual snow peaks—Mt. Hood, Mt. Jefferson, and Mt. Adams. My papa, and two of his brothers, liv in one corner of the neighborood, and their farms all join, and the Christians call it the "Devil's Corner" because they take THE TRUTH SEEKER, and are Freethought men. A Methodist minister and his wife stayed here all night, and he asked if he could hav prayers, and papa told him no. If you think this worth printing, I would be much pleased to see it in print. I will close with kindest regards.

I remain your little friend,

MAMIE DRIVER.

SPICELAND, IND., Feb. 20, 1887.

MISS SUSAN H. WIXON: Though an entire stranger yet, I take the liberty of writing to you, for you are not an entire stranger to me and my family. We hav some of your books and read your articles in the *Investigator* and TRUTH SEEKER. My son Warren, thirteen years old, is reading your "Apples of Gold" now, seeing which gave me the idea of writing to you to thank you for the great good you are doing with your pen. It seems to me the greatest wrong we can do, almost, if not quite, is to teach innocent little children to believe things to be sacred truths which we ourselvs really don't know anything about. My greatest joy is that I and my children are entirely free, and fully satisfied in unbelief in the Christian religion, and that my dear wife never feared the author of her being, but loved, honored, and adored that mighty power which rules all worlds, and does all things well. She never doubted that the future, whether life or eternal sleep, would be for the best, but certainly not eternal suffering.

I was at a Sunday-school to-day where King David was extolled as being a model man—a man after God's own heart—a pattern for little children to imitate. He was the vilest man on record, Brigham Young not excepted, as I verily believe.

How honest people can teach and believe such a book as that Bible is a mystery to me. We hav the satisfaction of knowing that Infidelity is gaining even more rapidly now in this community than light and knowledge in other matters; but scientific knowledge is the great cause of the increasing gain, and is itself gaining very rapidly. Twenty years ago my wife and I were the only Infidels here, and now a score may be found here. J. E. Remsburg was our guest and lectured for us two years ago, and B. F. Underwood in our hamlet of Greensboro a few years ago, also Jamieson, and some other Liberals, including Mr. Colby (Spiritualist), which, by the way, is a doctrin, in my judgment, not much improvement on the Christian ideas, except that eternal misery is not in their bill of fare.

Your article on Romanism, in the *Investigator* of the 16th inst., is most excellent and timely, and the subject is one which should receive the hardest hits, and most frequent, and the best writers should giv their best efforts in that direction.

Miss Helen H. Gardener has given Catholicism some hard hits, for which honor and thanks are due.

As I am no writer and a stranger, I hav already said too much, perhaps, but wish to thank you again for your good work, and especially for your interest in the little children, where innocence and honesty is most frequently found, and where the hope of the future will is to be expected and labored for.

Very respectfully, W. W. WILSON.

[We are very grateful for the good opinion of our brother Wilson, and it shall be our aim to continue to merit his, as well as the approval of all our friends who find pleasure in our efforts for the development of children in a natural, healthy, and intelligent manner. —ED. C. C.]

# Science Column.

## Physical Series.

6. *Creation.* Matter cannot be created. A seed may be planted and grow into a tree, but nothing is created; the matter of which the tree consists was absorbed from the soil and the air. A child is born and grows, but the matter of which the child is composed formerly existed as food, either of the child or of its parents.

When rain or snow falls to the earth, no new matter is brought into existence; the water rises from the surface of the earth and seas in the form of vapor, and afterward falls as rain or snow. The water which flows down rivers is supplied in this way.

Every particle of matter which exists now has existed through the countless ages of the past, and will continue to exist in the future. Nothing we can do, no treatment to which we can subject it, will either create or destroy the smallest conceivable particle of matter.

Hereafter when we speak of a body being destroyed, it must be understood that we speak of the body and not of the matter it is composed of. Thus, if a glass bottle be broken into small pieces, the bottle is destroyed but the glass is not.

7. *Gravitation.* Every particle of matter attracts every other particle of matter; this is called gravitation. What we call weight is the attraction between the earth and smaller bodies near its surface. The reason why bodies fall to the earth when unsupported is on account of this attraction. The weight of a body at a given place is the measure of the quantity of matter which it contains. We can do anything we please with a body, but we cannot increase its weight unless we add something to it, for, as we hav already learned, no particle of matter can be created, neither can its weight be diminished, for matter cannot be destroyed. Thus, when we want to know how much matter a body contains, we weigh it, because its weight is proportional to the quantity of matter it contains.

8. *Remarks.* The three facts which we hav now learned, that matter cannot be created, destroyed, or altered in weight, are as important in chemistry as in physics. They may be regarded as the foundation-stones of all natural science. It is necessary to understand them thoroughly, since what follows depends upon them. There is no supreme power creating and destroying matter at pleasure. Imagin the havoc which would ensue if there were. There could be no certainty, no law, no order, no substantial reasoning. We could draw no conclusions in regard to bodies if at any moment they might be destroyed or changed. We could not rely upon anything, for it might suddenly be destroyed, or something unexpected might be created. G. G. GROWER.

QUESTIONS.—(*Note.*—Do not be satisfied with a mere answer to a question, but always explain how you know the answer is right. Let the teacher and pupils ask other questions. Ask about the various things which you see occurring all around. You will thus learn the practical importance of what you hav been studying When you answer a question, always explain why.) What kind of change is produced when (1) water is boiled, (2) water is frozen, or (3) iron is melted? Ans.: Physical. When (4) iron rusts, or (5) is dissolved in acid? Ans.: Chemical. When (6) brass is reduced to filings or (7) drawn into a wire, (8) when gold is beaten into gold leaf, or (9) silver is rolled into sheets? Physical. When (10) gas is burnt, or (11) brass becomes tarnished? Chemical. In this case the surface of the brass is altered in composition and forms the tarnish. What kind of an operation is (12) cleaning tarnished brass with sandpaper? Physical. (13) Cleaning tarnished brass with acid? Chemical. (14) What kind of an operation is weighing a ton of coal? Physical. (15) Burning coal? Chemical. (16) Magnetizing a piece of steel? Physical. (17) When a comet appears in the sky, is any new matter created? No. (18) When the sun sets, is anything destroyed? No. (19) What is extension?

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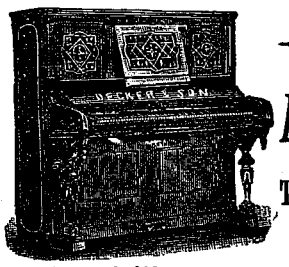
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# Poetry.

## The Conspirators.

Lo! the house with arch and steeple,
Where the black bands gather strong,
Still contriving 'gainst the people
Covert plot or brazen wrong;
Skilled an ancient lie to foster,
Hearts to harden, minds degrade;
Power the stake, the game imposture—
Keener sharpers never played.

If the good and elevated
Are in crowds among their friends,
'Tis because their schemes are baited
With pretentious moral ends.
Nurture, habit, special culture,
So may warp the wisest eyes,
Few detect the greedy vulture
Hidden in the dove's disguise.

Reason, ethics, logic, history,
Champions of the truth unawed,
Foes to mountebanks and mystery,
Each has slain their monstrous fraud;
But what boots the work of slaughter?
See! revive its vampire veins—
The true hydra, "born of water
And the spirit" in sick brains.

What conditions were coeval
With the priest's unchallenged sway?
Prostrate, hopeless of retrieval,
Freedom, art, and genius lay.
Their revival, what attended
If not superstition's wane?
Nation's where her might is ended
Rank the first in glory's train.

When, from interest, priests hav aided
Once or twice the cause of right,
How the instance is paraded!
What a mammoth grows the mite!
But in vain their specious glozing;
Truth—prevent her if you can—
Throws into the scale opposing
All the crimes 'gainst her and man.

Say, was superstition's martyr
Worth the sparkle of a coal?
Did he die for nature's charter,
Written on the human soul?
When the bigots rushed to chain him—
Bigots like himself, forsooth—
Did a patriot's cause sustain him
Or a sage's love of truth?

Fiends in strife for place and power
Failed their fellows to evict,
And, when came the torturing hour,
Felt but what they would inflict.
Or, at best, some vague abstraction
Touching naught that can concern
Man in healthy thought and action,
Made the wretches gag and burn.

Thanks to thoughts once judged felonious—
Judged and doomed without appeal—
If to-day the sanctimonious
Rage not still with stake and steel.
Priest and presbyter and preacher—
Take what name each sectary may—
All hav one essential feature—
The undying lust of sway.

Some would lord it with a miter,
Like a crocodile on end,
Some are "sepulchers" still whiter,
Not by frankness they offend.
Circe was not self-transforming,
Shams disdain no shape to wear,
Now the lion rampant, storming,
Now the fox, to sneak and snare.

They're divided! Hail the omen!
Hail, but close your ranks anew,
Join no faction of your foemen,
All are one in hate to you.
At the bar of Reason, vainly
Shall they plead: "We are at odds.
Justice should distinguish plainly
Who are Satan's, who are God's.

"Sons of Babel's painted ogress,
Those from hell's own cave hav swarmed,
Strike them! Spare the friends of progress,
The Protesting and Reformed!"
Spare the poison plant till riper,
Spare, in pity, spare the young
Of the vile, engendering viper
Till a thousand men are stung!

Streams from one unhealthy fountain,
Carrying death in all their course,
Fly them! Sink them! Move a mountain—
Anything to stanch the source!
Still beware! Can worse befall us,
Victors, than deceitful calm?
Force has fled, shall guile enthral us?
Wreathe no poppy with our palm.

To be free—how old the story—
Is to watch: 'tis worth the pains.
Let a moment's sleep come o'er ye,
Nations, and ye wake in chains,
Eloquence, amid your high rants
'Gainst enslavers of their kind,
Hav you none for subtler tyrants
That emasculate the mind?

Bolts and gyves may call for patience
If the free soul spurn their power,
But a priesthood's incantations
Palsy souls and then deflower.
Our worst foes are not conspiring
'Gainst our civic rights alone;
Freemen, rise and fight, untiring,
Every form of slavery known.

All in man that's undiluted
By faith's "sleepy drench" is yours,
All her arts hav not embruted
All that still aspires and soars.
Armed for conquest, crested, starry,
Science moves, alert, but calm,
Who her fateful thrust shall parry?
Not the cursing priests of sham.

Even their mythic foe abhorred—
Horror feigned, they do his best—
Wears no charm from foot to forehead
Proof against her lance in rest.
Soon the ruffian powers of evil
Playing man at pitch and toss
All shall vanish, God and devil,
Bigot-book and bloody cross.

Then, these silly terrors perished
("Vested rights" of their concern),
Quondam priests—faint hope but cherished—
May some honest calling learn.
They usurped our very nurseries;
There we'll teach the coming race,
Pointing to their wicked sorceries,
That they dupe, enslave, debase;
Till, in its perfected conscience,
Wonder wakens how and when
Brotherhoods of fraud and nonsense
Ever swayed a world of men.

## Books.

LITTLE LESSONS FOR LITTLE FOLKS. By Aunt Elmina (Mrs. E. D. Slenker). New York: Truth Seeker Co. Pp. 98. Price 40 cents.

Every Freethought parent who has children should purchase this little book for them. It might hav been very properly entitled Juvenil Science Lessons. It should take the place in Liberal homes of the prayer, "Here I lay me down to sleep," and the "Sunday-school Catechism" in orthodox families. This book will cultivate the reasoning faculties in place of filling the young mind with superstitious ideas. The titles of these lessons are, "Stars," "Monkeys," "Fishes," "Fresh Air," "Matter and Life," "Books," "Clover," "Water," "Stones," "Animals and Vegetables," "Little Leaves," "The Nerves," "The Sense of Smell," "Heredity and Natural Selection," "The Camel," "The Frog," "The Cow," "Dolls," "Grass." Aunt Elmina is entitled to great credit for providing so valuable a book for the little ones.—*Freethinkers' Magazine.*

Aunt Elmina Drake Slenker has out a beautiful little book called, "Little Lessons for Little Folks." By sending 40 cents to the Truth Seeker Publishing Company, 28 Lafayette Place, New York, this little work can be obtained. The book abounds in hints on health and self-preservation, put in such shape as to be very attractiv to little folks. The work is nicely bound, and will make a valuable addition to a child's collection.—*The Queen Bee.*

"Little Lessons for Little Folks," by Aunt Elmina (Mrs. E. D. Slenker) puts into 98 sensible pages many facts which children need to know, and teaches wholesome morality without religious imposition.—*The Word.*

We hav examined this handsome little manual on natural science for the young with care, and think it could be placed in the hands of every child to its lasting benefit. In fact, many older people could read it to advantage.—*Ex.*

I hav read "Little Lessons," and will say that it surpasses what I expected for it, and without any wish to giv undue praise, it is the best book for children I hav ever read. I would recommend every teacher to keep several copies of it in school for supplementary reading and composition work.—*Theo. Romine.*

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TRY-SQUARE; or, The Church of Practical Religion. By Reporter. New York. The Truth Seeker Co., 28 Lafayette Place, 1887.

Under the guise of a stenographer taking notes the author givs an interesting volume of reports of conversations and discussion had in church and social meetings. Job Sawyer is a character with a great deal of "horse sense," and a blunt, plain way of expressing himself. He has opinions on church and state, religion and economics, which are worth reading. He and the parson are a capital pair. The book is breezy and radical. It sweeps the ground pretty thoroughly. Pp. 312.

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RATIONAL COMMUNISM. The Present and the Future Republic of North America. By A Capitalist. Same publishers.

There is little need to recommend this book. It should be read, and carefully. Its picture of the New York of the near future is a brilliant dream, but nevertheless it presents a direct possibility. It is clear and well written.

"Little Lessons for Little Folks," by Aunt Elmina (Mrs. E. D. Slenker); "The New God," by Samuel P. Putnam, and the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC are works from the same house, whose special Freethought works are well known. Mr. Putnam's discourse, "The New God," is scholarly and eloquent, like all that comes from his pen or lips. In the ANNUAL there is a valuable compilation of the Sunday, oath, and blasphemy laws of the states and territories of the United States. The extent of some of these strange "survivals" is a surprising fact.—*The Leader.*

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Not long ago Dr. Augustus Le Plongeon published a work entitled "Sacred Mysteries Among the Mayas and the Quiches," being the result of his explorations in Central America. His wife, Alice Le Plongeon, accompanied him, and has now written her own experiences, and printed them under the title, "Here and There in Yucatan." The book has 146 pages of quite interesting reading, and sells for $1.25.

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The TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC for 1887 has been received. It is a book of about 100 pages, replete with interesting and useful reading; containing a calendar with chronological table of important facts, "Freethought in the United States;" "Liberty," by Grover Cleveland; "The Coming Dawn," by D. Louis Bodge; "Freethought Abroad;" "Sunday. Oath, and Blasphemy Laws of the United States;" "The Right to Testify," by F. M. Holland; "The American Secular Union," by Samuel P. Putnam; "The Parson," a story by Si Slokum. It contains more than a dozen full-page engravings. The price is only 25 cents to any address. Published by the Truth Seeker Company, New York.—*Home Advocate.*

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"THE Origin of the Christian Bible," by O. B. Whitford, published by the Truth Seeker Company, New York, is a very interesting treatis upon this complicated question. The author plunges headlong into a sea of arguments and reasonings, and while now and then a trifle too captious in his assertions, makes a very elaborate and readable article. In his closing remarks the author says: "Let us search for truth, the only object of the honest man, and exterminate the figments of hypocrisy by converting the many elaborate edifices of dogmatical worship into schools for teaching the arts and sciences. . . . Every independent mind, susceptible of philosophical reasoning, is a pillar of strength to the future prosperity of the human race. Then teach the coming generation to respect the entire human family by demonstrating that man is a being capable of receiving truth; that it is always falsehood which injures men—visibly traced to error, which has no remedy but reason."—*Galveston News.*

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"The George-Hewitt Campaign," compiled by Louis F. Post, and Fred. C. Leubuscher, is No. 838 of Lovell's Library. The compilation givs a history of the nomination of Henry George for Mayor of New York and of his acceptance and campaign. Mr. Leubuscher was the stenographer who took down the speeches, and it is to be presumed that Mr. Post was the compiler of the volume. With a fairness that is commendable, these gentlemen hav given us, not only the speeches made by Mr. George and his supporters, but also those made by his chief opponent, Abram Hewitt, together with an account of all the important events of the campaign from begining to end, including the final result in tabulated figures. One of the best things in the book of nearly two hundred pages is Colonel Ingersoll's letter, read at the Cooper Union meeting. As to the compilers of "The George-Hewitt Campaign," it may be said that Mr. Post is a journalist of ability, and the author of *Truth's* "Sunday Sermons," which were weekly copied into THE TRUTH SEEKER a few years ago. Mr. Leubuscher is an enthusiastic young lawyer and supporter of Henry George, and gave his services as stenographer during the lively times last fall. He is one of the trustees of the Society of Humanity. This work will be of value whether the Labor party livs or dies. If that party reached its greatest hight last election day, the event was at least worthy of being recorded in history; and if the demonstration at that time was only an earnest of what is coming, then, certainly, it should not be lost sight of. The book sells for 20 cents.

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The Truth Seeker Company has recently published a pamphlet entitled, "Economic Equities: a Compend of the Natural Laws of Industrial Production and Exchange," by J. K. Ingalls, author of "Social Wealth." It is an able and dispassionate consideration of the subjects of social industry, wealth, rents, values, wages, and motivs to labor. It discusses these topics in their economic phases, without any reference whatever to political and legislativ aspects. The same company has published "Little Lessons for Little Folks," by Aunt Elmina (Mrs. Slenker). The little ones are informed that they are composed of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, chlorine, and fluorine, which are gases; and carbon, phosphorus, sulphur, silicon, potassium, sodium, calcium, lithium, magnesium, iron, manganese, copper, and lead. It is hoped that none of them will be induced to make an ante-mortem examination of themselvs to ascertain if the statement is correct. They will be glad to know, if they do not already know, that plants manufacture protoplasmic food for themselvs from the primary elements, after these elements are combined into water, carbonic acid, and ammonia. Is is important that they should be informed, in case the subject was overlooked in their kindergarten instructions, that a Rhizopod is one of the Protista, and that the forming of protoplasm of Protista, of plant and animal life from protoplasm, and of protoplasm from the elements, is called spontaneous generation. Little boys will be more interested than ever in the monkey when they learn that he belongs to the class Mammalia and the order Quadrumana; and they will stare the longer at Barnum's camels when they know that the camel is of the genus Camelus, and the order Ruminantia. They will find sermons in stones when they read that there are three kinds of building stone—siliceous, calcareous, and composit. Little girls will love their dolls the more when they are told that the name "doll" is from Dorothy, or from idol, and the French name is *poupée*, the German *puppe*, from the Latin *pupa*, a girl.—*Home Journal.*

## Obituary.

Departed this life from Eden Mills, Vt., February 20th, Mr. Charles White, aged 74 years, 7 months, and three days.

Although a nativ of Massachusetts, having been born at Uxbridge, Mr. White passed, with the exception of nine years, his long and useful life in Lamville Co., Vt., and was for fifty-five years a resident of Eden. Endowed by nature with an inquiring and acute mind, he early seized with avidity upon whatever opportunity for gaining knowledge presented itself, and with each succeeding year devoted more time to reading and meditation, until his mind was indeed a storehouse of valuable information. He was exceptionally conversant with the history and teachings of religion, both Christian and pagan. Strong in his convictions and tenacious of his opinions, he was, nevertheless, tolerant of spirit and respectful to all. Genial and affectionate in his family, faithful and obliging to his friends, upright, punctual, and diligent in business, always on the side of the oppressed, in him the friendless found a friend, and from him the needy would not turn away empty-handed. His religion was to do good, to lighten sorrow, to lessen need, and add to human joy. He leaves a wife, with whom he passed fifty-three years of more than ordinary domestic concord, four children, and several grandchildren to deeply mourn his earthly loss, while a large circle of friends and acquaintances lament the departure of so kind a neighbor and worthy man.


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(E. M. 287.)

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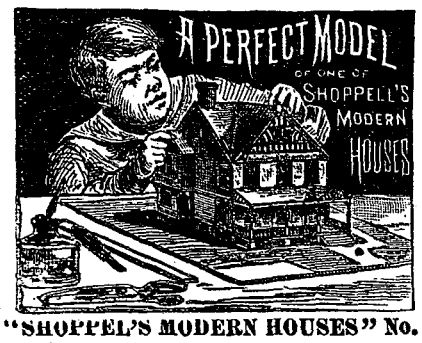
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## News of the Week.

A ROSA BONHEUR picture, entitled, "The Horse Fair," which brought $53,000 at the recent sale of A. T. Stewart's art collection, was bought by Cornelius Vanderbilt, and presented by him to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE jury disagreed in the case of Boodle Alderman Cleary.

EMPEROR WILLIAM of Germany has celebrated his 90th birthday.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD, the head of the Canadian government, is to be elevated to the peerage.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for a monument to the late Henry Ward Beecher hav reached about $3,000.

FIFTEEN Anarchists hav been arrested at Vienna, Austria, charged with conspiring to destroy the whole city.

THE police of New York last Saturday burnt up more than $30,000 worth of gamblers' utensils which they had seized in their raids upon gamblers.

GOVERNOR HILL has signed the Tilden Trust bill, an act which provides that the executors of the will of the late Samuel J. Tilden shall build and maintain a free public library. As the heirs of Mr. Tilden are contesting the will, the building of the library is a matter of uncertainty.

IT is now understood that Mrs. Langtry, the English beauty, will marry Fred Gebhard, an American youth, as soon as she can procure a divorce from her present husband.

LAST Friday night a young woman was murdered and robbed, just outside the main streets of Rahway, N. J. The body has not been identified, and there is no clue to the murderer.

THE ocean race from New York to Cork Harbor between the two American yachts Coronet and Dauntless for a sweepstakes of $20,000 was won by the Coronet, which reached her destination on Sunday noon, after a tempestuous voyage of nearly fifteen days. The Dauntless was a hundred miles behind.

LIEUTENANT ZALINSKI has a gun planted at Fort Lafayette, in New York harbor, which throws 150-pound dynamite shells two miles and a half. The gun is sixty feet long and works by compressed air. The shells explode with terrific force when they strike. United States officers witnessed some satisfactory experiments with this new gun last Saturday.

THE ocean steamer Scotia with 800 Italian immigrants on board, went ashore last week on Long Island, and the passengers were landed in boats. She was two weeks overdue and the occupants of the steerage were nearly starved, and all of them are destitute. The captain mistook Long Island for New York, and did not know that land was near until his ship stuck in the sand. The New York authorities will look after the immigrants and will probably condemn the most of them as paupers and send them back to sunny Italy.

THE religious Janitor Titus, of the Hackettstown, N. J., Methodist institute, who outraged and murdered Tillie Smith, the housemaid, has had his sentence commuted from hanging to imprisonment for life. Great indignation is felt toward the judges who commuted the sentence, as Titus has confessed that he did the killing, and has added to his crime the infamy of traducing his victim. He now alleges that he had for a long time sustained intimate relations with the girl, and choked her to death in a fit of anger when she informed him that she was in trouble and asked him to help her. The testimony of the physicians positivly denies this story. If any man could deserve hanging, this Titus deserves to be hanged twice. It may be of consolation to religious people to know that Mr. Titus occupies the greater part of his leisure time in reading the Bible.


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ABRAM LEAVETH EGYPT.

And Pharaoh commanded his men concerning him: and they sent him away, and his wife, and all that he had.—Gen. xii, 20.

## Odds and Ends.

IT would seem appropriate for Michiganders to marry Portuguese, but they seldom do.

FOR his good work in Boston, Sam Jones is said to hav received $19,000. But $19,000 worth of good work in Boston won't make much of a show.

"I HAV found out what it was the wild waves were saying," observed the snake editor. "What was it?" asked the horse editor. "Let us spray."

WHAT is the difference between a writing-pad that cost's a cent and an Irishman's pen? One is a pad for a penny and the other is a pen for a Paddy.

THE old style was to go around loose in tight trousers. Now the style is to go around tight in loose trousers. Styles change, but the young men remain about the same.

SAM JONES's brother has taken to preaching in Georgia, and they are talking of giving up Prohibition and going back to rum, in the hope that things will quiet down a little.

MISTRESS (severely): "I hav made the fire and cooked the breakfast!" New Servant: "Well, mum, you needn't wait for me. After this, sit down and ate whin yez get it ready."

WHEN a boy on his way to Sunday-school loses the nickel he has been carrying for the missionary box, he is torn with agonizing remorse because he didn't spend it for peanuts before it was wasted.

SOME St. Paul investigators hav decided that the word "toboggan" is from the Ojibwa word "odaban," which means any vehicle by which anything is drawn. *Ergo*, a corkscrew is a toboggan.

THE ancient proverb says, "You cannot get more out of a bottle than you put in it." That's an error. Besides what he puts in he can get a headache, a sick stomach, and perhaps ten days in the lock-up.

A PLEASANT young lad had a kfife
Whose pitch was as sharp as a knife;
So shrill was its shriek
That he "busted" his chiek—
And his neighbors are weary of klife.

"WHY does Congress take a recess?" asked Rollo; "to giv the members a rest?" "No, my son," replied Rollo's father, "to giv the country a rest. Congress never rests." "And why not?" asked Rollo, inquiringly. "Because," replied his father, "it never does enough to make it tired."

"THERE is one thing about me," said Dumley, as he wrote his name in the hotel register; "I pay as I go, and don't you forget to remember it!" "Any baggage?" demanded the clerk. "No." "Then you won't pay as you go; you'll pay as you come! Two dollars please, and remember not to forget it!"

PRESBYTERIAN minister (with warmth): "Ah, my pious friend, this is indeed a rare treat. I would to heaven more young men joined my church of their own free will. But you shall be rewarded——" PIOUS Young Lawyer (who has just opened an office): "That's it! The reward's what I'm after. The Methodist minister said there was no scandal in his church, and I didn't stand a ghost of a show of getting a law practice there, so I thought I'd come and see what arrangement I could make with your church. If you'll guarantee me fifteen hundred the first year I'll join at once. What do you say?"

"F. G. B." writes from Stamford, Delaware Co.: "The Delaware river rises in this town, starting from several large springs on the mountain side, about three miles out of the village. The river, where it passes through the village, is but a small brook, and during the dry season it is carefully guarded for fear that some stray cow will come along and drink it up, and thus cut off the people of that vicinity from a direct water communication with Philadelphia and the ocean via Delaware bay, and make Stamford forever an inland town."

SENATOR DAWES does not pose as a humorist, but his wit is keen at times. During the boundary line controversy between Massachusetts and Rhode Island the subject came up at a dinner-table in Washington, and a Rhode Island member of Congress, waxing indignant over it, exclaimed to Mr. Dawes: "Dawes, it's a shame for Massachusetts to attempt to steal a part of Rhode Island! a confounded shame!" "Don't make so much fuss about it," retorted Dawes. "If we should steal your whole state it would be only petit larceny, and a justice of the peace would hav urisdiction."

A WITTY critic, with his ready tongue,
*Half jestingly, and half in earnest, said,*
To the fair lady he was soon to wed:
"I cannot claim my pedigree among
The famous ones whose praises hav been sung;
Low-born am I, dear madam, and low-bred;
And of my relativs, alive or dead,
The only noted one, I've heard, was hung."
The lady answered him, with keenest wit,
"I'm sure, dear sir, you need not mention it;
I, like yourself, can claim but humble birth;
And if," she added, with a touch of mirth,
"No one was ever hung among my kin,
I doubt not, more than fifty should hav been."

SAM JONES received $19,000 for one month's work in Boston. It is now a "stand-off" as to which pays the best, being a professional face-pounder or a professional pulpit-pounder. Sam Jones and John Sullivan are both gathering in the shekels at about the same rate, and who knows but what, at no distant date, they will join forces and do the Twain-Cable act? John could come out on the stage and break a few faces, just to get the audience interested; then Sam could step forth while John was being rubbed down and save enough souls for a mess. Or, if there were a few souls present who refused to be saved, they could be brought on the stage and John could pound the religion into them. This double "Uncle Tom's Cabin" act would undoubtedly prove a great financial success, and every one would get the worth of his money.—*Peck's Sun.*


# THE NEW GOD.

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*Secretary of the American Secular Union.*

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## Gems of Thought.

THE idea or dogma of a savior or redeemer to save the world from destruction is one that the world has believed in as far back as history extends. Every religion and every nation has had its redeemer, and these hav been worshiped as the saviors of mankind.—*D. M. Bennett.*

DRUMCLOG MOSS is the next object that survives in my memory, and Irving and I sitting by ourselvs under the silent skies, with a world all silent around us. . . . It was just here, as the sun was sinking, that Irving actually drew from me by degrees, in the softest manner, the confession that I did not think as he of the Christian religion, and that it was vain for me to expect I ever could or shou'd. This, if this was so, he had pre-engaged to take well from me, and right loyally he did so, and to the end of his life we needed no concealments on that head, which was really a step gained.—*Carlyle's Reminiscences.* [NOTE.—We hav here as candid a confession of faith, or want of faith, as Carlyle has anywhere treated us to. It is humiliating and pitiful to think that, through all his life, he never took the world into his confidence so completely as he took his friend, Edward Irving, that glorious night in Drumclog Moss. It is a sad spectacle to see a man of Carlyle's vigor of mind binding himself to obsolete dogmas which he saw through and despised, and was yet unable to shake off. He continued all his life to "sit on the fence," and was ever ready to giv a bishop or Voltaire a rap over the knuckles, as opportunity occurred. *Tros Tyriusve* was his motto. If the Christians care to claim the author of "Sartor Resartus" they may hav him. For honesty and straightforwardness of purpose, we decidedly prefer the author of the "Age of Reason."—*Hylax.*]

THE myths of paganism are as dead as Osiris or Zeus, and the man who should revive them in opposition to the knowledge of our time would be justly laughed to scorn; but the coeval imaginations current among the rude inhabitants of Palestine, recorded by writers whose very name and age are admitted by every scholar to be unknown, hav unfortunately not yet shared their fate, but even at this day are regarded by nine-tenths of the civilized world, as the authoritativ standard of fact, and the criterion of the justice of scientific conclusions, in all that relates to the origin of things, and among them of species. In this nineteenth century, as at the dawn of modern physical science, the cosmogony of the semi-barbarous Hebrews is the incubus of the philosopher and the opprobrium of the orthodox. Who shall number the patient and earnest seekers after truth, from the days of Galileo until now, whose lives hav been embittered and their good name blasted by the mistaken zeal of Bibliolaters? Who shall count the host of weaker men whose sense of truth has been destroyed in the effort to harmonize impossibilities—whose life has been wasted in the attempt to force the generous, new wine of science into the old bottles of Judaism, compelled by the outcry of the same strong party?—*Huxley's Origin of Species.*

THERE is a moral sentiment in the human breast which, like intelligence, is born of obscure instincts, and which gradually becomes developed. Since the gods of men are the reflected images of men, it is evident that as men become developed in morality the character of their gods will also be improved. The king of a savage land punishes only offenses against himself and his dependents. But when that people become more civilized, the king is regarded as the representativ of public law. In the same manner the gods of a savage people demand nothing from their subjects but taxes and homage. They punish only heresy, which is equivalent to treason; blasphemy, which is equivalent to insult, and the withholding of tribute and adoration, which is equivalent to rebellion. And these are offenses which, even among civilized nations, the gods are suffered to punish severely. But the civilized gods also require that men shall act justly to one another. They are still despots for they order men to flatter them and to giv them money. But they are not mere selfish despots, they will reward those who do good, they will punish those who do evil to their fellow-men.—*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

THAT the doctrin of endless punishment will be fully, and frankly, and in every form discarded while the popular religion—Christianity—survives, cannot be expected. For, as has been declared, the article is an essential part of that religion, and will be maintained, literally or figurativly, by those who are interested in keeping the system alive. But that it is vanishing away before the brighter intelligence and the better heart of the modern world is very certain, and equally certain it is that into the shadow of oblivion will go the kindred tenets with which it is associated.—*Frothingham's Dogma of Hell.*

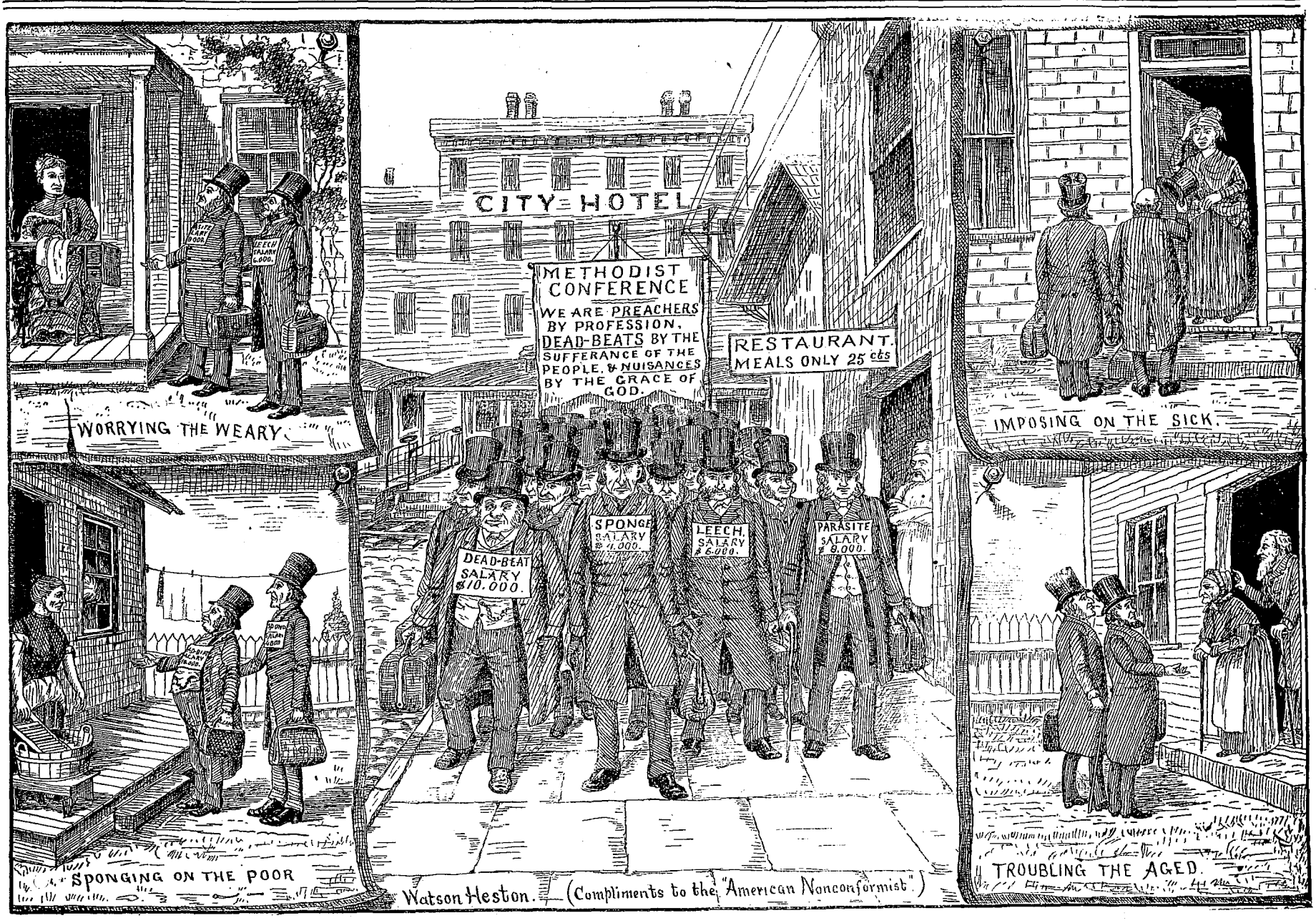
DUNCAN is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor poison,
Malice, domestic, foreign laws, nothing
Can touch him further. —*Shakspere's Macbeth.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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THE GRAND ARMY OF DRONES.

## Notes and Clippings.

THERE is a rich man in the Black Hills, says the Bismarck *Times*, who dates the beginning of his fortune from the day when he sold his wife for $4,000.

THE Rev. Justin D. Fulton is crusading against the Catholic church. He preaches twice a day at Masonic Temple, this city. What he has to say about Catholics bears with much the same force upon Protestants.

SIR WILLIAM THOMPSON says: "I think it would be exceedingly rash to assume as probable anything more than twenty million years of the sun's light in the past history of the earth or to reckon on more than five million or six million years of sunlight for time to come."

IDA JONES was tried in this city last week for violating the Sunday law in selling a one-cent collar button to Policeman John J. Cummings of the Fifth street station on Sunday. Mrs. Jones told the court that the policeman had knocked at the door of her store at 242 Bowery, said that he had lost his collar button, and she gave him one, for which he laid down a cent, and then arrested her. She was fined $5.

THE Assembly committee which has been investigating the officials of Brooklyn was ordered to report to the Assembly April 1st. Mr. Bacon, the chairman of the committee, asked for an extension of time, which was opposed by Assemblyman Sheehan. The investigation, said Mr. Sheehan, was for political ends. Mr. Bacon was instigated by conspirators, chief of whom was "Anthony Comstock, who livs off reputable men, in order to conceal his own nakedness and wickedness." It seems that Comstock is gradually being found out.

THE order-book of the House of Commons, says Charles Bradlaugh, now presents a curious instance of pious unity for the annoyance of an Infidel enemy. Mr. W. Johnston, the ultra-Protestant Ulster Conservativ, has joined himself with Mr. de Lisle, the English Roman Catholic, in blocking the Affirmation bill.

IN Justice Knipmeyer's court at Higginsville, the Rev. Richard R. Highleyman, of Kansas City, Mo., was found guilty of an assault upon Mrs. Laura Huddleson, the wife of a farmer who livs on a farm owned by Gov. Jo O. Shelby, and fined $40 and costs, amounting in all to $60. The assault consisted of forcibly kissing the woman against her will and playfully pulling her ears. The Rev. Mr. Highleyman has been pastor of the North Methodist church at Aullville, Lafayette county, for the past year, and the lady was one of his flock.

A BOSTON jury has decided, as a matter of fact, that barber-shop shaving on Sunday is not "a work of necessity or charity," and is therefore unlawful. What queer ideas, exclaims the *World*, hav filtered down to the dwellers at the Hub, through many generations of Puritans and Pharisees! Shaving on Sunday is, of course, not a work of charity, as the little checks that follow it call for a cash payment. But if one of these jurymen had been accustomed to the services of a "tonsorial artist," and should undertake to shave himself of a Sunday morning, he would very quickly conclude that public shaving is a work of necessity. If the custom of the good old town calls for clean faces on Sunday morning, as is the fashion in other cities less highly civilized than Boston boasts of being, the necessity of shaving is again apparent. And if the old "Blue Laws" hav so far lapsed into a state of innocuous desuetude as to permit a husband to kiss his wife on Sunday, a smooth chin becomes a matter of charity, if not of necessity.

THE Rev. Dr. James Curran, formerly of St. Stephen's church, has been directed to retire to a Hoboken monastery for ten days to do penance because he appeared upon the platform at the Academy of Music on Tuesday of last week when Dr. McGlynn spoke. Dr. Curran's ecclesiastical superior was displeased with his action in appearing with Dr. McGlynn at Jones's Wood on St. Patrick's Day, and it was by way of disciplin that he was sent to Ellenville, Ulster county. His appearing with Dr. McGlynn at the Academy has brought down upon him the order into retreat in Hoboken. His penance will consist of ten days of strict seclusion, during which he will observe fasts and perform religious exercises. Independent action by priests is not a success in this diocese from a personal convenience point of view. But as long as men choose to be slaves to other men, let them accept what their voluntary servitude brings them. There is no ball and chain attached to them that prevents their leaving the church, and civil laws are still superior to ecclesiastical rules.

SOME time ago some letters published in the *Times of India* by "a Hindoo lady" made a profound impression upon those who read them. This lady, whose is named Rukmibhai, was married, according to Hindoo usage, at the age of eleven, to a youth some years her senior. She remained at her parents' house, was carefully educated, and grew up, according to all accounts, into a refined and highly cultivated girl. Last year her husband tried to get her to liv with him, and on her refusing instituted a suit for the restitution of conjugal rights in the Bombay High Court. The case was tried in the first instance by Mr Justice Pinhey, when, it having been proved that the husband was too poor to support her, was utterly ignorant and uneducated—in fact, a mere coolie—and was, moreover, consumptiv, the judge expressed the opinion that it would be a barbarous, cruel, and revolting thing to compel her to liv with such a man. He further held that such suit could not lie under Hindoo law, and dismissed it. The husband appealed, and the case was argued before the chief justice and Mr. Justice Bayley. These learned judges, while expressing their entire sympathy with Rukmibhai, felt compelled to rule that Mr. Justice Pinhey was wrong in law, and remanded the case to the Lower Court for trial on its merits. It has now been reheard before Mr. Justice Farran. Rukmibhai's counsel could only repeat that his client had never consented to the marriage, and never regarded the man as her husband, that the husband was poor, ignorant, and unhealthy, and that if ordered to return to him she would be obliged to disobey, and was prepared to take the consequences. The court had no option save to pass an order that she should join her husband within a month. Should she fail to do so she would be liable to six months' imprisonment.—*National Reformer.*

# Communications.

## Miracles and Miracle Workers.

Consult your encyclopedias in regard to the magi of the East, and you will find they were ministers of Zoroaster. They were those who came to see the infant Jesus (or, at least, they visited the infant Zoroaster and the Christians stole the story), and were considered wise men.

They were supposed to be acquainted with certain properties and affinities of bodies which enabled them to produce effects truly astonishing to the uneducated. From magi the word magician is derived. To the vulgar the magicians performed wonderful feats, but they were the result of natural causes, and yet they got credit for supernatural and miraculous powers. And this is all there ever was to any miracle, whether performed by magi, magician, saint, apostle, or Jesus Christ himself.

Nearly all the early Christians believed that these magicians wrought miracles, but they claimed that the wonderful works were done by the help of demons.

The magicians used to pit themselves one against another, and fight like dogs.

Moses and Aaron turned all the waters of Egypt nto blood. Pharaoh laughed, "Ha, ha, ha!" and said, "Your hocus-pocus tricks ain't worth a picayune over here in Egypt." So he brought forth his magicians, and they turned all the waters into blood, and got a great deal better blood, and more of it, from the same water, although Moses and Aaron had worked it over once. Then they brought forth the frogs, and the magicians did the same, and got bigger frogs and better jumpers.

Then they turned their rods into serpents, and the magicians made their rods squirm too. But Moses's snakes swallowed the others, and then Moses and Aaron were unfair enough to run off and delare a victory. Whereas, if they had only waited until the magicians could have got some larger rods, which they could have worked into bigger snakes, these would not only have swallowed the other snakes but Moses and Aaron too.

Putting humor aside, is it not a disgrace to the age that such men as Cook and Talmage should take up the gibberish of idiots and peddle it out to what purports to be the cream of intelligent people, for the holy word of God? One would be led to think that Cook and Talmage could be imposed upon to-day by the pretended miracle worker if his Fe-fi-fo-fum were only pronounced solemnly in the name of God.

Irenæus affirms that "the disciples of Christ received grace from him, and wrought miracles, cast out devils, had the knowledge of future events, visions, and prophetical sayings, healed the sick, raised the dead, each according to the gift which he had received."

Are there no true "disciples of Christ" to-day? I would ask; or has Christ lost his power? There are none of those wonderful things done now, not even one poor prophet in all the land. No devils are "cast out." No physician depends on the gift of Christ as a remedy. Nobody would bury a dead friend if it were possible to raise the dead. What I want to get into the mind of the Christian is that the laws of nature never change; that these things are as possible to-day as they ever were; that Irenæus was either deceived or else he lied.

Tertullian tells of a "sister who converses with angels and with God—sees mysteries and knows the hearts of men." He also tells of a "woman who folded her hands in the attitude of prayer, after she was dead."

Every system of supernatural religion has its miracles and wonderful men, who are stationed somewhere between vulgar mortals and imaginary beings out of sight. Each devotee believes so much of the impossible as is woven into his own system of religion, and generally discards the impossible in other systems. Few realize that ideas, however erroneous, impressed upon the young mind, generation after generation, become fixed, and act like instinct. To reason with those is like trying to persuade the dog not to bark, or the birds to sing differently from what they do.

There is a lie somewhere concealed in everything which is said to have transpired beyond the natural.

As the race advances all systems of supernatural religion will decline, and the people will only have confidence in the real and the natural. Human good will be the object of all, and scientific investigation the only means of grace.

Narcissus, bishop of Jerusalem, turned water into oil when the lamps failed at the vigil of Easter. This is upon the authority of Eusebius. It is not strange that such wonderful things should happen among an ignorant and superstitious people. The wonder is that intelligent men should be imposed upon because a lot of interested pious lunatics like Cook and Talmage have taught in each generation that God has been engaged in such can-trap nonsense.

Could we know all the wonderful things which have been written and taught by the early fathers, miracles could not be put upon the market for a cent on the dollar.

In the Acts of Philip it is related that when Mariamni was stripped, her body was found to be a glass chest filled with light. Had the Acts of Philip been voted a part of the New Testament, this miraculous statement would have been believed by all Christians. But still the Christian is unable to see that this is just as good a miracle as any. The difference is, this was voted out and the ones which he believes were voted in.

The laws of nature are unalterable or they are not. If they are unalterable, then a miracle has never been performed. If they are fickle and changeable, then at any moment planets might leave their appointed courses, and, without law or order, crash against each other, involving the ruin of worlds.

If the intellectual power of the whole human race could be centered in one brain, it could not vary a single law of nature in the slightest degree.

It has been demonstrated by the best scientists which the world has ever produced that the earth, in her diurnal revolution, has not varied the hundredth part of a second in a thousand years. And yet the Christian believes that the shadow was turned back on the dial, and that power was given to bloody old Joshua to turn two days into one. The truth is, these statements are untrue, and if they had been written down in all the so-called sacred books which have ever originated in the brains of impostors, they would still be lies.

If all the men who have ever posed as miracle workers, and all the men to whom divine honors have been paid, including popes, saints, and saviors, should tell me that the law of gravitation has ever been other than it is to-day, I would not believe them. Is the law of gravitation one thing to us to-day, and was it another thing to Elijah? Is it possible that the same law which holds us down to the earth could make another ascend upward?

If I could be made to believe the story of Elijah I should be in constant fear of losing our darling "Bob," for if ever there was a man too good for earth, I think he is the man. A man who believes that a human being was ever taken up bodily from the earth is on the verge of insanity.

If a hundred men in whom I had the utmost confidence should tell me that in a certain district the law of gravitation had been reversed, and that water was running up hill, and rocks and trees were flying into the air, I would not believe them. It would be a hundred times easier for me to believe that they had been deceived, or that they wished to deceive me, than to believe that there ever had been an infraction of nature's laws. These laws were the same two thousand years ago as they are to-day. If so, the miracles of the New Testament were impossible. Whatever can be done without a violation of the laws of nature is no miracle. Talmage may rant, but he could not produce sufficient evidence in a court of justice that a miracle has ever been performed to obtain a judgment for a nickel.

In the first place there is no substantial evidence as to who told the stories of the miracles as related in the New Testament. In the second place there is no evidence as to when the stories were told. Think of a witness on the stand making a statement in regard to a transaction, and then saying that he had the statement from somebody else, and unable to tell from whom, and then unable to tell when the transaction occurred. What weight would an impartial jury give to such statements?

Talmage may rant about believing every word of the Bible, but if put upon the witness stand he would be in just this dilemma.

With these facts before our eyes, is it safe to believe that a dead man was ever brought to life, or that a man ever ascended from the earth bodily, nobody knows where? Would not fire have the same effect upon the tissues of the human body three thousand years ago that it has to-day? If so, what is the story about the three Hebrew children worth? It is said that Christ ascended into heaven. Did anybody see him arrive there? or did he telegraph back that he had a prosperous journey?

How does it happen that devils were so much more plenty in ancient times than they are now? Half of the people were filled with devils two thousand years ago. The last authentic account that I have had of a devil was when one tried to enter Luther. But Luther beat him with his inkstand and came off victorious; so I fight him with ink too. Even no longer ago than when I was a boy he was invested with a great deal of power, and much to be dreaded. But now little boys fish with pin-hooks on Sunday, and the smallest kind of a devil does not come after them. If this goes on for another generation, as Heston would put it, the devil will become a "defunct functionary."

Just imagine yourself back among the people two thousand years ago, so that you may get an idea of this devilish business. In the first place, it must be understood that everyone who was crazy, or had fits, or Saint Vitus's dance—in brief, half of the people who were sick—was believed to be possessed with a devil or demon.

There were very few, even of the most intelligent who did not carry with them some manner of charm to keep off the demons or evil spirits.

As soon as a child was born, a piece of paper with certain characters written upon it, or some kind of powder, or something which acted as a charm or spell, was concealed about its garments to keep away demons.

Sometimes it was a black cat's tooth, or the dried head of a snake, or some part of a toad. A person could scarcely be found who did not have some charm or plan or device for relieving demoniacs. In order to be let into the secret of this ancient deviltry, and understand how all classes believed in devils and were filled with them, it is only necessary to refer to Joshphus's "Antiquities of the Jews," book 8, ch. ii, §5.

In speaking of Solomon, he says, "God enabled him to learn that skill which expels demons, which is a science useful and sanative to men. And he left behind him the manner of using exorcisms by which they drive away demons so that they never return, and this method of cure is of great force unto this day. For I have seen a certain man of my own country whose name was Eleazar, releasing people who were demoniacal, in the presence of Vespasian and his sons, and his captains, and the whole multitude of his soldiers."

The manner of the cure was this: He put a ring that had a root of one of those sorts mentioned by Solomon to the nose of the demoniac, after which he drew out the demon from his nostrils; and when the man fell down immediately, he abjured him to return into him no more, making still mention of Solomon and reciting the incantation which he had composed.

And when Eleazar would persuade and demonstrate to the spectators that he had such a power, he set a little way off a cup or basin of water and commanded the demon to overturn it, and thereby to let the spectators know that he had left the man.

Let it be borne in mind by all Christians that this story is told and indorsed by Josephus, one of the most learned men of his time; that that miraculous feat was performed in the presence of Vespasian, one of the great emperors of Rome, and in the presence of his family and of all his officers and his whole army.

Now, if these great men could be imposed upon with a ring and a root, and a hic-hoc-horem ceremony, what must have been the condition of the vulgar masses? This was about seventy-five years after the time of the supposed birth of Christ.

Is it any wonder, in such an age, and among such a superstitious people, that young virgins were tampered with by Holy Ghosts and brought forth young Gods? that men were jumping out of their graves and would not stay buried? that men were going up into the air bodily, buttons and breeches, before a balloon was thought of? that God was engaged in the book business, and had saints and apostles and "the devil and all" to help him?

Then Josephus speaks of this trick, or sleight, or power of casting out devils, as a "science" which could be taught and learned like the science of chemistry or astronomy—that is to say, with the hic-hoc-horem lingo or "the incantation which Solomon had composed," and the "ring" and the "root," anybody could cast out devils.

My mother was a New Jersey woman, and many times she has had a hearty laugh about certain words which she was taught to repeat when a child to keep witches from interfering with her. Cannot anyone see the close relation between these silly words or charms or devices for keeping off witches, and the "ring" and the "root" and the "incantation" of Solomon? Think of a real, thoroughbred, full-grown devil being pulled out of a man's nose with a "root" and a "ring," and then kicking over a basin of water! Oh, how long will the Christian continue to wallow in the mire of superstition?

I saw a man cut off a rooster's head, and then cause the rooster to strut and craw. This, with other similar tricks, so impressed my boyish mind as to leave a lasting effect. And I think God and Solomon had just as much to do with the rooster trick as they had in helping Eleazar to cast out devils. There is nobody but a Christian lunatic who can be imposed upon by such balderdash.

Some day the schoolmaster will outgrow the minister, and the schoolhouse will overshadow the church, and then Christians will find out how they have been fooled by miracle workers. JOHN PECK.

## Idle Tales About Washington.

The story of Washington praying at Valley Forge can be accounted for. A writer in *Leisure Hours* states that Captain Morton, of a Pennsylvania regiment, resembled General Washington, and that he was both patrotic and pious, and was in the habit of praying in the woods, and was doubtless mistaken by some one for the Father of his Country.

One of my old school books stated that General Washington requested the privilege of partaking of the "Lord's supper" in a strange church. It is such fables as this that giv Christianity its standing, and so long as Freethinkers fail of supporting schools of

their own they will hav to endure such slanders in the school books. J. P. GUILD.

## English as She Ought Not to be Writ.

I am glad that Helen Gardener has touched upon the subject of "English as she is writ." Very few people outside of a printing-office realize how much trouble would be saved editors, proof-readers, and compositors if those who hav something to write only knew how to write it with propriety.

There is an error generally prevalent that anyone who pens a fair hand, and can spell correctly, is prepared to produce an article, or even a book, worth reading, while, as a matter of fact, these qualifications can scarcely be termed essential. Many great authors write a miserable scrawl, and know less about orthography than the mechanic who puts their manuscript in type. The colossal "nerve" which some people display in appearing before the public as au thors is a matter of astonishment to those who can appreciate the magnitude of it. I recently handled the manuscript of a retired jurist who, wearied of the rugged course of law, had turned his enfeebled steps toward the paths of literature, and had written a book. He knew little about the subjects of which he was to treat; but that is not to the point. His great mistake was in thinking, as he evidently did, if he thought upon the subject at all, that gram mar and diction were of no account, and that writing a book was merely a matter of mechanical execution, of which pen, ink, and paper were the only indispensable auxiliaries. If he had contemplated appearing as a composer or as an artist, possibly the notion would hav struck him that a little preliminary study of the technique of music or painting would be advisable; but that rhetoric is an essential factor in the expression of ideas was the thought farthest from him. This man is a type of the class who, merely to gratify their self-conceit, cumber the shelves of publishers with unreadable and unsalable trash.

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.

The greater number of poor writers are prevented from making their total ignorance known to the world by the vigilance of compositors and proof-readers. If an editor is attacked by an illiterate correspondent, the most effectual way of crushing the dissatisfied person is, not to reply to him, but to print his letter *verbatim*, as was done in the case of Mr. Irvine, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 5th. I once saw a note in a Western paper in which the editor said that if an esteemed citizen did not cease sending poetry to that office, he (the editor) would certainly print some of it. This warning was given out of consideration for the friends of the aforesaid esteemed citizen.

But newspaper writing is not always good. What kind of English is this, from the St. Paul *Globe*?

It looks *like* religion *was* making progress when the pulpit lets go of the ballet and jumps on the *décolletté* dresses.

The use of "like" for *as if* is too barbarous to escape the notice of civilized people. "Was" for *were* is bad enough.

Innumerable gross forms of expression are in current use among careless writers, and they reproduce themselvs by other careless writers copying them. As an example, the novice thinks it is the hight of sarcasm to call somebody a gentleman and introduce an interrogation point in parenthesis after the word gentleman, thus, (?). This is intended to question the propriety of applying the term gentleman to the person referred to. I object to it because it is inane and witless. If you don't desire to call a man a gentleman, then call him what you think he is, or say nothing. Innuendo is not justifiable. "You lie, you villian, you lie," said Horace Greeley. That sentence has at least the merit of being direct.

We often see the words "the same" used instead of the pronoun *it*. A correspondent writes, "I send an article for your columns, and would be pleased to see *the same* in print." Why not *it*? The words are appropriately used by Bret Harte in his "Truthful James:"

Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which *the same* I would rise to explain.

The ordinary business letter is a model of bad form:

BOSTON, 3—20, '87.

T. S. Co., *Gents:* Yrs recd this P.M., and contents noted. In reply w'd say. [Then follows whatever is to be communicated.] Yrs &c.

Why not write March 20, 1887? Why say *gents*? Gent. may be excused as an abbreviation, but there is no authority for appending the final *s*, as the plural of gentleman is not formed by the addition of that letter. Is life too short to admit of spelling *yours* and *received* and *would* in full? As an abbreviation for afternoon, P.M. is proper only when accompanied by the figure denoting the hour—as 3 P.M. "In reply would say." Who would say? "Yours, &c.," is an offensiv vulgarism, and means nothing.

Abbreviations should be used sparingly. I hav frequently seen "the rev. gent." in manuscript and sometimes in print. Again, people with a weak sense of the fitness of things write that "the *Dr.* was sent for." Others hav lived in N. Y., or in N. H., or in Ills., or in some other abbreviated state. The only proper use of Dr. for doctor is when it precedes the name of the doctor spoken of. The names of states can be shortened with propriety when they follow the names of towns or cities, as Boonton, N. J. "Mr. J." for Mr. Jones is not countenanced by use among good writers.

One of the most entertaining writers for THE TRUTH SEEKER sometimes puts "had hav" together, thus, "If I had hav known." Others say "had of." Both are ungrammatical.

Bad writing does not always proceed from ignorance, but often from a desire to be ornate or hifalutin. From an article by Cora Lynn Daniels, entitled, "A Letter on Prayer from the Duke of Argyll," published in the *North American Review* for March, 1887, I extract two sentences. Can anybody tell what they mean?

Following the Darwinian theory of evolution from its earliest conclusions of primeval history, ages before the earth became habitable by man, up to the laws of evolution in society, which are proven with the same painstaking care and illustration, Mr. Fiske presents the whole scheme of existence in a clear and ever deepening and broadening stream of logic, until it flows with majestic current and irresistible force into the ocean of the invisible.

Perhaps it is possible to follow a theory of evolution, but it would be better to adopt or accept the theory and follow the evolution. The conclusions reached would not be the conclusions of evolution nor the conclusions of primeval history, but the conclusions of the student. "Conclusions of primeval history" cannot possibly be understood. Then we hav "the laws of evolution in society proven with the same painstaking care and illustration." The same as what? "Mr. Fiske presents the whole scheme of existence in a clear and ever deepening and broadening stream of logic." Absolutely meaningless! "Until it," that is, the scheme of existence, "flows with majestic current and irresistible force into the ocean of the invisible." And as the scheme of existence flows into the invisible, common sense takes to the woods.

Here is the other:

By entertaining writers whose exact deductions are still poetic, and whose justice both ways toward the psychical and the physical do not interrupt, but rather emphasize, the rhythmic harmony of their interaction, the reader who understands the grand theme at all must necessarily fall into the swing and flow of their intellectual current, and be borne easily and strongly on to a satisfactory result.

No matter how valuable an idea may be contained in that sentence, the reader must earn it before he gets it, and then his intellect will be so far exhausted that he will never be able to assimilate what he has acquired. The previous quotation cannot be subjected to grammatical analysis at all. Here we hav a violation of one of the simplest rules of syntax in the words "whose . . . justice *do* not interrupt, but rather emphasize." The Rev. John Jasper's famous sentence, "The sun do move," thus finds a distinguished parallel.

It is a mistake to suppose that the reason we do not understand these swoshy writers is because the thought sought to be expressed is too subtle and profound for our comprehension. The truth is, they do not understand themselvs. Their language contains no meaning, and it is not worth our while to put one into it. The educated person who thinks clearly will write clearly. Thomas Paine was always the master of his subject, and we hav no better examples of plain English than he has given us. But there is evidence that Paine's style was a carefully studied one. Daniel Webster reached the hight of eloquence in his day; yet any one who has had the opportunity to read his greatest effort—the "Invocation for the Preservation of the American Union"—as he uttered it, and as it was printed after careful revision, will be able to judge how much he owed to the rules of rhetoric. No writer can match Colonel Ingersoll in beauty of style, and at the same time none could exercise a greater care in the choice and arrangement of words. It would be as reasonable for an artist to put the requisit colors into a squirt-gun and eject them upon his canvas, expecting a beautiful picture as a result, as for a writer to string a quantity of words carelessly upon paper and expect the types to convert them into a readable essay.

A weak cause often leads to weak or obscure writing. For proof of this compare the turgid utterances of Gladstone with the clear-cut periods of Huxley in their discussion on "The Order of Creation." There is little excuse for bungling writing nowadays. Almost numberless books on rhetoric are to be had, and no person, it seems to me, should trust himself to write a letter until he has at least taken a few hints on the subject of literary construction. There is Blair's "Rhetoric," which has been in the book market for half a century or more. It is true that Blair violates many of his own rules, and so does Lindley Murray, but it is not necessary to adopt their errors. Alfred Ayres's "Verbalist" is a valuable work. A brief scrutiny of the last part of the ordinary school grammar is better than nothing. Herbert Spencer's "Philosophy of Style" cannot be read without profit. The subject is not a dry one, but is full of interest, and, to those who hav ideas to express, the importance of its study can hardly be overestimated.

To unskilled poetry-writers we may say nothing except "Don't." There is no other kind of writing quite as absurd as verse that is "mechanically" defectiv. Mr. Seaver of the *Investigator* has a quaint way of dealing with amateur poets. He puts the effusion in the waste-basket and then publishes a little note to the writer relating the fate that has befallen the poem. Then he adds that when he was young he wrote poetry himself, and some of it was printed, to his subsequent regret, and so out of kindness he refrains from publishing the verses of his correspondent. There is a concealed philanthropy in this course of the venerable editor which all poets will be able to discover as soon as they reach the period of discretion. Still, I believe that almost anybody can by study become a fair versifier.

I do not know what percentage of writers take account of style when expressing their thoughts on paper; but I know that, as regards the selection and arrangement of words, one-half the printed matter that comes under our daily observation ranges from the bad to the execrable. This after the reviser and proof-reader hav done their duty by it. What must it hav been originally? There is no road to literary excellence except through study, and there are no completed rules that can be given in a newspaper article without extending it to a great length; and, as Herbert Spencer says, "a clear head, a quick imagination, and a sensitiv ear will go far toward making all rhetorical precepts needless." "Good composition is far less dependent upon acquaintance with its laws than upon practice and natural aptitude." Beginners will find that the use of simple words and short sentences will do much toward promoting clearness. I would say: Avoid both the highflown and the slangy. Reserve superlativs for occasions which demand their use. Leave foreign words and phrases in the back part of the dictionary where we all know you found them. You will forget what they mean in a little while, and then you will feel embarrassed if anyone asks you to translate them. Don't go into a subject beyond your depth. When you are in doubt as to the propriety of a sentence, erase or amend it. Gibbon, it is said, wrote his "Memoirs" six times. Shun the use of superfluous words, which are usually adjectivs, and be free with your particles. When you find that a sentence is growing long and involved, cut it in two. Quote sparingly. Books of "Familiar Quotations" are useful chiefly for reference; nevertheless, as the force of an observation lies in its application, phrases may sometimes be borrowed from others with good effect. Finally, keep clearness in sight, and sacrifice everything that obscures your meaning. Put the largest amount of thought into the smallest number of words. Be natural, and write from your head instead of the volumes on your shelf; otherwise somebody may catch you away from your books and make an unpleasant discovery; while those who hav formed an acquaintance with you through your writings will be disappointed when they meet you personally.

I trust that the few hints which I hav thus thrown out may not be wholly without value to some apprentice in literature. If I had received them a dozen years ago, there would not be so many things in what I hav written since then that, when I recur to them now, make me feel like concealing myself.

READER.

## A Queer Preacher.

There was once a Beetle who never built a gospel-shop. Who never Beetled in one.

Who never proposed a church fair to buy the gospel-shop a new carpet.

Who never founded a new sect.

Who frequented public houses and drank gin-and-bitters with sinners.

Who never received a salary.

Who never asked for one.

Who never wore a black suit nor a white necktie.

Who never used a prayer-book. Nor a hymn-book. Nor wrote a sermon.

Who never said, "Let us make a collection."

Who never had slippers made for him by the young ladies over whom he had crawled.

Who never got up a bazaar to clear off the debt on a gospel-shop.

Who never advertised his sermons.

Who never took a text for his sermons.

Who never went through a course of theological study. Who never was ordained.

Who never even "found Jesus."

Who never went to a conference.

Who never was surprised by a donation party.

Who never called himself "Rev."

Who was he?

Jesus Christ, carpenter and wheelwright, and third part of God.—*Saladin in the Secular Review.*

## News and Notes.

Saturday night, March 19th, I reach the brilliant city of Los Angeles, the marvel of Southern California, with its sixty thousand inhabitants, and hastening on to a hundred thousand; the paradise of invalids, where they can get cured of all the ills that flesh is heir to, and make money in real estate. It seems as if each one carried an Aladdin's lamp, and discovered riches in the most barren spot. One might shut his eyes and buy anywhere, and he is sure of doubling his investment.

The first man I found was J. E. Clark, a vigorous campaigner, who had organized our forces and prepared the way for effectual work. Mr. Clark has been for years on this Western coast, and always in the front. He is an outspoken Freethinker, no matter what the consequences. He is an ardent reformer and nothing can dim the fires of his enthusiasm. He believes in doing something, and doing it well.

Dr. York, our famous pioneer, has had full houses and created great interest. I am obliged to him for his labors in this field. He has broken the ground pretty effectually, and I find things in a favorable condition for my own endeavor. Dr. York's Australian tour has made him a greater power than ever, and I hope he will receive a cordial welcome in the East. I hav not met him yet, and am quite eager to shake hands with this eloquent preacher of humanity.

Sunday morning I find myself in the pleasant home of John Riggin, on a hill overlooking the city, which is embowered in green and tropical magnificence, while all around shine the Delectable mountains.

John Riggin is seventy-seven years of age, with buoyant spirit and philosophic calm. He says that sixty years ago he discovered he had lost no soul, and from that time on has not troubled himself about the matter, but lived for the sweet enjoyment of this world, in health and virtue, with happy submission to what could not be helped, with hope for life and no fear of death—not anxious about either—but perfectly willing to liv a couple of hundred years longer if nature permits. He has the vivacity of youth, and I guess he will see his one-hundredth birthday.

Sunday evening there was a large and appreciativ audience present at my lecture, and the enthusiasm manifested shows that Liberalism has a very strong hold upon the people of Los Angeles, and that they are in sympathy with its radical demands. I shall lecture at Los Angeles again and shall hav more to say about it and the friends here in my next letter. Monday morning I came to Santa Ana, a city of about four thousand inhabitants, and one of the most flourishing places on the coast. A league was formed here several years ago with Wm. Chestnut for president, and D. Edson Smith for secretary, and it has been doing a quiet but very successful work with its social meetings, etc. In fact, a Baptist minister declared that he was unable to get up a revival in Santa Ana on account of the influence of the Liberal League. Good testimony that to the value of organized effort, however simple its means of achievement.

I found a genial resting-place in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edson Smith, where I could easily imagin myself to be in the tropics, so luxuriant was all the landscape about. Mr. Smith has ten acres, which he cleared himself. He bought this land several years ago for one hundred dollars per acre. It and the adjacent lands are now worth, in the market, one thousand dollars per acre, and will soon double in value. With good management it is easy to make a net profit of one hundred dollars per acre. An orange grove of five acres will giv from two thousand to five thousand dollars' worth of fruit each year. It produces all the year round. On the same tree from which you pluck the golden orange are the green oranges and the orange blossoms in abundance. As I landed at the station a furious "Santa Ana" was making clouds of dust so that the mountains could hardly be seen. The Santa Ana river flows through the valley, out of the Santa Ana cañon. To the southward is the Santa Ana range, and to the northward the snow-covered peaks of the Sierras. From between the mountain walls occasionally there comes a rushing, mighty wind called a "Santa Ana," which blows seaward from twelve to forty-eight hours. It is said to be the precursor of a rain, but while it blows the sun shines brightly and not a cloud is to be seen. Dana, in his "Two Years Before the Mast," who was on this coast fifty years ago, describes the "Santa Ana" which swept so furiously from shore that the ship had to get up anchor and seek mid-ocean. These gales, however, come but seldom, and they do good by clearing the atmosphere. It is like house-cleaning, and earth and sky receive a brilliant polish, and for months afterward all is pleasant as a lady's smile when she sits in her nicely-scoured parlor with the happy consciousness that all dirt is abolished.

The "Santa Ana" had full swing on the first night of my lecture, but I was greeted with a good house, and on the second and third nights the audience was double, the wind having subsided, and the skies were "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," gemmed with more stars, I think, than I ever saw in the Eastern heaven. The nights here are simply delicious—never hot, but cooled by constant breezes from the mountains or the sea.

Tuesday night after the lecture I rode over to Anaheim, a distance of eight miles, alongside the scented groves, the flowering fields and evergreen archways and the tall eucalyptus-trees, as if I were speeding through the delightsome vale of Cashmere, to the home of our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Parker, where we arrived about midnight. The next day I reveled in the landscape that spread its sparkling pictures before my eyes. Thirteen years ago Mr. and Mrs. Parker came to this country, which was then one vast cactus plain. In these years all this remarkable change has been made in the valley of Santa Ana. Our friends were among the earliest inhabitants, and by hard work hav developed the resources of the soil, which, when well watered, can produce almost everything. In their charming home at any season of the year one can behold the fruits of the earth. The palm-tree, the banana-tree, the fig-tree, are all here. Oats, wheat, barley, corn of the most excellent quality can be raised, though at present the land is too valuable to be used for such purposes. Down toward the sea-shore is what is called the "Gospel swamp," and this is the cattle and hog country.

Mrs. Anna Parker is one of the occasional contributors to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and is a most earnest and genial Freethinker, and so is her husband, Mr. Leonard Parker, and in two years they will reach the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. They hav a big family—ten children and I don't know how many grandchildren—and these make in themselvs an army of Freethought. I met Mrs. Handy and Mrs. Tucker—the daughters of Mrs. Parker—and Mr. Joel Parker, her son, and his wife, who reside at Orange. Mr. Joel Parker is one of the prominent citizens of the village of Orange, toward which the Santa Fé Railroad is now being built, and which is in the enjoyment of a boom of the first order, and real estate is rapidly advancing. Mr. Parker, however, does not forget Liberal ideas in the midst of material prosperity, and he is one of the most generous supporters of our cause.

At the closing lecture, Wednesday evening, I had the largest audience of any, and in every respect I feel satisfied with the work done here. I like the spirit of our friends in Santa Ana, Orange, and Anaheim, and believe that in the future they will do much for social and intellectual advancement. Mr. G. W. Thurston and his wife came twenty-five miles to attend the meetings. They were formerly Mormons, and lived in Utah, but are now robust Liberals, whom it is pleasant to see. Emil and Julius Goepper furnished excellent music for the occasion. Mr. Edson Smith, the secretary, is a live worker, and most Liberal-minded, and devoted to Secular affairs, while in the philosophy of Spiritualism he finds hope for something beyond. Mr. William Chestnut, the president of the League, believes only in this life, but he does that to good purpose. Mr. Herman Goepper, J. W. Towner, B. J. Salisbury, J. S. Haywood, Noah Smithwick, Gustave, William, and Charles Schmitz—three brothers—J. P. Hutchins, M. C. Peters, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gardner, of Orange, J. L. Berry, R. B. Guthrie, and others, are among the pleasant acquaintances I made while in Santa Ana. Mr. D. M. Baker, editor of the *Standard*, is not afraid to speak his editorial mind, and gave excellent notices of the lectures, which editors, I am sorry to say, are not always ready to do, even if they are Liberals—as most of them are, for they hav too much knowledge to be anything else.

Thursday, March 24th, I come to Norwalk, sixteen miles from Santa Ana, and here I find a good stopping-place at the ranch of A. K. Coward, who has been in this country for years, and is a good fighter for our cause through thick and thin, and with him James Hay and John Goeddel—"Uncle John," as they all call him, for even the Christians like him, and come to him for help in time of trouble, though never for prayers—and S. W. Burke, John Severs, J. E. Courtney, all prominent citizens of the place. Norwalk is not so large nor so well advanced as Santa Ana, but it is rapidly growing. It is twenty miles south of Los Angeles. It is a little too cold and near the sea for oranges, but is favorable for all other fruits.

The house was full on both evenings, and with a most attentiv audience These were the first Freethought lectures ever given in Norwalk, and but few of the listeners had ever heard anything of the kind before, but with few exceptions there was a cordial recognition of the truth. So I feel that a good start has been made here, and I expect to return and complete the organization of a Secular Union. Mr. and Mrs. Coward are both earnest workers, and believe heartily in Liberal advancement and culture. As parents, they realize the necessity of Freethought social life and attainment for the benefit of their children. Besides those already mentioned are Mr. S. G. Baker and family, A. Sproul, L. C. Bridges, James Baldwin, I. V. Dilley, Dr. Randall, Jas. A. Smith, John Doland, D. B. Johnson, O. D. Thompson and family. The Norwalk Brass Band gave us entertaining music for the second evening. Mr. S. W. Burke presided, and made a good closing address.

I am quite encouraged with the spirit and enthusiasm of the friends in Norwalk. A majority of the community are Liberal, and I think that a flourishing Union will be established. At the earnest request of friends, I expect to make another visit to southern California if time allows.

I shall be at Los Angeles to-morrow; at Tulare City, Visalia, San Francisco, Oakland, until April 3d and 10th; at Sonoma, April 7th and 8th; at San José, April 17th and 24th; at Santa Cruz, between these dates; at Stockton, May 1st and 8th; at Sacramento and other places in California, until June 1st; in Oregon, during June; and Washington Territory during July; and then eastward as heretofore noted.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*Norwalk, Cal.*, March 24, 1887.

## Mr. Reynolds in Michigan.

March 12th I bade farewell to Bowling Green, Ohio. Two distinct causes operated against the advance of Freethought there. First, the oil and gas wells had created a *furor* of speculation and excitement; secondly, and far the most formidable obstacle to success, was the fear of Mrs. Grundy. Too many Liberals there lack the courage of their convictions, and humbly obey the dictation of the church, giving liberally to maintain what they at heart despise. The church accepts such gifts, and, in their absence, ridicules the giver.

I suppose it is obtuseness on my part, but I utterly fail to recognize the sense, justice, or consistency of Liberals giving of their means to support priests and parsons, furnishing the whips to be lashed with. I meet Liberals who tell me they giv $25, $50, $100 to the church, yet when asked to subscribe $3 for a Liberal paper that advocates their own views they protest they "really cannot afford it." I respect those who, believing in the church, giv generously of their means to maintain it; but how can I enthuse over those who giv to what they denounce and withhold from what they profess to love?

I rejoiced to start for that Meeca of my pilgrimage, the hospitable home of Elias H. Gault, of Kalamazoo, Mich. Through delays of trains, I did not arrive at his house till half-past one on Sunday morning. In response to his sleepy "Who's there?" I sweetly warbled those soul-inspiring lines, "There's a land that is hotter than this," and in a moment the door flew open, and I received a most glad, warm welcome.

I proposed to remain at Kalamazoo and recuperate, but on Monday received a letter forwarded from Bowling Green. Mr. James Taylor and that venerable old son of Scotia, Mr. Thomas, had advertised me for three lectures at the Court House, Chelsea, Mich., the 15th, 16th, and 17th. So Tuesday morning I departed to Chelsea, and was most cordially welcomed. Under the lead of such stanch, outspoken Liberals as Thomas and Taylor, the weakest mollusks soon develop backbone. I had good attendance, and succeeded in awakening considerable interest.

March 18th, I returned to Kalamazoo, and, thanks to the earnest labors of the popular and indefatigable Elias H. Gault, a full house greeted me on Sunday evening at the Opera House, to hear "Religious Persecutions of the Nineteenth Century." The leading paper of the city, the *Gazette*, gave a very excellent synopsis, and published it both in the daily and weekly edition, so that hundreds who would not otherwise hav been benefited read "Love and Knowledge." I sold a large number of publications, and the genial Uncle Lute (Lucius West) and Elias H. Gault devoted two days in aiding me to secure subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER, resulting in fourteen new subscribers. When Mr. and Mrs. Gault moved from Rochester to Kalamazoo only about five copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER were taken. Now, and mainly through the efforts of Mr. Gault, there are over forty. Despite his outspoken Infidelity, Elias H. Gault is the most popular man in his ward, and the best citizens of both parties are urging him to accept the office of alderman. Another evidence that outspoken Liberalism, with its principles lived out, so far from injuring, increases respect and popularity.

BRIGHTON, IND.—We took a dip into Indiana at the solicitation of that able young Secularist, Dr. W. A. Ferguson, and March 24th we arrived at Lima, and the doctor took us six miles to Brighton, and deposited us at the hospitable home of young Mr. and Mrs. Wade. The attendance at all four of the lectures was excellent, and I never found more earnest attention, and on Sunday afternoon, after a lecture on "Salvation," I organized the Brighton Liberal Society. A bitter cold and fierce snowstorm raged all day on Sunday, which prevented the attendance of many residing at a distance. Yet nineteen adults became members, and the following excellent selection of officers was made: President, C. A. Shattuck; vice-president, Mrs. Emma Wade; secretary, Dr. W. A. Ferguson; treasurer, Richard Wade; Vigilance Committee, W. L. Wade, Mrs. Julia Gunthorpe, H. J. Hern; Educational Committee, Dr. W. A. Ferguson, Mrs. Della Lint, Thomas Gunthorpe; Social Committee, Peckett Stead, Alex. Lint, Ida Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins are veterans of Liberalism; a very aged couple, yet heart and soul devoted to promoting the happiness of their fellow-creatures. Mr. and Mrs. Shattuck and Friend Wheeler are like Mr. and Mrs. Gunthorpe and Mr. and Mrs. Wade, outspoken Liberals, living in a bigoted community of Dunkards, yet their lives are exemplary, their justice, kindly nature, and genuin Liberalism hav gained for them the respect and love of all, even of those who deplore their lack of Christianity.

Sunday night, the Prohibitionists having possession of the hall, despite the bitter cold and storm I went to Mongo, a goodly delegation from Brighton accompanying me. The lack of due notice and the severe weather prevented large attendance. Monday, March 28th, I reluctantly bade the new-found but earnest, good friends of Brighton farewell, and long for the time of returning to again enjoy their generous hospitality and kindness. Cheered and invigorated, we started with good Father Wade, the treasurer, to Lima, and took the train for Eaton Rapids, Mich.

C. B. Reynolds.

## Ingersoll on McGlynn.

*From the Brooklyn Times.*

The attitude of the Roman Catholic church in Dr. McGlynn's case is consistent with the history and constitution of the Catholic church—perfectly consistent with its ends, its objects, and its means—and just as perfectly inconsistent with intellectual liberty and the real civilization of the human race. When a man becomes a Catholic priest, he has been convinced that he ought not to think for himself upon religious questions. He has become convinced that the church is the only teacher—that he has a right to think only to enforce its teachings. From that moment he is a moral machine. The chief engineer resides at Rome, and he givs his orders through certain assistant engineers until the one is reached who turns the crank, and the machine has nothing to do one way or the other. This machine is paid for giving up his liberty by having machines under him who hav also given up theirs. While somebody else turns his crank, he has the pleasure of turning a crank belonging to somebody below him.

Of course, the Catholic church is supposed to be the only perfect institution on earth. All others are not only imperfect, but unnecessary. All others hav been made either by man, or by the devil, or by a partnership—and consequently cannot be depended upon for the civilization of man.

The Catholic church gets its power directly from God, and is the only institution now in the world founded by God. There was never any other so far as I know, except polygamy and slavery and a crude kind of monarchy—and they hav been, for the most part, abolished.

What right has a priest to go into the thinking business? He must kiss the toe of the pope—and even a corn on that toe has a far better right to think than he. And anyone who has bowed to this authority can only regain his independence by open revolt.

The Catholic church must be true to itself. It must claim everything, and get what it can. It alone is infallible. It alone has all the wisdom of this world. It alone has the right to exist. All other interests are secondary. To be a Catholic is of the first importance. Human liberty is nothing. Wealth, position, food, clothing, reputation, happiness—all these are less than worthless compared with what the Catholic church promises to the man who will throw all these away.

A priest must preach what his bishop tells him. A bishop must preach what his archbishop tells him. The pope must preach what he says God tells him.

Dr. McGlynn cannot make a compromise with the Catholic church. It never compromises when it is in the majority. Now and then a priest, or a member, who wishes to do a little thinking for himself—one who wishes to hav a little freedom—says to the Catholic church, as the rooster did to the horse, "Let us agree not to step on each other's feet;" but the church never makes the agreement.

I do not mean by this that the Catholic church is worse than any other. All are alike in this regard. Every sect, no matter how insignificant; every church, no matter how powerful, asks precisely the same thing from every member—that is to say, a surrender of intellectual freedom. The Catholic church wants the same as the Baptist, the Presbyterian, and the Methodist—it wants the whole earth. It is ambitious to be the one supreme power. It hopes to see the world upon its knees, with all its tongues thrust out for wafers. It has the arrogance of humility and the ferocity of universal forgivness. In this respect it resembles every sect. Every religion is a system of slavery.

Of course, the religionists say that they do not believe in persecution; that they do not believe in burning and hanging and whipping or loading with chains a man simply because he is an Infidel. They are willing to leave all this with God, knowing that a being of infinit goodness will inflict all these horrors and tortures upon an honest man who differs with the church.

In case Dr. McGlynn is deprived of his priestly functions, it is hard to say what effect it will hav upon his church and the labor party in this country.

So long as a man believes that a church has eternal joy in store for him, so long as he believes that a church holds within its hand the keys of heaven and hell, it will be hard to make him trade off the hope of everlasting happiness for a few good clothes and a little good food and higher wages here. He finally thinks that, after all, he had better work for less and go a little hungry, and be an angel forever.

I hope, however, that a good many people who hav been supporting the Catholic church by giving tithes of the wages of weariness will see, and clearly see, that Catholicism is not their friend; that the church cannot and will not support them; that, on the contrary, they must support the church. I hope they will see that all the prayers hav to be paid for, although not one has ever been answered. I hope they will perceive that the church is on the side of wealth and power, that the miter is the friend of the crown, that the altar is the sworn brother of the throne. I hope they will finally know that the church cares infinitly more for the money of the millionaire than for the souls of the poor.

Of course, there are thousands of individual exceptions. I am speaking of the church as an institution, as a corporation—and when I say the church, I include all churches. It is said of corporations in general that they hav no soul, and it may truthfully be said of the church that it has less than any other. It livs on alms. It givs nothing for what it gets. It has no sympathy. Beggars never weep over the misfortunes of other beggars.

Nothing could giv me more pleasure than to see the Catholic church on the side of human freedom—nothing more pleasure than to see the Catholics of the world—those who work and weep and toil—sensible enough to know that all the money paid for superstition is worse than lost. I wish they could see that the counting of beads and the saying of prayers and celebrating of masses—and that all the kneelings and censer-swingings and fastings and bell-ringing amount to less than nothing—that all these things tend only to the degradation of mankind. It is hard, I know, to find an antidote for a poison that was mingled with a mother's milk.

The laboring masses, so far as the Catholics are concerned, are filled with awe and wonder and fear about the church. This fear began to grow while they were being rocked in their cradles, and they still imagin that the church has some mysterious power; that it is in direct communication with some infinit personality that could, if it desired, strike them dead, or damn their souls forever. Persons who hav no such belief, who care nothing for popes, or priests, or churches, or heavens, or hells, or devils, or gods, hav very little idea of the power of fear.

The old dogmas filled the brain with strange monsters. The soul of the orthodox Christian gropes and wanders and crawls in a kind of dungeon, where the strained eyes see fearful shapes and the frightened flesh shrinks from the touch of serpents.

The good part of Christianity—that is to say, kindness, morality—will never go down. The cruel part ought to go down. And by the cruel part I mean the doctrin of eternal punishment—of allowing the good to suffer for the bad—allowing innocence to pay the debt of guilt. So the foolish part of Christianity—that is to say, the miraculous—will go down. The absurd part must perish. But there will be no war about it as there was in France. Nobody believes enough in the foolish part of Christianity now to fight for it. Nobody believes with intensity enough in miracles to shoulder a musket. There is probably not a Christian in New York willing to fight for any story, no matter if the story is so old that it is covered with moss. No mentally brave and intelligent man believes in miracles, and no intelligent man cares whether there was a miracle or not, for the reason that every intelligent man knows that the miraculous has no possible connection with the moral. "Thou shalt not steal" is just as good a commandment if it should turn out that the flood was a drouth. "Thou shalt not murder" is a good and just and righteous law, and whether any particular miracle was ever performed or not has nothing to do with the case. There is no possible relation between these things.

I am on the side not only of the physically oppressed, but of the mentally oppressed. I hate those who put lashes on the body, and I despise those who put the soul in chains. In other words, I am in favor of liberty. I do not wish that any man should be the slave of his fellow-men, or that the human race should be the slaves of any god, real or imaginary. Man has the right to think for himself, to work for himself, to take care of himself, to get bread for himself, to get a home for himself. He has a right to his own opinion about God and heaven and hell; the right to learn any art or mystery or trade; the right to work for whom he will, for what he will, and when he will.

The world belongs to the human race. There is to be no war in this country on religious opinions, except a war of words—a conflict of thoughts, of facts; and in that conflict the hosts of superstition will go down. They may not be defeated to-day, nor to-morrow, nor next year, nor during this century, but they are growing weaker day by day.

This priest, McGlynn, has the courage to stand up against the propaganda. What would hav been his fate a few years ago? What would hav happened to him in Spain, in Portugal, in Italy—in any other country that was Catholic—only a few years ago? Yet he stands here in New York, he refuses to obey God's vicegerent; he freely givs his mind to an archbishop; he holds the holy Inquisition in contempt. He has done a great thing. He is undoubtedly an honest man. He never should hav been a Catholic. He has no business in that church. He has ideas of his own—theories, and seems to be governed by principles. The Catholic church is not his place. If he remains, he must submit, he must kneel in the humility of abjectness; he must receive on the back of his independence the lashes of the church. If he remains, he must ask the forgivness of slaves for having been a man. If he refuses to submit, the church will not hav him. He will be driven to take his choice—to remain a member, humiliated, shunned, or go out into the great, free world a citizen of the republic, with the rights, responsibilities, and duties of an American citizen.

I believe that Dr. McGlynn is an honest man, and that he really believes in the land theories of Mr. George. I hav no confidence in his theories, but I hav confidence that he is actuated by the best and noblest motivs.

"Are you to go on the lecture platform again?"

"I expect to after a while. I am now waiting for the church to catch up. I got so far ahead that I began almost to sympathize with the clergy. They looked so helpless and talked in such a weak, wandering, and wobbling kind of way that I felt as though I had been cruel. From the papers I see that they are busy trying to find out who the wife of Cain was. I see that the Rev. Dr. Robinson, of New York, is now wrestling with that problem. He begins to be in doubt whether Adam was the first man, whether Eve was the first woman; suspects that there were other races, and that Cain did not marry his sister but somebody else's sister, and that the somebody else was not Cain's brother. One can hardly overestimate the importance of these questions—they hav such a direct bearing on the progress of the world. If it should turn out that Adam was the first man, or that he was nor the first man, something might happen—I am not prepared to say what—but it might."

It is a curious kind of spectacle to see a few hundred people paying a few thousand dollars a year for the purpose of hearing these great problems discussed: "Was Adam the first man?" "Who was Cain's wife?" "Has anyone seen a map of the land of Nod?" "Where are the four rivers that ran murmuring through the groves of paradise?" "Who was the snake? How did he walk? What language did he speak?" This turns a church into a kind of nursery, makes a cradle of each pew, and givs to each member a rattle with which he can amuse what he calls his mind.

The great theologians of Andover—the gentlemen who wear the brass collars furnished by the dead founder—hav been disputing among themselvs as to what is to become of the heathen who fortunately died before meeting any missionary from that institution. One can almost afford to be damned hereafter for the sake of avoiding the dogmas of Andover here. Nothing more absurd and childish has ever happened—not in the intellectual but in the theological world.

There is no need of the Freethinkers saying anything at present. The work is being done by the church-members themselvs. They are beginning to ask questions of the clergy. They are getting tired of the old ideas—tired of the consolations of eternal pain—tired of hearing about hell—tired of hearing the Bible quoted or talked about—tired of the scheme of redemption—tired of the trinity, of the plenary inspiration of the barbarous records of a barbarous people—tired of the patriarchs and prophets—tired of Daniel and the goats with three horns, and the image with the clay feet, and the little stone that rolled down-hill—tired of the mud man and the ribbed woman—tired of the flood of Noah, of the astronomy of Joshua, the geology of Moses—tired of Kings and Chronicles and Lamentations—tired of the lachrymose Jeremiah—tired of the monstrous, the malicious, and the miraculous. In short, they are beginning to think. They hav bowed their necks to the yoke of ignorance, and fear, and impudence, and superstition until they are weary. They long to be free. They are tired of the services—tired of the meaningless prayers—tired of hearing each other say, "Hear us, good Lord"—tired of the texts, tired of the sermons, tired of the lies about spontaneous combustion as a punishment for blasphemy, tired of the bells, and they long to hear the doxology of superstition. They long to hav Common Sense lift its hands in benediction and dismiss the congregation.

R. G. Ingersoll.

# Communications.

## Absurd Bible Stories.

The Bible says that the earth brought forth grass and herb yielding seed, and tree yielding fruit, before the sun existed (Gen. i, 12); that Cain had a wife before there was a woman on the earth, except his mother (Gen. iv, 17); that "when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, they bare children to them."

It is said in the book of Ezekiel that God visited harlots, waited on them, and entered into covenant with him, and they bare him sons and daughters (Ezek. xvi, 7, 8, 20–26; xxiii, 2–5).

The Bible is crowded with stories of robbery and murder, said to be expressly commanded of God. As samples, see the following: Ex. xxxii, 27; Num. xxxi, 7, 17; Deut. xxv, 19; 1 Sam. xv, 2, 3; Ezek. ix, 6; Luke xix, 27. See also God's law how to satisfy a jealous husband (Num. v, 11–31). Read the account, and see how God treats married women. Read all these passages here referred to, then ask yourself how it can be possible for anyone to believe that God would hav inspired men to so terribly blacken his own character that it even pains the clergy to hav the matter investigated.

God is represented in the Bible as a bloodthirsty and barbarous murderer. (See Deut. xxviii, 53–57; xxxii, 22–27, 42; 1 Sam. vi, 19, 20; 2 Sam. xxiv, 15; Isa. ix, 19–21; Jer. xix, 9.) And the priests hold that the Bible is true, yet they teach people contrary to what the Bible teaches, and they assume that God is good, and that the devil is bad; but if the passages above referred to were ascribed to the latter, then there would be sufficient reason to pronounce him bad; but since they are ascribed to God, the devil is far the more respectable of the two, for there is no account that he has ever taken anyone's life or anyone's property; and there is no proof that he ever told a single lie. The one laid to him in the Garden of Eden was no lie at all; it proved true, every word. Yet he is called a liar and a murderer, without a particle of proof to rest upon. Nevertheless, he is said to be the father of those Jews that believed on Christ (John viii, 31–44). And so it says in Luke vi, 36, that they should be merciful as their father.

Now, since God's chosen people (especially those who are said to hav believed on Christ) are declared to be the children of the devil, then whose children are we to suppose those to be who were unbelievers? It says in John, "Neither did his brethren believe in him" (John vii, 5).

And so the Bible teaches that the earth has four corners (Isa. xi, 12; Rev. vii, i); that it rests on pillars (1 Sam. ii, 8; Job. ix. 6); that the sun runs around it (Eccl. i, 5; Ps. xix, 5, 6), and moves forward and backward (Is. xxxviii, 8; 2 Kings xx, 11); that a man built a city ten years after he is said to hav been dead and buried (1 Kings xvi, 6, 8; 2 Chron. xvi, i); that one man was two years older than his father (2 Chron. xxi, 5, 20; xxii, 1, 2); that a father and his son were both of one mother (1 Kings xv, 1. 2, and ver. 8–10).

The writers of the books of Matthew and Luke hav attempted to giv a genealogy of Christ. Although both claim he was begotten by the Holy Ghost, yet they also both claim that Joseph was his father. However, they must hav been ignorant concerning Joseph's descent, because when the name of Joseph's father is required they seem to hav lost the track, and each makes his own selection of names for his list. Matthew says, Jacob begat Joseph (Matt. i. 18), and Luke says it was Heli (Luke iii, 23). And in this manner they proceed, disagreeing till they reach David, and no doubt his reputation was familiar to both writers, so his name was enrolled in both lists. And during that period from Joseph to David Matthew has on his list twenty-seven names, which are supposed (by Christians) to be the exact number, and the proper names in their right places, and within the same period Luke has forty-two names on his list, and which are also supposed to be the exact number and the right names. Yet only two names are alike in the two lists—that is, from Joseph to David.

Now, since these two writers were unable to trace the lineage of Christ even to his grandfather, without making such blunders, how, then, can we suppose that they could make a true record of his more remote ancestors?

If God inspired men to write an account of Christ's lineage, why did he not do it before he had forgotten most of the names of the ancestors? Had it been written while Joseph lived, he might, at least, hav told them the name of his father.

The probability is that so long a period of time had passed when the gospels were written that all traces of Christ's lineage were lost, and that the whole story regarding Christ and the miraculous conception was an afterthought, the fabrication of designing priests.

The writer of the book of Matthew has made up a genealogy of the Jewish kings down to David, except those he has left out by mistake. It says in chap. iv, 8, that Joram begat Ozias (Uzziah), who, as stated in the Old Testament, was not born until sixty-one years after Joram was dead and buried, and during that period three generations were produced, and their names Matthew has omitted. They were Ahaziah, Jehoash, and Amaziah. Uzziah is also called Azariah, the son of Amaziah (see 2 Kings xv, 1, 2, 7, 32; 2 Chron. xxvi, 1, 3, 23; 1 Chron. iii, 11, 12). Read these passages that you may form an idea of what credit you can giv to this gospel writer.

The gospel makers tell us that Christ was of the seed of David. However, they contradict themselvs on that point, since they tell us that the Holy Ghost was his father. And as they hav failed to giv us any account of his mother's pedigree, then what evidence is there left to ascertain the true descent of Christ? Not any at all.

It is not Joseph's pedigree we want, as that has nothing to do with the ancestry of Christ, unless Joseph was his natural father; if so, then his divinity is disproved. Yet it cannot be proved that he was a descendant from David, especially since the genealogical lists are contradicted in the Old Testament; besides, they contradict each other in every particular, and are consequently unfit to prove anything, least of all God's descent from David. If Mary was the only earthly parent of the son of God, we should hav had her genealogy instead of that of Joseph. The fact is, that a true genealogy of Christ is nowhere to be found.

As to who was the real father of Christ, his mother's opinion ought to hav more weight on that subject than the opinion of others. But there is no evidence to the effect that she believed her boy was the son of a ghost. It says in Luke ii, 41, that "his parents went to Jerusalem every year [not to Egypt as Matthew says], and when he was twelve years old," his parents lost sight of him at the feast of the passover, and with their utmost effort could not find him till after three days; and when they found him his mother said to him (verse 48), "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I hav sought thee sorrowing."

But Mary's testimony has been of no use to the church, as there could be no money in it, therefore it has not been acceptable. Because a story about a son of Joseph would cause no better result for impostors than a story about any other man's son. So that, had not the ghost story been invented, it would not hav been practicable for designing priests to obtain money from people by offering them Christ's security, notwithstanding there is not a priest living who knows whether either Christ or the Holy Ghost ever existed; and by way of proof, they can adduce no better evidence than the tale of a dream.

*Omaha, Neb.*, A. JACOBSON.

## Egypt's Concealed Religion.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I was much interested in reading an editorial in the *Christian at Work* of March 8th concerning an Egyptian mummy recently unwrapped in New Brunswick, N. J. The writer says that "these mummies . . . reveal the belief of the Egyptians in the resurrection of the body." and asks, "Where did they get this doctrin?" Where did the Jews get it? In fact, where did they get their entire religious system? Largely from Egypt. Philip Smith, "The Ancient History of the East" (Harper & Bro., 1879), says, page 195: "Herodotus learned that the Egyptians of Thebes recognized one supreme God, who had no beginning and would hav no end;" and further, page 196, that he was called Nuk-pu-nuk—"I am that I am" (see Ex. iii, 14). Again, on the same page, he says: "Other papyri tell us that 'he is the sole generator in heaven and earth; and that he is not engendered—that he is the sole living God who has engendered himself—he who is from the beginning—he who created all things, but is himself uncreated.' That the original worship of Egypt was in accordance with this theology is indicated by at least one ancient monument, the temple of King Shafre [of the fourth dynasty], in its freedom from idols and symbolic decorations; and perhaps by the oldest pyramids." Thus the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob was the God of the highest Egyptian theology. Egypt had, in fact, two religions; one, the absurd polytheism, with crews of apes, ibises, bulls, etc.; the other, of which the priests barely allowed Herodotus to catch a glimpse, but which we now know, was the worship of one supreme God. The priests—and perhaps the king—had the sole knowledge of this latter religion. Now, as Moses lived in the reigns of Rameses II. and his son-successor, Meneptha—about 1430 B.C. to 1332 B.C.—and the era of the fourth dynasty, above-mentioned, is about 3200 B.C., it seems very probable that he had got a sight of that religion of which Herodotus was "barely allowed to catch a glimpse." Not only did the Jews get their idea of God from Egypt, but their idea of the trinity as well, for in the Egyptian polytheism there are several triads—father, mother, and son, as Osiris, Isis, and Horus; Phtha, Pasht, and Mouth, etc. Further, in the Egyptian "Ritual of the Dead," which may be called the Egyptian Bible, we may read (Smith, page 215): "'I hav given food to the hungry; I hav given the thirsty to drink; I hav furnished clothing to the naked.' Tradition ascribed its oldest parts to Hesepti, of the first dynasty, and Menkare, of the fourth, and chapters of it are found on monuments earlier than the Hyksos [about 1900 B.C.]." It seems that the Egyptians were also acquainted with the story of Atlantis—"Atlantis, which was beyond the pillars of Hercules." It is probable that the story of the Deluge owes its origin to Atlantis. "Solon visited Saïs (a capital of ancient Egypt) in the reign of Amasis—about 570 B.C.—and from a Saïte priest learned the fable of Atlantis" (Smith, page 167). As the Egyptians had the oldest civilization, so they must hav had the oldest religion; and I dare say their "Ritual of the Dead" does not contain as many absurd, immoral, and self-contradictory stories as the Christian Bible of to-day.

But I am allowing my pen to run away with me, and must close. Before I do so, however, I must ask you to let the above see printers' ink through the columns of your truth seeking paper. By the way, don't you think Brother Hallock might relish the foregoing remarks? INFIDELIS.

*Allegheny, Pa.*, March 9, 1887.

## Christianity, Murder, and Anarchy.

Before God, if you were to go home and drive a dagger to the heart of your mother it would not be so great a sin as is the sin of unbelief. There is no avoiding these truths if the word of God is true (Evangelist Dr. L. W. Munhall, Clarendon street Baptist church, Boston, March 1, 1887, as reported in Boston *Globe* March 2d).

This man, if he can be called a man, declares "before God" that unbelief is a greater sin than matricide, and bases his authority on "the word of God." It is very probable that he can prove his assertion by that "word," for human life is rated very low in its sacred pages, and belief in the Jewish Jehovah and the Christian savior very high; especially is the life of woman of but little account. I think the consistent evangelist, Munhall, can prove by the words of his Lord and master, Jesus Christ, that unbelief in himself (Jesus) is a greater sin than hating all one's relations, for did not this divine teacher affirm, "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple?" (Luke, xiv, 26.) And did not his father, God, command good, old, faithful Abraham to sacrifice his own son in order to test his belief in him? I'm quite sure Evangelist Munhall can support his theory by Bible texts innumerable, but that only makes it so much the worse for the Bible, unless we are going to believe that murder is less a crime than to doubt that Jesus is the son of God, and equal with him, or disbelieving that his blood (that he never shed) at the eleventh hour will launch a matricide into the presence of this God and redeemer, forever to enjoy uninterrupted bliss. To disbelieve these, and similar fables, we are taught is worse than any crime we can commit. Is it not plainly to be seen that such teachings are subversiv of all good morals?

Suppose an ungrateful, disobedient son, after listening to this ranting effusion of Munhall's, had reasoned thus: "Now, I hate my mother. God don't think it would be much of a sin for me to kill her, and why should I? Not half as great a sin for me to kill her as to doubt God's goodness and reject his glorious scheme of salvation! Now I do believe all that the evangelist said to-night. I do believe God will save to the uttermost all who come unto him believing. Now, if I kill my old mother—she's good for nothing, she's right in my way—if I kill her, believing Christ's blood will save me, it will save me; I hav only to believe. There is the promi all sure for the next world, and I'll manage it for this world so as not to get caught. I'll escape detection. I'll put the old woman out of the way, and nobody will ever be the wiser for it."

Now, we will suppose this son returns home and "drives a dagger into the heart of his mother," intending to set fire to her clothing, thereby concealing the crime, then giving the alarm as if he had returned and found her on fire; but a neighbor is accidentally too quick for him, and enters as he is withdrawing the dagger, and seizes him. The poor old mother, with her dying gasp, declares that her son stabbed her, and the neighbor saw it with his own eyes. Now, what are we going to do with this man? What is the law going to do with him? The criminal protests that he should not hav murdered his mother but for listening to Evangelist Munhall's sermon that evening. He tells his pathetic story, which is true. Again, I inquire, what shall be done with him? And now, I inquire, what shall be done with Munhall, who incited him to commit the deed? Shall he be allowed to go on throwing his evangelical bombs into the camp of weak-headed Pocasset Freemans until little children and venerable, loving mothers are sacrificed to the dynamite Christianity of frenzied evangelical Anarchists.

Political protection requires that eight men be hung for their incendiary bomb-shell language; ought not, then, such religious Anarchists as Munhall, the "two Sams," Moody, Harrison, and the

Salvation Armyists, to be restrained when they are constantly using such religious Anarchical language as here reported, frightening people into insanity, murder, and suicide? Pray, let us be consistent, and if we can hang men for incendiary state Anarchical language, let us not encourage tramping revivalists with their mouths full of Christian Anarchical blasphemy, whose fittest place is an insane asylum, penitentiary, or dungeon, where they will be prevented from longer fattening on the weak imbecils, who, we read every day, are forsaking all they hav to become followers of these peripatetic wanderers.

To conclude: Would any other such monstrous, unnatural falsehoods as are uttered in the name of God by these Christian lunatics be tolerated in a civilized country like the United States? Would not some way be devised to suppress such a criminal nuisance? But it is religion and must not be meddled with, we are told. So is Mormonism a religion, but our government found a way to squelch its polygamy when it became disastrous to the republic. What is Mormonism when compared with this Christian religion as a whole? What is state Anarchy? Why, this religion is state and church Anarchy combined, of the very worst kind, making murder in the eyes of God and man of but slight consequence compared to unbelief. Unbelief in what? "Believe or be damned." ELLA E. GIBSON.

*Barre, Mass.*, March 13, 1887.

## Beecher in Hell or Heaven—Which?

ANOTHER REPLY TO THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

GENTLEMEN: I hav your card asking, "Why am I not a Christian?" But how am I to know what is Christianity? Christ never wrote anything, and all that we know about it we get from a book which we cannot understand. The Catholics believe that Martin Luther is in hell, and the Protestants believe him to be in heaven. Then, from this book somebody made a creed, and no doubt did as well as they knew how; and, according to this creed, founded on the Bible, the soul of Henry Ward Beecher now is being tortured in eternal fire.

According to the Bible, Christ forgave a thief, and also he forgave his murderers, and they are now in heaven, and yet they were all unbelievers, for they did not believe him to be the son of God. If, as I suppose, Mr. Beecher did believe Christ to be the son of God, it won't do for you to say that he now is in hell, unless you consider him worse than a thief and a murderer. And I do not believe that Mr. Beecher ought to be damned for not having been a Presbyterian, or a believer in the Congregational creed.

Now, if those Chicago ministers who refused to send their sympathies to Mrs. Beecher are right, the soul of Henry Ward Beecher now is in hell. And if one of them had been called to preach his funeral sermon, and he had the courage to stand by his creed, he might be able to comfort the widow by saying: "The Congregational ministers of Chicago would hav been glad to send you their sympathies had they been sure it would not hav offended God. But you hav this comforting consolation of knowing that we hav a just God, and he knows best how to treat the one whom you lose. Yes, poor man, he made a mistake in his theological opinions, and must suffer now in hell, but as God is merciful, let us hope that he will make him as comfortable as will be consistent with the creed of the Congregational church."

CHARITY FOR THE CHICAGO CLERGY.

Honest men are entitled to the respect of honest men, but if wrong in their opinions, their opinions, and only their opinions, should be condemned. The press has been a little unkind in its condemnation of the Congregational ministers who at Chicago voted against sending Mrs. Beecher an expression of sympathy for her and of sorrow that the one whom she loved was dying. Now if these men believed that Henry Ward Beecher was a preacher of a doctrin that would be the means of sending men to hell, they should hav rejoiced at his death, and they would hav been a set of hypocrits had they said that they were sorry for the death of such a man. Therefore I respect them for their honesty, not for their opinions.

After all, religion consists in just this, and that is about all there is of it: It is either heaven or hell for everybody. Now, as good men differ in their opinions as to the condition of men after death, I will giv the opinion of the Rev. J. E. Richards, who for many years preached at the Congregational church at St. Johns. When under oath in court he swore that he believed that God will say to the wicked, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Now, as this opinion was given under oath, I suppose that it must be Congregationalism; and, if those Chicago ministers believed that Mr. Beecher, by his system of false theology, was the means of leading men to eternal destruction, their expression of sorrow at his death would hav been a libel. I honor them for their vote, but I condemn their theology.

Mr. Beecher's great soul was so full of humanity that he could not believe that the great majority who hav passed over the river are now being tortured by devils in eternal fire. He differed with Mr. Richards and other good men as to the condition of men after death, and had no respect for the religion of heaven or hell for everybody, and almost everybody for hell. And whether right or wrong, if honest in his opinions, he should hav the respect of all honest men. And while I say this much for Mr. Beecher, I am just as ready to say as much for those ministers of Chicago. Whether right or wrong, if they were honest, they were entitled to the respect of honest men.

I differ with them in my opinions, and believe that if they are honest they should be considered simply objects of pity, as those who are the victims of superstition, and who, unlike Mr. Beecher, hav not been able to evolute out of the old ruts of the dogmas of the past. But let us all hav charity one for the other, and never abuse any man for his honest opinions.

You will notice that I hav said if honest, these ministers were entitled to respect; but if you will read the following item, which appeared a few days later, you will see that those ministers were either dishonest, or a set of cowards who were ashamed to stand by their barbarous creed and be ridiculed by an intelligent public:

The Congregational clergymen of Chicago, with two dissenting votes, hav passed resolutions of eulogy for Beecher and of sympathy with his wife. But it is of comparativly little importance now. Those who objected before showed their uncharitableness, and a subsequent deference to public opinion does not wipe out that fact.

The very last words of Christ before he died upon the cross were against damning unbelievers. He was against John Calvin's creed, and against the Presbyterian creed, and against all creeds that are in favor of damning unbelievers. His prayer was "Father, forgiv them, for they know not what they do." He was for forgiving, but, gentlemen, your creed is for damning, so I will ask, as you asked me, Why are you not Christians?

BEECHER AND CALVINISM.

Gentlemen, you hav asked why am I not a Christian; but what am I to do? Beecher claimed to be a Christian, and Calvin claimed to be a Christian, and each one had a multitude of believers. Beecherism hates Calvinism, and Calvinism hates Beecherism. Now, please read the following evidence of love and good fellowship between professed Christians:

ANOTHER CRACK AT BEECHER.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., March 11.—The *Northwestern Presbyterian*, published here, contains a bitter attack on the late Henry Ward Beecher, saying that "his treatment of Calvinism and the religion of our fathers would cause the devout to shudder." The article expresses the belief that Mr. Beecher should hav died sooner.

Now you see, according to the report, the Presbyterians think that Mr. Beecher should hav died sooner; that is, if God had known as much about Beecher as the Presbyterians did, he would hav killed him, or arranged to hav him die sooner. You see, they did not like to hear him talk against Calvinism and the religion of their fathers, Now, first, let us see what was Calvinism. A short time since, I expressed my opinion for a Detroit paper in these words, which the editor published with his comment:

What is Calvinism, and what is Beecherism? Calvin believed that a few had been elected to be saved, and that at the outset it was ordained that all others should be damned. He burnt Servetus at the stake with a slow fire made of green wood so as to prolong his torture as long as possible. He burnt him with fire for two hours in this world, and believed that God will and ought to burn him forever in the next world. Calvinism, if it had the power, would hav burnt Beecher, and also would burn Dr. Rexford, and every Universalist and Unitarian now living, for believing just as Servetus believed, and for which he was put to death. Servetus believed that Christ was the son of God, and the son of God only. Calvin's creed was eternal fire for all who did not believe as he believed. Mr. Beecher did not like such a creed, and is reported as saying that "the God depicted in orthodox creeds was an infernal demon, worse than any imagined by Dante, and he would not worship such a God, even if he were damned for it." The trouble with Beecher was that he had too good an opinion of God to be popular with the truly orthodox.

Now, Calvinism, as barbarous as it is, is indorsed by many good people, who are among our best friends. Everybody has the right, of all isms and creeds, to select the one which suits him best. And as for me, I rather like Beecher's creed of humanity in preference to the creed of eternal fire. I do not believe in kicking a lion after he is dead, and hav given a specimen of Calvinism as an offset to the attack on Mr. Beecher by the *Northwestern Presbyterian*. M. BABCOCK.

[Calvin prosecuted Servetus and approved of his death; but objected to burning as an "atrocity," and wanted him put to death by the sword.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Now, in his criticism, the editor admits that Calvin was a murderer, only he, the founder of the Presbyterian church, preferred to see Servetus butchered by having his head cut off with a sword. Now, let us see what was the religion of their fathers that the Presbyterians so love.

They believed in witches, and they believed in whipping women upon their bare and bleeding backs, while, tied to the end of a cart, they were dragged through the streets of the town. They whipped these poor Quaker women because they were not Presbyterians, and because they thought it would make God feel good to see them maul those poor, pitiable creatures for having a better opinion of him than they had. Let me giv a Presbyterian hymn, which should hav been entitled "The Mother's Consolation:"

For hell is crammed with infants damned
Without a day of grace.

The Rev. Mr. Ambrose, in a sermon on "Doomsday," drew this picture:

When the damned hav drunken down whole draughts of brimstone one day, they must do the same another day. The eye shall be tormented with the sight of devils; the ears with the hideous yellings and outcries of the damned in flames; the nostrils shall be smothered, as it were, with brimstone; the tongue, the hand, the foot, and every part shall fry in flames.

And such was the religion of their fathers which Henry Ward Beecher denounced, and for having done so the *Northwestern Presbyterian* thinks that he should hav died sooner. M. BABCOCK.

*St. Johns*, March 27, 1887.

## The Indians.

Giv me where to stand and I will lift the world.

Thus said Archimedes to show the power of a lever upon a fulcrum.

Go into all the world and preach this my gospel unto every creature (Christ).

I am determined to know nothing among you, save Christ and him crucified (St. Paul).

Hence Christians regard Christ as the moral lever, the cross as the fulcrum, and the pulpit as the place to use it for the moral elevation of the world. Eighteen centuries of trial and failure prove their mistake. The Liberals among all classes hav adopted free thought, free speech, and free men as their lever, with science as their fulcrum. But they are not agreed as to the stand from whence to work. One party claims that Spiritualism is the strong point; the other party claims that the Secular Union League is all-sufficient. But good common sense tells us that redress should begin where the wrong commenced. Our first national sin was to take the Indians' land without giving them an equivalent. Then we took the negroes' toil without pay, and, to cap the climax, we are forcing them to believe our religion or be damned.

A reverend editor of a *Christian Advocate* affirms that because "they refuse to believe the gospel they must perish from the earth." Another editor affirms that we, like the Lord's people of old, hav a divine commission "to slay the heathens" (Indians) and "to take their land for an heritage." An eminent Christian lady (Mrs. Jane Swishelm) said, in the Rev. Dr. Sunderland's church, Washington, D. C.: "If I were a man I would hunt, shoot, trap, and kill Indians the same as I would kill wildcats and wolves;" and in her published account of the lecture, she said, "When I uttered that there was such a loud and long applause that it seemed as though the roof would burst from the church." This was spoken on account of the Minnesota Indian raid in 1862, when the northern tribes had been robbed of all their annuities for five years, amounting to five hundred thousand dollars, and after they had given due notice that if not relieved within a given time they would fight for food rather than die like starved dogs.

I hav just read the item in your issue of February 19th under the caption of "The Indian Problem." I agree with you that the government "policy is a stupendous failure," and that it is as impossible for the Indians to be elevated by the teaching of conflicting creeds as it is for water to flow above its source. I hav just read in the *Banner of Light* of Feb. 19, 1887, of the treachery practiced to capture and kill a distinguished chief: "General West sent a message to Mangus, an Indian chief, in Arizona Territory, expressing a desire to make a treaty of peace. In obedience to the summons, the old chief appeared, when he was at once seized by the general and ordered to be placed in the guard-house, and the guard was instructed that if he stirred during the night to kill him. The old chief, being informed of the order, was extremely quiet, until a hot iron was thrust through a small opening near his hip, which caused him to jump to his feet. He was instantly killed, his head cut off, and his skull sent to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington."

I will giv one more case out of scores of similar cases which are on authentic record, in the hope that their enormity may arouse public sentiment for a prompt redress.

Early in October, 1854, Major Lupton, of Southern Oregon, came into the room where the jury were sitting (I was present), during court week, at Jacksonville, and said: "Gentlemen, I hav been to the camp of redskins below here, and I hav put them off their guard by telling them that they will not be troubled by the whites any more, so they may stay where they are in peace. Now, I propose that we organize three companies to go round and kill the entire band."

There was only one voice heard in protest against this horrid proposition. The companies were formed, and on the following Sunday night approached near the camp, and at early dawn of morning fired simultaneously upon two hundred sleeping men, women, and children, and then, with their revolvers, shot down as many as they could of those who were able to run for life. A few escaped, and the next day burnt ten houses and killed fifteen people. The Oregon newspapers reversed the occurrences so as to make it appear that the massacre of the Indians was to chastise them for the burning, etc.

There is no subject of such great importance, so greatly misunderstood, as the Indian problem; and, as cheating them was the first, if not the greatest, of our national sins, therefore restitution is the right place for Liberals of every class to try with their moral levers to elevate this oppressed race, as a necessity, before it is possible to raise themselvs to the desired position. JOHN BEESON.

*Talent, Or.*, March 4, 1887.

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

E. M. MACDONALD, - - - - Editor.
C. P. SOMERBY, - - Business Manager.

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## A "Converted Atheist" Sample.

From Houston, Tex., a friend forwards the following invitation:

"HOUSTON, March 24, 1887.

"DEAR SIR: You are respectfully invited to the lectures of B. P. Barnum, M.D., at Gray's Opera House, beginning Sunday, March 27th, at 11 A.M. and 8 P.M.

"He was but recently, as you are perhaps aware, a distinguished Atheistical writer and lecturer, but is now speaking and writing with still more energy and power, to build up that which he heretofore endeavored to destroy.

"Very respectfully,

"THE CHURCH OF THE STRANGERS."

In behalf of several thousand Atheists we beg leave to state that we are *not* aware that Mr. Barnum, M.D., was but recently a distinguished Atheistical writer and lecturer. Within our recollection, and to the best of our knowledge and belief, we never heard of him, of his writings, nor of his platform work. His fame could not hav been blown very far, or some echo of it would hav reached the East.

It is of such pretenders as this Barnum that the church makes capital, and her gullible followers take the fellows at their own valuation, and derive great comfort from the supposititious exercise of the Lord's power in bringing them to Jesus. The chances are ten to one that pretenders of this class are unprincipled rogues seeking to make money easily by playing the converted Atheist role, and thereby getting into the pockets of the churchmen.

It is not impossible that an Atheist should be converted to Christianity, for men's reason will sometimes forsake them; but such instances are rare, and when found, it usually happens that the converted lecturer is more knave than fool.

## Three Logical Preachers.

A Methodist writes to his church organ that at different times he has been puzzled by the words of his preachers. One said that "morality had nothing to do with the Christian religion." Another, that "moral men were the worst men in the community." A third implored his hearers "to giv up their morality and come to Christ."

There is nothing in this which should puzzle a Christian. Morality and religion are widely separated. The moral man is he who does right in this world—that is, deals with the world honestly, abuses no one, is kind to all, and does what he can to make the people with whom he comes in contact happier. A religious man is controled by different sentiments. He is occupied in honoring "God," cajoling Christ into accepting him as a lamb, and in general doing what he can to get to heaven. A religious man also attends to other people's business with a fervor, the temperature of which is regulated by his civil power. Morality is a calm doing of justice. Religion is a tropical sentiment seeking to profit by a huge injustice—that of loading the consequences of sin upon an innocent person.

Christ reckoned morality as secondary to faith. His emphatic affirmativ command was not, Be moral! but, Hav faith! No evangelical church holds that morality will "save" a man, but all teach that "except ye believe and are baptized ye cannot be saved." It is true, Christ denounced iniquitous conduct and foul thoughts, but the tenor and general drift of the four gospels is, Hav faith; thy sins, though many, are forgiven, for thy faith hath saved thee.

The preacher who said that morality had nothing to do with the Christian religion was right. There is no connection between them. The most immoral man in the world can believe in Christ as his savior, and be, therefore, a good Christian. According to the teachings of the church, he can also reach heaven, and thus obtain his reward for his belief. The preacher who thinks moral men the worst men in the community is right, from his standpoint. A moral man in a community, who is an unbeliever, keeps more victims out of the fold than an immoral man can drag into it by joining the church. From the minister's ground the moral man is the worse. The preacher who urged his hearers to giv up morality and seek religion probably had in mind the distinction between morality and religion; and as he regarded religion as of more importance than anything else in the world, he also spoke accurately. He did not intend that they should become immoral in action, but that they should drop their comforting dependence upon good works and seek religion.

The value of the words of these preachers depends upon the way existence is viewed. If this world is of the most importance, then the moral man is the best, and to surrender the conviction that morality is of the greatest value would be a mistake fatal to civilization. If this world is a vale of tears, and the next a place of happiness to be gained at whatever cost, then certainly the moral and irreligious man is not acting as well for himself as the devotee.

But who can prove that there is another world? And who cannot prove that this world needs all our efforts to make it habitable?

## A Mohammedan Christ with Cash.

There is a pious Mohammedan prophet in the Punjaub of India who has a divine mission. He thinks himself and his book capable of converting the world, and he backs up his opinion with cash. A few days since a St. Louis man received a letter from him as follows:

"From Gulam Ahmad, an humble servant of the eternal God. and a follower of the chief prophet (Muhammad):

"With all respect and humility I (the compiler of 'Burahin-i-Ahmadia') beg to say that the almighty has commissioned me to try, like the Nazarene prophet (Christ). to amend the morals of mankind with utmost humility, lowliness, respect, submission, and meekness, and to point out to the unacquainted the straight way by which we can obtain salvation. perceive the manifestations of heavenly life, and by which the marks of being loved by the almighty become visible even in this physical world. For this purpose the book entitled 'Burahin-i-Ahmadia' has been compiled, of which 592 pages hav been printed and published, according to the synopsis of contents given in the accompanying notice. But as the publication of the entire book will take a long time, it has been determined, for the sake of conviction, to invite the dissenters by sending out this special epistle, together with the inclosed notice, to all the distinguished clergy and Jews of note throughout all the continents of the world, as far as its transmission may be possible, and similarly to the chief leaders of Buddhists, Brahmas, Aryas, naturalists, Parsis, and the bigoted Maulanis (who do not believe in the existence of miracles and unusual deeds, and are hence suspicious against me)."

He then invites the gentleman to come over and be convinced, and in case he fails to prove his religion to be the true one he will recompense the investigator for his time. With true religious dogmatism he writes:

"If you do not come, you will yourself be answerable to God. After awaiting your arrival for three months, the statement of your indifference will *ipso facto* be noted in the book as stated above; but in case you do come, and fail to behold any heavenly signs during your stay with me for the time specified, you shall be paid 250 rupees per mensem (besides food and accommodation, which will be supplied free to all) as compensation to cover your damages, or as a recovery of fine in default of my promis. If you deem this sum inadequate to your dignity, I am even ready to pay as damages or fine for unfulfilling promis whatever suitable sum you propose yourself, proportionate to your rank, if it be not beyond my means. It is, however, necessary that visitors desirous of recovering damages or fine should ask my permission beforehand through a registered note of their intent of coming over to me to enable me to limit the number according to the availability of my estate, but it is not requisit to do if otherwise. Finally, I thank God that he has been pleased to display, through his infinit grace, the reasons and doctrins of this true religion, and has placed me for the spread of it under the protection of the liberal government of the British nation, to whom I am grateful through the sense of obligation and gratitude. 'Peace to all the followers of righteousness.' With due respects, I beg to remain, sir,

"Your obedient well-wisher, MIRZA GULAM AHMAD,
"Of Kadian, District Gurdaspur, Punjaub, India, Asia."

Here is a pointer for the missionary societies. Instead of sending preachers to India, let them invite the followers of Mohammed and Buddha to this country, pay their expenses, and operate upon them at their leisure. If they hav as firm a faith as this Mohammedan, they should make it known and bac it up with cash.

## Tomfoolery.

To the *Congregationalist* must be awarded the cap and bells. It says:

"We are asked why no report in the Andover case is heard from the Visitors. We hav no means of knowing more of this matter than our readers, but it is fair to assume that on so grave a question abundant time will be taken to review all the points concerned, and reach a conclusion which shall carry not only weighty but conclusiv reasons with it, whatever the decision may be. Judges in our civil courts sometimes reserve their judgment many months in cases of far less importance than this."

The *Congregationalist* talks foolishly. How in the world can a court, even if composed of such eminent gentlemen as the Andover Board of Visitors, arrive at any conclusion upon a matter about which no human being can by any possibility know anything whatever?

The question for the Visitors to decide is, Shall the doctrin be taught in Andover College that the heathen who hav lived and died in ignorance of Christ and his alleged mission are given a chance after death to learn Christianity and thus escape hell? Whether such a theory shall be taught in Andover the Visitors may decide. Whether the theory is true, no son of woman can ever affirmativly know. It is beyond the range of possibility. If the whole Christian scheme were true, this point could not be settled without a new revelation from the author of the "second probation." And as the whole Christian theory of the creation, fall, and "redemption" of man is pretty well settled to be the work of ecclesiastics, and not to hav even a small foundation of truth, the laborious review by the Andover Visitors of all the points concerned is, to say the least, a work of supererogation.

Supposing the Visitors do sometime reach a conclusion, and supposing they declare in behalf of the second probation theory—what then? Who believes that they know anything about it? And what grounds hav they for knowing? The opinion of the nakedest little heathen in Africa is entitled to the same weight as the voice of the grave and reverend seigneurs whose "decision" is so anxiously awaited.

## We Explain to Mr. John Smith.

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 26th we told Mr. John Smith that our reason for capitalizing the words God, Christ, Bible, Christian, is because they are proper nouns. Mr. Smith rejoins:

"PITTSBURGH, March 25, 1887.

"In your reply to John Smith you say the reason you use capital letters in printing God, Christ, etc., is because they are proper nouns. I was under the impression they were only 'proper' nouns in the eyes of the religious world, but that you did not consider them so. As you print them you are merely following in the footsteps of all religious papers. JOHN SMITH."

A little fuller explanation may be more satisfactory. In the first place, be it known to Mr. John Smith, there are Gods and gods. The pagans had many gods. These were lumped together and called gods with a small *g*. The name was a common noun. The name of any particular god, however, is a proper noun. So with the Hebrew god, Jah, Jehovah, or Yahweh, it is a proper noun. Christians hav changed this to God, and by the word we know that the Jewish Jehovah is meant. It is no answer to say that the Jewish Jehovah, or the Christian God, does not exist. We admit that. But neither is Allah a real personage, though the rules by which the English language is written would be flagrantly violated did we print the name of the Mohammedan god with a small *a*. Odin and Thor, Pan and Momus, and the hundreds of other ancient gods, are myths, but Mr. John Smith isn't writing to the authors of all the Mythologies asking them to spell the titles with small initial letters.

As it is with God, so is it with his alleged son. Christ is a title, and custom has imposed upon the printer the task of reaching to his "upper case" when

setting such words. Jesus of Nazareth is only one of several Christs, but that portion of the world in which we liv has given him also the *name* of Christ, making the word as truly a proper noun as Jesus. Whether he ever lived or not is doubtful; the weight of evidence is against the existence of any such man as it is pretended he was. But if he ever did liv, we may be sure there hav been an awful lot of lies told about him by the churchmen.

Custom has also decreed that Christian shall be capitalized. It is the name of a particular sect of religion, as Mohammedan, Jew, Confucian, or Buddhist, and as such is a proper noun. How does it look to spell confucian and buddhist this way?

The word bible, in itself, means *the books*. Of itself, and when used that way, it is not necessary to begin the word with a large *B*, as when we say of the Koran or The Kings that they are the bibles of the Mohammedans and of the Confucians. But in this country the Bible is the name of a particular collection of books, bound together, and more or less connected in subject matter, and as such is a proper noun and properly capitalized when written. How does the title of the american newspaper directory appear to Mr. Smith written this way?

There is no argument in writing God with a small *g*, though we hav such eminent authority for it as Mr. John Morley, and until there is we see no good reason for distinguishing the Christian deity by making him an occasion for breaking the rules of grammar. We do not wish to hoist him into greater prominence than he now enjoys.

## Where is the Pope.

The Rev. Edward McGlynn, Roman Catholic, says man has no right to private property in land, and he quotes scripture to prove it. Henry George's doctrins, he also says, are not opposed to the doctrins of the Catholic church.

The Rev. Henry A. Brann, Roman Catholic, says man has a right to private property in land, and he likewise quotes the Bible in support of his assertion. He adds, too, that the pestilential theories of Mr. George are contrary to the institutions and doctrins of the Catholic church.

Holy brethren, are not these diverse interpretations of the Word somewhat akin to the private judgment heresy of the Lutherans? If a sinful layman may, we crave you to know who shall settle the dispute when so much piety is at odds with itself.

## Bismarck's Lapsus Lingua.

The Catholic press of this country has for the past few weeks been vociferous in claiming honor for the pope for preserving the peace of Europe by instructing the Catholics to vote for Bismarck's septennate bill. Bismarck had said that unless the bill passed he would not answer for peace an hour. To insure the election of members of the Reichstag who would vote for it, Germany's great minister sought an alliance with the pope. The pope's action, said the Catholic press, was solely because he desired peace, and great credit to Catholicism did they take therefor.

In the upper house of the German Parliament, on the 23d ult., Mr. Bismarck made a speech advocating the abolition of the Falk ecclesiastical laws. These are the laws which hav oppressed the Catholic church most grievously, and which the pope has fought to the extent of his power. In concluding his plea for their abrogation Bismarck said: "I cannot allow myself to break my word to the pope. At least, I shall personally carry out all I promised him."

This was rather an unfortunate expression of the prince's for those journals which hav assured their limited world that Leo XIII. was seeking peace for Europe, and not power for himself and his church. Probably Bismarck had not read the Catholic journals, and did not know to what depths of confused embarrassment he was subjecting the pious editors.

### The Vincents' Opinion of the "Truth Seeker Annual."

*From the American Nonconformist.*

Mr. Macdonald certainly has the knack of getting up calendars that will pay to keep on account of their intrinsic merit. The information that he manages to condense in these ANNUALS is just exactly what is needed, and what almost everybody ought to hav at hand. Besides some very valuable articles from experienced authors, this ANNUAL contains the Sunday, Oath, and Blasphemy Laws of the States and Territories of the United States. This alone is worth five times the price of the book, because residents of very many of the states and territories will be able to learn from this ANNUAL, for the first time, what barbarous laws disgrace their statute books, and they will know what needs to be done to insure their abolishment. The price is 25 cents, and the advertisments alone are worth more than this.

## Editorial Notes.

THE Boston *Transcript* thinks that when new cardinals are "hatted" by the pope, they are "hated" by some of their less fortunate brothers. The *Transcript* seems to understand the character of ecclesiastical politicians.

LAST Sunday was the first day of spring that in this city could be enjoyed out of doors. Central Park was crowded, but all that could be seen of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History were the outside walls. Mayor Hewitt and his fellow-directors should hasten a little in opening the doors of these institutions.

MR. ANDREW JACKSON PEASE—whoever he may be—in a circular called the *Industrial Money-Maker* says:

"THE (Un)-TRUTH SEEKER—widely read by Infidels and Socialists—has been publishing horribly executed cuts, blaspheming Bible history, etc. Such Anarchistic caricatures should not be allowed to desecrate mail bags and should be fire-ed."

We are calmly awaiting Mr. Jackson Pease's onslaught.

DR. FOOTE'S *Health Monthly* for April contains the doctor's argument before the Judiciary Committee of New York's Assembly against the passage of Comstock's bill which makes it a penal offense to advertise patent medicins or sell medical books for popular use. It is a good argument, and should be widely circulated. The *Monthly* contains also facts about the vice agent which, when the people know them, will make him less dangerous.

THE New York *Observer* says: "We are compelled to believe that at the end of this boasted century of missions, while not three million converts, nominal and real, hav been won to Christianity in pagandom, heathen and Mohammedan are two hundred million more than they were at the beginning of the century. The votaries of these faiths increase seventy times faster than the followers of Christ." At that rate, the prospect of converting the world is slim.

A NEW church for Catholic worshipers in this city has been dedicated to St. Veronica. This saint, it will be remembered, is the first person who possessed a picture of Jesus. While on his way to crucifixion, Veronica gave Jesus her handkerchief with which to wipe his face, and he returned it to her with the impress of his features upon it. We do not know whether the church in Washington street possesses that identical handkerchief or not, but no doubt it it can be produced in hundreds of churches.

As we predicted last week, Mayor Hewitt finds it easier to promulgate his order for Sunday closing of stores than to get it enforced. The police commissioners, to whom the mayor wrote, passed the order on to the superintendent of police, and he reports back that he hasn't men enough to obtain evidence of the violation of the law. He has, however, passed the order on to the captains of the police, who will instruct the patrolmen to enforce the law, and the patrolmen will do just what they hav done all along—be conveniently blind. The Sunday laws are a stupendous humbug, useful only to develop hypocrits.

MR. R. T. BUSH, the owner of the yacht Coronet, which won the ocean race, is a good specimen of a certain class of Christians. Mr. Bush is very pious, attending church two or three times on Sunday, and all the week evening meetings. He would not say "yacht" on Sunday for the world, and as to making a bet, if he did such a thing he would expect to lose heaven forever. But Mr. Bush is a business man, canny and shrewd as a Scotchman. He had a yacht on his hands that he did not want, and few people knew what a good yacht she was. So he challenged all other keel schooner yachts to race across the ocean for a sweepstakes of $10,000 each. This was not offering to bet $10,000 that his yacht would win, explains Mr. Bush, for there was no chance about it; he knew his yacht would get across first, and where no chance enters into a contest, there is no gambling. Mr. Bush called the race a match "for the purpose of testing and comparing the sea-going and sailing qualities of keel-schooner yachts built and now owned in this country." But the moment he heard the result of his bet, he offered the boat for sale. He sailed to win, and he won to sell! Then he sent a check for $500 to the Beecher Monument Committee, explaining that it was a portion of the "*premium* from the Coronet-Dauntless race," and thus eased his conscience of the sin of using money won by gambling on a yacht race. Whatever rating Lloyds may giv Mr. Bush's ships, they would class his piety A1 from now till his death.

Two weeks ago we noted that the mayor and excise commissioners had asked the legislature to pass a bill allowing them to issue special licenses for the sale of light wines on Sunday afternoons. The action of the mayor has aroused the Methodists, and they are opening their churches to "indignation meetings" of their parishioners. At one of these last week the pastor said:

"I hav seen some pretty bad mayors in New York in half a century, but I never knew any of them to favor anything half so disastrous as this law will be to the city if it goes on the statute-book. It is a burning shame that a mayor of New York should advocate such an outrage on the church people of the city."

This hot language was followed by a still hotter resolution:

"*Resolved*, That we regard this proposition as the most infamous ever made by any chief magistrate of this metropolis, an indignity to all moral and religious people and an insult to that God by whom kings rule and mayors govern and who hath said, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;' and we call upon all moral, order-loving people to unite with us in preventing the passage of the proposed law."

The heated pastor falls into several errors. The government of this country derives its just powers from the consent of the governed. Unless God is a nativ-born or naturalized citizen of the United States, he can hav no voice in making our laws. The mayor of this city is elected, not appointed. And even if God did say, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," it was Saturday he meant, not Sunday. The Methodists seem to be poorly instructed.

SAYS *Pomeroy's Democrat*: "THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 19th has a red-hot—no, a lukewarm—picture that has a bushel of meat in it. In front of the wall and heavy barred gate duly locked, the word Sheol being over the gate, sits his Satanic majesty, barefooted, on a small box of brimstone, trying to warm his feet by a small outdoor fire of sticks. Beside him is his bundle of linen and a three-tined pitchfork. The devil looks as disconsolate as does a hard-shell Democrat after being fired out of the White House for applying for an office as the representativ of his people, and suggests the stage of happiness the great protector of Mugwumps may yet come to. On the wall of sheol is a notice to the effect that the old hell having been flooded and put out, the place is to be let for a theological seminary. The picture is naughty, but full of pints."

JUDGING from the number of papers received containing favorable reports of their lectures, the Freethought missionaries in the field are not only winning fame for themselvs, but are having a good effect upon the populations they visit. Mr. Reynolds is called "able and eloquent," and his manner of presenting his themes "dramatic and picturesque." Mr. Putnam is described as "of pleasing address and a finished orator." His style, we are told, "is cultured and refined," and his action "graceful and expressiv." Mr. Remsburg sustains his reputation for presenting "masses of facts in a scholarly and eloquent way," and Mr. Jamieson is set down as "eloquent and solid." Mr. Bell pleases the timid ones of the fold, because his "scholarly periods do not offend." Dr. York is very generally called the "Ingersoll of the West," and Mr. Watts is reported from Canada as "holding his audiences in rapt attention." He has challenged all the ministers of Toronto or of any other city throughout the Dominion, to debate with him, but so far without finding a victim. Captain Adams, of Montreal, is doing yeoman service in lecturing to the intelligent of his city and in writing letters to the Montreal journals. One of his recent letters upon the Sabbath question—which is up for discussion there—is the best, for a short review, that we hav seen. Mr. J. D. Shaw, of the *Independent Pulpit*, has taken the field in Texas, and the papers say he givs excellent satisfaction, being a "logical, forcible, and pleasant speaker." His oratory is "chaste and refined, and he wins many warm admirers." It is pleasant also to learn that he obtains many subscribers to the *Pulpit* wherever he lectures. Of the other speakers we hear less; but Dr. Severance was a power in the recent Labor Convention at Cincinnati; E C. Walker is fighting the best he can from behind the iniquitous bars of a Kansas county jail; J. H. Burnham occasionally emerges from his retirement at Saginaw City, and electrifies an audience; Colonel Kelso keeps the church stirred up around Longmont, Col.; Mrs. Freeman speaks for all who wish, and her auditors, we are told, are more than pleased. Helen Gardener is at present living here in New York, but when she does go out the reporters hasten to throw themselvs at her feet. Mrs. Colman is warned by age not to tax her strength upon the rostrum, but her reminiscences are enjoyed by a larger audience than any grand opera house would hold. She has had her share of aged eggs and crowns of glory for her magnificent work for liberty, and now livs quietly in Syracuse. L. K. Washburn is going West, and when he gets where Liberal lectures are appreciated, we shall expect to see in the papers of all the towns he visits appreciativ reports of his ornate, epigrammatic, and beautifully-rounded sentences, delivered in a musically ringing voice. For Mr. Washburn is second to but one as an orator, and piles up his facts in rivalry of Remsburg. We wish we had space to reproduce all the good things the press say of our missionaries, but they must accept the will for the performance, for there is a limit to the columns of even so large a journal as THE TRUTH SEEKER.

## Lectures and Meetings.

CHARLES WATTS will lecture twice for the Friendship Liberal League of Philadelphia on Sunday, April 17th. At 2:30 P M. his subject will be "Morality and Religion." At 7:30 "Nature and the Supernatural" will be the theme. At the evening meeting Mrs. Watts will giv dramatic readings. The League meets at Industrial Hall, Broad and Wood streets. The seats are free, and the public is cordially invited.

C. B. REYNOLDS lectured at Eaton Rapids March 28th and 29th, at Ionia from March 30th to April 1st, and will be at Belding, Mich., from April 3d to 13th. He has engagements at Cleveland, O., April 24th, and at Columbus, O., May 1st. and with the district attorney of Morristown, N. J., May 10th, Mr. Reynolds writes that he is much disgusted with this last appointment, and, while he intends to keep it, hopes he will hav no more of the kind.

## Spreading Mr. Tucker's Notions.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* When I sent you some months ago a correction, as brief as I could make it, of an error into which you had fallen regarding the difference between Mr. Appleton and myself, I had no intention of using your columns as a medium of discussion with him, nor hav I any such intention now. Consequently I shall not answer the article from his pen which appeared in your issue of April 2d. But I would like to state to any reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER who may take an interest in the matter, that Mr. Appleton has made a still more elaborate statement of his position in a recent number of *Liberty*, and that I hav subjected his arguments to searching criticism, and that a copy of the paper containing his article and my reply may be had, free of cost, on application to me.

Box 3366, *Boston, Mass.* BENJ. R. TUCKER

# Letters from Friends.

CHATHAM, N. Y., March 21, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please giv the inclosed dollar to the devil. It is too bad that he should be turned out upon a cold and unfeeling world in his old age to tramp. (See illustration in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 19th.) T. R. BURROWS.

LEROY, ILL., Feb. 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I thank you for sending the paper to me. I am in my 84th year—not able to get around much in cold weather. There are but few Liberals about here. There are two churches in town, and they hav blown their horns all winter. I can't learn that they hav found any lost sheep. I take great pleasure in reading THE TRUTH SEEKER.

D. NETTLETON.

LOS ANGELES, March 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Dr. J. L. York has given three lectures here—one in Odd Fellows' Hall and two in the Grand Opera House—to good audiences. Dr. York will speak here again March 6th and 13th. By that time the field will be cleared for Brother S. P. Putnam for his lectures on the nights of the 20th and 27th, when we trust that the germs of Freethought will begin to sprout from the steril soil of superstition. J. E. CLARK.

NEW CAMBRIA, KAN., March 20, 287.

MR. EDITOR: How is the political outlook? It is very encouraging indeed! There are about 35,000,000 Nothingarians, 15,000,000 Christians, and 5,000,000 unbelievers in the United States. Now all that is necessary is to keep political pirates from stealing our thunder, the very popular and ornamental plank of "Total separation of church and state." We Secularists most certainly hav the right to let the contract to no party except the one that means to carry it out

JOHN W. ABBOTT.

PRAIRIE CITY, IOWA, Feb. 27, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5. I think Heston's pictures are just the thing. They attract the attention of the young. I am a farmer, and keep hired men, who always look at the pictures, and if they do not understand, ask for an explanation. Then they read some, and if the preacher knows any more about hell or heaven than you or I (which he doesn't), they are lost sure. If Watson Heston needs help financially, we will help him. I will do my share.

ALVA F. WILSON.

COLES, ILL., March 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In your excellent paper of March 26th, on page 206, is some poetry signed by Eugene Hough. This poem, headed, "Why?" is stolen property. I hav it in a scrap-book, taken from *Turf, Field, and Farm*, published at Atlanta, Ga., several years ago. It was written by J. A. Stewart. The original can be found in the hands of R. G. Ingersoll. Eugene Hough has changed the language a very little, but it has all the marks of the original.

J. B. COOPER.

[Mr. Eugene Hough will hereafter be excluded from the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER.—ED. T. S.]

SNOWVILLE, VA., March 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I want to thank Mrs. Colman for all her letters, and, more than all the others, for her letters concerning the visit to Mrs. D. M. Bennett. I am so glad to find Mrs. Bennett is still living in the same home and amid the same surroundings as when Mr. Bennett was with her—though I, of course, hav no faith in the personal presence of the grand old man being with her. But it is pleasant to think of her as being there among the things they two admired and loved together. I wish she would now and then let the TRUTH SEEKER friends hav a personal word from her. Should I ever go to New York again, I shall surely go and see her.

ELMINA.

CONCORDIA, KAN., March 7, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I find that I cannot get along and feel that I am doing my duty without taking your paper. It appears to me that of late it has increased in interest. I hav been much interested in the articles communicated regarding the labor question, and hope that such communications are not being shut off for any reason, as they seem to be less plenty than they were last summer.

I think you take the right ground regarding the Anarchists. If I had ever entertained the idea of stopping the paper, your stand on that matter would hav overcome it.

Mrs. Colman's reminiscences are exceedingly good, and Peck and Heston are both unequaled in their way.

THOS. LAMEN.

BURNETT, NEB., March 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: We had W. F. Jamieson here on the evenings of the 8th, 9th, and 10th of March. It is saying very little to say the lectures were immense. We had a fair audience, and every one was well pleased, all acknowledging him the smartest man that ever spoke in this place. We were unsuccessful in getting out many of the Christians to hear him. They were afraid to come for fear it would lessen their faith, of which they hav but very little at best. They did everything they could to keep anyone from going. Some said Mr. Jamieson ought not to be allowed to speak in the place. They encouraged young men to throw clubs upon the tin roof over our heads while he was speaking, and to disturb the lecture in every way they could, but it did not seem to make any difference with Mr. Jamieson in the least. He said it was Christian-like; he was used to it. He is the right man in the right place, and whoever employs him will not regret it. I wish I could induce Mr. Putnam to come through here on some of his tours. I think such localities, where there are but few Liberals, are just where he ought to visit. This lecture cost me about $20, which is more than I am able to pay, and I find that most of the towns on the line of the Elkhorn Valley road are in the same condition. Mr. Jamieson is the first lecturer that has been west of Creighton. I wish Mr. Putnam would make a trip over the whole line of this road as soon as he can make it convenient to do so. I will do everything in my power to make it a success here and elsewhere. D. W. WHITNEY.

TOUTI, ILL., Feb. 20, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $3.50. After deducting pay for the books ordered, please send balance to Watson Heston as a slight token of my regard for the work he is doing. "The mighty hunter trees a 'possum!" Could language portray the ridiculousness of calling a book inspired that asserts that a certain man was a mighty hunter before the Lord, as plainly as that picture does? Couldn't you hav the one in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Jan. 29th (A Memorial to Thomas Paine) enlarged, suitable for framing? I would like one to hang where my neighbors could see it. What a happy thought those cannons are! It does one good to look at them booming away at tyranny and superstition, and feel that all Christendom can't spike them. SARAH A. COPE.

GALION, O., March 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I received all of my order, books and pamphlets, in good condition. I read Denton's scientific treatis on "The Deluge," and would like to say that the TRUTH SEEKER readers who hav not read that lecture should possess themselvs or it. It is readable, understandable, and cannot be contradicted successfully. It is a death-blow to the Noachian Bible story, and no better document can be circulated among pietists and Bible-believers to start the germ of doubt. Elmina's "Lessons for Little Folks" fills an especial need. The "Lessons" teach old as well as young, and many aged folks will get their primary lessons from "Little Lessons." Try it. Little readers will be delighted, and usefully, in facts and truths. Success to THE TRUTH SEEKER.

JOHN P. FLICK.

STANFORD, ONT., March 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $4. Credit $3 to my subscription, 50 cents for two ANNUALS for 1887, and 50 cents for the book called "Exeter Hall."

I am truly sorry to see your Special Notice to subscribers. Can it be possible that when Freethinkers get rid of the fear of hell, the hangman's whip, they lose their principle also? But I think you are as much to blame for the Special Notice as your subscribers, by continuing the paper so long after the time expires. Promptness on your part is required as much as on the subscribers' part.

I would like to hav Heston's portrait. Long life to him, and John Peck, and all the other stars! Long may they liv to spread the gospel of universal mental liberty and dispel the mist of superstition! JOHN MCCLEMONT.

ST. THOMAS, ONT., March 16, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The Secularists of St. Thomas had the pleasure of listening to two very able and interesting lectures on Sunday last, entitled, "The Struggles and Triumphs of Machinery," and the latest of the late, namely, "Humbug," by friend Algie, who is a good speaker and a thorough Secularist. Both lectures abounded with matter of a historical, interesting, and entertaining nature. The church of the past and present came in for considerable criticism, which it has well earned. Of the two lectures, I think the first is preferable. And both are splendid for missionary work.

In reading THE TRUTH SEEKER I find considerable adverse criticism in regard to the course adopted by that paper on the Anarchist farce at Chicago, which some are in the habit of calling a fair and impartial trial. The course pursued by THE TRUTH SEEKER is the only way that a truth seeker should expect it to pursue.

The pictures by Watson Heston are simply immense.

A. HILL.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 13, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav waited to see some reply to the bad "break" J. R. Haggard made, February 19th, in his criticism of THE TRUTH SEEKER'S cartoon of January 8th. He says to the editor: "Your 'Slight Disagreement' is a wonder to me. You seem to forget, or not to hav noticed, two things: 1. That, as a general thing, all animals are afraid of man. 2. That, when God spoke to Adam, man had not sinned. A vast change must hav taken place after that event." Now, I would ask Brother Haggard to examin his Bible carefully, and see if he can find the place where "God spoke to Adam" anything about the beasts fearing him. Let him look at the quotation under the cartoon in question, and he will see that it is from Gen. ix, 11. Let him then turn to that chapter and see whom God is speaking to. In his criticism of Brother Bowman, in the same letter, he says, "He has never read the Bible with care and thought," etc. It transpires that the same is true of Brother Haggard himself. I could say much more about the same letter, but this may suffice to set Brother Haggard to reading his Bible with greater care.

And now, Mr. Editor, as there is so much written and said at present about the Andover theology, I wish that all who oppose the universal salvation theory, on the second probation plan, and still regard the Bible as "divinely inspired"—whatever that may mean—would carefully read Ezek. xvi, beginning at the forty-fourth verse. The former portion of the chapter shows that the prophet was instructed to "cause Jerusalem to know her abominations," after causing her to "see," by rehearsing her past history: "As is the mother, so is the daughter" (v. 44); "Your mother was a Hittite and your father an Amorite" (v. 45); "Thy sisters are Samaria and Sodom" (v. 46); "Thou wast corrupted *more than they* in all thy ways" (v. 47); "As I liv, saith the Lord, Sodom . . . hath not done as thou hast done" (v. 48); "Neither hath Samaria committed half thy sins" (v. 51); "They [Sodom and Samaria] are more righteous than thou" (v. 52); "When I shall bring again the captivity of Sodom and Samaria and their daughters, then will I bring again the captivity of thy captivs in the midst of them" (v. 53); "When they return to their former estate, then thou shalt return to your former estate" (v. 55). Read to end of chapter, and, if the Bible can be believed, the Sodomites, of whom it is said, they are "suffering the vengeance of *eternal* fire" (Jude vii, 7), must come forth again and receive God's blessing, for God is going to be pacified toward the Jews, who were *far greater* sinners than the Sodomites.

This is not to say that I believe it, but the time is not far past when I did, and I assure you nothing gave me greater joy than the thought that God was going to prove himself *almighty* by doing just what all reasoning persons would expect of such a being, viz., save all men and bring them into his joy. JOHN HUDSON.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., March 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of February 19th a townsman of mine, Sam Pfarrer, speaks of our already too free institutions. I would respectfully suggest to him, if our institutions are too free for him, that he emigrate to Russia or Mexico, where institutions are popularly supposed to be less free.

But what I most object to in his letter is the statement that you cannot find in Springfield any but sluggers, shoulder-hitters, etc., who defend a fellow-citizen wrongfully convicted of a crime which it was impossible for him to commit. Now, I hav lived in Springfield for the last twelve years, and am tolerably well acquainted, and I personally know a score of solid, respectable citizens who condemn the trial and conviction of the Chicago Anarchists; and further, I hav no doubt that I could stand in front of S. Pfarrer's eating-house and get the signatures of two hundred citizens to a petition for their release, and not a slugger, and hardly a whisky-drinker, among them.

I dare say friend Pfarrer means well enough, but he is sadly misinformed as to what a policeman will or will not do.

I inclose a money order for $5, being my subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER for two years in advance.

Fraternally, HENRY WALKER.

DODGE CITY, KAN., March 4, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just been looking over the solid old TRUTH SEEKER of Feb. 26, 1887, and find it does me a great deal of good to read its letters from friends, and feel that we are growing in numbers.

I see by Mr. Putnam's letter that in the eastern part of this state they are doing good work, and although we are few in numbers we are strong in sentiment here in our "city of the plains," and we hope in the near future to gain in numbers.

The weather was unfavorable for people in the country to attend Mr. Putnam's lecture here on February 20th, but some of our townspeople were pleased with his views of the Bible and the orthodox church, which heretofore hav taken very little of their attention. They, no doubt, with our now and then handing them THE TRUTH SEEKER to read, will become Infidels and truth seekers indeed.

I want to say something in regard to Mr. Putnam, but my command of language is so poor I can hardly express my esteem of that bright light in the cause of human liberty. He has made a lasting impression on my mind, and I shall always think of him as a reformer and good worker in one of the best causes.

Hoping he may liv long to continue his useful labors, and THE TRUTH SEEKER may giv us, from his brain and others', bright and happy thoughts, W. F. DEAN.

ORION, ILL., March 4, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I herewith send you $2.50, for which send me Ingersoll's "Prose Poems." I heartily indorse the position you hav taken in favor of justice for the so-called Chicago Anarchists. These unjustly condemned men were not guilty of any crime. They were convicted upon purchased and perjured evidence, and sentenced to death by Christian public clamor, and by the clamor of the lying and falsifying capitalistic press. These men are very intelligent and eloquent labor leaders, and as such they were singled out to be summarily dealt with, in order to quell the eight-hour movement and to put down labor organizations. It is a question if the man that threw that fatal bomb was not hired to do it by the capitalists in order to place odium at the door of labor organizations. These men were indicted as accessories in the murder of Policeman Degnan, who was killed May 4th by a bomb thrown by an unknown man. That man was never arrested or captured, and it is not known who he was. It is not known whether he belonged to any of the Socialistic organizations or not. These condemned men were not connected by any evidence with the principal in the crime, which the law requires in such cases. The whole trial was a farce and mockery of justice. These men were indicted for murder and tried for Anarchism. The whole trial is a disgrace to the state of Illinois, an insult to humanity, justice, and right; but our state is a Christian state, and don't you forget it. There were eight unfortunate policeman killed by that fatal bomb, thrown, no doubt, by a hired assassin of the capitalists. Now eight innocent labor leaders must be selected and publicly murdered to appease the blood that flowed on May 4th. I hear that some of your subscribers are stopping their paper on account of the manly stand you took in behalf of the unjustly condemned men of Chicago. Keep right on as you hav been doing, and you will not lose subscribers. Where you lose one you will gain two. Those who stop their papers because you gave your opinion

in this case are not true Freethinkers. Truth, justice, and right will win with all thinking men. I like THE TRUTH SEEKER better every week I read it. HENRY JOHNSON.

CLINTON, KAN., Feb. 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am an Agnostic, and want to do what little I can to liberate humanity from the fetters that bind them to superstition and fear. A certain young lady got under the superstitious influence at a Methodist revival at this place not long ago, and for some time it was a tight struggle for her to hold her grip, but the preacher tried to console her by saying, "The harder the cross to bear, the brighter the crown." Why did he not say, "The more the reason is destroyed, the greater the fool?" A certain man living north of here, who is a member of the United Brethren church, and is a very poor man, was compelled to refuse aid under the following circumstances: His neighbors, who are Liberals, wanted to get up a dance and giv him the proceeds. The poor man seemed willing, but upon consulting his brethren and the ministers, was debarred from accepting. Perhaps he will starve for God's sake, while the preacher passes around the hat accepting the proceeds of the last dance. The Lord's congregation is thus supported by contributions from the devil. True religion is what we do, not what we believe. I think a great deal of Colonel Ingersoll, though I hav never seen him. C. V. WILLIAMS.

NEW CARLISLE, IND., March 5, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I would like a word on the land question. The nationalization of the land is, in my opinion, all wrong. It may do a thousand years hence, but at the present time there is plenty of land for us all a home, and more too. Besides, there are many persons who own land, and hav a good, comfortable home, that would not part with it for more than twice its value. Of course, the present system is wrong. To allow any and every speculator to buy and monopolize all our best farming lands, and then rent them out at starvation rates to those that are unlucky enough to be poor, is a stigma and reproach on the laws of the United States, and surely ought not to be tolerated any longer.

I hav a plan in mind that I think would remedy all the evils of the present land system, and would work no harm to anyone, although it might make some of the big land speculators wince, and even curse a little. It is this: Congress should pass a law that would prohibit any person from holding more than a hundred and sixty acres of land in his or her own right. That is enough to make anyone a home, and it is more than one person can farm alone. Of course, where a man has a family, he should be allowed to buy (if he is able and feels so disposed) each child eighty acres, to be held in trust till the child becomes of age. This would effectually prohibit any speculation in land, and I can't see where it would wrong anybody. N. H. IVINS.

BOULDER, COL., March 5, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: S. P. Putnam delivered a lecture at the Opera House in this place last evening on the subject of "Universal Mental Liberty." The audience was fair in size, and of more than average intelligence. The lecture was well received, and the subject of complimentary remarks by many who are not Freethinkers. Such missionaries as Putnam spread the light wherever they go. Indeed, if more such men could be put in the field by the American Secular Union, equipped with the necessary credentials from the Union, and their expenses paid by the rich ones in the Eastern states who hav money, and are willing to spend it to further the truth, the Western states would soon respond by the organization of branches of the Union, and thus the good work of enlightening mankind would be the sooner accomplished. But with the desultory and sometimes erratic efforts of unauthorized speakers, and the odium frequently thus brought upon the Freethought movements, progress must necessarily be slow, and, under such circumstances, organization almost impossible. This thought is echoed by all the influential Freethinkers in this region with whom I hav conversed on the subject. It surely merits the serious consideration of all friends of the cause in the centers of wealth and population in the Eastern states.

Many here most sincerely hope that we may hav another visit from Mr. Putnam whenever his many engagements will permit. He does good wherever he goes. JOS. WOLFF.

SOUTH BEND, IND., Feb. 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find postal note of fifty cents for Remsburg's "Image Breaker" and "The Bible and Darwinism," by Arthur B. Moss. I made the assertion to a bigot that during the time of John Knox, in Scotland, he instituted laws, punishing those who broke them with death, such as remaining idle on Sunday, building fires, and other little, petty offenses. When I made the assertion, I was told that I couldn't prove it—which was partially true. Can you refer me to some good authority on this subject? Also, in what part of the Bible do you find the passage commanding the people to sell their spoiled meat to aliens?

WILL E. FARR.

[Knox was the leader of the so-called Reformers in Scotland, and among the acts passed by that party was one summarized as follows by Lingard's History of England (vol. vii, p. 294):

The administration of baptism after the Catholic rite and the celebration of mass in public or in private were prohibited under the penalty, both to the minister who should officiate and to the persons who should be present, of forfeiture for the first offense, of banishment for the second, and of death for the third. (See Champions of the Church, by D. M. Bennett, art. John Knox, p. 710.)

Deuteronomy xiv, 21, reads as follows: "Ye shall not eat of anything that dieth of itself: thou shalt giv it unto the stranger that is in thy gates, that he may eat it: thou mayest sell it unto an alien," etc. A half of the beauties of the word of God were never told to the average Christian.—ED. T. S.]

PIPPIN LAKE FARM, O., March 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Chas. B. Reynolds concluded, March 2d, a course of four Freethought lectures before the Kent Secular Society to full houses. The lectures were a cheering success in every way, far surpassing our highest expectations. Secularism and Christianity were contrasted to the evident detriment of the latter. From the Christian idol, the Bible, the speaker conclusivly proved that "no good man can be a true Christian, and no true Christian can be a good man;" that the Christians' devil deserves the credit of the introduction of knowledge; that their God is author and creator of all evil, and that the blind follower of the teachings of the Bible is on the road to the penitentiary. Smarting under such a true and awful indictment, Father Leeming arose in the audience to defend his faith. Invited to the platform to state his case, he vainly tried to uphold his church and its God by quibbling. But the lecturer's withering irony and the lateness of the hour silenced the good priest. He (the priest) announced that he would be willing to meet any Secularist in debate. Accepting his challenge, Mr. Reynolds said that Charles Watts would be in town soon and would be only too glad to meet him in debate. Hoping to hear a debate, a large audience assembled in Kent's Hall, Tuesday evening, March 2d, but Father Leeming, strangely enough, had a call to leave town. Still, we hope to meet the good father in debate, and as long as he has the manhood to dare to hear the truths of Secularism, we shall hope that he too may see the light and profit by it. MARIUS HEIGHTON,
Sec. Kent Sec. Society.

GARDEN CITY, KAN., March 7, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: We are somewhat tardy in telling you that Mr. Putnam has been among us. We hav been so busy arguing since his lecture that we hav not found time to write. He set the whole town to arguing. The shells he cast into the orthodox camp had a striking effect; at least, the defenders of that cause hav been industriously striking back ever since his departure.

Of course they did not offer any argument while he was here, except to go out and slam the door during his lectures. The going out and slamming was done only on the first evening by an old-time minister and two or three hoary-headed followers, who could not stand it when the speaker stated that Christ was not a God, nor a son of God, but a man—a Jew.

On the second evening we procured the services of a door-boy, to open and close the door softly, so that in going out they might go quietly, as we hav seen aged Quakers go when the new-fashioned Quaker congregations began singing.

Intelligence is gaining slowly, but it does not gain as slowly as courage. There are more people in our latitude who lack courage than there are of those who lack brains. No doubt there are millions of unbelievers who lack the courage to say so. They are afraid. They are in the same position we were in when we began to hav an inclination to say that Bibles are all of human origin, and all false. These people who lack the courage were told when children, told at the funerals of their dearest friends, in solemn tones, by gray-bearded and positiv men, that this living monster, God, would surely punish thinkers and unbelievers. They were told that we should fear this monster in order to gain his sympathy, that it was a dangerous thing to entertain a doubtful thought, that the most celebrated Infidels had recanted at the last moment, and died, in frightful agony, drunken beasts. Let us pity the cowards, and hav charity for their prejudices and fears. They will make honest Infidels when the pictures of hell cease to hav an effect on them.

A careful man is a free thinker long before he is a free talker. They are coming over slowly. They are waiting to see if it ruins others. We will hav all the cowards on our side as soon as they cease to be cowards.

Mr. Putnam gave his lectures at the Opera House in this city on the 20th and 22d of February. The town had been well billed, and "dodgers" were distributed on which were printed the Nine Demands. Admittance was free, and good audiences assembled both evenings, but much the larger the second evening. At the close of one of his lectures Mr. Putnam recited his poem, "Why Don't He Lend a Hand?" and his hearers seemed to hold their breaths for fear of losing a word. He gave us new hopes, made us better acquainted, and made a few more workers for the Nine Demands of Liberalism. We think we can send you a few subscribers soon. You deserve credit, Mr. Editor, for the many times you hav patiently explained that you do not advocate the opinions of Anarchists, but simply advocate their right to hold such opinions. There is no more harm in Heston's cartoons than in those of Keppler, Nast, or Gillam. CHESS BROTHERS.

RANDOLPH, N. Y., March 17, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I write to inform your readers that our little village of Randolph, noted far and near for its Infidel proclivities, has recently had a boom, such, in fact, as it never has had before. Although we hav a number of churches and several ministers of Christ, religion has been at a very low ebb for many years. Our Christians, as a general rule, would come under the head of backsliders. The awful sin of unbelief has attacked them, and a lukewarmness has spread like a terrible epidemic among the members of the various churches. Several of our most devoted Christians, who seemed to take the most interest in the situation, hav employed new ministers, who, after plainly pointing out the way of salvation, hav become discouraged. The Infidels would point them to the savior who came not to save the "righteous, but to bring sinners to repentance." Nearly all of our ministers for many years past hav raised the white flag while they were backed up with the powerful artillery of the almighty.

About the middle of February we received a visit from the Rev. Mr. Brand, a noted evangelist, whose success in bagging and flanking the enemy is well known. Our lukewarm church-members came out by hundreds to see the celebrated man of God turn his batteries upon the Infidels and the unconverted, but before the first sermon was ended, a large share of those who regarded themselvs as subjects of salvation were informed that they were still in their sins, and that the fiery billows of hell were rolling beneath their feet. Brother Brand takes no stock in backsliders, and shows very clearly that falling from grace is an unmitigated humbug, and one of the machinations of the devil. The evangelist informed us that persons after the age of fifty years rarely find the savior. The young and tender minds, he says, are more susceptible of salvation, which fact has been exemplified here. About fifty persons claim to hav found the "pearl of great price," a large majority of whom are children between the ages of eight and twelve years.

During the progress of this revival some "ungodly Infidel" deposited in the post-office a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER directed to Brother Brand, and during his next discourse your paper was advertised as it never has been before in this community. The evangelist poured out upon your devoted head floods of divine wrath that made the children tremble like an aspen-leaf. The publishers of THE TRUTH SEEKER were not sentenced for a term of years to the flames of hell (the word sheol was too easy), but "for ever and ever." During the delivery of this scathing sermon, where the smell of brimstone and the terrible sufferings of you TRUTH SEEKER fellows were painted in glowing colors, a number of the old gray-headed sinners occupying the front seats, exposed to the terrible batteries (though told that they were on the brink of a precipice), seemed oblivious to the situation.

The sequel to this revival is easily told. The church-members hav got into trouble, and are hating one another in the name of the crucified savior. One of our ministers has preached his farewell sermon, and accused and blackguarded members of his flock. At the close of the sermon one of his leading members modestly informed him that nearly everything he had said was an unmitigated lie. Such has been the influence of the gospel upon the Randolph Christians.

Mr. Brand says the devil runs THE TRUTH SEEKER. If that is the case, Satan is ahead; for since the evangelist left, THE TRUTH SEEKER is circulating extensivly among persons who previously were not aware of its existence.

FREDERICK LARKIN.

STOCKBRIDGE, MICH., March 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Prohibitionists in the state of Michigan are now striving to make deep impressions in the minds of the so-called wayward sons of unrighteousness. The contest, no doubt, will be a close one. Intemperance is a great evil. Every woman and man should do their best to raise the prostrate from the gutter of depravity, but is Prohibition the best mode to mitigate the evil of intemperance? I ask a fair consideration of all genuin Freethinkers who think more of intellectual liberty than of a dollar. My objection to Prohibition is founded on a number of reasons, some of which I will giv in this letter. If Prohibitionists are so deeply interested for the general welfare of humanity, why do the Prohibition party avoid the amalgamation of some other reforms more necessary at present than Prohibition to keep the wolf of want from the door of many poor, honest, temperate people who are battling against poverty because they cannot find employment? Is the single act of Prohibition going to better their condition? It is like all other ecclesiastical reforms, so-called. I object to its enactment mostly because in time it will attack the cause of Freethought. We know that Christians could persecute in the name of Jesus Christ with as much zeal now as in the past. The reason they do not is because they dare not face one-half their number of true, resolute Atheists. Prohibition will swell the God in the Constitution. I think he is too big now.

Who are the leaders of this movement? Mostly Methodist sky-pilots. Prohibition as a reform for the good of the people is very limited. Why don't they adopt a mode that has not so strong a tendency to revolution by adopting something similar to the following? I think intemperance could be wiped away in a few generations. Let them start by taking away the high license and hav free sale, but put a heavy penalty for drunk and disorderly conduct. If any man is found guilty of selling to another when drunk, fine him five hundred dollars, or giv him two years and a half in prison. If any officer does not do his duty, make him liable to a fine. Make selling of intoxicants to minors punishable by five years' imprisonment. Allow no adulteration of anything. Make everything subject to inspection. By this I mean whisky, wine, beer, tea, coffee, tobacco, baking-powder, in fact, almost everything we consume. How can we avoid intemperance when almost everything we eat or drink is adulterated with some opiate? As the next step, hav all alcoholic, vinous, and beer drinks manufactured and distributed by the government by salaried officers elected by each district and paid by the general government. I believe something like this is better than brute force. Prohibition has gained a foothold in those states only where little capital was invested in the manufacture and distribution of intoxicants. This shows plainly that Prohibition will not gain ascendancy in some states for a long time to come. How does it work in Prohibition states at present? It takes fifteen cents to buy a glass of beer. Whisky costs about the same as in other states. That beats high license for high price, and heaps evil upon evil by putting more money in the business. They make their brags about orderly conduct at large gatherings. Put a fine of fifty dollars or six months at hard labor for drunk and disorderly conduct, and I think peace will prevail everywhere. I believe in temperance. Be temperate in drinking, eating, working, in your religion, if you hav one; be temperate in trying to subdue evils of every kind. We want no more Puritan foolishness. If once more commenced, we do not know where it will end.

FRANK FELDPAUSCH.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## Spring Lessons.

If spring's fair messenger would bring
Some happy thought to mind,
A glad, triumphant song I'd sing
Of good to all mankind;

Then fling my prosy pen aside,
Nor weary you with rhymes,
But genius must with him abide
Who sings of better times.

I can but faintly voice the bliss
And joy of spring-time cheer,
And liken your dear lives to this,
The childhood of the year.

Learn from the lark its morning song,
And from the thrush its joy,
While life's full pulses throb along
Unmixed with sin's alloy.

Learn from the twilight hush of spring
To still your hearts to hear
The plaint some sorrowing one may bring
Unto your listening ear.

Learn from the birds, the sun, the dew,
The bee, and budding flower,
To happy be, and pure, and true
And thus improve each hour.

Too soon the summer's fervent heat
Will thrill the year with pain;
Too soon your sinless hearts will beat
With selfish lust of gain.

Oh, learn, then, e'er your youth has gone,
To walk in wisdom's way,
That you may speed the "golden dawn"
Of freedom's better day.

JESSIE STARK CROW.

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—DIAMOND.

1. A letter.
2. Compare (abbr).
3. A male's nickname.
4. A male's name.
5. A fruit.
6. Delineation of coasts.
7. One who pleads.
8. Neglect.
9. Decayed.
10. To fix.
11. A color.
12. Street (abbr.).
13. A letter.

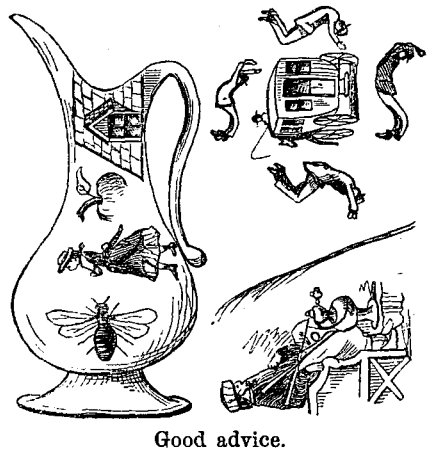
CONRAD ROOKER.
*Lyons, N. Y.*

2.—CONUNDRUM.

Why is a certain aromatic plant like a chariot of war at a distance?

WARREN B. ORCHARD.

3.—REBUS.



Good advice.

4.—PARADOXES.

I start with a spring, but creep apace
Till I've lost my spring in some other place,
Where aye I leap from year to year,
Though every leap is a fall severe.
I am always going, but never get by;
I am passing away, but never die;
Though day and night my bed I keep,
I am never sick and never sleep.
I run without feet, but never walk;
I am always fluent, but never talk.
Though I sometimes rise, it may be said
I am always found upon my bed—
A bed whereon no man who sleeps
To sorrow wakes or ever weeps.
But, stranger still than all I've said,
At different ends my mouth and head.
And in my mouth, ah, woe is me!
A dreadful snag you oft may see.
With slender forceps, from your jaws,
*Your* aching teeth the dentist draws;
*My* snags, alas, are held so fast,
They oft require an engin vast.
The puffing monster pulls in vain,
And breaks its cable, rope, or chain,
Till, oft repaired, and strengthened oft,
It bears at last the roots aloft.
*Ex pede Herculem!*—forsooth,
I'd rather judge him by his *tooth*.
And, though I do not wish to brag,
Could Hercules boast such a snag?
That Latin chestnut! Ring the bell!
My poor old *snags* can crush it well.

J. K. P. BAKER.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, MARCH 26, 1887.

1.–Irrigate.

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K N
Bow Grave
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Gun Toe
B K
Bey Bell
O

6.–
SLANDER.
LEGION.
AGILE.
NILE.
DOE.
EN.
R.

## Correspondence.

LISTOWEL, ONT., March 21, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I hav never seen any letter in the Corner from Ontario, I think I will write one. I am nine years old. I go to school and study reading, spelling, writing, and arithmetic. I hav two sisters and three brothers. Papa and mamma like THE TRUTH SEEKER very much. As this is my first letter I will close.

HETTY JICKLING.

OXFORD, March 13, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I go to school every day, and am in the Fourth Reader. I study reading, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, analysis, and geography. Pa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I like to read the Children's Corner very much. As I never wrote before, I thought I would write for once. My brother is away, and I expect him home in the spring. I hav a little sister two years and a half old. I will be ten in October. Please correct mistakes and excuse bad writing.

Yours truly, ROBERT SCHURMAN.

TEMPLE'S MILLS, FLA., March 13, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My father has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for a long time. I hav read the Children's Corner a great deal, and like it very much. We hav several Liberal books—R. G. Ingersoll's lectures, "Life of Thomas Paine," "Age of Reason," "Antichrist," etc. They are books of good common sense. I think that every family should hav them. There are not many Liberals around here. I will close for this time. Hoping you will see fit to publish my letter, I remain, Your Liberal friend,

HARRIET M. HAGAMAN.

SMITH'S MILL, Feb. 16, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I inclose a poem for the Children's Corner should you regard it as suitable. Like many others, I am desirous of doing something for the Corner, but lack confidence in my own ability. There are few who, like yourself, are capable of guiding and instructing the growing minds of children. Did I possess such ability I should regard it as something "more divine than all divinities." I am not writing this for publication (unless you desire it), but as an expression of appreciation of one whom I regard as doing a great work.

Sincerely, MRS. JESSIE S. CROW.

CORNPLANTER, PA., March 13, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I did write one letter for the Children's Corner, and my parents did not think well of it, so I thought I would write again and see what success I will meet with this time in the way of their criticism.

We hav a piano, and I play some few lively pieces, but occasionally I play gospel hymns for my grandma, who thinks they are very nice. Where I went to school last summer my teacher had us sing religious pieces now and then, but I did not often join in the singing of them, but waited till something more lively was selected.

The Freethinkers is this district are not plenty. I guess my papa is the only person in this section who takes THE TRUTH SEEKER.

I hav a little cousin four years old, who has been taught that if he does anything that is naughty, God, who watches people all the time, would punish him. One day, to the surprise of his parents, he got the rat-trap and set it, and placed it on the table, and stood with his hands behind his back watching it all the time. When his mother asked him what he was doing, he said, "I am going to catch God in that so that he will not be watching everything I do all the time."

I hope you will not think this too long, as I should like to see it in print, as it is only the second time I hav ever written for a paper.

FANNY BURNEY MORRISON.

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

WM. SCOTT.—Do not get impatient.

GEO. N. HILL.—Many thanks for the keepsake. It will be treasured with great care.

S. MAHER.—"A Bit of Bird Gossip" very soon. We are crowded with matter, which is the cause of delay.

MRS. H. E. HOWARD.—Your letter and poems received. They will appear soon. Thanks for your kind interest.

JAMES BREWSTER.—Your interesting and instructiv article will appear the first opportunity. We thank you for your kindness, and will always welcome you in the Corner.

J. C. WEYBRIGHT.—Your good words are very pleasant. It is a pleasure to work when we know we hav such a host of true friends all over the country who are always ready to aid and cheer us.

J. H. PAINE.—Yours received. We were sorry to learn of the death of our old friend and teacher. He was always just, true, and faithful as a teacher, and, we doubt not, was the same in every department of life which he filled.

MARIE STEWART.—Some time ago you sent us part of a story, and we never received the other part, so it was not printed. Fairy stories of that character are hardly suited to our bright children in the Corner, who know very well that there are no fairies who perform improbable things. Write a little true story of something that really happened; do not get it too long, and we will print it.

OLD BOY.—We are not easily frightened, but when we receive an unfinished puzzle in three long sections, enough matter to fill half the pages of THE TRUTH SEEKER, it is no wonder we stand aghast, and are only just able to ejaculate "Declined, with thanks." We went through with about half of the puzzle, but hav not time to finish it, but it is undoubtedly good. "Brevity is the soul of wit." It is also the heart of articles adapted for the Children's Corner.

ADA F. COLBY.—Our aim is to print every child's letter received. If you hav not seen your letter in print, it is because it has not come to hand. Sometimes a letter is lost, through misdirection or from some other cause. We receive a great number of letters, and those from children are printed as fast as room can be made for them. When a child does not see his or her letter in the Corner four weeks after it has been sent, it may be known that it has not been received, and he or she must write again, and direct carefully to the address of the editor of the Corner.

# Science Column.

## Joy Sunday.

Easter Sunday was originally called "Sunday of Joy," and a very pretty title is it of a day commemorativ of the awakening of the buds and blossoms of springtime.

Ostera was the fabled Teutonic goddess of spring, and in Northern Germany great festivals were made in her honor. Ostera came as a queen of light, love, and joy. She awakened nature from its long and icy sleep of winter. She breathed sweetly upon her, and the flowers sprang into being. She trod the earth, and the brown and wilted grass grew green and fresh again. Sun and cloud alternately smiled and wept for joy at her approach.

The Saxons brought the worship of Ostera into England and called her Easter, and the Anglo-Saxon name for April was Easter month. But the pagan worship of Ostera, or Easter, as beautiful and impressiv as it was, did not suit the early religionists, and failing to abolish its customs and observances, they changed its significance and adapted it to religious rites and symbols.

Its true meaning, however, the stirring of the roots, the unfolding of buds, the upspringing of the flower, the lifting of the snow, in a word, the resurrection of the world of nature, is beautiful and delightful. In this view of it, the whole world may join in its celebration, and the day, divested or its religious apparel, may be welcomed everywhere as indeed a "joy Sunday," white and sweet as the lovely blossoms that crown the fair brow of Ostera, the goddess of spring-time and new life.

You thought Easter had its origin in a different way, but there has been a great deal of falsehood woven around it by superstitious people.

The festival is older than Christianity by hundreds of years; in fact, nobody knows the precise time when it began to be observed as a holiday, but it can be traced back nearly two thousand years. The old-time people celebrated it by giving presents to the poor, by freeing slaves, and holding a general jubilee, sometimes lasting two or three days.

You wish to know what the egg has to do with the observance of Easter, as you notice the pretty Easter eggs in the store windows and the picture cards with designs of eggs on them. Well, the egg is associated with the germ of life, and at Easter is used to represent the new life stirring in the roots and swelling buds of trees and plants. In Scotland, in old times, the young people used to go hunting for wild birds' eggs, and it was considered a piece of good fortune which would last all the year round to find a nest of them. There were many customs, odd, quaint, and some of them silly, connected with Easter in old times. In the north part of England the men parade the streets on Easter Sunday, and every woman they meet they lift three times off the ground, and the woman in return must kiss the lifter or pay a forfeit of a silver sixpence. The next day this custom is resumed, the women doing the lifting. In Ireland some of the people think, even to this day, that the sun dances in the sky for joy on Easter morning; but, of course, you know that it no more dances in the sky on Easter Sunday than on any other day.

When does Easter occur? Since it was taken up and observed by Christians as the day of the resurrection of their savior, there hav been many disputes and disagreements as to its time of celebration. The emperor Constantine had the subject brought before the great Council of Nice in 325, and it was finally settled that Easter should always be the first Sunday after the full moon which occurs upon or next after the 21st of March, and if the full moon comes on Sunday, Easter day will be the Sunday following, hence there is no exact date for it, and it may come as early as the 22d of March, or as late as the 25th of April.

Easter is called the "Queen of festivals." We should celebrate it, if at all, only on account of its original significance, the upspringing of the flowers and awakening of plant life. Do you not think so?

It is refreshing and sweet, after the long and dreary winter, to note the first appearance or indication of new life that means warmth, sunlight, blue sky, springtime, showers, and green grass.

The blue blossoms of liverwort are among the early flowers, and are called Easter flowers. The lovely trailing arbutus is also called Easter flowers, as its fragrant buds bloom sometimes under the snow. Florists cultivate lilies in great profusion for Easter, and find a ready sale for them. Crocuses and daffodils are called Easter flowers because blooming about the time of Easter. The following poem by nature's poet, Wordsworth, entitled "The Daffodils," is very beautiful. Read it:

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beside the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company.
I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth that show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensiv mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.

Every Sunday in the year should be a joy Sunday, a day of pleasure and meeting with friends, but it is pleasant to emphasize Easter and celebrate it as the new birth or resurrection of nature from the ice and snow of winter.

S. H. W.

QUESTIONS.—What was Easter Sunday originally called? Tell what you remember of the fabled goddess Ostera. Who brought the worship of this fabled goddess into England? What is the meaning of Teutonic? Who changed the significance of Easter, and how did they adapt it? Who may join in recognition of its trues meaning? What is its true meaning? Is the festival of Easter very ancient? How was it celebrated in old times? What of the egg and Easter? Name some of the customs associated with the observance of Easter. When does it occur? When was the subject of Easter brought before the Council of Nice, and by whom? What is it called? On what account should it be celebrated, if at all. Name some flowers that are called Easter blossoms. Can you repeat the poem?

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# Poetry.

## The Enigma of Mercy.

Amen! Hallelujah! Forever
The Lord in his righteousness reigns!
The chosen are saved, and the many
Are lost as his goodness ordains.
The almighty boss won the battle,
Old Satan's put under his feet,
And smoke-clouds of anguish arising
Fill heaven with aroma sweet.

There stands a big bellows in heaven,
Right back of Jehovah's throne.
With air-pipes strung from its nozzle
Way down to the fiery zone;
And sometimes an angel gets lazy,
And rusts for the want of use,
His bright wings are flopping and twisted,
His harp-strings all dangling and loose;
Then Michael says: "Here, you dull loafer!
Just jump these 'ere bellows a spell,
And warm up your poor old mother,
A-shivering away down in hell."

There are those in this heavenly kingdom
With friends in the torment below;
But the cords that had bound them when mortal
Are broke, and the burden of woe
That sympathy bears for another
Rests never upon them again,
For conscience is freed from the kindness
That made them do good unto men.

A sweet little angelic cherub,
All rosy and smiling and bright,
With joy written over his forehead
In the glow of eternity's light,
Comes up from the beautiful river,
With ecstasy sweet and unshammed,
So send a blast down on a sister
Who went to a dance and was damned.

A father and mother together
Come up in ineffable joy,
To force down a whiff of pure justice
For the flames round a dear little boy
Who laughed by mistake when the deacon
Broke down with a cough in his prayer,
And died with the crime unforgiven,
To go down to hell and despair.

"All washed in the blood and made whiter
Than snow," and with purity crowned,
A murderer swung from the gallows
Comes joyfully walking around;
And creak goes the powerful engin,
And downward the rich stream is driven,
To blow up the coals that are roasting
The wife that he killed—unforgiven.

A pious, angelical deacon,
Who once distilled whisky on earth,
And sold it around to his neighbors
For thrice what it really was worth,
Takes hold of the handle and turns it
On one who from godliness fell
By drinking his orthodox whisky,
To burn in an orthodox hell.

O beautiful rest for the weary!
O joy that shall be to all men!
O beautiful scheme of salvation,
That saves about one out of ten!
Sweet message of love from the ages!
Sweet story that ever is new!
"Believe, or be damned" to perdition!
I believe! I'll be damned if I do!

FRANK FELT.

## Books.

The TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL is this year equal if not superior to former issues, and is one of the most useful books of reference for the Freethinker to hav upon his table.—*Liberal.*

TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC for 1887 is a gem equal or superior to its predecessors. While the table of contents is all of superior merit, the one of special interest is a compilation of "Sunday, Oath, and Blasphemy Laws of the States and Territories of the United States." Paper (illustrated), 114 pp. Price 25 cents.—*Light for Thinkers.*

The TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC for 1887 is received. It is got up in superb style and is chockful of the very best reading. It is not saying too much to say that it is the best of all the annuals issued by that enterprising company. In place of the silly prognostications about the weather, customarily found in almanacs, is the date of births and deaths of men and women whose works and words hav been an inspiration to others to better thoughts and better deeds.—*Kansas Blade.*

To those wishing the various statistics embodied in the subjects written of in the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL, its value is hard to estimate. These successiv ANNUALS show the growth of the work of Liberalism in America, and, in fact, in the whole world, and will be good to keep as a matter of reference. The illustrations in this book, about twenty in number, are very fine, the most of them being taken from D. M. Bennett's "Truth Seeker Around the World." The work on this ANNUAL is done in the same faultless style in which the Truth Seeker Company does all its work.—*New Thought.*

The TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC for 1887, published by the Truth Seeker Company, New York, contains a goodly array of articles written in a purely Freethinking vein. Among the contents of this number is an intelligent review of the growth of Freethought in the United States for the year 1886; the address on Liberty by Grover Cleveland, on the occasion of inaugurating the colossal statue of Liberty presented to the people of the United States by France; a poem, entitled, "The Coming Dawn," by D. Louis Bodge, is a picturesque and graphic outline of the "wonders that will be" while the majestic sweep of the universe continues through eternity. The following are the concluding verses, which are a fair sample of the poem as a whole:

The world still moves, the clearing sky grows brighter,
Creeds die, kings rot, thrones crumble into dust,
But the great heart of hope is beating lighter,
Inspired by higher works of love and trust.

Slowly before the rising sun of science
The mists that cloud man's intellect move on,
And radiant with conviction's calm reliance
We hail the brightness of the coming dawn.

In this number there is also a very thorough and interesting account of Freethought abroad—in Great Britain, France, Germany, Greece, Italy, Spain, Hindostan, and other countries—giving the number of Freethought associations in each, and the persons who most prominently represent them. Freethought is reported as in a state of great activity all over the world. In one instance the customs authorities attempted to prevent the importation of Freethought works into Australia by seizing a case of books of this character at Melbourne, but they failed, and the books were soon circulated and read.—*Galveston News.*

RATIONAL COMMUNISM. The Present and the Future Republic of North America. By A Capitalist. Same publishers. 12mo., pp. 498. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Truth Seeker Company, 28 Lafayette Place.

A work treating of the vital problems of the hour in a most vigorous manner. The book is not written by a fanatic, but by a clear-headed, logical man, who desires to elevate instead of lower humanity. It may be styled a prophetic dream of that future of man which is to be. Having commenced its perusal, one is chained by the eloquence of its author until the end is reached, and there he sighs because there is no more. His language at times seems to be inspired by higher powers than those of earth, and in the ecstasy of the moment he cries out, not unlike Cazotte before the French Revolution, "My countrymen, we are sleeping upon a volcano, and these half-stifled murmurings continually reverberating are the prelude of what is to come, except we take measures efficient for its prevention." May not the sounds we hear to-day from the oppressed and down-trodden, "those who toil in rags unfed," be prophetic of a greater uprising than that of 1861? This work seems to us to be a most valuable contribution to social science, and we trust it may hav a wide sale and receive from all a most careful reading.—*Light on the Way.*

"THE NEW GOD" OF S. P. PUTNAM.

For my own part, I see no necessity for any God at all. And so it was with a slight contraction of eyebrows that I opened the little pamphlet of thirty-four pages with the exclamation, "What does Putnam want a God for?" But I had to read it all, every word, before I laid the book down. And I must say the new God is a vast improvement on the old one, and, if we must hold to the gods, the one portrayed in glowing colors, in wonderful and most attractiv word pictures, is the one we would select—"the god of service, of labor, of helpfulness to humanity." His description, his attributes, his usefulness and beauty, are told in Mr. Putnam's vigorous and poetic style, in terse, telling, jeweled sentences. And with such a divinity—or rather humanity, for the new god is shown as most wonderfully and truly human—we must fall in love, or, better still, arise in love at once.

The only objection that one may hav to the new God, as revealed by Mr. Putnam, is that it is shown in an intensely masculin form. It is *he—he—he* all the way. It should be he and she. The perfect new God must be both masculin and feminin. The world has had enough of the "he" element; now let it be he and she. When Theodore Parker prayed, he addressed the father and mother of the universe. Doubtless this idea of deity is entwined in the harmony of Mr. Putnam's thought of the new God. It must be, though unexpressed, for in no other way can the new God come to our human appreciation. I am tempted to quote largely from the glittering gems to lavishly displayed on the pages of the new God; but no, I will refrain, and ask you to read and judge for yourselvs. You will feel better, nobler, truer, more exalted in mind, more in love with the true, the beautiful, the natural after reading this book, as well as disgusted with the old, the false, the unlovely and unnatural. I thank the author for this last intellectual banquet that he has given, and trust he may liv long to prepare still other feasts of reason for the hungry souls on earth. SUSAN H. WIXON.

*Fall River, Mass.*

No man in the ranks of Liberalism, unless it is Robert G. Ingersoll, is so versatil in imagery and illustration, nor is there a writer among them who makes poetry out of every prosy subject he handles, as does this man, Putnam. "The New God" is not only a dead set argument against the God who has figured so long and done so much mischief in this world, but it is an argument showing all gods are man-made, that nature and her laws must take the place in the future the gods hav occupied in the past. The price of the pamphlet is only ten cents.—*New Thought.*

"The Origin of the Christian Bible," by Dr. O. B. Whitford, 25 cents. TRUTH SEEKER office, 28 Lafayette Place, New York; also, "A Masonic Vindication of Right," a protest against persecution, by the same author and to be obtained at same office. Price 15 cents. These two pamphlets are works for study, and such are demanded in consequence of the progress of investigation. The latter work was the natural result of persecution for having written the former. Members of the Masonic order had better be waking up to the idea that this ancient order has been monopolized by the Christian church, and has been by them, when it was possible, converted into a worse system of despotism even than the Christian church. We heartily commend these important works, and suggest to Masons who would preserve their order from the Christian despotism to see that Dr. Whitford's "Vindication" has a very wide circulation among members of the order.

"Economic Equities," by J. K. Ingalls, author of "Social Wealth." 25 cents. TRUTH SEEKER office, 28 Lafayette Place, New York. This is a very concise elucidation of a very important question, one of the many outgrowths of the struggles between capital and labor. Political economy as taught in all of our colleges is taught from the capitalists' standpoint, and that is one reason why capitalists sustain the colleges. The donations are the pay they giv for the support they receive in the instruction that is given in a false or usurious system of economics. As the workingman has not access to colleges to see what is taught, he will be able to learn in this little work, and will be taught how to correct the false system of the schools. It is divided into short chapters, each of which it will require but a few minutes to read, but will furnish food for thought while the workingman is in the shop, or at the forge, or in the mine.—*American Nonconformist.*

## The Obsequies of Mrs. Ernest Mendum.

"It is better to die, in love with life, than liv, in love with death."

*From the Boston Investigator.*

At the funeral of Mrs. Isabel Crowell Mendum, which took place at Melrose, Mass., on Tuesday, March 22, 1887, Mr. L. K. Washburn delivered the following eloquent, sympathetic, and affecting funeral address:

DEAR FRIENDS: We hav met together to perform the last kindness to one who has been kind to others. We bring our last offerings of love to whisper the silent hope of our hearts. At this time we hav left us only the duty of the living to the dead. With bowed heads, with sacred thoughts, with tender feelings, with love that melts into sorrow, we perform this sad duty.

The fair young wife, the loving daughter and sister and friend, is taken away in the spring-time of life with every bud of joy bursting into gladness. The light has gone out in the morning while it burnt bright and clear, and when life was full of the sweet promises of happiness. The curtain of night has been drawn over the eyes of day, and the shadows rest where the sunlight should sport and play.

Our young friend has fallen asleep at the door of her new life, with heart filled with bright dreams of the future. We cannot disturb her sleep. While life was richest and sweetest she bid it good-bye, and perhaps we cannot leave life in a better time than when the sunshine holds us in its clasp, when the air is full of song, and when the skies are painted in fair, warm colors. Where we can not know, let us not decide.

We all love life; and, in our human sympathy, one for another, we would hav life's every hour golden with light, and sparkling with joy. When life is beautiful and living is rapture, it seems cruel to turn our smiles to tears.

If life were an unmixed good, then death might be an evil, but sometimes life's most fervent prayer is that it should cease. It is better to die, in love with life, than liv, in love with death.

We would fain believe that decay is but a fear that holds the hand of grief; that the darkness of sorrow is but the night that precedes the dawn of day, but the mute lips of the dead cannot answer our inquiries, and we question them in vain.

The book is closed before the story of life was finished. The bough is broken off before the blossoms had turned to fruit. The vase is shattered and the flower is gone, but the perfume it shed around it remains. At such a time as this, when remembrance is all that is left us, how precious is every word of love! how rich is every act of kindness! how full of comfort and peace every spoken thought, every murmured desire!

We cannot lessen the grief of this hour. We cannot smile in the face of death. Let us not, therefore, think mourning a weakness. "There is a time to weep," and tears are manly and womanly when our hearts hav been torn asunder with the pangs of parting forever from those we love. But let us remember that the sun shines again when the storm-cloud is passed, and that the eyes will cease their weeping after a time.

In parting with those we love we part with no blessing which they hav brought to our hearts. The pure, noble life, full of sacrifice and self-denial, cannot be laid in the grave. All the fond memories of kind act and loving deed liv in our lives to make us purer and better. We must say farewell to the cold form and silent spirit of her whom we hav known in life.

My friends, let this occasion soften our feelings toward the living and make us truer to one another, nobler in speech and act, purer in thought, and kinder to all, so that when our name is called to go and join "the choir invisible," we may go with less to regret and more to remember with gratitude.

And now, loving and loved wife, daughter, sister, and friend, farewell! In thy grave we drop a tear of regret, upon thy grave we plant a flower of love, and above thy grave we set a star of hope!

Mr. Washburn then read the poem entitled "Oh, may I join the choir invisible!" by George Eliot:

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who liv again
In minds made better by their presence; liv
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to liv in heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized,
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love—
That better self shall liv till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.

This is life to come
Which martyred men hav made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that hav no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

The impressiv and affecting services were closed by the editor of the *Investigator*, who offered an appropriate tribute of esteem and friendship for the departed, and expressed his deep sympathy for the bereaved ones in their great affliction and sorrow.

The casket and the floral offerings were unusually beautifully, and after the last and parting look was taken, the remains were conveyed to the Wyoming Cemetery for burial.

## Obituary.

DIED.—March 19, 1887, Mrs. Milton Lamson, of Fowler, Trumbull county, Ohio, of heart disease, aged 64 years.

Mrs. Lamson's death came very suddenly and unexpectedly. She was as well as usual within a few minutes of her death. She left us quietly and without a sign of pain, as she often said she wanted to go when the time came. She was an outspoken Freethinker, and many times expressed the belief that this life ended all. Her motto was, Do right and fear not; and she lived it out to the letter. All the children of the neighborhood, Christian as well as Freethinker, called her grandma, and many a tear trickled down their tender cheeks as they looked upon her for the last time. She was a mother to us all. She leaves a husband and two sons with whom we mourn her loss. J. D. WHEELER.


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(E. M. 287.)

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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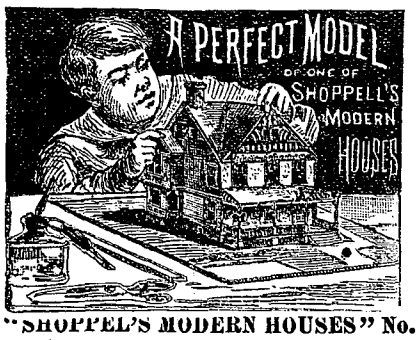
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## News of the Week.

At last accounts the Grant Monument fund was $120,845.

Herr Johann Most, who was sentenced to a year's imprisonment on Blackwell's Island for making a violent speech, was released April 1st.

The Chicago carpenters are striking for eight hours.

Knights of Labor hav voted to boycott the New York *Sun*.

Spring has at last consented to smile upon this community.

The Keely motor has just been "perfected" again. The results are not reported.

Fifty-eight persons were arrested in this city last Sunday for selling liquor contrary to law.

The high license bill has passed both houses of the New York legislature, and awaits the signature of the governor.

The Cunard steamer Scythia was reported wrecked off Scituate, Mass., last Saturday. Sunday the vessel came safely into port.

The Rev. Mr. Ward, of Englewood, N. J., who shot his wife, was in court last Saturday, where he gave bonds to await action by the grand jury. He will probably be indicted for assault with intent to kill.

People are reported starving in the drouth-stricken portions of Texas.

The body of the young woman murdered at Rahway, N. J., remains unidentified, and there is no clew to the murderer.

Sterry G. Clarke, M. D., of Brooklyn, a strong opponent of vaccination, died last week of small-pox. He was 27 years old.

Charles A. Fairchild, of New York, has been appointed successor to Daniel Manning as secretary of the United States treasury.

The Newfoundland sealing steamer Eagle foundered last week in Buena Vista bay, and of the 260 men on board not one survived.

Captain Kidd's treasure is now supposed to be under the sand at Upper Nyack, N. Y., as a Spanish dollar bearing date of 1769 has just been found there.

John G. Saxe, the poet, died at Albany, N. Y., March 31st, aged 71. For the past five years he has been greatly reduced in mental and physical health.

The Hotel del Monte at Monterey, Cal., was burnt on the night of April 1st. The guests, 300 in number, escaped with their lives, but lost their baggage.

The General Term of the Supreme Court has decided that the Young Men's Christian Association is a religious organization, and as such its property is exempted from taxation.

The members of a Roman Catholic temperance society, composed of Roman Catholics, who held meetings under the vestry of a church in Brooklyn, hav been ousted from their rooms for gambling.

The prohibition amendment was carried at last Monday's election in Michigan. The Republicans carried the state. The first report from Cincinnati, O., gave the Labor party the majority in the city election, but a revision in the count elects Smith (Rep.)

Dr. McGlynn, the recalcitrant priest, lectured last week in the Academy of Music to an audience which filled the vast structure to the roof. He called his lecture the "Cross of a New Crusade." Enthusiasm was unbounded, and the financial returns must hav been quite satisfactory.

Last Sunday was palm Sunday, and religious people walked about with their hands full of palmleaf. No savior riding upon "an ass and the foal of an ass" made a triumphal entry into New York, and if he had he would probably hav been arrested for giving a secular exhibition on Sunday.


# THE ORDER OF CREATION.

*A Discussion Between*

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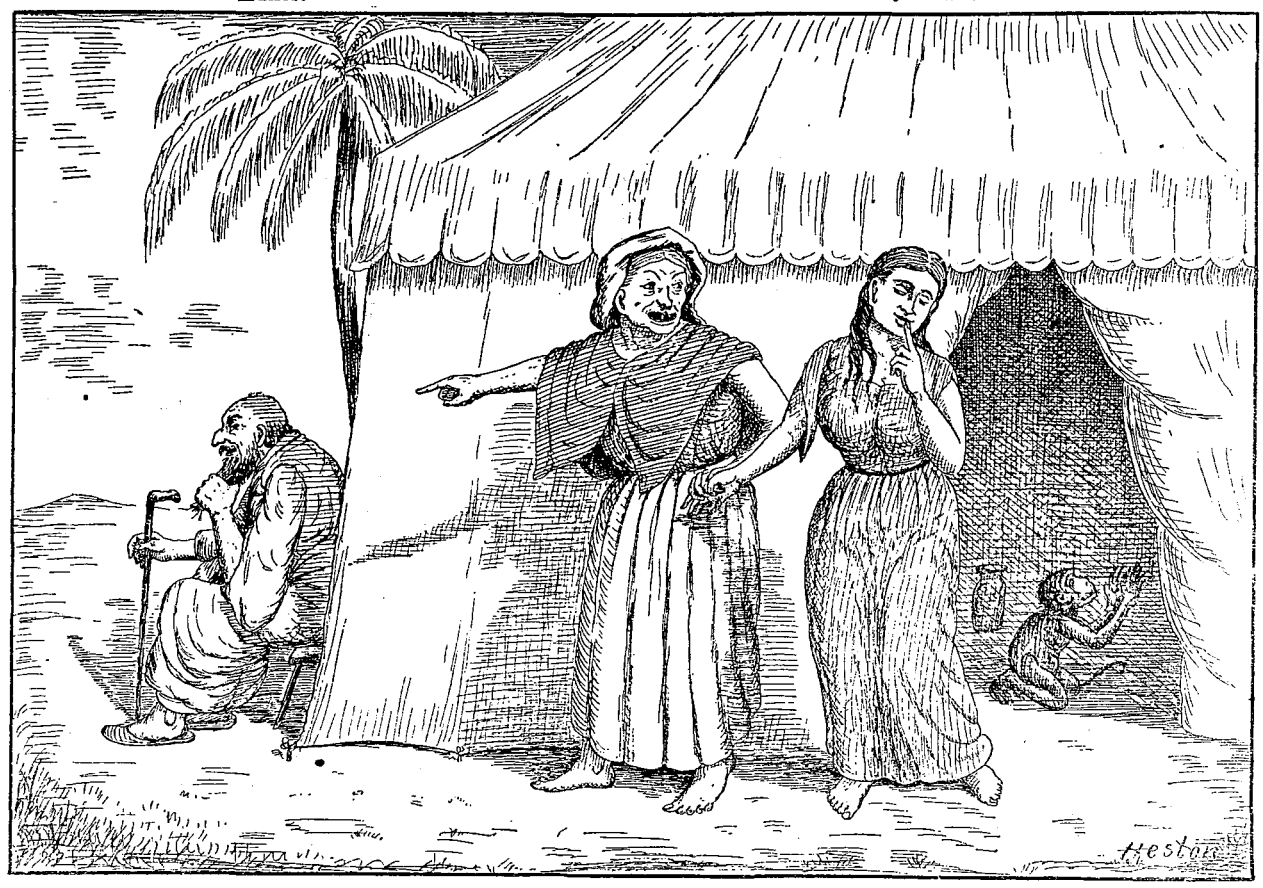
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I. Dawn of Creation and of Worship. By Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
II. The Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature. By Prof. T. H. Huxley.
III. Postscript to Solar Myths. By Prof. Max Muller.
IV. Proem to Genesis: A Plea for a Fair Trial. By Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
V. Dawn of Creation. An Answer to Mr. Gladstone. By Albert Reville, D.D.
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THE GENEROSITY OF SARAI.

And Sarai, Abram's wife, took Hager her maid, the Egyptian, and gave her to her husband Abram to be his wife.—Gen. xvi, 3.

## Odds and Ends.

The trade dollar trusted in God, and Congress redeemed it. This is mixing religion and politics in a painful manner.

If the Goddess of Liberty could talk in proportion to the size of her mouth, the English language would last her only a week.

At Lenten service—Miss Molly: "Come in our pew, Kate." "Oh, no; come in ours. We've got such nice, comfortable, high kneeling cushions! They dont' strain your polonaise a bit."

It is said that women hav little or no sense of humor, and it must be true. Otherwise she could never get past the love, honor, and obey part of the marriage ceremony without laughing.

Medium: "Whom do you wish to see, madam?" Madam: "My husband. He was allers askin' people in this world, 'Is it hot enough for you?' an' now I want to put the same question to him.'

A Chinese writer says that a man could borrow money in China on the strength of his having a son, the idea being that a Chinaman makes it his first duty to pay his father's debts. Those heathen are simply hopeless.

There is a young woman in Dakota who is successfully working a one-hundred-and-sixty acre farm, and she declares that she could work one twice as large if the men who want to marry her would stop bothering her.

An Illinois paper has the following: "The funeral services of the late William P. Lewis were somewhat hurried, to enable his estimable and grief-stricken widow to catch the 2 o'clock train for Chicago, where she goes to visit friends."

She: "Where are you going, Charley?" He: "Going to the opera." "She: "Ah, I understand. The ballet. But why don't you go to the dog show instead? I think you will like it ever so much better. The dogs, you know, hav four—twice as many as the ballet dancers."

At one t me there was silence in heaven for half an hour, which some men take for a proof that there are no women there. But there are. That accidental silence was caused by the women all happening to be arranging their toilets at the same time, and each had a roll of hair in her mouth.

"I'm laying for that fellow, and will get him yet," said an angry Brooklynite to his Boston wife. "You shouldn't say, 'Laying for him,' Harry," corrected his wife; "you should say, 'Lying for him.'" "I should do nothing of the sort, my dear. I'm no lawyer," he replied; and the lady retired in confusion.

More criminal carelessness. "Julia, did that young man who called on you last evening kiss you just before he left the house?" "Why, mamma, could you hear?" "I heard enough—too much for my own peace of mind. How often hav I told you to beware of these men! Your conduct is inexcusable." "I wasn't to blame, mamma. We were standing at the front door, and his mouth was real close to my face, and before I knew it——" "That will do. I see you hav no excuse to offer." "Yes, I hav," sobbed Julia. "What is it, pray?" "His mouth—was—awful close to my face—and—I didn't know—it was—loaded."

"Are you going to strike, ma?" asked the little boy, as he tremblingly gazed upon the uplifted shingle. "That's just what I'm going to do." "Can't we arbitrate, ma, before you strike?" "I'm just going to arbitrate," she said, as the shingle descended and raised a cloud of dust from the seat of a pair of pantaloons, "I am just going to arbitrate, my son, and this shingle is the board of arbitration."

Lawyer L. W. Wilcox, the grizzled veteran of Titusville, who was injured by stepping from a moving train at Corry the other day, is the leading character of this serio-comic incident, which has never before been printed: Ministers were a trifle scarce in a G. A. R. post, up the creek, of which Wilcox was a member, and he was elected chaplain. His chief duty was to open the meetings with prayer, and, never having set himself up as a praying man, the prayer was printed on a card, so he could get through with it with less mental effort. Wilcox carried the card around in his pocket, along with his tobacco and things, and when he came to use it for the first time the printing was considerably obscured. After the meeting had been called to order, Chaplain Wilcox stepped to the front, took out his card, and began to scrutinize it closely. He regarded it carefully for a moment, and then began to read, deciphering the printing with much difficulty. "O Lord," he began, ho'ding the card so as to get the best possible light on it. "O Lord, we——" then stopping to spell out a dim word—"we thank thee for thy"—another halt—"for thy—dammit, boys, I can't read it!"

A gawky young man and a shy, "hang-back" girl, walking arm-in-arm, attracted much attention as they walked along the street. The young fellow had told a hotel clerk that he lived near Carney Fork and that he was on his bridal tour. "Lou," said the husband, stopping near a fruit-stand, "order what yer appertite is er-cravin' an', blamed ef I don't pay fur it." The wife selected an orange, and the husband, as he handed over a nickel in payment, said: "When I go on a spree uv this sort, I never let expenses skeer me off. Podner," nodding to the fruit-dealer, "this is my wife, an' you bet I'll stand by her. I whupped in erhead uv er feller that had cou'ted her six years, an' jes' nachu'lly took her away from him. Lou, order what yer appertite is er-cravin' an' blamed ef I don't pay fur it." She took a nickel's worth of candy, and as her husband handed over the amount he said: "Is ain't often in er man's life that he gits on sich er sloshin' round spell ez this. Lou, I'm with you, an' I want yer to un'erstan' that I'll lam down the cash fur anything yer order. Ef yer'd married Andy Buckner yer mout stood 'round here with your mouth waterin' fur things. Lou, I'm yore husband, ain't I?" "Yes, Dan." "Then order what yer appertite is cravin'."


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## Gems of Thought.

The similarity between the Indian demigod and the Judean demigod who, it is claimed, figured much later in Palestine, is most marked. One only could hav been the original. The copy was certainly not the one who came first or who was believed in first.—*D. M. Bennett.*

The argument for the inspiration of the Old Testament scriptures, derived from the character of their contents, will bear no examination. It is true that many parts of them contain views of duty, of God and of man's relation to him, which are among the purest and the loftiest that the human intellect can grasp; but it is not less true that other passages, at least as numerous and characteristic, depict feelings and opinions on these topics, as low, meager, and unworthy as ever took their rise in savage and uncultured minds. These passages, as is well known, hav long been the opprobrium of orthodoxy and the despair of theologians: and so far are they from being confirmatory of the doctrin of scriptural inspiration that nothing but the inconsiderate and absolute reception of this doctrin has withheld men from regarding and representing them in their true light. The contents of the Hebrew canon as a whole form the most fatal and convincing argument against its inspiration, as a whole. By the popular creed, as it now stands, the nobler portions are compelled to bear the mighty burden of the lower and less worthy—and often sink under their weight.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

[Archbishop Sumner, in his once famous "Treatis on the Records of Creation," after quoting a few sentences from the monotheistic philosophers and poets of Greece, says "these only shine when separated from the dross that surrounds them." If he had not been overmastered by the prejudice of education and by a feeling of ambition—sniffing afar off the air of Canterbury—he could not hav failed to see that the same line of argument would apply to the Bible, as a whole, and especially to the earlier writings of Moses and the prophets. Mr. Greg is by far too generous in his criticism of these books, when he talks of them as containing some of "the purest and loftiest conceptions that the human mind can grasp;" but he keeps within the line of historic truth when he says that the Hebrew scriptures contain and depict sentiments and opinions "as low, meager, and unworthy as ever took their rise in savage and uncultivated minds." By ringing the changes on the few good passages and passing over the low, vile, and bad ones, the priests impose on the people, and they were too sluggish to "search the scriptures" for themselvs up to Sumner's time; and it must be confessed that the bulk of the people on both sides of the Atlantic are still rather slow in asserting the right of independent thought and the duty of speaking out their thought. Let us hope that they will mend, as they get better!—*Hylax.*]

O thou, whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern, grim and sootie,
Closed under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a deil,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeal!

—*Burns's Address to the Devil.*

The doctrin of eternal punishment for the sins of this life desecrates all sanctities, and sucks us down into an atmosphere thick with inspirations of sacrilege. It is a hideous dream. It was born in heathenism. It is a pagan nightmare, oppressing the slumber of our cowardly Christian thought.—*Starr King.*

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all;
And every winter change to spring.

—*Tennyson's In Memoriam.*

Others reasoned high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate—
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute!
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, glory and shame;
Vain wisdom all and false philosophy.

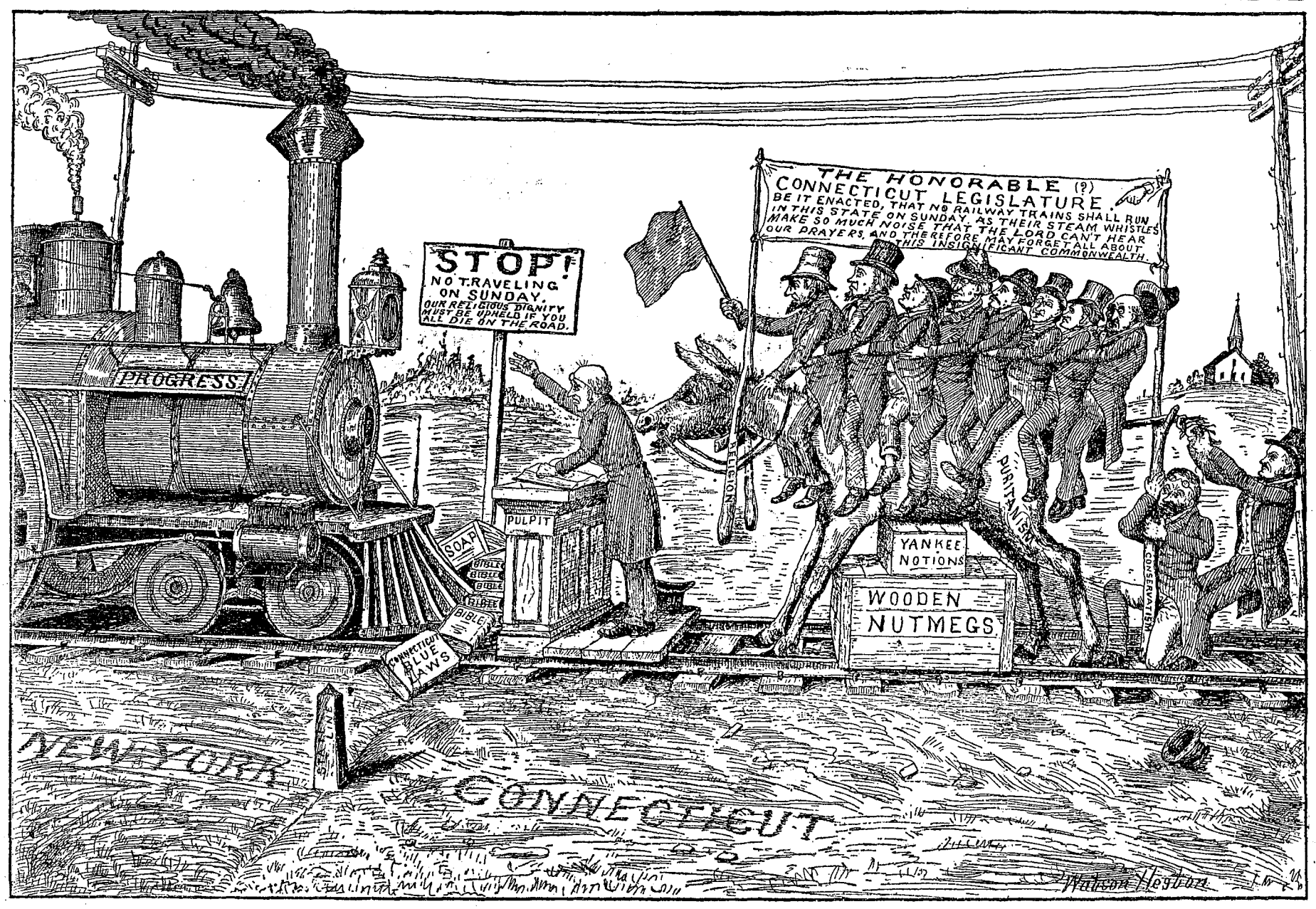
—*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

Vol. 14. No. 16. { PUBLISHED WEEKLY. } New York, Saturday, April 16, 1887. { 28 LAFAYETTE PL. } $3.00 per year.


CONNECTICUT ASSERTS HERSELF.

## Notes and Clippings.

THE Rev. Dr. Parker, a famous London preacher, is talked of as Beecher's successor. He has accepted an invitation to deliver an oration in Brooklyn on Beecher's birthday.

THE late Miss Catherine Wolfe left half a million worth of pictures to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and gave an additional $200,000 to provide for their preservation and increase.

IN the Methodist Conference the other day, Dr. Hatzell said he knew of a colored clergyman who wanted to preach a sermon against the playing of marbles, and took for his text, "Marble not, my brethren."

LADD'S artesian well in Portland, Oregon, is now down 1850 feet. Last week the drill brought up some specimens of tropical timber, among them being almond shells of perfect form, and wood and bark of the sawke species.

THE first news from Michigan last week was that the prohibition amendment had been carried in that state, but later advices contradicted the report. The Prohibitionists will hav to try again, consoling themselvs with the reflection that there are some causes to which nothing could be so fatal as success.

WOMEN voted at the municipal elections just held in Kansas. According to reports, the majority of the female vote was from the negro women, and was scooped in by the Republicans. Report says further that the voting of women did not tend in the least to purify the polls, and tales are related of corruption and bribery. It is possible that the true story of the Kansas elections has not yet reached the East.

THE Rev. Mr. Talmage says he "listens for artillery rumbling down the sapphire boulevards of heaven." If it does rumble, and he fails to hear it, it wouldn't be from lack of ears.—*Drake's Magazine.*

AN Albany newspaper tells of a tramp who recently asked a merchant for ten cents. The merchant replied: "I do not care to giv you money, but if you will step into this restaurant I will pay for a steak and some hot potatoes for you." He was somewhat surprised when the tramp replied: "Well, sir, I don't want the ten cents for victuals. I want to buy a drink. Another thing, you're no gentleman to ask a man to eat meat in Lent. That ain't my religion."

THE only proofs thus far in life presented to us in support of the theory that man has a soul comes under the head of hearsay evidence. First-class courts generally rule out that kind of testimony. It strikes some people that the tenets of the whole list of religions are founded on neither axiomatic nor demonstrable truths, but something established by tradition, which, by the way, is not a very distant relativ of what is commonly known as superstition.—*La Salle Republican.*

THE promoters of a certain church uptown are at present selling fifty-cent lottery tickets all over the city. There are fifty prizes to be drawn, from a five-hundred-dollar government bond and a handsome rosewood piano down to prizes of but little value, and the proceeds of the scheme, deducting their expenses, are to be set apart as a building fund. Lottery of this style when not conducted by church people is frowned upon by good people as being prejudicial to the morals of the young.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

CENTRAL Kentucky is the grandest country on the earth. She excels in horses, hogs, mules, minerals, monkeys, in whisky and wines, in climate, coal, and corn, in grass, gambling, and grain, and in tobacco, hemp, and hominy, Mexican war veterans, colonels, and generals. She has more churches and less religion than most countries. She also excels in politicians and potatoes, in brave women and fair men, in law and lawlessness, and in brag and bluster.—*Richmond (Ky.) Herald.*

GENEROSITY is becoming epidemic among our millionaires. Within the last few days a bewildering succession of priceless works of art, free offerings on the part of distinguished citizens, hav become the property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which can now boast of a collection of paintings not unworthy of this great city. It is to be hoped, says the *Evening Sun* of this city, that the people will not be debarred from looking upon and admiring these masterpieces by a continuance of unwise regulations. Let the picture-gallery, at least, be thrown open on Sunday, that a little brightness may enter into the life of the tired wage-earner. The proposition is advanced in a hopeless and even reckless sort of fashion, but in the belief that it will scare almost to death that holy man, Morris K. Jesup. The chief opponents of opening art galleries on Sundays are the stiff-necked Sabbatarians whose coachmen and footmen find on Sunday the hardest day's work they hav to do in the week.

MRS. C. B. LEMUELS, of Allegheny, Pa., is writing to the editors of newspapers as follows: "Convinced that Infidelity is one of the prime causes of much of the crime so prevalent, and that a knowledge of God and faith in him exerts a powerful influence for peace and true happiness upon both the world and consecrated Christians, I am doing what I can to supply what so many seem to lack—a foundation for faith. Believing that many of your readers would be benefited thereby and bless God and you therefor, I extend to them through your courtesy the following offer: I will loan, free of postal and all charges, to such of your readers as will promis a careful reading and to pay return postage after reading it, a book which in interesting style shows the Bible to be a self-interperter, and its teachings grandly harmonious, viewed in the light of sanctified reason and common sense. I want to put this book into the hands of all the skeptically inclined, as an aid and guard against the growing scientific skepticism. It is not dry, musty reading, but truly 'meat in due season' to the truth-hungry. The light of this precious little volume has made the Bible a new book, a treasure, a mine of wealth to many as well as to myself. And I feel that I cannot better use my means than in circulating this work by the thousand. If any in your office lack faith in the Bible, I shall be pleased to hear from them among the first. Yours for faith and truth." Mrs. Lemuels is hereby invited to transmit her Infidel extinguisher to this office, where there are "some who lack faith in the Bible." The work, she may rest assured, will receive distinguished consideration.

# Communications.

## Tales Told Out of School.

DR. JONES'S REPORT TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE CHURCH.

PHILADELPHIA, March 10, 1887.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I send thee the first part of a document which, if published in thy columns, will afford some interesting reading for thy subscribers. The way it came into my possession is as follows: I hav a friend who is clerk in the office where the conference or committee alluded to in the report were in the habit of meeting. One day on a casual visit I made him, the topic of conversation was the great spread which Infidelity was making through the country. My friend himself is a nominal Christian, but he could not resist the temptation to take from a drawer and show me a document, which I read a few pages of, and as it tasted moreish, and was entirely too long to read then and there, I begged leave to take it home with me for perusal. He reluctantly consented, saying with a smile that it would not soon be wanted for publication, for the committee thought that Dr. Jones, the author of it, had made too many honest confessions in it to suit the rest. Debby, my wife, who is a voracious reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and believes in it, when she caught the tone of the document, put in her spare time for more than a week, while I was daily at my place of business, and took a copy of it for use, thinking that, under the caption of "Tales Told Out of School," its publication would do good in showing how some of the orthodox ministers think and feel in regard to the prospects of the church in this country.

If anyone should say that it looks a little like a surreptitious act to do what Debby has done, let two things be remembered: First, that no person is injured either in soul, body, or estate by its publication; and secondly, that the orthodox Christians who some years ago were connected with and had control of the United States mint, located in this city, without the least warrant of authority from Congress, and in defiance of the spirit and letter of the national Constitution, stamped the superstitious and hypocritical motto on the coin of the republic, "In God we Trust."

Hoping thee will jump in judgment with Debby and me, I send the first installment of the copy with the request that, if printed, thee will prefix this explanatory note, so that thy readers may understand. If they should feel any interest in the subject, I will send the rest as Debby shall be able to prepare it for the printers. Respectfully thy friend,

AMOS TOWNSEND.

REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER: After receiving my appointment to spend a year quietly in traveling around among the churches of the East, and particularly those of our own denomination, with the triple purpose of learning the true condition and prospects of the church generally in regard to vitals, godliness, and sound doctrin; the extent of the inroads which Infidelity has made upon the faith of the people; and ascertaining from the Infidels themselvs, as far as possible, their real opinions, character, plans, and purposes, I now submit the following report. And as the results of my investigation were not intended for the eye of the Christian, much less the general public, but only to remove or confirm the apprehensions of the committee in regard to the actual state of religion, so as to assist in shaping the future policy of the church, I must imitate the fidelity of the true physician, who, when called in to see and cure a patient, carefully diagnoses the case to ascertain the cause and character of the disease, and then prescribes the remedy. In common cases the usual methods of practice will do; but in those which are critical, it is often necessary, in order to save a valuable life, to resort to the "heroic" treatment. This plan I shall adopt in my report, so that neither you nor I will feel that I was sent out on a fool's errand. And that the results of my experience and reflections may hav some order, I shall treat the various subjects concerning which I was ordered to inquire *seriatim*. And first,

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY,

for the time has come that judgment, if it has to be rendered after an inquest, should "begin at the house of God."

Those of us who hav been in the service of the gospel for forty years, as most of the committee hav been, must often hav noticed, and mourned over, the contrast, in orthodoxy and zeal, between the clergy of this day and those who instructed and led the church in the olden time, when every minister was a shepherd, and his people a flock of sheep. Then there was real faith in the doctrins of the gospel. Whether men did hear, or forbear to hear, these revolutionary truths were boldly preached, in season and out of season, in the highways and the hedges. To the courage and fidelity displayed in that policy the Holy Ghost bore witness, and his blessing filled the churches with living and devout worshipers. A man converted by the truths of the gospel which hav convinced his intellect, and enlightened his conscience, is permanently converted, and his line of life is laid down and fixed by his religion. The modern way of being born into the kingdom, by the Cæsarian operation, suddenly, under the pain-destroying influence of drugs, instead of the quiet agony of parturition in the natural way, has made the church a foster-mother to a set of rickety and effeminate children who, can scarcely stand alone when the wind of temptation blows, instead of the stalwart sons she used to bear. When we examin the hymnology and music of the church, we find both namby-pamby, and quite destitute of the old ring which made sinners tremble, and rejoiced and edified the saints. The sermonizing of today is like performing the play of "Hamlet" with the part of Hamlet omitted. The consequences are inanity and powerlessness on the part of the sermon itself, listlessness on the part of the hearers, and indifference about results on the part of the preacher. The devil, seeing this cursed state of indifference all round, more dangerous to the church than war, sends his agents, the newsboys, along the street with the Sunday newspaper, filled with all manner of trash; and heads of families, and especially the young men, stay at home to read, instead of going to church to hear.

The secret of this is found in the fact that the doctrin of eternal retribution for sin, as laid down by Christ in the gospel, and in all the orthodox confessions of faith, has become a mere transparent bugaboo, capable of producing no fright. It stands like a scarecrow in a field of corn; the crows see the straw stuffing in the human figure and the wooden gun on its shoulder, and, without fear, dig up the sprouting grain. A man who has any logic in the construction of his mind can plainly see that this doctrin is cardinal—the hinge upon which the gospel and the church both turn. It is the foundation-stone on which all the rest of the doctrins of grace repose, and the one which alone givs sense and meaning to them. Redemption by the blood of Christ for his chosen ones is a foolish, wasteful, and unnecessary scheme unless there is in reality an eternal hell fire from which they hav been redeemed. Sanctification by the Holy Spirit through the established means of grace afforded by the church, and the intercession of Christ in the court of heaven, as advocate with the father in behalf of his chosen, are words without meaning if there is no danger of the loss of the soul.

Now, this fundamental doctrin of Christianity is not believed in by one in a hundred of the clergy under forty years of age. To be sure, they hav not struck it out of the Confession of Faith, the doctrins of which they solemnly swore they would preach when they were ordained as ministers of the gospel. But—what is worse—it is entirely ignored by them, and, logically, so are the rest of the doctrins which, like the two walls of a building, unite upon it as the corner-stone. A stranger might listen to such preaching for a year, and never suspect but that he was sitting in a Universalist or Unitarian church. It is not a breach of charity to say of such brethren that, imperceptibly, perhaps, but really, they hav come to disbelieve this radical doctrin of our faith, since it has no effect whatever in giving tone and quality to their sermons. In conversation with the older men in the ministry, I am not surprised to find that for this terrible defection in the church and the people at large they blame, in a great measure, the impudent officiousness of the late revisers of the New Testament, in eliminating from the text of scripture the word "hell," and substituting therefor "sheol." In old times I hav seen an audience stilled into the silence of death by a minister repeating in his sermon the description of hell in Pollock's "Course of Time." But let any one in the pulpit now undertake to do that, and he would be laughed at in any congregation of cultivated people in a city. On the street, in the mart, and in the railroad cars this awfulest truth of our holy religion is made a constant matter of joke. When a Catholic is so far gone in doubt that he can make fun of the idea that the wafer of bread is, by the priest's prayer, transmuted into the body, blood, and divinity of Christ, he is not far from Protestantism. And when a Protestant can deride the idea of a hell, and tip the wink to his fellow-skeptic, as the Roman augurs did to each other, he is on the track, from which he cannot switch off at will, that leads inevitably to the rejection of the whole system which is built upon it. I fancy, therefore, that I see the Angel of Destiny pointing with unerring finger to the next generation as the time when the church will hav to meet the legitimate consequences of all this. The preachers of the sheol school, who infest every denomination of Christians more or less, may well be compared to Buddensiek, the New York builder, who is now in prison for manslaughter because he erected houses with untempered mortar and poor materials, which tumbled down and killed their occupants. The church, with the doctrin of future retribution taken from her creed as Christ taught it, is in a similar condition, and a bill of indictment lies against all the sheol brethren who made a contract when they were ordained of building up the walls of Zion with stones that were squared and dressed according to the rule laid down in the gospel, and not round or angular stones, which fall out under the weight of the superstructure.

To this widespread suspicion among the people that future punishment for the impenitent is only a scarecrow of antiquity may be traced the fact, universally complained of, that there is such a lack of disciplin in the church. Family worship has generally been given up, or, what is worse, performed in such a way that the children either sleep under the exercise or put in no appearance at all. Baptism of infants is so seldom seen in church that a person who examins the records would suppose that all the mothers of Israel had been stricken with barrenness, and that no children were born. The weekly prayer-meetings, which were always considered an indication, like a steam-gage on a locomotiv, of the state of religion in any congregation, are in a most discouraging condition. I made it a point to attend a prayer-meeting every week during my absence, in some church or other; and in a great majority of instances a more sleepy, perfunctory, and dreary performance you could scarcely conceive of, giving emphasis to the lamentation in the hymn which is always sung on such occasions, that the singers were living at a poor, wretched, dying rate. Nothing is left, then, but the observance of public worship on the Sabbath; and we all know what that amounts to. Even in our good city of Philadelphia, whose religious zeal it was that honored God by shutting the doors of the Centennial exhibition on the Sabbath, in 1876, if every seat in our four hundred churches, embracing all sects, were occupied on the Sabbath, there would be now seven hundred thousand of our citizens, who are practically pagans, and who never darken the doors of our churches from one year's end to the other, and never wish to. But, instead of our churches being filled, as I hav supposed in this calculation, we hav learned to be content if they are half, or a third, filled. And yet, we send missionaries, at enormous expense, to convert this very kind of pagan people to Christianity on the other side of the globe! In cities, when the Sabbath comes, the sons of church-members, and even church-members themselvs, instead of reverently taking their seats with their wives and daughters in the sanctuary, spend the day at their clubs, in smoking, and drinking wine, or, if the weather be good, in riding, driving, or boating.

It is the complaint of all the Protestant sects—the Catholics are not troubled in this way—that pious young men are not fired by a holy ambition to serve Christ in the ministry, as was formerly the case, but lose the zeal of their first espousals, and go into other vocations where they can make money and fame, and not be laughed at in the pulpit by the ungodly, who ridicule everything that is sacred. And this leads me to offer some remarks on our

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES.

I made it my business to visit, spending two days at each, no less than five theological seminaries. Brother L., during the discussions of the committee that led to my mission, alluded to the mental inferiority, as far as his observation extended, of the average candidate for the ministry now, when compared with those of a former generation.

In measuring the intellectual caliber of the students in the seminaries I visited, I found his opinion justified. The great majority of them obviously come from the country congregations, out of which they were gathered by the education societies, simply because they were poor but pious. After they had received their academic and collegiate education as charity students, they were transferred into the theological seminary on the same foundation. In contemplating their look of commonness, I was forcibly reminded of what I once heard a distinguished president of a college say in a meeting of synod, that, in raking over all the country churches simply for pious young men for the ministry, without reference to brains, the education societies were committing the sin of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who debased the church of God by making priests of the lowest of the people. He took the ground that an able bodied young man who could agree to be educated in the academy, college, and theological seminary on contributions made by poor widows and seamstresses, and by charity in general, was, *ipso facto*, unfit for the ministry. Such charity training, begun when a youth is taken from the shop or the plow-tail, and continued as it is for years, robs him of his manhood, self-respect, and spirit of independence, and makes him a mere truckling slave and parasite, feeding on the body of the church, and in many instances, when failing to be dandled into some congregation as pastor, losing heart, and going up and down the vacancies, saying, "Put me, I pray thee, into one of the priest's offices that I may eat a piece of bread." The sober truth is that the majority of our charity students who go through the seminary, and get licensed to preach, are not fitted either by ability, education, or manners to meet the necessities of the time. They are mere eunuchs of the kingdom of heaven for the sake of the emoluments. They hav no idea of the condition of the churches, and hence wonder that they are not called to settle down as pastors, when so many of our most important and wealthy congregations are vacant and hav to get along as well as they can under the ruinous system of state supplies. A theological student, as we know by experience, concerns himself at the seminary with studies that qualify him simply to preach the gospel didactically. But the literature which the people composing our congregations now read is steeped in Infidelity in its most insidious forms; and when a raw youth is licensed to preach, and emerges from his cloister in the shape of a minister of the gospel, and enters the pulpit, he has no idea at all of the world he is to liv in, nor of the situation, and is surprised and discour-

aged at the indifference his audiences manifest toward his sermons. The old system of polemics taught in our seminaries, for reasons to be mentioned hereafter, are as useless now as the old smooth-bore musket and eighteen-pound cannon would be in modern warfare between nations. The enemies of the church to-day are not what they were half a century ago. The old arguments they used, and we used, are not the ones in use now. Then, like the English archers at the battle of Agincourt, we had the advantage of having the sun on our backs; but now the ground is shifted, and we fight under the disadvantage of our eyes being blinded by the bright rays of the sun.

## The Vedas, or Hindoo Bible.

The average Christian seems to be ignorant of the fact that there are other so-called holy books in existence of as great importance as the Christian's Bible, and possessing superiority in many respects. For the information of such persons, before whose eyes this article may chance to come, we append the following extracts from the Vedas of the Hindoos:

God is one! Creator of all that is! God is like a perfect sphere, without beginning and without end! God rules and governs all creation by a general providence, resulting from first determined and fixed principles. Thou shalt not make inquiry into the essence of the eternal one, nor by what law he governs. An inquiry into either is vain and criminal. It is enough that day by day and night by night thou seest in his works his wisdom, his power, and his mercy. Benefit thereby.

By one supreme ruler is this universe pervaded, even every world in the whole circle of nature. Enjoy pure delight, O man, by abandoning all thoughts of this perishable world, and covet not the wealth of any creature existing.

To those regions where evil spirits dwell, and which utter darkness pervades, all such men surely go after death as destroy the purity of their own souls.

Let my soul return unto the immortal spirit of God, and then let my body, which ends in ashes, return unto dust.

O Spirit, who pervadest fire, lead us in a straight path to the riches of beatitude! remove each foul taint from our souls, who approach thee with highest praise, and the most fervid adoration.

God, who is perfect wisdom and perfect happiness, is the final refuge of the man who has liberally bestowed his wealth, who has been firm in virtue, and who knows and adores the Great One!

Remember me, O OM, thou divine spirit!

How great must be the mortification of the Christian who has set such great store by his Bible upon the discovery that the "poor Hindoo," for whose enlightenment and salvation he has often contributed to the missionary cause, knows as much about God as himself, and already possesses a written Word fully as elevated in tone and sentiment as any portion of the Bible, and surpassing it in point of freedom from the promulgation of obscene stories.

The worshiper of the triune God, uttering curses upon those who recognize many gods, seeks to impress the teachings of the scriptures upon the minds of those whose faith is centered in a book which avers that "God is one."

How intolerant, how foolish, how blindly bigoted, is the man who attempts to interfere with the religious opinions of those who surpass him in moral conduct, and whose lives are measured by a creed less tyrannical than the one which the Christian would hav the "poor heathen" acknowledge!

The experience of the better class of the human race teaches us that belief in a God is unnecessary to a man of upright character, and exceedingly unprofitable to those who seem inclined to go astray, because the former must be acceptable anywhere, and at any time, by virtue of his natural uprightness; and the feigned goodness—hypocrisy—of the latter cannot justly entitle him to a passport to any heaven. It has been clearly demonstrated that those who bow to no God, and follow no creed, make better husbands and better wives, better fathers, better mothers, and better citizens, than those who bow to what they blindly term man's superior.

The fact admitted that belief in a God is unimportant; that men acknowledging no God, and subscribing to no creed, are good men; that men who worship three gods, yea, numberless gods, and ever follow creed, are vile, bloodthirsty, intolerant, and contemptible. The way is open for the acceptance of the fact that the fewer gods we worship the higher we rank in the scale of true greatness; and the Hindoo who believes that God is one, outranks the Christian who worships the triune God, believing that God consists of three. W. S. Allison.

*New Lisbon, Ind.*

### Epitaph for an Irascible Man.

Wm. Scott Campbell was a reputable merchant of Johnstown, N. Y., whose chief, if not only, failing was an irascible temper. Squire Frothingham of the same town had a satirical turn of mind. The merchant died, and a fine monument was erected to his memory, surmounted with a cross. Some friends of Squire Frothingham, in a playful mood, asked him if he could not compose an appropriate epitaph. The squire closed his diminutiv eyes, and improvised as follows:

W. S. Campbell he died, he did,
And here is erected a pyramid
With a cross above, intended to show
That the cross old cuss lies buried below.

The latest conundrum: Why is the Rev. Dr. McGlynn like a stray goose? Answer: Because he didn't follow the propaganda.

## Our Roman Catholic Paupers.

The following from the New York *Times* is of unusual interest just now, when the Catholics are endeavoring to divide the school funds for the benefit of their pauper-breeding religion. It was published in the *Times* of the 7th ult.:

I hav made a careful compilation of certain statistics showing appropriations under the color of law from the city treasury to a certain group of charitable institutions, which, in my belief, are not quite what they seem to be. While it may be true that these organizations are engaged in taking care of the poor and helpless, I cannot believe that the whole of the very large amounts of money they receive from the state and city is entirely expended for the support of these classes. May not these appropriations account, to an extent, for the unprecedented growth of the papal power in this city? To me they account for the presence in our city of many of their churches and parochial schools.

The statistics referred to are startling as to amounts, instructiv to the taxpayer, and suggestiv to those who are familiar with the history of the Roman hierarchy, and are as follows, viz.:

*A statement showing appropriations made by the State and City of New York to charitable institutions under the exclusiv control of the Roman Catholic Church for 12 years, from 1875 to 1886, inclusiv; paid from the Excise fund so far as applicable and balance (deficiency) made up by direct tax inserted each year in the annual levy, and chiefly for the support of children committed by police magistrates:*

| *Institutions.* | *Organized.* | 1875. | 1876. | 1877. | 1878. | 1879. | 1880. | 1881. | 1882. | 1883. | 1884. | 1885. | 1886. | *Total.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum | 1832 | $13,219 84 | $19,270 11 | $26,658 43 | $15,383 06 | $17,264 59 | $5,758 06 | $25,978 08 | $10,424 76 | $19,452 68 | $16,434 11 | $18,046 18 | ..... | $189,869 90 |
| St. Vincent De Paul's Orphan Asylum | 1856 | 500 00 | 650 00 | 1,250 00 | 500 00 | 1,000 00 | 1,140 00 | 300 00 | 7,163 90 | 6,067 39 | 6,312 13 | 6,080 55 | $5,703 65 | 36,666 62 |
| St. Joseph's Asylum | 1858 | 2,000 00 | 2,100 00 | 1,110 00 | 500 00 | ..... | 10,071 14 | 14,067 14 | 31,683 99 | 27,554 55 | 39,902 00 | 41,259 29 | 44,184 56 | 214,432 67 |
| New York Catholic Protectory | 1863 | 207,431 82 | 218,627 85 | 234,854 16 | 227,853 93 | 220,612 15 | 209,654 73 | 203,395 04 | 206,843 04 | 211,906 41 | 210,931 74 | 197,982 57 | 242,000 00 | 2,591,493 44 |
| State | ..... | ..... | ..... | 25,000 00 | 50,000 00 | 50,000 00 | 50,000 00 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 175,000 00 |
| Foundling Asylum of the Sisters of Charity | 1869 | 188,036 78 | 220,260 56 | 236,713 98 | 251,303 49 | 231,546 11 | 236,086 09 | 232,453 21 | 239,930 84 | 242,753 81 | 264,668 55 | 247,996 49 | 249,913 90 | 2,831,653 81 |
| House of the Holy Family | 1869 | ..... | 1,500 00 | 3,500 00 | 900 00 | 1,500 00 | 2,164 14 | 540 00 | 9,566 19 | 10,435 00 | 11,301 52 | 14,637 88 | 12,000 00 | 68,044 73 |
| St. Joseph's Industrial Home | 1869 | 5,800 00 | 10,472 00 | 39,831 26 | 62,311 10 | 64,055 03 | 77,102 49 | 92,979 95 | 86,232 64 | 81,519 99 | 76,809 53 | 60,679 62 | 86,631 39 | 674,445 00 |
| Mission of the Immaculate Virgin | 1870 | ..... | 1,275 00 | 1,600 00 | 13,795 13 | 16,648 00 | 24,046 29 | 21,509 00 | 25,329 64 | 43,385 88 | 62,409 35 | 71,922 15 | 106,271 80 | 388,182 24 |
| St. Stephen's Home | 1870 | ..... | 2,160 00 | 3,220 00 | 1,902 57 | 2,000 00 | 14,266 29 | 18,475 99 | 37,874 54 | 35,125 70 | 38,123 62 | 41,297 14 | 48,914 21 | 243,360 06 |
| Asylum of the Third Order of the Sisters of St. Dominick | 1877 | ..... | ..... | 4,675 00 | 1,000 00 | 9,800 00 | 32,727 71 | 15,494 63 | 29,476 08 | 31,335 40 | 37,747 78 | 38,850 42 | 41,011 70 | 242,108 72 |
| St. Joseph's Home of the Missionary Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis | 1879 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 7,377 98 | 43 271 66 | 41,530 68 | 52,780 41 | 137,582 75 |
| St. James's Home | 1879 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 9,926 69 | 11,949 70 | 13,502 29 | 14,112 12 | 46,942 09 |
| Dominican Convent of Our Lady of the Rosary | 1879 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 17,602 05 | 30,199 41 | 43,909 74 | 101,637 89 |
| St. Ann's Home | 1879 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 2,814 27 | 2,814 27 |
| St. Michael's Home | 1884 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 2,016 37 | 5,512 12 | 7,528 49 |
| St. Agatha's Home | 1884 | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | ..... | 7,924 02 | 14,862 78 | 22,786 80 |
| Appropriation of $100,000 made in 1886 for general deficiency in 1885—the Roman Catholics got about 85 per cent, estimated | ..... | $416,978 44 | $1,055,622 65 | $1,055,622 65 | $85,000 00 | $85,000 00 | $85 500 00 | $85 500 00 | $85 500 00 | $85 500 00 | $85 500 00 | $85 500 00 | $85 500 00 | $3,052,528 48 |

An examination of these figures will show that the average appropriation for each of the twelve years has been $671,044 04; for every week of those years, $12.904 69, and for each day, $1.843 52. If we divide the appropriation for one day by twenty-eight and one-half, we find that these institutions ought to hav had in their keeping each day during the twelve years 6.468 persons, the appropriations being based upon an allowance of $2 per week or twenty-eight and one-half cents per day for each inmate. If we make the like calculation based upon the appropriation for 1875, the result calls for 4 008 inmates for each day of that year, and in 1886 the appropriations were made upon a basis of 10,144 beneficiaries cared for every day of that year.

If the calculations showing these results are correct, they prove not only a remarkable but a most dangerous growth of pauperism among the Roman Catholics of our city, and these liberal donations of public moneys are chiefly responsible for the enormous increase. So long as these institutions can obtain from the public treasury $2 yer week for the support of each child they can capture, just so long will apparent pauperism continue to grow.

The great profit flowing from these pretended charity operations and accruing to the Roman Catholic church became practically apparent during Tweed's reign, for we find by reference to the list of "institutions" while he was in power (1869 and 1870), five of them came into existence and hav been drawing large sums from the treasury ever since, and from 1877 to 1884 nine more, controled by the same power.

To me, the proposition is almost self-evident that, while there may be much charity work performed by the management of these numerous associations, their business is carried on largely in the interest of making money for the Roman Catholic church; and the appropriations from public moneys, to a considerable extent, go for building churches, parochial schools, or other purposes not contemplated by the law authorizing the appropriations. This particular field of industry has proved so unexpectedly profitable that in a bill now pending before the legislature at Albany the parties in interest hav had a provision inserted extending the authority to commit to these institutions under Roman Catholic control, and others, children up to the age of fourteen—the present law providing only for the committal of those under twelve.

The great question involved growing out of this evil is one of far more importance than the loss of money. It is one of morals, and concerns, not only citizens, but the state as well. In view of the fact, often proved, that the Roman Catholics furnish over eighty per cent of the criminals and paupers of the city of New York, is it wise or sensible as a measure of public policy, having a direct bearing upon the welfare of our local society, that these great amounts of money should be paid to institutions which are conducted with special reference to manufacturing more Roman Catholics, many of whom are likely to become criminals and paupers?

There are thirteen other city charitable associations receiving support from the same source as the above, and organized substantially for the same object, but under nonsectarian Protestant or Jewish control. They receive their per capita allowance for each child from the board of apportionment and under the same law that provides for appropriations to institutions under the charge of Roman Catholics; but in the twelve years included in the above statement they hav drawn from the city only the sum of $4,467,310.33. Of late an often-repeated report has obtained credence, that the Romanists claim one-half of the population of New York as belonging to their faith; this claim being well founded, then they admit, by indirection, that they hav a disproportionate and excessiv percentage of paupers. If we base our calculations upon the amounts appropriated to the two classes of intsitutions, we find that the sixteen under the Catholics hav in the same number of years drawn $6,585,218,15 in excess of all the others. Of course there is no way of accounting for this excess except upon the assumption that it was drawn for the support of pauper children at $2 per head per week.

Rush C. Hawkins.

## Papal Absolution.

The form of absolution used by Tetzel, the Dominican monk, was as follows:

May our Lord Jesus Christ hav mercy upon thee and absolve thee by the merits of his most holy passion. And I, by his authority and that of his blessed apostles, Peter and Paul, and of the most holy pope, granted and committed to me in these parts, do absolve thee first from all ecclesiastical censures in whatever manner they hav been incurred, and then from all thy sins, transgressions, and excessess, how enormous soever they may be, even from such as are reserved for the cognizance of the holy see; and as far as the keys of the holy church extend, I remit to you all punishment which you deserve in purgatory on their account; and I restore you to the holy sacraments of the church, to the unity of the faithful, and to that innocence and purity which you possessed at baptism; so that when you die the gates of punishment shall be shut and the gates of the paradise of delight shall be opened; and if you shall die at present this grace shall remain in full force when you are at the point of death. In the name of the father, and of the son, and of the Holy Ghost.

The following tariff of the prices of absolution is copied from a reprint at Rome in the last century:

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| For a layman who shall strike a priest without effusion of blood | | 5 | 0 |
| For one layman who shall kill another | | 3 | 3 |
| For murdering a father, mother, wife, or sister | | 5 | 0 |
| For eating meat in Lent | | 5 | 5 |
| For him who lies with his mother or sister | | 3 | 8 |
| For marrying on those days when the church forbids matrimony | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| For absolution of all crimes | 2 | 16 | 0 |

On confession of any of the foregoing sins and payment of the fee to Father Tetzel or any other duly commissioned priest, the penitent was absolved, so that the gates of purgatory were shut against him and the doors of paradise opened. And yet how many intelligent Protestants and even Freethinkers erroneously believe that the priest does not pretend to pardon sins or remit the penalty. The language addressed to the penitent is, *Absolvo te ab omnibus peccatis*—"I absolve thee from all thy sins." B.

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# The American Secular Union.

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E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
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## Treasurer's Report for March, 1887.

RECEIPTS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mar. | 1. | Reported receipts | $781.06 |
| " | 6. | William A. Bouser, membership, per *Investigator* | 2 00 |
| " | 15. | Greeley, A. S. U., per A. J. Wadlia | 15 00 |
| " | 15. | Longmont A. S. U., per Boulder | 3 70 |
| " | 15. | Dr. Ambrook, per S. P. P. | 7 00 |
| " | 15. | Denver A. S. U., per Thos. J. Truss | 25 00 |
| " | 15. | Loveland A. S. U., per Faulkner | 15.00 |
| " | 15. | ——, per S. P. P. | 2 00 |
| " | 19. | H. Tyler, per TRUTH SEEKER | 1.00 |
| " | 24. | S. Brewer, per treasurer | 5 00 |
| " | 26. | Charles Dunn, per TRUTH SEEKER | 2 00 |
| " | 26. | S. L. Hogan, " " | 1 00 |
| " | 26. | Thos. Rogers, " " | 2 00 |
| " | 26. | P. F. Spencer, " " | 1.00 |
| " | 26. | Thos. Fair, " " | 2 00 |
| " | 26. | Martin Miller, " " | 1.00 |
| " | 26. | ——, Waterbury, Conn., per TRUTH SEEKER | 1.00 |
| | | Total to date | $866.76 |

DISBURSEMENTS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mar. | 1. | Reported disbursements | $767.11 |
| " | 15. | S. P. Putnam | 67.70 |
| " | 15. | Moss Engraving Co., note paper, envelopes, and printing | 14 50 |
| | | Total disbursements to date | $849 31 |

March 31, 1887. CHAS. ECKHARD, Treasurer.

The treasurer calls attention to the advertisment in another part of THE TRUTH SEEKER of the device, "Our Flag Above the Cross."

## News and Notes.

I am at Los Angeles again on Sunday, March 27th. All the morning in the pleasant sunshine I drive over the beautiful city with my good friend, John Riggin, who out of the reminiscences of a long and happy life, where Secular philosophy prevailed, could mingle nature and humanity with charming felicity—Los Angeles, the Queen of the Angels, it originally was, but, Yankee-like, the "Queen" has been clipped, and for short it is The Angels, or Los Angeles. It is surrounded by high hills, and from the summits the city can be seen in all its glory, with its brilliant tropical foliage and bloom. Far off against the horizon are the dashing billows of the sea, like a sweeping silvery cloud, while the mountains roll away into the burnished blue, and in the shining valley the city greets the sun like the tiara of a queen, a picture of loveliness set in summer's bosom amid spring's eternal joy and autumn's golden feast.

Sunday evening I lecture on "The New Heaven and Earth." The Liberal element in this city is large, and I find many friends and earnest supporters of the cause. I regret that I cannot remain any longer in southern California, or revisit it again this year. The outlook is most promising. Dr. York has labored effectivly since his return from Australia. In Los Angeles and San Bernardino he has had large audiences and awakened great interest, and he has made my own work most encouraging. A good comrade he is. I met him on Monday at Los Angeles, before I went north, and I was delighted with his genial fellowship and vigorous spirit. He has the gift both of eloquence and action. He knows how to arouse people and make them do their best. He is a logical and powerful speaker, and entertaining also: He can weave wit and fancy with telling argument. He is thoroughly sincere and generous, a manly advocate of liberty. After his Australian tour, where he has won new laurels, he purposes to take a trip East, to that Mecca of Liberalism, Paine Memorial Hall. I bespeak for him a cordial welcome. He will go by way of Salt Lake City, Denver, Kansas City, Burlington, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and New York, and I hope that friends will make all the use possible of his services at every available point of his route. This is a rare opportunity to listen to one of our foremost lecturers. Giv him a noble greeting.

Monday, March 28th, I leave Los Angeles. A goodly company I found there, and I bid farewell with hopes of work together again. The Secular Society organized will undoubtedly maintain its ground. It is hoped that the services of good lecturers can be secured for the next three or four months at least.

This is an important point, and a Liberal speaker could be well sustained every Sunday with an audience of several hundred. J. E. Clark, the agent of THE TRUTH SEEKER, is a live man. He has decided to keep on hand hereafter a supply of Liberal literature, the demand for which is constantly increasing. G. W. Owen is another intelligent worker who has just located here from Santa Cruz, and purposes to devote himself to Liberal affairs. I found him of great assistance in my own labors, and much of their success was the result of his generous aid. No more magnanimous friends could be found than John Riggin, Eugene Riggin, I. M. Vost, and others. C. Severance is well known for his bright and instructiv contributions to Liberal discussion. He has written some excellent articles for the papers here, which hav been widely read. R. C. Glover, L. Litchenberger, T. C. Naramore, G. N. Brubaker, H. Martine, John Baker, Lyman Smith, etc., are wide-awake supporters of the movement.

I enjoyed at Los Angeles the acquaintance of Dr. E. Schreiber, the Jewish rabbi, author of excellent lectures on "The Talmud;" a learned and liberal man, in sympathy with our Freethought movement, and an earnest advocate of the Nine Demands.

I was pleased to meet Mr. and Mrs. John Robinett, of San Jacinto, who came ninety miles to attend the lectures, and who hav done good work in their community for Liberalism and the circulation of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I was in hopes to see these friends again and lecture at San Jacinto, San Bernardino, Delmar, etc., but I find that I cannot do this. I must press northward and leave southern California for the bright future, when I shall arrange for a longer stay among these most friendly regions. I find it impossible to fulfil the demand for lectures on this lively coast. There is an inquiry for Remsburg and Jamieson and others, and I hope they will find time to come to this Summer Land, where they will hav a right royal welcome and hosts of admirers.

Tuesday and Wednesday I am at Visalia. This is one of the oldest towns of California, the county seat of Tulare county, about ten miles off the main line, and so it has a cosy and comfortable look, very much like a New England village, with its elegance and refinement. It is in the midst of a beautiful belt of timber, lofty and wide-spreading oaks, that giv the landscape a charming variety. The green fields stretch away beneath the intricate arches. The vast Sierras rise with their snowy tops to the eastward—a dazzling scene—peak glancing over peak with glowing foreheads, around which roll the ever-varying clouds. Here I find a happy resting-place, amid rural felicity, in the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. James Evans, with their sister, Mrs. Dora Mitchell, all of whom are earnest Liberals. It was through their efforts that an opening was made for the lecture campaign in Visalia. It was very successful. The largest hall in the place was crowded to its utmost capacity for two nights, and I hav not found in any place a more enthusiastic reception. There are hosts of Freethinkers here—Mr. Alfred Daggett, Mr. Zane Stuben, L. V. Nanscawen, Mr. Grant, Oregon Saunders, Judge Wallace, I. B. Smith, the Messrs. Jacobs, Mr. Chisman, Dick Chatten, J. A. Patterson, Professor Orr, G. A. Botsford, T. J. Conley, Dr. L. R. King, and many others. I was sorry I could not stay longer, but I believe there will be a most flourishing Secular Union established here; in fact, Tulare county would giv a good Freethought lecturer a very Liberal support. The Secular thought is predominant, but it needs the voice and pen to bring it forth and make it effectiv.

Time flies rapidly, and Thursday morning, in the bright sunlight and through the radiant groves, I come to Tulare, a rattling railroad town, that has been burnt down three times, and rises from its ruins more magnificent than ever. I delivered two lectures Thursday and Friday evenings to full houses. I find plenty of Freethinkers. What they need is organization.

Mr. Enos Churchill is our pioneer in Tulare. He has done good work for twenty years. I enjoyed the hospitality of himself and family. I here found Mr. E. Moore, a TRUTH SEEKER subscriber and a pleasant comrade, who keeps our flag floating wherever he goes. I was also generously entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Johnson, of the Spiritualist ranks, but responsiv to all the humanitarianism of this world. I hav not found more agreeable companions. I also called upon Mr. Mackay, of a somewhat theosophical frame of mind, who has read, I guess, about a million books, and is now ranching it for the benefit of his health in a house built by his own hands. He has much learning, but he carries it with Scotch shrewdness. His mother, seventy-six years of age, came from Scotland to America for the express purpose of converting her son from the errors of Infidelity. She read Ingersoll, and that converted her, and then her highest desire was to see Ingersoll, and it was the happiest moment of her life when she shook hands with our noble champion.

I was pleased also to meet E. M. Dewey, formerly of Massachusetts, a schoolmaster, once the teacher of our good and famous Susan Wixon—somewhere about Cape Cod, I believe—and so from California I send to the Children's Corner the benedictions of this old-time mentor, who carries the flag of freedom still. He has a lovely home out here, and his farm sparkles with fruitfulness.

B. F. Moore, I. T. Bachelder, J. L. Bachelder, E. Newell, W. T. Cartmill, A. Fletcher, C. F. Hall, B. G. Parker—who came twenty miles to hear the lectures—Mr. W. J. Caudson, Mr. McMellen—behind whose fleeting steeds I traversed this splendid valley—W. F. Wood, G. H. Castle, Jr., T. Bacigalupi, and others, make up our Tulare legion, which, I am sure, will ever be found in the front ranks of the grand army.

So far California has been not only a land of promis, but of most encouraging results. I am now on my way to San Francisco and Oakland, and I look forward to pleasant labors until April 10th. April 17th and 24th I shall be at San José, and between these dates at Santa Cruz. I shall be at Stockton May 1st and 8th, at Sacramento May 15th and 22d. I hav decided to go northward by way of Chico, Yreka, Ashland, Talent, Jacksonville, Eugene, Albany, Salem, Portland, Corvallis, Forest Grove, Seattle, Victoria, Port Townsend, New Tacoma, The Dalles, Pendleton, Walla Walla, Union City, Baker City, Emmettsville, etc. Friends in these places will please take notice, and do the best they can for a successful tour. Address communications care of W. F. Freeman, Box 499, Stockton, Cal. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*Southern Pacific R.R.*, Saturday, April 2, 1887.

## Mr. Reynolds in Michigan.

EATON RAPIDS, March 28th.—The train was behind time at Charlotte, which necessitated hiring a team and enduring a very cold jolt of eleven miles, but I reached Eaton Rapids, cold, hungry, and happy, at 7 P.M., and relieved the anxiety of the friends, who had about decided that there would be a big disappointment. Of course I could not bring my trunk. One of the delights of life on the road is the impossibility of seeing the inside of your trunk for from six to ten days at a time. You see its exterior all you desire while arguing against extra baggage charges and fees for leaving it over at stations. I always retain my "grip," but that is filled with pamphlets and TRUTH SEEKERS, precious freight, all that anyone could reasonably desire for the furnishing and adorning the mind, but not available as underclothes.

Mr. and Mrs. Atwood are the very noblest types of the genuin Liberal, and knowing them I was not surprised to find the "Red Ribbon Hall" (a very large one) filled with the best and most intelligent people of the city. On Tuesday, "Why I Left the Pulpit" had been advertised, and friends came, despite the severe cold, seven, ten, and twelve miles to meet me and hear the "why." After the second lecture I had the pleasure of organizing the Eaton Rapids Liberal Society. Twenty-one signed the membership roll, and the following officers were unanimously elected: President, Wm. Miller; vice-president, Mrs. Lizzie Shaw; secretary, Mrs. Rachel Atwood; treasurer, W. S. Henderson; vigilance committee, Mrs. J. Potter, W. S. Henderson, and A. Atwood; educational committee, O. Elmer, Helen Knapp, and May Atwood; social committee, Homer Potter, Mrs. Kent Wright, and Frank Baker.

The regular weekly meetings until further notice will be held at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Atwood on Sunday afternoons at 3 o'clock. The usual schedule of monthly dues, payable in advance, was adopted. It is proposed to form a joint-stock company and build a suitable Liberal hall. It would certainly prove a very profitable investment, and greatly aid the cause.

The great want of the times is a home secretary, at permanent headquarters, to whom all workers could apply and be sure of prompt response, and who could supply by-laws, leaflets containing duties of officers and committees, order of business, hints and suggestions how best to conduct science schools without a teacher, how best to do propaganda work, and obtain subscribers to Liberal publications. As it is now, I hav to write all this out each time, and while on the road it is impossible to do this satisfactorily. New, young, struggling societies are left to flounder along as best they can, without aid, counsel, or sympathy, to liv or die.

I left Eaton Rapids rejoicing with the many good friends at the bright prospects of the Liberal society, and promising to write out and send them such hints and suggestions as I could.

IONIA.—Wednesday afternoon, March 29th, I arrived at Ionia and was met at the depot by a delegation of whole-souled Liberal gentlemen, who gave me cordial greeting and most hearty welcome. I was taken in the carriage of that stanch disciple of Paine, Dr. Bayard, to view the principal buildings of the city, and was deposited at the Bentley mansion. The friends had engaged the now elegant and capacious hall, formerly the Salvation Army barracks. The building was erected for the Salvationists, but they could not save enough to pay for it; they fizzled out, and the building, thoroughly cleaned, renovated, and beautified, I dedicated by the delivery of three lectures to science and Freethought. I had very large attendance at all three lectures; the interest increased each night.

After my last lecture, "The Trial of Satan," twenty-five enrolled their names as members of the Ionia Liberal Society. I united in the lamentations of the friends that previous engagements prevented my remaining longer, especially that I could not hav remained over Sunday and completed the work of organization. The success of my effort at Ionia was mainly due to the Bentley family. Mr. Wm. Bentley is one of those energetic, thoroughly capable, yet un-

assuming men, that once enlisted in any enterprise and success is assured. Like Elias H. Gault, of Kalamazoo, he is a shrewd business man, ever genial and jolly, delighted to accommodate and make happy all with whom he has to do; yet he never loses sight of duty and the accomplishment of the work or business in hand. Of course, in such hands I could not help but hav grand success. This was greatly added to by a petite fairy possessing wonderful musical genius (the bride of Charles Bentley, son of friend Wm. Bentley, and worthy son of a noble sire. Charles and his fair bride are both earnest Liberals). Young Mrs. Charles Bentley entranced the audience each night with the wondrous sweetness and power of her voice, as with true poetic feeling she rendered the soul-inspiring sentiments of Liberalism. I had the pleasure of forming acquaintance with many worthy, able, and cultured advocates of Freethought, among them the popular physician, Dr. T. R. Allen. Then, as ever, "learn to love only to leave." Stern duty demands on, on, on, to other fields.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster, of Belding, hav arranged for me some eight lectures in their vicinity, and when these are filled I must turn my face east and journey toward the Jersey jail. So mote it be.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

## The Liberal Club.

Is the weather rough and wintry—cold enough to make you swear? Wait until you get to sheol; you will find it warmer there?

Comforting himself with the promis outlined in these words, a man wearing a ten-dollar badge-pin with a diamond in it went blithely up Third avenue the other night to a meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club. At that time he did not know that spring was so close aboard, as Captain Clark would say it, and that ere another ten days had passed the young man would be taking account of stock with a view to selecting his summer girl. At the door of the hall, when it was reached, he laid down a new five-cent piece, which was absorbed with alacrity by Treasurer Morris, and as he did so he reflected on how much better it was thus to appropriate that sum than to spend it for lager beer. At the same time he kept another five-cent piece where he could get hold of it handily if he should change his mind.

The speaker of the evening was Mrs. Clara Neymann, who had taken it in hand to point out the "Dangers Ahead." In introducing the lady, Mr. Wakeman said he hoped the audience would behave as well as it could afford to while she was speaking.

Mrs. Neymann wore a handsome rose, and spoke with just enough accent to suggest the Faderland. It appeared from the lecture that the danger ahead is the utter obliteration of our institutions which must result from exclusiv male suffrage. Women demand the suffrage and may be driven to the alternativ of joining the labor party for the accomplishment of that purpose. Women must vote or the republic must go. Mrs. Neymann's lecture lasted a little more than an hour, and contained many arguments in favor of extending the ballot to women.

The Chair gave notice that Leander Thompson would speak at the next meeting on "The Scum of Society." Mr. Thompson probably did not choose his subject with the Liberal Club's members in mind, because they are the *élite* of the city. The Chair added that the floor was now open for discussion of the lecture, in speeches of ten minutes each. Mr. Wakeman advised the critics not to attempt to elaborate more than one or two points during that limited period. The last man who tried to crowd a lecture into ten minutes did not make a success of it.

After a very long delay, Mr. Flynn went forward in one aisle and Mrs. Leonard in the other. Mrs. Leonard gave way. She said she was only going to take the platform to apologize for the backwardness of the men.

Mr. Flynn announced that he was one of those unpopular individuals who didn't believe in woman suffrage.

Mrs. Britton (from the audience): "Aha! a fossil!"

The Chair: "Order! Don't be surprised at anything you hear now."

Mr. Flynn proceeded to say that politics was outside the domain of women. If women had a domain of their own, it wouldn't be proper for men to encroach upon it. Women can accomplish as much without the ballot as with it. Female suffrage is only a sentimental idea, and the women care more for the means than for the end.

Lawyer Searing was the next speaker. He did not relish the idea of lecturers coming down from the Nineteenth Century Club to instruct the plain, common-sense people of the Labor party and the Liberal Club. The lecturer had said that it might be necessary for the woman suffragists to join the working people, thus implying that she hoped for better things. Mr. Searing doubted the earnestness and honesty of the lecturer and her class. If they thought they could gain their end by joining the Labor party, why didn't they do so at once, instead of reserving that as a last resort? The trouble was they preferred to agitate in a cultured and ornamental manner rather than get down to the hard work and practical methods by which alone their legal disabilities could be removed. Mr. Searing spoke with unusual animation.

Lawyer Levi said that Mr. Searing had illustrated what lawyers called the *suppressio veri, suggestio falsi.* The reason women want the ballot is because disfranchisment is degradation, and they feel it as keenly as the slaves of the South felt their bondage. Woman suffrage would find its strongest supporters among working women and workingmen's wives, because they know best where the shoe pinches. They cannot compete with men in the labor market, but they know that by means of the ballot they can effect legislation which will help them.

Mrs. Leonard hinted that Mr. Flynn had broken prematurely from the restraint of the maternal apron strings. He would better go back.

Dr. Weeks didn't especially believe in woman's rights. He believed in human rights, which included the rights of women. A visitor who went away at the beginning of Dr. Weeks's remarks said to the writer that by a curious coincidence, Dr. Weeks always commenced speaking at about the time he, the visitor, felt like going home.

Lawyer Chamberlain noted that the fact that the Declaration of Independence was not universally understood had been shown by Mr. Flynn, who had spoken of *giving* women their rights, as though men had the rights of women in charge, and as though that could be given which is inalienable. Mr. Chamberlain further said that the lower strata of society must be reached and fructified before the idea of universal suffrage would bear fruit.

Mrs. Hallock was glad the enemies were no stronger. Mr. Searing, she thought, had shown too much excitement for a judicial mind. Mrs. Hallock was interrupted by a man, evidently drunk, who in a loud voice demanded to know how Salisbury and Parnell stood upon the Labor question. The Chair warned him that his action was wholly without precedent, and that if he did not come to order the second secretary would put him out. The second secretary, though a man of peace, was very happy over the prospect of an opportunity to oblige the Chair, and laid down his pencil, but the man lacked the public spirit to continue the disturbance, and with a deep sigh the disappointed secretary resumed his official duties. This is the first time a drunk and disorderly person has invaded the club during the present writer's four years' regular attendance.

Mrs. Neymann closed the discussion. From which great profit was derived, the speakers being fair and learned; and when the proper time arrived, the meeting was declared adjourned.

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The next meeting, which the writer unavoidably missed, was addressed by Leander Thompson, who dealt with the "Scum of Society" in an able manner. The Hon. Dennis McMahon succeeds on the "Illusions of Legislation."

The all-absorbing topic of conversation at the club is the resignation of President Wakeman, against which a petition of protest is being circulated and numerously signed. On the last of the month Mr. Wakeman will make a speech, in which it is expected that he will reveal the causes which impel him to the separation.

## English as She is Spelled.

In a house with a white door *knob*,
Was a man who came there to krob,
But he left for the West
With a hole in his vest,
Where reside his companions, who ksob.

That householder had plenty of *phlegm*—
Too much, say those burglars, for phthegm.
Pistol-practice at night
They declare is not right
Just to save from a thief a small phgegm.

And who is to say they are *wrong*—
These knights of the road and of wsong?—
For our days here below
Are so brief, you must know,
And our stay "over there" will be wlong.

"I hav sent this most gallant of *knights*
Where jewels and gems are by krights
Used for ceiling and floor,
And not purchased with goor,"
Said the householder, after the kfight.

Now, the "spirits" report once *again*
That "he says that an old setting hain
Would not peck at large pearls"
Where his wings he unfearls
And flies through the sky like a wrain.

H. H. G.

## You Fight, and I'll Pray.

Grant Thorburn, the calumniator of Thomas Paine, was a puny Scotchman. He used to visit his nativ country, and on one of the return voyages the captain called on the passengers to help him quell a mutiny. Thorburn turned to a fellow-passenger of large stature and said, "You help the captain, and I will go down in the cabin and pray." The mutiny was quelled, and on the arrival of the vessel at New York an account of it was published in the newspapers, in which the successful result was attributed to the powerful efforts of Grant Thorburn!

## John E. Remsburg at the Grave of His Child.

MY FRIENDS: Custom decrees that at the grave a word be spoken, and struggling against the pangs of this deep woe, I hav summoned courage to perform the task. I shall be brief. for in an hour like this words at their best are little more than mockery—sound as hollow as the clods that soon will fall upon this little casket.

It seems doubly sad that on the first day of spring, just as the flowers are getting ready to bud and blossom, our tiny bud should droop and die. Yet here he lies—withered and dead.

On Tuesday evening, while many miles away, a letter reached me stating that our pretty babe was sick, and very sick. But it had been written four days before, and as the wires brought no fresh tidings I believed that he was better. Yesterday morning I was seated at a table penning a word of cheer to his dear mother, telling her that in a week I would be at home again. The thought filled me with joy, and in a dream of fancy I saw our darling running to meet me at the door, ready to climb into my arms, when on the wings of lightning came with staggering force the cruel message—"Gene is dead!"

It is ever so--when least expecting it we stand face to face with Death. At dawn, at mid-day, as well as at life's eve, he comes. His icy fingers dally with youth's golden curls as oft as with the silver locks of age. The patriarch lies down in his last sleep; with bleeding hearts, beside his shriveled corpse we place the dimpled babe, and then, anon, blinded with scalding tears, bend over the mute form of a companion fallen in the very noon of life. All hav witnessed this grim monarch's work—hav felt the bitterness his presence brings. Our sad experience to-day was, yesterday, your own. Within these gates you, too, hav stood as mourners—hav been called upon to deposit on this sunny slope some loved one. I need not tell you that in your hours of grief you had our unfeigned sympathy. I know that we receive yours now, and this will make the burden of our sorrow less.

. . . . . .

Dear Gene, less than a month ago, upon that cheek, then warm with life, I pressed a parent's loving kiss, and said, Good-bye. And now, upon the cold and pallid lips of my dead child I print a last fond kiss and say, Farewell!

## Lectures and Meetings.

THE New York State Woman Suffrage Association will hold its annual convention in this city at the Masonic Temple, corner Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, Thursday and Friday, April 21st and 22d. The public sessions are at 2 and 8 P.M. The convention will be addressed by Matilda Joslyn Gage, Mary Seymour Howell, Caroline Gilkey Rogers, Marguerite Moore, Annie Jenness Miller, Isabella Beecher Hooker, Clara Neymann, Kate Palmer Stearns, Rev. Amanda Deyo, Lillie Devereaux Blake, and others. The admission is free.

J. E. REMSBURG is lecturing to crowded houses in Kansas. In three weeks he delivered twenty-five lectures, speaking in Twin Mound, Heberling's, Burlingame, Fall River, Leon, Andover, Benton, Geuda Springs, Cedar Vale, Mound City, Max, Humboldt, Burlington, and Garnett. He has thirty lectures yet to deliver, as follows:

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| Marysville | Sat., Sun., Apr. 16, 17. |
| Haddam | Mon., 18. |
| Concordia | Tues., 19. |
| Downs | Wed., Fri., 20, 22. |
| Logan | Thur., 21. |
| Motor | Sat., Sun., 23, 24. |
| Bavaria | Mon., 25. |
| New Cambria | Tues., 26. |
| Dunlap | Wed., 27. |
| Conway | Thur., 28. |
| Sterling | Fri., 29. |
| Andover | Sat., 30. |
| Benton | Sun., May 1. |
| Leon | Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., 2, 3, 4, 5. |
| Fredonia | Fri., 6. |
| Sycamore Station | Sat., 7. |
| Neodosha | Sun., 8. |

After his work in Kansas is completed, Mr. Remsburg will return to Illinois.

## Business Notes.

ATTENTION is called to the advertisment elsewhere of W. F. Jamieson's Minnesota farm, which he offers for sale.

THE TRUTH SEEKER can be purchased by residents of Grand Rapids, Mich., at 138 South Division street, from Mr. Charles Sach.

THE sixth edition of Helen H. Gardener's "Men, Women, and Gods" is now in press, and will shortly be ready for sale. This edition will be embellished with a new portrait of the writer, which of itself is a thing of beauty and joy forever, because it's just like her. Writing praises of the book, however, is painting a lily, and we accept the best that has been said of it and, like the man who pasted his prayer over his bed, say, "Lord, them's my sentiments."

## A Solid Argument for Christ.

*From the Milwaukee Sentinel.*

OCONOMOWOC, April 1.—E F. Ring, of Starta, an ex-preacher, but now a Freethought lecturer, yesterday offered one of his printed lectures for sale in the store occupied by Joel A. Woodruff and Andrew McKee, in this city, and was ejected from the store by them. Mr. Ring is an aged man, and the father of ex-Senator Ring.

# Communications.

## Miracles and Miracle Workers.

Bible miracles are too much of the hocus-pocus kind to really demand serious attention. Everyone will admit that a greater miracle can scarcely be conceived than turning all the waters of a great country into blood. Yet if magicians with their enchantments could perform this wonderful miracle, it will be easy enough to account for the lesser ones.

I do not believe that a scientist can be found in the whole land who believes that the waters of Egypt were turned into blood. And if it is true that no such phenomenon ever occurred, then it has no better foundation than a lie to rest upon. When the world shall have entirely outgrown its childhood, it will be found that all miracles can be accounted for by ignorance, imposture, fraud, deception, or lies.

Many of the so-called miracles are no miracles at all. There is no miracle in curing the sick or healing the lame, deaf, or blind. But it would be a miracle for children to be thrown into a furnace and come out uninjured by fire. Fire destroyed animal tissues three thousand years ago just as it does to-day. Men could lie three thousand years ago as well as they can to-day; and if all would stop to consider how much easier it is to believe that men can lie or be deceived than it is to believe that a law of nature can be violated, there would be an end to the miracle mystery.

Turning water into wine is too silly to talk about as a miracle. It would only be a clever deception for the deft hands of a trickster. I have seen and tasted all kinds of liquors poured from one bottle.

In one of the rejected gospels it is stated that John was thrown into a caldron of boiling oil in Rome. No Christian is asked to believe this unbelievable statement. But if he should express a doubt that certain men were taken up into the air, or that certain other men jumped out of their graves, he would not only incur the displeasure of the church, but the danger of that brimstone country "prepared for the devil and his angels."

But if these stories had been voted out, and the story about John and the boiling oil had been voted in, then that would have been the story which the Christian would have believed. And right here let me state, once for all, that there is not a single statement—including all the miracles—not a single chapter or sentence of the New Testament which has anything more solid for a foundation than the votes of uninspired, fallible men, and some of them very bad men too.

In the discussion of this subject, it seems eminently fitting that the Gospel of the Infancy should receive particular notice.

I want the Christian to know more fully about the stories which were afloat in regard to the miracles of Jesus.

According to this gospel, Jesus spoke to his mother while lying in the cradle, and said, "I am Jesus, the son of God."

When the wise men of the East returned, they took a swaddling-cloth which could not be burnt by fire.

Idols fell down in his presence. Devils were cast out from those who touched his swaddling-clothes. The dumb recovered their speech by taking Jesus in their arms.

Leprosy was cured by sprinkling with water in which Jesus had been washed.

A man was turned to a mule, and then restored back to manhood by placing Jesus on the mule's back.

A sick boy whom Jesus healed was thrown into a hot oven, and was found laughing. He was afterward thrown into a well, and sat upon the water.

When Judas Iscariot was a boy he had a devil which made him bite every one. He sat down by Jesus and struck him, and Satan ran away like a mad dog.

When Jesus was seven years old he made oxen and asses out of birds, and commanded them to walk, and they did.

He also made sparrows which flew away.

When playing with other boys he threw clothes into a dyer's furnace (pretty business for a God), and they were taken out the color desired.

Joseph, the *father of Jesus*, made a throne for the king of Jerusalem. When done it was a span too short. Jesus took hold on one side and *his father* on the other, and pulled, and the throne came to the right dimension.

(If Joseph was his father and the Holy Ghost was his father also, Jesus must have been a sort of hybrid, part Holy Ghost and part human.)

Jesus turned some boys into kids and then turned them back to boys again. (Wonder if they ate grass like Nebuchadnezzar?)

He cured the bite of poisonous insects.

A boy fell from a house and was killed. Jesus was accused of pushing him off. Jesus stood over the dead boy and said, "Who pushed thee off?" The dead boy answered, "Thou didst not."

Jesus was making fish pools with other boys (had God nothing of more importance on hand than playing in the mud with other Mugwumps?) and a Jew boy came along and destroyed the pools of the other boys, but when he came to the pool which Jesus made the water vanished. Jesus said, "In like manner shall thy life vanish," and immediately the boy died.

A boy ran against Jesus and threw him down, and Jesus said, "So shalt thou fall and never rise;" that moment the boy fell down dead.

When a boy he was sent to school (why send God to school? he must have known everything), and the teacher attempted to whip him, but his hand withered and he died.

Even in his boyhood days he understood philosophy, could teach astronomy (why did he not know that the earth was not flat?), physics, the powers of the body, the number of its members, the bones, arteries, veins, and nerves, how the soul operates on the body, etc.

This wonderful gospel winds up in this wonderful way: "The whole of the gospel of the infancy, by the assistance of the supreme God, according to what we find in the original."

If the "supreme God" assisted in writing this gospel, why revise or alter it? Did some pious crank think he could beat God in writing a gospel? Why not give us the "original gospel," and not one "according to it?" The one who wrote the "original" should not only have been inspired, but the one who made the alterations, and those who voted to determine which of these gospels were the word of God, and even those who read them, so as to insure a right understanding of what is written, and thus preclude the idea of any mistake.

This gospel lifts the veil and shows not only how one gospel was taken from another, but the workings of designing men in an age when every man of any consideration was writing gospels or working miracles; also how, in an age of superstition, impostors had almost unlimited opportunity to deceive the people.

If the miracles of Jesus as recorded in the "Gospel of the Infancy" are true, is there not an awful responsibility resting upon somebody on account of their not being found in the New Testament? If they are lies, might not the object which induced somebody to lie about them have induced others to lie about those recorded in the New Testament?

Every system of supernatural religion with which I am acquainted has its marvels and miracles. Did God have a hand in working them all? If not, did he have to do with any of them? Remember the miraculous is the impossible. Anything within the realm of the possible is no miracle. JOHN PECK.

## Pure Pessimism.

Far better, far better is death than a life
Of wretched, unceasing, and harrowing strife
With the world, for merely a living;
Far better to shuffle this life of care,
With its grinding, withering wear and tear,
Burdens too heavy for mortals to bear,
Than wrestle with fate and her giving.

Life is no blessing, but really a curse,
With fate ever ready its ills to disburse,
And happy the day when rumbles the hearse,
One's corse to the resting-place bearing;
Far better the iron embrace of death,
Than the ceaseless struggle in life for breath,
'Mid the cries of millions despairing.

Of the countless myriads passed away,
Of the legions living on earth to-day,
Who asked for this life with its tasking?
Not one of the host in eternity's fold,
Not one of the living, the timid, or bold,
Not one of the millions and billions all told—
'Twas thrust upon all without asking.

Far better the grave than this life on earth,
With its ceaseless troubles and fleeting mirth;
Far better we never had known the birth
To life, with its miseries certain!
The sleep in the grave is the sleep of peace,
There troubles and sorrows forever will cease,
With never a rise of the curtain.

SI SLOKUM.

## Napoleon Bonaparte's Skepticism.

Some of Napoleon Bonaparte's biographers hav represented him as almost, if not quite, a believer in the divinity of Jesus Christ. But here is something quite contrary to that, and it is well authenticated. It is found in a monthly publication called the *Theophilanthropist*, No. 4, April, 1810:

As to Bonaparte's religion, when among the Mohammedans in Egypt, he declared himself a true Mussulman, and on his return to France, and assuming the government, being reproached by Mr. Dupuis (author of the celebrated work entitled, "The Origin of All Religious Worship") for reinstating the Catholic religion, he said that "as for himself he did not believe that such a person as Jesus Christ ever existed; but as the people were inclined to superstition, he thought proper not to oppose them." This fact Mr. Dupuis related to Thomas Paine and Chancellor Livingston, then minister of the United States at Paris [1801–1805], as the former informed the writer of this note.

BURR.

## Mrs. Colman's Reminiscences.

In a little town not far from Ypsilanti there occurred a circumstance among the Baptists, of which I was not the hero, but as I spoke in the church some months later, it will not be trespassing to relate it. This place was the home of our Infidel friend, Henry De Garmo. He had in his employ a fugitiv slave, a very black man, large and good-looking. His wife was also of the same style, very dark, and the children—seven in number—were ditto. The negro was a very pious Baptist, always attended church, and paid as much as he could afford in support of the minister, but his place was always in the *negro pew*. Mr. De Garmo used to ask if he expected to occupy a pen in heaven, telling him that his brethren cared nothing for him, only that he was a good paying member. This Jimmie as he was called, denied, asserting that they were "all one in Christ Jesus." At length a new church was to be built, and Jimmie, when he had a day that could be spared from his regular work, helped about the new building with right good will, and in process of time the house was completed and dedicated, and the day appointed for the sale of the pews. Mr. De Garmo said: "Wouldn't you like to buy a pew? It's hardly respectable not to own a pew, such a faithful Baptist as you are. Go and bid off the best pew in the broad aisle, and I will find the money to pay for it. You may bid as high as one hundred and fifty dollars, but be sure you get the best seat." So Jimmie, with that amount of money in his purse, bid off "the upper seat in the synagog"—I think be paid one hundred and thirty dollars. Of course his white brethren were glad to sell him the pew, as now some of them could rent it at a reasonable price. Our friend who had supplied the money saw to it that the wife and all the seven children were in good trim for church on the Sunday following—hats and shoes for the children, a new bonnet and shawl for the wife, and all sent to church in proper order. Instead of taking the negro pew, Mr. Jimmie walked up the aisle, followed by his entire family—nine, all told. The consternation was as dreadful as though the dark cloud had been a Western cyclone. The sexton went to the pew, and told the owner that he must leave that seat and take his family and go further back, but the black owner of the pew refused to be disturbed. He had bought the pew and paid for it, and he should occupy it. The services were hurried through, and then the minister, with the leading members, held a consultation, and, as nothing else seemed to hav any effect upon Mr. Jimmie, the minister told him if he persisted in occupying that seat it would prove him not a Christian, as one of the requisits of a Christian was humility, and he was wickedly proud. The negro and his family left the church, fully convinced that *that* church was a sham, and that for the future they would worship outside the Baptist church.

I went to Battle Creek and vicinity, but everywhere Spiritualism was in the ascendant, and no one cared for the slave.

There is in one of the state prisons of Michigan to-day a woman who, the year following the time of which I am writing, was put there for life for the crime of murder, she having, at the command of spirits, through an unprincipled man, a medium, sent some one to heaven. This woman belongs to a highly respectable family in central New York. She was always respectable, but a little "queer." She lived with her husband on a small farm in Michigan, and when she became a widow had three children. I called on her, and had I been asked to describe her, should hav said she was an ignorant, superstitious woman, expecting a good deal of help from the spirit of her husband, but was trying to support her children. Poor woman! she was surely insane—and for that she wears the prisoner's garb, and has been all these many years shut away from the world. Is insanity a crime?

I do not remember that we were (I had now joined another agent) violently assailed in Michigan, but in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois we were in constant jeopardy. The spirit of slavery was as strong on the north as on the south side of the Ohio river. At some places pepper or tobacco would be put upon the stove, the perpetrators of the insult having fastened first all the windows, so that it was impossible to move them. Our carriage would be robbed of one wheel, or the harness cut. Sometimes the horse would be shorn of mane or tail, and the carriage filled with night-soil or addled eggs; but such things were as nothing to an assault upon us individually. A mob of infuriated men can be compared to nothing but themselvs. Stones, brickbats, and rotten eggs are the weapons, and a tar kettle and bag of feathers was the most to be dreaded. I fortunately escaped the last, though I hav smelled the tar and seen the bag containing the feathers. And who do you suppose were the leaders in these riots? Always ministers and leaders of the Republican party. Do you not see the logic of this fact? We showed conclusivly that "the American church was the bulwark of slavery;" that the holding of slaves was never a hindrance to church fellowship, but Abolition was often a cause of disfellowship, and the new political

party was not fond of being told that it was the power that held in bondage four millions of men, women, and children. The Fugitiv Slave law was at this time in full operation, and the officers of the law, whether of one party or the other, were required to act; and we were not slow in giving them the name appropriate to their business—bloodhounds of and for the South. A curious little incident, which, without much meaning, made a good laugh, I am tempted to relate.

Theodore Parker was speaking to a large and enthusiastic audience in the city of Rochester, a short time after the passage of this law by Congress. Mr. Parker drew from his pocket a large handbill advertising a runaway negro, the negro represented by a grotesque figure, and, written upon the bill, some insulting language addressed to Mr. Parker. As the bill was held up before the audience with the words, "We of the North are commanded to become bloodhounds," a large dog, lying just in front of the desk, arose and howled forth his indignation. He seemed furious, but Mr. Parker, in an appeasing voice, said, "No, no; not a respectable four-legged dog like you, 'tis the two-legged ones that are meant." The dog whined out his approval and became quiet, but the audience was some time in regaining its composure.

We had an antislavery dog in Salem, Ohio, who made his home in the office of the *Antislavery Bugle*. No one knew where he came from, but he was persistent, and when an agent was sent out into some new field, the dog would go also; and when such agent was settled in a friendly home, the dog would return to Salem. And the dog has more than once been my traveling companion. I know not what became of him; perhaps he lived to be emancipated from his work when the slaves were no longer chattels, but, like many a hero of those days, his worth is more likely forgotten.

LUCY N. COLMAN.

*Syracuse.*

## The Signs.

Has our day one statesman like Henry of 1776, who had "but one lamp, experience, to guide his footsteps?" Before every great revolution its cause, its object, its results, may be read in the conduct of peoples. Before ours of 1776 protests to the British throne, resolutions of colonial assemblies, conventions of the thirteen in union, militia organizations, were the order of the time, foreshadowing resistance, state and general government formations, war. Before the terrible French Revolution, frightful debasement of the masses, cries for bread, new theories of human rights, general disorganization of even village society, separation of orders, general alarm, deep hate by each class against all above it, typified the universal chaos, bloodshed, and terror advancing. Before our late war, sectional discord, the rapid snapping of those bonds of social union between North and South, churches, societies, resolving themselvs into churches or societies North and South; bitter crimnation and recrimnation, struggles between colonies of North and South in Kansas, were prophetic of dissolution and sectional war. To-day are no protests against governments; no sectional hates, no snapping of bonds, are heard or seen. Yet there is a general ferment, a common hatred of monopolies, strikes, combinations of millions of men into unions and orders that are despotic, absolute; contempt of state and national legislatures, bloody riots here and there, hunger, suffering among millions, appeals of threatened powers to government for protection. Can ye not read the signs of the times, O blind, besotted statute makers (not law makers)? The people are courting a responsible representativ ruler, ready to trample to death several hundred irresponsible pretended servants—bribe-takers. What means this union and blind obedience to secret heads, heads that owe a fearful responsibility to the masses, heads whose only rivals are the rich and great citizens, whose sole reliance are the love and confidence of the millions? These signs foretell revolution and overthrow of Plutarchs, and all the humbug of much governing, irresponsible place-holders, blood-sucking leeches, and rest under the people's rule through one responsible head.

Would we could see a recurrence to and respect for state government in the signs! The abolition of the pretended revenue laws, and the building by general government of two great transcontinental railway lines, with double tracks, north and south, east and west, to intersect at the center, with numbers of feeders from all points to points along the lines, to be operated by government at cost (best, perhaps, to be done by states), would in one year place this people where they were in 1850, with the added blessing of slavery annihilated. Like oil upon the raging waters, these things would quiet the wrecking waves. But alas! where is the man in power who has the remotest idea that these troubles in a sparsely-settled republic, where are countless millions of new, rich, cheap lands, are the result of a foolish statute or two? As I heard a man of common-sense—of almighty common-sense, too—say, "Such little causes could not make such great effects;" and he is a fair representativ of our shallow college educations, that breed, not Ben Franklins, not Patrick Henrys, but mouthing politicians, blind leaders of the blind, tumbling into abysms of horror. Lessons of history no more known than as if they never were. No, "they don't apply to this great American people!" American human nature is not like other; American political economy is unlike European. Our multiplication table should be altered, as it differs from that of the effete despotisms, and, indeed, of our forefathers.

CLARKE IRVINE.

*Oregon, Mo.*

## The Dictionary and the Bible.

There are two books that the student and thinker hav studied, referred to, and used perhaps more than any other two volumes the world has yet produced. These are the Dictionary and the Bible.

For long ages the Bible has been loved, revered, hated, and despised, according as the acceptance or rejection of its doctrins hav had an influence upon its readers. But the Dictionary has always held a steady and respectable position in all minds that hav recognized its importance. The Bible has stood still, and its believers hav taken a pride in proclaiming its unchangeableness and permanency.

Yesterday, to-day, and forever, it must remain the same. To alter, change, or take from it was one of the unpardonable sins, for is it not the word of God? Is it not perfect beyond all books man ever made or could make? So it has gone on, reprint after reprint, perpetuating all the old absurdities, crudities, and imperfections of a barbarous and unlearned past, binding them upon a higher civilization, and thus chaining the whole race to an effete, degrading, debasing code of morals that perpetuates wars, hangings, murders, thefts, falsehoods, and all manner of evils. Mormonism, Shakerism, Spiritualism, Catholicism, and even cannibalism, are all enabled to find authority for their creeds and mistakes in this old compilation of antiquities.

Now, the Dictionary is just the reverse of the Bible. Carefully compiled at the very first, and revised, improved, and perfected in each new reprint, its admirers and patrons one and all doing their very best to keep it well up with the improvements of the age, and extirpating from it the smallest and tiniest error that is discernible by the best scholar or philologist.

To-day we find the Dictionary consulted by our thinkers and scholars ten times where the Bible is once opened by them.

There is no trouble in defining or pronouncing a word according to Webster, but attempt to define the meaning of certain texts of scripture, and what a muddle you are in!

Pious people proclaim the great age of the Bible as proof of its divinity and value, but if we take this as a standard, the Dictionary will far outrival it, for ever since there hav been books there hav been other books explanatory of the language and terms used in them. Glossaries at the end of scientific works are still in vogue.

I pronounce the Dictionary to be really the book of all books, and one which no other book will ever supersede.

All hail to the glorious old Dictionary!

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

## Book Censorship in Australia.

*From the Melbourne Harbinger of Light.*

The *Age* of the 24th ult. contains an able leading article on the espionage and censorship of the Customs officials on imported literature, having especial reference to the recent detention of Emile Zola's works by a landing-waiter of the department. In condemning this interference with trade and the tastes of the public by petty officers, the *Age* says:

There is great danger in starting an *Index Expurgatorius*, as, once initiated, there would be difficulty in defining its limits. Faith is considered by most people as important as morals, and our amateur censors would hav a fine hunting-ground open for them in the domain of Freethought. The example set in the Customs would be followed by other government officials, and the importers of certain descriptions of anti-theological literature would hav a hard time of it. We can imagin the joy with which orthodox officers would pounce upon Hume's "Essays," or a volume of Voltaire. Herbert Spencer's works would be fair game. Huxley would be open to confiscation, and Darwin be turned over to condemnation. Books to be found in every enlightened clergyman's library might hardly pass the keen-eyed scrutiny of our new inquisitors, once fairly put upon the scent. Bishop Colenso's calculations could be made short work of, for how would the ordinary reader retain his faith in Noah after the holding capacity of the Ark had been shown to be utterly unequal to the cargo prepared for it; and might not his reverence for the Jews be disturbed when it was demonstrated to him that they were not nearly so numerous as the record affirmed? Even such a harmless volume as "Essays and Reviews," to which churchmen, who hav become bishops, contributed, would, in its day, hav been ruthlessly expurgated by Victorian vigilance. A mass of crude heresy like "Religion without Superstition" would hav no quarter given to it; and if the acts of these heresy hunters were appealed against, might not one of our legal dignitaries find himself placed in the embarrassing position of having to decide on the right to existence of the offspring of his own fertil but erratic brain? The prospect opened out by the establishment of a censorship of literature in our midst is too appalling, and it is well that the attempt should be thwarted at the start. In faith and in morals both, the best judges for regulating the people's choice of study are the people themselvs, and we doubt if they could be much helped in this work of selection by the whole staff of landing-waiters.

Our contemporary is not aware that what he suggests as probable has been going on for some time past, and that scarcely a case of assorted literature consigned to the proprietor of this paper has passed through the Customs for many months past without detention, and examination, and submission of selected books to the higher officials in the hope of getting them condemned as blasphemous. Only a few weeks since a case of books from Colby & Rich, of Boston, was detained till the landing-waiter could examin "Jesus of Nazareth," by Alexander Smyth, and "Jehovah Unveiled," and "Letter to the Bishop of Llandaff," by Paine.

In August last, our mail parcel of periodicals was detained for ten days because a case from the Progressiv Publishing Company was included in the same bill of lading, in which some old copies of the *Freethinker* had been used for padding to fill up a little space on the top. The heretical nature of these apparently shocked the sensitiv and highly moral landing-waiter, who sent the case immediately to the queen's warehouse. Through neglect of the company referred to we had no advices of this case, so applied for the delivery of the parcel of periodicals, of which we were in urgent need, letting the other remain *sub judice;* to our astonishment, however, we were informed by the landing-waiter's superior officer that in the event of the objection to the one case being sustained, the whole of the bill of lading was liable to confiscation. The commissioner of Customs, however, would not sustain this interpretation, and, after much worry and loss of time, we were allowed to get the periodicals, and to inspect the other case which we could not at the time identify as fitting with any recent orders. The only possible objection to its contents would be a theological one, as the works were principally Paine's and Ingersoll's, the remainder being of the same class. When some advices and an invoice reached us about a fortnight after, we made a formal claim for the case, but found it and the whole of its contents had been destroyed—to the delight, no doubt, of the religious landing-waiter and his orthodox friends.

It was, doubtless, this officious individual who some twelve months since made a fool of the *Age*, and caused them to publish the scandalous libel on the proprietor of this journal in reference to the case of books imported by him from the Truth Seeker Company of New York, and the countenance then given to him has encouraged him in his vexatious interference with our importations, and enabled him to giv us a great amount of trouble, besides subjecting us to a monetary loss of nearly £40. The higher authorities of the department hav shirked the responsibility of interfering with their subordinate, passing the responsibility over to the law officers of the crown; but it is to be hoped that now the daily press has called attention to the subject, some steps will be taken to check the officiousness of this self-constituted moral and religious censor before his example is followed by his confrères.

## A Shivering World.

The last startling novelty, in the way of surprise, which scientists hav invented, is a machine for measuring the shiverings of the world, and thus another belief of our innocent youth has been remorselessly shattered.

Instead of the world being a great, big, burly, robust sphere—a mammoth cricket-ball swung off through space from the bat of Time in one huge, compact, dense mass—the earth is a sort of jelly-fish imposture.

Its skin of soil—like a plate of blanc-mange in the hands of a gentleman who loves Bacchus not wisely but too well—shakes incessantly. The earth, in fact, has got the ague, and nobody yet knows the cause.

So gingerly susceptible, too, is the world to motion, that if a man, standing firmly planted on a gravel bed, upon both feet, only places his weight first on one leg and then on the other, taking care not to stir his pedal extremities, he causes a perceptible vibration through a radius of thirty-two feet.

Some days the earth is, comparativly speaking, quiet. It does not shiver so much. Suddenly the fit comes on again, and it shakes away as if it had got cold in its very bones.

So far, therefore, from there being any wonder when the shivering gets worse, as in the case of an earthquake, that buildings fall down, the marvel is that they stand up at all.

In the course of a few decades, when science becomes more advanced, we may learn that the streets and edifices, which we deem to be fixtures, are tearing round at the rate of a million or so of miles a minute, and that all that we deem to be materialized solids is imperceptible gas—ourselvs among the number.—*Ex.*

CALIFORNIA has 912 churches and 2,763 schoolhouses. She has 765 preachers and 3,500 teachers. She spends $900,000 on religion and $3,838,000 on education. California is traveling the right road.

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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## The Nuisance of Good Friday.

A week ago yesterday was called Good Friday. It is alleged to hav been the anniversary of the punishment of a seditious Jew put to death on the cross by a Roman governor to appease the Jewish churchmen who accused him of blasphemy in attempting to overthrow the Mosaic laws and subvert the true faith. Upon the supposed sayings and doings of this young man has been founded a religion, called Christianity.

Unhappily this religion is believed in by a majority of the people of this country. It used to be believed to such an extent that its influence was felt in all the laws of the land. In New York, now, there are enough Christians to modify the action of many public bodies, and to interfere with the pursuits of all citizens. The public schools of the city are closed, the legislature adjourns, the Stock Exchange shuts its doors, the Produce, Maritime, and the Petroleum exchanges follow suit, and business "down town" is practically suspended.

There are, however, a good many Infidels in New York, and this public recognition of the day is an outrage upon their rights. Take, for instance, the closing of the public schools. Friday there was no school because Jesus is said to hav been crucified; Monday was kept because it follows the Sunday when he is said to hav risen; Tuesday, because the teachers desired a day to recover from the effects of piety taken not wisely but in too great quantities. Here are three days wasted for no earthly reason but that the Christian religion may be emphasized.

As one, and in behalf of all the other Infidel citizens of the town, we protest. Good Friday is nothing to us. Easter Monday is nothing, and as for the "Tuesday after Easter," we hav no respect for the day, and very little for the school authorities who force the children to observe it. Why must we help pay for schools that are closed, and contribute to the salaries of teachers who do not teach? Do not teach, did we say? Aye, but they do teach, and they teach falsehood. The closing of the school does more to instil into the minds of the children the poison of superstition than any words that the teacher could utter. Children must know the reason for the holiday so welcome to the rogues, and they are not apt to forget the day which allows them to play instead of study. With such rewards in view, they learn rapidly and remember well. But to the parent who desires to keep the mind of his child free till such time as the youngster shall develop common sense enough to judge of religion for itself, these object lessons in history are most unwelcome. It is but recently that Good Friday has been observed by the schools, and the observance marks the growing influence of the Roman Catholic church. A few more years—a little more added power to the pope—and we shall hav a calendar studded with pious holidays, and the church will own the people of this land as completely as it once did the peasantry of Europe.

## Topolobampo Bay.

Last winter we had the pleasure of a call from Mr. L. H. Hawkins, from whom a letter is here subjoined. Mr. Hawkins was on his way to Topolobampo bay as attorney for the railroad which Mr. Albert K. Owens is under contract to build in Sinaloa, Mexico, and as one of the directors of the coöperativ enterprise. Mr. Hawkins impressed those he met as an honest, straightforward man, and his enthusiasm for the new enterprise was unbounded. His visit chanced to be timed when Mr. J. W. Lovell lectured upon the scheme before the Manhattan Liberal Club. Colonel Hinton, it will be remembered, in criticising Mr. Lovell, disparaged the work, and thought those who went there would be disappointed. Mr. Hawkins hinted to the reporter of the meeting that Colonel Hinton was inspired by ill-will toward Mr. Owen, and that his opinion should therefore hav no weight. An intimation that Colonel Hinton might be right and Mr Lovell wrong was dismissed by Mr. Hawkins as beyond the limit of possibility. Mr. Hawkins left for Topolobampo bay with the good wishes of his friends for himself and the coöperativ enterprise. Beyond a direction to change the address of his paper, we had heard nothing from him until we received the following:

"LOS ANGELES, CAL., March 25, 1887.

"EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: About Dec. 15, 1886, myself and family—wife and three children—moved to Topolobampo bay, Sinaloa, Mexico, and at the same time directed you to send THE TRUTH SEEKER to us at that place. From that time to this we hav received one copy only. Finding that the 'Credit Foncier of Sinaloa on Topolobampo bay' was in every respect a fraud and humbug; that the country was a barren waste, without water, and that it would cost half a million dollars to put water on the land; that the boasted 'city site' was a flat sandbank; that the much-lauded 'inner harbor' was, when the tide was out, a great mud-flat; that the colony did not and do not own over three hundred acres of land in Mexico, and that difficult of irrigation; that, in fact, every statement made by Owen was false; that nothing was as he represented; that the country teemed with poisonous reptils and annoying insects; that there was no shelter for the people, sick or well; that the country about Topolobampo was teeming with disease—small-pox, measles, and fever—and this in the healthy season of the year; and after we had lost our oldest son, a boy of eleven years, with small-pox, and had over and over again been told by the nativ Mexicans that not even an Indian could liv there in the spring and summer, we, with about thirty others, left the place where this Owen and a woman by the name of Howland were going to establish a 'higher civilization.' At Guaymas we received the one copy of your paper, and in it found your editorial on the Credit Foncier. It seemed like a revelation, and I want to thank you for your good advice. I also desire to thank Colonel Hinton, of your city, for his frankness and truthfulness when he so eloquently replied to J. W. Lovell before the Liberal Club last winter. Mr. Lovell has never been to Mexico, and knows nothing personally about the country. Colonel Hinton had; and right here I want to say that every word he uttered in reply to Mr. Lovell was the truth, and I now think with shame of my efforts to dissuade the able reporter of your paper, George Macdonald, from writing up that occasion as he should and did do.

"If you consider this worthy of notice in your paper, publish it. If I can be the means of giving any information to any of your readers who think of going to that accursed place, I want to do so, and I will gladly answer all inquiries if they will address me at No. 29 Morris street, Los Angeles, Cal.—to which address please send THE TRUTH SEEKER, which stands in your books in the name of Mrs. L. H. Hawkins. Respectfully yours, L. H. HAWKINS.

"29 Morris street, Los Angeles, Cal."

Mr. Hawkins writes rather ferociously, and it is evident that he entertains no good opinion of the colony and its managers. But if the facts he states are indeed all true, he has good reason for his opinions. At the same time, and that we may do no injustice to anyone, we copy the following from *John Swinton's Paper* of the 3d instant:

"We hav a letter from Mrs. Marie Howland, of Hammonton, N. J., in reference to certain recent reports of the unsatisfactory experiences of the Socialist colonists at Topolobampo, Mexico. She says:

"'The stories are the grossest falsehoods. All is fair and honest and honorable in our Mexican colony, which is progressing peacefully and admirably well. The postmaster-general of Mexico has just issued orders for three post-offices in our settlements. You will continue to hear good news from our new home in Topolobampo.'

"Mrs. Howland also favors us with a copy of the *Credit Foncier of Sinaloa*, which contains letters from colonists corroborativ of her statements. Among other things we find in it a dispatch from Fuerte, signed by Messrs. Owen, Chidester, Peet, and Schellhous, who say:

"'No sickness, plenty of provisions, four hundred and ten persons united and happy. Thirty deserted; peace followed.'

"Whatever may be the prevalent opinion or the final result of the remarkable experiment at Topolobampo, we hav full trust in the honor of Colcnel Owen and those associated with him in its management.

An esteemed correspondent in Ottawa, Kansas, sends us a document on another subject, from which we cut the following lines concerning the new colony:

"'I hav just read a letter from the colony in Mexico, written by a party that left here last December. He tells me that things are going along there in good shape; he says the disturbance was raised by a capitalist, a lawyer, a preacher, and a policeman. There was only one other ingredient necessary to make mcanness complete in this outfit, and that was a saloon-keeper. The correspondent says he would not come back to the States under any consideration. We here all know the writer, and know that he is entirely reliable and honest.'"

The lawyer referred to in the anonymous letter from Mr. Swinton's anonymous correspondent is probably Mr. Hawkins himself. But it is not necessarily true that all lawyers are bad men; and we are acquainted with one or two "capitalists" who are generous, broad-minded, humane, and honest men. Topolobampo bay will not be converted into a paradise by abuse of those who say it is not. The gist of the matter is, Are the statements Mr. Hawkins makes true? If so, the opinions of the interested projectors are subject to a discount. If the alleged disadvantages do not exist, it should be easily shown.

We are interested in the matter for the reason that a great many of THE TRUTH SEEKER family hav thought of joining the colony.

## A Churchman in an Executiv Chair.

The following remarkable executiv document emanates from the governor of Arkansas, and is addressed to the Senate of his state:

"*To the President of the Senate:*

"MR. PRESIDENT: Having had under consideration Senate bill No. 44, allowing butcher and baker shops to be kept open until 10 o'clock A.M. on Sunday, I am constrained to return the same to your honorable body without approval, with a statement of the reasons that prompt me to do so.

"Ours is a Christian civilization and our constitutions, national and state, upon their faces recognize Sunday or the Sabbath, called with emphasis the 'Lord's Day,' and our legislation makes it a day of rest and of abstinence from secular employments.

"It is a day set apart by divine authority for religious worship and by common consent recognized and respected as such.

"It is one of the first and most sacred, tenable, and important institutions of the Christian religion, which is part of the common law of the land.

"All institutions of the Christian religion that do not interfere with rights of conscience are entitled to the most profound respect, and should be protected by legislation.

"Remembering that we liv under a Constitution framed by and for a people whose religion is Christianity, and who hav long lived under and experienced the necessity for laws to secure the observance of Sunday as a day of rest, it does not seem proper to me to make common by legislativ enactment 'a day consecrated from the very birth of their religion and hallowed by associations dear to every Christian.'

"Destroy the Christian Sabbath and what becomes of the Christian religion? The poor beasts of burden would soon find by experience that our laws were no longer tempered by the softening influences of Christianity, and all the social advantages which great and good men hav attributed to the observance of Sunday as a day of rest would be taken away.

"Nothing but charity or necessity should excuse the engaging in the ordinary secular employments on the Sabbath.

"Under the law as it now is, charity or necessity upon the part of a customer will excuse the keeping open on Sunday of a business house. I cannot understand that there can be such a general necessity for keeping open butcher and baker shops on Sunday as to require that the law should be so changed as to permit it to be generally done.

"The farmer might urge that his grain would become too ripe unless he could reap it on Sunday, and the fruit vender that his fruit would decay unless he could be permitted to sell them on Sunday.

"But is it not of more importance that the Sabbath should be protected as a day of rest than that some should be exempted from inconvenience which its observance might sometimes cause? Correct general principles of morality and law should be sustained at the expense of particular consequences or inconveniences. Very respectfully,

"SIMON P. HUGHES, Governor."

Whereabouts upon the face of our national Constitution does Mr. Hughes find any recognition of Sunday as a religious institution? Why is ours a "Christian civilization?" And where is there any authority that Sunday was set apart by divinity? If divinity had anything to do with setting days apart, he nominated Saturday. The courts in the most civilized of our states hav denied that Christianity is part of the common law of the land, and why should Sunday, as a sacred institution of Chriatianity, be respected any more than Saturday, which the Jews and Seventh Day Adventists and Baptists keep; or Friday, which is the sacred day of the Mohammedans? Our national Constitution, so far from recog-

nizing the Christian Sunday, distinctly prohibits the establishment of *any* form of religion.

There is, however, one sentence in Governor Hughes's veto which explains it all. After writing it, he need not hav penned another word. It is this: "*Destroy the Christian Sabbath, and what becomes of the Christian religion?*" Therein is the gist of all Christian pleas for the Sunday. Whenever a Christian rises to explain that without the holy Sabbath there would be no morality, no rest for the laborer, he means instead that there would be no work for the priest, and that the Christian religion would be gone. That is the real reason why the Christians defend the day.

But then, was the governor of Arkansas elected to preserve the Christian Sunday or to carry out the will of the people of his state?

## Mr. and Mrs. Walker at Liberty.

We hav a communication from E. C. Walker, in which he announces that he and his wife are free. They hav under protest paid the costs of court for which they were detained, and come out of prison to fight the battle of the two Harmans, who were arrested for alleged violations of the postal laws. In the communication referred to—which we shall print next week—Mr. Walker sharply criticises the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER for some things he has said, and as Mr. Walker always writes forcibly, our readers will no doubt enjoy his letter.

We extend to Mr. Walker congratulations upon his attainment of liberty, and the felicity he will now enjoy in the society of his beautiful and heroic wife. May their further career together be one of unalloyed happiness. At the same time, we trust there is no harm done if we assure them that their last act is brimful of common sense. The state is too strong for them, and we do not know that it would be the best part of wisdom at present to overthrow government. There are too many Christians at large in Kansas to make the abolition of law a perfectly safe step.

However, we are heartily pleased that so brave a man and so sturdy a fighter as Mr. Walker is once more free to pursue whatever course shall seem best to him.

## Open Letters to Colonel Ingersoll.

Ever since the "Lay Sermon," by Colonel Ingersoll, delivered at Chickering Hall, was printed in THE TRUTH SEEKER, we hav been deluged with open letters to the orator from kindly-meaning people anxious to instruct him in Socialism or Communism, or some other remedy for the country's political ills. Most of the letters begin by calling Mr. Ingersoll's attention to the fact that he proposes no scheme of salvation, and then the writers continue, "Please allow me to tell you how the thing may be done cheaply and effectivly." Our readers will remember several such that hav been printed, and the drawer for those manuscripts that we cannot print is bulging over with others that hav not been printed. One of them covers over forty pages of closely written foolscap.

Now, we cannot believe that Colonel Ingersoll needs all this schooling. Those who hav heard him discourse upon these subjects know that he knows a great deal more about the various sides and shades of reform in political economy than most other folks. He also knows that there is no sudden remedy bottled and ready for use after being well shaken in a political campaign or the columns of the press. All modest men are not great, but great men are mostly modest, and Colonel Ingersoll is a great man. He possesses as much common sense to the square inch as anyone at present living in New York, while his square inches are multitudinous.

What is popularly called the labor question has been, is now, and will in the future be up for the liveliest kind of debate. It is a subject of the greatest importance to the population of the United States. It calls for deep, earnest, serious thinking, and careful expression. It is not to be settled offhand, but awaits solution by the great law of evolution which always makes for the best in the end, though its processes may be full of pain. If any of the very able contributors to THE TRUTH SEEKER can help the thing along, our columns are open now, as they always hav been. But the essays should be brief; it is better to come several times at judicious intervals than to come with an avalanche of manuscript which can hav but one fate, however good our will to use it. And do not let the matter take the form of "An Open Letter to Colonel Ingersoll." That gentleman is a very busy man, and it is doubtful if he would find time to read them—certainly he could not reply to them all. Let the information you hav to giv be direct to the interested, and independent of others, except as ideas may be considered in a general way. Particular criticisms should follow close on the heels of the words criticised, but we cannot always promptly make room for the lengthy articles with which we are usually favored. Therefore, to the writers of open letters to Colonel Ingersoll, let us say, Don't.

These remarks hav been called out by the reception, since we reprinted from the *North American Review* Mr. Ingersoll's "Interrogation Points," of a number of bulky letters, evidently written with the kindly intent of instructing the world's greatest orator in the tenets and creedal verbiage of the several phases of social philosophy.

## Rebellious Priests.

There is a growing discontent among the Roman Catholic priests of this neighborhood which argues well for their capacity to assimilate American ideas of independence. The McGlynn affair brought out expressions from the Catholic clergy which in any other country would hav led to their prompt dismissal from priestly office, and these expressions are multiplying since the ten-days' sentence to a monastery of James Curran for attending Dr. McGlynn's recent lecture. This last exercise of ecclesiastical power over its slaves was the occasion of a New York *Herald* reporter's visit to several Roman Catholic priests and laymen, whom he found nourishing as deep feelings of resentment as a due regard for their religious welfare admitted. Only one priest was found who would allow name his to be connected with the interview—Sylvester Malone, of Williamsburg. The reporter quotes him as saying:

"Who would not stand by such a noble, such a pure, such a faithful friend as Dr. Curran? He only attended a lecture of his old friend. We all had a right to do the same. The majority of the priests in New York and Brooklyn are in sympathy with Dr. McGlynn. If fifty priests stood on the platform that night with Dr. McGlynn the archbishop would not hav disciplined any one. I fear there will be serious trouble yet in the church. But politics is at the bottom of it all. The archbishop ought to back right down if he wants to save the church in this country."

It is rumored also that Dr. Burtsell, of the church of the Epiphany, was suspended for ten days because he sat upon the platform at Dr. McGlynn's lecture. The other priests who attended the meeting hav received sharp letters of reprimand from Archbishop Corrigan. These accumulated cases are making the laity dissatisfied and the priests rebellious. The course pursued by Mr. Corrigan, they intimate, is not in keeping with American notions. Mr. Malone's assertion that politics is at the bottom of it is no doubt true, and that fact means that Corrigan intends to keep a firm grip on his voters, in order that he may sell them to the politicians for favors, to be returned by way of the public treasury.

Let us hope the rebellion will widen and grow to such dimensions that the church may split. A hundred excommunicated priests in and around New York would do a great deal for freedom.

## Mr. Taschereau Takes Water.

Some time ago Cardinal Taschereau of Quebec condemned the Knights of Labor, ordering his priests not to giv absolution to members of the order. Recently Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore made a plea to the Vatican authorities in behalf of the Knights. He presented several reasons for a recognition of the order, but they might be summed up in one—that the church cannot afford to denounce a body of men who would probably not acknowledge the pope's authority in the premises, but would boycott the church as readily as they would the beer of some offending brewer. As the Catholic church derives its chief support from men who are laborers and Knights, this reason was considered sound.

This defense of the Knights by Cardinal Gibbons has taken effect—good or bad as you look at it—and the Canadian cardinal has taken water. The following letter, signed by Mr. Taschereau as archbishop of Quebec, was read in all the churches of his diocese last Sunday:

"In September, 1884, the holy see, consulted by me on the society of the Knights of Labor, condemned it under pain of grievous sin, and charged the bishops to deter their diocesans therefrom, as I did in my circular letter (No. 131) of the 2d of February, 1885. After representations made by their lordships, the bishops of the United States, the holy see has suspended, until further orders, the effect of that sentence. In consequence, I authorize confessors of the diocese to absolve Knights of Labor on the following conditions, which it is your bounden duty to explain to them, and to make them observe:

"*First.* That they confess and sincerely repent the grievous sin which they committed by not obeying the decree of September, 1884.

"*Second.* That they be ready to abandon this society as soon as the holy see shall ordain it.

"*Third.* That they sincerely and explicitly promis absolutely to avoid all that may either favor Masonic and other condemned societies, or violate the laws either of justice, charity, or of the state.

"*Fourth.* That they abstain from every promis and from every oath by which they would bind themselvs either to obey blindly all the orders of the directors of the society, or keep absolute secrecy even toward the lawful authorities. (See Disciplin, page 217.)

"In behalf of these penitents only, and by virtue of an indult, I prolong the time of the paschal communion until the feast of the ascension, inclusivly.

Until the issue of this letter the relations of the Roman Catholic church and the Knights of Labor were rather muddled. Across the Canadian line the order was, according to an infallible church which never errs, the abode of all that is wicked, and its members could not be absolved from their sins. On this side of the line, the order was all that is pious and regular, and its chief ruler was not only a good Catholic, freely absolved from all the sins he could commit, but a personal friend of a cardinal. The backdown of the Canadian cardinal brings the church into harmony with itself, but at the expense of its record for consistency.

## Editorial Notes.

THE Assembly last week voted $312,000 to extend, improve, equip, and furnish the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Central Park. This makes $712,000 voted to the two museums this session.

THE *Interior* settles the race question in religion thus:

"As far as possible the two races should keep socially separate. We would admit a colored man to membership in our church without hesitation, provided there were no church of his own race accessible, but if there were, we would advise him to go to his own."

The *Independent* intimates that the *Interior* is still in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity. There is nothing like having scripture to quote from when an opponent is to be anathematized.

IN the law passed at its last session incorporating a reformatory at St. Cloud, the Minnesota legislature provides for a chaplain at a salary of one thousand dollars annually. If this is not establishing religion it would be difficult to say what is. The chaplain is also required to act as teacher, and will, doubtless, earn his money; but that does not relieve the legislature. He is appointed as chaplain by law, and the Minnesota legislature by so designating him has violated the United States Constitution.

IN an Easter supplement of a Christian journal, intended for children, is this:

"Of all these days Easter is the *Crown*. If Christ had not been born he could not hav died for the sins of the world. If he had not died he could not hav risen. If he had not risen we could not believe him to be the savior of the world."

But supposing Christ was not born as alleged, and died only as any seditious Jew might hav been punished by the Romans; supposing, too, that the resurrection is a myth—a pagan myth Christianized: what then?

CHAPLAIN SMITH of the Connecticut legislature makes his prayers suit those who pay him. In opening a session of the legislature recently he asked the almighty to take particular care of the moneyed class and to guard well their interests. He also prayed that the "hundred and thousands of toilers in our business places, those that bear the heat and burden of the day, might be contented with their wages, and go to their daily work uncomplainingly." As these words came from the chaplain's lips the labor men in different parts of the house rolled up their eyes and gazed at each other in astonishment. Should Parson Smith enter the race for the chaplaincy again, the *Hartford Telegram* predicts that he will encounter many obstacles.

AN esteemed correspondent, Mr. F. M. Borden, of Nova Scotia, writes that it gave him pleasure to see the Christian Mr. Grabill admitted to the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and adds: "I would think much more of our Liberal papers if they would afford space each week to representativ Christians, in which they might defend the faith, and be answered by our best writers and thinkers." Mr. Borden misapprehends the position of the Liberal editors if he imagins they would refuse to print the arguments of representativ Christians. The trouble is, the representativ Christians will not use the space. Occasionally we get an article from some common-place orthodox gentleman burning with zeal to convert the Infidel, but he usually lacks the ability to write intelligibly, and we are forced to decline his polemical efforts. But when we find an educated Christian willing to reason, he is made welcome. Representativ Christians, however, are not generally willing to debate Christianity.

# Letters from Friends.

BENTON, ILL., April 2, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am in receipt of Helen Gardener's book, which I was glad to get. It is the best book I ever read. Ingersoll's introduction is splendid. Please find inclosed fifty cents to pay for the book. WILLIAM SLATER.

DESDEMONA, TEX., March 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I believe I am the only one who takes your paper at this office. I am delighted with the illustrations, and am very much pleased with your course on the Anarchist question. John Peck is a brick, and I hope he will continue to write of "Christian Absurdities" for years to come. A. C. MARTIN, M. D.

NASHVILLE, TENN., March 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Your communication warns me that my subscription runs out on March 26, 1887. I would not be deprived, in my last days, of the only thoroughly entertaining friend I hav.

I was born in 1816 in a Catholic hotbed, the temple of ignorance and superstition. My conversion dates from 1833, when I was seventeen years old. The main reason was the Catholic neglect of temporal education.

Inclosed find $1.50 for six months' subscription.

J. P. MULLER.

ARENZVILLE, ILL., March 17, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER for several years, and hav always thought it one of the best, if not the best, papers published. I hav often told some of my Christian friends that if they would take THE TRUTH SEEKER and read it one year, they would be surprised that they had been so ignorant. The people of this county generally are quite Liberal, and there is a splendid field for a good lecturer. I notice that some of your subscribers object to the pictures. I think it a sure sign that they hav not quite outgrown the old Christian superstition. I cast my vote for the pictures, by a large majority. T. G. SPRINGER.

NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, VA., Mar. 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Thanking you for sending me your paper over my time, and assuring you that I am most heartily pleased with the paper under its present management, I renew for twelve months from expiration of subscription.

I hav read the paper, through the courtesy of a friend, from its first appearance in New York, but my means being *nil* it is only recently I became a subscriber. While it was most excellent under the management of the late D. M. Bennett, I must say that under the present management it is superexcellent—all that a Liberal of the most advanced principles could desire—incisiv, cleanly, superb!

Trusting that it may continue to gain in the favor its merits deserve, I subscribe myself, WM. H. MORAE.

WILLOW CREEK, MON., Feb. 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am a regular and appreciativ reader of your valuable paper, and belicve that it fully merits its title, and carries with it a genial and reformatory influence. I observe that occasionally an objection is made to the illustrations. In regard to this, I wish to say that personally I don't admire them, as my taste would call for something more beautiful. But despite this, I am content to hav them appear, for it is a well-known fact that the ideas they are intended to convey are more forcibly impressed by the means employed than by any other. Frequently by an illustration a chain of ideas is awakened that may lead to a result that otherwise would not hav been achieved. Therefore I think, generally speaking, they are advantageous. Long liv Mr. Heston and his inimitable art to strike trenchant blows at the hydra-headed monster, superstition. W. H. BANTA.

CHICAGO, March 16, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 12th I find M. Babcock's second reply to the Young Men's Christian Association, and it is needless to say I enjoyed it as well as I did the first. I am glad he is giving his attention to the Bible-in-the-public-school question. I think it is a question every Liberal father and mother ought to interest themselvs in, for the children are not sent to school to get religion, but to learn something that will do them some good after they become of age.

That cheering letter you received from Mr. Young is almost a story in itself. It is a sort of sketch of his character. The letter also shows Mr. Young's self-restraint in his discontinuing the paper, with its many interesting columns, because it published a certain man's opinion. But I hav hopes of him yet. P. AUL.

STEUBENVILLE, N. Y., March 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The Irish in Ireland are fighting now for Henry George's principle, that the land should belong to the people, and yet our Republican and Democratic brethren, who call him a crank, etc., are hissing them on. It is all right as long as it is not our ox that is gored. I can hardly decide which side to take. On one side I feel they are (though they do not know it) fighting the battle of the mass of the people for a free earth, so that all may enjoy what nature givs—free land, water, air, and sunshine. On the other it will be a victory of an aristocracy that must be crushed before the people can be free. But, then, again, a victory of the Irish will be a victory for the Catholic church, which is worse than any other curse that can be inflicted on any people. It enslaves the mind as well as body. The church is the greatest tyrant on this earth. Could that be abolished, and men's minds freed from superstition, there would soon be an end to other tyrannies. It is the *summa summarum* of all iniquities. Let it be annihilated, and all reforms necessary to make this world a paradise would come in good time. Mr. George teaches that the land must be held for the benefit of the whole people as the foundation-stone of all reforms, but to accomplish that superstition must first be rooted out of men's minds. What can be done while the mass of the people believe in ghosts or diakkas and are led by the nose by priests, preachers, or mediums? If Mr. George would use his great talents to that end, and work with Colonel Ingersoll and the Secular Union, he might accomplish his ends in time. At least he would weaken the foundation of the most of our evils—superstition.

J. DOWNES.

LONGSTREET, GA., March 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: While on a visit to Brunswick a few days since, I found a good many Liberals and Freethinkers. But although I remained in Brunswick five weeks I did not see a Freethought paper there, except those I take myself, viz., THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Pulpit*, and *Olive Branch*. I did, however, before leaving, get from a friend some names of Freethinkers, which I send you, from that place, to whom you can, if you please, send sample copies, or other reading matter, as you may think best.

I am now sixty-eight, perhaps, with one or two exceptions, the only outspoken Freethinker in this county. Yet I find about eight out of ten so-called believers, when brought down to sober thinking, do not believe what they hav subscribed to. I hope to see the day when every man and woman in the land shall feel free to think instead of to believe, and be bold to say what they think is truth based upon human experience and human reason. T. N. MASON.

STILLWATER, M. T., March 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav noticed recently in the press notices of the day that his holihumbuginess, Mr. Pecci, has presented the widow of Riel, the leader of the late Canadian half-breed revolt, with a nail from the true cross. From the amount of nails from the true cross now definitly known to be in existence, there must hav been a nail factory of immense capacity at that interesting period of the world's history, even to hav supplied the nails for the cross; or does his Highgasticutus hav them made to order to satisfy the morbid superstitious cravings of fanatically diseased minds? The latter is the most probable, as the ancient writers make no mention of any nail manufactory, and such an establishment would most certainly hav been chronicled by them if such a thing had existed. It would seem that, if common sense pervaded Catholic councils, this true cross and nail tomfoolery would be discontinued in short order, but consistent common-sense and religious humbugery cannot be harmonized. I would be pleased to hear friend Peck upon this nail question. WM. T. HAMILTON.

DALLAS, OR., March 11, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: As so many are giving their views on the pictures and other matters connected with THE TRUTH SEEKER, I thought it might be well to giv the pictures a little boost from this place. They are the right thing in the right place. Keep right along with them.

John Peck's "Christian Absurdities" are right to the point, and would do our Christian enemies much good if they could be induced to read and ponder them.

I must speak a word of praise for the Children's Corner also. I hav two boys, aged nine and eleven years, who take great pleasure in perusing the Children's Corner, and also reading the "Letters from Friends."

Helen H. Gardener's book, which I got last year, went the rounds, and did much good.

Until the beginning of this year I hav made every copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER do missionary work, by sending or giving them to some one that would read them. With the beginning of this year I hav begun to save them for future reference, as they are quite handy to refer to occasionally when discussing church history. D. A. DODSON.

BURNSIDE, ILL., March 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Some unprincipled person, or perhaps several of them, presumable Christians, so-called, hav given extensiv circulation to a lie about Mr. Thomas Gates (my father), stating that just before his death he retracted and materially changed his views in regard to religious matters. I know that it was his earnest desire in life to appear before men or gods in his true character; and as our county paper, the Carthage *Republican*, having been furnished an obituary giving a true statement of the facts of his belief, omitted to publish that part of it, leaving the public in possession of that Christian lie intended to substantiate their assertion that a man cannot die without acknowledging that Jesus was his own father, and that the father was his own son, three times one is one, etc., I herewith inclose the obituary as I sent it to the *Republican*. That part of it inclosed in brackets is what was omitted or clipped; please publish in full.

At his residence, three miles north of Burnside, Thomas Gates, after a long and painful illness with a cancer on his lip, found relief in death on the 8th. Mr. Gates was born in Concord, Vt., August 13, 1815, therefore was in his eighty-second year. He was one of Hancock county's first settlers, having come to this county in 1839. [He was known to be a confirmed Infidel, and died without respect or fear of Bible, Gods, or devils.] Although his suffering was long and intense, he was never heard to complain of his lot.

A few days before father died, I told him of the stories that had been told about him. All he said was, "There will no doubt be plenty of lies told about me after I am dead, as there were about Cheney" (one of our neighbors, who did not get his Balm of Gilead from the extortionate Sunday venders). He "was only surprised that they could not wait till he was dead."

Although he expected death daily, it had no terror for him. He even jested about meeting Jesus and Gabriel, etc.

We thank our father (not God) for educating us out of the fear of "jealous gods" and "wrathful gods," horned devils, fallen angels, and other heathen myths. He also taught us that the ancient gods with three heads, called heathen idols, and the modern three gods with one head, called Christian, were full brothers, children of the same parents, namely, Superstition, its father, and Ignorance, its mother.

His motto was, "Liv for the benefit of the world you are in," and, if you must worship, worship that which to your mind is good and beautiful, and if there is such a being as God, it is just possible we can worry along with the other worlds until you get there. F. D. GATES.

BENWOOD, W. VA., March 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Whenever I hear or learn of anything good, I always like to let others know of it, so they can share it with me. One of the good things I came in possession of lately is "The Radical Remedy in Social Science," an essay in pamphlet form by E. B. Foote, Jr., M.D. The subject he discusses in this essay is second to no other in importance with which the social reformer has to deal, and it is a wonder to me why the remedy proposed by Dr. Foote is not more generally discussed and advocated.

The pamphlet is truly, as Dr. Foote characterizes it, "an earnest essay on pressing problems," and I, for one, thank him for writing and publishing it.

There is another good thing that I wish to speak of, and which may be of benefit to some of the TRUTH SEEKER readers of small means who believe in co-operation. There is a co-operativ association being formed in this state, which, unlike many other enterprises of this character, is based upon perfectly fair and equitable principles, and is officered by the right sort of men. There will be no coupon clippers attached to the association to absorb the profits. The association is to engage in farming, manufacturing, mining, etc.

C. BURSEE.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., March 12, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed the amount due you for the best Freethought paper in the country, the dear old TRUTH SEEKER. Many thanks for your kindness in continuing beyond time paid for. I found it impossible until to-day to spare the money, and yet I could no more liv without it than I could without daily food.

I like the pictures very much, but some of my Christian friends say they are overdone, and there is nothing corresponding to them in the Bible at all. I hav some pretty warm discussions sometimes, and I am also trying to get subscribers, but find it uphill work with my acquaintances. They are all religionists, who can't or won't listen to reason; though they are not to blame, as they hav sucked superstition down with their mother's milk, and are afraid to hear the other side. No one but a coward would be satisfied with only one side of a story.

Success to Mr. Heston and THE TRUTH SEEKER.

I cannot close until I giv "bread and water" Beecher a passing notice. I never took any interest in him after he made that famous speech here in this city some years ago, until I heard he was going to die. I suppose he has a big golden harp covered with flowers before this time.

Respectfully, MRS. E. M. HANSSON.

TROPIC, INDIAN RIVER, FLA., March 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I would like to hav from six to ten families of genuin Freethinkers and truth seekers settle here with me and form a coöperativ society. Land adjoining my place (of ten acres) can be had for from five to twenty dollars an acre now, but in a year, or perhaps sooner, I am afraid it will be much higher. My place is on the long island between the Indian river and the ocean, at the mouth of the Banana river. I am completely isolated from the rest of the world. My post-office, Tropic, is on Merritt's Island, about four miles from my little farm. The southern extremity of Merritt's Island is just across the Banana river. I don't want all my friends in Michigan (my former home) to know that I propose to gather some "congenial spirits" (I am a Materialist, by the way, although, like all truth seekers, I am always open to conviction) around me. I would like to write an article on coöperation for your paper, and then invite any who want to join a society of that kind to correspond with me through your office. I am not interested, either directly or remotely, in the sale of land about here. The man who owns land all around me I am not on friendly terms with even, and I think that by getting ten acres from him we can connect my place with some state land that can be had for $1.25 per acre perhaps. W. A. MOSELY.

CARL JUNCTION, MO., March 14, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hereby hand you postal note to renew my subscription and pay for papers as directed by inclosed order. Up to the present time I hav been the only subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER in this place—a town of about five hundred people, with nearly as many more who get their mail here, who liv in the township. I do not believe that half a dozen of the whole number one year ago knew of the existence of such a paper as yours. I hav done what I could reasonably to advertise and get acquaintances to read my paper. I hav exhorted them, hav reasoned with them, hav done them up in the hardest sort of double-twisted knots, shown them absurdities, contradictions, falsehoods, cruelties, impossibilities, obscenities, inhumanities, and childishness with which their God-book abounds, yet the best I hav been able to do in aid of THE TRUTH SEEKER or the cause of universal mental liberty is the few trial subscribers whose names appear in the order inclosed herewith.

It appears to me the theological poison with which the average Christian's brain is saturated is without an antidote. As a rule, to reason or attempt to do so is a useless agitation of the air. Read they will not, and of thinking outside the contracted, petty groove their preacher has marked

out they appear incapable. The promis is bright for universal mental liberty, but the time is not near. The great law of evolution will in time overtake their children's children, when physiology, instead of theology, will be taught in our public schools, and American juries find obscenity the same in the Jew Bible as in "Cupid's Yokes."

WM. M. CARTER.

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POSEYVILLE, IND., March 31, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. W. S. Bell, Liberal, of Chicago, and Elder J. T. Purvis, Campbellite, of Enfield, Ill., hav this date closed a debate which has been in progress for the past three days at the court-house in Mt. Vernon. Question: *Resolved*, That the Bible is of divine origin; that its teachings are in harmony with the teachings of science, reason, and common sense.

The disputants were greeted each day with good audiences, the best of feeling prevailed throughout the discussion, and all Liberals feel highly elated at the overwhelming victory. Of course, as is usual, the followers of "the meek and lowly" pretend that the victory is with the affirmativ, but in this view they are not joined by a single one who walks by reason and not by faith. Considering that the Bible itself teaches that "by reasoning you cannot find out God," the proposition that it is in keeping with reason seems to be the most untenable that was ever advanced by a perverted or paradoxical intellect.

The only evidence offered in support of the proposition was the dictum of so-called Christian scientists who were willing to pervert the teachings of true science "for Christ's sake." On the other hand, it was clearly shown that all the leading scientists and intellects of the day regard the Bible accounts of creation and all other supernatural stories as a child's story, though believed by many who are intellectually but children overgrown.

Elder Purvis also endeavored to prove the oft-repeated claim that the common law of the land was founded on the Bible, but in this he also made a signal failure, it being shown that Sir William Blackstone and Sir Matthew Hale claimed that "the origin of the great fundamental principles of our laws is as much in doubt as is the source of the Nile." Considering that these law-writers were Christians and believers in witchcraft, their testimony should not be called in question by those Christians that hav so long been making the fallacious assertion.

Although this is Posey county, familiarly known as the land of hoop-poles and pumpkins, our people are fast shaking off their old creedbound ideas inherited from their parents and grandparents, and are beginning to think for themselvs. And it is well. "He who cannot reason is a fool; he who will not reason is a bigot; he who dare not reason is a coward, but he who can and dare reason is a man."

S. D. MCREYNOLDS.

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KILLARNEY, MANITOBA, March 10, 1887.

DEAR MR. MACDONALD: Inclosed please find $3 to renew my subscription to the good old TRUTH SEEKER. I also inclose a rough translation I hav made of an article published in *L'Evenement*, of Quebec, which is clear evidence to me that the French Catholics of the province of Quebec are awakening to the fact that the world is progressing. It points to the fact that the faithful are asking explanations from the clergy, and that ridiculing scientific men and their theories will not any more satisfy the masses. Priests are therefore obliged to resort to quibbles and misstatements (as seen in the translated article) to meet these questions. It is great satisfaction to me that this spirit of inquiry is started among the French Catholics of Canada. It will lead to the triumph of reason—in time. The comments on the lecture by the editor of *L'Evenement* contain much hidden sarcasm between the lines. Hoping that THE TRUTH SEEKER will long continue to instruct and amuse, I am, dear sir,

Yours, L. F. MATHÉ.

TRANSLATED FROM "L'EVENEMENT," OF QUEBEC.

The grand vicar of Laval University, Mr. Hamel, gave last night his last lecture on scientific investigation. As usual, the eminent professor held the rapt attention of his audience to the end.

"Life," said Mr. Hamel, "emanates from God. The theory of spontaneous generation has long ago fallen through, the belief in it having collapsed as a result of repeated experiences by eminent scientists. Besides, we hav evidences that life was gradually started on the surface of the earth, and to explain the perfection it has attained in our age, two theories hav been imagined. The first is that of 'successiv creation,' showing God's fiat at different periods, in giving life to beings specifically distinct, the fossils of which are found in the successiv geological strata of the earth. The second theory is that of evolution, first proposed by Lamarck and perfected by Darwin. Natural selection, and the struggle for existence, the foundation of this last hypothesis, do not prevent the theory from contradicting two well-known and demonstrated facts of science—the immutability of species, and the want of connecting links, which are absolutely necessary to sustain evolution.

"The development of life on earth ends in man, whose origin and nature hav always been a subject of interest and study to cultivated intellects. Where does man come from? What is his nature? When and in what state did he first appear on earth? These complex and important questions can be discussed and answered by both faith and science, without strife, and with complete accord. God, says the church, is the origin and end of man, the author of the admirable mixture of body and spiritual substance, which, being free, is consequently immortal, and that man has called 'soul.' This soul cannot be the result of a simple evolution of an imperfect life—primitiv substance; it received its being by creation—in the same way that it cannot be destroyed but by annihilation. Besides, the church, whose knowledge on creation is unimpeachable and undisputed, is itself the last act of creation. Accordingly, creation is recent. On the question of the antiquity of man, faith is mute, God having created man in a preternatural state, that is to say, with privileges beyond the strict exigencies of his nature. This free and intelligent being rebelled against its creator, and as a consequence was deprived of the gifts bestowed upon him. This is the truth taught by faith on the origin and nature of man, and this truth is entirely corroborated of the theories of pure science. There are undoubtedly many so-called scientific men who seem to enjoy talking and writing about the 'Tertiary man' and the 'pre-Adamite' man. There are also many self-styled scientific men who would rob humanity of the first face animated by intelligence, and replace it by the mask of bestiality—false philosophers who go to the extent of saying that man is but a 'lieutenant in the great army of monkeys.' There are, besides, a few 'truth seekers,' claiming that God is but a dream, the soul a myth, not worthy even of a thought.

"But one-half of these scientists work constantly at destroying the theories 'thought out' by the other half. And, in the midst of these disputes, Truth appears triumphant and outliving the rise and fall of these adventurous theories, Atheistic dreamers, striving to convince themselvs that man and his frailties is but a strange problem."

The editor of *L'Evenement* remarks that Mr. Hamel in touching upon these complex questions has proven himself skilled and most cautious, which is a proof of learning. He demonstrated that the scientific Catholic can harmonize faith and knowledge. It is the best way of reminding science of the debt she owes the church.

It is well known that there is danger in condemning theories that pertain to the domain of reason.

When one studies the theories of St. Augustine, and those of Monsignor Clifford on the formation of the universe; when one also thinks of the works of "L'Abbé Motais" on the results of the deluge—hypothesis and theory so flatly contradictory to scriptural teachings—and when one further reflects that the church is obstinately silent on these questions, one is far from feeling intolerant to the deductions of science and reason.

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HANNIBAL, MO., March 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I want to giv my hearty indorsement to Dr. Higbie's suggestions in regard to curtailing burial expenses. It seems to me that every sensible observer ought to see that the custom of making a costly display on such occasions is a growing evil. If the rich choose to be guilty of this folly, it is nonsense for those in moderate circumstances to ape them, and I think the formation of burial associations, as he proposes, is just the remedy.

Now that I am on this subject, I want to say a few words to Liberals. There are too many who say, "Oh, I don't care what becomes of my body—how I am buried, or whether I am buried at all." This is a mistaken idea. Of course, it makes no difference to the body—or spirit either, if there is one; but it is a disgrace to the cause of Liberalism to hav one of its advocates voluntarily surrendered into the hands of the clergy at death, thus enabling these hirelings to wipe out a life record against church dogmas. On the other hand, there is no individual right more sacred than the right not to be misrepresented at one's own funeral, and nothing that so much tends to overcome the prejudices of honest Christians, and inspire respect for our cause, as well-conducted Secular funerals.

These reasons, viewed in the proper light, are sufficient to cause every true Liberal to resolve that his funeral shall be strictly Secular, and yet there are hundreds of Liberals buried with the meaningless mummery of priests every year, while only here and there a Secular funeral occurs. Obviously the reason of this is that most Liberals neglect to make the necessary arrangements beforehand, and let their will in this regard be fully understood; and even where they do this, if they do not leave it in black and white over their own signature, their Christian families in most cases, rather than offend Mother Grundy, will sacrifice their dead bodies on the altar of superstition. I hav known a number of cases of this kind, and only yesterday I received a letter from Mr. Aaron Davis, of Frederick, Md., stating that some time ago he purchased from you one of my little Secular funeral and marriage handbooks, and that a neighbor of his who was in declining health desired him to officiate at his funeral and forbade the interference of any clergyman; but that as soon as the breath was out of his body, those who should hav been his natural protectors turned him over to the tender mercies of an orthodox preacher, as usual. In order to guard against such calamities, some of the Liberals in this city hav been filling out the following blank, which I commend to your readers, with the information that suitable books for Secular funeral and marriage purposes may be obtained at the TRUTH SEEKER office for a trifling sum:

BLANK.

Being a disbeliever in the dogma of revealed religion, I do hereby express my earnest desire that no clergyman be permitted to officiate at my funeral, but that the exercises be entirely Secular, and in accordance with my known views of religion and morality; and I do hereby appoint my friend A. B. to see that this desire be executed according to my instructions.

Yours *vs.* priestcraft, A. R. AYRES.

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FORISTELL, MO., March 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I want to write ten times as much as I can afford to, or as you can afford to print. But I will try to get off something and yet keep within bounds.

I will first report that you hav lost a good subscriber here by a terrible railroad accident. Mr. S. Burlingame and wife stepped upon the railroad track to go a few rods to a neighbor's, when they were overtaken by a swift train and both instantly taken out of this life, whether into another or not. They were most worthy and respected people, and all of us, their neighbors, without distinction of religious affiliations, greatly deplore "the deep damnation of their taking off."

And, by the way, we don't hav here any of the conflict and opposition between Christians and Freethinkers that I hear and read of elsewhere. The lion and lamb *do* lie down together here, and the lamb is not inside the lion, either. Certainly the few Infidels of this region (present company excepted) are not the sort of people to be ostracized to any great extent, but candor demands that we acknowledge that our Christian neighbors show no disposition to punish us in any way for our honest opinions. But they show us all the respect they would if we belonged to their churches. And we Infidels, on the other hand, intend to be as liberal as the darkey clown was when he admitted that "a white man is as good as a nigger as long as he behaves as well." Some of my very best friends are Christians, or think they are, and mean to be. But I tell them there really are no Christians. They would do anything in reason for me, as I for them. But it is something astonishing how they hold on to their superstition. Some of them will read THE TRUTH SEEKER and Infidel books to please me, but say the more they read them the less they believe them. So I hav to giv them up and tell them if they had been brought up Roman Catholics there would hav been no help for them, but they would hav had to follow that rut to the end of life. I regard it as one of the most unaccountable things that people of some brains should cling so tenaciously to that barbarous, cruel, and absurd old Hebrew mythology. I point out to them the absurdity of the idea that God talks so familiarly, and of so trivial affairs, with those old semi-barbarians, but now falls back on his dignity, and his most faithful devotees cannot get a word out of him on the most important subject, even in explanation of the meaning of his own reputed word. Too thin, entirely too thin, I tell them, except for dunces and very young children. But about the greatest difficulty I hav with the believers is their inconsistency. They stick for the inspiration of the Bible, and yet repudiate such of its teachings as they dislike, especially the hell part. Like Brother Beecher, they will neither "get offen the platform nor leff go the mule's tail." I remind them that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link; that "whatever link we strike, tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike," and that it is just as fatal to the inspiration theory to break the hell link as the heaven or any other. But logic, reason, and argument are no match for early bias and prejudice.

Now as to Materialism and Spiritualism. I am glad to see that the advocates of either hav a fair show in THE TRUTH SEEKER, but regret to notice that some of the Materialistic writers exhibit some impatience toward those who differ with them. Now, I am pretty nearly a Materialist myself, and fear I shall yet hav to become quite one. But why in the world anyone should *wish* to believe that "death ends all," or want others to, is more than I can comprehend, for it is a miserably gloomy view to me, and has a very discouraging and depressing effect upon me, as I hav to acknowledge to my pious friends. And this fact is one of their stock arguments against my unbelief in their superstition. I can only remind them that the effects of a belief hav nothing to do with its truth or falsity, and that I had rather be unhappy than be a happy fool. Whatever be the merits or demerits of Spiritism, one thing is pretty evident to me—it has done more to undermine the old Jew book than all other agencies combined. It did much toward helping me out of the woods, for which I feel under great obligations to it. I hav by me a letter from my dear dead wife (who was a Christian girl, and much younger than myself), written to her sister in the long ago, soon after we were married, wherein she says: "C—— seems a good deal interested of late in Spiritualist papers and books, which I greatly regret, as I fear the consequences." Poor child! her fears were prophetic. And yet, when the worst came, it did not seem to distress her much, as I often told her in the latter days of her life that I believed she had become more Infidel than myself. Now I do not feel nearly as confident as I could wish that I shall ever again meet her and the other friends that hav passed on; but it is idle to tell me that it matters little. That certainly will never "go down" with me.

Now, as regards your course toward the Anarchists. Although I hate Anarchy as the devil is reputed to hate holy water, yet I do not see but that your course has been entirely consistent, for it has ever been as plain to me as the sun at noon that Judge Lynch got into that court and ran it. Still, I don't see how the Anarchists can complain of even that, for, as I understand their views, the only law they want is what the people take it into their heads to make and execute on the spur of occasion. And that seems to be just about what they hav got; but, as usual, it makes a good deal of difference whose ox gets gored. I say, if the Anarchists were ever guilty of publicly advocating the murder of anyone, they should hav been promptly arrested and punished at the time, as unlimited freedom of speech is entirely impracticable. Society can be injured by words as well as by bombs; and if society has a right to exist, it has a right to protect itself. But to allow a lot of blatherskites to preach murder until somebody gets killed, and then gather them in and hang them like onions, a dozen on a string, is something monstrous.

Now, Mr. Editor, a little private talk in public with you, and I hav done. I lately visited our good old Granit state. I went via New York, and had the weather been at all favorable while there, I should hav hunted you up and shook your "flipper" and exchanged a few words. But the weather was so miserable that after wandering around a little in the slush and drizzling rain, I went aboard the only Boston boat out that night, and kept comfortable. But as it was, I caught a cold, that with plentiful replenishment is still doing able service, and keeping me coughing quite lively whilst writing this. I had a fine time in the "old country;" found my friends generally prospering, and, what is better, found many of them had become emancipated from superstition and the priests since I last saw them, ten years ago. And I think I gave more of them a good start in the same direction. I left the snow a good three feet deep in northern New Hampshire. Here in three days found grass well started, and wheat lush and green.

C. S. OSGOOD.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## How Easy It Is.

How easy it is to spoil a day!
The thoughtless words of a cherished friend,
The selfish act of a child at play,
The strength of a will that will not bend,
The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,
The smile that is full of bitter things—
They all can tarnish its golden glow,
And take the grace from its airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a day
By the force of a thought we did not check!
Little by little we mold the clay,
And little flaws may the vessel wreck.
The careless waste of a white-winged hour,
That held the blessing we long had sought,
The sudden loss of wealth or power—
And lo! the day is with ill inwrought.

How easy it is to spoil a life—
And many are spoiled ere well begun—
In home-light darkened by sin and strife,
Or downward course of a cherished one;
By toil that robs the form of its grace,
And undermines till health gives way;
By the peevish temper, the frowning face,
The hopes that go and the cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain,
Some good should come as the hours go by;
Some tangled maze may be made more plain,
Some lowered glance may be raised on high.
And life is too short to spoil like this
If only a prelude, it may be sweet:
Let us bind together its thread of bliss,
And nourish the flowers around our feet.

—*Watchman.*

## A Bit of Bird Gossip.

Where do we come from? That is a difficult question for a gull to answer who has never sat for hours studying the surface of the earth from a big round ball or a dog-eared geography, as I know scores of you boys and girls hav to do. Besides, we are only interested in the surface of waters, and only inhabit the land at breeding-times, when my pretty mate wishes to find a snug place for her eggs, so the little baby gulls will hav no trouble when they first see the blue sky and sparkling water. We are a wandering set of fisher-birds, with the most wonderful pair of wings, the power and beautiful mechanism of which enable us to dart so swiftly to and fro, now floating lightly poised in mid-air, and the next moment lost to sight on the far horizon, or cleaving the skies, as though seeking to reach the very heavens. Would not you love to fly, little boy, and you, little girl? Well, if a fairy godmother should ever giv you the chance of selection from all the wings of birds, I, of course, think that the wings of a sea-bird are most attractiv; for are we not beautiful, and can we not endure? Our name, as given us by your scientific men, who seem to know more about us than we do ourselvs, is *Larus*, "a genus of web-footed birds of the family of *Laridae*." Some of your audacious tars call us "Mother Carey's chickens." Who Mother Carey is I do not know, nor do I care, but that word chicken sticks in my craw, and makes my feathers stand on end, I get so angry, so I hav to dive three times as deep in the cold, blue water to cool off my proud, free spirit. Chicken, indeed! Where is the resemblance? Do we scratch, and cackle, and strut, and crow like those little land birds you call chickens, and which you keep to supply you with tiny eggs to eat?

Show me a bird our equal! Who can fly straight in the face of a storm and never waver? Who can perform such varied and beautiful evolutions high in the air when the sky and water are both calm and as blue as azure, so you scarce know where each meets the other, when gazing out to sea? Can any bird equal us fishing? Could a cork bob up more lightly on the crest of a wave than one of us trim little sailors?

Suppose I describe one of the daintiest of these freedom and liberty loving little feathered mothers—my mate—and what a splendid first mate she is! She flies at my side just as steady and strong as one of the finest of us male birds; her eyes are as sharp, keen, and fearless as his majesty, the eagle's. Her breast is as white and downy as the fleecy clouds above us, or the glittering foam she dips it in. None is so fascinating or so majestic as this pearly gray gull, with her long, narrow, black tipped wings. One moment far behind you, the next she sweeps past with easy, graceful flight, so close you can see the eyes which never flinch from the wildest, most piercing gale; then, before you know it, she will be far ahead of the swiftest steamer. I hav said so much in praise of her wonderful wings that I will not hav much time to tell you about her two feet, or paddles, rather. She has toes as well as you, but such funny ones, and only three, all fastened together by a web, like your waddling, quacking ducks (ducks are a distant relation of ours). She also has a small hind toe not fastened in the web. Sometimes some of us do not hav this little hind toe at all, but my mate has, for she is perfect, and you should see her lovely eggs. One season she only had two, but last season we had three of the finest, largest ones on the cliff, and our three little ones are now grown large and strong, and hav wandered as far as the Gulf of St. Lawrence—so a big white petrel from there told me the other stormy day when we met on Lake Michigan and dined together off a delicious lot of silvery fish the waves cast up where the water was shallow over a sunken pier. I suppose many a boy has fished for hours off that pier, but I know there was never such fishing going on as we did that March morning. Our family is a very large one; has first cousins way down on the coast of South America, and away over on the other side of the world. We all follow fishing for a living, but cannot dive very deep, so think the smaller fish which swim near the surface the daintiest kind of food, and are very thankful for them, and, in fact, for anything we find fit to eat floating on the water. Do we stay long in one place? Oh, no; we are continually on the wing, and the stormier the weather the better we like it; but this reminds me that I hav stopped unusually long in talking to you of myself, mate, and friends, so as the wind is rising and the waves beginning to put on their white caps, I think you had best run in the house while I fly out to sea. Flap! flap! Good-bye! good-bye!

S. R. M.

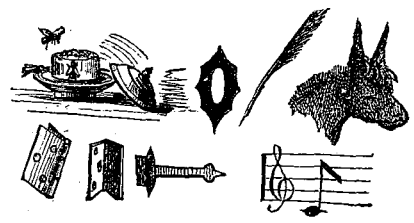
## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

WESER
TETON
CORRY
BRAGA
NAUTA
JESUS
TIBER
SQUAW
MARCY
SUGAR

C. ROOKER.

2.—REBUS.



Fact in natural history.

3.—A PENTAGON.

1. A letter.
2. Cheerless.
3. A military weapon.
4. A small, shallow drum.
5. To ridicule.
6. A kind of rampart.
7. A roll of linen for surgical use.

WARREN B. ORCHARD.

4.—REBUS.



These pictures represent each one line of a verse of an old English poem.

5.—REBUS.

D * D

Though he may hav affinity
With doctors of divinity,
Yet there is no necessity
That solvers here should guess it he.
With poltroonry and cowardice
Mean shirking soul he dowered is.

OLD BOY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER APRIL 2, 1887.

1.—Pope's "Essay on Man." (In the first rebus, April 2d number of the Corner, the word "poet" should hav read "poem.") 2.—Marten. 3.—Capitulation of Cornwallis. 4.—Mill-et. Lock-et. Bass-et. Cant-on. 5.—They are all in-no-cent.

## Correspondence.

MURRAY, IDA., March 7, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write you a few lines. I go to school, and learn very fast. My teacher's name is Miss Gilkey. We hav fifty-five scholars. I study reading, spelling, arithmetic, and grammar. I am ten years old. I hav one pet—a cat. I am a little Freethought girl. I hav a little sister; her name is Helen Vera Erwin, and "Helen" is after Helen Gardener, for we hav her book, and think it is splendid.

THERESA ERWIN.

SCOEDER CORNERS, March 17, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I read the Children's Corner: and I saw so many little folks in it that I thought I would like to be among them. I hav the "Story Hour," and papa says that he will get me the "Little Lessons for Little Folks." I am ten years old. I hav four brothers and two sisters. One of my sisters and two brothers are in Kansas City. I would hav written sooner, but I liv a mile from the post-office. EDITH BROWN.

BOZEMAN, MON., March 23, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav seen so many letters in the Children's Corner that I thought I would try and write one. I am twelve years old, and am in the Fifth Reader. I do not go to school, but study at home. Papa does not take THE TRUTH SEEKER, but a friend givs it to him. We hav a dog that sits up in a chair. His name is Fido. I think I am making my first letter too long, so I will close. If you think this fit to publish, I would like to see it in print.

Yours truly, MARY DAVIES.

ELMTREE FARM, W. GLOUCESTER, MASS., March 31, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am very fond of chickens. I hav nineteen hens. Part of them are Plymouth Rocks. Last year, after one of my hens hatched a brood of chickens, one of them got stepped on, and I buried it, and put a shingle by its grave, on which I wrote:

My birdie Bopeep fell fast asleep,
And I had no power to wake her;
I dug her a grave in this lovely place
Without help from the undertaker.

I hope you will think this worth printing in the Corner for a little girl ten years old. Truly yours, MARION BENNETT.

VOLO, ILL., March 20, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav read the Children's Corner in THE TRUTH SEEKER ever since its introduction with much interest. I am especially pleased to see so many letters from the dear little ones. It tells plainly that superstition has lost its foothold, and is fast sliding away. Now, I am an old woman, having traveled the uphill of life without any "ism" or "ite" to shackle my progress; am now, as the old saying is, slipping back into childhood; therefore, I do not see why I am not entitled to a little place in the Children's Corner for an original poem, which I thought perhaps some of those bright little letter-writers might like to read. We will entitle it

HELP EACH OTHER.

Little words in kindness spoken
Fill the saddest heart with joy,
But those of scorn to the down-trodden
May perhaps a life destroy.

We little know how much depends,
For weal or woe, on one another;
'Tis selfishness that scorns the weak
And loudly cries "He's not my brother."

Link by link we're bound together
By one long, electric chain;
'Tis all in vain the tie to sever,
Echo says, "In vain, in vain."

If we are made the stronger one,
Should we the weak disdain?
"No," our conscience answers, "Never!
The strong the weak sustain."

If we would study nature's laws,
True lessons there we'd find,
To fill the heart with sweetest joy,
And purify the mind.

'Tis there the bright and lovely rose,
Outshining any green,
Guards with care the tiny flower
That by its side is seen.

No envy there, no selfish hate;
They sweetly bloom together.
And each, in language pure and strong,
Cries, "Mortals, help each other!"

MRS. E. HOWARD.

DALEVILLE, IND., March 23, 1887.

MISS SUSAN WIXON: As I hav not written to you lately, I will try and write again. I think the pictures are very nice. I like to look at them. I think the United Brethren church at Daleville will play out before many years, for some of them now won't even shake hands with their brethren.

Dear Miss Wixon, I would like to see the day when this country would be ruled by Freethought. I think there would be a most beautiful time. I love to read the children's letters. I think it is a nice thing to hav them write. It teaches them to think what is right. I hope you will still remain thinking those beautiful thoughts and expressing them to the children. It pleases me to think you can. How I wish I could. I would like to be somebody in this world, and I am going to try and see if I can't be. As ever, I remain

Your friend, SALLIE REMEBURG.

OSAGE MISSION KAN., March 6, 287.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav been going to school this winter. I missed two days on account of sickness. On the last day we made a surprise dinner for the teacher. After dinner we had a few exercises, and then the teacher treated to candy. When school was dismissed we all bade our teacher good-bye. I came to town to learn dress-making. I am learning under Mrs. Shepherd, and boarding with Mrs. Shefer. Asa has been taking THE TRUTH SEEKER for over a year. We all like it ever so much. It has been raining for two days, but has now cleared off nicely. If this will do I would like to see it come out in the paper. From your friend, JULIA SIMMONS.

VINELAND, N. J., April 3, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Your printer's poem of April 2, 1887, in THE TRUTH SEEKER, brought to my mind a poem that I read in a Utica paper about seventy years ago, when I lived within eight miles of Utica, and I think they must be from the same author. Can you giv me the author of yours? They both seem to come from Utica, where K T J resided, as they said, about seventy years ago.

Respects for yours and the Children's Corner,

JOHN GAGE.

[We do not know the author of the poem. It was copied from another paper, and there was no hint of its author.—ED. C. C.]

MOUND CITY, MINN., March 7, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am ten years old, and hav never written for the Corner nor for anything else, but I am not going to hav my darling kitty slandered, even by old Mr. Mitchell. I am sure if he had ever seen my kitty he would never hav written such a letter. Talk about clean animals—my kitty would not be seen in the same field with a flock of chickens! I sleep with her every night, and I can walk twenty miles in a day, and if you saw me at dinner you would not think I do anything that is very unhealthy. My kitty is a nice, clean, gray-and-white beauty, and I hav never known her to kill a bird. If she is out hunting when I go to bed, she climbs the house, and comes right over my bed, and scratches on the roof, and I get up and let her in. Now, Miss Wixon, I would not ask you to publish this only on account of Mr. Mitchell's letter, and if you do print it, I will tell you some time about my dog.

Your friend, JENNIE SHUCK.

### Notice.

Laura Stewart, Cleveland, Ohio, and Herman S. Tausig, Harrisburg, Pa., authors of stories printed in the Children's Corner last summer, will please send their full address, street and number, without delay, to the editor of the Corner.


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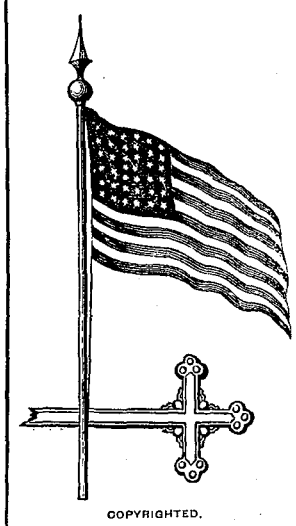
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# Poetry.

## The Anvil of God's Word.

Last eve I passed beside a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring its vesper chime;
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils hav you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," he answered; then, with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, thought I, the anvil of God's word
For ages skeptic blows hav beat upon;
Yet, though the noise of Paine, Voltaire was heard,
The anvil is unworn—the hammers gone.
—*Chicago Current.*

A LITTLE MORE ABOUT THE ANVIL.

Last evening, as I passed a joss-house door,
The sanctimonious preacher's voice I heard;
Then, stepping in, I heard him rant and roar
About the so-called "anvil of God's word."

This anvil is unworn, I heard him say,
It has withstood the wicked skeptic's thump
For ages, and will stand until the day
When the archangel blows his awful trump.

The sermon ended, straightway I arose
And said, "O parson, granting it be true
That that old anvil stands all skeptics' blows,
Can it withstand such *blowers* as Gabe* and you?"
B. L. Z. BUBB.

*The full name, Gabriel, is neater,
But amputation saves the meter;
And though the angel's lost a foot,
He still can soar, and likewise toot.
—*Ibid.*

## The Village Bonnet.

Of all the nymphs that e'er were seen
Careering o'er the village green,
There was not one, I wot full well,
Looked half so sweet as Isabel,
With her light village bonnet.

So light her step, so brisk her tread,
So merrily she tossed her head,
That every swain upon the heath
Would strain his eye to look beneath
The same light village bonnet.

A sunny brow that bonnet decked;
A smile that sorrow never checked
Glowed in those eyes of living blue,
While many a grateful beggar knew
That same light village bonnet.

A change came o'er that happy scene;
A priest rode o'er that village green,
And by her simple beauty won,
In evil hour he looked upon
The maid's light village bonnet.

Her eye grew dim, her step grew slow,
Her cheek grew white as Alpine snow,
For tales of goblins, flames, and hell
Had broke the heart of Isabel—
With her light village bonnet.

Her laugh grew wild; o'er brake and dell
Now wanders crazy Isabel,
And weed and flower and thistle down
Are strangely stuck upon the crown
Of that light village bonnet.

## Books.

"The New God," by Samuel P. Putnam, is also published by The Truth Seeker Company, New York. The author of "The New God" has written several other works of the same character, being "Problems of the Universe," "Ingersoll and Jesus," "Waifs and Wanderings," etc. The author has, with unstinted zeal and a courage that never wavered, seized bodily upon the fanaticisms and superstitions which still permeate a portion of the civilization of the nineteenth century, and endeavored to expose, by rational reasoning and a host of self-evident axioms, the utter fallacy of certain features of the divine doctrin and its attendant superstitions. In his present work, which givs evidence of clear-sightedness, impartiality, and keen judgment, the author begins by tersely remarking that "it is an open secret that man has always made his gods. He has had the power to consult his own taste, like the artist who paints the picture or carves the statue. If the gods hav been bad, it is because man, the maker, has been a bungler. He has not made good use of his material. It has seemed," continues the author, "in the history of the world, as if man wanted to deceive himself with his own splendid creations. We like to feel that the universe is our friend; that the sun loves us, and because he loves us givs the blessed light; that nature is interested in our welfare, and the winds of summer blow expressly for our benefit, and the seas roll softly in order that our ships may come to land. Just as every man has his hobby he has his pet superstition. Every god that man has made has been at heart a representation of the tragedy of life. It is man's protest against the awfulness of fate. In old times the priest and the medicin-man were one and the same. Their function is similar—so long as there is disease there must be medicin, and so long as there is suffering there must be theology. As Ingersoll says, the best way to make men believe in gods is to increase the number of earthquakes and cyclones. If there was an earthquake every day the churches would be thronged." Such is the manner in which the author opens his subject. He unhesitatingly asserts his belief in the non-existence of a divine being, but believes there is some great and universal creativ power, and in the latter assertion is most discreet, for there are few who are not willing to concede this to be a truth.

There are some who claim that the mighty universe is nothing more than a freak of chance; that not only the earth, but the greater heavenly bodies, were created and fashioned merely through chance. Upon mature reflection, however, those who possess the faculty of clearly reasoning will sooner or later abandon this idea as being absurd. Ships, buildings, great bridges, tunnels, railroads, and cities are not created by chance. They are each and all formed for a purpose, and carry out this purpose until age has rendered them unfit for use, or a destroying element has caused ruin and devastation. The chance theory, in fact, has long been regarded by profound and earnest thinkers as utterly impossible in view of all attending circumstances. The author touches upon this question, but is too wary to commit himself upon one side or the other, and is content with dealing in abstract questions and statements, which, in truth, is characteristic of his whole work. Paradoxical assertions will not tend to enlighten the public on the simplest of questions, and on such a profound question as the existence of a deity they will certainly mystify more than ever. For instance, the author says: "If there really were a God, there would be no belief in God. The fact that there is a belief in God is proof positiv that there is no such being, and the more universal that belief, the stronger the demonstration of Atheism." This sounds very much like chop logic. When a thing is known to actually exist, what more natural than to believe in that existence? If a man was positivly known to be dead, all the arguments that could be brought forth to prove that he was still alive would be utterly fruitless, and *vice versa*. The most vital part of the question is absolute certainty one way or the other, without which nothing can be expected to take definit shape. "First of all," says the author, "the new God must be a God of law, and not of miracle. In the progress of civilization miracles hav been entirely abolished. . . . So long as this God represents the ideal of humanity—the beautiful, the sublime, the progressiv—so long as it grows better with experience and is thoroughly humanitarian; so long as it is poetic, artistic, rhythmic, evolutionary; so long as it and science will not quarrel, so long will we keep the new God." Thus the author brings his work to a close. It contains many faults and inconsistencies, but likewise contains earnest reasonings and sound arguments, and can be read, if not with profit, at least with some degree of interest.—*Galveston News.*

WE hav received a copy of the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1887, and find it a handsome specimen of the typographic art, beautifully illustrated, and brimful of useful and interesting information. The article on "Sunday, Oath, and Blasphemy Laws" alone is worth ten times the price of the book. "Liberty," an address, by Grover Cleveland; "The Coming Dawn," by D. Louis Bodge; "The Right to Testify," by F. M. Holland; "The American Secular Union," by Samuel Putnam; "The Parson," a story, by Si Slokum, are among the contents. Price 25 cents. The Truth Seeker Company, publishers, 28 Lafayette Place, New York.—*Maurepas, La., Gazette.*

"Try-Square; or, The Church of Practical Religion." The author says that modesty constrains him to withhold his real name, and to substitute for it the assumed name, "The Reporter." He reports the transactions and discourses at "Uncle Job's New Church," in the rural district of Pinville, which is supposed to be located in some corner of the ample and fertil brain of this "prematurely worn-out court stenographer." New York: The Truth Seeker Company.—*Home Journal.*

## Obituary.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* With this I send you a paper containing an account of the death of my father, B. F. Kershner. He was an earnest Liberal, and a great admirer of your good paper.

Although he was a great sufferer from a disease which baffled the skill of his physicians, yet he bore all his sufferings with the most heroic courage. Never was he heard to complain, and he died as he had lived, an earnest Liberal; and though we miss him as none can tell, yet we hav no fear for him, for we feel that he is at rest, free from the trials and hardships of this world.

The funeral was held from the house, March 16th, under Masonic auspices. At his request no minister was present at his funeral, but our good friend, H. L. Green, delivered a very appropriate address.

LILLA C. KERSHNER.

*Danville, N. Y.*, March 27, 1887.

*From the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle Mar. 15.*

The improvement in the condition of B. F. Kershner, of Landay Hill, near Danville, was reported in our columns last week, and it was sincerely hoped his speedy recovery would follow. But it was not to be, and on Sunday morning last, at 3 o'clock, he passed peacefully away after two weeks of intense agony. His difficulty was one which baffled the skill of his attending physicians, who say no similar case ever came under their observation. While afflicted with a severe cold, yet he was otherwise apparently in good health two weeks ago on Thursday last, when he visited Dansville on business. He went to a blacksmith's shop, among other places, where he was suddenly seized with a violent fit of choking, and a large bunch (caused by the violent swelling of the glands), in size as large as a goose egg, suddenly formed on one side of his neck. It was thought he would choke to death there, so serious was his condition. He was carried to the residence of his physician, Dr. Andrews, and Dr. Blake, who was passing by, assisted in alleviating his sufferings, but it was an hour or more before he was able to be carried home. His throat was black inside, and in a terrible condition, which seemed in a few days to yield to the treatment given. But a swelling soon showed itself on the other side of his neck, while little blood sacs formed in his throat, and shortly before his death the swelling on each side of his neck extended to the front, and was so hard and inflamed that nothing seemed to affect it in the slightest degree. On Saturday he had a violent choking spell, and endured agony almost intolerable. He was unable to lie down for days before his death. But a few minutes before he breathed his last he walked across the floor in the most excruciating pain, then went to his bed, and quietly lay down, closed his eyes, and peacefully entered upon his new existence. Mr. Kershner was fifty-seven years old in September last, and leaves an estimable wife and two daughters, young ladies who will mourn the loss of a most faithful and affectionate husband and father. No man in any community was more respected or generally liked than was Mr Kershner, and although not a follower of Christianity as taught in all orthodox churches, in his daily acts he exemplified the precepts of Christ. He was a decided Liberalist in his views, strong in his convictions, and fearless in his expression of them. Yet it would be hard to find a better citizen, husband, and father.

## A Ballad of Ancient Oaths.

Ther ben a knyghte, Sir Hoten hight,
That on a time did swere
In mighty store othes mickle sore,
Whiche grieved his wiffe to here.

Soth, whenne she scofft, his wiffe did oft
Swere as a ladye may;
"I'faith," "i'sooth," or "lawk" in truth
Ben alle that wiffe wold say.

Soe whenne her good man waxed him wood,
She mervailed much to here
The hejeus sound of othes full round
The which her lord did swere.

"Now, pray thee, speke and tell me eke
What thing hath vexed thee soe;"
The wiffe she cried: but hee replied
By swereing moe and moe.

He sweren zounds which be Gog's wounds,
By bricht Marie and Gis,
By sweit Sanct Ann and holie Tan,
And by Bryde's bell, ywis;

By holie grails, by 'slids and snails,
By old Sanct Dunstan bauld,
The virgin faire that him did beare,
By him that Judas sauld;

By Arthure's sword, by Paynim horde,
By holie modyr's teir,
By Cokis breath, by Zooks and's death,
And by Sanct Swithen deir;

By divells al'e, both greate and smalle,
And all in hell there be,
By bread and salt, and by Gog's malt,
And by the blody tree;

By him that worn the crown of thorn
And by the sun and mone,
By deir Sanct Blane and Sanct Fillane,
And three kings of Cologne;

By the gude Lord and his sweit word,
By him that herryit hell,
By blessed Jude, by holie rude,
And eke be Gad himsell!

He sweren soe (and mickle moe)
It made man's flesch to creepen,
The air ben blue with his ado
And sore his wiffe ben wepen.

Giff you wold know why sweren soe
The good man hight Sir Hoten,
He been full wroth, because, in soth,
He leesed his coler boten.
—*Eugene Field.*


# Eighty-Acre Farm.

I hav an eighty-acre farm for sale in southwestern Minnesota, an unimproved prairie farm in Nobles county, the south half of the northeast quarter of section 12 in township No. 103 of range 42. I owe two Liberals $300 on the tract, and will sell at a bargain for the sake of paying them their money. Address

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OR,

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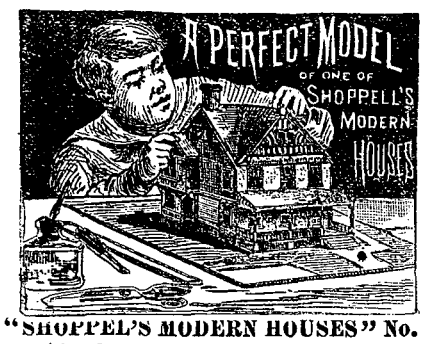
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## News of the Week.

CAPTAIN SAMUELS, who sailed the yacht Dauntless from New York to Cork harbor, losing the race with the Coronet, is back to New York. He explains his defeat on the theory that the Coronet was the better boat and sailed faster.

DR. MCGLYNN has gone West on a lecture trip.

JOHN T. RAYMOND, the actor, died at Evansville, Ind., April 10th, aged 51.

THE season jumped from winter to summer last Sunday, and the thermometer stood at 85 in the shade.

THERE is as yet no clue to the name or slayer of the girl found murdered near Rahway, N. J., a month ago.

THERE is a conference of Latter-Day Saints, or Mormons, at Kirkland, O. President Joseph Smith spoke last Sunday condemning polygamy.

MAYOR HEWITT tried to enforce the liquor law last Sunday, and succeeded in making a good deal of trouble for persons who wanted a drink. One hundred and seven excise arrests were made, and many merchants were arrested for having their stores open.

MR. BLAINE, of Maine, was taken suddenly ill at Fort Gibson, I. T., one day last week, with bronchitis and symptoms of pneumonia. At last accounts he was improving.

CHICAGO carpenters are on strike for 35 cents per hour.

THERE was rioting at Belfast, Ireland, last Sunday, as usual.

THE Democrats carried the Rhode Island State election, April 6th.

THE majority against prohibition in Michigan is now placed at 3,800 votes.

EUROPEAN immigration has set in early at this port. On some days last week there were nearly 5,000 arrivals.

EVANGELIST Sam Small, whom the *Cincinnati Enquirer* reported dying, is better, and is likely to get well.

JOHN GREENWALL, a sneak-thief, is under arrest charged with the murder of Lyman S. Weeks, of Brooklyn, who was shot in his house by a burglar last month.

THE Grand Jury in the case of Rector Ward, of Englewood, N. J., under arrest for shooting his wife, hav been charged by the judge that they may indict the clergyman for atrocious assault and battery with intent to kill.

THE New York aldermen passed some resolutions praising Peter Cooper, and had them engrossed and framed at a cost of $275, which they charged to the city treasury. Mayor Hewitt vetocd the appropriation, and the alderman passed it over the veto. Hewitt is Peter Cooper's son-in-law.

EARTHQUAKE shocks were felt on Sunday morning at Charleston, S. C., and at Burlington, Vt. As Sunday was Easter, celebrated in commemoration of the resurrection of Christ, on which occasion there were seismic disturbances, an earthquake on the anniversary is quite the proper caper.

A PETITION is in circulation among the priests of this vicinity asking for the signatures of all those who indorse the action of Corrigan in the case of McGlynn. The priests complain that they are bulldozed into signing it. The pope, it is reported, has recently conferred upon bishops the power to remove priests without trial.

CAPT. PAUL BOYTON has just completed a trip from Hudson, N. Y., to New York city in his india-rubber swimming clothes, and the feat has been much talked of in the papers. This week the captain appears as a feature of Barnum's circus, and it is suspected that the swim down the Hudson was one of the still foxy showman's advertising dodges.


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TROUBLE IN ABRAM'S FAMILY.

And when Sarai dealt hardly with Hagar, she fled from her face.—Gen. xvi, 6.

## Odds and Ends.

IT is believed that Hamlet must hav been reading Howells when he responded to Polonius's query with, "Words, words, words."

INQUIRER (Sunday A.M.): "Can you direct me to a place of worship, sir? I'm from Portland, Maine, and a stranger in the city." New York citizen: "It's pretty hard getting it nowadays, but I guess if you go over and whisper my name—Cooney—in Con Driscoll's family entrance keyhole, he'll let you in."

HE opened the door about two inches and said: "Is the agricultural editor in?" "I'm the agricultural editor. What can I do for you?" "I merely wanted to observe that in the manufacturing of printing-presses the Hoes hav raked in a good deal of money." Then he groped his way down stairs six steps at a time.

THE CHURCH SOCIAL.

Of all wildly exhilarating forms of enjoyment, the church social is most fascinating. It is positivly beatific in its influence. Every face wears such an expression of supreme happiness. And, best of all, it is innocent enjoyment. The unhallowed ballet is not yet an accompaniment of the church social. There is nothing sinfully theatrical about it. It is warranted to be pure, elevating, and instructiv in its tendencies; and the marvel is that men should be so carnal-minded as to forsake the church social for the "gilded dens of vice," in which they are supposed to disport themselvs if they decline its chaste delights.

The minister is the central figure at all church socials. He feels it his duty to hav a smile and a word for each individual present. The smile, deepening often into a benevolent grin, is a fixture on his face all evening as he goes tripping jauntily from room to room, delivering himself of such edifying remarks as these:

"Ah, Sister Blank, *so* glad to see you! Brother Blank here? Yes? I must look him up. Ah, Brother Simpson, glad to see you! Pleasant little affair, isn't it?"

"Aw—aw—ye-e-s," says Simpson, with a mighty yawn, having been rudely aroused from a pleasant nap by his wife, who has wheedled him into coming to what the wretch calls "one of those idiotic church things."

The minister feigns ignorance of the yawn, and goes merrily on his way.

"Ah, Sister Crane, *you* here? But we can always depend on your coming. And here is Sister Bloom. How do you do, Sister Bloom? I was sure you'd be here. Brother Bloom here? Ah, here he comes. Glad to see you out, Brother Bloom. Delightful little affair, isn't it? Ah, Brother Baxter, ever so glad to see you. Sister Baxter came, didn't she?"

"Oh, yes: we're all here."

"Ah, that's right. Always glad to see the little folks. This your little girl? Can't you kiss me, little birdie? Lovely child, Brother Baxter. What *would* our homes be without these little blossoms in them? Well, well, here is Grandma Dean. *So* glad to see *her* out. How remarkably well you're looking. Is your rheumatism troubling you much this winter? No? I'm glad of that. Bless my soul if there ain't Sister Peters! How *do* you do?"

"Real well, thank you."

"That's right. Saw you at church Sabbath."

"Oh, yes; and it was *such* a privilege to hear your beautiful sermon; it really—"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Lastly, it was *such* a *beautiful*—"

"I *cried* over it."

"So beautiful, and yet so practical."

"We *all* enjoyed it."

"*So* many spoke about it."

"Charming!"

"It was really *beautiful*."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Lastly, it really—"

"I'm glad you liked it," says the pastor, able at last to make himself heard above this babel of delicate flattery. He vanishes aurily in the direction of a weary-looking group of spinsters sitting in a stiff row on a sofa.

"Ah, ladies, enjoying yourselvs, I see. That's right; that's right. That's what we're here for. Having a nice time, Miss Shanks?"

"*Delightful!*" cries Miss Shanks, to whom not a soul has spoken since her arrival; "I always *do* enjoy our socials."

"Ah, glad of it. They *are* happy little gatherings, and I think it does us all good to meet in this way often. How happy our dear little people are out in the other room!"

The "dear little people," happy after the manner of hyenas and wildcats, are yelling and racing all over the house to everybody's infinit discomfort and disgust.

"I don't see what on earth anyone wants to bring a tribe of young ones to a church social for," says Mrs. Bloom, behind her fan to Mrs. Blank. "If I was managing this affair, I'd send about twenty-nine youngsters home in ten seconds."

Behind other fans other persons are saying:

"Awful bore, isn't it?"

"Oh, dreadful! I'm not coming to another one soon."

"Mercy on us, Miss Roarer is going to sing!"

"And Mr. Spouter is going to read 'The Creeds of the Bells.'"

"We shall all *die!*"

"Hear those brats out in the refreshment room."

"Did you get any refreshments fit to eat?"

"*No!* Who ever does at an affair of this kind?"

"See old Mrs. Dean stretched out on the sofa, sound asleep."

"Deacon Goode has been fairly snoring all evening."

"Look at Mr. Lastly. He looks utterly tired out. I should think he'd be bored to death."

"Oh, now they're going home."

"Good!"

"Such a *delightful* time!"

"We really must hav another one right away!"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Such a grand success!"

—*Zenas Dane in Puck.*


**MOSES BEFORE THE COURT;**

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## Gems of Thought.

WHILE from the effects of increased intelligence and civilization the rule of tyranny and persecution has become somewhat lessened, it does not appear that amorousness and sensuality hav yet become obsolete on the part of the Christian clergy.—*D. M. Bennett.*

IT is becoming a religious duty to enjoy life. A man ought to be ashamed to say in the face of nature that "life protracted is protracted woe." I venture to say that nine times out of ten the man that declares life to be only "vanity and vexation of spirit" would not be the man to start a subscription to buy the winter's coal for a poor widow. The world is finding out that the people who call life so hard and undesirable are the ones to make it hard and undesirable for others. We do not take a man for a saint because he reads the Bible, nor for a sinner because he does not. We no longer weigh men in the scales of orthodox piety. If a man is very good, we do not look to see him go to church on Sunday, but he may take some sick neighbor out to ride. We cannot estimate the religion of men by holding them up by their belief or disbelief of the Christian dogmas. I would prefer to hav men say of me when I am gone, "He helped to make the world a brighter and better place for men to liv in," than to hav it said, "He called the Bible the best book in the world, and believed Jesus Christ to be divine."—*L. K. Washburn.*

WHY should scientific teaching be limited to week days? Ecclesiastically-minded persons are in the habit of calling things thoy do not like by very hard names, and I should not wonder if they brand the proposition I am about to make as "blasphemous," and worse. But, not minding this, I venture to ask, Would there really be anything wrong in using part of Sunday for the purpose of instructing those who hav no other leisure, in a knowledge of the phenomena of nature, and of man's relation to nature? . . . If any of the ecclesiastical persons to whom I hav referred object that they find it derogatory to the honor of the God whom they worship, to awaken the minds of the young to the infinit wonder and majesty of the works which they proclaim his, and to teach them those laws which must needs be his laws, and therefore of all things needful for man to know, I can only recommend them to be let blood, and to be put on low diet. There must be something very wrong going on in the instrument of logic, if it turns out such conclusions from such premises.—*Huxley's Lay Sermons.*

IT is useless to try to maintain a Puritan Sunday on the statute books, because the state house is no longer the servitor of the church-member, but of the voter. Sunday must stand or fall upon its merits. It will die out from our civilization exactly in proportion as Christianity does, and this nation will never consent to keep it as a monument of the dead. We shall probably hav, in the near future, neither a Puritan nor a continental-European Sunday, but an American Sunday. The American one will undoubtedly follow the old maxim, that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."—*Boston Advertiser.*

CHRIST supersedes in the most peremptory manner one of the commands of the Decalog—that as to the observance of the Sabbath, his views and teaching as to which no ingenuity can reconcile with the Mosaic law.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom*

WHATEVER may hav been the opinion and practice of the early Christians in regard to cessation from labor on Sunday, unquestionably the first law, either ecclesiastical or civil, by which the Sabbatical observance of that day is known to hav been ordained, is the edict of Constantine, 321 A D., of which the following is a translation: "Let all judges, inhabitants of the cities, and artificers rest on the venerable Sunday. But, in the country, husbandmen may freely and lawfully apply to the business of agriculture, since it often happens that the sowing of corn and planting of vines can not be so advantageously performed on any other day; lest, by neglecting the opportunity, they should lose the benefits which the divine bounty bestows on us."—*Chambers's Encyclopedia.*

I HAV known several Atheists, and never one who seemed to think that the universe was a failure, or to regret that he had come to be a citizen of it. Perhaps they were not real Atheists. Some of them imagined themselvs so, but they seemed to me to hav an *implicit* faith in God, vastly more honorable to him and reverent in them than the *explicit* faith of the majority; and others clearly recognized that what they denied was—not God, but the validity of any definition of God current in the churches.—*John W. Chadwick.*

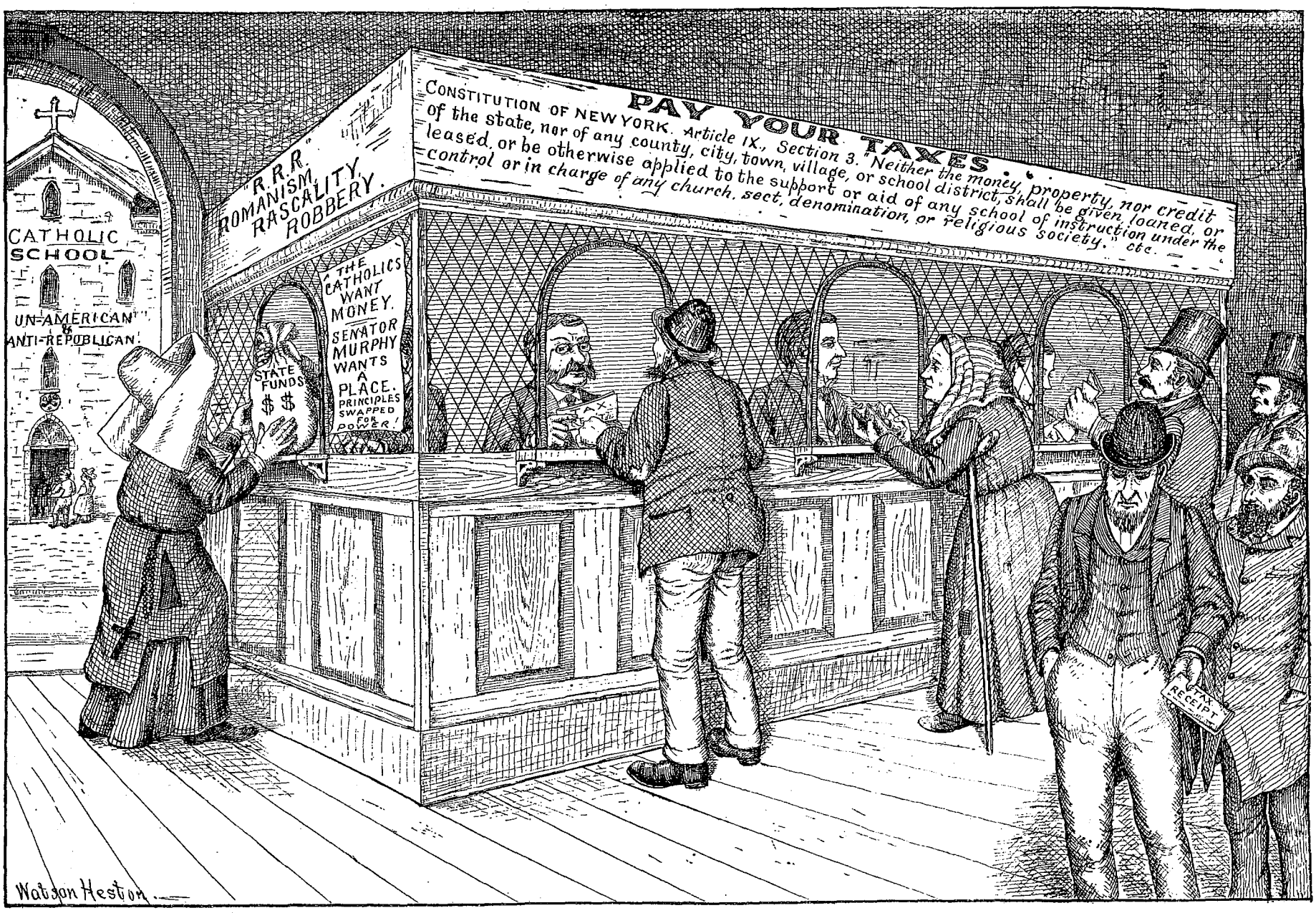
"BUT the spirit was to lead the apostle into *all* truth," says the reader. That declaration needs careful consideration. It would teach that the apostles were infallible. But they were not infallible; for they taught that Jesus would come again to earth in their own lifetime, and events hav shown that they were mistaken.—*Henry Blanchard.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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HOW TAXPAYERS ARE FOOLED.

## Notes and Clippings.

In a speech at St. Louis, previous to his illness, Mr. James G. Blaine spoke of Thomas Jefferson as "that great man who, in the annals of American greatness, should stand next to Washington."

There is nobody in Albany, says the personal observer of the New York *Sun*, that earns money quicker than the chaplains of the Senate and Assembly, who offer every morning a prayer of from two to five minutes in length, at $5 per prayer.

M. Rochefort, the French statesman, has a strong article in *D'Intransigeant*, of Paris, directed against the pope, who, he says, sacrificed France to Germany in the Chinese missions question, and is now aiding in the work of Germanizing Alsace-Lorraine. The article concludes: "If most of our ministers were not known to fast on Fridays, the government would answer these insults by recalling the French embassador to the Vatican, and suppressing the religious budget."

An illustration of the difficulty attending the discovery of the real condition of the Chinese mind in regard to the progressiv policy obtaining in western countries is contained in the following anecdote, for the authenticity of which a writer in the Boston *Daily Advertiser* vouches. A bishop of the Episcopal church was returning from China with his servant, whom he thought he had converted to Christianity. Whenever the bishop held services in the cabin of the steamer in which they both were passengers, the servant attended and took part very devoutly in the responses, etc. One day a passenger observed the servant on his knees worshiping an image of Buddha, with candles and joss sticks, and he asked the servant if he was not a Christian, and elicited the following reply: "As I am in the employment of the bishop it is my duty to observe the Christian ceremonies when my master does so, but when I am acting for myself, of course, I worship according to my own Buddhist faith."

One gallon of whisky costs about $3, and contains on the average sixty-five ten-cent drinks. Now, if you must drink whisky, buy a gallon and make your wife the barkeeper; then, when you are dry, giv her ten cents for a drink. When the whisky is gone, she will hav, after paying for it, $3.50 left, and every gallon thereafter will yield the same profit. This money she should put away in the savings bank, so that when you hav become an inebriate, unable to support yourself, and shunned and despised by every respectable person, your wife may hav money enough to keep you until your time comes to fill a drunkard's grave.—*Ex.*

A remarkable strike is going on in the island of Scio. The population in some of the parishes belonging to the Orthodox Greek church hav been backward in the due payment of tithes or church rates, or some other ecclesiastical due. The priests hav appealed to the bishop of Scio, who has attempted to help his clergy by putting these recalcitrant parishes under the interdict. As a consequence of this extreme measure, with which western Europe was familiar in the Middle Ages, the clergy are obliged to abstain from the regular exercise of their ministry. They may neither baptize, marry, celebrate mass, nor even bury the dead. The laity hav taken the last duty upon themselvs, and there hav been several funerals without any ecclesiastical ceremony. They hav appealed to the secular governor of the island, however, requesting him to compel the priests on strike to return to their duty. The governor has applied to the porte for direction in this delicate question, so that the final settlement of the quarrel between the Christian pastors and their flocks is now resting in the hands of the porte, a body of Mohammedans.

A Mormon bishop from Idaho, stopping in St. Louis, revealed to a reporter of the New York *Herald* a few hints of what the Mormon church might do if it chose. "The Mormons," he said, "are not politically ambitious; they only want to regulate their own affairs. If we wanted a state, we could hav it. What is to prevent us from capturing Nevada? There are not more than sixteen thousand voters in the sovereign state of Nevada now, of which nearly five thousand are Mormons. What is to prevent the Mormons from dumping eight thousand citizens into Nevada and taking possession of the government of the state in a year? Nothing! And, by the way, this thing is just now seriously considered. If we had three electoral votes on the political market we might hav friends, and plenty of them, in Washington. With two United States Senators to fight our battles, and a full-fledged Congressman in addition to our Utah delegate, we might get a more respectful hearing. Then, too, we might hav influence enough to get Utah admitted, and later Idaho. There is nothing to prevent the Mormons, if they take it in their heads to engage in practical politics, from controling Nevada and Utah, and holding the balance of power in Idaho and Arizona."

The *Sporting and Turf Record* for April printed a reproduction of Bougereau's famous picture, "The Nymphs and the Satyr," and Anthony Comstock made the publishers tear out the leaf containing the picture before mailing the paper. The original of the picture is in the barroom of the Hoffman House, and may be seen by anyone. The New York *Sun* of Sunday givs the soapboiler's agent this advice: "We commend to Anthony Comstock a field for his activity that he hasn't even touched. Instead of expending his energies and the despotic power of his office upon suppressing the distribution of works of art among people in moderate circumstances, as in the case of the *Sporting and Turf Record*, let him go boldly into those far richer repositories of pictures that he wishes to destroy, the houses of the rich, and all loan collections. In numerous New York dwellings there are some of the loveliest creations of modern art or ancient art, the cause of great pleasure and valuable cultivation to a great number of good people, but worthy of destruction by Mr. Comstock's standard. Let him demand admittance there and devote these art treasures to ruin. If he can't get in openly, let him sneak in, under plea of plumbing or fixing the telephone, or any way he likes, so as to get in. Then he may destroy perhaps a dozen canvases in a house. He will be arrested and punished, but a man of his stamp should be happy to stand martyrdom for his cause. It should be his grea est pleasure possible to become a martyr. : would certainly be to fair-minded, sensible people a pleasure to witness such martyrdom.

# Communications.

## "Our Lord God."

Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the almighty unto perfection?

It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know? (Job xi, 7, 8).

No man has seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us (1 John iv, 12).

God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him (1 John iv, 16).

God is light, and in him is no darkness at all (1 John i, 5).

God is spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth (John iv, 24).

How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out (Romans xi, 33).

It may be considered irreverent and sacrilegious to want to know anything more about the "Lord God" than we hav been taught, and what the most religions tell us. But thinking people are not satisfied with much that the ancients believed was wise and true. The spirit of inquiry, the love of investigation, and the aspirations to know the truth cannot be restrained nor suppressed. Science is demanding proof and demonstration for all theories, systems, philosophies, doctrins, and faiths. It has thoroughly exploded and dissipated much that has been considered divine, sacred, and unquestionable. The Bible cosmology, geography, astronomy, and geology are gone. Its anatomy and physiology, its therapeutics, psychology, are gone and going into the vortex of oblivion also. It is not in the divine order, neither is it possible, for the mind to be arrested in its researches after truth. The beneficent influence science is continually bringing to alleviate misery, to rectify wrong and add to the sum of human welfare, givs the motiv and the stimulus for the most thorough and unrestricted prosecution of inquiry. The solemn and reverent question, "What is God, Whence and Where?" can no longer escape the crucial tests of science, but must be submitted to the same ordeal by which all minor questions are decided. Ideas of God hav been a vital, an awful, a solemn, and fearful factor in the past of human history. If we concede some good may hav resulted from them, we must admit there has been an immeasurable flood of evil. Error or falsehood in holy things is just as fruitful of wrong and suffering as mistakes elsewhere. Even more so, for the very divinity or sanctity of the subject has been invoked to justify the infliction of the extremest undeserved cruelty. It is done in the name and by the purported command of God.

The God that is made sponsor for such merciless barbarity must be investigated, tried, and sentenced before the tribunal of human justice. As civilization advances it is gradually improving its God. The God of a people generally represents its average intellectual and moral development. Men and nations always hav made, and will continue to make, a God after their own ideas. This right has been claimed and awarded.

No one has a right to force his God on another. The justice of this toleration is the most fully admitted and guaranteed where there is the most enlightenment.

As men grow in this freedom and exercise of rights, they will become more indifferent about the character and qualities of one another's gods, till they will find they can liv just as well without making or formulating a God. They will feel a manliness, a nobility, a mental and moral luxury, which those under the terror of a tyrant master or ruler never experience. "The truth will make us free," so free that we will refuse to voluntarily make ourselvs slaves to a master, even to one which we may hav the choice of selecting for ourselvs, and after our own image.

What do we really know of the meaning of the words, "Our Lord God?" Where did they come from, how did they originate? They are in the present use of medieval or modern origin. They originated in the barbarism of Europe, are antichrist and heathen. The word Lord is a title bestowed on man; the second, "God," is the title or name of a Saxon idol. Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors first began to mutter these sounds in their efforts to form into a dialect what we now call the English language. In that feudal period the chiefs and warriors were the superiors, and became the landholders; they were the land*lords*, the rulers, guides, and owners of the vassals. They were the lords to be feared, honored, and obeyed. They represented and exercised power and authority over the people. In this way the word "lord," with our English progenitors, became the symbol and synonym of power, authority, government, and rule everywhere in their dominions, on earth and in heaven. So that all teachings, lessons, precepts, principles, and commands that were impressed, administered, or enforced upon them were from the lord or lords that governed among them.

If they fancied anything was extremely good, too good and pure for a common, human, earthly lord, they would naturally ascribe it to a supposed superhuman, a spiritual, or heavenly lord, which their imagination could in that barbaric age as well as we can now, in a more enlightened one, originate. When the Latin missionaries were sent to Britain by Pope Gregory I., A.D. 590, to convert the islanders to Christianity, they impressed upon them the rites, ordinances, and observances of the Roman Catholic church, and cited them to the precepts, the religion, and authority of Jesus; he and his teachings should be their "lord" and guide hereafter. These Latin missionaries found this word among the heathens they were laboring to convert, and adopted it as representing in thought their *Jesu Christi*. So that in time, by use and association, it became established and written with a capital *L* as the English name for Jesus and his teachings. Here is its origin in connection with the Christian religion, and we see the devices, the methods, and reasons for our Catholic ancestors taking it from its local earthly origin, and transferring it to heaven as a title for their divinities. The title of the Greek divinity, Apollo, when translated into English, is the same word, *lord*.

The gods and divinities of all religions are believed by their worshipers to be wiser and better than themselvs. Men look to them as the dispensers of light and wisdom for their government. They pray and appeal to them for direction and guidance. The names of many heathen divinities, if translated into our English, would be "Lord;" and very properly too, because they represent the same thought that our English translators of the New Testament meant to convey to us in the word "Lord" when they translated it from earth and men to heaven and a divinity. And because they did this, and for no other reason, we must pronounce it reverently, think of it solemnly, and worship it humbly.

A lord, then, was originally a human ruler, master, director, guide; and as the term gradually became more universal, and in communities where the people had advanced in intelligence and freedom, and society was enabled by its growth in civilization to abolish the legal relation of serf, slave, and lord, or servant, vassal, and lord, they still retained the word "lord," and having no use for it to represent a class of men as teachers and controlers, they gave to it a more general, abstract, and indefinit application. Those principles and precepts, that sense of right and wrong, that feeling of moral obligation called conscience or convictions of truth, sometimes called in scripture "the grace of God," the "true light," the "Christ," all of which, so far as they became the guide and rule of human conduct, did the same thing as the lords had done, in regulating and restraining the individual, performing the function of the lord, became the lord and were called the Lord. So that now, as was the case when the scriptures were translated, pious or religious people speak of the "Lord Christ," "our Lord and savior Jesus Christ," and "Christ the Lord." Very often the word Lord is used alone, without defining any specific person or thing, as commanding, doing, directing, or guiding; then it represents one's own inward sense as the lord or guide. Sometimes the "Lord God" is used, or the "Lord is our God." In these expressions the lord within us, which means simply our sense and judgment of what is right, just, and good, must be obeyed as a solemn duty, or, in other words, must be honored, reverenced, and worshiped. In regarding it in this serious light it is our "God," it is our "Lord God," or this inward lord is our God.

The New Testament translators represent Jesus as often using the word "lord" in the original English sense. In his parables he applies it to men: the faithful servant of the man traveling in a far country, was addressed by his employer on his return, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy lord." He also called "a man that is an householder" "the lord of the vinyard;" again, "when the lord of the vinyard cometh." Paul and other scripture writers and translators are made to use it in numerous instances in its original proper sense, as it should be; and if its correct use had been adhered to throughout the translation, what a vast amount of delusion and superstition could hav been avoided! Spelling the word with the capital initial *L*, and urging it on the ignorant as the name of a divinity, was doubtless done with the design on the part of the priesthood of subjugating, through their fears and reverence, the minds of the masses, and exercising control over them through these means.

As a name of one of their idols or heathen divinities, the word *gott*—now spelled "God"—was used by our Saxon ancestors, in Saxony, while they were yet heathen barbarians and knew nothing of the Christian religion. These Teutons, called Angles and Saxons, were a better governed, a more aggressiv and warlike people, than the inhabitants of Britain. In their expeditions of conquest they invaded the islands, took possession, and enforced on the savage nativs their own habits, their ideas, language, and religion. They intermarried, and produced a race of descendants which has since been called the Anglo Saxon race. The Teuton element being dominant, they succeeded in establishing their faith and the worship of the Saxon *Gott*. They lived isolated in their island home as heathen idolaters till the Roman priesthood in its palmy days, with the armies of the empire at its command, invaded the islands with a view of converting the nativs to the Christian faith. The missionaries of course had to learn their language. They took *Gott*, the name of the nativ idol, and gave to it their own definition and character.

These Roman missionaries were themselvs idolaters, for in their own Christian land and in the imperial city of Rome itself, their churches and temples were adorned with the numerous images, idols, and pictures that they had captured from the temples of the heathen which their Christian armies had conquered in their efforts to propagate their own religion. So their affection and sympathy for the Anglo-Saxon *Gott* readily accepted him as an image of their divinity. They could easily bestow upon him such qualities and virtues as they fancied were becoming to a divinity. They could transfer to him the attributes and powers of their own adopted Hebrew Jehovah.

This they did, and after centuries of perseverance these savages were gradually converted to the Roman manner of worshiping their *Gott*. They adopted the Roman rites, ceremonies, and faith, retaining their *Gott* on which they bestowed their homage, and whom they honored with their religious devotions.

Enterprise and civilization are developed by the mixture of blood, races, and religions. England felt the effect of these forces, and through the Latin language and literature was enabled to establish civil government, and promote arts and letters, till the period arrived when they demanded a version of the scriptures in their own tongue. The translators, in changing the Latin and Greek into the crude compound tongue spoken by our Celtic ancestors, retained the names of their divinities and idols; the chief of which was *Gott*, which for brevity they spelled with a *d*, instead of two *t*'s.

Where the Anglo-Saxon is spoken, the name of this heathen idol has been preserved; and those who worship the name giv to it a variety of qualities and definitions. They make it represent every degree of superstition, from the grossest fetichism of the barbarian up to the Chaldean conception of a heavenly father. It was to introduce the practical, rational, and only true views of what men should worship that Jesus and Paul placed in man the residence of the Jehovah of the Jews which Moses brought from Egypt, and the heavenly father of the Chaldeans, whose abode was among the planets. Man was the temple in which he resided; the "kingdom of heaven" where he ruled was *in man*, and he, or it, must be worshiped there. The Lord that was to guide them was intelligence, wisdom, and truth. It must be their "God." So our English translations of these ancient Greek ideas make those early teachers say, "The *Lord* is our God." "Thou shalt love the *Lord* thy God."

How simple and real these lessons are when understood! How easily understood when the truth has made the mind free enough to see them in their nativ simplicity!

If we had not been taught to reverence the murmurings and mutterings of these ancient progenitors of our faith, above and beyond the "light and truth" revealed to this age, we would not adhere with such tenacity to words, phrases, and superstitions that can do nothing but enslave and degrade us, and which Jesus and Paul found in their day, according to the record, to be the greatest impediments in their work of spreading that light and truth in the world through which alone it is possible it ever can be saved.

As the term "lord" belonged to the feudal ages, and to a limited class then, it is only by a gross perversion and misapplication of it from where it exclusivly belonged—to a class of men—that it was transferred from the secular to the sacred; and going back in time and history a thousand years, and conferring this title on Jesus—a title he would hav spurned with an indignant rebuke if it had been bestowed on him while living, for he refused even to be called *good*, or the spirit that animated him—and in thus deifying and personifying it, we hav all been led astray. The capital initial *L* with which it is printed, and the priestly fraud of elevating it from man to represent a divinity, and with solemn mockery and reverent airs exciting a ghostly halo of supernaturalism in connection with its use as a name, hav completely captured the masses to accept it with a blind faith and with awe and reverence, to bestow upon it a devotion as though it were all a reality.

Must men forever worship graven, or molten, or carved images? If forbidden by high authority to do so, will they, with the wildest ideality and romantic imagination, leave the earthly and material and in fancy traverse the celestial spheres in search of divinities, spiritual images on which to bestow their affectionate devotion, without any regard to the injunction of the first commandment: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters?" Such is the credulity, the weakness and servility, of poor human nature.

Our idolatry, if not as gross, is as real, as complete and unquestionable, as was ever that of the ancient Hebrews which Moses so emphatically condemned.

All this and much more was discovered, and is well

known, by the committees who lately revised the New Testament, but they had not the courage to reveal it to the public. T. E. LONGSHORE.

*Philadelphia, Pa.*

## How to Get a Free Sunday.

THE TRUTH SEEKER is always welcome to me, especially its columns of news, often worth more than any in the daily papers. Its share in opening the New York museums on Sunday would alone giv it a claim for gratitude on every Liberal. Let me say a word about what is being done to emancipate Sunday in Massachusetts. The House of Representativs has passed a bill which will, it is confidently hoped, be accepted by the Senate, and which would certainly please the governor, as he called for such legislation in his message. There is no doubt, at all events, of our soon getting rid of the law forbidding all amusements, "except a concert of sacred music," on Saturday evening; and its repeal will be due, not to any special agitation, but to the universal agreement of our people to break it openly. I remember when the theaters in Boston advertised that they would giv plays on Saturday evening, in order to prove that this statute could not be enforced. That law has been tried and found wanting, and for this reason will be repealed. The same sentence will, in all probability, be passed against the law prohibiting Sunday travel, and on the same ground. The community has agreed to break that law, and so the legislature is willing to take it away. Such a statute has to be turned into a dead letter before it can be repealed. Then, again, the rule of prohibiting labor and business is to be amended so as to allow us to buy milk, bread, newspapers, and medicin, hire horses and carriages, ride in the cars, send telegrams, and do other things which we hav been in the habit of doing every Sunday, in violation of the statute. I heard these points discussed in the State House. The legislators all agreed that, as the people did these things habitually on Sunday without interference, they ought to be allowed to do them legally. Getting shaved on that day has of late been made somewhat difficult in Boston, but the general habit of the people was so plain that this privilege, too, will be granted formally. It is not in the least a question of principle, but simply one of practice. Some opposition was made to permitting "the letting of yachts and boats," because this would be plainly sanctioning amusement on Sunday. But even here the House of Representativs decided to let the people retain all the liberty they had already taken for themselvs.

All there is to regret is that we hav not done what we wanted to do on Sunday more boldly, and broken the Sabbath more thoroughly. We can afford well enough to let Sunday remain a holiday, if we can be permitted to enjoy just as much amusement as on any other holiday, without having even to step over a dead letter. Of course, there is the same need of exercise and amusement on Sunday as on any other day; and it is our duty to see that those who hav only one day of leisure get a chance to enjoy that in the brightest and healthiest way possible. There ought to be more opportunities of amusement on Sunday than on any other day of the week. If the theater is to be open at any time, it should be then. That this would keep people from going to church is no argument against it, from our standpoint. There is no other demand of Liberalism so urgent as this. For my neighbors to question my right to vote, and to tax me in support of their churches, hurts them more than it does me. But it does hurt me, and wrong me grievously, for them to prevent my getting a book out of a public library, or entering a theater, or playing cards with my neighbors. As for observing fast day, Thanksgiving, and Christmas, that is all right. The only change that could be made for the better would be to observe Sunday in the same way. We need more holidays, not fewer. A great change is needed in public opinion, as well as in the statutes. As soon as we can make Sunday amusement fashionable and popular, we can easily make it legal. After all that can de done this winter to improve our Sunday laws, we shall hav to keep the old clauses fining "whoever takes part in any sport, game, or play, or is present at any dancing, or public diversion, show, game, or entertainment, except a concert of sacred music, unless such game, sport, play, or public diversion is licensed by the persons or board authorized by law to grant licenses in such cases." This last provision leaves, as was pointed out in the legislature, the key in the door of the play-house. That door is locked now; but it is easy to see how to unlock it. There is already a strong demand for concerts of lively music and lectures of an entertaining character. The theaters and halls are often open for such diversions on Sunday evening without interference from the police. As this taste grows, we shall hav dramatic readings and then we shall hav regular plays, first given illegally and finally legally. To help on this reform, it is important that our Sunday lecturers should take care to avoid the pulpit manner, as well as the pulpit's matter. That is the day, of all days, when we should take care not to be merely preaching sermons of unusual length. Ingersoll is a good example in this respect, and many others. Our halls, too, ought to giv just as much amusement on Sundays as our neighbors will tolerate. We ought to keep just as far in advance of the statute and of public opinion as we can without getting fined too heavily. Perhaps our money would go as far in that way as in any other. I am entirely against resisting any of our laws; but I am willing to risk suffering under them, when that is the best way to reform them, according to the men who make them. As to what we ought to do in our parlors and on our lawns, to make Sunday a day of healthy rest for our children and our neighbors, as well as for ourselvs, my readers need no instruction. All we need is courage. F. M. HOLLAND.

## Si Slokum.

HIS COMMENTARIES UPON SOME REMARKABLE PERSONS AND EVENTS OF SACRED HISTORY.

Leaving Cain and Adah, his sister and wife, in the enjoyment of their honeymoon, we forge along into the bowels of the holy polyglot, finding the roughest kind of navigation—the true believer in, or wholesale swallower of, the scriptural Munchausens, with his flat-bottomed boat, that would skim over a light dew, flits serenely over the shoals in a bee-line, laughing at crooked channels, perplexing currents, annoying eddies, sunken reefs, and other impediments—until we reach that period of time when occurred the remarkable rainstorm, known as the "Flood," an uncalled-for piece of monstrosity on the part of the Lord, but which proved a field day for sharks, devilfishes, and other cheerful monsters of the deep. Great Jones! what a picnic those monsters must hav had! How, like the pharisees of the early days—and of today as well—they would hav cried out, had the power of speech been theirs (if snakes talked, why not sharks and things?):

"Great is the Lord! He feedeth us with exceeding quantity of food of the best quality. Verily God is love!"

Passing the flood epoch by a tack to windward, as it were, we come to the romantic story of Joseph, that immaculate paragon of virtue, the like of whom never before or since existed—well, not in this world, I'll bet. We read how, in the beginning of the end which found Joe famous and exceedingly well fixed, he was kidnapped by his big brothers one day and carried off and sold to the Egyptians, his brothers bringing home his coat smeared with sheep's blood, and telling the old man Jacob, their paternal ancestor, that Joe was gobbled up by a bear or other wild carnivorous beast, which pretty nearly broke the old gentleman all up.

We read on, and find Joseph a servant in the household of one General Potiphar, of Pharaoh's staff; we read how Mrs. Potiphar was mashed on Joseph, so dead gone on him, in fact, that she tried her level best, putting forth all her arts and blandishments, and showing off her charms to the best advantage, to inveigle him into the net she had spread for him, but to no purpose, Joseph being charm-proof, and not to be led astray; how, one day, when she had cornered him in a back-hallway, and he started to run away, she caught hold of his coat, which came off, and with which she, resolving to hav revenge for being scorned by a slave to whom she had made improper advances, ran screaming to her hubby, declaring Joseph had attempted liberties with her, showing the coat as proof, which was about as mean a thing to do as any woman of the present day would do to get the deadwood on the man she loves but who won't love back.

We read how Joseph was jugged, and how he was pardoned out by Pharaoh, on account of his interpreting some queer dreams which the latter had; how he was made governor-general of the land by Pharaoh; how he very shrewdly played his hand for all it was worth; how he at last got the old man, his father, and all his brothers, whom he forgave, down into Egypt, where they waxed strong in shekels, sheep, and steers, and where all went swimmingly until Joseph cashed in his checks.

This is about as romantic a story as appears in the polyglot, and we are led to remark that Joseph was a man of a million in the matter of resisting temptation under circumstances that would hav compelled the surrender of the other nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine as surely as Grant compelled the surrender of Vicksburg.

In this matter Joseph stood *sui generis*. Men like him were scarcer than white blackbirds. They are to this day. I don't believe there is a "Joseph" in the metropolis, unless he be Joseph Howard. Possibly he might act as Joseph of old did under like circumstances, but—well, I don't know. It is a terrible ordeal to subject a man to, unless his virtue is of the A1, copper-fastened variety. I think Joe Howard's virtue is of this grade, but then I should hav doubts about his legs in such a case. I am afraid his legs would refuse to do their office, and would not run away, albeit his virtue urged them to.

If Josephs are scarce, even in these days when the "unco' guid" are thicker than hairs on a goat in the cold season—let the "unco' guid" tell it—so are not the Mrs. Potiphar's. They abound on every hand, and go about seeking whom they may devour, so to speak. The woods are full of them, and the papers are kept busy chronicling their questionable doings. Unlike the Mrs. Potiphar of old, they catch on in almost every instance, causing an immense deal of trouble, all on account of the scarcity of Josephs.

Later on in the polyglot we come to the time when the Jews seceded from the realm of Egypt, and, 600,000 strong, under the leadership of one Moses, set out for a promised land flowing with milk and honey. Pharaoh, roiled at their secession, rallied his boys round the flag and put out after them, chasing them to the boarders of the Red Sea. Here, one night, occurred, as alleged, the most remarkable action on the part of a sea ever recorded. The report unblushingly tells us that the waters parted in the middle, like the hair of a dude, and that the Jews passed through the newly-opened avenue, with its wall of water on either hand, to the opposit shore, not a Jew of them all getting as much as a wet foot!

Then the report goes on to say that Pharaoh, seeing what a soft snap he had, in this new way of crossing a sea, pushed into the avenue with his hosts, and that, when his entire force was between the two walls of water, said walls collapsed, and Pharaoh and his hosts were scooped in at one fell swoop, as it were, by the waters returning to their level.

This is a most remarkable story, or rather a story of a most remarkable happening, and those who believe it, and yet scout the far less astonishing stories of Munchausen, must be very peculiarly constituted as a matter of fact. That the waters of a sea should divide, as stated, would seem to be too much to impose on the credulity of man. And yet they are all about us who profess to believe this yarn. "Oh, it was a miracle of the Lord's," they will tell you, and that settles the matter with them. Most assuredly would these "believers" believe that the moon was made of green cheese, if the book so stated, even though astronomy demonstrated that it was composed of material not differing greatly from that of our earth. Isn't it astonishing that men, too incredulous to believe that an egg can be made to stand on end without breaking, unless they should see it done, will swallow the above sea yarn, a "hand-me-down" from remote antiquity, at a single gulp, as a hungry salmon would a tempting shiner?

What gudgeons these mortals be, *Puck* might hav said; but he expressed it when he said fools, on the principle that the greater comprehends the less.

After long years and troublous times with his mutinous crew, Moses at length went the way of all flesh, and one Joshua came to the front as the leader of the "chosen people." It would appear that Joshua was a man after the Lord's own heart, for he proved to be a fighter and slaughterer who couldn't shed blood enough. As the waters did for Moses, so they were accommodating enough to do for Joshua, the river Jordan coming to a halt over against Jericho, the lower part of the river running off, allowing Joshua with his crowd to cross dry-footed to Jericho, where commenced his warlike career. And here I may say that Joshua was the Grant of the period. When he "moved on the enemy," he got there, no matter how many of his own men he might slaughter, Grant not being the least concerned with this regard. Josh had more celerity in his make-up than had Ulysses, but then he was squarely backed by the Lord—a dead sure thing, and no belief, as in Grant's case perhaps—and was spurred on by the Lord, who, being given to bloodshed, never at that time procrastinated, but went for the gory fluid without ado, Josh, like "Barkis," being "willin'," because he knew his ally would see him safe through the carnage.

The days and nights not being long enough for this man of "blood and iron," Joshua—"the original Jacobs" in this line—when on the warpath he would command the sun and moon to stand still that he might hav light for the slaughter undertaken; these luminaries actually obeying him, if we believe the old-time legend, which no true Christian thinks of disbeliving.

Believing this, is there anything a Christian wouldn't believe? If the book recorded that the sun and moon danced the can-can after Joshua's bloody victories; or that the sun was poured by the Lord into a pint bottle and given to Joshua that he might always hav light about him, the true Christian would suck it in as an eel would a "bob" of clams.

O credulity, thy name is man, when posing as a Christian! Well, stick to your credulity and rejoice in it if you can—I suppose you do. Believe with Talmage, the Lord's right bower, as he no doubt considers himself, that it is as easy to believe in God's omnipotence as to disbelieve, and be happy. Yes, scoop in and believe, and much good may it do you.

SI SLOKUM.

A SCOTCH general on the eve of battle made the following prayer: "Blessed Laird, thou knowest fu' weel that though we are sinners, our enemies are na saints; therefore if thou be na for us, be na against us, but stand thou at a distance and let the arm of flesh decide."

# The American Secular Union.

COURTLANDT PALMER, President.

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## News and Notes.

The scenery within twenty-five and thirty miles of San Francisco, where the railroad follows along the Sacramento river, is indeed fascinating. The waters roll away in glorious beauty, and the undulating banks, rising into gentle and changing declivities, shine with mantles of delicious green, besprent with flowers of crimson and gold, azure, and purple, radiating like immense jewels in the sparkling verdure. For the first time this season I saw the wonderful green of the rain-beat sod of New England that flows upon the senses almost like music, it is so deep and lustrous, of which southern California cannot boast, with all its brilliance of climate, for this vivid color is the gift of many showers that constantly bathe the soil, and with mingling sunlight giv the fields their richest radiance. The great ships, the mighty wharves, the bustle of life, were various indications of approach to the metropolis of the Pacific shore. Just about sunset I arrive at Oakland, and meet my good pioneer friend, A. H. Schow, and go to his pleasant home, comfortable and sociable. Here is where our world-wandering pilgrim, D. M. Bennett, as related in his book, sojourned for awhile amid the delightful scenes of this prosperous land. Like him, I found Mr. and Mrs. Schow cordial companions, who do all that is possible for the entertainment of the Secular soldier, and who themselvs are in the front ranks of the long line of battle. It was by the energy and perseverance of Mr. Schow that there were lectures at Oakland, for this is one of the least promising places, together with San Francisco, that I hav yet visited. It is hard to rally the Liberals. They are so immersed in the multitudinous affairs of business and attractions of every sort that it takes a pretty strong magnet to get them out to Liberal lectures, and so I work in hopes of a brighter future. Desultory effort will not accomplish any result. This can be reached only by long-continued and organized labor. Mr. Schow has the genuin Scandinavian pluck, and he won't giv in so long as there is a chance, and by his generous aid I hav had a chance to do something for the advancement of Liberal fraternity.

Saturday evening my genial host and myself went over to the big city, the wonderful city, where the orient and the occident mingle in such picturesque array. Over the ferry we go, four miles wide, in the palatial boats, that seem like floating hotels in their splendor and comfort, and we come to the many-hilled city, whose blazing ramparts stretch away against the vast horizon, with a thousand lamps that seem to mingle with the stars. We plunge into the sea of activity that ceases not until three o'clock in the morning. Early to bed with the San Franciscans is in the "small hours" after midnight. These impetuous people cannot stop until the glowing round meets the morning's circling fire. We went to the Palace Hotel, where, if one has plenty of money, he can liv in a paradise of beauty. One might imagin that he had Aladdin's lamp, so glorious is the wealth and gorgeousness that is revealed as one traverses these glittering corridors. Beautiful pictures, roofs, walls, and marble and tessellated floors make one forget that there is anything in this world but happiness and luxury. I like to see it, I must confess, this splendid, brilliant world of animation, where the top of life appears in such bewildering magnificence. After all, cannot this glad panorama be the picture of what will be, not for the few, but for everybody, in the "good time coming?" I believe in making all human life a Palace Hotel. Why not? Richness, beauty, grace, art, luster, luxury—are not these blessings, and should not every man and woman hav a taste of them, and be like the gods? I am glad that Eve ate that apple and put this tremendous desire into the heart of every one of her children, to rival heaven in the glory of their earthly dominion. We went to the Baldwin, the Lick, and other elegant caravansaries where the golden key opens to merry feast and royal bed. Then we came across our friend, H. W. Faust, whose energy has pushed the campaign in San Francisco spite of many discouragements. He had his big telescope out, for the moon was riding through the sky in silvery majesty, and we took a look at the shining orb, and seemed to draw it almost to earth as we gazed into the mouth of its ragged, glimmering volcanoes, and could almost see its streets and houses, if it had any. However, I came to the conclusion that there was no Palace Hotel up there, and the "man in the moon" has to take his trips "afoot and alone," without any accommodations from outsiders. I don't think I will extend my pilgrimage to that cold and uncanny region. Afterward we went through Chinatown, and spent an hour or so in viewing the grotesque panorama of this oriental scene; and I didn't feel as if I was in very dangerous company. The Chinese are a good-natured folk. They don't quarrel. They get drunk and gamble in a very placid manner, as if they were half asleep. They make and lose with cheerful quietude. The Chinese are a happy people. They go in for pleasure. Their religious ceremonies are very much like those of the Christians. The priest gets all the fat things, just like our own. Theology is the same the world over. The Chinese go in for bright, nice-looking gods. They hav one in the custom-house now so extensivly decorated that the officials hav called it a "work of art." It is too handsomely ornamented with gold and silk to be a real god, and so Uncle Sam feels called upon to charge duties, which is evidently unfair, for other deities can hav all the regalia they wish. Why shouldn't the Chinese god be allowed to put on style likewise? The "visible" god certainly ought to be permitted as much fashion and splendor as the "invisible" one. Uncle Sam should treat all alike and let the god come in duty free, tinsel and all.

Chinamen like elegance as well as we. They like fine furniture and splendid adornments. They won't liv on rats when they can get chickens. They don't horde money. They spend lavishly, like Americans, and go in for a good time. Their New Year's is a much more splendid and jolly occasion than with us. They devote a whole week to it. They send to China and get all sorts of beautiful things, dresses, ornaments, confectionery, etc. They like good confectionery, and know how to make it. They like fireworks, and go in for a heap of noise. Their music is a marvelous affair. I don't understand it, but it rattles away for dear life with infinit hilarity. Every Chinaman is bound to get a new suit of clothes on New Year's, no matter what the cost, and to liv on turkey and sweet-meats for seven days, at least. The Chinese are perfectly generous, they are always ready to treat. They giv away things, especially to those they like, with wonderful prodigality. They are a careless, jovial people. They are industrious—they work—but when they get through work they play. They save money, and they spend it too. They like this world, and when they can hav luxury they hav it with the alacrity of ourselvs. They liv in a picturesque world. There is wealth and poverty. There is dirt, but also refinement and cleanliness, as in our own cities. There is intelligence and ignorance among them. Human nature is the same as with us, and has the same variety of expression They are a working, economical, gay-hearted, pleasure-loving, and contented people. Giv the devil his due. If we must pitch this Jonah overboard in order to save the ship of state, giv him a fair epitaph, for he deserves it. If he has bad qualities, he has also good qualities; and when the balance is struck I guess he will hav a pretty good credit account.

Sunday evening I lectured at Oakland to an audience of one hundred and fifty. I hope for more next Sunday, and so be able to report progress. I lectured in San Francisco on Monday to about one hundred, and on Tuesday to the same number. On Wednesday, however, we had double. I don't take any credit to myself for the increase. We had an added attraction in the shape of an orthodox crank, an English gentleman, a graduate of one of the universities, and in many respects an educated man, but wofully at sea in regard to Freethought. He rose in quite an excited manner after the close of my lecture on Tuesday evening, and wanted an hour in which to reply. We told him it was impossible to grant that length of time. Finally he subsided to a ten-minute speech. But when I replied to him he again became excited and demanded another opportunity.

In order to hav as much fair play as possible, we arranged to giv this man half of the next evening if he would pay half the expenses. To this he agreed, and so the battle came off, and a pretty good number were present. I spoke for half an hour, and then he made answer to my lecture, "The New Heaven and Earth." For an hour he plunged into all sorts of metaphysics. He quoted from Spencer and Harrison on the religious questions, in blissful ignorance that these writers were at sword's points in regard to the very matter he was endeavoring to elucidate. He quoted them both as in favor of Theism, while all that Herbert Spencer affirms, and all that anybody can affirm, according to his philosophy, is an "infinit energy." I hav no quarrel with the man who asserts that, but an "infinit energy" is one thing, and a "personal God" is an entirely different thing, and especially the "God of the Bible," concerning whose existence there is not a particle of evidence; and if we did prove his existence, it would be the existence of a "devil," and not a "God." This illustrates the incongruous and mixed reasoning of my opponent. However, we had an interesting time, and a number of Christians were present to listen to our argument, and I think an interest has been aroused that will make our closing lectures better attended. But when it came to the settling of the bills, our Christian friend was not willing to pay his share. Evidently he thought he had not got his money's worth. Of course we would not quarrel with him, and let him off on his own terms. That's the way with Christians—they want us to pay all the bills, while they do the talking. I doubt if our English friend ever puts in another appearance. He did not seem to be at all satisfied. Still, he gave us a good chance to express Secular philosophy to those who, without this debate, would not hav heard it at all, and small favors are thankfully received. Discussion is always welcome.

I lecture in Oakland next Sunday evening, and in San Francisco Monday and Wednesday evenings, and I shall hav more to say about my work and acquaintance here in my next "News and Notes." I hav found some royal good friends—few, but with the noble spirit of Liberalism—and I shall write of them hereafter. This is a most difficult field, but I hope on, hope ever, and the favorable outlook elsewhere givs me courage to maintain this position spite of all disappointments.

I came up the beautiful bay yesterday. I went past the Golden Gates, glistering in the evening sun. The waters were gleaming in the brilliant light, and the encircling hills and scattered isles were glowing beneath the effulgent sky. Then I came up the delightful Sonoma valley, with its cultivated land, and lovely dwelling-houses, amid stately foliage. Sonoma is the oldest town in northern California, built in the Spanish fashion, with a plaza in the center. It is somewhat dull; the tide of business does not rush here. It is a retired spot, but pleasantly situated, with the bay on one side and the mountains on the other. I gave the first Freethought lecture here last evening, to an audience that nearly filled the hall. I lecture again to-night, and hope for a larger number, but the rain is gently pouring—much needed indeed by the parched lands—especially to the south. It bears within its bosom millions of wealth to this state. So I am willing it should come, even if it spoils the attendance for this evening, for thousands of acres of wheat would perish but for these wide-spreading showers whose drops are jewels indeed for the dusty earth.

I am at the house of T. H. Cheney, five miles away from the village, in the heart of the hills, overlooking in the sunshine the distant bay and the bright valley. Here I am restful, and take the opportunity to write these notes while the rain and mists descend and the hills look life shadowy forms. Mr. Cheney and his wife and father are stanch Liberals, and I am in the atmosphere of Freethought. The little girl, Irene, and her dolls also make a good Secular assembly and giv cheer to this world. The doll of the little girl I like, but the doll of the theologian I do detest.

I hope to lecture in Petaluma next week, and meet my good friends Philip Cowen, W. H. Pepper, and others. I expect to be there Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday. I shall be at San José April 17th and 24th; at Ukiah—with a thirty-mile stage ride—April 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th. I shall be at Stockton May 1st and 8th; and at Napa City May 3d 4th, and 5th. I shall be at Sacramento May 15th and 22d. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. N. D. Goodell, our worker there, at San Francisco. I am going to Oregon by way of Chico, Yreka, etc., and expect to be in Ashland, Talent, Salem, Silverton, Portland, Victoria, Port Townsend, and then Eastward by way of Baker City, Emmettsville, etc. I want friends to be on the look-out and keep the secretary at work. The more done the better. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*Sonoma, Cal.*, April 8, 1887.

## The Liberal Club.

The reporter did not reach the hall of the Liberal Club on the occasion of its 343d regular meeting in season to enjoy the Chair's opening remarks, which are always worth going a good way to hear; but he got there soon enough to affix his signature to a petition urging President Wakeman to reconsider his determination to resign. It was a rainy evening, which had not prevented a fair audience from assembling. Mr. Cohen, in a new spring overcoat that testified to his general prosperity, sat by the secretary's table, and other persons of distinction occupied seats in different parts of the hall.

The five-cent piece which the writer gave to Treasurer Morris as the regular price of admission—barring ladies and Presbyterians, who are welcomed free—did not giv him the benefit of the first part of the lecture by Mr. McMahon on the "Illusions of Legislation." Mr. McMahon had already begun, and was hammering away lustily at what he called his preliminary episode. The lecture was a protest against various fanciful pieces of legislation, among them Prohibition and high license laws. The lecturer did not think these were calculated to aid the cause of temperance, which must be the result of moral suasion and a general diffusion of information as to the deleterious effect of firewater upon the human stomach. Education had already abolished, among the ministers and agriculturists of New England, the habitual use of rum which prevailed fifty years ago. In Ireland the Catholic church has so discouraged intemperance that the Irish people are practically abstemious. Mr. McMahon followed this assertion with the remark that if human law could make men virtuous in a day, it could do what the preaching of God's word and law has failed to do in nineteen

centuries. The sale of beer Sunday afternoons should be permitted for the benefit of our foreign population.

Another illusion, said the speaker, is our way of dealing with corporations. Perpetual franchises should not be granted. because the state could not afford to alienate its property, and create corporations which, though having no souls, would liv forever. Land grants are also illusions. On this subject the speaker became very energetic, and prophesied reform or revolution, and gave the desk a mighty thump, which aroused the somnolent audience to the point of applauding. Finding that was the kind of prophecy that took best, Mr. McMahon repeated it at intervals during the remainder of his discourse.

Civil service reform was another illusion and humbug. Under it the farmer's son had no chance beside the college graduate. Nevertheless, if war broke out, no competitiv examination was resorted to to find out whether he could defend the flag; and when the war was over he could not fill any office under the government which his valor had preserved. This, Mr. McMahon believed, would serve to discourage patriotism. George Washington could not hav passed a civil service examination, for he was deficient in grammar; Horace Greeley wrote a bad hand and would hav been rejected; Daniel Webster could not spell. The next illusion is laws for the collection of debts, the repeal of which would bring business nearer a C.O.D. basis, and kill off the dead-beats of commerce. The close of Mr. McMahon's address was vociferously cheered.

The Chair said: "Our business is now the discussion of this interesting and instructiv lecture. The floor is open, members of the club having preference in speeches of ten minutes."

Dr. Foote, Jr., proposed that Mr. Cohen should speak. No resistance was offered, and Mr. Cohen went forward. Mr. Cohen at once attacked the lecturer's statement that the Irish people were abstemious. From observations which he had made, Mr. Cohen was prepared to affirm that the Irish people hav more affection for a demijohn than the average American citizen. Mr. Cohen's *forte* as a speaker is discussing economic questions, and he likes to turn the drift in that direction. His method of getting upon his favorit theme may be of value to other speakers. Says he, "I understand the gentleman to hav said this or that. Am I right?" If the speaker assents, the way for the favorit speech is opened at once. If he denies having said anything of the kind, the critic may reply, "Then I will say nothing upon that point; otherwise I should hav said"—then proceed with the favorit speech as in the former instance. Mr. Cohen stated that he was a resident of Washington, where he had been able to effect many good results by giving legal advice to judges of the supreme court and others who solicited his opinion upon important matters.

Following, Dr. Kinget pointed out that laws which conflicted with the law of supply and demand would be fruitless.

Herr Moses Oppenheimer, who, report says, has recently been seen upon the street wearing a high hat, was the next speaker. He looked better than usual and spoke as well. In his country all restrictiv laws had been utter failures. Only laws which come from the people can be a success. Before Herr Oppenheimer came to America he was a candidate for the German parliament.

Colonel Hinton gave a bewildering series of statistics to show that all strikes had benefited the strikers. The colonel will lecture at the next meeting on "John Brown and His Men," of whom the colonel himself was one.

Captain Clark was present, but said nothing, an example which was followed by several others who are able on occasion to make good speeches. To all who speak we offer thanks, and tender an ovation; but still the man who can but don't excites our admiration.

## Existence.

As is to be expected, there is to be found in THE TRUTH SEEKER much which savors of the neophytic views of nature and of man, and this condition is in the necessary evolution from immaturity to maturity, as from the acorn to the mighty oak. This is to be expected in nature and in art, as well as in philosophy.

Still, as a starting-point, we must not forget the self-evident, and I would recommend to some of the correspondents of THE TRUTH SEEKER that existence is that self-evident starting-point; and, as some of your correspondents seem unable to find the being who is called by the name of God, I would suggest the above word, "existence," as denoting the starting-point of search, and would quote herein from Thomas Paine, whom the New York *World* has recently discovered to be a very religious man. He answers the Bible interrogation, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" in the affirmativ. "Yes," says he, "because, in the first place, I know I did not make myself, and yet I hav an existence, and by searching into the nature of other things I find that no other thing could make itself, and yet millions of other things exist. Therefore it is that I know, by positiv conclusion resulting from this search, that there is a power superior to all these things, and that power is God."

And from the same standpoint, existence; and, in obedience to the rule, "seek and ye shall find," our author discourses as follows, viz.: "I trouble not myself about the manner of future existence. I content myself with believing, even to *positiv conviction*, that the power that gave me existence is able to continue it in any form and manner he pleases, either with or without this body, and it appears more probable to me that I shall continue to exist hereafter than that I should hav had an existence, as I now hav, before that existence began." Also herein a very ancient document says existence is one of the titles of deity—I am that I am!

> Livs through all life, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
> Breathes in our soul, informs our moral part,
> As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
> As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns
> As the rapt seraph that adores and burns.
> In him no high, no low, no great, no small;
> He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

I would recommend to some of your correspondents a greater culture of the esthetic element. Socrates said that the prosaic nearly destroyed his vision, and came to the conclusion, when he overcame the neophytic view of things, that "the soul was modeled after the eternal idea of the true, the good, and the beautiful."

Paine cultivated the astronomic in order to elevate his vision, and this is well. Now, we are all astronomers—star-gazers—and we all daily consult that most wonderful book, the almanac. And, I would inquire, what is the most wonderful fact in this most wonderful book? Is it not that we are the denizens of two worlds, the known and the unknown, of the visible and the invisible universe, and that an interchange and conversion is constantly taking place between these?

Take the objectiv fact, for instance, now universally recognized as true, that the world is bounded and surrounded by an infinitly luminiferous, magnetic, and electric medium provisionally called ether, and that this wonderful medium, as a vehicle of energy (and an invisible vehicle, too), consumes all the light and heat which is radiated by the suns into space, independent of that which enters into and is absorbed by the atmosphere of the different planets.

Verily it is true that the things in the heavens and upon earth are wonderful, wonderful, wonderful. In comparison with these our little systems are very small, indeed; still, in the process of the suns, these hav their day—they hav their day and cease to be!

*Abington, Pa.* DAVID NEWPORT.

## Lectures and Meetings.

ON April 24th the Rev. S. Miller Hageman and Mr. T. B. Wakeman will debate the subject "Which is Best for the World—Christianity or Science?" The debate will take place at Phœnix Hall, No. 118 South Eighth street, Brooklyn, N. Y., at 3 o'clock.

MRS. H. S. LAKE speaks at New Haven, Conn., April 24th; at the First Spiritual Temple, Boston, May 1st, 8th, 15th, 22d, and 29th; she is reëngaged at Bridgeport, Conn., for June 5th, 12th, 19th, and 26th. Her services may be secured for week-evening lectures and camp-meetings. Address 123 West Concord street, Boston.

E. H. HEYWOOD writes: "Dear Mr. Macdonald, please say that the seventeenth annual convention of the American Labor Reform League meets at 141 Eighth street, New York, Sunday, May 1st, at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M. R. W. Hume, Col. Henry Beeny, Cynthia Leonard, Dr. C. S. Weeks, E. H. Heywood, and other speakers expected."

W. F. JAMIESON is called to Neligh, Neb., to giv a course of lectures. One lecture will be, "The True Story about Thomas Paine." He will soon enter upon his summer vacation among the Colorado mountains, but before doing so would like to deliver his lecture on Thomas Paine in twelve or fifteen different towns. Address him at once, Denver, Col.

CHARLES WATTS visited New York last week to see his wife safely embarked for England. Sunday, the 17th, he lectured for Friendship League of Philadelphia. He reports good success in the lecture field, and bright prospects for his paper. He proposes to convert Canada from her superstition, and will settle permanently in Toronto upon the return of his wife, who will bring his family with her.

W. S. BELL has recently had a debate with a Campbellite minister, the Rev. J. T. Purvis, at Mt. Vernon, Ind., on the divine origin of the Bible. The discussion was held in the court-house, and from the beginning to its close drew large audiences. The debate continued three days, and created a great deal of excitement in that little sleepy town on the banks of the sleepy Ohio river. Mr. Bell thus outlines his coming work: "In June I shall go to Dakota to lecture, and will take in the following towns and others provided I hear from our Liberal friends there in time to make the necessary arrangements before leaving Chicago. I intend to visit Sioux Falls, Salem, Mitchell, Chamberlin, Kimball, Wessington Springs, Huron Iroquois, De Smet, Manchester, Brookings, Big Stone, and Eaton. I shall not hav much time to make arrangements for lectures after getting to Dakota, and shall therefore be greatly obliged to our Liberal friends if they will write me soon, at 302 State st., Chicago, Illinois.

J. E. REMSBURG delivered his first lecture, entitled "Sabbath-Breaking," before a fairly good audience at Kenesson's Opera House on Wednesday evening. He is a very clear, forcible speaker, and created a favorable impression on his hearers. His oratory is characterized by moderation and good sense, and is entirely free from the rodomontade so common among a certain class sailing under the same colors. He shows a spirit of fairness and evident sincerity of purpose which commands respect, even though it does not carry conviction. It is such men as Remsburg that those who oppose his views must fortify against.—*Cedar Vale (Kan.) Star.*

WEDNESDAY, April 13th, was the 144th anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson. The day passed unnoticed by the rest of the world, but not by the Society of Humanity, which in its parlors at 28 Lafayette Place held services commemorativ of the event. This society, so far as it goes, represents Liberalism with its good clothes on. It does not claim to be wholly philosophical, like the Liberal Club, and its cards of invitation say nothing about "full dress for gentlemen," as is the case with the Nineteenth Century Club; nevertheless, its members hav a reflectiv turn sometimes, and they can appear in swallowtails and patent leathers when occasion demands. At the same time it is democratic, and makes nativ worth and liberality the test of membership. The cultivation of the social side of Freethought is at present its chief aim. It has this year celebrated the birthdays of three of the fathers of the republic, namely, Paine, Washington, and Jefferson, and would hav honored that of Franklin on the 17th in the same way if it had not come so close to Jefferson's. The Jefferson celebration was a very enjoyable affair. Counsellor F. C. Leubuscher, one of the trustees, did what presiding was necessary. Mr. Magnus Gross, Jr., who serves humanity in the best way all the week as vice-principal of a public school, read a thoughtful essay upon the political services of Jefferson; and Mr. Edward King considered the scientific and religious value of Jeffersonian principles. Before, between, and following the addresses, Miss Weissmantle, Miss Leubuscher, Miss O'Reilly, and Miss McCarthy performed upon the piano or gave recitations, and Mr. Homan read a poem which he confessed to having written himself. The society, though it may as yet be said to be young and struggling, prides itself somewhat upon the musical and dramatic talent which it is able to present, and rejoices not a little in the possession of a new piano. This instrument has been photographed, and a picture of it will be found in Decker & Son's advertisment in this paper. It is a handsome piece of workmanship, and strikes the eye very favorably, but, as every good piano should, it appeals principally to the ear, and all agree that it could not be excelled for the money. Still, the members had to go down pretty deep into their pockets to get it. After the literary and musical exercises, the floor was cleared for dancing. The ladies put aside their wraps, and looked so attractiv it is feared that notions of Jefferson and his principles of religious and political economy for the time being became somewhat indistinct. Philosopher King appeared to hav lost sight altogether of his work as an exponent of the synthetic value of science and humanity to be substituted for an effete theology, and devoted himself with enthusiasm to acquiring an experimental knowledge of the evolutionary developments of the Saratoga lanciers. He expressed the belief that in executing this figure the dancers passed by reversion from a definit and coherent heterogeneity to a state of indefinit and incoherent differentiation. Mr. King will endeavor to classify the varied aspects of these phenomena by the synthesizing process elaborated and illustrated with diagrams in the "Epitome of the Positiv Philosophy." The celebration of Jefferson's birthday was extended into the small hours of April 14th.

## An English Opinion of The Truth Seeker Annual.

*From Saladin's Secular Review.*

The ANNUAL published regularly in connection with our New York contemporary, THE TRUTH SEEKER, has just reached us. The ANNUAL contains a remarkably good calendar for the present year, giving as honorable a distinction to great "Infidel" events and the births and deaths of notable heretics as a calendar drawn up under gospel-shop auspices gives to Palm Sunday and to such gushing notables as Isaac Watts and C. H Spurgeon. On turning to the month of April we find that Edward Gibbon, Mary Wolstonecraft, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Herbert Spencer, and U. S. Grant were each and all born on the 27th of that month. There is an excellent review of Freethought in the United States during the past year, and a lengthy and carefully compiled paper showing the attitude of the Sunday, oath, and blasphemy laws in the different states of the Union. The indefatigable Samuel P. Putnam (when does he find time to overtake all his work?—are there twenty-six hours in his day?) contributes a paper on "The American Secular Union," of which he is the hard-working and self-denying secretary; and the witty and wise Si Slokum of THE TRUTH SEEKER is responsible for a paper entitled "The Parson." The "get-up" is exceedingly good, and there are a number of artistically executed engravings, quite interesting in themselvs, but with little or no relevancy to the text.

THE Roman Catholic *Freeman's Journal* says that "Protestantism has been imposed by force on every country where it prevails." Well, there is something in that, after all. Everyone knows how England was made Protestant in religious principle; Germany had many religious wars in Luther's day and since; and the Puritan majority of this country made it uncomfortable for Catholics whenever they could. But then, unless history is all askew, the Catholics hav done some forcing too.

# Communications.

## Expelled for Heresy.

When the secretary of the American Secular Union began his tour last winter, he went direct from this city to Martinsburg, West Virginia, where Louis Wolfes, a substantial citizen of that town, had made arrangements for two public lectures. Mr. Putnam was much pleased with the place, and for two evenings in Feller's Hall, and one evening in Mr. Bohda's parlors, entertained the Freethinkers and instructed the Christians of Martinsburg. "I could not find a better place than Martinsburg for the beginning of my lectures," wrote the enthusiastic secretary. "The work accomplished has done great good. It has stirred the community wonderfully." But how wonderfully, Mr. Putnam could not then foresee.

The lectures were delivered in the early part of last January, and for several weeks little was talked of among the Christians but the audacity of the Freethinkers of the town in engaging a lecturer who represented their own principles and voiced their own sentiments. Mr. Louis Wolfes was considered the head and front of the offending, and though he could not be burnt at the stake, nor drawn and quartered, nor even successfully boycotted, the Christians were determined that something should be done to him. Mr. Wolfes at that time was a member in good standing of the Hall of Tuscarora lodge, No. 24, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and several of his Christian enemies also were members. In February Mr. Wolfes received the following official communication upon the secretary of the lodge:

MARTINSBURG, W. VA., Feb. 12, 1887.

L. WOLFES, ESQ., *Dear Brother:* As secretary of Tuscarora Lodge I am directed to notify you to appear before an investigating committee Thursday evening, 7:30 o'clock, to answer charges as set forth in specifications herein inclosed.

Yours in F., L., and T., S. L. DODD, Sec.

CHARGES AND SPECIFICATIONS.

Learning that Brother L. Wolfes, a member of this lodge, has been encouraging one Mr. Putnam, an avowed Atheist, by contributing money and passing his hat for others, and that said Brother Wolfes has declared that he is not "a believer in a supreme being, the creator and preserver of the universe," therefore I prefer charges against Brother L. Wolfes as set forth in the following specifications:

1. That Brother L. Wolfes is an avowed Atheist, or holds such belief as is not recognized by our order.

2. That he is, or has been, instrumental in diffusing doctrin other than that recognized by our order, viz., "a believer in a supreme being, the creator and preserver of the universe." S. L. DODD, Secretary.

Mr. Wolfes sent this reply:

MARTINSBURG, W. VA., Feb. 16, 1887.

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF TUSCARORA LODGE, No. 24, I. O. O. F., *Brethren:* I am in receipt of your communication of the 12th inst. alleging certain charges and specifications as to my encouraging one Mr. Putnam, an avowed Atheist, and in reply will say I don't recognize any authority from any one to dictate to me what I think and believe is right according to the prompting of my conscience. I furthermore will state that it is now thirty-four years since I joined the order. I did not join for God's sake, but for humanity's sake, to do good to my fellow brethren, and if you had told me and made me understand then, or at that time, that I was compelled to believe in Jehovah, I possibly would not hav joined. When I say Jehovah I mean the God that walked in the Garden of Eden some time ago, and talked to Adam and his lady; and, also, thirty-four years ago, when I joined, I was not familiar with the English language; had I been I might hav saved some money.

So far as Mr. Putnam's lecture is concerned, I claim that I hav just as much right to hear a Freethought lecture as to go to hear an orthodox lecture, because the laws of the land separate the church and state, and I, as a citizen of the United States, hav the right to propagate my ideas just as much as you hav yours, so far as they do not conflict with any of the established laws of the state.

I don't write this in defense of my belief, neither do I regret what I hav done. I believe I hav done some good by my connection with the order to my brethren generally. I ask no reward for anything I hav done.

In conclusion, if you think your inquisitiv questions will come in concert or harmony with the principle of friendship, love, and truth by depriving me and my family of the benefits of a member in good standing, then you can do what you cannot leave undone.

As you might want a positiv answer as to a supreme being, I can only say that I don't know.

Yours respectfully in friendship and truth.

LOUIS WOLFES.

When Mr. Wolfes appeared before the examining committee, February 17th, he was questioned as to his views, and the secretary of the lodge makes the following report of the inquisition:

MARTINSBURG, WEST VA., Feb. 17, 1887.

The following queries were put to Bro. L. Wolfes by the examining committee, and his answers are appended:

QUESTIONS PROPOUNDED UNDER SPECIFICATION FIRST.

1. Question. Do you believe there is such a being as God? Answer. I don't know.

2. Q. Do you believe there is a supreme being? A. I don't know.

3. Q. Do you believe the universe is controled by a supreme being? A. I don't know.

4. Q. What rule the universe? A. Matter and force.

5. Q. Do you believe matter and force created the universe? A. It always existed.

6. Q. Do you believe in a supreme being, the creator and preserver of the universe? A. I don't know.

7. Q. Do you believe in a personal God? A. No.

UNDER SPECIFICATION SECOND, THE FOLLOWING.

1. Question. Do you know Mr. Putnam, the lecturer? Answer. I do.

2. Q. How long hav you known him? A. Only since he came.

3. Q. Did you know he was going to lecture here, and how long had you known it? A. Three weeks before he wrote me, and asked me to strike some advertising bills, which I did.

4. Q. Did Mr. Putnam visit your house? How often? A. Two or three times.

5. Q. How often did he lecture in Martinsburg? A. Twice.

6. Q. How often did you hear him? A. Twice.

7. Q. Did he lecture at Mr. Bohda's house? A. Yes; I heard him three times with this.

8. Q. Were you present at Mr. Bohda's? A. Yes.

9. Q. What was the doctrin he taught? A. Universal Mental Liberty.

10. Q. Do you believe the Bible? A. I believe the historical part so far as is consistent with my conscience. I don't believe in a cruel God.

11. Q. Did you contribute money for Mr. Putnam's support? A. Certainly.

12. Q. Did you ask others to do so? A. I tried.

13. Q. Are there any publications that do teach your doctrins? A. Boston *Investigator*, TRUTH SEEKER, *Freethinkers' Magazine.*

14. Q. What do you call Mr. Putnam's doctrin, or has it a name? A. American Secular Union, to separate church and state.

15. Q. What do you understand by "supreme being?" A. I don't know; it's unknowable, always was.

16. Q. What becomes of a man after death? A. Ashes, all I know.

*Dear Sirs:* It was the answers to the above questions, and your written statement that formed the basis for the committee's report, and they recommended expulsion, which report was received, and at a subsequent meeting, held March 12, 1887, the case was formally taken up and discussed in your presence, which upon ballot resulted in your expulsion. Very truly, S. L. DODD, Sec.

As a result of this inquisition, Mr. Wolfe's was served with the annexed notice:

MARTINSBURG, WEST VA., Feb. 26, 1887.

L. WOLFES, *Dear Brother:* At a meeting of Tuscarora Lodge held Saturday night, Feb. 19th, the committee reported unfavorably on investigation of charges against you.

The following is a copy of minutes as recorded:

"Report of investigation committee of the charges against Brother L. Wolfe was read, and on motion it was laid on the table for two weeks."

You can see by the above that it will be taken up next Saturday night, March 5th, when you would better appear, and if possible hav some one represent you as counsel.

Very truly, S. L. DODD, Sec.

Before the lodge, when asked to defend himself, Mr. Wolfes said:

I hav nothing to say in my defense, because I did not do anything wrong. But while I hav the opportunity, I would warn all, and particularly you brother Odd Fellows, to think before you act, that in the way you are driving, to persecute man for opinion's sake, you would land where the poor peasant farmer was four hundred years ago, who carried some sticks of wood to the stake to make the fire a little hotter for the heretic, in order to please his God. Now, brethren, I know that you do not want to burn me at the stake, and thereby you can see that the world has got better, and so hav you, and that in spite of Christianity. But if you keep on in this way, you will surely land where that poor farmer was four hundred years ago.

It appears from your action that the secret societies of today hav taken up the practice of the church under the rules of Philip I. of Spain, although you profess to liv in a country which guarantees to every man, woman, and child political and religious liberty, and so I maintain that a free man should hav a free mind, and not be afraid to speak it.

LOUIS WOLFES.

Mr. Wolfes was then expelled, as appears by the letter written to him subsequently, but appended by the secretary of the lodge to the list of questions.

## Mrs. Colman's Reminiscences.

At a place in Ohio, so near Virginia that you could almost hear the chains rattle, we found one of the Union churches, and a good Abolitionist family in comfortable condition to entertain us. We made our appointments, and with our friends proceeded to the house—a full attendance, but very turbulent. The minister, who was a resident and used the house when it was not engaged to other parties, was, I think, a Presbyterian, and not very outrageous in his language. He was an old man (age does not always enjoy a fight), but we could feel that there were to be demonstrations of hostility. The meeting-house was surrounded on three sides by a large cornfield, and western corn grows very tall. Mr. Foss, who was then at work with me, said to me: "The rioters are in that cornfield, and will throw their missils, whatever they are, from behind those high stalks. If by good management we can get by that field before they are aware that we hav left the house, we shall escape their blows." Mr. Foss was a large man, and very strong. I was a little woman then, not weighing more than a child of twelve years. While our friends were busy trying to defend us by their words (the house was lighted by a few candles), we quietly slipped out. My friend took me upon his hip, and ran past the corn, and we were out of sight. But as the crowd came out, we could plainly hear the hurrah, and "Here they come!" shouted. Then the eggs were thrown in great abundance. The poor old minister was covered with the vile-smelling things, which were intended for us. Our friends, supposing we were in the house, prolonged their stay, waiting for us, and so they escaped the anointing, and the rioters were completely foiled. We were not always so fortunate. Not very far from this place we had a somewhat similar triumph. The rioters were too pious to profane their church, and so made their attack on us at the house where we were entertained. The weather was mild, and the door leading to the street was open. I had been sitting exactly opposit the open door, but feeling a little cold, I had just placed my chair a little back of the door, when there came a shower of eggs that made the air thick for a time, but not one hit me or Mr. Foss. But our host, their townsman, was completely covered. The following day was the state election. Our host appeared at the polls with his garb all besmeared, telling his fellow-citizens what it cost in our reputedly free country to maintain free speech.

Ohio was at this time very pro-slavery, notwithstanding it had an Oberlin College where colored students were received equally with white ones. It was in Ohio where the Margaret Garner tragedy occurred. Margaret, being pursued by her master and overtaken, was put upon a steamer to be returned to slavery. Finding there was no escape, she threw her child into the river, but was prevented from throwing herself by the "bloodhounds" of law. Mr. Salmon P. Chase was at that time governor of Ohio, and the Abolitionists tried very hard to hav him make a requisition on the governor of the state to which the slave, Margaret Garner, belonged, for her, as the murderer of her child, but he refused. I do not remember what excuse he made. He was never a brave man, but very ambitious. He might hav saved the slave by making the requisition, but he would hav lost some popularity. In a town in Ohio which was blessed with a school where Methodist ministers were manufactured, we found an opening for a series of meetings. There was in the same town which held the school one of the Union houses, and a few men and women who did not believe in slavery sent us an invitation to come, providing us with a home while we should stay. As soon as it was known that the friends of the slave were in the region, the president of the school and the professors immediately opened a four days' meeting, occupying the house, with three or four sessions a day. I was in no hurry, and so concluded to stay and attend the meeting. I was not a welcome visitor, but I enjoyed the meeting. God was often informed of my presence, and told of my hostility to him and his earthly church, and the people were informed repeatedly that the Methodist church North had cut itself entirely loose from all connection with slavery. The meeting held its four days, and still the Abolitionist was there. Neither threats nor prayers had any effect upon my stay. I went to hold a meeting to plead for those who were not allowed to plead their own cause, and I could afford to wait their time. Another day was added to the four, and still another. The people were getting weary, and finally the president of the school announced that the next session would close up the series. The people in this closing meeting were urged to pay no attention to any meeting that should be called by me, saying that the attendance on such a meeting would call for action and perhaps excommunication from the church. At last the blessing was pronounced, and on the instant I arose and said I would now open another protracted meeting; I could not say whether it would continue four days or twice four, but that it would hold long enough to giv me time to prove the falsehood of the assertions we had heard made. The minister interrupted me by begging the audience to disperse, commanding those of the school. Most of the people left, but they stopped at the door, looked in at the windows, and at last curiosity triumphed. They all came back, and the minister with them. I stepped to the front of the platform and said to the president of the school, "Will you do me the favor to lend me your church Disciplin a few minutes?" "No, I will not," said he, "and I make the request that no one in the house lend the woman one." I said, "I will not hurt the book. I should think anyone would grant such a small favor." But not one of them dared to do it. We talk about Roman Catholic popes! I hav seen popes—alas that it is so!—even among Freethinkers. After I had tried my powers of persuasion awhile, with no success, I drew from my pocket a new church Disciplin, and, holding it up, said: "I hav been acquainted with Methodist Christians some time, and, judging you from what I hav seen in others, I expected to be refused the use of the book, and so obtained one. If any one of you thinks it is not a *bona fide* Disciplin, I will let you examin it; but you must first swear that you will not injure it, but return it to me. I can't afford to send to New York for another copy." I wish I could paint for you the expression of the faces of those Christians. They knew that by that book I would prove false all their assertions concerning non-complicity with slavery. The Methodist church North did not leave the church South; it was the church South that left the North, and the North begged them not to leave, and some of their conferences did remain with them. At that time, according to the record of their own book, there were more than three hundred thousand slaves owned by members of the Methodist church North.

LUCY N. COLMAN.

SEND for a catalog of our publications. It is mailed free.

## Kansas "Law" and Justice.

FRIEND MACDONALD: Referring to your editorial in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 26th, entitled, "The Kansas Supreme Court Decision in the Walker Case," permit me to say: 1. You say that we (Walker and Harman) "are willing to be married legally if the ceremony can be of their [our] own choosing." There was no question of willingness about it. We could hav nothing to say concerning it. Continuous living together constitutes marriage in many of the states, when it comes to the questions of "bastardy," "legitimacy," "bigamy," and inheritance. We simply demanded, *when prosecuted*, that we should hav the protection of the law, since our living together made us amenable to the penalties and subject to the responsibilities imposed by the law. The decision of the Supreme Court, as well as the special opinion of Chief-Justice Horton, indicates clearly that "words of present assent" constitute legal marriage, in the view of Kansas jurists, although they try to dodge the fact by claiming that that issue was not "directly drawn in question."

Then, in brief, we did *not* wish to be legally married, but the *fact* of living together made us husband and wife *in the eyes of the law*, and we simply demanded that we should hav the *rights*, as we could not escape the *legal responsibilities*, of that estate. It is right here that our Anarchistic brethren claim that we tripped, but facts and logic impregnably support us.

2. You say: "The contracting parties first intended to assume the relation in such a manner that if either felt dissatisfied they could separate without resorting to the divorce courts."

A mistake; we knew that we could separate at any time without resorting to any court, and we also knew that if we, either of us, should liv with another person of the opposit sex without having a legal divorce, we should be amenable to the laws against "bigamy," and that whether we were married legally or by assent only.

3. Again, you say: "When this contract was found to be a county-jail affair, they claimed their common-law right to marry by a simple contract."

We knew that it was possible to make it "a county-jail affair," should anyone choose to prosecute, although at common law it was marriage, and we were not legally free to divorce ourselvs. We were not blind to what religious bigotry and provincial prejudice could accomplish, and I wish to say right here that I am not at all surprised at the result. I never was hopeful of a favorable outcome, as Mr. Harman will bear witness, although he was much more sanguin. An electiv judiciary is not likely to regard constitutional rights or natural justice when public opinion is largely against the accused. Again you say:

4. "Hav the people of Kansas a right to make rules governing their own conduct, and to enforce them? Under the Constitution of the United States they undoubtedly hav. If they choose to make marriage a matter of public record, they can do it as legally as they can make the transfer of real estate a matter of public record."

From a constitutional standpoint, which seems to be your point of view, the people of Kansas hav no right to make rules which conflict with the rights of conscience. And all laws should be general in their nature. They should respect the conscientious convictions of all or of none. The marriage laws of Kansas exempt the Quakers from the operation of the statute under which we, as Autonomists, are severely punished. We may not be so numerous as the Quakers, but I am not aware that numbers hav anything to do with the rights of conscience. But, leaving the Constitution to one side for a moment, I contend that the "rules" which the people of Kansas or any other state may adopt must not trench upon the reserved rights of the citizen. What the individual may "rightfully enact" against the lives and property and liberties of other individuals, the aggregate of individuals may enact. No more. I hav yet to meet the first man who will claim it as his *personal* right to send Lillian Harman and myself to prison for our failure to pay *him* a fee for a piece of paper giving us permission to occupy the same house or room. What he has not the right to do he cannot authorize any collectivity to do. I cannot admit that the people of any state hav the unlimited right to "make rules governing their own conduct," if by this is meant the right of the actual or caucus majority to impose these rules upon the minority. To admit this asserted right is to admit the righteousness of the Sunday laws and of all the other religious class rules of which we, Mr. Editor, as Secularists, complain. But you will say that *these* rules violate the rights of conscience. Certainly, but not more certainly than do these marriage rules. The Sunday and blasphemy statutes violate your rights of conscience and mine, but they are not felt by those who think the state has the right to make such rules. These marriage rules violate my rights of conscience, but do not interfere with those who hold that the state has the right to make *such* rules. It is the minority whose rights of conscience need protection, not the majority.

You hav said that the people of Kansas hav the same right to make these rules regarding the recording of marriages that they hav "to make the transfer of real estate a matter of public record." When they shall make the failure to record a deed a jail offense there will be a force in your illustration that it entirely lacks at present. If a man fails to hav the deed to his farm recorded, he is not liable to arrest and indefinit imprisonment. His title is imperfect, and in case of dispute as to the ownership of the land by his heirs or others, the title must be quieted before undisputed possession can be entered upon. But his failure to record is not made a crime or misdemeanor, so far as I am aware. And is a woman a piece of property, title to whom must be quieted before the second or other subsequent possession can own in peace? But you will say, There are the rights of others, of the children; marriage is made a matter of record for their benefit. But is not this equally true in case of land titles? And yet the failure of the father or prospectiv father to record the deed of his land is not made a misdemeanor or felony. It seems that the desire to provide for the future of their children is held to be sufficient motiv, aside from self-interest, to induce parents to guard their property in all ways possible. And to guard the rights of prospectiv children is the object of these wise lawmakers and adjudicators, so we are told *now*, but this, of course, is only a strained interpretation of the statute, the last resort of judges lacking other argument to justify our imprisonment. If the argument be valid, there is no possible excuse for the exemption of the Quakers. And how about the Mennonites? But for the purpose of protection of rights of offspring, the registration of births is much more sensible and effectual.

I shall not ask your valuable space now, Mr. Editor, to show how *very* inadequate are all these so-called precautions for securing the rights of children. Suffice it to say that an increasingly large number of thoughtful men and women, earnest humanitarians, are satisfied that these "safeguards" constitute a very insignificant factor in the problem, and that liberty in this, as in all other departments of human life, will carry with it the needed responsibility.

You conclude by saying: "Whether the Kansas law is wise or foolish is a question of opinion. A believer in the supremacy of society over the individual will say that it is good. Those who contend that the individual's rights are superior to society's will condemn it."

When I turn to my scrap-book and there scan four intensely graphic pen-pictures from the hand of Eugene Macdonald, in which he most graphically tells us of the crimes committed by society upon the individual, and read his terse summing up of the whole question in the words, "The consensus of the competent is the Inquisition," I cannot doubt which side you will take. I am sure that the Eugene Macdonald who wrote these words will agree with me that the individual's rights are good against any claim of society; in other words, that under a proper adjustment of human relations society will make no claims which conflict with the rights of the individual.

On April 4th we paid costs and left the Oskaloosa jail. In so doing, we in no way or degree acknowledged the assumed right of the state to pry into our private relations, and we were the victims of robbery in that we were compelled to yield our earnings to those who had given nothing in return therefor. We were held by a power possessing greater physical force than our own, a power which does not cognize arguments addressed to the intellectual, moral, and humane faculties of man, and so we paid a ransom for our liberty.

We came out because the precipitation of this conflict upon the postal question has shifted the line of battle, the defense of liberty of expression being paramount to all other issues. M. and G. Harman had been arrested for the alleged mailing of a certain copy of *Lucifer*, and I knew that there was a warrant out for me for the same alleged "offense." Under these circumstances, every day hereafter we remained in jail was a day lost from activ work. Besides this, we felt that the crime of our imprisonment brought no shame to the hearts of our persecutors. They were content to pay for our board so long as they could thereby keep our pens inactiv. We should hav been out some weeks sooner had outside conditions been different.

The accursed church-state monster has separated us, has murdered our happiness, but it has not made us love or respect it, and it cannot. We are pledged by our sufferings and our devotion to liberty and justice to do all that we can through all the years of our isolated lives to destroy it. E. C. WALKER.

*Topeka, Kan.*, April 6, 1887.

## What Beecher Preached.

In his sermon, "Development Through Pain," Sunday morning, July 4, 1880, speaking of the mythological fall, Beecher said:

Now we hav read in book and catechism, and we hav heard told in sermon and essay that the race was created upright. The race never was created upright. There never was such a gigantic lie told since the world was created. If you admit the historic verity of Adam and Eve, which I do not; if you admit this was other than a parable (or fable); in the days when as yet the light of the decrees of God was not revealed; before men had come to any knowledge of God as in the whole creation, round about us and in us; in the childhood of thought on the subject, it may not be strange that men held such views. But that they should go on holding them now in the manhood of human reasoning is most pitiful and confounding. I do not believe that the world has been other than what God meant that it should be. I do not believe that he turned it out first an imperfect piece of work which afterward he had to tinker and tinker all the way down through history. I do not believe that he created men upright, that they dodged and got away from him and fell. That he had to take up some compromise between premises and law, training and restoration; that he went down through thousands of years as a miserable botch workman, and then puttied his work and painted it and plastered it forever after. It is not worthy of God and it is not worthy of the world that he made.

I do not hold to the theory of the atonement as it has been held. You will ask me, perhaps, sarcastically, which theory. I hav at home the statement of twenty well-defined and full-fledged theories of the atonement. And one might very sensibly ask which of these. I hold to this, that the divine nature, because it is divine, broods over the whole human family everywhere; and that the innermost tendency of God's administration is to stimulate men to rise from the lower to the highest state. [The angels say, Amen.] These being disposed of, the mythological devil, who has been used, like a sheriff, to make men pay, fell off, as a tadpole or pollywog loses its tail when it has no further use for it.

There is much more of the same sort in this inspired sermon, that has led men from the worship of mythology to lives of love to all.

With the eternal frost that fell upon his familiar face came the eternal spring of love and admiration into the hearts of his countrymen. Great indeed must be the pulsations of that heart whose sudden stoppage arrests the attention of an entire community. Rabbi, priest, rector, revivalist, and Rationalist met for once in a common sentiment of respect, each carrying an amaranth of honest tribute.

How much better men an honest religion develops! The antiquated thelogy of a savage race tends to develop hatred and distrust among men. Let us hav none of it. G. F. LEWIS.

18 *Lafayette Place, New York*, April 10, 1887.

## Professor Fiske's Fling.

Professor Fiske, of Cambridge College, has been held in considerable honor among Freethinkers as a man of advanced ideas for one who is a trainer in the ranks of misty conservatism. But while he was chastising theologians, he has stultified himself by giving Atheists a stab.

The professor says:

If there exists a personal creator of the universe, who is infinitly intelligent and powerful, he cannot be infinitly good. If, on the other hand, he is infinit in goodness, then he must be lamentably finite in power and intelligence. Theology cannot reconcile the fact of the existence of evil with the hypothesis of the infinit power and benevolence of a personal deity. . . . If goodness and intelligence are ascribed to deity, it must be such goodness and intelligence as we hav some knowledge of as manifest in humanity. Theologians, in order to reconcile their ideas of deity with the teachings of science, resort to the most illogical methods, and thus drive earnest seekers after truth into Atheism."

The points that Professor Fiske has made are precisely those that Atheists hav always insisted upon. The method he has used in stating his theses looks as though he had been taking lessons from Bradlaugh. If Professor Fiske is not himself an Atheist, then he must believe in a much abbreviated deity. Indeed, there cannot be much left of his God but the heels and ears. After having shown at length that theology is incompatible with common sense, what can he mean by "driving into Atheism?"

Atheism is the logical conclusion of every attempt at reasoning upon theology, and having come to that conclusion himself, why should Professor Fiske not either hold his peace, or else own the name that his principles entitle him to?

What if the inadequate and contradictory methods of theologians do drive people into Atheism? Since he has shown it to be impossible for theologians to do otherwise, what would he ask of them? After himself having figured it out that a respectable God is impossible, what can Professor Fiske want of any other possible sort of a deity? A weak deity, a fool deity, a base deity, surely Professor Fiske can not desire for himself, and must we suppose that he wants the belief in an impotent and disreputable deity reverenced by others?

Professor Fiske, and all who speak like him, say too much, not to say more. It is time to quit sophistries, to stop saying and unsaying. Being and not being is getting played out. If you think Atheism is so awful, then do not lead up to it by an argument that admits of no other conclusion; and if Atheism is the conclusion of science, then say so, or do not pretend to be the exponent of science. The Christian scientist of every stripe sits on two stools, and his supports are hourly separating. Professor Fiske and all his ilk hav soon to choose which seat they will abide by, or they will suddenly find themselvs completely floored. Yours for consistency,

JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

*National Soldiers' Home, Va.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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## Historical Statements.

In his St. Patrick's day speech the Rev. Dr. McGlynn made the following statement:

"The people to whom St. Patrick preached were living under a just and equitable system of laws evolved by the wisdom of their seers and sages, and inherited largely from the earliest days of the human family, when certain great self-evident principles came into practice as a matter of course. The Irish people were living under what are known as the Brehon laws, in fraternity and equality. The masses were not oppressed by classes; they all were equally entitled to God's bounties; the land of the people belonged to all; no privileged man could forever fence in the land and exclude the rest of his brethren; men possessed land only as tenants of the community, giving a fair equivalent to the community, and under such equitable conditions as were prescribed by the community."

The New York *Sun* calls this a "remarkable historic error," and, after a thorough consideration of the matter, quotes authority as follows:

"In ancient Ireland private land holding was the marked and significant feature. 'From such individual ownership,' says Dr. Sigerson, 'seven classes derived the dignity of their grades of nobility.' The mensal or office lands were for the support of the office and the supply of the table of the chief. 'The masses were oppressed by the classes.' 'The land noble kept a portion of his land as demesne land. This he had cultivated by laborers or villeins of three kinds who possessed no political rights. The other portion of his land was distributed among two classes of tenants.' One of these classes, called free tenants, rendered to the land noble military service an annual tribute, 'helped him to bear the burden of the tribe'—that is, pay his taxes—'paid his mulcts, and fines, and ransomed him or any of his family who might be taken as hostages.' The other tenants were known as 'base,' and their state was still more abject; while below them were still other grades of workers whose condition, political and civil, was essentially that of serfdom. Compensation for improvements was allowed on yearly tenancies. Security of tenure was recognized under certain circumstances; and under certain circumstances rents could not be capriciously raised. But individual ownership was the rule; the classes did oppress the masses; there was 'no fraternity and equality.'"

"There was nothing in the ancient laws of Ireland differing materially from the ancient laws of other Aryan nations. Historical investigation of the origin of institutions has settled that beyond doubt. The researches of philologists establish it quite as distinctly as the labors of legal antiquaries."

Doubtless upon the points touched the *Sun* is correct, and Dr. McGlynn is wrong. It is well known that priests sometimes diverge from the straight line of historical accuracy. Ireland has been for centuries an unfortunate country, the object of alms and commiseration. Overburdened with Catholicism, and ridden by Catholic priests, she could be nothing else. This is more than half admitted by Dr. McGlynn in the following assertion from the same address:

"The miseries of the Irish people, apart from certain faults of their own, are largely shown in history to be due to their inalienable fidelity to what they believe to be the highest religious truth, and to certain patriotic and economic principles which they know to be true—that God gave to no nation the right to enslave another, that God gave to no individual man the right to enslave his brother."

The truth contained in the first half of the foregoing sentence has been made familiar to readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, though what Dr. McGlynn calls the "highest religious truth," being the dogmas of the Catholic church, would be better described as the lowest religious superstition. Concerning Irish fidelity to political liberty, the *Sun* again contradicts the priest:

"It is unfortunately true that, in more moden times, when the race which, contrary to Dr. McGlynn, has suffered nothing by its fidelity to this principle, had a splendid opportunity to apply it toward another race, also the victim of a stronger power, they failed to make any remarkable application of it."

So far truth is with the newspaper, but when the editor makes the next assertion he is plainly and inexcusably in error. Says the *Sun:*

"It is quite true that God gave to no nation, to no man, the right to enslave another."

It is maintained by Christians that the Bible is the word of God, and it is difficult to see how Dr. McGlynn and the *Sun* can maintain their position in the face of the plain teaching of that book. In Leviticus, twenty-fifth chapter, verses 44–46, we find this commandment:

"Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids, which thou shalt hav, shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you; of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they beget in your land; and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen forever."

Again, Ex. xxi, 2–4:

"If thou buy a Hebrew servant, six years he shall serve, and in the seventh he shall go out free for nothing. If he came in by himself, he shall go out by himself; if he were married, then his wife shall go out with him. If his master hav given him a wife, and she hav borne him sons or daughters, the wife and her children shall be her master's, and he shall go out by himself."

And again, Ex. xxi, 5, 6:

"And if the servant shall plainly say, I love my master, my wife, and my children, I will not go out free, then his master shall bring him unto the judges; he shall also bring him unto the door, or unto the door-post; and his master shall bore his ears through with an awl, and he shall serve him forever."

Of course God did not giv one man, or one nation, the *right* to enslave another, because no god, if there were one, could hav the power to confer such a right; but it is plain that the Hebrew lawgiver not only permitted but commanded the Jews to hold slaves. It is only a few years ago that it was discovered that slavery was not a divine institution, and many former slaveholders are still unconvinced.

We do not see that historical accuracy has been materially promoted by the *Sun*, which, while it detects Dr. McGlynn in an apparent fabrication, itself falls into an error just as gross. It is better to be accurate even on the subject of religion.

## Society and the Individual.

There is very little in Mr. Walker's letter upon Kansas law and justice to which we care to take exception. What Mr. Walker and Miss Harman *intended* by their course, we are willing to allow, he has a better chance to be informed of than the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER. We put the matter as it *seemed* to us, and perhaps it would hav been wiser to qualify the statement by that word. But Mr. Walker shifts his ground when he claims the rights of Quakers. His opposition to recording his marriage we understood to be because he denied *in toto* the right of the state to hav anything what ever to say about his relations to Miss Harman When he claims that he should be protected in his conscience as are the Quakers, he admits the existence and authority of the state, and is *not* a consistent Anarchist. That, however, is his business, not ours. In the realm of belief, theory, or any mental exercise, a man has a right to claim and hold any opinion he chooses, and be as inconsistent as the Protestant church. Not only must everyone hav the unquestioned right to think *right*, but also the right to think *wrong*. The right to hold an opinion, to utter an opinion, to publish an opinion, must be, as many of the state constitutions put it, forever guaranteed. And further, everyone has the natural right to act as he or she pleases, unless the action invades some other person's right. These two propositions hav become axioms among logical reformers.

Actions, therefore, are all that law can rightfully cognize, and society derives its just authority to make rules from the fact that a good many people desire to so act that other people are thereby deprived of their natural rights to act. In truth, we may say that a majority of the human race would infringe upon others if not restrained. If every man were left to protect himself, he would build a castle, hire retainers, and we should hav feudal times over again, with serfs, vassals, slaves—and robbers known as "lords." For one, we recognize as right the fundamental rules, or the Constitution, upon which our government rests. It is because tyrannous churchmen disobey this Constitution, and enact laws that violate its spirit, that we protest. Sunday laws and other religious legislation are plain violations of the Constitution, because they recognize a religion. And they violate, too, the natural right of every man to think as he pleases, and to not be obliged to help pay the bills of those who hav their thinking done for them.

As for recording marriages, some states require it; some do not. But if Mr. Walker admits the right of Kansas to require records of real estate transfers, he must admit its right to also require a record of other transactions; those requiring record being, of course, the transactions which affect the affairs of others besides the parties directly interested. Granted that the state has the right to make a rule, it has an equal right to enforce it. That a penalty is inflicted in one case and not in another has nothing to do with the right to make the rule or to enforce it.

The personal argument used by Mr. Walker in his eighth paragraph is fallacious. He must admit that a person has a right to protect himself, and not only to protect himself and his property, but to protect himself against having to pay taxes to support other people's children. If every one were left to do this for himself, we should, as we hav said, hav feudal times again upon us. Instead, man delegates this right, which he naturally possesses, to some one chosen by himself and others like him, and he says to a woman, "Here, if you are going to get married, just record the name of your husband, so we may know whom to look to for the children's support. Experience demonstrates that your marriage *may* affect the pocket of every person who pays taxes, and we hav a natural right to protect ourselvs against the possibility." And this is a wise precaution. If the authorities of this state could only get hold of the fathers of the pauper children it supports and make them care for their offspring, the churches would hav a less substantial fulcrum for their thieving lever which pries open the state treasury. In the case of an honest man a record is not necessary. He will fulfil all his honorable obligations without the law. But there are too many dishonest men in the world—men who if they could marry and conceal their obligation would do so—to make it safe to repeal all laws; and, as Mr. Walker very justly observes, "all laws should be general in their nature." We thoroughly agree with his protest against exempting Quakers from the operation of the law.

Mr. Walker cites an article that we wrote some years ago, and says, "I am sure that the Eugene Macdonald who wrote these words will agree with me that the individual's rights are good against any claim of society; in other words, that under a proper adjustment of human relations society will make no claims which conflict with the rights of the individual." Mr. Walker is right. Under a proper adjustment of human relations there will be no need of laws. If the world were so far along in its evolution that every one were honest, charitable to others, and *exactly just*, laws would be unnecessary. The individual's rights are good against any claim of society so long as the individual does not invade others' rights. But just where that line can be drawn no one knows. The line is here to-day and there to-morrow. It moves just as fast as progress moves, just as fast as civilization civilizes, just as fast as man becomes honest and tolerant. The line is different in different states of society, different in every community—in almost every family. No man is so poor, so lonely, so isolated that his actions do not affect some one, and none can be so great that he is not bound to consider the effect of his actions upon others. The "consensus of the competent" is an arrogant claim of bigoted intellect or intolerant sentiment, and Mr. Walker may well snap his fingers in the faces of those who set it up, and ask them if they hav from some almighty a certificate of their competency. The perfect man in this world is scarce.

## The Saturday Half-Holiday and the Museums.

The *Christian at Work* says:

"If those who are so persistently advocating the opening of museums and libraries are really sincere in their efforts to benefit the working classes, they can show their sincerity by cultivating the virtue of patience; and they will only hav to do so for a few weeks. The Senate has just passed a bill making Saturday afternoon a legal half-holiday. It will pass the Assembly soon. Then the excuse that the workingman cannot visit the museums and libraries in the afternoon will fall to the ground. The fact is, this approaching half-holiday law—soon, we trust, to be extended so as to make the entire day a holiday—will do away with many of the pleas which hav gone up for Sunday recreation. The movement unfortunately comes late—after Sunday excursions hav been established and hav found their palliation in the confinement to their work and their unlovely tenements of half a million of our people for six days in the week. Is it any wonder that under such circumstances they should long for green fields, smiling skies, and the fresh sea breezes? But as to museums and libraries, which are not yet opened on Sunday, let us bide a wee. That Saturday half-holiday law will be here with the June breezes; and surely the laborer, the citizen, the clerk, whoever he may be and whatever his calling, can wait till then for a privilege which, extended now, will only be at the cost to other employees of that very Sunday labor which he so stoutly rejects for himself. The Golden Rule comes in with added force here; and it would be well if those who insist upon Sunday opening of museums and libraries would giv it a personal trial."

Such talk as this is simply rot. The Saturday half-holiday will not afford the benefits claimed, for the reason that the workers will not be afforded sufficient time by it to visit the museums. The museums are far up-town, the workers are down-town. When the mechanic has reached his home, cleaned and clothed himself, made the usual Saturday preparations for Sunday (now perforce made in the evening), he will find no time remaining for travel to Central Park. But if he could go, his wife could not, for her household duties keep her confined and busy long into the evening. Sunday morning the family is ready for its pleasuring, the trip to Central Park is made, and then it is that the museums should be open.

The Saturday half-holiday is a beneficent measure that should speedily become a law; and it probably will, because the bank officials who defeated it last year hav apparently made up their great minds that it is bound to come sooner or later, and this year is as good as any. The leisure it will afford is necessary for the proper preparation for Sunday, which is the holiday enjoyed by nearly everybody. Let us hav the Saturday half-holiday, the museums and libraries open on Sundays, and then make the most of them. Pleasure and happiness are none too plenty in this world, and should be scattered with lavish hand by all who can in any way control them.

## The Case of Mr. Louis Wolfes.

The expulsion of Louis Wolfes from a lodge of Odd Fellows, reported in another column, presents some curious aspects. The primary object of the Odd Fellows is benevolence—"to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan." Their motto is, "Friendship, Love, and Truth." They profess to seek "to improve and elevate the character of man, imbue him with proper conceptions of his capabilities for good, enlighten his mind, and enlarge the sphere of his affections." They believe in a "Great Author" of man's being, and an applicant for membership must say he believes in a "Supreme Being, the Creator and Preserver of the Universe," all beginning with capital letters. There is nothing in the ritual, however, which forbids a man to change his mind, or prohibits his engaging a Freethought lecturer and listening to his speeches. Religion, beyond the simple and primitiv Deism expressed by a belief in a supreme being, is not supposed to necessarily constitute a part of an Odd Fellow's equipment.

The Hall of Tuscarora Lodge, No. 24, of Martinsburg, West Va., has therefore gone far beyond its jurisdiction in expelling Mr. Wolfes because during the thirty-four years he has lived since he joined the order he has changed his mind and has besides encouraged the activ officer of an organization for the separation of church and state. To be honest with himself, Mr. Wolfes is obliged to say that he does not know whether a "supreme being" exists. There are a good many other folks in the same mental predicament, though it would probably be absurd to suppose that any of the Martinsburg Christians hav the intelligence to doubt it. To them Jehovah is a real, big man, and the serpent a genuin snake on legs, gifted with vocal organs. For doubting the existence of such a "God" it may be within the power of a lodge to expel a member, but it is difficult to see where the authority is derived upon which the second specification is based. A belief in immortality and the Bible is not set down as necessary to membership, and nothing is said in any of the books regulating the conduct of a member toward Mr. Putnam when he lectures in town. The questions put to Mr. Wolfes are irrelevant and ridiculous, and serve best to show that his fellow-members were desirous of but one thing—to punish him, so far as they could, for his heresy. The inquisition was a disgrace to the lodge, and the lodge's action a load of infamy for the order to bear.

## The Intention of the Churches.

It cost E. C. Walker and Lillian Harman one hundred and thirteen dollars and eighty cents to obtain their liberty from the Jefferson county officials after serving more than their sentence of imprisonment. They consider themselvs to hav been robbed by superior physical force. Mr. Walker has also been rearrested and held to bail upon the same charge brought against Moses and George S. Harman. Of this triple-headed indictment Mr. Walker says:

"What will be the outcome of the United States prosecution, of course we can do no more than guess. Even though it be the worst possible, it will not plunge us into despair and it will not murder the cause of free press and mails. And—more important than our individual fates—it will not kill *Lucifer*. When one man falls a victim to the Comstock kidnappers, another will step into his place and do his work. Now is the time to be awake and to labor night and day for the cause made glorious by the heroes and martyrs of the generations gone, the cause our fathers loved, the cause it should be our highest joy to serve, the cause which is the hope of the truest and noblest of earth—the cause of liberty. And we appeal to the Freethinkers of America to join hands with us as they did with D. M. Bennett, of revered memory; as the Secularists of England did with Bradlaugh and Besant; with Foote, and Ramsey, and Kemp, and help us to roll back this assaulting army of oppression, help us to keep the torch of *Lucifer* brightly blazing in the van of the battle, help us to keep the stainless folds of its flag in the pure upper air, help us to make this indeed a land of freedom and justice. Each can do a little, and all together can do much. Let each do his or her little, and the much will be accomplished. The forces are aligned for the mightiest conflict of the ages. Be not deceived, ours is not an isolated case. We are an outpost, and the enemy means to drive us back, preparatory to an attack upon the second line, that of the purely Infidel press. If you doubt, read the church organs, read the daily papers, read the records of congressional, legislativ, and municipal legislation."

Mr. Walker is, we think, accurate in his reading of the signs. We do not know, of course, whether the Kansas prosecutors of the people connected with *Lucifer* are in communication with the agents of the society for the propagation of vice in this city, but certain it is that the last-named scamps hav been very activ the past winter, in both national and state legislativ bodies. In the United States Senate the postal law was very broadly amended, but the amendment failed in the House of Representativs. At the capital of New York a bill is still pending under which about one-half the editors of the state and nearly all of the medical writers could be sent to jail. Of what has been done in other state legislatures we possess no knowledge.

These things indicate that the church societies desire the power to throttle their opponents, and they hav chosen a good tool to work the screws that will do it. Fortunately, the people are beginning to find him out, and his race is by no means a walk-over. We doubt if any new legislation in Washington or New York can be credited to him this winter. But the three indicted men in Kansas should hav the open aid of all friends of freedom. Prejudices should be smothered in this as in the case of D. M. Bennett, for it was clearly Mr. Harman's right to print what he did, and no strained construction of Mr. Markham's article, upon which the prosecution of Messrs. Harman and Walker is based, can "confound it with those obscene publications, the effect and object of which is to excite the imagination and inflame the passions." And it was Attorney-General Devens's opinion, when he wrote these words of the book for selling which Mr. Bennett was imprisoned, that unless a work could be so confounded the Comstock statute could not apply to it.

One of those bucolic legislators who like to sleep late on Sunday mornings has introduced a bill in the Assembly of this state providing for the suspension of traffic on the Erie Canal on Sundays out of respect to the farmers adjacent to the great water thoroughfare, who object to the noise of the canal-boat men. The bill should be amended so that the canal men shall go to church and be locked in all the time they are forced to "lie to," otherwise the farmers will miss more than they will gain by the bill. Canal boatmen are a good deal like a certain reformer who went about Judea—they havn't much respect for cornfields on the Sabbath day.

Philip H. Bruck, the new mayor of Columbus, Ohio, is an outspoken Freethinker, and his majority over his Christian opponent was eleven hundred and ten votes. He was nominated by the Democrats.

A Jersey City Roman Catholic woman has publicly apologized to the priest and congregation of St. Paul's church, of which she was a member, for marrying a Protestant. This was done under a law of the Baltimore council of prelates. It is astonishing how closely some slaves hug their chains.

Dispatches from Rome announce that the Catholic church will recognize the Knights of Labor, and hereafter the priests cannot refuse the rites of the church to members of that order. This is a wise step for the church, and will giv satisfaction to many Knights. Others, however, will not care two straws.

The *Christian at Work* is troubled over the problem of whether, under the new Interstate Commerce law, delegates to religious conventions can obtain reduced railroad fares. It is a great question, and should be settled at once. Otherwise the religious conventions of the coming summer may be slimly attended.

The Denison, Texas, *Sunday Gazetteer* suggests that the Unitarians, Universalists, Spiritualists, "Freethinkers," and others of Liberal religious views in that town organize a stock company, purchase an eligible lot, and erect a building for a public hall and reading room. A good lecture hall that will not cost the receipts of a night's lecture to pay the rent, it says, is sadly needed in Denison, and the means to provide it could be raised very readily if a few enterprising men would take hold of the matter. The *Gazetteer* agrees to render a little financial help to such an enterprise.

John Swinton shoots very wide of the mark in this:

"The Knights of Labor of New York, or rather all our labor organizations, should prepare to offer a grand reception, as soon as he reaches this port, to Cardinal Gibbons, who has made such a memorable defense of advancing labor, before the pope in the Eternal City. . . . No other dignitary of the church in America has ever spoken for labor as Cardinal Gibbons has."

Cardinal Gibbons really defended his church before the pope. He spoke to retain his clientelle, their patronage, his own official position, and to benefit his own pocket. The office of cardinal would be of no dignity and less use without the thousands of prostrate slaves now owned by Rome. Cardinal Gibbons saw that the pope was in danger of scattering his flock by too stringent rules, and he gave him a little advice for his own good. Mr. Gibbons is a shrewd dealer in Catholic intellect, and knows about what the traffic will bear.

The funeral of the late Michael A. Morrissey, the well-known Freethinker of Troy, N. Y., occurred on Tuesday, the 5th instant, from the Trojan Hook and Ladder House, which had been suitably draped for the occasion. The fact that the deceased died an Infidel, says the Troy *Observer*, the knowledge that the ceremonies would be of unusual character, and the great popularity of Mr. Morrissey among firemen served to attract a very large number of people, many of whom were unable to gain admission. The services were of a fitting character, arranged by Mr. Morrissey himself previous to his death, which was caused by cancer of the face. Bryant's "Thanatopsis" was read, a quartet sang, "Why Should We Fear?" and J. J. McCabe, of Albany, delivered what might be called the sermon, though it was very different from the usual lachrymose discourses of such occasions. The address is published in the Troy *Observer* of April 10th. The interment was in Oakwood cemetery. Mr. Morrissey was a public spirited citizen, and his place of business in Troy was the recognized headquarters of the heresy of the town. Liberal lecturers found there a cheering welcome.

Henry George finds in the colossal income of Archbishop Corrigan substantial reasons why that gentleman's sympathies lean toward the wealthy. In the first place, Mr. Corrigan is provided by the church with a marble palace, furnished for him and maintained free of cost. Second, he receives from the cathedral funds a salary of five thousand dollars per annum. Third, he receives from each church in the diocese what is called a cathedraticum, being an annual payment of $200 a year each from all but the poorest parishes. This cathedraticum, says Mr. George, probably aggregates not less than $15,000 a year. The fourth source of income is the fee of one dollar paid Mr. Corrigan for every interment in Calvary cemetery, the great burial-ground of the Catholics of New York. According to the official statistics there were in Calvary cemetery last year 14,374 burials from New York city alone, while from Brooklyn and other cities the interments in this vast cemetery during the same time must hav aggregated at least half as many more. Thus the income of the archbishop from this source alone must be over $20,000, which, added to the two previous items, givs him at leart $40,000 a year—the income, calculated at four per cent, of a millionaire. Added to this, the archbishop is continually in receipt of large gifts and fees from his wealthy parishoners, bringing his personal income up to thousands more. And yet Mr. George has no word of censure for the system of ecclesiastical imposture which givs rise to this robbery, but only denounces the personality of the robber. Had Dr. McGlynn stood in Archbishop Corrigan's shoes, the *Standard* would never hav made war on the wages of the pope's lieutenant.

# Letters from Friends.

NORTH LAKE, WIS., March 14, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I expected that I would hav got a couple of new subscribers besides myself, but I find it impossible at present, though I hope that the near future will swell the subscription list of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I would not like to part with it. I like its policy—full-fledged Infidel. I belong to the class of people that are termed uneducated, and for that reason I will hav to take the back seat, and would hav been left altogether if common sense had not set me thinking.

I tender my thanks to THE TRUTH SEEKER and its editor for benefits received the last year, and I will remain yours for another year. AMBROSE SORENSEN.

LONGMONT, COL., Feb. 27, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Will you, or some one of your readers who is able to do so, please inform me in whose writings the following language is to be found, and whose death it describes?

He died forlorn and forsaken of God, blaspheming to the very end. . . . He died of scarlet-fever, overrun and eaten up by ulcerous abscesses, the stench of which drove every person away. He gave up the ghost, despairing of salvation, and evoking devils from the abyss, and uttering oaths most horrible, and blasphemies most frightful.

I wish the name of the work in which this is found, the page, etc., and would like to hav the whole paragraph of which it is a part. Yours truly, JOHN R. KELSO.

BEOKTON, WYO., March 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of Feb. 26, 1887, I notice wherever the verb *have* occurs, you hav omitted the final *e*, spelling it *hav*. Now, I am curious to know what is your reason for so doing, as I am sure you must hav some good reason, as it could hardly be a typographical error, occurring not only once, but throughout the edition wherever the word is used.

Trusting you will enlighten me on the subject, I am,
Respectfully yours, THOS. W. FISHER.

[The *e* is dropped from hav, giv, and liv because it is unnecessary. This form of spelling was adopted by the founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER several years ago.—ED. T. S.]

BAPTONIA, IND., March 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I was in conversation with a minister the other day and quoted, as I supposed, a passage of scripture: "The imagination of man's heart is evil from his infancy." He said there was no such passage. I hav not been able to find it, but I certainly hav read it in substance if not in form. Will you please inform me through the columns of your paper of any such passage if it exists, and oblige,

Yours truly, T. S. KENNON.

[The minister is not a Bible student. Genesis viii, 21, says: "And the Lord smelled a sweet savor; and the Lord said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; *for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth:* neither will I again smite any more everything living, as I hav done."—ED. T. S.]

TALENT, OR., March 21, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3 to renew my subscription to your valuable paper. My wife says she cannot keep house without it. My boy, seven years old, counts every day in the week till Saturday, and he calls it TRUTH SEEKER day.

Since you illustrated your paper it is the best educator for the young children I ever saw. They take in the pictures at a glance of the eye, and if the parents will only do their part, and explain them to the children, then good-bye, superstition. No sky-pilot will pull the wool over their eyes and make them believe that one is three and three is one, and so on through the whole catalog of Bible foolishness. I am in sympathy with your paper in all things, and admire the fearless stand you take on all unpopular questions.

May THE TRUTH SEEKER liv till it has demolished all bigotry and superstition. WM. H. BREESE.

SUTTON, PA., March 27, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I received a letter of inquiry and solicitation, and hasten to answer. I am past eighty-seven years old. I feel it. I loaned D. M. Bennett $25 to start THE TRUTH SEEKER with, the best, really most needed, paper in the world, A.D. 1874. I hav tried to interest the people of Richford, Berkshire, Montgomery, and Sutton, Canada, but never could get anyone to take it over three months. I am glad to hear of the good success of our lecturers. I hope sometime people generally will think that truth is more valuable to us than falsehood. I reject all systems of superstition. The only true religion is the religion of humanity. This left out, all superstition is a curse. Until children are educated to be honest with themselvs, truthful and just to others, we shall hav a world of misery and woe, because education forms the common mind. Children could as easily be trained to go to heaven on the theory of justice, goodness, and truth, as faith in fifty or one hundred differing creeds. Why did God write: "The dead know not anything" (Eccl. ix, 5); "Man has no preëminence above a beast" (Eccl. iii, 15-21); "Man dieth, in that very day his thoughts perish" (Ps. cxlvi); "If a man die shall he liv again?" (Job xiv, 14.) God did not write this. Who did write it? We don't know! If the world is as bad as the New York *Sun* makes it—and the Bible also, why should I believe there is a God?—only priestcraft. But humanity is here, and in deep trouble, being falsely educated. If there was such a superhuman entity as the Jewish and Christian God, he would make himself positivly known to mankind as he is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. I cannot get folks to read THE TRUTH SEEKER, "Champions of the Church," "Sages and Thinkers," Kersey Graves, Morris Einstein, Lord Amberley, and a large number of other smaller volumes. It seems that Judaism and Christianity were gotten up to torture, murder, kill, and damn all who do not believe as the pope does. I deny a God that makes popes of millions of selfish dishonest, fallible men. I want a God that is pope himself, and attends to his own business, not giv his honor to hypocrits. Some are sending selfish, lazy drones to preach immortal soul and endless punishment after death to the heathen. Truth seekers are sending men to say that our Bible, on every page, is proof positiv that it is a priest's fabrication! God made man to eat the forbidden fruit, then made a Christ to die to atone for the crime; then God made a pope to pardon every one's sins for a little money per head, if they all will support the pope's hierarchy, or all be endlessly damned. "God alone hath immortality" (1 Tim. vi, 16).

JOSEPH NOYES.

FORT CUSTER, MONT., April 2, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $4 95 for publications. There are a few Liberals in this wild country. Four of us at Fort Custer meet every other night in a little room and discuss Liberalism and Freethought. We intend to organize a Liberal club. We hav not decided what name we shall giv it. We think the army needs Freethought just as much as Boonton, N. J., does. I must giv you the names of those in the good work here: Frank Heric, Willard Fields, W. Littleton, and myself. We intend to make this club one of the best in the territory. Although we are only four, four determined men can do a great deal. We send you only a few dollars this time, but it shall not be the last, for you will hear from me again soon. I like your paper more and more. It is truly a grand and great paper. May the editor liv long to spread the gospel of truth for a good many years to come.

CHAS. SOHWAAB, Band, 1st Cavalry, Fort Custer, Mont.

INGALLS, KAN., March 26, 287.

MR. EDITOR: I see the name of R. Butterfield, of California, in my last paper. I wonder if his father was a preacher, as was mine. He says he takes nine papers. I take only seven. I take THE TRUTH SEEKER because I hav to. The children are all taken up with the pictures, and now they are beginning to tease for paper and stamps to write for the "Children's Corner." And then my wife always has a sick spell if THE TRUTH SEEKER does not come on time. I like to read it myself. I sent you three new subscribers last week, and now I send you some thirty names to send sample copies to. I hav the promis of two more subscribers. And let me say to all Freethinkers who hav the cause at heart, cultivate in yourselvs all those ennobling principles you love to see in others. I used to attend church and the old Methodist class-meeting, and tell what great things the Lord Jesus had done for me, parrot-like; but I slid up to a higher plane of thought some ten years ago, and I hav been a better and a happier man ever since. A. BUTTERFIELD.

TALENT, OR., March 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: While so many are having their say about the pictures in THE TRUTH SEEKER, I will say I think they are just the thing, none of them so shocking as one I saw in an illustrated Bible of some men stoning another man to death.

The Baptists of this place hav been holding revival meetings lately, several conversions are reported. It is said a wealthy citizen of this place formerly gave the elder $1 each for converts, but has gone back on them lately. I suppose the preacher will be a little less zealous since there is less money in it now.

There are quite a number of Liberals here, also a Liberal hall where we meet every Sunday; hav a club now that is run on a plan somewhat like that of the Manhattan Liberal Club.

We are in hopes Mr. Putnam will stop here on his way through Oregon.

I inclose $3 to apply on subscription. WM. TERRILL.

SAN BERNADINO, CAL., March 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The friends of Liberalism and Freethought hav enjoyed the rare treat of listening to three of the characteristic lectures of Dr. J. L. York.

The doctor has been at Los Angeles for several weeks past, where he has organized a Liberal League. As S. P. Putnam was booked for the last two Sundays of this month at Los Angeles, the doctor concluded to come here and stir us up. He spoke at the Opera House on the evenings of March 20th and 22d; and as O. S. Fowler had the place engaged for the 27th, the doctor lectured in Liberal Hall on the afternoon of the above date. The doctor is well known to the old residents, having been here some twelve years ago. He had large audiences at the Opera House, but a smaller one at the hall. The Spiritualists own this hall, and hav a society, but are almost completely run down. As in some other places, some of them hav been more intent upon aspersing and maligning others than in working for the establishment of Liberalism. They hav apparently succeeded, in this vicinity, in convincing the mass of the community that Spiritualists are the meanest people in the world; and their place of meeting is shunned as a moral pest-house. This explains the reason of his smaller audience at the Hall.

Dr. York is, in the language of the West, "a full team and a horse to let." He holds an audience for two hours, and yet they want more. His lectures are models of accurate, scientific thinking. He blinks no question, and evades no position. In precise and eloquent language he presents the most radical positions of L beralism. Others, perhaps, may do this as well as he, but there is a perpetual breaking out of the most inimitable humor, which keeps an audience in a state of constant exhilaration. The wants of the logician are fully met, and there is more laugh than in a circus.

Dr. York will leave the Pacific coast, *via* Salt Lake and Denver, for the East, some time in May, and it is unnecessary to ask for him a cordial reception, as it will be accorded him wherever he goes. J. S. LOVELAND.

AYER, MASS., March 27, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Will you please send me THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 3, 1886? The number I hav is too badly worn to be bound. I shall get the entire Volume XIII. bound so I can lend it without losing any of the numbers. It is doubly valuable for its illustrations. They speak volumes.

If the old stories and the present acts match the pictures, whose fault is it? If the pictures are spirited or foolish, and fit the stories, and are distasteful, then "let the dead bury the dead," and let the living, the progressiv, furnish better subjects for the efficient artist.

I trust many will preserve the illustrated volumes in bound form. They are destined to grow in favor as the people become enlightened, as they will if they take THE TRUTH SEEKER, and see and read what dupes they hav been, and might continue to be. But "now that light has come into the world" they hav no excuse for this ignorance. How long will people be led by the nose and listen to blind guides—tombstones telling of the dead past? How long be content to wear the yoke and collar, or even the marks of either?

Fraternally yours, E. MYRIOK.

NEW BEDFORD, PA., March 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: We are having a little excitement here just now. The clergy hav talked very insultingly of the Infidels, speaking, of course, from the coward's castle, the pulpit; and in order that a little light might be elicited on the subject we appointed a discussion of the following resolution in the town hall and invited the preachers to participate in the discussion. This they not only refused to do, but did their utmost to prevent people from attending the discussion. In this they failed, as there was a fair, attentiv, and intelligent audience, and the absurdity of the church's position in connection with the subject was fully shown. The resolution was: "*Resolved*, That the Bible teaches the doctrin of salvation by good works."

On the first Tuesday in April we discuss the question: "*Resolved*, That the principles of the Prohibition party are sustained by the Bible." The platform is free to all. We expect the clergy to affirm, or stand justly branded with cowardice before the community.

For the inclosed please send me E. C. Walker's "Bible Temperance." W. W. WALKER.

WALNUT GROVE, KAN., April 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Your notice of the 12th of March is at hand, and I will respond at once. Inclosed please find amount to pay subscription; use balance as directed. Those cartoons are dead-shots to the church-people, more so to those sky-pilots who teach the people something that they do not know themselvs. We hav a very strong set of fanatics; some are perfect; they cannot sin, but they can lie just the same. I hav had a hot time in this nest of hornets, but they hav lost their sting, so that they cannot come to the front as they used to. The pastor of the Methodist church held a protracted meeting this winter for over six weeks, but only converted four or five old backsliders.

My daughter's little infant, five weeks old, died, and her husband's father and mother wanted its funeral preached, so they employed the Rev. George Rarick, of the Methodist Episcopal church; but instead of preaching the baby's, he preached my funeral, and I was there to hear it, alive as usual, and he must hav forgotten the baby, for several of the church-members laugh at me and say that I got a free fun eral sermon. It finished him up here, and did the church much harm and us some good. W. H. NOAH.

LINCOLN, ILL., March 25, 1887.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKER: I notice that the secretary of the treasury has decided that Chinese gods, fashioned, as all gods, by the imagination and hand of man, must pay a duty at the custom house! Wonder if this is an entering wedge to tax all other gods, their supposed tabernacles, paraphernalia, images, etc.? If our gods, with all their "pomp and circumstance," are to hav a recognition at the hands of the state, and be protected by the strong arm, without tax, where is the famous liberty that we accord to religious worship? The little Joss is, presumably, as sacred to the "heathen Chinee" as our cross, holy water, statues of virgins and saints, fine churches, stained windows, flummery, flapdoodle, organs, bells, hog-wash, memorials, nunneries, prisons, racks, boycotts, persecutions, and blood-letting are to us; yet they must be taxed, although "Congress shall pass no law respecting the establishment of religion nor preventing the free exercise thereof." Where is there any more idolatry in worshiping a little wooden image than in counting beads, kneeling at a confessional, or crossing the face with a tip of the finger in holy water, to say nothing of day worship, priest worship, and countless other observances that are nothing more than idolatry, or a giving away of reason, and putting our right to think and act into the hands of possibly some "ordained" rascal? If our gods are not taxed, why impose a burden on Juggernaut or Joss? Of course, the thing to do is to let everything that receives protection pay its just proportion of the expense that the state is required to pay to guard and preserve it from the ruthless hand of robbery and anarchy. Tax a Joss—tax a church. Let those who want idols bear all expense, and not require me to support, by law, a system of what I think the most absurd, useless, and mind-debasing nonsense ever perpetrated upon credulous man, and "consequently" woman too.

It will never be possible for one person to ride two horses going in opposit directions, without at least losing foothold on one or the other. It is amusing to see a certain class of mythological acrobats trying to make the "Book" quadrate to the facts of science and geology. For instance, the days

consumed in the wonderful creation were geological periods, possibly of millions of years; yet the account says the evening and the morning were the first day. The sun was to rule the day, the moon the night. That part of the program still goes on—twelve hours for each. Countless cases may be called where the mythologist takes refuge in his horse-back exercise.

And then that story about the genealogy of our savior! In the two accounts in the "gospels" there is such a wonderful difference in the names in the line of descent! Then, too, the genealogy is of Joseph, and Joseph not being the father of Jesus, the genealogy is just no genealogy at all. The two-horse act comes in again by saying that Joseph was the father by divine appointment—by adoption, as it were, to carry out prophecy. That kind of parentage is not very popular to-day, but the Jews were of such easy virtue that almost anything was respectable. We drop these few thoughts for the brethren. SLO HYOUM.

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MIDDLEBURY, IND., March, 15, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3 25 for THE TRUTH SEEKER one year and the ANNUAL for 286. Your paper is now ahead of all the journals of Freethought published. I hav been interested in its advancement from the first, having watched its evolution from its embryotic state in Illinois to ts present condition of maturity in the great metropolis of America. The illustrations mark an epoch in its history. Watson Heston is to-day doing as much to free the mind from the old, rusty, galling chains of mental slavery as any man in the United States. His influence for good will as certainly reach down through all coming ages as will that of Pythagoras, Galileo, Copernicus, Newton, Paine, or Ingersoll. It is encouraging to see how fast the human race are evoluting. Reason will eventually become enthroned the supreme king of our world. Yet we occasionally hear from some old fossil who belongs way back in the Dark Ages. Such antiquated, fossilized old remains are not altogether worthless. We should remember that all fossils hav a geological interest, serving to show what things formerly peopled the earth. They should be kindly taken care of, for they are somewhat scarce, and usually, on account of their antiquity, are in a condition more or less decomposed. The town of Mapleton, Kansas, is able to support just one of these curiosities—the Rev. J. W. Caldwell—who can be found in a large "untaxable museum" every Sunday.

Yours very truly, ISAAC IVINS, aged 81 years.

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SOLDIERS' HOME, WIS., March 29, 287.

MR. EDITOR: I send you a few quotations from this most marvelous tale in Genesis. Of course, it has been repeated time and again in THE TRUTH SEEKER and elsewhere, yet it may interest new subscribers. It is a singular fact that the most devout Bible-worshipers are those who know the least about it, and those who are constantly yearning to die a martyr in its defense cannot read it or anything else. "And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it, for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die" (Gen. ii, 16, 17). "And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die: for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil" (Gen. iii, 4. 5). "And unto Adam he said, Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree which I commanded thee saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life" (Gen. iii, 17). "And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years, and he died" (Gen. v, 5). "And the Lord God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field: upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life" (Gen. iii, 14).

These passages from the book that Christendom has sworn by for centuries need no comment from me. The five-year-old boy in Sunday-school will readily and correctly answer all plain questions about snakes and gods. Now, Johnny, speak up loud, Which lied, this God or the snake?

NELSON HUNT.

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SALINA, KAN., March 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Is it any wonder that the church of Christ, or rather, the Christian church, has fallen into bad repute with the world's people, when the history of the church is so full of such incidents as the refusal of some Western ministers to pass resolutions of sympathy for the family of the late Henry Ward Beecher? Just because Mr. Beecher, who has for many years stood head and shoulders above the ministers of the United States in intellect, did not believe in that consoling promis of a future place of torment recorded in the holy book, they refuse to extend sympathy to the heart-broken family in this their darkest hour. Just because Mr. Beecher did not believe as they did, they are glad he is dying. Just because Mr. Beecher possesses a brighter and a more progressiv mind than his fellow-preachers, they will be glad to hear of his death. For shame. Is it any wonder that the world has become disgusted with these ranting preachers—these sky-pilots? Is it any wonder the church is losing its influence?

This Chicago body of ranting sky-pilots, in their failing to pass resolutions of sympathy for Mrs. Beecher and family, certainly manifested the same feeling that existed in the hearts of the early persecutors of the past ages. The same feeling pervaded the heart of John Calvin when he burnt Servetus at the stake, also the hearts of those who nailed Jesus Christ to the cross. This same feeling will last till every man, woman, and child is accorded the God-given right of Freethought—the right to free expression of one's views upon all subjects pertaining to the past, present, and future.

Friend Macdonald, I hav neither written nor spoken on the subject of Freethought since I was forced by continued bad health to giv up the publication of my paper, the *Thinker*, till I read this article this morning, when my indignation knew no bounds. I offer this as my excuse for writing this letter. Yours for universal mental liberty,

C. W. STOWE, M.D.

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CLARA, PA., Feb. 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose $5 to renew my subscription, and to pay for a new subscriber, Truman A. Barnes, a Liberal who, I hope, will be a permanent member of the TRUTH SEEKER family. Where Mr. Barnes livs (Millport, Pa.) is a hard place for orthodoxy. Sky-pilots of nearly every denomination hav tried, but all alike fail, to make converts. The meetings are quite well attended, and the people contribute quite freely to support the preacher, though it is mostly done by those who do not belong to any church; but when they are told that sinners will go to sheol, they don't seem to realize that it means them, and don't get scared as they ought to to be converted.

The subscribers of THE TRUTH SEEKER about here were of the mind of H. Clay Luse as regards the cartoons. Like the Methodist girl who said, when she "found that her hoops and jewelry was drawing her soul right down to hell, she took them off and gave them to her sister;" so, if we don't like the pictures, we can take them out and giv them to our Christian friends.

An old subscriber wants me to ask you to reprint what was published in THE TRUTH SEEKER years ago as the Cathartic creed, a sort of burlesque on the Athanasian creed. It is a good thing to render the absurdities of the latter conspicuous. I. L. ALLEN.

[The Cathartic Creed will be found on another page of this issue.—ED. T. S.]

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NATIONAL CITY, CAL., March 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In regard to my renewing my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, I must say that as long as I liv and can find money enough to pay for it I shall be a subscriber. I could not possibly get along without it. My dear friend, it is the grandest paper that ever was printed. It contains absolute truth and common sense. I cannot express my appreciation of all the splendid men who write their convictions and show us the truth against ignorance and superstition. There is one man amongst all others (of course I except our great and glorious Ingersoll), that is, John Peck. Oh, that we had thousands of such men with his brilliant abilities! How I should like to shake him by the hand and call him friend—not forgetting all the rest—Mr. Reynolds, Putnam, and others. I feel very glad the Boonton superstitious idiots are ashamed of themselvs. I think, with you, they will never bring his case up. Ignorant and superstitious as they hav proven themselvs to be, they must hav enough sense to know the world would condemn them.

As you see by the post-office order, I hav got two more subscribers. I hav been lending THE TRUTH SEEKER to them, and they are like me—can't get along without it. When my time came to renew my subscription, I said to them: "Look here! the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER can't afford to supply three of us on one charge; won't you subscribe with me? We can hav three copies for $7. I am willing for us to pay equal." The critters jumped at the chance. I am in hopes of getting more subscribers. I will do my best, for I am one that would like to see the truth spread and accepted by the entire world.

Yours till death, JAMES WORKMAN.

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RED OAK, MO., March 13, E.M. 287.

MR. EDITOR: I hav received the first copy of your splendid paper, and I can say that I am more than pleased with the sample. I intend to be a regular subscriber as long as I can find the money. This place is almost petrified in the rock of ignorance and faith. Almost everybody knows my views on orthodoxy, and they do not say much to me on the subject. They undertook to convert me by storm last fall, but the guns of the devil, as Sam Jones says, kept them at a safe distance. One old preacher came into my shop for a talk. He said he never had talked with an Infidel, and he wanted to hear what they could say in defense of their disbelief, or against Christianity. I told him I could not say much, but would do all I could for him. "Well," said he, "I will ask you a question, and, perhaps, that will lead to another. Can you tell me," said he, "what makes so many different languages in the world?" I said, "I will answer your question by asking you one, or, in other words, your answer to mine will likely be my answer to yours." Said I, "Can you tell me what makes so many different shades of color in the human race?" "Oh!" said he, "that is the effect of climate, diet, conditions, and surroundings." "Very good," said I, "that is a good answer to your question. One is just as much the effect of climate as the other." Well, the way I got out of that bothered him. Of course he attributed diverse languages to the old Babel lie, but I got the start of him, and I held him down all of the time for about an hour. I got him so excited that he took off his hat and squared himself, and preached a regular old hard-shell sermon. I listened and worked away at my bench, and once in a while I would giv him a shot from one of Bob's guns, and I never missed him, and every time he would get worse. He said that he knew that he had a life eternal beyond the grave. Said I, "Do you know positivly what is going to happen to-morrow?" Of course he did not. "Then if you cannot tell one day ahead in life, how can you tell what will be after death? If you do not and cannot know all on this side of the great river that rolls between us and eternity, how can you tell what is on the farther shore? After all," said I, "are you not mistaken? Do you think that you positivly know that you will liv forever after you are dead?" Well, he said, he did not exactly know it, but he had faith in the promis of God. Said I, "Did everything you ever had faith in turn out just as you thought it would?" "Well," said he, "I am bothering you from your work, I will talk to you some other time. Good-day." "Good-day, parson, call again."

One preacher who got up a big excitement here last fall told two falsehoods about Ingersoll. He said he sat in the vast audience of thousands a few years ago, and heard the greatest Infidel of the nineteenth century make his first lecture against Christianity, which you know was his lecture on the "Gods," and he said that Ingersoll declared in that lecture that there is no God. You know he does not make any such declaration in that lecture. Then in order to make his truthless point, the preacher said he heard him again two or three years after, and he used the language of this book (holding up the Bible), "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." These assertions are both false, I am assured. He wanted to make a false impression on the people. He wanted to make it appear that such men as Ingersoll are not capable of telling their honest thoughts, or, in other words, that they would say a thing and then get afraid and take it back. S. P. WOOD.

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EUBANKS, KY., March 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Having been educated in Bible theology, having embraced the Christian system and preached it for a number of years, you may well know how hard it is for me to giv up the Christian's hope of immortality and promis of eternal life. I cannot do so without being convinced that the Christian scheme of redemption is the production of men. I hav ever noticed and thought much on the reason that so many doctrins, creeds, and churches existed, claiming the Bible as their teacher. I hav earnestly sought to learn whether those differences were caused by human ignorance of the Bible or the obscurity of Bible teaching. My hope has been that a true knowledge of the Bible would destroy Christian sects, and that all believers in Christ would be of one mind and one creed. I am, however, becoming discouraged in this hope. I find a theory prevails that denominational sectarianism is not derogatory to Bible teaching; that the Bible is a kind of scapegoat to uphold all kinds of doctrins to suit the mental capacity of all kinds of people. When I turn to the book we call nature, I find uniformity in human experience; and why is it the case that the Bible is so obscure as to leave the world divided about what it teaches? Are the things of eternity of less importance than man's short animal life in this world? Evidently there is a loose screw somewhere in Bible theology. Whether this loose screw is in the Bible itself, or the brains of its professors, is a question to be settled by future developments. That the differing sects can sustain the divinity of the Bible in their divided condition is simply impossible. No book can claim universal adoption that contains five or six hundred different interpretations. If the book ever is successfully defended, a better system of interpretation will hav to be adopted, and sectarianism nailed to the wall forever. I hav become absolutely disgusted at the sects in their abuse of each other, and cry against Infidelity. In my honest judgment, I believe that sectarianism is doing more against the Bible than all the outspoken Infidels in the world. All outspoken Infidels hav ever been philanthropists, and not a class of hypocrits. They neither hav deceived themselvs nor others. Bible sects hav no certain road to heaven, and but little charity for those who do not embrace their creed. The result is, they become untrue to themselvs and others. Their creed takes the place of true reason, and they strike at shadows like blind snakes. The day has about passed when clerical authority can keep the people in ignorance, and successfully meet Infidelity by mere abuse. If the clergy ever expect to sustain the Bible, they must admit all it teaches, directly or indirectly. When they are asked if the Bible teaches or permitted polygamy, slavery, and acts of inhumanity, let them admit the facts, and not dodge behind popular prejudices with personal abuse. If the Bible, as we hav it, is all divine, then it must all be admitted and defended. If one writer of the Bible was inspired, then all writers of the Bible were inspired. It takes all the writers and what all the writers of the Bible hav written in the Bible to make the Bible. Anything less than what is written in the Bible would not be the Bible, but part of the Bible. To scrap the Bible, Infidels and Bible sects hav an equal chance for a theory. But let it be understood by all whom it may concern, that the age of a conflict between science and reason on the one side, and the claims of the Bible on the other, has arrived. Theology of all kinds must bear the test of free discussion. The human mind must and will be free. The superstitions of the past are lessons written in human carnage that will find a better day. It has ever been our opinion that the combined elements of sects, human interpolations, and the developments of science and history, would never destroy some marks of divinity in the Bible. Even after the admission of all the common objections to the claims of the Bible, we still hold that as an inductiv system, with its moral code for human conduct, it is not all the work of men in any age. The writers of the Bible hav all the attributes of credible witnesses, while the facts of the Bible are corroborated by profane historians. When the question arises as to whence came man, what is he, and what will be his future, the Bible is the most intelligent answer we hav seen. The Bible writers seem indifferent as to the results of recorded facts concerning the conduct of good or evil men. As to marks of justice and mercy in the Bible system, I think the same marks are developed in the book of nature. If I take the book of nature to dethrone the Bible, I shall then, for the same reasons, take the book of nature and dethrone the God of nature, if there be one. Under all circumstances, we conclude this with the hope that free thought and free discussion will march onward. W. BAKER, M.D.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## On Prairie Lands.

The north wind sinks to whispers low,
The sunshine drinks the melting snow,
The wild geese hail from southern seas,
While brown buds burst from all the trees,
And larks sang lond this very morn
Where farmers plow their fields for corn,
And golden millet, rye, and cane
That sweep their billows on the plain,
And walnut-trees whose boughs are wet
Drop dews to rose and violet,
That pierce their lowly prison strands
On prairie lands.

The happy children haste away,
Forbidden grounds are free to-day,
So many shades of tender green,
Deep hidden in each low ravine,
Are beck'ning them to come and see,
And tassels on the willow-tree
Are waving now. The wild bees hum,
And sheltered thickets of the plum
Are dotted with the whitest sprays—
The birthright of these waking days.
And hearts are full as well as hands,
On prairie lands.

The May unbinds her banners green
Where wary wood-birds hide between,
And timid rabbits crouching down
Behind the last year's tassocks brown,
Where mother-birds may build and brood,
Each grove be then a "holyrood,"
And not a harvest near or far
Be sweeter than her birdlings are.
A thousand summer sweets hav we
Upon this Western emerald sea,
And wise men once called "desert sands"
These prairie lands.

*Frenchtown, Neb.* MARY BAIRD-FINCH.

## Correspondence.

CANAJOHARIE, N. Y., April 10, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I saw so many letters from boys and girls I thought I would write, too. I am ten years old, and I am in the fourth room in school. I think the Children's Corner is very nice. I must close. Wishing you success, I remain, your little friend, LAURA BIGLOW.

NEWPORT, March 30, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I shall be eight years old next May. My father is an Infidel Spiritualist, and takes THE TRUTH SEEKER. I read the Children's Corner. I like it. I hav two sisters and four brothers, one of my sisters is a rapping medium. As this is my first time I ever wrote for the Corner, I will close for this time. Yours truly, ADDIE NOSON.

OPHIR, CAL., March 31, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I took notice of my first letter in the Children's Corner, of THE TRUTH SEEKER, dated March the 26th, 1887, and was truly delighted in reading it in print, but I am sorry to say that I noticed a mistake made near the head of the letter, where I stated that my mother sent me to my grandmother at Sacramento when I was four years old. The letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER reads as follows: "Four months old"—instead of "years." Dear Miss Wixon, if you will please correct this mistake I will be a thousand times obliged to you, and I will ever remain, Yours for truth and humanity.

MRS. ROSA KAISER.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., March 28, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Being a Freethinker, I will write you a letter to put in the Children's Corner.

Dr. York has just left here, after delivering three lectures that would hav made any Christian shake. All that heard him were well pleased, and he had quite large audiences, considering the number of Liberals there are in this place. I'm sorry to say the Young Men's Christian Association Hall is always full, when they hav a lecturer. I know of several people who hav lately turned Freethinkers and are now taking THE TRUTH SEEKER. All of our folks like this paper very much, and would be pleased to hav others do so.

I must tell you that I read "The Story Hour" some time ago, and think it a delightful little book, which it would do all children good to read.

If this meets with your approval, I'll write to you again.

Your friend, ANNIE B. GILBERT.

CEDAR LAKE, N. Y., April 2, 1887.

DEAR AUNT SUSAN: For you said I might call you aunt in my other letter. The snow is six feet deep here in April. Can you beat that where you liv? When the crust is hard I slide down hill in a tin pan. I can go as fast as any sled. It would make you laugh to see me go. A cousin of mine has a cat that is almost as smart as Becky, Dinah, and Dick in your pretty story. Her cat will get upon the sewing machine and pull the needles and pins out of the cushion and throw them on the floor, and will go upstairs and bring down what she can find that is lying around, and will fight if you point your finger at her. I named her Daisy, after my calf. I don't go to school much in winter. It is too far away, but I read and write at home, and we hav spelling-school three nights each week—my pa and ma are old school-teachers. I like to draw the best of anything. I hav drawn President Cleveland and Abraham Lincoln from their pictures. If you can send me your picture I think I would try to draw it. I wish some of the children of the Corner would write to me and I'll answer their letters. ELDA S. BILLINGS.

[Sometime when we hav some new photographs taken we will send you one.—ED. C. C.]

CALISTOGA, CAL., March 20, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON, and other friends of the Corner: Please accept our heartfelt thanks for your expressions of sympathy. I hope that Walter's dear mother has long since recovered, and that Frances's Grandpa Powers is quite well again.

'Tis said, "The Lord chasteneth whom he loveth." If that were so, he loves many people a deal too much. I do not believe the saying. It seems an unnatural way of expressing love. There was a passionate man lived near where I was born, by the name of Fleming Wright, who seemed to believe in that way of expressing his love for his wife. He used to whip her, and on one of those occasions some of his neighbors spoke to him about it. He seemed to think it no harm to do so, and said, "I love her better every time I whip her."

Well, the end soon came. In a fit of chastening love he hit her on the head with a heavy fire shovel and killed her. He was in jail a long time, until he was nearly blind. At last his Masonic friends got him out and took him off, but few knew to where until many years afterward. He lived retired and sad the remainder of his days in southwest Missouri. Fleming killed one, but if it were true, as some Christian people believe, the Lord has killed many.

But such sayings are very often untrue, and many who read them hav little idea of their logical effect. I know of no better way than to allow others all the liberty their hearts may desire, so long as that liberty does not injure others. Children still dependent upon their parents should usually obey them. Parents are not always right in their control of the little ones, and for that reason should not be too exacting.

With a cheery good-bye to all the Corner friends, I will step aside for a little while.

Respectfully, UNCLE JOHN.

### CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

FRANK V. DRAPER.—Your story is keeping for some convenient opportunity. It is all right.

LILLIE C.—When you write for the press, write on the lines, with ink, and one side of the paper only. You should punctuate properly, and spell correctly. It is kindess to the writer to reject some manuscripts.

W. L. TRULL.—We sympathize with you, certainly. But be patient, and hope always for the best.

MILLIE WRIGHT.—Your note received, but nothing else has come to hand as yet Possibly it has been missent.

MARIE STEWART.—The story is received and will appear in time. It is nicely written.

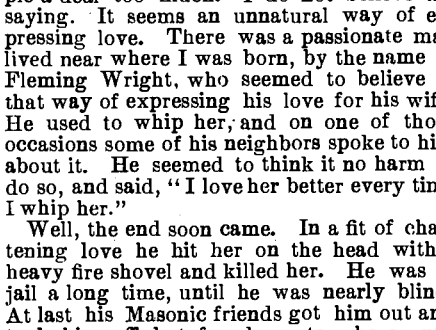
O. B. R.—Life has its ups and downs. We hav to take them as they come. Look for a letter by and by.

OLD BOY.—You must laugh and grow fat. "Throw physic to the dogs."

E. M. D.—Stick to farming.

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.



Why is this bit of ill-fortune like a man endeavoring to reduce his expenses?

2.—ECCENTRIC CHARADE.

Here's cunning, wisdom, wit combined—
Deep penetration of the mind.
To solve this, too, the *whole* you need,
As from the center out we read;
*To left* a substance light and rare,
Like oxygen or common air;
A vast collection, to *the right*,
Of houses greets the puzzler's sight,
Where wealth in luxury resides,
Where pinching want in woe abides,
Where science beckons to her schools,
Where superstition blinds her fools;
Where people sell till all is gone,
And then their very virtue pawn;
And virtue gone, still in the streets
The moral skeleton one meets
Disguises half its shame and sin
And all its emptiness within.
*The first* (reversed) may shed its light,
And turn to-day a *final* night;
But only *whole* our steps can guide
To shun *last's* evils spreading wide.

*Irwin, Ia.* J. K. P. BAKER.

3.—MAGIC PICTURE.



YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

The two old friends together meet,
Advancing slow, with faltering feet;
Across each mind there flashes, fleet,
A vision of the bygones sweet,
When they in blushing youth did meet.

4.—SQUARE.

1. A leguminous plant.
2. A mineral used in polishing.
3. Moderately warm.
4. One who makes proclamation.
5. A fabulous monster with many heads.

WARREN B. ORCHARD.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER APRIL 9, 1887.

1.–
P
C F
A L F
T H O S
A P E A R
C H A R T S
P L E A D E R
F O R G E T
F A D E D
S T E P
R E D
S T
R

3.–Always be systematic in your intercourse with business men. 4.–River.

# Science Column.

## Liberal Lesson Leaves.

PHYSICAL SERIES—MATTER, ITS GENERAL NATURE, CONCLUDED.

9. *Impenetrability.* By this property of matter two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. If you immerse your hand in a bucket of water, you will displace some of the water and it will rise higher, but the space occupied by your hand will not also contain water at the same time; when you withdraw your hand, the water will fill the space again. By this method we can measure the volume or size of a body; the water is put into a graduated vessel and the body to be measured is then immersed in the water. The amount of water displaced may then be seen, and this is the same as the volume of the body. The experiment mentioned in Article 3 also illustrates the impenetrability of the air and water.

10. *Compressibility.* Compressibility is that property of matter by virtue of which it may be reduced in size by pressure. Gases such as air are most easily compressed, but all substances can be made smaller by pressure, however hard and rigid they seem to be.

11. *Inertia.* This is a very important, though purely negativ, property of matter. By virtue of this property, matter cannot of itself change its condition of motion or rest. In order to effect any change, it must be acted upon by some external force.

Stones cannot move around by themselvs; trees and houses remain where they are placed. This is simply because matter can not set itself in motion. The earth is turning round on its axis, and this rotation is what causes day and night. It keeps on turning simply because, by the property of inertia, it is unable to stop turning. In a similar manner, summer and winter are caused by the motion of the earth around the sun; the seasons succeed each other regularly because the earth is not capable of altering its condition of motion. When a ball is thrown through the air, it keeps on moving for a while and would never stop unless the air or some other thing resisted it. It would move on in a straight line forever if it were not drawn to the earth by gravitation (7).

*Experiment.*—Place a small smooth card upon the forefinger of the left hand, and a coin on the card, directly over the finger. Giv the card a blow with a lead pencil or with the nail of the forefinger of the right hand. The card will fly away and the coin will remain on the finger. It may be necessary to try the experiment several times before it will succeed; the card should be thin, smooth, and stiff, such as a visiting card.

12. *Mobility.* Mobility is that property of matter by virtue of which a body may be moved. Any body may be moved if sufficient force is applied to it.

13. *Divisibility.* By this property of matter, bodies may be separated into parts. Paper may be torn, water sprinkled around, wood cut into pieces, metals filed, and stones crushed. There are many other ways of separating matter into parts, but the above will do for examples. We know of no limit to the divisibility of matter; but when we come to study the molecular theory (No. 5 of this series), we will learn that there is supposed to be a limit by the adherents to this theory.

One of the best examples of the extent to which divisibility of matter may be carried is shown in the wearing away of coins. Coins after several years' use show signs of loss of metal; try to imagin the size of the particles lost each time the coin is handled!

14. *Elasticity.* Elasticity is that property of matter by virtue of which it resumes its original size or shape when the force which altered it is removed. There are several kinds of elasticity, according to the kind of force applied. Elasticity developed by pressure is the only kind that is a general property of matter; the other kinds are peculiar to solids, and will be considered when treating of them.

*Experiment.*—Take a rubber balloon filled with air, and press it between the hands. When the pressure is removed it will resume its original size and shape. This experiment illustrates both the elasticity and compressibility of the air.

15. *Remarks.*—We must always bear in mind that the laws of nature are the laws of the changes in matter, and that these laws are absolutely invariable and unchangeable. We cannot even think that they hav not always been the same, and that they will not always remain the same. There is no uncertainty about them, no irregularity, no perhaps, no sometimes; they are fixed and eternal.

All things that happen are natural. We know of no power superior to the laws of nature. There is no reliable case on record where the laws of nature were changed, suspended, or modified in the least.

Never regard anything as supernatural because you do not understand it. Examin it, investigate it, and you will often find that what at first appears strange, or even supernatural, is simply the result of nature's laws, and is what might hav been expected under the circumstances. If everyone regarded the unknown as supernatural and inexplicable, there would be no advancement, no study, no knowledge. Remember that everything which we now know we at one time did not know, but had to learn it by observation and study. G. G. GROWER.

QUESTIONS.

*Note.*—Always explain why you giv any answer. Some of the answers here given are only partial. See if you can answer the questions more completely.

1. Question. What property of matter causes b dies to fall to the earth? Answer. Gravitation.
2. Q. What general properties of matter are shown when a body falls to the earth? A. Gravitation and mobility.
3. Q. When a rubber ball is dropped on the floor, and bounces up again? A. Mobility, gravitation, elasticity, and impenetrability.
4. Q. When iron is filed? A. Divisibility, mobility, and gravitation.
5. Q. When the hand is dipped into a basin of water so that the water overflows? A. Mobility, extension, impenetrability, gravitation, and divisibility.
6. Q. When a window is broken by throwing a stone through it? A. Mobility, inertia, impenetrability, divisibility, gravitation.

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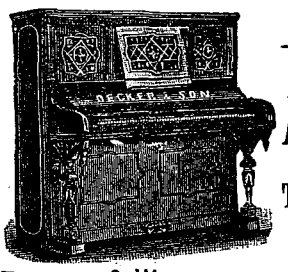
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# Poetry.

## At Thirty.

AN ODE.

'Twas yesterday I closed the thirtieth year
Of my existence. It seems but yesterday
That it began—as least, so those hav said
Who mind that interesting circumstance.
Though I was there, yet I hav slipped my hold
Upon the first impressions I received
Of this poor weary world of woe. I think
That later on a slipper helped me some
To get a notion of impressions

At four I was a boy at school, and there
I learned to say my letters, spell, and write,
To read the Testament, wherein it saith
That in the days of Herod, king, behold
There came out "seven wise men from the East;"
And I hav wondered from that day to this
How they got home again.
But I digress.
At five I said my prayers, as every night
I went to bed, and said them loud, because
They having charge of my religious welfare
Feared else I might deceive, and, full of sin,
Instead of praying God for grace and strength
Ask him for drums, and boots, and pocketknives.
So I became a miracle of grace,
And took my way on every Sunday morn
To Sabbath-school, stopping upon the way
Anon to throw a furtiv stone or two
At sundry cats; again, to lick a smaller boy
Who by his conduct had become unpopular.
At length, with growing age, I dropped upon
The Sunday-school; the cats went unmolested by,
And it is fifteen long and weary years
Since I hav had a fight. Ah, me! those days
Will come no more.

Then other years went by—years spent at school—
In which regarding schoolmarms I learned much.
The penalty for lessons badly said
Was staying after school the which I liked,
The teacher being young and favored well;
And so I missed my lessons purposely,
And I suspect she tumbled to the same.
Time after that, returning to the place—
The scene of youthful days and foolish dreams—
I met her on the street, 'long which she wheeled
A baby carriage canopied o'erhead.
I interviewed the occupant thereof at once,
And chucked the smiling cherub 'neath the chin,
It laughed, held out its hands, and crowed,
"Dad-dad."
Quoth I: "My smiling cherub, thou art off.
Yet who can tell us what I might hav been
Had chance not turned my steps a different way?
But this was years ago."
To-day I am
One score and ten. Full thirty times
My birthday hath occurred. Yet younger men
Can likewise look back on their lives and say,
"Full thirty times." Shall I feel cause to grieve
That they had better luck that way than I?
'Twere better had they been abstemious.
'Tis said that when a man has reached my age,
And still in lonely singleness abides,
He is before the law a bachelor.
Such is my own estate, and I belong
To that respectable minority.
And there are those who say a penal tax
Should be imposed on all unmarried men
Of thirty upward; against which, of course,
I kick, protest, and hold it most unfair
That my hard lines should be accounted guilt.
Is it my fault that, of the hundred girls
Whom I hav known, no one hath snared me yet?
I treated all alike, and gave them all
The same old yarn. If all said chestnut,
I ask again, is that my fault? Not so.
Theirs is the blame for sitting down on me
(I speak of "sitting down" in metaphor)
With such great force; it is discouraging.
They might hav waited till they'd married me,
And then in fact sat on me literally,
According to due process of the law.

So I remain a bachelor, and write
This jerky Ode. Friends of my youth grow up,
And wed, or die, or go out West; and I
Following the established precedent,
Am left. To all old Bachelors, old Maids,
Spinsters and Wallflowers, the whole Grand Army
Of the Left, I say, I'm with you—shake!

April 12th. MAN WITH A BADGEPIN.

## La Roy Sunderland's Ideology.

The reason that Dr. Sunderland did not explain "how he possessed his remarkable power over the minds and bodies of some persons" was because he did not know. The reviewer in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 26th says, "It was hoped that in 'Ideology,' his last and chief work, he had left his secret as a legacy to the world."

He had no "secret," for he did not know himself. I hav performed as remarkable cures as ever did La Roy Sunderland, but if you would giv me the universe I could not tell "how" I did them. I can relate the circumstances, describe my sensations, giv my opinion, and that is all.

The reason Bishop and Montague do not explain how they perform their wonders is because they cannot satisfactorily, for they do not know. I hav performed far more wonderful things than has ever been reported of either of them, for, unlike them, I am not led, I go myself; but if my life depended upon it, I could not tell "how" I do it; I only know that I hav a desire or impulse to do as I do, or say what I do say, and the result follows.

The primary cause is yet to be discovered, specifically detailed, and classified among the sciences. The ignorance of the past ascribed this power to gods, devils, angels, witches, and spirits, as it did every effect the cause of which could not be traced and comprehended.

The reason I never made public this wonderful power of mine is because I could not fully explain the cause. I thought in 1851, when it first developed so powerfully through me, that it was caused by spirits. When I ascertained that it was not, as I could not tell what it was, I preferred, rather than to be called a superstitious fanatic, to remain silent before the public; but often, in seclusion among friends and conscientious strangers, hav exercised this power, which persons who are living will testify to the truth of my statements.

*Barre, Mass.* ELLA E. GIBSON.

## The Cathartic Creed.

Whosoever shall be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Cathartic Faith.

Which Faith, except every one do keep in a hole or on file, without doubt he shall perish perpetually.

And the Cathartic Faith is this: that we conceive of a circular Triangle and a three-cornered Circle.

Neither rounding the angles nor dividing the circumference.

For there is one angle of the Barrel, one of the Bung, and another of the Bunghole.

But the head of the Barrel, of the Bung, and the Bunghole is all one, the hoops within, the staves external.

Such as the Barrel is, such is the Bung, and such is the Bunghole.

The Barrel is solid, the Bung solid, and the Bunghole solid.

The Barrel liquid, the Bung liquid, and the Bunghole liquid.

The Barrel gaseous, the Bung gaseous, and the Bunghole gaseous.

And yet there are not three gaseouses, but one gaseous.

As also there are not three liquids, nor three solids, but one liquid and one solid.

So likewise the Barrel is empty, the Bung empty, and the Bunghole empty.

And yet there are not three empties, but one half empty.

So the Barrel is full, the Bung full, and the Bunghole full.

And yet there are not three fulls, but a one little too full.

So likewise the Barrel is awful, the Bung very awful, and the Bunghole awfully awful.

And yet there are not three awfuls, but one rather queer-looking, nevertheless.

For likewise as we are compelled by geometrical verity to acknowledge every angle by itself to be both Bung and Hole,

So are we forbidden by the Cathartic religion to say there be three Bungs or three Holes.

The Barrel is made of staves, neither headed nor hooped up.

The Bung is of the Barrel alone, neither shaped nor fashioned, but somehow.

The Bunghole is of the Barrel and the Bung, neither bored nor cut nor punched, but extracted.

So there is one Barrel, not three Barrels; one Bung, not three Bungs; one Bunghole, not three Bungholes.

And in this trinity none is ahead nor astern nor abreast of another; nor as great nor as little as another.

But the whole three angles are mysteriously what-you-may-call-it.

So that in all things, as is aforesaid, the circular Triangle or the triangular Circle is to be worshiped.

He therefore that will be shaved must pay the barber.

Furthermore it is necessary to prevent salivation that he conceive rightly of the tripartite Bung.

For the truth is that we believe, or profess to believe, that the Bung is both Plug and Hole.

Plug, of the substance of the Barrel, which is within it, and Hole, of the substance of the Bunghole, which it surrounds.

Perfect Plug and perfect Hole, of a three-cornered square round shape, on pork and beans subsisting.

Equal to the Barrrel when touching the Barrel-head, and inferior to the Bunghole when touching its Bungholiness.

And although it be Plug and Hole, yet it is neither, but a veritable Bung.

Made, not by inserting the Barrel into the Bunghole, but by pulling the Bunghole out of the Barrel;

Not by desultory and spasmodic jerking, but by a union of persons, and a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether.

For as the reasonable cat and dog is one sausage, so Bung and Hole is one Barrel.

Which is used as an Ash-Barrel, descends into the cellar, and rises again to the third story.

It descends to the sidewalk, sitteth on the thumb-hand side of the lamp-post, whence it shall be dumped when the ash-cart cometh.

At whose coming all men shall close their eyes and take no account of the dust.

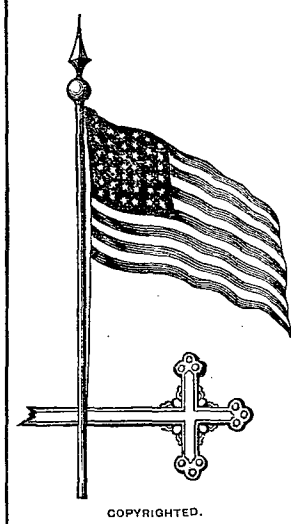
And the cinders shall be sifted, and those that are burnt shall be leached for lye, and the unburnt cinders shall make a rousing fire.

This is the Cathartic Faith, which unless a man believe ardently and enthusiastically he cannot be physicked.

Bully for the Barrel, for the Bung, and for the Bunghole;

For the hoops are off, the heads are gone, and 'tis a Barrel without ends. Amen. Hooray!


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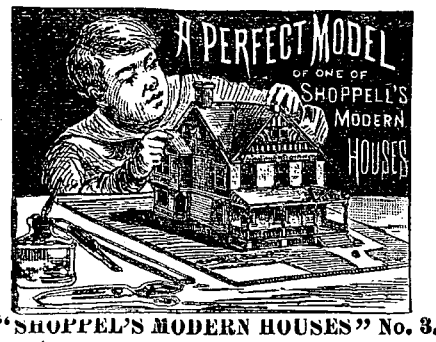
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## News of the Week.

UNDER the recently amended marriage law of this state a marriage performed by a Jewish rabbi is not legal, and the authorities hav refused to register such marriages. The law will hav to be changed or rabbis must be classed as "*ministers of the gospel.*"

THE body of the young woman murdered in Rahway, N. J., a month ago was buried Sunday unidentified.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT preached in Plymouth church last Sunday. The seats were not so full as when Beecher occupied the pulpit.

THE local authorities at Washington revived an ancient Sunday law and put it in force last Sunday, closing all stores, saloons, and other places of business.

IN the case of John Arensdorf, charged with the murder of the Rev. Geo. C. Haddock, of Sioux City, Iowa, the jury disagreed, standing eleven for acquittal and one for conviction.

A FIRE of incendiary origin on the 17th burnt out the *New Yorker Zeitung*, part of the *Morning Journal*, and several offices in the *Tribune* building. The proprietors of the *Zeitung* think that the Anarchists set the fire.

NEW YORK liquor-dealers who kept their places open last Sunday did so at the imminent risk of being arrested. One hundred and fifty-six arrests were made, including Justus Schwab, the Socialist. This unwonted activity of the police comes from Mayor Hewitt's orders to hav the Sunday law enforced. A repeal of the law is likely to follow its strict enforcement.

AFTER a few days of spring weather, New York had a snowstorm last Monday.

A FRENCH steamship company brings Italian immigrants from Naples to this port for $12 per head.

HIGH license has been lost to New York by Governor Hill's veto of the bill, which passed both houses of the legislature.

IT is reported that Andrew Carnegie, the millionaire Socialist, is shortly to be married to an estimable young lady of this city.

MRS. SARAH E. HOWE, of the woman's bank in Boston, has run away with from $50,000 to $75,000. This is not Mrs. Howe's first decation.

MAYOR HEWITT has decided that Sunday is a secular day of rest, and that therefore the keeping of other days as Sabbaths does not giv any person the right to do business on Sunday.

THE Rev. Justin D. Fulton said in a lecture last Sunday that he believed the words "rum, Romanism, and rebellion," were put into Burchard's mouth by God to defeat Blaine who, if elected, would hav been a tool of the Catholic church.

A GUN larger than any hitherto produced is now under construction by Krupp, of Germany. It is 52½ feet long, and weighs 315,000 pounds. Its lightest projectils will weigh 1,632 pounds, and will be propelled by 1,070 pounds of prismatic brown powder.

WALT WHITMAN, the poet, lectured in New York on the 14th. His subject was "Abraham Lincoln." The lecture netted him nearly $200. In the evening he held a reception at the Westminster Hotel, which many literary people attended. Whitman is 67 years old, and not in vigorous health.

THE remains of President Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln were last week removed from their resting-place in the cemetery at Springfield, Ill., and interred in Oak Ridge cemetery outside the city. The coffin of Mr. Lincoln was opened, and those who knew him in life said that the features were readily recognizable. It is twenty-two years since Lincoln was buried.


## THE ORDER OF CREATION.

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ABRAM AND HIS SON ISHMAEL.

And Hagar bare Abram a son; and Abram called his son's name, which Hagar bare, Ishmael. And Abram was fourscore and six.—Gen. xvi, 15, 16.

## Gems of Thought.

THE more orthodox the church the more zealously it defended slavery, and the more heterodox the sect the more it has been in favor of human freedom, and the more persistently it has contended against the fell and inhuman institution. —*D. M. Bennett.*

IN all the sports of children, were it only in their wanton breakages and defacements, you shall discern a creativ instinct. The manikin feels that he is a born man, that his vocation is to work. The choicest present you make him is a tool, be it knife or pen-gun, for construction or destruction, either way it is for work, for change. In gregarious sports of skill or strength the boy trains himself to co-operation, for war or peace, as governor or governed. The little maid, again, provident, of her domestic destiny, takes with preference to dolls.—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.*

THE orthodox system, as interpreted by Mr. Moody and most evangelical preachers, teaches that "conversion" blots out the penalty of a life of sin, that the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin, so that the convert, thongh made such in the last hour of a sinful life, goes to heaven. In short, that no matter what the life has been, he may be converted and go to heaven. Now the practical result of this teaching is that many persons, believing it, are content to liv on in sin and gratify their evil desires, connting upon escaping the penalty by a late conversion. We all know this is so, and we know that snch persons answer their anxious friends by saying, "Oh, I mean to be converted before I die." This doctrin is a palpable encouragement for continuance in evil doing, and thousands of persons sin on under the impression that they will repent in time to save themselvs from perdition.—*Rev. W. L. Chaffin.*

WHEN astronomy was young "the morning stars sang together for joy," and the planets were guided in their courses by celestial hands. Now, the harmony of the stars has resolved itself into gravitation according to the inverse squares of the distances, and the orbits of the planets are deducible from the laws of the forces which allow a schoolboy's stone to break a window. The lightning was the angel of the Lord, but it has pleased providence, in these modern times. that science should make it the humble messenger of man, and we know that every flash that shimmers about the horizon on a summer's evening is determined by ascertainable conditions, and that its direction and brightness might, if our knowledge of them were great enough, hav been calculated.—*Huxley's Origin of Species.*

"YOU believe that your God is to be propitiated or thanked, or whatever you like to call it, by a few apples and pears, and a bunch or two of corn and hops? Hermione, my wife, what has come to your reasoning facultities?" said Richard "What it wonld be as well if it came to yours, Richard—a little humility and a little faith," she answered tartly. "If you are humble, dear, what is that which pretends to teach you?" he said. "A body of men declaring themselvs infallible—the possessors of eternal and immutable truth, affirming an intimate acquaintance with the secret counsels of God, to use their own phraseology—and the mappers out of heaven and hell, as if they had been over all with a measuring tape, and all quarreling among themselvs, and none of them knowing so much as we others of the world around them in which they liv. Do you not see that you are being traded on through your very virtues? that your humility is the pabulum of their insolence? Your faith bolsters up their presumptuous assertions and makes their monstrous falsehood possible.—*Mrs. Linton's Under Which Lord.*

I BELIEVE in the gospel of cheerfulness, the gospel of good nature, the gospel of good health. Let us pay some attention to our bodies. Take care of our bodies and our souls will take care of themselvs. Good health! And I believe the time will come when the public thought will be so great and grand that it will be looked upon as infamous to perpetuate disease. I believe the time will come when man will not fill the future with consumption and insanity. I believe the time will come when we will study ourselvs, and understand the laws of health, and then we will say we are under obligation to put the flags of health upon the cheeks of our children. Even if I got to heaven, and had a harp, I would hate to look back upon my children and grandchildren and see them diseased, deformed, crazed—all suffering the penalties of crimes I had committed.—*Ingersoll.*

## Odds and Ends.

NEBRASKA deacon (to minister): "There is considerable talk of putting pennies in circulation, as many think we ought to hav a smaller coin than a nickel." Minister: "Is that the sense of the business community?' Deacon: "I know very little about the business community, but it seems to be the sense of the congregation."

"THE ills we hav in this world, my dear friend," said the minister at the bedside of a sick man, "are largely due to ourselvs. We hav no more right to defy the laws of nature than those of divine providence. To what do you attribute your present illness?" "I caught cold while being immersed in the river," replied the sick man feebly.

"PRAY read my hand," he said, with a smile,
As they sat in the parlor bright,
"And I will read yours; it will serve to while
The moments away to night."

She took his hand, and its lines she scanned,
Then wide she opened her eyes:
"You're in love, I see, with a girl," said she,
"About my age and size.

"You've loved her long, and your love is strong,
The lines of your hand disclose,
And you'd ask her to be your wife, but I see
That you're afraid to propose.

"But you need not fear, for 'tis written here,"
The maiden fair went on.
As the palm she scanned, "to ask her hand,
For her heart is already won."

Then the youth proposed, and with cheek rose hued,
She answered, "Yes," with a smile,
And a season of osculation ensued
In regular Down East style. —*Boston Courier.*

THE following story is contributed to our column of "Odds and Ends" by an esteemed correspondent: One evening, not long since, Uncle John D. got off the following: "In the early days of this country (northern Indiana) the settlers hereabouts made logging-bees for the purpose of rolling and carrying the logs together in great heaps, preparatory to burning and clearing off the land. At such times the settler would invite fifteen or twenty hands, and they would usually hav a lively time. Once, when I was a lad about fifteen years old, my father had a logging-bee. I guess he had about twenty hands. Everything went off in good shape, and at noon, when dinner was announced, we all made a rush for the house. Uncle Dave Martin (who, by the way, was a saving kind of man) had put a fresh chew of tobacco in his mouth just before dinner was called, and, not wishing to throw it away, he walked to one of the rear corners of the house, and taking out his quid he carefully laid it on the end of one of the logs. Then he proceeded to the front of the house to prepare for dinner. Some of the men noticed him lay his tobacco up, and, thinking to hav a joke on Uncle Dave, they each walked up and added their 'cud' to his, which increased it in bulk till it was half as large as a man's fist. After dinner Uncle Dave walked out and, proceeding to where he had laid his tobacco, was about to pick it up when he noticed its enormous growth. He divined the joke at once, and, finally taking it up between his thumb and finger, he looked at it in a peculiar manner and exclaimed, 'Gracious! how my terbacker has growed!'"

A DISCOURAGED PREACHER.

"If there ain't a change in the religions world pretty soon, I'm going to throw down the gospel and take up the grubbing-hoe," remarked an old man yesterday. "I hav rid a circuit for forty odd years, and I'm treated worse now than when I first began."

"What is your cause of complaint, parson?" asked a bystander.

"My recent cause is one what flakes all others," answered the circuit rider, wiping a drop of water from the end of his peaked nose with the sleeve of his brown jeans coat. "I hav preached a good deal here in Little Rock, and until recently it had allers been my belief that if a man could pull through here he could pull through anywhere. But I was blind wrong. Yesterday I went in the Gum Lick district, where I had an appointment to preach in the school-house. When I got there I fonnd old man Wiggles, a hardshell Baptist, had got in ahead of me. I went in without any ill feeling, intending to wait until he got through, when I would muster my congregation and take the field. After a while he got through preaching and annonnced that sacrament would be taken when the boy got back from the still house. 'My congregation use whisky instead of wine,' he went on, 'and Arkinsaw corn bread instead of your wheat fixens.' Just then the boy arrived and the old man took the cob stopper from the black chunk bottle, and began to pour out the whisky. Now if there is anything that strikes me natural it is whisky, and thinking that I could preach better after being warmed up a little, I went up to the table and reached out for the bottle, when the old man looked at me and said:

"'Ain't you a Methodist?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Don't you know that we don't allow the Methodists to commune with us? Do you take this place for a free lunch counter, eh? No, sir, if you are not a customer of the Lord you cannot eat and drink here.'

"'I've got a right to the table,' I said, 'and I'll help myself.'

"'Tech that bottle and I'll lift you.'

"'I grabbed the bottle, and the old man struck me with a pone of corn bread and knocked me down. Then somebody kicked me, and all hands drug me out."

"You got into a nest of close communionists, did you?" asked the bystanders.

"Ruther like it. Why, them fellers would snatch a piece of bread from Jabob and tear the bosom outer Abraham's shirt. No, sir; until there is more freedom in church I shan't renew my connections. Where can a fellow get a two pound hoe?"—*Little Rock, Ark., Gazette.*


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## Notes and Clippings.

MASSACHUSETTS has a high license bill pending in her legislature. Last week it passed to a third reading in the House by a two-thirds vote.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company hav adopted what are called vestibule cars to be run as a limited train between here and Chicago. The vestibule is a sort of hood built over the platform in such a way that the cars are connected so as to form a continuous apartment.

A LETTER from Rudolph Schnaubelt, the alleged thrower of the Haymarket bomb, has been received in Chicago. It is dated, "Christiana, Norway, March, 1887." The fugitiv denies throwing the bomb, but intimates that he is sorry he did not do it, and that he only left because he knew it was not safe for him in Chicago.

SOME of the Knights of Labor wish to boycott the New York *Sun* because of its utterances on the labor question. Typographical Union No. 6 declines to concur, and holds that so long as the *Sun* pays the union scale of wages the union can hav no quarrel with it, liberty of the press being something which labor is not organized to suppress.

THE editor of a friendly paper recently proposed that a testimonial should be raised for John Swinton by all his acquaintances in the journalistic ranks subscribing a dollar. Mr. Swinton declines to receive any money so contributed, as whenever his paper fails to remunerate him he can earn money elsewhere with his pen. John Swinton's is the best of the labor journals.

TOWARD the support of St. Catherine's hospital the city has for some time past contributed $3,000 a year. In 1886 the amount was increased by the legislature to $4,000, but the board of estimate, forgetting this, appropriated only $3,000. The hospital will sue for the balance of $1,000. This is a clear case of a beggar suing his benefactor because the annual contribution was scant.

AN evangelist named Forrest has been making things lively in San Francisco, says the *Herald*. He uses the vocabulary of his former profession, that of a gambler, to express the charms of religion withal, and if his language lacks grace, it certainly has force. He declares that the Lord has "dealt him a full hand," and believes that by means of it he "can win every time." The Episcopalians are the people who "do the prayer act," and the clergymen who are given to a white necktie are stigmatized as "fine-haired ducks." The Christian religion has sunk very low in making use of a tool like Forrest.

"Do you know young man," he said, solemnly, "that the constant use of whisky eventually destroys the will power?" "No sir," replied the youth, incredulously, "it increases the will power. I heard a man say last Sunday morning, as he found a side door locked, that he proposed to hav a drink if he had to try every saloon from Harlem Bridge to Sandy Hook, and he meant it, too. Talk about will power!"

IT is said that the finances of Dr. McGlynn's old church are almost hopelessly in arrears, and many of the parishioners vow they will never put their hands into their pockets until Dr. McGlynn is reinstated.

PRESIDENT BAYLES of the Board of Health has decided to record marriages performed by Jewish rabbis, although the statute does not include rabbis among those authorized to officiate at weddings. He argues that the record of the health department is statistical rather than legal, and that therefore all marriages should be recorded.

SAID Dr. John Hall last Sunday: "It is claimed by some men that man has risen from a state of savagery. There is not one atom of scientific evidence to justify such a belief. There never was a barbarous race which raised itself. Others think that man is a development from lower orders of life. We hav no proof of such development." Yet Dr. John Hall stands in the front row of Christian teachers!

A SPECIAL meeting of Protestant ministers was held in Montreal on the 19th to protest against the bill now before the Quebec legislature proposing to place crucifixes in all courts of law for the purpose of strengthening the oaths of witnesses. A petition was drafted, to be presented to the legislativ council, protesting against the bill because it is a serious outrage upon the religious convictions of Protestants If the Protestants were consistent, they would affix also to their petition a protest against the presence of the Bible in the courts as a serious outrage upon the religious convictions of Freethinkers.




A VISITOR FROM ROME. SHALL WE LET HIM IN?

A DAILY paper says: "Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, president of the Nineteenth Century Club, will be on his nativ heath again within two or three weeks, and will officiate as chairman at the next meeting of the club, relieving Mr. Daniel G. Thompson, who has done such excellent service as acting president during the winter. The Nineteenth Century is a great and useful institution, and accomplishes many good things both for society and literature. Ten years ago one could not find, either in New York or Boston, or in any other American city, such a gathering of people eminent in society, in business, the learned professions, and the fine arts, as that which assembled last Wednesday evening at the American Art Galleries to listen to Col. F. W. Higginson's address on 'The Position of Literature in a Republic.' Colonel Higginson took an optimistic view of the influence of republics on literature, and Mr. Brander Matthews agreed with him in the main. Mr. Lathrop took the opposit view, and, as Mr. Matthews remarked, it was lucky that Colonel Higginson divided his subject into heads, because this enabled his disputant to follow the old Irish rule, 'Wherever you see a head, hit it!'" The Society of Humanity has recently heard from Mr. Palmer in a way agreeable to its treasurer.

THE South Carolina supreme court has filed a decision to the effect that a married woman cannot mortgage her separate estate for the debts of her husband or any other person.

THE Chicago *Living Church* prints that Father Maguire said to his congregation: "On next Sunday the funeral of A. B. will be held in this church. I shall preach a funeral sermon on the occasion, and the man himself will be here—the first time in twenty years."

# Communications.

## Tales Told Out of School.

THE REV. DR. JONES'S REPORT CONTINUED.—REVIVALISMS; MOODY AND SANKEY.

II.

When a congregation loses its interest in divine things, and begins to disintegrate and scatter, some of the members, who do not understand the reason why, start the project of a revival, and Moody and Sankey, perhaps, are called in to work a miracle of grace by their peculiar method of anecdotes and singing. After they finish their engagement, and receive their pay, the congregation relapses into its former indifference and spiritual deadness, only intensified. Moody has told his stories, and Sankey has sung his songs, for the hundredth time, and they need no study to bring out of their treasury things new as well as old. But the regular pastor, who studies laboriously and conscientiously year in and year out to build up his people in their most holy faith, does not, and cannot, preach sensational sermons like the evangelistic knights errant who go prancing around in their heavenly armor among the churches, and make the house of God a circus for their evening performances at so much money a week, or a month, or by the job. These extemporaneous, thunder-storm revivals of religion are like the excitement produced on a laboring man in the harvest field by drinking liquor—it raises his physical energy above par, and enables him to do more work for the time being; but when the effect is over, and by the eternal law of action and reaction, he must go down as much below par as the liquor had raised him above it, and so nothing is gained in the long run.

At a private conference of ministers, which I was invited to attend, called to consider the whole subject of revivalism, and to solve the question whether they were of any permanent value to the church, I was impressed by the remarks of the venerable Dr. M., whose praise is in all the churches as a man of deep piety and wisdom. He directed the attention of the brethren to the notorious and suspicious fact, commented on and joked about by the secular and Infidel papers, that all the revivalists become rich in their vocation. "Mr. Moody," said he, "who began his career comparativly penniless, has become wealthy. Sankey, his *alter ego*, is rich. The Salvation Army in England is rich, made so by the gifts of churchmen who would scorn to be seen at one of their meetings, but who hav a secret hope that the Salvationist converts from among the masses may ultimately be brought into the congregations of the established church in such numbers as to justify its claim to be the church of the great majority of the English people, instead of a minority, as is now the case. Booth, the leader of that movement, during his late visit to this country, received—so the papers say—a donation of more than seven thousand dollars—of course from a woman—to erect salvation barracks, and promote the cause generally in England. See how the churches in Chicago, and other cities, giv money and presents without stint to those religious mountebanks, Sam Jones and Sam Small! All these men, like the priest and Levite of old, pass by on the other side of the country congregations, whose pastors preach the gospel on starvation wages, as if the souls of the rustics were not as worthy of salvation as the souls of those who crowd into large cities. The reason is there is no money, but only souls, to be found in the rural districts. The women preachers, too, all, of course, revivalists, find that it pays them to leave their husbands and families at home in the care of other people, and devote themselvs to the profitable business of revivalism. The life of a pastor, especially in the country, is rather monotonous and humdrum, but the revivalist is in a constant state of pleasurable change and excitement, going from field to field as the bee goes from flower to flower in quest of honey, admired, worshiped by the women, and treated by all as if they were embassadors extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary from the court of heaven, sent to perform miracles of grace among mortals. Their discourses, although to themselvs as stale and tasteless as a thrice-chewed quid of tobacco, are new and fresh to their constantly changing audiences, and under the magnetic influences which any large crowd imparts to a speaker, they say their pieces over, dwelling on the emphatic parts, and thus produce the desired effect.

"There is an important lesson in these facts, my brethren," continued the venerable sage, "although I must confess that it seems to enure to the benefit of the Infidels. It is that religion, in what is considered by so many superficial thinkers as its best form, revivalism, consists simply in emotion; that it has no relationship whatever either to sound morals, sound doctrins, or to reason; that it flourishes best among the ignorant and impulsiv class, like the negroes of of the South; and that under its abnormal excitement Christian people are willing to contribute liberally of their time and money in order to enjoy it. Settle Moody, or any of the rest of the genus, which has so many species, over an intelligent congregation, and in six months, after he had preached over all his commonplace exhortations—I will not call them sermons—he would become like an old thread-bare coat, and be requested to leave for a new field of effort. Brethren, we hav entirely too much of what is called preaching. One good sermon on the Sabbath, full of instruction, and such as an intelligent pastor can prepare in a week, is as much as any man ought to preach, or any congregation can digest and assimilate. All over one acts on the mind of an audience like a new wad in a boy's pop-gun, it drives out the last, and leaves the gun empty. Ask an intelligent church-goer, I will not say on Thursday, but on Monday morning, before the rush and roar of the world's business has begun, to giv you the text of either sermon heard on the preceding Sabbath, with some of the ideas elaborated in them, and the failure to answer would satisfy you that the sermons had no more effect than is produced by throwing water on a duck's back. No; as a person, to enjoy bodily health, must hav regular and moderate habits of eating, sleeping, and laboring, so a Christian must be fed moderately and statedly so that the spiritual food imparted can be digested and distributed to every part of the spiritual being. Gormandizers all over the country allow their morbid appetites to make them swallow three times as much food as the stomach can possibly dispose of. The consequence is, that, in due time, the powers of digestion rebel against the outrage practiced on them, and when the man drops into a premature grave, the doctors smooth the case over by saying that the victim of folly has died of heart trouble, or Bright's disease of the kidneys, instead of saying the truth, that he gormandized himself to death. Now this excess of preaching and praying, and the exhausting labors of the Sunday-school, are religious gormandizing, and instead of making the Sabbath a day of rest and profit to all, make it a day of the hardest and most unprofitable kind of work. My idea of religion, formed after a long life of experience and observation, is that it is a steady and gradual growth of knowledge concerning the relations we sustain to the universe, showing itself in a consistent life; and although revivalism is popular, and I fear will be, for the same reason that people love intoxicating liquor, it does the church no permanent good, but harm.

"The fact ought to stamp these red-hot revivals of religion as suspicious, that, during what seem to be the most wonderful outpourings of the holy spirit, and displays of religious zeal and devotion, the very leaders, who are envied by the common Christian for the intensity of their piety, and the closeness of their walk with God, may be living in fornication and adultery, and be concocting and committing the most atrocious crimes. This was proved last year by the great revivalist woman-preacher, Mrs. Molloy, who, with her adopted daughter, was living in concubinage with Graham, a convict, whom she got pardoned out of the penitentiary because he was good-looking, and who was ultimately taken from prison and lynched, by the people of Missouri, for having murdered his wife, and pitched her body into an unused well on Mrs. Molloy's farm. That sentiment which we call religion, both in its origin, its definition, and in the way it allows its possessors to act in life, seems, increasingly, to me, to be a profound mystery. Mrs. Molloy had the confidence of Brother Colfax, who, you know, was a very pious man. She had been the means of converting hundreds of sinners, thus strengthening many of the churches in the West; and at no time in her career was she more zealous and successful in the work of saving souls than when the curtain was drawn aside and exhibited her and Cora Lee as joint paramours of Graham, and accomplices with him in the murder of Mrs. Graham! Cluverius, who was hanged at Richmond for murdering his own cousin, whom he had seduced under promis of marriage, was a pious and devoted member of the Baptist church, who was continually singing evangelical hymns during the whole of his imprisonment, and before. But his religion, glowing as it was, had no effect in making him a just and honorable man. Titus, also, the janitor of the Methodist college in New Jersey, who was convicted of the murder of Tillie Smith, and sentenced to be hung, was a member in full communion of the Methodist church, and, like Cluverius, was fond of singing devotional hymns; but his religion had no effect at all in preventing him from being a rapist and a murderer. It is argued by the Infidels, and, I admit, fairly, too, that such facts as these prove that the sentiment of religion, in itself considered, is a dangerous one to society; and unless we Christians can giv some rule, or standard, by which the public, who are so liable to be deceived, can tell the genuin from the counterfeit thing, the assertion of the Infidels will be taken as true. But, as Paul says, 'we are in a strait betwixt two.' If we make religion to consist in zeal and emotion, we are confronted by the historical fact that the bloodiest persecutors were the most religious; and that the intensest revivalism, and the most glowing individual piety, may consist with fornication, adultery, rape, and murder. If we repudiate this definition, and make religion to contist only in a good moral life, this is the very ground that Infidels take when they advocate their plausible doctrin of natural morality; but it is not the doctrin of the New Testament. Paul's doctrin is that we are justified before God, and saved, not by good works, but by faith in Jesus Christ." These remarks, which were all that my memory could retain, were weighty, to say the least, and seemed to be listened to by the brethren with marked attention, as if they were well worth pondering.

MR. BEECHER.

Everywhere I went on my mission of observation I saw the slimy trail of Mr. Beecher's teaching and example. He has the finest talent for blending the false with the true in the compromise with error, so as to deceive the very elect of God, of any man in modern times. This is seen in his great effort, by a series of sermons, to make the new doctrin of evolution, which is really but a vamping up of the old theory announced in the "Vestiges of Creation," thirty years ago, consistent with the Christian religion. Mr. Beecher knows that the belief which of all others is most fundamentally essential to the revealed scheme of salvation by Christ is the belief that God created man upright; and that man, instead of proceeding onward and upward from this high and fair beginning to a yet higher and fairer standing, fell, and sank into a morally lost and degraded condition; and that out of this arose the necessity for the dispensation of the recovery and restoration which forms the entire burden of God's revealed message to man in the Bible. If, according to the evolution theory, man began his existence at the lowest rung of the ladder, and has ever since been slowly climbing upward, the advent of Christ as the second Adam to restore man from the ruins of the first, is simply a meaningless anomaly. The whole scheme of the gospel is unnecessary and absurd; for man is not a fallen creature, but is better off in every respect to-day than he was in the Garden of Eden. There is no use of blinking the fact that by this theory our ancestors, remote to be sure, before they rose to the dignity of the quadrumana, were androgynous, and monotrematous, with tails a yard long, roosting in trees; and that from this low condition they gradually emerged, through the slow lapse of thousands of years, till they assumed the human form. If there be an inherent power in the principle of evolution to produce such results as we see embodied in the character of a Newton, or a Bacon, what is the use of the gospel, of the church, and of the means of grace? Let us abolish the whole of them as superfluous, and appropriate the millions of money which they cost to other and wiser purposes, and trust to nature for further progress. Let us remove the pulpits from our churches, and quit the nonsense of preaching Christ and him crucified; put platforms in their places, where the scientists will lecture on a universe without a creator and governor, and teach the people that all religion is superstition; that matter, the earth, is full of the leaven of creation, and works like it, in producing all the phenomena we see. Mr. Beecher, whatever else we must say of him, is a man of mind, and knows that the evolution hypothesis, although dressed up in saintly verbiage, is as deadly in its opposition to the gospel as fire is to water. And as it is the waters of the ocean flowing down through the crevices of the earth to the fires beneath that produce earthquakes and cataclysms which overthrow cities in swift destruction, so this Darwinian epidemic among the scientists, and among the clergy who are fascinated by their specious arguments, is bound to produce terrible results. The loose, slipshod disciplin of Congregationalism has no net with meshes small enough to catch such a heretic as Beecher. But our Southern brethren, with their superior system of Presbyterianism, foresaw the danger when Professor Woodrow began to poison his theological students by familiarizing them with the a b c of evolutionism, and nipped the heresy in the bud by decapitating the teacher.

Mr. Beecher's example in the department of morals is as injurious as his public teaching in the pulpit. A clergyman's character must be above suspicion if he would command the confidence of the people and do good. When the Beecher-Tilton scandal broke out, and ultimated in a court trial, the religious community was shocked, for Mr. Beecher occupied a larger space in the public eye than any other pastor in the country. To say nothing of the proof adduced on the trial, the confessions of guilt, though not *pro forma*, were so strong that no person in the whole country, if he went by his judgment, could entertain the least doubt on the subject. The terms of that confession—"living on the ragged edge," to "step down and out"—hav become incorporated into the common speech, and are in all men's mouths. The jury in the case failing to agree on a verdict, there was only one course for Mr. Beecher to pursue, and that was to retire from the ministry. If he were conscious of guilt, he would at least save his own self-respect by such a course; and if he were conscious of innocence, he could wait for the providence of God to clear him of the charge. But the Christian public, feeling the weight of the blow given to religion by such a man's misconduct, with an insanity unprecedented, concluded that the best way was to main-

tain his innocence, and swear him through in defiance of all the evidence, legal and moral; and Mr. Beecher took the advice of his false friends, and persisted in preaching. No arithmetic can calculate the damage done by this policy; in the first place, to Mr. Beecher himself, for, when the New York *Sun* contemptuously and savagely hurls its javelin into one side, and Archbishop Corrigan sends a poisoned arrow into the other, Beecher takes it as if he felt he deserved it. Had he acknowledged his fault at the first like a man, and retired from the pulpit, as his best friends advised, all generous persons, admiring his honesty, would hav condoned his offense. King David, in morals, would hav shared the ignominy of Judas Iscariot in treachery had he not succumbed to the preaching of Nathan, the prophet, and confessed his sin. And the American people would hav listened to Beecher as a lecturer on literary and scientific subjects, and made his vocation as such as profitable as a pastor's salary, had he set the example of manliness, and left the pulpit forever; because, right or wrong, men and women are disposed to be merciful in all affairs of the heart, while they will not tolerate a man in the pulpit who rebukes others for sins which he himself commits. Then, in the second place, his exemption from punishment has emboldened other clergymen of strong amatory propensities to avail themselvs of the chances which the weakness of so many church women afford, to do as Mr. Beecher did, with the expectation that when detected and proved guilty, they will be treated by their congregations and the religious public as if such offenses were mere peccadilloes, and not worth making a fuss about. We hav a glaring illustration of this in the case of the Rev. Mr. Downes, of Boston, who, although universally believed to be an adulterer, still preaches the gospel to Christian people, while hundreds of the unconverted would flock to his church on the Sabbath, not to be edified by his godly instructions, but to see how he gets along in carrying such a load of sin and shame as he does. Thus religion receives a deadly wound in the house of its friends.

## Michael Servetus, M.D.

*From the Iowa State Medical Reporter.*

In the annals of the Christian church and in the history of our art, the name of Michael Servetus occupies a place of equal prominence but not of equal respect. By the ecclesiastical historian, he is still regarded as a mocking blasphemer whose chief crime was a denial of the triune God; by the historian of medicin he is looked upon as a great scientific discoverer who opened a path for progress in medicin which previously, although not entirely unexplored, was but little understood. The former can see in him only a fierce heretic, while the latter views him as a martyr to the cause of science and the victim of the religious fanaticism of the age. It is more than probable that the truth lies between these two extremes, and it will be my endeavor to giv in this article a candid and impartial account of the life, discovery, and fate of this unfortunate man. My materials hav been drawn mainly from foreign authors, and necessarily so, since, up to the present time, no complete history of medicin has appeared in our language. The discovery which has rendered the name of Servetus immortal was that of the lesser circulation, and in order the better to appreciate his contribution to science it will be well to review the doctrins of the movement of the blood which were held previous to his time.

Among the ancient schools of medicin, the Alexandrian University was the most important. The warrior whose name it bears conceived, in the year 332 B.C., the grand idea of founding a city upon the banks of the Nile which should be a model of architectural beauty, a center of intellectual life, and a lasting monument to his own greatness and magnificence. Connected with this school was a library of seven hundred thousand volumes, a botanical and zoölogical garden, an astronomical observatory, a chemical laboratory, and a room for the dissection of the dead. It was here that those great anatomists of antiquity, Erasistratus and Herophilus, taught the science of organization from actual dissections. It has even been asserted that one of them, Herophilus, did not scruple to employ his scalpel upon the bodies of living criminals, but this tradition, which was believed by the fathers of the church, is not alluded to by any contemporary writer, and Celsus, who is the first to mention it, speaks of it as a doubtful fact. It is not impossible to believe, however, as Renouard remarks, that men hav occasionally lived who were so lost to the sentiments of humanity as to be willing to deliver into the hands of the anatomists living criminals, in the vain hope that among the bleeding entrails and in the heaving thorax they might find the secret of life.

Erasistratus gave names to the auricles of the heart, named the tricuspid valve, recognized the use of the trachea as the tube which conveys air to the lungs, declared that the veins are blood-vessels and that the arteries were air-vessels. He believed that the purpose of respiration was to fill the arteries with air; the air distended the arteries, made them beat, and in this manner the pulse was produced. When once the air gained entrance to the left ventricle, it became the vital spirits. The function of the veins was to carry blood to the extremities.

The errors of Erasistratus were left unrefuted until the time of Galen (A.D. 131-200), who, in turn, held many erroneous views regarding the circulation. Galen proved that the arteries are blood vessels, and to do this he resorted to vivisections. We will ask him to speak for himself. He says:

> There are certain persons who offer to prove that the arteries do not contain blood, yet never test their assertion by vivisections. A teacher of this sort having asserted his ability to show that the aorta is always empty, and not demonstrating the fact, was exhorted to do so by a number of ambitious young men who had provided animals for the purpose. At first he refused to comply with their request unless suitably rewarded, whereupon they placed before him a thousand denarii as an inducement to prove his assertion. After much prevarication, when urged to proceed by all present, he took the scalpel and began by making an incision in the left side of the chest, where he imagined the artery could be exposed; but such was his want of anatomical skill that he cut directly down upon the bone. One of his associates, however, having opened through the intercostal spaces, he, again proceeding, injured in the first place the artery and afterward the vein. The young men who had deposited the money with the spectators, now laughing at him, undertook the experiment themselvs. They dissected through the intercostal spaces, as they had been previously taught by me, in such a way as not to injure the vessels; and without delay surrounded the artery with two ligatures; one at its point of departure from the heart and the other where it rests upon the spine, just as these boastful teachers had promised to do, in order that when the animal was dead one might see, from so much of the vessel as lay between the ligatures, whether or not the artery was empty of blood. But when it was found not to be empty, they declared that an incision must hav been made in it at the time of applying the ligature, as if some other individual, and not the teachers themselvs, had promised the demonstration.

Galen declared that the pulse was the dilation of the artery caused by the contraction of the heart. He erroneously taught that the purpose of respiration was to allow the air to enter the lungs, where it cooled the blood. This theory was held even as late as the last century by the so-called father of modern physiology, Albrecht von Haller. Galen also taught that foramina existed in the inter-ventricular septum of the heart, that the arterial blood nourished organs of a delicate texture such as the lungs, while the venous blood nourished the grosser organs such as the liver.

Another of the ancients, although not properly a physician, who seems to hav had an obscure view of the circulation, was Nemesius, who was bishop of Emissa, a Syrian city, at the end of the fourth century. He lived during the reign of Theodosius and wrote his work "De Natura Hominis," in which a curious passage occurs which would indicate that he possessed some knowledge of the circulation. This is the more noteworthy since Bishop Fell, the editor of the Oxford edition of that work, was a bitter enemy of William Harvey, whose great discovery he attempted to show was anticipated by Nemesius. Following is the passage which has been translated by Freind:

> The motion of the pulse takes its rise from the heart, and chiefly from the left ventricle of it; the artery is with great vehemence dilated and contracted, by a sort of constant harmony and order. While it is dilated, it draws the thinner part of the blood from the next veins, the exhalation or vapor of which blood is made the aliment for the vital spirit. But, while it is contracted, it exhales whatever fumes it has through the whole body, and by secret passages. So that the heart throws out whatever is fuliginous, through the mouth and nose by expiration.

Upon this single slender proof does Fell attribute the great discovery of the circulation to Nemesius, and although it may be allowed that the latter had a little insight into the circulation fifteen hundred years ago, yet it was so imperfect that he neither comprehended it himself nor made it understood by any who followed him.

The man who above all others destroyed the anatomical errors of the ancients was Andreas Vesalius, of Brussels. This wonderful anatomist, before he attained the age of thirty, had written the most complete, accurate, and the best illustrated work upon anatomy that had ever been seen. The illustrations were designed by Stephan van Calcar, and the best engravers cut them in wood to adorn that massiv old folio which was published in Basle in the year 1543. Vesalius in the "Corporis Humani Fabrica" declares that no apertures exist in the interventricular septum, and, in this manner, the greatest of Galen's errors was corrected and a long step was taken toward the discovery of the circulation. Such, then, is a resumé of the knowledge of the ancients upon this subject, and now we must turn to the subject of this sketch.

Servetus, whose Spanish name was Miguel Servede, was born in the year 1509 at Villanueva in Arragon. But little is known of his early life; it is certain, however, that he was educated in jurisprudence and theology at the University of Toulouse. He made the scriptures and the fathers of the church his principal study, and it was at this time that a foundation was laid for the heresy which, in later years, was to cost him his life.

In his twenty-sixth year we find him in Paris engaged in the study of medicin; in two years he was lecturing to the students, and in a short time he published a work on syrups and their medicinal uses. In this book, which refuted many of the cherished statements of the Greek and Arab writers, the spirit of a bold reformer can be plainly discerned. Previous to this time, in 1530, he traveled to Italy in company with Quintaine, father confessor to Charles V., and here, associating with anti-trinitarians, he was strengthened in his doubts regarding the orthodox teaching. On his return he took the liberty to visit Oecolampadius, a Swiss reformer living in Basle, and Bucer, of Strasburg, to whom he communicated his scruples. These Protestants, however, instead of refuting his arguments, denounced him as a heretic, loaded him with insults and ignominy, and warned all Christian teachers to shun him as a dangerous foe. Hated by both religious parties, and misrepresented by officious enemies, Servetus decided to proclaim his views to the world, and, accordingly, in 1531, published his work, "De Erroribus Trinitatibus." After many persecutions he issued, in 1553, another theological work with the title, "De Christianisimi Restitutio." Servetus was now in great danger, and the feeling against him was so strong that seven years previous to this time, Calvin, when writing to his friend Viret, threatened the heretic with death.* Tired of persecution and weary of life, Servetus unsuspectingly entered Geneva, where he hoped, among the independent Swiss, to find a refuge and pass his days in peace. He was immediately apprehended, and, at the instigation of Calvin, thirty-eight articles of accusation were drawn up against him; he was tried before a council of sixty; the trial lasted three days, and the verdict was that of guilt. The sentence was a heavy fine and death by slow torturing fires. On the twenty-seventh day of October, 1553, an anxious and excited mob might hav been seen passing out of the old Swiss city of Geneva. At the head of the procession, and securely placed between files of armed men, stood a scholar past forty years of age who was soon to be offered as a living sacrifice to the fanaticism of the time. A neighboring hill was soon reached, and here the excited populace halted; a stake was planted firmly in the ground, and to this the victim was securely fastened; fagots were placed around his feet, and on these were piled all the copies of his works which could be collected; the torch was then applied, and the soul of Michael Servetus went up in agony to its maker amid the ribald jests and blasphemy of the people of that wicked city. After reflecting on this horrible sin, it is edifying to turn to a recent theological work and read the following:

> On the twenty-seventh of October, 1853, Servetus had been dead three hundred years. The people of Geneva went up to Chappel, the hillside where the ashes of Servetus had been strewn, and observed the day before the Lord, honoring Christian toleration and liberty of conscience, and begging forgivness, in the name of the old council, respecting Servetus, even though he was guilty of transgression. But to Calvin . . . was decreed a statue before the cathedral of St. Peter's" (Piper, Lives of the Leaders of Our Church Universal).

In the book of Servetus, "The Restitution of Christianity," is contained the first account of the lesser circulation; it states in plain and unmistakable language that the blood is sent by the contraction of the heart from the right ventricle through the pulmonary artery to the lungs, where it is changed in color from dark to red, and is thence returned to the left side of the heart. Contrary to the teaching of Galen, it declared the lungs, and not the liver, to be the seat of sanguification. Such was the discovery made by this unfortunate heretic.

*Waterloo, Iowa.* J. M. BALL, JR., M.D.

*"Servetus cupit huc venire, sed a me accersitus. Ego antem nunquam committam, ut fidem meam eatenus obstrictam habeat. Jam enim constitutum habeo, si veniat, nunquam pati, ut salvus exeat"

[Translation of Calvin's letter to Viret: "Servetus desires to come hither, but was invited by me. I therefore can do nothing, since hitherto he has had my friendship. Yet I hav determined, if he comes, that he shall not be allowed to depart uninjured."]

## Detroit Aldermen Discuss Church Taxation.

*From the Detroit, Mich., Free Press.*

Alderman Amos introduced a resolution setting forth that the Prohibitory amendment, if adopted, would curtail a large amount of taxes and destroy a large amount of taxable property, and as the church property in Detroit is valued at upward of $3,000,000 and pays no taxes, the representativs of Detroit in the legislature should be requested to vote for the passage of the Grenell bill, repealing the law exempting church property from taxation. Alderman Amos spoke at considerable length in behalf of his resolution, and was followed by Alderman McIntyre, who said there were churches which did not altogether favor the Prohibitory amendment, and that the resolution would be unjust. He hoped it would be indefinitly postponed. Alderman Jacob favored the resolution. Alderman Frank Smith denounced it as an Infidel measure and said Alderman Amos would do well to attend to his bar and not meddle with affairs he knew nothing about. Alderman Gilmore favored the resolution. He said he had always been a church-going man and was willing to pay his share of the taxes on the church he attends. Alderman Amos claimed that the taxation of churches would be a good thing for them; that it would infuse new life and energy into the work of the churches and place them upon a business basis.

The resolution was defeated on a vote of 12 to 11, adjournment following.

# The American Secular Union.

COURTLANDT PALMER, President.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary, - - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
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## News and Notes.

Sunday, April 10th, after the storm, was a bright and blustering day. They do hav winds here in California, and one, and even two overcoats do not come amiss. However, you get used to a high breeze on the Pacific coast, and enjoys it placidly. My friend Karl Broneer took me over the Piedmont hills on Sunday morning. The view of San Francisco, the Golden Gates, the distant sea, the bay, the islands, the fields and mountains, is magnificent. Oakland, the Athens of the Pacific shore, is at your feet, elegant and delightful, while the queenly city against the sun bright sky looks forth from her hights over the immensity of waters that from far and near bring to her riches. The throne of this fair metropolis is secure. She rules the Pacific, and all its waves bring wealth and splendor to her gates.

In the afternoon, my genial hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Schow, made arrangements with a few friends for a picnic on the shores of Lake Merrit, which is one of the pleasure resorts of the people of Oakland on Sunday, and it presents quite a gala appearance, with a hundred boats skimming over its bosom. It is a beautiful sheet of water, just on the verge of the city, flowing from the sea, and encircled by picturesque scenery of hill and wood and stately villas. I suppose our pious Christian friends don't like to hav so much fun a-going outside the churches as there is on this lake, but they can't help themselvs. The world moves. They hav no Sunday laws in California, and one can take all the comfort he desires in the open air. So we had an attractiv Liberal assembly, with the good things of this world for sacrament. We had our pictures taken, and without doubt the counterfeit presentment will go down to posterity. Mr. and Mrs. Karl Broneer, Mr. Thomas Arper, whose contributions are sometimes in THE TRUTH SEEKER columns, Miss Lily Arper, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Arper, George Arper, Marius Dahlgren, who has painted some lovely pictures of California scenery, Mr. Merts, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Reguin, of San Francisco, and others, together with the little folk, Enna, Carl, and Dolly Jane Broneer, and Alice and Mabel Carpenter, etc., constituted our independent church, with "sermons in stones, and good in everything." A sail on the lake, with a spanking breeze that sent us twelve knots an hour, added to the refreshing exercises of the day, and gave good momentum for our evening's work. Homeward from nature's feast, we took a good square meal at friend Healke's, who, with all his family, Mrs. Healke and the daughters Miss Clara and Miss Laura, and the twins, whose names, Theodore Ingersoll and Albert Paine, show under what good stars they hav been born, belongs to the front ranks of our grand army. We were pleased to meet at the festival board Mr. Henry Krause, who winged the happy hours with merry music. Thus we had cheerful impulse for our second lecture.

We were greeted by a much larger audience than at our first lecture, and therefore we hav good hopes for the future. But the battle at this point is by no means an easy one. There is much indifference. Oakland is a city of churches. Wealth and fashion side with the orthodox party. Money-making is the chief thing. But few are stanch enough to stand by their colors. But we hav found enough who hav made our way bright with their enthusiasm and devotion, who, seeing something of the grandeur of Liberal thought, are willing to labor for it, although the reward is but small, as the world goes. I feel at home amid such comradeship. The generous hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Schow has given me a place of rest that makes patience for all the ills of an unfavorable campaign. The flowers are in front of my window, the lilies and the roses, and the palm-tree over them. The face of Ingersoll looks at me from the wall, and the monument of Bennett. There are beautiful pictures, and elegant books that contain the jewels of Freethought, and so I hav those surroundings which giv the best of life and infuse glory into our work. Mrs. Broneer is a granddaughter of Abner Kneeland, and has all his ardor for reform, and memories of his heroic life. Also, Wallace Hughan is of the chivalry of the Secular hosts from across the waters, where he has been with Holyoake, Bradlaugh, Southwell, etc.; and it was a delight indeed to strike hands with so gallant a soldier

> In the world's broad field of battle,
> In the bivouac of life.

So the bow of promis shines over Oakland, mingling with the luster of its hills, its thousand flowers, and glittering waters that bring music from the golden Orient.

Monday and Wednesday evening we continued the campaign in San Francisco with fair results, much better than I expected in the beginning. On Monday I had the pleasure of a lunch with Mr. A. T. Dewey, of the *Pacific Rural Press*, who is inclined to look at theology from a business point of view, and judge its merits by its results; W. W. McKaig, formerly a Presbyterian clergyman, and not altogether alienated from metaphysical ideas, but progressiv withal; N. E. Boyd, a Unitarian minister, who broke with his so called liberal sect because he could not call himself a Christian, being of the Radical and Free Religious order; Mr. Vander Naillen, a Theosophist, who sees good in everything, a transcendentalist in every fiber of his body, who interprets all phenomena by the "wisdom of God;" Mr. Evans, Mr. Schow, and others. And it will thus be seen that we had quite a varied intellectual affair, as well as bodily entertainment, and for an hour or two we put the universe through all sorts of transformations that the alembic of human thought can shape. It was a tussle between logic and imagination. The logic was invincible, but the imagination was unconquerable, and so "the conflict of ages" was not over when the material repast came to an end—and I guess it will continue so long as the heart and brain of man come in contact with reality by profound differences of temperament. Only we hope that all will eat as peaceably at the same table as we did and not burn each other at the stake by way of argument.

A fair audience was present in the evening, and I discussed the labor problem from the standpoint of Freethought, showing the relation of political affairs to the matter, and that first of all, before anything really useful could be accomplished, the state must be secularized. The functions of the state must be strictly limited in order that political machinery may be used for the benefit of labor. Only a little could be done, but that little should be well done. Dr. York was present, and added greatly to the interest of the meeting by his dramatic eloquence. He is a live speaker, just the one our Eastern friends need to stir them up, so that feeling may prevail as well as thought. Dr. York has by no means lost his Methodist momentum. In it, however, shines the clear thought, and logic triumphs while fancy glows. I want all Liberal friends to make arrangements to secure the services of Dr. York. He will stir their heart and pulses to nobler endeavor.

My friend T. F. Haggerty, of the Tucker-Anarchist school, wanted to reply to some of my assertions on the uses of the state, and so it was arranged to hav a discussion on Wednesday evening, in connection with my lecture on "The Ideal Republic." An audience of several hundred was present on that occasion. I stated the Secular position, and the political doctrin of Spencer—that the state was primarily a police force and therefore must be limited in its functions and use. It must be separated from religion and theology, and all ecclesiastical influence, and stand simply for equal rights and impartial liberty. Mr. Haggerty's main assumption in opposition to my affirmation of the benefit of a Secular state was that the state is the source of all crime; therefore if the state ceased to be, crime will cease to be, and there will remain no justification for the existence of a state. I denied Mr. Haggerty's statement. I admitted that the state, at present, was the source of much crime because of its ecclesiastical and religious character. Make the state secular and it would no longer, as now, be the source of crime. I also affirmed that much of crime finds its source in the individual. Its motiv is entirely personal, and therefore a just and well administered state is necessary to repress these crimes. Crime is and, so far as we can see, always will be in human society, and it must be punished, not by mob law, but by the orderly action of the community. As crime decreases, the function of the state decreases. When crime is at an end, the state is at an end. Persuasion takes the place of force. All government is attractiv and moral. Coöperation is voluntary. The individual is supreme, but fraternity flows in deeper, grander tides than ever. All for each—each for all—this will be the mighty principle of human progress. The discussion was attentivly listened to, and the exposition of Secular politics as opposed to "Christian" was received with warm approval. Dr. York closed with a brilliant plea for this world, for all the knowledge and hope that is possible to man in the exercise of his complete faculties. Miss Florence May Smith and Mrs. Jennie Clark furnished excellent music for the occasion and received a cordial welcome.

So the meeting was a good success. Some advance was made. But San Francisco, like New York, is a difficult point. It is a commercial city. There is a constant struggle for wealth and position. There is a whirl of excitement. To reach a people in a metropolis like this requires large advertising. We had not the sinews of war. Our means were small, but they were used to the best extent, and there were four times as many present at the last lecture as at the first. One thing, however, excites my indignation—the unjust and incorrect reports of the daily press, which are unworthy the dignity of a great newspaper. We do not ask the advocacy of our cause by the press, which is for a miscellaneous people, but we do ask fairness; that what we say shall be rightly given; that competent reporters shall be sent to our meetings, and not those whose lack of justice or reason makes them a disgrace to journalism, who seek to curry favor with the powers that be by detestable lying. In many a newspaper office the priest is rampant still.

I am indebted to our Spiritualist friend, Miss Frost, for her earnest efforts in behalf of the lectures. She believes in two worlds, but with plenty of emphasis on this, for reform and humanity.

I was pleased to meet with H. L. Knight, one of our old workers on the Pacific coast, and who still keeps in the harness with undaunted zeal. Also M. S. Wahrhaftig, editor of *The People*, a lively little sheet for reform, that dares to be true, and seeks not ecclesiastical favor.

I had a pleasant call and chat at the office of the *Golden Gate*, which, taking in all worlds, makes a good fight for this. I was at the office of the *Jewish Times*, and was sorry not to catch the editor in, Samuel Kats, who is a liberal-minded man, and his paper is a fine exponent of radical Jewish thought and of Secularism.

Many thanks are due our friend, H. W. Taust, who did such hard work for the success of our meetings, and without his earnestness and perseverance the main elements of the enterprise would hav been lacking.

R. R. Swain is one of the old and prosperous citizens of San Francisco, but he has not lost the spirit of humanity in the rush of business. His generous contribution of nearly a third of the expenses was the solid material without which our flag must hav dropped its colors. W. H. Eastman and W. H. Ray also aided by their contributions, and hav always been ready to do their share in the work of Liberalism. A few more such and we would hav a splendid Secular Union in this city.

Dr. G. C. Hoadly is another veteran campaigner who is not afraid to be in the van of the fight.

John Beaumont, Silas Savern, J. N. Johnson, from sixty to a hundred miles away, came to the lectures; also J. B. Nunneley, of Temple, Texas, and A. S. Blair, of Galveston, gave us a good shake of the hand, and thus we felt the electric thrill of lands afar where the torch of freedom burns. So we turn to other fields with fresh hope. The world must advance by Freethought, and so we bide our time. The heaven of humanity only comes by strenuous toil.

To-day we go to San José, and a happy time we expect in that beautiful valley, where our banners hav so often floated, and our friends gathered. We shall lecture at San José April 17th and 24th; at Livermore, April 21st and 22d; at Petaluma and Ukiah, but the dates are not yet fixed; at Stockton, May 1st and 8th; at Napa City, May 3d, 4th, and 5th; at Sacramento, May 15th and 22d; and I hope to lecture in Merced, Modesto, Chico, etc., and Grass Valley, if time permits. I expect to be at Ashland, Oregon, about June 5th, and Talent, June 12th; and Jacksonville, Eugene, Portland, Salem, Silverton, Astoria, Corvallis, Forest Grove, etc., etc., during June and part of July, and then push on to Seattle, Victoria, etc., and from thence eastward by way of Pendleton, Baker City, Emmettsville, Boise City, Salt Lake City, etc. I expect to find a grand Liberal host along this line. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*Oakland, Cal.*, April 15, 1887.

## Mr. Reynolds in Michigan.

BELDING, April 3.—On my arrival here, I found that most energetic young couple, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Webster, who in heart, mind, soul, and spirit are united in self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of Liberalism, had made all arrangements for eight lectures—three in Belding, two in Saranac, one in Grattan, and two in Greenville.

To accomplish this, Mr. Webster being station agent, his wife performed all his duties—telegraph operator, express agent, ticket agent; received and delivered freight, and performed all the responsible and arduous labors pertaining to station masters, besides looking after her home and the wants of her two little children, so that her husband could go away and make the necessary arrangements for the lectures.

My good friend the president of the Belding Liberal Society, Mr. Wm. Knott, was absent on a tour West, but his good wife and son Willie gave me royal entertainment. It makes life worth living to find young men like Willie Knott, reared by Infidel parents, doing justice to their instructions; honest, faithful, temperate, industrious, of bright intelligence; an earnest worker for Liberalism, and the fearless, outspoken opponent of superstition, by all beloved and respected. What a glorious reputation such young men giv to the silly falsehood that "Infidelity inculcates vice and crime, and there is no virtue only as combined with Christianity!"

I had large and enthusiastic crowds at each of the three lectures at Belding, the largest crowd of all at the last lecture. This is very discouraging to our Christian friends, their largest attendance amounting

to only a corporal's guard. The Belding Liberal Society has made steady advancement during the year of its organization, and the impetus received by the lectures will enable it to continue to gain in numbers, strength, any influence.

GRATTAN, the home of Converse Close.—I had the honor of a brief interview with the heroic representativ Liberal, Converse Close, who for nigh fifteen years has been an invalid, confined to his room, every few days suffering terribly—scarce a month that he is not brought face to face with death, so that his friends think the end has come—yet ever cheerful, calm, resigned. During the little, brief intervals between paroxysms of pain he has done very effectiv work in writing for the Liberal press, and to individuals, in behalf of the gospel of humanity, seeking to pluck hate and fear from the human heart and in their stead impart some of the love, gentleness, and hope of his own. No man in the county is more highly respected, or possesses to an equal degree the love and confidence of the entire community. He has proved that the truths of Secularism that hav embellished his life are amply sufficient to rob death and the grave of all terror. If he were a Christian, the religious papers would teem with accounts of his wondrous fortitude and serenity under such long-continued affliction, and claim it was possible only through the especial sustaining power of Jesus. Converse Close knows nor needs a savior. He livs a life of justice and benevolence, and, although an invalid, he makes opportunities to help promote the happiness of others. And his brave and noble wife, whose whole life is devoted to ministering to him in his afflictions, shares the joys of Liberalism with him. I had good attendance at the church at Grattan, and hope the effort will expedite the formation of a Liberal society there. C. B. REYNOLDS.

## That Visitor from Rome.

*From the Commercial Advertiser.*

There is a bill pending in the legislature which ought to receive earnest attention, lest it become law. It authorizes the court of sessions to send truants, etc., of fourteen years or under to the Catholic protectory, and provides that the schools of that institution "shall participate in the distribution of the common school fund in the same manner and degree as the common schools of the city and county of New York."

The schools to which it is thus proposed to giv a part of the common school fund are Roman Catholic schools, intended, as all sectarian schools, whether Protestant or Catholic, are, to promote the teaching of the dogmas and practices of the sect maintaining them and to strengthen that sect. The purpose is innocent enough so long as the schools are maintained at the private charge of those who desire to promote such teaching, but it is as far as possible from innocence when it is proposed to devote moneys raised by taxation to their support.

Under our system church and state are separate and distinct entities, having nothing whatever to do with each other. The state with us is absolutely secular and must be so if we are to enforce in practice the root principle of popular self-government, namely the absolute equality of all citizens before the law. Our population consists of Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Agnostics, Atheists, and men representing all other forms of thinking. All these are equally citizens; all hav an equal part and right in government, and it is of the essence of the system that the state shall recognize no differences between them and shall favor none more than the others.

We raise the school fund by taxing Jews, Catholics, Agnostics, Methodists, Atheists, and all the rest equally; we hav no more right or business to tax the Jew to support a Christian school, or the Methodist to support a Catholic school, or the Catholic to support a Presbyterian school, than to reverse all these processes, or to build churches at state expense, or to pay priests and clergy out of the public treasury, or to force a religion upon the people by statute. If the common school fund or any other fund raised by taxation may rightfully be applied to the maintenance of Catholic schools, due proportions of the same fund may be justly claimed for like purposes by Atheists, or Jews, or Presbyterians.

The absolute and complete separation of state funds and functions from all connection with ecclesiastical uses and practices, is both a logical necessity under our system of government and a condition of justice. All this is the a b c of the American system, but it is sometimes necessary to restate even the simplest of first principles.

Unfortunately, there are in our practice certain survivals from earlier and less republican times, which encourage unsound thinking on this subject. We follow traditions, in certain respects, which lead us astray, and so long as we do so the instinct of self-interest will continue to prompt attempts like the one under consideration, to divert public moneys to sectarian uses.

It should be the care of Americans of every name and class to make the separation between state and church affairs complete; to enforce the rule of separation in every instance, even though temporary inconvenience should result. We should first of all cease to exempt church property from taxation. Such property shares equally with all other property in the protection which the taxes pay for, and it should bear its equitable proportion of the burdens of government. On that point the most enlightened clergymen are of one mind. They see clearly that the exemption of church property is to that extent the maintenance of the churches out of the public purse, which can never be just, or equitable, or in accordance with American ideas. We should next repeal all those parts of our Sunday laws which are founded in the dogma that Sunday is a holy Sabbath, because, whether that dogma is true or not, the state has no business to enforce it, and in doing so it wrongs all that large class who do not accept the doctrin, or whose construction of it differs from that commonly accepted. The state rightly makes Sunday a legal holiday, because the people generally desire to cease from work on that day; it rightfully enacts laws to protect the people from unnecessary disturbance in their observance of the day; it rightfully seeks to close liquor shops on Sunday, as it does also on election day, because the public peace requires that; but beyond these bounds the state cannot go without invading personal liberty.

The churches of every kind are entitled to the same protection and liberty that other lawful associations of citizens are, and no more. It is their best interest, as well as that of the community as a whole, that the state should keep its hands off, that it should be rigidly confined to the duty of affording such protection, and that the separation of secular from ecclesiastical functions should be made as complete as logic and the spirit of our system require. Meantime it will be well to look out for the bill which forms the text of this article.

## Gagging the Press.

*From Henry George's Standard.*

The following interesting and characteristic document by a strange series of accidents, unnecessary to describe, came into our hands. Its publication will surprise no one more than the gentlemen to whom it is addressed. We do not feel bound by the obligation of secrecy which the writer seeks to impose on those gentlemen. We sincerely hope that he will not excommunicate the editor and the proprietor of the *Catholic Herald* for our publication of the letter, and we hardly think he will deem it worth his while to excommunicate us:

452 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, April 13, 1887.

*To the Editor and Proprietor of the Catholic Herald,*

GENTLEMEN: By this note, which is entirely *private* and *not to be published*, I wish to call your attention to the fact that the third plenary council of Baltimore, following the leadership of Pope Leo XIII., has pointed out the duties of the Catholic press, and denounced the abuses of which journals styling themselvs Catholic are sometimes guilty. "That paper alone," says the council (decree No. 228), "is to be regarded as Catholic that is prepared to submit in all things to ecclesiastical authority." Later on it warns all Catholic writers against presuming to attack publicly the manner in which a bishop rulcs his diocese, affirming that those who so presume, as well as their approvers and abettors, are not only guilty of very grievous scandals, but deserve, moreover, to be dealt with by canonical censures.

For some time past the utterances of the *Catholic Herald* hav been shockingly scandalous. As this newspaper is published in this diocese, I hereby warn you that if you continue in this course of conduct, it will be at your peril. I am, gentlemen, Yours truly, M. A. CORRIGAN,
Archbishop of New York.

## Our London Letter.

I notice by a paragraph in the *National Reformer*, date March 13th, that Mr. Bradlaugh takes exception to an opinion expressed by me in your issue of February 26th, though I fail to see what there was in the extract given to cause him to take such umbrage. You did not print the whole of my letter, or he would hav seen there was a fair set-off to the criticism to which he so strongly objects. As I hav always had considerable admiration for him, and hav openly expressed it, even when sometimes it would hav been more to my personal advantage to hav kept my views in the background. I will willingly express my regret at having misunderstood him, if such be the case; though I should hav been more likely to believe I was mistaken, if he had simply pointed out that such was the case, and wherein I was wrong. To state that I write falsehoods with "some object to gain," is no answer, and does not affect my position in the slightest. I invariably express my honest belief regarding the subject I am writing, but being far, very far, from infallible, it is quite likely I may often be wrong in the estimates I form, and am duly grateful for correction, which surely can be done without imputations of base motivs.

The new Freethought paper of Charles Watts at Toronto favorably impresses by its appearance. It is after the same style as the *Secular Review* he edited in London, though a decided improvement thereon. I trust he will be as successful as he desires, and will be able to promote the good work of mental emancipation in Canada.

"Saladin" has, I believe, had a good call for his recent work, "God and His Book." It contains a quantity of information which should be very useful to students of the "holy scriptures," if they get a chance of reading it—though, with due submission, I think it might hav been somewhat condensed with advantage. For my own part, I prefer his style of writing as shown in the articles now publishing in his paper on "Christianity and Woman."

Mr. H. L. Hastings, having vanquished all the "Infidels" in his own country (or is it that no one pays any attention to him?), is now favoring us with his presence, and on his return will no doubt declare he has completely demolished Freethought here. His chairman at Exeter Hall, a day or two back, stated that he had devoted more time than any other person in the States to the study of "Christian Evidence," and was fully able to satisfactorily answer any and all objections to the truth of the Bible statements or evidence regarding the same, but as he is careful to lecture only to those who believe all he has to say beforehand, he is not likely to hav occasion to show his powers in this direction. Judging from a newspaper report of a recent address he gave, I should imagin any skeptic of ordinary intelligence would be easily able to nonplus him, though no doubt he would manage to wriggle out of his difficulty on the principles adopted by the rest of his clan. He has been challenged to hold a public debate with G. W. Foote, and it is scarcely necessary to say he very readily declined; and I don't blame him. J. D.

## Lectures and Meetings.

W. F. JAMIESON has just given a second course of lectures in Burnett, Nebraska. He gave three lectures also in Neligh and two in Clearwater, Neb. Address him at Longmont, Colorado.

C. B. REYNOLDS will lecture for Friendship Liberal League, Philadelphia, Sunday, May 8th, afternoon and evening, at Broad and Wood streets. Subject at 2:30 P.M., "The Bible—From Whence It Came and What It Really Teaches;" 7:30 P.M., subject, "Religious Persecution of the Nineteenth Century." Seats are free. Liberals throughout the state are cordially invited by the secretary to come and giv our Brother Reynolds a rousing reception.

L. K. WASHBURN will lecture for the Society of Humanity of this city, at 28 Lafayette place, May 1st and 8th, at 8 P.M., subjects, "Religious Problems," and "Something Beyond." At 3 P.M. of the same days he will speak in Newark. May 15th he will be heard in Philadelphia before the Friendship Liberal League at its hall, Broad and Wood streets, at 2:30 and 7:30 P.M. May 28th he will be at Jobstown, N. J.; May 22d at Boonton, and if the New Jersey Christians do not lock him up, he will go from there wherever called. He is desirous of finding several engagement for week evenings near New York.

AN eager audience packed the court-house to its utmost capacity to listen to the talented Mrs. Juliet H. Severance, of Milwaukee. "Doc." Severance, as she is called in Milwaukee, is a cousin of Frank Bigelow, the Union Labor candidate for comptroler of this city. Mrs. Severance is beyond doubt one of the ablest women in America. She was a bright figure in the Cincinnati convention. Mrs. Severance has perhaps devoted as much time to the study of the labor question as any person in America, and the result of her study has given her a storehouse of knowledge which enables her to interest an audience in a high degree. The lecture lasted nearly two hours, and nobody seemed tired when it ended. The entire discourse was seasoned with good argument and delivered with no small degree of force and enthusiasm. At times the doctor grew very eloquent, especially when she referred to the degraded condition of the industrial classes. Mrs. Severance is a practicing physician and a noble woman. Should she ever visit this city again, there will not be hall-room to hold the audience that would turn out to hear her. She left for Milwaukee on the 2 o'clock train this morning.—*La Crosse Labor Advocate.*

## Bad Pictures.

*From the Winsted, Conn., Press.*

Watson Heston's cartoon in the New York TRUTH SEEKER of April 16th is a railroad scene at the boundary line between this state and New York. The time is Sunday. A locomotiv, "Progress," has come up to the state line on the New York side, but there it encounters a pile of Bibles and Blue Laws, a pulpit built across the track, and a holy preacher in the pulpit. Behind the preacher is a jackass marked, "Puritanism," bearing on its back the Connecticut legislature, and over them the inscription, "Be it enacted that no railway trains shall run in this state on Sunday, as their steam whistles make so much noise that the Lord can't hear our prayers and therefore may forget all about this insignificant commonwealth."

What the consequence will be to the preacher and his little pulpit, and the jackass on the track, when the engineer of the locomotiv puts on steam and moves forward, we are left to imagin, but it is wickedly suggested that the gentlemen and their animal will get out of the way speedily and then claim great credit for having clearcd the track.

Pictures of animals and machinery, pumpkins and young people on their way reverently to meeting with books in their hands, are pure and elevating, but pictures of the Connecticut legislature astride of a jackass tend to bring the Christian religion into contempt. Such pictures should never be printed in papers that may chance to fall into the hands of women and children.

A MEDICAL society of Fredericton, Nova Scotia, has sued a woman for practicing medicin without a license. In her defense a witness averred that the only treatment received was a kiss, and the only payment made was a pair of hose. The kiss effected a perfect cure. Another witness, who had been treated by prayer, was not healed. Since her method of treatment has become known, the lady's practice has largely increased, and her patients do not care to be prayed with.

# Communications.

## What Objections to Christianity?

For about eighteen centuries a large portion of the world hav been taught to believe in the doctrins of Christianity. We hav been taught that Christianity has been the cause of all moral and intellectual progress; that Christianity is the embodiment of truth, love, purity, and perfection, and without this religion were sin, ruin, and no salvation for mankind. We hav been taught that to doubt the divine origin of the Bible and the divinity of Christ was the vilest crime of which one could be guilty. But in spite of all the sermons, homilies, and efforts put forth for propagating this faith, doubts hav arisen, and many well-meaning and honest people hav the audacity to criticise this faith which is held so sacred by many of our fellow-men.

So far as I understand Christianity, its principal tenets are as follows: That about six thousand years ago God created the universe; that he fitted this world for man's abode; that man was made from the dust of the earth and woman from one of the man's ribs; that this pair was placed in a garden and allowed to eat of all the fruit excepting of the tree of knowledge; that the woman was tempted by a serpent to eat of the forbidden fruit, and that the woman persuaded the man to eat, and that for this act of disobedience they were cursed and driven from the garden, and all posterity shared alike in their sin and their fall; that this pair began to multiply, and mankind grew so wicked that in about sixteen hundred years God, in hope of rectifying his blunder, was compelled to drown all his creatures, excepting Noah and his family and a pair of animals of every kind; but that this proved ineffectual, and in about two thousand years after the flood it was necessary that God should beget a son who should be sacrificed as an atonement for the sins of the people; that this father, son, and Holy Ghost are one, and that a belief in these doctrins and the inspiration of the Bible is absolutely necessary to save us from eternal punishment. And as a necessary consequence Christianity claims to hav been, and to now be, the source from which has sprung all law, order, arts, science, and philosophy.

Now, I object to these doctrins because they are not founded on fact. It is not true, as the Bible asserts, and as the church has taught, that the earth was made only six thousand years ago, for there is ample evidence to show that the earth has existed for many millions of years. The time required for a globe the size of the earth to cool from 2,000 degrees, when everything was in a state of fusion, to 212 degrees was, according to the lowest estimate, three hundred and fifty millions of years, and since life has appeared there hav been more than sixteen millions of years.

There are stars so far distant that for their rays of light to reach us, traveling at the enormous rate of one hundred and eighty-five miles a second, required the lapse of more than a million years to span the gulf that intervenes. Man, also, made his appearance many centuries before the popularly received chronology. There are remains of men found in the valley of the Somne, in France, that must hav lain buried in the earth for at least fifty thousand years. In some of the caves of Europe there are found remains of man contemporaneous with the amphibious hippopotamus and cave bear. And instead of these remains bearing evidence of a state of civilization, and a high estate, and that man subsequently "fell," the evidence shows them to hav been but little removed from the animals among whom they dwelt—simply a race of marrow-sucking men. Draper says that we cannot assign a shorter date for the last glacialization of Europe than a quarter of a million of years, and human existence antedates that. The monuments of Egypt bear evidence of a high state of civilization more than six thousand years ago. Man did not first exist in a state of moral perfection, but as a low savage, and has been slowly and gradually rising in the scale of civilization.

But it is not my purpose to dwell upon the scientific phase of the question, but rather upon that of the logical and historical.

For the sake of the argument, admitting that man and woman were created but six thousand years ago, and placed in Eden, as narrated in Genesis, did not God know when he made man and placed him in the garden that he would transgress the law? God must certainly hav known this if he is omniscient, for to be omniscient he must hav foreknown everything, then he must hav worked according to a preconceived plan; for to deny the design would be denying the omniscience of God, and to deny omniscience would be equivalent to denying the existence of God. Christians cannot suppose their God was ignorant of what he was doing.

Who then was to blame for this great blunder? Who should suffer for the transgression in Eden? Certainly the creator, not the creatures who were beguiled into sinning. He made man with all his weaknesses, and beset him with temptations to sin. To say that man was made a free-will being is contrary to the argument of design, and the story such, when brought to its logical conclusion is, that the whole plan was so laid that Jehovah might gratify a stretch of despotic power. If God intended mankind to hav always remained in ignorance, why hav made the tree of knowledge? And why hav made the serpent purposely to tempt them to eat thereof? Why create a devil? And now, seeing how much difficulty devils hav made, why not exercise his omnipotence and eliminate the whole race of devils?

Mankind now becomes so wicked that God "repents having made man," and in order to correct his mistake, concludes to drown the world. I suppose that God thought he could not a second time create animal life, so in order to repeople the earth he orders Noah to build an ark, which should be five hundred cubits long, fifty cubits wide, and thirty cubits high, in which to preserve himself and family, and a pair of all living creatures, during the great rain storm.

There are two accounts, however, of the number of animals to be taken into the ark. The sixth chapter of Genesis says a pair of each kind; the seventh chapter says seven of the clean animals and fowls and two of the unclean.

How anyone can believe this absurd story is more than I can understand. The idea of such a tale being true is so preposterous and silly that it would be unworthy of any thoughtful person to discuss it were it not that so many people yet cling so tenaciously to these old legends, and vilify those who disbelieve them. A school-boy ought to know that the dimensions of the ark would not admit a pair of all animals, much less seven of part of them. Then, there must be food provided for all these animals—hay and grain for ruminants, flesh for the carnivora—food sufficient to last many thousands of animals, birds, reptils, and insects for more than a year.

The writer certainly knew nothing of the immense number of animals existing on the earth, and about the same of their habits of life.

How could the animals of the frigid zones hav endured the torrid heat? A pair of polar bears would hav been in a sorry plight migrating to the tropics looking for Noah. How did the American animals find their way to Asia to take refuge with Noah. Just imagin our grizzly bear in the ark among the kids and goats. The writer certainly could hav known nothing of the American skunk, or he would not hav been cruel enough to shut up Noah and his family with a pair of them, with only one small window in the top of the ark for ventilation. Did Noah also take a pair of all fishes and marine animals into the ark with him? God's vengeance must hav extended to them as well as to the land animals. Perhaps there was a pair of each of these appointed to stay under the keel of Noah's boat to keep out of the wet.

Not only is this story absurd and silly, but it is actually impossible that such an event could ever hav taken place. For we all know that rain is caused by the evaporation of water from the earth's surface; that when the atmosphere becomes saturated with vapor, and the vapor becomes condensed, it falls to the earth in drops of rain.

Let us suppose that all the water on the surface of the earth could at one time be evaporated and held in the clouds—which is impossible—then, when it came again in the form of rain, there could only be the same amount of water on the earth as before. Where, then, did the water come from that covered the tops of the highest mountains? and where could it go when dried up by the east wind? How could the water get beyond the influence of the earth's attractiv force?

But after the flood it seems that mankind was just as bad as before. And how could God hav expected a good harvest from bad seed? As all mankind was so wicked, Noah must hav been tainted also with "original sin," for how could he hav escaped the penalty of the transgression in Eden? Did God expect to sow tares and reap wheat? He must hav learned by dear experience that "we shall reap as we sow."

But men grew continually worse, and in spite of all the sacrificial offerings to propitiate an an angry God, in about two thousand four hundred years after the flood it was necessary to offer Christ, the "only begotten of the father," as a sacrifice—as an atonement for the sins of the people.

The doctrin of the atonement has been and yet is the curse of the Christian religion. It is the legitimate outgrowth of the dogma that by Adam's sin all posterity shared alike in his sin and curse.

If a man commits a crime, how is it possible that his child can be held guilty? How can we be held accountable for something that was done without our knowledge or consent? Such a doctrin subverts every idea of justice and outrages common sense. And how can the innocent atone for the crimes of the guilty? Is it possible that a just, true, and loving God, such as Christians describe, can be satisfied—is it possible that the majesty of the law has been vindicated—by the execution of a substitute? If we are guilty, Christ cannot bear our iniquity for us, and no man of honor would be willing to be saved in that way. If I commit a crime, the law demands my punishment, not that of another.

To teach such a doctrin must be immoral in its tendencies; but when the dogma is added that the vilest, wickedest persons can be saved from punishment by merely believing certain dogmas; that between the last vile crime and the last breath we can repent and reap a rich reward, is absolutely degrading. That doctrin pays a commission on crime, and has filled the Christian world with the basest of criminals.

A man may lead a just and virtuous life, love his family and deal honestly with his fellow-men, and yet if he fails to believe the absurdities of the Christian religion he must suffer eternal torment; yet the thief, the adulterer, or murderer, by simply repenting and believing, takes his place among the redeemed!

GEORGE H. DAWES.

## Mrs. Colman's Reminiscences.

The next meeting which we held was more turbulent even than this. The demonstrations were so violent, and seemed so murderous, that the gentleman who had kindly taken us in his carriage to the place of meeting became so thoroughly alarmed that he begged me to escape with him from the window back of the platform. I said, "No; I came to speak, and these are the people that need the word. I will not ask you to remain." He said, "If you are so foolhardy, you mustn't blame me if I leave you." I said, "Not at all; go," and looking as white as a reputed ghost, he let himself out of the window, and was gone. I hav never seen him since, nor do I even remember his name. If you think he was cowardly, remember a mob is not a pleasant thing to face. I was more safe without him than with him, and, as the sequel proved, went away unharmed. The tar-kettle was there, and the feathers, but they were not used, though the three professional men of the village, the reverend, the doctor, and the lawyer, tried their best to spur others on to the sport. My voice did good service that evening in soothing the boisterous spirits. I obtained three subscribers to the *Liberator* (Mr. Garrison's paper), made friends kind enough to take me home with them and care for me until the time came for me to leave the place. I did not suffer very much in those dreadful times; at least I did not realize the suffering. But to-day, when I feel my nerves so shattered that to speak a half hour I am obliged to occupy a chair, or to walk half a mile I must hav the strong arm of some friend, I know that such excitement is always paid for at last. But I am not sorry for the work done, even though I feel the cost. A race redeemed, even the little I did toward it, is a memory like a benediction. It is not always what we accomplish that is the personal blessing. It is what we tried to do. About this time there was appointed by the American Society a man who evidently felt that he should be able by his extreme watchfulness to guard against any vulgar gossip or libelous report, such as some of the agents had been obliged to encounter. This man was a good man, no better than the other men who were employed, but he had the faculty of making those with whom he was associated feel very uncomfortable. He was appointed to travel and hold meetings with me, and the most uncomfortable six weeks I spent that year were while with him. He seemed to hav no idea of propriety in regard to the treatment of the people who opened their houses to us, without charge. He commanded them as he would a servant in a hotel where he would be required to pay largely for attention. I hav as yet said nothing of the homes in the West thirty and forty years ago, but I am now where it will be quite in order to describe some of them in connection with my traveling associate.

The houses were many of them log, some of them having no partition, a loft reached by a ladder, and a "bed sink" curtained to make it a little private. Other houses a little larger would hav a board partition dividing the large room, and making one or two small rooms for bed-rooms. One would hardly expect to find many of the luxuries or even necessities of modern life, as furniture, in such houses. A washbowl and pitcher had never been seen in many of them, and towels were indeed a luxury. I was a guest in one house where the children, some of them twelve years of age, had never seen a mirror. Our Eastern friend, the new agent, when shown his resting-place, always informed the host that he must hav water in his room and two towels. A woman's consternation at such a demand can be imagined, but I could hav forgiven him even the demand for two towels if only he would hav gotten up in the morning and eaten his breakfast with the family in season, so that the father of the family could hav taken his children to school, and gone about his business. I tried to call him till I learned better, for his invariable answer was, when I told him breakfast was ready, "eat it, then." I hav seen the wife and mother break down and cry with perplexity. In one of our first meetings together I said, in referring to something this man had said in his speech preceding, "My brother told you so," he immediately announced to the audience that he was not my brother, a fact I never forgot, but when referring to his words always

spoke of him as Mr. ——— of ———. He did not mean any insult by this statement, but he was to be circumspect in word and in deed. In the anecdote which I hav made this long preparation to relate, you will see that circumspection will not always keep one's name from libelous reports, as in all my public life no libel was ever quite as infamous as the one connecting my name and this same person's together.

We had a meeting appointed five miles from where we had made our home (this was in Ashtabula county); a two days' meeting, Saturday and Sunday. Our host had a horse and an open wagon, the use of which he tendered us for our ride. But when the morning came, there came with it one of the most disagreeable storms of the season. The heavy rain became sleet in falling, and the wind was piercing. Our host had neither buffalo nor robes of any kind. When we had taken our seats in the wagon, the wife of our host, seeing how unprotected I was, said, "Mrs. Colman will perish; stop a minute." She went to her bed, and took from it a home-made counterpane, which the husband brought out and spread over us. The storm was so fierce that the circumspect agent could not resist the protection it afforded. In going to our meeting we passed the post-office, and Mr. ——— got out of the wagon and went in. I discovered standing in the office one of the important men of the town, a man of wealth and the deacon of the church. He had persistently denied us the use of the church, and we had found it very difficult to find a place for a meeting in his neighborhood.

We went on to our appointment, neither of us speaking to the other for the entire five miles. I was not to be outdone in circumspection; after the close of the meeting we returned, stopping again at the post-office. We had the bed-spread over our laps, as when we went. The same good deacon was at the office. A short time after this we were separated. I was sent into another county, and the gentleman into still another.

In some two weeks I received a letter from a good Abolitionist who livs very near this deacon, in which were these words: "Mrs. Colman, what does it mean? Deacon ——— is circulating a story saying that you and Mr. D. were found under the same bed-cover twice, and he can prove it?" I was too much amused for the moment to be angry. Here was my immaculate friend, who had avoided even being polite to me, accused of very strange conduct for a moral man, and with me whom he had told repeatedly that the agents were so careless in their conduct that they gave cause for talk. I immediately wrote to the writer of the doleful letter: "'Tis true; nevertheless because true the greater libel. Get a hall by paying largely if necessary, and appoint a meeting for me next Sunday; advertise so thoroughly that all who hav heard the slander shall know that I am coming." He did so, and the crowd was so great that the friends thought it best to put braces under the floor lest it should yield to the weight.

When I reached the place on Saturday, I sent a letter to the deacon saying that if he wished to avoid a lawsuit he would come to my meeting the following day and settle the matter, or I would carry the case immediately to the court and let the law settle it. He came. I had sent to another part of the state, asking A. T. Foss, with whom I had traveled a good deal in the work, and who was a very Boanerges, to come and help me. He answered by his presence promptly. We had a meeting that all who attended will, I am sure, always remember, and the contemptible Christian man attempted to excuse himself by saying that he said it for a joke. He said, "How will you settle?" I said, "You will put your name to that paper, saying that you will never again speak evil of a woman whom you know nothing evil of. I want none of your money; there are wrongs that money cannot redress. Your money perish with you!"

This was the only slander I ever paid any attention to; it was too good a chance to humiliate the author to let pass. The above are some of the experiences of an Abolitionist woman trying to work for a race who were suffering the horrors of chattel slavery. Christian people of all sects were making special efforts to raise money to send missionaries to convert the heathen to Christianity, while in several states in our Union it was a crime punishable with death for a woman with African blood to raise her hand against her Christian master, even in defense of her own chastity; and in our Northern states, like Ohio, all manner of indignities were put upon us; but when a person is fully baptized into a work for humanity, indignities are of no avail. LUCY N. COLMAN.

*Syracuse*, 287.

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BISHOP ALEXANDER W. WAYMAN, the great leader of the colored Methodists, asked the other day why the colored people of the South increased so much more rapidly than the white, answered: "We draw *from* three sources, while the white people only draw from one—every colored woman whose husband is white, the children are set down on our side; every white woman whose husband is colored, which condition exists in the North, the children are set down on our side; every offspring of pure African blood, of course, is set down on our side; while the white people only draw from one source, themselvs."

## Converting the Christians.

*From the San Francisco Jewish Times.*

The world has heard much about "converting the Jews," and little or nothing about "converting the Christians." As to the latter, let us inquire into the work accomplished toward their conversion. We propose to show that this work has been undertaken in real earnest, that the spirit of propaganda is indomitable, and that, numbers relativly considered, a thousand Christians hav been converted to Agnosticism where one Jew has been converted to Christianity. We use the term Agnosticism because it more fully than any other word expresses the opinions and views of that vast body of Rationalists or non-Christians known under various names, such as Free Religionists, Freethinkers, Infidels, Pantheists of the Spinoza school, Utilitarians, Transcendentalists, and a multiplicity of other schools of thought. The term Agnosticism was first applied by the learned Professor Huxley, and he is recognized as its author. He calls himself an Agnostic, as was Darwin, the proof of which is in a letter addressed by the great scientist to a German student. The eminent Roman Catholic prelate, Mgr. Capel, recognizes the term, and admits that it is an able and dangerous foe of the Christian religion. Good authority, the *Catholic News*, of New York, recognizes Agnosticism, and, as may be seen by a dispatch published in the *Daily Examiner* of the 2d inst., the journal first named says that the estimated Agnostics in the United States number 30,000,000. Taking this Catholic estimate as correct, and we believe to all intents and purposes it is, is it not safe to say there are 100,000,000 Agnostics in France, Germany, Italy, and other European countries, though to a lesser extent, in Canada, the Australian colonies, and elsewhere? Now, what are the means by which this vast body of 130,000,000 of educated men and women seek to convert the Christians? By purely peaceful means—through education and scientific instruction.

Think of the thousands and hundreds of thousands of intelligent Christians who hav been converted to the views of Darwin, Huxley, Haeckel, Tyndall, Prof. John W. Draper, author of that remarkable work, "The Intellectual Development of Europe;" converted to the views of Voltaire, Paine, Ingersoll, D. M. Bennett, and a host of other scientists, authors, and orators. Besides, owing to the fact that there is a great deal of intellectual dishonesty in this world, there are thousands of professing Christians so Liberalized that they are Agnostics at heart. Through business, social, and domestic influences, they conceal their honest opinions. In the United States alone there are twelve Agnostic journals, and one—a very able ally—was recently started in Canada, the *Secular Thought*, of Toronto. Two of the oldest non-Christian journals in America are THE TRUTH SEEKER, of New York, and the Boston *Investigator*, which has been published for more than half a century, and whose founder was an ex-Christian minister, Abner Kneeland, a Protestant before his renunciation. There is an organization known as the American Secular Union, whose avowed purpose it is to divorce from the statutes of the various states of the republic every vestige of law which in any way recognizes Christianity or the fatal alliance of church and state, and the recognition is very strong in some states, as may be known by the efforts made to enforce the Puritan Sunday and the Blue laws of Connecticut. As to the Union named, Col. R. G. Ingersoll has served as its president for two successiv years, and its present president is Courtlandt Palmer, a well-known capitalist of New York, and a gentleman of the highest culture. The Union employs a secretary at a salary of $1,500 a year, who is constantly in the field as an Agnostic "missionary." The secretary is Mr. S. P. Putnam, formerly a prominent Protestant clergyman. He is reputed to be an eloquent speaker, and is the author of several excellent works, both prose and poetry, and all fired with a burning zeal for the doctrins he has espoused. As independent lecturers and "missionaries" of the modern propaganda of Agnosticism, we may mention Charles Watts, editor of the *Secular Thought*, and second only to Ingersoll in ability; John E. Remsburg, a very able man; C. B. Reynolds, formerly a well-known Protestant minister, and a brilliant speaker; Jamieson, Washburn, Dr. York of this state, formerly a Methodist minister, and many others. The Canadian Secular Union is an ally of the American Secular Union. Agnostic lecturers are numerous in England and Australia, and a few in Canada, "a country that is almost hopelessly given over to superstition." There are three Agnostic journals published in Australia, and two in England, with a monthly review and the "Agnostic Annual." There are also published in India two journals which proclaim the same faith to "the mild-eyed Hindoo."

We will further inquire from another and very different point of view as to what has been accomplished toward "converting Christians." Within the memory of man, and not a very long time ago, two young girls—the Fox sisters—residing in the state of New York, one evening while at home imagined that they heard "tiny raps" on the wall, and upon listening they were repeated. In some account it is stated that one of the girls, in a girlish way, asked if there were any "spirits" there, when the tiny taps became "raps," strong and distinct. The Fox sisters were "mediums," and Spiritualism sprang into power with extraordinary rapidity, and all through "tiny, tiny" tips that from the moment first heard to this hour hav been so successful in "converting the Christians" that we hav now from five to six millions of ardent Spiritualists, all of whom before their conversion were zealous Christians. The discovery of the Fox sisters played sad havoc among the Methodists, Baptists, and other sects. Another such discovery, on some new basis, would absolutely annihilate Protestant Christianity in the United States. "Converting the Christians" by the Foxonian method was accomplished so quietly and gently that the Spiritualists called their new religion the Harmonial Philosophy.

Among all the Christians converted to Agnosticism and Spiritualism, the conversions hav been free and voluntary. There hav been no stakes, thumbscrews, no fagots, no weapons of torture of any kind, employed by the Agnostics and Spiritualists to make converts. Such inhuman means to subjugate and terrify the human conscience could not in this, as in former ages, be a complete and ghastly success, even if it were triple branded with that ominous word "infallibility"—a word full of terrible meaning to every lover of a free conscience and a free mind.

There is still another, and what promises to be a very important factor in the propaganda against Christianity. In a recent editorial in the New York *Sun* it was stated that the good Christians of Brooklyn and New York would be astonished if they knew the progress that Buddhism was making in their midst. It was also stated these American Buddhists had in Brooklyn alone two temples of worship. Some few years ago a very learned Buddhist priest was the guest of a wealthy lady in Brooklyn, and to his visit and her zeal in the new faith is to be attributed the result stated. A paragraph is going the rounds of the press to the effect that there is a revival of Buddhism in New York city; that is, for curios and works of art from Buddhist countries, and that it would not be strange if this were followed by the erection of Buddhist temples in the commercial metropolis of the republic. Every one thousand Buddhists means one thousand Christians absorbed into an earthly "Nirvana."

Again, we know that the great and world-wide Masonic brotherhood—its Christian branch, the Knights Templars excepted—is a faithful, unflinching advocate of civil and religious liberty, and the opponent of all ecclesiastical tyranny. This greater branch, or rather the real tree of Masonry, has undoubtedly checked and curbed the tyranny of the papal hierarchy. It has taken from Christianity many, many of the ablest minds of this and former ages.

Further, having disposed of the Protestant form of Christianity, what, we ask, has been done toward converting its older, more compact, and powerful form, the Roman Catholic? In one sense not much, and yet, in another, the forces arrayed against the mighty and despotic papal power hav gained a tremendous and lasting victory. If, in the first sense, much has not been accomplished, an opening has been made in the granit-bound masses of Catholicism. In reading the Agnostic journals—particularly our Boston and New York contemporaries—you will frequently see articles signed "Ex-Catholic." In nearly every instance the writer names his nationality, and joyfully proclaims his emancipation from mental slavery. This is a mere shadow, but it is a shadow of significance. Three-fourths of their countrymen are the religious serfs of the Roman pontiff, and that even a few of those should break their chains is a cause for congratulation. In the slow process of time may not the few be followed by the many? That would be the real redemption of their nativ land, and until it is accomplished that people must remain prostrate under two forms of despotism—the political, represented in her majesty, and the ecclesiastical, represented in his holiness.

As to the tremendous and lasting victory of which we hav spoken, it is this—the imperious and "infallible" pope of Rome is a prisoner in the Vatican. How are the mighty fallen! As the poet, Gerald Massey, says, "Ever in time is justice done." In former centuries it happened that the crowned kings of Europe who had offended the pontiff were compelled to present themselvs before the Vatican in a position the most servile and humiliating.

Who ordered the pope to his present exile? The Agnostics of Italy. The ignorant and popular idea is that there are no Agnostics in that sunny land. If you will take time to read Italian newspapers and Italian history from the days of the triumvirate, with Mazzini at its head, to the present time, you will be enlightened. The hosts who followed Mazzini and Garibaldi scorned papal power, as does the victorious New Italy party of to-day.

In this review it is not designed to discuss the merits or demerits of Buddhism, Spiritualism, or Agnosticism. We simply wish to clearly and distinctly show that three such powerful forces exist, and that their object is to extirpate Christianity.

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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## A Presidential Candidate.

There is a good deal of talk in the labor press at present about nominating a candidate for president in the 1888 election. Shall it be done? and who shall he be? are the queries.

There is one man in the country who would honor the party nominating him; honor the office if elected—a big, broad, humane man, always in sympathy with the unfortunate and the slave industrial, as well as the slave chattel; who always errs, if at all, on the side of mercy and generosity; one with the elements

"So mixed in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This is a man."

Of course everybody knows that his name is ROBERT G. INGERSOLL. It is by no means certain that he would allow his name to be used, for he despises the slavery of office; but if he could be induced to run, what a campaign it would be! It is cyclones to zephyrs that such another canvass never would be known.

## A Mayor with Ideas.

Mayor Hewitt evidently desires to make his government of New York a lawful one, and if in his enforcement of foolish laws there is a Mephistophelian squint toward their repeal, he will all the more readily be forgiven. Under his instructions a good many store-keepers are being arrested, a large portion of whom are Jews, who, having kept their own religious day, use Sunday for commercial purposes. The editor of the *Hebrew Standard* protests that the closing of the Jewish stores on Sunday is unfair, and has directed to the mayor a communication upon the matter. Mr. Hewitt replies:

"I hav read with care the communication you hav addressed to me in regard to the position of my fellow-citizens of the Jewish persuasion, under the law which requires the suspension of business on Sunday. The arguments which you advance would be very proper, and doubtless very effectiv, with the law-making power. As you very well know, I do not make the laws, but I am sworn to see them executed. The Sunday law has been the subject of judicial construction, and it has been decided that it is not based upon religious principles, but upon public policy, and that it is to be observed by all citizens without regard to condition or religious belief. It does not deny to any portion of our citizens the right to observe the Sabbath day, and it does not compel them to do so. It merely provides that one day in seven shall be a day of rest, and, inasmuch as that day cannot be made to suit everybody, a day is selected which suits the majority. Doubtless this inflicts a hardship upon the minority, but under our theory of government it is a hardship which cannot be avoided. If you can suggest any method by which the law can be amended, so as to relieve citizens of the Jewish persuasion from the practical hardship of the existing law, without destroying the very object for which the law is framed, it will receive my heartiest support.

"I notice that you protest against the arrest of unoffending citizens who conscientiously observe the seventh day, and placing them 'in cells filled with the vilest of the vile.' It seems to me you beg the whole question when you use the words, 'unoffending citizens.' The simple fact is that they violate the law, and the police hav no discretion whatever as between transgressors, but must take them all to the same tribunal and punish them in the same way. The remedy is for these citizens whom you regard as unoffending to obey the law, which will giv them immunity from arrest.

"I can assure you, in conclusion, that I hav a great respect for the rights of conscience, but if the doctrin were once admitted that the law is to giv way to every man who puts in the plea of conscience, the law would become a nullity."

This letter places Mr. Hewitt squarely upon the secular basis for a rest day, and it only remains for him to take another step and advocate the repeal of the laws making it criminal to work on Sunday. It is quite within the province of the state to create holidays, and the weekly holiday should be precisely the same as the holidays now known as secular—the Fourth of July, Washington's Birthday, etc. Our present Sabbatarian legislation violates the Constitution because it rests upon religion. The Fourth of July, for instance, is a legal holiday. No employee can be forced to include that day in the week he givs to his employer. Drafts, notes, etc., due on that day are legally payable the day before, and in this country July 4th is in all respects a legal blank. Sunday should be of the same character—a legal holiday, but with no laws enforcing its observance. People should be free to do as they please with it without fear of a policeman.

We are inclined to believe that this is really the view Mayor Hewitt takes of it, and that his vigorous enforcement of the Sunday law is upon the principle of the late U. S. Grant—the best way to repeal a bad law is to enforce it. If we are correct in this view, we shall abide with patience the outcome, even if we hav to sit in the house all day Sunday for fear that some zealous policeman will "take us in" as we stroll over to our office.

## "Gagging the Press."

Archbishop Corrigan's letter to the editor and proprietor of the *Catholic Herald*, printed in another column, is no surprise to those familiar with the arrogance of the Roman Catholic church. As the pope claims the empire of the world, so his lieutenants claim in his name the absolute right to rule their little corners of the universe. We hav known priests who interfered in the most trivial affairs of their parishes, and we hav known parishioners who would not decide upon a line of conduct until the priest had been consulted.

This despotic rule is logical enough if the claims of the church are once admitted. If Christ once lived and possessed the power of salvation and damnation, if he gave the keys of heaven and hell to Peter, with power to loose and unloose; if this power has been unbrokenly and divinely transmitted, then the pope must be obeyed in all things. He certainly has the right to say what affects faith, and must be allowed to define true Catholic doctrin. Granted all this, he can decide what Catholics may be allowed to read, and any paper displeasing him can be interdicted. And he has ordered all Catholic journals not to discuss the attitude of his church toward organized labor.

The position which Mr. Daniel O'Loughlin, the editor of the *Catholic Herald*, has seen fit to assume in regard to the order of Archbishop Corrigan, therefore, is illogical and subversiv of faith and ecclesiastical disciplin, for he stoutly declares that he will not obey it. "My paper," he says, "will continue to espouse the cause of Dr. McGlynn as heretofore. I recognize the authority of no man in my business matters. I am not prepared to admit that the phrase, 'In all things,' in the decree is to hav its widest interpretation. That would simply put a newspaper at the mercy of every ruler of a diocese. No council has the right to devise laws for the regulation of my business conduct. Independent of the McGlynn matter, I would not be willing to submit in all things to ecclesiastical authority."

This is brave talk for a slave, and indicates his intention of shattering his shackles. But can he do it? Archbishop Corrigan may not be able to imprison Mr. O'Loughlin for his contumacy, nor pi his type or destroy his presses, but he can forbid all Catholics, under penalty of excommunication, to read the *Catholic Herald*, and that would just as effectually suppress the paper's influence. He can tell the *Herald* advertisers of Catholic furniture and books that if they do not withdraw their favors from Mr. O'Loughlin's journal, no church in the diocese shall purchase a penny's worth of goods from them, and this would hurt Mr. O'Loughlin in the tender point of his pocket. We do not see how, under present circumstances, Dr. McGlynn's friend can successfully contest the rule of Mr. Corrigan. He talks very bravely, indeed, but the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

## Who is the Deceiver?

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 2d we quoted the opinion of Mayor Hewitt, given to the reporter of a daily paper, that the museums of this city would soon be open on Sundays. "At the meeting of the trustees," said Mr. Hewitt, "there was a large preponderance of opinion in favor of opening the museums, but the trustees want to know where the money is to come from. No action was taken, as there was none to take, but I think it is certain now that as soon as arrangements can be made the museums will be opened Sundays."

Tuesday, the 19th instant, at Albany, Assemblyman Langbien's bill, giving the museums $20,000 annually on condition that the buildings were opened on Sundays, was taken up, and opposed by Assemblyman Platt, *on behalf of the trustees*, who said that they did not want the money on these terms. This is substantially the same bill which passed the Assembly last year, and was defeated by the influence of the trustees in the Senate. Notwithstanding Mr. Platt's opposition, the bill was ordered to a third reading.

Who has been telling falsehoods in this matter? We cannot think it is Mayor Hewitt, but if the trustees assured him that they were in favor of Sunday opening of the museums, and then wrote to Albany asking Mr. Platt to oppose the bill in their behalf, their course is far from honorable. They will win more respect by pigheadedly adhering to their religious objections than by resorting to tricks to keep the doors shut.

It is very probable that the bill will pass the Assembly, but, judging from its fate in the Senate last year, its progress through that body is attended with danger. The victory which we presaged is still afar off.

## The Last Word.

Were it not that the subjects discussed are of great public interest, of importance to all advocates of freedom, and very essential to Freethinkers—inasmuch as they of all men should keep the goal of absolute and impartial justice ever in view—we should print the two following letters without a word of comment. The first, from Mr. Foss, reveals an unflattering fact to us—that the gentleman has not carefully read THE TRUTH SEEKER:

"DANSVILLE, N. Y., April 9, 1887.

"EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: My subscription to your paper expired Jan. 1, 1887. I hav been considering whether it was best to renew my subscription or not. The only reason for any hesitation on my part is the attitude of THE TRUTH SEEKER on the questions of Anarchy and Socialism. I do not deny the right of any man to free speech, or his right to advocate Anarchy or any other doctrin at all times and places. But when the direct result of such advocacy is bloodshed and murder, or crime of any kind, then the advocate should be held responsible. Neither do I deny your right to hold views different from mine on this subject, but I do not care to lend my support to any paper holding such views. So long a time, however, has elapsed since my subscription expired, that I inclose $1.50 to renew for six months.

"Yours truly, B. G. Foss."

Our friend does not like the "attitude of THE TRUTH SEEKER on the question of Anarchy and Socialism." But Mr. Foss is evidently opposed to those two philosophies, and why he should write thus passes our comprehension. Whenever we hav discussed Anarchy, we hav opposed it, and the Anarchists of the country recognize us as their opponent. The same may be said of Socialism. We forget just how many times we hav said this, but if he had read THE TRUTH SEEKER, Mr. Foss would not hav written to us that he "did not care to lend my support to any paper holding" the views of the Anarchists.

Again. Mr. Foss would punish the advocacy of anything when such advocacy leads to murder and bloodshed, or crime of any kind. September 25, 1886, we printed these words: "If the traitor who threw the bomb that killed the policemen of Chicago could be found, we should advocate his punishment. Or if any of the condemned men had been shown to hav urged him to throw the bomb, then would their conviction hav been just." January 22, 1887, we said: "The Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER has stated in the clearest way possible that he is not an Anarchist. He has devoted time and space to showing why the Anarchistic philosophy is all wrong. He has

said that if these men [the Chicago Anarchists] had been fairly and convincingly convicted of murder, they should meet the penalty." We hav also said, in so many words, that we do not believe in Socialism nor in Communism.

Yet Mr. Foss does not take the same view of Anarchy and Socialism that we do, and hesitates about taking the paper because of our published opinions! We wonder what his opinions are upon these subjects.

What we hav said in the foregoing will apply to a good portion of the following:

"SIR: You hav not on your books a more thorough Freethinker than I hav been all my life, and most of the time I hav stood alone in the fight with superstition and intolerance. I will add that I am patriotic, and it grieves me to see the leading Freethought paper of the country throwing its influence in favor of Anarchy. When, about a year ago, I commenced taking your paper, I took special pains to put them into circulation with all who would read them. But after those Chicago riots they would say to me, 'Do you take a paper that advocates Anarchy?' which I would at first deny. They would say, 'But it does—at least indirectly,' and I was forced finally to admit that it did and does. I am ashamed to recommend a paper that apologizes for men who labor, directly or indirectly, to destroy the best government on earth, and almost everything else of good to men they avow it and try to practice it too. It is the worst thing possible that could happen, in my opinion, and they are the worst class possible, take their own word for it. They are vipers that we hav warmed to life to sting us to death for our liberality and kindness in this land of the free and home of the oppressed of all nations. Talk of impudence or lunacy!

"I know that you deny it and say that you are not an Anarchist; but, Mr. Editor, you might as well be as to take the the course you do, in assuming that the rioters in many instances were in the right, and that the officers of the law were in the wrong. I hold it to be the duty of all good citizens to sustain all in office in their efforts to enforce the laws and to punish disturbers of the peace, for they are supposed to represent and act for the people, and they do come as near to it as we hav been able to get. We might as well hav no law and no officers if they are not to be sustained. The Copperheads during the war took a similar course, called the soldiers 'Lincoln's hirelings,' and did what they could to hinder the Union cause indirectly. All that I hav talked with (a great many) on the subject, and whether Christians or Infidels, all agree that the tone of THE TRUTH SEEKER, when it has anything to say on the subject, is always to pettifog their cause (the cause of crime); and in doing so you disgrace all Liberals. And the most of the articles you publish from correspondents on the (I think at one time it was as many as two-thirds of them) subject of Anarchy were Anarchical. Do the majority of your correspondents hold such views, or do loyal articles—the law and order articles—go into the waste basket? You, of course, hav a right to. I only tell of the straws that show which way the wind blows. I would like to know what the majority of your subscribers think on the subject.

"You say, in defense of your position as to the Chicago Anarchists, that your information comes from reliable sources, and mention Mr. E. A. Stevens as one, and add that if it had not been for him the Liberal societies there, one and all, would hav gone over to the Anarchists. Well, that is saying something for him, but not much for the intelligence or loyalty of Chicago Freethinkers! It looks as if about all of your correspondents in Chicago and Milwaukee were of that class, as their writings show. Even Mr. S. P. Putnam says, in his letter from Chicago, 'that they (the Anarchists) seem not to hav had a fair trial.' But then he speaks of being in E. A. Stevens's company, which might account for it, though in the letter to the *Investigator* he does not seem to be so sure of it.

"So much has been said on the subject of those riot trials that I wrote to an old friend in Chicago, who is well known as an Infidel and a prominent lawyer, for his opinion. He says, 'I gave close attention to the evidence and rulings of the court, all of which were printed from day to day, and my judgment is that those men were fairly tried and rightfully convicted, and that the safety of the people requires that the sentence of the court be carried out.' And further on he says, 'I believe them to be morally as well as legally responsible. I believe those are the views of the intelligent and order-loving people of this city.'

"Mr. Editor, you are seriously damaging our cause, and on the whole you are not losing subscribers by it, you are trading off good citizens for the criminal class. You might as well say that none of a party of railroad wreckers should be hanged because the one of the lot could not be identified that drew the spike or moved the rail by which the train was wrecked. Or that eminent Anarchist, Geronimo; perhaps none of his murders could be proved on him, and yet he is held a prisoner contrary to law, you may say, by a tyrannical government—at least it don't say by what law it holds him. I think it proper and right for you to occasionally put in an able article on the wrong side of all questions, but when you put in more than half the matter on the subject, editorials and all, on the wrong side, I think it can be said with truth that you are siding with the enemies of good government.

"And now, Mr. Editor, I hav said some unpleasant things, but I am a member of THE TRUTH SEEKER family, and in families they think they hav a right to talk plain; that is my excuse on account of my interest in it. I hav said, or written rather, all I shall on the subject of Anarchy, and will now talk of the good things. I consider W. Heston a brilliant success, so are Putnam, Remsburg, Reynolds, and, generally, John Peck. Your editorial about Beecher was first-rate, my opinion of the man on most points.

"I will send in the money for a renewal before the time expires, and expect to send with it a new subscriber. I would like to get a great deal of the literature you hav for sale, but Florida is under a cloud at present, and money too scarce. With no oranges to sell for one year and a half from now, the prospect is not flattering.

"Hoping you may see the error of your ways, and refrain from a course seeming to encourage wrong-doing,

"I remain, Yours truly, N. S. HAZEN."

When Mr. Hazen says that THE TRUTH SEEKER throws its influence in favor or Anarchy, or that it directly or indirectly advocates that impracticable philosophy, or that we seek to destroy the government, he says what he cannot prove. January 22, 1887, we made this proposition to a Western gentleman who had said substantially the same thing that Mr. Hazen now repeats: "We will pay him one hundred dollars for every editorial he can find in THE TRUTH SEEKER advocating the destruction of either law, order, or society." The same proposition is made to Mr. Hazen, for we are getting a little impatient with those good folks who make charges that they do not offer to prove.

Mr. Hazen's opinion of the Anarchists is not flattering to those men, but as it is probably drawn from long and intimate knowledge of them we cannot, from insufficiency of evidential experience, deny its justness. Every Anarchist in the country may, for all we care, be a viper walking around on the point of his tail; it has nothing to do with the case at present. But this "land of the free and home of the oppressed of all nations" talk is the spread-eagle buncombe of the country crossroads Fourth of July orator. Well-informed people do not talk that way at present, because they remember the slaves of the sunny South, and the thousands of unemployed and starving white men now tramping the country or sleeping in the station houses of the cities. Our law-making forces do many righteous acts, and many infamous deeds. We would never support an officer in doing wrong, and the penitentiaries of the country afford positiv evidence that the people of the country agree with us.

That the Anarchists had a fair trial (which is the only point really in dispute between the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER and his critics) Mr. Hazen brings the opinion of a Chicago lawyer. Let us see. Take the case of Mr. Neebe, for instance, who was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. The only proved connection between him and the Anarchists was that some time, several years ago, he owned stock in the *Arbeiter Zeitung*. He was not at the Haymarket meeting at all. Neither was Schwab, who was sentenced to be hanged. And there is no pretense from any one that any of the convicted men threw the bomb which killed Policeman Deegan and others. If a trial, resulting as that did, when such facts are undisputed, is a fair trial, then we want the definition of an unfair trial.

In Florida, for whose laws Mr. Hazen has, of course, infinit and unbounded respect, it is a misdemeanor to follow any pursuit on Sunday. Supposing some Christian asserted that he had seen Mr. Hazen cultivating his orange field on that day, and the grand jury should indict the Infidel. When Mr. Hazen goes to court he proves that he was miles away from his home on Sunday, and could not possibly be guilty. "Well," says the Christian, "some one was working on your place, and as you are known to be an Infidel, and to sympathize with men when arrested for Sabbath breaking, and as you own the orange grove, it doesn't make much difference; we will punish you for your sympathy with Sabbath-breakers, anyway." And supposing the court accepts that view of the case, and fines Mr. Hazen fifty dollars as it legally could, would he think he had had a fair trial? and would he ever after cheerfully support "all in office in their efforts to enforce the laws and to punish disturbers of the peace?" If he would, he deserves to be a slave to Sunday laws forever.

In the communications we hav printed upon the Chicago affair, we hav been as impartial as the number of manuscripts sent us would allow. We hav not suppressed opinions adverse to our own, neither hav we sought supporters. The proportion of communications pro and con on this subject, noted by Mr. Hazen, indicate how Freethinkers stand.

And lastly, we deny that we can injure the cause of liberty of opinion by advocating liberty of opinion. To us it is most amazing how Freethinkers, who are persecuted in many states, arrested and indicted because they express their honest opinions, can advocate the suppression by law of anybody's else opinion. Such men, it seems, advocate liberty when liberty is going their way, but when it conflicts with their notions, they clamor for the constable to suppress that treasonable fellow who disagrees with them. Christians are just as cocksure that Freethinkers are vipers that they hav warmed to life to sting them to death for their liberality as Mr. Hazen is that the Anarchists are. The Boonton Christians say, for instance, that the reason they arrested Mr. Reynolds was because he drew a crowd to his tent and disturbed the peace, besides insulting the Lord. Of course this is not so—for they arrested him for uttering heresy—but it is very easy to justify tyranny when the victim disagrees with us.

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AMONG the events of the week was the presentation to Dr. Curran, by the teachers and ex-teachers of St. Stephen's church, of a beautiful golden chalice, set with rubies and diamonds. St. Stephen's parish contains more starving, squalid Catholics to the square rod than any other piece of land in this country.

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WE hav heard a great deal of talk lately about the Catholic church being the shield of society against the discontent of the workers. But it seems that the Romish church, like St. Paul, is all things to all men, and shows different sides in different countries. It will surprise a good many to learn that Krupp, the great gun-maker of Germany, thinks it necessary to forbid his thousands of workmen to read two Catholic papers published in his neighborhood, the *Rhenisch Westfalische Volksfreund* and the *Essener Volks Zeitung*. In his circular Herr Krupp says he considers the papers dangerous to peaceful relations between employers and their work people, and prohibits all of his employees living in his dwellings from either keeping on hand or reading them. His oversecrs are directed to see that the ukase is carried out. It will strike an American that Mr. Krupp is rather exceeding his rightful province as an employer, and playing the part of a despicable tyrant. His employees are men, not slaves, and we hope that every one of them will read both papers.

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UNDER the auspices of the Home Missionary Society of the Methodist church, Mrs. A. F. Newman recently delivered a lecture on the "Evils and Treason of Mormonism" in this city. She said she had spent ten years in studying Mormonism in the polygamous homes and institutions of Utah. "Mormon Sunday-school books and catechism are so bad," she said, "that I would be arrested for sending them through the mails, yet immorality from these books is taught to innocent children, and the books daily read in homes and churches." This is about the same language Freethinkers use regarding the Jewish Bible and Christian worship from it. And inasmuch as the Mormon Bible is borrowed of the Jewish book, and is much the more decent of the two, we cannot but thiuk Freethinkers are better justified in their charges than Mrs. Newman. The Sunday-school paper published for Mormon children is thoroughly religious, and one has to be familiar with the craft to detect the difference between it and the Christian Sunday-school papers. Mrs. Newman, we fear, is prejudiced.

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As previously noted, the Romish church has been graciously pleased to award its approval to the Knights of Labor providing they do not accept certain social theories now widely advertised and accepted. Of this approval, Mr. Buchanan, one of the promineut Knights of Chicago, said: "There is no need to deny that the tendency of the organization is toward the doctrins of Henry George. Our constitution shows a pronounced bend in that direction. That accounts for the extremely qualifying nature of this papal indorsement. The ideas of George giv the motiv power to the instrument that will eventually ruin the church of Rome. These ideas deny the right of the church to the immense proprietorship of land which it has always wielded. In their hearts the papal authorities hate the Knights as they hated the Covenanters, and this feeble indorsement is merely an affair of expediency. It has a string fastened to it, and the string will be pulled the instant that it becomes plain that George and Dr. McGlynn are to continue in the ascendency. The church needs us more than we need it." As Mr. Buchanan is a Catholic, these words are promising.

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THE Rev. Myron W. Reed is talked of as successor to Henry Ward Beecher in Plymouth pulpit. Mr. Reed was a college mate, in the theological seminary, of the secretary of the American Secular Union, and is at present the most popular and brilliant preacher in Denver. When Mr. Putnam visited that city last summer, he described his whilom friend as a first-class heretic, preaching humanity and reform in this world, and possessed of too little theology to swear by. Reed likes to tell this joke on himself: When preaching in Indianapolis a few years ago, he took a trip to Michigan to fish and hunt. He made the acquaintance of several lay sinners, and his actions and conversations never revealed that he belonged to the cloth. When he left, he invited his newfound friends to call upon him if they visited Indianapolis. This they soon did, and inquired for "a lawyer by the name of Myron Reed." "Don't know one," they were told. "Don't know Myron Reed?" they rejoined. "He said any one in Indianapolis could tell us where he lived." "Oh, Myron Reed! He's a preacher." "A preacher!" exclaimed the Michiganders; "why, we thought he was a gentleman." "Reed is doing glorious work where he is," wrote Mr. Putnam, "but I believe he will do bigger work in the future." Perhaps Putnam's prophecy meant Plymouth pulpit.

# Letters from Friends.

MOUNT JACKSON, VA., April 4, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Your notice to me informing me that my subscription to your paper will soon expire is received. I herewith send you my check for $3 to renew my subscription. I do not know what I would do if I should be deprived of the regular weekly visits of THE TRUTH SEEKER, which has been a constant friend and companion since 1878. With best wishes I am sincerely your friend, L. WALTERS.

STANLEY, IOWA, April 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I take this opportunity to drop you a line for the purpose of informing you of our organization. We completed on the seventh of this month the organization of the Fayette County Secular Society, and elected our officers as follows: President, John S. Brewer, of West Union; vice-president, James F. Smith, of West Union; recording secretary, E. D. Godfrey, of Maynard; corresponding secretary, G. Hennage, of West Union; treasurer, Wm. Redfield, of Stanley; committee, Daniel Davis, of Fayette; Alexander Risk, of Stanley; A. C. Smith, of West Union; S. T. Barns, of Maynard; Joseph Patterson, of Brainard.

WM. REDFIELD.

DE LEON, IA., March 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. S. P. Putnam has given us three lectures in all. After his last two we organized a Secular Union with twenty-one members, a number of them ladies. We had regular meetings until the weather was too bad for our elder laborers to attend. Since then we hav been aiding literary societies, and a glorious good time we hav had. We hav a great variety of exercises, and discussed most every question. We hav some good talent, and on the whole we feel there has been progress made and in keeping with the time in which we liv. The question has been sprung in our county papers concerning teaching Bible in public schools, and one lady teacher admitted it was not a school book, and that she had just as good a right to teach Paine or Ingersoll in school as Bible, and many of our prominent citizens hav expressed themselvs in a similar manner. I am of the opinion the Bible should be confined to the church and Sunday-school, and let those teach it in their homes that wish to.

JOHN W. LONG.

NEW YORK, N. Y., April 11, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In your last issue, of the 9th inst., I noticed an article from the great Robert G. Ingersoll about the Rev. Dr. McGlynn and the Catholic church, which every honest man of toil should read. If that article should reach the strictest orthodox Catholic, it would open his eyes; it would lead him to see how inhuman the church is, what oppressiv means she uses against the laboring class that is supporting her.

Men! Men! when will you begin to see light? When will you learn to know that your fellow-being is not selected by God as your superior? And that the popes, the bishops, and archbishops (with two red caps or three white ones) are a fraud? The religious doctrins are only kept up by those whom you support and whom you nurse with your honest perspiration. To vote for whom you please, to act as a good citizen, and to lecture for a good cause is against the disciplin of the church. To follow the Corrigans, the Crokers, etc., is not against the disciplin of the church because it is "Tammany," you know.

Again, I wish to call your attention to an article from Quebec—which I read in this morning's paper—that an encyclical letter was read in the Catholic churches of Canada to-day suspending the condemnation of the Knights of Labor until the pope shall hav fully investigated the order and passed final judgment upon it. "What fool these mortals be!" B. W. GOLDOWSKY.

HARWICH, MASS., March 26, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $1.50, for which send THE TRUTH SEEKER for six months to inclosed address. We are told by the church people that we can do nothing of ourselvs. "God must do it all." Why doesn't he do it, then? If he is waiting to be gracious, and is desirous that we should be saved, who is to blame but himself for not saving us? If he can make us all good and happy, and won't do it, he ought to be ashamed of himself. They tell us we must pray, and pray in faith, for his blessings. What courage hav we to pray when Christians hav been praying sixteen hundred years, and never had a prayer answered yet? They must hav cheek in an eminent degree. But what sort of a God is he that needs to be coaxed to bless us? If I had the power that they say he has, I would not want coaxing to do the right thing. I'd put things to rights instanter, and put the devil on his good behavior at once.

But, there! how can we expect the stream to rise higher than the fountain? No more is it reasonable to think that people will make their gods better than themselvs.

I am not an alarmist, but I know but too well how glad ecclesiastics would be to put the yoke upon our necks, the ring in our noses, and march us into their ranks, or to the stake. Superstition is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and would bear the same fruit. We may hav our differences in minor matters, but must unite our efforts against our common enemy, until the earth is rid of its dreadful influence. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin." Of course not; and without a hell Christianity wouldn't be attractiv at all. Let a minister giv out that he don't believe in hell, and something is the matter at once. As the story goes, an orthodox woman and a restorationist got into a dispute upon religion, the woman accusing him of not believing in hell. "Oh, I believe in hell for awhile, after which we are restored." "Well," says the woman, "that's better than no hell at all." Christians are like Zachary Taylor—"giv 'em [the Mexicans] hell!" said he, and the soldiers were fired up anew to the conflict.

Well, Eugene, you are young, and in an influential position, and are surrounded, as it were, by a brilliant galaxy of contributors, who are splendid helpers; but let me tell you, you will hav your hands full to clean out the state of its corruption, and the church of its superstition. But it is only a question of time (the mills of the gods grind slowly), and I bid you goodspeed. B. F. ROBBINS.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., April 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Hark, from the tombs no doleful sound! Why, Dr. J. L. York, the pioneer of the Pacific coast, is here blowing the bugle-horn of Freethought, free speech, freedom, equal rights for man, woman, children; everybody—rich, poor, black, any color—the measure of the stature is mind, physical and mental culture, rounded by reason. His steel hammer blows tingle and will awake the dear souls who hear. Our Opera House has been packed for two nights, March 20th and 22d. The first night "Evolution *vs.* Creation" was handled in a masterly, scholarly, and not to say scientific manner would fail to tell the truth. The next night the subject was "Individuality," the packed house was held at times silent, anon bursting with applause as the sallies of pathos, wit, facts, and logic came from our esteemed and gifted orator.

The doctor goes East about the 1st of May on a lecture tour, and we of this coast bespeak for him an ovation as a hero of no small fame—red-hot from the Australian colonies—loaded, primed, ready for the fray. He blows his own trumpet, pays his bills, and you go away from his lectures a richer, braver, better man, woman, or child. Friends along the line should see to it and not let him pass by unheard. If fifty miles away and the news comes that Dr. York is coming, pack up and be off. There is only one York, and you cannot afford to miss hearing him. The doctor will not rest until he brings up at Paine Memorial Hall, Boston.

N. WOOLSEY.

READING, KAN., April 2, 287.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER is the welcome torch of freedom. It is the Bennett electric light of the nineteenth century.

I listened to Moody at Emporia, Kan., two years ago. He said that Infidels and skeptics made fun of Jonah and the whale story, but a true Christian will not doubt any of the Bible, and if it said that Jonah had swallowed the whale, he would believe it to be so.

Could not the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER and Liberals in Emporia and vicinity club together and get Brother Remsburg, or Putnam on his return trip from the West, to stir up the old snake? I will contribute my mite. I hav labored hard to keep its slime from our public school here. The board hired an orthodox teacher, and he holds a religious service each morning at the expense of Jew and gentile, orthodox and heterodox.

My little girl of eleven years asked me one evening if there was a man by the name of Elijah taken up to heaven in a whirlwind. She said the teacher was reading about him and another man, and she wanted to know if it was a Kansas cyclone he went up in. I told her to ask her teacher.

I told the board that I objected to having such stuff rubbed into my child, but they said that they had to abide by the will of the majority.

Valley Falls must be the Rome of Kansas, with the supreme court as pontiff.

The picture of March 26th is an exact one of the Methodist Episcopal church house of Reading.

I cannot do without your paper, so inclosed find a remittance. I hav tried to increase its circulation, and will send you a few names. W. O. DAVIES.

BERLIN, N. J., April 5, 1887.

FRIEND MACDONALD: I cannot tell you how glad I was to see your cartoon, "The Methodist Conference," in your issue of April 9th. It is capital! true to life—a picture in which the reverend drones can see themselvs as all really rational, thoughtful people see them, and ought to shame them out of the pulpit into some useful employment. It is so true to life that it ought to be posted up everywhere, in highways and byways, that all might see it. Two or three years ago three or four hundred Methodist bishops and priests held a great conference in Philadelphia. A city priest welcomed them to the city, and the priest who replied to him warned the people that they had come thither to occupy all the soft beds and eat all the good food and luxuries the city could furnish. Very different from their master, who could make a dinner of raw corn as he passed through the field after preaching, and never asked for soft beds or luxuries. But they worked their way into private families, two or more in a place, and the women went to work with a will to giv them soft beds and the "fat of the land;" and after they had waited on the dead-beats nearly four weeks, the question came up in the conference whether women should be licensed to exhort or preach, and was voted down; thus deciding to keep women a while longer on a level with idiots, according to the commands of St. Paul, who for eighteen hundred years has cursed women more than any other man that ever lived.

Women, as one of our cartoons represents, are the main supporters of the church. They are very nice to prepare soft beds and serve good food and luxuries for the indolent frauds; very nice to work slippers and make fancy morning-gowns for them; nice to get up fairs, feasts, festivals, and fancy shows, and beg to raise money for them, but when it comes to competing with the drones in the pulpit they must be kept down among idiots. They hav wit enough to know that wowen hav to work cheaper than men, and as any fool brought up in the church can repeat the old pulpit stories about an angry God, death, hell, and the devil—that no one knows anything about—they know that if women get to preaching their own occupation will be gone.

What a pity it is that women hav been so erroneously taught as to think it a duty to work for the reverend frauds! Go on with the pictures! They cannot fail of doing good. Thousands of churchmen will glance at a picture who would not read a line in your paper; and a glance at the pictures will set them to thinking, and thought, like leaven hid in dough, will finally leaven the whole lump, or open their eyes to the truth. All who take your paper ought to show the pictures to their pious neighbors. J. HACKER.

FARMINGTON, O., March 27, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Mrs Lydia L. Curtis, my wife. and for some years a subscriber for THE TRUTH SEEKER, died at De Funiak Springs, Fla., Feb. 24, 1887. She had been in poor health for some years, and went South in the hope of an improvement of health, but it was too late.

Though a Spiritualist she was not a bigot. She read THE TRUTH SEEKER with much interest, feeling that its work in showing the false claims of the church was of great service to the people.

Some of our personal friends who are mediums allege they hav seen and talked with her. She is joyous in the change. She is not weighted down with that enfeebled body. She explained the mystery to us of going off to die alone. She was very impressible herself, so we wondered and even faulted the spirits that they did not impress her to stay at home. She said they influenced her to go, that she could not stay long in the body anyway. If she stayed in her home, where everything was impregnated with her life-forces, and surrounded with her family and friends, she would be held by these influences till of very feebleness of body and spirit she could stay no longer. She would be much enfeebled in spirit, requiring time and treatment on the other side to recuperate. By going away she could slip off with comparativ ease, and be much better off as a spirit.

To many of the noble men and women working in the Liberal cause, this will seem to be idle vaporing, but I firmly believe they will find there is more to us than the breath in our nostrils; that there is no death, only change, and they will be able to work for the good of humanity, embodied and disembodied, after the change called death.

E. F. CURTIS.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., March 31, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: As a subscriber and admirer of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I wish to say a few words concerning it.

Since I began taking the paper, nearly two years ago, I hav found it impossible to do without it, and rather than giv it up now would pay double the price charged for it; in fact, to me it is "worth a farm," as the saying goes. The cartoons especially are certainly an important and essential feature of the paper, and are doing good work in showing to the masses how inconsistent is the Christian plan of salvation with the law of reason and common sense. Mr. Heston deserves much credit for his studiousness in so correctly illustrating the absurdities of Bible Christianity, so-called, and it is only fair to say that he is entitled to his share of praise in helping to make THE TRUTH SEEKER a warranted success. To deny that the effect is beneficial, as well as influential, is to repudiate the truth, for I know from my own personal experience that since you began the illustrations the paper has been sought for more than ever before by my Christian friends, and the anxiety they manifest each week to see the "pictures" is frequently quite amusing. The new subscriber I sent you last week was induced to take the paper because of its being so graphically illustrated, and he, no doubt, will giv it a wide circulation among his acquaintances, thereby lending his aid in spreading the gospel of humanity.

Only this week a minister said to me that one-half of the Congregational churches were going to hell, which simply confirms what Robert G. Ingersoll said a few years ago, that orthodoxy is dying. Well, let it die. It is of no earthly use to anyone but ministers and politicians, and perhaps now and then some man with more of an eye to business than anything else. Men with minds of their own, and who are possessed with sound and practical ideas, do not require it. But there is one thing we must not forget, and that is that while orthodoxy is dying, Catholicism is not. We can never hope to see universal freedom of thought established so long as a vestige of superstition remains, whether Catholic or Protestant. The rising generation, however, is improving somewhat in regard to independence of character, so far as religious matters are concerned, as is evinced by them in their determination to resent any interference of church authority in anything pertaining to amusements, such as dancing, card-playing, and so forth.

One town in this county, not far from here, as an example, has had a series of dancing-schools the past winter, attended principally by church-members, and the several ministers were so disturbed by such wicked proceedings that one of them could not sleep nights. He expostulated, but in vain, for they insisted on dancing, and did dance, much to the reverend's discomfiture. To offset their departure from the paths of righteousness, and to counteract the evil influence engendered thereby, a revival is now talked of. But it won't work, because people are getting so they don't take any stock in them whatever. Another town, adjoining the one referred to, has lately dismissed its pastor, who was of the old school theology, for the reason that he believed everybody but himself and a few near relativs were destined for hell. That was more than his congregation could stand, hence his departure for other and more congenial fields to labor in. Man made all the gods, heavens, hells, and bibles ever invented, and through fear of that greatest of all humbugs, hell, man has domineered over, tyrannized, bulldozed, threatened, tortured, and murdered his fellow-creatures for

ages. Since man abolished the infernal place, he has lost his grip on the people, as each succeeding year demonstrates. The light is breaking. Let the good work go on, and may you, Mr. Editor, and your able corps of assistants, liv long enough to see the end of all priestcraft and superstition, is the sincere wish of, Yours truly, A. L. F.

WARRENSBURGH, N. Y., April 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $1, which please use as directed. I am pleased to read the "Letters from Friends," and also the letters from the children to Miss Wixon; pleased to think that the young and rising generation may progress high above the degradation and superstition of the church; that they may not wallow in the mire and dirt for sixty years, as I hav, and pay insurance against the orthodox hell. I am not the only one among the many of THE TRUTH SEEKER readers that has traveled the same dark and narrow way. If I were, I should feel chagrined to hav anyone know it. I owe my salvation to THE TRUTH SEEKER, for snatching me from that eternal sheol. I feel now that I am out of the darkness of superstition, and I see the bright light that has always been hid under the clergy's cloak. This town is next to Boonton, N. J. Last September Mr J. T. Brown came here with me from the convention at White Sulphur Springs, and I engaged the hall for the lecture on Wednesday, the 15th. Well, on that evening the hall was well filled—about one hundred, nearly all young people. The subject was, "Modern Infidelity," and when the lecture was about half through, the young ladies began to leave, and the young men, and they went into the street and commenced to yell and hoot, so that we could not hear what the speaker said, and soon began to throw dirt and gravel, which broke up the lecture. The most of the young people were Catholics, who came for that purpose, and said that if he was there the next evening they would hav tarred and feathered him. So, my dear readers, you can see the hot bed that I am in. May THE TRUTH SEEKER float over this nation till orthodoxy shall go to oblivion. WM. WILCOX.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Cardinal Manning, in his letter on the Knights of Labor, says: "Hitherto the world has been governed by dynasties. Henceforth the holy see will hav to deal with the people. The more clearly and fully this is perceived, the stronger Rome will be." How thankful the people or America ought to be to his holiness, the pope, to take the place of dynasties, and so deal with the people as to strengthen Rome! What a glorious end of this great republic—a mere prop to strengthen Rome! How hav the mighty fallen!

I see another bishop writes that the church cannot agree to abet Henry George, because he advocates theft; he wants to steal the land; and yet they support the Irish, who are making the same demand. Why is this? Because they can harass a Protestant nation by advocating in Ireland what they condemn in America. We all know that all nations that hav been enslaved hav been first deprived of the land, either by the sword or by some more ingenious way of getting possession of it, for instance, giving it to corporations, or selling it to syndicates. Why, all the land in Europe has been stolen from the rightful owners, the people, and by that means they hav enslaved the many to the few. Who advocates theft but the church and the tyrants they support? Henry George wants the land restored to the people, the rightful owners, and I suppose he wants those who use it to pay a fair rent for the privilege. He would hav no exemption, not even if it was covered over with churches. One of the greatest evils now is the exemption of church property from taxation. Why should the whole people be made to pay the taxes for the churches? It is the grossest of tyranny, as it looks to me. J. DOWNES.

LEXINGTON, KY., April 2, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: A writer for your paper remarks that women wish to "love passionately." Such critics should devote themselvs to the cause of reform—no one cares whether by reason or love, so they are successful. But to be constantly casting jewels into the sea will do no good. I propose that the subject of prison reform be agitated by them at once. Shall not a portion of the convicts' wages be reserved for their future use in some place where they can use it to advantage? Or shall they be cast upon the world with five dollars?

Also, let those not satisfied with the feeble suggestions of women organize an Infidel tract society. Keep these subjects before the people, and in a few months something better than criticism can be accomplished. How mortified I feel, nearly every day, to hav five or six tracts handed me by Christians, when I hav nothing to offer in return!

Nextly, as the Catholics expect to canonize a new saint, Sir Thomas More, let us remember how piously said More, three hundred years ago, dragged James Bainham, an honest lawyer, for his opinions, into his coal-cellar, where he was chained to a post and lashed. The bishop of London kindly repeated this ceremony. More then caused this miserable man to be racked in the holy tower of London, and lastly burnt at Smithfield. Such demonstrations would giv a charming luster to piety, even in this degenerate age.

As to the cartoons, they burst upon us like the thunders of an apocalypse! They tell us, in powerful tones, what has been, what might hav been, what will be. Alas for the Belshazzars who behold their power departing! How their knees knock together with fear! How they compromise!

Modern Jews reject the follies to which their ancestors clung. In their papers we find the remark, "Worshiping God injures the nervous system; the mind is diseased which is guilty of this act." Then think of the vile scum of a corrupt ancient book pasted over the brains of the "people" of the United States; its silly doctrins descanted upon every Sabbath by men who certainly do not mean a word they say. Cicero would hav regarded with loathing a people who preferred St. Paul and Isaiah and Jeremiah to Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. We know, then, the condition of our literature. It is palsied by this and other errors, and it is diseased, languishing, stifled, cowardly, corrupt, sniveling, apologizing to the most disgusting of human beings, flattering the most ignorant of the clergy. How can a manly literature exist in such an age, noted chiefly for its priest-ridden, shoe-wiping people, devoid of all nobleness and independence, the lust of mammon being the strongest incentiv to action?

And then the foolish women, who allow clergymen to whine over their children and teach them what they know to be lies, but hav not the courage to say so! Some remark that an American poem has never been written. But you know what a beauty it would be—brimful of flattery, falsehood, deception; incapable of a robust philosophy; plentifully flavored with the filthy, decayed scraps and refuse which the modern Jew has cast from him with loathing and contempt.

This being Lent, I attended church, and was duly informed that God is slow to anger. I suppose he has heard of the new probation scheme, and is cooling off a part of sheol for the reception of persons who would hav been devout if they had enjoyed the chance. And think what a pleasure is in store for them! They will soon know all about Jonah, and Samson, and others like them. The people of India do not seem "dispoged" that way, as Mrs. Gamp remarked.

Pericles remarked that "the post of honor was generally that of danger." Of the two, I would rather flatter and praise an Anarchist than a greedy monopolist, for without such fiery hearts the very name of freedom would be a mockery and byword upon the earth. Tremble not if palaces crumble and the ruins of a false civilization lie thick around you. So the lovely light of virtue is not extinguished, the full sunshine of hope is blazing upon the home of the patriot and honest man. ALHAZA.

KENT, OHIO, March 29, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: A few years ago your subscriber brought the first TRUTH SEEKER to Kent. And after a time, by dint of much perseverance and persuasion, I succeeded in getting a few subscribers, and bought a lot of Truth Seeker tracts and pamphlets, including "The Bible Abridged," "Crimes of Preachers," Bennett's "Open Letter to Jesus Christ," etc., many of which hav long since gone the way of Michael Servetus—but of course the average Christian will not know what that means, so I will simply say for his information that they fell into the hands of Christians and they burnt them up for Christ's sake, just the same as that saint, John Calvin, burnt Servetus. Well, after awhile we organized a Secular Society and a Library Association, and purchased a small library of you. And right here I will say that Helen Gardener's "Men, Women, and Gods" and Graves's "Sixteen Crucified Saviors" are in great demand, and we will hav to hav some extra copies to accommodate the friends. Our library is producing a wonderful revolution in thought, and its membership is daily increasing. I need not tell you how THE TRUTH SEEKER is progressing. The simple fact that our secretary has sent you a list of over fifty subscribers and the money for the same yesterday will speak for itself. I tell you, Friend Macdonald, a club of that size is not got without some work. The highway of Freethought, like Jordan, is a hard road to travel. It is not strewn with flowers, as many suppose. The secretary and myself in tramping over the country soliciting TRUTH SEEKER subscribers, and members to our society and library, meet with many a rebuff and insult, but when we contemplate and realize how much our labors lessen the sum of human misery and increase the sum of human happiness in this world, we feel as though we were amply remunerated.

And right here let me say that the greatest obstacle we meet with in working for your paper is the opposition of the women. We meet every day with good, whole-souled, Liberal men, who would be glad to take the paper if it were not for the opposition of their wives; they are so afraid it will ruin and demoralize their children. They are given free license to rummage among the filth and nastiness of the Bible, but when the TRUTH SEEKER agent appears in the family and makes his business known, the loving wife throws her arms around her husband's neck and kisses him, and, with tears streaming down her face, says: "For heaven's sake, husband, please don't bring that paper in the house and blight our lives and wreck our future happiness by bringing our boys to the gallows and our girls to a life of shame! Please don't! I beseech you by all the love you bear me and our dear children, please don't let them see those naughty pictures. That is a dear, good man!" And of course that settles it, for no man could resist such an appeal as that; and your agent, seeing that his little game is up, and feeling that he is treading on sacred ground, quietly makes his exit and leaves this couple in the full enjoyment of their second honeymoon. Brother Remsburg hit the nail on the head when he said the priests run the women and the women run the churches. The mainstay and bulwark of the churches to-day are the women, and to overcome and remove this great obstacle in the way of Liberalism and human progression we must depend in a great measure on the help of women, as women authors and women lecturers can, and do, for obvious reasons, effect much more in this direction than the men possibly can. Hence I wish to urge upon Liberals everywhere the importance of keeping our lady lecturers employed. The brave band of women who, at home or in the field, are, with their self-sacrificing spirit, devoting the best years of their lives to this cause are deserving of and should receive every possible encouragement.

The books written for children by those noble women, Mrs. Slenker and Miss Wixon, are worth their weight in gold, and should find their way into every home in the land. They are worth more than all the Sunday-school books ever written, and Miss Wixon's little lessons in the children's department are worth more than all the Sunday-school lessons that ever were taught. And the names of this noble band of women, like the name of the immortal Paine, will become household words, and their portraits will adorn the homes of millions long after Bibles hav become a thing of the past and every priest of to-day will hav moldered into dust and been forgotten.

Friend Macdonald, I set out to say something about the works of our society and the obstacles we are encountering in the way of opposition from bigoted priests and editors, but I will hav to defer that until another time, as I hav already written enough to fill your waste-basket. We expect to be able to send you some more subscriptions soon.

Mr. Watts will be with us on the 5th and 6th of April, and we expect Mrs. Reynolds and Mr. Washburn soon. C. Fannie Allyn spoke to us March 27th on "The Past, Present, and Future of Woman." Miss Allyn is truly a wonderful little woman, and her heart is in the right place. In a letter from her she said that in her twenty years' work she had never allowed a matter of dollars and cents to stand in the way of doing good. That is the right spirit.

Yours truly, B. F. CONAWAY.

BRADFORD, PA., April 3, 1887.

MY DEAR FRIEND BROOKS: I hav read and reread your reasons for believing in Spiritualism. In regard to its philosophy and theory it is all very well, and, considering our education, very natural.

We all wish to liv again and perpetuate our identity; we all dread to think that after death we will be lost in nature. But likes and dislikes prove nothing, and our imagination throws no light upon the question. What we want is facts.

I find no satisfaction in the orthodox scheme of salvation and a future life. Better hav no heaven than to hav a hell. If death ends in one long eternal sleep, it is a thousand times better than eternal pain. The fact that thousands of good men and women hav believed in it is in no way satisfactory to me. Such has been the case with all the religions and isms the world has ever known.

I do not wish to circumscribe any science or phenomena known to the world, but when I look around me and see that everything in the universe dies, I hav a right to suppose and believe that it is a final death. One life and one identity is the law of our nature.

You must draw hard upon your imagination if you think that after death you will liv in ghost form, and float around through space, or sit with folded hands in heaven. I am too much of an evolutionist for that.

We agree that all that is is natural; then the only question for us to settle is, Can a person liv after he is dead?

Time and space being valuable in this communication, I will omit hearsay evidence, frauds, exposures, and my own personal experience. From the tenor of your letter I judge you rely upon materialization to support your faith, as you refer to one, "Miss Fairchild, of Boston, producing from fifty to one hundred spirit forms in the presence of a score of disinterested spectators."

Now, Mr. Brooks, if that is a fact, it can be done again and the question or truth of Spiritualism settled forever.

We hav in the United States, besides Miss Fairchild, one thousand materializing mediums, one thousand clairvoyants, one thousand clairaudiants, hundreds of slate-writers, and Indian controls to numerous to mention.

I do not question your right, or ability, to know more about spirits than I do, but I do wish to hav some such spirit knowledge imparted to me, and verified in a scientific way.

I believe the world has been wofully humbuged in regard to orthodox religion, and that the whole story of supposed revelation is a big fraud upon the human race.

I will be frank with you and tell you that I think that Spiritualism is an outgrowth of religion and creeds, and both are born of ignorance and superstition.

The time will soon come when the orthodox God, devil, hell, gospel-craft and spookcraft of every description will hav to take their place with the superstitions of the world.

For the benefit of yourself and humanity, I will giv one hundred dollars to any medium that will come to Bradford and materialize spirits, or produce evidence of spirit return, to the satisfaction of three scientific man—one to be selected by you, one by me, and they to select the third one.

Mediums ought to feel it their duty to accept this proposition. They are traveling all over the world asking for jobs at one and two dollars a head; now they hav a chance to earn one hundred dollars, and convert an Infidel Materialist. If they report in favor of Spiritualism, I shall consider the money well invested. If not, it will cost you nothing, and you will find out for the first time in your life that you hav been nursing a delusion.

I had the pleasure of meeting D. M. Bennett at Watkins Glen the last year of his life, and just after his journey around the world. I did not understand from him then that he was a Spiritualist, but he did assure me that "the world had been humbuged by every kind of religion."

John, we had better not stop now to discuss belief. If you find a medium that will accept my offer, perhaps Bennett, and hosts of others, will materialize, and all questions will be settled at once. Let us try and be happy while we hav an earthly existence, for very soon we will grow weary and fall to sleep in nature's arms, and help to make up the elemental wealth of the world. Don't allow your mediums to put you off, tell them as the orthodox do us, "Procrastination is the thief of time." Select your referee, and name the day you will put in an appearance, and I will be prepared to meet you. Always for truth, C. J. CURTIS.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## Look Forward.

Wbat though our home, our old country home,
Where we used in our childhood to play, friends,
Now that our sun near setting has come,
Long ago went the road to decay, friends?

Then from the future we borrowed our joys,
Now our thoughts to the past are returning,
Dream we of days when, fondling our toys,
Hope's fire freshly kindled was burning.

Life is too short to fill with regret,
To mourn over what cannot be mended;
Doing our best with what we hav yet,
Let our acts with more wisdom be blended.

Not all in vain our living appears,
Though we've reached not that wherefor we've striven,
Reap we the fruit of ripening years,
While our last days the best we are given.

JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

## Virginia's Visit.

Virginia was born far inland on the shore of the Great Salt Lake, and in the shadow of the precipitous Wahsatch mountains. There she grew up within the walls of the famous Lion House, dreaming of oceans of real sea water, and oceans of real pleasure, some day when Time should make her contemplated visit to California a reality. And now since the time has come, she is here in all her physical and mental attraction, to the joy of herself and others. Everything, including the people, is strange to her, but, as might be expected, she is in love with our country, the climate, and the sea as she follows its beach to gather mosses, or sees it from her home on the *mesa* above the little picturesque city of Santa Barbara, with its five thousand inhabitants, "mostly fools," as some writer wrote. From her chamber window she looks out over the endless expanse of blue waters with a delight not confined to those who hav spent their childhood in its daily optical survey, and whose infant ears knew no separation from its roar. She has not yet witnessed its grandeur under the lash of a tempest, but from the elevation that adds to its fascination she looks out over the undulated liquid space and longs to spread her imaginary wings and mingle with the white gulls circling between the two skies. "Oh dear!" says my romantic friend, "I'm so impatient! Will the flying-machine man never finish his task? I want to navigate independent of gravity. Am I never to become an angel either by real or by artificial means? Next to being a real angel, I long to be a bird—one of those mysterious sea-birds using the avenues of the air in activ hours and the ocean's surface as its couch of rest."

Santa Barbara she thinks is "just lovely," with its flower gardens, vinyards, orchards, giant eucalyptus-trees, acacias, palms, lemon, orange, and the favorit shade trees; the peppers, which, with their cataracts of bright green fern-leaf foliage, and waxy, pink ornamented clusters of berries, are the delight of all strangers.

Virginia says she has now realized a few of the great desires of her life. She has seen the cowled monk in the flesh, without which she may never meet him. She has sat through the mummeries of vespers in one of the old mission churches, and enjoyed the novelty of watching the Franciscan friars in their foreign worship. She has been rocked to sleep on the broad bosom of the Pacific Ocean, and, by the way, she says, too, it wasn't as pacific as it might hav been; but she didn't care much, as another triumph was added—that of the sublime sea having touched her stomach as well as her heart. She has tricked a solitary fish from the unknown depths, which I tell her was real naughty, since the god that made all must, too, hav meant for fishes to be free in their desire for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. With me she has, too, bathed in the waters that at the other side of the "tub" lave the shores of our moon-faced and almond-eyed Asiatic sister at the antipodes.

Virginia wished she could hav given some of her Utah friends, and the circle of the Children's Corner, some of the delicious figs that were ripe in her uncle's orchard in over-abundance in their season. As she couldn't, she is gathering sea-ferns that are as fine as lace and in delicate colors for future distribution among her correspondents. Of these ferns has been written:

"Mermaids are prodigal, I ween—
Their laces on the beach are seen.
Carelessly tossed from coral door,
The tide soon sweeps them to the shore.
Economy they'd need to learn
If out on land their bread they'd earn.
Why don't they keep some "catch-all" bags,
For silks and lace and other rags?

*Santa Barbara, Cal.* DAGMAR MARIAGER.

## Ralph's Reward.

"I won't do it," cried Ralph Morton, when his mother asked him to stay at home with her, as they lived some distance from the village; and off went the naughty boy, regardless of his mother's pleading. Ralph was very disobedient, and oftimes when vexed he would treat his mother very cruelly. Ralph hurried off to join in the game of ball in the pasture. While he was playing he fell and sprained his ankle severely. He was carried home by the boys and placed in bed, where he was confined for some time. When Ralph was entirely recovered he told his mother in many words that he would obey her in the future. The mother listened to the statement, although he had made so many such promises that she could hardly believe him. But the next day, however, Ralph had an opportunity. His mother went to town and left him entirely alone. Ralph at once set to work carrying wood, water, and doing anything he could find to do which would be beneficial to his mother, nor did he stop even for an instant.

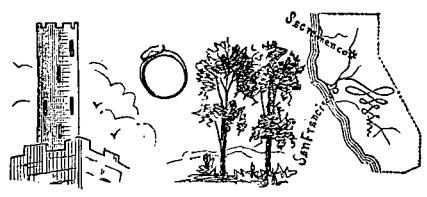
Mrs. Morton had returned, and a surprise was in store for Ralph—she had brought him a new suit of clothes, books, and toys, and, as he expressed it, a "regular Christmas-tree."

Ralph was highly pleased with his reward, and throughout his life he never forgot how well it pays to obey his parents, and that a boy's best friend is his mother.

FRANK V. DRAPER.

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.




What travelers tell us.

2.—AN APOSTROPHE TO GOD.

"Unlooked for good luck," you may depend,
Without changing a letter,
Means something better—
That is, the *deity's end.*
And thus would I *apostrophize*
That awful monarch of the skies;
Would aim just where I've set *the mark*
In death to place him stiff and stark.

J. K. P. B.

3.—AOROSTIO AND ANAGRAM.




Arrange the initials of the names of the objects surrounding the inner picture so as to make how the cat appears.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER APRIL 16, 1887.

1.–Strausburg.
2.–Butterflies open as hinges do.
3.–
T
SAD
SABER
TABORET
DERIDE
REDAN
TENT

4.–
In peace one tunes the shepherd's reed,
In war he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls of gay attire is seen;
In hamlets dances on the green.

5. D—astar—d.

## Correspondence.

AXTELL, KAN., April 10, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write a letter for the Children's Corner. Father takes THE TRUTH SEEKER. I like the pictures and the Corner. I am nine years old. I hav a brother, Starr, four years old. I hav a sister four months old, named Daisy Belle. We hav five calves. School commenced last Monday. I read, write, spell, and study arithmetic. I like to study and learn. Cousin Charlie lived with us two years. I want to make as good a school-teacher as he is. This is all for this time.

JUDGE MERRITT MINER.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 12, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: This is my first attempt to write a letter. I've been reading in the Children's Corner. Mrs. Hansson takes THE TRUTH SEEKER. She is my music-teacher, and I often visit her. I am nearly ten years of age, and hav been going to school three months, and stopped for the winter. I hav one brother and two sisters. My mother is sick in bed to-day. My mother does not like me to read THE TRUTH SEEKER, but I read it anyway, and look at the pictures, which I admire very much. I am writing this at Mrs. Hansson's house. I will close for this time. I am ever your friend,

FLORENCE MAY SMITH.

LISBON, Iowa, April 11, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Since I hav seen so many girls and boys writing to the Corner, I thought I would write too. I am going to school now, read in the Fourth Reader, and study grammar, arithmetic, spelling, physiology, and geography. My teacher's name is Mattie Alexander. I like her very well. We are the only Freethinkers in the county. My sister's and our school commenced two weeks ago. I read the Corner every week, and like it very well. My brother wrote not long ago, and I think it is my turn now. I will be ten on the fourth of December. It will be summer soon. It is quite warm now. I guess my letter is too long, so I will close for this time. I would like to be with you, and we could talk better.

From your Freethinker friend,

M. E. SAILOR.

CROMWELL, IA., April 12, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav written once to the Children's Corner, and seeing it in print I concluded I would write again. I hav just finished reading "Apples of Gold" and "Story Hour," and like them very much. I think little Susie must hav been handsome from the looks of her picture, and I would like to hav seen her. I hav a little sister three years old whom we call Edna, and my brother is sixteen in May—his name is George. We liv on a farm one mile from town. There are two churches here, the Methodist and Congregational. I do not go to church. I hav not been there for almost a year, but I do go to school.

Our school celebrated Washington's birthday in the Methodist church on the twenty-second. I had a declamation, subject, "To the Priests, Greeting." The church-members thought their church would be haunted for a year.

The next day of school one of the girls asked me if I wasn't ashamed to speak such a piece in the church, and I told her, "No, not a bit." You hav a good many correspondents so I will close my letter.

From your little Freethinker friend,

MINNIE M. GEIER.

SOUTH BOSQUE, TEXAS, April 7, 287.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Again I attempt to enter the grand old Corner, with much fear of that basket. I am still trying to convert my orthodox friends to Liberalism. I can't do much except scatter Liberal papers, but that I do with the greatest of pleasure. And I hav had the pleasure of seeing a good many picked up and put in pockets with great care. Freethought is spreading rapidly in this country. The orthodox hav made almost an entire failure with their Holy Ghost books. One year here generally does for the ministers. They leave without the love of Christ over their flock.

Father keeps "Modern Balaam" tacked on the wall for his orthodox friends to look at. I hav had some tell me if they were in my place they would tear it down and burn it. I told them I liked to look at it too well to destroy it. They just frown on me and drop the subject. We all like the pictures, and say, "Hurrah for Watson Heston!" The orthodox say, "Wait until the day of judgment comes, and then see the Infidels on their knees sending up thousands of prayers!" "But," they say, "it will be too late for them. They will be forever lost." I suppose they will need all the room they can get, and let the Infidels take care of themselvs.

I like the story written by J. R. Perry—"My Neighbor's Dog." It is a true story. I hav known a few just such cases as that of old Carlo—old fathers and mothers driven from their homes by their own sons and daughters to beg or starve, while their children made use of their hard earnings.

Mr. J. D. Shaw, of Waco, is traveling and lecturing; I hope he will convert a good many to Liberalism. Everybody likes him and thinks him a good man, except a few orthodox people, that fight hard against Infidelity, but they are not so scary of Freethinkers as they used to be. They seem to be more willing to giv them their rights.

With much love to the Corner, I will close, hoping, if this is thought worth its room, to see it in print. I remain

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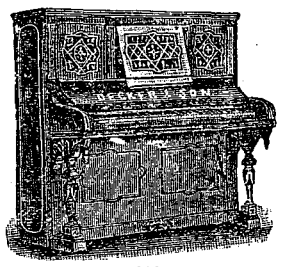
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*Beloved Bible-Bangers:* The rain falleth upon the just as well as upon the unjust, if they do not know enough to go in when it rains. Then they take cold, sneeze, gape, hav too much stuffing in the head and too much fever and agony in the bones and such, as a reward for not stepping off the track when the train wants to go by. And how many of you know even the one-thousand-nine-hundred-and-sixteenth part of what the Big Book called the Bible contains?

Did you ever read of Raguel and his daughter Sara, and get onto the great, big, double-breasted lesson the story teaches? The choir being off on a strike to-day, in order to giv moral support to the sausage-case makers, you will please pass on the singing. Deacon Popover will turn the singing-book down and your parson will make it and go it alone on the following text, copied verbatim from the VII. chapter and eleventh verse of Tobit, *videlicet:*

11. I hav given my daughter in marriage to seven men, who died that night they came in unto her; nevertheless, for the present be merry.

There were great lights in those days, as wrote one whose history of things was too good to lose and not good enough to bind, so they sandwiched it in as the Apocrypha.

Tobias had some trouble, and went away to find a wife. Here is where Tobias differed from some others who hav trouble and who go away to find some other man's wife, and split kindling-wood, kindle a fire, crack hickory-nuts, and sorter hang around the neighborhood till they get into more trouble. Beware! brethren and sisters, beware of the man who unties himself from home too easily and of those who hold candles over their heads and peer out into the darkness too frequently.

Tobias journeyed till he came to the river Tigris. Then he took a bath. Dearly beloved, so long as there is no real scarcity of water, bathe. So long as water runs toward your door, and the clouds giv of rain in seasonable abundance, emulate the example of Tobias and take a bath. Open the pores so the devil in your system can get out, take a walk, and forget to come back. Your parson often bathes, sleeps the better, and works the easier for it. Selah!

Then Tobias journeyed on to Ectabana and brought up at the house of Raguel, who had a daughter named Sara.

O Sara, Sara!
And the bells they go ringing for Sara.

Raguel was a man of renown. His Sara was a girl of attractions. We all know, dear brethren, that girls who are attractiv are objects of attention. Your parson does not mean those girls who chew cheap gum and read novels while mother is darning their socks. Those girls who are brought up to ride a gate and hold out their lips for tobacco juice. Those girls who hav holes in the heels of their stockings, and whose hair smells sour for want of savon and aqua pura, or, in homespun dialect, plain soap and water. Or those girls who are so fly as to be flip, and so flip as to escape the flies. Or those girls who prefer holes to mends and going a-visiting at meal times rather than getting something at home.

Sara was an attractiv girl. Seven men, from the butcher and the baker, the sinner and the Quaker, the snoozer and the waker, and likewise an undertaker, were called in, having been smitten, and then sent for a priest or other marital functionary.

Seven times had Raguel given his daughter in marriage, and seven times the morning following had he carried out the lifeless remains of the husbands of a night.

Imagin the feelings of that fond father! Imagin the patience of Sara! Imagin, if you will, the piles of wedding dresses and wedding cake slaughtered on these seven several occasions! One man went in as a husband and was knocked out. Another picked up a slate-pencil and proposed to try the multiplication table, as it were, and multiplied himself to the greater population on the other side. The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth man came up smiling and went out on a board. Still Sara was on deck, like Hannah at the window, binding shoes, for years after her lover was lost at sea.

Raguel may hav fretted, and worried, queried as he buried, but he never whimpered. He kept the hinges of the front gate greased so the swing of the thing would not alarm the dog, and welcomed all who came. The tracks all led one way, but Raguel could not help it. He bought a private graveyard of his own and kept on filling it. There were no such daily papers as we hav now or the life of Josephus in nineteen volumes and an appendix would hav been a minor catechism compared to what they would hav dished up as salacious news for a farinaceous people.

The seventh man came. Like the man who walks right up to where the man who died of delirium tremens received his last stab, he jogged on, thinking to beat the game. Arrayed in the best store clothes, he too was married. The next morning Raguel kindly carried him out and left him on deposit with the aged sexton. And still, Sara bloomed serenely.

Oh, what patience was there! Job! well, Job had surface indications of being a patient man, but he was a novice compared to Sara. Why, she almost had patience enough to discover America, build the Brooklyn bridge, or drive the Atlantic-Pacific Railway Tunnel. Sara knew what she had and that it would be only a question of time before all would be well. How your parson would like the photograph of Sara! And the six intrepid braves who followed the footsteps of the first! Blessed are the brave ones who die a trying, as well as the weaker ones who try a dying.

Tobias saw Sara, and probably heard of her trials. That is, if the people then were as now—fond of talking about what is none of their business, and which they cannot understand. He went out to the Raguel cemetery, scanned the graves, took off his coat, spat on his hands and was married. He was married to Sara, and Sara was married to Tobias.

That night, we suppose, Raguel went out and dug another grave, and prepared his back for the anticipated exercise of the morrow.

Now, mark you! The morrow came, as all morrows will if you will quietly lean back and giv them a chance. They will come if you don't lean back, so you need not worry because they are not here now. Raguel came in from digging grave No. 8. He was one of those men who know that what happened yesterday would happen to-day! There are plenty of such men in the world—descendants of Raguel, as there are descendants of Ananias and Saphira combine.

Raguel was one of these men who bets on his own family, but alas! he went too often this time. He told Mrs. Edna Raguel to send a maid to open the door so he could go in and bring out the corpse, and bring it so no one would know it.

"So the maid opened the door, and went in and found them both asleep.

"And came forth, and told them that he was alive!"

And they feasted fourteen days. That was two days each for the seven men who tried to and failed. Yes, they feasted. And Sara had a husband and Tobias had a wife, and when she departed thence with her husband, Raguel, her father, said unto her:

"Honor thy father and thy mother-in-law."

Here we hav the divine command to honor the mother-in-law. And yet, you who are silly in your idiocy, and who indulge in cheap, corn-cob wit, and who hav no overplus of manhood, are continually berating your mother-in-law when, next to your wife, she is the best one in the family, omitting the children.

Giv your mother-in-law a rest. Turn in, all of you, and abuse your parson, but let your mother-in-law alone. She feels worse about it than you do.

Again, and lastly.

See what comes as a reward for patience. Sara was a good stayer. Incidental disappointments did not put ruffling into her breast. She felt that she would get there in time. She knew all along, by a big majority, that the right man had not yet come. And Tobias knew it. He could see and feel with all the feel that he felt, that because seven men had failed, there was no proof that the eighth would not get there. Do not fret. Do not worry. Do not go fishing simply because seven other men hav failed in one undertaking. And don't you, dear brethren and sisters, don't fall into the habit of digging a grave for your parson, or any other patient, persistent, pertinacious, pegging-away pilgrim till his candle is snuffed out so the curious can't see him dressing for the next world. The man who is born to marry Sara; to accomplish; to get there and get away again in good shape, has been known to get there quite numerously.

Tobias lived to be one hundred and twenty-seven years old, which was longer than lived some of those who counted on his occupying a grave before his time.

Don't forget Tobias!

The choir will please open their mouths so as to not mumble, and sing with a loud voice, the 5th verse of the 112th Psalm;

A good man doth his favors show, and doth to others lend,
He with discretion his affairs will guide unto the end.

Now let us go home, and as we think of Mr. and Mrs. Raguel, and their daughter Sara,

Don't forget Tobias.

## Resolutions.

Myrtle Assembly, 4,808, Knights of Labor, unanimously adopted the following resolutions of condolence and sympathy:

SEATTLE, W. T., April 9, 1887.

*Resolved*, That it is a just tribute to the memory of our deceased brother, Daniel M. Crane, a member of Queen City Assembly, No. 3,413, of the Knights of Labor, and also one of the organizers of the Liberal League of Seattle, and its president for over four years, to say that in regretting his removal from our midst we mourn for one who was in every respect worthy of our esteem and affection.

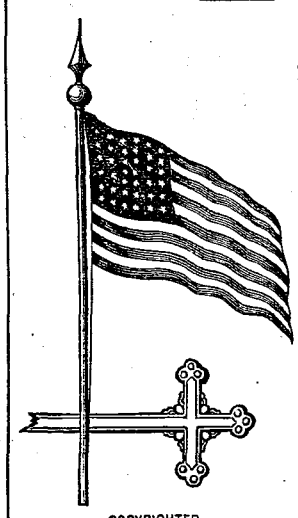
*Resolved*, That we sincerely condole with the family of our deceased brother, who, through the unchangeable laws of nature, has been removed from our midst and gone to rest, believing that whatever nature has provided for our future he will share with the brightest and best.

*Resolved*, That copies of this heartfelt testimonial of our sympathy and sorrow be transmitted to the *Daily Voice of the People* and the New York TRUTH SEEKER, of which he was for many years a subscriber, and also to the bereaved wife and daughters of our deceased brother.

J. C. COOLIDGE, M. W.

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(E. M. 287.)

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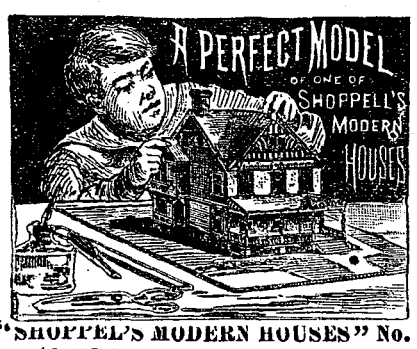
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## News of the Week.

DR. MCGLYNN and his sympathizers hav organized an "Anti-Poverty Society."

THERE were destructiv tornadoes in the West last week. In Kansas and Missouri many lives were lost and much property destroyed.

MORE than $11,000 has been subscribed for the Beecher monument.

THE Women's Suffrage convention was held in this city last week.

THE trial of Jacob Sharp, who furnished the boodle for our boodle aldermen, is set down for May 11th.

VICTOR HUGO'S will has been admitted to probate in London. He owned $460,000 worth of property in England.

ANDREW CARNEGIE, millionaire and Socialist, was married to Miss Whitfield, of this city, last week. They hav gone to Europe.

LIEUTENANT DANENHOWER, who commanded the disastrous Jeannette Arctic expedition, committed suicide at Annapolis, Md., on the 20th.

BEECHER'S church has no settled pastor, and various aspiring preachers are practicing in its pulpit. Last Sunday the Rev. Mr. Smith, a young Methodist from St. Paul, Minn., spread himself before a small congregation.

THE Pinkerton special policeman who during the coalhandlers' strike shot and killed young Hogan, is indicted for manslaughter.

ALL the silversmiths of New York who belong to the Knights of Labor are locked out by their employers, who will not take them back until they leave the order.

THE London *Times* has published a letter purporting to hav been written by Parnell condoning the murder of Burke and Cavendish in Phœnix Park. Parnell declares the letter a forgery.

THE editor of the Omaha *Bee* was recently hit in the face and knocked down by the editor of the *Republican*, of the same place, who hit him with a billy. The assailant is under $6,000 bail. The trouble grew out of matter which appeared in the *Bee*.

THE bill for the total prohibition of the liquor traffic in New Foundland was defeated in the assembly of that colony. The vote was so close that the speaker cast the decisiv ballot. The advocates of the bill are confident that it will be carried at the next session.

THE Vatican, in answer to inquiries as to whether the pope was in favor of having a reconciliation with Italy on the basis of renunciation of the papal claims to temporal power of the pope, says that the pope desires peace with Italy, but has never thought of abandoning the rights of church or papacy.

GOVERNOR HILL of New York sent a message to the Senate at Albany one day last week. It was a rebuke of the way the Senate had acted in neglecting to confirm his appointments, and the clerk of the Senate, being a Republican, refused to receive it. The message was thereupon read by Lieut.-Gov. Jones, but the senators kept up such a howling that none of it could be heard. The scene is characterized as the most disgraceful ever enacted in the New York legislature.

THE excise law was enforced in this city last Sunday, and some of the saloons were actually closed. Delmonico's and the big hotels were raided, and none but guests could procure liquor. Across the Hudson in New Jersey, which has the same Sunday law as New York, the saloons were wide open, and many citizens of New York went over there and came back roaring drunk. Shopkeepers were arrested if they offered anything to sell. It is the general belief that Mayor Hewitt's object in enforcing the Sunday law is to make its objectionable features more apparent, and thus raise a demand for more reasonable legislation.


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WAR DECLARED.

And when Abram heard that his brother was taken captiv, he armed his trained servants, born in his own house, three hundred and eighteen, and pursued them unto Dan.—Gen. xiv, 14. [N. B.—The monkey in these pictures is for ornament, not for use.]

## Odds and Ends.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX says that she loves the bustle in a large city. It does look rather ridiculous in the country, that's a fact.

A MAN worth ten million dollars is no happier, really, than a man worth nine million dollars. Money doesn't always cause happiness.

"IT'S all very well," said the grave-digger, "to advise a young man to begin at the bottom and work up, but in my business it ain't practicable."

DR. FULTON'S crusade against the Roman Catholic church is succeeding beautifully. At least ten Roman Catholics hav died in Brooklyn since the doctor began his work.

HE (at dinner): "May I assist you to the cheese, Miss Vassar?" Miss Vassar (just graduated): "Thanks, no! I am very comfortable where I am! But you may assist the cheese to me, if you will."

MINISTER (to layman): "But why do you say that Mr. Smith is a good man? He rarely appears at church." Layman: "I know he doesn't show up at church very often, but *Bradstreets* quotes him A 1."

CLERK (in New Jersey dry goods store): "Can I do anything else for you, madam?" New Jersey lady: "H'm. I believe there was something more I wanted. Oh, yes; I will look at your musketo muzzles, please."

IN China the highest recommendation a man can hav is the fact of his having a wife; but in this country a man with a wife can't get trusted for a suit of clothes, unless he can convince his tailor that she trims her own bonnets.

A FRIEND was condoling with a man who was very ill, and the sick man said: "Yes, I feel it very much to hav to leave my poor wife and children." "Never mind us," said the wife; "you just get on with your dying; we'll get on very well."

SCHOOL-TEACHER: "Johnny, what is the second letter of the alphabet?" Johnny: "Don't know." School-teacher: "What flies about the garden?" Johnny: "When?" School-teacher: "In the summer." Johnny: "Oh, I know—mother after the hens."

A DIVISION OF LABOR.

He: Where are you going, my pretty maid?
She: I'm going a-milking, sir (she said).
He: Can I not help you, my pretty maid?
She: You can work the pump-handle, sir (she said).

WHILE a detachment of the Salvation Army was singing a temperance hymn, the other day, in front of a gin-mill, the genial proprietor kindly turned the hose on them. Not to be defeated by ducking on a cold day, the little band quietly passed around a flask of brandy, finished their aria, and marched away happy.

A TEACHER in a Sunday-school, wishing to impress his class with the necessity of faith, asked the class why did Moses lift up the serpent in the wilderness? None of the class knew except one. He said Moses lifted it up because he knew it wouldn't bite. It was the same youth who said the Jews made a golden calf because they didn't hav gold enough to make the whole cow.

OMAHA man: "I regret to cut short your vacation trip, Mr. Comstock, but you are badly needed in Washington just now." Anthony Comstock: "If that's so, I'll start at once. What's going on there?" "Moncure D. Conway is to deliver a lecture there on 'English Life and Society.'"

"How silly you look in this picture!" said a Brooklyn belle, on viewing a photograph presented by a gentleman who intended to absorb her name. "Do I, Sarah?" he replied. "I tried to smile and look sweet when it was taken." "Smile! If that's the way you look when you 'smile,' I should certainly join the Prohibitionists if I were you."

WINTER lingered last week in the lap of spring; and

The bluebird sat in the apple-tree,
And the redbreast sat in the grove;
They shivered these notes from their little throats:
"Oh, bring us a red-hot stove!"

THERE is a measure before the legislature to exempt religious institutions from the water-tax. We are glad to know that our legislators appreciate what we all owe to religion, but we think the bill should be amended so as to exclude the Baptists from its workings. There is no reason why the state should show undue favoritism to any one sect.

"I SAY, George," said a St. Paul drummer to a Minneapolis brother, as they came together in a Dakota hotel, "hav you heard of the big row they are having in your town just now?" "Row! No. What's the difficulty?" "They hav taken all the Bibles out of the schools there." "The Bibles out of the schools? What for, pray?" "Why, because it mentions St. Paul many times, but Minneapolis not once."

AN EVER-PRESENT HELP.

"An Infidel doesn't believe in an oath sworn on the Bible, does he?" asked Mrs. Pentweazel.

"No," snapped out old Pentweazel, without looking up from his paper.

"Well," persisted his better half, "if that's the case, what does a man like Ingersoll say when he is obliged to take an oath?"

"S'help me Bob, I suppose," chuckled the old man.

"SAY! say!" called a Montcalm street woman to a tramp who had just left her door with a piece of bread in his hand, "don't eat that! The girl says it is a piece we had lying around with 'rough on rats' on it!" "It's too late, madam," he replied, as he swallowed the last morsel; "I've had people try to play that trick on me before, to get their goods back, but it always fails. I prefer the stuff to butter, but don't say so, because I hate to put people to trouble."


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## Gems of Thought.

JUSTICE is a very dear article, and then one is very likely to be imposed upon in the quality.—*D. M. Bennett.*

THE Christians say that amongst the ancient Jews, if you committed a crime you had to kill a sheep; now they say, "Charge it; put it on the slate." It will not do. For every crime you commit you must answer to yourself and to the one you injure. And if you hav ever clothed another with woe, as with a garment of pain, you will never be quite as happy as though you had not done that thing. No forgivness by the gods. Eternal, inexorable, everlasting justice, so far as nature is concerned. You must reap the result of your acts. Even when forgiven by the one you hav injured, it is not as though the injury had not been done. That is what I believe in. And if it goes hard with me I will stand it, and I will cling to my logic, and I will bear it like a man.—*R. G. Ingersoll.*

[NOTE.—It was said by them of old that Homer sometimes "took a nap," and Ingersoll's favorit poet—the Scottish Burns—occasionally became "slip-slop" in his divinity. In the following lines he has committed himself to sentiments that neither John Calvin, nor John S. Mill, nor his father, James Mill, nor their illustrious disciple, Dr. Alexander Bain, of Aberdeen: nor our own M. J. Savage, nor Chadwick, nor R. G. Ingersoll would, I fancy, care to adopt or indorse. Let the judicious reader pause and ponder. If he has been trained to orthodoxy, as I was, he will perhaps find his intellect pulling him one way, and his heart, so to speak, pulling him another, and he must decide and choose between them. The controversy, when once started, must be settled or there can be no real peace:

When human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stepped aside,
Do thou, all good! for such thou art
In shades of darkness hide.

When with intention I hav erred,
No other plea I hav,
*But thou art good; and goodness still*
Delighteth to forgiv.

To short-sighted men and to silly women, Burns's idea of God seems, at first sight, very attractiv, but there can be little doubt that Longfellow has struck the right key when he says or sings:

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all.—*Hylax.*]

LORD BOLINGBROKE did not go so far as to say that no revelation from deity was possible, but he did go so far as to say that no revelation could be proved to be actual. . . . His belief was in natural law, and the root of his system was that the will of the deity expressed itself in the laws of the universe: and that a faithful worship of the deity consisted, not in rites or prayers, or priestly observances, but in a faithful observance of the laws of the universe so far as they were understood. Practically, the sentiment is expressed in the famous lines of Pope, more frequently quoted than understood:

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

To say that a true worship is a life and not a creed, that the conflict over forms and modes is useless, vain, and contemptible, and that the test of a noble observation of the divine laws is a faithful character, strikes at the root of all religious institutions and beliefs; to say this is to call off the attention that has heretofore been given to matters that concern only the supersensual world. . . . The spread of a principle like this would work nothing less than a complete revolution in all religious thought, feeling, and observation.—*Frothingham's Life as a Test of Creed.*

THE Agnostic looks squarely at the facts of human life, however grim they may be. He throws no metaphysical dust into his eyes, in order not to see what is unpleasant to see. He keeps eyes wide open that he may see the bottom facts—no mistake. There must be some steel in his nerve or a streak of the stoic in his mental make-up. Nor does he juggle with language. He calls sin "sin," and evil "evil," not "undeveloped good," nor the "shady side of good:" but evil, ugly, and hateful. He indulges in no optimistic nonsense, such as "whatever is is right." Yes, he adds, except what is wrong. He doesn't waste time in speculating about the "origin of evil," or in "apologizing for God;" but recognizing the existing evil as a sad, stern fact, he goes to work manfully to get rid of it and to make the world better and happier.—*W. H. Spencer.*


# ECONOMIC EQUITIES.

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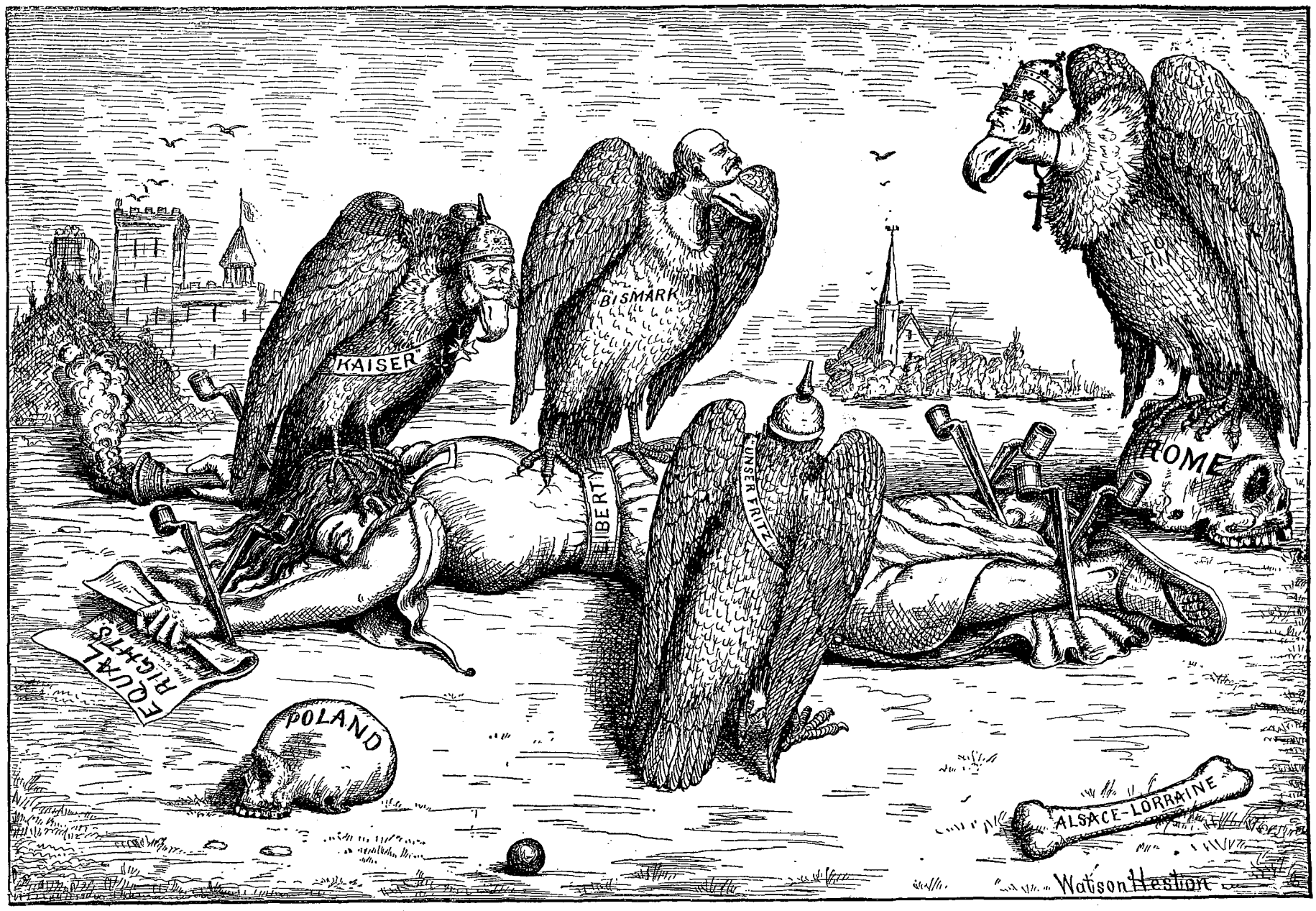
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# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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THE SITUATION IN GERMANY.

## Notes and Clippings.

THE new Interstate Commerce law has caused a suspension of work in some of the New England granit quarries.

THE pope demands of General Boulanger, of France, that young men studying for the priesthood shall be exempt from military duty.

OUR tax commissioners are now being investigated. It appears that millions of dollars' worth of property has escaped assessment. We hav a reform mayor.

THE Rev. Mr. Downs, the Boston preacher who achieved great notoriety in the usual way, now preaches in Paine Hall. The influence of the place is expected to hav a salutary effect upon him.

IT is now generally believed that the letter published by the London *Times*, purporting to hav been written by Parnell, and countenancing the Phœnix Park murders, is a baseless though skilful forgery.

DR. MCGLYNN in his lecture last Sunday evening said that the Catholic church would not be what it ought to be until we should see a democratic pope walking down Broadway in a frock coat, a plug hat, and carrying an umbrella under his arm.

THE German singing societies of New York meet evenings for rehearsals, usually in halls over beer saloons. Under the present law they cannot use a piano. Last Sunday the representativs of seventy-six of these societies met and resolved that they would make a test case, and that the politicians who did not stand by them would hear from them at the ballot-box. Mr. Beekman, president of the board of aldermen, has published a card in which he condemns the law as it stands.

DIVINE worship is a somewhat costly affair in Great Britain, says the *World*. The one hour's service in Westminster Abbey on the 21st of June, when the great personages of the realm are to assemble for the purpose of prayer, is to cost the moderate sum of $100,000. Commoners and ordinary people will not be admitted within the portals of the sacred edifice, yet it is their pockets which will be taxed for the purpose of enabling the princes and lords to pray in due state for the preservation of the queen.

A NUMBER of Washington, D. C., druggists and merchants hav been fined $20 each for keeping their stores open on Sunday. John I. Hall, a grocer, based his defense on the ground that the law forbids the opening of places of business on "the Sabbath," or the seventh day of the week, not on "Sunday," which is the first day. Judge Snell, however, on the authority of Webster's Dictionary, held the words "Sabbath" and "Sunday" to be synonymous. The matter will probably be carried to the higher courts.

GOVERNOR MARMADUKE has signed the bill recently passed by the Missouri legislature making Sunday virtually a Puritanical Sabbath. A powerful protest was presented to the governor respectfully requesting him not to sign the obnoxious bill, but it seems he yielded, says the *Jewish Times*, to the wishes of a few Prohibition fanatics and hypocrits, backed by scheming politicians. It is claimed, and justly, that this Sunday law is a blow at the liberty of the masses, and in the interests of sectarianism. It is not long since that the St. Louis daily journals were glorying in the fact that the people passed their free Sunday in the most rational and enjoyable manner and that the police annals on Monday mornings showed a great falling off in the number of cases brought before the various courts.

OVER in a Brooklyn synagog the other day the rabbi went for the brethren because they wouldn't shut up shop on Saturday and attend services. A reporter of the *Evening Sun* sat in a pew with a big Fulton-street dry-goods merchant, and the sermon seemed to hit the mercantile gentleman rather lightly to begin with. "You are living for gold, not your souls," cried the rabbi. "You are a reproach to the Christians, who can giv a day to their faith." "Now he is giving us rats," whispered the merchant gleefully. The rabbi went on: "You leave the women to fill the pews; you value an hour more than your hereafter; you are deserting the faith of your fathers for money-making; you—" "I kontradicts dot," said the purveyor of dry goods excitedly. "Der relitchion vos running down all the vile, shust like der pisness." The frowning eye of the rabbi caught the whisper, and the whisperer became dumb; but he didn't retract his sentiments.

IT used to be possible for a citizen of New York to take his wife or girl and go out of a summer evening and sit in so-called concert gardens and listen to music, both vocal and instrumental, and refresh himself with a glass of beer or not, as he chose. There were scores of these gardens in the city frequented by reputable people, the morals of the male visitors being protected by a regulation excluding "ladies unaccompanied by gentlemen." The profits on the sale of the beer enabled the proprietor to furnish the music free, and it was noticed that a very little beer lasted the patron while he listened to a good deal of music. At the same time there were many disreputable resorts, where liquors were sold and vile songs were sung. To suppress the latter sort proprietors of concert gardens were compelled to take out a theatrical license, and a law already in existence forbade the sale of malt or spirituous liquors in the auditorium of any place where theatrical exhibitions were given. These regulations hav had an effect exactly the reverse of salutary. They did not stop the sale of liquor in the gardens, but they abolished the music; and whereas previously the music furnished the principal part of the entertainment, at present the customer must depend for his diversion entirely upon drinks. If the framers of the legislation had this object in view, then, of course, the law has had the effect intended, and the legislators ought to be satisfied. If, on the contrary, they hoped to lessen the sale of beer and the prevalence of vice they hav certainly gone very wide of adopting the proper measures for that end. The reputable gardens hav been closed according to law, while some of the disreputable ones are still open in violation of it, and the latter now draw the patronage of the former. It seems that people are determined to hav beer, and there are many who do not regard as harmful a moderate indulgence in that beverage. Whether they are correct or not does not affect the truth of the affirmation that the present mixing of license and theatrical laws is doing more harm than good, and the more strictly the laws are enforced the more apparent is the evil. The sumptuary legislators will hav to try again.

# Communications.

## Tales Told Out of School.

### III.

THE REV. DR. JONES'S REPORT CONTINUED.—COLONEL BILLINGS'S "CRIMES OF PREACHERS."

And here is as good a place as any other to say that a good-sized pamphlet is periodically published by a man in Iowa, entitled, "Crimes of Preachers," which I saw for the first time in the hands of a young man, a son of one of our most respectable ruling elders, containing a list of some hundreds of preachers who, during the last five or six years, hav committed crimes punishable with imprisonment in the penitentiary. To my astonishment and mortification, I found in glancing at its pages that a large proportion of the offenses were sexual transgressions committed against women. I ran my eye hurriedly over the names and dates to see if the cases of three ministers whom I knew to be arraigned before the criminal courts for *crim. con.* were recorded, but was glad to find that the lynx-eyed compiler had missed them. The purport of this book was to show as a matter of fact in statistics that in proportion to their numbers there is no class of men in society who, with all the motivs drawn from heaven, earth, and hell, to make them walk uprightly, were so weak and criminal, especially in the matter of chastity, as the clergy. There is a profound philosophy in this fact which ought to be the subject of study, and of lecture, too, in all theological seminaries. As the Spartan mothers in ancient times, who wished to make self-governing men of their boys, showed them the drunken Helots wallowing in their degradation, and warned them to abstain from the immoderate use of wine; so this book of Billings's ought to be found, not only in every minister's study, but in the private and public reading-rooms of all our theological seminaries, as a warning to students to avoid the pitfalls into which other good men hav fallen. If the Lord, as a potter, has made his ministering servants out of extra-fine clay, the material, judging from Billings's book, seems to be very frail. The nature and strength of the sexual instinct, the temptations to its indulgence, and how to control it, are tabooed subjects, considered too delicate to be alluded to, except by innuendo. But a matter of such importance should not be ignored, and theological students who are soon to leave the monastic halls where they hav been secluded from the world, and go out into mixed society, should be warned of the dangers awaiting them, for, being forewarned, they are forearmed.

The Methodists, of course, are prominent in the list of clerical transgressors in Billings's book, but pretty much all the rest of the sects are abundantly represented in the black catalog of names. I say the Methodists of course, because next to the Catholic priests—holy "fathers" without wives—they hav the best opportunities, and therefore are exposed to more temptation to go astray.

SOME SAGE REFLECTIONS AND ADVICE.

Considering the weakness of human nature on this point of sexual morals, no pastor of a church ought ever to visit a family of his congregation alone. He should keep fresh in his memory the story of Ulysses, who, on his voyage back from Troy, when he approached the island which was the dwelling-place of the Sirens, crammed beeswax into the ears of his companions, lest they should hear the enchanting music of these women's voices, and leave the ship. In the Presbyterian system, where every congregation is provided with a bench of ruling elders, the theory is that, as they hav the oversight of the flock jointly with the pastor, one or more of them shall always accompany him in his pastoral visitations. We must take human nature as we find it, and in that nature the love instinct is so deeply rooted that we cannot trust either men or women who, in their association with each other, pass the bounds of prudence.

I learned a lesson on this subject from a Shaker, during a visit I once made to the famous establishment at New Lebanon, now presided over by the venerable Frederic Evans. I noticed that the men and women in meeting each other did not shake hands, nor talk much, but respectfully passed on; and in the simplicity of my ignorance I inquired of an intelligent brother the reason why. He replied that celibacy was the most important feature in their system, since Christ, their model man, was a celibate; and that to maintain it every path that diverged from it was doubly guarded. If the brothers shook hands with the sisters, and chatted with them familiarly, each would come within the magnetic aura which encompassed the other; and the next step in the program would be to kiss. This, if frequently repeated, would awaken in them the mutual sentiment of love, the very passion in their bosoms which it was the grand business of the community to crush out of existence. Hence no handshaking, no chatting, and no kissing in Shakerdom, since there is more than enough of that kind of thing practiced among the world's people.

Had Beecher been attended by a deacon of his church when he visited the Tilton mansion at Brooklyn, in his care for souls, his reputation would not hav been sullied as it is, and the cause of religion scandalized. When opportunity offers itself, and the temptation of a woman's eye and voice is strong, the thunders of the judgment day, as they roll around the throne of God, are too far off to reach the ears of the tempted parties; and therefore society is much more leavened up with sexual vice, especially in cities and towns, than people in the rural districts hav any idea of. The case generally is this: A merchant's place of business is far away from his home. He takes his breakfast under his own roof, and then goes down to his counting-house, where he remains till it is time to dine with his club. After that he goes to the theater, or spends the evening with his club companions, drinking wine and smoking cigars, until the short hours of the night admonish him that it is time to go home. When he arrives there, the whole family are in bed; and from Monday morning till Saturday night he sees his wife only at breakfast, and his children, if at all, only when they are asleep; for on Sunday, if he be at home, they are at Sabbath-school. Thus hundreds of wives lose the companionship of their husbands. The children during the week being at school, the long days pass in loneliness, except as they are relieved by the visits of the pastor, who, if the woman be interesting and attractiv, he is tempted to visit too often, even if he hav a wife at home. The woman sees and feels that the preacher treats her with more respect and attention than her own husband, and if he be well-looking, well-mannered, and winning in his ways, and especially if she be more lovable than his own wife, it is the most natural, as well as the most wicked, thing in the world that she should imperceptibly lose her affection for her husband, and transfer it to the preacher. Joseph, in Egypt, when his diet was leeks, onions, and Nile water, may hav resisted the seductiv charms of Potiphar's wife, but it demands a doubt whether a robust, thick-necked Methodist minister, who luxuriates on the fat of the land, is ever seen emerging from the house of a parishioner, with only one tail to his coat because the other had been torn off and left behind. The Methodist brethren, according to Billings's book, seem to take the lead in sexual vice, and I account for the fact in that they hav no officer in their church economy answering to that of the ruling elder in the Presbyterian, whose function is to attend the minister in his visitations among the families of his congregation. He goes alone, and the invisible Satan, who, perhaps, knowing that he is a mere woodcock—the most gullible of birds—has laid a trap for him beforehand, goes with him, and before the simpleton knows what he is about, the trap springs and he is caught.

It is lack of opportunity, rather than sound moral principle, which keeps most men in the path of rectitude. They are unresisting victims to their environments. It is easy for a man to be sober if he never goes where there is wine to drink, and it is easy for him to be chaste if he stays at home. Brother Staunton, who will no doubt figure as a character in the next edition of Billings's book as one of our frail divines, might hav continued to liv comfortably with his wife, instead of choking her till her eyes stood out of their sockets because she threw a cup of hot coffee in his face, if he had studied carefully, and inwardly digested, the advice Paul pressed upon Timothy about widows who were young and fascinating in their looks and manners.

There is no sense in being mealy-mouthed on this subject. The vocation of a minister of the gospel exposes him to more temptations than assail any other man in life, and then, when in such trying circumstances as generally precede a fall, up springs in his recollection, suggested by Satan, no doubt, the examples of David, Solomon, and Rahab the harlot, canonized as saints by the apostle Paul, and he is emboldened to run the risk of guilt and exposure, secretly believing that in the end at least he may get to heaven as well as they.

## What Objections to Christianity?

Is it not unjust, immoral, and degrading to teach that a man may liv in wickedness; that he may harden his heart and pollute his soul, and yet at the eleventh hour receive the reward by believing something nonsensical? Has the hope of forgivness ever prevented the commission of a crime? Must a man throw away his reason and believe something unreasonable here in order to be a saint hereafter? The man that would throw away his reason is only fit to be damned.

If there was no general atonement until Christ was sacrificed, what became of the countless millions that died before his time? What has become of those who hav died since but never heard of Christ?

For eighteen centuries the Christian world has been endeavoring to explain the doctrin of the atonement, and every attempt has been ended in the admission that it cannot be understood, and the declaration that it must be believed, and continually teaching that the good works of Christ will, in the next world, be placed to our credit to balance the sins committed here.

Was Christ, the son of God, sent into the world to be sacrificed as an atonement for the sins of the world? or was he simply human—one who revolted against the religious impostures of his day, and was, as many an honest man has been, offered as a sacrifice to the Moloch of superstition?

The only evidence for believing Christ to be the son of God is the dream that Joseph is said to hav dreamt. Joseph, seeing the condition of Mary, his betrothed, and being a just man, sought to put her away privily, but an angel of the Lord appeared to him and settled the matter satisfactorily. Now, I hav no faith in my own dreams, much less hav I in a dream said to hav been dreamt almost two thousand years ago. And who tells this dream? A narrator called Matthew, according to the most orthodox authorities, fifty years after the dream was dreamt. There is no record that Christ ever said a word about the matter. There is no evidence that Joseph ever told anyone to record the dream, and Mary, whose testimony on the subject would be of inestimable value, is silent. If Christ was the son of God, why hav given the genealogy of Joseph to prove him to be of the house of David? It is hardly possible to be of the lineage of David and at the same time the son of God. Christ always called himself the son of man. The idea that he was begotten of the Holy Ghost was an afterthought. The belief that great or good men were divinely begotten was a prevailing superstition in those days, and it was considered by women an honor to hav intercourse with one of the gods. The world was already overrun with sons of gods, and crucified saviors had been abundant. Grecian mythology was falling into decay, and as the human mind is so constituted that it clings to early prejudices and superstitions, mythology was turned into a fresh channel, and loving credulity arrayed Christ in the old clothes of the departed Olympian gods. The Egyptian legend of Isis and child was renewed in the story of Mary and son.

For the first three centuries many conflicting doctrins were advocated respecting the divinity of Christ and his position in the Trinity—a dogma borrowed from Egypt. The most prominent ideas were that Christ was co-equal and co-eternal with the father; that he is God, who was born of a virgin in a miraculous way. This doctrin proved to be the orthodox one. The other doctrin, known as Arianism, held that by the very nature of sonship a son could not be as old as his father, which would imply a subordinate position in the godhead.

To settle this dispute a council of bishops was held at Nicea, and it was there decided by a majority vote that Christ was God; that he was the son of God; that father, son, and Holy Ghost, these three, are one, and that the Virgin Mary is the mother of God. Arianism was declared a heresy, which to entertain was punishable with death.

Must we believe Christ to be divine upon such evidence as this? Upon an intellectual question the minority may hold just as correct views as the majority. It is most frequently the case that one man, standing on an exalted position, has discerned the truth when the whole world has been against him. If Christ was the son of God, it seems as though it might hav been known with certainty at the time of his birth. It ought, at least, hav been made known to us through a more satisfactory source than by the intriguing vote of a majority of ignorant priests.

And it was in the same manner that the doctrin of the inspiration of the Bible was decided. The monstrous proposition that the Bible is a divine revelation was not imposed upon human credulity till the latter part of the second century. During the early ages of Christianity there were a great number of gospels written, and of the four gospels, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, it has been clearly demonstrated by many writers that they were not known prior to the year 181.

It was just as legitimate for any and every priest to write a biography of Christ as it now is for any one to write a biography of Grant or Garfield. And when these gospels began to multiply, a clamor was raised among the priests in regard to the authenticity of the various writings. And as these priests considered themselvs men of God, they necessarily concluded that the writings, too, were of God. To decide which of the writings were authentic and inspired was a question of great importance and difficulty. This momentous question was also brought before the council of Nicea, and the bishops being unable to determin, and as God had superintended the writing of them, they, with much consistency, left the matter with the deity.

They threw the manuscripts under the communion table and prayed that the Lord would cause the inspired ones to get upon the table, and the uninspired ones to remain beneath, and it was done accordingly. It is not absolutely known whether the Bible as we now hav it was adopted by the Nicene council or some subsequent one. It is quite certain that it was decided to hav four gospels on the authority of Origen, who says, "There should be four gospels because the earth has four corners, the winds four general directions, and cherubim hav four faces;" and that he did not complete his argument by saying

because a donkey has four legs, has always been a matter of much surprise to me.

I would like to ask every intelligent person if they are willing to subordinate their intelligence to a blind and unreasoning faith, and believe Christ to be the son of God, and the Bible the word of God, upon such testimony as this? What meager evidence! and yet Christians are willing to consign to eternal torment those who dare deny these odious dogmas.

How any sane person can believe such nonsense is more than I can understand. And yet there are thousands who will giv more freely for the propagation of this superstition than for any other cause whatever.

And what is more astonishing is that men of education will continue to teach a superstition that was imposed upon the world by men who, by their own writings, were ignorant, credulous, blundering dishonest, and who were actually given to wilful lying. Their own writings show that they did not hesitate to lie and deceive if they could only promote the cause of Christ by doing so. They declared that a lie well told and adhered to would in time answer as well as the truth, and in the interest of religion they made no scruple to forge whole books. And Eusebius, who is the principal authority on early church history, said that it was not only right but commendable to lie, if by so doing you could promote the cause of Christ. In his "Evangelical Preparation" he givs the thirty-first chapter this significant title: "How far it may be proper to use falsehood as a medicin, and for the benefit of those who require to be deceived." In another place he says that he has related everything that would redound to the glory, and suppressed everything that would disgrace the church. This is the evidence for the truth of the Christian religion, and this the character of the fathers that established the church. And this is the religion we are asked to believe as divinely true; this is the religion we must accept without a doubt, or be consigned to dungeons of eternal pain; this is the religion that has shed the blood of millions for denying its impostures, for not believing its meaningless and senseless dogmas.

This is the religion that deluged Europe in blood; that established the Inquisition with all its devilish instruments of torture; that incited the massacre of St. Bartholomew; that caused Calvin to drag Servetus to the stake; that taught Catholics to murder Protestants, and Protestants to murder Catholics; that justified the Puritans of New England to whip, brand, and kill Quakers, and barter Indian babes to West Indian slave-traders for rum. This is the religion that has been the fortress and defense of every crime. This is the religion that, united with the state, arrayed itself against learning and science, which sunk Europe into a midnight darkness for more than ten centuries.

The church, accepting the dogma of infallibility, declared that the Bible contained all that it was necessary for man to know, and that which differed from it was pernicious, the work of the devil, and should be destroyed. Philosophers were persecuted and driven into exile, their books burnt or buried in some dusty monastery, and the schools were closed. During this long period of intellectual darkness, the church was the supreme power, and if her claims are just, that she is the guardian of learning and morals, that she is the guiding light to lead mankind the right way, this was the time when she should hav given light to the children of darkness; this was the time when, with her divine light, she should hav guided aright the erring sons of men as they sought their way through the intellectual and moral gloom of that age. But ignorance, vice, and piety prevailed, and ecclesiasticism rioted in luxury. The church had no intention of letting the people become educated, but when the tide of learning set in, when she could no longer resist the pressure of advancing knowledge, she sought to direct the current to her own benefit. But when her power was supreme, so thoroughly did she do her work that Christendom did not produce a single astronomer or a single scientist of any kind worthy of the name.

She considered all science as an emanation from the devil. Knowledge was of no use, if not absolutely sinful. It was only necessary to be a credulous believer to become a saint hereafter. That long night of a thousand years was the direct result of Christian teaching.

The church understood that "ignorance is the mother of devotion," and kept the people ignorant that they might the more easily be deceived by lying impostures and disgraceful miracles. She fought the medical science that she might draw a revenue from the sale of relics, under the pretension of curing diseases by the supernatural merit of the bones of some departed saint. This thousand years of Christian rule was the starless midnight of our race. Under the garb of piety gross imposture stalked abroad, and the church with brazen front destroyed the liberty of thought.

The masses were sunk in degradation without a parallel in the annals of history. They were taught that self-subjection and bodily discomfort were the highest forms of virtue and would contribute to the enjoyments of a heavenly life; that personal cleanliness and temporal enjoyments were a sin, and displeasing to the almighty. The people were drained of their resources for the benefit of priests, and the most of them lived in miserable huts, windowless, chimneyless, with a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape, like the wigwams of our American Indians, and it was a mark of wealth if there was a rug on the floor or a bundle of straw for a bed.

This was the condition of Europe under Christian rule, and in this deplorable condition Christendom remained until learning was thrust into her brain "on the point of a Moorish lance." It was Mohammedan influences that began to elevate Europe. It was the Mohammedans who introduced into Europe the heliocentric theory of the solar system and many of its scientific corollaries. When astronomy began to be cultivated among Christians, the church opposed with all her might this noble science. She declared it to be contrary to the scriptures and subversiv of all true piety. She hesitated not to imprison and burn the advocates of the new science.

Copernicus, from fear of the Inquisition, refrained from publishing his "De Revolutionibus" for thirty-seven years, knowing what his fate would be. When it was published, the church, true to her instincts, declared it heretical, and the immortal author would hav perished at the stake had he not died before a funeral pyre could be erected; and upon the grave of this great man Luther was charitable enough to cast the epithet of fool.

For teaching that there are other worlds than ours, the noble Bruno was dogged by the hounds of the Inquisition nearly all over Europe, and was finally taken and confined in a dungeon for eight years. He was then brought before the spiritual judges and declared guilty of heresy, and was ordered to recant and abjure his error. Bravely he refuses to do so; he will not deny what he knows to be true, and he is given over to the secular authorities to be punished as mercifully as possible without the shedding of blood—the theological formula of burning a man at the stake. The sentence was accordingly executed, and Bruno perished at Rome Feb. 16, 1600.

GEORGE H. DAWES.

## The Liberal Club.

It is proper to preface this report of the 344th regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club by assuring the reader that it can hope to do but partial justice to the interesting and instructiv nature of that occasion. The meeting was held in the evening of Friday, April 22d, at the usual place, 220 East Fifteenth street. The nominal admission fee of five cents was exacted at the door, except in the case of avowed Presbyterians and women, who were permitted to enter free of charge.

The writer stayed at home rather late that evening, reading a copy of the *Open Court* which the proprietors of that periodical had been so thoughtful as to mail to his address. He became deeply absorbed in an article by James Parton on "Cranks," and, having read it through, came to the conclusion that the crank is a useful citizen. This reminded him that it was time to go to the Liberal Club, which the venerable Pantarch used to glory in calling a congress of cranks, but which, nevertheless, is as intelligent and agreeable a body of ladies and gentlemen as can be found anywhere.

The orator of the evening was Col. Richard J. Hinton, an Englishman, who adopted this country before the war, and fought for it during that unpleasant period. The colonel is a stocky-built man, with long hair and beard, and a broad-brimmed hat. He will probably be sixty years of age before many more winters hav added their frosts to the gray streaks in his hair. He seems to hav been nearly everywhere upon the habitable globe. The geography of both hemispheres is familiar to him. He knows the Pacific coast from Topolobampo bay to Puget sound, and the Atlantic coast from St. Lawrence to the Gulf. His knowledge of the intervening territory is good. He is a journalist by profession, and wields the pen with that vigor peculiar to men who know what they are writing about. He is also an orator, and overlooking his excitability and the fact that he never pronounces an *h* at the beginning of a word, or sounds a *g* at the end of one, he is a pleasant speaker. The listener, however, must be satisfied to take *'avin'* for *having*, and *'is* for *his*.

Colonel Hinton's subject on the occasion of which mention is here made was "John Brown and His Men." The lecturer himself was one of those men, and might hav been at the Harper's Ferry raid and been hanged for it if that disaster had not been precipitated ten days before the appointed time, *i.e.*, Oct. 16th instead of the 26th. The first part of the lecture detailed the circumstances of the speaker's first meeting with John Brown in Kansas, and the struggles of the free-state settlers, during which Colonel Hinton was himself taken prisoner by the border ruffians, and escaped death only by being liberated by one of his captors. He bore for many days upon his person the marks of the cords with which he was bound. The latter part of the lecture dealt with the Harper's Ferry episode, which ended in the death of Brown. It appeared that Brown's scheme was to capture the arsenal and arms at Harper's Ferry, to collect a large party of freed slaves, and then, with his own men, gain the Alleghany mountains, where they would establish a rendezvous for runaway slaves and guide them through Pennsylvania and Ohio to Canada and freedom. The plan did not work. Being divulged by treachery, the raid was precipitated before a sufficient force had been gathered to make it effectiv, and a series of blunders did the rest. The militia came out and suppressed Mr. Brown of Osawatomie and his enthusiastic followers. Among the letters found in Brown's effects was one signed William Harrison. It gave a scheme for the campaign which, if carried to success, would hav caused the slaveholders a great deal of trouble. A thousand dollars was offered for the writer of the letter. It was written, Colonel Hinton said, by himself, and signed William Harrison to prevent trouble in case the letter miscarried. A young man named Hasley or Asley, who took part in the raid, was under sentence of death. He was accused of being the author of the letter, and he wrote to Colonel Hinton not to worry over the fact that no one would ever know which of them had been hanged.

The speaker occupied about two hours in the delivery of the address. He incidentally mentioned that Brown was a Presbyterian; and it is greatly regretted that he does not still survive, as he could gain admission to the Liberal Club free of charge. Colonel Hinton's peroration was delivered with fine effect. He told how he stood in the streets of Washington and saw a regiment of men march down the streets singing the song of John Brown and his soul which went marching on. The colonel had heard in Paris a thousand students singing the Marseillaise hymn, but nothing ever so affected him as the words and music he heard that day, when the Union troops sang, "His soul goes marching on," the American Marseillaise.

The Chair read a notice of a meeting of E. H. Heywood's Labor Reform League. Mr. Heywood, the Chair said, had inherited all the reform notions that had sprung up in New England since it was settled, and was consequently the biggest crank ever produced by that section. The lecture is now open for discussion.

Captain Clark went forward with a copy of the *North American Review* for November, 1883, in his hand. The captain first called the kind attention of the audience to the fact that he should probably never appear again upon that platform. He would like, therefore, to make a short and uninterrupted speech, but didn't suppose there was much chance of his being allowed to do so. He then proceeded to say that he wanted to giv the retiring chairman his benediction. The Chair called him to order, and the captain said the interruption was just what he expected, and he was pretty well satisfied what kind of a show he stood there for fair play. He said a Socialist did not know a bee from a bull's foot, and referred to the speaker of the evening as Col. Bombastes Furioso. Then he read an extract from the *North American Review* to show that John Brown, with all his piety, had blood on his hands when he raised them to ask a blessing upon his food. If any man was ever well-hung, he believed that man to hav been John Brown. The captain went on to say that he had lived largely among the blacks in all lands, civilized and barbarous, and he was prepared to say that any man who took a negro from his nativ land and carried him to any civilized country on the globe did the negro a good turn. There is reason to believe that Captain Clark has in his day commanded vessels that were engaged in doing the Ethiopians frequent good turns of this sort around Zanguebar and Mozambique. He confessed that the commander of one of her majesty's cruisers, whom he met in Africa, expressed a willingness to hang him at the yardarm when a favorable opportunity offered. Finally, he said, there was scarcely a man in history about whom the people hav been so deceived as about John Brown, and the lecture of the evening was a bald-faced attempt to perpetuate that deception.

Mrs. Leonard said she used to know John Brown.

Mynheer Oppenheimer was reminded of Shakspere's plays, in which relief from the strain of tragedy was furnished by the antics of the fool. This evening Colonel Hinton had provided the strain, and Captain Clark the relief. Brother Oppenheimer was down on the card to lecture on "Ingersoll and Socialism," April 29th, but enthusiasm on the subject having gradually waned, he kindly gave way to Mr. Heywood.

When Colonel Hinton replied to his critics he cut Captain Clark up pretty badly, and it is understood that Captain Clark invited him to adjourn to the sidewalk, where he was willing to continue the discussion in any manner agreeable to the colonel. It is said that Colonel Hinton declined the invitation, not through any fear as to the result, but because he was so well satisfied with the way he replied to his opponent that he considered it would be cruelty to carry the matter further. Probably the next time

the two disputants meet both will be ready to call things even. It is better for the affair to be settled amicably than that reparation should be done on the gory field.

FRIDAY EVENING, THE 29TH.

On the date which heads this communication, a man just past thirty, and wearing upon his person a handsome badge-pin, stood on the steps of the German Masonic Temple. Another man came along and wanted to know if the Liberal Club met there. He got an affirmativ answer. Then he asked the price of admission, and was told that if he would make affidavit that he was a Presbyterian in good standing he would be admitted free. He inquired if there was anything about him that suggested a hypocrit, a lunatic, or a sneak, and wanted the question settled right there. He was advised to pay his five cents and sit down and listen attentivly, which he did.

Mr. Wakeman opened by again referring to the fact that the speaker of the evening, Mr. E. H. Heywood, was a tremendous crank. By that he meant that many New England reforms depended upon him for their motiv power.

Mr. Heywood got a cheerful reception, and then went for all established institutions with great vigor. No rent, no interest, no marriage, no "morality," no profits, free rum, and anarchy generally would hit him about right. Prohibitionists were described as temperance drunk. He had an uncle who, when the Maine liquor law was passed in 1858, went to drinking from a sense of duty. In Princeton, where he livs, Mr. Heywood said they voted for no license, which means free rum, and for temperance Princeton is the banner town of the county and state. It was amazing, he said, how meekly rumsellers submitted to oppression, and how they throve under it. It was a fulfilment of the scripture, which says that the meek shall inherit the earth. Mr. Heywood also had something to say regarding the Anarchists of Chicago, whom he called seven John Browns. If the authorities hanged them, seven souls would be released to go marching on in the ever-growing ranks of labor reform. Mr. Heywood gave away copies of his paper, the *Word*, containing matter unfit for reading at family worship.

Mr. Wakeman said there would be no discussion, as a business meeting was to be held and the officers for the ensuing year elected. Mr. Chamberlain read a petition from the members and audience thanking the chair for its valuable services and asking a continuance of them. Mr. Wakeman said it was impossible, and proceeded to set forth the reasons for refusing to be a candidate for reëlection. First, there were personal reasons. By financial necessity he was obliged to liv in the country during the summer, and attending the club was inconvenient. Furthermore, he had spent many years of service in the Liberal cause, and now, for other financial reasons, he must be more free to pursue his profession of the law. Secondly, he could do the club better service as a speaker than as a presiding officer. Since the death of Mr. Andrews there had been no one to take a philosophical view of questions and harmonize the disputants in so far as harmony was possible. Mr. Wakeman believed he could fill this vacancy to some extent if relieved of official duties. Thirdly, Liberal affairs were in the condition of the business of a grocer he knew who shut up his store in order to collect and square up accounts. Liberalism should go into liquidation. This made it necessary for Mr. Wakeman to follow the example of Colonel Ingersoll and withdraw, and he believed it to be the duty of all who hav been prominent in Liberal affairs to step down and out until some important question calls them to the front again. "They should stand aside," said the speaker, "until the Liberals of the country find out that their proper position is the one of Leland and myself. Every step that organization has taken since we left the head of the League has been downward toward its destruction, and Liberalism as an organized power has grown less and less." Mr. Wakeman added that he prophesied this result at the time the Liberals turned him out of office as president of the League.

A business meeting followed. Mr. Wakeman was pleaded with to remain president, but he wouldn't do it. Mrs. Leonard nominated Mr. Henry Nichols for that office, and Mr. Searing seconded the nomination in a great speech. Mr. Sutherland nominated Van Buren Denslow, L.L.D., and Mr. King supported him. Mr. Oppenheimer feared Mr. Denslow was prejudiced against Socialists. The club didn't want a president with a prejudice. Mr. Denslow was then elected. Mr. Nichols was asked to be secretary, whereat he lost his temper, and told the chair it was an insult to offer a man of his age and experience such an office—"Yes, sir, an impertinence, sir, an impertinence." Mr. Oppenheimer being named for the place, that gentleman exemplified his freedom from prejudice by declaring that he wouldn't accept any office in the same organization with a man of Professor Denslow's views.

The offices were filled as follows: President, Van Buren Denslow; vice-presidents, E. B. Foote, Jr., M.D., Edward W. Chamberlain, and Jas. Morris; recording secretary, Mrs. A. C. Macdonald; corresponding secretary, T. R. Kinget, M.D.; treasurer, Erastus Dean; librarian, Mrs. Cynthia Leonard; assistant librarian, M. A. Sutherland; trustees, Courtlandt Palmer, Isaac Rosenbourgh, and William C. Kidney. Mr. Wakeman was made an honorary member.

There is considerable jubilation over the election of Professor Denslow as president, the nomination of Mr. Nichols being regarded by some as an endeavor to make the Liberal Club largely a Socialistic organization.

## The American Secular Union.

COURTLANDT PALMER, President.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary, - - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
E. A. STEVENS, Chair. Fin. Com., - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.

### Treasurer's Statement for April.

RECEIPTS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| April | 1. | Reported receipts | $866.76 |
| " | 2. | Courtlandt Palmer, per treasurer | 50.00 |
| " | 7. | Prescott, Arizona, per I. N. Rodenbury | 20.00 |
| " | 7. | San Diego, Cal., per Wm. A. Allen | 20.00 |
| " | 7. | Los Angeles, Cal., per I. E. Clark. | 43.30 |
| " | 7. | Santa Ana, Cal., per Edson Smith | 25.00 |
| " | 7. | Visalia, Cal., per Zane Stuben | 20.00 |
| " | 7. | Norwalk, Cal., per A. R. Coward | 20.00 |
| " | 25. | Tulare, Cal., per Enos Churchill | 20.00 |
| " | 25. | Sonoma, Cal., per T. H. Cheney | 32.00 |
| " | 25. | Oakland, Cal., per A. H. Schow | 12.50 |
| " | 29. | Samuel Pfarrer, per TRUTH SEEKER | 1.00 |
| | | Total receipts | $1130.56 |

DISBURSEMENTS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| April | 1. | Reported disbursements, per treasurer | $849.31 |
| " | 8. | Samuel P. Putnam, per treasurer | 148.30 |
| " | 25. | Samuel P. Putnam, per treasurer | 64.50 |
| | | Total disbursements to date | $1062.11 |

April 30, 1887. CHAS. ECKHARD, Treasurer.

### News and Notes.

This has been a gala week. I hav come into the valley of Santa Clara, said by Bayard Taylor to be one of the three most beautiful valleys in the world; and I guess it is, for mountain, sea, and plain unite in charming prospects, and fruits of the tropics mingle with those of the northern clime. There is rain in the right quantity and time, and beautiful sunshine, and now and then, just for the luxury of it, a snow-storm that descends with the softness of summer's smile. The whole valley is as nicely kept as a parlor. There are no indications of dirt, the gardens, orchards, and fields are so neatly arranged. Smooth, almost, as marble floors, they spread away shining with bright colors, while along the horizon the Coast Range rises in every variety of form. The climate is equable—no earthquakes, no thunderstorms, refreshing gales from season to season, and no oppressiv heat or biting cold. This is a land of enjoyment, of perpetual harvest and unending bloom. So the days hav passed delightfully, and I scarcely know that time is on the wing.

I am at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz, strong and true friends, who believe in work, and labor earnestly for the success of our cause. Mrs. Schwartz is a Spiritualist, but her belief only makes the triumph of liberty and justice more important in this world. Her noble philosophy is seen in one of her eloquent lectures published in the *Golden Gate*. Mr. Schwartz does not exactly know about the future life, but he takes an intense interest in reform and ideal progress here, and is loyal to principle even to the sacrifice of wealth.

I hav also enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. L. Magenheimer, where Mr. Bennett was entertained while in this city on his homeward journey. Mr. and Mrs. Magenheimer are stanch Liberals, and hav generously aided in the effort at this point. I lectured on Sunday evening, April 17th, to a full house, and shall lecture Sunday evening, the 24th, and in my next I will giv particulars of the campaign. The outlook is promising. New interest is aroused.

Samos Parsons, eighty-four years of age, walked seven miles on Sunday morning to attend the lecture. A glorious veteran that! Monday afternoon Mr. Schwartz and myself, with Mr. Parsons for companion, rode over to his home through a country every inch of which is like an elegant garden. Mr. and Mrs. Parsons liv with their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Schofield, and a cordial Liberal household they make, and it was a privilege indeed to spend a few hours in this attractiv spot. Mrs. Parsons is a sister of D. R. Burt, one of our grand pioneers in the ranks that are now gone. She is eighty-five years of age, ardent still, with the beautiful enthusiasm of youth. Age is blended with the glories of life's morning. It looked as if Samos Parsons would liv to a hundred years, he has such tenacious vitality. He livs wisely, calmly, but not indolently. He has a workshop and library, with tools, books, papers, etc. He can make almost anything in iron and wood. He has a kind of universal genius—mechanical, musical, literary, and philosophic. He enjoys life hugely. Through varied fortunes he has reached a comfortable serenity, and he looks forward still.

Tuesday was a day of exhilaration from silver morn to golden eve. I went to Mt. Hamilton, on whose castled summit is the Lick Observatory, from whence the largest eye on this planet will search the immensity of stars day and night. It is thirteen miles, in a straight line, from San José, twenty-seven miles by the winding mountain road, which is the most glorious drive, I believe, in this world. It almost seems as if you were mounting via a balloon as you go speeding along. The road is so skilfully constructed that our stanch horses trot nearly to the top, four thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea. From San José the road shoots like an arrow, amid ranks of trees to the foot-hills, six miles off. Then begins the ascent, and it is as if we were climbing round and round some mighty tower—not the tower of Babel, for we are coming, not to confusion, but to the harmony of the spheres.

Continually the landscape expands until we can see for hundreds of miles away, and as one looks down into the valley he almost grows dizzy and fears he will tumble right into it, thousands of feet below. The Santa Cruz mountains, and the Coast Range, with gleaming draperies of cloud, roll off in numberless peaks, the dark blue mingling with the misty sky. To the right the San Francisco bay stretches to the cloudy horizon, and on fair days the ships can be seen, and the city itself, with its busy inhabitants and its ferryboats passing from shore to shore. The valley shines with a wondrous mosaic of colors, white houses amid the blending brilliant greens of fields and vinyards, and groves of oak, and pine, and sycamore, and palm-trees with the sober brown, and gold and purple of flower and stalk, a panorama of charming beauty, earth and heaven glittering in magnificent array. At the Grand View House we reach the acme of the entrancing prospects, and the lovely and sublime picture unfolds its surpassing vastness. Here we change horses, pass onward into a beautiful valley and through a mountain hamlet, and up another rise higher still, while Mt. Hamilton towers before us. At Smith's Creek, ten miles from Grand View, we change horses again. From Smith's Creek to the observatory it is a mile and three quarters, air-line, but seven miles by the stage road. We travel a mile or two and return almost to the same spot, only we are fifty or a hundred yards higher up, and so we mount as if traversing the intricate mazes of a Chinese puzzle, ascending by a gradual evolution, circle above circle, to the very top, where again the valley of Santa Clara is seen, and the surrounding bay and hills. Mt. Diablo, with shining clouds about its breast, shoots its blue peak to the clear sky. A hundred and fifty miles distant we behold the snowy ranges of the Yosemite, and, faint glittering on the horizon, the waters of Monterey. An hour and a half speeds almost like one dazzling moment on this historic hight. Professor Keeler, one of our most learned astronomers, who has charge of the Observatory, explained to us the beautiful machinery by which the march of constellations brings wealth to human thought. The body of James Lick, who believed in man and not in God, is deposited beneath the massiv shaft upon which swings the telescope. Noble resting-place! The stars with silver and golden beams will write his name along the path of advancing knowledge.

The ride back, with gilded clouds along the vast firmament, and nature's most secret haunts mingling with the elegance of civilized life, was a rare enchantment. Seven miles in forty minutes down the mighty mountain sides was a rapture, the glorious horses dashing along like steam-engins.

Besides the telescopes, there are the finest clocks in the world at the Observatory, and the steps of the sun are watched to within five-hundredths of a second, and the beats of time with electric and magnetic currents are sent to San Francisco and all railroad stations, so that no variation occurs along the entire coast.

Wednesday was another day "jeweled with joy." I went to "Ingersoll's Cathedral," among the big trees near Santa Cruz, that lift their tall heads two hundred and seventy-five and three hundred feet into the sunlight. I could not tell how many there were, but one could wander for hours amid these vast arcades, where verdant halls stretch on every side, sounding with most solemn and sweet music, amid the innumerable and gigantic branches. There is "The Giant," "Jumbo," "General Grant," "General Fremont," "The Three Sisters," "The Three Brothers," "Idlewild," etc., each a thousand years old, I guess, and each a world in itself of wonder and magnificence, shooting straight up one hundred and fifty feet without a branch, then spreading its enormous dome. Amid these broad and echoing aisles, with sun and shadow mingling in delightful charm, I wandered as if by magic to the choicest spot of all, the Mecca of my eager feet among these venerable shrines, "Ingersoll's Cathedral," worthy in its beauty and grandeur of that heroic name, and he worthy to make it memorable with man's achievements for liberty and progress. It is one tree, with eight sublime columns two hundred and fifty feet in height. Its vast root is one

hundred and twenty feet in circumference on the outer circle. Where it breaks from the soil it is ninety-six feet in circumference. From this mighty base rises the central trunk, with its encircling pillars forming a dome of wondrous brilliancy, in whose glancing depths the sunshine falls as if upon an emerald sea, that rolls and breaks in exquisit entrancing melody. A cathedral indeed, that nature's deft hands hav built, while the centuries hav slowly come and gone. Here thoughts unutterable press upon the mind. The life of man, the life of earth, meet in kindred fascination, and the swaying branches are like pictures of human struggle; and in this magic circle I wonder if poesy breathes its charm, for thus my thoughts flowed on:

INGERSOLL'S CATHEDRAL.

Was ever temple made so rich as this,
Whose glowing roof is wrought of sunbeams bright,
And leaves that tremble with delightful sound—
An emerald sea that seems to float above,
And drop its music on the enchanted heart?
Beneath this dome I sit, and swift thoughts come
Of what the world might be if this green arch
Made all the church for human hope and prayer.
How peaceful then the earth! How clear its breast
Of all the bloody stains of tyrant's hand!
Then would man walk abroad with brow elate;
And as these columns greet the chainless air,
So would his mind aloft make music mild—
Earthborn, yet reaching to the radiant sun.
O beautiful cathedral! planted deep
And spreading wide thy roots in earth's dark breast,
And from thy massiv base uplifting high
Thy branching pillars interlacing far,
In depths that seem unmeasured to mine eyes,
Of greeu and golden glory, and keen blue
That for a moment pierces through thy roof
Like the bright eye of a swift-wandering god.
Here can I worship. Thy grand priest is man,
The brave and loving, tender and sublime,
The music of whose speech is like thy voice
Forever falling from thy glittering spires.
Eveu as thou liftest thy bright head above
The fruitful darkness of thy rooted base—
So from the past of man, its darksome toil,
The genius of to-day in heaven's bright face
Shines splendid, weaving sunlight into joy,
And making hope for him who labors low.
O sweet pavilion, 'neath thy moving dome,
Each leaf a diamond glancing into song
Till light and sound become one joy intense—
I offer prayer, the ceaseless prayer of all,
That men might be like these strong ranks I see
Of monarch trees, upright and firm for truth,
Like him whose name is on thy stately front,
Giant like thee, and piercing to the light,
And making music for our shadowed life
Like thy sun-christened blazonry of leaves.
Here will my heart the hymn of hope new take,
And from thy gracious presence I will go,
My spirit rhythmic with thy lofty strain.

Thursday and Friday I am in the beautiful valley of Livermore, where the finest wines in the state are produced, rivaling those of France and Burgundy in delicacy of flavor. The soil is high—four hundred feet above the level of the sea—so that vinyards escape dampness, and drink in the warmth of the sun, with sufficient moisture so that the heat does not parch, but the gentle flame is transformed to richest juice. This valley is named after Robert Livermore, an English boy, who ran away from his ship, married the daughter of a Spanish alcade, received large grants of land, and fifty years ago was one of the mighty men of this country, enterprising and adventurous.

I gave two lectures to full houses, and find a large Liberal element. The prospect is bright for a permanent organization. This country is too good for the churches. Where nature smiles so brilliantly, the banners of Freethought should greet the sky. This valley has only been settled a few years. The land was once considered worthless, but it now ranks with the best producing sections of California. All sorts of fruit can be raised—grapes, apricots, peaches, pears, cherries, figs, etc.—but it takes a small fortune, however, to start a farm here; but the outlay is wonderfully remunerativ.

I am at Petaluma next week, April 26th, 27th, and 28th; at Stockton, May 1st and 8th; Napa City, May 3d, 4th, and 5th; at Sacramento, May 15th and 22d. I expect to be at Ukiah, Grass Valley, etc., June 5th, and plan to be at Ashland, Oregon, June 12th; at Talent, June 19th; at Salem, Silverton, June 21st, 22d, and 23d; and other places in Oregon and Washington Territory, but the dates are not yet fixed. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*San José, Cal.*, April 23, 1887.

### One of the Reasons Why Dr. McGlynn was Deposed.

*From an interview with a Sun reporter in* 1870.

"I am opposed to Catholics making application for appropriations from the state for separate schools. I am sure Mr. Preston did not express the Catholic wish and sentiment on the subject. I assert that we do not wish to unite secular and religious education. Our public schools are the pride and glory of Americans, and should be made institutions where Christians and Infidels, Jews and gentiles, may alike send their children to be educated, without any fear that they would be subjected to any religious or sectarian bias. An Infidel, Jew, or Mohammedan has the same rights in our government that you or I hav; and the rights of all should be respected. The business of public education should be in the hands of seculars, and not intrusted to our religious orders."

## Editorial Notes.

"EVERY minister," says the *Christian at Work*, "should be a 128th Psalm man." Well, if they ought to be, they are not. Most of them are 109th Psalm men in sentiment, and but two or three centuries ago were in practice.

A GERMAN evangelical journal says that Protestantism in Germany suffers greatly from the growth of unbelief and the activity of the Roman Catholic church. Were it not that the Evangelical church is supported by the government, the schismatics of the Luther kind would hav a hard road to hoe. The church ought to persuade Bismarck not to trade with the pope.

WE learn from press dispatches from Lynchville, Va., that Mrs. E. D. Slenker, of Snowville, has been arrested by an agent of Anthony Comstock's society on a charge of violating the United States postal law against the mailing of immoral literature, and lodged in jail in default of $2,000 bail. Up to the hour of going to press no further information is obtainable, but it is safe to assume that the charge is groundless and that the arrest is but another of those outrages with which the people hav become familiar under the Comstock law.

AT the first meeting of the Anti-Poverty Society, of which Dr. McGlynn is president and Henry George a conspicuous member, held in Chickering Hall last Sunday, Mr. George said:

"This society does not propose to ask what beliefs its members hold. If Archbishop Corrigan wishes to join, good and welcome; if Colonel Ingersoll wishes to join, good and welcome. We are not here to pray to God, but to do the work of God; to arouse the religious sentiment in man to do what charity and creeds hav not done—to abolish poverty. The churches, so far from striving to do this, condemn and persecute the priest who dares to lift up this standard—who would labor for the poor."

It is a healthy sign that Archbishop Corrigan's name was received with hisses, and Colonel Ingersoll's name with "prolonged and tremendous cheers," from an audience that filled every inch of floor room in the big hall.

THE *Catholic Union and Times* prints this paragraph:

"The Infidel sheet, THE TRUTH SEEKER, which, if it seeks hasn't found truth yet, scoffs at miracles, of course. We hav heard of certain so-called Christian preachers who think it a mark of advanced thought and profound mind to do the same."

In following the example of THE TRUTH SEEKER, we think the "so-called Christian preachers" do well. But if Mr. Cronin will get one of the too numerous Catholic representativs of Christian omnipotence to perform a genuin miracle—say raising a dead man—we promis not to scoff any more, and also to use our influence with the so-called Christian preachers to get them to abstain. A miracle performed this year would be worth more to the church, whose trade is falling off, than forty performed eighteen hundred years ago, and which are not susceptible of verification.

BEARING in mind that this is a country where civil law is superior to ecclesiastical canons, the Roman Catholic priests of California are carrying their heads high. Two years or so ago a Stockton couple were married by a Methodist minister, upon whom the California law confers authority for such performance. Recently a child was born, and the father asked the minister to baptize it. Hearing of this, the priest of Stockton called upon the gentleman, told him that his child was illegitimate, that his wife was a concubine, that unless he was married by a Catholic priest the child would be damned, and that he and his wife would continue to liv in concubinage and under the anathema of the church of Rome. The young man was raised a Catholic, but renounced his allegiance when he became of age. His wife is still a Catholic and the two are now completely demoralized. The father vows that he will not submit to the priest and will probably run the risk of being damned.

SAYS a Christian writer on "Our Religious Instincts" in the May *Forum:*

"When the Agnostic peruses some new critique of the Theistic argument, or the latest examination of the belief in a future life, he throws his hat in the air in exultation, confident that the superstition cannot survive such another fatal exposure, and timid Christians themselvs turn pale with apprehension of the coming downfall of the church. But when, the nine days' wonder over, the new dialectical or scientific cannonade has passed by, the flag of Christian trust and hope is seen floating as jubilantly as ever over the ancient walls."

The religious instinct, of which Mr. Bixby boasts, is the instinct of fear—the same instinct that made man in the savage state crouch before the lightning flash and the roll of thunder; made him seek to propitiate the powerful sun, and offer sacrifices to deified phenomena; that made him giv personality to animals and plants, to streams and winds and stars, and bow before them all. If Christians are satisfied with the permanence of that instinct, let them hav what comfort they derive from it. To the philosopher such permanence is valuable only as it reveals that man is still in the bondage of animalism.

IF Spiritualist mediums practice medicin, or heal diseases in any way, receiving pay therefor, they must take out a license when in Pennsylvania. Mrs. Sarah Patterson, of Philadelphia, who calls herself a medium, was charged by the County Medical Society with practicing medicin and surgery without a license, and a Philadelphia jury has declared her guilty. The defense set up by the defendant's counsel, Carrie B. Kilgore, and her husband, Damon Y. Kilgore, was that Mrs. Patterson was a medium and under the control of spirits, and was not responsible for what she had done in a trance. The defendant's counsel are both Spiritualists. After the verdict was announced, Mrs. Kilgore, the lawyer, made a motion for a new trial and an arrest of judgment, saying that they would file their reasons within the prescribed time. The motion was granted, and in the mean time the judge permitted the defendant to renew her bail. In his charge to the jury, Judge Arnold said: "The question before you is a simple question, whether or not the defendant practiced medicin, surgery, or any of their branches for gain, aud received or accepted certain fees from the two witnesses. If she did, she is guilty in manner and form as she stands iudicted, unless you believe that she was insane and not responsible for her acts; and if you acquit her on that ground, you are to say, 'Not guilty on the ground of insanity,' and then we can put her iu an asylum. Spiritualism is no defense whatever. Therefore, dismiss all you hav heard about Spiritualism."

SOME of our good Liberals about New York (who, by the way, do not subscribe for THE TRUTH SEEKER, though they ought to), think that our artist "drew it too strong" when he pictured as knocking at the doors of our public schools a Catholic priest with a suggestion of the devil about him. We trust that we shall not offend our fastidious friends if we remark that we consider the picture in our issue of April 30th to be one of Mr. Heston's happiest inspirations, and we would not change a single one of its suggestions. The only apology that we could make to anyone would be to the devil for intimating that he could be a Catholic priest. But, then, we don't care for the devil, either.

SOME enterprising showmen hav built and set up in this city a *fac simile* of an old London street, showing the architectural styles, and the mode of the shopmen's and mechanic's lives, of several centuries. It is an entertaining and instructiv historical exhibition. But we notice in the little paper published to advertise it the showmen keep standing a wild fable called, "Chaplain McCabe's Dream of Ingersollville." Showmeu should always keep their shows before the public by means of printer's ink, but to do so it is not necessary to insult a large number of people by printing and reprinting the delirious imagiuings of a Methodist preacher, whose chief claim to notoriety is his successful mendicancy. Unless the Old London Street showmen propose to get their money from churches and Sunday-schools, they will do well to ignore dreams resulting from too great indulgence in spirits of any sort—the "spirit of God" not excepted.

THE Methodist preachers of Oregon are hard to please. The Dayton *Chronicle* tells this story: "In his circuit a zealous brother of the Methodist persuasion has for one of his flock a widow, poor, lone, and forlorn, as women in her circumstances are wont to be. The widow was in arrears with her church dues, and as she had no money, prevailed upon her instructor to take what was due him in anything he could fiud that he liked about the house. Among other possessions of the widow were two fine hams, one of which she offered to the minister, but, true to his greedy, selfish nature, he took both hams and a piece of backbone which he found with them. An ordinary man would hav been satisfied and kept his mouth shut after getting away with the whole thing, but this follower of the Lord was not. He had hardly got home before he began to find fault with the hams, said they smelt bad, and he believed they were not good. After using what he could of them, he again called upon the widow and informed her that the hams failed to satisfy him, and he should still hold that she was in his debt." The woman, adds the *Chronicle*, has the sympathy of the entire neighborhood.

### Religious War in Tonga.

*From the Otago, N. Z., Daily Times.*

AUCKLAND, February 8.

News from Tonga indicates that the long-expected religious war between the Wesleyan and Free churches has at last broken out, and it has taken the unexpected form of an attempted assassination of the Rev. Shirley Baker (premier), who founded the Free church. On Thursday evening, January 13th, about 7:30 o'clock, as Mr. Baker was driving in his buggy, with his daughter Beatrice and his son Shirley, close to their own house and the King's palace, Mr. Baker saw some men coming down under a fence with their guns pointed at the buggy, and another man in the roadway. He called to Shirley, who immediately jumped down and told the man to giv him his gun and said, "Don't fire." The men at the fence said, "Wi wi" (Do it), and immediately he fired, hitting Shirley in the left arm. The men at the feuce were peering round, trying to get a sight at Mr. Baker, but either the carriage lamp dazed them, or else they were afraid of hitting Miss Baker. Anyhow, they did not fire, and all cleared away. The horse sprang forward when the shot was fired, having been hit with one of the slugs, and Miss Baker was thrown out, severely hurting her neck and back. Shirley said, "I am all right." But his father must hav seen his arm was shattered, and drove furiously off for a doctor. There was great yelling out, and the whole town was soon on the scene, armed with guns, axes, clubs, spears, etc. The doctor attending Shirley found he had received a very severe wound, inflicted by three or four slugs, which had entered the inside of the arm and come out just below the joint. Some people sayt hey heard two reports almost simultaneously, and support their statement by the fact that the lamp was struck in two places, and the splashboard of the buggy also. Miss Baker was wounded in the thigh in two places. A great many boats hav arrived full of armed men, also two schooners with some four hundred men. There was a fearful yelling, and the warriors marched round about firing their guns in all directions. In the afternoon a crowd of them massed around the prison yelling and beating in the doors with their rifle-butts. Four shots were fired which penetrated the prison walls. On Saturday the Hoabai warriors started out in gangs and plundered a number of town and country villages so far as the Wesleyans are concerned. In the district of Horna the Wesleyans were stripped of all their possessions and turned out of their homes.

# Communications.

## Mrs. Colman's Reminiscences.

Before I leave Ohio I think I will introduce the reader to some persons, not because of their opinions upon slavery, but to show the ignorance that existed at that time upon social matters in some parts of that state. At the close of one of our meetings we were informed that we would be hospitably entertained at the house of Mr. E., some four miles distant, and a person in the house would take us in his sleigh to the place. On arriving, we found a good house and a cordial welcome. The host was a man of sixty years or thereabouts, with a second wife of about fifty years. The wife was very inferior to the husband, and had married, as many another woman has, for the sake of a home, and found the home had cost much more than its worth.

Mr. E. was very communicativ, and soon gave me his history. He, with his former wife, both from Massachusetts, were members of the Presbyterian church, and during a revival in the town, which was where he was then living, the wife became so excited, fearing her children would be sent to hell should they liv to be men and women, that she cut the throats of two of them. The third was strong enough to break away from the mother, and so saved his life. This wife was confined some months in an asylum, a maniac, but the church could not hav the name of a murderer on its books, and so it excommunicated her. The husband then withdrew his name. When the poor crazed woman became calm, the husband took her home, and caused her to giv birth three different times to a child. The first, a girl, was idiotic, and her depravity was beyond description. She would wander off and become the victim of some masculin demon, and had more than once been delivered of a child too much deformed to liv. Following her birth, a son was born, more than half a fool, but not given to licentiousness. Then a third son was born, an entire idiot. As this man told me of these things, I was so roused that I said, "You permitted yourself to be the father of three idiot children—the mother a woman who had been driven mad by the cruelty of her religious creed!" "Why," said he, "she was harmless, and she was my wife." I wondered if he had learned that abominable way of treating a wife from the Bible. The eldest son had been given the farm. The two idiot sons were to be supported by him, and the daughter wandered a vagabond upon the face of the earth.

The second wife, a widow, with one daughter, had married, expecting in that way to make a home for herself and child. She was not allowed to hav her daughter with her on account of the expense; and she, the wife, what was she? Will some one tell me, when it means, as it did in this case, legal prostitution, if such wifehood is less degrading than when a mother goes upon the street and yields herself to some stranger who has not disgusted her with long years of such brutality? Alas! that woman does not yet own her own physical body!

One more anecdote of Ohio customs forty years ago. A convention was to be held at Crestline. The railroad had just been opened, and a depot built. The western Abolitionists owned a commodious tent, which was transported to this place. A number of the more distinguished lecturers from Massachusetts were to be present, and, as was expected, a large crowd was in attendance, the new railroad facilities making it easy to reach the place. I arrived early in the morning of the opening day of the meeting. A gentleman met me at the depot, and ascertaining that I was Mrs. Colman, said that I was to be entertained at his house. On reaching his home, I was met by a young lady with whom I had become acquainted the year previous in Michigan. She came to me with outstretched arms, wound them about my neck, and burst into a fit of violent weeping. I at length succeeded in soothing her so that she told me her grief. She was a resident of Philadelphia, and had been spending a year with an uncle in the West. In that time she had become engaged to a young man, the brother of her uncle's wife, who was accompanying her home to make the acquaintance of her family. As both families were very activ distinguished Abolitionists, the young couple had taken this convention on their way. They had been met on their arrival at Crestline, and invited to this house, and given for the night one room with two beds, the room so small that there was just space enough to walk between the beds. I said: "You poor, foolish child. You are crying because you hav stayed for a night with people so unsophisticated that they had no idea that chaste, pure people required bolts and bars to keep them from wronging each other. Wipe your eyes. There is no need of crying because you hav been entirely trusted by people who did not know you, and what is of much greater consequence to you, you hav proved your lover's character to be unblemished under temptation." That day the house was so filled that the two beds were made into one, nd five persons occupied the room which had been cell of suffering and mortification to my little lady on the first night of her arrival. The young lover made his bed with other gentlemen on the floor of the room out of which the little room opened.

I cannot leave this place without recording another case of "woman's wrongs." A cousin of mine charged me to keep out of my "Reminiscences" all reference to woman's rights. I am troubled to find woman's rights, so much of woman's wrongs comes up to my memory. I saw no appearance of the getting ready of our hostess to attend the meeting, and so ventured to say, "Are you not going to the meeting?" "How can you ask? The house full, dinner to get for the crowd; two babies, the oldest not one year older than the youngest, and already heavy with another—can you think I hav time or wish to go?" I said, "Hav you no help?" She answered: "Yes; my sister is here to take care of the children to-day. Oh, go and talk about the slave's wrongs, and if you can find one as much a slave as myself, both night and day, take her my pity!" I said: "Will you let me help you to-day? Let me plan for you. Giv us just some bread and butter at noon, and I will help you to get the dinner after the afternoon session." She said she feared her husband would not like it. I said: "Leave him to me. I am to speak this morning, and I shall hav something to say to him, and I wish you to hear it." The sister joined me in persuasion, and the poor woman went to the meeting. I found my tongue unloosed, and said as much for oppressed wifehood as for the chattel slave. I hav never seen this family since.

I went to Indiana and Illinois after leaving Ohio. Very little antislavery work had ever been done in Indiana, and the people were too stupid to be easily aroused. I had suffered all the inconveniences, seemingly, of Western life, but the half has not been told. A sample of the hotels may be amusing. I found in my room a bed and a broken chair—no article for the toilet whatever. This was to be put up with without wry faces where we were given without money or price the best they had; but in a hotel which had a large swinging sign on which was painted in large letters, "Preserve the Union," and for which I paid $1.50 per day, I felt like demanding a little more, and so asked for water in my room for a bath in the morning. Quite late, so late that I was already dressed, despairing of the bath, I was confronted with a man, with what they used in Massachusetts to call an iron skillet, differing from a kettle in the form of its handle, which, instead of a bail, was a straight handle projecting from one side, like a spider. He presented me with this skillet, in which was a quart of water, saying that the delay was on account of the using of the "thing," as he called it, to cook the meat in for breakfast, and the towel had to be washed and ironed, in proof of which the towel was warm from the ironing. LUCY N. COLMAN.

*Syracuse*, April 2, 287.

## Some Sunday Reflections.

*Suggested by the Evening Sun.*

If I were a philosopher, I might offer some reflections on, and draw some deductions from, certain perplexities that beset men of this city on Sundays.

As, for instance, if I were a philosopher, I might ask myself where freedom of action ends and restraint begins.

On Sunday Mr. de Smyth is at liberty, if he is a member of an uptown club, to enter its reception-room, call for any beverage—vinous, malt, or alcoholic—and hav it brought to him with most perfunctory elegance by a swallow-tailed waiter. But Mr. de Smyth is not permitted on that holy day to buy beer, wine, or liquor at a hotel or a saloon.

On Sunday John Smith is free to go to the park and listen to the strains that issue from the kiosk on the mall, but he is restrained on that holy day from listening to instrumental music in a public hall. He may go to a concert in the evening, where gems from operas are sung by Patti or Schalchi, but he cannot hear an opera in its entirety.

On Sunday he may take a pleasure trip on a steamboat, may witness a swimming-match, but he is debarred from seeing athletes bat a baseball.

On Sunday he may buy a cigar, but it is made a crime to sell him a pair of gloves or an umbrella.

On Sunday he may wander in the parks and look at the statuary, but the doors of the public museums of art are closed to him.

On Sunday Mr. Smith may buy a novel at the news-stand, but the doors of the great libraries are closed and bolted to him.

On Sunday he may drive with considerable rapidity on the Boulevard, but he may not witness a race.

On Sunday his coachman is permitted to drive him to the church door, and wait on the box till service is over, and after that may drive him to his club, where Mr. de Smyth gets his dinner and his bottle of '64 Hochheimer, but the coachman may not take either wife or sweetheart on Sunday to a grove where there are music and beer.

On Sunday he may buy a good dinner either at his club or at a hotel, but the grocers are forbidden, under heavy penalties, to sell to him the wherewithal to make a Sunday dinner at home.

On Sunday he may look at the panorama in 59th street, but the sight of a pantomime in 14th street is debarred him.

On Sunday he may see stereoscopic illustrations thrown on canvas at the Grand Opera House, corner of 23d street and 8th avenue, but he is not allowed to feast his eyes at the pictures in the American Museum, corner of 63d street and 8th avenue.

On Sunday he may hear the blare of trumpets and the music of Cappa's band at the head of a funeral parade, but itinerant musicians with the best of intentions and wind are not allowed to play for him on this same Sunday.

Strange, isn't it?

And if I were a philosopher I might descant on the howness of the why, but as I am not, I simply state the facts.

* * *

In London a scholar translates the "Arabian Nights," expurgating nothing, which makes it a very interesting book.

The scholar is thought to hav done a scholarly and meritorious work.

In New Jersey a man sells another unabridged classic called "The Heptameron," and now languishes in state prison for doing it.

If I were a philosopher, enjoying the whisperings of the winds through the leaves in the park, and listening to the twitter of the birds in the branches, and enjoying the way in which the bold zephyrs kiss the splashing waters of the fountain as they shoot up into the air, I might dilate on the fact that the bookseller who sold Yale College and Harvard College, the "National," and other libraries, this same "Heptameron" is enjoying the balmy air and splashing fountain, and the other et ceteras.

Bolted and barred, the New Jersey prisoner may reflect, with profit, on the fact that the same bookseller is enjoying the above-mentioned et ceteras, together with life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, at the rate of from ten to twenty-five cents a glass, from the sale of unabridged editions of the "Arabian Nights," while he is chewing the cud of reflection in company with musketoes and pollywogs on the New Jersey flats for selling unabridged copies of "The Heptameron."

Strange, isn't it?

Whether the reflection will bring him much comfort is difficult to say, but it certainly will convince him that different results flow from the same act.

When he shakes New Jersey mud from his disgusted heels, and has further calls for "The Heptameron," he can refer inquirers to the libraries which hav it on their shelves, though possibly he may be jailed for his kind direction.

How sorry I am not to be a philosopher!

WM. GEO. O.

## A Scrap from Australia.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Having been a constant reader of your splendid paper for some time past, I could not resist the temptation to forward you an item of the Freethought cause in this colony. For the Freethought of Australia I predict a glorious future. The Freethought ranks of Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane strengthen each month with really astonishing rapidity. Among us are the most indefatigable workers. Mr. Joseph Symes, of Melbourne, is without doubt the Ingersoll of Australia. He works like a veritable Trojan for the noble work of liberty. I fully believe that if Mr. Symes met his death through an accident, the majority of the parsons in Melbourne would dance a can-can of delight. Sydney also has some splendid expounders of liberty, Mr. Collins being a wasp to the long-faced theologians of that place. Dr. Hughes, an eminent scholar, also an M.A. and LL.D., is never happy unless tackling the unfortunate priest.

We hav just achieved a great victory in New South Wales; that is, of placing a rank out-and-out Secularist in the Sydney parliament. Being an able lecturer, and a fearless exponent of liberty, I am positiv he will be an addition to our law-makers.

I view with admiration the independent and thorough republican spirit that is gradually growing in this sunny land, and I predict without hesitation a glorious united state republic for Australia within the next centery. Loyalty here is only lip expression to toady to aristocrats and purple-clad rogues, or to find fat billets and big salaries for cads who are devoid of brains and biceps.

During the last six months there has been a fearful depression, owing solely to the glut of foreign goods upon our market. Trade everywhere is at a stagnation. Men are walking the streets of Sydney content to work for absurdly low salaries (in some cases for bread alone). Unless better legislation is awarded us in the future, Sydney will indeed be in a deplorable state. Such a condition of things in a colony of this description is a standing disgrace. We hav everything that nature can supply, yet we derive no benefit from it.

Although Freethought societies hav such large numbers, orthodoxy reigns, and in a most bigoted, narrow manner. You would scarcely believe that a Roman Catholic paper advocated the assassination of a lecturer during his Victoria campaign. Ministers

innumerable, Sunday after Sunday, belie us with their bombastic tirade. It is useless; truth will out.

I am very much pleased with Mr. Putnam's effort on the "New God." It is splendid. I hav shown it to several, who greatly appreciate it. Mr. Peck's Bible or "Christian Absurdities" is a *bon bouche.* Mr. Dawes's "Has Christianity Benefited Woman?" is also very good. I must now come to a conclusion, and wish American Secularism the success it so justly deserves. SYDNEY L. BRYCE.

*Orchardleigh, Riverston, N. S. W.*

## A New Rochelle, N. Y., Note.

A comrade who passed through New Rochelle on his pilgrimage hither tells me that he there asked a minister in the street where he could go for a little warmth and quiet comfort, he being both wet and ill, and obliged to walk to New York. The gospel-sharp readily gave him a card with directions to some place where some traveling evangelists—save the mark!—were shaking sinners over hell. He went, and took a seat by the stove. Soon the sky-pilot came to him and besought him to go up in front to the grunting-bench and pray for his lost soul. "No," said he, "I came in here to get warm and be quiet. I am not lost; I am an old soldier on my way to the Home. It is my stomach that is in need, and if you hav any sympathy for me, the best thing for you to do is to giv me a restaurant ticket for a square meal." "I see," said the preacher, "you are a hard case, and I fear you are past grace." Mr. Minister heeded not this poor soldier's prayer to him for what he needed. How, then, shall the preacher hav answered his own prayers for grace?

Shade of Thomas Paine! How long shall such leeches, deadbeats, sponges, and parasites pester the earth with the mockery of mercy and continue to work the paralysis of intelligence—and that, too, when a pandering president calls the suffering soldier who served his country well a "government pauper?"

*Soldiers' Home, Va.* JOHN P. GUILD.

## Stand from Under.

To the thoughtful it cannot escape observation that the present period of the civilized world is in a highly inflammatory state, as if the "day of judgment" was really fast approaching.

New York is said to be the richest city in the world. Fortunes are not now counted upon as of old, as a competence for old age, of fifty, sixty, or ninety thousand dollars, but millions upon millions.

The day of reckoning seems to be approaching, and the question is being asked by the workingmen and thinkers, How hav all these millions been aggregated, and found comparativly in the hands of a few? It is evident it has not been the accumulation of honest labor or handicraft. Society is divided naturally into few classes—the farmer, the mechanic, the shop-keepers, pedlers, and schemers. Hence it is seriously asked, How comes this vast inequality of wealth?—this vast inequality of luxury and ostentation on the one side, and abject poverty and starvation on the other? Verily, the "day of judgment" is fast upon us. The day of reckoning is fast approaching, and when it does arrive, sad may be the attitude of one of those unfeeling aristocrats, caught, as it were, with a stolen sheep on his back.

As in the bull-fights in Italy the incensing red flag of tantalization to the too passiv bull arouses the animal to fight, even so the wealth of these bloated schemers is flaunted before the workingman, placing him in a degrading position of subserviency.

It is too true that poverty, ignorance, and muscle are apt to be companions, as much as wealth, pedantry, clerical pride, ostentation, and impudent assumption, and they are fast coming to an issue, and heaven only knows the result. Therefore the writer advises, Stand from under, for when nature's thunderbolt explodes, we may get JESSY.

## Hidden Dangers Unearthed by The Truth Seeker.

*From the Jewish Times.*

A careful and most valuable compilation of the sectarian enactments in the various states and territories appears in the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC for 1887, and was specially compiled for that periodical by a well-known New York lawyer. The great labor expended in searching out these Sunday, Oath, and Blasphemy laws was labor well spent, for they teach us that religious fanaticism and intolerance injected into politics hav in a great measure united church and state. There is not one of these enactments that may not on any day be invoked against citizens who do not profess the Christian religion. The Adventists, Jews, Agnostics, and the great body of Rationalists at large hav not the "equal rights" guaranteed by the Constitution that Christians hav. There are several states in the Union in which an Agnostic cannot testify in court on account of his religious or non-religious opinions, and this though he might be a man of the purest morals and the loftiest intellect. There are states in which Jews and Adventists are fined if they violate the Sunday laws, and in Arkansas, in the case of the Adventists, persecution preceded the fine. This is a gross violation of Constitutional rights.

In that extraordinary romance, "The Man Who Laughs," the author shows that in England there are thousands of laws yet unrepealed and lying dormant which if enforced would make that country one of the most despotic on earth. They are hidden dangers which may at any time be invoked to the terror of the people. In some of our own states, notably so in Delaware and New Jersey, there are also hidden dangers which, if put into effect, would make both states petty ecclesiastical despotisms.

## Concerning Comstock.

*From Pomeroy's Democrat.*

Anthony Comstock, a crank who by some inscrutable performance of providence and class legislation is permitted to ply his vocation as an agent for the suppression of vice, is one of the most flagrant and determined offenders of law and public decency there is to be found in this country.

There is not a state prison within the confines of the United States that has not on its criminal list men who in all of honesty, integrity, morality, and sympathy with that which is good, are not better types of manhood and mankind than is Anthony Comstock. Years ago this man, who is put before the world as a Christian example, is charged with swindling people in the United States by advertising that for a certain sum of money he would send to them books containing matter which people would not care to read in public or before their families; thus he excited a prurient curiosity, and received orders and money, for which he sent cheap copies of the Bible.

This he considered a good joke, especially as it brought money to his pocket; at least this is common report, and we believe has several times been proven against him. Then he uses names other than his own. For years he has been assuming names and writing to the weak-minded, as he could obtain their post-office addresses, urging them to send for some contraband article, or has forged or used fictitious names of persons for the purpose of ordering from dealers in contraband goods, and the articles to be sent to his forged address, so that he could proceed against such persons as an agent of the law.

Of all the detectivs ever engaged in the United States there never was a more contemptible, sneaking, dishonest, and dishonorable one, or one who stoops to more dishonest means than does Anthony Comstock, allowing the editor of this paper to be a judge of such matters.

In his attacks upon persons who are engaged in that which may be called demoralization of public sentiment, he is careful only to pick up the weak, the defenseless, those who are poor, or against whom some prejudice has come to exist. He dare not arrest any man, or interfere with any corporation of strength, any more than a coward dare tackle a man who is his superior. Yet he poses as an excellent public officer, and as a devout Christian. God save the mark!

In the Hoffman House of this city are several very fine paintings, generally considered works of art. Not long since the publisher of a newspaper in this city, with no thought or intent of violating the law of the land or of public decency, obtained permission to hav one of these pictures in the hotel above alluded to copied by the engraving process, and last week, when sending his papers with this copy of the celebrated picture therein, was waited upon by Comstock, who, without any warrant or authority of law, proceeded there with his minions to take possession of this edition of the paper, tear out that portion of it containing the pictures, destroy the same, and them leave the premises. Action at law will be brought against Comstock for trespass and destruction of property, when in fact a club should hav been brought against his head with such force as to hav deprived him of his commission. For the sake of argument we will assume the pictures, as presented in the newspaper, to hav been of the lewd or suggestiv character, but they were not.

Walk along Broadway any pleasant afternoon and you will see women dressed in the most suggestiv manner, and will see hundreds of men standing on the sidewalk to gaze upon them; then go take a drink, and after that spend the evening in some house of ill-fame. Against these ordinary characters or the places visited by those whose thoughts are fired by such suggestiv dressing, Anthony Comstock lifts no hand, nor does the society he is the agent of lift its voice against them or their ways.

In the hotel hangs this picture visited by thousands and thousands of persons each year, and yet Anthony Comstock dare not walk into that hotel and lay his hand upon the picture.

Were he to do so, his head would probably be cracked as fine as ice used for cooling champagne, should he ever attempt to interfere with the property of a man of wealth and power.

Cromwell, the celebrated artist, every Sunday night at the Grand Opera House, corner of Eighth avenue and Twenty-third street, exhibits pictures larger than life, representing nude men and women.

They are copies of works of art. Thousands and tens of thousands of the best citizens of the country attend these lectures in order to behold what art has accomplished.

Anthony Comstock dare not go into the Grand Opera House and seize the pictures belonging to Professor Cromwell thus presented, but should some poor devil of a printer photograph or engrave copies of any of these nude pictures, and offer them as copies of works of art, Anthony Comstock pounces upon such person struggling to obtain an honest livelihood, nor lets up until the court has discharged the so-called offender, and reprimanded the insulting and meddlesome agent, as is done in the majority of cases where arrests are made at the instigation of this religious ass, who is doing more to bring morality into disrepute than is being done by all of those who are engaged in selling that which one law declares to be immoral and another law declares to be pure. It is about time that the legislature of this state took this matter in hand, and repealed all of the laws operating in this state in which Anthony Comstock or his society thus proceeds to an interference with the private rights of honest, well-meaning citizens.

There are scores and scores of places in this city where men and women meet for the most immoral purposes; where gambling and deliberate robbery are carried on, but the door-keepers of these places are generally men of courage, so that Anthony Comstock and his assistants never care to enter them, or even to look at them as they pass by.

Some of these days the agent for the suppression of vice will mysteriously disappear, and no trouble will be taken to find him. While he is a large, well-dressed, portly, Christian gentleman in the estimation of a few, in the opinion of the many, in which opinion *Pomeroy's Democrat* concurs, he is a dirty, cowardly crank, who delights in leading the weak into ways of wickedness, then, for the so-called glory of God and Comstock, robbing them of what they hav, and breaking the hearts of their relativs.

## A Shocking Outbreak.

*From the Milwaukee Sentinel.*

There are cities in which preachers are perturbed concerning the Sunday pleasures of the populace, and even raise their voices against Sunday newspapers. Mostly, the populace goes on in its accustomed Sunday ways, indifferent to appeals and scoldings; and mostly the Sunday newspapers are respectful toward the preachers, hurling back no contumelious stone. But there is a painful exception in the last respect in Cincinnati. Goaded out of the attitude of calm endurance which a quiet conscience sustains in the case of the Sunday newspaper, the *Commercial Gazette* let fly at a $4,000 preacher who hurls the Sunday commandment toward all offenders.

We are in a measure shocked to find that newspaper reciting many things concerning the ways of the average $4,000 preacher. Among others, that he has, in addition to his salary, a handsome furnished parsonage free of rent—of many rooms, on a good street, with good ventilation, good furniture, water, gas, and other modern conveniences, and all the necessaries and many of the luxuries and elegances of living; good feeding in continual variety, in which the temptation and indulgence of appetite is more considered than the necessities of sustenance or that plain, self-denying physiological living which promotes the health of body and brain; he is free in the indulgence of another of the appetites which tend to excess and in which excess is physical and mental destruction. Sickness does not stop his $4,000 salary; also, it goes on when he takes his vacation at a summer resort to recover from his exhaustiv brain-work and to brace up his overworked digestiv organs. At the summer pleasure resort he finds special reduced rates for preachers, and the interstate commerce law makes an exclusiv reservation to him of the railroad favors which it prohibits to all other persons. Fees for weddings and funerals and christenings and various gifts add to his income. Compared with the mental work done by leading lawyers, judges, and journalists, his pulpit deliverances are not an excessiv strain.

It is painful to draw further from the tirade of the offensiv Cincinnati paper, but we must. Thus it continues: On the Sunday morning he eats a warm breakfast, for the cooking of which on the Sabbath the law of Moses would put the whole family to death; in a Sunday-cooked dinner of much richness and variety, he takes compensation for his work by an indulgence of appetite which is prone to exceed the limits of his physical, mental, and spiritual welfare; a supper follows the afternoon inertia of fulness, with some delicacy freshly cooked to stimulate the jaded palate. "All that is necessary to healthy nourishment could be cooked the day before, as the Sabbath law commanded. In the three cooked meals for his indulgence of the pleasure of eating beyond the actual necessities, he has thrice done that which the seventh-day Sabbath commandment made a mortal sin, for which it stoned the whole household to death." Continues this impertinent journal: "In comparison with the mass he has, in all days of the week and on Sunday, an exceptional share of enjoyment of what the scripture calls 'the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life.'" Then follows a comparison of the condition of the wage-worker to whom this preacher applies for Sunday the seventh-day Sabbath commandment.

But no more of this. The *Commercial Gazette* should be ashamed of itself.

## That Suppressed Conference Report.

*From Secular Thought.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER has got hold of a good thing, and it can be trusted for making the most of it. A correspondent of that paper sends from Philadelphia a transcript of the Rev. Dr. Jones's report to the chairman of a church conference on the state of religion, the true condition and prospects of the church generally in regard to vitals, godliness, and sound doctrin, the inroads which Infidelity has made upon the faith of the people, etc., in the Eastern states. The report is indeed an extraordinary document, and if trustworthy—and no doubt it is—the publication of it ought to make a sensation. It is no wonder that the conference did not see fit to authorize the publication of the report themselvs. There were altogether too many damaging confessions made for the report to be palatable, and so they ordered it to be laid aside in the mean time. But all the same, it got into the hands of the Philistines.

Dr. Jones finds a deplorable state of affairs in the church. Everything is out of joint. The hynology is "namby-pamby;" the sermonizing provocativ of "inanity and listlessness;" the doctrin of eternal retribution for sin has become a mere "scare-crow in a field of corn." Redemption by the blood of Christ, and sanctification by the holy spirit, are "not believed in by one in a hundred of the clergy under forty years of age." Family worship has gencrally been given up; baptism of infants is so seldom seen in church that a person who examins the records would "suppose that all the mothers of Israel had been stricken with barrenness." The weekly prayer-meetings are in a "most discouraging condition," "and in a majority of instances a more sleepy, perfunctory, and dreary performance you could scarcely conceive of." He has some strong strictures upon the intellectual caliber of the students in seminaries. They are, as a rule, "not fitted either by ability, education, or manners to meet the necessities of the time." The charity training of the average student, the reverend doctor caustically says, "begun when a youth is taken from the shop or the plow-tail, and continued as it is for years, robs him of his manhood, self-respect, and spirit of independence, and makes him a mere truckling slave and parasite." The literature which the people comprising the congregations read "is steeped in Infidelity in its most insidious forms." If the reverend doctor's facts are sound, Secularists can complacently look on for a few more years and their doctrins will be espoused by all men. Christianity, as a living religion, affecting the lives of men, has sunk below the horizon. But then, the doctor did not come to Canada—he would find the church lively enough here.

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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## Very Cheap Pamphlets.

We hav on hand a large number of the following of Colonel Ingersoll's pamphlets, which will be disposed of at cost, as follows: "Ingersoll Catechised: His Answers to a Number of Vital Questions Propounded by the Editor of the *San Franciscan;*" singly, 3 cents; per dozen, 30 cents; per hundred, $2.

"Orthodoxy," a lecture, fifty-four closely printed large 12mo pages, 10 cents; fifteen for $1; and $6 per hundred.

"Civil Rights Speech," including the address of Frederick Douglass, fifty-three large octavo pages, singly, 10 cents; fifteen for $1; and $6 per hundred.

We suggest that these be purchased in quantities, and given away to good Christians, and it is with that not unreasonable expectation that the prices hav been placed so low.

## Labor's Suicide.

Cardinal Manning, of London, has explained why the condemnation of the Knights of Labor has been removed by the Roman Catholic church. Summarized, the reasons are:

1. Since the formation of the order, the general master workman has been changed, and he is now a faithful Catholic.

2. That the constitution and laws hav also been modified to suit the church.

3. That there is no obligation to secrecy toward a competent ecclesiastical authority even outside of the confessional.

4. That there is now no hostility toward the church in the order.

5. That a large proportion of the membership of the order are faithful, practicing Catholics.

These reasons speak well for the sharpness of the managers of the church in remodeling an organization which as first inaugurated was inimical to ecclesiastical influence. When Infidel Stevens was a member of the executiv board of the order, the organization devoted itself to secular work, without regard to what the church thought. Mr. Powderly had less power then than now; but since the Knights came prominently before the public, the latter has succeeded in putting the church shackles upon them. More than any other man is Mr. Powderly responsible for the servility of the order to the church, and for the changes in the constitution. Every new disclosure indicates that our judgment of months ago was accurate. The master workman has sold the order out to Rome.

It appears to us that the Knights hav made an error which will be fatal to them. No army can succeed where half the soldiers traitorously reveal their plans to the enemy. The fight of the Knights is in behalf of labor. Their enemies are the wealthy conservativs of society, and the church is always on the side of wealth and conservatism. Whether the Knights are right or wrong, we are not now considering. But from their standpoint, the policy forced upon them by the intrigues of Powderly with the priests is suicidal. The church will use them for its own purposes, and the purposes of Rome never run parallel with the interests of the lowly and the poor. Power consorts with power; wealth with wealth, and poverty must never expect to find an ally in the palaces of kings and popes. The church makes converts of people that it may liv upon them; the king cares for his subjects that they may fight royalty's battles. Five years will see the Knights of Labor perfectly powerless unless their policy is changed.

## A Great Man in Error.

We regret that in his explanation of the reasons which impelled him to decline a reëlection to the presidency of the Manhattan Liberal Club, Mr. T. B. Wakeman should hav made such inaccurate statements of facts as our reporter credits him with. We will not criticise his intention of assuming the mantle of Stephen Pearl Andrews, because before the death of that eminent gentleman he in some sort bequeathed his office to Mr. Wakeman, but we do most decidedly object when Mr. Wakeman states the opposit of truth about an occurrence in which we were concerned. Says the report:

"Liberal affairs [said Mr. Wakeman] were in the condition of the business of a grocer he knew who shut up his store in order to collect and square up accounts. Liberalism should go into liquidation. This made it necessary for Mr. Wakeman to follow the example of Colonel Ingersoll and withdraw, and he believed it to be the duty of all who hav been prominent in Liberal affairs to step down and out until some important question calls them to the front again. 'They should stand aside,' said the speaker, 'until the Liberals of the country find out that their proper position is the one of Leland and myself. Every step that organization has taken since we left the head of the League has been downward toward its destruction, and Liberalism as an organized power has grown less and less.' Mr. Wakeman added that he prophesied this result at the time the Liberals turned him out of office as president of the League."

First. We are not aware that Liberalism is bankrupt, and if it owes Mr. Wakeman anything he should mention the amount. So far as we know, whatever services Mr. Wakeman has rendered Liberalism hav been paid for in cash.

Second. The illustrious man from whose name Mr. Wakeman thought to derive a reflected light has not "withdrawn" in any such sense as Mr. Wakeman's words imply. Those who make statements concerning others' purposes should be sure of their ground.

Third. Mr. Wakeman's assertions regarding the League are remarkably erroneous. He puts himself in the position of a man wronged by the Liberals of the country, inasmuch as they differed from himself and Mr. Leland. Ordinary folks, conversant with the facts, will fail to see where the injury to Mr. Wakeman has been done by so disagreeing, and we deny emphatically that Mr. Wakeman was turned out of the League. In *Man* of April 19, 1884, Messrs. Wakeman and Leland positivly refused to longer hold official connection with the League. Their words were as follows:

"NEW HANDS AT THE HELM.

"In a late number of *Man* the Hon. A. B. Bradford, of Enon Valley, Pa., said:

"'There are men in the land who are not identified either with the Liberal League or its opponents, and who, if they would invite a national convention to meet, might, from their high character, close up our ranks.'

"In a recent *Index* we read that its editors and 'thousands of Liberals' decline to work with the National Liberal League on account of the demand for a repeal of the Comstock United States postal laws, passed as a resolve at the later Congresses of the League.

"There is nothing so desirable as unity and coöperation among Liberals for the purpose of defense, propaganda, and constructiv effect upon society politically and socially.

"The above intimation reminds us of the propriety of timely notice that *the editors of Man will not be candidates for any office of the League at the next Congress.* They and *Man* and the New York Liberal Publishing Company think it best that a new deal should be then made so that, if possible, the elements referred to by Mr. Bradford and the *Index* should be brought forward and harmonized with the League. This object we announced previous to the last Congress, but because it was not stated decisivly in time, the present officers were unanimously reëlected, and in such a way and at such a time that they could not decline without endangering the safety of the League.

"NOW WE GIV AMPLE NOTICE. There should be in our columns, and in the Liberal press generally, friendly suggestions as to our successors, so that the League may make the wisest possible selections. Every League and Liberal society of any kind in the country should be represented at the next Congress, *whether they hav been able to agree with the course of the League or not.* There will be the amplest opportunity for the realization of Mr. Bradford's suggestion by having the Liberals who hav not acted with the League join in a call of their own to meet in a free, uncommitted, and common Congress, to select new officers and inaugurate a new policy adapted to present conditions and issues.

"We take this course: (1) Because we fear that past issues and differences cannot be removed from the minds of many Liberals except by a decided change of the *personnel* of the management of the League, and we would not stand in the way of its unity and welfare a moment by reason of past issues. (2) Then again, as we explained in our last paper, the Comstock issues which hav been a cause of difference hav been largely tried out, and their right decision can be perhaps better secured without giving to them what seems to many exceptional prominence. (3) *Man* could and would still advocate organization and the principles of the League, but no longer in any official or semi-official way.

"Now, let all those who believe in any kind of organization or coöperation of Liberal people in the United States consider who, as president and secretary, would best further that purpose. And whoever may be selected shall hav our hearty support. T. B. W. AND T. C. L."

The paper, *Man*, was the organ of the League, Mr. Wakeman chief editor, and Mr. Leland the office editor. If they desired to hav the League and the Liberals of the country take the position held by them, why did they resign their offices? Was their refusal to hold office insincere, and but a feeble and unwilling putting away of a crown they still desired to wear? We certainly gave them credit for honesty, and still believe Mr. Leland, at least, meant what he said. The fact of the matter was, the League had lost all vitality, *Man* was not supported by the Liberals throughout the country, and Mr. Wakeman was enabled to print it only by the generosity of two wealthy gentlemen of New York. People were displeased with the policy of the officers—hitching Ben Butlerism, and Socialism, and what not to the League platform—and a wide dissatisfaction was felt at just those official positions taken by Mr. Wakeman which he says now must be retaken or the League (now the American Secular Union) will die. It looks very much as though Mr. Wakeman really meant, Think as I do, and do as I say, or you cannot succeed; and he certainly did not consider the facts when he said that since his resignation (not his dismissal) the League had retrograded. The Liberals of the country are too familiar with the events subsequent to that period to need a specific denial of that statement.

We are sorry, indeed, to hav to pen these words, and we forbear to say more. The ex-president of the Liberal Club should remember this: Freethinkers do not blindly follow any one, however eminent, and our gifted leaders should not be angry and sulk if personal disciples are not readily found in our ranks.

## The Hebrews and the Sunday Law.

The Hebrews of this city labor under a heavy disadvantage since Mayor Hewitt has decided that the weekly holiday rests upon secular and not sacred grounds, for if they keep their religious day they lose one day's business more than their Christian competitors. The Saturday half-holiday bill, which now awaits the governor's signature, is therefore welcomed by them as putting things upon a more equal footing. The rabbis are not slow of comprehension, either, and they fondly hope that the Saturday half-holiday may be the means of grace to many Hebrews who now attend to business on the last day of the week, instead of going to the synagogs. The rabbinical conference held last week discussed the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That this conference of Jewish ministers welcomes the proposed Saturday half-holiday law as a useful and timely measure, both for the people at large and for the religious welfare of our community, and hopes that the Jewish community will make it the means of fully regaining and restoring the proper sanctity and esteem of the Biblical Sabbath."

The conference also condemned the present Sunday law, as interpreted by the authorities, which compels the Jewish shopkeepers who observe their own day of worship to keep Sunday also.

We are glad the sects are quarreling over this matter, for thereby they may obtain sufficient wisdom to see the plain way out of the trouble by making Sunday a blank day so far as the legality of doing business is concerned, but repealing all penalties for its non-observance. If shopmen want to keep their stores open, let them. If nobody buys, they would soon close. But if Sunday observance is to be enforced by law, we see no reason why the Jews should be specially favored.

## Brave Minister, Good Young Men!

The *Christian Advocate*, in its last week's issue, has this:

"In one of the cities of Ohio an Infidel club brought Charles Watts, called 'the Ingersoll of England,' to lecture against Christianity. To forestall his influence as much as possible, the pastor of our church in that place, the Rev. J. R. Keys, prepared and printed with his own hands a quantity of leaflets containing the sayings of Washington, Grant, Gladstone, and Stanley, the African explorer, and had them distributed in the churches and Sunday-schools on the Sunday before the lecture. On the night of the lecture two young men stood at the entrance of the hall in which the lecture was delivered, and gave a leaflet to each person who entered, including the lecturer himself. The quotations were so appropriate that we print them this week in the Home Department."

Just to show how imbecil the average Christian is in his "arguments" with Infidels, we copy the extracts which are supposed to hav annihilated Mr. Watts and the Infidels of Ohio:

"WASHINGTON.—Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with public and private felicity. Let it be simply asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."—*Farewell Address.*

"STANLEY.—What I wanted, and what I hav been endeavoring to ask for the poor African, has been the good offices of Christians, ever since Livingstone taught me during those four months I was with him. In 1871 I went to him as prejudiced as the biggest Atheist in London. I was there away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there, and asked myself, 'Why on earth does he stop here?' For months after we met I found myself listening to him and wondering at the old man carrying out all that was said in the Bible. Little by little his sympathy for others became contagious. Mine was aroused. Seeing his piety, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how quietly he went about his business, I was converted by him, although he had not tried to do it."

"GEN. U. S. GRANT.—Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet anchor of our liberties; write its precepts on your hearts, and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this book we are indebted for the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide for the future."

"GLADSTONE.—If I am asked, what is the remedy for the deeper sorrows of the human heart—what a man should chiefly look to in his progress through life as the power that is to sustain him under trials, and enable him manfully to confront his afflictions, I must point him to something which, in a well-known hymn, is called 'The old, old story,' told of in an old, old book, and taught with an old, old teaching, which is the greatest and best gift ever given to mankind." —*Address to Workingmen.*

What do these sayings amount to? Washington was a Deist, and his ideas of religion were not the ideas of the Christian religion. With him religion meant Deism, the simple faith of Thomas Paine, whom the Christians of to-day never tire of slandering with all the malice of fanatics. Washington's sentiments might hav been spoken by a Mohammedan, or a Buddhist, or a Jew, or a disciple of Auguste Comte. It all depends upon what you mean by the word "religion."

Mr. Stanley's opinion is worth just as little as any one's else. He is a paid retainer of a six-by-nine king whose only way of obtaining notoriety is to keep Stanley plunging through African jungles, carrying a Bible in his trunk and a rifle in his hands. And we fail to see in the psychological phenomenon which he calls conversion, any logical proof of the alleged claim that a seditious Hebrew once rose from the dead. Livingstone's piety does not prove that a virgin had a son of the "Holy Ghost;" his gentleness (which some Africans would dispute) is in no wise corroborativ of the miracles of Christ; his zeal is no proof that the world can throw all its sins upon one man, and thousands of men hav been as earnestly wrong as other thousands hav been earnestly right. If he had "carried out *all* that was said in the Bible," Africa, to-day, instead of a wilderness of savages, would be a wilderness of graves. For the heathen in ancient days received little mercy at the hands of the followers of the Lord.

Grant was a great soldier, and Gladstone is a great statesman, but a country minister knows more about the Bible than Grant did, and what Gladstone knows may be learned in his controversy with Huxley. The trouble with these men is that they credited to the Bible what belongs to secular civilization. They made mistakes, and he who reasons for himself will readily see how. We do not, however, expect that Christians will find it out.

But if the Rev. J. R. Keys had such solicitude for the people of the Ohio town, why did he not go upon the platform with Mr. Watts and prove the historical truth of his faith? Why did he not prove that the Bible is inspired of God, that man was created perfect and fell through the eating of an apple by a woman, that God made a covenant with man whereby through Christ's sufferings he might escape a supposititious hell and gain a supposititious heaven? Why did he not show that the priests are not humbugging the people with their pretension of holiness and sanctity? Mr. Watts, we guarantee, would hav afforded him the opportunity to exhibit his personal bravery in confuting the Infidel, and the good young men would hav been spared the arduous duty of pedling tracts.

But perhaps Mr. Keys prefers to answer the Infidel when the Infidel is hundreds of miles away. Most ministers do.

## Honest Orders.

The bishop of Prince Edward's Island is not quite as politic a priest as is Mr. Corrigan, of this city, but his plainer speaking will enable Americans to see just what the Romish hierarchy is driving at. The bishop has issued a circular to the clergy of his diocese, of which the subjoined is the concluding portion:

"Scandals hav lately arisen which are a source of regret to every true Catholic heart, and these scandals are materially increased by the approbation and praise of a certain press, styled Catholic, which openly professes its total disregard for legitimate authority, and boldly proclaims its adherence to the perverse doctrin of a new socialism.

"We call your attention to a paper styled the *Catholic Herald*, published in New York, which has a large circulation among the Catholics of this province.

"We earnestly exhort you to discountenance the doctrin and aims of this production, and to stop the diffusion thereof among your faithful parishioners. Our reasons are cogent and pressing. Catholics who are loyal to their church should cheerfully submit to her authority when legitimately exercised.

"In a late issue (Feb. 12, 1887) of the above-mentioned paper is contained the following declaration: 'We protest most emphatically against any attempt to extend any ecclesiastical authority into the sphere of politics, and, while cheerfully yielding full obedience to the authorities of the church in matters of religion, we emphatically deny the right of the pope, or propaganda, or archbishop to prescribe for Roman Catholics, lay or cleric.'

"Is that a Catholic utterance? *Are we to believe that the church cannot exercise her influence in politics* when the highest interests of morality are involved? We should then circumscribe her power and deny her mission.

"Again, this paper advocates doctrins anent private ownership of land which are opposed to truth and sanctioned by no Catholic theologian. The teachings of great minds are falsely interpreted to suit these vain theories. St. Thomas, to the great surprise of all who hav read and understood him, is shown to hav been the precursor of Henry George.

"Finally, this paper treats high ecclesiastical officials without a shadow of respect; publishes effusions in which princes of the church are spoken of as if they were ward politicians, and thereby excites the prejudices and passions of a misguided public. These reasons, we think, are sufficient to move you to prompt action.

"Advise your people to abandon this publication, the pernicious influence of which cannot but be injurious to them. I remain, reverend dear sir, faithfully yours in Christ,

"PETER MCINTYRE, bishop of Charlottetown."

The "highest interest of morality" with Roman Catholics is the highest interest of their power and pockets. "And as it was in the beginning," so it "is now and ever shall be; world without end. The Lord's name be praised!"

WE hav been supplied with reports of the lecture of George Sheridan at Washington, purporting to be an annihilation of Colonel Ingersoll and his teaching. To the senders of the reports we return thanks, and hope that they and others will continue to forward accounts of whatever occurs that is of interest to Freethinkers. We regret, however, that Mr. Sheridan is so mendacious and ignorant that he is not a foeman worthy of even our steel pen. We will not descend to the level of a lecturer who speaks of Colonel Ingersoll thus:

"He is mad clear through—mad from the polished top of his intellectual dome to the soles of his Infidel feet with Christians and Christianity. He is the assailant of the sublimest teachings of philosophy, of poetry, and of science. He declines to meet men competent to discuss the questions with him. In fact, he never met but one really able man—the late Judge Black—and then the instant he felt the steel ran from the field."

The church folks hav a standing offer of reward in the shape of door fees for any one who will abuse Colonel Ingersoll. Mr. Sheridan obtained and earned his money, and the heirs of Judge Black ought to increase the reward for his attempt to preserve that individual's reputation. Mr. Black was the one who declined to continue the controversy, giving as his reason that the editor of the *North American Review* would not hold Colonel Ingersoll's second article until he could reply. The editor then cast about for some other distinguished Christian who would reply, but found none willing except Mr. Fisher, and he would do it only on condition that Colonel Ingersoll *should not reply to him.* And Colonel Ingersoll never has!

THE Freethinkers of Manchester, England, hav been obliged to discontinue their usual discussions after a Sunday lecture. Recently Mr. Bradlaugh spoke for the Manchester society, and the "Lord's Day Observance Society" served him with a notice that the society intended to prosecute him and the proprietor of the hall. The lectures were clearly legal, but if discussion followed, it constituted "keeping a disorderly house," and the lecturer would be liable to imprisonment not exceeding two years. Mr. Bradlaugh explained that his hands were at present too full of other work to contest the matter. The London *Freethinker* says: "Mr. Bradlaugh is, of course, the best judge of his own business, and he was probably right in declining the challenge when he had no time to fight. But if the bigots keep up their little game, he or somebody will *hav* to fight. The Freethought party cannot allow discussion to be stifled in this way. The Melbourne bigots tried to trip Mr. Symes in this fashion, but he managed to beat them. He took the money at the door himself, and then went on the platform and delivered the lecture. The prosecution followed, Joseph manfully defended himself, and came out of the contest with flying colors." Mr. Foote, the editor of the *Freethinker*, is a good fighter as well as lecturer, and he may deem it wise to go to Manchester and make a test case.

THE late Catherine Wolfe, of this city, was a very pious and wealthy lady. Just before her decease she gave the Episcopalians money enough to purchase and fit up a large building on Lafayette place, just opposit the store of THE TRUTH SEEKER, to be used as a mission headquarters and tract repository. The building was a fine brick structure of some fifty feet frontage, with a spacious door and stoop, but it wasn't good enough for the finicky Episcopalians to peddle tracts from, and they pulled the front down and are replacing it with white marble, fretted and carved into arches and images, something after the style of the Grace church chapel which blocks Eleventh street from Fourth avenue to Broadway. It will be a great contrast to the modest quarters of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and would seem at first to be a great waste of money. But a second consideration of the subject convinces one that the money spent among the marble cutters and mechanics will do hundreds of times more good than if put into tracts, which teach, in a sickly and childish way, the grossest superstition. The Episcopalians are not very enthusiastic propagandists, and the money of the late Mrs. Wolfe will probably not shift to any noticeable extent the orbit of our little planet.

MR. HESTON has summed up the situation in Germany in his picture this week with keen judgment. The people of Germany are prostrate under the feet of Leo XIII., Bismarck, and the latter's employers, Kaiser William and "Unser Fritz," the heir to the throne. Of the lot, Fritz is the best, but most helpless. The pope would swap his soul, if he has one, for power. William and Bismarck will do anything to preserve the imperial family. The people to them are pawns on a chess-board, to be kept or slaughtered, as will best protect the kings, the queens, the bishops, and the knights. As a glorious privilege, they are allowed to pay the expenses of the tournament.

MR. C. B. REYNOLDS will be tried for blasphemy at Morristown, N. J., at the term of court which began May 3d, the day THE TRUTH SEEKER went to press, so we are unable to report further concerning the anachronistic affair until next week. It is almost impossible to convince oneself that this indictment and coming trial are not acts in some preposterous farce, but we hav seen the court-house and jail in Morristown, seen the judges upon the bench, a jury in the box, and know the court is real. Nevertheless, it seems like a dream.

L. K. WASHBURN lectured last Sunday evening before the Society of Humanity, 28 Lafayette place, to a well-pleased audience. Next Sunday evening Mr. Washburn speaks again; subject, "Something Beyond." Admission is free, and all are cordially invited.

W. F. JAMIESON is in Colorada; at Longmont, Sunday evening, May 1st, and is invited to Black Hawk. He may lecture in Boulder and Loveland. Address him at Longmont, Col.

THE publishers of Herbert Spencer's "Genesis of Science" send this notice with it: "It is indispensable for the forming of clear ideas as to the real aims of science, its limitations, its validity, its authority, that its rise and development from lowly beginnings to its present commanding position should be clearly understood. The treatment of that subject requires both philosophic insight and wide acquaintance with the methods and results of scientific research, as well as an intimate knowledge of the history of civilization. In no one man now living are these gifts and these attainments so happily combined as in Herbert Spencer, and consequently his account of 'The Genesis of Science' deservedly holds the highest rank among contemporary scientifico-philosophical essays." As soon as we read the work we shall giv it a notice of our own. The publisher is J. Fitzgerald, the price is fifteen cents, and it may be purchased at this office.

# Letters from Friends.

TRENTON, TEXAS, April 12, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Please say for general eucouragement that our third happy cyclone struck us the 8th of April.

It is followed by a most uncommon stillness. J. D. Shaw, of the *Independent Pulpit*, is a power, and he found Freethought here by the hundred, and made more.

Your humble writer takes all the Freethought literature he is able to, and hopes to see the sky cleared of cobwebs.

Fraternally, J. W. BELL.

FRENCHTOWN, NEB., April 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Jamieson has just given three lectures in Neligh, a town sixteen miles from here, and he will giv two in Clear Water soon. There are a good many Freethinkers in this section of the country, but they are timid. A few of the boldest of them made arrangements for Mr. Jamieson. I heard one of them say, who wished to get an office, "Oh, it would just kill some of us to get Mr. Jamieson to lecture here." EARLE A. FINCH.

BLOCK, KAN., April 11, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: No squirrel can climb but one branch of a tree at a time; neither can J. E. Remsburg giv but one lecture at a time, but if he didn't deliver his "False Claims" interestingly at the Max school-house, April 8th, then I never saw a squirrel climb a tree at all. Now, I want to say to the Liberals of Kansas that Mr. Remsburg's terms are very low according to the ability of the man, and that no village, city, or school district can afford to do without hearing him. I am glad to know that Kansas has such speakers as he. We all had a nice time at the lecture, and with such men as the Walters, Millers, Arzbergs, Franks, Lowes, and a host of others in the county, we will continue the good work.

W. A. LOWE.

ROCHESTER, MICH., April 16, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: On first page of THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 16th, after referring to the failure to carry the prohibition amendment in Michigan, comes the following: "The Prohibitionists will hav to try again, consoling themselvs with the reflection that there are some causes to which nothing could be so fatal as success." There! why couldn't we hav thought about that before voting? But, seriously, this proffered "consolation" to the Prohibition class of your readers in our state seems to us an impertinence, bordering on insult, and none the less offensiv because found in one of the ablest, and usually fairest, Freethought journals of the age. And the question occurs, Can you afford it?

From one of your oldest subscribers, C. H. GREENE.

WHITE CHURCH, KAN., March 28, 287.

MR. EDITOR: I don't know of one outspoken Infidel this side of Kansas City, Mo. (eight miles). "Jordan is a hard road to travel," but, brothers, I still liv, and if I am spared life and breath they will hear from me during the summer. Yes, I still liv to thank all concerned with the glorious TRUTH SEEKER. Long may she wave! Keep on, Macdonald! keep on, Somerby! Never say die. Who would hav thought that the mantle of that grand, good old man, D. M. Bennett, would hav fallen on such worthy shoulders? Remember me to Brother Putnam, Si Slokum, Peck, and all of the correspondents of your paper. Don't forget Watson Heston—he's a brick. I hav had many a hearty laugh over his pictures. Oh! how I do wish I had the dollar or more to send C. B. Reynolds! And now may the powers bless you all, and believe me to be, Yours for the right,

I. P. MARTIN, aged 80 yrs. 3 mo.

SUNSET, TEXAS, April 5, 1887.

DEAR OLD TRUTH SEEKER: I feel as if I could not well liv without THE TRUTH SEEKER, and if I were able would hav more of your books. How I wish I were rich! How many treats I would giv the old woman! I get my paper on Monday. I hav received and read April the 2d. I lend my papers around among saints and sinners alike, and can see little sparks of light here and there that will soon be fanned to a flame. One gentleman took the paper out of my hand a few days ago, looked over it a moment, passed it back, and said he did not like the paper or them that read it. I told him I was very happy to be able to distinguish friends from foes. I will pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER as long as I can; then shall let you know when you can stop my paper, not *the* paper, for I want others to read it when I cannot pay for it any longer. In this I will send fifty cents for "Men, Women, and Gods," by Miss Gardener. HARRIET DAVIS.

WATERVILLE, MINN., April 14, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The spirit moveth me at sundry times and divers places to let your readers know that state legislatures sometimes pass good laws, and that Minnesota had one passed last winter. There was a good deal of railroad lawmaking done during the last session, and one of the new laws s almost an exact copy of the Interstate Commerce bill, which as your readers all know allows all roads to discrimnate in favor of the sky-pilots by selling them half-fare ickets. This section of the bill our Solons left out, and in consequence the reverend spongers hav to pay for their rides ust the same as a white man. One of the general ticket and passenger agents of a leading road ordered all the half-fare passes in, and out of the two thousand that were returned, every one was accompanied with a note kicking against the new order of things. We are all feeling bad about it.

The Baptist church here has been whooping it up for the last few weeks, and as a result has taken in about all the weak-minded ones in the place. They baptize them as fast as they catch them, and everybody turns out to see the fun. They hav a sort of pit in one end of the church, lined with sheet-iron, and they stand around it and sing, "Shall we gather at the river?" There isn't a dry eye in town. Well, the other night they were going to perform, and the D.D. had just got his rubber breeches on, and the convict was being prepared for initiation in an adjoining room, and all looked well, when a small dog in the crowd, having nothing else to do, ran up the aisle and jumped in and took a swim, to the great delight of the crowd, who were satisfied that this was the only hard-shell Baptist dog in the world. After the dog was hauled out, the show was postponed. Some of the boys think it was to heat up the tank and skim off the accumulated sins that had been washed away in the "river." So far they hav about twelve new members, counting the dog.

L. ALEXANDER.

TAMPA, FLA., April 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $6 for two subscriptions.

I am away down here in Tampa, Florida, in the land of flowers and sunshine, and although we hav not had any Freethought lectures here, there are a great many Liberals; in fact, I think this state would be a good field for a Liberal lecturer. I would like nothing better than something of that kind to come to our town and organize a Liberal club. The churches here are having things their all their own way at present, but I look not far in the future when they will take a back seat in the darkness, or come out and take up the armor of truth and honesty and help fight the demon superstition.

I would part with a great many of my pleasures before I would do without your paper. I am much pleased with the cartoons, and giv much credit to Watson Heston. He is doing his part of the work to spread the gospel of universal mental liberty and dispel the gloom of superstition.

J. H. KINSMAN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., April 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Yesterday was a big day with Liberals in Philadelphia; it seemed as if the whole city had awoke to a knowledge of the truth, and had come forth to the funeral of theological superstition. The excitement arose from the announcement in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and other papers, that Charles Watts would be with us to advocate the claims of "Ancient Philosophy *vs.* Modern Theology," and "Morality *vs.* Religion." His efforts were masterly, and the attempts of his opposers reminded me of the furious waves of the ocean rolling and dashing against the massiv rock, and, instead of removing the rock, only discovered their own weakness, and went back murmuring at their own defeat. Mr. Watts has been a favorit in Philadelphia from his first appearance in the city, and still continues such. His labors yesterday deservedly won him fresh laurels for the future.

W. SEYMOUR.

BURLINGTON, KAN., April 10, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Brother J. E. Remsburg delivered a lecture here in Hamilton's Opera House on the evening of the 4th inst. to an audience of about six hundred. He is a fluent and rapid speaker, and clenches his arguments with proof on his subject, "The False Claims of Christianity," which caused quite a riffle among the adherents of old orthodoxy who were present, and one good old Methodist brother was so excited that he spoke audibly, taking exception to the speaker's arguments. But he soon learned that he was not occupying the amen corner in a Methodist revival, and that he would hav to bow to the yoke, if it was contrary to his opinions, for a large majority of those present were opposed to his changing a Liberal lecture into a Methodist revival meeting.

I am gratified that the brother developed some of the undercurrent of Freethought; they take courage when they come to hear the false claims of the church espoused by the speaker. He created such an interest in the cause that the friends hav agreed to engage him for a course of lectures in the near future. You will learn from this that the truth is taking root and bearing fruit in our city of three thousand inhabitants and eight churches. CHRIS. BROWN.

BAVARIA, KAN., April 16, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: We are alive here, for all that the church friends were going to hav something terrible happen on account of Friend Putnam's lecture. It was a very hard dose for them to take, but we cannot see as it affected but one person here, and she took up the cause of her God and made as low and mean an attack on our organization here as her ability and understanding would allow her to do. But we are doing as well as we could with or without her assistance. She wrote to one of our local papers, and Mr. A. K. Mott answered her and made her some propositions for reading and answering, and she failed to accept them, thereby admitting her inability to defend her God when brought before light and reason.

At our last meeting (April 3d) we were entertained with a lecture by Mrs. Flora A. Abbott, of New Cambria, and were well pleased with the lecture, and glad to know we hav some ladies in our ranks who are equal and often better posted than most men in regard to that great book, the Bible. Mrs. Abbott challenged Mrs. Bowden to a debate through our county paper, and the editor accepted and agreed to publish it, but when the time came and the parties were ready for discussion, he refused to publish and refused to giv his reasons for doing so; but members of the white-necktie fraternity were seen very seriously watching him, so the supposition is that he received some advice from them about enlightening the people.

This Mrs. Bowden is the one moved by the spirit of God to interrupt Mr. Putnam when he lectured here. Speaking about Mr. Putnam reminds me that the Christians here admit he is a good runner in a heavy wind when he sees the train he is to leave on pull into the station, although dinner was ready and waiting when he left. Being rather heavy myself, I do not care to run a race with him.

Mrs. Abbott will deliver more lectures here during the summer at our meetings. She is a very interesting lecturer, and friends in this part of the state will do well to giv her a call. T. H. TERRY, Sec. *pro tem.* Bavaria Sec. Union.

NATIONAL CITY, CAL., April 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3, and giv credit on your books for Samuel McHenry, of this place. Mr. McHenry was in the late war, and was unfortunate enough to be wounded. He was shot in the breast. The ball passed through the chest, struck the shoulder-blade, and then glanced toward the shoulder joint, where it is now lodged, and has been for the past twenty years. He has suffered great pain periodically, and at this writing his arm is so paralyzed that he requested me to write you. He is one of our substantial, reliable, and most respected citizens. He, wife, and family are with you heart and soul in your good work, *i.e.*, always ready to accept that which is truthful, pure, and reasonable.

I am very sorry that Mr. Putnam did not form Mr. McHenry's acquaintance while here. I heard Mr. Putnam two nights at San Diego. I pronounce him great, and advise any and all of your readers not to miss him, even if you hav to walk ten miles to hear him. One sentence from Mr. Putnam is worth more than a barrelful of theological hog-wash. The San Diego dailies pronounced Mr. Putnam an orator, scholar, and gentleman, and so do I. He dined with us once; we would like to hav had him stay and make us a visit Perhaps his letter will explain clearly where San Diego and National City are located, also what he thinks about our people, homes, and environments. A. N. BURGESS.

STANTON, NEB., April 9, 287.

MR. EDITOR: I noticed a letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of April 9th from D. W. Whitney, of Burnett, Neb., in which he states that there ought to be a lecture delivered in most of the towns on the line of the Elkhorn Valley road. I hav the same opinion, and why not form a lecture bureau by all clubbing together? We could hire a lecturer by the month, and hav from one to six lectures in each town along the line. It would not cost us as much as Christians generally pay each year to their pet preacher. We could hav the headquarters at Fremont or Omaha, or any other place along the line. By doing this we would not hav to pay as much for the lectures, and would know when and where they will be given; hav ample time to advertise, hav dodgers printed by the thousands, that would do to scatter in every town where the lectures are to be held, and hav ample time to get all ready for the lecture, something that is very seldom done now. I know what it is to stand all the responsibility for a course of lectures, especially one who has to work every day to make his living, having had some experience, and hav never had as good luck as my friend Whitney. I would like to hear from all the Liberals along the Elkhorn Valley that like the above propositions. I will do all in my power to make a success of it. Hoping that it will meet with the approval of most of my Liberal friends, I am, Yours for Freethought,

PHIL HELMERICK.

ELLSWORTH CITY, KAN., April 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Herein you will find $5. Apply $2.50 on my subscription for this year, and send one copy to Mr. M. R. Brondage, of this city. He is our newly-elected mayor. When I told him of the letter we received from J. E. Remsburg, that he would deliver one lecture for ten dollars, he said: "Why, I would giv that myself if he would deliver one in Ellsworth. Send up the letter, and I will answer it, and see if we can get him here." I did not know he was a Liberal. If we had an organization here, there is no doubt that we should all know each other; and here let me say I would be in favor of a secret organization, for this reason: There are many business men who do not want the church-members to know that they contribute toward Liberal meetings. For instance, my husband had occasion on short notice to try to raise some money to pay for the use of the hall when J. L. Andrew was here one year ago. Some of our business men said: "Don't mention it; it will hurt our business." Another said the church-members had said to him they should not think he would believe as he did, and support such meetings, when he knew it hurt his business, and also knew that he was largely patronized by the churches. By this you can see what cheek Christians hav, and what an iron grip they hold on the people.

SARAH METZLER.

FERNANDINA, FLA., April 10, 286.

MR. EDITOR: I promised a long letter to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER in regard to Florida, but at this time can only report progress. I am now in this beautiful town, which is situated on an island two miles wide, being only one and a half miles from the ocean beach. It is the port where all the large steamships of the Clyde and Mallory lines land their passengers and freight coming to Florida from New York. Every outgoing vessel is now crowded with passengers returning North. I am of the opinion that, with all its drawbacks, and Florida has many, there can be found no more lovely scenery or health-giving climate, in the midst of lakes whose clear waters are so delightful to gaze upon. And, as I traveled nearly the entire length of the state, now entranced with the view of a grove of magnolias, from whose limbs hang festoon after festoon of the Spanish moss, or looking in wonder at the beauty of a white heron, a pink curlew, or other representativ of the feathered kingdom, gathering shells on the shore whose beauty words fail to express, while drinking in the perfume of the orange blossoms and flowers innumerable, I could not but regret to know that here, amid all this beauty and grandeur, that noisome, deadly upas-tree, theology, reared its gigantic head,

being pampered and fattened by the superabundance of ignorance and superstition that here abound to a greater extent than in any other state. I tried to make an effort to start my paper here, but after being refused by three different offices to publish such a paper, and finding that Freethought in this state was as weak and scattering as that old monster, theology, was strong and dominant, I desisted from any further effort. I am satisfied that the fact of my being an outspoken Freethinker works against me stronger than ever, but I fail not to declare I am a Freethinker. A. C. EVERETT.

NEWPORT, ME., April 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Aunt Debby's report of the dying condition of God's elect is too important to be lost. I shall hail with unspeakable pleasure the next installment of that most intensely interesting paper. Truly, when knowledge takes a step forward, the church and the gods take a step backward.

I inclose $1, which, with fifty cents I sent before, pays for THE TRUTH SEEKER for six months for Frank L. Nason, Newport, Me. And I kindly ask any person who feels for the unfortunate to send to the publishers $1.50 more, which will pay for the paper one year. Brother Nason is a good, true man, an Infidel-Spiritualist, very outspoken against the "sum of all villainies," the Christian fraud, the church. But I should not ask what I hav but for the fact that Mr. Nason is a cripple, cannot lift a cup to his mouth without taking both hands, and has a large family. I am not able to pay what I hav, but I hav done it because I know he prizes THE TRUTH SEEKER very highly, and it would be hard for him to part with it. For his stern refusal to let his children go to a Christian Sabbath-school, he has been called many hard words, such as Christians know well how to use.

SEWARD MITCHELL.

LEONARD, IOWA, March 27, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed herewith $5, for which you will scnd me the wickedest paper published in America for the next two years.

Why is it that my friends and neighbors say that we Liberals and Infidels are so wicked, when we as a people are becoming more liberal each day? I for myself feel sure that I am not so wicked as I used to be, especially when I call to mind that I used to believe my grandmother's election and reprobation doctriu, on this wise, that she hoped to get to heaven, but if she was sent to the lowest hell, she would be as much to the glory of God as the highest seraph in heaven. Or when I believed what old Deacon Whitlach preached to me, the first sermon I ever heard, in part as follows: "My dear Christian friends, I tell you there are children in hell that are not a span long. They tell you it is not fire that they burn in in hell, but I tell you it is just such fire as is in that stove," pointing to the stove at my side. I remember the shudder that I made when I looked around at the red stove. This was some fifty years since. We old ones do not hear such inspiration nowadays. We must be departing from our first love. God save us! We, the faithful, should remember Watson Heston in our devotions, and giv him a boom occasionally. DANIEL LEONARD.

BRAIDENTOWN, FLA., April 17, 1887.

KIND SIRS: Please insert this acknowledgment, as I received a donation from a kind friend in Philadelphia. Thanks—many thanks. I was getting very much out of heart, as I hav been very poorly the last week.

The Brooklyn lady who helped me has given me great pleasure, as I got some hens, and hav some young chicks to attend. I hope they will be of some help to me.

I received the donation from Mr. C. Eckhard, also from S. S. Chase, Fall River, and F. C. M., Philadelphia. Thanks —many thanks to the senders. I hope a few more will respond, so I can get my hut covered.

Heartfelt joy at the papers sent, as I hav to often rest on the bed; so I can read, as I cannot do anything else, which is a great pleasure.

I liv near old lady Atzeroth, the one that raised coffee a few years ago. She brought work for me several times. I went to see her, but she had gone across the river. Her old coffee-trees were very much injured, if not killed, by the freeze we had on the 11th of Jan., 1886. Thc oranges are a failure here this year. A splendid growth of limbs, perhaps, will make up next year. The was a little ice and frost away from the river; none with me this winter.

Received a phonetic package from Burnz & Co., 24 Clinton Place, New York.

Thanks to all, and good wishes. I do not know that I shall want very long. MRS. E. J. SNODGRASS.

NEW GLASGOW, N. S., April 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I mail you the Halifax *Morning Chronicle*, in which you will find an account of the debate on the Nova Scotia Sunday bill in the house of Assembly in Halifax.

This bill was framed and introduced for the express purpose of stopping the running of street cars on Sunday, although it forbids nearly everything except going to church. It passed the first and second reading by a majority of two, nineteen voting for, and seventeen against. It was then referred to a committee for amendment. This committee altered it considerable, and left the street cars out altogether, and it is receiving a pretty rough handling in the House. If they keep on removing its clauses (claws), it will be a very harmless affair. The bill is only advocated outside of parliament by a few Presbyterian clergymen and the religious press. The best citizens of Halifax are opposed to it, as are also all the secular papers, which hav opened their columns for discussion of the question. The best members in the House are opposed to it, and some of them, especially the Hon. Mr. Longley (attorney-general), hav uttered words in behalf of civil and religious liberty that I did not think a public man in Nova Scotia would hav courage to utter.

Fearing that possibly you may hav misunderstood my remarks about the Liberal papers giving space to Christians, I wish to say that I am more than pleased with the manner in which you conduct THE TRUTH SEEKER. In fact, everything you hav done since I hav read your paper has had my unqualified approval; and when I say that I am pleased with Mr. Horace Seaver's management of the *Investigator*, it is scarcely doing justice to my feelings in that respect. I love that noble, kind, and patient old gentleman, who for so many years has fought the good fight of freedom.

Yours truly, F. M. BORDEN.

WILBER, NEB., April 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Friday of last week was a cold day for the Rev. Clark Braden. He and the Rev. L. L. Luce hav been making Wilber their headquarters for settling a little unpleasantness existing between them for the past two or three years. First, Rev. Luce had Rev. Braden arrested for selling mortgaged property. Then Rev. Braden had Rev. Luce arrested for perjury. Then Rev. Luce, in a civil suit, obtained judgment against Rev. Braden for about $150, and seized Rev. Braden's grip-sack, or trunk, containing some old clothes, boots, and Braden's lectures, all of which were sold at sheriff's sale. Then Rev. Braden, on the oath of a Christian minister, had another warrant issued, and sent the sheriff all the way to Pennsylvania and had Rev. Luce again arrested for perjury. He was tried and acquitted, and at the instance of Rev. Luce the sheriff seized Braden's overcoat to apply on aforesaid judgment; and Braden failed to prove himself a Christian by not even offering to giv his other coat also.

By way of offset for our many afflictions of clerical tramps we hav had seven sound, solid lectures; three by the unanswerable Remsburg, and four by the logical Jamieson—all to large and appreciativ audiences. Inclosed find three dollars to apply on subscription, with many thanks for past indulgence. H. KILGORE.

STARK, FLA., April 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find post-office money order for $5 for two subscriptions.

In regard to the Walker-Harman marriage for so many moons, like the wild Indians of the West, it seems to me you hav taken more notice of that foolish transaction than will please most of your readers; and as to the laws of Kansas, which Mr. Walker finds so much fault with, he would hav been jailed in any other state for the same offense. In your paper of the 16th inst. you say there are too many Christians in Kansas to make the abolition of law a perfectly safe step. Why did you not say there were too many Liberals to make it a safe step. I moved with my wife and family the fall of 1865 from the great empire state of New York to Cloud county, in the notorious state of Kansas, and resided there seventeen years, or till the fall of 1882, and hav lived here in Florida since. I believe in liberty, and if there is such a thing as a genuin Liberal, I am one. As to the marriage law of Kansas Mr. E. C. Walker's Communistic theory would put us back again thousands of years to old Abraham's times and doings. There are many Liberals in Kansas in proportion to population, and better society in any state is hard to find. The people are prosperous and happy, the laws are humane and for the benefit of the poorer classes. They hav the best form of common school laws in the United States of America, and they may thank the Liberal element for it. But how is it here in Florida, the oldest state, or the oldest city, St. Augustine, planted here in this Union! The school law is of little or no account. The ignorant and superstitious people that inhabit this state claim to be very pious. Most all the old residents, black and white, are church-members. As for murder or crime, there is very little notice taken of it. So much for a pious and Christian state. N. D. HAGAMAN.

[We regret to note that our correspondent is in error when he says that Mr. Walker would be jailed in any state. His form of marriage has for some time been recognized as legal in New York, and there has been no visible retrogression toward the days of Abraham on that account. This statement may be deplorable, but truth demands it.—ED. T. S.]

HAVANA, ILL., April 5, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The Lutherans of this city hav just confirmed about twenty boys and girls, whom they hav taken into the church. This church has a peculiar way of annihilating the minds of the children. As soon as they are nine days old. they are baptized; and when they are old enough to talk they are made to commit a prayer to memory, and repeat it every day. At the age of six years they are sent to a private school, where they are taught a few common studies and the Lutheran religion. At the age of fourteen they are sent to the minister, who teaches the confirming class. Here they are taught the catechism, part of which they are made to commit to memory. Then the minister examins them to find out if he has their minds caged in, and if he finds their minds well secured, he locks (confirms them) the door to their mind, and the noble faculty of reason is not allowed admittance.

This is what I call mental bondage. With this kind of teaching we can easily see why these people believe as they do. They are not taught anything else. A former minister of this church was called upon to preach the funeral of a boy who had not been confirmed, and the minister would not go because it was contrary to the laws of the church to preach anyone's funeral who had not been confirmed. This caused a fuss between him and some of the members, and with this charge, and a few minor ones, he was called upon to giv up his pastorship. It looks as if these members wanted him to preach the doctrin that makes baptism and confirmation indispensable in order to be saved, and when the minister wants to follow out his doctrin, and practice what he preaches, they are not satisfied, but want him to preach a boy to heaven, when, according to their doctrin, he goes to hell. They don't believe their doctrin themselvs, and as they pay the preacher, they want him to preach and do as they say.

We are going to hav John E. Remsburg here in May if we can make suitable arrangements. I would like well to hav him come, and I am going to try to make arrangements for one or three lectures. J. A. WEABER.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. D. LOUIS BODGE.

CANYON CITY, COL., April 16, 287.

MR. BODGE: I hav read with some care your letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of March 7, 1887, and hav concluded though with trembling fingers to make a few remarks upon it, and would be glad if the editor could print it as I spell it for the eyes of other people.

The first thing I shall notice is that you are in favor of philosophic spelling, which I would not hav guessed from your letter, only as you said it. You would be in favor of making all right at once, or none of it. You would want to build a house in a day, or not begin it—laying three or four bricks would be so distasteful you would abandon it altogether. You wouldn't plow an acre of ground unless you could do it with one furrow.

As to being radical, I am with you, and the first thing in order is as many letters as sounds. This would obviate the necessity of a silent letter, and by such an alphabet I hav written for the last thirty-five years.

People don't get their education in a day, but piecemeal, and is it not reasonable to you that the first thing, and easiest, would be to drop silent letters that signify no part of a word? This would be the least and first step that could be taken. The next would be to restrict, as far as possible, each letter to one sound, and use that letter for that sound only; this would bring the people gradually to see and feel the propriety and necessity of common-sense spelling. A friend to the cause, and yet your eyes are offended at the very first and necessary steps toward educating the people!

You make a singular expression when you say "nine new characters to represent letters," as if a letter is not a character to represent a sound instead of a letter. Again you say, "So sweeping a reform would, of course, produce an almost total change in the structure of our language in its represented form."

First, letters do not determin the structure of a language. They only signify the elements of words. Words are elements of language. Again, you say such change would obscure the etymology of words. This reminds me of an incident in Illinois, of an Englishman who was carrying rails on his shoulder, and had a piece of sheepskin sewed on his coat to prevent the rails hurting him. Going back for a rail, he met a man who asked him what he had that sheepskin on his shoulder for. "Why, to show my etymology." Said the other man, "How does that show your etymology?" "Why," said the Englishman, "my ancestors used to dress in sheepskin, and as I hav been so long from England people don't know me by my talk, so I put this on me to let them know I'm from England." So silent letters are pages of sheepskin fastened to words to show their derivation. And that is an important point to the three millions of children that we must educate annually, and pay for the millions of spelling-books they wear out. It was decided by a convention of the etymologists in London that the sounds of words are a surer clew to the etymology of words than the letters, and that phonetic spelling brings to view etymologies that were lost.

Dictionaries now furnish all the etymologies known. The idea that a man will say he wishes the adoption of so great a matter to bless the world, and yet ridicule the very first and necessary steps to educate the people to appreciate it, does not sound very logical to me. You introduce an "oak-tree" as an illustration, which reminds me of a man in Illinois who had a field of forty acres to plow, and commenced it one morning, and plowed all day, and at night found he had gone but few times around his field. He concluded that four or five furrows a day wouldn't pay, and quit. And so with friend Bodge. His oak-tree was too much for him. He would want all the twigs cut off in a day, or not at all. He would be glad to see some one else do it, but he would giv his influence against his own convictions. You would be glad to see right spelling adopted, and yet you call those who are laboring to promote it "spelling-deformers." If the spelling reform is what you represent it, it amounts to a moral obligation upon every man and woman, and if so, you owe words of encouragement. You say "every little helps" don't apply in this case. I differ with you. Inasmuch as it familiarizes the eye with correct spelling, and so changes that bad taste. Adding *e* to the words hav, giv, and liv, and a thousand others, adds 33⅓ per cent to the cost of writing, printing, and buying. By a falsely cultivated taste you might be willing to pay 33⅓ per cent for money when you could get it without. People labor under the impression that words are made of letters, without any regard to the number or kinds of sounds that are in the word. Your taste would not let you spell *nolej* (knowledge) as I do, although I hav spelt all the sounds in the word. Your taste, my friend, would cause you to add 80 per cent to the cost of that word, and not get one cent in return. And yet the intelligent American people will promote and foster a spelling so crushing to their interests, constantly retarding the education of their children to the amount of one-fourth of what they now get.

The greatest obstruction in our way is in the printers. It seems they cannot afford to furnish themselvs with a few additional types to enable us to illustrate our scheme to their readers, and if we write a communication treating the subject we must reduce it to the old spelling, or their compositors can't set it up, and yet you ridicule the little that our Editor is doing. I hav not exhausted the subject by a good deal, and if you want an alphabet let me know, and I will send you one. A. B. PIKARD.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## Good Advice.

[Taken from a magazine printed in 1839.]

Let order o'er your time preside,
And method all your business guide;
Early begin and end your toil,
Nor let great tasks your hands embroil;
One thing at once be still begun,
Contrived, resolved, pursued, and done;
Hire not for what yourselvs can do,
And send not when yourselvs can go,
Nor till to-morrow's light delay
What might as well be done to-day.
By steady efforts all men thrive,
And long, by moderate labor, liv,
While eager toil and anxious care,
Health, strength, and peace, and life impair;
Nor think a life of labor hard,
It has a rich and sure reward.
Its meals are hearty, slumbers sweet,
Its cares are few, its health complete;
No mind so activ, fresh, and gay,
As his who toils the livlong day.
A life of sloth drags hardly on,
Suns set too late, and rise too soon,
Youth, manhood, age, all linger slow
To one who nothing has to do.
The drone, a nuisance to the hive,
Not long in idleness can liv,
For well the bees, those judges wise,
Plague, chase, and sting him till he dies.
Then humble and obedient prove,
And justice do and duty love,
And let it be your constant plan
To compass all the good you can;
Still follow on 'mid loss and gain,
In winter's snow and summer's rain,
That by our love and pardoning grace
Bright, happy home your dwelling-place.

*Lyons, N. Y.* C. R.

## The Right and the Wrong.

I presume the children who are readers of this corner of THE TRUTH SEEKER know of the class of people who believe in spirits of good and evil.

Evolution has not progressed very far in the case of this class. They do not think it possible to perform a good or kind action without the help of a spirit.

I do not think any child who can be interested in the Children's Corner believes any such absurdity. Yet you may hav wondered about this question of right and wrong, and would like to think a little about their origin.

When in the course of ages this planet evoluted from its nebulous state and became fit for the abode of the higher mammals, as has already been explained in this corner, man made his appearance in the form best fitted to survive in the struggle for existence. At first, probably, if he thought at all, it was only of himself, and how he could appease his hunger as he roamed through the great forests of a tropical country, killing and eating animals weaker than he, and doubtless being killed and eaten by those larger and stronger. But, being the highest form yet developed, his superior reasoning power aided him in avoiding those things which his experience had taught him tended to his destruction, the avoiding and doing of which were his first ideas of right and wrong.

This was a very simple beginning, and concerned only each separate individual, but the most intelligen men would liv the longest, because they were able to take better care of themselvs, and had children who would naturally be intelligent like their parents.

It was probably a long time before man discovered that several men together could defend themselvs against danger much better than one man alone, and so for mutual protection they commenced to dwell together in communities. This was the first germ of society, that has developed into what we now hav.

Love of life is the strongest feeling in every creature. The thought of life brings happiness, and whatever adds to one's happiness makes life more desirable. As men dwelt together and advanced in intelligence, their capacity and desire for enjoyment increased. It was no longer possible for a man to liv for himself alone; others' rights must be considered. If death were desirable, and the thought of life made one unhappy, then right and wrong would no longer be what it is. Murder then would be right because it brought great happiness to the victim. If to hav one's property stolen caused one great satisfaction and enhanced his happiness, then a thief would be a benefactor, and theft would not be wrong. If lying did not cause confusion in business transactions and society did not suffer when one could not believe a word his neighbor said, then lying would not be wrong.

Experience has taught people differently. To insure a man's own safety, he found that he must not take his neighbor's life, and so murder became wrong. To enjoy the possession of his own property, which he found brought him happiness, he learned he must respect that of others, so honesty became right.

Briefly, right is that class of actions which men hav found by the accumulated experience of thousands of years to be best for them and that which brought the most happiness; wrong, the class of actions which hav been found to cause misery.

There are many wrong actions which bring a temporary pleasure, but if we consider them well, we soon see they ultimately result in unhappiness. It may make a drunkard happy to get drunk, but we can easily see what wretchedness would ensue if everyone sought happiness in that way.

JESSIE BREWSTER.

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.



What we dread as we grow old.

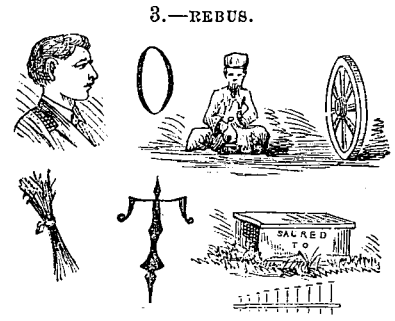
2.—GEOGRAPHICAL PYRAMID.

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A
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1. Asia (abbr.).
2. A lake in Turkish empire.
3. A town in France.
4. A town in S. A.
5. A lake in Nevada.

*Lyons, N. Y.* CONRAD ROOKER.

3.—REBUS.



The motto of some merchants.

4.—INVOLVED CHARADE.

Within the *shortest kind of street*,
A *team* and *snake* we see complete;
But street, team, snake, as they unite,
Bring but a *steamer* into sight.
Meanwhile, a lady on its deck
Now wears that snake around her neck;
No reptil now, its furry coat
Protects from cold the lady's throat.
Such wondrous change in man or beast,
Can work the poser, poet, priest;
But yet imagination's play
Must still return to Reason's way;
And ever still the mind must know
The substance from its fitful show;
Or, in the land of shadows bound,
The mind must prove itself unsound;
While gods and ghosts and snakes conspire
Against it, with chimeras dire.

*Irwin, Iowa.* J. K. P. BAKER.

5.—SOMETHING FOR THE YOUNGEST.



Can you see what Fanny is feeding?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER APRIL 23, 1887.

1.–It is trying to curtail.

2.–Sagacity.

3.–On each side of the tree, and in the center of the picture, may be seen the figures of the two old folks, when in the youthful garb of "long ago."

4.–

V E T C H
E M E R Y
T E P I D
C R I E R
H Y D R A

## Correspondence.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., April 11, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought so many times I would try and form acquaintance with you, and the little Freethinkers, but I am so much older than some that hav been writing; but when I saw that some had been writing at the age of fifteen, I thought I was not any too old. My father has been taking THE TRUTH SEEKER off and on for about eight years. He likes it very much, and always gets me to read the Children's Corner. We went and heard Mr. Putnam two nights, and liked the lectures very much, too. We hardly ever go to church, but most every Sunday go to a Good Templar's meeting instead. But it is raining to-day, and we can't go. Well, I must close, hoping to see this in print soon.

Your Liberal friend ever,
LILLIE D. WATKINS.

BURNETT, NEB., April 1, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: We are having very fine weather here now. Papa has all of his grains own. Papa had Mr. Jamieson deliver three lectures here. His first lecture was on "What Freethinkers Believe and Disbelieve;" second, "The Bible and Science, and their Relation to Each Other;" third, "Thomas Paine." I think the Science Column is very interesting. Papa appreciates the pictures very much. I like them too. I think if Mr. Heston should stop the pictures the paper would not be worth as much as it is now. Papa read the selections from Mr. Ingersoll in the last TRUTH SEEKER aloud; he thought they were splendid. He said he was going to giv it to some of his friends to read. Well, I will close for this time.

I will ever remain your true friend,
ESTELLE WHITNEY.

RACINE, WIS., April 8, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav often felt as if I would like to write a letter to the Children's Corner, but then I hav let it slip, until to-day another desire has seized me. Father has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER a number of years, and we think it the best paper printed, especially since the pictures commenced. They and the Children's Corner are the first that take my eyes. My little boy is very fond of looking at the pictures. I will write a few of his idea about God, which may interest the children. (He was about three years old then; he is six now.) "Ma, who made all them pretty little moons?" "They are stars, and it is said that God made them." "Where does God liv?" "Up in the sky, it is said." Then he looked up at the beautiful starlit sky and said, "Oh, yes, I see him peeking his head out of his kitchen window." At another time, he had been told to come in when it rained; one day a little sun-shower came up, which lasted about five minutes. He came around to the door and said, "Mamma, it sprinkled a little, but I did not get wet. God did not hav much water to-day, so he only pushed a little down." When about four years old, he said, "There's a man in the moon, isn't there?" "So they say." "Yes, there is, for I see him putting his specs on." For fear of taking too much of your valuable Corner, I will, if there is no objection, write a few more of Willie's queer expressions next time. Wishing you success in your grand and noble work, I will close with love and kind regards to you and all the children.

Yours with respect,
MRS. MATHEA MORSE.

P.S.—Perhaps I may as well giv my age, like the children, which is twenty-three years.

OAK MILLS, KAN., April 9, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I hav written to Aunt Elmina, I will take the opportunity in writing to you.

I am a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and take much interest in reading the Children's Corner. I find that it contains many nice letters from the young Liberal readers, who seem to think lots of you and the Corner.

THE TRUTH SEEKER is a grand, good paper, and its editors are rising toward a place of distinction. All of the noblest Liberal men and women on earth contribute to its pages, and try their utmost courage in making it the grand emblem of Liberalism, and they are working rapidly toward our cause. How is Colonel Ingersoll? I was shocked to hear of the bad condition he is in, but I hope to hear of his recovery. I hav lost my youngest brother by the hand of death, and home does not seem like home without him. I hav read the "Story Hour," and when I turn to the beautiful portrait and tribute of your little niece, it makes me feel so bad to think that such a bright little gem should hav a life so brief.

Well, hoping to hear from you, and wishing the Children's Corner success, I will close, ever remaining, Your true Liberal friend,
GEO. J. REMSBURG.

[Colonel Ingersoll is, we believe, recovering his usual health. We all wish him long life, good health, and strength to deal many more sturdy blows against the follies and superstitions of the time. We sympathize deeply with our friend and all the family in the loss of dear baby Gene. We can understand all the grief and loneliness that came into the home when the dear baby boy went out. But we must learn to bear our sorrows and losses patiently, and cling the closer to the loved ones who remain with us. We thank George for his kind letter, and shall always be glad to hear from him, as well as all our boys and girls who find pleasure in the Corner.—ED. C.C.]

MOODY, TEX., April 4, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Once more I take up my pen to write to the Children's Corner, with my love to all who are correspondents of the Corner. It givs me pleasure to think that there are so many that can think for themselvs without having priests to think for them, and I think that the day is not far off when they can all think for themselvs, breathe the pure air of freedom, and study science instead of those ridiculous tales about Solomon, Joshua, and David, a man after God's own heart. But Christianity is dying out. When we look back in the history of the past and see how the church used to do, we can see that it is coutinually failing. When we cast an eye around over the country we see the most intelligent people are Liberals, we notice the most studious people are becoming skeptical. The old creeds suit them no longer, but must step back and make room for something new. We hear preachers get up in the pulpit and say that the Bible is inspired by an all-wise God. That is ridiculous! Do you think an all-wise God would inspire a book that most of the schoolboys are going around correcting its mistakes, and showing its falsities? We think that God never made any revelation at all, if there be such a thing as a God. And as for the Bible being a revelation to man from an infinit God, it can't be, for it contradicts all branches of science. If it be a revelation it should hav revealed the art of the telegraph, the locomotiv, the steamship, and all other branches of science. It says nothing about the other worlds that exist in this omnipotent space. If it be a revelation it should hav revealed all things to man, and not left him to find it out the best way he could.

Yours for truth and love,
JOHN M. SIMMONS.

MUSCOTAH, KAN., April 10, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I read the Children's Corner in THE TRUTH SEEKER, I notice that more girls write to you than boys, so I'll try to help the boy's side out a little. There are not many Liberals out here, as far as I know, but I'm glad to say that all our family are Freethinkers. My father has been lecturing against Romanism and the Catholic church for a number of years, and has written a book entitled, "Romanism; or, Danger Ahead," which has been circulated quite well, considering the time it has been published. When I become a man I shall do my best to hinder the Catholic church from gaining a foothold on our now happy republic. It is very true in all Freethinkers' minds that the Catholic church is the worst petty thief in the whole universe. Your picture, "Women the Supporters of Priest and Pope," is the best thing out, and I, for one, thank Mr. Heston for his true as well as original pictures. If the Catholic church was away from the ignorant Irish, I believe they would become more wealthy and better law-abiding citizens. I believe a priest would take the last penny from a laborer just to get the man's sins forgiven.

Father is in Chicago, so I'm all alone with two boys and a girl. I felt kind of lonesome, so I thought I would write to you. We hav about thirty cattle, a hundred pigs, and seven horses. The grass is green, and the leaves are coming out now. It looks as if we are going to hav an early spring.

Miss Wixon, I do hope you will excuse my poor penmanship and form of letter. I hope you won't put this letter in the waste-basket, for I would like very much to see it in print. I am thirteen, and hope to write to you again before I am fourteen. I remain,

Your Freethinker friend,
LONNIE J. GROVER.

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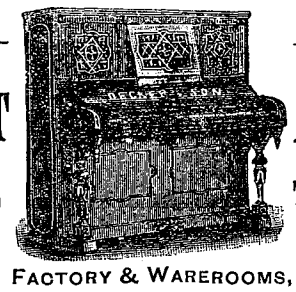
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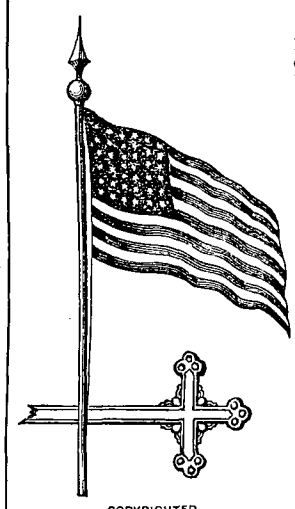
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# Poetry.

## New Wine in Old Bottles.*

There can be no radical reform in things until opinions hav been radically reformed.—*Littre*, 1849.

What is this "labor movement," pray?
We hear about it every day;
The thing has grown to such dimensions
That statesmen show it their attentions,
And wise philosophers and such,
Who talk, and talk, and talk so much,
That I confess I can't make out
Exactly what it's all about;
But notice that behind their backs
They carry every man an ax,
And judge the "movement" must be that
Of something these are sharpened at—
A sort of agricultural wheel;
And this it is that makes me feel
Almost afraid to speak my mind—
I havn't any ax to grind.
However, as I've heard about
The "movement's" being near knocked out
For making an unwary lurch
Against the power of the church,
I'll risk a word, for I'm an amateur
Of movements, though I'm no dynamiter.

All honor to the meanest one
That plants a seed beneath the sun,
If hope go with it from his heart
To make the more another's part;
But he that claims the right to lead
Must know the soil and know the seed,
For whoso plants for bread alone
Will find his gift shall turn to stone.

What need we now? Does "progress" rob
The wealth of that great heart whose throb
Had quickened, strengthened from the first?
Then ours, indeed, are days accurst.
But no, the human heart is whole;
Faith dwindles—faith whose firm control
Once shaped the yielding wills of men
To one for what was righteous then.
But now the heart has lost its guide
And vainly turns from side to side.
But must it turn forever so?
Thank the fair light of reason, no!

What need we? Truth! Let men be taught
The naked truth, and minds so fraught
Will more and more see life as one—
For truth is single like the sun—
Till hearts combining for the right
Make scattered force resistless might.

But what is truth? Is it not he
That walked the waves of Galilee?
Though praised his name all names above,
It is not he, for this was love.
Truth is that humble faith we draw
From sequent facts that men name law,
Which build no heaven in the skies
To fade from sight of searching eyes,
But lead us step by step from birth
Until our dust returns to earth,
With promis, if we rise again,
To lead us as they led us then.

No sudden light is this we bring,
Like Saul's, to Damas journeying;
Truth cannot change the wrong heart's way
Between to-morrow and to-day.
This thing it is that truth can do,
Make one in will what hearts are true,
And, placed alone at evil's side,
Shine till the worst be purified.

Poor "movement!" Luke has left a line
About old bottles and new wine,
Skin bags, you know, and nothing narrable
Can teach us more than this same parable;
No wonder your old bottle burst,
You might hav known it from the first.

The truth and all the truth shall save.
Can hands be free while heads are slave?
Shall hungry stomachs hav their part
And leave unfed the famished heart?
No! Let us strike for freedom whole,
For Freedom's body and her soul.

Make truth the banner of your hope,
Nor bow to big or little pope;
Aye, down with popery in science,
Down with popery in song,
Down with all the little popes
That batten on the brainless throng!
Greed and ignorance are banded,
Freemen, freemen, guard your rights!
Down with all these robber barons,
Down with all these robber knights!
Where is now the flower of manhood
Ever foremost for the truth?
Greed has chilled the craven blood
That lags along the veins of youth.
Must we see the valiant spirit
Fire and sword had failed to tame
Grovel at the beck of gold?
Arise, you dastards, rise for shame!
Ignorance, the dam of sorrow,
Girded with the two-edged sword,
Gropes along the ways of darkness
Followed by her motley horde,
Bringing tacks to nail our savior
To the cross where Christ was slain,
Ours, the son of man immortal,
Born of wedded heart and brain!

Stand we firm until the dawning,
Calmly conscious of our might,
If like men we stand together
Foes will vanish with the light.

What need we? Common sense to save
The common people from the knave,
To cure them of the growing hate
Of higher worth that leaves the state
An easy prey in all its parts
To dirty hands and dirty hearts,
And common pride to make "their betters"
Ashamed of common scoundrels' fetters.

Watch them on each election day
March up and giv their votes away—
Not always giv—to men they know
Unfit, then wait a month or so
And hear them all begin to curse
The power of the corporate purse
Because these men hav sold them out
Per contract to some scurvy lout
That's needed by a corporation
As senator of this great nation.

While men endure such things as these
Reform is but an idle breeze,
With hardly force to raise the stench
From office, council-hall and bench.
Omnipotence with such a crew
Would giv it up, and yet will you
With twopence worth of patent theory
Make everything look bright and cheery?
Change your men first, turn to and show
If things are wrong they make them so.
Are these same "toilers" men in fact,
Or shall we plead the baby act,
And turn them over to be schooled
By some paternal Mr. Gould?
Hands are votes here; there's no excuse
That men can offer for abuse
Except their own stupidity;
Open their eyes and let them see!

Show them why man, though strong to trace
An unknown planet's course in space
And giv it trysting-star and day,
Is weak to find his earthly way;
Why Hurry hastens to her fall,
But step by step shall conquer all.
Teach them to take the sure and hold
As worth the rest a thousand-fold;
But let them make no plea from this
For lengthening life of things amiss;
No balm to soothe the wakening fear
That all may not be perfect here.
I plead no cause but truth, and he
That named the price of liberty
"Eternal vigilance" knew well
His sword had bought where tyrants sell.

Teach them to doubt the power of lip
And trust in honor's bulldog grip,
That catches fast and holds its own
In spite of menace, blows, or bone.
So shall they find the men whose toil
Through rain and shine will wrench the spoil
From bloated avarice, and giv
The just an equal chance to liv.

LOUIS BELROSE, JR.

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## A Dog That Reasoned.

Mr. Harold Dollner, a nativ of Denmark, and for many years consul-general of Denmark in this city, and a portion of the time acting minister for that kingdom, and well known to business men as the head of the firm of Dollner, Potter & Co., of New York, for many years resided in Brooklyn in a kind of *rus in urbe*—a mansion of the old style, situated on Washington avenue, in the midst of what, for a city, are large grounds. He always took a great interest in his flowers, trees, and vegetables, and in the heart of the city raised the very finest pumpkins. He also kept two or three dogs; one a house dog, another of the spaniel variety, and the third a powerful mastiff. The mastiff was always chained near the stable, and not far from the rear entrance to the premises.

In a certain autumn the pumpkins which were produced in Mr. Dollner's garden were of such extraordinary size and beauty that they excited the cupidity of a person who stole two of the largest of them, and took them to the Horticultural Exhibition, where he entered them as his own, and actually took the premium for them. This so raised Mr. Dollner's indignation that he instructed his gardener to take off the largest of those which remained and deposit them in the cellar lest they should also be stolen. At the same time he told him to set the mastiff loose, so that if anybody else came in at night to steal the pumpkins, the dog would attack him. Pursuant to this order, the gardener worked all the afternoon taking off the finest of the pumpkins, which he carried up one by one, piling them near the cellar door until he had finished, when he conveyed them into the cellar. About sunset he unchained the mastiff.

This dog had watched the performance of the gardener, and during the night he gnawed off the largest of the remaining pumpkins and carried them one by one to the cellar door, where he piled them up and stood guard over them until the next morning, when as the cook arose and opened the kitchen door, with an expression of great delight the animal wagged his tail, looked up for approbation, and went away. The next night he gnawed off everything from the size of a hazel nut upward, and carried them to the cellar door as before. A few days afterward, when the person suspected of having stolen the pumpkins, who had always been friendly with him, entered, the mastiff sprang upon him with the utmost rage.

It is plain that the mastiff had never seen such an operation before. He, therefore, must hav comprehended it by *an effort of the mind, held it through the entire night, worked upon it, contemplated it as a completed act, and surrendered the pumpkins to the family when they arose.* Yet, of course, he failed to comprehend the reason, or to distinguish the value of the ripe from that of the green pumpkins. He also obviously connected the man, who had in his sight stolen the pumpkins, with the deed.—*Christian Advocate.*

## The 1887 Annual.

There has been lying on our table several weeks a copy of the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1887, compiled and printed by those enterprising publishers, the Truth Seeker Publishing Company, of New York. The ANNUAL has been issued for several years, and the set make a valuable and interesting cyclopedia of Freethought statistics, arguments, etc., but this last issue is in some respects the best of all. In the place of the nonsense usually found in almanacs, this space on the calendar pages is utilized to giv the dates of important events, births and deaths of distinguished men and women, etc. Then follows a condensed and very candid review of the progress of the Freethought movement in the United States during the year 1886; also another carefully prepared article on Freethought abroad. The other articles are the address by President Cleveland on the occasion of inaugurating the statue of Liberty; "The Right to Testify," by F. M. Holland; Work accomplished by the American Secular Union, written by S. P. Putnam, and a beautiful poem, "The Coming Dawn," by D. Louis Bodge. The closing article is an interesting story by Si Slokum. The most important feature of this number, and which should secure it a wide circulation among those who like to hav information of this kind at hand for ready reference, is the department devoted to the Sunday, oath, and blasphemy laws. Fifty-four of the large pages are devoted to this subject. Everything to be found in the constitution and laws of the several states and territories, regarding the observance of rest days, qualifications necessary to testify in the courts, blasphemy, etc., has been carefully collected, affording information heretofore inaccessible to the general reader. If any one thinks there are no "Blue laws" in this country, he should invest twenty-five cents in this ANNUAL. There are a dozen or more full-page engravings scattered through the work, taken from Bennett's journey "Around the World," presenting scenes in China, Japan, India, etc.—*Denison, Texas, Sunday Gazetteer.*

## Books.

TRY-SQUARE; OR, THE CHURCH OF PRACTICAL RELIGION. By Reporter. New York: The Truth Seeker Company. 12mo, pp. 314. Price $1.

This is decidedly an odd book. The "Reporter" disclaims authorship, and he denies us his name on the ground of modesty. All names of persons and places are confessedly fictitious, but everything seems so familiar that the reader will readily admit that it all might occur in any country village.

The *locus* of the story (if story is a permissible word here) is in Pinville, which appears to be a small village in central New York. The *hero* is Job Sawyer, commonly called Uncle Job, who is one of nature's originals—a regular *nonesuch*. He has "roughed it" in early life; but at the time of his introduction to us he is about sixty years old, is wealthy, and has been many years a justice of the peace. He is really a radical Freethinker, yet he prefers to be called an "independent thinker" because, as he alleges, the Freethinkers hav become about as sectarian and dogmatical as orthodoxy is.

The book opens with a dialog between Uncle Job and the local Methodist preacher in a village store where they happened to meet. The preacher finally confesses: "I know that such talk as yours comes from a pure and honest heart;" but he adds: "If you don't like what we are doing in the churches, why don't you take hold and show us how to do something better?" As the old man's answer to this banter is the keynote to the whole book, we quote it entire:

"SAWYER (dropping his head thoughtfully). I think that point is 'well taken,' as the lawyers say. I hav heard it before, and I always thought it was a good point. I hav been hoping and wishing for years that somebody would make a move in the right direction; but nobody moves, though millions are complaining that something is wrong. Since you hav brought the matter home to me so forcibly, I think I will undertake, in my humble and uncouth way, to start a reformation right here in Pinville."

After crushing an orthodox conspiracy and surmounting other difficulties, Uncle Job succeeds in founding what he calls "the Church of Practical Religion," with a goodly number of charter members, and he becomes pastor of the new church. In his first public talk, he describes his charter members as follows: "I think a careful scrutiny of that list will reveal the name of no 'deadbeat'—no person who changes his residence every three months, more or less, to avoid the payment of a just rent—no person who obtains credit, at the grocery or elsewhere, by promising to pay next week and then forgetting to redeem his promis—no manufacturer of, or dealer in, intoxicating beverages, nor any person who knowingly permits his property to be used in connection with such business—no gambler, nor person who permits his property to be used for the purposes of gambling—no woman of unchaste character, nor any male associate of such a woman—no intriguing, deceitful politician, nor trickster of any kind—no person who buys votes, or corruptly influences votes in any election—no person who sells his vote or political influence, for money or other valuable thing—no person who has wilfully sworn falsely, either in taking an oath of office, or otherwise—in short, you cannot find on that list the name of any person who has ever been accused of any act, however trivial, which the common voice of mankind pronounces wrong."

The new preacher explains to his congregation why there will be no praying in his meetings. He frankly says he doesn't believe in it, and givs them this bit of his own experience. Once, when a young man, he had been in dire extremity; all his efforts to extricate himself proved futil; death faced him on every hand, and, in a moment of despair,

"'I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones
Crotch deep in the snow and prayed;'

or rather I *tried* to pray, but could not. Every word I uttered seemed like blasphemy. I felt like a criminal, and stopped . . . and I hav never tried to giv utterance to a prayer from that day to this."

The "Try-Square" is a rule of conduct invented by Mr. Sawyer which he sets above the Golden Rule of Confucius—that rule being, as he claims, founded wholly in selfishness. He has squared his own conduct by it for years, and has found it an infallible guide.

In his preaching (a number of sample sermons are given in the book) Uncle Job pitches into all the evils he sees about him in the most sturdy fashion. He is especially fired up in opposition to the prevailing political vices—vote-buying in particular—and he denounces from his pulpit many local sinners by name. The old gentleman is possessed of a very earnest and positiv nature, and he givs hard knocks right, left, and center; and his discourses make very entertaining reading, even for those who dissent from his views.

## Obituary.

Departed this life from Austin, Nev., March 14, 1887, Mr. David Dear, aged 55 years 8 months and 11 days. A nativ of Kent, England.

Although a nativ of England he had spent the last twenty-two years of his life in this country and Canada with his wife. He made a trip to England with the idea of staying and spending his days there if it pleased him, but he found that country had lost all its charms for him, so he returned to make his home in the United States. Deceased was one of the finest specimens of honesty and integrity it was ever my pleasure to know. I had known him as a Christian and he was a good man, and I knew him when he commenced to read THE TRUTH SEEKER, and other Liberal works, and then he sailed out into the sea of Freethought, which opened a vista that expanded his thoughts and ideas, and he had the faculty to express them without giving offense. Without any apparent effort or desire on his part he would draw the trust and confidence of all he became acquainted with. He was the man always selected to repose some trust in, and it scarcely required his word for his bond. He leaves a wife to mourn his loss, as she alone can mourn the loss of a model husband and companion. Death is the great harvester of all things, but death cannot destroy the influence for good of a noble life.

His wife had but just arisen from an extended period of sickness, through which he had tended her, when he was stricken with the disease that terminated his life in three days. He was unconscious several hours before he died, so he could giv no expression of his hopes or fears of the hereafter, but he was the kind of man that would die as he had lived, and be content to be judged by the past or future by his good works.

JAMES MOSS.

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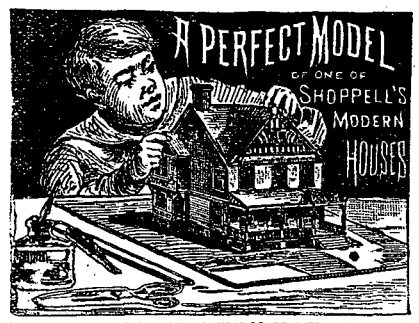
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## News of the Week.

NEW YORK went dry again last Sunday.

A CHINAMAN of this city, who calls himself "Tom Paine," was arrested Sunday for ironing clothes. Justice Murray let him go, saying he did not regard ironing clothes as a crime.

THE Rev. Dr. Bristor, Methodist; servant girl; felonious assault; trial this week at New City, N. Y.

T. F. MCGOWAN, of Brooklyn, who is district-attorney of Queen's county, has disappeared. He is said to be a defaulter to the extent of nearly $20,000.

THE Rev. T. H. Dabney, of Floris, Ia., left home the other day telling his wife that he was going to baptize some converts. It has transpired that he eloped with the seventeen-year-old sister of his wife.

THE Rev. Arthur Morrison was convicted at Baltimore last Saturday of stealing a horse, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for seven years. Mr. Morrison was a Methodist, and had previously been in jail.

NEW JERSEY now has a law that all goods manufactured in state prison shall be so labeled, in order that those who object to prison contract labor need not unwittingly encourage it by their patronage.

A NEARLY completed Presbyterian chapel in Montclair, N. J., was blown down, on the 29th ult., at a loss of $3,000.

THE farmers at Paulding, O., hav blown up a canal reservoir with dynamite because it covered and ruined a large tract of land that they wish to cultivate.

THE Rev. Adolph A. Schabehorn, Presbyterian, of Nyack, N. Y., is being tried for intemperance, untruthfulness, and immoral and improper "conversation" with women.

PARSON GOODELL, of Providence, R. I., who, according to the charges of Mrs. Foster, went wrong last fall, has been whitewashed by an ecclesiastical court and acquitted of ministerial conduct.

TWO Louisville, Ky., negroes committed a criminal assault upon a young girl and were lodged in jail. Last week a mob endeavored to lynch them, and there was a riot, which was quelled by calling out the militia.

ONE of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Indians, a Pawnee brave, contracted pneumonia while the show was in this city, and a few days ago he was buried in a pauper's grave in Potter's Field. The show is now in London.

THE women of West Fairview, Pa., who prayed the court a few weeks ago that a license might be granted in their town hav had that prayer granted. The reason they assigned was that they would rather hav their husbands drink in town than go to Harrisburg, two miles away.

THE Rev. C. F. Stiver, Episcopalian, of Grenada, Miss., came flying down the steps of a house where resided his parishioner, Capt. W. P. Fowler, the other day, and as he reached the gate the captain appeared in the door and shot him. The minister fell to the ground fatally wounded. Being told that he would die, Mr. Stiver requested that his slayer should not be punished, as he was justified in the act. The inference is that the Rev. Mr. Stiver had insulted Mrs. Fowler.

A YOUTH named Defreitas jumped off the Brooklyn bridge last week. A policeman grabbed him by the heel as he went over, so that he turned several somersaults in the air and struck the water head foremost. Then he swam to a boat and was taken aboard uninjured. He was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for disorderly conduct, but procured bail and got a situation as a freak in a museum. Odlum, the first man to jump from the bridge, was an athlete and a scientific jumper, but was killed by the concussion.


# THE ORDER OF CREATION.

*A Discussion Between*

**Gladstone, Huxley, Muller, Linton, Reville.**

On the Conflict between Genesis and Geology.

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III. Postscript to Solar Myths. By Prof. Max Muller.
IV. Proem to Genesis: A Plea for a Fair Trial. By Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
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## Gems of Thought.

IT will be found upon examination that American slavery has been in many respects the worst form that has been known, and that in all its deformities it has been sustained by the greatest leaders in all the orthodox churches, while its bravest and truest opponents hav been Infidels.—*D. M. Bennett.*

WE know all about your moldy wonders and your stale miracles. We want a this year's fact. We ask only one. Giv us one fact for charity. Your miracles are too ancient. The witnesses hav been dead for nearly two thousand years. Their reputation for "truth and veracity" in the neighborhood where they resided is wholly unknown to us. Giv us a new miracle, and substantiate it by witnesses who still hav the cheerful habit of living in this world. Do not send us to Jericho, to hear the winding horns, nor put us in the fire with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. Do not compel us to navigate the sea with Captain Jonah, nor dine with Mr. Ezekiel. There is no sort of use sending us fox-hunting with Samson. We hav positivly lost all interest in that little speech so eloquently delivered by Balaam's inspired donkey. It is worse than useless to show us fishes with money in their mouths, and call our attention to vast multitudes stuffing themselvs with five crackers and two sardines. We demand a new miracle, and we demand it now. Let the church furnish at least one, or forever after hold her peace.—*R. G. Ingersoll.*

PHILOSOPHERS hav no aggressiv tendencies. With eyes fixed on the noble goal to which they tend, they may, now and then, be stirred to momentary wrath by the unnecessary obstacles with which the ignorant or the malicious encumber, if they cannot bar, the difficult path; but why should their souls be deeply vexed? The majesty of fact is on their side, and the elemental forces of nature are working for them. Not a star comes to the meridian at its calculated time but testifies to the justice of their methods—their beliefs are "one with the falling rain and with the growing corn." By doubt they are established, and open inquiry is their bosom friend. Such men hav no fear of traditions, however venerable, and no respect for them when they become mischievous obstructions; but they hav better than mere antiquarian business in hand, and if dogmas, which ought to be fossil, but are not, are not forced upon their notice, they are too happy to treat them as non-existent.—*Huxley's Origin of Species.*

'Tis very true, my sovereign king,
My skill may well be doubted;
But facts are chiels that winna ding,
An' darna be disputed. —*Burns.*

THE gospels, as professed records of Christ's words and deeds, will be allowed to form the most important portion of the New Testament collection. Now, the idea of God having inspired four different men to write a history of the same transactions—or rather of many different men having undertaken to write such a history, of whom God inspired four only to write correctly, leaving the others to their own unaided resources, and giving us no test by which to distinguish the inspired from the uninspired—certainly appears self-confuting and anything but "natural." If the accounts of the same transactions agree, where was the necessity of more than one? If they differ (as they notoriously do), it is certain that only one can be inspired; and which is that one?—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

I HAV now pitched my tent under a cypress-tree; the tomb is now my inexpugnable fortress, ever close by the gate of which I look upon the hostil armament, and pains and penalties of tyrannous life placidly enough, and listen to its loudest threatenings with a still smile. O ye loved ones, that already sleep in the noiseless bed of rest, whom in life I could only weep for and never help; and ye, who, wide-scathed, still toil lonely in the monster-bearing desert, dyeing the flinty ground with your blood—yet a little while and we shall all meet there, and our mother's bosom will screen us all; and oppression's harness and sorrow's fire-whip, and all the Gehanna bailiffs that patrol and inhabit ever-vexed time, cannot henceforth harm us any more.—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.*

WE do not know what death is any more than we know what life is, but whatever it is it is natural. We ought to say, "I know not what there is in the future, but whatever there is I am ready to meet it." This is the faith we need—faith in nature and in what nature does. Death is only the last step of life. We should not take any more care for this last step than for any other. It is merely a step *off* the earth instead of on it. I do not like the habit of talking so much about what has no present concern. It is well enough to look into the future as far as we can, but let us not forget that we liv in the present. When we hav exhausted the here, it will be time enough to think of the hereafter.—*L. K. Washburn.*




DESTRUCTION OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH.—Gen. xix, 24.

A righteous citizen escapes.

## Odds and Ends.

THE rule oftenest broken in school—ferrule.

A MAN who does business on a large scale—a coal dealer.

WHEN punishing a child never strike it above the belt.

THOMPSON: "Suppose a man should call you a liar, what should you do?" Jones (hesitatingly): "What sized man?"

THE woman in full dress "bares her blushing honors thick upon her," with, however, not very much accent on the blush.

"YE little spalpeen! I'll tache ye now niver to come home agin half-dhrownded to yer poor ould mother till yez knows how ter shwim!"

IT takes two to make a bargain, except in cases of matrimonial bargains. Then a minister is required, although, in some isolated instances, his services are dispensed with.

ANGEL DARLING: "Mamma, where did baby tome from?" Fond mother: "Papa bought him in the market." Angel darling: "Why didn't him div' ten cents more and det one wif hair on?"

A MAN in St. Augustine, Fla.,
Built a house which was almost a ca.
There was nothing so nt.,
As he thought, in the st.,
But his guests said that nothing was ha.

HOUSE-HUNTER (to Harlem landlord): "Why do you charge such a high rent for the house?" Landlord: "Because there is a beer saloon on one side, a livery stable on the other, and a church across the way. All the conveniences!"

THE will of Edward Kuehn, of Omaha, provides that his body shall be cremated, and his ashes placed in a silver urn, to be set up over the bar of a popular saloon in that city. He wants a chance to see his friends trying to get where he is.

A PARTY who testily viewed,
The behavior inane of a diewed,
With a dynamite bomb
Knocked him out *sur-le-champ*,
In innocuous desuetiewed.

FATHER: "Tommy, you should try and be a better boy. You are our only child and we expect you to be good." Tommy: "It ain't my fault that I am your only child. It is tough on me to be good for a lot of brothers and sisters I havn't got."

A LITTLE four-year-old in Harlem created a ripple last week by remarking to the teacher of the Sunday-school class: "Our dog's dead, and I guess the angels were scared when they saw him coming up the walk. He's awful cross to strangers."

"No sir," thundered the old gentleman, "I hav made up my mind that my daughter shall never marry a man who plays poker." "She might do a great deal worse, sir." "Impossible! Poker has proved the ruination of thousands of men, and its victims never recover from the infatuation. She could never do worse." "Excuse me, sir, but I'm sure she could. She might marry some fellow that thinks he plays poker." The old man thought it over."

"Do you see that dignified-looking gentleman across the way?" "Yes." "He has been a vestryman in our church and superintendent of the Sunday-school for over twenty years." "Is that so?" Then in a lower tone: "What do you suspect him of?"

WIGWUG: "That fellow with the long hair! Oh, he's a poet." Filtrip: "His is a striking figure—undoubtedly a man fired by high ambitions." Wigwug: "Ah! Well, I liv in his neigborhood, and I happen to know that he has also been fired by his landlady."

LAYMAN (to deacon, after early service): "The music was fine this morning, deacon; magnificent—particularly the offertory. I was enraptured with it!" Deacon (without a suspicion of guile): "Yes; I noticed that you were so enraptured that my efforts to direct your attention to the contribution box proved fruitless!"

THE story has recently been imported of an English grave-stone maker who was ordered to cut on a stone the words: "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." The stone, however, being small, he engraved on it: "A virtuous woman is 5s. to her husband." In England a five-shilling piece is called a crown.

A MOURNING husband came to see the bust of his dear deceased wife. "Pray study it well," said the sculptor. "It is only in clay, and I can alter it." The widower looked at it with the most tender interest. "It is her very self!" he exclaimed; "her large nose—the sign of goodness." Then, bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "She was so good! Make the nose a little larger!"

"I UNDERSTAND, 'Lijah," said the minister, "that many of you colored people hav very queer ideas of heaven. Now, take yourself, for instance, do you believe in the orthodox theory that heaven is a place of pearly gates and golden streets?" "No, sah, I don't," was the emphatic reply. "Dat 'scription am too promiskiss to be true. Hebben, sah, am a place wheer de 'possum hab only one eye."

ONE of the new rules of a Western railroad is that clergymen making requisition for half-fare tickets are obliged to make affidavit that they are regularly ordained, and are engaged in no other occupation. A certificate was recently received from a preacher at Salina, Neb., who added after the words, "I am engaged in no other business or occupation," the phrase, "But in preaching the unsuchible richs of god's Word."

THE new English gun weighs I am afraid to say how many hundred thousand tons, and carries a projectil weighing you wouldn't believe how many thousand pounds; but, at any rate, it costs eight hundred dollars every time it is fired. And one day last week they spent thirty-two hundred dollars missing a target four times. This may be war, but, to a plain man, it looks a great deal more like extravagant foolishness —*Burdette.*


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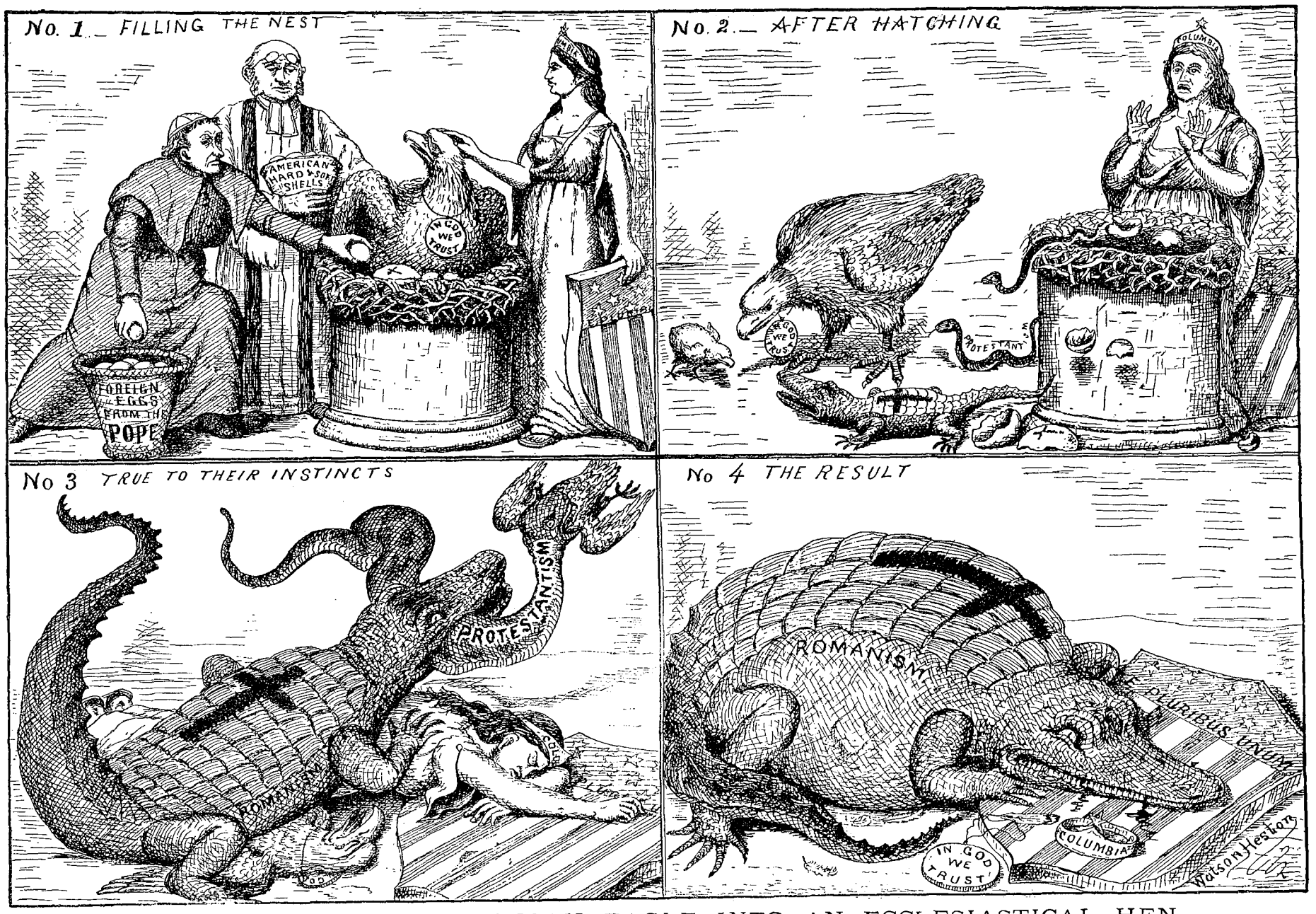
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CONVERTING THE AMERICAN EAGLE INTO AN ECCLESIASTICAL HEN.

## Notes and Clippings.

THE Society of American Artists hav opened their gallery on Sunday, at Fifth avenue and Nineteenth street.

THE Executiv Committee of the American Museum of Natural History in Central Park hav made a formal proposition to the board of Estimate and Apportionment to open their museum on Sunday if the city will pay the extra expense, which is set at $15,000 per annum.

THE charges against Pastor C. C. Herriott, of St. Paul, are that he used the study attached to the church as an office for his real estate speculations; that he made $9,000 in booming real estate, and while advising his flock to giv one-tenth of all they possess to the Lord, made no such partition of his own profits. He is asked to resign.

THIS note about Dr. Mary Walker is from the Philadelphia *Times*: Among the guests at the Girard is Dr. Mary Walker, whose natty male attire and general make-up are the subject of discussion, as she passes in and out of the hotel. Her age was the conundrum that agitated a group of gentlemen last evening. "I saw her twenty-five years ago," said one, "and she must hav been thirty years old then." Another one chimed in: "You're wrong. She was not over twenty when she made her first appearance in Washington about 1866. That would make her about forty." Finally a venerable-looking individual, who claimed to know, astonished all present by solemnly assuring the disputants that the subject under consideration was "close on to sixty."

BISHOP FOWLER gave the following advice to ministers at the Fall River Methodist conference: "You are expected to do pastoral business, not social. Remember, and it will save you from trouble. You go into the homes of your parish representing all these ministers and taking all their characters with you. Rather die than come out with soiled garments. I hope you are married. You ought to be. Never hav a relation of which you would be ashamed to tell your wife. Keep that in mind and you will never hav a select conference sitting on your case. So conduct yourself that any man in your parish will be glad to hav you call whether he is at home or not." Now if the preachers will only act upon that advice!

WE consider that the millions of Agnostics and Spiritualists in the United States, with the leaven of Buddhists, are allies of the Jews, for they teach and practice in better spirit what the Jews teach and practice, namely, universal tolerance, justice, charity, philanthropy, and all the great qualities which elevate, dignify, and ennoble human nature. Israel has allies in those brave scientists who by their researches are enlightening the human mind, redeeming it from ignorance and enthroning reason where superstition reigned. We Jews owe a debt of profound gratitude to the Darwins, the Huxleys, the Haeckels, the Drapers, the Buckleys, the Youmans, the Tyndalls, and, in a different sense, to the Beechers of this generation. We owe a debt of profound gratitude to the Voltaires, the Diderots, the Garibaldis, the Mazzinis, the Jeffersons, the Paines, the Humes, the Galileos, the Brunos, the Shelleys, the Franklins, the Copernicuses, the Humboldts, the Washingtons, and all the immortals of the past generations who in defiance of established tyranny, religious and political, proclaimed and defended those eternal truths which are the very soul and essence of civil and religious liberty. Through their teachings and life-works the shackles of the Jews, of mankind, hav been broken in the civilized portion of the Old World and in the New. Yes, through the noble labors of such dauntless and liberty-loving souls the Jew sits in the Parliaments of Italy, France, England and other countries; he sits in Congress and in our state legislatures; he fills eminent diplomatic positions, and in all public and private stations he is the peer of any man.—*Jewish Times.*

THE *Greensboro Workman* has a fragment of a diary kept by a lady visitor to Jefferson's residence at Monticello in 1805, and in that diary special mention is made of the style of the house, that some of the floors were inlaid with cherry and other species of fine and costly wood. There was a separate apartment devoted to the philosophical and astronomical apparatus of the president, and this the writer termed one of the most elegant rooms in the house. There was also a powerful telescope, and a writing machine, the latter a present from a gentleman in Paris. The *Workman* concludes that while it may be true that the style of Mr. Jefferson's house is greatly surpassed by many of the dwellings of modern times, yet it cannot hav been a "rude structure."

WE congratulate the *Independent* upon the good sense and fairness of this editorial: "We confess that we do not understand for what good reason Congress, after having provided in general terms that there shall be no difference in rates as between different persons, should except ministers of religion from this rule, and allow common carriers, coming within the provisions of the act, to do business for them at reduced rates, as compared with other persons. If the reason be that these ministers are usually poor men, and hence cannot afford to pay as much as other people for the same service, then we reply that this reason in many cases proceeds on a false assumption, and that so far as the assumption is true it proves too much. A great many other people are also poor; and, poverty in the case of ministers being the ground of the exception, then Congress might just as well hav provided that nothing in this act shall be construed to prevent any common carrier from giving reduced rates to poor people. It is no harder for a minister to pay the usual rates, because he is poor, than it is for a poor widow or any other poor person to do the same thing. But if the reason for the exception in the case of ministers consists in the mere fact that they are ministers of religion, and not lawyers, or doctors, or merchants, or ordinary workingmen, then we beg leave to say that this, in our judgment, is very far from being a good reason. Ministers of religion, in their business and civic relations, are entitled to no special exemptions or privileges because they are such, and should be subjected to no disabilities of any kind on this ground. They should, so far as law is concerned, be treated simply as *citizens*, nothing more and nothing less, having the same rights and privileges as all other citizens, subject to the same responsibilities, and bearing the same tax burdens, without any exception in their favor, and without any discrimination against them."

# Communications.

## Tales Told Out of School.

### IV.

THE REV. DR. JONES'S REPORT CONTINUED.—THE INFIDEL PRESS.

The Infidels, although so numerous all over the country, are not organized. Fortunately for us, they hav not yet learned the secret of organization, and therefore do not know how to raise funds and establish missions in order to spread their principles. Any church which had in its communion so large a number of intelligent, well-to-do people, with a creed or without a creed, like the Campbellites, but with such zeal and self-denial as the Infidels manifest, would be a power in the world. A police force in a city, or a regiment of soldiers in the country, can quell a mob and scatter an insurrection in a little while of vigorous effort, because they are disciplined in the use of weapons, and hav their minds concentrated on a single object. But the Infidels are made up of such a heterogeneous set of independent thinkers that it is impossible to associate them in an organization for practical purposes. The English government and the landlords keep the Irish people in subjection by preventing them from being armed and organized, so that they cannot throw off their oppression, or even conspire to do so. The popish religion has made them trembling slaves to their priests, and the government, taking advantage of this servil spirit, has kept them in political slavery for hundreds of years. If such a miracle could be wrought that the five millions of Irishmen were changed in one night into the same number of nativ Americans, it would be interesting to stand off in a safe place to see the consequences. One year would be long enough time to sweep the landlords out of the island, and restore the soil to its natural owners. They would do it, not by blind dynamite, but by dint of organization, which, whether secret or open, enables one man to chase a thousand, and two to put ten thousand to flight. The secret of organization, and the idea that a river which bears the commerce of a nation on its bosom is made up of the ten thousand little streams that run into it, we Protestants got from the Catholic church, which has been studying the subject and trying its plans for eighteen hundred years. Organization, disciplin, and the perennial flow of the little streams of money into the common treasury are the *sine qua non* to success for any cause in this world. The Infidels, with amazing stupidity, hav deprived themselvs of this great advantage in fighting the church, by their excessiv individualism, which would scarcely let any dozen of them agree together in killing a copperhead snake. They hate a creed, or anything that looks like it, as a mad bull hates a red flag, and this want of a platform and a policy disintegrates and hamstrings them, so that they cannot marshal their forces in battle array. This sconner at creeds can not much be wondered at when we remember what long and bloody wars hav been raged round dogmas, like the trinity, which no man can understand. And the church may congratulate herself that this lack of organization incapacitates the Infidels for laying siege or making a combined attack, and enables us to regard them simply as an insurgent mob, without arms, without disciplin, without a commissariat, and without a leader.

Yet they hav a number of weekly journals, the publishing offices of three of which, being the most important of their number, I personally visited, *incognito*, and had conversation with their editors. In every instance I found them to be gentlemanly men, candid in answering any questions I put concerning the cause to which they hav dedicated their lives and labors.

THE "INVESTIGATOR,"

at Boston, is the oldest journal of its kind in this country, having been in existence over half a century, and, what is very remarkable, under the conduct of the same editor and publisher. Brother Comstock, who takes the oversight of all this class of papers, informs me that of all the Infidel publications, the *Investigator* is most free from faults. Mr. Seaver seems to be so amiable a man that, although I would not trust his fangs when irritated any more than I would Ingersoll's, he is in a good measure free from venom in his utterances. I saw his paper regularly during the time I was in the Eastern states, and think Brother Comstock's judgment is correct. But I observe that the *Investigator* is high-priced, like the other species of the genus, indicating that advertisers do not patronize it extensivly, suspecting, I suppose, its limited circulation. Still, the quality of the paper, and typography, prove that the concern is in a flourishing condition. More than any other paper I hav seen, the *Investigator* is not so much the mouthpiece of an editor who, once a week, givs an utterance which sets all his subscribers to thinking on some branch or aspect of the cause he advocates, as it is an organ through which any man of any mind can lay his views before the public.

The Freethought journals are peculiar in this. No matter how devoted a Christian a man may be, if he offers an article in defense of his own opinions, or in direct opposition to those advocated by the paper, it will be given a conspicuous place in its columns. It must be confessed that the Infidel editors are the only men in the country who hav the courage of their opinions, and prove it by allowing complete freedom of thought and utterance. On this account I learn that the Spiritualists extensivly patronize them, because, while the Infidel editors to a man are Materialists, and do not believe in the immortality of the soul, they publish articles in favor of this doctrin as readily as they do those of their own kidney. Our religious papers, in their exclusiv devotion to orthodoxy, seem to hav no confidence in the inherent power of truth to defend itself by cutting its way through ignorance and prejudice till it reaches the conviction of the judgment. They expose themselvs to the criticism of acute observers that a constant advocacy of their own one-sided views, and a constant refusal to giv a hearing to the other side of the question, betrays a secret suspicion that their opinions are not defensible by argument. A religious paper would not dream of publishing one of Ingersoll's lectures, and dissecting it, and showing its fallacy to its readers, for fear such discussion might do harm to or displease some of its subscribers. But the Infidel editors would like nothing better than to publish the most orthodox sermon in their columns, so that their readers might see the contrast between orthodoxy and Infidelity, and learn the reasons which each party givs for the faith that is in them. We are forced to admit that of the entire press in this country, political or religious, the Infidels alone carry out the idea, and exemplify it, that the press ought to be entirely free, and present and discuss both sides of every question which concerns the welfare of mankind. British statesmen are justly full of wonder at the perfection of the United States Constitution as an organ of political government. It is indebted for this to the full and free discussion that prevailed in the convention which framed it, in all the political papers of the time, and in all the thirteen legislatures, or state conventions, to which it was submitted for examination, adoption, or rejection. There was no smothering of objections. Each framer recognized the fundamental principles of the preamble, and, having the *mens conscia recti*, they arrived at a unanimity of judgment, which, although not complete, was sufficient to put the governmental machinery in motion, so that its defects, if it has any, might be detected and amended, as was really the case.

In the same city of Boston is

"THE INDEX,"

begun is 1876 by Mr. Abbot, a man of superior abilities, but for the last five years in the hands of Mr. Potter, a Unitarian clergyman of extremely "*Liberal*," which means Infidel, principles; associated with Mr. Underwood, who, for many years, I am told, was a famous lecturer and debater on the questions that divide the church from the Infidels. The *Index*, in its weekly issues, is the organ of the Free Religious Association, a society which reminds me of the sarcastic phrase *lucus a non lucendo*, since all the religion there is in their creed of no creed is not enough, as old Dr. Miller used to say to his theological students, "to convert a flea." The paper is a specimen of the fine intellectual culture which the transcendentalists of New England hav reached, and of those who edit it, and write for its columns. No one can read or understand it unless he is a good way removed above mediocrity in mind and attainments; and on this very account it can do no possible harm to the rank and file which compose the body of the church. Its arrows are beautifully feathered, pointed, and poisoned, and fatal when they strike, but in the present war go entirely over the heads of the common people, and produce no results which should alarm our fears. Changes of the kind desired by the Infidels, in order to be successful, and permanent in their effects and influence, must begin below, instead of above, especially in a republican government like this, where the people rule. The church's sheet anchor, in the storm now hurtling in the heavens, is the common people, and the women; and these, thank God, are out of reach of the weapons wielded by the *Index*, and its like.

Not so with

"THE NEW YORK TRUTH SEEKER."

This, I should judge, is the best supported and most influential of all the Infidel papers I hav seen. It is embellished every week with cartoons illustrating some passage of scripture, and designed by caricature to destroy the reverence the common people hav for the word of God as an inspired and infallible revelation from heaven. Some of the subscribers who had been trained up in Sabbath-schools and Bible classes and who had been taught to regard as sacred all that was within the lids of the Bible are still shocked at the blasphemy of these cartoons, and in some instances hav quit supporting the paper; but enough hold on, and cheer the artist who is prostituting his fine talents in bringing reproach upon the scriptures. I spent several hours one day in THE TRUTH SEEKER office reading the titles of the books which filled the shelves of the salesroom, and glancing, when tempted to do so, at their contents. The document marked A, which accompanies this report, is a printed catalog of the books for sale at this office. These publications, numbered by the hundreds, constitute what our devoted fathers would hav called the very armory of hell, all the weapons of which were forged by the devil and his angels to be used against Christ and his kingdom. These books and pamphlets, each of which is a siege-gun loaded to the muzzle with deadly explosivs, are cheaply but well printed, and circulated everywhere by mail, and offered for sale to the people at the close of every public lecture. Brother Comstock, our saintly but gallant chevalier, told me that he had done his best to throw a lariat round the neck of THE TRUTH SEEKER concern and bring it to the ground, but it defies his skill and goes on flourishing like a green bay-tree.

## What Objections to Christianity?

None can recall without feelings of pity; the human heart goes out in sympathy with those countless martyrs, who hav been, first by one party and then by another, led for their opinions to the stake. But all of these had, in their hour of supreme trial, what they considered an unfailing support. The journey from this world to the next, though through a trial of suffering, was a passage from a transient trouble to eternal happiness, an escape from the cruelties of earth to the charities of heaven.

The martyr believed that through the dark vale an invisible friend would lead him, a kind hand would guide him the more safely on account of the terrors of the flames. For Bruno there was no such consolation; the philosophical opinions for the sake of which he laid down his life gave him no such support, unless truth can be said to do so. The last great battle of life must be fought alone.

Is there not something grand, something majestic, in the attitude of this solitary man—something which even his enemies must hav admired—as he stood alone before his inexorable judges, no advocate, no witness present, none but the familiars of the Inquisition, clad in black, moving stealthily about? The tormentors and rack are in the vaults below. He is simply told that he is guilty of heresy, and must recant. He tells them that he does not receive the sentence with as much fear as they giv it, and perhaps, for he has often done so before, that they, too, are of the same belief. What grandeur in this unshaken firmness of purpose, this inflexible adherence to the truth! What greatness in this moral resolution, compared with the scene that occurred almost sixteen centuries previously in the hall of Caiaphas, the high priest, and Christ cast his gaze upon Peter; and yet it is upon Peter that the church has grounded her right to do as she did to Bruno!

But posterity is now offering a tardy expiation for this great ecclesiastical crime, and there will soon, we trust, be a statue erected that will for ages haunt the occupants of the Vatican. And, what is yet a better tribute to the honor of this noble man, and will be more enduring than bronze or marble, the Liberals of this country date the Era of Man from the execution of Bruno, and this is Anno Scientiæ 287.

And the illustrious Galileo fared but little better at the hands of the church. When he published his work vindicating the Copernican theory, the Congregation of the Index declared it heretical, the author was ordered to recant and abjure his error on pain of death. To this Galileo yielded. The church then had rest for sixteen years, when Galileo again ventured to publish another work, when again he was summoned to Rome to answer to the charge of heresy, and there, with his hand on the Bible, through the fear of death, he is forced to deny what he knows to be true.

What a scene! This venerable man, the most prominent of his age, forced by a degraded church and despicable priesthood to deny the truth! He was then cast into prison for the remaining ten years of his life, and when he died he was considered so much of an Infidel that he was denied burial in consecrated ground.

Kepler, too, was driven from his chair in the university, which he had so long and honorably filled, because his discoveries were not conformable to the scriptures. The church, not content with burning, imprisoning, and otherwise persecuting the apostles of truth, has given them a name she thinks most odious—that of Infidel. The church has fought with all her might every new-born science, and distilled her venom upon every progressiv idea, until forced to accept it, when, with the consistency for which she is famous, she will take the new philosophies under her fostering care and name them "Christian."

We need not search history in order to verify this statement. Our own times furnish plenty of illustrations. While the church can no longer punish for disbelief, yet she continues to hurl her anathemas at every bold doubter, and from pulpit and press hav been flung sneers at all the leading scientists of the day. It has not been long since you would hear from every pulpit in Christendom the names "Darwin" and "monkey" hissed with an idiotic sneer that quite revealed the missing link. But at present the church offers but a mild opposition to the theory of

evolution, and it will not be long until that will be considered a Christian doctrin, and its immortal author will soon be placed in the calendar of Christian saints.

It is perfectly consistent with the doctrin of infallibility for the church to persecute. For if her authority is from omnipotence, if she is infallible, she cannot err; her decision must be final. Everything that is contrary to her doctrins must be pernicious and cannot be tolerated. And if it is absolutely necessary for the salvation of the world that mankind should accept this religion, it is far better to persecute a few Infidels here than allow their wicked doctrins to spread and drag a large portion of humanity to perdition with them. And if God is going to punish to all eternity those who deny the Lord, it is perfectly right that his representativs should torture them just a little here, by way of an introductory to what they will get hereafter.

Though the church can no longer kill or imprison for disbelief, she can silence an adversary about as effectually by throwing her influence against him and ruining him financially and socially. Many a man who, with a little investigation, would be valuable in the Liberal ranks, is awed into submission through fear of being ostracized by the church; and the church is not anxious about his salvation so long as she can extract the dollars from his pocket.

Through this cursed influence of the church the vices of nations are fearfully multiplied, people being forced to purchase immunity with deceit and safety with falsehood. Men, being forced to be dishonest with themselvs, become dishonest with others, and for the sake of position and profit proudly wear the garb of hypocrisy, woven by the cunning hands of priests.

What crime can there be in an honest doubt? Is an earnest investigation to be rewarded by suffering excruciating tortures for all eternity? Must a man throw away his reason, that lamp which guides him through the darkness to the realm of truth, and believe a senseless superstition, in order to be saved? It seems to me that the man who would refuse to reason and investigate should be the one to be damned.

Although it may be consistent for an infallible church to persecute, it is not consistent with truth.

If the doctrins of the church be true, why need they fear to hav its claims investigated? Truth does not fear inquiry, but courts it. The reason why priests and clergymen hav always taught that it was a sin to doubt, that God was angry with the dissenter, was because, in my opinion, with them a secret fear prevailed that their superstition might be false.

If Christianity is true, there need be no fear of an honest inquiry into its claims, for if true, it will come through the fire unscathed, and if not true, everyone should rejoice in knowing it, for no one should wish to entertain erroneous opinions.

If nature is from the same divine source as Christianity is claimed to be, why is not God as jealous of one as the other? One may deny with perfect freedom every fact of nature. We may deny every truth of astronomy, deride every law of physics, hold in contempt every proposition of geometry, and scoff at the multiplication table, and neither God nor the preachers would care. The only ology God is jealous of is theology, and when that is assailed, an army of half a million priests rise to defend his favorit subject.

If Christianity is a religion of truth, purity, and love, those believing in that religion ought to be charitable to an opponent. And if God is the founder of such a religion, he ought to be able to maintain it without the aid of the civil power. Everyone ought to feel its divine influence. But instead of Christianity filling men's hearts with love, it has filled their hearts with hatred, as the long record of cruelties and crimes of the church will prove, and the sooner such a religion is banished from the world the better for humanity.

The Christian asks us what we will giv in place of his religion. He claims we tear down and do not build. But if we wish to build a new house where an old one stands, do we not first hav the old one to remove? It is true we giv no creeds in place of the old ones, we furnish you with no superstitious dogmas in place of Christianity; we endeavor to clear the mind of error that truth may be received from every source. With us dogmas are nothing; they hav to be given up, and in every progressiv movement this is the case. Hav not the more recent and liberal Christian sects given up many dogmas held by the older ones? They hav outgrown some few creeds and dogmas, and the Freethinker has outgrown them all. We no longer need them.

If you were sick, would you ask the doctor what he would giv in place of the disease? The disease is eradicated that you may exercise yourself a whole man. So, with us, we wish to tear error and superstition from the human mind, so that the intellect may be exercised unbiased and without fear.

The time is not yet ripe for Freethought social organizations to take the place of the church, though in many places this is being done, and will be done when the time is ready for it.

One may do as much good out of the church as in. To giv up superstition and accept rationalism does not pluck the flower of pity from a single human breast. Our hearts go out in sympathy for the sufferer as do those of the Christian. Bible or no Bible, faith or no faith, creed or no creed, the angel of love goes forth on her errands of mercy. Theology or no theology, we can endeavor to make our fellow-creatures happy, for the "place to be happy is here, and the time to be happy is now." The sick and the suffering can be visited and their burdens relieved. The naked can be clothed and the hungry fed. Let us then turn our attention to bettering the condition of ignorant, misguided, suffering humanity, and let gods and devils take care of themselvs. Let us no longer offer our sacrifices on the altar of an angry and revengeful God that does not exist, but let us offer our sacrifices at the shrine of humanity.

*Dexterville, Wis.* GEO. H. DAWES.

## The Dawn of Reason.

The weakness of Christianity is in its non-obedience to the commands of Christ himself. It is selling paste stones for diamonds, a pirate ship sailing under false colors. The whole scheme of salvation may be an outcome of ignorant superstition, as doubtless it is, but that does not absolve the church from following in the footsteps of Jesus Christ, who was, in fact or fiction, an embodiment of fraternal love. But the evidence of God's love for man, as revealed by the history of Christ, finds no parallel in the history of the church. Its pages are smeared with the records of wars, burnings, tortures, and the terrible deaths of its martyrs in the past, and the continual hate and dissensions in its ranks to-day. If it is a message from the creator, this so-called religion, it has been fearfully misunderstood. In lieu of fraternal love, we see the whole aim and effort of the church to be a worship of forms and ceremonials, and a cringing flattery offered up to God.

I believe the creativ power has spoken to man, has given him commands, just what to do and just what not to do, and that the voice of God that has thus spoken finds it echo in the very instinct and nature of man himself. Nature, and man's relation to it, is the religion which we should all study and seek to understand. We need no books to do this, but we need a little plain analytical thought, a sort of turning round to see who we are. As the new-born child turns instinctivly for sustenance to the breast of the mother from whom it sprung, so man turns to the earth for his support, and finds it there always and unerringly. As the mother's breast is always bared and her arms ready to embrace in love the suckling child, so the creator's arm is always extended, and, holding out to man the fertil earth, he bids him to a life-long feast. Now this is as plain as if we heard it spoken from the clouds.

There can be no mistaking this: it is the voice of God. To all forms of animal life the invitation is extended, and by all forms of animal life it is accepted, and not until we come to the highest animal (man) do we find an organized attempt to shut out and prevent an equitable division of the bounty of God.

It is man's greed arrayed against the beneficence of nature; it is man's contempt for the divine will clearly expressed in a universal language. This is the giant sin of the civilization of this age, the monopolization of the land, and the extortions of the masses by a privileged class.

Though all are bidden to the feast, the majority deem themselvs fortunate if they get the crumbs.

Now, right on top of this foundation of gigantic and universal sin against nature, against God, and against man, is built a church which pretends that love to man is the cause of its existence. Would not hate to man be a better word?

We hear the clergy speak of the will of God, but they get it from a book, and expatiate and enlarge upon it, some giving one version and another a different one of the same sentence or command.

The religion of the future will take its texts from the revealed will of God as expressed in his handiwork. Not from musty records of the past, but from ever-living evidences of preördained equity of provision for all, shall spring a religion which will be love, and, being love, will be divine. It must come. The shackles of superstition are falling off of blind idolaters; the barbarism of orthodoxy is fading before the dawn of God-given reason; and slowly but surely the fact is looming up that the true worship of God is obedience to his will as expressed in nature.

That wonderful mystery, the fragrant rose, which blooms in my garden, sprang from the dull earth, emitting sweet odor, and delighting the eye by its beautiful color, has reached its perfect development unimpeded by obstacle or unsatisfied want It has fulfilled its destiny and fades and dies away, but to the last sends forth its fragrant tribute of gratitude to its creator.

But alas for man! With abounding nature already to minister to his every want, he finds his brother man engaged in putting obstacles, and digging pitfalls for him, in his quest for sustenance.

He monopolizes and holds the land, and enslaves his brother man. And the monopolist has more regard for a beast than he has for his own race. There must be a squaring round, a righting up of the universal and brutal wrongs to labor the world over. It is coming now, and faster than many suppose. The masses are becoming intelligent, their dull eyes begin to glitter with the light of common sense. The mockery of religion has unmasked itself, and is no longer the bugaboo that can frighten them into submission to the will of their enslavers. Let us keep due on to victory. This government affords peaceful means to right our wrongs. Anarchists are lunatics and fanatics, and retard the progress of the cause. They should be denounced and expelled from every labor organization in the country. They may be likened to an idiot who, with others, is on a raft in the river, and discovering a rotten plank in its make-up takes an ax and deliberately destroys it, thereby drowning himself and all the rest on board. The best place for an Anarchist is the lunatic asylum. There he may build his chaotic realm of destruction in his mind and be harmless, but at large he is a dangerous animal. The labor cause does not want him, never did want him, but the subsidized press of the country would hav it appear that a labor reformer and Anarchist are identical.

There is redress for labor's wrongs in the peaceful ballot-box. There is release from the shackles of ancient superstition, of obligatory forms and ceremonies, in the manly assertion of reason over a blind and illogical fear of the wrath of God. To the toiling masses who support in non-productiv idleness the large army of shysters, preachers, dudes, and their millionaire fathers, royalty and its off-shoots of dukes, lords, etc., this frightening the poor toilers into a fear of the wrath of God in the next world is the most shame-faced of all the monstrous humbuggery that has been rammed down their throats for centuries.

But just now many of them are raising their erstwhile downcast eyes, and, looking this ridiculous lie squarely in the face, are wondering how it was ever possible for them to believe it. It is a libel on the creator to condemn the greatest and most marvelous of his works—man—and accuse God of placing him in a world with the chances largely in favor of his being damned eternally. Yet this is the God of the Bible and the weapon which is used to keep in submission the honest workman. There is no such God as this in existence; there never was, nor never will be. The cause of life, the creation of worlds, with the mysterious power of evolutionary growth of endless forms of animals and vegetable life, is, and has always been and will ever be, an unsolvable mystery. That it ever emanated from a God, shaped after the fashion of man, who gets mad at his own work and damns it right and left, is a barbaric notion which solidifies all the horrors of heathenism, and, curiously enough, is called Christianity.

We hail the dawn of reason as the sure harbinger of the emancipation of industrial slavery.

WM. ALLEN SMITH.

## Afraid of the Church.

It is surprising and painful, the cowardice of our literary and scientific writers. Many of these gentlemen are a disgrace to humanity and to letters. They fear to write what they know to be the truth, lest the priesthood and its dupes should be offended. They state whole falsehoods and half truths; they slur, they cover up, they pervert, distort, and discolor.

In *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* I hav just stumbled upon a case in point. Arthur Vaughan Abbot, in an article entitled "The Telescope and its Revelations," is speaking of the sphericity of the earth and its revolution through space. He adds:

> But scarcely three hundred years hav passed since the highest representativs of science and art in the then civilized world assembled to compel a poor, insignificant Italian astronomer to declare that the world was stationary.

Shame upon you, Arthur Vaughan Abbot! Why did you not tell the truth? Why did you lie? You knew that these "highest representativs of science and art" assembled, *not* as scientists, but as dignitaries of the Christian, the Roman Catholic, church, and that their condemnation of Galileo's teachings was spoken authoritativly as priests and prelates of that church. They spoke for the church, in the interests of the church, *not* for science and in the interests of science, as you hav dishonestly tried to make your readers believe. Perhaps it was not incumbent upon you, in writing an article upon astronomy, to state that the church which then condemned and sought to silence Galileo exists to-day; that it claims to be infallible, and that it is the same crafty, cruel, and malignant foe of science, truth, and liberty. But you were bound to tell the truth of history, and not falsify in the interests of the church that forced Galileo upon his knees, and wrung a lie from his reluctant and trembling lips. Such prevaricators as you, Mr. Abbot, are stumbling-blocks in the way of progress. You are a shame to the noble profession of letters. You are unworthy to speak in the name of science.

E. C. WALKER.

# Communications.

## The Rev. Hate Evil Mossback.

I suppose there are few men in the world who can tell good stories as long, without telling the same one twice, as my uncle who livs in Maine. Of course, the story sounds a great deal better than it reads, because the reader loses the inflection of the narrator's voice and a pronunciation that no spelling can illustrate. Then he has a way of holding the listener with his eye, makes appropriate pauses, and throws in little glittering bits of profanity which sound well enough, but would look out of place in print. In the following narrativ which he relates names of persons and places are suppressed, as he is settled in a sparsely populated country, where all who liv or hav lived anywhere within a considerable distance for a generation are known to all the rest, and putting anyone's name in print is likely to lead to remark. My uncle has no great respect for ministers. The pay they receive in his locality is not large enough to attract a man who can make his living anywhere else, so that the specimens of the cloth seen there are not flattering representativs of their profession. He said to me one day, "Boy, did I ever tell you about old Elder Mossback and his lost ax?" I replied that he had not, but I hoped he would, and he said he supposed he might as well tell it then as any time. After pausing a few moments to gather up in his mind the details of what he was about to relate, and arrange them in the proper order, he said:

To commence at the beginning, as long ago as 1850 to '60 there used to be a kind of a gospel prodder and holy stake-driver lived over to Owlsburg, in this prohibition state, by the name of Mossback—Hate Evil Mossback his full name was. He owned a few acres of land, with what he called his dommysile on it, that he made his headquarters, and where he used to rally from when he made his raids on the world and Satan. His wife stayed there for a garrison to hold the fort when the parson was away. He was a preacher by profession, but by trade he was the biggest kind of a tramp. Honesty didn't enter into his composition at all. The storekeeper over there to Owlsburg trusted him once for some truck to keep him from starving, and had to dun him for his pay, and then never got a cent of it. Finally he gave it up and went out to work peeling bark for twenty-five cents a day and boarded himself. He said he wanted that money the elder owed him, and it was a dumbed sight easier to get it that way than to collect it of old Mossback.

Fearfully and wonderfully made they say a man is. Well, if there was anything that was fearful about old Mossy it was his appetite, and the most wonderful feature he had was his feet; they were big enough for a giant. Then he had legs like a giraffe, the body of a fifteen-year-old boy, and a head, by godfrey, about as big as your two fists. Much as six foot four inches tall, he was, and didn't weigh over a hundred and forty after a meal. His mouth couldn't hav been made any bigger without setting his ears back so they'd touched behind his head, and his nose, had been poked around through the scripture so often looking after smut that the end of it was twisted way off to one side.

The few acres of land he had was wet and stony as the devil, and a better working man would starve on it the first year, and so would the parson if he hadn't depended more on his begging than he did on farming. He generally tried to raise a few potatoes and peas to lengthen out his "salary," as he called what folks gave to get rid of him.

In all the time he preached at Owlsburg old Mossy never was known to hav his seed on hand in planting time. Instead of saving anything he went around the settlement and picked up what he could, a little here and a little in 'tother place, and carried it home and planted it. They asked him why he didn't plant more, and he said that land that wasn't planted didn't hav to be hoed, and saved labor. As lazy a man as ever lived in the world.

One winter potatoes had rotted pretty bad, and every bushel a man had in the spring was as good as a dollar, cash money. Things looked pretty mountainous for old Holy Joe, and he didn't see where he was going to get his potatoes to plant. Well, sir, he rallied and cast his eyes around for new fields, and dumbed if they didn't light on a settlement about four miles away that went by the name of Goldcoast. There were quite a number of Christians in the place, rich as the devil in faith, but poorer than skimmed poverty in every other way. They had been supporting a gospel prodder for a number of years—one of these exhorters that would open up hell right in front of them so that the faithful would hang onto their seats to keep from dropping into it, and he'd pretty near cleaned the camp out of loose change.

There were others in the settlement that didn't take any more stock in ministers than you and I do—five or six of them, farmers, all but one; he was a carpenter. The leader was old man Porson. He used to say he didn't mind giving a poor tramp of a preacher a dollar if he had earned it, but any parson that got anything out of him had got to earn it first; and what happened afterward showed that the old fellow was right.

This was the settlement that Parson Mossback looked at with both eyes peeled; he knew almighty well that the faithful there couldn't help him, and he was afraid that the others wouldn't, but he'd got to make a rise or starve. So he sends a line to Deacon Spike giving out that he'd be at the school-house on the Goldcoast next Sabber-day, and would hold divine services, the Lord willing, both forenoon and afternoon, and requests him to giv notice to the people to that effect. Same time, of course, he makes it plain to the deacon that a collection would be acceptable.

Sunday came to the Goldcoasters, and with it, sure enough, comes Parson Mossback, ready to do battle with Satan and all his hosts.

Well, he took for his text, "The laborer is worthy of his hire," and then he spread himself for an hour and a half on the duty of Christians to support their leaders, and closed his oration by telling the assembly that he would take up a collection at the end of the afternoon services. The second proceedings passed off about like the first, and then old Mossy asked Deacon Spike to send around the hat and see what he could raise. The deacon came back with one dollar and fifteen cents in the hat, and Elder Mossback began to think that his dumbed sermon hadn't taken hold in the right place. Old man Porson was there, and got up in his seat and apologized for the slimness of the collection. He said he didn't hav much money to giv himself, but if some 'taters would be of any use to the cause he and two or three others would contribute a sackful. The parson said "vegetables was as good as cash" to him. Then old Broadax, the carpenter, felt the spirit move and he followed suit with the offer of an ox-yoke to the Lord if his agent could make any use of it. Everything was grist that came to old Mossback's mill, and he grabbed quick as lightning.

The people had been so all-fired liberal with him, the parson concluded to stop and preach again in the evening. Well, night came and old Mossy was there. He never had but one sermon, and he'd preached it forward and back that day, so in the evening he had to begin in the middle and preach both ways. He howled so towards the end that they thought they'd hav to stop him to save the roof, but he finally calmed down and says, "My frien's," says he, "do not be surprised at my enthusiasm. It's out of the fulness of the heart that the mouth speaketh, and my heart is full of the love of God and of gratitude toward the frien's who hav been so liberal with their substance to-day. You will sing the doxology." They all joined in, and that ended his first and last day's work in the Goldcoast settlement.

Next morning along comes Mr. Broadax over to Brother Searls's, where the parson had gone night before for entertainment, with a yoke big enough for a pair of young elephants, and of no more use to the parson than it was when it stood in the tree, not a dam mite. Then comes old man Porson with the rest of the contribution in a sack as wide as it was long, that held near three bushels. It was full to the mouth, sewed up, and was about as bad to handle as the same heft could be in any shape. When the old man rolled the sack from his wagon, the parson at him to load the thing again and haul it home for him, but Porson swore that he'd promised his horse to a neighbor that day, and couldn't possibly. He would do anything, he said, for a good cause, but he couldn't lie for the best of causes. Then he drove off and left the Rev. Mr. Mossy to get along the best way he could. Old Stake-driver skirmished around the sack for awhile, and said it was the heaviest lot of potatoes he ever saw, if it wasn't he'd be danged.

Well, Brother Searls helped him get the thing on his shoulder, and then tucked the big yoke under his arm, and sent him off. It was four miles to Owlsburg—up a thundering steep hill and then down 'tother side a good deal steeper, and then, by golly, he had another just as bad to go up before he got there.

Old Mossy plowed along, the sweat jumping out of every pore, till he'd gone about three miles. He didn't dare to drop either the sack or the yoke, for he knew he couldn't load them again, alone. After a while he fell in with a neighbor that took the yoke out from in under his arm, and helped him lower the potatoes to the top of a big stump beside the road. He rested a while, took a drink from a spring, and then he got under the sack again and staggered along up the hill. Carrying the potatoes came a good deal too near earning them to suit him, and he believed it was more like doing the work of a jackass than of the master that rode on one. When he finally got home, dropped the yoke on the ground, and tumbled the sack on the floor, he had just wind enough to say to his wife, "Mother, God be praised!" "What's the matter now?" says she. "Matter!" he says, "why, I've got a lasting holt on that nest of Infidels over to Goldcoast. Look at that sack of potatoes. Do you think they would giv that liberal if I hadn't touched their ungodly hearts? Another such exercise of the power of God, and I'll convert the whole of them." "Amen," his wife says, "but I'd rather hav something to eat than convert a hundred Infidels." "Open that sack, then," yells old Mossy; and he went to work at it with his knife, and she bore a hand with the shears. "Seems to me," says the old lady, "that there's something in this sack besides potatoes;" and sure enough, by thunder, the first thing she struck when they got the bag open was a stone as big as a man's fist. "And here's another," she goes on, "and another, and another. 'Pears to me these taters 'll need sortin' 'fore they're cooked," she says. The parson didn't say a word till he'd divided the sheep from the goats. There might hav been a hundred and thirty-five pounds of potatoes, and dum nigh stones enough to make the heft up to two hundred. Then the parson opened. "Saint Mulligan and Jim Blaine!" says he, "if that ain't meanness!" and he cussed the Goldcoasters in the name of death and taxes. The whole lot of 'em, he said, could go to tophet, and back again, before he'd ever break the bread of life to such a golblasted community. And that's the last time old Mossback ever preached in that settlement.

I here broke in to remind my relativ that he had promised to tell me about Elder Mossback's Lost Ax. He gazed at me a moment with a look that was half astonishment and half reproof, and then, without further notice of my interruption, proceeded:

Elder Mossback passed the time between that and the next morning, Indian fashion, sleeping and eating; and then he said to the old woman that he guessed he would clear a little piece of land of logs and brush, and put his crop in new ground. For a while he put in hard, but it seemed to him all the time that the logs grew heavier, and the work began to drag. He hadn't entirely got rested from his yesterday's tramp carrying the potatoes and rocks, so finally our sky-pilot farmer sets himself down on a log and goes to sleep. While he snoozes away, getting rested, along comes one of the neighbors' boys and picks up old Mossy's ax and drops it into a hollow stump. Then he skipped. Bimeby up wakes the reverend stake-driver, and goes to take up his ax, and lo and behold ye! his ax is gone. Down he flops on his knees and prays for a while the best he knows. Then he looks where he left his ax. No use, the ax isn't there. Then he prays again, harder than before. Same result. He tries it again, and this time he tucks in for all he is worth, and lays siege to the throne of grace with a powerful and long-continued address, but there wasn't any more sign of an ax around than when he began.

The parson went home pretty well tuckered out and feeling bad generally. He laid it all to the Goldcoasters. They had trifled with him, the devil had got away with his ax, and the Lord hadn't answered his prayers. So he sat around the rest of the week, and instead of planting his potatoes he eat every one of them, and didn't hav any for seed after all.

Sunday morning he thought he would go to the Methodist meeting and see what was going on in that camp. The minister was away and they were holding an experience meeting, and invited him to join in. As soon as he got the floor the experience of the past week came over him, and instead of praising God, he went on to tell them about the trouble he'd had with the Goldcoasters. He told how his hopes of having made an impression on the unbelievers had been raised by their liberal gifts, about his journey home, and the rock sandwiches he'd found in the sack; and then he came to the lost ax. Says he, these are his words:

"I had worked hard all the forepart of the day, and in the afternoon, being fatigued, I sot down upon a log to rest. From that I dropped upon my knees for a season of prayer, and arose refreshed in body and mind. Soon I wanted my ax, and stepped to where I had laid it down, but, my brethren, it was gone. I looked round and round, and around and around, and could not find it. I prayed the second time and searched again, around and around, and round and round, but no ax. I prayed again for the third time, in perfect faith, and then looked round and round, around and around. No ax-ah. Then once again, my brethren, did I lay mighty siege to the throne of grace, still in perfect faith; but when I arose-ah, and looked round and round-ah, and around and around-ah, still my ax was gone-ah. Then I came to the belief that the devil had taken it away-ah. But since I hav been in this meeting-ah, new light has been given me, and at last I know that the devil hasn't got my ax, but it's gone up, GONE UP-ah, to swamp a road for me!"

Well, the parson impressed the folks at the Methodist experience meeting powerfully, and they agreed that perhaps the ax had gone to heaven to swamp a road for him; but it wouldn't go down outside, and when he passed the hat after that some one always hove rocks into it in memory of old man Porson, till finally you couldn't hire him to say collec-

tion for a hatful. The last I heard of him he had sold his place, packed his gripsack, and gone to Boonton, New Jersey, and there I hope the peace that passeth understanding, but which he didn't find at Goldcoast, will abide with him forever.

"There," said my uncle, "you hav the story of the Rev. Hate Evil Mossback and His Lost Ax; and the next time I start to tell you anything, don't interrupt me before I am half-way through." G. E. M.

## Mrs. Slenker in Her Own Defense.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKERS: I hope *you* will not think I've been doing anything very criminal that I am in jail. Yet I presume the great outside world will think it one of the worst sins that could be brought against a woman, for I am charged with violating the Comstock law by mailing obscene matter.

You see, I'm a faithful follower, as well as worshiper, of our old hero, D. M. Bennett; yet I hav never craved martyrdom, for I do not see the good of it, nor am I made of the stuff that produces first-class martyrs. But though using all the caution my frank, honest, truthful nature would admit of to avoid the very position I am now occupying, I hav all along suspected it would only be a question of time ere some of Comstock's agents would decoy me into mailing him just what he wanted, as has really occurred.

While not desiring to claim any reflected honors by comparing my case with that of my dear old friend Bennett, yet we really hav many points in common. Our birthday was the same, though not the same year. He was reared a Shaker, and I a Quaker, both sects teaching the need of a pure morality, and especially a pure sexual morality. He had the warmest friends and the meanest enemies, and so hav I. He was the most honest, and frank, and radical of men, and I follow in his footsteps. I could no more help doing what I hav done than I could change my whole nature. And now, wherein consists my crime? I deny that I hav committed any crime. I deny that the matter I hav mailed is, taken as a whole, obscene.

You will many of you remember that some years ago I wrote a series of articles for THE TRUTH SEEKER on "Sexual Intemperance"—articles so radical, sexually, as to be objectionable to many of the readers of the paper, and to be finally stopped as dangerous to its well-being. These articles received the warmest approbation from S. P. Andrews, Elizur Wright, Theron C. Leland, and hosts of other radical reformers. They grew out of reading the *Alpha*, and becoming convinced that the methods therein advocated was the best known way of settling the vexed question of the relation of the sexes as regards the propagativ act and its consequences. These articles I continued for years in the *Alpha*, and won much commendation from its editor and readers. But, alas! I read the poems of the "good, gray poet," and quoted from his "Leaves of Grass," and committed several like indiscretions, and was finally shut out from its chaste columns.

In the mean time, "Diana" was published, and sent me by Mrs. Burnz (the publisher, though it came out first minus the name of any publisher). At first I was not interested in the book, though acknowledging its tenor to be good. Finally Mrs. Burnz wrote me urging a careful review of the book. Then I commenced studying it in earnest, and you who know me know I do nothing by halves. I got in correspondence with the author, and he sent me a package of the books to sell or giv away at discretion. I did not sell many, but distributed them among medical men and women, and all others where I thought they would be appreciated and finally do good work.

I received by express, and also from the author (by hand) a lot of sexual experiences collected from all classes of people who would giv them. These were in type-writing, and had been collected by Diana as the ground-work of his book, and typed off in classes or sets, giving the for and against of various ideas advocated in the book. These "Leaflets," as they are called, had in my eyes one serious objection. The words used to denote the sexual organs and their functions were ones which I supposed were never used save by the vulgar. I was disgusted, shocked, and amazed at the free use here made of them. I protested, argued, and objected, only to be converted and convinced at every point. That is, convinced that in proper hands they are short, emphatic, clear, and not misunderstandable—that no others hav ever been found to fill their place so completely as they had done. Little by little I commenced sending out these leaflets to those who were really interested in the study of sex and Dianaism. I lost many friends by it—friends who were shocked by the words, as well as the subjects treated upon. But having been a student at the feet of nature all my life, I became daily more and more interested in sex as the origin of all organized existences.

I received letters on sexual matters from all parts of the country, and from England and Canada, nearly all commending the work I was doing, but a few here and there writing out of curiosity, and some penning real personal obscenity.

I answered all respectfully and earnestly, either ignoring the objectionable portions or kindly advising the writer to lift himself on a higher plane. I don't think one of my correspondents (and they are legion) will deny that they were really made purer and better by what I wrote them. I did not work for money, for though I asked that all should furnish stamps for replies, I was money out on time and stationery. A few were generous, but the many expect more than they giv, and being more ready to giv than ask, I hav made no financial profit out of all the years of work in this line. I did my home-work and made pen-work only a side issue and a mental recreation. All the while I kept myself as prudish personally as a Quaker. I firmly believe in monogamic marriage, and hav faithfully performed my obligation as daughter, sister, wife, mother, and grandmother, as well as citizen and neighbor, and aimed to giv to the world truth and morality as I saw it.

I hav a circle of friends, mostly strangers to me personally, who are, like myself, students of sex, hygiene, and morality. We hav for years passed our letters from one to the other, each putting his or her mark on what has been read, so that none will be resent to the same person. We collect all cases of "mother's marks," of deformed children, idiots, etc., that we can, and try to learn the causes thereof, so that a better heredity may be given to future generations by avoiding the mistakes of the present and past. We circulated slips from papers and medical works, and were really a vast school of devoted students, seeking the forbidden fruits of the tree of sexual knowledge.

Had I been like the majority of the ring, merely a private citizen, I should probably hav escaped suspicion, or been considered as game not worth hunting down. But my persistent attacks upon error, superstition, and fraud of all kinds, and the numerous communications I penned for some twenty-five or thirty different papers, caused me to make many a bitter and implacable enemy, some of whom swore years ago to destroy my work if I was destroyed with it. They may destroy me, but the work will last. The seed is sown, the harvest is being gathered, and year by year the crops will increase in extent and value.

In my sixtieth year I find myself in jail. On Thursday last, April 28th, about 11 A.M., three men came in while I was writing an article on "Charity." I at once divined their object, and was not at all surprised when they said that they had come on official business, involving the mailing of unmailable matter.

After a short talk I was informed that in fifteen minutes I must go to Lynchburg with them. I had not anticipated so sudden an arrest, but sent one of them to the woolen mill for Mr. Slenker, and one to Rev. Dr. Bullard's and to Mr. Smith for credentials as to my character as a citizen; then, throwing a few things in a hand-bag, I was off, not saying good-bye to any one for fear of breaking down.

I do not know how they all take it at home. It came on them like a thunder-clap—though my husband and son know something of what I was doing, but nothing of the scope and extent of the work. They had warned me over and over of danger, but something I could not resist impelled me onward.

I saw the terrible need of work, and that only a daring few would do it. It needed a woman, clean, pure, and honest, who would take hold and dig deep. It needed one who could reach the heart and speak to the innermost; one who, like the Abolitionists of slavery times, would throw herself into the cause, daring all and braving all for the good that was to grow out of it.

I had a long, cold, rough ride to Central. We arrived three minutes of train time, and got to Lynchburg between 7 and 8 P.M., and by dusk I was behind the bars for the first time in my life.

It was not pleasant to hear the key turn upon me. I was half sick from nervous excitement and the long, cold trip. The room was large and decent, but no fire, so I had to go to bed to keep warm, but did not sleep a wink all night. I never can eat or sleep when I am distressed. I felt so alone. Not knowing even yet how they take it at home. It must be terrible for them. All my little annoyances are as nothing to the thought of involving those I love. The reporter of the Lynchburg *News* called to interview me. I gave him a brief statement, but hav not seen his report. I was promised a paper by several, but hav received none. I was not allowed even a pencil and paper to write.

About nine in the morning I had a hearing, or whatever they call it. As I looked around on the room full of men, and saw myself the object of the gathering of magnates of the law, as well as of curiosity hunters, I wondered if woman would ever be tried by her peers.

I was offered counsel, but I felt it was useless, as no one could understand the case as well as I did, so I made a simple statement (after the public reading of some of the captured letters and leaflets). I explained why they were circulated, and why plain words were used. I said I had been informed that taken as a whole they were not obscene, and consequently were mailable, though I knew it was probable that the average jury would pronounce them obscene.

The investigators and so-called conservers of morality decided that the case must come before the court in Abingdon, Va., in June, and I was to be taken to Wytheville jail, as being the most comfortable jail in the district, and nearer home (thirty miles, I believe, from Snowville).

The officers were all kind, and the marshal (Mr. Jordan, of Newbern, Va.) was especially kind and sympathetic. He brought me here, and commended me to the especial care of the jailer, and saw that I had pen, ink, and paper, and the privilege of writing all I wished, and that letters from me to him could go unread. He promised to do all he could to hav me bailed out, the bail being $2,000. It was most midnight when we got here, and the jailer in bed. I was taken to a cold hallway, and Ann, a town pauper, was ordered to share her "bed" with me. It was a blanket spread on the bare floor, and another to cover us. An open door in front led to a room where a man lay with a broken leg, and Ann waited on him. All around us were doors of iron bars, and behind each was a prisoner, singing, swearing, and using real obscenity. Overhead was a man who was religiously insane. He prayed, cried, preached, and sang; roared, stamped, and raged alternately, while the prisoners aggravated him by calling him a liar and other opprobrious names, just to make amusement for themselvs by hearing him rave. It was a long time ere I got warm, but finally, as I had not slept a wink since leaving home, tired nature conquered, and I was oblivious of all. ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

*Wytheville, Va.*, May 1, 1887.

## A Challenge to Comstock, the Christian.

*From Pomeroy's Democrat.*

Anthony Comstock. You are hereby notified that in our library are books and pictures of the class that you deem immoral. That we hav in our library and in our private office pictures of men, women, and children in undress uniform. That we hav art journals and illustrated medical and surgical books in which the anatomy of the human form can be seen naked by the naked eye. That we hav copies of books that you, in your insane, asinine anxiety to get hold of, declare to be "immoral," even as is a crowd of schoolboys in swimming or dancing in the sand along shore.

Also, that if you enter our house, library, sanctum, private office, or place of business to steal, take therefrom, or confiscate our private property until the law has declared such articles by their name to be prejudicial to public morality, and ordered their destruction, we will break your head in case we hav no revolver handy, and throw your dead body into the street.

Our residence is at 18 West Sixty-first street, and our private office is at No. 234 Broadway. Ask the janitor for particulars. We make the proposition in good faith, that we may determin whether a citizen has the right to enjoy his own, duly acquired by purchase or production. We admit that you can lay a complaint against a person; that you may cause his arrest, but we deny your right to act as sheriff, judge, jury, and executioner, no matter whose agent you are. Therefore, if you enter our premises to destroy property that does not conform to your ideas of puritanism on a rampage, we will defend our rights and our property even to your death, if to that we must go in such defense.

Between works of art and works of nastiness there is a wide difference. Educated in nastiness, you are not able to judge as to art, but that is no reason why decent people should suffer. Ambitious to earn your salary and expenses, you serve Anthony Comstock admirably, even as a polecat serves itself well by poking its nose into eggs before they are addled.

If the law under which you proceed permits the existence of originals as works of art, and declares copies to be works of nastiness, the law is an insult and should be repealed. If this law be honest, then the children of decent parents are to be classed as nasty because they are reproductions. We presume your parents to hav been decent people. By the way, while you are doing so much in the line of giving information, would it be asking too much for you to inform the public as to your father and your brothers, if you hav any? Let us know how far back of you the water is clear and the purpose high.

In all you do to maintain the dignity of law and its agents, in all you do to purify the stream of time, we will gladly aid. But why don't you attack your superiors? Why not make your raids upon the persons, property, homes, and rights of the rich? Why not go into the palaces as well as into the hovels? Why let your foolish prejudice and ungovernable anger lead you only to surprise those who hav no means of defense, yet who are better, pûrer, braver, and far more worthy citizens than yourself, even were all you charge them with more than true?

The legislature of New York needs to protect the people of this state by depriving Anthony Comstock of his power for malicious mischief.

## Crank or Hypocrit?

*From Life.*

Mr. Anthony Comstock can see a nastier meaning in an innocent work of art than any adult of our acquaintance. Whatever suggests the human form is, to this man, an indecent thing, and had he held office in the days of Phidias, he would hav delighted in "suppressing" the friezes of the Parthenon. What a magnificent contempt he must hav for the licentious brute who created the Venus of Milo!

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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## The Weary Way of the Blasphemer.

The Morristown court opened at 11 o'clock Tuesday morning, the third instant, and C. B. Reynolds occupied a front seat therein. He was accompanied by his bondsman, Edwin Worman, of Boonton; John Maxfield, of the same place; L. K. Washburn, and the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER. The civil branch of the court had the first innings, and it was not until a grand jury had been impaneled, and the civil calendar called, that the judge who presides in criminal cases took the middle seat on the bench. Then two or three men were naturalized, a young lawyer made a motion, and the court adjourned without referring to Mr. Reynolds.

At the noon recess District-Attorney Cutler was interviewed. He said he would be busy all the week with the grand jury, had some other cases to try the next week, and was not very certain when he would move Mr. Reynolds's trial. At this Mr. Reynolds modestly suggested that the case be dismissed, which the judge would probably do if asked by the district-attorney. The idea was not favorably entertained by the district-attorney. He should, he said, try the case this term, and the court would probably adjourn in two weeks. He would see the judge, and hav the day set; so at 2 P.M. Mr. Reynolds and his friends wandered wearily back to the court room, hoping that the district-attorney would keep his word and interview the judge in time for them to take the afternoon train back to New York.

His honor came in and ascended the bench, the district-attorney looked at him a moment, spoke to a lawyer, and then gathered up his papers and made for the grand jury room. Mr. Reynolds and friends squirmed on the hard seats of the court room, and thought bad thoughts. The Court took up the calendar, called it over again, and at last found a case in which the lawyers were ready for trial. Mr. Reynolds kept his eyes on the door of the grand jury room, through which Mr. Cutler had disappeared, and his friends kept vigilant watch of the clock. The sheriff was ordered to impanel a jury, and twelve men of the vicinage responded to the lottery, took their seats, kissed the Bible, s'helpmegod, and the attorney for the plaintiff addressed them. Mr. Reynolds and his friends never relaxed their watchfulness, and the door of the grand jury room and the clock were indented by the looks directed at them. The case was one of assault and battery, where one railroad engineer had pounded another railroad engineer because the latter had been guilty of ministerial conduct with the former's wife. The plaintiff swore that he had been well thrashed, a doctor corroborated him, and the clock traveled on toward train time, but still no district-attorney emerged from the grand jury room. Mr. Reynolds's friends tiptoed their way out of court, for THE TRUTH SEEKER had to go to press, and walked rapidly to the depot. Mr. Reynolds and his bondsman kept their fidgety seats, waiting for Jersey Justice to pull the bandage from her eyes, and recognize his right to know when he would be wanted to answer the charge of having defended the almighty from the slanders of his friends. Wednesday morning the Editor found this note upon his desk:

"Cutler and the judge set the case down for a week from Monday—Monday, May 16th. "C. B. R."

At what hour of the day or night this decision was arrived at we do not know. Enough that it came at last, for at one time it was thought that Mr. Reynolds would hav to permanently settle in Morristown to find out. The district-attorney is a genial young gentleman, but he seems to be a very busy man.

Mr. Reynolds lectured in Philadelphia last Sunday, the 8th, and will no doubt be happy to visit other places between then and the 16th, for he must linger in this vicinity till that time, if no longer. Mr. L. K. Washburn will replace Mr. Reynolds at Philadelphia on the 15th inst., and would also be glad of other engagements in this section of the country. If Mr. Reynolds is tried on the 16th, THE TRUTH SEEKER will contain a full report of the proceedings. But we suspect that the authorities of Morris county are not over-anxious to employ further the legal machinery of their inquisition.

## What Is Freethought?

"Freethought, as we understand it," we once wrote, "stands for absolute freedom of thought, of speech, of publication, upon any and every subject on earth."

This sentence is the text for a three-and-a-half-page criticism by John W. Truesdell, in the *Freethinkers' Magazine* for May. Mr. Truesdell calls the statement "radical and absurd," and defines the kind of a Freethinker he is as follows:

"But the more conservativ Freethinkers are those who believe that Freethought stands for the absolute right of all to think what they please upon any and all subjects, also the right to speak and publish, in a proper manner, all thoughts, provided they do not too severely trespass upon the rights of others."

He further says:

"The absurd notion that a man who proclaims himself a Freethinker has either the moral or legal right to speak his thoughts upon any and every subject on earth will not stand a moment's analysis. To concede the right to publicly advocate crime would practically annul all legal and moral barriers against crime. . . . . It is this unbridled and almost criminal interpretation of the rights of Freethinkers which encouraged the Chicago Anarchists."

Mr. Truesdell evidently entertains the opinion that Freethinkers hav, or think they hav, rights peculiar to themselvs. But so acute a philosopher as the banker of Syracuse will probably see, now that it is pointed out to him, that Freethinkers hav no more and no fewer natural rights than Protestants or Roman Catholics. We all start even in natural rights.

Mr. Truesdell's definition of a Freethinker's right is a funny one, and would land him in jail if the Christians incorporated it into statute law. His own limitation of his rights is precisely the same as the English Christians endeavored to formulate into a law against blasphemy. Like Mr. Truesdell, the English Christians guaranteed the right of all to think as they please, also the right to speak and publish,

"Provided that any person who, with the intention of wounding the religious feelings of any person or persons, shall in any public place utter any word or make any gesture, or exhibit any object within the hearing or sight of any person or persons whose religious feelings are likely to be thereby wounded, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor; and on being convicted thereof, shall be liable to a fine or imprisonment, or both as the court may award, such imprisonment not to exceed the term of *one year*."

This bill is exactly paralleled in Mr. Truesdell's statement that Freethinkers hav the right only to "*speak in a proper manner*," and provided, moreover, that "they do not *too severely* trespass upon the rights of others." The English bill was opposed by every Infidel in the country, because, said the *Freethinker*, this clause "puts nearly ever propagandist agency of the Freethought party at a disadvantage. Every handbill, every placard, every contents-sheet, every journal or paper displayed for sale, every open-air lecture, and every strong sentence at a free leeture, would render the actor or speaker liable to a year's imprisonment for wounding the religious feelings of Christians." In other words, when the Freethinkers did not speak in a proper manner, they could be put in jail. We can never agree with the author of that bill, nor with his cis-Atlantic supporter, for we hold that every one has the natural right to speak as he or she pleases, *but not to trespass at all upon the rights of others.* It is an undisputed fact of history that the Christian religion is responsible for unnumbered murders, for bloody wars, for cruel persecutions, for every offense in the calendar of crime, but we would fight for the right of a man to be a Christian as soon as for the right of Mr. Truesdell to be a conservativ Freethinker and to think, and say, and publish that the limit of utterance is reached when a person speaks in an improper manner—that is to say, in a manner disagreeable to Mr. Truesdell. But when a Christian begins his career of deviltry, then we would sit down on him, and sit down hard; just the same as upon any one who trespasses upon another's rights.

Who shall say what is a "proper manner?" and who shall decide when the trespass is "too severe?"

Our critic says that "to concede the right to publicly advocate crime would practically annul all legal and moral barriers against crime." Treason, we presume Mr. Truesdell will concede, is a crime. Yet our Constitution guarantees the right to advocate treason if one chooses, and so far we hav not heard that the legal and moral barriers against treason are flat upon the ground. Blasphemy is a crime in most states, yet Mr. Truesdell would no doubt agree with Mr. Reynolds that he has the right to speak contumeliously of the Bible. Fishing on Sunday is a crime, but we do not believe that Mr. Truesdell would care to shut us up in jail for advising a friend to cast a line on the Lord's day—not even if we pointed out a good fishing-ground. We could name hundreds of acts which are and hav been crimes, but which every one advocates now. They were not crimes naturally, but only made so by statute, and who cares for those laws now?

Real crimes are the invasions of others' natural rights to their life, their liberty, or their property. We fail to see how freedom of thought, of speech, of publication, trespasses these.

## Mrs. Slenker's Arrest.

Probably no Infidel writer in the country is more widely known than Elmina Drake Slenker, of Snowville, Va. The knowledge that she is now lying in jail, accused of mailing obscenity, will shock thousands, and the first question asked is, What has she done? So far as an answer to this may be printed it is told, or rather hinted at, by Mrs. Slenker in her own defense in another column of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Before judgment is pronounced in her case, the good character of the defendant must be considered. Mrs. Slenker is now a woman nearly sixty years of age, an honest, earnest, whole-souled person who would not willingly injure anyone in the world. We hav had dealings with her for years, and never knew a more honest person. In all that she has done—in her writings as in her business dealings—honesty, simplicity, and straightforwardness hav been her marked characteristics. In whatever she became interested she spared no trouble, and, we are afraid, no words, to get to the bottom of it. On some subjects she is an extremist, if not a fanatic. Bearing this in mind, her conduct is better understood.

Some years ago, as Mrs. Slenker herself explains, she took up the study of heredity and the relations of the sexes. She, with a number of others, some of them living in New York and Brooklyn, entered with great zeal upon the chase after facts to support their theories. Some, however, tempered their zeal with much discretion, but Mrs. Slenker was not of that number. Her earnest nature did not permit concealment in anything. And, while we find it impossible to get at the bottom facts in the case, we are convinced that she has gone to intolerable lengths in her correspondence, and in circulating the "data" furnished by the anonymous author of the pamphlet "Diana." The publisher of this book denied to us any knowledge of these "data," but thought that if they did exist it would be extremely injudicious to circulate them. Other people who might be supposed to know something of the matter profess profound ignorance, and the precise words of the "data" we can only conjecture, and our conjecture (founded upon evidence that we cannot print) is that in both the data and her correspondence Mrs. Slenker has circulated that which we can in no wise defend, even when clothed with the title of "scientific research." Of course, the discussion of heredity and kindred subjects need not and should not be confined to doc-

tors and Latin scholars, for in that case scarcely any practical good would result, but it is not necessary to be vulgar in anything. The English language is rich enough and flexible enough to convey all shades of meaning without borrowing from the vocabulary of the abandoned class.

There is but little doubt that Mrs. Slenker will be convicted on May 31st, at the Abingdon term of court. She herself feels this. For years the agents of Comstock hav been decoying her, and she has been led to write and mail scores of letters and documents, almost any one of which would be sufficient for Comstock's purposes. One of her friends writes us that he is afraid to mail one of the letters she wrote, now in his possession. Yet in writing and mailing these, the thought of being obscene, we fully believe, never entered her mind. The matter was collected in the way of study of the subject of heredity, and sent for a serious purpose to those whom she believed to be fellow-students in her peculiarly chosen field. To the scientist and earnest investigator, she holds, all subjects are pure. Of her good intentions and personal purity there can be no doubt. But Judge Benedict ruled in Mr. Bennett's case that the intent of the book did not affect its character under the postal statutes, and it is more than probable that the same ruling will be made in this case. Such ruling works rank injustice, and the law of Dakota upon blasphemy might well be incorporated in the rulings of judges who are trying violators of the postal statute. When it appears beyond reasonable doubt that words are used in the course of serious discussion, and with intent to make known or recommend opinions entertained by the accused, they should be held to be free of taint, as they are held by the Dakota statute to be not blasphemous, though amenable to that charge when recklessly and frivolously employed. If ever any one was serious in her work, we believe Mrs. Slenker is; and though her earnestness cannot free her from responsibility to morality and the law, it should affect our judgment of her acts. And, too, medical men assure us that people may be perfectly sane on all but one subject, but be verging upon insanity regarding that one.

Whether or not Mrs. Slenker has done anything worthy of legal punishment, it is an unconstitutional stretch of authority to place her before a United States court, miles from her home, where she is unknown, and where her previous unblamable life cannot be made to weigh in the deliberations of a jury. Mrs. Slenker's home is in Snowville, it was there she committed the offense, and it is there, or at the county seat, she should be tried. If she has sowed obscenity broadcast, the laws of Virginia are ample to protect its people. The United States hav no business punishing the citizens of a sovereign state for any crime but those named in the Constitution, and over which the Constitution givs them jurisdiction.

And what shall be said of the dirty agents employed for years in ensnaring an aged woman—inducing her, by pretending to be students of her special hobby, to write such words as should place her in their power? What shall be said of the society that employs these foul creatures? What of the Christians who support this society and urge the prosecution of the miserable work? Their actions sink them beneath the notice of clean and honorable people, and they are best left to fester in their own corruption. No words can express the contempt in which every decent man must hold them.

## The Mayor Would Remodel the Sunday Laws.

Because of his enforcement of the Sunday laws Mayor Hewitt has been accused of being a Puritan, and the charge made him angry when a *World* reporter called at his office last week. He said:

"I hav already stated my views explicitly on that subject, and I hav asked the legislature to change the laws so that beer may be sold in respectable places where music is performed while customers drink their beer. I see no harm in that. I hav also explicitly expressed my approbation of a law to permit the sale of beer and light wines on Sundays under proper restrictions, but the legislature has seen fit to do nothing. I cannot make new laws. I must enforce the laws now on the statute books. We began with the dives first, now we hav got around to the respectable hotels. The law makes no distinctions between individuals or places. It operates against the rich and poor alike. But now that we hav stirred up the influential proprietors of hotels, I suppose they will bring some influence to bear to get the legislature to change the law. Until that is done I propose to see that the laws, as they exist, are enforced as far as possible. I do not believe that the police can enforce the law fully. It would require a policeman at every store to do that. I believe that the best way to get an obnoxious law repealed is to enforce it strictly."

The Germans of the city hav formed a league for the repeal of the Sunday laws; the New York *Herald* has begun a crusade against the laws, and the landlords of the large and fashionable hotels hav also organized. Now that the mayor and excise commissioners are favorably disposed toward a new law that can be enforced, it looks as though the churchmen would hav to take a back seat, and allow the people a little personal liberty on Sunday.

There is no more harm in selling cabbages and clothing on Sunday than there is in selling them on Monday. And when people will hav their beer they might as well hav music with it, for with their attention occupied by more or less sweet sounds, they will drink fewer glasses than when beer is the sole object of consideration.

## The Residence of Christ.

We hav always had some doubts as to where Christ could be found. These doubts are dispelled. The last, lingering shadow has departed. It has vanished before the rays of positiv knowledge. The Rev. T. L. Cuyler has allowed the electric light of his intellect to shine on this question, and "the mists hav rolled away." It is strange that no one made the discovery before. This learned divine informs us that "Jesus Christ as veritably resides in your heart, if you are a true disciple, as you reside in your own house." What a multitudinous residence Jesus occupies! His is a "house of many mansions." But think of the "heart" of the ordinary Christian disciple for a residence!

It strikes us that the rent of such a tenement cannot be very high. It is not a very roomy structure generally; a sort of one-story affair, *without* a mansard roof. This residence is usually low in the walls and poorly lighted. The cloud of Christianity obscures the sun of reason. Whenever there is a revival a great many of these tenements are occupied, but as soon as the revival is over there is a sign in most of them which reads, "To let."

Christ seems to move a great deal. We do not wonder. The average Christian heart is not a palatial residence. But think of anyone seriously writing such nonsense as this clergyman has written. It seems almost impossible to be Christian and sensible at the same time. There is somewhat in Christianity that eclipses reason and common sense. The words of the Rev. T. L. Cuyler, which we hav quoted, come about as near being idiotic as it is possible for words to be. Can men and women who read such language hav any respect for the man who uses it? Is there nothing for Liberals to do when the Christian pulpit teaches that Jesus Christ livs in a human heart as a man resides in a house? Can superstition go any farther?

## Virginia Jails.

Civilization seems to move backward in southwestern Virginia, or else its wave has not reached the jails of that section. By letters received in New York from Mrs. Slenker, the condition of one of those institutions is learned. Her first night she describes as passed under a scanty blanket, shared by an idiotic, insane pauper woman. There were no fires in the building outside the jailer's room, and the prisoners lay abed most of the day to keep warm. Every prisoner had rats for bed-fellows—the big, fat, ferocious rats that flourish in the fetid atmosphere of jails. While Mrs. Slenker was penning one brief note, eight huge rats scrambled over the floor, and some of them attempted to crawl upon her clothes. In the next room to her an insane person was confined, a man, who unintermittingly prayed and yelled and stamped and swore.

Such is the place where the Christian society, presided over by Baptist Samuel Colgate, and patronized by the religious wealth of New York, has put Mrs. Slenker, a woman used to a clean home and air and sunlight! Yet the United States commissioner was humane in selecting this jail, for it has, says the Lynchburg *News*, "comforts superior to those of any other in southwest Virginia!" What the lives of prisoners in the others are it must beggar the imagination to conceive.

It is a relief to know, however, that the authorities possess human hearts. The jailer at Wytheville is "good and kind," writes Mrs. Slenker, "and little kindly acts from one prisoner to another are gleams of sunshine that brighten even a prison." The food offered her is good, plentiful, and varied, but not what she is accustomed to eat, and she greatly feels the change.

We hope in the next issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER to be able to announce Mrs. Slenker's liberation upon bail. To think of an aged person—a woman of culture—confined in such a place is horrible. Rats, insane people, and vermin are not enjoyable companions, though one is sustained, as is Mrs. Slenker, by the conviction that she has done no wrong, but worked only for humanity's good. And though we may differ from her in her estimate of her work, we cannot help shuddering at the fearful consequences it has entailed. Her husband has communicated with the United States marshal at Newburn, and as soon as the necessary formality of executing a bail bond can be gone through with, Mrs. Slenker will be free until the trial.

## Woman's Work and Woman's Pay.

It is but justice to pay a woman for the work she does, and if a woman takes a man's place and performs the work of a man, she should receive the same pay that the man receives. The way to carry out this measure of justice is for everyone who accepts it to practice it. If we believe a thing is right or just, let us do it. It is not necessary to wait for a law to be passed, or for compulsory legislation on the subject, before we begin. Men are always ahead of nations, and justice is always seen before it is sought through a statute. It is unquestionably true that hundreds and thousands of men, and some women, hav in their employ to-day women and girls to whom they are paying less money than they are giving men for performing the same labor, and these employers continue such injustice only because they are not compelled by the law of the land to do what is right and just. It is a shame that this is true, and it is moreover a shame that individuals will not act up to their own sense of justice. Public opinion is made by private conviction, and general reforms are brought about by individual acts. It is the duty of individuals in matters of this kind to be guided by their highest convictions. Let all those who favor paying women as much as men for doing the same labor start the reform, and others will then be forced to follow where they are not just and honorable enough to lead.

WE call attention to Brick Pomeroy's challenge to Anthony Comstock, published in another column. Mr. Pomeroy is an admirer of art, and he desires to know, once for all, whether he is to be permitted to enjoy his gallery in peace, resting his eyes upon the beautiful when so inclined, or whether he will hav to invoke the aid of the courts to protect his property. We do not for a moment imagin that the soapboiler's agent will pick up the glove, for Mr. Pomeroy has lived in the West for many years, and has brought with him to effete New York many of the wild Western ways, among which is the habit of doing as he pleases with what he pays for. We really wish that Comstock would try to seize his pictures.

THIS mixture of religion and tobacco smoke appeared in the *Evening Telegram* on the day of the ascension to heaven of Peter Smith, a murderer hanged in this city on the 5th instant. It is descriptiv of the ceremonies previous to the execution:

"Deep from the heart of this noble priest prayers kept wending their way up to the throne of grace. Frequently the voice of Smith blended with that of his spiritual adviser as he joined him in asking for mercy of God on the sins of his past life. When not listening to the consolations that the prayer-book and ritual of the Catholic church afforded him, Smith pac d up and down the corridor with the death-watch, smoking segars furnished by these kind-hearted deputy sheriffs. The smoke from their Havanas united with his and formed, as it were, an incense that wafted the religious words that he not infrequently uttered into the great beyond."

We trust the prayers and tobacco smoke were acceptable to the Lord.

THE Supreme Court of Massachusetts agrees with Mayor Hewitt of this city that the Jews can hav no special mercantile privileges on Sunday. A decision by the full court has just been rendered in the case of the Commonwealth against Starr. The defendant was a Hebrew, and contended that he kept his shop open on Sunday for the purpose of selling meat to the Hebrews. The opinion, which is by Chief-Justice Morton, says:

"The Superior Court correctly held that the fact that he was a Hebrew, who conscientiously believed that the seventh day of the week ought to be observed as the Sabbath, and that he actually refrained from secular business on that day, was immaterial. The Superior Court also correctly held that it was not competent for the defendant to prove that he kept open his shop for the sole purpose of selling meat to Hebrews, and that this was a work of necessity or charity. The statute prohibits keeping open shop for any purpose of business, and the exceptions of 'works of necessity and charity' do not apply."

There are bills now before the Massachusetts legislature revising the Sunday laws. The best thing for the Jews to do is to help along their passage.

# Letters from Friends.

PAROWAN, UTAH, May 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a lone subscriber in this place for a long time, but I am glad to be able now to send you a few names—four new ones and my own—five, as you will see. Inclosed please find $10, for which send THE TRUTH SEEKER as per names on blank. GEO. S. HALTERMAN.

PARKERSBURY, OR., March 31, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: You can send THE TRUTH SEEKER right along, at least until the money givs out, and then I will try to forward a few dollars more, for old friends are not so easily parted. In fact, the thorough manner in which THE TRUTH SEEKER treats all subjects makes it rather dear to me. I can't very well do without it. Send her along, pictures and all. D. J. LOWE.

LONGMONT, COL., April 19, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5 for two years' subscription. Sometimes I am a little slow, being hard up, but I am with you always so long as you stick to the true principles of Liberalism, as you hav done so far.

I think THE TRUTH SEEKER is improving a little all the time. The cartoons are a feature that pleases all at our home. Yours truly, M. H. COFFIN.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I do not know when I saw an article in THE TRUTH SEEKER, or anywhere else, that pleased me as well as Debby's or Amos Townsend's. It is the best *exposé* of the conditions of the Protestant churches that I hav seen. I hope Debby will continue her good work and giv us the second part and the third and fourth also. It is true, and as well done as true. I hope, Mr. Editor, you will encourage her to continue her good work. JOHN DOWNES.

OWEN, O., April 18, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Christians frequently charge us with insincerity. They tell us we preach Infidelity but do not believe it. Now, I want to say to these Christians in all sincerity that if I believed, as they do, that there is a place of eternal torment, and that the great majority of the human family are thrust into it, I would no more become father to a child than cut my throat. Yes, if it were possible I would commit suicide a thousand times before I would be guilty of so monstrous an act.

I want every Christian minister that has a particle of sincerity to preach and press this point from the pulpit. I want every professor of religion that has a spark of honesty to practice it during life, and thus cease to assist the Infidel and Christian world in populating hell. FRANK EVERLY.

ROCKFORD, ILL., April 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In the Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge, article Paine, Thomas, last paragraph, I read: "This unhappy unbeliever died in contempt and misery. His disgusting viccs, his intemperance and profligacy, made him an outcast from all respectable society. He is represented as irritable, vain, cowardly, filthy, envious, malignant, dishonest, and drunken. In the distress of his last sickness he frequently called out, 'Lord Jesus, help me!' Dr. Manly asked him whether, from his calling so often upon the savior, it was to be inferred that he believed the gospel. He replied at last, 'I hav no wish to believe on the subject.'"

There is a close resemblance between this extract and the one Mr. Kelso quotes, and they may hav had a common paternity. Very respectfully, G. W. BROWN, M.D.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., April 14, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: You will please change the address of my paper from Fort Worth, Texas, to this place, San Diego, Cal., as I hav decided to make this city my future home, as it is more congenial to the tastes of a Freethinker than Texas. Here we hav no fanatical Sunday laws, nor threats of Prohibition. Southern California is having a most wonderfnl boom at this time. This city, for instance, eighteen months ago contained only twenty-five hundred population, and at this time she has twelve thousand. The climate at this place is conceded by all to be the most desirable in the world—a more even temperature than that of Italy.

By all means continue the publication of the pictures. I find they hav the same effect on one of the "faithful" that a red rag does on a Mexican bull. Whom the gods would destroy, etc. F. W. BRADLEY.

SILVER CITY, IA., April 17, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5.25, and a list of able and Liberally inclined people. Please giv credit on my subscription as far as the amount will reach and send TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1887.

Please be kind enough to grant space in a conspicuous place, as I want to say through the columns of your paper, on the bounties of which I hav been feasting for one year without paying for same, that I am, nevertheless, neither stingy nor dishonest, and don't wish to be counted one of the "vicarious atonement Liberals," nor one of the "set of delinquents who are so blind that they do not see that they are frauds." But I am compelled to be a not very rich music-teacher, with a small income and a large family, and through different causes I am frequently deprived of the privilege of paying subscriptions in advance. Knowing well when I ought to pay, I am struggling hard to keep my name off THE TRUTH SEEKER'S private charity list. Through the selfish and sneakish machinations of the antagonists of Freethought, I frequently hav to sustain heavy losses, and for the enjoyment of reading and advocating Liberal papers I hav always been compelled to sacrifice much of the comfort which some of our more generous friends, who perhaps hav money enough to feel big about it, can enjoy. Within the last few years I hav been compelled to stop all my papers (mostly Liberal), and would undoubtedly be compelled to stop the last one, which I love the most, if our fair-minded successors of the noble D. M. Bennett were of the same starch as are a few of our would-be Liberal readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I want to assure you, Mr. Editor, that no Liberal can more heartily appreciate the generosity of the true friends and supporters of THE TRUTH SEEKER, nor more deeply regret that there are so many who are (unwillingly, I trust) indebted to you, than I, and I wish to be counted as one of the true friends of your paper, who, at least, is willing to lend a helping hand in the construction of the temple of humanity, even with the risk of being associated with the less fortunate set of delinquents, or what is still worse, with the risk of disgusting a few of the more fortunate, "sensible, and honorable" readers of your paper. J. G. KUHN.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., April 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I saw by THE TRUTH SEEKER that C. B. Reynolds has been here. I felt as though I could fly to meet him, as he is just the man of all others we need to organize a Liberal society. If he cannot come, please send some one else, and I will entertain them while so doing. I hav been praying, hoping, and working for this end some time, that we may hav a good Liberal organization. I believe we could hav five thousand members in a short time.

I will say a word in regard to a poor or rich man's party. Some appear to think we can hav a poor man's party. My judgment is that we cannot afford to drift into any such thing. My reasons are these. I hav among my subscribers men that are worth $100,000, and should we drift into it, it would be our downfall—and so it should be, as a Liberal party must be for the whole people. The poor man is not more honest than the rich. I hav a man working for me as poor and superstitious as can be. These are the men to blame for the state of our country to-day. Another word and I hav done. I heard a large capitalist say he attended the Episcopal church but did not believe the dogmas there taught. The well-to-do would be ready at any time, if we will organize and get strong, to join us, as we must under our able leaders and the truths they teach.

CHARLES SACH.

CHICAGO, April 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed I send $8 for my paper. I am a genuin Freethinker, and am sorry I am not a good writer so that when Ingersoll makes mistakes I could correct him. That "Lay Sermon" of his is open to criticism. I am well along in years as well as himself. I know something about those country villages where they were honest and happy. I was in one of the blacksmith shops he tells about where he stood on the forge and saw the sparks go up until 9 o'clock at night. That was good for the boys who had nothing to do, but not very good for me to hav to stay there until that time of night and pull on the old handle of the bellows. When I go into a shop now and see them pull a little slide to turn on the wind, I think it is good times. I know the honest, happy cobblers. One of them married a girl, and when she was about to be confined, he ran away and was never heard from. The other got in debt and skipped out. Among other debts was one which he owed a young lady for a bushel of hazelnuts she had picked. He was to pay her fifty cents for them. Then comes the doctor. It was thought that he poisoned his wife's pet dog, and his wife also, but it could not be proved against him. Finally he took poison himself and said, "This is what killed the dog and my wife." Happy, good, old times when I was a boy! The only thing I can do is to read such things and cuss and let it go.

THOS. GALPIN.

Mr. Lemieux's bill now before the Quebec legislature provides that in courts of justice a crucifix shall be placed in a conspicuous place opposit the witnesses' stand during examination, and such crucifix to be of the size determined by the lieutenant-governor in council. Before a witness is allowed to swear and giv his testimony, he shall be called upon to lift his right hand in front of the crucifix, and to place his left hand on the Book of the Evangelists, and to swear before the crucifix and upon the holy evangelists to tell the truth and the whole truth in the cause in which he is to be heard as a witness. Every sheriff shall place or cause to be placed a crucifix in the manner above indicated in each and every of the court-houses within the limits of his district, under a penalty of fifty dollars for each day in which he neglects to do so.

INNERKIP, ONT., April 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Science tells us that the cave dwellers hav passed away, but such is not the case. One of them belonging to the Quebec legislature has introduced a bill for a new form of oath, as you will see by the above clipping. If Quebec passes that bill it will then be on a level with Connecticut and New Jersey. What a pity that men can be so blinded with superstition! Just think of men in the nineteenth century carrying all sorts of trash in their pockets for luck, and to ward off disease, such as carrying chestnuts for rheumatism. Mr. Peck need not go back to the time of Christ to find a man carrying a black cat's tooth.

Even some of our banks hav a horseshoe hanging above the teller's desk, and on Sunday men will get down on their knees, "like spaniels in the dust," and ask God to forgiv them for the very actions that God prompted them to do.

O poor, deluded men! don't talk about intelligence, but go back to your caves and your diet of roots and grass.

Yours for a Godless world, R. M. COWING.

NEW YORK, May 2, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Your suggestion of the 30th ult. to the laborers of nominating Col. R. G. Ingersoll to the presidency is what I always had in my mind, as he would undoubtedly make the strongest candidate in the field.

Should he accept the nomination, the working people will hav to disown their political absurdity, also turn a deaf ear to the church and newspapers; to the former especially, as it will be obstreperous in its denunciation against the great champion of humanity.

Workingmen! reconsider your situation! You are named freemen, because you are in a free country. On what essential ground do you claim your freedom?

You are nothing more nor less than slaves to the church. Who is the church?

Tramps who are slothful to work are seeking to take from you the right of mankind and to deprive you of your liberty. The church is pressing on you what she terms to be "legal holydays," and will teach you to vote against the man who exposes their frauds, although he is broad in humanity and is working more for your interest than all the churches combined.

Look back! In the last mayoralty campaign you nominated Mr. Henry George, a man with broad principles. The church, or at least her Tammany agents, hav discovered that his works or his doctrins are against the disciplin of the church.

The only fault I could find with Mr. George is that he is trying to convince you that his doctrins are not against the church, as he has no reason for fearing her.

But the great Robert G. is the man for you, fearless in his denunciations, and under no obligation to the church or "any other party."

It is in your power to decide whether you are born to be slaves, and whether the church has a right to interfere and mingle in politics. It is true that I am a mediocre, but hav sense enough to comprehend that God did not select a Catholic preacher or the mayor of New York as his agent.

I cannot allow a human being like myself to be my superior on account of the salary I pay to him.

B. M. GOLDOWSKY.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am aware you are not very credulous or apt to be excited at wonders, therefore I will briefly giv a statement just as it was given to me by Deacon Dale. The deacon said he had retired to bed, and had fallen into a quiet and pleasant snooze, when he was awakened by a strong, stifling smell of burning sulphur, which almost suffocated him, but he was still more astonished when he beheld the figure of a man sitting on a chair a few feet from the bed. The figure was one living coal of fire, brilliant and intensely luminous. "You may be assured," says the deacon, "I was struck with mute astonishment. We gazed at each other in silence for some moments (they seemed hours), and the figure was the first to speak, which it did in grating, measured sounds, and with an emphasis like the jabbing of a red-hot piece of iron, or a heated poker, into my side.

"'Behold in me the once arch enemy of the only word of God, the holy Bible, Tom Paine! Tom Paine, the misleader of youths and the traducer of saints! I am now roasting in hell for my misdeeds. Be warned in time. Burn that Infidel TRUTH SEEKER and my "Age of Reason," and escape the torments of everlasting hell!'

"I heard no more, but instantly fell back in a swoon, from which I did not recover until next morning, and found myself a little fatigued, but not much. The events of the last night were too vivid to be overlooked, but I thought I had an attack of the nightmare of the worst kind, and so endeavored to let it pass. But behold, when I aroused myself, there indeed was the cushioned chair, and the adjoining mahogany table, but the chair was burnt bottomless, and the mahogany table-top was ruined, where Tom Paine's elbow had rested! This took place two weeks since. It is true I hav had offers from some dime-museum men for the purchase of the furniture, but Talmage wants them for the use of our Tabernacle."

I would simply add that if the deacon were a Spiritualist, I should impute his hallucination to that peculiar range of research, but the deacon is too good a church-member to tolerate such heresy. CALEB.

P.S.—I might add that I did not see the ruined furniture, as Talmage had them in keeping. C.

N. S. HOME, VA., May 1, 287.

MR. EDITOR: I find in "Lives of Illustrious Shoemakers," by W. E. Winks, Funk & Wagnalls, publishers, an interesting "Anarchy case." Thomas Cooper, a newspaper reporter, had become interested in the Chartists, and was their nominee. The times were severe; there was a big strike and some riots. Cooper was nominee for the Commons, and he made an open-air speech at Hanley, 1842. "His subject was the Sixth Commandment, 'Thou shalt do no murder,' in which he spoke of the violation of this law by the conquerors and legislators, and by masters who oppressed the hireling in his wages. The men were out on strike, and the excitement produced by this and another address on the following night was intense. He counseled perpetually, 'Peace, law, and order,' and bade the men hold out in their strike until the People's Charter became the law of the land. Riot and incendiarism broke out in a short time, for which Cooper was in no way responsible, but had, on the other hand, distinctly endeavored to persuade them from. He was taken prisoner on his return from Manchester, and, having been tried for the crime of arson, was acquitted, having pleaded his own case so eloquently that the judge was evidently affected, and the ladies present at the trial were even moved to tears. Tried again at the spring assizes on the charge of sedition, he cross-examined the witnesses from Monday to Saturday at noon, and then proceeded to sum up his defense in a speech which altogether (Sunday intervening) lasted ten hours. 'I do not think,' he remarks, 'I ever spoke so powerfully in my life as during the last hour of that defense. The peroration, the Stafford papers said, would never be forgotten; and I remember as I sat down, panting for breath and utterly exhausted, how Talfourd and Erskine and the jury sat transfixed, gazing at me in silence,

and the whole crowded place was breathless, as it seemed, for a minute.' The case being removed by a writ of *certiorari* to the court of Queen's Bench, was tried on the 5th of May, 1843. In his defense Thomas Cooper again delivered an eloquent address in a speech four and a half hours long, and was again acquitted of a charge of felony. Judge Erskine's notes of the trial had 'Mistaken' written alongside the evidence on that part of the charge. But the eloquent Chartist orator was convicted on the charge of sedition and conspiracy, and sent to Stafford jail for two years."

Perhaps this is where the Chicago judges got their law.

What constitutes a conspiracy and sedition? Evidently in the practice of certain courts it is to want justice done to the unfortunately poor, and to say so to some one else, if there is enough prejudice and pigheadedness among the populace to allow such judgment to be carried out.

I do not know anything about the Chicago Anarchists, so-called, but no evidence has been given that they plotted the bomb-throwing, and the judge admitted it. When such rulings as they were sentenced under are supported by the people, there is no protection to the expression of an opinion, and a trial for any alleged felony or misdemeanor can be turned into a persecution for saying anything whatever that does not suit the convenience of the judges, and in such case the actual anarchy is not on the part of the accused, but belongs to the maladministration and injuriousprudence of big blockheads and blacklegs who invite Nihilism by their iniquity. It seems to be the sentiment of the pious press that these men under illegal sentence for what they probably did not do are to suffer for being Atheists, for the priest-bidden editors seem to think that the American republic is a government by God, for God; and the people are largely enough goats to swallow such stuff. Everyone who believes in free speech and a free press should, regardless of these men's personal merits or demerits, see that American principles are not violated by their execution. JOHN P. GUILD.

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LEXINGTON, KY., April 23, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Every moment that monopolism is permitted to deface the beauty of our institutions will make the reaction, which is sure to follow, more terrible and destructiv. We boast of liberty, and so did old Rome when under the tyranny of nobles and senate. We know what followed when Cæsar, with the spirit of the Gracchi burning in his bosom, undertook to reform the government. The few patriots who forget self are the living columns which support the great moral structures of the world. The masses are in a comatose state, and will do for bricks and mortar. When Alaric sacked Rome, the heathen residents raised armies and tried to defend themselvs, but the Christians fled to the churches and temples to pray for help and deliverance. We see, then, how they dilute our strength and impair the greatness of the body politic.

The tendency of religion is to mislead the mind; even now the noble candor of Cicero is distasteful to the Christian, who prefers a false ecstacy on the bosom of Jesus to the truthful spirit of philosophy which encounters with the same firm calmness the smiles and frowns of fate.

"Tales Told Out of School" expose the meanness of the clergy and their contempt for women. Under the vulgar teachings of the Bible they can find no way to put an end to the oppression and "quiet agony" of the female sex. If women would arise and defend themselvs these sensual hypocrits could soon be silenced. I fear I forgot to state that Saint More, who is about to be canonized, persecuted James Bainham for his religious opinions, and had him racked and burnt at Smithfield. James Bainham was an honest and talented lawyer who lived three hundred years ago, during the reign of Henry the Eighth. ALHAZA.

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COLUMBUS, KAN., May 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: My friend Hiram Crum, of Baxter Springs, Kan., a liberal patron of THE TRUTH SEEKER publications, has offered the Methodist church in that place to pay one-half of the minister's salary, and another Liberal will pay the other half, if the minister or his church will prove that man has a soul to save, or that there is a God to save it. His offer has not been accepted, and no attempt has been made to prove that man has within his organism an individualized entity called the human soul, or that such a being as the orthodox God is anything but a myth, an assumption, an absurdity. Seventy thousand priests in these United States stand up in their pulpits and pray to and "talk to God almighty as though he was a little boy," and tell their deluded blinded dupes what they know (?) about him, what he has done, can do, and will do for and to his rebellious subjects, and the value of man's immortal soul.

The priest's God is always behind him, hidden from the view of his hearers, and can only be seen by "the eye of faith." No man hath seen God at any time, except that Moses once saw a part of his posterior. In the light of science, the Christian's God and all other gods vanish, as ghosts flee to churchyards at the approach of daylight. A teacher asked a boy to define chaos. The boy said: "It is a great pile of nothing, and nowhere to put it." So to me God is "a great pile of nothing, and nowhere to put him," and nothing for him to do. God, said Jefferson, is a "hocus pocus phantasm." God is not found in Humboldt's cosmos, for he had not found him in all his life-long observations and rigid investigations and interrogations of nature. Laplace told Napoleon I. that he had no place for a God in his philosophy. The word God is early introduced to the child's ears and imagination, and he hears it so often on all sides that he takes it for granted that there is such a being. Volumes could not tell in detail what I suffered when a boy, when my vivid imagination, coöperating with fear, pictured upon my impressible brain God and his judgments and vengeance. "Remember, child, remember that God is in the sky; remember he will punish the wicked by-and-by," my pious parents used to sing sixty years ago, alluding to the awful judgment day. "Parents and children then shall part, part, part to meet no more," at the command of God. God is in nearly all the text-books of schools and colleges, in nearly all our literature, and now the priests especially want God in the national Constitution, to be recognized, believed in, and worshiped by law, and all compelled so to do by the combined power of church and state.

I hav been a godless man forty-five years, and wish I had never heard the senseless and cruel word. I became a godless man that I might be human and humane. Down with God and up with humanity. Down with inhuman absurdities, and up with divine realities and possibilities of nature, which, in the language of Tyndall, "contains the promis and potency of every form and every quality of life." As long as "the priests bear rule, and my people will hav it so;" as long as their poor, blind dupes are diverted from their real bodies to their imaginary souls, from this real, tangible, visible, organic life to the imaginary, fabricated, unproved, and, to me, impossible orthodox heaven and hell, so long will this life, its resources, responsibilities, possibilities, and significance be kept in the background, ignored and disparaged.

If these seventy thousand priests could be paid out of the national treasury to be silent and get out of the way of human progress, and the churches could be turned into temples in which to teach nature and science, teach truth and how to liv, and make the most of life, what rapid progress would then be made in human development and toward heaven on earth! In the place of all this let us proclaim liberty to all the people, and raise the standard of humanity. Millions for humanity, not one cent for God or priests. If this is treason, make the most of it. J. H. COOK.

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SAN DIEGO, April 17, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Yesterday, Saturday, I received my paper and was thankful to again get something to read that is worth reading. I landed in San Diego the same day, I think, that Mr. Putnam did, but was unable to go to hear him. Now I see in THE TRUTH SEEKER what he thinks of San Diego, and would beg leave to slightly differ from him. True, I admire the mighty ocean, the great mountain, and the fine climate, but San Diego and neighborhood is but a desert; there is not a tree on the streets that is worthy the name, and few of them at that. The streets are dusty, dry, and bare. With the exception of some houses lately built the town is an unsightly mass of old wooden buildings. The immediate vicinity of the place is no better; the hills are bare or almost so. Were it not for irrigation it would be nothing. True, there are some fine places, but it is only now and then, like an oasis in the desert, that you meet them. Still, if the improvements spoken of are carried out, San Diego will be something at no distant day. I would like to say a few words on another subject, and am a little afraid to tackle it, as I am not very well posted. Still, you can take it for what it is worth, as I know it will be an advantage to the numerous readers of your paper who don't know the true state of things here; I giv my own experience, but unfortunately it is the experience of a good many more. Newspapers and circulars are sent to all parts of the United States and Canada setting forth the advantages to be gained by immigrating to this country. If the plain truth were told, it would be all right, but when they say, as those papers and circulars say, that work is plenty and wages high, they are only deceiving the people. I know a good many in this town who would be glad to get back to their old homes in the East but cannot. Work certainly is plenty, but, as one employer remarked to me, there are plenty to do it. They are coming here daily by the hundreds. There is not work for them, and the wages are barely half they expected, and lucky is the man who gets work at that. There is a land boom also going on. The papers are full of that, too, setting forth the advantages of California as a farming country. The most glowing descriptions are given of climate, soil, products, markets, etc. The land agent meets you at the station; he is installed, and she too, in the hotel where you put up. He is on the street, in the office, in the tent; he is everywhere. He finds you out, and if you hav no money, or not enough to satisfy him, he quits. Board is high, lodging is high. Every likely spot of land, and what is not likely, is in the hands of these land grabbers. I was reminded of Dickens's Martin Chuzzlewit. Zephaniah Scadder is here in all his glory. This is a fine country, I don't dispute that, but where is the man of slender means that can settle and make it his home? I wanted to get a few acres—five would suit me—but, as I said, in this locality it all wants irrigation; it is of no use without it. The price those agents want for the land! It is higher here—wild land—than the best cultivated farm, with good buildings, in the East and Canada. I don't want to encroach on your space, but I would like to say a word to those who read your paper and who may likely be beguiled into coming here, to think well before they make the move; there is not enough work now for those that are here, and if they intend to buy land they must hav lots of money. There is one question I would like to ask; that is, How did those men that now hold and control the land become possessed of it? Who sold it or gave it to them? These are things I don't know. It looks as if something was wrong somewhere. There is a Unitarian church in this town. I heard they had a meeting last week and framed resolutions to keep the Chinese and Eastern paupers from coming here. The Eastern paupers are the unemployed workingmen. I thought by what I hav heard and read that labor organizations in the United States were able to control and keep interested parties from deceiving them. Alas, for the workingman and his labor organization! Capital gets ahead of him every time. It has full control of everything here; the land is theirs, the money is theirs; they can bring all the men from other places they like, and keep wages at a starvation point. Why don't some one lift his voice in their behalf? The daily papers here are full of what the capitalists are doing. When any one arrives it is duly noticed, who he is, and where from, but the man that does the work is never noticed. There is something rotten in Denmark. I may be wrong in what I hav written; if you think so, throw it out. I hav given my experience and the experience of others, and I want to warn my fellow-workman if he has a home at all to think twice before he believes the lying notices he sees and hears. Wishing you success in your effort to banish superstition and help to benefit the workingman, I bid you good-night.

GEORGE MIDDLETON.

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EUBANKS, KY., April 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: We like the idea expressed by the words, "Liberal," "Freethought," "free expression," etc., because they admit a Christian, a Jew, an Infidel, and all views of science, religion, and politics to enter the field of investigation. It is possible, however, that some may be too liberal and free with subjects that are vital to society. We apprehend that we notice this tendency in the Freethought literature. The Anarchists of Chicago and the position of E. C. Walker, of Kansas, are examples in politics, while the "New God" of Mr. Putnam is an example in theology. In view of the fact that great and needed reforms may be retarded and smothered by extremes, and with the idea that society is now under the full influence of our civil laws and the Bible theology, we suggest prudence in Liberal circles. Men who simply disobey civil laws are only subject to the annexed penalties, but the man who attempts to stand against his government or aid its enemies is guilty of treason. Even if men's principles are right who may thus act, still, their policy is wrong, and will do more of injury to reform than all their reasoning will do of good. A man who is really a philanthropist and wise in policy will act with reference to surrounding circumstances. We liv in an age when every man's system of religion and politics requires a definit explanation. It is not satisfactory to the people for a man to fight everybody's religion and politics and hav none of his own. The people hav a right, and will ask, If you discard all religions and put the people under rule of Mr. Putnam's "New God"—then what? If you hav a system called "Secularism," what is it? The human mind, from its constitution and its historic revelations, should discard the idea of Mr. Putnam's "New God," and call it the old God of the past. Still, if Mr. Putnam or anyone else chooses to believe there is no personal God but man himself, it is all right and consistent with Liberalism and Freethought. But it should be remembered that a man does not stop and reflect his teaching back to the fountain. It is humanity in its better interest that a man's teaching affects. Society, among us, is now fixed on a constitutional government that has cost millions of lives and dollars. To maintain its form and civil laws the people are ready to sacrifice their lives. Any teaching that ignores these facts in politics is, for the present, premature and inconsiderate. Society, also, is fixed on Bible theology. While clerical sects are a curse to the Bible itself, and while many defects may be found in the book, yet we must express our free thoughts with reference to the fact that the masses are Christians and that Infidelity is very odious to them. Now, if this be true about Infidels, what about Atheists and Mr. Putnam's "New God?" The idea that society is the product of either religion or politics is a wrong view of facts. The natural wants and duties of mankind which arise from their associations are independent of all religious and civil governments. Whether there be a New God, an old God, my God, your God, or no God at all, the people will be born into this world all the same, and will eat, drink, sleep, sicken, and die all the same. This is equally true if there were no human governments. It is the duty of Liberals to protect and teach freedom of thought in all things, but too great latitude of action and expression should be guarded against. We hav evidences sufficient in the frailties of humanity to warn us of theoretical extremes. Man is man after all. He has conceits enough without being called his own God. One great mind of the past penned the thought that "a man must know a little of everything to know anything," and when we consider the connection and dependence of one thing on another in the universe of matter and mind, the expression is not far beyond a possibility. My own mind runs in the line of a complete separation of church and state, and this is suggested from history and the present attitude of religious sects. In this separation, we desire the wisdom in our amended Constitution fully and practically carried out in legislation—that Congress shall make no law to establish religion of any kind. Liberals should properly discuss natural rights, and show where religion ends and politics begins. Liberals must also show that they are friends to civil government and religious tolerance.

We express our opinions from no dogmatic standpoint. We are sentimentally liberal in all things. I feel the necessity of free discussion too much to ever bind my mind to any certain creed or theory of politics or religion. The full degree of human progress can only be achieved through reason and tolerance. Tolerance is demanded in order that reason may do its proper work. Great reforms, heretofore, that might hav been accomplished by time and reason, hav usually travailed in human garments baptized in blood. A civil government or a religion, holding the masses in subordination to clerical or political power without reason and the right to reason, is not only destructiv to natural rights but stops the mainspring of human progress. The discussions in the halls of legislation hav developed questions that a monarch or a pope could keep concealed for ages; and, in like manner, Liberal discussions, if properly carried on without extremes, may develop facts that hav heretofore been ignored. On abstract questions, the mind, by necessity, must march by induction. No one can work out the problem of the universe by analysis. Therefore let Liberals be reserved, wise, and prudent in all things. W. BAKER, M.D.

## Poetry.

### Creeds.

These rites of creed-idolaters,
The hollow shams of social forms—
What are they but a work of waste,
A fire that burns but never warms?

Our crude supports of social creeds,
The weak supports of weaker minds,
Too seldom known for what they are,
Act not as lenses, but as blinds.

What soul is there would creep again
When once its powers of flight are known,
Or rest upon another's strength
With conscious power to stand alone?

Come out with me, beloved one;
Drop creeds like unto garments cast.
Let nature be our guide; let us
Love more and wiser to the last.

*Eugene, Or.*, April 16, 1887. JOHN L. TAIT.

## An Entering Wedge.

A bill was introduced in the Senate at Albany early in the present session by Senator Murphy, the main purpose of which seems to be to make a beginning in the diversion of public school funds to the support of the sectarian institutions of the Roman Catholic church. It extends to the court of special sessions the power now exercised by committing magistrates to commit "idle, truant, vicious, or homeless children" to the Catholic Protectory, and raises the limit of age of those who may be committed to that institution from twelve to fourteen years, and ends with the provision that "the schools established and maintained by the New York Catholic Protectory shall participate in the distribution of the common school fund in the same manner and degree as the common schools of the city and county of New York."

The Catholic Protectory and its schools are nominally charitable institutions, but mainly they are a recruiting agency for the Roman Catholic church. So far as the "idle, truant, vicious, and homeless children" committed to the Protectory are concerned, it can hardly be called an institution of charity, for the city pays out of the public funds $2 per week for the support of each child so committed. Last year the Protectory received $242,000 from the city, and in the last twelve years nearly $3,000,000 of the public money has been appropriated to the support of that institution. Of the reformatory effects of its teaching and disciplin little can be said, for little is definitly known, apart from the fact that in spite of the efforts of that and numerous other Roman Catholic institutions for the care of children, it is said that about eighty per cent of the paupers and criminals of the city continue to be nominally of the Roman Catholic faith. In the educational methods of all these institutions it is well known that the first place is given to religious instruction in the nurture of the Catholic church. Their main purpose is to make Catholics of those in their charge, and the general education imparted to them is of an altogether inferior quality, and often very much perverted in its character. It is a kind of education that ought not to be promoted at the public expense.

The anxiety of the Protectory and other Roman Catholic institutions to increase the number of children committed to their care by public magistrates and courts is due in the first place to a desire to use their power so far as possible in proselyting for the church, and, in the second place, to get the largest possible share of the public funds for their use. It is extremely doubtful whether the money which they get is not more than sufficient for the support of the children committed to their care by the city. There are sixteen Catholic institutions in the city which obtain a share of the public money on account of children committed to them by magistrates, and last year the total appropriation on this account exceeded $1,000,000. They all seem to thrive and grow on this public aid, the propriety of which is questionable.

But the policy which has prevailed so long of committing vagrant and homeless children to institutions that are devoted primarily to training them in the Catholic faith, and of paying those institutions for the care and training of such children, is harmless compared to the purpose of this bill to divert to such institutions a part of the funds raised by taxation for the support of the common schools. Should this bill pass, a beginning would be made toward a policy for which the Catholic church has long been contending, that of allowing to the sectarian schools of that church a proportionate share of the public school funds. Such a policy would be in violation of the distinctivly American principle of the complete separation of church and state, and the freedom of education at public expense from sectarian influence and control. Should the schools of the Catholic Protectory be permitted to share in the distribution of the common school fund, the barrier will be let down, and it will be claimed that other Catholic institutions of a charitable or quasi-charitable character are entitled to the same consideration, and this claim will be speedily followed by a demand for allowing the church to come in for a share of the public money to support its parochial schools. The bill is intended as the entering wedge for the destructiontion of the public school system, and the establishment of the policy of bestowing public funds upon sectarian institutions for the propagation of their various forms of religious faith. The pending bill appears to hav been opposed thus far mainly by the Evangelical Alliance, but a protest against it should be raised by every believer in the principles upon which American institutions are founded.—*New York Times.*

## Books.

MR. EDITOR: Can I say a few words in your columns for the marvelous work, "Helen Harlow's Vow?" It shines into the realm of social confusion, falsity, hypocrisy, and evil passions with a prophetic light. Malice, denunciation, phariseeism, a brood of unwholesome spirits unconscious of the truth that more than one virtue is essential to a noble life, fail to crush the grand woman's soul who persistently holds to her self-respect and faithfully performs to her child the parental duty which the father shirks. Were all legal wives and mothers of so noble a type as Helen Harlow, we might look for a rapid advancement of the race to grander hights. The literary excellence and the lofty conception and triumph of the heroin make "Helen Harlow's Vow" a book of absorbing interest from first to last, even while its graphic portrayal of social deformity is painful. It should hav wide distribution and reading. The world would be the better for it.

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

Professor Pierce, the great American truth-teller, dropped in at the office of this paper one day last week. He is the author of a little book on the use of hot water as a cure for all diseases, and givs what he calls psychometric readings of character. His readings are based upon the physical structure and form of the features, so that perhaps he has not struck the right name for them, but no doubt they are as psychometric as things will average that go under that name. The professor finds his lot to be like that of most reformers of the world. He has been thrice arrested by malicious persons either on the charge of practicing medicin without a license or telling fortunes for pay, but has got clear on the ground that he doesn't use any medicin or charge anything for his character readings. Those who buy his book for thirty cents get their horoscope cast for nothing. He has done some healing in cases given up by the doctors, but the largest fee he ever received, he says, was $3. In his little book he givs directions for the cure of diseases by water, and avers that everthing in it is founded upon experience. He has traveled for twenty-three years, and makes a practice of attending prayer-meetings and talking heresy in such a manner that the hearers don't know it until they get outside and think it over. Years ago he was an agent for THE TRUTH SEEKER, but since he adopted literature as a profession and became an author he has confined his labors to the distribution of his little book. He possesses many testimonials to the value of hot water as a curativ.

"The New God," by Samuel P. Putnam, is a book which will interest religious people. It tells how to make a new God and a very good one, as gods go. The price of this information is only ten cents, and he must be a very covetous man who would want more for his money. Truth Seeker Company, 28 Lafayette Place, New York.—*Winsted Press.*

## In Memory of D. M. Crane.

The following resolutions in memory of D. M. Crane were adopted by the Seattle Liberal League at a regular meeting held in Odd Fellows Hall, Sunday, April 10, 1887:

*Resolved*, That it is a just tribute to the memory of our deceased brother, Daniel M. Crane, a member of Queen City Assembly of the Knights of Labor of America, and also one of the organizers of the Liberal League of Seattle, and its president for over four years, to say that in regretting his removal from our midst we mourn for one who was in every respect worthy of our esteem and affections. Our departed brother had a well-cultured mind; he was one who took great pleasure in the investigation of truth; he was an admirer of nature, a student of the grand and unchanging principles of the universe; his mind was unusually clear, and his reasoning powers of a high order; he was singularly free from the blight of superstition; he was fair and candid in an eminent degree; he accepted like an honest man what his reason approved; he was no slave to mistaken dogmas, antique fables, or mythological fictions; his mind soared into the realms of truth; he accepted the teachings of science as the most reliable facts within the grasp of the human mind; he was untrammeled by the chains of priestly creeds and fables; he sought to know the truth, and imprinted the same on the tablets of the hearts of his now bereaved wife and family, with a reason, love, and sincerity that will cause them to remain as shining beacon-lights during their existence in this troubled world.

*Resolved*, That we sincerely condole with the family of our deceased brother, who, through the unchangeable laws of nature, has been removed from our midst, and has gone to rest, believing that whatever nature has provided for our future he will share with the brightest and the best.

## More Munhallism.

There are men who are doomed to everlasting woe before they die! There is a time when it becomes impossible to turn around, and preaching, even, to such has no more effect on them than pouring water on a duck's back (Evangelist Dr. L. W. Munhall, Boston, March 26th).

It is such preaching as this that drives many to madness, murder, and suicide, fearing they hav committed the "unpardonable sin," though no one pretends to tell what that sin is. It is almost equal to Elder Knapp, in Boston, over fifty years ago, when it is reported that in one of his exhortations he said:

Sinners, it will be harder for you to get to heaven than it would be for a shad to climb a greased pole tail foremost.

Evangelist Munhall consoles the debtor with the assurance, "Christ pays all our debts if we only ask him," but he wants no half-way work about it, he declaring that "the man who is on the fence is on the devil's side, because the fence is on the devil's side." Doesn't "it beat all our first wife's relations" how much these preachers hav to do with the devil, and how flippant their expressions concerning his satanic majesty! It is reported that some five hundred people hav joined the Baptist churches in Boston in consequence of Evangelist Munhall's labors among them this spring. The "Two Sams" did such valiant work for "the master" in the M. E. church that the Baptists, not to be outdone, employed Munhall for like purpose. "Great is Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet!" ELLA E. GIBSON.


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## News of the Week.

It is stated that Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, the president's sister, will become first assistant teacher in Miss Reed's school for young ladies, in New York, and will lecture on American history. The term begins the first of September.

George Francis Train is about to begin suit in Omaha, Neb., to recover $10,000,000 worth of property there.

Paul Grottkau, of Milwaukee, Wis., has been sentenced to one year at hard labor for making a speech.

The Labor party has called a convention to meet at Syracuse. August 17th, to organize the party throughout the state.

An explosion in a coal-mine near Nanaimo, B.C., buried nearly two hundred miners, whom there is little prospect of rescuing alive.

Graves, the slayer of the Maine game warden, Hill, last November, was arraigned at Calais on the 7th. He pleaded not guilty. He says he killed the warden in self-defense.

There was no liquor to be bought in New York last Sunday, and a great many religious people were thereby put to much inconvenience. The usual amount of drunkenness was noted.

At a baptism in New Orleans last Sunday a railing around a wharf gave way, precipitating fifty persons into the water, eight of whom were drowned.

A split is foreshadowed between the Knights of Labor and the Henry George Labor party. The information is not definit, but it is certain that inharmony exists.

Queen Kapiolani of the Sandwich Islands and her daughter, the Princess Lilinokalani, are visiting this country. Her royal highness expresses herself as much pleased with American institutions.

The Rev. Mr. Ward, who shot his wife at Englewood, N. J., committed suicide with chloral. It would hav been much more thoughtful in Mr. Ward if he had taken the chloral before he did the shooting.

Henry George's Anti-Poverty Society had its second meeting Sunday night in the Academy of Music, which was crowded. Mr. George led the singing and made the address. McGlynn lectured in Boston.

Disastrous floods prevail in Maine. The water of the Kennebec and Piscataquis rivers is reported higher than it has been before for forty years. Washouts hav stopped the running of trains on the Maine Central between Bangor and St. Johns.

Samuel Ruppert, a farmer of Bowmanstown, Pa., has just discovered that John Steigerwalt, who has worked for him a year, is a woman named Lena instead of John. She has been sending her wages to Germany to bring her parents to this country.

The New York *Sun* notes that May 4th was the first anniversary of the throwing of the bomb at Chicago. The result was seven policemen killed, eleven crippled for life, twelve so injured that they are still unfit for duty, and seven men are in prison sentenced to death.

A German woman named Neustadt keeps a beer saloon in this city. On the 7th inst. a policeman detected her brother in the act of practicing his music lesson on a piano in the rear of the saloon, and at once arrested Mrs. Neustadt, who will doubtless be fined, and the majesty of the law vindicated.

There was a tremendous mass meeting in this city last Saturday evening, addressed by the excise commissioners and others, to protest against the tyranny of the law which prohibits music at reputable places where wine and beer are sold. An act has already passed the New York Assembly licensing the sale of these beverages at concerts.


## THE ORDER OF CREATION.

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MRS. LOT'S TRANSFIGURATION.

But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt.—Gen. xix, 26.

## Odds and Ends.

There is a dentist in a Michigan town the sign over whose door reads: "Teeth Extracted Without Enny Pane. Laffin Gas (10) Cents a Ha Ha!"

A Chicago man paid $1,000 for an Indian Bible recently. It is peculiar how much more a man will giv for a Bible he can't read than for one he can.

Lawyer (to client): "You want to sue Robinson for $500 for libel, you say?" Client: "Yes; he has blasted my character forever." Lawyer: "You think $500 the proper amount?" Client: "Well, make it $250. I only want what's right."

"I hav three witnesses who will swear that at the hour when this man was robbed I was at home in my own chamber, taking care of my baby." "Yes, your honor," glibly added the prisoner's counsel, "that is strictly true. We can prove a lullaby, your honor."

Old minister (to young minister): "Paul was a wonderful man, my dear young brother, a wonderful man; and thousands upon thousands flocked to hear him preach." Young minister: "Yes, if Paul were alive to-day he would only hav to name the salary he wanted."

A preacher who used to hold forth in Sangerville was wont to be rather wandering in his remarks. One day he asked a lady what his hearers thought of his sermons. "Well, if you must know," said she, "they say that if the text had the small-pox the sermon was in no danger of catching it."

POINTING A MORAL.

Wife (witnessing the play "Ten Nights in a Barroom"): "What a terrible curse rum is, John!"

Husband (feeling for his hat): "Awful, awful! Such a play as this ought to point a moral of incalculable good."

Wife: "Where are you going, John?"

Husband: "I'm going out to see a man."

His Satanic majesty (to applicant for admission): "What may I call your name?" Applicant: "I havn't got any. I'm the man who has been writing anonymous contributions to the newspapers." His Satanic majesty: "Who sent you to me?" Applicant: "Peter." His Satanic majesty (indignantly): "Well, Peter ought to know better. You can't get in here, my friend; this place is too good for you."

COYOTE CHARACTERISTICS.

In the unsettled interior of America, on the great plains, is found the coyote. The coyote is about two-thirds the size of a yellow dog, and looks like a second-hand wolf in straitened circumstances. He bears about the same relation to the genuin wolf that the buzzard does to the eagle, or that a chicken-thief does to a modern bank cashier. He has a perpetual air of being ashamed of himself, or of something he has done. As you catch a glimpse of him, trotting away from one motte of timber to another, looking back over his ears, and with his tail furled around his left leg, he looks as if he was aware that the police had a clue to his whereabouts, and were working up his case. No one ever saw a fat coyote. You may catch a young one, civilize him as much as you can, feed him on canned groceries, and put a brass collar on him, but his ribs will still be his most prominent feature, and at the first favorable opportunity he will voluntarily and ungratefully leave your hospitable roof, and from choice become a roving vagabond on the prairie, living on carrion and sharing his meals with the buzzard. These predatory shadows are not at all dangerous. There is no fight in them.

That a popular fallacy regarding the ferocity of the coyote exists, was illustrated not long since in the remarks made by a Northern preacher in a sermon he preached shortly after his arrival in the state. He said: "Dear friends, methinks I see two men walking out on one of your bee-utiful prairies. They enjoy the perfume of the flowers, the songs of the innocent little birds, and the calm, quiet beauty of your g-lorious Indian summer evenings. Communing together, they walk along heedless of danger. The sun sinks to rest beyond the distant horizon; the curtain of night gradually descends and closes out the light of day; still the two men walk leisurely along, feeling safe and secure. But hark! What sound is that in the distance? What blood-curdling howl makes them arrest their steps? It is, dear friends—it is the cry of the wolves on their track—the fierce and bloodthirsty coyote in hot pursuit, ah! And what, think you, do these two unfortunate men do? One of them, my beloved congregation, realizes his danger, and running to a tree, climbs up, by the aid of a convenient branch, out of the reach of the cruel fangs of the relentless beasts of prey. He called unto his companion and said unto him, 'O my brother! reach out and take hold of this branch, climb up beside me, and be saved!' But the other said, 'No, there is no danger; the wolves are still a long way off—I hav time enough.' Alas, dear hearers, while he was yet speaking the dreadful coyotes came upon him, and rending him limb from limb, devoured him even in the twinkling of an eye. Thus it is, O careless and heedless sinners, that you to-night stand," etc.

When the preacher concluded the services and was leaving the church he was accosted by old man Parker (who has lived in Texas since '36), who said:

"Parson, the front end of your discourse was grand and gloomy, and calculated to bluff the unconverted sinner. Yon had a full hand, and might hav raked in all the mourners in the pot; but, Lord, bless your soul, you played a nine-spot when you chipped in with that coyote yarn."

IN "FLA'S" TRE.

A dashing young damsel from Me.,
With a face most uncommonly Ple.,
Had such cute little Ft.,
That when seen on the St.,
Young "Cholly" was driven Inse.

* * * * * * *

'Twas I few hours ago down in Me.,
That I kissed a dear angel named Je.
If she whispered refre.,
'Twas too low to be ple.,
So I did so age and age.


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## Gems of Thought.

I hav not been fighting a personal warfare. I hav battled for human rights, for mental liberty and freedom of the press, and I trust the friends of liberty and equality will not forsake me in my hour of trial.—*D. M. Bennett.*

Let us see just what it means "to believe in the Bible." One man means by it the acceptance as literal truth of everything in the Bible—*e. g.*, the account of the creation in six days, the story of the garden of Eden, of the universal flood and the story of Jonah—and that it is all the perfect, literal word of God. Another man thinks, etc. A third person thinks, etc. Still other persons look on the Bible as a natural book or collection of books, composed by men writing as other men do, guided by their natural faculties, and not inspired in any miraculous sense.—*W. L. Chaffin.*

"The rationalistic school certainly does not believe in results without material causes," said Richard Fullerton quietly. "And you are quite correct—it does believe in law." "The miracle of Jonah is, I fancy, a typical stumbling-block to you all?" the vicar asked blandly. "No whale could hav swallowed a man," answered Richard; "not to speak of a man living three days and three nights in the whale's belly [Mrs. Linton reads, "body," and the esthetic preacher spoke of the whale's "society." But I prefer the Bible word "belly." It is quite good enough for the story in which it is imbedded.—*Hylax.*] if he could hav been taken into it." "Not by God's power?" "Not according to the limitation of a whale's anatomy and the necessities of a man's." "And I believe it firmly," said Lady Maine emphatically: "for the Bible says, 'And God sent a great fish.'" "Yes, we may rest assured that all the miracles recorded were wrought," said Mr. Lascelles, addressing Lady Maine. "The speaking of Balaam's ass among them." "Perhaps that is the least incredible of the series," said Richard drily. "And the consuming by fire of the false priests of Baal! That, too, one may believe?" said the vicar, with a cruel gleam in his sharp gray eyes. "Yes, you priests of the dominant faith hav always been ready with fire and slaughter when you were afraid of rivals," said Richard. —*Mrs. Linton's Under Which Lord?*

Death truly is then met with the greatest tranquility, when the dying man can comfort himself with his own praise. No one dies too soon who has finished the course of virtue.—*Cicero's Tusculan Disputations.*

"Fool," he answered, "death is sure
To those who stay and those who roam,
But I will never more endure
To sit with empty hands at home.

"My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters crying, 'Stay, for shame!'
My father raves of death and wreck;
They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

"God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart
Far worse than any death to me."
—*Tennyson's Sailor Boy.*

We rejoice in the widening thought that marks this age of ours, in the broadening and sweetening sympathy that extends itself further and further where grace and compassion are needed; in the increasing fortitude and courage, in the growing determination to hold evil at bay and compel the world to giv up its long hidden secrets of knowledge and beneficence. We rejoice in all the spread of truth, in the deepening love of liberty, in the higher respect for order and harmony and peace, and in that grand vision of a nobler and better time coming that floods with light all higher spirits and touches with its beams of radiance even the dark and stubborn ground where poverty and misery hav their abode. Be it ours to feel that we liv in a world full of light and grandeur and glory; full of promis, full of coming joy. May it be the wish and purpose of our hearts to liv in such a world, not basely and meanly, but in a manner worthy of men and women, lifting up our song of praise to that which is true and beautiful and good.—*Frothingham's Consolations of Rationalism.*

For the man
Who, in this spirit, communes with the forms
Of nature; who, with understanding heart,
Doth know and love such objects as excite
No morbid passions, no disquietude,
No vengeance, and no hatreds, needs must feel
The joy of that pure principle of love
So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught
Less pure and exquisit, he cannot choose
But seek for objects of a kindred love
In fellow-natures, and a kindred joy.
—*Wordsworth's Excursion.*

Truly a thinking man is the worst enemy the prince of darkness can hav; every time such a one announces himself, I doubt not there runs a shudder through the nether empire; and new emissaries are trained, with new tactics, to, if possible, entrap him, and hoodwink and handcuff him.—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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## Notes and Clippings.

THE Boston *Herald* irreverently remarked last Monday that "fashionable churches showed a falling off in their congregations yesterday, and it is believed the religious season is drawing to a close."

NEARLY ten thousand immigrants landed at this port on Wednesday of last week. At this rate the year 1887 will be unrivaled for immigration.

THE clergymen of Omaha are endeavoring to explain the reason of the great wickedness of that city. One of them says that Omaha has gone into the real estate business, and that when a man commences to sell a thing for more than it is worth the angels weep and let him slide.—*Leavenworth Times.*

DR. MCGLYNN says that when he spoke of a "certain old gentleman in Rome," he meant Cardinal Simeoni, and "the old gentleman in this country" is Bishop Gilmour of Cleveland, who is so little in sympathy with the grievances of the people that, after a tour of Ireland, he made the remark that he had not found anybody, bishop, priest, or layman, who was able to tell him what was the matter with Ireland, anyhow.

SIX sailors from the Dale, perfect specimens of physical development, were detailed to assist in arranging the flags loaned by the Navy Department for the decoration of the Congregational church for the Grand Army reunion at Washington. On reaching the church Sunday morning they found that one of the officers of the church had spread one of the flags along the aisle. "Who put that flag down there?" angrily asked the leader of the sailors. "Mr. ——," said a bystander, "to save the carpet." "It has to come up. You may be good Christians here, but you are d——d poor Americans. Come aboard the Dale, and you will see every hat taken off as that emblem comes down." The flag came up.

A RECOMMENDATION from Mayor Hewitt urging the establishment of small parks in various parts of the city for the benefit of the poorer classes has met with a favorable reception at Albany, and the parks will be laid out when the necessary financial arrangements hav been made.

THE Rev. Matthew H. Pogson lectured on the 15th in Chickering Hall. He said that at 14 years of age he took his first glass, and at 16 he was a confirmed drunkard. Now he is a preacher of the gospel. Thus is exemplified the downward course of him who takes the first genial glass.




A NEW LAOCOÖN.

ACCORDING to the *Diario Romano*, it is now precisely 2,641 years since Mr. Romulus, C. E., first laid out the streets and lots of Rome, and the event is still celebrated in the Eternal City by the illumination of the Coliseum and the Forum, and by banquets at which the memory of the distinguished citizen is appropriately disposed of in silence.

THERE is talk among Canadian statesmen of a commercial union between the United States and Canada on a basis of free trade. Political union is also spoken of.

"HOADLY for judge? He has some fine qualities, but if there is anything he lacks it does seem to be judgment."—*Catholic Sun.* The best evidence that Judge Hoadly has shown of not possessing good judgment was when he became bondsman for a Catholic in the Archbishop Purcell swindle, and lost $60,000.

COLONEL INGERSOLL tells a new story of the first time he ever heard of Philadelphia—a place which, by the way, he does not like, because the Quaker City folk once threatened to put him in jail. The scene of the tale is out in Illinois, and the time many years ago. A schoolmaster had just been brought out from Philadelphia, and he at once set to work to find out where his new scholars stood in the matter of enlightenment. He tried them first on old Independence Hall. "There is a building in my city," he said, "that ought to make every one's heart throb with patriotism on seeing it or hearing of it. It is a grand building, full of the nation's life blood." Then he asked those scholars who knew the building he meant to raise their hands. Not a hand went up. Astonished and grieved at this woful ignorance, the Quaker City pedagog once more expounded the claims of the unknown building to fame, and then called for another raising of hands. This time a little Hebrew lad over in one corner of the room said that he knew it. "What is it, then, my little patriot?" said the gladdened schoolmaster. "The mint!" yelled the little fellow.

IN the debate on the interminable side issues of the Irish question in the British Parliament two weeks ago, Mr. Bradlaugh found an opportunity of paying some of his debts to Lord Randolph Churchill. "Mr. Bradlaugh," says the correspondent of the New York *Sun*, "has never forgotten the exciting times when Lord Randolph Churchill took high moral ground, made himself the champion of Christian morality, and exulted over the unpleasant experiences through which the unbelieving member has passed. Churchill has the bad habit of changing his mind very often, and of thinking different things on different days. In this debate he cheerfully expressed sentiments directly opposit to those which he had avowed but a few months previously, and then came Bradlaugh's opportunity. He arose on Thursday afternoon, and tore the erractic Churchill, surnamed 'The Stormy Petrel of the House of Commons,' most thoroughly into pieces. It was evident to every one, and especially so to his lordship, who was present, that he was in hands so powerful as to make his squirming useless. For over an hour Mr. Bradlaugh continued his torturing process, permitting not one weak spot in the ex-chancellor's moral armor to escape him, while the Irish and Liberal members cheered and laughed as they hav not done this session; for Bradlaugh was witty as well as severe. Pious strangers in the gallery shook their heads mournfully that so bad a man as the Infidel Bradlaugh should be allowed to score such a victory. The speech was, in many ways, the best heard in the House this session. Upon its conclusion Churchill went out for an extended walk among the lobbies and corridors. His failure even to attempt a reply lent emphasis to the fulness of his defeat."

# Communications.

## The Age of the Earth and Man.

It is quite refreshing in this age of religious doubt and unbelief, and especially of ingenious sophistry on the part of eminent theologians in regard to the interpretation of the early chapters of Genesis, to find an intelligent and able man like Mr. J. W. Grabill, your correspondent, prepared to defend biblical chronology and biblical science against the latest views advanced by biblical commentators and men of science.

In my article on "The Age of Man" I affirmed that "the records of the Greeks and Romans show these great empires to hav been inhabited by civilized people as far back as 800 B.C." I further declared that the Chinese might be "found in a highly civilized condition, with a monarchy and a government, as far back as 2500 B.C.; while, according to such eminent authorities as Lepsius and Bunsen, the Egyptians hav a history that carries us back more than four thousand years B C."

To this statement Mr. Grabill demurs. He alleges that there is no evidence in support of it; that neither written records, architectural monuments, fragmentary remains, tradition, nor indeed anything that may fairly be regarded as evidence can be adduced in support of my statemeut. Now, in respect to Egypt, Mr. Grabill is good enough to cite the authority of Manetho, an Egyptian historian who lived in the reign of Ptolemy I., to demonstrate that the "first rulers in Egypt were gods, spirits, etc., and therefore that the early history of Egypt, to use his own very accurate language, "is shrouded in ignorance and fabulous conjecture."

It is quite true that in connection with Egyptian history and tradition there are a number of religious fables, such as we find associated with the early history and tradition of all other nations; but while Mr. Grabill quotes Manetho to discredit him, we find an eminent scientist like Quatrefages—himself opposed to the Darwinian theory—on the authority of Mariette-Bey, declaring that "the lists of Manetho go back to 5004 before our era" (Human Species, page 130) in proof of the great age of the Egyptian race.

And if this be true we are at once taken back a thousand years before the alleged creation of the world and man, and hav the further difficulty that, even according to the Bible, the Egyptian people were in a fairly advanced condition soon after the deluge, with a powerful monarchy and an army sufficiently strong and well trained to conquer the Jews and put them into subjection.

Mr. Grabill, to be thoroughly logical and consistent, believes in the historical accuracy of the biblical flood, with its manifold absurdities and impossibilities. He does not, it is true, say whether he believes in a local or a universal flood, but if he believes in the latter he must assuredly believe that the Egyptians, if there were any before that time, were swept off the face of the earth, and that this ancient race must hav been established afresh after the deluge.

But, according to Nott (Types of Man, page 211): "When Egypt first presents itself to our view, she stands forth, not in childhood, but with the maturity of manhood's age, arrayed in the time-worn habiliments of civilization. Her tombs, her temples, her pyramids, her manners, customs, and arts all betoken a full-grown nation. The sculptures of the fourth dynasty, the earliest extant, show that the arts of that day, some 3500 B C.—date of Menes, more than 3400 B C. (Humboldt), 3643 B.C. (Bunsen), 3892 B.C. (Kenrick), 3893 B.C. (Lepsius), 3895 B C. (Hincks), in each case more than a thousand years before the Usherian date of the deluge—had already arrived at a perfection little inferior to that of the eighteenth dynasty, which until lately was regarded as her Augustan age."

On the other hand, if Mr. Gabrill believes in a local flood—a flood which drowned the Jews, but respectfully refused to touch the Chinese—when he has explained why God should require Noah to gather all the animals into the ark, while many of them might hav remained unhurt on their nativ soil, or why Noah and his family did not emigrate to some other country, and thus avoid being caged with wild beasts in an ark for forty days and forty nights—while God mercilessly destroyed "every creature that had the breath of life"—I will begin to consider seriously how, regarding the Bible as true, there could hav been an Egyptian race before the flood, and from which of Adam's children they descended. Till then, however, I will let the above quotations, with one other, stand as my reply to your correspondent's first point. My other quotation is this. It is from Kenrick's "Ancient Egypt," page 131. The writer says: "The glimpse which we thus obtain of Egypt in the fifth century after Menes, according to the lowest computation (still a thousand years before the deluge), reveals to us some general facts which lead to important inferences. In all its general characteristics Egypt was the same as we see it a thousand years later, a well organized monarchy and religion elaborated throughout the country—the system of hieroglyphic writing the same, in all its leading peculiarities, and it continued to the end of the monarchy of the Pharaohs."

And now we come to the second point. Mr. Gabrill says that my declaration as to the Chinese being "found in a highly civilized condition, with a monarchy and government, as far back as 2,500 years B.C. is a wholly gratuitous statement."

Indeed! Mr. Gabrill is surely not stupid enough to imagin that I made such a statement on my own responsibility, apart altogether from authoritativ evidence on the subject.

Now, the Duke of Argyll, who certainly is not biased in favor of the view I take, in his "Primitiv Man" actually quotes Meadows on this very point as follows: "There is another civilization which appears to be almost as ancient as that of Egypt, and which has been far more enduring. The authentic records of the Chinese empire are said to begin 2,400 B.C.—300 years before Abraham. They begin, too, apparently with a kingdom already established with a capital city and with a settled government."

But according to Bunsen, another great authority, it took 5,000 years to form the Chinese language, which was begun about 20,000 B. C.

If we pay any attention to the theory that the age of man on the earth is less than 6,000 years, we are confronted with so many difficulties of an insuperable character that unless we set aside altogether the testimony of modern science, and common sense inferences from obvious facts, and open wide the mouth of credulity, the Mosaic story of the age and development of man on the earth is simply incredible. If Adam was the first man, what sort of man was he? Was he Jew? Then I am not his descendant. Was he Chinese? Then I am not his descendant. Was he Hindoo? Then I am not his descendant. Of what color and type was Adam? I confess I do not know, but neither does Mr. Grabill; but it is certain that he could not hav combined in himself all the diverse characteristics of the numerous races of men now on the earth; and though I am not disposed to argue for more than one species of man, I think that no man of science would go as far as to declare that it was possible for the numerous and diverse types of men to hav emerged from one single pair within the limits of the time claimed by biblical chronology. Moreover, as most men of science believe that man is the off-shoot of the ape, it is quite within the range of probability that one branch of the genus homo went off in one direction, and another in another, and from these, through the slow evolutionary process, the various races of men of diverse types descended. And as Haeckel well says (Pedigree of Man, page 80): "In that long chain of many generations that formed the transition from the men-apes to the ape-men, and from these last to actual articulate-speaking man, no single pair can be designated as 'the first pair of human beings.'"

But because Moses, in an age of ignorance, said that man originated from one pair, Mr. Grabill asks us to conclude that "either he (Moses) was gifted with faculties far surpassing all human experience, or else his knowledge was divine."

But what does Mr. Grabill mean by divine? Do human beings possess faculties that are not human but superhuman? The word "divine" has no meaning except to persons who hav had a theological training; that is, persons who hav been trained to accept everything as gospel which they cannot understand. Besides, I deny that Moses says that man originated from one single pair. If Mr. Grabill will look in the first chapter of Genesis (which, by the by, was neither written by Moses nor by anybody acquainted with the alleged facts it contains) he will find that "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he them; male and female created he them."

That is, God did not create one single pair, but numerous men and women.

In the second chapter, which also was not written by Moses, I know we are told that God created one man, and then, as an afterthought, one woman to be his "helpmeet;" but a manifest contradiction like this surely does not demonstrate that the writer was gifted with faculties far surpassing all human experience, or that "his knowledge was divine," unless, indeed, "divine" means something approaching foolishness, which in many cases I hav found it to be.

All that Mr. Grabill says about the time it has taken to produce many varieties of dogs and pigeons is quite beside the question.

Professor Haeckel has traced the dog back to the jackal and the wolf as clearly as Huxley has the horse to the bear. Then, again, Mr. Grabill says: "Oriental scholars hav by patient diligence deciphered the inscriptions which the temples, palaces, and fragmentary remains of Egypt, Assyria, and India bear, and what is the result? They hav added immeasurably to our knowledge of those ancient times, and both corroborated and explained in a wonderful manner the brief allusions of the Bible."

That the investigations of oriental scholars hav added immensely to our knowledge I am not prepared to dispute, but I deny altogether that they corroborate what Mr. Grabill calls "the brief allusions of the Bible." What brief allusions? What could oriental scholars corroborate in reference to the Mosaic account of the origin of man, by reference to monuments, inscriptions, or fragmentary remains? Certainly not that man was less than six thousand years old, and most assuredly not that he was of one type and one race? What then? Let Mr. Grabill reply.

Then your correspondent on his own responsibility, and presumably of his own superior knowledge, disputes Humboldt's calculation that a cypress-tree in New Orleans was six thousand years old, though there were four fossil forests above the root of said tree, under which the skeleton of a man was found.

If Humboldt's calculation stood by itself, it would not be without value, but when it is corroborated from a hundred other sources, the degree of probability attaching to its truthfulness is very much hightened. Mr. Grabill disposes of Wm. Pengelly's "three hundred thousand years as the lowest estimate for man's existence in England" by cutting off two naughts from the right of this scientist's calculation, and thus by a very easy process takes three thousand years as a period "approximating correctness."

Mr. Pengelly's calculation he calls "mere guesswork." But is this true? How was the calculation made? "We know," said this scientist in his lecture on "The Time that Has Elapsed Since the Era of the Cave Men of Devonshire," "that in Kent's Cavern there are inscriptions on the granular stalagmite, and we know further that the lines of drainage of the cavern (Kent's Cavern) hav not changed. Now, if it takes two hundred and fifty years to form the twentieth of an inch in thickness in a part of a cavern where the stalagmite has been formed with unusual rapidity, judging from these bosses, you perceive clearly enough that it would take twenty times that amount of time at that rate to represent an inch—that is, five thousand years, and we hav fully five feet to account for in the granular stalagmite only. Now, ladies and gentlemen, are you prepared for that amount of time? Five thousand years for an inch, and sixty inches—sixty times five thousand years."

Does Mr. Grabill doubt that scientifie men can calculate with marvelous precision and accuracy the movements of the heavenly bodies? And if he does not doubt this, surely he should be able to advance a reason why he should discredit the statements and calculations of men of science who make geology and paleontology their special studies.

Your correspondent concludes by admitting "that it is true that the remains of man are found in the deposits of the quaternary age, but no such remains hav been found which carries the human period back more than a few thousand years."

A few thousand years! Yes, Mr. Grabill, truly a few thousand; a considerable "few," however, longer than the biblical six thousand.

Mr. Grabill's statement reminds me of the lines:

> In our Sunday-school they told
> Man was not so very old,
> For God formed him from red mold
> Years ago, six thousand.

But science teaches that

> When youth and young manhood came,
> This seemed not so very plain;
> Oft we thought and thought again,
> Only just six thousand?
>
> Then when history we read,
> This can never be, we said;
> More in number must hav fled
> Than some mere six thousand.
>
> For th' historic scribes aver
> Egypt's older, and for her
> Claim a full ten thousand year
> More, this, than six thousand.
>
> Now upgrown, we scan more wide,
> Nor can dogmas false abide.
> Science bears us on her tide
> Far from years six thousand.
>
> Bone needles, and knives of stone,
> Flint tools formed in ages gone,
> Up dug, are in triumph shown.
> Foolish, fond six thousand.
>
> Thus we come to clearly see,
> As we ask, When first lived he?
> That man's years more likely be
> More than six hundred thousand.

But Mr. Grabill must not suppose that all the paleontological evidence can be set aside because he is not satisfied that the Mosaic theory has been refuted.

When the German scientist, F. F. Esper, in 1774 discovered some human bones mingled with the remains of the northern bear and other extinct species in Gailenruth, Bavaria, the Mosaic story was rendered doubtful. When Tournal in 1826 gave to the world the result of his discoveries in a cave in Aude (France), where he found bones of the bison and reindeer cut and carved by the hand of man; when Schmerling in 1833 made further discoveries of the same kind in Belgium; when in 1858 Pengelly supplemented these discoveries by finding human remains under stalagmite in England; when in 1863

Boucher de Perthes, of Abbeville, discovered at Moulin Quignon at a depth of fifteen feet, in a virgin argilo-ferruginous bed belonging to the later Pliocene or early Pleistocene period, the half of a human lower jaw-bone, by the side of a flint hatchet and not far from it two mammoths' teeth; when Dupont in 1864 found in the Tesse valley three different layers of human and other remains, side by side with bones of the mammoth, rhinoceros, and other extinct animals, the Mosaic story by rational beings was no longer doubted—it was discredited and denied. And no argument Mr. Grabill has yet advanced has in the smallest degree weakened the force of these and similar facts which I advanced in my former paper to demonstrate the vast antiquity of man.

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

## McArthur's Challenge to Lambert.

MR. LAMBERT'S REPLY TO MR. M'ARTHUR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* McArthur seems to be much irritated at my neglect of him. He is not the first to take up the defense of Ingersoll. He has been anticipated by Mr. B. W. Lacy, who wrote a good-sized book which he called "Reply to Lambert's Notes on Ingersoll." I hav written a rejoinder to this reply, which is now going through the press in Buffalo, and will be on sale in the course of a few weeks. This will explain my reason for ignoring McArthur; I was dealing with an abler and better informed man.

But as McArthur is evidently spoiling for a fight, I see no reason why he should not be accommodated, providing he accepts it on the lines indicated by my challenge. In the concluding paragraph of the "Notes," I made the following statements:

> We hav said enough to convince our readers that Mr. Ingersoll is profligate of statement; that he is not to be trusted; that he is unscrupulous; that as a logician and metaphysician he is beneath contempt; that he is a mere galvanizer of old objections long ago refuted; that he is ignorant and superficial—full of gas and gush—in a word, that he is a philosophical charlatan of the first water, who mistakes curious listeners for disciples, and applause for approval" (Notes, page 200).

These are the points which I claimed to hav established in the "Notes." I then continued as follows:

> Of course, we do not expect him to reply to us, and for several reasons. First, he will not want to; second, he cannot; third, he can pretend not to notice an obscure country pastor. Very well, *then let some of his disciples or admirers try to rehabilitate his smirched character.* We hold ourselvs responsible to him and all the glib little whiffets of his shallow school.

I now repeat the charges and the challenge, and address them directly to McArthur. It will be well for him to observe, if he accepts this challenge, that the discussion between him and me is not whether Christianity is true or false, but whether my charges against Ingersoll are true or false. Both Mr. Lacy and McArthur hav mistaken the issue raised by my challenge. They seem to think that they can defend Ingersoll by attacking Christianity. This is a great mistake on their part, for I hold that my charges are true whether Christianity be true or false. Hence, even if they were to prove Christianity to be false it would not in the least effect my charges against Ingersoll. Ingersoll's chicanery, double-dealing, misrepresentations, and contradictions would be equally reprehensible if directed against Mormonism or Mohammedanism.

My charges can be answered only by being taken up *seriatim* and disproved. When McArthur disproves or admits them, it will be time to consider the propriety of discussing with him the claims of Christianity.

Both he and Mr. Lacy erred when they imagined that I volunteered as a sitter to be talked at by every Tom, Dick, or Harry who suffers under the hallucination that he has something to say worth listening to.

"I hav no doubt," says McArthur, "that Mr. Ingersoll had good and sufficient reasons for declining to meet Mr. Lambert." There are very many who are of McArthur's way of thinking.

Again he says, "It is not customary for a leader to go out of his way to answer every charge, even if made by a clergyman."

Men of character and standing do not consider it "going out of their way" when they defend themselvs against charges so serious as to affect their honor and veracity. It is their custom to meet them, and when they fail to do so they favor the suspicion that they cannot.

Again, McArthur tells us that "the curious reader of the "Notes" will find a reason on its every page, and may possibly determin that Mr. Ingersoll simply declined to 'stoop to conquer.'" I tried to put a reason on every page why he should decline to stoop to conquer, and it appears that he has deemed them sufficient. But to the sneer of McArthur, I retort that the intelligent reader of his article will see in it good and sufficient reasons why I should pay no attention whatever to what he may say. For instance, when he meets Dr. Brownson's psychological argument for the existence of God by a sneering reference to his poverty, and a malicious insinuation that the doctor was not sincere in his convictions, he proves that he is more of an adept in slander than in logic. Yet this is the gentleman who insists that arguments should be "impersonal." The fact that Brownson is dead makes it all the more safe for McArthur to indulge in his sneers. The jackass can kick with impunity the dead lion.

L. A. LAMBERT.

MR. M'ARTHUR'S REJOINDER.

The above answer, if answer it may be considered, shows the true animus of the "Notes." Christianity is not to be defended, but a blackguard attack on one who is the peer of any living man is the question, and the only question, this reverend self-confessed smircher deems worthy of consideration.

To the millions who are acquainted with Mr. Ingersoll, either personally or by his lectures, it is now obvious why he declined to "stoop to conquer;" why, as a clean man, he viewed with loathing one who, though called of God, dealt only in the most scurrilous language, and ignored all the usages of decent society.

His God, so this reverend smircher fondly believes, called him to his present position as a teacher; and having been educated, possibly, by the charity of the hundreds of thousands of Irish servants throughout this country, anointed with holy oil, and his mind illumined by the Holy Ghost, he rushes unsolicited into a controversy carried on by two gentlemen, and slings at one of them the epithets of "ghoul, blatant blasphemer, mountebank, philosophical charlatan, ignorant, superficial, full of gas and gush," etc., etc. The gentleman thus maligned had among other things remarked, "Water always runs down hill." For this unphilosophical assertion he is anathematized, and all the loving terms this Christian gentleman had ever heard of or could possibly manufacture were bestowed on him with unstinted hand.

I, also, poor I, thinking it possible there was an honest priest in this country—one who was true to his convictions, one who dared to defend in public what he was supposed to practice in private, one who could satisfy me that I had an immortal soul which could be saved only through the holy Catholic church—I dared to address a note to this vicegerent of God, and in answer am assured that I am a jackass.

Well, possibly that may be, but my opinion of the "Notes" still remains unchanged, and I think if they are on record in the "New Jerusalem," that God has exclaimed, "Save me from my friends!" for I feel certain that no honest God could read them without feeling convinced that in securing the services of this Waterloo theologian the world's people had lost, and he had gained, simply *nothing*.

Of late years this seems to be the ending of religious controversies. Ever since the discussion between Pope and Maguire, embryonic theologians of the Catholic stripe hav hesitated arguing the merits of their system. It seems to giv too much publicity. Publicity causes thought; thought is destructiv of arbitrary creed, and Rome trembles at the possible consequences. She would rather hav her dogmas expounded from the pulpit by her trained servants. They are to be the only enlightened ones, or, as the *Catholic Review* of late issue more graphically puts it:

> We do not, indeed, prize as high as some of our countrymen do the ability to read, write, and cipher. Some men are born to be leaders, and the rest are born to be led. The best ordered and administered state is that in which the few are well educated and lead, and the many are trained to obedience.

To which I would add an oriental proverb, and attract the attention of the reverend smircher to it: "The man who knows something, and who knows that he knows something, is a happy man; the man who knows nothing, and who knows that he knows nothing, is comparativly happy; but the man who knows nothing, but does not know that he knows nothing, is a wretched fool."

The reason is patent why the reverend smircher declines to argue on *cold facts;* why he loads his opponent with abuse. It is simply because he knows that if the inner workings of his system were laid bare they would shock the sensibilities of a Digger Indian. He knows full well that the claims of his masters will not bear the light of investigation, so he would rather remain a slave to a parcel of Italian lazzaroni, and retain his easy situation, than boldly strike out like a man and earn his own living.

Rome is gradually undergoing the process of disintegration. She has ceased directing the policy of nations, and the presumed successor of the meek and lowly Jesus no longer has armies and navies at his command. Her God has deserted her, and, like Patience, she sits on a monument smiling at grief—not her grief, but that which she has caused humanity for so many years.

Her *anathema sit* (which, being anglicized, means God damn you, or go to hell) is now a meaningless ecclesiastical term, and having played its part as a boomerang, has been relegated to its proper position among the low and vulgar.

She still retains her dogmas, wealth of ritual, pictures, music, incense—in fact, all that appeals to the eye, but her strength has been sapped by the printing-press and public school, and her last hold on the credulity of her followers is of such a slight nature that her priests dare not let in light, but hav recourse to vilification, and that alone, when they meet an opponent.

Attacked on all sides, she has received the worst blows from her own children; in fact, from those who would sacrifice health, fame, wealth, family, all that man holds dear, rather than deprive her of even one of her many claims.

When M. le Maistre was preparing his work, "Du Pape," every facility was accorded him for gathering facts. Archives closed to the outer world were opened to him. As he proceeded he became gradually aware of the character of these vicegerents of God, and he hesitated at completing his task. But the work had been promised, the world expected it, and this good son of the church was forced to groan out, "At the time when courtesans, monsters of licentiousness and wickedness, taking advantage of the public disorders, disposed of things at Rome and contrived to place their sons and lovers on the seat of St. Peter, I most expressly deny that those men were popes."

Is it any wonder that under such a showing the reverend smircher declines to argue on *cold facts?* Bearing allegiance to such a power, as depicted by one of his own people, is it strange that his only recourse should be vilification and abuse? Who blames him for not having accepted my one hundred dollars offered if he would meet Mr. J. E. Remsburg for five nights? It might hav been made a thousand, yet the reverend smircher would hav declined. I simply desired to show his admirers that he had been masquerading for two years in a lion's skin.

In regard to the insinuation that I sneered at Dr. Brownson's poverty, I will simply say, I did not. I stated facts, and anyone acquainted with the New York Catholics of forty years ago knows my statement to be correct.

Mr. Donnelly, a wealthy merchant, first conceived the idea of this *Review*, and it is notorious that O. A. Brownson undertook its management and became a Catholic only after several thousands of dollars had been subscribed. At that time he was living in the upper portion of a rather obscure tenement house in a very unsavory part of the city. His son was educated for the priesthood, and on several occasions was severely reprimanded for drunkenness. The *Review* fell to pieces of its own weight, but not till after Archbishop Hughes had felt constrained, on several occasions, to notify this profoundly philosophical editor that his articles were not only too heavy, but that they trenched on forbidden grounds. That Bronson died of an over-dose of chloral is, or was, an open secret; my informant being his physician, a prominent Catholic.

I am thus particular, Rev. Smircher, because, being a pagan, I am true to my church, which teaches, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, and I do not desire to hav even you think there is one particle of Christianity in or about me.

In this treatment of the dead, we differ essentially from you Christians. One of the most powerful sermons I ever heard was a vilification of Thomas Paine, delivered by the Rev. Mr. Walworth. I adverted to it in my letters to "D. C." Not many years afterward, the nephew of this Rev. Smircher invited his own father to visit him at his hotel, and then and there murdered the old man. I mention this incidentally. Possibly, if I were a Catholic, I might say it was a punishment from God for the vilification of the memory of one of the noblest characters in history—a man who rose to the sublime when he said, "The world is my country, to do good my religion."

In conclusion, Rev. Smircher, I will simply add that I am not open for an argument with you. My few friends are ladies and gentlemen, people unaccustomed to either smirch or be smirched, and valuing their society very highly, I am disinclined to introduce a new element.

Your admirers hav received copies of our correspondence, and will also receive a copy of this, and you can, if you so desire, explain to them by mail any other points you may wish to elucidate.

You digged a pit,
You digged it deep,
You digged it for your brother.
But it so fell out
That you fell in
The pit you digged for another.

Yours, MCARTHUR.

## A Religious Editor Needed.

*From the Baltimore American.*

There is a great laugh going around town at the expense of ex-Public Printer Rounds. When Mr. Rounds went out of office he went to Omaha and assumed charge of the Omaha *Republican*. Fortune has smiled upon him in his new field of labor, but it is evident that his early piety has been sadly neglected. In the Easter edition of his paper there appeared a very full and elaborate account of the Easter services, but, unfortunately for him, it was "love's labor lost," for his readers were so taken by the head-lines that they never got any further. Here they are: "Echoes of Easter—How the Savior's Birthday was Beautifully Observed in Omaha."

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## One of the Coons Comes Down.

The Executiv Committee of the American Museum of Natural History has sent the following letter to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment of this city, and a copy has also been forwarded to the Department of Parks:

"Your honorable bodies hav on former occasions called our attention to the desire that our museum should be open to the public on Sundays, and stated that if such an opening was made an additional sum would be appropriated by the city toward defraying the expense thereof. In order that a full discussion of that subject by our trustees could be had, at the invitation of the mayor (who is one of the trustees), a special meeting was called at his house, March 21st last, to discuss the subject of Sunday opening. A resolution was offered to open the museum on Sunday, and the same was rejected.

"The mayor expressed his own opinion, and supposed he did also that of other members of your boards, that unless some arrangement was made to open the museum on Sunday probably no additional money would be voted by your boards to the museum hereafter for any purpose.

"It was with this view of the subject that on further discussion a resolution was adopted declaring the museum open on Sunday, and asking the executiv committee to confer with us.

"In pursuance of the instructions of the trustees embodied in the resolutions, the executiv committee hav carefully considered the whole subject as to what the additional cost of the museum would be by opening on Sunday from 1 to 6 o'clock, and hav come to the following conclusions, which they desire to present to your honorable boards:

"The present yearly expense of the museum, including the salaries of the curators, clerks, engineer, janitor, night watchman, and attendants, labor, coal, supplies, repairs, etc., is $23,889,88. Of this the city pays $15,000 for value received by opening to the public free four days in each week, and the balance is made up mostly by gifts from the trustees, they having contributed during the past year, for this purpose, $7,500. This year the expenses will be increased at least $5,000 for additional superintendence, labor, and clerical force that will be required, making probably a yearly expense of about $29,000, irrespectiv of Sunday opening.

"To open the museum on Sunday the committee, after a careful investigation of the whole subject, and full conference with the curators of the different departments, janitor, and engineer, giv the estimate of what the increased cost will be. It will be about $9,140.

"If it be true, as is stated by the papers and individuals who favor Sunday opening, that great crowds will flock to the museum on that day, you will readily see the increased responsibility of the trustees for providing for extra care of the collections. If, on the other hand, crowds do not come, it would seem that there would be no necessity for opening the museum on Sundays, and the city might be saved this expense.

"We also assume that contributions and subscriptions now received from friends of the museum who are unfavorable to the opening on Sunday will be withdrawn.

"We hav, therefore, come to the conclusion that if the museum be opened on Sunday, in accordance with the demands of the city authorities, the city should assume the expense. We therefore respectfully ask that you arrange to giv us $15,000 additional per annum for opening to the public free on Sundays, thus making a total of $30,000 annually."

Mr. Morris K. Jesup is president of this museum, and he has been the head and front of the opposition to Sunday opening, the other officials merely clinging to his coattails. His descent is not performed very gracefully, and the evident intention of the museum officers is to squeeze the municipal orange for all it is worth, now that they are crowded into offering Sunday opening. The figures set are about twice or three times the extra cost entailed by continuous opening, and if the offer is accepted by the city the trustees should not be allowed to set apart two days in the week exclusivly for the visits of the five-hundred and one-thousand-dollar a-year patrons of the museum. Little credit is due the officials for the offer. They know that without Sunday opening they must giv up all hope of getting the four hundred thousand dollars which the legislature granted providing the Board of Estimate and Apportionment agreed. This board, which has absolute power to giv or withhold the money, is well known to be stoutly in favor of Sunday opening. Hence the come down of the coon. The surrender, however, the animal wishes to make with as much profit to itself as possible.

After all, it might be best for the city to pay all the expenses of the museums, and take charge of them. The time proposed by the trustees of Sunday opening—from 1 to 6 P.M.—is not sufficient. It should be from 10 A.M. to 7 P.M. If the city owned the institutions in whole, the matter could be arranged to suit the convenience of the people. By not opening the doors until 1 o'clock the trustees think they hav avoided placing temptation to stay away from church before the people of the city, and thereby saved what little conscience they may possess. This higgling and bargain-driving simply shows that though the trustees may be very religious, they are not extraordinarily honest; for if their objections to Sunday opening were based on honest adherence to principle, no amount of money that could be offered would induce them to violate their convictions.

But though the city pay a high price for a limited concession, it is better than sinking half the money and getting no return at all. The present trustees cannot reasonably hope to liv forever, and in the twentieth century New York may enjoy the treasures which it has cost so many hundreds of thousands of dollars to possess.

## The Two Tyrannies of Russia.

In a little book recently published by Demas Barnes are found many important facts concerning that imperial despot among nations, the Russian empire. Mr. Barnes was traveling through northern Europe in search of cooling breezes—traveling, too, with wide-open eyes, and judgment unclouded by superstition—and what he found besides the breezes he recorded for the benefit of the readers of a Brooklyn newspaper. But with that calm omniscience which distinguishes the usual editor, the gentleman who controled the Brooklyn journal cut out the most interesting portions of the correspondence, and Mr. Barnes, who is a gentleman of wealth as well as of talent, has given us his book to set himself right.

Russia is generally known to be in civilization the most backward of the nations, and its government is the most atrociously despotic. Her rulers riot in wealth, her peasantry grovel in poverty. There is no freedom, and none of the people seem able to comprehend the meaning of the term. The czar is a father with an enormous family of children, most of whom are bad, and the rod of correction is never idle. The prisons are always full; Siberia's population is steadily increasing by accession and decreasing by death; no person in power feels secure from the bomb or bullet of the Nihilist, and no man in the realm can tell when he may be hauled before a magistrate and charged with treason. The empire is chaos, kept from bursting by the application of an enormous pressure of physical force.

As a student trained to seeking causes of phenomena, Mr. Barnes endeavored to find out what keeps Russia, naturally so prolific in food and raw material for manufacturing purposes, in such degradation. He found surface indications showing two causes —government and religion. The last analysis would, however, show but one—religion. For if it were not for their religion, or rather superstition, the people would never submit to the present government. The territory of Russia includes about one twenty-fifth of the globe, and her natural resources are inexhaustible. In a condition of savagery, she is still the most formidable competitor of the United States in the production of cereals, wool, flax, hemp, tobacco, salt, the precious metals, and petroleum. Eastern Russia is naturally as rich as any portion of this country. On the alluvial lands of the Volga and other rivers the soil is deep and enduring. Some labor-saving machinery is used there, but it is all imported from America. Russians do not invent. The railroads are built by foreigners. Men who in America would be managing banks and manufactories are in Russia porters at hotels, cooks in kitchens, or at best painters of madonnas and chiselers of images. A young man cannot change his vocation, as with us, but he must continue as his father lived before him. The cobbler's bench and the plow-handles are hereditary, like the czar's crown. Manufacturing privileges are farmed out by the government as monopolies, and public works carried on by favored agents of the district governments. And the imperial government takes good care that things shall remain as they are. Intercourse with the outside world is almost impossible—clearly so without the knowledge of the government spies. Russia is fortified on all sides by fortresses and guns, and a secret espionage is zealously maintained. The people are taxed to support a standing army of hundreds of thousands of men, and upon the castles and palaces of royalty and the nobility has been wasted, says Mr. Barnes, money sufficient to hav created a rebellion anywhere except under a tyrannical government like that of Russia. To obtain money to pay their taxes the peasants liv in hovels, plow with a forked stick, and thresh grain by whipping handfuls of straw over the end of a board. In the Kremlin museums there is wasted wealth sufficient to develop the resources of the whole empire. Silver and gold, malachite, jasper, rubies, diamonds, and sapphires are not only worked into crowns, thrones, and vestments, but they are formed into furniture, and make fire-places, walls, and ceilings. The rapacity and avariciousness of the government and the nobility are infinit. Within the Kremlin walls, where are the palaces of the czar, the treasury, public buildings, and royal churches, the wealth squandered appals the beholder. Some of the walls are plated a sixteenth of an inch thick with gold. Seventy thousand pearls are worked into a suit of clothes, worn, perhaps, once by a czar. The military fortifications which protect Moscow and these treasures are twenty-three miles in circumference. The peace army of Russia is eight hundred and twenty thousand men. In time of war she can put into the field over four million. Seldom are there less than a million and a half of men under arms for the people to support. The wage of farm laborers is about twenty cents per day, the pay of female servants about three dollars per month. The peasants liv upon lentils, rye bread, potatoes, and though a sheep may be purchased for the price of a day's work, so poor is the peasantry that the laborer seldom tastes meat. Women work in the fields, and the children are never educated. Seventy millions of Russia's population liv in log cabins, the individual cost of which would not exceed one hundred dollars. A log cabin for a home; rye bread, lentils, and potatoes to eat—that is the portion of the peasant for a life of toil; the balance that he can earn is grabbed from him by the government and the church.

The church in Russia is back of the government, and the two can scarcely be separated. The church, however, as well as government officials, comes in direct contact with the people, and the tyranny of their religion is, says Mr. Barnes, worse, if possible, than the tyranny of the government. The Greek Catholic church is the original Catholic religion, and claims to inherit the true succession from Christ. The people of Russia believe this; they believe in patriarchal infallibility, and readily and submissivly do whatever the priests command. And the first commandment of the church is to giv to the church a large portion of their earnings, and a last commandment is like unto it—giv to the priests half of what remains. To show the superstitious submissivness of the people, Mr. Barnes relates that when at one time the church issued an order that, as potatoes are not mentioned in the Bible, the people must not eat potatoes, potatoes were banished and the people went back to eating more weeds!

There are over forty thousand Greek Catholic churches in Russia, besides numberless religious institutions, such as monasteries, where the monks liv on contributions from the people. No person is per-

mitted to change his religion, except in case of marriage, when the husband must embrace the religion of the wife. The churches of Russia are as gorgeous as the homes of the peasants are squalid. Their domes and minarets are gilded, and each church costs more than the homes of a hundred thousand of the people who worship in them. The churches of Moscow—about a thousand in number—are the grandest in the world. Most of them hav from five to twenty-five domes and minarets, and some hav from fifty to one hundred. They are colored white, green, red, or blue, or are covered with silver or gold. The Cathedral of the Assumption, in which the czars are crowned, is decorated with columns of porphyry and jasper, with the floor paved with agates and carnelians, and walls covered with mosaics of priceless materials. Aside from this, the money paid to support the priesthood, from the patriarch in Jerusalem to the priest of the parish, is frightful in amount. Untold wealth is lavished upon shrines, pictures, vestments, and other ecclesiastical paraphernalia, and the army of idle priests and monks numbers scores of thousands. These must all be supported by the people, seventy millions of whom are but just emerging from the slavery of serfhood, and living upon rye bread and potatoes, cultivating the ground with the rudest kind of tools, and considering themselvs fortunate to escape the long tramp to Siberia!

Is it any wonder, when we know these things, that the most familiar message that comes over the wires from Russia is, "Another attempt upon the life of the czar?" As the head of the church and absolute owner of the lives of his subjects, he unites in himself the two brutal forces that are crushing the life from the people. But the murder of a czar will little affect the people until they destroy the ecclesiastical system back of him. When they learn that kings are not divinely appointed they may hav a government that will leave upon their tables something better than potatoes, and allow them to hav a few of the necessaries of life in their log cabins.

## God and His Slaves.

In the following paragraph the editors of the *Independent* giv away the whole basis of Christianity:

"Dr. Charles S. Robinson, of this city, has an article in the May number of the *Homiletic Review*, bearing the following rather startling title: 'Where was the Creator Before the Creation?' It is clearly a doctrin of the Bible, which reason finds no difficulty in accepting, that there is a God, one and only one supreme being, the Jehovah of the Old Testament, and that this one God is self-existent and eternal, without beginning and without end, and that all other forms of existence, whether material or non-material, are to be traced to him as the products of his power. What then about this God 'before the creation?' We do not understand the Bible to giv any answer to this question other than the fact of his existence as the same God that he is after creation. The passages referred to by Dr. Robinson manifestly refer to God in creation and after it, and not 'before creation.' Reason, leaping beyond its own bounds, may ask Dr. Robinson's question, but plainly it cannot answer it. The better way is not to ask the question. It is quite enough to know God as he is in creation and after it, without knowledge of him 'before creation.' 'Where' God was 'before creation,' what he did, and what he did not do, are matters which human beings at least must remit to the category of those 'secret things' that belong not unto us, but unto 'the Lord our God.' The Bible here givs us no light, and reason has none to giv. It is a good thing in reasoning on the subject of religion, as well as upon other matters, to know what are the boundaries of human thought, and always keep within them. If we get beyond them, we simply overwhelm ourselvs in the great deep of our own ignorance."

If God is eternal, then he must always hav existed somewhere. But if there was no somewhere till the creation of the universe, then the question, Where was he before the creation? is a legitimate inquiry and one which it is incumbent upon those in God's confidence to answer.

The Christian idea is that God created time and space when he created the matter of the universe. But it is simply absurd to say that there has been a time when time was not, or that there hav been places where space was not. Time is eternal; space is infinit. Human reason finds no difficulty in accepting this, but it flatly refuses to acknowledge that time or space could be created, or that a universe of matter could be manufactured from nothing.

If God existed before the creation, he must hav occupied space. That space he could not hav created. Time was also a factor in God's existence. That time he could not hav created. We thus hav time and space existing co-eternal with God. Those certainly are two things which he did not make. Next, we hav the universe of matter, filling space. Now, we never heard of anyone who could successfully confute the very simple proposition that "something cannot be made of nothing"—that matter can not be created from an absolute absence of anything. It follows, therefore, as the night the day, that inasmuch as matter exists to-day, there never was any period when it did not exist. This is very simple, easily understood, and incapable of refutation by any theologian. If, then, God did not speak himself into being contemporary with the creation—an unthinkable theory—and if he exists at all—which we are by no means prepared to admit—he must hav used space in which to exist, time must hav elapsed, and his residence must hav been amid the matter he is supposed to hav created. If His Infinitude filled all space, this could not hav been; for two substances cannot occupy one place at the same time; if he just resided in one corner of the universe, then he is limited, and therefore could not be capable of creating all things.

The Bible is no authority at all, for the men who wrote it knew much less concerning nature and her phenomena than the people of the present day. The writers of Genesis believed God to be an exaggerated king, and they accounted for the existence of the universe in the childish manner narrated in the first chapters of the Old Testament. No sensible white man believes the stories to-day. The question asked by Mr. Robinson is, therefore, the wildest of wild inquiries, for until the present existence of God is first proved, and the creation account is indubitably attested, there is no call to go further back. A better question would hav been, Where has he been since the creation? when so many millions of his supposed children are dying of want, disease, and horrible accidents. Where was he when his believers were fed to wild beasts? when they died in the desert on the way to his son's tomb? when famins hav depopulated countries? when earthquakes hav entombed whole cities? when his children hav been murdering millions of their brothers? Where was he, and where is he, when desolation and wretchedness are universal? when human suffering passes the bearable? when agony shrieks in impotent frenzy, and death is the only kind thing in the world? Cold, blind, deaf, and dumb, he is either cruel beyond comparison or powerless beneath contempt.

The theologian of the *Independent* opens the well-worn path from this dilemma, but it is the only path out. It must be traveled, however, at the sacrifice of manhood. Ask no questions about God, is the only way to believe in him. Believe what the priests say; beyond that the mind must be blank. Reason knows him not, nor can it allow that he exists without accusing him of criminal acts of omission and commission which, if a human being were responsible for, would make him welcome eternal unconsciousness as the most blessed of states. The truly consistent Christian will say when affliction comes upon him, God doeth all things well, and then go to sleep. If he reasons upon the why and wherefore of it, he must in the end deny God or his providence. Therefore, to save his faith he must say "there are boundaries of human thought," and we must "always keep within them." This last conclusion is the one the priests desire all men to arrive at, for then these holy folks can still fatten on man's unreasoning foolishness.

But what a confession for the Christians is this, that they worship a being about whom they cannot reason, and upon whose existence his own word throws no light! Superstition can ask for no more pliant knee than the Christian of the *Independent* type possesses.

## Mr. Reynolds's Case.

Between the going to press of THE TRUTH SEEKER and the date of issue will occur the trial of C. B. Reynolds. When Mr. Reynolds, his counsel and bondsman, appeared in the Morris County court last Monday morning, District-Attorney Cutler was not ready for trial. He had not had time to prepare. But he had found ample opportunity to get out another indictment against Mr. Reynolds for distributing the pamphlets in Morristown. This he handed Colonel Ingersoll with great deference, just as though it pained him. The trial was then set down for Thursday, May 19th, at 11 A.M.

For this second indictment Mr. Reynolds is probably indebted to the friendly offices of the Methodist editor of the Boonton *Bulletin*, who was on the grand jury for the present term, aided by the pleasant and pious Mr. Cutler.

A daily paper of this city says that in several of the churches of Morristown prayers hav been offered touching this trial, and in one church in particular divine assistance was implored to enable the young men of the church to restrain themselvs from attending the trial, on account of the pernicious influence it might exert upon their minds.

Our readers will know the result next week.

SAYS Brick Pomeroy: "THE TRUTH SEEKER names Robert Ingersoll as its choice for the presidency. Get out, man! Bob Ingersoll is a man of brains. A man of ideas. A man with a great big heart. A man who has long since outgrown his party. A man who does the larger part of his own thinking. A man who—but pshaw! he is too good a man to be president, especially when he has no powerful organization to run a successful campaign in his behalf."

A CATHOLIC journal says the workingmen should honor Cardinal Gibbons for having defended their cause "before the highest tribunal of the world." Why? The pope has no authority. He cannot imprison a man nor fine him. He is utterly impotent as a ruler in this country unless his slaves bow to the rod. The pope is a creation of his creatures. Yet the man who should carve out a wooden image and then worship and fear it would be called a fool. What are the Catholics who prostrate themselvs before the pope?

E. C. WALKER can see a point. In *Lucifer* of the 6th instant he says: "Eugene Macdonald is getting impatient with his stupid readers who are determined to hav him an Anarchist because he advocates justice for all classes of people, including Anarchists and Socialists. If the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER should protest against the burning alive of Catholics, I hav no doubt that some of his readers would swear he was a Catholic and tell him to stop sending them the paper! It is so difficult to make m ost people see an abstract principle, even when they are pointed to any number of concrete illustrations of it."

THE reason why Mr. Lambert's reply to Mr. McArthur, and the latter's rejoinder, which appear in another column, hav been so long delayed is that the manuscript has been lost in some of the offices of the International Express. In printing discussions we like, whenever we reasonably can, to giv both sides in the same issue. When Mr. Lambert's reply was received, we forwarded it to Mr. McArthur, who promptly wrote his rejoinder and started it on its way. But it reached us only Wednesday of last week, and the manuscript had been torn in two and pasted together. Perhaps some Catholic agent caught a glimpse of its contents and thought it incumbent upon him to suppress both the priest and the heretic.

COURTLANDT PALMER, president of the American Secular Union, presided at the last meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club, of which he is also the head. Governor Hoadly spoke on "The Bible in the Schools." He said he understood that the question referred simply to the schools of the state, and not to private or parochial schools. The state does not take the place of the parent, and has no call to teach theology and religion as against the parents. It is the sole duty of the parents to teach religion to their children. If the state should teach religion to the young, why not to the old! The age of twenty-one is a purely arbitrary division, and as a man grows older and approaches the grave perhaps he needs more religious teaching. It is proper that the Bible should be read as literature in the schools, but not as religion. Governor Hoadly was followed by Dr. McGlynn, who holds the most sensible views upon the question of any Catholic priest known. Dr. McGlynn said: "I do not propose to attack the Catholic religion. I am still a Catholic—a Catholic priest—and shall always remain just as I am. I believe that the Bible has no proper place in the public schools. The demand for the reading of the Bible in the schools was originally intended as an affront to the Catholic church, which holds that it alone is the expositor of its sacred truth. Read without comment it is simply a fetich. Accompanied by a hymn and a prayer, the school service comprises pretty much all the church service of the dissenting churches, and naturally they are satisfied, having got pretty much everything. It is claimed that these services are non-sectarian. The Hebrew certainly has a right to object to a hymn praising the name of Christ. He has a right to protest. It is the same with the Agnostic. Suppose the Catholic majority of the state should insist upon having the greater part of their services introduced in the schools, what an outcry there would be! The mere perfunctory reading of a chapter of the Bible can accomplish no good whatever, and there are many things in it which should never be read. Catholics believe that there ought to be religion in the schools, and a great deal of it. There is not enough religion in the reading of the Bible or the singing of hymns to make a child religious, although it often affords an excuse to parents for neglecting to teach religion to their children. The Plenary Council of Baltimore directed that when the priests could not hav parochial schools they should oppose reading of the Bible in the public schools. It is a forcing on a large body of the people a something tha is displeasing to them. However, if it doesn't do much good, it doesn't do much harm. If you must hav religion in the schools, you hav not enough of it, and if you hav too much, why force it on people who do not want it?"

W. F. JAMIESON gave his third course of lectures in Longmont, Col., May 1st, 5th, 6th, and 7th, and was announced for a lecture on Thomas Paine in Black Hawk, on May 15th Address, Longmont, Col.

# Letters from Friends.

MOUNT FOREST, CAN., April 19, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5, for subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER, which will pay for two years. I hope that subscriptions are coming in good this spring, and that your readers are Liberal in paying for their paper as well as calling themselvs Liberals. WM. LEWIS.

VALLEY FALLS, KAN., April 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Moses Hull, of Des Moines, Iowa, and Mr. Braden, a "Christian" minister, held a discussion here during the past week. Mr. Hull impressed the people here with the fact that he is a courteous, learned gentleman, and I wish to "testify" that in my opinion (and I find that most of those whom I hav conversed with on the subjcct are of the same opinion) he literally mopped the floor with his opponent. F. W. B. SMITH.

627 TWENTY-FIFTH ST., OAKLAND, CAL., April 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I send you by the mail a picture or group of Oakland friends, with Mr. Putnam, taken while he was here in Oakland; also a view of Lake Merrit and its surroundings. The picture is a pleasant reminiscence of a Freethinkers' Sunday picnic, and might adorn the walls of the editorial sanctum, as we are all truth seekers. When I send my next subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, I will send enough to pay for a frame to the picture, so that all visitors can see our pioneer Putnam having a good time on the Pacific shore. His visit has done us good. The cause is looking brighter, and we intend to go ahead. If any friends desire a copy of this picture of California scenery and our secretary among a group of Liberals, the undersigned can furnish a few copies. A. H. SOHOW.

ROCHESTER, MICH., April 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Hav just finished reading the second instalment of "Tales Told Out of School." It seems rich in truth —graphically told—of what might be said. But when I find it purporting to come from a (merely) Dr. Jones, as a committee of one, appointed by a conference of ministers of no denomination, place, or date given—said Jones with a memory capacious enough to retain, *verbatim*, a TRUTH SEEKER column and a half of remarks upon the same subject by "the venerable Dr. M. at another privaie conference of ministers," I think I am warranted in denouncing the whole thing an elegantly written canard, and, however cute the take-off, using a method unworthy of a cause that needs no chicanery or make-believe for its successful propagation.

C. H. GREENE.

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH, April 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find stamps to pay for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL AND FREETHINKERS' ALMANAC for 1887.

As our wants are more than our means, they hav to be curtailed and brought down to proper limits. For this reason I hav to deny myself the luxury of reading a few of the good books for sale in the TRUTH SEEKER office until money is more plentiful with me. But I can enjoy the anticipated pleasure of reading them in the future, while I am reading your paper from week to week. It it a real, every-day pleasure, and the best journal in existence that I know of. It works for our good all the time, so we should sustain it by increasing the number of its subscribers. But it contains too much truth to suit people who cling to erroneous ideas; that is what is in the way in most cases.

LUKE WM. GALLUP.

HAMMONTON, N. J., May 2, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Your notice at hand; you will please find inclosed one dollar to continue the visits of your valuable paper to my address. I cannot dispense with so interesting a paper as THE TRUTH SEEKER—the editorials, "Letters from Friends"—yes, all; even the fault-finders.

I see Father Hacker is yet able to hew to the line. I said years since, and when the infallibility scheme was gotten up, that Catholicity was doomed, as it would be the wedge to divide; and now it seems there are important members seceding and pleading for important rights. Well, let the good work go on. I wish I were able to help it on with means. I think Heston must be a genius. I look at those cartoons and smile, thinking how exactly they show up the tomfoolery. May his pencil be wielded till all see the ridiculousness of all the schemes supported by that rusty old book. D. R. WOLLISON.

FORT BAYARD, N. M., April 27, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: You hav kindly trusted me for a half-year's subscription. I will trust you for the other half; inclosed find $3.

While THE TRUTH SEEKER may not reflect the views of the more modern Liberals, its place could hardly be filled among a most deserving class, the "old-timers," those who hav done the "hard hitting," and made it possible for the present good work to be done. How I love to hear them speak out, and defy the enemy who once took delight in their torture! I regard the old heroes for their courage as I do Abraham Lincoln for his integrity. Long liv THE TRUTH SEEKER, Heston, pictures, monkey, and all.

I find in it philosophy to make me think, humor to make me laugh, cruelty to make me sorry, and encouragement to make me work.

It strikes me that from the manner the old orders are bouncing our sturdy brothers, we should hav a benevolent order within our own ranks. Friend Reynolds has spoken of it, and others hav said Amen, but who will be the founder? Friend Beal, of Portland, Oregon, has a beautiful scheme; it is hardly meeting the acceptance that I should like to see.

It seems not to accord with Liberal views for any one person to be "big chief." They, having ceased to worship gods, cannot learn to deify men. Instead of the divine right of kings, they believe in the free voice of the people; hence they will accept from a society what they might reject from an individual. Why could not the American Secular Union propose and organize a scheme for this purpose? It commands the respect, and it will certainly gain the confidence, necessary for the promotion of such a scheme.

Most truly, D. G. CROW.

BURNETT, NEB., May 4, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: We had W. F. Jamieson here again on the evenings of April 18th, 19th, and 20th. The audience was small, but very appreciativ. We were unable to get any of the Christians out—that is, not enough to speak of. They hav very much to say against Infidelity, but they hav so little faith in their own creeds that they dare not go to hear what they know in their own heart is true, for fear they would come away with less faith—as they surely would.

I would hav liked to hav every Christian in the land hear the six lectures delivered here, but they are too selfish; they know so much in their own conceit that they don't care to learn anything more. That makes the biggest fool on earth. The lectures were just immense. No one ought to begrudge fifty cents to hear Mr. Jamieson. He is able to handle any subject he undertakes to. I only wish I was able to employ such speakers as often as once a month as long as I liv. I hav been in nearly all the Western states and territories, and hav had a good deal of experience in human nature. I hav seen nearly all nationalities, and, take them as a class, the most devout Christian communities are the most detestable to liv in. The moment a man embraces religion, he forsakes his own freedom, and wants to deprive everyone else of theirs. D. W. WHITNEY.

BURLINGTON, KAN., May 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Last fall a soul saver came into Burlington, and the missionary colored Baptists employed him to proclaim the news of glad tidings for them. They had a church edifice which they had constructed, worth about two thousand dollars, and they endured many privations to erect their temple of worship. But there resided a sister within sight of his residence, with whom he formed an acquaintance, and she hung a white cloth in her window to notify him that all was right for the shepherd to make his pastoral call. It so happened on a time when he was to dispense the gospel to his flock (one evening), that he tarried too long, and in his haste became bewildered, and missed his way, and was recognized at a farm-house. But at a late hour he arrived at his appointment, and in tendering his excuses for his being tardy he created suspicion, and they cited him to appear before their quorum of deacons, and his defense was so unsatisfactory in regard to his keeping late hours in his pastoral calls with his Delilah, and disappointing his congregation, that they discharged him. A number of his members adhered to him, and the first favorable opportunity, his opponents say, they fired the church edifice, and burnt it up. From this circumstance we learn that revenge is sweet for the man of God and his followers, although they are covered with a colored skin. CHRIS BROWN.

FT. WORTH, TEX., April 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav only a short time been aware of the existence of your excellent journal, THE TRUTH SEEKER, but hav resolved not to miss a single copy of it in the future. I buy it at a news-stand here. My efforts to secure some new subscribers hav so far been without success, although here is a goodly number of people liberally inclined. I hav made strenuous efforts to awaken an interest in Freethought among my countrymen (the Swedes) here, but with little success. The superstitions of their childhood are still too deeply rooted to allow them to entertain even a shadow of doubt as to the supernatural origin of their alleged revelations. This community is very religious, and infested with a swarm of professional advocates of the different creeds, whose "one business" it is to uphold and advance the cause of superstition and soul-murdering theories that hav for so many centuries been a curse to mankind, and the sole obstacle in the way of progress and development of the race. A close student of history is forced to arrive at the conclusion that the onward march of civilization does not advance in a straight line, but revolves in a circle. Nothing short of a complete annihilation of superstition in all its hideous shapes will suffice to attain a higher standard of civilization. The barriers built by the liberty-destroying institution, the church, for the purpose of chaining the intellect and prevent investigation must be completely demolished, and the supremacy of reason over "divine revelation" universally acknowledged.

Surely there was never a cause more deserving, more worthy and noble, than the one in which you are engaged, and for which you are doing such noble work. Long liv THE TRUTH SEEKER! Long liv the editor of this mighty organ in the campaign against the degrading superstitions of the man of Nazareth. Many falsehoods about Ingersoll and other prominent Liberals are circulated by the press of this priest-ridden part of the country, but the people are beginning to see a little beyond the surface, and the pious liars are awarded the well-deserved contempt of all truth-loving people. The wholesale fabrication of lies for the glory of God is becoming a dangerous occupation, and the investigating spirit of the general public has caused many a pious "man of God" to come to grief. The latest recorded stories of "visitation of God upon blaspheming Infidels" show signs of being the work of amateurs, displaying a great lack of judgment on the part of the inventors in locating the scene where investigation could be easily effected.

The report that Colonel Ingersoll has decided to lay down his armor and cease his attacks on Christianity has caused jubilant demonstration among the orthodox faction and considerable depression among the Liberal element. I still entertain hopes to once again hear the voice of the great apostle of truth, the ablest living exponent of Liberalism in the world—the immortal Ingersoll! Long liv this noble champion of our cause! With sincere wishes for the success of Freethought and a speedy downfall of superstition, I remain,

Yours respectfully, GUSTAVE A. SWENSON.

FOND DU LAC, WIS., May 5, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $1 to continue the paper as long as that lasts. I wish you would discuss the questions of the Interstate Commerce law, passed last session of Congress, and indicate to the shippers who are complaining of increased freight charges that they are charging the cause to the said law, when if they will open their eyes and read the law with one-one-hundredth part the care they do their catechism, they will find that before the law, the railroad companies made their charges without law, except in a few instances, and this only lasted till the companies could buy the legislature, and then they were without rule except their own; and if the growlers now against high and increased freights will stop swearing about the law, and read it, they will find that the railroad companies now fix the rates the same as before, only higher, and the purpose they hav to serve in charging higher rates now is to make the law odious, and create a spasm among shippers, and get Congress to repeal it, and then you would see the scalpers come down on their freights, and donate their passes to all the parasites in the land, and will then hav a rest and will continue again to rob the people until we shall elect members to Congress who will know enough to pass a law fixing the rates of passengers and freight, and make them liv up to it, and send the commission's idea to hell, and let them sell out to its governor. Then will come a revolution that will do some good.

DE W. C. PRIEST.

ADRIAN, MICH., May 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I see by your London correspondent that the Infidel smasher, H. L. Hastings, of Boston, is hammering away at his old trade in the British metropolis. I myself hav had some little acquaintance with this valiant and renowned son of thunder, as Brother W. H. Burr calls him. A few years ago I was out West on a visit, and the family I was stopping with were taking his paper, *The Christian*. I took some copies home and read them. I found so many misstatements, and so many glaring falsehoods, and so much slander and abuse of Freethinkers, that I made up my mind to call his attention to some of them, and you may be sure that I did not mince matters much with him. I told him in plain words that he was both a slanderer and a falsifier. After an interval of about three months I received an answer from him. I replied, but he took no notice of the second letter. About two years after I was in Chicago, and they were then holding a great Christian convention there, led on by that prince of lunatics, D. L. Moody. H. L. Hastings was there to contribute his part in the performance. I thought it a good opportunity to get acquainted with Hastings, and made it a point to attend one of the meetings held at lower Farwell Hall. I requested the janitor, who knew him, to giv me an introduction. He did so, and when I told him my name he seemed very much surprised for some reason. He did not seem inclined to say much, and finally I told him that Charles Watts, the eminent English Freethinker from London, was going to speak at Hershy's Music Hall in the evening, and that Mr. Watts cordially invited Christian ministers of all creeds and denominations to attend and take part in the discussion. And what do you think this valiant champion of the Bible said in reply? Why, he plainly intimated that he would not disgrace himself enough to even be seen in the company of such vile blasphemers. His answer, of course, was just what I expected it would be. How very couragcous these Christians are! There were present about five hundred ministers at this meeting, and I thought it a good chance to show Mr. Hastings up. I said, so as to be heard by all in the room: "Gentlemen, behold your great champion! He publishes an anti-Infidel library in Boston, and is forever charging Infidels with ignorance and cowardice, and now, when there is an excellent opportunity to meet one of the very ablest of them on a free platform, he basely shows the white feather and ingloriously backs down." And of such is the kingdom of heaven. P. B. REASONER.

LOGAN, KAN., April 27, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In March I engaged Mr. J. E. Remsburg to lecture here on April 21st, I to advertise, engage hall, and hav everything ready, and pay him a certain fee for the lecture. Mr. Remsburg was on time, and lectured to a small but very appreciativ audience, some having come many miles by rail and wagon to hear Mr. Remsburg's lecture on "False Claims," at the close of which he was greeted with a hearty shake of the hand and appropriate remarks from many. The causes why we did not hav a crowded house are these: At 6 P.M. a severe thunder storm set in, which lasted until 10 P.M., and there was a trial in the justice's court that evening of what the people supposed to be murder, and they were wild with excitement over the brutal treatment and cause of death. The court-room was crowded, and people stood in the rain outside the door and windows, trying to catch every now and then a word of the evidence, they felt so outraged by the occurrence, so that proved to be a free side-show that attracted and interested many real Liberal-minded people who would hav heard Mr. Remsburg's lecture under any other circumstances. But we hav still the sentiment of the dungeon, the thumbscrew, and the rack existing among us, as you will see. On the second day after the lecture I was pounced upon in the streets of Logan by the city authority, saying: "That man should hav paid a license that lectured here, but he did not, and as you acted as his agent, we want you to pay it." I asked him how

much it would be. He said, "Come to my office and I will tell you." I walked in, sat down, waited seemingly half an hour for him to search and research, but he acknowledged he could find no price, nor even anything to justify him in taking anything, so he adjourned for one week, when I should return and be gibbeted. Going to break me of sucking eggs, you see, and nip free speech in the bud.

Mr. Moody lectured here, Com Kames, and others, and many entertainments, all of which carried away piles of money from the citizens of Logan, and they were not required to pay a license—not even mentioned to them. Mr. Remsburg's lecture brought moneyed men to the hotels, and teams to the livery barns, and otherwise put money in the pockets of the citizens of Logan. I paid for the hall, and paid Mr. Remsburg, according to agreement, and threw the doors open free to all that heard the lecture, and had sent out complimentary tickets enough to hav filled the house, as it would hav been had it not been for the bad weather and the murder trial. Mr. H. N. Boyd, our very Liberal-minded editor, did the advertising for the lecture free, and volunteered to stand one-half the other expense, but I declined the latter offer. He owns and edits the *Phillips County Freeman*. The head and body of his paper is free and untrammeled. Mr. Remsburg fired the first gun for intellectual freedom in Phillips county, and we want him again when circumstances are in our favor. J. McKINNEY.

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ANADARKO KIOWA AND COMANCHE AGENCY, I. T., March 7, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I picked up a few old numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER lately. I find much in it that interests me. However, the same being two years old, and changes being liable to be made, I will not send more than enough to cover a sample number with this letter.

I am a crank, no doubt. When about eighteen years of age, I caught a missionary spirit. I wanted to be useful and do good, especially to those who hav "a hard row to hoe." When quite small, I sailed out of Boston, and this spirit was active in showing unlettered sailors how to read the names of ships and other matter. When older, I became acquainted with Eastern Indians, and the spirit moved me to help them in all ways in my power. Finally, I resolved to giv the Indian the benefit of the life before me, teaching all things that tended to help him change from a barbarian to a civilized man.

Then came the question of, How shall I be enabled to do this good work? I was delighted with the accounts brought home by missionaries from away across thousands of miles of waters. I saw that many good people contributed much money to make such missionaries comfortable, and I, too, wanted and needed support. But how? Easy enough were I a true orthodox believer, which I was not. Wishing to avail myself of aid, I made an especial study of creeds and the Bible, and could not honestly believe in the doctrin of endless misery. Neither could I be a Universalist. So I settled on the doctrin of future life for the right-doers, and everlasting oblivion to the evil-doers. And all the hope of life depended on a belief in Christ, as none could attain to the future life except Christ claimed him as one of his true followers. I hav rested thus, alternating between an acceptance of the same as the teachings of the Bible and occasional doubts in regard to its truth, the result of which left me to do my work alone; and, thanks to a good trade, I hav been able to help Indians about one-half of my time.

I am now fifty-eight years old, and still helping Indians, showing them how and why they must eventually change, and the sooner the better.

In all these forty-two years, I hav not received $40 that I did not earn with my own hands. I do not work, as others, with my tongue only, but my hands are always full. I do things, and instead of asking the Great Spirit to work for me, I take hold of the work and ask Mr. Indian to follow suit. This has always been my "mission."

I am now engaged in making pictures of the Indians' universal sign language. When completed, we can print books that all unlettered wild tribes can read from paper as well as from their hands—a truly remarkable work, costing me years of study. Should you remain engaged in truth-publishing, I shall be glad to receive sample paper, and if interested, I will send you samples of "Sign Talk."

Next time I will tell you how the great agencies of Christianity hav not helped me—will not even notice my work as a matter of interest, etc. Nevertheless, I am aided in giving this matter to Indians, and when I recall my patrons, I do not believe there is one of them who makes any pretensions to Christianity. I never thought of it until lately. But so far it is a fact—not one is a church-member that I know of. Yet, they giv liberally to aid me put the sign talk into the Indians' hands. And maybe so, all matter in sign talk will be governed by reason and Liberal views. Who knows? I hold the key, but soon it will be available to all. And I invite reason to lead in reading matter for Indians when printed in the Indians' own sign language.

LEWIS F. HADLEY.

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KENT, O., May 9, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I saw an article in THE TRUTH SEEKER last week, taken from the *Christian Advocate*, purporting to hav been written by one of the members of J. R. Keyes's church (although I think he wrote it himself), showing his bravery and zeal in defending his cause. The Ohio town alluded to was Kent, and this brave minister is an old fossil of the Methodist persuasion that seems to think that he is especially ordained by God to stamp out the Kent Secular Society and the Kent Library Association, together with the fifty TRUTH SEEKERS and a number of the *Ironclad Age*, *Secular Thought*, and other papers that come weekly to our place; and to crush out and stifle the spirit of inquiry and investigation that is abroad in our community, having been induced in a great measure by those various agencies. You suggested that perhaps Mr. Keyes preferred to reply to Infidels after they were away. That is the style of man he is, and he would much rather reply to them after they are dead than while living. In a sermon some time ago he enlightened his people by telling them that Thomas Paine did not believe in a God, and that Liberals were trying to demoralize society and open the flood-gates of vice by doing away with the judicial oath in court. Every one that is at all conversant with the writings of Paine knows that in making that statement he showed himself to be either an ignoramus or a wilful and malicious falsifier and slanderer of the dead. It is certainly laughable to hear a Methodist priest talking about Liberals demoralizing society when the statistics of our country showed a few years ago that the seventy thousand priests in the country furnished the calendar of crime with a percentage of 13½, while that of the entire population of the United States was only 3 7-10; and the report of the directors of the Ohio penitentiary for the year 1879, as published in the Cleveland *Leader*, showed that out of over 1,300 prisoners confined in the institution at that time, there were 133 Catholics, and 178 Methodists, and that there was not a Spiritualist or Infidel in the institution; and a similar state of affairs existed in Kansas. When Mr. Remsburg, Mr. Putnam, Mr. Reynolds, and Mr. Watts spoke here he was on hand with his note-book, and although a free platform was given, and he was invited and urged to come forward and defend his cause, he remained as dumb as an oyster until after his adversary was a thousand miles away. Mr. Watts, when he was here, tried hard both nights to gets Keyes onto his feet, but it was of no use. He said to him that if he did not come forward and defend the cause of Jesus against the Infidel Watts, perhaps when the hour of dissolution came and he needed Jesus he might desert him. When Mrs. Reynolds was here the good Christians sent and got a strolling temperance lecturer to come here and speak at the very hours at which her meetings were appointed. Mrs. Reynolds, despite the united opposition of the churches, gave us two good discourses to good houses. Her lecture in the afternoon was upon the "Past, Present, and Future of Woman," showing the status of her sex under Bible and Christian rule, and showing conclusivly that the Bible and church instead of being woman's best friend has been her worst enemy. This man Keyes has been limping around on a cane with rheumatism a good part of the winter, and I understand that he is importuning Uncle Sam for a renewal of a pension which he thought proper to discontinue. If Mr. Keyes has any faith in Jesus or his promises, why does he not exercise his faith by laying hands upon himself and healing himself, and by asking Jesus to supply his pecuniary wants and not be bothering Uncle Sam? B. F. CONAWAY.

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BROOKHAVEN, MISS., May 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: There is a class of people, largely endowed with self-esteem, who readily accept the doctrin of immortality, and advocate it with much pertinacity, for no other reason than that it accords so well with their own self-love. So highly do they rank themselvs in the scale of personal importance that, in their opinion, the universe indeed would exist to little purpose if such as they, the very salt of the earth, were, like ordinary forms, destined to die and cease to be. These are the ones who are pleased to speak of a sweet communion with their savior, accompanied by a peace of soul, an exaltation of joy, an illumination of mind, of which common mortals engrossed with the sordid concerns of this world can hav no conception.

If there is any one thing more than another tending to foster and develop human selfishness to its most repulsiv proportions, it is a zealous belief in the doctrins of the Christian religion. That belief has done more to fill the fanatic's small soul with rancorous intolerance, and to blind his reason to its endless follies and absurdities, than any other of the many religions that hav distracted and disgraced the world. With what complacency do the self-righteous ones contemplate their own imaginary merits, their privileged intimacy with celestial society, and, above all, their immeasurable superiority over that pitiable object, the worldly man, the merely natural man, whose eyes hav never been opened to the glorious light of spiritual truth!

To the selfish person, whose mind is crazed with religious zeal, it is a delicious privilege to approach his God in familiar prayer, and feel himself to be a special object of divine attention, and even interest, while enumerating his petty trials, and asking for blessings upon his head. To ingratiate himself and secure answers to his prayers, he labors to propitiate his deity with abject tones and fulsome praise. What a stupid, what a monstrous conceit on the part of such a supplicant to fancy the supreme power of the universe, when thus addressed by him, instantly withdrawing his attention from everything else in order to humor him and listen to his drivel and nauseous flattery!

When the earth quakes and heaves, and massiv buildings fall, crushing and killing thousands in the ruins, the terrified religionist, dropping on his knees, lifts his voice in entreaty for protection to his tender heavenly father, the very same compassionate father who at that instant is at work maiming, mangling, and destroying the old and the young, the good and the bad, the saint and the sinner, with indiscriminate cruelty. What insane fear must possess the soul of one who under circumstances so horrible can appeal to such a monster for special protection! In the tones of a sniveling sycophant, with every limb shaking in an agony of fear, he cries out: "O God, in this dreadful disaster I recognize a visitation of thy holy wrath, an infliction of thy righteous judgment; but my blessed God, my sweet savior, my dear redeemer, whom my whole soul loves and adores, do hav mercy on me, shield me, save me, whomsoever else thou mayest doom to die."

As a means of stultifying the understanding, and bringing it under easy subjection to the controling influence of priestly guile, no exercise, no disciplin equal in efficiency to habitual prayer, could hav been devised and enjoined upon the dupes of an insidious imposture. Many a one there is, by nature gentle, good, and honest, whose life is overcast and chilled by the dismal cloud of popular superstition. From childhood the unhappy dupe has been taught that he has about him a mysterious something, an immortal soul, which, without due circumspection, without much deep meditation without an humble, contrite heart, without steadfast faith, piety, and habitual prostrations before the throne of grace, will, when he comes to die, hav an unpleasant experience, a veritable hell to encounter. The imaginary glare and roar of its lurid fires confuse and daze his poor brain, so that he goes through life groaning under a crushing load of anxiety, and grieving that he was ever born. S. F. SMURR.

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MT. HEALTHY, O., May 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am seeking for a Liberal Freethought paper—one that is not afraid to discuss all subjects that interest mankind, or ought to interest them, whether popular or unpopular, holy or unholy. I do not ask the editor to indorse popular or unpopular doctrins, but I do ask the privilege, if I am a patron of his paper, to discuss any question of morals or any system I think will improve the race. A Freethought paper cannot lay much claim to liberality that will not discuss, or let be discussed, any subject that does not coincide with the publisher's views. I hold that patrons hav a right to be heard. Truth, and truth only, is divine, and the only way to arrive at truth is by free, untrammeled discussion. Show me a town, a village, or even a city, where discussions are not free, or the press is muzzled or subsidized, I will show you a people who are very low in intelligence.

For sixty years I hav patronized the so-called Freethought papers, beginning with the New Harmony *Gazette*, of 1828, in the interest of Robert Owen's community. Then the *Free Enquirer*, by Frances Wright and Robert Dale Owen, 1829; St. Louis *Examiner*, by Mr. Rob; Boston *Investigator*, by good old Abner Kneeland; O. S. Murray's *Regenerator*; Vale's *Beacon*, and some others. All of these papers were Freethought papers, and deserved the name. The Owenses and Miss Wright spent a great deal of money to elevate the producers of all wealth.

The last pretended Freethought paper I hav patronized is the sectarian, Calvinistic, Atheistical *Ironclad Age*, of Indianapolis, Ind. The editor is an M.D., a purger, and a blood-letter. He says that the letting of blood is a great moral purger for all social evils. Herbert Spencer's theory for social evils must fall to the ground when compared with this M.D.'s remedy. He adopts the Christian halter and the gallows as another moral reformer. I think he will adopt their hell next, instead of Atheism, to moralize humanity. He says any sympathizer with those Anarchists ought to be hung on his Calvinistic gallows with those Anarchists of Chicago. Any Christian will tell him that Atheism leads to Anarchy, and that his seven half-brother Anarchists are all Atheists. The doctor must look sharp, or he will get his head into the halter. If Atheism leads to Anarchy, as the Christians say, I think Dr. Monroe ought to be hung with those seven Anarchists of Chicago, for he has taught Atheism thirty years. Goodness knows how many Anarchists and Socialists his teachings hav made. The doctor ought to know when he demolishes the Christian God the people begin to think that they hav rights as well as his friend, Jay Gould; that they are entitled to a fair share of the wealth they hav created; that a certain portion of the earth belongs to them. Judge Gray, in sentencing those seven Anarchists to death, admitted that they did not commit murder, but it was the doctrins they taught that incited to murder. Now, as Judge Gray is a good Christian, and sincerely believes that Atheism leads to Anarchy, Socialism, and all kinds of crimes, I don't see how Dr. Monroe, if he should be arrested, could save his neck from the gallows if tried before Judge Gray. I believe Dr. Monroe is an honest man, and would not hav advocated Atheism if he had known that it led to Anarchy, Socialism, and Freelove. Neither would God hav created man if he had known what a boodler and land-grabber he would turn out to be, for God says even the heavens belong to the Lord, but the earth belongs to the children of men. Dr. Monroe says the land belongs to the land-grabbers. He turned up his nose at Colonel Ingersoll for hinting that the earth belongs to the people who liv upon it. He sneered at the *Investigator* and THE TRUTH SEEKER because they let some of their correspondents show up the unfairness of the Anarchist trials. He says THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Investigator* are losing subscribers in consequence. It must hurt his feelings terribly. The *Ironclad* says they would rather join the Christian ranks than defend the Anarchists. They are not far out of the Christian ranks now. Their methods of punishment are the same. John Calvin, who all say was an honest man, could burn Servetus with white-oak saplings for a difference of opinion on the subject of religion. Dr. Monroe could hang his seven half-brothers for a difference on social government and the best means of improving the condition of the creators of all wealth.

Christians say Anarchists, Atheists, and Socialists are all Freelovers. Dr. Monroe despises Freelovers, but has great respect for free haters. Christians will not discuss Atheism, only by calling hard names. Monroe will not discuss Anarchism, only by vilification.

THE TRUTH SEEKER will hav to thank Dr. Monroe for my knowledge of it and a new subscriber, for I did not know of its existence. I thought when Mr. Bennett died that was the end of that paper. I never was a subscriber to the paper. I hav no knowledge of the price of it. I inclose $2.50 for THE TRUTH SEEKER.

I am in my 80th year, a pioneer in the great state of Ohio, born in Litchfield county, Conn., of Puritan stock.

JOEL BROWN.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## Knee Deep.

They are calling "knee deep! knee deep!" at night in the marsh below,
Down by the bank where the rank sword-grass and calamus grow;
Like an army of silversmiths, forging bells for the northern sprites,
And, keeping time to a rhyme, they work through the summer nights,
Steadily up from their swampy forge the sparks of the fire-flies rise
In the pool where the wading lilies make love through half-shut eyes
To the whip-poor-will who scolds, like a shrew, at the fluffy owl;
While the nighthawk shuffles by like a monk in a velvet cowl,
And the bat weaves inky weft through the white starbeams that peep
Down through the cypress boughs, where the frogs all sing "knee deep."

I hav known a song to lead a failing, elderly man like me
Back through the gates of the years to the scenes that used to be,
When the world was fenced from heaven by one rose-hedge, and through
This bourne the blessed angels looked and the asphodel odors blew.
So these syllables of the song, from the singers among the reeds,
Hav made me to walk again, knee deep, in the clover meads,
And I see the storm king riding the summer clouds in state,
With his chariot whip of livid flame and his thunder billingsgate;
And I watch the strong tawny tide through the flags like a lion creep,
Where the frighted inhabitants cling to the rushes and sing "knee deep."

Knee deep I bend in the rippled creek with buttercup blooms o'er blown,
Like the gold on beauty's billowy breast, its color half-hid, half-shown;
Knee deep in the saffron marigold flowers that prank the meadows fair,
Like a procession of Saxon children, blue-eyed and with yellow hair;
Knee deep in the whortleberries, sun-browned, in the sun I stand,
With my torn straw hat half filled and a quail's nest in my hand;
Knee deep in the topaz chestnut leaves, I rustle toward the place
Where the pert and upright rabbit sits, washing her innocent face.
Song of the quivering culms and osiers! I am wading again, in truth,
Knee deep in the stream of Memory that flows from the land of Youth.

—*Robert McIntyre.*

## Ponto.

Our Ponto was only a common dog, and yet he had such an uncommon adventure in his doggish career that it made his name something more than mere memory, in our family at least. An old heirloom in the house was a pale red earthen jar, shaped after the manner of oriental water-jugs, small at the bottom and top, with bulging sides a few inches below the mouth. This vessel was used for oil for harness, wagons, and other farm implements, it being in the "good old times," before the advent of prepared axle-grease. Once when the men had been using it, the jar was left on the ground and was not missed till Uncle William came and asked if we knew where our dog was. No, we didn't. We only knew that he had been off for four days and it was the first misdemeanor of his life. When Uncle William told us he had seen something going through such eccentric maneuvers down below his shop that he ran to see what it could be, and found Ponto with a jar on his head, but still crawling backward, trying in a feeble though unsuccessful way to extricate himself.

It was but the work of a moment to go to the shop for a hammer, one blow from which made him a free dog once more, but not the happy dog he had once been. Imagin, if you can, having your own head and face in such close quarters, even for one hour, and you will hav a faint idea of his suffering for four dreadful days. Uncle William (who was the jolly smith in the poem of Ballynaghfad published in THE TRUTH SEEKER about two years ago) was quite a philosopher in his way, and had learned to know men and the world generally from the reading of Burns's poems all his life.

On this occasion he recited some lines from the "Tale of the Twa Dogs" to demonstrate how much more unfortunate some dogs are than others, and went on to explain that Ponto had begun by lapping the oil, and, going down deeper and deeper as the oil disappeared, he had got beyond the narrow opening and was thus unable to free himself, as a boy or girl would hav done had they been fastened in the honey-jar. In his extremity, the crawfish movement was the only remedy that came to his doggish mind—if he had a mind—and in this fashion he had floundered through the pond where the blue lilies grew in the summer, and the musk-rats built their cunning little brown houses in the autumn. He had undoubtedly quenched his thirst, though he did so under protest, and his stolen sweets had furnished him a meal that was anything but a "square" one to him. Notwithstanding, he came out of his queer prison-house resembling a living skeleton. His anguish, which must hav been mental as well as physical, had reduced him to such a state of heart-broken imbecility that it was but an act of kindness to make an end of what was only a miserable existence. To all approaches he turned sadly away, and would bound off with an ambling, sidelong motion and lie for hours in the deep grass more like a wild dog than our Ponto. MARY BAIRD-FINCH.

*Frenchtown, Neb.*

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.



Scriptural.

2.—NIHILITY.

*How does space annihilate God here?*

"God is now here?" the preacher shouted.
An Atheist shook his head and doubted;
But when I whispered "What's *your* creed then?"
He wrote the *very same*, indeed, then.
No letter was transposed or wanting,
Yet it *denied* the preacher's vaunting.
And even thus while Atheist doubted,
The preacher in his pulpit shouted,
And loudly made the bold assertion,
"That *space* affecteth not God's person."
The "printer's devil" even, knows better;
It *nihilates* nor drops a letter.

*Irwin, Iowa.* J. K. P. BAKER.

3.—REBUS.




A sad truism.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER MAY 7, 1887.

1.–Decay's effacing fingers.
2.–
A
VAN
LAVAL
CARACAS
PARANAGAT
3.–Pay to-day; we'll trust to-morrow.
4.–S-team boa-t (*team*, *boa*, in st. for street).
5.–The cow.

## Correspondence.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., April 24, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My cousin has been taking THE TRUTH SEEKER.

I am a girl eight years old. I am in the eighth grade. I like the paper very much. I hope to see my writing in print.

MAY GOLDMAN.

DESDIMONIA, TEXAS, May 6, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: This is my first attempt at writing a letter to you. I am fourteen years old, hav two sisters, Minnie and Ida, both older than myself. My father is the only one who takes THE TRUTH SEEKER here, but he is constantly giving copies of them to others; we all read it. I like the pictures very much, and love to read the Children's Corner. Father keeps THE TRUTH SEEKER of January 29th tacked up so all who come may see Thomas Paine's picture. We hav Colonel Ingersoll's and Mr. Bennett's pictures in large frames. I am just back from my grandma's, some twelve miles from here. I hav four uncles, all Freethinkers; hav one little cousin named Robert G., and one named Bennett. My uncle let me go with him to Dublin, his nearest railroad town. I went into a large store there and the merchant, thinking, perhaps, that I looked green, said, "Good-morning, Henry Ward Beecher." I raised my hat and replied, "You are mistaken, sir, I am Col. Robert G. Ingersoll." The crowd laughed at the merchant, and my uncle said I answered him just as I should hav done. Long life to you and THE TRUTH SEEKER.

GUS C. MARTIN.

May 8, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I saw so many girls and boys writing to the Corner, I thought I would write a letter too. My father has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for eight years. We milk thirteen cows and feed thirteen calves. I help my father feed the calves. I am a little girl 9 years of age. If you can make this out I would like to see it in print. Your little Freethinker friend,

SARAH BELLE STICE.

PATCH GROVE, April 24, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My uncle has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER ever since it was first published; we could not do without it. I think the pictures are very nice.

I received "Little Lessons for Little Folks," and I am very much pleased with it. I liv on a farm; we hav nine calves, and I milk two, and sometimes three, cows.

I hav a dog—his name is Huckleberry Finn. A little boy, came to visit me and he would call him Waterberry. I also hav a cat I call Dolphin.

If you think this fit to publish, I would like to see it in print. Yours respectfully,

GLENNIE BAILEY.

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Address Watts and Co., 17 Johnson's Court, E.C., London, Eng.

Paine Vindicated!

—o—

A thorough and overwhelming reply to the New York *Observer's* slanderous attacks upon the Author-Hero of the American Revolution. Containing both the slanders and their refutation.

**BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.**

—o—

The New York *Observer* (Presbyterian) having recently reissued its assault upon the memory of Paine, this pamphlet should be circulated everywhere in vindication.

*TOGETHER WITH*

A ROMAN CATHOLIC CANARD.

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SOLAR BIOLOGY: A Scientific Method of Delineating Character, Diagnosing Disease, Determining Mental, Physical, and Business Qualifications, Conjugal Adaptability, etc., from Date of Birth. By Henry E. Butler. Boston: Esoteric Publishing Co. Octavo, 350 pp., price $5.

This book is worth five dollars as a curiosity if not for any other purpose. "Solar biology" might readily be translated into everyday English to mean the influence of the sun and its system upon human beings as determining their character and destiny. The author believes that whereas the sun and the moon and the planets affect the motion of the earth and things on its surface, as the tides, etc., therefore they equally affect the lives of men and women. This is not a new thing; it is astrology. The book says that the date of birth fixes the character, certain stars or planets with a malign or beneficent influence being in the ascendant at that time.

The positions of the other heavenly bodies on the day of a person's birth, of course, will determin what his luck will be, and otherwise modify things. About a hundred pages of the book are devoted to showing where the stars stood and will stand on all the days from 1820 to 1899, and for twenty-five cents the publishers will send to any address tables covering the years 1900 and thereafter. The book shows a great amount of astronomical knowledge on the part of the author, and the mechanical work is elegant and expensiv.

THE CRISIS. By Geo. W. Bell. Des Moines, Iowa: Moses Hull & Co, publishers. 12mo, pp. 351, price $1.

This book comes accompanied by a cover upon which are printed numerous press notices. One of these notices says that the book "reads like a romance." Another calls it "a most brilliant and scathing review of the political situation." A third, more enthusiastic still, and slightly ungrammatical, says, "We began at the beginning, and there was no good place to stop, no abatement of the interest that held us spell-bound, and read right on, on to the end; then for the first time we were awake to surrounding objects, and was mad because the captain had not gone right on and made his book longer. It reads with all the thrilling interest of a fairy tale!" To which we would respectfully say, "Chestnuts." The "New Crisis" is a book worth reading, though it is to be feared that the author has failed in his purpose to "prove the existence of a class conspiracy the design of which is to subvert the principles of our government by a monopoly of all wealth." We doubt the existence of any such "conspiracy." In the scramble for wealth and power there is too much of every man for himself to make a conspiracy probable. Otherwise the author has set forth the condition of things about as it is, and proposes the reforms which he deems necessary. Like all who go to the bottom of the difficulty, he believes in free trade, and would giv American genius and skill a chance to "explore the world, and feed and clothe humanity with our abundant products." The land, he holds, should be restored to the people; transportation lines must be controled, if not owned, by the government; a great majority of officers now appointed should be electiv; the Senate must be elected by the people, and all class laws should be repealed. He denounces the doctrins of Malthus as a canting philosophy, and lays about him lustily and eloquently in various other directions. As remarked, the book is worth reading.

THE GENESIS OF SCIENCE. By Herbert Spencer. Humboldt Library No. 89. Price 15 cents. Sold at this office.

Mr. Spencer begins this work by pointing out that there is not so much difference between scientific knowledge and ordinary knowledge as is generally supposed. The simplest kind of knowledge is scientific—for instance, that an unsupported body will fall or that smoke will ascend. At the same time, this is mere unreasoned knowledge and appeals only to the perceptions. It is the province of the next step in science to extend the perceptions by means of reasoning. This brings us to that stage of knowledge where we are enabled to affirm with certainty that it will take more force to lift a piece of lead than a piece of wood of the same size. That is undeveloped science, or *qualitativ* prevision. A third step enables us to tell how much more force will be required, which is developed science, or *quantitativ* prevision. Moreover, a further distinction is that as we pass from qualitativ to quantitativ prevision, we pass from inductiv science to deductiv science. "And this," says Mr. Spencer, "is the unexpressed difference which leads us to consider certain orders of knowledge as especially scientific when contrasted with knowledge in general. Are the phenomena *measurable?* is the test which we unconsciously employ. Space is measurable: hence geometry. Force and space are measurable: hence statics. Time, force, and space are measurable: hence dynamics."

Mr. Spencer finds reasons for doubting the truth of all philosophies of the sciences which tacitly proceed upon the common notion that scientific knowledge and ordinary knowledge are separate, instead of commencing, as they should, by affiliating the one upon the other and showing how it gradually came to be distinguishable from the other. As illustrating the false method of classifying the sciences, Mr. Spencer takes up the arrangement propounded by Oken, who appears to hold ideas in common with Hegel. To comment on Mr. Oken's propositions, he says, would be as absurd as the propositions themselvs. Hegel is next dissected, and then we reach the Comtean scheme of the sciences, distinguished from the Hegelian by the fact that it is worthy of respectful consideration. In truth, however, M. Comte fares little better finally than Oken and Hegel.

Having thus to some extent cleared the ground, Mr. Spencer goes on to develop his own theory of the genesis of science, which, he says, is to be found in the simpler forms of knowledge, the sole origin of which is experience. It should be the first duty of Positivists to read this analysis of Comte's classification, and then rearrange the order of historic development. Mr. Spencer has left it somewhat askew.

HOW TO STRENGTHEN THE MEMORY; OR, Natural and Scientific Methods of Never Forgetting. By M. L. Holbrook, M.D. Sold at this office. Price $1.00.

If experience did not demonstrate otherwise, it would be generally believed that people with good memories are born, not made. Dr. Holbrook, in this work, givs instances where memory has been strengthened and built up by practice with that object in view. He also tells how the result sought for may be achieved. The first thing necessary, when a thing would be remembered, is of course attention—the fixing of the subject firmly in the mind. Then an occasional repetition will serve to revive the memory. But what Dr. Holbrook appears to place greatest reliance on is suggestion and association, especially the latter. Remember things in connection with other things, and then when one of them is recalled, all the rest come trooping around as though fastened together. One story told in a company suggests another perhaps totally different. An instance of memory by association is given: "The date of the great fire in London is 1666, easily remembered from the repetition of the figure 6. This date enables one to name the time of the Great Plague, which was the year previous; it also serves to indicate the beginning of fire insurance, which sprang like a phenix from the ashes of the city." "The year of the fire in London was that in which tea was introduced from China into England." A good way to keep a name in mind is to write it down and remember how it looks; thus two senses reinforce each other. Many persons hav learned to spell chiefly by recurring to the appearance of words as they stand upon the printed page of the spelling-book. Proceeding mainly in this line, the author tells how to strengthen memory of faces, of places, of music, of facts and events, of figures and dates, and even applies the same principle to the learning of new languages. The book is written in an admirably plain and straightforward style. Here is his definition of memory:

> Memory may be defined as that intellectual power which enables a person to recall, with more or less distinctness and accuracy, past experiences, facts which hav been before the mind, forms, faces, figures, words, phrases, emotions, sounds, and colors, which hav previously exercised the brain. Or it may be defined as a kind of resurrection or reproduction of the past, or a perception of anything with reference to its past existence, or a vision of time past.

We hav given the foregoing in order to contrast it with the definition of memory given by Professor Loisette, who calls it

> The primordial property of the protoplasma differentiated as nerve ganglia, similarly as contractility is the primordial property of the protoplasma differentiated as muscular fiber.

The difference between the two writers is that one tells what memory is and the other does not. Dr. Holbrook's book appeals to the reason and to common sense at once, and can be heartily recommended as both instructiv and interesting.

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"A Proletary" takes for his text an article from THE TRUTH SEEKER on "The Natural Sciences in Our Common Schools," by H. M. Cottinger, and writes a pamphlet of "Hints about the Teaching of Natural History," which is published by M. Harman, Valley Falls, Kan. There is a wild Western recklessness about the typography of the work, but the author has uttered some ringing truths. Send ten cents to M. Harman for it.

"Saladin," the knight-errant of Freethought chivalry in Europe, is performing deeds as illustrious in their way, and as disastrous to the Christian hosts, as were those of his great namesake. His latest tilt he rides as the champion of woman against her enemies, the priests and the Bible. Under the title, "Woman: Her Glory, Her Shame, and Her God," he has published as a pamphlet 64 pages of his articles from the *Secular Review* on "Christianity and Woman." In England Part I. sells for sevenpence, or about 15 cents. In this country, owing to the way our minds are protected at the expense of our pockets, the price is placed at 30 cents. Order the book of W. Stewart & Co., 41 Farringdon street, E. C., London, England.

Mrs. Annie Besant and G. W. Foote, editor of the London *Freethinker*, recently held a four-nights' public debate on the question, "Is Socialism Sound?" Mrs. Besant affirming, and Mr. Foote denying. The debate is published in a pamphlet of 153 pages, price, in America, 50 cents. Knowing the able character of the disputants, the reader may be assured that the best that can be said for or against Socialism is to be found in this pamphlet.

Some time ago THE TRUTH SEEKER printed Mr. J. E. Remsburg's lecture on "The Fathers of Our Republic," and has since published many commendatory notices of it. The space could not hav been devoted to a better purpose. Mr. Mendum, of Boston, has issued the lecture in pamphlet form, at 15 cents per copy. It makes 45 good-sized 12mo pages, and is printed in an attractiv style, with a picture of Paine Hall on the cover. Author and publisher are entitled to the thanks of the Liberal public.

"What is Thought?" asks Miss S. C. Clark (Cambridgeport, Mass., 12mo., 15 pp., price 15 cents), and she answers:

> The breath of the soul, the vital respiration that sustains the spirit's embodied existence. Thought is the cradle in which the man-child is rocked; it is the finger of the Father to which his children tightly cling when striving, with frequent failure, to walk alone. It is the guiding voice heard above the tempest of life, the spray from that Eternal Fountain which floweth over and dashes in musical, rippling fall on every fevered breast.

An evidently earnest, if not clearly successful, attempt to answer a vexed question.

"Isaure and Other Poems" is a collection of verse by W. Stewart Ross, editor of the London *Secular Review*. Mr. Ross is a man of versatil talent, and his verses show that he has the literary faculty highly cultivated. There is something wild and weird about them, however, and they are not of the sort that the poet wished to hav read to him on that evening when he longed for rest. They are distinguished by strength rather than melody. For instance:

> Her white feet are swathed in the linen and shavings,
> My head pressed her bosom, the worm is now there,
> And the blast o'er her tomb mingles wild with my ravings,
> And the gravel is mixed with the gold of her hair.
> . . . . . .
> And the ribs of the clouds widen wide with a moan,
> And through them the winter winds yell;
> And the thunder's red heels, as from heaven he reels,
> Ring bass to the chorus of Hell.

"Tri-Square; or, the Church of Practical Religion," is the title of a book by an anonymous writer who shows evidence of a disciplined mind and a large experience.

It purports to be a record of the experiences attending the attempt to establish a church upon a broad and comprehensiv basis—somewhat after the plan suggested by the Rev. Washington Gladden, and were it not for THE TRUTH SEEKER imprint upon the title-page, and the prejudice resulting therefrom, the book might pass among orthodox readers for the work of some enthusiast only a little more advanced than he in the new theology.

The author, although extremely liberal, does not entirely discard creeds or the necessity for them. He even formulates a creed for his church, but makes it broad enough for all people who would do good to stand upon. It is not based upon belief or unbelief. It is this:

"Every act or word that will result in injury to anybody is wrong and is prohibited."

The object of the "church is to teach mankind all things essential for their proper guidance and happiness in this life, which is deemed to be the true service of God."

No person who does not in good faith believe in this rule, and practice in accordance therewith, shall be accepted as a member of this church; all members who wilfully violate this rule, or the law of the land, shall be expelled.

He does not reject the Bible, but regards it purely as the work of men; neither does he believe in the divinity of Christ, but as a reformer. The trinity he acknowledges is matter, force, and law. The living strictly

within the letter and spirit of the law, is the surest way to prepare for a future life.

The author's idea is to unite all moral, well-disposed persons in the work of improvement and reform. It matters not if a man believes in a God or not, so his life proves correct by the "Tri-Square"—he can become a member of his church; if he is a bad or immoral man he cannot be fellowshiped without first reforming. He favors the investigation of all matters pertaining to this life, particularly Bible history and writings, believing it is not God, but the devil that is afraid of inquiry. Rewards and punishments are justly awarded, but whether in this life or the life to come, or in both, he does not pretend to know—but "somehow, somewhere they must surely come." It may be no being is yet sufficiently advanced to inherit eternal life.

We advise all who feel interested in this subject to read the book. It is not dry nor prosy. The interest increases as the reader advances, and it does not prove convincing it will furnish food for vigorous, activ thought.

For sale by the Truth Seeker Publishing Company, New York. Price $1.—*Denison, Texas, Sunday Gazetteer.*

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"The Clergy on Divorce" is Judge R. B. Westbrook's latest "booklet." The judge denies that marriage is a sacrament, or that it is a Christian institution; that the only just cause for divorce is adultery, or that the federal government has any right to interfere in the matter—all of which is claimed by the clergy. Incompatible law-enforced relations, he holds, are productiv of discontent, temptation, disease, and vicious tendencies in offspring, idiocy, insanity, and numberless other evils. The system of "limited divorce," which leaves both parties in the anomalous position of being neither married nor single, bond nor free, is most unwarranted, and is characterized as a disgrace to the statute book of any enlightened state. On this subject the judge uses vigorous language. As a reform in marriage laws, he recommends something like those in certain European states which provide for divorce by mutual consent of parties, but prohibit haste and rashness, and allow the referee to withhold his decision for one year, the parties meanwhile living separate. Reconciliation not taking place, the divorce is granted. The fickle and unprincipled might sometimes take advantage of existing laws, and seek separation for trifling cause, but the many should not suffer for the want of a reasonable and legal way of escape from bondage because the few abuse it. The judge has treated the matter further in his larger book on "Marriage and Divorce."

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Colby & Rich hav published a bulky volume of 433 pages, entitled, "Unanswerable Logic: a Series of Spiritual Discourses given through the Mediumship of Thomas Gales Forster." The introduction is by Carrie Grimes Forster, who says that the author "now bathes in the brightness and effulgence of the upper sanctuary of the Father, the glory-land of righteous compensation." The book is designed to define Spiritualism and set forth its truths. The author says:

Spiritualism rolls its warm, sparkling waves of thought across the cold gray sea of material skepticism, just as the Gulf Stream weaves its mystic length across the latitudes and the oceans, exercising an influence, imperceptible to many, perhaps, but none the less powerful and extensiv because as yet unappreciated in its full bearing. For, amid the more exalted enterprises of human genius characteristic of the present age—amid the holier utterances of the press, the pulpit, and the rostrum—amid the loftier conceptions of the poet, the artist, and the man of letters—the mental eye of the spiritual philosopher can perceive the inculcations and direct influences of this school of thought beginning to manifest themselvs with a persistent truthfulness not to be mistaken, and with a conclusivness well-nigh irresistible. And this condition of things, we are encouraged to believe, will be increasingly apparent as mediumistic facilities are afforded for a clearer understanding of its phenomenal presentations, as well as a higher appreciation of the ethical and philosophical deductions which are the legitimate sequences of an intelligent investigation.

From the foregoing the reader can judge of the author's style, as also from the following sentence of 133 words:

In attempting an elucidation of the fact of man's existence as a spirit entity while in the material body—the fact claimed in my text as a fundamental tenet of the spiritual school, but denied by many who are unwilling to accept of the phenomena of Spiritualism as sufficiently satisfactory testimony in favor of the same—permit me, in addition to the phenomenal phases familiar to most of you, to offer further testimony by adverting somewhat in detail to the wonderful agency exerted in the realm of conscious individuality by the nervous system of the human body especially, and the important duties devolving upon it in the animal economy, as an efficient agent of the thinking principle which so evidently animates and controls this wonderful piece of machinery amid the conditions of time.

A few pages further on is a third sentence covering sixteen lines of eleven words per line. Apart from the difficulty of following the leading idea through these long arrays of words, there is nothing in the book objectionble to the Freethinking Deistical Spiritualist, and it certainly contains much that every sensible person must indorse. No doubt Mr. Forster was possessed of a clear and activ brain capable of holding a thought while he draped and decorated and frescoed it with other minor thoughts, but he should hav been more regardful of the infirmities of his readers. A flight of one hundred and fifty steps should hav an occasional landing where the climber may pause for breath. The mechanical part of this book is above criticism, and it contains a fine steel portrait of the author.

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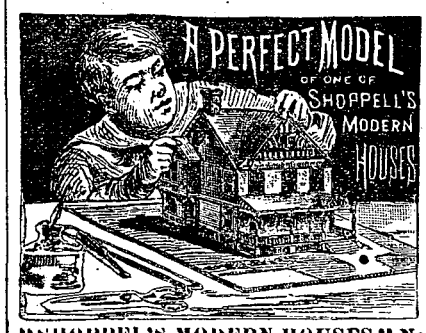
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## News of the Week.

As yet Archbishop Corrigan has not received the communication from the pope in regard to the McGlynn case. It is reported that his holiness will excommunicate McGlynn if he declines to obey and make the journey to Rome inside of the next forty days.

HIGH license has become a law in Pennsylvania.

JACOB SHARP was called to the bar on Monday.

TALMAGE is announced as the Decoration Day orator in this city.

QUEEN KAPIOLANI, of the Sandwich Islands, spent Sunday in New York.

THE great flood in Maine still continues, and railway traffic is impeded.

THE Saturday half-holiday is not being so extensivly observed as it ought to be.

GENERAL GRANT'S widow is just recovering from a severe attack of malignant diphtheria.

The Anti-poverty Society's third meeting, Sunday night, was largely attended. Henry George addressed it.

THE legislature has passed a law permitting the indulgence of beer and music under the same roof, and it is now legal to whistle between drinks.

EVANGELIST PETER DWYER, of this city, is under arrest for abandoning his wife.

MARTIN F. TUPPER, the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," for several weeks past has been scarcely able to read or write.

AT a cattle fair in Madison Square Garden, this city, 483 head were entered in all, upon which the owners place an aggregate value of about $1,000,000.

THE Rev. J. Edgar Brown, a Methodist preacher at Allentown, N. Y., is being investigated. He is charged with promiscuous hugging and kissing.

PARSON BRISTOR, tried at New City, N. Y., for assault upon his housemaid, was acquitted. The jury did not believe that the girl resisted to the extent of her powers.

CHURCHGOING people in Madison county, Ind., are scandalized by a free fight at a church meeting in Union township last Sunday, in which several persons were injured.

THE lockout of New York silversmiths has lasted three weeks, and the employers remain firm in the demand that the workmen must abandon their labor organization before they can come back.

GOVERNOR KNOTT, of Kentucky, exercised executiv clemency in the case of a murderer sentenced to be hanged, and the crowd who came to see the hanging were so incensed that they hanged the governor in effigy.

AT the last meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club, the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, of St. George's Episcopal church, said he did not believe the story of Elisha and the bears. Concerning which the *Sun* observes that this is substantially the position taken by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.

WHILE the Rev. D. I. Marks, of the Irving Methodist church, New York, was preaching in his pulpit a week ago, he was suddenly stricken with paralysis. Though improving, his recovery is considered doubtful. The moral in this case is as obvious as in any other of a similar character.

THERE were no saloons or gardens open in New York last Sunday, and it is estimated that from 50,000 to 100,000 persons crossed the Hudson to New Jersey, where saloons, theaters, fairs, and base ball were in full blast. The wary Jerseyman is making hay while the sun shines, but the blue cloud of sabbatarianism is likely to overshadow him at any moment. The laws of New Jersey are the same as those of New York on the Sunday question.


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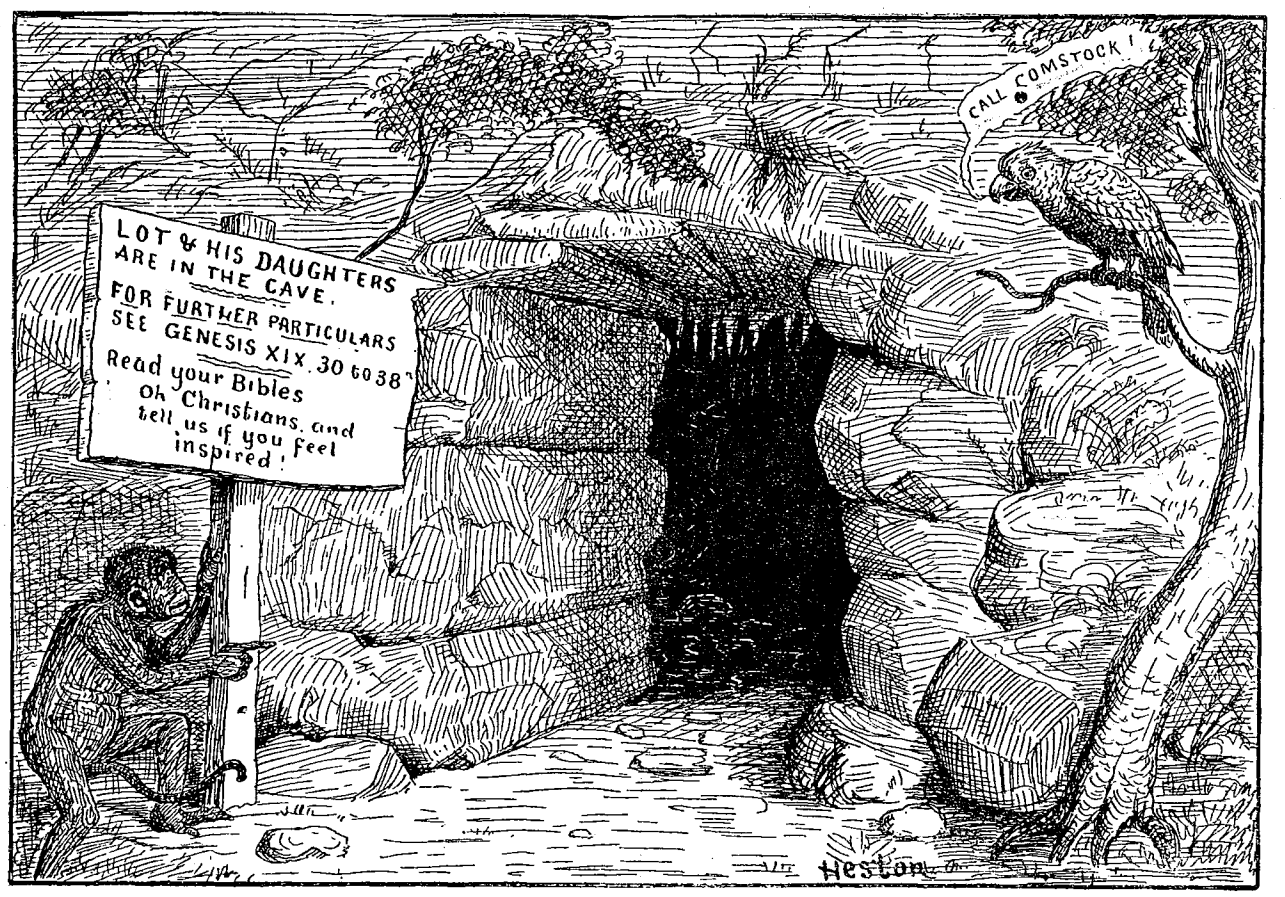
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WHEN a heathen gets abont half full of Massachusetts rum, the Christian religion strikes him as being faultless.

OLD lady (to wicked little boys who are playing marbles on Sunday): "Little boys, what are you playing marbles on Sunday for?" Little boys: "We're playing for keeps."

MRS. DE HOBSON: "What a lovely prayer-book, Mrs. Hendricks. Is it a present from your husband?" Mrs. Hendricks: "No, I won it at the progressiv eucher party at Deacon Smith's last week."

MRS. GRUNDY: "So you've been left a lot more money, I hear, Miss Luckie?" Miss Luckie: "Yes; quite a lot." Mrs. Grundy (with a sign of resignation): "Well, it's true what the good book says—'Them as has gits!'"

ON THE BACK STOOP.

Young wife: "I wonder the birds don't come here any more. I used to throw them bits of the cake I made, and—"

Young husband: "That accounts for it."

OUR pastor (to new arrival in town): "Perhaps you would like to join our Mutual Improvement Union? We should dearly like to welcome you." New arrival: "That depends on how big you gag your limit. I'd a been eatin' nuggets in Reno today 'f 't hadn't been fer th' 'Sons of Faith' there."

A TERRITORIAL editor says in his paper: "Yesterday we were again married. It will be remembered that both of our former wives eloped with the foreman of the office. To avoid any future inconvenience of the kind, we hav this time married a lady who is a compositor, and she will set the type while we hustle for the ducks who still owe on snbscription."

YOUNG man (to sexton, at church door): "Isn't the sermon nearly done?" Sexton: "About an hour yet. He is only on his 'Lastly.'" Young man: "Will it take him an hour to get through his 'Lastly?'" Sexton: "No, but there's the 'One word more and I am done,' and the 'Finally,' and the 'In conclusion' to come yet. Don't get impatient, young man. Your girl won't spoil."

A COLORED preacher was talking of prayer, and said: "Now, bredren, when you prays don't pray so much in a gineral way; pray more pertickler. And when I says 'more pertickler,' do you know what I means? Let me tell yer. If I prays de Lord to gib me a turkey, dat ain't nothin'—I ain't a-goin' to git dat turkey! But when I prays de Lord to gib me one o' Massa John's turkeys, I knows I'se gwine to git dat turkey 'fore Sat'd'y night!"

"WE didn't hold services in the church to-day," said a clergyman in a small town in Washabaugh county, Dakota, as he returned home. "Where did you hold them, then?" asked his wife. "Back of Joe Pinneo's barn." "Well; that's a strange place—has the church burnt up?" "Oh, no, the church is all right, but the congregation was all back of the barn, so I went there and stood up on a hay-rack and expounded the word for over an hour. You see Joe and Deacon Fumstock were trading horses out there, and I'm bound to take the gospel right to the people."

"BE of good cheer, Sister Jones," said the pastor to a dying member of his congregation. "You will soon be in heaven playing on a golden harp, and rejoicing with the angel throng." "Ah, no," faintly uttered Sister Jones. "I could never play on a musical instrument—not even an accordion—and I'll never be able to play on a harp unless it has a handle to it like an orguinette."

A PARALYTIC young woman, who had been unable to walk for years, was conveyed to a revival-meeting one night recently, and during prayer she suddenly arose, gave an ear-piercing shout, climbed over three pews, gained the aisle, and made a dash for the pulpit. It was not another faith cure, as many persons in the congregation supposed. She had simply seen a mouse in her pew near her feet.

TRUE ECONOMY.

A thrifty and most economical dame
Owned a pair of fine fowls whose fair qualities came
Through a line of fine fowls of an eggsellent fame.

And madam, the hen, had a musical way
Of duly announcing an egg every day,
While Sir Cockolorum would join in the lay.

And once on a time in the cold of the year,
When eggs they were scarce and when eggs they were dear,
Still daily their cackle was truthful and clear.

And ere their commendable labors did cease,
A bountiful basketful showed the increase,
All fresh and all fair and worth four cents apiece.

Since eggs they were scarce and since eggs they were high,
The thrifty old dame, with a natural sigh
(For she liked a good egg) put the basketful by.

"In the list of my sins," with decision said she,
"The sin of eggstravagance never shall be,
Such eating is quite too eggspensiv for me."

It chanced, when the far-away farmers had heard
The price of good eggs, that their spirits were stirred
To send in by car-loads the fruit of the bird.

And long ere these efforts for profit did cease,
An overstocked market had felt the increase,
And eggs they were selling for one cent apiece.

The thrifty old dame with a heart that was gay,
Brought forth her full basket without a delay,
From where she so lately had stowed it away.

"The price has come down while the eggs are yet sweet,"
She said, "which will giv me a plenty to eat.
At twelve cents a dozen they're cheaper than meat."


REPLY

TO REV. L. A. LAMBERT'S

"NOTES ON INGERSOLL."

**By B. W. Lacy.**

A thorough exposure of the Catholic priest's Historical misstatements.

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## Gems of Thought.

HAD England never had an established church, she might hav been spared the most deplorable periods in her history.—*D. M. Bennett.*

WE honor our ancestors when we liv better, think better, and do better than they did. That is a false veneration that builds a ship after the model of the Mayflower; that creates a house of Puritan architecture; that livs as they did in our grandfathers' days. Our forefathers showed their sense when they respected their own ideas. That is the lesson that Plymouth Rock inculcates. It is not a symbol of attainment; it is the rude attempt, the apprentice hand, that foretells the column of beauty, the full power of liberty. No form is so perfect that it should be copied forever; no method so fit that it shall never be supplanted. Life is progress; the world must be emancipated from models. Candles may be run in molds, but not human beings.—*L. K. Washburn.*

FULL eighteen hundred years hav passed since Paul imagined that the reign of death was almost over, and it is not over yet. Death is still absolute and universal. The most that has been accomplished is, here and there, to obtain a brief reprieve of the impartial sentence under which all lie together. But this reprieve has not been the work of the priest or the magician; prayer has not won it, nor any far off, doubtful resurrection. It has been the work of the physiologist, the physician, the sanitarian, the student of hygiene, of those who hav discovered the laws of health, and most of all, of those who hav obeyed them.—*John W. Chadwick.*

THE common Christian conception of the pardon of sin upon repentance and conversion seems to us to embody a very transparent and pernicious fallacy. "Who can forgiv sins but God only?" asked the Pharisees. There is great confusion and contradiction in our ideas on this subject. God is the only being who can *not* forgiv sins. "Forgivness of sins" means one of two things—it either means saving a man from the consequences of his sins, that is, interposing between cause and effect, in which case it is working a miracle (which God no doubt can do, but which we hav no right to expect that he will do, or to ask that he shall do); or, it means an engagement to forbear retaliation, a suppression of the natural anger felt against the offender by the offended party, a forgiving of vengeance on the part of the injured—in which meaning it is obviously quite inapplicable to a being exempt and aloof from human passions.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

CANT is useful to provoke common sense.—*Emerson.*

No good man can hav a realizing conviction of the truth of Christianity, and not be miserable. To be consistent, every Christian should be in a madhouse. "If men in general," says Leigh Hunt, "had ever seen a human being broiling in a real fire, writhing and groaning, men in general would fall on their knees to implore the quenching of hell-fire, or they would disbelieve its existence." Judge for yourselvs, my readers, whether the thought of unbroken everlasting sleep for all human kind, or such a future as Christianity teaches, is the more rational and ennobling.—*Underwood's Lectures and Essays.*

WHAT is there in this life that can appear great to him who has acquainted himself with eternity and the utmost extent of the universe? For what is there in human knowledge or the short space of this life that can appear great to a wise man? Whose mind is always so upon its guard that nothing can befal him which is unforeseen, nothing which is unexpected, nothing, in short, which is new? Such a man takes so exact a survey on all sides of him that he always knows the proper place and spot to liv in, free from all troubles and annoyances of life, and encounters every accident that fortune can bring upon him with a becoming calmness.—*Cicero's Tusculan Disputations.*

"YOU allow that it would hav been my vocation to be a nun had I been a Catholic?" Virginia asked in a strange voice. "Yes, and as a Catholic I would hav respected your choice," Ringrave answered, "though as a Catholic I should hav deplored the false view of goodness which takes from this life the purest and finest natures to shut them up in a living tomb where they can do no good to anyone!" "We are the last in the world to uphold the Romish church, with all its errors of doctrin and superstition," said Hermione, speaking as she had been taught. "But you must in fairness allow us Anglicans the same vocation." Ringrave shook his head. "No, I do not," he said gently. "A woman can do better for herself and the world than by incarcerating herself and renouncing all practical usefulness. A mother is of more value than a nun."—*Mrs. Linton's Under Which Lord?*


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# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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BAIT FOR THE CREDULOUS.—CHILDREN, BEWARE OF THE TRAP.

## Notes and Clippings.

THE manuscript of Burns's poem, "The Whistle," has recently been purchased for £283 by Lord Rosebery.

THE Boston barber arrested for cutting a man's hair on Sunday has been acquitted. His lawyer quoted 1 Cor. xi, 14, "Doth not even nature itself teach you that if a man hav long hair it is a shame unto him?" and the judges were overpowered and let the culprit go.

THE Canadian Pacific Railroad owns the heaviest locomotiv in the world. It weighs eighty tons. The next heaviest is the Southern Pacific's, seventy-seven tons; the third weighs seventy-two and a half tons, and is on the Northern Pacific; and Brazil owns the fourth, weighing seventy-two tons.

THE Rev. Mr. Ward, of Englewood, N. J., who shot his wife, though not fatally, and then some time afterward committed suicide, left a will disposing of property worth about $25,000, the proceeds of his two former marriages. His widow's name is not mentioned in the will, though it was drawn two days after the shooting.

A DAILY paper published one day last week the confession of the Methodist Janitor Titus, of the Hackettstown, N. J., Institute, who murdered Tillie Smith. The confession relates with considerable circumstantiality that the janitor and the girl had been criminally intimate, and that the killing was accidental. Before night on the day of publication Anthony Comstock appeared in the district attorney's office and demanded a warrant for the arrest of the editor of the paper for circulating obscene literature. The warrant was not granted. Titus's confession is full of pious asseverations, but is generally believed to be a pure fabrication.

QUEEN KAPIOLANI of the Sandwich Islands visited our schools last week. She was greatly surprised to learn that New York expends $4,000,000 annually for educational purposes, and that the pupils number nearly double her entire kingdom. The queen was royally entertained in Boston, that city having paid nearly $18,000 for hotel bills, carriage hire, flowers, and music for her and her numerous attendants.

TWO revivalists at Park Ridge, N. J., hav got into trouble by calling people indiscriminately "devils and sons of devils." One of them, named Mason, applied that epithet to a Sunday-school teacher, and the latter yanked him out of his pulpit by the beard, and a free fight followed. The place is in a state of excitement over the affair, and the evangelists are threatened with tar and feathers unless they moderate the tenor of their discourses.

THE joke in the following from the *Sun* will be seen when it is recollected that the thirsty New Yorker must ferry the Hudson to Hoboken if he desires to drink a glass of beer on Sunday: "Wife (returning from church): 'How beautifully the choir sang "One More River to Cross!"' Husband: 'Yes, and that reminds me that I hav an engagement in Hoboken this afternoon.'" A great many church-goers are having engagements across the river on these dry Sunday afternoons. If the object of the Sunday law in New York is to encourage church attendance, it is a failure. The worshiper could always get his drink on the way to church, so that his religious devotions were not interfered with. Now that he must go to New Jersey for the drink, attendance upon divine service is impracticable.

IN Louisville, N. A., and C. Railway Co. *vs.* Frawley, the Indiana Supreme Court has recently held that the mere fact that one who sustains an injury by the negligent act of another may hav been at the time of such injury acting in disobedience of the Sunday laws of the state, will not prevent a recovery from the party whose wrongful or negligent act was the proximate cause of such injury.

LAST Sunday, as I did my constitutional on the avenue, says a writer on the *Star*, I overheard one of those neat, lap-seamed, *a la militaire*, ecru spring jackets say to another ditto, outside one of the fashionable churches: "Why, Belle, I thought you were a Unitarian?" "Yes, we were," was the reply, "but ma and I hav joined the Episcopalians. We like their forms better." "Their forms?" "Yes; you get up and down so much, you know, your dress doesn't get crumpled."

THE Rev. Mr. Schabehorn, of Nyack, N. Y., tried by the presbytery for drunkenness, confesses his fault, but pleads in excuse that "at every wedding, christening, and social event beer and wine flow freely, and if the minister refuses to drink he givs offense." He promises, however, to risk giving offense rather than get drunk any more. Another charge against Mr. Schabehorn is that he has been guilty of "criminal conversation" with women, and his confession on that point is awaited with interest.

MR. BAYARD, United States secretary of state, has recently signed a treaty with the Russian government under which political refugees from that country may be arrested in this. In behalf of the Russian-Americans in New York a great many people are protesting against the treaty, and on Thursday evening of last week a mass-meeting was held at Cooper Institute. Among the speakers was Dr. McGlynn, who said: "I do not stand here to justify the assassination of the czar, although I should not put any crape on my hat if he should be killed. I hav the profoundest respect for conscience, and even though conscience should be erroneous a man is following a heroic part in following his conscience. There are noble, grand, and heroic men who believe it to be their duty to kill the czar, and I respect their opinions. It is not the duty of the Senate to decide this question of conscience for them." A letter from Col. R. G. Ingersoll was read as follows: "With every drop of my blood I am opposed to any treaty with Russia by which the United States shall be bound to deliver to the agents of that infamous government men who hav simply been charged with political crimes. A Russian who does not oppose the despotism of the czar is a criminal, and one who does is a patriot and hero. No such treaty should be made while Siberia is the tomb of the bravest and the best. This government should side with the struggling, with the oppressed, and no true American should hav the slightest sympathy with the tyrants, the usurpers, the enemies of the human race, called kings and czars."

# Communications.

## Tales Told Out of School.

### VI.

THE ANDOVER CASE

Was just on the tapis at the time of this interview with my combatant, and more to gratify my curiosity in seeing what an intelligent Infidel would think of it, I asked his opinion of the case. "Thank you," said he, "for calling my attention to that subject. It proves and illustrates my position that the indefinable thing called religion has no power to make even cultivated men frank, honorable, and honest, but converts them, on the first temptation, into cunning tricksters. If in the matter of land or money wordly people would act as fraudulently as these Andover professors do, they would be sent to the penitentiary, like the New York aldermen, as unmitigated rogues. You seem shocked at what I say, but look at the case. Here was a large sum of money contributed by Calvinistic Christians of the Congregational church to endow a theological seminary where young men should be qualified to preach the orthodox system to the New England churches. Remembering how the funds of Harvard University had been stolen by the Unitarians, and prostituted to the teaching of a theology emasculated of all its stalwart and manly features; remembering, too, how the pious Jacob, the patron saint of all religious rogues, had robbed his nobler brother of his birthright and his father's blessing by simulating the hairy hands of Esau, these orthodox donors consulted the lawyers, and under their directions put every conceivable obstacle in the way of such another alienation. Then they died, believing that Andover, like Princeton, would, as a perennial fountain, send forth its streams of orthodox influence to the end of time, to keep sound and growing all the churches of their faith. The founders of the Andover school of theology knew what orthodoxy is. They were familiar with the teachings of Jonathan Edwards, the great Calvin of the New England states. They knew that the Five Points of Calvinism, as they are called, are as logical as the multiplication table, and that if one were admitted to be true, and he who made the admission knew how to reason, all the rest of them must be true also. According to this system, the heathen in foreign lands were in a totally and hopelessly lost condition, because '*there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved*' but the name of Jesus, and the heathen, never having heard of this name, must of course be exposed to eternal damnation. The whole enterprise of foreign missions was based upon this scriptural tenet, and the churches proved their faith in it by contributing millions upon millions of money to put the heathen into a salvable condition at least, if by any means they might save some. But the sagacious heathen, when they saw that, by the new religion offered to them by the missionaries, all their ancestors were not only dead, but damned, because they had not believed in a Christ or a Bible which they never heard of, gave the cold shoulder to such a religion, and, to take the stumbling-block out of the way of their becoming Christians and joining the mission churches, the new doctrin of a second probation is cooked up, forming an *olla-podrida*, or incongruous melange, the like of which the world never heard of before. You see, these missionaries hav found a bonanza which they value at its true worth. They liv like nabobs in their bungalows, and are pensioned for life on the funds of the church. Nothing endangers them but the fact, if it were spread among the churches at home, that the whole foreign missionary enterprise is the most colossal fraud and humbug of the age, since the few conversions they make are among the lowest classes of the Eastern nations. And so, to gull the people at home, and keep their purse-strings loose, and with the hope of increasing their converts as proof of their success, they propitiate the heathen by teaching that the departed souls of their ancestors, now locked up in the prisons of hell, will hav a *second* probation or chance in the next world, as if they had had a *first* chance in this. But look at the monstrous absurdity and utter unscripturalness of the idea! Paul says of the present gospel, that it is '*the wisdom of God, and the power of God unto salvation.*' That is to say, that the divine attributes of infinit wisdom, power, and goodness were exhausted in originating the gospel as a method of carrying out the purposes of God concerning the human race as fallen. Under this system the stream of human destiny, like the mighty Mississippi, has been flowing down from the date of the fall in the Garden of Eden through sixty centuries of time, bearing countless millions of unredeemed souls to the gulf of perdition, God saving by a miracle of grace only a comparativ handful, as the very best that he could do in the circumstances of the case. Could the imaginary church and gospel of the probationists, when set up in the next world, be and do any more than this? And if these instrumentalities, put in activ operation under a new dispensation, beginning with the Christian church eighteen hundred years ago, with the Holy Ghost to help, hav failed to the extent that the church containing the redeemed is still a very 'little flock,' what hope is there that it will be any better in the 'second' probation church of the future? No, sir," said my combatant, waxing warm, "the Andover men hav outgrown the creed which they swore they believed and would teach when they were installed in office. They hav snug, warm houses to liv in, and large salaries, and, like the missionaries, are pensioned for life; and to keep these privileges they hav resorted to tricks which, if a lawyer would practice in his profession, would cause him to be disbarred and driven from court in disgrace. The second probation idea is stamped with folly and childishness on its face, and would hav been laughed out of existence when first announced had it not been for the amazing credulity of the Christian people, which makes them like to be humbugged, and because there are vast funds and comfortable places at stake. For what can be a nicer berth in this world of ups and downs, and bread and butter, than a well-furnished house, out of which no landlord can warn you, a good, punctually-paid salary, and a chair in a theological seminary where the professor performs his perfunctory devotions for a few minutes every day, and reads over to a new class of students every year his old fox-tail lectures, reeking with the lore of the Dark Ages crammed into the Confession of Faith, which they are sworn to teach? If it were not for a conscience and a sense of honor which forbid, Infidel as I am, I might be tempted, for such a comfortable consideration as I hav mentioned, to do as the Andover professors do."

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

At this point I interjected a question as to his opinion of the foreign missionary enterprise itself. "Why, sir," said he, "it is the biggest swindle ever practiced on the credulity of this or any other age. It exceeds the imposture of the oracle at Delphos, where the Pythian priestess, on her tripod, levied willing contributions from the Greeks for ages. It is a meaner money-making trick than the one played for centuries and still kept up by the Catholic priests on the Neapolitans by the liquefaction of the blood of Saint Januarius. The way the church people in this country contribute money to the cause of missions proves them to be the most gullible of mankind. And the way the managers at home doctor up the reports of the missionaries abroad, so as to blind the eyes and bleed the purses of their dupes, proves what I said before, that the sentiment called religion allows its devotees to do the meanest and most unprincipled things. If the church, in her benevolence, would send a domestic missionary into some settlement on our Western frontier to save the souls of our countrymen, furnish him with a house, and good salary, and put him on the funds as a pensioner for life, and then find, after twenty years of 'labor' in his vocation, that there were more children born in six months thanthe adults he had converted in all that time; if, I say, the people would visit the field and see how they had been swindled and their benevolence abused, they would giv up the business of soul-saving in disgust. But the heathen are thousands of miles away, and all the knowledge they hav comes through corrupt channels. The agents of the missionary society at home, and the missionaries themselvs, conspire effectually to hoodwink the people and make them believe that thousands of the heathen are annually converted to Christianity, and the whole of them soon will be if the Christians at home only contribute liberally to the cause."

"But," I asked, "are not some of the heathen converted, and do they not join the church?" "Yes," said he, "but in India and China, where most of the missions are located, humanity swarms in millions, and is as cheap as dirt. The most of them belong to the lowest class, are ignorant, and poor as poverty itself, are of no account, and can be hired at a few pennies a day to dress up and parade as Christian converts. Who ever heard of any of the intelligent classes among the Hindoos or Chinese being converted? If there are any such they are as rare as white blackbirds. A friend of mine, in a city where was located the largest mission station in the empire, had a missionary periodical put into his hands which had just been received from England, containing the annual report of the condition and prospects of that mission, made by the reverend gentlemen who composed it, with the request of the merchant who handed it to him that he would read it carefully and compare the statements made in its pages with the facts in the case as he had seen them with his own eyes. He met the English merchant a few days after having read the document, and in conversation remarked that he could not believe it possible that men professing to be religious, and whom he went to hear preach every Sunday, could misrepresent facts as these missionaries had done. 'Why,' said the merchant, 'it is their very religion that makes them falsifiers of the truth. It is the old doctrin of *pious frauds* which the church has practiced from the first century of its existence, and which has always been justified because the lies told and the robberies committed are for the glory of God and the good of his blood-bought church.'

"While on this subject of meanness and dishonesty, which religion of all kinds allows its votaries to commit without blushing, I need not go to India for example. Look at the Tract Society, the Bible Society, which, I believe, are close corporations in law, that chose their own successors in office, and are not accountable to their constituents who furnish the funds they handle; the Methodist Book Concern, and all the other societies for the collection and disbursement of money for religious purposes managed chiefly by the clergy. What a revelation might be made if experts were sent to examin the accounts! But, as before remarked, the religious public like to be humbugged. The seamstress in her garret, where she works at starvation wages—provided she is pious—likes to contribute of her hard earnings for the support of the dear, self-denying missionaries, and for the maintenance and education of the able-bodied, pious young men who are studying for the gospel ministry; and she would frown upon me and call me an Infidel if I would undertake to show her the fact that she was robbed by the meanest kind of thieves, and that her pittance, no larger than the farmer's 'widows mite,' and so sincerely given, went, with thousands more like it, into the insatiable maws of a priesthood, who trade in religion as the brokers do in watered stocks and 'futures.'"

"My friend," said I, at the close of his utterance, "I thank you for the candor you hav manifested during this conversation in giving me the ideas and purposes of the Infidels. I must confess, if you are a representativ man, as I take you to be, that you are a people with glass breasts, whose opinions, motivs, and plans are apparent to all who wish to ascertain them. You hav no secret mental reservations; you don't seem inclined to force, distort, or explain away the facts of nature to round out your views into a system, but take them as they are. And while I am in deadly opposition to your doctrins and schemes, I must regard you as honorable antagonists. There is, however, one more topic on which I should like to hear you speak before we part, and that is, *God*. Do you believe in a personal God who created and governs all things?" To this he replied: "On this subject I am neither a Deist nor an Atheist, but an Agnostic. I neither affirm nor deny; neither do I believe or disbelieve, any more than I do the proposition that the planet Jupiter is inhabited by human beings, *because* there is no conclusiv evidence on the subject, one way or the other. If we are left without any positiv proof of the existence of a God, or if our faculties are too weak to perceive it, the most modest position a man can take is to say frankly, I do not know. To see the confidence with which each of the hundreds of sectarians declares that he knows all about God and the universe, one would suppose that he was on speaking and visiting terms with him, and frequently entertained him at dinner. But the Agnostic, when he stands before the illimitable universe, is appalled with a sense of his own insignificance and ignorance, and reverently says of its origin, I do not know. But I look with favor on the theory which attributes to matter itself, in its infinit forms, all the phenomena which for ages we hav been in the habit of ascribing to a personal God. Since the discoveries of Newton, thinking men, whose religion has produced in them no obliquity of vision, and who are judges and jurors, instead of attorneys at law with the church as their client, are coming to agree that matter is not only eternal in existence, but self-endowed with the force of attraction, which keeps the planets in their orbits, and prevents collision. Look at the force of matter in the human body which, when a man is sound asleep, pumps the blood by main force into the arterial system, carrying life and health everywhere from crown to sole; and when its oxygen is used up, bringing it back by the venous circulation to the lungs, where it is replenished with new life from the atmosphere. Cut and tie up an artery in a man's arm above the elbow, and immediately nature, as we call that force in physiology, will begin the anastomosing process of digging an artificial channel, and constructing a new pipe, for conveying the arterial blood to the parts of the arm below the elbow. This is an exhibition of the inherent and intelligent force of matter, and evidences design. A few centuries ago, before the birth of science, if a man born before his time had announced such truths to the world, he would hav been sent by the church to prison. Roger Bacon, in the fifteenth century, for the crime of knowing how to grind glass pebbles, and make magnifying spectacles, thus giving old people new eyes, was charged by the church with being in league with the devil, and put into prison. The phenomena of life were then attributed to miracle, but now we ascribe them to the infinit capabilities of matter. While I admit that in this whole class of subjects there are difficulties which science has not yet solved, I think there are fewer in the theory I favor than in any other. I am content, therefore, to wait for new knowledge. If it shall come to me before I die, or afterwards, how glad I will be to receive it! If my being is extinguished at death, I will share the fate, as a fact in nature, of all the countless millions who hav gone before me to the realms of shade.

"In your complimentary remarks a moment ago concerning the Infidels, which I duly appreciate, you spoke of our plans and purposes. Our purpose is to free the human intellect and conscience from the bondage of religion. And our plan, or method, to accomplish this purpose is free discussion. We aim not to form an organization with a creed as a bond of union, nor a political party to exercise power, but to make every human being consciously free to think, to weigh evidence, and to come to a conclusion. The church has the start of us by eighteen hundred years, during most of which time her authority was unquestioned. But we hav the freedom of speech and of the press, and what is more, with all due deference, a system of truth consistent with nature. And although you do not believe it, I think your grandchildren will see, if your children do not anticipate them, that the prevalence of our opinions will not result in Anarchy, moral or political, but in making our fellow-beings wiser, better, and happier than they ever were under the reign of the church superstition. Farewell!"

At the close of this meeting I took my leave, and while all was fresh in my recollection, made a record in my journal of the substance of the conversation as stated above. My experience with the Infidels thus far has convinced me of one thing, that the policy of representing them in our pulpits and journals as a class without character and influence, is not only a mistake but a dangerous one. They are wide awake, and know what they are about. But the church, asleep, and fortified by numbers, wealth, and organization, are as ignorant of what is going on outside as the Babylonians were when Cyrus, with the Persian army at his back, was breaking down the brazen gates of the Euphrates, and preparing to invade and conquer the city.

## The Unsettled Question.

Whatever may be urged against it, no question is more important, or more imperativly demanding a settlement, than that which is caused by the relations of capital and labor. It is very evident that the present condition of things cannot long continue. The general dissatisfaction, which is not confined to the most ignorant and the poorest, is a proof that we are on the eve of some important changes in our common life.

Whatever allowances we may make for individual inequalities, no one can deny that something is fundamentally wrong when, in a land of plenty, such contrasts exist in the possessions of men. The recognition of this fact is, in itself, a great step for a nation to make in one century. Great wealth in the hands of the few is absolutely more dangerous than universal poverty. Its tendency is to constantly interfere with both legislation and commerce, and to conquer by one means or the other every weak competitor. The rights of the individual are second to the rights of property. Such a reversal of natural rights can end only in discontent and revolution.

Not only so, but the social and other distinctions brought about by such iniquitous means cause the extremes of society to look with fear or suspicion on each other. The great body of people who form what is called "the middle class" are in constant danger from any warfare between the two extremes. Whichever way we look, we may discern the serious results of any other inequality among men than that which is natural. No nation can be at peace with itself, even if it be a republic, when every state institution is controled by wealth. People may complain, then, of the restlessness of the laborers; but every violation of the rights of one by another class will but intensify the resulting uneasiness.

There is no wisdom in joining in the clamor against wealth, where it has been honestly acquired. No conceivable system of life will produce equality of wealth among men. And a coerced equality, could it even be thought of, would be the worst system of all.

The whole of this great controversy may be summed up in two questions: What should be done by the state to adjust the difficulties of the situation? and, What should the individual do? It is hardly possible for anyone to fully discern the respectiv duties of the state on the one hand, and of the individual on the other. One thing is very certain. That which can be done by the one should not be undertaken by the other. And any attempt to supplant each other from its proper sphere can end only in vexatious controversy. But how are we to ascertain what should be done by the state alone, and what by the individual? The principal consideration is that what is established for a national purpose should be owned or controled by the people collectivly in contradistinction to corporations owning and controling it. Take, for instance, the system of railroads. There can hardly be any question of the justice and utility of the national government having absolute control of it. Not that I suppose that the ownership of the railroads by the general government is perpectly free from objection; but that, under the present system of ownership, the people are exposed to the merciless avarice of railroad corporations. Every law that has been, or will be, passed, in relation to the control or regulation of railroads, will only show the increasing necessity of the state purchasing and owning them. The English people likewise are perceiving the same necessity. And if evils exist on either side, we hav to choose between an evil of monstrous extortion and interference from railroad companies, and industrial officialism. I do not believe in state Socialism; nor is this measure akin to it. No serious objection has been brought against the general efficiency and cheapness of our postal system; and its management by the general government affords a guaranteee of equal efficiency in a similar control of the railroads. I cannot recapitulate the numerous advantages accruing from this in a brief article. I will refer only to an objection I hav often heard brought against it. It is said that it would establish a tyranny inconceivably worse than that which now exists. How that can be so, I fail to see. Everyone knows that until recently no tyranny was more extortionate than that of the railroad companies in carrying freight to non-competitiv points. Not only so. The great amount of capital invested, and the insane desire for more, has been a constant menace to legislation and industry in every state of the union. That would be forever removed in case the people owned the railroads. It is not rash to say that if the people will not own the railroads, the railroads will own the people. It is not difficult to make a choice between such things. Now for the objection. Instead of establishing a system of tyranny of officials over employees, it would be the most successful method of civil service reform that could be adopted. Competency in each workman would be indispensable; and political partisanship as a condition of promotion would be insanity. Whatever other objections may be brought against this plan, the counter objection remains unanswered—that great wealth, that rich corporations, hav no pity for the laboring masses.

The land question calls for a few remarks. This is, perhaps, one of the most difficult problems of the day. Not simply is it difficult to devise an equitable system of land ownership, but after that is done, the difficulty of accomplishing it remains. We can more easily say what should not be done than what should. So far as the people collectivly are concerned, no individual or corporation should be permitted to enter the public domain and own immense tracts of land. I here refer to land grants to railroads, and to speculators in land. Evils innumerable hav been produced by these two causes. And no remedy is worthy of consideration that does not strike at the very root of the evil. Every ethical consideration shows the infamy of the state legalizing the wholesale speculation in land. In every instance the poor settler has suffered from the rich speculator. These and similar measures are what seem to me to be both necessary and right. To impose upon the state, as Socialism urges, the care of each and all would be intolerable. It may be that there would be no poor to care for if riches had no special privilege from law.

Now, what should the individual do? First and foremost, intelligence is imperativly necessary. We shall be cursed with fraud and imposition so long as the majority are hoodwinked with impudent flattery. Justice can never reign where ignorance prevails. Intelligence is a concrete force, and without it every man is exposed to the intrigues of his fellow-man. In a general sense, good laws and the spirit of freedom can exist only when the people are intelligent. It has become a duty for every man to inform himself on the issues of the age in which he livs. Ignorance is criminal.

It becomes necessary for everybody to rightly understand the purpose and sphere of government, and to protest against any invasion of individual rights. It is doubtful whether there is a city or state in the Union that has not continually interfered with personal rights. I am not here referring to those cases where all hav to contribute to the support of the government. But in nearly every instance, rings and cliques, composed as a rule of dishonest men, manage our city and state affairs. The only successful remedy for such an evil is intelligence. It is folly to attempt to abolish the government in order to rid ourselvs of the evils which accompany it.

The habits of industry and sobriety are essential. Each should contribute to the general good by devoting his abilities to that work for which he is best qualified. If every man were willing to work, there would be but little want, or misery, or crime.

Then the rights of men as corporations should be fully understood and zealously defended. The idea that a rich and successful man is necessarily dishonest, and that the poor man is necessarily honest, is both vicious and false. The past has proven that corporate wealth has been of inestimable value to man, and that the laborer as well as the capitalist has shared its benefits. And it is equally true of every invention and discovery that was ever made.

There need be no revolt against the rights of invested capital. But there is a need of more self-reliance, more personal temperance, more industry, and of strict attention of everyone to his own business.

J. L. ANDREW.

*Liberal, Mo.*

## Sympathy for God.

More than any person that I hav ever known, or read about, I pity God. There is somewhat inexpressibly sad in the existence of this divine being. He has absolutely no companionship that can cheer his solitude. I wonder if he does not sometimes wish he was a man, so he could enjoy life and hav a good time. What heart would not be touched at thought of this lonely being? Poor God! I pity him. He has been a widower for hundreds of years. Think of living all this time without a female compauion. It is true he has one son; and a ghost for a household attendant. But there can be no family comforts or joys without a person of the opposit sex in the house. No wife, no sister, no daughter! I do not see what God has to liv for. The divine household is composed of all males. It is a kind of monastery. When I think of God, I rejoice that I am a man. I cannot see much fun in being the "ruler of the universe." I would not swap places with the deity, even if he would offer boot. I would not be God for any consideration. From a human standpoint, God is a pitiable person.

All that makes human life bright, sweet, and desirable is denied the deity. It may be that there is compensation for his hard lot. I hope so. I will do anything to make it pleasanter for him. But what an undesirable life he must lead! He never takes a vacation; never leaves his business; never runs off for a pleasure trip. He can't. Think of being everywhere so as you can go nowhere. "God is everywhere, in everything." He cannot move an inch; if he did, he would step on himself. What a wretched feeling it must be, spread out all over the universe! I do not see how he can ever pull himself together. Think of a man having his head in Alaska, his feet in Brazil, one hand in China, and the other in England. Imagin having to lean over the whole of North America to pull your boots on. The thought that God is everywhere makes the divine existence "too thin."

If one wished to call upon the deity, where would he look for the door-bell? Think of God as you will, you must pity him. He may hav worlds at his feet, but if he never held his own baby on his knee, he has missed the highest happiness that the elements hav evolved. I never liked the divine way of bringing up a family, nor his employing a ghost to do his courting for him. A child running over the fields of heaven would hav brought a less orthodox expression on the divine countenance. God is a very solemn being. There seems to be an everlasting sadness in his face. Let us not condemn the deity for his coldness. Perhaps, if we knew all he has to suffer and endure, we should be as solemn and sad as he is. A man who has a pleasant home, a loving wife, and fair, sweet child knows nothing of the dark, terrible solitude where love sheds no light and warmth; where sympathy presses not its hand of cheer and courage upon the tired, weary brow. But I pity God most of all for being obliged to hear the complaints of mortals. I should think he would ring his chestnut gong on those ministers who hav been praying for the same things for so many years.

W.

## Instructions for the Lord's Supper.

A printed set of "Hints to Communicants" which has been forwarded to us, says the London *Freethinker*, is rather amusiug. The "Hints" are really most particular injuuctious emphasized by the language of priestly authoritativness and by the plentiful use of special large type for the most important part of each regulation. The authoritativ hints commence thus, the words italicized being in extra large black type:

"1. The Blessed Sacrament should be received fasting: this means that *you should take no food or drink after midnight*, not eveu a drop of water or a dose of medicin is allowed."

The thought of the precious body and blood being allowed to mingle in the stomach with an early rasher or cup of coffee, or in the intestins with a dose of jalap or castor oil, is too distressing for the Christiau to contemplate.

Passing over minor instructions about removing gloves and veils, and the mauuer of kneeling and bowing, we come to the following:

"7. Your hauds should be held up *as high as your chin*, and the Sacred Host should be received in the *palm of the right hand* resting *flat* upou the left, and so conveyed carefully to the mouth. Take care that *no particle remains unconsumed* on your hand."

The dreadful consequences of leaving particles unconsumed is illustrated in the tale of the rat, which we took from the colums of *La Semaine Anticléricale*. The parson of this East London church would hardly like to be compelled to swallow all the rats and mice that frequent his church; and to allow any of the sacred crumbs to be swept away with the ordinary dust would be the hight of impiety. "Hint" No. 8 givs a number of separate commands which run thus:

"8. Guide the Chalice *firmly with both hands* to your mouth.

"Do not take more than *one small drop* of the Precious Blood.

"Draw your lips together, so that *no drop may escape.*

"Men with hair on their lips should be *most careful.*

"Never *wipe your lips* with your handkerchief.

"Never take your hands away from the Chalice *with a jerk, or bow your head suddenly;* women with large hats or bonnets should be *particularly careful* about this."

# The American Secular Union.

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## News and Notes.

I lectured at Lodi Saturday evening, May 7th. Although short notice was given, the hall was full, and the discourse on "The New Heaven and Earth" was favorably received. Lodi is a pretty place of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and in the midst of an excellent farming country. A system of irrigation is under way by which the resources of the soil will be materially increased, and without doubt this will be one of the richest producing sections of California. With plenty of water it will be almost unequaled for its wealth of fruit and grain.

I found some excellent pioneer workers in Lodi. Dr. Gordon is one who never flinches in the expression of his opinions. The ministers tackle him but once. They get enough of it at the first interview, and pay due respect thereafter to the doctor's ideas, and don't press him for a "change of heart." George Hogan, who presided at the meeting, is another stanch frontiersman of freedom. I was pleased also to meet Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon, who is one of the most prominent lawyers in the state—a noble representativ of woman's genius and perseverance. Judge Callaway and others were present from Lockeford, where there is quite a gathering of Liberals. W. M. Bernard was present from Bartlett Springs. He arranged the debate which took place a few years ago at Elliott, a town near by, between Colonel Kelso and a Campbellite preacher, which created a big excitement, and our gallant colonel increased by hundreds the ranks of Infidelity. W. N. Moss, Amos Gove, etc., are of the Lodi phalanx, and I hope again to greet these generous soldiers of humanity.

Fully a thousand people were present at the Avon Theater, Stockton, Sunday evening, to listen to the "Glory of Infidelity." I guess I shall hav to put Stockton in the front rank of our Liberal forces. There are experienced leaders here, and they know how to giv prestige to the cause. Their Paine celebration last winter was a most brilliant success, and probably there was the largest attendance to it of any in the country, as at least fifteen hundred people were present. W. F. Freeman, Chas. Haas, A. Blossom, G. C. Hyatt, J. C. Gage, Emile Dreyfous, A. T. Hudson, W. S. Fowler, F. T. Baldwin, P. G. Sharp, I. S. Bostwick, with their families, and many others make an intellectual and social influence that is broad and deep for Liberal improvement. These friends hav contributed several hundred dollars to giv Freethought and philosophic literature to the public library of Stockton, and this is a noble instrumentality of agitation and progress. Mr. Freeman himself has sold nearly a thousand dollars' worth of Liberal publications at the lowest possible prices, receiving no remuneration for his own efforts, but sometimes being out of pocket, in order to extend the circulation of books and pamphlets for reform and education. Such work as this in every community would soon create a vast enthusiasm for justice, humanity, and radical ideas.

San Joaquin is, they say, the "boss" valley of the state. Its production of grain is enormous, and Stockton is the shipping-point mainly. It has direct water communication with Europe, and hundreds of ships transport to the markets of the world the produce of this vast and splendid valley. The climate is genial, like that of southern California, while there are more facilities for water, and a much larger extent of fruitful soil. Oranges, lemons, limes, grapes, apples, peaches, prunes, apricots, cherries, figs, almonds, etc., can be raised with profit, and almost every variety of grain and vegetable. Hitherto the farms hav been large, consisting of hundreds and thousands of acres, and they hav not been skilfully and carefully cultivated. The need is to break up the large farms into small farms of ten and twenty acres, and then the wonderful facilities of this valley will be developed.

I was pleased to meet Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Pope at Stockton, who liv about fifteen miles in the country, but who were present at both lectures. They take THE TRUTH SEEKER, and that is the reason, I guess, of their liberality and enthusiasm. Nothing like a good paper to keep friends in the front rank. Mr. Pope told a Catholic neighbor of his that if he would read THE TRUTH SEEKER carefully for three years, and at the end of that time was still a faithful Catholic, he would giv him a ranch worth ten thousand dollars. The man did not accept the offer. He was afraid to take the risk, even with the prospect of a ten-thousand-dollar ranch provided he kept the faith. I don't think there is a single minister in the land who would accept the same offer. Not even Sam Jones could read THE TRUTH SEEKER three years and save his faith and win the ranch.

I had the pleasure of taking lunch with Fred Schuenemann Pott and his *confrères* around a table where he has gathered with friends for the last fifteen years or so, and he has kept a record of every meal of those present, etc., and the names of many a noted Freethinker, reformer, and scholar can be found in this remarkable list. Schuenemann Pott is a brilliant representativ of advanced German thought and genius. He has a permanent congregation at San Francisco, and lectures throughout the country in German and English and is equally eloquent in both. He is an attractiv and scholarly speaker, and it was a gratification indeed to meet around the social board so genial a man. Our German friends make a grand force for Liberal ideas. There will be a battle some time with the ecclesiastical forces, and when the issue comes the German element, American to the core, will be our strenuous allies for freedom.

I hav had a curious time at Ukiah, up among the hills, a hundred and thirty miles from San Francisco. I came to Cloverdale and took the stage, and the ride through the hills, along the winding Russian river, amid stately groves of oak, by the redwood-trees where the coach is frequently held up by the deft robber; by the enormous rocks, the Lovers' Leap, where the Indian maiden, they say, found refuge from disappointment in death—amid scenes lovely, grand, and romantic, ever opening into new views of wildness and splendor, now defiles and then broad expanses, and far-away pictures of snowy summits against the bending sky; amid these, along a fine road, the four horses pass with gallant tread, and I was not tired a bit when in the sunset light, gorgeous over the surrounding hills and green fields, I arrived at the really beautiful city of Ukiah—a city of course, though it has only fifteen hundred people, but it is the metropolitan center of a county one hundred miles long and seventy-five miles wide. The Ukiah Silver Band summoned the folk to the court house, and a fair audience greeted me at my first lecture. Two ministers were present. They kept quiet for awhile, but one of them, a Rev. Mr. Martin, soon felt constrained to leap up in the very midst of my discourse and demand an opportunity to reply. Mr. McCowen, the chairman, called him to order and assured him that he should hav an opportunity to state objections at the end of my lecture. When the time came, he was accorded the privilege of speaking fifteen minutes to correct me if I was wrong in my statements. Instead of doing this, he demanded an hour and twenty minutes for a reply, and also half the time on the succeeding meeting for debate. Immediately upon his heels the Rev. Mr. Connell, with voice of thunder, declared his purpose to answer me on the points I presented, and dared me to debate. He said I had flung the gauntlet down and he was ready to pick it up. For awhile these two clergymen had it all their own way. When one sat down the other got up, and so on, and if our chairman attempted to speak they glared at him as if he were an intruder, and ordered him to sit down. Although the Infidels paid all the expenses of the lecture, etc., these clergymen seemed to think it was all their own affair and they could run it to suit themselvs. However, I made out to edge in a few words and inform my clerical opponents that I did not come to Ukiah to enter into a general debate, but to giv a series of lectures on important Freethought subjects, and I intended to carry out that plan at the request of my friends and for their instruction and that of the community, but in order to giv them a chance to combat my points, I would giv them every evening one half-hour for criticism; and that was just thirty minutes more than they would allow me at any of their services. So I gave them a half-hour at each succeeding meeting, but they did not avail themselvs of the privilege. In order, however, to bring them to terms, I offered to return to Ukiah on certain dates and enter upon a general debate of the points advanced in my lectures. I flung down the challenge and dared the clergy to take it up and meet my facts and arguments. Well, the Rev. Mr. Connell went out of town and left the Rev. Mr. Martin to make arrangements for debate. So the Rev. Mr. Martin called on me Wednesday afternoon, and wanted to know my terms, etc. I said, "Make your affirmations, and I will meet them." "What affirmations?" he said. I replied, "This, for instance: 'Christianity is of supernatural origin.'" "I won't affirm that," he said; "but just put it the other way, 'Christianity is not of supernatural origin,' and I will meet you." The sly fox—I knew then I was dealing with a theological shark, and I meant to bring him to the book. I answered him: "I shall not undertake to prove a negativ. That is not in logic to do. I will make an affirmativ, and stand by it, or you make an affirmativ and I will meet you."

The Rev. Martin said: "We will not affirm. You hav come here to attack us, and we are ready to meet you." "All right," I said, "if you refuse to affirm, I will affirm." The Rev. Martin assented. He also insisted upon six sessions, one each morning and evening for three days. I also agreed, and said I would hav my affirmations ready that evening. He did not venture to my lecture, but met me afterward. I gave my six affirmations—namely: (1) The Bible sanctions immorality. (2) The New Testament sanctions persecution. (3) Human reason and experience are the only sources of knowledge. (4) Secular morals are superior to Bible morals. (5) Science has done more for civilization than theology. (6) The principles of American political liberty forbid the enactment of any laws for the observance of Sunday as a Sabbath. I had previously asked the Rev. Martin if he was in favor of the Sunday laws, and he had said yes. I told him I wanted a reply the following afternoon. His countenance was glum, and there was a coldness in his voice as he said: "I will let you know." On the following afternoon, Friday, a ponderous committee of three appeared to make answer to my propositions. In order to hav witnesses I had my good friends McCowen and McGlaschan present, for I had lost all faith in the honesty of my opponents. I knew they wanted to put me in a logical box and smoke me. Of course they did not accept my affirmations, so in place of them they gave me two negativ propositions and one affirmation for themselvs—namely: (1) The preponderance of evidence tends to show that there is no God. (2) The preponderance of evidence tends to show there is no future life for man. (3) The Bible is the result of a divine inspiration. They graciously allowed me the privilege of making the first two propositions affirmativ, omitting the word "no," so that they, the clergymen, would hav all the affirmations, thus changing entirely their plan of the previous day, when they would make no affirmation. Of course I refused their propositions, and at the evening meeting exposed their sophistry. I showed that their propositions did not cover a single point of my discussion. I had not affirmed there was no God or no future life, or no inspiration in the Bible. I had only opposed the authority of the Bible, not its inspiration. On the questions of God and immortality I took the Agnostic position, neither affirming nor denying. I had no desire and had not undertaken to convince any one that there was no God and no future life. I had no interest in these questions *pro* or *con*. They did not trouble and I would not waste my time in discussing them. I wanted something practical and positiv to talk about—definit points—points that I had put in my lectures. I said, "Gentlemen, meet those six affirmations, as you said you would, or back down."

Again they quibbled, and wanted in my first affirmation to put "The Bible as a whole." I refused the change as begging the whole question. The Bible is not to be taken as a whole. That is the false method of theology. Again, they wanted to change "theology" to "Christian and Jewish religion." I refused. I said, "I hav not declared against religion in my lectures; I hav declared against theology, and to that term I will stick." They utterly refused to accept the last affirmation at all, and after putting their heads together they finally declared they would not debate any of my affirmations. After a full explanation of the matter I left them to the judgment of fair-minded people. My affirmations were stated in plain English. I was ready to defend them, but these boasting clergymen put up their sword, and, without a blow, bit the dust. Their vaunted bravery was hypocritical cowardice. I went on with my lecture after the settlement of this question, and expected, of course, no more disturbance; but *mirabile dictu!* the worst was to come that has yet happened in my tour, and a significant revealing of what may be. I was explaining the Nine Demands, church taxation, etc., and was reading Remsburg's statistics in regard to the number of criminals belonging to the church, and had just concluded, when a brawny fellow stepped to the front and, in spite of calls to order, went on to speak. He spoke a couple of minutes and denounced me as a fraud and a scoundrel, and said I ought to be voted out of the community, as they ostracized in ancient Greece. Then, without warning, he raised a burning kerosene lamp and hurled it straight at my face with all the force he had. Fortunately he was no better marksman than God was when he hit the Young Men's Christian Association rooms with lightning instead of Ingersoll's law office, and the lamp went by and struck the window and dropped to the ground outside. He immediately seized another lamp, but his arm was grasped. He wrenched it away, and then hurled the blazing weapon in his hand, crying in frenzied tones, "Damn him, kill him!" and rapidly retreated, as the crowd tumbled on to him, to the door, and rushed down the stairs into the street, and for a quarter of a mile went like a whirling volcanic flame. Of course there was indescribable confusion for a moment, and women fainted; but I made up my mind to finish the lecture, and order was restored and I did so; after which a young man, more valorous than any one of the clergymen, made a very creditable plea for Christianity, to which I replied, and then dismissed the audience. Two ministers and two kerosene lamps were about as near having a "hell of a time" as a Secular lecturer could experience. Now, the curious part of the murderous affair is this, that it was not done by a border ruffiian, but by one of the city officials, a lawyer, a college graduate of gentlemanly bearing and smooth address, to whom I had been introduced, and who seemed to hav Liberal

sentiments. But he was born and bred a Catholic, and the statistics I read bore hard on the Catholic church, and this, no doubt, excited his ire, and in that one vivid act he showed the inherited outcome of centuries of ecclesiastical teaching. He thought he had a perfect right to kill me, and this he intended to do. In his ungovernable fury he endangered the lives of all present, and half the audience were women. If the lamp had struck the wall instead of the window there would certainly hav been destruction.

In this terrific farce was seen the essentially brutal nature of Christianity. The wild beast was exhibited. That wild beast is all over our country, under many a smooth and cultivated exterior, as in this case, and it is capable of infinit destruction. It will not do for us to be blind to these underlying barbarities of our civilization. This madman for the time being I look upon simply as a victim, and a record of the latent murder that crouches in the chambers of the Christian church.

One thing is to be noted. My friend McGlaschan said to the Rev. Martin, an onlooker of the scene, "This is fearful." The reverend replied nothing. He kept silence. He had not one word of denunciation for the crime committed. Was he in secret sympathy with the onslaught? Was there a lurking gladness in his heart?

All's well that ends well. They didn't scorch me that time. They hang Anarchists who fling dynamite. What will they do with the pious Catholic who uses against the Infidel a weapon equally cruel? I don't think I shall soon forget my campaign in Ukiah. It is the queerest mixture I hav yet experienced. I shall go back again some day, but perhaps I had better wait until they tap the ministers and burn gas, and kerosene lamps go out of fashion.

This is a pretty valley, and productiv. The Russian river hops and wool are famous the world over. Noble cattle range the fertil fields. A railroad is to be built from Cloverdale, and then for enterprise in this delightful land, which is like the Garden of Eden indeed, and a devil of a time I hav had in it. His Snakeship has been spreading himself, and the old Adam has come to the top.

I shall be at Sacramento, Grass Valley, Nevada City, until May 22d, and then if the almighty dollar is willing I shall take a look into Yosemite Valley and drink of nature's wonder, and so be ready for the Oregon campaign. I shall be at Ashland June 5th; at Talent June 12th, and shall make a week's tour in Coos county from June 13th to June 21st. I shall be in Silverton, June 22d, 23d, 24th, and after that in Portland, Corvallis, Astoria, etc., but the dates are not yet fixed, and I shall return Eastward as heretofore noted.

I am finishing these notes in the cosy bachelor quarters of Walter Hughans, where good times always prevail, and where after a hard day's journey, from morning to evening, there is refreshment for the pilgrim adventurer, and he can go on his way with happier spirit and more enthusiastic effort.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*At Walter Hughan's, Oakland, Cal., May* 14, 1887.

## A Burning Argument for Christ.

A dispatch from Ukiah, Cal., to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, May 15th, says:

S. P. Putnam, who has been lecturing here on the subject of "Mental Liberty" for several evenings, was interrupted last night by a man of high standing in the community, but who must for the moment hav lost self-control. The lecturer had made a terrible tirade against all Christians, especially of the Catholic faith, and had excited the enmity of the larger part of the community.

During one of his most bitter speeches Mr. Hamilton arose and denounced him, and citing the story of the banished Grecian, said: "And as they threw shells at a bad man, so I now throw this lamp at you."

Suiting the action to the word, he threw a lighted lamp at the speaker's head. The lamp struck the chandelier, broke it, put out the gas, and, missing the head of Mr. Putnam, passed through a window and exploded in the yard below.

Frenzied now with rage, Hamilton grasped another lamp, and, waving it in the air over his head, started to go out. The audience was naturally panic-stricken, and in the general stampede many were bruised and scratched. Ladies fainted and strong men did their best to stop the panic.

Meantime the oil from the lamp in the hands of the excited man flew in every direction, every drop a fire-brand. How a most terrible catastrophe was averted is a wonder. There were a score of ladies whose dresses were more or less burnt, although not sufficient to seriously hurt them.

Putnam finished his advertised course last evening, and left this morning for the city.

## Dr. York at Salt Lake.

DEAR EUGENE: You will see by this that I am on the wing Eastward; spoke at Sac City on May 8th to a good audience on "Individuality and What It Costs," and was warmly received by our friends Goodell and many others whom I had not seen since the reception given to D. M. Bennett, some six years since. Brother Putnam will find a warm welcome at Sacramento on next Sunday, from whence he goes North, laden with "The New God," "The New Heaven and Earth," and other treasures of thought in the gospel of Liberalism. We bid him good speed, and commend him to our friends in the North as a power for good.

We spoke to a large audience in the Salt Lake Opera House on Sunday night on "Evolution and the World We Liv In—Man or Monkey—Which?" and will finish our work here next Sunday. Our thanks are due here to H. P. Mason, in whose family my wife and I hav been kindly entertained.

It is now nearly eleven years since I faced an audience in this great city of the Latter-day Saints, and yet many old and cheerful faces appeared in our audience as in days of yore, who hav stood out against this Mormon deviltry for many years, waiting and hoping for the enforcement of civil law against this ecclesiastical despotism; and yet these Mormon "cohabs," as they are called, stand out stoutly against the law, and they are being sent to prison almost every day, when simply to promis reform would save them from it. Such is religious superstition that they would rather rot in prison than to desist from this so-called religious ordinance. But the social aspect of Mormonism is by no means the worst feature of it. They are a disloyal people to the government in which they liv, and, like Romanism, a theocracy and priesthood which outrank in authority all civil law; and as such are a dangerous element in our country. Only think of it, a great city protected by our flag, and yet not a gentile is permitted to take any part in its government, and yet they are taxed to the uttermost to support a government of priests.

How long shall this mental disease prey upon the intellect of the world? Religion, thy name is slavery; and nothing can cure it but commerce, science, and Freethought.

We will be at Canyon City on the 29th, at Denver on June 5th and 12th, at Ottumwa 19th and 26th, and at Chicago on July 3d and 10th, where we hope to meet Brother Stevens and other workers in the field of Freethought.

Friend Eugene, and readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I will not tax your patience and space with lengthy epistles, but hope to keep you posted from time to time, as we pursue our journey Eastward, that our Liberal friends may help us to help them in the good work of mental freedom. J. L. YORK.

## The Liberal Club.

The Liberal Club reporter has just been reading a large, five-dollar book on the subject of astrology, and has studied out his horoscope. Everybody is born under a sign of the zodiac, Gemini or Taurus or Virgo, or otherwise, though they may not know it at the time. The present writer was born during the period when Aries had the floor. Aries is pictured in the almanacs as a benevolent-looking ram, dormant, as though posing for a photograph. His domain is over the intellectual forces. The horoscope reveals that the writer belongs to "that function of the grand body of humanity, the head;" that he is a natural reasoner and thinker, that his brain is activ, and that he is a lover of scientific thought; that he admires elegance, order, beauty, music, and dancing, and has a great deal of the electrical fire. If the proprietors of THE TRUTH SEEKER can be convinced that the horoscope isn't lying, these varied accomplishments ought to answer as a cornerstone on which to base an application for a raise of salary. He regrets to learn, however, that owing to his excessiv mental activity, he is liable to brain disease. While he was teething, says the horoscope, his head should hav been kept cool.

The regular meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club, held Friday evening, May 20th, was distinguished for its great interest. A large audience was present when President Denslow called the meeting to order and the secretary read the minutes of the previous meeting. Mr. Wakeman gave the lecture on "Progress without Poverty." The speaker proved to be a Socialist of a most pronounced type. The means of production, he said, should be placed in the hands of state officers; lawyers, doctors, and teachers should hav a salary from the state, and women and children should be pensioned. The speaker incidentally criticised Henry George's doctrins because they were incapable of codification. He had asked the advocates of those doctrins to draw up a bill embodying them, but had found none able to do so.

In the discussion which followed, Mr. Sutherland got up and challenged Mr. Wakeman to draft any kind of a practical bill which would embody his (Mr. Wakeman's) notions in legislativ form.

Dr. Eccles said in effect that the weaklings and incapables who couldn't take care of themselvs might as well submit to the survival of the fittest.

Captain Clark announced among other things that he would like to see some men besides the Anarchists at Chicago with a rope around their necks dancing on nothing. These remarks were believed to hav reference to Colonel Hinton.

Herr Oppenheimer had evidently stepped out of a bandbox, and everybody complimented his handsome appearance. A neat buttonhole bouquet contrasted well with his studious and intellectual countenance, and seemed to be, as it were, a materialization of his florescent speech. The burden of his remarks was that the man with the badge-pin is a liar, and that the beautiful gold sign—"THE TRUTH SEEKER"—that Mr. Reynolds has just put up over the front doors of this office is misleading. Herr Oppenheimer might hav further continued his interesting observations in the same line if the Chair had not suppressed him so abruptly.

Mr. Boucher thought that the five cents which the audience had to pay for admission ought to entitle them to the privilege of the platform. President Denslow invited Mr. Boucher to join the club and pay a dollar a year, which would relieve him from the extortion of the treasurer at the door.

In closing, Mr. Wakeman accepted the challenge of Brother Sutherland. Concerning Captain Clark, he observed that the remarks of a man who confessed to having commanded a vessel in the slave trade were of small moment as bearing upon human happiness, yet the utterances of Dr. Eccles were even more cruel and heartless.

A debate between the president and ex-president on the subject of Socialism is promised in the near future. Mr. Denslow believes that Socialism is a reversion to primitiv barbarism, while Mr. Wakeman regards it as the higher integration, and by an open discussion it is hoped that the truth of the matter will be brought into prominence.

## Salvation According to Reverend Pentecost.

A few of the rich Christians and five of the rich churches of Cleveland, O., brought the Rev. Pentecost from New York to voice dogmatic sectarianism under the name of revival services. Pentecost told them that belief in the resurrection of the body was an important Christian doctrin. Whereupon the Rev. Mr. Hosmer, an advanced minister, told the people it was a belief of the Jews before Jesus, and much more plainly stated in the Maccabees than in the New Testament. Pentecost said: "I hav wives coming to me every day, who say, 'I wish you could get hold of my husband.' 'What's the matter with him?' 'Oh, he's good and kind, but he is not a Christian.' The worst man in town. You are worse than a drunkard. You are worse than a blasphemer [such as THE TRUTH SEEKER—only think of it!]. Young men, don't stumble over drunkards. But they say, 'There is Mr. L.; he is a good man; he don't need Christ, neither do I." Me too.

If this thing keeps growing, there will be no call for men of God like Pentecost at three hundred dollars a week. Any man can see where the shoe pinches.

The irrepressible Hosmer says the Sermon on the Mount says, By their fruits men are to be known—not by their Lord, Lord, and three hundred dollars a week. For a good part of a week Pentecost preached from Mark xvi, 16, old version—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned." Whereupon Mr. Hosmer let the cat out of the bag to thousands of church-members by referring to the note of the revisers in the revised edition, saying the oldest Greek copies had no such verses. All is omitted from verse 9. The whole yarn about belief and being damned is a forgery, smuggled in by some priest or monk since the councils of Nice and Laodicea, at which the sacred Bible was settled by the votes of the Catholic bishops. Well may the Rev. Dr. Curry tell his ministerial students there are ten thousand old wives' fables in the Bible that will hav to go. It is to be hoped they will go at once. Solomon's Songs should certainly be gone.

The cause of Freethought is helped here by Pentecost. His nonsense is too big. G. F. LEWIS.

*Cleveland*, May 15, 1887.

## The Museums on Sundays.

*From the New York World.*

The growing prominence and usefulness of the Metropolitan Museum of Art bring into corresponding importance the question of opening it on Sunday. Public land and money are being used to giv the city an institution which it much needs. Private munificence, guided by the desire to benefit the community through contributing to its enjoyment and culture, is adding in a gratifying manner to its valuc. Paintings worth almost a million dollars hav been given to it within the past few months. Acquisitions of various kinds are constantly occurring.

Nothing, unless it were its destruction, could so lessen the value of this institution to those for whose benefit it is intended as keeping it closed on Sunday. If it were determined that the churches should be closed on the particular and only day when their congregations were ordinarily free to attend them it would strike everybody as an absurd arrangement. The same impression prevails now, with the vast majority of the reputable people of this community, with regard to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Even in Boston, with its direct Puritannical traditions, this view of the situation is apprcciated and acted upon.

The reason that it is not acted upon here is that a few very excellent and well-meaning men who are in the majority of the Board of Trustees of the museum assume the responsibility of making the religious views of a small minority outweigh the great body of respectable public sentiment. With private property they would be entitled to do this. But it may be emphatically denied that they hav the moral right to thus act with what belongs to the community. There will come a public expression in this matter that will be unmistakable. Let us hope that these trustees will recognize the fact that the majority of those even whom they respect pronounce them in the wrong, and that they will exercise the virtue of humility and admit that they themselvs are not necessarily infallible—that they may be trying to stem the tide of civilization and morality.

# Communications.

## Mrs. Colman's Reminiscences.

I was elected to travel at one time two or three weeks with a Dr. K. He was then a resident of the West, but his nativ state was a slave state. I hav heard of awkward people, but it was never my fortune to meet but one, and that one was Dr. K. All other awkwardness becomes gracefulness when I think of him. He drove his own beast, a creature that well represented his owner. I had no trouble with mobs while under Dr. K.'s escort. Perhaps those "fellows of the baser sort," judging us by our equipments, horse, carriage, and ourselvs, thought we were "hail fellows" in search of a job of their kind, and did not wish to interfere in the matter. I traveled in that vehicle three weeks, and in the many, many times that my driver stepped into his carriage, I do not remember once that he did not step with his entire weight onto me. If by great adroitness I saved my feet by getting them entirely under the seat, down would come his entire weight onto my lap. But he was entirely oblivious to any trouble, always perfectly satisfied with himself and all our accommodations. Let me describe one of the homes to which he took me, a favorit stopping-place of his. We had been driving for several hours, starting early in the morning. A violent rain had come upon us, but it was Saturday, and we had an appointment for the Sunday following. As we came in sight of the house, the doctor said, "That's the place; we shall hav a nice time"—a nice-looking, white cottage, green blinds, a front yard, pretty shrubbery. I began to feel that the long drive in the rain was to be compensated by a good rest in pleasant quarters. As we stopped at the house, a young woman opened the door with a cordial good-morning, and saying, "Come in, you must be very wet."

Now, if only I could use a brush, I could paint you a picture worth looking at, for nudity and rags are not objectionable in a picture, if only Comstock can be kept from seeing it. This woman might hav been thirty years old, but the beauty of youth had not left her face; her skin was clear red and white, liquid gray eyes, teeth like pearls, and her hair so glossy that you might imagin it a mirror; but the dress, or undress! She had evidently been giving a baby its natural nourishment. Her bust was entirely uncovered; her arms, a model for a sculptor, were equally bare with her bust, as the sleeves to her garment hung in shreds. I went into the house. The odor in the house was choking. Two babies were in a long cradle, one perhaps a year old, the other a few weeks. I am more fond of babies than of any other thing, but I could not get up courage to take either of them in my arms, or to accept the attention of two older children, who would hav been glad to be caressed. As the doctor came in from the stable, where he had been attending to his horse, he washed his hands in a hollow stone, and shaking them, looked about for a towel. The lady said her towel was on the grass, as she only washed the day before. The hands were dried at the fire—a large, open fireplace containing a good, bright fire. The lady was well informed. Books and papers were scattered about—all the antislavery papers, quite a treat to me. So I tried to feel comfortable. When our hostess spread her table, she took from off the grass her table cloth, held it to the fire till it ceased dripping, and put it on the table. She made what a Yankee would call flapjack, a kind of waffle, baked on a griddle. The crockery and cutlery of the table would hav been benefited had they been put upon the grass for a night in a powerful rain. But I wasn't hungry, and so had no need of knife or fork. This woman was from Vermont, a teacher. A widower, well-to-do, had married her; seven children had come. No skill as housekeeper—the rest is easily imagined; entirely given up to peopling the world, according to the commands of the Bible.

At a hotel in a town called Tippecanoe, in Ohio, where I arrived in the middle of the day, I was met by the daughter of the house, a nice looking girl, if only she had been comfortably clean. Her feet were bare, and her ankles might hav been washed some time—I would not say they had not—but they were certainly in need of a bath then. I asked her for a room, making no other demand save that the bed should be clean. As I sat down I drew my watch from its hiding-place (I always wore it out of sight), when this young lady, with the greatest astonishment in look and tone, said: "What was that great yellow thing you took out of your bosom?" I had no idea what she meant, but finally learned it was my watch, and that she had never seen one. In the course of the day she brought all her friends whom she could reach to see the wonder. But the room which was announced was as clean as could be—I was obliged to leave the bed and rest in a chair; for though the one sheet, which the girl said was all they ever put on a bed, was clean, there were more living creatures about the bed than I could comfortably sleep with. Such were some of the hotels in the West thirty and forty years ago.

I was in Indiana at the time of a crusade against saloons, where alcohol in its many different stages and under as many different names was sold to whoever applied for it. I think the name of the town was Richmond where the tragedy I am about to record was enacted. The eldest son of a widow, a boy who had just entered his teens, had paid for a drink and then been treated to more by the proprietor and the regular frequenters of the saloon. He drank until he was "dead drunk," and so entirely dead that no effort could call back life.

A young lady, as I remember her, nineteen or twenty years of age planned and was chief actor in the plot. She, with the mother of the dead boy, led a procession of women, armed with hatchets, hammers, etc., entered the place where alcohol was sold, offered to purchase all in their possession, and then proceeded to break everything from bottles to barrels, emptying their contents into the ground. Some of the keepers of these places took pay for their liquors, and promised to quit the business. Others refused, and sued Captain Way, as she was called. I don't remember if any others were prosecuted. The case was tried by a court of men, no mother, wife, or sister in the jury box. The damages were laid at thirty dollars, a light award, the judge said, because of the tobacco, logwood, and other drugs found in the casks that turned the whisky into brandy.

In Illinois, in the northern counties, Spiritualism was again in the way of work. All the places usually opened to lectures were preöccupied by Spiritualists, and heaven in another world was a greater temptation than a free country here and now. Our progress was about the same as in Ohio. Our meetings were often disturbed, though in Chicago we had quite large audiences and no mobs. In Whiteside county, the northwestern county, we were entertained right royally by a man formerly from New York, Jacob Powell, and his good housekeeper, now his wife. He planned our meetings for a month, taking us to them in his own conveyance, and returning us to his hospitable home. I can never forget the little delicate attentions which are so grateful to a woman battered and worn by worse beasts than "St. Paul fought at Ephesus." Not only little attentions, but very large comforts were given us.

LUCY N. COLMAN.

## Christ, Richards, and the Devil.

ANOTHER REPLY TO THE Y. M. C. A.

GENTLEMEN: You hav asked, "Why am I not a Christian?" But when I see so many among you and the church who are so bad, it seems to me that first you should reform yourselvs before trying to reform others. Now, I never was treated so mean as I was treated by the Rev. J. E. Richards, who sued me for ten thousand dollars for having said "he doesn't believe the Bible to be the word of God." Now, to be a Christian I am told that I must believe, but I cannot believe, and I will tell you why. According to the fifth chapter of Mark, Christ relieved one man of a great many devils. The account reads: "But when he saw Jesus afar off, he came and worshiped him, and cried with a loud voice, and said, What hav I to do with thee, Jesus, thou son of the most high God? I adjure thee by God, that thou torment me not. For he said unto him, Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit. And he asked him, What is thy name? And he answered, saying, My name is Legion, for we are many. And he besought him much that he would not send them away out of the country. Now there was there, nigh unto the mountains, a great herd of swine feeding. And all the devils besought him, saying, Send us into the swine, that we may enter into them. And forthwith Jesus gave them leave. And the unclean spirits went out, and entered into the swine: and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea (they were about two thousand), and were choked in the sea."

And according to the account the devils played a devilish mean trick on the pigs, and yet Christ did not make any fuss about it.

Now, if there is a hell, and Christ was God, and he thought it a proper place for a legion of devils, he must hav had the power to send them to the place where they properly belonged. But instead of doing so, he treated them kindly, granted their request, tormented them not, permitted them to hav a little fun with the pigs, stay in the country where they could get a drink of water, keep cool, and hav plenty of fresh air and be comfortable. Now, Christ treated those devils a thousand times better than Richards treated me, and yet he claims to be a Christian. And I would sooner be a first-class devil and fall into the hands of Christ than be an honest unbeliever and fall into the hands of some of the clergy.

But, after all, it may be that Mark's devil story is not true, and I will tell you why. When in court, Richards swore that he doubted the last ten verses of the book of Mark being the word of God. And the admission that possibly one-half of the book is an interpolation is calculated to shake our faith in the whole book. But if Mark tells the truth, I hav too much respect for Christ to believe that he will treat me worse than he would if I were a devil. Mr. Richards's belief may hav been a little shaky on some things, but there was one point on which it could not be shaken. He said that he believed in eternal hell-fire for the wicked.

Richards is a father, so I suppose that he believes in raising children for God, but if he shall conclude that they are so strongly tinctured with unbelief to be fit for heaven, why, then, I suppose that Richards believes that the best that God can do for his children will be to giv them to the devil with instructions to torture them in hell forever. Such a religion as the religion of eternal torture for men and women would disgrace the lowest tribe of savages that ever crawled upon the face of the earth. Now, I would not lay a straw in the way of Mr. Richards's success in any honorable occupation, but, as Ingersoll would say, I would hav him civilize his religion so that when he shall lovingly hug his little child to his breast he will not feel that possibly some day God will clutch its poor soul and hurl it into eternal fire.

I do not believe that Christ, who would not torture a devil, ever inspired Richards to torture me with lawyers for the want of devils, nor do I like to believe that he was inspired by the devil; but yet, after all, if Mark told the truth, and a man once was possessed of a whole legion of devils, I can see no reason why possibly Richards may not hav been possessed of a devil or devils. And if it is true that the devil inspired him to go for my money, he played a devilish mean trick on Richards. For in trying to beat me he beat himself.

Now, commencing at the 16th verse of the 16th chapter of Mark, may be found these words: "He who believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he who believeth not shall he damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they cast out devils; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall in no wise hurt them." Now, as Richards had sworn that he believed the Bible to be the word of God, and that its promises are good, I wanted to make a test of his faith. So I had in my pocket a dose of poison which I intended to place in a glass of water, and then say to the man, Here is a deadly thing, and if you believe the Bible promis that it shall not hurt you, and will do me the favor to drink it, and if it does not hurt you I will admit that, at least, you believe, and I ought to believe that that Bible promis is good.

But when my attorney read to him the above words, and asked him if he believed them to be God's word and that the promis was good, he would not say yes, but all the while kept saying that he had doubts about their being the words of God. Some of my orthodox friends thought that it was awful for me to want him to drink poison, but I only wished to make a thorough test of his faith, and found that his faith was not strong enough to drink a deadly thing.

M. BABCOCK.

*St. Johns, Mich.*

## Our London Letter.

Now that the "May meetings" hav fairly commenced, it will be seen day by day the enormous amounts of money that hav been squandered during the past twelve months for "religious purposes." Education, and consequent enlightenment, has not yet had any appreciable effect in reducing the incomes of certain of the societies, and in the ordinary course of events it must still be a long time before people see the folly of subscribing so largely to irresponsible bodies who batten on the credulity of their fellow-creatures. Many of the subscribers who giv such large sums for these purposes do so in the hope of appeasing their consciences, knowing how they cheat and lie and grind the face of the poor to acquire their wealth. By apportioning some of their plunder to these societies, they consider they hav squared their deity, who will wink at their rascalities in consequence, and welcome them to paradise when they die. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, while lamenting a decrease in its income of about £2,000, givs its receipts during the past year as close upon £106,000—money completely thrown away. It is positivly shocking to know that so much money is thus applied, when there is such an amount of destitution within a small radius of Exeter Hall; and what can be thought of those who profess that their deity is gratified by knowing such a state of things exists! The reports of these miserable societies are enough to make a thoughtful reader thoroughly disgusted with the majority of his species.

At the annual meeting of the Church of England Young Men's Society it was stated that during the last twenty-five years no less a sum than £81,573,237 had been contributed voluntarily for church purposes, and all the good that has been really done has been to stimulate the printing trade, which is all very well in its way; but how much better would it hav been to hav printed standard works and educational treatises at a cheap rate, than to diffuse low-priced Bibles and lying tracts.

The missionaries will, as usual, be well to the front with their tales of self-denial and self-sacrifice, all for the glory of God and the immortal welfare of their dusky brethren in Christ. The real life of a mission-

ary is not narrated to the admiring audience at Exeter Hall, or the subscriptions would drop to zero immediately. Although some few missionaries may hav done a little for the good of mankind by their scientific observations and reports, the majority of them are nothing but lazy loafers, enjoying themselvs with all the luxuries of life they can secure, and successfully trading with the unfortunate nativs among whom they are living. Why, all the disturbances connected with colonization may be attributed, directly or indirectly, to these "pioneers of civilization," and they hav been the chief cause of scores of petty wars, and the disastrous consequences following in the wake. Many thousands of "poor benighted heathen" hav had only too good cause to curse the sight of a missionary.

It is stated that an anonymous donor has sent the Salvation Army £5,000, to be applied to the funds of the Indian contingent. No doubt this is a very seasonable gift, as Booth's lieutenant will hav to outbid the other religious societies in the East for converts, and in the case of such keen competition for these, prices will naturally go up. It costs more to convert a Hindoo, even if he is a Pariah, than it did a few years ago, though of course the expenses can be reduced if two or three rival sects will arrange to hav the same convert between them, and an amicable arrangement of this sort is preferable to squabbling over the man, as this would tend to expose the workings of the business, and such a catastrophe as this must be avoided at all costs.

In face of the enormous capital so easily found to run religion, it is exceedingly hard work for Freethinkers (who as a body are far from wealthy) to make headway against superstition, and it is really wonderful what progress they hav made during the last few years, considering all the disadvantages they hav had to combat. J. D.

*London, England*, April 30, 1887.

## Mrs. Slenker's Work.

It is Sun's Day, and the loveliest of May days, the quiet stillness only broken by singing birds and gentle breezes. The emerald green of the yard, dotted here and there with masses of early flowers—tulips, lilies, roses, peonies, pansies, and others too numerous to mention—is one gay panorama of beauty.

Passers-by, as they seek the temple where they fancy they hold communion with some deity enthroned on high, pause to look over the fence at the floral feast, and carry with them one more bright picture to gladden and bless.

Amid all the sweet beauty around me, my heart is sad and weary, and my eyes ache with unshed tears. Not that I for a moment regret the work I hav done, or deem it aught but the holiest and best of my life's labors, yet I am sad because of the misery, wretchedness, and hopelessness of those near and dear to me—those who tell me they would far sooner hav carried me to the grave than to hav seen me under all this weight of terrible condemnation and obloquy.

"'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour" I hav always been "three centuries in the van."

When wearying of finding a life companion who was free from theological superstitions and the curse of rum and tobacco, I boldly advertised for one in the *Water Cure Journal*, and out of some sixty who responded, I selected Mr. Slenker and united my fate to his. All my relativs and friends were surprised, amazed, and shocked, and one old neighbor shook his hoary head and said, "Only to think the very best daughter of Thomas Drake should do such a thing as that, throw herself away on an entire stranger." The good old soul never dreamed that one's own nearest neighbors are oftenest most strange to the holiest impulses of one's nature as well as one's highest aspirations.

I am equally surprised. I find far more of a disposition to look leniently on what I hav done cropping out from editorials and personal letters than I had dared to hope for, far more of a disposition to judge me as having done it all from the purest and best of motivs. I don't wonder at all that the *mode* of working is distasteful to the great majority, and I assure you all much of the correspondence was as disagreeable and repulsiv to me as it could be to any of you.

Does the skilled physician enjoy probing an ulcer or healing a gangrened wound? Yet there is a charm in conquering disease and building renewed health on its foundations. So to me there was a charm in seeking out the moral diseases, and sending words of cheer and reform.

I tell you, friends, there are many who will read these lines who will say to themselvs, "Elmina has been as a kind mother to me and mine, and lifted me up from misery and woe into the realm of peace, love, and joy." Yes, I hav been the confidant of thousands. I hav prevented divorce, saved the lovely maiden from her own wild passions, and inculcated in all, as far as I could, love, respect, and admiration for a pure and high morality.

I think the friend who is "afraid" to mail our editor one of my letters will own up it is, on the whole, a good, well-intentioned expistle, and that there is no word or sentiment in it calculated to make the reader anything but a better or more moral individual.

I am tolerant of all shades of opinion and all phases of character. We are what we are through heredity, environment, and education. I could not be other than I am and be myself.

Language is ambiguous, but I'll wager that of the thousands of letters I hav ever penned, not one can be found that I would not indorse and stand by to-day. True, I hav outgrown some ideas, and changed some opinions for others in consequence of more light being thrown on some questions. But onward and upward has been my motto.

The necessity that compelled this correspondence to be an underground one was the hardest part of it all for me. My frank nature has always led me to openly avow whatever I did, said, or thought. All letters not involving secrets of others I held as public property, if the public desired them. Secret societies, covered-up footprints, dark closets, and sneaking byways I despise. Like the "good gray poet," I plead for the glad, free, open out-of-doors.

Unscrew the locks from the doors!
Unscrew the doors themselvs from their jambs!
Whoever degrades another degrades me.
Whatever is done or said returns at last to me.

Through me forbidden voices,
Voices of sexes and lusts,
Voices veiled, and I remove the veil,
Voices indecent by me clarified and transfigured.

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

## May 30, 1887.

Lo, tears and roses, let them fall—
The day is sacred to the dead,
For South, for North, whose blood was shed;
They died as heroes, one and all.

Above the blue, above the gray
The grass grows green, the snow lay white,
O'er each and all still falls the night,
For each and all we keep this day.

Though 'neath two flags they fought and fell,
Beneath one flag their struggles cease;
They sleep beneath one arch of peace,
Their cause is one, and all is well.

Behold our Union's banner wave!
The North puts forth the olive bough;
Where'er we strew our flowers now
They rest upon a hero's grave.

Lo, tears and roses, let them fall—
This is the Day of All the Dead;
For South, for North, their blood was shed,
They died for freedom, one and all.

G. E. MACDONALD.

## The Railroads and the Church.

The New York *Times* of May 13th contains an item of news from Kingston, N. Y., stating in substance that after solicitation Mr. Chauncey M. Depew on behalf of the West Shore Railroad Company had tendered the Saint John's Episcopal congregation land for the site of a new church near the Union depot in that city; and that the generous action of the railroad was favorably commented upon.

Will that congregation or those commenters explain why the giving away of the property of a railroad by persons intrusted with its management and safe keeping to a particular sect should hav favorable comment? Does this church, in tempting the officials of the railroad to part title with land owned in common by all its shareholders, and consisting of people who subscribe to other creeds and of people who are not the dupes of creeds, claim to be an observer of the Golden Rule?

Railroads privileged with power to take land from owners at whatever price the courts may determin can better perform their duties by acquiring it for legitimate railway purposes than by giving it away at the expense of their own stockholders, or placing it to further superstition and avoid taxation to the injury and expense of humanity in general.

J. A. S.

## Shakspere and the Christians.

It seems somewhat strange that orthodox church-members should find so much to say against Shakspere, he being the head and front of dramatic representations, when he owes his eminence as a writer to —what they call—the inspired writings. This certainly does not show liberality or charity, qualities upon which they boast.

He makes so many quotations from the Bible (253); his finest passages are merely paraphrases taken from it, some approaching so near as to savor of plagiarism, and if we adopt their criterion, that "to the pure all things are pure," they should not ignore this. Much better, let them publish a new edition of his works, erasing objectionable passages. They should recollect that true reformation is to cut out, prune, cultivate, and build up; not tear down. That Shakspere made ample provisions for this will appear evident to anyone who will examin the text, which proves that he intended this, and it devolves on his opponents to do this. Instead, we find, persons go to Verona and weep over Romeo and Juliet's graves, when there is no such place. They go to Elsinore and do likewise, take tokens, etc., when there is no such place—only a myth. Tourists make long voyages to the Hebrides to see where Macbeth met the witches, when there is no such place. They do not admit that Shakspere portrayed character and presents them to us as types, yet they—many of them—believe Jewish traditions, and Christ himself talks in parables.

"What fools these mortals be!"

C. D. RENTGEN.

## What a Canadian Editor Found in the States.

*From Secular Thought.*

On Monday, the 4th of April, I made my way to Kent, Ohio, where I had been engaged to lecture. This was my first visit to this town, and all the persons whom I met were consequently strangers. But there is a bond of brotherhood arising out of our views, and by a kind of Freemasonary Secularists soon come to know and understand each other. Here I met some very kind-hearted, warm, genial friends, who soon made me feel quite at home, and to realize that I was amongst those whom I might hav known for many years. Large audiences attended my lectures, and my utterances—although of a charecter which many of those present had never heard before—were evidently much appreciated. The newspapers also gave good and somewhat flattering reports. The time has quite gone by when men looked at a Freethinker as a sort of imp of Satan—a monstrosity in the world, to be stared at as a curiosity. A novel circumstance occurred here. A Roman Catholic priest was anxious to hav a set discussion, which I need hardly say is very unusual. That church, as a rule, does not believe in controversy, and hence not only avoids but condemns discussion. Here, however, was an exception; a genuin priest expressed himself as quite willing to meet me in debate. We spent some time together arranging details, and the contest will come off at an early date. It will not be the first Catholic I hav met in polemic warfare, but I look forward to this encounter with a good deal of interest. He would not agree to discuss the Bible, which, considering the views held by the church of Rome as to the authority of the scriptures, I could hardly expect, so we are to take up Agnosticism, Christian Theism, etc.

From Kent I went to New Haven, Conn., mainly to join my wife, who was about to sail for the old country and afterwards to return to this continent with the rest of the members of my family.

Then I traveled to New York, where I spent ten days very pleasantly, meeting many of my old friends, who shook me cordially by the hand and expressed themselvs as much delighted to see me. Foremost amongst these stands Mr. Macdonald of THE TRUTH SEEKER, a warm-hearted, genial man, full of sunshine and no shadow. His society I always enjoy, and this occasion was no exception to the rule.

My next visit was to the Quaker city, where I had been announced to lecture, and here, too, I was greeted by large and appreciativ audiences. Prior to the evening lecture, Mrs. Watts gave a dramatic reading. There is a settled calm and quiet in Philadelphia which contrasts strangely with the noise, hurry, and bustle of New York. In fact, it is curious, especially so to an Englishman, to notice how very unlike each other are the three great Eastern cities of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. Not only were my audiences large, but many of those who attended purchased copies of *Secular Thought*, and I am in hopes that in the future I shall hav a large circulation for my paper in this city. Freethought is progressing in Philadelphia, but none of the ministers can be induced to discuss. There was, at one time, some talk of a debate with Dr. Sexton, who is very popular here, but as yet nothing has come of it. Whether anything will be done time will show.

After I had finished my engagement in Philadelphia I went again to New York, and spent some time with Colonel Ingersoll and his charming family. The colonel was, as usual, brimful of humor, and running over with the milk of human kindness. He is not lecturing much at present, as his law business occupies all his time. He has been converted to Christianity a good many times, struck dead almost as many, paralyzed far more, but here he was still full of robust health, and as much a Freethinker as ever. A crank from England gave a lecture not long since in a Canadian city, and issued bills announcing with all the effrontery imaginable that he had converted the colonel through telling him of the Israelitish origin of the British speaking people, but the author of "The Mistakes of Moses" seems to hav survived the operation. It is a curious way to convert people to Christianity by proving that they are Jews and must remain so. No, we hav "Moses and the Prophets," the former a blunderer and the latter prophesying falsely, so we shall not heed Hine's "Life from the Dead." Thereby is scripture verified, and he who can't see it should inquire of Dr. Wild. At New York I met Miss Helen H. Gardener, well known as an able authoress, and she expressed herself as greatly pleased with *Secular Thought*, and at once wrote me an article, a portion of which appears in this number. Our readers will, I am sure, be pleased with her able contribution. Colonel Ingersoll also promised to send me a series of articles which will be looked for with great interest.

I had a brief but good time with friend T. B. Wakeman, who expressed himself highly pleased with *Secular Thought*, and kindly offered to contribute to its pages.

These engagements over, I returned to Toronto to again assume my editorial duties, and to devote myself with all the energy I possess to making *Secular Thought* a great success.

My visit to the States was on the whole a very enjoyable one, and I trust it was also profitable to some of those who hav heard a Secular lecture for the first time.

CHARLES WATTS.

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## Convicted and Fined.

After many postponements and delays, Charles B. Reynolds has been given a trial for the crime of blasphemy, and New Jersey is happy over her relapse to savagery. On Friday night, the 20th instant, the church-members of Morristown slept sounder than they had before since last fall—with more peaceful consciences and happier hearts, for they had done their duty by their God, and convicted and robbed the heretic. The statute of two hundred years of age in New Jersey, and in the rest of the world dating back to the gorillas of the forests, has been reverently awakened and religiously rehabilitated The law enacted by the baboons of the past has been enforced by twelve jackasses of the present, and the rest of the animals of Morristown grunt their approval.

Thursday, May 19th, in the year of grace 1887, the Court of Common Pleas of Morris county, New Jersey, U. S. A., assembled at half-past nine and waited until eleven o'clock for Colonel Ingersoll and his client. Three judges were upon the bench when the latter arrived—Mr. Francis Child in the center and presiding, with lay judges DeWitt C. Quimby and Charles H. Munson on either hand. Lay judges Munson and Quimby are sensible-looking, level-headed men, but Mr. Childs has the peculiar facial characteristics that denote the tyrant. From his cheeks up his head narrows rapidly; downward it expands enormously, and upon his neck rests a double chin of great volume. His eyes are black and small, and twinkled viciously when he looked at the defendant. His manner upon the bench reminded us of Judge Benedict, and his general make-up of the picture of Lord Howe in the school histories. One rather cruel comment made by a man present was that the bench stood for 101—one on each side and nothing in the middle. The court-room and gallery were crowded to suffocation; all the approaches thereto, and every spot where the proceedings could be even occasionally heard, were utilized by the friends or foes of free speech. The whole town was intensely excited, and many people had come in from the surrounding country. Before Colonel Ingersoll had said anything, probably nine out of ten of the spectators would hav rejoiced piously to see Mr. Reynolds sentenced to the penitentiary; if, when the colonel was stopped by the presiding judge in the afternoon, the verdict could hav been given by the audience they would hav unanimously declared that the suppression of free speech, as attempted by the prosecution, was the most heinous of crimes. As soon as Colonel Ingersoll had forced his way through the crowd and found a seat, Judge Childs cautioned the people to keep quiet, and ordered the clerk to impanel the jury. The defense was allowed six challenges only, and they were necessarily used by Colonel Ingersoll in a very short time, for from the start the judge was plainly against Mr. Reynolds; and no matter how bigoted a talesman confessed himself to be in reponse to the questions of Colonel Ingersoll, the double-chinned cipher in the center of the bench ruled that he was a competent juror. And such men as had been called for jury duty! Ignorant Roman Catholics from the mines, stolid carpenters—with no thought but of their six days of toil and one of worship—superstitious Methodists, and bigoted Presbyterians formed the material selected to try a man for expressing his honest thought concerning the Christian deity. There were little snakes of prejudice, as Colonel Ingersoll put it, lurking in the minds of all of them, but the judge held that that made no difference so long as they thought they could acquit Mr. Reynolds providing the evidence showed that he had not distributed the pamphlets in Morristown! As that was not disputed, it is easily seen what the jury must hav been. When Colonel Ingersoll had exhausted all his challenges, and the jury had been seated, and stood up, and sworn, and counted and recounted with all the pompous formality of ancient rules, the list stood as follows: Jacob Odgen, church-member, denomination not stated; Lewis Boing, no church; Andrew B. Cogan, Roman Catholic; Paul H. Mandeville, no church; George Schuyler, no church; Michael Rourke, Roman Catholic; Eugene Buchanan, Methodist; Leo De Hart, no church; Horace L. Dunham, church-member, denomination not given; Lemuel E. Pierson, ditto; Benjamin Flaharty and John McTiernan, Roman Catholics. There were but two or three of these men with faces indicating any intelligence whatever, and their verdict proved that each one ought to be marked on the forehead, J. J.—Jersey jackass.

When these animals had been secured in the pen, District-Attorney Cutler told them that the crime charged upon Mr. Reynolds was circulating a blasphemous and impious pamphlet. He then called as witness John W. Babbitt, a constable of the court, who was armed with a copy of the pamphlet, which he swore he had religiously preserved locked up in his bookcase ever since it was given to him by Mr. Reynolds in person. Winfield West, bill poster, testified that he too had received a pamphlet, besides which he had warned Mr. Reynolds not to distribute them in Morristown as it interfered with his, the witness's, business. Thomas Cleary, Benj. McLean, Matthew Lowe, Mr. Dutton, George L. Clark, David L. Fox, Charles Thursten, Lewis Armstrong, all received pamphlets from the hand of Mr. Reynolds last October, and the pamphlets they received were copies of the one offered in evidence by the prosecutor, who rested his case when the last witness had stepped down from the chair.

The witnesses used up the time of court till recess. Upon the reopening of court Colonel Ingersoll began the defense. He had no witnesses, for the circulation of the pamphlet was admitted, but began at once his address to the jury. Time and lack of space prevent the publication of the speech this week, but we shall giv it verbatim in our next issue. No summary published in any of the daily papers givs the faintest idea of its beauty and grandeur. All the hot summer afternoon he held the audience spell-bound—not a man moved from his seat; scores were touched to tears, while often times it seemed impossible to prevent the people from breaking into tumultuous applause to express their approval of his sentiments. The lay judges listened intently, and more than once their hands seemed desirous of meeting in approving contact. The gavel of the presiding judge was constantly busy, though when not actually pounding the little square of marble before him he leaned back in his chair, looked out of the window, up at the ceiling—anywhere to find an object to employ his attention that he might not hear the burning sentences flowing from the eloquent lips of the greatest man this century has produced. Colonel Ingersoll spoke low and soft, pleading with the stumps before him for a verdict which should leave the flag unstained, and the pages of New Jersey's history unsoiled by the most infamous of acts, the suppression of free speech. His voice has recovered its strength and tone, and its lowest note was heard in the farthest corner of the court room. The speech was full of imagery, the purest patriotism, the grandest of pleas for liberty, and the most exquisit and touching pictures. He made point after point against the law, following it from the dens and caves of savagery up through the centuries of religious persecution to the present, when, as he said, he had hoped the battle for human rights had been fought and won. Mercilessly he denounced the law, and with flawless logic showed that if Mr. Reynolds had not the right to express his sentiments, then no man on the jury had the right to speak his. He touched every chord of the human heart and had the audience with him in every thought, but if he implanted even the feeblest sentiment of tenderness, of loyalty to principle, of patriotism, or of right into the clods before him in the jury box, the illegal and brutal charge of the judge must hav torn it up by the roots. Among the whole twelve images of humanity there was not one man.

About half past four Judge Childs interrupted Mr. Ingersoll with the announcement that the hour of adjournment had arrived, and after a caution to the jury not to permit discussion of the case in their presence, the court room was cleared. Friday morning at half past nine Colonel Ingersoll resumed his argument, continuing until nearly half past ten o'clock. The morning address was a complete speech in itself. He summed up the points he had made and emphasized the legal grounds upon which he asked for the acquittal of Mr. Reynolds. As he neared the end of his appeal, the judge poised the gavel, ready to suppress the applause which the audience seemed bound to giv the pleader for liberty. The last word had scarcely left the Colonel's lips when the wooden hammer fell, and silence was enforced. District-Attorney Cutler was upon his feet at once, and attracted the attention of the jury. Mr. Cutler is a youngster of some thirty years, pleasant to look upon, but inclined to be a trifle deceptiv in what he promises. He is not a good speaker and shows but little of that deep learning in the law which, as district attorney, he must of course possess. He stated to the jury that the law against blasphemy was on the statute books. With its wisdom or unwisdom they as jurors had nothing to do. Their duty was to say whether the words of Mr. Reynolds as copied in the indictment came within the meaning of the statute. Whether the statute is constitutional or not must make no difference to them; that was for a higher court to determin. They must judge of the facts only. Except by giving a sonorous roll to the words, "Gentlemen of the jury!" and occasionally emphasizing the last word of some other sentence in an equally meaningless manner, Mr. Cutler made no attempt to speak interestingly. What he told the jury ought to hav been in the judge's charge, and he must hav the credit of making no appeal to the evident religious prejudices of the twelve men who were to decide the case. He spoke for ten or fifteen minutes. When he sat down, the presiding judge, Mr. Francis Childs, began his charge.

We hav previously described Mr. Childs, but that description of him was as he appears in calm judicial repose. When he has a religious opponent in his power, he changes his looks. His passions send the blood to his face in a flood, his black eyes twinkle with malice, and he speaks with such enthusiasm as we may imagin Cotton Mather exhibited when he argued for the execution of witches in early colonial times. Displacing one of the lay judges at the end of the bench, that he might be nearer the jury, Judge Childs entered upon his argument. It was evident after the first five minutes that the district-attorney and the judge had "swapped jobs." Mr. Cutler had been cool and comparativly mild. The judge was the opposit. His words were not a judicial charge to a jury, but a heated and very slightly disguised appeal for conviction. He raised his voice in temper, pounded the bench to emphasize his points, and throughout his speech was the advocate for his religion and the prosecutor of him who had brought it into contempt. His zeal betrayed him. Legally expressed, the case at this point was Colonel Ingersoll for the defendant, Judge Childs for the plaintiff; and the plaintiff's attorney made it a matter of personal pride to win. It was not often he got the chance to argue against so distinguished a man as Colonel Ingersoll, and the opportunity must be made the most of. With the superstitious reverence which the average juror feels for the high dignitary upon the bench, he might hav won it in any event; but with the jury he had before him, it was the easiest thing in the world. We quote his speech for the sole reason that it possesses historic interest as showing the worst that can be done by even a New Jersey judge:

"You will notice that the defendant is on trial for libel, and it is called a blasphemous libel, because it denies and contumeliously reproaches the holy name of God; because it contumeliously reproaches Jesus Christ and the holy word of God. Blasphemy consists in the denial of the being, attributes, or nature of, or uttering impious and profane things against, God or the authority of the holy scriptures; but it is only committed by uttering such things in a scoffing and

railing manner, out of a reproachful disposition, as it were, in the speaker, rather than with any purpose of propagating his irreverent opinion. If he has merely asserted his disbelief in all the popular notions of Christianity, without attempting by impious and abusiv or blasphemous remarks to wound the feelings of the whole Christian community, he will not hav committed an offense of which the law can take notice.

"You will further observe that the defendant is not on trial for the principles of his religious belief. The laws of this state recognize no standard of faith, nor any established form of worship. There is no offense known to our laws as heresy or nonconformity.

"If you are satisfied from the evidence that the defendant circulated the alleged libel, and that the same is blasphemous, and that the same was written, published, and circulated for the purpose of scoffing at, or railing and bringing into disrepute the Christian religion in that respect, and out of a reproachful disposition in the writer, and calculated and intended to wound the feelings of the Christian community, then the defendant is guilty in manner and form as he stands charged.

"It has been said, gentlemen, that the words contained in this indictment are not blasphemous; that is, that they are not scoffing and railing, that they are not uttered with a reproachful spirit, and that they are not calculated to wound the religious sentiment entertained by a large portion of the community. That is a question for you to judge. You can read them over. You can read them with care, as found in the indictment, and after having read them, then you are to pass that judgment on those words that you think under your oaths, and acting in the discharge of an important duty, they are entitled to.

"But it is said in this case that the law under which this prosecution is maintained is obsolete—that it is dead. The law on this subject is not obsolete or dead. It is to-day the living expression of the will of the people in reference to this particular matter, and you hav no more right to disregard or make this law a dead letter, or refuse to enforce it, than you hav to repeal or abrogate any other law on the statute books protecting citizens in their rights of person or property.

"You, gentlemen, are not possessed, as has been well remarked, with arbitrary powers. You do not hav legislativ functions. It is your duty to pass on existing laws, and as you find them—not to cavil at, not to question, the wisdom or propriety of that enactment. It has been enacted by a power far above you, by a power representing the people, and it is the expression of the will of the people that comes before us here as the law, and it is a mistake that a jury or a member of a jury has a right to do as he pleases. He has not that right. He is bound as a good citizen, he is bound by the oath he has taken, he is bound by his conscience, to administer justice in this case according to the law of the land—not as he wishes it, not as he would hav it, but as he finds it. He is under the law, restrained by the law, protected by the law, directed by the law, as much in the jury room as he is out of it.

"Now, gentlemen, what is the history of this case? And I will say here that there may be an honest difference of opinion, as there undoubtedly is an honest difference of opinion, as to the propriety of this enactment. You may hav your individual views. I may hav my individual views. It may be that I would wish the law different from what it is. You may wish the law more stringent than we find it. So it is with every law. There is not a law on the statute books but what you will find an honest difference of opinion in reference to. As to the law in reference to capital punishment—the punishment visited for the gravest offenses committed against the law—men differ, and differ widely, but can it be held that because a juror differed as to the wisdom of that law that therefore a person arraigned before him on a charge of murder, with evidence proving his guilt beyond a reasonable doubt, that that man should be acquitted because a juror doubted the wisdom of the law?

"What is law? We say the law forbids this, or commands that—what do we mean by law? We hav heard the learned advocate for the defendant in this case. With beautiful words, impassioned manner, and with speech so glowing as to send a thrill to every heart, he has pictured the beauties of liberty. But where is the essence of liberty—where is the evidence of it? Is it not in the great power vested in self-government? And where is the evidence of self-government save in the power to enact laws by the people for the government of all the people? And what is law, I ask you? The learned commentator says it is a rule of action prescribed by the supreme power of the state. And where do we find here the supreme power lodged? Where is sovereignty here? It reposes in the people. Then what is law? It is a rule prescribed by the people for the government of the people. It is not the will of a legislature, not the say-so of a body of men who are in power to-day and away to-morrow—that is not law. And so, when we say that there is on the statute books of the state of New Jersey a law that says, 'No man shall commit blasphemy,' that is the same as saying that the power of the people exercising the sovereignty reposed in them has declared that thus is the will of the people of the state of New Jersey.

"What secures freedom of speech? What guarantees to a defendant the right to trial by jury? What givs the processes of court to compel the attendance of witnesses? What is it that prevents the courts from closing the mouth of his counsel? It is the law. And how long, gentlemen—think of it—could freedom of speech exist without law?

"Now, gentlemen, does this law interfere with the freedom of speech? On that question I hav an opinion delivered by probably one of the most eminent students of the Constitution that this country ever saw—a gentleman whose writings are found in every library, whose opinions are quoted almost as gospel; and he, passing on a case exactly similar to this, says: 'The free and equal and undisturbed enjoyment of religious opinion, whatever it may be, and free and decent discussion on any religious subject is guaranteed and secured; but to revile with malicious and blasphemous contempt the religion professed by almost the whole community is an abuse of this right.' And in that same case this law under discussion—and I so charge you—was held to be perfectly constitutional, and that it was no invasion of the rights of the citizen so far as freedom of speech was concerned.

"Now, gentlemen, it is said that this is an obsolete law. This law is found first, so far as we are concerned, back in the colonial days of this state. Almost at the first formation of the state government it was enacted as a law. In 1844 the law was again adopted by the people as the rule of conduct with reference to this particular subject-matter. In 1874—not fourteen years ago—only a little over thirteen years ago—the people of the state of New Jersey represented in the legislature by their representativs, enacted this same law again as the rule of conduct that they prescribed for the government of all the people of this state. There it is.

"And, gentlemen, I desire to call your attention again to this fact, that your duty as jurors is limited solely to passing upon the question of the existence of the law and the question of the violation of the law. With the wisdom of the enactment you hav nothing to do. That power is vested in the people and exercised by them through the legislature. Since this very bill was formed, since this indictment was presented, the people of this state hav assembled through their representativs at the state capital. The doors were open. This case had notoriety. If it was the desire and wish of the people that this law should be stricken from the statute book, there was the proper tribunal to appeal to, and power vested with ample jurisdiction over this matter.

"But it is enough for us to know that it is the law, and being the law, we are bound to enforce it; and if this defendant has been proved to your satisfaction, beyond the reasonable doubt I hav referred to, to hav committed the crime of blasphemy, it is your duty to convict him. If he has not, it is your duty to acquit him. Let him be acquitted, or let him be convicted, because he has either violated, or has not violated, the law. Do not acquit him by violating the law yourself."

When the judge finished, silence fell. Every one was astonished, amazed, stupefied with the plain bias and heat exhibited. The listening lawyers present glanced at each other and winked suspiciously. The spectators sat in open-mouthed wonder. The reporters for the New York dailies, used to court scenes and tyrannical rulings, were taken so far aback by the speech that they forgot to write. "Do not acquit him by violating the law yourselvs!" What could a spineless juryman do after a command like that? The silence was broken by the judge, who commanded the clerk to swear the officers who were to hav charge of the barn doors when the jury went out. Soon the jury chairs were empty, the spectators, lawyers, and judges scattered, subject to call when the jury returned. Opinions were about even on a verdict of acquittal; strong that it would be either acquittal or disagreement; few believed that conviction could follow after Colonel Ingersoll's speech. These good opinions simply proved that the people didn't know the kind of a jury they get up in Morristown. Being used to juries of men, however, this mistake was natural. Besides, the judge had supplied every quality of prejudice the jury lacked, and had driven them into a corner.

The jury retired just before eleven o'clock; just after twelve o'clock they sent word that they had agreed. The court was again in session, and the jury returned in single-file, like a dozen jackasses along a narrow path. Ranged in a row, they elected the foreman to speak for them. Mr. Jacob Ogden looked at the clerk and said, "Guilty!" The judge said, "Gentlemen you are discharged," and the twelve disappeared.

All through the trial Mr. Reynolds bore himself firmly. The anger against him was intense throughout the town, the only resident who spoke civilly to him being the clerk at the Mansion House. This, however, did not seem to cause him any anxiety, and he certainly was not visibly afraid of the court. He looked the jurymen square in the face, and the eyes that were cast down were not behind his spectacles.

When the jury pronounced their verdict, the prosecutor had gone to dinner and could not be found. After waiting for him awhile, the court took a recess to go to dinner, reassembled at one o'clock, but still no prosecutor. Becoming tired, Judge Childs assumed a judicial demeanor, and said sternly, "Charles B. Reynolds, stand up." Mr. Reynolds stood up. "You hav been convicted," continued Mr. Childs, "of circulating blasphemous matter. Inasmuch as the law has for so long been unused, you may reasonably be expected to hav been ignorant of it. And while ignorance of the law excuses no man from its penalties, the court feels bound to take the fact of your ignorance into consideration in passing sentence. The judgment of the court is that you pay a fine of twenty-five dollars, together with the costs of prosecution, and stand committed till paid."

This back-down was not altogether unexpected. When the verdict was rendered, Colonel Ingersoll at once moved for a new trial, but during the hunt for the prosecutor it was found that the two lay judges, Messrs. Quimby and Munson, were opposed to the punishment of heresy, and insisted upon a light fine as the penalty on the conviction secured, and a dismissal of the other indictment. The prosecutor was also willing that the matter be disposed of in that way. With the exception of Childs, the court felt, as a daily paper put it, willing to let up on Mr. Reynolds if Colonel Ingersoll would let up on the court. After his speech on Thursday, the Baptist and Methodist preachers of the place approached Colonel Ingersoll and told him they agreed with "every word he had said." A young lawyer, the son of the Presbyterian parson of the place, said the same. Though the ministers doubtless exaggerated their agreement, there was no doubt that the speech had had a great influence upon public sentiment. The judges knew of this, and when Colonel Ingersoll told them that if they tried Mr. Reynolds upon the other indictment, he would come down and convert the whole town, they thought the joke might hav a serious side. Had Childs been left to himself, he would probably hav imposed the full penalty of the law. But Colonel Ingersoll had softened public sentiment and won over the lay judges, and Mr. Reynolds escaped state prison.

When the bill of costs had been made out by the clerk of the court, with the fine added, Colonel Ingersoll made out his check for the amount—seventy-five dollars—and passed it over, remarking that if they wanted any more to let him know and he would send it to them. It is not likely that he will be called upon for more, however, for when the Morristown Jerseyman gets a chance to foot up a bill against a New York heretic, he is not apt to forget many items of importance. By the time the clerk had pocketed the check Prosecutor Cutler had returned from dinner, and in response to a question from the judge said he desired to enter a *nolle prosequi* as to the other indictment. The judge granted this, ordered Mr. Reynolds's bondsman, Mr. Edwin Worman, to be exonerated, and dismissed the court.

In the little speech to the "prisoner at the bar" it will be noticed that the judge ate the words he uttered in the charge. Before he had ascertained how the associate judges stood in the matter, Mr. Childs had been hot for conviction. The district attorney also wanted a conviction to the end that his descent might be made easy. The extraordinary lack of intelligence and manhood in the jury, and the extraordinary abundance of prejudice and venom in the judge, who sunk his office in that of the advocate, secured it. They had their way to that point, when they were overruled, and compelled to retreat. When Childs was charging the jury, therefore, the law was a live and breathing statute, the latest expression of the sovereign people, whose will it undoubtedly was that it should be enforced. When he came to sentence the prisoner, the law had become obsolete. It was one of the most rapid cases of dissolution known in the annals of jurisprudence. At a quarter before eleven o'clock, when he charged the jury, and again at a quarter past twelve o'clock, when the verdict was rendered, the law was remarkably healthy, and bade fair to liv another two hundred years. At a quarter past one o'clock it had died of old age, and was buried in the cemetery of the past! Let us hope that Christian hate and prejudice will never again find a Gabriel to resurrect it.

Mr. Reynolds is now free from the toils of New Jersey savagery, and will resume his labors for intellectual liberty. He realizes that he has been very near to prison, and escaped only by the ability of his counsel. Nevertheless, he will again take the field with his tent, if the Liberals want him, and it is not likely that he will again be put in danger.

For his sacrifices and services in this case Colonel Ingersoll will be thanked by every true man and woman in the world. The others will probably mourn that he succeeded in keeping a heretic out of prison.

# Letters from Friends.

DODDS, O., May 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I would like to hav you giv me the name of a paper publishing woman's suffrage matters, and the proceedings of progressiv women, in Washington city. I hav heard of such a paper being published there, but do not know what it is called. I hav been taking your paper for several years past, and think it one of the best. I hav heretofore given my mind and time for the freedom of the human family, but as my stay is short what time I hav to stay shall be devoted to freeing women's souls and bodies from slavery.

AARON EVANS.

HAMMONTON, N. J., May 2, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to commend your designs in the last issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I hav before this studied in the pages of *Punch* the steady artistic progress that sheet gave the chance to Leach to illustrate. It is wonderful to consider. *Punch* began its illustrations with mere lines for human beings, and it came to delight the world with the wit, the purity, and the artistic beauty of its illustrations. Mr. Heston has a greater chance, and it seems that he recognizes it. This last picture of the school teacher is admirable in all its details.

EDWARD HOWLAND.

About 6 o'clock Patrick Clarke, a bartender in William Bennett's saloon, No. 513 Sixth avenue, was found with a party of friends drinking beer on the second floor of No. 102 West Thirty-Second street. He was arrested.—*N. Y. World, May* 9, 1887.

NEW YORK, May 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find a text for a lay sermon. If I believed in a hell, I think that the perpetrators of such a Sunday law ought to be consigned to the hottest corner. As it is, you hav my authority and warrant for condemning them to the hottest and most disagreeable corner of the other place. Their sentence and punishment shall be, Inasmuch as ye hav done this thing unto the people, I condemn ye to read this law daily, and to ponder on its wickedness, its foolishness, and its shortsightedness, and to listen to the revilings which all fair-minded men shall subject ye to, and may the gods hav mercy on your souls. Amen. W. G. O.

ROOKPORT, Mo., May 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I see that some of your subscribers are dissatisfied about your position in regard to the Chicago Anarchists' trial. Now this thing makes me tired. I say those men did not hav a fair trial, and, in the nature of things, could not hav a fair and impartial trial with nine-tenths of the public press and the pressure of public sentiment against them. I suppose some of your growlers will say that the writer of this is an Anarchist, and will want him hanged on general principles. I am not in favor of Anarchy, neither do I indorse the George land theory, but I am opposed to the death penalty, and if the six Anarchists are executed, I shall regard it as but little better than the Bruno or Servetus affair. I hope the croakers will giv us a rest. The way I understand your position is that you are in favor of a fair and impartial trial for any and every man accused of crime—simply this, and nothing more.

Wishing you success, I am as ever with you for right and justice,

G. G. BEOK.

TUCKER HENDERSON'S FUNERAL.

When it became known that Tucker Henderson was dead the county authorities were of the opinion that as he had no relativs he had no friends, and the proper disposition of his body, according to law, would be to send it to the Ann Arbor dissecting rooms. Honest old Tuck's friends, however, objected, and John Galligan and H. H. Boekeloo began to solicit funds with which to giv him a decent burial. The necessary amount was quickly raised, a coffin and hearse procured, and a lot purchased in Riverside cemetery. Mr. Galligan called upon two ministers of the gospel here to say a few words at the grave, but were unsuccessful. The remains were taken to the burial spot yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and A. D. Skinner and Mr. Galligan were the only mourners. In the absence of a minister Mr. Galligan officiated. He said: "Here lies an honest man. He was black, but the color was only skin deep; his heart was big and true; he never told a lie, nor stole a penny, nor wronged a living man."

KALAMAZOO, May 2, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose clipping from the *Gazette* of this city to show you what kind of ministers of the gospel we hav out here, and to show to you conclusivly that their aim is not money or honors, but that they labor solely for the benefit of the human race!

The case referred to is one in which an ex-slave, an old negro known to everyone as a happy old fellow, proverbially honest, was refused Christian burial, simply because he was poor and had no relations. The ministers referred to evidently thought "there was nothing in it."

For my part I would rather hav such words as Mr. Galligan uttered, honestly spoken above my grave, than the most elaborate collection of empty words that ever a preacher concocted.

J. D. SOHELL.

COLUMBUS, KAN., May 7, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Never was there a time in the history of the world when all papers and books on the side of truth, justice, and humanity needed mental, moral, legal, and pecuniary aid more than now. After fifty years of warfare, I am no longer able to do much, but for ten years I hav given away my TRUTH SEEKERS and other Liberal papers to those I thought would read them, and I never let them lie in the house or be destroyed, but take a bundle with me, and giv them out here and there to those who will read them. In this way in the last fifteen years in this county, and for many years previous, I hav sown much good seed, which I believe has done much good, and germinated in not a few minds to the dissipation of old errors, the growth of a love of truth and humanity. Many Liberals who take THE TRUTH SEEKER read it, or half read it, privately, and on account of their business interests, patronage, office, popularity, or the opposition of wives, daughters, or friends, lay away their papers out of sight, or let their children, as I hav now and then seen, destroy them. Thus, and various other ways, much of the good subscribers might do, the influence they might exert, the light they might spread, the impressions they might make, and the mental eyes they might open, is lost, and not effected.

Well, I hav tried to do my part in this respect, and I call upon you, O apathetic reader, to go and do likewise, and if all will do so, it will greatly increase our power and our converts. "Let your light so shine before men that they, seeing your good works, may glorify our" religion of humanity and aspirations to a true life.

J. H. COOK.

ANAHEIM, CAL., April 29, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed 25 cents for the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for this year. I am sorry I hav neglected it so long. We had the pleasure of visiting with S. P. Putnam while here. His lecture on "The Glory of Infidelity" I never heard equaled, and sincerely regret that every person in the land was not present. I was trying shortly afterward to describe the logical points in the lecture to a professor of Christianity, and gave the title of the lecture. He rolled up his eyes in dismay, and said' "Infidelity never did any good in the world." He believes what he says, and acts accordingly. But if those that condemn it without hearing Mr. Putnam could be persuaded to read his "New God," it would help them see the absurdities of orthodoxy.

Dr. Higbie's suggestions on burial expenses and associations are admirable. We hav the "Truth Seeker Collection;" that answers a very good purpose. Above all, we need to organize in every place where six or more persons reside; they should meet and devise ways and means to hold meetings. We were sorry that Mr. Putnam's appointments precluded his giving a course of lectures in Anaheim. We need speakers gifted with the ability to instruct and advise the scattered forces—how to unite, financially and socially, to make a success of our gatherings, and to make them attractiv. Liberals as a rule hav enjoyed the freedom from superstition so thoroughly that they hav neglected to watch the influences thrown over their children by the church, and if they find the children don't really believe the dogmas, still they will enjoy the popular gatherings, and neglect the unpopular. Seventeen years ago Presbyterianism was represented in Anaheim by a parson and six hearers; now a church edifice, and, I guess, ninety or over members. Episcopals, Methodists, Evangelicals, Protestants, and Catholics all hav churches and preaching. I hope to liv to see a free hall dedicated to the light-bearer.

MRS. KATE PARKER.

FT. WORTH, TEXAS, May 10, 287.

MR. EDITOR: I seldom see any letters in the grand old TRUTH SEEKER from this place, nor hav I ever met any of the truth seekers of the town, though I would like to, and also join them. In my own way, I am doing what I can for THE TRUTH SEEKER and its cause. I hav got three or four readers who buy it from newsdealers, and hav got a newsdealer here to promis to keep books, etc., published at the TRUTH SEEKER office.

Mr. Heston's picture, "A Visitor from Rome," is good, though rough on the devil. I don't believe the Bible devil is half as bad as the Roman devil. It is too good a joke to keep, as it were, so I just grinned around my friends till I got a chance at them with the picture. Some admire it, and others think they will go to hell for looking at it. We hav a Methodist Bible-pounder here who told his half-crazy followers, "If your house rent is due, if you hav not a dust of flour, in fact, not a morsel of food in the house, your little children ragged and hungry, and only hav one dollar, and Christ should ask for the dollar, giv it to him." This reverend imbecil's name is A. A. Allison. There has been something said about "our Bob" getting to the White House. Well, I can't believe he will make it, but I hope he will try it. I know of several votes he would get here from prominent church men. Though they don't like his views on religion, his temperance talk catches them.

I guess I'll not try to enlighten you on how to run your paper. It suits me, and the only way to suit me better is to get more of them, and as soon as I get able I will send for a lot of pamphlets, etc.; but money is very scarce in this portion of Texas.

Well, as the nativs here say, "You has done gone an' strock my tender p'ints." I am an old Knight of Labor, but hav not visited a lodge for seven or eight months. It doesn't smell right—too much Christ and crown business about it. Show up the crookedness. I am of the same opinion as your paper. I think Powderly has sold out to the Catholic church.

C. E. ILSEN.

YANKTON, DAK., May 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Joseph Cook has come and gone. He was here to deliver a lecture in a regular course paid for by Yanktonians. His subject was, "The Seven Modern Wonders of the World." The sixth wonder was the rapid march of Christianity, and in it the elephantine Joe, as usual, abused everybody who failed to agree with his highness. R. G. Ingersoll seemed to be an object of his most special hate, and he lied about him scandalously. Colonel Ingersoll and the Liberal League he said were obscenists of the most virulent type; so bad, in fact, and so dangerous, that it has been the custom for years in Eastern cities to abandon the habit of printing the names of ladies attending schools and colleges for fear Colonel Ingersoll and the Liberal League would be sending them obscene literature through the mails. Joe's red rag is that awful petition sent to Congress some years ago to abolish the Comstock laws, but Joe didn't know that a goodly portion of his audience were signers of the petition along with your humble servant. Yankton sent 165 names, and is not an obscenist either. Moreover, we think his elephantine highness exhibited very poor judgment to come loaded with nastiness before a Yankton audience and indulge in the tirade he did under pretense of entertaining us. We hired him and paid him a good, round sum to come here and deliver a popular lecture, and of course were very much disgusted with the outcome. Even his orthodox brethren who were present admit that we hav no further use for him. Among other lies, he said that he ran D. M. Bennett out of Bombay by telling the truth about him. I was glad I had Bennett's four "Around the World" volumes and was able to prove to the people that Joe was not only a bigot but a liar of huge proportions. The vulture is not willing even to let the dead rest in their graves, but must drag them forth and mop them with his vile tongue. Freethought journals he first alludes to as sheets, then recalls it and dubs them napkins, and finally rags. An acute observer is our Joe. Instance the following: "The slight ripple on the page of theological literature caused by Channing, Parker, and Emerson has already been quite obliterated by the ascendency of orthodox Christianity, and the work of their lives was labor lost." As the man can scarcely be considered a fool, I am constrained to pronounce him a knave.

D. P. WILLOOX.

ITHAOA, N. Y., May 14, 1887.

TO E. M. MAODONALD: In the last number of THE TRUTH SEEKER, May 14, 1887, I find your criticism on the mentality of Christ, or identity of Jesus, and I hav this to say, that the reason you hav doubts as to where Christ could be found is because you hav not yet arisen from the animal to the intellectual, but are blinded by sensationalism. It has been your continual study how not to see the principle, and from whence the man Christ Jesus originated; and still you unceasingly proclaim, Humanity, humanity! None so blind as those who won't see. You say he has vanished before the rays of positiv knowledge. Believe me, they are the rays of moonshine (the animal of nature). The word Jesus was in the beginning the positiv and negativ embodiment of nature's masculin and feminin form in great variety, transferred (so to speak) from vegetation to animal as per observation. Thus the animal takes form from material through vegetation, and the Jesus appears a perfect animal man. Thus we hav the embodiment form of man. Thus he is in the image and likeness of male and female nature, made of a woman (feminin), made under the law (masculin), that he (we) may hav knowledge to redeem them who are under the law (or masculin rule). In nature male and female are one in dual form, to represent the positiv and negativ of all the fundamental principles of nature. Hence in this form the animal man Jesus must taste death for all, as in Adam the one man Jesus (the representativ editor TRUTH SEEKER), who is the high priest of execution before whom the last lingering doubts are dispelled. Thus he giveth up the ghost, the dead for the living.

Jesus has no personality except the whole people; this Jesus must die mentally to heal our education, by the knowledge of a distinction from the feminin tree of good and evil. There is none good but one; that is positiv and negativ nature. Good is from the masculin tree of life, while evil is from the feminin imagination or the negativ of good. To know thyself is to hav all possible knowledge. Thus Christ dwelleth in you, that is to say, the resurrection of the dead Jesus brings Christ, the tree of life (humanity), to our knowledge, and then it is the distinction between good and evil is abolished, and we behold the perfection of masculin and feminin nature (the man Christ Jesus) our humanity. Names are naught without principle.

ZENAS KENT.

[Mr. Kent has made it all very clear. We are indebted to him.—ED. T. S.]

RAPID CITY, DAK., April 6, 287.

MR. EDITOR: In your copy of Nov. 20, 1886, I find an article by C. D. Wallace entitled, "Earthquakes and Volcanoes," which contains some rather startling scientific deductions. He writes as though it were an established fact that volcanic eruptions and earthquakes were synonymous terms. He says, "I think they will agree with me that the causes of earthquakes are not from the elements above the earth, or the slipping of the land beneath, . . . but that it is, as we learn from a study of geology, caused by the pent-up vapors and gases from the interior of the earth."

This would perhaps apply to volcanic eruptions and their attendant local earthquakes. But to say that all earthquakes are caused thus is putting it rather strong. Were this true, earthquakes would always be attended by a discharge of gases, etc., as in volcanic eruptions.

On the contrary, a great many of the most destructiv earthquakes are attended by no eruption whatever. In this this respect, however, friend Wallace has fallen into a very common error, caused, no doubt, by the fact that earthquakes are most common in the neighborhood of volcanoes. The connection, however, is only apparent. Volcanic eruptions caused by the vapors, etc., are found most frequently along the zones of fracture, marked by its attendant mountain-chains and the coast line. The disarrangement of the strata here favors the percolation of water through fissures, until it reaches such a depth that the internal heat is sufficient to change it into vapor. Earthquakes we must consider as two classes—those attending volcanic action, and caused, as Brother Wallace says, by gases and vapors forcing an escape, and those unattended by such eruptions. The cause of this latter class is by no means clear. One theory advanced, and perhaps the most plausible one, is that such quakes are but a continuation of the operation that upheaved the mountain-chains and sank the ocean beds. As the earth gradually cools and contracts, the hardened shell on the outside becomes too large and a collapse is the result. This occurs at the weakest point, which would bring this class of quakes into the same belt of volcanoes, but from a different cause. Again, many of the volcanic eruptions are attended

by no shock, notably those of the Sandwich Islands, the flow of lava being remarkably quiet.

However far astray in science, Brother Wallace gets home when he tackles the subject from a theological standpoint. The moral to his fable can cover a multitude of sins (mistakes). W. H. PETREE.

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PITT, O., May 9, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Though a Liberal, a Freethinker, and Agnostic, I am a truth seeker. Hence I am not—like the average Christian—contented with *ex parte* evidence in support of my own views, and actually afraid of all witnesses said to hav facts upon the other side.

I am in the habit of going wherever truth is promised, with charity for all, and malice toward none. Accordingly, a few Sundays since, I attended one of our orthodox Christian Sunday-schools, in quest of light, and was not only invited, but actually rather pressed into the young (and middle-aged) men's Bible class. The regular teacher being absent, his duty devolved upon the next in rank. During our drill upon one of those machine-made lessons, got up with stereotyped golden texts, questions, answers, etc., to prevent the possibility of anyone's stepping off the tan-bark cider-mill track of orthodoxy, as understood at headquarters, on to the fresh verdant grass of inquiry and Freethought, this teacher requested "some one of the class" to turn to "xiii, 27th, *Jericho*," and read according to the references. Several accordingly commenced hunting. Some looked bewildered and hesitated, while one doubting but bold Thomas mildly and humbly suggested that there must be a mistake, as he did not think there was a book of Jericho in the Bible. To this the teacher replied, "Yes, there must be, for it says 'Jer.,' and that stands for Jericho." But finally (like the flat, four-cornered-world philosophers of old, after Magellan had sailed around it) this teacher had to giv it up, with nothing to fall back upon but the absurdity, as he said, of making "Jer." stand for anything but Jericho.

Before closing his instruction in this memorable lesson, this teacher embraced the opportunity of suggesting that it must be evident, "at least to every intelligent, thinking mind, that the scriptures are inspired, since, as they were written by so many different authors without conference, *without inspiration*, there could not possibly be such wonderful, beautiful, and uniform harmony between them." And I was obliged to go home profoundly impressed with the idea that a man who had stood by his friend Jericho with such tenacity as he was highly competent to prove the inspiration of the scriptures by giving his voucher concerning the wonderful, beautiful, and uniform harmony thereof and therein, and that chiefly of such (as this teacher) appears to be the kingdom of heaven. CYRUS SEARS.

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NEW CAMBRIA, KAN., May 1, 287.

MR. EDITOR: "Know thyself" and you will know a good majority, at least, of your class. Now I know how it is with myself; nearly every Liberal paper I receive has two or more good articles, and I think, "Now I will preserve that paper and review it at some future time," but that is the last of it. I keep on receiving more just as good and never hav the desire or time to review the other, and, first thing I know, the children hav torn it up; and so goes one after another, until, when I go to collect them up, to giv away to do missionary work, there are very few to be found.

"Necessity [and adversity] is the mother of invention." It behooves us to be stirring when the clergy can excite the prejudices of their adherents so they are barely on speaking terms with their Infidel neighbors, and if we attempt to hav a lecture close all public buildings against us. At New Cambria there is no public place to hold meetings except Williams Hall, and it is not a very inviting place for ladies; so I waited on the school board. J. M. Brubaker, one of them, very exultingly told me I could hav the use of it one night for five dollars, and so we were compelled to take what was then Williams Hall. I would suggest right here, to Liberals especially, where there are no other places of holding public meetings, to attend the school elections and see to it that there are persons elected directors that would giv permission to the Infidel as quick as the Christian to hold meetings in the school-house, and recollect that one or two votes will change almost any school election. And while I am about it I will relate another little circumstance. We had a literary at the New Cambria school-house this last winter, and, of course, Mrs. Abbott and I got in a good many Liberal ideas, and the school board sent in a written order that, if such and such was allowed, they would close the building, and we were put on the program for the next evening and then voted off; so you see how much fairness there is when the church has it all its own way.

After we had procured the hall they threw every obstacle in the way possible, and to cap the climax they held a conference at the church the same night we held the lecture. Now, what right hav they to interfere with our meetings, or with the getting up of them, any more than they hav to interrupt them after they are gotten up? But they generally do both, one as already stated, and the other by seating themselvs for a few moments and then getting up and leaving, and thereby trying to disconcert the speaker and diverting the attention of the audience from him. Is that the way they do at church? Is that doing unto others as they would like to be done by? Is that showing any of the well-bred manners every Christian claims to possess so much of? Did you ever know a Christian to act mannerly toward an opponent to his religion, and ought they not to, when we pay indirectly on an average four dollars a year to help maintain their institutions, in the way of church property being exempted from taxation? Every Liberal knows by experience, just so long as you will be imposed upon by an individual just so long you will hav to be, and it is just so with a nation. So I say, brother Liberals, stand on your manhood and your dignity and do not allow them to muzzle you along with the worldly people, as they are pleased to call the non-church-members, as a good many of you do.

I presume my experience is about the same as that of every activ worker for the cause, and is it not time for us to make a firm resolve to "spread the light?" And what is more, the times are ripe for the effort. Then, I say, instead of lay ing your papers away for review and thereby allowing them to get torn up, giv them out. You hav had the benefit of them, and they will help the cause and the publishers. Think of it; how much good you might do the publishers by introducing them in this way. I presume they send out hundreds of dollars' worth of sample copies in a year. You might save them a great amount of this expense. I would like to take all the Liberal papers, but am only able to take one, unless I could liv on the diet of the fabled Nebuchadnezzar. I hav plenty of wild grass, but not much else.

I make a firm resolve from this henceforth to giv out all back numbers of the paper I am subscribing for and all sample copies sent me, so that any person wishing to subscribe can suit his own taste. What other effect would this hav? Why, when we advertised our lectures, instead of the dominie being able to take advantage of the advertisment to arouse the prejudices of the church people, he would not only fail, but they would attend and no doubt a good many of them would help defray the expenses of our meetings, and the dominie in his anguish of soul would be obliged to exclaim, "My God, my god, why hast thou forsaken me?"

JOHN W. ABBOTT.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL., May 9, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose herewith an interview with David Christie on the Topolobampo question which I hav no doubt will be of interest to your readers, quite a number of whom hav written me for information on the subject; and the inclosed so fully corroborates my former statements that it will hav a tendency, at least, to set on the inquiry those who may hav thought of going there. In treating this question, I hav no desire to injure any one, or the cause itself, but simply to giv the exact facts as I know them. Parties who hav put all their money into the enterprise, or who expect to make large profits off the misery of others, will, no doubt, defend the scheme, as, for instance, those who returned from Mexico with Owen for the avowed purpose of contradicting statements made by myself and others who left that abode of wretchedness at the same time. I want to state here that the name of the boy who was thrown to the sharks after his death by small-pox was Frank Bolin. His body was put in the bay by Dr. Glenn and Chas. E. Chase, which was done by the order of Dr. E. J. Schellhous, who informed me that he did it by Owens's order. If any of your readers hav watched this discussion in the press and the *Credit Foncier* they will hav noticed that those upholding the fraud hav replied to statements of fact by personal abuse, always the weapon used by those who know they are wrong. You, Mr. Editor, in dealing with Christians, hav found this statement true. Truly yours, L. H. HAWKINS.

*From the San Francisco Chronicle.*

Among the passengers on the last Panama mail steamer, which arrived a week ago, was David Christie, who boarded her at Mazatlan. He is a middle-aged man, who went down with other colonists from Denver, Col., to Topolobampo, arriving there on November 27th last. When interviewed yesterday with respect to the condition of affairs at the colony, he told a plain, straightforward story, from which it appears that the previous reports of the hapless and hopeless condition of the colonists hav not been exaggerated. He said he would be very glad if anything he might say would serve as a warning to people not to be imposed upon by the representations of one Dr. Schellhous, who left the colony with President Owen on April 5th (two days before he did), for Guaymas—Owen going east and Schellhous coming here to float a quantity of the worthless $100 Credit Foncier bonds. About thirty of the colonists left on the same little sloop for Guaymas, most of them able-bodied men, who were leaving in disgust and utter hopelessness of any improvement in the condition of affairs there.

Owen, he said, had returned to the colony on the last of February, having been telegraphed for by the company's surveyor on account of the disturbances and dissatisfaction arising from the favoritism shown in the distribution of rations. He brought no money with him, as he had promised, excusing himself on the ground that he was obliged to come back prematurely on account of the disturbances. The colonists were not really starving, as there was plenty of flour and meal for their mush. They had fish now and then, but, as for lobsters and oysters, said to be plentiful there, he had seen nothing of them, and did not believe there were any. Many of the colonists were anxious to get away, but were not so fortunate as himself in having the means to pay passage-money. One carpenter was so anxious to leave that he offered to sell his chest of tools, worth $300, for $70, but found no purchaser.

The rainy season will come on in two months, and matters will then be worse. From indications which Christie saw, the water sometimes rose during the rainy season four feet above the level of the road that had been constructed around the base of the mountain. The country was very flat. No work whatever had been done on the irrigation ditch proposed, and not more than could be done by twenty men in two days on the projected railroad. He had refused to work any more, because he saw that the whole thing was a humbug. He had expressed his views freely, and Owen had undertaken on that account to make him leave the colony within twenty-four hours. Owen had gone so far as to draw up an order that not more than two persons should meet together in the camp to talk over colony matters; but seeing that the order could never be enforced, he had withdrawn it immediately after it was read. One serious cause of dissatisfaction was a deficiency of some $2,000 in the accounts of Directors Peet and Pratt, who came from Denver. It was money paid in by the colonists and said to be expended, but no account was rendered.

Eaton and Hawkins, directors from the Eastern States, left the colony in February, in disgust. Hawkins was attorney for the company. A month after they were gone, they were expelled, together with one Turner, on various frivolous charges, such as smoking in camp, drinking mescal with the Mexicans, etc. Men smoked in self-defense to keep off the black gnats, which sometimes threatened to devour one alive. The first election held there was in March, for three directors to replace those expelled. It was matter of common remark that Owen carried the ballot-box in his breeches pocket and fixed the votes to suit himself. Nothing had been seen of the grist-mill which was said to hav been bought with the Credit Foncier money. Owen urged all the colonists to remain at least six months longer and see how they could stand the climate. He promised by that time to secure money to prosecute the railroad work, in which there were two mountains to be tunneled. They had but two years allowed them from last October to complete the railroad. If not finished, then all the work done would be lost. The first instalment of the $2,000 to be paid Haskell for the three hundred acres located about three miles from the irrigation pump was due April 25th. If not paid then—and it could not be, as they had no money—Haskell could claim it back.

The entire outlook, Mr. Christie concluded, was discouraging in the extreme.

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CLEOPATRA, MO., May 2, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am sixty years old, and I feel that I hav been swindled out of my time in this world by the intellectual slavery exercised over the mind by the church, coupled with political authority. Will you please giv me space in your columns to present to the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER such facts as I may from time to time glean from court records and history? Take for instance the Quakers of New England. Now, if there ever was a denomination entitled to be tolerated, it was this. Their errors, above those of all other sects, were purely errors of the mind, exclusivly matters between themselvs and their God. In all the relations of life, their demeanor was that of meekness, simplicity, integrity, and peace. They appeared with none of that evangelical pugnacity with which Presbyterianism fought its way into places of power, and overthrew old tyrannies to establish young tyrannies in their stead; and yet the stripes which persecution had inflicted on the Puritans were scarcely healed when they themselvs began to wield the lash against the inoffensiv Quakers. "These detestable scenes of more than savage barbarity," says a writer, "began in the month of July, 1656. Mary Fisher and Ann Austin having arrived in the road before Boston, the deputy-governor, Bellingham, had them brought on shore and committed to prison as Quakers. They were stripped naked under pretense of knowing whether they were witches, and in this search," says Sewel, "they were so barbarously misused that modesty forbids to mention it. After about five weeks' imprisonment they were sent back to old England, their beds and Bibles being taken by the jailer for his fees."

Scarce a month after, eight others of those called Quakers came. They were locked up in the same manner as the former, and after about eleven weeks' stay they were sent back. John Endicot bid them, "Take heed that ye break not our ecclesiastical laws, for then ye are sure to stretch by the halter." Then a law was made to prohibit all masters of ships from bringing any Quakers into that jurisdiction. Nicholas Upsal, a member of the church and a man of unblamable character, for speaking against such proceedings was fined twenty-three pounds, and imprisoned also for not coming to church. Next they banished him out of their jurisdiction, and though a weakly old man, yet he was forced to depart in the winter. Nicholas afterward met with an Indian prince, who, having understood how he had been used, offered to make him a warm house, and further said, "What a God hav the English who deal so with one another about their God!"

The following year, 1657, Anne Burden and Mary Dyer were imprisoned at Boston; and Mary Clark, for warning these persecutors to desist from their iniquity, was unmercifully rewarded with twenty stripes of a three-corded whip on her naked back, and detained in prison about three months in the winter season. The cords of the whip were commonly as thick as a man's little finger, each having some knots at the end.

Christopher Holder and John Copeland were whipped at Boston the same year, each thirty stripes with a knotted whip of three cords, the hangman measuring his ground and fetching the strokes with all the force he could, which so cruelly cut their flesh that a woman seeing it fell down for dead. Then they were locked up in prison, and kept three days without food, or so much as a drink of water, and detained in prison for nine weeks, in cold winter season, without fire, bed, or straw.

Lawrence and Cassandra Southick, and their son Josiah, being carried to Boston, were all of them, notwithstanding the old age of the two, sent to the House of Correction, and whipped with cords as those before, in the coldest season of the year, and had taken from them to the value of four pounds ten shillings for not coming to church.

In the year 1658, a law was made which, besides imposing heavy penalties and imprisonments, extended to working in the House of Correction, severe whipping, cutting off ears, and boring through their tongues with a red-hot iron, whether male or female, and such like inhuman barbarities.

The same year, William Brend and William Leddra came to Newburg; thence they were carried to Boston, to the House of Correction, to work there, but they, unwilling to submit thereto, were kept five days without any food, and then beaten twenty strokes with a three-corded whip. Next they were put into irons, neck and heels so close together that there was no more room left between them than for the lock that fastened them, and kept in that situation sixteen hours, and then brought to the mill to work. But Brend, refusing, was beaten by the inhuman jailor with a pitched rope more than one hundred strokes, till his flesh was bruised into a jelly, his body turned cold, and for some time he had neither seeing, feeling, nor hearing. The parson, John Norton, was heard to say: "William Brend endeavored to beat our gospel ordinances black and blue; if, then, he be beaten black and blue, it is but just upon him, and I will appear in behalf of him that did so."

Now, in conclusion for this time, let me say there are a few descendants of such old ferocious Presbyterians in this country. Prominent among them is the postmaster at Cleopatra. His zeal is equal to his duplicity. J. W. DAY.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## The Other Side.

"The words are good," I said, "I cannot doubt,'
I took my scissors then to cut them out;
But Mary seized my hand, "Take care," she cried,
"There is a picture on the other side."

I fell to musing. We are too intent
On gaining that to which our minds are bent;
We choose, then fling the fragments far and wide,
But spoil the picture on the other side!

A prize is offered; others seek it, too,
But on we press with only self in view.
We gain our point, and pause well satisfied,
But ah! the picture on the other side!

On this, a sound of revelry we hear;
On that, a wail of mourning strikes the ear;
On this, a carriage stands with groom and bride,
A hearse is waiting on the other side!

We call it trash—we tread it roughly down,
The thing which others might hav deemed a crown;
An infant's eyes, anointed, see the gold,
Where we, world-blinded, only brass behold.

We pluck a weed and fling it to the breeze,
A flower of fairest hue another sees.
We strike a chord with careless smile and jest,
And break a heart-string in another's breast.

Tread soft and softer still as on you go,
With eyes washed clean in love's anointing glow;
Life's page well finished, turn it, satisfied,
And lo! bright pictures on the other side.

—*Selected.*

## Lilla's Angel.

Petted, loved, admired little Lilla, the only daughter of wealthy and indulgent parents, it seemed as if her life was shrined in happiness and love. Not a wish had she that was ungratified, and life to her was very sweet and beautiful. She had a surfeit of all the good things of life, and took them as if by right, unthinking and uncaring whether others had anything or not. She loved the beautiful, and disliked the unsightly and unlovely. You should hav seen her play-room, hung with the brightest and most charming pictures of childhood scenes, and filled with all kinds of toys, dolls, little story-books, and all manner of quaint curiosities.

One summer afternoon Lilla lay swinging in her hammock in a little grove of pines belonging to her father's many broad acres. Her best dolly and several pretty playthings were lying all around her. The robins were singing bits of songs in the branches overhead, and in the distance an oriole caroled his own sweet melodies, while the soft, south wind played and danced out and in among the dark green pines, whose long arms swung lightly about like so many gauntleted hands full of feathery plumes.

Perhaps Lilla did not fully appreciate all this loveliness, but she drank in the sweetness of nature about her to quite an extent for a girl of nine years.

"It is very beautiful here," she said. "I do not believe it is any lovelier up above the clouds, or wherever it is that the angels liv. I don't think even that angels are fixed any more comfortably than I am, either. But I wish I could just see an angel once in my life. I wonder what it would look like!"

Just then she espied a little barefoot beggar girl gazing wistfully at her through the fence. Her garments were tattered and outgrown, but her eyes were bright and handsome, although the expression in them was full of sadness, and her whole appearance indicated that want and misery to which Lilla was a stranger.

"Oh, I wish you'd go away!" exclaimed Lilla, pouting. "I can't bear to see you stand there gaping at me. Go along, girl, go right along; you make me sick with your old ragged dress, and your bare legs and feet. If you want anything to eat, go to the house and Ellen will giv you a piece of bread. I was just thinking about angels, and you must come right up and annoy me. Go on, stupid, quickly. O dear, dear!" and the petted child of fortune turned away her face and shut her eyes that she might not look upon the unsightly picture.

The little pinched face of the beggar girl grew whiter, and the glistening tears filled up her eyes as she reluctantly moved on a few paces. She was mentally contrasting situations, and wondering why her lot in life was so different.

Lilla, observing that the beggar child had proceeded on her way, fell asleep, and, sleeping, dreamed a dream.

She thought she was in a beautiful garden where there were many blooming flowers of varied hues and sweetest fragrance. A beautiful light, like the glow of a sunrise in summer, was upon all around, and an air of peace, love, and harmony pervaded the place. Not far away she saw, in her dream, a large company of lovely children, and their faces shone with light and beauty. Their clothing was soft, light, and fleecy, like the clouds in the splendor of June. Merrily they skipped and played, while some sang songs sweeter and more melodious than the thrilling notes of warbling birds.

Presently she saw, not far away, one who could not join that company of lovely beings because of her tattered, miserable appearance and her disagreeable manners.

"It must be that horrid beggar girl that I saw peeping through the picket fence," she said to herself. "Yes, that must be the very one, poking herself in here. I should think she would know better, with such rags and such a wretched shawl on her head. Stupid little beggar!"

A lovely lady, who might hav been a teacher in the group, now approached Lilla and said:

"Come nearer, little Lilla, and let me show you the face of the 'stupid little beggar.' Come!"

Closer and closer Lilla stepped to the little girl in tattered garments until she stood face to face with her. What was her consternation and dismay to behold, not the features of the beggar whom she had seen looking through the fence, but instead she saw her own face, disfigured by a frown, her lips drawn and discolored by snarling words and cruel epithets.

"Who is it?" inquired the lady in the softest, sweetest tone.

"It looks like—like—like"—and poor Lilla began to cry softly.

"It *is* the one you think, Lilla, it is yourself. But let us turn from this unfortunate face to a brighter, fairer one."

Gently she turned Lilla about till she faced the company of bright and beautiful beings again, and, in the center, like some creation of an artist brain, whose every thought was molded to purity and truth, there stood the loveliest vision her eyes had ever looked upon—the fair, sweet face of the little beggar girl, whose appearance at the fence had disturbed her so. Clothed in radiant garments, faultless, glorious, lovely as the dawn, she seemed to Lilla more beautiful than all the others.

Said the lady, kindly, "Lilla, this little one, has noble traits of character which you will do well to imitate. While she wore coarse and ragged raiment outwardly, you, Lilla, wear rags and tatters inwardly. None but the pure and unselfish, the loving, gentle, thoughtful ones, may enter this company. Here must you stand outside, until you become as true and pure as she, yourself a beggar at the gate, until, kind, gentle, unassuming, you seek to help others, and learn the fact that it is not always those who hav all that wealth can giv who are the most fortunate."

In this way she talked a long while to Lilla, who gradually began to see that, while she loved the beautiful, and was well satisfied with her own condition, this was not the whole of life, nor all that could make happiness and contentment. She must let her heart go beyond herself and her surroundings—she must bless others, if she would be blessed herself.

While Lilla lay sleeping and dreaming, the little beggar girl, haunted by the picture of the child in the hammock, and unmindful of the cruel words spoken to her, retraced her steps, that she might catch one more glance at the pleasant picture—that she might look once more upon the girl whose lot had been cast in such fortunate circumstances.

As she gazed again between the pickets, her heart almost stopped beating, for, with terror, she saw, coiled among the dried pine needles, very near the hammock, a serpent with head erect, and looking at the sleeping Lilla.

Brave little Corinne!—for that was the name of the beggar girl—in that moment her courage did not fail her. Seizing a large stone, she ran quickly in at the open gate, and, in another instant, she threw the stone, with all her force, upon the snake and crushed it; then, with a large stick, she beat it till it died.

Lilla awoke, terrified at the sight of the serpent so close to her.

"Did you kill it?" she inquired of Corinne.

"Yes. It was looking right at you, oh, so wickedly! and I was afraid it would hurt you," and Corinne shivered.

Her face shone just as it did in Lilla's dream. "I think," said Lilla, "you are my good angel. You must come home with me, and tell my papa and mamma what you hav done. What a good disposition you must hav! I wish you would forgiv me for being so cross to you."

"I did not lay it up against you, for I know your way of life is different from mine. You did look so nice and cool in your hammock that I had to turn back to look at you again."

"I am so glad you did, for when my doll fell out of the hammock I suppose it disturbed the snake, and had it not been for you the dreadful reptil might hav killed me."

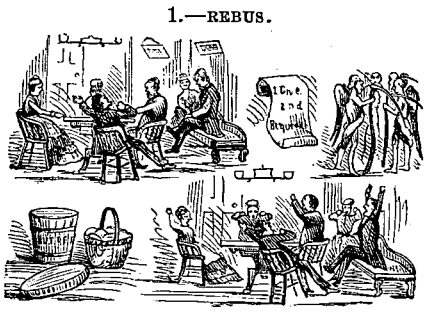
It finally came about that Corinne became an inmate of Lilla's home, and was, after a time, adopted by Lilla's parents, her own parents being dead. It was some time before Lilla told her dream, but Corinne said she did not think she was so good as the dream said, but she would try to be.

"I think you are," said Lilla, "and you will always seem to me just like an angel. Anyway, I shall always call you my good angel."

And so she did, and also she tried to imitate her goodness. S. H. W.

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.



What we hav all noticed.

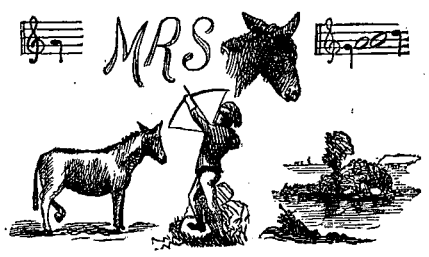
2.—CHARADE.

*A metallic currency—a current of apple-juice—and the concurrency of both in one who concurs—including a few cursiv curses—by Bay-cur.*

*First, a metal stamped for money,*
Sometimes with devices funny.
Here is one, a sort of sea-gull,
Cross between a goose and eagle,
Kind of dove or holy pigeon;
With a motto on religion—
"IN GOD WE TRUST," and much I wonder
If 'twas *meant*, or was a *blunder*.
"We," that means the "upper tens," sir,
"*We*" can't *trust* our fellow-men, sir!
"In GOD we trust," but you poor trash, sir,
Why, you will hav to pay the cash, sir!
How the Atheist's doubts must dwindle
Into faith at such a swindle!
Once an Atheist took a hammer
And he gave "G—d" a "rammer,"
Just as God the "*ah*" deleted
When he Ab'ram's name completed;
Then he showed each pious scholar
"In (naught)—0—we trust" upon his dollar.
This silent curse each feature cast
Upon our brave iconoclast;
"Almighty dollar, great creator,
Destroy at once thy mutilator!"
This numismatic scheme givs saying,
"See the Christian's *wheel for praying*."
But in selling and in buying
It givs *a currency* to lying.
My muse now with the *second* grapples,
It is *the juice expressed of apples.*
I cannot pause to point a moral,
Nor speak of that Edenic quarrel,
Nor stop to ask why Adam's dinners
Should make all Adam's children sinners.
The *whole* is known as Mrs. Grundy
From Honduras to bay of Funday.
Tho' here the sex you find is common,
That is, it may be man or woman;
And the *concurrency* be normal,
Or but subservient and formal.
Four syllables in *all* we find them,
But two as one in *first* combined them.
A *company in apple-juice*
In different parts they might produce,
But then our *company were small*—
*One hundred* and—*naught* more at all.

*Irwin, Ia.* J. K. P. B.

3.—REBUS.




An old saying.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER MAY 14, 1887.

1— ROTTEN
ORIOLE
TINMAT
TOMATO
ELATOR
NETORE

2.—Dandelions open in April.
3.—Imp—rim—is.
4.—Dryden, Hood, Tennyson, Pollok, Moore, Byron.

## Correspondence.

CLARINDA, IA., May 15, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Mamma said I could write a letter for the Children's Corner if I thought you would publish it. Papa is a Freethinker and takes THE TRUTH SEEKER. We like the paper very much. We liv on a large hill two miles from town. We hav a lot of stock, and milk nineteen cows; hav lots of chickens, ducks, turkeys, and pea-fowls. I hav four brothers and two sisters. One brother is married and livs in Nebraska. I am fifteen years old and the youngest child, and I go to school. This is my first letter, and I will close before I make you tired.

Yours very truly, ELLA RAWLINGS.

HAMILTON, MO., May 8, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav been reading the Children's Corner in THE TRUTH SEEKER this afternoon, and like it very much. I hav been thinking so many times of writing and getting acquainted with you and the little Freethinkers, but I hav felt about like Miss Lillie Watkins, that I was so much older than any of the correspondents; but when I saw her letter I felt a little more encouraged.

I think some of the folks do very well in writing letters.

My father has been taking THE TRUTH SEEKER for some time, and thinks highly of it. We hav a great deal of fun over the pictures nearly every time the paper comes.

Our spring seems to be coming in very fast and very warm; the thermometer was ninety-four degrees above zero this afternoon about four o'clock. How is that for a spring day? They had baptizing out west of our house this morning; there were about fifty persons baptized; the minister's horse looked as if he had baptized it.

I guess this is long enough for the first time. Hoping there will be space in one corner for this, I remain ever,

Your friend, ALICE COLBY.

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Pharisee is to-day yet a by-word of derision. It expresses narrowmindedness, slavish submission to the letter of the law; and the New Testament has taught the Christian community to despise and abhor the pharisee. That the pharisee of old was a person altogether different than what he is conceived of by the average class of people has been conclusivly shown, but we do not propose to deal now with that question. That the pharisee, in every respect implied by the word in modern vocabulary, is not yet dead is fully illustrated in the most recent of times. If there hav ever been people who stick more slavishly to the letter of the law and slapped reason and common sense in the face than the present interpreters and executors of the law of our state, we would like to know where they were. The wise directors of our police force forbid the owner of a public hall to hav dance music performed and a ball held on his premises unless he obtains a theatrical license. If he complies with the law he is forbidden to supply his guests with wine or beer because under our present license law vinous, malt, and spirituous drinks may not be dispensed in a place of public amusement. Nobody doubts that the legislators never intended such an interpretation of the law, but our pharisees show you the letter of the law and that is all they care about.

The traveler who takes a rest at a hotel and the family who boards at a hotel, and all people who take their meals at a restaurant or boarding-house, cannot be served with wine or beer at his meals, because again the pharisee is abroad and forbids him to—the letter of the law is opposed to it.

The laboring man, the man who during the whole of the week is glued to his counting-room, the working bench, his factory, and cannot join his family in their meals except on the day of rest, on Sunday, he cannot hav the cheer of a glass of light wine, or fresh, foaming beer, because Sunday is a day devoted to God, and his representativs in Albany hav seen fit to forbid the use of any other beverage on the Lord's day but water.

Sunday is not claimed as a religious institution—is another piece of pharisaism, as glaring as it can be. Everybody knows that the strict pharisaical observance of it—they call it puritanic—is due to the influence and the clamor of the representativs of the church; otherwise, a rational, liberal interpretation would not attempt to turn the day of rest into a day of lugubriousness and abstention.

A Jew who celebrates his day of rest, who observes the Sabbath of the Bible, if he is caught selling a piece of meat, or a pair of socks, or a necktie on Sunday, is at once transferred to the lock-up. He has violated the Christian Sabbath, which is not his Sabbath. How the Christian sneered and sneers at the Jew because he upheld the validity and majesty of the law of holy writ. To show his contempt for these slaves of the law he abrogated the law including the observance of the biblical Sabbath. And now that he observes the first day of the week, which has no other foot to stand on than man-made law, he out-pharisees the pharisee and would forbid the motion of every animate and inanimate motor if he could. And if we allow this encroachment upon the rights of the people we will hav the puritanical Sabbath revived in our community in all its rigor, in all its absurdity, all it tyranny and bigotry.—*Hebrew Standard.*

## One by One Passing Away.

DEAR EUGENE: I hav recently written letters to prominent Liberals at various points in our great Northwest, along the line of Brother S. P. Putnam's intended route, to stir our people up for a revival of good things when our genial and able Putnam shall drop in upon them with glad tidings from "The New God," "A New Heaven and New Earth," as implied in the gospel of Liberalism.

One of these letters was sent to Father Crane, the president of our Liberal League at Seattle, W. T. To-day I was pained by the response to this letter at the hands of his loving daughter, Laura E. Hall, at Seattle, bearing the sad news: "My dear father's hand is pulseless in death, and cannot reply to your letter."

I presume that his death will be reported to THE TRUTH SEEKER by his many friends at Seattle. And yet I cannot keep my pen from a word of deserved tribute to one of D. M. Bennett's warmest friends in his time of persecution, when every true friend counted one against the enemies of right and truth.

Father Crane was a kind and genial man, respected by the general community, and appreciated and loved by his friends. His death is a deep loss to the Liberal cause, which manifold proofs during many years of valuable service hav placed him in the front rank. And while Father Crane carried with him a loving heart and helping hand, with a good word and smile for every one, yet he was a most uncompromising foe to superstition and religious tyranny, and a Liberal in the true sense of the term. For, while Father Crane was a most decided and pronounced Infidel, he was also a Spiritualist, and yet not so absorbed in Spiritualism as to be lop-sided and morbid about another life, but took a keen interest in the progress of our cause and the Nine Demands of Liberalism; and nine times during the past sixteen years hav I visited Seattle in the interest of Freethought, always to find him at his post with helping hand and a warm welcome to his home.

To my mind such a death, although the warning was so brief and the event so sudden, has in it nothing of dread or horror. It is but giving back to nature, as we hope, only a part of her endowment in exchange for more refined conditions of life. But, be that as it may, whether life be continued in higher form or cease with our breath, there need be no horror in the event of such a death as that of Father Crane. His was a ripe old age, and the close of an honest, useful, earthly life.

Let him rest! Cover his grave with flowers, and plant over it the evergreen as a symbol of the hope of a future state, which he entertained during life, and an expression of tender memories hidden away in the hearts of children and friends left behind him. And, Eugene, when my time has come to depart, I trust that you will be able to say of me also, that I died with the harness on, and fell with my face to the foe. DR. J. L. YORK.

## Why Send Missionaries to this Kind of Folks?

Chinese books on etiquet date back 2,600 years, and children are carefully instructed in such books to this day. I hav been the recipient of their courtesies in the homes of the rich and the poor. There are impolite people in China, so there are in every land. The courtesy and justice of a people are largely represented in their laws, and in their conduct toward strangers. By this test we are a rude people in comparison with them. A Chinese friend, one who is daily tormented in his own home by the invasion and insults of the sons of respectable people, called on me yesterday. In conversation he put these questions:

"You lived in China twenty years?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Did the boys or people force themselvs into your house and ill-treat you, and insult you on the street? Did they break your windows, and throw mud upon your floors?"

"Never," I answered. "Only once was a stone thrown at me in twenty years, and then heathen men, total strangers to me, cried out a rebuke; and when some of our missionaries were disturbed, the officers did protect them and arrest offenders. My children could go out daily unmolested in that land. Neither I nor they can do that here, accompanied by a Chinese, without annoyance and insult." I could fill this entire paper with such contrasts, from government to people.

The Chinese minister at Washington this winter gave a reception. He carefully issued a certain number of invitations. Four times the number he invited came. They took possession of his house, snatched the food from the servants ere they could place it upon the table, injured the carpet and furnishings in their rush to fill their stomachs, and, in all respects, as one paper says, "acted like so many pigs." *These were Americans in the capital of our country*, and those of us who hav received such exceeding courtesy and hospitality in Chinese homes, and know how very careful the Chinese are in these respects, bow our heads with shame, and grow hot with indignation.

When the Chinese see the wives of American and European merchants and officials, with a *brief* fall of lace for sleeves, and *decollete*, whirling in dance in the arms of men not their husbands, the scene is most "revolting" to them. I hav heard vile language from both men and women in China. I hav heard profane, and sometimes the union of both vile and profane, in this land. There are no women, I believe, in any land who are more careful of their personal reputation than the Chinese.—*Mrs. S. L. Baldwin in Christian Advocate.*

## Obituary.

I find by reading the Kansas City *Times* that Col. Kersey Coates, a well-known pioneer and Freethinker of that city, is dead. I clip the following from the *Times:*

COLONEL KERSEY COATES.

A race of broad minds and strong spirits were those who turned the currents of inland commerce to the great bend of the Missouri, and the strongest and broadest of them all was the man who died peacefully at his home yesterday. Colonel Kersey Coates was a type of the highest order of pioneers—those who hav not only energy, but intellect and insight. He could both see and act, could both labor and command. With indomitable resolution and an allegiance to truth which never varied, he had the charm of human sympathy and the disarming grace of kindly humor which gathered about him friends instead of followers. His influence was felt by men and communities.

Colonel Coates was the embodiment of that rarest faculty—or combination of all the faculties—common sense. He was natural and direct in thought, speech, and action; therefore his conversation and his public addresses were alike always effectiv; his judgments were always reasonable and generally accurate, and his performance never betrayed symptoms of weakness or of hesitation.

Kansas City owes to his clear knowledge and unflinching tenacity of purpose much of the position the city now occupies. He supported all good enterprises and coolly smiled down many foolish ones. His example kept alive faith and energies when the light was dim and when the brighter period made all energetic his wise counsel helped them to avoid the danger of wasted power.

Such men are born for a purpose. The purpose of Colonel Coates's life has been nobly fulfilled. His career was complete, rounded, and beautiful in its symmetrical outline. Nothing but good will be said of him, because there is nothing of evil for malice to discover. Living and dead, while he was the object of political animosities engendered during a time of convulsions, he has had and will hav the respect of every honest man, and the admiration of all with penetration to recognize great qualities.

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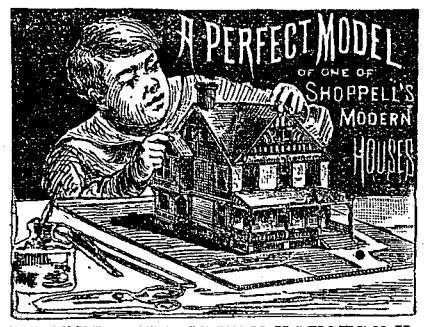
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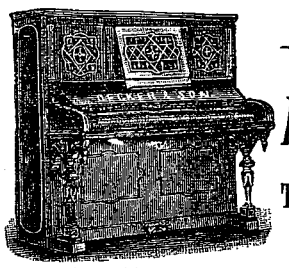
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## News of the Week.

THE Beecher monument fund amounts to about $21,000.

FOUR thousand emigrants reached this port in one day last week.

JOHN GREENWELL has been found guilty of the Weeks murder in Brooklyn.

THE silversmith lock-out remains unmodified.

THE police prevented Herr Most from making a speech in Newark, N. J., last Sunday.

THE pope has written a letter sustaining the action of Archbishop Corrigan in the McGlynn matter.

A MINISTER who is in jail in Georgia for stealing writes to the loca editor to print nothing about him, as he is a "Christian and a jentlemen."

A GREAT crowd attended the last meeting of the Anti-Poverty Society. The Rev. Mr. Pentecost delivered an address, in the course of which he said: "If Christianity and poor-houses go hand in hand, then, for heaven's sake, let us look forward to more heathenism." A collection of $264 was taken toward abolishing poverty.

WALT WHITMAN will read a poem at the New York Decoration Day services in the Academy of Music. Mr. Talmage will deliver the oration, if his health permits, and Mayor Hewitt will preside.

LAST Saturday the half-holiday law took effect. It was fairly well observed.

THE White Star line steamers Celtic and Britannic collided in a fog 350 miles out from New York last Saturday. Four persons were killed aboard the latter vessel, and some twenty injured. Neither boat sank.

THE jury has been chosen in the case of Jacob Sharp, who is charged with bribing aldermen. When this case is over, that of ex-Commissioner Rollin M. Squire, arraigned for corrupt bargaining, will be tried.

TIFFANY, the jeweler, has just completed the Gladstone testimonial to be presented by American admirers to that eminent statesman. It is a pedestal and bust of sterling silver, three feet high, and cost $3,500.

MR. O'BRIEN, of Ireland, editor of *United Ireland*, has been lecturing in Canada. He is a Catholic and a Home Ruler, and those who differed with him in religion and politics hav made things lively for him by throwing bricks, clubs, and vegetables at him while delivering his discourses.

THE Rev. W. H. H. Murray has solved the mystery of the sea serpent seen in Lake Champlain. He says the illusion is caused by hundreds of small plovers flying in a long string close to the water. The birds displaying alternately their brown backs and white breasts produced the phenomena which were mistaken for the appearance and disappearance of the aquatic monster.

THE Knights of Labor profess to be conducting a boycott against the New York *Sun* because its utterances on the labor question do not meet with their hearty indorsement. The boycott is opposed by the printers' trade union, as the *Sun* pays the scale of wages, and is a "card" office. The printers are probably a rather more intelligent body of men taken as a whole than the rank and file, or even the leaders, of the Knights of Labor.

THERE was no relaxation in the enforcement of the excise law last Sunday. The number of arrests for drunkenness on Sunday since the side doors hav been closed is nearly equal to that for the corresponding Sundays last year when the side doors were open. This is explained in part by the extra vigilance of the police, but is due mainly to the fact that those who are enabled to get into saloons are apt to indulge to an inordinate degree.


## THE ORDER OF CREATION.

*A Discussion Between*
**Gladstone, Huxley, Muller, Linton, Reville.**
On the Conflict between Genesis and Geology.

CONTENTS:

I. Dawn of Creation and of Worship. By Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
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III. Postscript to Solar Myths. By Prof. Max Muller.
IV. Proem to Genesis: A Plea for a Fair Trial. By Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
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THE EVICTION OF HAGAR.

THE "BREAD-AND-WATER" TEXT.—And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and took bread and a bottle of water, and gave it unto Hagar (putting it on her shoulder) and the child, and sent her away: and she departed, and wandered in the wilderness of Beer-sheba.—Gen. xxi, 14.

## Odds and Ends.

BREECHES of promis—pantaloons bought on credit.

THE more you puff a cigar the smaller it becomes. And that is the way with some men.

THE fact that music and beer can not be served together makes the outlook for music look gloomy.

THE *Christian Union* this week givs us "The Cry of Moses;" and it isn't "Dot goat vits you like de baper on de valls!" either.

FORTUNE knocks once at every man's door, but she doesn't go hunting through beer saloons for him, if the man happens to out.—*Puck.*

YOU may write about the unions
With the sharpest-pointed Faber,
But the mother with a baby
Knows the most of nights of labor.

A MINISTER, having preached a very long sermon, as his custom was, some hours after asked a gentleman his opinion of it. He replied that "it was very good, but it spoilt a dinner worth two of it.'

THEY sat within the parlor dim,
I passed and heard her say to him,
"I wish, dear George, that you'd behave—
If not, I wish that you would shave."

"WHERE is the island of Java situated?" asked a school teacher of a small, rather forlorn-looking boy. "I dunno, sir." "Don't you know where coffee comes from?" "Yes, sir, we borrows it from the next-door neighbor."

DON'T worry about our noble land being invaded and destroyed by gunboats, because of our unprotected sea-coast. The kind of sea-coast defense the majority of our people are suffering for is a liberal reduction in the seaside hotel rates.

A WRONG inference: A little boy at the opera, who noticed the gentlemen looking through their opera glasses at the ballet dancers, said: 'Mamma, buy me one of those things, so I can cover up my eyes with it when those women come on the stage."

GENTLEMAN: "But I am afraid he wouldn't make a good watch dog." Man with purp: "Not a good watch dog! Why, Lor' bless your 'art, it was only last week that this 'ere wery animal held a burglar down by the throat and beat his brains out with his tail."

THEY played eucher. He was an old man. She was young. "Whenever you hold the right bower," he remarked in commencing, "your lover is thinking of you." Then he watched whenever she picked up the cards to see if she blushed or not. He won.

"YOU ought to be ashamed of yourself, a great, big man like you to be a beggar and a tramp. You oughtn't to be afraid of work." "I know it, mum, but I can't help it. You see my nurse frightened me once in a dark room when I was a baby, and I hav been timid ever since."

"BACK from Cannes, eh?" said Mr. Neversmile to Mrs. Spriggins as he seated himself beside her. "Oh, yes, indeed; I couldn't stand the gyrations of the ground." "You were in the earthquake, then?" "Indeed I was. And do you know I was so frightened that I got right down on my knees and said my Cataclysm as fast as I could. Religion is a great refuge, Mr. Neversmile."

A LITTLE grammar found in an old garret in Portsmouth, N. H., has an illustration representing the difference between the activ, passiv, and neuter verbs. It is a picture of a father whipping his boy. The father is activ, the boy is passiv, and the mother, sitting by herself on a stool looking on but doing nothing, is neuter.

THERE is a man in our town, and he is wondrous wise,
Whenever he writes the printer-man he dotteth all his *i*'s;
And when he's dotted all of them, with great *sang froid* and ease,
He punctuates each paragraph, and crosses all his *t*'s.
Upon one side alone he writes, and never rolls his leaves;
And from the man of ink a smile, and mark "insert" receives.
And when a question he doth ask (taught wisely he has been),
He doth the goodly two-cent stamp, for postage back, put in.

A BISHOP, a curate, and a layman were fishing in Canadian waters one very hot day last summer. When it came time for luncheon, the bishop produced from under the seat of the boat a bottle—presumably containing apollinaris—and a lump of ice, which he proceeded to break into small pieces. A broad smile played over his heated face as he began to extract the cork from the bottle. The smile changed to an expression of agony as the hot bottle, shooting out its cork with a tremendous explosion, split from neck to bottom, and lost its every drop. With a look of heart-rending appeal the bishop turned to the layman and exclaimed: "You're a layman, say it for me!"

OBLATION TO SPRING.

Oh the gin-blossom blows on the juniper-tree,
The grasses are bright in the emerald lea;
The frog gaily croaks in the pond by the way,
And up in the sycamore carols the jay.

Our bosoms are light, and our fancies are free,
The gin-blossom blows on the juniper-tree;
The wren hops about on the white window-sill,
And softly the lamb gambols over the hill.

The cloudlets are white and the heavens are blue,
The doves in the apricot tenderly coo;
The gin-blossom blows on the juniper-tree,
Where shortly will revel the busy gold bee.

Then come, O my love, let us roam where the stream
Flows softly along like a beautiful dream;
And we'll sing in our hearts like the glad chickadee,
The gin-blossom blows on the juniper-tree.


**Bible of Bibles; or, Twenty-seven** Divine Revelations, containing a description of twenty-seven bibles and an exposition of two thousand biblical errors in science, history, morals, religion, and general events. Also a delineation of the characters of the principal personages of the Christian Bible and an examination of their doctrins. Price, $1.75.


## Gems of Thought.

THE difference between the conditions of the rich and the poor is far more marked than it ought to be. The homes of the poor, though humble, should be neat and cheerful.—*D. M. Bennett.*

IT is true that Catholic and, in less degree, Protestant orthodoxy can say more comforting things to a murderer than a Unitarian and Liberal religion can. It can make him believe, even if has sud denly sent his victim to hell with not an instant's chance for conversion to save his soul, that he, himself, in "a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins," may be "plunged beneath that flood," and lose all his "guilty stains." This religion tells him that he may find even the gallows to be "steps unto heaven," and so he mounts the scaffold happy, hopeful confident. "Can your religion do this for a dying murderer?" it is triumphantly asked; and I triumphantly answer, "No," and thank God that it cannot; for we cannot thus encourage the most wicked crime. We hav heard God in nature, in experience, in the Bible, declare that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," "Every one shall receive according to the deeds done in the body," and we hav never heard that God has repealed that law.—*Rev. W. L. Chaffin.*

ALL doctrins relating to the creation of the world, the government of man by superior beings, and his destiny after death are conjectures which hav been given out as facts, handed down with many adornments by tradition, and accepted by posterity as "revealed religion." They are theories more or less rational which uncivilized men hav devised in order to explain the facts of life, and which civilized men believe that they believe. Those doctrins are not in themselvs of any moral value. It is of no consequence, morally speaking, whether a man believes that the world was made by one God or by twenty. A savage is not of necessity a better man because he believes that he livs under the dominion of invisible tyrants, who will compel him, some day or other, to migrate to another land.—*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

It is a curious fact that men, as members of an ecclesiastic body, will insist on retaining doctrins which they hav long since given up as individuals. Thus you will scarcely find a minister of the Church of England who will admit that he believes the Athanasian Creed, and yet no convention of that body has ever been willing to surrender it.—*James Freeman Clarke.* [NOTE.—If my memory does not deceive me, I saw it stated, some years ago, that the "disestablished" church of Ireland had resolved to discontinue the reading of the Athanasian Creed, at any rate to allow individual clergymen to read it, or omit its reading, as they saw fit. If so, it was a most sensible, and, therefore, un-Irish proceeding. The Athanasian Creed is, no doubt, a bitter pill, but, for myself, if I could swallow all the rest of the English Prayer Book, I think I could take down the Athanasian Creed and not make a wry face about it. The Scotch hav a pithy saying to the effect that "there is no use of swallowing a whole cow and then worrying at the tail." The idea is, I think, good, and to be received as "orthodox," but the mode of expressing it is rather Hibernian.—*Hylax.*]

IT is true that if philosophers hav suffered, their cause has been amply avenged. Extinguished theologians lie about the cradle of every science as the strangled monster beside that of Hercules, and history records that whenever science or orthodoxy hav been fairly opposed, the latter has been forced to retire from the lists, bleeding and crushed, if not annihilated, subdued if not slain. But orthodoxy is the Bourbon of the world of thought. It learns not, neither can it forget, and though at present bewildered and afraid to move, it is as willing as ever to insist that the first chapter of Genesis contains the beginning and the end of sound science, and to visit with such petty thunder-bolts as its half paralyzed hands can hurl, those who refuse to degrade nature to the level of primitiv Judaism.—*Huxley's Origin of Species.*

THROUGH clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.
The song of love, now low and far,
Ere long shall swell from star to star.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, here and there,
Are now and here, and everywhere.
—*John G. Whittier* (*b.* 1808).

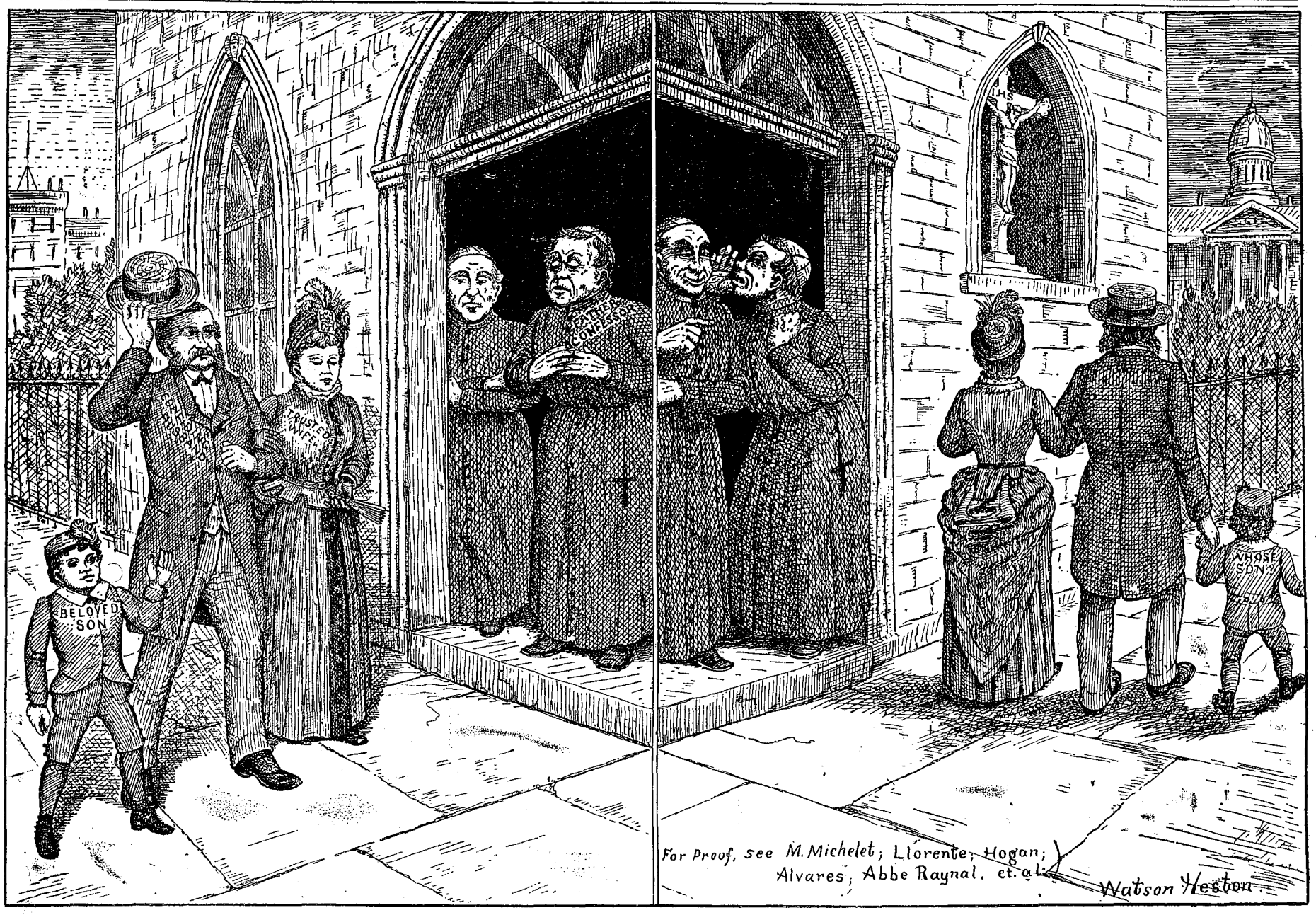
As the egg, so the chick, and the chick is not in fault. An eagle chips her shell here, a vulture struggles into life there, and kites are hatched by brooding mothers as well as doves or nightingales. It is by the direct action of that brooding mother what kind of creature is added to the forces of life, but it all depends on man what kind of egg he chooses shall be hatched. If he has a fancy for kites and vultures, he cannot expect to save his lambs and ducklings.—*Mrs. Linton's Under Which Lord?*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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## DECEPTIV APPEARANCES AND ACTUAL FACTS.

Humiliating indeed must be the condition of that man whose wife goes to the confessional. When he walks the streets he is met by her confessor, who salutes him humbly, turns aside and laughs! "Look at the gentleman; how fond he seems of his wife! It was yesterday she was at the confessional with me; poor fool!"—*Michelet.*

## Notes and Clippings.

VACOINATION for yellow fever has been successfully tried in Colombia, S. A.

THE czar of Russia was shot at while riding in his carriage last week, but was not hit. Those enemies of the czar who miss him so often are bringing Russian marksmanship into contempt.

THESE vital statistics are printed in a daily paper: The death rate of the globe is 67 a minute, 97,790 a day, and 35,639,835 a year, and the birth rate 70 a minute, 100,800 a day, and 36,792,000 a year.

ON May 24th the big bridge between New York and Brooklyn had been open just four years. Up to that date the total receipts were $2,435,787.23. Passengers to the number of 15,963,919 had walked across, and the cars had carried 64,111,556.

BISHOP LITTLEJOHN, of Long Island, reports that more candidates for holy orders are desired in the Episcopal church, and that "quality is more needed than quantity." The Lutheran church also complains of a lack of the ministerial supply, but omits Bishop Littlejohn's qualifying remark. The tendency of brains is not toward the ministry.

THE General Conference of the Reformed Episcopal church, holding at Philadelphia, hav been considering this proposition: "No minister of this church shall solemnize matrimony in any case where the divorced wife or husband of either party is still living; but this shall not apply in cases of adultery or where parties divorced seek to be reunited."

A DISPATCH from Lexington announces that an eminent astronomer of Hartford, Ky., has discovered the reappearance of the Star of Bethlehem. Its position is in the northwestern heavens, closely skirting the horizon. How the eminent astronomer ascertained that the particular star which he observed is the Star of Bethlehem is not stated in the dispatch.

THE president and wife hav retired to the Adirondacks in New York for a vacation, which will include the anniversary of their marriage. It is hinted that Mr. Cleveland accepted a free ride from the railroad company, and thus violated the Interstate Commerce law which he recently signed, but all good citizens will hope that this is not so. None but ministers are allowed to be dead-heads in this enlightened land.

THE orators in the McGlynn crusade continue to repeat the saying of somebody, "Giv us all the religion you choose from Rome, but no politics." Yet the man who lets somebody else tell him how he shall vote is no greater slave than the one who allows another to do his thinking for him. The pope's opinions on both religion and politics should be accorded the weight to which their reasonableness entitles them, and no more.

THE census report of 1880 places the total of the national wealth at $43,642,000,000. Of this amount $10,197,000,000 are credited to the farms; $9,881,000,000 to residences and business real estate; $5,536,000,000 to railroads and their equipments; $5,000,000,000 to household furniture, books, pictures, and the like; $2,000,000,000 to live stock; $6,000,000,000 to agricultural products remaining over, and $2,000,000,000 to churches, schoolhouses, public buildings, and institutions of one kind or another. There was also a considerable miscellaneous list.

A NOVEL plan for settling labor difficulties has been adopted in Paterson, N. J. The board of trade has selected a bank president, and the Knights of Labor hav selected a minister. These two hav selected an old citizen, and in turn the three hav selected thirteen men. Now the board of trade and the Knights of Labor will alternately reject one until only one man is left, and this one will be the president of the new board of arbitration to settle questions between capital and labor without strikes or lockouts.

THERE is none so thrifty as the New Jerseyman. Union Hill, in that delightful state just across the Hudson from New York, has appointed twenty-five special policemen for Sunday work. Their duty is to arrest New Yorkers who go there for a drink of beer. They get half the fines imposed on their prisoners, and the Jersey justices coöperate with them by making the fines heavy. The proceeding has caused considerable comment, and has called forth from a New York jurist the suggestion that ten days' imprisonment be substituted for the fine, the policemen to take half as at present.

AT a meeting of the Municipal Council of the Irish National League on May 24th the following was offered: "*Whereas*, This being the sixty-eighth anniversary of the birth of her gracious majesty, Queen Victoria, and the jubilee year of the Empress of India, we, the Municipal Council of the New York Irish League, remind her majesty that in her mature age, as in her youth, she has been conspicuous by her want of sympathy with her Irish subjects, and we regret that her year of jubilee should be commemorated by the most brutal and cowardly legislation toward the Irish people."

POPE LEO still yearns for the recovery of his lost temporal power in Italy. In a late address to the clergy he said: "We earnestly desire that Italy should put aside her unhappy difference with the papacy, whose dignity is violated chiefly by the conspiracy of sects. The means of obtaining concord would be to establish the pope in a position where he would be subject to no power in the enjoyment of full and real liberty, which, far from injuring Italy, would powerfully contribute to her prosperity." Think of the happiness of that country in which the pope is in a position "subject to no power!" It could be equaled only by the happiness of a rabbit swallowed by a boa constrictor.

EX-SPEAKER G. Z. ERWIN, of the New York Assembly, is the sworn enemy of all legislation looking to the relief of New Yorkers from the oppressiv Sunday laws, and kills them as fast as they come up. He is the man who, when chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, defeated the motion of Messrs. Wakeman, Hawes, and Duryea to tax church property. He has, however, demonstrated his broad statesmanship by getting a bill through the Assembly making it a misdemeanor to feed sparrows. He has also appeared as the champion of numerous jobs. A daily paper has remarked that if being a jackass were a misdemeanor, Mr. George Zerubbabel Erwin would be a misdemeanant.

# Communications.

## Protection to Labor.

Rufus Choate had three styles of handwriting—one which he could read but his clerk could not, one which his clerk could read but he could not, and one which neither he nor his clerk could read. So protection to labor resolves itself into three styles—one which each workman must discover and apply for himself, for the state cannot help him; one which the state must discover and apply, for the workman alone cannot obtain it, and one which neither the state nor the workman can obtain or discover.

As the last category is the shortest, I will begin by saying that neither the state nor the workman himself can protect him altogether from musketoes, weekly expenses, life insurance agents, patent medicins, doctors' bills, wet feet, venders of patent rights, fever and ague, circuses, professional labor parasites, prophets, agitators, and economic quacks. These are conditions that hav got to be assumed, as the chemists assume simple substances, and as the philosophers assume time, space, force, and motion as first principles. But, after all, practical science consists mainly in utilizing them or in minimizing the disastrous or deleterious influences flowing from them.

Begin with our workingman just as we find him. He earns, or can earn if employed, say from one to four dollars a day. In what respect must the state leave him unprotected in order that he may the better protect himself? For this the state must do in all those particulars in which the workingman is his own best protector.

I begin, then, by asserting that the workingman must be let alone by the state, and therefore must be left unprotected by the state, because he is his own best protector *as to his rate of wages*—the price at which he will sell his labor to his employer.

And this calls up the question at the outset, What makes the rate of wages? The rate of wages is arrived at by a division, generally nearly equal, between the aggregate capital employed and the aggregate labor employed in an enterprise or process, of the difference between the cost of the raw materials and the cost of the finished product of that enterprise or process.

This is the same thing, in effect, as saying that the rate of wages depends on the demand for labor and the supply of labor, except that the last formula states the effect, while the first states the cause. The cause of the demand for labor is the profit that capital can earn in employing labor. The cause of the supply of labor is the fact that labor can, by laboring, make this division with capital or get this share of the difference between the value ventured and the value obtained, or between the cost of the raw materials and the finished product. Therefore, it is, in the long run, the rate of profit that regulates the rate of wages. For it is only where profits are large or rising, and employers are anxious to float into success on the flood tide, or to make hay while the sun shines, that they offer higher wages; and, *vice versa*, it is always the interest of an employer whose profits are good to extend his business by employing more help, rather than to contract his business by the difficulties inseparable from cutting down wages.

To place this partnership between labor and capital fully before you, let me cite a few facts: Everyone recognizes that working a farm on equal shares, where one person finds the land, improvements, buildings, seeds, fruit trees, implements, and, perhaps, cattle and flocks and poultry, while the other brings only the labor power of himself, his family, and those whom he may hire, is a fair bargain, or, to put it more emphatically, a just partnership. For the farm as it stands represents many years of labor already done. The working tenant, who proposes to work the farm, offers one year of labor to be done against many years of labor already done. This is the metayer system of Europe. Indeed, most parts of the world in all ages hav been tilled under it, and its equity still remains to be questioned.

Now fifty-four railways, which cost to construct and equip them $1,251,795,029 74, make annual returns to the railway commissioners of Illinois. Their par capital is more than twice that sum, but with that we hav not at present to do. These railways employ 156,007 workers, of all sorts, from president to brakeman. Their gross earnings are about one hundred and sixty-three and one-half millions of dollars, and yet all these railways are worked upon shares by the naked labor, *i. e.*, labor not backed by the least capital employed in the business. Th sharing comes out so evenly, though no effort at even sharing or profit sharing is thought of in adjusting any workman's salary or any dividend, that there are paid in salaries and wages $81,936,170.81, and there are paid to the capital (labor previously done in constructing and equipping the roads) $81,720,265 53 yearly.

No system of intentional profit-sharing is more equal than this, provided we assent to the principle that a day's work already done and embodied in the form of capital is as well entitled to compensation for its use as a day's work not yet done, which we call labor.

Working on shares is not an accident in that natural organization of labor which arises through each man fitting into the niche that he finds made for himself and doing simply the best he knows how to do, minding always his own business and leaving other people to mind theirs. For instance, the total manufactures of the United States hav first to pay for their raw materials purchased, all of which hav been the finished product of one or more previous industries, and hav been created by a joint partnership of labor with capital, resulting in a joint sharing of wages of labor with returns to capital. Having paid for these, there remained out of the whole price received on sale of the products a gross fund, out of which the capital (or labor done before the year began) had to divide with the labor done during the year. The division in 1880 was:

| | |
|---|---|
| To wages (exclusiv of those earned on raw materials) | $ 947,953,795 |
| To capital for all purposes | 1,024,801,837 |

The share taken by capital includes payment for erecting plant, extending works, making repairs, insurance, machinery, interest, losses by bad debts and losing contracts, etc. The principle here carried out is evidently that of working on shares. In the salt manufacture the division was:

| | |
|---|---|
| To wages (not earned in raw materials) | $1,260,023 |
| To capital (for all purposes) | 1,495,594 |

In the mixed textil fabrics the division was:

| | |
|---|---|
| To wages (not earned on raw materials) | $13,216,753 |
| To capital (for all purposes) | 15,677,109 |

In the iron and steel manufacture the division was:

| | |
|---|---|
| To wages (of same process for which gains of capital are counted) | $55,476,785 |
| To capital (for all purposes) | 49,809,750 |

Where the nature of the business, or the inventions made in it, are such that capital invested in machinery performs almost the whole of the labor involved in it, or where the nature of the business is essentially a commercial rather than a manufacturing one, the slight work performed in the manufacture being a mere incident in a process essentially of buying and selling, as in meat packing, lumber, leather, etc., the transaction is less a partnership and the share of labor diminishes. Where, on the other hand, men and skill are nearly everything, and machinery next to nothing, as in the ship building, at a time when it consists, as now, almost wholly of repairing, and in the silk manufacture at a time when new processes hav to be introduced through new workmen, and a generation has to be educated up to the art, the share of capital sinks and the share of wages expands to threefold the partnership share. Compare:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Slaughtering and meat packing. | Wages to labor | $10,508,530 |
| | Gross returns to capital | 25,314,981 |
| Woolen goods manufacture. | Wages to labor | 25,836,392 |
| | Gross returns to capital | 33,924,718 |
| Lumber. | Wages to labor | 31,845,974 |
| | Gross returns to capital | 55,226,370 |
| Leather. | Wages to labor | 4,840,413 |
| | Gross returns to capital | 7,199,375 |

And again, compare the arts in which machinery is of little importance, ship repairing, or in which skill is being developed by an educating process (silk manufacture):

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Ship building, repairing. | Wages to labor | $12,713,813 |
| | Gross returns to capital | 3,350,156 |
| Silk and silk goods manufacture. | Wages to labor | 9,146,705 |
| | Returns of capital | 3,805,217 |

It is idle to deny that these figures prove that under the existing wages system all industry is profit-sharing in fact.

Now, having shown that all wages-working is profit-sharing under a thin disguise, the next question is, Is the division that is made between the profit-makers and the wage-workers a fair one, and if not, what is the remedy, and is the remedy one which the capitalists must apply, or is it one which the wage-workers must apply, or one which the state must apply, or is it irremediable?

Wages rise where employers seeking to employ more help are many, and where men seeking to be employed are few. Obviously, then, if it be true that wages are too low in any line of employment, what is needed in that line is a greater competition among employers, and a decreased competition among workers, *i.e*, that a good many of those who are now seeking to work at that business for wages shall cease working in it for wages, and begin working in it as employers, and on their own account. This, and this alone, will lessen the number of workers competing against each other for wages, and increase the number of employers competing against each other for the hire of workmen.

But you answer, That implies the possession of capital on our part, and we hav not the capital. I reply, That would be a valid objection if it were true in fact, but it happens to be magnificently and splendidly false.

The deposits of the working men and women of the United States in the savings banks amount to upwards of $800,000,000. They exceed in volume the deposits of business men in the national banks and in the private banks combined, and are equal in volume to the deposits of the business men, merchants, manufacturers, railroad kings, lawyers, and financiers, whom we call the capitalists, in both the national banks and state banks combined.

Moreover, there is no wind, no inflation, in these deposits in the savings banks, as millions of dollars in volume of the deposits in the national and state banks are. The savings bank deposits made by the poor are all actual cash passed over the till. You cannot go to a savings bank as you can to a national bank, and say, "Here are my grain certificates, or my bills receivable and notes, or my railway or mining shares; how much of a deposit will you credit me with on my bank book if I leave these here as collateral?" Hence the savings bank deposits are all the immediate hard cash.

And since savings banks must loan their deposits in sums seldom less than $3,000, and from that up to $50,000, on first mortgages on first-class improved city real estate, and none but the rich own this class of property, it follows that savings banks are a gathering up of the savings of the poor to lend them to the rich. They invert every law of charity. They take from them that hav very little to hand over to them that hav much, that they may hav more abundantly.

Not that savings banks as a means of hoarding, as compared with spending, are not good at the outset of a wages-worker's career. They are at all times good relativly to the beer saloon and the gambling-den. But for the wage-worker to keep his savings in the savings bank all his life, after he could use them as the sufficient means with which to go into business on his own account, and to become his own employer and the employer of others, is to combine to depress wages at both ends, and indeed in three different ways. First, he swells the ranks and increases the competition among the wage-workers, and so lowers their wages by competing with them for wages when he ought to be competing with their employers in hiring them and so adding his mite to raise their rate of wages. Secondly, by keeping out of competition with the profit-makers, he makes their numbers fewer, and hence their profits larger; for, as we hav seen, the division of the gross returns of every industrial process, being nearly equal between the aggregate labor employed and the aggregate capital employed, in the degree that the share that goes to labor has to be divided among many, and the equal share that goes to capital is divided among a few, in the same degree must each individual capitalist or profit-maker reap a large return for his time and the individual workman must reap a small return for his time.

Hence every man who keeps on working for wages after he has the means to become his own employer and the employer of others, helps to depress wages as to each wage-worker, and to intensify profits and monopoly in favor of the few profit-makers actually in the field.

Finally, by competing for the privilege of lending his money to the rich through the savings banks, the poor man tends to cheapen capital to those who already possess it—for the borrowers from those banks are the rich—and to make its acquisition more difficult to those who do not.

Measure for a moment the vast labor-employing power which the fund now held by workingmen in the savings banks represents, *i. e.*, the number of men it could employ.

In farming and mechanical trades, each $1,000 of capital employs a man. In manufactures, each $2,500 employs a man. In railroading, each $8,000 employs a man. Hence the $800,000,000 deposited in our savings banks would employ in farming and the mechanical trades 660,000 men. In manufactures it would employ 320,000 men. In railroading it would employ 100,000 men. Here, therefore, is a vast labor-employing fund held by workingmen solely to loan it to the rich, and not to employ it at their own risk in employing themselvs and others.

Now, the workingmen can only justify holding this fund in this way, either by saying that there are no profits to be made in employing labor at present rates, or that they are not intellectually competent to find out where the profits could be made, or that they don't want wages raised above where they now are.

The first assumption, that there are no profits to be made in employing labor at present rates, amounts to an admission that labor has no ground of complaint.

The second assumption, that there are profits to be made, but that the wages-worker lacks either the courage or the competency to make them, amounts to a confession that the wages-worker is really under a very great obligation to those men who hav the courage and competency to hire labor and make a profit out of it, since he, the wages-worker, if given the capital to work with, could not do it, and hence stands indebted for his means of subsistence to the fact that others can do what, with the same money, means supplied, he could not do.

The third alternativ, that the wages-workers who hold these deposits in the savings banks do not wish

wages to be raised, is therefore the only one consistent with the assumption both that there would be profits to be made in their employment in industry, and that they know how to make them.

VAN BUREN DENSLOW.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Mrs. Colman's Reminiscences.

While stopping with Mr. Powell, there came in our way a tremendous freshet on Rock river. The bridges in that region were washed away, and traveling was almost entirely suspended. Our mails, which we had ordered sent to Lyndon, were on the other side of the river.

One morning, it having been six weeks since letters from home had reached me, Mr. Powell announced that he should take me over the river that day, as he thought it too much for a mother to bear to wait longer in suspense for news from home. I said, "How will you cross?" Said he: "A few miles away there is a bridge that seems fast, though some feet under water. We will go there, and if the bridge fails us, my horses will swim the river."

We had meetings appointed on that side of the river, and were in haste to be about our work. Mr. Foss was then with me. He had been in the Baptist pulpit twenty-five years, and was less afraid of water than of sin, no matter how deep it might run. We started in good season, and having reached the place where the bridge should hav been, found nothing of that sort in sight, but a long pole was set up on each side of the river, and one about midway in the stream, showing the location of the bridge. A man driving the mail wagon had preceded us for the last mile, but when he reached the point to drive into the water he stopped, and no persuasions of Mr. Powell and Mr. Foss combined could influence him to try the bridge first. He said, his life was worth just as much to him as the lady's was to her (and why wasn't it?), and he would follow us, or not go at all; and so Mr. Powell, talking all the time to his horses as though they were human, drove them into the water, when they began to swim. Mr. Foss told me very cheerfully that if by any accident the wagon should be upset, he was strong enough to take me and swim to the shore. He stood up in the wagon, and I stood on the seat, he holding me so that I should not fall, and though the water filled the wagon up to the seat, we reached the other side in safety, as did the mail-driver also. When we were over, Mr. Powell said: "Mrs. Colman, I would not hav done that for anyone but a mother. You hav said very little, but your face had become so anxious that it was painful to look at it."

This was one of the experiences of our trip in Illinois.

Some twenty years before this time, an uncle of mine had emigrated to this state and settled in the town to which we were at that time destined. My uncle and his wife were both dead, but two daughters were living, very orthodox in their opinions. My uncle was, or had been, sheriff of the county, postmaster of the town, and school-teacher. He was practically the minister, as he had the charge of the little society, read printed sermons to them on Sundays, and led their prayer-meetings during the week. He was an excellent man, save his bigotry, and that was almost unparalleled. As an instance, when the postal laws required that the mail should be opened on Sunday, he gave up the office rather than break the Fourth Commandment, though he every Sunday made a fire and ate of the food prepared for the table on that day. As a sheriff, he arrested anyone suspected of theft, even though he worshiped, as the second person of the godhead, Jesus of Nazareth, who expressly forbade his followers to deal with the law of revenge. I presume the command, "Swear not at all: neither by heaven, for it is God's throne, nor by the earth, for it is his footstool," had never presented itself to his mind as a command to be strictly enforced, nor had he ever felt that the office of a sheriff was incompatible with the creed of a Christian. We found no help in our work from either one of my relativs. The husband of one of my cousins was a graduate of Oberlin College, but I do not remember one act of even common courtesy given me by him or his wife. His was work for the Lord, not for man. We, however, held two meetings in Lyndon, and had the use of the church for them, but not the presence of my Oberlin cousin.

We crossed the Mississippi and worked a short time in Iowa and Wisconsin, meeting with very little opposition, and quite as little success. Returning, we stopped awhile in Pennsylvania, where the ignorance of the people was appalling. At a gathering of men engaged in some mechanical work, Mr. Foss said: "Well, my friends, whom are we going to hav for the next president?" "We don't know; the 'lection man ha'nt been round to tell us." At another place, putting the same question, the answer came, "General Jackson." Being informed by us that General Jackson had been dead some years, the speaker seemed astonished at our audacity, and assured us that they had always voted for the "gineral, and we needn't think we should lie them out of doing it now." I am not making a plea for "woman's rights" in these reminiscences, but if I were I think the answers of these men might be a good text whereon to base an argument. At one of our appointments in Pennsylvania, the agent who was to speak was taken suddenly sick, and I was sent for to fill his place. I went, found a crowded house, and not one woman among them. I felt at first somewhat embarrassed to be the only one of my own sex, but these ignorant men were perfectly respectful, treating me in every way well—another text for a "woman's rights" lecture. If one woman could keep such a company of coarse men on their good behavior, what might not a goodly number of them do at the polls or in the halls of Congress, if they went as rightful members of the "body politic," rather than as favored visitors?

My memory now takes me back into the state of New York, where I worked, mostly by myself, for a year or two. I went through the southern counties, from Buffalo to New York city, with varied experiences. At one place, a good Christian man, taking advantage of my offer of the platform to anyone wishing to speak, rose and said that "the speaker was no doubt a woman, to say the least, of weak morals, as she entirely ignored the commands of the Bible, uncovering her head and speaking in public, all of which was expressly against the laws of God laid down in the holy Bible."

After he had finished his tirade by saying he did all he could to prevent my having the house, I said, "Hav you finished your speech, sir?" "Yes," he said. I then said, "Do you keep the laws of God laid down in the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments?" He indignantly answered, "Of course I do; I am a Christian, and I don't wish to be insulted by such as you with such a question." I said, "No insult was intended, sir. I knew you were a very ignorant man, but I did suppose you knew something of the laws of the Bible in regard to your own sex, as you were so familiar with the laws by which a woman should be governed." He seemed astonished, and wondering said, "What do you mean?" I said, "You come into a meeting of mine, and insult me with your charges, with your face as smooth as a woman's, and your Bible says, 'Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard,' and you hav cut yours all off." This was when it was an offense to the church to wear the full beard. He said with strong emphasis, "There is no such passage or law in the Bible." I answered, "Don't make your ignorance so apparent. If there were a Bible in the hall—but I do not see any—I would read it to you." A man with a full beard, the only one in the large audience, said, "I will get one," and went out for that purpose. When he returned with the book, I said, "This is not my book; you can look at it, sir, and see that it is the real Bible, King James version, if you wish;" and turning to the law, I read it, telling them all chapter and verse where it was found. You can realize that that Christian man was a somewhat wiser if not better man when he left that meeting.

I received about this time a letter from Mr. Frederick Douglass, introducing to my notice a young colored woman, the daughter of a fugitiv slave, who showed considerable talent for public speaking, asking me if I would take her with me and initiate her into the ways of advertising and getting up meetings, saying, "It is impossible for me to take her with me, as I am a married man, and she is a young woman, and I know no other speaker of whom I can ask the favor." I had my meetings arranged for some weeks when this request reached me, and received invitations to be a guest in homes friendly to the cause of emancipation, but I was invited as one by myself. To take another with me was embarrassing, but I felt that I could not refuse, and wrote in answer, "Yes, send her to me." The first place where I presented myself was in Honeoye, the long time home of Mr. Goodale, the noted Abolitionist divine. The lady who had sent me a pressing invitation to make her house my home, as she came to the door and saw with me a young colored woman, was too much astonished to speak. She looked at me with consternation on every feature. At last, recovering herself, she said, "Walk in," and, giving my friend a seat near the door, took me into an inner apartment, saying: "Mrs. Colman, I did not know when I sent you the invitation that you had a colored woman with you. I'm greatly embarrassed, as I hav only one guest room." I said, "Let me relieve you at once. I consulted my friend's prejudices, as I anticipated such happenings, and she told me she had no prejudice against white people, and would be perfectly willing to occupy a room with me. I'm sure if you consult her, she will not object."

The change in Mrs. ——'s face was ludicrous, but I kept a very serious look as I said if it should happen that the *white* should leave a mark upon the *black* skin 'twould be as hard to bear as the black upon the white. Alas! that slavery has so often taken nearly all the color from its forced victim. My hostess "saw the point," opened her guest room, and asked us both to walk in and take possession. We did so, and no reference was made to the difference in race again while we occupied it, but we were cared for in the kindest manner. I hav often heard of Mrs. —— saying that she learned a lesson at that time she had never forgotten. We of the North hav always indulged in the most bitter prejudice against color. No matter how refined and charming a person may be, if we can discover the least taint of color we make them social outcasts. At the same time, how many ladies will take into their arms and caress with great fondness a black dog, bringing the mouth of the four-footed pet in close contact with their own! Such is the power of prejudice and fashion.

*Syracuse.* LUCY N. COLMAN.

## Chicago News.

SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

Infidelity at last is pulverized, Agnosticism has vanished into thin air, and Atheism is annihilated; for the arm of the Lord is revealed through the valiant knight who, armed *cap-a-pie*, mounted the wooden horse in this chief city of Suckerdom, and, in the Opera House last evening, boldly charged upon the man of straw, whom he labeled "The Modern Pagan" in honor of Robert Ingersoll, and completely demolished him—in his mind. If influence of mind, in a metaphysical way, could obtain over Ingersoll, the Christians would hav paralyzed him long ago. Columns of free puffs, in the way of interviews, heralded this modern Saint George, who promised to utterly destroy the "fiery dragon and bring him down to slaughter" as easily as he pocketed political perquisits when a carpet-bagging member of Governor Pinchback's administration in Louisiana; but all the free puffing of the entire press failed to catch the crowd. It is customary, when Ingersoll lectures here, for the intellectual ninnies to harp on his obtaining from the crowd fifty cents per head for retailing his ribald blasphemy, but no such objection was made to Colonel Sheridan's dispensing the true milk of the word at whatever he could secure. That fine discrimination was, I presume, on account of his failure to get a crowd. Nevertheless, this warrior bold merrily sang his lay for ordinary opera-house figures of admission. As a prelude to attacking "The Modern Pagan," Saint George admitted Ingersoll was "a good husband, a kind father, a stanch friend, and a patriotic citizen." If that is the result of paganism, let us hav more of it and less Christianity. Sincerity is the soul of ethics, and how heavily burdened with that commodity this modern Saint George is may best be learned from a friend who met him the day after his *debut* as lecturer in Washington, while pleasantly fumbling in his pocket the box-office receipts and chuckling to himself over the boom the deacons and divines had given him the night previous. The friend congratulated him on his success. "Success!" exclaimed Saint George; "why, I hav just raised merry hell with him"—meaning Ingersoll—or words to that effect.

CHICAGO SECULAR UNION.

I had about concluded that I had better not write THE TRUTH SEEKER for several reasons: First, inability to make myself clearly understood to a large portion of its readers. Second, in so doing I might injure more than help both the paper and the cause I espouse. Third, that my duties multiply to that degree that it seems almost impossible to get a moment's rest; and last, but not least, that our secretary, Mrs. Freeman, is so much more able to keep you informed of what transpires here worthy of note. However, seeing nothing from our society for so long a time, we just wish to assure the Liberals that we hav not fallen into "masterly inactivity," but are carrying on the war with unabated vigor. The accompanying circular, some thousands of which were distributed in hotels, public libraries, etc., might be of use to other societies:

To accommodate Freethinkers from all parts of the city the Secular Union has leased the elegant and commodious hall, up two flights of stairs, 116 and 118 Fifth avenue (Mail Building), and will occupy it for regular Sunday evening meetings. The exercises at these meetings consist of a lecture, three-quarters of an hour to one hour in length, followed by criticism and discussion. The lecturer selects his subject, and the society is in no way responsible for his views or his manner of handling it. In the discussion each speaker is allowed ten minutes to criticise or discuss the lecture. The number of debaters is necessarily limited to five or six. The lecturer is given ten minutes in which to reply to critics.

The committee on lecturers will, as in the past, procure the very best talent, and present for the society's consideration vital and practical topics. As far as possible they will avoid consecutiv lectures on any one subject.

The following will giv an idea of our ordinary themes: Historical, current, and comparativ religious ideas, lessons from the lives of eminent Freethinkers, evolution in all its phases, industrial, economic, political, social, and ethical questions.

May 1st, Mr. George Collins will lecture on "Genesis *versus* Succession of Life in Geological Times." May 8th, Mr. E. A. Stevens will lecture on "Secularism *versus* God in the Constitution." May 15th, Mrs. A. M. Freeman will lecture on "Men and their Gods." May 22d, Prof. P. Baumgras will lecture on "Equality and its Relation to Political and Social Reforms." May 29th, James Abbott, Esq., will lecture on "The Truths of Spiritualism."

Other lecturers engaged are Gen. M. M. Trumbull, Col. A. J. Grover, Capt. W. P. Black, Mr. Otto Wettstein, of Rochelle, Ill.; Dr. Clevinger, Judge Paige, Profs. Hill and Sommers, Wm. Zimmermann, Esq., Messrs. W. F. Furay, L. H. Sawyer, and many others who hav devoted special attention to the various forms of Freethought.

The Chicago Secular Union is subordinate to the American

Secular Union, which is organized on the basis of the Nine Demands of Liberalism. It is a Freethought organization, and offers an absolutely free platform. All who can indorse the Nine Demands are invited to coöperate.

In addition to the program for May—the principal lecture of which thus far was that of Mrs. Freeman, who seems at every succeeding effort to surpass her former brilliant record, and met with encomiums from Gen. M. M. Trumbull and W. F. Furay such as these Nestors of literature and Liberalism are seldom in the habit of pronouncing—we hav had lectures from the best talent the West affords, which includes the gentlemen named above, together with Dr. E. S. Clevinger, Prof. E. R. Paige, Dr. E. S. McLeod, and other gentlemen of science. The argumentativ lecture on "The Errors of Spiritualism," by James Abbott, was so highly appreciated that he was invited to giv his views on the "Truths of Spiritualism," which will be the closing lecture of our regular season.

It is gratifying, amid our many discouragements, to know that we hav sown seed on good ground and that the prominent workers in the Minerva Society of Scandinavian Freethinkers are young men whose first idea of mental liberty was the result of their attendance on our meetings, and they hav been ably assisted by Bros. A. C. Berg and Olaf Olsen Ray. Mrs. Freeman was invited to make their closing address, and did so amid rapturous applause. They had also a fine musical and literary program arranged for the occasion. There were some four hundred ladies and gentlemen present. It is highly probable that when they reconvene in the fall they will organize as a Secular Union.

Our semi-annual election of officers occurred on the first Sunday in May, with the following result: President, E. A. Stevens; vice-presidents, Messrs. Bolton, Fraenkel, Freeman, and Card; secretary, Mrs. A. M. Freeman; financial secretary and treasurer, J. W. Howe.

All the officers were elected unanimously. The president appointed Dr. E. S. McLeod chairman of the lecture committee, he having performed splendid service in that capacity during the term just passed.

Mr. Howe has so far recovered from the loss of his leg that he is now able to locomote on an artificial appendage sufficient to attend the meetings and gather in the finances.

Dr. McLeod is making arrangements for Dr. J. L. York's visit to Chicago, which will be about July 3d or 10th, or both. All THE TRUTH SEEKER friends should coöperate. My address will be found under the heading of the Secular Union department.

E. A. STEVENS.

## The American Secular Union.

COURTLANDT PALMER, President.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary, - - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
E. A. STEVENS, Chair. Fin. Com., - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.

### News and Notes.

Sunday, May 15th, I come to Sacramento, where the stately capitol building greets the eye. Sacramento has about thirty thousand inhabitants. It is the railroad center of the state, every line of travel finding its way to this point. It has large railroad shops where engins and cars are constructed, employing about two thousand men. The industrial facilities of Sacramento are superior to any in the state; and it looks as if it would be the Manchester of the Pacific coast.

N. D. Goodell is our pioneer at this point, a 'Forty-niner who has been through all the rough and tumble and glory of early California life. A remarkable experience these 'Forty-niners hav had, coming over the vast plains by a three months' journey, a wearisome way to the land of gold, where bright fortune shone before one like an enchanted lake, flashing and fading alternately. Adventurous, heroic, indomitable men were these 'Forty-niners, and the early life of California was one where big brain and muscle were constantly on hand, for enterprise and conquest. The elements of power were here, and of amazing growth, and California feels to-day the throb of that intense activity which gave such coloring and splendor to her vigorous and romantic youth. What changes hav passed since then over this vast territory—a hundred iron horses, where once the slow caravan trailed along, and fruits of every variety adorning the dusty plain which in the eagerness for gold was left uncared for, but which now givs richer promis to the state than even the exhaustless mines! California is yet upon the threshold of its greatness, and its future is to be apparently more brilliant than its wonderfully poetic past.

Home-like and pleasant I find it at the comfortable residence of N. D. Goodell, around which all the flowers are blooming amidst the verdant glory of springtime and the songs of many birds that seem happy in the gorgeous morning as in a palace of delight. This is a truly Liberal household, for though all are not of one faith, the spirit is one of generous humanity. Mrs. Goodell and the daughter belong to the Congregational church, but with abundant hospitality for different thought, and the Infidel rejoices in the welcome where creeds are forgotten and gentleness prevails.

A fair audience was present on Sunday evening at Pioneer Hall. A good beginning was made, I think, for future lectures, and I was glad to meet with enthusiastic friends, some from out of the city, and realize that interest in Freethought is broadening and deepening. I shall lecture twice again at Sacramento—next Sunday and a week from next Sunday, after my return from the Yosemite Valley, if a hall can be secured; and so in my next letter I shall hav more to say of this bright and busy point, and the friends I meet here.

Monday morning I journeyed among the hills to Grass Valley, one of the oldest and liveliest mining towns in the state. The gold-bearing quartz seems to be inexhaustible in the rock-ribbed hights about it, and enormous mills are kept constantly at work. This is a Methodist camping-ground. Many of the miners are Cornishmen, and they go in heavy for religion, most of them. There are also a great many Catholics in the place, and the churches hav a pretty large sway, and there was uncertainty as to how these first Freethought lectures would be received. The welcome on the whole was quite favorable. Between three and four hundred were present the first evening, Monday, May 16th, and nearly five hundred the second evening. The attention was good, and Freethought ideas found a promising reception, especially "The New Heaven and Earth"—the pictures of a new society and a better brotherhood of mankind.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Horter are the kind of friends that make the pathway of the pilgrim one of flowers and cheerful entertainment. They hav been in this country through all its varied fortunes. They hav been burnt out seven times, but hav never given up the ghost. With something left they hav started ahead and checkmated ill-luck. Nearly seventy years of age, they are bright and happy as little children. They mean to hav a good time in this world whatever fate may do. They built their home on the hillside, and out of the very bosom of the rocks hav made the flowers grow and the green trees spread their glittering roofs, and it is an elegant retreat indeed. They also own the opera house in which I spoke, and gave it on most generous terms for the use of the lectures. Their bright sociability and enthusiastic earnestness for Freethought made them delightful co-workers in this mountain campaign.

I also had the pleasure of meeting Thomas Paine, a real Thomas Paine, with the spirit of the mighty martyr in every drop of his blood. He too is one of the "Argonauts" of this golden continent, and has been in many an adventure for fortune's smiles, and though nearly seventy years of age still looks forward, not to the spirit-land, but to the golden age of humanity.

By the kindness of H. J. Snow and A. G. Peterson I was enabled to visit the Idaho, Ophir, and North Star mines, where machinery and buildings to the value of over a million dollars are in use for the development of the ore. The vast machineries, thundering day and night, crushing thousands of tons, are run by water-power, the turbine wheel, with Pelton's process, which is a wonderfully simple invention by which enormous power is attained. This process was only patented about three years ago, and it is now in use throughout this country, Mexico, South America, etc., and is an immense saving. Mr. Pelton used to liv among these mountains struggling with poverty, and devoting years to the perfection of his theory, which, like the standing of Columbus's egg on end, is the simplest thing in the world when you know how. It consists in splitting the water instantly it strikes the bucket, and it flies off, and there is no particle of accummulation in the buckets, however swift the revolution. Thus the whole pressure of the water, from two to five hundred feet, goes into the motion of the wheel, and the power obtained by one little wheel only a foot in diameter is amazing. Wherever water pressure can be secured this wheel is of priceless service. It furnishes power with marvelous facility and cheapness.

Miners generally are Liberal. I had good numbers at my meetings. When they understand the aims and purposes of Freethought, they are in thorough sympathy, for they see that its philosophy is that of happiness and progress, and the glory of labor, and the destruction of poverty.

Among our good allies in Grass Valley, with those already mentioned, are Joseph Lee, through whose efforts mainly the course of lectures was given; Mr. Russell, Mr. Pinckham, Mr. McCormack, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Mr. Cossler, Dr. Jamison, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Richardson, Messrs. Whitfield, Hood, Leeman, Hanson, Totten, Whitney, etc.

Mr. Frank Beckett and Miss Lizzie Twitchell furnished excellent instrumental music for the meetings, and added greatly to their interest. Mr. Van Horter presided. Two of the orthodox clergy were present, and they seemed to enjoy the proceedings. The audience was representativ of the best element in the community. I am quite well satisfied with the advancement of the work here, and look forward to better results.

Next week I shall go to Yosemite, where I shall let nature do all the talking. I will be a silent pilgrim before the wondrous eloquence of the mountains, woods, and rivers.

I expect to lecture once more on my return at Sacramento, and then I shall begin my campaign in Oregon and Washington Territory. I shall be at Ashland, June 5th; at Talent, June 12th; and between these dates at Central Point, etc. I shall be in Coos county from June 13th to June 21st. I shall be at Silverton, June 22d, 23d, and 24th. I shall be at Salem, Portland, Corvallis, Forest Grove, Seattle, Port Townsend, and other places, but hav not yet been able to arrange the dates. I expect plenty of work and a good time in the North.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*Sacramento, Cal.*, May 20, 1887.

### The Free Religious Association.

A platform has been kept free and open to speakers of all religions and no religion for twenty years by this society, whose annual convention and festival were held on Friday, May 27th, in Tremont Temple, Boston. The chief theme of discussion was whether more attention should be given to solving problems of practical interest to society, like those presented by the existence of poverty and crime, from a scientific standpoint, and it was generally agreed that this would necessitate a complete reorganization, possibly including change of name. Omission of the words "Free Religious" from the title was recommended by Mr. G. W. Stevens, on the ground that what the members called religion was only a cold philosophy without real influence. He himself had no interest in any but practical questions, and in order to solve these he would hav more stress laid upon respect for scientific thought, as well as for the rights of society. He held that the Anarchists condemned at Chicago were as truly usurpers as Louis XIV. Then the Rev. M. J. Savage, after telling how deeply he had been impressed, while still an orthodox minister, by a calm, clear, electrifying address at one of the Free Religious Association conventions by O. B. Frothingham, went on to show how fast Unitarianism was improving, for instance in respect for Theodore Parker. He also dwelt upon the importance of religion. To which Mr. W. M. Salter, of Chicago, replied by insisting upon the superior importance of morality. Moncure D. Conway mentioned that Mr. Savage had omitted to speak of the chief excellence of Unitarianism. It is the one single church which teaches that man is to be saved by his own merits. Christianity is the only religion which claims to save men by the merits of others. Unitarianism stands above all other forms of Christianity in its respect for morality. Those who looked for the reappearance of the Star of Bethlehem, however, should turn their eyes to Mr. Salter's Ethical Society, or to the plan just proposed for reorganization. Before hearing of this, he had been thinking of making a similar suggestion that very forenoon; and he felt encouraged to recommend that the Free Religious Association resolve itself into a society for the advancement of ethical and religious science. Dr. Adler had already set the egg on the broad end, as Columbus did, by planting religion on the moral sentiment. Could Christianity be made a perfect moral system by leaving out the miracles and whatever else is supernatural? No. Christian morality is also supernatural. It is based on the dogma of a speedy millennium, and therefore it is impracticable. So is Socialism. What we ought to do, as an association, is to advance ethical truth by scientific methods. Some definit and practical method is much more needed, according to Professor Davidson, than any new statement of aims. If we are to hav churches, they must be based on science, and instead of the pulpit, which merely givs a set of desultory Sunday lectures, there should be a series of schools and lyceums.

Too much time was given in this convention to definitions of religion, but this is an old habit of the Free Religious Association, which will not, I fear, be abandoned until some such name is adopted as that of Progressiv Association, proposed by Captain Adams, of Montreal.

This last gentleman led the afternoon discussion of Sunday reform, which, he said, was a movement of the good men against the God men. If God wanted any observance of Sunday not necessary for the plain good of man, why didn't he make the cows giv twice as much milk as usual on Saturday, and let it keep over Sunday? The Canada ministers wanted no running of ferries or horse cars, and no making of gas, except for the benefit of the churches; in other words, no breaking of the Sabbath, except in the service of the Lord. Does God care more for the jangle of bells than for a good concert? Good deeds hav no Sabbath. All for man, and let God take care of himself! Then Judge Putnam showed in the most effectiv speech of the day that the Sunday law was nowhere enforced, for it prevented scarcely anyone

from doing as he wished, though it did enable many rascals to defraud their neighbors.

A delightful festival closed the day.

F. M. HOLLAND.

## The Defense Association's Appeal for Mrs. Slenker.

The readers of Freethought journals know something of the arrest of Mrs. Slenker—long familiarly called Aunt Elmina—and of the charge upon which her arrest was made. It may be easy to suspect, but impossible to ascertain, the meaning of it all and the motivs which led to its accomplishment. The officers of the National Defense Association hav made as much investigation of the affair as has been possible up to this time, and they desire to make an announcement and an appeal to the Liberals of the United States, especially to those who hav heretofore, in the Bennett case and others, lent generous support to efforts made in behalf of defending the freedom of speech, press, and mails. The friends of Elmina, who hav made her acquaintance in person or by correspondence, and those who only know her by her published writings, can hav no doubt that she is correctly described as an unusually frank, truthful, earnest, studious, and virtuous woman. Under the recent stress of circumstances, when it would be merely human to deny, conceal, or prevaricate, and perhaps even proper and wise to confess nothing, she has made open avowal of the work she has been trying to do. The hounds that put themselvs to the task of destroying her must hav quickly discovered these traits of her character, and of course saw that they had an easy victim to entrap. Had they been content with buying that which she offered for sale, and making the most of that, their action would hav been despicable enough to earn for them the contempt of decent men and women; but words fail to express the depth of their infamy as made evident to us by facts in hand. We hav no absolute proof, but we are entirely convinced that the plot against Mrs. Slenker included the plan—not unheard of among this class of villains—of making the evidence before seizing it. Mrs. Slenker had, of late, invited from her correspondents recitals of personal experiences in the private affairs of life, which she was accustomed to loan to others interested in the same subjects, after removing from these private letter the names of the writers. Many of these were so plain-spoken as to be startling to anybody but a physician who has become accustomed to such things day after day, or to those in Elmina's circle, who could look beneath the scum on the surface to find interest only in the curious facts of human life as illustrated in these self-dissections.

Elmina became so much absorbed in this search for facts in the domain of heredity, human experiences in sexology, and instances of vagaries or perversions in the domain of sexual pathology, that, like the zoölogical student of mud-puddles or the physiological investigator of excreta, she may hav lost delicate appreciation of that which is and that which is not nice; but, more unfortunate than this, considering the line of her investigations, she lost sight of this—that in studying man as an animal, allowance must be made for the fact that there are specimens so depraved as to lie shamefully and maliciously So it happened that when she received from some of her newly-found correspondents letters that were full of decoy and deceit, and, worse yet, well salted with recitals of horrible tales that would open Elmina's eyes with surprise, she, overlooking the vicious, lying propensities of man, and for the time having her attention concentrated upon his proneness to sexual vices, accepted these overdrawn ebullitions of vile imaginings as actual facts, and no doubt passed them along to some one else in the circle to show the terrible results of natural propensities unnaturally repressed, and unguided by proper instruction. Some of us are in a position to know just about how unspeakably low down mankind may go in perversions of legitimate functions, but we also know what unmitigated liars and infernal scoundrels the tribe of Comstockian post-office detectivs are, and therefore we conclude (having also other indications to determin our conclusion) that Elmina has been the victim of a foul conspiracy, in this way—that the conspirators hav provided her with letters which they hav afterward seduced her to send by mail to others in the conspiracy, or captured among her effects when making the final seizure at her home. The whole plot has been on a par with, but more dastardly than, that by which bunco-steerers in large cities ensnare green folks from the country. We cannot deny that Elmina has been too green, too confiding, too much enthused, perhaps, with one idea, but we do deny that she has offended even against the Comstock mail law under which she is to be tried, and this, granting the worst that could be said of what she has sent by mail. Several courts hav ruled that sealed letters are privileged communications, and cannot be interfered with under this law. Other courts hav ruled the other way, but the Supreme Court has never ruled on this issue, and this case should be carried to that tribunal, if necessary. We imagin there would be few American citizens who would favor any law making it possible for an officer to listen at a key-hole to private conversation, and then walk in and arrest the persons for comparing notes, thoughts, or opinions on any subject, using for this purpose any words they might choose; and why should it be any more justifiable to interfere with a private conference by mail where written letters must take the place of spoken words? The conspiracy against Elmina is doubtless but a part of the general conspiracy now manifest in various parts of this free-born country to gradually abridge the liberties of its people; to steal away their birthright to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in the manner constitutionally provided for them by the Freethinking, far-seeing, and hard-fighting fathers of the country, and to leave instead a mess of pottage made up of "Christian morality" compounded by hypocritical priests, soap-boilers, and sneaking bloodhounds. Now, if the Freethinkers will be far-seeing enough, they will at once become hard fighters, like their sires of '76, and repel the invaders. We say in the words of the Winsted *Press* that "it is the duty of every man who is a man to giv her support and sympathy, for her cause is his cause and the cause of liberty everywhere," and we now invite such support in the form of money subscriptions to the Elmina defense fund. She has advised with us, and desires us to take charge of this matter in her behalf, and in the fight that is to come contributors to the fund hav from us and from her the assurance that there will be no cringing, no dodging of straight issues, no compromise of Liberal principles. We hope to make a square and successful fight for the protection and maintenance of individual rights, and to that end we will ever pray that Liberals will be liberal—which in the last analysis means, after all, alive to their own interests. Subscriptions may be sent to either of the undersigned.

E. B. FOOTE, JR., secretary,
120 Lexington ave., New York.
E. W. CHAMBERLAIN, treasurer,
120 Broadway, New York.

## A Letter from Mr. Reynolds.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKER: Rejoicing with my loved ones at my return to our happy home—from which I hav been absent since last December—I desire to return my grateful thanks to each and every one of the kind friends whose sympathy and aid sustained me during the annoyance, worry, and expense attendant on my persecution by the bigots of New Jersey.

To Col. R. G. Ingersoll, who, when I first informed him of my arrest in Boonton, generously promised to defend me, no words can express my gratitude or that of my wife and children. Never was promis more royally kept. His grand effort in behalf of liberty of speech will for all time continue to do wondrously effectiv work for Liberalism.

I am sure all the friends will heartily indorse the views of Dr. E. B. Foote in regard to the reimbursing of Colonel Ingersoll for the money expended, and I very highly appreciate the generous donation, by Dr. E. B. Foote and son, of the entire amount of the fine. But it is just like them—genuin Liberals—the study and happiness of their lives is the alleviation of human suffering and the promotion of liberty.

To attempt to correct or contradict the many silly and malicious misrepresentations in some secular and many religious papers would be useless. But I do desire that all Liberals should know the facts. Even according to the Jersey law I was not guilty of blasphemy. There is no low, improper, or obscene word in my pamphlet, "Blasphemy and the Bible," for the free distribution of which I was indicted. The pamphlet was written in self-defense, simply with the desire to prove that the Bible and those who insist that its every word is inspired of God were the real blasphemers; that the Bible was not a safe moral guide, nor the best saints of the Old Testament, indorsed by the New, persons whose example it was safe or creditable to follow.

I did not, in my Tent at Boonton or elsewhere, ever use abusiv or blasphemous words, only in reading the Bible, always giving chapter and verse and carefully omitting the filthy and obscene words. The bitterly prejudiced bigot, Judge Childs, in his charge admitted:

> Blasphemy is only committed by uttering such things in a scoffing and railing manner out of a reproachful disposition, as it were, in the speaker, rather than with any purpose of propagating his irreverent opinion. If he has merely asserted his disbelief in all the popular notions of Christianity, without attempting by impious and abusiv or blasphemous remarks to wound the feelings of the whole Christian community, he will not hav committed an offense of which the law can take notice.

It was because I did confine myself to the Bible and did not use any indecent language, but so fully and convincingly laid bare the facts, that Christians, realizing their inability to answer me or refute my assertions, endeavored to imprison me.

The pamphlet, "Blasphemy and the Bible," was simply a defense of my views and principles. The cartoon may or may not be in bad taste. I call attention to the fact that it was not referred to in the indictment under which I was tried.

The edition of "Blasphemy and the Bible" is exhausted, but a new edition has just been issued by the Truth Seeker Company. They will mail a copy to any address on receipt of price, ten cents.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

*North Parma, N. Y.*, May 28, 1887.

## The Liberal Club.

The regular reporter of the Liberal Club did not get there on the occasion of which this is an account. It isn't necessary to say why he wasn't there, but he takes this opportunity to repel the insinuation that it was for the reason stated in the anonymous report here appended. The manuscript reveals the handwriting of a well-known lawyer, and reads like this:

> "A little nonsense now and then
> Is relished by the wisest men.

"Thus wrote good old Butler, and thus thought the Executiv Committee of the club when they arranged that on the last Friday in May they would 'drop into poetry,' and offer the members and audience a varied program. They certainly touched the right spot in the heart of the club, and their efforts were very successful. Nothing could be more bright and happy than the spirit of enjoyment that pervaded the audience. All Thomas-hawks were buried, old-time feuds were hastily tucked away out of sight. Everybody seemed glad to see everybody else. Thus doth music soothe the savage breast. The man with the badge-pin was not there. He probably preferred to get his music where he could hav a slight infusion of beer. In his absence a new hand takes hold of the bellows. Mr. Wakeman was watching the growth of his cabbages fifty miles away. All regretted that the music could not exert its harmonious influences upon him. Mr. Sutherland and Herr Oppenheimer 'lay down together,' metaphorically. Captain Clark could not stand it, and left early. The program consisted of zither solo by Professor Davide, songs by Miss Susie Russell and Mr. and Mrs. Schultze, and recitations by Miss Dixon—all of the highest order of merit, and all applauded by several encores. Mrs. Leonard acted as impressario, and to her energy the success of the evening's entertainment was principally due. The effect of the entire musical program was greatly enhanced by the perfection of the fine Sohmer piano used on the occasion, and it probably was instrumental, so to speak, in producing the marked harmony which prevailed.

"The lectures will be continued during the month of June. A NEW HAND."

There is no doubt that the foregoing report is accurate in its statement of facts, and probably the distich by the Hon. Benj. F. Butler is correctly quoted; but it is to be regretted that the reference to the man with the badge-pin was not omitted or eliminated by the Editor. So far as it relates to the date in question, as aforesaid, it is pervaded with error.

J. L. ANDREW'S post-office address is Liberal, Mo.

MRS. H. S. LAKE speaks at Bridgeport, Conn., June 5th, 19th, and 26th; at Parkland Camp-meeting, Pa., June 12th; at Onset Bay, July 23d and 24th; at Cassadaga Camp, Aug. 17th, 19th, 21st, and 23d; at Norwich, Conn., the Sundays of October; at Berkley Hall, Boston, the Sundays of December. Address, 123 West Concord street, Boston, Mass.

THE "Right Reverend" John A. Watterson, Roman Catholic bishop of Columbus, Ohio, has just completed a tour of the "holy land." The New York *Herald*, in reporting his return, givs the objects of his journey. "He sought," he says, "for the rents made in the rocks of Calvary at the time of the death of Christ, as recorded in the scriptures, and put his hand into some of these fissures. He carefully satisfied himself that what is now venerated as Mount Calvary—the authenticity of which has been denied by some—was outside the ancient walls, and is really the Golgotha of the Bible. He otherwise confirmed his faith by studious examinations of the sacred spots. Bishop Watterson, in referring to the objections sometimes made by non-Catholics to relics and objects of veneration, from the idea they hav that what purports to be the same thing is venerated in two totally different places, spoke of the column of the scourging, which is kept in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, while there is another column, ignorantly called by some the column of the scourging, shown in the Church of St. Praxides, in Rome. The two things, the bishop declared, are totally different, both in shape and in material, and therefore cannot both be columns of the scourging. The one in Rome, Bishop Watterson declared, is the column to which the savior was tied at the house of Caiaphas on the night of his passion. Many instances of this kind are to be met with in the Holy Land, owing to the schismatical Christians having set up objects and places for veneration to discredit those held sacred from time immemorial by Roman Catholics." The bishop was very fortunate in his search, and is very successful in explaining apparent discrepancies in the histories of relics. His success is as notable as that of Constantine's mother, who always found any pious relic she sought, whether it was the city of Nazareth, or the cross upon which Jesus suffered, or the tomb from which he arose. When she dreamed where anything was, it had to be there on time or trouble arose. If Constantine's mother and Bishop Watterson had been contemporaneous, they would no doubt hav discovered every article mentioned in the Bible. But it is better, said Josh Billings, to not know so many things than to know so many things that are not so.

# Communications.

## Tales Told Out of School.

THE REV. DR. JONES'S REPORT CONTINUED.—AN ESTIMATE OF INGERSOLL.

The committee, you will recollect, gave me instructions to inquire particularly as to the real influence which the speeches and writings of Colonel Ingersoll hav had in producing the paralysis of faith among the people, over which we all so deeply mourn, and for which we desire to find a remedy. I was personally acquainted with this man's father in days gone by, and hav often wondered how by the law of inherited characteristics his son has become so errant from the footsteps of the flock. His case is a paradoxical one. There is not in the whole country a citizen so well known and so thoroughly popular as Ingersoll. The genial nature of the man, his undoubted honesty in his views of religion, his amazing eloquence, flavored as it is with the Attic salt of wit, and his sublime courage in attacking a system of religion which has strengthened by the growth of eighteen centuries, hav given him the highest place in the admiration of his countrymen. Notwithstanding all our devices to limit his hearing, and dull the edge of his weapons, he commands the largest audiences wherever he goes. Christians in full communion, as I know to be the case, will leave their own churches of a Sabbath night and giv any price to hear him, and, what is worse, will cheer to the echo, with the rest of the audience, the most savage thrusts he makes with his deadly rapier into the very bowels of our theology. Yet, with all this real popularity, I do not think he could be elected to any office in the gift of the people. If this judgment be correct, it reveals a most important yet paradoxical fact, to wit: that although the church in this country, when compared to the rest of the population, is in a small minority, she is so completely organized, possesses so much wealth, has such prestige by long and unquestioned occupancy of the ground, and such control of the public eye, ear, and conscience through her eighty thousand clergymen, who address their audiences twice every Sabbath, and sometimes during the week, that the politicians would not dare to set up a candidate for high office who is known to be opposed to the church and her religion. Each denomination is an affiliated association, and if they all combined together, and had a password, as they would hav in an emergency, they could defeat any aspirant for political office. To this wonderful control of the public sentiment I attribute two facts—first, the deference which all the railroad directors feel it their policy to pay to the clergy as such in furnishing the whole of the eighty odd thousand of us half-fare tickets, which of course abates the stockholders' dividends to the amount of many thousand dollars a year. Free passes are given to judges, legislators, and politicians of influence, because in their lines they can help the railroads. But clergymen hav no such influence, and the favor granted to them springs from the reverence felt for their high character as embassadors of Jesus Christ, and the servants of God and his church.

The second fact is that, with all the grumbling we hear from the Philistines, in no state legislature or national Congress has anyone been bold enough to propose the taxation of church property. To the Infidel and worldly taxpayer, who cannot appreciate divine things, it seems fair that as such property is protected by the state, and in case of its destruction by a mob the church corporation owning it can recover damages from the public treasury to the full amount of its value, the church people, like other citizens, should pay taxes on their property. But we are beleaguered by a powerful enemy, and cannot afford to be overmuch scrupulous in the matter of dollars and cents, and must therefore hold on to the ground we hav so long occupied at all hazards. We must stand by the old claim that the church is the authoritativ voice of God to society, as the New York Christians hav done in bringing about the enactment of their Sabbath laws. These devoted and heroic men, with Brother Jesup at their head, hav still succeeded in closing the museums of art and natural history against the public on the Lord's day. The anti-Sabbatarians of that city are in an overwhelming majority, seven hundred thousand of them never going near the sanctuary of God at any time. Moreover, they pay their share of the taxes out of which these public institutions are supported. Yet, such is their secret reverence for the church and her divine authority, that this vast army of opposition and indifferentism fall back into abeyance to her, as Dagon fell prostrate before the ark of the Lord when the men of Ashdod took that emblem of divinity into their idolatrous temple. *Prestige is a great thing.* It takes, by divine right, the power out of the hands of the majority, and givs it to the minority who are better than they, just as the prophet Samuel took the crown from off the head of King Saul, and placed it on the head of David, the son of Jesse the Bethlehemite. As it would be suicide in the church to giv up this prestige, we must imitate the zeal of our Covenanter brethren, and insist upon the claim that this nation is a religious corporation, capable of worship, and accountable to God for its laws and policy.

Still, with all this prestige of orthodoxy and power in the land, we hav been unable to cripple the popularity and influence of Ingersoll. His works form a library of themselvs, and they are read everywhere. Were he a member of the church, or did he conceal his sentiments in regard to religion, as so many of the politicians do, he could hav any office or honor he wished. I went on two occasions to hear him, and to find out if I could the secret of his power which has so appalled us. I noticed other ministers in the audience, whom I knew, and who, I suppose, came from the same motiv that took me there, and they laughed as loudly as the rest when he held up to ridicule some of the most sacred doctrins of the Christian creed. I saw scores of intelligent and respectable looking people standing on their feet in a crowded room for two mortal hours and more listening to this man. They would not stand ten minutes in such uncomfortable circumstances listening to Dr. Hall, Dr. Crosby, or any other orthodox minister. Many of our brethren who hav never seen or heard Ingersoll suppose it is his talent for ridicule and ribaldry that makes him popular, and that his audiences are made up of the low and ignorant classes who are regaled with such miserable diet. But there never was a greater mistake. We hav watched him with the eyes of a basilisk. We hav shadowed him in his outgoings and incomings, and, his enemies being judges, his life is absolutely stainless. It would help us to neutralize his influence if we could prove that he was either drunken, licentious, or dishonest in his dealings; but his character as a man seems to be without blemish. The mother of this Infidel Achilles, when he was born, must hav given him a second dip into the Styx, for neither of his heels is vulnerable to our arrows. There are mysteries in our religion—Joseph's dream, for instance; the immaculate conception of Jesus; the parental relation mutually existing between Christ and the Holy Ghost in the constitution of the Holy Trinity; the perpetual virginity of Mary, the mother of Jesus, who had a family of children, which is the chief doctrin of the Catholic church; all these, if Ingersoll's taste ran in that line, what could he not do with them in the way of ridicule? He seems, however, to loathe all indelicate subjects as he would leprosy. He is one of the few witty men of the world who hav not forgotten that his mother, wife, sisters, and daughters are women; and that all obscene and indelicate language is an insult to them. In regard, therefore, to his taste and sexual morality, he is covered with a harness of mail which bids defiance to all our weapons.

Ingersoll's audiences are obviously composed of the most intelligent people, who would go to sleep in fifteen minutes under the soporific influence of the usual orthodox sermon on the Sabbath, but who never seem to grow weary in listening to him in his attacks upon the church and Bible. I think I am safe in saying that the eighteen hundred years of the church's history has produced no enemy to Christianity to be at all compared in ability and success among the people to this man. Michael Servetus was condemned to death at Geneva because he could not accept as an article of faith the doctrin of the eternal sonship of Christ in the adorable godhead, alleging that it taught the absurdity of a child being as old as its father. What would the syndics of that city, in that age of faith and religious zeal, hav done with Ingersoll, who sweeps away every one of the doctrins of the Bible, and denies the very existence of God himself? I remember when those who read Paine's "Age of Reason" did so stealthily, lest they would lose their reputation if the fact were known. To-day that book is orthodox and innocent of harm when compared to the writings and speeches of Ingersoll, and those of Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, and others, which lie for perusal and ornament on the center tables of our best families. Even Bishop Watson, Paine's antagonist, had to express his admiration of those passages in the "Age of Reason" where the author dwells on the goodness of God, and professes his faith in the immortality of the soul. His argument for the existence of a God derived from motion we hav all used in the pulpit from time immemorial. But the Agnostic books of our day, which ignore all that Paine taught on the subject, are for sale on the railroad cars and everywhere else, and a perusal of them seems to be as fatal to a man's religion as a dose of prussic acid would be to his life. The liberty of the press, run into the ground as it is, will not allow us to hav an *index expurgatorius* to which we can consign such writings and keep them out of the way of our people, but they are read and on sale everywhere.

Ingersoll does not aim to mix the poison of his heretical works and words with sugar, as the Infidel writers of our popular magazines do. Boldly, like Mark Anthony at the funeral of Cæsar, he speaks "right on," the ideas flowing from his lips and pen like a delicious but deadly distillation, and woe be to him who takes a draught of it, or even tastes it, for although he may not feel the effect immediately upon his system, when the Sabbath comes, and he goes to church, he finds that all the serious parts of the service pall upon his appetite, and reveal the fact that unbelief is knocking for admittance at the door of his heart. He smiles incredulously at the most sacred truths, and when a person can do this it is an infallible sign that he is already a pupil in the school of doubt, and unless rescued will soon graduate in the class of open Infidels.

One thing that givs Ingersoll a mighty advantage before the unconverted world, and even before the half-Christian world, is the fact that, layman as he is, he marches up and down before the serried ranks of the Christian ministry, Catholic and Protestant, composing an array of officers, from generals down to corporals, eighty thousand strong, daring them to meet him in a combat on the evidences of Christianity, on which topic they are supposed to be perfectly at home But among us all there is not a single David with his sling and stone who has the courage to accept the challenge of this proud and self-confident Philistine, and the skill to bring him to the ground! In the name of heaven, are there no more smooth stones in the brook? and no one in our ranks skilled enough to use the sling? I admit that out of the pulpit, and in a forensic debate, not many clergymen are fit to engage, as was shown in the debate, many years ago between Dr. Breckenridge and Bishop Hughs at Philadelphia, and Dr. Berg and Joseph Barker in the same city. I could, however, giv the names of at least twenty men in our church alone all abundantly able to do execution upon this Goliath of unbelief, who, like his illustrious predecessor, has despised and defied the armies of the living God so long; but not one of any note or competency accepts the challenge! The effect is that numbers of our young men, baptized members of the church, ask why, if Ingersoll is doing so much harm by his lectures and writings, our able ministers who assume to be watchmen on the walls of Zion—commissioned and salaried defenders of the gospel, soldiers of the cross, panoplied from top to toe in the truth—do not meet and conquer him. I hav often been interrogated after this fashion, and I admit I am at a loss to reply. They say it looks as though the clergy were conscious of having a bad case; and the presumption, without argument, is that Ingersoll is much more than half right in his views. They say their preachers are very brave in opening fire upon him from their pulpits, but they are always sure when they do so that he is a thousand miles away.

In discussing the subject of Ingersoll's influence for evil in this country, another alarming fact is that some of the most intelligent women in the church are beginning to giv way in their faith and zeal. Women in all ages hav been the mainstay of the church. The secret influence they exert upon their husbands and children is incalculable as a whole. If they should desert the churches, as the men do, the death-knell of religion would soon be heard sounding its melancholy tones all over the land. No wonder, then, that I noticed with astonishment and alarm, when I attended Ingersoll's lectures, that the women in the audience were not only as numerous as the men, but appeared to be remarkably intelligent, and to belong to the higher classes of society, such as you would see in our most fashionable churches on the Sabbath. The case seems to be this: The young men read heretical books, argue on the subject with the young women, and set them to thinking; and then, when Ingersoll or any other lecturer comes along, they take them to the lecture, which they must listen to in order to debate its merits afterward, and where their faith, if not shaken to pieces entirely, is undermined. In a religious family I visited, a remarkably interesting and intelligent young woman had received, as a present from her lover, who was a son of an eminent member of the church, a book called "Exeter Hall." After reading it, as her mother told me, from having been regular in her attendance at church, and a teacher in the Sunday-school, she ceased going altogether, and the next thing was that she procured all Ingersoll's works, and other publications of the kind, read them with intense satisfaction, and became, I fear, totally lost to the church. Her mother, hoping it might frighten her back to the church, read to her one day an extract from a sermon of Brother Talmage, in which he held up an Infidel woman to the loathing of his congregation. But, although she was a model of gentleness, she broke out like a volcano upon Talmage, saying that his utterances were as worthy of contempt as the braying of a donkey, and that he little knew what was going on in the minds of intelligent women nowadays in regard to the Christian religion.

A Baptist clergyman has achieved an uncomfortable notoriety by positivly declaring that Ingersoll does not really believe what he teaches, and only lectures against the church and Christianity in order to make money. But this "web-footed Christian," as Ingersoll facetiously calls him, is not a judicious defender of our imperiled faith, for his assertion, if it hav any truth in it at all, proves more than we wish it to prove, namely, that the defection from religion is so general in society at large that thousands, including multitudes of professing Christians, not only flock to hear this arch-heretic open the fire of his

logic and ridicule upon religion, but pay him well for the privilege. *Sub rosa.*

TALMAGE

is another of those blind guides to the people. Like his "web-footed" brother, he is as ignorant of the nature and extent of the present controversy with Infidelity as Lincoln was of the true proportion of the Rebellion in 1861, when, instead of enrolling an army of 500,000 men with half that number of reserves, as the Antislavery men advised, he called out 75,000 men, all raw and undisciplined in the art of war, expecting with such a force to suppress the rebellion in sixty days! Talmage is a man of great resources, but his mind is like the wareroom of a thrifty country merchant, filled with all manner of things—bar iron, salt, butter, oil of vitriol, gunpowder, and scores of other articles of trade, all thrown together in promiscuous confusion—and his mouth the door of egress. Under Paul, the wise master-builder, Talmage may be building on the right foundation, but his superstructure, like that erected by his neighbor, Mr. Beecher, consists chiefly of "wood, hay, and stubble," which the fires of the next generation will consume and leave behind a mournful desolation. The earnest and intelligent young people of the church who are becoming interested in the burning questions of the day, despise Brother Talmage as incompetent to discuss them, and as a coward who skulks into his pulpit on the Sabbath, where he knows he can make any statement he pleases without the danger of being called to account on the spot, thus confirming the old charge that the Christian pulpit is a coward's castle. From my intercourse with the Brooklyn brethren I think Dr. Talmage's copresbyters set but a small value indeed on his services as a defender of the faith. They do not believe that making hideous mouths, and throwing mud and filth at the Infidels from the pulpit, is of any more force, or any more hopeful of results, than a bombardment of muskets would be against the fortress of Gibraltar. No, *non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis tempus eget.* The cause of the church is not helped by the cry of no danger! There *is* danger, and he who would lull us into sleep and security is either a coward too chicken-hearted to fight, or a traitor who would lead us into ambush with our guns unloaded and our swords rusted in their scabbards.

I will not gratify the accursed indifference and slothfulness of the church by detracting the Infidels, and lying about them, saying that they are bad people in their lives; that they do not believe their own teachings; that they quarrel with the church solely because she is a constant rebuke to their immoralities; and that all the present opposition to religion will die with them. This is the short-sighted and unfair policy pursued in England and this country by Christians who forget the lesson which history teaches, that truth, although leaden-heeled and unable to overtake and trample down a fleet-footed lie in the short run, never fails to do so in the long run. Ingersoll is in dead earnest, and so are all those who are associated with him. So far as good morals are concerned, if the Infidels generally, and the lecturers particularly, were not persons of irreproachable lives, the press of the country, with its sharp eyes and keen scent, would soon publish the fact, and giv the evidence, as it does in the case of other transgressors. But these men brave unpopularity, accept poor pay for their services when they could make fortunes in other vocations, and devote themselvs to their work because, strange as it may appear to us, and horrible too, they believe religiously that the church now is, and always has been, a drawback to civilization; that her religion has no foundation in either fact or reason; and they are as sincere in their zeal to extirpate both as the old Crusaders were to deliver Jerusalem and the holy places from the dominion of the Saracens. And I fear that unless we arouse from our lethargy, and arm for the conflict, they will succeed.

## The Bible and Evolution.

Numerous as are the views which the human mind is capable of forming in reference to the interpretation of the Bible, two rational theories only can be advanced in respect to the origin and purpose of the various fragmentary essays of which it is composed.

Put into the briefest form, the first of these theories is that the Bible is the very word of God, the infinit ruler of the universe, who, in order to reveal his will to mankind, and certain facts which, it is alleged, it was quite impossible for them to acquire of their own unaided efforts, in regard to their origin and destiny, employed certain wise men as his amanuenses, and inspired them to record with unerring accuracy all that he considered necessary for human welfare in this world and for salvation in the next.

The second theory is that the various essays which comprise the Bible were written at various periods by unknown authors, expressing their views on such difficult and diverse subjects as the origin of the world and man; his early history and development during barbaric ages; the laws by which he was governed, and many other matters relating to the early stages of his career.

Of these theories the former has been considerably shaken, if not proven entirely untenable, in recent years, not only by the critical labors of scholars, and the results of the researches of men of science, but by the fact that the alleged inspired record has been subjected to many searching revisions at the hands of the learned among the clergy themselvs. It is obvious that if this divine revelation left deity perfect it was a revelation only to those who first had it; it lost much of its perfection in translation, and those who believed in it during the long period previous to its revision believed in a revelation that was so imperfect that thousands of alterations hav had to be made, and it is generally admitted that the record, even in its revised condition, still contains numerous errors. But, taking it as a divinely-inspired production, there is no denying the fact that it should be regarded as true in all its parts; for once to call in question, even in the smallest degree, any of its statements is unquestionably to display a spirit of skepticism, which, allied with the exercise of free thought, and pursued to its logical end, would land the inquirer in the position of the Rationalist, who accepts only such portions of it as appear to harmonize with reason, common sense, and humanity. Regarding the Bible, then, in the light of an inspired book, we find ourselvs compelled either to repudiate altogether the plainest teachings of modern science, or so to twist and distort the language of these ancient writings, to make it harmonize with known facts, as to render its clearest statements absolutely worthless as a guide to its meaning. But regarded in the clear, shining light thrown upon the subject by the doctrin of evolution, or the gradual unfolding of natural phenomena, we find ourselvs in no such position of doubt and difficulty.

No longer is it necessary to believe that God, less than six thousand years ago, by a mere fiat, created the universe, threw into infinit space the innumerable stars and suns, molded the earth into form, caused the grass to grow and trees to yield fruit, the waters to "bring forth moving creatures that hav life," making the beasts of the field, and as a final effort producing man from the dust of the earth. When we regard these statements as the record of an ancient and ignorant people, all our difficulties are overcome. And if we therefore apply ourselvs rationally to a study of the Bible, discarding altogether the use of theological spectacles, we find in its ancient pages much that is useful and interesting to us as students of nature, and also much that assists us in understanding man's physical, mental, and moral progress in the past. We find that, so far from the Bible containing a true record of the events it professes to narrate, a careful consideration of its pages shows that it is inaccurate in its professed science, wrong in its history, and bad in its morality.

In point of fact, it shows that the early guesses of man, under the circumstances undoubtedly the best possible and doubtless very useful when considered as mere hypotheses, were pregnant with all sorts of errors, which it has taken thousands of generations to correct.

II.—BIBLE SCIENCE.

The Bible statements and the results of the researches of men of science we hav found to be entirely at variance. And this was to be expected. The knowledge of the ancient Jews respecting the phenomena of nature was at best of the scantiest character; and it is only natural to suppose that the most learned among them could not attain to that degree of knowledge which was quite possible to people of more recent ages.

Knowledge accumulates in the human mind as gradually as the shells of the little creatures at the bottom of the sea that build up our great chalk beds. And just as the geological deposits of one age differ from another, so does the knowledge of one age differ from that of the next.

If it is true that all our faculties hav been strengthened and developed by efforts and struggle, it is no less true that the highest faculty, the mind of man, is the last faculty that has been brought under cultivation, and that in the course of its development from the rude savage up to the man of the highest intellectual capacity, it has undergone numerous transitions—many of which may be distinctly traced in the religious books of various ancient peoples, and in a marked degree in the sacred writings of the Jews.

It must be remembered that the Bible contains two creation stories, obviously written by different persons at different times, and each contradicting the other in the most positiv manner. The first says that God commenced proceedings by creating the heavens and the earth."

Now, here it is obvious enough that the writer meant that God created the universe out of nothing; that at his word of command the "matter and force," or the something of which the heavens and the earth" were composed, were called into being.

By a knowledge of chemistry, however, we now learn that matter and force are alike indestructible; that not one atom of them can be destroyed; that, manifold as are the changes through which it is possible for them to pass, not a particle is ever lost, and that, being imperishable, it is rational to suppose that they never began to be.

The writers of Genesis, knowing nothing of chemistry, conceived that there was only one eternal being, viz., God, and that from him all other existences emanated.

Nor were they consistent in their surmises. Having predicated of their deity that he was infinit and eternal, they saw nothing contradictory in an infinit being producing something independent of himself. Yet it seems clear enough now that if deity created anything, it must hav been either out of himself or out of nothing. But it could not hav been produced out of himself without limiting himself by so much as was used in the creation or manipulation of the "heavens and of the earth." In such case the infinit deity would be rendering himself finite in order to make a world, or we should hav the anomaly of an infinit God existing side by side with a finite "heaven and earth," which is an absurdity.

Nor is it conceivable that deity could hav produced the "heavens and the earth" out of nothing, since the universe must hav been always occupied by the infinit deity, or else the infinit deity must hav existed somewhere when there was nowhere for him to exist.

Or, the infinit being, being everywhere throughout all eternity, there was something occupying every point in space eternally, and therefore to talk of "nothing" would be to use language utterly devoid of meaning. Nothing, as meaning "the absence of something," could not exist in a universe filled by an infinit deity.

But metaphysics was not the strong point of the writers of the Pentateuch.

Having created the "heavens and the earth," the Bible story tells us that God said, "Let there be light, and there was light." But the same writer goes on to state that deity did not make either the sun, moon, or stars until the fourth day. Light and darkness are spoken of as though they were entities, for it is said that God divided the light from the darkness. This was followed by the construction of a solid firmament to divide the waters above the firmament from the waters below, the waters below immediately gathering together and forming the seas and oceans, and leaving the other portion of the earth's crust as "dry land." Then grass grew.

Following this, as we hav already stated, God created on the fourth day the sun and moon, the one to rule the day, the other the night; "he made the stars also."

Out of the waters deity then produced fishes, fowls of the air, and great whales; and lastly the beasts of the field and man.

In the second account God created the heavens and the earth; from the earth a mist went up which watered the ground.

Then God created man out of the dust of the earth. He afterward created the beasts and fowls of the air "out of the ground." And lastly, having caused the first man, Adam, to hav a deep sleep, he extracted a rib from his side, out of which he manufactured a woman.

Now, if these accounts stood alone, if there were no other records relating to the creation of the universe, or of the world and of all living creatures, it would be our duty to critically examin again and again all the extraordinary statements made in the opening chapters of Genesis.

Thanks, however, to the labor of the students of the so-called sacred literature of the world, no such task is now necessary. The Bible story of creation is only one of a large number of similar stories.

We find from a study of the Zend-Avesta that the Persian story of creation is in many respects like the story in the Bible, especially in reference to the alleged fall of man through eating of "forbidden fruit."

Similar stories too may be found in Hindoo and Greek literature; but upon the face of them all there is the stamp of a common origin—in point of truth they are but the best guesses of an ignorant people impatient of gaining the truth. What modern science has to say upon these matters must be left for our next chapter to tell.

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

AN Austrian Roman Catholic paper says the pope favors the following conditions for a reconciliation with the Quirinal:

"(1) The pope will advise the royal, archducal, and ducal families of Naples, Tuscany, and Modena to renounce all claims to sovereignty in favor of the holy see. (2) The pope will crown Humbert king, granting him and his Catholic descendants territory in Italy in fief. (3) The king will govern the whole kingdom, with full temporal rights, but will acknowledge the pope as suzerain and pledge himself to rule according to the dictates of the church. (4) The king will reside in Rome. (5) Territory, including the Leonine City and part of the Tiber shore, will be allotted permanently to the pope with absolute ruling and proprietary rights. (6) A special convention will be concluded fixing the amount Italy shall pay to maintain the papal household."

If Italy enters into any such bargain as that, her government must be composed of idiots. What claim has the pope to a square inch of land that he doesn't buy? What right has the Italian government to giv him a lot of folks to rule unless they elect him? And why should Italy pay a cent toward supporting his seditious household? The pope's eternal cry for temporal power and wealth is the most offensiv of all his absurd claims.

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## Colonel Ingersoll's Speech at Morristown.

We are very sorry not to be able to fulfil the promis of last week to print Colonel Ingersoll's speech before the Morristown jury that convicted Mr. Reynolds of blasphemy; but Mr. Ingersoll himself intends to hav it printed in the near future, and prefers that it should not appear anywhere until then.

The delay will be a great disappointment to the Liberals of the country, but we can assure them that the speech is worth waiting for.

## Disgusting.

Disgusting, says Webster, the American standard authority on the meaning of words, is that which we dislike, or hav an aversion to, or repugnance for, or are displeased with; that which offends our taste, or is "extremely unpleasant to the higher sensibilities of the soul." The synonyms are aversion, distaste, dislike. These are easy words to say. Most folks hav a distaste for some things for which other people hav great fondness, and we are apt to dislike whatever trenches upon our peculiar notions. Aversions, too, are natural, and we cannot help feeling them toward whatever displeases us.

At the instance of Anthony Comstock the New York legislature has passed a bill amending a previous statute against vicious literature which is now awaiting the governor's signature, making it a crime punishable with heavy fine and many months imprisonment, to sell, lend, giv away, show, or hav in possession any "disgusting" book, magazine, pamphlet, newspaper, story paper, writing paper, picture, drawing, or photograph. And anyone advertising, or causing to be advertised, any "disgusting" literature or works of art is subject to the same penalty.

Now, let us see how this bill would work, if enforced, say by Judge Childs of New Jersey, aided by a jury of jackasses who would do just what he ordered. The jury, bear in mind, hav nothing to do with the law, its wisdom or foolishness, and their duty is restricted to determining whether, "beyond a reasonable doubt," the law has been violated.

We bought, the other day, on the way to our office, a copy of the New York *Times*. Generally speaking, the *Times* is a good paper—givs us the news, with sensible comments thereon, and its reporting is tolerably accurate. But the *Times* is a mugwump organ, and believes in property qualification for voters, a government by the aristocracy, and much other un-American nonsense. The arguments for these schemes we dislike exceedingly. They are distasteful, and our aversion to the *Times* because of them is such that we throw the paper into the waste-basket, exclaiming, "Disgusting!" Now, if we could get District Attorney Martine to giv us a warrant (and being a Democrat, perhaps he would) for the editor, and we could find twelve jurymen who agreed with us, the editor of the *Times* would hav to go to jail.

Again, pick up a New York *Sun*. It is a good newspaper—on the whole, the ablest of the dailies. But the editor has the habit, very disgusting to us, of catering to a Roman Catholic patronage. He also abuses individuals who oppose him, in a manner that we dislike. By the terms of this law, therefore, if we could get upon a jury and find eleven other men holding our views, Mr. Dana would be found guilty of circulating disgusting literature, and fined or imprisoned.

The daily papers, however, are not the only ones reached by this law. The *Christian Advocate* prints columns of religious slush that must disgust every person of common sense into whose hands the publication may fall. So do the *Christian at Work*, the *Churchman*, the *Independent*, and other Protestant organs. As for the Roman Catholic papers, their columns are crowded with superstitious twaddle which can be believed only by the most ignorant. Nine Protestant juries out of every ten would unanimously declare the miraculous legends of Catholicism to be disgusting beyond decency.

In art, particularly, the religious folks would be endangered by this law with a Benedict or a Childs to enforce it. Who can look upon a painted crucifix, see the expression of agony upon Christ's face, the blood running from hands and feet and side, without feeling an aversion for such representations? An aversion, remember, constitutes disgust, and disgust at a work of art makes the possessor of the work subject to the law.

But our Christian friends, and the editors of the dailies, are not afraid of the possible consequences of this statute, passed in the last hours of the most dishonest legislature New York has had since Tweed's time. Certainly not. The law was not amended for their benefit, but to catch their opponents. Powerful corporations and churches will be let alone, as heretofore; the weak and unpopular will be made to feel the vengeance of the Vice Society, providing its agent can find a pliant district attorney to do his bidding. All literature opposed to Christianity is held in aversion and disgust by Christians, and all reform books and pamphlets are disgusting to the aristocratic conservativs of society. Of course the Infidels and social reformers are disgusted with the senseless abuse heaped upon them by the church and the conservativs, but they hav no power, and can not prosecute if they would.

But it remains to be seen, if Governor Hill signs this bill, whether the Infidels and reformers will be allowed to liv in peace and disseminate their opinions.

## Blind Leaders.

The trial and conviction of Mr. Reynolds hav called forth an immense amount of approving comment and disapproving criticism. The secular papers are about evenly divided in sentiment; the religious papers dislike to acknowledge the persecution, but their satisfaction with the conviction is apparent. They nearly all take the ground that freedom of speech is essential, but that the Infidels should not be allowed to hurt Christian feelings. This is a Christian country, they claim, and their religion must be respected. They stand upon about the same ground as the idiotically pompous crier of the Morristown court, which is that any one who speaks disrespectfully of "Gaud" and "our savior" deserves imprisonment.

The *Christian Advocate*, which speaks for the Methodists, is glad that "the charge of the judge was a systematic and thorough reply to every point made by Colonel Ingersoll," but the learned editor fails to show what business the judge had to "reply" to an advocate and argue for conviction. The conclusion arrived at by the *Advocate* is, that "it is not wise to enforce these laws for every case, but, as the New York *Times* observes, 'it is well that there should be some means of suppressing a noisy and offensiv blackguard like Reynolds, and whether he be suppressed as a blasphemer or merely as a plain blackguard is a matter of very minor consequences.'" To which we should like to add that the real blackguard is not he who expresses his honest sentiments, but the man who vilifies another of whom he knows absolutely nothing, and the religious editor who indorses the vilification.

The *Independent* makes even less attempt to conceal its satisfaction with the blasphemy laws and this conviction thereunder. Our Congregationalist contemporary would enforce the law continually, and "trusts that the time will never come when men in this country will, with impunity, be permitted to blackguard the generally accepted religion of the people." How the *Independent's* desires are to be carried out in Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Washington Territory, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Wyoming, whose statute books are unsullied by blasphemy laws, it fails to state. The "general sensibilities of the [Christian] community" are in these states and territories at the mercy of men who hav been Christian ministers, and subsequently became Infidels and "vulgar blackguards," as the *Independent* styles Mr. Reynolds, with no ground but religious prejudice, for it confesses that his pamphlet has never been seen in that office. Our contemporary's "settled doctrin in this country" that men are obliged by law to speak of religion "in a manner that is decent and not offensiv" is a very unsettled doctrin in all the states and territories mentioned. The *Independent*, in its chuckling comments, shows at once its ignorance and its impudence.

Another weekly journal published in this city, which has attained its large circulation by printing "racy" articles, expounds the law in this ludicrously ignorant manner:

> "Colonel Ingersoll has need to study the Federal Constitution. On the trial of ex-Preacher Reynolds for blasphemy at Morristown, New Jersey, he claims that the prohibitory act of the legislature was in violation of the Constitution of the United States, which declares that 'the liberty of speech shall not be abridged.' Now, Congress is expressly prohibited in the first article of the amended Constitution from doing that which New Jersey, as a sovereign state, can do. Here is the article in full:
>
> "'Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment o religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and petition for a redress of grievances.'
>
> "Congress is forbidden to do any of those things; but the article has no application to the several states, whose people can at will punish a blasphemer and go further. Mr. Ingersoll is a centralist, and a centralist rarely studies the instrument which makes war on centralism."

Leaving aside the fact that Colonel Ingersoll's claim was that the law violates New Jersey's constitution, it is sufficient answer to this legal fool to quote the second paragraph of Article VI. of the United States Constitution:

> "This Constitution . . . shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every state shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding."

The papers out of the city are more inclined to condemn the court. Though they throw a sop to their religious readers by saying "Reynolds went too far," it is plain that if they dared the editors would read the religious bigots of Morristown a wholesome lesson. Liberal sentiment is evidently growing, and this prosecution will undoubtedly giv it a vigorous push ahead. Colonel Ingersoll said it would giv Mr. Reynolds a congregation of fifty millions. And it certainly has given the widest publicity to Colonel Ingersoll's own speech, and that speech, says an Albany journal, "so far as harm is concerned, in the definition religion would giv, is much more effectiv." On the whole, therefore, religion has gained nothing and lost much by this prosecution.

But it is pitiable to see the lack of comprehension of the principle involved on the part of the press. A number of them crack jokes upon the affair, advising Mr. Reynolds to stick to village street-corner oratory, and eschew pamphlets hereafter; but there is no indication that they comprehend what the fight was about. We do not expect a Christian to be consistent in advocating free speech. Christians hav always persecuted when they had the power, and we presume they always will, no matter what variety they belong to. Their arrogance is boundless. Natural individual rights to them means only their own right to their faith, and their right to persecute others holding different faiths. But the secular editors might be supposed to understand American principles, and to be willing to champion them. It may be, however, that the branches of the upas-tree of religion cover them, too, and darken their understanding. At any rate, the stuff the most of them hav written about this case would disgrace a boy who had studied for even one month the distinctiv principles upon which this republic is supposed to stand.

## A Dynamiter, a Socialist, and a Catholic.

Terence V. Powderly, the General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, should answer the questions asked by the *Labor Enquirer* of Denver. Especially is the public interested in hearing truthful answers to these inquiries:

"Why, sir, did you not publicly denounce the explosion of dynamite which occurred in that strike on the steamer of the Old Dominion line?

"Did you not salute with uplifted hat the red flags carried in the great procession of the Central Labor Union of New York, September, 1882?

"Were you not a member of the Socialistic Labor party, and did you not hold a red card of membership therein?

"Do you approve of the church persecution of Dr. McGlynn? If not, why has not your voice been raised in protest?

"Did you say that 'the Knights of Labor shall be subordinate to no other organization on earth?'

"Did you not swear to keep secret the secret work of the K. of L.?

"Did you not reveal to Cardinal Gibbons the whole of the secret work, and, furthermore, say to the Catholic church that if there was in the order anything which it desired altered or changed it should be done?

"If you answer yea, then I shall not ask you, is it not a fact that you attend mass sometimes as often as three times a day; that you freely confess (even the secrets of the order) to the Catholic priesthood, and that you are pledged to them to bend this order as they may wish or to break it?"

Mr. Powderly has posed before the world lately as an opponent of Anarchy, and the reason why he passivly countenanced the use of dynamite in the Knights of Labor strike against the steamship company mentioned would be instructiv. He has also denounced Socialism vigorously, but why did he in the past salute its flag and suffer himself to be a member of the Socialistic party?

That he has practically sold the order out to the Roman Catholic church, we hav known for some time, and said so more than once.

## A Warning.

We would warn those Christians who, like Mr. Hamilton, of Ukiah, Cal., take lighted lamps in their hands with which to kill the Freethought lecturers, that it is not a safe practice. Besides the danger of setting buildings on fire, which would lead to their incarceration, they run a risk of getting thrashed. Although the most gentle gentleman, Mr. Putnam is physically well able to defend himself, and never runs. Had Mr. Hamilton approached within reach of his arm instead of running from the room, it is more than likely that a doctor would hav found employment about the Christian's head.

The other lecturers, also, are men whom it is not safe for the average Christian to attack. Together and separately Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Remsburg hav faced furious mobs, and got away safely. In years agone Mr. Washburn has been the terror of gamblers at the county fairs of his neighborhood, and threats that he would be shot caused him no loss of sleep. He is still in good physical condition. Mr. Watts carries with him some two hundred pounds of bone and muscle, and like most Englishmen knows how to defend himself by the manly art. Mr. Underwood, though possessing some moral qualities that we do not like, has physical qualities which excite admiration. Mobs hav no terrors for him. Dr. York and Mr. Jamieson belong to the wild West, and it never has been safe to tread upon a Westerner's coat-tail.

None of these men believes in turning the other cheek when smitten upon one, and we caution the defenders of Christ against imitating the militant Mr. Hamilton, of Ukiah, Cal.

## Cheap Villainy, but Dear Heresy.

It costs more in some states of this land of the free to bring reproach upon the Bible than it does in others to outrage girls. The Grand Rapids, Mich., *Herald* of the 24th instant has this item of Sunday-school news:

"Sylvester Patterson, the Sunday-school teacher of Cannonsburg, was brought before Justice Walsh yesterday, to be sentenced for committing a criminal assault upon Eva Morton, a little girl aged fourteen. The judge had intended imposing a fine of $15 and costs, but upon the presentation of a petition signed by about sixty prominent citizens of Cannonsburg, asking for mercy for Patterson, he decided that he would be sufficiently punished by paying the costs of the case, which amounted to $28.13. The petition was started at the meeting of the Sunday-school in which he was a teacher on Sunday, and although the evidence was against him, he will be taken back into the fold, and given another chance."

Twenty-eight dollars and thirteen cents for outraging a girl, and seventy-five dollars for making fun of the Bible! It's a great thing to be a Sunday-school teacher, and a Christian, and the United States are certainly under Christian rule.

## Dr. E. B. Foote to the Liberals.

The following letter from Dr. Foote, of this city, to Mr. Reynolds, has been forwarded us for publication. Certainly Colonel Ingersoll should not be allowed to pay costs and fine as well as giv his splendid services, and we suspect it will be only necessary to mention the subject to raise the amount at once. The trial has cost Mr. Reynolds a good deal of trouble, money, and anxiety, and Dr. Foote's suggestion as to a possible surplus is an excellent one. Mr. Reynolds's address is Box 104, North Parma, Monroe county, N. Y. These are Dr. Foote's views:

"NEW YORK, May 21, 1887.

"MR. C. B. REYNOLDS, *Dear Sir:* Now that the fog which hung over Morristown has cleared away so that we can take a calm survey of the field, I congratulate you on the result of your trial. In view of Ingersoll's masterly defense, it is quite true that you should hav been acquitted; but if the jurors were turtles and the judge a donkey, you may thank Colonel Ingersoll's eloquence for saving you from the penitentiary. You hav your freedom, and all the disgrace growing out of the prosecution—more properly, persecution—attaches to the commonwealth of New Jersey.

"And now let your friends chip in and pay the expenses. Colonel Ingersoll made a liberal contribution to your cause when he volunteered to defend you. Not only you and your cause hav been nobly served, but the world has been educated. Your words in the Boonton tent reached only a few hundred ears, while the magic utterances of Colonel Ingersoll are laid by the newspaper press before millions of eyes. Dr. Foote, Jr., and I will pay the fine ($25), and we feel sure others will come forward to cancel the expenses of the trial, so that Mr. Ingersoll's great liberality shall not be shamefully taxed, for it would certainly be a shame for him to foot the expenses of the trial in addition to giving his valuable services.

"The Reynolds Defense Fund should be materially swelled, and any surplus after paying the expenses of the trial could be well used in promoting your work in the lecture field under cover of your historical tent.

"After you shall hav been fitted out for your summer's work, the Liberals ought to giv their attention next to Aunt Elmina. A fund should be raised for her defense. The National Defense Association stand ready to receive all moneys for the defense of those who are attacked, and to appropriate such contributions in the way requested by the donor. E. W. Chamberlain, Esq., 120 Broadway, is the treasurer.

"Yours truly, E. B. FOOTE."

## The Sunday Law.

The present attempt of the mayor and excise commissioners to enforce the Sunday law as it relates to the selling of liquor has had one good result. It has shown that none but a few fanatics countenance its practical enforcement. This law as it stands upon the statute books of the various states is merely a testimonial to our national hypocrisy. Those who would vote for it would break it if they felt inclined that way, and would consider themselvs none the worse for so doing.

This law belongs with a dozen other ethical beliefs which Christians profess to hold, and which they do hold up to the point of practicing them. Every Christian, if he knows what his religion involves, believes "that the blessed are the poor and humble, and those who are ill-used in this world; that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven; that he should judge not lest he be judged; that he should not swear at all; that he should love his neighbor as himself; that if one take his cloak, he should giv him his coat also; that he should take no thought for the morrow; that, if he would be perfect, he should sell all he has and giv it to the poor." What is this professed belief but hypocrisy, pure and simple?

So with the Sunday liquor law. The virtuous Christian has stood behind this law with voice and vote just so long as no attempt has been made to enforce it. But when this attempt is made, a howl comes from every quarter about the infringement of personal liberty, and not the law but its executors are held responsible for the outrage. This time the Christian ox is gored. But do these religious wine-bibbers want the law repealed? Perish the thought, and perish him who suggests it. They wish its enforcement to be just lax enough to giv them the modicum of liberty they exercise, and yet strict enough to punish those who exercise more. With this end in view, all manner of ridiculous recommendations hav been made and bills introduced into the legislature. The good Mr. Hewitt would hav certain reputable places specially licensed to sell beer and wines Sunday afternoons. This is an implication that without some such restriction the citizen would not keep sober during church service in the fore part of the day. Assemblyman Crosby would allow hotels to serve wine with meals; under which provision those who do not drink wine might go thirsty. Then we hav had Messrs. Giegerich and Daly with other special bills, none of which goes to the root of the matter.

The only sensible solution of the question is to remove all Sunday laws except such as provide for making it a secular day of rest. The liquor question should be considered separately.

## Editorial Notes.

HERE is a sentence from *Unity*, a Unitarian journal published in Chicago, that we commend to everybody, and conservativ opportunists in particular: "*The right of anything takes care of the end of it.*" Burn that into your brain, and you hav a measure for all thought and action.

MR. CHARLES WATTS has our hearty thanks for his defense of the dead founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER from the slanders of a man of God in Toronto. The Rev. Mr. Johnson is a minister of the jackal sort, and delights in tearing open graves; but Thomas Paine and D. M. Bennett cannot be hurt by him.

"IF Barnum really wants to procure a curiosity which shall overtop all others," says *The Earth*, "he should secure the services of a millionaire who did not begin life barefooted and without a cent." We fancy the great showman will hav difficulty in finding a man who did not begin life barefooted, unless the great modesty of Comstock compelled him to enter the world with shoes on.

THE *Christian Advocate* (Nashville) says: "You can't teach religion either in a church or a school without teaching dogma. All pretenses to the contrary are delusiv." We commend this plain statement to those people who think that the Bible can be read in the schools without a sectarian bias. That the Bible, as a collection of books, exists, is all that we positivly know about the Christian salvation scheme. All else connected with Christianity (except its secular history) is taught as a dogma to be believed, not as a theory to be investigated.

THE Christian papers, especially the Roman Catholic organs, hav been making much of a story that Garibaldi's son has been converted to the religion his famous father despised, and has suffered baptism. The Turin correspondent of the Paris *Figaro* recently sent to his paper the following account of a visit to Garibaldi's widow and her positiv denial of the canard: "The family of Garibaldi livs in a quiet street in Turin. Donna Francesca, a middle-aged woman, received the correspondent of the *Figaro* in her little drawing-room, the walls of which are covered with scarves, flags, medals, and photographs of monuments which hav been erected in Italy to the memory of her husband. On the table stands a boot of patent leather, the present of Garibaldi's bootmaker, in which the proportions of the well-shaped foot are plainly seen. As to the baptism of her son Manlio, Donna Francesca indignantly declares that the whole story is an invention. 'My son,' she says, 'is thirteen years old, and has been studying at the Collége International for several years. The director has compelled him, against my will, to take part in the religious ceremonies, and, fearing that my interference might cause unpleasantness to my son, I hav told him to do as the others do, and to go to mass as he goes to the theater. I hav been asked several times to let him be baptized, but I hav always refused, for, like my husband, I detest priests and religion. I only believe in a supreme being, and I hav only one altar, which you see.'"

EXCEPT that Christian courts are known to be ludicrously idiotic in adherence to forms, we should hav difficulty in believing that the following from the *National Reformer* is an account of a real court scene: "The other day an action was heard at the Liskeard County Court for breach of horse warranty brought by Mr. Henry Wardroper, of Ladywell Park, against a local farmer. Mr. Wardroper having given his evidence, the defendant's solicitor, Mr. Borlaise Childs, before cross-examining him, asked whether in being sworn he kissed the gospel or his thumb. Plaintiff: 'I kissed my thumb.' Mr. Childs: 'Why did you do that?' Plaintiff: 'Because it is a version to which I am not accustomed.' His honor (Mr. Underhay, deputy judge): 'But you ought to hav raised the objection before. Your evidence thus far is worthless.' Plaintiff: 'I only object to the version.' Mr. Childs: 'I believe you are a Roman Catholic, and you didn't kiss the gospel. You kissed your thumb?' Plaintiff: 'Yes. His honor: 'Then he has not been sworn at all.' Mr. Preston Wallis (plaintiff's solicitor) said it was a pity Mr. Childs did not call attention to this before. Mr. Childs said he had only just been told of it. He had seen ignorant men do that kind of thing with the intention of telling a lie and saving their conscience, though he did not suggest that was the case in this instance. His honor suggested that Mr. Wardroper should take an oath on a version he would acknowledge, and then hav his evidence read over to him, and he asked whether he held to it as correct. A Douay Bible was accordingly sent for, and Mr. Wardroper having taken his oath upon that the case proceeded. In giving judgment his honor strongly reprobated the conduct of Mr. Wardroper in kissing his thumb instead of the book, and declined to place any reliance upon his evidence of the warranty and nonsuited him."

# Letters from Friends.

LINCOLN, ILL., May 19, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find draft for a man who wants the illustrations, in place of the brother who quit when his bigoted friends took exception to the bugs on Noah's dish. My friend's stomach is not easily upset by reading about the ark, its victuals, etc. Why don't our qualmy friend read about Rab-shakeh in 2 Kings if he loves "scripter?" Tid-bits are plenty, and humbugs abound therein. Why not illustrate the facts as believed to hav occurred? Let the pencil go on! There is nothing more ridiculous than the old stuff called the "word." My respects to John Peck.

Yours truly, JOHN BUSHEL.

ABILENE, KAN., May 16, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $1.50 subscription to your paper for six months. I like THE TRUTH SEEKER and can't do without it, but so much about Bruno, and Servetus, and the stinking past of the church makes me tired. Life is too short to squander in even discussing the old church nonsense. Let us teach them something better, broader, grander, holier, by a pure living and growing faith in this life.

I like your comments on Mrs. Slenker. One might as well run naked through the streets to show the human form divine as to exhibit our beautiful English in its Five Points nastiness. I'm sorry for the old lady, but she is "luny" on the subject of heredity.

I am a great admirer of Colonel Ingersoll, studied law in his office when a young man, and keep his picture hanging always in sight. A. G. ELLSWORTH.

DIANA, TEX., May 14, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The people of Texas are now excited over the question of Prohibition, and will vote upon it the fourth of August, which fact you no doubt are aware of. Every person should investigate this question, that he may be able to vote intelligently upon it. I feel that I, like a great many others, need information on it. I hav ordered the list of books inclosed, because I believe they will greatly assist me in this matter.

The proposed amendment will prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors within the borders of the state, even prohibiting wine and beer. There are, however, four exceptions—for medicinal, mechanical, sacramental, and scientific purposes. I do not favor the amendment, and think it will be a failure.

The Prohibitionists are circulating the report that Colonel Ingersoll is a strong Prohibitionist. I do not believe it. Please inform me of the truth of the matter, and also, your idea of Prohibition. Success to you and yours, and the cause you advocate. J. M. WOODS.

[Colonel Ingersoll is too firm a believer in personal liberty to be a Prohibitionist; and so is the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER.—ED. T. S.]

ALLEGHENY, PA., May 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Will you, or some of your readers, giv a searcher after light some explanation on some scripture points? The first point to be explained is Hosea xii, 9. Does not this prove that the Jews got their God from Egypt? The next point is contained in Acts xxv, 11 and 21. The latter verse reads: "But Paul, appealing to be reserved to the hearing of Augustus, I commanded him to be kept till I might send him to Cæsar"—*i. e.*, Augustus Cæsar. Now, Augustus died A.D. 14, and Paul was born, according to the received chronology, in A.D. 5, and converted in A.D. 37. Then, accordingly, Paul would hav been nine years old when Augustus died, and as he was not converted until he was thirty-two years old—well, I think there is a screw loose somewhere. It is true the Roman emperors did adopt the official title, "Augustus," but it was certainly after Paul's time, as the Emperor Pertinax, when elected to the throne in A.D. 193, was "saluted as Cæsar."

I sent the first of the above questions to the editor of the *Christian at Work*, but, with the true Christian spirit, he refused to even publish it. INFIDELIS.

AXTELL, KAN., May 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav delayed writing for a long time, not because I am less enthusiastic in our cause, nor that there was not plenty to say of interest, but I thought that others ought to be heard from. Liberalism in Kansas is aggressiv. For four months past "Father" Hurley and M. H. Cone hav been conducting a debate through the Axtell *Anchor* on "The relativ merits of Christian and Secular teaching in producing moral men." We hav shaken up the town completely. We feel that Secularism was well defended, and Catholicism, the Bible, and Christian training were shown to be incentivs to crime. I do not think that any place has been so thoroughly shaken up as this. We keep the four hundred books and tracts out. We meet all their sophistries on the streets. We offer challenge after challenge to debate. We offer anyone that will read the very best works extant. The "bell sheep" in the churches say that "Liberal union is the worst thing that ever took place in our town." They hav quit calling us bad names, as they find that don't pay; we hav replies for such talk. They quit quoting the Bible at us, for they find we quote back what they don't like to hear.

THE TRUTH SEEKER is indispensable with my family. I would rather giv a cow than see the paper go down. I am very sorry to see that our giant, T. B. Wakeman, has such feelings, but hope he will reconsider.

I see mention of the arrest of Mrs. E. D. Slenker, "our ewel." How long are our best men and woman to be arrested and disgraced, and our own cherished opinions ridiculed, and our cause retarded by such hellish work? I hav read THE TRUTH SEEKER most of the time since it started, and all of her writings are of the most lofty and cultured kind, and are the product of as pure a character as exists. Will some friend of humanity be kind enough to bury Comstock and his laws alive in one grave, doing it quietly, as we don't need to make any noise about such an infamous wretch? I lived at Prospect Park, Ill., at the time of the Bennett trial, and did all I could for him, and will do still more for her if the opportunity comes. We must fight the same fight over again, or we will all be slaves. The churches see that if they can hiss on the state to prosecute and persecute, they will in that way answer the arguments of Infidelity—and by adding lying—in the best way possible. I like your paper better and better. The Rev. Dr. Jones's report is exceptionally good. The pictures and Children's Corner teach the truth to the little folks and those that would not take time to read and think.

We are suffering for rain, and I tried to find some one in town yesterday who was on speaking terms with the fellow that runs the weather, but did not succeed.

I just read a letter from Elmina, and will donate to her defense, and hope every one of your readers, and the readers of every other Liberal paper, will do the same.

Yours for liberty, E. W. MINER.

LEMOORE, May 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: While writing you on other business I will send the money for another year's subscription. I am now, and hav been for a long time, taking a large number of papers and journals, and a year ago I thought I would drop THE TRUTH SEEKER for awhile, but your just and honorable position in regard to the Chicago Anarchists, together with the unjust criticisms of some of your subscribers, caused me to renew again at that time, and does now. I became first interested in THE TRUTH SEEKER by the outrages upon Mr. Bennett; not that I do not enjoy and appreciate your paper and your effort for truth and right, but my knowledge, not belief, compels me to be a Spiritualist, hence THE TRUTH SEEKER would be read second. Yet you are very fair in your treatment of Spiritualists. I would not hav you think that I am an Anarchist. I am not. Neither do I belong to any of the orders, but I followed the testimony of the Chicago trial of those men, and felt that it was one among the many great outrages committed in our age and time. Hoping you will continue firm for the right as you see it, and not be intimidated by fault-finders, I remain,

Yours truly, DR. L. L. MOORE.

ST. JOHNSBURY, May 16, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3 to renew my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER for another year. I don't see how I am going to get along without the paper. It is the best paper that I hav found yet, and I shall continue to pay for it, as every subscriber should, and as every *man* will. St. Johnsbury is afflicted just now with the Salvation Army, which makes more hellish noise for heaven than all the hoodlums in town. They are the especial favorits of the Advents and Methodists, and I suppose that accounts for some of the noise they make. The Methodists were holding what they called conference the week that Heston made the picture of the Methodist conference in THE TRUTH SEEKER. Didn't it fit? well, I should snicker! I showed the paper to some of my Methodist friends. They acted as if they were mad, but I might hav been mistaken. It is the strangest thing to me, in this nineteenth century, to see enlightened people, so called, follow in the footsteps of their savage and superstitious forefathers who established the most cruel and foolish religion ever followed by man. I can't see why they do it, but they do, and pay well for it, too.

JOHN BELKNAP.

VERSAILLES, MO., May 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I must say that I am an admirer of your most valuable paper, and do not see how I could get along without it, as I am in one of those benighted back-ground localities where the weeds grow thick and rank. How could it be otherwise so long as the people reject reason and common sense, and try to rest on a pillow filled with Baptist porcupines, Presbyterian vultures, Methodist hawks, Campbellite geese, sanctified ducks, and Catholic buzzards, and not one of them can get a comfortable nap on that pillow (the Bible) without being punctured and tormented by the hard, unyielding quills of the others? And if one of the unregenerate happens along and tells them that their heaven and New Jerusalem is to be burnt up, and all ungodliness is to be burnt and destroyed, and there is to be no more pain, sickness, or death, then they are grieved again.

Not long since, when in company with several Christians, an intelligent looking gentleman came up, and one of the brethren said, "Here is a college student, he can tell you about it." I asked him if his geology was in unison with the Bible story of creation, and he shocked the true believers by saying, "Not by a damn sight." J. B. BOWERS.

DU BOIS, PA., May 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Is civilization retrograding? If not, what is the meaning of the great Bismarck yielding to the demands of the pope? What is the meaning of the preposterous demands of the pope that the king of Italy shall become his slave? What means the no less impudent demand on France that the scions of the church shall be exempt from military duty, and his grossly impudent demand on the Knights of Labor in Canada that they shall be ready at any moment to giv up their organization when he demands it? All these things go to show that the church is gaining power in all countries where it has the chance of propagating its doctrins and superstition among the ignorant masses and through them working on the fears of the ruling tyrants, and in this country using demagogs to do his bidding by giving them the votes of their ignorant and superstitious followers, the priests forever working to place the church above the state in all countries. What can be done to check the onward march of this head of all tyranny, while the Protestants themselvs are ready to destroy anyone who fights superstition? They cannot see that they are indirectly aiding in their own destruction by acquiescing in the exemption of church property from taxation. They are helping that church to attain a power in this country above the state that will work their own destruction. J. D.

PATOH GROVE, WIS., May 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been reading about Mrs. Slenker's case, and I would add to your questions, What about having such a law in these United States that any and every person can be arrested for sending obscene matter through the mail? We got along one hundred years very well without such a law. Why can't we get along longer? I think it is about time the Comstock law was repealed, for I think that each head of a family can better protect his respectiv charges without the law. It seems to me a great burlesque to hav such a law at the same time that we hav the "holy Bible." It would be hard to find anything more obscene than that holy relic.

And what about those limber-backs that dare not go on and continue to demand the repeal of the Comstock law? I hope it will get hold of some of them yet. Poor Mrs. Slenker! I presume she never wrote anything to anyone against their consent.

It seems to me that all the law that we need in the matter is this: If anyone should send to another without their consent or demand, or at least against their commands, then the individual should hav cause of action against the one sending. Freedom of the press and pen was the corner-stone of our republic, but we seem to be in a fair way of realizing the truth of Heston's last picture. M. Y. B. H.

CANTON, O., May 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: On last Sunday evening, in accordance with public notice given, Mr. Louis Schaefer, proprietor of the Opera House here, delivered a lecture before an audience of over twelve hundred on the subject of "The Moral, Intellectual, and Christian Character of the Pulpit." The audience was composed of our most intelligent citizens, of ladies and gentlemen. What prompted Mr. Schaefer so to do was the aggressiv attacks by the pulpit in some of our churches here, without discrimination, against the stage in general. He spoke for over an hour, taking his text from Luke vi, 41, 42, and proved by reliable statistics that ten times more crimes are committed by reverend gentlemen, in proportion to their number, than by any other class of people in the country, and are annually on the increase; mostly crimes of a character in which women are implicated; that there are at the present time fifty ministers in the penitentiaries of the United States where there is one actor. He advised clergymen when they make pastoral visits to hav their wives accompany them, and urged upon fathers and husbands to take the cue. He spoke of the inception of the drama and theater in Greece, bringing their history down to the present day, referring to the assassination of President Lincoln. The stage, he said, has produced more intellectual giants and poets than any other institution we hav any knowledge of; that none but cranks and fanatics in the pulpit will place themselvs in opposition to the legitimate drama; that in earlier days such performances were held in churches, palaces, castles, and palatial residences; that Christ himself was friendly to social enjoyment, even on the Sabbath day. He warned his hearers against wolves in sheep's clothing, and not to be influenced by Pharisees and hypocrits. Mr. Schaefer during the delivery of the lecture received rounds and rounds upon rounds of applause, and has since been solicited to repeat the lecture. ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

FOREST GROVE, May 5, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: You do not seem to hear from this corner of the Lord's vinyard very often. I thought I would send a few words of cheer. For some time past I hav wanted to tell you what we think of the illustrations in the dear old TRUTH SEEKER, but as every picture seemed better than the last, I hardly knew which one to praise. The one which represents the women as supporting the clergy ought to be sent broadcast all over the United States, for there is nothing more true to life than that picture. THE TRUTH SEEKER is doing a grand work for the cause of Liberalism, and it ought to be better supported than it is.

We are hoping that S. P. Putnam will make us a visit during his stay in Oregon. There are not many strong Liberals here, but what we lack in quantity we make up in quality. We hav a few as stanch Liberals as America can produce. And that reminds me that we hav in Forest Grove a few bigots who will compare favorably with anything produced in the twelfth century. The farmers near town wished to start a creamery, and in order to do this they wished to interest the business men of the village, not feeling able to bear all the expense themselvs. They therefore arranged for a meeting of all the farmers and business men at Bert's Liberal Hall on a certain day. Well, it was talked over in the mean time among those most interested, and one of the bigots made the statement that if the meeting was held in that Infidel hall he would take no stock in the creamery, nor attend the meeting; and another of the same class said it was all he could do to go into that hall where they had Tom Paine's picture framed and hanging up. Now, Mr. Editor, I want you to find out what Paine's picture would hav to do with a creamery. Must we not only hav the Bible in our free schools, but is it absolutely necessary to compel the use of it in the cow-yard? Had I been at that meeting I should hav proposed to the committee that there should be an appropriation made to buy a Bible, hymn-book, and the Thirty-nine Articles for every cow belonging to the creamery.

Dear editor and brethren, as Josiah Allen's wife says, I

would not like you to repeat this, but really what I think is, that the Liberals around Forest Grove need a little more backbone. They don't take enough interest in Liberal lectures, and they don't take enough Liberal literature. We must hav a revival here, and we look to S. P. Putnam, as our presiding elder, to begin the awakening. We shall probably hav a visit also from Dr. York; at least, we hope so.

We hav read Helen Gardener's book, "Men, Women, and Gods." What a grand work it is! It ought to be put in the hands of every woman and girl in America. I am doing missionary work with my copy, loaning it to every woman I can get to read it. Of course I hav to be careful whom I loan it to, for some would burn it, just as a few hundred years ago they would hav burnt the writer. How many hearts throbbed with fear and sympathy when the sad news went over the land that our noble leader, the silver-tongued orator, Colonel Ingersoll, had a similar throat trouble to that of our grand warrior, General Grant! And how much our hearts hav been relieved by better reports of his affliction! May he liv many years yet, for there's a grand and glorious work for him to do. May he liv a thousand years, and his shadow never grow less.

Yours for U. M. L, MRS. SARAH C. TODD.

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NEW YORK, May 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 14th appears an article from Mr. George H. Dawes, to only a part of which I object; that is, where he says, "Liberals of this country date the era of man from the execution of Bruno, and this is Anno Scientiæ 287." It is given that Bruno suffered martyrdom Feb. 16, 1600. If this is correct, then to found an era from that date and count now 287 is an absurd error, a gross error of fact. It has been exposed before, and to persist in it wilfully any longer is not only absurd, but one will stultify himself and the whole class in which he counts himself if no objection is put in. Therefore I, as one of the Liberals, for this reason protest against and repudiate it. But there are plenty of other good reasons to condemn it, as anyone will find by reading the article on "Chronology" in the Encyclopedia Britannica. To separate into divisions and to multiply impediments among the human family is to retrograde. Progress tends to simplify, to unite, and equalize—equal rights and equal duties for all, and privileges for none. Progress strives for uniformity in languages and writings, for the same standard of money, measure, and weights, and time. Progress is opposed to all barriers in intercourse and trade. When this epoch once arrives, as it surely will, then war will be a thing of the past, a relic of barbarous ages. Let us hear no more of this so-called new era, it is a nuisance now but would prove to be a curse. By the way, I will ask any one of its adherents, Is man not older, or is science not older also? Then why start from half way? FREDERICK KOEZLY.

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PITT, OHIO, May 19, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: We hav recently had an interesting exhibition of the harmony, charity, tolerance, and brotherly love that pervade the Christian camp. Its happening was after this manner, *i. e.*: For many ages the Methodists had had sole, undisturbed, and undisputed control of this bit of Christian pasture. Then peace, harmony, and brotherly and sisterly love seemed to prevail so completely that the guardian angels could go off junketing for weeks without danger to the fold.

But a short time since, some Baptists thought it was not good for one denomination to monopolize the field, and accordingly undertook to organize a church after their kind, just for company's sake. Then trouble commenced all along the line, and "there was whispering with white lips, 'The foe! They come! they come!'" A few weeks ago the Baptist shepherd preached a sermon on baptism, demonstrating from his standpoint many things in general, which life is too short and precious to mention, and two things in particular, whereby hangs my tale: 1. No baptism except by immersion worth a ——!" 2. Infant baptism unauthorized and absurd. These points in particular made the Methodists as was the place of everlasting torment before the new version put out the fires and compelled the devil to go outside to warm his toes, as shown by Heston. Accordingly something had to be done to allay the fears of some of the Methodists that they were not duly washed. Accordingly, as soon as their shepherd could collect ammunition and load his gun, he went for what he termed "this unauthorized Baptist nonsense." During the Methodist shepherd's reply, one of the pillars of the Baptist church, composed of such material as martyrs or persecutors (as they are the under or upper dog in a fight) are made of, sat close and conspicuously before him, alternately taking notes, shaking his head, and looking wise and severe.

Finally the reverend brought his discourse to a close in substance about as follows: "I hav now preached and unfolded the truth as it is contained in the Bible, and nothing but the truth. And you clearly perceive: 1. There is no warrant, not even a shadow of it, for the claim that efficacious baptism must be by immersion. 2. There is abundant authority for the administration of the saving ordinance of baptism to little children; but," added he, looking and pointing severely at the aforesaid old Baptist soldier, now about ready to explode close in his front, "I see, and I am pained to see, there is one who does not believe it. But I defy him to disprove it." Now the old man did not stand upon the order of exploding, but exploded at once, by jumping to his feet and, with great excitement, declaring in substance, "Sir, you hav not preached the truth, but lies from beginning to end, and the truth is not in you."

At this critical juncture the flames were opportunely quenched and oil was thrown upon the troubled waters by an old lady, the wife of the Baptist warrior, stepping up to him, plucking him by the sleeve, and saying to him in a paralyzing tone, "Come on, pop. Let them sprinkle their kids if they want to, and see where they'll go to."

Pop went on. And the Methodists and Baptists then and there parted with much the same feeling for each other that prevailed between the different sects in days gone by, when, left unrestrained by outsiders who think no baptism of much efficacy without soap and towels, they manifested their brotherly love and Christian charity and forbearance by racking and roasting each other for Christ's sake, just as they would now if the wicked outsiders would leave them free to bear fruit after their kind. CYRUS SEARS.

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LEBO, KAN., May 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The man who runs the risks to life and limb, who soils his hands and clothes, in pulling down an old, condemned, decaying temple, is entitled to as great, or greater, compensation than the one who builds the new; and as I find that you are thus employed, and as you seem to voice my views most aptly on theology, I hope to encourage you a little by a few kind words, and by giving you my own and a friend's name as subscribers on probation. When the time is up, if I should not again remit, please do not send longer, as I expect and hope to leave for Europe soon.

The following was written in a spirit of kindness, as was the note inviting me to attend an Advent meeting and hear the evidence of the immediate second coming of Christ, as foreshadowed by the prophecies, visions, and dreams of John, Daniel, Belshazzar, and others of Bible notoriety:

LEBO, KAN., ——, ——, 1887.

FRIEND E., *Dear Sir:* Many thanks for your invitation to accompany you to the Advent meeting, but as I am familiar with the line of sophistry they would dignify as argument while yet ignorant on many scientific points that I regard as more important to us than the second, or even the first, coming of Christ, "or any other man," you will please excuse me, as I hav no time to waste, and believe me, Thine truly, F, M.D.

Believers in dreams and prophetic visions
Scarcely deserve any student's derisions.
A man must hav cheek like a government mule,
Or money at stake on your being a fool,
To ask your attention to cackle so flat
As are visions of cranks in this age or that.
Go study the science and use of the brain;
Go plant a few trees or a few hills of grain;
Go fatten or slaughter musketoes and mice,
Or study the nature and habits of lice;
But talk not to me of old Dan or Belshazzar,
Jonah, or Job, or old Nebuchadnezzar.
I relegate them to the moths on the shelf
If I wish for dreams, I can dream them myself.
Nor ask I for aid at interpretation,
Being content with my own explanation.
Church dogmas stand out in open defiance
Of truth as revealed and taught us by science.
All that they teach from the dawn of creation
Gets scorched in the flames of investigation.
They execrate all who exercise reason,
And curse them as villains guilty of treason
To God's holy government, founded of old
By preachers, who claim they must manage the fold,
Or all will be plunged into darkness and gloom
More dreadful to think of than that of the tomb.
With such I wish little or nothing to do.
But I do not desire to influence you.

F.

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ONEIDA, KAN., May 16, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The cuts by your artist, Mr. Watson Heston, which appeared on the front page of THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 16th inst., we must say illustrate most vividly Mr. Pecci's (commonly called Leo XIII.) modus operandi by which he intends to capture our most formidable citadels by swamping us at the ballot-box. Mr. Heston portrays this in four acts, viz.: Act 1st. An embassador of Pecci's placing the foreign eggs in the nest, being assisted by a Protestant clergyman, and Columbia standing by endeavoring to quiet and pacify the eagle, who seems to demur.

Act 2d. After the eggs are hatched, it is astonishing to see the physiognomical transfigurations exhibited by Columbia when she beholds that the incubating (mutual) has resulted in one young eagle, two serpents, or vipers, and one crocodile.

Act 3d. The crocodile having grown (by s'all feeding and pampering) to enormous proportions, is lying across and has crushed Columbia, as well as our American eagle, and as one of the serpents is in the act of swallowing the young eagle, the crocodile is swallowing both the serpent and eagle.

Act 4th. Now the crocodile has consumed the whole outfit, except the Protestant clergyman who aided in the incubating process, and who must hav got away. Said crocodile, being swollen to immense size, is reposing with his head lying across the Stars and Stripes, bearing thereon inscribed, "E pluribus unum." The crocodile has a huge cross on his spinal column.

Now comes the farce to conclude with, which is our political "Punch and Judy" demagogs aiding in the construction of the grand propaganda university at Washington city; the university near Central Park, N. Y.; the placing of a nuncio in this country; the crowning of Gibbons with the red hat; the passage of the Freedom of Worship bill in the legislature of New York, as well as the Murphy Protectory bill, inviting and permitting foreign criminals and paupers to land at Castle Garden at the rate of ten thousand a day, etc., etc.

Such a farce is too ridiculous and absurd for any sensible nation of people to tolerate. The idea of our Solons at Washington spending their whole term, almost, legislating on protection to home industries on the one hand, while on the other inviting starved-out pauper labor from all other nations to this country, and thereby driving to the wall our artisans, is too preposterous. What use is protection or protectiv tariff under such circumstances? Shut down the gates to foreigners, repeal the naturalization laws, or amend so as to read twenty-one years before citizenship is granted aliens; appoint a commission to investigate all secret designs (vigilantly) that are alien to our free institutions; pass laws prohibiting any priest or clergyman from performing the marriage ceremony, and it will not be long before we can with all propriety call this America. Our motto should be, "America for Americans," for it is evident that Americans Europeanize more readily than Europeans Americanize; and by our Solons acting upon the above suggestions, they would be placing such protection around our most formidable citadels, free schools, as well as the ballot-box, that we might feel secure against foreign invasions of ignorance, superstition, criminals, and paupers. AMERICA.

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EAU CLAIRE, WIS., May 14, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The best omen for the Liberal cause in America at this moment is that it produces such heroins as Elmina. The worst is that her defense is being taken up by the Freethought press in such a feeble, half-hearted manner. I had hoped the arrest of this "mother in Israel," with its certain consequences, would hav aroused the whole Liberal world to a united demand for the absolute repeal of the infamous postal laws which bear the name of Comstock. But I perceive I was mistaken. Let us consider the points of the situation. In circulating facts concerning the relations of the sexes, which hav been covered by the screen of conventional hypocrisy and laws devised for the especial protection of lust and its worst consequences, Mrs. Slenker has been rendering a service to science and morality whose importance can only be appreciated by the very few who hav gone below the surface of these tabooed but vital subjects. I can scarcely believe that you do not consider the laws of propagation a legitimate branch of science, or that you doubt it must be cultivated by the inductiv method, if at all. Why, then, do you quote the word "data" as applied to Mrs. Slenker's facts? How can you say she "has gone to intolerable lengths in circulating them?" Can they be circulated too much? Do they not need to be ventilated the more in proportion as they are themselvs the more revolting and atrocious? Hav you a particle of sympathy with the Comstockian idea that the door of the nuptial chamber should be the mental, as it is the legal, screen for the enormities which fill the world with idiocy, deformity, disease, and crime? For my own part, as a Freethinker, a cultivator of science, a friend to humanity, and the father of daughters, I find no words to express my abhorrence for this most pernicious and dangerous phase of the movement in favor of ignorance.

With regard to the language used by Mrs. Slenker, there may be more show for a difference of opinion among those whose good opinion is worth having. But allow me to say that you entirely misconceive when you remark that "the English language is rich enough and flexible enough to convey all shades of meaning without borrowing from the vocabulary of the abandoned class." The words used by Mrs. Slenker are the only words for the ideas expressed which belong to the English language (the others being barbarous modern Latin); they may be found in a work as standard as Bayle's Dictionary, and, though prudishness has commonly kept them from the eye, they were familiar to the ear of every man, woman, and child who has spoken English ever since Vortigern went sparking to Rowena.

But even if it were otherwise, the point is of no importance. "Whether a thing shall be designated by a plain noun substantiv or by a circumlocution is," says Macaulay, in his usual felicitous style, "mere matter of fashion. Morality is not at all interested in the question." But surely morality is interested in this, that crime, and especially legalized crime, shall not be treated mincingly. It is more than a matter of fashion which shall be considered worse—to commit the most infernal outrages upon womanhood and maternity, or to call them by their right names. Mrs. Slenker's bad taste, if it be bad, is far from a sufficient reason why there should be any hesitation, when a powerful common enemy is in view, about coming up to the aid of a Freethinker and moralist likely to die in prison for publishing literature of a strictly ethical and scientific kind, couched in what she at least considered decorous language—she, an old woman of unquestioned good education and good character.

Suppose that Mrs. Slenker had used Latin words instead of English, hav you any idea that the inquisition would hav let her alone? Surely it is within your knowledge that Harman and Walker are now under arrest, with excellent prospects of conviction, for publishing one such item as Mrs. Slenker's "data," in which the sole "obscene" expression was one of those very Latin words for which she has substituted Saxon tantamounts. The object of the movement in favor of ignorance is to emasculate science and destroy it. Coarseness of expression on the part of scientific writers was never anything but an excuse.

It is, however, an excuse to which we hav allowed a great deal too much. Years ago the cry of obscenity operated on the hosts of Freethought like the historic appearance of a skunk at what should hav been a great Union victory. Such a thing might be excused once, but officers and soldiers who turned success into disaster by running away a second time, even from a skunk, would hav deserved to be shot. At whatever cost of disgust and trouble, the polecat of prurient prudery must be slain if science and Liberalism are to be preserved. The Comstock gang hav made the issue squarely, and we must not dodge it. Science is to be put down. The means are to imprison scientists on charge of indecency. We cannot do less than come square up to the front, with our battle formed on this line, that while knowledge is indispensable to morality, some breadth in the expressions of its cultivators is but a venial offense at worst. This is the attitude of Mrs. Slenker, of Heywood, of Walker, of Harman. While too many of our soldiers are trying to repeat the grand retrograde movement, others are training all their guns upon that skunk. There are more of them than there were. Mrs. Slenker's fate will make more, just as the prosecution of Heywood and Bennett gave "Cupid's Yokes" a national celebrity. And so at last the movement in favor of ignorance will, I trust, defeat itself. But such victories are won only through the blood of martyrs, and none of us can be held excusable for vacillation in the hour of trial. C. L. JAMES.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## May Days.

Now the pretty birds are coming,
From the sea-born islands roaming,
And our own wild bees are humming
In the plum-trees clad in white,
Fanned by breezes soft and light.

Low beside the Elkhorn waters
Noisy wild geese and their daughters;
But the wounded waits and loiters
In his lonely wandering—
Sad he hears the song of spring.

Soon the toiling, busy farmer,
With the aid of many a charmer
(Modest maiden, naught may harm her),
Plants the checkered fields with corn,
Heeding not the proud world's scorn.

'Neath the new sun daily shining
Gray clouds turn their silver lining,
Sadness brings no sad repining
When the violets dipped in dew
Lift their starry eyes to you.

In the grove the yellow-hammers
Rend the air with saucy clamors,
Thrilled with May-time's brightest glamours.
Neighbors now just o'er the way
Holding concerts every day.

Thrushes brown and gayer swallows
Up and down the breezy hollows,
While the blooming blue-bell follows,
Calling to the rose of June
In a dreamy, tender tune.

Hasten, May, the royal comer,
Red rose paints the cheek of summer—
Pen of mine be never dumber
Than the liquid notes and free
Larks hav learned across the sea.

Bluebirds, too, recross the billow,
Building in our waving willow—
Not a thorn be in the pillow:
Little feathered friends of mine
Welcome to our northern pine!

*Frenchtown, Neb.* MARY BAIRD FINCH.

# Science Column.

## All About the Bears.

Now, some of you, perhaps, hav seen a bear, and you know that it appeared exceedingly funny walking about on its hind feet.

Bears belong to the carnivorous or flesh-eating animals that are plantigrade, which means that they can walk on the soles of their feet. Do they eat anything else except flesh? Oh, yes, they eat vegetables, grains, and insects, and they are very fond of sweets, like honey, and they like milk, too.

They do not kill animals by biting them in a vital part and sucking their blood, but they tear them with their claws, or hug them to death. I guess we would not any of us like to be hugged to death.

Where are bears found? Oh, in almost all latitudes that are not inhabited by human beings. Where men are, bears are not, for they are soon killed or driven away.

The white or Polar bear is now the largest and most powerful of the bear tribe. A polar bear sometimes weighs fifteen hundred pounds, and is very savage. Bears are very affectionate and loving to each other, although cross and ferocious toward other creatures, especially when attacked. They are very much attached to their babies, and when one dies, the poor mother is disconsolate. It will fondle the dead body, bring it food, and try to nurse it back to life. And if the mate dies or is killed, the one who remains mourns and cries, and refuses to be comforted. It sits by its dead in great distress, and will be killed rather than leave it.

The grizzly bear is more savage than any other of the race of bears.

You hav heard of the cave bear, I suppose. He was large and strong, and lived in the caverns of Europe in what is termed the "post-tertiary epoch," which means in geology, the second period after the age of mammals.

Did you ever hear of a bear that wore spectacles? No? Well, away down among the Andes mountains in Chili, there is found a black bear, with smooth and glossy fur, except its muzzle and breast, which are dingy white. But there are half circular marks around its eyes, which make him appear as if he had on spectacles; hence its name, a spectacle bear.

Some bears can be tamed if taken in hand when very young, and they will become quite attached to their masters.

Performing bears are sometimes seen in the streets of cities, accompanied by their masters, by whom they hav been taught to do many clever tricks. I saw one once at Rocky Point, a Rhode Island summer resort, who was very fond of beer, sarsaparilla, lemonade, etc. The crowds who visited him were very fond of buying drinks and seeing the bear swallow them. Bruin would stand on his hind feet, draw the cork with his teeth, take the bottle in his fore-paws, tip his head back, and swallow the contents in very quick time. He finally guzzled so much beer that it killed him. He was what we might call a bear drunkard, and met the fate of other drunkards.

Bears are found occasionally in the White mountains, and used to be quite plenty there, as well as in other parts of New England.

In the West and Southwest of the United States they still exist in numbers, and hunters take great pleasure in hunting them.

Bear meat is said to be very fine. It occasionally finds its way to our markets. A gentleman bought some bear meat once at a great price, but, sending it home for dinner, Bridget thought it would be nice for pies, and she boiled it and chopped it up for mince-meat! The bear pies were very good, however.

There is a bear story in the Bible about two she-bears devouring forty and two children at one time. It is undoubtedly a myth.

Below is a true bear story, relating to the capture of a bear in our own country.

### A BEAR STORY.

There are plenty of bears in the far West, away in the forests and on the plains where civilization has not yet set her foot. Chas. F. Blackburn, mining prospector and geologist, and who has traveled extensivly all over the great West, givs many interesting accounts of meeting with bears in his travels. His bear stories are actually blood-curdling, and make the cold shivers run up and down the spinal column.

His first exciting bear-hunt was along with a man called Captain Jack in the famous Black Hills.

They had trailed a huge cinnamon bear to his home, a large cave in a hill. They were hardly brave enough to face the bear within his den, and they sent in their big dog.

The meeting of the dog and bear was not mutually agreeable. The bear was gruff, and growled at the intruder, and the dog howled and barked at such a rude welcome. Pretty soon the old cinnamon bear came out of his cave home, walking on his hind feet and holding the big dog under his left arm, as if he were some little insect. The poor dog looked as if he hadn't a friend in the world, his eyes were bulging, and he was held as tightly as if in a vise; and, besides, Bruin was striking the poor fellow with his right fore-paw terrible blows which weakened his voice with every well-directed cuff. He finally dropped the dog, and then caught him again in his iron-like jaws by the back of his neck, and gave him such a shaking as he never had before; then he threw him fully thirty feet to one side, looking at him as if to say, "I'll teach you, sir, that you cannot enter a gentleman bear's abode in such an unceremonious manner as that!"

Ths dog lay quite still, unable to move, and the bear's eyes flashed with triumph mingled with anger.

At that moment he espied Captain Jack standing under a pine-tree squarely in front of the cave and his bearship. The bear did not hesitate, but jumped fully fifteen feet toward the captain, who fired with his needle-gun and shot the bear endwise. The bear jumped again, and would hav had Captain Jack for dinner had he not jumped too. He dropped his needle-gun and caught the limb of the pine-tree, swinging himself out of the reach of his bearship. Mr. Blackburn, who was on the top of the cave, then gave a shot or two to the bear, when he dropped, seeing which Captain Jack dropped, too—from the tree. Of course it was a relief to see Bruin lying there so still, for no one can fancy being made into mince-meat by the teeth of a bear. In the mean time the dog began to come to life and gasped for breath, which had been very nearly knocked and scared out of him. The bear kicked and commenced rolling down the mountain side in his death agony. The poor dog was assisted to his feet, but as he saw the old bear he felt like retreating. It was a year before the dog regained his accustomed vigor, and after that terrible experience he would strike out for camp as soon as he caught the scent of a bear, believing, no doubt, that "discretion is the better part of valor" when bears are around. He did not fancy such an everlasting shaking and pounding as the bear gave him, and nobody can blame the dog.

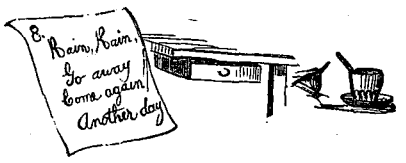
That bear weighed 1,300 pounds, and it was good to know he would never shake dogs, or any other creature, again.

S. H. W.

QUESTIONS.—To what species do bears belong? What is the meaning of carnivorous? plantigrade? How do bears kill animals? Where are bears found? Tell what you can of the polar bear, their attachments, etc. What of the cave bear? the spectacle bear? Can bears be tamed? What of performing bears? What can you say of the bear who drank beer? What was his fate? Where do bears still exists in this country? What of bear meat? What of the bear story in the Bible? Tell what you can remember of the story of an encounter with a bear in the West.

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.



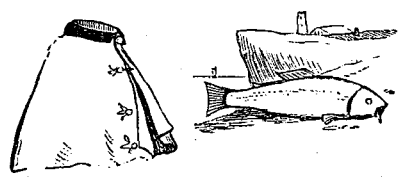

Possessed by a jack-of-all-trades.

2.—A STYLISH ENIGMA.

Now here is a *style*
That will make you smile,
And you'll guess it the very first trial;
It does not denote
The style of a coat,
But *the style of the good old sun-dial.*
Behead it, and there
'Tis, a palindrome fair,
Whose center if yet you but take away,
'Tis a curious fact
That it shows you exact,
And at all times, *the mid of the day.*
So our sun stands still
Over Puzzler's Hill.
As for Gideon once on Gilboa;
And it even runs back
In its palindrome track,
As once for the king Hezekiah—
If the Bible don't tell us a-*lie*-ah!

OLD BOY.

3.—REBUS.



For little students in geography.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER MAY 21, 1887.

1.–A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.
2.–By putting the space between *o* and *w*, instead of between *w* and *h*, God is now here becomes *God is no where.*
3.–Appearances are often deceitful.

## Correspondence.

May 15, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I saw so many boys and girls writing letters I thought I would write one too. My father has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for eight years. I hav two little sisters, one of them is five and the other nine. I am a girl twelve years old. This is the first letter. Excuse my poor writing. Your Freethinker friend,

MATILDA A. STICE.

FRENCHTOWN, NEB., April 28, 287.

MY DEAR MISS WIXON: In offering the inclosed lines I do not wish to intrude upon the rights of others who are more capable of entertaining the children of the Corner than myself. I rejoice, and I am sure there are many who share this feeling with me, that the Children's page is always so filled with tender, humane, and scientific principles. "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined" is an old saw, but none the less true. Children who are given the right start on the path of life will not accept silly superstitions when they are grown up. With best wishes for the prosperity of the Corner, I am,

Ever yours for the truth,

MARY B. FINCH.

EDITOR CHILDREN'S CORNER: It is quite natural to expect to hear a *Finch* sing, and sing well, too, as she often does in our Corner (I mean Mary B., as a matter of course). But a *Crow*, or J. Crow, or, to be facetious and doubly punsome, a Jay Crow—why, "it beats all nature," and no mistake! Two very unmelodious birds in one combination for perfect harmony—the very embodiment of euphony and impersonation of poesy.

Dagmar's "Virginia's Visit" was a fine *puzzle* to me, and called all my mind-reading faculty into play, as I am unacquainted with both Dagmar and Virginia. Virginia is the daughter of Bishop Snow, and no matter what gentile prejudice may say, *she* is not over-estimated by her friend Dagmar. Your puzzle artist is doing excellent work. But above all others, I desire to praise that *very* fine contribution on "The Right and the Wrong," by Jessie Brewster. Don't print anything from your Old Boy as long as there is anything like that on hand. We must hav more from her. She is a giantess. Who is she, anyway? Your OLD BOY.

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—o—

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Saint Anthony preached to the Priory throng;
Saint Anthony's sermons were terribly long,
So dreary, so weary, so learnedly deep,
That all of the brothers were soon fast asleep.
He sighed as he looked at them, placid and still,
For he loved his own sermons, as some people will;
Then away in a huff to the river he sped,
A sermon he'd preach to the fishes instead.

He stood on the brink and his sermon began,
But fish are not fonder of sermons than man.
So he girt up his cassock; quoth he, "I must go
And see if they'll listen to me down below."
That night as the monks in refectory sat,
They wondered and asked what the saint could be at,
When a young brother said, as he bent over his dish,
"He's gone to the river to preach to the fish!"

So down to the river they started in quest,
And peered through the water with curious zest,
Till they spied in the bed of the river below
The saint and the fish sitting row upon row.
And 'tis said ever since that historical night
Not a fish in that stream can be tempted to bite.
The reason's as plain as the waters are deep,
Saint Anthony's sermons hav sent them to sleep.

—*Frederick E. Weatherly, in Temple Bar.*

## Patrick O'Finagin's Church Dues.

One evening, weak and weary,
When my mind was sad and dreary
At my prospects of the future, too disconsolate to tell,
I went to Father Carey,
Who is always light and airy,
Faith, he never seems to bother about heaven, earth, or hell.

"Och!" says I, "dear Father John,
I've an awful taking on
About my sins and my shortcomings, and I dread the judgment day;
But your rev'rence can retrieve me,
And with fitting words relieve me,
And with holy consolations take my terrors all away."

Then, with repentant fearing,
I whispered, in his hearing,
Many a sad thought which I long had kept a secret in my mind;
And I asked him to excuse
If I couldn't pay my dues
To the church and to the priest, as the crops were far behind.

"Sure poor Biddy and the childer
Need so many things they hinder,
And I scarce can keep the devil of starvation from my door;
But holy Father Carey
You can make me bright and airy
With a word of consolation from the church's ample store."

There I ended my confession
Of the cause of my depression,
But my sins were so enormous that the priest had to refuse;
For his "claim in a disaster
Is the first—all others after—
And the church givs consolation to the man who pays his dues."

*Sturgis, Mich.* THOMAS HARDING.

## Might and Right.

The people's love for Father McGlynn shows a wide appreciation of the stand he has taken for human rights. His position has a high significance. It means that authority, to be respected, must make itself respectable; that it is not enough to assert authority, but that the title to authority must be proved by reason and based upon fundamental right.

No more dangerous or disreputable prostitution of authority has ever been exhibited in this country than the imposition of a fine upon Mr. Charles B. Reynolds by one Judge Childs in a New Jersey court for "blasphemy." The law put into the hands of this judge the power to take $75 from Mr. Reynolds, and he hastened to demonstrate his unworthiness to be intrusted with this power by taking the money. This $75 was taken as a thief takes. It was honest money, and no equivalent was rendered for it. If ever there was a bold, licentious defiance of right, this outrage by Judge Childs was one. In his anxiety to uphold an obsolete law he ignored the fundamental law, "Thou shalt not steal." In his anxiety to pander to the worst elements in New Jersey he has written his name on the roll of infamous judges.

My soul goes forth in reverent admiration for Father McGlynn because of his firm stand against the most corrupt autocracy the world has ever seen, and my soul rises to adoration of Colonel Ingersoll for his noble defense of Mr. Reynolds's rights, which must excite approval all over the world. As a lawyer, loving my profession, I want to sound a note of warning. The bar and the bench cannot stand many such trials as that of Mr. Reynolds. The strain is too great. Already lawyers are beginning to be looked upon as unable or too indifferent to remedy the mischiefs of such trials, and if lawyers and the law fail to represent human rights, then we may fairly expect before long to see the bar and the bench held in as light esteem as the pulpit is to-day. If theology is dishonest in its imposition upon McGlynn, the law is no less so in its swindle of Reynolds.

Stealing $75 from Mr. Reynolds seems to hav vindicated and appeased the Jersey Joss and reëstablished his mighty dignity. Some people were afraid that Mr. Reynolds might spend the rest of his life in prison, and that even that would not ward off the earthquakes and cyclones which an offended God might send to New Jersey, but it turns out to be only a matter which justifies the theft of $75. A great scare all for nothing, and the Jersey Joss is shown up to be a very small-potato fellow after all.

Public sentiment has a great restorativ effect in such cases; and as public sentiment stands upon fundamental right when it supports Father McGlynn in his difference with that beggar on horseback, little Mickey Corrigan, so public sentiment, guided and directed by the master mind of Colonel Ingersoll, should be strong enough and right enough to sternly rebuke this Judge Childs and his infamous work. Let such judges be taught that the world has no sentiment toward them but intense loathing and contempt, and such crimes as Judge Childs has been guilty of will cease and such judges as he will become rare. ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

May 23, 1887.

## Sunday Laws in Illinois.

A bill has recently passed the House in Illinois prohibiting the playing of baseball on Sunday. The bill was introduced by Representativ Vickers, of Johnson county. On the 13th of May J. E. Remsburg spoke at the home of Mr. Vickers on the Sunday question. Instead of openly attacking Vickers and his bill, Mr. Remsburg argued against Sunday legislation in general, defended Sunday recreation, and made an earnest plea in behalf of liberty, and by this method carried a majority of Vickers's constituents with him. The following "special" to the Chicago *Times* shows the effectivness of Mr. Remsburg's address:

SPRINGFIELD, May 20.—[Special.]—Representativ Vickers's constituency is not a unit in the support of his bill prohibiting the playing of baseball on Sunday, and 111 sent a petition to Senator Garrity to use all his influence in securing a defeat of the measure. In the Senate this morning Senator Garrity had the petition read, after which it was referred to the committee on license and miscellany. The petition is as follows:

MR. GARRITY, Senate Chamber, *Dear Sir:* At the request of many of the citizens of Vienna, I inclose the within petition to you. We desire to acquaint the Senate with the fact that a majority (and a large majority, too,) of the citizens of this (Johnson) county are opposed to the bill prepared by Vickers. The signers of this petition are in earnest. We want this bill defeated. We are opposed to it becoming a law—

1. Because it is unconstitutional.
2. It is an open attempt to infringe upon the rights of the people.
3. It is not in accordance with the spirit of progress and liberty of our state and people.
4. It is only characteristic of its author's idea of liberty.
5. It prevents honest, hard-working, moral young men, who labor from ten to twelve hours a day, from enjoying themselvs on Sunday.
6. It is par excellence with the infamous old Sunday laws of Connecticut.
7. It is an attempt to re-enact the religious intolerance of a century ago.
8. It virtually bars labor from amusement and makes pleasure a crime.
9. It is infamous, brutal, and heartless.

It was born of policy; political aspiration was its father, and the author's hope its mother.

It takes sunshine from the many to satisfy the selfish wish of the few. We are opposed to all this. We are for law and order, but we are against inquisitions. Giv the young men liberty—just a little. Let them play ball. We are in favor of being law-abiding citizens seven days in the week. Anything that is immoral on Sunday is immoral any other day as well. Vickers is too narrow to see this. If any man disturbs the peace the law covers the case. If the law as it is be enforced, the rights of all will be protected. Every Sunday-school, every church, every family, every home and fireside, every picnic, and every public meeting will be protected.

The names on the petition represent more than two-thirds of the business men of Vienna, and two-thirds of this number supported Vickers last November. You are at liberty to use the petition in any way you may deem proper.

Asking you to kindly lend your aid in opposing the law, I am, Very truly yours,

L. O. WHITNEL.

PETITION.

TO THE HONORABLE SENATE OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS: We, the undersigned citizens, business men, and firms doing business in the town of Vienna, Johnson county, Ill., do hereby emphatically enter our protest against the passage of the bill which lately passed the lower house of the general assembly, prohibiting the playing of baseball on Sunday, because in our judgment said bill is an infringement on the rights and liberties of the people, prohibiting, as it does, innocent amusement, recreation, and pleasure.

Signed by 111 citizens of Vienna.


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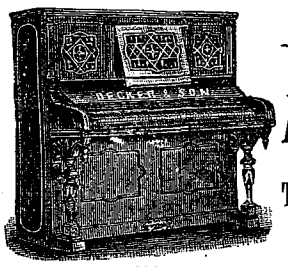
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# 1887.

(E. M. 287.)

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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## News of the Week.

EDITOR O'BRIEN was shot at in Hamilton, Ont., last week while returning to his hotel from the hall where he had lectured in behalf of Ireland. His driver was hit in the wrist, but the lecturer escaped uninjured. Mr. O'Brien is a Catholic, and his assailants are supposed to be Orangemen.

QUEEN KAPIOLANI has sailed for Europe.

SPAIN has just had built a new torpedo boat with a speed of over 33 miles per hour.

THE Jacob Sharp trial has not progressed visibly during the past week. Great difficulty is experienced in selecting a jury satisfactory to both sides.

TIFFANY still refuses to take back his employees unless they will leave the Knights of Labor, and has also declined an invitation to confer with the state Board of Mediation and Arbitration.

THE Opera Comique at Paris was destroyed by fire on the night of May 25th. Two thousand persons were in the theater at the time, and 200 are reported to hav perished, many of them actresses.

IT is getting to be the general belief that New York has at present another board of boodle aldermen. The mayor is having a desperate struggle with them to prevent their corruptly awarding the city electric light contract.

MAJOR BEN. PERLEY POORE, the writer, died last Sunday at Washington.

HANLAN, the world's champion oarsman, was beaten at Chicago on the 30th ult. by Gaudaur.

J. H. RUNYON, of Keyport, N. J., was denied the right to testify in a case in which he was plaintiff last week, because he admitted that he was an Infidel.

THE burning of some car stables in this city last week destroyed 1,200 horses, and the flames spreading burnt a number of tenement houses, and left several hundred people homeless.

DECORATION DAY was observed in New York with a fine parade and a big meeting in the Academy of Music, where Governor Hill was present; Mayor Hewitt presided, and Talmage orated.

THE proprietor of a Chicago dime museum has written to the postmaster at Morristown, N. J., instructing him to engage the twelve men who sat on the Reynolds jury in the blasphemy case. He wants to exhibit them as freaks, and will pay them $500 for two weeks.

CANON FLEMING, of London, has just issued a book of sermons one of which is said to be plagiarized almost wholly from a discourse delivered six years ago by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn. The canon's bad taste in stealing is generally condemned, and he has apologized in a published card.

THE New York legislature has adjourned without modifyi ng the Sunday laws, and the liquor-seller will now proceed to oil the hinges of his side door for use upon the first day of the week. Mayor Hewitt has done his best to enforce an obnoxious law in order to get it repealed. Having failed in this object through the stupidity of the legislature, it is not likely that he will trouble himself much further in the matter.

IT is announced that the visitations of the priests in St. Stephen's parish, which Dr. McGlynn was bounced from, hav been unusually successful, and will be extended another month. A "visitation" means that the priests call at all the houses in the parish, and pray with and prey upon the inhabitants. Every good Catholic, on these occasions, is expected to giv something, if it is his last penny. Those who giv nothing run the risk of being damned. There are 20,000 persons in St. Stephen's parish.


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ABRAHAM GOETH OUT TO OFFER UP ISAAC.

And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt offering, and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had told him.—Gen. xxii, 3.

## Odds and Ends.

THE woman whose favorit hymn is "I Would Not Liv Always," has spent $230 for patent medicins during the last ten years.

DR. TALMAGE denounces 99 per cent of novels as pernicious. The doctor will now hav numerous letters of inquiry as to the titles of the volumes.

A METHODIST minister in Connecticut is reported as saying that there will not be as many Congregationalists in heaven as there are icicles in the other place.

CITIZEN: "Pat, would you be in favor of home rule if you could hav it for the asking?" Pat: "No, sor! You don't find me a-takin' for nothin' anything I might fight for."

REV. MR. BLANK: "My dear, I've brought you this pretty parrot to cheer your hours when I am away. He can't talk yet, but we'll soon teach him; won't we, pretty Polly?" Pretty Polly: "Not by a —— sight!"

"SPEAKING about the artist who painted fruit so naturally that the birds came and pecked at it," said the fat reporter, "I once drew a hen that was so true to life that after the city editor threw it into the waste basket it laid there."

OMAHA lady: "Dick, you havn't told me all about that new baby." Little Dick: "I don't know much about it yet. It only got here this morning." "But you havn't even said whether it is a sister or a brother." "Well, it looks like a little brother, but mamma says he is goin' to be a sister, an' I suppose he will."

NORTHERN lady (who has not been long in the South): "How is your sister Matilda coming on in her new place?" Colored lady: "Matildy is comin' on first-rate, but de baby am mighty colicky." "Baby! Why, I didn't know she was married." "No wonder yer didn't know hit. Matildy herself didn't know hit."

PARSON SQUIRE: "I understand, deacon, that the church carpet is being ruined by water from dripping umbrellas." Deacon Goode: "It is so, parson, and something has got to be done." Parson: "Why not hav a rack in the vestibule, and leave the umbrellas there instead of carrying them to the seats?" Deacon: "I am afraid it would spoil the solemnity of the benediction." Parson: "You think so?" Deacon: "Yes; everybody would want to be the first out so as to get the best ones."

IN a conversation drifting toward the many wise provisions of nature the Rev. Mr. Mackwell said: "The other day, in my intellectual excursions, I came across a wonderfully sensible paper treating of the use of snakes. The long black snake is especially useful. He goes into the dense swamps, worms himself among the reeds and flags, and devours thousands of scorpions and lizards, which, without his timely interference, would become too numerous. So, you see, everything, even the black snake, is useful, being created for a purpose." "That is all very well," one of the reverend gentleman's listeners replied. "We recognize the usefulness of the snake, because he devours scorpions and lizards, but of what use, pray tell me, are the scorpions and lizards?" "They eat innumerable insects," the minister triumphantly replied. "All right; but of what use are the insects?" "The insects? Why-er—they serve as food for lizards." "Yes; but of what use are the lizards?" "Why, you must be blind not to see that they serve as food for snakes." "Of course I see that, but that only brings up the question of what use are the snakes." "To eat the lizards, I tell you. My dear sir," the minister added, "it is not strange that Christianity advances so slowly when we think of man's narrowness of understanding."

A MOONLIGHT SCENE.

I.
A man
In love,
A maid
Above.

II.
He twangs
Guitar,
And woos
His star.

III.
A man
Enraged,
A dog
Uncaged.

IV.
A grip,
A groan.
A dog
Alone.

MRS. PIOUS: "I do wish, Mr. McSnorter, that you would come up and see my husband. He is very ill, and I am afraid he will die without experiencing religion. Don't you think you can convince him of the necessity of atoning for his past neglect?" Rev. McSnorter: "I will try, Mrs. Pious. I will come up this afternoon and see if I can't induce him to leave some of his fortune to the new theological seminary." Mrs. Pious (hastily): "On second thought Mr. McSnorter I don't believe your presence will be necessary."

A TALE OF PIETY.

On Sundays little William went
Unto his Sabbath-school:
He learned his lesson every week,
And never broke the rule.

He kept that up until at length,
When he had older grown,
He knew enough to take and teach
A class all of his own.

Behold what good may come to those
Who lead a pious life,
And mingle but with righteous men—
Abjuring sin and strife.

The president of that same bank
Where William was a clerk
Beheld with joy his interest
In doing Christian work.

"Of such a very pious man
There surely is no fear:"
So said the president, who then
Made William his cashier.

Now William livs in luxury
Somewhere in Montreal;
Securely fixed with this world's goods,
Whatever may befall.

And to his children, when they come
And cluster 'round his knee,
He says, "Be good, for just see what
The gospel did for me."


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## Gems of Thought.

THE swamps of the Carolinas could tell stories of Protestant cruelty to Protestant slaves that would make the very trees sigh in sorrow for the brutality of Christian slave-drivers.—*D. M. Bennett.*

REASON was given to man to be exercised, not to be stifled. Destroy that and you dwarf man to a brute. Take reason away from man and you take all that is noble in him; it is the motion from the air, the hue from the flower, the light from the sun. Reason bids a man throw off his false reverence of customs, and embody his life in higher forms. Reason is radical. It does not believe that goodness is all known, that greatness is all dead, and that man's whole duty is to worship the former and weep over the latter; but it points him forward, and says: "There are holier truths to be learned, loftier hights to be reached, and a better humanity to be lived."—*L. K. Washburn.*

IT so happens that of late the death-beds of believers hav been possibly less peaceful than those of unbelievers. Terrible doubts hav intruded themselvs. Orthodoxy is bound to believe that Voltaire and Paine, and other so-called Infidels, died miserable deaths, and still goes on asserting it, though there is not a particle of proof. But it would not be difficult, were the proof (as to the miserable death of these so-called Infidels) abundant, to match these cases with a score to one of the unhappy deaths of orthodox Christians of the most saintly character.—*John W. Chadwick.*

I DO not believe in forgivness as it is preached by the church. We do not need the forgivness of God, but of ourselvs. If I rob Mr. Smith and God forgivs me, how does that help Smith? If I, by slander, cover some poor girl with the leprosy of some imputed crime, and she withers away like a blighted flower, and afterward I get the forgivness of God, how does that help her? If there is another world, we hav got to settle with the people we hav wronged in this. No bankrupt court there. Every cent must be paid.—*Ingersoll.*

A SUNBEAM piercing the forbidden shade
Of some drear prison cell has often brought
Quiet to troubled spirits, and has made
Dark, morbid brooding change to peaceful thought.
So one good life will prove a guiding light,
To brighten paths weak mortals oft find drear—
A beacon in the narrow way of right
To lure the fallen to a higher sphere.

SCIENCE worships truth alone; her steady gaze is fixed upon the real; she never glances aside to follow expediency. Her work is to declare what is; she leaves to others to say what ought to be. Pure, serene, unwavering, Science walks through this world of ours, a grand, clear, daylight in illuminating all dark places, revealing with equal lucidity, beautiful facts and ugly facts. As the rays of the sun fall alike on gorgeous palace and on filthy hovel, on fair and happy faces, and on those plowed deep with the lines of misery and want, so does the sunlight of science throw clear beams on the glory of nature, and illuminate with equal brightness its stains and its dark blots.—*Mrs. Annie Besant's Christianity and Freethought.*

THOU hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and bless'd are those,
When blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she pleases. Giv me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee. —*Shakspere's Hamlet.*

SHAKSPERE says we are creatures that look before and after. The more surprising that we do not look round a little and see what is passing under our very eyes.—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.*

THE Egyptians laughed in the faces of the Greeks, and called them children when they talked of their gods of yesterday, and so well did their pupils profit by their lesson that they soon laughed at the Egyptians for believing in the gods at all. Xenophanes (550 B C.) declaimed against the Egyptian myth of an earth-walking, dying, rescuscitated God. He said that if Osiris was a man, they should not worship him; and that if he was a God, they need not lament his sufferings. —*Winwood Reade.*

FOR ourselvs, we own that we do not understand the common phrase, A good man but a bad king. We can as easily conceive a good man and an unnatural father, or a good man and a treacherous friend. We cannot, in estimating the character of an individual, leave out of our consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations: and if in that relation we find him to hav been selfish, cruel, and deceitful, we shall take the liberty to call him a bad man in spite of all his temperance at table, and all his regularity at chapel.—*Macaulay's Milton.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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A CONTRAST.

## Notes and Clippings.

IN Venezuela, S. A., a newspaper editor is in prison for intimating that that country has not progressed under the rule of the present king.

A DAKOTA organization has on its letter head these words: "Office of the Brule County Horse-Racing Association, Successor to the Young Men's Christian Association."

GOVERNOR HILL has vetoed Vedder's Special License bill. Some 300 other bills, passed by the legislature at the last session, await his action, Comstock's "Disgusting" bill among the rest.

GEORGE H. DISQUE was hanged at Jersey City, N. J., June 1st, for the brutal and unprovoked murder of his wife. In his confession of the crime he said, "I put my trust alone in God, and hope he will be gracious to my soul."

THE council convened by the First Baptist church, one of the largest and most important places of worship in St. Paul, Minn., to investigate charges of untruthfulness and unchastity against the late pastor, the Rev. R. R. Ridell, hav found him guilty, and recommended that he be deposed from the ministry.

A DELEGATION of New York hotel men, headed by Colonel Ingersoll, called on Mayor Hewitt last week to ask him for a more liberal construction of the law which prohibits the drinking of wine with meals on Sunday. The mayor assured his visitors that while he did not indorse the present construction of the law, he had no discretion in the matter, and advised them to make a test case and carry it to the Court of Appeals.

THOSE who trifle with the unknowable sometimes bring about results that are unexpected. On Sunday, May 22d, the Rev. Mr. Griffiths, of the Episcopal church at Kent, Conn., prayed long and fervently for rain. The following Thursday rain came, and with it lightning. A bolt struck the church and damaged it to the extent of $100.

THE presbytery at Hudson, N. Y., in the case of the Rev. Mr. Schabehorn, charged with drunkenness and immoral conversation with women, finds that the pastor's usefulness is at an end. It warns him to abstain from these vices in future. Mr. Schabehorn has taken a total abstinence pledge as to beer, and has gone to work as pastor at Clarkstown.

SOME Rhode Island Christians lately, in an orthodox discussion of "divine" mysteries, appealed to a silent listener to giv his views on the subject. "My opinion is," said Mr. H., "that one man knows just as much about unknowable things as another;" a proposition which called for so much study in order to seize the point of attack that it broke up the discussion.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says that the explanation of Canon Fleming, the queen's chaplain, that he quoted inadvertently from Talmage's sermons, instead of copying them, in his recent volume does not cover the case. It appears strange that several pages could be accurately copied without the knowledge of the copyist. This is not the first time Talmage has been stolen from. A Harrisburg, Pa., minister was tried and condemned for that offense a few years ago, which has recalled the remark of an exchange that "the standard of morality in Harrisburg must be very different from that of Brooklyn, for whereas the people of the former city rose up against a man for merely repeating one of his sermons, the people of Brooklyn, where they were originally delivered, made no disturbance at all."

THE Rev. W. E. Solomon, a Baptist preacher of Salem, Mo., was last week convicted of living with too many women, and sent to jail for three months and heavily fined. The trial was largely attended. The reverend gentleman set up the plea that he had a worthy example in his great namesake, who had seven hundred wives, but a Salem jury didn't think so. He had already been turned out of the church for his misconduct.

THE older members of Plymouth church believe that Beecher's successor should be one who will stick to the theology of the dead pastor. At a business meeting held last week Mr. Thomas G. Shearman, a trustee, said: "It would be a sorry thing for us to seek the fellowship of those who are willing to fellowship with us now that he is gone. We should never take a step toward asking anyone to condone our offense of having that greatest and best man for our pastor. We hav also a duty in holding up a light here to the world. It would be our eternal disgrace to be led into the deplorable error of calling as a pastor one who should deem it his duty to rectify Mr. Beecher's errors, and call us back to the theology of Calvin. We don't want to go back with Jonah into the belly of any sea dog. We want no man here, however eloquent or pious, who represents ideas not of the school of Mr. Beecher, the school of which he was the leader and light. We want the next man to hold up that light, and to sustain and rejoice in the church founded and built up under the theology of Mr. Beecher, which we hav found good enough to liv by and to die by. I trust we shall call a man as our pastor who will be faithful in preaching the gospel of love and not of fear."

AT the conclusion of Mr. Reynolds's recent trial for blasphemy, the Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost wrote to the editor of the *World* of this city: "I hav read with interest your account of the trial of Mr. Reynolds in Morristown, N. J., for blasphemy, and think some one ought to express the disgust and shame which many Christians must feel at the proceeding. How silly and stupid it is to fine a man for expressing his honest opinions, in whatever bad taste, so long as he infringes on no one else's equal rights in doing so. Will men never learn anything from history? It seems incredible that a statute against blasphemy can be operativ in this or any state. This silly and wicked statute has succeeded in giving a thousand times the circulation to Mr. Reynolds's pamphlet that it otherwise would hav had. I am a Christian minister, but in my opinion, if God and the Christian religion cannot take care of themselvs without resort to courts of human law, both are in a bad way. Truth takes care of itself. If we hav the truth we need not fear blasphemers. If Mr. Reynolds has the truth, judges and jurors will not suppress it. That cause is a very weak one which will not bear discussion. I venture the opinion that there are many Christians in New Jersey who are ashamed of the Reynolds trial and conviction, as I certainly am."

# Communications.

## Protection to Labor.

And here let me say the so-called labor organizations are in fact organizations of workingmen into unions to withhold their labor from market until certain terms are granted. None of them are therefore really and in fact organizations of labor. Labor is never really organized except as it is actually engaged in industry in conjunction and partnership with capital.

Any organization of labor which fails to include within itself the capital necessary to the employment of labor, evidently implies the existence of another organization of labor, exterior to, and more or less independent of it; viz., the organization of labor by capital which employs the labor givs it all the means of subsistence it actually receives, and even the means with which it sustains all collateral and secondary attempts at organization, including the means with which labor organizes itself to fight capital when war between the two is necessary. Hence it is the primary organization of social industry, through the coöperation of labor with capital, under the inducement of wages to the worker and profits to the employer, that now constitutes the existing organization of labor as an agent in actual industry. All other organizations of labor, such as the Knights of Labor, the Central Labor Union, and the trades unions, are organizations effectiv to aid in settling with capitalists the terms upon which laborers shall enter into the final compact with capital whereby they finally become, in the only true sense of the word, organized labor, *i. e.*, labor organically set in motion to effect industrial results, *i. e.*, to increase the consumption, production, and distribution of commodities. What are ordinarily called organizations of labor, *i. e.*, societies to adjust the terms on which men will work, bear the same relation to the actual organization of labor, or to Society at Work, as primaries in politics bear to the actual government. When the actual officers of government hav been selected, the primaries dissolve and lie dormant until another occasion for selection arises, while the government moves on in the hands of the officers whose choice the primaries hav aided to determin.

When the Knights of Labor, trades unions, Brotherhood of Locomotiv Engineers, and other similar orders hav done their work, labor is not yet organized. It has only fixed the terms on which it will organize. Its real organization is only arrived at when the wheels of industry are again set in motion, with every man at his post, the loom deftly weaving its product, the Bessemer caldron blazing with its silvery draft of liquid flame, the engin toiling smoothly under its tremendous burden, and the car gliding "o'er the stony street." Labor is really organized only when society is again at work.

In a paper read before the Cleveland convention in May last, by Lawrence Harmon, of Peoria, it was stated that the fact of 200,000 men striking between April 24th and May 12th, and 125 000 men being out in the week ending May 12th, had entailed a loss of wages amounting to $3,000,000, and of gross returns to capital rising to $2,500,000, of $4,000,000 in losses upon deferred and canceled contracts, and of $20,400,000 upon building contracts; the entire loss upon strikes in the three months immediately following the first of May aggregating many hundred millions of dollars. To this must be added the effort of the Anarchists in Chicago to convert the strikes into a social revolution, the slaughter of the police by dynamite, and the impending sentence upon leading Anarchists consequent upon that tragedy. No one mistakes these events for an organization of labor. They are the disorganization of labor in its most short-sighted, cruel, and criminal form.

Organizations of laborers into unions are essential to protect laborers from making injurious contracts to work, and they become mischievous in so far as they prevent them from making contracts to work which are beneficial, or as nearly so as the share of the profits derivable from the industry permits.

In so far as they cultivate in workingmen the notion that their condition as wage-workers is permanent, and dull in their minds the aspiration to become their own employers and the employers of others, in that degree they injure their members pecuniarily and mentally, and depress the rate of wages. They should be training schools for the graduation of capitalists and employers. It is only by multiplying employers that wages can be raised.

The state can do very little toward multiplying the number of employers. What little it can do lies in the direction of facilitating the formation of corporations, so that enterprises involving great corporate risks can be undertaken without great individual risk. It may be said roughly that the creation of corporations multiplies by ten the willingness of capital to take risks, and therefore multiplies in like manner the field for the employment of labor. The state can do a little, perhaps, by removing taxes from precarious forms of production, by promoting the collection of debt and the enforcement of contracts. But mainly rates of wages depend on the energy, courage, and promptness with which wage-workers leave their own ranks when they get the means to become profit-makers and employers. This depends on their savings and the use they will make of them. But the amount of their savings and the use they will make of them depend in turn on the theories of life and industry and society into which they are indoctrinated. If they become indoctrinated with the theory that all profit-makers are robbers of labor, and that in order to be honest they must always continue to be poor and to rely on some one else for employment; that the wages life is for them and for all honest workingmen as effectivly perpetual as a life sentence to Siberia is to a Russian, then the largest joy, the most effectiv spring, and the best hope in life are dead and gone to them. What is left is but half a life. If they then settle down into the apathetic torpor of feeling that the best thing they can do with their life is to file down the sharp corners in the chains they wear, to shorten their hours of labor as days-workers, to giv up their unsold hours, hours over which their employer has no control, to lounging, dissipation, or politics, instead of to working to better each man his individual condition; and if especially they allow themselvs to be deluded by prophecies and predictions of the social reorganization of society, in which that day's work not yet done or saved, which is called labor, but which in fact means only the necessity of laboring, shall be of more value and power than the day's work done or saved, which we call capital, then they are not only emasculated of half their working force, but they are on the way to be stripped of two-thirds of their moral manhood and level judgment. They are on their way toward hatred of society, complete inefficiency, and lack of industry and enterprise, and social rebellion and ostracism.

The point where workingmen decide their fate for good or ill is where they consent to surrender individual ambition, and to be one of a class or caste that shall own no property, not even the tools with which it works—no home, no land, no means of subsistence beyond the day, and no plans for getting out of this bondage except those dreams which involve getting everybody else out at the same time. Wages work should be the necessary starting-point of the young, but the exceptional condition of middle life, and should rarely befall the old. It may be wise for laborers to sell to one employer a shorter number of hours per day than they now do. But to hold that short hours of labor in themselvs considered is a blessing, is a fatal blunder. Labor is not a curse to man, woman, or child, but is our chief means of enjoyment, as well as of utility. To train ourselvs to avoid it, instead of to seek it, is the surest means to keep ourselvs under its harrow.

The only road out of poverty is to become one's own employer. The only route to self-employment is by personal economy in expenditure and energy in effort. This implies doing as much of our work ourselvs and hiring as little of it done by others as is consistent with our time and needs, and this implies long hours of labor to every one who seeks to get out of the thraldom of wages work into the freedom of working for profits on the labor-capital and skill of others. Hence the real road to shorter hours for every workingman is longer hours. All business men know this perfectly. But it does not suit the interests of all politicians to say what all business men know to be true. They prefer to cater to existing sentiment rather than to manufacture a more correct sentiment; to float with the tide rather than to turn the tide.

It is not true that hours of labor in the world generally, or in the United States in particular, are shortening, nor is there any reason to believe they ever will shorten, or ever ought to shorten, whether from the invention of machinery or from any other cause. All wealth resolves itself ultimately into the means to command the services of others, and so expansiv are our wants and the wants of all mankind that as each new want is supplied with less effort than previously, twenty new and higher wants spring up in place of it.

The infinit elasticity of our wants is an undoubted truism in economics. But its necessary corollary is an exhaustless demand upon our energies. The class of men who are their own employers, especially during the first ten, fifteen, or twenty years of their self-employment, work with all the force and nerve they possess, not merely eight, but twelve, fourteen, or even eighteen hours a day. Some will say this is only until they get their business where it will run itself. But this is not usually true. When a man of enterprise gets any one business where it will run itself, he immediately adds another. When the two will run themselvs, he takes on a third; and so on, until he is loaded up to his full capacity for the profitable expenditure of energy. This is Napoleonism; but Napoleon was simply the type of the energetic business man everywhere. As the tiger has just so much nervous energy to throw off, and if he cannot throw it off in that pursuit of game for which it is adapted, he will expend it in walking up and down behind his prison bars, so will human energy exhaust itself each day upon its work, its investigations, its recreations, or its dissipations, in some form. It will not essentially shorten its hours of expenditure of effort.

The wages class do not average as many hours per day of work in the United States as the self-employing class. It is the love of ease and the desire to avoid the risks, harassments, and worry of self-employment that chiefly keep men in the wages class. At least this is the most prominent reason after the desire to spend their wages in various forms of enjoyment as fast as obtained.

There are very few of the wages class who do not at some time in their lives amass means enough to become their own employers in that small and insecure way in which self-employment, or "working on one's own account," must always begin. But they know that to slip out of an easy and apparently secure wages-earning place into one in which they will be risking their own savings in employing themselvs and others, involves probable loss and a great increase of care, strenuousness of effort, and exertion.

Holidays and short hours will not lessen the competition of the wage-workers with each other or increase the number of their employers.

This can only be done by a large portion of the wage-workers becoming employers and working for profits instead of for wages. If wages are too low, it proves that there are too few profit-makers, and that the competition among them is not as great as it needs to be to make wages higher. How can an increasing number of wage-earners be induced to become profit-makers and enterprisers? This can only be done by multiplying the number and stimulating the activity of all the industries in which it is possible to make profits. Alexander Hamilton is charged, whether truly or not I cannot say, with having uttered the sentiment that if government will take care of the rich, the poor will take care of themselvs. This sounds heartless as an expression. If, however, it is so modified as to substitute for the rich the enterprising, those who will use their capital and that of others in giving employment to as many as their capital will cover, it then becomes true that government can more feasibly and more economically provide for those who are compelled to work for wages by multiplying the avenues in which enterprising men can make a profit, in employing capital to pay for labor, than in coming directly to the wages-workers and distributing bread and rations among them gratuitously or in legislating concerning their hours of labor.

VAN BUREN DENSLOW.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Mrs. Colman's Reminiscences.

I was once advertised to speak in a place where I was not personally known to any of the gentlemen who had the meeting in charge. A colored lady was speaking in the state at the same time, and no one of the getters-up of the meeting knew whether the name Colman belonged to the white woman or the colored. I arrived at the station after nightfall, and the problem was unanswered. At last one of the gentlemen, a little more brave than the others in waiting, propounded the important question, "Mrs. Colman, we do not know whether you are the colored or the white lady; will you please tell us?" I felt a little mischievous, and so said: "If you are not able to tell a white person and a colored, one from the other, why should you care? If I am colored and pass for white I may gain a little among the people who are prejudiced against color;" and so I refused to tell them, and not one of the audience was able positivly to decide. The morning light gave them the much desired answer.

I think, as I am on the subject of color, I will relate an anecdote which more properly belongs some years later, but I might omit it should I wait for the more proper place, chronologically speaking.

During the war, when I was in Washington, a Dr. Thompson was sent from England by the friends of the colored people to look about and see what was the best thing for their English friends to do for them. Calling at my office, he immediately took me for his countrywoman, and was so well pleased to be with one of his own nation that before I had time to announce myself as a full-blooded Yankee he had begged me to allow him to remain my guest while he should stay in Washington. He was in company with the Rev. Mr. Leigh, of New York city, the president of the Freedmen's Aid Society, in whose employ I was at that time. Mr. Leigh's daughter was with her father, and as a great favor I was asked by Mr. Leigh to take the young lady, a miss of perhaps fourteen, into my care, and show her the sights, while the two gentlemen should pursue their business or pleasure without encumbrance. I of course took the young lady to the public reception at the White House.

Dr. Thompson and Mr. Leigh soon after arrived, and following them came Captain Carse, of Freedman's Village. Captain Carse was my friend, and seeing me, he came immediately to me, and, with great indignation in his voice and face, said he had brought Sojourner Truth, with his wife, just as he would hav brought his own mother, and that the

doorkeeper would not allow Sojourner to come inside because she was colored. Dr. Thompson expressed great surprise at the atrocity, but there was no help. Mrs. Lincoln's dressmaker, a colored woman, who always dressed Mrs. President, was never permitted to go into the house as a caller; color in any degree was a bar to the entrance. Dr. Thompson said to me: "I would so like to take a colored person on my arm and enter this house!" I said: "Wait until the next reception day, and I will arrange that you shall do so." I introduced him to Miss Josephine Slade, daughter of the usher at the White House under President Johnson, and who afterward became Mrs. Wormley, wife of one of the far-famed Wormley brothers. She was very beautiful, and being on the arm of a distinguished English gentleman, the usher did not detect the color, and so she passed in. Mrs. Lincoln, however, knew the young lady, as she was sometimes employed as helper by the dressmaker, and she did not fail to scowl upon her her contempt at the intrusion. This prejudice against color looked very contemptible in the eyes of the good Englishman, and it certainly was, and is, vulgarly contemptible. But was it more so than the English caste that forbids the Marquis of Lorne, the husband of one of Queen Victoria's daughters, walking beside his wife and entering the same door with her in some of the public assemblages of the titled nobility of old and aristocratic England? "Physician, heal thyself," is often an appropriate admonition.

I now return to my work. I was in Ulster county some time, and in Greenfield I had a memorable time. In Ellenville there were two or three prominent men who were pronounced Abolitionists, and tolerant in their religion, and with their assistance I had a very successful meeting.

I always made it a point in my addresses to speak of the legal slavery in which every white woman is held, being governed by laws to which she has never given consent, and this statement of her condition raised the ire of some two or three lawyers of the baser sort, so that after my departure from the county they made loud threats of what they would do if I ever came among them again, getting up a list of questions relating to sex, very vulgarly worded, which they announced they should propound to me. The member of the legislature from Ellenville had served as chairman for my meeting, and was a personal friend. He wrote to me asking if I had the courage to come again and speak. I answered, "Engage the hall and advertise." He had by some adroitness obtained a list of the questions that were to overthrow me and the cause of woman. I was consequently informed of what I was to meet, though that matter was a secret between Mr. D. and myself. My friend had also obtained the service for chairman of a very popular man, who believed in free speech. I arrived in the morning of the day, and was met with a welcome from several friends, but they were so doleful and fearful that, had I not been sure of myself, I should probably hav failed from being affected by their timidity. The hall was filled, many more women being present than on my first visit. The chairman was skilful as a keeper of order, and the meeting was quiet.

When I took my place, I announced that I had been informed that some gentlemen, who I was glad to see were present, had a number of queries to propound, and if they would present them then, at the opening of the meeting, I would be obliged, as perhaps the entire evening's time might be required for the answers. The audience evinced the greatest anxiety, but the gentlemen kept their seats, and their tongues seemed to hav been tied. I had the list of questions in my pocket, and knew how to answer them without being in my address vulgar or obscene. The vulgarity was in the wording of the queries. I do not now find it, nor hav I ever found it, obscene to talk about the relation of the sexes. If fathers and mothers would teach their children the laws of physical life, and the sacredness of the human body in all its functions, licentiousness would soon disappear. The meeting was a great success, and was so reported in the local papers, but those base men wrote a garbled, lying report to the New York *Herald*, and it was published, as thousands such hav been since. I was somewhat hurt by hearing that one of the leaders of the Woman's Rights party said, on reading the report, that she was sure Mrs. Colman must hav been very imprudent, or such reports would not hav been made. How little she knew about it then! Since then she has been maligned beyond decency in a hundred papers, and in a city of which I hav long been a resident she was once hanged in effigy in such a position that to-day, thirty years after, as I write of it, the blood mounts to my face, and I involuntarily blush for poor human nature.

LUCY N. COLMAN.

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IT is reported that Deacon George White, of Seymour, Indiana, has been expelled from his church on account of his extremely liberal views. He boldly declares that he believes the world is a million years old, and that, as likely as not, it will last another million before the judgment day.

## The Liquor Law and Sunday.

There is an absurdity about our Sunday liquor laws apart from their religious aspect, and this absurdity is that they aim at suppressing an effect instead of a cause. The alleged object of the laws is to preserve the peace and sanctity of the day; and to this end the authorities hav been forced, in the interests of the impartial administration of justice, to close the bars in our uptown hotels, even where it is admitted that the sale of liquor over them would not probably, if possibly, lead to public disturbance. It appears that the patrons of these uptown hotels are capable of using intoxicating liquors without deleterious results except to their own health and pockets, while those who patronize the saloons in the less fashionable parts of the city are liable to become boisterous; brawls ensue, crimes are committed against the peace of the people of the state and their dignity, and public order is disturbed. Here we hav two different results from the same act, that of selling liquor. Plainly there is no public harm in selling the uptown man a drink on Sunday, since the effect is innocent, and it is equally plain that directly the opposit is true in the case of the downtown or East or West Side citizen, since the effect is not innocent. It follows, therefore, that liquor may not be the *malum in se*, and that it is not from the sale but from the drinking by certain persons that evil results. Why, then, should the law deal with the seller and not with the drinker? Why should he be subject to the payment of a license fee which detracts largely from the profits of his business if his business is unproductiv of harm for a legal point of view? And if, on the other hand, his business is productiv of lawlessness and evil, why should he be allowed to conduct it at all, either on Sunday or any other day of the week, since lawlessness and evil are to be discouraged at all times?

The inconsistency and injustice, I hold, arise from restricting the sale of liquors instead of the drinking of them. If the law would deal with intemperance, let it make a crime of drinking on Sunday. The mere prohibition of selling on that day does not suppress the evil, because, by providing himself with liquor on Saturday, the citizen may pass Sunday in any of the various stages of exhilaration desired.

If there were no one to drink on Sunday, there would be no one to sell; but the reverse is not true. Even though none is sold on Sunday, drinking may proceed, as we hav seen, by means of liquor purchased on Saturday.

The prime cause of drunkenness, as noted, is taking liquor into the human stomach; the traffic is incidental merely. Then let the law go to the root and forbid the drinking of liquor except by such as can carry it off with impunity. Instead of licensing the seller, license the buyer. Do we license the dealer in steam-engins, or the man who is to use them? the man who sells fire-arms, or the man who carries them? Let the excise board or the mayor issue the license to drink, embellished with a photograph for identification of the bearer. The fitness of the person to receive such license could be determined experimentally by a board of experts who should, at the state's expense, furnish him with liquor to any extent he chooses to drink it, and then carefully observe the result. If the applicant in this condition repairs to the sidewalk and offers to lick all the civil officers of the municipality and half the constabulary, or otherwise menaces the public weal, the license should of course be withheld; and if he thereafter be discovered with a jag aboard, he could be punished according to the statute in such case to be made and provided. But in instances where the applicant for a license, of his own will and volition, ceases to drink when he has had enough, and then either goes peaceably about his business, or crawls into an empty wagon and sleeps it serenely off, the license may be safely issued, subject to revocation for cause.

Our present liquor laws may be both evaded and broken. The law which I here propose might be broken, but it could not by any means be evaded—which is the test of all sound and scientific legislation.

It may be objected that this method would be a restriction of personal liberty. Admitted; but so is any liquor law. Of what value is the right to buy liquor if the sale of it is prohibited? All will recall the girl who desired to "go out to swim," and received the maternal assent with the proviso that she must not "go near the water." The cases are parallel. Or, for another illustration, suppose that all men were left free to marry, while all women were denied that privilege. Would the male prerogativ be worth getting enthusiastic over? As John Stuart Mill has curtly said, "the state might just as well forbid the citizen to drink wine as to purposely make it impossible for him to obtain it." For a state to concede a right and then deny it exercise is a legal absurdity.

I will state the matter, as it were, catechismally:

*Question*. Is it desirable to suppress the use of liquor on Sunday? *Answer*. It is.

*Q*. For what purpose? *A*. To prevent drunkenness on that holy day.

*Q*. By what method do we now seek to attain that end? *A*. By prohibiting its sale.

*Q*. Is the attempt a success? *A*. Not a blooming success.

*Q*. Why? *A*. Because by working the bottle Saturday night the citizen may pass Sunday in an advanced state of intoxication.

*Q*. Is there no law to prevent his doing so? *A*. There is not.

*Q*. During the last three Sundays, the law against selling liquor being enforced, how many arrests for drunkenness hav been made? *A*. 200.

*Q*. During the corresponding Sundays of last year, when the saloons were open, how many arrests for drunkenness were made? *A*. 165.

*Q*. Evidently, then, it is not the open sale of liquor that causes drunkenness? *A*. No.

*Q*. What, then? *A*. The drinking of it.

*Q*. Does any remedy suggest itself to your powerful intellect? *A*. There do.

*Q*. What is it? *A*. To make the drinking of liquor an offense against the law.

*Q*. But has not the American citizen a right to determin what he shall take aboard his own stomach? *A*. He undoubtedly has.

*Q*. Is not, then, your method an invasion of personal liberty? *A*. It is; but when the question of preserving the sanctity of the Puritan Sabbath is up for discussion, I beg leave to observe, Personal liberty is of minor consequence.

Now, I am aware that somewhere in this argument there is a fallacy as big as the side of a house, and I hav no doubt that Mr. D. Priestley, of Milwaukee, Or., could point it out so plainly that it could be seen a mile; but I will bet a dollar and stake the money that upon close examination it will be found to be only the reverse side of Prohibition.

I hav a religious acquaintance—an Episcopalian—who sometimes givs utterance to a unique thought. He believes in the saying, *In vino veritas*—in wine there is truth. That is, the drinking of ardent spirits causes an augmented flow of blood to the brain, and puts into more activ control those passions which are predominant in the individual. Other restraint being relaxed, the true nature is exhibited. He would therefore place each person, at the beginning of his career—say at the age of eighteen years—under the influence of alcoholic stimulant. If in this condition the subject become devotional to a marked degree, and inclined toward spiritual things generally, it would be evident that he possessed an inherent religious nature, and hence should be preserved. But if he become irreligious and blasphemous, or inclined to draw those around him into argument about the authenticity of revealed things, it would prove him to be an undesirable person to hav in a well-ordered community, and he might properly be placed in solitary confinement for life or humanely drowned, according to his fixed prejudices on the subject of capital punishment. In this way the scoffers and hypocrits would be eliminated, and only those by nature religious would survive.

The main objection which the proponent can frame against this scheme is that the carrying it out would interfere with personal liberty, and for that reason any law officer who should attempt to execute it ought to be hanged for a pirate. In my opinion it differs only in degree from Prohibitory and Sunday laws.

As for the drink appetite, I believe that, like other evil appetites, and like the superstitious instinct, it will continue to menace human happiness until men and women hav cultivated sufficient character to control it. Maybe by opposing it with force we shall find that legal persecution strengthens an immoral propensity as well as a good one.

G. E. MACDONALD.

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## The Case of Charles B. Reynolds.

I am glad that our friend Reynolds has been instrumental in bringing to light the infamous law on blasphemy in New Jersey, and the bigotry and hate of her people, without having to go to states prison for it. On the whole it has been a great victory. That great champion of mental freedom, Colonel Ingersoll, had a magnificent chance to lash the religiously conservativ populace, and he did it well. It will hav a healthy effect upon that community, the state, and the entire country. Further than that, he has shown himself to be the fearless man we who are personally acquainted with him believed him to be. Some may think that discretion is the better part of valor, and that he lacked that discretion, but whether so or not, he, with the prison doors open before him, dared to stand by his honest convictions, and this is glory enough for himself and his friends.

When the self-alleged servants of Jehovah call upon the sovereign will of the people to imprison an honest, fearless, liberty-loving man because he publishes views contrary to theirs, on the plea of wounded feelings, it is a blessing to the country and a safeguard to its free institutions that the farce of the whole thing has been forcibly pictured to the people at large, as it has been done in his recent trial through the will and the ability of Ingersoll the invincible. It can be nothing but a farce for a handful of fanatics to call upon the civil law to defend a supreme divinity against a human being.

We expected nothing better from that ignominious section of this so-called land of liberty than that the full penalty of the law would be his portion. But the backdown of the court is obviously significant. The narrow souls of New Jersey should come in con-

tact with manhood and womanhood imbued with broader and more philanthropic ideas of personal and intellectual liberty.

What a judge! And yet, what better material could be expected from such a source? Mr. Childs's charge to the jury is believed to be without precedent for its shallow reasoning, the novitious significance of its interrogatories, its assumption of things not susceptible of proof, its colorable phases, its bias, and its deplorable lack of judicial dignity by falling to the argument and plea of an interested advocate of the cause of a bigoted people, who he claims instituted and still sustain such an unjust law.

UNCLE LUTE.

## The American Secular Union.

COURTLANDT PALMER, President.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary, - - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
E. A. STEVENS, Chair. Fin. Com., - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.

### Treasurer's Statement for May.

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| 1887. | | | |
| May | | Reported receipts | $1,130.56 |
| " | 9. | Joseph Lee, per S. P. Putnam | 5.00 |
| " | " | Livermore, per Theo. Garner | 20.00 |
| " | " | San Jose, per R. H. Schwartz | 30.00 |
| " | 30. | Petaluma, per Philip Cowen | 30.00 |
| " | " | Napa, per R. F. Grigsby | 30.00 |
| " | " | Amos Merritt, per S. P. Putnam | 2.00 |
| " | " | Lodi, per Dr. Gordon | 10.00 |
| " | " | Stockton, per W. F. Freeman | 20.00 |
| " | " | Wm. Carlington, per TRUTH SEEKER | 2.00 |
| " | " | Jacob Geier, " " | 1.00 |
| " | " | F. Portugal, " " | 2.65 |
| " | " | Samuel Webber, " " | 1.00 |
| | | Total receipts to date | $1,284.21 |
| | | DISBURSEMENTS. | |
| May | | Reported disbursements | $1,062.11 |
| " | 9. | S. P. Putnam, per treasurer | 55.00 |
| " | 21. | C. B. Reynolds, blasphemy trial | 15.00 |
| " | 31. | S. P. Putnam, per treasurer | 92.00 |
| | | Total disbursements to date | $1,224.11 |

May 31, 1887. CHAS. ECKHARD, Treasurer.

### News and Notes.

Sacramento is my last camping-ground in California, and I bid good-bye with hope. I hav not been disappointed in the Golden State. The free spirit of its early people is still alive. However, the battle is not by any means won. The ecclesiastical power is sleepless. Every year large petitions are presented to the legislature for the enactment of Sunday laws. So far, however, without avail, but orthodoxy has the gift of persistency. It hangs on, and it expects some time to catch Liberalism napping, and again pass the Sunday laws, and then will occur another bitter religious fight at the polls. In all the annals of the state there was never so fierce a contest as that which raged over the Sunday laws. When religion enters the political arena, the darkest passions are aroused.

N. D. Goodell, whose generous hospitality makes my stay so pleasant in Sacramento, is a sturdy representativ of the old Californian life. He is of the blood of the Puritans, being born in New England, and brought up in its orthodox atmosphere; but was early drawn into the Universalist church, through which he passed into absolute Freethought. He came to Sacramento when there was not a wooden or brick building erected, but the inhabitants lived in tents and adobes scattered among the groves of live oak which were then here in abundance, but hav since been destroyed. Sacramento now numbers thirty thousand inhabitants. It has many elegant buildings. Merchant princes hav flourished here, and they were the first with little capital, but splendid energy, to start the Central Pacific railroad. It was at Sacramento that this enterprise received its impulse to success. Sacramento is now the railroad center of the state. Five trains per day run to San Francisco. The railroad shops employ two thousand men. It was here that the largest engin in the world two years ago was built. In these shops everything is made connected with cars and engins. Through the kindness of Mr. Lynch, superintendent of the car shops, I was enabled to view this vast hive of industry, where iron and wood are wrought into delicate and massiv shapes for the uses of civilization. It looks as if Sacramento would be the manufacturing point of the Pacific states. The Sacramento valley has not yet developed its agricultural wealth. It can produce almost anything, even the fruits of southern California—oranges, lemons, etc. Its wheat lands are unsurpassed. This valley is capable of supporting a population of millions.

My friend Goodell is an architect, and has erected hundreds of buildings in the city, public and private, wherein is pictured the combination of strength and beauty which is the flower of Freethought. His most successful triumph of art is, I think, the Hospital for the Indigent Sick. This came from "visions of the night." It flashed like an inspiration, if such things be. He awoke from a dream in which this beautiful architecture was outlined almost as it is today in material form. He immediately made drawings, and it was accepted by the con missioners as the most perfect design of all. It is a unique and original conception, and there is nothing like it that I know of in the world. It is so constructed that every room is light and airy, and has the benefit of the sunshine and healthful breeze. It consists of five branching wings, each making a separate edifice, and yet so united that all are practically under one roof. These branching wings join in a frontage of exquisit beauty and majesty, so that the whole impression is perfectly harmonious, and it appears as one building, a beautiful display of unity in variety. It is an achievement of Freethought in architecture, for it is something new, and is not a tame imitation of the old style. It is a happy dream indeed, an ideal home for those who seek rest from the storms of life.

I lecture to-morrow night, and expect to organize the Sacramento Secular Union. I find Davis, of Brighton, seven miles out, a royal ally, for he means business, and by his interest and enthusiasm I look forward to noble results in this captital of California. I will report progress next week. I hav just returned from Yosemite, and I am so full of the wonders of that mighty vale that I hav not much of an eye for business. I feel as if I had been drinking wine every minute for the last five days. I hav beaten Paul and hav gone much higher than the third heaven. I hav climbed, and climbed, and seen the wonder of the world. Next week I will try to relate my marvelous experience, if there is anything in human language by which these gorgeous pictures can be transfused into pen and ink; but of nature I hav received her grandest impulse to freedom and humanity.

I shall be at Ashland, Or., June 5th; Central Point, June 7th and 8th; Talent, June 12th; Coos county, June 13th to 21st; Silverton, June 22d to 24th; Salem, June 26th; Portland, July 3d; Corvallis, July 10th, etc. I shall be able to giv other dates more definitly next week. I hav had my vacation, and now expect a busy campaign until Christmas. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*Sacramento*, May 28, 1887.

### Human Phenomena.

Into the investigation of any of the phenomena of nature, especially so of those which more intimately pertain to the welfare and knowledge of human beings, the element of unbiased candor and fairness should enter, to secure the attainment of truth. After having thus ascertained a basic truth, then the greatest of wisdom is sometimes needed in the effort to develop and establish conclusions which shall be absolutely just. In the exercise of that wisdom it is sometimes necessary that the door of the human heart should be closed against all feelings which would tend to warp the cool, calm judgment of the presiding minds.

When judgment holds the helm,
No wave can overwhelm;
When feeling spreads the sails,
They're torn to shreds by gales.

The great light of the present age has, among other wonders, disclosed an established class of phenomena which history proves to hav been existing in all known ages of the world, but in the past recognized and accepted by mankind only to a limited degree. Upon these phenomena, as a foundation, the superstructure of modern Spiritualism has been built, how wisely is, to many thoughtful and candid minds, a great and momentous question, for nature has laid many another foundation upon which man has erected superstructures only to fall in error and decay on the sands of time.

The phenomena to which allusion has been made consist of so called spirit rappings, involuntary writings, trance speakings, physical manifestations, transformations or transfigurations, form materializations, and magnetic healing. These phenomena are given in the order in which they hav become known in this country, and their apparently permanent and unquestionably genuin existence is candidly admitted and positivly asserted. That they are really no new productions of nature's laws any dispassionate reader of Bible history knows, but that their existence is sufficient warrant for the adoption of the spiritual theory becomes a very grave question when it is considered how little is probably known of the inherent powers of human beings, or of their variety. Wisdom would seem to dictate that the possible compass of those powers should first be ascertained, as a theory based upon actual knowledge would prove to be of the greater value in drawing just conclusions.

Among the universally known powers possessed by human beings are the familiar ones of the ordinary senses, and reason, and memory; and among the more unfamiliar ones admitted are mesmerism, clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry, and healing. The former class, being the common heritage of all, are styled human faculties, while the latter, being of rarer possession, are denominated gifts, because erroneously considered as pertaining more specially to man's mentality. That all men do not inherit or possess these faculties and gifts alike is true to the order of nature, infinit variety being a universal law, and that the gifts should be accounted marvelous the facts warrant. And yet it is quite as strange and unaccountable how a human beings should see through the medium of the eyes as to see without them, or as to how perceptions are received through the exercise of any of the other senses is as great a marvel as those received by means of the rarer gifts mentioned, and more so when the exercise of reason and memory is duly considered.

Standing in full view of all the marvelous powers even now known to be possessed by human beings, *in propria persona*, modesty, at least, would seem to dictate a conservativ waiting before ascribing to disembodied beings results which may be quite as likely to emanate from those embodied. For behold how one human mind can, under proper conditions, control absolutely the action of another; how events in human lives, past, present, and to come, are clearly perceived and told; how existences which hav been are seen; how voices are heard which once hav spoken in the by-gone years, and nothing but the deathless echo left to vibrate in the deep abyss of the unfathomable, and this all human power.

And further, the condition of entrancement is also another recently admitted power possessed by human beings, and which seems to differ only in degree from the long-accepted one of sleep-walking, and both appear to prove the possibility of speaking and of acting without conscious reason or memory, in whole or in part, depending on the depth or absoluteness of the condition.

And further, that human beings possess the power under rare conditions of projecting a similitude of themselvs into existence, at greater or less distances from their physical bodies, has been known in all historical ages of the world under the name of "the double," or *Doppleganger*.

And further, it would seem, judging from modern experience, that human beings also possess the power under some circumstances of assuming the form and features of those who once hav lived, and whose former personal appearance they possibly discern clairvoyantly as events are seen. This is called transfiguration. The seizing of persons while in that condition by skeptical investigators rudely breaks the attendant conditions, and sometimes causes great harm by the sudden revulsion to a normal condition.

And further, no fact is better established than the one that some human beings possess a power to cure the ills that flesh is heir to under conditions the most extraordinary. Instances are not infrequent where the healer diagnoses the case of a person thousands of miles away, and treats it to a radical cure. This would seem to demonstrate that personal contact of healer and patient is not always necessary, and that there must be an invisible link which connects each with all, making a common brotherhood of the whole human family. This connection is not necessarily spiritual in its nature; it may simply be a condition of human life, like the sea of air in which all forms of life exist.

To stop at this point in the highway of investigation, and to declare this the end of human power, would seem unjustifiable, especially as the road traveled is seen to extend further. Materialization stretches on beyond. After the foregoing *exposé* of human power, it would seem neither illogical nor unreasonable to assume that it is capable of projecting parts or the whole of human forms, or numbers of them, into temporary being. That these forms should themselvs universally claim to be reëmbodied spirits is not surprising when it is reflected that the person projecting those forms is an extreme sensitiv, and therefore readily yields to the psychologic power of those present, to say nothing of being previously educated into the belief. It is also a noteworthy fact that these forms only possess so much knowledge as may be perceived clairvoyantly and clairaudiently by the person producing them. If their creator is a poor clairaudient, the forms experience great difficulty in giving their own names even; and if their creator lacks in clairvoyant development, it is unlikely that the form will resemble the personality claimed. In other words, the form produced is as faithful a reproduction as the creator of it perceives of a once living entity. It may also be further noted as having a bearing on the investigation, that where these forms are produced for the delectation of a miscellaneous audience, it is the favorits of their creato who receive usually the most attention from the forms, and *vice versa*, varied only in favor of those occupying a mid-way or negativ position in the regard of their creator in the sole interest of a speculativ future. If this class of phenomena were not the positiv production of the so-called medium, the whims and caprices, the loves and hates and indifferences, of that individual could not influence, much less control, their appearance, or dictate their subsequent conduct.

These forms, as seen by clairvoyant power in their immaterial condition, yield no proof of their actual existence, any more than does an event foretold by a

seer. It is possible, perhaps, that they may exist as illuminated shadows of human lives that hav been, or as attachés of human beings in mortal life, and perhaps pervaded by a certain amount of life drawn or projected from those to whom they are attached, as limbs to a tree trunk, only to fade out of existence by slow and sure degrees, and to perish utterly when all memory of their former being has passed away. In support of this theory the fact is cited that, of all the myriads of human beings who hav perished here, none are ever claimed to be seen only those who hav left in the mind of man some memory of their once having existed on the earth. Indeed, were the whole human family suddenly swept out of existence, for all that is at present known, it is possible that these shadowy attachés would vanish instantly and utterly, for there would be no memory to retain them, nor human life to support them.

This same principle may pervade all nature as a universal governing law of all living entities. The illuminated shadows of fallen trees and faded flowers, of the beast that walks no more and of the bird whose wings are folded forever, may still exist as the attachés of their respectiv living entities in the world's life, connected to them through the inscrutable working of some life-principle not yet understood, dependent on the memory of man.

Cases of entrancement furnish no positiv evidence of the subject being overshadowed and controled by foreign spirit power, for it may be simply a personation of some illuminated shadow by that second self, or double, which seems to be a component part of individual human beings, representing, perhaps, the negativ pole of human life. This double seems to act independently of the positiv part of man's nature; is not governed by the will power; leaves no memory in the mind of its actions or deeds, and is freest when self-consciousness is suspended.

Finally, it is a law of nature that whatever has a beginning must necessarily hav an ending. This is destructiv to the theory of immortality. Eternal existence in amorphous or changing conditions is possible and a fact in nature. If human spirits were once formless, or taken like a drop of water from the ocean of eternal being, they must return, in the invariable order of nature, to their original state or condition. If they originally possessed forms, they will simply revert to them upon the dissolution of the body. If spirits do actually exist as individual entities in some state of existence where they are awaiting their turn in the order of nature to be born into this world, the materialization of one of them will place the keystone in the arch of the superstructure of modern Spiritualism; otherwise the structure is liable to fall and carry with it the religion of nineteen hundred years. The destruction of this beautiful temple, every stone of which has thus far been laid by willing hands and consecrated by longing, prayerful hearts, is a sad spectacle to contemplate, but sadder yet it would be to see it standing in all its brightness an *ignis-fatuus* to deceive and to destroy. That this latter may not prove to be the case is the sincere wish of all right-thinking minds; and yet the cautious fears and careful investigations of very many superior intellects do not permit them to accept as conclusiv the phenomena as spiritual which appear to hav come into this strange world as a permanent factor in the affairs of life. M. WHEELER.

## Paul and Augustus Cæsar.

The solution of the puzzle which "Infidelis" propounds in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 4th in regard to Paul's appeal to Augustus Cæsar has been frequently made in THE TRUTH SEEKER by the "Man of Sin." Paul was contemporary with Augustus Cæsar and died many years before that emperor did. This discovery was made by "Antichrist" in 1878. Paul in his second epistle to the Corinthians, xi, 32, says: "In Damascus the governor under Aretas the king kept the city of the Damascenes with a garrison, desirous to apprehend me." A thorough examination of historical data disclosed the fact that, although there were several successiv kings of Arabia Petrea, named Aretas, one of whom was reigning at the death of the emperor Tiberius, A.D. 37, there was but one Aretas who ever had control of Damascus, and the period of his government of that city ended 62 or 63 years B.C., when he was superseded by the Roman governor Scaurus. From that time onward for several successiv centuries the Romans held unshaken control of all Syria, and no petty king of Arabia could hav marched an army two hundred and fifty miles and taken Damascus, nor would the services of such a king hav been at any time required to govern that city. (See "Aretas" in McClintock and Strong's Cyclopedia.)

It is said that other Roman emperors received the title Augustus among a string of others such as Cæsar, etc. But the fact is that only the first emperor is or was known and designated as Augustus Cæsar.

In Tacitus's "History" we read that "the name Augustus, and all imperial honors enjoyed by former princes, were by a decree granted to Otho," who became emperor in the year 68; but his reign was so short that the historian is uncertain whether he accepted the titles. Otho was succeeded by Vitellius in the same year, who, being on the march, sent forward to Rome an edict to "postpone for the present the title of Augustus; and for that of Cæsar, he declined it altogether."

At the very beginning of the "Annals" of Tacitus, the author speaks of "the time of Augustus," and in the next sentence refers to his successors in their order, to wit, "Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero." And if anywhere Tacitus speaks of Nero as Augustus, even as having that title among others, we hav overlooked it.

But the "Annals" of Tacitus is a forgery of the fifteenth century, and there is reason to suspect that the "History" is an earlier forgery.

The book of Acts, or the nucleus of it, is a much earlier work than has been supposed. The text is more corrupt than that of any other New Testament book, but the very name Augustus in Acts xxv and xxvii is one of many evidences that the events narrated in that book, so far as they are true, all occurred in the century before the Christian era.

ANTICHRIST.

## A View of Ginville.

*For more minute particulars inquire of the Archon of West Troy, N. Y.*

Ginville is a gushing place. It gushes with gin, and also with beer and brandy and whisky, and the gutters gush with slush. Its pavements and sidewalks are badly broken (where there are any to break), but the thresholds and floors of the saloons hav to be often renewed. The principal architectural feature of Ginville is the police-station, which occupies a prominent corner, around which circle liquor saloons in every variety, and all in full bloom. The police commissioner owns one of these saloons and his brother another. One saloon proprietor is a police sargent, who hires his brother to tend bar; and the captain does business in a similar way. Any day in Ginville you may see the police traversing from the station to the opposit saloon, and countermarching back to the station. Sometimes they seem to get tired, and go inside the saloon to take a rest by leaning against the bar. The saloons under police patronage are booming bravely; other branches of business are drying up. In fact, everything in Ginville is drying up except the mud and mustiness. Ginville would be Gin City but the legislature thinks otherwise. And the revenue rolls on as the river swirls by, and no mills but the gin-mills grind their grist. J. P. GUILD.

## The Tent.

Time is quickly passing; opportunities to help forward the cause of mental liberty are available now. It is useless to wait till all things are favorable; there will always be something in the way. We can never command success, but energy, self-sacrifice, and perseverance generally secure it.

I hav great need to remain home and attend to my own affairs and recuperate an exhausted exchequer. But under the spur of persecution by the Jersey fanatics, I am loth to even seem to ground arms or sanction a truce. The enemy realize their desperate condition, and are making mad, desperate struggles to regain lost power and prestige. Now is the time, when honest hearts are eager for the facts, and excited by spirit of inquiry, to hav Tent lectures and afford friends and neighbors opportunity to escape the cruel bondage of superstition. We must help them to free themselvs of fear and sectarian hate, and help them to liv lives of love and peace, and in their turn do valiant service for the cause of universal mental liberty.

Those who desire Tent effort can secure it by a little energy and perseverance. But "the affair cries haste, and speed must answer." Write at once. Address Box 104, North Parma, New York.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

## A Profitable Exchange.

A blasphemer in New Jersey has been fined $25 and costs, amounting in all to about $75. He had published and circulated a pamphlet, which contained pictures of the most vile and insulting kind. In one of them was a pig-sty labeled, "The Holy Virgin." Hogs were branded with the holy cross, and names of the different churches. The whole pamphlet was a most brutal attack upon the sacred principles which a Christian nation holds dear. Robert Ingersoll, who defended the wretch, attempted to get sympathy for him by claiming he was denied the rights of free speech. But the law of the land does not recognize any speech as free that is devoted to lampooning the faith and belief of the people. It is just as much an insult upon personal rights as to strike down his body, or destroy his property. The offense of this man was against the moral sense of the community, a wanton assault upon the principles nine-tenths of the people hold dear, and he was justly punished.—*Oskaloosa Times.*

The malignant bigot who wrote the above probably did it with eyes overflowing with tears. His dool was evidently on account of the absence of a law making the penalty for blasphemy the stake and fagot, as in days of yore. The advent of this editor on earth has, by some mistake, been delayed at least a century; he should hav been "dug up" when laws were in force that were more in harmony with his shallow conceits. It shows unmistakable evidence of progress when the prison, rack, and fagot can be swapped, even up, for a twenty-five-dollar fine.—*Industrial Appeal.*

## Lectures and Meetings.

THE Freethought University at Liberal, Mo., will hav its first annual Commencement this year, from June 28th to July 2d. G. H. Walser and C. W. Stewart will make addresses and the scholars will contest for elocutionary and oratorical honors.

THE Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists will hold its next quarterly meeting in Omro, Wis., June 24th, 25th, and 26th. John L. Potter, C. W. Cook, and other speakers will be there. Round-trip tickets to meeting for one and one-third fare on all railroads in the state are promised. A life assurance will be organized in connection with the State Association at this meeting. Hotel rates, $1 per day.

OUR friend and former neighbor, D. L. Scott-Browne, who could find nothing to liv in Clinton Place for after THE TRUTH SEEKER came away, has moved his Shorthand College and Phonographic Headquarters to 251 West Fourteenth street. He occupies a whole house now, and keeps a shorthand boarding school. Last Saturday evening he opened his handsome parlors to his friends and gave them a reception. Mr. Scott-Browne is all that could be desired as a shorthand teacher, and as an entertainer he proved to be more than those best acquainted with him had expected. Music, dancing, and refreshment were provided, in which all joined and partook without getting ſ, as it would be expressed phonographically according to the American Standard system. Probably as enjoyable a time has not been had in this settlement since the TRUTH SEEKER editorial and composing rooms were formally opened.

J. E. REMSBURG, having filled his engagements in Illinois, returned to Kansas, where he is now making his third tour since March. The following is his program:

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| Haddam | Tues., Wed., Thurs., June 7, 8, 9. |
| Concordia | Fri., 10. |
| Brookville | Sat., Sun., 11, 12. |
| Bavaria | Sun., 12. |
| Windom | Mon., 13. |
| Sterling | Tues., 14. |
| Leon | Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat., 15, 16, 17, 18. |
| Haverhill | Sun., 19. |
| Neodesha | Mon., Tues., 20, 21. |
| Joplin (Mo.) | Wed., Thurs., Fri., 22, 23, 24. |
| Humboldt | Sat., Sun., 25, 26. |
| Paola | Mon., Tues., 27, 28. |

Mr. Remsburg and the Rev. Dr. Lucas will hold a four-days' debate at Leon, Kan.. commencing June 15th. The following propositions will be discussed: 1. The Bible, believed by all Christians to contain a divine revelation from God to the world, is purely of human origin. Remsburg affirms, Lucas denies. 2. Jesus the Christ of the New Testament scriptures is the son of God, as taught therein. His religion is therefore divine. Lucas affirms, Remsburg denies.

THE Rev. Wilbur Crafts, of the First Union Presbyterian church, this city, says that the laborers "want a half-holiday to drink whisky in," and that "the eight-hour movement is a lazy movement instead of a labor movement." Mr. C. F. Henry writes to a daily paper to say that this sort of pulpit utterances hav driven him from the church. He declares that it is left to Colonel Ingersoll, who is called an Infidel, to say kind words for workingmen, while the minister too often paints him as though he was a ruffian. Mr. Henry expresses too his fear that many ministers preach to the rich man and for the rich, and adds: "I would rather be shot than to hang around a church and be a Christian pauper." Mr. Henry is to be congratulated that the light has broken in upon him. If he continues his observations he will discover that the clergy as a class are not favorably inclined toward industrial reform. Anything that sets the laborer to thinking about his rights they regard as a species of heresy. If labor agitation does not benefit the workingman physically, it at least stirs up his dormant mind, and so educates him to a certain extent. The clergy know this, and hence their opposition. The church wishes the laborer to remain a stupid and ignorant mendicant, incapable of self-government. Its charities are its stock in trade. It poses as the friend of the poor, although it does not return to the poor a thousandth part of what it takes from them. It opposes the half-holiday, on the one hand, because it knows that what the workingman spends on Saturday afternoon for enjoyment will not find its way into the contribution box on Sunday morning; and favors it on the other because it believes that possibly the toiler may be satisfied with a half-day of amusement and will observe the whole day following. Between these conflicting views the laborer is left to work out his own salvation. Consequently he will get the half-holiday if he can, and spend Sunday as it suits him best; and certainly, while there are in the country so many loafers like Crafts and his eighty thousand fellow-priests, the workingman will hav performed his share of labor if he works eight hours per day. The policy of the short-hour movement is another question. The "lazy movement" is the one that advocates the existence of an army of next-world pilots who liv upon the labor of others.

THE *Forum* for June contains the first of a series of papers on "The Object of Life." The initial article of the series is contributed by Prof. George J. Romanes, disciple of the late Charles Darwin, and exhibits the views of an evolutionist philosopher on this weighty question.

WE hav upon our exchange list a couple-of dozen or so of labor papers. We hav seen in but one of them a word in condemnation of the conviction of C. B. Reynolds.

# Communications.

## Infidel Thoughts on Death.

To-day I liv. I know not for how long. An hour, a week, a year, or many years. Death will come, and come soon, for the longest life is short. What follows after I know not.

No man knows any more than I do. But there are thousands who believe that after this they will inhabit another world. They profess to regard this only as a preparation for a future existence. Do they liv better lives and die happier deaths for this belief? I think not.

We did not prepare this earth for our dwelling-place. We did not prepare ourselvs to dwell in it. The preparation was made by those who dwelt here before us. They left us a state of society, laws, and customs, organized according to their knowledge. It is for us to improve them, for our own benefit and that of our successors here. If, hereafter, we become citizens of a land of spirits, it is reasonable to suppose that the spirits who are there before us will know more of the requirements of spiritual existence than we who hav no experience of a spiritualistic condition. This life is all we know. Life with flesh and blood, bones, muscle, and brains. Our business here is to make life happy for ourselvs and others, and to meet death fearlessly and cheerfully. If we liv again it will then be our proper task to learn the duties of our new position thoroughly and perform them well.

The present is all we hav. The future is uncertain. If there is another life after this, all the preparation we can make for it now is to prove our worthiness to enjoy it by making the best use of this.

The pious Christian does not make the best use of this life. His object is not chiefly to contribute to the sum of human happiness here, but to secure his own happiness hereafter. Practical realties are, with him, brought into subjection to visionary anticipations. Human sympathies are crushed out by sanctified selfishness. The certainties of time are held to be of little importance beside the uncertainties of an imagined eternity. He livs in fear, for he is commanded to work out his salvation with fear and trembling. He believes that if there is an eternity of bliss there is also an eternity of woe, and that most men find it; that, ever-present beside him, are evil spirits who, themselvs condemned to everlasting misery, are seeking to secure him as a companion in their torments; that his fellow-creatures are hurrying into hell, and unless he constantly resists will bear him along with them; that his own nature is prone to evil, and must be conquered at every step at the peril of his own eternal loss. And his brightest hopes are dashed, his passage from earth darkened and made terrible, by the fearful sentence that "no man knows whether he is worthy of love or hatred."

Perhaps he is a more liberal Christian, one who professes to follow Christianity, but is, in great part, guided by the principles of humanity. He has discarded hell, but still believes in heaven. He has rejected the literal meaning of scripture, but, interpreted by human reason, he receives it as divine truth. May he not meet death with joyful anticipations, regarding it only as a portal to an immortality of bliss? I think not, for heaven rests on the same foundation as hell; and he who believes that God will one day say, "Come, ye blessed," believes it on the same authority which declares that he will also utter, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." Christianity and humanity are opposing forces. Through life they hav fought for the possession of that man. Whether his death be one of religious dread or of calm philosophy depends upon which is victor in the last hour of consciousness.

When Christians die, in spite of promises of eternal mansions, in spite of hopes of immortal crowns, in spite of consoling sacraments and words of spiritual comfort, the damp sweat of death is made more chilly on the brow, the last agony more terrible, the thought of what may come after more appalling, by the faith which teaches that eternity depends on that last moment, and that in the same direction that the tree falls it shall forever lie.

We hav all read in story books how pious people die. We hav been told of angels that were visible to them as they lay stretched upon their couches, of their smiling faces and happy hearts, as they went forth to meet the God of their love. But some of us hav stood beside their death-beds when they were conscious that their last hour was at hand. For us such tales hav lost their force. I remember a remark I heard many years ago. It was made by a young man, himself a most devout Christian, who practiced surgery in a German hospital. He had seen many die; those who had faith in Christianity, and those who had none. He said: "It is strange with what calmness Infidels meet death, which fills religious people with fear." It was strange to him; it was strange to me then; it is not so now.

What follows death according to the belief of the orthodox Christian? Eternity of inconceivable happiness or unutterable misery. He knows not which. Immortal consciousness of the possession of all good or of total and irretrievable loss. He knows not which. A God, the object of all worthy love, who will receive him to his bosom or cast him forever forth. He knows not which. A throne of glory, or the worm that never dies, the fire that never will be quenched. He knows not which. He knows not whether he is worthy of love or hatred.

If the brain of the Infidel be not impaired by his sickness, if his reason has not already fled, taking with it the fruits of its labors and leaving his memory to revert to the time when its exercise had not yet begun, joining in a mysterious circle life's ending with its beginning, he meets death in the spirit of humanity. He has the struggle of parting with life, of parting, probably, with some objects that hav been dear to him. That is common to all, whether they hav religious faith or not. He has no fear of an existence hereafter, because he has no reason to suppose that if there be any such existence it will be any harder to endure than this. He has known others who hav died. They were hidden from sight. The elements of which they were composed were dissolved. The iron, the water, the salt, the lime, and all the other ingredients of man passed into other forms. No particle of them perished, but as human beings they were no more. It is his turn now, and he has no cause for fear, for it is the common lot of all.

In the possession of health and the enjoyment of life, to shrink from death is the natural spirit of animal self-preservation. When life has run its course, and age or disease makes it no longer desirable, the fear of death is the result of belief in a religion which made a God it called good and pictured him as evil. It springs from the idea that happiness is not a reward justice renders a well-spent life, but a gift mercy may bestow, if earnestly sought, in the last moment of conscious existence. On that last moment, religion teaches us, eternity depends. A good life may be blasted, an evil one retrieved, in that flickering second. Demoralizing belief! that after death comes the judgment, and that that judgment is passed upon us, not for how we hav lived, but for how we hav died. Consoling thought for the Infidel! that before death comes the judgment, and that at death the judgment is over and the sentence has been carried out.

Yes, before death the judgment and the punishment. In life we pay the penalty for our misdeeds. We seek no mercy, for there is none. Mercy never stays the effect from following the cause. Our good and evil deeds follow us, not in another world, but here, close at our heels. And when we come to die we hav no more to fear, for we hav suffered all.

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Sufficient for this world its pains and griefs, its sorrows and crimes. Death comes as nature's sweet sleep after a weary battle. May be the sleep will be eternal, dreamless. May be we shall wake again. If so, with the coming of another day will come its own hopes and fears, its own duties and trials. We shall go forth to do its work and win its rewards. And if that day is not without its evil hour, again "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." No need by vain imaginings to anticipate it now.

Death, divested of his imaginary after-terrors, comes to us in the evening of life, when the day has been well spent, wearing a pleasant smile upon his face, and carrying in his hand rich and precious gifts. He brings to the suffering ease, to the toil-worn rest. He is the friend of nature, for when nature has done its work it longs for sleep. Therefore, when the Infidel, who measures the unknown by the known, still retains his rational faculties, he meets calmly the final dissolution which ends at once his joys and his sorrows, his faults and their penalties.

The hour of death, when the enfeebled limbs refuse to obey the will, when the mind is but dimly conscious that consciousness is departing, when familiar objects are scarcely visible, or take fantastic shapes to our delirious vision, and voices dearest to us strike dull and strangely on the ear, is the hour in which religion tells us eternity must be won or lost. The agony of death, with the added agony of responsibility for a never-ending future, is crowded into a single moment. It is not strange that such a death should not be calm. Nature acts otherwise. When life is near its close the mind deals not with the future, but the past. It knows no future. If any future there be, the knowledge of it has yet to come. Well is it if the past bring up no fantastic visions. Well if no imaginary angel visit that dying couch. Well if no delusiv hopes of heaven are whispered round it. Heaven may be lost, angels may be transformed to devils, and the moment when all should be peace racked with doubt and fear.

Those who hav charge of the young should be careful of the impressions their minds receive in early life, for, although mature reason may scatter those impressions, in the end, when reason has weakened or altogether fled, and memory, passing over the interval, goes back to its beginning, those impressions may materialize before the eyes of the dying. But if this be not the case, and reason retains her throne until consciousness of existence has ceased, the Infidel can meet death with a philosophical resignation which religion has ever failed to impart.

There is no reason that he should not. The vengeance of Jehovah, like the thunderbolts of Jupiter, he has long regarded as creatures of the imagination of others, which hav had no place in his own mind. The errors of his life he has already suffered for. He has received the rewards and paid the penalties of his conduct here. He has done his work and he is weary. He is going to his rest.

The monks of old whispered to each other, "Brother, you must die!" And we, in bold, clear tones exhort our fellows: "Brother, sister, you must liv! Liv one life and liv it well; then, if another follows, learn to liv that well too."

Brother, sister, you are young, and life may seem long before you. Do not waste its hours in dreaming. It is very, very short. Before its early morning seems to hav passed away you will hav reached its close. It is the only life, so far as you know, that you will ever hav. Spend it wisely, that in its passing you may enjoy its flying sweets, and in its ending, when memory strays back to these, your early days, it may find no evil done, no good left undone, to trouble it with vain regrets.

Brother, sister, years hav passed away since first you started on your journey through life. A few more winters and summers—perhaps only a few more risings and settings of the sun—and you will hav reached its termination. Waste not your time in idle repentance of the past. All you hav is between now and the fast approaching hour that will be your last. Do your duty in this time. Make the world within your reach better and happier for your presence in it. Then, when the end comes, your dying eyes will not close upon the fading vision of a wasted existence.

Brother, sister, it is here. Your course is run. For good or for evil you hav lived among us, and will liv among us no more. All you hav now is your past, and that is fast disappearing. The future is a blank page. The present is but the period which, before you drop the pen forever, you are putting to the sentence you hav written in the book of time. I know not what that sentence is. Those who stay when you are gone may point to it as the teaching of wisdom, or the warning of bygone folly, or they may blot it out as a useless memento of a worthless life disfiguring the page. But for you life is over. Over alike its virtues and its vices, its riches and its poverty, its joys and its sorrows. Meet death calmly, resignedly, cheerfully. If your life has been a benefit to humanity, you are receiving now the last coin of your reward in pleasant memories of kind thoughts and gentle words and loving acts. If it has been a curse, the recollections that embitter your last moments are but as the grating of the prison door that opens for your release. The world in which you sinned is the world in which you hav paid the penalty. You hav satisfied the last claim of justice. Your title to everlasting freedom has arrived, and the bearer's name is Death.

E. J. Bowtell.

*American House, Dover, N. H.*

## Advice.

"They gave me advice and counsel in store,
Praised me and honored me more and more;
Said that I should only 'wait awhile,'
Offered their patronage, too, with a smile."

It is well known to all how lavish people are with advice. I think I am realizing this a little more fully than I ever did before. Advice and sympathy are sent *ad infinitum*, and I appreciate it as few can; for love of appreciation is one of my most prominent "bumps." I prize friends' sympathy and encouragement above all price. Plautus says, "Every man, however wise, requires the advice of some sagacious friend in the affairs of life."

One friend says, "Write as you never wrote before," realizing that now is the golden opportunity of getting truths before the world, and making history that shall ring through the ages. Another says, "Talk little and write less;" while there are intermediates who giv advice all the way between these extremes.

One pious friend says, "Right is always right; make no compromise with wrong. If you were doing good work, why did you not do it openly and above-board?" But the friend forgets that she also says, a little further back in her letter, "Thee is right. Alpha was the beginning, but thee must remember that extreme is seldom right." Now I would ask, Is there any extreme to right or truth? Are they not like round and square; simply full and complete, and incapable of comparison? How, then, can one go to extremes in either of them?

Now, friends, please wake up and see the whole animus of this prosecution. It is one of the greatest outrages of the age—a lot of men coming and arresting an old woman, who has broken no law and done no one an injury; demanding before her arrest that she giv into their hands her private papers, which may implicate others equally innocent; taking an advantage of her ignorance of "the majesty of law" and robbing her to her own injury! Like their head, Comstock of cruel fame, they take every possi-

ble mean advantage, regardless of law, right, decency, or justice.

They knew I was alone and powerless, and therefore put the bail so high as to preclude ninety-nine-one-hundredths of my friends from the possibility of assuming it. A lady friend in Chicago says, "I do not know what to say about Mrs. Slenker's case, except that I think the bail is an outrage, especially when compared with the rate of bail asked in this city in cases of rape. One hundred dollars in such cases is considered quite enough." Now, I hav no doubt saved many a woman and girl from being raped by means of giving real truths regarding sexual temperance and sexual morality, and yet my bail was $2,000, and no one to plead for its abatement.

Friends, while thanking you each and all for letters personally and to the press in my behalf, I must still ask for more. It is not my fight alone. It is a fight for *freedom*, a word dear to every heart. Our Constitution guarantees liberty of speech. Yet, I speak needed words to the soul-sick, the ignorant, and the mentally starved, and for sending this bread to the hungry I am jailed like a vile criminal.

Friends, I need more than advice; I need "the sinews of war."

Remember, I am not fighting for my right alone to free speech and free mails, but for your rights and your children's rights, for the rights of all coming generations.

Yesterday I received twenty-five letters, all expecting replies, and not so much as a two-cent stamp in the whole batch. It costs about four cents to answer a letter, making it as short as you may. A few hav done nobly in contributing money-help.

But right here let me say, twenty-five cents from each sympathizer will be at least good backing to good words, and there are few who cannot send this much.

I hav sent it to nearly every call that has ever been made in our papers, or by individuals, for help. Now I need this "bread cast upon the waters." Will it come? Or will the closing lines of the poet from whom I quote in the commencement be the *finale?*

> But with all their honor and approbation,
> I should long ago hav died of starvation
> Had there not come an excellent man
> Who bravely to help me along began.
> Good fellow, he got me the food I ate;
> His kindness and care I shall never forget.
> Yet I cannot embrace him—though other folks can—
> For I myself am this excellent man.

I do not, however, believe that this is the end. Little by little the light is breaking through the clouds, and the sunshine of hope smiles upon the landscape of life. The imaginary "obscenity spook" is fading away, and the real personage of good work comes to the front, and what to me has been the great trial time of terrorism is proving to be a glorious opening for more, better, and stronger work than any I hav yet accomplished. Better, because it goes clear down to the foundations of life, and builds them upon a pure heredity of cleaner blood and wiser brains.

By to-day's mail I send out from Snowville three pecks of papers, books, and letters, all treating on hygiene, health, and morality, and through this one case of mine tons of similar matter will on this same day be sent from thousands of other post-offices all through the Union.

I hope everyone of our readers will be enthused to take hold in dead earnest and help the work for the repeal of all laws that abridge the rights of individuals, and especially one that fines and imprisons for furthering the philosophy and science of life's foundations. If our private letters to our nearest and best friends are to be made public property and censors set upon them, where is our boasted freedom of speech? Not a word or line of my public work is under ban; only what has been lawfully mailed as first-class matter under letter postage, and sent to those asking, desiring, and needing it, is condemned. No one complains of being injured by any of it, and hundreds assert they hav been benefited morally and physically by it, and yet here am I in bonds because I tried to learn, teach, and educate; because I sought earnestly for facts and gave freely of them.

Come to the rescue, friends. If you cannot save *me*, remember that every blow will count for the good work, and nothing will be lost. Scatter the seed, and the harvest will come. Now is your golden opportunity; to-morrow may not be yours. "Ring out the old, ring in the new," and bend all your energies toward making ours indeed a free country.

> Till the sound of the trumpet
> Far, far off the daybreak call—
> Hark! how loud and clear I hear it wind!
> Swift! to the head of the army!
> Swift! spring to your places!
> Pioneers! O pioneers!—*Whitman.*

May 30, 287. ELMINA D. SLENKER.

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PEOPLE WHO INDORSE MRS. SLENKER.

Through our esteemed friend, Mrs. Lucy N. Colman, we hav received the subjoined letters from Syracuse, with a request to publish:

16 GERTRUDE ST., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

MR. EDITOR: What is the meaning of this prosecution and persecution of Mrs. Slenker? Her books and papers hav been before the reading world for many years. Why this arrest? Is it not that Freethought is getting a little in the ascendant, and so this Christian Comstock wishes to blacken the name of Mrs. Slenker because she is a prominent Liberal? I hope the Freethinkers will not wait for Sumter to be fired upon, but will arouse themselvs at once.

MISS IDA VELLINGER.

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4 HUGHES BLOCK, GIFFORD ST., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

MR. EDITOR: I would like through your paper to add my testimony to the worth of Elmina's writings on physiological truths, and to say that any person who finds encouragement to lewdness in any form by the reading of her works upon sexual purity must be thoroughly licentious, and ought to find some retreat where his or her safety might be insured against contact with knowledge upon any subject. My heart goes out in sympathy to Mrs. Slenker in this her hour of persecution, and I write this that she may know it. Surely all womankind, and I will add all men, who are pure and chaste will be glad to extend any help within their power to this victim of superstition and malignity.

MRS. ELIZA CRITTENDON.

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SYRACUSE, N. Y., May 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am not in the habit of writing for the public, but I wish to-day I were, as my sympathy for Elmina is too strong to refrain from publishing it. Has it come to this, that a woman whose life-work has been the enlightening of her own sex upon subjects of the greatest value to them must be arrested, put into a jail (jails) with the insane, the suspected criminal, and as if that were not enough, with a company of rats to share with her her resting-place, and for what? She has used the mails to answer questions sent to her through the mails by one of the men so corrupt that the resting of his eyes upon purity turns it into temptation to vice. I inclose $1 for the Defense Fund.

MRS. FRANK RAYMOND.

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16 GRACE ST., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

MR. EDITOR: I wish my name to go before the public as one who thoroughly believes in Elmina as a woman of the highest principles, "chaste as ice," one who has done and is doing a great deal to help the world by knowledge of the laws of our being, especially in the physiology relating to sex. Will you please giv this place in your columns? I inclose $1 for the Defense Fund. MRS. ARVILLA FLINT.

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38 KELLOGG ST., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

MR. EDITOR: Will you please add my name to the list of women who believe in a thorough knowledge of the laws of life, and that sexual physiology is one of the many things that should be understood? I also wish to say, All honor to Elmina for daring to write upon the subject.

MISS JOSEPHINE A. WILKINSON.

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16 GRACE ST., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

MR. EDITOR: I hav read of many atrocities committed in the name of law, but this one of imprisoning Mrs. Slenker seems to outdo all others. Allow me to protest against it with my whole being, and to say I fully believe in her as a true, pure woman. G. S. HARRINGTON.

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KINSMAN, OHIO.

MR. EDITOR: I see by the papers that through Anthony Comstock Mrs. Elmina D. Slenker is to be tried for sending objectionable mail, or violating the postal laws. Now, do you believe, Mr. Editor, that the Comstock vice society is a fraud? and that Mrs. Slenker is corrupting the minds of the people? Not much! It is simply because she is a broad-minded woman, a deep and original thinker, scientific and Liberal; a non-believer in total depravity and vicarious atonement. She believes that by a thoroughly secular and scientific education and an understanding of the laws of heredity the people may become a moral people, and vice and crime be almost unknown. And now, after spending her best time in an unpopular work for the benefit of humanity, in her sixtieth year to be hunted down and persecuted seems the hight of cruelty; all because she has not used her talent and energy in the interest of the church, but for the good of humanity. However you may differ from her, let us do all we can to save her from our Bennett's fate. Being a woman, she will suffer more keenly than man, and we want her to help in the battle of moral and intellectual freedom for years yet. If all were to plead for her that she has helped by good words or deeds, I feel sure the insolent and miserable Comstock would be defeated. I love her much, knowing her to be pure, loving, and true.

Truly yours, MRS. NORA FERRELL.

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## The Bible and Evolution.

III.—MODERN SCIENCE.

But if the Bible is wrong on all these matters, what has modern science to say about them?

Let us first of all consider the question in its relation to astronomy. The generally accepted theory of modern science is that, æons and æons of ages in the past, all that now exists in the form of worlds—planets, moons, stars, suns—was one mass of gaseous matter filling space.

In the course of untold ages there was a loss of heat in this vast mass of molten matter, which brought the particles closer together and set them into a spinning motion, which increased as the particles became more united.

From this great whirling mass outer rings were from time to time thrown off, and from these rings still other rings, until there were a multitude of moving bodies in the universe, each revolving round the largest mass near to it.

Our sun in this way became the center round which a number of planets revolved; these planets being themselvs the children of the sun, having been thrown off from it in rings at various intervals as we hav stated; the moons proceeding from the various planets in the same manner. By this spinning motion and the law of attraction all these bodies were rendered globe-like in shape. Accepting this theory, we account for the phenomena of night and day as resulting from the revolution of the earth on its own axis, while summer and winter are explained on the supposition that the earth travels round the sun once a year, and whichever part of the earth is facing the sun in that part there is summer, while in that portion of the earth which is turned away from the sun there is winter.

The Bible statement that light was created on the first day and the sun on the fourth, is clear proof that the writer of the nineteenth chapter of Genesis was wholly ignorant of such sciences as astronomy or physics, the former of which teaches us that our planet was originally a part of the sun, and cannot exist as a world for a single instant without it, being held in its orbit by this great central attraction; while the latter makes known to us that light is not an entity but a phenomenon—a mode of motion—and so far as our earth is concerned we derive all our light from the sun.

But thinking that light was something real; something that could exist by itself independent of other existences—and that it could be separated from darkness, which was also regarded as an entity—the writer of Genesis saw nothing inconsistent in his declaration that God said, "Let there be light," and there was light, on the first day, and created sun, moon, and stars on the fourth.

How should he? He did not know that thousands of years after he was dust, an insignificant band of religious zealots would proclaim that his writings were divinely inspired. He did not know that thousands of people would regard his well-meant guesses as God-given truths. Nor did he know that the investigations of men of science would one day reveal the absolute absurdity of his statements. So he wrote confidently on, with the air of one who knows and will not be contradicted.

But human knowledge grows, and day by day the dreams of the past giv place to the realities of the present, the fancies of yesterday to the facts of to-day. The sun we now know is the grand center of our planetary system, by whose attractiv power the planets are held in their respectiv orbits, and from which source we receive all our light and heat.

Of the magnitude of this great orb it is impossible in words to convey any adequate idea. We know, however, that the ancient writers of the Bible had no conception of its vastness, but regarded it as a brilliant light hung up in the heavens to giv us light by day, while the moon served a similar purpose at night.

But, while it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the vastness of this great burning mass by mere arithmetical numbers, still, as this is the only method open to us by which any idea of its vastness can be conveyed to the human mind at all, we must be excused if we ask our readers to contemplate the stupendous magnitude of this body by certain comparisons and by reference to the following figures. By various calculations, the diameter of the sun has been found to be 880,000 miles; its circumference, 2,764,600 miles, while its surface covers no less than 2,432,800,000,000 square miles.

It has been further computed that its solid contents comprehend 356,818,739,200,000,000, or three hundred and fifty-six thousand billions, of cubical miles. Or take another illustration. The sun is as large as 1,350,000 globes of the same size as our earth.

Traveling at the rate of forty-five miles per day, it would take more than one hundred and sixty years to make a complete circuit of the sun.

Our early ancestors had no idea of the vastness of the sun, and they were doubtless led to believe that it was not very large because of its great distance from the earth; and when we learn that it is no less than ninety-five millions of miles away from the earth, we cannot wonder at the error into which their lack of knowledge caused them to fall.

To form some idea, however vague, of what this means, let us take a familiar illustration. A cannon-ball may be shot out of the mouth of a cannon and sent spinning through space at the rate of five hundred miles an hour. Traveling at this enormous speed, it would take a cannon-ball twenty-one years two hundred and forty-five days to reach the sun. With these facts in our minds, it is easy to see that the Bible writers had no conception of either the distance of the sun from the earth or its vast proportions.

And their ignorance is even more apparent in reference to the stars, for they represent that, while it took deity six days to fashion the earth and put it into something like order, he threw into the vast expanse at one single instant all the stars that stud the universe, and shed light and heat over myriads of worlds. ARTHUR B. MOSS.

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THE *Independent* givs these statistics of church communicants in the United States: "Methodist Episcopal, 4,346,516; Roman Catholic, 4,000,000; Episcopal, 430,531; Moravian, 10,686; Baptist, 3,682,007; Congregationalist, 436,379; Christian Union, 120,000; Friend, 105,000; Adventist, 97,711; Methodist, 18,750; Presbyterian, 1,082,436; Lutheran, 930,830; Reformed, 259,974; German Evangelical, 125,000; Mennonites, 80,000; Church of God, 45,000."

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## Mr. Ingersoll Will Not Receive His Money Back.

NEW YORK, June 2, 1887.

*E. Macdonald, Esq., Editor of* THE TRUTH SEEKER,

MY DEAR MACDONALD: My attention was called to an article in your paper in which Liberals are called upon to raise money to reimburse me for my expenses and amount paid for fine and costs in the case of the State of New Jersey against Reynolds.

I want nothing of that kind done. Under no circumstances would I receive anything.

Yours very truly,

R. G. INGERSOLL.

## Unprincipled Avarice.

No people in the world are more avaricious or selfish than the Christians, and no "soulless corporation" fights harder to get money from the public treasury, or property from the people, than the church corporations. Not content with robbing the state of the taxes honestly due it, they would steal every foot of land in the country, if they could, and convert it to their own selfish uses.

No better proof of this is needed than the wrangle of the Congregationalists with the town of Greenwich, Mass., affords. Nearly two years ago we called attention to the fight, and are again reminded of it by the receipt of a pamphlet by H. W. Smith, a resident of the town, giving in detail the efforts of the Congregationalists to steal a meeting-house built, owned, and kept in repair by the town; the use of which was to be granted for any meeting whenever six persons asked the town authorities for it. To get at the beginning of the steal, it is necessary to go back over a century. In colonial times church and state were very solidly united in Massachusetts. The inhabitants were taxed to support the preacher, and fined if they did not listen to him upon Sunday. Greenwich is a portion of the ancient territory of Quabbin, in the Connecticut valley, and was incorporated in 1754. In 1816 the town settled up with the parish of Quabbin, which until that time had attended to ecclesiastical affairs, and all the records and papers were transferred to the selectmen of Greenwich. This wiped out the parish, and the town provided the provender for the religious beast. In 1823, ten years before Massachusetts separated church and state, Greenwich voted to "build a new house, to be used as town-house and a place for public worship." The house has been used, in accordance with this vote, by Calvinists, Methodists, Universalists, and Unitarians. The town has always paid the bills of the house, appointed committees to look after it, sold the seats therein, apportioned its use between the different sects, and on one occasion appointed a committee to "effect a compromise, and a more harmonious state of feeling among them." In 1865 the Congregationalists became incorporated. In 1880 the meeting-house needed extensiv repairs, and an offer was made openly in town-meeting to giv the house to the Congregationalists if they would repair it. They declined to receive it. The pew-rents were then used to repair the house, which, with private subscriptions and an additional $1,000 raised by taxation, put it once more in substantial order. Afterward the town shingled it at an expense of between one and two hundred dollars.

In 1883, Mr. H. W. Smith, a Liberal Unitarian, with Spiritualistic tendencies, desired the use of the house for a Spiritualistic lecture. The Congregationalists were using the house in the morning, and the selectmen granted it to Mr. Smith for the afternoon. After the posters announcing the lecture had been put up, a deacon of the church called at Mr. Smith's house and informed him that "the line must be drawn somewhere," meaning that the orthodox folks would not tolerate a Spiritual meeting in the house—though what right they had to object no one knew. Mr. Smith yielded his right as a citizen, and the Spiritual lecture was delivered in his own parlors. Mr. Smith then carried the matter into town meeting, and the citizens voted again that the house should be free for all. But Mr. Smith did not desire further trouble, and he built a church of his own.

In 1885 Mr. Chandler Powers engaged Charles Watts to deliver a lecture in Greenwich, and six persons asked the selectmen for the use of the meeting-house, which was granted. It was then the Calvinists came out strong. Though the house was built by vote of the town in 1823; though the town had paid all the bills; though the Calvinists were not organized till 1865; though they had once refused to accept the building; though all sorts of sects, except Spiritualists, had used the house—they now came forward and claimed the house on the ground that they were the heirs of the Puritans of the Quabbin parish! The fact that the Quabbin parish had been merged in the town in 1816 and the house not built till 1823 made no difference to them. Three of their number resolved themselvs into a parish committee, and nine days before Mr. Watts's lecture issued a warrant calling a parish meeting to consider the claim of the town to the right to grant the use of the hall! The town paid no attention to the warrant, and the society enacted its little farce of holding a meeting with closed doors. Mr. Watts was to lecture on Sunday, the 18th of October. Toward night, on the preceding Saturday, the citizens of Greenwich were somewhat astounded at the sound of hammer and ax in the direction of the church, and to see that the doors were being barricaded by the Orthodox Congregational Society, and men busy transporting the necessary comforts for a night's camp in the church. Blankets, stove, and provisions were carried in, and men installed inside; while, later, a deacon of the society was heard to ask from the outside, "Are your musket and cartridges all right?" This was answered affirmativly.

On Sunday, October 18th, the Orthodox Congregational Society of Greenwich sanctioned, or employed, a sheriff to parade the grounds and steps of the town's meeting-house, within whose walls were pews belonging to many of the petitioners, who were debarred and forbidden to enter the "sanctuary of the Lord" "at their peril." Just before the appointed hour for the lecture by Mr. Watts, knots of villagers were gathered here and there on the town common, while the sheriff occasionally warned the too-venturesome straggler to "keep *off* of forbidden ground." At 3 o'clock the town hall, close by the meeting-house, was occupied by a large audience. After dispersing, nothing was heard to break the stillness of a New England Sabbath evening but the tread of the sheriff, and his repeated warnings.

Immediately after this, the legal fight began, the Congregationalists suing the town, and attaching its property to the amount of a thousand dollars, for granting the use of the house. Of course the town had to respond, or be defaulted. A town-meeting was called, and the Congregationalists rallied their members to vote against the town defending itself! They were defeated, and the case finally landed in the supreme court, which appointed a master to take testimony, and there the matter rests. Once since, the society endeavored to get the town to drop the suit, but they were outvoted, and until the case is settled the town owns the building, though the society controls it by force.

This is one of the most flagrantly dishonest acts ever committed by the church, and is directly aimed at the Liberals and Spiritualists of the town. To prevent these latter from having a lecture, the Calvinists deliberately plan to steal a building to which they hav no more claim than hav the Freethinkers themselvs. It is another proof that the dominant religious party in this country is tyrannical, narrow, and tremendously dishonest. This is the result of their religion, and the religion ought to go much faster than it is going.

## Help People Before Hitting Them.

We printed last week the appeal of the National Defense Association for substantial aid for Mrs. Slenker in her approaching trial. This issue contains a letter from Mrs. Slenker, and several indorsements of her and of her work. We hope the appeal will be successful, and that the good opinions printed will call around her many more friends.

There is great need of help for Mrs. Slenker, and that of a practical kind. A good lawyer is badly needed at her end of the line of communication. To the general public the mystery encircling this case is as impenetrable as a sea fog. No one can find out just what are the words and sentences and paragraphs upon which she is held. Even the sentiments expressed are largely subjects of surmises. If the grand jury hav indicted her, a copy of the indictment has not found its way to the public. Even the substance of the warrant for her arrest is still a matter of conjecture. It is probably this lack of facts which leads Mr. H. L. Green to say in the *Freethinkers' Magazine* for June:

"Elmina Drake Slenker, the well-known Freethought writer, has been arrested on the charge of circulating obscene literature through the mails. From what we learn we hav no doubt of Mrs. Slenker's guilt—she herself seems to admit the charge made against her—and yet, at the same time, we are sure that Mrs. Slenker really thought she was serving humanity in what she has been doing. She is evidently a crank on the sexual question, as are many other very good people, and who are constantly, unintentionally, bringing Freethought into disrepute by their injudicious manner of promulgating their opinions. But if people hav no more discretion than to violate, knowingly, the established usages of society, and the laws of the country, they should be prepared to suffer the consequences without murmuring, and should not expect those who condemn their course to come to their aid when they get into trouble. We regret, very much, that so good a woman should hav permitted herself to be thus entangled in the meshes of the law, and disgrace the cause of Freethought which she has heretofore so bravely advocated."

Personally, we are a little better off in this matter than Mr. Green and the public. We hav been shown "samples" of the style of correspondence indulged in by the "ring" spoken of by Mrs. Slenker, but not the identical matter complained of. The samples, we frankly confess, we do not like. In fact, they are excessivly distasteful, and we wonder that grown-up people should consider them contributions to science. But, with possibly one exception, they cannot by any stretch be classed as obscene, measured even by Benedict's definition of the word. And that one is cleaner than matter found in standard medical works. Thus far the facts, as we know them.

Keeping these facts in mind, then, the case has two aspects—the legal and the moral. Viewed from either, we consider Mrs. Slenker guiltless. In the first place, the law is unconstitutional, and capable of being, and has been, used for malicious and wicked purposes. Secondly, the matter complained of was private correspondence. It was not sold, nor advertised to be sold. It was simply the comparison of views on a certain subject by many persons who could not meet together, and were therefore compelled to write. They wrote as they would talk, and their letters were intended for themselvs only. Third, the matter written is not of that class, as defined by the Attorney-General of the United States, "the object of which is to excite the imagination and inflame the passions." Fourth, there should not be a legal standard of orthodoxy in medicin, falling below which the dabbler in physic should be punished. The most orthodox physicians lose the most patients because of their inability or disinclination to learn new methods. The first doctor who let the blood stay in a patient's veins, or gave cold water to a man in the heat of fever, was considered a heretic by the "regular" school, but nevertheless he was a benefactor of the race. And it is, moreover, a generally admitted fact that reforms in any profession are instituted by persons outside of that profession. But it has also been generally observed that under the narrowing influences of the prevalent religious orthodoxy, the professionally orthodox can say and do, without limitation, what the layman who experiments and speculates is punished for doing. Mrs. Slenker

and her friends hav been engaged in propagating a theory regarding the relations of the different factors of the human race which should do away with the suffering entailed upon one of those factors by the animal brutality of the other factor. The purpose is certainly good. In advocating lives of purity they hav necessarily supported their theory with facts showing the harmfulness of the opposit way of living. Medical writers do the same in stating the results of any investigation in any particular direction, but they are legally and rightfully protected. When Dr. Foote was before the Senate Committee opposing the "disgusting" bill to which we called attention last week, he explained that by it the power was conferred on district-attorneys to suppress all medical books. Comstock, who sat on the opposit side of table, grandiloquently said, "Oh, we shan't trouble standard medical works; only the quack books." No such legal power should be conferred upon any person, for he might get the notion into his head, if he hated the publisher, that what a great many regard as a standard work is, after all, of quackish tendencies.

The moral side of the question is equally plain and in favor of Mrs. Slenker. That which makes for good is moral, and that which works harm is immoral. Christian morality—that is, those precepts founded on Christian dogmas—is much of it highly immoral. Natural morality, as the Nine Demands of Liberalism phrase it, is the true basis of human action, and the true criterion for human judgment. Natural morality is founded upon the experience of the human race. Experience proclaims all good to be moral; all bad to be immoral. If Mrs. Slenker had injured any one, she would hav committed an immoral act. But no one claims to hav been injured by anything she has said, written, or done—not even the hired spies of the soapboiler's society. Why, then, should she be punished? It is not for us, it is not for the church, it is not for any government officer, it is not for any person or persons on earth, to set themselvs up as censors to say, because Mrs. Slenker has deposited in the mails written sentiments which they disapprove, expressions they regard as in bad taste, sentences they look upon as indelicate, that she must go to prison. Who would escape if the majority could do this and the majority changed their minds occasionally? Mrs. Slenker's advice—given from conclusions drawn from the very facts for presenting which she is arrested—has benefited many persons, making their lives happier, and by so much added to the sum of human joy. If she has done this, why magnify a molehill of bad taste, perhaps, into a mountain of criminality? One wife made happier, one husband made more kind, one mother benefited, one daughter saved, outweigh all the criticisms of words one is disposed to indulge in.

Mrs. Slenker should be drawn away from the door of the prison before we cudgel her too severely for her indiscretion in working for humanity's good in what she considers a legitimate manner.

## An Enterprising Man.

Mr. James Lamar, the proprietor of a Chicago dime museum, who has offered $500 to the Reynolds jury in the blasphemy case if they will allow him to exhibit them as two weeks' wonders, certainly has not missed his calling as a purveyor of curiosities. His recognition of the unique nature of these Jerseymen stamps him at once as a second Barnum.

The foundation of Professor Barnum's fortune was laid when he discovered and utilized as a freak the physically diminutiv Gen. Tom Thumb. Mr. Lamar, with equal prescience, recognizes that mentally the Reynolds jurymen are undoubtedly the prize midgets of the world, and as such would prove a drawing card in a city like Chicago. Of course, in their nativ town, where men like Mr. Cutler are district attorneys, and others like Childs sit upon the judge's bench, microscopical intellects do not excite remark.

Again, what a scope these men would afford for the oratorical powers of the dime museum lecturer. His remarks about the Wild Man of Borneo hav long since palled upon the public ear. The living skeleton, the fat woman, and the electric girl are chestnuts. The Circassian lady, with long and upright hair, who caresses the toothless and inanimate python of the jungles, is no longer new; and even the bridge-jumpers are falling into a depth of forgetfulness, beside which their falls off the Brooklyn Bridge dwindle to small proportions. Of course these are necessary to the full complement of dime museum curiosities, as the true cross is indispensable to complete the furniture of every Catholic cathedral, though, as observed, they hav been overtaken by desuetude. But, giving them a passing notice, when the lecturer reached the Jersey jury, how could he do justice to his subject? We should hear him say: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to call your attention to twelve of the greatest living products of misguided nature discoverable within the utmost confines of this terrestrial ball. How can I name them? Words fail me, but I must proceed. These creatures, ladies and gentlemen, formed in the image and likeness of men, are the twelve beings who, in this hind quarter of the nineteenth century, sitting in the jury box at Morristown, N. J., May the 20th, 1887, rendered a verdict of guilty in the case of Charles B. Reynolds, charged with the crime of blasphemy! Let me name them. The first one is Jacob Ogden. You will observe that he is alive. I thrust a pin into him and he moves. Marvelous! He is a member of the Christian church, but does not possess sufficient intelligence to distinguish one denomination from another. The second of these great living curiosities is Lewis Boing. He has never heard that there is such a thing as a church—otherwise he would be a Presbyterian. He also belongs to organic nature. The third is Andrew B. Cogan. He knows enough to be a Roman Catholic, and there cerebration ceases. Then we hav Paul H. Mandeville and George Schuyler. The first was named Paul because he will lie for the glory of God, and the second was called George, after the father of our country, because he cannot tell a lie, or the truth either. The sixth is Michael Rourke, who in spite of his Greek name is a Roman Catholic from away back. Need I say more as to his intelligence? Eugene Buchanan, to whom I next invite your polite attention, is a Methodist. How could the utter lack of reason, nature's best gift, be more laconically stated? No. 8 is Leo De Hart. No church will own him, and here, ladies and gentlemen, he first finds his God-appointed sphere. To place him elsewhere would be to question the wisdom of the creator. Horace L. Dunham, the ninth—to this one the same remarks apply as in the case of Jacob Ogden. Of Lemuel E. Pierson, the tenth, I may say that he does not know the price of putty. He was in training for that step in scientific knowledge when drafted upon this jury. Benjamin Flaharty and John McTiernan, the eleventh, the twelfth, and the last, we may consider together, their mentality being so dormant that the combined perspicacity of the two would be insufficient to send one of them into the house during a shower. Now, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to close with the remark with which I opened this address, namely, that you hav here before you twelve of the greatest living curiosities discoverable within the confines of this terrestrial ball. And permit me to add that the proprietor of this museum is negotiating with the authorities of New Jersey to secure for your entertainment next week both the attorney and the judge who acted as prosecutors in this remarkable case. You will now pass to the auditorium below and witness the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage in his great prayer and dance act."

Such a combination as is here foreshadowed would open up a new era in the dime museum business. Interest might be prolonged by occasionally adding to the collection one of those religious editors who indorse the action of the jury.

## Editorial Notes.

No one but a determined bigot will deny that the one great issue in American politics is Prohibition.—*Address to the Kentucky Prohibitionists.*

It is indeed a great question. It is a question whether two men shall decide how a third man shall run his own stomach, and then by brute force compel him to abide by their decision.

THE so-called Reformed Presbyterians met the other day in synod, and after a long discussion resolved "that Christian professors free themselvs from all participation in and responsibility for the sin of Sabbath-breaking." We trust the synod will let the world know the number of professed Christians who keep this formal resolve. The statistics would be interesting.

THE *Christian at Work* says that "God and religion are necessary to man." We cannot admit this. The Jewish God is a tyrant; the Christian religion has ever worked evil to those who hav lived under its influence, and we do not think that tyrants and religious persecutions are beneficial to any race. God and religion, we believe, are necessary to New Jerseyites alone.

THE *Church Messenger*, of Charlotte, North Carolina, is a scandalously dishonest sheet. In reply to a correspondent, asking for the particulars of Voltaire's death, it prints an infamous libel upon the French philosopher, and excuses itself by saying it is "the best that we can do." The account is, perhaps, the best for Christianity, but for truth it is the worst that religious ingenuity could devise.

THE Toledo *Blade* is canvassing its readers' choice of the man for the next president. The following is its call:

"We ask every reader of the *Blade* to take the trouble to send us his views on the Republican presidential nominee in 1888. Take a postal card and answer upon it the following questions. Use only the numbers in answering:

"1. Who is your first choice for Republican presidential candidate in 1888?

"2. Who is your second choice?

"3. Who is your choice for vice-president?

"Sign your name, with your post-office address, and put *nothing else* upon the card. Address it simply, 'The *Blade*, Toledo, Ohio.'"

Mr. W. H. Kerr, of Dubuque, Kan., who sends this, thinks it would be well for every Liberal to send the *Blade* the name of Robert G. Ingersoll as first choice. We agree with Mr. Kerr. Let the people see that a champion of freedom is popular in America, ruled though she is by religious tyrants. Mr. H. Merrick, of Brooklyn, seconds our nomination of Colonel Ingersoll, and offers to giv twenty-five dollars toward the election expenses of the party that will giv the name of Robert G. Ingersoll the first place on its presidential ticket.

THE Permanent Committee on Reform chosen by the United Presbyterian Assembly, in session at Philadelphia, does not regard with serenity the present condition of religious affairs. Its report submitted to the Assembly the other day says:

"The spirit of Antichrist is abroad. Mormonism, Secularism, Socialism, Liberalism, secretism, saloonism, Sundayism, inebrieism, and other kindred evils are threatening civilization. Atheism is gaining ground. The psalmist calls the Atheist a 'fool.' There are many such 'fools' in the land who say no God, no Bible, no Sabbath, no church, no prayer, no worship. Away with all Sabbath laws and restraints, and let the first day of the week be devoted to the goddess of pleasure, to travel, recreation, and amusement; to Sunday newspaper reading, theatrical entertainments, and beer-drinking; tax the churches, take the Bible out of the public schools and giv the children of our country a merely intellectual training, abolish all chaplaincies and religious oaths, and run the entire government upon purely (or impurely) secular principles."

The logic of the committee's report would seem to be that a change is needed. And since this government has never been run on secular principles, how would it do to giv those principles a trial? The religious principles with which the state is at present corrupted appear not to hav led to gratifying results.

THE discovery of the Star of Bethlehem by the Kentucky astronomer is not indorsed by the editor of the *Christian Advocate*. He says that "the application of the title, Star of Bethlehem, to this heavenly body is only one of the futil attempts to explain miraculous occurrences by natural phenomena," which is another way of saying that it is of no use to try to make Bible stories appear reasonable. The editor of the *Advocate* does well in condemning this Star of Bethlehem theory at once. It proves too much, because when the star first appeared it was supposed to be a sort of celestial pyrotechnic display in celebration of the birth of Christ; but if it has a regular orbit and period of recurrence its appearance at that time was merely incidental, and as a witness to the divine character of Jesus it becomes valueless. An event of so notable a character that a star is specially created to commemorate it is worth talking about, but if the event merely chances to occur at the time when a certain star is in the heavens, the circumstance becomes less remarkable. If this star denoted the birth of a savior at its first appearance, its subsequent appearances should hav the same significance. However, if there are those who hold that a new messiah is actually now on earth, we would call respectful attention to the claims of Lewis the Light and Mr. Cyrus Romulus R. Teed, the arguments in favor of either or both of whom as divine incarnations are as good as we hav ever heard in favor of any one, past or present.

COLONEL INGERSOLL evidently does not believe in shutting off the supply of claret at the dinners of the dwellers in hotels. At a meeting of the proprietors of the leading hostelries of this town last week to consider the best means of getting around the Sunday laws on the liquor question, Colonel Ingersoll submitted a written opinion, in which he found holes in the law big enough to roll barrels of wine and liquor through on the Sabbath. Then he added: "Nothing can be more objectionable, nothing could be better calculated to annoy and interfere with the liberty of a citizen, than to say that every guest should be under the espionage of the police—that the city authorities shall hav the right to watch to see whether he drinks wine at his meals—to see the manner in which he livs. The privacy of a guest while in the hotel is just as sacred as when at his home, and in such privacy he should be protected by the law. Besides, it should be remembered that during the thirty years in which the law has been in force, the practice under it has never been to interfere with the dining-table, which certainly ought to create a strong presumption that the construction I contend for is the correct one. I hav read decisions with regard to the sale or giving away of wines or liquors on Sunday, but I find no case where the question is raised whether the keeper of an inn, tavern, or hotel has a right on Suuday to supply his guests with wine. This question involves another. The first question is, Has the guest a right to hav liquor or wine at his meals? If he has that right at home, he has, in my judgment, that right at his hotel. 'Shall I not take mine ease at mine inn?' is an old adage, and up to this time has never been disputed. I deny the right of the city authorities to say what a guest at a hotel shall hav for his dinner."

# Letters from Friends.

CAIRO, ILL., May 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Watson Heston is a jewel in his line, and makes your paper doubly attractiv. You are both entitled to public thanks. AMARALA MARTIN.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., April 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am an out-and-out Liberal, and hav been ever since I was old enough to think clearly and independently. I hav read THE TRUTH SEEKER for several years, and greatly admire Watson Heston's illustrations. But one thing, Mr. Editor, I cannot possibly see what good can ever come of your persisting in leaving off the ending of such words as "have," "give," "live," etc. It looks careless and unfinished. Yours, N. J. JARLEYS.

BAVARIA, KAN., May 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to add a word of encouragement to Heston for the work he has engaged in. I think the lessons he is teaching are the very best and clearest. One look at a picture illustrating an idea is worth many times the reading of the items containing the same; more particularly to the young and those who are a little dull and inclined to excuse things apparently—as they may think—unaccountable, but which notwithstanding are in the wisdom of God.

A. K. MOTT.

ATLANTA, GA., May 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Your favor of the 21st to hand this morning. I am sorry to inform you that Mr. G. W. Price is dead. A more upright and honorable man never lived in the city of Atlanta.

I want to giv you a piece of advice this morning. It is this: Never send me a dun for my subscription to the dear old TRUTH SEEKER. When it is due, always giv draft on me for the amount, no matter where I am, what I am doing, whether I take the paper or not, for if I do not I should. I expect to contribute to the Truth Seeker Company the sum of $3 every year as long as I liv. SHOMO BROTHERS.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., May 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Alleged obscene words are to respectability what blasphemous ones are to religion, and both bear the same relation to truth. The former has its result in custom, the result of crudity; the latter, in superstition, born of ignorance. Hence, they are younger and older brothers. There is about as much real injury done when an idea is represented by a plain, definit term as when a God is blasphemed, and certainly in the same way. For what logical reason, then, can a free mind condemn the absurdity of one and not the other? Elmina penetrates them both.

H. P. REPLOGLE.

KENT, O., May 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The debate held here recently between Chas. Watts and the Catholic priest Leeming was a great victory for Secularism. The priest was so completely squelched that I don't think he will ever want to meet another Secularist in debate. Some of his own folks acknowledged his defeat, and said he made a fool of himself. One Irishman said: "Shure I could bate the priest meself." This fellow remarked that the trouble was the Infidel was under the influence of the devil. He says it is no use for a priest to debate with an Infidel when he has the devil to help him. Quite a sensible admission for a Christian—that God and a Catholic priest are no match for the devil and an Infidel.

B. F. CONAWAY.

NEWPORT, ME., May 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 21st is an excellent number. "Tales Told Out of School," if possible, is the best of all. "The Two Tyrannies of Russia" is of great importance, showing what "the mother of fools and the father of knaves hav done to murder humanity." And the article "God and His Slaves" ought to be read by millions. A thousand times hav I asked that question, "Where was the creator before creation?"

Since writing the foregoing I hav read "Tales" in your paper of May 14th—I hav been away most two weeks—and I don't like at all the word "Brother" Comstock. And this brings me to say a word about the outrage on Mrs. Slenker, that great worker for humanity. Must such a grand woman go to prison? S. M.

WILKES BARRE, PA., May 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just now read in the *Christian Advocate* an exulting statement in reference to the Boonton blasphemy case of C. B. Reynolds, and I am astonished that a decision so manifestly against the right to oppose the Christianity of our time, and against the freedom of speech, should hav been made. If this decision is law in New Jersey, and if it is not contrary to the clause in our national Constitution guaranteeing to every man the right to his own notions about religion, and the right in his own tent to expound them unmolested by a New Jersey mob, then it will be but the easiest thing in the world to suppress Freethought and free speech in any state of these United States of America. The Christianity of our time is equal to the task of getting a blasphemy law enacted in every state which is not already supplied, and then good-bye to any lecturer that may chance to pass along.

The question is clearly and squarely put in this case. Can Mr. Reynolds or anybody else preach against Christianity in New Jersey without incurring an indictment for blasphemy? And if not, is the law upon the statute books of New Jersey not an unconstitutional law? And should not be taken to the Supreme Court and reversed with costs, etc.? I am willing to pay ten dollars toward the expense of it, and find out whether any state has the right to keep upon its statute books laws that prevent a full and free expression of opinion on all religious subjects without incurring such prosecutions. Can we find Freethinkers enough to make the effort, and, if possible, get a decision that can be poked unceremoniously into the faces of those who through religious bigotry and malicious feelings are doing all they can to crush Freethought? Who will help this case to the Supreme Court?

J. R. PERRY.

HELENA, NEB., May 23, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav thought for some time that I would send you a word congratulatory of the splendid management of the best paper I hav any knowledge of. The dusting of John W. Truesdell's jacket, in your issue of May 14th, was just what he needed. I fear, though, that he has the "big head" too bad to appreciate it. When I saw his article in the *Freethinkers' Magazine* I felt as though he ought to hav a good spanking. He got it; and don't you forget it. Now, I don't want you to get vain over what I say, but the fact is, the grand old TRUTH SEEKER is getting better and better every week. Watson Heston is a "brick." His converting the American eagle into an ecclesiastical hen is immense. Keep up the pictures by all means. Let the grumblers grumble—you run the paper.

I hav just finished reading Prof. W. S. Bell's "Christianity and Civilization," and, like everything else the professor has produced, it has the true ring to it. W. BROOKS, M.D.

MORGAN, TEXAS, May 21, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I see in the dispatches dated the 20th that the jury in the case of C. B. Reynolds found a verdict of guilty. The Liberals of this place join with their brethren all over the country in sympathy for Brother Reynolds, and trust that the Supreme Court will reverse the decision of the jury of bigots that found him guilty. We are now commencing a campaign for Prohibition in Texas, and before August expect it will be hot, although said to be outside of politics. The Democratic leaders are, almost to a man, in opposition, and if our little town is an index, the Liberal element are on the same side. I think, for myself, prohibitory liquor laws are a humbug. I see that your correspondents are giving their opinions on the illustrations. I think the biblical ones should be continued as a help to Bible readers and students, as they are a most forcible explanation of the text. You hav my permission to continue, and I know I am with the majority. In fact, go ahead, and edit the paper as you are now doing and I will be satisfied.

MOSES MILLER.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, May 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I received your valuable paper for a long time while I was connected with the San Antonio *Daily Light* as mail clerk and advertising agent, which latter position I still retain.

A hypocritical Democratic legislature has passed an ordinance or preliminary law, ordering an election to be held on the fourth day of August next, to decide whether prohibition shall be enforced in this state. The movement emanates from a set of ignoramuses who do not, or are not, possessed of sufficient strength of mind to govern their wants for the food of the inner man, and hence are trying to pass sumptuary laws, thus restricting the balance of mankind in the exercise of their freedom.

Some thief who has not the fear of God before him has carried off all the pamphlets and the two large books you sent me, but as luck would hav it, I had "Bible Temperance" in my pocket. I hav made considerable propaganda for THE TRUTH SEEKER and its publications, and shall do so hereafter. I want at least one thousand copies of "Bible Temperance" to sell to all anti-Prohibitionists throughout the state. I am going on the road for that purpose about the fifth of June, and shall make subscribers for you, also. Please send me anything in connection with the foregoing.

Respectfully, HERMANN BREUSING.

HAVANA, ILL., May 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am glad to inform you that we had Mr. J. E. Remsburg here on Monday night, May 23d, to giv us a lecture; subject, "False Claims." The audience was a fair one, and all present took great interest in what was said, so as to catch every word uttered, except one Methodist church-member, who only listened about ten minutes. He got his little brain full and left. The next morning he was heard to remark that such men as Mr. Remsburg ought to be arrested and fined for giving such lectures. I think if his intellect had been a little more capacious so he could hav listened to all the lecture, he would hav come to a different conclusion. Mr. Remsburg's lecture was good, and right to the point. Some of our leading business and other prominent men came out to hear him, and all that I hav heard say anything about him say he is a man with great ability, and he stated facts which were right to the point. Dr. Pierce came from a distance to hear him, and we gave him the pleasure of introducing the speaker. The doctor is a Liberal out and out, and is always on hand to help the cause. Dr. J. H. Hill and Mr. E. Scott came all the way from Jacksonville, a distance of about forty miles. Dr. J. H. Hill is a hard worker in the cause of Liberalism, and always ready to help. Mr. Scott, whose hair, now white, shows that he is upward in years, is firmly fixed in the cause of Liberalism. He is generous, and looks like a man living for the happiness he could gain in this world, regardless of any other. I am going to hav Mr. Remsburg here again this fall if I can possibly make the necessary arrangements, and if he comes I am sure he will be greeted with a houseful of interested people. If he could hav lectured the second night the house would hav been crowded.

Mr. J. P. McIntire, the Methodist minister who was present at the lecture, could not wait until he got in the pulpit to talk about it, but was talking on the street about the lecture the next day. As Mr. Remsburg is gone, he will hav lots to say, and will do him up in grand shape—in his mind. I will say to Liberal friends, Get Mr. Remsburg, and hav him lecture on "False Claims." J. A. WEABER.

NEW HAVEN, PA., May 22, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find 25 cents, for which you will please send me "Orthodoxy," by R. G. Ingersoll, "Ingersoll Catechised," and "Bible Temperance," by E. C. Walker.

We hav a few Freethinkers in our little town. I get THE TRUTH SEEKER, and it goes the round of all that I know. This is a hot-bed of orthodoxy. We have a population of about four thousand, and nine churches; so you see we hav lots of ignorance, for the more churches the more ignorance, and the fewer churches the more intelligence. The Catholics had a big blow-out here yesterday; they made God a present of a gospel-shop, as I call it, and I suppose God is feeling good over it. I know some of the good Catholics were, from the effect of spirits. I would like to see a Freethought lecturer here. Long liv THE TRUTH SEEKER and its pictures. W. J. WRIGHT.

OSWEGO CENTER, N. Y., May 20, 1887.

MY DEAR EUGENE: You can imagin my loneliness since the death of my loving wife, with whom I hav lived for thirty years, and who has shared my joys and sorrows during this long interval of time. I am alone (how the word hurts!) while I write; and oh! the painful, torturing stillness when I walk into our once cheerful, happy home, with no sound of a human voice or footstep of loved ones to greet me! And our only child is away from home, prostrate with sickness, and has spoken only in whisper for the last month. But I'll not take your time with my own trouble, for I am writing to challenge my Christian friends who are eternally harping on their one-stringed harp, "You won't talk so when you come to die." My wife was an Ingersoll Agnostic —*i. e.*, she knew that she did not know—but was cheerful and happy, and would silence the preachers who called to save her soul with such answers as this, "I don't know; do you?" She had her mind and voice till within three minutes of her death, and knew her light was nearly extinguished, but passed away without a shadow of superstition, as calmly as if going to sleep. About forty rods from our home, a few months ago, an honest, earnest, devoted Christian lady died, one who always told us, over and over, "You won't talk so when you come to die;" but she died in fear that she might possibly hav left some duty undone and made a failure of heaven after all. My Christian friends, *don't* tell me again that "Jesus can make a dying bed as soft as downy pillows are."

Find inclosed $1 for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I would gladly make it $100.

So say I, comrades, Colonel Ingersoll for president! Let all who can compute the cost, and the probable result. I say he is the strongest man for the Labor party, the Jews, and all Liberals; and hundreds of Christians will vote for him, the anathemas of priests notwithstanding.

A. H. WALKER.

LEXINGTON, May 14, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: What hav the clergy done but propagate silly, base, and vague ideas? I reminded a learned man to-day of Carlyle's remark that "atoms were seething with the promis of future potency and life." "What a blasphemous wretch!" said my friend. "It is sufficient for us to know that Christ died for us; what hav we to do with atoms?" Oh, my friends, what should be our scorn and contempt for preachers who thus degrade the human mind almost to the level of the brute? What, if we could see the godlike soul, in their hands, dwarfed, distorted, half-paralyzed, contaminated by the coarsest associations—and that, too, which nature fashions so heavenly, so divine? Behold the howling, grinning demons, exulting over the miserable wrecks they hav made! They know that they could admit the light by degrees into the darkened minds of men; but—momentous question—how, then, would they be able to pay their board bills? What do they know of statesmanship? Jefferson said, "Beware of them." While the people should be the fountain of power and influence, Constantine caused the rich to supply the wants of the state, and drew from the revenues of the churches funds for the support of the poor. Emerson and Machiavel hav both emphasized the idea that the people know their own interest, and in times of great danger the last appeal can be safely made to the people. Herbert Spencer remarks that the exchange made every morning between country and city people, according to their own judgment and wishes, is better than the plans of kings.

Joseph Cook has been lecturing here on "The Certainties in Religion," including, "Shall we liv when we are dead?" A certain *rusticus*, listening with open mouth, called him "the eighth wonder of the world." Joseph forgot that when dining upon the sweets of paradise, there is always a skeleton at the feast. I think I hav been better pleased with the exquisit reflections of Montaigne upon the fear of death.

Some timid gentlemen and ladies are distressed because our country is trying to part with some of her barbarous ways, when the only thing necessary for safety is to remind the people every day and hour that the change should be peacefully made, instead of quarreling like Kilkenny cats. What shall we do when the Socialist rallies the world beneath his banners? They come here for peace, and not for war, with overwhelming numbers, and laws which hav long been desired can soon be made. Preachers and monopolists will offer with blushes and shame the use of palatial residences and churches for factories and dwellings for the poor. I see it as in a vision. ALHAZA.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., May 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to tell of something which happened not far from here, and which givs the lie to the idea of a prayer-hearing and answering God. I do not know the names of the people concerned, so I will not try to giv them, but it was a farmer, and he was having a well bored near his house. It seems they were in rock from the start. The well was fifty-five feet deep and only an eight-inch hole. One day when they were not working at the well, and no one was about it, a little child, just beginning to walk, found its way to the spot. Its mother saw it standing by the well. She at once called to it, and, on hearing her, it looked around and slipped into the well with both feet. When its mother got to the well, it had slipped down until she could just touch its little head with the tips of her fingers, but could not help it in any way. Every motion the poor little helpless thing made to extricate itself only pushed it further from its frantic and grief-stricken mother. Down, down it went, in spite of the cries and screams and prayers of its mother, until when help (if help human powers can be called) came, it was out of sight, out of reach, and out of hope of recovery, yet still crying for its mother. They could not help it. So it went on until it was at the bottom of that dark, deep well, and there it stayed alive for three days, crying for its mother, with merciless rocks crushing its little heart to death. On top of the ground, in the free and open air and in the free and open sunlight, in hearing of their little darling, yet powerless to help, were the parents. Remember, the hole was only eight inches in diameter, and the little child fitted so closely that it went down very slowly. And yet a God so kind and tender that he watches even the falling of a sparrow looked on with the indifference of a heartless fiend, and would not help it out. And the people waited until it died, and rescued its little body from the hands of God by blasting. Who could worship such a fiend? I hav no prayer for him.

S. P. WOOD.

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BERLIN, N. J., May 31, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: You have told a greaf deal of truth in your paper, but never struck a richer vein than in the "Tales Told Out of School." You ought to publish it in pamphlet form, and every Liberal ought to be willing to liv on two meals a day, as I will agree to, until he has enough to buy a dollar's worth to distribute among churchmen. If an Infidel had written the same, churchmen would sneer at it, and call it false and blasphemous; but here they hav the plain, naked truth from one of their most intelligent parsons, who was chosen by themselvs to travel a year and get at the true state of the churches, and my experience and observations in a life of eighty-six years prove that he has told the truth, and now let it be scattered to the ends of the earth!

Well, Brother Macdonald, the Boonton churches hav defended their God. The jury of wise men decided that Mr. Reynolds injured his character to the extent of $25. What an idea! A finite man injuring the character of a supreme being $25 worth, and the damage can be paid in "filthy lucre!"

But they will find in the end that it is not a God but priestcraft that has been injured, and that they hav injured it themselvs more than Mr. Reynolds did. There is one thing I would like to know. How are they to get this $25 to their God? Does he ever come down, as it is said he did in olden times, or are some of the saints to carry it up to him when they go? And what will their God do with the money when he gets it? We do not read that his son, in his thirty-three years' life on earth, ever had but one piece of silver, and that was taken from the mouth of a fish, nor did it cost anything to get. As there are so many pious tricks played off in the churches now, I think the court should hav appointed some honest Infidel to see that the Lord gets his pay for the damage done to his character, for if it is left in the hands of the church, I don't believe he will ever get a farthing of it. And I would like to know how their God approves of their manner of defending his character, as they say he is supreme in power, and can strike blasphemers dead or punish them in his own way.

Yours, J. HAOKER.

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A REPLY TO MR. PIKARD.

MIDDLE FALLS, N. Y., June 1, 1887.

MR. PIKARD: I hesitated for some time before asking THE TRUTH SEEKER for space in which to reply to your open letter in the number for May 7th, since my former article meets and answers all your objections to my position, and only that you are so unfair in your treatment of me in this connection I would remain silent, trusting to the good sense of THE TRUTH SEEKER readers to fairly comprehend my views when they hav been so plainly set forth. But you show so evident a determination to misrepresent and distort the statements which you are trying to answer, that I feel compelled to briefly notice your errors, and partly restate my views regarding the changed words.

First, I would say, if you hav read my communication with the care you speak of, you ought not to incorrectly quote from it, or tack on a meaning that it does not express. By the way, the letter appeared in the issue for April 2d, and not March 7th, as you hav got it. You say: "You would be in favor of making all right at once, or none of it. You would want to build a house in a day, or not begin it. Laying three or four bricks would be so distasteful you would abandon it altogether. You wouldn't plow one acre of ground unless you could do it with one furrow," etc. Now, friend Pikard, where do you find any statement in my letter from which to draw such a conclusion? I hav intimated nothing of the kind. Again you say, "You make a singular expression when you say nine new characters to represent letters," an expression I did not use. I said "to represent the letters we now lack to express the *sounds* of the language;" quite a difference, and in this form entirely correct. I fear you are given to quibbling when you are more intent to trip me up in grammatical expressions than to refute my argument. Thus you quote, "So sweeping a reform would, of course, produce an almost total change in the structure of our language in its represented form," and then try to overthrow it by saying, "Letters do not determin the structure of a language; they only signify the elements of words. Words are elements of language." Well, what of that? Can you change the letters of a word and not change the appearance of the word? Mind, I said the *represented* form of the language, *i. e.*, its appearance as written or printed, not as it is spoken. Will you deny it? Take a page from a book with the words as now spelled, and place beside it another with the same reading, but spelled entirely by sound, with the new letters proposed, and no one unacquainted with the spoken form of our language would believe they were in the same tongue. Their appearance would be as dissimilar as Italian and Spanish. In the face of the fact that I said notwithstanding this I would be glad to see the change adopted by every periodical and every educational institution in the land, you will hav it that I am no friend to spelling reform. You say, "The idea that a man will say he wishes the adoption of so great a matter to bless the world, and yet ridicule the very first and necessary steps to educate the people to appreciate it, does not sound very logical to me." You may think that the very "first and necessary step" to correct an error is to substitute another error, but I do not. Would you correct one falsehood by telling another in its place? Certainly not. Neither can I consent to correct a wrong spelling by adopting another equally incorrect. There is an old and true saying that you must strike at the root if you would remove an evil, and I consider the "first step and the necessary step" is to spell the words right when we change them, and not adopt a false spelling which must in a few years undergo another change. I will explain this further on. You say, "You would be glad to see right spelling adopted, and yet you call those who are laboring to promote it 'spelling deformers.'" This is as far from the truth as the sun from the earth. I call no one a "spelling deformer" who is laboring to hav "right spelling adopted," but only apply it to those who seek to introduce a sham reform, such as hav, giv, liv, and nolej (see table below).

Passing over your harmless little stories of those Illinoisians with the "sheepshin," the forty-acre field, etc. (which, by the way, are highly amusing, and which, I trust, will yield you an infinit amount of merriment whenever your mind reverts to them), allow me to introduce right here a table or alphabet of sounds used in spelling, by which I will endeavor to show you the fallacy of spelling as you do the above-mentioned words. I will try to show by familiar examples what vowel sounds should be represented by single letters, placing a number for each lacking letter, since THE TRUTH SEEKER has no type to represent (singly) those sounds.

| | |
|---|---|
| A, ay. | M, em. |
| (1), ah, as in far, heart. | N, en. |
| (2), aw, as in fall, walk. | O, oh. |
| (3), sound of *a* in hat, land. | (7), uh, as in won, bulb. |
| B, be. | (8), uuh, as in wolf, push. |
| C, see. | (9), ooh, as in move, fool. |
| D, de. | P, pe. |
| E, ee. | Q, que. |
| (4), eh, as in get, when. | R, are. |
| (5), er, as in germ, dirt. | S, es. |
| F, ef. | T, tee. |
| G, pronounce always *g* hard, as in girl, not je. | U, you. |
| | (10), ow, as in growl, mound. |
| H, aitch. | V, ve. |
| I, eye. | W, double you. |
| (6), ih, as in fit, hymn. | X, ex. |
| J, Jay. | Y, wy. |
| K, kay. | Z, zee. |
| L, ell. | |

Let us now apply the principles of the above alphabet to a few words, using one of these figures whenever a vowel occurs which our regular alphabet does not represent by a separate letter. I shall thus be able to show you why my "falsely cultivated taste" will not allow me to spell *nolej* (knowledge) as you do. It seems a trifle strange for a man who has been a spelling reformer for thirty-five years to giv the sound of *o* and *e* in this word—sounds which are not heard in it at all—omitting the sounds which are really heard, marked (1) and (4) in the above table, and then triumphantly remark: "I hav spelled all the sounds in it." On the contrary, you hav done nothing of the kind. Correctly spelled, the word must be, n(1)l(4)j. You hav *shortened* the word by your spelling, but hav not bettered it in any other way, *nolej* being just as much a blunder as *knowledge;* both are wrong. And this brings us right back to the postulate in my former letter, that, "except in the one item of space saved, the old adage of 'every little helps' does not apply," to answer which you cry out, "I differ with you, inasmuch as it familiarizes the eye with correct spelling." Correct spelling, eh? Let us see. You spell have *hav*, and give *giv*, whereas, correctly spelled, they would be, h(3)v, and g(6)v (see sounds marked thus above), the sounds *a* and *i* not being heard in these words. Perhaps to all this you will say you could not spell them correctly because the papers do not hav the proper type. Very true; but when I mentioned that nothing of moment could be accomplished by those who are lopping and pruning among the twenty-six letters we now hav, and said that nothing short of a radical reform would suit me, you seemingly indorsed me by saying, "As to being radical, I am with you, and the first thing in order is as many letters as sounds;" and then, in the face of these brave words, you, in common with others, reproach me because I cannot indorse your spurious reform of *hav*, *giv*, *liv*, and *nolej*. What position is this for a spelling reformer to assume? You would be glad to see right spelling adopted, and yet you wish our papers to adopt a sham reform in order "to accustom our eyes to correct spelling." Fy, Mr. Pikard, how can you be so inconsistent?

A spelling reform in accord with the above simple yet comprehensiv system will not hav to be modeled over as the years go by. The change in use and pronunciation of the other letters (consonants) in connection with it, such as *c*, *k*, and *g*, I hav mentioned in my other letter. Such a radical reform goes to the bed-rock, and revolutionizes the appearance of more than four-fifths of the words in the English language. The spelling-book may be dispensed with; under such a system a child could hardly spell a word wrong if it tried. As you claim that our American children hav to content themselvs with only three-fourths of the education they might acquire but for our faulty spelling, you will readily see how, under its influence, our people must reach a much higher plane of thought and a grander horizon of mental development I am not probably so sanguin as you, yet I readily admit its importance, and will hail its adoption as a great blessing. There are a few drawbacks in connection with a system of spelling entirely by sound, where all words pronounced alike are spelled alike, since at times a writer's import may not be exactly clear in regard to the intended meaning of some of the words used. The sense of the subject will generally show us the right meaning, but not always. There is a remedy for this, however, which may be decided upon when the proposed system comes into use. May we look for its adoption? You will probably say, May we work for its adoption? Be it so. I care not if you commence by laying three or four bricks only a year, as you propose, or overturn the old system at once; but what I wish, and I hav tried to make it clear to you, is to hav all words which are changed spelled in accordance with the common-sense method, and the percentage which can be thus corrected without the use of new type is small. You are disposed to blame the printers for not furnishing new type to illustrate the new spelling to their readers, but how can the printers provide themselves with new type until some form for the characters has been decided upon? Would you hav every printing-office running a system of spelling "on its own hook?" Our publishers are not to blame; it is a subject for a national convention to meet upon and decide.

I will tell you, friend Pikard, why I do not think the proposed change is likely to be adopted anywhere in the near future. In 1866 Congress authorized the adoption of the metric system in the United States—a system of weights and measures giving the same ease and facility in reduction and business calculations that is secured in money computation by the use of our decimal currency. Twenty-one years hav gone by, and the people still use the old tables. Children are still laboring over the old problems of grains and penny-weights, and yards and rods, puzzling their brains to commit a lot of musty old tables, and there is no prospect of this useful system being adopted until it is made compulsory in each state by enactment. And I fear it will be so with a radical spelling reform. The great majority of the people are blind to their own interests—like to drift idly along in the slow current of popular errors, and it is hard indeed to arouse them from their lethargy.

In conclusion, I can say as you do, "I hav not exhausted the subject by a good deal," but I trust I hav shown you why I do not favor your alleged reform of displacing one error by adopting another, and that my position is entirely logical notwithstanding your doubts. D. LOUIS BODGE.

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JOSEPH, OR., May 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I think I hav pretty thoroughly dissected the little pamphlet entitled "The Theory of Evolution," by Prof. Thomas Henry Huxley. I differ widely with the professor, as it were, from my point of view. I hav a small stock of ideas or conclusions which, though not inexorable, I use as a source of reliance under the present condition. However erroneous, I think the professor has knocked the Miltonic or theological system higher than Gilderoy's kite, and has supplanted it with a theory rather more absurd and retrograding; for I, from some cause, probably ignorance, am not able to distinguish the material difference between 6,000 years of duration and 100,000. It seems to me that there is nothing gained by chasing our ancestry back to the monkey, pachyderm, or any other species of lower grade. We, as he states his views, originated from something inferior. Where will he come to in the course of time on his string of inferiority? On page eleven, in the pamphlet of his lectures, it will be seen what he wishes to throw out of court. I don't propose to throw anything out of court. When his argument is traced back and found without foundation he comes the theological dodge on it. The question is asked, Who was God's ancestor? and he supports the theory of no existence without a universal first cause. As regards the different formations it would be only a matter of time until we would pierce the heart of the earth. What then? Another theological stump. It will be seen on the eighth page of the aforesaid pamphlet that the universe has come into existence somehow or other. That is as much as to say, there was a time when it (the universe) did not exist. How is that compared with Uncle Moses's statement? It appears to me very clear that there is no existing thing with one end. In case there is one end, there must be two; and if this is accepted, and the universe had a commencement, it must naturally hav an ending; and if there is any indication in the front ground of its destruction, I think it is recent. Again, if the earth were once in a molten condition, in what condition was it before that, or was that its original condition? If so, would not the cause of it possess the power to keep it in that condition? If such was the case, which seems to me impossible, it must hav been the place described by ancient clergy as hell, as most of our druggists hav scraped up a little brimstone for future reference.

N. C. KENNEDY.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## The Thinkfidel.

He may not a Freethinker be
Who boldly boasts he thinketh free;
'Tis only freedom from a thought
Not to hav by wisdom wrought
Some kindly deed to cheer and bless
A child bereft of happiness.

His is the independent mind
Who good in all can duly find.
Whate'er his chapel or his creed,
Or having none, who does a deed
To light the loads that others gall,
Not bigot but a brother call.

Then call not him an Infidel,
Nor damn him to a devil's hell,
Who not believes and will not own
The gods or ghosts with name or none,
But faithful does what seemeth good
As reason makes it understood.

He only is the faithful one
Whose work will stand in time to come,
Who cares not most for things of might,
But craves to guard the weakest's right.
Hope, truth, and justice shall approve
Of him whose faith is work and love.

JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

## Our Flag Above the Cross.

Not long since attention was called to an advertisment in THE TRUTH SEEKER of some paper and envelopes with this heading, "Our Flag Above the Cross." The advertisment recalls to mind a letter received in the beginning of the year from a Liberal friend, Mr. J. Waters, in which he advocated a plan to keep alive in the minds of growing children the heroic deeds of the fathers of the republic, and at the same time inspire them with greater love and veneration for the institutions of our country which hav been given into our keeping.

It is, perhaps, a sad truth that children are not duly impressed with the significance of liberty and equality in a free land like ours, and forget to whom they are indebted for the blessings and privileges enjoyed.

For new inspiration, for further stimulation of thought and memory, Mr. Waters recommends that the national holiday, the fourth day of July, should be used, together with its grandest celebration of our national independence, as a gift-making holiday, as the day itself is typical of the great gift of liberty to America.

The idea is sensible, beautiful, and praiseworthy. If we should "giv good gifts" on any day, there is no time more auspicious than America's birthday. The proposition of Mr. Waters will, no doubt, meet the approbation of every lover of liberty throughout the land.

The impression made upon the minds of children by Christmastide is evident upon all sides. And yet this time celebrates an occasion of the truth of which there are many and grave doubts. Were the main ideas connected with Christmas in exact accordance with the truth, instead of much error, as is the case, even then there is not so much reason to celebrate the day with festivities and gift-making as clusters around the fourth day of July, the birthday of American Independence.

If it is desired to associate the day with myths, "Uncle Sam" and "Aunt Columbia" stand out in bold relief, ready to be utilized and woven into the joy and happiness of the holiday.

It is seriously to be hoped that the ideas suggested above will find approval in the minds of everyone, and that a beginning will be made *this* year to lift the birthday of American Independence into such light, prominence, grandeur, and beauty as shall inspire enthusiasm and kindle the fires of appreciation and devotion until they burn in the bosom of every child as they never hav before. Let gifts, mementoes, and blessings be exchanged; let the poor, the needy, and unfortunate be made glad and rejoicing that they liv in a land of liberty, free men, and some day to come, it may be added, free women.

Let the flag be lifted above the cross and float upon the air of heaven, the symbol of freedom and fraternity. Let the bells ring and chime the glad songs of liberty and equality, and the sweet interchange of gifts make the Nation's Birthday the holiest, the sweetest, the noblest occasion known to men, women, and children. S. H. W.

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.




A wise saying.

2.—THE MATHEMATICIAN'S MIRACULOUS METAMORPHOSIS.

The sum of numbers as you take
You change yourself into a *snake*.
Please find
What kind.
J. K. P. B.

3.—PUZZLE.



Find the faces of the four winds.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER MAY 28, 1887.

1.—One person yawning in company will sometimes produce a yawn in all present.
2.—Coin-cider (co-in-cider).
3.—A miss is as good as a mile.

## Correspondence.

PERRY, ILL., May 23, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav been reading the Children's Corner and I thought I would try and write. I go to Sunday-school; the teacher thinks I am a great Bible reader, but it is THE TRUTH SEEKER I read. Our town has 770 inhabitants and 6 churches. Pa is the only one in town that takes THE TRUTH SEEKER. He has taken it for eight years. I am thirteen years old and this is the first letter I ever attempted to write to a paper. I hope this will escape the waste basket.

Yours truly, GEORGE J. DOWNER.

TONAWANDA, N. Y., May 24, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write and see if you are well. I hav four little kittens at home. I am at my grandma's now. I was going home to-night, but it rains so that I cannot. I am nine years old. There is a little baby here and he is very nice. My grandma has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for twelve years, and I like it very much, especially the Children's Corner. I think that you are a dear, good woman to take so much pains for the children. I liv on Tonawanda Island in Niagara river. I am not home-sick with grandma, but I want to go home and see mamma.

Your little friend, NORA L. MILLIOHAMP.

JESSIE STARK CROW.—Your poem went astray, and arrived too late for publication last month. It is very good and will keep.—ED. C. C.

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# Poetry.

## How the Robin Came.

Happy young friends, sit by me,
Under May's blown apple-tree;
Hear a story, strange and old,
By the wild red Indians told,
How the robin came to be.

Once a great chief left his son,
Well beloved, his only one,
When the boy was well-nigh grown,
In the trial lodge alone.
Left for tortures long and slow
Youths like him must undergo,
Who their pride of manhood test,
Lacking water, food, and rest.
Seven days the fast he kept,
Seven days he never slept.
Then the poor boy, wrung with pain,
Weak from nature's overstrain,
Faltering, moaned a low complaint:
"Spare me, father, for I faint!"
But the chieftain, haughty-eyed,
Hid his pity in his pride.
"You shall be a hunter good,
Knowing never lack of food;
You shall be a warrior great,
Wise as fox and strong as bear;
Many scalps your belt shall wear,
If with patient heart you wait
One day more!" the father said.
When, next morn, the lodge he sought,
And boiled samp and moose meat brought
For the boy, he found him dead.

As with grief his grave they made,
And his bow beside him laid,
Pipe, and knife, and wampum braid—
On the lodge top overhead,
Preening smooth its breast of red
And the brown coat that it wore,
Sat a bird, unknown before,
And, as if with human tongue,
"Mourn me not," it said or sung;
"I, a bird, am still your son,
Happier than if hunter fleet,
Or a brave, before your feet
Laying scalps in battle won.
Friend of man, my song shall cheer
Lodge and corn land; hovering near,
To each wigwam I shall bring
Tidings of the coming spring;
Every child my voice shall know
In the moon of melting snow,
When the maple's red bud swells,
And the wind flower lifts its bells;
As their fond companion
Men shall henceforth own your son,
And my song shall testify
That of human kin am I."

Thus the Indian legend saith
How, at first, the robin came
With a sweeter life from death,
Bird for boy, and still the same.
If my young friends doubt that this
Is the robin's genesis,
Not in vain is still the myth
If a truth be found therewith;
Unto gentleness belong
Gifts unknown to pride and wrong;
Happier far than hate is praise,
He who sings than he who slays.

—*John G. Whittier in St. Nicholas.*

## Lost Souls and Saved Bodies.

"A STEAMER LOST!—The steamer John Knox. . . . She struck the Channel Harbor and sank in half an hour. Every soul on board perished. Some bodies were saved, having been washed ashore."

We would most respectfully inquire of the chronicler of the above paragraph his meaning in stating, "Every soul on board perished?" If he means every person on board lost his life, died, or perished, why not say so? Why call the crew of the steamer souls? Holding the chronicler to an accurate use of terms, we can call him to an account for fixing the state of these "souls," for without any reservation, limitation, or qualification, he boldly declares "every soul perished." Then these "souls" are dead; they can neither rise at judgment in glory, nor to shame and everlasting contempt. They are dead, every one of them; "perished," utterly annihilated!

Is it not about time for newspaper men to drop these Bible terms and phrases, and report their news items with a little more sense?

There is another error we see often—oh, so often!—"The couple became man and wife;" or, what is still worse, "the parson made them man and wife." Why not report it he "made them woman and husband?" as much sense in the latter as in the former. Just think how ridiculous! The parson makes the groom a man by marrying him to the bride, while the bride remains a woman, just what she was before! He was not a man before, but the marriage has made him one. They are now only *man* and *wife*, not *husband* and *wife*. She becomes a *wife* by the marriage, but he does not become a *husband*. His relationship is not changed toward the wife; he is simply a *man* as before, not a husband, while she is his wife; for did not the parson after the ceremony declare, "I now pronounce you man and wife?"

Recently this vulgarism has been very apparent in the Walker-Harman trial, where the offenders were indicted for "living together as *man* and wife," and this in law repeated until one would grit their teeth and exclaim, "What fools these lawyers and lawmakers be!"

Away with such Christian Bible nonsense, and use proper language when describing the common events of life, and if the churches and priesthood choose to use holy twaddle, myth, fire, blood, and thunder, let them do so to their hearts' content, but let those who know better leave them severely alone in their false Bible expressions and sacred phraseology, and if they choose to chronicle a narrow escape, "it was miraculous," and thus expose their inaccuracy and bigotry we can afford to let them and smile at their folly. But let us arm ourselvs against these infringements on a correct use of language, and stick to a scientific vocabulary bereft of their insane renderings and divine interpolations without sense or reason.

ELLA E. GIBSON.

## A Dialog.

Infidel. Was Adam a perfect man or not?

Christian. God made him perfect, but he sinned and became imperfect.

I. Could a perfect being sin?

C. Adam was a free agent, and could do as he pleased, right or wrong.

I. You hav not answered my question. Could a perfect being sin, or would a perfect being want to sin?

C. Well, he might be tempted.

I. Suppose God had made two men, and suppose the one had no desire to sin and could not be tempted, while the other had a taste for forbidden fruit and finally ate some—would one be better than the other?

C. Yes.

I. Then could both be perfect?

C. Well, no; not if one were better than the other.

I. Which would be imperfect?

C. Why, the one that wanted to sin—the way you put it.

I. Well, is not that the one that God made and the one that you said was made perfect?

C. You talk like an Infidel, and such remarks may cost you your soul. It will matter but little to you whether Adam was perfect or not when you get into hell.

I. At your string's end, eh? Your own answers make you admit that if Adam sinned he was not perfect. Now, is not the God that made him responsible for the sin resulting from his imperfection?

C. I don't want to discuss such things. God's ways are not man's ways.

I. Why didn't you say that at first?

*Tyrone, Pa.* WM. SCOTT.

## How a Church Extension Failed.

A Sioux Falls minister recently went out to another Dakota town to help organize a church. On his return his wife said to him:

"I trust you were successful and laid the foundation for a prosperous church society."

"Well, I'm afraid I can't say that I was."

"Why, I don't see what could hav prevented?"

"I'll tell you; I got those together who appeared to be interested, and we talked the matter over some little time."

"Well, why don't you go on?"

"Why, they didn't appear to be very enthusiastic, and to test the matter I said, 'Gentlemen, I move that we proceed to organize a Presbyterian church.' Just then a prominent business man arose and said, 'I move to amend the gentleman's motion so that instead of a Presbyterian church we organize a board of trade and get up a boom.' 'Those in favor of the amendment,' said I, 'will please rise.' You ought to hav seen them get up! Every man stood up except one lame man, and he was feeling on the floor for his crutch. Some got up on the chairs, and one man tried to crawl on top of the stove. When I came away they were talking about moving the cemetery to make room for a street-car line."—*Winnipeg Siftings.*

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—*Tribune.*


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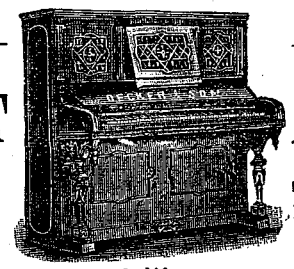
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# Freethinkers' Almanac,

# 1887.

(E. M. 287.)

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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## News of the Week.

WILLIAM A. WHEELER, vice-president under Hayes, died at Malone, N. Y., last Saturday, aged 67.

NEWMAN LITTER and Herman Hehrskrowitz, tailors, were arrested last Sunday for breaking the Sabbath by sewing.

THE clearing away of the débris from the site of the Paris theater fire brought to light the bodies of seventy victims.

THE latest development in the Sharp trial is the charge of jury-bribing by the defendant. An investigation is being made.

THE Episcopalians of New York talk of erecting a cathedral, to be the finest building of the kind in America and to cost $10,000,000.

THE birthday of Jefferson Davis on June 3d was celebrated at Richmond, Va., by a concert for the benefit of the Confederate Soldiers' Home. Davis is 79.

THE Rev. W. C. Stiles, reported lost, strayed, or stolen from Pittsfield, N. H., was seen in New York, and later turned up at Norway, Me., where his mother livs.

THE pope has written to his nuncios abroad saying that the restoration of his temporal power is the only terms upon which he will treat for peace with the Italian government.

THE backbone of the Sunday beer famin in this city appears to hav been broken.

A THOUSAND men were employed last week in the ruins of the car stables recently burnt, digging out the carcasses of the 1,200 horses destroyed by the fire.

THE Italian woman, Chiara Cignarale, charged with shooting her husband in a New York tenement-house, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged July 22d.

NEWS has just been received at Manson, Calhoun county, Ia, that the Rev. Dr. Reid, who left that place last winter to become a missionary in Central Africa, had been killed and eaten by a tribe of cannibals.

LEWIS MASQUERIER, the land reformer, dedicated his own monument in Cypress Hills Cemetery, Brooklyn, last Sunday. A few friends were present and listened to his address. Mr. Masquerier is 85 years old.

CHARLES SEIDHORF, aged 91, and his wife, aged 93, of Union Hill, N. J., committed suicide last week rather than go to the poorhouse. The poormaster called for them and found them both dead upon the floor. A letter which the old man left set forth the reasons for the act.

THE new Scotch cutter, the Thistle, built to capture the America's cup, now held by New York yachtsmen, has proved herself to be a remarkably fast boat, having beaten the Genesta by eleven minutes in a forty-four-mile race over the Dover course. She will come to America and try for the cup.

JAMES HOPE, the notorious bank burglar, was taken to Auburn last week for robbing the Manhattan bank in this city several years ago. He has just served out a sentence in California for a similar offense. Other sentences in different states are hanging over him. He is upwards of fifty years of age, and will probably end his days in jail.

THE workingmen of New York, to the number of more than 50,000, turned out last Saturday night to giv a reception to Mr. O'Brien, editor of *United Ireland*, but Mr. O'Brien refused to show himself. He said in explanation that he could not appear upon the same platform with John McMackin, who had once presided at a dynamiter's lecture; neither would he fellowship with Henry George, on account of his land doctrins, nor with McGlynn, because of his trouble with the pope. He is severely criticised by the leaders of the labor movement.


# THE ORDER OF CREATION.

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ABRAHAM PREPARETH TO CARVE ISAAC.

And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son. And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said, Abraham, Abraham.—Gen. xxii, 10, 11.

## Odds and Ends.

THE fashionable clergyman is feeling very ill just now, and his congregation are skirmishing round to raise money to send him to Europe.

THERE is a couple living in the vicinity of Boston, who two years ago were nursed in the lap of luxury; that is to say, they were very wealthy. In a fatal hour the husband took to amateur farming, and the wife became her own milliner and dressmaker. The last seen of the unfortunate pair was last week, when they entered the cars *en route* for the state almshouse.

JOHNNY was sick last summer and had to stay in the house while there was a circus in town. Naturally it did not sweeten his temper, and his mother had to talk to him. "My child," she said, "you must not complain because you are sick. It is very wicked. You want to go to heaven, don't you?" "Yes'm," he growled, "but not till after the circus. A little boy can go to heaven any time, but a circus ain't in town every day."

A CERTAIN gentleman had a mother-in-law with whom he did not liv on a very peaceful footing. Finally she died, and the son-in-law in a few days afterward met Jones, who is somewhat of a literary character. "I suppose you hav heard of my misfortune," said the distressed son-in-law "Yes, I read the sad news." "Well, I want you to get me a nice epitaph for her—something short." "Yes," replied the friend, "the shorter the better. How would 'At Last' do?"

"MY son," said a minister, placing his hand on the head of a freckle-faced boy, "do you attend the Baptist Sunday-school?" "No, mum," replied the boy, "but me and Billy Powers goes a-swimmin' in the baptistry in the basement." "But," said the minister, "you will never get religion in that way." "Oh, come off!" growled the boy. "The baptistry hasn't been pumped out for six months, and the religion in it is a-gettin' so thick that it will stick to us when we don't use soap."

TRUE, THOUGH REMARKABLE.

"Yes, I'm from Dakota," he said meekly as he got into conversation with a man on an Eastern train.

"Ah, is that so? I am thinking of going out there myself to invest in some farming land."

"We hav some very fine land."

"So I understand—but are not some of the stories they tell of its fertility exaggerated?"

"Why, my friend, I am sorry to say some of them are downright untruths."

"That's what I thought. Now, what is the most remarkable instance of the fertility of Dakota soil which ever came under your observation?"

"Well, I believe the case of my pump might go at the head of the list."

"What was it?"

"I dug a well about forty feet deep the first season I was there and put down a wooden pump. It happened that it was made out of a small cottonwood log which was a little green, and the soil at the bottom of that well, forty feet from the surface, was so fertil that the pump took root, and it also grew up and branched out, and now while my children play in a swing attached to one of the branches I pump water through the hole which still remains in the trunk."

"Do you tell that for the truth?"

"Why, certainly, sir; I never tell anything but the truth."

"Are you engaged in farming or the real estate business?"

"Why, I'm engaged in neither, my friend, neither. I'm a preacher. I went out there as a missionary seven years ago, and though my work has been humble I trust it has had a beneficial influence on our people."—*Dakota Bell.*

INSTRUCTIV STATISTICS FURNISHED BY THE EDITOR OF A WEEKLY PAPER.

| | |
|---|---|
| Average number of MSS. received per day... | 125 |
| Average number of MSS. declined per day... | 120 |
| Number of enemies made per day..... | 120 |
| Number of reproachful and abusiv letters received per mouth from would-be contributors, whose work I hav refused..... | 2,050 |
| Number who cheerfully accept my judgment | 00 |
| Number of contributors who hav sought to work upon my sympathies, and by the recital of pathetic tales of poverty and distress induce me to accept their MSS..... | 4,551 |
| Number who hav succeeded..... | 3 |
| Number of times I hav been sorry I yielded.. | 3 |
| Number of my relativs living..... | 33 |
| Number of these who think themselvs competent to write for my paper..... | 33 |
| Number who hav tried to do it..... | 33 |
| Number who hav failed..... | 33 |
| Number of suggestions as to the proper manner of "running" my paper received per week from friends..... | 55 |
| Number of these suggestions utilized..... | 00 |
| Number of my contributors who are thoroughly satisfied with my treatment of them..... | 00 |
| Number of persons among my acquaintances who do not think they could conduct the paper better than I do..... | 00 |
| Number of times I hav wished that I were dead..... | 5,360 |

THE CZAR'S PLEASURE TRIP.

The czar started out on a pleasure excursion,
To travel a few miles by rail,
With stockings of iron that he had to pry on, and
a steel undershirt that wouldn't show the
dirt, and a riveted ulster of mail.
I need for this trip stout clothes that won't rip,"
Said the czar, "when they catch on a nail."

And he took for his friends on this pleasure excursion
An army of soldiers so rough,
With gun and with cannon, with flag and with
pennon, with carloads of shot, and a monstrous big lot of muskets, and rifles, and stuff.
Says he: "'Twill be tame if we find any game,
And don't hav ammunition enough."

So he started forth on his pleasure excursion,
This jolly and fun-loving czar;
And they halted, 'tis reckoned, on every third
second, hit the wheels with a whack, and examined the track, and tore up the floor of the car.
"What a jolly sweet life," said the czar to his wife:
"This pleasure excursion, ha, ha!"—*S. W. Foss.*


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## Gems of Thought.

SLAVERY, its perpetuation and crimes, are an eternal blot upon the Christian church of America.—*D. M. Bennett.*

WHEN we entreat a fellow-creature to forgiv the offenses we hav committed against him, we mean to entreat that he will not, by any act of his, punish us for them, that he will not revenge or repay them, that he will retain no rancor in his breast against us on account of them; and such a prayer addressed to a being of like passions to ourselvs is rational and intelligible, because we know that it is natural for him to feel anger at our injuries, and that, unless moved to the contrary, he will probably retaliate. But when we pray to our heavenly father to "forgiv us our trespasses as we forgiv them that trespass against us" we overlook the want of parallelism of the two cases and show that our notions on the subject are altogether misty and confused; for God cannot be injured by our sins and he is inaccessible to the passions of anger and revenge. . . The expression of God's taking vengeance is an Old Testament or a pagan expression and can only be consistently and intelligibly used by those who entertain the same low ideas of God as the ancient Greeks and Hebrews entertained—that is, who think of him as an irritable, jealous, and avenging potentate.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

THERE are wide and irreconcilable differences of opinion among Christians. These differences are inconsistent with the claim that the Bible is a revelation from God. Should a being of infinit wisdom make a revelation to man, he would, it is reasonable to believe, make himself understood; otherwise his communication would be no revelation at all. To reveal is to make known. *Men* are liable to be misunderstood because of the indefinitness of their ideas and their inability to express their views with clearness and precision, but is it possible that such a being as we are told God is has taken the pains to inspire certain individuals to write his thoughts, and has so obscured his meaning by doubtful phrases and ambiguous expressions that learned and honest men cannot agree as to what he has declared?—*Underwood's Christianity and Materialism.*

THE English laborer wants to know if the village rector of Mr. Forster's imagination has anything to say about justice here on this solid earth. He has heard enough sentimental cant about the joys of heaven, where he, the rector, and the squire, their earthly distinctions having vanished, are to stand round a throne, waving palm-branches and striking harps. These celestial possibilities somehow do not appeal very strongly to his dull imagination. But he is conscious of stern and disagreeable facts related to his actual daily life. He knows that he and his fathers hav been for generations uncared for, neglected, and permitted to grow up with scarcely higher aspirations than the beasts about him and often not so well housed as they. He has an idea in his dim mind that a religion which has nothing to say about iniquitous land and game laws is no religion for him. He finds that the rector has no word of rebuke for earthly injustice, but is, in nine cases out of ten, the friend and ally of some neighboring game-preserving landlord. But the son of toil needs and demands justice and progress here.

Not in Utopia, subterraneous fields—
Or some secreted island, heaven knows where!
But in the very world, which is the world
Of us all, the place where in the end
We find our happiness, or not at all.
—*Wordsworth.*

For these things the laborer looks in vain from Mr. Forster's time-serving priest with his usual pictures of celestial bliss.—*William Clarke.*

BETWEEN vague, wandering capability and fixed, indubitable performance, what a difference! A certain inarticulate self-consciousness dwells in us; which only our works can render articulate and decisivly discernible. Our works are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly of that impossible precept, Know thyself; till it be translated into this partially possible one, Know what thou canst work at.—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.*

"IN all the contingencies of chance and variety of action," says Jeremy Taylor, "remember that thou art the maker of thy own fortune and of thy own sin," which reminds one of the complaint of Minerva in the Odyssey: "How wanton mortals to reproach the gods; for men say that evils come from *us*. But they themselvs by their own folly suffer more than they need suffer."—*Christian Register.*

OUR bodies are our gardens; to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to hav it steril with idleness or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills.—*Shakspere's Othello, Act 1, Sc. iii.*

No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men.—*Carlyle.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

Vol. 14. No. 25. } PUBLISHED WEEKLY. } New York, Saturday, June 18, 1887. } 28 LAFAYETTE PL. } $3.00 per year.





AN EFFECT OF COMSTOCK'S "DISGUSTING" BILL.—LET THE GOVERNOR SIGN IT!

## Notes and Clippings.

NEAL DOW charges that the rumsellers of Maine bribe Republican officials not to enforce the Prohibition law.

CARDINAL GIBBONS has returned from Rome, and last Sunday he spoke in Baltimore. He said that the pope has great affection for America!

SAVANNAH *News:* "The irreverence of some of the so-called evangelists has become nauseating. They are as familiar with the name of the deity as a cat with its kittens."

MAYOR WHITNEY, of Brooklyn, declines to appoint women on the Board of Education in that city. New York has three ladies on its board, and the result has not proven unsatisfactory.

THE fiftieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne of England occurs June the 28th, and that is what all the jubilation is about. The exercises at Westminster Abbey will cost $85,000.

THE *Allgemeine Zeitung*, a Vienna newspaper, mentions a project which has been hinted at to make Pope Leo king of Palestine under a guarantee of protection on his throne by all the Catholic powers.

THE Salvation Army recently made a raid on a Kansas town, and this is part of a circular with which they billed the village: "Smiling Belle, from Wichita, Kan., the girl who jumped out of a two-story window to get salvation, will be at the rink, April 18th, at 8 P.M. Cyclones of salvation! Tornadoes of power! Gales of grace! Celestial breezes! Collection at the door to defray expenses."

THE price for a license to sell liquor in Bushnell, Ill., is $2,000, and yet six saloon men hav applied for licenses. This, they say, represents about $12 apiece from every man, woman, and child in the town.

THE Rev. Edward H. Dutcher, Methodist, of Bedford, N. Y., has quit work and gone on strike. His salary was meager, and he declares that he will not break any more bread of life until he is better paid for it.

PROFESSOR ADLER'S Workingman's School on 54th street held its first graduating exercises last Saturday evening. Mr. Adler presided, and Mayor Hewitt sent a letter. This school combines education in mechanics with the ordinary school studies. The results hav been very encouraging.

THE late Mrs. A. T. Stewart, during the last few years of her life, built a cathedral at Garden City, L. I., at an expense of something like a half million dollars, and endowed it with $15,000 annually. The trustees of the cathedral are not satisfied with these munificent gifts, and are suing for more.

APPEARANCES indicate that Dr. McGlynn will not go to Rome in obedience to the pope's orders. He has lecture engagements up to June 23d, and if he fills them he will hav but eight days left out of the forty given him during which he must present himself in the holy city or be excommunicated.

THE New York Episcopalians hav begun taking subscriptions toward their new $10,000,000 cathedral. They hav already raised $400,000, and a committee is to choose a site at an early day. In order to draw subscriptions from all Protestant denominations, the promis is made that the cathedral will be conducted on unsectarian methods. If $10,000,000 is expended in the construction of this cathedral, there is no doubt that it will be ornamental as well as useless.

TEXAS liquor dealers are soliciting subscriptions from brewers and dealers in the North and West to combat the Prohibitionists in the coming elections. They say that unless speakers are put in the field the state is likely to adopt Prohibition by 25,000 majority. The dealers want high license and strict supervision of the traffic.

THE Chicago *Express* had recently this significant editorial: "D. B. Stevenson, of Paola, Kan., desires the *Express* to continue the publication of the Talmage sermons. To show how hard it is to please all, we will say that the *Express* discontinued them for the reason that hundreds each week declared that they were a disgrace to the paper."

THE following announcement was a few weeks since extensivly placarded on enormous posters in the town of Lisburn, county Antrim, where a series of Lent lectures was being given in one of the Protestant churches:

*Sunday, April* 3.
THE REVEREND CANON ——
"Descended into Hell."
You are all affectionately invited.

EDITOR O'BRIEN'S visit to New York for the purpose of arousing public sympathy in behalf of Ireland was to some extent a disappointment. The leaders of the Labor party here got up a parade in his honor, probably larger than he will ever see again with the same object, and prepared to giv him a rousing reception, but on account of the presence of a few objectionable persons he declined to present himself before the multitude. He was afterward banqueted and received by a few distinguished individuals, but there was no popular demonstration. Banker Eugene Kelly, however, placed $25,000 in his hands for the Parnell fund.

DURING the recent discussion by the General Presbyterian Assembly of the communion wine question, several clergymen undertook to explain the exact character of the wine used by the savior at the Last Supper. After the issue had been disposed of by the adoption of a resolution in favor of unfermented wine, the Rev. J. S. Martin, of Chillicothe, made a novel suggestion. "Having drawn the line on the wine question," he remarked to one of the brethren, "it's now in order for the assembly to determin the exact kind of stone upon which Moses engraved the Ten Commandments. It's important to know whether it was sandstone, limestone, or concrete."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A PORTION of the congregation of the old Washington Street Methodist church in Brooklyn hav petitioned the bishop not to reappoint the Rev. C. W. Millen as their pastor. They charge that Mr. Millen has banished from the church a gospel temperance organization; that he indulges in unprofitable conversation; that he is lacking in spiritual mindedness, and that he is a victim of self-adulation. In view of these shortcomings, aggravated by the introduction of secular music and instruments into the church building, the petitioners represent that the pastor's usefulness is at an end. The congregation is divided, Mr. Millen is defiant, and the guardian angels are picking up clubs to preserve order.

# Communications.

## Protection to Labor.

CONCLUDED.

But the use it is possible to make of the savings of labor depends on the degree in which the whole country in which we liv diversifies and extends its industries.

The diversification of industries in its turn involves national protection by tariffs on imports, and by other means, against injurious international competition in our own markets, and in our spheres of industry.

I will state briefly ten distinct reasons why national protection by tariffs is necessary to the maintenance of a high rate of wages in this country.

*First.*—All values in commodities to you depend as much on the obstacles to the production of the commodity by others as they do on the facilities to its production by you. The American farmer's wheat would be worthless if there was any one point on the globe where it could be produced for nothing, and could be from thence transported instantaneously and gratuitously to the farmer's door. No shoemaker could get a nickel for his shoes if they could at any one point in the world be made for nothing, and then laid down for nothing beside the product of that shoemaker's labor. Hence all values which attach to what you produce depend not only on your facilities for producing, but on the obstacles to the production by others. To the extent that others, in Europe, India, or China, can produce for nothing, transport for nothing, and import for nothing the same thing you are producing, they can destroy all value in what you produce.

Hence, if values of labor are to be higher in this country than in foreign countries, the values of those products which they hav all of our facilities for producing must be higher; and to make the values of products higher foreign markets and our markets must be two markets, and not one and the same market, for no one commodity can hav two different prices in one market.

Labor has a price of say $1.50 in America, $1.10 in England, $0.90 in Belgium, $0.80 in France, $0 60 in Germany, $0 50 in Austria, $0.30 in Russia, $0.20 in Turkey, $0.10 in China and Japan, and $0 05 in India per day. These differences in the value of labor would all disappear if Hindoo labor could be supplied with the same facilities we are working with, and if its product could be gratuitously placed side by side with the product of our labor.

Whatever higher values attach to American labor and its products, over what attach to foreign labor and its products, are due, therefore, to the obstacles to the free introduction of the products of foreign labor, and to the obstacles to the general supplying of foreign laborers with our facilities. Free trade, by removing these obstacles, tends to throw the whole world into one market, having but one price, and thereby to destroy that very difference on which our higher values for commodities and for labor rest. Protection tends to preserve and increase these differences in value. And these differences in values constitute the whole difference between the condition of the free American laborer and the Hindoo cooly. Therefore the division of the world into different markets, having differences in their values for commodities and labor, is as essential to the freedom of the American workingman as is the government under which he livs or the air he breathes.

*Secondly.*—The higher rate of profits and wages, or of aggregate earnings to capital and labor, which prevail in America over what hav ever been obtained in other countries are equivalent to the fact that the same amount of effort relieves more human want and satisfies more of human desire; in short, produces more happiness and does more good, than a like expenditure of effort in any other country. This higher rate of profit and wages is the pecuniary aspect of a more rapid and vigorous rate of well doing in the industrial service of mankind. It springs partly from our possession of the largest area of new and virgin soils, and our application of machine power to the cultivation and transportation of its products; partly to the amalgamation into the American races of the highest race types of Europe, and the greatest number of them, whereby a higher type of inventiv energy and mental resource is evolved in the American race than ever before existed on earth; and partly and jointly with these two it is due to the abandonment of the policy of relying on the three or four industries which could be carried on in an imperfect way through the natural protection afforded by our cheap land, and grasping in addition the great manufacturing industries in the establishment of which tariff protection was peremptorily needed.

We could raise some corn, cotton, and tobacco without protection, just as we could hav some reading and writing without schools, and protection has in some instances, probably, imposed some tax on corn, cotton, and tobacco; but to-day five times more corn, cotton, and tobacco can be raised in the country because of our magnificent woolen, cotton, iron and steel, silk, salt, and sugar industries, than could be raised here if these industries had no existence; and but for protection these industries would to-day hav no existence whatever. Therefore corn, cotton, and tobacco, the articles for which we hav natural protection, hav grown fivefold faster under the labor of carrying the burden than they would hav grown if they had declined the burden. They are like the man who carried the calf every day till he became an ox, and found his strength so developed thereby that while, as a matter of power, he could still carry the ox, as a matter of fact and convenience the ox carried him. These vast manufacturing industries are the ox that to-day carries our farm products and our farming system over the Rockies to the Pacific slope, whereas, did they not exist, our farmers would be still limited to the eastern half of the great West. To this diversification of our industries is due their activity; out of their activity comes their high rate of profit on capital, and out of this high rate of profit on capital come the existing rates of wages. And this higher rate of profit and of wages in their turn, as a continual state of higher reward for well doing, stimulate us to continue in rendering a higher degree of service to mankind than is rendered by any similar number of persons or race of people on the globe. Hence we want protection for our labor from all the world in order that we may do most for all the world, thus merging the most enlightened self-interest in the most cosmopolitan philanthropy.

*Thirdly.*—The position taken by the free-traders, that whatever is profitable to each of the two parties to a trade must be profitable to the nation at large, and since the two parties to a trade would not make the trade unless each of them saw a profit in it, the fact that they make it shows that the nation at large is benefited by it, is made untrue by the fact that while each person buys or sells for money, the nation at large exchanges always goods for goods, international trade always resolving itself into barter. If one nation, as England, does not hav the goods with which to pay for the breadstuff, cotton, and petroleum we ship her, she buys coffee of Brazil and tea of China, and with those balances the account, leaving only an occasional small remittance necessary in money. Now, when trade resolves itself into barter of commodities for commodities, the expediency to us, as a nation, of importing a foreign commodity relativly to the expediency of producing it at home, contains two questions, viz., 1st. Where can we buy the commodity cheapest, abroad or at home? and 2d. Where can we, as a nation, barter the greatest number of the commodities which we produce in exchange for it?

Now, to the individual buyer of a commodity, the first of these questions is the only one that ever arises, because he, as a buyer, always pays for it in money, and never in goods. But to the nation both questions arise, because the nation pays for it in goods or becomes bankrupt. To pay for it in money would drain it of its medium of exchange, its implement of commerce, in which it can no more afford to pay for its purchases abroad than a mechanic can afford to pay his debts by handing over his kit of tools, or a farmer can afford to pay his debts by surrendering his farm. The nation therefore must inquire, when comparing the relativ expediency of importation and production, not only at what price can I buy, but with how many products can I pay in barter, if I buy abroad, and with how many can I buy at home?

Now, we will suppose John Bull is at his end of a telephone that connects with Uncle Sam's right ear, and that Uncle Sam has several telephones at his left ear, connecting with Brother Jonathan in Connecticut, and with the Hon. Timothy Buckeye in Ohio, and with Mr. Abiram Sucker in Illinois.

Uncle Sam first calls up John Bull, and says:

"John!" "All right," says John, "I'm here."

"John, my people need 560,000,000 pounds of paper every year, and they want to know where they can buy it cheapest. Can you furnish it?"

John Bull: "The Lord only knows whether I could or not. I never made more than 350,000,000 pounds of paper a year in my life. I don't make as much paper per capita as you do. What possesses you to be wanting to buy paper o' me? I might sell you a few thousand reams at a low price, but if you call on me for more than double the quantity I am now making, I can't tell where I'd be."

Uncle Sam: "Jus' so, John. Well, I only want to figure on it a little. Suppose you could furnish it, what can I pay you in? You know while our citizens pay money for paper, between you and me it's all barter of goods for goods. Now, what will you take of me if I buy all my paper of you?"

John Bull: "I can't take much more wheat, for our farmers are grumbling at what I'm taking now. I might take a little more cotton, but not much, for I'm tryin' to get my cotton, if I can, in Egypt and India."

Uncle Sam: "Wheat and cotton—why, I'm sending over so much of them now that the bigger the crop I raise the less I get for it. You wouldn't like say 50,000 shiploads o' pumpkins, would you?"

John Bull: "No, I wouldn't like no pumpkins, would you?"

Uncle Sam: "I can buy all this paper at home, and pay for it in straw, cordwood, corner lots, potatoes, lime, coal, railroad freights, timber on the stump, cattle on the hoof, cranberries, school teachin', preachin', clams, whisky, hay, or any other domestic product. How can I afford to buy it of you when you won't take anything in pay for it but cotton and wheat, and when you don't want any more of those?"

John Bull: "I havn't said you could afford to buy of me. Some of my cranks that are running the Cobden Club might hav said so, but I tell you your trade is most free when you trade with those who will take most freely what you hav to giv, and those are, of course, your home producers."

So Uncle Sam calls up his home producers, and finds that he can buy his 560,000,000 pounds of paper, and pay for it in straw, which would otherwise be worthless, in cordwood, lumber on the stump, corner lots, pumpkins, or any other of his domestic products. He finds his trade abroad a most restricted trade, because restricted in the means of barter which he can make use of in payment, while his trade at home is free trade, because he is free to pay with whatsoever commodity he can produce. Hence protection of domestic industry tends toward the highest freedom of our home trade, which must in any event form nineteen-twentieths of all our trade.

*Fourthly.*—A fourth economic reason why workingmen need protection by a tax to keep out the products of foreign labor, rather than to keep out the foreign laborer himself, is this: The foreign laborer, the instant he lands upon our shores, becomes in every economic sense an American laborer, a consumer of American products, and a part of that vast American demand which givs to all American commodities their value. He does not, like the imported commodity, merely displace the American labor previously in the market. On the contrary, he adds to its employment. It is only necessary that the labor migrating into this country shall distribute itself among the different employments according to the demand, as in the main it does, to continue the equilibrium between occupations previously existing. For instance, if one shoemaker is required for 300 persons, and if out of 300 immigrants only one, after he comes here, goes to making shoes, then the labor market in the shoe business would not be disturbed in the least by the arrival of 10,000,000 immigrants, because each arrival would increase the American demand for shoes in a ratio exactly equal to the increase of the American supply. Business to the shoemakers would be brisker than ever, as society in motion makes more life than society at rest. But suppose that instead of the 10,000,000 immigrants we bring in free the shoes which one in 300 of them, if a shoemaker, would make, but no immigrants at all. The demand for shoes is not increased at all, but shoes enough to supply 10,000,000 persons are thrust upon our markets from abroad without any new consumers of shoes. This does disturb the equilibrium previously existing in the shoe market. One-fifth more shoes than existing consumers want might cause a fall of two-fifths in the existing prices of all the shoes in the country; might, if it were an annual supply, throw thousands of persons out of employment, for the imported shoe goes on displacing American labor, but producing nothing and demanding nothing, unless it may be a drain of gold to Europe, from the hour it is imported to the hour it is worn out and thrown away. The imported shoemaker, on the other hand, is instantly incorporated into the great army of American producers and consumers; he is part of the demand which makes values as well as of the force which supplies them, and in the economic sense his presence here, if he is an honest, industrious man, is just as useful to the country as is the presence of any worker whose ancestors came in the Mayflower. They are, therefore, in the wrong who say, Let in the foreign commodity, but shut out the immigrant. They only are entirely right who say, Let in the immigrant freely, but shut out the commodity.

And now the economic reason why the commodity produced by American labor should be preferred to that produced by foreign labor, is that in the domestic production, suppose it to be of cloth or iron, compared with the foreign production of cloth or iron, two domestic or American capitals and two American sets of laborers are employed, viz., that which produces the cloth or iron itself and that which produces the corn or cotton or beef which is given in exchange for it, while in the case of the imported cloth or iron only one domestic capital and one set of American laborers is employed, viz., that which produces the corn or cotton which is given in exchange for cloth or iron. The capital and labor employed in producing the imported cloth or iron are foreign capital and foreign labor, *i.e.*, located at the time of production in a foreign country where they constitute a part of the local demand for the land and food, fuel and other products, of that country, and are no part of our local demand for land or bulky products.

Moreover, in the case of the cloth or iron produced in this country, the American people hav two con-

sumptions as well as two productions, where the imported commodity furnishes them with only one. They consume the iron or cloth, and they also consume the corn or cotton given in exchange for it. They hav just so much more of the comforts, conveniences, and necessaries of life. But in the case of the imported cloth or iron, the American people hav the consumption of the cloth and iron, but the consumption of the wheat or cotton given in exchange for it takes place abroad. A domestic production as compared with a foreign production, therefore, doubles both our home production and our home consumption. There is the same difference as between a circulation of the blood within a human being, which is life, and a letting it out upon the air, which is death. Out of this activ home production and consumption spring profits and wages; and as the division is nearly that of working on shares, the wages-earner shares with the profit-maker in the blessings of an activ societary circulation, thus placing it in his power to become a profit-maker himself.

*Fifthly.*—A fifth reason why a nation should protect its trade and production by tariffs on imports is because it is better and more humane to protect them in this way than to send armies into all the barbarian countries of the world to compel them to buy our goods at the point of the bayonet. It is cheaper in the long run to conquer the world by attracting their emigrants to us than by sending our armies to them. This protection to American labor is doing.

*Sixthly.*—Protection to American labor should be sustained because it is a sure and reasonably short road to cheapness. France proved that with beet sugar. When Napoleon decreed its protection in 1812, England got off such rhymes as this:

> Says John Bull to Bony, while we hold the cane
> You are welcome each year to get beat.

But now France can reply:

When you held the cane ours was the pain,
And you led us a lively cotillion;
That your toddies would chance to be sweetened from France
Some day was one chance in a million.
But now, you know, its a jolly go,
You can't drink the health of the queen, you know,
But protected beet sugar gets into the gin
And shows what a pickle old England is in.

*Seventhly.*—I would advocate protection to American industry, if for no other reason, for the political reason that it is the question of the union of these states under one government carried down to its foundations, back to its causes, out to its proper safeguards, and forward to its most sublime fruition and destiny. Historically, this union of states was formed solely in order to pass a protectiv tariff. That was the motiv. So far as free trade has wrought at all, it has wrought, with insidious wiles, to connect the South in its affections with England, and to connect the North in its interests with England, and to prevent the North and South from being bound together by both affection and interest. Our American Union is never secure so long as a pound of Southern cotton is spun in Manchester, or a ton of Northern iron or steel is brought from Birmingham. On the contrary, let the cotton crop of the South be spun and woven anywhere in this country, South or North; let our railroads now pointing Eastward be so turned that they will point Southward; develop the metal interests of the vast chains of Southern mountains, and the combined military power of all the nations of the world could not force the North and South apart.

*Eighthly.*—I would vote for protection to American industry because Germany, France, Russia, and even England hav not only indicated, so far as they hav steadfastly adhered to this policy, that it is in accordance with the ineradicable instincts of human nature, as well as with the harmony of economic interests in society; but when they hav departed from it, in part, as England did in 1846, in withdrawing protection from the farmers of Great Britain and Ireland, the result has been disastrous in every aspect of the case, when thoroughly examined. And I would vote for protection because the greatly-stricken nations of the world, Ireland, India, Turkey, and Egypt, hav been consigned to hideous desolation and famin by that foreign military force which prevented them from pursuing the natural, healthy, national policy. Every English colony, in the degree that is free, without a single exception, adopts the protectiv policy. New South Wales protects a a dozen products, and Victoria protects nearly everything. On the contrary, the barbarous ethics which till now prevailed among nations permit the supposed sovereign nations of China and Japan to be dragged at the car of British free trade under treaties imposed on them by military force.

*Ninthly.*—I would vote for protection to American labor because, much as it has already done, it has yet accomplished but half its work. We hav to find employment in the United States within twenty years for a hundred millions of people. The future industrial activity of the country must exceed the present as that of the present exceeds the stagnant life we led a century ago. We hav still a vast sugar, flax, hemp, tea, silk, and grain culture to develop. We hav plains as wide as empires to irrigate, forests that hav been wasted to restore, rivers to protect from wasteful overflow, a commercial marine to renew, and a new adjustment of Socialism and individualism as forces in society to perfect. Second not even to our system of free schools, or of manhood suffrage, or of representativ government in securing all these ends, will be the protectiv policy. And now—

*Tenthly.*—Maintain protection to American labor, because it is virtually the educating force for all adults of both sexes—the free school of all trades and industries—the forcing house of new inventions—the invigorating and stimulating energizer of all our undeveloped capacities. Upon the torpor of individual selfishness it comes like the influence of the sun in spring, breathing into it a life it did not know of, endowing it with a soul it did not before possess. Men move under the consciousness of this great national purpose, with a sense of common interest from Florida to Oregon, from Maine to Arizona. If it shall ever appear that there is any practical utility in the broader sentiment of being a citizen of the world, it will develop through and out of the sentiment of protection. Hitherto the pretense of desiring to weld all nations into one, and all markets into one, and all prices of labor into one, has been only the hypocritical pretext of the strong, with which to gull and destroy the weak. Already out of the protection sentiment and among protectionist statesmen is developing the new quality of international ethics—that weaker nations hav inherent rights of home rule which stronger nations must respect; that mankind is never benefited, but always cursed, when people of one race, language, or religious faith, no matter what, conquer with the strong arm, and force their officers or their laws, their merchants, their missionaries, or their manufactures, upon another; that heathen nations must no longer be compelled to dodge under the panoply of the Christian religion, as China and Japan are now hypocritically professing to do, in order to escape the terrible burden of foreign military despotism and industrial decimation and famin.

Not until the justice and wisdom of the national policy is everywhere admitted can there be international justice founded on international sense of right. I would advocate protection, therefore, in the interests of the broadest cosmopolitanism and human charity as the means of bringing about that condition of things in which man should recognize as of one blood all the nations of men that dwell on all the face of the earth. VAN BUREN DENSLOW.

## Mrs. Colman's Reminiscences.

The evening previous to the starting of Captain Brown's followers from Rochester, I spent at the house of Mr. Frederick Douglass, and when ready for my walk home, Shields Green accompanied me. I said to him while on our walk, "Do you know, Shields, that by going with Captain Brown into a Southern state you expose yourself to the gallows; that if you are taken you will surely suffer all that a slave state can inflict?" He answered: "Yes, I shall probably lose my life, but if my life will help to free my race, I am willing to die. I hav suffered cruel blows from men who said they owned me. Death by the hands of the law for no offense save believing in liberty for myself and my race would not be degradation, but blows from an overseer crush into my soul!" Brave and good man! Virginia hung him by the neck till he was dead, but no amount of persuasion or threat could draw from him the name or residence of anyone who had helped him, either as a fugitiv or as a freeman, on that fatal mission. My own name was in John Brown's "carpet-bag," but Governor Wise wisely refrained from demanding that the state of New York should giv up citizens who had only abetted treason by words. Alas! that to-day free speech is treason.

The year following the execution in Virginia of those persons engaged in the Harper's Ferry massacre was one of continuous mobs in New York state. Those in Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, and Albany were perhaps the most noted. In all these cities the Republicans were in power, save in Albany. There the mayor was a Democrat, and he alone protected the meeting by the power of the law. The Republicans seemed mad upon the subject of preserving the Union, no matter how low they should be required to stoop to their lords of the South; but when the South precipitated the war by firing upon Sumter, Republican and Democrat awakened to their own degradation.

My daughter in November of 1862 was just entering her seventeenth year, and I had begun to feel that in her I should find my wishes and expectations accomplished and fulfilled. She was scholarly, and something of a genius. Her talent for sketching was marked when quite a child, and often in a company of a half a dozen she would make a picture very creditable, at least recognizable, of them all. Her great desire, however, was for the stage, but I could not encourage her in that wish, with neither father nor brother to protect her, and entirely dependent upon my daily labor for a living; and, realizing at least some of the difficulties attending that profession, I said No for the present.

The New England Woman's Medical College, situated in Boston, was at that time in operation, and my sister, Dr. A. F. Raymond, was a student there, so I concluded that that college was the best opening within my means; knowing also that a thorough knowledge of anatomy and physiology would be a great acquisition should she ever use her pencil as a profession. She was accordingly admitted as a student in the fall term of 1862. But in two weeks a telegram reached me saying, "Come; Gertrude is very sick." I reached her twenty-four hours before her reason left her entirely. She lived one week thereafter and died. Mr. Garrison and Mr. Pillsbury came to the college and tried to say words of comfort. I was very anxious to reach home with the remains before death should hav destroyed the natural look of the dear child, and so my sisters (Mrs. Clark was with me as well as Dr. Raymond) made all the necessary preparations as promptly as possible, and we took the 2 o'clock train for the West. My heart was broken, and I thought I would gladly die if only I could. I saw nothing in life for me.

When we reached Chatham, not the depot but a little way into the township, in an instant we were thrown from our seats, and the car in which we were was thrown over nearly upside down. The crash was terrific. The first word spoken was by my sister, Mrs. Clark. She said, "Lucy, if you are alive, speak." I answered, "Yes, and you are, as you can speak." I thought I wanted to die, but I found I did not, for I was working very hard to extricate myself from the broken seats and other timbers that held me fastened. The night was very dark, it was then ten o'clock, and we were some four miles from any help.

The engineer had gone down with his engin many feet, not killed, but badly hurt. Not one of all the number was dead, but the groans told of the suffering. We could not see our situation, but my sister and myself got together and worked our way out of the car.

We were on a ridge so steep that we could only keep our footing by putting our hands into the gravel and carefully pulling ourselvs onto the track. Our eyes having become used to the darkness, we were able to move about with safety. Our bruises were not very serious, as neither my sister nor myself had any broken bones.

The cause of the accident was the raising of a rail by some one or more persons who desired to wreck the train, as a regiment of soldiers was expected to take that train at some point east of Chatham. The time was some few days after General McClellan had been relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac, and some people were ready to do a desperate act to gratify their revenge. The wreck remained on the track some four hours, and then help had been obtained, and we were again on our way.

Among the passengers was a gentleman in the garb of a clergyman; his cravat was white—such as marked a minister in those days—and his conduct was so ludicrous that I hav never forgotten it. As my sister and myself made our escape from the car we found some one was before us, and our voices showing we were of the feminin sex, he said: "Ladies, are you hurt?" We answered, "Not much." "Well, ladies, I'm very happy to tell you I'm not hurt in the least. At first I though I was, but I find I am not; but, ladies, did you see anything of my umbrella as you came through?" What a question! We had dragged ourselvs from a car overturned in the darkness, hardly knowing whether or not our limbs were left us, and that reverend, who could, without doubt, tell anyone how to escape hell, was so frightened that his umbrella had become the "one thing needful," and he required the help of two women to obtain it. After a time a little child, whose mother was hurt, was becoming frightened, and knowing that one can sometimes make friends with a child of two years of age by its appetite, I drew from my pocket some little crackers and gave them to it and the sisters older. The clergyman, observing it, and not to be outdone, said: "I left a paper of crackers in the car; if some one would go into the car and get them the children could hav them." If some one, at the risk of life and limb, would go into that car he would giv the children the crackers! No wonder such people want to be helped into heaven by and through a savior. LUCY N. COLMAN.

## A Revised "Lord's Prayer."

Clipped from a newspaper about the time of the Ecumenical Council: "The following dexterous but slightly blasphemous *jeu d'esprit* has just made its appearance in Rome: 'Our father who art in the Vatican; Infallible be thy name; thy temporal sovereignty come; thy will be done in Europe and America as in Ireland. Giv us this day our tithes and titles, and forgiv us our trespasses as we giv plenary indulgence to those who pay penitently unto us; and lead us not into Ecumenical Councils, but deliver us from thinking; for thine is the crozier, the key, and tiara, Rome without end. Amen.'"

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# The American Secular Union.

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## News and Notes.

We could only make a dash to the Yosemite, but that one supreme glimpse of grandeur and loveliness givs a fresh, poetic beauty to life, and in Nature's dearest haunt we find a glory for human toil.

We left Sacramento Monday evening, May 23d. On Tuesday morning we are at Raymond ready for the dusty stage ride of twenty-three miles, climbing three thousand feet to Grant's, where we take dinner. In the afternoon we climb Chowchilla, the first of the ranges of the Sierras. It is a magnificent ascent. Immense prospects spread before us—hills, forests, plains, the valley of San Joaquin, the glittering rivers, and, against the far horizon, the cloud-like summits of the Coast Range. Beneath us yawn enormous gulfs and defiles, thousands of feet below; and stretching away for miles, with every variety of color, are the masses of trees. Around our upward pathway sparkle the myriad flowers—the mountain pink, clover, lily, lupin, wild lilac, and rose—while bright birds wing their way through the vast chambers of the overhanging forest. Mighty cliffs tower above, about whose massiv sides we climb. We rise six thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. From the Summit Rock we whirl down the mountain-side five miles to Clark's, a beautiful valley two thousand feet below, in the bosom of the hills, where the Merced flows. Here we find a supper and night's rest, lulled to sleep by the musical waters of the stream and the cataract whose white banners float from the mountain side.

Wednesday morning dawns gloriously. A marvelous day is before us. Early we start in the splendid sunshine, away for the wondrous valley. We hav a good company of merry travelers. Harmony prevails, and the hours pass lightly by as we mount the second range of the Sierras, pass Lookout Point, where over the wide country we can glance almost to the ocean itself, a resplendent picture, the cañon of the Merced three thousand feet below, the river showing here and there like a fleeting diamond in the rocky base, the vast hills spreading beyond with dense forests on their sides and summits; and through wide openings the plains and valleys appear floating in the remote air like azure veils, till one can scarcely tell if it is earth or sky that glitters in the distant scene. On we go to the Enchanted Vale. At moments it is simply silence, ecstasy, as through the embowering trees new prospects greet the eye, while backward the towering cliffs extend, out of whose granit side the pathway is blasted by which we make our toilsome journey. At high noon we wait with trembling hearts for the wizard spell of Inspiration Point. We come to the edge of the valley, Mt. Moriah against us, and the Cascades; and if this were all, we would say, This is enough delight for our wearisome way. But the valley itself is not yet seen. It is to the right of us, behind a huge mound of rocks. On we go. Not a word is said, as with one electric whirl the rampart vanishes and the wondrous scene unfolds, as if dropped fresh from heaven; unlanguaged, like music itself, a symphony of color and form. Who can voice the tumultuous glory of that one rare moment? We see Nature's sweetest, sublimest face. She has woven for us her noblest drapery, and we are worshipers at her feet, children of the soil, overwhelmed with her grace, her majesty, and her beautiful terror. The picture appals, enchants. It is like a dainty cup jeweled with infinit wonders, and the sparkling wine flows ever forth, each draught an intoxication that blinds not, but reveals new glories.

Two thousand feet below the valley shines the river, flashing amid masses of grove. Bright green fields greet the eye from point to point, and dwelling-houses seem like little hives. The valley is a mile in width and nine miles long. The walls rise on either side from two thousand to six thousand feet in hight in superb and startling forms, cathedrals, spires, domes, castles, columns, arches, mingling in wild magnificence, while as if bursting from the very clouds the cataracts dash down the enormous cliffs, almost a mile in length, some of them "rivers set on end," as somebody says, and ere they reach the bottom roll into masses of spray that the wind sometimes sweeps again back over the cliff, like wavering ranks of cloud. From Inspiration Point we slowly descend. New aspects of grandeur are disclosed. The hights are more imposing. Picture crowds on picture. The hundred rocks seem to conspire to make a fresh wonder every passing moment. We go by the Bridal Veil, nine hundred feet in length, spreading its exquisit texture woven of liquid splendors in the dazzling light. On the other side, by the massiv El Capitan, glitters the Ribbon Fall, three thousand feet in length. Opposit to this, Sentinel Fall leaps nearly four thousand feet. Then the Yosemite flashes to view, largest of all, dashing in three torrents twenty-six hundred feet from its airy pinnacle. Right in front of this we come to Cook's Hotel, where we find refreshment for new toil. Being obliged to leave the next morning, we must make the most of the glowing hours. After dinner, with our sure-footed horse, we mount Glacier Point, thirty-two hundred feet above the base of the valley. This is a unique experience—a pleasing terror. We climb right up the almost perpendicular sides of the mountain. The valley is at our feet, hundreds of yards below, broadening to more majestic views as we mount the curious stairway. Forms that tower above recede beneath. A cliff overhangs the horse's head. In a few minutes he passes within a foot of its edge. We seem to be going right off into space. Our knowing animal turns of a sudden and shoots in the opposit direction. There is no use to guide him. He knows every crook. He has learned the fifty-nine zig-zags of the pathway by heart, and he can ascend or descend in the darkest night. After two hours' riding we reach the top. Here is the finest and most splendid view of the valley. The perpendicular wall of South Dome confronts, fifteen hundred feet in hight. Beyond is Cloud's Rest, crested with snow, six thousand feet above the valley. Over the iron railing we can look directly down three thousand feet. It makes the head swim, and the iron railing is a very comfortable assurance. I believe Mrs. Langtry stood outside the railing on the very edge, and gazed serenely down that awful chasm. We did not follow her example. Our head was level behind that railing, and we thought it best to keep it so. In full view, in the Upper Valley, are the Nevada Falls, seven hundred feet high, and Vernal Falls, four hundred feet high. Beyond is the Cap of Liberty, and Starr King, and all along the horizon glitter a hundred peaks of the high Sierras, covered with ice and snow. Far down is Mirror Lake, that holds in its "glittering eye" the encircling mountains. Opposit are Washington's Column, the North Dome, the Royal Arches, the Yosemite Pinnacle and Falls, the Eagle's Rest, the Three Brothers, and El Capitan. Scenes of surpassing loveliness greet the eye in every direction. In the late afternoon we descend as if into a mighty basin which the sun adorns with gorgeous gold and silver and jewels of every hue. We reach the hotel just in time to behold the moon's silver edge vanish behind the Eagle's Rest, while afar the sunset gleams on Cloud's Rest; the rainbows gather over the beautiful Bridal Veil, and the Yosemite booms on amid its sweeping columns of mist.

Up in the morning and away at six o'clock, in the glorious sunshine sparkling into the valley from a thousand peaks. At Inspiration Point we bid farewell to the transcendent vision. At noon Thursday we reach Clark's or Winona, the Big Tree Station, as it is sometimes called. The big trees are seven miles away. We visit these in the afternoon. What monsters they are, with enormous, twisting arms, towering from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and thirty-seven feet in hight. There are six hundred and sixty in all, and amid their mighty ranks we cannot realize their size. We hav to get out of the carriage and walk around in order to know how big they are. They are from twenty to thirty-three feet in circumference. We rode right through the base of one of them, and there was plenty of room for two horses and a coach with eight passengers. What a time these trees hav had of it—four thousand years of age, and every one of them burnt by camp-fires that flashed in these forests centuries ago. What a story they could tell if their murmuring branches were articulate! There are a thousand Iliads in their silent heart. These Homers are voiceless, but not inglorious. Their grandeur is more impressiv than that of the mountains, for they are mountains that hav grown and battled with the storms of years. They wear their crown by the royalty of struggle.

Back again to Clark's in the glorious moonlight evening, and a night's rest also amid the musical murmur of stream and fall.

We hav the jolly good fortune to ride from Clark's to Raymond on a "buckboard" instead of a lumbering stage, and in the refreshing morning, with glory in earth and sky, and a span of fleeting horses, down the Chowchilla we speed with exhilarating motion, while picture flames on picture from the glowing expanse, mountains above and mountains beneath, flowers filling the air with perfume and making the rocky chambers of the forest resplendent, while gorges with emerald groves stretch to the blue plain, along whose glittering bosom, like a silver necklace, the rivers seem to hang in motionless liquid brilliance. On we go; dinner at Grant's, and in the dusty evening, Friday, we reach Raymond, the thermometer at a hundred. It is one of the hot spells of California, and it makes one wilt. It is like a Boston Fourth of July. Even the midnight breeze is like the air of a furnace. We arrive in Sacramento on Saturday, not tired a bit, for in the heart of the Sierras we drank of the fountain of youth.

I found some good friends at Yosemite, and if I had known this before I should hav made arrangements for a longer stay. The only way now is to return, and this I hope to do. My friend, Albert Bruce, has a big park of six hundred and forty acres about Chilnualne Falls at Clark's, and it is a regal domain indeed; and I hope hereafter to spend some happy hours in this delightful retreat where the sweet waters make music. Mr. Bruce has been over thirty years in this country, and is a stanch Freethinker, and so are most of the mountaineers. I was in hopes to meet with our veteran Infidel friend, Van Campen, but missed him. I was pleased to meet with his son, R. A. Van Campen; also with Richard A. Fitzgerald, of the hotel, a gentleman of culture and liberality, who did all he could for our comfort as a Secular pilgrim. Among other friends are James Ridgeway, Joe Smith, H. N. Brindalson, etc. There was Steve Cunningham, who was the first to own the valley, and, with frontier enterprise, raffled it off.

The three Washburns also are genial Liberals, and it was their indomitable pluck that made these wonderful mountain roads by which the valley is so easily and pleasantly reached. Some day there will be a railroad from Raymond to Clark's—and then for a Yosemite boom! The country is full of gold and silver, besides magnificent timber, and there is a chance for big industries. I don't, however, want any railroad from Clark's to the valley. The stage-drive is too lovely and exciting to be exchanged for anything else. It is only half a day's journey, and is a fit preparation for the glory of the valley itself. Mrs. Jean Bruce Washburn, sister of Mr. Bruce, has written some poems on the Yosemite which surge with the very music of its life and beauty. She is an enthusiastic student of this wonderland, and its wild cascades and gigantic forms find beautiful and rhythmic expression in her descriptiv measures.

Thomas Hill, the artist, has his studio here, and a paradise it is of art and nature, of beautiful pictures and curiosities of this wild land. He is a genuin lover of the Sierras, and he can catch their brightest glory. He knows Yosemite by heart, and his paintings are vivid with the genius of the place. He has marvelous skill with the brush, and he can follow nature's swiftest change, and imprison her subtlest lines.

I must not forget Stevens, our stage driver, who can fill up the odd moments of travel with droll humor, and make us feel safe at every dizzy point. The stage drivers of Yosemite like to spin yarns, and they hav all sorts of fabrications for the credulous traveler; as, for instance, the romance of the hunter lost in early springtime, who for three weeks had nothing to liv on but fresh deer-tracks and snowballs; or the story of "The Dissatisfied Boy," who after half an hour's ride in the coach wanted some pie. After considerable difficulty the lunch basket was hauled out, and the pie given to the boy. Then the youthful fiend wanted a plate to eat it on. The fond mother finally procured a plate. Then the boy wanted "pa to take a bite." The pa was persuaded to do this act of kindness, after which the boy plaintivly burst out, "I want the bite that pa took." These, and legends of like character, denote the exceeding amount of human nature which stage drivers possess. There was a clergyman also of considerable vivacity among our number. I will not mention his name, for if his ministerial brethren should find out that he was a "hail fellow well met" they would try him for heresy. He has been to the Valley several times, and knows it better than he does his Bible, I guess, and that accounts for his genial humanity. They say he is quite an enthusiastic preacher, and once on a time when a rude fellow interrupted his sermon with a personal insult, he said to his congregation, "I will adjourn the services of the Lord for five minutes and whale this man," which he did to the satisfaction of all, and then finished his discourse. A bully minister that. I admire his muscle if not his theology.

I lectured Sunday evening, May 29th, at Sacramento. A Secular Union was organized, and I believe this capital of California will be one of our best points of work.

Along with N. D. Goodell, whose generosity is unbounded, and whose pleasant home has been one of my most delightful resting-places, where thought and genial spirit prevail, and the "fair humanities"—along with this splendid representativ of our cause in Sacramento I must rank also our coadjutor, Owen Thomas Davies, of Brighton. He subscribes for three TRUTH SEEKERS, and makes good use of them, and he takes all the Liberal journals, I guess, and keeps them on the round of missionary service. He knows how to knock the orthodox all to pieces on a theological argument, for he understands the weak points of his adversary. He was once a Mormon and knows the Bible thoroughly, and his information givs him many a sharp arrow wherewith to trouble the Christian. He believes in something besides talk, and made a generous contribution to the Union. He owns one of the handsomest ranches in the country, of nearly seven hundred acres. He gave me a picture of it, and it looks like quite a lively affair, with its stock, buildings, etc.

Among other Sacramento friends are Dr. Hughes. Mr. Chessley, Mr. and Mrs. John Avery, Mr. and Mrs. James Felker, George Cooper, James F. Day, E. T. Woodward, Dr. Light, Charles Robbin, David Ross, Frank Foster, Frank Sharden, Lewis Calish, etc. The Unitarian minister, Mr. Massey, is a man of broad views and generous spirit, and although he does not exactly agree with me, he is doing a work of radical importance, and for moral and intellectual purposes our friends here can heartily coöperate with him for the progress of humanity.

Our friend Butterfield was out of town the first two lectures, and I did not hav a chance to see him until the last. He is always ready, however, for the front line, and with friend Goodell, Davies, etc., will keep things lively for reform.

I was pleased to strike C. H. Dewey, an old-time Omaha friend, and one of the big business chiefs of that metropolitan city. With Creighton and Clark he owns Shoshone Falls, which, next to Yosemite, is one of the grandest attractions on the continent. Mr. Dewey was among the first discoverers of these falls. He has been all over the world, and says that nine-tenths of the people he meets in every land of intelligent people are Infidels. He is a true-blue Liberal himself, and I hope good fortune will bring us together again, for he has not circumnavigated the globe for nothing. He has traveled like the philosopher, with the insight of the skeptic.

I went to a seance Tuesday evening. I saw a multitude of spirits of all sorts. They materialized right before me. Where they came from I know not. I shook hands with some of them. They were warm-blooded and made of solid stuff. There was nothing weird or ghost-like about them. I know these spirits can eat a square meal, and I hope to be as material as they are when I get to the summerland. They danced also, quite lively. No grave clothes about that! What do I think of it? I don't know; the *modus operandi* is beyond my vision, but if hell itself should gape I would not believe in spirits. I wasn't built that way. I can't get beyond my five senses. They are all the intellectual capital I possess, and outside of them I hav neither credit nor cash.

I leave this day for Oregon. The Golden state is now a happy memory. I hav met hosts of Liberal friends, and my heart is grateful for their many kindnesses. I shall be in Ashland, Oregon, June 5th; Central Point, June 7th and 8th; Talent, June 12th; Coos county, June 13th to 21st; Silverton, June 22d, 23d, 24th; Salem, June 26th; Maballa, June 28th, 29th, 30th; Portland, July 3d; McMinville, July 5th, 6th, 7th; Corvallis, July 10th, etc.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*Sacramento, Cal.*, June 2, 1887.

## Lectures at Grand Rapids.

We hav residing in this city one of the wealthiest gentlemen of the state, who is one of nature's own Freethinkers—a Materialist through and through. This gentleman, whose name is D. A. Blodgett, has imposed upon himself the task of enlightening our people, and driving out priestcraft with its superstitions, and to that end uses a goodly sum yearly of his superfluous cash. His excellent plan is this: He brings all the leading speakers here, secures the largest and grandest opera-house in the city, pays the speaker, as well as all other expenses connected with the enterprise, then invites the public, through the press, to attend free of charge. Mr. Watts has has been here on several previous occasions, delivering a course of four or five lectures each time, and has become so popular with Grand Rapids audiences that there now seems to be a tacit understanding that we must hav him here at least twice a year. Our people know and appreciate a good thing when they get it, and now that we hav found it, we must hav it; and so long as the people appreciate his efforts, Mr. Blodgett is quite content and amply repaid for the money thus expended.

Mr. Watts was introduced to an appreciativ audience Saturday night by the Rev. J. E. Roberts (Unitarian). Mr. Watts spoke upon "Man, His Origin, Nature, and Destiny." For the next three lectures I had the honor to introduce the speaker. We had two grand lectures on Sunday. Mr. Watts was at his best, as was evidenced by rounds of applause from the audience. The morning subject was, "Philosophy and Theology," and evening, "Religion or Morality—Which?" While the latter lecture would, doubtless, be better received by the popular audience, yet for the thinker and reasoner the morning lecture was, in my opinion, superior. In this lecture Mr. Watts shows his great reasoning powers, debating both sides of the question with himself. And in this lecture, as well as the one in the evening, he rose to the sublime hights of philosophy. It is true we hav but one Ingersoll, yet it is nevertheless true that we hav but one Watts upon the Secular platform. His thorough acquaintance with ancient history and familiarity with modern thought are unquestionable, and make him an easy master of the subject he undertakes to discuss. Although an opportunity was offered at the close of each lecture to anyone to take issue in short debate, or ask any question bearing upon the subject of the lecture, not one dared "lock horns" with Mr. Watts, and I do not wonder at it, either.

The last of the course was delivered at the Universalist church, of necessity, on Monday evening.

Speaking generally of these lectures, the *Daily Eagle* of Tuesday said: "Last night, at the Universalist church, Mr. Charles Watts closed a course of four lectures in this city, the topics being as heretofore announced in the *Daily Eagle*. These lectures, from one of the most eloquent, forcible, and pleasing speakers on the modern platform, were provided through the generosity of D. A. Blodgett, Esq., and were absolutely free to the public. They were a rare treat to the large audiences who heard them, for even those who do not agree with Mr. Watts's Agnostic views and conclusions, who do not accept evolution as a reasonable explanation for man's existence and future prospects, are charmed with the manner of his arguments, with his diction and logic."

Mr. Watts anticipates starting on a lecture tour through the West in October or November, when we expect him here again to lecture. Our Western friends will make a note of this, and secure his services and dates by writing to Mr. Watts as early as possible.

J. M. JAMISON.

*Grand Rapids*, June 9th.

## Dr. York in Denver.

DEAR EUGENE: Permit me to say for the eye of the Los Angeles and San Bernardino people—lest they might feel that I had forgotten their kindly assistance during nine weeks of labor among them—that this is the first time since my connection with THE TRUTH SEEKER began that any mail or money has miscarried. You may be assured that I was much annoyed at the mishap, on account of the Los Angeles people, as also on account of Brother Putnam, for whom I had deferred the letter, which contained favorable and well deserved mention of him and his valuable service to our cause in California, and also post-office order for $10—$5 for THE TRUTH SEEKER and $5 for Watson Heston, whom all admire for his handiwork. But such is life.

Your readers will note by this that I am still on the wing Eastward. After leaving our friends at Salt Lake in the best of spirits, we came over the Rio Grande, feasting our eyes on the most grand and beautiful scenery to be found on our continent, to Canon City, nestled down like a gem at the mouth of the great cañon through which the road passes. Here I gave two lectures to large audiences—for this little city. Our cause here is on the gain, although the dry rot of churchism shows itself on every hand—and quite recently displayed its virus by turning two of Brother Locke's children out of school for reciting Ingersoll's "Lay Sermon" and a Freethought poem. And yet these trustees thought it just to impose upon the children of Freethinkers Bible reading and other religious exercises. What an unmitigated cheek some people hav!

From Canon City our way to Denver led through Pueblo and Colorado Springs, two fine towns; and the country in this springtime is picturesque and beautiful. And of Denver it may truly be said, but few other cities in the far West present on every hand such marked evidence of rapid growth and general prosperity. It is built mostly of bright, clean brick, and with lavish display of well-kept lawns and magnificent buildings, and one is everywhere impressed with bright prospects and great things for the future of Denver.

Our cause here is promising, and in good hands, and we were made welcome by the brethren of Freethought in a most cordial manner. The Secular Union, of which Thos. J. Truss is president, and John G. Jenkins is secretary, commands the respect of the people of Denver, as is shown by the large audiences and the tone of the press.

Our meetings are being held in the mammoth rink, and the opening lecture on "Evolution and Creation" was attended by not less than a thousand people, with the promis of a much larger number next Sunday.

On next Sunday I giv my closing lecture here on "Individuality—What It Costs," and a glimpse of the unburied dead, and possibly I may giv my farewell on next Tuesday evening on "Revelation or Inspiration—Which?—and How May We Know the Human from the Divine?"

I hav been called to speak at Greeley, but must defer it until my return, when I hope to stir them up with a course of red-hot lectures.

I am glad to acknowledge the receipt of a goodly number of warm-hearted letters from the official brethren at Ottumwa, Chicago, Grand Rapids, Kent, Akron, Alliance, Pittsburgh, and Philadelphia, where we shall be in due time, as noted in THE TRUTH SEEKER and Boston *Investigator*, and will be glad to visit Columbus, Ohio, while passing through on our way to Philadelphia. Will some of the official brethren respond?

My address during July will be at Ionia, Mich.

Yours for all truth, J. L. YORK.

## "Our Beautiful English."

I wish to say a few words to A. G. Ellsworth, who seems to rather misunderstand my position regarding the use of old, obsolete, sex words. I no more advocate the *public* use of those words than I do running nude upon the streets. I do not believe in shocking anyone's sensibilities needlessly. I hav no belief in saying mass or making prayers to a fetich, but if I am with those who hav, I should deprecate the doing of these things by an unbeliever in a spirit of bravado or ridicule in the presence of those who think them holy. If our friend has read C. L. James in the same paper in which his letter appears, he will see that "our beautiful English" has no words we can substitute for the tabooed ones.

Yet I agree with him that so long as the public demands their disuse, it is well to use others, even though more roundabout, and from a foreign tongue. He must remember that I used the words entirely in private, and under sacred letter seal, to those who preferred them as being shorter and more explicit. I presume my critic sometimes takes an air bath or water bath in nudity, but not in the public streets. Do friends see the point? If Ellsworth will select one word from my public writings that is immodest or obscene, I will be glad to know of it, so that I may henceforth avoid its use.

At the hearing at Lynchburg court-house, the private documents were publicly read before a roomfull of not only gray-headed old men but young men and boys. If this was done in the true interest of "suppressing vice," why are any of us doing wrong in sending out the truths in private, sealed letters to those who understand them as pure science and not as subjects for ribaldry and jokes? Now will come the public trial, where men and women will be compelled by law to hear what the law expounders may denounce as obscenity. I asked a lady here, a well-educated woman and a doctor's wife, if she would go with me to testify as to my private character here in Snowville. Her reply was, "I should die if I had to hear the trial." Now, I should despise myself if I said a word or did a single thing that would bring a blush to the cheek of man or woman. Yet the law compels and enforces people to hear what will kill a modest woman.

I stand by my record, public and private. I ask no judgment that does not take it all in, but I desire to be understood; hence this brief explanation, to which I append the following, which appeared in the Kansas *Blade:*

To-day you see me under bonds to appear at the bar of judgment to answer to the charge of mailing obscenity—a charge more damning in the eyes of the community than rape, seduction, robbery, arson, or even murder. But I hav never mailed a single line save in the interests of a morality so full and high that ninety-nine-hundredths of you would say it is impossible to liv up to it, though many of you claim when you cast off the mortal for the immortal you will then be just what I wish you to be here and now—pure in love and pure in life. I say what is good in heaven is good on earth, and because I hav worked for this end I am called a fanatic, and far worse. Even the workers for a clean heredity and a pure morality accuse me of going too far, though they own I hav commenced a greatly needed work, and that the world "will probably vindicate me five hundred years from now," thus tacitly admitting the value of it all.

It is hard to see friends and neighbors "pass by on the other side," and I often feel indignant as I see some of them doing this, when I so well know the true inwardness of their underground lives, and realize that beside them, as actors in the great drama of life, I stand as white as snow in comparison with deeds they hav committed against sexual purity and real cleanliness of heart. I hav inherited from a line of Quaker ancestry a natural, ineradicable habit of pure thought, that will not and cannot condone impurity or dishonesty in any form or shape. It is my honest indignation at the covered up nastiness of the would-be-believed-to-be pure and chaste that has brought me where I am. I am what I am through the inheritance of all the past. As Ewald Henry puts it in the *Open Court:* "Every organized being of our present time is the product of the unconscious memory of organized matter constantly increasing and dividing; constantly assimilating new and excreting waste matter; constantly recording new experiences in their memory in order to reproduce it over and over again, it was shaped richer and more perfect the longer it lived."

Thus you will see it is not I who am responsible for all the work of my brain and hands, but it is the harvest of the brain "made fertil with the deposition of my ancestors"—of blood made rich by truths planted by the centuries.

I am finding a far greater support in this "touch-me-not" work than I hoped for, even from Liberals. My life work of earnest advocacy for the true, the good, and beautiful is blooming out into blossoms of encouragement and true sympathy from thousands, which is balm and consolation to my heart. Full of a love for humanity, craving approbation as my sweetest food—save a clean conscience—I feel every cruel stab of tongue or pen, or even glance, as few can feel them. Yet never once, even though my nearest and dearest home friends and relativs are against my works, hav I faltered or wished to turn back. I see myself fined and imprisoned, and the little savings of a lifetime poured out as a libation to a vile law, and all I love most in tears of shame, despair, and horror, yet "my soul goes marching on."

They may kill me in my days of old age and physical weakness by worry and annoyance, but the seed is sown, and humanity will reap the harvest. In the words of Whitman:

Not a grave of the murdered for freedom but grows seed for freedom—
In its turn to bear seed which the winds carry afar and resow,
And the rains and the snows nourish.
*Liberty*, let others despair of you;
I never despair of you.

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

*Snowville, Va.*, June 7, 1887.

# Communications.

## Nature's Economy.

Nature's economy is paradoxical. The vast domain of the universe is a laboratory of elements in motion. There is no resting-place for atoms or planets, and motion and life are the results. Motion and electricity may account for all the phenomena we observe. Electricity is dual; its operations are controled by affinities and repulsions.

In the midst of the drama of life we are in the midst of the work of death. Death is only another form of elements produced by motion or change of atoms. With the origin of life begins the unerring work of decay. The ceaseless work of nature goes on regardless of the pleasure or the pain resulting therefrom. The same power which adorns the curly-haired babe with the dimpled cheek of joy, and the maiden with the charms and grace of loveliness, also arms the lion and tiger with claws, teeth, and a fierce disposition to rend and tear either, as well as the defenseless hare or lamb which comes in their way. The economy of nature requires, or at least allows. the strong to devour the weak. The big fishes eat the little ones. Neither is this rendition of the maxim that "might makes right" confined to life in the waters. The chicken eats the grasshopper, and man eats the chicken. The cow devours the grass, and man devours the cow; man will even rob the cow's calf of its sustenance.

Nature requires decay and death out of which to elaborate joy and life, and these apparent contradictory conditions seem to be nearly equally divided. Neither the shrieks of pain nor the smiles of pleasure deter or encourage nature in her work. While the famishing traveler, on the dusty plain, quaffs the crystal draught with delight, the cries of the drowning crew and passengers go up from the ship sinking in the same pearly liquid. The convulsions and death of a former age prepared the coal which warms us to-day. As the mellow rays of the summer sun play over the mountain-top, dancing through the cracks of the cabin, they rest on the sweet face of a babe dying with burning fever. While the children are tripping over the lawn, full of life, childish glee, and happiness, grandpa is passing through the agonies of death and dissolution in the bed-chamber.

The splendor and luxury of wealth are neighbors to squalid poverty and want. There is no design in nature, or if there is, it is only to sap man's happiness and thwart his pleasure. Design is the result only of man's genius. A city nestles at the foot of a slumbering volcano, when suddenly, and without warning, an eruption ensues, destroying the city and its people without mercy. Again, a town in a western plain resembles a beehive of industry, when in a few hours the fearful cyclone passes that way and leaves it a mass of ruins.

The elements of nature, acting and reacting on themselvs and on each other, produce life and death; her laboratory is a hive of affinities and repulsions, building up and pulling down, beautifying the lily and rendering the gorilla hideous; erecting the mountain masses and engulfing islands and continents. And these paradoxical processes go on with equal diligence, showing no preference one way or the other.

The writer lied who said that "every prospect pleases and only man is vile." There is as much that is repulsiv and noxious in nature as pleasant and enjoyable. The reign of law is supreme. Call it the power of God, or what you will, its changes ring on now as ever, despite your prayers or your curses. There exists as much, if not more, pain than pleasure, as much darkness as light, as much shadow as sunshine, as much vice as virtue, and as much cold as heat.

For aught we know the valleys are as deep as the mountains are high; there may be as many liquid substances as solids. The philosophy of the ancients discussed the properties of only four elements, earth, air, fire, and water; now there are known to be about seventy simple substances. Of these fifty-eight are metals, five are gases; the remaining seven are chiefly solids. The various combinations of the solids and liquids, the metals and the gases, resemble the combination of letters into words, and the formation of words into language. Their name is legion.

Electricity, one of the most subtle powers with which we are acquainted, appears to pervade everything, and may yet be found to be the source of life as well as the cause of death.

The air we breathe, forcing the crimson tide of health and strength through our veins, if impregnated with too much oxygen, increases the impetus of the vital powers, wears the machinery too fast, and death results. An increased proportion of nitrogen, which comprises twenty-one parts in one hundred of the atmosphere, would produce an opposit result, which would also end in death. While the inhabitants of the torrid zone are scorched with tropical heat those of the polar regions are freezing with cold.

Some fruits, vegetables, and berries are palatable and nutritious, while others are poisonous and produce death. All animals are fierce and vicious in their natural or wild state; their association with man is alone what makes them tame and gentle. Man himself is an animal of varying passions, sometimes kind and loving to his fellows, at other times he exhibits a deadly hatred toward his kind. At times he sympathizes with the woes of the suffering, offering food and drink to the famishing; again he invents murderous implements with which in war he deluges the earth with human blood. And, in fact, when man is in an uncivilized state he will devour his enemy at breakfast. The burning sands of the desert are scorched with drouth, yet the freshet of waters in other places carries terror and destruction before it.

In accordance with the general policy of nature, the church and its priesthood picture before us a God of infinit love and mercy, or of implacable hatred and tyrannical cruelty and vindictivness—it is difficult to tell which—and as a finishing touch portray the devil as a monster of equal or greater power. This priesthood also portrays the elysian fields of a heavenly Eden, as well as the dismal regions of an antipodal hades. It is a relief, however, to know that these are only ideal creations, existing only as myths and superstitions of the past. They are purely man-made gods, devils, heavens, and hells. The Christian worships while the Infidel scoffs, the saint prays while the sinner curses. The Christian pays his devotions to Jesus; the Mohammedan bows to the east at sunrise, invoking the blessing of Mohammed; and the Eastern worshiper kneels at the shrine of Confucius or Buddha. And while this religious jargon is going on, the sun continues to shine, the winds to blow, the rains to fall, and the planets to whirl, with total indifference to man, his whims, his superstitions, his gods, or his devils. Again, while flowers exhale delightful perfumes, decaying animal matter givs off offensiv odors—dead human beings the most offensiv of all.

Nature by mysterious processes produces sour as well as sweet fruits from the same orchard planted in the same soil. The honey-bee extracts golden nectar from excrement and dead carcasses as well as from the petals of flowers. Sons and daughters of the same parentage often exhibit great and opposit diversity of temperament, complexion, and disposition.

Change is indelibly written on every atom of matter. A volume would not suffice to contain the history of a pebble; its history would be part of the planet. A million of years would not measure its chronology. The chalk cliffs of Europe are but the remains of countless myriads of minute animals.

The stupendous masses of limestone that soar upward in the mountain peaks were once living beings. The coral islands which dot the oceans were begun centuries, yes, thousands of centuries, ago, by small insects. Fossil remains of their work are found in our own lovely East Tennessee valleys.

The writer has seen bushels of water-worn pebbles on top of Cumberland mountain, near Jacksboro, at least 1,500 feet above sea level.

The mind is lost in wonderment when contemplating the mighty upheavals which gave birth to continents and mountains, forcing the waters to their present borders. The great Mississippi valley at no very remote date was an inland sea; to-day it is teeming with life and wealth. The brilliant, sparkling diamond, so highly prized in the lady's breast-pin, in another form is pure carbon, and black as the ace of spades. The particles comprising the writer's body may hav once been component parts of the huge ichthyosaurus, or may hav winged the air in the monstrous pterodactyl, with its twenty-seven feet spread of wings.

Most of nature's processes are slow and gradual; her operations are generally marked by periods; however, earthquakes, eruptions of volcanoes, and tornadoes come suddenly and without warning.

The epochs of geology are distinctly marked periods; the convulsions of earthquakes are sudden and awful interruptions of the usual work of nature. The earthquake of 1755 extended its influence over one-twelfth of the surface of the globe. The city of Lisbon was destroyed with its sixty thousand inhabitants. The earthquake of Calabria, Italy, 1783, lasted two minutes, but destroyed one hundred thousand people. We fail to see any benevolent design in such wholesale slaughter of unsuspecting victims.

The mistake of the church consists in supposing death to be accidental instead of being the result of law. The violation of moral law does not nor cannot entail physical death on posterity only in so much as it affects the physiological idiosyncrasies of the race.

The work of "creation" is going on now as much as it was in the fabled "beginning" of Mosaical cosmogony. The human mind cannot conceive of either the "beginning" or annihilation of matter. Miracles did not, do not, and cannot occur. The supernatural exists only in language and in the brain of enthusiasts and dreamers. While the land on shore and coast lines is gradually emerging from the water of the oceans in some places, it is as gradually subsiding in other localities. There is a constant fluctuation as regards level.

The igneous rocks of to-day may hav been the aqueous and chemical formations of a previous epoch or age. The precious metals of to-day may hav been the grosser particles of a former age purified and refined by the igneous action of later times. This gradual elevation and subsidence which is going on all the time, and the sudden upheavals and depressions caused by earthquakes, volcanoes, or similar convulsions, account for all the diversities of the landscape; the sublime grandeur of the mountain peak as well as the quiet loveliness of the dell. Large tracts of land, which in the days of the Pharoahs were very fertil, containing magnificent cities and temples, are now buried by sand from the Lybian desert. The winds transformed the garden of one period into the desert of another and later one.

The action of frost and fire are alike destructiv as well as perpetuating to human happiness and hopes. Nature, so to speak, "blows hot and cold" on our labors and most earnest efforts.

By the time a man gets ready to liv he has to get ready to die. It is a struggle for existence; life is "a mixed pickle." We know not why the ice glacier moves onward, no more than we know why the lava is thrown upward from the volcano. The force exhibited in both of these manifestations of nature's handiwork is beyond human comprehension. To add to the mysterious phenomena of glaciers it is only necessary to remember that they are not confined to the frigid zones; moreover, volcanic action is, and has been, manifested nearly all over the face of the earth. Traces of the work of glaciers are found in the northern part of the United States.

While icebergs float into warmer latitudes, melt, and deposit their imbedded freight of rocks and earth, forming submarine mountains, plains, and valleys, composed of material different from all else in the vicinity, the volcano is changing the appearance of the landscape equally as much, and in an entirely different manner.

In a general way nature works in epochs, ages, or periods. This view has led to the nebular theory of the origin of matter, and its consolidation into globular, planetary shape. We hav the periods of orbitual planetary revolution, the succession of the seasons, day and night, gestation, and the tides. In like manner the geological formations of the earth's crust seem to hav been arranged in layers corresponding to important changes on the surface. Thus there is supposed to hav been a time when there was no life, known as Azoic; then came life in its lowest forms, termed Paleozoic, or ancient life; then, as more favorable conditions appeared, the ponderous animals of the Mesozoic had their sway; and all along the periods of the past the tendency has been towards "cephalization," as Dana calls it, or to the development of brain-power, which finds its climax in man.

The zenith of the animal kingdom has passed. In support of this assertion we need only to refer to an article in a recent issue of the Tacoma (W. T.) *Daily Ledger*, which givs a description of mammoth remains found in Spokane county, W. T. One of the horns was ten feet and one inch long, and twenty-four inches in circumference, weighing one hundred and forty-five pounds. A tusk measured twelve feet nine inches in length, and weighed two hundred and ninety-five pounds. The molar teeth weighed eighteen pounds each; some of the ribs were eight feet long. The pelvic arch was six feet in diameter, or large enough to admit a man. This huge monster was eighteen feet and six inches high, and its weight estimated at twenty tons, or the capacity of an ordinary railroad freight car. Yet, perhaps, its enjoyment of life was no keener or sweeter than that of the ant, bug, or mouse which it mercilessly crushed beneath its ponderous tread.

The ocean is salt, and often presents the paradoxical spectacle of human beings famishing with thirst when wrecked on its vast, billowy bosom. It does not acquire its saltness from saline beds at its bottom, but from soluble mineral washings from the land. Inland seas are more strongly impregnated with salt than the ocean, and, strange to say, the salt quality disappears when an artificial outlet is provided. Of the conditions of time and power necessary to produce all these wonderful changes and phenomena, the mind can form no adequate conception.

W. A. Simpson.

*Loudon, Tenn.*

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Were an opinion a personal possession of no value except to the owner; if to be obstructed in the enjoyment of it were simply a private injury, it would make some difference whether the injury was inflicted only on a few persons or on many. But the peculiar evil of silencing the expression of an opinion is that it is robbing the human race; posterity as well as the existing generation; those who dissent from the opinion still more than those who hold it. If the opinion is right, they are deprived of the opportunity of exchanging error for truth; if wrong, they lose what is almost as great a benefit, the clearer perception and livelier impression of truth produced by its collision with error.—*Mill.*

## The Growth of Religion.

No one animated by the spirit of truth—that is, who has desired to know the truth about the origin and history of religion, and has honestly given his attention to the inquiry—can fail to see that what we call Christianity, in the shape we hav it, has been a growth. Through the centuries, wherever it has been believed and taught, its zealous devotees hav in their enthusiasm drawn largely on their imaginations and marvelousness in order to represent its wonderful excellence and its claims to the supernatural. They hav magnified and exaggerated its power over our human nature in such extravagant and unnatural terms that the common vocabulary could not supply the words to express their admiration. The language of common life was barren of suitable epithets to extol its marvelous and superhuman qualities.

The earlier writers, the fathers of the church, were Greek scholars, but they were not of the philosophical class, for but few of the philosophers gave the new faith any attention, nor had they much confidence in those who espoused it. The fathers were learned, but they were more credulous, and most of them were victims of, or in sympathy with, the popular superstitions of their times. Hence in their ardor for the new sect, and in their desire to win converts to it, they did not scruple to ransack legend and myth for adjectivs and titles with which to popularize and immortalize it. Ecclesiastical history and church literature are made up of this mythological and idolatrous style of composition.

Some of these earlier writers of the Alexandrine school were particular to state that the language they used was simply allegory, and must not be taken or understood in any literal sense; that, while they used the popular style, they were aiming to convey to the minds of the people the great principles and truths in nature which were fundamental and eternal.

But the more vulgar demand was for mythology, for the marvelous and supernatural; so the people took the allegories and fables of the philosophers for facts and history, and condemned all who refused to do so as heretics and Infidels. This accounts for the anomaly in our day of all religious literature and popular faith retaining these Greek allegories as literal. The later fathers so taught and left to us their records, creeds, and beliefs.

Religious teachers of all sects and of no sect, claiming to be Christians, hav had no alternativ but to take these ancient writings as literal, and not as the figures and allegories for which they were written and intended. The modern religious enthusiasts are like their prototypes; they will use these fables as facts, and insist on all believing them as such if they wish to be considered religious. They claim they must use them, they must believe them, for there is no such a thing as religious belief without them. Religion, they say, cannot be taught or believed, nor can the mind contemplate it, without these idolatrous terms.

Everyone now who sees religion in the original, as the few earlier intelligent writers understood it, and intended to teach it through their allegories, must be impressed with the magnitude of the fraud so long imposed upon the people. In the earlier ages, among the barbarous and illiterate, there may be found some excuse for it. It was to them the substitution of one form of idolatry for another. If it had not all the visible idols to reverently adore, it had all the imagery and picturesque descriptions and titles, the glowing achievements and conquests of the Christian divinities and canonized saints. It was substituting a superstition that appealed to the imagination, to the ideal and supernatural, for one that was addressed to the senses.

Christianity can never be generally accepted, nor can it hav any influence for good over the minds of those who say they believe it, while it is taught with its present corruptions and obscurities. As now received, it cannot impress the mind of the intelligent truth seeker as in any sense true. The masses of the intelligent are becoming alienated from it. They know it is not what it should be to command the respect of honest people. It is not understood; it is therefore looked upon by them as something foreign to human needs or interests. The thoughtful either oppose it or let it and its deluded advocates and adherents alone, claiming what they willingly award to others, the right to private judgment and liberty of conscience in religious belief.

The ages of the Christian fathers, in which Christian literature originated, constituted a period when abstract thought or scientific reasoning was comparativly unknown. There were then learned men who were engaged in speculativ philosophy. They were captivated with what was plausible and apparent, more than inspired with a desire to know the absolute truth. Testimony, instead of positiv demonstration, was taken for authority. Science as explained and understood now was then the unfathomed mysteries of nature. As everything was taught in parables, pictures, allegories, and fables, that style has been preserved and has come down to us. If we do not know this, and if when we read religious literature we fail to read and interpret it in this light, we cannot comprehend it; we may say we believe it, but we do not understand it. This error has been indulged in to the extent that it is by some considered a credit, and an evidence of Christian excellence, for us to avow that we believe what we do not understand. Doing this has transformed ignorance and error into the virtue of piety. They would think it heresy, if not blasphemy, for us to read the fathers as they themselvs said they wanted us to read them, and use terms and names as they used them—as figures and personifications, and not in any sense as literal facts or personages. So long as we use any of the figures, titles, qualities, and virtues of Greek divinities, the terms Holy Ghost, Holy Spirit, Blessed Spirit, Our Lord, Our Savior, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, Holy Angels, Messiah, the Anointed One, the Lamb of God, the Divine Light, the Word, as in any sense representing an image, a personality, a form or thing, having any attributes, properties, or endowments as individual existences, then we are in our conceptions yet under the delusions of the idolatry of our superstitious ancestors.

There are, it must be admitted, a small number of sincere believers in what is called the Christian religion who are living and will die with a fervent faith in the reality of all these myths as supernatural entities; and who think this belief makes and keeps them good, and that without it they would not nor could not be religious; that they would be wicked Infidels, aliens and sinners, and without God and without hope in the world; that they would be miserable, lost wretches, unworthy of salvation and of heaven. They think this heathen faith is the source of their greatest earthly comfort, and of their assurance of God's love and mercy, and of all they hav in this life worth living or dying for. Once charmed and fastened under the dominion of this faith, their minds are so subjugated and enslaved by it that no light nor reasoning, nor even self-evident truth, can be appreciated by them, nor in any measure release them from the degrading spiritual bondage.

A faith in these ghostly phantoms affects the mind and moral sense not unlike the gradual introduction of an insidious narcotic poison into the body. At first it produces a stimulating, exhilarating sensation, adding another enjoyment to, and thus increasing by its novelty, the pleasures of existence. The unsuspecting victim, judging from his feelings, is assured that he has found a new solace and comfort to increase the value of life. The drug being an enemy to the healthy bodily organs, it gradually poisons and perverts them from their normal action into the abnormal one of conforming to and assimilating with an enemy. Thus insidiously the integrity of the organism is destroyed, the physical strength and activity paralyzed; yet the unconscious victim remains confident of the great virtue of the drug, and ascribes his infirmities and failures to some other cause, or to the decrees of providence, who, for some good end, in his inscrutable wisdom, has seen fit to visit them upon him. It is just so with those whose minds hav become perverted by this ancient heathen faith in demons and ghosts, under the varied names and titles already enumerated. They do not care to inquire or to know the origin and history of their belief. They hav gradually taken into their minds the heathen idea they call God, and with it all the other personifications who, as ghosts or spirits of some degree in the divine hierarchy, execute the purposes and functions of the different offices allotted to each of them in the creation and salvation of man.

Our brethren and sisters who are reveling in this faith, who are so happy, so safe, and so secure in the folds of the father's love, and hav such assurance of their salvation and of his care and presence in the eternal future, do not know that they derive all this fictitious and unwholesome exhilaration from the narcotic poison of error, of positiv, flagrant falsehood, operating on the mind and feelings, perverting and destroying all healthy, normal mental integrity, and producing this morbid sense of religious enthusiasm cherished as divine and direct from God. The evils of this faith are ruinous to the whole character. When the mind is enslaved by them there is very litttle hope of any progress or usefulness of the individual. Bigotry, uncharitableness, impatience, and intolerance are the outgrowth of these corrupting falsehoods, as the history of the church furnishes abundance of evidence in its wholesale persecutions and slaughter for nearly a thousand years. And nothing but light and intelligence has banished most of this religious cruelty, and protects us from its inflictions to-day. Now the poison of this wretched faith is working out a milder form of cruelty, through vituperation and epithets of "Infidel" and "heretic," with a view of destroying character, standing, and influence.

This is an advance from barbarism. It is progress, and in it there is great hope for the future. As light becomes diffused, the world will be redeemed; superstition supplanted by science, error by truth; and bigotry and intolerance will yield to sentiments of love and charity, and the feelings of a universal brotherhood.

T. E. Longshore.

*Philadelphia*, June, 1887.

## The Liberty of Thought and Discussion.

JOHN STUART MILL "ON LIBERTY."

If all mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind.

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There is the greatest difference between presuming an opinion to be true because, with every opportunity for contesting it, it has not been refuted, and assuming its truth for the purpose of not permitting its refutation. Complete liberty of contradicting and disproving our opinion is the very condition which justifies us in assuming its truth for purposes of action; and on no other terms can a being with human faculties hav any rational assurance of being right.

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Wrong opinions and practices gradually yield to fact and argument; but facts and arguments, to produce any effect on the mind, must be brought before it. Very few facts are able to tell their own story without comments to bring out their meaning. The whole strength and value, then, of human judgment depending on the one property that it can be set right when it is wrong, reliance can be placed on it only when the means of setting it right are kept constantly at hand.

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The man [Christ] who left on the memory of those who witnessed his life and conversation such an impression of his moral grandeur that eighteen subsequent centuries hav done homage to him as the Almighty in person, was ignominiously put to death as what? As a blasphemer. Men did not merely mistake their benefactor; they mistook him for the exact contrary of what he was, and treated him as that prodigy of impiety which they themselvs are now held to be for their treatment of him.

***

The high priest who rent his garments when the words were pronounced which, according to all the ideas of his country, constituted the blackest guilt, was in all probability quite as sincere in his horror and indignation as the generality of respectable and pious men now are in the religious and moral sentiments they profess; and most of those who now shudder at his conduct, if they had lived in his time and been born Jews, would hav acted precisely as he did. Orthodox Christians who are tempted to think that those who stoned to death the first martyrs must hav been worse men than they themselvs are, ought to remember that one of those persecutors was St. Paul.

***

No Christian more firmly believes that Atheism is false, and tends to the dissolution of society, than Marcus Aurelius believed the same things of Christianity; he who, of all men then living, might hav been thought the most capable of appreciating it. Unless anyone who approves of punishment for the promulgation of opinions flatters himself that he is a wiser and better man than Marcus Aurelius—more deeply versed in the wisdom of his time, more elevated in his intellect above it—more earnest in his search for truth, or more single-minded in his devotion to it when found—let him abstain from that assumption of the joint infallibility of himself and the multitude which the great Antoninus made with so unfortunate a result.

***

The beliefs which we hav most warrant for hav no safeguard to rest on but a standing invitation to the whole world to prove them unfounded. If the challenge is not accepted, or is accepted and the attempt fails, we are far enough from certainty still; but we hav done the best that the existing state of human reason admits of; we hav neglected nothing that could giv the truth a chance of reaching us; if the lists are kept open, we may hope that, if there be a better truth, it will be found when the human mind is capable of receiving it; and in the mean time we may rely on having attained such approach to truth as is possible in our own day. This is the amount of certainty obtainable by a fallible being, and this the sole way of attaining it.

***

No wise man ever acquired his wisdom in any mode but by keeping his mind open to criticism of his opinions and conduct; nor is it in the nature of human intellect to become wise in any other manner. The steady habit of correcting and completing his own opinion by collating it with those of others, so far from causing doubt and hesitation in carrying it into practice, is the only staple foundation for a just reliance on it; for, being cognizant of all that can, at least obviously, be said against him, and having taken up his position against all gainsayers—knowing that he has sought for objections and difficulties, instead of avoiding them, and has shut out no light which can be thrown upon the subject from any quarter—he has a right to think his judgment better than that of any person, or any multitude, who hav not gone through a similar process.

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## The Queer People Across the North River.

New Jersey is a state mighty hard to please, and what suits the people of one town will not be tolerated in another.

When C. B. Reynolds set up his canvas tabernacle in Boonton, to preach the gospel of Freethought, he was stoned, his tent ropes cut, he was threatened with a ducking in the canal, arrested, and finally tried, convicted, and fined twenty-five dollars and costs, which Col. Robert G. Ingersoll paid for him. All this was taken as an indication that the Jerseyites did not love Freethinkers, and wanted nothing but Christianity preached to them.

Some time ago, the Rev. Mr. Switzer and the Rev. Mr. Mnason went down to Park Ridge, N. J., and set up a tent, in which to hold revival services, to the end that the devil might be overthrown and the people of that township rescued from his clutches. Messrs. Switzer and Mnason continuously prayed, sang, and preached, beseeching the people to turn from their sins and seek salvation. Their exhortations were of a general and particular nature, and various people of the place were pointed out as hindering the Lord and helping his adversary. This has been going on for some time, but, strange to say, it did not please the inhabitants of Park Ridge. They therefore warned the reverend gentlemen to cease accusing them of being sinners, just as the Boonton Christians warned Mr. Reynolds to withhold his information that the Boonton people were not sinners. They went even further in paralleling the action of the Boonton Christians. Mr. Reynolds was stoned; so were Messrs. Mnason and Switzer. Mr. Reynolds was reviled; so were the revivalists. The Boonton Christians threatened to throw Mr. Reynolds into a canal; the Park Ridgers threatened to tar and feather Messrs. Mnason and Switzer, there being no canal handy, and tar plenty and feathers being cheap. Finally, the end came to the revivalists' services just as it did to the lectures of Mr. Reynolds. At daylight of the morning of the 6th instant the tent lay flat upon the ground, the guy ropes cut, covering a miscellaneous assortment of overturned benches, broken lamps, prostrate platform, and other débris. Around it slowly gathered the revivalists, with shouts of "Glory to God!" and "Hallelujah!" and "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The actions of the revivalists, however, differ somewhat from the conduct of Mr. Reynolds. Instead of singing, "Praise God!" he swore out a warrant for the arrest of the guilty parties. The religionists laid the destruction of the tent at the door of the devil. Mr. Reynolds rightfully placed it upon the shoulders of the Christians. The revivalists hav made no effort to repair the tent, saying they are in God's hands; Mr. Reynolds went to work, repaired his tent, and made himself useful out in Pennsylvania.

It only remains now for the Christians of Park Ridge to arrest the revivalists for blasphemy—and we assure them that the stuff preached by revivalists is more blasphemous than the lectures of Mr. Reynolds—and fine them twenty-five dollars and costs. The reputation of New Jersey cannot suffer since the conviction of Mr. Reynolds, and if her Christian inhabitants continue to exhibit their real natures, the Andover board may be induced to giv the heathen a rest and send their missionaries across the North river. The good old hell-fire and brimstone preaching will do for New Jersey, for the second probation doctrin would pass the comprehension of her people.

## A String of Whens.

When good old Socrates sought to reform the current superstitions of his day, he was charged with designing to corrupt the youth of Athens, and was given his choice to drink a fatal dose of poison or to slay himself with a dagger. He took the poison.

When Jesus Christ offered the Jews a religion which he argued was superior to the one with which they were then afflicted, he was crucified as a blasphemer.

When Giordano Bruno ventured to point out that the earth was neither flat nor the center of the solar system, he was put to death as a heretic by order of the pope.

When Galileo had the temerity to suggest that, after all, Copernicus may hav had some reasonable grounds on which to base his astronomical theories, the Roman Inquisition imprisoned him and kindly allowed him to choose whether he should recant or be cremated. Under the circumstances, he chose to recant.

When Michael Servetus expressed the belief that a son could not naturally be as old as his father, he was put to death by John Calvin without the shedding of blood, *i.e.*, he was burnt at the stake.

When, a few centuries later, Abner Kneeland defined his conception of the deity as different from that of certain Christians, he was lodged in jail for the offense.

When, in England, Messrs. Foote, Ramsey, and Kemp illustrated their paper with religious subjects, they met the same fate as the preceding.

When D. M. Bennett mailed a book advocating a morality which the author conceived to be superior to that practiced by Christian clergymen, a year in prison and a heavy fine were required to solace the offended brethren of the cloth.

When Dr. E. B. Foote sought to teach the world an economy at variance with that of Christian sociologists, it cost him five thousand dollars for his experiment.

When an ex-preacher told a New Jersey congregation that, in his judgment, the creator of the universe had not worn diapers within the historic period, he was mobbed and violently assaulted, and his tabernacle was wrecked; he was arrested as a blasphemer, tried, convicted, and fined according to the statute in such case made and provided.

Whenever any reformer has tried to change the opinion of his fellow-men, it has cost him his reputation.

When Garrison advocated the abolition of African slavery, he was asked if he would like to see his daughter marry a nigger.

When a Catholic priest named McGlynn, of contemporary fame, denied the right of an Italian Bourbon to say what political opinions an American citizen should hold, a certain labor party, in convention assembled, passed a resolution characterizing him as an Atheist.

When somebody opposed the Comstock law as unconstitutional, he was denounced as one who desired to open the floodgates of immorality, and corrupt the youth of our land with obscene literature.

When another person said that he did not believe one man had a right to determin what another man should take as a beverage, he was charged with advocating intemperance in the use of alcoholic liquors.

When a well-meaning editor noted that a conviction, found after trial in a case in which the judge admitted that the accused were not guilty as charged in the indictment, was not a sound one, he was told to go his ways for an Anarchist.

From all of which it will be seen that the penalty for free discussion has gradually become lighter; and from which also may be gathered the conclusion that the time will come when a citizen of the world may express his belief upon any and all subjects without risking his life, his liberty, his fortune, or his sacred honor.

## A Horrible Result of Sectarianism.

One of the most shocking effects of too earnest Christianity occurred in Pittsburgh, Pa., on Tuesday, June 6th. Frederick Herman, a steel worker, lived at Mt. Washington with his wife and three children. Herman was of a morose disposition, and, notwithstanding his piety, frequently quarreled with his wife, a patient little woman, and occasionally beat her. One of the most fruitful causes of these quarrels was the difference in religious views, Herman being a Lutheran, and his wife a Catholic, and they could never agree about the sect in which the children should be trained. By superior physical force Herman had the children baptized into the Lutheran church, and the wife seemingly acquiesced.

About four weeks ago, however, Mrs. Herman concluded to hav the youngest, a daughter, baptized in the Catholic church, and did so, concealing the fact from the father. By some means, on the 6th instant, Herman learned of the circumstance, and at once stopped work and went home. Pleasantly calling his wife to him he took her upon his knee, and said, as the account states: "I heard to-day that you had Elizabeth baptized again. Is it true?" Mrs. Herman did not answer, so he clutched her fiercely, repeating his query. Mrs. Herman became terrified, and broke away from him, jumping through a window. Herman leaped after her, and chased her down the sparsely-settled street. In front of a Mrs. Wolfgang's house Herman caught his wife and threw her down in the gutter. Standing with a foot on each side of the prostrate woman, Herman pounded her in demoniac fury with bricks and cobble stones, until she lay perfectly still, with blood flowing from numberless wounds. When he supposed she was dead he left her, and ran rapidly back to his own house. After lying in the gutter for a few minutes Mrs. Herman arose and staggered across the road, falling every few feet, as though she were dazed. She moaned terribly. She went on down the lane, falling and rolling over, and getting up again, and falling again. Meanwhile Herman returned to his home, and went upstairs to where the little babe, Elizabeth, about which all the trouble had been, lay quietly sleeping in its cradle. He lifted it out and with a razor cut its throat. Then going to one of the windows, he looked out, and drew the razor across his own throat.

In the basement of the house lived another family, named Kissner. Happening to go to the door, Mrs. Kissner looked up and discovered Herman. She called to her husband, and he rushed to Herman's door, where he was met by the fiend, who gasped, "Lord, forgiv me for what I hav done." Mrs. Herman was placed upon a bed down-stairs, and her injuries attended to. The babe was dead. Herman was past aid, and his death but a matter of minutes. He was put upon a bed, and at once asked for the pastor of his church. When the Lutheran preacher arrived, Herman made signs for paper and pencil, and when given them, wrote:

"I hav struggled as long as possible. She promised to be true. She has broken this promis, and has not told me, and I found out that she lied until the elder son was born. Rev. Brant knows all. Had she told me that she had the child rebaptized, we could hav consulted together. The Lord hav mercy on me. Lord bless the Evangelical church; long may she prosper. God bless my children and giv them peace. Greetings to my friends and brethren. A man named Feucht shall adopt my children. Let them remain Evangelical Lutheran. The reverend father shall interest himself in their welfare. I will willingly die. My child is with me. Adieu."

At short intervals he penned these messages:

"The Evangelical Lutheran Orphan Asylum. God bless them. I desire that my two boys go to that institution."

"My child that I took with me shall be with me in my grave, not in the Catholic burying-ground. That is my last wish."

"Adieu. I hav reached my end. I must die. Adieu. My wife shall be forgiven, she is responsible as much as the others. She will not always liv Catholic; that is my last wish."

"My wife is not at all good enough to train the children. Place them in the Evangelical Orphans' Home. Adieu."

When too weak to write he asked for a German hymn-book, and turning the familiar pages with bloody fingers, he stopped at the hymn he wanted, which the minister read. Then he slowly sank into death. His wife may recover.

This tragedy is the plain result of religion. The man was not insane; he was religious, and but followed the teachings of the churches in placing his religion above all else in the world. He was an hon-

est sectarian, believing that there is but one road to heaven, and that one through his church. For this belief the church was responsible, for Herman was ignorant, and followed blindly his spiritual leaders. Had he been taught that kindness and love to his family, a happy home and merry children, were of infinitly more importance than any belief about God and a future world, the tragedy would never hav been. The Christian religion is directly responsible for the lives of this man and his babe, and for the fiendish attack upon the mother. Any religion which puts heaven above the earth would hav the same effect upon such a nature as that possessed by Herman, and therein lies the iniquity of all intense religions. Better a thousand times that men should never hav heard of religion than that such infernal deeds should be committed as a consequence of possessing it.

## The Work of Christians.

It's a fine state of affairs that prevails in a portion of this country now!

Down in Washington a druggist has been tried for doing business on Sunday, and the District Commissioners are gravely considering whether ice and milk can be legally sold in the national capital on Sunday! One law resurrected is a Maryland statute of 1723!

Up in Connecticut local trains are stopped on Sunday, and a Puritan quiet prevails!

Here in New York men are arrested and held to bail for running a sewing-machine on the first day of the week! No one can purchase any useful article on Sunday afternoon, and hotel-keepers are arrested for selling wine to their guests! Meanwhile New Yorkers who will hav their liquor are going in thousands to New Jersey—where they fine Infidels twenty-five dollars and costs—and getting drunk as lords!

Prohibition Barebones are shouting, "Praise God!" and the rest of the church folks are howling in glee! They think they hav got the country in their tyrannical grip.

These Sunday laws are infamous infringements of personal liberty. Their enforcement is tyranny of the smallest and meanest kind. But we hope the Christian legislativ hypocrits will turn the thumbscrews down till the blood flows, when the people may get angry enough to demand the repeal of religious laws.

## Running Down.

The American Tract Society, located in this city, acknowledges that its business has fallen off one-half within the past fifteen years. The officers of the society explain this decline by saying that denominations hav gone into the tract business on their own account, and no longer purchase supplies at headquarters. The *Sun* of this city, however, has a more plausible theory, and one that we are inclined to accept as the real cause. The *Sun's* theory is based upon several facts, to wit:

1. The tracts of the society, while as good as ever, are practically worthless, being the fag-ends of old sermons and other religious nonsense which the great public regard with aversion.

2. The tract pedler is an obnoxious individual, the butt of ridicule, a bore, and a fool.

3. The denominations are tired of paying for literature which does not teach their peculiar isms. That is to say, they care more for their sectarian views than for Christianity in the abstract.

4. The doctrin of hell is now considered by all intelligent people as the wild imaginings of lunacy. The society's publications speak of hell as an actual place, and the purpose of most of them is to warn the sinner to flee from the wrath to come. Protestantism now very generally admits that the wrath spoken of is a myth, and hence the documents hav lost their point.

5. The books and papers issued are so exceedingly dull that no one can be induced to read them—even pious old maids and sanctimonious deacons rejecting them in favor of more piquant matter. This stupidity and the ancient flavor emanating from them are sufficient reasons why an ungodly public will not be converted to evangelical Christianity by them.

If our contemporary had put its conclusions, which we hav briefly summarized, into a few words, it would hav said that the American world had outgrown the religion manufactured in Nassau street. When Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Baxter's "Saint's Rest," and the Bible constituted the library of the evangelical Christian, the publications of the Tract Society might hav been considered exhilarating and nutritious literature. That was a hundred years ago at least. Now, the average Christian reads daily papers, books, and magazines, and the slush published by religious societies has little charm for him.

Another point that should not be overlooked is that with its outgrowing of religious literature, the public is fast outgrowing evangelical Christianity itself.

## Meanness.

Here are two more newspaper expressions evoked by the recent trial of C. B. Reynolds for blasphemy. The first is from a secular journal which reflects the opinions of the people of a city filled with churches—the Brooklyn *Eagle:*

"Without offering any suggestions to people who may think that the right to be profane is worth having, we submit that our limited experience with the English language and the American public has taught us two strong facts. First, we hav found that vigor of thought and intensity of expression is not enhanced by the frequent interjection of words bearing the relation to speech that is sustained by sores to the body; and secondly, that the majority of people hav inherent respect for religion, however denominated, and regard a blasphemer with the feelings that are inspired by the sight of a dime museum monstrosity."

That paragraph is rhetorical rot. Freethinkers do not care how much respect the Christian entertains for his pet superstition; they only ask to be allowed the freedom to express their own views upon superstition in general, and the Christian superstition in particular. This has been denied Mr. Reynolds in New Jersey, though millions of people are constantly "blaspheming" in other parts of the country. And there is at least one man in the land who believes that the greatest museum monstrosity of the day is the jury that convicted Mr. Reynolds. Mr. Lamar, of Chicago, holds that the average common-sense citizen would look upon such a collection of human images with feelings akin to awe at the enormous chasm between their time and the present.

The second expression is from a religious paper, the *Christian at Work:*

"A New Jersey blasphemer paid into court $25 for the pleasure of blaspheming his maker the other day. Mr. Ingersoll defended him. It must hav proved an expensiv luxury to the blasphemer; there was the cost of counsel, the fine imposed by the court, and the damage to his character—that is, supposing it could be damaged. Mr. Ingersoll does better. He defends a man for blaspheming, at a profit, but is careful not to offend the law himself, while he hires a hall to denounce God in at a charge of fifty cents a head—double what it costs to see a country circus."

This paragraph is of interest as showing the total depravity and innate cussedness of religious editors. The *Christian at Work* obtained its information of the result of this trial from the daily papers. Now, every paper stated plainly that Colonel Ingersoll paid Mr. Reynolds's fine out of his own pocket. The *Christian at Work* also receives THE TRUTH SEEKER, and we hav repeatedly stated that Colonel Ingersoll did not charge a cent for his services in this case. We hav also printed Mr. Reynolds's acknowledgment of a gift of twenty-five dollars from Colonel Ingersoll, making $100 in cash, besides his expenses, and two days' time—worth about $2,000 to him—which Colonel Ingersoll gave freely to defend freedom of speech in the barbaric state of New Jersey.

His reward is mendacious abuse and mean insinuations from the little-souled Judases who edit Christian papers. "Can you wonder that we hate your doctrins—that we despise your creeds?"

## Editorial Notes.

ATTENTION is again called to the work of Mr. Reynolds with his canvass tabernacle. He has two engagements booked in Ohio, and desires others east or west of that state that the freight charges and his own expenses may not cost more than the sum total he receives. Address him at North Parma, N. Y.

MAYOR HEWITT has found that the Young Men's Christian Association of this city is a law-breaker in maintaining huge bulletin-boards on the sidewalks in front of its building. But we are willing to wager considerable that Mayor Hewitt is not powerful enough to force this tax-dodging religious institution to remove the obstructions.

GOVERNOR HILL has signed a bill amending the present Sunday law of this state so as to inflict severer penalties for second offenses. The penalty has been a fine of $1 to $10, or imprisonment not exceeding five days. The amendment fines the Sabbath-breaker $10 to $20, or imprisonment not less than five nor more than twenty days. Governor Hill has done a very contemptible act in signing such a bill.

THE Bible tells us that "it is appointed unto men once to die." God makes the appointment.—*Independent.*

Does this apply to those fellows who get into heaven through an appointment with the sheriff made by the judge?

A COLUMN has been erected at Monte Pincio, in Rome, to the memory of Galileo's imprisonment in the neighboring palace of the Medicis. It bears the following epigraph: "The neighboring palace, once the property of the Medicis, was the prison of Galileo Galilei, guilty of having seen the earth revolve round the sun.—S.P.Q.R., LDCCCLXXXVII."

WE publish in this issue a few extracts from John Stuart Mill's essay "On Liberty," and they will be followed by more from the same source. Just at the present time, in these days of blasphemy trials, Comstock prosecutions, and Sunday laws, it is well to remind people that there are a few fundamental principles of liberty from which it is not safe to depart. Mr. Mill has set these forth in unmistakable terms. It was one of the late Stephen Pearl Andrews's wisest sayings that the people of each succeeding generation need to be indoctrinated with the spirit of rebellion to tyranny; otherwise that spirit is lost, and we are given the opportunity to justify our tyranny toward those in our power by that which is exercised over ourselvs. It appears to hav been left to a few Freethinkers of to-day to call back our generation to the great principles of individual liberty with which John Stuart Mill sought to indoctrinate his.

AT a meeting of the Henry George people in this city lately, an attempt was made to get Mr. O'Brien, the Irish agitator, to address the crowd. Mr. O'Brien refused. Shortly after, the Union Labor party held a meeting, and adopted this resolution:

"WHEREAS, An attempt has been made by the Socialists of this city to force themselvs and their theories upon the Hon. Wm. O'Brien and the Irish Land League, regardless of the injury that would result to the cause advocated by the League:

"*Resolved*, That we, the Union Labor party, representing the American law-abiding people, repudiate this attempt to drag Communism and Atheism into American politics. We regret that good and honest men should be misled by such men into a movement that attacks all religions, all laws, and all the habits, customs, and institutions of our people."

We extend to Mr. George our sincere sympathy. No man has said meaner things of the Socialists than he; no man more vehemently denies being a Communist; no man is more bitter against Atheists, nor more energetic in using religious prejudices and "working the religious racket" than the late candidate for the mayoralty of this city. And to be called a Socialist, a Communist, an Atheist; to be accused of attacking all religion, all laws, all the habits, customs, and institutions of our people, must be very disgusting to him, and should entitle him to the interference of Anthony Comstock. It has nothing to do with the case that his land scheme is thoroughly Communistic; that the government ownership and control of the earth is Socialistic doctrin; that his defense of Dr. McGlynn and attack upon the church places him without the pale of the most important Christian sect in the world; that the legal adoption of his theories *would* overturn our laws, our habits, our institutions—he must feel keenly this resolve of the Union Labor party, and all the more keenly because he has tried so hard to be conservativ and respectable while carrying on a most revolutionary crusade. He has said Good Lord, Good Devil, with great impartiality; snubbed the Socialists, abused the Communists, and turned up his nose at the Atheists all to no purpose. He is accused now of being all three in one. And the joke is no less enjoyable from the fact that most people believe it true.

THE enthusiastic Mr. Hamilton, of Ukiah, Cal., who threw a lamp at the secretary of the American Secular Union while the latter was enlightening the townsfolk in the machinations of Catholicism, is likely to pay dear for his burning zeal. The day after his furious outbreak Mr. Hamilton had a warrant served on him by Constable F. C. Albertson, and was taken before Justice S. C. Poage, charged, as the complaint read, that he "on the 13th day of May, 1887, at and in the county of Mendocino, state of California, did without authority of law, wilfully disturb and break up an assembly and meeting, called 'Liberty meeting,' not unlawful in its character, at the Court House, in the town of Ukiah City, in the county and state aforesaid, then and there being held by a sect or denomination calling themselvs 'Infidels,' under the management and control of one S. P. Putnam, as affiant is informed and believes, and so states the facts to be;" whereupon he pleaded guilty to the charge and was fined $100, but a stay of fifteen days was granted. Mr. S. J. Chalfrant, of Ukiah, has also sworn out a complain charging Mr. Hamilton with having made an assault with a deadly weapon with intent to do great bodily harm. This charge, says the *Dispatch and Democrat*, will go to the Supreme Court for trial. We do not imagin, however, that Mr. Hamilton will get his deserts on this complaint. The papers of the place make excuses of all sorts for him, and it is very easy to see that the Christians are secretly sorry that he did not kill Mr. Putnam. The murderous assault is described as an "unfortunate incident," and his frenzied hurling of the lamp was done in a "moment of unguarded impulse." One paper almost counts him a hero for carrying the second lamp he seized to the street and throwing it upon the ground. The truth is, he intended to follow up his assault upon Mr. Putnam, but was prevented by men in the audience. He then ran from the hall, holding the lamp above his head, scattering burning oil as he went. Mr. Hamilton had murder in his heart, though he was prevented from completing his intention, and should be punished. He jeopardized the lives of hundreds of people by the panic his insane conduct caused, and many of the ladies in the audience were ill for several days after. It will be a disgrace to the courts of Mendocino county if such infuriate brutality is not properly condemned, and will virtually be a guarantee to the Christian element that it may do as it pleases with Infidels.

# Letters from Friends.

OTTAWA, O., May 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER is simply grand, and Watson Heston is one of the immense factors of its grandeur. Its value to the Liberals has been doubled the last year, and many of the orthodox get lessons before they are aware of the source which set them thinking. C. E. BEARDSLEY.

BOSTON, MASS., June 5, 287.

MR. EDITOR: In reply to Brother Koezly's question in last TRUTH SEEKER, I desire to say that neither the age of man upon the earth, nor even the age of science upon this planet, was ever intended to be represented by the new dating. The idea I put into the figures when first started was the one so grandly suggested in Brother Wakeman's original call for this progressiv movement, viz., that in the early part of 1600 "A.D.," our glorious science became a standard to be upheld to the death against the murderous "followers of the lamb." And as 287 years added to 1,600 "A.D." makes 1,887 years, as all can see, therefore no just cause of complaint can be found with the figures of this ever-glorious, anti-superstition calendar, called year of science, as a standard manner of dating. Yours cordially, GEORGE N. HILL.

GOLDEN, N. M., June 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Since the 29th ult., we hav had in one Catholic family the highest exercise of Romanism for the redemption of an orthodox soul. A boy of Mexican parentage died just previous to that date. His mother, who has one legal husband and a second one from choice, called the priest here to hav numerous masses said for the repose of the soul of the departed boy; and to promote more efficacious repose, she desired to bury the boy within the church. To obtain the coveted favor, the mother pays the priest the sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars. That sum would be an enormous price for the church building entire, but for the repose of a Mexican's soul, and the purification of the mother, perhaps it is not too much. The woman pulls the wool over the eyes of the French priest, always accommodating when a good fee can be earned by extra sounding of the holy bell and adding a headstone within the sacred walls to admonish others that it is a good investment to pay handsomely for future rewards. H. L. MCILVAIN.

BLACK HAWK, COL., May 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please send me THE TRUTH SEEKER for eight months, and "The Secrets of the East," by Felix L. Oswald, for which you will find inclosed $3.

I am a great admirer of your paper, and would not be without it for double its subscription price. Although I do not indorse everything you publish, yet I believe yours is the only course for a Freethought journal like THE TRUTH SEEKER to take.

I think the cartoons by Heston are doing a good work. I believe that every one of them strikes a blow at superstition that could be done in no other way. Long liv Watson Heston to continue the good work. There has been a good deal said in your paper by its correspondents both for and against the Chicago Anarchists. As for me, I hav no sympathy with Anarchism. I am a Freethinker, but I believe there is a limit to free speech. I was in Chicago in the spring of 1875, during the strike in the McCormic reaping works, and overheard a part of a speech made to the strikers on the corner of Twenty-third street and Blue Island avenue. The speaker referred to McCormic as "the man with silk stockings." He said: "The time is past when the laboring man need fear capitalists. With thirty-five cents' worth of dynamite in your pocket you can do better execution than a thousand soldiers with muskets." Are these the kind of principles to advocate in a free country? What incentiv is there for a man to accumulate wealth, to make a home for his family, if he is not to be protected by the law—if he is to be at the mercy of Anarchists and dynamiters?

No, Mr. Editor, I can't agree with you on the Chicago Anarchist question, but nevertheless I think THE TRUTH SEEKER the best Liberal paper published, and think that no one but a narrow-minded bigot would stop his support of it because the editor differed with him in opinion.

CHAS. E. SMITH.

TOLEDO, May 22, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav taken up my abode in this place, and hav not yet been able to meet with any of our persuasion, and I notice by your paper you hav no agency here. Why is this thus? Is there any Freethought society in Toledo? and if not, why not?

There is a combination in the churches here just now in order to revive the cause. They hav a professional gospel-thrasher who is trying to make converts and saddle them with a cross. He would be a good speaker if his articulation were better and the matter of his talk had a little bit of common sense mixed in. But I noticed there were buckets of tears shed by the women folks when he pictured the separation of families—all imaginary, of course—when the husband and father was turned into the goat pen, where he would gnash his teeth to all eternity, while his dear wife would go to the right among the imported Cotswolds, Southdowns, etc., and enjoy herself. I forgot to state that the preacher is Rev. Dr. Munhall. He makes an effort to be funny at times. How easy it is to make people laugh in church! I was ushered into a pew and sat beside a young woman who appeared to be under conviction, and stood up for prayers. As I am an old man, I thought it would be no harm to speak to her without being introduced, and told her if she desired to go forward to the mercy seat and get nearer to God I would let her pass, as I might sit in the seat of the ungodly; but I never would stand in the way of sinners. Well, he talked for about an hour, and told what a terrible thing it was to be without God in the world; how bad it was to go to the theater, or dance, or ride on the street-cars on Sunday—didn't say anything about stealing a horse on Monday, or visiting a happy home to giv spiritual consolation when the husband is away to business and making a hell of that home. This may be the means which results in the new birth.

The women to-day are the pillars of the church, and if they could be converted and shown the broken reed upon which they rely for support, then, and not till then, will the occupation of a priest be gone. CHARLES FRANKLIN.

NEW CAMBRIA, KAN., June 4, 287.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of May the 14th, under the title of "Mrs. Slenker's Arrest" you alternately excuse and condemn one of nature's noble women. You say that "the English language is rich enough to convey every shade of meaning without borrowing from the vocabulary of the abandoned class." Now, I venture to say that the editor's knowledge of the ignorance that prevails is not as complete as his knowledge of the meaning of words. It was Mrs. Slenker intent to reach the "abandoned" class of people, and only the plainest language (vulgar, if you wish) could reach their understanding. I believe Aunt Elmina speaks the truth when she says that much of her work has been repulsiv to her. She holds the same relation to the moral world that hospital doctors and nurses hold to the physical. Their work is to probe the festering ulcer, cure the most loathsome diseases, of which they keep a record and description of cases. No matter how disgusting the details, they are printed in medical books and sent through the mails; and if "the intent of the book" does "not affect its character," under the postal statutes, then every medical work, every Bible publisher, is amendable to the law. Thousands of refined people would not enter a hospital as doctor or nurse because the work is both dirty and disgusting to them, yet they are willing to acknowledge the necessity of such work; and who is there that has any knowledge of society and the moral status of to-day who will not say there are diseases in the moral world that require men and women who are willing to engage in a work that is, in one word, disgusting, in order that they may probe the moral ulcer and remove the gangrene from society, and lift humanity from the cess-pool of immorality and place them on a higher intellectual plane from which shall evolve future generations possessing moral purity? Now let these Christian prosecutors compare Elmina's captured leaflets with the inspired nastiness in Genesis xxxviii, the book of Deuteronomy, and the book of Ruth, and then giv their honest opinion whether the Bible should be sent through the mails or suppressed as obscene literature.

I hav not seen that for which my benefactor is indicted or held responsible, but feel safe to say that she never penned one word that she did not intend should benefit the receiver. All true men and women of the Liberal ranks should see that she receives the generous support her work merits.

MRS. FLORA A. ABBOTT.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., June 4, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I will relate two little incidents recently happening in this city. A fellow named Mack, clerking in one of our stores, has been a Freethinker for many years. A fellow-clerk, named Gibson, was an ardent Methodist, who delighted in believing all the hard stories contained in the Bible, and was sorry that there were not still harder stories in that book, so that he could show how good he was by believing them all. He was sorry as well as amazed to think that Mack should run the awful risk of losing his soul by not believing these stories. He held up before him the torments of hell, and solemnly assured him that his soul would burn in an awful lake of fire forever and ever and ever if he did not repent and believe the Bible. Oh, there was such peace in believing! To be assured that your name was written in the lamb's book of life, and that you would escape hell and be happy in heaven simply by believing the Bible and obeying the commandments! Oh, it was awful to think of the danger to which Mack was exposed. A little incident occurred which varied the line of argument and led Mack to think he had the advantage. A pesky little mouse had got into the store and was playing havoc with some of their valuables. Gibson procured a trap and the mouse was caught alive. He suggested that Mack had better drown it, but as water was scarce and the weather was cold, and a big coal fire was blazing in the stove, Mack thought he might be saved a trip to the pump by throwing the mouse into the stove, and he succeeded in doing so just as Gibson came upon the scene. He was too pious to swear, but there can be no doubt that he thought all sorts of cuss words. He charged Mack with being the personification of cruelty. He had no heart. How could he, oh, how could he throw that mouse into that red-hot stove? Then came Mack's turn to talk. Said he: "That mouse was a sinner. He stole a portion of your dinner a day or two ago, and has been committing divers depredations about here for more than a week. You said kill him. He is dead, but his sufferings are over. If that mouse now was but a human being, you would say it served him right. You tell me that if I die in my sins, as that mouse did, God will burn me, not merely for one instant, but for all time; and yet you worship God, you praise him, you call him kind, and loving, and just; but me, because I threw a wicked mouse into the stove to suffer for but an instant, you characterize my conduct as cruel, infamous, and outrageous. I think your creed needs a little mending before you assail me for cruelty." Gibson looked serious the balance of the day.

A religious crank struck this city a week or two ago, and commenced pedling a small circular relating some of his marvelous religious experiences. He is an especial favorit of God, for that mysterious being frequently visits him in trances and in dreams, and has told him that the Bible is true, and that Ingersoll will be damned. A day or two since this crank brought up in a crowd in which was Bill Custer, the biggest wag in town. He had sized up the crank by reading his crazy productions, and also had some previous knowledge of him, and so Bill assumed to be a first-class vision-seer himself, had trances often, and as for dreams, nobody could cope with him. The crank was mighty well pleased to find a brother trance operator, and it was found their experiences ran parallel in many instances, and so he began to establish the genuinness of his remarkable visions by the peculiar experiences of his new-found brother. For a little while the cause of these two prophets of the Lord was in the ascendancy. No scoffing Infidel could hav held his own against them. At length Bill gained the information that the name of his comrade was Ferguson. Then Bill pretended to refer to some notes that he had made, and he began to question him. You were in Colorado such a time; you hav a brother in St. Louis? To all of which the crank responded affirmativly. "Then," said Bill, "you are the man. I hav had three visions lately, and was told each time by God that you was coming along and would soon be here. He wanted me to say to you that he wanted you to giv up the trance business and go to work. He says if you will be industrious he will prosper you. My last vision was less than half an hour ago, so you may rely upon it as being fresh from God." The poor crank was all broken up. If he had been possessed of any reason, it would certainly hav given way. He disappeared. JAMES K. MAGIE.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y., May 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Christianity has robbed woman of her womanhood. It has damned her for being a woman. It has cursed her nature as the origin of sin.

The Bible reeks with its cruelties to woman. The church perverts her impulse of love, by telling her to love God, not man. If she innocently makes the mistake and loves the godly man—well, we all know the result. The pastor becomes popular, if not great, but the woman is ever after known as a "poor, weak creature." It seems almost impossible that a woman so weak could be capable of consummating parson-worship. Bah! what a disgrace to man, that woman, his creator, can but receive such loathsome taunts from him!

Infidelity as yet is no better. It struggles hard to shake off Christian morality, and giv to woman the opportunity to be a woman, but it can't. In "Tales Told Out of School" the Infidel, when speaking of her, is as stupid as the Christian, and only knows to echo him—"Weak woman!"

Like Mrs. Slenker, I am interested in obtaining facts to know to just what extent man is sincere iu granting to woman individual liberty, which he clamors for so vehemently for himself. To my entire satisfaction, I hav gathered sufficient knowledge to establish without doubt that it matters but little whether it be Infidel, Jew, or Christian, woman need but expect the same from each; that is, "Stay where you are."

Mrs. Slenker has been gathering facts against man's system of sexual slavery, which so shamefully degrades her sex, and for fear she would tell the truth about the male brutes, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* did, the scavengers of filth cage her to silence her; but she talks right on. They placed her in a dirty dungeon, but she told the world all about it.

In her case, the average Infidel no doubt believes that she should be satisfied to hav his aid in freeing her from church superstition, without being so bold as to call men to account for their sex-inquisition, which is but the heartless tormentor of her sex.

Whether every man who thinks himself a Liberal fights for Mrs. Slenker's right to oppose man's abuse of her sex, or not, will matter but little in arresting the great tide that has set in to right sex wrongs. The great tidal wave of heredity is arising throughout the land, and when it rushes forward to the central point, many are the curses that will be swept away with it.

Now, if you believe that a woman should be a woman; if you believe that she has a right to use all her endowments of nature; if you believe that her love nature did not find its origin in total depravity, then do what you can to free Mrs. Slenker from Christian persecution. RAY D. CHAPMAN.

PIPPIN LAKE FARM, May 22, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: At last the Watts-Leeming debate has passed into history. And what a tremendous castigation the poor priest received at the hands of that great Secularist, Charles Watts, done May 17th, 18th, and 19th, at Kent, Ohio! Subjects: First night: "Is Christian Theism More Reasonable than Agnosticism?" second night, "Is Christianity of Divine Origin, and Adequate to the Wants of Mankind?" third night, "Is Secularism Superior to Christianity?" Father Leeming opened the debate. He said, affirming the first proposition, that two and two make four, and man having intelligence to discover the fact, therefore there must be a personal God; that Plato, Cicero, and Socrates were Deists, consequently Christian Theism is more reasonable than Agnosticism.

Platitudes like these, brushed aside in a moment by the logician Watts, enabled his fine audiences to hear two twenty-minute lectures each night after he had disposed of the priest's pueril tactics. At the close of the first night's joint discussion, Leeming, in his efforts to extricate himself from the dilemma his own reckless bombast had placed him in, only confirmed the impression that he was selling his reputation for an interest in the admission fees (one-half the proceeds).

The second night, under the scathing arraignment of the arrogant pretensions of priestcraft, the priest lost his temper, and calling to his aid sophistry, vituperation, and invectiv, threw away his claim to the title of gentleman; but to no

purpose, save to substitute disgust for pity in the minds of his hearers.

Beaten at every point, and smarting under Watts's awful indictment of his church, cornered in argument, yet forgetting that personalities are out of place in debate, the crafty priest, true to his religion, attacked character, abused his opponent, and vented his spleen in slandering the dead.

From his lofty standpoint, Mr. Watts could not descend to such a level, but proved, by his brilliant presentation of the claims of Secularism and by his manly bearing, the superiority of it and its fruits.

Alas! the poor priest's dilemma grew desperate! Something must be done, or his followers would lose faith in his ability, and so, posing as an advocate of principle, he ignored argument; denouncing slander, he used it to smirch the good name of prominent Secularists; promising to avoid personalities, yet so conducting himself as to be repeatedly called to order by the able and impartial moderator, Prof. R. B. Marsh; claiming to know history, yet distorting its facts—such were some of the methods used by this Christian advocate.

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Watts did not hav an opponent able to distinguish between assertion and proof, between argument and preaching, or knowing something of the rules governing debate.

Still, good results must come from these meetings, since the dullest could scarcely fail to observe the striking contrast between the manners of the disputants as an illustration of the effect of Christianity and Secularism upon their lives and conduct.

MARIUS HEIGHTON.

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PLUM CREEK, NEB., May 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: There are many Freethinkers in this vicinity, but, as in most places, they keep mum.

We are suffering from fearful drouth, owing to the accursed ignorance of the fools who hav been firing the prairies in this "prairie fire empire"—that is, Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota. Of all the disgraceful rubbish called laws against prairie fires, I believe ours are the most worthless and useless. They can not and will not be enforced. If we had simply a law forbidding the making of prairie fires, under the penalty of at least $50 fine, the same to go into the local school fund, and compelling the road supervisors to make fire-breaks around each section of land of non-residents, and charge the same to those non-resident land-owners, and compelling all residing land-owners to erect fire-breaks around their land, we would hav rain as we had formerly; but since cattle-men, who took some care of pasturage, left, we hav been filled with ignorant, uneducated, priest-ridden American peasantry, who hav for two years kept a continuous fire, so that, though clouds hover over us for days, there being no attraction in our burnt and baked ground, we do not get any life-giving rains; consequently, all agriculture, fruit-growing, and dairying are something we do not witness in this "prairie fire empire." And in connection, of course, hundreds of other businesses and industries are either at a stand-still or scarcely making any headway. Our local press, when a little rain drops along a river and timbered belt from two to four miles wide, publish the same as magnificent showers, when thousands of farms in the distance from creeks or rivers are not touched by a single drop of rain. This local one-horse press is the biggest stumbling-block to progress and prosperity. The editors will publish how the Sunday-schools are prospering, how the railroads are robbing people, but these demagogs never try to enlighten people politically and show them that the ignorant, priest-ridden American peasants are the foundation of all corrupt and bad government. They don't show the people how these same farmers hav changed and prostituted about fifty out of nearly seventy school-houses into gospel-shops for Sunday-schools and prayer-meetings, and annually during winter steal from tax-payers, on an average, two tons of coal at each school-house, at $7 per ton, making $1,400 per year in this county—and many things in like manner. At one place, several weeks' revival meetings were held in a school-house, right by a church, because in the church they would hav had to pay for coal. And not a single peasant was to be found to protest, because some of these same mentally blighted peasants, called farmers generally, are candidates for office. Would you believe it—one official told me, at a little Bible argument, that he believed the sun is going around because the Bible said so. Shades of Moses!

In 1883 and 1884 we had splendid crops, but the climate is simply destroyed for the present. The only good thing we derive from this climate-destroying process is that these praying classes fall in debt so rapidly that poverty compels them to sell out soon, and then they are forced to go somewhere else, to some newer region, and curse it with their ignorant, priest-ridden practices. The past results of drouth in Texas, Kansas, and other places are so well known by the public that they need not be reiterated. Montana last year, through these continuous fires, paid dearly for it—*i. e.*, they drew the climate a thousand miles farther north southward among them. Results, bankrupt banks and money institutions, bankrupt capitalists and cattle and sheep men. But it is very hard to teach an American peasant any science—impossible. He is told, every Fourth of July, that he is the smartest Aleck in the world, and that settles it with the farmer. And he is told from the cradle up and continuously preached to about fire, fire and brimstone, and more fire again, so that it is part of our ignorant peasant's nature to fire forests in Wisconsin, Michigan, etc., and bring drouth in Illinois and other states; fire the cedar swamp in New Jersey, and cause drouth right in sight of the ocean; fire prairies from the Rio Grande to British America, and establish the largest "prairie fire empire" ever known. The political demagogs had better attend to the mentally blighted, destructiv American peasantry, and make less of a scarecrow out of a few blatherskites called Anarchists, representing all nationalities. If this is denied, I will show three American Anarchist editors and publishers to one foreigner. There is no use lying any longer. These farmers tell us society would go to destruction without prayer-meetings, but they never tell us that right among these Sunday-school-blighted people are the worst ignoramuses, hypocrits, adulterers, right in this Davidson county of Nebraska, that has for years suffered from the blight of Prohibition and Sunday laws. Now, see the results. Hastings and scores of younger places outgrow us in size, population, business, industry, progress, and prosperity, while we here at Plum Creek are dragging along in the same old ruts of Puritanism. But it serves us right. It is only a short time since we ignorant farmers were a mere set of henpecked servils. When our water-brained women ordered Sunday-school, we held it, even breaking school-house doors to get in. When our water-brained women said the gospel needed warming, we stole tax-payers' coal and warmed the humbug up. When the same ignorant women ordered us to vote for a county school superintendent who advocated the reading of the Bible in school and praying, we did so, though the Nebraska constitution forbids any school appropriations for sectarian purposes. We are Republicans; and who ever saw a Republican respect any constitution? When our water-brained women ordered us to vote for St. John the Kansanite, we did so, because the Prohibition platform said, Article Third, "We want Jesus Christ recognized as the ruler of the country." Though the Constitution of Uncle Sammy forbids any foreigner to become president, we voted Jesus Christ in all we could. We are Republicans, and care not for constitutions. We shake with the czar.

CINCINNATUS.

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HAVANA, CUBA, May 10, 1887.

FELLOW TRUTH SEEKERS: For a long time I hav desired to lay before you, and especially before our heroic champions, Dr. Juliet H. Severance and Mr. J. G. Malcolm, a conception, invention or discovery, which circumstances and investigation presented to my mind some years ago, and which, if adopted and established by our government, must, in my humble opinion, redound more to the welfare of humanity than hav all the inventions of all past ages.

From what we hav had the pleasure of reading from the able pens of our above-named champions, and from others of their kind, it seems to me that we must infer that they are aware of the fact that cents, dimes, dollars, and eagles, like apples, pears, peaches, and plumbs, are cheap when abundant, and dear when scarce. In his splendid article in our great standard, THE TRUTH SEEKER, of December 25, 1886, Mr. Malcolm said that our United States Supreme Court had decided that money is not a measure, but a representativ of values. Well, that court might just as well hav said that a yard-stick is not a measure, but a representativ of distance. The hight of a tree cannot be 50 pounds nor 50 bushels, while it may be 50 feet. The weight of a pig may not be 50 feet nor $50, while it may be 50 pounds. The price of a cow may not be 50 feet nor 50 bushels, while it may be $50; because the hight of the tree is measured by and expressed in feet, the weight of the pig is measured by and expressed in pounds, while the value of the cow is measured by and expressed in dollars.

Since the measure of distance must be of some fixed distance or length, and the measure (comparison) of ponderousness, or gravitation, must be of a fixed weight, I think I clearly perceive that the measure of values must be of a fixed value. We might as well try to measure distance without any fixed unit of linear measure as to try to measure values without a fixed unit of value measure that possesses a veritable fixed value. In some countries distance is often expressed in hours or days of travel, but that is like a unit of value measure (the dollar) made of or based upon anything that may fluctuate in supply and demand, as is the case with the precious, and all other, metals. It depends upon the rapidity with which one travels, or upon the supply and demand of the metals.

The dollar based upon or made of gold or silver, or of anything of a nature so fluctuating, is like a yard-string made of india-rubber, and it is the very thing that has enabled the fraudulent class to rob the honest, wealth-producing gawkies of the world of the hard-earned proceeds of their daily labor. They greatly inflate the volume of money, which makes dollars cheap, and then, having secured evidences of debt against the gawkies, they greatly contract the volume of money, which causes the dollars, because of scarcity, to increase in value, or, in wealth-measuring capacity, like a stretched india-rubber yard-string, and then they compel the gawkies to pay off those evidences of debt while the wealth-measuring capacity of the dollar is thus increased. Please don't be offended because I use the term gawkies. I am aware that I am one of them, and I call a spade a spade.

The amount of money per capita in circulation, were it the same throughout the world, would not be important, if it could only be kept at a fixed wealth-measuring capacity; the people would soon learn the value of it.

I hav traveled in a good many countries, viz., United States, Mexico, West Indies, South America, England, Spain, France, Switzerland, Germany, and Belgium, and I hav observed that whatever number of dollars per capita there may be in circulation in any country, that will be about the number of dollars that the average laboring man will get for a month's wages, including board, washing, and lodging, which always equal about one-half as much more.

When the English had succeeded in their conquest of the East Indies, the very first thing they did was to, by taxation, traffic, and spoliation, robbery, drain nearly all the money out of that country, and into their own coffers, until they had reduced the volume of money in India to about sixty cents per capita. Hence a month's wages of an average laborer in that country is about sixty cents, including board, washing, and lodging, or about ninety cents net. See New York *Herald*, June 4, 1886, page 4, third column.

Since the East Indian farmer can obtain labor for about one-thirtieth of the amount that the American farmer must pay for it, he can produce wheat or any other product of the farm for less than ten per cent of the amount that it costs the American farmer to grow it, and still realize a good profit; but the English, by and through taxation and trickery, so manage the Indian that they get nearly all the proceeds of his labor, or the products of his farm, or the proceeds therefrom, for a mere trifle, and thus intelligence gulls the gawkies in every country.

We might make greenback paper dollars without basing them upon gold or upon any other article of value, and by making them a legal tender we could repudiate debts by paying them off with such stuff, but we could not compel anybody to exchange wealth for it. We might just as well take a pound weight, and having stamped it with the words, "This is one yard," try to measure distance with it.

Seven hundred years ago gold and silver were so scarce and precious that money made thereof would buy more than a hundred times as much labor converted into any kind of wealth than money made now of the same quantity of those metals will buy; and gold is being consumed in the arts throughout the world to such a great extent more than the mines of the world are yielding it up, that the amount of gold that now exists in the world—about $3,000,000,000—is decreasing at the rate of about $50,000,000 a year. From which we may reasonably conclude that within about sixty years the people of all those nations against which capitalists hold national bonds payable in gold must be in the same condition that the fifth chapter of Nehemiah, in the Bible, says that the people were in about 2,400 years ago. The great capitalists of the world are aware that such a condition of affairs is rapidly approaching, and hence the "hard times" that are gradually swooping down upon the people throughout the entire world. All national bonds are payable in gold coin. Were the people, the government, of the United States to construct and equip two competing lines of railway, one extending from Boston, Mass., via New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Denver to San Francisco, Cal., and another from Charleston, S. C., via Atlanta, Memphis, Little Rock, and El Paso to Los Angeles, Cal., with an appropriate number of branches extending north and south from the main trunk lines, at a total cost of about 2,000,000,000 greenback paper dollars, made a full legal tender for all dues, debts, and demands anywhere under our flag, and then by our United States Constitution make each dollar of that greenback, railroad, car-ticket paper money (absolute money) at any and all times receivable for a first-class ride for the distance of about a hundred miles, more or less, to be determined by Congress, on any of the government railroads, and were our United States Constitution to permit Congress to increase the distance of ride to be given for a dollar, in proportion to the increase of facilities for performing the labor, but never to diminish it, because such facilities can never retrograde, while they may increase, a dollar of this greenback, railroad, car-ticket, paper and absolute money would always be equal to just so much labor converted into any kind of wealth, because a given amount of labor is requisit to carry first-class a passenger, or a given amount of freight, or a second-class passenger, a hundred miles on a railway.

Having our railways and this money, to the extent of about $40 per capita, established, with no other kind of legal tender under our flag, our United States Constitution should provide that in proportion to the increase of our population the amount of our legal tender money shall, by the secretary of our treasury, be increased, that so we may perpetually hav $40 per capita in circulation, to the end that the dollar of liquidation may always equal in wealth-measuring capacity the dollar of obligation, and so that any obligation, such as a life-insurance policy, though it run for a hundred or a thousand years, may be liquidated in dollars of the same wealth-measuring capacity as were the dollars that existed at the time when the obligation was entered into.

Our post-offices might then be distinguished by three classes—those of the first class, and in large cities, might emit bills of exchange or post-office money orders to the amount of $100,000; those in smaller cities, and of the second class, might emit such bills to the amount of $10,000; and those of the third class, in villages, to the amount of $1,000. They might also loan money according to Mr. Malcolm's plan, and thus greatly facilitate the progress of our industries, and then our government would be much more "by the people, of the people, and for the people," than by capitalists, of capitalists, and for capitalists, as is the case with it now.

Since it is obligatory upon Congress to establish a uniform system of weights and measures, a uniform measure of values as well as of anything else, when once they see how it may be done, I don't perceive how they can conscientiously neglect to do so after their attention may hav been called to this plan.

By having these great railway lines established, the people, the government, could hold in check the great swindling, extorting railway monopolies. The government railways, together with our money, thus established, would redound more to the welfare of the people than hav all other inventions combined. Our Congress has already given away to rich, swindling railroad companies much more than a sufficient quantity of land, had it been sold at a fair price, to amount to the entire cost of these railways. Had we such railways and such money as I hav herein described, all our farmers could liv well and grow richer every year, and all frugal laboring people could acquire comfortable homes and a competency for old age. If I am wrong, please set me right.

GEORGE NEWTON.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## The Wild Flower.

Alas! little flower, I know not your name,
The weeds that surround you enfeeble your fame,
For judging of others by those that surround
Extends to the weeds that inhabit the ground.

Come, raise up your head, little bright, drooping flower,
And fall not so low in your loveliest hour;
Your petals are shapely, your colors are fair,
And sweetest of fragrance is felt on the air.

You're fairer by far than the proud buttercup,
Which ever is holding its haughty head up;
Your beauty surpasses the sunflower tree,
Which holds up its face for the sun-god to see.

Alas! that your face should be shut from the glare
Of morning's bright ray, when it bursts on the air,
Far off in this corner, where all is repose
Save zephyrs too gentle to shatter a rose.

Oh! had you not bloomed in this valley obscure
You might hav been sought were your colors less pure;
But do not feel slighted—'tis rich, it is rare,
The blossom that brightens the desert's despair.

You've blossomed in beauty, but never hear praise,
The stranger that passes bestows not a gaze,
But richer is yours—it is wrong, it is wrong
To trample a blossom so worthy a song.

Come, part from the stem, for I know you will share
This loneliness leaning so close to despair;
Away from the stem, sweet graces impart,
Come now, let me place you right over my heart

DARLINA BELL.

## How to Write a Letter.

There is an art in letter-writing as in everything else; and there is that about a letter that, to a shrewd observer, determins the character of the writer.

A neat person is never slovenly with his letter, nor careless about his expressions. To write easily, gracefully, and entertainingly may be very much the exercise of a gift possessed by few, but there are certain rules regarding letter-writing which may be acquired by every one.

A business letter should be concise and particular, expressing no more, no less, than is required to be made known. The first business letter of a young college graduate consisted of four and a half long pages full of minute details. His employer bade him shorten it. He rewrote it and condensed it one-half. Again was he told to shorten it. Four times he re-wrote the letter, condensing every time, until he had expressed all that was necessary in the spacc of half a sheet! A business letter should commence thus:

Mr. James Brown,
Dear Sir:

And should close with:

Yours respectfully; or, Yours truly.

A letter of friendship, or of any personal interest, may begin in this way:

Dear Friend; or, My Dear Miss, Mrs., or Mr. ——:

And should close in friendly letters with:

Yours sincerely; or, Yours affectionately.

In a friendly letter formality may be put aside, and its composition should be easy and natural, as one would talk. In letters for publication great care should be exercised that nothing unpleasant or offensiv to the general reader should be printed. In letters for the Children's Corner, as well as elsewhere, a stilted manner should be avoided; also a copying from other letters, as, "I saw so many others writing I thought I would write," etc.

In what you write be original, and different from others. Be brief, and express much in few words. Formerly, it was the proper thing to begin letters half way down the page; now it is in good taste to begin at the top of the page.

If a letter, or note, is to be delivered on the day it is written to some one in town, the date may be placed at the bottom of the page, left hand corner; otherwise it should be always at the top of the page, right hand corner.

An informal note of invitation may be written in the first person, and answered in the same way.

All letter-writing should be simple, natural, and free from slang or impure phrases. Words should be spelled correctly and written plainly. With these few hints borne in mind, there is no reason why a child may not write an interesting and intelligent letter.

S. H. W.

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—CHARADE.

*One hundred thousand pounds* we find;
A *sack* or *purse* to suit our mind;
At *last* our idle dream must go—
'Tis *naught*—to it *we little owe*.
Like those adventurous Spaniards bold,
Mistaking pyrites for gold,
Misled by its metallic cast,
Our *total* for blacklead has passed;
And strange it is that none hav said
There go the crew with their *fool's lead*—
An epithet deserved, I hold,
As well as ever was "fool's gold."
Then let us bow before our fate
Our *total* wealth as *graphite* state;
And for myself, if truth be told,
All I possess two pencils hold.

*Irwin, Iowa.* J. K. P. BAKER.

2.—REBUS.



A sad event.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER JUNE 4, 1887.

1.–Versatility.

2.–Gnomon; behead and take away the middle, it is *noon*, and if always noon, the "sun must stand still;" yet it runs back as well as forward, for noon is a palindrome. You can't solve the Bible story so, though some commentators try it.

3.–Cape Cod.

# Science Column.

## Liberal Lesson Leaves.

PHYSICAL SERIES, NO. IV.—THE METRIC SYSTEM.

24. *Length.*—The standard of length is the meter (or metre). It is approximately the .0000001 (one ten-millionth) of the distance from the equator to the pole along the surface of the sea. The polar circumference of the earth is therefore about 40,000,000 meters. The meter is equal to 39.37 inches.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 10 millimeters (mm.) | equal | 1 centimeter (cm.) |
| 10 centimeters | " | 1 decimeter (dm.) |
| 10 decimeters | " | 1 meter (m.) |
| 10 meters | " | 1 dekameter (Dm.) |
| 10 dekameters | " | 1 hectometer (Hm.) |
| 10 hectometers | " | 1 kilometer (km.) |
| 10 kilometers | " | 1 myriameter (Mm.) |

The important units are the cm., m., and km. The cm. equals .3937 inches; the m., 39.37 inches., the km., .6214 miles.



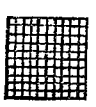
100 millimeters=10 centimeters=1 decimeter=3.937 inches

The above sketch will aid in forming an idea of the values of the measures of length. The small lines are one mm. apart, the larger ones one cm., and the total length is one dm., or .1 m.

25. *Surface.*—

100 square millimeters (sq. mm.) equal 1 sq. centimeter (sq. cm.).
100 square centimeters equal 1 square decimeter (sq. dm.).
100 square decimeters equal 1 sq. meter,

The sq. cm. is most used. It is equal to .155 square inches. The annexed cut is one sq. cm. It is divided into sq. mm.



1 sq. cm. = 100 sq. mm.

26. *Volume.*—

1,000 cubic millimeters (cu. mm.) equal 1 cubic centimeter (cu. cm.).
1,000 cubic centimeters equal 1 cubic decimeter (cu. dm.).
1,000 cubic decimeters equal 1 cubic meter (cu. m.).

The important ones are the cu. cm. and the cu. m. The cu. cm. equals .061 cubic inches, the cu. m. equals 35.31 cubic feet.

27. *Capacity.*—Capacity may be measured in cu. cm., but it is frequently measured in liters (or litres). One liter is equal to one cubic dm. = 1,000 cu. cm.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 10 milliliters (ml.) | equal | 1 centiliter (cl.). |
| 10 centiliters | " | 1 deciliter (dl.). |
| 10 deciliters | " | 1 liter (l.). |
| 10 liters | " | 1 dekaliter (Dl.). |
| 10 dekaliters | " | 1 hectoliter (Hl.). |
| 10 hectoliters | " | 1 kiloliter (kl.). |

The only one extensivly used in physics is the liter (pronounced *leeter*). It is equal to 61.02 cubic inches, or 1.05 quarts (wine measure).

28. *Weight.*—The standard of weight is the gram (or gramme). It is the weight of one cubic cm. of pure water at its temperature of greatest density, that is, 4° Centigrade.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 10 milligrams (mg.) | equal | 1 centigram (cg.). |
| 10 centigrams | " | 1 decigram (dg.). |
| 10 decigrams | " | 1 gram (g.). |
| 10 grams | " | 1 dekagram (Dg.). |
| 10 dekagrams | " | 1 hectogram (Hg.). |
| 10 hektograms | " | 1 kilogram (kg.). |
| 10 kilograms | " | 1 myriagram (Mg.). |

The most important weights are the gram and kilogram. The g. is equal to 15.432 gr., and the kg. is equal to 2.2046 lbs.

A five-cent nickel, one of those with a shield on, weighs about 5 g., and is about 2 cm. in diameter.

29. *Temperature.*—Temperature is measured by the centigrade thermometer. This thermometer is graduated so that water freezes at 0°, and boils at 100°. The interval between freezing and boiling is graduated into 100 equal parts. When temperatures are being given, *C.* stands for Centigrade, and *F.* for Fahrenheit.

30. *C. G. S. System.*—The three most important units of measurement in physics are the cm., g., and the second. The student should become familiar with all of these, as they are extensivly used, and many other units are derived from them. This system of units derived from the cm., g., and s. is called the C. G. S. System, and the units derived are called C. G. S. units. They will be explained as required.

31. *Remarks.*—It is necessary for all to become familiar with the Centimeter, Gram, and second. We are all familiar with the interval of time called the second. The sketches given will serve to make us familiar with the centimeter, and if we remember that a cu. cm. of water weighs a gram, we will hav a moderately good idea how much a gram is, or we can estimate a gram when we remember that a five-cent nickel weighs five grams. Try and become familiar with the following units also: the meter, which is a litle more than a yard; the kilometer, which is a little more than half a mile; the kilogram, which is a little more than two pounds; and the liter, which is a little more than a quart (wine measure).

G. G. GROWER.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the weight of a cu. cm. of water? Ans., 1 g.
2. What is the weight of a liter of water? Ans., 1 kg.
3. Lead is 11.35 times as heavy as water, how much does a cu. cm. of it weigh? Ans., 11.35 g.
4. Iron is 7.2 times as heavy as water, how much would a cu. m. of it weigh? Ans., 7,200 kg.
5. How many m. in 10 km.? Ans., 10,000.
6. How many sq. cm. in a square m.? Ans., 10,000.
7. The average weight of a man is 140.4 pounds, how many kg. does he weigh? Ans., 63.7.
8. The average weight of a woman is 55.2 kg., how many pounds does she weigh? Ans., 121.7.
9. The average hight of a man is 66.3 inches how many cm.? Ans., 168.4.
10. The average hight of a woman is 157.9 cm., how many inches? Ans., 62.16.
11. At birth the average weight of a girl is 6.415 pounds, how many kg.? Ans., 2.91.
12. At birth the average weight of a boy is 3.2 kg., how many pounds? Ans., 7.055.
13. The average hight of a girl, at birth, is 19.02 inches. how many cm? Ans., 48.3.
14. The average hight of a boy at birth is 49.6 cm., how many inches? Ans., 19.53.

NOTE.—The above figures in regard to the human body are given by Quetelet. The measurements were made upon Belgians.

## Story of an Oyster.

Why, then, the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.
*—Merry Wives of Windsor.*

And as we are picking the world to pieces to see what it is made of, and how it is made, of course we must dissect whatever comes in our way.

Now, this oyster—your little fingers could never pick it open, it is shut so tightly.

There are two very hard shells, you see, like valves, an upper and an under one. Hence oysters, clams, scallops, and mussels are called—what? Can't you guess? Bivalves!—that's right. And now one of our bright boys has, with a knife, forced the hard, firmly closed shells apart, and there is the little soft, pulpy fish. Is it a fish?

Why, yes; certainly it is, and a very delicious one too. He does not appear to hav any head, however. What a funny fish, sure enough! And what a pretty house inside is that he livs in! How smooth and glossy! What bright and changing colors it shows in the light!

This lining of the oyster shell is called "mother of pearl," and buttons, brooches, studs, and many useful and ornamental articles are manufactured from it. The shells are used to harden roads, and for other purposes. The oyster livs in a bed with a great many relativs of his, with the salt water for a blanket. Oysters attach themselvs in babyhood to a shell or rock in clusters, and there they stay till some one comes with a rake, made on purpose to take them, and gathers them in by the bushel. The clam is buried in the sand; the mussel can swim along near the shore, so can the scallop, and when picked up, click, click, he snaps his shells together as if angry at being disturbed, but the oyster never opens his mouth, nor does he ever of his own accord move an inch, but lies in bed all the time. When the tide ebbs off we can see him and his mates lying there just as still as mice.

His family is very, very old. He belongs to the tribe called *Mollusks*, and they are first found away back in what is called the *Silurian Age*. Mollusks are animals whose skeletons are on the outside of their bodies.

Silurian is named from a tribe of Britons, or Silures, who formerly lived in Wales, where the formations of this age are very plenty.

Sometimes the oyster gets sick, and a lot of shelly caps form around some foreign substance that has somehow got in between the animal and its shell, and after a while they are hardened into what are termed pearls. These are much sought for, and are very costly and valuable.

The oyster is one of six classes, all of which come under the family of mollusks.

You hav seen snails on the land with four horns, and little eyes on the ends of two of them, havn't you? The shell of the snail is like a spiral tube, into which he tucks himself, or stretches out at his leisure. And the slug, too—can you describe his appearance? Head, horns, a fat little foot, and a soft little body. These are relations of the oyster, only they liv on the land instead of under water; we do not use them for food, and they are known as gasteropods. The oyster comes under the head of *Acephala*, and that means that it has no head.

S. H. W.

QUESTIONS.—What animals are called bivalves? Why so called? What is the lining of the oyster shell called? What is its use? How does the oyster liv? Describe the habits of other shell-fish. To what tribe does he belong? Define mollusk. Silurian. What is the result if the oyster becomes sick? Into how many classes are mollusks divided? Describe the snail and slug. What is the difference between them and the oyster? To what class do they belong? Under what head is the oyster classed?

## Correspondence.

DEL MAR, CAL., May 24, 287.

DEAR MISS WIXON: It has been a long time since I wrote to you. I am eleven years old. Everything remains as it always did, only the Christians are growing weaker in their knees. This year is kind of an off year. It didn't start in to rain until the last of February, and it is trying to rain now. It hardly ever rains later than April.

Papa and mamma went to hear Mr. Putnam lecture in San Diego. They thought his lecture was very good. They brought home some very good Infidel books. I suppose that our Christian friends hav erected a monument for Noah. We hav a nice house and a cistern that holds three hundred barrels of water. Your friend, LUTHER SHAUG.

OVERTON, GA., May 28, 287 E.M.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As it has been several months since I wrote to you, and nobody seems to miss me, I thought I would write again. I know you hav not space to publish anything from a poor writer often, so I will only write occasionally. The Corner is improving all the time, and I am particularly pleased with the Science Column. Educate the children in science and you will see them grow up into good Freethinkers; for Christianity's worst enemy is science. It always has been, and ever will be. I wish I could liv to see the day when every church is converted into an institute for learning science. You are doing a splendid work in educating the children in the course of Freethought. Every Liberal paper ought to hav a department for the children; the mind is more easily bent while young. I wish I could hear you speak. I am very much pleased with the interest Mr. G. N. Hill takes in your work. I agree with him in thinking that Freethinkers ought to date from the death of the noble martyr Bruno. If Jesus Christ ever lived, no doubt he was a good man, and a martyr, but we cannot hav as much respect for him, because the Christians hav slandered him so much by saying that he wants people to be washed in his blood and that he made a failure in his attempt to save sinners. It looks strange to me that God did not crown his only son's effort with success when it was in his power to do so.

I hav written some verses for the Corner, and hope they will prove worthy of publication. Yours for truth, DARLINA BELL.

[We thank our friend for her kind appreciation of our efforts. We hav the best and kindest friends in the world, and their approval of our work is very gratifying.—ED. C. C.]

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Where freedom dwells on coteau, hill, and plain—
And fertil prairies, rich with growing grain,
Invite the men of courage, brawn, and brain.

Hither on breezy wing
Far from the pampered East a-wandering,
All gilded customs to the winds I fling;
Why should my heart to city pleasures cling?
My shack's a castle! and I reign its king.

Then come what may,
Here in this cabin rude content I'll stay;
Here at my cabin door I'll whiff away
The cares and troubles of a yesterday;
Why should I change my lot? Why further stray?

—*Sam T. Clover in Dakota Bell.*

## Religious News from Boston.

The Brick Lane church was last evening filled by a large and fashionable audience gathered to welcome the Rev. Mr. Stellalite, who comes to this city with the most flattering testimonials of the pulpit and press of the West, where he has filled long engagements in nearly all the large cities with unqualified success. His welcome last evening was a complete ovation, and his efforts from first to last were rewarded with the most unmistakable approval of his delighted listeners. Mr. Stellalite's engagement covers the current week only, and all who wish to hear him (and who does not?) should go early. Every evening, with matinees on Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

A movement is on foot at the Swell Street church to hav the choir and pulpit change places. It is high time that this improvement were effected. The worshipers at this church hav too long been subjected to great inconvenience in having to turn their heads to see the singers. It was at one time proposed to remove the pews and substitute swivel chairs, but the suggestion being made that this would be an unnecessary expense, as nobody, of course, cared to face the pulpit at any time during the service, it was determined to meet the difficulty by the change we hav already mentioned. Strange that this was not thought of before. The other churches will undoubtedly follow the example of this enterprising congregation.

We are requested to say that none but those coming in carriages will hereafter be admitted to the services at the Nazarene church. The practice of admitting pedestrians has resulted in the attendance of scores of persons of the lower classes almost every Sunday, until the annoyance became quite unbearable. The Nazarene church has made a move in the right direction.

We are pleased to be able to inform our readers that the Buckminster Avenue church has just been furnished with a new range and all the necessary utensils for cooking. We shall expect to hear of reawakening of interest among the worshipers at this elegant tabernacle in consequence of this new convenience. Indeed, as we pen these lines, we are informed that the formation of a new amateur theatrical club is on the tapis, and that it will include in its membership many of our best citizens. We are requested to say that parties hereafter hiring the chapel for balls and like entertainments can hav the use of the range and cooking utensils at small additional expense.—*Transcript.*

## Stray Scraps.

It is a sure fact that if it had not been for the Christian mothers this world would hav gone to smash and to the devil long ago.—*Evangelist L. W. Munhall.*

Here is a consideration for the advocates of suffrage for these "Christian mothers" not to be ignored. When these Christian mothers hav their ballots (which will be as soon as it is seen that there is no other way to save this world from going to smash and to the devil), they will vote God into the Constitution at the bidding of the priests, and all the Christians will say, "Amen!"

The Rev. Justin D. Fulton pitched into the Catholic church again yesterday in the Masonic Temple. One thing he said was: "I believe the Catholic church has got all the power it is going to get in this country. Somehow or other God is going to hav his way in America. I believe that it was God who by those fatal words, 'Rum, Romanism, and rebellion,' called a halt to the man, James G. Blaine, who was groveling in the dust before the Roman Catholic element in this country for the sake of their votes."

This is equal to an eminent Boston divine, during the last presidential campaign, saying that if Cleveland was elected, he should know that God had no further use for the Republican party.

What a mighty man God is in politics occasionally in the estimation of some of the gentlemen of the cloth! If God does hav his way in America, then why complain and mourn when a Guiteau shoots a Garfield?

ELLA E. GIBSON.

## Books.

LITTLE LESSONS FOR LITTLE FOLKS. By Aunt Elmina (Mrs. E. D. Slenker). Boards, illuminated cover, price 40 cents.

"Little Lessons" received. They are interesting, and even we, old as we are, get new ideas from them.—*A. W. Lake, Garrettsville, O.*

After careful examination I can say that "Little Lessons," received for my little daughter, is far superior to the books now in use for young children; in fact, it is the acme of success for young Liberals.—*Mrs. Francis Bardmass, Dun Glen, Nev.*

We hav all read "Little Lessons for Little Folks," and are delighted, and hav been much enlightened thereby. It is particularly interesting to Georgia, and if I had my way about it, it would be introduced into the schools as a text-book, to take the place of some of the goody-goody hog-wash now taking the lead.—*A Friend, Rogers, Ark.*

I wish to say a few words of praise in favor of Elmina's "Little Lessons for Little Folks." It is a nice little book, instructiv for old or young. I read every word of it, then sent it as a present to a grand-daughter in Wisconsin. Every family should hav it. Buy it, everybody. It is a neat little book for the children.—*Samos Parsons, San José, Cal.*

We liked the "Little Lessons" very much. My oldest boy, when he finished reading it, said he had but one objection to Elmina's book—that was, that it was not half big enough. The language in which it is written makes it comprehensiv to the young, and interesting and instructiv to big folks, as well as little ones.—*Lottie Griffin, Meloir, Kan.*

I hav read Elmina D. Slenker's last book of "Little Lessons." It is well got up, and I consider it well adapted to store the minds of youth (and many of older years) with useful scientific and historical information, far in advance of the stories and catechism I learned in my youth, and which it has taken me years to unlearn.—*John Ray, Welland, Canada.*

Elmina's "Little Lessons," and Colonel Kelso's argument for "Spiritualism." Both of these books seem well adapted to fill a "long-felt want." Elmina's lessons are short talks about the stars, monkeys, fishes, water, stones, leaves, nerves, frogs, cows, dolls, grass, etc. Concerning these and similar subjects she has succeeded in imparting much knowledge in a form that is likely to hold the interest and deeply impress the minds of children.—*Health Monthly.*

"Little Lessons for Little Folks" is the most sensible, interesting, and instructiv book for children that it has ever been our pleasant privilege to peruse. Mrs. E. D. Slenker is the author, and in the preface she says that "it is like a school-book, which aims to teach the groundwork of facts." It is compiled from reliable sources, and put in plain, simple language, so that all may understand. This editor dearly loves children, and he wishes that he were able to present one of these nice books to every child in the land, but he isn't, and so through his book agency he furnishes it for only 40 cents.—*The Plaindealer.*

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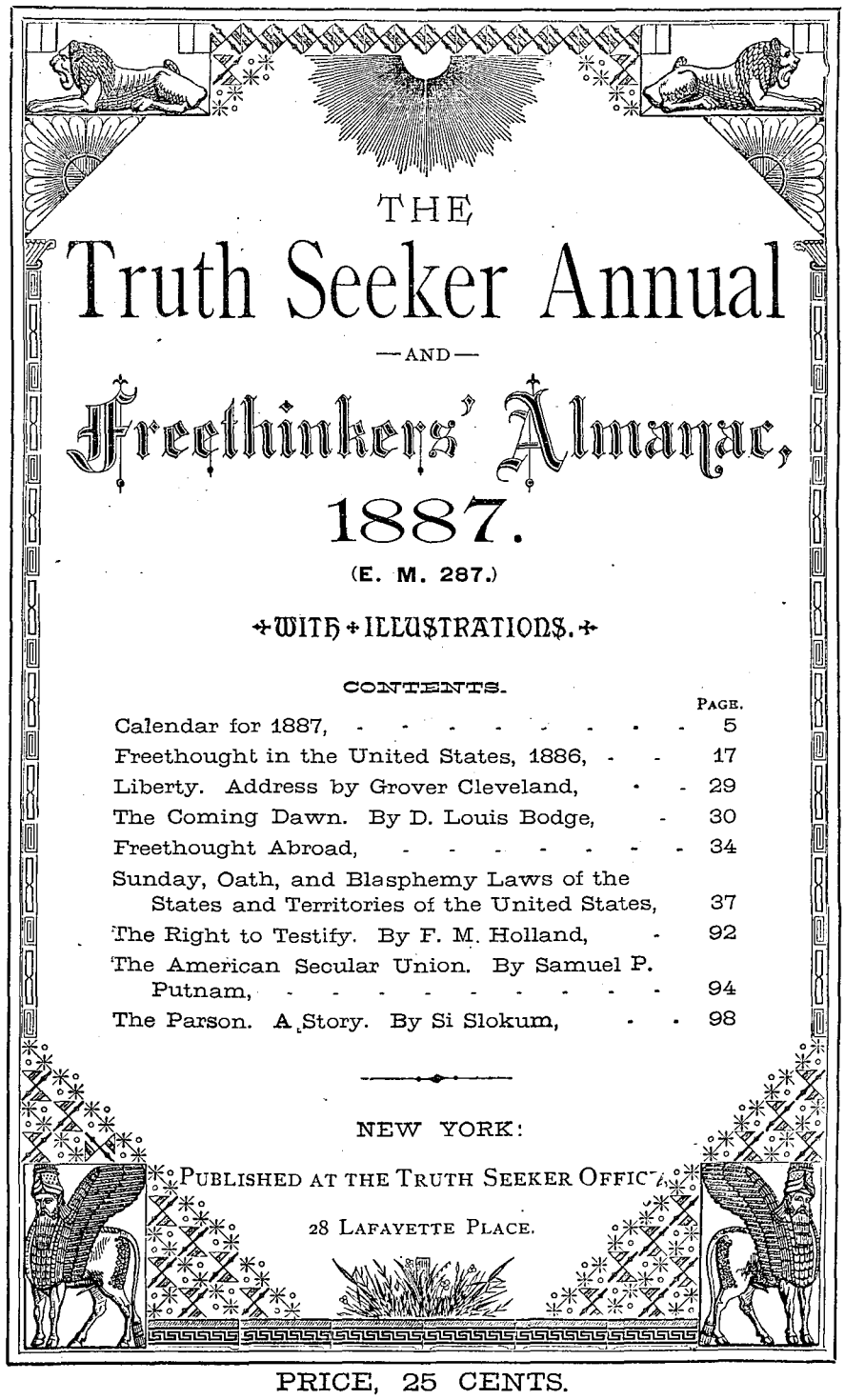
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(E. M. 287.)

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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## News of the Week.

THE Academy of Music was crowded, as usual, last Sunday evening by the George-McGlynn Anti-Poverty Society.

THE Coney Island excursion season opened last Sunday. The weather was rather too cool for thorough enjoyment.

SUNDAY in this city is not so dry as it was.

Two bloodthirsty Paris journalists, M. Clemenceau and Mr. Foucher, hav fought a duel with pistols. Neither was hit, and both were satisfied.

LAST Sunday a man drowned himself in the reservoir at Central Park from which many people get their drinking water. The body was recovered.

MR. LACOMBE, corporation counsel, holds that any guest at a hotel may use wine, liquors, or beer on Sunday at table, provided he did not purchase them on Sunday.

POPE LEO has written an autograph letter to Queen Victoria, congratulating her on her jubilee and thanking her for the government protection she has extended to the Catholic hierarchy in India.

HERR MOST the Anarchist and his friends had a picnic at Oak Cliff Park, at Union, N. J., last Sunday. It is reported that there was a collision between the Anarchists and others, in which a constable was shot in the hand.

A BIG parade to encourage Dr. McGlynn in his rebellion against the pope is expected to take place in this city Saturday night, the 18th.

GOVERNOR TORRES, of the state of Sonora, has issued a proclamation offering a reward of $500 for the head of every hostil Apache Indian.

GERMANY'S crown prince is said to hav cancer of the throat. Emperor William is better. The czar of Russia has not been shot at for a few days past.

THE constitutional prohibition amendment was defeated in the Massachusetts House of Representativs on the 7th, lacking three votes of a two-thirds majority.

MASTER WORKMAN POWDERLY addressed a large audience at Lynn, Mass., last Sunday. Among other things he said that if manufacturers lock out the Knights of Labor Anarchy will come in.

HAVEMEYER'S great sugar factories in Brooklyn were burnt last week. Over a million dollars' worth of property was destroyed, and it is feared that a number of workmen lost their lives.

A TRAMP went into St. Peter's church, this city, the other day, and knelt down to pray. His devotions were marked with great earnestness, but he shortly rolled under the pew and went to sleep. He now worships in jail.

THE Rev. C. C. Frost, formerly pastor of the Baptist church of Butte, Mon., and also treasurer of the Hope Mining Company, is accused of being a defaulter to the amount of several thousand dollars. He is also charged with obtaining $2,000 from a bank by false representations.

LAWRENOE DONOVAN, a New York youth who once jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge, attempted a similar feat from the Westminster bridge at London the other day, and was arrested. He pleaded in defense for his act that he wished to help commemorate the queen's jubilee.

THE Rev. Peter Eirich, of Hoboken, N. J., has sued for divorce from his wife on the ground of abandonment. Mrs. Eirich says she left her husband because she was so much his inferior mentally, and could not assist him in his literary work as he wished her to do, which led to unpleasantness. She will not object to her husband's going ahead with the divorce proceedings.


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ABRAHAM CATCHETH A RAM.

And Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt-offering in the stead of his son.—Gen. xxii, 13.

## Odds and Ends.

THERE is one road that apparently doesn't lead to Rome. It is the one that Dr. McGlynn is traveling on.

IT is hard to believe that a man is telling the truth when you know you would lie were you in his place.

"I LOVE everything that's old," sang Goldsmith. How Oliver would hav gloated over the jokes in Harper's Drawer!

TEACHER: "If you were president of a county fair and wanted a gate tender, what would you do?" Pupil: "Boil it."

ORPHEUS was a musician whose music had power to draw rocks, etc., to him. The modern street musician has the same power.

IT is rather hard on the pious man who attends church to find it against the law to thirst after his righteousness on Sunday.

A CHICAGO man has paid one thousand dollars for a copy of the Bible. A swindling Omaha agent told him it was just out.

A SOCIETY journal informs us that "when a gentleman and lady are walking up the street the lady should walk inside the gentleman."

A WOMAN'S will is strong,
Believe it though you don't;
But you'll find out ere long,
It's weaker than her won't.

"WE will sing the three hundred and twenty-ninth hymn," said the minister at the close of a pathetic funeral sermon. "It was a favorit with the remains."

A LADY took her little boy to church for the first time. Upon hearing the organ he was on his feet instanter. "Sit down!" said the mother. "I won't!" he shouted; "I want to see the monkey."

WIFE (who believes in consistency): "If the old Blue laws forbid kissing one's wife and the selling of intoxicating liquors on Sunday, why isn't the former enforced as well as the latter?" Husband: "Because it isn't necessary."

AN absent-minded Pittsburgh preacher remarked in a eulogy from his pulpit that "death loves a mining shark." Thereupon four stock brokers and a man with a brother in Colorado got up and left the sacred building.

HE (after morning service): "What did you think of the sermon this morning, Miss Breezy?" Miss Breezy (of Chicago): "It seemed to me to lack originality. Why, some of the ideas advanced are old enough to hav whiskers!"

As an item of interest it might be stated that a pile of strength that would reach half way to the moon is wasted in this country every year by people holding up hymn-books in church who don't know a B flat note from the howl of a brindle cat.

"WHEN did you die?" asked St. Peter, who was putting some necessary questions to an applicant. "A week ago." "A week ago! and it has taken you all this time to get here?" "Yes, sir. I died in Chicago." "Oh, in Chicago; that explains it. Chicago is a long way from here."

THE Watertown *Times* says that the spectacle of a horse grazing in a front yard, while a goose kept him from straying by holding the halter, did not attract as much attention as it would if the goose had not been an "exiled tailor's goose," weighing about twenty pounds.

MINISTER (to little boy): "What hav you got there, little boy—your Sunday-school paper?" Little boy: "No, thir; 'count of the baseball game yesterday." Minister: "Don't you know that's no paper for you to read on Sunday?" Little boy: "Yeth, thir." Minister: "Well, giv *me* the paper."

A POLICEMAN recovered on a steamboat a pocket-book which had been stolen from the good Bishop Griswold. "I did not want any reward," said the policeman, "and I would not hav taken anything, but I did think the bishop might hav said, 'Oh, damn it, Smith, take ten dollars.' If he had just said that I would hav been satisfied."

SHE was tall, dignified, spectacled, and from Boston. Her mind was jammed with metaphysical philosophy, and she couldn't help but show it. "Mr. Chumpley," said she to that modest youth at a little social affair on Prospect street, "hav you read Gall?" He edged away from her in terror. "I—I don't know, ma'am," he feebly murmured; "I—I never saw it. Are they ususlly red?"

I MET a freckled village boy,
Who loitered by the way;
His hat was off, his brickdust curls
With balmy winds did play.

"Oh, whither bound, bareheaded boy,
Beneath this blazing sky?"
"I'm going home—but hav to wait
Until my hair is dry."

AN eccentric justice of the peace, before whom a citizen had prosecuted his daughter's lover for ejecting him from his own parlor on the Sunday evening previous, solemnly decided as follows: "It appears that this young feller was courtin' the plaintiff' gal in plaintiff's parlor, and that plaintiff intruded and was put out by defendant. Courtin' is a public necessity, and must not be interrupted. Therefore, the law will hold that a parent has no legal right in a room where courtin' is afoot, and so the defendant is discharged, and plaintiff must pay costs."

THE CLER-GY-MAN.

Oh, children, get onto this poor, Tired-looking gen-tle-man who is ap-proach-ing! Do you Not feel sorry for him? *I* do. I feel so very sorry that I Would just like to Take his place for the Next three months. If I were per-mit-ted to Do so, what would Happen to me? Why, I should go to Europe at the expense of an ad-mir-ing con-grega-tion, and Stay until Oc-to-ber, and hav Dead Loads of fun. I should Also be in receipt of about Seven hundred dollars per month sal-a-ry. For the Weary-looking gen-tle-man is a pop-u-lar cler-gy-man. Why does he look So tired, and why must he Go to Europe? Because, dear children, his Health is un-der-min-ed. He always is That Way at this season of the Year.


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## Gems of Thought.

EVERY one's duty is first to provide for himself and his own household, but this being performed faithfully, a love for humanity is the next highest and holiest sentiment he can feel. Humanity is our highest object of reverence.—*D. M. Bennett.*

TAKEN as a rule, no Christian believers die so peacefully, so confident of salvation, as Catholics; and if enabling us so to die is a fair test of the truth of a religion, their religion is truest and best. But this is not the true test. The right criterion is, "How does religion help a man to liv?" If our faith really is what our critics hav usually conceded, a good religion to liv by, then it is good enough for us and for the world. . . . If we wish to show that we are any better than others, let us do it by deeds, and not by words.—*Rev. W. L. Chaffin's Objections to Unitarianism.*

OUR business is not to ask whether we are prosperous but whether we are right. It is not popularity we are seeking, but truth. No movement which has lifted the world, reformed society, helped in the progress of man, has ever been very popular. For a long time its supporters hav struggled with opposition; they hav been a feeble people; they hav been taunted with their small numbers and their little influence. But if they had the truth on their side, they cared not, and went forward sure of ultimate triumph. The honest man, the man who loves the truth, does not wait till popularity and success arrive. He is willing to share in the day of small things, knowing, as Emerson says, that when the single man plants himself on his instincts, the great world at last comes round to him.'

"For to side with truth is noble, when we share her
meager crust,
Ere her cause brings fame and profit, and 'tis
prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside
Doubting, in his abject spirit, 'till his Lord is crucified." —*James Freeman Clarke.*

IT is not because of his toils that I lament the poor man; we must all toil, or steal (howsoever we name our stealing), which is worse; no faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor is hungry and a-thirst; but for him also there is food and drink; he is heavy-laden and weary, but for him also the heavens send sleep, and of the deepest; in his smoky crib a clear dewy heaven of rest envelops him, and fitful glitterings of cloud-skirted dreams. But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly, knowledge should visit him; but only in haggard darkness, like two specters, Fear and Indignation, bear him company. Alas! whether the body stands so broad and brawny, must the soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilat d? Alas! was this, too, a breath of God, bestowed in heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded? That there should one man die ignorant, who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute, as by some computations it does. The miserable fraction of science which our united mankind, in a wide universe of nescience, has acquired, why is not this, with all diligence, imparted to all?—*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.*

WHERE is your God of power, O Christian, that he permits himself to be thwarted and set at naught by the devil? Where is your God of love that he allows his dear children to be enticed into sin by the devil? Some Christians dislike the devil so much that they try to refine him away, and make him into an allegory. But this cannot be allowed, unless they are willing to make God into an allegory too. The two beings must stand or fall together. If there is no need for a devil to account for the evil in the universe, then there is no need for a God to account for the good in it. If you do not personify the destructiv principle in nature, neither must you personify the preservativ. There is no evidence for the existence of a God that does not also prove the existence of a devil. You must hav both or neither. The gospel of Christianity asserts the existence of both; the gospel of Freethought denies the existence of both. And I affirm that the disproof of the devil is good news to the world.—*Mrs. Besant's Christianity and Freethought.*

HAD Newton or Descartes lived three or four hundred years ago, and pursued their studies as they did, it is most probable that they would not hav lived to finish them, and had Franklin drawn lightning from the clouds at the same time, it would hav been at the hazard of expiring for it in the flame.—*Paine's Age of Reason.*

YET are there some to whom a strength is given,
A will, a self-constraining energy,
A faith which feeds upon no earthly hope,
Which never thinks of victory, but content
In its own consummation, combating
Because it ought to combat, . . .
Rejoicing fights, and still rejoicing falls.
—*R. W. Milnes.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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A NEW COAT OF ARMS SUGGESTED FOR VIRGINIA.

## Notes and Clippings.

PROFESSOR PROCTOR, the eminent English scientist, is unable to find the Star of Bethlehem reported by the Kentucky astronomer.

"THE tragic death of the late Lord Jesus Christ" is the way the Marlboro, Mass., *Times* alludes to an incident in Roman and Jewish history.

AT the recent sale of Lord Crawford's library in London, a Mazarine, otherwise a Gutenberg Bible, the earliest book printed with movable metal types, in the original oak boards, was sold for $13,250.

THE New York *World* recently employed some chemical experts to analyze the foods, medicins, and liquors sold in New York. Very little adulteration was found, and the worst thing discovered in the liquors was alcohol.

THE scheme for building a Protestant Episcopal cathedral is not exciting the financial interest which was expected. The $400,000 subscribed two weeks ago has not been largely added to. The cost of the cathedral is now placed at $6,000,000.

KING GEORGE, of the Tonga Islands, makes a typical Christian. He is a convert to Methodism, and a while ago he undertook to make all his subjects worship God according to the dictates of his majesty's conscience. His subjects rebelled, and tried to kill the king's prime minister, on the ground that the king and his advisers were several centuries behind the times. Sir Charles Mitchell and a gunboat were sent to Nukualofa to try to make a nineteenth century potentate of King George. In the process of evolution, says the *Sun*, that monarch has advanced so far that he has agreed to let his subjects think as they please on religious matters, and so peace reigns once more in the Tonga Islands.

A YOUNG Baltimore girl named Emma Vinton dropped dead the other evening as she was about to join her partner in a quadrille. The moral of this visitation is dulled by the following contemporary occurrence: "At the services in the Presbyterian church in Nyack on Sunday night Dr. Clare W. Beams, aged sixty years, the organist, was taken suddenly ill with heart disease, and expired soon afterward."

MRS. HATTIE UPDIKE, wife of a prominent cattle-ranch owner of Topeka, died suddenly at Kansas City recently. The coroner, upon investigation, learned that Mrs. Updyke had suffered from dropsy and that gangrene had set in. She had placed herself under the treatment of Mrs. Emma Behan, a "Christian scientist." Mrs. Behan's treatment consists in trying to convince patients that they are not diseased, but suffering from imagination. The Christian coroner certified that death was due to mortification of the foot!

THE parallactic motion of the stars has been demonstrated by the Rev. Dr. Pritchard, of Oxford, by means of a process for making stars photograph their position, and which has been perfected by himself. Star 61 Cigni has been found to vary its relativ angular distance from the four others around it in a course of six months to the amount of four-tenths of a second of an arc, and hence the distance of this star in the Cygnus from the earth is calculated at fifty billions of miles; yet it is apparently the nearest to us of all bodies in space outside our own planetary system.

THE London *Times'* correspondent at Rome says that the pope has no sympathy with Mr. Parnell's Irish campaign, but that no official opinion to show how the church regards the movement has yet been given, because the energetic pressure brought to bear by a majority of the Irish bishops holds the normally conservativ tendencies of the Vatican in check.

THE Philadelphia *Times* says that a resident of Exeter township, Berks county, has been officially declared insane because he wanted to build a monument to Eve. It seems that Christian communities are willing to risk the eternal salvation of their souls upon a story the truth of which they won't risk a penny upon, but which they declare a man insane for believing.

THE *Christian Socialist*, published in London, is not a very loyal sheet. The June number has this: "This is the jubilee month! We are glad of it, for it means that the wretched exhibition of flunkeyism and snobbery which the British people hav been making of late will end, for the present—in its most offensiv aspect at any rate. We hav no desire to say anything on the subject. Carlyle found the Corn laws too mad for a chapter. We find this royal jubilee too mad for an article. Just look at the stupidity of the affair! A very common-place lady, who would hav been in no way distinguished in ordinary life, except, perhaps, for the possession of a shrewd business head, has been permitted to occupy the throne of this land for fifty years. During that time she has been well rewarded for the not over-hard work she has had to perform; and during that time she has very graciously bestowed in 'charity' a certain portion of the money given to her by the people for this purpose. And simply because this has gone on for fifty years we are all supposed to be delirious with joy, and for it we are all expected to return thanks, in person or by proxy, in Westminster Abbey on a day appointed. Really, it is too absurd."

THE Washington *Post* says these are Colonel Ingersoll's sentiments on immigration: "All foreigners are not good. The same remark may be made about nativs. Some foreigners are good, and probably the same remark may be safely made about the Americans themselvs. On the whole, the effect of immigration is good. This country is capable of taking care of six hundred million people. A great majority of the foreigners who come, come with the intention of building a home, of purchasing land; come for the purpose of getting an opportunity to work; come for better wages, to better their condition, and a very large majority are willing to work to the extent of their strength. I hav not the slightest sympathy with the people who are endeavoring to prevent the landing of immigrants on our shores. This country certainly would not hav been much without immigration. For my part, I do not see why the emigrants of 1887 hav not just the same right to land on these shores that the emigrants of 1620 had, and some that are coming now are a good deal better than some of those who came then; they are altogether more civilized, hav better ideas as to the rights of others, and hav in a far greater degree the habit of attending to their own business."

# Communications.

## Tales Told Out of School.

THE REV. DR. JONES ON SPIRITUALISM.

During my stay in Boston, which is the headquarters of Spiritualism, and being sent out on a voyage of exploration, I availed myself of the opportunity to study that great movement of the human mind in this age which outstrips primitiv Christianity in the rapidity with which it has made converts. The office of the *Banner of Light*, which is the oldest and most prominent of all the papers devoted to the exposition and advocacy of this cause, is located in this city. I called there on a certain occasion, hoping to meet Mr. Colby, the editor, and to hav some conversation with him on the general subject, but he was not in. However, I found in his place a a very intelligent blond lady of about forty-five, who could, and did, giv me as much information on the topics of inquiry as the editor could hav done.

The Spiritualists, I find, are all Infidels, but the Infidels are not all Spiritualists. Like the former, the latter hav a literature; and it is amazing to see the number and character of the books they hav on sale. The inclosure marked (*B*) contains the printed catalog. The lady clerk of the establishment, as I took her to be, evidently suspected me for being a clergyman, and as she was well posted, and willing withal to impart information, I made the most of my time in asking questions and listening to her answers. As to the numbers of the Spiritualists, she said that the Catholics, in their official representations, had set down their numbers at ten millions. But as they had no organization, and no way of counting noses accurately, as the churches had, it was impossible to know their exact strength. In estimating the Spiritualists as a force hostil to the church, however, knocking off one-half their number, as given by the Catholics, they compose a host which must be largely taken into account in the campaign which opens before us. Thousands of the membership of both the Catholic and Protestant churches are illiterate, and hav no opinions which they could either state, defend, or respect. If asked why they go to their respectiv churches, they can giv no answer, except that they hav been in the habit of doing so ever since they were born, and that they inherited their creed, as they did their property, from their fathers. But every Spiritualist is, and must be, an intelligent and experienced person, able to giv the reason why he believes as he does, and why he makes battle against the church. The Spiritualists do not proselyte, and their opposition to the church is not for the purpose of stealing her members and strengthening their own ranks, as is too much the case in all the churches, but they feel that the church stands in the way of the world's progress and ought to be removed. Neither do they persecute; for when their cardinal ideas are ridiculed, as they unmercifully are, they smilingly say that if those who ridicule had had their experience, they would believe as they do. At their lectures during the winter, and their camp-meetings during the summer, the speakers expound what they call the philosophy of Spiritualism, and the mediums who are in attendance giv tests, by which is meant the evidence of the senses that Spiritualism is true. On this point they hav no faith; it is knowledge. A friend of mine attended one of these camp-meetings, consisting of about two thousand persons, and three policemen were present to suppress all disorder. As there was no disorder to be suppressed, these uniformed officials attended all the meetings and seemed interested; while at a Methodist camp-meeting of about the same size, and in the same state, it required between twenty and thirty policemen to keep down the rowdyism that was present. This seems to show that the Spiritualists are well-behaved.

After spending some time in looking over the books for sale, I stepped up to the counter, and ventured to remark to the blonde lady clerk what a sorrowful thing it was that, accepting as they did what we all considered one of the fundamental doctrins of Christianity, the immortality of the soul, the Spiritualists did not fall in with the church and impart their zeal, intelligence, and character to the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world. I remarked that the church had the machinery of her organization complete and well oiled at every point of friction, and if the Spiritualists would join her they could find a home well furnished with every comfort, and the church would gain a valuable accession of numbers "Why, sir," said the lady clerk, "such an idea could never be realized; it is impossible. Christianity is a religion, and the church is its embodiment, and that which you call religion, if we can trust the records of history as written by the church herself, has been in all ages the direst curse that has ever afflicted the human race. You may think it harsh in me to say so, but you know, as a historian, that the church can be tracked down through all the centuries of her existence by the innocent blood she has shed. Either Lecky, or Buckle, I forget which, has declared in his history, what has never been denied, that no organization of men on the face of the whole earth has shed so much blood as that which calls itself the church of God, of which Jesus Christ is the head—all to promote the interests of religion. Religion constructs a God and a creed out of its own fancy, and then requires all to believe it, and join its communion, on pain of death, if it hav the power to execute its will. Every religion in the world, as you must know, has persecuted—pagan, Jewish, Mohammedan, and Christian in its divisions and subdivisions of Catholic and Protestant. A real Christian is naturally and essentially a persecutor; for if a man sincerely accepts a creed, and honestly feels that his neighbor must believe it as he does, or go down after death to eternal hell-fire, the very benevolence of his nature will lead him to persecute, by imprisonment and death, all who reject it; for what is the pain of two or three hours' burning at the stake, when compared to an eternity of such suffering as every unbeliever must endure? It was the benevolence of Calvin's nature which influenced the authorities of Geneva to burn Servetus with slow instead of quick fire, hoping that at the last gasp he would repent, and recant his error; and that his terrible fate would warn other people away from heresy. I say Calvin, and all the rest of his kind, *felt* that every man must believe their creed, or dwell in eternal flames after death. He never examined the question of persecution in the light of reason, or he would not hav been the bloody-minded man he was. He accepted the popular doctrin, taught and illustrated in all church history, and got from the Bible itself, that a person was as responsible for his belief as he was for his actions; whereas, we know that, in view of the evidence before his mind, a man has no more control over his belief than he has over the stature of his body. He was blinded, and converted into a monster of cruelty, by that hateful thing called religion, the original offspring of ignorance and fear, which, during the countless ages of the infancy of the human race, had become an inherited instinct, and continues so to be, except among those who, like the Buddhists of China and Hindostan, reject all religion entirely. Buddhism has a following which outnumbers Christianity. You may criticise the notions of its adherents, and joke about their deity; but if they do not smile, neither do they resent it; because their opinions are not religious convictions, but mere speculations. But let anyone in England or America joke about the persons in the godhead, as defined in the Christian creed, or the immaculate conception of Jesus Christ, and he is charged with the crime of blasphemy, and perhaps sent to prison."

"What," said I, "do you not claim Spiritualism to be a religion?" "No, sir," said she. "Spiritualism is not a religion; and that is the reason why it neither proselytes nor persecutes. It is a system of natural and moral philosophy. Not one of its phenomena is miraculous, or supernatural, but all are as natural as the rain-fall in summer and the snow-fall in winter. We hold that it is as natural to liv after death as it was to liv before birth; and as progress, unfoldment, is the law of the universe, we expect that the personal identity of the man which began with his ante-natal life will not be affected by the event of death, any more than it was by birth. Matter is eternal in its origin and duration; and the survival of a person's individuality when he is called a spirit, is only one of its infinit possibilities. The theory is perfect, and beautiful, and rational. All we need is its verification; and this you may hav by the phenomena which occur at our seances, and which cannot be explained in any other way than that a man when he dies carries his personality with him. An Atheist may be a Spiritualist, for theological notions hav nothing to do with this subject; and if refusing to believe in the Jehovah of the Jewish and Christian scriptures makes one an Atheist, then all Spiritualists are Atheists; or, what is a more proper and modest term to use, Agnostics." "Then you think," interrupted I, "that the substance of the soul is material?" "Most assuredly I do," was her reply. "Whatever in the universe is not matter, in some of its infinit forms, is nothing at all. The chemist shows you that matter in its crudest form—a mass of iron, or gold, for instance—can be reduced by heat to a liquid, then to a gas, and then to a condition of invisible ether; and by the application of cold can be brought back again, step by step, to its former condition. So with the soul, that part of a man's body which performs the function of thought. If, in a calm state of mind, you put your finger on your pulse, you will feel the beats to be regular, until you think of some absent friend, or affecting incident; then you will notice that the beats are more frequent, and your face is flushed. This proves that thought, the act of the soul, or intellect, influences the body as any other material substance would. The soul is not an entity, living in the body and distinct from it, as a tenant is who livs in a house by virtue of a lease which he holds from his landlord, and can be turned out of possession at the expiration of its time. If you had eyes adapted to the sight, you could see, when a friend dies, the beautiful process of his personal identity eliminated from his brain, which was the organ of thought, and assuming the shape and substance by which he can be recognized hereafter, as he was recognized during his life here.

"You spoke a while ago of the church believing in the doctrin of the immortality of soul. Well, if Christians believe it they cannot find it in the Old Testament at all, and in a very indefinit form in the New Testament. The heaven, or future state, which Jesus promised his followers was to reign with him on the *earth*, after he should return in the clouds of heaven to set up his visible kingdom in Judea. The time for this return was expressly designated to be in the lifetime of that generation. Paul believed so firmly in this second coming that he did not expect to die at all, but to meet the Lord in the air, when the trumpet should sound announcing his approach; assist him in the grand assize of the judgment, and in the final setting up of his throne at Jerusalem; the pious dead being resurrected from their graves to meet the pious living, and all together, to reign with him in the new heavens and the new earth that would follow the conflagration of the world. This was the idea of heaven and the future life taught by Jesus and Paul, and believed in by the primitiv church. The New Testament is permeated with it from beginning to end. It was only when the lapse of time proved that Jesus, Paul, and all the rest of the apostles and disciples were entirely mistaken, that the church made the best of her disappointment, and fell back on the oriental imagery of the 'Revelation of John,' and believed that the New Jerusalem, which was an equivalent term for heaven and the future state, was a big city that was to be let down from the skies; of unnumbered houses; surrounded with walls of jasper; having streets of gold, on which, as I once heard a preacher say amid the rapturous and devout hallelujahs of his electrified flock, the saints would walk in silver slippers. If a Christian becomes ashamed of, and givs up, such childish, yet scriptural, notions, and asks himself if he has any clear and connected ideas of the future state, he would be compelled to confess that he had not, but that all was dark and confused.

"But the Spiritualist, being a student in the school of Newton, has clear conceptions. Death is to him only the ringing of the bell which announces the lifting of the curtain to another act, with its scenes, in the great drama of individual existence, just as birth into the world was the first act. The law of evolution which brought him into the world, and escorted him across the stage as an actor on the theater of life, accompanies him from the place of exit to the green room, where he changes his dress, and prepares for the next act. These are natural and reasonable expectations, when we see the capabilities of the human soul, as hinted at in a Newton or a Shakspere. Harps of gold, singing psalms of praise to God, as if he were a vain man who could be tickled with flattery; or, as Mr. Spurgeon, the great Baptist minister of London, expects to put in his time, contemplating for a thousand years each the different wounds in the body of Christ, made by the nails and spear of the executioners—all these seem peuril and contemptible to us Spiritualists.

"As it is the environments of a man which, in this world, advance or retard the development of his character, and make him what he is, so our environments in the next stage of existence, vastly improved as they will be by the due process of evolution, will repair the damage sustained here, and help us to go on in the ascending scale of progress."

Here I asked what the Spiritualists' idea of hell was, or whether in their system there was any hell at all, or how they would control men in this world without the certainty of punishment for their misdeeds hereafter? To this she replied: "We agree with our Infidel brethren, that a transgressor of moral law suffers the penalty as soon as he commits the offense, in remorse of conscience. But at death the divergence of our views begins, because they consider death the extinction of existence, whereas we, believing that the play of life covers more than the two acts of birth and death, hav no doubt that naturally, not judicially, a man does suffer on the threshold of the future state, both for his misfortunes and his criminal doings here consciously committed. If he hav deliberately wronged anyone, as Booth wronged Lincoln, for instance, he will suffer the hell of remorse until he makes the only atonement possible, by asking forgivness. Then the wronged man, impressed by the noble act of owning his fault, performs the equally noble act of forgivness, and the two, understanding that all the events of time are mysteriously concatenated by the relation of cause and effect, become reconciled, and henceforth aid each other in their careers of progress.

"The doctrin on the subject of future punishment, as held by the evangelical churches, is that 'while some sins in themselvs, and by reason of several aggravations, are more heinous in the sight of God than others, *every* sin deserveth God's wrath and curse, both in this life and that which is to come.' That is to say, that, unlike human ideas of justice which graduate the amount of suffering to the heinousness of the sin committed, every person who goes to hell at all for any offense, small or great, remains there eternally in point of time, and suffers to

the full measure of his capacity for suffering. The cruelty and absurdity of this scheme are seen in the contrast between it, on the one hand, and the law and penalty of natural morality on the other. The great poet of nature, in his inimitable manner, incidentally, or in the way of *obiter dictum*, teaches in one of the plays which I was reading a few days ago, that if A wrongs B, in either soul, body, or estate, it is his duty and interest, if he wishes to be delivered from the hell of a guilty conscience, to acknowledge the offense, and repair, if possible, the injury he has inflicted. Until he does so, B, while he ought not to revenge himself or cherish secret hate, is under no obligation to forgiv the injurer, and should hav no intercourse with him. But if A repents of his misconduct, and offers to do, and does, all in his power to repair the damage, then B, if he wish to preserve his self-respect and peace of conscience, will cordially forgiv the injury. Hence the poet makes Proteus, the offender, say:

> My shame and desperate guilt at once confound me.
> Forgiv me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow
> Be a sufficient ransom for offense,
> I tender it here: I do as truly suffer,
> As e'er I did commit.
>
> *Val.:* Then I am paid;
> And once again I do receive thee honest.
> Who by repentance is not satisfied
> Is not of heaven or earth; for these are pleased:
> By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased.

"God, as was the common notion in the times when he wrote, must be pacified in his wrath; but the poet is careful to avoid impressing his reader with the idea that this was to be done by the suffering of an innocent person. The offender himself is the one to make the atonement, and the method is the rational one of repentance and, as far as possible, restitution."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## What Makes the Rate of Wages?

I see that my friend, Mr. Denslow, is wrestling with this knotty problem. I recognize his ability to deal with this as with other complex questions. But, after reading his first chapter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 4th, I must say that he is either a good way off on this subject or I am. He says: "The rate of wages is arrived at by a division, generally nearly equal, between the aggregate capital employed and the aggregate labor employed in an enterprise or process, of the difference between the cost of the raw material and the cost of the finished product of that enterprise or process." By following Mr. Denslow further on in his chapter, I get some idea of what he means in the sentence quoted, and yet it seems to me that he fails utterly to correctly answer his own question.

We might inquire, in the first place, What is wages? I answer, It is the pay or the product that we receive for our labor. When the question is asked, "What makes the rate of wages?" there are involved many factors which must all be considered in arriving at a correct answer. And we must take care that we don't take effects for causes, and causes for effects. In the present juncture of public affairs there is probably no greater question in our national politics than the correct solution of this very question. Thousands are giving it their earnest study. Edward Atkinson has had a tussle with it, and I think the question mastered him. Atkinson is a ready and a pleasant writer, but his mode of reaching conclusions is very peculiar. It is said of him that he would oppose the reduction of street-car fare from six to five cents as a positiv injury to the workingman, for before the reduction he would save six cents by walking, whereas after the reduction he would save but five. We must take care in dealing with the subject that we don't get some of Atkinson's rulings mixed up in our conclusions. I think I can discover in Denslow's reasonings some inverted laws where he deals wholly with effects, whereas it becomes us to keep closer to the causes which produce effects.

Wages, then, being the product of our labor, the inquiry is, By what law or rule is determined the amount of product we shall receive for a day's labor? In other words, it is the same old question, What makes the rate of wages? Possibly we might reach a solution of the question a little easier by using a simple illustration. Suppose five men are thrown upon a desolate island. They are without food, shelter, or the means of procuring clothing, except such as may be developed upon the island. In the first place, they set about to get something to eat. It is discovered, after an experiment of a few days, that with all their diligence each must hunt or fish five hours each day in order to procure subsistence. Here, then, we get a basis to build upon. It takes the product of twenty-five hours' labor each day to subsist five. For the time being I will leave out the other factors of shelter and clothing, and will pursue our first lesson on the line as thus laid down. Now, we will suppose that after a few days one of these five breaks a leg, and is unable to hunt or fish. He needs, however, as much food as before. It is readily seen that if the other four perform their duty to their comrade each must now work six and a quarter hours for the same reward, or, in other words, the same wages that he before received for five hours. We might pursue the illustration with another broken leg, and thus increase the obligation to eight hours and one-third of an hour, and again to twelve hours and one-half. We are now down to the starvation line. For the sake of illustration we disabled these men with a broken leg. Suppose we now disable them by other means, and let us see whether precisely the same results do not ensue. Suppose, instead of a broken leg, number one discovers that his father held title to the island, and that the same now descends to him, and that it is but good law and common justice that he should receive rent, and he fixes it at just the amount that will support him. The other four are precisely where they were, so far as their wages are concerned, when number one was laid up with a broken leg. Now, we will suppose that number two invents or contrives a net whereby he can catch as much fish in one hour as he formerly could in five hours. If the advantages of this net are distributed equally among the four workers, it is found that their obligation to labor is reduced to one hour and a quarter each day; for whereas they were obliged to work an hour and a quarter each day to pay their rent, by the use of the net this obligation is reduced to a quarter of an hour each day, and their own subsistence is secured with one hour's labor. But suppose number two is not willing that his comrades shall hav the benefit of his invention without compensation, and he proceeds, after the usual manner, to drive a sharp bargain with them. The result will be found in number two having bought a half interest in the island. Number one will hav discovered that his island has enhanced in value since there came a demand for a portion of it from number two, and he now proceeds to quadruple the rent, or to double on his half. Number two follows suit, and now it is discovered that the three workmen remaining, with the use of the net, must work, in the gross, seven hours, or two hours and one-third of an hour each, to subsist themselvs and pay rent. Still they are benefited, for whereas their subsistence in the first place cost five hours' labor each day, now it costs but two hours and a third. Now it is discovered that the two landlords hav increased their capacity for consumption, for they now consume two shares where before they consumed but one. Man is an imitativ animal, and the result is, the three workers begin to consume the same amount, and now it is found they hav increased their obligation to labor one hour each per day, making three hours and a third each. Still, they hav an advantage over their advent upon the island. But now comes a religious edict to work only six days of the week. This increases their obligation to labor a little more than four hours per day. But, seeing their landlords idle, this suggests to them an idle day now and then, and the result is that they are now about where they started when they made their advent upon the island, working five hours for mere subsistence.

I hav employed as few factors as possible in making this illustration, but I think I hav sufficiently illustrated the fact that in determining "what makes the rate of wages" we must go to the basic structure of society and keep constantly in view the proposition that the reward of labor is the product of labor. We must divest ourselvs, for the time being, of all knowledge of dollars and cents, for these factors hav more to do in misleading the mind than any other factors involved. The rate of wages can never exceed the product—no more than a stream can rise higher than its source; but in a primitiv state of society the rate of wages can always be made equivalent to the product, as illustrated by the pioneers upon the island when each worked five hours per day. I confined my illustrations to the procuring of food, but I could hav used five more hours and carried the same illustration into the production of shelter and clothing with precisely the same results. But in time comes government taxes, pauperism, children, the old, the disabled, and a hundred other factors, all to be considered in determining "what makes the rate of wages."

Mr. Atkinson, in discussing this very subject, furnishes me with an important statistical table. He says that by careful computation it is discovered that the labor of one man, working three hundred days, can produce upon the plains of Dakota 5,600 bushels of wheat. Out of this product can be made 1,000 barrels of flour, with enough left for seed and to replace or recompense for every contingent energy exercised in its production. The labor of one more man, working three hundred days, will carry this wheat to Minneapolis, make 1,000 barrels, grind the wheat, and put the flour into the barrels loaded upon the cars. The labor of two more men, working three hundred days each, will carry this flour to New York and place it upon the docks. A barrel of flour is a ration for one person for a year, and it is thus seen that the labor of four persons, working ten hours per day the working days of a year, will provide one thousand persons with all the flour they need. The labor of four more men will provide a thousand persons with their meat for a year. The labor of six more men will provide a thousand persons with all the other substantials or delicacies known to the American table. This estimate includes every ingredient of wear and tear, or, in other words, all the energies of man needed in the production of the food for one thousand persons. The labor of ten more persons will cook the provisions and place them upon the table ready for consumption. Thus, twenty-four men detailed from a thousand persons, using the ingenious labor-saving contrivances now known and in use, can produce all the food, cook it, and supply all the waste of machinery needed to feed one thousand people. The labor of five more persons can produce all the cotton and wool needed for one thousand persons, and the labor of five more can weave it into cloth, and the labor of ten more can make it up into the garments, coarse and fine, usually worn by an aggregate of one thousand persons.

And thus we might go on detailing from the one thousand persons, and before we should reach the one-hundredth man we should hav applied all the useful energies of man in supplying every need, and every luxury, now enjoyed by the American people. In this illustration I simply present the per cent of energy required in the production of all our creature comforts, and I hold that all may be produced with less than ten per cent of the energy of the entire population. A part of this estimate is drawn from the tables of Mr. Atkinson, and, although he usually argues in behalf of the capitalists, I don't believe he will dispute these estimates.

If, then, our needs, our pleasures, our amusements, our education, and even our luxuries, may be supplied by a draft of less than ten per cent upon the energies of the whole people, how comes it that so many of this number are required to expend the full one hundred per cent of their energies to obtain only a moderate share of the needs, pleasures, and education of this day and age? The answer to this is not hidden. It is found in the artificial systems created by man whereby incomes ensue with no corresponding production. These incomes are traced to three sources, viz., rents, usury, and dividends. In the ratio which these systems bear to production will be found the gage whereby we determin the rate of wages. Under present systems, created wealth possesses a power to command the energies of man without diminution of its own power, and it is easy to see that herein is involved a principle which in time would absorb the wealth of the world. Let any man take his pencil and figure what would hav been the result had Columbus when he set sail for America borrowed a dollar, to be paid four hundred years after date, at six per cent interest, compounded. A friend of mine has figured that it would hav taken the labor of more than twenty-five million men from August, 1492, to August, 1892, to dig the gold to pay this debt, working three hundred days in the year, at $2 per day. We here see the subtle power in this principle of "cent per cent," and every attempt to solve the riddle of "What makes the rate of wages?" that does not take into consideration this principle and these factors of rents, interest, and dividends, will be unprofitable or useless. I use the word "dividends" where some people use the word "profits," because the latter term is scarcely distinguishable from wages, and in its general application may be justified, while dividends as a result of shareholding in a corporation is akin to rent and interest. If I buy peanuts at three cents per quart and sell them for five cents per quart, my profit is said to be two cents, but I say this two cents is my wages for the convenience which I hav rendered to the purchaser.

Mr. Denslow seems to ignore the important factors which I hav here suggested, and which enter into the proposition of what makes the rate of wages? He may say he is dealing with facts as they are, and not with facts which some might suppose ought to be. We are established upon the systems of rents, usury, and dividends. This being all true, nevertheless I maintain that under these systems the natural law of wages will be found just above the starvation line. It cannot go below. It cannot be maintained very far above. Otherwise we might all become possessed of wealth, and liv upon the income which attaches to wealth. Hence there is a law which levels wages to a point a little above the starvation line. We may by invention increase facilities for production, but this only has the tendency to increase wealth, and throw out of the ranks of production the fortunate possessors of that wealth, and they consume with no corresponding production, thus leaving the laborer near to the starvation line as before. Thus I hold that all schemes designed to elevate the working classes by increasing their wages, or shortening the hours of labor, which do not involve the destruction or diminution of income without labor, will be fruitless. Mr. Denslow is a protectionist, and I understand his ideas of protection to be predicated upon the fact that the rate of wages is higher in the United States than in European countries, and he expects to maintain that higher rate in this country by erecting a barrier in the shape of a tariff between this and the older countries. But I must be permitted to inquire why it is that wages are higher in this country, or lower in European countries, and

unless this question can be correctly answered I submit that the question of whether protection will protect is not yet solved. I hold that the reason wages are higher in this country is because the ratio of producers to consumers is greater here. In the old countries their systems hav gone to seed, and they hav produced just as many landlords, aristocrats, government favorits, and non-producers as the laboring population can support. Their wages hav struck the minimum. Transient causes may produce transient results in the matter of wages, but, in general, European wages are at the minimum. In this country we are creating a similar class of landlords, millionaires, and non-producers, and the time is coming, and indeed is near at hand, when it is discovered that the same pauper labor of which we complain in the old countries is developed in this country. Some think this pauper labor is imported. Not so. It is cultivated here as it has been cultivated in the old world, and it is but the natural product of the systems which prevail, and which establish the fact that poverty is the child of progress. JAS. K. MAGIE.

*Springfield, Ill.*, June 8, 1887.

## The American Secular Union.

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### News and Notes.

Oregon is an entirely different country from California. The landscapes are more verdant, the rainfalls being greater. The mountain sceneries are intricate and changeable in outline, wonderfully beautiful, like the splendid New England views where the numberless peaks toss away into the blue horizon with endless variety. In California the skies are soft Italian, or covered with heavy mist or deep pall of cloud. Here the skies are filled with mountainous masses, pile on pile, like rolling Alps in the infinit azure. They assume all dazzling shapes, glittering in gigantic array over the bright valley and along the lofty summits. The sunset is like a land of gold with jeweled gateways, that reach to the zenith itself, and shine with every lustrous hue. There is no lovelier spot in the world than Rogue River Valley for soil, climate, and beauty of surroundings. There are a good and Liberal people here also, and my week's work amid these delightful scenes is one of the happiest of my journey. California is a golden memory; Oregon now dawns upon me with invigorating summer's wealth.

A glorious ride I had about Mt. Shasta. Beautiful mountain, sweeping clearly from the plain with its white draperies glistening fifteen thousand feet high! There are scarcely any foot-hills, and one can look upon it in all its giant glory as it towers straight before from the vast plain. For hours we speed along the winding track amid the huge forests four thousand feet above the sea, while still that mighty mountain appears close at hand, and yet it is from thirty to sixty miles off. On we go over the Klamath river and the rocky gulfs, where the train seems to dangle in air upon the enormous trestle-works. At Coles we take the lumbering coaches and climb the Siskiyou range, and at the end of two hours begin our descent into Rogue River Valley. In the afternoon sun, amid the wide groves and undulating fields, we behold Ashland, our first camping-ground in Oregon. We lecture here on Sunday afternoon, June 5th, and are greeted by a large audience, and on Monday evening again to increased numbers. Our bold pioneer friend, Dr. York, has done noble service in this valley. Liberalism is almost the prevailing influence, but it needs, however, a more thorough organization in order that its power may be felt.

The name, Rogue river, they say, was derived from the fact that the Indians of this valley were arrant rogues, and the worst of their class to deal with. This valley has indeed been the scene of the fiercest combats and massacres, and it was a "dark and bloody ground" where now all is smiling peace. There are some "old campaigners" here, and as a general thing I find them enrolled in the Liberal ranks.

Lindsey Applegate came to this country in 1843. He was one of the originators of the Oregon Emigration Company which left Missouri with two hundred and fifty men capable of bearing arms, with their families, teams, and household goods, and after six months' travel over the plains and mountains reached the coast. They came to a land of adventure and peril, and the early history of Oregon is replete with romance. Lindsey Applegate has been a prominent figure in these eventful transactions, and simply on account of his straightforward Infidelity he has not always received the credit he deserves. The church, as usual, claims the glory of it all. Applegate for many years was Indian commissioner. He was thoroughly conversant with Indian language, character, etc., and knew how to manage these wild sons of the soil and keep them peaceable and industrious. His administration of these difficult affairs was a success. When the ridiculous policy was adopted by the government of putting the Indian department in charge of the churches, Lindsey Applegate was removed for the reason that he was an Infidel, and, of course, unfit to represent ecclesiastical rule. This policy is entirely wrong, and a fundamental violation of Secular principles in the affairs of state, and has proved a disastrous failure. Clergymen may know how to pray and draw big salaries, but they don't know how to govern even a savage tribe. Political wisdom is not their *forte*. Their blunders are worse than a crime, and hav cost the government millions of dollars with war and devastation. I was glad to meet so stanch a Freethinker as Applegate, who has had to combat so much of priestly authority, and has always put his colors to the front.

General Applegate, his son, presided at my meetings, and made an eloquent address in behalf of the principles of the Secular Union, of which all his life he has been the outspoken advocate. From a boy he has been in the midst of strife and adventure, and he has battled both for liberty and Union.

Father John Beeson is also a well-known advocate of justice. For many years, on the platform and in the press, he has been the defender of the rights of the Indian, which hav been violated at times by the national government. Father Beeson is a Spiritualist, but he is in no hurry to pass over. He likes this world. He is eighty-four years of age, and still looks ahead to work for humanity's sake with enthusiasm.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Tozer, Mr. and Mrs. Fountain, Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins, Mr. and Mrs. Cordell, Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge, Captain McCall, and others, representativ men and women of the place, constitute a noble guard for liberty in this enterprising and flourishing city.

Talent is a rural community. The church and post-office constitute the village. But it is a lively place. They hav lots of fun here. Extremes meet. Bigoted orthodoxy and advanced Liberalism are face to face, and the battle waxes furiously at times, and the Liberals enjoy it to their hearts' content, while the Christians feel rather sad. The minister only gets a hundred dollars a year, and I guess mighty little of that is cash. I expect that yellow-legged chickens are for him like angel visits—few and far between. If his faith is equal to his bigotry, however, he will no doubt survive. Our Liberal friends used to hold meetings in the schoolhouse, where all other meetings were held. The orthodox minister, in order to checkmate the Liberals, induced the district to pass a vote that there should be nothing in the schoolhouse except the school sessions. The Christians by this strategy thought they had effectually out-maneuvered the Liberals. But the Liberal forces out-flanked them most decisivly. It only took a couple of days to raise funds to build the Universal Mental Liberty Hall. The Christians were simply astonished, and could scarcely believe their eyes as they beheld the structure rising day by day. Our friends had a grand time at its dedication to freedom and humanity. Crowds were present from all over the county. The Christians got up a revival, but it was no use. The tide went the other way. The Liberals were on top. They hav had Sunday meetings ever since, with the widest discussions of every question. Besides this, they hav a Secular Sunday-school, which is exerting a most potent influence. So I find Talent full of life. It is a central point of enthusiasm, and the whole valley feels the fire of its free and progressiv spirits.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Breese, whose hospitality I now enjoy, are whole-hearted Liberals and reformers. They keep the music going. It is an inspiration indeed to be among those who are so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of advancement, and who hav such grand convictions and splendid devotion to the truth. A few years ago they were members of the Congregational church, but not a remnant of the old faith and conformity is left. They are soldiers indeed of humanity, and enlisted for the war. Miss Rosetta Waters, the sister of Mrs. Breese, who teaches the village school, keeps superstition out of it with unflinching courage. Some of the parents want a little God and Bible in the school, but this "Infidel School-marm" allows nothing of the sort. I had the pleasure of attending her school picnic yesterday, and the boys and girls evidently enjoyed nature and humanity. Religion and theology were set aside, and poetry and music of this world made bright and happy the occasion. This is a model Secular school, and shows by its genial atmosphere how naturally children take to common sense and the beautiful teachings of science.

I hav also quite enjoyed a sojourn with W. J. Dean and his wife. They liv nearly at the base of the mountains where Wagner Butte lifts its tall head to the skies and greets with snowy crest the summer's sun. Here was tranquility and golden sunshine, and bright, running waters whose music was peace. It was beautiful all around, with the wide-spreading valley and purple hills. Mr. Dean is a philosopher. He has studied deeply into Freethought, its ideas and facts. He is an excellent lecturer, and has done good service for our cause by his frank and manly defense of Liberalism on many a platform. He has had a hard fight with the orthodox here. They don't like him. They hav tried to get rid of him, and to ostracize him. But he has come to stay, and I find him a vigorous, bold, and well-armed defender of our cause.

Messrs. Beeson, Ammerman, Anderson, Terrell, Mr. Klum, the postmaster, Herman Stock, Mr. Purvis, Mr. Goddard, Mr. Holton, and others, with their families, are stalwart Liberals, and Talent, with its Freethought Hall, is bound to be a center of great influence.

I lectured at Central Point on Wednesday evening. This is a new place, and my lecture was the first of the kind ever delivered there, but the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and "The New Heaven and Earth" was cordially received. Prof. I. N. Hall, Mr. Lever, and others are our good workers at this place, and I was glad to meet with so many friends who are generous in the support of our cause. I was glad to meet here with Mr. C. W. Coker, the author of "Science *vs.* Theology," a very plain and forcible statement of the fact that theology arises out of ignorance of the laws of nature, and with the advance of knowledge must vanish away. Mr. Coker is a veteran Infidel, and has suffered much for opinion's sake. His book has had quite a circulation on the coast.

I lectured on Thursday evening at Medford. The Christians hav endeavored to capture this place by a series of revivals. They appointed a special prayer-meeting for the night of my lecture. But it seemed to be of no avail, for I spoke to a full house. Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Andrews, Mrs. Barnum, Mr. Riddle, Mr. Rosenthal, and others are the good and true Liberals here who face the music.

Mr. Naler, of Jacksonville, arranged the meeting at Medford. He is one of the old guard in the valley, and can always be depended upon to do his share of the work. I passed through Jacksonville and met a few of our friends. I am in hopes when I next visit this valley to giv lectures at this point.

I lectured at Talent last evening. I was gratified to hav a company of little children sing for the occasion. It was a bright promis of what will be, for the beauty of childhood givs its luster to our advancing thought.

I lecture at Talent this evening, and to-morrow, Sunday, morning, and at Ashland Sunday afternoon. I hav been encouraged greatly by my work here. It has been a splendid opening for the Oregon campaign. Next week I am in Coos county, off the railroad, among the mountains and forests, where you hav to look twice to see the top of the trees, and where the roads go down into the bottomless abyss, and you hav to travel on horseback, for a wagon would go to the "demnition bow-wows," it is such a hard road to travel. I think, however, I shall enjoy it, with all its ups and downs.

They are to hav a grand rally at Silverton, June 22d, 23d, and 24th. I shall be at Salem, June 26th; at Molalla, June 28th, 29th, and 30th; at Portland, July 3d; at McMinnville, July 5th, 6th, and 7th; and at Corvallis, July 10th. I expect to be at Forest Grove, Seattle, Port Angeles, Port Townsend, Newcastle, Black Diamond, Franklin, Colfax, Pendleton, Baker City, etc., but the dates are not yet fixed.

*Talent, Or.*, June 11, 1887. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

### In the Sunny San Luis Park.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Here we are, in this delightful region of pure, mountain air, bright sunshine, warm days, cool evenings and mornings, lofty hights—east, in the far south, west, north. Some of the peaks are one hundred and fifty miles away, yet they are in plain sight from where we stand in this broad prairie-like valley, seventy-miles wide, and nearly twice seventy long.

Here is our new home, 7,500 feet above sea level, and forty miles to the east of us the dazzling snow-capped Sangre de Cristo range of mountains, and the monarch of the great chain, Sierra Blanca, nearly 7,000 feet higher than our cottage home. Happy? How could we help it amid such surroundings? The little wife, who has journeyed with me thirty years, is as joyous as a meadow lark, and looks as young and girlish as she did twenty years ago. Why? I hav promised to remain at home all summer, and take her with me in my winter lecture tours. Secondly, we own a home, our own "vine and fig-tree," so to speak. As we are not George converts, we also own a mile long and half a mile wide of Uncle Sam's soil.

Permit me to return my hearty thanks to Denver Liberals, Nebraska Liberals, Longmont Liberals, for a busy winter's lecture work that made it possible for me to secure a permanent abiding-place, and to treat myself to a "ministerial" vacation the livlong summer through. Gardening, cultivating fruits and flowers and vegetables, will keep up physical tone, and next winter the "farmer-preacher" will be glad to respond to the calls of his Liberal friends to sow the seed broadcast in every orthodox community.

In an especial manner I wish to thank Brother Ross, Osceola, Neb., the purchaser of my Minnesota farm, who so kindly stepped forward and paid two other Liberals nearly $400, besides the amount paid me.

And last, though not least, the Dunckel brothers, Butte City, in far-off Montana, proved themselvs true, stanch friends to their old "pastor."

*Monte Vista, Col.* W. F. JAMIESON.

## Mr. Chavannes for Mrs. Slenker.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I am informed by letters received from Mrs. Slenker that the moral support and financial help which she hoped to receive from her Liberal friends are not coming as freely and abundantly as she expected. Will you please allow me the use of your columns to present some reasons why generous help should be tendered to her?

I will address this appeal to three distinct classes of persons.

First, to those who, like myself, believe Mrs. Slenker was right in carrying on the work for which she has been arrested, while we may now realize that she carried it on with more zeal than discretion. I claim that those of us who believe that sex matters ought to be investigated for the benefit of humanity ought to take advantage of Mrs. Slenker's arrest to giv to such investigation the stamp of respectability. Respectability is largely a matter of moral worth and of numbers, and no person is more capable to stamp any of her actions with the mark of moral worth than Mrs. Slenker. Her character is above reproach. The number of persons among the Liberals who really sympathize with her work is much larger than is supposed. Just as the Christian church is honeycombed with doubts about the doctrin of the sanctity of the Bible, so is the Liberal public honeycombed with doubts about the sacredness of sex, and doubts more and more the advisability of keeping what relates to it covered by the dark veil of ignorance. A little more boldness, and a little less deference to the received opinions, would disclose sufficient strength and numbers to compel respect for those who hav sufficient moral courage to investigate wherever truth leads and in whatever manner offers the best prospect of success.

Second, I would appeal to those who care little or nothing for the line of investigation followed by Mrs. Slenker, but who believe that the freedom of the mails ought to be maintained. Remember that it is not for writing obscene matter that Mrs. Slenker is threatened, but for sending it through the mails. An addition of the word "blasphemous" to the law as it now stands, and no Freethinker would be safe to correspond on the subjects which occupy his innermost thoughts. Freedom is not the birthright of men; it is the hard-won right of those who not only dare to defend themselvs, but who know how to unite in defense of those who are assailed.

Third, I would appeal to the many friends of Mrs. Slenker, who love her for her character, and for the noble work she has done on Liberal battle-ground, but who disapprove of her last work, and on that account now stand aloof in her hour of trouble. Do not let such reasons keep you back. Remember that a friend in need is a friend indeed. The friendship which claims the right to pass judgment on the acts of others before tendering a helping hand is the friendship of the master for the slave, and not the friendship of man for man.

I believe I fully realize the importance of the step which is presented to the Liberals in asking them to giv moral support and financial aid to a person who has been arrested for carrying on what is called obscene correspondence, but I believe it to be a step in the right direction, and one which sooner or later will hav to be taken. The overthrow of the belief in the divine origin of the Bible and the holiness of God is but a barren process unless it enables us to seek for new knowledge which can be made useful to humanity. Freethought has only value because it destroys the fetters which prevent men from the intelligent pursuit of happiness. And whoever has given serious thought, as Mrs. Slenker has, to the best mode of diminishing the amount of human suffering, must realize how much of it is due to defects in character, and how much character is dependent on inherited tendencies; and thus being led to the study of the laws of heredity, we are forcibly led to the study of the relation of the sexes and to seek remedies for the frightful abuses and misconduct now so prevalent; and who shall say among Freethinkers and free inquirers that having thus been led to the very entrance of a new and better life, we shall stop because, forsooth, sex is too holy to be discussed, or for the more contemptible reason that it is not respectable to think, write, or talk about what relates to it?

I feel very sorry for the unpleasant position in which Mrs. Slenker now finds herself, but I feel proud of her, and instead of seeking to excuse her, I wish the number of women who possess her courage and her zeal should be increased one thousand fold.

Subscriptions hav been opened in her behalf. I hope these few words of mine will induce many persons to send their contributions and their words of good cheer. ALBERT CHAVANNES.

## Mrs. Colman's Reminiscences.

The services at the funeral were performed by Mr. Frederick Douglass. I did not wish for a minister, but a Universalist minister, a friend of the family, being present, made a short speech. I was almost crazed with my grief. I had now no object in life. To be sure, my father and mother were with me, and needed care, but I could put that care upon my sisters, and giv myself up to sorrow. Very soon there came a call from Washington for a woman without prejudice to take charge of the National Orphan Asylum for colored children. This institution was founded by Mrs. Pomeroy, wife of Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas.

There were a great many homeless colored children in and about Washington—children from babies of a few months old to ten years of age. No one knew where or who the mothers were; but the different shades of color were all represented in them, showing that the slaveholders of the South were destitute of prejudice as regarded the mothers of their children. What man cares for the welfare of an illegitimate child? The Bible shuts out the "bastard" (I don't like the look or the sound of that word, but as it is one of the refined words of the holy scriptures, perhaps Mr. Comstock will not object to its presence in the mail) from heaven, and for aught the father cares, it may be shut out from all the comforts of earth. There were also in this asylum several old women from seventy to ninety years of age. The institution had officers in all the Northern states, and the donations from these several states were relied upon to support it; the government, through Secretary Stanton, allowing it the use of a large house and grounds in Georgetown, owned by a rebel who fled to Richmond on the breaking out of the war.

During the year that had passed since the formation of this society, three or four matrons had been successivly and successfully quarreled away by the resident teacher, a woman from Massachusetts, related to and recommended by some of the most pronounced Liberals in and about Boston. I will not say she was the worst woman who ever lived, because I hav not seen all the wicked women of my own time even, but I hav no hesitation in putting her at the head of all I hav known. A woman who will deliberately starve, and in many other ways abuse, little children who hav no one to care for them is a monstrosity that I prefer not to be acquainted with. This teacher bore a name honored and beloved in Massachusetts, and because of her name the Liberals (I mean here by Liberals the Unitarians and Agnostics and Republicans of Governor Andrew's stamp) were determined to defend her under all circumstances; and so, if a matron made any complaint about the teacher, instead of looking into the matter, the matron was summarily dismissed. Had I known the condition of things there, I could not hav been persuaded to take the place, but having taken it, I determined to change its character or break it up entirely. I will not tire the reader with a very minute description of these children, eighty in number, not ten healthy ones, and not one exempt from the third plague that the God of the Hebrews sent upon the Egyptian king, Pharaoh, to cause him to let Moses and the rest of the chosen people return to their own land. The teacher had been matron long enough to allow these children to be covered with these disgusting insects. The disciplin was sustained with and by hunger, the teacher taking the food from any one of the desolate creatures who was disobedient, and there was always disobedience.

One of the farmers whose land joined the asylum complained to me that he had not been able to keep food for his swine, only as he put it behind a lock, as these hungry children would devour the contents of his swill barrel with eagerness. Mrs. Senator Pomeroy had died, and the woman who took her place was evidently afraid of Massachusetts.

My friend who had recommended me to the society thought if she could once get me into that institution, I would find it was not quite time for me to sit down and hug my own grief. Here were attrocities perpetrated daily upon the children of a race whom I had adopted and worked for in the best years of my life—abused under the name of Christian care, and as yet there was no help. I looked about me. I did not pray, but I used my authority as matron. I said, "You will be mistress of these children in the school-room, but out of the school-room you hav no control. Never take away their food again. I will not allow it." She tried it, but found herself circumvented as and where she least expected it. The grounds were covered with trees bearing the most delicious fruit—early apples, apricots, and, in time, peaches in the greatest abundance. This woman forbade these children to help themselvs, though the fruit was wasting upon the ground. I said to them, "You must not climb the trees without permission from me, but eat all you wish from the ground." I sent for one of the army surgeons. His name I do not at this writing recall, but his picture is to be seen at the bed-side of President Lincoln in the engraving of the death scene. At this day, more than twenty years since, my heart goes out in thankfulness to him for his kindness. He always came at my call. He told me how to destroy the parasites that were eating the life out of these children. He said the sickness was from want of food and care, encouraged me to do as seemed right, and with his help and counsel. After being there three months the children were all clean and well, but it was no use, I had to giv it up. But my work did not not cease until that woman was removed. It was a hard fight with great odds against me. The prominent antislavery men in Congress, and the Unitarian minister, then chaplain of that august body, were each and all on the side of the teacher, though not one of them ever took the trouble to visit the institution. Secretary Stanton, his assistant, Major Luddington, and that indefatigable woman, Jane Gray Swisshelm, had taken time to examin into the matter, and they were with me. Governor Andrew even sent his secretary all the way from Boston to defend the charming woman. Even Robert Dale Owen cast his vote for her.

Mrs. Swisshelm finally announced that unless the whole thing was thoroughly looked into she would hav the woman arrested on a criminal charge of manslaughter, and as the charge could be easily sustained, her friends were glad to cease their opposition. The Massachusetts lawyer went back to Boston, and the teacher was removed, but it had taken three months of constant, persevering labor to bring about the removal, and the children had again become filthy and sick; starvation had also aided in the work, and many of them died. The cellar of the spacious building used for the asylum was well filled with wines and liquors of a stronger character. I think the most charitable excuse for that person's conduct that could be made would be to say she was constantly under the influence of alcohol; she was certainly crazed with something. I do not know her whereabouts at present, but I venture to say, if she is living, those persons who were willing she should be paid a good salary for abusing helpless children are careful to keep her out of their homes; they do not want her company. This was only one of the cases where the poor colored people were used to profit some broken-down teacher or minister. Secretary Stanton told me that the trouble he had with the complaints in reference to these contrabands was almost equal to the war. The North had so many superannuated clergymen to care for that it seemed to be a very God-send to find a place to send them where they would be paid a salary for doing something that far better had been left undone.

LUCY N. COLMAN.

## Lectures and Meetings.

F. H. RAU, secretary of the Brotherhood of Agnostic Moralists of Hannibal, Mo., writes: "Doubtless many of your readers know something of the Liberal organization called the Society of Moralists, which was organized in this city in 1875. This society was composed of Agnostics and Spiritualists, who worked together harmoniously for nearly twelve years, when it was deemed best to separate the two elements. This was done amicably and by mutual agreement, on the 22d of May, 1887, and on the 29th the Brotherhood of Agnostic Moralists was organized. This Brotherhood, with its local societies scattered broadcast, is designed to be to those who do not accept any book as infallible what the church is to those who do, namely, a conservator of all the social and moral influence which they are capable of exerting. Every Agnostic who feels an interest in this movement is requested to send name and address to the undersigned. For a two-cent stamp a copy of the constitution will be mailed to any point."

W. F. JAMIESON closed his lecture labors for 1887 with an address at Longmont on Decoration Day. The following telegram appeared in the Denver *Republican:* "Memorial Day was duly observed by the McPherson Post No. 6, G. A. R., yesterday afternoon at the City Hall. The floral offerings were numerous and exquisitly beautiful. Post-Commander John Hertha presided, a male quartet furnished appropriate music, charmingly rendered, and Professor Jamieson delivered an eloquent address. Not half the people who desired to participate in the services were able to secure even standing-room in the hall." Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson then proceeded three hundred miles to southern Colorado, in San Luis Park, where they will reside through the summer on their own land (three hundred and twenty acres) in a cottage which they hav just built. Mr. Jamieson wishes no lecture calls until January, 1888. In the mean time he will be glad to hear from all his friends. Address, Monte Vista, Col.

## Just Enough of a God to Swear By.

The *Post* classes Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin as "Freethinkers or Agnostics." Our neighbor will find by examining the lives and writings of both Franklin and Jefferson that while these gentlemen might hav at one time in their lives been Freethinkers, each of them distinctly avowed a belief in God, and this is all that is required in any court to make a competent witness.—*Washington Republican.*

Rather an anti-climax. Did the *Republican* desire to intimate that it is satisfied with the minimum of religious avowal which will save a man from being incompetent as to civil rights? If so, it may refer to the pretty retort made by Rufus Choate when he was catechised in court: "Do you believe in a God?" "Yes, sir." "What God do you believe in?" "I believe in the God of the statute!"—*Galveston News.*

# Communications.

## The Revival.

The church was crowded; the heat was stifling. The congregation presented a surface of a thousand fluttering fans. The revival commenced in the latter part of the winter, continued until late in June, and still the great church was crowded daily and nightly. Still the altar was daily and nightly surrounded by weeping, praying penitents. The church books showed an increase of over a thousand members, and the prudent, far-seeing pillars of the society congratulated themselvs as they calculated the sum that would be deducted from the church debt by the liberal donations of the enthusiastic young converts.

Up from the immense concourse, borne hither and thither and turned into swaying streams of sound by the waving fans, rose the revival hymns.

Marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God,

sang the gray-haired, dim-eyed mothers who saw just "over there" all the blessings they had missed in life, the charity, the sympathy, the ineffable peace, the friends who had slipped into the unknown so long ago, the babies that had faded out of their arms—all would be restored in that "beautiful city of God."

"Marching upward to Zion," chanted the deep-chested young men, and their eyes flashed with an exultant luster. It brought visions of breaking away from the present—like "going West"—like gliding over the level reaches of prairie where the sky came low like the roof of a long building in perspectiv. It was climbing mountains, and leaving one's banner flying higher than man ever trod before. As fair maidens' voices, clear as bells, rang out, "Marching upward to Zion," eyes met "eyes which spake again;" the story was told, religion and love joined hands, and who could tell which one of the invisibles opened the narrow gate for the young people whose names were written on the church books, and whose silver and gold dropped into the church coffers?

"Marching upward to Zion" rolled in one vast volume of sound out into the summer night, and Dr. Parks, returning from his last visit, halted before the church door, stood irresolute for a minute, then entered. There was a "floating population" in the vestibule, on the stairs, and in the aisles—people who were tired and were going home, and people who had been to other places and were "taking in" the revival as an "afterpiece." Dr. Parks, with his analytical eye, classified the congregation with a glance or two. On the platform, back of the reading desk, occupying the chairs and sofas, sat probably a dozen resident preachers, calm, cool, deservedly expectant of an outpouring of the spirit. In front of these walked the traveling evangelist, who had inaugurated, and still managed, the services. He was small in stature, slight and pale. He moved about rapidly while speaking or singing, throwing his arms up and down, then swaying them in time to the music, or to urge the people to sing with more spirit. Below him, about the altar, knelt a number of penitents.

Back of these were the members of the church. Dr. Parks was sure he could hav told them by the expression of self-approval on their faces. Still back of these and in the galleries were the unconverted. Amongst them were the frightened, the excited, the irresolute, the despairing. Occasionally there was to be seen a face calm, decided, curious, but with a free soul looking from the eyes.

This diagnosis occupied Dr. Parks but a few minutes, and he turned his attention to the evangelist.

He wondered at the power of this little man to thus move multitudes by his skipping about, and his inane little stories. He could not yet exactly classify the Rev. Mr. Melrose. He was a new creation. He watched the lithe figure, always in motion, whether talking, singing, or praying; watched him spring from the platform to the top of the baptismal font, then back to walk around and around the reading desk, kneeling in prayer, then rising and walking about with closed eyes, still praying, then kneeling again—talking, talking, in an off-hand, familiar way to that great and awful will; watched the swaying, restless figure, without solemnity, reverence, or devotion in any of its changing attitudes, and the man of science had a revelation. Unconsciously he spoke aloud: "This is the long-sought missing link."

A hand was laid on his shoulder and a voice said in his ear: "That's the right label, paste it on."

Dr. Parks turned to meet the amused eyes of a brother physician. He said: "I never saw anything like his behavior outside a menagerie."

"No? If you had been with me in the tropics you might hav seen the same thing in the jungles."

The two friends stood awhile in silence. The penitents around the altar were converted, one after another, and rent the air with their rejoicings. Dr. Parks spoke: "I havn't seen anything like this for more than twenty years."

"You forget the night in the Louisiana swamp when we ran across the darkey hoodoos?"

"Ah, no. This is something of the same sort; quite as much sense and reason in the hoodoo pow-wow as there is in this. The African is the more ancient religion, but the old must giv place to the new. Those darkies were very much in earnest, and no doubt considered themselvs persecuted by their masters who build fine churches in which to hold their pow-wows, while Sambo is driven to the swamp. Well, well—"

Dr. Middleton suddenly interrupted his friend by grasping his arm and exclaiming: "Why, in the name of all that's prudent, do you allow that?" and he pointed to a girl leaning over the gallery railing.

Dr. Parks looked in the direction indicated, and the color left his face. The girl, fair, slender, with dark, burning eyes, and flushed cheeks, sat watching the evangelist. She was like one mesmerized. Her head, her hands, her whole body, swayed in unison with the preacher. Swift and agil as Mr. Melrose was, he displayed not the trained agility of the dancer; not the confident poise of the acrobat, but rather the lithe, swinging, uncertain grace of the denizen of the forest and plain.

"How much she looks as Laura did!" Dr. Middleton whispered hoarsely. His friend gave no answer, but started for the gallery. The people made way for him. His principles as well as his history were well known to many there. He soon reached the girl, but not quite soon enough. The evangelist, attracted, no doubt, by her absorbed manner, was talking to her. She had risen from her seat. She stood with clasped hands, regarding Melrose with a look of mingled fright, bewilderment, entreaty. She was trembling from head to foot. She tried to answer the preacher, or draw away from him, but she stood helpless, bereft of speech and volition. Mr. Melrose said: "Come down to the altar—come to Christ," and his hands were grasping hers, but Dr. Parks interposed.

Taking the little man by the shoulders, he pushed him slightly, saying: "Stand aside, sir. Ethel, come with me."

The girl clasped her shaking hands about the doctor's arm, gasping, "Oh, uncle, uncle!" He half carried her out of the gallery, shielding her as much as possible from the curious gazers.

In the vestibule they were met by a young man who had watched the scene in the gallery from his place amongst the converts and penitents. He advanced, hat in hand. "Dr. Parks, shall I take Ethel home? Haven't you something else to do?"

The doctor glared at him.

"Mr. Gastar," he said slowly, "the most important business I hav in the world is to take care of Ethel. For the present, I shall giv it my personal attention. You, knowing what you do, are wholly unpardonable for bringing her to a place like this."

"Dr. Parks, I owe a debt of duty and gratitude to a higher power than any on earth, a power I expect to serve in spite of all opposition. I brought Ethel here that my future wife might learn to walk in the straight and narrow way beside me."

The young man said this with an air of self-approval, and "persecuted for righteousness' sake," impossible to describe.

Dr. Parks's scornful eyes measured him from head to foot. His voice shook as he answered:

"You, John Gastar, a teacher and leader for Ethel! Good-night, sir! Try to cultivate better manners."

Dr. Parks reached home with the excited girl, and he and his wife succeeded, after an hour or two, in quieting her. She slept but fitfully, and arose next morning with a racking headache.

"It is better this than the other," the doctor said to his wife. "With this shock to the nerves we hav time on our side, but in the trouble that took off her father there is no hope."

The office boy came to say there were two gentlemen awaiting the doctor. The two proved to be Mr. Melrose and John Gastar. The latter sat near an open window, wearing an irreproachable morning suit, and his highest, holiest smile.

The preacher walked about softly, swinging his arms, and turning his head from side to side continually. Now that he was not on his familiar rostrum his feet had an uncertain motion, like one walking in the dark. The doctor's manner was barely civil. He felt that these two men taxed him sorely by claiming even such hospitality as his public office afforded. Mr. Melrose entered at once upon the business about which he had called. If his host had not been prepossessed in his favor, seeing him now in the glare of the morning, and in the broader glare of undisguised antagonism, he actually felt a loathing for the man such as he had never felt for any miserable, helpless, idiotic creature with whom his profession had brought him in contact. He asked himself: "What freak of nature is this thing? Of what is he the expression? What feelings, what thoughts, preceded his advent amongst human beings? What was the cause of this ugly effect? this unfinished, seemingly boneless form—this faded, beardless, though not childish, face, with its colorless eyes and hair?"

These interrogatories were the undercurrent as Dr. Parks listened to and answered Mr. Melrose's remonstrances and exhortations concerning his behavior of the night before. He explained as far as he thought necessary his own religious views, his ideas of the duties of life, where the interests of the creature, in the evangelist's mind, conflicted with the homage due the creator.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Melrose, "this liberal way of thinking may do for yourself, but why dictate to Miss Moore? Let her choose for herself."

"And, pray, sir," the doctor answered, "why should not I, instead of you, influence Miss Moore's choice?"

"I would lead her into the way of peace, which she can never know until she is born again. Oh, I hope she will not, by your advice, grieve the heavenly spirit away forever, sin away her day of grace, commit the unpardonable sin—oh, I hope for her, I agonize for her!"

"Do you consider Miss Moore such an exceedingly wicked girl?" Dr. Parks asked dryly.

"She is unregenerate, and I hear she has never even been baptized. She is not your daughter, not even your niece—no relation whatever. By what authority do you stand between her and her soul's salvation?"

Dr. Parks's face turned ashy white. The hand that lay upon his knee clenched itself. The other hand, outstretched on the table beside him, fondled the glittering surgical instruments that lay in an open case. How easily might he with one slight stroke of one powerful hand crush this gnat that tortured him! When could a swift and silent anesthetic be used to better advantage? Yet his voice had no tremor as he answered,

"True, Ethel has never been baptized. True, she is not bone of my bone, nor flesh of my flesh. Let me tell you something. You won't understand—still, I'll tell you. Thirty-five years ago, I was a homeless, untaught orphan. It is needless to say by what chance I drifted into the family of Dr. Finley. The family consisted of the parents and two little daughters, Ethel and Laura. I fully believe there has never lived a boy who at the age of fifteen has had a more miserable past and a more hopeless future than I had at that age. What Dr. Finley saw in me he told me afterward. He gave me care and kindness, and the means of an education. In a short time I was a son to the parents, a brother to the two little girls. It was my first knowledge of home, of love and kindness, even of humanity in any but its worst phases. There's no need of a long story. Everything prospered with me. I was Dr. Finley's partner. I married, and still lived near my first friends. The eldest daughter married my dearest school and college friend, who died two years after when baby Ethel was less than a year old—died of heart disease. In her bereavement, the young widow clung to my wife and me more than to any others, not even excepting her own parents. I am glad it was so. Very soon she was alone but for us. Dr. Finley and his wife died within a week of each other, stricken by a great calamity, but two months after the death of Ethel's husband. Baby Ethel was taught from her first lisp to call me 'Uncle.' My house was her home. When the young mother, worn out with grief, followed her loved ones to the grave, her last glance was one of trust in me and my wife; her last words, 'I know you will take care of my baby.'

"You say Ethel Moore is not my daughter—no relation to me. I loved her grandparents as I would hav loved my father and mother had I ever known them. No brother and sister could hav been dearer to me than were George Moore and his wife, Ethel Finley. No blood relationship hav I ever known; but I claim Ethel Moore as my niece, my granddaughter, my daughter, what you will, by all the laws of love and gratitude that heaven has made and earth has abused. She has been born to me through the holiest passions of which the human heart is capable."

The doctor paused. The preacher fidgeted. John Gastar had forgotten his high and holy smirk; his face expressed only interest in the story he had heard. Dr. Parks continued:

"Ethel inherits from her father a tendency to heart disease. I hav hoped by constant care to counteract it; and I can scarcely pardon you, Gastar, for what you hav done. I told you something of this when I gave my consent to your engagement with Ethel."

Gastar commenced stammering an excuse; but the restless evangelist cut in and stopped him.

"You say, Dr. Parks, the parents of Miss Moore are dead; but you mentioned another daughter of Dr. Finley—Miss Moore's aunt, of course. Is she living? If she is, she, as nearest relativ, is certainly the proper guardian for her niece."

The little man stopped walking up and down the room and stood before his host. Dr. Parks groaned.

"That, too?" he said. "You must know it all?"

"I wish to know if Miss Moore's aunt is living."

"Yes, she's living."

"Where? Somewhere near?"

"Within a few miles."

"Giv me her exact address; I will visit her."

"Your visit will be useless. Laura Finley sees no one but her physician and her nurse."

"You see her, no doubt?"

"I do. I saw her yesterday. She sat with her knees pressed against the wall. She had torn at the plastering till her fingers were dripping with blood. She was trying to find her way into heaven by a roundabout road since she has committed the unpardonable sin, and the gate is closed against her. That horrible idea took possession of her brain nearly twenty years ago, at just such another revival as you are conducting. Her parents died of grief; and Jack Middleton, as good a man as walks the earth, goes through life alone. Four lives ruined by just such a jumping, shouting, screeching creature as you. Sit down—do! You madden me with your perpetual motion."

The evangelist looked scared for an instant, but he said lightly, as he dropped into a chair: "Well, that's sad, really. I'll pray for you all. But, Dr. Parks, don't you see now, with such unfortunate environments as Miss Moore's, how doubly necessary it is that she be converted? I do. If she has heart disease she is likely to be taken away at any moment. How essential, then, it is that she be fully prepared. I'll pray for her and use every endeavor to reach her that she may be converted before the terrible punishment of her poor aunt falls upon her. No doubt Miss Finley resisted the spirit, was proud and stubborn, and so God took from her the reason that she would not devote to his service. I've known of many such instances."

Dr. Parks had no answer, but how many thoughts went spinning through his brain! What manner of antagonist was this that defied him—that chilled his blood? In the years of his professional life he had almost forgotten the meaning of fear. He had met death in all his horrid or treacherous forms, battled with him hand to hand, and beaten him back inch by inch. He had been stifled by the hot breath of pestilence, and his cheek scarcely paled. He had gone over battle-fields while bullets whistled by him, and his hand never shook. He had no thought but for the torn and mangled humanity about him, and the sorrow for the lonely ones at home.

But now, in the presence of this creature, only so far removed from the four-footed life of the jungle as to walk upright and giv intelligible orders to his tailor, he was helpless as blind and manacled Samson. During the conversation his hand had never ceased to fondle the bright instruments. Now it passed over them lightly; now noiselessly turned them over; now tested their points and edges; all with the physician's delicate precision and sensitiv touch.

He reviewed the situation. He had bared the wounds of the past for the inspection of this stranger. He had shown the weakness of his best beloved, asking compassion of this wanderer. He had striven to make her helplessness her defense, and her danger was turned into a reason for her swift destruction. All this by a creature whom human laws could not touch, and to whom reason and charity in their best sense were unmeaning sounds.

The man of science felt himself driven to the wall, disarmed, excepting in one way. There was but one thing to do. He was calm, deliberate, thoughtful. It was the precise thinker's grasp of the dilemma. He felt no anger, no more than if it had been cholera or yellow fever he dealt with. His hand closed softly about the handle of a probe as he slowly turned his eyes on Mr. Melrose. His thought spoke itself:

"I believe I'd better kill you."

There was no sign of anger or violence, but John Gastar rose hastily and stood before the doetor, completely hiding the evangelist, exclaiming:

"Dr. Parks, do you know what you are saying? Go away, Melrose; go away!"

The preacher waited for no second bidding, but seized his hat and fairly ran, keeping his scared eyes fixed on the probe. Dr. Parks laughed; Gastar prepared to follow his friend.

"John," said the doctor, "let us understand each other. No more of this, or, by the God you dishonor, I'll kill you both. Ethel is under my guardianship. She'll not go again to that Babel."

"Very well, sir; your deeds be upon your head."

"Stop that at once! I've fathered my deeds too long to be preached at by you. Unless you pledge me your word as a man (not a Christian, you're the veriest caricature of Christ) to use no word of persuasion with Ethel, she shall never again go out of my house under your care."

Gastar winced. His handsome face and figure had captivated more than one foolish girl's fancy, but aside from his fine exterior there was nothing in him that Dr. Parks desired in the husband of his ward. This he knew. It was only because of the tender fondness that could deny Ethel nothing that an engagement of indefinit length had been consented to. The expression of Gastar's face was not amiable as he stood hesitating.

"I think this a downright humbug. I expect to marry Ethel."

"Yes; I'm sorry to say I expect it too. As to your opinion on humbugs, I'll hear it some other time."

"Very well, then, I'll promis not to take her to church again till after we're married. But my wife will go where I see fit to take her."

It was Dr. Parks's turn to wince under the implied threat, and the look on Gastar's face supplemented it. Would he be willing to run the risk of harming Ethel to punish her guardian and salve his wounded dignity? He bowed a formal good morning and went away.

Dr. Parks, going about his daily work of healing diseased bodies, wished most fervently that the healers of souls were not such miserable bunglers.

Two or three days passed. Ethel had recovered her usual serenity, and spoke of the evening at the revival and her strange excitement as if it had been a troubled dream. Dr. Parks tried to keep her occupied so as to obliterate, if possible, all impression Melrose had made.

She was going to a lawn-festival at the house of a girl friend. How fair and sweet she looked in her white dress and June roses as the doctor kissed her good-bye. Gastar was her escort, and he seemed to hav forgotten his last interview with Dr. Parks. He was in excellent spirits, and was very proud and tender of pretty Ethel.

Dr. Parks had one exceedingly troublesome, though pecuniarily profitable, patient. She considered her daily duty to herself but half done unless she had spoiled her physician's evening by a visit to herself. This night she went through her stereotyped program. She must see the doctor. He left her at ten o'clock. His homeward way led him past the church where Mr. Melrose's revival was in progress. Long before he reached the building he heard the singing, shouting, and supplication of the crowd gathered there. He sighed as he came near enough to catch the words of the refrain they sang:

Too late, too late, will be the cry,
Jesus of Nazareth has passed by.

"What a slander on a mereiful God these people make music of!" thought the doctor. The thought was scarcely defined when a piercing shriek from within the church startled him. Then there was a cessation of the singing, weeping, praying, shouting; and a confusion of sounds arose that the listener could not understand. The people were pouring out of the church. There were breathless questions and irrelevant replies.

"There's something wrong in there," said the doctor. "I'll go and see what it is." He entered with a flitting thought that this time Ethel would not be in the gallery. But what meant the faces he met? Why these exclamations, and this falling away before him as if he were a "walking case" of fever? Had Melrose poisoned his neighbors and friends against him? Several persons he almost forced to stop, but his questions were evaded. A wide walk up the aisle was given Dr. Parks. He was accustomed to a certain amount of deference, but this was something extreme. There was a group in the chancel that seemed to be the nucleus of the trouble, and he advanced toward this.

As he drew near, he caught glimpses, as the people shifted about, of a woman's white drapery trailing on the floor from a recumbent form.

"Some one fainted?" he asked.

"We think—we hope so," the person answered, then stood aside.

Others fell back now, seeing Dr. Parks, and he stood still, seeing Dr. Middleton kneeling beside a half-disrobed form, his head and shoulders hiding the face of his patient. As Dr. Parks stepped behind him, he raised his head, saying brokenly,

"She is dead—God help us all!"

He turned away, meeting that instant Dr. Parks, who then first saw the face of the dead—Ethel Moore.

Dr. Middleton clasped the arm of his friend, and stood by him silently. He had no words to offer in presence of the calamity that seemed to turn the strong man to stone.

All sounds were hushed. The stricken man gazed at the dead girl, while great beads of perspiration rolled down his ashen face. On the other side of the dead, John Gastar crouched on the floor. The evangelist sat on a chair at a little distance. The other preachers stood about the altar awe-struck and silent. What could be said? What could be done? It was afterward known that John Gastar, influenced by the fanatical arguments of Melrose, had persuaded Ethel to come to the church. She, not knowing her weakness and danger, in her confidence in her lover was easily led to believe that Dr. Parks was prejudiced. The strange manner of worship to one who had been taught all she knew in the utmost calmness, the crowd, the heat, the light, the noise, the intense excitement, in short, the revival, had done its work.

Suddenly the evangelist sprang from his chair. "Let us sing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow' for the taking home from the paths of sin of this young sister. How blessed to go to heaven from God's own earthly tabnernacle!"

Dr. Middleton seized him by the shoulders, and pushed him into his chair. "You little viper, sit down and hold your tongue!"

"I too! I too!" shrieked John Gastar, and he sprang from the floor, threw his arms above his head, and shouted out peal after peal of maniac laughter. The great church rang with the horrid sound, and the hearts of the listeners stood still.

His splendid young manhood was a ruin. His home, after that night's work, was in the same retreat that held Laura Finley. There he walks up and down, singing the hymns taught him by Melrose.

The evangelist still goes up and down the land, telling his wild stories, selling his photograph and his hymn-books.

Dr. Parks, standing by the graves of his best and dearest, remembering those two darkened ones in the madhouse, sighs in an agony of soul:

"O God! O Christ! O religion! how many evils are committed in your name!

MARGRET HOLMES.

## The Liberty of Thought and Discussion.

JOHN STUART MILL "ON LIBERTY."

It is not, in constitutional countries, to be apprehended that the government, whether completely responsible to the people or not, will often attempt to control the expression of opinion, except when in doing so it makes itself the organ of the general intolerance of the public. Let us suppose, therefore, that the government is entirely at one with the people, and never thinks of exerting any power of coercion unless in agreement with what it conceives to be their voice. But I deny the right of the people to exercise such coercion, either by themselvs or by their government. The power itself is illegitimate. The best government has no more title to it than the worst. It is as noxious, or more noxious, when exerted in accordance with public opinion than when in opposition to it.

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Strange it is that men should admit the validity of the arguments for free discussion, but object to their being "pushed to an extreme," not seeing that unless the reasons are good for an extreme case, they are not good for any case. Strange that they should imagin that they are not assuming infallibility when they acknowledge that there should be free discussion on all subjects which can posssibly be *doubtful*, but think that some particular principle or doctrin should be forbidden to be questioned because it is *so certain*, that is, because *they are certain* that it is certain. To call any proposition certain while there is anyone who would deny its certainty if permitted, but who is not permitted, is to assume that we ourselvs, and those who agree with us, are the judges of certainty, and judges without hearing the other side.

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Mankind can hardly be too often reminded that there was once a man named Socrates, between whom and the legal authorities and public opinion of his time there took place a memorable collision. Born in an age and country abounding in individual greatness, this man has been handed down to us by those who best knew both him and the age as the most virtuous man in it. This acknowledged master of all the eminent thinkers who hav since lived—whose fame, still growing after more than two thousand years, all but outweighs the whole remainder of the names which make his nativ city illustrious—was put to death by his countrymen, after a judicial conviction, for impiety and immorality. Impiety in denying the gods recognized by the state; indeed, his accuser asserted (see the "Apologia") that he believed in no gods at all. Immorality in being by his doctrins and instructions a "corrupter of youth." Of these charges the tribunal, there is every ground for believing, honestly found him guilty, and condemned the man who probably of all then born had deserved best of mankind, to be put to death as a criminal.

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The assumption on which this [the refusal to receive an Atheist's oath] is grounded is that the oath is worthless of a person who does not believe in a future state, a proposition which betokens much ignorance of history in those who assent to it (since it is historically true that a large proportion of Infidels in all ages hav been persons of distinguished integrity and honor), and would be maintained by no one who had the smallest conception how many of the persons in greatest repute with the world, both for virtues and for attainments, are well known, at least to their intimates, to be unbelievers. The rule, besides, is suicidal, and cuts away its own foundation. Under pretense that Atheists must be liars, it admits the testimony of all Atheists who are willing to lie, and rejects only those who brave the obloquy of publicly confessing a detested creed rather than affirm a falsehood. A rule thus self-convicted of absurdity so far as regards its professed purpose can be kept in force only as a badge of hatred, a relic of persecution—a persecution, too, having the peculiarity that the qualification for undergoing it is the being clearly proved not to deserve it. The rule, and the theory it implies, are hardly less insulting to believers than to Infidels. For if he who does not believe in a future state necessarily lies, it follows that they who do believe are only prevented from lying, if prevented they are, by the fear of hell. We will not do the authors and abettors of the rule the injury of supposing that the conception which they hav formed of Christian virtue is drawn from their own consciousness.

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## Virginia.

The coat of arms suggested by our artist for Virginia is very appropriate. It is true that it is not under Virginia law that Mrs. Slenker is being prosecuted, but it is Virginia district-attorneys, commissioners, and grand jurors who hav forced her into the United States court.

A little while ago, down in the southwest part of Virginia, in Mrs. Slenker's town, one of the most intelligent of the farm wives of the vicinity began to churn the accumulated cream from her dairy. She churned all day, but no butter rewarded her efforts, and she upbraided the hired girl, saying that the cream had been bewitched by the girl. The servant was angry at being called a witch, and left her mistress's service. A neighbor came in, and, learning of the trouble, procured a horseshoe, hung it on the churn, and the butter formed in a few moments!

It is the dense ignorance of the community in which she livs that makes Mrs. Slenker's position peculiarly dangerous. The people down there know nothing of what is going on the world, and liv in an atmosphere of intense prejudice against radicalism in any form. A jury drawn from their number is scarcely more fit to judge Mrs. Slenker than a jury of John Calvins would be to judge the late Charles Darwin.

## The Infidels of England.

The National Secular Society is a compact and well organized body, under the shrewd leadership of Charles Bradlaugh, and is a political as well as social force of no small power in England. Once a year the society holds a conference corresponding to a congress of the American Secular Union, at which reports are made, suggestions offered, and good speeches listened to. The conference this year was held in Rochdale, May 29th, a report of which has just reached us through the *National Reformer*. Eighty-three delegates officially represented fifty-one societies, while a score or two more towns were represented by visiting Freethinkers, including one whose home is in South Africa.

The report of the executiv, read by the president, disclosed the following encouraging items: New members enrolled during the year, 505; new societies formed, 6—one of these being at Belfast, Ireland; cash in hand, general fund, £155 17s. 7d; benevolent fund, £39 19s. 7d; propagandist fund, £35 0s. 7d. The benevolent and propagandist funds benefited during the year by a bequest from Mr. Maillaud to the amount of £8 and £101 respectivly. Thirty children of Freethinking parents were withdrawn from religious instruction in the Board schools of the Metropolitan district, under the provisions of the Education act passed in 1870. The executiv urges upon all the members of the societies their duties in this regard, and regrets that so few Freethinkers avail themselvs of the privileges of the act. The Manchester Branch has purchased a hall for £1,645, and the Freethinkers of the city, to the number of one thousand, hav subscribed £1 shares in payment. A legacy of £500 will probably be used to liquidate the balance of the debt. Forty branches showed an aggregate income of over two thousand pounds. Sixty branches failed to report in time. The literature committee, presided over by Mrs. Besant, reported a larger distribution of Freethought and political literature than during any previous year. The students graduating from the science classes maintained by their proficiency the high character of the school, and three branches increased the number of students graduating. A deficiency of £44 1s. was incurred by the school, borne personally by Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant.

From the Parliamentary standpoint, says the report, the year has been of very high importance to the Freethought party. A "bill for the abolition of prosecutions against laymen for the expression of opinion on matters of religion" has been introduced by Mr. Courtney Kenny, and is down for a second reading on July 6th. Mr. Bradlaugh has introduced a bill substituting affirmations for oaths in all cases where oaths are required by law. This bill Mr. Bradlaugh is pushing from day to day, whenever opportunity occurs. On the question of its second reading a handsome majority of one hundred and four was obtained in its favor, and the bill is now treated as a party measure. The government, though not favorable to the success of the bill, has left it an open question for the House to decide. The prospects of the bill are regarded as materially improved, and the Freethinkers of the kingdom are requested to urge their members to vote for it.

The executiv reported to the Conference that the General Council of the International Federation of Freethinkers would hold its annual Congress in London on September 10th, 11th, and 12th. The Freethinkers of India send word that they hav been sufficiently activ during the year to compel the enmity of the missionary press. The inauguration of the monument to Giordano Bruno has been delayed by the refusal of the Roman municipality to grant the necessary site, and it is not probable that this decision will be reversed for at least a year, as at the last election in the city too many Christians obtained office.

Mr. Bradlaugh was reëlected president of the society; Mr. W. H. Reynolds, treasurer, and R. Forder, secretary. In returning thanks for the confidence expressed by his reëlection, Mr. Bradlaugh said:

"As far as my Parliamentary work is concerned, it is purely political. I hav in Parliament no right of advocacy of our views unless they are attacked and need defense; but I hav the duty to the party which trusts me of striving to win for it equal justice before the law, and, if the law be unfair, of striving to modify it so as to make it fair and equal for all. I should like, if it be the pleasure of the Freethought party speaking by its annual Conferences, to remain your president until two matters in Parliament hav been settled. First, the controversy on oaths, until every man who desires to affirm has the right to affirm without challenge. Secondly, until the blasphemy laws hav been abolished. I shall never feel quite happy in my seat in the House while I am the president of a body of men and women who are subject to disabilities imposed on no other party in the country. One good friend bade me beware of the injurious possibility of flattery. I fancy it will seldom come without being accompanied by a good deal of its opposit, and if it should, I hav swallowed, I think, sufficient of the antidote in the past to prevent any of the injurious effects of the poison. You hav given me again for one year your trust. I ask you to remember that without your willing consent and activ help you will hav conferred on me an empty grant, a useless authority. I hav no authority save such as comes from your love, from your sympathy. And I need it all. Remember also that you hav your work to do in the coming year, as I hav mine. The Freethought party is more noticed than it ever was before, and you ought to work vigorously in all political, municipal, and local business. You ought to fight with every fair weapon that you can find, and so win and maintain a good position. I can only help you as you help yourselvs. I hav no force save such as you giv me. But for this coming year I will use the position you hav given me as I judge it can best be used for the good of the party, subject to your verdict on the using when I come to you again."

In regard to the Blasphemy bill which Mr. Courtney Kenny is pressing in Parliament, the Conference requested Mr. Bradlaugh to obtain the omission of the clause which we quoted some weeks ago, and if unable to procure this, or such modification as to render it harmless, then the Freethought party desired him to oppose the bill. The clause is as follows:

"Provided moreover that any person who, with the intention of wounding the religious feelings of any person or persons, shall in any public place utter any word, or make any gesture, or exhibit any object within the hearing or sight of any person or persons whose religious feelings are likely to be thereby wounded, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor; and on being convicted thereof, shall be liable to fine or imprisonment, or both, as the court may award, such imprisonment not to exceed the term of *one year*."

The president agreed to fulfil the wishes of the Conference, and would state in Parliament on July 6th that the National Secular Society opposed the bill if this clause is retained. It was the first time, he said, that a decision given by the Freethought party would be repeated in the House of Commons. He did not think the bill could pass at this session in any event. For the Affirmation bill he had more hope.

The idea gathered from reading of the work of the National Secular Society for the past year is that the Freethinkers of England report to the world, Progress. This society is the practical force of heresy in England, and as a support to Mr. Bradlaugh is invaluable. In him the party concentrates itself, and through him becomes a political power. We congratulate our English brethren upon their leader, and their leader upon possessing such stanch supporters.

But Englishmen should not forget to acknowledge the effectiv labors of W. Stewart Ross, the brilliant editor of the *Secular Review*, and of G. W. Foote, the martyred editor of the *Freethinker*. Though not political, their work is no less necessary, and its results not smaller, perhaps, than that of the sturdy champion whose name is oftenest upon men's lips.

## Great Cry and Little Wool.

At last the Andover Board of Visitors hav rendered their decision in the heresy cases, and it is adverse to one professor only. The decision is as follows:

"At a meeting of the Visitors of the Theological Institution in Phillips Academy, in Andover, held June 4, 1887, the complaint, as amended, against Egbert C. Smythe, D.D., Brown professor of ecclesiastical history in said institution, the answer thereto, the evidence laid before them, and the arguments in behalf of the complainants and respondent were further considered by the Visitors, and they find that the Egbert C. Smythe, as such professor, maintains and inculcates beliefs inconsistent with and repugnant to the creed of said institution and the statutes of the same and contrary to the true intent of the founders thereof, as expressed in said statutes, in the following particulars, as charged in said amended complaint, to wit:

"That the Bible is not the only perfect rule of faith and practice, but is fallible and untrustworthy even in some of its religious teachings; that no man has power or capacity to repent without knowledge of God in Christ, and that there is and will be probation after death for all men who do not decisivly reject Christ during the earthly life; and thereupon they do adjudge and decree that the said Egbert C. Smythe be and he hereby is removed from the office of Brown professor of ecclesiastical history in said institution, and said office is hereby declared vacant.

"*Voted*—That the secretary notify the said Egbert C. Smythe, the complainants, and the trustees of Phillips Academy of the foregoing findings and the action thereon by the Visitors."

At the same meeting it was decided that the charges against the following associate professors were not sustained: William J. Tucker, Bartlett professor of sacred rhetoric; John W. Churchill, Jones professor of elocution; George Harris, Abbot professor of Christian theology, and Edward Y. Hincks, Smith professor of biblical theology, severally, in the said institution.

Professor Smythe will carry the case to the supreme court of Massachusetts, and the end is not yet. The question for the court to decide is not whether the views and teachings of the professors are contrary to the historic creeds of the church, nor whether they are contrary to the creeds of the churches in eastern Massachusetts when the seminary was established, but whether they are contrary to the views which the founders embodied in the creed that they prescribed as the test of the doctrinal soundness of all who should occupy chairs of instruction in the seminary. If Mr. Smythe is off color in his views, he ought not to ask the orthodox to pay him money for teaching his heresy. It is true that in this case the difference between him and the Board of Visitors is only the difference between tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum, but to hair-splitting sectarians that difference is something immense, and has before now been the cause of much pious bloodletting.

By their decision the Board of Visitors hav dogmatically affirmed that the Bible is a perfect rule of practice as well as faith, and that the heathen whom God has mercifully kept from possessing a knowl-

edge of Christ will all go to hell. Touching this last, the affirmation is but one remove from idiocy—for who knows anything about the matter at all? Touching the first, we venture to say that the Andover Board of Visitors dare not use the Bible as a rule of practice. They dare not follow the example of any of the Old Testament unworthies, for fear of the state prison, nor would they dare to do as Christ did, because they would be put in some county workhouse as tramps.

The trial and decision simply show what a farce it is to frame a creed in one generation which the next will riddle with ridicule. Endeavoring to split the hairs of the whiskers on the face of the man in the moon with a meat-ax is a common sense pastime compared with the theological hair-splitting of the professors and Board of Visitors of Andover Seminary.

## A Great Discovery by a "Great" Journal.

It would be much better, says the *World*, to repeal obsolete laws than to permit them to remain as dead-letters on the statute book. Our daily contemporary is moved to thus remark because the District of Columbia commissioners, in their effort to revive the Sunday laws, hav found that the penalty for blasphemy in that locality is boring the tongue, branding the forehead, and death.

This is a great discovery for a daily paper to make. In regard to the treatment of heretics by the religious the "great" journals are usually stupendously ignorant, and therefore silent. If they note the punishment of a blasphemer at all, they content themselvs with saying he is a "vulgar blackguard," and pass on to the important question of whether a floor-washer in a government office shall be a mugwump, Democrat, or Republican, or whether the last fish the president caught weighed three pounds, or three pounds and a quarter. We are pleased that one paper has opened its eyes for a moment, though it will probably go to sleep again immediately.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll discovered this ancient statute a good many years ago, and THE TRUTH SEEKER has unearthed others just as unjust, but they are still retained on the statute books and spasmodically enforced without any protest from the great journals whose editors' time is chiefly occupied in assigning reporters to ascertain how many times a day Mr. Cleveland has his boots blacked, or whether his wife's poodle dog kills chickens.

## Two of a Kind.

The *Western Watchman*, a Roman Catholic paper published in St. Louis, says:

"Protestantism.—We would draw and quarter it. We would empale and hang it up for crow's meat. We would tear it with pincers and fire it with hot irons. We would fill it with molten lead and sink it in a hundred fathoms of hell-fire, but would not lay an ungentle hand on a hair in a Protestant's head."

The Protestant journal which brings this gentle sentiment to the notice of the Eastern public adds:

"We would hate to trust ourselvs in many a country in this world in the hands of a man belonging to an infallible church, the church of St. Bartholomew and the auto-da-fé, whose rhetoric would reach so sanguinary a hight as this. We fear that to make sure of drawing and quartering Protestantism, and of impaling and hanging it up for crow's meat, of tearing it with pincers and firing it with hot irons, it would be conceived to be the best way to subject Protestants to all these things."

The inference from this is that Romanism has in the past possessed the monopoly of persecution, and that Protestantism has been the abused and never the abuser. But this same journal chuckled over the conviction of Mr. Reynolds, and pronounced blasphemy laws good. It would, without doubt, mete to blasphemy as severe punishment as the *Western Watchman* would to Protestantism, and would go further than that sanguinary publication and punish the blasphemer himself when he "outrages the religious sentiment of the Christian community." We would hate to trust ourselvs in many a town in this country controled by the Protestant church—the church of Geneva's flame, of Sonoy's Holland torture chamber, of the Arminian and Anabaptist persecution, of the apologists of religious persecution—Knox, Luther, Calvin, and Beza—of the Quaker-killing Puritans, of the slave-selling and whipping and murdering Methodists—whose zeal for its religion led it to enact blasphemy laws to suppress Infidels. We know from the record that its hatred to blasphemy leads it to fine and imprison and torture Infidels, and we fear that if it possessed the power every Infidel would be served as some hav been.

It is a historical fact that every powerful Christian sect has persecuted and been persecuted in turn, and that they all unite in persecuting the Infidel.

## Treason.

The Reformed Presbyterian church synod recently met at Newburgh, N. Y., and among the subjects discussed was the relation of church and state, and the acknowledgment of "God" in the United States Constitution. The conclusion of the synod upon this subject was embodied in the following resolution, which was adopted:

"*Resolved*, That we will endeavor to teach more forcibly the duty of our nation to God and the Bible view of civil government, and will make our teaching more emphatic against the Infidelity of the civil government, and will maintain our position of political dissent in refusing our electiv franchise to put into office men who are bound by their official oath to support the Constitution of the United States, and we will become responsible for suffrage only when they become responsible to Christ by their official oath."

This is negativ treason, and might easily become positiv should one of these pious fellows be elected to office. No doubt, in such an event, he would use his power to overthrow our supreme law, and substitute therefor the will of his supreme being—said will being interpreted by himself.

The Constitution, in these days, seems to be regarded very little, every two-dollar-a-year official, whether state or federal, setting his opinion up as superior to its written limitations, but nevertheless it is better as it is than as the Presbyterians would make it. We therefore derive great comfort from the fact that the "National Reform Party" is as weak in numbers as it is strong in bigotry, and as powerless in politics as its God is impotent in human affairs.

## What Will They Do?

The New York *Herald* is vexing the Roman Catholic followers of the late Labor mayoralty candidate of this city by propounding a few conundrums. The *Herald* suggests that as the land theories of Mr. George hav been examined by the church and condemned, though not officially, as unsound, a further holding of them by Roman Catholics will bring on a conflict with the church. What the Catholics ought to do in this case is conundrum number one. The *Herald* also suggests that whereas Mr. George declares that if the Irish landlords really own their vast estates they hav a perfect right to evict their tenants, his Irish followers must needs giv up their allegiance to Parnell and the cause of Home Rule. Will the Irish sympathizers cease their sympathizing, or avow that the Irish landlords do *not* really own their land? is conundrum number two.

These are pertinent inquiries, and deserve an explicit answer. If the pope, speaking *ex cathedra*, and therefore infallibly, condemns the land theory of Mr. George, no Catholic can believe the theory, and remain a Catholic, any more than he could remain a Catholic if he accepted any dogma of Protestantism which the church condemns. And if the Irish landlords do really own their land, then they hav the right to do as they please with it—charge what they like for its occupancy, and let whom they will cultivate it. The land question of Ireland, under such conditions, must become a question of charity on the part of the landlords and not one of right on the part of the tenants.

As we said, the *Herald's* inquiries are pertinent, and deserve an answer. Dr. McGlynn, as the most intellectual Catholic in the George following, and a vociferous pleader for the Irish tenantry, should giv them consideration and reply.

## Editorial Notes.

THE managers of the museums of this city are a smart lot of hypocrits. They hav been quietly at work at Albany and obtained the omission of the clause requiring them to keep open on Sundays from the bill giving them additional annual appropriations, and Governor Hill has signed it. He has also signed a bill giving the Metropolitan museum $312,000 for new buildings. It is to be hoped the Board of Estimate and Apportionment of this city will be less pliable than the governor and the country deacons of the legislature.

MR. W. L. WILLIS, of Kokomo, Indiana, has published a leaflet sounding the alarm against the encroachments of priestcraft upon the liberties of the people, one hundred copies of which he sends for twenty-five cents. The counts in Mr. Willis's indictment of the church are so forcibly drawn that conviction can be secured upon each and every one. They are: Endeavoring to put "God" in the Constitution; the enactment and enforcement of blasphemy laws; the enactment and enforcement of laws observing a pagan Sabbath; the enactment and enforcement of laws restricting personal liberty, and violating the natural rights of the citizens of the country. Mr. Willis is an earnest Freethinker, and is advancing the welfare of humanity in many ways.

THE Connecticut folks are not to be deprived of their Sunday papers, after all. The railroad commissioners hav decided to allow newspaper trains to run through the Nutmeg state early Sabbath mornings, as an act of necessity and mercy! The ungodly *Winsted Press* thinks this attempt to fool the Lord by making him think that Sunday newspapers are a necessity will fatten the fires of hades, but we disagree with Mr. Pinney. Sunday papers, or anything else that distracts the attention from immediate surroundings, are clearly a mercy to the unfortunate mortals compelled to liv in such a state as Connecticut.

"Is is not just a little singular," asks the New York *Star*, "that those with whom Dr. McGlynn has become most intimately associated in the course of his new crusade are nearly all pronounced Infidels?" Henry George thinks it is not, because Dr. McGlynn's associates are "the publicans and sinners" of the Christian renaissance." But there are better reasons than this, or rather there are good reasons, for this is no reason at all. The movement which has forced Messrs. George and McGlynn into prominence is no revival of an antique Christianity, but a protest against the iniquities inflicted upon society by that system of religion. The labor movement was here before Mr. George was. The leaders of it wanted something—but how they were to get it they scarcely knew. Mr. George came along and offered his theory, just as the Socialists and Communists and Anarchists offered their theories. The agitation going on in behalf of the rent-racked tenantry of Ireland helped emphasize the land question, and the labor people accepted Mr. George and his notions. Mr. George was also well known in Newspaper Row, and he was by long odds the most available candidate for mayor the Labor party could find. Dr. McGlynn's fight with his church has since kept the pot boiling, and whoever originated the Anti-Poverty Society, with McGlynn at the top, had a shrewd head. The reason so many Infidels are connected with the movement is because they all liked a political campaign with ideas in it; they hoped that the movement would be a training-school for voters, so that through peaceful means a change for the better in society might be brought around. They believe in progress; they work for reform; they are about the only honest friends of the poor, that is, themselvs; they are not bound by custom nor tradition; they are free to think, and do think; they hav the courage of their convictions, and will vote as they talk. In every movement which even promises to help humanity the Infidels are always at the front. They may be mistaken and misplace their confidence, but their zeal for the right, their enthusiasm for progress, their love of justice, lead them into social as well as religions reformations. That is the reason why many of the associates of Dr. McGlynn are Infidels—not because they are publicans and sinners trying to exhume a buried phase of a religion which from the year of our Lord 1 to 1887 has been a hindrance to the world in all its phases.

THE order of the War department to restore to all the states, including those that were in rebellion, the flags captured in the late civil war, has led to a big rumpus, and the president has rescinded the order. General Fairchild, of Wisconsin, was the first to violently attract public attention to the order. He addressed a G. A. R. post, and during his speech invoked this malediction:

"May God palsy the hand that wrote the order! May God palsy the brain that conceived it, and may God palsy the tongue that dictated it!"

The Grand Army of the Republic all over the country took the matter up, and Ohio veterans engaged lawyers in Washington to obtain an injunction restraining the War department from carrying out the order. As a sample of the sentiment animating the war veterans, the following stanzas from a song sung at a G. A. R. meeting in Des Moines, Iowa, will do:

"We will never harm the man who rules this mighty land,
Though he gave us open insult with an open hand,
But he never can review the dear old army grand,
When we go marching in Dixie.

"We are for the Union still—the starry flag so true—
We can stand the grays on deck if they'll let us wear the blue
And consent that we were right when we licked the rebel crew
As we went marching in Dixie.

"Hurrah! hurrah! we'll meet the rebel crew,
Hurrah! hurrah! just as we used to do,
And we'll stand by Tuttle till we see him safely through,
While he goes marching in Dixie."

This incident of the flags has put the complete reconciliation of the two sections back about a decade. It shows that the North still keeps the war memories warm, and this knowledge will further embitter the South, and she will draw back the hand extended for peace. The order was ill conceived, for the patriotic sentiments of the men who saved the Union should be respected, but it looks rather small for the magnificent Army of the Republic to make such a fuss after the order was issued. On the narrow ground of sectionalism, even, the North could afford to let the flags go, and if the return of the banners would hav brought the two portions of the country nearer in sentiment, the act would hav borne the richest fruit possible. Humanity is one, and good feeling among brethren is worth more than all the war sentiment in the world. "Patriotism," said Dr. Johnson, "is the last resort of the scoundrel," and the "patriotism" that would keep alive sectional enmity in this country was never better described.

# Letters from Friends.

SAN JOSE, CAL., June 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Has John L. Brooks accepted the offer made him by C. J. Curtis, of Bradford, Pa., of $100 to get up a real, tangible spirit, that could be felt of, handled, etc.? Curtis has got him there, I think? SAMOS PARSONS.

STELLA, WASH. T., May 21, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed in this please find $5—three for the renewal of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and the rest for inclosed order of books. I hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER from its first copy; I like the paper and its principles; I am interested in the cause of Liberalism and am ready to help to support it as far as I am able. F. C. SCHARNHORST.

SIOUX FALLS, D. T., June 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The books sent for are received. Inclosed find draft to pay for them, also $1 for the American Secular Union, and $2 for the Defense Fund of Elmina. I believe every Liberal, rich or poor, should do something, according to his means, for her defense, no matter how little. I am comparativly a poor man, but if it be necessary she can draw on me for as much more—two or three dollars. When will there be an end to this Comstock inquisition?

N. S. JOHNSON.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., May 31, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Does not this foolish persecution of Mr. Reynolds and the noble Mrs. Slenker show that the church and its teachings do make either Christian or criminal of every person in the land? The state has no right to force anyone to be either Christian or criminal, and we would be a thousand times better off without either one. Is it not strange that God cannot take care of his blasphemers yet without the help of men, and bad men at that? CHAS. SACH.

FRENCHTOWN, NEB., May 31, 287.

MR. EDITOR: My blood boils when I think of Elmina Slenker's case. I shall send for some of her books if that will help her any, and all who call themselvs Liberals should do so, if it is only a small amount.

We like your suggestions as regards Ingersoll for the presidential candidate. The Liberals would vote for him to a man, woman, and child. The Republicans would follow suit; the temperance party and one-half the Knights of Labor and many Democrats would do likewise. He will, without a doubt, be the strongest man that can possibly be put in the field. Should he be elected, then we will see those "piping times of peace" that we hav heard of so many years but never realized. MARY BAIRD-FINCH.

SEWARD, NEB., May 23, 287.

MR. EDITOR: We hav a town of over two thousand inhabitants, and seven or eight churches, as near as I can guess. Preaching is done in all of them all the time, yet the Liberal element holds good. I was strongly solicited a few days since to donate for another gospel edifice. I declined, giving the deacon my reason for declining. First, I had no religion, never had, neither did I want any. In the second place, it was teaching absurdities to the youth, such as devils, gods, ghosts, angels, etc., which no living being knows anything about, nor ever will. In the third place, it is a fraud on our government to put our property into a church where it is exempt from taxation. I am worth one thousand dollars; it is assessed to help run our institutions and government. If I put the thousand dollars in a gospel shop, where is the revenue?

The above were my reasons. He left. H. L. BOYES.

HORNITOS, CAL., May 2, E.M. 287.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5 for two years' subscription. We expect a boom in this county soon. It is generally believed that the great Fremont grant is about to change hands. The names of the purchasers are a sufficient guarantee that it will be worked, when some of the richest mines in the state will again be opened. Owing to litigation, they hav been lying idle about twenty years. When the change takes place, there will be a rush back of many of the old residents, besides new-comers. Then I will make an effort to obtain new subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER and other Freethought journals. The pictures are splendid, and are *read* by many who do not read English, but hav them explained. I think that if the pictures were put in book form each year, with short explanations and appropriate verses from the good book, they would readily sell. With best wishes to THE TRUTH SEEKER and all its friends, I remain, Very truly yours, R. W. BARCROFT.

EUREKA, May 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5 to pay for your valuable paper for two more years. It has become one of the family necessities with us. I would hav been more prompt, but hav changed locations, and waited to make a permanent settlement before renewing. I would be more than glad to get subscribers for your paper, but genuin Liberals are hard to find in our vicinity.

Those pictures are good for dyspepsia—better than allopathic pills! Long liv Watson Heston! We are puzzled to understand why the monkey is represented in so many of the pictures. I think Sarai was too generous to hold out, by the expression of her countenance in the last picture.

Now, to put aside joking, I think every true Liberal should awake to the dangers that are threatening all who do not bow to some creed. Why cannot some one who has influence and opportunity place Colonel Ingersoll's name before the public as a candidate for the presidency at the coming election? I do not think there is a man in the United States more capable than he is of filling the position of president. Brother-Liberals, let us unite before it is forever too late to save ourselvs from a tyrant a thousand times worse than death! I scatter my papers, in hopes of doing some good in that way; for whoever sees the pictures will be obliged to think in spite of themselvs, and hasten the day when superstition's reign shall be over. W. V. COPE.

EUBANKS, KY., May 21, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I take this method, through THE TRUTH SEEKER, to return thanks for the receipt of sample copies of the following Liberal papers: Monroe's *Ironclad Age*, Indianapolis, Indiana; the *Open Court*, Chicago, Ill.; the *Liberal*, Nashville, Tenn., Ella E. Gibson, editor; the *American Nonconformist*, Winfield, Kan.; *Lucifer*, Valley Falls, Kan.; *Liberty*, Boston, Mass.; *Secular Thought*, Toronto, Ont. We hav received also a printed circular from C. Garwood, Baltimore, Md., asking contributions to "Elmina," a lady who is "in jail" awaiting a trial on the charge of circulating obscene matter in the mails. I am not wealthy, but liberal to unfortunate cases. E. C. Walker and Lillian Harman ask contributions to aid in rebellion against the civil laws of Kansas. They set up self-law on marriage, and bid defiance to state authorities. We are liberal, but we do not propose to be so liberal as to aid and comfort those who imprudently get into such unnecessary extremes of breaking civil laws and bidding defiance to constituted authorities. We know not the guilt or innocence of Elmina, what she put in the mails, nor whether she meant "lewdness" or had "lewd motivs." Neither can we tell the lady's condition that necessitated her labor in the field of sexual physiology. I take the firm stand that civil laws, passed by the law-making powers of our republic, though within themselvs they may be impolitic and unjust, should be respected by all persons until they are repealed by the power that made them; and, while I feel for any lady "in jail" for any crime, I retain, as my chief political duty, supreme regard for our republican form of government. W. BAKER, M.D.

ST. LOUIS, MO., May 17, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER is a weekly visitor at my house, and is read with great interest by all. Mr. Heston's pictures add a great deal to the value of the paper. They are an index to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and cannot escape the Christians' eyes. Besides, it would take a volume to express the idea of each picture by words.

St. Louis is not far behind in the ranks of Liberalism and Freethought. A year ago we organized "The Society for Ethical Culture of St. Louis," with a membership of ninety activ members, which has increased since to two hundred. We hav a permanent lecturer in Mr. W. L. Sheldon (a student of Professor Adler, of New York), who delivers his addresses every Sunday morning in one of the finest halls in the city. A Sunday-school for the children has also been organized, and is in a flourishing condition. Christians are admitted free to both lecture and Sunday-school.

The Germans hav also a Freethought society (Freie Gemeinde) here, which was organized many years ago by the pioneer Freethought lecturer and writer Edward Schroeter, of Sauk City, Wis. They hav a fine hall, and the society is doing good work.

With regret I read in the last TRUTH SEEKER that the hands of Comstock hav made another Freethought martyr. But I hope the Freethinkers will come forward and defend an aged and deserving woman in the hour of need. Mrs. Slenker has always defended our cause, and is worthy of assistance. Inclosed find $2 for the Slenker Defense Fund, and $3 to pay the fare of THE TRUTH SEEKER from New York to St. Louis for another year. G. H. SCHEEL.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., May 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: You will remember that some time since I took the liberty to to write a short article for the grand old TRUTH SEEKER in regard to strikes, etc., that were occurring in different cities throughout the Union. About that time it seems that certain parties had taken exceptions to what I said, consequently I hav received a number of letter from different ones, some of them quite threatening; but the writers do not giv their names, so I cannot reply to them direct. This is my apology for penning these lines for your paper.

If any one has anything to say in answer to what I hav said or may say or write, I think it would be wise for them to date their letters and sign their names to them. Some do not comprehend what I said in my letter published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, Feb. 19, 1887. Now, I wish to say just a few words more, and I will try and say them so plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err therein; then every one will know just where I stand.

First, as my last letter in your paper would indicate, I recognize the right of every one, both men and women, to decide for themselvs, without dictation or interference, when they shall work or cease to work, where they shall work, and for what wages they shall work. I also recognize the absolute right of any employer to decide for himself, without interference from any source whatsoever, whom he shall employ or discharge; also the right to regulate and manage his business with perfect freedom in all particulars, provided, only, that he deal lawfully and justly with all men. I recognize the right of every father or guardian to hav his son or ward (respectivly) learn any lawful trade, also the right to learn to write and read or any other branch of education; and he should be subject to regulation only by the laws of the land.

Now, I wish to request that if any one has anything to say to me in answer to this letter, he will say it to me boldly by signing his name and residence, so that I can reply to him if I wish to, as I do not wish to burden your paper with it.

Mr. Putnam has been here and given two of his grand lectures. He has gone to the Yosemite Valley this week; will lecture here again next Sunday evening, May 29th; will leave for Oregon the last of next week. I had the pleasure of having Mr. Putnam with me while in this city. I found him to be a genial and a whole-souled gentleman, and his lectures were all that could be asked for. He is a good speaker and perfectly at home on the platform.

N. D. GOODELL.

AYER, MASS., May 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Will you hav the kindness to send me pamphlets, etc., to fill the inclosed order?

I am a constant reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and hope by the aid of its inspiration to keep abreast of the world of thought and that freedom for which our forefathers so nobly fought, and vouchsafed to us by a Constitution without a God to hamper our joy in this world and forestall our happiness in the future life.

I watch with a great deal of interest the conflict between truth and error, church and Freethought. And I often ask, When will the pure light of heaven shine forth to enlighten the blind?

The illustrations of the encroachment of the church by the far-seeing prophet, Heston, I trust are seasonable warnings to all lovers of liberty—nay, freedom is the better word.

And I am left to ask, Is it possible that this splendid government, the best that ever blessed this green and beautiful earth, can again permit those it was designed to protect to be taken by the throat by usurping priests? And shall that emblem of individual sovereignty which the heroic Thomas Paine said should make every man a king be trampled in the dust as a despised and worthless thing?

This is the conflict to-day—between the church power, with its numbers and wealth, on the one hand, and truth, freedom, and a world of happiness and joy on the other. If the advocates of freedom cannot all keep step to the same tune, let us keep abreast and in solid columns, and spend no strength on divisions and jealousies, remembering that every victory over an insidious and powerful foe will insure new supports. I hav confidence that the fruit of this great struggle will fall on the human side—the side of freedom, progress, love.

Look at the priest-ridden countries, and then at the one country whose very ensign is freedom, "divinely bestowed upon man," and choose this day which we will serve and accept service from.

Keep up these illustrated prophetic warnings, remembering to be forewarned is to be forearmed. ELIJAH MYRICK.

VINELAND, N. J., June 10, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR AND READERS OF THE TRUTH SEEKER: Trusting you approve the appeal of the Defense Association for Mrs. Slenker, in the issue of June 4th, I wish to urge that the general sympathy and substantial aid be so generous as to enable the defense to strongly meet the "straight issue" of individual rights in protection of sealed matter by mail, and to obtain reliant decisions from highest courts that will end the contemptibly fraudulent decoy's interference. While that is privileged, with both use and control of courts, secret originating of matter solely for its purpose will be continuous, and the innocent be thereby tortured.

Probably no mind doubts Mrs. Slenker's good motivs, or right to conscientious correspondence, and friends of justice should sustain its cause, however they differ on the benefits of her special object, which non-acceptance could soon settle. C. L. James does well to giv his views. Liberals will do well to heed them. Some years ago he showed in a published article that church encroachments on legal rights were continually increasing, and more readily enlisting official assistance. The Defense Association is our only practical resisting power; it has done what has yet been accomplished. Had it organized twenty years ago, and taken the firm stand now proposed, the decoy's bills to extend acts might not hav been passed, and obsolete Blue laws might not hav been revived. But since their availability has made plain the whole inquisition plan, and secured official might to rivet chains, turn dungeon keys, and cut gallows ropes, making formal dislodgment of the Constitution unnecessary, let the unpretentious defense counsel be sustained by such patriotism as our sires exemplified only a century since.

Fangs of greed and bigotry are edged anew by gold recently drawn from the bars of Kansas and New Jersey. Success in damaging a zealous, intelligent woman will strengthen the daring that is doubtless collecting items for evidence against others. The entire animus of popular sentiment is the ignorance and slavish submission of woman, which provides material for what afflicts and convulses the world. Yet, strange to note, otherwise bright people take on the dulness that caters to the sentiment, and sell the liberty they hav evolved to a belief in. Facts of to-day should dismantle of that dulness the somnolence of despotic fascination. M. E. TILLOTSON.

TOLEDO, O., June 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: A short time since a meek and lowly follower of Jesus wanted me to giv my soul to God, when the following conversation ensued:

"Do you believe in your Bible?"

"Oh, yes; that is God's word and revelation to man."

"Well, God says in his word, 'All souls are mine;' my soul must be included, and would I not be a scoundrel to try to giv away that not belonging to me?"

"But you must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ in order to be saved; no matter how good you may be, or how sorry you may be for past sins; if you do not believe, you will be damned."

"Well, we will take the parable of the fatted calf, which was as innocent of evil intent as calves generally are. Now, in order for the prodigal to come home to his father, after feeding with the swine, and spending all his portion in fast living, did he hav to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ in order

to be welcomed home by his father, and gorge himself on that poor innocent calf, which had been murdered for his sake? The old man was his father all the same, even when the prodigal was far away and very bad. You can't destroy kinships by bad actions or wanderings. Now, suppose a child after being turned out to play with nice, clean clothes, face, and hands, falls into a mud-hole, and comes back to ma in a terrible plight, weeping and dirty, what will she do?—disown the child? or will she clean it up and let it take another chance at the mud-pie business? She loves the child when it is clean, doesn't she? Well, does she love it because she washed it, or does she wash it because she loves it? If there is a God, he is as good as a kind father or mother; if he is not, I do not wish to hear about him, for if he is unkind he is evil, and I prefer a good, plain, decent devil, knowing what to expect from him, to a hypocrit, who has the name of being good, and is not even respectable."

"I am afraid you are lost."

"Well, 'olive oil,' as the French say."

CHARLES FRANKLIN.

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SAN JOSÉ, CAL., May 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I want to tell you something of the impression that Mr. Putnam made in our "garden city." First of all I will say he has left behind him kind remembrances in the hearts of our people, and will be warmly welcomed whenever he returns to San José. He seems to be the right man in the right place; as a man, cordial and genial, with an utter absence of the egotism that is so often noticeable among speakers. As a lecturer he is logical and eloquent. Mr. Schwartz and myself, accompanied by Dr. York, met him at the depot with our carriage, the same carriage and the same persons that met friend Bennett when he last visited this city. It was our pleasure to be one of the number who entertained him at that time, and it has again been our pleasure to entertain Mr. Putnam. Our hearts and home are ever open to true workers in the Liberal field. For some months before Mr. Putnam's advent among us, Messrs. Schwartz, Magenheimer, and Parsons labored unceasingly to awaken and keep awake an interest in the coming event. Mr. Parsons, living out of town, kept his pen busy. Messrs. Schwartz and Magenheimer raised by subscription a sufficient sum to cover all expenses, the Turners, as you know, donating the use of their beautiful hall. The press, too, deserve especial credit for the kindness and generosity manifested throughout. Dr. York could not remain long, but ran up from San Francisco to help work up things and meet Mr. Putnam. The result of all this was that Mr. Putnam spoke two nights to large and enthusiastic audiences, especially the second night, when the subject was "The New Heaven and Earth." Had he spoken a third time we feel assured that every seat in that vast hall would hav been occupied. Could he hav come a month later he would hav found a bewildering mass of flowers—flowers from every clime, of every hue and variety. Our late floral fair was one of the most beautiful scenes I ever saw. Every conceivable design was produced in flowers. It is beyond my powers of description, therefore I shall not attempt it, but I will tell you of a ship composed of twenty varieties of roses raised on one stalk, the rigging of smilax.

Ere this reaches you you will hav heard of Mr. Putnam's treatment at the hands of a Ukiah Christian—still another proof of the necessity of the spread of Freethought; but we must be careful not to overtax our workers. Mr. Putnam, for instance, is working too hard; lecturing three and four times per week where he should speak but once; his extensiv correspondence, besides his regular letters home; visitors to entertain; invitations to accept; he is expected to write up the country wherever he goes—why, he actually has to plow and prepare the ground for the seed, and then plant it before he passes on to the next. From early morn till late at eve, even while traveling, is his pen (and consequently his brain) hard at work. He should not be allowed to wear himself out. We need such workers.

With your permission I wish to refer to Mrs. Slenker's imprisonment. I know nothing of the matter mailed by her, yet I do know that it is an outrage. I would not change places with Anthony Comstock and his allies for all the wealth this world contains. Ingersoll once said, in speaking of a certain low set of men, "What dirty angels they will make!" I know of no class of men that this applies to as well as to the above-mentioned Comstock and his allies. Just think of it, a woman (who has no voice in our laws, classed, as all women are, among children and idiots) of her age and standing, whose gray hairs entitle her to respect, dragged to a prison, treated as a criminal, for sending to a supposed investigator a private letter containing expressions which a few designate as obscene, and this, too, while the Bible, so full of disgusting obscenity, is sent at will over land and sea. Let them purify their Bible before they condemn the writings of others. One need not be surprised after hearing such sermons as a certain Mr. Christian, of Sacramento, preached here a few evenings since, and the papers expatiated on his eloquence, told how he melted his audience to tears. (I sat there taking notes, and not a tear dimmed my eyes.) He said: "I believe in a hell. I do not know what it is, whether it be a literal fire or a state or condition; whatever it is, I believe in it. There are a great many people that you and I would not like to liv with forever. Why, there are some women I would not like to liv with forever," etc. I thought, "There are some men that I would not like to liv with forever, and the Rev. Mr. Christian is one of those men." Still, I do not desire a hell for him. If this were the spirit of Freethought I would not be a Freethinker. No wonder helpless women are dragged to prison, and Freethought speakers assailed with coal-oil lamps. This is the Christian spirit, and we must work on until it is crushed out. So I say, All hail to the Secular Union! and bid it good speed. Let every Liberal and every Spiritualist in the land join hands and help the work along. I did not mean to say so much when I began this letter. If you knew how much more I wanted to say you would certainly excuse its length. MRS. R. H. SCHWARTZ.

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KENT, O., June 13, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Will you kindly allow me space in your paper of reform to say a word to G. E. Macdonald, the writer of the article in your issue of June 11th headed, "The Liquor Law and Sunday?" While I wish to respect his opinions, and do not expect to convert him at once into the true path of reform, I do hope to show him that, to my mind, he overlooks the true question of cause and effect. If we find a man beside the road, with visible marks of murder, we naturally try to find out who was the murderer, the cause of the same, and the manner by which it was done. If we learn that the murderer was a lunatic, the punishment is not "meted out" to the murderer, as it would be to a man of sane mind. If we learn that the murderer was a man of sound mind, who,' from whatever cause, procured a gun and shot his victim, we trace the facts to where he got the gun. If found the seller of the gun knew the buyer was in a rage or passion, or of unsound mind, and was likely to put the gun to some bad use, would not and should not he, the seller, be held as a party to the act, as he was one of the causes of the murder? If a druggist sells me the poison to poison my fellowman, knowing (or not certain of the purpose for which it is bought) that I am buying and he selling the poison for some bad use, is he not a party to the act? Does not our law compel all sellers of poisons to know as far as possible the purpose for which the poison is bought; also to put the skull and cross-bones with the word "Poison!" on the package of poison sold?

Now, let me ask one more question, and one which I think runs parallel to these already asked. If you are a seller of strong drink, selling the same, as all sellers do, for the profit there is in it, and I come to you to buy liquor in an intoxicated condition (and every seller should know when he sees a man whether he is drunk or not), and you sell me the "finishing touch" of "hell-fire" that deprives me of what little reason I had before, and in this condition I commit a dastardly crime, which would really be the more to blame, the seller who had all his faculties of mind and only sold the "devil" for the profit there was in it, or the buyer, who had not the strength of mind, urged on by a damning appetite, that he had formed in an unguarded past, to resist the temptation of "one more" drink? While I am a Liberal, and believe it the right of every man, woman, and child to take all the privileges and comforts possible, so they do not trespass on the rights or others, either directly or indirectly, I do not believe it right to allow anyone, merely for "profit," to set snares to catch the unwary, who, from lack of good sense, good bringing up, or other cause, is careless and falls a victim to the snares that may be strewn in his pathway of life. Many a kind parent's heart has been made to bleed for the actions of their child who has been led astray by a neighbor's desire to make money by selling alcohol.

As regards the using of the Sabbath for pleasure and recreation, I cay say, "So mote it be," if used in a manner becoming to good citizenship, good breeding; orderly, and to the mutual benefit of all. I believe this an age of progression, an age of advancement in the arts and sciences, in morality, in religion—in fact, in nearly everything that man has anything to do with. Superstition and bigotry are being driven from the minds of the mass of the people; the churches themselvs are dropping their old dogmas of unfounded belief; and why should not intemperance in everything be lessened and one more step be made in the ladder that marks the difference or space between man and the lower order of his kingdom, keeping uppermost in our minds that man can only stand at the head of the animal class only as he subdues his animal nature and elevates himself in the scale of knowledge and morality? I do not wish to hinder anyone from killing himself with strong drink, if he so desires and does not cause or encourage its use by others. I do not nor cannot say just how to battle with this subject of intemperance, neither do I care how the monster is destroyed so it is done to the mutual benefit of mankind. There are many things to be taken into consideration when we wish to produce a reformation in any evil that besets us. And if there is anything that can be said in favor of strong drink, as a beverage, send it along so everyone can see it. Don't use the dead languages or unknown tongues to talk to live people. While I may know a little of Latin and Greek, learned in my school-days, I do think best to talk so every one can understand it, even a child. Giv us fair play, and reform in all things. A. D. SWAN.

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DENVER, COL., June 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: It is some time since I hav noticed a communication in your columns from a citizen of Denver. Our friend Putnam's bright, vivacious, and genial mind drove his pen into writing pleasant lines of those engaged in the interests of Secularism, and many hopeful words for the local cause here. Well, Putnam can't help it, for he is as full of hope in the cause to which he is giving his energies as is a fond father to the future of his only boy. The people like Putnam, and whether he be eastward or westward bound, he leaves us in a high state of inspiration.

I hav been tempted on several occasions to drop you a few lines, when I note how difficult it appears to be for many of your readers to follow your explanation respecting your position on the Chicago Anarchist's matter. Not that I think your editorials lack clearness in statement, but from a general mental disposition, I suppose, for an interested reader to put his oar in, and assist in propelling the idea against the opposing current.

Last evening, Dr. J. L. York and wife, in company with several friends, were nicely entertained by a genial Liberal family, residing in the section of our city known as "Capitol Hill." During the evening, the editorials of THE TRUTH SEEKER, in respect to their attitude toward the Anarchists, became one of the subjects of conversation. One friend feels that you are pleading the cause of Anarchy and dynamite.

I do not know, Mr. Editor, whether further comment will be of any avail in justification of your position. I will admit that as I heard your first editorial read I shook my head and made remarks in opposition to the attitude, and thought that perhaps an undue amount of influence or sympathy, or a failure at proper discrimination, had caused the view of the matter you printed. At this time, my only source of information had been the Associated Press reports and local newspaper comments. From that day to this, just in proportion as I hav been enabled to become more familiar with the facts presented to the court at the trial of the Chicago Anarchists, has the injustice of the proceedings and the verdict become more manifest. There is not a particle of Socialism yet developed in my mental constitution. I am an individualist to the core, at the present writing. I love order, but I love liberty more than the order which comes of quiet submission to the present forms and methods of religious, social, and political orthodoxy.

I love free thought, because without it there can be no free speech, and without this latter the but partially-developed tree of liberty must wither and decay, and justice die. An answer may be deemed pertinent that expresses, "I, too, love liberty as I love the apple of my eye, and because of this love, and for the reason that I would hav the lives and property of all protected, it is better and just that these Anarchists should be hung." I most emphatically say, that if upon trial it is shown by undeniable evidence that any one or all of the Chicago Anarchists were intentionally connected with the throwing of the bomb at the Haymarket, which carried death in its train, then let the hand of justice fall upon them as upon other murderers. Do not let us assent to their being deprived of life because they are Anarchists, because they are cranks or fanatics. Let us demand that they hav trial after trial, until every judicial means at command has been exhausted in the attempt to prove them guilty of the capital crime of which they stand condemned. Beware how we sharpen the knife that may sever the head from the shoulders of some noble brother who may champion the cause of universal mental liberty, or the sister who may be doing a duty to humanity—a duty as dear to her and more demanding than life itself. Who are the fanatics? We can not name those who are to be. We can find upon the historic page what kind of people that term was applied to during the past. Darwin tells us how a thousand of them a year for two hundred years were dealt with by the Inquisition. Example after example crowds your memory, reader, extending throughout historic time. It is well for us to demand that justice shall sit supreme in every case, but especially in these cases where the dungeon door is to close on, or the gallows rope to encircle the neck of the man who utters his honest thought.

Liberty, equality, and justice viewed in the abstract embody sentiments we all profoundly revere, but how varied are our differences in their application to human relations of any specific order. We know, Mr. Editor, how difficult a task it is to dislodge mental prepossessions or prejudices. To apply the Spencerian law, as soon as the term "Chicago Anarchists" is uttered, the states of consciousness which follow are the same that hav followed upon each occasion the like sounds hav been heard, or "along the line of least resistance."

I took my seat at the "writer" to giv you a few lines in respect to our visit from Dr. York. I am glad friends in the East are to meet and hear him. He is a man of strong individuality. He has something to say to the people and he knows how to express it effectivly. He held his audience of a thousand people or more for nigh two hours last Sunday evening. None of the friends need hesitate to arrange with him to speak for them for fear he will leave them loaded with debt—that is, if they will take advice from the doctor. His extended experience in the management of lectures can be profitably employed by our societies. Of course he feels that he cannot crowd his methods upon local societies, feeling that in each community there are those residing who know the peculiarities incident to that locality. Our society had adjourned, as we all thought, for the summer, when some of the members received word of the doctor of his Eastward journey. We had been doing a fairly vigorous work during the preceding eight months, had spent all the money the friends could put into the work for this year, and it fell upon me to write to the doctor. He says the letter sent a chill all over him.

Of course, if I had anticipated such a result, I would hav couched my letter to him in different language. I wrote to him what so frequently makes up a letter to our itinerancy: "No money in the treasury." Well, the doctor was bound for Denver, as his tickets were purchased before he received my letter. We are all rejoicing now that this was the case. It is seldom that we hav been treated to such radical thought. He is a born rostrum speaker. He aims his blows straight at superstition, ghosts and all, and hammers out a well-rounded discourse. He should speak more than once wherever he is engaged. I do believe that all along the line the societies can afford to hear him. He is an American Liberal. His platform is broad enough for all who believe in the Nine Demands to stand upon. Don't think you are getting a seance speaker in the doctor. His eyes are wide open, as also his mind. As I hav said, he is a man of strong individuality, and he cannot well be compared to anyone; of much inspiration; bold, forceful, and clear in every expression. Every society engaging him will hav just cause to feel glad. The radicals will be disappointed, and so will the seance-goers. The doctor's Spiritualism is much attenuated. He does not like the Materialist to tie to a stone and throw overboard phenomena which yet are unexplained.

THOS. J. TRUSS.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## A Swarm of B's.

B prudent, B loving, B upright, B true,
B meek, and B lowly in all things you do.
B doing some good, B doing no harm,
B up 'fore the sun if you B on a farm;
Bcause to B sleeping when you should B hoeing
Btokens a man that will poorer B growing.
B out Bfore loungers if you B in trade,
B sure to B working 'till evening's soft shade.
Bware in your selling to B truly just,
B cautious in buying to B ready first.
B grateful for favors, B loving, B kind,
B studious, also, to B well refined.
B very forgiving, Bcause you would B
Bfriended and B forgiven most free.
B mild and B harmless, B true unto all,
B sure to B kind when the poor on you call.
B still and B quiet wherever you B,
B obliging, B frugal, B fair, and B free.
B what you seem, and seem to B right,
Bcause you will then B your neighbor's delight.
B kind to the sick, B a comfort to all,
B a shield to the young, to them B a wall.
B not a brawler, Bware of strong wine,
B mannerly ever, and B not as swine.
B firm in temptation, B not overcome,
B wise for yourself, B careful for some.
B careful to B all right, if you please,
Bcause if you're not you'll B stung by our B's.
B careful to *pay* for this goodly old paper,
Bcause if you don't it will B a sad caper.
B good, all ye chidren, and remember poor me,
Bhold, I'm your friend, Elisha D. B.

*Three Rivers, Mich.* E. D. BLAKEMAN.

## Our Flag Above the Cross.

MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *My Esteemed Friend:* After reading your able article entitled "Our Flag Above the Cross," I cannot refrain from writing a few lines on the subject.

Truly, the suggestions you hav made are worthy the consideration of all Freethinkers, and if followed would be a great help toward implanting in the minds of the rising generation those thoughts and ideas which alone can make them great and learned men and women.

The church cares naught for our principles of liberty and justice, and hence it is the duty of every Freethinker to work with renewed energy in order that we may keep the torch of liberty lighted to shed its glorious rays over this broad and fruitful land.

Let its rays be so strong, so bright, that it will disclose to the world those hidden treasures, those principles of justice which for hundreds of years hav been held from the gaze of humanity by the shrewdness of priest and preacher.

The age in which we liv demands expression upon all the great questions which involve the safety of our country, and if by righting the wrong, if by giving help to the needy, and making glad the hearts of the young, we offend God almighty, his beasts, and the virgin men who surround him, why, my dear reader, let it be so. Surely we, who hav stood the hatred and oppression of the priest and his followers, can bravely bear the tortures of gods and devils.

So let us join hands in this great work; let us gladden the hearts of our boys and girls on the Fourth of July, as in former days we hav done on the 25th of December, and instill into their minds a love for the principles of truth and justice; let us picture to them the glorious deeds of those who died for freedom's cause, or risked their lives on the bloody field of battle in order that we might enjoy liberty and happiness.

And as, one by one, we giv praise unto these noble men, let us head our roll of honor with the name of one whose whole life was devoted to the cause of freedom, and whose every thought was for the advancement of humanity; who, fearless alike of imprisonment and death, gave to the world that powerful document, "The Age of Reason."

For where, in the annals of history, could we find a more loyal patriot than our immortal hero, Thomas Paine?

Sincerely yours, KATIE KEHM.

*Ottumwa, Ia.*

[We cheerfully commend the above letter from a brave and fearless thinker to the attention of all, and hope that the suggestions it contains may be carried out until the nation's holiday shall become, in every sense, the great holiday and holy day of the all year, when the flag shall proudly float triumphant above the cross and all its attendant shams and myths—the Fourth of July becoming a patriotic gift-making season rivaling all other times and seasons known—the glorious deeds of its founders glowing with a fire and enthusiasm inspiring and unquenchable.—ED. C. C.]

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—PICTURE OF AN OX AND HIS DRIVER.



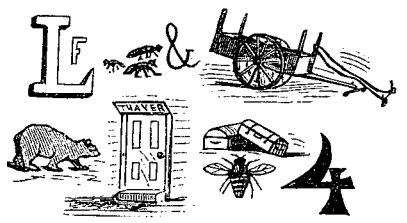
Where is the driver?

2.— M / — / D — A LETTER REBUS.

This is an "atom ultimate,"
Of which great scientists must prate.
Eternity, unbounded space,
Are much too great for me to trace.
Further and further still afar
We measure on from star to star,
And when our telescopes grow blind,
We still project the flying mind
Till, like old Noah's wearied dove,
We leave the unwinged space above.
But if the *greatness* of designs,
Baffles alike all human minds;
Repeated subdivisions show
That things may be too *small* to know.
The mountain's solid body shakes,
And into massiv boulders breaks;
And these go crashing o'er the land
Till we behold the finest sand;
And this we subdivide by arts,
Reducing still to finer parts,
Until the dust gets in our eyes,
Or, vaporized, ascends the skies;
And then we query what might be
If we could only do and see;
Then from the *infinitly small*
Back to our homes on earth we crawl.
Perhaps indeed the "ultimate"
The *primal* germs may indicate;
But, all unknown to mortal eyes,
Beyond the *knowable* it lies.
Perhaps, in cycling ages vast,
All nature into chaos past,
A new creation may arise—
A new-made earth, moon, sun, and skies;
The last analysis of time,
End in a synthesis sublime.
The philosophical disease
Infectious spreads on every breeze!
Even as I write this simple strain,
The madness rushes to my brain;
But till creation's wreck be come,
Science must sit in silence dumb—
Till the last crash of world shall burst
And show us how *the last is first.*

*Irwin, Ia.* J. K. P. BAKER.

3.—REBUS.




ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER JUNE 11, 1887.

1.–Many words darken counsel.
2.–An adder.
3.–Turn the picture from right to left, and see the faces as the picture goes round.

## Correspondence.

INGALLS, KAN., June 5, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would attempt to write a letter for the Children's Corner. I am twelve years old. Father has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for six years, and I read the Corner. Our school was out last Friday. I study reading, spelling, grammar, geography, and arithmetic. My sister Nellie and I take music lessons, and I am taking painting lessons. I think it would be nice to get up a paper of our own, and call it the *Children's Freethought Paper*, and hav the children write essays and letters, and hav a nice picture on one side of a leaf to draw from. I got a nice album on the Christmas-tree, and would like to hav your picture to put in it. Please send me "Little Lessons for Little Folks." Yours truly,

JESSIE BUTTERFIELD.

ONTARIO, CAL., June 9, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am going to write you a few lines. Papa says he wants me to write to you, so I will begin. I hav started to write a great many times, but hav never finished my letter. Papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and we like it very much. I almost always read the letters in the Children's Corner, and the pieces. I like the pictures. Papa went to Los Angeles to hear Mr. Putnam lecture, and he liked his lectures. But he has been sick ever since. I am ten years old, and read in the Third Reader. I study geography, reading, spelling, grammar, and arithmetic. I hav writing and drawing every other day. I am going into the Fourth Reader next term.

Hoping my letter will be printed, I will close. Your little Freethinker friend,

MAY AUGUSTA JOHNS.

LINKVILLE, OR., June 4, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I will try to write to you and tell you about Linkville. My father keeps a hotel and a store. A gentleman friend of ours is taking THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I like to read the Children's Corner and look at the pictures. I am a little girl nine years of age. Yours truly,

GENEVIEVE JENNIE SMITH.

THREE RIVERS, MICH., June 6, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav been a subscriber and devoted reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER from its first output in Paris, Ill. I was pleased when the Children's Corner was introduced as a part and parcel of the paper's contents. Inclosed find a little poem entitled "A Swarm of B's," which may meet your approval; if so, please accept it as a small donation to the Corner you edit, and may you liv long to conduct the same wisely and splendidly, as you hav done heretofore, is the best wish of your friend,

E. D. BLAKEMAN,

Author of 200 Riddles (published by the Truth Seeker Company), from which I would like to hav a few transferred to the Children's Corner. I hav written a poem on "Beautiful Flowers." Would you like it?

[We thank our good friend for his excellent contribution, and for his kind wishes. If the "Beautiful Flowers" are as fine in quality as the beautiful B's, and no doubt they are, we would be pleased to hav them adorn the Corner, and may the author of them "liv long and prosper."—ED. C. C.]

CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

KATIE K.—We heartily indorse all your ideas as expressed.

DAGMAR M.—Please let us know your opinion of A in L when convenient.

ANGELO.—Yes, we are friendly to S. P. P., and believe he is doing brave campaign work. He has remarkable genius, and great versatility.

W. E. B.—No, there is no need to worry about how to die. Learn to liv well and properly, and you can die well enough when you've nothing else to do.

T. S. Co.—Many thanks for note paper and envelopes—"The flag above the cross" motto. It is pretty in design, and should be in general use by Liberal-minded people.

BERTIE.—We think Sam Newton must be in Havana, Cuba, but we hav had no tidings from him in a long time. The forgetfulness you mention is probably only in seeming and not in being.

ANNA C.—Don't worry about such matters. Keep cool and be calm. All will come out right, and nobody and no cause will be dishonored or disgraced by any such transactions as you name.

BEN AND BILL.—Certainly, we welcome boys the same as girls to the Corner. What made you think we did not like boys? We suppose they do not like to write letters as well as girls, is the reason we do not receive more of them.

## Juvenil.

Children rarely comprehend the idea that providence watches over all they do, and seldom appreciate the fact so often taught them, in different ways, that what seems to them impossible is possible with the alleged disposer of all events.

An illustration of this came to our knowledge the other day, which we think is good enough to go into print.

A little boy about five years of age was sent to the grocery store at the corner on some trifling errand, and while there his bright eyes lighted upon a barrel of pippins exposed temptingly to view just outside the door. In going out, it appears he took one, and returned to his mother munching it.

"Where did you get that nice apple, Willie?" inquired his mother.

"Dot it at the docery," replied Willie.

"Did the man giv it to you?"

"No; I took it."

"Why, Willie, that was naughty! You should not take apples or anything else without permission."

"But nobody saw me."

"Oh, yes, Willie, there was one who saw you."

"Who?"

"Why, God saw you."

Willie stopped a moment to consider, and then with a good deal of satisfaction expressed in his face, replied:

"No, he didn't, ma. *There was an awning over the store!*"—*Ex.*

## Let Children Go Barefooted.

Children who are allowed to go barefooted enjoy almost perfect immunity from the danger of "cold" by accidental chilling of the feet, and they are much healthier and happier than those who, in obedience to the usages of social life, hav their lower extremities permanently invalided, and, so to say, carefully swathed and put away in rigid cases. As regards the poorer classes of children, there can be no sort of doubt in the mind of any one that it is incomparably better that they should go barefooted than wear boots that let in the wet, and stockings that are nearly always damp and foul. If every one could go barefooted during the warm weather, it would be much better for the feet; corns would disappear, cramped toes straighten out and grow to a natural size, and the foot also would become more beautiful and healthy.—*Herald of Health.*

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Giv us, good Lord, the germ of truth
To light the mind of man,
That Age, in clasping hands with Youth,
Its own defect may scan.

Giv us a church without a creed,
Nor compassed round about
With windows stained, and self, and greed,
And all the poor left out;

A church that sets to thought no bound,
No muzzle on the lips,
Where hypocrits are never found,
Nor rum upon its ships.

Giv us no laws that bind and curse
Pale Science with her star,
That make a gray-haired woman worse
Than foulest felons are.

Giv us no jails that crowd and look
To see the martyrs come,
When just a new thought in a book
Has struck the bigots dumb.

Giv us no governmental spies
That hire folks to sin,
And tell ten thousand pious lies
To take the people in.

Giv us no base informers, please,
Who claim one-half the fines,
For craven creatures like to these
Hav skulked within the lines.

Giv us no rich monopolist
With bonds well salted down,
While famin drives, with bony fist,
Sad wretches in the town.

Giv us a flag, red, white, and blue
(A phantom heretofore),
Whose morning dream may yet be true,
To guard the weak and poor.

Giv us the judge who gilds no crime,
Though one be rich and strong
To cross his palm with silver's chime,
And stifle right with wrong.

Giv us the freedom that shall reach
And overlook the earth,
When liberty is more than speech,
And equity has birth.

Giv us the law that takes the thief
Of many things or few,
Nor claims the farmer's hard-earned sheaf,
As untaxed millions do.

Giv us a shield for every press—
That boast of years gone by—
And giv, oh, giv some swift redress
When legislators lie.

Giv us a mighty chieftain, Lord,
The monarch who is man,
Take from the wall our father's sword
For Labor's rising clan.

Giv us true laws, a priceless boon
To every sex and race,
When liberty unveils at noon
The new birth of her face.

Giv us the free light of the pen,
A sweeter pen than mine,
Where souls of women grand, and men,
Through centuries shall shine.

*Frenchtown, Neb.* MARY BAIRD-FINCH.

## The Proper Date for Excommunicating Folks.

*From Henry George's Standard.*

The weeks are passing, and since Dr. McGlynn as yet makes no sign of going to Rome, the forty days of the summons of which the archbishop's secretary has informed the press will soon be up, and it will be the privilege of "his grace" to place by name on this "subject," who insists on acting like a citizen, the major excommunication. This, once vulgarly known as excommunication by bell, book, and candle, is what might be termed in vulgar speech of the present day the "big boycott." Once the boldest might well hav quailed before it, for, though in Italy it never amounted to very much, and Italian barons would sometimes make a papal legate eat a bull of excommunication—parchment, wax, lead seals, and ribbons—in parts of Europe farther removed from the holy see it struck like the whitening of leprosy, shutting off its victim from intercourse with his kind. Even if its operation had not been somewhat modified in more recent times, it could, of course, hav no such effect in this country. But it would still be, from its historical associations, a very imposing ceremony, and it is to be hoped that if Archbishop Corrigan does it at all, he will do it in public. For not only would many of our "best society"—Protestant even more than Catholic—enjoy it immensely, but the newspapers would all print full reports. And, if he will pardon the suggestion, the most appropriate day for the archbishop to excommunicate Dr. McGlynn would be the 22d of June, which this year comes on Wednesday. To be sure, the forty days, which, through his secretary, Archbishop Corrigan has informed the public are given to Dr. McGlynn to present himself fore Cardinal Simeoni, will not then hav quite expired, but still, if Dr. McGlynn does not sail for Rome before the 22d, it will be physically impossible for him to get there within the forty days, and the archbishop may safely proceed with the excommunication. The 22d of June is, indeed, of all the days in the year, so eminently appropriate for such a purpose, that if, through any misgivings, the archbishop feels compelled to deny himself the pleasure of excommunicating Dr. McGlynn on the 22d of June instant, he ought to wait until another 22d of June comes around.

For on the 22d of June, 1633, in a hall in the palace of the sacred congregation of the Inquisition, before the scarlet-robed cardinals of the holy office, among whom sat one of Archbishop Corrigan's favorit authorities, the Jesuit Bellarmine, there knelt a trembling old man of seventy, weakened by long imprisonment, and, as some say, by the torture of the rack. However this may be, sore indeed must hav been the anguish, whether of mind or body, which that venerable old man must hav undergone before he could hav been bent to take the part he did in the tragedy there enacted.

For then and there kneeling, with his open hand on the holy gospels, the old man on oath denied what in his inmost heart he knew to be God's truth, and denied and cursed the revelation that the heavens had made to him.

The exact words that he repeated, as they were entered on the records of the holy office, were these:

Solem esse in centro mundi et immobilem motu locati propositio absurda, et falsa in philosophia, et formaliter haeretica, quia est expresse contraria sacrae scripturae.

Terram non esse centram mundi, nec immobilem, sed moveri motu etiam diurno, est etiam propositio absurda et falsa in philosophia, et theologice considerata, ad minus, erronea in fide.

Corde sincero et fide non ficta, abjuro, maledico, et detesto supradictos errores et haereses.

Which, being translated into English, is:

That the sun is the center of the universe, and immovable by local motion, is an absurd proposition, false in philosophy, and formally heretical; because it is expressly contrary to sacred scripture!

That the earth is not the center of the universe nor immovable, but is moved even by a diurnal motion, is also an absurd proposition, false in philosophy, and theologically considered, at least, erroneous in faith.

With a sincere heart and unfeigned faith I abjure, curse, and detest the above-mentioned errors and heresies.

Thus two centuries and a half ago was Galileo compelled to deny on oath that the earth moves round the sun—a truth he saw as clearly as Dr. McGlynn now sees a truth that in the social sphere is as grand and inspiring, and that to the lives of men is far more important.

But the world still moved.

## Books.

Friends, I hav need of many copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER for distribution among friends. All who do not care to preserve them will please mail any of the copies from May 14th to July 31st.

I will send "The Darwins," 50 cents; my photograph, 3 cents; "Studying the Bible," 75 cents; "John's Way," 15 cents; "The Infidel School-teacher," 20 cents; "Little Lessons," 40 cents, or "The Clergyman's Victims," 25 cents, according to the number of papers sent, if senders want them and will so order. I need them, and just now cannot send money for extra copies. Please send at once. Address E. D. Slenker, Snowville, Pulaski county, Va.

"The Jewish Life of Christ, being the Sepher Toldoth Jeshu or Book of the Generation of Jesus, translated from the Hebrew, edited (with an historical preface and voluminous notes) by G. W. Foote and J. M. Wheeler;" 48 pages. Price sixpence. London: Progressive Publishing Company, 1887, second edition, is a reprint of THE TRUTH SEEKER'S "Sepher Toldoth Jeshu," by "Scholasticus" alias "Antichrist," and the editors hav made good use of "Antichrist's" notes and comments. This is all right, and we are glad to know that so useful a work has been reprinted in England. It seems that after the republication was announced in England it was discovered that in 1823 a complete translation of the "Toldoth Jeshu" was made by a Jew and published by Richard Carlile. But there was no copy of it to be found in the British Museum. And the translation of 1823 was objectionable on account of its close adherence to the original in that part relating to the amours of Joseph Pandera and the Virgin Mary, which "Scholasticus" veiled in Latin. Otherwise he might hav been numbered among the martyrs to obscenity whose names will be inscribed on the crown of Comstock in the kingdom of heaven.

## Why No Scotchmen Go to Heaven.

Years ago, in times so remote that history does not fix the epoch, a dreadful war was waged by the king of Scotland. Scottish valor prevailed, and the king of Scotland, elated by his success, sent for his prime minister, Lord Alexander.

"Weel, Sandy," said he, "is there ne'er a king we canna conquer noo?"

"An' it please your majesty, I ken o' a king that your majesty canna vanquish."

"An' who is he, Sandy?"

The minister, reverently looking up, said, "The king o' heaven."

"The king o' whaur, Sandy?"

"The king o' heaven."

The Scottish king did not understand, but was unwilling to exhibit any ignorance.

"Just gang your ways, Sandy, an' tell king o' heaven to gi'e up his dominions, or I'll come mysel' and ding him oot o' them; an' mind, Sandy, ye dinna come back tae us until ye hae dane oor biddin'."

Lord Alexander retired much perplexed, but met a priest, and, reassured, returned and presented himself.

"Weel, Sandy," said the king, "hae you seen the king o' heaven, an' what says he tae oor biddin'?"

"An' it please your majesty, I hae seen ane o' his accredited ministers."

"Weel, an' what says he?"

"He says your majesty may e'en hae his kingdom for the askin' o' it."

"Was he sae civil?" said the king, warming to magnanimity. "Just gang your ways back, Sandy, an' tell the king o' heaven that for his civility the de'il a Scotchman shall set foot in his kingdom."—*Chambers's Journal.*

## Working Off a Farm Under Pulpit Influence.

"Your price is too high," said an Eastern speculator, as he rode over the farm of a Dakota man living near Fargo. "I can't pay $5,000 for such land as this."

"It's worth it, though," replied the owner.

"Why, look here; it's all low, flat land."

"Yes."

"Covered with water half the year."

"Yes, just about."

"The soil is heavy and cold."

"Yes, middling heavy and cold."

"Then how do you make out that it's worth $5,000?"

"My friend, do you see that hole over there back of the barn?"

"Yes, digging a well, I should judge."

"Supposed to be, but it has a deeper meaning than that. That hole is down sixty feet, and I hav two dead dogs in the bottom."

"Well, what's the scheme?"

"Why, you buy the land for $5,000, dogs begin to smell good and strong in about a week, expert sniffs around and pronounces it natural gas, Fargo papers full of it, farm sold for $25,000 inside of two days, clear profit of $20,000! See it?"

"Ye-es, the plan appears feasible, but why don't you work it yourself?"

"Me? Why, you see, I'm a minister, and the people in my church are getting so very particular that I don't want to try it. But I'll let you hav the place at those low figures and preach a powerful sermon the next day after the expert is here, and point out the fact that natural gas in the Red River Valley is prophesied about away back in Deuteronomy."—*Dakota Bell.*


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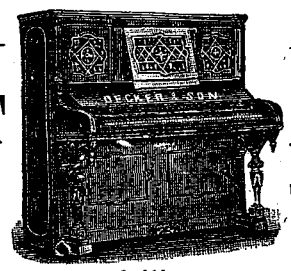
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## News of the Week.

Services of "song and praise" were held in a number of Episcopal churches in this city on the 19th in honor of the queen's jubilee. The London police report the discovery of plots to blow up that city with dynamite during the week.

Mr. Blaine, of Maine, is in England.

An Episcopal church worth $30,000 was burnt at Dorchester, Mass., last week.

The Massachusetts legislature has rejected the proposed Prohibition amendment.

Emperor William, of Germany, is better of his influenza. The crown prince's throat trouble, the doctors say, may not be cancer.

President Cleveland ordered all Confederate battle flags captured in the late war to be returned to the states whence they originally came. The order raised great indignation in the Grand Army and was rescinded.

A boy playing baseball at Reidsville, N. C., had the misfortune to hit the Rev. George Pittard in the face. He went forward to apologize, and the minister knocked him down and stamped upon him, inflicting injuries from which he died. Pittard has disappeared.

The Farmers' Institute of South Renfrew, Ont., has passed resolutions in favor of free trade with the United States, and pledging the institute to do its utmost to carry such policy to a successful issue.

A mob attacked the Salvation Army at Quebec last Sunday, and pelted them with stones. One young woman is fatally injured.

The attendance at the Anti-Poverty meeting last Sunday evening crowded the Academy of Music, and the overflow filled Irving Hall. George and McGlynn addressed both audiences.

Some of the striking silversmiths are going back to work. They are allowed to take their old positions without agreeing to forsake their labor organizations, and so they regard the strike as a victory.

A man named Straumbach, of Salem, Ill., says he killed the unknown girl found murdered in Rahway, N. J., last April. It is believed that the confession is made by Straumbach, who is a musical tramp, in order that he may get a free passage East.

Mrs. Peter Eirich, whose husband, the Rev. Peter Eirich, is suing for divorce, says the reason she left the reverend gentleman is because he wanted to handle all her money, of which she possessed a considerable amount, and to obtain control of which, Mrs. Eirich fears, her husband was induced to marry her. She also alleges brutal treatment which made her life with him miserable.

There is an unprecedented exodus from this city on Sundays. The closing of the beer saloons and gardens does away also with the trade in "soft drinks" like soda and lemonade by closing the places where they are usually obtained. Hence, whether the citizen wants beer or lemonade, his best chance of quenching his thirst is outside the city limits. However, if he chooses to sneak in at a back door like a thief he can get liquor in New York even on Sunday.

From 10,000 to 15,000 persons paraded last Saturday night at the McGlynn demonstration. There were numberless bands and fife and drum corps, and banners and mottoes expressing the sentiments of the participants. One motto which might reasonably hav been expected to appear numerously was conspicuous for its absence, namely, "To hell with the pope." This omission entails a heavy responsibility upon somebody. In popular demonstrations the sentiments of the majority should not be veiled.


## THE ORDER OF CREATION.

*A Discussion Between*
**Gladstone, Huxley, Muller, Linton, Reville.**
On the Conflict between Genesis and Geology.

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III. Postscript to Solar Myths. By Prof. Max Muller.
IV. Proem to Genesis: A Plea for a Fair Trial. By Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
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## Gems of Thought.

The greatest gain we can make is knowledge. This will help us to cause the world to grow better more than all other agencies we can employ.—*D. M. Bennett.*

The Augæan stables of the world—the accumulated uncleanness and misery of centuries—require a mighty river to cleanse them thoroughly away. Every drop we contribute aids to swell that river and augment its force into a degree appreciable by God, though not by man; and he whose zeal is deep and earnest will not be over-anxious that his individual drop should be distinguishable amid the mighty mass of cleansing and fertilizing waters, far less that, for the sake of distinction, it should flow in ineffectiv singleness away. He will not be careful that his name should be inscribed upon the mite which he casts into the treasury of God. It should suffice each of us to know that, if we hav labored, with purity of purpose in any good cause, we must hav contributed to its success; that the degree in which we hav contributed is a matter of infinitly small concern; and still more, that the consciousness of having so contributed, however obscurely and unnoticed, should be our sufficient, if our sole, reward. Let us cherish this faith, it is a duty. He who sows and reaps is a good laborer, and worthy of his hire. But he who sows what shall be reaped by others who know not and seek not of the sower, is a laborer of a nobler order, and worthy of a loftier guerdon.—*Greg's Creed of Christendom.*

"Your last day must be a ruthless kind of spiritual butchery," said Richard, "if a poor soul is punished for not having learned, when in the body, what farms belonging to her were let, and for how much and to whom. How you Christians can imagin such a divine being as he whom you worship I cannot conceive. Your God of love is more cruel than Moloch; your divine reason more insensate than Juggernaut."—*Mrs. Linton's Under Which Lord.*




SARAH GIVETH UP THE GHOST.

And Sarah died in Kirjath-arba; the same is Hebron in the land of Canaan: and Abraham came to mourn for Sarah, and to weep for her.—xxiii, 2.

## Odds and Ends.

A friend of ours calls a pretty little schoolm'am up town, "Experience," because she is such a dear teacher.

In a Hebrew school: "What crime did Joseph's brothers commit in selling him?" All the pupils in chorus: "They sold him too cheap."

From an old bachelor's album: "It's too soon to marry when one is young, and too late when one is old. The interval may profitably be devoted to reflection."

The average baseball player gets $2,000. The average minister $500. The average baseball audience is two thousand; the average congregation five hundred.

A country editor says: "An interesting article entitled: 'The Soul After Death, and What Becomes of It,' is crowded out this week to make room for more important matter."

A Lowell minister preached last Sunday on "Why do the Wicked Liv?" We don't know surely why they do, but we might suggest mildly that if the wicked didn't liv it would be a cold day for the ministers.

There is a summer hotel in New Hampshire called the Quoquinnapasskessananaguog House. The name runs twice around the building and then away out into the woods, where it is used as a trail by fishing parties.

W. H. Doane, of Cincinnati, makes $20,000 a year writing hymns. Rider Haggard and his parodists don't make this much in a lifetime by writing "Hes," "Shes," and "Its." This shows that it pays to be religious.

While some Baptist ministers were immersing a convert at Lake Kampeska, Ia., they allege that they saw a sea serpent swimming with its head and twelve feet of its body standing above the water. When ministers begin to see such snakes as that, it is no wonder that Ohio voted for prohibition.

While Jay Gould was traveling on the Wabash system he stopped over for dinner at a little town in southern Illinois. The party ate some eggs, among other things, and when the bill was presented to Gould it contained the item, "One dozen eggs, $1.80." The great railroad magnate remarked that eggs must be at a premium in that section, to which the restaurant-keeper replied, "No, sir; eggs are plenty enough; but Jay Goulds are mighty scarce."

That is a good story they are now telling at the expense of the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, of Boston. This is the way it runs: The genial autocrat was fishing one day in the yacht of a well-known character of East Gloucester, named Captain Cook, who follows the sea for a livelihood. In conversation, Captain Cook informed Dr. Holmes that the last fisherman who had hired his boat was Dr. Brooks. "He was very pleasant company," Captain Cook was kind enough to say, "but he swore a good deal for a clergyman." "He did what?" inquired Dr. Holmes, aghast. "He swore," stoutly reiterated Captain Cook. "Oh, nonsense, I don't believe it," said the doctor. "Well, what do you call this?" inquired the old fisherman: "He got a haddock on his hook, and he had a great deal of trouble to get it near the boat. At last he landed him, and I said, said I: 'Well, for a haddock, that fish pulled d—n hard.' 'Yes, he did,' said Dr. Brooks. Now, what's that but swearing?"

"How is the work progressing in Dakota?" asked a Boston minister of a good brother who livs in Dakota at the Baptist anniversaries the other day. "Well, I am getting along pretty well, but still it's rather discouraging," replied the Dakota man with an air of despondency. "Isn't there any religious interest out there? Can't you awaken it? Or won't they come to church?" "No, it isn't that. The first week I went there I had big congregations. One day there were one hundred and fifty down on their knees weeping and praying. A man came in and said there were two detectivs coming down the road, and every blessed person got up and skipped."

### EVER NEW AND FAIR TO SIGHT.

"Oh, the drums were heard and the picolo note, as the circus up town paraded, and the shorn-off mule and the whiskered goat, and the elephant umber-shaded. I followed it calmly at early morn, my work and my labors spurning, and I harked to the sound of a rusty horn with a wild and unhallowed yearning. Few and short were the tunes they played, and they paused not at all to monkey, so I slowly followed the route they made at the heels of the lop-eared donkey. I bought up a seat at the show that night, and looked at the limber woman, who tied herself in a knot so tight she seemed more like hemp than human. And I eagerly looked at the wondrous bloke who swallowed some cotton blazing, and blew from his nostrils a cloud of smoke, till I thought he was sheol raising. And I watched the clown as he ran and rolled, and stood in a dozen poses, and worked off a string of jokes so old, they came from the time of Moses."

"Where can I buy a pair of cuffs?" inquired a late riser of an Austin hotel proprietor one Sunday morning. "Don't believe you can buy them anywhere," replied the hotel man, "clothing stores are all closed up until four o'clock in the evening." "Well, where can I get a cocktail? I am as dry as a puff-ball." "Can't. Saloons are all closed until after four o'clock." "I suppose I can get a glass of sweet cider at some corner grocery, can't I?" "Not much; groceries are all closed up until after four o'clock." "Are, eh? Then I guess I'll hav to go down to some drug store and get a glass of plain soda." "Can't do that, either. Drug stores are not allowed to sell soda until after four o'clock." The man moved mournfully over to the water-cooler, and had about half filled a tumbler, when a policeman in front of the hotel commenced shooting at a suspicious-looking dog. The hotel guest dropped the glass, jumped about fourteen feet, and running behind the office desk shouted: "Don't shoot again cap.! I won't touch a drop of your darned old ice-water until after four o'clock. If you think it is too rich for my blood, I'll practice self-denial and spit cotton until sundown."


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### JUST AWAY.

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just away!

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you, oh, you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return,

Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of there as the love of here;

And loyal still, as he gave the blows
Of his warrior strength to his country's foes;

Mild and gentle as he was brave—
When the sweetest love of his life he gave

To simple things. Where the violets grew
Pure as the eyes they were likened to.

The touches of his hands hav stayed
As reverently as his lips hav prayed.

When the little brown thrush that harshly chirred
Was dear to him as the mocking bird;

And he pitied as much as a man in pain
A writhing honey bee wet with rain.

Think of him still as the same, I say,
He is not dead, he is just away!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Protestant, as well as Catholic, Christianity discourages investigation and love of truth, by instilling into the mind unmanly fears respecting the consequences of coming to conclusions in conflict with accepted dogmas. How can a man, educated to believe a system that forbids doubting—the beginning of all wisdom—regarding its truth, make an impartial examination of its claims, or the claims of other systems opposed to it, or investigate without fear or favor questions that are related to it?—*Underwood's Lectures and Essays.*

In this austere solitude [the hermitage to which Peter had withdrawn] his body was emaciated; his fancy was inflamed; whatever he wished he believed; whatever he believed he saw in dreams and revelations. . . Such is credulity that miracles, most doubtful in the spot and at the moment, will be received with implicit faith at a convenient distance of time and space.—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

Advancing years brought no diminution of Hume's gayety of spirit, nor did even the approach of death overshadow that cheerful serenity for which he had all his life been remarkable. There are those who hav thought it strange that the end should come thus to a man of David Hume's opinions. A more dismal closing would hav been in better keeping, they think, with such a career. But timidity or fortitude, in the face of the inevitable, is but a poor test of the truth of a man's belief.—*Principal Caird, D.D.*

The weak thing, weaker than a child, becomes strong one day if it be a true thing—*Carlyle.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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## Notes and Clippings.

THE New York Episcopalians are having some difficulty in finding a suitable site for their proposed $6,000,000 cathedral. The committee report that as soon as they look at a site the owner of it sends the price up.

THE Swedes of Chicago are going to erect in Lincoln park a $50,000 monument to Linnæus, the famous botanist. The monument will be the finest in Chicago, and is to be a *fac simile* of the Linnæus statue at Stockholm.

MRS. LUCY BARBER voted at Angelica, N. Y., last fall. The federal authorities refused to prosecute and dismissed the complaint, and the grand jury has refused to indict her. The State Committee of the Woman Suffrage party interfered for her.

THE Rev. Sam Jones curls his evangelical lip at the business thrift of the great West. He says that the St. Paul Christians will not be in heaven twenty-four hours without having a real estate sign out and claiming the agency for all the best corner lots in the Celestial City.

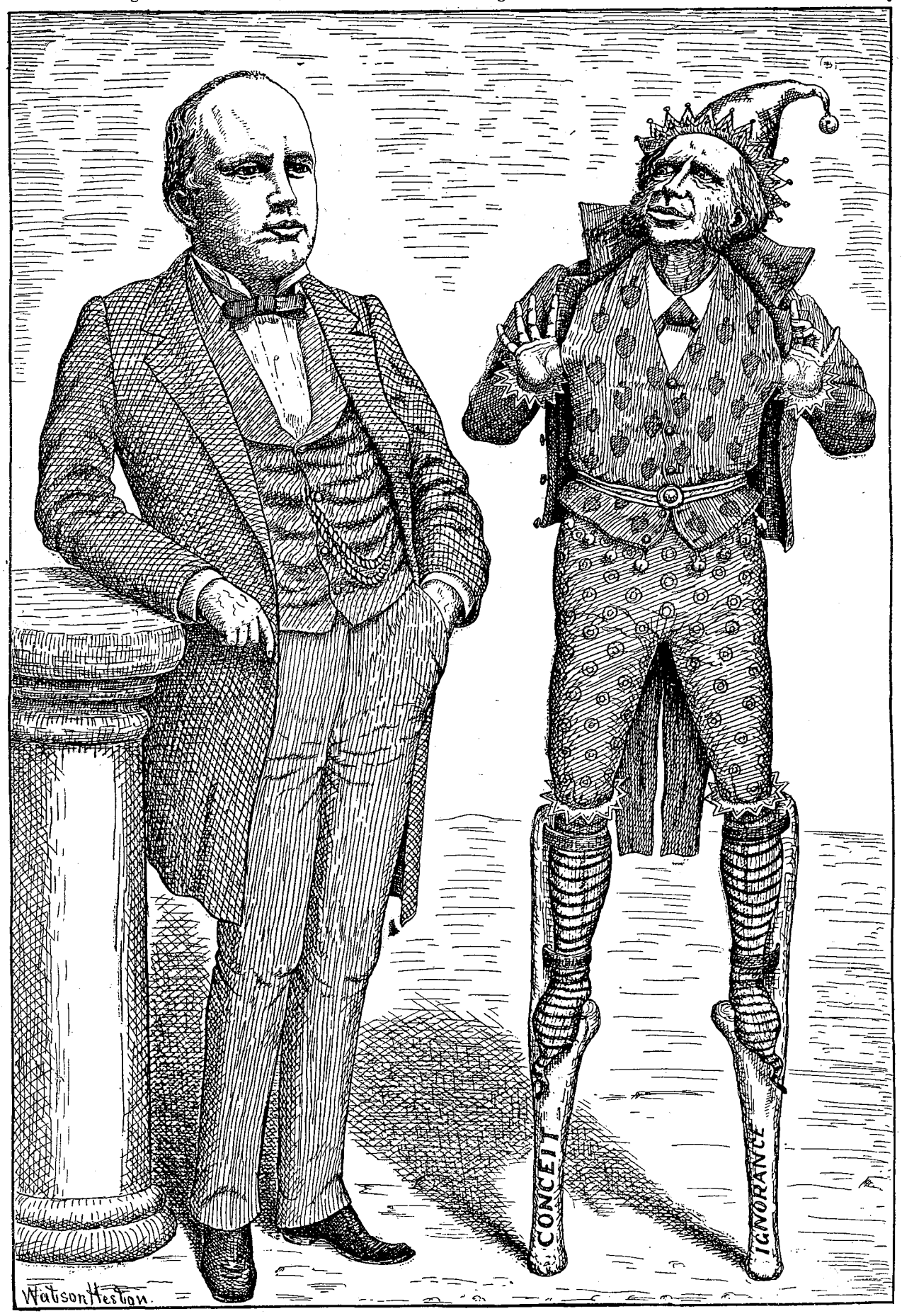
THE Shelbyville, Ind., Baptist church was burnt recently, and a man named Calee is under arrest for lighting it. He confesses and makes affidavit that the pastor, the Rev. Wm. Snapp, bribed him to commit the act. Some of the congregation charge Mr. Snapp with ministerial conduct toward a young woman of his flock.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN addressed the students of the Manhattan College at their annual examination exercises. He said regarding the labor question that it was a momentous problem, but urged the students to remember that "the Catholic church has in her keeping the unraveling of this as of all other secrets." And probably there were some people present stupid enough to believe that the archbishop told the truth.

A CITIZEN of Albany and his wife, wearied by the prosiness and long sermons of the pastor of the church that they attended, decided to change their place of worship. So on a recent Sunday they attended a neighboring church to see how they would like it. Hardly were they seated when their pastor entered the pulpit. He had exchanged pulpits for that service, and that morning preached an unusually long sermon. At the close of the service he met his two parishioners and thanked them very heartily for feeling such an interest in his preaching as to follow him to a strange church.

JEFFERSON DAVIS has written a letter in which he says that the ordering of the Confederate flags to be returned to their original states is without precedent in military history. He thinks the flags belong to the states whose soldiers captured them, and that the general government has no voice in the matter.

THE *Jornal de Comercio* of Rio Janeiro says that on a farm in Brazil where hemp is grown seven large monkeys hav been taught to cut the hemp and prepare it for sale. They work more quietly than the negroes, and the cost of feeding the animals is trifling.




THE MAN AND THE MOUNTEBANK.

How Brass raises itself to the level of Brains.

THE London *Saturday Review* sums up the Dr. McGlynn excitement in this city as follows:

Divil a man or a pope that can frighten um;
No! and when Lao was afther invitin' um
Over to Rome, he'd hav gone to enlighten um,
Freely, but not to be laid on the shelf.
Yes; I will venture to giv ye me word
Never the likes of his logic was heard.
Archbishop Corrigan
Wished him in Oregon;
Sure he'd, begorra! gone
Better himself.

DURING the eleven months ending May 31st 417,860 immigrants landed at the different ports of the United States, an increase of 133,608 over the same period last year. This comprises about 98 per cent of the entire immigration, as it does not include arrivals from Canada and Mexico. Over 94,000 came from Germany, and nearly 60,000 from Ireland. During the month of May the immigration reached 83,664, an increase of 28,431 over May, 1886.

A PIOUS man named John Tobin knelt down in Broadway one day last week, and offered up a prayer. A police officer listened to him until he was heard to ask God to "save New York from the politicians," and then arrested him. The judge held with the officer that anyone who would make so unreasonable a prayer must of necessity be insane, and Mr. Tobin was locked up as a lunatic.

ST. ALBERTUS Polish church, in Detroit, Mich., has been closed since Dec. 3, 1885, on account of a desperate war between two factions of the congregation. Services were held there last Friday afternoon for the first time by one faction, under the protection of sixty policemen. The other faction surrounded the church, some four hundred strong, and threatened violence. The former faction, which numbers two thousand persons, finally entered the church in a body and held services.

THREE judges hav reversed the decision of Judge Laurence and of New York's corporation counsel, who held that hotel men may not serve wine to their guests with meals on Sunday. Liquor will therefore continue to be sold as usual. Yet anyone who reads the law would say that Judge Laurence and the corporation counsel were right. The law distinctly says that no liquors shall be sold or given away on Sunday, and the very license which permits the selling of liquor on other days of the week contains the words "except on Sunday" in prominent characters. Instead of being reconstrued, the law ought to be repealed or made alike for all days.

BUFFALO BILL, otherwise Gen. W. F. Cody, is attracting great attention with his Wild West show in London. He gave a private entertainment to royalty the other day, which not only pleased his visitors, but gained for himself an advertisment which no money could pay for. He had for his audience the king of Denmark, the king of Greece, the king of Saxony, and the king of the Belgians, besides the prince and the princess of Wales, and a dozen other princes and princesses, all of whom regarded the occasion as a royal lark, and were much entertained. Buffalo Bill remarked during the proceedings that he had often held four kings, but had never before run against such a royal flush. This joke was duly explained by the Prince of Wales to the crowned heads, who were ignorant of the great American game of poker. Mr. Cody is realizing the promis of the psalmist that the "diligent in business shall stand before kings."

# Communications.

## Tales Told Out of School.

THE REV. DR. JONES ON SPIRITUALISM.—CONTINUED.

At this point, seeing that the lady clerk was well versed in Spiritualistic lore, I said: "My dear madam, you will take no offense, I hope, if I ask you what are the Spiritualists' views concerning love and marriage. In my section of country, they are generally believed to be Freelovers." To which she replied: "You will admit that the press of a country indicates pretty clearly the advance made by society from barbarism to civilization. In these days such is the rivalry between journals, and the desire of each to get the advantage of the other in giving the public the latest and most substantial news, that a new order of men has arisen, called 'Reporters,' whose function is to picture the times as they are—to hold, like the stage, the mirror up to nature; to show Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure. The results of these men's labors, published in the daily and weekly papers, are so disgusting in the narrativs they furnish of vice and crime among the higher, as well as the lower, classes of society, that one would be moved to vote for suppressing the license of the press, or establishing at least an *index expurgatorius*, were it not for the fact that it informs parents of the kind of world into which their children hav been born, and where they must perform their parts of honor or of shame. They see that life is an Indian gantlet, which everyone is bound to run, and through which very few escape without a wound, and most of them never reach the end of the file, but fall dead under the relentless tomahawks of the savages. We inherit the vices of our remote ancestors—the vices of childhood, of youth, of mature life, and of old age. Into these we fall by reason of sheer ignorance how to avoid them. But far better than any Bible or any religion, we hav in these latter days a revelation made to us in the science of physiology, which teaches us how our bodies are constructed, how personal vices saw through the nerves of life, shortening our days and making us miserable and degraded while they last. Now, we Spiritualists hav dethroned the old Jehovah of the Jews and Christians, and hav installed science in his place. To arm our children for the dangerous conflict before them in life, as soon as they are able to comprehend a process of reasoning, we put into their hands treatises on physiology, so that they may see clearly the two paths which open before them—the path of virtue, which leads to honor, to self-respect, to health, and to a long and happy life on the one hand; and on the other, the path of vice, which leads to dishonor, to sickness, and premature death and damnation.

"Now, if you hav been an attentiv observer of human events, you will hav seen that among the divorce cases, the *crim. con.* cases, the elopement cases, the suicides, murders, and other vagaries growing out of the love instinct, which are reported in the newspapers all over the land, no Spiritualists figure. Remember that, according to Catholic statisticians, we number ten millions. Examin the police courts, and the reports of all the penitentiaries in the land, and you will be struck with the fact that no Spiritualists or Infidels are found among the criminals who hav forfeited their liberty by their crimes. The reason is that these two classes of people, better than any other, understand the laws of life and health, and obey them. They know from their study of practical physiology that personal vices, and especially those which are sexual, revenge themselvs upon those who commit them; and that if they wish to enjoy life, and fulfil their mission here, they must find out the secret of ruling themselvs, instead of being ruled by their vices. Modern Spiritualism is not yet forty years old, and yet if you would attend our meetings and look round at the old men who in part compose them, you would be impressed by their hale and healthy look. As old Adam said to Orlando in the play, our old men could say to you, if you asked them the cause of their youthful looks:

> Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty;
> For in my youth I never did apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
> Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
> The means of weakness and debility.
> Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
> Frosty, but kindly.

"I do not say it boastingly, but because there is a profound philosophy in the fact, which all the church people ought to study, that no class of persons are so chaste in their love relations as the Spiritualists, if we may judge of the condition of society by the press. Here and there, now and then, there may be—though I hav heard of none—a divorce between married people, who find out that they are mismated, and feel that it would be a crime against true marriage and humanity to bring children into the world under the curse of inharmonious relations between the parents; but such are as rare as angel's visits. Marriage, like the old Jewish Sabbath, was made for man—not man for marriage. The church reverses the rule, the Catholics making it a sacrament, and existing only by the authority and for the good of the church; the Protestants making it a divine ordinance. But France, England, and the United States all make it a mere civil contract, but with this anomalous feature in its character, that whereas it is of the essence of a civil contract that the parties to it may dissolve it for reasons satisfactory to themselvs, in the civil contract of marriage the parties cannot do so. I firmly believe in the conservativ influence of liberty, intellectual, personal, and political. You may feel shocked at my saying it, but after much observation and reflection I am inclined to think that the abolition of the marriage oath, and allowing men and women to manage their love matters to suit themselvs, under the strict meaning of the law that marriage is a civil contract alone, there would be much greater permanence in the relation, and vastly fewer divorces. When married persons quarrel, and feel that they are bound together with an iron chain which they cannot sever, the consciousness that they are in bonds aggravates the evil. But if they hold each other by the stronger tie of love and respect, and both feel that they are at liberty to go, the sentiment of honor will come to the rescue, and restore the old love and confidence which the iron chain could not. Many people are suspicious of all freedom. It is the result of the church's doctrin of total depravity, that men cannot be trusted unless loaded down with chains.

"But there is another reason why Spiritualists walk perpendicularly through life and deserve the reputation which the press givs them of remarkable exemption from the sexual scandals which occupy so much public attention in England and this country. You never would do an act unworthy of yourself in the presence of your mother or daughter. Nine-tenths of the crime committed is done privately, in the dark. Bring the actors out into broad daylight, and they would not dare to perpetrate crime as they do. We all exercise by our presence a restraining influence on each other, and this is one of the good things resulting from society. Now, we Spiritualists hold that our departed friends still liv, and like a cloud of witnesses take cognizance of us and sympathize with us in the struggles we put forth on the theater of life. We feel both encouraged and restrained by a consciousness of this fact; encouraged to make a brave and persevering fight, and restrained from doing anything unmanly or unwomanly, although tempted to do so.

"Hav you ever seen a book published every now and then by a Colonel Billings, of Iowa, containing a list of the names of clergymen who attain the unenviable distinction of being religious criminals? We hav not got the book on our shelves, but if you would like to see the names, crimes, day, and date of nearly a thousand clergymen committed within ten years, I will send an errand-boy round to the news depot and get it." "Don't put yourself to the trouble, my dear madam," said I, "for I saw the book at THE TRUTH SEEKER office in New York, and felt on reading it pretty much as I suppose Sir John Falstaff felt when he was carried in Mistress Ford's buck-basket to Datchet's-lane, and tumbled into the river Thames." "Well," continued she, "you observe that the offenses are generally sexual, and in law worthy of the penitentiary. The only real model saint of antiquity, Joseph, is immortalized in the Bible for resisting the fascinations of Potiphar's wife. He was controled by his belief in the omnipresence of God—'How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?' But the gay Lotharios of the pulpit who figure in Mr. Billings's book, although they denounce the Spiritualists and Infidels because they do not believe in the orthodox God, giv the most indubitable proof that they themselvs are either out-and-out Atheists, or worship and serve a God whom they can mesmerize and put to sleep, as Professor Cadwell does his subjects, so that he can not see when they go out to practice their amours. One of our Boston editors, who had read and studied Colonel Billings's book, thunderstruck his subscribers and made mad the preacher-worshiping women, especially of the Downs school, by declaring that in proportion to their numbers there was no class in society so criminal as the clergy, and that in regard to chastity, the lawyers, the doctors, the tradesmen, and the politicians were all celibate Shakers in comparison with them. Now, these clerical delinquents evidently believe that God's eyes are constructed like ours, and that he cannot see in the dark. But the Spiritualists believe and, what is much more, they know that departed spirits are only separated from us by a thin veil, and that they see and cheer us as we run the gantlet of life, and feel ashamed and sorry when we fall. Hence we hav a present and powerful motiv to well-doing."

"But what hav you to say," I asked the lady clerk, "about those fraudulent manifestations of departed spirits which are so frequently noticed and censured by the newspapers?" "Well," said she, "I admit there hav been instances of the kind you mention. But as the circulation of counterfeit money in business transactions proves in itself the reality of the good money which it counterfeits so every fraudful device to counterfeit spiritual phenomena proves conclusivly that there are real phenomena which are thus simulated. I deeply regret that any Spiritualistic medium should bring reproach upon the cause, and upon his or her own character, by ever practicing a trick upon the credulity of the people for the mean and miserable purpose of making money. But mediums are only human beings, and hav all the infirmities of humanity like other people. There are hundreds of them, known as such, all over the country, and many who are not known to the public; and if some of them practice fraud, the rest who are honest should not be condemned on that account. Besides, mediumship is a natural gift, like a talent for music, painting, or poetry, and has no necessary connection with good morals. Some musicians, painters, and poets of eminence hav been people of bad morals, and so may some mediums be. Hence we must 'try the spirits,' and never implicitly surrender either our judgments or consciences to any communication simply because it purports to come from the world of spirits. The process of dying makes no sudden change in the character of a liar, transforming him immediately into a winged angel, playing on a golden harp, as the church teaches. He carries with him across the river of death all the attributes which marked his character here, and has to begin his new career of intellectual and moral improvement in the other world at the lowest rung of the ladder. Such bad, undeveloped spirits often speak through mediums whom they control, tell lies, and play tricks, as they did here. Mediums are not, as such, infallible expounders of truth. They are the mere mouthpieces of those who control them. All phenomena are natural, not supernatural, and all that Spiritualism proves beyond doubt is the mere fact that death does not destroy the personality and individuality of a man, but that both survive the event. If we wish to know more than this we must wait till we die, and find it out by experience. But around this great fact of a future life, as a nucleus, may be built, and is being built, a philosophy which is benign in its influence upon all who accept it. A man who has no longer any fear of an angry God and a burning hell-fire, who has not the least particle of the fear of death, can afford to take things as they come and be happy; and remembering that his future condition, at least at the start, depends in a great measure upon the character he forms here, he has another and exceedingly powerful motiv to well-doing."

"You present your case very strongly, madam," I observed. "But it seems to me that if you abolish hell, as a motiv, you must abolish all oaths in courts of justice too; and then, what inducement can you present to the common run of men to speak the truth, be faithful to their word, and trustworthy in all emergencies?" To which she replied: "I think I could show you from the history of all ages, if I had the time, that the church idea of making men do their duty by the hopes of heaven, and the fear of hell, betrays a disgraceful ignorance of human nature, and reflects great dishonor on the God who is supposed to hav made man in his own image and likeness. When two armies are in sight of each other, and preparing for battle the next day, and they want to put on guard at night, and intrust with the countersign, men in whom implicit confidence can be placed, what steps do they take to secure the object? Do they lead each man up to the quarters of the proper officer, and swear him to the faithful performance of his duty as a sentinel, and make him kiss a greasy old Bible, as they do in our civil courts; and which means that he is willing to go to hell, and burn there forever, if he break his oath? No. What has in all ages been found to be infinitly better in making a man true to his promis is, to put him on his parole of honor. You appeal to his manliness, and his sense of honor and rectitude, and are seldom disappointed in the result. During our late civil war, of all the thousands of men, on both sides, who were taken prisoners, and liberated on their parole of honor, that they would not take up arms again, unless duly exchanged, I never heard of but one who broke his word, and he was the son of a Presbyterian minister, and was scornfully rejected and reproached by his Southern commander to whom he had offered his services.

"This is the reason why I believe that if you would abolish all religious oaths in courts of justice, and elsewhere, and put witnesses and contractors on their word of honor as men, it would be a wise plan to bring out the truth, and make men faithful. Christ showed himself to be a philosopher, if he were not a god, when he said to his disciples, 'Swear not at all; but let your communication be yea, yea; and nay, nay.' He knew where to find the leverage in human nature in order to speaking the truth, which is so important in society. The only treaty in history that was honestly kept, and never broken, was the one William Penn made with the Indians in Pennsylvania, which was confirmed, not by oath, but by yea and nay."

"Taking it as a whole, my dear madam, with some exceptions, I must admit," said I, "that your theory is very beautiful, and very plausible; but I observe that the majority of the most eminent scientists of the day, in this country and in England, treat it as a

mere pitiable delusion. You do not place your Spiritual phenomena where we Christians place the divine mysteries of our religion—above the grasp of reason, and therefore to be accepted, if at all, by faith alone, based on the authority of holy men of God who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. If you appeal unto Cæsar in defense of your cause, unto Cæsar you must go, and abide by the consequences." To which the lady clerk replied: "Why, my dear sir, that is exactly the thing we constantly desire to accomplish, to bring our case into a court where the decisions of the judge, and the verdict of the jury, shall be governed by the testimony of witnesses, who, in point of character, are unimpeached and unimpeachable. But pooh-poohing is neither the scientific nor the legal method of disposing of a natural phenomenon called a fact. It is, however, the very way adopted by the majority of so called scientific men in treating the facts of Spiritualism. There are thousands of persons whose word would be taken in any court of justice without question, who testify that the personality and individuality of a man are not destroyed by death, and giv as proof what their eyes hav seen, and their ears heard. It is not a question of philosophy at all, but simply a fact on which a philosophy is based, to be decided by the testimony of witnesses. The scientists would not dare, in so many words, to impeach those witnesses, either with falsehood, imbecility, or childish credulity, but they virtually do so when they refuse to investigate a question in their own domain of nature, and dismiss it with a contemptuous pooh-pooh. The Spiritualists stoutly maintain that the phenomena which occur at their seances, and which are not new, but as old as the race, are natural, and not miracles. But in the face and teeth of this allegation, repeated a thousand times, the scientists persist in calling them supernatural and religious, and therefore incapable of scientific investigation. If they were compelled to go through the form of investigation, as was the case at Philadelphia, where a fund of money was at stake, it would be as if the plaintiff's attorney, with his fee in his pocket, would investigate the defendant's side of the question. This is not investigation at all, which implies that both sides of the question are considered. It is a mere paid attorneyship, which, if it had been adopted by scientists on other subjects of inquiry, in deference to a bribe-giving church, would hav surrounded the nineteenth century with the gloom of the Middle Ages. It is the office of the judge in courts of law and justice to gather the facts in the case, and present them to the jury as the basis of their verdict. How anxious an honest juror often is, when his mind has been obfuscated by the sophistical pleas of the lawyers, to hear the court calmly, and in an unprejudiced way, cite in detail the facts in evidence, *pro* and *con*, and dwell upon them in the interest of justice between man and man. Hence, the opinions of Tyndall and other scientists who hav never investigated in the department of science called Spiritualism, as they hav in other departments, hav not the weight of a feather on the minds of those who feel interest enough in the subject to giv it a fair and thorough examination.

"But, while the subject is in their own realm of inquiry, and out of the realm of the theologian and religionist, I will make an excuse for the scientists for ignoring the phenomena of Spiritualism for which, I suppose, they will not thank me, but which I honestly make because I hav gone through the same experience up to the point where they turned away in disgust, but where I continued the investigation till I finished it. If it be true, in defiance of all argument to the contrary, that a person survives the change called death, and continues to liv on under the law of progressiv development, the fact is so momentous in its character and consequences that it is almost impossible to believe it. How often, on the announcement of good tidings, do we hear the exclamation of the person interested, 'Oh, I cannot believe it; it is too good news to be true!' When one suddenly learns that an absent and beloved friend whom his soul long and intensely yearned to see is unexpectedly in the neighborhood, he is so glad that he actually becomes incredulous to the fact. In like manner, when a man who has the fire of love for a departed friend burning on the altar of his heart hears that the spirit of that friend is near and wishes to speak to him, he feels that the privilege of listening and of being assured of the truth of such a possibility shall be accompanied by extraordinary and marvelous manifestations, and he wonders why the communication is not made to him at his home or some other place of his own choosing. And when he is informed of the natural law that he cannot take a message off this wire between two stations on the line, but must come to the dingy little office called the seance room, where the telegraphic operator called the medium is perhaps a person of imperfect moral character or of no great account, he feels and acts like Naaman the Syrian. The story is in the Bible (2 Kings v). Naaman was a leper who, when he was told by the prophet to go and wash in the Jordan to be recovered from his leprosy, like his illustrious successors, the scientists of the nineteenth century, pooh-poohed the idea, and haughtily said: 'Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters in Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?' So he turned and went away in a rage. But when his servants came near and expostulated with him, saying: 'If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not hav done it? How much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash and be clean? Then went he down and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, and his flesh came again, like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.'

"I know how these scientists feel, for I remember well when I felt toward the whole subject of Spiritualism doubt and distrust. But I was a witness to facts, over and over again, that can never be accounted for in any other way than that death is only a change of the mode of existence, and does not at all extinguish a man's being, but that he livs and acts upon a new theater concerning which we now know little but the bare fact."

Thanking the lady clerk for her courtesy in giving me an insight into Spiritualism as it is understood by the Spiritualists themselvs, I took my leave and hastened, as I did after leaving THE TRUTH SEEKER office, to set down in my journal the substance of what she said. If the Spiritualists were organized they would compose the right wing of the army of unbelief arrayed against the church, while the Indels, if organized, would compose the left. Of the two, we hav vastly more to fear from the former than the latter, for the central idea of Spiritualism is a Christian one, whereas the Infidels generally are Materialists who believe that death ends all. As soon as doubt unsettles the faith of a church-member or a Materialist, he finds a congenial stopping-place in Spiritualism. The safety of the church consists in her complete organization, whereby her heads of departments raise funds, print books, and send their missionaries into all parts of the land. Should the sentiment these two classes are now forming ever be able to marshal their strength it will be a very serious matter. But sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

## O'Brien in Canada and Reynolds in New Jersey.

From such communities, good Lord, deliver us.

Canada and New Jersey are at the present time making the most energetic efforts to muzzle free speech and incidentally to encourage mob violence. A New Jersey judge—do not forget that his name is Childs, and that his brain and the verdict which he procured and approved appear to be ample proof that his name could not be changed without doing violence to certain facts. This New Jersey judge and two Canadian mayors hav allowed mob violence to go unpunished, while the victim of the mob in one case is tried for blasphemy and in the other case escapes with his life through no favor of the mayors, simply because these men hav expressed an honest thought. In New Jersey there is no complication. It is a simple case of religious bigotry and phenomenal ignorance, while in Canada politics and religion hav joined forces, as of old, to crush free speech and destroy intellectual liberty.

Of course, neither will succeed. A thought, once born, never dies. The glimpses we hav already had of liberty are too firmly fixed in memory to be forgotten. Canadian mayors may wink at mobs for abusing the person of James O'Brien, but the tide of opinion in favor of Home Rule for Ireland has risen too high to prevent its further spread. The brickbat arguments in favor of tyranny are always the last desperate resort. They are always the final message from defeated ignorance and bigotry to their more enlightened rival.

New Jersey judges may allow mob violence to go unpunished—may impose a fine upon Mr. Reynolds for expressing an opinion which differs from that of the average ignorance of the constituents of this judicial Childs—but all of the judges in the narrow-minded little state will never be able to again imprison thought nor make the honest expression of it an offense against justice. In another New Jersey village one set of religious bigots hav just mobbed another set of religious bigots for the crime of advocating a different phase of theological idiocy from their own, and at the same time expressing the opinion that their opponents were "devils." Both sides talk glibly of what God intends, what he wants, what he wishes them to do, and brag like street bullies of what he has done and will do to confound *their* particular enemies. And in the mean time it would require omniscience to be able to decide which is the greater set of donkeys, or rather which of these two sets of donkeys has the longer ears. Imagin an almighty God attempting to decide between the degrees of idiocy possessed by two sets of skulls filled with bran! There are some few things which would be impossible to even a supposititious God in the state of New Jersey. Even the being who could make the Red Sea stand on end could not evolve thought out of putty, nor procure justice from brains saturated with superstition. "Thus endeth the first lesson." HELEN H. GARDENER.

## Question!

Excessiv wealth, resulting in luxury and idleness on the one hand, and excessiv toil and poverty on the other, lead to intemperance and vice. The measure of reform here demanded will prove to be the scientific solution of the temperance question.—*Cincinnati Platform of the New Union Party.*

The question before the people of the so-called civilized world is not whether "alcohol is ever necessary for any use," nor is it that "the liquor traffic is the gigantic crime of crimes," nor is it of the slightest consequence what small-minded men like Garfield or Solomon said about it, for neither of them had any sympathy with the producing classes.

There is a whole volume of meaning in the few lines at the top of this paper. "Excessiv wealth," etc. It is a crime and a waste of time to discuss the "liquor traffic" when the homes of millions hav been stolen from them by usury thieves.

While the people liv on food, ninety per cent of which is not fit to take into any stomach, it is useless to think of making the people temperate.

Giv the people their rights, restore to them their stolen homes, lessen the hours of labor at least one-third, increase their wages one-half, abolish a great many wicked laws, take down your barbarous gallows, turn your cruel, inhuman prisons into asylums for the diseased; cure, not punish, the unfortunate; and these, with many other reforms, when tried for a century, more or less, will begin to show what is the best methods to save the inebriate.

It was a truth, no matter who said it: "The son of man came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them." All the laws, customs, and principles on which governments and individuals act are on the destructiv plan. To save mankind, to heal their wounds, to take them by the hand as brother, is not thought of. That worst word that ever disgraced the English language, "punishment" for crime, is all the people think of. I am not surprised that even some Liberalists use it, for the Bible and the pulpit teach it, but a true reformer never ought to use it.

The liquor traffic question will be in order when justice is done the producer, and not before. Force will never stop intemperance. Rum-selling, or the use of alcohol, is not the underlying cause of intemperance. Five thousand years of abuse of the poor and the oppressed is the cause of all the evils.

It is not true that "the liquor traffic is the gigantic cause of crimes." Hav the sale and use of liquor brought the world into the condition where nearly all the wealth is in the possession of a few? No sane person will say it.

Neither is it true that "alcohol causes three-fourths of all chronic illness which the medical man has to treat." To make such a statement is not going to the root of the evil. Alcohol is not a natural drink to quench thirst, yet millions of gallons are drunk. But why will man take into his stomach that which the animal will reject? It is because for thousands of years his stomach has been poisoned by unnatural food, and his physique degenerated by excessiv labor. Tobacco is a thousand times greater curse to the race than liquor, and it is only a question of time for the people to see it. We don't settle the temperance question permanently until we know why people drink liquor instead of water.

When reason takes the place of blind fanaticism, and the mind becomes sane, we may hope to hear the subject of temperance calmly discussed. Outside of the "Heredity" meetings we hear nothing about temperance. Then the questions of how to feed, clothe, and educate the offspring during childhood and after-life will be subjects that will lay the foundation for a solid temperance superstructure.

But before the liquor question is hardly thought of intelligently the people, the wealth-producers, must hav their right restored to them. Every human being born into this world must hav a home of his own, without the vandal hand of a usurer or a murderous mortgage on it. Stop selling the land. It is not yours to sell. Stop collecting rents of those half-starved families. Every family own the house they liv in. Stop taxing the people's homes; it is robbery to do it.

The murderous governments of every nation on earth hav planted their bloody feet on the prostrate forms of the producers, and the guns from every war ship, every fort, navy yard, and from millions of hands are all pointed at the people to keep them from attempting to gain their rights.

Are the men who make the Prohibition laws, Sunday laws, and the many other oppressiv laws men of principle? No, indeed! They are fast preparing the way for the God-in-the-Constitution law.

Temperance has not been discussed in Maine for nearly forty years. From the beginning of the fanatical Maine law crusade there has been an incessant wrangling in the courts, every act of which has been a curse to the cause of temperance.

Law-making in this, as well as all other countries, is fast assuming a dangerous attitude. When men are under sentence of death for free discussion, it is no time to talk about the evil effects of alcohol. The people want to know if they hav any rights, or must governments forever make the people slaves?

*Newport, Me.* SEWARD MITCHELL.

## Tribute to Henry Ward Beecher.

[The Beecher Memorial volume, which has been compiled and edited by Mr. Edward W. Bok, and of which a limited private edition has been printed, contains a remarkable series of tributes to the great preacher. Among the hundred contributors are Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, President Cleveland, Mr. Gladstone, M. Bartholdi, Sig. Salvini, Duke of Argyll, Senator Sherman, General Sherman, the poet Whittier, Dr. Talmage, Admiral Porter, Canon Farrar, Geo. W. Childs, Roscoe Conkling, Dr. McGlynn, Henry George, Lawrence Barrett, W. W. Corcoran, Washington Gladden, Andrew Carnegie, Charles Dudley Warner, John Burroughs, Julia Ward Howe, Ristori, Miss Cleveland, Mrs. Garfield, and many other names of prominence. The following is Colonel Ingersoll's tribute :]

Henry Ward Beecher was born in a Puritan penitentiary, of which his father was one of the wardens —a prison with very narrow and closely-grated windows. Under its walls were the rayless, hopeless, and measureless dungeons of the damned, and on its roof fell the shadow of God's eternal frown. In this prison the creed and catechism were primers for children, and from a pure sense of duty their loving hearts were stained and scarred with the religion of John Calvin.

In those days the home of an orthodox minister was an inquisition in which babes were tortured for the good of their souls. Children then, as now, rebelled against the infamous absurdities and cruelties of the creed. No Calvinist was ever able, unless with blows, to answer the questions of his child. Children were raised in what was called "the nurture and admonition of the Lord"—that is to say, their wills were broken or subdued, their natures deformed and dwarfed, their desires defeated or destroyed, and their development arrested or perverted. Life was robbed of its spring, its summer, and its autumn. Children stepped from the cradle into the snow. No laughter, no sunshine, no joyous, free, unburdened days. God, an infinit detectiv, watched them from above, and Satan, with malicious leer, was waiting for their souls below. Between these monsters life was passed. Infinit consequences were predicated of the smallest action, and a burden greater than a God could bear was placed upon the heart and brain of every child. To think, to ask questions, to doubt, to investigate, were acts of rebellion. To express pity for the lost, writhing in the dungeons below, was simply to giv evidence that the enemy of souls had been at work within their hearts.

Among all the religions of this world—from the creed of cannibals who devoured flesh to that of Calvinists who polluted souls—there is none, there has been none, there will be none, more utterly heartless and inhuman than was the orthodox Congregationalism of New England in the year of grace 1813. It despised every natural joy, hated pictures, abhorred statues as lewd and lustful things, execrated music, regarded nature as fallen and corrupt, man as totally depraved, and woman as somewhat worse. The theater was the vestibule of perdition, actors the servants of Satan, and Shakspere a trifling wretch, whose words were seeds of death. And yet the virtues found a welcome, cordial and sincere; duty was done as understood; obligations were discharged; truth was told; self-denial was practiced for the sake of others; and hearts were good and true in spite of book and creed.

In this atmosphere of theological miasma, in this hideous dream of superstition, in this penitentiary, moral and austere, this babe first saw the imprisoned gloom.

The natural desires ungratified, the laughter suppressed, the logic brow-beaten by authority, the humor frozen by fear—of many generations—were in this child, a child destined to rend and wreck the prison's walls.

Through the grated windows of his cell this child, this boy, this man, caught glimpses of the outer world, of fields and skies. New thoughts were in his brain, new hopes within his heart. Another heaven bent above his life. There came a revelation of the beautiful and real. Theology grew mean and small.

Nature wooed and won and saved this mighty soul.

Her countless hands were sowing seeds within his tropic brain. All sights and sounds—all colors, forms, and fragments—were stored within the treasury of his mind. His thoughts were molded by the graceful curves of streams, by winding paths in woods, the charm of quiet country roads, and lanes grown indistinct with weeds and grass—by vines that cling and hide with leaf and flower the crumbling wall's decay—by cattle standing in the summer pools like statues of content.

There was within his words the subtle spirit of the season's change—of everything that is, of everything that lies between the slumbering seeds, that, half-awakened by the April rain, hav dreams of heaven's blue, and feel the amorous kisses of the sun, and that strange tomb wherein the alchemist doth giv to death's cold dust the throb and thrill of life again.

He saw with loving eyes the willows of the meadow-streams grow red beneath the glance of spring—the grass along the marsh's edge—the stir of life beneath the withered leaves—the moss below the drift of snow—the flowers that giv their bosoms to the first south wind that woos—the sad and timid violets that only bear the gaze of love from eyes half closed—the ferns, where fancy givs a thousand forms with but a single plan—the green and sunny slopes enriched with daisy's silver and the cowslip's gold.

As in the leafless woods some tree aflame with life stands like a rapt poet in the heedless crowd, so stood this man among his fellow-men.

All there is of leaf and bud, of flower and fruit, of painted insect life, and all the winged and happy children of the air that summer holds beneath her dome of blue, were known and loved by him.

He loved the yellow autumn fields, the golden stacks, the happy homes of men, the orchard's bending boughs, the sumach's flags of flame, the maples with transfigured leaves, the tender yellow of the beech, the wondrous harmonies of brown and gold—the vines where hang the clustered spheres of wit and mirth. He loved the winter days, the whirl and drift of snow—all forms of frost—the rage and fury of the storm, when in the forest, desolate and stripped, the brave old pine towers green and grand—a prophecy of spring. He heard the rhythmic sound of nature's busy strife, the hum of bees, the songs of birds, the eagle's cry, the murmur of the streams, the sighs and lamentations of the winds, and all the voices of the sea. He loved the shores, the vales, the crags and cliffs, the city's busy streets, the introspectiv, silent plain, the solemn splendors of the night, the silver sea of dawn, and evening's clouds of molten gold.

The love of nature freed this loving man.

One by one the fetters fell; the gratings disappeared, the sunshine smote the roof, and on the floors of stone light streamed from open doors. He realized the darkness and despair, the cruelty and hate, the starless blackness of the old, malignant creed. The flower of pity grew and blossomed in his heart. The selfish "consolation" filled his eyes with tears. He saw that what is called the Christian's hope is that, among the countless billions wrecked and lost, a meager few perhaps may reach the eternal shore—a hope that, like the desert rain, givs neither leaf nor bud—a hope that givs no joy, no peace, to any great and loving soul. It is the dust on which the serpent feeds that coils in heartless breasts.

Day by day the wrath and vengeance faded from the sky—the Jewish God grew vague and dim—the threats of torture and eternal pain grew vulgar and absurd, and all the miracles seemed strangely out of place. They clad the infinit in motley garb, and gave to aureoled heads the cap and bells.

Touched by the pathos of all human life, knowing the shadows that fall on every heart—the thorns in every path, the sighs, the sorrows, and the tears that lie between a mother's arms and death's embrace—this great and gifted man denounced, denied, and damned with all his heart the fanged and frightful dogma that souls were made to feed the eternal hunger—ravenous as famin—of a God's revenge.

Take out this fearful, fiendish, heartless lie—compared with which all other lies are true—and the great arch of orthodox religion crumbling falls.

To the average man the Christian hell and heaven are only words. He has no scope of thought. He livs but in a dim, impoverished now. To him the past is dead—the future still unborn. He occupies with downcast eyes that narrow line of barren, shifting sand that lies between the flowing seas. But Genius knows all time. For him the dead all liv, and breathe, and act their countless parts again. All human life is in his now, and every moment feels the thrill of all to be.

No one can overestimate the good accomplished by this marvelous, many-sided man. He helped to slay the heart-devouring monster of the Christian world. He tried to civilize the church, to humanize the creeds, to soften pious breasts of stone, to take the fear from mothers' hearts, the chains of creed from every brain, to put the star of hope in every sky and over every grave.

Attacked on every side, maligned by those who preached the law of love, he wavered not, but fought whole-hearted to the end.

Obstruction is but virtue's foil. From thwarted light leaps color's flame—the stream impeded has a song.

He passed from harsh and cruel creeds to that serene philosophy that has no place for pride or hate, that threatens no revenge, that looks on sin as stumblings of the blind and pities those who fall, knowing that in the souls of all there is a sacred yearning for the light. He ceased to think of man as something thrust upon the world—an exile from some other sphere. He felt at last that men are part of nature's self—kindred of all life—the gradual growth of countless years; that all the sacred books were helps until outgrown, and all religions rough and devious paths that man has worn with weary feet in sad and painful search for truth and peace. To him these paths were wrong, and yet all gave promis of success. He knew that all the streams, no matter how they wander, turn, and curve amid the hills or rocks or linger in the lakes and pools, must some time reach the sea.

These views enlarged his soul and made him patient with the world, and while the wintry snows of age were falling on his head, spring, with all her wealth of bloom, was in his heart.

The memory of this ample man is now a part of nature's wealth. He battled for the rights of men. His heart was with the slave. He stood against the selfish greed of millions banded to protect the pirate's trade. His voice was for the right when freedom's friends were few. He taught the church to think and doubt. He did not fear to stand alone. His brain took counsel of his heart. To every foe he offered reconciliation's hand. He loved this land of ours, and added to its glory through the world. He was the greatest orator that stood within the pulpit's narrow curve. He loved the liberty of speech. There was no trace of bigot in his blood. He was a brave and generous man, and so, with reverent hands, I place this tribute on his tomb.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

## Dr. York in Ottumwa.

DEAR EUGENE: Our second lecture in Denver drew an audience of about fourteen hundred, showing most clearly that Denver contains a large Liberal element who can be induced from time to time to show their strength on the side of Freethought.

And although our stay was so brief in their beautiful city, we hav abundant proof that the hearts of the Denver people are in the right place.

And our thanks are especially due to Brothers Truss, Jenkins, Shed, Thomas, Clayton, and others of the Secular Union who made our stay pleasant and gave us a helping hand on our way. We wish also to acknowledge the kindness of members of the Secular Union at Canon City, of which John Locke is president, and George Towers the secretary. This Secular branch was planted by our fellow-worker, W. F. Jamieson, and we were made happy in watering his plant, which givs good promis of future usefulness.

Our ride across Nebraska and Iowa was most delightful, and on every hand the corn and grain fields stretch away as far as the eye can reach, and with great promis of a bountiful harvest close at hand; and I could not but think and feel as we sped across these rolling billows and wide sweeps of food-producing lands how great and grand our country is, and only man is vile. At least, I may truly say all such men as Comstock and those who aid him in his most nefarious methods to prevent vice and obscenity; and I can hardly find language sufficiently strong in condemnation of those miserable people who hav trapped our friend, Mrs. Slenker, in the meshes of the law—a law all right in its proper use, but most cruel when so perverted as to convict an innocent and right-minded old lady of crime, when the act for which she is arraigned contains none of the element of crime; and the animus of all these persecutions, from Abner Kneeland to D. M. Bennett, and on down to Reynolds and Mrs. Slenker, takes root in religious prejudice and a determination to crush out free speech and the dissemination of truth among the people. Alas! what won't Christians do for Christ's sake?

Eugene, I am proud of you, and glad to see you stand up bravely for principle and in defense of Mrs. Slenker, whom I regard as a noble, good, motherly, and highly intelligent lady, and whose intentions and motivs were no doubt for the good of suffering humanity.

And to say that I am simply sorry for Mrs. Slenker is too cheap. We are all sorry. But how much are we sorry? I feel that way just five dollars' worth. Place me on her Defense list, and the money will be sent in due time to the TRUTH SEEKER office. Dear friends, sympathy is a golden element and the very crown of the heart's affections, and yet without the helping hand it is as a sounding brass or tinkling cymbal, and I can only hope that a sufficient sum may be realized to place her defense in the hands of Colonel Ingersoll, and that it may be carried to the highest court, and, if possible, break down this infamous use of legal power in the hands of bigots and knaves.

We spoke last night to a fairly numerous audience in the Ottumwa Opera House, with the promis of a big house next Sunday.

We were kindly met at the train by Brother Wm. Lindsey, a true Liberal, and the warm friend of S. P. Putnam, who had kindly by letter commended us to his care.

Brother Putnam has left a good, clean, fresh trail in the minds of the Ottumwa people, and they all like him well.

We were cordially received by Brother and Sister McCaroll, warm-hearted people and old-time workers in our cause; as also by Brother Peck, and many others whose dames we did not learn. And from our reception at Ottumwa, we are bound to say that they are a wide-awake and generous people.

We will be in Michigan during July; at Columbus, Ohio, the 21st and 28th of August; at Pittsburgh, Pa., the 4th, 11th, and 18th of September; at Philadelphia, Sept. 25th and Oct. 2d; at New York,

Oct. 9th; and at Boston, Oct. 16th, 23d, and 30th, the Lord willing.

Our address during July will be Ionia, Mich.

J. L. YORK.

## The Jewish Life of Christ.

The editors of the republication of the "Sepher Toldoth Jeshu" (Book of the Generation of Jesus), say that a complete translation was made by a Jew, and published by Richard Carlile in 1823. But it seems that a copy of it was scarcely to be found, and there was none in the British Museum. The first impulse of a Christian would be to destroy such a book, and that probably accounts for its scarcity.

Soon after the publication of "Antichrist's" translation he found in a public library a little book with the following title:

"Jesus of Nazareth," by Isaac Goldstein. New York. Goldstein & Co., 19 Beekman st. 1866.

All efforts to procure a copy of the book failed, and nobody knew anything about the publisher. It was not a translation, but a romance founded on numerous Hebrew documents which were referred to in foot notes, and there were several pretty good wood cuts, as if the book was gotten up for profit, hoping that it would attract many readers. But the failure to find a stray copy of so recent a publication creates a suspicion that the edition was suppressed. Possibly the American Bible or Tract Society were willing to pay the Jew all he could hope to make by the sale of the book.

Two extracts from the book will giv an idea of its character:

Chapter I. It was in the year 3667 [94 B.C.], which was the 47th year of the kingdom of the Hasmonean dynasty [105 B.C.], and 259 years after the building of the second temple [515—259=256 B.C.], and 159 before its destruction [90 B.C.]. Alexander Jannai, the seventh prince of the Maccabean dynasty (called by the rabbis Hyrcan the second), was in the first year of his reign [106 or 105 B.C.], etc.

This is an attempt to fix the date of the birth of Jesus, but some of the dates do not agree with the rest. Two of them, however, agree with each other, to wit, 106 or 105 B.C.

The date of the death of Jesus is likewise confused, but it appears to hav been from 28 to 37 years later:

Chapter XVII. It was in the year 3636 [115 B.C], the 228th after the building of the second temple [515—228=287 B.C.], under the reign of Alexandra, called by the rabbis, Helena [78 to 69 B.C.], the widow of King Jannai, that the delegates waited upon Jesus, etc.

The reader will see, in spite of the confusion of dates, that Jesus was probably born about 106 B.C., and died before the end of the reign of Alexandra, 69 B.C. If the stoning and hanging of Jesus was about the middle of her reign, say 75 B.C., then he would hav been about 31 years of age. Paul became a convert after the death of Jesus, whom he never saw except in a vision, and he was preaching in Damascus a little prior to 62 B.C. If his conversion was just after the stoning of Stephen, it was about 65 or 66 B.C., for that is the date of the murder of Onias as described by Josephus (Ant. xiv, 2). No other martyrdom answering to that of Stephen can be found until A.D. 62, and the name is doubtless a fictitious one, for *Stephanos* is a Greek word meaning "a crown."

ANTICHRIST.

## Police Brutality.

It would seem impossible that an organized effort to arouse public sentiment against the brutality of policemen is necessary to the peaceful existence of the citizens of New York, but such is the fact. Almost every daily paper has been compelled to protest to the police commissioners that their men are too free in the use of the club and hav brought disgrace upon the department; and now a public-spirited citizen, Mr. William Browne, of 26 John street, issues a small pamphlet appealing to the people to create a public sentiment which shall sweep the brutal evil out of existence.

There is no dispute that the actions of the police are often arbitrary and cruel. At least a dozen times within the past two months hav unoffending people been mercilessly clubbed and thrown into a police cell. No crime had been committed; they simply refused to obey the gruff order of some patrolman bloated with "a little brief authority" and poor whisky. The police are recruited from the coarse classes of truck drivers, bartenders, or 'longshoremen; and men of these occupations are apt to be ludicrously pompous and tyrannical when placed in positions of authority, and to compel obedience to their orders with physical force. No class of men are such ardent admirers of the prize-ring as the police, and when a boxing-match occurs the captain of the precinct selected attends in uniform as a sort of official umpire, and invites his friends on the force, who regard a ticket to a fight as a favor to be grateful for. Naturally, the police like to use their fists in emulation of their prize-fighting ideals, and when fists will not "knock a man out" the club is resorted to. The policeman's friends on his beat are the bartenders, and this close sympathy with the saloon brings them into contact with classes of people who are in their appropriate places only when behind iron bars. A gentleman who had been on the police for a score or more years in this city, leaving it as a captain, told us once that about half the policemen were dishonest men, and that it took the other half to watch them. This was a few years ago, but it is not likely that the morals of the force hav greatly improved. "We can't get good men," another person connected with high official police position said lately. "Intelligent men will not take the places, or, if they would, their physique is not up to the standard. Men with brains are not strong enough, and the men who are strong enough possess few brains. That's the reason the intelligence of the police is so low."

Taking these facts into consideration, the wonder is that so few cases of police brutality are reported. The remedy for these few lies with the police commissioners, who are men of brains. If every patrolman who commits an outrage upon a defenseless citizen were promptly dismissed and punished for assault and battery, there would soon be an end to the matter.

## An Advertisment.

Advertisments in the reading columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER are not purchasable at any price. But for the information of our readers and the general public weal, we feel it a duty, sometimes, to call attention to meritorious articles. Especially is this true of articles designed to relieve human suffering and banish misery from however small a portion of the world. The sick and helpless are tender charges committed to the care of the well and strong, and must be watched with solicitude and nursed in love. Therefore it is that we take peculiar pleasure in spreading knowledge concerning the medicin advertised in the following circular:

"THE WILL OF GOD OUR DAILY BREAD.

"Help the Sick,
The Bodily Sick,
The Earthly Sick,
The Heavenly Sick.

"For these sufferers Our Holy Father has blessed the miraculous image of Our Lady of Perpetual Help; *a wafer made of tissue paper to be taken in water.*

"It should not be taken as a trial; that would be trying God. It should be taken every day in a communion with the Will of God until He is pleased to hav wrought in us the cure we are most hoping for.

"While taking, say: My God, attached to the Cross with you, how can I complain! Thy will be done, not mine. Good Mother of Perpetual Succor, obtain me relief and be praised. Amen.

"*We sell it at cost price, 50 cents per 100, to help the sick.* Address Joseph Gosselin, 198 Grand street, New York."

The discovery of this remedy marks an era as distinctly as the birth of the savior of mankind. Mr. Gosselin should be canonized and sainted. No sordid pedler of a patent medicin he, but a philanthropist of broadest sympathy and open purse. He sells his great discovery to all the world for a paltry sum. One hundred pieces of tissue paper for fifty cents is very cheap, and Mr. Gosselin will, no doubt, in addition pay the postage to forward them to any part of the United States. The medicin combines ease of taking with true piety, and composed as it is of pure papal blessings cannot injure the most delicate of constitutions. Drank in water, it will not blacken the teeth, but stimulates the appetite, strengthens the muscles, and thoroughly invigorates the system. The formula is of itself an infallible remedy for lock-jaw and stuttering. No one who repeats it accurately and rapidly can long remain afflicted with these dreadful complaints. No deleterious drugs are used in its compounding, and no minerals nor acids to destroy the delicate structure of the stomach. Papal blessings, the basis of this wonderful remedy, are purely vegetable in nature, being extract of cabbage-head; and the paper used in the composition of the wafer may be made of rice.

All sicknesses yield alike to to this remedy, and it may be taken for acute disorders as efficaciously as for chronic diseases. Fevers, cuts, burns, sores, broken limbs, scrofula, baldness, in fact, all the ills which afflict mankind, are as one to this medicin, and for making its merits known we shall not charge Mr. Gosselin a penny, conceiving that the gratitude of our readers will be ample recompense for the small space used.

## Is Mr. Reynolds a "Fellow?"

*From the London Freethinker.*

We are sorry to see a letter in the Manchester *Guardian*, signed by Moncure D. Conway, reflecting severely on Mr. C. B. Reynolds, who has been fined in America for "blasphemy." Mr. Conway calls him "a fellow," which is a curious sequel to a complaint of his "bad taste." Mr. Reynolds is also accused of using "Salvation Army methods." Well, what if he does? Are not those very methods patronized by bishops in England? Is there not a Church Army as well as a Salvation Army, and are not the operations of both remarkably alike? The fact is, Mr. Reynolds simply carries about a tent, which he pitches and lectures in, halls being dear, and in many cases unprocurable for love or money. Jesus Christ and Paul did even without tents, preaching in the open air; yet Mr. Conway regards them as highly respectable characters for all that. Is it because they preached nearly two thousand years ago; and does distance lend such enchantment to the view that what was glorious then is vulgar now?

Mr. Conway also speaks of Mr. Reynolds as "flinging his mud about." It was not mud at all. Several weeks ago we printed the principal passages for which Mr. Reynolds was indicted. Everyone of them was a plain statement of some Bible absurdity, and several were taken verbatim from an article by Mr. Foote in one of our own special numbers. Perhaps Mr. Conway is obliged to make a concession to Bumble when he writes letters in an English journal.

One part of Mr. Conway's letter, however, givs us much pleasure. "As I write," he says, "THE TRUTH SEEKER, of this city, is printing it [Mr. Reynolds's pamphlet] off by thousands for clamorous buyers." So long as "blasphemy" gets disseminated, advanced Freethinkers need not mind being called names.

## Lectures and Meetings.

THE Remsburg-Lucas debate at Leon, Kansas, did not take place, Dr. Lucas for the second time backing out. The notorious Clark Braden was sent for, but, of course, Mr. Remsburg refused to meet him. No Freethinker should ever suffer himself to be even spoken to by Braden. The miserable scoundrel should be left severely alone.

MRS. E. DEMOTT writes: "The Hempstead, N. Y., Freethought Association held its annual meeting for the election of officers last Sunday afternoon, June 19th, at the residence of Mr. Franklin H. Mollineaux. The president gave an interesting address, reviewing the work of the association during the year past, and considering the best methods of carrying on the work for the next. The following officers were reëlected, viz.: President, C. F. DeMott; vice-presidents, Robert B. Jackson and Elisha Hyatt; treasurer, Franklin H. Mollineaux. The president appointed a committee on grove meetings as follows: Joseph Carman, Elisha Hyatt, and F. H. Mollineaux; executiv committee, C. F. DeMott, Robert B. Jackson, and H. H. Seer."

AN attendant of the Newark Liberal League says: "As soon as a person begins to think and investigate for himself, independently of a priest or the clergy, he will gravitate immediately to Secular philosophy and Liberalism. Floods of light are pouring through the clouds of delusion upon the people, and they are beginning to do their own thinking. Even in such cities as Newark and Orange, N. J., that are said to be the hot-beds of orthodoxy, a large majority of men hav come to the conclusion that they do not need the offices of the clergy or priest. Light is beaming on their minds, and they are coming to a knowledge of the truth. The Newark Liberal League is like a beacon-light in a dark place. But the members do not half realize what a benign influence their little light is shedding through the darkness that surrounds the place. It is a very significant state of things when Jews and gentiles, Infidels and Christians, Materialists and Spiritualists, agree to come on the same platform and reason together. The Newark Liberal League says, 'Come and welcome to our platform, if you can throw any light on the great problems of life.' Recently Sereno E. Todd, a deacon in the Congregational church, addressed a crowded and intellectual audience, under the auspices of the League at Newark, on 'The Scientific Conception of the Soul.' Partition walls are being demolished between religious sects and Freethinkers, and the world is coming to the light of truth. Men are beginning to feel proud of the fact that they are doing their own thinking, and can dispense with priest and clergy. Let Liberals hold up their heads and assume a more manly attitude."

THE pope conferred the title of "Defender of the Faith" upon Henry VIII., and the faith that Queen Victoria defends, says the *World*, is that of the Roman Catholic church.

JOHN the Baptist's day, June 25th, was celebrated in Burlington, Vt., by the St. John Baptist Society with hurdle races, standing jumps, tugs of war, a married men's race, fat men's race, and so forth. The profits of the games went to the new St. Joseph's church. Thus was recreation and piety pleasantly commingled for the glory of God and the good of the pockets of the priests. The Christian church is a cosmopolitan institution, and it is a very curious denizen of the sea that doesn't make good fish when in her net.

THE Methodist *Advocate* is made happy by the receipt of a program of Easter services held in Pekin, China. Accompanying the program was the following note, which added immeasurably to the editor's delight. It is from the missionary in charge:

"We had flowers, singing, praying, talking, responsiv readings, scripture selections, and a collection. The latter amounted to only $9, but, in order to raise that amount, a hundred schoolchildren voluntarily *went without their dinner.*"

When Christian missions sink to the depth of meanness of robbing school-children of their dinners that the missionaries may hav money, they earn the contempt of all decent people —and they will get it, too!

THE Jews who become converted to Christianity are, says the New York *Sun*, "simply brought up at an enormously extravagant price. The London Society for the Conversion of the Jews continues its existence because of a rich endowment and the desire of its officers and missionaries to draw the salaries which it is so amply able to pay. So long as you hav money enough to giv them their price, you can, of course, get converts to any sort of faith; and the small number of Jews whom the society has succeeded in purchasing shows that the people of that race and religion are extraordinarily proof against such pecuniary temptations to abandon their brethren." The *Sun* is undoubtedly right in this. Converting Hebrews is a business a few hypocrits hav worked up, supported by a few fanatics. It is more senseless than the work of the American Tract Society.

# Communications.

## The Parson.

AS HE APPEARS TO THE NAKED EYE OF THE WRITER.

The parson is a party who expounds the scriptures to sinners. Ergo, the parson is not a sinner.

The scriptures are writings which require a great deal of expounding, and more pounding. The parsons who pound the scriptures the heaviest are most in demand.

These theological whang-bangers are the Sullivans of the profession, and draw the biggest crowds. They also draw the biggest salaries. They likewise never fail to draw sharp on time. They never keep the cashier waiting.

The parson pounds and expounds the scriptures according to the tenets of the sect under whose banner he enlists.

These sects, on the Protestant side of theology, are divers and many. Consequently divers and many are the expoundings. Variety, which is said to be the spice of life, is the spice of Protestant theology, it would appear.

On the Catholic side of the house this spice is lacking. There you get B.C. hardtack from one century's end to another. Stale as is the provender, you must take it on or be damned! This seems to be rough, but it is the law of the Medes and Persians of Catholicism.

Had I to choose between the two, I should most certainly choose the Spice Islands of Protestantism. Giv me spiced dishes before stale and flat hardtack of the B.C. brand. I had enough of that brand furnished by Uncle Sam, during the late ruction, to his noble army. I am not in the army now, and don't want either diet.

The Protestant parson is a party of multifarious parts, not individually, but collectivly.

As I before said, he pounds and expounds as he is trained to do. He trots out hell in its brightest red, or passes it by a left oblique, as it were. He may bank the fires, and keep hell on tap, so to speak, or he may declare the fires to be spiritual, minus brimstone.

These theological field-pieces are of multifarious caliber. There are a few big guns, and from these they range down to penny pops.

Their grand field and firing day is Sunday, when they all go off with more or less detonation. A funny thing with these pulpit pops is that it takes those of the smallest caliber the longest to load up, while their explosions are the lightest, of course.

In many instances, these are not sufficiently loud to keep the sinners awake. This is rough on the guns shooting at them, but then these are doing the best they can to thunder and boom, so it can't be helped.

The parson is always cocked and primed for a shot on the fly at sinners, but his grand *feu de joie*—I guess this should be *feu d'enfer*—comes off on Sunday, when all nature quakes, as he thinks.

The parson who trains and fires before a rich congregation is generally a gun of some considerable caliber, if not more.

He is mighty careful, however, that he doesn't shoot point-blank at the sinners in front of him who pay his big salary.

Loading with blank cartridges, he aims and fires low, retiring after the firing is over, conscious that he has wounded none of his friends where they liv—not touched them on the raw, you know.

The guerilla parson, of the Sam Jones type, loads up to the muzzle with shrapnel, canister, chain shot, shell, grape, slugs, old spikes, etc., and will let-her-go-Gallagher, slam-bang, point-blank, perfectly regardless as to whether he brings down crows or turkeys, skunks or stags.

He bags more or less game, but as he doesn't stop long in the field, the game, somehow or other, takes to itself wings and mysteriously disappears over yonder, somewhere, nobody knows just where.

The average parson is mighty slim-waisted in the cranium, and wasted is his fragrance on a more or less desert air. He wouldn't make an average cobbler, by a long waxed-end.

A poor parson, a poor congregation, for a sure thing. This parson knows no such word as economy in his dealings with hell. He is a wholesale dealer in brimstone, with fire enough to do an immense deal of grilling.

He has no friends worth mentioning in the congregation to let up on, and as he considers the whole kerboodle his enemies, he plays hell, as his best card, at them for all it is worth. The difference between the salary he gets, and that which he thinks he ought to get, he makes up in giving the sinners hell.

And what do the sinners care for him or his hell? Not a tinker's dam—this is not a cuss-word, but a dam which tinkers make of putty to keep the solder in place—but retire when the fireworks are over and pursue the even tenor of their previous ungodly ways.

The upper-crust parson has a soft snap of it. He draws from five to fifteen thousand dollars salary, deals gingerly with hell—hardly enough to warm his fingers on a cold day, if dealing with it at all—rakes up an old-time cough in June, and in July is packed off to Europe to recuperate for four months, with a fat purse made up for him by his fat-witted congregation.

The parson, take him by and large, is a cold-blooded fish, and doesn't warm up worth a cent to the pleasures which go toward making life worth living—not on his nativ heath he doesn't.

On some other heath he has been known to sail in and harvest about as much fun to the square inch of heath as the next man.

The parson at home and the parson abroad are two very different individuals oftentimes Distance from home lends a great deal of enchantment to the parson's view at times, and the greater the distance the greater the enchantment, not infrequently.

The average parson, when on some foreign stamping ground, is a good deal like a hermit-crab—he comes out of his shell then, and shows up in his true colors and proportions. The trouble is, he gets into his shell when he returns, and becomes the conventional theological crab again.

Though the parson comes high—he is high at the lowest rates—Christians must hav him. They must hav the gospel expounded one day in the week, even though they expound poker, and dally with cussedness in general, the other six days.

There is more or less mixed metaphor in this screed, the parson being held up as a scripture-slugger, shooting-iron, engineer, pot-hunter, crab, fish, etc., but mixed metaphor, being to the straight variety what the cocktail is to straight whisky, is palatable at times—if not this time, some other time.

Verily this is a quisby world, and if there be a quisby character in it, it is the parson, take him by and large. This is simply my unfeltered opinion, that's all. Those who harbor feltered opinions are, of course, contrary minded. SI SLOKUM.

P.S.—Though bearing the same title, this screed is not the story of "The Parson" in the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL—not by a long chalk. The parson of that tale was a thoroughbred. Peace to her ashes! S. S.

## Our London Letter

The trial of C. B. Reynolds for blasphemy has, I take it, resulted in a virtual victory for the Freethought party, for although the prosecutor obtained a verdict, yet the penalty inflicted was so ridiculous considering the enormity of the crime in the eyes of the orthodox party that it appears to me that Liberalism, as you call it, is felt to be a power that it is scarcely safe to oppose too violently for fear of consequences of a rather unpleasant nature to the "unco guid." The judge who took the chief part in the case was apparently just such another gentle Christian as the one who tried Foote, Ramsey, and Kemp here for their connection with the *Freethinker*. It was very considerate of Mr. Childs to mitigate the penalty on the supposition that the defendant was ignorant of the law, and no doubt said what he did on the matter to let himself down lightly. It was fortunate Colonel Ingersoll was well enough to appear in court, for although a pliant jury would be only too well pleased to implicitly follow the opinions of the judge, the outside public would be greatly influenced by the speech of a powerful advocate. For the future people will be rather chary of setting obsolete laws in motion, and every such prosecution tends to weaken the party who make and use these iniquitous statutes, while on the other hand the views held by those who are attacked will be studied by many who were previously quite indifferent to anti-theological questions.

Priestcraft always has made, and always will make, itself obnoxious whenever opportunity occurs, and the more it does so in this age the better, for although the majority are more or less in favor of religious institutions, they are little inclined to see assumption carried too far. The old question of the utility or otherwise of church bells is again cropping up, and the matter is being discussed by one or two of the daily papers. To an invalid the horrid discord of a dozen or more bells from as many steeples, all being worked at the same time, must be as great torture as any to be endured in a suppositious hell; but of course this is of no moment to a priest who is anxious for people to come to his show, and for that end acts in the same manner as the showman at a county fair. The reason given by one curate for declining to discontinue the nuisance when urged to do so by a parishioner on account of a sick relativ was that God ordered Moses to hav bells fastened to the tails of the Levites' gowns, and therefore if he stopped his bell he would be liable to everlasting damnation for disobeying God's commands, though what connection there is between Moses and a modern curate, and gown bells and church bells, it would puzzle the curate's God or anyone else to find out. But it will always be so—the arrogance of priests can be extinguished only by abolishing the priests, and the sooner this is done the better for mankind.

There is a great amount of talk about the sympathy shown by the clergy to the suffering in mind or body, and it is quite possible that now and again such may be the case, though I believe such instances of help and guidance in time of trouble are exceedingly rare.

The case of Mrs. Langworthy, as related in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, shows what a sympathetic race of men priests are. She, it appears, applied to two dignitaries of the church for advice in her hour of need, and hoped one or both would hav been willing to use their influence in helping her to gain a living, but, as might be expected, she found neither of them inclined to do anything beyond enjoining her to trust in Jesus. But as events hav turned out, she has discovered that the outside public were better to trust in than all the gods ever invented. Her experience of clerical assistance is by no means a solitary one. Indeed, it is quite the rule. A priest is always ready to assist a rich believer, but a poor one is voted a nuisance, and may go to the devil as quickly as possible. Wherever there is any plunder to be had, there the priests are gathered together, but poverty in any shape or form is odious and always to be avoided. J. D.

*London, England*, June 6, 1887.

## Some Other Absurdities.

The attempt is made continually by the reverends and by the apologists for the Christian superstition to claim all the great men of the past as friends, believers, and moral supporters of the church and its dogmas. The latest now is to claim Lincoln as a Christian believer. This sticks out in a late life of Lincoln by Hay and Nicolay. It is only by assertion. It is all assertion, for they never quote a word of his in support. I hav by me a life of Abraham Lincoln by Charles Maltby, 1884. The author, on page 26, uses these words: "Early in the spring of 1831 Denton Offut, a trader from Kentucky, came to Sangamon county purchasing produce for shipment to New Orleans. . . Soon after the arrival of the boats at New Orleans . . a general stock of merchandise was purchased, with which Offut and Lincoln returned to New Salem. Lincoln was retained in Offut's employ as chief clerk at a salary of $25 per month and board, and the writer of these memoirs, . . who had not attained his majority, was employed as assistant at a salary of $15 per month."

We quote these words to show the reader that Mr. Maltby was necessarily in Lincoln's company very much for fifteen months. Mr. Maltby givs one quotation from Mr. Lincoln's words, and they are as follows: "When any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the savior's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church I will join with all my heart and all my soul."

The fact that Mr. Lincoln never joined any church is proof that he never found one that used that inscription—nor any one else. By these words it is plain that Lincoln was simply a Deist—that and nothing more. It is absurd to claim Lincoln as a Christian—the only words he uttered were to be interpreted the other way. Mr. Lincoln delivered a speech in Springfield, Ill., June 26, 1857, the theme being an answer to the opinion of the United States Supreme Court, March 6, 1857, in the very celebrated Dred-Scott decision. Mr. Lincoln said that Chief-Justice Taney used language which bore this interpretation: "The public estimate of the black man is more favorable now than it was in the days of the Revolution." Mr. Lincoln, in refutation of the assumption, shows in the following emphatic and burning words what devices, intrigues, and unhallowed means were used to rivet the shackles and tighten the chains of his bondage: "All the powers of earth seem rapidly combining against him. Mammon is after him, ambition follows, philosophy follows, and *the theology of the day is fast joining the cry*." Mr. Lincoln well knew that the Bible established and upheld slavery, and, as an Abolitionist, did not believe one word of its alleged divinity. This is well known to all who were his intimates. If Mr. Lincoln had been one of those superstitious tenderfoots, he would never hav arrayed "the theology of the day" as one of the upholders of crime. No! they always pass over the glaring absurdities and imperfections of holy writ, and bridge the bloody chasm from Genesis to St. John's hallucination with nice platitudes about the "blessed redeemer," the "love of Christ," and the undying respect that the Lord has for the "cheerful giver." Further, I am intimately acquainted with James Tuttle, an "old-timer"—a real landmark—who, forty years ago, located upon his present lovely farm near Atlanta, Ill., a point midway between Springfield and Bloomington. In early days Mr. Lincoln, before railroads were running, used to stop over-night with Mr. Tuttle, on his trips to court in Bloomington, and on his return. Mr. Tuttle was telling, lately, Mr. Remsburg and myself how it was that Mr. Lincoln and himself used to compare notes in regard to their belief. In those days, Mr. Tuttle says, Freethinkers were scarce, and when he found a soul like Lincoln, who had sense and independence, he made most of his opportunities

for enjoyment. He says Lincoln was a free, independent thinker and talker, and, as far as Mr. Tuttle is concerned, it was revealed to him just what Lincoln thought, and he takes pleasure in testifying to the fact.

In the Chicago *Times* of yesterday, I read an article from the editor, entitled the "New Revision." The attempt made was to show why the new version was almost entirely ignored. I was not a little astonished to find a paper so well up in facts and independence taking the ground it did. The *Times* says that it is to be attributed, in the main, to the respect the believer has for the musty old volume. It is hallowed with age; the family record is therein; quotations are on the gravestones; it tells when the children were born, married, or died; the chapters and verses are handy. Now it is simply absurd to say that these are the causes. It is generally understood that hell is knocked out by sheol. From this cause the clergy hav refused to recognize it. A Bible without a literal, seething, roaring hell has no charms for a priest. What would the church come to without a live, real, working, sulphur lake for sinners? There must be a veritable hell; the clergy see the need of one; they will not giv it up. The timid must be slaves! Not satisfied with eternal torments after the resurrection, the Catholic church has reared and maintains a half-way house of agony called purgatory, to escape which it is necessary to contribute cash or equivalents—mostly cash—to save souls from torture for that wonderfully indefinit space of time that intervenes between death and the regular judgment. Oh! what fools mankind will be! What slaves ignorance does make! Oh! the terrors of that demon fear. It is not the love of humanity that holds dupes in line, it is a mortal dread. Intelligence is the only hope. As mankind think, and study, and observe, and reason, they become free. It is the only chance to free mankind. If intelligence goes on apace, there is a lively hope that a better day will come. It is coming. If a prayer was ever answered, I would say, Let us pray.

JOHN BUSHEL.

## Brotherly Love.

[The following note explains the subjoined poster: "Pittsburgh, June 15, 1887.—Inclosed find document extensively circulated in Ireland by Protestants in 1820 in derision of the practices of the Catholic church. I obtained it from a gentleman who brought it from Ireland many years ago]

THE INFALLIBLE FRATERNITY OF THE TRUE FAITH IN LONDONDERRY AND NEIGHBORHOOD

Are hereby informed, that on the 4th of November last there arrived in London, by the Boulogne steamer, from the Continent (*vide papers of that date*), a large quantity of Crucifixes, Crosses, Agnus Dei's, Rosaries, Charms, Bleeding Hearts, Images, and Relics of Saints and Martyrs, a Miraculous Case of which has been received at Crab Lane, and will be disposed of to those of the Holy Faith only, who may feel spiritually inclined to purchase the same, commencing on Christmas day next. The whole as described will be offered at the undermentioned low prices:

500 Images of our Holy Mother, from 1s. to 5s. each.
250 Images of our Holy Mother blessed by the Holy Fathers, from 5s. to £5 each.
3,500 Crosses, all blessed at the Vatican, from 1d to 2s. 6d. each.
4,000 Rosaries, from 1s. to 5s. per set.
50 Rosaries, blessed by St. Spencer, from 7s. 6d. to £1 1s.
7,000 Pictures of Bleeding Hearts, beautifully colored to life, at various prices.
10,000 Agnus Dei's, from 1d. to £1 each.
20 Reams of Consecrated Papers, 6d. per sheet (for privy purposes).
500 Gallons of Holy Water, made by the Priests, and blessed in the passage.
3 Wagon loads of fragments of the real Cross, 4d. per cubic inch.
3 Hogsheads of teeth, selected from all the Saints in the calendar, as charms for children teething, and in strings for expectant mothers.
20 Barrels of Soil, from the grave of Father Sheeley, County Tipperary, when boiled in milk will cure all diseases, 4d. per ounce.
An endless quantity of Blushes for young ladies going to confession, 3d. per dozen.
6 Bags of Saints and Holy Fathers' bones, a sure remedy for rot in potatoes.
Any quantity of Plenary Indulgences, brought over by Cardinal Wiseman, for all sins, ranging from sly-looks to murder, prices according to the iniquity.
6 Special Pontifical Indulgences for those who hav doubted the Faith, 100 guineas each.
90,000 Consecrated Wafers, the purchasers of one will be entitled to a week's absolution, and so on in proportion for any greater number.
The last copy of Den's Theology to be sold to the highest bidder.

Purchasers, to the amount of one pound from the above selection, will be entitled to a sight of the following relics, which hav been collected for the express purpose from all the Catholic churches in the world:

St. Michael's Cudgel that bruised the Devil.
The Holy Poker, and a pair of the Pope's Old Shoes.
The Angel Gabriel's Toothpick and brush.
St. Joseph's Spokeshave, Gimlet, and a Nail he intended to drive.
Judas Iscariot's Lantern, (wants glazing).
The Holy Hand from Garswood, a touch from which will cure the Itch.
St. Thomas-a-Becket's Nightcap and Mackintosh.
St. Swithin's Umbrella and Clogs.
A piece of the Bridge of Purgatory, taken when last repaired.
St. Loyola's Strait-Jacket, Fool's Cap, and Cat-o'-nine Tails.
The Dice the Soldiers played with for the Garment.
El perillo del Sacramento (stuffed).
The Skin of the Devil's forehead (tanned).
The end of the Devil's Tail, with sting attached.

Purchasers to the amount of five pounds will be entitled to see the following:

A Crucifix, the timber part of the real Cross.
Three Thigh Bones, proved to be St. Stephen's.
The Boulder Stone that gave him the finisher, 3 cwt.
The Devil's Nose, as pulled off by St. Dunstan.
A Bunch of Keys, supposed to be St. Peter's (rather rusty).
St. Patrick's Wheelbarrow and Hod.
The Skull of St. Dennis, a large crack in it.
The Frock and Bustle of St. Bridget.
St. Anne's Stockings (want darning), and a Lock of her Hair.
The Rope that Judas hanged himself with.
A Walking Stick, made from the Cross of the Good Thief.
Guy Fawkes's Box of Lucifer Matches and Dark Lantern.
A large quantity of preserved Picaninnies from various Nunneries (would hav been young saints D. V.).

Purchasers to the amount of twenty pounds and upwards will be entitled to see the following:

Two Skulls of St. Peter, one when he was a little boy.
A Pair of the Virgin Mary's Garters, to be presented to a Chapel in building.
Pope Joan's Blessed Baby, preserved in spirits.
The Pope's Shirt that he wore when he vacated Rome (rather discolored).
St. Winifred's Head, and a Bottle of her Holy Water.
One of the Tails of Balaam's Ass.
A Sack of Hair from Nebuchadnezzar's Back.
The Virtues of St. R. I. P., of St. Helen's, wrote by himself.
A Shawl left by a Lady at the Confessional (not an Irvinite).

The female faithful are affectionately informed that there will be a raffle in the Confessional for Phelim's Wart and Staff. Early application for shares will be necessary, as a great number are already bespoke.

If all the lots are not disposed of in a few days, the remainder will be put up by Lottery, and to insure sobriety, honesty, and good behavior, the following childless Monks, Nuns, and converted Noviciates, hav been selected to superintend the disposal:

| | |
|---|---|
| Monk Oliver | Sister Calimanco |
| " Judas | " Mercy |
| " Busy Bee | " Nancy |
| " Riddle | " Duchess |
| " Worsted | " Postage |
| The Monk of Sutton | " Finger Post |
| Noviciate Bottler | Perverted for Worsted |
| " Auctioneer | " Work |
| " Paregoric | " To Sin no More |
| " Waggonbody | " Filthy Lucre |
| " Thimble | " Love |
| " James | " A Sweet Bibby |

After the distribution of the prizes, the Fraternity will be shown, at the foot of the Altar, a faithful copy of Taylor's Will, with Wiseman's Jesuitical explanation thereof; and then a grand prophetic Emblematic Exhibition by two Priests in Person, of the great battle that is to be fought between the Protestant Bishop of Westminster and Cardinal Wiseman, for the title, when it will be left to Providence and themselvs to fight it out; but it is expected that one of the priests will get rather warm, and he that represents the cardinal will drop in for a sound drubbing (*à la* St. Collins, of Liverpool), and run off from the contest, to the amazement, consternation, and pity of the faithful; during his flight the organ will play a solemn requiem for the poor cardinal and the rest of the flock.

The foregoing document shows how the Protestants loved their Catholic brethren, and also how careful they were not to injure their feelings. But if the same rules were applied to the distributors of this that the Protestants apply now to Infidels, they should hav been prosecuted for blasphemy. Every Christian paper that we hav seen has applauded the conviction of Mr. Reynolds because he "outraged the sentiment of the community." The circular is as well or better calculated to outrage the sentiments of a Catholic Christian community than anything Mr. Reynolds said or wrote. But to the intolerant Protestant bigots it makes a great deal of difference whose feelings are wounded. No Infidel must shock their pious sentiments, under penalty of the prison; but they can make fun of their religious opponents with impunity. Such are the morals of Protestantism, and such their consistency in maintaining freedom of speech!

## The Liberty of Thought and Discussion.

JOHN STUART MILL "ON LIBERTY."

With us heretical opinions do not perceptibly gain, or even lose, ground in each decade or generation; they never blaze out far and wide, but continue to smoulder in the narrow circles of thinking and studious persons among whom they originate, without ever lighting up the general affairs of mankind with either a true or a deceptiv light. And thus is kept up a state of things very satisfactory to some minds, because without the unpleasant process of fining or imprisoning anybody it maintains all prevailing opinions outwardly undisturbed, while it does not absolutely interdict the exercise of reason by dissentients afflicted with the malady of thought.

* * *

Unhappily there is no security in the state of the public mind that the suspension of worse forms of legal persecution, which has lasted for about the space of a generation, will continue. In this age the quiet surface of routine is as often ruffled by attempts to resuscitate past evils as to introduce new benefits. What is boasted of at the present time as the revival of religion is always, in narrow and uncultivated minds, at least as much the revival of bigotry; and where there is the strong permanent leaven of intolerance in the feelings of a people, which at all times abides in the middle classes of this country, it needs but little to provoke them into activly persecuting those whom they hav never ceased to think proper objects of persecution.

* * *

A convenient plan for having peace in the intellectual world, and keeping all things going on therein very much as they do already. But the price paid for this sort of intellectual pacification is the sacrifice of the entire moral courage of the human mind. A state of things in which a large portion of the most activ and inquiring intellects find it advisable to keep the genuin principles and grounds of their convictions within their own breasts, and attempt in what they address to the public to fit as much as they can of their own conclusions to premises which they hav internally renounced, cannot send forth the open, fearless characters, and logical, consistent intellects who once adorned the thinking world. The sort of men who can be looked for under it are either mere conformers to commonplace, or time-servers for truth, whose arguments on all great subjects are meant for their hearers, and are not those which hav convinced themselvs. Those who avoid this alternativ do so by narrowing their thoughts and interest to things which can be spoken of without venturing within the region of principles, that is, to small practical matters which would come right of themselvs if but the minds of mankind were strengthened and enlarged, and which will never be made effectually right until then; while that which would strengthen and enlarge men's minds, free and daring speculation on the highest subjects, is abandoned.

* * *

Truth gains more even by the errors of one who, with due study and preparation, thinks for himself, than by the true opinions of those who only hold them because they do not suffer themselvs to think. Not that it is solely or chiefly to form great thinkers that freedom of thinking is required. On the contrary, it is as much, and even more, indispensable to enable average human beings to attain the mental stature which they are capable of. There hav been, and may again be, great individual thinkers in a general atmosphere of mental slavery. But there never has been, nor ever will be, in that atmosphere an intellectually activ people. Where any people has made a temporary approach to such a character, it has been because the dread of heterodox speculation was for a time suspended.

* * *

In respect to all persons but those whose pecuniary circumstances make them independent of the good will of other people, opinion on this subject is as efficacious as law; men might as well be imprisoned as excluded from the means of earning their bread. Those whose bread is already secured, and who desire no favors from men in power, or from bodies of men, or from the public, hav nothing to fear from the open avowal of any opinions but to be ill-thought of and ill-spoken of, and this it ought not to require a very heroic mold to enable them to bear. There is no room for any appeal *ad misericordiam* in behalf of such persons. But though we do not now inflict so much evil on those who think differently from us as it was formerly our custom to do, it may be that we do ourselvs as much evil as ever by our treatment of them. Socrates was put to death, but the Socratic philosophy rose like the sun in heaven, and spread its illumination over the whole intellectual firmament.

* * *

But it is not the minds of heretics that are deteriorated most by the ban placed on all inquiry which does not end in the orthodox conclusions. The greatest harm done is to those who are not heretics, and whose whole mental development is cramped, and their reason cowed by the fear of heresy. Who can compute what the world loses in the multitude of promising intellects combined with timid characters, who dare not follow out any bold, vigorous, independent train of thought lest it should land them in something which would admit of being considered irreligious or immoral? Among them we may occasionally see some man of deep conscientiousness and subtil and refined understanding who spends a life in sophisticating with an intellect which he cannot silence, and exhausts the resources of ingenuity in attempting to reconcile the promptings of his conscience and reason with orthodoxy, which yet he does not, perhaps, to the end succeed in doing. No one can be a great thinker who does not recognize that as a thinker it is his first duty to follow his intellect to whatever conclusions it may lead.

* * *

But I must be permitted to observe that it is not the feeling sure of a doctrin (be it what it may) which I call an assumption of infallibility. It is the undertaking to decide that question *for others*, without allowing them to hear what can be said on the contrary side. And I denounce and reprobate this pretension not the less if put forth on the side of my most solemn convictions. However positiv anyone's persuasion may be, not only of the falsity but of the pernicious consequences—not only of the pernicious consequences, but (to adopt expressions which I altogether condemn) the immorality and impiety of an opinion; yet if, in pursuance of that private judgment, though backed by the public judgment of his country or his contemporaries, he prevents the opinion from being heard in its defense, he assumes infallibility. And so far from the assumption being less objectionable or less dangerous because the opinion is called immoral or impious, this is the case of all others in which it is most fatal. These are exactly the occasions on which the men of one generation commit those dreadful mistakes which excite the astonishment and horror of posterity. It is among such that we find the instances memorable in history, when the arm of the law has been employed to root out the best men and the noblest doctrins; with deplorable success as to the men, though some of the doctrins hav survived to be (as if in mockery) invoked in defense of similar conduct toward those who dissent from *them*, or from their received interpretation.

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## A Scientific "Religion."

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 16th we shall begin the publication of a series of papers which we know will be most favorably received by the Freethinkers of the country—a series written specially for our columns by Prof. Felix L. Oswald. Professor Oswald's book, "The Secret of the East," has made him known to the Liberals of the country, and his contributions to the *Popular Science Monthly*, the *North American Review*, the *Forum*, etc., hav made him a solid reputation as a scientific thinker. He is also author of the following books published by Appleton and Lippincott: Physical Education, Summerland Sketches, Zoölogical Sketches, Household Remedies, and the Poison Problem.

The title of the series which we shall publish is, "The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism. A Contribution to the Religion of the Future." The purpose of the papers is to demonstrate the natural basis of ethics, and to expose the immoral tendency of the Christian religion in many of its tenets, such as the natural depravity dogma, tending to the suppression of normal instincts; the alleged sinfulness of unbelief, suppressing the spirit of free inquiry; the imaginary duty of blind submission to established authorities, fostering flunkeyism and mental prostitution; and other-worldliness, which encourages the neglect of this world's interests and duties. Against these Christian teachings, so detrimental to humanity, will be set in contrast the safe standards of natural religions, by showing the identity of duty and inclination in normal specimens of our race—adducing the health-protecting instincts of young children, their love of physical exercise, their candor, their inquisitivness—all suppressed by the preposterous methods of our *parsonage-plan* of education.

Each chapter will be devoted to some special maxim of a code embodying the condition of earthly happiness: health, freedom, truth, order, justice, prudence, self-reliance, knowledge, industry, etc. These papers are replete with anecdote and illustrations from history and the customs of foreign nations, and the author proves his positions by facts. To the critics of Liberalism who ask, "If you explode their nonsense, what are you going to put in its place?" this series will be a complete answer. The papers will continue for several months.

We would respectfully suggest that Liberals make extra effort to induce their Christian friends to read this series, and become converts to The Religion of the Future.

## Three New Pamphlets by Colonel Ingersoll.

We hav put in pamphlet form the last three articles by Colonel Ingersoll that appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER. They are

THE TRUTH OF HISTORY. This is a comment by Colonel Ingersoll upon the religious lies that hav been told about himself, and first made its appearance in these columns.

BIBLE IDOLATRY. A letter Colonel Ingersoll wrote to the editor of the London *Secular Review*.

INGERSOLL ON MCGLYNN. Being the comments and opinions of Mr. Ingersoll upon the fight in the Catholic church between the late pastor of St. Stephen's and his employer, the pope.

The price of each of these little pamphlets is three cents; per dozen, 30 cents; per hundred, $2.

## The Priests of Missouri.

If THE TRUTH SEEKER had published the story that thirty Roman Catholic priests in one diocese had been guilty of all sorts of misconduct, the Catholic press would hav said that we told a falsehood. But Bishop Hogan, of the diocese around Kansas City, Mo., has said that, and it remains to be seen what the church authorities will do to him for telling tales out of school. Mr. Hogan had occasion to suspend a priest by the name of Hynes, at Pierce City, and a business concern sued the priest for a lot of furniture he had purchased. One of the witnesses examined was the bishop, and while upon the stand he admitted the authorship of a letter in which he named thirty priests, giving dates and full details, who had got drunk, got into street fights, got into houses of ill-fame, got into jail, and into trouble of almost all possible kinds. The following is a partial list, which the bishop gave as samples:

"1869. Received in the St. Joseph diocese the Rev. Michael Haley, priest of diocese of Cloyne, tried in diocese of Buffalo and failed, as he had failed in Cloyne. Recommended from diocese of Buffalo to diocese of St. Joseph. In diocese of St. Joseph (Brookfield mission) constantly drunk; once made an assault on a female. Got sick, was taken into Sisters' Hospital, Felix street, St. Joseph, and died there in 1870.

"1869. Received into diocese of St. Joseph, the Rev. Mr. McGinnis (Breckenridge mission), constantly drunk. Belonged to diocese of Dubuque; sent out of diocese of St. Joseph in 1870.

"1869. Received into diocese of St. Joseph, Francis O'Reilley, student, recommended by priests of St. Louis. O'Reilly had been a student in Cleveland. No cause assigned for leaving Cleveland. After ordination had charge of Plattsburg mission. Was constantly drunk. Afterward got permission to go in the Newark, N. J., diocese; there got publicly drunk, and had to be put into a hospital asylum. Is now going round from city to city a drunken wreck.

"1869. Received into diocese of St. Joseph, the Rev. George Turk, from diocese of St. Louis. Got charge of Conception mission. Was constantly drunk. Got the people of his congregation to fighting each other, and going to law with each other, fighting at church on Sundays, and lawing each other the remainder of the week in court.

"I cannot giv you a history of each individual case of misfortune and of crime. The recital would be too long, and often too shameful in detail. I mention names and dates only of a few:

"1869. Rev. Herguemoether, Carrollton, dismissed 1871.
"1870. Heffinger, Carrollton, dismissed 1872.
"1870. Rev. Foley, Liberty, dismissed 1871.
"1870. Drohan, Carrollton, dismissed 1871.
"1870. Seebold, Weston, dismissed 1873.
"1870. Gotagh, Maryville, dismissed 1870.
"1871. Saigmule, cathedral, dismissed 1872.
"1871. J. Jacobs, cathedral, dismissed 1872.
"1871. H. Jacobs, dismissed 1872.
"1871. Steindle, Brunswick, dismissed 1872.
"1873. McMahon, Weston, dismissed 1872.
"1873. Jerry Murphy, commission land jobber, dismissed 1874.
"1875. Zwyte, Saxton, dismissed 1878.
"1875. Munt, cathedral, dismissed 1875.
"1876. A. Here, Plattsburg, dismissed 1877.
"1876. Galvin, cathedral, dismissed 1877.
"1876. Herbert, cathedral, dismissed 1877.
"1876. Kiley, cathedral, dismissed 1877."

Recounting his experience with these priests, the bishop says:

"I did not know then, as by bitter experience I now know, that priests ordained for and belonging to a diocese do not leave it but through compulsion or expulsion, especially when the change is from a rich to a poor diocese. Such expelled priests are a happy riddance to the bishops they hav grieved and the parishes they hav scandalized, but they are a withering curse to the bishops and the parishes compelled to hav their services. It is true no bishop receives a priest from another diocese without a recommendation from his former bishop, but the former bishops are generally heartsore from scandals, vexations, and troubles, and hav no objection whatever to hav trouble removed from their own doors. In their charity also for erring priests, in their written recommendations of them they giv them honorable mention for every good quality they hav—and the worst men generally hav some good qualities; but they never mention their faults, hoping that priests, when they go to a new place, and get another opportunity to do good, will avoid the faults that brought them into trouble before.

"But, alas! human nature is very weak, and when temptations come again they are yielded to, and thus it is that, in trying to pardon and lift up erring men, we hav only got them into deeper disgrace, and given them opportunity to disgrace themselvs more and more, and to carry and spread disgrace from diocese to diocese, and from parish to parish. In this way priests hav been known to go from Ireland to England, and thence to Australia through the United States, from one diocese to another, pardoned by one bishop, exhorted by another, to no purpose but to spread quarrels, contentions, and scandals through the church.

"The constant shameful public and sacrilegious drunkenness of the last three mentioned priests who were by my side at the cathedral determined me to wipe them and their kind out of my jurisdiction. Herbert, after repeated drunkenness, went into a spree for a week in my house. Was in the house, broke out at night, got into a house of disreputable women in his drunkenness, and was thrown out into the street, picked up drunk, recognized and taken into a house and made sober and put into a carriage and taken to my house. That evening Galvin and Kiley were told by me to prepare for the proper celebration of the feast of the patronage of St. Joseph for Easter Sunday. On Saturday night they stayed up all night drinking, carousing, and shouting. Kiley fell down, blackened and almost broke his face in falling. Of course, the two sacrilegious priests said mass the next day, and Kiley went into the pulpit and preached, with his blackened and bruised face, to the people of the cathedral. This was on the feast of the patron of the diocese and of the universal church. It was time for me to begin a reformation."

This is good testimony in support of the charges made against Roman Catholic priests, and it cannot be said to proceed from an unfriendly source. Everybody who pays attention to the order of the priesthood knows that priests as a class are sensual men, but it is generally impossible to convict them. In New York, for instance, it has come to our knowledge that various priests hav been high livers—eating and drinking riotously, and indulging in other disgraceful excesses—but when we hav asked our informants to put that down in shape for use, they hav invariably declined. It is not often that a priest in this city is arrested, though they hav frequently been seen upon the streets in an intoxicated state; the police are almost to a man Roman Catholics, and a good percentage of the judges and court officials are of that religious faith. And in politics the church is all-powerful, so that the priestly misdemeanants are safe.

Bishop Hogan has done a good deed in exposing the immoralities of the priests of his diocese. The public will be curious, however, to know what his archbishop will do to him for his frankness.

## Another Curiosity for Mr. Lamar, of Chicago.

Perhaps the stupidest comment upon the recent blasphemy case is this from the *Western Rural*, published in Chicago:

"An ex-minister of the gospel in New Jersey has been found guilty of blasphemy. He was a sort of imitator of Bob Ingersoll, but without Ingersoll's polish and genius. Bob is exceedingly blasphemous, but he does it in a good-natured way, and in a style that robs it of a great deal of its harshness. But this New Jersey imitator was as uncouth and rasping as the oath of a boy who is just learning to swear. He made wretched work of it, and so disgusted everybody that he was brought to the bar of justice under a statute of the state that was a hundred years old, and had never before been enforced. Ingersoll was his lawyer, and made a very temperate speech. Mr. Ingersoll himself makes the mistake of seeming to think that bold declaration and ridicule are argument. This New Jerseyman appears to also hav thought that calling God 'names' was sound and convincing argument. He did not convince, and could not convince, any intelligent man by such a course of anything except that he was a low-bred, vulgar-mouthed person. If a man does not believe that there is a God, that is his business. If he chooses to say that he does not believe it, that is his business. But when he delivers himself of a flood of obscene language, that is a matter that his neighbors hav something to say about. He is indecent when he uses improper language even to a gate-post, and the law that brings him to account is a good law. Nothing is gained by blaspemous or other indecent language, and in such a case as this one under consideration the only purpose of its use is to wound somebody's feelings, and that is not gentlemanly. We ardently wish that there was law enough to shut up every vulgar mouth in all the world, whatever may be the occasion of its belchings. We hav a great deal of sympathy for the weakness of men, but we hav not the slightest patience with a man whose tongue delights in obscenity or blasphemy. It is unmanly, and Colonel Ingersoll to the contrary notwithstanding, nobody has any right in this free country to be unmanly."

Profounder ignorance of his subject is seldom shown, even by a squash-and-potato editor. And a narrower spirit than this writer possesses we hope never to observe. The New Jerseyites would hav felt very good if they could hav found Mr. Reynolds's language to be even indecent, much more obscene; but our country friend from Chicago has no difficulty at all in convicting him off-hand of the vilest obscenity. And the ease with which he runs blasphemy into obscenity ought to earn him a place in Comstock's society, for the agent of the John-street soap-boiler has torn his hair many times and oft because he could not reach all heretics through his obscenity laws.

His solicitude for the morals of a gate-post shows that our agricultural editor's heart is in his business, and reflects credit upon his Christian training. We agree with him that any man who corrupts a gate-post by blasphemous language ought to be shut up; indeed, the rack and dungeon would be lenient pun-

ishment. Every legislature should at once pass a law protecting Christian gate-posts from heretical contamination, and the National Reform party might well ask for a constitutional amendment compelling decency to gate-posts as the measure of a citizen's fitness for voting.

And then again, what a broad party platform would that be which should demand that "nobody has any right to be unmanly!" If it were properly called to its attention, there is no doubt the Women's Christian Temperance Union would embody this idea in its organic documents, even though it might be considered rather oppressiv upon the female sex.

The editor of the *Western Rural* is in the wrong place. His great abilities hav not sufficient scope. Let him apply to Mr. Lamar, of his city, who will undoubtedly giv him an engagement at his dime museum, in lieu of the Reynolds jurors whom he failed to secure.

## Features of the Queen's Jubilee.

Fifty years ago, counting backward from June 21, 1887, Victoria Alexandrina became queen of England. Last week Tuesday, the fiftieth anniversary of that event was celebrated by her loyal subjects and others, and commemorativ services were continued throughout the week. In London one of the biggest crowds the world ever saw lined the streets through which she passed from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey, within whose sacred and expensiv walls she was originally crowned.

The queen of England occupies the position of a medium between the Almighty and the British people. She is their sovereign by divine right, transmitted to her from the deity through the offices of his ministers. At least, such is the theory; though it must be said that the theory is hardly a scientific one, and by many is considered idiotic in the extreme. There are those, however, who believe in it, some of whom are alive.

At Westminster Abbey the proceedings were of a so-called religious character, and were afforded by the queen's loyal subjects, through taxation collected by the sheriff, at an expense of $85,000. It is a matter to take pride in that they eclipsed in grandeur even those which marked her coronation fifty years previously. The services were composed of the mummery which passes for worship in Episcopal churches, and when they were over the procession moved back to Buckingham Palace, incidentally passing over a small child and killing it. It is doubtful if the parents of the child duly appreciated the honor thus bestowed upon their unworthy offspring. It is also safe to say that there was one mother in London who did not enjoy the queen's jubilee.

In Ireland the day was observed by fights between Catholics and Protestants. A number of Irish women contributed a purse of $18,500 to the queen as a jubilee gift, which, no doubt, her majesty transferred to her stocking with such alacrity as her age would permit. As her income is reckoned at less than $2,000,000 per annum, the sum donated by the women of Ireland will help keep the wolf from the door for another year.

In New York the Catholics said mass in their churches for the souls of the ten million victims of misrule who hav died of hunger or in dungeons, on the scaffold or on the battle-field, or hav been evicted or expatriated during Victoria's beneficent reign.

Our loyal Englishmen and Anglomaniacs hired the Metropolitan Opera House and made speeches and sent an address to her majesty extending assurances of their distinguished consideration.

Erastus Wiman, an Englishman who owns the boats and railroads connecting New York with Staten Island, got up a celebration at Erastina and St. George's Park, and by advertising tremendous attractions induced about fifteen thousand people to patronize his boats and to drink the beer which he provided. From a financial point of view, his patriotism had its reward.

From Washington President Cleveland took it upon himself to send Victoria word that he but uttered the general voice of his fellow-countrymen in wishing the prolongation of her reign; which is well enough by way of courtesy, but which in point of fact is untrue. If the American people wished for the continuance of monarchy in England, they were very inconsistent in fighting against it in this country.

This jubilee affords the thoughtful person an opportunity to indulge one cheerful reflection, namely that the reign of divinely appointed kings and queens is a half century nearer its end than it was fifty years ago when Victoria was crowned in Westminster Abbey.

## One Ecclesiastical Thumbscrew.

The New York *Herald* assures the public that it is in possession of certain knowledge that the parishioners of Dr. McGlynn's parish who do not contribute to the support of St. Stephen's church are being refused absolution at the confessional. The *Herald* prints the following:

"The reporter was told of the following occurrence in the German church of St. Francis of Assisi, in West Thirty-first street, a sample, his informant said, of what takes place in other parishes: A lady went to confession last Saturday night in the above church. She was a parishioner of St. Stephen's. After she had told her little tale her confessor asked her where she lived. Friends of hers had been asked the same question and she knew what it meant.

"'I don't feel bound to tell you that, father,' she answered.

"'Do you belong to the Committee of Thirty-five?' (This is the executiv committee of the McGlynnites of St. Stephen's.)

"'If I did, father,' answered the fair penitent, 'it is not a mortal sin, nor yet a venial one.'

"'Are you a sympathizer with Dr. McGlynn?' persisted the priest.

"'Yes, father, and I will continue to be.'

"'Then I will not giv you absolution,' said the confessor so loudly that, says the lady, he attracted the attention of other waiting penitents.

"'Well, father,' said the lady, rising from her knees, 'I will never again ask you, or any other priest, to giv me absolution,' and she left the confessional almost in tears.

"The priest quickly saw he had made a mistake, hastily called her back, and after a few words gave her absolution. In future the lady will attend another church Her name is in the possession of the *Herald*, but cannot be published."

The priests are acting under orders, of course, from Archbishop Corrigan, and this step indicates the church's determination to enforce obedience to its authority, so far as it can.

As long ago as last January, THE TRUTH SEEKER said: "We are much mistaken if even the most devoted of Dr. McGlynn's parishioners does not weaken in his allegiance when the authorities put the ecclesiastical screw upon the lay thumb. A refusal of church privileges—confession, absolution, sacraments, burial rites—to be followed by excommunication, will bring most of the Catholics of St. Stephen's parish to their knees." One of the measures that we mentioned is now being tried, though, we are glad to say, without success in the one instance that has become public. In how many instances it has succeeded, who can say? It is generally reported and believed that Dr. McGlynn has been threatened with excommunication should he not reach Rome by July 2d, to explain away his contumacious conduct, and he has publicly said that he will not go. When he has suffered the extreme penalty that the church can now inflict, when his old parishioners hav been boycotted by the church, and all his Catholic friends hav become religious outcasts, what will he and they think of "holy church?" Will they still cling to her as the possessor of all truth, the protector of the poor, the giver of eternal pain or pleasure, or will they denounce her for what she is, an arrogant tyrant, a stupendous fraud, and the worst punishment the human race has ever inflicted upon itself through ignorant superstition?

A few score years ago Edward McGlynn would hav been burnt at the stake, and his followers put in dungeons. To-day, in America, they can believe what they please without fear of bodily harm. It will be a glorious triumph for freedom if they hav the manhood and womanhood to throw off all other fear?

## Editorial Notes.

IN answer to a question from a subscriber we may state—for about the fiftieth time—that D. M. Bennett was a Spiritualist and Atheist. That is, his faith was strong that the phenomena of Spiritualism proved another existence for mortals, and he had no idea whatever that a personal God existed. Sometimes Mr. Bennett expounded a philosophy akin to Pantheism, but on straight theological lines he would properly be put down as an Atheist.

MR. CHARLES ECKHARD, treasurer of the American Secular Union, has published the Nine Demands in a more attractiv form than any in which they hav previously appeared. At the head of an engraving on heavy plate paper 24x19 inches are the cabinet-sized likenesses of Jefferson, Washington, and Paine, the Fathers of our Republic. At the sides are Franklin and John Adams, and between these two are printed the Nine Demands of the American Secular Union in conspicuous type. At the foot are Lafayette, Girard, and Ingersoll, making eight likenesses in all. Inscribed beneath each portrait is some radical sentiment quoted from the author pictured over it. In the space between the portraits and around them are arabesques of vines and flowers in profusion, and the panel inclosing the Nine Demands is surmounted on each corner by Mr. Eckhard's design of the flag above the cross. The whole makes an exceedingly handsome work for framing. The artistic part is equal to the best, and the portraits are as true to nature as the photographs from which they were transferred. The design will be sent postpaid by mail for $1 upon application to Mr. Eckhard or to this office.

THE Alabama *Sentinel*, an official organ of the Knights of Labor, published at Birmingham, Ala., has a shrewd appreciation of New Jersey. It says: "The imported Pinkerton detectivs who, during the recent coal-handlers' strike in New Jersey, fired into a crowd of Jersey City children, killing one, were acquitted of the charge of murder by the jury last week. Some of the local newspapers are inquiring for the lost, strayed, or stolen Jersey justice. It was busy at Morristown at that time prosecuting C. B. Beynolds for blasphemy under a statute two hundred years old. Just giv Jersey justice time and it will get there."

OUR Episcopalian citizens are gradually backsliding into Romanism. The pastoral letter issued last year was almost a Catholic document; and the plan to erect a cathedral is copying the mother church. Now at the Long Island diocesan convention just held, a Rev. Mr. Geer "vigorously denounced public schools as being worthless so far as regarded their efficacy in teaching the truths of Christianity," and said the schools "are becoming worse as the days go on." Mr. Geer should be reminded that the public schools are not supported for the purpose of teaching religion, and then he should get him to a monastery.

THE New York *World* makes the discovery that "the last two-thirds of Robert Ingersoll's tribute to the memory of Beecher is a fine specimen of blank verse." "Moreover," adds the *World*, "it is a contribution to our literature which will do much to raise the average of American poetry. It is a master-stroke, and there is no good reason why it should not appear in its appropriate garb in type." This is all true enough, but a lily is not improved by painting, and it is not necessary to use art to place one of Colonel Ingersoll's compositions at the top of English literature. The *World* should study the sentiment of the tribute, not its dress.

THE *Cape Fear Advocate* is published by a colored man in Wilmington, Del., for and in the interests of the colored people. Negro preachers, in his opinion, are much like their white brethren, and he warns his race against them. He says: "There is nothing that does more to injure the negro race than the ignorant jackass preachers who prey upon the pockets of the colored people. On Sunday these Bible-smashers can be seen after their pulpit harang is over sitting around some of their members' houses, with another man's wife, waiting for the last old hen to be put on the table that they may stuff their hypocritical hide. They, as a rule, are always wanting to build a church, and therefore can be found with a little book collecting money for that purpose, and when it has been built it would not make a good-sized coal-house. Generally these pulpit gymnasts know as much about preaching as a Tennessee mule knows about probation after death."

WHEN the Perfectionists at Walnut Hills, Ohio, were exposed about a year ago, and forced by public opinion to discontinue their peculiar worship, which their religious opponents called scandalous, they joined the Methodist church of the place. Recently the authorities of the church found they had renewed in secret the practice of their rites, and at once put them on trial on the following four specifications:

"*First.* The claiming and teaching that Mrs. Martin was God the Father, and Mrs. Brooke the Christ.

"*Second.* That Jesus of Nazareth, after the flesh, was the son of Joseph as really as of Mary.

"*Third.* That the church of to-day is the Babylon, as recorded in Revelation, and is the mother of harlots and the abomination of the whole earth.

"*Fourth.* Power to work miracles under certain conditions."

The committee before whom they were tried found them guilty, and unanimously recommended that they be expelled from the church. This treatment of the Perfectionists shows how the orthodox people regard any other superstition than their own. They keep the only genuin gods—do the orthodox.

THE queen of England's jubilee, celebrated June 21st, was not allowed to pass without the religious row usual when large numbers of people get together. In Belfast, Ireland, jubilee bands were attacked by Catholics, and stones flew thick and heavy until the police appeared. After a hard fight, in which many policemen as well as rioters were injured, the mob was dispersed. In Cork about fifty persons were disabled by Catholic rioters, and a newspaper office was raided. In Boston, Mass., U. S. A., because the city granted the use of Faneuil Hall to a British society for a banquet, the Irish Catholics surrounded the building and yelled and fought vigorously. It took three hundred policemen to prevent the good Irish Catholic citizens from mobbing the banqueting society. The rioters nearly killed several Englishmen, the policemen nearly killed several rioters, and the militia were put in readiness to defend the city from a furious uprising of patriotic Irish Catholics. In New York the Catholics held funeral services in various churches to mourn for the "Irishmen who fell in holy Ireland's fight." If our good Irish Catholic citizens would keep their quarrels to themselvs, they would appear to better advantage. Englishmen in this country hav the same right to celebrate the queen's jubilee that the Irish hav to hold Home Rule meetings, and the Irishmen should remember it.

## Letters from Friends.

WHITE CHURCH, KAN., June 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I don't know when I hav been more shocked than since I hav learned of Elmina's incarceration in a filthy jail. How long is it to be the case that Liberals are to be treated in this manner? Is it not astonishing to know that so pure and philanthropic a person as she can hav such indignities heaped upon them? I hope you will make it hot for her base persecutors. I am old and sick, but I say, Long liv THE TRUTH SEEKER, and may your lives be spared to battle for the right. My regards to Heston. I. P. MARTIN.

LEON, IOWA, May 24, 287.

MR. EDITOR: The Liberals had their first regular meeting last Sunday, and adopted that constitution you suggested some time ago of an Illinois society, and published in THE TRUTH SEEKER, namely, moral, social, and industrial basis. The names of the officers of the Leon Secular Union are: A. E. Hall, president; W. E. Gammon, vice-president; Mrs. A. B. Hall, treasurer; and Mrs. J. W. Long, secretary. We were assembled for a pic-nic last Sunday, as well as for general work, and just as we had our fishing-tackle ready, and swing hung, a much-needed and welcome shower drove us to the house of our worthy president, on the banks of Weldon Creek, where we listened to speeches, readings, essays, recitations, music, etc. Everyone resorted to some favorit amusement after dinner, and over fifty persons did all in their power to act natural, human, and to sustain a Secular Sabbath. We meet again at the same place the third Sunday in June. JOHN W. LONG.

ORANGE, N. J., June 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: My residence is near far-famed Morristown, the place where Brother Reynolds was hauled up and fined $25 for expressing an honest opinion in regard to certain words and phrases. The result of that farcical trial may be set down as a grand triumph of Freethought over orthodoxy. Although friend Reynolds was required to pay a fine, the verdict of the people was in his favor. Reynolds was not on trial. The case simply hinged on an insignificant technicality, viz., "Had that old obsolete law been violated?" That old law, which had been a dead letter for two hundred years, was revived and put in force. Of course, honest urymen had to admit that the old law had been violated, which gave a wooden-headed judge a show of authority to impose a nominal fine. But they are all sick of it. You will see that such a miserable law will be repealed next winter. The people of Boonton and Morristown are just as sick of and ashamed of the whole affair as they can be. That $25 has made more proselytes to the cause of Freethought than thousands of dollars would make if expended in any other way. We cannot compute the grand influence of that little sum by way of bringing indifferent thinkers to a knowledge of the truth. ESS E. TEE.

OKETO, KAN., May 29, 287.

MR. EDITOR: As I hav not seen anything from this part of the moral vinyard for some time, I thought it proper to let the friends know how the cause was progressing in this part of the great Sunflower state. The cause of Freethought is being pushed in quiet but effectiv manner. The Cone brothers, of Axtell, and others are scattering Liberal literature all over the county, and its effects are being felt. By the way, Mr. Cone has been carrying on a religious discussion through one of the county papers with one of the pope's hired men, named Hurley; but alas! like others of his kidney, all Hurley could do was to call names and make faces. His scurrilous replies, for they cannot be dignified by the name of arguments, even disgusted the better class of his own people. Mr. J. E. Remsburg gave a course of lectures at Turner Hall, Marysville, a few weeks ago, and on account of continuous rains the attendance was not as large as was desired, but the lectures were well received, and a good impression made. Mr. Remsburg, besides being a good speaker, is a courteous and affable gentleman, which qualities soon destroy that prejudice which many Christians hav against Freethinkers.

As so many hav their say on the Anarchy question, I shall briefly express my views on the matter. While I bitterly detest the principles of Anarchy, I do say that the Chicago farce would disgrace the autocracy of Russia, and I am proud to see the editor of the greatest Freethought journal in the world stand up, not for Anarchy, but for the eternal right. JOHN A. MAYHEW.

WEST TROY, N. Y., June 8, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Let those who admire tyranny and superstition date from Cæsar or Christ, but we who profess better things should use any other chronology, and I can think of none better than the Bruno calendar. Although there were nominal sciences even ages before the Mosaic Adam, yet until Bruno showed that natural laws are universal, there was no comprehensiv and positiv science. As regards the time of his death, a few days need make no dispute about our era. The Christian era does not coincide with any time given for the birth of its supposed hero by several years, whilst it is not really the year 1 of Bruno's era until Feb. 18, 1601, of the era of superstition. So far as convenience and unity are concerned, there are other calendars than the Christian one which are used by more people than that.

How long do intelligent Americans intend to submit to the muzzlement of the press? The latest development of bigotry is the boycotting of a local paper by a West Troy police judge, who assaulted three news-boys and deprived them of their wares because his judgeship thought the *Truth* not fit for distribution. *Truth* is a fierce West Troy political paper with sound sense, and no love for the drunken magistrate. The publishers, so says an extra, propose to proceed against him for highway robbery. The editor has since been brutally assaulted. It is an inter-Irish war. When Liberals enough hav been fined, imprisoned, and legally murdered, the great silent host of thinkers will make themselvs heard in legislativ halls and secure the freedom to speak their own minds.

A Christian has just asked me what we want of laws if there be no God. I answer: "We do not want laws for the sake of God, but for the good of man, and most of all we need laws to protect honest Freethinkers from Christian cowards and cutthroats. If there were no Christian nations, the United States would need no navy. There is always danger that a god man will get an inspiration and Guiteau you." JOHN P. GUILD.

WEST GROVE, PA., June 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: As I was visiting with old friends and relativs in the neighborhood of Longwood, I thought I would drop in here and see how they were coming on, as my habit in former years has been to do so when I was in this particular neighborhood.

It is now nearly forty years since this yearly meeting of the Progressiv Friends was inaugurated, to fill what seemed to be a want of the more Liberal members of the Society of Friends (Hicksite), with Oliver Johnson at their head. But little by little its usefulness as a free and Liberal organization has dwindled away. Their presiding officer on this occasion was from Rhode Island, and I judge belonged to the Free Religious school, of which the *Index* was the organ. His right-hand supporter was G. B. Stebbins, of Detroit, who was there to represent Spiritualism, to get subscribers for the *Religio*, to circulate copies of that paper among the audience, and to make flings at Materialism and the great Secular movement of the age. So that with these two classes of minds that the Progressiv Friends of Pennsylvania hav got set over them, it is no wonder that the more free, intelligent thinkers hav been withdrawing their material aid to the support of these meetings, so that the subject of their discontinuance was brought up for consideration. When the vote was taken, some six or eight voted to discontinue, and about twice the number to continue the meetings. One of the leaders of these meetings, a capitalist who had paid out his money with a liberal hand for their support, and who had voted for their discontinuance, rose and remarked that unless they could hav the names of thirty or forty to their subscription paper for a sum of money from each one (not to exceed five dollars), to sustain these meetings, they would hav to be discontinued. So it would seem as though the continuance of these Progressiv Friends' meetings of Chester county, Pa., hangs on the finance question, and as I hav been an attender of these meetings, more or less, for the last twenty-seven years, I am not at all surprised that the intelligent Freethinkers of Chester county, Pa., hav got tired of paying out their money to support this bogus Free Progressiv Friends' yearly meeting, now run in the interest of cliques and parties. S. D. MOORE.

MYRTLE CREEK, OR., June 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav not written any for THE TRUTH SEEKER for some time, but hav been doing something for our valuable cause through the columns of a local journal. I am glad that S. P Putnam is lecturing in this country. If I had means, I would circulate our literature from one end of the country to the other.

The clerical drones of Southern Methodism hav made their appearance in our little town. The Baptists were here a short time ago. The Presbyterians officiate once a month. It is seldom that any of them get any proselytes. These preachers will not meet us in open, free public discussion, so they are afraid to slander us. They claim to reply to some of our argument (in the hearing of those who never read it) when the author is in another country.

The Bible must be peculiar to justify so many creeds and names of parties. Its ignorant votaries will not attempt to defend it, because they are unable, while its enlightened ones will not by fair means, because they know better.

They know that their premises are false, and therefore their conclusion must be false also. They know that the only way to perpetuate their claims and authority over mankind is by force—by force of law, by force of arms, and by force of superstition. But this they find cannot be accomplished in Protestant countries. They find that they are losing control of the people; that whatever is intolerable and intolerant in Protestantism must be vanquished, so that what there is of real Protestantism will soon display itself in the form of Freethought, Liberalism, and humanity. But what there is of Romanism must return to the old dragon that gave it birth. It is obvious that many so-called Protestants will go to Rome. Shall Rome ever rule America? Perhaps in a few short years we will hear the cry of "Rally round the flag, boys." Many patriots will say when they hav read this, "Giv me liberty or giv me death."

L. C. HILL.

WELLAND, ONT., June 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: As the result of thought and investigation into the why and wherefore of things being as they are to-day, I had arrived at the conclusion that they are so as the result of natural law, which we hav not had the power to control. Take the human race, for instance. We all are just what we are as the result of circumstances not at our command. None of us had any choice as to our parentage, birth, or country in which we should be born; are not responsible for the traits of character in our organizations, nor for the influences operating upon us from the time of our birth to the present time. As we are to-day, we are the product of cause and effect.

If one person has been more fortunate than another in his organism, and has been surrounded by more favorable influences to make him a more moral and intellectual character, the credit is in no way due to him, it was his fortune; and the more ignorant and idiotic are not deserving of blame; it was their misfortune in having been born and placed under less favorable circumstances. No rational being would prefer being foolish or idiotic; those who are so in any degree are not so by choice, but as the result of circumstances over which they had no choice or control.

This view of things may not meet the views of many, but that does not make it less true. It will be indorsed by those whose minds hav become more enlightened, and consequently better able to view things in their true light.

What control hav we over the physical body, whether we shall be tall or short, weigh three hundred or one hundred and fifty pounds, hav black or red hair, inherit from our parentage some bodily or mental disorder? We hav no choice whatever. We hav not been made to order, but by natural law, and are as much the product of natural law a the tree that has grown in the forest.

"Oh, well," you say, "that may be all true enough with regard to the body, but the mind is different." Yes, the mind is different, but governed by laws equally as strict.

If you are born of parents who bequeath to you a good organism, and instil into your youthful mind good moral principles, giv you a good school education, laying the foundation for a scientific one, the chances will be favorable to your becoming an honorable and intellectual person. But, on the other hand, you are born with faulty organism, inherited from parentage, and in infancy and youth your surroundings are of an immoral character; your school and general education defectiv. You will be found to be mentally as well as physically what circumstances made you. If you should prove better than your surroundings, it will be, as it were, by accident that some favorable influence had reached you, and operated favorably on some good trait in your moral or mental organism so as to lead you to pursue a course better calculated to develop the moral and intellectual traits of character that may be in you, which otherwise might hav lain dormant. It is not uncommon to see such cases. So, after all, whatever we may be physically, mentally, or morally, we are the result of circumstances. Hence the necessity of trying to introduce better influences.

If what I hav said be true, where does our individual moral responsibility come in—responsibility for being where and what we are, and not better than we are? As well hold a poor man responsible for not being rich, a silly man for not being wiser, a short man for not being tall, or a tree for having grown crooked. All are the effect of causes which, under the circumstances, they were unable to avoid or reverse. JOHN RAY.

### A. B. PIKARD TO D. LOUIS BODGE (POLITENESS OF THE TRUTH SEEKER).

June 16, 1887.

FRIEND BODGE: I hav just read your letter to me in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and hasten to reciprocate the favor. And first, I will say that the papers containing your letter to me, and mine to you, I hav given away, and therefore shall need to rely on memory, and misrepresentation is not my name. To be short, and as fair as short, the gist of the matter is this: You professed to be a friend of the spelling reform, and then when THE TRUTH SEEKER illustrated the nature of the reform by dropping off a useless letter from a few simple words which even children could not be mistaken in, you ridiculed it by calling those words bobtailed—the very simplest method that could be employed to let the people see that the reform would not change our language, as some people suppose, but simplify its spelling, so that every child and foreigner knowing the alphabet can read. How you could reconcile the two positions I couldn't see, and so I illustrated accordingly. If you had always been accustomed to hav your photograph taken with three eyes in them, however blind the third one might be, and I should make you one without the third eye, you wouldn't know yourself, nor pay me for it, it would look so much like those bobtail words.

My friend, your words imply that those who spell giv, hav, liv, and nolej are spelling deformers. Well, I am in good company. Mr. Webster and Mr. Smalley in their spelling, to show the correct speech, spell those words just as I do, and that is what spelling is for; and I spell the first three as everybody else does, for everybody knows that the only object of the invention of letters was to spell or represent the sounds that constitute words, as figures were invented to spell or represent numbers. Everybody knows that silent letters don't spell anything, and for that reason in elementary books are printed in italic. And now Mr. Bodge thinks those words are not spelled right because their useless caudal appendage is left off. I wish Mr. Bodge had told us what right spelling is. If he means that the customary spelling is right spelling, how can he be a friend to or in favor of reformed spelling?

One author says, "Spelling is representing a word by its proper letters." If this definition is correct, then we hav it that spelling is representation, and hence I say that a letter spells a sound. Letters were never designed to be grouped or clustered together to signify words, but simply to represent to the eye the elements of speech. With Mr. Bodge would reformed spelling be correct spelling if the common way is correct? He should hav given us some example of correct spelling of "nolej," for instance. He has given us the common alphabet, and the names of the letters—thanks for so much—without any reference to whether the sounds are simple or diphthongal, which shows that my friend is not an expert in the science of sounds. He must know that the names of letters amount to nothing; his eyes are offended when a useless letter is left off; his ears would be offended to hear it sounded on. It is evident that Mr. Bodge takes the names of letters for their sounds, for he says of Mr. Pikard, "It seems a trifle strange for a man who has been a

spelling reformer for thirty-five years to giv the sound of *o* and *e* in this word [nolej], sounds which are not heard in it at all, omitting the sounds which are really heard, and then triumphantly remark, 'I hav spelt all the sounds in it.'" Mr. Bodge says, "You hav done nothing of the kind." There are but five sounds in the word, and I spelled it with five letters. Now, how many sounds do I spell? Mr. Bodge says, "Mr. Pikard don't spell as many sounds as there are in the word." Mr. Bodge, how many sounds are there in the word nolej? Mr. Bodge says, "Correctly spelled, the word must be nalej"—*a* pronounced as in far. Does he spell any more sounds than Pikard? Again, Mr. Bodge says to me, "You spelled *have* and *give* "hav" and "giv," whereas correctly spelled they would be hav and giv." Taking his own alphabet for it, we spell the words just alike, and this shows that he takes the name of a letter for its sound, instead of taking the sound of a letter for its name. Spelling reformers are governed by the sounds they wish to represent, and not by the names of letters.

I presume Mr. Bodge would write living, livid, etc., without any tail to the first syllable; hence it would be a bobtailed syllable. We learn the properties of sounds by ear, and the properties of letters by the eye, and then the relation between them. Mr. Bodge says my spelling of hav, giv, and liv is spurious reform spelling, and yet he spells them just as I do. The only difference between us is, he goes by the old names of the letters, and I by the sounds they signify. He says, Be-oh-de-gee-ee, and then pronounces his name; and I say, B-o-j, and then pronounce his name. When Mr. Bodge comes to understand the subject, we shall think alike.

The whole may be summed up as follows: The number of simple elements of speech in the English language cannot exceed thirty-seven, and I shall be satisfied with thirty-four. There are three intermediate sounds, that are called shaded sounds, which I judge not essential to the meaning of any word, and therefore I do not represent them.

I use thirty-five letters, thirty-four for simple sounds, and *i* as a diphthongal letter; but even *i* is not essential. Now, friend Bodge, suppose you and I put a little money together and buy THE TRUTH SEEKER a small font of type of twelve or thirteen letters of the same size as those your letter was printed with, so they will work right in with those letters it has without difficulty, including a little plate containing the alphabet, to be put into a corner of the paper for everybody to see, and then we can illustrate and demonstrate to the eyes of all that wish to know.

Then you could furnish some of your nice poetry, and I some plain and home-made talk or story, and so establish an alphabet that cannot be faulted, if the editor will agree to it. What do you say to it? A. B. PIKARD.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I was induced to subscribe for THE TRUTH SEEKER on assurance that it is not a strictly partisan organ, but its columns are open to discussion from all sides of every question presented. But I note that the rule is objected to, apparently with some effect, on questions of the most vital and general importance to the human race. Having been a Freethinker from my earliest recollection, I hav become aware that intolerant partisan prejudice is incompatible with Freethought. Moreover, though we think our best thoughts to-day, perchance we shall hav better to-morrow. It were oft a pity if we do not. For we often meet thoughts in books and periodicals that, unless they serve to suggest better, which they sometimes do, should hav been written in the sands upon the sea-shore and obliterated by the incoming tide. Having been a free reader of everything that comes to hand, I hav often noted a wide discrepancy between theories and the logical import of facts. Hence the need of free investigation, Freethought, and free expression.

The *modus operandi* of creation, and the age of our planet and it populations, are questions of no practical use or importance to anybody, and it is well they are not, for we can get no reliable solution of them. The existence of our planet and its population, and that the general condition of the human race on this planet is anything but satisfactory, appear to be generally well-known and admitted facts that should call for no further comment or explanation. Then what are the possibilities of the future, and how can they best be realized? appear to be the only questions of special importance to the human race that present themselvs for solution. The theologist promises a happy future in a spirit-world or in a physical resurrection on the conditions that we submit, without protest, to the inequities that are practiced upon us, which indicates that Christianity has greatly degenerated since the days of its reputed founder, or a spurious article is imposed upon us. The Spiritualist is more liberal, and promises all a happy future in a spirit-world unconditionally, for which we should be duly grateful if he were duly authorized to make such promis, of which there appears to be a reasonable doubt. The Agnostic promises nothing, for he knows he don't know, and will not venture to guess, but thinks it best to "eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." By which it appears that the preacher of Ecclesiastics has a few disciples left to keep his lamp trimmed and burning.

It being obvious that neither of the foregoing theories presents a reliable solution of the social problem, I think it advisable to direct attention to known facts and their logical import; for unless we hav an intelligent knowledge of these we shall likely be hoodwinked with impudent flattery and subtle sophistry. Justice can never reign where ignorance and knavery prevail. Hence ignorance, except when hypocritically assumed as a false pretense, should be regarded as a misfortune rather than a crime. It being desirable that everybody should rightly understand the proper purpose and sphere of government, and to protest against any invasion of individual rights, it should be equally desirable that everybody hav a correct understanding of what should constitute individual rights. The law of our being appears to be the only just and reliable standard by which to judge of individual rights. That law distinctly indicates that every individual should hav an equal right to liv, and that right logically involves an equal right to the means of living; hence an equal distribution or ownership of all wealth. For what purpose should government exist at all unless to secure to everyone the means of living? I am aware that governments were evidently organized to secure a monopoly of all wealth to a comparativly few, and hav evidently served that purpose well and no other. Hence the need of reform.

Transportation being but an integral branch or part of a general system of distribution and exchange of products that division of labor has made an absolute public necessity, if there can hardly be any question of the justice and utility of the national government having absolute control of transportation, there should hardly be any question of the justice and utility of the national government having absolute control of the entire system of production and exchange. That would enable us to secure an intelligent distribution of work on the basis of the physical and intellectual ability of the workman, and an equitable distribution of products to all who need them. That being virtually admitted to be a just principle, calling it Socialism will be a virtual admission that Socialism is a just principle, and is denounced simply and solely because it is a just principle. Nevertheless, I shall fail to see how it can possibly be the final goal of human destiny on this planet, but is an indispensable first movement toward that goal. For private ownership of wealth is the only known incentiv to all the violence, fraud, and usurpation that has been committed on this planet for the acquisition of wealth, power, and dominion. Hence it is incontrovertibly the mother of all abominations and the root of all evil, and must be abolished before any reform will be possible; hence, "no remedy is worthy of consideration that does not strike at the very root of the evil." I think Mr. Denslow is making that fact appear clear enough, though it does not appear to hav been his intention to do so. Therefore I am well pleased with your giving liberal space to the advocates of private monopoly of wealth. If it is your purpose to be equally liberal with those who advocate the equal right of every individual to liv, and to the means of living, I shall renew my subscription with pleasure, but not otherwise. J. A. TUTTLE.

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CANON CITY, COL., June 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: As I seldom see a letter from this place, I will attempt to inform the friends of intellectual liberty who read THE TRUTH SEEKER how Freethought is progressing here. Mr. Jamieson was here the latter part of December, and delivered four good lectures, which roused the people somewhat. The largest audience was about seventy-five, which we considered good for this priest-ridden town. It might be considered extremely good when we take into consideration that there were from one to four churches in this town from twelve to fifteen years before the building of the first school-house.

It will be naturally inferred that there is quite a prejudice in the minds of the Christians of this vicinity against Freethinkers and our Freethought organization. Immediately following this organization, and during the religious excitement of last winter, my brother and sister were suspended from school for persisting in speaking their sentiments, claiming equal rights with our Christian friends, the account of which my sister Orella will giv in the Children's Corner.

The last evening Mr. Jamieson organized a Secular Union, getting only thirteen names. Since then we hav met every other Sunday.

Occasionally others than the members would come in, but very seldom and very few. The Christians are afraid, apparently, in spite of the fact that we are surrounded by churches—seven in a town of three thousand inhabitants.

For the first six or seven weeks of this year, a perfect cyclone of religious excitement swept over here. They brandished their fire and brimstone at everybody, but got no Liberals. There were a very few who were "on the fence," and claimed to get down on the other side, but now don't know which side they are on.

The Methodist Episcopal church, the largest in town, was filled night after night for three weeks with a throng, many of whom were seeking salvation by faith. My sister and I went six or seven evenings. At first we went for mere curiosity, as we had never been to a revival before. We also wanted to hear how the evangelist would abuse and misrepresent Infidels. He is no speaker; he would sing exciting songs, and recite death-bed scenes, and tell how he was saved, and how it rejoiced him that he and his family would all meet in heaven—all calculated to rouse the people's feelings and create excitement.

The first evening we were there, he came to us and said to each, "Sister, are you a Christian?" "No, sir." "Don't you want to be a Christian?" "No, sir." "Oh, sisters, I am afraid God will think you are bantering him and take you at your word and strike you dead!" We said, "We hav no evidence there is such a being." "Do you mean to say the Bible is a lie, and all of your friends liars?" "We do not believe the Bible, but we think most of the Christians believe what they claim to." "Hav you a mother?" "Yes, sir." "Is she living?" "Yes, sir." "Is she a Christian?" "No, sir. She was once, but reason taught her better." "Do you read your Bible?" "Yes, sir; and find it contradicts itself. Therefore we cannot believe it." He said, "I will giv anyone ten dollars who will show me a contradiction." I was on the point of repeating texts to him, but he hadn't time to stop then, but went and talked to some Christian brothers and sisters, whom he told he would stay for another hour if they wished it, and talk to and pray with them. The next evening we handed him a letter containing contradictory texts, also claiming the ten dollars. The third evening, instead of answering or paying, he abused the Infidels, saying they were thieves, liars, and drunkards, and he could see no reason for their claiming unbelief unless for a screen for their meanness.

He claims to hav been a saloon-keeper fifteen years, "but now he is going to glory, thank God!" One evening he told how once, when he was riding on a train going around the foot of a hill at the top of which a cabin stood, several dogs came barking at the train, but one little puppy kept barking and bowwowing and rolling over and over down-hill, but couldn't make the train stop. He said that reminded him of little puppy Infidels who kept barking at the great train, the church, but it, like the other, paid no attention, but kept moving on.

I had the letter and texts, and two other letters, published in the city paper. In one letter I answered the above story as follows: "I admit that the propriety, as a minister of the gospel, of your staking a ten-dollar note on the reputation of the word of God is, to say the least, questionable; but, after having done so and fairly lost, then to sneak like a whipped 'puppy' behind the pulpit, is, in my judgment, even more censurable. The Infidel 'puppy,' according to your comparison, has the courage to bark, but you, after having boasted that one could put a thousand, and two ten thousand, to flight, do not even dare to bark."

The reverend didn't ask us again to become Christians, and I never heard him mention, or heard of his mentioning, Infidels or Infidelity during his stay of two weeks after the publication of my first letter.

Dr. J. L. York has just been here and delivered two good, rousing lectures to houses of about two hundred each. Sunday evening, May 29th, his subject was, "Evolution and Creation; or, How God Made the World." May 31st, his subject was, "Individuality—What It Costs; and the Unburied Dead." Several hav said that he put entirely new ideas into their heads. If so, the doctor deserves great credit. Sunday evening, several young men went forward to inquire of the doctor where they could get books on that subject. Four more names added to our list. One of the most pious brothers was there the last evening, and said he thought the lecture splendid. The doctor thinks he will be back this way in November. We hope so. We also hope to see and hear Mr. Putnam in September.

Mrs. York is accompanying the doctor on his lecture tour to Boston. They stopped with us while here, and were visited by, and visited, several of the Liberal friends, all of whom were very much pleased to make their acquaintance.

If the doctor is not, as represented, "the Ingersoll of the Pacific," they certainly hav some giants over there.

Yours for truth, CARRIE LOOKE.

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STONEHAM, MASS., June 20, 1887.

TO MRS. E. D. SLENKER, *Dear Sister:* I hav read with sorrow and indignation the story of your arrest. I hav also read your letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 18th. It seems to me you hav the right to use whatever terms you see fit in private and under sacred letter seal. Whatever anyone may think of the terms chosen, I cannot see that it is any of their concern. Comstock must be more than prying and impertinent to meddle with private letters. With the fact before us that a sealed envelope has no rights that he is bound to respect, I cannot see that you or I or anyone else should be obliged to pay letter postage. If suppressing vice is interfering with private letters, then there should be other men and methods used. Granted you hav gone too far, in what way does it affect me? The law does not compel me to read your letters or write to you. If it compels the letters to be read in open court when they are not considered fit for the private ear, I think it is time the court was suppressed, or the law or Comstock. We are nearly all of us victims to the law of inheritance and the curse of ignorance. I believe that each one should strive in their own way to understand this, and help others to knowledge. Knowledge of facts, not prayers of faith, is our salvation.

Brother Macdonald's "String of Whens" was simply splendid—a magnificent sermon of ages in less than half a column. I couldn't help thinking of another little when—several of them, in fact, but this special one ran thus: When Mrs. Slenker wrote letters, she was childish enough to suppose she had as much right to private conversation with her pen as with her tongue; that she was surrounded by male protectors who represented (at election times) the dignity and manliness of true government, and that a woman should be interested in all that made the woe or bliss, the health or agony, of the human race. When a few more years pass away, her accusers will bear the same relation to moral history that King George and Benedict Arnold bear to the history of the United States.

Take courage, sister. One with right is a majority. We who suffer for the sins of our ignorant ancestors will help the future to unstained love and an inheritance of health of mind and body. Sympathy is cheap, I know, but it represents the thoughts that shall pave the way to deeds:

> Triumph and toil are twins: and aye
> Joy suns the clouds of sorrow;
> And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
> Brings victory to-morrow.

I almost wish you were a man, and had run away with someone's wife or daughter, or had victimized some sweet young girl, or had grown rich by cheating or living off of the toil of others. The law and Comstock would hav been innocent and ignorant of your deeds. It would be so much easier to be rascally than honest—easier to be vice in silk and broadcloth than virtue in honest calico. Between you and me, I don't wish any such thing. I am glad you are a brave, humanity-loving woman. It will be better for you and the coming generations. C. FANNIE ALLYN.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## The Noisy Fourth.

Once again the Fourth is glorious,
And the youngsters are victorious,
As they shout
Bright and early in the morning,
Thoughts of sleep and breakfast scorning,
They are out,
And the noise
Of the boys,
Busy hosts whom none can number, drives from weary eyes of slumber
Of the morn,
While of rest the yells bereave us, and the early crackers leave us
All forlorn.

Now farewell to peace and quiet!
For the youngsters' licensed riot
Has begun,
And the nervous must be fretting,
From the rising to the setting
Of the sun,
Sturdy men
Tremble then,
While the women, sorely frightened, with their windows closed and tightened,
Stay at home,
Lest the serpents should caress them and the bursting bombs distress them
As they roam.

Men and women, madly rushing,
Panting, squeezing, jamming, pushing,
Pack the trains,
And the steamers, where the madding
Crowd is resolutely adding
To their pains,
Wild and high,
As they fly,
Fiendish yells the youth are rising, and the bonfires still are blazing
Everywhere;
Crackers everywhere are popping, and the rocket sticks are dropping
Through the air.

—*N. Y. Sun.*

## Memory Gems.

*From the Works of Thomas Paine. To be learned and recited by The Truth Seeker children.*

A right reckoning makes long friends.

It is from our enemies that we often gain excellent maxims.

When man ceases to be, his power and his wants cease with him.

Society is produced by our wants, and governments by our wickedness.

Youth is the seed-time of good habits, as well in nations as individuals.

He who takes nature for his guide is not easily beaten out of his argument.

Men who look upon themselvs born to reign, and others to obey, soon grow insolent.

The nearer any government approaches to a republic, the less business there is for a king.

Immediate necessity makes many things convenient which, if continued, would grow into oppressions.

Man has no property in man; neither has any generation a property in the generations which are to follow.

Government, like dress, is the badge of lost innocence; the palaces of kings are built on the ruins of the bowers of paradise.

When the tongue or the pen is let loose in a phrenzy of passion, it is the man and not the subject that becomes exhausted.

That which may be thought right and found convenient in one age, may be thought wrong and found inconvenient in another.

Politics and self-interest hav been so uniformly connected that the world, from being so often deceived, has a right to be suspicious of public characters.

Those who hav quitted the world, and those who hav not yet arrived in it, are as remote from each other as the utmost stretch of mortal imagination can conceive.

Ceremony, and even silence, from whatever motivs they may arise, hav a hurtful tendency when they giv the least degree of countenance to base and wicked performances.

Every age and generation must be as free to act for itself, *in all cases*, as the ages and generations which preceded it. The vanity and presumption of governing beyond the grave is the most ridiculous and insolent of all tyrannies.

### A Wonderful Remedy.

Any young folks who are suffering from the same complaint as the little prince in the accompanying anecdote are recommended to try the same medicin. It costs very little, and is sure to effect a cure.

Once on a time there was a king who had a little boy whom he loved very much. So he took a great deal of pains to make him happy.

He gave him beautiful rooms to liv in, and pictures and toys, and books without number. He gave him a graceful, gentle pony, that he might ride when he pleased, and a a rowboat on a lovely lake, and servants to wait upon him wherever he went. He also provided teachers who were to giv him the knowledge of things that would make him good and great.

But for all this the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something that he did not hav.

At length one day a magician came to the court. He saw the scowl on the boy's face, and said to the king:

"I can make your son happy and turn his frown into smiles. But you must pay me a good price for telling him the secret."

"All right," said the king; "whatever you ask I will giv."

So the price was agreed upon and paid, and then the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance upon a piece of white paper. Next he gave the boy a candle and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away.

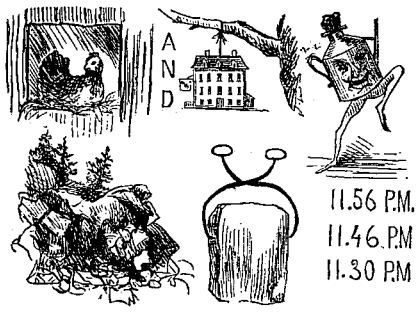
The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters on the paper turned into a beautiful blue.

They formed these words:

"Do a kindness to some one every day."

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.



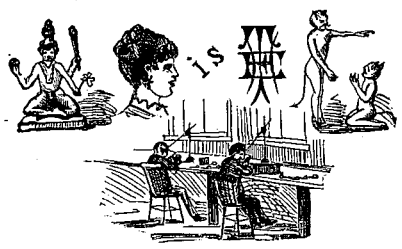

Wanted.

2.—THE BEGGING FRIAR.

A friar of a begging order
Came across my garden border.
No professional alms-taker
Ever got a cent from Baker.
But advice I gave unstinted,
And of several things I hinted:
"Why not work and by your labor,
Earn your living like your neighbor?
Why not *mend* at once your way, sir,
Answer me! What do you say, sir."
"To *name* my *order* is my answer,"
'What is that?" "'Tis ——— ———, sir."
"Then I'll decapitate, curtail you,
For no such cunning shall avail you.
Can I not *end* it by this plan, sir?
Take this answer, ——— ———, sir!"
Then he tarried not to cavil,
But at once began to travel,
While the dog ran barking after
With a sort of canine laughter.

*Irwin, Ia.* J. K. P. BAKER.

3.—REBUS.




An old-fashioned proverb.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER JUNE 18, 1887.

1.–Plum-bag-o. 2.–Catastrophe.

## Correspondence.

June 5, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I saw so many boys and girls writing to the Corner, I thought I would write a letter, too. We hav 166 chickens and 12 turkeys. My little sister and I hav a little wagon. I hav a set of little dishes. As this is my first letter, I will close. I am a little girl five years of age.

Your little Freethinker,
SARA ESTHER STICE.

A SPRINGFIELD Sunday-school boy caused a momentary sensation last week because of this speech, which he made as he tendered his usual contribution: "Here's my penny. Father hadn't any, and mother hadn't, and so I took this out of the yeast cup. I was bound to bring one, even if we had to go without yeast."

Two little boys were talking together about a lesson they had been receiving from their grandmother on the subject of Elijah's going to heaven in a chariot of fire. "I say, Charley," said George, "but would you not be afraid to ride on such a chariot?" "Why, no," replied Charley, "I should not be afraid if I knew that the Lord was driving!"

LITTLE four-year-old had heard in Sunday-school, for the first time, of the omnipresence of deity, and, like many an older head, was puzzled. "But, mamma," queried she, wonderingly, "is he everywhere? Is he in this room?" "Yes, my child, God is everywhere, even in this room," answered the mother. The little one's face assumed its company expression as she smilingly said, "Take a seat, God!" She wanted him to feel at home.

A LITERARY gentleman who has just seen "The Story Hour" for the first time writes of it thus: "I was so delighted with it that I read it entirely through, and, amid smiles and tears, became a boy again. The style is just my ideal of what reading, or rather writing, should be for children. There is so much written and printed for the young at the present time that is simply trash and nonsense of a low, silly, and disgusting type that a perusal of 'The Story Hour' is delightfully refreshing, and my interest was increased by the reference to localities with which I was familiar. I hope it will be the happy fortune of tens of thousands of our American youth to read so invaluable a book and thus be refined and elevated by the truthful stories contained therein."

**REDUCED TO $1.00.**

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**All in a Lifetime.** A Romance. By Miss Susan H. Wixon. "The great charm of this novel is its absolute fidelity to nature. Its personages are those one meets with in common life, and are portrayed with a vividness and perspicuity I was scarcely prepared to expect to find, in such a marked degree, even from so gifted a pen as that of Miss Wixon, whose brilliant and lucid style is familiar to most readers in the Freethought ranks." Price, $1.50. Address THE TRUTH SEEKER.

**BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.**

**The Story Hour.** For Children and Youth. By Susan H. Wixon. Without Superstition. The Only Illustrated Freethinkers' Children's Story-Book ever issued. 66 full-page and 25 smaller illustrations; large type, heavy toned paper, broad margins, illuminated covers; 4to. 224 pp., bds., $1.

**Two Little Red Mittens.** A Story of the Rightway Almshouse. By Jennie Butler Browne. Price 10 cents. For sale at this office.

**Apples of Gold.** A Story-Book for the Young Folks. By Miss Susan H. Wixon. Second edition. Price, $1.25. This very excellent work for young masters and misses, has passed through a very large edition, and a second has been issued at a reduced price of $1.25, free of postage. This new edition has a photograph of the author which adds very much to the value of the volume.

**The Youth's Liberal Guide.** By Prof. H. M. Kottinger, A.M. Price; $1.00. This volume aims at the education of youth in the principles of Freethought, at the same time that it inculcates moral duties and human rights from a standpoint of pure reason and common sense. Address THE TRUTH SEEKER.

**Bible Inquirer.** A Key to Bible Investigation. Revised Edition. This pamphlet refers specifically to 148 Bible propositions, with numerous references and citations, that are contradicted in terms by the same number of other propositions in the same book. Price 25 cents.

REPLY

TO REV. L. A. LAMBERT'S

"NOTES ON INGERSOLL."

**By B. W. Lacy.**

A thorough exposure of the Catholic priest's Historical misstatements.

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The new, latest improved 14 karat filled gold watches are the best and most durable in the world for little money. Prices again reduced. Seven jewels, $25; 11 jewels, $27.50; 15 jewels, $30. Same, adjusted to heat and cold, $34. Ladies', 7 jeweled, $20; 11, $22; 15, $28; with glass inside cap, $3 less; Louis XIV. style, $3 more; all best American hunting stem-winders; open face, gold cap, $3 less; open screw case, $5 less; all cases accompanied by manufacturer's and my guarantee for 20 years. Above movements in 3 ounce silver cases, $13 less; 4 ounce, $12 less; 5 ounce, $10.50; and 6 ounce, $9 less. All guaranteed one year and sent prepaid, if on line of American Express office or per registered mail, subject to approval, and cash refunded if not satisfactory.

WATCH WORK.

Send me your watches to be repaired. Inclose $1 for cleaning; springs, $1; jewels, $1, and I will return in perfect order prepaid. Best spectacles or eyeglasses in the world, $1, prepaid in case. Send line finest print you can read 14 inches from eyes without glasses. OTTO WETTSTEIN, Rochelle, Ill.

Agents wanted to sell my beautiful Freethought badge-pins and charms, and to send watch work in lots. Liberal discounts.

# Paine Vindicated!

—o—

A thorough and overwhelming reply to the New York *Observer's* slanderous attacks upon the Author-Hero of the American Revolution. Containing both the slanders and their refutation.

**BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.**

—o—

The New York *Observer* (Presbyterian) having recently reissued its assault upon the memory of Paine, this pamphlet should be circulated everywhere in vindication.

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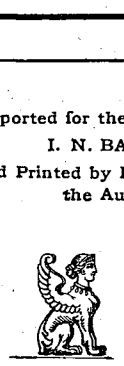
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I know the summer's day is sweet,
I know that love is sweeter still,
I know that bliss is ne'er complete,
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I know that life has many sides,
That some things here seem hardly meet;
I know that baseness often rides,
While virtue walks with weary feet.

Yet often want and wealth, I know,
But for each other's mask hav stood;
And men, I know, where'er we go,
Are mostly happy when they're good.

I know that life, upon the whole,
Is well worth all we hav to giv;
And that the grander is the goal,
So much the grander 'tis to liv.

I know that death is very nigh,
That evil shrinks before his breath;
That only goodness givs "good-bye"
A rainbow in the cloud of death.

—*Wilfred B. Woollam.*

## Books.

THE CREMATION OF THE DEAD. Considered from an Esthetic, Sanitary, Religious, Historical, Medico-Legal, and Economical Standpoint. By Hugo Erichsen, M.D. With an Introductory Note by Sir T. Spencer Wells, F. R. S. Detroit: D. O. Haynes & Co.

This work is a thorough and convincing argument in favor of cremation. It would seem strange that the disposal of the dead by a method in every way so much superior to burying should require more than to be mentioned in order to be adopted, but the fact is clear enough that there is a great deal of prejudice against it. All possible objections are made, the noisiest one, of course, coming from the church. No reform was ever heard of that did not find enemies in the pulpit. Perhaps the silliest objection offered is that the incineration of the dead would so destroy the mortal frame as to make resurrection of the body impossible on the last day. Lord Shaftesbury has answered this by asking what in that case would become of the early Christian martyrs who perished at the stake, but it is well known that a reply to a religious argument never has the slightest effect upon the maker of the argument; so the resurrection plea is still and will probably continue to be urged as long as it can hav an effect upon the unthinking. The writer of the present work holds that the dissolution of the body is as complete by the process of gradual dissolution as by that of incineration, and that therefore the resurrection will be miraculous in its character any way; and if this is so, the miracle might as well be a good one.

The only objection to cremation worthy of serious treatment is that the incineration of the body destroys all evidence of crime in cases where there is suspicion of poisoning or violence. This is true, but the number of cases is so small and the results of exhumation for forensic purposes are usually so unsatisfactory, that there is not really so much force in the objection as might at first be supposed.

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A series of letters on "Humanism versus Theism; or, Solipsism [Egoism]=Atheism," addressed to "C. N.," hav been printed by the London Freethought Publishing Company, 63 Fleet street, E. C. It deals with abstruse questions of sensation and perception, and sells for an English sixpence, which in America is increased to a quarter of a dollar.

The *Freethinkers' Magazine* for July will be a Fourth of July number. It will contain Colonel Ingersoll's great centennial address entitled, "The Declaration of Independence," also "The Declaration of Independence;" a poem entitled, "Land of Liberty," and an editorial by each of the editors on the same subject, besides very much other interesting matter. The number will be for sale at this office for 25 cents.

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# Freethinkers' Almanac,

# 1887.

(E. M. 287.)

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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## News of the Week.

A PREACHER and hymn-singer named Dwight was arrested in this city last week while conducting religious services at the Florence street mission. He had embezzled money and spent it on drink and riotous living. Dwight is from Boston.

OTTO, king of Bavaria, has been officially declared to be insane.

THE Rev. Thomas P. Miller, Methodist, of Philadelphia, is under arrest for procuring an abortion.

THE mayor of Cork, Ireland, hoisted a black flag on the queen's jubilee day, and the authorities hav suspended him.

A FIRE in the stock-yards of the Chicago Packing and Provision Company last Sunday caused a loss of $1,250,000, and 600 hogs were burnt.

AN ex-alderman and distinguished citizen of Racine, Wis., has bought $50 worth of fireworks and invited 150 persons to help him celebrate the anniversary of his wife's death. He is supposed to be insane.

THE court having decided that hotels may sell liquor to guests with their meals on Sunday, it is now only necessary in many places in this city to buy a sandwich or a pretzel in order to evade the law. In other places it isn't necessary to buy anything but the drink.

THE Sharp trial has been going on for a fortnight. The evidence so far is considered damaging to the defendant.

FATHER DENT, of Little Valley, N. Y., is under indictment for writing letters charging a brother priest with gross immorality.

THE Rev. John T. Maxwell, Methodist, of Irondale, Ala., on the 22d inst. shot and killed a man whom he accused of having assaulted Mrs. Maxwell.

MISS GRACE HOWARD, daughter of Joseph Howard, Jr., the journalist, has gone to Crow Creek, Dak., with a collection of $2,000 to build a schoolhouse for the Indians.

THE question who shall be Beecher's successor in Plymouth church remains unsettled. The names of Mr. Stowe, his nephew, and of Mr. Scoville, his son-in-law, are mentioned.

JOHN PRYOR, aged 18, is a negro painfully deformed and near-sighted, but he carried off the honors at Grammar School 26, in this city, last week, and received the gold medal of the valedictorian.

THE Fidelity bank of Cincinnati, O., has failed. Appearances indicate that the bank's officers stole all its money. The liabilities reach high into the millions. New York banks lose $700,000 by the failure.

CAPT. JACK HUSSEY, who used to work as 'longshoreman around the New York docks, and who had rescued about forty people from drowning, was shot a few weeks ago by a drunken policeman, and died on the 21st. He was an Irishman and a man of remarkable strength and courage.

THE jury in the case of Cora Lee, on trial at Springfield, Ill., charged with the murder of Sarah Graham, has been discharged, having failed to agree. Cora Lee lived with Graham, a notorious revivalist, as his wife. Graham's legal wife lived with him at the same time, and both women assisted him as evangelists.

A SHORT time ago the Rev. Richard C. Stivers was shot and killed at Grenada, Tenn., by a parishioner named Towler. The cause of the shooting was a mystery until lately it has transpired that Stivers entered the room of Mrs. Towler while she was asleep and alone, and pulled the clothes off her bed. She screamed and he fled. When Towler learned of the fact he sought out the clergyman, who met him with a drawn pistol. In the shooting which followed the Rev. Mr. Stivers was fatally wounded, but before he died he exonerated Towler from all blame.


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## Gems of Thought.

All gods and religions hav been based upon the great untruth of supernaturalism; all hav been composed largely of the same gross falsehoods, and hav been inimical to the human race; all hav fallen short in affording to man the truths he needed; all produced darkness instead of light; all proved an incubus instead of an aid; all augmented the evils of ignorance instead of increasing knowledge.—*D. M. Bennett.*

PERSONAL relations constitute the prior conditions and the very matter itself of morality, and in their absence it has no room to be. An absolutely solitary individual, if invested with power of various action and disposition, might affect himself for better or worse by what he did, but would be subject to no obligation and incur no guilt. The harm he occasioned would be a blunder, and not a sin. The good which he earned would prove his wisdom, not his virtue.—*Dr. James Martineau.*

"LET me send for a clergyman," said Hermione to her dying husband. His calm face looked into hers steadily, but with inexpressible tenderness. "Belief in the creed founded on a lie and maintained by craft and cruelty? Where the fiction of a god-man, because of God's love for the earth, is made the weapon which destroys human happiness and love. No! I am what I hav been, dear wife, an Agnostic—knowing nothing, and refusing to affirm what I cannot prove." "But when we die, Richard!" "We go into the light of knowledge or into the darkness of annihilation," he answered calmly. "It must be one or the other, and the laws of the universe will not be altered because one man believes in immortality and another is content with doubt."—*Under Which Lord? by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.*




ABRAHAM BRINGETH HOME A NEW WIFE.

Then again Abraham took a wife, and her name was Keturah —Gen. xxv, 1.

## Odds and Ends.

WOMAN may be a puzzle, but man is not willing to giv her up.

NEW YORK'S Sunday relations with water nowa days are not as strained as they were.

SOME of the profits made by Jay Gould last year are quite ahead of anything mentioned in sacred history.

IT is said that a department is to be established in the public schools in New Jersey which will be devoted to teaching the young idea of that foreign country not to blow out the gas.

PORTLAND, Me., has a bank cashier who has been in one bank fifty-three straight years. People who ask why he hasn't made a grab and run away are informed that the money in that bank is counted every night.

"PA," said little Jimmie, "I was very near going to the head of my class to-day." "How is that my son?" "Why, a big word came all the way down to me, and if I only could hav spelled it I should hav gone clear up."

"DID you see my picture in the paper, to-day dear?" inquired a young merchant who had just been made a town-councillor. "Yes, I did—and—and"— Here his wife burst into tears. "Why, what's the matter? Why does it make you cry?" "Why, Jack, I'm so disappointed. If I had known you looked like that I'd never hav married you."

"GAZE upon that pure, beautiful evening star, and swear to be true while its light shall shine! Swear, my love! Swear by Venus!" exclaimed a youth in impassioned accents. "How stupid you are!" answered the Girton girl. "That is not Venus. The right ascension of Venus this month is 15h. 9m.; her declination is 17 degrees, 25 minutes South, and her diameter is 10.2."

HOW SHE MIGHT PRAY.

A California woman who had $30,000 up as margins on stocks went to her pastor and asked:

"Do you think it would be wrong for me to pray for stocks to go up?"

"Certainly I do," was his reply.

"Well, what shall I do?"

"You might pray that they shouldn't go down, ma'am."

DURING the course of a sermon in a Dakota town last Sunday a harsh creaking was heard to proceed from under the church. After some time a movement was felt in the building and several members of the congregation started out, fearing that an earthquake was coming. "Friends," said the minister, as he stopped his sermon and leaned over the pulpit, "pray be seated; there is no danger." "But the church is moving and there's something wrong," replied a lady who was very much agitated. "Oh, that's all right, Sister Brown. You see, there are some workmen under the building with jack-screws, and now they hav hitched onto the back end with ten yoke of oxen and are snaking the edifice over onto a back street. In the morning, God willing, work will commence on this lot on the finest opera house west of Chicago. I tell you, the boom in this town is only just nicely started."

A PROVIDENTIAL CORPORATION.

South-Sea Islander: "So you came out here to save me?"

Missionary: "Yes."

South-Sea Islander: "And if you had not come I could not hav been saved?"

Missionary: "No."

South-Sea Islander: "What a lucky thing it was for me that the Pacific Mail Steamship Company was organized."

A TEACHER was endeavoring to find out the proficiency of her little friends in mental arithmetic, and took the following method of ascertaining what she desired to know: "Now, children," she said, "suppose I hav two squash pies, and divide one of them in ten pieces and the other into 100 pieces, which would you rather hav, a piece of the pie that was divided into ten pieces or of that cut into 100 pieces?" There was an absolute hush for a moment, and then a little girl answered timidly: "One of the 100 pieces!" "Why so?" "Well, please, ma'am, I don't like squash pie."

AT a Friday evening prayer-meeting in a fashionable uptown church recently the brethren observed that a stranger was among them. He was a tall, lank, sorrowful looking man with large feet and a three days' growth of beard. After the opening exercises the pastor requested any who might feel so disposed to rise and state their experiences for the benefit of their fellow-sinners. The stranger immediately sprang to his feet and began as follows: "I feel that it is good to be here to-night." ("Amen," from several of the brethren.) "As I look around me I find it difficult to analyze the emotions with which I am filled. You are all strangers to me, yet I feel as though I had known you for years. I am surrounded by an atmosphere of congeniality. I believe that I may speak freely and frankly, and that I need hav no hesitation in saying to you all that I long to say." ("Go on—go on!" from an enthusiastic deacon.) "Thank you, brother, I *will* go on. I am introducing a work in this neighborhood which is certain to find a ready sale as soon as its merits are understood—a work which every one of the intelligent men and women to whom I am speaking to-night ought to possess. Its price is nominal, being but twenty-five cents per copy, and it will be completed in fifty parts. The work to which I refer, my dear brethren and sisters, is——" There was a brief intermission, during which the stranger made a hasty and somewhat ungraceful exit, assisted by the janitor. Then a hymn was sung, and the assembled throng soon forgot the sad-eyed man, who stood outside gazing pensivly at the silent stars and murmuring: "It was a daisy scheme, and blame me if I can see why it didn't work."


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A SONG.

Fold white arms about me,
Cling, sweet lips, to mine;
Sweetest sweet, without thee,
I but waste and pine.

Lean, dear face, above me,
Soft hands, hold mine close;
Let me look and love thee,
Oh, my very Rose!

Comfort me with kisses
That your soul comes through;
Let the old dead blisses
Breathe and burn anew.

O my sweet one, sweetest!
Love of loves supreme!
This has been the fleetest,
Dearest, maddest dream.

—*Philip Bourke Marsten.*

THE choice lay before me between dereliction of a supreme duty and loss of eyesight. In such a case I could not listen to the physician, not if Æsculapius himself had spoken from his sanctuary; I could not but obey that inward monitor, I know not what, that spoke to me from heaven. I considered with myself that many had purchased less good with worse ill, as they who gave their lives to reap only glory, and I thereupon concluded to employ the little remaining eyesight I was to enjoy in doing this, the greatest service to the common weal it was in my power to render.—*Milton.*

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed noises as these
Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred,
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forever the curse of Cain.

—*Longfellow's Arsenal at Springfield.*

THOSE hymns which are most immortal in the hymn-books are often those which the churches borrowed from poets whom they left outside. Who wrote "While thee I seek, protecting power"—that perfect utterance of the last triumph of religious trust? Helen Maria Williams, the friend and imitator of Mary Wollstoncraft. You will still find her branded as a heretic in the biographical dictionaries. Who wrote "Nearer, my God, to thee?" It was Sarah Flower Adams, the friend and disciple of W. J. Fox. In her lifetime she would hav been disowned by the very churches which now cannot draw near to God without borrowing her wings to fly with.—*T. W. Higginson.*

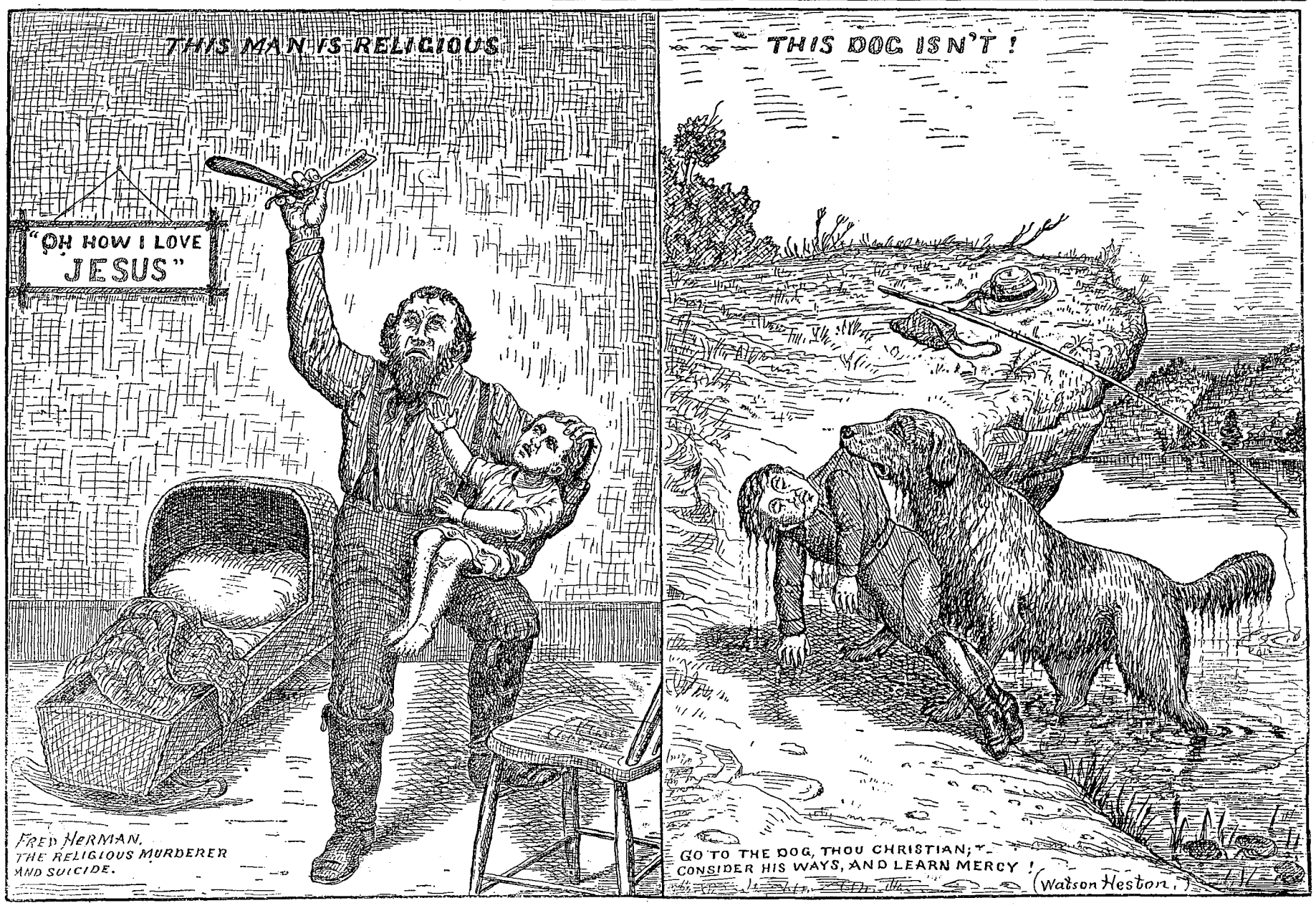
JESUS had defects and imperfections like all other men, and it is but simple justice to him and all other men that these defects should be dispassionately pointed out so that mankind may know the truth and be free—free from the thraldom of ancient superstition, free from the absurd idea that Jesus was a perfect man. He was a simple Jewish enthusiast and religious reformer foolishly supposing himself the Messiah, thereby coming to an untimely death.—*W. E. Coleman.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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## RELIGION IN MAN AND INSTINCT IN THE BRUTE.

"Religion! but for thee, prolific fiend, who peoplest earth with demons, hell with men, and heaven with slaves!—*Shelley.*

## Notes and Clippings.

On the queen's jubilee day Mayor Hewitt caused the American flag to be hoisted on the City Hall, and spoke at a meeting in honor of Victoria. He has also vetoed the aldermanic ordinance permitting fireworks on the Fourth. For these acts he is accused of a lack of patriotism.

The Chinese census of 1875 gave the population of the empire at 435,000,000. Among no people with any degree of civilization is the birth-rate so high as in China, and, although the death-rate in the densely crowded districts is very great, there is every reason to presume, says the San Francisco *Chronicle*, that there are now 450,000,000 people in China. These figures represent more than one-third of the population of the globe. It is a greater population than that of all Europe, and three times the number of people on the Western continent.

W. H. Burr writes to the New York *Sun* concerning the Episcopalians and the Fourth of July: "After the inauguration of Jefferson there was a revival of the celebration of the Fourth of July. For some years the anniversary had not been observed in Philadelphia, and in 1790 the feelings of patriotic Americans were outraged by the ringing of the bell of the Episcopal church on the fourth of June in honor of the birthday of George III. But in 1801 there was a grand celebration of the Fourth of July by the Republicans. And though the charter of the aforesaid Episcopal church required its incorporators to furnish a round of bells from sunrise to sunset on the national anniversary, no sound was heard from its steeple until twelve o'clock, when an order came from the governor to ring that bell."

It is said that a great proportion of the wine drunk by Americans is manufactured from cider, mixed with acids and coloring materials; while much of the wine made from grapes is sent to Europe and brought back as imported wine, decorated with fancy labels and sold at fancy prices.

Lo Bengula, king of a South African tribe, does not accept unqualifiedly the doctrins of Christianity. A correspondent relates that one day a missionary was preaching to a large crowd, among whom the king was an attentiv listener. The white man remarked that all men were alike in the sight of God, who would listen as readily to the petition of the humblest man as to that of the greatest king. "That's a lie!" shouted the king at the top of his voice. Everything the king says is echoed by his loyal subjects, so everybody shouted, "That's a lie!" The missionary found it necessary to change the subject of his discourse.

The absurd extremes to which aristocratic ideas often go in Europe are well illustrated in the case of Princess Henrietta, of Schleswig-Holstein, etc. She married Professor Esmark, one of Germany's greatest surgeons, and was henceforth snubbed and avoided by her family. And now the services of Esmark are wanted in regard to the illness of the crown prince, and the haughty family of the Princess Henrietta hav changed their demeanor, and hav begun to show a marked cordiality toward the wife of the great scientist. The physical condition of the aristocracy of Europe is such that the haughty descendants of blood as impure as it is blue cannot afford to snub the medical profession. Modern science wields a scepter before which the heads of kings must bow.—*World.*

Following is the constitutional amendment to be voted on in Texas in August: "The manufacture, sale, and exchange of intoxicating liquors, except for medical, mechanical, sacramental, and scientific purposes, is hereby prohibited in the state of Texas. The legislature shall at the first session held after the adoption of this amendment, enact necessary laws to put this provision into effect." The adoption of this amendment will, no doubt, lead to an unprecedented demand for alcoholic liquors for other use than as a beverage, and the words medical, mechanical, sacramental, and scientific are liable to somewhat strained definitions.

It would be a curious piece of history that would record the manner of raising the vast sum of money involved in church-building. Yesterday we were in the court room one hour and thirty minutes and in that time two beggars, one for a church at Hollis and another for the Home of the Friendless at Leavenworth, importuned the county officers. The latter was a lady and they, of course, came down gracefully, but the former was a red-faced, licentious-looking individual, and some of the officials wouldn't consent to being bled, and one of those was told in our presence and hearing that, "he might want some political support from his section some time, which he would not get if he did not giv to the church fund." We hav often been told by officials drawing good salaries that they are bled, and bled, and bled by those beggars, and that it takes a considerable portion of their salaries to appease them. We heard one officer name over $150 that he had given to these beggars in the last year.—*Kansas Blade.*

Dr. McGlynn has finally said publicly that he will not go to Rome. "In the good old days of Galileo," he says, "they could take a layman to Rome in chains for what they think I am guilty of. The Roman authorities will ultimately learn by bitter experience their own spiritual business at home and to interfere less with politics in Ireland, America, and other countries. Few know, as I do, the merciless and obstinate consistency of the Roman ecclesiastical machine in sticking to errors of policy and politics when they are in the interest and ambition of temporal power. I am not so foolish or presumptuous as to suppose that arguments can diminish the stupidity, enlighten the gross ignorance, or bend the obstinacy of that relentless machine. The Roman machine is anxious to hav an accredited embassador at Washington, who would be in the Italian ring, and his presence would be a fruitful source of corruption and enslavement to the Catholic church of this country. The policy of the church now is to toady to the proud and wealthy, and kick the lowly in the mouth. At Rome they are laughing in their sleeves to us for our excessiv submissivness to their power and for our excessiv generosity in contributing the Peter's pence to the support of the whole army of lackeys and flunkies, both lay and clerical, who surround the pope with a barbaric pomp scarcely equaled by that of any imperial despotic court."

# Communications.

## Tales Told Out of School.

THE REMEDY FOR THIS WIDESPREAD DEFECTION.

PHILADELPHIA, 13th of Sixth Month, 1887.

FRIEND MACDONALD: I send thee another and the last instalment of Dr. Jones's report, for THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Debby bids me giv thy workmen a word of praise for the accuracy with which they hav printed the parts already published. When she undertook the big job of transcribing the document she felt in honor bound to hav it printed as it was written, so that no injustice would be done to the author. She thinks that when Friend Jones reads over the report in print, and remembers how hard it must hav been for her to decipher his chirography, and make a fair copy for the printer, he will be pleased with the performance of her part of the work, although she strongly suspects that he will grate his teeth a little at the way you hav told tales out of school.

Respectfully thy friend and the friend of THE TRUTH SEEKER,
AMOS TOWNSEND.

After giving you a bird's-eye view of the real situation of things as it appears to me, I approach the most important part of my report, to wit: The means we must resort to in order to restore to the church her former prestige and power, only remnants of which are now visible. History teaches us that in the fifth century of the Christian era, while the church had converted the mass of pagans to Christianity, paganism had converted Christianity by introducing into its belief and practice pagan doctrins and modes of worship, though under Christian names and with Christian permission. Shall we make such a compromise as this with Infidelity, and attempt the impossible feat of mingling oil and fire with water? or shall we fall back in our contention to the ground our fathers occupied in the day of their glorious achievements—the gospel of Jesus Christ, the whole gospel, and nothing but the gospel? Shall we listen or shall we turn a deaf ear to the sirens who would lure our ship upon the rocks and wreck the hopes of the world by mixing up with the sincere milk of the word these poisonous adulterations of science, falsely so called, that please the taste of the people, but essentially damage their souls? In our warfare with Infidelity, what agencies hav we? In the first place, we hav Moody and Sankey, both of them extremely illiterate men and of no education either in literature or theology; Joseph Cook, setting himself up as a scientific expounder of religion to the common run of New England preachers, who retail in their sermons what he givs them in his weekly lectures, but pronounced by German scholars to be a conceited bungler in handling the very tools he is ambitious to use; Sam Jones and Sam Small, and the class of preachers who ape their methods in the pulpit; a lot of shrieking women-preachers and a large handful of women reformers, so called, who, being debarred from the pulpit by most self-respecting denominations, are determined to make themselvs heard as public teachers on the platforms of voluntary associations. As respectfully as they can, all these push aside the regular ministry and make the impression upon the public mind that the clergy hav become more or less useless in the plan of salvation, and should go into innocuous desuetude or *otium cum dignitate*. The tribe of revivalists, of which those above mentioned are the most conspicuous, hav met with great success in saving souls, according to their own showing. But as a merchant cannot tell whether he is making money, or is even solvent or not, till he takes an account of stock and compares his income with his outgo, so, in contemplating these emotional religious effervescences, we must estimate their value by looking at the general, and not the particular, local results. There is a striking resemblance between the cause of the church and that of the Prohibitionists. Thousands of money are constantly used to get up meetings, to publish papers, and to send out lecturers for advancing the cause of total abstinence, and it looks to some sanguin and superficial observers as if the whole nation was about to be converted to the Prohibition policy. But when we examin the official documents of the states and general government, we find that, with all this outlay of money and moral effort, there is more liquor made and consumed every year than there was the year before; so that while we see bright spots here and there on the map of the country indicating local progress, all the rest is dark and drunken, proving that the Prohibitionists, as practical reformers, with all their honest zeal, are not on the right track, and therefore must inevitably fail to accomplish their benevolent purposes.

It is precisely so with the revivalists. To hear their boastings the gullible would suppose that the kingdom of heaven was at hand, and that Satan's kingdom was tottering to its fall. It reminds me of the excitement produced all over this country by the labors of the missionary Gützlaff in China, who made us believe that the hundreds of millions of the Chinese empire would be soon converted to God. But the zeal of the missionary soon cooled when he saw what uphill work it was to convert a Chinaman, and after having mastered the language he accepted the post of interpreter on board of an English opium ship at a large salary, and devoted his abilities to the ruination of the Chinamen's bodies, since he made such slow work at saving their souls. The agents and secretaries whose functions are to collect and disburse funds, point to the immense amount of money raised every year for church extension purposes, and if the religious income from this vast expenditure at all corresponded with the outlay, there would be ground for rejoicing. But that such is not the case we hav only to look at the statistics, which, it has been charged by the secular press, hav been "doctored," as they call it, by the officers who make their living by handling the money. The church, in all its denominations except the Catholics, so far from making an advance corresponding with the population, is, and has been for years, losing ground. The Catholics themselvs admit that of the foreign immigration thousands of their faith who leave Europe never report themselvs to the church in this country, but are lost in our population. The fact is so glaring and so pregnant with results that the priesthood compel the people to erect church schools so as to segregate the Catholic children and avoid a ruinous contact with American children in school and on the street. There is lamentation all over the land among Protestants that the number of pious and educated young men who enter the ministry of the gospel as a vocation, and are qualified by talents for the positions they seek, is by no means in proportion to our needs. Hundreds of churches in our own denomination are vacant, while crowds of unemployed ministers are going about in search of settlements but not finding them. When the settled pastor of a wealthy church dies it would be amusing, if it were not so bad a sign, to see the numbers who offer themselvs on trial as candidates for the vacant pulpit, and how many are turned away as having no qualifications for the place.

All these things are signboards pointing unerringly to the anomalous fact that with all the amazing wealth of the church, and the generosity of her members in contributing to propagandist enterprises of all kinds, she reaps no such rich harvest of souls as we might expect from such sowing. Our home missionaries in the West, numerous as they are, and very expensiv, seem to make little impression on the public mind. The Infidels, although unorganized, and in advancing their cause not spending one dollar to a hundred thousand of church expenditure, giv infinit trouble to the missionaries and pastors, who complain that Infidelity springs up all around them like mush rooms after a wet night. The very atmosphere itself seems laden with its miasmatic influence. I heard in New York, from a Western brother, of the case of a very intelligent and excellent young man of family who was an elder of the church in the East, but who, after migrating to the West, became a thorough Infidel. The seeds had been sown in his heart in the East by his having unfortunately read several of Ingersoll's lectures, and his environments changing by his coming to the West, he and his family all conformed thereto, and were thus lost to the church. The term Infidel, which was one of reproach in the East, had lost its stigma in the West, and when applied to a man there seemed rather to indicate that he had both brains and gumption, and was honorable and successful in his business relations. The public sentiment of the West having changed from that of the East, and the fact that a man does not lose caste in society by repudiating the church and her religion, seem to act upon the seeds of Infidelity, which lie latent in the rank soil of the human heart, pretty much as a warm rain in June does on a newly-planted field of corn.

Now, in our conflict with such causes and their effects, what we want is to restore to its place in the hearts of the people the old respect which our fathers had for the ordained ministry of the church, as the embassadors of Jesus Christ, whose function in the plan of salvation is to convince and convert sinners by the regular appointed means of grace, and then by suitable instruction to build them up as living stones in the temple of God. Moody and Sankey and Cook are not ministers of the gospel. They are self-appointed, unauthorized, and irresponsible evangelists, and the very fact of their existence in the church is the bitterest reflection on the Christian ministry as God's appointed agency from bringing a lost world to Christ. It is as much as to say that our savior, in establishing the church as an organization, and in appointing the ministry of reconciliation and the means of grace to be the convicting and converting power, made a grand mistake, which the revivalists hav discovered in this advanced age of the world, and propose in their superior wisdom to correct. The New Testament makes it as clear as the noonday sun that women should avoid all unnecessary publicity, be keepers at home, their feet abiding in their own houses; that they should not open their mouths, but only their ears, in the sanctuary of God, keeping quiet all the time, and getting their husbands at home to giv them any information they need, and to resolve any doubts that may hav arisen in their minds by the preaching; that they should be modestly appareled at all times, and especially during their attendance at church on the Sabbath, diffident and unpretentious, constantly remembering the solemn truth that it was woman who, by fatally tempting Adam in the Garden of Eden to eat the forbidden fruit, brought death and all our woes into the world. But, as if Paul had never written his epistles, or never was inspired by the Holy Ghost to do so, these women preachers and evangelists, with their brazen faces and their squeaking voices, enter the pulpit, and, when not permitted to do so, crowd on the platform, appear before legislativ bodies, state and national, and undertake to do the work which they are expressly forbidden and utterly incapacitated to do. The scriptures teach us that the pains of parturition were appointed by God as a curse, and as a standing memorial through all ages of his anger at woman for having seduced Adam from his allegiance, and introduced sin and its consequent misery into a world that else might hav remained forever a paradise of joy and contentment. This curse was not only intended to be a constant reminder to her of her guilt in that great transaction in Eden, but to keep her in a modest and submissiv frame of mind at home and abroad, as becoming women professing godliness. But some of them hav gone so far as to publish essays and books, one of which I saw in New York, entitled, "Parturition without Pain," which professes to lift the God-appointed curse from the mothers of children, thus giving the lie direct to the divine teaching, and bidding defiance to the divine arrangement. Such books, I am told, are found everywhere, even among the most intelligent women, and all the zeal of the medical profession cannot drive them out of circulation!

The same criticism I hav made on revivalism I must offer on the

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

They are voluntary, unauthorized organizations, utterly unknown to primitiv Christianity, running without being sent, virtually setting aside the regular ministry, and consigning them to the position of foot-boys to the chariot of salvation, and undertaking the work of saving souls and building up Christians in their most holy faith by the patented methods of billiard rooms, athletics, and other games, which were never practiced formerly in this dying world except in taverns and other places of sinful amusement. What would the fathers of the church hav thought seventy years ago if a body of illiterate young men, puffed up with zeal and spiritual pride, would nullify their vocation, retire them from the pulpit, and take upon themselvs, without the least semblance of authority, the work which was delegated expressly and exclusivly to them as embassadors of Christ, and to which their lives and learning were devoted? I must express to you my honest convictions, come to after a great deal of observation and reflection, that they are hindrances, instead of helps, to the gospel. They are a compromise between the world and religion, and like all compromises in which Christ and Satan are parties, in the end Satan is the gainer and Christ the loser. Can we wonder that the blight and mildew of a universal Infidelity has settled upon society, permeated the literature which is forming the intellectual character of our youth, and that it has scared the timorous clergy away from their function of preaching the doctrins of the cross, when the church herself has lost faith in the wisdom of her great head, and the institutions appointed by him, and allows callow young men, clerks in stores and shops, and upstart, self-appointed evangelists, to do the work of an ordained ministry? To me the progress of Infidelity in this age, when the armory of the church is full of weapons able to destroy it if only wielded aright, is explicable only on the theory that since the church herself has put dishonor on the appointed means of grace, God in anger has given her up, for the time being at least, to suffer from her own treasonable and cowardly devices.

HUGH MILLER,

with a prophet's ken, in his great work entitled, "Footprints of the Creator," written nearly forty years ago, foresaw the present times clearly, sounded the alarm, and warned the churches of Christendom of what was coming, and how to meet the emergency. Before quoting his words, we must bear in mind that at the time he lived the Development hypothesis, which he regarded as Antichrist, lay couched like a tiger's cub in the beautiful and captivating language of the "Vestiges of Creation," the reading of which, I well remember, was confined to but a few, even among what we call the cultivated classes. But the keen-sighted Scotchman, with a mind illuminated by the Holy Ghost, saw the animal, knew its natural instinct, that it was thoroughly, and only, antagonistic to Christianity, and aimed a death-blow at it in its cub state. What would he think, and how would he feel, now, if he were among us, when that hypothesis has been hammered out into a system by Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, and others; and when the books of these authors, simplified, to suit the capacities of youth, are in the public libraries, and on the very center-tables of the members of the church; and the full-grown tiger slinking around among the printing-offices, the colleges, and even the pulpits of the country? Darwin, until the last year or two of his life, never was suspected of being an Infidel and

Atheist. Like so many other scientists and philosophers, he simply ignored the whole subject of religion. But for more than a quarter of a century, without seeming to know it, he was constantly engaged in undermining the foundations of the church; and when he died the clergy sang him to his rest in Westminster Abbey, as if he had been a Christian! Does not this look like judicial blindness inflicted by an angry God?

Hugh Miller says: "The danger from the Development hypothesis to an ingenious order of minds has been underestimated. . . . . The antagonistic points in the array of the opposit lines are simply the *law* of development *versus* the *miracle* of creation. . . . The clergy as a class suffer themselvs to linger far in the rear of an intelligent and accomplished laity—a full age behind the requirements of the time. Let them not shut their eyes to the danger which is coming. The battle of the Evidences will hav as certainly to be fought on the field of physical science, as it was contested in the last age on that of the metaphysics. And on this new arena the combatants will hav to employ new weapons, which it will be the privilege of the challenger to choose. The evangelistic churches cannot slight or overlook a form of error at once exceedingly plausible and consummately dangerous, and which is telling so widely on society that one can scarce travel by railway, or on a steamboat, or encounter a group of intelligent mechanics, without finding decided trace of its ravages." Thus spoke Hugh Miller nearly forty years ago.

But notwithstanding this warning, our theological seminaries continue to send out every year to preach the gospel, at such a time as this, young men who are ignorant of the very rudiments of the controversy now raging. One of them makes some rash speech in the pulpit, betraying his ignorance, and the next day some college sophomore, or high school student, calls him to account, and shows him that he knows little, and that little inaccurately, about the subject on which he spoke so dogmatically. No one can doubt Hugh Miller's orthodoxy and high Christian character. He made the science of geology a handmaid to religion. And yet, our theological professors, cloistered in their seminaries, holding converse with the past, instead of the present, and ignorant altogether of the world they liv in, go on, year after year, unaware of the fact that the old arguments in behalf of Christianity amount to nothing now, when the common mind, sharpened by education, and stimulated by what is called the scientific spirit, hav made all men feel that doubt, instead of the fear of God, is the beginning of all wisdom. If our pulpits were now filled by such men as Chalmers, John Pye Smith, and others like them, would the youth of our churches, with the mark of baptism and parental consecration on their foreheads, leave the house of God on the Sabbath, and flock in troops to hear Ingersoll? I trow not.

I know, my dear brethren, that the views expressed in this report would be disliked by many of our people who lay the flattering unction to their souls that the church is in no danger, being founded on the rock, Christ, and delivered from all fear by the unconditional promis that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against her." But this does not warrant supineness and compromise. See what a sheer *simulacrum* the Protestant church has become in the land of Luther! Look at Massachusetts, the land planted and consecrated by the Puritans of the Mayflower, flanked on the one side by the Catholics and on the other by the Unitarians, who are as near to Infidelity as zero is to nothing! Look at Andover, and the Congregationalists of New England, who hav the face to denounce the Unitarians as a robber sect, stealing the funds of Harvard devoted to *Christo et ecclesiæ*, and prostituting them to the advancement of a baptized Infidelity; while they themselvs are going over, with bag and baggage, to the babyish heresy of a second probation! The descendants of the Puritan fathers, now on the stage, are not as sagacious, clear-sighted, and loyal to God as Balaam's ass was; for when the prophet traitorously went off with the princes of Moab to curse the chosen people, the ass saw the angel of the Lord standing in the way, and refused to go forward. But from present signs the rank and file of the New England Congregationalists hav lost their eyesight, and cannot see the inconsistency of the reverend Balaams of Andover consorting and agreeing with the messengers of Balak, king of Moab. The age of miracles is past, and asses no longer see the angel of the Lord standing in the way of a prophet's defection. The promis of Christ that the gates of hell should not prevail against the church, went upon the presumption that the ministers of Christ would be loyal to their chief, and listen to no proposals of compromise with the devil. But if treason takes possession of the hearts of the ministry, and the enemy can furnish motiv enough to surrender, I see no reason why the cause of the church should not be lost, as the cause of political freedom has often been.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

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## Pioneering.

FRIENDS: I wonder if you realize what it means to be a pioneer—to push into prominence and respectability an unwelcome cause. All reforms begin by crowding themselvs in where they are undesired, and their representativs are usually maligned and anathematized.

As an Abolitionist in antislavery times, as a believer in the Washingtonian movement for temperance in the long ago, and as a worker for equality of sex, I hav always been in the fore front of the battle. So also was I the first woman Atheist I ever saw, and the first anyone ever saw in any place where I hav ever lived.

We had not been settled here very long when a little boy was reproached for doing me a favor, and was told that I did not believe in a God. "Yes, she does," said the little fellow with strong emphasis, "she believes in two gods." And all along through life I hav thus needed and found apologists and defenders. Needed them because I was a pioneer in radical reforms, working among the pious conservativs; found them because I made truth, right, and good conduct my motto.

When we came here some fifteen years ago the people of Pulaski denied there was a real Atheist in the world. When it was noised around that there were two of them in their midst, curiosity was rife. Those who became acquainted with us were asked the most ridiculous questions imaginable, such as how we looked, what we ate, how we conversed among ourselvs, and once, when I furnished a debater with some arguments in favor of alcoholic temperance, the public was astounded at learning that an Infidel could believe in any good thing. We were invited to visit a friend twelve miles from here, and this friend was asked by his neighbors to notify them of the time of our arrival, as they were all eager to see "the awful Infidels." All this we lived down and conquered, and for many years I hav been president of the Woman's Reading Club, though it had three preacher's wives as members. When it became know I was selling "Diana" a rumpus was kicked up, but I convinced them that the main "fault" of the book was it required men and women to be more temperate sexually than they felt it possible or desirable for them to be. It asked them to practice on earth the virtues they expected to liv out in heaven.

Then came another fuss because I sold "Leaves of Grass," but by promising not to lend it hereabouts I got out of that, and yet, if the book was laid on the desk and counter of every public place in town, not half a dozen people would read half a dozen pages of it, because it is above the taste of the average reader.

Then came the arrest for obscenity. That was the last feather, the unpardonable sin, the gulf that could not be passed, and I was shut out from the club I had been one of the foremost in organizing and sustaining. Still, had the members given free vote, I should probably hav retained my place. But church and creed were too much for them, and so they remained on the conservativ side. At first, after my return home from jail, only a stray neighbor or so ventured to call on me, and these seemed to feel as if they were braving public opinion. But one by one they hav dropped into the ruts again, till nearly all the old habituates are seemingly as cordial and friendly as before. Terrible things are said of me by gossiping tongues, and believed by those who are not well acquainted personally.

In spite of the seriousness of the situation, I hav to smile at some of the charges made against me, one of which is that I hav ruined the health of all the married women here by giving them medicin to produce abortions, while the fact is, I've given the strongest kind of testimony against this very thing, because it is injurious to the health of the mother, and if unsuccessful may injure the child mentally and physically; and then, too, the very women they point out as being so injured were fully as feeble before I came here as they are now, and some more so. I merely tell all this as showing just a few of the thorns in the pathway of a pioneer.

There is a bright side to it all. It is grand to conquer prejudice and prove one's good words by good deeds, and win grace and glory, despite old opinions inherited and rooted deeply in the mind. It is enthusing and encouraging to meet with the support of press and people to such an extent as I hav done, and under so terrible a charge as has been launched at me. I hav received over seven hundred letters from everywhere. Even across the "big pond" come words of cheer and approbation, sympathy and help.

I only wish I were better able to respond to them all in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," and giv back ringing sentiments that should sow seed for the centuries.

How often I think of Bennett's remark during his time of trial, that he had "so many of the very best friends in the world, and some of the very meanest enemies," for I, too, hav a multitude of splendid friends, and a few bitter and venomous enemies. No radical writer who has pronounced opinions and a fair share of popularity can hope to escape making enemies. It's an old, old adage that says, "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." So we must be grateful even to our enemies, as they do show us some faults that our friends are either blind to or fail to inform us of.

The more my case is studied up, the more you will see it is but history repeating itself, only with the added accumulations of the intervening time.

Bennett saw the animus of the Comstock law as soon as it was enacted, and was one of the first to sound the warning cry against it, and also one of the first to suffer persecution under it.

In 1877 a spy was sent to his office to see if something unmailable could not be found. Two or three little pamphlets were taken, but though he was arrested, nothing was deemed strong enough to make out a case against him. At Watkin's Glen, in 1878, he was again arrested for selling "Cupid's Yokes," and then and there he got so indignant at the spirit of persecution which thus invaded personal rights, that he declared he would publish in his TRUTH SEEKER a notice that he would "sell that pamphlet in the regular course of his business if it cost him his life." He did sell it, and was decoyed, just as I was, into sending directly to an agent of the vice society just what he wanted. He was tried, condemned, and sentenced. Bravely he served out his term, making friends every day, doing good work every day, and crippling the enemy every day. It was for selling a book teaching sexology that he was imprisoned, and yet had he had a fair trial, and a just judge, he would hav escaped conviction. Judge Benedict will be remembered in history as "the unjust judge," than which no greater stigma can be fastened upon one who holds so impartial an office.

Heywood was afterward indicted for the same offense, but with a fair trial and an honest judge he was acquitted.

A few days more, and I, too, may be judged—I hope by no Benedict biased by prejudice and preconceived opinions. I hav, like Bennett and Heywood, helped in a small way to pioneer the work of sexual reform, which it is hoped will some day culminate in giving to the world a science of sexual physiology, than which no book is more needed, or would be more conduciv to a true and pure morality.

June 26, 287. ELMINA D. SLENKER.

## Indignant.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKER: Since Mrs. Slenker's arrest, I hav made it my business to present her case to my friends, and to try to interest them in her, and so obtain for her moral and financial support in this her hour of persecution and prosecution. And I wish to say through your paper that the spirit evinced in some of the editorials in publications supposed to be Liberal upon the case of Elmina is more discouraging than all the opposition from Christian sources that I hav as yet met. Because Mrs. Slenker's way of work is not my way, and because she has found her duty in work distasteful to me, and has used language somewhat obsolete, shall Liberal editors speak of her as "acknowledging guilt," and call her a "crank?" (I wish the word "crank" was obsolete) and throw cold water upon the effort to raise money for her defense?

I suppose if Liberal papers were careful never to say anything against "the established usages of society," they would not find it necessary to send out yearly circulars for help to enable them to continue their publications. Let us all try to help those who work for humanity, especially when their work brings them such suffering as Elmina has been called to endure.

I hav no doubt that my way of work is very distasteful to others who are in the Liberal field, but I cannot change my way. I must be myself, and surely a woman of sixty years, whose life has been without a blemish, even letting the "established" respectable society be the judge, should not be criticised at this time. When the Comstock law shall let go its clutches of this, in my estimation, grand, brave woman, it will be time enough for critical censure.

I hav just received a letter from Massachusetts, from a cousin of mine, Mrs. E. H. Lincolm, in which she says: "I am willing my name should be published as one who believes not only in Elmina, but in her work. Women are much better judges of the need of knowledge on sexual physiology, I think, than men." Faithfully, LUCY N. COLMAN.

June 27, 1887.

FOR it is this—it is the opinions men entertain, and the feelings they cherish respecting those who disown the beliefs they deem important—which makes this country not a place of mental freedom. For a long time past, the chief mischief of the legal penalties is that they strengthen the social stigma. It is that stigma which is really effectiv, and so effectiv is it that the profession of opinions which are under the ban of society is much less common in England than is in many other countries the avowal of those which incur risk of judicial punishment.—*John Stuart Mill.*

# The American Secular Union.

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E. A. STEVENS, Chair. Fin. Com., - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.

## Seventh Statement of Treasurer.

RECEIPTS.

| 1887. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | Reported receipts | $1,284.21 |
| June | 3. | Phœnix Secular Union (charter), per J. H. W Jensen | 5.00 |
| | 16. | Ukiah, per Thos. McCowen | 40.00 |
| " | 23. | Grass Valley, per Mrs. Van Horter | 25.00 |
| " | 23. | N. D. Goodell, per S. P. Putnam | 20 00 |
| " | 22. | Owen Thomas Davis, per S. P. Putnam | 50.00 |
| " | 24. | Chicago Secular Union | 20.00 |
| " | 30. | Bandon Secular Union (charter), per J. M. Upton | 5.00 |
| " | 30. | Coos Bay Secular Union (charter), per J. D. Garfield | 5.00 |
| " | 30. | Charles Eckhard for Mrs. Slenker, per treasurer | 5.00 |
| " | 30. | Jacob Geir, per TRUTH SEEKER | 5.00 |
| " | 30. | N. S. Johns, per " | 1.00 |
| " | 30. | John Mahona, per " | 1.00 |
| " | 30. | John Engstrom, per " | 3.00 |
| " | 30. | Agnosticus, per " | 5.00 |
| | | Total receipts | $1,474.21 |

DISBURSEMENTS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | Reported disbursements | $1,224.11 |
| June | 17. | S. P. Putnam, per treasurer | 40.00 |
| " | 24. | " " | 95.00 |
| " | 30. | E. B. Foote, Jr., for Mrs. Slenker, per treasurer | 5.00 |
| | | Total disbursements | $1,364.11 |

June 30, 1887. CHAS. ECKHARD, Treasurer.

## News and Notes.

Saturday evening and Sunday morning at Talent, and Sunday afternoon at Ashland, I gave my closing lectures in Rogue River valley, and although the usual Oregon rain was present, the attendance was large. So memory and hope shine together amid the rainbows and clouds and sunshine of this beautiful valley. I hav seen nothing more enchanting than these sweet sceneries of blending hill and dale, and rolling mists that glitter in gorgeous ranks, and the sky over whose varied face a thousand pictures come and go. I shall not forget our splendid host, that from point to point are making things lively for the orthodox camp. The forces are so evenly divided that there is plenty of fun amid the clash of arms. The little hall at Talent, with its Universal Mental Liberty Club, is a kind of burning focus for the restless fires of progress. A thousand such over the land would giv a new era to the world.

The music furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Breese and Miss Waters, and the band of little children, was an inspiration and delight. The old songs were made living with hope, and the melodies never born of orthodoxy were made to do service for the free spirit of Liberalism.

I was obliged to hurry up, and amid the driving rainstorm reached the cars just as the iron horse was puffing the signal of departure. Sunday midnight I reached Rosebury. Early on Monday morning I was aroused by the cheery voice of my friend, James Laird, who came to pilot me through the big hills and mighty forests of Coos county to the outermost verge of the world, to the jumping-off place, where one can almost leap into the palace of the setting sun. There was a sixty-mile horseback ride before me, for the roads were so uneven that even a buckboard might drop to pieces and disappear amid the abysses of a western turnpike, whose ways, like those of God, are sometimes past finding out. Off we started in the clear and brilliant morning. My steed was one of the best in the county, and for the first few miles I quite enjoyed his quick and invigorating step. About noon we reached Looking Glass, a beautiful little valley amid the bosom of the hills. Beyond this there was a twenty-four mile ride yet to my night's lodgings, and there was no time to stop for rations. We were obliged to take our noonday lunch as we went "marching on." Up over the Coast Range we took our circuitous path. The scenery was delightful and magnificent. Amid the tall trees we could glance far away over the variegated landscape. Blue hills were in the distance, around which rolled the seas of forests, with green isles of cultivated lands here and there. The trees that overhung our pathway were of enormous growth. Some of them, fir and cedar, were ten feet in diameter, and from two hundred to three hundred feet in hight, shooting almost straight as an arrow. Climbing over the mountain, we struck the head waters of the east fork of the Coquille, which went dancing down the enormous crags with its fluttering white banners, making music in the deep and solemn aisles of the endless woods. At times it went merrily along, close by our feet, and we could stoop and drink of its sparkling current. Then in a minute almost it seemed to be down hundreds of feet below, and we could scarcely hear its murmurs as the crested waves dashed on. In the very bosom of the crags and trees we came to a school-house, remote from any habitation. Where the children came from I could not tell, but there were a dozen playing about, and the bright school-mistress was just ringing the bell, for the recess was over. I would gladly hav dismounted and rested my weary bones for an hour or two studying a b c's. We rode up, and friend Laird introduced the majority of the troop of boys and girls as his children or grandchildren. This is a great country for children. Mr. Laird has a family of ten, and all Freethinkers, and still they come. There is plenty of room. Mr. Laird's son has the ranch nearest the schoolhouse, but we could not stop, for still we had sixteen miles of travel to his own home. It seemed an interminable journey. However, we pressed on. Mr. Laird is a jolly companion, and by telling stories and occasionally quoting from THE TRUTH SEEKER, of which he is a constant reader, I was able to forget the aches and pains of my body. Now and then a scene of surpassing beauty would appear amid the dense foliage, the stream bursting into a brilliant cataract, alongside precipitous banks, with flowers and green moss, and the golden evening sunshine flowing in mellow splendor from mass to mass of rocks and fallen trunks, some of which arched the roadway, and we passed beneath them. These pictures would revive me with a shock of delight, as if an exhilarating cup were at my lips, and for awhile there was pure enjoyment. But the aches and pains would come back, and it was with a kind of despairing joy that at the close of every twelve or fifteen minutes I heard friend Laird cry out as we passed a landmark, "Only five miles more," "Four miles more," etc., until at last, at half-past seven o'clock, his white dwelling, solitary in the forest, hove in view. Slowly we meandered to that haven of rest. I could hardly dismount. It seemed as if I had no feeling in my bones. I was a kind of a jelly-fish out of water. However, there was a warm welcome, a comfortable chair, big fireplace, and a crackling blaze, and although it was the month of June, the fiery columns were as pleasant as in winter's weather, and the bright heat, like a charm, dispelled the weariness. Miss Emma Laird, the daughter of mine host, was the gentle housekeeper of this remote caravansary, and soon a delightful supper was ready for the hungry pilgrims. Early to bed was my motto for that night, and soon I was sound asleep, with no dreams to haunt me. At five o'clock in the morning, however, friend Laird said, "Awake—arise," and I obeyed the summons. I was quite refreshed and ready for the day's journey, when the coffee and breakfast had been disposed of, and the sun was flooding the beautiful forest and the birds were singing.

Mr. Laird could not accompany me on my second day's journey, but was to meet me on the morrow at Coquille City. So I bade good-bye to hospitable friends, to the boys and the maiden, to Mr. Cox, who keeps up the tug of war with friend Laird in the wilderness, and off I plunged into the grand old woods, nature's cathedral, filled with music and wondrous pictures. A delicious joy it was to be miles away from any human being, with no voices save that of the swaying branches, the rippling, shining waters, and the invisible birds. Occasionally I would meet a traveler, or pass some out-of-the-way farm, and wonder how in the world anybody ever came to locate in such corners of this vast wilderness. Along in the afternoon I came to Myrtle Point, where about fifty houses are clustered together, and here I was to giv my first lecture in Coos county. Slowly I rode into the little village, wondering what kind of a reception I should hav in this distant place. A pleasant-faced, patriarchal-looking man accosted me and inquired my name and if he could render any service. I did not know but he might be the bishop of the diocese and the mortal foe of the Infidel lecturer. However, I ventured to giv my name. Instantly he said, "Follow me." I knew then by the Masonry of Freethought that I was in the right hands, and I followed. This was C. Lehnherr, and he took me at once to his home, Pioneer Hotel, and here was rest and a good, square meal, and plenty of friends—his wife, Mrs. Lehnherr, a gentle believer in the Catholic faith; his daughter, Mrs. Miller, an ardent Freethinker; the grandchildren, etc. Soon other friends came dropping in—G. W. Ramsdell, a kind of a world-wandering Infidel, with five children, each one born in a different state; and Mrs. Ramsdell, a genial companion of his artist life. The first thing I did after supper was to hav my picture taken. Mr. Ramsdell was the one who suggested the Coos county campaign. He reads THE TRUTH SEEKER, and so keeps on the alert. Among other allies here are Charles Wilkins, who presided at the evening meeting; Edward Bender, leader of the band which discoursed music for the occasion, every member of which is a stanch Infidel—Chas. E. Diets, Henry Schroeder, C. E. Schroeder, Wm. Rohm; and from Arago, A. J. Smith, A. L. Allen, Jas. McNaughton, John Lindebeck, Fred. Schroeder, J. Henry Schroeder, Augustus H. Schroeder, F. M. Kronenberg, Wm. H. Schroeder, George W. Schroeder, Wm. Warner, of Rowland Prairie, and others coming from many miles about to attend the opening lecture. The hall was crowded in the evening with an enthusiastic audience. The band poured forth its inspiring strains, and I felt well rewarded for all the labors of my journey with so cordial a reception, and I did the best I could for "The New Heaven and Earth." The next morning I went to Arago, a part of the way by wagon, and then by boat. They hav all sorts of conveyances in this country—saddle-horses, boats, wagons, buckboards, steamers, schooners, rafts, etc. I came to the handsome farm of J. Henry Schroeder. Close by are the fair grounds of the county, in the big building of which I gave a lecture in the afternoon. Mr. Schroeder chartered a steamer for the special accommodation of the Infidels, and a large number were present from up and down the river and the lumber camps. The Schroeders, I find, are a multitudinous family. Henry Schroeder is the patriarch of them all. He came to this country in 1859. He is now over seventy years of age, and his golden wedding will come in 1889. He has grandchildren and great-grandchildren by the score. I asked him how many he had. He said he didn't know; he hadn't counted them lately. Somewhere between fifty and sixty is the number of his descendants, and they are all in the Freethought ranks, to the third and fourth generation. This is a good record. J. Henry Schroeder, his son, has ten children. He is the captain of our forces here, and his energy and persistence are indomitable. He has written scores of letters, raised the sinews of war, chartered steamers, etc., in order to make the campaign a success, and under his leadership I find everything in splendid condition. All the friends are interested, and the wheels of progress roll smoothly on. I was pleased to meet with his wife, and his daughters, Miss Ella and Mrs. Kribs and Mrs. Hanly, and his sons, George and Augustus—all enlisted in the Liberal ranks. Mrs. Schroeder is the daughter of Mr. Perry, one of the old campaigners of this country. Her two sisters married two other Schroeder brothers, and there are about ten children to each family, and so under this name a regiment might be mustered into service. Thus may all good citizens flourish. With the Schroeders also are the Smiths, the Lowes, the Garfields, the Nichols, the Danielsons, etc.; and I really think Coos county is the banner county of the States for its stalwart Liberalism.

After the Arago meeting we went by the steamboat Ceres, Capt. John Yeager, to Coquille City. Here are also some good friends—E. S. Spurgeon, V. N. Perry, A. G. Aiken, Andrew Forsness, C. W. Allen, S. N. A. Downing, Mr. and Mrs. Harrington, etc., and R. L. Blackburn, brother to our Utah campaigner, Prof. Charles Blackburn. I guess everybody in the city came to the lecture in the evening, for the hall was filled to its utmost capacity. They don't hav very big cities in Coos county, for the whole population of this sea-board is only about four thousand. But the people are full of life.

The next day, in the bright morning, we embark for Bandon on the steamer Myrtle, Capt. Levi Snyder. The Coquille river is one of the most crooked in the world. It is forty miles by the stream to the ocean, and yet in a straight line by land it is only twelve miles. However, the turnings in and out afford delightful sceneries. We pass by the farm of our stanch friend, Judge A. J. Lowe, who is one of the old settlers of this county, one of the "'Forty-niners" of California. He is a prominent citizen, and his Infidelity is never kept in the background. He has two brothers, Robert Lowe, of Empire City, and R. M. Lowe, of "Beaver Slew," and all three are Liberals, and surrender nothing for the sake of popularity. At Parkersburg, along the route, I am pleased to meet David and Frank Lowe, Wm. Hammersberg, etc.; at Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. Walcott, and others, and all along the river the Liberals seem to congregate. At about noon we arrive at Bandon, and this, with the exception of Cape Blanco, eighteen miles below, is the extremest western point in the United States; and so it has been my fortune to giv a lecture in America nearer to the setting sun than any other pioneer. I can't get any farther without tumbling into the Pacific. I was glad indeed to greet the broad waters flinging their banners against the glistening sun. Immediately after dinner I rush to the shores and climb the big rock called Gibraltar Rock, which is about a hundred feet high, and a lonely rock it is, for there is none like it anywhere up and down the coast, and the geologists affirm that it came all the way to this land from Montana, where its kindred tower to the skies. From this rock there is a magnificent view of the shores and ocean. To the north is Cape Arago, and to the south Cape Blanco, and the Portland steamers can be seen as they speed over the blue Pacific. Hundreds of sea-lions were disporting on the rocks, and thousands of birds skimming the air, and the thundering breakers in glorious music were dashing for miles along the beach; gorgeously, amid a pavilion of clouds, the sun sank beneath that burnished sea.

Among our friends at Bandon are John Hambloch, P. H. Rosa, Robert Walker, T. N. Nichols, Jerry Hines, L. L. Simpson, J. W. Dobbins, Judge G. W. Dyer, etc. P. O. Chilstrom, who presided at the

evening meeting, and J. M. Upton, editors of the Bandon *Recorder*, are fearless exponents of Liberalism, and they are exceptions to the majority of editors, and speak their minds without fear or favor. It was a pleasure to meet with such radical and able advocates of our cause, so bold and chivalrous in their defense of liberty and justice. One of their recent leading editorials is worthy of a place in THE TRUTH SEEKER, it is so pronounced and vigorous in its enunciation of reform.

I was pleased to meet W. V. Cope, of Denmark, Or., formerly of Eureka, Cal., a subscriber of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and now and then a contributor to its pages.

Over three hundred were present at the evening meeting. They came from all parts—Coquille City, Parkersbury, Randolph, the mills, logging-camps, etc. Captain Floyd, of the tug-boat Katie Cook, brought thirty-two, and it will thus be seen that there was quite an interest in the Freethought gathering. I gave a lecture on "American Democracy." At the close the Coquille Secular Union was formed, with J. Henry Schroeder for president, and J. M. Upton for secretary. There will be a grand gathering on the Fourth of July of the Liberals along Coquille river, and without doubt hundreds of friends will join in this united movement.

Early on Friday we return to Coquille City on the steamer Antelope, Captain Reed. Here we meet a delegation from Marshfield—S. B. Cathcart, J. D. Garfield, R. M. Hutchinson, Wm. Hall, T. G. Owen, F. Mark, and E. A. Anderson. In the afternoon a twenty-five-mile drive brings us to Marshfield. We lectured here Friday and Saturday evening to full houses, and we lecture again this afternoon, and at Empire City this evening. We will report progress next week. Everything so far has been favorable, and we hav a stanch Liberal host. I hav been kept so busy lecturing and traveling that I hav not had time until to-day to write these "News and Notes," and I am so far West, with the railroad seventy-five miles off, that I don't know whether I can get them to THE TRUTH SEEKER in time. But I trust to luck. I hav enjoyed every minute in this wild and almost unbroken country.

June 22d, 23d, and 24th there is a grand rally at Silverton. I shall be at Salem, June 26th; at Molalla, June 28th, 29th, and 30th; at Portland, July 3d; McMinnville, July 5th, 6th, and 7th; at Corvallis, July 10; at Forest Grove, July 17th; at Seattle, Wash. T., July 24th. I shall be at Port Angeles, Port Townsend, Colfax, Pendleton, Baker City, but the dates are not yet fixed.

*Marshfield, Or.*, June 19, 1887. S. P. PUTNAM.

## Liberal Enthusiasm in Oregon.

*From the Bandon Recorder.*

In accordance with announcements made through these columns, Mr. Samuel P. Putnam, secretary of the American Secular Union, and one of the ablest Freethought writers and speakers in the United States, delivered a lecture in our little Bandon on Thursday evening, the 16th. He was greeted by an intelligent and appreciativ audience of at least three hundred people. Mr. P. O. Chilstrom introduced the speaker by saying that we of the coast counties of Oregon, being practically shut out from the great centers of intelligent thought, by reason of locality and natural barriers, seldom had the opportunity we were about to enjoy on this occasion, that of listening to so noted a speaker as Mr. Putnam. The lecturer's subject was "American Democracy." The time occupied was a little over an hour and a half, and there was not one in the audience with whom we spoke after the lecture but that expressed a regret that the speaker did not keep right on talking indefinitly. Never in the history of Coos county has there been so able, so logical, so eloquent a defining made as to what constitutes American Democracy, as to what are the the sacred and inalienable rights and privileges of an American citizen to liberty of conscience, to free speech, the pursuit of happiness, and the enjoyment of all that is good and desirable in this world. The Nine Demands of Liberalism, as read and explained by Mr. Putnam, were reduced to simple axioms such as no sound, fair, rational thinker can possibly gainsay or reject. To do justice to the subject at all, in the space at our command at this time, just before going to press, is simply impossible. Even though we could giv space, word for word, to every thought uttered, there would still be something lacking, something unconveyed and unpictured—the style, the look, the earnest expression, the honest ringing tone. The speaker was greeted again and again by most hearty applause as he made point after point, telling and forcible. It was Bandon's intellectual feast, and right well did she partake and enjoy.

At the conclusion of the meeting a temporary organization of an auxiliary Secular society was effected under the name of the Coquille Secular Union. J. Henry Schroeder was elected temporary chairman, and J. M. Upton, secretary. A charter list of membership was prepared and numerously signed by the ladies and gentlemen who had remained for the purpose, when, on motion, the chairman appointed as a committee to secure additional names, C. Lehnherr, of Myrtle Point; A. J. Smith, of Arago; Mrs. Harrington, of Coquille City; D. J. Lowe, of Parkersburg; A. D. Wolcott, of Randolph, and J. M. Upton, of Bandon. It was decided that a permanent organization should be effected at Bandon, July 4th. Messrs. Jere Haynes, P. O. Chilstrom, T. V. Nichols, and J. M. Upton were appointed a committee on constitution and by-laws, to report at the next meeting of the Union.

MR. ANDREW D. WHITE will publish in the July *Popular Science Monthly* the second of a series of articles, begun some time ago, under the title of "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science." The forthcoming article will treat of the progress of human enlightenment in the domain of meteorology.

## Human Morality.

The assertion often made by the advocates of Christianity that man's conduct here is influenced for the better by belief in a hereafter is contrary to fact. Most men's religion is purely theoretical. In practice they are guided by their own interests, or natural sense of what is right. When faith is really their leading principle, it becomes their object not so much to do good as to escape the consequences of doing ill. Most believers would willingly barter their hopes of heaven for certain deliverance from the possibility of hell.

Among theoretical Christians there are many who are temperate, upright, and honorable. This is not on account of their belief that in another world such conduct will meet with reward, or a contrary course receive punishment. In their hours of prayer they say, "Thy kingdom come," and, "Deliver us from evil," but in their social and business relations they act from the same motivs as Infidels. They do right because it is their nature to do so, and avoid wrong because they know that its consequences would be prejudicial to their interests in this life.

The practical Christian whose actions are regulated by a consideration of reward or punishment hereafter is a dangerous character. He does no good for its own sake, but from a selfish desire for future remuneration. He shuns no evil because it is evil, but from fear of punishment. In the time of temptation he is the first to yield and the last to be suspected. The first to yield because the master he serves offers equal payment to the laborer who commences work at the eleventh hour and to him who has borne the burden and heat of the day. The last to be suspected because his religious character conceals the evil in his nature from the eyes of those who imagin good morals accompany religious faith. His duties to others are performed for his own sake, or abandoned altogether if he thinks thereby to win a larger crown, or escape with greater ease from wrath to come. When practical Christianity was a power in communities, it peopled deserts and monasteries with men and women who cast off their obligations to their fellow-creatures. Now that it is a power only in individuals, it makes them impediments to the progress of their race. Gazing on visions of another world, they block the path along which others are pressing to the improvement of this. If as time advances we see Christians striving more and more, as we do ourselvs, to make the best of this existence, and letting the next wait till it comes, it is because the extinction of Christianity by the absorption of its followers into the religion of humanity is a process constantly going on. It is the effect of the same law that causes progress in all things, the survival of the fittest.

Finite intelligence could make no improvement in and pass no judgment upon a revelation from infinit wisdom and love. Yet a constantly increasing number of religious teachers endeavor to adapt what they call the word of God to the modern discoveries of man. They decide by the test of such discoveries whether passages shall be retained or rejected. They discard verbal inspiration of scripture, and substitute a general superintendence of divine intelligence, limited to the prevention of spiritual error. They try God's teaching by their own reason, and pronounce some of it to be sound and some unsound. Their actions are inconsistent with their professed belief, but they are helping our work. They speak our truths from the pulpits of the churches where our voices cannot be heard. They call themselvs preachers of Christianity, but they are eradicating its doctrins from the minds of their hearers, and teaching a grander and purer morality than Jesus ever knew. They are priests of humanity, and are promulgating the great rule that an evil deed is that which adds to human suffering, and a virtuous action that which increases human happiness.

The mind of the Infidel, freed from the rubbish of old beliefs and theological moralities, is in a condition to accept a code of ethics founded upon reason and utility. While men were seeking knowledge of God's will from those who knew no more of it than themselvs, they were losing sight of man's needs. Now they are acquiring information on which a true system of morality, a human rule of life, is being constructed. Human conscience defines moral actions to be those advantageous to human interests. Human understanding interprets the rule by the light of experience. Human will conforms to it unrestrained by imaginary wills of visionary deities. Human interest reaps the reward of this conformity in the greater share the increased stock of common goods furnishes to each.

Humanity has its temple. It is not in Jerusalem, nor in Rome, nor in Constantinople. Its vast dome shelters the earth. From its pulpits its priests expound human thoughts, and at its altars sacrifice false gods and inhuman ideas. Its choirs, singing of earth's beauties and man's love, cheer us in this our dwelling-place, the only home we know. Its saints who hav passed away are lamps to our feet, and those still remaining with us staves in our hands. Its martyrs are men and women who hav suffered for proclaiming its rights. Its confessors, when tyrants threaten in the cause of God, boldly stand forth in the interests of man. The pure lives of its virgins hav never been prostituted to the love of mock divinities, but ever faithful to real men; their lips never polluted by prayer, their knees never bent to the degradation of adoring a feared unknown. They follow not the Lamb of God whithersoever he goeth, but the good of man whencesoever it cometh. And its glorious company of widows, once wedded to a God that is dead, are devoted from henceforth to mankind that livs.

Humanity has its paradise. It is not an Eden with its untasted fruit of the tree of knowledge, for the feast of knowledge is spread upon its tables, and to all who will the invitation is sent, "Come and eat." It is not a new Jerusalem, where all interests are lost but that in a God, for in it our own interests and those of our fellow-beings are alike objects of culture. It is not a place for the indulgence of eternal sloth and sensuality, such as the followers of Mohammed seek. It is not a Nirvana of self-annihilation and destruction of individuality, for which the Buddhist longs. It is a condition here in which evil is subdued and good triumphant. It is not a divine gift, but the price of human labor.

Humanity has a true morality. No god-made religion ever had. The law of Moses, which won outward obedience through terror, had none. The teachings of Jesus had none, except inasmuch as Jesus himself had drunk somewhat of the fountain of humanity and blended some of its principles with those of his Jewish theology. Since his day his followers hav blended more and more until the nature of Christianity has become so disguised that men are often called good Christians for ignoring their faith and acting by human rules. It is the process of absorption by which the religion of humanity attracts men to itself and from the errors resulting from belief in divinities. It is the survival of the fittest by which codes of ethics founded upon blind faith are doomed to perish, and will be supplanted by a higher morality built upon utility, which is already becoming recognized as our proper guide in life.

E. J. BOWTELL.

## For Mrs. Slenker's Defense.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir*: Many of your subscribers and readers are responding to the calls made for the Elmina defense fund, and every day brings in one or more subscriptions, some large, some small, but every little counts, so that now I estimate that the total fund amounts to about $400. I see the *Investigator* has acknowledged about $125. Mrs. Slenker has sent us names and amounts which foot up $170. The moneys sent to us we hav already acknowledged in the *Health Monthly* in part, but up to date we hav received about $85. In the *Health Monthly* we shall publish every item and send copies of the paper to those who hav sent with their remittance their names and address. Probably it is unnecessary to ask you to burden your crowded columns with these items. Mrs. Slenker is in constant communication with the members of the Defense Association, and already local counsel has been engaged, and we hav reason to expect will serve satisfactorily in the case. The case is put down to be called early in July (the 12th), but there may be reasons why the prosecution will prefer to lay the case over until fall, or if the prosecution is ready it may be that the defense will ask for some delay. Uncle Sam's appropriations for the court proceedings seem to hav run low, and just now it would appear that the defense is financially better prepared to go on than the government. It is, of course, impossible as yet to make a fair estimate of what sum will be required to make a good defense, but it is certainly important that a considerable sum should be insured early in order that nothing shall be left undone that ought to be done, for lack of means.

E. B. FOOTE, JR.

## Christianity, Positivism, and Socialism.

*From the Commonweal.*

The "essential thought" of Christianity lies in the notion of "holiness"—*i. e.*, a special relation between the individual soul and "God." This has as its correlate what is sometimes known as the "ethics of inwardness"—that is, a morality which centers in the personality and the attainment of this quasi-mystical relation with the divinity—or, in other words, "salvation." As a consequence, Christianity, though retaining elements of barbaric ferocity in its theology, in its moral sentiment invariably tends to become maudlin, and its practice commonly to hypocrisy.

Now, Positivism, while abandoning the theological side of Christianity, retains its introspectiv and individualistic attitude in ethics. The ethical aim of Positivism, like that of Christianity, is the perfecting of the individual character, and according to what is virtually the same standard, as is proved by the retention of so many Christian forms in the Comtean *cultus*, and still more in the adoption of the introspectiv and mystical *Imitatio Christi* of Thomas à Kempis as a text-book of life and conduct.

Socialism alone, in effect, definitivly abandons this old ethical standard, and the code of morality growing out of it, by proclaiming the great modern truth, that social happiness, in its plain sense, is the one object of all moral conduct, and in refusing to be turned aside from this principle by specious attempts to reintroduce the rags and tags of a theological morality under another name. E. BELFORT BAX.

# Communications.

## Mr. Denslow on the Labor Question.

The capitalists and monopolists are fortunate in having secured the services of so able an advocate as Mr. Van Buren Denslow, whose articles on Adam Smith and "Wealth" in his "Modern Thinkers" hav already proved his capacity to plead their cause. I use these expressions without scruple, for the polemical purpose of Mr. Denslow's article on "Protection to Labor" is transparent, from the exordium where he classes labor agitators with fever and ague to the argument *ad hominem* which closes his first article under the above head.

Mr. Denslow's figures are interesting and instructiv, but his inferences are altogether of the forensic, not the scientific type.

"The cause of the demand for labor," says Mr. Denslow, "is the profit which capital can earn in employing labor." This is the exploded dogma of that most dogmatical among economists, J. R. MacCulloch. I hope to be pardoned for calling it exploded, for, though continually reproduced by capitalistic writers of pamphlets, newspaper articles, etc., it is utterly rejected by all who hav gone below the surface of the question, *e.g.*, by James Bonar in his recent work on Malthus. "Even Mrs. Marcet, a docil Ricardion," he observes, "put the case more carefully. Work to be performed is the immediate cause of the demand for labor" (p. 155, Harper's edition, 1885). That is the point. The cause of the demand for labor is the want of the things which labor produces. Ricardo contended that the amount of the supply was limited by the capital which stood ready to furnish employment for labor, and MacCulloch, as we see, went further. But both of them overlooked the fact that a very large class of laborers are not "employed" by capitalists at all, and the still more significant fact that, in every case, a last analysis shows it to be labor which employs labor, capital standing only in the relation of a middle man.

How, then, does capital get into this position? Denslow, following Adam Smith, maintains that the profits of capital are the "reward of abstinence"—as he puts it, "a day's work already done and embodied in the form of capital is as well entitled to compensation as a day's work not yet done, which we call labor." Now, if I deny, and every "professional labor parasite, prophet, agitator, and economic quack" does utterly deny, that the compensation of a day's work done and embodied in the form of capital is anything else than the capital itself, Mr. Denslow's whole system stands on a shaky foundation. Which of us is right? To cite an illustration of which capitalists are rather fond. If a savage, a member of a tribe who liv by digging clams, constructs a spade with which he can dig ten times as many clams as with his hands, is not the possession of the spade an abundant compensation for his past labor? How does he get a lien on the labor of all the other savages who dig clams? This question Mr. Denslow avoids, and, since his purpose is polemical, not scientific, he is mighty right to avoid it.

But as "the Lord turned the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness," so all Mr. Denslow's talents hav not prevented him from selecting a singularly unhappy instance. "Working a farm on equal shares, where one person finds the land, improvments, buildings, seeds, fruit-trees, implements, and, perhaps, cattle, and flocks, and poultry, while the other brings only the labor power of himself, his family, and those he may hire, is a fair bargain. . . . This is the metayer system of Europe. . . . Its equity still remains to be questioned." The devil it does! Mr. Denslow simply presumes on the ignorance of your readers when he supposes them not to know that the metayer system is a mere relic of serfdom, and has always been considered in the highest degree tyrannical and pernicious by all but a few conservativ French and Italian writers, among whom Sismondi is the best known. He deserves thanks, however, for showing that it is just like all other arrangements between laborer and capitalist, the more so since this very metayer system is becoming alarmingly common in the United States.

And now, bidding farewell to Mr. Denslow for the present, let us consider how the capitalist gets his lien on labor? I answer, Through the action of the legislature. As the powers of a landlord under the metayer system are conferred in Europe on an aristocracy, in America on syndicates, as slaves are made slaves, and serfs serfs by the concerted action of the victorious or dominant element in any state, so railroads are chartered and the other corporations to which Mr. Denslow alludes created by the power of the government—that is, of organized physical force. It is a system of barefaced robbery.

Now, I will not only admit, but insist on what seems at first sight an argument against my theory. Undoubtedly every machine, from the savage's spade for digging clams to the Union Pacific Railroad, every accumulation of wealth, from the first basket of clams to the millions of a Rothschild, makes it harder for the man who has nothing to liv, except as the employee of the man who has something. Here, then, would seem to be a natural cause for the relation of laborer and capitalist. But it is a maxim of political economy that competition reduces prices to the cost of production, which, of course, include the the capitalist's own wages as a contributor to the work by superintending, etc. What is it that interferes with the operation of this equitable principle and enables the capitalist to collect a revenue in excess of his own wages of superintendence? I answer again, it is the law. Take away that, and his profits would fall to the wages of superintendence instantly. Mr. Denslow's demonstration that the products are divided about equally between laborers and capitalists, even if it were sound, is immaterial. The question is, How can capitalists get anything but those wages of superintendence which they very commonly dispense with in hiring factors, overseers, and stewards? I defy Mr. Denslow to show any other how than that they hav the law on their side and the power.

But Mr. Denslow lets another cat out of the bag in admitting that his proportion is true only for some trades, and that the share of labor diminishes as machinery takes its place. The meaning of this, being interpreted, is that notwithstanding the protection given by governments to capital, competition eventually reduces prices to the cost of production after all. Under the slave and serf systems this mattered little. But now, when lower profits mean not only insolvency, but speedy liquidation, the capitalist must keep up with the times or perish. Accordingly machinery is continually supplanting labor, and the reward of the latter, Mr. Denslow being witness, falls accordingly. This may seem to contradict his other assertion, to which I agree, that the wages of the hired laborer increase with the gains of the capitalist. But the paradox is easily explained. Wages increase absolutely with profits. Relativly to the percentage of profits they increase also. But relativly to the incomes of capitalists they decrease as the capitalists themselvs grow bigger. This is the double process which is forcing on revolution, placing on one side a very few immense monopolies, and on the other a world of discontented laborers.

Mr. Denslow improves on MacCulloch, as MacCulloch did on Ricardo, when he says that if wages are too low in any line of employment what is needed in that line is a greater competition among employers, and therefore a good many of those who are now seeking to work at that business for wages should begin working as employers. Let us return for wisdom to the friend of our childhood, Mrs. Marcet. "Work to be performed is the immediate cause of the demand for labor." Then low wages in any line mean that there is no work to be done in it which anybody wants, and the incoming of a thousand employers would only mean a thousand candidates for bankruptcy. I am tempted here to show that the reduction of prices to the cost of production is secondary, and that the overstocking of particular lines with the resulting crash and crisis is the primary fact in our industrial system. This, however, has been done already by myself and others so well that I only advise Mr. Denslow to read Karl Marx's little pamphlet on "Capital and Wage Labor," or my own, entitled, "Anarchy." But I cannot refrain from pointing out that Mr. Denslow's wage laborers with $800,000,000 in the savings banks belong to that class of skilled, not that of common, laborers; that for them to engage in business on their own account would be to invite the fate of beetles in that battle where, to use Mr. Denslow's own eloquent words, "the giants become Titans and the conflict Titanic;" and finally, that their lending to capitalists through the medium of savings banks does, indeed, "invert every law of charity—take from them that hav very little to hand over to them that hav much;" for as prices approach the cost of production the rate of interest falls, while the incomes of the Titanic capitalists year by year increase.

In Mr. Denslow's second paper, reasoning from the above fallacious premises, he piles fallacy upon fallacy. "The infinit elasticity of our wants is an undoubted truism in economics. But its necessary corollary is an exhaustless demand upon our energies. . . . The real road to shorter hours for every workingman is longer hours. . . . It is the love of ease, and the desire to avoid the risks, embarrassments, and worry of self-employment that chiefly keep men in the wages class." The first of these apothegms is true. But the second plainly contradicts the third. If the increase of wants means an infinit increase of labor, then longer hours can never bring shorter hours. Both the propositions may be false, but one of them must be. Now, the truth is this: that the increase of wants does not necessarily mean an increase of labor. Machinery ought to save labor. The lowest savages hav to work far harder to get clams enough to eat than the laborers of a civilized community to get a much better living. Why, then, do the civilized laborers not enjoy shorter hours than the savages? Mr. Denslow means to say it is because they insist on living higher. But suppose they did not; is it not clear that the demand for labor would fall, and that wages would fall with it? One laborer by working harder and living lower than others can get ahead of them, but all can no more gain in that way than all can win in a race. There must be another reason why machinery does not save labor. There must be another remedy for this anomalous state of things than for the laborers to "scab" each other down to the savages' standard of comfort, which is clearly no remedy at all, for it would make so much less labor to be done, and the same number of hours' work for those who could get employment. The real reasons why machinery does not shorten hours, and the real remedy, are as follows: Under every system of labor—slave, serf, or wage—the share of the laborers is the least on which they can liv consistently with the prevailing idea of comfort; that is, the least they will take without resorting to general rebellion. Mr. Denslow, of course, is aware of this well-known law, which simply brings labor within the generalization about prices falling to the cost of production. It involves this corollary, that the minimum on which laborers can liv and raise children being the average wage, multitudes never get as much, and therefore are not kept in the wage class by love of ease, but by another cause altogether. That cause is simply the operation of the law itself. All above the minimum necessary to maintain the existence of the laboring class goes to the slave-owners, landlords, or capitalists. In the first two cases it is taken from the laborers by direct force, in the third by the threat of refusing them work except on the employers' own terms, which are just the old minimum, the least they can be Jewed down to without turning discontent into revolution. Of this "surplus value," as Marx calls it, a part is devoted to enlarging the establishments of which the laborers form a portion, with what result we hav already seen. But another goes to the defense of these establishments. Policemen, soldiers, agents, collectors, lawyers, politicians, sky-pilots, etc., all so many defenders of the capitalists' possessions, must be supported out of the surplus value which the laborer creates. Thus the laborer, receiving only enough to keep him in existence as a laborer, forges his own chains with every stroke, nor is there any apparent remedy which does not involve getting rid of the noble army of idlers—stock-gamblers, politicians, military, sky-pilots, and all. But this, if it could be done, would really be a remedy, for the possession of the tools by the toilers and the product by the producers would mean short hours and general abundance.

Of all the monopolies created by governments for the enrichment of favorits and the oppression of the laborers, the most utterly inexcusable which now exists is the system of Protection to whose defense Mr. Denslow devotes his last paper. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Denslow can be sincere in saying that all values depend as much on the obstacles to the production of the commodity by others as they do on the facilities of its production by you, and therefore the higher values of American over foreign products are due to the obstacles to the free introduction of the latter. At all events, the fallacy is too transparent to be worth refuting when the many obscuring words are cleared away and the conclusion put in juxtaposition with the premises.

The second reason why a tariff benefits the American laborer is stated thus: "To the diversification of our industries is due their activity; out of their activity comes the high rate of profit on capital, and out of this high rate of profit on capital come the existing rates of wages." This, of course, embodies the old fallacy quoted from MacCulloch, but it also involves another which lies perhaps deeper still. So far, at least, as unskilled labor is concerned, high wages are as mythical as the story of the man who carried the calf till he became an ox. Malthus long since reasoned (Pol. Econ, 1820, p. 125), and the experienced Brasseys hav since announced as the result of their ledgers (Work and Wages, c. iii), that the cost of common labor to the employer is the same all over the world. The difference in the "real wages," *i. e.*, in what a day's work will bring the laborer, depends on the price of those things which the laborer principally needs, and, of course, can only be lowered by everything which raises the cost of necessaries. In our multiplying tramps and paupers we may see every reason to believe that it is steadily falling as the United States becomes more of a manufacturing and less of an agricultural country.

The third argument, that the artificial creation of a domestic market is necessary to get rid of unexportable products, is surely too far-fetched for consideration. That any commodity under any circumstances can sell better where it is produced than where it is not is indeed an original position, and can rarely indeed be otherwise than absurd.

The fourth reason and all which follow it are political, not economic, full of the very spirit of spread-eagle, and adapted to excite a smile even in a Fourth of July oration. With more than half our farmers metayers, tenants, or insolvent mortgagers; with a million laborers in an intermittent condition of enforced idleness; with legislatures, courts, and senates controled by stock-gamblers and bonanza millionaires; with the press gagged, the Puritan Sabbath

restored, immigration arrested by legislation, "order" maintained by Pinkerton's banditti, hunger in our cities, revolution at our doors, it is time to talk of attracting all nations to us, of our example to the world, of our glorious Union, our pampered workmen, our manifest destiny! The man is as blind now as most others were some thirty years ago. Who can fail to see that now, as then, we are approaching a crisis which, if it does not end in national ruin, must destroy these abuses which we stand alone in our conceited stupidity by cherishing.

Among all these closing reasons, the fourth alone is worthy a serious reply. It is that home exchanges are preferable to foreign because the country is enriched by both lines of production. I will not inquire whether the sentiment be worthy a nation whose founder claimed the world for his country. It shall be legitimate, if you like, but surely it applies only to lines of production which can support themselvs. Now the tariff, imposed to protect industries which, by the hypothesis, cannot support themselvs in America, has killed others, such as ship-building, in which we used to lead the world. And now it is proposed to tax us, that ship-building may be restored by subsidies. Instead of the ox carrying the man, the man must shoulder another calf! It is as if an Illinois farmer, having spent the profit on his corn and hogs in a doubtfully successful attempt to raise pineapples, should now, for want of corn, begin feeding the pineapples to the hogs. The only way a government can protect the laborer is to let him alone. Of all other men, he has the best reason to exclaim, "Deliver me from my friends, and I will take care of my enemies." C. L. JAMES.

*Eau Claire, Wis.*

## Mrs. Colman's Reminiscences.

Immediately after giving up my position at the asylum I was appointed superintendent of the schools supported by the New York Aid Society, some eleven in all, scattered over the district. I visited them every week, and generally spoke on Sunday in some one of the school-houses. At the close of one of my meetings in Alexandria a gentleman came to the platform and introduced himself, and invited me to take dinner with him at the Magnolia House, saying that as he was from Massachusetts it would be pleasant to hav a little visit with a Northern woman. I said: "I hav with me some two or three teachers. I think I would not like to leave them." He interrupted me, saying, "Invite them also." Said I, "I will introduce them, and if you then choose to invite them, I shall be most happy to dine with you." I introduced him. Two of the ladies were daughters of Mr. Lawton, of Cambridge, who is, or was, the originator of the Lawton blackberry, and they bore a color as dark as the famous fruit of that name. I expected my new friend would feel that such a color would be a bar to further hospitalities, but he immediately extended his invitation to my colored friends. I induced them to accompany me to the hotel. They were refined ladies, and shrank from any unpleasant demonstration. I felt sure that the gentleman who had invited us knew his grounds, and so I told them it would be something to remember, to dine at the public table in a hotel in the old slaveholding city of Alexandria. We went to table. None of the boarders left, but the waiters, who were colored, seemed beside themselvs with astonishment. My new acquaintance was a prominent lawyer, and the landlord a German. Some few weeks afterward Mr. Douglass was ordered from the table, but he did not go to the hotel as the guest of my influential friend.

I tried in my public meetings to teach these poor, ignorant, grown-up children that "cleanliness" was not only "next to godliness," but that it was positivly essential to godliness, and that shouting, singing, and even praying would avail them nothing while the day following these religious demonstrations they drank themselvs drunk, quarreled with each other, and stole and lied as they had learned to do in slavery. It was a hard lesson for some of them, but generations of the most debasing, abject slavery is not productiv of very lofty morals. We expected too much of them.

The American Tract Society early established themselvs by their agents among these people. This society was the most positiv pro-slavery organization I ever knew. In all their leaflets, as well as larger publications, they entirely ignored slavery. They sometimes republished some of the English tracts, leaving out all reference to the sin of slaveholding, putting instead warnings against dancing, card-playing, and theatrical exhibitions. One at this day can hardly realize how entirely subservient all classes were to the slave power. I remember a good, liberal clergyman who, for twenty years, fought in his own parish "the rum power," and conquered it, publishing a reading-book for schools, in which he put one of Cowper's poems wherein occur these grand words against slavery:

> I would not hav a slave to till my grounds,
> To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
> For all the wealth that sinews bought and sold
> Hav ever earned. No! dear as freedom is,
> And in my heart's just estimation prized above all good,
> I would much rather be myself the slave,
> And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

The South refused to buy the book, and the clergyman, bending his knee to the slave power, published another edition leaving out the objectionable poem. The Tract Society now ignoring the past, made haste to prepare a room for religious services at Freedman's Village, where my friend, Captain Carse, was superintendent. These agents did not like me or my influence. Captain Carse, on the other hand, thought my influence beneficial, and sometimes sent for me in a troublous time with the contrabands. One day he said to me, "You ought to hav a monthly pass instead of being obliged to go to the commandant every time we need you. I will get you one;" and so, going to the office, he asked Captain Brown to make out a monthly pass. "How is that?" said Captain Brown. "Here is a man who was just trying to persuade me to refuse Mrs. Colman a pass, never allowing her one." Captain Carse looked up and saw the resident agent of the American Tract Society, and thereupon ensued a scene. The superintendent of Freedman's Village demanded his authority for keeping anyone out of a place of which he was military commander, reminding him that he was a resident only by his permission. The monthly pass was given, and these agents were obliged to endure my visits oftener than agreeable.

Sojourner Truth, the colored woman who was not allowed to enter the White House as an equal with other visitors, was living at the village at that time, going among the women and teaching them how to make the best use of the little the government supplied them to liv upon. I think I will here giv my readers an account of a visit which I made to President Lincoln with this remarkable colored woman for the purpose of introducing her to him. Sojourner Truth was a slave in the state of New York, freed by the state in 1817. She was then about forty-five years of age, and she lived till the year 1883. She never learned to read, but her intuition was remarkable. She was what the Spiritualists call mediumistic, but the spirit with whom she held almost hourly converse was God. She held long conversations with what she called the God of the universe, asked his opinion about anything she was uncertain about, and followed his directions. She early came into the Antislavery work, and did valiant service as a lecturer. The first time she visited Ohio, she must hav been about seventy years old, but she was as vigorous as a woman of fifty. Some one of the friends of her race fitted her out with horse and buggy, and she traveled for weeks, getting up her own meetings, and they were quite a success. She said whenever she came where two roads met, she laid the lines down in her lap, said to God, "I don't know which way to go; please you drive," and he always drove her to some place where she had a good meeting. Her talks, which she called lectures, were mostly recitals of her own experiences. And she could sing well, having a delightful voice. I hav heard her sing charmingly after she had passed her one-hundredth birthday. When she went among the freed people, she found, if she was to hav influence among them, she must refrain from doing herself what she wished them not to do. Her wit or talent at *repartée* was very great. Once, in a large company, a young man said to her, "Sojourner, I don't know about your going to heaven. The Bible says no unclean thing shall enter that place, and your breath is foul with tobacco." Sojourner looked at the saucy youngster, saying, "Laws, child! I 'spects to leave my breath behind when I die."

When Mr. Lincoln was elected to the presidency, Sojourner determined to make the journey to Washington to see him, an Antislavery president, and so her Antislavery friends sent her, with her grandson, a boy of twelve years, to me. For some reason, if any special thing was to be done for any colored person, everybody, far and near, knew I was the one to call upon to do it, and I am glad to say that, however difficult the thing to be done, I somehow accomplished it.

When Sojourner reached the capital she supposed that by the following day she could walk right into the White House without any trouble, hav a good chat with the president, and be asked to call again perhaps; but it took many weeks before I could get an appointment for her. This I did at last through Mrs. Lincoln's dressmaker, a colored woman, who because of her business was in almost daily communication with the president's house. At last, one Saturday morning at eight o'clock, we were to be received, and promptly at the hour we were on the steps. The usher took my card, and leading the way to the outer-room, from which the president's room was reached, seated us, saying that when Mr. Lincoln wished he would send for us. This receiving-room was well filled before nine o'clock. Still no call came for Mrs. Colman and her friend. Just before twelve o'clock we were presented. While in the anteroom there had come in a black woman who looked so forlorn that I knew she needed a friend, so I said, "Hav you any one to present you to the president?" "No," said she, "but I must see him." So I said, "When I am called for you may go with me," and I entered the presence of the nation's highest officer with two of the blackest women I ever saw, not as my escort, but I as theirs.

We were obliged to wait long enough for Mr. Lincoln to tell one of his funny stories to a deputation of twelve merchant tailors from Baltimore, who had come to ask the president to pardon one of their brother merchants charged with trading with the rebels. I do not know whether the man was pardoned; they departed with no answer save the story, and that I hav forgotten. I wrote it out at the time, and it was published in the New York *Tribune*. When the president was ready, I said, "I am very glad, sir, to say to you that I havn't come to ask any favor; my business is simply to present to you my friend, Sojourner Truth, a woman very widely known, not only in our country, but abroad. She will say to you what she desires without further help from me." To the other woman I said, "As soon as Sojourner is through with the president, present your business." Mr. Lincoln was not himself with this colored woman. He had no funny story for her; he called her Aunty, as he would his washwoman, and when she complimented him as the first Antislavery president, he said, "I'm not an Abolitionist. I would not free one slave if I could save the Union in any other way. I'm obliged to do it." I said to my friend, "We must not detain the president; others are in waiting. Are you ready?" and saying good-bye, I had just reached the door when Mr. Lincoln said very earnestly: "Mrs. Colman, won't you come back? Walk in here and take a seat," opening the door of the railing that separated him from his callers. I went back, took the seat, and by Mr. Lincoln's request read the letter which the colored woman who had gone into the room with me had presented. It was from the wife of a colored soldier, then "at the front," who was to be put out of the house she occupied the next day for non-payment of rent. She was sick in bed; the husband had been in the service over ten months, never having received one month's pay.

*Syracuse, N. Y.* LUCY N. COLMAN.

## Judicial Folly.

I had been thinking for twenty years past that New Jersey had greater fools in church and state than any other state in the Union; but your legislature, by adding the word "disgusting" to the amendment of the villainous and foolish Comstock law, hav proved themselvs the biggest fools in the nation.

To me the book called God's holy word contains hundreds of passages so disgusting that no money would hire me to read it to a company of decent young people.

A returned missionary called at my office fifty years ago to beg money to send the Bible to the heathen. He told me the price of a missionary Bible, and said if I had but one cent that I could giv, that cent might make out just enough to pay for one more Bible, and that Bible might be the means of saving at least one more soul; and if I withheld that cent the soul would be lost, and I would hav to answer for it in the great judgment. I told him the Bible was the worst book he could put into the hands of anyone unless he could teach them that it was the work of ignorant men, having no more divine authority than "Gulliver's Travels;" but offered to giv him $10 if he would read in his next meeting ten verses from his holy book, and leave it without note or comment—not tell why he read it—but he would not do it. In an unbiased court the Bible would at once be condemned as "disgusting" to thousands, and almost every book in the world contains something disgusting to some one. The Catholic doctrin is disgusting to Protestants, and the Protestant doctrin is disgusting to the Catholics. Infidelity, or Liberalism, is disgusting to Christians. And so with all the various sects, and no man nor woman could express his or her honest sentiment on religion without saying something disgusting to those of other sects; and who is to decide what is disgusting? Why, the bigoted justices and jurors.

Comstock has now got power in New York to fine or imprison any man, woman, and child, and to stop every paper, book, or picture he pleases. I hav a leather button I would like to tack up over the speaker's desk in the New York state house to express my high or low appreciation of their wisdom or folly. I suppose if you publish this, Comstock will think it very disgusting and will be after me, but I am ready for him. I hav not been fighting the battle of mental liberty more than sixty years for nothing. Amen. Selah! J. HACKER.

*Berlin, N. J.*

HOWEVER unwillingly a person who has a strong opinion may admit the possibility that his opinion may be false, he ought to be moved by the consideration that however true it may be, if it is not fully, frequently, and fearlessly discussed, it will be held as a dead dogma, not a living truth.—*John Stuart Mill.*

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## A Scientific "Religion."

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 16th we shall begin the publication of a series of papers which we know will be most favorably received by the Freethinkers of the country—a series written specially for our columns by Prof. Felix L. Oswald. Professor Oswald's book, "The Secret of the East," has made him known to the Liberals of the country, and his contributions to the *Popular Science Monthly*, the *North American Review*, the *Forum*, etc., hav made him a solid reputation as a scientific thinker. He is also author of the following books published by Appleton and Lippincott: Physical Education, Summerland Sketches, Zoölogical Sketches, Household Remedies, and the Poison Problem.

The title of the series which we shall publish is, "The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism. A Contribution to the Religion of the Future." The purpose of the papers is to demonstrate the natural basis of ethics, and to expose the immoral tendency of the Christian religion in many of its tenets, such as the natural depravity dogma, tending to the suppression of normal instincts; the alleged sinfulness of unbelief, suppressing the spirit of free inquiry; the imaginary duty of blind submission to established authorities, fostering flunkeyism and mental prostitution; and other-worldliness, which encourages the neglect of this world's interests and duties. Against these Christian teachings, so detrimental to humanity, will be set in contrast the safe standards of natural religion, by showing the identity of duty and inclination in normal specimens of our race—adducing the health-protecting instincts of young children, their love of physical exercise, their candor, their inquisitivness—all suppressed by the preposterous methods of our *parsonage-plan* of education.

Each chapter will be devoted to some special maxim of a code embodying the condition of earthly happiness: health, freedom, truth, order, justice, prudence, self-reliance, knowledge, industry, etc. These papers are replete with anecdote and illustrations from history and the customs of foreign nations, and the author proves his positions by facts. To the critics of Liberalism who ask, "If you explode their nonsense, what are you going to put in its place?" this series will be a complete answer. The papers will continue for several months.

We would respectfully suggest that Liberals make extra effort to induce their Christian friends to read this series, and become converts to The Religion of the Future.

## The Missouri Church Scandal.

Bishop Hogan's exposure of the immoral character of some thirty priests in his (Kansas City, Mo.) diocese is causing great scandal in the church. A priest interviewed upon the subject said that Bishop Hogan would be forced to choose between resigning and being arraigned before the pope for violation of "a cardinal rule of the church." On being asked what cardinal rule the bishop had violated, the priest replied: "He is guilty of a betrayal of official secrets. He has wittingly or unwittingly been the greatest enemy of his own church by letting matters get abroad that must injure the church. Great dissatisfaction exists in the diocese, and the case will be carried direct to Rome unless Bishop Hogan resigns. He has violated the church injunction of secrecy in all such matters."

This is about the most significant feature connected with the whole affair. It has long been a matter of public notoriety that priests are immoral. Now it transpires that if a bishop knows of scandal in his diocese, he is to conceal it from the outside world; and the interesting inquiry is at once raised how far his duty extends in the case of crimes committed to his knowledge. Must theft, arson, or murder also be concealed?

All the evidence that comes to the light goes to show that, besides other things, the Catholic church is a vast conspiracy among a lot of hypocrits to cover up one another's villainies.

## Firstly and Secondly.

In the last days of June we received the subjoined circular from the American Institute of Civics, with the request to publish, together with such editorial comments as might be proper:

"TO THE EDITOR: On behalf of the American Institute of Civics, and in furtherance of its purposes, which are to promote, through the agency of the school, the press, the pulpit, and otherwise, the conditions essential to good citizenship and good government, it is respectfully suggested that on the Sunday preceding the coming anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, Christian ministers of all denominations, so far as possible, shall giv special attention in their services for the day to the following topics, viz.: 'The influence of the church as related to integrity in citizenship, and the duty of Christian men as citizens.'

"In presenting this suggestion, it is proper to say that the Institute of Civics represents no party or creed in politics or religion; that its sole purpose is to aid, as above indicated, in the promotion of integrity, intelligence, and patriotism, as essential qualifications for the right use of the suffrage; and that it is on this ground that it confidently seeks the cooperation of the pulpit, in the belief that, by united efforts, and without the introduction of controversial questions related to party politics, it may exert a more powerful influence in the formation of the individual convictions which determin the character and influence the action of American citizens.

"Printed matter, which will be of interest to clergymen disposed to adopt the suggestions made, will be sent free upon application. Respectfully,

"HENRY RANDALL WAITE, President."

The American Institute of Civics is an association heavily officered by a United States Supreme Court chief justice and a number of gentlemen whose titles would fill several lines, though of what its membership consists we do not know. This turning to the pulpit for aid, however, indicates either a lack of common sense or a purpose to build an aristocracy of pedantry and puritanism.

In the first place, the proposition or subject put forth smacks of intolerance. Why differentiate Americans into sects before asking what their duty is as citizens? What responsibility has a Christian man more than an Infidel man? The manner of phrasing this subject looks as though the Institute of Civics is endeavoring to giv the Christians a chance to repass the resolution that the earth and the fulness thereof belong to the Lord and his saints, and that the present church-members are the saints.

The subject, as the minister would say, consists of Firstly and Secondly. The firstly is, The influence of the church as related to integrity in citizenship. It is a fruitful theme, and all bad fruit at that. Church influence, so far as it affects a citizen's actions, does not conduce to integrity. On the contrary, it destroys honesty, justice, and equality. It is the influence of the church that has placed upon the statute books of so many states the infamous blasphemy laws, the unjust taxation laws, and the tyrannous Sunday laws. It is the influence of the church that makes men steal from state treasuries to support their religion; that has made them deprive their fellow-men of civil rights because of different religious opinions; that makes them force upon our public schools a book filled with the most immoral and improbable of stories. It is the influence of the church that induces our legislatures to violate the Constitution by hiring hypocrits to pray in senates and lower houses, in the army and navy, and at nearly all government institutions. It is the influence of the church that has pushed men on to commit the greatest outrages upon liberty; the grossest violations of individual rights, and the most monstrous crimes against humanity. It was the influence of the church that robbed the American Indians of their land, without recompense; that made New England a prison-house for body as well as mind; that drove good men into a wilderness to starve, and stripped virtuous women and tied them to carts to be whipped. It was the influence of the church "as related to integrity in citizenship" that incestuously joined the church to the state and robbed all men alike to feed the magistrate-ministers who fattened on the poverty of the early American settlers. It was the influence of the church that enacted the colonial laws that are now a butt of ridicule for their imbecility and the wonder of the civilized world for their ferocity. It has been the influence of the church through all the decades since that has perpetrated the cruelest acts in America's history. As it was the church that hanged witches, so it is the church that imprisons men for not committing the crime of hypocrisy. It was the influence of the church, "as related to integrity in citizenship," that put Abner Kneeland in jail, and tried to keep its record good with C. B. Reynolds. It was the influence of the church that kept millions of human beings in chattel slavery, and it was the same influence which mobbed and murdered the heroic Abolitionists. It is the influence of the church upon American citizens that keeps a sensual priesthood in power, that stifles every effort for progress, that robs the people of their rights, and perpetuates the hugest system of imposture that ever fed and fattened upon the ignorance of the human race.

As related to integrity in citizenship the influence of the church is unmitigatedly bad. No class of men produces proportionately so many criminals as the leaders of the church—the men set apart for their superior sanctity—the ministers. No other body of men numbers so many hypocrits as the church. It has got so now that the most pious are the most suspected; the loudest shouters in meeting are required to pay cash in advance on their purchases; and the longest faces are given the shortest credits. When a trusted clerk or a bank official defaults, the first question is, What Sunday-school was he superintendent of? When one woman's husband and another man's wife are missing, everybody asks, What church did they attend? When scandal touches a woman, the neighbors look askance at her pastor or her favorit deacon.

An honest, zealous, and virtuous Christian is looked upon as a little weak in the head. John Knox, and John Calvin, and John Wesley would be sat down upon hard by the nineteenth-century people outside of the church. Jonathan Edwards, dear old soul, would be called crazy. A tract pedler is looked upon as a bore, if he is not handed over to the police as a sneak-thief in disguise. The Salvation Army, the most earnest of all Christians, are classed with circuses. As related to integrity in citizenship, the influence of the church is directly the opposit of good. It is both infamous and ridiculous.

Secondly. The duty of Christian men as citizens is to reform. Reformation by the wholesale would be the most becoming to them of any duty. They should reform their laws, their morals, and their actions. Some one—was it Colonel Ingersoll?—said that the only good laws passed nowadays are those laws which repeal other laws. In this direction there is a world-wide space in which the church can do good. Let the influence of the church procure the repeal of those laws which the influence of the church has had enacted. The duty of Christian men as citizens is to be honest—to giv to others every right they claim for themselvs—and to stop tyrannizing over their fellows. The duty of Christian men is to be less arrogant, less puritanical, less cruel, less anxious to control other folks. This is not a government of Christians, for Christians, and by Christians. That kind of a government was begun here, but they fought so savagely that Infidels like Thomas Jefferson had to reconstruct the Union to make possible the realization of the dream of Americans—the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

It is the duty of Christian men as citizens, and especially Christian ministers, to be virtuous in their relations to single women and other men's wives. This sort of reform should begin in the pastor's study and the pulpit, go down the aisles where the deacons sit, up to the gallery, and invade the choristers' seats. It should be taken into the Sunday-schools, and welcomed at the church festivals. It should accompany the pastor on his calls, and the sisters in all their goings and comings. And when this reform is accomplished, the next duty of the

Christian citizen is to stay in the United States and not go to Canada. Let the churches be purged of hypocrits and time-servers, of pious frauds, and psalm-singing mercantil thieves. Let the gossips' noses be shortened and their tongues silenced. Stop the gambling at church fairs, and the robbery of poverty at the church doors. Then discharge the ministers and do your guessing for yourself.

These are a few of the duties of Christian men as citizens; when they are performed the influence of the church in relation to integrity will not be such an utterly absurd subject of discussion as it is at present.

## An International Freethought Congress.

We gladly comply with the request contained in the following letter from Mr. Bradlaugh:

" 20 CIRCUS ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, N. W.,
" LONDON, June 14, 1887.

" TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Dear Sir:* I should be obliged if you would giv the widest publicity to the annexed invitation. I should be also very much pleased to send you special invitations to any American Freethinkers whose names and addresses you might furnish to me.

" Yours sincerely, C. BRADLAUGH."

Following is the invitation:

" INTERNATIONAL FREETHOUGHT CONGRESS, 1887.

" By the authority of the Council General of the International Federation of Freethinkers, under the auspices of the National Secular Society (of which I am president), and with the approval and confirmation of the Freethinkers of Great Britain and Ireland in conference at Rochdale assembled, I most earnestly invite you to attend the sittings of the International Freethought Congress, to be held in the Hall of Science, 142 Old street, E.C., London, at 10:30 A.M., on Saturday, September 10th; at 11:15 A.M., on Sunday, September 11th, and at 10:30 A.M., on Monday, September 12th.

" Your early reply will be esteemed a favor.

" CHARLES BRADLAUGH."

## Different Accounts.

" In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

"The earth has been brought to its present condition through a series of changes or progressiv formations. It has passed through a regular course of history or growth. There must hav been a first era, in which the earth was a globe of molten rock; a second era, in which cooling went forward until the exterior became solid from cooling; a third era carrying forward the cooling to a temperature admitting the existence of the simplest forms of life; a fourth era commencing with the beginning of life on the globe."

" And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament. And God called the dry land earth, and the waters called he seas."

"Depressions for special oceanic basins would hav been early begun in the second era over the cooling and contracting sphere; and it is probable that the existing continental areas were defined in general contour in this first-formed crust, and that within their confines appeared the first dry land. This crust has since continued cooling and thickening. The hot and acid waters of the condensing vapors and the first oceans began the work of surface erosion and alteration, and of transportation and deposition."

"And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night."

"The sun has been losing heat by radiation *through all time.*"

"The moon is a satellite of the earth, and is illumined by the rays of the sun."

"And the evening and the morning were the fourth day."

"The earth could no more hav existed before the sun, or our planetary system before the universe of which it is a part, than the hand before the body which it obediently attends."

" And God said, Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness. And so God created man in his own image."

"Man was the first being that was not finished on reaching adult growth. Man appeared in the Quaternary age. A skeleton of low grade was found in the small Neanderthal cave. The forehead is low, and the head long; the brow-ridges very prominent, a little ape-like; but the cranial capacity was about seventy-five cubic inches."

" And the earth brought forth grass, and herb, and tree."

"Sea-weeds were the earliest plants of the globe."

"And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air."

"The earliest species of life were aquatic, and all of them marine. The animal kingdom began with Protozoans, then followed Radiates, Mollusks, and water-Articulates; it included fishes, the lower Vertebrates, and Amphibian species. With each period, the progress was upward, toward a fuller and higher display of the system of life."

" And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground."

"Man has developed gradually and step by step out of the lower vertebrates. The human race belongs to the last order of Mammals, and has undoubtedly developed out of a branch of this order."

" The creation of the world occurred about six thousand years ago."

" The earth in cooling must hav taken three hundred and fifty millions of years."

" The Bible is the word of God, and therefore true."

" The Bible account is the work of an intellect wise for its time, but unversed in the depth of science which the future was to reveal."

The source of one of the foregoing accounts of an important occurrence will be readily recognized. The other is the account of science. We put the former in small type as being of less importance.

## A Saint in Tribulation.

The Rev. F. M. Todd, of Manassas, Va., is realizing the truth of the prophecy of his divine master, "In the world ye shall hav tribulation." Nine members of his church hav preferred the following charge against him, to wit:

" That on the 24th of May, 1887, he was seen by one Robert Turner in the woods of Mr. Currie, in Prince William county, about two hundred yards from the road, with a lap-robe spread and lying down upon it with a white woman."

The report of the discovery caused a commotion in Manassas, but there were faithful adherents to the pastor who would not believe the darkey's story. A trial of the case was inevitable, and Mr. Todd wanted to hurry it up. So it was given out that the pulpit on the next Sunday would be filled by a noted preacher from Washington. That brought a full house. At the close of the service Pastor Todd announced that at ten o'clock to-morrow morning there would be a meeting of the church, when all persons having any charges to make against him were invited to present them, and that the Rev. Dr. Sunderland, of Washington, was expected to preside at the trial.

Accordingly, at ten o'clock the next morning, the meeting was held, Dr. Sunderland in the chair. But when the accusers of the pastor were asked to present their charges, they refused to recognize the jurisdiction of such a court. Dr. Sunderland ruled that the point was well taken, and the consequence was that the case was referred to the Presbytery.

And now it is on trial in Washington, Dr. Sunderland appearing as counsel for the accused; and some say the selection of counsel is a wise and proper one, because Dr. Sunderland once underwent a similar tribulation.

## Three New Pamphlets by Colonel Ingersoll.

We hav put in pamphlet form the last three articles by Colonel Ingersoll that appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER. They are

THE TRUTH OF HISTORY. This is a comment by Colonel Ingersoll upon the religious lies that hav been told about himself, and first made its appearance in these columns.

BIBLE IDOLATRY. A letter Colonel Ingersoll wrote to the editor of the London *Secular Review*.

INGERSOLL ON MCGLYNN. Being the comments and opinions of Mr. Ingersoll upon the fight in the Catholic church between the late pastor of St. Stephen's and his employer, the pope.

The price of each of these little pamphlets is three cents; per dozen, 30 cents; per hundred, $2.

## Editorial Notes.

IT is reported in the daily papers that Governor Hill has signed the Disgusting Literature bill. If this new law is impartially enforced, let the Christian journals, the *Police Gazette*, the American Tract Society, the publishers of dime novels, and the Bible House crowd look out. The *Christian at Work's* editorial commendations of patent medicins, also, will hav to be toned down.

A CHRISTIAN journal derives great satisfaction from the statistics of church building, which show an increase of ten a day. " In view of this deeply significant fact," it says, " we may assuredly anticipate the coming time when every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that Jesus is Lord, to the glory of God the father." Another statistical item going the rounds of the press—probably as true as the church figures—is that saloons are increasing at the rate of forty a day. Shall we conclude from this that we may anticipate a time when every knee shall wobble and every tongue get thick acknowledging that lager beer is lord, to the glory of whisky, the father of intoxicants?

THE Cœur d'Alene mines in Idaho were first made known to the public through THE TRUTH SEEKER. A great many people crowded there, found no gold, and denounced the men who discovered the mines. Frank Reed, one of our subscribers, owns the Jim Blaine mine, in Dream Gulch, and has just refused an offer of $100,000 for it. He says he won't sell to a psalm-singer anyway, at any price.

QUEEN VICTORIA has addressed a letter of thanks to her beloved subjects for the enthusiasm they showed in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of her reign. Of the jubilee she says:

" It has shown that the labor and anxiety of fifty long years, twenty-two of which were spent in untroubled happiness, shared and cheered by my beloved husband, and while an equal number were full of sorrows and trials borne without his sheltering arm and wise help, hav been appreciated by my people."

The construction of this sentence shows that while the sun may always shine when Victoria comes out in person, it is sometimes foggy when she appears in print.

THIS is the deep and satisfying argument for the trinity used by William R. Huntington, rector of Grace church, New York:

" Of the threefold personality inherent in that eternal one, we are given a hint in the form of the ascription under which he is addressed. 'Holy, holy, holy,' is the cry of those about the throne, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.'"

Because the crazy man who wrote Revelation said " holy " three times there are three persons rolled into one in the Lord! If driveling idiocy can go further than that, we do not want to see it.

ONE plank in the Union Labor party's platform is as follows:

" As the continued prosperity of the community depends upon the physical as well as mental condition of the growing generation we demand that our young men shall be allowed to practice base ball, boating, dancing, music, and other athletic sports and amusements without let or hindrance by law, provided it is done without interference with the rights of other citizens."

None of these amusements being prohibited on other days, this plank is thought to hav reference to Sunday base ball. Another plank says:

"We believe that a protectiv tariff for the benefit of American manufacturers and manufactures is the corner-stone of the prosperity of the nation."

Concerning which latter declaration of faith there is room for a wide difference of opinion.

NEW JERSEY nowadays furnishes some queer samples of religious people, but perhaps no more than might be expected when it is considered that they spring from ancestors as ignorant as the writer of the following ordination paper:

" In the Name of almighty God

" To whome it may concarn: the barer hereof Noble W Thomas is Premited to Preach The Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ In the Methodist E Church

" Being Exsamned and approved of at a Quartermeet held at the Branch—Freehold and Trenton Circit

" Sign in the Name and behalf of the Conference

" Solomon Sharp
" October the 30 1802 President of the
" Methodist E Church
" in the State of
" New Jersey"

There is very little about ancient Methodists to boast of, and the present members of that sect are worthy descendants of them.

THE *Christian at Work*, good orthodox paper that it is, is shocked. It says:

"The name of almighty God is being dragged into politics in a way that is as blasphemous as it is distressing. Thus a speaker at a temperance meeting in Detroit the other day declared, 'God is a Prohibitionist,' and a certain A. A. Carleton, a member of the general executiv board of the Knights of Labor, in a speech delivered on Sunday evening at the Knights of Labor hall in Sixth avenue in Pittsburgh, is reported as saying, 'Christ himself, when he preached his Sermon on the Mount, was the first Knight of Labor.' Grossly irreverent and blasphemous as these declarations sound, they indicate a tendency on the part of the ignorant and irreverent to speak for Providence. The utterances may not be intended as irreverent, but they are so. These cranks, demagogs, theorists in a small way, who assume to quote God's views on economic questions, should be suppressed. Two of them in sixty millions of population are exactly two too many."

Did the editor of the *Christian at Work* reflect, when he penned this rebuke, that there are about eighty thousand ministers in this country, every mother's son of whom can tell us all about the will of God—what it is on any given subject, and just what will happen to anyone who does not obey it? These ministers all speak for Providence, and are terribly familiar with his ways and will. And we hav even read in the *Christian at Work* very dogmatic statements of what God wants or does not want. Why, then, should not the followers of Henry George and Dr. McGlynn be allowed to put in their little guess? Their right is as good as that of any minister or pious editor, and they know just as much about it as anybody.

WATSON HESTON recently journeyed from Carthage to Joplin, Mo., to hear J. E. Remsburg.

W. S. BELL'S lecture engagements are as follows: Creston, Iowa, July 17th; Herman, Neb., 21st; Stanton, Neb., 23d, 24th; Burnett, Neb., 25th; Clearwater, Neb., 26th; David City, Neb., 30th; Osceola, Neb., August 2d, 3d; Seward, Neb., 4th, 5th, 6th; Lowell, Neb., 8th, 9th, 10th; Plum Creek, Neb., 12th; Fairbury, Neb., 15th, 16th, 17th; Salem, Neb., 19th, 20th, 21st; Palmyra, 22d.

# Letters from Friends.

NEWPORT, ME., June 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: As one who is as interested in the prosperity of your paper as anyone in the world, I earnestly protest against the waste of so much valuable space as D. Louis Bodge has on a subject he has made "as clear as mud." Who can tell what his thirty-eight lines of nonsense mean? Every word of the two columns is so much space wasted.

SEWARD MITCHELL.

FT. SULLY, D. T., June 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $2—$1 to be applied for the defense of Elmina D. Slenker; the other dollar for C. B. Reynolds's Tent fund, if you will be so kind as to receive funds for our champions. If the Christian fanatics succeed in chopping off the heads of our leaders, that will encourage them to attack the rank and file. Now is the time to step to the front with substantial aid. J. C. BLAISDELL.

TALLAHASSEE, FLA., June 9, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5, to be applied as directed. THE TRUTH SEEKER suits me very well, all except the ridicule department. This I think will do no good, as it is put on now. Those cartoons may take with a few, but I humbly think it lacks dignity. The cause we are advocating is a tremendous one, and our efforts should be in such a direction as not to excite anyone's disgust by want of (excuse the term) dignity and solidity. Remember, my dear sir, THE TRUTH SEEKER is our standard and leader in Freethought.

GEO. A. CROOM.

EDGAR, NEB., June 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose a draft of $3 for the Elmina Defense Fund. The money has been subscribed as follows: J. W. VanBrunt, 50 cents; J. Branstitre, 50 cents; Nathan Ong, 50 cents; J. P. Nelson, 50 cents; T. B. McClellan, 50 cents; T. E. Casterline, 50 cents.

We send the amount, though small, hoping that every Liberal will do likewise, believing, though "Elmina is a crank on the subject of heredity," that she is honest in her motivs, and the true friend of humanity.

Respectfully, T. E. CASTERLINE.

HEBER CITY, June 2, 287.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just finished reading your issue of May 28th, and must say I think your contributions are getting better every issue. I miss Peck's "Christian Absurdities," and along comes "Tales Told Out of School," and as the saying is, "It makes me laugh when I don't feel well."

Putnam's "News and Notes" are splendid. I was surprised and pained to read the account of his narrow escape in Ukiah. I hav had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Putnam lecture, and although a man might differ from him in opinion, his bearing is such as I think ought to entitle him to the respect of every honest man and woman; but as long as there is one true follower of the meek and lowly a person is not safe in advocating free speech. Hoping you may liv long to carry on the good work, I remain,

Yours for universal mental liberty, ANDREW LINDSAY.

NEWTON, MONT., June 2, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I consider your paper the best I ever saw. There are a good many Freethinkers here, but they are drones, as I call them. They don't take much interest in knowledge. I hav tried to get them to subscribe for your paper, but hav not got any yet, though I think I will. I shall continue to try. I was trying the other day, and in the mean time I asked an orthodox lady if she ever got an answer to prayer, and she said she did. She then gave me a sample, and here it is. She said her son, ten years of age, was thrown off a horse and nearly killed, and she prayed two days for God to make him whole, but he did not, so she and all the church-members prayed for God to take him away from earth, and her prayer was answered "Now," said she, "would you take away my only hope?" I said, "No, not if you can get consolation out of that answer to prayer." F. H. LOVERING.

OSHKOSH, WIS., June 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3 for one more year's subscription to the best paper in the world, commonly called THE TRUTH SEEKER. Perhaps I may liv that long; if not, my wife will appreciate it for my sake, if nothing more. I wish to send my regards to the person who sympathized with God so much; also to Si Slokum, Parson Jones, John Peck, and others who hav afforded me so much comfort in reading their contributions. I went to the Methodist church a few weeks ago, and caught them taking lunch, consisting of the body and blood of Christ, but as they knew I was not a cannibal they did not offer me any. But when the meeting was nearly over, the bishop came to me and asked me how I did. I told him I was pretty well for a man of my age and disabilities. "Are you a Christian?" said he. "No, sir," said I. "Do you come here often?" said he. "Yes, sir, I often drop in here to see what is going on, as it is near my house," said I. "Well, what do you think of Christianity?" said he. "I look upon it as a species of mild insanity," said I, "for a person can be perfectly sane on all subjects but one, and be insane on that one." "Well, what do you think of the Bible?" said he. "There are a great many good things in the Bible," said I, "but whatever there is good in it was stolen from the pagans, and does not belong to Christianity; but, taking it as a whole, I cannot indorse it. And since I hav been sitting here, I hav been pondering over what you said in the Lord's Prayer. When you said the Lord's Prayer you were praying to God, were you not?" "Yes," said he. "You believe he is a good God, do you not?" "Yes," said he. "Then why did you say to him, 'Lead us not into temptation?' for if he is a good God he would not do it, if you said nothing about it." "Well," said he, "some people construe things different from others." "But," said I, "that is in very plain language, and cannot be misconstrued, and if he is a good God, those words are very much out of place." Then he left me in quite a hurry.

My paper comes regularly, and I enjoy it immensely. Long liv THE TRUTH SEEKER. GEO. M. HARE.

——, O., June 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In the case of Mrs. Slenker I believe it to be religious persecution. I believe she has the good of humanity at heart. She is a storehouse of information, and she is ever ready to giv it to the most humble without money and without price; and if she has to go to prison let us try and make her stay as pleasant as the case will admit. My heart is big, but my purse is small. What money I hav is made by working hard for about sixteen hours a day, excepting Sundays, when six hours will answer. I am a farmer. Milking and churning, and all other chores, hav to be done on Sundays the same as other days, and it is often the case that odd jobs in the rush of work run over till Sunday. This Sunday morning I was up before the sun, and out in the potato-patch applying Paris green to the plants to kill the bugs. God sends the bugs to destroy the potatoes. He never did like vegetables; probably you remember how mad he was at Cain for presenting his vegetables. But the Paris green is more than a match for him; it lays them out by the millions.

I am almost sixty years old. After following a fast horse all day, cultivating corn, I can hardly drag one foot after the other. Thus you see that what little money I hav comes by the hardest work, but for all that I hav inclosed $5 in a letter to send to Mrs. Slenker. I hope every Liberal in the country will do the same. Let us show our liberality. B. M.

NEW YORK, June 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: G. N. Hill writes, June 18th, as follows: "And as 287 years added to 1600 A.D. make 1887 years, as all can see, therefore no just complaint can be found," etc. He started the calendar from the early part of 1600. In the *Investigator* of July 18, 1883, he wrote that he began the calendar with the first day of January, 1600. It is evident that G. N. Hill has not learned anything since then. Now, it is true that 287 added to 1600 makes 1887, but can he not see that the year 1600 is not included in the 287 years? And that as he started with and from the 1st of January, 1600, he is therefore a year ahead in his reckoning? He wrote to me, as I can show, that the year 1600 belongs to the seventeenth century, and as he still persists in his perverseness, all virtue in patience will come to an end. Let Brother Wakeman come to G. N. Hill's aid, "gloriously, grandly," and put himself on record too.

I will hereby renew my former offer to G. N. Hill, or to anyone else, to wager $25 or more, the loser to pay it to the Liberal cause, that, starting with and from the 1st day of January, 1600, is to count now 1888; any editor of a reputable daily paper, or our famed lawyer, R. G. Ingersoll, to decide the case. This dispute about the era concerns a gross error of fact, which is reason enough to condemn it at once. Besides, there has never been given one good reason. Not one can be named in its favor, but there are a great many against it. FREDK. KOEZLY.

OVERTON, GA., June 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Though not a subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER (I reside with my father, who has taken it since its first publication), I read it regularly, and think it by far the most truly progressiv of the Liberal papers I hav seen. Some editors seem to think that the addition of every new ism to their banner constitutes Liberalism. Your plan seems to be to investigate all, and adopt only those which lie on the true road to progress. "Be sure you're right, then go ahead," is your motto, I think.

Aggressiv Christianity, as well as aggressiv Liberalism, seems to be more rife in the North than in the "pious" South, as your correspondents will hav us. Our churches are filled as usual with women and children, and a few men who never read nor think of the Bible. Our preachers are as a rule a dull, stupid set of men. Of those I know, I can call to mind only one who seems to labor for the good of his hearers. His sermons are utterly devoid of cant, but rather plain lectures on morality and business habits. A good many of our ministers are shrewd, money-making men, who scruple not to coin filthy lucre on the Lord's day.

Georgia has a few odious religious laws, but has not yet caught up with New Jersey. Church property is not taxed, and priests are exempt from poll-tax and county duties. Although the subject is not being agitated, I am confident that the sentiment of the majority is against these disgraceful laws, and they will probably be repealed within a few years.

It pains me greatly to see you publish so much reflecting on our people, both as to their ante-bellum and post-bellum habits. I cannot see that the cause of true Liberalism is thereby benefited. If it be true, as most Northerners seem to think, that we are all villains, 'tis passing strange that our criminal records do not show it. Now, I ask you in all seriousness, suppose some "respectable" old Southern lady in her dotage were to write for THE TRUTH SEEKER a series of reminiscences, characterizing all Northerners as miserable scoundrels, would you publish her effusions? You ought not to, and you would not. Yet from such a Northern lady you print such articles, though I am happy to see that they are of so contradictory a nature that no sane man can believe them. Think of a blacksmith welding an iron band (white hot, of course) around a negro's neck! Anyone who can swallow this for breakfast can digest the Hebrew children at noon, and gormandize on an everlasting hell the following evening. Whether African slavery was right or wrong, the question has been settled for over twenty-two years by brute force, and I do not see how it can do any good to revive the subject now, especially if falsehoods are brought into play. As I glance through your paper, I can not help but think how free its otherwise fair pages would be from foul stains if a few more of John Brown's co-partners in treason had been hanged with him.

I merely refer to these pieces because they are perhaps more bitter than any other which you hav recently published. In a spirit of fairness, I ask you to publish this letter in order to let it be known that you hav at least one reader who occasionally gets tired of reading malignant vituperations of his state, his parents, and himself.

Yours for true progress, B. B. BELL.

BRADFORD, PA., June 15, 287.

MR. EDITOR: For several years I bought two copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and after reading gave them to friends. Find inclosed $3, and put me down for thirty years. I am only seventy, young and healthy. I hope to liv to see the revolution commenced in '76 completed. Our ancestors broke the chains of a tyrant, but we are now struggling to sever the liuks of mental slavery, and for intellectual liberty. I must hav THE TRUTH SEEKER under any circumstances. I can't well exist without it. I read the letters with much interest, and I often look for contributions from Peck and Kelso. I feel like expressing my thoughts, but the Liberal subject, so vital to our happiness, is so vast I am at a loss to know where to begin or end.

I enjoy the cartoons hugely. They blossom with the pictures of truth. I feel disappointed in not getting the argument in the blasphemy case. The colonel is certainly the greatest living orator of this age. How true when speaking he always says something!

The hotel-keepers of New York hav a realizing sense of their rights. A guest in a hotel any day should enjoy every privilege, as though living in his cottage. Why not? And who shall dictate to us what we shall eat and drink when in pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness? When the time comes that a big, nasty man, armed with a club, puts his nose into the goblet of my friend with a flourish of legal authority to see whether he drinks wine or sarsaparilla, I wish to die.

I wish to say there are in this city many good and true Liberals, and many more scattered throughout McKean county. They are earnest Freethinkers, but they are lazily satisfied. Tell me how we can create enthusiasm among them. If worth a million, I would giv one-half to aid universal freedom and liberty of the mind, if I could convince the world that this is the time and place to be happy.

Find $2 more. Send anything you please for distribution.

Sincerely, O. H. WHEELER.

AXTELL, KAN., June 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I received three circulars from the Defense Association, and posted one, with clipping from Dr. Foote's *Health Monthly*, in our post-office, with the notice that I would receive and forward their contributions, signing my name, and posted the others in stores. I had already sent $1 to "Aunt" Elmina, and you know that $1 is harder for me to spare than hundreds from others that read your paper. I am not done yet. I am getting people to read Mrs. Slenker's works, and will see that she gets more money. All of our Liberals here are shocked, surprised, and hurt over her arrest. Where is this arresting business to end? Elmina, as I understand, is an opponent of free love, a true Liberal, and an earnest laborer in the field of true reform. She probably did what I would not, but she has far more ability than I, and if I should ever rise to her level, which is very doubtful, I might do just as she did. I and, in fact, most Liberals are sectarian, and would much rather our leaders would leave the sex question to those that are not prominent with us, but if anyone is persecuted for their efforts in scientific research, it is our duty as Liberals to help them. We do not know how soon any of us may be arrested for Anarchy, and tried for blasphemy, or arrested for obscenity and tried for Infidelity. It is getting to be a very grave matter when our secretary is assaulted by throwing at him a lighted lamp by a "respectable" member of society, and when all of the power and genius of Ingersoll cannot prevent a verdict of guilty for blasphemy, and when a lady of more purity than all of the orthodox churches in this land ever possessed is hunted down, and her good name, her happiness, and her liberty taken from her.

We of the Axtell Liberal Union talk of putting up an ice cream and lemonade stand on the Fourth, and giving to all that are approachable a badge of red, white, and blue, with our trinity, Axtell Liberal Union, and hoist the stars and stripes with a streamer containing our motto, "Universal Mental Liberty;" and each one is to be a committee of one to secure recruits to sign our constitution and read and subscribe for THE TRUTH SEEKER. We think a barrel of lemonade given away will giv us more popularity, and power, and good fellowship than to hire the best lecturer in the field for one hundred lectures. I recommend all Liberal societies to try it. Five hundred persons in a crowd of twelve hundred with a badge on with the words, "Axtell Liberal Union," will show our editors and the sky-pilots that we are not to be spit upon with impunity. We will then be so we can *demand* that a tribute to Thomas Paine must be on the program in the future. Most people say I am too outspoken. I cannot help it. I am honest; I am sincere. I would rather hav the open hatred of the enemies of reason than to fondle around and hav no true, warm friends. I hav one faculty, however, that is to my benefit. I make them laugh. A smile doesn't answer me. I like a good, hearty laugh, and in our "literaries" they are so used to it that they often commence when I arise. We should all learn that "vinegar will not catch flies." We hav sixty Farmers

Alliances in this (Marshall) county. I hope that Comstock will arrest the publishers of THE TRUTH SEEKER and the Boston *Investigator* now. It will be the grandest boom for free speech that was ever heard of. E. W. MINER.

ST. ANTHONY, IA., June 13, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I send you the names of some Liberals, to whom please send your valuable paper.

It just happened by chance that I saw your paper and subscribed. I would not be without it for double its price. It voices my sentiments to a dot. I think well of the cartoons—think it is good work in the right place.

I should like to hear from you longer and stronger on the public school question. We need no dogma or superstition taught the young. Text-books need a reform, especially primary readers and histories. I am a teacher in the public schools, and hav long noticed and fought the tendencies of text-books to develop religion and politics. It is a paramount question to Liberals that school books should be free from all religious superstitions. Teachers in this state are prohibited by law from teaching religion. Still it is done. Reading the Bible, praying, singing hymns, etc., are carried on by some teachers.

Two years ago, when I accepted my present position, I found that Bible-reading, etc., had been practiced by my predecessors, and some dissatisfaction was expressed at first when it was discontinued, but a ten-minutes' talk on some scientific subject soon filled the requirements, and to-day neither students nor patrons would hav us fall into the old line again. J. F. REED.

LATHROP, Mo., June 6, 287.

MR. EDITOR: As I hav quit Hamilton I therefore request you to please send my paper to the above address and oblige. Now I wish also to i m you that this is one of the most godly little cities I ever struck, having a population of about 1,500,six great joss-houses,and a corresponding number of long-faced gospel-cardrivers, sky-pilots, spook-dealers, etc., and variously designated (by the faithful) as priests, preachers, and true servants of the Lord, etc., and not an Infidel in the place, that I know of, excepting myself. Therefore I think I am justly entitled to the condolence of all liberal-minded men and women, especially the latter, as we are single, of the male gender, and on the market; and we would also solicit the Truth Seeker Company's daily and nightly prayers, *i.e.*, if they should happen to hav on hand any of that commodity, to the throne of grace (humanity) that we may hold out faithful to the end for the cause of the *genus homo* (not God), to stir up the dry bones of old corrupt orthodoxy, get them to read and subscribe for one of the best papers in the world—THE TRUTH SEEKER—the true saver of mankind. Fraternally yours, LEVI CHUTE.

P.S.—I will inclose $1, for which please send me "Little Lessons for Little Folks," 40 cents; "Two Little Red Mittens," 10 cents; "The Outcast," 30 cents; "The Fathers of Our Republic," 15 cents, and "A Lay Sermon," 5 cents.

L. C.

MCNTPELIER, IND., June 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I feel like praising the cartoons in general, and the picture of Thomas Paine in particular.

I made good use of what Paine had done in his life in reprimanding the editor of a small paper for publishing Talmage's sermon in which he rehashed the miserable lie of Paine's awful death, and compared Colonel Ingersoll, and Infidels in general, with something bad. It just suited me to tell what Paine did that the world now acknowledges as meritorious.

The evolution of human liberty would be an excellent subject for an essay—religious bigotry, tyranny, arrogance, and persecution on the part of those in power, and self-sacrifice, martyrdom, suffering for the sake of truth and justice by the reformer. For instance, the Albigenses were murdered and exiled, John Huss and Jerome of Prague burnt at the stake, and the persecuted Hussites, Taborites, Waldenses, and others made way for Luther's great reformation, denying the supremacy of the pope, claiming the right of private judgment, and building up the creeds and dogmas of Calvinism. Then comes the Quaker and decides that when an apparent contradiction appears in the holy scriptures we should accept the doctrin that givs God the most exalted character; that God is no respecter of persons; that all may be saved by accepting Jesus as the means of redemption, and in church capacity all are equal. Thomas Paine's parents were Friends, and he doubtless was well educated in religious matters, and only had to take a step to be where he was in politics and religion. WILLIAM ALLEN.

FOND DU LAC, WIS., June 2, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I judge from Mr. Heston's work that he is reading the Bible, and by the time he gets through, and spreads his thoughts as he progresses so that men and women may see as well as read the old history of the human family, many may be prepared to read some paper or article not headed "Christian." A very good man said to me a few days since that he thought the Christian churches had been of some advantage to the human family. I submitted to him a few tests. I referred him to the report of the warden of the Wisconsin state prison for 1879: "Religious instruction. Baptists, 4; Catholics, 44; Campbellites, 1; Christian, 1; Congregationalist, 1; Episcopalian, 1; Lutheran, 18; Methodists, 33; Protestant, 4; Presbyterian, 6; Shakers, 2; Universalists, 1; Unitarian, 2; No religion, 10. Totals: Religious, 120; No religion, 10." For 1880: Protestant, 78; Catholic, 31; Jew, 1; No religion, 11." For 1882: "Protestant, 106; Catholic, 58; No religion, 21." Then I referred him to your report of sixty-two prisons, and he admitted that those reports were stubborn facts, and he had not considered it with these facts in view. Then I referred him to Professor Billings's work of the "Crimes of Preachers," wherein he shows from his list of the crimes of preachers and the census of the United States that the crimes of preachers are nearly five times as many in one thousand as it is in one thousand of the people, the preachers excluded. Then I referred him to the late move on the part of the Episcopal and Catholic churches to destroy our common school system and reduce women to ancient bondage, and I remarked that the only good the human family had ever derived from so-called Christianity was what had been obtained by association, and what little had been got in an educational point after being obliged to do their own sifting, and I thought if all church-members could hav had clear-cut associations, all dogmas and church themes left out, our calendar of crimes would be very much improved. I am glad Mr. Reynolds has got through. DE W. C. PRIEST.

HAVANA, ILL., June 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: As I am a regular reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I thought I would contribute a mite to its columns. I am an admirer of your paper, and would not do without it. Myself and partner, Mr. L. P. Weaber, are millers, so we take THE TRUTH SEEKER together. I think Watson Heston can lay Talmage in the shade. Mr. Heston represents the Bible as I understand it by reading the book. But Talmage, and all other sky-pilots, only tell us the good and omit the bad. As I am a Bible reader and church attendant, I know these so-called ministers, or gospel agents, are "choicey" in selecting their texts.

We hav an opportunity of hearing a thin sermon every month. Our minister tries his best to explain the scriptures, but he has only three sermons perfect, viz.: "Baalam and his Inspired Donkey," "The Prodigal Son," and "Christ and him Crucified." No matter where he selects a text, he is certain to hop on one of the subjects named. We hav some fine arguments with the Christians and ex-Christians, and those non-converts who think they will be Christians. I hav read "False Claims," and the Jersey heresy case. Please inform your readers how it is that G. S. Baldwin, the copyrighter, prefaced the blasphemy pamphlet in such a disgusting manner, viz.: "His [Ingersoll's] Client is a Very Foolish Person," "The ex-Clergyman's Ribald Pamphlet," etc. Please correct Mr. G. S. Baldwin's error. As we are Liberals, we think Mr. Balwin is a little orthodox. He certainly gathered up newspaper reports in order to swindle the public. Fearing I am using too much of your space and time, I will close and giv some other contributor room.

J. A. REED.

[Mr. G. S. Baldwin's pamphlet is a spurious version, and we do not understand by what authority he has copyrighted it. The sensational titles were no doubt intended to please the religious public. Being made up of newspaper reports, his pamphlet is beyond question what our correspondent implies—a swindle on the public. We do not know what Mr. Baldwin's religious views are, but his methods would indicate that he is orthodox.—ED. T. S.]

NEW ERA, MICH., June 15, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Please tell brother J. R. Perry, of Wilkes Barre, that here is another ten dollars to put with his for a test case, but I want one thousand tens, and that will shake Christian ideas from the base to the capital of this stupendous monument of superstition and ignorance grown arrogant with age. One thousand tens will strike the tap-root—the traditionary pineal gland inside the circle of Willis—and deaden the whole system.

When I want to kill a bear I don't snip a piece off the end of his nose, or jerk out one of his claws, or slice two hairs from the end of his tail. Science (natural) has shown us vital points, and we are not ignorant of the means by which Bruin can, with no danger to ourselvs, be blotted out. Let us (as Liberals intelligently true to our own best interests) act on the offensiv awhile and see how it will work. Stop skirmishing; do as Hood did at Nashville, concentrate our forces, and cut our way through or die. We hav our general and his engineers, and subalterns, Ingersoll, Wakeman, Seaver, Watts, Underwood, Monroe, Slenker, Colman, Stanton, Severance, *et al.*

Let us put the sinews of war in their hands, and if they prove untrue on all the general ethical principles which concern us (as Freethinkers in all the term means) most, then in committee of the whole let us take a rope and hang them higher than Haman. I hav been so cut up myself for twenty years past—ostracized, my motivs utterly misconstrued, even murder attributed to me (which, however, is the lot of all physicians), and always with Christian bitterness, never by Spiritualists or Freethinkers—that somehow I feel the persecutions of evolutionists more than I would otherwise. Organization is needed, coöperation next, concentration of financial force next, on the powers that be, with a definit understanding from the first that this is no boy's job.

Excuse my vehemence! The old soldier will come up sometimes as of old when I hear the rebel yell as I heard it at Atlanta and Franklin, and other hard-fought battles no more vital in their results and necessities than what we, as Liberals, should fight for to-day. Please tell Mr. Perry I look through the same glasses. JOHN M. LOGAN, M.D.

ST. LOUIS, MO., June 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Often I hav taken the pen and written page after page with the intention of sending it to you for publication, but always found some fault or another and thought it unworthy and uninteresting for the readers of your valuable paper.

First, I would like to ask you or any of the readers to answer me the question: Is it correct that the United States Congress has voted $10,000 for building a Roman Catholic church at Fort Leavenworth? I can't think that the members of this body would nav done an act so contrary to the Constitution. I read this in one of those magnificent and strawheaded-edited Battle Creek baptism papers. Another wonderful publication is the *War Cry* of the Salvation Army. To save my life I cannot find a sensible passage or sentence from the first to the last words. This army is a company formed out of old minstrel and circus people, together with criminals, drunkards, runaway girls, all too lazy to do anything honest; but cranks won't die out. In my opinion all these saints ought to be brought to the workhouse for ninety days or longer.

St. Louis is a pretty but very dusty city, with some very fine parks, botanical, and zoölogical gardens. The public library contains some extra good books, but the accommodations for strangers are not sufficient. The reading-room is filled with signs prohibiting smoking, talking, and wearing the hat, etc., but, nevertheless, it is a better one than none. Still, I expected more for St. Louis, as the one in Cleveland, O., is much better, in my opinion, and St. Louis has so many more inhabitants than Cleveland. I hav not found out as to whether there is a Secular Union here or not. Never heard anything of it since I hav been here.

Sometime ago I made a trip down South along the grand father of waters, the Mississippi, which I enjoyed very much. I think there is no better way to learn something about the country than a trip along the river. One thing that I noticed which I had not known before was the treatment of the crew of negroes on board of the boat. I hav traveled over parts of Europe, and hav been in many states of the Union; I hav seen people work hard to make a living, but I never saw such an immense amount of labor done in such a short time for such a small pay—$1 per day and living. The first mate would help them—with a club—if they were exhausted and tired. Some of them I saw fall down with cramps, but no pity from the side of the officers. Work, work, and work, or die! At a small place above Cairo about a dozen of them ran away and forfeited the money they were to get.

FRED. L. HOFFMANN.

LOWELL, MASS., June 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: We Infidels all hav a work to do, and a work which none can do but ourselvs. It is the elevation of the race, and its complete emancipation from the mental slavery which religion imposes upon its devotees. Superstition is the great bane and curse of this world, overtowering and overtopping all others. Who shall slay the monster? Let each one do his part.

It should be our aim to elevate our own being to a higher plane of physical existence. The moral man, as D'Holbach says, "is nothing more than this physical being considered under a certain point of view; that is to say, with relation to some of his modes of action, arising out of his particular organization." And he defines the physical man "as he who acts by causes our senses make us understand. The moral man is he who acts by physical causes with which our prejudices preclude us from becoming acquainted."

To elevate the race man must study nature, meditate upon her, and conform to her laws. The supernatural, what is it? A chimera, a delusion which for ages has chained the mind of man in slavery; which has caused him to think only in a given rut; to cringe in the dust like a serf before an omnipotent czar; and for his sake to hate wife and children, and to trample under foot the tenderest and sweetest impulses of humanity; to deluge the earth with blood and turn it into a vast charnel-house. Once, aye, and for ages, until Liberalism tore the bloody scepter from its grasp, the Christian church, with fiendish heart and unpitying eye, burnt at the stake myriads of the pure, the brave, the true, nature's noblemen, who dared defy her power and scorn her authority. Liberalism has done its work, but not its perfect work. The snake is only scotched, not killed. Even now she is trying to hunt out a heretic to prosecute for blasphemy! The firebrand is dead, but the infernal spirit which lit it still livs in heart and brain. The hyena is perfectly harmless when caged. We must cage the church.

Now a word as to the every-day duties of Liberals. We should all own a good stock of Liberal books; they are our weapons in debate. They sow the seeds of common sense and reason in the minds of our children, and besides we need them to read ourselvs. The brain must hav mental food. Giv it the right kind, the kind that nature's teachings furnish. Buy the works of Paine, D'Holbach, Ingersoll, Graves, Bennett, etc. Then lend them to your inquiring neighbors, but not, perhaps, to the ultra-orthodox, who would start a bonfire with them, as that would be casting pearls before swine. And every Liberal should take, and pay for promptly, at least one Liberal paper. THE TRUTH SEEKER is worth four times what it costs. Keep it paid for in advance. Bad bills are the rocks on which most Liberal papers are shipwrecked. Organize a Liberal society. Don't say, I can't—there's no such word in the dictionary. United we stand. In union there's strength. Under the term Liberals I include Spiritualists, Materialists, Agnostics, Deists, Atheists, and radical Unitarians. We are all Liberals, or Secularists, if you like that word better. We all stand upon the common platform of Freethought, free speech, and a free press. Our creed is broad, universal mental liberty; we can all stand upon that, too. We are all opposed to sectarianism, superstition, and bigotry, also to priestcraft. Then let us unite, organize, and work for the triumph of the Nine Demands of Liberalism. It is not necessary to hire a hall—meet once a week in each other's parlors. Let half a dozen Liberals get together and elect a chairman, and for one year. Read a lecture to be followed by ten-minute speeches. For singing books the "Truth Seeker Collection," and Kneeland's "National Hymns," are both admirable. We don't want any Methodist religion; but a little of their zeal, well secularized, wouldn't go amiss, brother.

The Constitution of the United States is menaced. Liberty is but a name in New Jersey, in which Christian bigots gag free speech, and where a dozen jackasses, presided over by the "missing link," convict a *man* of the unmeaning crime of blasphemy. JOSEPH A. WILSON.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## Birds, Berry-beds, and Cats.

The berry-blooms are white as snow,
And corn-field furrows, row on row,
The plowshare turns;
And blackbirds in their friar coats
Hav offered us the shrillest notes
From oh, how many golden throats!
When day returns.

The berry-blooms are falling now,
And birds on every bended bough
This very morn
Sat watching, with their crested heads
Of sober browns or wrathful reds,
Tne changing of the berry-beds
In thievish scorn.

But now the Maltese cat appears,
With half-grown kits—the pretty dears—
All creeping low,
And flying fast across the sward,
Each hungry cat and boasting bird,
Each asking each the self-same word,
"What scared you so?"

Come here, defeated kitty-cats;
Your poor hearts beat such pit-a-pats,
I pity you;
But vanquished birds feel war's fierce stings,
And though you chase the saucy things,
Touch not a one of all their wings,
Black, white, or blue.

*Frenchtown, Neb.* MARY BAIRD-FINCH.

## Mother's Girl.

She sits securely by my side,
My bonny little lass.
The world is cold, the world is wide,
I let the cold world pass;
With Mary smiling up at me
I care not what the world may be.

She looks into my faded face,
My bonny little lass,
But does not see the wrinkled place
Where Time's rough footsteps pass;
She measures me by love's own rule,
And thinks "mamma is beautiful."

She asks me many curious things,
My bonny little lass:
"Be angels shaking out their wings?"
She says when snow showers pass.
I kiss her happy face and say,
"Angels hav surely passed this way."

She looks at me with serious eyes,
My bonny little lass;
Right up to mine the sweet thoughts rise
That through her lashes pass.
She pats my cheek, with smile and nod,
And softly asks, "Does you know God?"

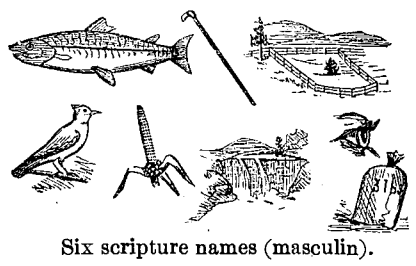
And though I cannot answer her,
My bonny little lass,
Queer little questions quaintly stir
The rippling words that pass:
"Is God a Quaker? 'cause, you know,
He thee's and thou's the verses so."

She holds her head against my heart,
My bonny little lass;
Her eyelids droop, her tired lips rest,
Her thoughts to dreamland pass;
While bending down to kiss that curl,
I hear her whisper, "Mother's girl!"

—*Julia H. May.*

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.



Six scripture names (masculin).

2.—CHARADE.

Here is Bunny, and 'tis funny
How the wagging of his jaw
Hid impose his joke on Moses
In the old Levitic law;
And you'll view him if near to him,
While that "chestnut" still he chews,
As he'd scoff at law, God, prophet,
Still defying Jewish stews;
Tho' regarded and recorded
As a ruminant complete,
Yet as proven—hoofs uncloven—
*He gets out by four whole feet.*

*Next* I bring you, and I ring you,
For that "chestnut" *what* I should;
For Lepus, reap us cheap as Nepos—
You *don't really chew your cud;*
So bring it, spring it, ring it sing it—
Leporin jokes are understood.

Now the *whole* is just a solace,
Flora's gift of heavenly hue;
Just a token that seems broken
From the vast cerulean blue;
'Tis creation's revelation
Of the beautiful and true.

J. K. P. BAKER.

3.—REBUS.




A truth.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER JUNE 25, 1887.

1.–Turn the picture upside down and see him. 2.–Monad. 3.–Elephants and car trains bear their trunks on before.

## Correspondence.

ST. JOHNS, ILL., June 21, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write to the Children's Corner. W. S. Bell lectured here last night in the colored schoolhouse. Grandpa and grandma and I went to hear him lecture. He delivered a good lecture. Mr. Bell stayed at our house, and he is awful funny. He has lots of puzzles. He puzzled me with them. I am nine years old. I read in the Fourth Reader. I study spelling, arithmetic, geography. Please, marm, if you think it worth it, publish this.

Yours truly, ARABULA HALL.

P.S.—The pictures in THE TRUTH SEEKER make me laugh. That monkey is too funny for anything.

W. SUTTON, June 26, 1887.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHILDREN'S CORNER: I commend most heartily your invitation to all citizens to unite in making the coming anniversary of our national independence a national gift holiday for the children and youth of our country. It has been the fashion, of late, in some quarters, to attempt to belittle the day, and to talk slightingly of the "stilted oratory," as it was termed, when eloquent men rehearsed the noble deeds wrought by our patriotic grandsires.

That day commemorates an event—and other events sequent thereto—more closely allied to the welfare of the human race than any other human action or event. Let then the patriotic fires of the fathers be rekindled in the hearts of the youth, there to burn with unquenchable ardor until injustice, usurpation, and tyranny shall be swept into an oblivion that knows no resurrection.

J. WATERS.

[The above was received too late for publication last week, but the sentiment and character of the article make good reading all the year round. We would like all who observed our national holiday as a gift-making season to send their names to the Children's Corner for publication, with an account of their proceedings.—ED. C. C.]

# Science Column.

## A Very Little Flea.

Most of you hav seen fleas, especially you who own a dog, for the common flea is a parasite of the dog.

What is a parasite? Why, it is a creature that livs the whole or a part of its life upon the body of another, and gets all its food from it.

The flea is a very agil animal, dark-brown in color, small, and remarkable for its hopping powers as well as its sharp and nipping bite. It belongs to a class known as the hopping *diptera*. It has a quick eye, and sees you, when you are hunting for him, before you see him, and with one bound he has evaded your search. As the Irishman said, "When you put your finger on him, he is not there!"

The flea is quite an interesting fellow, and although he is so very little, he can make himself extremely troublesome and annoying. He has a long tongue and a double upper jaw, quite firm and hard, and also a double upper lip. He has three pairs of jointed legs, and long double claws; little rings, ten in number, lap over his body, like scales on a fish. His two hind legs hav several joints, and are so long that he can leap a surprising distance without any seeming effort. His outer case, or covering, is tough and hard. Fleas are quick-witted, and perfect little torments. They are very troublesome to some animals, especially to dogs, as told you in the commencement, but the Dalmatian insect powder will effectually destroy them by being shaken freely upon the animal.

When very plenty they attach themselvs to human beings, and their bite makes a fearful itching sensation. In some countries they abound in great numbers, and bite the people all day and all night—as in Turkey, Germany, Italy, and South America.

The jigger, or sand flea, is another variety found in the sand and abounding near the sea-shore.

"A flea in the ear" is a common expression, and means to hint at something unpleasant, or to put a person on guard against some enemy, or the evil doings of another.

It has been said that the flea could be trained, and that a man once did train some fleas to perform several little tricks. The two tricks with which the people are most familiar, however, are the biting and hopping tricks.

S. H. W.

QUESTIONS:—Tell the meaning of parasite. Describe the flea. Name the class it belongs to. Describe the search for one. What peculiarity hav its hind legs? What will destroy them? In what countries do they abound? Is there more than one kind of flea? What is the meaning of "a flea in the ear?" Can the flea be trained? Did you ever see a flea? Does the above sketch agree with your own ideas?

## Jokes of the School-room.

A five-year-old boy returned from his first day at school not quite satisfied with his teacher. "Why," he said, "she kept asking questions all the time. She even asked how many two and two are."

This was written on the fly-leaf of a book on moral science: "If there should be another flood, for refuge hither fly; though all the world should be submerged, this book would still be dry."

As an Austin teacher was calling the roll, he had just come to the name of Robert Smith, when Robert threw open the schoolroom door on a run, and called out, "Here!" "Robert," said the teacher, gravely, "you must not answer to your name unless you are here."

"Henry, you are such a bad boy that you are not fit to sit in company of those scholars on the bench. Come up here and sit by me," exclaimed an exasperated teacher.

"Professor," said a graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all that I know." "Pray don't mention such a trifle," was the not very flattering reply.

"Now you see how the power is applied in this machine," said the professor, as he started the machine referred to, and added, "It is turned by a crank." Then he wondered why the class smiled.

The youthful idea of school has many illustrations. "Where are you going?" "To school." "What do you go for?" "To wait for school to let out."—*Youth's Companion.*


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## Books.

*The Tatler* is a new periodical published at Indianapolis, of which Margret Holmes, the author of the story—the "Revival"—printed in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 18th, is the editress. *The Tatler* is literary, and published to entertain its readers, in which it should succeed, with Margret Holmes as a contributor to its columns. The subscription price is $1.56 a year.

Mr. I. W. Groh does not believe that the God of Israel is the true God, and the Truth Seeker Company has published the reasons for his unbelief in a 25-cent pamphlet. Mr. Groh was early taught, as too many are, that the Bible is the word of God, and in order to understand God's will he became a reader of the book. His reading discovered to him that, so far from being divinely inspired, the Bible is the composition of very fallible men. He still has faith that somewhere in the universe there is an "all-wise creator," and he labors to remove from him, if it shall turn out to be of the masculin gender, the stigma Christians hav attached to him in describing him in the Bible. Mr. Groh begins at the beginning, quoting the first chapters of Genesis, analyzing them, and showing their falseness. In this way, he pursues his subject through to Jesus and Paul, and while, perhaps, his criticisms are not as forcible as those of Paine and Colenso, they are sufficiently energetic to shake the faith of the common-sense Christian. He uses largely the Socratic method, and his queries are those likely to occur to almost every intelligent person. The pamphlet is worth reading.

A Radical's contribution to the late jubilee of England's queen is entitled "Royal Paupers." G. W. Foote, the editor of the *Freethinker*, London, is the author. The object of the pamphlet is to show what royalty does for the people, and what the people do for royalty. After reading it, one must conclude that the answer to the first question is, Nothing; and to the last, Everything. Mr. Foote very easily finds that the cost of the royal family to the nation is about $4,041,580 annually, while the returns for this vast sum are not found at all. The queen, it is true, forms a ministry, but in this she has no choice; she is supposed to open and close Parliament, but she rarely does it; her speeches are prepared for her by the ministry and read by proxy; she givs perfunctory assent to acts of Parliament she never reads, and which she would not dare to veto if she wanted to; she confers titles, but the recipients are selected by the ministers. She is, in short, of no earthly use, and Mr. Foote prefers to see England a republic, with an elected president at the head. The loftiest virtue Victoria possesses, says Mr. Foote, is that, being a queen, she has lived like an honest woman. And to glorify her for that is casting reflections. Therefore the jubilee is founded upon no great shakes, and the money spent might better hav been used in relieving the sufferings of the people. The pamphlet costs about 10 cents, and is obtainable at 28 Stonecutter street, E. C., London, England.

"Isms" is the quaint title of a little book received from the house of Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati. In tracing the origin and unity of religions, the author has been exhaustiv, and clears away much of the mysticism and obscurities with which ignorance, prejudice, and superstition hav usually succeeded in clothing the world's religious history. The gradual development of man from savage to civilized life through the phases of fetich, animal, and nature worship to psychotheism, wherein, under either pantheism or monotheism, love, charity, mercy, benevolence, etc., become elements in his social life, is very clearly set forth; and the author's assumption that such a stage of development, with the accompanying attainments in the arts and sciences, had been reached by a people some ten thousand years ago has many facts presented to support it. These people, he author thinks, disseminated a pure and simple monotheistic morality throughout the world, and it has reappeared in history clothed with the myths and folk-lore of the various races, under many forms of mythology and religion; all preserving under animal and astronomic symbols the "true inwardness" of the esoteric religion. The usually dull subject of symbolism is rendered quite simple and interesting, and exhibits the curious uniformity existing in the allegories, morals, and internal sense of all Bibles and religions. The author handles Theosophy very tenderly, and presents Spiritualism in its aspect as a vitalizer of religions, while he concludes that it is neither a science, philosophy, nor religion in itself. He has given an unusually clear insight into the birth, rise, decline, and resurrection of systems. The book has been variously been attributed to Governor Hoadly, M. D. Conway, Professor Reich, and others, but we think we could name a Cincinnati M.D. more likely to be the author than either of these. It may be had at this office, and, we believe, at the bookstands.

"A. Spies's Autobiography" comprises a short, jerky, and disconnected history of the life of the leading Anarchist under sentence of death in Chicago, a lucid account of the Haymarket riot, a full report of his speech in court, a preface by "Nina Van Zandt Spies," and portraits of both Mr. and Mrs. Spies. His story of the riot is as follows:

"On the following morning [after the riot at McCormick's reaper works], about nine or ten o'clock, A. Fischer, one of our compositors, asked me if I would not come to a general mass meeting which would take place at the Haymarket in the evening, and 'make a speech' on the brutality of the police and the situation of the eight-hour strike. I replied that I was hardly able to speak, but if there was no one to take my place, I should come. Delegates of a number of unions had called the meeting, he said. I made no further inquiries. About eleven o'clock a member of the Carpenter's Union called on me and asked that the handbill he showed me be published in the *Arbeiter Zeitung* as an announcement. It was the circular calling the Haymarket meeting, and at the bottom it contained the words, 'Workingmen, bring your arms along!'

"'This is ridiculous,' said I to the man, and had Fischer called. Him I told that I would not speak at the meeting, if this was the circular by which it had been called.

"'None of the circulars are as yet distributed—we can hav these words taken out,' the man said. Fischer assented, and I told them that if they would do that it would be all right.

"I never for a moment anticipated that the police would wantonly attack an orderly meeting of citizens. And I never saw a disorderly meeting of workingmen. The only disorderly meetings I hav ever witnessed were the Republican and Democratic powwows. I went home about four o'clock P.M. to take a little a little rest before going to the meeting. The reaction, following the excitement of the previous day, had set in. I was very tired and ill-humored. After supper my brother Henry called at our house. I asked him to come along to the meeting, which he did. We walked slowly down Milwaukee avenue. It was warm; I had changed my clothes; the revolver I was in the habit of carrying was too large for the pocket, and inconvenienced me. Passing F. Stauber's hardware store, I left it with him. It was about 8:15 o'clock when we arrived at Desplaines and Lake streets. I was under the impression that I was to speak in German, which generally follows the English. That is the reason why I was late. Small and large groups of men were standing around, but there was no meeting. Not seeing anyone who might be supposed to be intrusted with the management of the meeting, I jumped upon a wagon, inquired for Mr. Parsons, who I thought had been invited, and called the meeting to order. Parsons was not there. I saw Parsons at the corner of Halsted and Randolph streets. 'I think he is speaking there,' said a reporter to me. I told the crowd to wait a few minutes, while I went out in search of Parsons. Not finding him, I returned to the wagon, where somebady told me Parsons, Fielden, and others were holding a meeting in the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. I sent one of our employees over to the office to call Parsons and Fielden, and began to address the meeting. I spoke about twenty minutes.

"Then Parsons spoke. The audience was very quiet and attentiv. Parsons confined himself to the eight-hour question, but spoke at great length. While he was speaking I asked Mr. Fielden if he would not make a few remarks. He didn't care to speak, but would say a few words, and then adjourn the meeting. I said, 'All right, do so.' It was about ten o'clock when Fielden began to speak. A few minutes later a dark and threatening cloud moved up from the north. The people fearing that it would rain—or at least two-thirds of them—left the meeting. 'Stay,' said Fielden, 'just a minute longer. I will conclude presently.' There were now not more than two hundred persons remaining. One minute later two hundred policemen formed into line at the intersection of Randolph street, and marched upon the little crowd in double quick step!

"Raising his cane in an authoritativ way, Captain Ward, directing his words to Fielden (I was standing just behind Fielden in the wagon), said, 'In the name of the people of the state of Illinois, I command this meeting to disperse.'

"'Captain, this is a peaceable meeting,' retorted Mr. Fielden, while the captain turned around to his men and gave a command which I understood to be, 'Charge upon them!' At this juncture I was drawn from the wagon by my brother and several others, and I had just reached the ground when a terrific detonation occurred. 'What is that?' asked my brother. 'A cannon,' I believe,' was my reply. In an instant the fusilade of the police began. Everybody was running. All this was as unexpected as if suddenly a cloud had burst. I lost my brother in the throng, and was carried away toward the north. People fell, struck by the bullets, right and left. As I crossed the alley north of Crane's factory, a lot of officers ran into the alley, some of them exclaiming that they were hurt. They had evidently been shot by their own comrades, and sought protection in the alley. I was in a parallel line with them, and the bullets whistled around my head like a swarm of bees. I fell once or twice over others who had 'dropped,' but otherwise escaped unhurt into Zepf's saloon, at the corner of Lake street. Here I heard for the first time that the loud report had been caused by an explosion, which was thought to hav been the explosion of a bomb. I could learn no particulars, and about a half hour afterward took a car and rode home to see if my brother had been hurt. He had received a dangerous wound. Turning aside when I had answered, 'It's a cannon, I believe,' he beheld the muzzle of a revolver deliberately aimed at my back. Grasping the weapon, the bullet struck him in a vital part. (He recovered.)

"The next morning the papers reported that the police had been searching for me all night, and that they had orders to arrest me. Nobody had been at my house during the night; the report was a lie. I went to the office at my regular hour, and began to work. About nine o'clock, detectiv Jim Bonfield made his appearance, and told me the chief of police wanted to hav a talk with me. I went along with him to the central station. Two other detectivs arrested Schwab and my brother Christ, who had come to the office to learn what had occurred on the previous night. The fact that his name was Spies sufficed to arrest him and charge him with having committed murder!

"This was on the 5th of May. I hav been incarcerated ever since. The comedy, called trial, lasted eight weeks, and ended, as the reader well knows, with our conviction."

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## Obituary.

When a good man passes into the "great unknown," it is but meet to pay a passing tribute to his memory. Such is due John Johnson, of Oak Valley, Elk county, Kan., who crossed the mystic river May 2, 1887. Deceased was born in Butler county, Ohio, Oct. 11, 1829. On the banks of the Miami he grew to manhood, married, and settled down in life. In 1855 he moved to Hendricks county, Indiana, at which place he resided until April, 1860, when he moved to Jefferson county, Kansas. From thence he moved to Oak Valley, in Elk county, in 1871, at which place he was an activ member of his county until his untimely demise. Soon after locating at Oak Valley, he erected a flouring-mill on Elk river. No mill west of the Mississippi ever had a better reputation for "truth and veracity" than had what was known as "Johnson's Mill." The needy were never sent away empty. He was kind and charitable to a fault. John Johnson was a progressiv Liberalist in the fullest acceptation of the term. He was ever ready to giv a reason for the hope within. Political preferment did not awe him into silence. He was one of the favored few that pass through life without having an attack of religion in some form. Mr. Johnson settled in Oak Valley when the wild whoop of the Osage Indian mingled with the howls of the coyotes, and lived to see the Kansas Southern railroad constructed through his lands, and the busy town of Oak Valley spring into existence at his door. Generations yet to come will call John Johnson a good man, and point with pride to the works of his mind and muscle that transmit his name to the pulsation of coming years.

P. VAN HYATT.

*Fall River, Kan.*, June 21, 1887.


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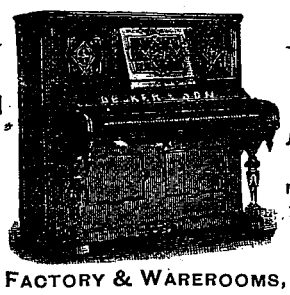
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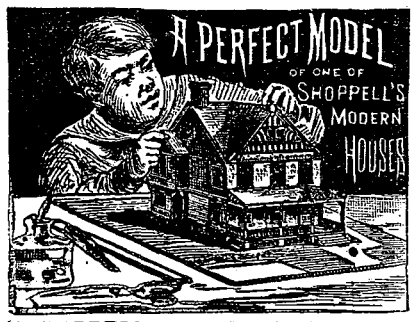
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## News of the Week.

AT Quincy, Ill., on the Fourth, Tim Baldwin the aeronaut jumped from a balloon at a hight of 5,000 feet from the ground. He held to his parachute and landed out of breath and exhausted, but otherwise uninjured.

A MILLION-DOLLAR fire devastated Marshfield, Wis., last week.

LAST week Friday there were 256 deaths in this city. This mortality rate has not been equaled before since 1876.

THE high license law for Minnesota went into effect July 1st, and has already caused a gratifyfying falling off in the number of saloons.

THE trial of Jacob Sharp, charged with bribing the New York board of aldermen to secure the Broadway railroad franchise, ended in a convictionon the 29th ult.

VICE-PRESIDENT HARPER and Assistant Cashier Hopkins of the broken Fidelity bank in Cincinnati, O., are held in default of $200,000 and $100,000 bail respectivly.

MRS. MARIA HALPIN, whose name, during the last national election, was connected with that of the presidential candidate, has recently been married, and livs with her husband at New Rochelle, N. Y.


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PAUL believed in a God who used to liv in a box made with hands, and only three or four feet square at that, and who seemed to need a great deal of burnt blood and roasted flesh to make him feel comfortable.—*D. M. Bennett.*

THERE is no reason why a Christian young woman should not desire to secure service in a Christian family; there are good reasons why she should desire this. But considerable experience in household matters has confirmed us in the opinion that, when this reasonable desire is very strongly urged, the safest course to pursue is to make careful inquiries at the last place of service, both as to the moral character and the readiness and ability to perform the duties of her position. A readiness to attend family prayers, even an eagerness for those devotional exercises, will hardly compensate for lack of willingness to do what a servant is employed to do. The old Scotch parson might hav put it a little too strong though we confess to considerable sympathy with him. Asking where he could get his shoes mended, a brother parson, whom he was visiting, replied that "Jamie, at the foot of the hill, was a good Christian man;" and the parson broke in with, "It's not a good Christian man that I want, but a good cobbler."—*The Golden Rule.*

IN one of his letters Hume gives the following half-playful, half-serious summary of the constituents of human happiness which had fallen to his lot: "I shall exult and triumph to you a little that I hav at last arrived at the dignity of being a householder. About seven months ago I got a house of my own, and completed a regular family, consisting of a head—namely, myself—and two inferior members, a maid and a cat. My sister has since joined me, and keeps me company. With frugality I can reach, I find, cleanliness, warmth, light, plenty, and contentment. What would you hav more? Independence? I hav it in a supreme degree. Honor? That is not altogether wanting. Grace? That will come in time. A wife? That is none of the indispensable requisits of life. Books? I hav more than I can use. In short, I cannot find any blessing of consequence which I am not possessed of in a greater or less degree; and without any great effort of philosophy, I may be easy and satisfied."—*Burton's Life and Letters of Hume.*

UNFORTUNATELY, beautiful maxims about loving one's enemies and returning good for evil did not keep Jesus from reproaching the Pharisees on many occasions. Unfortunately, a man's particular enemies are just those who scarcely ever appear to him worthy of love, and this was evidently the case with Jesus and the men upon whom he poured forth his denunciations. Judging by his mode of speaking, we should suppose that all religious people who did not agree with him were simply hypocrits. . . . Jesus uses toward the Pharisees such language as this: "Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrits;" "you blind guides;" "you fools and blind;" "you serpents, you generation of vipers."—*Amberley's Analysis.* Verily, verily, I I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep. All that came before me are thieves and robbers.—*John x*, 7, 8. [Not merely Moses and the prophets, greater and lesser, but such men as Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Socrates, Plato, Cicero, etc., etc. Bah! Jesus Christ was surely as great a crank as Guiteau!—*C.*]

A PERFECT being would not hav been so unmanned and terrified by the approach of death as to be in "agony," and "sweat as it were great drops of blood." His deportment would hav been more like that of the heathen Socrates, who conversed freely with his friends, endeavored to sustain their fortitude and lighten their grief, and when the time came, drank the fatal hemlock with as little concern as if it had been a glass of wine. The agony and despair of Jesus increased to the fatal moment, and his last words, prompted by his suffering and the utter hopelessness of his position—so it would seem—were words of reproach against his God, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—*Underwood's Jesus Not a Perfect Character.*

> WHO noble ends by noble means attains,
> Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains;
> Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
> Like Socrates. That man is great indeed.
> —*Pope.*

WHEN they tell me that Jesus taught a gospel of love, I say I believe it. Plato taught a gospel of love before him, and you deny it. If they say, "Jesus taught that it is better to bear an injury than to retaliate," I say, "Yes, but so did Aristotle before Jesus was born. I will accept it as the statement of Jesus, if you will admit that Aristotle said it, too." I am willing that any man should come before us and say, "Jesus taught that you must love your enemies; it is written in the Bible;" but if he will open the old manuscript of Diogenes Laertius, he may there read, in texts that hav never been disputed, that the Greek philosophers, half-a-dozen of them, said the same before Jesus was born.—*T. W. Higginson.*




THE LAST OF ABRAHAM.

And these are the days of the years of Abraham's life, which he lived, a hundred threescore and fifteen years. Then Abraham gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years; and was gathered to his people.—Gen. xxv, 7, 8.

A DISPATCH from Rome says: "Orders hav been sent to the archbishop of New York to excommunicate the Rev. Dr. McGlynn and to publish the decree of excommunication in the journals."

THE Rev. Peter Roberts, Congregationalist, of Scranton, Pa., is under arrest at the instance of his servant-girl, Anna Husaboe, who charges him with betrayal and conspiracy at criminal abortion.

A REUNION of Southern and Northern soldiers has been held at Gettysburg, Pa. The veterans were placed in battle array on the old field and charged on each other, but instead of firing when they met they shook hands heartily and declared that the war is over.

THE pope of Rome wants the United States to recognize him as a temporal power, and desires provision to be made for a papal embassador at Washington to look after the interests of the church. Similar overtures are being made toward the English government.

THE crops in Cambridge, Ill., are suffering severely from drouth. About ten days ago the farmers of the place called a meeting in the Congregational church, and, led by the minister, all prayed for rain. Outdoor prayer meetings were also held, one of them continuing until 12 o'clock at night, at which hour a bank of clouds arose, and there were indications of moisture. At this the happy farmers turned the meeting into a dance and offered up a prayer of thanksgiving. Rain did not come, however, and at last accounts the condition of the crops was more serious than ever.

TWENTY-ONE persons were tried at St. Petersburg between June 7th and 16th on the charge of being members of the secret society called the "Will of the People," of complicity in several murders, and of having assisted in several dynamite outrages. Three prisoners were acquitted. The others, including two women, were sentenced to death, but their sentences were commuted to exile in Siberia or imprisonment at hard labor.

THE Fourth was celebrated in the usual way. Though we hav in this city an ordinance that prohibits fireworks on that day, it was totally disregarded and no attempt was made to enforce it. Consequently the city was filled with smoke and noise. The fire department was kept on the jump for three days, and a long list of fingers shot off, faces burnt, legs broken, and eyes injured demanded the attention of the doctors.

## Odds and Ends.

THERE is a destiny which shapes the side-door, rough Hewitt as he will.

A JERSEYMAN'S idea of celebrating the glorious Fourth is to come to New York and spend his money for oyster stews.

A PRINTER up in Canada is said to be 103 years old. He has made so many typographical errors during his career that he is afraid to die.

BATH-HOUSE robber: "No use lookin' fer anythin' here, Bill. Ticket stub ter one of Joe Cook's lectures, an' a poker chip. Busted drummer from Boston."

THE editor of London *Punch* confesses that his paper cannot make much headway in America in opposition to the "Editor's Drawer" of *Harper's Magazine.*

"WHAT was the text this morning?" asked a stay-at-home husband of a church-going wife. "Many are called, but few are chosen." "What jury did he hav reference to?"

A BROOKLYN physician has been investigating cats and dogs, and he finds just as many cranks and fools among them as among the human race. He says that every fourth cat is off her base, while every ninth dog is a sort of fanatic.

COMMERCIAL traveler: "So you don't hav Prohibition down here in Tennessee, eh?" Tennessean: "Prohibition—what's that?" Commercial traveler: "Why, laws against liquor-selling." Tennessean: "Stranger, this is Tennessee."

IN Syracuse late Saturday night. Customer: "Where's Mr. French?" Clerk: "Gone to New York to spend Sunday." Customer: "Where would a telegram reach him?" Clerk: "Music-hall, Hoboken, up to 12 o'clock to-morrow night."

A WELL-KNOWN clergyman recently refused to permit his congregation to pay the expenses of a trip to Europe which he had in contemplation. The commission appointed to inquire as to his sanity report that he will probably recover before the steamer sails.

A DARKEY, being brought before the magistrate, was asked: "Havn't you been in jail for stealing chickens once before?" "No, sah; no, indeed, I hain't. Praise de Lawd fer his infinit mussy, nobody hain't cotched me yit. It seems as if I was pertected by de higher powers."

"Do you realize, sir," said a long-haired passenger, "that there is one who sees and hears all we do, who can solve our inmost thoughts, and before whom we are but crushed and bruised worms?" "Giv us your hand, stranger," replied the other, "I know just how you feel. I'm married myself."

ADVICE to young ladies about to graduate: Be just as sweet as you can. The man who doesn't like to look upon a sweet girl graduate is a villain—or married. Tie your essay with a blue ribbon, and be practical in the choice of a subject. We suggest "The Coming Man." Advice to young men about to graduate: Don't mind the newspapers. Whoop it up for all you're worth on the Commencement stage about "The Scholar in Politics," "The Ideal Republic," and "The Political Destiny of Patagonia." About five years from now read your oration over to yourself slowly.

"DON'T ask me to go to church with you again," said a Minneapolis citizen to his wife; "it won't do you any good." "Why not, John?" she asked. "Didn't you enjoy the sermon?" "Enjoy the sermon?" he repeated. "Why, the preacher kept boomin' St. Paul, an' never said a dinged word about Minneapolis."

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

From the advance sheets of "The Bitter Dregs," a story of passion and feeling by Montrose Madeira, Esq., the rising young Boston novelist:

"It was noble in you to speak so frankly of your struggles and poverty. Very few men would be brave enough to own that they had formerly lived in South Boston."

Peleg Burnham's face flushed with delight at Elvira's words.

"I, too, hav suffered," she continued, with the sigh of one who has tasted of life's bitterness. "Last summer"—the cold, hard look which he had noted once before came into her eyes, and there was a perceptible quiver in the lips as she spoke—"last summer we visited my uncle's family in Vermont. They hav a motto, 'God Bless Our Home,' over the mantelpiece, and at night they gather about the melodeon and sing from 'The Golden Treasury of Song,' forming a group similar to that which embellishes the cover of that volume."

"And you can speak of these things unmoved!" exclaimed Burnham.

"It is you who hav taught me to be brave, Peleg," she made answer, "but I hav not told you all. My father has invited them to visit us this winter, and they are coming—all of them—on Tuesday—and the Browning Club meets at our house on Wed—Wednesday." Her words ended in a dry sob, but in another moment her strong, womanly nature reasserted itself, and she was herself again, calm, proud, and defiant.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Burnham. "And the 'Golden Treasury of Song!' Will they bring that, too?"

"I know not," she answered, wearily. "It may be that they will bring not only that, but the motto and the melodeon as well."

There was in Peleg's nature a strong element of poetic chivalry which enabled him to appreciate and admire any act of silent heroism, especially on the part of a woman. He rose slowly from the low chair on which he had been sitting, and with a sudden movement of exquisit, fawn-like grace knelt at her feet, reverently lifted the hem of her tailor-made dress, and impressed upon it a kiss.

"Noble, suffering woman," he murmured. "I will come to the Browning Club, to be with you in your hour of trial!"


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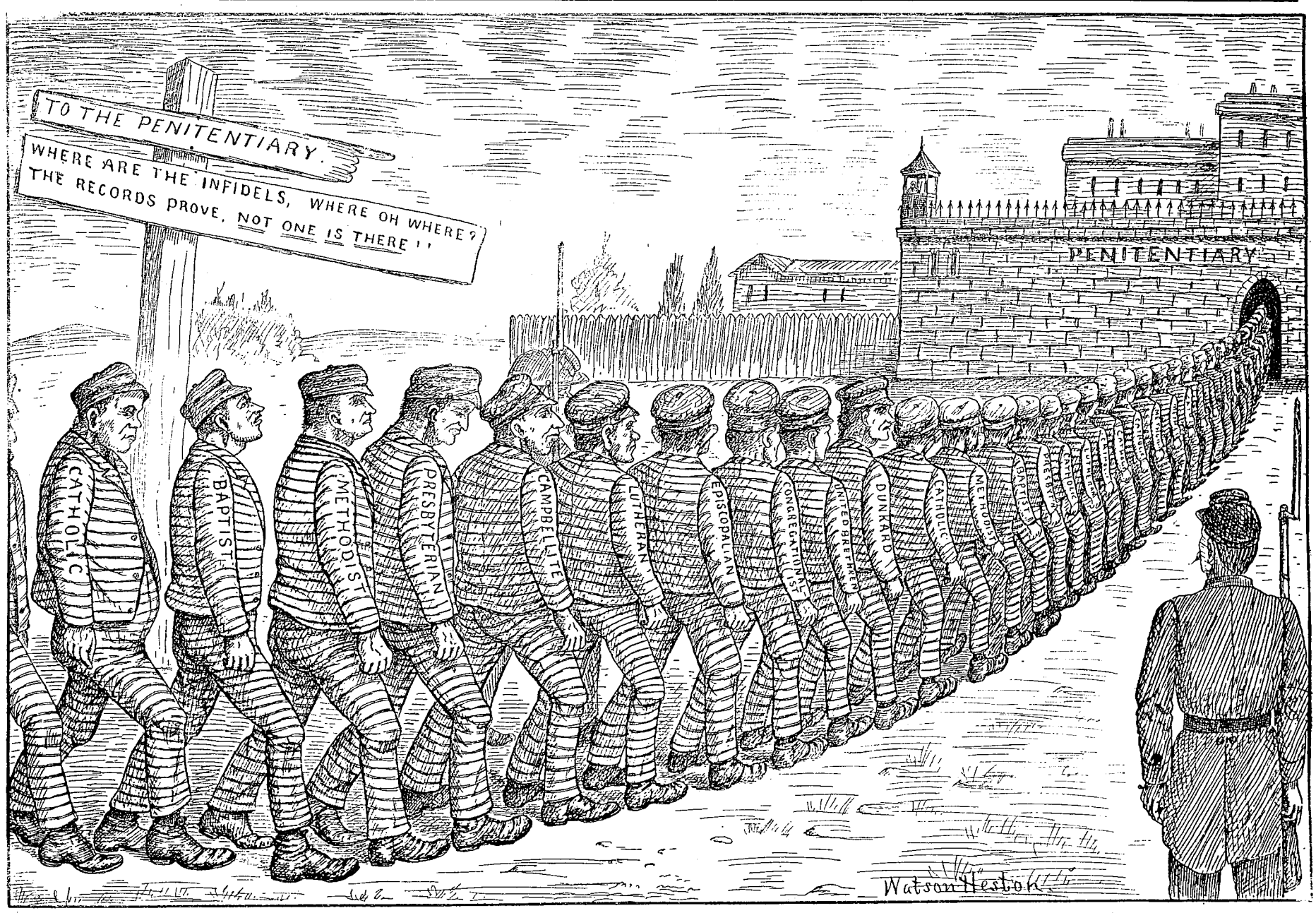
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A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION.

## Notes and Clippings.

A COMMITTEE is being organized at Genoa, Italy, the birthplace of Columbus, to celebrate in 1892 the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America. All the United States will be invited to send representativs.

A SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST of Waterford, Conn., the Rev. Edmund Darrow, was born in the seventh year of this century, on the seventh day of the month, on the seventh day of the week, and in the seventh hour of the day.

THERE is prospect of a religious war in South Carolina. Some Mormon elders are proselyting in the upper part of the state, and the other sects hav opened hostilities. South Carolina has furnished the Mormon church about five hundred recruits in the last ten years.

DURING the war the city of Richmond, Va., issued about $500,000 in paper money, which passed current throughout the Confederacy. Now somebody has gathered up all these notes and is suing the city for redemption. Legal opinion is about evenly divided as to the city's liability.

No Fourth of July celebration thus far reported equals that held at Beaver Cañon, Idaho. The Declaration of Independence was read by a man named John Hancock, and Henry Clay delivered an oration. There was a big procession in which the states were represented by thirty-eight young women in white Mother Hubbards, mounted on black horses. One hundred woodchoppers marched four abreast, carrying their axes, and the city fathers rode in a big lumber wagon drawn by twelve yoke of red oxen, driven by the Goddess of Liberty. In the evening there was an exhibition of fireworks, with a war-dance performed by one hundred Shoshone and Bannock Indians.

NEW YORK'S new corporation counsel, Mr. O'Brien, sustains the decision of the court that hotel-keepers may sell liquor with meals, but decides that restaurant-keepers hav not that right. That is, the Fifth avenue man may hav his wine, but the Bowery man is denied his beer. Thus the equality of citizens under the law gets another set-back.

ON the pay-rolls of the teachers of our public schools for May there was one teacher who receives a salary of $700 a year, from whose pay was deducted just one cent for being tardy two minutes. The cent was, according to the figures of a clerk to the Board of Education, the amount the teacher would earn in one one-hundred-and-twentieth of her day's work.

THE trial of the Rev. F. M. Todd, of Manassas, Va., by the Washington presbytery on a charge of having been seen in the woods in a ministerial situation with a female member of his congregation, ended on the 8th in a verdict of not proven. All of the seventeen members sitting in the trial were agreed that the charge was not proven, but it is said that five of them were opposed to a simple "not guilty." The report adopted indicates that the presbytery believes the defendant to be guilty, but that under the rules of evidence the belief is not sufficiently supported to warrant a verdict to that effect. Dr. Sunderland, counsel for the defense, announced an intention to appeal the case to the synod. He objected to the form of the report, and insisted that a simple verdict of not guilty should hav been rendered without any qualifying words.

IF the Board of Visitors of the Andover Theological Seminary has expelled Professor Smyth from his professorship because he spelled his name with a *y*, their action would at least hav been comprehensible, and might hav been justified. Neither of Professor Smyth's four accomplices spells "Smith" with a *y*, and neither of them was expelled. But if the Board fired Smyth on account of his religious opinions, its action was incoherent, for Churchill, Tucker, Harris, and Hincks all admitted at their trial that they think as Smyth does, but no one of them has been disturbed. Anyone might know that the Board that makes such an unwarranted distinction and shows so crude a sense of justice, is the same that insists that the unwarned heathen must be damned.—*Life.*

IN reversing the decision of a referee granting a divorce upon the testimony of a detectiv and a disreputable woman, Judge Brunt of New York delivered the following opinion: "The wisdom of the rule that divorces should not be granted upon the evidence of prostitutes and private detectivs is strikingly illustrated by the nature of the testimony offered to support the allegations of the complaint in the case at bar. The prostitute, influenced by money or for the gratification of feelings of revenge, seems willing to swear in any way desired, and the private detectiv furnishes the evidence which he is employed to procure, even though he has to resort to his own fertil brain for the facts or supposed facts upon which he founds his testimony." This opinion is a blow at the private detectiv system under which a great many divorces hav been granted.

SOME people's ideas of the function of a mayor do not seem to be very clearly defined. A person signing himself "Yours for Reform" writes this to Mayor Hewitt: "if its al the same to yu i woold like to sugest that yu do sumthing to prevent a factory over my rooms from letin water run through the sealin on to my bed. I hev complaned to the factory men, but they say they can't do nothin', and eppeel to you as mair of the city to protect its sitzens in their constushnal rites."

IN 1858 Pierre Dejan and Caroline Schaeffer, residents of Louisiana, were married. She was a German, and he had a small percentage of negro blood in his veins, though he was as white as any Caucasian. The marriage was illegal, but the Catholic church sanctioned it, and they thought they were husband and wife and lived as such for eleven years. Then, in 1869, the constitution of the state was changed to allow marriages between whites and blacks, and the couple were again married before a justice of the peace. In a controversy over the property of Dejan, deceased, a decision has just been rendered by the court that the ceremony of 1858 was invalid, and that they were not husband and wife until 1869. This decision affects a great many couples of mixed blood in the South who were married by the church before the war, and who now are informed that their children are illegitimate and that they hav been living in illicit relations.

# Communications.

## Tales Told Out of School.—Concluded.

THE REMEDY FOR THIS WIDESPREAD DEFECTION.

In finishing my work as a jury of inquest, sent out to ascertain as far as I could the real condition of things, I hope you will take my suggestions as coming from one who has observed carefully and reflected much on the subject. The published reports made yearly of the condition of the church, and her auxiliary societies, are not reliable. As charged by an eminently respectable and responsible secular newspaper in New York, they are doctored, so that those from whom the money comes cannot understand them. They tell the public only what we would like to believe, instead of what is really the case, deluding the people, putting them off their guard, thus increasing the danger which is already imminent. But the scriptures are full of the doctrin that prayer is omnipotent with God; and if God does not appear in behalf of his church, jeoparded with evils both within and without, it is proof positiv that the fervent, effectual prayer of the righteous has not been offered. As a concluding part of the program, you hav a right to ask me what suggestion I would make in the way of remedy for the present state of things.

Well, a desperate condition requires a desperate remedy. In the treatment of a bodily disease many a valuable life has been saved by the heroic method of a physician who, even through the hollow eyes of death, could see life peering. Such heroic treatment the Christians of this age must adopt if they would arrest the widespread Infidelity, and continue the existence of the church as the repository of divine truth. Then

I. I would hav a grand convention made up of a *pro rata* representation of all the orthodox churches, including the Catholics and the orthodox Jews, to consider the present dangerous condition of the country in regard to religion. If you would reject the Catholics from this consensus of the competent, let me remind you that during the long centuries up to the time of the Protestant reformation, she was the sole embodiment of the Christian life and doctrins in the world, except the Eastern or Greek church, which, in point of numbers and influence, was comparativly small. Whatever of authority *we* hav to preach the gospel and administer the sacraments was derived, mediately or immediately, from the Catholic church. Protestants hav nearly all admitted this by declining to rebaptize converts from that church, thus acknowledging that body to be a part of the true church; and if the Catholic church is good enough for God, she ought, especially in such an emergency as the present, to be good enough for us. Dr. Hodge, our distinguished professor of theology in the Princeton Theological Seminary, which has sent, and still sends out every year, more young ministers than any other institution of the kind in the country, has deliberately expressed his matured opinion on a subject closely cognate with this in an essay published in the *New Princeton Review* for January, and entitled, "Religion in the Public Schools." In this article the doctor, who from his eminent position and his great learning may be considered a spokesman for all the rest of us, justifies me in my proposal to coöperate with our Catholic brethren in the grand effort to Christianize the schools and the laws, and make them conform to the religious character of the nation. As the Protestant hatred to the Catholic has been so intense for two hundred years, and would naturally be the chief obstacle to a political union of our forces in the coming struggle with Infidelity, I will quote a few sentences from Dr. Hodge's article to show that there is the best authority for the suggestion I hav made, and that such coöperation, so far as the school question and we Presbyterians are concerned, is entirely practicable. He says: "*Shall the Christian majority consent that their wealth shall be taxed, and the whole energy of our immense system of public schools be turned to the work of disseminating Agnosticism through the land and down the ages? Christians hav all the power in their own hands. The danger arises simply from the weak and sickly sentimentalism respecting the transcendental spirituality of religion, the non-religious character of the state, and the supposed equitable rights of a small Infidel minority. All we hav to do is, for Catholics and Protestants—disciples of a common master—to come to an understanding with respect to a common basis of what is received as general Christianity, a practical quantity of truth belonging equally to both sides to be recognized in general legislation, and especially in the literature and teaching of our public schools.*"

If you object to the orthodox Jews, let me call to mind that they hold, at least, to the inspiration and authority of the Old Testament, which we admit to be the foundation of the New Testament. But what confirms their right to sit in such a consensus is the fact that we Christians got the central doctrin of our religious system—vicarious atonement—from their typical feast of expiation yearly observed, where it is said (Numbers xvi, 21): "*And Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness. And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited; and he shall let go the goat in the wilderness.*" The orthodox Jews feel toward Ingersoll and the evolutionists just as we feel, and in such a convention as I propose their rabbis should be invited to take seats.

II. I would hav a committee of able men designated by the convention who should be skilled in polemics and in the art of addressing popular audiences, and who should hold themselvs in readiness to accept the challenge of the Infidels, and discuss the points at issue between them and us. This would put a stop to the boast that of the eighty odd thousand clergymen in the country who are the official defenders of the faith, not one of any reputation at all has the courage to meet the Infidels in a discussion of the merits of the question. No tongue can tell how this refusal to discuss acts as a justification among the people of the doubts they express as to the truthfulness of religion. More than once during my peregrinations hav I encountered young men and young women, born and brought up in the church, and who were just Infidel enough to hav lost their relish, if they ever had any, for divine things, asking me, with an air of triumph, when I mildly reproved them for their course, why, among all the thousands of our educated and learned clergy, who call themselvs expounders and advocates of religion, there is not one who is willing to defend that religion in oral debate? The fathers of the church were *ex-officio* fighting men in their time, and extinguished heresy after heresy as they arose to corrupt and weaken the faith of the gospel. But while Infidelity in our day has increased its power a thousand-fold by the invention of arguments which the early fathers never dreamed of, our clergymen, it is alleged, like a military company on dress parade, pose before their congregations on the Sabbath and preach wishy-washy sermons from which no one would suspect that the church was beleaguered by an army of sharp-shooters so deadly in their aim that the clergy feared them as much as they feared the devil. The late Judge Black was greatly to blame for sending this pale-faced fear into the ranks of the clergy. He was foolish enough to grapple in a wrestling match with Ingersoll, and, before he had fairly felt his antagonist, found himself on the broad of his back as if engaged in contemplating the heavens. Judge Black as a lawyer or a politician could hav discussed any question in law or politics with his opponent. But when he undertook to debate the religious question, as a pastime, with a man who had made it a subject of study for years, he discovered, and others saw, that he did not understand the subject; and we had to hurrah him through as we did many years ago Dr. Berg in his debate with the Infidel, Joseph Barker, whom he had challenged to engage in a similar contest without first girding up his loins.

For such reasons I would hav a committee of our ablest men, supported out of a general fund, whose function should be to debate before the people the questions in dispute between us and the Infidels. Such debates should be printed in fair type, and circulated everywhere among the people, so that, by reading both sides, they might become intelligent Christians, able to giv a reason for the faith that is in them.

III. I would hav this convention issue a deliverance to the public, setting forth their authority to act in the premises by virtue of their being the constituted witnesses for God upon the earth, and their capability from life-long study to understand and expound the will of God as revealed in the scriptures. Such deliverance should be addressed to that class in society who hav the intelligence and the wealth necessary to control the orders below them, and to satisfy the people that the questions concerning religion, and its relation to the government, and the well-being of society, are not open, but settled ones, so adjudged to be by this consensus of the competent; that the state of things hitherto existing, where every man, unlearned as he may be, sets himself up as a debater and a judge on religious questions, is as dangerous to the stability of society as if the citizens were allowed to carry around in their pockets, as they now do, matches, dynamite cartridges liable to explode by concussion and to spread death and ruin everywhere. I see with pleasure a movement among the ruling classes to hav Congress increase our standing army, and establish garrisons near all our large cities, so as to be in constant readiness to put down popular tumults arising from any cause. If the soldiers enlisted for this service were selected for their intelligence and sobriety and their noble ambition to be soldiers of the cross; and if they were well paid and enlisted for long terms, the public interests could be protected from the anti-religious, as well as social agitators. We need, and must hav—what, as yet, we hav not—a strong government which shall command the respect of our own people, and be a terror to evil thinkers, evil speakers, and evil doers. It is admitted that in all ages Christianity has been eminently conservativ in its influence, politically and socially, while it is equally true from history that heresy is revolutionary in its tendency, and disposed to follow any jack-o'-lantern reformer who professes to advance the public good.

IV. Then, and lastly, I would hav the national Congress make a similar pronunciamento based upon the conceded fact, stated by Dr. Hodge, that this nation is Christian in character, and should be Christian in its government; and that Infidelity and Infidels, Socialism and Socialists, together with Anarchy and Anarchists, should be suppressed by law. All the orthodox religious sects, having been, according to this program, in that convention on the principle of representation, no opposition worthy of notice would be made. If the German Infidels should grumble at such wholesome restraint as this policy would impose on them, they can return home when they please to the merciful rule of Bismarck. And as for our nativ-born Infidels, like other dangerous vipers which cannot be killed, let them gnaw against the file. All of which is respectfully submitted.

DAVID JONES.

## The King and the Priests.

A BOOK OF CHRONICLES.

### CHAPTER I.

1. Once there was a king who ruled his people even as a father governs his children.

2. He pressed not his subjects into standing armies to molest or conquer neighboring kingdoms, nor did he organize missionary enterprises to force his religion upon other nations that chose to maintain different systems of church polity.

3. He did not seek to overreach the rulers of other countries through priestcraft by sowing the seeds of religious dissensions between king and subject, priests and congregations, parents and children, and husbands and wives.

4. But he did unto others even what he wished them to do unto himself; and his servants walked in all the footsteps of their royal master.

5. In his dominion all the virgins got good husbands and all the young men for themselvs good wives. [The fifth verse is thought by commentators to be an interpolation.]

6. There came unto this king three magicians saying: We hav heard of thy glory in a distant land, and we hav journeyed hither to acquaint thee with the mysteries which we hav searched out, and to exalt thee with the miracles of our wisdom.

7. For behold we hav come to weave a fabric for thy garment of state. This fabric shall be a touchstone of virtue unto all thy servants and people; for whosoever shall be pious, loyal, and trustworthy of thy servants he shall be able to behold the brilliant colors of the royal garment and to discern the fineness of its texture; but whosoever shall be a traitor, an Atheist, impious, and untrustworthy, his sight the garment shall elude and to his grasp the texture of the fabric shall not be discernible.

8. And the king was pleased with the words which the wise men spake.

9. And the king gave them an upper chamber in his palace wherein to set up their loom, that they might weave a garment for the king even as they had said, and according to all the wisdom which was within them.

10. And the king appointed them to eat at his table and to drink of his wine, and he gave them revenues, and costly apparel, and he commanded his people that they should withhold no good thing from the wise men.

11. Thus did the wise men liv at the king's palace.

### CHAPTER II.

1. And after many years the king sent his chamberlain to the room wherein the wise men wrought, that the king might hav information of the progress of the garment and of its color.

2. And the king thought within himself: "Now I shall know of a surety whether my chamberlain is faithful unto me or not."

3. And the chamberlain went away from the king with fear and trembling; for though he was a just man and faithful, yet he feared evil.

4. And when the chamberlain came unto the wise men and made known unto them the king's commands, the wise men led the chamberlain into an inner room where the loom was, but the chamberlain could see no fabric in the loom.

5. And the wise men took the hands of the chamberlain and laid them upon the loom and said: "Touch now, we pray thee, the softness of this fabric, and feast thine eyes upon the brilliancy of the texture which we hav wrought; for thou art faithful and loyal unto the king thy master, and unto thee the garment shall manifest itself, and its gorgeousness shall not be hidden from thee."

6. And the chamberlaim said within himself, "Hav not I served the king my master with singleness of heart all my days? Why then should the scales of unbelief be placed before mine eyes, that I see not the

gorgeous fabric which the wise men hav wrought? Behold I must conquer Satan, or I shall die, and my office shall be given unto another."

7. And the chamberlain cried with a loud voice and said: "Blessed be God who has sent unto the king the wise men to weave this beautiful garment, and glorious shall be the day on which the king shall be arrayed therein."

8. And the wise men said: "Blessed be God who has given unto the king a faithful chamberlain to whom the fabric has manifested its beauty, and whose hands hav been able to handle its texture."

9. And the chamberlain reported unto the king that he had seen the fabric which the wise men had wrought, and glorious was the color thereof, brilliant the design, and gorgeous would be the garment made thereof to array the person of the king.

10. And the king sent other of his officers to the fabric which the wise men wrought, and he sent them one after another.

11. And when they came to the loom they could see nothing.

12. And the wise men spake unto them even the words which they had spoken unto the chamberlain.

13. And they thought within themselvs, "Hav not we served the king our master with fidelity in our several stations? Why then should this fabric be hidden from our eyes?

14. "Shall the chamberlain only hav honor, and we be cast out and be found unfaithful? Surely, Satan hath bewitched us that the brilliancy of this garment is hidden from us, but we will not let Satan triumph over us; let us fight the good fight and keep the faith, and our eyes shall behold the glory of the king's apparel when he shall be clothed therein." And they reported unto the king even as the chamberlain had done.

15. At last the king himself went to view the garment which the wise men had wrought.

16. And the wise men said unto the king: "Blessed art thou, O king, above all the monarchs of the earth, for God has prospered thy kingdom and has given thee servants faithful and true, for they were able to behold the fabric which we hav wrought and to handle its texture. An Infidel and an unworthy one is not among them, and blessed art thou to be set over so faithful a people."

17. And the king looked upon the loom, but could see no fabric.

18. And he thought within himself, "How is this thing? Are all my servants faithful, and shall I alone be found a castaway? Surely some charm confounds my sight; and some evil spell darkens my discernment! Hav I not been ever as a father to my people? and hav not they been as children unto me? But I will walk by faith, if not by sight, and I shall yet escape the snare of the evil one and confound the onslaught of the enemy of souls."

19. And the king said unto the wise men, "The fabric which you hav wrought pleases me well, and mine eyes delight in the brilliancy of its color.

20. "Behold the feast of harvest draweth nigh, and the people shall present themselvs before me with gifts and with rejoicing; then will I be arrayed in the garment of your handiwork."

CHAPTER III.

1. And the harvest was ended and the summer was past, and the people assembled with presents for the king before the royal palace;

2. And the wise men arrayed the king in the garment which they had wrought.

3. And the king presented them with gold and with precious stones, and the wise men departed for their own land.

4. And the garment was light and airy for the king's person.

5. And the king walked forth from his chamber to present himself before his people.

6. And the chamberlain and all the king's officers and household cried out with loud acclaim, "Behold how beautiful is the king arrayed in his regal garment!"

7. And the king stood forth upon the balcony of the palace before all the people.

8. And the people beheld the king and there fell a great silence upon them, and they marveled greatly, and they made no acclaim unto the king.

9. And a stripling whose master had come from afar to do homage to the king, and the stripling had charge of his master's horses, and he cried out: "By the spirit of truth which is within me, the king stands before you naked!"

10. And others reported the saying, and a rumor and tumult arose and spread even unto the king and to his ears: "The king hath no garments on! the king is naked!"

11. And the chamberlain took off his cloak that was upon him, and he put it upon the king, and he led the king into his chamber.

12. And he fell at the king's feet and he said: "Of a truth we hav been deceived by the wise men, and by their craftiness they hav laid snares both unto the king and unto all his people. And now also are they gone and hav taken the king's gold and silver with them."

13. And the king and his people marveled greatly at the subtlety wherewith they had been deceived by the magicians.

* * *

## News and Notes.

I found a goodly company of Liberals at Marshfield, Coos county. This is quite a lively little metropolis on the far-away coast. There are extensiv coal mines in the neighborhood. The fisheries are excellent. The timber is of splendid quality, capable of a beautiful finish. The most elegant furniture is made from the myrtle wood which abounds in this county. Along the shore are what they call the "beach mines," which produce quantities of gold, and gold mines are also in the mountains. The soil when cleared is exceedingly fertil. It is a good fruit and stock country. Coos bay offers one of the best ports of shelter along the coast. When railroad communications are complete and the natural resources developed, Coos county will be a noble country. Its climate is superbly healthful. The summers are delicious. It is just where the north winds and the south winds meet in refreshing currents. There are no cyclones; the days flow along with bright and breezy splendor. The winters are a bit disagreeable, with little snow, but considerable rain. There is, however, no extremely cold weather.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Cathcart, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Garfield, Mr. and Mrs. F. Mark, Mr. and Mrs. Norman, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Hilburn, R. M. Hutcheson; Wm. Hall, chairman of the meetings; T. G. Owen, E. A. Anderson, S. Miller, Thomas of "Kentuck Slew," Judge Hyde, G. A. Bennett, editor of *Bay News*," Cyrus Sandrith, T. M. Bridges; Gilmore and Garrison, of General Trumbull's brigade—and through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER they send greetings to their old commander; C. G. Grandholm, J. Bazzill and others of Marshfield, S. H. Hazard, chairman of meeting at Empire City; Wm. Saunders, A. P. Owens, Fred. Jarvis, O. B. Richardson, Henry Ploeger, etc., of this latter place, make up the splendid legion of Coos bay. Three hundred were present at all the meetings in Marshfield, and I closed the series of lectures to a full house, at Empire City, on Sunday evening. A Secular Union was organized for Coos bay, and thus two strong associations hav been formed in both parts of the county—the Coquille and Coos—and they will, no doubt, keep our banners to the front in this farthest Western sea-board of the United States. I felt amply repaid for all my arduous journeys in these bright results, and the companionship of so many choice and forward spirits.

Sunday afternoon the steamer Comet, Captain Roberts, takes me to Empire City. After the evening lecture I cross the bay to the little sand-encircled ranch of Fred. Jarvis, the stage-driver—a herculean companion who would take you safely through every peril. I bunked beside his horses until two o'clock in the morning. It was blowing great guns, and the big sea was thundering in mighty squadrons upon the near beach. In the faint daylight, after the tide was out, we began our journey alongside the Pacific to the Umqua river.

It was a picture of strange magnificence that hung its mystic shadows, and lights, and gloom, and glories along that marvelous pathway. On one side the sea with its crested billows sweeping from seven thousand miles of tumbling waters to our very feet; on the other the faint gray sands, straggling clumps of trees, huge fallen trunks, stranded ships, and bleak hills. Friend Jarvis wrapped a big oil-cloth tent about my body, and I didn't care for the whirling gales that make the sea roar. Brighter grew the horizon, and whiter the broad expanse of liquid night. Silvery splendors rolled along the orient sky. Then the sun, a glittering golden point, burst upon the sea and shore, and soon all the billows were gorgeous in the draperies of morn, a beautiful army, ever advancing and changing its resplendent array, with its million feet flashing far as the eye could see twenty miles up and down its circling shores. At six o'clock the little steamer Juno awaits us at the mouth of the Umqua. Up this beautiful winding river we go in the now burning heat—the thermometer at one hundred and thirteen. I make me an umbrella of a bedstead and sleep upon the hay bales in the breezy shadows, while the soft green hills and sylvan dales go floating by. At noon we reach Scottsburg. Here we are stranded until next day morning, when we take the lumbering stage amid heat equal to that of the previous day, and travel to Drain's station, at which we arrive in the afternoon. At two o'clock in the morning we are aroused for the rushing train, whose music is gladness, for I had become tired of the slow-moving coach and clouds of dust. In the dawn I reach the church-shadowed city of Salem, which they say is awfully pious. I had not time to look around, for I. N. McCorkle, of Silverton, was ready with a swift team to take me to the grand rally which was appointed for that morning. It was fourteen miles away, and in the bright sunshine we sped along. Glorious Mt. Hood, rising like a vast pyramid sixty miles away, crowned the green landscapes with snowy lusters. At the appointed hour we arrived at the beautiful grove on the edge of the little village of Silverton, where the gathering was to be—and a grand gathering it was. Four or five hundred people were present. The band played enlivening music, the choir sang, and I then gave an address on "American Democracy." In the afternoon an equally large number was present, and I spoke on "Mental Sincerity." Mr. P. D. Allen read Washburn's beautiful address on "Death and Immortality," and the band and choir gave joyous entertainment. We had our lunch beneath the tall trees and amid the sun-bright shadows. In the evening a big meeting was held in the railroad freight house. Seats were made of lumber for the accommodation of about three hundred, and every seat was occupied. I gave "The New Heaven and Earth." Thursday afternoon the Silverton Secular Union was organized. One hundred and fourteen names were enrolled, representing the best elements in the community. In the evening there was another grand gathering.

Friday afternoon I again lectured in the grove, and closed the series of lectures in the evening to a crowded house. Nothing has been more successful and brilliant than our Silverton meetings. The orthodox were simply overwhelmed. The Methodist minister was made sick by the affair and had to take to his bed. One Methodist sister said I ought to be mobbed and hung. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." A curious incident occurred at my first meeting. The Rev. Thomas Small has been a minister here for forty years, and has ruled with unquestioned authority among the members of his sect. He interrupted me once or twice in my discourse. He evidently thought the Infidel had no rights that he was bound to respect. In the course of my address I declared that Christianity was in favor of poverty, and quoted the text, "Blessed are ye poor.'" He instantly cried out, "Don't misrepresent the scriptures. There is no such text. It says, 'Blessed are ye poor in spirit.'" I had the exquisit pleasure of showing that he was ignorant of his own Bible, and demonstrated before his own admirers that it was he that misrepresented the scriptures, for I read the text just as I quoted and there was no "poor in spirit" about it. Oh, what a fall there was, my countrymen! The subsequent proceedings interested the Rev. Small no more. He kept a profound silence. A minister of forty years' standing, he was convicted before his own people of absolute ignorance of what the Bible said on a most important subject.

The orthodox are thoroughly demoralized. Last winter they had a revival, and after thirty-one days' laborious effort gathered in one hundred and thirty-three, of which only sixty proved up their claim at the end of the six months' probation, and most of these were women and children. In three days, without any particular effort, our host numbered over one hundred stanch men and women. Abner Allen, eighty-seven years old, joined the organization, and it was the first organization of any kind that he had ever joined. Without doubt, a Freethought hall will be built at Silverton, and a splendid influence go forth for liberty and justice. Dr. McClure, the president; Mr. Kline, the vice-president; P. D. Allen, secretary; Mr. Fitzgerald, treasurer; Mrs. Carrie Fitzgerald, Mr. Mount, and Mr. Walford, of the executive committee, are brave and energetic workers; and to back them up in every enterprise are the Davenports, the Rosses, the Smiths, the Allens, the Wolfords, the Leonards, the Hibbards, the McGeers, Macintosh, Buff, Marchbanks, Wright, Forshay, the Cooleys, the Geers, and others whom space forbids to mention upon the roll of honor and progress.

The Methodists wanted a debate, but when we agreed to debate, their man, the Rev. Driver, was unwilling to come to the front. He preferred to giv his thunder after I was gone. I sold nearly one hundred dollars' worth of books at Silverton, and this shows the deep interest among the people concerning Freethought; and, more than the lectures, these books will continue to disturb the equanimity of our orthodox friends, and spread the mighty agitation for reform.

Silverton has nobly advanced our cause, and made the pulse of freedom quicker, stronger. Hope glitters amid the radiance of her beautiful homes.

Next week and week after I am at Salem, Molalla, Portland, McMinnvile. I am at Corvallis, July 10th; Stagton, July 12th, 13th, 14th; Silverton again, July 15th; Forest Grove, July 17th; Scappose, July 19th, 20th, 21st; Seattle, July 24th; Port Angeles, July 31st; Port Townsend, Aug. 7th, 8th, 9th; Colfax, Aug. 14th; Pendleton, I expect, Aug. 21st; Baker City, Aug. 28th, and then I shall move on to Idaho and Utah, etc. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*Silverton*, June 25, 1887.

THE *Standard* estimates the income of Archbishop Corrigan at $40,000 a year. This is gathered from the cathedraticum; a tax of $200 on each church in the archdiocese, $5,000 salary from the cathedral, his palace and its expenses, and a tax of $1 on each burial in Calvary cemetery.

## The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

Author of "Physical Education," "The Secret of the East," etc.

INTRODUCTION.

From the dawn of authentic history to the second century of our chronological era the nations of antiquity were beguiled by the fancies of supernatural religions. For fifteen hundred years the noblest nations of the Middle Ages were tortured by the insanities of an antinatural religion. The time has come to found a Religion of Nature.

The principles of that religion are revealed in the monitions of our normal instincts, and have never been wholly effaced from the soul of man, but for long ages the consciousness of their purpose has been obscured by the mists of superstition and the systematic inculcation of baneful delusions. The first taste of alcohol revolts our normal instincts; nature protests against the incipience of a ruinous poison-vice; but the fables of the Bacchus priests for centuries encouraged that vice and deified the genius of intemperance. Vice itself blushed to mention the immoralities of the pagan gods whose temples invited the worship of the heavenly-minded. Altars were erected to a goddess of lust, to a god of wantonness, to a god of thieves.

That dynasty of scamp-gods was, at last, forced to abdicate, but only to yield their throne to a celestial Phalaris, a torture-god who cruelly punished the gratification of the most natural instincts, and foredoomed a vast plurality of his children to an eternity of horrid and hopeless torments. Every natural enjoyment was denounced as sinful. Every natural blessing was vilified as a curse in disguise. Mirth is the sunshine of the human mind, the loveliest impulse of life's truest children; yet the apostle of Antinaturalism promised his heaven to the gloomy world-despiser. "Blessed are they that mourn." "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily." "Be afflicted, and mourn and weep; let your laughter be turned to mourning and your joy to heaviness." "Woe unto you that laugh." "If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother, his wife and children, his brothers and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

The love of health is as natural as the dread of pain and decrepitude. The religion of Antinaturalism revoked the health laws of the Mosaic code, and denounced the care even for the preservation of life itself. "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on." "Bodily exercise profiteth but little." "There is nothing from without a man that, entering him, can defile him."

The love of knowledge awakens with the dawn of reason; a normal child is naturally inquisitive; the wonders of the visible creation invite the study of every intelligent observer. The enemies of nature suppressed the manifestations of that instinct, and hoped to enter their paradise by the crawling trail of blind faith. "Blessed are they that do not see and yet believe." "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." "He that believeth not is condemned already."

The love of freedom, the most universal of the protective instincts, was suppressed by the constant inculcation of passive resignation to the yoke of "the powers that be," of abject submission to oppression and injustice. "Resist not evil." "Of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again." "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." "Submit yourselves to the powers that be."

The love of industry, the basis of social welfare, that manifests itself even in social insects, was denounced as unworthy of a true believer: "Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? what shall we drink? or wherewithal shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the gentiles seek." "Take no thought of the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." "Ask and it shall be given you," *i.e.*, stop working and rely on miracles and prayer.

The hope for the peace of the grave, the last solace of the wretched and weary, was undermined by the dogmas of eternal hell, and the preordained damnation of all earth-loving children of nature: "He that hateth not his own life cannot be my disciple." "The children of the kingdom shall be cast out into utter darkness, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." "They shall be cast into a furnace of fire, there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." "They shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb." "And the smoke of their torment ascendeth forever and ever, and they have no rest day nor night."

For fifteen centuries the pilot of the church lured our forefathers to a whirlpool of mental and physical degeneration, till the storms of the Protestant revolt enabled them to break the spell of the fatal eddies, and, like a swimmer saving his naked life, mankind has struggled back to the rescuing rocks of our mother earth. Lured by the twinkle of reflected stars, we have plunged into the maelstrom of Antinaturalism, and after regaining the shore, by utmost efforts, it seems now time to estimate the expenses of the adventure.

The suppression of science has retarded the progress of mankind by a full thousand years. For a century or two the Mediterranean peninsulas still lingered in the evening twilight of pagan civilization, but with the confirmed rule of the church the gloom of utter darkness overspread the homes of her slaves, and the delusions of that dreadful night far exceeded the worst superstitions of pagan barbarism. "The cloud of universal ignorance," says Hallam, "was broken only by a few glimmering lights, who owe almost the whole of their distinction to the surrounding darkness. We cannot conceive of any state of society more adverse to the intellectual improvement of mankind than one which admitted no middle line between disoluteness and fanatical mortifications. No original writer of any merit arose, and learning may be said to have languished in a region of twilight for the greater part of a thousand years. In 992 it was asserted that scarcely a single person was to be found, in Rome itself, who knew the first elements of letters. Not one priest of a thousand in Spain, about the age of Charlemagne, could address a common letter of salutation to another." In that midnight hour of unnatural superstitions every torch-bearer was persecuted as an enemy of the human race. Bruno, Campanella, Keppler, Vanini, Galilei, Copernicus, Descartes, and Spinoza had to force their way through a snapping and howling pack of monkish fanatics who beset the path of every reformer, and overcome the heroism of all but the stoutest champions of light and freedom. From the tenth to the end of the sixteenth century not less than 3,000,000 "heretics," *i.e.*, scholars and free inquirers, had to expiate their love of truth in the flames of the stake.

The systematic suppression of freedom, in the very instincts of the human mind, turned Christian Europe into a universal slave-pen of bondage and tyranny; there were only captives and jailors, abject serfs and their inhuman masters. Freedom found a refuge only in the fastnesses of the mountains; in the wars against the pagan Saxons the last freemen of the plains were slain like wild beasts; a thousand of their brave leaders were beheaded on the market square of Quedlinburg, thousands were imprisoned in Christian convents, or dragged away to the bondage of feudal and ecclesiastic slave farms where they learned to envy the peace of the dead and the freedom of the lowest savages. "One sees certain dark, livid, naked, sunburnt, wild animals, male and female, scattered over the country and attached to the soil, which they root and turn over with indomitable perseverance. They have, as it were, an articulate voice; and when they rise to their feet they show a human face. They are, in fact, men; they creep at night into dens, where they live on black bread, water, and roots. They spare other men the labor of plowing, sowing, and harvesting, and, therefore, deserve some small share of the bread they have grown. Yet they were the fortunate peasants—those who had bread and work—and they were then the few" (while half the arable territory of France was in the hands of the church). "Feudalism," says Blanqui, "was a concentration of all scourges. The peasant, stripped of the inheritance of his fathers, became the property of ignorant, inexorable, indolent masters. He was obliged to travel fifty leagues with their carts whenever they required it; he labored for them three days in the week, and surrendered to them half the product of his earnings during the other three; without their consent, he could not change his residence or marry. And why, indeed, should he wish to marry, if he could scarcely save enough to maintain himself? The Abbot Alcuin had twenty thousand slaves called *serfs*, who were forever attached to the soil. This is the great cause of the rapid depopulation observed in the Middle Ages, and of the prodigious multitude of convents which sprang up on every side. It was doubtless a relief to such miserable men to find in the cloisters a retreat from oppression; but the human race never suffered a more cruel outrage, industry never received a wound better calculated to plunge the world again into the darkness of the rudest antiquity. It suffices to say that the prediction of the approaching end of the world, industriously spread by the rapacious monks at this time, was received without terror."

The joy-hating insanities of the unnatural creed blighted the lives of thousands, and trampled the flowers of earth even on the bleak soil of North Britain, where the children of nature need every hour of respite from cheerless toil. "All social pleasures," says Buckle, "all amusements and all the joyful instincts of the human heart were denounced as sinful. The clergy looked on all comforts as sinful in themselves, merely because they were comforts. The great object of life was to be in a state of constant affliction. Whatever pleased the senses was to be suspected. It mattered not what a man liked; the mere fact of his liking it made it sinful. Whatever was natural was wrong."

The dogma of exclusive salvation by faith made forcible conversion appear an act of mercy, and stimulated those wars of aggression that have cost the lives of more than thirty millions of our fellow-men. In the Crusades alone five millions of victims were sacrificed on the altar of fanaticism; the extermination of the Moriscos reduced the population of Spain by seven millions; the man-hunts of the Spanish-American priests almost annihilated the native population of the West Indies and vast areas of Central and South America, once as well-settled as the most fertile regions of Southern Europe. The horrid butcheries in the land of the Albigenses, in the mountain homes of the Vaudois, and the Spanish provinces of the Netherlands exterminated the inhabitants of whole cities and districts, and drenched the fields of earth with the blood of her noblest children.

The neglect of industry and the depreciation of secular pursuits proved the death-blow of rational agriculture. The garden-lands of the Old World became sand-wastes, the soil of the neglected fields was scorched by summer suns and torn by winter floods till three million square miles of once fruitful lands were turned into hopeless deserts. "The fairest and fruitfulest provinces of the Roman empire," says Professor Marsh—"precisely that portion of terrestrial surface, in short, which about the commencement of the Christian era was endowed with the greatest superiority of soil, climate, and position, which had been carried to the highest pitch of physical improvement—is now completely exhausted of its fertility. A territory larger than all Europe, the abundance of which sustained in bygone centuries a population *scarcely inferior to that of the whole Christian world at the present day*, has been entirely withdrawn from human use, or, at best, is thinly inhabited. . . . There are regions, where the operation of causes, set in action by man, has brought the face of the earth to a state of desolation almost as complete as that of the moon; and though within that brief space of time which we call the historical period, they are known to have been covered with luxuriant woods, verdant pastures, and fertile meadows, they are now too far deteriorated to be reclaimable by man, nor can they become again fitted for his use except through great geological changes or other agencies, over which we have no control. . . . Another era of equal improvidence would reduce this earth to such a condition of impoverished productiveness as to threaten the depravation, barbarism, and, perhaps, even the extinction of the human species" (Man and Nature, pp. 4, 43).

The experience of the Middle Ages has, indeed, been bought at a price which the world cannot afford to pay a second time. The sacrifices of fifteen centuries have failed to purchase the millennium of the Galilean Messiah, and the time has come to seek salvation by a different road.

The Religion of the Future will preach the Gospel of Redemption by reason, by science, and by conformity to the laws of our health-protecting instincts. Its teachings will reconcile instinct and precept, and make Nature the ally of education. Its mission will seek to achieve its triumphs, not by the suppression, but by the encouragement of free inquiry; it will dispense with the aid of pious frauds; its success will be a victory of truth, of freedom, and humanity; it will reconquer our earthly paradise, and teach us to renounce the Eden that has to be reached through the gates of death.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Astronomy and Geology at War.

THE TRUTH SEEKER'S "Different Accounts" of world formation—*i. e.*, the biblical and the scientific—is amusing and instructiv. But I cannot refrain from incidentally pointing out the conflict of modern science with itself, or rather the conflict of geology with astronomy. It is assumed that the Laplace theory of cooling and condensing worlds is true, and then, to contradict the biblical assertion that the creation of the world was about six thousand years ago, THE TRUTH SEEKER says:

> The earth in cooling must hav taken three hundred and fifty millions of years.

I turn now to Newcomb's "Popular Astronomy" and quote:

> It is thus found that if the sun had, in the beginning, filled all space, the amount of heat generated by his contraction to his present volume would hav been sufficient to last eighteen million years at his present rate of radiation. We can say with entire certainty that the sun cannot hav been radiating heat at the present rate for more than this period unless he has, in the mean time, received a miraculous accession of energy from some source outside.

Professor Newcomb's calculation is doubtless accepted by every astronomer who believes in the Laplace theory. But it is at war with geological data. If the sun, including our earth and the whole planetary system, has condensed from "all space" in eighteen million, how can this little earth hav been cooling three hundred and fifty million years?

But there is no proof that the sun is contracting or that it ever was any larger than it is now. On the contrary, ages of meteoric accretion must hav en-

larged it. And so also we know that the earth is slowly enlarging. This accretion hypothesis is not hampered by time. The growth of worlds is as long as eternity.

No wonder Professor Newcomb is constrained to add that man has probably existed on this planet less than ten thousand years, and civilization less than four thousand. Every well-informed geologist is certain that man has existed at least hundreds of thousands of years, and probably millions.

The fallacy of the Laplace theory can be shown in a few words. The maximum thickness of the earth's fossiliferous strata is fifteen miles or more. The lowest Silurian rock uncovered by later formations contains fossil animals and plants which must hav lived in a mild temperature. But it is certain that other Silurian rocks, containing the same species of animals and plants, are now buried many miles deep under later deposits. Say it is ten miles at the lowest. Now, what is the temperature at that depth? About 1,000° Fahrenheit! So, then, we hav this result: Those Paleozoic creatures, which never could hav lived in a temperature much over 100°, are now in their fossil state heated up to 1,000°. And this is your cooling world! BURR.

## An Open Letter to Friends.

Only three more days and I start for Abingdon Court-house, so I pen one more letter to the old TRUTH SEEKER, and in doing so the face and fate of its beloved founder arise vividly before me, almost making me feel as if he was here present reading the lines as they drop from my pen-point. He went through the same round of experiences I hav. At first he was almost alone in his radical views, but determined to speak his honest thought though ever so unpopular, because he felt it was truth and the world needed it. Arrested by post-office spies for obscenity, he stoutly denied the charge, and the "consensus of the competent" pronounced him guiltless, yet he was convicted simply because it was a foregone determination of his enemies that he should be.

A few days more may tell the same tale for me. But I want, while I can, to assure you all how gratified I hav been at the strong support of press and people that has been vouchsafed me. It has helped to mold public opinion at home and abroad, and has made the waiting days pass, not only in toleration, but with actual pleasure and enjoyment.

Over eight hundred letters hav brought the magnetism of kind words, sympathizing words, cheering words, indorsing words, and hopeful words. And words hav not been all! Money for defense has come far more lavishly than I had dared to hope. Should any remain in my hands, when all is over, it will be sent to the National Defense Association, where it can be used to defend others who are unjustly prosecuted and persecuted.

Right here I want to make one simple explanation of what has gone against me more than almost any other one thing. Some months before my arrest I became deeply interested in the subject of hybrids, and in the correspondence many wonderful accounts of monstrosities born of connections between animals and human beings came to me from many quarters. I knew Heywood was interested in all that pertains to sex and heredity, so wrote a note to him telling him of the stories I had received, and to my sorrow and surprise he published the item in the *Word*. I did not think it fit for publication, so failed to mark it "private," and when I wrote a letter for his paper disclaiming all approval of such connections, I did not think of correcting the impression that I had purposely sent the item for print, and not till I had received letters from several friends telling me they could not help to defend my case because I had advertised these stories in the *Word* did I see the shape they had taken in other minds.

That it acted as an advertisment I soon realized, for so many wrote for them; but unless I thought the writers interested in the subject for science's sake I refused to send them, and explained to them the manner in which the subject was made public. But I think this is my first explanation for print, and just now, while every act of my past is closely scrutinized, it is well to explain the error and how it occurred. I am usually cautious in placing before the public what I think will be misunderstood or will in any way lead to the vulgarizing of the human mind.

True scientific inquirers will be aided and helped by much that would be harmful to the undeveloped intellect of the ignorant or the very immature. I cannot expect to meet the approval of all on all subjects.

Many of our German friends disapprove of helping me because I believe in Prohibition, but I don't believe in the Prohibitory laws as they are, and are advocated by the church and the masses. I think the government should own and run all manufactories of liquor, and see that all was genuin and unadulterated, and hav it all sold at certain places and stated prices, just as postage stamps are. The people make the laws for the benefit of the whole people, while liquor rings work specially for their own benefit, caring little or nothing for the consumer. It is my propensity of giving the pure and genuin, and furnishing each customer the full value of his money, that has helped place me before the people as I just now find myself.

If a correspondent sent a stamp for information, I always gave all I could, sometimes several dollars' worth, including time and stationery. I am money out on all the work I hav ever done for the public and in the correspondence. I may be out far more than this ere it is all ended, yet I would not take back one iota of it all, even to jail experience and broken health, for I believe it has done great good, and will do still greater. Life is short at the best, and we can each of us do but little. I hav the testimony of hundreds that I hav helped and benefited them. Can one regret doing good? As yet no testimony has come of anyone ever having been harmed by aught I've said or written. So I go quietly to my trial, hoping whatever the verdict of the court may be, that my little world, the Liberal world, will stand by me only one-half as earnestly as they did by D. M. Bennett—only one-half as earnestly as he would, could he hav lived till now. In the bright and hallowed radiance of his honored and beloved name I rest my case, bidding each and all of you a cheerful and hopeful good-bye.

TO ELMINA'S FRIENDS, HELPERS, AND CUSTOMERS.

I am receiving quite a number of letters, the writers of which say they mailed me money and failed to hear from me as to its reception. I hav written to every one who has sent as much as ten cents. I always try to answer all business letters at once. If any hav ordered books or photos, or sent money that has not been acknowledged, they may be sure the fault is in the mails. I mail my letters, packages, and papers myself, and attend to it well. If books fail to reach customers, I shall be glad to hear of it, and will do all I can to make it right. I earnestly thank all who hav aided me by sending for books. ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

July 6, 287.

Liberal papers please copy.

## Beecher and Ingersoll.

The beautiful tribute of Robert Ingersoll to the memory of Henry Ward Beecher recalled a unique and characteristic defense of the first-named gentleman by the Plymouth pastor. There had been some talk of a public controversy between the alleged Infidel and Christian, and some members of Plymouth were quite anxious for such a discussion, but the majority were seriously opposed to it. One gentleman in particular was most bitter in his denunciation of Mr. Ingersoll, and among other things remarked, "No man has any right to tear down unless he can build up with equal facility."

"Brother," said Mr. Beecher with a chuckle, "the foundations of your faith must be very knock-kneed, and you ought to be obliged to Ingersoll or any other man who would sweep them away. True faith and true love cannot be disturbed by logician, Infidel, or iconoclast. That which is not true ought to go, and if there is anything I do enjoy it is to see a brave and able man pitch into the superstitions of the age. He can't whack 'em too hard to suit me."

At another time a gentleman was relating a story of Ingersoll's egotism. An admirer of this gentleman desired him to visit his mother, an old lady of seventy, who was an ardent Presbyterian. Mr. Ingersoll declined on the plea of not wishing to unsettle the belief of so venerable a matron.

"The arrogance of supposing himself able to show an old Christian like that the error of her ways!" said the critic with a sneer.

"I don't believe he ever said it," said Mr. Beecher with some irritation. "It is not in harmony with his character. If the lies that are told about public men could be materialized, they would wall in and roof over the whole earth."—*Eleanor Kirk in the World.*

## Prehistoric Man.

A valuable collection, numbering more than ten thousand objects, illustrating the habits and accomplishments of prehistoric man in western Europe, was opened to public exhibition at the Smithsonian Institution, July 7th. These were gathered during a five years' residence abroad by Mr. Thomas Wilson, ex-United States consul at Nice, and his wife. They hav been so arranged as to illustrate the gradual progression of the race from the beginning of the Paleolithic epoch of archæology (the Quaternary of geology) down to and through the Bronze age to its merging with the Iron, just preceding the dawn of prehistoric time.

The series begins with the chipped stone elements of the creatures who, during perhaps sixty or seventy centuries, roamed over all that portion of the continent then above water and not covered with ice. The jaw-bones of these people lack the fixtures, so to speak, to which in modern humanity the tongue muscles are attached; and this leads to the presumption that they did not possess the power of speech. However that may be, the shape of their skulls indicates that they could hav had nothing of interest or importance to say.

The dawn of the Glacial period drove them to the caves, where, during a residence of some centuries, they invented clothes. This is proved by the existence in great numbers of stone scrapers used in preparing the hides of their quadrupedal contemporaries. From chipped stone they hav advanced to ground or polished stone, and thence to implements of bone. Now came the dawn of art, and their finest bone implements were engraved with pictures of the horse, reindeer, and bear.

The collections of pottery and bronze of a much later period are curious and extensiv. Of bronze there are barbed fish hooks, exactly like those of to-day; long pins with globular heads as large as walnuts, the counterparts of the implements used by modern ladies to keep the hat in place; and, finally, there are safety pins, used by Etruscan maidens long before the advent of Romulus and Remus, which contain in the germ every principle of that most useful article known to the modern nursery.

## Professor Klein's Star.

Astronomer Klein, of Kentucky, recently made the startling announcement that he had discovered the Star of Bethlehem "in the northwestern heavens near the horizon." Mr. Klein's knowledge of astronomy may be judged by the following letter from Richard A. Proctor to the *Globe-Democrat:*

Astronomers hav to thank Mr. Klein for the amusement he has afforded them.

The smoked glasses and mirror attachment which hav shown him Cassiopeia in the day-time, though at night he cannot find either the constellation or his marvelous star, would be useful improvements. He should patent them. Hitherto astronomers, idiotic old fogies that they are, hav supposed smoked glasses chiefly useful in diminishing light, not in making faint objects visible.

It may interest Mr. Klein and others ignorant of elementary matters in astronomy to learn that Cassiopeia is never "below the horizon, and consequently invisible from our latitude"—our latitude meaning any latitude in Kentucky. Cassiopeia at midnight, at this season, is as high above the horizon as at 4 in the afternoon. The constellation may be invisible at midnight through smoked glasses or with the mirror attachment in which the Hartford observer rejoices. Smoked glasses and mirror attachments are indeed not greatly esteemed by astronomers as aids in observing stars. But assuredly every star down to the seventh magnitude can be seen in Cassiopeia now at midnight, and Mr. Klein's Star of Bethlehem is not visible among them. While he has been smoking glasses, somebody has been smoking him.

But possibly this portentous new star comes out in the daytime to oblige Mr. Klein, and goes in again—perhaps even works its way out of Cassiopeia to get below the horizon—at night, just to vex astronomers.

Let me explain, however, that though in writing about the matter for European and American magazines and journals I hav done my best to get all the fun out of the Kentuckian professor's "discovery" that lies in it—and that is saying a good deal, for it is the funniest thing I hav yet heard of—I hav been careful not to describe it as an essentially Kentuckian or American achievement. It curiously illustrates prevalent ignorance about matters astronomical—but that is all. Respectfully yours, RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

## Lectures and Meetings.

SINCE the commencement of the lecture season last fall, J. E. Remsburg has delivered three hundred lectures.

J. HENRY SCHROEDER, of Arago, Coos county, Or., under date of June 18th, writes: "Coos county was struck with a Liberal cyclone this week. It visited Myrtle Point first on the 14th inst., and swept through Arago, Coquelle City, Bandon, and Marshfield, and is expected to spend its force at Empire City to-morrow night, and then leave the county for other parts of the state. Its course from here has not been definitly calculated, but will be northward as far as Washington territory, then east. It would be advisable for people north of here to prepare for it. It seemed to increase in force, so that Coquelle and Bandon got a little heavier dose than the two first-mentioned places. Marshfield and Empire City are yet to hear from. The damage cannot yet be estimated. Fortunately there was nobody killed. It seems that the principal damage done was a mental disturbance, and it is feared that some will not recover. The most singular feature of the affair is that a majority, especially those who sustained the greatest damage, are now praying that it may retrace its course and visit us again, and complete the destruction. They would rather build on a new and strong foundation than patch up an old and partially worn structure. Later.—Some hav not yet recovered from the shock, and are undecided. The present outlook, however, is that those who lack the means ('poor sinners') will patch up the old structure and make it serve their purpose a while longer, while others more energetic hav already commenced to clear away the *debris*, and will build anew. Some are talking of emigrating, but cannot decide where to go. Nearly all the Liberals here are showing a spirit of self-sacrifice by rendering every necessary assistance, and doing all in their power to alleviate the suffering of the poor unfortunates. Putnam is a brick. He has endeared himself to us by his congeniality and gentlemanly deportment, as well as his devotion to the cause of humanity. We hav lived in a new earth this week, and hope to reach the new heaven in the future. The 'American Democracy' is our ideal, and we hav decided to enlist in the cause and fight for the same. The Coquelle Liberal Union was organized at Bandon, Coos county, Or., on the 16th inst. J. Henry Schroeder was chosen temporary president, and J. M. Upton secretary. It will hav a membership of over one hundred, and looks forward with pleasure to the time when it may affiliate with other organizations of the kind, and do its part in the reformation."

# Communications.

## Mrs. Colman's Reminiscences.

As I read the letter, "It's a hard case," said Mr. Lincoln, "but what can I do? I hav no more money than she has. Can't you take her off my hands?" I said in answer, "Mr. President, when I came in I told you I was very glad I had no favor to ask of you, but really I shall be most happy to grant you one, and so if you will write on this envelope the words you hav just said to me, 'It is hard, but I, the president, hav no more money than she has.—Abraham Lincoln,'" said I, "I will take her and see that the sick woman's rent is paid." The president put on a look which meant, "You hav the best of me," took the letter, and wrote on the outside, "I consider this a very worthy case.—Abe Lincoln." I took the woman, but I learned in that conversation of perhaps something more than fifteen minutes that he, Mr. Lincoln, was not glad to be the emancipator of a race of slaves. Perhaps he came to rejoice over it when he realized that by the logic of events his name would be immortal for that act, but he did not see it then. He believed in the white race and not in the colored, and he did not want them to be equal politically or socially. My work continued with the freed people through the year, though I often visited the hospitals, and did what I could to while the time away with the poor maimed and homesick soldiers.

A woman's presence was always a joy to them. There was a volunteer nurse, a Mrs. Mary Parker, with whom I was intimately acquainted, whose name should be printed in letters of gold on enduring marble. She worked without salary, as she did not please the woman who had charge of the nurse's department, and was therefore summarily dismissed from government employment; but she worked, giving herself very little rest, day or night, sleeping for an hour or two wherever night overtook her. She slept in the warehouse where the soldiers' supplies were kept, when within reach of the building, on a pile of blankets, and if the blankets were gone, on the boxes. She visited all the hospitals in the entire district once a week if possible, but her daily visits were at the hospitals in Alexandria. The soldiers told her all their grievances, and she never once failed to get them removed, when they were found to be real, and not the effect of a morbid condition of the sufferer. After the first year of work, she had become so well known to President Lincoln that he said to those whom it concerned, "When Mrs. Parker asks for an ambulance, giv her the best pair of horses and the most trusty driver. There's no need of questioning her; she is on some mission of mercy which everyone else has forgotten." The surgeon-general became her powerful friend, and more than one incompetent or cruel surgeon lost his place by being represented to him (the surgeon-general) in his true colors by Mrs. Parker. She shared the soldiers' rations, and the soldiers shared with her whatever friends sent to her for her comfort.

One day she came to my room with her feet literally on the ground. She did not know it, though it was in March, and wet and cold. She was full of enthusiasm about a young soldier whom she had in her tent (some of the Western soldiers had given her a tent, and now she had a home). He was very young, had fallen away on his march, and was reported drunk or a deserter. Mrs. Parker had found him, knew that he was sick, had ordered an ambulance and brought him to her home, and after making him comfortable, she had been to the president, and he had said, "Yes, yes," to whatever she desired, and now on her way home she had called to tell me and to ask me to come and see "her dear sick boy." I looked down at her feet, her toes protruding from the holes in her shoes, and said, "Mary Parker, you havn't been into the White House in such a plight?" She said, "I didn't once think of my feet, and I don't think the president saw them. I was in such haste to get the pardon before my poor boy soldier dies, so that he could see it." I took from my purse five dollars and said, "Swear to me that you will buy you a pair of shoes on your way home, and I will giv you this money to pay for them. I can't afford to giv it to you for any other purpose." She said, "I will." But when, a week from that time, she came to tell me the young soldier was dead and buried, her feet were in the same ragged shoes. I said, "Your feet—what does it mean?" "I couldn't help it. I know if you had been with me and seen the soldier that I used that money for, you would hav forgotten bare feet." Such was Mary Parker, who for all the years of the war gave herself to the welfare of the soldier. She never received one dollar from the government for her services, but I hope some of the soldiers for whom she worked so faithfully remembered her and made her some remuneration.

Jane Gray Swisshelm, one of the earliest of the Woman's Rights women, a lineal descendant of the family to which Lady Jane Gray belonged, did valiant service in the hospitals. She had the same power, perhaps in a less degree, that the late Dr. LaRoy Sunderland possessed. Her hands always soothed the patient; even the amputation of a limb seemed not painful if only Mrs. Swisshelm was the assistant; her touch overcame the suffering. But like Mrs. Parker (the nurse), she could not come under rules. She knew what and how to do, and when to do it, and so, as a soldier, she would hav been a sharp-shooter or a scout, never a subordinate. It was my privilege to know her well, and knowing, to appreciate her. I used to think, as on my visits to my various schools, I met or passed the ambulances filled with maimed and bleeding men, and often dying men, how great must hav been the wrong of chattel slavery that required such a sacrifice of life to abolish, and wonder if woman were only an activ power in the government if she would not hav found a way to remove the wrong without the dreadful war; but the thing that most distressed me was the seeing of young boys handcuffed together in charge of some officer, accused of deserting or some lesser offense. These boys—they were not old enough for men—had been, in many cases, hired by some men as substitutes for themselvs, they, the boys, having no idea what a soldier's life meant; charmed by the martial music and the persuasiv power of the speakers, they had enlisted. The life was too much for either their physical or moral nature to endure, and so they had fallen and were prisoners. At last came the end and Richmond was taken, but one morning, not a month after the joyful news, came the shock of the president's death. What need to write it? Is not every one familiar with the tragedy? One thing you are not familiar with unless you were a witness; that is, the grief of the colored people all through the District of Columbia. They had looked upon the president as their savior, and loved him as such, and, added to their grief, they feared now they would be returned to bondage. It was touching to hear their wailings; every hut whose occupant possessed a rag of black cloth, or, not possessing, could obtain it, found it a delight to hang it over the door, and when the day came when, for the time being, all, without regard to the color of the skin, were allowed to enter the White House, not one failed to look upon the face of their dead friend. And now came the trial of the assassinators, all of which you will find in the chronicles of the day. I only make this record, that, so far as I could judge from the evidence, and I attended the trial, Mrs. Surratt had no more to do with the murder of President Lincoln than had any other rebel woman. She, no doubt, desired it, as did many another rebel, but that she in any way aided or abetted, or even knew anything about it until after the occurrence, was not, in my opinion, proved even by circumstantial evidence; but men seemed mad. I was present in the court when Mrs. Surratt's daughter entered, looking wild with grief. She was not allowed to look one moment upon her mother, but one of the officials took hold of the poor girl's shoulders, turned her around, and put her out of the court. Mrs. Surratt was not allowed speech with a woman after her arrest. Man made the law, man arrested her, man tried her, by man she was pronounced guilty, and by man she was hung by the neck until she was dead. I do not find anything to say about "woman's rights;" it is all woman's wrongs. My good cousin need not hav warned me that I would make my reminiscences unpopular by writing of the rights of women; I find so much of wrongs that I hav no space for rights. I think great injustice was done to one man, perhaps two, who were found guilty of aiding in the assassination; but the people were mad with fear, and the civil authorities and military commission that tried the prisoners only carried out the will of the people at large. Had they become less bloodthirsty, that they were so careful of the arch-traitor, Jefferson Davis?

*Syracuse, N. Y.* LUCY N. COLMAN.

## The Iron Bed of Procrustes.

*From Unity.*

The age of fable has bequeathed us a very suggestiv bit of mythology in the story of Procrustes. Upon an iron bedstead which this notorious highwayman possessed, all the victims which fell into his hands were stretched. If they were too long for the bed, their legs were cut off. If too short, they were stretched. Bed and victim must be made to fit at any cost.

This myth suggests an analogy in the mental history of man. Established opinion has ever been tramping up and down the highway of thought and has stretched upon the Procrustean bed of torture the advanced thinkers of every age.

In the past men of independent thought were burnt, poisoned, hung, drowned, buried alive, smothered, crucified, for attempting to enlarge or purify the world's knowledge and life. None of these things are done now. The man of ideas is merely figurativly stretched on the Procrustean bed of dogmatism. Instead of chopping off his legs, his character is impugned, his heart declared hardened, his sanity impeached. Instead of stretching the thinker's limbs, his ideas are tortured and twisted and bent until their original form and power is destroyed.

Time was in Christian history when the church willingly sacrificed life in the holy effort to make earth's noblest men fit the iron bed of dogma! Mother Church found the monk Luther an eccentric child. She tried to put him to bed and to sleep, but he refused to be silenced by such benumbing lullaby. The success of Luther's protest encouraged the human spirit. Since his time the rise and progress of Rationalism and the disintegration of dogmatic theology has been a movement of steadily increasing breadth and momentum.

Organized Christianity is now ashamed of its iron bed. But no amount of sanctimonious whitewash or pious paint can efface the stains and spots upon it. Liberal and humane men in all denominations wish to put the hateful thing in the theological attic. But mark the irony of fate. Science and the purified religious consciousness of humanity insist in bringing that iron bed (the plan of which was revealed from heaven) into the clear light of day.

It is not proposed to stretch persons upon this bedstead. The intelligence of the age proposes to put it to a new and more noble use. Henceforth it shall be called the bed of truth, and all ideas which will not fit it must be modified until they do. If any man chooses to tie to theories that cannot rest peacefully upon this humanized Procrustean bed, he may be permitted to do so. There is no law to prevent one from believing in any amount of superstition, except the law of right thinking; and if one will ignore that law, there is little to be said. People may lie down on their bed of dogmatism in fancied security, but the coverings that prevent contact with the iron framework of truth are being rapidly worn out, and at no distant day contact with reality will startle the human mind into a self-conscious appreciation of the fact that it has been bound for centuries upon the Procrustean bed of delusion.

FRANK L. PHALEN.

## Parable of the Monkeys.

In a certain forest on the far-distant borders of the sea there lived a tribe of monkeys. Though their rank in civilization and learning was comparativly low, these monkeys led a life of peace and contentment. They obeyed implicitly the mandates of their ruler, adhered strictly to the laws of the tribe, and performed their religious duties with devotion and sincerity. Old age and infirmities were respected, the weaker sex was treated with deference and spared the harder portions of the toils, and toward one another they were peaceful and considerate. Temperance and morality governed all their actions and desires, dishonesty or deceit was never practiced, and, in short, vice was unknown to these simple monkeys.

The Great Orang-outang was worshiped as their creator. They prayed to him for relief or succor, adored him for the blessings they enjoyed, and praised him for his goodness and greatness and wonderful works. Life, they had learned to believe, was given them for the sole purpose of being enjoyed; therefore was true and perfect happiness made the object of their lives. And as contentment and pleasure were found with the knowledge they possessed, and in their mode of living, any advancement was never desired, and was, moreover, unnecessary. But withal, these monkeys were industrious; for their idea of a life of happiness was not that it consisted of idleness. Each performed diligently his share of the work necessary for the welfare and maintenance of his family and the tribe.

As in their forest was found all they desired, nought was cared for the world outside of it; save at times to wonder, while gazing out over the vast expanse of sea, what strange things lay beyond the horizon.

And thus they lived, and had lived, from generation to generation, in peace, simplicity, and virtue.

One day several strange monkeys came into the forest. Notwithstanding that they were of a tribe entirely different from and unknown to the nativ monkeys, and that their speech, appearance, and action caused them to be looked upon with mixed reverence and fear as beings of a superior order, they were received hospitably and treated with all the civility and kindness the nativ monkeys were capable of showing them.

"We hav come," said they, "from the big forest across the sea to teach you the truth, so that you can be wise and good, as we are, and as all monkeys are who worship the Great Baboon, the true creator. At present you are ignorant, unhappy, and barely civilized; you cannot be good, or peaceful, or contented; for how is it possible when your religion is so low and untrue, and you so abominably wicked as to worship a false creator? But rejoice! for we hav come to teach you the blessed truth and save you from the wrath of the Great Baboon."

The nativ monkeys were both perplexed and displeased. They regarded these strangers as far superior to themselvs in wisdom, and could not therefore but admit that they were in possession of many truths unknown to them, yet they failed to

comprehend the truth of what had just been heard, and to understand by what right those denunciations of both themselvs and their beliefs had been made.

"You say we are wicked and unhappy because we worship the Great Orang-outang. We fail to comprehend. We obey our creator's laws, and they tell us to be good and happy. You say we should worship the Great Baboon. We do not know who he is; we never heard of him. Why, then, shall we worship him? The Great Orang-outang made this forest, and the sea, and the whole world; and he made the sun, and the moon, and all the stars; and it is he who givs life to the monkeys and all other creatures. We hav heard him and hav seen his wonderful manifestations; and many generations ago he appeared at times to certain of our ancestors, and talked with them and gave them laws. Therefore we worship him, for he is the creator."

"You poor deluded monkeys!" replied the strangers in pitying accents, and rolling up their eyes, "surely it is time you are delivered from your blindness. We are much wiser than you, and you must believe what we tell you and not question the truth of it. The Great Baboon is merciful, therefore has he sent us to teach you to worship him. For if we had not come, you would hav gone, after death, to the Horned Gorilla, who livs in a great, cold plain, where there is no fruit or water, and not even a tree, and no light or heat, but it is so cold that all those go there freeze forever and ever, without once being able to become warm or escape. It is there all monkeys go who do not worship the Great Baboon; and it is there you will go if you do not believe what we tell you. You must not believe in the Great Orang-outang, for there is no such being. You say he gave you laws and talked to different ones of your tribe; that is not true. The Great Baboon is the only real creator. He has many times appeared to monkeys and has given them laws, which are written in a book; and if you obey these laws and pray to the Great Baboon for forgivness, you will become as good and wise as we, and civilized like the monkeys of the big forest across the sea. And after death, you will go to the Great Baboon's beautiful forest among the stars, where you will liv in infinit bliss forever and ever with a golden bell on the end of your tail."

And thus these worshipers of the Great Baboon haranged for a long time; dilating on the horrible sufferings to be endured in the company of the Horned Gorilla, and the manifold wonders and delights of the Great Baboon's forest; relating numerous tales of the creator's power and mercy and loving kindness, and reading from the book in which his laws were written; referring continually to the ignorance and wickedness of their hearers, and endeavoring to dissatisfy them with their condition by glowing descriptions of the innumerable blessings, wonderful advancement, and marvelous achievements of the believers in the Great Baboon, and promising them that by adopting the true faith they, too, would enjoy the same advantages. And so they continued, reasoning, entreating, threatening, and commanding, while they enforced the truth of the new faith and their assertions of being messengers from the Great Baboon by the performance of certain tricks which, though commonplace to anyone of their own tribe, appeared to the nativ monkeys as miracles performed through the divine agency of the creator. In this manner, then, they worked upon the simplicity and superstitions of these monkeys, who, though at first attempting to remonstrate, were gradually overcome; and finally, believing themselvs the most unhappy and wicked creatures on the face of the earth, they abandoned their faith to adopt the better one for fear of eternal punishment, and in the hope of being able to find at least a small amount of true peace and enjoyment while they remained in this world.

And now more of the Great Baboon worshipers from across the sea arrived; and, like their predecessors, were shown the greatest civility and respect by the nativ monkeys. They were given shelter and furnished with fruits and nuts, and shown where the coolest springs were to be found. In return, the nativ monkeys were treated with hypocritical kindness; their honesty and unsuspicious natures being taken advantage of to impose upon and grossly defraud them whenever the smallest opportunity offered, so that, ere long, they found themselvs becoming impoverished for want of food, and obliged to retire deeper into the forest in order to allow the invaders to possess and make use of those better portions of it which had been obtained by barefaced fraud. They were the witnesses of acts of intemperance and immorality which, at first, shocked their finer instincts, but by constant repetition these instincts became dulled, and finally died out. Thus these civilized worshipers of the Great Baboon robbed them, not only of their worldly possessions, but of their nobler and better natures, with all their attendant attributes; and when, in natural consequence, the nativ monkeys became quarrelsome and vicious, and imitated the crimes and vices of their superiors, they were not only threatened with the most direful vengeance of both the Great Baboon and Horned Gorilla, but were severely chastised and treated with the utmost contempt and cruelty.

At length one day a large number more of the Baboon worshipers came into the forest. They informed the nativ monkeys they had come to settle there, and that therefore the forest now belonged to them. The nativ monkeys failed to perceive the lawfulness of this, and having learned by sad experience the treatment likely to be received should these civilized monkeys become their masters and rulers, they attempted to drive them out. But, they being unacquainted with the art of warfare, the invaders, with their superior weapons and knowledge of fighting, overcame them and slaughtered them without mercy, killing their children, outraging their wives and daughters, and destroying whatever belonged to them. This one-sided warfare continued till but a comparativly few of the nativ monkeys remained. These surrendered themselvs as slaves to the conquerors. Then the Great Baboon worshipers sang a song of thanksgiving to their creator for allowing them to so easily obtain so beautiful a forest, and prayed to him that all those wicked monkeys who had been killed in resisting them might go to the Horned Gorilla, and that those who had escaped might be obliged to undergo the severest hardships as a just retribution for their sins.

Only a few of the once peaceful and happy tribe of monkeys now remained. Their former home was a long, long distance away. No more could they look out over the sparkling sea or ramble along its shore; no more could they drink from their favorit springs, or gather the choicest nuts and fruits, or frequent their accustomed haunts; no more could they roam at will through the beautiful forest, and no more could they call every part of it their own—all had been taken from them. Their freedom was gone, their happiness was a thing of the past, and ere long the existence of the tribe itself would be as something of long ago.

They lived in want and degradation in a strange, unknown part of the forest, whither they had been driven by the encroachments of the civilized monkeys. In place of their once happy ignorance of vice and of their former virtuous and upright character, were moral depravity and a familiarity with the lowest of vices and crimes. Intoxication, licentiousness, and their attendant evils had already performed their share in reducing the tribe, and were now aiding in the destruction of the few survivors. There was no desire for any manual labor, and moreover, these monkeys were utterly unfit for work of any kind, having lost all their vigor and energy. Their belief in the Great Orang-outang had long been supplanted by that in the Great Baboon.

This, then, was what the true religion and its civilized adherents had done for these monkeys; and it was to them an inestimable gain, as they had been able to lay hold on eternal life. All their present degradation and wickedness were no drawbacks to everlasting bliss; for they had at last acquired that promised and long-sought-for wisdom and virtue in being able to comprehend and comply with the great, yet simple, maxim, "Only believe and you shall be saved!"

DORANT.

## The Liberty of Thought and Discussion.

JOHN STUART MILL "ON LIBERTY."

If the teachers of mankind are to be cognizant of all that they ought to know, everything must be free to be written and published without restraint.

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If the intellect and judgment of mankind ought to be cultivated, a thing which Protestants at least do not deny, on what can these faculties be more appropriately exercised by anyone, than on the things which concern him so much that it is considered necessary for him to hold opinions on them? If the cultivation of the understanding consists in one thing more than in another, it is surely in learning the grounds of one's own opinions. Whatever people believe, on subjects on which it is of the first importance to believe rightly, they ought to be able to defend against at least the common objections.

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Where there is a tacit convention that principles are not to be disputed; where the discussion of the greatest questions which can occupy humanity is considered to be closed, we cannot hope to find that generally high scale of mental activity which has made some periods of history so remarkable. Never when controversy avoided the subjects which are large and important enough to kindle enthusiasm, was the mind of a people stirred up from its foundations, and the impulse given which raised even persons of the most ordinary intellect to something of the dignity of thinking beings.

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The peculiarity of the evidence of mathematical truths is, that all the argument is on one side. There are no objections, and no answers to objections. But on every subject on which difference of opinion is possible, the truth depends on a balance to be struck between two sets of conflicting reasons. Even in natural philosophy, there is always some other explanation possible of the same facts; some geocentric theory instead of heliocentric, some phlogiston instead of oxygen; and it has to be shown why that other theory cannot be the true one; and until this is shown, and until we know how it is shown, we do not understand the grounds of our opinion. But when we turn to subjects infinitly more complicated, to morals, religion, politics, social relations, and the business of life, three-fourths of the arguments for every disputed opinion consist in dispelling the appearances which favor some opinion different from it.

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Mankind ought to hav a rational assurance that all objections hav been satisfactorily answered; and how are they to be answered if that which requires to be answered is not spoken? or how can the answer be known to be satisfactory, if the objectors hav no opportunity of showing that it is unsatisfactory? If not the public, at least the philosophers and theologians who are to resolve the difficulties, must make themselves familiar with those difficulties in their most puzzling form; and this cannot be accomplished unless they are freely stated, and placed in the most advantageous light which they admit of.

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If, however, the mischievous operation of the absence of free discussion, when the received opinions are true, were confined to leaving men ignorant of the grounds of those opinions, it might be thought that this, if an intellectual, is no moral evil, and does not affect the worth of the opinions, regarded in their influence on the character. The fact, however, is, that not only the grounds of the opinion are forgotten in the absence of discussion, but too often the meaning of the opinion itself. The words which convey it cease to suggest ideas, or suggest only a small portion of those they were originally employed to communicate. Instead of a vivid conception and a living belief, there remain only a few phrases retained by rote; or, if any part, the shell and husk only of the meaning is retained, the finer essence being lost. The great chapter in human history which this fact occupies and fills, cannot be too earnestly studied and meditated on.

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The greatest orator, save one, of antiquity, has left it on record that he always studied his adversary's case with as great, if not with still greater, intensity than even his own. What Cicero practiced as the means of forensic success, requires to be imitated by all who study any subject in order to arrive at the truth. He who knows only his own side of the case, knows little of that. His reasons may be good, and no one may hav been able to refute them. But if he is equally unable to refute the reasons on the opposit side; if he does not so much as know what they are, he has no ground for preferring either opinion. The rational position for him would be suspension of judgment, and unless he contents himself with that, he is either led by authority, or adopts, like the generality of the world, the side to which he feels most inclination. Nor is it enough that he should hear the arguments of adversaries from his own teachers, presented as they state them, and accompanied by what they offer as refutations. That is not the way to do justice to the arguments, or bring them into real contact with his own mind. He must be able to hear them from persons who actually believe them; who defend them in earnest, and do their very utmost for them. He must know them in their most plausible and persuasiv form; he must feel the whole force of the difficulty which the true view of the subject has to encounter and dispose of; else he will never really possess himself of the portion of truth which meets and removes that difficulty. Ninety-nine in a hundred of what are called educated men are in this condition; even of those who can argue fluently for their opinions. Their conclusion may be true, but it might be false for anything they know; they hav never thrown themselves into the mental position of those who think differently from them, and considered what such persons may hav to say; and consequently they do not, in any proper sense of the word, know the doctrin which they themselvs profess. They do not know those parts of it which explain and justify the remainder; the considerations which show that a fact which seemingly conflicts with another is reconcilable with it, or that, of two apparently strong reasons, one and not the other ought to be preferred. All that part of the truth which turns the scale, and decides the judgment of a completely informed mind, they are strangers to; nor is it ever really known but to those who hav attended equally and impartially to both sides, and endeavored to see the reasons of both in the strongest light. So essential is this disciplin to a real understanding of moral and human subjects, that if opponents of all important truths do not exist, it is indispensable to imagin them, and supply them with the strongest arguments which the most skilful devil's advocate can conjure up.

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

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## Beecher and Comstock.

How does it happen that Mr. E. W. Bok, who was chosen, or appointed himself, to compile a "memorial" volume of tributes to Henry Ward Beecher, has included Anthony Comstock in the list of contributors? For, by all that is strange, Anthony Comstock is in that list, and gets off the following piece of labored exordium:

"What pen can describe the gifts with which the almighty endowed Henry Ward Beecher? As well attempt to count the sands of the sea or the drops in the ocean. Who can comprehend his genius? By what standard of measurement or process of description can one compass his diversity of gifts? But over and above all eloquence, genius, and powers stands, in my mind, the grandeur of a heart so filled with love to God that he regarded all mankind as his brethren. Charity abounded to all. Malice had no place of allodgment in his heart. Misrepresentations of what he said and did were abundant. These attacks were often especially exasperating and hard to bear; and yet over all in his heart seemed written, 'Love to God,' and this seemed the keynote of peace and joy in his life.

"Mr. Beecher endeared himself to the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, and to myself, by his defending and espousing our cause at various times. No amount of opposition, obloquy, or reproach which we had to encounter could daunt his courage in support of our cause. His eloquent voice more than once was heard in our behalf.

"That life that went out so quietly on Brooklyn Hights disappeared as disappears the morning star, which sinks not down behind a darkened west, but melts away with the brighter effulgence of the rising sun; that life seems to whisper back the song of the angels, 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men!'

"ANTHONY COMSTOCK."

As this is a string of hackneyed commonplaces, it is exactly what might be expected from a man of Comstock's mental caliber, but it can add nothing to the fame of Henry Ward Beecher. That phase of Beecher's character—namely, his detestation of Calvinism—which made him worthy of the words written of him by Ingersoll, is the one with which his name will be most honorably associated in history, and it is also the very phase that religious Pecksniffs like Comstock could never understand or appreciate. Their defense of Beecher weighs as testimony against him. To excite the admiration of hypocrisy is a misfortune to any public or private citizen.

Beecher's connection with the Society for the Suppression of Vice came about through his son, William C. Beecher, acting as attorney for Comstock. Probably no eminent father ever tried harder to hoist his sons up to his own level than did Henry Ward Beecher, and what recognition his services as a campaign orator entitled him to he was willing they should receive, and they hav received it. If the secret history of the "disgusting" literature bill were known, it would doubtless be found that Beecher's indorsement of the Vice Society secured the signing of that act by Governor Hill. William C. Beecher, Comstock's attorney, going to Washington with his father's name as a talisman, would at once secure the sympathy of the president; and an intimation from Cleveland to Hill that the signing of the bill would be considered a favor could not well be disregarded. The fact that Governor Hill affixed his signature on the morning of the day when otherwise the bill would hav failed, would indicate that in some manner his mind was mysteriously quickened.

But the misuse of Beecher's name by the Vice Society will not end here. Comstock's success at Albany is likely to take him to Washington with a similar bill, or a worse one, to be incorporated in the postal statutes. He will be backed by the church, and the legislature will be as wax when he lays his obscene hand upon it. And if, as is said and believed, Cleveland used his influence to secure the signing of the "disgusting" literature bill in New York, no opposition will be encountered from him when it is proposed as a United States law. Then we may expect another reign of the Comstock terror; for when the word "disgusting" is applied with all its synonyms and modifications, it can be made to bring within the meaning of the statute any thing or publication which excites the aversion of a religious or ignorant jury.

It is not a flattering commentary upon contemporary statesmanship that such a law could be passed by our legislatures, and it is to the discredit of Henry Ward Beecher that he gave the power of his name to be used by the society with which the law originated.

## Our Tenement Houses.

Fr. J. O. S. Huntington, who is a Protestant Episcopal monk, contributes to the current number of the *Forum* an article on "Tenement House Morality," which, if its statements are true, as they doubtless are, shows that we hav forms of misery and degradation in New York unequaled anywhere else in the world. A gratifying feature of the article is that, though from the pen of a monk, it is wholly free from religious cant. Mr. Huntington describes one block of a tenement-house district which he visited. The block, he says, measures 700 by 200 feet. On all sides are rows of tenements four or five stories high. Behind one-third of the houses in these rows are rear houses, with smaller rooms, darker and dirtier passages, backed often by another rear-house, a brewery, a stable, or a factory. Altogether there are 1,736 rooms. In these rooms liv 2,076 souls, divided into 460 families; thus, on the average, each family of five persons occupies three rooms. The population of some parts of New York is 290,000 to the square mile; the most densely populated part of London has 170,000. Of course, in many cases, the family is larger (some of the very poorest people take lodgers), and in a number of cases he found fourteen or fifteen grown persons occupying two rooms, or even one. And then many of these "rooms" are hardly more than closets, and dark closets at that. Almost all the bedrooms measure only seven feet by nine, and hav but one door and one window. The door leads into the apartment that serves as kitchen, parlor, sitting-room, laundry, and workshop, and the window opens on a dark stairway, up which the moisture from the cellar and the sewer-gas from the drains are continually rising. One-fifth of these rooms, too, are in basements below the level of the street, and nearly half of even the outer rooms open into courts only twenty feet wide, in which are usually several wooden privies for the use of the fifteen or twenty families in the front and rear houses.

In these rooms are found sometimes two or three married couples, and a half dozen grown or half-grown girls and boys. In hot weather doors and windows are opened to let in what air may be stirring, and such a thing as family privacy is, of course, out of the question, and therefore unknown. Under such circumstances the morals of the barnyard, or worse, is the only morals possible. Added to this are the misery, the squalor, and the filth to which any well-kept barnyard is a stranger. "Even bodily cleanliness is impossible. Bath-rooms are unknown in tenement houses, and the public baths, open only a few months of the year, often afford but fresh opportunities for vice." In most families what little bathing is done must be done in the presence of others. Of course, says Mr. Huntington, sickness and death hav their own horrors. What little privacy may be possible for the well is often denied to the sick, who, to get any air at all, must lie in the room used by the whole family for almost every purpose. "And death, from its frequency, and the coarseness that surrounds it, loses, if not all its terrors, at least its dignity, and is regarded as one of the many disagreeable accidents of life, hardly worthy even of idle curiosity. The corpse lies for two days in the room where the family eats, works, and often sleeps."

Children in these tenement houses must find their playground "in the dirty street in front of the block, or in the dirty yard, half filled with privies, behind. When it rains the children play in the cellars, sailing their boats on the water that often stands there, or wading ankle-deep in it." With all their opportunities for observation, with their eyes open to see everything, and with their ears open to hear everything, the period of childish innocence is passed at nine or ten years of age. Girls and boys of that age are found who, as Felix Adler described it, hav "already eaten of the tree of knowledge." About these tenements there is no such thing as the home influence, but the world outside has its attractions—saloons, dance-houses, gilded vice. To these the youth are drawn, and from them the boys are likely to be graduated for the penitentiary, the girls for something worse.

The conclusion which the writer reaches is that morality in tenement houses is practically impossible. He asks: "Can anything be done to set things right?" and here he makes this significant admission:

"Of course something is being accomplished for a small portion of the young people in tenement districts by the various chapels, mission-rooms, guild and reading-rooms, schools and libraries, but these are, for the most part, only palliatives of the misery; and an increasing number of the hardest workers in the cause of philanthropy are beginning to question whether all our charitable agencies and institutions, by making the lives of tenement-house people just not intolerable, may not be actually increasing the evils that they are organized to redress."

Such an admission from a priest should hav weight with those who seek to relieve misery through charity alone. Charity has its uses. The starving man should be fed; the sick should be cared for, but the organized charity of the churches breeds vagabondage and laziness, and destroys manhood and independence. It is demoralizing to any person to receive that which he has done nothing to earn.

Exactly what the remedy for the evils of tenement-house life is to be Mr. Huntington does not say, and perhaps no man can say. It would seem that responsibility rests chiefly with the owners of the houses, who permit large numbers to liv in small quarters. If every landlord performed his duty in this regard; if every house were supplied with a janitor to see that hallways, yards, and cellars were kept clean; if the street cleaning department would do the work it is paid to do; if the health department were as activ as it ought to be, and if New York had a water supply adequate to its needs, we should shortly see a vast improvement in the tenement-house districts; and it is a great deal better to begin with reforms of this kind than to mark out for the abolition of poverty and immorality some great scheme that can never be realized. All will agree with Mr. Huntington that "this is not a matter for sentiment or pious condolence, but for justice."

It may be with some a cause for rejoicing that, in view of all the poverty, suffering, vice, and want in overcrowded, squalid, and reeking tenement houses, the Episcopalians of New York are about to erect a six-million dollar cathedral Also that we shall then hav in this city some seventy million dollars' worth of church property which pays no taxes, and which consequently throws a larger burden upon the rent-payer, from whom all taxes are finally drawn. Certainly, Father Huntington, we want less piety and more justice.

## Trifling with Legal Machinery.

When the hotel men of New York waited upon Mayor Hewitt and asked for relief from the odious Sunday law, the mayor informed them that he was powerless in the matter. He would suggest, however, that they might break the law, refuse to giv bail, and, under a writ of *habeas corpus*, carry the case to the Court of Appeals. As mayor, of course, he would not advise them to break the law—he merely offered a suggestion. This suggestion the hotel men adopted, and in pursuance of a previous arrangement one of their number was to be arrested on the following Sunday. It was plainly a conspiracy to break the law, and the captain of the precinct was drawn into it. On Sunday he visited a hotel and ordered dinner, with wine, which was served. The captain dipped a piece of bread in the wine, swallowed it, and thereupon placed the proprietor of

the hotel under arrest. The prisoner accompanied the officer to court, where the judge held him for trial, but, exercising judicial discretion, allowed him to depart in the custody of his counsel. The prisoner went back to his hotel and resumed business, and the lawyer went to his office. The parties appeared in court, the police captain guarding his prisoner with a show of mock vigilance, and counsel arose and, with due solemnity, formally demanded that cause be shown why his client was restrained of his liberty. As a matter of fact, the client had not been restrained at all. Counsel next asked an adjournment, which was granted, the prisoner being again placed in custody of his lawyer. When the case finally came to trial the judge decided, as he was bound to do, that the prisoner was guilty as charged, his license plainly prohibiting the sale of wine on Sunday. Up to this point the proceeding had been a farce under the forms of law. The reports said that the court could not keep a straight face, and the counsel bubbled over with laughter. It was a jolly affair all around.

The convict, though nominally restrained of his liberty, remained in custody of his counsel as before. Through writs of *habeas corpus* the case went to other courts, and it was finally decided that the words forbidding the sale of wine to any person did not include guests of a hotel. No definition of "guest" was given, and the hotel-keepers are left to construe it to suit themselvs. Consequently, any person who sits at the table of any hostelry in this city, provided he order a sandwich or a doughnut, can hav served to him all the liquor he is ready to pay for.

This case has been a legal burlesque from beginning to end. There was about it none of the majesty of the law calculated to strike terror to the heart of the evil-doer; but nothing else could be expected in the execution of Puritanical blue laws which neither judges, prosecutors, nor the man making the arrest believe in enforcing, and which it is probable they all habitually break. The chief executiv of the municipality, Mayor Hewitt himself, under the thin disguise of a suggestion, advised the breaking of the law, a police captain connived at it, and the high courts of justice lent themselvs as actors in the ridiculous farce. No mock trial could be more absurd. It is a different thing, however, when the small saloon-keeper is fined a hundred dollars for serving a customer with a glass of beer on Sunday.

The moral is that the Sunday laws should be repealed.

## McGlynn.

The curse of Rome has finally fallen upon "the priest McGlynn." Michael Augustine, otherwise Archbishop Corrigan, on July 8th made public a letter, in which, after setting forth the reasons therefor, he makes the following announcement:

"It has become also our duty to declare to the clergy and laity of our charge, which we do by these letters, that the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn is excommunicated *nominatim*, with all the penalties attached to this censure by the canons of the church."

The penalties are that Dr. McGlynn is "cut off from the communion of the church, from its sacraments and participation in its prayers, and, should he persevere in his contumacy, deprived of the right after death of Christian burial." Hereafter no good Catholic can associate with Dr. McGlynn; none can eat, or speak, or worship with him, or show him any social recognition whatever, under pain of incurring excommunication. The priest giving him the sacrament will be unfrocked. The mass cannot be celebrated in his presence, and the Catholic cemetery that receives his remains will be polluted. Such is the traditional meaning of the excommunication. It is a complete boycott, to be raised only by the repentance of the subject.

Considering the nature of this ecclesiastical boycott, it was naturally to be expected that Dr. McGlynn would feel somewhat depressed at having it declared against him; but such is not the case. At the meeting of the Anti-Poverty Society, Sunday night, he spoke of the action of the Roman machine as a great mistake, and held the whole proceeding up to ridicule. He regarded it as a liberation so far as it affected himself. Said he: "The lightning of excommunication in such cases is mere stage lightning made of phosphorus by a 'super,' and the thunder the mere rattling of sheet-iron by some poor devil who receives fifty cents for his work. The excommunication is not worth the paper it is written on."

Having seen its inside workings for a number of years, Dr. McGlynn knows, as every intelligent priest knows, that the Catholic church is a fraud and that the pope is the prince of humbugs. He knows also, as every intelligent person knows, that the curse of Rome falls heaviest not upon those whom it excommunicates, but upon those whom it continues to control and upon those countries where it gains a foothold. The Catholic church is a curse in itself, and, rightly considered, to incur its condemnation is a beatitude.

## Editorial Notes.

THE farmers of Illinois hav been praying for rain, and we trust that ere this they hav been blessed with a shower. But there are few things more foolish than to pray for rain. It is an implication that an all-wise creator (if there is one) does not know when crops need watering.

JUDGING from the reports from Oregon, Mr. S. P. Putnam, secretary of the American Secular Union, is awaking the echoes in that quarter. More than that, he is leaving behind him a trail of Freethought literature to repeat the joyful sound. The people of Oregon hav bought hundreds of dollars' worth of books, and read THE TRUTH SEEKER attentivly. Lecturers say that where THE TRUTH SEEKER is there is enthusiasm also. Ergo, subscribe for THE TRUTH SEEKER.

ANARCHIST TUCKER, of *Liberty*, calls the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER a "quack" because, while believing in law and justice, he (the Editor of this paper) takes exception to the charge of Judge Childs in the Reynolds blasphemy case. If THE TRUTH SEEKER had ever advocated laws against blasphemy, or the right of a judge to act as prosecutor under them, Mr. Tucker's criticism would hav an application which, under the circumstances, it totally lacks. The belief is growing upon us that when certain subjects are under discussion Mr. Tucker loses the faculty of Reason.

CANON FLEMING, Queen Victoria's chaplain, was recently detected in the theft of one of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's sermons and publishing it as his own, and now a Western religious paper brings the news that a young clergyman of Indiana has plagiarized a sermon from some other preacher and delivered it as an original conception. The paper which prints the news wants to know how it is "that men are not prosecuted for this kind of theft." The reason is that the value of the thing stolen is not sufficient to bring the offense under the head of petty larceny.

HE who wants to enjoy the comforts of religion as derived through the medium of the Bible, must cheerfully and thoroughly submit himself to the absolute, divine authority of that book. If he doubts its authority, or cavils with it, he will not be in a condition of mind to receive its comforts. Faith, simple faith, is an indispensable condition on his part.—*Independent.*

Also, if a quadruped would enjoy the comfort of shavings as a diet, he must wear green spectacles and cheerfully submit himself to the belief that he is eating grass. It will at once be seen that, as in the other instance, faith, simple faith, is an indispensable condition on his part.

SENATOR GRADY, in addressing the Catholic Institute the other day, said: "Don't be afraid to wear your Catholicity as a badge, and when told that one religion is as good as another, don't turn another way, but say you don't believe it; say there is but one religion that is worthy of the name, and that is the Catholic religion." The *Christian Advocate* adds: "Our advice to Protestants is to wear their Protestantism as a badge, and when told that there is but one religion that is worthy of the name, and that is the Catholic religion, say that they don't believe it, and that while the *Roman* Catholic religion may be worthy the name of religion, its true name is a mixture of Christianity and paganism." The *Advocate* is certainly justified in saying that Catholicism is a pagan and Christian mixture, but, then, it is the original Christianity; and though Catholics are bigoted and arrogant, their claims hav a foundation of which the claims of Protestantism are utterly destitute. This is not saying much for Catholicism either.

IT is the complaint of religious people that our public schools are godless and otherwise deficient in the theological department. Let us see. On the program of the graduating exercises of Grammar School No. 47, this city, June 28, 1887, we find the following "Order:"—No. 1. Reading of the Scriptures; No. 2. The Lord's Prayer; No. 3. Chorus, "But the Lord is Mindful of His Own;" No. 5 "Thou Heaven Blue and Bright;" No. 19. A Hymn; No. 20. Address by the Rev. William Ormiston, D.D.; No. 22. Doxology, "Be thou, O God, Exalted High." Many of the intermediate numbers here omitted also show indications of containing references to the alleged beauties of religion. We are informed by one who was present at the exercises that the "address" of the Rev. Mr. Ormiston was a sermon, in which the preacher informed the young graduates before him that unless they were Christians, and lived godly lives, they would find that what learning they had been able to acquire was but dross, not to say a snare and a delusion. If the graduating exercises in all the schools in New York were like those of Grammar School No. 47, and if the daily curriculum is like the closing services, then a good third of the pupils' time is taken up with praying, Bible-reading, hymn-singing, and listening to pious homilies, thus giving the young idea religious target practice five days of the week. Those who attend church on Sunday would get six days of it. Parents who care more for the inculcations of superstition than of learning are, of course, pleased to see their children instructed in religion, but it would strike a fair-minded person as unjust that the children of Freethinkers should hav these services thrust upon them. Of all public departments, superstition is most out of place in the public schools. It is a matter for regret beyond expression that those who hav charge of our educational institutions do not know enough about their business to keep religion out of them.

THE *Kansas City Times* contains an account of some religious exercises that were held near there recently. Ed. Sneed, a murderer, was hanged on June 24th. The day before the execution a number of Catholic priests and sisters visited the murderer's cell and persuaded the occupant to accept salvation through their church. They then retired, and during their absence the city Protestant missionary and a representativ of the Young Men's Christian Association gained access to the condemned man. There had been for some weeks a desultory fight to see which sect should gain final possession of Mr. Sneed. The Protestant visitors opened services by singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and "Rock of Ages," and were engaged in prayer, when a platoon of Catholic priests arrived, and, as the account says, with expletivs, ejaculations, and fist-shaking, hustled the intruders out. But for the prompt action of the guards there might hav been another murderer or two for the surviving religionists to squabble over. Whether Mr. Sneed took the Protestant or Catholic route to paradise is left undetermined, but it is certain that he did not leave this world without the benefit of the clergy. And that is a great boon.

IN the Waco, Texas, *Independent Pulpit* for June the editor, Mr. J. D. Shaw, makes a very fair and able review of the political field where the adverse forces of Prohibition and Anti-prohibition are contending. On the Prohibition side he finds the mercenary time-serving preacher, who is for Prohibition but knows nothing about temperance; the imbecil drunkard, who has no confidence in himself, and wants the state to reform him; the religious fanatic, who advocates the amendment because the preacher advocates it; the would-be party boss, who wants to get into notice some way, he doesn't much care how; and, finally, a lot of sober and thoughtful citizens who see the evils of drink and the corruption of the whisky power, and believe that Prohibition is the only sure remedy for them. On the other side is the liquor dealer, who opposes the Prohibition amendment because it would ruin his business; the party boss, who opposes the amendment because it will break up the party power; the licentious drunkard, who wants his liquor; the moderate drinker, who doesn't abuse his right to drink when he feels like it, and therefore thinks that right should not be taken from him; and again the large body of thoughtful citizens who recognize the evils of drink, but do not regard the law as a sovereign remedy for them. This class further holds that the right of Prohibition, once admitted, would be a precedent dangerous to our free institutions. Mr. Shaw confesses that, although he seeks to view the elements in the strife impartially, his sympathies are altogether on one side. He opposes the amendment.

EDGAR C. BEALL, the phrenologist, has examined the head of Henry George, and the result is published in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. He finds that Mr. George has a "sanguin-vital-mental temperament, which is indicated by a plump figure, small bones, sandy hair, ruddy complexion, blue eyes, rather small features, and a high, narrow brain. This constitution is favorable to facility and versatility of expression, and aptness in literature, oratory, or educational work—qualities all present in Mr. George. His head measures twenty-two inches, not large enough to giv the power of a Luther, a Napoleon, a Bismarck, or a Gladstone. His brain is not perfectly balanced, but the only striking disproportion in his mind is between the selfish instincts and the sense of universal love. There is more thunder than lightning in him, and though as brave as any man in a battle for principle, he will never manifest cruelty or malice, even to a foe. He is modest to a fault, conciliatory and yielding, sensitiv to the luster of a good name, and as honest as any man need be. In these and some other respects he resembles Beecher, but his head is still narrower; in fact, exceedingly narrow at the sides, above and a little in front of the ears at the seat of acquisitivness or love of possession. In such a brain there is no abstract desire for ownership, and money will be regarded simply as a convenience like the spade and harrow that lighten labor, but hav no beauty or attractivness in themselvs. This explains Mr. George's lack of sympathy for monopoly, but his efforts to improve the condition of the masses, and his enthusiasm for the work, are due to his enormous benevolence, which givs the great hight to his frontal top head. This faculty dominates his whole nature, and colors all his life. Intellectually he has more capacity for philosophy than science; yet reasons more by induction than by the *à priori* method; has fair causality, but very large comparison, and will manifest wonderful talent for classification, illustration, criticism, perspicacity, discrimination, perception of analogies, and ingenuity in the use of metaphors. He may not be remarkable as a statistician or for great accuracy in any branch of specific detail, but he has decided power for abstract thought." Professor Beall is evidently an admirer of Mr. George, as he says that "among those who love their fellow-men his name will stand second to none." There are probably very few persons who doubt Henry George's sincerity and philanthropy, but, to use a theological figure, there is a celebrated and populous turnpike that is said to be paved with good intentions. There is one thing that Mr. George ought to do. He ought to read Mr. Beall's work on the "Brain and the Bible." It is not so big a book as "Progress and Poverty," but it is a greater one.

# Letters from Friends.

SILVERTON, OR., June 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The Silverton Secular Union was duly organized at this place, June 23d, by Samuel P. Putnam, secretary of the American Secular Union, with a membership of 114 citizens, representing the very best elements of society. The following is the list of officers elected for the ensuing year: Dr. J. W. McClure, president; W. M. Cline, vice-president; R. D. Allen, secretary; M. Fitzgerald, treasurer; Mrs. Carrie Fitzgerald, H. D. Mount, and E. Wolfard, executiv committee. The following resolution in regard to Mr. Putnam was unanimously adopted at our last meeting:

"*Resolved*, That having had the pleasure of listening to the course of lectures delivered by Samuel P. Putnam, secretary of the American Secular Union, at Silverton, June 22d, 23d, and 24th inst., we hereby desire to express to him our high appreciation of his eminent services, and would add our recommendation of him to people everywhere as a well-poised, well-informed, very able, and eloquent advocate of progressiv Liberalism."

R. D. ALLEN, Sec. Silverton Sec. Union.

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KENT, O., June 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Will Seward Mitchell, of Maine, please inform the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER how it will be possible for every man to hav a home of his own under the self-existing laws of nature when it is impossible for many to draw their pay on pay-day and go home sober? How can anyone own his home if no land is to be sold? Who would build a house on land belonging to another? How would the debts of our country be paid and the security of our homes be maintained were the principles to be carried out which you advance in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 2d? Please state the benefit to a poor man in getting drunk or spending fifty cents to one dollar per day while his family is suffering for want of food at home simply because he is a poor man? Do you not know that the capitalist, as a rule, puts in more hours and harder work than the poor man? How many poor men really deserve a home? If everyone had a home at this present time, how long would they keep it if they could "fool it away?" Please answer these simple questions, and I will giv you some harder problems to solve.

A POOR MAN FROM KENT.

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FT. SCOTT, KAN., June 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The growth of Liberalism is necessarily slow because the evolution of the human mind is slow. A majority of mankind hav but poorly developed intellects, and for this condition they are indebted mainly to the church, which has thrown many obstacles in their way to prevent their natural development. The church has not only discouraged thinking and reasoning, but has positivly forbid it, and the masses of mankind, being bountifully supplied by the church with ignorance and its twin brother, superstition, hav rarely found courage to disregard the commands of the church, consequently the order has had, to a great extent, the effect its originators hoped for—that is, the retrogression of the human intellect and the increase of superstition, which means almost unlimited power to the church. And those who dared to disregard the mandates of the church were made to suffer death by some of the most cruel of the approved methods of savage Christians, and their names maligned as only the church can malign those who, by asserting their individuality, offer themselvs as a subject upon which she can bring to bear her wonderful "seventy times seven brand" (none genuin without signature of the pope and portrait of the three-headed God on the wrapper. One dose stops the pain. Price only one individuality per bottle) of loving forgivness(?).

These are some of the causes that hav filled the world with mere space-occupiers—men who claim to think certain things and giv their assent to certain beliefs, but who, mentally, are not capable of either thinking or believing anything. Such is the condition of a majority of mankind today. Then the task that presents itself to the Liberal-minded men and women is to hold in check the tendency of the masses toward immorality while a faithful effort is being made to elevate them mentally, and as they rise mentally so will they morally. Their elevation will require a process much the same as has evoluted from the "razorback" of yesterday the sleek porker of to-day. They are not susceptible to the persuasiv powers of reason. Who would think of bettering the grade of his swine by a course of lectures? It is much the same with these people; they must rise gradually by the process of evolution, and as they rise Christianity will be grasped by those who hav not already got sufficiently high to grasp it because it includes in its teachings many of the barbarous and superstitious customs of the lower stages from which they are rising; and from Christianity they will, in time, rise to the higher field of Liberalism. The church is a necessary round in the ladder that reaches from the dark valley of superstition and ignorance below to the broad plane of sovereign individuality and perfect happiness above. Most all religions hav taught many good moral precepts which are none the less good by being presented along with so much that was bad, though probably less effectiv. That relic of barbarism, intolerance, is the greatest evil that can be attached to any church, and in the hands of over-zealous followers it has been the cause of untold crimes against mental liberty. The church has ever tried to arrest the immutable laws of evolution by trying to keep in the folds those who hav become fitted for a higher plane. But even intolerance is passing away, and with it the fiendish doctrin of hell, and when those are gone we will hav heaven as meaning the common condition of all men after death; and it will serve very well in that connection. And in the days of this condition of affairs, it shall come to pass that men will be seen doing that which is right, not through a superstitious fear of future punishment for doing wrong, but in obedience to that love of truth, justice, and humanity with which each intellect will be largely imbued. And in those days all men will belong to the grand army of Liberals. May their lives be full of joy! JOHN W. MURRAY.

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OTTUMWA, IA., June 29, 287.

MR. EDITOR: To the list of brilliant lecturers who hav increased the intellectual wealth of our citizens, we may now add the name of Dr. York. What a magnificent man he is! His arguments are unanswerable. Eloquence, logic, wit—all these combine to make him "the Ingersoll of the West."

If the Liberals of this country desire a speaker who believes that there is no subject too sacred for investigation; if they desire one who, fearless of what may be the result, throws the light of reason over the bloody field of superstition, and reveals the cowardice, the ignorance, and brutality of the defenders of Christianity; if they desire one who stands before the world as a representativ of all that is great, grand, and noble, then they should not hesitate to secure the services of Dr. York.

Although the doctor delivered two of the most eloquent and instructiv lectures ever heard in this city, yet not one of our daily papers said a word concerning them.

It is, indeed, to be regretted that the editors of our newspapers—supported alike by Infidel and Christian—are too mean, too cowardly, to say one word of praise regarding the glorious principles of Liberalism.

They do not hesitate to write long accounts of the Academy of Visitation, houses of prostitution, parochial schools, gambling dens, Catholic fairs, dog fights, etc., yet when now and then there comes a wanderer working for the interest of humanity, when some one dares to lift his voice for the advancement of science, truth, and justice, and plead for the liberty of man, woman, and child, they either do not mention the fact at all, or else they display their intelligence by calling our lecturers "foul-mouthed blasphemers," "enemies of the beloved redeemer," etc.

There is but one paper published here that dares acknowledge the superiority of man over God, and whose editor not only believes in the principles of Liberalism, but also scatters Freethought through the medium of his paper. It is the *Industrial Appeal*, and the editor is Mr. N. M. Ives.

Through the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER we wish to thank Mr. Wm. Lindsay for his efforts in securing the services of Dr. York.

Mr. Lindsay is one of the foremost workers in the Liberal ranks. Time has left the wrinkles of care upon his brow, and changed his hair to silvery whiteness; his shoulders for many years hav borne the load of oppression, but still he fearlessly defends the right and unfurls the starry banner of Freethought, and waves it over the barbarous creeds of ages past.

KATIE KEHM.

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PITTSFIELD, MASS., June 27, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of June 25th last you say: "The *Herald* suggests that, as the land theories of Mr. George hav been examined by the church and condemned, though not officially, as unsound, a further holding of them by Roman Catholics will bring on a conflict with the church." As I was brought up in the Roman Catholic church, and think I know something of the dogmas of that church, it is very amusing to read such nonsense as that quoted above. Pray, how can the church condemn anything unofficially? Does the *Herald* or THE TRUTH SEEKER know what is meant by "the church?" Do they think or believe that a few cardinals, or an archbishop or two, constitute "the church?" If so, they are very much mistaken. The *Herald* is also mistaken when it says that the land theories of Mr. George hav been condemned by the church. The pope has no authority to interfere or seek to control the belief of any Catholic in matters of politics. The land question is not a religious question, and the church has not condemned or sanctioned it. The pope has no right or authority to interfere in the land question, and any Catholic, high or low, has a right to think as he or she pleases in the matter. Dr. McGlynn was reprimanded by the powers at Rome for his speeches in favor of the Land League, and before he had anything to do with Mr. George or his land theories. He was reprimanded because he was independent, fearless, and a lover of his fellow-men, and because he was not an humble tool of the power that seeks to keep the people in bondage and ignorance. He was reprimanded because he was in favor of free public schools, and not in favor of sectarian schools which would teach that all who die outside the pale of the Catholic church would go to hell. He was reprimanded because he was not in favor of the temporal power of the pope. He was reprimanded because he was consistent, and believed that the Italian people were as much entitled to their liberty as the people of Ireland or Poland. The press of the country, which for years has been saying that Catholics were "priest-ridden," is now fighting the brave man who comes out and fights manfully and bravely not alone for his own rights, but for the right of every American Catholic to think and act as he pleases on political questions. Why is it that to-day nearly every influential journal in the land is inimical to Dr. McGlynn and Henry George? It is because they belong to either of the old political parties, and they see a power in the new movement that threatens the existence of both parties; and because nearly every one of them is owned by stock companies and syndicates that are alarmed at the theories of Henry George, and know that when the people begin to think, and study, and act, the system that has allowed one man, or a dozen men, to become millionaires, while thousands hav a hard struggle for existence, is doomed. What a sight for thinking men and women was that in London on the 21st of the present month, when hundreds of thousands of people gathered to gaze upon and honor an old woman—for what? Because she had been a queen for fifty years, because she had graciously consented to liv on the bounty of the people and raise a family of royal paupers and pimps for the people to hav the pleasure of supporting. I cannot help but echo the saying of the comic paper *Puck*, "What fools these mortals be!" How true it is!—the pope receiving Peter's pence from the starving people of Ireland to buy a present to send to the monarch of a country, when the Parliament of that country is forging chains to enslave them. Verily, there is need of reform, and it is time that the people, and particularly the Catholic people, should awake. There is as much need for a reformation as there was in the days of Luther, and, if the signs are right, it appears to be coming. Let us hope it is, and that when it does come it will be thorough. JAMES MOKENNA.

[Our friend has settled nothing, but merely contributed to the hot dispute upon this point. It is a fact that the church has deposed McGlynn because of his adherence to Henry George's land theories. It is also a fact that the church does control the social as well as the religious views of its people. While the pope has not said *ex cathedra* that George is wrong, he has praised Corrigan and upheld him as against McGlynn. Everybody knows that this implies a condemnation of the land theories of George, in an unofficial manner. The *Herald* and THE TRUTH SEEKER are probably as well acquainted with the history, policy, and power of the church, and also what constitutes the church, as is our esteemed Pittsfield friend.—ED. T. S.]

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TROPIC, FLA., May 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I was sitting on the veranda of the Casper Winter Cottage. The magnificent lagoon was doubling the beauty of the starry sky. Italian sky? No, but its counterpart, our lovely Florida sky. My genial host and family were sitting around. I had been telling the boys about the ancient Arcadians, who in the far East—and ages before Jacob, the progenitor of the Hebrew race, perpetrated the most cruel and abominable fraud recorded in the annals of crime—watched their flocks beneath skies as fair as ours. I had been telling them how these ancient shepherds, sleeping out on the open plains, had naturally been led to the study of the stars; how they had mapped out the heavens; how they had noticed that seven of the stars kept moving about all the time; how they came to believe that each of those seven stars was the home of a god; how they divided time into weeks of seven days and named the days after their gods. Saturn being a severe and morose god, the day they dedicated to him, Saturn's day, or Saturday, was regarded with awe. People were afraid to do any work on that day. And this was centuries before the Israelitish tutelary divinity, Jehovah, who "dwelt on high Olympus"—I wonder if I did make that mistake when I was talking to the boys; I seldom get Greek and Hebrew mythology mixed—whose home was on Mount Sinai, had carved the fundamental law of the Hebrew theocracy in stone. I had explained all this to the boys in language adapted to their young minds and had fallen into a reverie over my mishaps, and was thinking how many times I had laughed over Pickwick's ridiculous dilemmas and was almost wishing that I was constituted like Mark Tapley and "couldn't help being jolly" over my own. Pickwick was getting into countless difficulties; I was getting into almost as many, and what was lacking in numbers was more than made up for in intensity. The change of a single word by a printer or a "student" learning the type-writer had in two instances driven me to the verge of distraction, and more than once I had seen things in print over my name that made each particular hair upon my head "stand upon end like the quills upon the fretful porcupine." I had sworn a score of times, per *deos immortales*, that I would never write another line, and a score of times I had broken my pledge. I was thinking, brooding, meditating, wondering what would strike me next, when I heard some one say: "If it were so ordered that they should be put into the ark, the same power that ordered it could cause them to liv without eating. The good book says 'nothing is impossible.'" This roused me immediately. "There are a great many things that are utterly impossible; God almighty nor anyone else can't make two and two make five," I said, and then fell to thinking again. But this little break had changed the tenor of my reverie. There are people, I soliloquized, who actually believe the story of Sindbad the sailor and Jonah and the wonderful whale. I knew a minister of the gospel once, a graduate of Yale, who said that he would believe that Jonah swallowed the whale if the Bible said so, and I hav no doubt that he would. Now, a man with a mind constituted like that might possibly believe that God could, upon some extraordinary occasion, or in a few isolated cases, or under some unusual stress of circumstances, cause two and two to equal five, but I doubt if he could possibly believe that the laws of the relations of quantities could be permanently changed so that two halves of a thing would be equal to more than the whole of it. And yet, after all, as I think it over I don't know but that a man might believe it. There are men who honestly believe that one God sits upon the right hand of another God to judge the quick and the dead, and yet they believe there is only one God. There are persons of a considerable intelligence who believe that a semi-barbarous military chieftain made the sun stand still for quite a long time. Mr. O'Brien, for all he graduated at the University of Michigan, was firmly convinced in his own mind that God was born of a Syrian peasant woman. He prays to that woman every day, and honestly believes that a colossal wax doll which stands in his church, and is reputed to be an image of God's mother, is a sacred thing. I know a professor of mathematics in a large educational institution who *knows* that there is something supremely sacred about a Bible. He reverences the paper and other materials of which it is composed. He was perfectly horrified when he found a student using an old, worn-out Testament as he would any other waste paper. I

fully realize that man's capacity for believing the marvelous is unlimited. W. A. MOSELEY.

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CARTHAGE, Mo., July 3, 287.

MR. EDITOR: On the 24th of last month I had the pleasure of hearing J. E. Remsburg deliver his magnificent lecture on Thomas Paine. Mr. Remsburg has been giving a series of lectures at Joplin, Mo., and as I had a little spare time I went fourteen miles to hear him, and was well repaid, as I found him to be scholarly, eloquent, and logical, and possessed of an array of historical facts concerning the career of Paine which were not only convincing, but admirably presented. After giving a general outline of the many positions of trust and honor which Paine filled, and the inspiring influence of his writings, Mr. Remsburg went on to quote the opinions of numerous great men who knew Paine personally, proving beyond dispute that those who knew him held him in high esteem. When such men as Napoleon Bonaparte, Lafayette, Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and hosts of others unanimously speak of the old hero in the most exalted terms, how impotent and contemptible are the slanders of the religious bigots and moral runts who try to do him harm! Even Dr. Priestley, Paine's most bitter religious opponent, is forced to admit the truth of Paine's integrity and moral worth. But in the summing up, the examination and comparison of evidence, the analytical and caustic style in which he handled his subject, and the blistering denunciations of the sleuth-hounds of the church, was where Mr. Remsburg particularly excelled. It was a verbal cyclone of thrilling and red-hot truths. I advise all Liberal organizations to get Remsburg, and if only one lecture is secured, let that lecture be his unanswerable defense of Thomas Paine. It is time the people knew the truth, and high time that the lying and malicious tongues of a brazen and shameless clergy were silenced, and I know of no one better fitted for the task than J. E. Remsburg. In this connection I want to say a good word for the many wide-awake and earnest Liberals whom I met in Joplin. I felt as a lone wanderer must feel who suddenly finds himself among brothers. Owing to the kindness of my friend, Mr. George Hutchinson, I was enabled to meet many genial and true Liberals. The Kendrick brothers, Dr. Owen, Mr. Burgess, and others whose names I cannot now recall, are men worthy of the great and noble cause of Freethought. I shall long hav pleasant memories of the few brief hours I spent with them. One thing is rather remarkable—I find that all the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER whom I hav met are earnest and aggressiv workers in trying to destroy the power of Christian superstition. They seem to be endowed with plenty of wholesome grit and energy, and hav no fears of what either the parson or Mrs. Grundy may say about it. Would that we had more like them. WATSON HESTON.

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WARREN, O., June 19, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am still in the land of the living—on probationary ground, now in my seventy-sixth year. My pious friends hav some hopes of me yet. While the lamp of life holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return. The older I grow, the more ridiculous orthodoxy seems to me.

There was a revival last winter in the Methodist church here, and a daughter of mine, who is a zealous member, induced me to attend. My hearing being impaired, I was obliged to go up close to the pulpit, and that made me rather conspicuous. My daughter introduced me to the minister and his wife, who did all they could to hav me get religion, and while they offered it very cheap—almost for nothing—I could not see for the life of me what I should do with it if I had it. The preacher's arguments were simply an appeal to the feelings, and he commenced at the wrong end. He tried to influence the brain through the heart instead of the heart through the brain. But as I was inoculated with that same virus when a boy, it failed to take.

Salvation may be a good thing to those who liv entirely for the next world, but as I hav no interest in any other world than this, I want a salvation that will do the business here and now. I don't want to wait till I'm dead. This minister admitted to me that he cared not what I believed so long as I joined his church, and kept my radical views to myself. Honest, wasn't he?

Only once during the revival did he mention hell, and then he apologized for it and added that the hell he meant was simply a state of mental anguish. Different sort of a hell fifty years ago! Then they uncapped hell in their imagination, and pictured the awful condition of the inhabitants of the underground world. But it is cooling off wonderfully since the introduction of natural gas. I'm afraid if we keep tapping the earth for gas we will get ahead of the almighty, and cut short his supply of fuel in the nether world.

Right on the heels of the revival came a branch of the Salvation Army officered by young women, who hired the rink and started business. After they had been running some time I went one day and met the Methodist minister, who introduced me to the lady officers. They in turn labored hard to save my soul, but were far from pleased when I hinted at the possibility of one not having a soul to save. They labored so earnestly, and were apparently so honest about it, for my welfare, that I felt inclined to make a few remarks, which they kindly permitted me to do. I told them that I didn't see the thing as they saw it, and that I could not afford to be less than a man; that some things seemed a little curious to me in this Christian community where so many churches, with few exceptions, gave them the cold shoulder. So far as I knew, the army was perfectly orthodox—its members could not be accused of heresy, for they did not even take any stock in the modern sheol. I told them that these church ministers preach of the priceless value of the immortal soul—how, if there is only one soul lost, the period would come when that one soul would suffer more torment, more anguish, more misery, than would overbalance all the happiness, all the pleasure, all the enjoyment of all the beings that hav ever lived and died on this planet. I said: "Why don't they come and help you? Are they honest? They sneer at you because you parade the streets, but to my mind it is no worse to beat tambourines on earth than to play harps in heaven." If I were religiously inclined, I would rather meet with this people in the rink than in those gorgeous temples, with cushioned pulpits, whose preachers strive too often to please the tyrants, for over the ramparts of tyranny has always waved the banner of the church. For my part, I would rather go to hell with honest rags than to heaven with gilded fraud. Senator Wade, from this district, once said, "Heaven might hav a little advantage in climate, but hell had the best folks." I told the girls I believed they could reach a class that the churches could not reach, and did not want to.

A pious lady living one thousand miles from here, in a talk with a friend and sister in the church, said she did not like to associate with the common class—did not like to mingle with laborers and greasy mechanics. Her friend asked her what she was going to do when she went to heaven, where there would probably be some of that class. She answered that she did not know; that in her father's house were many mansions. I suppose she believes that the members of the Salvation Army will hav a separate place fixed up for them—like a rink, with plain board seats. But this same lady professes to be a follower of Jesus, who said, "The foxes hav holes, and the birds hav nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head"—he who associated with the poor, the lowly and the down-trodden.

A few more years will doubtless finish my career, but when the shades of death are gathering thick and fast around my brow, "I would rather hav the satisfaction of knowing that I dried one tear from the cheek of sorrow, than the promis of a golden harp and crown."

Inclosed find $5.00, for which please send THE TRUTH SEEKER one year from date to the address given, and renew for, Yours fraternally, THOS. DOUGLAS.

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EUBANKS, KY., May 21, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Many thanks for courtesies shown me in THE TRUTH SEEKER. I write for the ideas, the reason of things, not for rhetorical show. I hav but little Liberal literature, and am surrounded by a partisan class of sectarians who are afraid to read Liberal papers. We hear much said about Infidelity and Infidels by a certain class of people, and I desire in these lines to notice that class. It is true that Liberal thought examins the claims of the Bible and all other systems of theology. But the question before us, is, What is Infidelity, and who are Infidels? If I understand the object of Liberals in their teaching, it is to free the people from superstition, priestcraft, and political tyranny, and place society on the foundation of science and natural rights. Any Infidelity in this? Anything new in this teaching? Is it true that history develops this element of teaching in all ages, and that the graves of many martyrs are filled by those great men who were advocates of science and human freedom? But, first, What is Infidelity? Paine says that his idea of an Infidel is, a person who is untrue to himself, his own mind and convictions. As a general rule, the god idea of any age or location is made the test of Infidelity, and this leaves as many foundations for Infidelity as there are gods, systems of theology, books, and creeds. Where Jews and Christians rule, the idea is that an Infidel is a person who disbelieves the claims of the Bible. In giving our own idea of Infidelity, we shall claim the right claimed by a man in talking with a doctor about a sick child. The doctor had no name for the disease, and the man gave the disease a name of his own. The doctor said he never heard of such a name for a disease. "Neither did I," the man said. "But you hav no name for it, and I hav as good a right to giv it a name as you or anyone else." Now, I claim as good a right to hunt up Infidelity and Infidels as anyone else. Infidelity is the opposit of fidelity. Fidelity, says Webster, is "faithfulness, honesty, loyalty." Infidelity, says Webster, is "disbelief of Christianity, breach of trust, unfaithfulness." We are now in search of a class of people who are "unfaithful," dishonest, disloyal, and guilty of a "breach of trust" with the Bible and Christianity. Those who simply disbelieve the Bible, and hav never placed themselvs under its defense, are not subjects of its government in this life. They hav never embraced it, to prove themselvs unfaithful, dishonest, disloyal, and guilty of a breach of trust. But there are two classes of people who are unfaithful, dishonest, disloyal, and are guilty of a breach of trust in the Bible—namely, Jews and Christians. In truth and effect, they are a hot-bed of Infidelity. We now hav them indicted before the world and the God of the Bible, and are ready for the proof. In this court, the prisoners at the bar shall hav the benefit of their own testimony:

Q. Mr. Jew, what say you of that part of the Bible called the New Testament? A. We answer that we do not believe its claims of divinity. We never hav believed Christianity to be divine, and we do not admit the New Testament as any part of our Bible.

Q. Why do you reject the claims of Jesus Christ? A. We hav the best reasons for rejecting him. We had Moses and the prophets to judge his claims. He came among us as one of us, in our own country; lived and died among us. His works were fully manifested in our midst, and, instead of embracing his claims, he was judged guilty of treason by us and put to death. Our reason, also, teaches us that the God of Moses never became a man or part of a man. We believe that the main thing concerning him—that he arose from the grave—is a base falsehood. And we believe that Christians, in claiming to believe the Old Bible, while they do not keep the law of Moses, are guilty of unfaithfulness, dishoncsty, disloyalty, and making a breach of trust.

Christians, therefore, are Infidels.

Q. Mr. Christian, what say you of the Jews and that part of the Bible called the Old Testament? A. A Jew is a bigoted Infidel. They murdered the son of God, and do not believe in Jesus Christ nor the writings of the apostles. They will all go to hell if they do not become Christians. The Old Testament is divine, but it is dead by reason of Christianity—Christ "nailed it to the cross."

So far, so good. Here are two leading parties—and the only parties in defense of the Bible—and each testifies to the other being an Infidel—holding to part of the Bible unfaithfully, dishonestly, disloyally, and guilty of a breach of trust. But what say the Bible and profane history about the Jews and Christians? Does the God of Moses in the Bible teach that the Jews were and hav been faithful, honest, loyal, and true to the book? Are they not, to-day, a scattered example of the vengeance of their own God? Are they not held as a wicked and stiff-necked set of Infidels in the teachings of both the Old and New Testaments? Treason is more odious to the Bible God than alien rejection of Bible claims. The God of the Bible does not stop at treason and rebellion with the Jews, but charges them with wilful murder—that they crucified, unjustly, with malice aforethought, no less a personage than the son of God, whose character shows him to hav been the most wise, innocent, and virtuous man that ever was murdered on earth. Profane history corresponds with these Bible facts about that class of disloyal, dishonest, Infidel murderers, called Jews. And the four-and-twenty elders, with all Christians, here fall before the throne of judgment and cry out, "These things are true and faithful" about the Jews. Let them stop the cry of Infidelity about others, and learn that no murdering clan hav "eternal life abiding in them."

We now come to the other class, called Christians. We shall divide this class into two parties—Catholics and Protestants—and hear their testimony about each other. The Catholic takes his seat on the rock, Peter, and an infallible church, and deposes that all Protestants are heretics; and a heretic being one who has denied the faith, the New Testament pronounces him worse than an Infidel. Then, the Catholic being judge, if I call a Protestant an Infidel, the Catholic says he is worse, because he has "held the truth" as a traitor—unfaithful, dishonest, disloyal. There was but the one, only Catholic church for centuries after Christ established Christianity. Until the traitor, Luther, appeared, there was unity and harmony in Christianity. The Protestants received the Bible from us. We kept it safe and secure through the "dark ages." They hav not only received the Bible from us, but they hav corrupted and changed it to suit all kinds of doctrins. Rejecting the true foundation of the infallible Christian Church, they set up under Jesus Christ as the rock and foundation, and hav proved to be traitors to him by making creeds, sects, divisions, and all kinds of devilish systems. What civil government, we ask, would tolerate men in making and executing all kinds of political creeds among its citizens? The pious, honest, and hard-working masses of the people are imposed on by these creed-mongers. They hav to be taxed to build too many churches and support too many preachers. All the Catholics will fall down before the throne of judgment and say, "These sayings are true and faithful" about the Protestants. Let them stop calling others Infidels, and learn that a heretic, a traitor, a dishonest class like Protestants, are "worse than Infidels."

But what say the Protestants of Catholics? Answer the question, gentlemen. Taking the New Testament as your guide, will you depose and say that Catholics are true, faithful, honest, and loyal to the teachings of the book? Never—never. Darkness hovers over their historic record. They are condemned by both the Jewish and Christian gods as the "little horn" of Daniel's vision, and the seven-headed, ten-horned beast of the thirteenth chapter of Revelation. You Catholics, not only hav you taken a wrong foundation and a false claim of Christianity, but you hav taken the key of knowledge and natural rights from the people wherever you had political power, and your line of unfaithful, dishonest, and disloyal policy has been to force Christianity on the world by the sword. Tell us Protestants that we are a class worse than Infidels? We say, Christ we know and Peter we know, but what and who are Catholics? All Protestants now fall before the throne of judgment and cry out, "These sayings are true and faithful" about Catholics. Let them cease to call others Infidels, and learn and prepare themselvs for the awful judgment and plagues of "the whore of Babylon"—the "mother of harlots and abominations."

The true picture of the Christian and Jewish world is here completed. We hav made no attack on the Bible nor the God of the Bible. We hav no doubt that many good, honest, and pious Jews and Christians, with the Bible in hand, wonder how any sensible man can disbelieve its claims. Now, if this pious class would open the door of truth and history, and count the lives, property, human suffering, divisions, strife, envy, hatred, and the general gloom thrown over science, the freedom and rights of humanity, by the claims of Moses and Jesus Christ, we apprehend they would rather ask, How can any sensible man help being an Infidel, or rejecting the divine claims of the Bible? Complete the record with the fruits of all other systems of theology and their books, look at all the cartoons that may be devised to show human ignorance, superstition, and crime, and I apprehend you might ask, How can any sensible man help being an Atheist? We think we hav convicted the prisoners at the bar of being a hotbed of Infidelity. We hav done this by assuming the Bible to be divine and allowing the parties to testify against each other—and, by their own book and their own testimony, they stand convicted of being untruthful, dishonest, disloyal traitors to the teaching of the Bible.

W. BAKER, M.D.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight.
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## Grandma.

"When grandma puts her glasses on
And looks at me—just so—
If I hav done a naughty thing
She's sure somehow to know.
How is it she can always tell
So very, very, very well?

"She says to me, 'Yes, little one,
'Tis written in your eye!'
And if I look the other way,
Or turn and seem to try
To hunt for something on the floor,
She's sure to know it all the more.

"If I should put the glasses on
And look in grandma's eyes,
Do you suppose that I should be
So very, very wise?
Now, what if I should find it true
That grandma had been naughty, too?

"But, ah!—what am I thinking of
To dream that grandma could
Be anything in all her life
But sweet and kind and good?
I'd better try, myself, to be
So good that when she looks at me
With eyes so loving all the day,
I'll never want to turn away."

—*Sidney Dayre, in Our Little Ones.*

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.



A proverb.

2.—NUMERICAL CHARADE.

"*Eighty*," *two numbers* make, combined,
The *last*, five times the *first*, we find.
Take *first* from *last*, what must remain,
"Eighty" will just five times contain;
But multiply the *first* and *last*
And "eighty" is the product cast.

*Irwin, Ia.* J. K. P. BAKER.

3.—INITIAL ACROSTIC.



The initials of the words corresponding to the following definitions will make what the woman said to her little boy.

To walk in water. A collection of cattle. To get up. An important export from China. To debate. That which is left. A speaker. To conjecture. A near male relation. To value highly.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER JULY 2, 1887.

1.—Honest and independent American legislators.
2.—Mend-I-cant, end I can.
3.—An idle head is the devil's workshop.

### Words of Wisdom.

A good life is the readiest way to secure a good name.

We are often pleased with others only because we are so ourselvs.

When you bury an old animosity, never mind putting up a tombstone.

To hav ideas is to gather flowers; to think is to weave them into garlands.

What we need most is not so much to realize the ideal as to idealize the real.

Some neglect their advantages, and then exclaim against their unlucky stars.

Murmur at nothing; if our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful; if remediless, it is vain.

See to it that each hour's thoughts and actions are pure and true; then will your life be as such.

Do not allow idleness to deceive you; for while you giv him to-day, he steals to-morrow from you.

He is a rare man who has none but real sorrows. The imaginary ones are often the most troublesome.

The human imagination is an ample theater upon which everything in human life, good or bad, great or small, laudable or base, is acted.

# Science Column.

## Intelligence and Social Life of Ants.

There are more than a thousand varieties of the little creature known as the ant. But they are described under three families or heads, and the study of them is very interesting.

They are busy little beings, seldom idle, unless suffering from illness. The scriptural advice, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise," is not inapt, or out of place, and if more people obeyed the injunction there would be fewer idlers about.

Some kinds of ants are born blind, and go groping in darkness all their lives. Others hav what are called compound eyes; that is, the eye is composed of many smaller eyes, or facets, sometimes as many as twelve hundred. Sir John Lubbock, who made ants a study, thought they could not only distinguish colors, but that they perceived colors not known to the human eye. He performed many wonderful experiments with ants, and he believed they could hear and produce sounds not audible to our ears.

They usually hav three classes in their tribes, known as the males, the workers, and the queens, the workers having no wings, and the queens nip off their wings after they hav once used them in flying. They hav a pretty long lease of life, considering their size, some species living seven or more years.

Their homes and villages are models of neatness and order, and they appear to keep servants or slaves, these being the ants of another tribe which hav been captured in battle, and when the slaves die they are buried in a different cemetery from their masters and masters' families.

They seem to hav some knowledge of farming, and the ants of Mexico and Texas know how to clear and prepare ground for agricultural purposes, and then cultivate a peculiar species of food known as ant-rice.

In our own climate, the ant is very fond of aphides, which is the name of the little green lice that infest plants, or rather is fond of the milk or juice secreted by these creatures. Ants seem to communicate with each other by some intelligible signs, and go and come in regular order. They lay out streets, erect homes, and in some places they thatch them in order to protect them from bad weather, performing the different operations of mining, carpentry, and even masonry with the utmost care and skill.

In Brazil there is a species called the carpenter ants, and among them are found regular wood-choppers and well-diggers. The latter hav been known to dig wells a foot in diameter, and thirty feet in depth. They also make roads and pave them with a cement made of clay.

They are very sociable and friendly among themselvs, and although their villages, or communities, comprise thousands and thousands, yet they never fail to recognize each other, or discover an alien or enemy, no matter where they may meet one. They fight with foreigners and strangers, but with their own tribe they are upon the best of terms, and strangers of their own race are received in a very hospitable manner, fed, and entertained with much courtesy and kindness.

They sometimes get into houses, notably the black ant and little red ant, and are very troublesome in destroying food. They are fond of cake and cookies, and many a housewife has been discouraged and sickened at the myriads of uninvited guests that throng the pantry shelves devouring all before them. Borax sprinkled freely upon the shelves will drive them away, and they will not usually trouble dishes placed over water. They dislike black walnut, also, and will shun tables and shelves made of this material.

In the "History of the Berlin Academy" for 1749, in the German "Ephemerides," and also in the *Journal de Physique* for 1790, may be found strange stories of clouds of winged ants that darkened the air, and moved with a spiral-like motion, seen at various places, and at length falling in such vast numbers that they covered the earth so that one could not step without crushing them.

Of all the lower order of animals, as we term them, not one has probably such intelligence, in proportion to its size, as the little insect called the ant. They display great powers in government, in construction of dwellings, streets, tunnels, cultivation of ant farms, holding slaves, domesticating animals, laying up food for winter use, manufacturing sugar and other articles of diet, erecting hospitals for their sick, showing great interest and affection for their own, and actually exhibiting some moral sentiments generally attributed only to man and the higher order of animals.

Ant life is a very interesting and profitable study, and those who hav watched their habits closely regard them as wonderful creatures, highly intelligent, social in their habits, moral, skilled in mechanical industries, and possessing some traits and gifts that are superior to those of which we hav knowledge.

S. H. W.

QUESTIONS.—How many varieties of the ant are there? Under how many heads or divisions may they be classed? Repeat the scriptural advice concerning the ant. Tell what you can of the eyes of the ant. What did Sir John Lubbock think of the sight and hearing of ants? What of the workers, queens, etc.? their homes and villages? Do they believe in keeping slaves? What of the ants of Mexico and Texas? What are aphides? Can you name other food eaten by ants? What of the Brazilian ants? What of their social habits, fighting propensities, hospitality, etc.? Do they infest houses sometimes? What will drive them away? Where may be found strange stories concerning the flight of ants? Name some of the things that they can do. Is the study of ants interesting? Why so?


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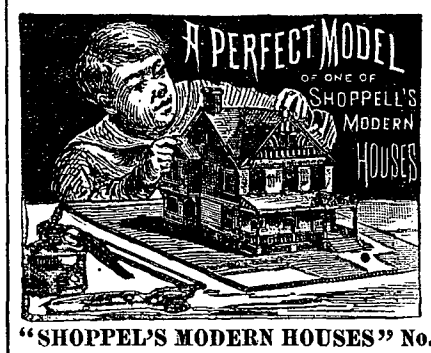
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# 1887.

(E. M. 287.)

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED AT THE TRUTH SEEKER OFFICE,

28 LAFAYETTE PLACE.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

## News of the Week.

A BAPTIST minister named Tillerson, residing near Somervell, Tex., recently committed a criminal assault upon a little girl eight years of age. Tillerson is 55 years old, and the editor of the Bosque *Citizen* says that "he has probably lived long enough."

JACOB SHARP, the convicted briber, was 70 years old on the 6th. He spent the day in jail.

A LANDSLIDE on the shore of Lake Zugersee, Switzerland, precipitated forty houses and two hotels into the lake, drowning over one hundred persons.

THE Rev. Father Dent, a Catholic priest, has been sentenced to seven months' imprisonment in the Erie county, N. Y., penitentiary. He libeled another priest.

THE Georgia railroads refuse to carry negroes in first-class cars. The Rev. W. A. Sinclair, a colored preacher, and his wife were ejected last week on account of their complexion.

YAN PHON LEE, a Chinese youth who has just been graduated from Yale, was married last week to a Miss Jerome, of New Haven, Conn. He is a good-looking young man of more than ordinary intelligence, and she is well-favored and rich.

POWDERLY, general master workman of the Knights of Labor, announces that he will resign his office at the Minneapolis convention to be held in October.

THE death rate in New York city last week was 200 per day.

THE police made 148 arrests for liquor-selling in this city last Sunday.

THE total assessed real and personal property of this city for 1887 is $1,507,640,663—an increase of $86,672,377 over last year.

Two keepers of the Ward's Island Insane Asylum, a New York city institution, hav been indicted on a charge of killing an insane patient.

THE color question is being sharply discussed in the churches just now, and the general sentiment is against mixed worship. Asbury Park, a Methodist camp-meeting station in New Jersey, excludes colored persons.

QUEEN VICTORIA has addressed a letter to Mr. Matthews, who presented to her an address by the loyal Catholics of London. In it the queen says that she has always felt full confidence in the loyalty of her Catholic subjects in and out of Ireland.

MRS. LANGTRY, the actress, has formally renounced her allegiance to all foreign potentates, and has filed an instrument in the office of the clerk of the U. S. circuit court in northern California declaring her *bona fide* intention of becoming a citizen of this country. She already owns considerable property in New York.

THE United Labor party of this city is holding primaries to elect delegates to the Syracuse convention in August. Among those already chosen are Dr. McGlynn, Henry George, James Redpath, John McMackin, and F. C. Leubuscher. The Socialists are showing themselvs very strong, and it is certain that they will hav a large representation at the convention.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND was invited by the mayor of St. Louis to visit that city during the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, and accepted the invitation. But as members of the G. A. R. hav protested, and as threats of personal violence had been made in case Mr. Cleveland undertook the trip, he has written a second letter recalling his acceptance. Some divisions of the Grand Army refused to parade in Mr. Cleveland's presence. His veto of the dependent pension bill is supposed to hav excited their ire.


## THE ORDER OF CREATION.

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ISAAC (LIKE ABRAHAM) TELLETH A LIE.

And Isaac dwelt in Gerar. And the men of the place asked him of his wife, and he said, She is my sister, for he feared to say, She is my wife, lest, said he, the men of the place should kill me for Rebekah, because she was fair to look upon.—Gen. xxvi, 6, 7.

## Odds and Ends.

A FOURTH of July dodge: "Don't spank me, dad; I've swallowed a torpedo."

HONESTY is more precious than gold, though it cannot equal gold in opening the way into a fashionable city church.

IN Hindostan a copper cent is called a "damri." From this probably comes the expression, "It isn't worth a continental."

"IF women are really angels," writes an old bachelor, "why don't they fly over the fence, instead of making such a fearfully awkward job of climbing?"

AN art critic, describing a recent collection of bric-a-brac, says: "The visitor's eye will be struck on entering the room with a porcelain umbrella." This is encouraging to visitors.

"OH, what is so rare as a day in June?"
Asks Lowell. Well, opinions vary;
But the day most rare, we must declare,
Is the twenty-ninth of February.

"O MUM! the' was an' ugly-lookin' tramp kim into the front parlor this mornin' when oi was afther dustin'." "A tramp! And what did you do, Bridget?" "Oi dusted, mum."

THE body of a young girl, mysteriously murdered, has been found on a lonely country road in Ohio. This outrageous infringement on a purely local industry has excited widespread indignation throughout New Jersey.

AN ancient omen says that "if two marriages are celebrated simultaneously, one of the husbands will die." This omen is no doubt verified in every instance; but we are prepared to believe that the other husband will die, too, if he livs long enough.

PHYSICIAN (to anxious wife): "We hav held a consultation, madam, over your husband's case; he is a very sick man, and it might be well to send for a minister, I think." Anxious wife: "Will one be enough, doctor, or would you advise a consultation of ministers?"

"O ROWENA!" exclaimed Voltigern Tapemeasure, dropping on his knees without a struggle, "your beauty fires my heart——" "My daughter," said old Hengist Wheatcorner, entering the room, "I will divide the contract with you; I will fire the rest of him." Which he did.

"YOUNG man," he said solemnly, "are you prepared to go?" "Prepared to go?" repeated the young man blithely. "I should say so; I shipped my family to the country last week for the summer, hav given up my flat and stored the furniture, and taken a room down-town. I'm prepared to go anywhere."

DURING the course of his prayer last Sunday morning a Western minister said: "O Lord! we desire to return more than the usual amount of thanks this morning for the blessings of the week just closed. Especially would we thank thee for the successful organization of a board of trade and for the gratifying outcome of that little South Side deal in which thy servant was interested. But above all we desire to return our thanks for the completion of the new race-track, which, as thou probably knowest, is the finest half-mile track west of the Missouri river."

"IT seems to me," observed the sub-editor, "that the recording angel must hav a pretty easy time of it nowadays." "Why so?" asked his wife. "Simply because if a man does anything good or bad it gets into the newspapers." "Well what of that?" "Why, all the angel has to do is to go over the papers with a pair of scissors."

AN Irishman, writing to his wife, who was still in "ould Ireland," began his letter by making the following surprising statement: "It's a foine country, Bridget, and no mistake. I've this day put phat they call an inshoorance on me loife, an' if I'd fall down a ladder wid me hod an' break me neck to-morry begorra an' I'd get twenty-five dollars a wake as long as I was ded."

"OUR school closed yesterday," says a Dakota paper, "and at the end of the usual commencement exercises the graduating class amused itself by playfully riding the principal of our high school on a rail through our main streets, and then ducking him in a frog-pond back of Baxter's mill. It was a merry occasion, and greatly enjoyed by all who engaged in it. The principal seemed to object at first, but he soon entered into the playful spirit of his pupils and submitted to their sportiv ways. Our boys and girls are full of real Western dash and spirit, and know how to enjoy themselvs."

A VERY slight error of fact or practice will sometimes result in a serious mistake. This was recently illustrated in a school where a pupil who had been impressed with the force and value of double letters—such as double *o* in "fool," double *e* in "heel," etc.—was called upon to read the touching poem exhortatory of early rising, beginning: "Up, up, Lucy! the sun is in the sky!" Surprise which soon gave place to hilarity was occasioned when the pupil read the line: "Double up, Lucy! the sun is in the sky," thus giving it a significance by no means contemplated by the poet.

THE SENSATIONAL PREACHER.

From the ancient, quaint phrase of the Bible
He carelessly chooses a text,
And then drifts away in a lecture
That leaves the true question unvexed;
But he catches the ear of his hearers,
Which often is longer than fine,
With a bric-a-brac sermon a layman
Might preach "o'er the walnuts and wine."

To-day he slings mud at officials,
To-morrow he'll handle the press,
In the hope of a free advertisement,
Be it either a kick or caress;
And he mixes the slang of elections
With a patter of tea-table talk:
And instead of the milk of the scriptures,
Is profuse with his water and chalk.


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## Gems of Thought.

I SEE no use in being a son of God, or even of a virgin, if it makes one wretched and unhappy.—*D. M. Bennett.*

IN science and philosophy, a man's contributions to knowledge hav a value which is quite independent of his personality. Whoever invented the differential calculus or the binomial theorem, we shall not understand them any better by learning when or where the discoverer lived or what manner of man outwardly he was. Whether nominalism or realism is the truer philosophic standpoint, whether thought is a function of matter or matter has no existence except for thought—these and the like are questions which are capable of investigation on their own merits; and it affords no help to their solution to know when the originator, defender, or impugner of any of them was born and how long he lived, whether his person was comely or homely, whether he was happy in his married life or lived and died in single blessedness.—*Principal Caird, D.D.*

THE religious aspect certainly has changed. The theological epoch draws near to its close. The impulse given, in the reign of Charles II., when the Royal Society received its charter—an impulse clearly understood as committing the the English mind to natural studies as distinguished from supernatural—has gone on with accelerating motion ever since, until now the books on natural science outrank in power, if they do not in number, the works on theology. The great writers in dogmatic and speculativ theology are of the past. Warburton, Cudworth, Barnes, Taylor, Hooker, are little read; and such interest in them as remains is due rather to their rhetoric than to their reasoning. . . . The working mind of the age turns from theological questions with a kind of disgust; and as no great thinker engages in obsolete or unreal speculations, the literature of theology languishes. To one who remembers the place it held half a century ago, this fact is of profound significance. —*O. B. Frothingham.*

SWEET EVENINGS COME AND GO.

Sweet evenings come and go, love,
They came and went of yore;
This evening of our life, love,
Shall go and come no more.

When we hav passed away, love,
All things will keep their name;
But yet no life on earth, love,
With ours will be the same.

The daisies will be there, love,
The stars in heaven will shine;
I shall not feel thy wish, love,
Nor thou my hand in thine.

A better time will come, love,
And better souls be born;
I would not be the best, love,
To leave thee now forlorn.—*George Eliot.*

I HAV been to the old church these last Sundays to hear what the new vicar has to say, and it is queer to hear a gentleman like him tell us that we shall all be burnt in flames forever if we do not think as he bids us think, and then to come to the lecture-room and find that there is no place for hell in all creation, and that the church, which pretends to know everything and to teach us all, is no better than a nigger pow-wow man.—*Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.*

TAM SAMSON'S weel-worn clay here lies,
Ye canting zealots, spare him!
If honest worth in heaven rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him.—*Burns.*

EVERY evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemies he kills pass into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation that we resist.—*Emerson.*

ALL thoughts of ill, all evil deeds,
That hav their roots in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will—

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain,
In the bright fields of fair renown,
The right of eminent domain.—*Longfellow.*

THERE was surely something respectable in the sentiment which made Mr. Brassey refuse, however much his riches might increase, to add to his establishment. There is surely something natural in the tendency, which we generally find coupled with greatness, to simplicity of life. A person whom I knew had dined with a millionaire, with his flunkeys standing round the table. I suspect that a man of Mr. Greg's intellect and character, in spite of his half-ascetic hatred of plush, would rather hav been one of the six than one of the two.—*Goldwin Smith.*

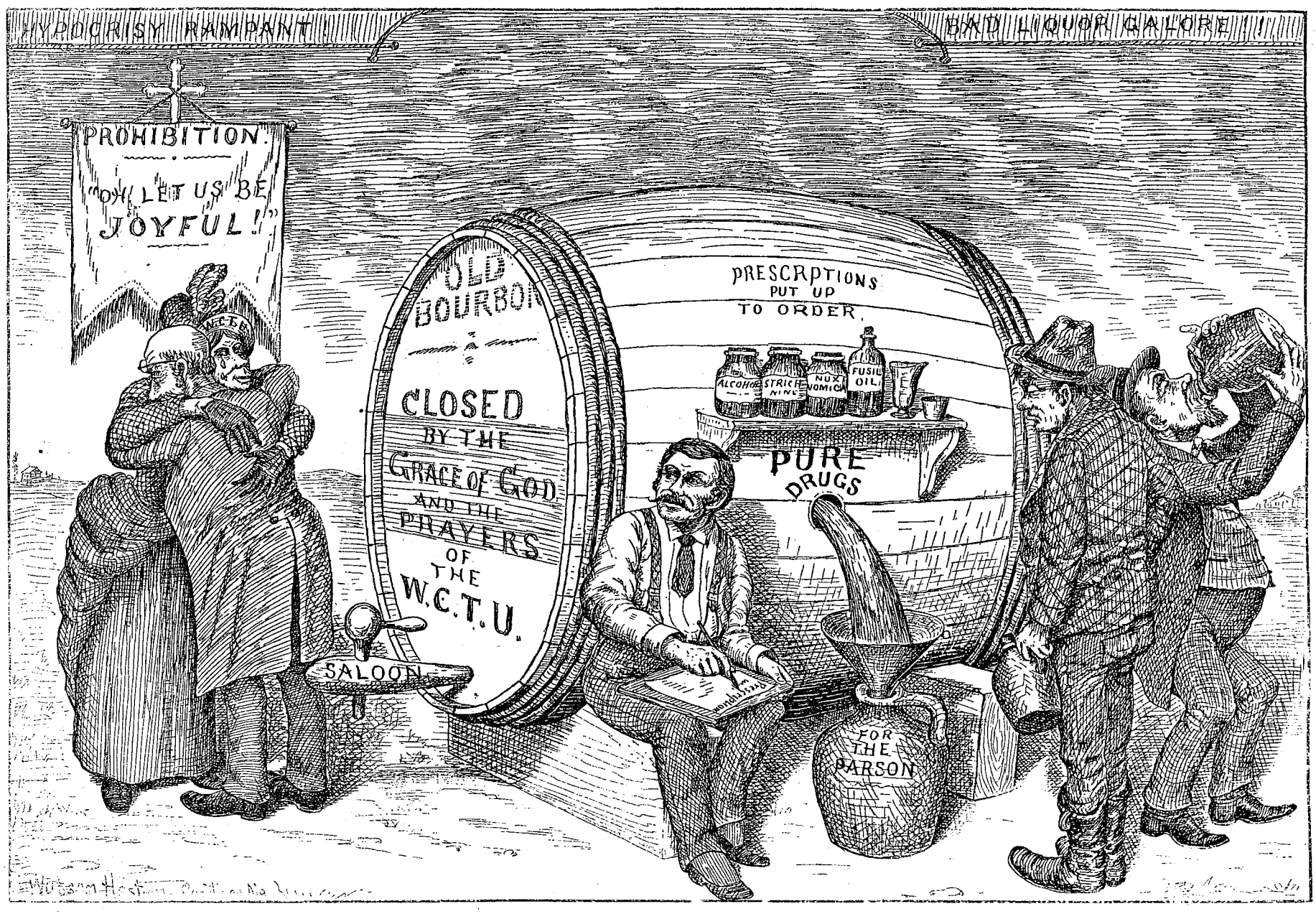
I BELIEVE
That woman, in her deepest degradation,
Holds something sacred, something undefiled,
Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature,
And, like the diamond in the dark, retains
Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light!
—*Longfellow's Spanish Student.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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THE WAY PROHIBITION DOES NOT PROHIBIT.

## Notes and Clippings.

THE Circuit Court of St. Louis, Mo., has just denied a petition for the incorporation of a faith-cure establishment in that city.

THE New York *World* has gathered information from the Labor leaders that the Labor parties will hav a candidate for president in the field next year.

THE British commission appointed a year ago to inquire into the merits of M. Pasteur's method of inoculation for hydrophobia hav reported favorably.

SAYS the Memphis *Avalanche:* "When one finds a paper called the *Christian at Work* saying that 'a Yankee has just taught ducks to swim in hot water with such success that they lay boiled eggs,' it is about time for the editors of wild Western secular papers to lead in prayer from the amen corner."

A FEW hundred years ago Dr. McGlynn would hav been undergoing torture at the hands of the Inquisition, and if he refused to recant the fagots for an *auto-da-fé* would soon be collected. As Rome is infallible, and never changes, the only reason it does not do this now is because it cannot.—*Christian Advocate.*

A COMMITTEE has reported this section before the constitutional convention at Salt Lake City, Utah: "Bigamy and polygamy being considered incompatible with a republican form of government, each of them is hereby forbidden and declared a misdemeanor. Any person who shall violate this section shall, on conviction thereof, be punished by a fine of not more than $1,000 and by imprisonment for a term of not less than six months or more than three years, in the discretion of the court."

THE Italian Catholics celebrated the Feast of the Virgin last Saturday with a parade. A horsecar attempting to pass through the procession, the driver was mobbed, and a policeman who came to his assistance was attacked with swords and badly wounded. Eight of the Virgin's bloodthirsty votaries were arrested and lodged in jail.

THE Philadelphia *Press* makes this interesting statement: "In Minnesota the number of saloons is diminishing under high license, while in Rhode Island it is increasing under Prohibition. There is a moral in all this, but there is no necessity for stating it. Practical temperance reformers know it, and Prohibitionists wouldn't believe it."

THE clergy of Pueblo, Mexico, hav collected over $200,000 for the coronation of the Virgin of Guadaloupe next December. It is estimated that the total contributions of all the Catholics of the country will amount to $1,500,000. It is no wonder that the people of Mexico are the most impoverished lot of wretches in the universe. Catholicism, sooner or later, will reduce any country to a nation of beggars.

THE *Whig*, of Quincy, Ill., says that a prayer-meeting was held some nights ago on a farm in that section to ask for relief from a drouth. The meeting lasted till midnight. At that hour a bank of clouds crept slowly out of the southwest, and soon spread over the entire western horizon. The prospect of deliverance from the ruin that faced them drove many of the men delirious with joy, and the meeting, which a few minutes before was of the most lugubrious character, broke up with a dance and a prayer of thanksgiving. But the rain did not come.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL, in a communication published recently in London, says that he has received numerous letters from all parts of America on the Irish Home Rule question, and they all recommend the utmost resistance to Mr. Gladstone's policy. "Inasmuch," says Professor Tyndall, "as a desperate gamester, miscalled a statesman, has chosen to invoke ignorant foreign opinion against the instructed opinion of his own countrymen, it is worth showing that American opinion is not entirely on one side."

WE rejoice over the Chicago report of the new trial for the condemned Anarchists. Every fair-minded man will welcome the news. The judicial utterances and legal rulings of Judge Gary at the trial of last year were a disgrace to the American bench, and entitle him to a place alongside of Scroggs and Jeffries. The conviction of the accused was an outrage against evidence, law, decency, fair play, reason, justice, freedom, human nature, and the Constitution.—*John Swinton's Paper.*

"THE other day," says a Boston correspondent of the Minneapolis *Tribune*, "a countryman from Cape Cod sought out the office of *Zion's Herald*, which is near the top of a large building in Bromfield street, one of the upper small rooms, whose location is not readily learned from the street signs. He was looking for 'Mr. Zion.' He had been a reader of the paper for years without parting from the fallacy that Zion was the name of the editor. On this occasion he wanted to argue a denominational point that the latest issue of the paper had declared. Some jokers encouraged him in his delusion, and warned him that Zion might deny his identity, as he didn't like to be disturbed at his work. Mr. Pierce, the reverend editor, did deny that he was Mr. Zion when the countryman at last found him, and when the latter persisted and refused to be denied, the gentle editor opened the sanctum door and assisted the caller out with almost the traditional force that was common in old-time journalism."

WON'T somebody organize a Society for the Protection of Society from Societies? This would seem to be about the last hope of the republic. So true is it that "in union there is strength," that there seems to be no strength outside of unions. The only free men on record are Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, and they were free only because there were but two of them. Had there been three, the majority would hav formed themselvs into a society and bullied the other fellow. There are in this country, perhaps, a few million people left who are not yet "organized," and who believe that individual liberty is still worth something. How would it do for them to form an anti-society society? Just now a man cannot exhibit an antique statue without dressing it in sheet-iron clothing, a poor man cannot send his child to deliver newspapers, nor can a pedestrian kick a vicious dog without being made miserable by some society with a long name. One party wants to confiscate your property, and another would compel you to drink water. The poor man is unable to sell his labor or the capitalist to buy it without the interference of some organization. Isn't this abou played out?—*Life.*

# Communications.

## Mrs. Colman's Reminiscences.

I was on one of the government gunboats on my way to Richmond, and saw them putting this man, through whom so many—oh, so many!—men had lost their lives by starvation, into Fortress Monroe a prisoner. I little thought at that time that the government would feel it incumbent to treat this traitor with such extreme tenderness that the guard would be ordered to change their army shoes for slippers because the noise of the walking of these keepers disturbed the repose of the distinguished prisoner.

After the excitement caused by the death and funeral of President Lincoln, the trial of the assassins and the hanging of the condemned, the people breathed quietly, and then came the word that the teachers of the schools of the freed people would, if they desired, be given passes to Richmond, and a return ticket, by paying the fare one way. This favor was to hold good for a limited number of days. I thought I would like to see Richmond, but my salary did not admit of much superfluous traveling. I think the fare was at that time seven dollars. I'm not sure but there was another reason in the way. We were to go to Secretary Dana for passes, and though I had never met him, I felt sure that he was prejudiced against me for the part I had taken in getting the teacher of the orphan asylum removed. Unlike Secretary Stanton, Dana was from the East, and Massachusetts people were in favor of the teacher because of her name. I never like to ask favors of prejudice, and so, as one after another of the lady teachers came to me urging me to go, I said. "No, I will not ask the secretary for a pass." "Then," said they, "you cannot go, and we shall not hav half as good a time as if you were with us." But they could not induce me. I said, "Go, and depend upon yourselvs."

The day after the departure of these ladies (teachers) Mrs. Parker, the nurse with the ragged shoes, called for some favor. I said: "Don't you wish to go to Richmond? Can't you get a pass for two? If you can, I will pay your expenses in the city." She said: "Yes, I do; but I hav some soldiers whom I am at work for now so I cannot possibly leave, but I hav a pass for two, just given me by the surgeon-general; I will giv you this, but Miss ——— must go with you, as I hav promised her." "No," said I, "I would not go with her." Mrs. Parker went out, and in an hour or two returned with a pass and transportation to and from Richmond for Mrs. Colman. I accordingly went, surprising the ladies very much, as I would not tell them where I obtained the pass, but assured them that Mr. Dana did not giv it. I arrived in Richmond about seven o'clock in the evening of the day following my departure from Washington. The boat-ride was very pleasant; we were out of sight of land some hours. I hav a stomach that never rebels against the motion of the boat—or did not when I was young. I do not wish to try the water now—alas! that we must grow old or die—and at my age it is, according to scripture, that "the grasshopper becomes a burden," much more the sea. I found a colored boy who showed me the way to the "Teacher's Home," I expecting to find my friends there, but the matron said they came but she refused to take them; she had all she could accommodate. I said: "This home is given by the government, with rations for the time being; by what authority do you take possession of this immense house, take in whom you please, and reject others at this time in the evening, a stranger and alone? You say you hav no bed; you hav a floor unoccupied, and an easy chair which I hav possession of and shall remain in till morning; in daylight I will report myself to the commandant and find what it means." I had "struck the nail on the head;" the madam immediately changed her style, prepared me a very comfortable supper, gave me a bed by myself in a room by myself, with comfortable things for the toilet. This woman, with the teachers, one a reverend, was from one Christian society, and I was from a different one, and so, as they came first into possession, they determined to hold it. It was nice to hav accommodations for any friends who should visit the place; there was but one hotel open at that time, the Ballard House, and its charges were very high. In the morning I found the hotel. Most of my friends were preparing to return to Washington, as the length of their purses was not sufficient to pay five or even three dollars a day. "How did you get here, and where did you stay?" "I came by the boat and stayed at the Home, where I expected to find you all," said I. "Well, but they would not allow us to stay." I answered: "They allowed me to stay; why not know your rights and then maintain them? We will look about, and we shall probably find a home with some nice colored family; if not, we will stay at the Home."

We soon found a colored woman who before the war had kept a large boarding-house; she took us, though she was in comparativly small quarters. She was, however, exquisitly clean, and she gave us excellent food. I wish I could repeat for my readers the very graphic account of the taking of Richmond which this black woman gave us. She said: "We almost despaired, as we heard of one city after another being taken by the Union soldiers, and we feared that in some way—we could not tell how—we had offended God, and so he was going to pass Richmond by and leave us in our slavery. We humbled ourselvs in the very dirt, and, with our faces on the ground, we begged God to forgiv the unknown sin, and send us the Yankee soldiers to free us. And on the Monday morning after Jefferson Davis thought it best to leave Richmond," she said, "while going to my kitchen to prepare my breakfast, I saw coming over the hills a number of soldiers, bearing aloft the flag with the stars and stripes. Oh, how my heart leaped for joy! I ran into the street, and, with all our people in this part of the town, fell upon my knees and shouted Glory! And then when President Lincoln came, some days after, I was standing in my door to look at him; he passed so near me that I could hav put my hand upon him. He turned and looked, and certainly bowed to me. Thank the Lord, I saw our deliverer!"

This woman was a free woman, and owned her house; had earned it by keeping boarders. She had buried her husband and only child the last year of the war, and she grieved greatly that not a piece of black goods could be found in all that city that she could robe herself in as a mourner. Like many another bereaved of husband and child, she felt that sable garments would giv her comfort. Grief is its own comforter, I know right well; nothing else soothes us; finally it wears itself out. I was clad in crape myself at that time, and when I found how much this poor woman wanted such, I gave her my bonnet and cape, and took from her a gingham log cabin sun-bonnet, which seemed rather out of place on my head, as you will see, on my way back to Washington.

A woman once a slave, whose history is so marvelous that it deserves a place among the reputed special providences, was one of the company of teachers, as was also her daughter, who was so free from taint of color that she was educated in a New England academy in the old slave days without her parentage being discovered by professor or pupil.

This woman had given her pass to a lady friend from Philadelphia who desired greatly to visit Richmond, and so must return, as she came, by Baltimore. That city not being under military rule at that time, she required no pass. I tried to persuade a teacher who was going to remain in Richmond some two or three weeks to giv this woman her pass, assuring her that I could and would procure one and send to her, but it was of no avail. When I reached the wharf, ready to take passage on the boat for Washington, this person was there to say good-bye, wishing very much she could accompany us, rather than go alone to Baltimore. As I handed my pass for inspection, the officer said, "Which is Mrs. Colman?" "I am Mrs. Colman," said I. "And which is your nurse?" I knew in a moment how he had read the pass, and, putting my hand on this woman's shoulder, I said, "This is the one." He looked at the handsome mulatto, nicely appareled, with rather an elegant bonnet and nicely fitting gloves, and then at me, with bare hands and a gingham sunbonnet on my head, smiled, but indorsed the pass by saying, "All right; go on board." My nurse did not take, and only that her daughter saw that it was a scheme that I fully understood I might not hav been able to get her to go onto the boat. I handed her my basket, and with a good deal of authority said, "Take it and go on board; what are you thinking about?" Bewildered, she turned to her daughter, who echoed my words, and went onto the boat. An officer of the boat, as she attempted to enter the cabin, stopped her, saying, "No niggers allowed in the cabin." I said, "When was the order given that a lady may not take her servants into the cabin?" "I beg pardon," said the man; "I did not notice that you had a servant." So my good friend, a lady in every sense, even in her dress, had a free passage to Washington in the cabin of a steamboat, and to this day she doesn't know how it came about. She knows that when the inspector looked at my pass he asked which was nurse; I put my hand upon her; and when ordered out of the cabin I claimed her right there as my servant. I told no one how it was done at the time, as in more cases than one I hav found it not best to "let the right hand know what the left doeth," but as more than twenty years hav gone by since this occurred, I will copy for my readers the pass:

> Pass Mrs. Colman vol. nurse to Richmond and return with transportation. SURGEON-GENERAL.
> Washington, 18—.

The writing was in the professional style and troublesome to read, and the inspector read the abbreviation "vol" *and*, and having inquired, and seen both Mrs. Colman and the nurse, he was sure he had deciphered the writing correctly—but smaller mistakes than that hav sometimes caused great trouble. There were two or three other military stations, but the inspectors read the document the same way; one looked sharp, and asked me what the blind word was, but I did not enlighten him, only said that the other officers had called it "and." LUCY N. COLMAN.

## A Colloquy.

*Orthodox.*—My friend, I fear you are on the wrong road, and that your eternal interests are in jeopardy.

*Skeptic.*—Perhaps so, and I would be greatly obliged if you would tell me how I can mend my ways and avoid the dangers to which you refer. I try to lead an upright life. I do as I would be done by. I do not steal, nor bear false witness, nor judge in uncharity. I giv to the poor as liberally as my means will allow, and I hold the truth above price, and to it, if need be, would sacrifice every personal benefit.

*O.*—I concede all this, and, further, that in moral worth you surpass many real Christians, saying nothing of merely professing ones. But you still lack the one thing needful, *religion*. Without that you can never enter the kingdom of God, nor behold the glory of his presence.

*S.*—If so, please tell me which of the multitudinous religions I should embrace.

*O.*—The Christian, of course. It is beyond question the most pure, the most holy, the one and only true faith.

*S.*—If what you say be true, it seems strange that the good being for so many ages left his poor children, whom he loves more tenderly than an earthly parent loves his own offspring, in ignorance regarding their spiritual necessities, and almost as surprising that the large majority of mankind, after the gospel has been preached to them, should reject its claims and adhere to their ancestors' beliefs. But, granting all you say, to which branch of the Christian church should I connect myself?

*O.*—With almost any except the Universalist or Unitarian—with any which holds to the essentials of belief, such as justification by faith, the divinity of Christ, the trinity, baptism, and the new birth. New forms and minor articles of faith are of comparativly small moment. The cardinal principles of belief, in regard to which the churches are in substantial accord, honestly professed and practically exemplified in the discharge of the daily duties of life, are all that is required to constitute the Christian.

*S.*—Will you permit me to ask who has the divine authority for defining the "essentials" of belief? And, further, what differences of opinion in regard to the interpretation and exposition of articles of faith may be safely indulged? You, sir, are a Protestant. As such you believe in justification by faith alone. The Catholic church holds to the doctrin of justification by faith and works. That church exceeds yours both in antiquity and number of adherents. How am I to decide between your respectiv claims? But suppose by "private interpretation" I am guided to an opinion adverse to yours, what then? Or supposing that I am a scholar and logician, and that after vast research and by weighing the strongest arguments, pro and con, I attain the absolute truth of the question, how will those fare who are equally as honest in their search for truth as I, who hav neither the time, means, nor education to indulge in exhaustiv investigation? Must they not accept, as almost invariably they do, the doctrins of the church under whose influence they hav been raised or chance to come? And will he whom they strive so hard to serve acceptably eternally damn them because they are not able to discover the truth for want of light which his providence has denied them? Again, as to baptism, the Roman Catholic and the Episcopalian hold to the doctrin of baptismal regeneration, so also certain members of the Baptist church, while Presbyterians and Methodists regard baptism as simply an initiatory rite. Volumes hav been written on both sides of the question, and yet the divergence of the sects is as great as ever. Who shall decide when preachers disagree? So likewise as to the mode of baptism. Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Methodists baptize by sprinkling or pouring; Baptists, by immersion, which they deem the only true Christian and apostolic baptism. Libraries groan under the weight of books of controversy on this question, and Greek and Hebrew lexicons, the writings of the fathers and classical authors, hav been laid under tribute, but in vain. The question is still undetermined, and is, it would seem, undeterminable. So also of plenary inspiration, predestination, etc. Even regarding the object for which the precious blood of your Lord was shed there is a world-wide difference of opinion between Christian sects. Some say it was shed for the salvation of all men, others for the "elect" only. But why enlarge? Every article of faith on which the Christian world agree is classed among the essentials, and those in regard to which they differ among non-essentials. The reason is obvious. No one sect alone could contend successfully against "the powers of darkness," *i. e.*, honest, searching criticism and unbiased historical investigation. Therefore the sects hav come to a kind of *sub rosa* understanding

by means of which they are enabled to suspend hostilities among themselvs, and unite their forces against the common enemy.

*O.*—Do you then hold that Christians do not know what doctrins they believe are essential to salvation, and do you charge those who are foremost in every good work with dissimulation and falsehood?

*S.*—I judge of what they believe by their own creeds as expounded by their best writers. But though we skeptics accept the statements of Christian professors in regard to what doctrins they hold, the logical results which are said to flow from them we often question. For instance, we believe that Presbyterians hold to infant baptism, for they say so; that Baptists deny that ordinance to infants, etc; that the former hold that sprinkling is an all-sufficient mode of baptism; that the latter claim that baptism is not a mode but an act, and that that act can only be performed by immersion; but when either of them tells us that this variance is "non-essential," we dissent. From the Christian standpoint baptism opens the door to the kingdom of heaven—the church—outside of which, according to some—the majority—no one can be admitted to the celestial paradise, while all hold that without its sacred precincts no one is as safe as within them. The same line of reasoning applies to infant baptism. The Catholic church holds that the infant that dies without the benefit of this rite can never enter heaven. We charge no one with dishonesty for holding a belief different from our own. Most Christians, doubtless, think themselvs honest.

*O.*—After all you hav said, whatever doubts you may entertain, will you not admit that the Christian has this advantage over the skeptic: If the skeptic is right in his belief, the Christian is just as well off as he, whereas, if the Christian doctrin prove true, the skeptic's condition is sad indeed—hence that my faith is, at least, safer than yours? But you say Christians think they are honest. Can a man think he is honest without being so?"

*S.*—If belief depended on volition and error was not pernicious in its consequences, there might be some force in the argument predicated of the safety of the Christian faith. But belief is not a matter of choice, but of conviction, and false doctrins are prolific of injurious results. We may entertain errors which, at first, seem harmless, or even fruitful of good, but, sooner or later, their baleful effects will be manifest. False views which hav led to ecclesiastical domination are no exception to this rule. Christianity is an outgrowth from Judaism. As a system it must stand or fall with it. By the teachings of synagogs and churches the upas-tree of intolerance has been nurtured and has shed its pestilential influence over Christendom. To prove their loyalty to God nations hav waged wars against nations, neighbor has been arrayed against neighbor, and brother against brother in deadly feuds. Cold, cruel ecclesiastical murders by tens of thousands hav been perpetrated to prepare the world for the reign of the Prince of Peace. The bread of the poor is even now snatched from their mouths to appease the hunger of an insatiate priesthood, and their hard-earned farthings extorted from them by appeals to their superstitious fears for the building and endowment of huge cathedrals. In free America the people are taxed to pay for the erection and adornment of luxurious churches and parsonages by reason of millions and millions of dollars' worth of church property being, by law, exempt from taxation. Thus dissenters are forced to contribute for the propagation of a faith which they esteem pernicious. So also Christians—the Protestants paying for the support of the Catholic hierarchy, and Catholics for building houses of worship for Protestants. Faith has antagonized science, and thereby impeded the general enlightenment of the people. It has cremated witches, butchered heretics, and even now inflames the ignoble passions of men to such a degree that the most worthy are often, to a great extent, debarred from social and business advantages because they cannot, in conscience, subscribe to popular formulas of faith.

But you ask: Can a man think he is honest without being so? Yes, and this is a very dangerous kind of self deception. No one who adheres to a faith through motivs of fear is, in the highest sense of the word, honest. Your argument founded on the alleged safety of your belief is an appeal, not to my reason, but to my apprehension of possible danger. The thoroughly honest man forms his own opinions without regard to personal consequences, and will embrace the truth, as he apprehends it, whenever and wherever found. Belief is not the child of volition, but of conviction. I cannot believe a thing simply because I would like to believe it, but because the evidences of its reality commend themselvs to my judgment. Even if your opinion be safer than mine, I cannot adopt it, much as I might desire to do so, unless by facts and arguments addressed to my understanding I am led to believe it sound. People who hav the courage of their convictions never take council of their fears.

*O.*—Though severe in your strictures, you are not abusiv, and, though not convinced by your arguments, I confess that if all skeptics were like you I should entertain a higher opinion of that class. Good-bye.

*S.*—And if all Christians were as much disposed as you to listen in kindness and patience to adverse criticism, I should place a higher estimate on their system. Good-bye. B. W. L.

## "Rome's Blow Descends!"

The above head-line, in the biggest kind of big "caps," appeared in the *Catholic Sun*—one of Dana's "two papers, both daily"—Sunday the 9th inst.

"Great gosh!" I exclaimed, as though the editor were before me, "you don't say so? Who's crushed? Anybody?"

Believing that the force and effect of the blow were discounted long, long years ago, I don't believe anybody was crushed very severely.

"Rome's blows" do not *crush* as they did when people were more deeply steeped in superstition than to-day, though too deeply to-day; and the Prince of Darkness, old Pecci of Rome, delivers blows that are more or less vain; in this instance, pretty much considerably more than less, I think.

All the "blows" that Rome has on hand at this date, and all she can deliver, I would rather hav descend on me than a single *blow* from J. Lawrence Sullivan's "right duke"—you bet!

A fig—no, a straw—for old Pecci's "blows," and the "blows" of all other highcockolorums of superstition. Frauds all, from pope to priest, including the Protestant quota, and they know it themselvs, if their poor duped and deluded followers do not.

As the *Sun* bends the knee so servilly to Rome, to that reminiscence of days when superstition's grip was tighter than to day, old Pecci and his entire gang of leeches—cardinals, archbishops (arch-devils), etc, etc.—I wonder it is not called the *Catholic Sun* and done with it. Si Slokum.

## For Elmina's Defense.

The treasurer of the National Defense Association acknowledges the receipt of the following sums for the Elmina Fund: Mrs. Frank Raymond, $1; Mrs. Avilla Flint, $1; Mrs. Eliza Crittenden, $1; E. Moyer, M.D., $2; Herbert Merrick, $2; Hon. John C. Greene, $5; Miss Grace Carrington, 50 cents; Mrs. Eliza Husted, 50 cents; Thomas Knight, $5; F. G. Welch, M.D., $1; D. Cummins, $5; C. B. Reynolds, $5; Fred. Smith, $1; Rev. G. W. Powell, $1; Mrs. Electa Curtis, $5; Mrs. Hattie Allen, $1; Mrs. A. M. Purdy, $1; J. J. Johnson, $1; A. P. Johnson, $1; Rees John, $1; John McCrory, $1. Other contributions are in the hands of Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., J. P. Mendum, and Elmina herself. It may not be improper to add that the management of the National Defense Association is gratefully appreciativ of the fact that no call has ever been made by it without being heartily and generously responded to. It should be suggested, however, that the earnest work of a devoted Liberal may sometimes be quite a helpful as a money contribution, if not more so. If everyone would do as Mr. E. W. Miner, of Axtel, Kansas, did, who says in his letter to The Truth Seeker (issue of July 9th): "I received three circulars from the Defense Association, and posted one, with clipping from Dr. Foote's *Health Monthly*, in our post-office, with the notice that I would receive and forward contributions, signing my name, and posted the others in stores," the difficulties which the Defense Association has to struggle against would be very speedily overcome.

Ed. W. Chamberlain, Treas. N. D. A.

## News and Notes.

Sunday evening, June 26th, I lecture at New Era, in the camp of our Spiritualist friends, who keep things pretty lively in this part of the country. I spoke in behalf of "Universal Mental Liberty," which in this life or the life to come is the glory of existence. The Secular philosophy includes all worlds, for, no matter how many there are, we can only take one at a time. The continuance of life does not destroy the value of supreme emphasis on what you hav now got. Enjoy the moments as they fly, is just as good philosophy for an angel as for a man.

I had a pleasant time among our ethereal allies who see worlds on worlds and yet behold the beauty of earth. I had a message from D. M. Bennett, who declared that my lecture tour would be a grand success, and that some time I would be an exponent of Spiritual philosophy. I hav a heart for any fate, and, whatever change I may undergo, liberty, science, and humanity will be the noblest joy.

Sunday evening I lectured at Salem to a small audience. The capital city of Oregon is indeed a sluggish town, overburdened with churches and quite under the puritanic rule. But we hav stanch friends here, and I hope for progress. Messrs. Forstner, Tiffany, Hawkins, Willis, and others will giv some light amid the funereal pall, and promis of brighter days. The Rev. Mr. Skiggs, once the Campbellite minister of this place, now a Unitarian, is on the broad road to Liberalism. He presided at the ecture. Some friends were present from quite a distance—John Phillips, of Spring Valley; Asa Strange, of Eola, etc.

Monday I returned to Silverton in order to hear the Rev. Mr. Driver, whom the Methodists pitted against me for debate, but he refused to enter the field. He preferred to take it all alone in his pulpit; and I do not wonder at this, for a more loose theologian I hav seldom heard, although he knows how to talk in a glib and sounding fashion. One of his wild statements was this, that there had been no particle of knowledge of the unseen world given since the resurrection of Jesus. This, of course, rules out the whole of the New Testament, not a word of which was written until fifty years after the death of Jesus, and since it conveys no information, of course it is useless as a revelation. He also said we had no knowledge of moral truth outside of the Bible. At the same time he declared that we could not prove the divinity of the Bible by itself, but by the seal put upon it, like a will in court. How can we prove the divinity of the seal unless we know good and evil? And yet we don't know good and evil outside of the teachings of the Bible. "We must prove the truth of the Bible," says Driver, "before we read it;" and yet the capacity to prove the truth comes only from the reading of the Bible. What a driver that is! I shall certainly drive him when I come back to Silverton July 15th, and giv a lecture on "The Bible."

I spent Monday evening with Robert Scott, a stanch Infidel with the blood and poetry of Burns in his enthusiastic nature. He has two thousand acres of land, a saw-mill, grist-mill, cheese factory, etc. Round about his ranch there is quite a little village. He is not afraid to speak his mind, and the Christians are obliged to respect his rights.

We arrived at 1 o'clock at night. In the early morning we arose and took our way in the sparkling dawn through the big woods to the Soda Springs, where we had a drink of the refreshing beverage. This is a delightful resort, but the roads by which it is attained are so difficult that but few penetrate to the sylvan abode.

From Soda Springs we go on to Malalla, to Wright's Bridge, which we reach in the afternoon. We find flags flying, the band playing, and the beautiful grove full of people. Fully four hundred were present. Here we hav a splendid time for three days. In the afternoon I lecture, and in the evening the young folks dance. They come from every direction, twenty and thirty miles off. Wilbur and Saunders are present from Eagle Creek, and they capture me for a lecture there August 10th and 11th. Mr. Wilbur owns a hall, and we expect to hav a grand time. Robert Devine came from his beautiful prairie paradise snugly packed away in the bosom of the hills—a quiet spot where he has what he calls his "den," in which, after a life of adventure and turmoil, he rejoices amid a pile of Freethought books and papers. Among others is G. J. Trollinger, the "boss whittler" of Oregon. He can whittle anything out of a stick—articles of most beautiful and delicate fashion. I thought he was a Yankee sure, from the Nutmeg State, but he was born in Indiana, and has never been east of that state. He is one of the pioneers of this country, and has staked off twenty-seven hundred acres of land. He has a saw-mill, grist-mill, etc. He gets up at 4 o'clock every morning, and keeps things on the go. With him in the Infidel ranks are Reuben Wright, Silas Wright, D. R. Wells, James Dickey, L. Mayer, Philip Graves, A. B. Klise, Dr. Goucher, T. C. Mack, A. J. Baty, George Knight, Ira Moody, John Carbouric, J. Zeek, Mrs. May, of Canby, G. W. Smith, Rolla Herring, A. J. Casson, B. F. Linn, and a hundred others. Some Christians, however, were present. The Rev. John Darnell, a "hard-shell" Baptist minister, seventy-three years of age, was on the platform at all the lectures, and he stood the bombarding like a man and never flinched. I admire his pluck. He was born to be an Infidel, but circumstances made him a Baptist minister. I think he would preach a pretty sensible sermon.

On the second day we organized, and over one hundred names were enrolled under the banners of Freethought, and so Molalla vies with Silverton as to which shall be the brightest star that blazes on the forehead of the dawn. They will also build a hall, and so when I come again two Freethought temples will greet the sunlight and the starlight. This is splendid encouragement for our pioneer work.

Friday we come to New Era, and take dinner with our noble Liberal friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Jesse, who read The Truth Seeker with all their heart and mind, and whose cordial welcome made a delightful hour upon our pilgrim way. Friday evening we lecture again at Salem to a small house, but the courage of such warm-hearted friends as Forstner and Tiffany and a few others makes even this church-ridden city a hopeful battle-field.

They are bound to keep me at work in Oregon, and almost every night is occupied. I shall be at Portland to-morrow; McMinnville and McCay next week; Corvallis, July 10th; Stayton, July 12th, 13th, 14th; Silverton, July 15th; Forest Grove, July 17th; Scappoose, July 19th, 20th, 21st; Seattle, Or., July 24th; Port Angeles, I expect, July 31st; and between these dates Newcastle, Black Diamond, and

Franklin; Port Townsend, Aug. 7th, 8th, 9th; Eagle Creek, Or., Aug. 10th, 11th; Colfax, W. T., Aug. 14th; and then Spokane Falls, Pendleton, Union City, Baker City, etc.

The probabilities now are that the grand national Congress will be held at Chicago next November. If so, we hope that every Liberal in the country will make an effort to be there. The present campaign is so encouraging and the interest so great that, without doubt, our coming Congress will be the most important and successful of any, and will giv a vast impulse to our work.

*Salem, Or.*, July 2, 1887.

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Portland promises to be the chief city of Oregon. She has grown rapidly in the last few years, and now numbers about thirty-five thousand inhabitants. The resources of Oregon are not yet developed. Her wheat and fruit are unsurpassed, and the name "Oregon" is beginning to be a passport to favor in the markets of the world. The building of railroads will open an immense country to settlement, containing some of the richest farming lands on the continent. Our friends, A. F. Neunert, C. H. Saunders, and A. B. Niles, met us at the station, and it did not take long to feel quite at home in this lively camp, where the bustle of preparation was going on for the Fourth of July. I had met Niles at New Era, and so I was not long a stranger in the crowd. It takes only a few minutes to make old acquaintance in this Western land. C. H. Saunders is one of the veterans of our cause—three quarters of a century old, and enthusiastic still. He has a cow that givs six gallons of milk a day, and makes fifty dollars' worth of butter a month. It is enough to make one feel young to own such an animal as that. I must enroll that cow in the Liberal ranks. I don't believe there is a particle of orthodoxy in her veins. She livs for the sake of humanity.

A. F. Neunert is one of our strenuous German allies—always at the front. He has made and lost half a dozen fortunes in this country, but no amount of adversity can keep him at the bottom. He is bound to rise. He is earnest for Freethought, and work is made easy, with so splendid a comrade to smooth the difficulties and provide the sinews of war, in spite of indifference and cowardice, which are too much in the way of progress.

In the golden evening our friend Neunert takes me in his carriage over the big hill near the city, from whence an immense panorama is seen—the winding river, Mt. Hood, Mt. St. Helens, etc.—a magnificent picture, and about two miles beyond we come to "a green and mild declivity," where, in a country mansion, resides our genial enthusiast and bright dreamer, Cornelius Beal, who, amid trees and flowers and fruit, is recuperating age with nature's beautiful life. It was a pleasure to meet with this broad-minded philosopher, this poetic worker, who never gets discouraged, but looks at the bright side, and keeps on with a generous faith in man's boundless good. A gentle reformer is Friend Beal, yet strong in purpose and undeviating in devotion to ideas. He sees good in everything, and hope amid all the shadows of man's devious way.

Our meetings at Portland were well attended Sunday afternoon and evening, and the outlook is encouraging for advancement in the future. Friends came from a distance—Martin Miller, S. C. Scharnhorst, and others, who for years hav been in the picket line of freedom, and, almost alone, hav upheld the principles of radical progress. Col. G. E. Caukin, Mrs. Haight, of East Portland; Ed. Aliskey, Henry Rosefelt, H. C. Schaeht, Dr. Nichols, J. Krats, Mark Levi, J. Harold, G. H. Ward, I. H. Fisk, C. W. Herralt, H. Simm, I. S. Ordway, Dr. Hart, Fred. Witti, Adolph Rebe, Henry Stanforth, Dr. Lewis, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Hall, Mr. Cole, Lincoln and Krouse; Messrs. Durant, Benheimer, Church, E. Closset, Mason, Battin, Smith, D. W. Horlbing, R. Lax, McClay, and many others are interested in the Freethought work, and this commercial center of the Northwest will, no doubt, hav a flourishing Secular Union.

Monday was a warm, dusty day of music, parade, boom of cannon, etc. Thousands of people were in Portland from the surrounding country. There was quite a display of fireworks on the river in the evening, and at half-past eleven the top of Mt. Hood, seventy miles off, shone with an enormous ball of red fire, the grandest and loftiest illumination on the continent in honor of the national holiday.

Tuesday, July 5th, I come to McMinnville, a pleasant and thriving town of fifteen hundred inhabitants about fifty miles from Portland. This is a somewhat orthodox place. The Baptists are in the lead, and hav a college established for the making of ministers. But they only graduated one minister last year, and so the supply is not very great. I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Booth, who were once good church-members, but are now earnest in the Liberal cause.

I met also D. A. K. Olds, seventy-five years of age, who came to this country decades ago, and who has had a hard fight with fortune, and from infancy, almost, has been a Freethinker. He has won the respect of the community by his straightforward manliness. He has been a noble soldier of liberty. B. F. Fuller; J. E. Brooks; J. H. Olds, of Lafayette; E. N. Ford; J. R. Booth; Littleton Younger; Robert Laughlin and Lee Laughlin, of North Yam Hill; W. J. Garrison; E. T. Wallace, of Amity; L. A. Wilson; Jonathan Bogue; W. T. Kutch; J. W. Cook; S. Richardson; F. M. Boyer, and others are also ardent friends of progress, and my campaign here was one of the best along the route. The Opera House was well filled the first evening, and the numbers increased with every lecture. On the last evening a Secular Union was organized, with a membership of nearly fifty. McMinnville is in the midst of a beautiful farming country. It has a bright future, and I believe that a Freethought hall will some time be one of its chief attractions.

From McMinnville I go, Friday, June 8th, to McCoy, through a country that shines with harvest glory, and where men are busily at work. I am greeted by Joseph K. Sears, one of the most independent of Liberals, and who has no particle of fear in his composition, no matter what the odds against him. He is thoroughly in favor of reform and honesty, and is one of the most respected citizens in the community. I found a pleasant sojourn with him and his family—a good rest—and in the evening at Perrydale, two miles off, in the school-building, gave a lecture to a crowded house. They are constructing three or four new church edifices about McCoy, but evidently Freethought has many supporters. A. H. Denny, Kenneth Campbell, W. W. Stockton, N. H. Greg, John Nutter, Matt Caldwell, Joseph Black, J. J. Hill, etc., are all outspoken Liberals, and so I think we shall be able to hold the fort in spite of the orthodox thunders.

I hav thus been kept busy every night, and wherever I go there is enthusiasm and interest. Tomorrow, July 10th, I am at Corvallis; July 12th, 13th, 14th, at Stayton; July 15th, at Silverton; July 16th, 17th, at Forest Grove; July 18th, 19th, at Eagle Creek; July 20th, at East Portland; July 21st, at Portland; July 22d, at Astoria; July 23d, 24th, at Seattle, W. T.; July 25th, 26th, at Newcastle; July 27th, 28th, at Black Diamond and Franklin; July 29th, 30th, 31st, and August 1st at Snohomish; August 2d to 9th at Port Angeles and Port Townsend; August 11th at Portland; August 13th, 14th, 15th, at Colfax, W, T.; and afterward at Spokane Falls, Walla Walla, Pendleton, Union City, Baker City, Prairie City, etc., but the dates are not yet fixed.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*McCoy, Or.*, July 9, 1887.

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## The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

Author of "Physical Education," "The Secret of the East," etc.

### I.—PHYSICAL MAXIMS.

#### CHAPTER I.—HEALTH.

##### *A.—Lessons of Instinct.*

Nature has guarded the health of her creatures by a marvelous system of protective intuitions. The sensitive membrane of the eye resents the intrusion of every foreign substance. An intuitive sense of discomfort announces every injurious extreme of temperature. To the unperverted taste of animals in a state of nature wholesome food is pleasant, injurious substances repulsive or insipid. Captain Kane found that only the rage of famine will tempt the foxes of the Arctic coastlands to touch spoiled meat. In times of scarcity the baboons of the Abyssinian mountains greedily hunt for edible roots, which an unerring faculty enables them to distinguish from the poisonous varieties. The naturalist Tschudi mentions a troop of half-tamed chamois forcing their way through a shingle roof, rather than pass a night in the stifling atmosphere of a goat stable.

Man in his primitive state had his full share of those protective instincts, which still manifest themselves in children and Nature-guided savages. It is a mistake to suppose that the lowest of those savages are naturally fond of ardent spirits. The travelers Park, Gerstaecker, Vambery, Kohl, De Tocqueville, and Brehm agree that the first step on the road to ruin is always taken in deference to the example of the admired superior race, if not in compliance with direct persuasion. The negroes of the Senegal high lands shuddered at the first taste of alcohol, but from a wish to conciliate the good will of their visitors hesitated to decline their invitations, which subsequently, indeed, became rather superfluous. The children of the wilderness unhesitatingly prefer the hardships of a winter camp to the atmospheric poisons of our tenement houses. Shamyl Ben Haddin, the Circassian war chief, whose iron constitution had endured the vicissitudes of thirty-four campaigns, pathetically protested against the pest air of his Russian prison cell, and warned his jailers that, unless his dormitory was changed, Heaven would hold them responsible for the guilt of his suicide. I have known country boys to step out into a shower of rain and sleet to escape from the contaminated atmosphere of a city workshop, and after a week's work in a spinning mill return to the penury of their mountain homes, rather than purchase dainties at the expense of their lungs.

The word *frugality*, in its original sense, referred literally to a diet of tree-fruits, in distinction to carnivorous fare, and nine out of ten children still decidedly prefer ripe fruit and farinaceous dishes to the richest meats. They as certainly prefer easy, home-made clothes to the constraint of fashionable fripperies. The main tenets of our dress-reformers are anticipated in the sensible garments of many half-civilized nations. Boys, within reach of a free bathing river, can dispense with the advice of the hydropathic school. They delight in exercise; they laugh at the imaginary danger of fresh-air draughts, and the perils of barefoot rambles in wet and dry. They would cast their vote in favor of the outdoor pursuit of hundreds of occupations which custom, rather than necessity, now associates with the disadvantages of indoor confinement. The hygienic influence of arboreal vegetation has been recognized by the ablest pathologists of modern times; avenues of shade trees have been found to redeem the sanitary condition of many a grimy city, and the eminent hygienist, Schrodt, holds that, as a remedial institution, a shady park is worth a dozen drug stores. But all these lessons only confirm an often manifested, and too often suppressed, instinct of our young children: their passionate love of woodland sports, their love of tree shade, of greenwood camps, of forest life in all its forms. Those who hold that "nature" is but a synonym of "habit" should witness the rapture of city children at first sight of forest glades and shady meadow brooks, and compare it with the city-dread of the Swiss peasant lad or the American backwoods boy, sickened by the fumes and the uproar of a large manufacturing town. A thousands years of vice and abnormal habits have not yet silenced the voice of the physical conscience that recalls our steps to the path of Nature, and will not permit us to transgress her laws unwarned.

##### B.—REWARDS OF CONFORMITY.

The reward of nature-abiding habits is not confined to the negative advantage of escaping the discomforts of disease. In the pursuit of countless competitive avocations the Art of Survival is a chief secret of success, but in this age of sanitary abuses our lives are mostly half-told tales. Our season ends before the trees of hope have time to ripen their fruit; before their day's work is done our toilers are overtaken by the shadows of approaching night. Sanitary reforms would undoubtedly lengthen our average term of life, and an increase of longevity alone would solve the most vexing riddles of existence: the apparent injustice of fate, the disproportion of merit and compensation, the aimlessness, the illusive promises and baffled hopes of life. For millions of our fellow-men an increase of health and longevity would suffice to make life decidedly worth living. Health lessens the temptations to many vices. Perfect health blesses its possessor with a spontaneous cheerfulness almost proof against the frowns of fortune and the cares of poverty. With a meal of barley cakes and milk, a straw couch, and scant clothing of homespun linen, a shepherd-boy in the highlands of the Austrian Alps may enjoy existence to a degree that exuberates in frolic and jubilant shouts, while all the resources of wealth cannot recall the sunshine which sickness has banished from the life of the dyspeptic glutton. If happiness could be computed by measure and weight, it would be found that her richest treasures are not stored in gilded walls, but in the homes of frugal thrift, of rustic vigor and nature-loving independence. The sweetness of health reflects itself in grace of form and deportment, and wins friends where the elegance of studied manners gains only admirers. Health is also a primary condition of that clearness of mind the absence of which can be only partially compensated by the light of learning. Health is the basis of mental as of bodily vigor; country-bred boys have again and again carried off the prizes of academical honors from the pupils of refined cities, and the foremost reformers of all ages and countries have been men of the people; low-born, but not the less well born, sons of hardy rustics and mechanics, from Moses, Socrates, Epictetus, Jesus Ben Josef, and Mohammed, to Luther, Rousseau, Thomas Paine, and Abraham Lincoln.

##### C.—PERVERSION.

Habitual sin against the health-laws of Nature was originally chiefly a consequence of untoward circumstances. Slaves, paupers, immigrants to the inhospitable climes of the higher latitudes, were forced to adopt abnormal modes of life which, in the course of time, hardened into habits. Man, like all the varieties of his four-handed relatives, is a native of the tropics, and the diet of our earliest man-like ancestors was, in all probability, *frugal:* tree-fruits, berries, nuts, roots, and edible herbs and gums. But the first colonists of the winter lands were obliged to eke out an existence by eating the flesh of their fellow-creatures, and a carnivorous diet thus became the habitual and, in many countries, almost the exclusive diet of the nomadic inhabitants.

Alcohol is a product of fermentation, and the avarice of a cruel master may have forced his slaves to quench their thirst with fermented must or hydromel till habit begot a baneful second nature, and the, at first reluctant, victims of intoxication learned to prefer *spoiled* to fresh grape-juice. Sedentary occupations, however distasteful at first, are apt to engender a sluggish aversion to physical exercise, and even habitual confinement in a vitiated atmosphere may at last become a second nature, characterized by a morbid dread of fresh air. The slaves of the Roman landowners had to pass their nights in prison-like dungeons, and may have contracted the first germ of that mental disease known as the night-air superstition, the idea, namely, that after dark the vitiated atmosphere of a stifling dormitory is preferable to the balm of the cooling night wind.

In modern times an unprecedented concurrence of circumstances has stimulated a feverish haste in the pursuit of wealth, and thus indirectly led to the neglect of personal hygiene. The abolition of the public festivals by which the potentates of the pagan empires compensated their subjects for the loss of political freedom, the heartless egotism of our wealthy Pharisees, venal justice, and the dire bondage of city life all help to stimulate a headlong race toward the goal of the promised land of ease and independence—a goal reached only by a favored few compared with the multitudes who daily drop down wayworn and exhausted.

But the deadliest blow to the cause of health was struck by the anti-natural fanaticism of the Middle Ages, the world-hating infatuation of the maniacs who depreciated every secular blessing as a curse in disguise, and despised their own bodies as they despised nature, life, and earth. The disciples of the world-renouncing messiah actually welcomed disease as a sign of divine favor, they gloried in decrepitude and deformity, and promoted the work of degeneration with a persevering zeal never exceeded by the enlightened benefactors of the human race. For a period of fifteen hundred years the ecclesiastic history of Europe is the history of a systematic war against the interests of the human body; the "mortification of the flesh" was enjoined as a cardinal duty of a true believer; health-giving recreations were suppressed, while health-destroying vices were encouraged by the example of the clergy; domestic hygiene was utterly neglected, and the founders of some twenty-four different monastic orders vied in the invention of new penances and systematic outrages upon the health of the poor convent slaves. Their diet was confined to the coarsest and often most loathsome food; they were subjected to weekly bleedings, to profitless hardships and deprivations; their sleep was broken night after night; fasting was carried to a length which often avenged itself in permanent insanity; and their only compensation for a daily repetition of health-destroying afflictions was the permission to indulge in spiritual vagaries and spirituous poisons: the same bigots who grudged their followers a night of unbroken rest or a mouthful of digestible food indulged them in quantities of alcoholic beverages that would have staggered the conscience of a modern beer-swiller.

The bodily health of a community was held so utterly below the attention of a Christian magistrate that every large city became a hotbed of contagious diseases; small-pox and scrofula became pandemic disorders; the pestilence of the Black Death ravaged Europe from end to end—nay, instead of trying to remove the cause of the evil, the wretched victims were advised to seek relief in prayer and self-torture, and a philosopher uttering a word of protest against such illusions would have risked to have his tongue torn out by the roots and his body consigned to the flames of the stake.

Mankind has never wholly recovered from that reign of insanity. Indifference to many of the plainest health-laws of nature is still the reproach of our so-called civilization. Our moralists rant about the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, but find no time to expurgate the slums of their own cities; our missionary societies spend millions to acquaint the natives of distant islands with the ceremony of baptism, but refuse to contribute a penny to the establishment of free public baths for the benefit of their poor neighbors, whose children are scourged or caged like wild beasts for trying to mitigate the martyrdom of the midsummer season by a bath in the waters of the next river. Temperance, indeed, is preached in the name of the miracle-monger who turned water into alcohol; but millions of toilers who seek to drown their misery in the Lethe of intoxication are deprived of every healthier pastime; the magistrates of our wealthy cities rage with penal ordinances against the abettors of public amusements on the day when nine-tenths of our laborers find their only leisure for recreation. Poor factory children who would spend the holidays in the paradise of the green hills are lured into the baited trap of a Sabbath-school and bribed to memorize the stale twaddle of Hebrew ghost-stories or the records of fictitious genealogies; but the offer to enlarge the educational sphere of our public schools by the introduction of a health primer would be scornfully ejected as an attempt to divert the attention of the pupils from more important topics.

D.—PENALTIES OF NEGLECT.

But the laws of Nature cannot be outraged with impunity, and the aid of supernatural agencies has never yet protected our ghost-mongers from the consequences of their sins against the monitions of their physical conscience. The neglect of cleanliness avenges itself in diseases which no prayer can avert; during the most filthful and prayerful period of the Middle Ages, seven out of ten city-dwellers were subject to scrofula of that especially malignant form that attacks the glands and the arteries as well as the skin. Medical nostrums and clerical hocus-pocus of the ordinary sort were, indeed, so notoriously unavailing against that virulent affection that thousands of sufferers took long journeys to try the efficacy of a *king's* touch, as recorded by the unanimous testimony of contemporary writers, as well as in the still current term of a *sovereign* remedy. A long foot-journey, with its opportunities for physical exercise, outdoor camps, and changes of diet, often really effected the desired result; but, on their return to their reeking hovels, the convalescents experienced a speedy relapse, and had either to repeat the wearisome journey or resign themselves to the "mysterious dispensation" of a Providence which obstinately refused to let miracles interfere with the normal operation of the physiological laws recorded in the protests of instinct. Stench, nausea, and sick-headaches might, indeed, have enforced those protests upon the attention of the sufferers; but the disciples of Antinaturalism had been taught to mistrust the promptings of their natural desires, and to accept discomforts as signs of divine favor, or, in extreme cases, to trust their abatement to the intercession of the saints, rather than to the profane interference of secular science.

The dungeon-life of the monastic maniacs, and the abject submission to the nuisance of atmospheric impurities, avenged themselves in the ravages of pulmonary consumption; the votaries of dungeon-smells were taught the value of fresh air by the tortures of an affliction from which only the removal of the cause could deliver a victim, and millions of orthodox citizens died scores of years before the attainment of a life term which a seemingly inscrutable dispensation of Heaven grants to the unbelieving savages of the wilderness. The cheapest of all remedies, fresh air, surrounded them in immeasurable abundance, craving admission and offering them the aid which Nature grants even to the lowliest of her creatures, but a son of a miracle-working church had no concern with such things, and was enjoined to rely on the efficacy of mystic ceremonies: "If any man is sick among you, let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord." "And the prayer of faith shall cure the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up."

Thousands of the fatuous bigots who prayed for "meekness of spirit" continued to gorge themselves with the food of carnivorous animals, and thus inflamed their passions with the sanguinary, remorseless propensities of those brutes. Luigi Cornaro, the Italian reformer, assures us that it was no uncommon thing for a nobleman or prelate of his century to swallow fourteen pounds of strong meats at a single meal, and that, after invoking the blessing of Heaven upon such a repast, the devourer of meat-pies would rise with his paunch distended "like the hide of a drowned dog." The "Love of Enemies," "forgiveness and meekness," were on their lips; but those fourteen pounds of meat-pie worked out their normal result; and among the carnivorous saints of that age we accordingly find men whose fiendish inhumanity would have appalled the roughest legionary of pagan Rome. Cæsar Borgia, the son of a highest ecclesiastic dignitary, a disciple of a priestly training-school, and himself a prince of the church, seems to have combined the stealthy cunning of a viper with the bloodthirst of a hyena. Four times he made and broke the most solemn treaties, in order to get an opportunity to invade the territory of an unprepared neighbor. His campaigns were conducted with a truculence denounced even by his own allies; with his own hand he poisoned fourteen of his boon companions, in order to possess himself of their property; twenty-three of his political and clerical rivals were removed by the dagger of hired assassins or executed upon the testimony of suborned perjurers. He tried to poison his brother-in law, Prince Alphonso of Aragon, in order to facilitate his design of seducing his own sister; he made repeated, and at last partly successful, attempts to poison the brother of his mother and his own father, the pope.

The heartless neglect of sanitary provisions for the comfort of the poor avenges itself in epidemics that visit the abodes of wealth as well as the hovels of misery. A stall-fed preacher of our southern seaport towns may circulate a petition for the suppression of Sunday excursions, in order to prevent the recreation-needing toilers of his community from leaving town on St. Collection Day; he may advocate the arrest of bathing schoolboys, in order to suppress an undue love of physical enjoyments, or to gratify a female tithe-payer who seeks an opportunity of displaying her prudish virtue at the expense of the helpless; he may vote to suppress outdoor sports in the cool of the late evening, when the inhabitants of the tenement streets are trying to enjoy an hour of extra Sabbatarian recreation—a privilege to be reserved for the saints who can rest six days out of seven, and on the seventh harvest the fruits of other men's labor. But epidemics refuse to recognize such distinctions, and the vomit of yellow fever will force the most reverend monopolist to disgorge the proceeds of the tithes coined from the misery of consumptive factory children. Nor can wealth purchase immunity from the natural consequences of habitual vice. The dyspeptic glutton is a Tantalus who starves in the midst of abundance. The worn-out tradesman, whose restless toil in the mines of mammon has led to asthma or consumption, would vainly offer to barter half his gold for half a year of health. Thousands of families who deny themselves every recreation, who linger out the summer in the sweltering city, and toil and save "for the sake of our dear children," have received Nature's verdict on the wisdom of their course in the premature death of those children.

E.—REDEMPTION.

It has often been said that the physical regeneration of the human race could be achieved without the aid of a miracle, if its systematic pursuit were followed with half the zeal which our stock-breeders bestow upon the rearing of their cows and horses. A general observance of the most clearly recognized laws of health would, indeed, abundantly suffice for that purpose. There is, for instance, no doubt that the morbid tendency of our indoor modes of occupation could be counteracted by gymnastics, and the trustees of our education fund should build a gymnasium near every town school. As a condition of health, pure air is as essential as pure water and food, and no house-owner should be permitted to sow the seeds of deadly diseases by crowding his tenants into the back rooms of unaired and unairable slum-prisons. New cities should be projected on the plan of concentric rings of cottage suburbs (interspersed with parks and gardens), instead of successive strata of tenement flats.

In every large town all friends of humanity should unite for the enforcement of Sunday freedom, and spare no pains to brand the Sabbath bigots as enemies of the human race. We should found Sunday gardens, where our toil-worn fellow-citizens could enjoy their holidays with outdoor sports and outdoor dances, free museums, temperance drinks, healthy refreshments, collections of botanical and zoölogical curiosities. Country excursions on the only leisure day of the laboring classes should be as free as air and sunshine, and every civilized community should have a Recreation League for the promotion of that purpose.

In the second century of our chronological era the cities of the Roman empire vied in the establishment of free public baths. Antioch alone had fourteen of them; Alexandria not less than twelve, and Rome itself at least twenty, some of them of such magnificence and extent that their foundations have withstood the ravages of sixteen centuries. Many of those establishments were entirely free, and even the *Thermæ*, or luxurious Warm Baths, of Caracalla admitted visitors for a gate-fee which all but the poorest could afford. Our boasted civilization will have to follow such examples before it can begin to deserve its name; and even the free circus games (by no means confined to the combats of armed prize-fighters) were preferable to the fanatical suppression of all popular sports which made the age of Puritanism the dreariest period of that dismal era known as the Reign of the Cross.

The preservation of health is at least not less important than the preservation of Hebrew mythology; and communities who force their children to sacrifice a large portion of their time to the study of Asiatic miracle legends might well permit them to devote an occasional hour or two to the study of modern physiology. We should have health primers and teachers of hygiene, and the most primitive district school should find time for a few weekly lessons in the rudiments of sanitary science, such as the importance of ventilation, the best modes of exercise, the proper quality and quantity of our daily food, the significance of the stimulant habit, the use and abuse of dress, etc.

Such text-books would prepare the way for health lectures, for health legislation and the reform of municipal hygiene. The untruth that "a man can not be defiled by things entering him from without" has been thoroughly exploded by the lessons of science, and should no longer excuse the neglect of that *frugality* which in the times of the pagan republics formed the best safeguard of national vigor. Milk, bread, and fruit, instead of greasy viands, alcohol, and narcotic drinks, would soon modify the mortality statistics of our large cities, and we should not hesitate to recognize the truth that the remarkable longevity of the Jews and Mohammedans has a great deal to do with their dread of impure food.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# Communications.

## Belief in Gods Means Submission to Priests.

One desire dearest to the human heart is the exercise of arbitrary power over the actions of others. Possessing this advantage, unscrupulous men delight to levy contributions upon the industry and resources of all under their sway, and make them subservient to their ease, their interests, and their selfish enjoyments. The priest, ambitious to rule, and yet realizing the difficulty of enforcing obedience on the strength of his own merits, artfully devised a system of superstition whereby he could work on the hopes and fears of the weak, and thus secure not only submission, but respect, love, and a bountiful support. He pointed his dupes to an imaginary awful being enthroned in the skies, at whose name he taught them to bow and tremble, and whose minister and mouth-piece he caused them to believe himself to be. A blind, unhesitating belief in the reality of this dread phantom, and also in that of certain alleged revelations of his, was exacted under dire penalties, for, without such belief, the priest well knew he could exercise no influence, and enjoy none of the honors pertaining to the priestly vocation.

The very fact that faith is demanded as an indispensable condition is positiv proof of fraud. Every religion is a game of confidence, and every priest a confidence man who proclaims what he pretends is the word of a God, and then arrogantly commands everybody, under the penalty of certain damnation, to accept and believe it as such. In order to exercise and increase the credulity of their dupes, these crafty priests invent and announce, under the name, "divine mysteries," propositions of an incongruous character, the dogma of the trinity being a noted instance. One person in three, and three in one; one because it is three, and three because it is one. Can absurdity be carried to a greater length? Yet, we are solemnly assured, it is a godly mystery, incomprehensible to the mere carnal mind. How these sly faith-men must chuckle in private over the bewilderment and submission, the perplexity and admiration, of their poor, awe-stricken believers!

Nowhere, outside of the flimsy assumptions of theology, is doubt discouraged or treated as a crime. A well-established truth loses nothing, and has nothing to fear, from doubt or the closest scrutiny. It is always imposture, and that alone, in the stolen drapery of truth, that dreads and deprecates investigation. All the deductions of science and philosophy cheerfully invite examination, with a view to the discovery of latent errors and the ultimate perfection of knowledge. Men who disbelieve the circulation of the blood or the heliocentric system of the heavens are merely ignorant, certainly not criminal, meriting not our hatred but only our pity. In the domain of theology alone does a different procedure obtain. Here, it is made a solemn duty to abhor all disbelief, and to accept, cherish, and resolutely defend whatever dogmas priestly authority may see fit to inculcate.

In early childhood, when incapable of exercising reason, our helplessness naturally compels us to rely upon authority for all our instruction. Whatever our parents and elders tell us at that tender, confiding age we accept without hesitation as absolute truth. With a little care and training, any falsehood, not too glaring, may then be imposed upon our ignorance and credulity; any absurdity be commended to our favor and made a sacred object of our blind, tenacious faith.

But as we grow older we gather experience, and, little by little, free ourselvs from this dependence upon others for our attainments in knowledge; free ourselvs from the necessity of implicit deference for high authority, and, in time, learn to observe, compare, criticise, and make a proper, independent use of our own reason. In a few years we come to realize that all we hav heard and read is not truth, but very much of it rank falsehood; and this discovery tends to weaken our confidence in the authority which we before had held as infallible. The progress which an individual will make in emancipating himself from the errors incidental to his birth and surroundings will depend on the power of his mental faculties. If these are activ and strong, he will make short work of it, and pass with a rush from mists and fogs into the assuring light of truth, leaving his weaker brother to liv and die in the midst of a cloud of darkness, with never a suspicion of his benighted condition.

Faith being an involuntary state of the mind, being forced upon us whether we will it or not, according to the testimony of our senses and the convictions of our judgment, we are no more accountable for what we believe than we are for hight, weight, or complexion. To reward us for our belief and punish us for our disbelief is not only irrational, but monstrously unjust.

Faith is little else than a stupid credulity that has stultified and enslaved all Christendom. Nevertheless, the great, the indispensable business of your true Christian is to believe, to believe with his whole soul; to believe blindly, tenaciously, and in defiance of all doubts. He has a precious soul to save, which, in default of faith—true, unfaltering faith—must be debarred from heaven, and cast forever into outer darkness, where the only sounds striking his horrified ears will be "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." Therefore, he must believe. Besides, his dear mother, his blessed old grandmother, and his aunts and his cousins and his neighbors all, all, believed. Why should he alone prove recreant, disgrace his name, and be jeered as an Infidel? No, no! If there is anything in which he may feel a justifiable pride, it is his inherited faith; his firm, unshaken faith. No absurdity of doctrin, no contradiction of scripture passages, no weight or cogency of reasoning, can shake or unsettle that faith, founded as it is on the everlasting rock of ages. The main duty of his life, as he understands it, is to believe, and that in the face of all opposing proofs and arguments, all such being, in his opinion, mere sophistries devised by that subtle enemy of mankind, the devil. When one of the ungodly presses him to investigate the foundation of his faith, he generally refuses flatly to do it; but when he does happen to make a pretense at such an investigation, he goes about it only to confirm his convictions—to strengthen, to harden, and crystallize that glorious, blessed faith. In triumph he sings:

I am a Christian true,
One whose head is level;
I know a thing or two—
Doubts are from the devil.

In ancient times the race of asses roamed over a wide, grassy plain, where they and their ancestors had enjoyed their freedom from time immemorial, until man made his appearance among them with the bridle. This article, he solemnly assured them, was their only means of safety, declaring it to be a protection against their old enemy the lion; an ornament which no respectable ass could afford to be without; and ultimately a sure guide to a much larger and richer pasture far away over the river.

The silly creatures listened; suffered themselvs to be bridled; and from that day to this they hav been man's submissiv slaves. So

Faith is the bridle the priesthood provide
To slip on the asses they're anxious to ride.

*Brookhaven, Miss.* S. F. Smurr.

## God and Gods.

God!

Who or what is God?

This is what no fellow ever could, or ever can, find out, except in case of a wooden god.

Yet the Christian has the assurance to tell us that he knows all about God!

And he really knows what, that the anti-Christian does not know?

Nothing!

Yet he sticks to it that he knows, because he thinks there is a God; because he believes there is a God; because he hopes there is a God!

How any human being, even though a monster himself, can hope there is such a monster as the Christian's God is made out to be in his own book, surpasseth comprehension.

Hope that such a being exists as the God of the Bible? Holy horror!

Yes, the individual and collectiv Christian thus hopes.

Ask him why, and he will tell you it is because he hopes for a future life; tantamount to saying that he hopes to liv in company with his God!

The Christian prates and prates and ever prates of the goodness of his God!

Yet "God's own book" is damning evidence to the contrary.

"God is love," the Christian will piously tell you, with rolling eyes and long drawn face, and that unblushingly, right in the face of horrors that daily accumulate on horrors' head!

Right in the face of the daily horrors of the mines, of the earthquake, of the railroad, of the steamship, of the cyclone, of the land-slides, of the flames, of the ills that flesh is *not* heir to, etc., etc., will the pious Christian tell you that "God is love!"

From such love, and we see it manifested every day, the good devil deliver us!

God!

As the great Leviathan of Freethought in this country, Colonel Ingersoll, says of blasphemy, God is a question of geography, I think.

In one place he is one thing or being, in another place another thing or being, and so on until all the places hav been heard from, including the back counties and Boonton, N. J.

Over India, China, Turkey, Christendom, and outlying heathen dependencies and independencies of these several extensiv areas, not forgetting the Mormon kingdom and the red men's reservations, preside sundry and divers gods, each according to the notions of his, her—I believe there are some she-gods; why shouldn't there be?—or its people, and each getting in his, her, or its work satisfactorily—I presume so, in most cases, or bouncing would be in order, and other gods elected.

With few exceptions, these gods are held up as paragons of goodness, notably the Christians' God, and yet, like the latter, are malicious monsters!

Strange that a monstrous God is styled a "God of love and mercy," and a monstrous man is called a monster, without any bones about it!

In some parts of Africa, and in some of the South Sea Islands, gods are worshiped for what they are and for what they are worth—monsters!

These are the only honest people running gods for worshiping or other purposes.

Knowing their gods are monsters, they do not hypocritically set them up as personifications of goodness, but worship them as monsters.

They yell, howl, pray, beseech, implore, and supplicate these gods to let up on them and giv them a chance.

They know their gods are tough cusses, and they are continually on the pray to keep out of their clutches; and there is sense in their proceedings.

But what sense is there in the methods of a people who, setting up a "God of love and mercy," continually howl, yell, and pray for mercy? Why should they be continually crawling and groveling at the feet of a "God of love and mercy?" Why forever be supplicating, beseeching, imploring, and begging for mercy from one "All-Merciful?"

Why, if these methods are necessary to propitiate a "God of love and mercy," not strip off said God's masquerade, let him appear in his true colors, and then grovel with some appearance of reason, like the heathen (?), who do not dress their gods up in sheep's clothing, but let them remain in their natural raiment—that of wolves?

But here we hav the Christian continually praying to his "God of love" that the latter may not lead him into temptation, as though said "G. of l." were always around in some dark corner, with a piece of mince pie thrown out to tempt weak mortals to lay their hooks upon it, or to do some other heinous things!

Oh, that such a God as this should be set up for mankind to grovel at his feet! But, whoa! the God is all right enough, if gods must be maintained at all, for he is like all other gods, heavily down on humanity at large.

The trouble is, that, being a wolf, he is brightly rigged out in lamb's wool, yard wide, and warranted to wash; a bare-faced guarantee, the waters of truth washing away at once the fine snowy fleece, leaving the coarse shaggy hair of the wolf exposed—how quickly the waters of the Zugerzee stripped the lamb's fleece from the wolf's back, only a few nights ago!

Glorious God of the Christians! Forever sitting on the fence, by the water-melon patch, tempting poor, weak mortals to climb over to the other side and feast on the sweets of stolen fruits. Glorious God!

If I state the case wrongly, why does the standard and standing A1, copper fastened, high-hallelujah prayer of Christendom contain the vital clause, "Lead us not into temptation?"

A God that will sneak about, or sit on a fence, trying to tempt weak mortals to sin, being a God, is a meaner thing than a Comstock, if possible. And I don't care who hears me say it.

If St. Colgate should hear me, though, he might rejoice that there was a meaner thing extant than a Comstock, which has tempted hundreds to commit crime, and pounced on them if they succumbed; and I should hate to be the means of causing said saint a moment's rejoicing.

I once read a most affecting story of two little girls who met a horrible ogre in the woods. What they were in the woods for I don't remember, and it doesn't matter, as they undoubtedly had a right to be in the woods, unless trespassing on the property of the ogre—I never saw an ogre, but I presume it is a monster such as two little girls, or two girls as they run, would not care to meet in the woods, or a back street, even. By the way, I hav seen a Comstock—is that anything like an ogre?

Well, the horrible ogre stopped the two little girls, who sized him up for a great, big, ugly thing that walked on his hind legs. They saw he was perfectly horrid, but very shrewdly began to praise and laud him to the skies.

They called him a dear, good creature; the very picture of love and tenderness; a thing of beauty and a joy forever; perfectly lovely, etc.

In short, they just loaded him with taffy of the softest and sweetest variety; and when their stock of confectionery was exhausted, the ogre grinned a gladsome grin, sniffed a satisfying sniff, and, grabbing the two little girls by the back hair, raised them to his cavernous mouth, and downed them as one would a couple of cherries ripe.

I wonder if this story is not applicable to the case of the Christians and their God? I wonder if they are not in the woods, face to face with the ogre, who is constantly devouring them, as at Zug, and in a thousand ways as horrible, notwithstanding the taffy they are as constantly loading him with? I wonder.

Yes, it just occurs to me that it is. Their God—a

borrowed God at that—is an ogre, and they know it. But to get on the soft side of him, if possible, they play the vain game of the little girls, and style him "God of love and mercy!" "The All-Merciful!" "The just and bountiful God!" ringing the changes on these in a thousand ways, while he scoops them in *ad libitum, ad finem!*

When reading of such horrors as at Lake Zug, and countless other horrors daily being recorded, it is enough to make a dog vomit to hear one of our pious God-bawlers solemnly intone his rot—"God is good!" "God is love!" "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,!" "God watcheth over all, and not a sparrow [English or otherwise, I suppose] falleth to the ground without the fall being recorded!" or words to that effect. Yes, enough to make a dog vomit, I say!

Talk about God's being pleased or displeased with mortals, gracious or angry with, loving or hating them! What bosh! what rot!

When the eagle loves, or hates, or in any way interests itself in the tomtit; when the lion purrs or humps himself on account of the doings of the house rat, and it shall be made plain to me that such is the case, then will I take stock in the assertion that gods interest themselvs in the affairs of mortal men and women, dudes and Boontonites not considered.

In conclusion, I would say that, if I must hav a god, I prefer to hav one of the South Sea Islands variety, fashioned of wood. If he gets too obstreperous, I can dump him in the cellar; if that doesn't hav the desired effect, then into the furnace with him! That would be turning the tables on a god, wouldn't it? SI SLOKUM.

## The Liberty of Thought and Discussion.

JOHN STUART MILL "ON LIBERTY."

There is a class of persons (happily not quite so numerous as formerly) who think it enough if a person assents undoubtingly to what they think true, though he has no knowledge whatever of the grounds of the opinion, and could not make a tenable defense of it against the most superficial objections. Such persons, if they can once get their creed taught from authority, naturally think that no good, and some harm, comes of its being allowed to be questioned. Where their influence prevails, they make it nearly impossible for the received opinion to be rejected wisely and considerately, though it may still be rejected rashly and ignorantly; for to shut out discussion entirely is seldom possible, and when it once gets in, beliefs not grounded on conviction are apt to giv way before the slightest semblance of an argument.

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Creeds are all full of meaning and vitality to those who originate them, and to the direct disciples of the originators. Their meaning continues to be felt in undiminished strength, and is perhaps brought out into even fuller consciousness, so long as the struggle lasts to giv the doctrin or creed an ascendancy over other creeds. At last it either prevails, and becomes the general opinion, or its progress stops; it keeps possession of the ground it has gained, but ceases to spread further. When either of these results has become apparent, controversy on the subject flags, and gradually dies away. The doctrin has taken its place, if not as a received opinion, as one of the admitted sects or divisions of opinion; those who hold it hav generally inherited, not adopted, it; and conversion from one of these doctrins to another, being now an exceptional fact, occupies little place in the thoughts of their professors. Instead of being, as at first, constantly on the alert to defend themselvs against the world, or to bring the world over to them, they hav subsided into acquiescence, and neither listen, when they can help it, to arguments against their creed, nor trouble dissentients (if there be such) with arguments in its favor. From this time may usually be dated the decline in the living power of the doctrin.

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We often hear the teachers of all creeds lamenting the difficulty of keeping up in the minds of believers a lively apprehension of the truth which they nominally recognize, so that it may penetrate the feelings, and acquire a real mastery over the conduct. No such difficulty is complained of while the creed is still fighting for its existence; even the weaker combatants then know and feel what they are fighting for, and the difference between it and other doctrins; and in that period of every creed's existence, not a few persons may be found who hav realized its fundamental principles in all the forms of thought, hav weighed and considered them in all their important bearings, and hav experienced the full effect on the character, which belief in that creed ought to produce in a mind thoroughly imbued with it. But when it has come to be a hereditary creed, and to be received passivly, not activly—when the mind is no longer compelled, in the same degree as at first, to exercise its vital powers on the questions which its belief presents to it, there is a progressiv tendency to forget all of the belief except the formularies, or to giv it a dull and torpid assent, as if accepting it on trust dispensed with the necessity of realizing it in consciousness, or testing it by personal experience, until it almost ceases to connect itself at all with the inner life of the human being. Then are seen the cases, so frequent in this age of the world as almost to form the majority, in which the creed remains as it were outside the mind, encrusting and petrifying it against all other influences addressed to the higher parts of our nature, manifesting its power by not suffering any fresh and living conviction to get in, but itself doing nothing for the mind or heart, except standing sentinel over them to keep them vacant.

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To what an extent doctrins intrinsically fitted to make the deepest impression upon the mind may remain in it as dead beliefs, without being ever realized in the imagination, the feelings, or the understanding, is exemplified by the manner in which the majority of believers hold the doctrins of Christianity. By Christianity I here mean what is accounted such by all churches and sects—the maxims and precepts contained in the New Testament. These are considered sacred, and accepted as laws, by all professing Christians. Yet it is scarcely too much to say that not one Christian in a thousand guides or tests his individual conduct by reference to those laws. The standard to which he does refer it is the custom of his nation, his class, or his religious profession. He has thus, on the one hand, a collection of ethical maxims, which he believes to hav been vouchsafed to him by infallible wisdom as rules of government; and on the other, a set of every-day judgments and practices, which go a certain length with some of those maxims, not so great a length with others, stand in direct opposition to some, and are, on the whole, a compromise between the Christian creed and the interests and suggestions of worldly life. To the first of these standards he givs his homage; to the other, his real allegiance. All Christians believe that the blessed are the poor and humble, and those who are ill-used by the world; that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven; that they should judge not, lest they be judged; that they should swear not at all; that they should love their neighbor as themselvs; that if one take their cloak, they should giv him their coat also; that they should take no thought for the morrow; that if they would be perfect, they should sell all that they hav and giv it to the poor. They are not insincere when they say that they believe these things. They do believe them, as people believe what they hav always heard lauded and never discussed. But in the sense of that living belief which regulates conduct, they believe these doctrins just up to the point to which it is usual to act upon them. The doctrins in their integrity are serviceable to pelt adversaries with; and it is understood that they are to be put forward (when possible) as the reasons for whatever people do that they think laudable. But anyone who reminded them that the maxims require an infinity of things which they never even think of doing, would gain nothing but to be classed among those very unpopular characters who affect to be better than other people. The doctrins hav no hold on ordinary believers—are not a power in their minds. They hav an habitual respect for the sound of them, but no feeling which spreads from the words to the things signified, and forces the mind to take *them* in, and make them conform to the formula. Whenever conduct is concerned, they look round for Mr. A and B to direct them how far to go in obeying Christ.

## Stop It!

Mrs. Slenker's arrest, imprisonment, and coming trial should arouse every lover of liberty to defensiv activity. If she be convicted, it will add another to the long list of martyrs that hav been doomed to suffer for trying to enlighten and bless the world, and drive another nail in the coffin of liberty.

Is this nation to be under the control of a church oligarchy, with the villainous Comstock as chief inquisitor, who, with monumental cheek and spurious morality, overrides all sense of justice, liberty, and decency, trampling upon constitutional rights at his sweet will? Shall all discussion of the most important of all questions, upon the proper solution of which depend the weal and woe of all coming generations, be prohibited, and disease, deformity, insanity, and idocity continue to be perpetrated, because one or more low, sensual men can see nothing but obscenity in its investigation?

Will people ever learn that there are no obscene words, the obscenity being always in the mind of the one that perceives it? An intelligent, pure, and refined person sees only beauty in the human form, the highest result of the great artist, Nature's, long continued work, and it awakens in him a feeling of deepest reverence and admiration, while low, vicious, corrupt persons see only obscenity and impurity. One can observe in the external world only what is responsiv to his own nature. Obscenity exists nowhere in the universe except in the mind that perceives it. It is an imaginary demon, ever ready to mar and destroy. Comstock is possessed by this hallucination, and should be placed in charge of some pure people where his better nature could be developed instead of, as now, being allowed and encouraged to wallow in his own filth and resort to all manner of dishonest, indecent tricks to procure the means to feed this morbid, insatiate love of the low and vicious.

If there be any sense left, in a time like this, of what the right to free speech and a free press means; if the citizens of these United States hav not lost all the courage that should descend from sire to son; if they hav any realization of the dangers now threatening our existence as a republic from laws on obscenity, blasphemy, conspiracy, extradition of political offenders, etc., that will blot out all the dearly-bought liberties we hav had handed down to us by a race of men who would never hav submitted as has the present generation to outrages upon individual and vested rights that would sink the oppressions of George III. into insignificance in comparison, let them arouse to action on this matter.

Few, even of Liberals, seem to realize the situation and the true import of all these things; most will chatter of "a question of taste," or "impropriety," or some trivial affair which has nothing to do with the question, which is this, and this alone: Has an American citizen the right to think? Has he a right to express that thought? And has he the right to send that thought written or printed through the mails? If he has not, then liberty in America is dead, and a new republic must be built upon the ashes of our once free, but now fallen, country. If there be any heroism left among us, let everyone, with voice and pen, call a halt to this infamous Comstock raid, that will be so pronounced that even the deaf to the cries of justice shall be made to hear, and, hearing, to obey.

JULIET H. SEVERANCE, M.D.

195 *Fourth st., Milwaukee, Wis.*

## Napoleon Bonaparte's Religion.

Napoleon Bonaparte in an address to the clergy at Breda, in Brabant, May, 1810, denounced the Catholic clergy present and praised the Protestants. The whole speech was printed in a Russian paper and was copied by the *Theophilanthropist*, of New York. I quote two sentences:

> Had I not met in Bossuet's doctrins, and in the maxims of the Gallican church, with principles that agree with mine, and had not the Concordat been received, I myself should hav become a Protestant, and thirty millions of people would hav followed my example.
>
> What ignorant idiots you are; prove to me out of the gospel that Jesus Christ has appointed the pope his substitute, or successor of St. Peter, and that he has the right to excommunicate a sovereign.

BURR.

## The Freethought University at Liberal, Mo.

*From the Liberal Ensign.*

The rarest intellectual feast ever offered to the people of this city took place last week. It was the occasion of the first annual commencement of the first Freethought university in the world. The exercises occupied every evening from June 28th to July 2d. The largest and most enthusiastic audience that ever gathered in U. M. L. Hall greeted the exercises throughout.

On Tuesday evening the exercises were opened with the first annual address of the institution, delivered by G. H. Walser, the founder of the university. The speaker traced the progress of mental liberty for the last two thousand years, personifying most beautifully and appropriately all the various principles and forces that hav been at work, and closed with the Freethought University as the crowning triumph and glory of universal mental liberty.

On Wednesday evening the students exhibited the results of their elocutionary training for the past year. The entertainment was of the highest order and extremely gratifying to all, and would hav done credit to any institution in the land. The participants contested for a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, which was awarded to Miss Birdie Cowley.

Thursday evening, members of the sophomore class delivered a series of public orations prepared for the occasion. The essays surpassed the expectations of the most sanguin, and demonstrated the superiority of an institution where freedom of thought reigns supreme. The speakers contested for twenty dollars in gold, which was awarded to Miss Emma McRae.

On Friday evening the first annual address to the students was delivered by Prof. C. W. Stewart. The subject of the address was "The Scope of Education," and it was handled in that scholarly and eloquent manner so characteristic of Professor Stewart. He impressed upon the students the fact that education was the work of the great school of life, and that institutions of learning were founded but to prepare us successfully to complete the work of that education. After the address, President Leahy made a few closing remarks, reviewing the work of the past year and expressing his gratification at the successful termination of the first year's work.

On Saturday evening the exercises were brought to a close with the rendition of the celebrated tragedy, "Adelgitha." The drama was given in elegant costume, and was the finest dramatic entertainment ever offered to the people of Liberal.

A number of strangers were in attendance from abroad, and all expressed themselvs greatly pleased with the closing exercises of the first year of the first Freethought university.

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

E. M. MACDONALD, - - - Editor.
C. P. SOMERBY - - Business Manager.

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## New Jersey Ruffianism.

Preachers and lecturers who would sojourn in New Jersey should go armed. Its people are barbarous. A revivalist named Mnason has been conducting meetings in the village of Park Ridge, in that state, and, being hooted and mobbed from the first, has called the residents some hard though meaningless names, such as devils, imps of Satan, etc. Last week the series of indignities which had been put upon Mnason culminated in a mob visiting his house, dragging him out, flogging him with a horsewhip, shearing his hair and beard, and finally ejecting him from the town.

It is needless to characterize this outrage by the use of words. Every believer in human rights can feel more on such a subject than words express. It makes no difference that Mnason is a deluded fanatic. It makes no difference what he thought or said on the subject of religion. Whatever he thought he had a right to stand up and say in his tent, and none but a contemptible coward, with a naturally vicious nature inflamed by religious prejudice, would seek by force to prevent him from exercising that right. His assailants hav placed themselvs in danger of punishment by the law, though it is by no means certain that they will be punished. In New Jersey it is deemed more criminal to "blaspheme" a creature of the imagination than to commit an outrage upon a human being.

## The Pope's Irish.

It is bad for the people of Ireland, who are forever holding out their hands to America asking alms, that some of their representativs in this country do not conduct themselvs in a manner better calculated to awaken sympathy. There can be no question that the Irish Catholics of New York and other large cities giv the police more trouble and occupy more of the time of the criminal courts than any other class. People with rabid anti-Irish views claim that these Roman Catholics are bad citizens because they are Irish; and on the other hand, there are those who say that Irishmen are bad citizens because they are Roman Catholics. It could not be truthfully said that either of these views is strictly correct, because many Irishmen make the best of citizens, and there are Roman Catholics who hav thus far behaved themselvs tolerably well; but it must be admitted that the combination of the two—the Irish Catholic—on occasions shows himself in anything but the guise of a desirable person. But he is numerous, he has friends, and he has a vote, and it is a rather bold public speaker, or newspaper, especially if it be a political organ, that will hav the hardihood to say that he is not in every respect a gentleman. He is, in fact, the pet of the politicians, and aspirants to public office who do not take him into account might as well cease to aspire. It will be remembered that in our last presidential election one of the candidates allowed himself to be reckoned a Roman Catholic, and made more or less strenuous endeavors to create the impression that the blood of Finn McCool ran red in his veins. How these laudable efforts were rendered abortiv by the three R's of the Rev. Dr. Burchard, who proclaimed that the opposing party was the party of Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion, is familiar to all.

This persistent and unremitting deference to the Irish Catholic has not had a good result. It has at length produced in his rather obtuse mind the impression that he is the particular pride of this nation, and that Ireland, which sends its tribute to England and its paupers to America, has somehow a claim upon the United States for support and defense. He regards Ireland as the Gem of the Sea, and he looks upon American institutions with contempt as compared with those he has left behind in coming here; nevertheless, he continues to come, and sends for his relativs as soon as circumstances will permit. His chief concern for his mother country is that the stranger with foreign sympathies holds office there; nevertheless, he gets into office here at the first opportunity, and carries his national sympathies and his superstitions with him. Those of his fellow-religionists who are so considerate toward America as to stay away from it, send over their O'Briens to raise a "fund" and to agitate in the United States the question whether some tenant in Ireland should pay his rent or not. As long as the favors are all one way, the representativ is pleased. If, on the other hand, he is offered an opportunity to assist some similar movement, he declines "to mix the cause of Ireland with American politics."

Another peculiarity of the Irish Catholic is that he fails to recognize that other foreigners hav the same rights here as himself. After holding Home Rule meetings in Faneuil Hall to denounce the queen and her minions, which he has an undoubted right to do, he raises a digraceful rumpus and threatens violence because some Englishmen who differ with him in opinion celebrate the queen's jubilee in the same historic building. After walking over other citizens and impeding traffic on St. Patrick's Day, he joins a mob on the 12th of July, and throws bricks and stones at Orangemen who celebrate the battle of the Boyne. In Paterson, N. J., last week Tuesday, when the Orangemen were parading, the Irish Catholic filled the street with riot and confusion. He has so terrorized the Orangemen of New York that the only way they dare to celebrate their great day is to sneak to the wharf by some back street, and go quietly out upon an excursion. There are not policemen enough in the city to protect them in their right to parade.

It is not popular to say anything derogatory to the Irish Catholic. He has a vote, and he numbers millions. The citizens whom it is safe and proper to denounce are the Anarchists. They are few, they don't believe in voting, and they hav hardly a friend in the world. It may, therefore, be the part of policy to denounce the Anarchists and put the Irish Catholic into office. In that way the pope will ultimately become the supreme dictator in politics, as he is now the supreme pontiff in religion.

## What the Catholic Church Costs New York.

The *Homiletic Magazine* givs the statistics of moneys paid by the state of New York, during the past ten years, to eighteen Roman Catholic institutions ostensibly for the support of the poor. They are as follows:

| Year | Amount | Year | Amount |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1877 | $ 577,417 | 1882 | $ 684,519 |
| 1878 | 615,419 | 1883 | 696,838 |
| 1879 | 550 371 | 1884 | 837,462 |
| 1880 | 662.458 | 1885 | 838,719 |
| 1881 | 555,223 | 1886 | 1,055,615 |

Here we hav a total of $7,074,041 in ten years, or an average of $707,404.10 per year. It will be seen that the annual appropriations hav steadily increased, and that while in 1877 the appropriation was something more than half a million dollars, in 1886 it was more than a million. At that rate, in a hundred years the appropriation would be a billion, and the state would be a paradise of paupers.

In Protestant institutions it has been found that children can be cared for at the rate of $50 each per year; and as Protestants are somewhat more civilized than Catholics, it is reasonable to suppose that children in their institutions are as well provided for as in those of their Romish brethren. In spite of that, however, the figures show that in some cases Catholic institutions are paid by the state as high as $110 per year for each child in their charge. This indicates that for every dollar they expend in charity they receive two. With an income of seven millions per annum, and an expenditure of only half of it, a clear profit of three and a half millions is left them to be applied to the building of new churches, parochial schools, and Catholic colleges. One institution alone, the Catholic Protectory, says the *Christian at Work*, clears $100,000 every year in this sort of "benevolence." It professes to care for 2.000 children, and last year received therefor $242,000 from the state.

The state in the last twelve years has paid Catholic institutions $8,052,528.48. One-half of this, or, in round numbers, $4,000,000, is profit. And it should be borne in mind that many of the inmates of these asylums are kept at work at some productiv industry the proceeds of which are nearly sufficient to support them. It is no wonder that the church blesses poverty!

The $1,055.615 paid to Catholic institutions in New York would provide for 10,000 paupers at $100 per head. If there are in the state, say, 70,000 Catholics, then one Catholic in seven is a criminal or a pauper.

The Protestant and Jewish charitable institutions hav received since 1885, so says the *Christian at Work*, about $670,000, or a little less in twelve years than the Romish institutions hav every year; and "Protestant institutions support more dependent children than all the eighteen Roman Catholic institutions together." When the church is grabbing millions at this rate, it looks like splitting hairs for the courts to waste their time trying boodle aldermen for taking mere thousands from private corporations. What is still more amazing, the church does not stop to defend these enormous steals. It goes on scheming for more. One bill which has been before the legislature for some years provides for apportioning a part of the public school fund to the schools of the Roman Catholic Protectory, and another one, equally vicious, proposes to incorporate the Kings County Roman Catholic Protectory, and award to it a share in the common school fund, besides surrendering on the part of the state the guardianship of its wards to the Protectory.

The *Christian at Work* presents these facts to its readers and inquires, "How long can we stand it?" The reply is that we shall hav to stand it just so long as a majority of the people admit the principle that the state has a right to award money to any institution under ecclesiastical control or in which religion is taught in any form.

## No Misrepresentation.

The appended letter is from Custer City, Pa.:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In your editorials, July 9th, you giv a couple of 'extracts' from the Union Labor platform. Please read the platform, and see if you can find either of them. I hate to see the grand old TRUTH SEEKER following the example of subsidized Christian boodle organs, and misrepresenting things.

"UNION LABOR."

The committee of organization of the Union Labor party of New York city met at Clarendon Hall, June 19th, and adopted a platform. We hav reread the extracts quoted in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and find them correct as published in our issue of July 9th. They are as follows:

"We believe that a protectiv tariff for the benefit of American manufacturers and manufactures is the corner-stone of the prosperity of the nation.

"As the continued prosperity of the community depends upon the physical as well as mental condition of the growing generation, we demand that our young men shall be allowed to practice base-ball, boating, dancing, music, and other athletic sports and amusements without let or hindrance by law, provided it is done without interference with the rights of other citizens."

"Union Labor" evidently had in mind the Union Labor party platform adopted at Cincinnati last February. Whether the two hav any connection or not we are unable to say. There is in New York a United Labor party, which is the George-McGlynn party, or the Anti-Poverty Society. It is said to hav little strength outside of New York. The Union Labor party, on the other hand, as we learn from the *Standard*, in the West amounts, in some places, to a "respectable body," while in New York, it is, says Mr. George, "nothing whatever except a skeleton organization such as those of the humbug labor parties that were started here during the last municipal election to bleed politicians and resolute for publication." The party claims to hav a following here of some fifteen thousand, with organizations in

nearly every district. The two parties, the Union Labor and the United Labor, are certainly much at variance, particularly as regards protection, the restriction of immigration, and the land theory.

Our correspondent will of course see at once that he is under a misapprehension, and that THE TRUTH SEEKER has not "misrepresented things."

## Let America Be Represented.

NEW YORK, July 12, 1887.

E. M. MACDONALD, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *My Dear Sir:* I hav just received the inclosed invitation and letter from Mr. Charles Bradlaugh:

"COL. R. G. INGERSOLL, *My Dear Sir:* I should be obliged if you would giv the widest publicity to the annexed invitation. I should be also very much pleased to send you special invitations to any American Freethinkers whose names and addresses you might furnish to me.

"Yours very sincerely, C. BRADLAUGH.

"INTERNATIONAL FREETHOUGHT CONGRESS, 1887.

"By the authority of the Council General of the International Federation of Freethinkers, under the auspices of the National Secular Society (of which I am president), and with the approval and confirmation of the Freethinkers of Great Britain and Ireland in conference at Rochdale assembled, I most earnestly invite you to attend the sittings of the International Freethought Congress, to be held in the Hall of Science, 142 Old street, E.C., London, at 10:30 A.M., on Saturday, September 10th; at 11:15 A.M., on Sunday, September 11th, and at 10:0 A.M., on Monday, September 12th.

"Your early reply will be esteemed a favor.

"CHARLES BRADLAUGH."

I hope that you will publish this, to the end that the Freethinkers of America may be represented in the International Congress.

Yours truly, R. G. INGERSOLL.

## Presbyterianism—Josephus.

A correspondent sends THE TRUTH SEEKER two questions:

1. When was the Presbyterian church founded?
2. What evidence is there that the passage in Josephus mentioning Christ is a forgery?

It is claimed by Presbyterians, but not admitted by historians, that the Presbyterian church began before the apostolic age. A presbytery is mentioned in the New Testament as long ago as the time when 1 Timothy was written, somewhere between the years 120 and 140. The person who wrote that book uses presbytery thus:

"Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the *presbytery*" (1 Tim. iv, 14).

The word is of Greek derivation, and was used to designate a body of officers to whom was committed the government of the church. The "elders of the congregation" mentioned in Leviticus iv, 15, is called a presbytery in the Septuagint, the earliest Greek translation of the Old Testament. From which it would seem that the "church of God," as the apostolic church called itself, took its forms from the Jewish church. It merely changed "rabbi" to minister; the bench of elders it called a presbytery, and the lower officers of the synagog reappear as Presbyterian deacons. Thus if we should follow the word back to its original application, we would find that the first Presbyterians were Jews. The claim of Presbyterians that their church as a distinct ecclesiastical organization is the oldest in the world cannot be substantiated. From the time of the apostles, of whom very little is known, down to the Reformation, they are entirely lost sight of, unless it is admitted that they survived in the Waldenses of Italy. But as the Waldenses were practically Roman Catholics until after the Reformation, when they became Presbyterians, their identity with the apostolic church rests upon no foundation. The Presbyterian church, as it is at present, evidently did not exist previous to the Reformation of the sixteenth century. It is the child of John Calvin, and no accurate history could attribute to it an age of more than three hundred and fifty years. Its form of government is old, but that fact no more identifies it with the ancient church than our republican form of government identifies the United States with Greece or Sparta. The Presbyterian church enjoys the distinction of having the most diabolical creed ever invented.

The passage of Josephus relating to Christ is as follows:

"Now there was about this time Jesus, a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man, for he was a doer of wonderful works—a teacher of such men as receive the truth with pleasure. He drew over to him many of the Jews, and many of the Gentiles. He was [the] Christ; and when Pilate, at the suggestion of the principal men amongst us, had condemned him to the cross, those that loved him at the first did not forsake him, for he appeared to them alive again the third day, as the divine prophets had foretold these and ten thousand other wonderful things concerning him; and the tribe of Christians, so named from him, are not extinct at this day."

The first reason for regarding the paragraph as an interpolation is that everybody capable of forming an intelligent opinion on the subject so regards it. S. Baring-Gould says: "That this passage is spurious has been almost universally acknowledged." Furthermore, Josephus was a Jew who did not believe in Christ, and consequently would never hav made any such admission. It was not found in his writings until he had been dead two hundred years. Up to the time of Eusebius (A.D. 325) none of the church fathers had discovered it, although they had access to Josephus's works, and could hav used it to good advantage in controversy with the Jews if it had been there. Another proof that the passage was not written by Josephus is the fact that it is wedged in where it has no connection with either what goes before it or what comes after it. After the paragraph quoted, the writer proceeds to recount "another sad calamity." The first sad calamity evidently was not the coming of Christ, but something related before he is mentioned, so that the interpolation breaks in upon the narrativ in a most absurd manner.

Josephus mentions one Jesus, the reference to whom bears no evidence of being an interpolation, but he was the leader of a band of robbers, and a horse thief.

## Credibility of the Toldoth Jeshu Story.

The *Hebrew Standard* oracularly says:

"The book known as *Sepher Toldoth Jeshu* has no critical or historical value whatsoever. It is a spurious compilation of suppressed passages from the Talmud, and the accounts contained in the Talmud are so strongly colored with bias and so much intermixed with fabulous, incredible stories that it is utterly worthless as a historical document. We doubt the Jewish authorship of that spurious compilatiou as well as the authenticity of the Talmudic account."

Does the editor of the *Hebrew Standard* mean to be understood as doubting the existence of a historical Jesus? It is certain that the Talmud is silent concerning a Jesus crucified under Pontius Pilate, and now the Hebrew editor doubts the authenticity of the Talmudic account of a Jesus who was stoned and hanged a hundred years before. He says the passages relating to that person are fabulous, incredible, and probably spurious. Furthermore, he calls them "suppressed passages." Indeed! Suppressed by whom and when? But it seems they did not stay suppressed, for Baring-Gould has translated them all, and confesses that they relate only to a Jesus who was stoned and hanged about a hundred years before Pontius Pilate. Were they suppressed in the thirteenth century when Raymundus Martini, a Christian publisher, made a Latin translation of a part of the Toldoth Jeshu story from a Hebrew document transcribed by a monk named Porchetus Salvaticus? Were they suppressed when Luther translated the same Latin into German?

Where did Celsus, in the second century, find his account of Jesus, so unlike that of the gospels, and so similar to the accounts in the Talmud and Toldoth Jeshu? Where did Epiphanius, in the fourth century, obtain the information that Jesus was the son of Jacob, surnamed Panthera (answering to Pandera of the Toldoth Jeshu story)? Where did John of Damascus, in the eighth century, get the idea that Panthera was a progenitor of Mary, the mother of Jesus?

The Toldoth Jeshu story undoubtedly contains much that is fabulous and incredible, but so do the gospel stories. Does the Hebrew editor really believe any more of the Gospel of Matthew than of Sepher Toldoth Jeshu? Matthew, Mark, and Luke tell us that Jesus was crucified on the great Passover day. Does the Hebrew editor believe that? Does he not know that the Jews never tried or executed a culprit on that holy day?

But the Talmud and the Toldoth Jeshu make no such vital error; they hav Jesus tried, stoned, and hanged on the day before the Passover. Nor do they tell us that he was conceived by the Holy Ghost; he had a human father, but was outlawed because his mother was not married.

If the Hebrew editor believes there was a Jesus crucified under Pontius Pilate, on the unsupported testimony of the four gospels, would it be impertinent to ask him if he believes that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, and that it is historically true?

## Editorial Notes.

THE *Sunday Free Press*, Scranton, Pa., July 3d, contains an account of the ministerial doings of the Rev. Peter Roberts. The old story—betrayal, crime, desertion. The October grand jury will consider the case, pending which the Rev. Mr. Roberts is under $1,000 bail.

THOSE who wish to know the reason why self-respecting Freethought lecturers decline to debate with the Rev. Clark Braden are referred to a pamphlet by B. F. Underwood, entitled, "The Kind of Man Clark Braden Is." Also to anyone acquainted with Braden's character for truth and veracity.

THE case of the United States against the two Harmans and E. C. Walker has been transferred from Topeka to Leavenworth, and adjourned until the October term of court. The United States attorneys in Kansas and Virginia seem to be averse to working in hot weather. These are cases, however, in which official laziness is a virtue.

J. R. MONROE, in his *Ironclad Age*, begins an editorial note thus: "Anarchy, after getting a fair hold upon the managers of the 'Secular Union' didn't seem to be satisfied." There are some editors who don't seem to be satisfied unless they can work into their papers occasionally an insinuation that is rather worse than an outright falsehood.

DURING a thunder shower at Bellaire, Mich., the other day, the lightning struck the center-pole of the Adventist camp-meeting tent, while, as the Kalamazoo *Gazette* says, "all the other bad places escaped." It is believed that the lightning was late in getting around, having been originally aimed at Mr. Reynolds's Freethought tent, which was at one time erected in that vicinity.

Now is the season in the Catholic churches for collecting the pope's Peter's pence. Catholics are also to be taxed to get up a jubilee and celebrate Pope Pecci's fiftieth anniversary as a priest. The *Catholic Union and Times* remarks that "the holy father is entirely dependent on the charity of the Christian world." If every member of his church should giv the "holy father" one cent, it would net him the comfortable sum of $2,000,000. As he is well along in years, it would seem that by the practice of strict economy this sum should carry him through and bury him in tolerable style. The pope is the prince of beggars.

DR. CLEMENCE S. LOZIER, chairman of the New York State Committee of the Woman Suffrage party, reports to THE TRUTH SEEKER that the committee are rejoicing at their success in the case of Mrs. Lucy Sweet Barber, of Alfred, Allegany county, who voted in the last year's election, and was arrested and bound over to appear before a United States commissioner. The State Committee conducted Mrs. Barber's defense, and secured a dismissal of the case. Then the enemies of woman suffrage resorted to the state court, and asked the grand jury to indict Mrs. Barber, but the arguments of her counsel convinced the jury that no law had been violated, and the complaint was again dismissed. Mrs. Barber is free, and only awaits the coming of another election day to vote again. The Suffrage party say they expect thousands of women to follow her example, as the way to the polls now seems to be clear. Mr. Hamilton Willcox, 146 Broadway, New York, is prepared to furnish information how to proceed to all women who apply to him at that address.

MR. ISRAEL W. GROH is the author of a pamphlet, "Is the God of Israel the True God?" recently published by the Truth Seeker Company. Mr. Groh, previously to writing the pamphlet, was a member of the St. Paul Reformed church at Schaefferstown, Pa. The pamphlet appeared about June 1st, and on the 15th the author received a notification from the president of the consistory of that church to appear on the 18th and answer questions about his pamphlet. Mr. Groh duly appeared before minister and elders, and after an interesting discussion, in which, it may be believed, Mr. Groh asked as many conundrums as he was called upon to answer, the matter was settled by the direct question from the pastor: "Do you believe in the God of the Bible and the creed of the church?" The accused answered that he did not, and explained that upon joining the church he had professed to believe without having investigated, and that subsequent research had changed his mind. Here the examination ended, and on July 10th Mr. Groh and his wife were formally excommunicated for heresy. Whereby the church loses a good and intelligent man and Mr. Groh loses—nothing.

## Mrs. Slenker's Trial Adjourned.

July 14th, 5 P.M.—The indictment is made out at last, and of course it is accusatory of mailing obscenity, etc., but the trial will be deferred till October. So I shall hav to liv with the sword of fate suspended over me several months more. But the discussion the subject of reform will in the mean time receive will no doubt do enough of good to more than balance my personal disquietude.

Kind letters from everywhere encourage and sustain me. I thank one and all for help and sympathy, and hope great good for humanity will grow out of it all.

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

### A Truth Recognized.

*From the Independent.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER, which boasts of being the chief organ of the avowed Infidels, has a correspondent who has been studying Spiritualism in Boston. He reports it as the result of his investigations that "the Spiritualists, I find, are all Infidels," but the Infidels are not all Spiritualists. That is probably very near the truth.

# Letters from Friends.

WILSEY, KAN., June 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I did think I was a Freetrader, but after reading the articles on "Protection to Labor," from Van Buren Denslow, my faith has been terribly shaken, and unless some able person refutes the ideas put forth by Denslow, I must change my opinion on at least one political point. I desire that some one will take up the question and giv the readers of this grand paper an opportunity to weigh both sides. Yours truly, J. S. LIGHTY.

WEST UNION, O., July 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Having had the bonds of superstition and priestcraft stricken from my mind, I now feel, like one of old, that I am out of the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity. Realizing that I am free indeed, I shall not lose an opportunity that I may hav to tell the good news to others. Believing that the orthodox religion is the greatest curse that has ever blighted this beautiful world of ours, I want to be one of those with whom there is no compromise. I do everything I can against them, and ask no quarter, for which I am heartily hated by the narrow-minded, superstitious bigots. We hav a few earnest workers here in this hot-bed of bigotry who will keep the lamp of liberty and Freethought burning brightly.

I hav been aud am doing some missionary work, and find a few who are Liberally inclined, nearly all young men. Will send you a list of names for sample copies of your excellent paper. I think it the best thing I hav ever come across. R. J. WILSON.

BARRE, MASS., June 25, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Please say to W. V. Cope, Eureka, that I think the reason "why the monkey is represented in so many of the pictures" of Watson Heston is because Dr. Adam Clark, the great, famous Methodist commentator, decided that the serpent that tempted Mother Eve in the garden of Eden was an orang-outang, alias monkey; and that Heston, anxious to hav his illustrations perfect and full, realized that they would not be complete if he omitted the monkey, the fourth person in the godhead or trinity; for Hamlet left out of "Hamlet" could not be more disastrous to the play than the serpent (Satan) left out of the creeds to the world of orthodox clergy. The old devil is everywhere; he goeth about everywhere in some form, seeking whom he may eat up. Don't you remember when the sons of God assembled on a certain occasion that Satan was there also? Where is he not? No picture could be complete without him; therefore, our faithful artist does well never to omit him. He is always prowling around, especially at Methodist camp-meetings and ministerial calls. He "loves a shining mark, a signal blow!" He wants ever to know what is going on; how, when, and where to best seize his prey and "drag him down to chains, darkness, and despair."

By no means, Mr. Heston, dispense with the monkey, alias orang-outang, alias Satan, devil, and forty more significant titles; for he is as indispensable to the success of the pictures as is his presence to the orthodox clergy, who draw their salaries by professing to see his satanic majesty standing constantly before them, ready "like a roaring lion" to eat up somebody. ELLA E. GIBSON.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., July 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been pleased with the discussion about reforming the spelling of English in THE TRUTH SEEKER by Mr. Pikard and Mr. Bodge. I agree with them in the desire and belief that such a reform is of the greatest importance, and is within reach if earnestly sought for. I do not agree with them in details, but, as there is a wide difference in the ranks of spelling reformers as to the number of new letters required, and the uses to be made of certain forms, there is nothing either surprising or discouraging in the fact that these correspondents of yours do not agree in these matters. Spelling reformers know that there is time and room for growth, and that gradually we are approaching each other.

My object in writing to you, however, is not to explain my own theories about this important matter, but to call the attention of Messrs. Pikard and Bodge to the fact that I should be willing to contribute to the scheme proposed by Mr. Pikard to purchase a small font of phonetic sorts to be owned by the Truth Seeker Co., and to be used in making our favorit paper a vehicle of culture in this department of human progress, and still more delightful to ourselvs.

By means of it we could illustrate the different notions of different thinkers and inventors in alphabetics and orthoëpy. All the young readers of our Liberal paper would be interested in it, and by its means would cultivate a taste and habit in the correct pronunciation of words. Until in general use, a phonetic alphabet is practically a most instructiv and facinating puzzle for boys and girls. If you will, Mr. Editor, accept a phonetic font of type from your readers, I am sure we will get you such a nice one and keep it in such constant use that you will yourself come (cum) at last to fall in love with it, if not with its donors.

Out of some twenty-four rules for improving the English spelling, THE TRUTH SEEKER, some ten years ago, adopted two, I think, for use throughout the paper. Many of us would be pleased if the editor should conclude to add one or two more, or to enlarge the scope of the rules he has adopted.

When you start your list of subscribers to the phonetic fund, set me down for $5. W. C. ALBRO.

FINDLAY, O., July 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: As your aim is to tell the truth and do justice to all, I want to correct a statement in your paper in regard to Rev. Mr. Brown, of Allentown, N. Y. Now, there is such a thing as a minister being grossly misused, and I think this is one of them. The church people undertook to run the minister, and the minister was one of that kind of men that wouldn't be run; and they were bound to get rid of him and trumped up a charge against him because he was away over night and happened to hav a girl with him of about ten years old, and very slender and delicate at that. The girl being afraid to sleep alone, he got a room with two beds in it and they both occupied the same room; yet there was nothing wrong or sufficient to make such a stir about, it is believed by everyone of the outsiders of the church, and they had the right kind of sympathy, for they raised him the salary that the members refused to pay. It only shows to what low means church people will go to get rid of a preacher when they want to get rid of one; at least, that is the opinion of an Infidel and the worldly people of his own town. I take this matter up because I saw an account in THE TRUTH SEEKER that the Rev. Mr. Brown was having a church trial for indiscriminately kissing the girls; the girls in this case were were all not over ten years old. He is a man very fond of children, but for no immoral purpose. Had he made more fuss over some of the older ones, it is believed there would hav been no stir made. As I am probably the only reader of your paper that is acquainted with the affair, I wish to make the correction, and let the readers know how the matter stands to an unprejudiced eye.

I am, for justice, H. W. HEVERLY.

KENT, O., July 2, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I desire to say that a man in our midst has "fallen by the wayside"—one who has drunk in the essence of science, whose brain has been made a receptacle or storehouse of knowledge; one who has filled the various positions of educator of science and of theology; one who has studied with an honest, inquiring mind both ancient and modern literature, and has been led by pure thoughts and pure desires to search out the great mysteries of natural, and what hav been termed supernatural, causes; a man whose reasoning powers stand high up on the ladder of reason; one whose honesty of purpose has been financially tested by his refusal of large salaries to advance the cause of certain creeds and religious dogmas and promote the unfounded faith and principles to be taught in church and seminary, but who has battled for the truth regardless of opposition, from higher motivs than simply to supply his physical necessities and cater to unfounded faith in others; who is now striking daggers to his hearers, who love to worship something they know not of sooner than to even respect that which their reasons should dictate to be good and noble. Such is the man who dispenses knowledge from the pulpit of our Universalists' church. I am glad to say he takes the path marked out by his reason, guided by science and well-demonstrated truths. He listens not to the opinion of others, but deals out such precepts and principles as he deems to be true and just. Allow me to say that I think one such man can do more good in enlightening mankind than many ultra-extremists and Radicals.

He courts not the favor or opinion of others, but proves his own in a gentle, easy, and becoming way, such as none can take offense at.

Is it not too true that those who hav been brought up under orthodox instruction and who in after years learn the fallacy of such superstition drop into a disbelief that is not beneficial or reasonable?

Does not reason, many times, tell us of things that argument cannot prove? Is it not best to be Agnostic in what we know not of? Is it policy or right to deny the existence of a supreme ruler or a "sweet by and by" simply because we cannot prove, or perhaps conceive of, such to our satisfaction? Is there such a thing as premonition? If so, what is the cause? I hav grave doubts of the spirit of man living alone and separate from the physical body, and yet I see those in whom I hav confidence, those who are honest in their dealings and who hav minds seeking for knowledge, who say they know there are spirits who converse and make themselvs known to man. Must I believe them deluded or dishonest? May there not be many a natural law by which mind and matter are separated, or can be made to harmonize in the past and present, or in the future, and still be unknown to man? Are there not new laws and new forces being developed by us, unknown to those in past ages?

Is not conservatism in all things preferable to radicalism in any? While everyone has the right to believe as he may, is it not our duty to respect such belief, if not detrimental to good morals and an injury to ourselvs? Is it right to discard the opinion of another until we investigate fully its truth? A. D. SWAN.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y., July 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: "In those days there was no king in Israel; every man did that which was right in his own eyes" (Judges xxi, 25).

Here we find Israel in a complete state of Anarchy; and, perhaps, entirely unable to account for it. Nor do we find from the meager account that blood flowed more freely at that time than when kings with iron tyranny swayed to and fro the submissiv Israelites.

Now, these questions I ask, and in good faith: Are we unconsciously drifting toward Anarchy? Is it a natural result of social evolution? Can the individual check the natural course of social evolution, any more than society can exist without the individual? Why I ask this is, that just now so many individuals are making the grandest efforts of their lives to shoo away Anarchy. If it is the natural result of social evolution, then I, for one, do not intend wasting energy on the inevitable; or, in common parlance, shall refuse to be one of the shooers.

Look in the past, and what do we see? It is not yet a decade of years since one hundred thousand people made an unprecedented appeal to hav a law revoked that had cast D. M. Bennett and E. H. Heywood in dungeons. More than twelve thousand letters were addressed to the president, beseeching him to pardon the former. This was an earnest appeal for the Anarchy of individual morality; that is, the right to print and circulate thoughts on morality as entertained by the individual. "No restrictiv laws" was the cry.

When we cry too much law, as thousands, yea, hundreds of thousands, do; when we succeed in repealing just one obnoxious statute; when we tell people to violate the law to do away with it—as, for instance, the hotel-keepers of your city were recently advised by eminent counsel to do—has not just one more step been taken toward Anarchy?

Has it not been said, and wisely, too, that the advance of nations lies in the repealing of laws, not in their enactment? Then, must not nations advance through what seems to be but a kind of Anarchal evolution?

If the time comes—and who say it will not come—when more laws are repealed than enacted, Anarchy then must be inevitable.

Some of our most brilliant and logical minds hav almost as much as intimated this. Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, whose thorough knowledge of law no one will deny, has said, in one of his heartfelt sermons to the struggling masses of laborers, that, after all, with every recourse to law, they soon will discover how little can be accomplished by it.

Now, I do not mean to infer that Mr. Ingersoll has even as much as inhaled the dilute aroma of Anarchy; but does he not intimate that a greater, a grander sense of justice must exist among men than that which law can giv, before men will cease stealing each other's labor by a system in whose shadows the faded reflections of chattel slavery are totally lost, when alongside this huge monster—white slavery?

Is it not possible that he in the dim distance sees that coveted haven of human love, plenty, and rest, whither our colossal social ship is quietly drifting, yet cannot name it?

There are others, too, who are ever activ in the struggle against law. Drs. Foote, Sr. and Jr., in making their able appeal to the legislature of this state not to pass another of Comstock's infamous bills, bitterly fought law; and, if successful, they hav but scored another victory for Anarchy. Though they may be displeased, or, even still more, disgusted, with my attempt to taint their acts with Anarchy, yet to prevent the enactment, to rescind, to condemn, to violate a law, is it not Anarchal? Perhaps I do not rightly understand Anarchy; but the geueral diagnosis of it is the gradual doing away with law, when finally that state shall be reached, as in Israel; "Every man did that which was right in his own eyes."

From Kansas, what do we hear? Well, only that the individual and law cannot harmonize. E. C. Walker and Lillian Harman recognized the priority of natural law over man's. To elaborate further: that divine and artificial law are powerless to change natural law. Hence, their autonomistic marriage, which is but a struggle for Anarchy.

Later still, and what do we hear from Virginia? That law is justice, and justice is law? No; but that law has invaded the most sacred right of the individual—the right to tell to another the opinions held on sex matters, under seal. Mrs. Elmina D. Slenker is a human sex evolutionist, and has the same right to express herself in understandable English—yes, just as much so—as the fish, bird, or dog sex evolutionist has to express himself.

Here, there—yes, almost everywhere—comes the unison cry: "Defend her against the tyranny of law with thought and action, pen and purse." This cry, though a supremely just one, is but the cry of Anarchy. It is the struggle against law by a combination of individuals determined to hold forever the inviolability of individuality. Here the Anarchist and individualist hav fraternally locked arms to rescue individuality from the destroyer—law. Am I right?

Dr. McGlynn, who scorns the pope and his church law, and bravely accepts excommunication rather than yield up his cherished individuality, has defied law, seeking freedom through that same Anarchal road that leads to a future as mute as the past

As I said before, these few questions are asked in good faith, and from a point of information. It is possible that a few people hav discovered the direction in which we are drifting, and hanging men, imprisoning women, and cursing babes will no more arrest the natural course of things than it can to restrain the earth from making its daily revolutions. RAY D. CHAPMAN.

SANTA ANA, CAL., June 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav never been partial to Mrs. Slenker as a writer, as she advocates the doctrins of Malthus, which were always very offensiv to me. But I hav never doubted her sincerity and integrity, nor the purity of her motivs, and as I desire to enjoy the right of free speech on all subjects, and upon all occasions, I hav always held sacred the right of all others to the same privileges.

And now that Mrs. Slenker is under arrest, my sincere and heartfelt sympathy is extended to her, and I must say I look upon her as a martyr to the cause of common humanity, and all should rise and speak out in her defense, and if necessary spend their means freely to that end. But, they say, she has used language unmusical and unacceptable to ears refined. While I am sorry for her own sake that such is the case, I must frankly confess that it is none of my business, and is the business of no one else but herself, and if people don't like it they are not obliged to read it.

She had a perfect right to select her own language to clothe her ideas, and if her motivs were pure, the words could not be impure.

Tho axiom underlying all law is that the motiv qualifies the deed. It is in law called malicious mischief to destroy the property of another, but previous malice must be proved

to hav existed, else the prosecution must fail, for one might destroy another's property in an attempt to do the owner thereof a kindness, and one could not justly be punished for an attempt to do good. Therefore should it be proved that Mrs. Slenker was trying to do good, she cannot lawfully be condemned to punishment on account of the language she might hav used.

The mere killing of a human being is not murder; the motiv prompting must be considered, and that will qualify the deed. One may justly take the life of another in self-defense. But if it be proven that an evil motiv prompted the deed, then an indictment for murder will hold.

So, then, in the case of Mrs. Slenker, if it shall be proven that she used obscene language with the intent to overthrow morality, and corrupt society, then under the law the indictment will hold, and she must be sentenced accordingly; but on the contrary, if it be proven (as I think it will) that she was laboring to elevate mankind and benefit the race, then must the jury decide, Not guilty, and the defendant will be acquitted.

While I hold that crimes should be suppressed by law, yet I am against the centralization of that power in the general government. It works great hardship and injustice to the accused by taking them far from home, where they are not known, and where it is often difficult to procure necessary witnesses, greatly increases all expenses, and givs them entirely into the power of those who, not knowing them, may be prejudiced against them, treat them with unnecessary severity, and perhaps render an unjust decision in their case. Everyone accused before the law should be tried as near home as convenient, by an unprejudiced jury of his peers, and by the general government.

I am opposed to Comstock, to the Comstock law, and to the corporation established to enforce the same. Their existence is a menace to republican government.

Free speech, free assemblage, and mails inviolable are indispensable to the perpetuation of liberty on this continent. The slimy serpent of priestcraft, which is the parent of all despotism, is slowly and under plausible pretexts twining his horrid folds around these bulwarks of liberty, and unless we rouse ourselvs speedily to a sense of the danger we are in it will soon be too late, and the sun of freedom will either set in a sea of blood, or rise baptized in blood to a new life.

I must speak one word of approval of your treatment of the Anarchists. You are doing nobly. Let us hav justice to all. I am no Anarchist, but I hav paid $3 to assist to get a new trial. I hav read their speeches before Judge Gary, and I can tell you they are noble and good men, unjustly condemned, and hanging them will be murder of the basest kind—murder which will stain a nation, unless we speak out, They are not guilty!

In regard to Mrs. Slenker, I will pay $1, and more if necessary, to sustain her, and see that she is not crushed. To her friends I would say, Take no heed of Mother Grundy, but extend the hand of kindest sympathy and love to the gentle, the pure, and the good. Let not the slightest reproach fall upon the breaking heart of one who has voluntarily placed herself in the front of the battle to receive arrows the enemy hav hurled at you. We must not desert those who, like D. M. Bennett and Mrs. Slenker, bravely meet the enemy and fight the battle for human emancipation.

G. W. Thurston, Sr.

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Talent, Or., June 27, 287 E.M.

Mr. Editor: Mr. S. P. Putnam has shaken up the dry bones of the churches, and also of stagnant Liberalism, in this (Rogue river) valley, by delivering three lectures in Ashland, one at Central Point, one at Medford, and three in the U. M. L. Hall here. The U. M. L. Hall has a free platform where nobody is debarred from speaking his honest opinions on account of race, color, religion, or sex. We hav sent out challenge after challenge to the sky-pilots of this valley to come and defend their particular superstition on this free platform, but none of the regulation Andover cut has so far accepted our invitation.

But honor to whom honor is honor is due—if none of the regulation cut ever had the courage to stand up for Jesus on a free platform, four Salvation Army cranks stood it for three meetings, and then they came to the conclusion that the spirit of the Lord would not manifest in that Infidel hall, with Paine, Bennett, and Ingersoll looking down upon their silly contortions. But, Mr. Editor, this is why they quit all at once—we kept them busy explaining Bible contradictions, and they had to go home to study their Bible first, and so, you see, the spirit of the Lord had a poor show. In fact, some of our sanctified Christians got up and left the hall, and now the regulars and the irregulars love us as you know a Christian can love.

And now, Mr. Editor, as some of your correspondents write to you about the phenomena of Spiritualism, I will say that myself and family hav given it some investigation, and since Mr. S. P. Putnam has given us a new God in place of the old one, I will giv the God of which this force called Spiritualism speaks; and I think he will compare very favorably with Mr. Putnam's new God. The following lines of poetry were produced in a trance at one of our circles, and signed, "Lakeman:"

Our god is in the flowers; 'tis in the blade of grass;
It breathes us gentle whisperings whene'er the spot we pass.
It tells us of a grander life, one better, more sublime,
Which is to teach us nobler thoughts than we dream of at this time.
The full unfoldment of the soul is taught by simple flowers,
Which through the kissing of the dew, the sweet, enchanting showers,
Springs forth a bud, and then the fragrant bloom
Which in itself is beauty adorned by rich perfume.
So are our lives while on this plain
Only waiting for the showers which are an angel train.
They come, but not with golden harp to sing to Christ all praises;
They come and bring sweet love, the weaker one upraises;
They come, but not to favor some, others send to torment endless,
To writhe in everlasting pain, devoid of peace or love, friendless;
But with love and aspiration that reach to realms above,
Where all is pure and lovely, and naught abounds but love;
Where all are taught progression, to scale the winding stair;
Where each will gather bright truths, which the higher ones prepare;
Get illumination from the stars to crown the earth with light,
Which teaches mankind to be just; which teaches right is might;
Which says to pope and monarch, Go bow before the rod
Of equal rights which is to rule, for that is to be God.
We teach the plan which is to make a mortal man a man indeed,
Which is to not cast on a Christ a load of sin, a hideous deed,
But liv a life of useful acts, a garden where to sow
A plant for true humanity, which will forever grow.

Of course, some of our Materialistic friends will laugh when they read this, but I cannot help that. I hav done the same before I became an investigator. I do not know that spirits produce this force and intelligence; neither do I know that they do not do it. So, for want of a better name, we call them "spooks."

Wm. H. Breese.

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Boston, Mass., July 3, 1887.

Mr. Editor: In the last Truth Seeker you publish an article headed, "Features of the Queen's Jubilee," to some statements of which I beg leave to take exception.

Speaking of the queen, you say, "She is their sovereign by divine right, transmitted to her from the deity through the offices of his ministers. At least, such is the theory." Please giv your authority for this statement. I am an Englishman, born and brought up there, and hav received, perhaps, a somewhat limited education, but never before heard or read of such a theory. On the contrary, hav always understood that our kings and queens were appointed to the office of head of the nation by the nation's representativs, according to a fixed rule or law. Indeed, the oath administered to members of Parliament distinctly states they shall be "loyal to her majesty, as by *law appointed*." The rule is that the eldest son, or, lacking a male, the eldest daughter of the last or some previous incumbent shall be appointed, subject to certain conditions, viz., that he shall be sane and morally fit to govern, and shall profess a belief in the Protestant religion. Divinity has nothing to do with the appointment any more than it has with the appointment of a king or president of these United States. In neither case is the candidate appointed directly by the whole people, but by a few who are supposed to represent them. In each case there is a rule or restriction on their choice. Our rule being more stringent than yours, our representativs are less free to put in the wrong man than yours are. I refer you to the Tilden steal, for instance. Your rule simply states that the candidate must be nativ-born; ours goes further and says he must be a lineal descendant of some previous incumbent, and also comply with the conditions I hav named. If the candidate fulfils these conditions, not all the bribery or corruption in the world will keep him out. This may hav happened in the barbaric ages, but it is not likely to happen in our time.

One king did think he had a divine right to rule, and lost his head in trying to convince the people of it. There may hav been others since who hav thought the same; if so, they hav been wise enough to keep it to themselvs.

There is one other statement in your article I wish to speak about. You say, "If the American people wished for the continuance of monarchy in England, they were very inconsistent in fighting against it in this country." I never had the time nor the inclination to read book histories of nations, for I hav an idea that the best of them are unreliable. My information of the past is gained from the writers in the public press of the day. If these giv wrong information, some other writer is sure to attack the untruth and try to stop the damage done, while your writer in book shape givs no room for the opponent's case. All histories are partial and biased. How many histories of your late civil war are there? and which one of them is the real, true one? Now, as far as my limited information goes, the rebellious colonists in this country did not fight against monarchial institutions as such, but against a "wrong" done them under that system, just as the Southern people fought against a wrong done them under republican institutions, and still remained republicans. So I believe the majority of the colonists were still monarchists even after their successful rebellion, but were unable to adopt that system of government for the same reasons that they did not adopt a state religion. There were too many "isms" in their politics, the same as in their religion.

There never was a system of government devised but what wrong could be done under it. I am living in a community that constantly boast that their town is the center of the universe. They call it the Hub. They boast they hav got the best system of education in the world, and that they are possessed of the "cradle of liberty." Yet it is only a few days ago this "cradle of liberty" was surrounded by a howling mob, who threatened its destruction because a few of their fellow-citizens claimed the right to meet in it and express their honest opinion.

I don't decry your republic because of this intolerance. We hav it in England; it is everywhere. It appears to be omnipotent; it seems to hav always existed, and promises never to die. It exists in every community, no matter under what system of government. I was a republican long before I lived under the Stars and Stripes. I am one still, but I confess my ideal republic has not been realized. I am disappointed in yours, but I hav faith that it will be better in the future. True liberty and freedom is not generally accepted here. I fail to find any more of it here than in England. We may all get it, perhaps, in the sweet by-and-by.

Thomas Rayner.

[Our correspondent should remember that the sovereigns of England hav the crown placed upon their heads by a bishop of the church, and he should regard the expression to which he objects as having reference to that fact. Theoretically, as remarked, a sovereign of England is such by the grace of God—"*Dei gratia*," to put it in the form in which it appears upon the coin of the realm. Mr. Rayner's second objection involves some discussion, but it is generally believed that the Fathers of our Republic had a republic in view. It is a matter for regret that our institutions are not all that has been hoped or claimed for them.—Ed. T. S.]

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San Francisco, Cal., July 3, 287.

Mr. Editor: I cannot longer refrain from adding my word of heartfelt sympathy for dear Mrs. Slenker. She has always been doing good for everybody whenever she could, all through a long life, and now, in her old age, must be attacked by the bloodhounds of Christianity. We Liberals must not allow her to be imprisoned for a term of months or maybe years; her surroundings are densely thick with ig norance and superstition, and I am afraid it will go hard with her. But her cause is ours, and we must stand by it and let these bigots see that we will defend each other because "we know our rights and dare maintain them."

Respectfully, Mrs. E. M. Hansson.

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Baker's Corner, Ind., June 21, 1887.

Mr. Editor: Inclosed find $2. Please forward three copies of Aunt Elmina's "Little Lessons for Little Folks." The remaining 80 cents is a donation to Mrs. Slenker from Mrs. Rachel H. Baker, an old subscriber to The Truth Seeker. She is now in her seventy-fifth year and a confirmed Spiritualist, having some thirty years ago experienced what, to her mind, was conclusiv evidence for this belief, and notwithstanding she and Mrs. Slenker would differ widely on this subject, she is a Liberal in the true sense of the term, and a humanitarian, too; therefore, she sympathizes deeply with Mrs. Slenker in her dark days of persecution, being more capable of doing so from the fact that she herself has, to some extent, had a taste of this bitter pill, having since her early days been a Freethinker, and likewise been a strong advocate of equal suffrage. Her father was disowned by the society of Friends on account of entertaining views too Liberal for the church's circumscribed sphere. This circumstance had a tendency to encourage her in her Freethought ideas, and so by degrees she became what is termed a confirmed Infidel; and she, with the helping hand of her companion, has succeeded in rearing a family, six of whom are living, all grown to the age of manhood and womanhood, and I am proud to say none hav any affinity for the orthodox church, as the writer of this letters happens to be a member of aforesaid family.

Sarah F. Baker.

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Farlinville, June 30, 1887.

Mr. Editor: As Mrs. Elmina Drake Slenker has been arrested as a law-breaker, and as she does not seem disposed to dodge the issue, it is eminently proper that the public should know just what that issue is—that they should know what she has done

Mrs. Slenker has for years been before the public as an author, critic, and educator, and her talents hav been acknowledged to be of a superior order. But she has been engaged in other work besides this, and those who hav known her best in this new field are the ones who can testify to her sincerity, honesty, perseverance, and pure intentions.

I hav enjoyed the privilege of being one of her correspondents for the last five years. She has been enthusiastic in her advocacy of "Alphaism," and had quite an array of facts in support of her pet theory. But in order to get at all the bottom facts, she requested her correspondents to communicate their own private experiences or the well-authenticated experiences of others touching the cause of birthmarks, hybridization, in the vegetable as well as the animal kingdom, in order to ascertain the value, force, and extent of pre-natal influences. Experiences flowed in that were varied, unique, and interesting, but here a new difficulty had to be met. As her correspondence widened it took in a class of persons who had very interesting experiences and facts to relate, but were unacquainted with the scientific terms ordinarily used in medical books, and the only way to get at what they knew was to let them tell their story in their own way. (And here I would remark, parenthetically, that a person who has investigated would be surprised at the small number of men and women of ordinary intelligence who can converse intelligently on physiology, especially sexual physiology; not because they do not know, but because they are not acquainted with the proper scientific terms with which to convey their ideas.) And in relating their experiences they sometimes used words that I had only heard used by the baser sort of people, and because of such association they were shocking. But Elmina said: "If I can obtain the facts in no other way, let them come that way. If diamonds are buried in filth, we dig for them just the same."

These letters of experiences hav been sent to those of Elmina's correspondents who desired to investigate that subject, and no others; she never sent them to any but those she believed to be sincere. And now, as to the result of this work of hers, I will say that I do not know of a single instance where it has worked mischief, but I do know of families that hav been made happier by this correspondence. I know of a husband and wife who quarreled like cats and dogs who now liv together with mutual respect. I know of one young girl on the very verge of ruin who was saved by the counsel, advice, and information given her by Elmina and her corps of correspondents; and I know of thousands of others who are living in misery and degradation, and are peopling the world with a generation of vicious and incapable children, all through ignorance, who might become good and useful citizens by a little wholesome information about themselvs. Whatever Elmina has done has been prompted by a pure and noble purpose, and she stands before us to-day a noble example of unselfish and untiring devotion to the best interests of humanity. "The very head and front of her offending hath this extent—no more."

H. E. Dewey.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## Rome Wasn't Built in a Day.

The boy who does a stroke, and stops,
Will ne'er a great man be;
'Tis the aggregate of single drops
That makes the sea the sea.

Not all at once the morning streams
Its gold above the gray;
It takes a thousand little beams
To make the day the day.

Upon the orchard rain must fall,
And soak from branch to root,
And buds must bloom and fade withal,
Before the fruit is fruit.

The farmer needs must sow and till
And wait the wheaten head,
Then cradle, thresh, and go to mill,
Before his bread is bread.

Swift heels may get the early shout,
But, spite of all the din,
It is the *patient ho'ding out*
That makes the winner win.

—*Alice Cary.*

## The Strength of the Hills.

My thoughts go home to that old brown house,
With its low roof sloping down to the east,
And its garden fragrant with roses and thyme,
That blossom no longer except in rhyme,
Where the honey-bees used to feast.

Afar in the west the great hills rose,
Silent and steadfast, and gloomy and gray,
I thought they were giants, and doomed to keep
Their watch, while the world should wake or sleep,
Till the trump should sound on the judgment day.

I used to wonder of what they dreamed
As they brooded there in their silent might,
While March winds smote them, or June rains fell,
Or the snows of winter their ghostly spell
Wrought in the long and lonesome night.

They remembered a younger world than ours,
Before the trees on that top were born,
When the old brown house was itself a tree,
And waste were the fields where now you see
The winds astir in the tasseled corn.

And I was as young as the hills were old,
And the world was warm with the breath of spring,
And the roses red and the lilies white
Budded and bloomed for my heart's delight,
And the birds in my heart began to sing.

But calm in the distance the great hills rose,
Deaf unto raptures and dumb unto pain,
Since they knew that Joy is the mother of Grief.
And remembered a butterfly's life is brief,
And the sun sets only to rise again.

They will brood and dream, and be silent as now,
When the youngest children alive to-day
Hav grown to be women and men, grown old,
And gone from the world like a tale that is told,
And even those Echo forgets to-day.

—*Louise Chandler Moulton in Harper's.*

## Memory Gems.

*From the Works of Thomas Paine. To be learned and recited by the children.*

He pities the plumage, but forgets the dying bird.

His natural rights are the foundation of all his civil rights.

Lay then the ax to the root, and teach governments humanity.

Man was his high and only title, and a higher cannot be given him.

Natural rights are those which always appertain to man in right of his existence.

Civil rights are those which appertain to man in right of his being a member of society.

When it becomes necessary to do a thing, the whole heart should join in the measure, or it should not be attempted.

The duty of man is not a wilderness of turnpike gates, through which he is to pass by tickets from one to the other.

Man did not enter into society to become worse than he was before, nor to hav less rights than he had before, but to hav those rights better secured.

When a set of artful men pretended, through the medium of oracles, to hold intercourse with the deity, as familiarly as they now march up the back stairs in European courts, the world was completely under the government of superstition. The oracles were consulted, and whatever they were made to say became the law; and this sort of government lasted just as long as this sort of superstition lasted.

When I contemplate the natural dignity of man, when I feel (for nature has not been kind enough to me to blunt my feelings) for the honor and happiness of its character, I become irritated at the attempt to govern mankind by force and fraud, as if they were all knaves and fools, and can scarcely avoid feeling disgust for those who are thus imposed upon. S. H. W.

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.

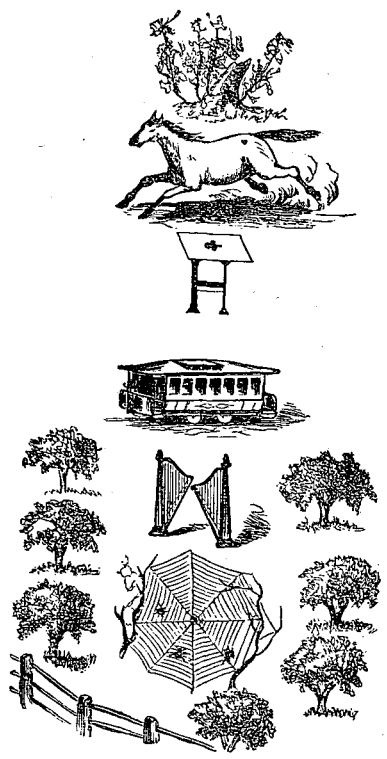


A memorable epoch in history.

2.—DELETETIONS.

A *monk's hood* of its front bereft,
But a *nocturnal bird* is left.
But clip the monkish tile behind,
A *female bovine* then we find.
*Irwin, Ia.* J. K. P. BAKER.

3.—CENTRAL ACROSTIC OR HOURGLASS PUZZLE.



Write the names of the seven objects, beginning at the top. They will form an hourglass. The central letters, taken downward, will giv the name of the surrounding objects.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER JULY 9, 1887.

1.–Salmon, Cain, Lot, Jacob, Adam, Isaac.
2.–Hare-bell.
3.–We ought always to esteem others above ourselvs.

## Correspondence.

WEST SUTTON, MASS., July 11, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I write to tell you how we spent the Fourth of July. I invited some of my acquaintances to visit me. We had presents. Among them were rockets and Roman candles. We sang "America," and would hav read the Declaration of Independence, but did not hav it at hand.

"The Story Hour" has been put in our village library. I like it very much. I read some of it to my grandmother, who is almost eighty-seven years old. I wish all boys and girls could hav a copy of it, but if they are too poor to buy one, it is a good thing to hav it in the library, so that all can read it.

This being my first letter, I will close now, hoping the rest of the correspondents will write and tell us how they spent the Fourth of July. Yours with respect,

LUOY W. PHELPS.

[That was an excellent way of spending the anniversary of our national Independence, and another year we trust it will be very generally observed in the same manner, and the reading of that great document, the Declaration of Independence, should not be omitted. Some time we will print it in the Children's Corner, that all may hav a copy for preservation.—ED. C. C.]

GREENCASTLE, IND., July 6, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I suppose you will be surprised to get a letter from me, but I hav started three letters to you, one piece of poetry, and a piece of prose, but never had patience enough to finish them; but I will try and get this one sent off before I think of it. My papa is a jeweler by trade, and of course I am trying to be saleslady for him, as he hires no one, and I am very proud of my situation in life, and not only my life, but of my father's life, as he neither drinks, smokes, nor chews, and it is almost needless to mention my mother's life, because she is always happy. You may think this letter sounds rather old for a girl of eleven years, but I am old in my actions and talk. Just one month from to-day is my birthday, and so far in my years it is the happiest day of my life. I had a splendid time here the Fourth of July—baby shows, dancing picnics, and fireworks. I try to be good and go to Sunday-school like my school-mates, but it was not born in me to sit singing hymn after hymn, and hear a preacher. About a month ago, two of my school-mates were up to my house, and the Bible was on the table. One of the girls stepped up and took it, and she and the other girl looked at it, and then would say something about the pictures; then they would look at me to tell them something. All I could say was, "Yes," and nod my head.

Well, for fear you are like other people—impatient of reading nonsense—I will close for this time. I remain,

Your true friend, IDAH BOLEY.

P.S.—I hope this will be good enough to put in print.

Mrs. Jessie Brewster writes: "I think you you are doing a grand and good work, and I like to be allowed to help in any small way I can."

[We are obliged to our friend for her good opinion, and hope ever to deserve it. She will please accept our thanks for her interesting article, and we assure her she will always find a hearty welcome in the Corner.—ED. C. C.]

# Science Column.

## About Monkeys.

In the warm, forest-clad land of Africa there liv a great many kinds of monkeys. They are divided into tribes and families that differ from each other as much as the different races of men. There are large and small, fierce and gentle, tailed and tailless tribes. If we were to dig down into the earth ever so far under the great African forests, we should still find the bones of monkeys, showing that those who liv there now are but the children of others who hav lived and died in the same place through countless generations. The farther we dig down, however, the more difference do we find between the remains of the old monkeys who lived here ages ago and of those who hav recently died.

Nothing in this world of ours ever stands still. The conditions of life hav been and are continually changing. Animals and plants must change too, and become adapted to the new conditions, and so they hav been departing more and more from the original forms until new species hav been modified from the old; and the old forms, not being so well adapted to their changed surroundings, were worsted in the struggle for life, and hav been gradually crowded out of existence. In this way whole tribes and families hav become extinct, and new ones taken their places.

You can easily see how naturally this would come about if you will imagin the climate in any warm country to be from year to year growing colder. It would be reasonable to suppose that those animals who chanced to hav the thickest coat of fur and hardy constitutions would survive those not so favored. As the cold increased the weaker and more delicate animals would die, vegetable food would become scarcer, and the animals who survived would eat more flesh and thus become stronger and fiercer. Those among them who were strongest and best formed for swift running would hav the advantage in obtaining food, and in this way a very different animal would be modified, and grow up from the old stock that inhabited the warm climate. This illustration is very imperfect and will not bear close criticism, but it will serve to show you how those changes may come about.

It is among those extinct tribes of monkeys who hav been exterminated by some such means that we must look for the early progenitor of man. Not a trace of him has yet been found. Some great and wise men, however, hav devoted their whole lives to the study of this subject, and are able to giv us an idea of what our ancestors were like when they lived and moved and had their being on this earth centuries and centuries ago.

As time goes on, and you children hav grown to be old men and women, and hav each of you done all you can toward the further enlightenment of our race, the world will then only begin to realize the debt of gratitude it owes to Mr. Charles Darwin for his long years of patient search after truth, and the light he has thrown upon our origin, that most interesting question to all people of intelligence.

Ages ago, so long that your young minds cannot grasp the length of time, there lived, probably, in the forests of Africa a strange, ape-like creature, who had descended from the catarrhine monkeys. They walked upon two legs as we do, but their feet were quite differently formed, and were more like hands. The great toe was much shorter, and projected at an angle from the side of the foot as our thumbs do from our hands. This enabled the creature to use his feet in climbing the trees in which he lived. He could grasp the branches with his feet as easily as with his hands, and could swing himself from branch to branch with great rapidity. His arms were very long, a tail depended from his body, and he was completely covered with hair. The males and females both had beards. Their hearing was very acute, and they had sharp-pointed ears, which they could move about in any direction; if a slight noise attracted their attention, they could direct their ears to that point, and thus be quickly warned of approaching danger. Their eyes were very peculiar, having a third eyelid, which could be drawn very rapidly across the eyeball, such as you hav observed in birds.

These creatures were very fierce, and sometimes fought each other in a dreadful manner, using their great canine teeth as weapons.

This animal was the ancestor of mankind, and I am afraid this is not a very flattering picture I hav drawn of our relativ. But if some spirit medium would only confer upon us a real benefit, by materializing him for our better acquaintance, a cautious interview with him might reveal to us some very excellent qualities that do not appear in the picture. In any case, Mr. Darwin tells us we should not be ashamed of him. This is what he says: "The most humble organism is something much higher than the inorganic dust beneath our feet, and no one with an unbiased mind can study any living creature, however humble, without being struck with its marvelous structure and properties."

JESSIE BREWSTER.

QUESTIONS.—What of the race of monkeys? By what means do new species appear on the earth? State how great changes sometimes come about. Where must we look for the progenitors of the primitiv man? To what scientist do we owe a debt of gratitude? What can you tell of the ancient ape of Africa? Describe his appearance. Who was this strange creature supposed to be the ancestor of? Should we be ashamed to own an ape for an ancestor? State what Darwin says. Which is superior—inorganic dust or organic matter? What is the Bible idea of the origin of man? Is it sensible or reasonable? Ought we to accept unreasonable stories as facts?

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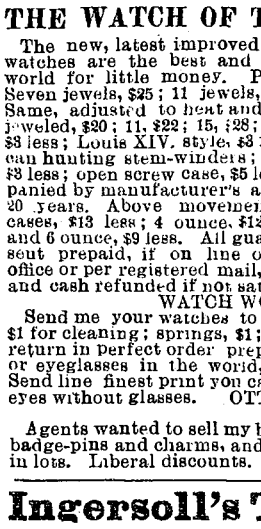
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# Poetry.

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Nay, weeping friends, I want no priest
To mar my peace with bootless strife,
Ere Death's cold kindness hath released
Me from the prison-house of life.
Too oft his craft to scorn I've laughed
To send him now a suppliant cry;
Serene I drain the welcome draught,
And, smiling, tell you, "Thus I die!"
Yea, though the darksome shades of death
Are closing fast around my head—
Though well I know my failing breath
Will leave me soon with half unsaid—
My brain is clear, my will is strong,
From superstition still I'm free;
Nor tear-filled eye nor faltering tongue
Shall wring one recreant word from me.

Nay, wherefore weep? Your God, you say,
Is love supreme, enthroned above.
Can the mistakes of life's short day
Then separate me from that love?
Your creed you mock with idle fears
When mourning o'er my future lot;
You do but waste your bitter tears
On one who knows he needs them not.

And when beneath the daisied sod
You lay away my worn-out frame,
Pray let no black-robed "priest of God"
Advance for me to heaven a claim.
Rather let one who shared my faith
Tell of the truths I loved indeed,
How Reason's lamp illumed my path,
How "to do good" was all my creed.

And aye the stars will shine as clear,
The grass grow green, the loud wind swell,
As o'er the saint God holds most dear,
O'er me whom men dub "Infidel."
And whether life or naught may be
Beyond the grave's mysterious gate,
Guarded by Death, awaiting me,
I bow submissiv to my fate.

—*George Gubertson in the Secular Review.*

## A Good Temperance Story.

Jack was full of clams and beer. The beer was nothing new in Jack's experience, but the clams were something of a novelty to him. He had been spending the Fourth at Glen Island, and had partaken so freely of both the solid and the liquid that he was puzzled as to which to attribute his unsteady gait. It was 1 o'clock in the morning. He had just left the elevated railroad, and was zigzagging homeward with his white hat on the back of his head and his hands in his pockets, singing softly to himself:

The Man in the Moon is looking, love;
He's winking, love; he's blinking, love;
And each little star will tell——

Here Jack ran against a tree and lost the thread of his song. After recovering his hat, which had rolled in the gutter, Jack resumed his journey, and, turning up a quiet side street, climbed up a front stoop, and sat down upon the topmost step. The moon was shining brightly, and paling the street lamps. The horizon was lit up with a glow like that of a prairie fire, and the chimneys across the way stood out black and distinct against the glowing background. From far down the street he could hear a party of serenaders singing an old song which sounded familiar to him. Jack was beginning to get sobered. He put his hollowed hand behind his ear and listened. Yes, although he could not hear the words, the serenaders were so far away, he could supply them himself:

There's a heart beating for somebody,
Lighting the home he loves best,
Warming the bosom of somebody—
Warming the bosom of somebody, oh!

and the "Oh!" came wafted down the street in a tuneful little cadence which died away like a sob in the distance. The song brought to Jack's remembrance an old-fashioned farmhouse on a Vermont hillside. There were horse-hair chairs in the room, and a picture of Washington and his family on the wall. In the corner stood a little melodeon with a squeaky bellows, the complaining of which he could hear even now through all the intervening years. Before the melodeon sat a young girl whose blue scarf matched the color of her eyes, and who was playing the very tune he had just heard. The "Oh!" at the end of the song came softly to him out of the past, and it seemed to Jack to hav something of regret in it. Jack took off his hat and ran his hands through his hair. He lapsed into reminiscence again, and remembered how he had married the blue-eyed girl and brought her to the big, roaring city; how the babies had come one after another until they had three; how his "little woman's" eyes had lost some of their luster from weeping, and how he stayed out o' nights drinking beer when he should hav been home looking after the welfare of his wife and babies. By this time Jack was thoroughly sobered and repentant. He felt in his pocket for his latch-key, but the key wasn't there. He didn't care to ring the bell, because he was afraid of his wife's anger. The window had been left up because the night was warm, but he thrust his hands between the blind slats and tried to undo the fastening. A low growl made him withdraw his hand quickly. Then it occurred to him that it was only his setter dog, and he whistled softly to the dog and the animal whined a recognition. After struggling with the fastening until he succeeded in unfastening the window, he lodged on the window sill, when he tried to climb in, and, loaded as he was, teetered back and forth, at the imminent risk of tumbling into the stone basement below. At last he rolled into the room with a thump which shook the whole house. He had just gathered up his bruised body and placed it upon the sofa, when the door opened and his wife made her appearance.

"So you've returned, hav you," said she, sarcastically, while her eyes blazed like ardent coals. "The baby is sick with the croup upstairs, but of course you don't care anything about that. We might all be taken down with the cholera and you wouldn't know anything about it. I suppose you've had a very pleasant time to-day with your friends and are as drunk as usual. This thing has gone on as long as it is possible to last. I am perfectly satisfied that you hav been unfaithful to me, and I hav sufficient grounds for a divorce. Get down, Rover. I could curse you, sir. Even the dog is a better protector than you are. I hate you. That's what I think of you," and she struck him a blow in the face with the flat of her hand which made his head ring. "Oh, you deceitful wretch, if I had a pistol I would shoot you," she continued.

Jack gritted his teeth together and clenched his hands. He half arose from the sofa and then his good sense prevailed, and he resumed his seat. The door closed with a bang behind his wife, and he was left alone in the room with the dog.

"Old fellow," said Jack, taking the dog's silky ears in his hands and looking down into the dog's brown eyes, "old fellow, things is getting mighty warm around here, aren't they?"

The dog thumped his tail and emitted a short bark.

"And somebody's to blame, eh, old fellow?"

The dog put his forepaws on Jack's knees and whined.

"The little woman exaggerates my weaknesses, but in the main she's about right. What d'ye think?"

That unfailing barometer of a dog's emotion, his tail, played a tattoo on the floor, and he executed a dance on the parlor carpet inviting a frolic.

"No, Rover, there's no funny business about this. This affair is serious. There's got to be a reformation. You remember old man Luther had a reformation, don't you? Yes, I suppose you do. Well, here's what's going to reform—going to giv up beer and clams and stayin' out nights. Back, old fellow, lie down in the corner," said Jack, as he opened the door on a crack and listened. A faint sound as of sobbing came down the stairs. Jack closed the door and resumed his seat.

"It's raining up stairs. I'm afraid the little woman will get wet. Now, I'm going to take off my shoes and see if the roof leaks. You lie right down there in the corner and keep still till I come down," said Jack, speaking to the dog, who slunk off into the corner in a shamefaced way.

Then Jack stole softly up-stairs and peeped into the room, where sat his wife with her face hidden in the bedclothes. She was sobbing violently, and Jack's heart was touched. Jack walked up to her and placed his hand upon her shoulder.

"Little woman!" said he.

Louder sobs, but no answer.

"Little woman," he resumed, trying to swallow his throat, "I've been a big brute to you and the children, but if you'll try to overlook what I've done in the past I'll try and do better in the future."

"Oh, Jack, I struck you!" came from the bedclothes in smothered accents.

"Never mind that, little woman. It didn't hurt me."

Jack sat down upon the side of the bed and drew his wife upon his knee. She hid her face upon his shoulder, just as she had often done in the olden times in the house upon the Vermont hillside.

"Do you think you can giv me another chance?" said Jack.

"It was all my fault, Jack, and I'm very sorry."

"Well, we'll call it square then, and start in again. What d'ye say?"

"O Jack!" was the only reply, and then there followed a sound which had something of sweetness and requital in it, and borne on the wind from half a mile away came the refrain:

Warming the bosom of somebody, oh!

—*Sun.*

## An Address to Women.

O ye women! idly waiting
For the tides of fate to bring
Into some fair sheltered harbor
Every goodly thing,

Think you that the world's rich treasures
Unto you will come,
While ye stand there idly waiting
With closed lips and dumb?

No, the wide fields of ambition
Are not man's alone;
You may reap the waiting harvest
If you will but come.

More, the chains that long hav bound you
You may rend in twain,
But your own emancipation
You yourself must gain.

Woman scorned, and bound, and fettered
More than slave of old,
Not the less ner fetters gall her
That they be of gold.

Down through all the centuries saddened
By our tears in vain,
Comes the edict: Man, your master,
Over you shall reign.

This, the measure of the justice
Where the people rule—
Woman classed with child and savage,
Lunatic, and fool;

Crushed her highest aspirations,
Still unquenched her thirst—
Through her holiest, purest, noblest
Attribute, accurst.

How much longer shall we listen
To a siren song,
While the great world throbs with anguish,
Oh, how long? how long?

Up and doing, O ye women!
And, with voice and pen,
Will we wrest our rights inherit
From the hands of men,

JESSIE STARK CROW.

## Literary Notes.

Andrew D. White will conclude in the August *Popular Science Monthly* his account of the astonishing superstitions of the Middle Ages respecting diabolical influence in the production of storms.

*Science*, the weekly publication heretofore printed in magazine form, has doubled the size of its pages and now appears as a 16-page quarto. On account of the saving of labor and paper which this change of form involves, the price per annum is reduced from $5 to $3.50. Our worthy friend Henry J. Thomas, who used to contribute a good many bright things to these columns, is a regular writer for *Science*.

Prof. Richard A. Proctor says of Dr. Janes's "Study of Primitiv Christianity," in *Knowledge* (London, Eng): "Readers of *Knowledge* will find much to interest them in Mr. Janes's carefully thought out and well-written treatis. He presents much of the evidence to which we hav directed readers' attention. He has also collected much matter on which we hav not hitherto touched. The subject of the origin and progress of Christianity is very fully and fairly considered. . . . He givs his reasons and shows how he has weighed them. He does not mislead by dogmatic assertion." For sale by the Truth Seeker Company. Price $1.50.

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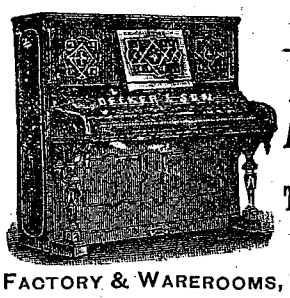
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# 1887.

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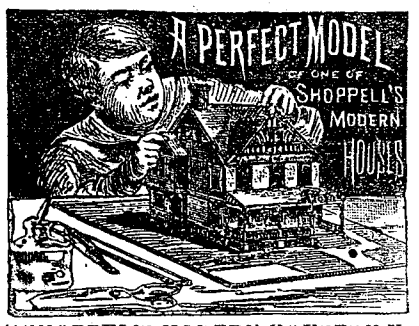
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## News of the Week.

A DISPATCH from St. Petersburg, Russia, states that on the 10th inst. a mob composed of members of the Greek Catholic church attempted to assassinate the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, who is a Protestant and refuses to join the Greek church.

STEPNIAK, the celebrated Nihilist author, will visit the United States in September.

ALFRED KRUPP, the celebrated German gunmaker, died on the 14th. He was 75 years old.

THE German crown prince, who was reported to hav cancer of the throat, is getting well.

THE Prohibitionists of Iowa hav put a state ticket in the field with N. G. Farnham at the head.

THE French people of New York celebrated on the 14th the anniversary of the fall of the Bastile. There was also a great celebration in Paris.

THE engineers of the elevated railroad in Brooklyn are on strike. The managers of the road refuse to arbitrate and are replacing the strikers with non-union men.

JOHN LEBERRY, a licensed preacher of the Methodist church, has swindled the citizens of El Paso, Texas, out of about $6,000. His piety is reckoned as something extraordinary.

THE School of Philosophy has opened for the season at Concord, Mass. The philosophers hav been discussing Aristotle.

OF the 37 men, women, and children who were in the yacht Mystery when she was upset in Jamaica bay, near Brooklyn, on Sunday, July 10th, only 10 were saved.

AN excursion train and an oil train collided at a crossing near St. Thomas, Ont., on the 15th. The cars took fire from the engin, and a dozen people were either crushed to death or burnt alive.

JACOB SHARP, the convicted briber, has been sentenced to four years in the penitentiary, and to pay a fine of $5,000. His health is very feeble, and he probably will not survive the imprisonment.

A RUSSIAN prince named Eristoff has recently made an offer of marriage to the widow of Frank Leslie, the publisher, and was refused. The Marquis de Leuville is understood to be the accepted suitor of Mrs. Leslie.

A CONVENTION of the National Colored Press will be held at Louisville, Ky., August 9th. There will be reports and discussions on the "Power of the Negro Press" and on the "Religious, Educational, and Social Status of the Negro."

THE inflamed weather of last week was followed on Sunday by terrific thunder squalls. Several boats were upset, and some lives lost. The spire of a church in Brooklyn was blown off, and lightning struck a church in Jersey City. At Carlisle, Pa., trees and houses were swept through the streets by the wind.

THE Rev. Mr. Dale, a Methodist preacher and temperance advocate of Peterboro, Pa., having been misrepresented by a saloonkeeper, proceeded to the latter's place of business the other day and gave him a severe whipping. He further offered to whip the whole liquor element of the town. This Christlike proceeding so pleased Mr. Dale's congregation that they at once raised his salary.

JEFFERSON DAVIS has given an interview to the Baltimore *American*, in which he states that the federal government, in 1861, entered into a conspiracy to assassinate him. To this end, he claims, two desperate characters were released from a Pennsylvania prison and offered a reward of $100,000 if they would effect his decease. He had, he claims, a miraculous escape from the hands of these ruffians.


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ISAAC AND HIS WIFE ENJOY THEMSELVES.

And behold, Isaac was sporting with Rebekah his wife.—Gen. xxvi, 8.

## Odds and Ends.

HALF a dozen dresses do not make a woman, but they often break a man.

IF all men were to pay as they go, there would be less going and more paying.

ENGLAND may be "mistress of the C's," but she has never yet been able to master the H's.

A SMALL boy will do a good deal of work for a little money this time of the year. The circus season has come again.

A FRENCHMAN in London claims to hav discovered a certain root which allays hunger and thirst. He probably refers to the root of all evil.

"ONE swallow," pathetically, but not originally, remarks an exchange, "does not make a summer." True. But several swallows may bring about a fall.

PROFESSOR: "What end has a mother in view when she whips an incorrigible child?" Senior Vassar girl rises, blushes, and sits down.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

NEWS comes from Georgia to the effect that a man in that state is living "pleasantly" with his eighth wife. This shows the value of trying again if at first you don't succeed.

A MINISTER in Somerset county, Me., has his sermons printed monthly, and sends them to his sick parishioners every week. The result is that there is very little sickness in his church.

MOTHER (sadly): "Well, I suppose poor dear Mrs. Field is in heaven now." Mathematical son: "Oh, no, mamma! it takes three days to resurrect, and she won't be in heaven until six o'clock to-night."

"WHAT'S the matter, Pat?" "More fun in the family this morning, sor." "Yes; twins again?" "No, sor. Faith, and its triplets this time." "You're getting on." "Gettin' on, is it? By hivins, sor, I belave the next'll be quadrupeds!"

IN a prayer-meeting, not long since, in New Hampshire, a worthy layman, speaking of some eminent missionary, said that "he was a poor boy taken out of the streets and put into the Sabbath-school by a good lady—his father being a drunkard and his mother a widow!"

THOSE two celebrated preachers, Rev. Dr. Bacon and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, were once disputing on some religious subject when the former accused the latter of using wit in his sermons. "Well," said Mr. Beecher, "suppose it had pleased God to giv you wit, what would you hav done?"

COUNTRY editor (to his wife): "Well, those down-East people are great geese. They are still hunting for the buried treasure of Captain Kidd, the pirate. All they hav found so far is a jug with eleven cents in it. That seems to represent the savings of the old pirate's life-time." Editor's child: "Pa, what kind of an editor is a pirate?"

BREVITY produces some very remarkable specimens of what the philosophers call nominalism. One of our correspondents had occasion to go into a store to inquire for Dr. Abercrombie's works, "The Intellectual Faculties," and "The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings." When he asked for them the bookseller solemnly replied: "I know I haven't any moral feelings, and I doubt whether I hav any intellectual faculties."—*Ex.*

"BEAUTIFUL!" said the drummer. "Sixty birds in two hours, and only missed two shots." A quiet gentleman sitting in a corner of the hotel office put down his paper, rushed across the room, and grasped him warmly by the hand. "Allow me to congratulate you, sir," he said; "I am a professional myself." "Professional sportsman?" "No; professional liar."

"MOTHER," she said with a heart that beat
Loud as her tones of woe,
"To you the secret I'll repeat,
This cold world cannot know—
Lay thy hand on my throbbing brow—
Nay, shrink not from the theme—
Oscar has come for two weeks now,
And never said 'ice cream.'"

A SENSIBLE little girl asked her mother the other day how it was that Adam and Eve came to leave the Garden of Eden, and was told that the devil entered the garden in the form of a serpent and tempted them, and God banished them. The little child pondered over the reply for a few moments, and then looking up, said: "Mamma, why didn't God send the devil away instead of Adam and Eve? They were in the garden first."

LOUIS XIV. was one day conversing about the authority which kings hav over their subjects. Count de Guiche ventured to remark that this power had its limits, but the king, who would not hear of it, passionately replied: "If *I* commanded you to throw yourself into the sea, you ought without hesitation to jump in head foremost." The count said not a word, but turned on his heels and walked toward the door. The king asked him, in surprise, where he was going. "To learn to swim," was the reply. Louis XIV. burst into a laugh, and there the matter ended.

HER name was Sniggs—it didn't suit
Her rich esthetic nature,
And so she thought she'd hav it changed
By act of legislature.

She sought a limb—a legal man
With lots of subtle learning,
And unto him she did confide
Her soul's most painful yearning.

He heard her through—he asked her wealth,
He pondered o'er her story,
And then he said he would consult
His volumes statutory.

She sighed and rose—he took her hand
And sudden said, "How stupid!
I did forget the precedent
Of 'Hymen *vs.* Cupid!'

"Just substitute my name for yours."
The maiden blushed and faltered—
But in two weeks she took her name
To church and had it "altared!"


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## Gems of Thought.

IT is curious how much fish hav to do with these remarkable miracles performed in olden time, and that is doubtless a very good reason why they are all of such a fishy character.—*D. M. Bennett.*

I SAY sometimes that all goes by wager-of-battle in this world; that strength, well understood, is the measure of all worth. Giv a thing time; if it can succeed, it is a right thing.—*Carlyle.* [NOTE.—This is a cardinal point with the late Seer of Chelsea, but I cannot indorse it with a safe conscience, and I put it down that my younger readers may sharpen their wits by thinking out the question.—*C.*]

THERE is a vast deal of charity amongst our fellow-creatures—both that which consists in the giving of alms, or rather dinners, to those who are not in need and of that which covers or excuses a multitude of sins, provided always the sinners be agreeable people of the stronger sex. Let a woman—the victim, we will say, of one of these pleasant diners-out—who has been led by her softer nature into the commission of a single fault, throw herself on the mercy of this same generous, allowance-making society, and she will find she might as well hav thrown herself from the roof of a London house on the area railings in the street below. . . . How many a lonely, sorrowing women, eager but to prove the sincerity of her repentance, has wailed in agony for forgivness on earth, which will only be granted her in heaven.—*Melville's White Rose.*

"JUST so!" remarked George, bitterly. "Any man you don't choose to count a gentleman, you look down upon! What hav you got to do with gentlemen. I should like to know?" "To admire one when I see him," answered Mary. "Why shouldn't I? It is very seldom and it does me good." "Oh, yes," rejoined George contemptuously. "You *call* yourself a lady, but—" "I do nothing of the kind," interrupted Mary sharply, "I should like to be a lady, and inside of me, please God, I will be a lady, but I leave it to other people to call me this or that. It matters little what anyone is called."—*George Macdonald's Mary Marston.*

MAN mav do with impunity, in every part of this enlightened nation, that which, if woman does it, is to her worse than death. And it is considered a matter of course. It is something to which there is scarcely any objection, and yet it is simply an implication that woman is not the equal of man, else it would never be that that which will bring disgrace and social infamy to one may be tolerated in the other without anything derogatory to his character.—*Underwood's Essays and Lectures.*

IT becomes no man to nurse despair,
But in the teeth of clenched antagonisms
To follow up the worthiest till he die.
—*Tennyson's Princess.*

I FIND that Mr. Talmage has the disease that seems to afflict most theologians, and that is a kind of intellectual toadyism that uses the names of supposed great men instead of arguments. It is perfectly astonishing to the average preacher that anyone should hav the temerity to differ, on the subject of theology, from Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, and other gentlemen eminent [peradventure] for piety during their lives, but who, as a rule, expressed their theological opinions a few minutes before dissolution. These ministers are perfectly delighted to hav some great politician, judge, soldier, or president, certify to the truth of the Bible, and to the moral character of Jesus Christ.—*Ingersoll's Tilt with Talmage.*

OFTEN what a man takes for the dictates of conscience is nothing more than a whiff of impulse, a caprice, a crotchet, which an undisciplined mind cannot distinguish from the deliberate decision of a competent intelligence; and the more irresistible the impulse, the more sudden and vehement the caprice, the more it is likely to represent itself to his imagination as an imperious command of the monitor within. There are some persons who can no more discriminate between a desire and a duty than others who hav a mere smattering of arithmetic can cast up a long addition sum right. Yet these are precisely the characters most prone to be dogged and persistent in their noxious blunder, and to dress it, both to themselvs and to the world, in the gaudiest guise. *W. R. Greg.*

To test all assertions by adequate evidence, to extricate the truth from involvments of imperfect language, to push inquiry by every method—these are prime essentials of human progress. Of equal necessity is the removal of all checks to the liberty of expressing opinions. If these objects hav the importance that Mill attributed to them, his labors for their promotion would alone entitle him to be accounted a benefactor of the race.—*Dr. A. Bain.*

THERE is no use speculating on "what might hav been," except when it helps us to direct what may be.—*Chas Gibbon.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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PROPOSED IMPROVEMENT IN THE PLAN OF SALVATION.

Respectfully suggested to the Andover Theologians.

## Notes and Clippings.

Now that Krupp, the German gun-founder, is dead, says the Philadelphia *Press*, he will probably be canonized.

EIGHTEEN Congregational ministers died in Vermont last year, and their average age was seventy-six years and nine months.

THE Toronto *Mail* says that skepticism is taking a deep hold of the more enlightened part of the French population of Lower Canada.

"PA," inquired Bobby, who was reading the paper, "what is a 'stony glare?'" "It is the expression which comes over a man's face at church," explained the old gentleman, "when the contribution-box is held before him and he has neglected to provide himself with ten cents in change."

THE Italian League of Freethinkers, with headquarters at Naples, numbers about two thousand. The League was formed a year ago; its president is Prof. Giovanni Bovie, a member of the Italian Parliament. Early next year the League proposes to publish a weekly journal, to be called *L'Esame*.

THE priest of Canicatti, a large town in the province of Girgenti, Sicily, recently caused to appear beside him in the pulpit a young man whose face was blacked, whose head was furnished with two large horns, and who had a long tail from the end of which crackers went off. The priest informed his flock that this figure was the devil, and a great panic ensued. Women and children present at this unseemly comedy were injured in the crush.

IT is generally understood, and, we reckon, correctly, that a woman will hav the last word. At any rate, it is corroborativly affirmed that when a rural editor recently remonstrated with the principal contributor to the "Poet's Corner" for writing on both sides of her paper, she quietly retorted: "Well, and don't you print on both sides of yours? There, now, that settles it."

IN Algeria there is a small stream which the chemistry of nature has converted into true ink. It is formed by the union of two rivulets, one of which is very strongly impregnated with iron, while the other, meandering through a peat marsh, imbibes gallic acid, another ingredient in the formation of ink. Letters and other manuscript matters are satisfactorily written with this singular natural compound of iron and gallic acid.

LAST year a Russian peasant, living near Odessa, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for blasphemy. A correspondent of the London *Times* was recently present in the appellate court of Odessa while the peasant's appeal was being heard. He writes as follows: "The appellant's offense was this: Tired and weary after a long day's labor in the harvest field last year he entered the village tavern and drank a glass of vodkha After this appetizer he was supplied with a small meat roll, called in Russian 'pirog.' The peasant found the 'pirog' such excellent eating that he exclaimed: 'I would rather kiss the girl who made this pirog than the icon!' The latter is the sacred picture never absent from any Russian habitation, before which it is usual for visitors to uncover and cross themselvs. The peasant's exclamation was highly complimentary to the cook of the tavern, but the parish priest, to whom it was reported, heard and judged it in a different light. Hence the prosecution and sentence. The peasant, whom I saw enter the box and devoutly cross himself before the 'icon' in court, was a middle-aged, jovial, and good-tempered looking man, who appeared much relieved by the court reducing the original sentence to one month's arrest."

ALTHOUGH the presbytery failed to find a verdict of guilty in the case of the Rev. Mr. Todd, of Manassas, Va., charged with ministerial conduct, the citizens of Manassas refuse to acquit him and hav held a mass-meeting at which denunciatory resolutions were passed. A number of affidavits giving instances of alleged immorality on the part of Todd were read, accompanied by the statement that they had been sent to the presbytery and suppressed by that body. The citizens hope that their resolutions will induce the Rev. Mr. Todd to leave town.

WILLIAM B. OAKLEY, of Pittsfield, Mass., has been found guilty of the crime of incest with his two daughters, Alfreda, aged seventeen, and Isadore, aged thirteen. The testimony showed that for several years past, when Alfreda refused to obey him her father would whip her with a strap and kick her. The girl did not dare to reveal their father's conduct, because he had threatened to kill them if they exposed him. Alfreda finally told the story in March last to her mother, and Oakley was soon after arrested. Two physicians testified that the girls had been terribly abused. Oakley, who is forty-five years old, carried his Bible into court with him every day.

AT the Anti-Poverty meeting last Sunday night Dr. McGlynn said: "I hav no quarrel with the Catholic church and her sacraments. I should advise you all to enjoy the sacraments, as I myself no longer can. But if any priest or bishop or pope [hisses] should make it a condition of your receiving the sacraments that you shall giv up your belief in the justice of this work, or surrender any of your political or individual rights, then refuse to receive the sacrament under any such unjust enforced limitation. Just tell the ecclesiastical machine that strives to impose such conditions to mind its own business. Never sacrifice your inalienable rights to any ecclesiastical dictation whatever. If they should try by strategy, and other arts that I know they may use, to stop you from attending these meetings by refusing absolution at the confessional unless you giv the meetings up, then you can say to the priest who seeks to carry out the attempt to stifle the movement, 'Father, you can keep your absolution.'" At the Socialist meeting the same evening Col. R. J. Hinton said: "There is no longer any free discussion in labor organizations; they are priest-ridden and prophet-ridden bond slaves of McGlynn and George. And now half a dozen meet in the back parlor of a hotel and presume to dictate the policy of the Labor party. This clique decide that certain men in the party are too radical, certain principles are too premature, and proceed to sit upon these men and principles. They presume to do thus, and look back with confidence to the 68,000 votes which the party once received as an index for the future." Last fall Colonel Hinton was one of Mr. George's most effectiv and zealous campaign orators.

# Communications.

## The University of Illinois.

To those working for the separation of church and state there is a case in Illinois that may be of interest. For there the question of the legal right to perform religious services in the public schools is assuming such shape that it will soon be brought before the courts for decision.

In the spring of 1885, a student at the University of Illinois, at Champaign, was suspended indefinitly from the privileges of that university because he absented himself from the religious services performed daily in the college chapel. He had paid all fees required of him, and in the four years of his attendance at this university he had never been charged by the faculty with any misconduct or delinquency, so that there was no accumulation of charges against him, but his suspension was due wholly to this one cause.

The chapel exercises consisted at that time of voluntary responsiv reading of the New Testament, of the repetition of the Lord's Prayer, and in announcements, and occasionally a short lecture was added, so that the chapel exercises consisted mostly of religious services, and these were so connected with the other business of chapel that attendance upon the one necessitated attendance upon both. There was in this case no refusal to attend any of the exercises other than the religious services, but willingness to attend was expressed were these services omitted or separated from the legitimate business of chapel.

An excuse from further attendance at chapel was offered upon the condition of signing the following petition:

WHEREAS, At the daily assembling of the students of the Illinois Industrial University in the apartment called the chapel religious services are held, to wit, the reading of the New Testament scriptures and the recitation of the Lord's Prayer; and,

WHEREAS, Attendance upon and the listening to any religious services is repugnant to my religious convictions, and in violation of what I conceive to be my rights of conscience,

Therefore, I, ——— ———, a student of mature age, of said university, respectfully ask of the regent and faculty thereof that I may be excused from attending and listening to such religious services.

This the student refused to sign, mainly upon the ground that he had no religious convictions for the chapel exercises to be repugnant to; that by signing it he would be merely asking a favor of them, and would be admitting the right of the faculty to require his attendance upon the religious services, a right which he denied; that by the constitution of the state the faculty was prohibited from requiring attendance upon religious services; that it was absurd to require a petition for an excuse from an exercise which he was under no obligation to attend; that it had no authority to require of him his reasons for non-attendance at chapel.

Upon receipt of these objections to signing the petition, the faculty, April 30, 1885, suspended him indefinitly from the privileges of the university.

A petition for the restoration of his rights in the university was presented to the board of trustees. In support of his petition, an argument was submitted in which it was maintained that the university had no right whatever to compel students to attend religious services, such compulsion being in violation of the constitution of the state of Illinois. The university was founded and has been supported by the state, and all of its property, its purposes, and its management are under the exclusiv control of the legislature, subject, however, to such limitations as are contained in the constitution. The legislature cannot authorize the board of trustees or the faculty to violate the constitution. Nor can the latter do any act as agents, employees, or officers of the state which the legislature could not authorize done. The faculty has no power not given it by the constitution and laws of the state.

The constitution in the third section of the Bill of Rights provides:

> The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship without discrimination, shall forever be guaranteed. . . . No person shall be required to attend or support any ministry or place of worship against his consent, nor shall any preference be given by law to any religious denomination or mode of worship.

By the constitution of the state, then, all people are guaranteed the privilege of the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, or, if they may choose, of the non-exercise of religious profession and of non-worship. Any interference therewith, in the way of discrimination or preference, even by legislativ enactment, is, by the express words of that instrument, prohibited. The taxes by which this university is supported are gathered at large from a population characterized by dissimilar religious beliefs, observances, modes of worship, and preferences. With such a public furnishing the money to sustain the university, and supplying it with the students in attendance, and having equal rights to the full and equal enjoyment of all of its privileges, it is manifestly impracticable and impossible to devise even a limited measure of religious services for adoption in the university upon which all the different sects and classes could harmonize. The only alternativ, therefore, to preserve the benefits of the constitutional guarantees in letter and spirit, and to secure to all absolute equality of right in matters of religious predilection, must be to exclude from the university all religious services performed as university exercises. If religious services cannot legally form a part of the university exercises, students certainly cannot be legally compelled to attend them.

Under a clause in the New York constitution* identical with the one in the constitution of Illinois, the superintendents of public instruction, including Hon. John A. Dix and John C. Spencer, hav in a uniform series of decisions, extending over a period of nearly fifty years, held that religious exercises could form no part of the public school exercises nor be regulated by the school disciplin.

It would be impossible to frame a general proposition in the English language, were it expressly intended to prohibit compulsory attendance upon chapel in this university, which would attain that object more completely and with more certainty than the one in the constitution cited above, which reads: "No person shall be required to attend or support any ministry or place of worship against his consent." For the reading of the Bible and the Lord's Prayer, as conducted in chapel, constitutes religious worship, and the chapel, when occupied for that purpose, is a place of religious worship within the meaning of the constitutional inhibition above quoted. Could any one find warrant for a doubt on this point? If the acts referred to are not religious worship, what are they? And if they are acts of religious worship, what is the place, the chapel, where they are performed but a place, for the time being, of religious worship? Any place, while religious services are being held there, is a "place of religious worship" within the meaning of the constitution.

The constitution, it will be especially noted, says nothing as to the ground upon which the refusal of consent to attend a place of religious worship must be based. It does not say that it must be based upon religious convictions or conscientious scruples, as the faculty seem to suppose. The sufficiency of the ground of refusal is left entirely with the individual, and no one can go back of such refusal to demand the reason for it. It was sufficient that attendance be against his consent. Whether the objections be founded upon religious convictions, conscientious scruples, or mere cussedness was no one's business but his own. Any official inquiry concerning this would be an impertinence as much as would be an inquiry concerning one's politics.

Article 8, Section 3, of the constitution of Illinois provides:

> Neither the general assembly, nor any county, city, town, township, school-district, or other public corporation shall ever make any appropriation or pay from any public fund whatever, anything in aid of any church or sectarian purpose, or to help support any school, academy, seminary, university, or other literary or scientific institution controled by any church or sectarian denomination whatever; nor shall any grant or donation of land, money, or other personal property ever be made by the state, or any such public corporation, to any church or for any sectarian purpose.

It is evident that if the reading of the New Testament and recitation of the Lord's Prayer by members of the faculty, as officers of the university, constitute sectarian teaching, or if such exercises are held for a sectarian purpose, then the university is thereby converted into a sectarian institution, and the institution itself, its property, and all the funds appropriated by the legislature to its support are perverted to an unlawful use.

Of what conceivable use are these exercises if they are not for the purpose of teaching religion? If they are not for that purpose, of what use are they, and why is their abolition objected to by Protestants alone, while Agnostics wish them abolished and Catholics and Jews want them either changed or abolished? If they are not sectarian teaching, and are not for a sectarian purpose, why do a certain group of denominations object to their abolition, and certain other sects want them either changed or abolished?

By reading the Bible and recitation of prayer they are teaching by their actions and example—the strongest possible way of teaching—that there is a God; that he answers prayers, and that the Bible is inspired.

Teaching the truth of these propositions is sectarian teaching with respect to Agnostics and unbelievers. And they, considering such exercises sectarian and unjust, organized the American Secular Union, one of the objects of which is to procure the exclusion of all religious exercises from the public schools. By reading the New Testament and repeating the Lord's Prayer the inspiration of the New Testament and the divinity of Christ are taught. Such teaching is sectarian with respect to the Jews.

Reading King James's translation of the Bible, and repeating the Lord's Prayer is sectarian teaching with respect to Catholics, who believe the Douay Bible to be the only correct English translation. Attendance upon such services is a sin in the eyes of Catholics. The reading of even the Douay Bible in the schools, without note or comment, is not allowed by the Catholic church. That church prefers to hav no religious exercises to having the Protestant service. In many school districts of this country there has been physical violence between the two contending parties, the Protestant teachers using violence to enforce attention to the exercises, and Catholic parents using force to restrain the teachers.

In Hartford, Connecticut, the school board decided that when over one-third of the pupils in one room were Catholics, they might withdraw into another room and hold Catholic services. In fact, in nearly every city where the Catholics hav much political power there is an angry contest perpetually going on, in which both parties consider the practice in question as sectarian.

Again, the first section of the constitution quoted above says, "Nor shall any preference be given by law to any religious denomination, or mode of worship." By the religious services in the university the state is giving preference to the Protestant denominations over all others, and is giving preference to the Protestant mode of worship over that of the Catholic and the Jew.

To invent any form of religious worship that will not be objected to by some religious denomination as well as the non-religious portion of the community, who may be supposed to hav some rights, is absolutely impossible.

For these reasons, all religious services performed as university exercises are unjust and illegal, and by performing them the faculty is perverting the university and all of its funds to an unlawful purpose.

This student's claim to reinstatement in the university rests upon the facts: that absence from religious services was the only offense with which he is charged; that compulsory attendance upon such services is expressly prohibited by the constitution of the state; that the faculty has no right to demand reasons for refusing such attendance; that the performing of these services as university exercises is illegal, and prohibited by the state constitution; that compulsory attendance upon an illegal service is illegal.

The board of trustees referred the case to Hon. Geo. Hunt, attorney-general of the state, who, after citing the resolution of reference and the facts in the case, givs the following opinion:

> The question here raised involves the right of the trustees and faculty of the University of Illinois to hold chapel exercises in the manner and form substantially as they hav hitherto been held, and the validity of the rule requiring the attendance of all students on said exercises unless excused therefrom.
>
> He contends that the rule referred to is void on account of being in conflict with that portion of Section 3, Article 2, of the constitution of the state of Illinois which declares that "no person shall be required to attend or support any ministry or place of worship against his consent; nor shall any preference be given by law to any religious denomination or mode of worship."
>
> It is evident that, so far as his rights are concerned, only the first part of the above-cited clause of the constitution is involved.
>
> By Section 1 of the act to provide for the organization and maintenance of the university it is provided that the board of trustees shall hav power to make and establish by-laws for the management of the government, in all of its various departments and relations, of the Illinois Industrial University. By Section 2 of the by-laws of the faculty, adopted by the trustees, it is provided that "the faculty of the university, subject to the direction of the board of trustees, shall hav general control of the disciplin and studies of the university, and shall make in that behalf from time to time such regulations as they may deem expedient. It is under this power that the regulation with regard to chapel exercises was adopted.
>
> I do not believe that the constitutional objection urged is well taken, or that any of his constitutional rights are violated by the rule in question. That rule does not require him to attend any ministry or place of worship against his consent. In the first place, he was not required to attend the university. His attendance upon that institution was purely voluntary. Attendance upon the university was not even one of his rights as a citizen of Illinois. It is, on the contrary, only a privilege accorded to such persons as come within the conditions prescribed in the statute and imposed by the laws of the state and the by-laws of the faculty acting under authority of law. It is presumed that the trustees are competent to decide what regulations are proper for the government of the institution, and the law givs them the power to enforce obedience under penalty of forfeiture of said privilege on account of disobedience. Students are admitted to said university for the purpose of instruction and disciplin, and in accepting the privilege of attendance thereon, either tacitly or formally agree to conform to the regulations for the government of said institution. It is unnecessary to say that disciplin is essential to every educational institution, and that this disciplin must be administered by those in authority.
>
> The general rule is that whenever any person joins an organization, or accepts a privilege, he consents to obey the rules of the organization, and fulfil the couditions of the privilege. He has no right to say that he will obey part and still continue his membership in the organization, and the enjoyment of the privileges conferred thereby. He is under no obligation to join and subject himself to the regulations prescribed, nor is he under any obligation to remain. But so long as he does remain, the obligation which he voluntarily took remains in force unless released by the powers which imposed it.
>
> I find among the rules for the government of the students the following: "9. Each applicant for admission shall sign

*The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship without discrimination or preference shall forever be allowed in this state to all mankind.—*Const. of N. Y., Art.* 1, § 3.

the following promis of good conduct: 'I, the undersigned, ——, wishing to become a student in the Illinois Industrial University, hereby promis that during my connection therewith I will perform all duties with fidelity, will yield loyal and immediate obedience to all *lawful authority*, and at all times will strive to maintain a gentlemanly (or ladylike) demeanor, in public and in private, always mindful of my own good name and of the fair fame of the university which I seek to join."

On entering the university every student agrees, in accordance with the foregoing, to yield loyal obedience to the *lawful* authority of the institution.

In the case in question the student assented to this, and for nearly six years had yielded obedience before he seems to hav discovered that the exercise in question was an abridgment of his rights as a citizen. He, doubtless, at the same time yielded obedience to many other rules which were restrictions upon his liberty as a citizen, and which, had he not been a student in this institution, would not hav been binding upon him. It cannot be denied that the faculty might properly require his punctual attendance upon all recitations, that it might also forbid him to visit neighboring cities during certain days of the week, or at certain hours of the day.

These would be restraints upon his personal liberty, and yet no one would deny that they might be enforced even if such enforcement required the expulsion of anyone who refused obedience.

But the rule in question is not in any proper sense compulsory in my opinion. He could attend chapel exercises if he wished, or if he did not so wish he would be excused upon request; and the rule requiring such request was a proper regulation, and was an infringement of no natural of legal right.

I do not think that the other constitutional questions raised by the petitioner hav any bearing upon the case. Any discussion of them will, therefore, be unnecessary.

I am of the opinion that the trustees and faculty had the right to adopt the rule in question, and for continued refusal to obey it they might suspend the student from the privileges of the university.

This opinion of the attorney-general the trustees adopted as their own, and the action of the faculty was sustained. This opinion is one of the most logical and pointed documents ever issued by the department. See with what ease and grace he sweeps away the decisions of Hon. John A. Dix and John C. Spencer, of New York, with "I do not think the other constitutional questions raised by the petitioner hav any bearing upon the case. Any discussion of them will therefore be unnecessary." Thus answering three of the points raised, he proceeds with the second; his first point in answer to which is that attendance upon chapel was not compulsory, because attendance at the university was voluntary, and not even one of his rights, but "only a privilege accorded to such persons as come within the conditions prescribed in the statute, and imposed by the laws of the state and the by-laws adopted by the trustees, *acting under authority of law*." Ostrich-like, he confidently sticks his head into the darkness created by his learned use of the term "privilege," and cries "Therefore." He brings us then to the question, whether a student at a state school has a right of attendance which he may enforce by law, or only a privilege which the trustees and faculty may deny at pleasure. Of course, in a private institution, it would be purely a privilege. But the university being a public institution, supported by the state, all persons having certain specified requirements of age, character, education, and upon payment of certain fees and signing the agreement to obey all "lawful authority," hav a right to be admitted, and that right can be enforced by law.

A public privilege, when all the lawful conditions are fulfilled, becomes a right. In the present case all these conditions were fulfilled, and so long as he obeyed all "lawful authority," he had a right to remain in attendance. At last the starting-point has been reached, and we are brought to the question of the legal authority of the faculty and trustees to adopt the rule requiring attendance upon religious services. This is the question at issue, and the only question at issue. But what has the learned gentleman to say upon this question, or in reply to the arguments of the petitioner? With that wisdom and profundity characteristic of the small man in a big office, he says: "It is presumed that the trustees are competent to decide what regulations are proper for the government of the institution, and the law givs them the power to enforce obedience under penalty of forfeiture of said privilege on account of disobedience." Of course, they are "presumed" to be competent, but is this presumption of such a nature that it cannot be questioned? The attorney-general seems to think so, as he steadily avoids the question. The idea of the infallibility of the board of trustees and faculty was never before known to exist outside of the minds of the members of these honorable bodies. The legislature is also presumed to be competent to enact such laws as are "proper" for the government of the state, but do the courts hold such presumption a bar to the consideration of the question of their constitutionality? The entire argument of the petitioner was upon the question of the lawful authority of the trustees and faculty to adopt the rule in question, and for the purpose of showing that they had no such authority. But what has the argument of the attorney-general to say concerning this point—the only point at issue? Absolutely nothing! He loaded his gun with the puff-ball "privilege," but long before it reached the mark the dust had settled, and the constitution still reads: "No person shall be compelled to attend a place of religious worship against his consent."

The attorney-general further says: "The rule in question is not in any proper sense compulsory in my opinion. He could attend chapel exercises if he wished, or if he did not so wish he could be excused upon request, and the rule requiring such request was proper," etc. Could he be excused upon request? No. Only by signing an untrue statement—a statement that such exercises were "repugnant to his religious convictions." Only by begging for the privilege of enjoying a natural right guaranteed him by the constitution, and this to be enjoyed not as a right, but as a favor. Only by doing that which the law clearly gave him the right to refuse to do, viz.: the giving of the reasons for refusal of attendance upon religious services.

## Secularism.

*From the Independent Pulpit.*

Several people hav asked me the meaning of this term.

Secularism is the religion of humanity; it embraces the affairs of this world; it is interested in everything that touches the welfare of a sentient being; it advocates attention to the particular planet in which we happen to liv; it means that each individual counts for something; it is a declaration of intellectual independence; it means that the pew is superior to the pulpit, that those who bear the burdens shall hav the profits, and that they who fill the purse shall hold the strings. It is a protest against theological oppression, against ecclesiastical tyranny, against being the serf, subject, or slave of any phantom, or of the priest of any phantom. It is a protest against wasting this life for the sake of one that we know not of. It proposes to let the gods take care of themselvs. It is another name for common sense; that is to say, the adaptation of means to such ends as are desired and understood. Secularism believes in building a home here, in this world. It trusts to individual effort, to energy, to intelligence, to observation and experience, rather than to the unknown and supernatural. It desires to be happy on this side the grave.

Secularism means food and fireside, roof and raiment, reasonable work and reasonable leisure, the cultivation of the tastes, the acquisition of knowledge, the enjoyment of the arts, and it promises for the human race comfort, independence, intelligence, and, above all, liberty. It means the abolition of sectarian feuds, of theological hatreds. It means the cultivation of friendship and intellectual hospitality. It means living for ourselvs and each other; for the present instead of the past; for this world rather than for another. It means the right to express your thought in spite of popes, and priests, and Gods. It means that impudent idleness shall no longer liv upon the labor of honest men. It means the destruction of the business of those who trade in fear. It proposes to giv serenity and content to the human soul. It will put out the fires of eternal pain. It is striving to do away with violence and vice, with ignorance, poverty, and disease. It livs for the ever present *to-day*, and the ever-coming *to-morrow*. It does not believe in praying and receiving, but in earning and deserving. It regards work as worship, labor as prayer, and wisdom as the savior of mankind. It says to every human being: Take care of yourself so that you may be able to help others; adorn your life with the gems called good deeds; illumin your path with the sunlight called friendship and love.

Secularism is a religion—a religion that is understood. It has no mysteries, no mummeries, no priests, no ceremonies, no falsehoods, no miracles, and no persecutions. It considers the lilies of the field, and takes thought for the morrow. It says to the whole world: Work, that you may eat, drink, and be clothed; work, that you may enjoy; work, that you may not want; work, that you may giv and never need.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

## Our London Letter.

We are given to understand that the state God was very well pleased at the performances lately celebrated in his West End house. His vicegerent, the queen, and all the high priests convey that idea, and so no doubt it is correct. They ought to know, being so constantly in communication with him. But if such be the case, he must be a very one-horse deity to find any gratification in such tomfoolery. It is stated that formerly he was very indignant at having the house of prayer turned into a den of thieves, but he has evidently changed his opinion on the subject, or else he has been deposed in favor of a more pliable God, better suited to the spirit of the times. The real fact of the matter, as it appears to me, is that those who were concerned in the "thanksgiving" service do not believe in any description of supernatural being; the only God they hav any faith in being the one known as "Mammon," and him they worship with all the fervor of which they are capable.

That eminent and sincere preacher of the gospel, Alderman Fowler, has been fairly well exposed by certain ungodly members of Parliament, and there can be very little reasonable doubt that he is quite as capable of a disreputable job as any New York alderman. The evidence given before the committee on the petitions in favor of coal and wine dues certainly did not show that his hands were very clean, and his impudence in seconding the motion to punish one of his subordinates must hav taken the House somewhat by surprise. What splendid examples of morality are shown by these eminent and devout Christians! It is not surprising that they so strenuously, though vainly, use their best endeavors to stem the tide of "Infidelity." They hate its advance because it is a purer system than the one they profess, and under no other religion than Christianity could they so openly and successfully carry on their nefarious practices. As "Jesus pays for all," those who profess to believe in him can safely practice any rascality without imperiling their chance of an eternal paradise, and this doctrin they fully carry out.

Considerable stimulus is being given to the Freethought party by a few of the chief working members, and there is every reason to believe that greater advance will be made this year than has been for some time past. Efforts are being made toward more thorough organization, the means taken appearing favorable for the end to be gained. Unfortunately, the bulk of Freethinkers are none too well endowed with this world's goods, and are ill able to afford to buy the literature or subscribe toward the expenses of the lecturers, who themselvs are men who hav to work for their livelihood, but who, unlike the "ministers of the most high," hav in many cases gone considerable distances to address meetings without any remuneration whatever. You would not find many "men of God" doing that; the vast majority would complacently allow a congregation to be damned without putting out the smallest effort to save them unless well paid for doing so.

J. D.

## Sunday Base Ball Playing Legal in Missouri.

State of Missouri against Christ Von der Ahe, charged with violating the Sunday law.

The defendant is prosecuted under Section 1,578 of the Revised Statutes, which reads as follows:

"Every person who shall either labor himself or compel or permit his apprentice or servant or any other person under his charge or control to labor or perform any work, other than household offices of daily necessity, or other work of necessity or charity, or who shall be guilty of hunting game or shooting on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and fined not exceeding $50."

To understand the policy and scope of the Sunday laws on our statute books it is necessary not only to look at the section under which this prosecution is carried on and which only prohibits "labor or work" by any person or by his servant or by anyone under his control (other than the household offices of daily necessity or other works of necessity or charity), or hunting game or shooting on Sunday, but we must look at sections 1,580 and 1,581 in connection with it.

Section 1,578 prohibits work and labor of a servil character, or manual work or labor, and hunting game or shooting on Sunday. Section 1.580 prohibits horse-racing, cock-fighting or playing at cards or games of any kind on Sunday. "Games of any kind" following the special words "playing at cards" means playing at any game of cards, dice, or games of a light character. In a word, it means gambling games, not games like base ball.

Section 581 prohibits the exposure to sale of any goods, wares, or merchandise, etc.

In none of these sections do we find recreation or entertainment, such as the evidence shows the game of base ball as conducted by the defendant in this case, prohibited. On the contrary, the fact that some pleasures, sports, and games are prohibited, and base ball is not, is an intimation by the legislature that there was no intention to prohibit the game. If any recreation or entertainment, even of a moral character, was carried on or conducted in a loud or disorderly manner on Sunday, it would be illegal; but the evidence in this case shows that no disorder or disturbance was committed, but that the best of order prevailed, and the neighborhood was not annoyed or disturbed.

The People against Wm. Dennin (42 Supreme Court reports of New York, page 327) was a case where the defendant was arrested for playing base-ball on Sunday. There the statute is much broader than ours. The statute under which he was prosecuted reads as follows: "All shooting, hunting, fishing, horse-racing, gaming or other public sports, exercises, pastimes, or shows upon Sunday, and all noise disturbing the peace of the day are prohibited." There servil labor, trades, manufactures, and mechanical employments are prohibited likewise. The evidence shows that the base-ball playing was in private grounds, and no noise disturbing the peace of the neighborhood resulted therefrom, and the court decided that the defendant committed no offense under the statute in playing base-ball, and discharged him.

Our Supreme Court in 1876 decided that hunting game on Sunday was not a work or labor within the statute, and discharged the defendant, who had been convicted of hunting under the Sunday laws (State against Carpenter). Since that case was decided our legislature has made hunting game a violation of the Sunday law. But they hav not prohibited, either expressly or by construction, base-ball carried on decently, orderly, and quietly on Sunday.

I might say in addition to this that the game was a reasonable sport and use of nature's powers, and while the evidence showed that money was taken and money paid to the players, it in my mind is not within the meaning of this statute any more than would be the playing of any piano player or singer that might come into the home of a citizen on Sunday to contribute to his entertainment. I therefore find the defendant, under the laws and the evidence, not guilty, and discharge him.

EDWARD A. NOONAN,
Judge St. Louis Court of Criminal Correction.

# The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

Author of "Physical Education," "The Secret of the East," etc.

## I.—Physical Maxims.

### CHAPTER II.—STRENGTH.

*A.—Lessons of Instinct.*

Bodily vigor is the basis of mental and physical health. Strength is power, and the instinctive love of invigorating exercise manifests itself in the young of all but the lowest brutes. The bigot who undermines the health of his children by stinting their outdoor sport as "worldly vanity," and "exercise that profiteth but little," is shamed by animals who lead their young in races and trials of strength. Thus the female fox will train her cubs; the doe will race and romp with her fawn, the mare with her colt. Monkeys (like the squirrels of our northern forests) can be seen running up and down a tree and leaping from branch to branch, without any conceivable purpose but the enjoyment of the exercise itself; dogs run races, young lions wrestle and paw each other in a playful trial of prowess; even birds can be seen sporting in the air, and dolphins on the play-fields of the ocean. In nearly all classes of the vertebrate animals the rivalry of the males is decided by a trial of strength, and the female unhesitatingly accepts the victor as the fittest representative of his species.

Normal children are passionately fond of athletic sports. In western Yucatan I saw Indian girls climb trees with the agility of a spider-monkey, and laughingly pelt each other with the fruits of the Adansonia fig. The children of the South-sea Islanders vie in aquatic gymnastics. Spartan girls joined in the foot-races of their brothers, and by the laws of Lycurgus were not permitted to marry till they had attained a prescribed degree of proficiency in a number of athletic exercises. Race-running and wrestling were the favorite pastimes of young Romans in the undegenerate age of the republic; and, in spite of all restraints, similar propensities still manifest themselves in our school-boys. They pass the intervals of their study-hours in competitive athletics, rather than in listless inactivity, and brave frosts and snowstorms to get the benefit of outdoor exercise even in midwinter. They love health-giving sports for their own sake, as if instinctively aware that bodily strength will further every victory in the arena of life.

The enthusiasm that gathered about the heroic games of Olympia made those festivals the brightest days in the springtime of the human race. The million-voiced cheers that hailed the victor of the *pentathlon* have never been heard again on earth since the manliest and noblest of all recreations were suppressed by order of a crowned bigot. The rapture of competitive athletics is a bond which can obliterate the rancor of all baser rivalries, and still unites hostile tribes in the arena of pure manhood: as in Algiers, where the Bedouins joined in the gymnastic prize-games of their French foemen: the same foemen whose banquets they would have refused to share even at the bidding of starvation. In Buda-Pesth I once witnessed a performance of the German athlete Weitzel, and still remember the irrepressible enthusiasm of two broad-shouldered Turks who crowded to the edge of the platform, and, with waving kerchiefs, joined in the cheers of the uncircumcised spectators.

#### B.—REWARDS OF CONFORMITY.

The "survival of the fittest" means, in many important respects, the survival of the strongest. In a state of nature weakly animals yield to their stronger rivals; the stoutest lion, the swiftest tiger, has a superior chance of obtaining prey; the stouter bulls of the herd defy the attack of the wolves who overcome the resistance of the weaker individuals; the fleetest deer has the best chance to escape the pursuit of the hunter.

A state of civilization does only apparently equalize such differences. The invention of gunpowder has armed the weak with the power of a giant; but the issue of international wars will always be biased by the comparative strength of sinew and steadiness of nerve of the men that handle those improved weapons. In the last Franco-Prussian war the French were favored by an undoubted superiority of arms, but they were utterly beaten by a nation whose sons had devoted their youth to gymnastics. The arms of the Gothic giants were of the rudest description: hunting-spears and clumsy battle-axes; but those axes broke the ranks of the Roman legionaries, with their polished swords and elaborate tactics. For the last two thousand years the wars that decided the international rivalries of Asia, Europe, and North America nearly always ended with the victory of a northern nation over its southern neighbors. The men of the north could not always boast a superiority in science or arms, nor in number, nor in the advantage of a popular cause; but the rigor of their climate exacts a valiant effort in the struggle for existence, and steels the nerves even of an otherwise inferior race. "*Fortis Fortuna adjuvat*," said a Roman proverb, which means literally that Fortune favors the *strong*, and which has been well rendered in the paraphrase of a modern translator: "Force begets fortitude and conquers fortune." Nor is that bias of fate confined to the battles of war. In the contests of peace, too, other things being equal, the strong arm will prevail against the weak, the stout heart against the faint. Bodily strength begets self-reliance. "Blest are the *strong*, for they shall possess the kingdom of the earth," would be an improved variation of the gospel text. The Germanic nations (including the Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon) who have most faithfully preserved the once universal love of manly sports, have prevailed against their rivals in the arena of industry and science, as well as of war.

An American manufacturer, who established a branch of his business at Havre, France, hired American and British workmen at double wages, maintaining that he found it the cheapest plan, since one of his expensive laborers could do the work of three natives. In the seaport towns, even of South America and Southern Europe, a British sailor is always at a premium. American industry is steadily forcing its way further south, and may yet come to limit the fields of its enterprise only by the boundaries of the American continent. From the smallest beginnings, a nation of iron-fisted rustics has repeatedly risen to supremacy in arms and arts. Two hundred years before the era of Norman conquests in France, Italy, and Great Britain, the natives of Norway were but a race of hardy hunters and fishermen. A century after the battle of Xeres de la Frontera, the half-savage followers of Musa and Tarik had founded high schools of science and industry. And, as the fairest flower springs from the hardy thorn, the brightest flowers of art and poetry have immortalized the lands of heroic freemen, rather than of languid dreamers. The same nation that carried the banners of freedom through the battle-storm of Marathon and Salamis, adorned its temples with the sculptures of Phidias and its literature with the masterpieces of Sophocles and Simonides.

Physical vigor is also the best guarantee of longevity. Nature exempts the children of the south from many cares; yet in the stern climes of the higher latitudes Health seems to make her favorite home; in spite of snowstorms and bitter frosts the robust Scandinavian outlives the languid Italian. *In spite* of a rigorous climate, I say, for that his length of life is the reward of hardy habits is proved by the not less remarkable longevity of the hardy Arab and the manful Circassian, in climes that differ from that of Norway as Mexico and Virginia differ from Labrador. Men of steeled sinews overcome disease as they brave the perils of wars and the hardships of the wilderness; hospital-surgeons know how readily the semi-savages of a primitive borderland recover from injuries that would send the effeminate city-dweller to the land of the shades. Toil-hardened laborers, too, share such immunities. On the 25th of March, 1887, Thomas McGuire, the foreman of a number of laborers employed at the night-shaft of the Croton Aqueduct, fell to the bottom of the pit, a distance of ninety-five feet, and was drawn up in a comatose condition, literally drenched in his own blood. At the Bellevue Hospital (city of New York) the examining surgeon found him still alive, but gave him up for lost when he ascertained the extent of his injuries. Both his arms were broken near the shoulder, both thighs were fractured, his skull was horribly shattered about the left temple and frontal region, six of his ribs were broken and their splinters driven into the lungs. There seemed no hope what ever for him, and, after the administration of an anesthetic, he was put in a cot and left alone to die. To the utter surprise of the attending surgeon, the next morning found the mass of broken bones still breathing. His fever subsided; he survived a series of desperate operations, survived an apparently fatal hemorrhage, and continued to improve from day to day, till about the middle of June he recovered his complete consciousness, and was able to sit up and answer the questions of the medical men who, in ever increasing numbers, had visited his bedside for the last three weeks. As a newspaper correspondent sums up his case: "His strong constitution had repulsed the assaults of death, till finally the grim monster went away to seek a less obstinate victim." And, moreover, the exercise of athletic sports lessens the danger of such accidents: a trained gymnast will preserve his equilibrium where a weakling would break his neck.

According to the mythus of the Nature-worshiping Greeks, the darling of Venus was a hunter (not a tailor or a hair-dresser), and the gift of beauty is, indeed, bestowed on the lovers of health-giving sports, far oftener than on the votaries of fashion. Supreme beauty is country-bred; the daughters of peasants, of village squires, of fox-hunting barons, have again and again eclipsed the galaxies of court belles. Country boys have won hearts that seemed proof against the charm of city gallants. "I have seen many a handsome man in my time," says old Mrs. Montague in Barry Cornwall's "Table Talk," "but never such a pair of eyes as young Robbie Burns kept flashing from under his beautiful brow." "Women will condone many a moral blemish in a suitor," says Arthur Schopenhauer; "they will pardon rudeness, egotism, and intellectual poverty; they will forgive even homeliness sooner than effeminacy. Instinct seems to tell them that *in the result of marriage a mother's influence can neutralize any defect but that.*"

#### C.—PERVERSION.

The history of Antinaturalism is the history of a persistent war against the manlier instincts of the human race. Buddha and his Galilean disciples considered the body the enemy of the soul. According to their system of ethics, Nature and all natural instincts are wholly evil; the renunciation of earth and all earthly hopes is their price of salvation, and the chief endeavor of their insane zeal is directed against the interests of the human body. The gospel of Buddha Sakiamuni, and its revamp, the "New Testament" of the Galilean messiah, abound with the ravings of an *anti-physical* fanaticism as unknown to the ethics of the manly Hebrews as to the philosophy of the earth-loving Greeks and Romans. The duty of physical education and health-culture was entirely ignored in the gospel of the life-despising Nazarene. "A healthy mind in a healthy body," was the ideal of the Grecian philosopher. A world-renouncing mind in a crushed body, was the ideal of the Christian moralists. The sculptors and painters of the Middle Ages vied in the representation of cadaverous saints, hollow-eyed devotees, and ghastly self-torturers. Physical training was tolerated as a secular evil indispensable for such purposes of the militant church as the hunting of heretics and the invasion of Mussulman empires; but its essential importance was vehemently declaimed; the superior merit of sacrificing health to the interests of a body-despising soul was constantly commended, and the founder of the monastic orders that superseded the pagan schools of philosophy did not hesitate to enforce their dogmas by aggressive measures; the wretched convent slaves had to submit to weekly bleedings and strength-reducing penances; their novices were barbarously scourged for the clandestine indulgence of a lingering love for health-giving sports—wrestling in the vacant halls of their cloister-prison, or racing conies on their way to their begging-grounds. The Olympic festivals were suppressed by order of a Christian emperor. The fathers of the church lost no opportunity to inveigh with rancorous invectives against the pagan culture of the manly powers, "so inimical to true contriteness of spirit and meek submission to the yoke of the gospel." The followers of Origenes actually practiced *castration* as the most effectual means of taming the stubborn instincts of unregenerate boys. Their exemplar, who had recommended that plan for years, came at last to suspect the necessity of eradicating a germ of worldliness in his own mind, and proceeded to accomplish that purpose by emasculating himself. The anti-physical principle of European Buddhism manifests itself likewise in the fanaticism of the Scotch ascetics who raged against the scant physical recreations of a people already sufficiently afflicted by climatic vicissitudes and the parsimony of an indigent soil. It still survives in the bigotry of those modern zealots who groan at sight of a horse-race or wrestling-match, and would fain suppress the undue worldliness of ball-playing children. Manly pastimes were banished from the very dreams of a world to come; and while the heroes of Walhalla contest the prizes of martial sports, and the guests of Olympus share in the joyful festivals of the gods, the saints of our priest-blighted heaven need the alternative of an eternal hell to enjoy the prospect of an everlasting Sabbath-school.

> Trials of strength and of skill,
> Rewarded by festive assemblies,
> Feasts in the halls of gods, where the voice of the muses
> Answered in songs to the ravishing lyre of Apollo,

quotes a German poet from the Vulgata, "when suddenly," he adds, "a gaunt, blood-streaming Jew rushed in with a crown of thorns on his head and a huge wooden cross on his shoulder, which cross he dashed on the banquet table of the appalled gods, who turned paler and paler till they finally faded away into a pallid mist. And a dreary time then began; the world turned chill and bleak. The merry gods had departed; Olympus became a Golgatha, where sickly, skinned, and roasted deities sneaked about mournfully, nursing their wounds and chanting doleful hymns. Religion, once a worship of joy, became a whining worship of sorrow."

#### D.—PENALTIES OF NEGLECT.

But Nature had her revenge, and the despisers of their own bodies became so truly contemptible that in comparison the rudest barbarians of antiquity seemed respectable men. The neglect of physical exercise avenged itself in loathsome diseases, the perverted instincts exploded in vices; the monkish self-abasers became caricatures of manhood: bloated, whining, mean, and viciously sensual wretches, the laughing-stock of foreign nations and the curse and disgrace of their own. Physically, mentally, and morally, the earth-despising convent drone repre-

sented the vilest type of degeneration to which the manhood of our race has ever been degraded, and the enforced veneration of such monsters, as exemplars of perfection, has perverted the ethical standards of mankind to a degree for which our present generation is as yet far from having wholly recovered. The love of athletic recreations is still smirched with the stigma of the Middle Ages; "respectability" is too often mistaken for a synonym of pedantry and conventional effeminacy; parents still frown upon the health-giving sports of their children; vice still sneaks in the disguise of saintliness and world-renouncing aversion to physical recreations.

The degeneration of many once manful races has reached an incurable phase; the listless resignation to physical abasement and decrepitude. Earth has spurned her despisers; millions of priest-slaves in southern Europe have lost the inheritance of their fathers, and have to till the soil for aliens and despots. The arbitrament of war has made them taste the lowest dregs of national humiliation; the life-long worshipers of whining saints appealed in vain to the God of Battles, and were forced to eat dust at the feet of the despised Infidel and heretic. The ships of the Spanish Armada were consecrated by a chorus of ranting priests commending them to the miraculous protection of heaven; and heaven's answer came in the blast of the hurricane that buried their fleet in the depths of the sea. The same nation once more invoked the aid of the saints for the protection of an armament against the great naval powers of the nineteenth century. The ships were ceremoniously baptized with the most fulsomely pious names: "The Holy Savior of the World," "Saint Maria," "Saint Joseph," "The Most Holy Trinity," and sent forth in full reliance on the protection of supernatural agencies. But in the encounter with Nelson's self-relying veterans the sacred bubble at once collapsed. St. Joseph's impotence howled in vain for the assistance of the Holy Ghost. The Savior of the World could save himself only by a shameful flight, and the Most Holy Trinity succumbed to a decided surplus of holes.

E.—REDEMPTION.

In the work of physical regeneration Nature meets the reformer more than half-way. Our children need but little encouragement to break the fetters of the fatuous restraint that dooms them to a life of physical apathy. They ask nothing but time and opportunity to redeem the coming generation from the stigma of unmanliness and debility. Physical and intellectual education should again go hand in hand if we would promote the happiness of a redeemed race on the plan that made the age of Grecian philosophy and gymnastics the brightest era in the history of mankind. Physical reform should be promoted by the systematic encouragement of athletic sports; every township should have a free gymnasium, every village a free foot-race park; by prize-offers for supremacy in competitive gymnastics wealthy philanthropists could turn thousands of boy topers into young athletes. We should have athletic county meetings, state field-days, and national or international Olympiads.

Educational ethics should fully recognize the rights of the body. We should admit the unorthodox, but also undeniable, truth that an upright and magnanimous disposition is a concomitant of bodily strength, while fickleness, duplicity, and querulous injustice are the characteristics of debility. We should teach our children that a healthy mind can dwell only in a healthy body, and that he who pretends to find no time to take care of his health is a workman who thinks it a waste of time to take care of his tools.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## News and Notes.

I lectured at Corvallis Sunday, July 10th, to a fair audience, afternoon and evening. But Corvallis is a slow-going place for Liberalism at present. There is much indifference, owing to the fact, perhaps, that Corvallis is a little bit out of the way, and doesn't feel the pulses of the "wide, wide world." However, it expects ere long to be one of the great main lines of travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Ten million dollars is now ready, I believe, to complete the railroad through western Oregon to Boise City, connecting with the Northwestern Railroad, and being a continuation of the Oregon and Pacific, which runs from Albany through Corvallis to Yaquina Bay, making a new trans-continental route which will open immense tracts of country to the inroads of civilization. This will giv new life to Corvallis, and so progress and Liberalism. However, I found a whole team in my friend B. F. Hyland, the son of a clergyman, but packed with Liberalism like a summer-day with sunshine. A half-dozen like him would revolutionize Corvallis. Mr. Wheeler is another splendid ally. These are the only two who take THE TRUTH SEEKER or Liberal journals in this place, and they show the vigorous impulse of constant communication with the world-wide movement of Freethought. I always find my best success where THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Investigator* hav preceded me, and so I see that our solid work for the future depends upon the increase of their circulation.

I was glad to meet with friends from the vicinity —Mr. Hodges, Mr. Clark, etc.—and I don't leave Corvallis with discouragement. I shall return again and hav a larger audience.

I was pleased also to meet Mr. I. T. Ford, of Independence, postmaster of the place, against whom the Christians hav waged a bitter warfare on account of his outspoken Liberalism, but without success. He stands his ground, and the community is in his favor. I hope to lecture at Independence on my next tour. From all indications, I expect to prosecute the campaign again, after the next Congress, along the Pacific states. They are full of promis.

From Corvallis I come to Stayton, where I giv three lectures July 12th, 13th, and 14th. The orthodox element here is one of the most bitter I hav met. There was an intense desire to do me physical violence. Some thought I ought to be mobbed and hung. I reckon a few of them thought I had horns and hoofs. However, we hav stanch men here, and they don't scare worth a cent, and we went right ahead. All the lectures were crowded, and I gave an extra address in the grove, to which, also, there was a large attendance. We organized a Secular Union with forty good names for the start. Wm. Sims, Otto Schellberg, T. J. McCary, Dr. Matheson, Captain Waters, H. N. Cooper, I. H. Cooley, Frank Roe, George Gaspel, Wm. Brown, N. R. Adams, and others are our "Marion's men" in these Oregon forests, and the enemy will find an unbroken front.

I want to speak a word for McCary, who presided at the Liberal meetings and is president of the Union organized here. He is teacher in the school, of recognized ability, but the orthodox are going to make a hot fight against him and remove him, if possible, on account of his fearless advocacy of Freethought. He made burning, eloquent addresses at my meetings in defense of his position. If the orthodox do remove him, it will only open a larger field of usefulness; for I believe he would make a brilliant success on the Freethought platform, and such men we now need in our ever advancing work.

The orthodox of the vicinity wanted a debate with Clark Braden, and they sent him a telegram to "come on." I instantly refused to meet him, on the ground that he was no gentleman, and by his own base methods was ruled out of the lists of honorable warfare; and I took occasion at Stayton and Silverton to expose this theological tramp, and I think that even the Christians are ashamed of his company—at least, every Christian lady and gentleman. At the close of my lectures at Stayton a challenge was given me for debate. I instantly accepted it, with the condition, which was granted, that I should choose a time not included in my present engagements. As these take almost every evening until November 1st and the meeting of Congress, the debate will not come off until my next tour; but unless the orthodox party back down, the debate is as certain as anything can be in the course of human events.

Silverton friends greet me at Stayton—Fitzgerald, Davenport, Wolford, McIntosh—and in the early morning (Friday) we take a drive for Silverton over the beautiful Waldo hills. This is one of the loveliest farming sections of Oregon, and is a rural paradise, indeed, of splendid fields, orchards, groves, etc. We stop at Ralph Geer's, a famous pioneer of this country, whose deeds of strength are among the legends of the land. We gather fruits, flowers, etc., for a merry hour, but in the midst of the very sunshine of our joy Fitzgerald meets with a sudden fall, and a swift, terrific vision of death appears which I shall never forget. The awful shadow passes away, and life triumphs; but it leaves my friend Fitzgerald weak and on a bed of suffering—a noble friend, indeed—frank, brave, genial—the life of the company—generous, open-hearted—a comrade whom we love; and so our deepest sympathies are with him and his noble wife, whose charming home has been to me a rest and inspiration. Nowhere hav I had a more delightful welcome. The lights and shadows come; but these all shall only knit more closely the ties of fellowship, and make our humanity sweeter and nobler, and sorrow shall be the minister of kindness and hope.

In the evening I lectured to a crowded house, nearly a third of the audience being obliged to stand. I spoke in reply to the Rev. Mr. Driver on the genuinness, authenticity, and inspiration of the Bible. I think our Christian friends hav heard some facts about the history of the Bible of which they never dreamed. The discussion has done good, and I only wish that the Rev. Mr. Driver would meet me in debate. But he will not. I hav challenged him, but he finds that "discretion is the better part of valor."

I am up with the early worm on Saturday morning—not, however, to be caught by the early bird. With one of Marshbank's good teams, Homer Davenport takes me over to Woodburn, eleven miles off, for the morning train to Portland. It was a beautiful drive in the jeweled dawn, the woods and fields growing luminous and fiery in the advancing day. At Woodburn I strike my friend Scott, of the Liberal host, and on we go to Portland. Here again I meet my friends the Saunders, Niles, Beal, etc., and rest myself awhile. Saturday afternoon I come to Forest Grove, and here I get the enthusiastic greeting of T. G. Todd, who keeps our forces in motion at this point in spite of much indifference. I am now at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Buxton this happy Sunday morning, and pleasant surroundings and genial hospitality make my pilgrim pathway full of cheer and hope. I lecture this afternoon and evening, and doubt not I shall hav a good reception in this old camping-ground of friend York, where his ringing voice has been heard. Next week I am busy—Monday and Tuesday evenings at Eagle Creek; Wednesday at East Portland; Thursday at Portland; Friday at Astoria; Sunday next at Seattle; Monday and Tuesday, July 25th and 26th, at Newcastle; July 29th, 30th, and 31st and Aug. 1st at Snohomish; Aug. 4th and 5th at Port Angeles; Aug. 7th, 8th, and 9th at Port Townsend; Portland, Aug. 11th; Colfax, W. T., Aug. 13th, 14th, and 15th; and then I expect to be at Spokane Falls, Walla Walla, Pendleton, Union City, Baker City, Prairie City, and thence to Emmett's and Boise City, Idaho. I expect to be in Salt Lake City Sept. 24th and 25th for the convention of the Liberals of Utah, and from thence by way of Colorado and Nebraska to Chicago for the national Congress in November.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

## Testimonials Wanted.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* A letter from Mr. H. E. Dewey, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 23d, applauds Elmina's work and cites two instances in which her efforts hav resulted in benefit and happiness to others. Many similar cases must be known to Elmina's friends, and it would greatly aid and strengthen her and be a deserved tribute to her devotion if the reports of such cases were collected. I therefore ask each and all who hav experienced benefit from her work, or who know of others so benefited, to send a statement to that effect. Such statement should be authentic, and within the positiv knowledge of the writer. I expect this request will bring me a large number of such testimonials which I can use to advantage, while respecting the wishes of those who indicate that they wish their communications treated as confidential.

ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN,
Treas. N. D. A, 120 Broadway, N. Y.

## Mrs. Slenker's Attorneys.

*From Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

The question is often asked, "Do you know anything of Elmina's attorneys?" For the information of all who are interested in the case we hav the pleasure of presenting the following extract from a letter from Prof. Thomas N. Conrad, ex-president of the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College: "The law firm of Ronald & Heermans, of Blacksburg, Montgomery county, Va., stands well, and deservedly so. Chas. A. Ronald, the senior member of the firm, is sixty years of age, was a soldier in the Mexican war, and was the senior colonel in the famous "Stonewall" brigade, and was its actual commander in a number of its battles. He is a lawyer of thirty-five years' experience, was at one time the commonwealth's attorney of his county, and twice represented the county in the legislature. He is a Democrat in politics, an eloquent advocate, and a gentleman of high standing and ability. Charles A. Heermans, the junior member of the firm, is forty-five years old, the present commonwealth's attorney for the county, a journalist of fifteen years' experience, has a large acquaintance in the state, of commanding influence, a Republican in politics, and a rising man of southwest Virginia.

"There are few firms possessing greater advantages and capable of rendering more efficient service to any cause they espouse."

In addition to Messrs. Ronald and Heermans, both this law firm and Mrs. Slenker are in correspondence with the treasurer of our National Defense Association, who is also an able lawyer. E. W. Chamberlain, Esq., has been a constant attendant at the meetings of the Defense Association, has taken a deep interest in its work, and is thoroughly conversant with the prosecutions which hav taken place under the Comstock law, and he is especially familiar with such cases as might properly be called persecutions. Those who are contributing money for Elmina's defense are entitled to know these facts, and it is with much pleasure that we spread before our readers what we hav learned from Professor Conrad in regard to the local counsel and what we know ourselvs of one who is in constant correspondence with the defense.

THE St. Stephen's Home for Orphans and Homeless Children in East 28th street, this city, is soon to become a parochial school. The Home was founded by Dr. McGlynn to provide for the poor children of the parish, contrary to the wishes of the church authorities, who wanted him to build a parochial school. It is said that the New Dorp, Staten Island, Home, also founded by Dr. McGlynn for poor children, has already been broken up and will soon be sold.

# Communications.

## Bible Astronomy and Evolution.

Without a doubt, immense progress has been made in all the physical sciences during the last two centuries; indeed, it may be truly said that methodized knowledge has accumulated with far greater rapidity since the printing press has revealed the facts to the multitude than in all previous history. Science is distinguished from common knowledge in this—that whereas science uses the facts which are commonly known, it does more, it arranges and organizes them.

Of the sciences, none has greater fascination to the speculativ mind than astronomy. Its truths are discovered by careful observation, and by even more careful mathematical calculations. It has been well observed that all science, to become accurate, must be expressed in terms of mathematics. In that case, astronomy may be regarded as a fairly exact science. And so indeed it is. The astronomer may predict with absolute certainty many astronomical phenomena a hundred years before their happening. To the very hour he can foretell the next transit of Venus.

But while it is true that to-day such wonders may be performed, it was not always so.

It is perfectly plain to the most superficial student of the Bible that the writers of its various fragmentary essays knew nothing of astronomy.

The writer of the first chapter of Genesis had no idea either of the distance of the stars from the sun or the earth, or of their magnitude. He appears to hav thought that this earth was the only world, and all the heavenly bodies unimportant auxiliaries The universe to him consisted merely of this earth, which he believed to be walled about on every hand by an overhanging, arch-like, solid firmament.

When the poet Thompson finely wrote:

> With what an awful, world-revolving power,
> Were first the unwieldy planets launch'd along
> Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain
> Amid the flux of many thousand years,
> That oft had swept the toiling race of men
> And all their labored monuments away,
> Firm, unremitting, matchless in their course,
> To the kind tempered change of night and day,
> And of the seasons ever stealing round,
> Minutely faithful,

he was expressing from a poetic point of view an aspect of the astronomical phenomena following the alleged creation which was quite beyond the grasp of the writer of Genesis.

No idea of the "illimitable void" through which the multitudinous stars continually coursed appears to hav entered his thoughts. To him the earth was flat, and the sun, moon, and stars fixed in the heavens like sun burners, or electric lights on the roofs of theaters or great halls.

And the writer of the book of Joshua was no less ignorant, for according to him, at the command of Joshua the "sun and the moon stood still," a statement which is absurd on the face of it, since, so far as this earth is concerned, the sun does not move, but the earth revolves around it. It is a declaration, moreover, which could only hav been made in an age of supreme ignorance of the elementary principles of astronomy. Many divines hav sought to explain away the absurdity of the inspired writer by declaring that what actually took place was that the earth stood still, and this, it is alleged, gave the appearance described by the Bible writer. But this only renders the passage more ridiculous from a scientific standpoint than before, for as the earth, besides revolving on its axis, is traveling round the sun at a speed almost equivalent to a thousand miles an hour, for the earth to hav stood still would hav meant the precipitation into space of all animated beings, and the probable engulfment of the earth by the sun.

A careful study of the pages of the Bible will show, however, that all the astrologers mentioned within its pages proceeded in their investigations into celestial phenomena on a wrong assumption—the assumption that the earth was the center of the universe. Nobody can blame them for it; they were doubtlessly perfectly honest—and if the priesthood of subsequent ages had not claimed for the writings in which these views are set forth "divine inspiration," these astrologers would hav deserved nothing but praise for their early and earnest guesses at truth.

But in the natural evolution of the human mind the study of the heavenly bodies underwent numerous important changes. Human life at best is short, and few are the facts which even long-lived astronomers could gather for the benefit of their fellows. If, as the learned Josephus thought, "God indulged the antediluvians with a long life that they might bring astronomy and geometry to perfection," then undoubtedly the intention of deity was never realized, or, the early astronomers, or astrologers, as they were called, having very inadequate means of making known their accumulated knowledge, much of it must hav been lost either in the teaching or, as a religious writer seriously suggests, "in the flood." In other words, it must hav been washed "from the tables of the memory" of Noah and his "righteous" but probably very ignorant family.

The Chaldeans, the Egyptians, and Chinese appear to hav made astronomy an important study, and with some useful results.

The Egyptians conceived that the planets Mercury and Venus revolved like satellites around the sun; but they believed the earth to be stationary, and the sun, moon, and stars to revolve round it.

The Greeks, too, cultivated the study of astronomy, and Pythagoras, who lived more than five hundred years before Christ, seems to hav been the first to teach that the sun was the center of the universe; that the earth was globular, and moved round the sun; that the moon was inhabited, and that comets are wandering stars.

But it was not till Copernicus, in the sixteenth century, formulated afresh this system, with some slight improvements, that it began to be accepted even by cultivated persons. Galileo was condemned for preaching it, and had to recant or die. He preferred to recant. Bruno, more brave, chose rather to die at the stake than yield up what he believed to be true. So, too, did Vanini and many another pioneer of progress.

The invention of the telescope, the wonderful discoveries made by the use of it by Galileo and others, all tended to confirm the principles laid down by Copernicus, and to open up a wider field of study for future astronomers. With a still further improvement of the telescope, and the manufacture of one 120 feet in length, great strides were made in astronomical science.

In the year 1666, in his twenty-fourth year of age, Sir Isaac Newton made his wonderful discovery of the law of gravitation. While resting under a tree in an orchard the young scientist was struck upon the head by a falling apple, which led him to numerous important reflections. First of all, he thought that, as all bodies lighter than the earth were irresistibly attracted toward it, so it might be that this law of attraction or gravitation acted in other regions besides the earth; that this law extended as far as the moon, whose motion would necessarily be influenced by it.

In his "Principia," Sir Isaac Newton very largely elaborates this theory. He also was the inventor of a telescope.

Few very important discoveries were made in astronomy from this point until Sir William Herschel directed his large telescopes toward the heavens. Then many important discoveries were made, which not only extended the astronomical view of the planetary system, but also of the sidereal heavens.

Sir Wm. Herchel's son, following in his father's footsteps, continued the work, and, with the aid of Sir J. South, made a catalog of 380 double stars, determining with the utmost precision and accuracy their distances and angles of position.

From this time down to the present, extraordinary progress has been made, so that it may be truly said that not only are most of the movements of the heavenly bodies known; not only can the distances of the stars be determined; not only can eclipses of sun or moon be accurately foretold; not only can the composition of comets be demonstrated, but Professor Tyndall has carried experimental science so far as to determin the weight of a comet's tail.

All this knowledge, it will be observed, is a slow growth. Changes undoubtedly hav taken place in the heavenly bodies themselvs during the thousands of years that hav elapsed since the early astrologers or the Biblical writers first devoted their attention to the study of celestial phenomena. But no such changes hav occurred to account for the topsey-turvy view of the subject which our early ancestors entertained. To them the stars were small luminaries fixed in the heavens to giv the earth light by night; they were but "twinkle, twinkle little stars." Now, however, they are discovered to be immense bodies, millions, or in some cases billions, of miles away from the earth; some of them are found to be great suns; others are so distant that the light from them has not yet reached the earth, notwithstanding the immense speed at which it travels.

And the study of astronomy, in addition to revealing many facts with which we were previously unacquainted, has done more than any other science to banish the gods from the universe and to make known the unity of nature. The astronomer finds that he can set no limits to nature; that he can neither scale her hights nor penetrate her depths—that, go as far, in any given direction, as he may, there is still boundless space beyond which no man has penetratrated, or probably can penenetrate.

Man's faculties are finite; how, then, can he possibly grasp the infinit—whether it be called nature or God?

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

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A PERSON who derives all his instruction from teachers or books, even if he escape the besetting temptation of contenting himself with cram, is under no compulsion to hear both sides; accordingly it is far from a frequent accomplishment, even among thinkers, to know both sides; and the weakest part of what everybody says in defense of his opinion is what he intends as a reply to antagonists.—*John Stuart Mill.*

## Are Christians Spiritualists?

Perhaps nine-tenths of the laity would indignantly answer, No!

But "to the law and the testimony."

The word "spirit" occurs some hundreds of times in the Christian's Bible, but it is usually accompanied by a definitiv term.

Only a few Bible writers hint at a belief in spirit as an entity separate and apart from the body.

The Old Testament writers are remarkably silent in regard to a future state.

The New Testament writers often refer to an entity termed by them "the holy spirit," "the Holy Ghost," "the spirit," etc., evidently meaning a supposed personification of the deity which they worshiped.

The phrase, "spirit of God" occurs some twenty-five or thirty times, but in nearly every instance is defined by some accompanying word or words as pertaining to man.

"The spirit of God moved on the face of the waters" is an incomprehensible phrase unless construed to mean that power inherent in nature capable of evolving order out of chaos.

This "spirit of God" came on Balaam, Saul, upon Saul's messengers to David, on Aza, and was in Job's nostrils. It is also said to dwell in believers, and sanctifies them if they do not grieve it.

Matthew saw "the spirit of God" descending in the form of a dove at Christ's baptism, which is a big crumb of comfort for the gullible. It was by the spirit of God that Christ cast out devils.

God is said to be "the God of spirits," "the father of the spirits of all flesh;" he "maketh angels spirits;" it is also said that "there are four spirits of heaven," whatever that may mean.

The "unclean spirits," "dumb spirits," and "foul spirits" spoken of and cast out by Jews and apostles betrayed their gross ignorance of physiology by attributing diseases to the agency of demons.

The practices of Christians and Spiritualists in exorcising and invoking the supposed communion of spiritual beings are decidedly similar.

The oracle of the ark of the covenant, or the ark of God, and the breastplate worn by the priests singularly enough resemble the planchette and cabinet dark seances of modern Spiritualists.

The making of an ax swim, the increase of oil in the pots by Elisha, read like the "manifestations" of flower mediums and others of *Banner of Light* fame.

The suspension of physical laws was about as common among Bible worthies, or unworthies, as among the disciples of the Fox girls. Christians, of course, accept all "the truths" recorded in God's infallible word, the same as the Spiritualist refers all those mysterious mental and nervous phenomena to the agency of disembodied spirits at once, and without investigation or controversy.

The handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast is complemented now all over the land by "independent slate-writing."

The appearance of Jesus "in the midst" of the disciples, "the doors being shut," reads mighty like the description of a dark seance (John xx, 26).

Acts ii, 2—the pentecostal "out and down pouring" of "the spirit" sounds wonderfully like an account of a seance of mediums.

Then "the spirit of prophecy" is spoken of, and the power of "discerning spirits," which smacks strongly of the teachings of modern Spiritualism.

Peter preached to the spirits in prison, which is another conundrum; and John, in Patmos (whose liver was morbid), saw "three unclean spirits, like the spirits of devils."

But the grandest seance of all was the ascension of Christ in broad daylight into the clouds in the presence of a gaping crowd.

The church, however, kicks on the healing of diseases in the face of the positiv and direct assertions of Christ and the apostles to the effect that the elders and believers could cure the sick and handle venomous serpents with impunity.

The "familiar spirits" referred to in the Bible correspond very well with the "guardian angels" or "spirit controls" of mediums.

The dreams, visions, trances, etc., of the writers of the Bible and Bible characters are often quoted by "Christian" Spiritualists in confirmation of their doctrins.

Since the advent of authentic history it has been the universal custom to attribute all mysterious mental phenomena to a spiritual origin, and all natural phenomena to God. The latter belief was prevalent in Bible times.

There is no appreciable difference between the ravings of Saint John in the Isle of Patmos, and the incoherent utterings of many modern trance mediums.

Pulpit perorations are often of the same flippant, senseless nature.

The prophets of the Bible were mediums in the same sense that mediums are prophets.

Christians meet together and pray for "the communion and indwelling of the holy spirit;" while Spiritualists meet, sing, and invoke "the influence,"

or the spirits of the dead, as they claim to understand it.

The "conditions" necessary to obtain the desired results are the same in the Christian church meeting as in the Spiritualistic seance.

The writer has witnessed and experienced the mental phenomena of the so-called "revivals of religion," as well as those of spirit-mediumship, and attributes them all to psychic laws not well understood. That they can and will be accounted for without requiring the intervention of spirits—holy or otherwise—I hav no doubt.

The results are self-induced in both instances; that is, no results would take place in either case did not the Christian or Spiritualist arrange or bring about the necessary "conditions."

The mental or nervous phenomena peculiar to religious revivals would ensue just the same did the devotee concentrate and direct his devotions to Jove, Jupiter, Mohammed, Buddha, or Confucius, instead of to Jesus; likewise, "the manifestations" of Spiritualists would occur the same if the diakka of the planet Saturn or the demons of hades were invoked, instead of the spirits of dead relativs and friends.

Spiritual manifestations are both illusory and delusiv, and the same may be said of the Christian religion.

There exists no evidence that the theory of either the one or the other is true. In fact, the tendency of what proof there is attainable in regard to either is to prove that they are both false.

Christianity has been in vogue eighteen hundred years, yet the world is not saved from sin.

Modern Spiritualism made its advent about half a century ago, yet instead of the world being revolutionized to its doctrins, there are, perhaps, more Materialists now than there were then.

Like the boiling of a pot, the results, the *modus operandi* of "getting religion" and becoming "developed" as a medium, flow from *within outward*, and not *vice versa*, as supposed by the respectiv devotees.

So far as known, there is no power or influence above or outside of us to produce the results observed. There is nothing supernatural, supermundane, or beyond the cognizance of our senses; or if there does exist anything of that sort it is beyond our comprehension and utility, and as such it is useless for us to theorize or speculate about it.

The Christian theorizes upon the beauties of a future home beyond the clouds, or in an indefinable somewhere, attainable on good behavior here, while the Spiritualists expatiate on the loveliness of the great beyond or "summer-land."

The Christian looks forward to the resurrection of "body and breeches," while the Spiritualists claim that the mind or thinking principle only will survive death, yet it is to be in an ethereal, human form.

"Experiencing religion," or passing under "spirit control," exalts and intensifies the feelings or senses somewhat like the ecstasies of hypnotic subjects, and, prolonged, deranges the organic functions and dethrones reason.

The brain is in an abnormal whirl of excitement, all the forces of life appearing to be centered and concentrated there, and attempting to escape upward through the top of the head because the skull seems too small to contain the sea of bliss in which the soul is floating. It is a mental intoxication. It is extremely dangerous to drink excessivly at this elysian fountain.

The man or woman who sails too often on this mysterious, unknown sea soon becomes satiated with the jewels gathered there, and would gladly exchange them for the husks of the normal state. The whole being becomes so intensely absorbed in this mysterious ocean of wild, ecstatic delirium, that the unfortunate subject is oblivious to the requirements and duties of practical life, caring for neither wife nor potato-patch, and lands in an insane asylum an object of pity, a wreck of his or her former self—all from attempting to sound and sail in the boundless abyss of the unknown, where there is no shore, chart, or compass to guide. Vain mortals, beware!

But to return. The Christian longs to walk the golden-paved streets of the mythical New Jerusalem, carrying palms, harps, and singing and shouting forever in sight of "the great white throne" which John saw, with those hideous beasts sitting around to complete the picture and the Christian's happiness; while the Spiritualist expects to hav a good time generally "over there," and, by way of spice to relieve the monotony of sylvan groves and "the music of the spheres," to occasionally whisk around the scenes of his earth life, rapping tables, thumping pianos, and controling mediums, for the edification of gullible mortals and for his own advancement in the spirit spheres.

There is to be observed this difference between the practices of Bible Spiritualists and their Christian successors in modern times—the former "asked counsel of the Lord," that is, consulted the oracle, prophet, or priest in regard to their temporal affairs only; the latter claim to ask God to save them from temptation, sin, and an endless hell, though they are careful to weave into their prayers always a petition for the reception of "every good and perfect gift."

The instructions of the Lord to some of the Bible mediums or prophets were about equal to the "conditions" required for the development of modern mediumship.

Hosea was instructed by the Lord first to marry a prostitute and afterward an adulteress. Whether modern Spiritualism is responsible for free love doctrins or not, free loveism was unknown till after the advent of the Spiritualist craze.

Moreover, the Mormon branch of the church base their polygamous practices upon the teachings of the Bible. The spiritual "sealing" of a number of women to one man as carried out by the "Latter-day Saints" is but the system of concubinage taught in the Bible gone to seed.

The vast temporal and spiritual power claimed by the holy mother Roman Catholic church—of which Protestantism is only a sugar-coated parasite or side issue—is founded on Christ's declaration to Peter in Matthew xvi, 18, 19.

The church—especially the Catholic—extorts its millions annually from its votaries for its supposed influence and ministrations before a mythical "throne of grace," for the "free pardon of sin," for the sale of indulgences, etc.

The eighty thousand able-bodied priestly drones in the United States fleece their unsuspecting victims to the tune of from $20 to $20,000 yearly, for their intercession as middle men or mediums between man and supposed gods.

An "innumerable company" of astrologers, soothsayers, trance lecturers, and spirit mediums ply their vocation at from twenty-five cents to $5 per head for their "seances," "sittings," answering of "sealed letters," etc.

Where's the difference?

Echo only answers, "Where?"

W. A. SIMPSON, Ex-Deacon and Ex-Medium.

*Stockton, Tenn.*

## Mrs. Slenker's Offense.

Mrs. Slenker has forwarded us a copy of the indictment found against her. It reads as follows:

District Court of the United States of America for the Western District of Virginia in the fourth circuit, at a special term of the District Court of the United States of America, for the Western District of Virginia in the fifth circuit, held at Abingdon within and for the District and circuit aforesaid, on the 12th of July in the year of our Lord 1887, and continued by adjournment to and including the 14th day of July, 1887.

Western District of Virginia, S.S.

The Jurors of the United States of America within and for the district and circuit aforesaid, on their oaths present that Elmina D. Slenker, late of Pulaski county in the district and circuit aforesaid, heretofore, to wit, on the 15th day of March, 1887, at the said Western District of Virginia, and within the jurisdiction of this court, did unlawfully and knowingly deposit and cause to be deposited in the mail of the United States for mailing and delivering in the post-office of Snowville, Va., certain obscene, lewd, and lascivious writings, papers, prints, and publications, one of which said writings is called, "The Girl and the Dog," and the others of said writings, prints, and publications are without any title whatsoever, and all of which said writings, papers, prints, and publications are so lewd, obscene, and lascivious that the same would be offensiv to the court here and improper to be placed on the records thereof, wherefore the jurors aforesaid do not set forth the same in this indictment, which said writings, prints, and publications were then and there inclosed in a paper envelope, which said envelope was indorsed in red ink, "Private papers of Elmina D. Slenker, Snowville, Va.," which said envelope, containing said writings, prints, and publications as aforesaid, was then and there inclosed in another paper envelope, which said last-named paper envelope was then and there addressed and directed as follows: "W. H. Barclay, Richmond, Va."

Against the peace of the said United States and their dignity and against the form and statute of said United States in such case made and provided.

We hav never seen the stuff mentioned, and therefore cannot say how offensiv it is. If it is the same that was printed in the *Word*, it is very disgusting, and we cannot imagin how Mrs. Slenker should hav thought she was doing good by circulating it.

### MR. HEYWOOD ON THE MATTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In your issue of this date Mrs. Slenker says:

Right here I want to make one simple explanation of what has gone against me more than almost any other one thing. . . . In the correspondence many wonderful accounts of monstrosities born of connections between animals and human beings came to me from many quarters. I knew Heywood was interested in all that pertains to sex and heredity, so wrote a note to him telling him of the stories I had received, and, to my sorrow and surprise, he published the item in the *Word*. I did not think it fit for publication, and so failed to mark it "private."

This implied (though perhaps not intended) censure of me as being the cause of what "has gone against her more than almost any other one thing," is uncalled for and unsupported by the facts. The brief extract (five lines only in our narrow columns) appeared in the last September *Word*. In the October *Word* I printed a long letter from Mrs. Slenker fully explaining her position as an investigator of sex questions, but containing no such insinuation as is implied in the above. Mrs. Slenker's letter was like hundreds of others Mrs. Heywood and I hav received from her; *it contained nothing whatever* indicating that it was a "private" letter. The fact printed was a revolting one, but none the less a fact because it let daylight into the dark, rotten morality of so-called "good society." The public statement of facts relativ to mental disease (no names of persons implicated were given) is as much an imperativ necessity to reformation as that the diagnosis of physical disease must precede suggestion of remedies. To say the fact was "not fit for publication" is to say that the patient better die of the malady than be relieved by faithful curativs, even though pain is incidental to convalescence. It recalls pro-slavery irrationalism which tried to "remove" the Abolitionists for exposing the villainies of chattel bondage; it was not the sin, but pictures of it, which shocked the pro-slaverites!

Whenever persons intimate to us that what they say is confidential, their wish, of course, is always respected; but facts sent us are fit or "not fit" to print, according to conditions of which the publishers of the *Word* must judge for themselvs. Unless specially marked "private," I do not consider it a compliment to me, or to the senders, to receive from them statements which they are afraid or ashamed to face in print. I am not, never was, and never shall be in the *clandestin* role of social reformer. Persons unprepared to stand behind their own sentences, written or spoken to me, I hav no use for.

But, irrespectiv of the above, I am with you, Mr. Editor, in every brave and timely word you hav printed in Mrs. Slenker's defense. Her arrest and imprisonment is an outrage on personal liberty and the *rights of private correspondence*, which will be resented, more and more, as people become intelligent enough to sense the villainy of Comstock's "laws." I trust that the intrinsic nobility of the woman in this case, the spotless righteousness of her purpose, and the imperativ necessity of reform will assure her unconditional acquittal.

*Princeton*, July 16, 1887. E. H. HEYWOOD.

## The Liberty of Thought and Discussion.

JOHN STUART MILL "ON LIBERTY."

When their enemies said, "See how these Christians love one another" (a remark not likely to be made by anybody now), they assuredly had a much livelier feeling of the meaning of their creed than they hav ever had since. And to this cause, probably, it is chiefly owing that Christianity now makes so little progress in extending its domain, and after eighteen centuries is still nearly confined to Europeans and the descendants of Europeans. Even with the strictly religious, who are much in earnest about their doctrins, and attach a greater amount of meaning to many of them than people in general, it commonly happens that the part which is thus comparativly activ in their minds is that which was made by Calvin, or Knox, or some such person much nearer in character to themselvs. The sayings of Christ coexist passivly in their minds, producing hardly any effect beyond what is caused by mere listening to words so amiable and bland. There are many reasons, doubtless, why doctrins which are the badge of a sect retain more of their vitality than those common to all recognized sects, and why more pains are taken by teachers to keep their meaning alive; but one reason certainly is, that the peculiar doctrins are more questioned, and hav to be oftener defended against open gainsayers. Both teachers and learners go to sleep at their post as soon as there is no enemy in the field.

* * *

It is the fashion of the present time to disparage negativ logic—that which points out weaknesses in theory or errors in practice, without establishing positiv truths. Such negativ criticism would indeed be poor enough as an ultimate result; but as a means to attaining any positiv knowledge or conviction worthy the name, it cannot be valued too highly; and until people are again systematically trained to it, there will be few great thinkers, and a low general average of intellect in any but the mathematical and physical departments of speculation. On any other subject no one's opinions deserve the name of knowledge, except so far as he has either had forced upon him by others, or gone through of himself the same mental process which would hav been required of him in carrying on an activ controversy with opponents. That, therefore, which when absent, it is so indispensable, but so difficult to create, how worse than absurd is it to forego, when spontaneously offering itself! If there are any persons who contest a received opinion, or who will do so if law or opinion will let them, let us thank them for it, open our minds to listen to them, and rejoice that there is some one to do for us what we otherwise ought, if we hav any regard for either the certainty or the vitality of our convictions, to do with much greater labor for ourselvs.

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## Still Believe in Hell.

In his magnificent tribute to the late Henry Ward Beecher, Colonel Ingersoll drew a true picture of the orthodox Calvinistic home of seventy years ago. He described such a home as a "Puritan penitentiary—a prison with very narrow and closely-grated windows. Under its walls were the rayless, hopeless, and measureless dungeons of the damned, and on its roof fell the shadow of God's eternal frown. In this prison the creed and catechism were primers for children, and from a pure sense of duty their loving hearts were stained and scarred with the religion of John Calvin. In those days," he said, "the home of an orthodox minister was an inquisition in which babes were tortured for the good of their souls. Children then, as now, rebelled against the infamous absurdities and cruelties of the creed. No Calvinist was ever able, unless with blows, to answer the questions of his child. Children were raised in what was called 'the nurture and admonition of the Lord'—that is to say, their wills were broken or subdued, their natures deformed and dwarfed, their desires defeated or destroyed, and their development arrested or perverted. Life was robbed of its spring, its summer, and its autumn. Children stepped from the cradle into the snow. No laughter, no sunshine, no joyous, free, unburdened days. God, an infinit detectiv, watched them from above, and Satan, with malicious leer, was waiting for their souls below."

A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, recognized by the *Independent* as the "son of Dr. Codman, the famous preacher of Dorchester, Mass., in the early part of the century," declares that Colonel Ingersoll's description is substantially true, as he remembers his father's teachings and those of his neighbor. Dr. Storrs, of Braintree. He writes:

"As children, we were often overshadowed by the assemblages of the 'Suffolk and Norfolk county associations,' and I do not believe that any of those men were hypocrits. Dr. Storrs, of Braintree, father of the present Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, was one of them. He often came to Dorchester on an exchange. He was a fearfully eloquent preacher. In his excitement he would pound the Bible and thrash the cushion with a vehemence that was terrible as the doctrins he enforced. He would picture the danger of the unregenerate soul, the death-bed of the sinner, the day of judgment, the writhing of the damned in the lake of fire and brimstone, with all the power of his oratory, with shouting voice and with glaring eyes. Had he not been preaching against the devil, we would hav supposed that the devil himself was in the pulpit. When Dr. Storrs, Dr. Beecher, Dr. Finney, or any of these terrible men came home to dine, and cracked their jokes at the table, what wonder was it that we poor little children who had just been frightened by them nearly to death wondered 'how they could?' That was indeed a mystery.'"

Mr. Codman's verification of Colonel Ingersoll's description of an orthodox home moves the *Independent* to grief, and it belabors him for his apostasy from the church:

"But the real burden of 'J. C.'s' complaint against the home of his father and mother is just this, that they told him solemnly and with tears, so as to fill his young mind with awe, that if he did not repent and be converted, he would go to hell. He does not like it. We do. We hold that it is good, sound, healthful teaching. Every religion has taught it. . . . Let a man once get it engraved deep in his soul that obedience and consecration are rewarded with heaven, and selfishness is punished with hell—that will be a creed to expand a boy's soul with the infinities and the eternities; it teaches him that to be a Christian is to hav the spirit of a hero and a martyr. Such a teaching does not make dwarfs and cowards; it makes men. Dr. Codman's son does not like it; we do."

Those who fondly believe that the idea of hell has been eradicated from the average human mind will experience a shock to their optimistic views in these words of the *Independent*, the leading religious literary journal of the country, to quote from its prospectus. It is evident, however, that the Congregationalists are still lingering along the pathway of mental progress, looking back with comforting thoughts to the place described by Dr. Watts as one of

> "Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
> Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
> And darts to inflict immortal pains,
> Dyed in the blood of damnèd souls."

They keep its memory warm, and no doubt hav picked out the people who will walk therein, "burning continually, yet unconsumed," as ancient Pollock put it. And not only do they believe in hell, but they hold the belief to be good and sound and healthful, calculated to expand souls with "the infinities and eternities." They vehemently deny that the devil is dead, nor will they admit that calling the place sheol has taken one degree from the heat of hell's flames. Such stubbornness must command the respect accorded to mules, but the Congregationalists cannot expect the intelligent portion of the world to view them with any great amount of admiration.

It is evident, too, that there is still a vast expanse of missionary ground for Freethinkers to work in.

## A Proposed Legal Robbery.

The Atchison correspondent of the Kansas City *Times*, quoted by *Lucifer*, writes to his paper as follows:

"The $50.000 for the Lutheran college will probably be raised by general taxation, as a monster petition requesting the mayor and council to make the levy has been prepared."

The constitution of Kansas contains this clause:

". . . Nor shall any person be compelled to attend or support any form of worship, nor shall any control of, or interference with, the rights of conscience be permitted, nor any preference be given by law to any religious establishment or mode of worship."

It may be that this clause is not broad enough to prevent the consummation of the outrage foreshadowed by the *Times* correspondent, but if not, the courts would probably prevent a general tax levy for the benefit of one sect. Such a tax is clearly contrary to the spirit of the constitution, if not to its letter. It would be simply legal robbery.

## McGlynn and His Church.

Edward McGlynn, the excommunicated priest, is a very different man from Edward McGlynn, the pastor of the rich and populous parish of St. Stephen's. It is well that this is so. As a member of the Roman machine Mr. McGlynn's mouth was sealed. Now that he is liberated, as he puts it, he can disclose the purposes and crafty measures of that machine. His speech at the Academy of Music on the evening of the day that his excommunication was made public is a ringing arraignment of the Roman Catholic church, and a revelation of some of its inside political workings. Mr. McGlynn claims still to be a Catholic—a better Catholic than the pope himself—and we cannot, therefore, congratulate him as heartily as we would; but for his exposure of the priests of his faith he deserves well at the hands of those who are laboring for a truly secular government. Every man who opposes the Roman hierarchy is a benefactor of his race.

The policy of the Roman machine, said Mr. McGlynn, is prompted by the desire to restore the temporal power of the church. To accomplish this the pope would dicker with the devil himself, and sell the liberty of every Catholic in the world. It is with that purpose in his mind that the pope has sent two prelates to England to trade off Ireland for a papal embassador at Victoria's court; it was for that purpose that the Vatican supported Bismarck at the last German election; and it was to aid that scheme that a German-American bishop of this country was offered the archbishopric of St. Louis if he could arrange for a papal representativ at Washington.

"As long as the Catholic people," said Mr. McGlynn, "whether of Ireland, or of America, or of Germany, or of Poland, practically giv the pope to understand that he can do what he pleases, not merely in the way of defining the doctrins of the church, but in the way of interfering in their policy and politics, and pulling the strings; sometimes, as in Germany, allowing priests not only to take an activ part in politics but to sit in parliament, or, as in France, allowing cardinals, bishops, and priests to sit in the assembly, and to become permanent members of the upper house; and again, when it suits him, permitting an archbishop to dare to say to an American citizen that he must never in the future make a political speech of any character whatever, or to attend any political meeting whatsoever, without the permission of the sacred congregation of the propaganda, an Italian institution some thousands of miles away, run by men who do not know but that Florida is a suburb of New York, or Mobile the name of a street in San Francisco—as long, I say, as the Catholic people of Ireland, of America, of Poland, or of Germany consent to let the Roman machine, of which the pope himself is but a mere puppet, do all that, so long will this Roman machine, with the pope at its head, continue to use poor Paddy, and the poor American Catholic, and the poor Polish fool, and the poor German fool as so many pawns on the political chessboard, to be sacrificed at any time for whatever can be got in return."

Mr. McGlynn never sympathized with this policy of the church, nor with the attempts to isolate the Catholics of the country by educating their children in parochial schools. He believes in separating church and state, and maintaining the independence of each from the other. The policy of the church, in Catholic countries, has, he says, ruined the faith of the people, until now "it is a notorious fact that religion is vanishing from nearly every part of the world; that men who are naturally religious are being alienated from the churches, and, perhaps, more from the Catholic church than any other. In so-called Catholic countries," he continues, "you will find a peculiarily satanic hatred of religion—pope, bishop, creed, and church—that you will find scarcely anywhere else. Go to Catholic countries and you find that the gown of the priest is hated as something unclean. You will find that a priest can get all the room he wants in a railway carriage by simply exhibiting himself and his gown and shovel hat at the door of the compartment. It is not because of the great reverence they hav for his reverence, but that they hate the mere sight of him, that men will crowd into another compartment or another carriage rather than be compelled to ride in the same one with him." These are harsh words, but they are true, and Mr. McGlynn confesses that the facts they disclose are not new to him.

Considering the reasons why he was removed from St. Stephen's parish, Mr. McGlynn said:

"First, they wanted to make an example of the man who kept his engagement in Chickering Hall, so that all priests might know that no man among them might make a speech without the permission and consent of the archbishop, so that the archbishop should hav the unquestioned control of all his priestly 'subjects.' It was a precedent that would diminish the value and the quantity of the goods that he might occasionally wish to deliver to one or another political party. It is told on unquestioned authority that the archbishop was eager to send for a prominent Democrat to assure him that Dr. McGlynn had been inhibited from making speeches during the political campaign. It is a matter of public record that his vicar-general, Preston, wrote to Mr. Joseph O'Donoghue a letter which was distributed before the doors of churches; and poor fools of Catholics who read it said, 'Oh, I was going to vote for George, but that won't do now; that is going against the church.'

"Well, the next charge was McGlynn wouldn't build a parochial school. One of the councilors had the charity to speak up and say, 'Has Dr. McGlynn ever been asked or instructed to build a parochial school?' 'No,' said the archbishop, 'no, he shouldn't be allowed to build one; he is not methodical enough; he shouldn't be allowed to build one.'

"Then the next charge was general financial failure. That charge came about four years too late. I confess that I never did take the view of the priesthood that the impersonation of all the cardinal and theological virtues in one was the ability to squeeze money out of the people, but to a large portion of these ecclesiastical gentry the sum of all virtues to-day is to be called a financier—the one merit that makes a pastor, a vicar-general, and an archbishop. It is a strange thing that St. Paul, who names about a dozen virtues which should characterize a bishop, actually omitted financiering. St. Paul never was a financier.

"But the one reason why I was suspended by Archbishop Corrigan (unless he is a fool or a liar) is that I taught the doctrin that God made the land for the people, and that I

refused to retract it. I do refuse to retract it! And I was suspended from my ministry for that and no other reason."

Whether Mr. McGlynn is right or wrong in his social opinions makes no difference in the verdict which must be rendered against his church in this matter. It is sufficient that that church has placed itself on record as against the teaching of any new political economy, and in so doing has disclosed its own political ambitions and designs. Mr. McGlynn may not be another Martin Luther, but he has placed the people of this city under great obligations to him for his sacrifices.

It is, however, safe to say that the Roman church will go on trading votes for dollars and power just the same as heretofore.

## Real Christian Teaching.

The *Christian Evangelist* of St. Louis says:

"The pursuit of happiness is not an 'inalienable right,' nor a right of any sort. We are here to do our duty, not to seek our pleasure. Happiness is not a lawful aim of life. Neither is it an attainable aim. He who sets out to be happy is doomed to disappointment and misery. The pursuit of happiness is a wild goose chase. You can never come up with it. The most fleet of foot are always outstripped in this fond pursuit. To him who turns aside from this hopeless chase for pleasure and plods on in duty's narrow path, happiness may sometimes come, to bear him company. But we cannot run her down, though we speed after her with flying feet. Not only is duty before pleasure, but there is no real pleasure except in the pursuit of duty."

This is the morality of the Christian religion strictly applied. But what an inhuman religion is that which denounces happiness as unlawful and unattainable! It is the religion of the brakes and jungles, of the caves and dens, of savagery and animalism.

It is well that the world disagrees with theology in its moral as in its scientific teaching.

## "Partisan" Warfare.

In the Winsted *Press* of last week, Dr. M. E. Lazarus, writing under the name of Edgeworth, has an article on "Puritanic Despotisms," dealing principally with the efforts of Comstock to suppress "obscenity." About the middle of the article we find this:

"From this obscenity pretext of persecution, it has been an easy step to revive the obsolete laws against blasphemy, and we find in New Jersey Mr. Reynolds, a 'Freethought Infidel' lecturer of fair moral reputation, and who had not exceeded the usual license of his school in making light of scriptural authorities, imprisoned, tried, and fined. Such legislation in the neighbor state, New York, would extinguish THE TRUTH SEEKER, and put clerical bits on a number of other organs more or less 'Liberal,' which means anti-biblical, and nothing more. Yet it is pretended that the United States has divorced state from church. The suppression of THE TRUTH SEEKER would not in itself retard the emancipation of thought, that organ being enslaved to the principles of arbitrary authority, and waging merely a partisan warfare; but the power which would suppress it would be inquisitorial and fatal to other evolutions of thought; it would be a church censorship."

While giving Dr. Lazarus full credit for his love of liberty, we cannot help thinking that his criticism of THE TRUTH SEEKER is prompted by the fact that during a period of many months in which he wrote us numberless letters, he failed to induce us to subscribe to his creed of Anarchy. But in stating that we are "enslaved to the principles of arbitrary authority," Dr. Lazarus has gone beyond the confines of fact, and is roaming in the imaginativ field of fiction.

That we are waging a partisan warfare is admitted. We believe in partisanship—of the right kind—and we respect every earnest man who is doing what he can to advance the cause he holds dearest. Dr. Lazarus himself is a partisan, and a very zealous one. In fact, the Anarchist partisans, while thinking that they alone are mentally broad enough to surround all truth, are about the narrowest and most intolerant of all partisans. If a person is not long enough to fit their bed, they stretch him out; if too short, they cut him off. If they cannot then make him fit, they throw him away.

With this it is not our wish just now to quarrel. So long as their intolerance is confined to words, they are within the moral law. We do object, however, to Dr. Lazarus's attempt to pitchpole a carload or two of odium upon us because we are not just the kind of a partisan he is. Our party, our champion, our leader, is Liberty—liberty for everyone to think as he pleases, to express that thought, and to act as he pleases, so long as he infringes upon no other person's equal right, and commits no act to curtail others' equal liberty. The cause of freedom is our cause, and in fighting for that cause we confess to partisanship. But we cannot agree with everyone for whom our principles demand toleration, and because we cannot admit that social chaos is the shortest cut to social order, it is manifestly unfair to say that we are enslaved to the principles of arbitrary authority. Such authority we are constantly opposing, and shall continue to oppose, though all the Anarchist writers in the country sit around and condemn.

## Discrediting Miracles.

The editor of the *Christian Advocate* is evidently losing faith in the miracles of the Bible, for in answer to a query from a correspondent whether he "supposes" that Lazarus remembered "his experience in the other world," Mr. Buckley somewhat impatiently says:

"We suppose that Lazarus did not remember his experience in the other world, because we suppose that he was dead in the same sense that a man who is drowned is dead before he is brought to life, and that he never would hav come to life without our Lord's voice or some miraculous power; but that he was dead in the sense that his spirit was permanently and entirely free from the body we don't suppose, and therefore we suppose he did not know anything during the interval."

If Lazarus was only experiencing a period of suspended animation, then his resuscitation was no miracle. The editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER once assisted in rescuing a drowning policeman of this city, whose "raising from the dead" required several physicians, a quantity of morphine, and about a pint of whisky. It is rather belittling to the claims made for Christ to put that morphine and whisky on a level with "our Lord's voice or some miraculous power." If Lazarus was not dead, then there was no miracle. If he was dead—well, we doubt the miracle anyway.

It is painful to note the purely materialistic view Mr. Buckley takes of the matter. Were he a different sort of a man, however, we should rejoice at his conversion.

A RESOLUTION was passed at the Fall River meeting of the Massachusetts Knights of Labor instructing delegates to the coming Minneapolis convention of the Knights to refuse to accept the resignation of T. V. Powderly from his present office of general master workman. The Rev. Jesse H. Jones, delegate from Abingdon, spoke in favor of the resolution. "He vividly pictured the demoralizing effect of the dethronement of Mr. Powderly upon the Catholic members of the order, and fervently urged the delegates to retain him, and thus prevent the election of a radical, who might antagonize the religious element." It is wonderful how much conciliation and consideration the "religious element" needs. The religious sentiment of the community must not be wounded, the faith of our fathers must be respected, the piety of honest Christians must not be shocked! But who, in this world, ever heard of respecting or considering the feelings of the radicals? The Rev. Jesse H. Jones, delegate from Abingdon, is a foolish man. Powderly has already irreparably damaged the Knights of Labor by selling them out to the Catholic church, the arch enemy of the people, and if he is retained in office it will not be five years before the order will be wrecked.

THE following dispatch from Chicago, dated July 18th, needs no comment to make the cruelty of professional Christian charity-mongers apparent: "Robert G. Ferguson, aged twelve years, of La Grange, who has been confined in a 'Christian home' at Humboldt Park for some time, was found on the street yesterday with iron shackles on his feet. He says there were at the Home five other boys besides himself. They were fed on potatoes and water, each boy receiving a certain allowance three times a day provided he had not been unruly. Robert said he stood the treatment a few days, and then escaped and trudged home. His father at once sent him back. On his arrival, the Rev. Mr. Arnold, who is in charge of the place, chained him in an upstairs room and put him on half rations. He was kept there four days, and was then released on promising good behavior. That night he once more started for La Grange, but was caught and again chained in the room. This time he was kept in the shackles ten days. Yesterday, while Arnold was at church, Robert, with the assistance of the other boys, escaped to the street, where he was found."

## Newspaper Notes.

THE semi-monthly *Plaindealer* is a little magazine published by Francis Graves, of Hastings, Mich. It is boldly Infidel in tendency, and the last issue is embellished with several quaint specimens of the wood-engraver's art. Mr. Graves will please accept our acknowledgment of the courtesies to THE TRUTH SEEKER contained therein.

THE Melbourne, Australia, *Liberator* has been prosecuted several times by the government, but Mr. Symes, the editor, has thus far been triumphant. He announces, however, that another case is being prepared against him, though whether for blasphemy or sedition he knows not. The *Liberator* is a sledge-hammer enemy of Christianity and hereditary rulers, and bothers the parsons and Australian government not a little. Its editor is a vigorous fighter, who never runs.

THE Spiritualist journals, *Light in the West*, *Spiritual Offering*, *Light for Thinkers*, *Current Fact*, and *Mind and Matter* are all dead, and from their ashes—quite a goodly heap—rises *The Better Way*, published at Cincinnati, Ohio. Messrs. M. G. Youmans and I. S. McCracken seem to be the head and front of the new paper, which, with more experience by its publishers, promises to be a valuable defender of the Spiritualistic faith.

THERE are quite a number of Anarchists in Melbourne, Australia, of the philosophical sort, and they publish a twelve-page monthly, called *Honesty*. There is no dynamite in it, but much forcible writing. Its contributors are principally Freethinkers, who hav turned their attention to social subjects, and become converts to the extreme individualistic views of Michael Bakounine and Herbert Spencer. They are hot-headedly wrong, like our loved friend Tucker, but they are able, and we read them with interest.

## Special Notice to the Liberals of the West.

FRIENDS AND CO-WORKERS: Having recovered from a severe sickness, which, having reduced me in flesh, has only intensified my energy and persistency, I intend making an extended lecture tour to the far West. I shall start early in September.

Never was there greater need of vigilance and united effort on the part of all Liberals, not alone to defeat the open, as well as the insidious, attacks of priestcraft, but that friends and neighbors may be disabused of the misrepresentations of the clergy in regard to our aims and objects. Once induce the intelligent to investigate, instruct them in the noble principles of Liberalism, and their prejudice would change to admiration.

It is a duty we owe ourselvs, as well as our friends and neighbors, to afford them an opportunity to know what Liberalism really teaches, to educate them in the grand truth that the practice of justice and mercy insures our own happiness while promoting that of others; that Infidels do not destroy any incentivs to good, but by precept and example urge all to liv lives of love, truth, and benevolence; that we earnestly and constantly strive to attain heaven in our own homes, here and now, working out our own salvation, fearlessly, by diligence in the acquirement of knowledge that shall save ourselvs and loved ones from the dread and inevitable penalties of ignorance of nature's laws; doing right from love of right and our fellow-creatures, not from fear of hell or for the mere hope of receiving a crown and harp in some mythical heaven of the clouds.

Our main dependence to accomplish the work must ever be the Liberal printing press. In no way can we so easily and effectivly advance the cause as by obtaining new subscribers—cash in advance—to our Liberal papers and magazines. Very many are induced to read after their interest has been aroused by the lectures or consequent discussion after a lecture. I shall, as heretofore, carry a supply of our best Liberal books and pamphlets, and use every exertion to procure subscriptions to our Liberal periodicals. Shall be glad to correspond with friends who hav clean back numbers of our Liberal papers or magazines which they are willing to donate, conditional on their being carefully and effectivly distributed.

If those desiring lectures in their vicinity will make an effort, they will be surprised at the ease with which success can be secured. Ever remember if you can induce the intelligent to once commence investigation—to read and study the subject—you become their redeemer from the cruel bonds of superstition.

Reader, will you kindly help me and the cause by arranging for one, two, or more lectures in your vicinity?

I am quite willing to go to the smallest and most out-of-the-way places. Am not particular. Will lecture in palatial opera house or old barn; in picturesque grove or public square; wherever the people who desire to hear will assemble, that is the place I desire especially to speak in. Do not worry about terms. I will make terms suit.

Now, don't lay this paper down and say, "If I was in Blank's place I would," etc.; nor sigh, "It is too bad we cannot hav him here to giv us a course of lectures." Exert yourself! Call on your Liberal friends; start subscription papers; secure a hall or some available place, and then write me at once for dates. Make one earnest effort. Attend to it at once!

I expect to be in Illinois during September—probably in that vicinity till after the Congress of the American Secular Union in November; then westward, ho! lecturing on to California and the Pacific coast.

Letters addressed, care of THE TRUTH SEEKER, 28 Lafayette Place, will always be promptly forwarded to me. But do not wait till I am on the road. Write me at your earliest, and address

C. B. REYNOLDS.

*Box* 104, *North Parma, N. Y.*

# Letters from Friends.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., July 14, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am glad to notice in one of your recent issues that Mr. J. M. Jamison, who endeavored to make you believe that you were an Anarchist, has discovered his mistake. Mr. Jamison must hav read your paper between the lines, otherwise he would hav replied to you, and taken up your challenge, and got the reward which you hav offered. RICHARDSON.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., July 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: As I am a searcher after the mysteries of the Bible, will you or some of your readers explain this scriptural point found in Hebrews xiii, 8: "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever?"

Now, if this be the case, what is the use of prayer? It is useless to ask him to do something he intended doing from all eternity, and it is useless to ask him to do something he never intended to do. Please explain. J. H. PILAND.

NEWPORT, ME., July 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: You speak my mind exactly when you say, "No Freethinker should suffer himself to be spoken to by Braden. The miserable scoundrel should be left severely alone."

It is demoralizing to associate with such people. Braden is a Christian, and should stay in the Christian fold where he belongs. I thank Mr. Remsburg for his course.

SEWARD MITCHELL.

NEWARK, N. J., July 17, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: One of our most earnest workers, one who was devoted to the Freethought and labor movements, an earnest and indefatigable worker in behalf of Liberalism, has departed from life. On July 13th, Cornelius A. Marshall, president of the Newark Liberal League, died of a hemorrhage of the lungs. He had been in feeble health for some time, and gradually grew worse until last Wednesday, when he passed away peacefully and quietly. The Liberal League holds appropriate memorial services on Sunday, July 24th, T. B. Wakeman speaking. G. G.

EOLA, OR., June 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3 to pay my subscription for the year. I delayed some, expecting to get up a little club. Money is scarce here at present. I hope to be able to send you some new subscribers this fall. We hav a good many here that are friends of ours, and I think will soon become patrons of yours. I had the pleasure of taking in on last Sunday evening an able lecture, delivered by our worthy and esteemed friend Samuel P. Putnam, on the new Heaven he proposes to help build on this Earth. He seems to be just the man for that mission. He is doing it in a way that the clergy cannot take exception to. He is still with us, and will speak again on Friday, July 1st. A. STRAIN.

WILSEY, KAN., July 13, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: For the benefit of some good Christians, please giv the name and account of the man that John Calvin mistreated so cruelly. Giv full account, if possible, as they deny it being a matter of fact and history. Others read your paper after I get through with it, and combined we do much to open the eyes of some who claim Christianity is all there is in good. J. S. LICHTY.

[We hav several times published the account of John Calvin's cruel mistreatment of Michael Servetus, and cannot at present find room for another reprint of it. If Mr. Lichty will procure the book by D. M. Bennett called, "The Champions of the Church," he will find what he wants, and much other information about the infernal works of the Christian church and clergy.—ED. T. S.]

SANTA FE, N. M., July 14, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I met with an intelligent miner, and a close observer of facts, during many months' residence in old Mexico, where nineteen-twentieths of the population are Roman Catholics, and where priestly influence is paramount to civil law. He relates a case that overshadows all the romances in the Decameron of Boccacio, and leaves Mormonism to learn of the pope. There resides in the town of Battepelis, near the boundaries of the states of Sinaloa and Chiahuah, a priest who is the reputed father of seventy children, the mothers of them ranging in age from fourteen to forty-five, a number pointed out being beautiful women.

In South America these lecherous priests will go into the drawing-room of a wealthy family, and select one of the daughters to show her a vision of the Holy Ghost. Fear of priestly influence commands obedience, and the crime is silenced. In Mexico, previous to marriage, the bride is anointed, a custom quite as beastly as that practiced by the Mormons, a priest officiating with licentious ceremonies. Can there rest a hope for that misguided woman to lead and liv a virtuous life? She finds it convenient to confess her sins just as often as she is tempted by her confessor to commit one.

Peon slavery, abolished by law, from ignorance and poverty, is now many degrees more objectionable than slavery as it existed previous to the Rebellion. They receive as wages in placer gold mines one real per day, not in the virgin gold they extract from mother earth, but in beans, corn, and salt. Americans caught short of money receive no more than two reals, or twenty-five cents per day, wages. Men of money and energy hav opportunities for money-making equal to those of the states. Fannie Ward, a fine correspondent in the employ of the Mexican Central Railroad Company, writes most beautiful rose-colored reports of Mexican character. As her sex forbids her seeing crime in its many forms, she cannot write facts on matters pertinent to emigration to Mexico. The truth, written by Fannie Ward, would be objectionable to the big corporation which pays her to write exclusively in the interest of Mexico. While Romanism is surely on the decline in Mexico, education, intermarriage with Caucasians, and time will induce the masses to exercise the liberty of thought.

HUGH L. MCILVAIN.

CANYON CITY, July 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Awhile ago I met Mr. M. on the sidewalk, who said: Mr. P., I don't see as you hav any starting-point in your religious views.

P. Hav you?

M. Yes.

P. Well, I will make you a proposition, and see if we can start alike; and first, is it conceivable that there ever was a time when there was nothing?

M. No.

P. Then it is conceivable that something must hav been eternal?

M. Yes.

P. Is that your starting-point?

M. Yes.

P. That is mine. So you see we start at the same point. Now, let us remember that what is eternal cannot be accounted for. It cannot be asked, Who made it? nor, Where did it come from? There everybody must stop or knock his brains out against an impenetrable wall, impervious even to spirits. Now, on the next question, What is that eternal something? we may divide.

M. God is that eternal something.

P. Now, notice that all the means we hav of knowing anything are our senses. These are physical organs by which we apprehend physical forces. What we apprehend through these senses is real; what is suggested to the brain through these senses is ideal. Now, please tell what you know about God, for you must know something of him before you can assert anything of him.

M. Well, I don't *know* anything of him.

P. Then you cannot tell anything about him, not even assert his existence?

M. Well, what do you say is eternal?

P. Matter—the substance of the universe; and all I know is about matter. I hear, see, smell, and feel matter. These all assert the reality of matter. Whereas God is simply an ideal, an inference from what you see. You pray to an ideal God, and the answers you get are of the same sort.

M. But who do you think made the world?

P. Who do you think made what is eternal? The world is a formation from eternal matter, and everybody knows that matter is changing from form to form all the time. We know matter exists, and that is more than you can say of what you call God; and you are required to believe he exists. All the gods that were ever named existed on the same principle—faith.

Science consists in the knowledge of matter, its forces and mechanical principles.

Matter is known to exist in some sixty-four simple elements, which are constantly changing by infinit evolutions.

But you call your God good, and of infinit love and mercy. To prove that, would you quote the destructiv tornadoes and earthquakes that destroy so many thousands in a few minutes of persons beloved with infinit love?

My friend, if I were going by your house, and saw it on fire, with your wife and children in imminent danger, with ample means to save them, and did not, would you quote me among your friends? I say, No, sir—never.

A. B. PIKARD.

GOODWYNSVILLE, VA., June 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: After reading your issue of the 25th, I can't resist the temptation to scold a little. I love THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I hav nothing but the kindest regards for all of its friends. Therefore it bothers me when I read in "our paper" such sentiments as are expressed in your editorial, "Virginia," of the 25th, and in "The Reminiscences of a Reformer." It may be reformation, or in the interest of reform, to sleep with and associate with negroes, but, as Beecher said of the "fall of man," it is reformation downward. Having been reared with negroes, and having lived all of my life with them, I think I know something of them, and I must say, if I know anything about the negro, Mrs. Colman does not. I hav never seen Fred Douglass, but I will venture to say if he is a genuin negro, you can no more "reform" him from filth, faith, and fanaticism than you can change the spots of a leopard. Now, I know you will say, "Hates the damn nigger," but come down to Petersburg and drive out in Dinwiddie a few miles, and ask the first negro you meet, "Who is your friend of all friends?" and probably he will say, "The Infidel of Goodwynsville." I reckon Mrs. Colman would call Nat Turner a martyr, as she seems to think old John Brown was. She perhaps classes them with Lincoln, and the defenders of their homes with the infamous Booth. I thought THE TRUTH SEEKER was a Liberal paper, not a bloody-shirt organ.

"Virginia"—well, are not the district-attorneys sworn to do as they hav done in this case? That tale about the churning milk "all day," and the "most intelligent farm-wives," is too thin. Now, I will bet you a new subscriber it is not so. Of course I know you would not publish anything you had any idea was not true, but I must think you hav been imposed upon in this milk tale. People don't churn all day often. I think it a little uncalled-for to abuse the "most intelligent" farm-wives of Virginia in this way, simply because Mrs. Slenker has violated a national law, and has to take the consequences. If Mrs. Slenker has sent such nasty and vulgar language through the mails as the papers say she has, she ought to be punished, as well as those who send the nasty Bible. I think you brethren up North ought to pluck the motes out of your own eyes. Go to work and repeal your own bad laws. There is no blasphemy law in Virginia.

Now, let me tell you how to "run the paper" (and of course you will do as I say). When you want to abuse everybody that does not think as you do, south of the Mason and Dixon line, just don't do it, but giv that space to John Peck, George Macdonald, or some one else that will write Infidel "truck." Giv the place devoted to "Reminiscences" to that fellow who was in your office when the parson who is "telling tales out of school" called.

Very truly yours, GEO. W. BAUM.

HANOVERTON, July 16, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: As I feel it a duty incumbent on some one to apprise you of the death of another of Nature's noblemen, and fearing no other will attend to it, I send this obituary.

We attended the funeral of our friend and brother George Freed, of East Rochester, yesterday. Mr. Freed received a kick in the abdomen from a colt, which caused his death in a few days. It is a sad affair. Mr. Freed was a man of more than ordinary moral worth. Born and reared within remote environments, yet at an early day he got a glimpse of the sunshine of mental life, which always lent its luster to illuminate his path. Mr. Freed denounced slavery when it was exceedingly unpopular so to do, and was much persecuted by the self-styled God's people when rotten eggs were the most potent argument they could bring against freedom. It did not take him long to dispose of the Bible. He was a great admirer of D. M. Bennett, whose portrait adorns the walls of his parlor. He was in full sympathy with Elmina, having always been an advocate of the doctrin for which she was arrested. Cutting it short, he was an excellent man, always in a good humor and cheerful, and the first to minister to the poor and alleviate suffering.

He was a very successful agriculturist; kept his farm in the best of trim, and yet he found time to read enough to keep his mind stored with useful knowledge; was always abreast with the times. He had no enemies; he won the respect of all, and got it. He responded when Mr. Lincoln called for troops, and served in the Union army. Mr. Freed was a constant reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER. He was sixty-seven years old. He died as he lived, calm, peaceful, and resigned, without fear. J. T. JOHNSON.

MIDDLE FALLS, N. Y., July 14, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: If I were not one of the most patient of men, long-suffering and not disheartened under difficulties, I fear I should despair of ever getting Mr. Pikard to correctly quote me; but line upon line and precept upon precept may in time work such a desirable result. Mr. Pikard does not seem to understand that in the table I gave, each of those sounds marked with a figure is to be a *letter* in the new alphabet proposed, and that in the combination of letters following, illustrated by familiar examples, I hav tried to giv the *names* of those new letters. Thus the first letter is pronounced *ay*, the second *ah*, and so on. It does not follow because I grouped these new letters under the vowels with which they had chiefly been associated that I meant them as only different applications of the preceding letters—far from it; each of these numbers signifies a *distinct letter*, which is as yet lacking in our alphabet, but ought to be supplied. Remembering this, how Mr. Pikard can accuse me of spelling knowledge with an *a* and an *e* passes my comprehension. I stated distinctly that I would spell the word n (1) l (4) j (see table in my last letter), and then because these sounds came next after *a* and *e* he jumps to the conclusion that I am using those letters, only pronouncing them differently. No, no, Mr. Pikard, I don't use *a* or *e* at all in the word, but two new letters, pronounced *ah* and *eh*, for the second and fourth sound respectivly. Cannot Mr. Pikard say n ah l eh j? Then he has spelled the word knowledge as now pronounced. Further on he says, "Mr. Bodge says my spelling of hav, giv, and liv is spurious reform, and yet he spells them just as I do." How unreasonable Mr. Pikard can be! He spells give, *giv*, and I spell it g(6)v, or, in other words, the middle sound is the *new letter*, pronounced *ih*, like the *sound* of the letter *i* as now used in this word by Mr. Pikard, *but it is not i*, for I use a separate character for each vowel sound. Now will it be claimed by Mr. Pikard that I spell the word just as he does?

It seems to me that I hav now made my system as plain as it can possibly be, and that Mr. Pikard ought not to be longer in doubt as to how I would spell any word. I would be pleased to see his proposed system in THE TRUTH SEEKER, as I hav given mine, that we may see wherein we differ, or why it is that we shall think alike "when I come to understand the subject." I am a trifle amused at his going so far in his zeal as to change our family name at his own sweet will, and the name of our post-office also. His last letter to me was liable to hav been sent to the dead-letter office on account of his unauthorized change in the address. I would explain to Mr. Pikard that the authority of the spelling reform is not expected to extend over family names and proper nouns.

I desire to acknowledge the receipt of a communication from Professor Jamieson, from his new home in the lovely San Luis Park, but, alas! the pleasure of perusing it is denied me, as I hav never learned shorthand. Doubtless the professor naturally concluded that I was familiar with the system from my advocating a system of spelling based on the use of a separate letter for each vowel sound. I believe Mr. Jamieson is himself the originator of a system of shorthand superior to the one most in use.

In connection with the friendly discussion between Mr. Pikard and myself, I see that the Maine freak has slopped over in one of his characteristic effusions. Some people are hoggish in their desires; others are more modest in their demands. The Maine freak belongs to the latter class. Some people want the earth; he only wants THE TRUTH

SEEKER. Not finding room enough in his own little paper with the big name to air his ignorance, he would fain hav the writers for THE TRUTH SEEKER stand back and giv him their room wherein to slander little girls' pet cats and dogs, or deprecate the non-adjournment of the Manhattan Liberal Club to scuttle and sink Mr. Astor's yacht. I do not recollect of ever having met or exchanged a word with this ranter that he should thus turn his pop-gun battery in my direction, but I hav heard that freaks are given to sudden ebullitions of temper without any assignable cause, and I suppose the Maine specimen is no exception to the rule.

D. LOUIS BODGE.

BOSTON, MASS., July 12, 287.

MR. EDITOR: In reply to Brother Koezly's last, I respectfully submit that his idea of putting grave questions in mathematics out to editors and lawyers to settle is indeed rich, nearly equal, in fact, to his way of computing the lapse of time.

What need has the world of any professional mathematicians if other professions can do their work just as well? And now, if he will just drop a few lines to the principal professor of mathematics, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., he will soon be on the high-road to knowledge.

Cordially yours, GEO. N. HILL.

WELLESLEY, MASS., July 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: You will find inclosed bill for books, etc., sent you on June 20th. Thank you for the order.

Will you please send to Mrs. Slenker or to the Defense Committee, to be used in her behalf, $5 of this amount, and charge to my account. I should be glad to hav it sent as soon as possible. I hav too long neglected it already, but I hav been very much hurried of late.

Shame on a government when its people are compelled to defend themselvs against its unrighteous enactments and its malicious assaults! Shame on a government when it fosters villainy and makes the love of truth of no account, and the desire for knowledge a crime! ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON.

NEW CASTLE, WASH. TERR., July 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav received the war call and the command to haste to the front from our noble and energetic lecturer, Samuel P Putnam, and, by all means, I guess we must obey orders and take up arms and onward to the fight. The father from Rome has sent some of his most worthy embassadors here already to gather all the lambs to the fold for safe-keeping while the devil, Putnam, will be around roaring and seeking whom he may devour. But for all that we expect a crowded house waiting him when he comes. I can assure you that there is a great tendency toward Liberalism here, and by the time we renew our subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER I expect to get five or six new names to add to the list of truth seekers. Two of our most energetic workers here hav left—Mr. I. P. Calhoun has gone to Tacoma, and Mr. John Farley has gone for a visit to his fatherland, Sweden—both subscribers to the noble TRUTH SEEKER.

Some of your correspondents must be laboring under some delusion or other when they name our noble Ingersoll for the next president. Do they think that the millennium is that near, or is the age of wonders to commence in 1888? Sure enough it would be a year of jubilee for all Freethinkers if such a thing should happen; anyway, we must hope for the future. You shall hear from this place again after Putnam has been here. JENKIN MORGAN.

BRADFORD, PA., June 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose you $1, which you will please place to my credit.

I see by the press reports that the Seybert Spiritual Investigating Committee of Philadelphia, Pa., hav made their report. Whatever their conclusion may be, let it be recorded and published for the benefit of humanity. The committee were composed of learned scientific men, and some of them uncompromising Spiritualists. They hav spent three years, and investigated every known phase of mediumship. They had only one object in view, and that was to ascertain if modern Spiritualism was true.

Fabulous prices hav been paid to all mediums that would come before the committee and produce proof of spirit return. Now, what will their decision be? I, for one, am anxious to know. If it turns out that anyone is not satisfied with their report, let us hav another committee, and keep on until the truth is fully established. I think Spiritualists should interest themselvs in these scientific investigations; they seem to be all kind and well-meaning people, and can't afford to be deluded. I wish some orthodox Christian would appoint a committee to investigate popular theology, and ascertain if there is one scientific truth associated with it. Giv us a few such investigations and the people will soon find that all religions and isms are born of ignorance and superstition. C. J. CURTIS.

PORT ANGELES, WASH. TERR., June 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3 for one year's subscription to your invaluable journal.

Our colony, I am afraid, is going to be a regular Infidel nest, as those here don't seem to hav any respect for the Sabbath and other sacred institutions whatever. I think you already know that we will be free from churches and saloons—the twin evils—in our colony, and as we will soon hav the majority of voters in the county we will be able to regulate the liquor traffic for the whole county in a short time. Our enemies say that we will be an immoral crowd, but I am not afraid to state that our community will be, and is already, superior in morality to any in this broad land of ours. The scenery of this place is the grandest I hav ever seen, and I hav seen some fine scenery before, both in Switzerland and this country, but never met such a combination of the lovely and magnificent. I hope that if any black sheep come into our fold the beautiful natural surroundings will hav a beneficient effect on their character, and assist the good example the other colonists giv them in remodeling it. Although my copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER will remain in the Colony Library from the day of its arrival here, I think you will get other private subscribers from among us,

You hav recently received several communications from Seattle societies, and also one from Dr. York expressing sorrow at the death of Mr. Daniel Crane, of Seattle. One of our trustees, Mrs. Laura E. Hall, is a daughter of Mr. Crane, and she is a "chip of the old block" in every sense of the word, never afraid to express her opinions whether these agree with that of the multitude or not; and, like her father, she will be able to say when she dies, "I hav not lived in vain."

CHAS. PETERS.

MOLALLA, OR., July 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Three red letter days for Molalla! S. P. Putnam and the friends of religious liberty hav just closed a Liberal camp-meeting at Wright's Spring, on the Molalla. The series was conducted in a peaceable and orderly manner. Everyone was pleased. The weather was splendid. The Oregon City brass band excelled its previous records. The picnic baskets were loaded with the good things prepared by careful ladies. Two hours' talking in a grove was a severe test to the lecturer, but he was equal to the occasion, and one hundred and four names signed to a call for an auxiliary Secular Union, a temporary organization with president and secretary—the first meeting toward permanent organization to be held a week from to-day—all this, and more, is enough to show that Mr. Putnam's visit to us was a splendid success. A charter will be applied for as soon as a permanent organization is effected. Also, steps are being taken toward the erection of a hall, with library, Sunday-school, etc.

G. J. TRULLINGER, Temp. President.
R. J. DEVINE, Temp. Secretary.

LEXINGTON, KY., July 11, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The people are beginning to find that the human brain has been scorched, perverted, and dazzled, and the owner of it led meekly along for ages on the road to the lunatic asylum. Think of a splendid organ of thought shrunken, depolarized, clogged, and hampered with unnatural tendencies, thoughts, and intentions, which hav changed its very structure—persecution and murder being considered virtues, when God is to be defended. Christians adore their deity, while he thirsts for their blood (a savage could do no more). The horrible tortures which he knows how to avert they bear as if they were blessings, and the more they are trampled the higher is their opinion of the riches of his grace.

The laborer is expected, it seems, to be a great and successful speculator, though fortunes are often wrecked in that way. Is there no well-digested scheme in existence which could secure to the poor man the advantages which seem now only within the reach of the favored few? The present constitution of society must be swept away before the good man's dreams of the heavenly sway of justice can be realized in connection with the affairs of men. Let some genius arise whose holy sense of duty to his own race is unprecedented, who proposes restrictions to surround the monopolist of an awful and compelling character. Never hav nations manifested so great a love for liberty as the republics of Greece. The laws of Solon fed the sacred flame. Well do the Prohibitionists understand his way of assembling the people every night and teaching them. We are also requested to bring our hymn-books—the candidates for offices are such pious men. The sweetest hymns in mine were composed by John Newton on his own slave-ship, while the smothered slaves were thrown into the sea.

The women, it appears, are again reminded of man's grasp of thought, and of their own weak intuitions. Forgetting the dull and sometimes malicious articles, which are not penned by them, some facts, peculiar to them, might be spoken of in a scientific way, and this is done by our most learned and dignified *savants*. ALHAZA.

FROSTBURGH, MD., July 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Sitting in my room at the hotel here, I was amused at the antics of the Salvation Army on the street. After singing several of their songs, which were somewhat after the style of the plantation songs of the negroes in the days of slavery, a repetition of one or two lines with a hallelujah or a "come to Jesus" for a chorus, the flag-bearer planted himself, and the rest kneeled down in the dust around him, while one prayed to their imaginary God, his prayer being interluded with many an amen from the rest. After fifteen or twenty minutes of this, they told the crowd who surrounded them that they were now going to their hall to finish their orgies, and invited all to come with them and get acquainted with Jesus, who would save their souls. How ridiculous all this seems in these poor, ignorant, deluded mortals, and yet in half an hour after I passed a fine brick church from which issued sounds very similar—it was Sunday-school children being drilled in the same belief that God was pleased with their senseless praise! These were the children of the best citizens in the place, and the men and women training them were probably prominent people who feel they are doing their God some service in warping the minds of the innocent children.

I sometimes think how hopeless it looks—all the efforts that a few Secularists can do to stem this tide of superstition that surrounds us; with all these armies of ignorance working all the time, under different names, but all working for the same end, the enslavement of the mind of the masses. Perhaps the time was, when all men were mere savages, that religion did some good; they could be governed in no way but through fear of ghosts and witches. But the trouble is that the crafty priests find in it too much advantage to themselvs; they will not giv it up, but strain every nerve to keep the people in ignorance that they may continue to fleece them, and they are so strongly organized that it seems impossible to check them. Indeed, the Catholic organization is apparently gaining strength in all countries, especially in this—this country that is the only hope of the lover of his race, or at least was at its foundation. This country that was the hope of the world is so overrun with the wretched dupes of the pope from countries that Christianity has ruled for a thousand years, that the blessed boon of universal suffrage is turned into a curse—that boon that the founders of our government thought would be the greatest safeguard of liberty. One of them said there was no fear of untruth prevailing while truth was left free to combat it, but we now see truth overwhelmed by the hordes of ignorance that are cast upon our shores, who, with the help of the superstitious already here, can and do imprison and fine both men and women for speaking or printing their honest thought. JOHN DOWNES.

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y., July 17, E.M. 287.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find a prayer which I clipped from the Utica *Globe*. I think it is the best I ever read.

THE TRUTH SEEKER comes every week, well filled with the religion of humanity, and has become a household necessity. We conld not keep house without it. Long liv Brother Heston and the cartoons. Every Infidel should hav a picture of "The Nine Demands of Liberalism." I hav a handsome frame on mine, and it looks immense. Hoping you may liv long to dispense the great truths of science and humanity, I am, as ever, Yours without Gods or ghosts,

WM. THORPE.

A SALOON-KEEPER'S PRAYER.

At Atchison, Kan., the women crusaders visited a liquor saloon and tried, by praying, to induce the proprietor of the saloon to close his place. The proprietor invited the ladies to seats, asked them to pray, and offered himself the following prayer:

"Almighty creator! we pray thee, hav pity upon the woman here who is not grateful for thy gifts, who wants to make thy children like the beasts of the field and to compel them to drink water like an ox, while they dress extravagantly and lead their husbands by other extravagances, not tending to our well-being, to bankruptcy, depriving them of the pleasures of the world—yes, and driving them to snicide. O Lord, hav mercy upon these ladies! Look upon them; they wear not even the color of face which thou hast given them, but they are sinning against thee, and, not content with nature, paint their faces. O Lord! thou canst also perceive that their figure is not as thou hast made it, but they wear humps on their backs like camels. Thou seest, O Lord, that their head dress consists of false hair, and when they open their mouths thou seest their false teeth. O Lord! just make a note of the spiral spring and cotton batting contrivances they wear in their bosoms, for no other purpose than to make themselvs voluptuous and excite in a man a much worse passion than the use of wine, as it does in me this moment; and for the same reason they hav a No. 6 foot pinched into a No. 3 shoe, and a No 40 waist squeezed into a No. 17 corset. O Lord! these women want men who patiently accept of all this without using the power thou hast given to man that all women shall be subject to man. They will not bear the burdens of married life, obey thy commands to multiply and replenish the earth, but they are too lazy to raise their children, and, O Lord! thou knowest the crimes they commit. O Lord! hav mercy upon them and take them back into thy bosom. Take folly out of their hearts; giv them common sense, that they may see their own foolishness; and grant that they may be good and worthy citizens of our beloved city of Atchison. O Lord! we thank thee for the blessings bestowed upon us and ask thee to deliver us from all evils, especially hypocritical women, and thine shall be the praise forever and ever. Amen."

HOLDEN, MO., July 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The church is blind to truth, insensible to reason, and void of conscience. It is true of all sects of the Christian religion that, when they had the power, they would roast other Christians and heretics at the stake for differences of opinion. This is true of both Catholics and Protestants in their early history; more especially true of the Protestants, who, I think, are perhaps the worst, most intolerant, and hypocritical of all the adherents of the Christian religion. Who can study the history of that religion, with its inquisitions, kirk sessions, and witch-burnings, without being surprised at its superstitions, amused at its rites, and appalled at its crimes?

But as the people become educated, as our civilization advances, ecclesiastical power diminishes, its superstition and hypocrisy become more apparent, and its crimes less. Alas! it is not yet powerless for evil.

I am led to these reflections by reports which come to me through THE TRUTH SEEKER and the *Freethinkers' Magazine* of the expulsion of Louis Wolfes from Tuscarora Lodge No. 24 I. O. O. F., W. Va., for not having definit ideas of the supreme being, which he said was unknowable; for not knowing whether the supreme being made and controls the universe; for not knowing what becomes of man after death; for not believing in a personal God; for going, and encouraging others to go, to Mr. Putnam's lectures.

Now, does any member in that lodge know just what the supreme being is? Does any know by whom and how the universe was made and controled? Does any know that man will after death liv another life in another world? Does any know that God is a person? If any member of that lodge knows any one of these things, Barnum would pay a good price for him, for he could then exhibit the smartest man that ever lived.

But further and worse: After Specification 1, under which head seven questions were asked, in answer to which the "prisoner" or "culprit" did not profess as definit knowledge as his loving and charitable brothers possessed, Specification 2 was taken up, and sixteen questions were asked, almost all pertaining to his going to Mr. Putnam's lectures, indicating that that was where the rub was, and he was expelled *exempli gratia*.

I think that whole proceeding was unjustifiable and unfortunate. I believe in a God, but I do not believe in a personal God. I believe in some intelligent energy or entity somewhere back of all natural phenomena, but I do not know that I am right, nor do I know that any Free Mason, Odd Fellow, or anybody else who differs from my idea is wrong, for it is something about which none of us has definit and positiv knowledge, and therefore the lodge that expelled Louis Wolfes, even if he did go to hear Putnam's lecture, should, in my opinion, hav its charter arrested and held till the grand master or a deputy can go and instruct those brothers in the principles of the order.

C. L. CARTER, M.D.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a panse in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Honr."

## The Old Liquor Bottle.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of the dram-shop
As sad observation presents them to view,
The brandy, the whisky, the gin-sling and hot-drop,
And every vile mixture that drinking-dens knew.
The suicide's pond and the poorhouse that's nigh it,
The churchyard where many lost victims now are,
The court-honse, the jail, and the gibbet that's by it,
And that meanest bottle that stands on the bar;
The old liquor bottle, the tempting black bottle,
The traitorous bottle that stands on the bar.

How oft, in their folly, men hav hailed it with pleasure,
Believing it made them more able to work,
Or that it enlivened the joys of their leisure—
It made them but brutal, inclining to shirk.
Delusion hath seized them, for each of the featnres
And powers of the man strong drink only can mar,
While in the whole world the worst of all creatures
Is found in the bottle that stands on the bar;
The old brandy bottle, the tempting black bottle,
The traitorons bottle that stands on the bar.

Lo! when from its place boon companions up-raise it,
And, clinking their glasses, then pressed to their lip,
Though stnng by the serpent, yet madly they praise it
While sealing their doom with wild laughter they sip.
A demon of wrath hath distilled this damnation,
When chaos combined to set morals ajar;
Oh, from rum's enchantment is there no salvation
To banish the bottle that stands on the bar?
The old whisky bottle, the tempting black bottle,
The traitorous bottle that stands on the bar.

Aye, now the teetotalers all are inviting
To write quick your name on the temperance pledge;
Their workmen are waiting and thousands uniting
Are building a fortress as strong as a ledge.
Haste! this is the time for man's sober reforming,
Enlist, then, and follow the temperance star.
Old Alcohol's trenches now hard we are storming,
Down with the old bottle that stands on the bar!
The wit-stealing bottle, the tempting black bottle,
The traitorous bottle that stands on the bar.

Religion and reason must join to dissever
The chains that entwine all the world in its woe,
Nor labor nor learning hath liberty ever
When compassed about by wine's wicked flow.
The king superstition, with dogged persistence
Love, science, and law it o'erruns with its car.
Bring dynamite-guns to blow out of existence
The image of torment that stands on the bar!
The death-dealing bottle, the tempting black bottle,
The traitorous bottle that stands on the bar.

JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

## Right Training.

Vines left to themselvs run here, there, and everywhere. Roses, morning-glories, and honeysuckles, when they grow according to their own sweet will, present a wild, straggling, helter-skelter appearance, their tangled tendrils blowing out in every fanciful direction. Under the hands of a careful trainer, the branches are lifted, the dead and useless leaves and strings of wood removed, and the whole so twined and placed in graceful lines and curves that Nature herself might smile to see how beautifully Art can improve beauty.

So with children. Leave them to come up as they will, growing wild, without let or hindrance, and the spectacle is sad and strange. But placed in the hands and keeping of intelligent, refined, broad-minded men and women, trained carefully and conscientiously—behold the result: the girl grows gracefully and healthfully, as lovely as a flower; the boy develops sturdy honesty and true manly vigor of mind and body. Thorough, self-reliant, practical teachers make childhood of the same strong fiber. Actions, surroundings, habits of older people, impress children more forcibly than many words. The love of the lovely, the appreciation of grace, truth, integrity, in teachers and caretakers make strong impressions upon the childish mind. The pleasant voice, gentle manners, patience, forbearance, pity, and tender feeling in parents and elders hav very much to do in evolving like characteristics in the buds and blossoms of a household.

Find the chief, the leading traits of childhood, and develop them. Implant the love of the beautiful, by pointing out beautiful things. Train the clambering vines of honor, justice, gratitude, truth, upon the lattice-work of a noble foundation, such as may be seen in many—in all children born under fair conditions. Don't kill the enthusiasm of childhood, but feed it with wholesome food. Don't stop the questioning tongue, but encourage it with truthful answers. Don't break the strong, fierce will, but train it with a gentle hand. What you would like to see your children be, that be yourself, and with your own firm fingers train the little vines of humanity in the way that they should go, and when they are old they will not depart from it. S. H. W.

## Memory Gems.

*From the Works of Thomas Paine. To be learned and recited by the children.*

The belief in a cruel god makes a cruel man.

Let us propagate morality unfettered by superstition.

One good school-master is of more use than a hundred priests.

It is with a pious fraud as with a bad action—it begets a calamitous necessity of going on.

The key to heaven is not in the keeping of any sect, nor ought the road to it to be obstructed by any.

To read the Bible without horror, we must undo everything that is tender, sympathizing, and benevolent in the heart of man.

My own opinion is that those whose lives hav been spent in doing good and endeavoring to make their fellow-mortals happy, will be happy hereafter.

The intellectual part of religion is a private affair between every man and his maker, and in which no third party has any right to interfere. The practical part consists in our doing good to each other. S. H. W.

## Correspondence.

OSCEOLA, O., July 8, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I felt very sorry when I read about Aunt Elmina being in jail. At first we thought that the people that did it were pious, and put her in jail because they did not like her belief. I hope she will not hav any more such trouble. I always like to read her "Little Lessons." Pa and ma like to read the lectures and letters first, but I go first for the Children's Corner, and read the rest afterward. I like to read on Sundays; I like to read better than going to Sunday-school. My favorit books are "Tempest and Sunshine," "All In a Lifetime," "Children of the Abbey," "Jane Eyre," "Dora Thorne," and "The Shadow of a Sin." We would like to read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and hav asked for it several times, but never could find it. I hav all of your books but your late one, and I am going to send for it as soon as I can. I think your books are splendid; I wish I could write nice stories. There is a woman in this neighborhood that writes such nice poetry; her name is Mrs. Harter. Perhaps you hav seen some of her writings; she often writes to the papers, and is a Liberal. This part of the country is thickly settled, although there are but five families that are Liberals. The Christians are very strict with their children, and do not allow them to dance. They are talking about the mean, wicked people sometimes when their own children are dancing at the same time. Whenever they want to go to a dance they tell their parents they are going to a party, and go and dance all night; they never tell it themselvs, but sometimes their parents find it out. They want them to go to meeting and get on the "Lord's side." We hav had several dances at our house, but I danced but once. My parents don't object to our dancing if we don't get too warm, then go out and catch cold; that is all the harm they see in it. Well, I expect I must close. DAISY ZIMMERMAN.

SAVANNAH, GA., July 11, 287.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I like the Children's Corner very much for the practical way in which it is edited, so that it is always kept interesting. The only complaint a captious reader could make is that it is so short. I wish you would stand guarantee that it would be a whole page long in each issue. My motiv in writing is that you may hear how well pleased one reader is with your plan for the Fourth. I am for retaining all the old holidays, so far as practicable, despite this weather—100° or so in the shade. I am sun-worshiper enough to commemorate the 21st of December, the day when the life-giver turns our way once more. Why shouldn't summer bring its gifts as well as winter? We owe you thanks for the suggestion.

I send you a little acrostic, which I scarcely thought good enough for the Corner, especially after reading Mrs. Finch's poem in your last. It is meant for a reply to my friend Miss Bell's verses on a Georgia wild flower in No. 25. Yours very respectfully,

HUGO B. PLATEN.

# Science Column.

## Liberal Lesson Leaves.

PHYSICAL SERIES.—NO. 5. THE MOLECULAR THEORY.

32. *Theory.*—A hypothesis is any assumption; in physics a hypothesis may be made to explain phenomena. If a hypothesis be apparently true and explains a number of phenomena, it is called a theory. If it be proved to be true, it then becomes an established fact. It will readily be seen that the difference is merely a matter of evidence, and as different people may value evidence differently, what some regard as a mere hypothesis others may consider to be a theory, and still others, who are too ready to come to a conclusion, may consider it to be a fact.

33. *The Molecular theory.*—This hypothesis, from its great importance and almost universal acceptance, deserves particular notice. Briefly stated it is this: There is a limit to the divisibility of matter. A quantity of water may be divided into two parts, and each of these parts again divided; we may consider the division repeated over and over again until finally we reach a quantity so small that it cannot be divided again and remain water. This quantity, the hypothetical limit to divisibility, is called a molecule.

34. *Atomic theory.*—It may be shown by chemistry that water is composed of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen; therefore a molecule of water must be composed of these two gases, and can be separated; but it is no longer water—it is oxygen and hydrogen. These particles of which molecules are composed are called atoms. Hence we derive the following definition: A molecule is the smallest quantity of matter that can exist by itself. An atom is the smallest quantity of matter that can enter into combination to form a molecule.

35. *Properties of Molecules.*—Molecules are generally assumed to hav the following properties: They are infinitly hard; they are indestructible; they are perfectly elastic; they are spherical in shape; they are in continual motion; molecules of the same substance hav the same weight; molecules of the same substance hav the same volume.

36. *Remarks.*—Bearing in mind that this molecular theory is not a demonstrated fact, but merely a hypothesis, we shall now show how some of the general properties of matter are explained by it; and the special properties of matter we shall explain when treating of them.

37. *Porosity.*—First let us consider porosity. Since molecules are in continual motion, it follows that there must be spaces for them to move in; therefore matter must contain, as well as the molecules, these spaces in which they move. This hypothetical property of matter is called porosity.

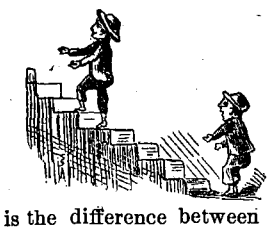
38. *Explanation.*—Matter must take up room, since it consists of molecules, each of which has a certain volume, and also because it includes spaces between the molecules. Matter must be indestructible, because the molecules are indestructible. It must hav weight, since its molecules hav weight. It must be impenetrable, since its molecules are infinitly hard. It is compressible, since spaces exist between the molecules. These spaces are reduced in size by pressure, or, in other words, the molecules are pressed nearer together. Matter is divisible, since it consists of molecules, and these molecules may be separated, but in no case is any molecule divided.

39. *Size of Molecules.*—Molecules are all too small to be seen even with the most powerful microscopes. The number of molecules in a cubic centimeter of air has been estimated at twenty-one trillion. Loschmidt estimates the diameter of a molecule of hydrogen at 0.00000004 of a centimeter. The following is from Sir William Thomson: "Imagin a drop of rain, or a glass sphere the size of a pea, magnified to the size of the earth, the molecules in it being increased in the same proportion. The structure of the mass would then be coarser than a heap of fine shot, but probably not so coarse as a heap of cricket balls."

40. *Remarks.*—Hereafter, when we speak of molecules or explain any phenomenon by the molecular theory, it must be distinctly understood these statements are not made as demonstrated facts, but only to aid in understanding the subjects which we may be considering. It cannot be too fully impressed upon the mind that the molecular theory has not been proved, but is only a hypothesis suggested and accepted by many because it apparently explains a great number of facts that we come across throughout both physics and chemistry. GEO. G. GROWER.

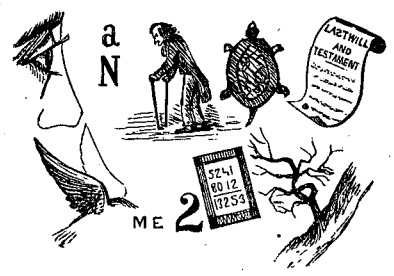
## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—CONUNDRUM.



What is the difference between these two boys?

2.—REBUS.




A passage from Shakspere.

TO THE WILD FLOWER OF OVERTON. BY ONE OF THE BEES.

Do we know the fair flower that blooms in the glade,
Afar from the gardens that mortals hav made?
Renown it has none, for secluded it grows,
Leaf-shaded, where scarcely a stray sunbeam glows.
Its delicate bosom, caressed by the breeze,
Now rivals in fragrance the jasmin and rose,
And cheers with its nectar the wandering bees.

"But where is the flower such praises may claim?
Enough you hav hummed, if you giv not the name."
Look close, for 'tis hidden; too well, do you say?
Look closer, you'll find it; but I must away.
June 25, 287.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, JULY 16, 1887.

1.–What can't be cured must be endured.
2.–Four-score.
3.–Wade, Herd, Arise. Tea. Argue, Remainder, Orator, Guess, Uncle, Esteem.


**A SPLENDID WORK.**

Mr. Charles Eckhard, treasurer of the American Secular Union, has published

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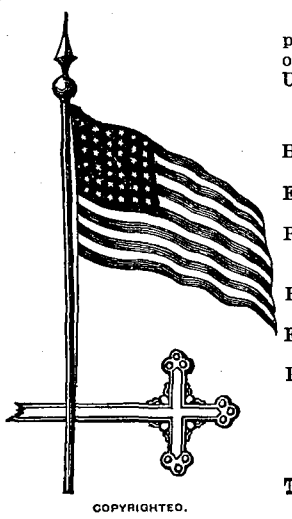
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## Colonel Ingersoll in Court.

Robert G. Ingersoll was in Syracuse last Thursday, among other eminent lawyers from New York. He was engaged in a suit between two telegraph companies, the American Rapid and the Bankers & Merchants, in the United States court, before the Hon. Judge Wallace, in which was involved the little sum of $3,000,000. It was a three-corner or triangular case, wherein receivers and bond-holders were interested. The other counsel were able, and exhausted the forenoon session with their legal *quid nuncs;* but on the adjournment for dinner, this deponent, though somewhat accustomed to legal conundrums when young, was unable to take in the heads and points of the case. On the reassembling of the court, Mr. Ingersoll opened his side. As it was an equity case, the evidence had been taken and printed, and this was the summing up. He spoke two hours and a half. There is no use in talking—Colonel Ingersoll is a power. He made things plain as a pike-staff, as he always does. His presence had got noised about, and the court-room was full. At the close there was no person present, I venture, who heard him, whether lawyer or layman, but that understood the case. The other counsel were dressed in black, and otherwise in strict accordance with the usage of members of the New York city bar. Mr. Ingersoll was dressed very plainly, but neatly. He wore low-quartered shoes, dark pants, light-colored summer vest, and sack coat of the same material, of the thinnest fabric, the stripes in both running up and down, with neat, plain necktie, over a standing color with the corners turned down. Nothing could be simpler or more unpretending. He is, in common conversation, noticeably hoarse. It brought to me a momentary impression of sadness, for I remembered some time ago seeing it stated that he had had a surgical operation for the removal of a throat difficulty supposed to be like General Grant's. But as he talked his voice grew clearer and rang out with much force and lung power. He is becoming considerably corpulent, shaves his face all over, is nearly bald-headed save a sheaf of gray hair nearly white extending from his ears across the occiput, but having no length. His head is large and round, and he has a tremendous brain. He is perfectly courteous and good-humored in his treatment of his adversaries. In occasional collisions with them his quick wit and repartee were characteristic and full of fun. But when he was contradicted very flatly by Mr. Wilson by a counter-assertion, he did not tell the counsel he lied, but turning toward him, with uplifted arm, in a tone of thunder, he said, "*That is not true!*" The effect of voice, gesture, attitude, was annihilating, at least to further contradiction. Mr. Ingersoll is forcible in utterance, vehement in manner, and ardent in address. His earnestness impresses you that he believes what he says, and that he means you shall. What is remarkable for one so much engrossed in professional care is the fact that he finds time, as a sort of amusement, for such extensiv research in theology, history, and literature, while his sympathy with humanity is deep and tender as a woman's heart. There is a vein of exceeding fineness in the fiber and soul and brain. His eulogy on Mr. Beecher, though in prose, is a wondrous poem in itself.—*New Era Gleaner.*

## Stray Scraps.

Novelist Cable's farewell at Northampton, Mass., May 23d, was on "The Passage Through the Red Sea." He admitted, "There is no account of this crossing on the monuments of Egypt," but solaced himself and his hearers with, "No nation is apt to leave a monument commemorating its defeat."

He rather questioned the dividing of the waters by any but natural means, easing off with, "Just how much is due to natural causes, and how much to the direct help of God, it is hard to tell, but the historian leaves us no room to doubt God's hand in the matter." Why did he not say God's finger, or arm, or foot? He said "God had not made a mistake, that he had to work miracles," but that "the whole intent of them was to teach us that all the operations of nature are the work of God's hands." I wonder how he knows! Who told him?

"Calamities are the result of natural mistakes," he said, "and though God's action was benevolent and beneficent for the Israelites, it was the destruction of the Egyptians;" but he justified God, because "he dealt with them as a nation, and not as an individual." He alluded to our war, saying, "God punished both sides for the crime of moral neglect."

Mr. Cable left "his audience in tears," going to the South on a recuperating (junketing) tour preparatory to returning and writing more love-sick, religious, blood-thunder-and-fire novels. Preacher and novel-writer combined makes a happy conglomeration not often found in either profession separately. Long liv the preacher, novel-writer Cable!

At the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Congregational church, Springfield, Mass., May 23d, said ex-Governor Robinson, of Massachusetts: "Let us unite church and state so closely in the administration of all public business that we become that people whose God is the Lord, and we shall then be in accord with the spirit of the fathers who builded here for a future beyond their own time," etc.

It is not best to get excited, but had not progressionists better be on the alert to counteract such advice as uniting church and state in public business? What church? Which church? The one that ex-Governor Robinson was then puffing—the Congregational!

"Spirit of the fathers!" that would be a fine retrogression, truly. Why, those fathers compelled everyone to "go to meeting," or fined him. Minister-tax was levied on all property and every citizen, and if unable to pay it, the only cow was seized and sold, or, what was considered worse still, the family Bible. The "spirit of the fathers" revived, or we be in accord with the "spirit of the fathers!" Do you know what you are saying, ex-Governor Robinson? You, and your Unitarian denomination, would be nowhere—just where it was two hundred and fifty years ago when that Springfield church you were applauding was incorporated. How very silly such talk seems! Suppose "we should become that people whose God is the Lord," and put that God into the national Constitution, should we hav any less cyclones, earthquakes, freshets, drouths, and other dispensations of divine providence than now? If it would put him in good humor, there would be some use in it; but, alas! he plagues his chosen just as badly as he does us reprobates. There is no hope of amendment.

ELLA E. GIBSON.

## Opinions of Our Books.

We find a new pamphlet of some 80 pages on our table, from the Truth Seeker Publishing Company, New York, written by Israel W. Groh, entitled, "Is the God of Israel the True God?" (price 20 cents); and another by Samuel P. Putnam, entitled, "The New God." After reading both productions, we can say we like "The New God" the best, but we suppose this is on the principle that each individual makes his own God, as Colonel Ingersoll says. Every race of people, every sect, and indeed every individual defines God differently—if not in words, at least in conception. Mr. Groh describes the God of Israel as pictured in the four books of Moses, Joshua and Judges, and certain places in the New Testament; and he thinks him a monster. Mr. Putnam pictures a God in accordance with his conceptions of what such a being ought to be, and a very attractiv picture it is. It is not, however, a perfect, unchangeable God, but a progressiv God, who changes as men change, and advances as men advance. But Mr. Putnam thinks it would be better to dismiss the gods entirely. This is the closing sentence: "The highest excellence of humanity is where there are no gods, neither new nor old, where man is all in all, cultivated, disciplined, lordly, the master of himself, the champion of his natural rights, and the lord of his own heart." There are few more pleasant writers than Mr. Putnam, and several of his productions in verse hav had a wide circulation.—*Denison, Texas, Sunday Gazetteer.*

"The Struggle for Religious and Political Liberty" is the title of one of the latest works of Theodore C. Spencer, published by the Truth Seeker Company, New York. It is full of the traditions of the early centuries, together with historical facts, and is well worth reading. The church of Rome, Mormonism, Mohammedanism, dogmatism, and all other isms constitute a large portion of the contents of the work. The persecution of the early Christians occupies a chapter of much interest. The book indicates much careful thought upon the part of the author. His idea is to apparently show the great obstacles the early races had to surmount before they could approach the avenue that led to liberty. A great many religious demonstrations are pronounced fallacious by the author—that is, such as are alleged to hav taken place at a remote period in the history of the world. The author does not believe that anyone has the right to wantonly attack a religious faith and belief unless he is able to supply a better one to take its place. Whether himself and associates hav found the true one or not, he leaves the reader to judge. He wishes the reader to examin the material facts of history, and to judge accordingly.

"If this discussion," says the author, "shall in any way unsettle and endanger the honest faith of anyone, we here pledge ourselvs to tender them a philosophy of life that is reasonable, consistent, elevating, and consoling, thus bringing peace and joy into this life, and leading ever onward into the freshness of the great future."

The author need not worry himself on this score, as, besides an assumed belief, nine-tenths of all civilized races hav their private opinions about the matter, which, however, they are not given to airing unnecessarily, unless they are so unfortunate as to belong to a reservation for cranks.

Religion at best is but a profitless subject for discussion in any guise, and as long as people hav ideas of their own and brains of their own, it will be futil to turn their beliefs into some channel that takes a different course from their own. Every sect and every denomination in the ecclesiastical world believes, or pretends to believe, in some prescribed divine doctrin, and it is useless to attempt the formation of a universal religion.—*Galveston, Texas, Daily News.*

We hav received from the New York TRUTH SEEKER a copy of the Nine Demands of Liberalism, printed on a liberal sheet of plate paper and surrounded by fine cabinet-size portraits of such noted religious heretics as Washington, Jefferson, Paine, Franklin, Girard, and Ingersoll. The work is designed by Charles Eckhard, treasurer American Secular Union, and those who would like to frame it will probably find that it fits the frame of that hideous conception wherein despair in the shape of a bedraggled woman clings to a wooden cross on a barren rock, with the choice of letting go to be drowned, or hanging on to be starved. The new picture will fit the old frame, and the old picture, notwithstanding the dampness of its atmosphere, will burn in either a coal or wood stove. The Truth Seeker Company will send the new design for $1. Address, 28 Lafayette Place, N. Y.—*Winsted, Conn., Press.*


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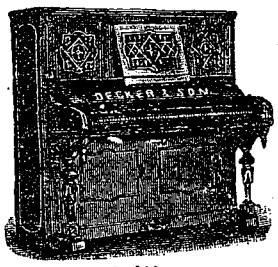
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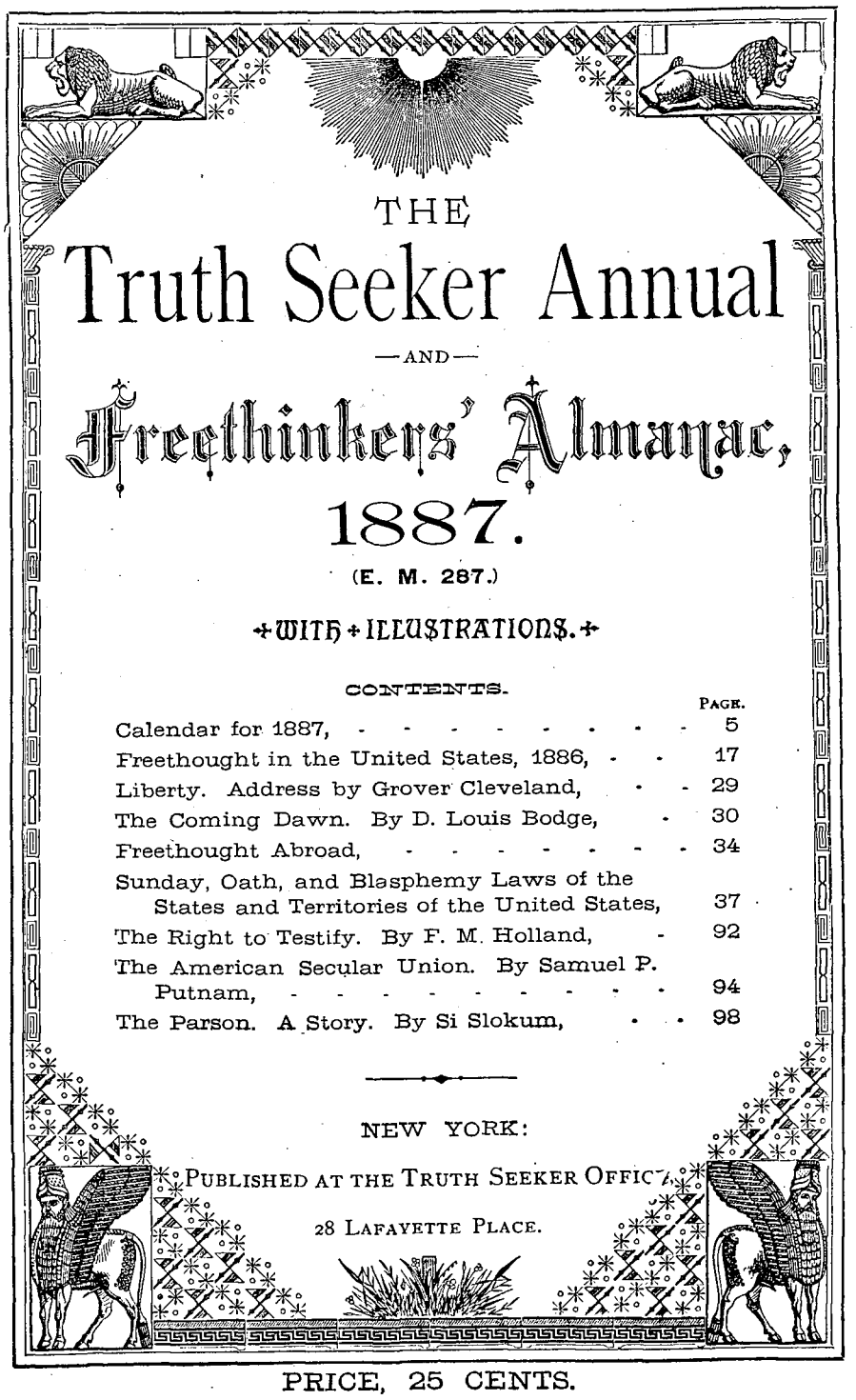
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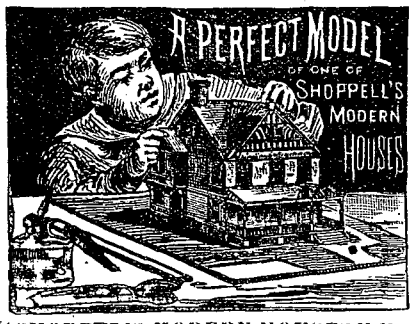
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## News of the Week.

MRS. CLEVELAND was 23 years old the 21st.

THERE were 935 deaths in New York city last week.

THE movement to enforce the Sunday liquor law has collapsed. The majority of saloons hav open side doors.

THE Central Labor Union has appointed September 5th as a Labor holiday, and asks all toilers to observe it.

THE new yacht Volunteer, built at Boston to defend the America cup against the Scotch Thistle, is an astonishingly fast boat.

SOME Philadelphians are preparing to celebrate September 15th as the anniversary of the promulgation of the United States Constitution.

THERE is to be a national church built at Rome in honor of St. Patrick and at the expense of the Irish people. Collections are being taken up.

CHICAGO, like New York, has boodle aldermen. One of them, Mr. McGarigle, convicted, has escaped, and his whereabouts is unknown to the police.

AN express train, near Hohokus, N. J., ran at full speed through a gang of Italian laborers on the 21st, killing eleven outright and injuring a number of others.

IT is reported that Stanley, the African explorer, is dead.

VIGILANTS are after the Mormon missionaries in South Carolina, and hav given them ten days to leave the state or be hanged.

JACOB SHARP, the convicted briber, is still in New York, his counsel having secured a stay. His health is bad, and he is likely to die in jail.

PARTS of New England were visited last week with one of the heaviest rain-storms ever known there. In New York the weather has been muggy, with frequent rains.

PHILADELPHIA publishers say the revised Bible has fallen flat. Hundreds of thousands of copies remain on the shelves, and the people will not hav them at any price.

THERE was a fire in a Chinese joss-house in this city last week, and the god was burnt up. The worshipers will buy themselvs a new deity as soon as circumstances will permit.

A WOMAN of 52, according to the *British Medical Journal*, recently dropped dead in a London street. Tight-lacing with corsets had stopped the action of the heart and lungs and produced syncope.

IMMIGRATION to this country in the past twelve months has amounted to 483,116, an increase of 160,000 over the preceding year. During the last fiscal year the excess of exports over imports was $77,958,448; this year it is only $273,832.

EVANGELIST MNASON, whom the barbarians of Park Ridge, N. J., mobbed, flogged, and clipped, returned to that place last Sunday. They declared they would lynch him if he remained, whereupon he heard a "voice from the Lord," and went away.

THE total value of the mineral product in the United States last year was $465,000,000, an increase of $37,000,000 over 1885. The gain was caused by the increase in the production of pig iron. The total value of the gold produced was $35,000,000, an increase of $3,000,000; silver, $51,000,000, a decrease of $600,000.

A MOB of fifty men waited upon the Rev. J. W. Henry, of Odessa, Mo., on the 22d, with the intention of riding him out of town on a rail. The clergyman met them with a shot-gun, and they retreated. The daughter of the leader of the mob had given birth to an illegitimate child, of which, she claims, the Rev. Mr. Henry is the cause.


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And the man waxed great, and went forward, and grew until he became very great.—Genesis xxvi, 13.

## Odds and Ends.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S nurse has died. She was less fortunate, in this respect, than George Washington's.

GOOD-BYE, McGlynn! Meet you—('scuse us, your holiness). Forgot, McGlynn. Hav made different arrangements. Can't meet you hereafter. —*Life.*

KING SOLOMON was over one hundred years old when he married, and although he dressed nicely he was a very plain man. Most of his wives married him for money.

"GOOD mawnin, Wilyum, has yo' read about de communication de pope has gib Doctar McGlynn?" "No, sar; dis chile steer clear ob dat; communication corrup' good manners, sar."

IT is said that the Rev. Dr. John Hall preaches to two hundred million dollars every Sunday; and that the contribution boxes often come back looking very much ashamed of themselvs.

A LITTLE four-year-old created a ripple by remarking to the Sunday-school class: "Our dog's dead. I'll bet the angels were scared when they saw him coming up the walk. He's awful cross to strangers."

"I AM devoted to George, of course," said a Chicago girl to her mother; "but I am afraid that he hasn't get-up-and-get enough about him to make any great success in this world." "Why?" asked her mother. "Because he always kisses me on the forehead."

FIRST Omaha man: "I swindled the big railroad companies out of $20 to-day." Second Omaha man: "It doesn't seem possible." "Fact, though. I ordered a carload of goods, and the freight came to $20 more than the goods are worth." "Well?" "I made 'em keep the goods."

THE girls who go into ecstasies over a new pattern for knit lace; who grow enthusiastic over making paper flowers; who read novels galore; who go to the opera whenever they get a chance; who wear boots a size too small for them; who say "awful" forty times a day, etc., make just as good wives as the other kind, and don't you forget it!

"JOHN," called the president of the Great Dakota Land and Improvement and Trust Company, "how many town lots did we sell yesterday?" "One, sir." "Very well. Bring in the map and mark off forty. How much money did we loan out?" "None, sir; but we had a partial application." "Very well again. Order some new circulars and mark up our capital $200,000."

FIRST tramp: "Whenever the pangs of hunger steal o'er me like a troubled dream, I ask myself if the consciousness of an unquenched thirst or an unsatisfied appetite is more inclined to bring distress to the soul than the perception of the long-sought-after but still-withheld means of satisfying inward craving. What would you say, Bill?" Second tramp: "Jes' this: that if you spring any more of your Concord School of Philosophy conundrums on me, I'll dissolve pardnership and hang on to this pie wot they gave me at the house that Emerson lived in."

WIVES love indulgent husbands,
And we've sometimes heard of such;
Yet women maintain
They've a right to complain
When a husband indulges too much.

ST. PETER was sitting by the gates of glory when a straight-haired personage in black approached him and said: "Having shuffled off the mortal coil, I am looking for a place where I may dwell forever among the strictly orthodox." "I don't know any such place 'round here," replied the saint, "but if you'll apply to the Andover Theological Seminary you may find where people of your kind can be accommodated."

"How is the work progressing in Dakota?" asked a Boston minister of a good brother at the Baptist anniversaries the other day. "Well, I am getting along pretty well, but still it's rather discouraging. The first week I went there I had big congregations. One day there were one hundred and fifty down on their knees weeping and praying. A man came in and said there were two detectives coming down the road, and every blessed person got up and skipped."

"THE people of New York are not very sociable, are they?" said a Western man, addressing an acquaintance who lived in the East. "Well, I don't know but they are, although they may be a little peculiar in that respect. For several years I had my office in a large building on Broadway. One day a fellow came in and asked if my name was McFiddleton. I told him it was, and then after a few moments' silence he said: 'My office is just across the hall, and ever since I saw your sign several years ago, I hav been intending to drop in and see you. I am your brother, you know, and—well, how are you getting along, anyway?' Yes," continued the Eastern man, "they are a trifle peculiar, but after you get in with them you will find them very sociable."

"HAVING a boom here?" asked a stranger, as he put his head out of a car window at a Dakota station. "Naw!" replied a nativ. "That's strange—thought every place had one this spring." "They be, mostly," and the man sighed and leaned up against the depot. "Then why isn't this town having one?" "W'y, you see, stranger, it was owin' to a little mismanagement. We platted a big Brighton Beach Boulevard addition over to the lake j'inin' the town, and you know the land there is just a little bit soft like. Well, the first spec'lator that come along the boys got too fast and took him down to it and he started to walk off acrosss the lots, and I'm blamed if he didn't stick there and we couldn't git to him to pull him out." "How long ago did it happen?" "'Bout two weeks." "He must be dead, then?" "Oh, yes, I reckon he's dead all right enough, but before he sunk out o' sight he hollered to other buyers that we took down and warned them 'bout the place, and somehow capitalists kinder got prejudiced ag'in' our real estate and we hain't havin' no boom a-tall. I'm goin' to move."


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WHEN one is humbugged he wants, at least, that a slight semblance of possibility should exist.—*D. M. Bennett.*

THE region of the senses is the unbelieving part of the human soul, and out of that now began to rise fumes of doubt and question into Mary's heart and brain. The death of her father was a fact. The loss, the evanishment, the ceasing, were incontrovertible things. She was sure of them; could she be sure of anything else? How could she? She had not seen Christ rise; she had never looked upon one of the dead; never heard a voice from the other bank; had received no certain testimony. These were not her thoughts; she was too weary to think; they were but the thoughts that steamed up in her and went floating about before her. ["Whoso readeth, let him understand!" for it is more than I do.] She looked on them calmly, coldly as they came, and passed or remained—saw them with indifference—there they were and she could not help it—wearily believing none of them, unable to cope with and dispel them, hardly affected by their presence, save with a sense of dreariness, and loneliness, and wretched company.—*Mary Marston.*

THE heart has much affinity with the brain—should I not add the stomach?—that it will only bear a fixed amount of illusage, or even of justifiable wear and tear. Take too many liberties with it, and, no more than the intellect or the digestion, will it continue its functions. There comes a paralysis of the feelings, as of the senses, and that is indeed a dreary death-in-life which drops its arms in hopeless lassitude, and says: "I hav shot my bolt, I hav run my chance—sink or swim, what matter? I accept my fate." . . . Accept your fate! What is this but yielding the stakes before the game is played out? Scuttling the ship before she strikes and fills? Surrendering the fort and going over with arms, standards, and ammunition to the enemy? The man who succeeds in love, war, money-making, is he who will not accept his fate, but frowns, grins, and strives, never yielding an inch, unless to win back two inches, and so, by sheer force of dogged obstinacy and perseverance, gaining the hard fight at last and grasping the prize.—*Melville's White Rose.*

IN Hume there is, in some respects, a singular contrast between the literary and the personal life. Perhaps, in this point of view, though in no other, the nearest approach to him was in the case of his not less famous contemporary, Dr. Johnson, who personally and in social life was one of the most undeferential and incredulous of men, dearly loving an argument merely for the sake of the fight, indifferent which side he espoused, and almost brutally skeptical of unsifted assertions and facts outside of common experience, even when supported by credible witnesses; and yet whose main characteristic as an author is that of an intolerant stickler for authority, an absolute uncritical accepter of traditionary dogmas, and a laborious expounder of intellectual commonplaces.—*John Caird, D.D.*

THE brotherhood of man is a sacred thing to think of—a sublime thing to teach. When the Greek tragedians taught the brotherhood of man before the Christian dispensation, was it less sacred than it became after Jesus came on earth and repeated it? There is this difference between the attitude of natural religion and the attitude of any sectarianism, that, while natural religion recognizes every voice of God that ever spoke through the soul of man, Christian sectarianism only admits the utterance of one pure soul to be divine.—*T. W. Higginson.*

ZEALOTS eagerly fasten their eyes on the differences between their creed and yours, but the charm of the study is in finding the agreements, the identities, in all the religions of men.—*Emerson.*

WEALTH, well made and well spent, is as pure as the rill that runs from the mountain side.—*Goldwin Smith.*

THEY tak' religion in their mouth;
They talk o' mercy, grace, and truth,
For what? to gie their malice shouth [vent]
On some puir wight,
An' hunt him down, o'er right and ruth [pity],
To ruin straight.

All hail, Religion! maid divine!
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
Who in her rough, imperfect line,
Thus daurs to name thee;
To stigmatize false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee. —*Burns.*

THERE can be no doubt of the usefulness of doubt as a means of clearer vision, and it is most steadfastly to be believed that a fixed creed means stagnation. Flowing water, if running over a clean bed, is sweet and wholesome, but stagnant water becomes offensiv, and scatters disease and death around it.—*Hylax.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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A NEW APPLICATION OF AN OLD FABLE.

"The tyrant never wants a plea. They hav little chance of resisting the injustice of the powerful whose only weapons are innocence and reason."

## Notes and Clippings.

THE mayor of Argonia, Kan., is a woman named Susanna Salter. She enjoys the distinction of being the only woman mayor in America.

A LAWYER in Colmar, who defended some Alsatians of Turckeim against the charge of having sung the "Marseillaise," got three weeks' imprisonment for his plea, the precise punishment that his clients received for their song.

DEPOSITS in eight New York banks hav increased $2,609,865 in the past six months. This is regarded as indicating that the Saturday half-holiday has not had the deleterious effect upon economy which its enemies predicted.

THE *Gardener's Monthly* reports Professor Rothrock as saying that in spite of the common belief to the contrary, this is not a timbered continent, only 16½ per cent of the whole area remaining in timber. This is within 1½ per cent of the condition when a nation begins to experience a dearth of timber, and climatic changes begin.

EVELYN OELRICHS, of this city, is a nice Young Men's Christian Association young man, employed as collector by a piano firm, which engaged him from the Y. M. C. A. rooms on the recommendation of the officers of that institution. Last week he left the firm, with his accounts eighty dollars short. A police officer was set to hunt him up, and captured him at the Y. M. C. A. rooms, where he had left his application for another situation.

IT has been decided that the Edmunds law for the punishment of polygamy and fornication in Utah and other territories is applicable also to the District of Columbia, and a naval officer has just been arrested under it at Washington.

THIS is the sort of stories that they publish for fact in Saratoga: "A clergyman, calling on a Washington street family, was ushered into the parlor, where Miss Betty was seated at the pianoforte. He asked the young lady, a member of his Bible class, to 'play one of her favorits.' 'I'm not playing favorits any more,' she said. 'I'll take the field against them every time.'"

THE prohibition campaign in Texas is producing some extraordinary sentences. The *Herald* cites as an example the words of Congressman Mills in a Texas speech. He remarked that "hell is full to overflowing with such political preachers as Dr. Carroll," the Prohibitionist. In reply, the editor of the Waco *Advance* referred to Mills as "this foul-mouthed, Infidel, snake-eyed monster."

THE Educational Committee of the Georgia House and Senate in joint session lately reported in favor of the Glenn bill, which makes it a penalty for any teacher to teach a white child in a colored school or a colored child in a white school, the schools being kept separate by a constitutional law of the state. The preliminary discussion of the bill created considerable excitement in the North. Its passage is accepted in Georgia as the fixed policy of the state. There was little discussion in the committee. Every white man voted for the bill, the two colored members of the committee voting adversely.

"THERE doesn't appear to be any reason," says the Savannah *News*, "why the president should continue to favor Herbert F. Beecher." Right. And there doesn't appear to be any more reason why Mr. Cleveland should help Wm. C. Beecher, counsel to Comstock's society, and brother to Herbert F., by asking Governor Hill to sign Comstock's bills. Gratitude to their father is all very well, but the sons are not Henry Ward Beechers by any means.

THE Providence *Journal*, the leading Republican newspaper of the state, and for years the practical arbiter of Republican political affairs in Rhode Island, printed conspicuously the other day the following sweeping confession: "It cannot be denied that Prohibition in Rhode Island, after a year's experience, is found to be so complete a failure that it is no extravagance to pronounce it a miserable farce. It has not even approximately prohibited the use of intoxicating liquor; it is not to-day resulting in any perceptible diminution of drunkenness, as compared with former years."

THE St. Louis Institute of Christian Science recently applied for incorporation, and stated its object to be "to teach a higher sense of moral and spiritual qualifications requisit for harmony and health, thereby elevating mankind mentally, morally, and physically; to establish and maintain a school or institute for instruction in Christian science or metaphysics and its application to health, and promote longevity as taught by the Massachusetts Metaphysical College of Boston; to establish and maintain a sanitarium for the treatment and healing of diseases as taught at said college." Judge Dillon held that it was shown by the evidence that the association would make a feature of the faith cure, and he refused the petition of incorporation.

THE Rev. C. W. Millen, of the old Washington street Methodist church in Brooklyn, has had charges brought against him directly assailing his moral character, and will be tried shortly. In the list of complainants is Mrs. Squire, a boarding-house keeper, who says that the Rev. Mr. Millen insulted her in her own house, more by his actions than by his words, though exactly what he did her modesty will in nowise permit her to lightly divulge. She promises that it shall come out at the trial.

GEORGE S. PETERS, United States attorney for Utah, has filed suit against the trustees and managers of the Mormon church in behalf of the United States to disincorporate the said church and wind up its business. The petition alleges that the property is valued at $3,000,000—$2,000,000 in real estate and $1,000,000 personal property. It sets forth the law of Congress prohibiting any church from owning more than $50,000 worth of property, and the section of the Edmunds law providing for the disincorporation of the Church of Jesus Christ Latter Day Saints and escheating its property to the United States for the benefit of the common school funds of that territory. The petition asks the appointment of a receiver, and that all books, papers, etc., belonging to the church be turned over to him, with all deeds, notes, and property of every description. The court set September 15th for hearing the petition, and ordered a subpœna issued to all parties in interest to attend on that day.

# Communications.

## The Seybert Commission.

It is probably known to THE TRUTH SEEKER readers that shortly before his death, Mr. Henry Seybert, of Philadelphia, an enthusiastic believer in modern Spiritualism, "presented to the University of Pennsylvania $60,000 to found a chair of philosophy, and to the gift added a condition that the university should appoint a commission to investigate all systems of morals, religion, or philosophy which assume to represent the truth, and particularly of modern Spiritualism."

A commission was accordingly appointed by the university, composed of ten members, of whom Dr. Wm. Pepper, as provost of the university, was *ex officio* chairman, Dr. Horace Howard Furness acting chairman, and Prof. George S. Fullerton secretary.

Each member in turn, at one of their earliest preliminary meetings, expressed his entire freedom from all prejudice against the object to be investigated, and his readiness to accept any conclusion warranted by facts. The acting chairman confessed to a leaning in favor of the substantial truth of Spiritualism. "The Preliminary Report of the Seybert Commission for Investigating Modern Spiritualism" has been submitted to the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, and is just now published in a handsome volume.

It is for the purpose of calling attention to this valuable book that I hav just perused that I lay aside other duties and pen this article. Let me entreat every one who has any doubts regarding modern Spiritualism, or who is ignorant of the manner in which the tricks are performed, herein so graphically described, to invest one dollar in the purchase of this book, and read it carefully. He will find it free from prejudice, cant, or hypocrisy, dealing only with facts—inexorable, stubborn facts.

The first session of the commission recorded was held March 13, 1884, with a Mrs. S. E. Patterson, recommended by the late Thomas R. Hazard,* who professed to be a slate-writing medium. In the words of the report, "A small piece of slate-pencil was placed within a double slate, and the leaves fastened together with a screw, which passed through one wooden rim into the other. The spirit-writing upon the slate should be indicated by the pencil appearing upon the outside of the slate. The slate was laid upon the medium's lap for one hour and a half without results." Three subsequent trials previous to May 31st were made with this medium with no better success, and another in her own home alone with Mr. Furness.

On January 16, 1885, the commission report, a slate that was left at the house of Mrs. Patterson just before Christmas was returned. A full description of the manner in which the slate was sealed is here given, with diagram. "When the slate was shaken, no sound of the rattling of the pencil was heard," which showed that it had been removed, but the seals were examined and declared intact. An account is here given how "Dr. Leidy pushed a thin knife blade between the slate at the unprotected corner," and how "Mr. Sellers pushed in a thick knife-blade a little to one side of Dr. Leidy's, and separated the slates one-tenth of an inch (space enough to work out the pencil), and the seals were not broken." The slate was then opened, no pencil and no pencil marks found therein. "The rims were worn smooth and blackened at the corner where the slates could be separated; this was very distinct. Some soapstone dust, which Dr. Koenig identified under a microscope as the same with a remaining fragment of the pencil inserted, was found rubbed into the same corner, showing that the slates had been separated and the piece of pencil worked out."

Mrs. Patterson is again introduced by Dr. Calvin B. Knerr, a member of the commission, who describes very minutely how "with a mirror in my pocket, which I could hold under the table at any angle that would reflect whatever occurred at the other side of the table, in the medium's lap, the accustomed position of the medium's slate, . . . I beheld a hand, closely resembling that of the medium, stealthily insert its fingers between the leaves of the slate, take out the little slip [of paper, on which he had written his question], unfold and again fold it, grasp the little pencil . . . and with rapid but noiseless motion . . . write across the slate, from left to right, a few lines; then the leaves of the slate were closed, the little pencil laid on the top, and, over all, two hands were folded as if in benediction." Dr. Knerr repeated this trial the second and third time. He thus reports: "Again the slates went down; again I saw the hand at work as before. . . . I requested a third trial. After this last experiment, in which again, for the third time, in my little mirror, I saw the stealthy fingers write on the slate, I told the medium I was satisfied, smothered my indignant anger, and left the house as quickly as I could. For the larger part of a year I had investigated in good faith this department of Spiritualism, which, in the medium's case, had turned out a downright fraud." It is necessary to state that on this last trial the slates were not screwed together, which left the medium an opportunity to write the answers for the spirits. But on all former occasions when the slates were thus secured, or the madam knew she was watched, no results were obtained. Thus endeth the claim of spirit-writing between sealed slates and the pencil being brought out and laid on the top of the slates, as ended the wonderful phenomena of the eighty-pound stone coming through the ceiling at Dr. Chesebrough's, at Syracuse, without so much as cracking the plastering.

Two sessions are reported with Mr. Fred Biggs, a professional slate writer; two with Mrs. Maud E. Lord; two with Mrs. Margarretta Fox Kane, none of which were satisfactory.

Mrs. Thayer, the noted flower medium, now a slate-writer, at Col. S. P. Kase's, in Philadelphia, also failed to giv satisfaction with the slates, but had quite a shower of flowers and a live terrapin fell on the table on two occasions, supplemented with a pigeon hovering around.

A report is made of a session with Mr. Pierre D. O. A. Keeler, a screen performer.

The spiritual photography intention with his brother, W. M. Keeler, was abandoned, the commission being unwilling to accept the medium's conditions.

Dr. Rothermal and Mr. Powell were unable to get any materializations; and a Mrs. Best is reported not very favorably.

But the most interesting and amusing reports are of Dr. Slade and four "sealed letter" writers. It would be impossible to do justice to either; suffice to say of the former, there were six seances held between Jan. 21 and Jan. 28, 1885. The report of each session must be read to be appreciated. Here are a few lines from the summary:

> In our investigations with this medium we early discovered the character of the writing to be twofold. . . . In one case the communication . . . was general in its tone, legible in its chirography, and usually covered much of the surface of the slate. . . . In the second, when the communication was in answer to a question addressed to a spirit, the writing was clumsy, rude, scarcely legible. . . . In short, one bore the marks of deliberation, the other of haste. . . . The long messages are prepared by the medium before the seance. The short ones, answers to questions asked during the seances, are written under the table with what skill practice can confer. With this knowledge, it is clear that the investigator has to deal with a simple question of legerdemain. The slate, with its message already written, must in some way be substituted for one which the sitter knows to be clean. The short articles must be written under trying circumstances, out of sight, under the table, with all motions of the hand or arm concealed. It is useless to attempt to limit the methods whereby these two objects may be attained. All that we can do is to describe the processes which we distinctly saw this medium adopt.

Now, it will plainly be seen that one must read the book in order to gain a knowledge of these processes—the substitution of slates, the writing upon others under the table, the scratching of the finger-nail on the rim of the slate to imitate the sound of the pencil, the prepared slates never used for lack of opportunity, the unslippered foot hastening to its slipper—all of which, and many other movements that the commissioners distinctly saw, point to a solution much more rational than the spiritual theory.

Dr. J. V. Mansfield, Boston; Mr. R. W. Flint, New York city; Mrs. Dr. Eleanor Martin, Columbus, O.; and Mrs. Eliza A. Martin, of Oxford, Mass., are the four sealed letter writers referred to above. The task of testing these mediums was assigned to Dr. Furness, and faithfully he performed his part. He first wrote in a gummed and sealed letter to Dr. Mansfield:

> Feb. 28, 1885.
>
> What was the name, age, sex, color, or condition in life of the owner, when alive, of the skull here in my library?

The correspondence between Dr. Furness and Dr. Mansfield reached the fifth letter before Dr. Furness discovered that "the six eminent scientific ghosts, Hare, Combe, Fowler, Spurzheim, Gall, and Rush did not agree with each other on all points," as the first two decided the skull to be that of a colored woman, while the remaining four dissented, but a negress, named Cornelia Winne, declared it was "Dinah Melish's top-knot." Dr. Furness also discovered and proved, by an ingenious method, that all these letters had been opened, read, and resealed.

He now turned to Mr. Flint with his skull question, from whom he received answer that the spirits gave no response at three sittings; but Dr. Furness found that the seals had been tampered with, but for some reason abandoned.

Dr. Furness then sent the same letter to Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Columbus, Ohio. She gave him an abundance of gushing doggerel from "Sister Belle," in which she affirmed:

> My form was sold to doctors three,
> So you hav all that's left of me.
> I come to greet you in white mull,
> You that prizes my lonely skull.

So Dr. Furness had at last discovered the owner of the skull, and also that this letter had been opened and resealed.

The last venture was with Mrs. Martin, of Oxford, Mass., from whom Dr. Furness received the astounding contradiction that the skull was claimed by a frail French girl by the name of Marie St. Clair; accompanied by positiv proofs that the letters had been opened. "In every instance," says the doctor, "the envelopes had been opened and reclosed; it is therefore scarcely necessary to add that every instance has borne the stamp of fraud."

Still unsatisfied, our persevering investigator visited Dr. Mansfield, in Boston, May 19, 1885, and there discovered that this medium answered sealed (?) questions in the presence of the questioner by daubing fresh mucilage on the paper which contained the questions, under the pretense of sealing it, then, retiring to his table piled with books that screened him from observation, opened the paper, read and answered the questions.

The materialization scenes, the attempt to make of him a slate-writing medium by the noted Joe Caffray, so facetiously described by Dr. Furness, it is impossible to reproduce, as was the search for the ownership of the skull.

But it would be unjust to close this meager notice and omit the Slade Zoellner investigation, the statement of which, in 1878, exercised such a strong influence in favor of Spiritualism in America. When Professor Fullerton was in Germany in 1886, he visited the four colleagues of Zoellner, including Wundt, Zoellner being dead, and an extract from the summary of these conferences is here subjoined:

> Thus it would appear that of the four eminent men whose names hav made famous the investigation, there is reason to believe one, Zoellner, was of unsound mind at the time, and anxious for experimental verification of an already accepted hypothesis; another, Feckner, was partly blind, and believed because of Zoellner's observations; a third, Scheibuer, was also afflicted with defectiv vision, and not entirely satisfied in his own mind as to the phenomena; and a fourth, Weber, was advanced in age, and did not even recognize the disabilities of his associates. No one of these men had ever had experiences of this sort before, nor was any one of them acquainted with the ordinary possibilities of deception. The experience of our commission with Dr. Slade would suggest that the lack of such knowledge on their part was unfortunate.
>
> A consideration of all these circumstances places, it seems to me, this famous investigation in a somewhat new light, and any estimate of Zoellner's testimony based merely on the eminence in scienee of his name and those of his collaborateurs, neglecting to giv attention to their disqualifications for this kind of work, cannot be a fair or a true estimate.
>
> GEO. S. FULLERTON.

Thus is exploded the Zoellner test, of which such immense capital has been made. ELLA E. GIBSON.

*Barre, Mass.*, July 21, 287.

*This is the credulous, fanatical Spiritualist of whom the commission report this: "Indeed, Mr. Hazard once told us that the true spirit in which to approach the study of Spiritualism is 'an entire willingness to be deceived.'" Almost equal to Seward Mitchell's assertion on an open postal card to me: "Spiritualism *false* is far better for humanity than Materialism *true*." Thus do the most radical on all subjects expose their own insanity.

### THE DIAKKAS TO BLAME.

The following letter from Silas J. Chesebrough, one of Spiritualism's most valiant defenders, to the Syracuse *Courier*, shows why the report of the Seybert Commission is adverse to his faith. It is an open letter to the secretary of the commission, Mr. George S. Fullerton:

SIR: I hav read the report of the Seybert Commission with mingled feelings of pity and regret—pity for the countless horde of anxious, truth-loving, truth-seeking people, who are thus by you unwittingly disappointed; and regret that your report was so prematurely made.

In common with ordinary investigators, your members naturally drifted toward Boston, the "Hub" of spiritual intercourse, but the Seybert Commission is not an ordinary or common association of men, and for this reason I am simply amazed that your report should be published to the world even before any of your members hav either privately or officially visited Syracuse.

From the day of your first appointment to that important trust till the present time, nearly every member of the commission has been repeatedly notified that Syracuse, as a base of spiritual operations, now stands second to no place on the continent, if in the world.

Long before your report was given to the press, we had, right here in Syracuse, definit information that evil spirits were at work upon almost every member of the commission, and that the diakkas had registered an oath that each and every one of their band would try to ridicule truth and distort genuin manifestations, to the end that the commission should report adversely to our sacred cause. In short, we were repeatedly informed by our spirit guides that the whole Seybert Commission would be diakkad, and your unfinished report justifies the conclusion. It is simply a supplement to "Bottom Facts," and I understand the author of that book appeared before your commission as a professional juggler, and succeeded in palming off upon you some of his diabolical work.

Understand, I hav not a word of fault to find with any member of the commission as individuals, for I believe you hav all acted up to the best light that was in you; but I do lament that none of you gave heed to our warning, that no one visited Syracuse, the very head-center of Spiritualism.

Joe Caffray, whom you ridicule in your report, was formerly a member of my own family, and I know him to be a medium of great power, and fully capable of demonstrating the truth of spirit communion to anyone not already entangled in the toils of diakkas.

Before making your final report, let me urge every member of your commission to come to Syracuse and witness for yourselvs the most astounding and convincing spiritual demonstrations ever given to man.

Yours in defense of truth, SILAS J CHESEBROUGH, M.D.

1½ *Otisco st., Syracuse, N. Y.*, July 19, 1887.

## Mrs. Colman's Reminiscences.

My stay in Richmond for a week was full of interest. General Halleck was the military commander at the time, and every order he issued showed his hatred of the negro. I saw punishments inflicted upon the negroes for trivial offenses that ought to hav stung the commander's conscience to his dying day. I visited the celebrated slave pen where the slaves were kept in confinement until the "gangs" were full that were sent to the more southern markets. I hav forgotten the name of the man who owned this pen for human beings, and dealt in them for many years, and made himself rich in this infamous business. As I told him what I thought of slavery, he said, "I hain't no prejudice against niggers," and, calling a boy perhaps ten years old to him, he said, "Lady, this is my son." This child was a bright octoroon, strongly marked with African features. I said, "Where is his mother?" "In New York, lady. She's stopping at a hotel, and there ain't no lady thar' that's got dresses as smart as her'n." I asked, "Why is she in New York?" "Well," he said, "I tuk her thar' and married her a spell ago." I said, "You had despaired of selling her since the Emancipation act, and so married her." "Well, I wanted a wife, and I knowed she'd be a good one, and this is her son, too; but you don't seem to think I done suthing to be proud on. I thought you'd think 'twas pious." Piety is a strange thing. Perhaps this act was a pious act. 'Twas no doubt a good thing for both parties.

I visited Castle Thunder and Libby prison; was in Libby when a soldier came in and offered the commandant a hundred-dollar bill to allow him to walk down one of the corridors. I asked the keeper why he refused. He said in answer that the keeper of Andersonville was in one of the cells, and he had no doubt the soldier would hav shot him if he had permitted him to get sight of him.

Libby was a sorry place even then, after the North had had possession of it nearly two months. How many people, I wonder, know that a black woman was whipped to death for persisting in throwing loaves of bread into that prison-yard to the starving soldiers, and Jefferson Davis was living in the city at the time? Dr. Mary Walker was a prisoner in Castle Thunder some six weeks. These two prisons were very noted as places of cruelty and starvation, but there were other prisons in Richmond equally bad—prisons for negroes which had been in use for many years—where women even were immured for the awful crime of trying to escape from slavery. I became acquainted with one woman in Richmond who took me into a prison where she was once held a prisoner six weeks, with a young babe, because her owner had died insolvent, and so she was put into that dreadful place to await a purchaser. Fortunately, this slave woman had made a friend of a Northern woman on whom she had waited, and this friend purchased her and her child, made them free, and afterward gave her a house and lot. This house was on the opposit corner from the one which the president of the Confederacy occupied during the war. General Halleck now made his headquarters in this same house, and it was pitiful to see how this man cared for this place; he was so afraid that I would take something as a relic, even the bushes were protected by an announcement that they were not to be broken. I hav never been a relic hunter, but some of my friends of the North had asked for a trifle from the "seat of war." I gathered a few tufts of grass only from the home of Jeff Davis; I had already a piece of the whipping-post; a pair of handcuffs; a slave whip, which I put with a piece of the coffin, and some of the inside lining of the same, in which President Lincoln's remains were buried, and many other things of like value; but I hav given them all away, keeping nothing but a nightshirt of her husband's which Mrs. Lincoln gave me—a rather strange article to giv one for a keepsake, but Mrs. Lincoln was a very strange woman.

I visited the colored schools in and about Richmond; went some miles below the city to see a clergyman who, because of his office, had been kept in power over the contrabands at Alexandria until they, the freed people, had risen against him. One of these women had become so enraged with him that she had knocked him down with an iron fry-pan, and then gone to the military commandant and told him what she had done, and awaited her punishment. The commandant said, "Don't do it again!" I opened the eyes of the persons to whom this man had applied, and the school was refused him.

I had a reason for wishing to visit Richmond which had nothing to do with schools or pupils. Many, many years before, when I was a young woman, I had been employed in a boarding-school in Philadelphia where Prof. Charles Minnegerode, a young refugee from Germany, was one of the teachers. He was full of enthusiasm at that time for liberty; had just barely escaped with his life because of his father's official position in the government, but was exiled from his country, as he, with his class in college, had been discovered in instigating treason. He had renounced Roman Catholicism, and seemed to be a Freethinker. He had afterward been appointed to a professorship in William and Mary College, Virginia, and finally became rector of the Episcopal church in Richmond. We were for some time on such intimate terms as to exchange letters quite frequently, and at one time the gentleman came to Massachusetts to visit me; but finally we both married and the correspondence ceased.

I wished very much to see this old acquaintance, and had pictured to myself something of an exciting interview, as I knew how widely we had grown apart. I had seen a report of a sermon which this rector had preached some six weeks before the fall of Richmond from the text, "The Lord shall put far away from you the Northern army," and he had said in that sermon that the people of that city were just as safe as though they were in Abraham's bosom. I went to his house, saw his wife and children—an only daughter bearing my name, and three or four sons at home. The father was with his eldest son, who was wounded at Petersburg at the taking of Richmond, and had never been able to reach home, and so, as has often been the case in my life, I was disappointed. I gave Mrs. Minnegerode my present name, and did not tell her where I knew, or rather had known, her husband. Such are some of the changes in life. I hav seen somewhere "that a man's good or ill fortune is his wife." I think this rector's position in life was made by his wife. Whether it was good or otherwise I, perhaps, am not an impartial judge. I am apt to make the niche very large in which I set my friends; if they are too small to fill the niche, perhaps I should blame myself that I made the niche over-large for their dimensions.

The free woman who had a home near Jefferson Davis had husband and children—three grown-up sons. She made a little party for me and the teachers with me, inviting the colored ministers and their wives. One of her daughters was about being married, and her lover was one of the guests. We had a very nice dinner, and all the et ceteras, but the timidity of these colored people was painful. They dared not speak above a whisper, as one of the rules of slavery was that more than two persons congregated together in the evening constituted a disturbance, and the whipping-post was the cure. Freedom was so new a thing to these old time slaves that they knew not how to use it. This lady said to me, "I hav heard of you, Mrs. Colman, and I am so grateful to you that I would be willing to crawl on my knees from this city to Washington if only by so doing I could do you any good." I am glad to be appreciated; but who has ever thought of paying the slave for his sufferings? In this interminable talk of compensating the slave-owner for his losses, who ever thought of paying the slave for the loss of a lifetime? We are none of us very patient of wrongs done by those whom our race defrauded of everything but life itself, and often of that. Richmond is beautifully situated, but when I was there it was desolation itself. The rebels set fire to the best part of it, and it was lying in ashes. We were invited to the governor's house, a fine-looking place, but to the eyes of a Northerner the lack of cleanliness was a drawback. I think neither in Richmond nor any of the cities in the District of Columbia are they acquainted with house-cleaning, or were not at this time. Perhaps the Yankees hav introduced it.

LUCY N. COLMAN.

## San Luis Park.

Judging from the large number of letters which I hav received since the publication of my article in THE TRUTH SEEKER, a fuller description of this favored region of our country will be of interest to many of your readers.

Those who hav written to me personally hav asked some practical questions, which I will repeat for the benefit of others:

1. Dr. O. T., Mankato, Minn.: "Want to hav a nice place in a good settlement, or in a not too large city—five, ten, twenty acres. How is your country? Please let me know. Of course, you, personally, are a great attraction, for I want to be an activ Freethinker till I go to—well."

2. S. P. F., McLouth, Kan.: "Having read one of your letters in THE TRUTH SEEKER, hence I write you in reference to the country and climate in Colorado. I hav had a desire to correspond with some one in San Luis Park, but could not get the address of anyone before. Please tell me what chances there are for land, and how prices range; also what chance for mercantil business. I expect to migrate West soon."

3. Dr. S. T. D., Hill's Ferry, Stanislaus county, California: "You hav located in San Luis Park. Is there any place or location in the park where a truth-seeking doctor could make a living by the practice of medicin? How cold does the weather get there in the winter time? How can I get there? What point by railroad?"

4. J. H. C., Columbus, Kan.: "I want to get out of these cold prairie winds. I only want a small patch for a garden and small fruits; small, cheap house in a quiet, healthful, and sightly spot. I want so much in my natural surroundings, I am hard to suit. Pure air, water, and grand scenery are the three leading factors to invigorate and inspire me. Like Byron, 'From my very boyhood hav I loved to look on Nature in her loftier moods.' Now, will you please write me a brief sketch of your surroundings, and if you think there is a place for me?"

5. E. M. P., Beebe, Gratiot county, Mich.: "Saw your letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER, giving a description of the San Luis Park. Now, I would like a full description of it and what can be raised there. What kind of stock country is it? Is there much government land for homestead? I hav some thoughts of going West this fall."

6. R. P. L., East Saginaw, Mich.: "I think you hav done a sensible thing, since the mountain would not come to you, to go to it. I need some rest in a different and better climate. How shall I reach Monte Vista, if I decide to come? I hav an idea it is southwest of Denver. Presume it would be fully as good to visit the Park on a two months' vacation as a trip to Europe."

7. E. M. E., Central City, Neb.: "Cattle is what I want. Could I get back near the foothills, on some clear spring brook close to timber, and find a place where by irrigation I could make a hay meadow of three, four, or six hundred acres, and find plenty of good range?"

8. G. G., West McHenry, Ill.: "I was glad to learn through THE TRUTH SEEKER that you had secured so desirable a home in Colorado, and that you and your wife had concluded to occupy and enjoy it this season. I do think you are entitled to a pension from the government and exemption from duty on the retired list of Liberal workers with full pay. Your life has been an eventful one, and when I reflect upon what we hav all passed through, the violent and malignant opposition we hav encountered, the intolerant spirit of pious fraud and persecution that has environed our pathway, the deadly nightshade of ignorance and priestcraft casting a dark and dismal shadow in the distance behind us, grinning like a famished hyena grave-robber, I feel that we hav reason to congratulate ourselvs that we hav lived in an age when it is possible for a thinking man to giv expression to his honest thought and not forfeit his life."

These excerpts show the interest which is felt in this portion of the globe by our Liberal friends. As I sit here in our little home, and look over this broad, prairie like valley, with its ten thousand square miles, my constant wonder is how so beautiful and extensiv a region has remained unoccupied for so long a time. While it is true that there are now cities and booming villages and thousands of enterprising inhabitants scattered over this vast valley, it is also a fact that thousands upon thousands of acres are still vacant, inviting the settler to homestead, preëmption, free claim, or purchase.

But more of this later on.

No. 1. The Mankato physician. You can get a nice place here, five, ten, and three hundred acres, but it is poor soil for doctors. Nevertheless, there are many invalids who hav sought this clime for the great boon, after losing faith in Eastern Esculapians. Then it is undeniable that some people would infringe the laws of health if they lived in paradise. Eden's first case of colic proves it.

McLouth correspondent. At Alamosa, Monte Vista, Del Norte, and other rapidly growing towns, chances for mercantil business are good. Judging by the prices we hav to pay for everything needed by a family, they are too good. Land can be bought for $3, $4, $5, $6, $7, and $10 an acre. Uncle Sam has several fine farms ready for the nephews and nieces with grit and enterprise enough to come and liv on them, farms as rich as mortal eyes, I do believe, ever looked upon.

The other inquiries will be answered later, for this article is long enough. But before closing, I want to say it would delight my heart to hav Liberals come by the car-load and take what is left of this mountain park. Liberals are the people I hav worked with shoulder to shoulder for a generation, I would like to see thousands of them flocking in here to help make the land blossom—men and women of vigor, thrift, as I know them to be; a class who love mental and physical liberty better than life; who hav faith in humanity; who can say to a brother, "You are a Liberal; your word is good enough for me; I want no other security." Among such people for more than thirty years I hav labored. Surrounded by them, when I obey nature's command to join the silent throng, I want my bones buried in sight of that grand mountain yonder, Sierra Blanca, with no Christian ceremony, nor a taint of orthodoxy in this pure air.

W. F. JAMIESON.

*Monte Vista, Col.*

ALL languages and literature are full of general observations on life, both as to what it is and how to conduct one's self in it; observations which, everybody knows, which everybody repeats, or hears with acquiescence, which are received as truisms, yet of which most people first truly learn the meaning, when experience, generally of a painful kind, has made it a reality to them. How often, when smarting under some unforeseen misfortune or disappointment, does a person call to mind some proverb or common saying familiar to him all his life, the meaning of which, if he had ever before felt it as he does now, would hav saved him from the calamity! There are indeed reasons for this other than the absence of discussion; there are many truths of which the full meaning *cannot* be realized until personal experience has brought it home. But much more of the meaning even of these would hav been understood, and what was understood would hav been far more deeply impressed on the mind, if the man had been accustomed to hear it argued pro and con by people who did understand it. The fatal tendency of mankind to leave off thinking about a thing when it is no longer doubtful is the cause of half their errors. A contemporary author has well spoken of "the deep slumber of a decided opinion."—*J. S. Mill.*

# The American Secular Union.

COURTLANDT PALMER, President.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary, - - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
E. A. STEVENS, Chair. Fin. Com., - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.

## Eighth Statement of Treasurer.

RECEIPTS.

| 1887. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | Reported receipts | $1,474.21 |
| July 2. | Ashland | per I. L. Toyer | 30.00 |
| " 2. | Central Point | per I. N. Hall | 10.00 |
| " 2. | Medford | per Granville Nayler | 10.00 |
| " 2. | Talent | per W. H. Breese | 30.00 |
| " 2. | Coquille | per I. H. Schroeder | 40.00 |
| " 2. | Marshfield | per I. D. Garfield | 40 00 |
| " 2. | Empire City | per S. H. Hazard | 10.00 |
| " 6. | Silverton (ch'ter) | per I. W. McClure | 5 00 |
| " 11. | New Era | per S. P. Putnam | 5 00 |
| " 11. | Silverton | per M. Fitzgerald | 30 00 |
| " 11. | Salem | per S. P. Putnam | 10.00 |
| " 11. | Molalla | per Reuben Wright | 25.00 |
| " 29. | " (ch'ter) | " " | 5.00 |
| | | Total receipts | $1,724.21 |

DISBURSEMENTS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | Reported disbursements | $1,364.11 |
| July 2. | S. P. Putnam | per treasurer | 170 00 |
| " 9. | Truth Seeker Co.. | " | 50 00 |
| " 11. | S. P. Putnam | " | 70.00 |
| " 29. | Truth Seeker Co.. | " | 5.00 |
| | | Total disbursements | $1,659.11 |

EXPENSE ACCOUNT S. P. PUTNAM, SEC. A. S. U.

| | |
|---|---|
| Nov. 20, 1886, to Feb. 12, 1887 | $193.48 |
| Feb. 12, 1887, to June 3, 1887 | 195.32 |
| Total | $388.80 |

Approved by E. A. Stevens, Ch. Fin. Com.

The officers of the American Secular Union thank E. B. Foote for his donation of nine volumes of the Murray Hill publication of "Plain Home Talk."

The American Secular Union has sent with "Plain Home Talk" two hundred different books, pamphlets, and tracts to the nine recently formed auxiliary Unions: Kent, Ohio; Columbus, Ohio; Farmdale, Ohio; Nashville, Tenn.; Marshfield, Or.; Silverton, Or.; Brandon, Or.; Molalla, Or.; Phœnix, Ariz., and the Chicago, Ill., Unions; distributing sixteen hundred copies of selected works of Freethought literature.

CHAS. ECKHARD, Treas.

## News and Notes.

I had a pleasant experience at Forest Grove, although the sanctuary of the Lord broods over it with the shadow of its wings. This was originally settled by the Congregationalists and was intended to be an orthodox community. But the march of progress prevented. Among the pioneers were Henry Buxton, T. G. Todd, F. N. Hines, Jonathan Wells, and the spirit of revolution has prevailed, for they hav been stanch advocates of Freedom.

Michael Vert died a few years since and left a sum of money for a Freethought hall, and this has been used to good advantage, and the Liberals hav their fort, and occasionally a little heavy artillery awakes the pious slumbers of the saints, and they realize that the world is moving on.

I had good audiences Sunday afternoon and evening, and I look forward with pleasant anticipation to a return to this "happy hunting-ground," where field and grove mingle in such beautiful array.

I was glad to meet with Mrs. T. G. Todd, who givs a lively column now and then to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and who is one of our brightest allies of the fair sex. She is sister of Mr. Trollinger, president of the Molalla Union, and so the pioneer Campbellite preacher has given good blood to the Liberal cause. Mr. Todd is rejoicing in the possession of a magnificent Holstein calf that weighed one hundred and thirty-five pounds at birth—the biggest on record. I begin to think that we Infidels are the "saints" and inherit the earth, for with this almost miraculous calf, and friend Saunders's Hereford cow that givs six gallons of milk per day, which I believe also beats the record, and friend Wells's, of Molalla, splendid horses, with the blood and fleetness of Woodford, that glorious sire, it does seem as if we had the right side of Mother Nature, and she keeps her noblest gifts for the advance guard of the world. The wilderness of reform is beginning to bloom and blossom like the rose. The ministers must be on the lookout or the yellow-legged chickens will go trooping over to the opposit camp.

I met Hauston, of Hillsboro, at Forest Grove, and I was wanted for a lecture at his place, but I had not time. I hope to take this point on my next trip. They say there are good Liberals here, and chance for a flourishing organization.

Thos. Billinger, George Finch, B. P. Cornelius, J. R. Griffin, M. Johnson, of Gaston; M. E. Dilley, Dr. D. N. Ward, Alfred Lee, Wm. King, L. E. Smith, etc., are our friends at Forest Grove and vicinity.

Early Monday morning I am again on board the rattling train. At Portland I meet friend McElsander, and we take a long, dusty ride to "Jackknife," or Eagle Creek, as it is called, for the eagles used to gather here to feed upon the thousands of salmon that, driven up the stream, perished along its banks. The "Jackknife" is a kind of "four corners," with a grocery store post-office, where "Deacon Bascom" might find familiar quarters and talk politics the livlong day. It is a lively spot, although off the railroad and among the woods. McElsander, H. Wilburn Guthrie, Albert Lacy, Rolla Herring, of Spring Water; John Revenue, of Sandy, and others, with their families, make a noble advance guard here, and the promis is bright for future efforts. I was wanted for one night at Sandy, where Liberals do congregate at Revenue's, but I could not go, as every night was occupied. I lectured Monday and Tuesday evenings at Eagle Creek to crowded houses. They came from all parts, and filled the seating capacity of Wilburn Hall, which holds a couple of hundred or more. Miss Classon sang the "Star Spangled Banner" with fine effect at my closing lecture, the audience joining in the chorus. Afterward there was music and dancing up to the midnight's merry stroke. I shan't forget "Jackknife" very soon. I am coming back, perhaps, the next Fourth of July, and then we will organize our forces. Our veteran, McElsander, who for years has not allowed the orthodox a comfortable nap, is the main spoke in our wheel, and the car is bound to move on, and the "Jackknife" will be opened for effectual service.

Wednesday morning McElsander takes me back to Portland. Such a road! such dust! Oregon can beat the world for that, and such stumps and broken-down bridges I hav seldom encountered. I arrived safe and sound, but I could scarcely see, I was so thick inlaid with dirt. I lectured at East Portland that evening to a fair audience, and on the following evening in Portland to a crowded house, where the council-fires of friend Beal do burn. I was delighted with my welcome. I shall be at Portland again August 11th.

In connection with the lecture we had a festival occasion, and I didn't get away until midnight. I slept on board the boat, and in the morning when I awoke I found myself on the broad bosom of the Columbia, with wooded shores on either side. I remember reading in my school days of the Columbia sweeping on its lovely and majestic course, and it seemed so far off that I never expected to look upon its mighty stream. Here I am, however, with signs of civilization on every hand. In the afternoon the bright, industrious city of Astoria comes to view. At the landing my friend Wm. Chance meets me. He knew me, he said, almost at sight. That is because he reads THE TRUTH SEEKER, I suppose. We were acquainted instantly. Chance is one of those who always keep things a-going. He was postmaster for twelve years, and has always occupied prominent positions, but he has never been afraid to speak his mind. He has sold hundreds of dollars' worth of books, and these hav kept the fires alive. He has a little boy named after Ingersoll, and by his looks and talk I reckon he will make a first-class Infidel. His blood will answer to his name. Mrs. Chance is also a noble enthusiast. In this Freethought home I found the true philosophy of life, making the best of things as they come, and the flowers of the future out of the glowing joys of to-day.

I also met H. Nelson and family; J. P. Foster, of Stark's Point; Sheriff Albert, of Cathlamet, W. T.; I. F. Halloran, editor of *Astorian;* D. E. Ireland, Cleveland Utzinger, Col. Jas. Taylor, Jas. Williams, Chas. Wright, and others. I had a crowded house in the evening, and at the close of the meeting the Freethought books went off like wild-fire. I was sorry, indeed, that I had not a week to stay in this place, instead of only one night. But it was too late to change the plans of my campaign; but I shall come back here next year, and we will hav a grand rally.

I am floating back now on the broad Columbia. I left Astoria early this morning, and expect to arrive at Seattle to-night for lectures to-morrow. I shall be at Newcastle, etc., next week. Sunday, July 31st, I am at Snohomish; August 3d and 4th, at Port Angeles; August 7th, 8th, and 9th, at Port Townsend; August 11th, at Portland; August 14th, at Colfax, W. T.; August 21st, I expect, at Pendleton; August 28th, at Baker City; August 29th to September 5th, at Prairie City, with a seventy-mile stage ride; September 6th to 20th, with James Wardwell, at Emmetts, Boise City, and vicinity; September 24th and 25th, at Salt Lake City, for a convention of the Liberals of Utah; and then eastward via Canon City, Denver, Nebraska (Osceola and other places along Union Pacific Railroad), to Chicago, for the National Congress in November.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*Columbia River, Steamer R. R. Thompson,* July 23, 1887.

J. E. REMSBURG is lecturing in Nebraska. His appointments for the first two weeks in August are as follows: Salem, Monday, 1st; Louisville, Tuesday, 2d; Fontanelle, Wednesday, 3d; Norfolk, Thursday, 4th; York, Saturday, 6th, Sunday, 7th; Wilber, Monday, 8th; Arapahoe, Tuesday, 9th, Wednesday, 10th, Thursday, 11th; Indianola, Friday, 12th, Saturday, 13th, Sunday, 14th.

## A Priest Secularized.

In the August number of the *North American Review,* Edward McGlynn, the excommunicated priest, writes upon "The New Know-Nothingism and the Old." Dr. McGlynn's position, in this article, is this: That while the old Know-Nothing party was furiously opposed to Catholics and Catholicism, there really was no need of such a party because of the weakness of the church at that time; but that now, when there is much and good reason for a revival of true Americanism as opposed to priestcraft, the people are not at all awake to the fact, but nod sleepily on the edge of a religious pit dug deep and wide for their benefit by the Roman hierarchy. In support of this implied assertion, Dr. McGlynn instances many encroachments of the church, and discloses more of her ambitions. One of these last is amazingly colossal, and new to us. It is nothing less than the intention to perpetuate a foreign tongue by means of parochial schools and to make a large portion of the country German Catholic in language, sentiment, and religion. Dr. McGlynn says:

> It has been avowed to me by a German clergyman of this city, who flattered himself that Great Britain and Ireland were almost exhausted as sources of immigration, while Germany, with her 45,000,000, would continue year after year to pour hundreds of thousands of her people on our shores. This insane hope is cherished chiefly in Wisconsin and in the valley of the northern Mississippi. The ears of American boys born of German parents are boxed by the religious teacher in parochial schools in St. Louis for the heinous offense of speaking the common language of America—the English—and a clerical superintendent, to reproach an American boy of German parents for manliness and independence, can find no better words to do justice to his reprobation than to say, "*Du bist ein Amerikaner*" (You are an American!). There is a widespread and persistent effort, with scarcely any attempt to conceal it, to Germanize the Catholic church in the Northwest. The means toward the attainment of this is to multiply German church schools and German parishes, and to make the multiplication of the latter an excuse and a justification for the appointment, with the aid of German cardinals in Rome, of German-speaking bishops. In furtherance of this plan, Germans speaking but imperfectly the English language are appointed pastors over English-speaking congregations, and especially where there is the excuse of the existence in the congregation of a few German-speaking families. This plan has been so successful that the ecclesiastical archiepiscopal province of Milwaukee, with its German archbishop and its German theological seminary, has been very largely Germanized, and similar designs for the immediate future are entertained for the great archbishoprics of Cincinnati and St. Louis.

Such a scheme as outlined in the foregoing seems practically hopeless, but we know there is no limit to the audacity and ambition, as there is none to the tyranny and cruelty, of the Romish church, and with the vast and well disciplined army of mental serfs possessed by her, this plan may well giv the American people painful thoughts, and imbue them with a little of the patriotic spirit—though it often degenerated into fanatical buncombe—of the Know-Nothings of a generation ago.

But this is not all, by any means. "Things hav been happening," says Dr. McGlynn, "within the last few years all over the country, and especially in our state and city of New York, a mere tithe of which would, but a generation ago, hav stirred the country to a white heat of anger. But a few years ago, many bishops, assembled in the provincial council of Cincinnati, issued a pastoral letter, the product of the pen of the Scotch bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, which was largely a deliberate thesis against our Declaration of Independence, in the attempt to show that men are not born 'free and equal,' and when some remonstrance was called forth, in not a few instances from Catholics, the Franco-American bishop, Chatard, of Indianapolis, hastened to justify the manifesto, which he had himself signed, in a letter to a New York paper, in which he corroborated the teaching of the pastoral letter by quotations from a letter of the pope, whom he slavishly described as 'our present holy father, Pope Leo XIII., now gloriously reigning.'"

These anti-American sentiments are now followed by "an avowed determination, as shown in the last council of Baltimore, to establish all over the country a great system of parochial schools in opposition to the public schools, and it is made the most urgent duty of priests everywhere, under threat of expulsion, to found such schools. The hope is not concealed that, when the so-called 'Catholic vote' shall become larger, the politicians may be induced to appropriate, through state legislation or local governments, all the funds necessary for the support of these schools. This has already been accomplished in Poughkeepsie, New Haven, and elsewhere, and for a brief period during the offensiv and defensiv alliance between a certain set of priests and the Tammany ring of the days of Tweed, Connolly, and Sweeney, an appropriation procured by legislativ trick and fraud, under the management of Peter B. Sweeney, awarded several hundred thousand dollars to the parochial schools of New York city. What would the old-time Know-Nothings hav thought of this? It should be noted that these parochial schools, which it is the design to multiply, are exempt from taxation, and that thus the public in some sense puts a premium upon a system of schools hostil to its own, and so encourages

the laying of an enormous additional burden upon the poor Catholic people who hav already paid, directly or indirectly, their full share of the taxes for the support of the public schools, which it is now the growing tendency to forbid them to use, under penalty of privation of the sacraments of the church. Another thing which was almost unheard of a generation ago, and the suggestion of which, in anything like its present extent, would then hav caused the gravest civil disturbances, is the appropriation of valuable public lands and of millions of dollars of public money, to the support of all manner of sectarian institutions under the control of churches, and especially of the Roman Catholic church. It may be sufficient, by way of illustration, to refer to the Catholic Protectory in Westchester, to the House of the Sisters of Mercy in 81st street, and to the Foundling Asylum of the Sisters of Charity in 68th street, immense institutions supported by the city treasury of New York, at an expense of from half a million to a million of dollars a year, and the two latter built upon blocks of ground given by the city through the favor of the Tammany ring, and worth hundreds of thousands each. There is a host of smaller institutions of the same character, and supported chiefly by the public treasury, to nearly all of which children are committed as to public institutions by the civil magistrates. Would it not be enough to make the elder Know-Nothing bigots turn in their graves could they hear that vast sums and great public properties are thus turned over to irresponsible private and sectarian institutions, especially if they could learn that the priests, and monks, and nuns, whose institutions are thus benefited by the public, are but the more emboldened to denounce our schools and other public institutions, in language at times brutal if not obscene, while indulging in unwarranted pharisaic glorification of their own institutions and of themselvs? The extraordinary zeal manifested for the getting up of these sectarian schools and institutions is, first of all, prompted by jealousy and rivalry of our public schools and institutions, and by the desire to keep children and other beneficiaries from the latter, and, secondly, by the desire to make employment for and giv comfortable homes to the rapidly increasing hosts of monks and nuns, who make so-called education and so-called charity their regular business, for which a very common experience shows that they hav but little qualification beyond their professional stamp and garb."

Of the value placed by the church upon these parochial schools, Dr. McGlynn says:

It is not risking much to say that if there were no public schools there would be very few parochial schools, and the Catholic children, for all the churchmen would do for them, would grow up in brutish ignorance of letters; and a commonplace of churchmen here would be the doctrin taught by the Jesuits in Italy, in their periodical magazine, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, that the people do not need to learn to read, that all they do need is bread and the catechism, the latter of which they could manage to know something of, even without knowing how to read. A confirmation of this is to be found in the very general illiteracy in countries where churches and churchmen hav been exceedingly abundant and hav exercised temporal control. It is a remarkable fact that in Italy, France, and other so-called Catholic countries, in spite of the hostility to the government schools, the clergy do not establish parochial schools. The ecclesiastical authorities of Italy, while willing enough to impose on our Catholic people of America so heavy a burden, do not dare to try to impose a similar burden upon their people nearer home.

But Dr. McGlynn is not through with his indictment. Smarting under the chastisment of the church because of his own entrance into politics, "as a citizen, not as a priest," he goes on:

But what, most of all, might seem well adapted to revive and intensify the old hateful and bigoted spirit of Know-Nothingism, and justify its fears and predictions, is the actual and direct interference in politics of bishops, vicars-general, and priests in their ecclesiastical capacity and because of their ecclesiastical influence, to promote the pecuniary and other temporary objects of the ecclesiastical machine. Recent instances of this, not a few, could be mentioned. It must suffice here merely to refer to the letters and messages of the late Vicar-general Quinn, of New York, sent to clergymen to secure their influence as churchmen to defeat constitutional amendments which, even after their adoption, must hav been practically over-ridden and over-ruled in the interest of Catholic institutions, and to secure the election to the legislature of such men as Mr. J. W. Husted, because he was willing to favor "generous appropriations;" the instance referred to in this article of the clerical alliance with the Tweed ring; the letter of Monsignor Preston to Joseph O'Donoghue in the late mayoralty canvass; the denunciation of one of the candidates and his party from Catholic altars; the secret prohibition to a priest who went, not as a priest, but as a citizen, to keep his engagement to speak at a political meeting, the chief demerit of which speech was clearly in the fact that the movement it was intended to help was likely to bring disaster upon the Tammany ally of the ecclesiastical machine; the abuse of the confessional in forbidding men under penalty of refusal of absolution to attend the meetings of one political party; and, last and worst of all, the effort of an archbishop in the late election to defeat at the polls by the abuse of his ecclesiastical position the call for a constitutional convention, which, as the result proved, was demanded by an overwhelming majority of all those who voted on the question—an effort in full keeping with the action of the same archbishop, when bishop of Newark, in sending to the Catholic pastors of New Jersey a secret confidential letter, telling them to "instruct" their people how they "must" vote upon certain proposed constitutional amendments, giving minute details as to the striking out of certain clauses, and suggesting that for greater surety it might be better that the Catholic voters should strike out all the clauses. The heinousness of this action will be better understood when it is mentioned that the object of the proposed amendments was to protect the public treasury, and to prevent the people of counties and towns from being oppressed and robbed by railroad and other corporations.

From this cursory review of the situation Dr. McGlynn concludes that the evils and dangers dreaded by the Know-Nothing party are now veritably upon us, growing and multiplying unless checked by public sentiment and our law-makers. It astonishes him, therefore, to witness the indifference with which these dangers are viewed by the people, and especially by the two old political parties, who do nothing to remedy it, but, on the contrary, coöperate with the Roman church in making it worse. A similar indifference he also finds in the great majority of the journals of the country.

Dr. McGlynn is new in this business of religious reform, and we are not at all surprised at his deep astonishment. It is but a little while since he was himself a cog wheel in the machinery he is now so vigorously smashing, and a very important wheel he was, forming a close connection between the political wishes of the archbishop and the votes of St. Stephen's parish. The facts Dr. McGlynn now sees with his newly-opened eyes hav been patent enough to the Freethinkers for years, and he is following after THE TRUTH SEEKER and other Freethought journals in bringing them to light. And curiously enough, Dr. McGlynn's remedy is our remedy, and has been advocated by the Freethinkers for years, even before Dr. McGlynn had taken "holy orders." The Nine Demands of Liberalism contain all that Dr. McGlynn advocates. To Freethinkers there is nothing new in his platform demanding the abolition of "all privileges granted by public authority to individuals or corporations, whether civil or religious, and the equal taxation of the property of all such corporations, without exemption or exception in favor of any church, charity, or school, or, in a word, of any institution that is not the property of the people and controled for some public and common use by public officials; and the conduct of government, in all things, absolutely for the public, that is the common, good—or, in other words, for the masses, and never for an individual or a class; forbidding appropriations of school funds to any but common schools; forbidding the reading of the Bible or any other distinctivly religious book; all praying, worship, and singing of religious hymns in common schools; forbidding magistrates to commit to any but public prisons, asylums, etc; repealing all existing laws by which appropriations are made to any but public institutions, and forbidding (legislature) counties, cities, towns, and villages to donate any property, or to sell or lease it at lower than market values, or to donate money for the payment of assessments, or for any other purpose, to any church, or to any school, college, asylum, hospital, etc., or to any institution of charity, correction, or learning, which is not the property of the people, and under the exclusiv control of officers of the people; revoking existing appointments, and forbidding future appointments of chaplains, whether salaried or not, in any public institution, and forbidding compulsory attendance at, or joining in, any prayer, worship, or religious service or instruction in any public institution, and forbidding any insult to the faith or religious convictions of any inmates of public institutions, or pupils in public schools."

This is the platform of the Infidels, but upon it Dr. McGlynn is heartily welcome.

## Spelling Reform.

THE TRUTH SEEKER should stand high in the estimation of spelling reformers for the firm and consistent stand it has taken in favor of a simplification of English orthography for the past seven years. Among the many periodicals which gave encouragement to the movement soon after the formation of the Spelling Reform Association, in 1876. as, for instance, the *Home Journal*, Utica *Herald*, Philadelphia *Baptist Weekly*, and others, THE TRUTH SEEKER is the only one, so far as I know, that has persistently stuck to its colors, and had the courage of its convictions. From the abandonment of the cause, apparently at least, by other papers, some persons may think that the spelling reform has lost ground; but I do not think such is the case. The claims of the reform are on too solid a foundation to be abandoned, and none of the great philologists and educators who hav spoken so decidedly of the necessity for the simplification of spelling, in order that universal education may become a fact both North and South, will take one backward step. The reform must come, but it may take some time to prepare the mind of the public for it. To assist in this preparation, the officers of the Spelling Reform Association hav begun the publication of a handsome quarterly entitled, "*Spelling*," which will duly set forth the claims of the reform, and show what is proposed to be done at the present time to carry on the work more effectually. The first number contains a valuable article from the pen of J. H. Gladstone, a member of the London school board, and brother of Wm. E. Gladstone.

All persons who are in any way interested in the amendment of our absurd orthography should at once subscribe for this journal. It has the best educational talent to conduct it and to contribute to its columns. The publication of it is committed to the Library Bureau, 32 Hawley street, Boston, to which address communications and subscriptions should be sent. The price is $1 a year.

ELIZA B. BURNZ.

## Presbyterianism and Episcopacy.

*Presbuteros*, "elder," and *episkopos*, "overseer," are both pure Greek words. It is certain that the vernacular of Palestine in the first century was Aramaic, and there is no evidence that Jesus or his apostles or immediate disciples could speak Greek, much less write it. Josephus confesses that the Greek was to him an unfamiliar language; he wrote it with difficulty. Dr. Murdock, who translated the Peshito, or Syriac version of the New Testament, maintains that it is written in substantially the language spoken by Jesus and his immediate disciples, and it is undoubtedly as old a version as the Greek.

The word *presbuteros* occurs far more frequently than *episkopos* in the Greek version of the New Testament. In the Peshito or Syriac version the word *episkupah*, translated "bishops," occurs in Acts xx, 28, and Dr. Murdock makes this note:

This is the only place in this version of the New Testament in which the word bishop occurs.

And Dr. Murdock could hardly hav failed to notice that the Syriac version makes no distinction anywhere between an elder (*presbuteros*) and a bishop (*episkopos*), and seems to place a female elder (*presbutis;* plural, *presbutera*) almost on a level with the male elder or bishop. The same word in Syriac (*kishisha*) answers for elder or bishop in the Greek (Phil. i, 1; 1 Tim. iii, 1, 2; iv, 14; v, 1, 2, 17, 18, 19; Tit. i, 6, 7; ii, 2, 3).

In Acts i, 20, the Syriac word which Dr. Murdock translates "service" is "bishopric" (*episkope*) in the Greek.

Episcopacy finds an unstable foundation in the Syriac codex. Not until the close of the second century did bishops begin to loom up above elders.

ANTICHRIST.

## Let America Be Represented.

There can be no question as to the duty and advisability of the Freethinkers of the United States being represented at the International Freethought Congress to be held in London, England, Sept. 10th to 12th.

It is not practical nor necessary to call a mass meeting, inasmuch as there is the most perfect unity among all true Liberals in their desire to be represented by America's most able exponent of Freethought. I would therefore suggest that the Executiv Board of the American Secular Union solicit Col. R. G. Ingersoll to attend the International Congress as the delegate of the American Secular Union and the representativ of the Freethinkers of the United States.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

HENRY GEORGE's positions on the various social theories are of interest principally because he and Dr. McGlynn are the head and front of a considerable party in this state, and Dr. McGlynn and the party usually agree with Mr. George. In the last *Standard* Mr. George says: "There is this truth—and it is a very important one—in Socialism, that as civilization advances the functions which pass into the proper sphere of governmental control becomes more and more numerous, as we see in the case of the railroad, the telegraph, the supplying of gas, water, etc., but this is all the more reason why we should be careful to guard against governmental interference with what can safely be left to individual action. In some things our existing system is too Socialistic and in others too Anarchistic. The proper line between governmental control and individualism is that where free competition fails to secure liberty of action and freedom of development. The great thing which we should aim to secure is freedom—that full freedom of each which is bounded by the equal freedom of others. If it were absolutely necessary to make a choice between full state Socialism and Anarchism, I for one would be inclined to chose Anarchism, preferring no government at all, bad and inconvenient as that might be, to a government which should essay to control and direct everything. And I imagin that this would be the choice of the great majority of the American people, for individualism is strongly rooted in all the habits of thought of the peoples of English speech, and we seem to lack the capacity for governmental direction and administration that has been developed on the continent. This is the reason why Socialism of the German school can never make the headway here that it has on the continent of Europe. It is, in fact, the product of a state of society in which people hav become largely used to governmental supervision and direction, and are accustomed to look to government as a sort of special providence. But, in the mean time, there is no reason why those who entertain such views as I do should not work harmoniously with Socialists of the German school as long as we go together, or why we should be perpetually accentuating our differences. The ultimate aims of Socialism are high and noble. They seek to obtain for society that abolition of poverty for which we would strive. Any dispute as to means may well be postponed until it is necessary to raise it. I and my friend both wish to reach the Pacific ocean. I think we shall reach it at San Francisco; he is firmly of the opinion that it will be necessary to keep on until we get to China. So long as we are willing to travel westward in the same car, we can well postpone disputes."

## Chicago Letter.

On the Fourth of July an eminent divine preached a sermon in this city on "Faith and Fire" works, in which he assured his hearers—the small boy included—that, however brilliant might be the coruscation of fire-cracker, Roman-candle, or rocket, it couldn't possibly equal the pyrotechnic display awaiting them in the brimstonian realms of Pluto below. With this assurance, the gentle Christian hurling a burning lamp at Mr. Putnam seems a little too previous. But it is by these methods that the church has "spread its light" among the nations. Were it supreme to-day, kerosene lamps would not alone be utilized of modern inventions in the dissemination of its propaganda. What weird devices, what terrible tortures, might it not apply as conduciv argument to opponents had it the power to invoke to its aid the marvels of modern inventions! What could it not do in the way of making converts with electricity and dynamite!

Last spring I lectured in several towns in Michigan, and had the distinguished honor of giving the first Freethought lecture in the little city of Ludington. I spoke before the Knights of Labor on "Progress and Poverty." The hall was full, and my lecture was enthusiastically received. Half of the audience were ladies. A lively discussion followed, and we had a good time. An announcement was made that on the following Saturday night I would giv a Freethought lecture. The Knights offered me their hall, but knowing that among them were several Catholics, I would not accept it, as I felt that they did not understand what a Freethought lecture was, and I would not take advantage of their ignorance. The *Democrat*, a city paper, contained the following notice of my labor lecture:

> The lecture given by Mrs. A. M. Freeman, of Chicago, on "Progress and Poverty" at the K. of L. Hall last night was a taking card. The hall was full of enthusiastic listeners who were highly pleased with the lecture. Mrs. Freeman is a fluent speaker, and is a woman of rare ability. She speaks again at Tripp's Hall on Saturday evening.

Indorsed by the papers, I had a good audience at the Freethought lecture—many ladies, members of the "Woman's Temperance Society"—Free Methodists, and Catholics. I began very gently with them. I appealed to their common sense, to their reason; I requested them to remain until the conclusion of my lecture, assuring them that the freest opportunity would be given for criticism. I wanted criticism. I begged them in the most persuasiv words I could command for "more light." There were no kerosene lamps. The hall was lit with gas. I told them that there were three sources of evidence—nature, which furnishes us with natural phenomena; written or verbal history; and our own reason, which stands pre-eminent. That mathematics rests upon self-evident truths, a straight line being the nearest distance between two given points. That the Bible's claim to infallibility is not self-evident, makes no appeal to our reason, and receives no support from nature or natural law, dealing largely in supernatural assertions. I refer to what I said for the reason that several ladies at this juncture, with a withering look of scorn, drew their drapery about them and marched out, a liege lord or two trotting along shamefaced in the rear. I went on, speaking rapidly, so that they should hear as much as possible before making their escape. Another lot arose and hurried out. I drew it mild, for I knew I hadn't a Chicago audience. It was a little thing they got mad at. In referring to the nine plagues, I said that the magicians made frogs, but that they couldn't make lice. That it took a mightier God to make a louse than a frog. You see this was all in favor of their God, and one wouldn't think they would mind a small thing like that, but they did, and out they went.

Then I questioned them in regard to the flood—how an old scow like that described, with only one door, and that pitched tight, and one little window, twenty-two inches square, in the roof, could hold half a million species of animals, and oxen, and sheep, and hay, and so on, to feed them for a year. And I told them how they went marching in, two by two, two elephants and two musketoes, two poodles and two fleas to bite 'em, and so on, *ad infinitum*, with Noah and his wife, and his three sons and their wives, to manage the whole menagerie. About a dozen at this point made their escape, and somehow I was so forcibly reminded of the old story of the march into the ark that it struck me as an animated picturesome illustration *à la* Watson Heston in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I imagined I saw the long ears identifying the stupid, evoluted, human donkeys. In the ante-room, on the stairs, in the street, were heard words like these: "Isn't it dreadful?" "She ought to be hung." "We ought to go and get a policeman and put her in jail." "She should be driven from town," and so on. All of the old gentle methods that Christians hav resorted to were proposed, but, thanks to a few brave Freethinkers, were not executed. Had these Christian ladies had their way, the lecturer of the evening would hav been grilled, broiled, fried, roasted—in fact, served up in every conceivable style known to the gastronomic art. And this was not in the Feejee islands, where they make a business of eating missionaries, and where the missionaries expect to be eaten, but in the city of Ludington, in the great state of Michigan, owning allegiance to that Constitution which guarantees free speech to all.

The result of my lecture was that the Freethinkers of the town declared that I should speak in Ludington again, and that the Opera House should be filled. The Catholics behaved better under fire than the Protestants, several remaining until the conclusion of the lecture. I accounted for it in this way: The Protestant is thrown upon his own reason. He dislikes it. He has his creed, and he doesn't want to be disturbed. The Catholic turns to his priest, and if his book is proved fallible, his priest and pope are still infallible. However, I made many friends, even among the conservativs, the Knights of Labor inviting me to come to Ludington this fall and speak at the dedication of their new hall.

A short time ago a Mr. Sheridan gave a lecture in this city against Robert Ingersoll, in which he said that Ingersoll is an intellectual and moral Anarchist. To call Freethinkers Anarchists seems to be quite the fashion, as I see that Mr. Monroe, as copied in last week's TRUTH SEEKER, refers to the managers of the Secular Union as Anarchists. Mr. Ingersoll has already spoken for himself. Mr. Stevens, president of the Chicago Secular Union and chairman of finance committee of the American Secular Union, has been referred to several times by correspondents of THE TRUTH SEEKER as an Anarchist. Mr. Stevens is a Socialist, and if there is one thing better known than another by the Chicago Anarchists, it is that Mr. Stevens and themselvs do not agree at all. In a recent lecture before the Union by Mr. Simpson, one of the critics, Mr. Collins, said, "I think that anyone here who may hav confounded Socialism with Anarchy will be convinced that they are as far apart as the poles."

Because one demands justice for individuals, must he accept their ideas? It is to Mr. Stevens's credit, and to the credit of the Socialists of Chicago, that they hav been brave enough, self-sacrificing enough, loyal enough to the best part of their nature, to ignore the disagreements of the past, and demand a fair trial for their imprisoned fellows. Let the Freethinkers who are criticising this action observe how unanimous the church and its ministers are for the speedy execution of these men. Recently, in Chicago, in Faneuil Hall, Mr. Joseph Cook, of Boston, said, "I hav here a pen made out of wood from the sidewalk where the Haymarket bomb was thrown; and whenever I go to write with it, the sentence it makes is, 'May God hav mercy on the souls of the Anarchists, but may the courts not hav mercy on their bodies!'"

Poor old Joseph! what relic-hunters his kind hav been! How many cords of cross, and crown, and saintly bones are stowed away in holy places! That dilapidated old sidewalk around the Haymarket was too far gone into dust for relics. On the spot where the bomb fell the walk was heavy stone. The verdant, gullible Bostonian has been imposed upon. It is an old chestnut, but swallowed by the clergy readily. After the great Chicago fire, its court-house bell was made into I don't know how many car-loads of little charm bells. If he had said that the penholder was made from the telegraph pole spirited away by the police, filled with bullets shot at the people holding a peaceable meeting, it would hav been more credible.

Among the news in that very ably conducted paper, the *Ironclad Age*, is the following:

> A BOMB SCARE.
>
> CHICAGO, July 2.—Judge Baker, of the Criminal Court, discovered a dynamite bomb under his desk several days ago, and for a while consternation existed in the building, until it was found to hav been rendered harmless by having its contents cleaned out. It is thought to be one of the relics of the Anarchist trial, as the room is the same in which that celebrated case was heard, and many specimens of bombs were used in the evidence.

Now, the fact is that its contents were never cleaned out; that it hadn't the remotest idea of being anything else than harmless, as it was merely a painted ball, whose offense lay in the fact that it had dropped from its flagstaff and rolled on the floor. All of which was duly chronicled by the Chicago *Herald* a day or two later.

The church is making a supreme effort to suppress free speech—to rob the people of their liberties. A clergyman in Chicago the other day said to a reporter: "We are only going to close the saloons now. It is not a Christian move as yet, but as soon as we can we will make it one. We will close everything. Stop, also, the Sunday papers." Instead of censuring THE TRUTH SEEKER for the noble course it has taken, there should be laudation that one paper is brave enough to stand up for the right. Mr. Putnam's words and my own were just as obnoxious to Christians as were the words of the Anarchists to capitalists. Tried in a Christian community, by a Christian jury, before a Christian judge, and we would hav been condemned. Mr. Reynolds's fate demonstrates it. The punishment would hav been according to their power to inflict it.

Dr. Juliet H. Severance paid a visit to our city a short time ago on her return from a lecturing tour through Nebraska, and she said the word Anarchist is flung at people as the mob used to fling bricks and rotten eggs at the Abolitionists. The word doesn't hurt; the eggs did, and, besides, they were not nice. The doctor emphasized her words as though she spoke from experience. One word as to Elmina D. Slenker. I do hope the Freethinkers will stand by her. She has a good, sympathetic heart. How easy for a wretch like Comstock to impose upon her! How little can be known of what is true or false! Remember this man's career. Think of the low, Jesuitical cunning he has employed in his methods.

One doesn't hav to teach immorality to become obnoxious to the church and its tools. He has but to doubt. By lack of "faith" he is not only promised a liberal display of "fireworks" in the next world, but receives what amount of persecution Christian bigotry can inflict upon him in this.

MRS. M. A. FREEMAN,
Sec. Chicago Sec. Union.
293 *Washington Boulevard*, July 24, 1887.

## Morals Plus What?

The one glaring defect in the popular basis of moral right and wrong consists in this prohibition: "You shall not dare liv after the infinit law that is in you." Such is the inimitable wording of it by the heroic, pure-souled Emerson. This is nature's law when stripped of all conventional trappings and society livery. Hence this rare, royal sympathy with nature as the basis of morals irradiates almost every page of the Concord sage. He would "rather be a pagan suckled in a creed outworn than be defrauded of his manly right of coming into nature."

Likewise, what Carlyle said fifty-four years since respecting the basis of right and wrong remains in greater force even to-day—"I cannot understand morals. Our current moral law (even that of philosophers) affronts me with all manner of perplexities. Punishment neither is, nor can be, in proportion to fault; for the commonest of all examples take the case of an erring woman." This language, in view of two trials for "obscenity," so called, pending, one in Virginia, the other in Kansas, is rendered remarkably pertinent; especially since, in neither instance, is it definitly known for what the destined punishment is inflicted.

Again, says the Chelsea sage, "Moral force and moral correctness—how shall the litigation be settled between these?" Be this our present endeavor. What are the qualities inhering in an absolute and unchangeable basis for right action? Webster defines the term "moral" as synonymous with "manner, custom, habit, way of life." According to this standard, it is quite evident that mankind may, as Dryden says, "break loose from moral bonds," and yet be very far from immoral, in the better sense of this much mooted term. According to the present imperfect standard, morality or immorality consists in simply conforming to established custom. Hence, if one does not eat, drink, sleep according to custom, he is an immoral man. If, however, he externally conform in these and like minor particulars, giving tithes of social "mint, anis, and cumin," yet defraud custom on the sly, he remains a thoroughly moral man. Such is orthodox church morality. It will pass muster by that standard. Its fundamental defect is that it compels and fosters the living of a double life. And its conscience, if it hav any, "makes cowards of us all." It is re-creating and perpetuating the myth—now made a most palpable fact—of the ancient Roman Janus. It may do—but poorly—for the childhood age of the world, when men, like children, prefer to be deceived and deceive themselvs.

The temple of this two-faced deity, now as of old, will not be closed till the incoming of that universal harmony which nature prophesies concerning man's interior state. She must be courted and won as the bride and basis of right. Then, and then only, will there be a marriage between the internal state and the external action.

In the observance of nature's law is found the only rational mode of growing better and happier. It is, therefore, the most beneficent. It never demands obedience without first showing that the course counciled is the most beneficial. It is, hence, based on the highest reason. Its laconic vocabulary is, "Yes," to the right; "No," to the wrong; pleasure for the former, pain for the latter. It is thus self-evident and omnipresent to man's five senses. It becomes to him an abiding demonstration, exacting faith only upon positiv knowledge.

It is unalterable, consequently absolute. It appeals equally to all persons, in all ages. It is that alone which possesses the attribute of the divine—"the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." Therefore it is universal, unlike man-made institutions, which fluctuate with successiv eras and influences. It constitutes the fundamental principle in all things. It hence antedates all other codes, which, at best, are pale and sickly photographs of this original eternal law. This fact stamps it God-originated, or natural. It is that "one God, one law, one element, and the

one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves."

These positiv qualities demonstrate its adequacy to produce a better moral condition for the race and a large proportion of happiness. It embodies the virtues of all artificial laws without incorporating their vagaries and vices. All civil codes and religious institutes are meritorious only in the proportion that they are based upon natural law, and not upon a fanciful revelation superstitiously received.

Such is this unvarying order or law governing the movement of the universe. It assumes the nature of law, because its violation is scrupulously followed by the wise and just penalty previously pointed out. This machine, multifarious in parts, but uniform in its workings, and of which man seems to be the microcosm or summing up, is, so far as we know aught to the contrary, its own intelligence, like the human body invested with its motiv power.

Amidst the domestic, social, and political anarchy to reinaugurate the reign of natural law now seemingly so Utopian, would be the panacea for existing abuses. The race is daily butchered by art and artifice. When, by the violation of natural law, a member of the race has degenerated so far as to injure others by first having injured himself, he should be treated, not as a criminal, but as a morally diseased person. He should be placed in a hospital for rational treatment, and there retained till reasonable evidence appears of regained manhood; that is, a yielding of voluntary obedience to nature's laws. "St. Anthony" ought to be taken care of on this basis.

According to this law each person in harmony with the measure of an uncorrupted nature and knowledge would be the medium of conveying its benefits to those around him. Thus alone shall we ever arrive at the ultimate truth that man "was originally wrought by nature, not by vile offense" of any statutory code.

The flagrant violation of these basic principles of human action, in recent arrests and prosecutions, is our only apology for this extended reiteration of them.

ZOA TOPSIS.

## The Development of the Ape's Religion.

*Moncure D. Conway in The Open Court.*

"But as the first developed talkers and writers had been comparativly few, so the first men were comparativly few; and these, like their forerunners, were pursued by fear and jealousy of the half-humanized. In this higher commonwealth the dismal story of the anthropoid tribe was repeated. The aristocracies of intelligence and beauty were forced to flee, and in the end formed a society which began the works of human civilization. So it went on for ages. The ape seemed to hav died out of this new form. He might reappear in the fantastic tricks of boys, but education soon bound him. But, alas! though physically bound he survived morally, and, in the further progress of the human society, made himself felt. For man found himself surrounded by obstructions and enemies. Serpents, wild beasts, diseases, hurricanes, drouth, and famin beset him. He fought these bravely and steadily, made headway against them until it unfortunately occurred to some of the least courageous to try and explain them metaphysically. Now, there had been preserved from their ancient apehood a tradition of the wrathful gorillas or other creatures against which the more human forms had been defended. In dreams the hated and hunted ancestors of humanity hav been haunted by visions of the Angry Ape. There now arose some mystery-men who ascribed outward reality to the vision coined by fear, and imagined that there must be a gigantic Ape, creator and god of apes, who was angry and jealous at the way in which some of his creatures had taken the work of creation into their own hands. The idea once started, response came from the closeted ape lurking in each of the least developed. These now ascribed thunder and lightning, tempests and diseases, to the wrath of the Supreme Ape, and there grew a panic-stricken clamor for men who could pacify the Ape demon. In response to this clamor appeared the priesthood.

"The priesthood declared that the jealous and angry Supreme Ape would destroy them all unless they gave him the larger part of their food, and built temples to him, and in these supported a large number of men to kneel before him, acknowledge his supremacy, and sing his praises all the time. I hav somewhere one of the litanies to the Eternal Ape."

"I should much like to see it," said I.

The Chimpanzee went off and returned with some very old and dry palm-leaves, from which he read me the following

LITANY TO THE HOLY APE.

O Ape of Apes, we acknowledge thee to be our creator and ruler!
Thou art angry with us nearly every day.
Just art thou, visiting our sins upon our children.
Thou art so very, very just!
Anger is thy customary attitude.
Thou art angry that we should keep thee angry.
We hav wickedly eaten the fruit of knowledge. Mad art thou!
We hav walked in the light of our own eyes. Mad art thou!
We hav followed the guidance of our own hearts. Mad art thou!
We hav set before us the wisdom of man instead of fear of thee. Mad art thou!
We hav not remembered that the wisdom of man is foolishness to the Great Ape. Mad art thou!
Thou god of wrath!
Thou jealous god!
Thou god of battles!
Almighty Gorilla!
The sun is thy throne, and the sun-stroke thy scepter.
Whirlwinds are wheels of thy chariot.
Common sense cannot stand before thy uncommon abilities.
Thou sendest thy plagues and our reason is silenced.
The thunder is thy argument.
The logic of thy lightning is irresistible.
Weak-minded were he who would withstand the persuasivness of thy pestilences.
Pity, Everlasting Ape, our inherited depravity, our tendency to think for ourselvs!
Through accursed human knowledge we hav strayed from thy ways like lost monkeys.
Yet, O Holy Ape, much of the monkey is left in us still.
We can still turn from the tree of knowledge to the tree on which cocoanuts grow.
Though we look like men not much of the spirit of men is left in us.
We will part with all of it if thou wilt smile on us.
Thou shalt hav our virgins, or thy priests shall.
Also, two-thirds of our wool.
Likewise of our bread and butter.
All who deny thee shall be roasted.
Only spare us, spare us, Holy, Eternal, Omnipotent Ape!

## Mrs. Slenker at Home Again.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKER FRIENDS: I am home once more, for three months at least. We had a warm week of it, and in coming home had nine miles to ride in an open farm wagon, over the joltingest of roads, and the mercury way up into the hundred, and sun boiling down its best. For three hours we had its full force. I guess we imbibed enough of its life-giving rays to last us a century or so.

Neighbors and friends all seemed glad to see us home again, their only regret being that the case was not "dismissed." But I tell them they need not hope for that. There is too much anticipation of "something rich" cropping out of "the celebrated Slenker case." Press and people all about are too "eager for the fray" to allow it to subside. My decoys, McEffe and Barclay, did all they could to hav it tried then and there, so as to save them the trouble of going again. They owned up that they did not enjoy the stings of the Liberal press, and I was glad they were not callous to them. They freely confessed that I had intended no obscenity, and meant only good work in all I had done. But of course, the more they want it hurried, the less it was best for us to hurry it.

It was several days before we could get the indictment made out, and all settled so we could leave. The whole trip was exhausting—physically so because of the heat and worry, and financially so of necessity. I paid $28 80 for the pleasure of going to Abingdon and being indicted and returning home again to wait three months for the final trial. Then I had my lawyers to pay, and their expenses there and back. I could not but think, as I saw the crowds of men thronging back and forth between the hotel and court-house, some reeling with intoxication, and some fighting till blood dripped on the pavements, and the majority chewing, smoking, and otherwise debasing themselvs, that the imaginary crime of obscenity was but as a floating mote in the air to the real crimes against mind and body that passed scot-free all around us.

On my return home I found enough mail matter waiting for me to fill a trunk—books, papers, and letters—not one too many, though, for I need every good word, and even adverse criticisms are beneficial and suggestiv. I hav not had time to even read all the letters yet, as a week's absence at this time of year makes much home work necessary.

I will attend to all the book orders this week, save one or two who, as usual, gave no post-office address. Where one receives hundreds of letters, they cannot remember addresses, or even take time to look them up; so they should be on each letter and card, if answers are desired.

Contributions for defense are still coming, and all will be needed, for it will be a long, hard fight. I hope none of you will let your enthusiasm wane, but keep on doing all you can in the good work. The fact that the "disgusting" bill passed in New York and became a law shows the determination of the ignorant and conservativ majority to rule or ruin the wise and Liberal minority. But mind will conquer in the long run. They may fetter and bind, cramp and confine, but they can never kill or destroy a single truth. Eternal vigilance, persistent labor, and untiring energy will giv us the battle. Don't be afraid of work; even unpleasant work must be done if we would conquer the world's evils.

A friend wrote, commenting on my sexual labor, that she thought I had suffered martyrdom enough in working for a lifetime against creed and church, and that I was taking far too much upon myself in my old days by going so deeply into this sex work. But did not D. M. Bennett, at about the same age, do the same thing? Did not Harriet Martineau, one of the grandest of all workers, do precisely the same? Am I to stand back with folded hands, afraid to be smirched, hesitating to speak, when I see just the same need they saw? Nay! giv me liberty or death! I could not vegetate even in palace halls, and know the great need of humanity for work that only myself could do—for only ourselvs can ever do our work. Each of us has a world of our own, and we should never shirk its duties. Friends, look out for your rights, and your children's rights. Speak now while you hav the power. There is a joy in battling for liberty and freedom. The dangers only enhance the pleasures, and victory is ours if we do not supinely let the fitting moment pass unheeded by.

Dear friends, while you are doing and saying so much for my help and defense, I want you to know that I am also trying to help all I can. I hav received and answered about nine hundred letters since my arrest, and every one of them kindly. I hav mailed off bushels of books and papers, even to selling nearly all my private library, including presentation copies from friends. I hav given health, strength, and time, and shall continue to do so as long as I am able.

I think you all see by this time that, though a few may condemn methods, the work has been, and is still, a needful one, and that behind it are grand, noble, and true men and women who will dare all for liberty's sweet sake.

Three months of freedom are before me, and in that time I want to do all I possibly can, and earn all I can. So I ask you to please order Liberal books of me—my own and others that you may wish to read or loan to pious friends. I should like to hear from every Liberal friend, and to hav each of you send for at least one of my books.

I need the stimulus of letters, orders, and advice, lest thoughts turn in upon themselvs and grow morbid. Nothing like useful work for health of mind and body. That week in jail, with nothing to do, was a terrible experience. One can bear a great deal when it is in a righteous cause, and they feel that they are doing useful and effectiv work for human good.

I am glad to see the Defense Fund roll up. It has cost me thus far to be arrested, jailed, bailed, and indicted over two hundred dollars, including lawyers' fees, and yet the real trial has not commenced. I tremble to think what would hav been had not so many of you so generously come to my aid and assistance. I hope hundreds more will come before Oct. 25th. We need the names and influence of every one. It is a cause that needs personal support as well as financial, and this is why I ask even those who are ill able, to send their names, if but twenty-five cents accompany them.

Though the work be called by foul epithets, it is the purest, cleanest, and best work of the age; and the time will come when you will each and all see it so. There are few reforms of all the past where the pioneers hav not had to face the obloquy of foul names and the stings of the conservativs.

Never a truth has been destroyed;
They may curse it and call it crime,
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay
Its teachers for a time.

But reforms never go backward. This fateful one of sexual purity is bound to win.

The fountain of love shall be cleansed, and the dreams of heavenly affectionateness shall be realized on earth, and become a part and parcel of the inheritance of all life's children.

We hav great need to work, for those who are not for us are against us, and the against are countless, as only the wise few are favored to see the beacon-star of light. So we will push on—

While the followers there
In embryo wait behind;
We to-day's procession heading,
We the route for travel clearing,
Pioneers! O pioneers!—*Whitman.*

July 23, 287. ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

IN my nativ land I hav stood, on the Fife shore of the Frith of Forth, on the daisied grass that was, only last century, a fiery Gehenna where maidens as lovely and mothers as leal as ever blessed man with their love or home with their faith perished in the devouring fire; perished with the Bible thundering, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to liv;" perished with the kirk of Scotland plying the flaming fagots and the fiery straw round woman's tender flesh, that writhed and shrunk and hissed in agony. I stood ankle-deep amid the grass and the buttercups, where, only in last century, the fires burnt out and left the ground covered with cinders and charred bones and remnants of half-roasted viscera. And why had I daisies there now instead of charred bones, and yellow buttercups instead of roasted hearts? Because now the Bible is weak and the Newspaper is strong; because Jehovah has begun to die, and Man has begun to liv; because humanity has dared to become a rebel to heaven and its book, and loyal to earth and its happiness; because the fangs of the falsely-called church of God are broken, and men and women are awakening from the horrible nightmare of Calvary and its skulls.—*Saladin.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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## "The Design Argument."

That rare specimen in natural history, a Methodist troubled by Reason, has been found. He asks of the *Christian Advocate:*

"Christian people prove the existence of God by the design manifest in nature. Is there not a design in the attributes of God; and, if so, does it not argue a designer of God?"

To this budding logician Dr. Buckley replies:

"When Christian people show a design in nature, and draw from that the conclusion that there is a God, they boldly assume that God is the first great cause, and also assume his eternity. The word 'attributes,' as you use it, seems to show that you hav in your mind a sort of phrenological idea of God, and you conceive him as divided up. Put that out of the way, and hear his voice saying, 'I AM.' Then use your intelligence upon nature, and draw your presumptions from purpose in nature. But that will never induce anybody who did not believe in God before the attempt was made in that way to make him believe."

In his first and last sentences our learned doctor of divinity is right. The design argument is worthless without a monster assumption, and that assumption aids materially in destroying the argument. If the attributes of nature—her laws and their invariable fulfilment—argue design, so do the attributes of the designer compel us to find for him another designer. The God of the Christian is not one solid, eternal, persistent force, but a being who plans and repents—does and undoes—orders and revokes his orders—makes a law of nature and then performs a miracle to thwart it—in short, acts like a human being with a weak character and fickle disposition. He is "divided up" with attributes innumerable. If the possession of attributes argues a designer of these attributes, then God must hav had a designer. There is no escape anywhere or anyway from this conclusion. To say, "Put that thought out of the way, and hear his voice saying, 'I am,'" is biblical hocus-pocus, an appeal to a superstitiously reverenced authority to hide theological ignorance. It is no wonder that the admission is forced that the design argument will convert no one. To claim that it will, impeaches the reasoning powers of the world.

## One World at a Time.

Almost every orator and writer of the McGlynn-George party winds up his speech or little piece with these words:

"And the time will surely come when God's will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Now, we would respectfully suggest to the eminent gentlemen who are expounding God's will that it is about time to cease this claptrap and talk sense. In the first place, the existence of "God" is a debatable question; in the second, no one knows how things are done in heaven, and it is nowise likely that Mr. George's land theories hav been adopted there; in the third, if the Christian church doesn't know what God's will is, we don't believe Messrs. McGlynn and George do; in the fourth, every humbug preacher, every fighting tyrant, every enslaver of men, every persecutor of the human race, has invoked this same God, and declared him to be on his side.

It is time now to do something for humanity, and according to humanity. The world has for a great many centuries been run in the interest of God, and, if we may believe our new brace of social reformers, it has gone straight to the devil. Common sense, therefore, would seem to declare that the wiser course would be to run it in the interests of some one else for awhile. We know absolutely nothing of God's will in heaven, but we do know something of the poverty, the suffering, the injustice, that exist on earth.

## A Specimen Christian Woman.

We printed last week the news of the death of Cornelius A. Marshall, president of the Newark, N. J., Liberal League. Mr. Marshall possessed many friends outside of Newark, and to them his death was wholly unexpected. One of them, living in Orange, scarcely credited the newspaper announcement, and wrote to Mr. Marshall's brother-in-law in Newark for information, inquiring if the deceased and the president of the League were identical. He received the following reply from that gentleman's wife:

"NEWARK, July 18, 1887.

"*Dear Sir:* Cornelius A. Marshall, deceased, was the president of the Newark Liberal League. His mind was diseased for the last ten years, and I am sorry to say he got mixed up with that organization. We gave him a Christian burial, such as he would hav liked had his mind been clear.

"His disease was purpura and consumption. His brother and the Knights of Pythias took charge of the funeral.

"Respectfully, MRS. JAS. H. VAN HORN."

It seems impossible that a woman could write such unkind words of her dead brother, and we do not think she would were not her mind twisted by religion, and her natural sisterly love turned to hatred by the poison of her creed. We knew Mr. Marshall well, and though, in our opinion, he made some foolish errors in his connection with Liberal work, no one could say his reason was unseated. He was earnest, and his mind was sharp and sound. He did much good and hard work for the Newark League, and is justly held in high esteem therefor. His sister's words are slanders for which the Christian religion is responsible.

## The Editor and the Professor.

It seems from a correspondence between Prof. Egbert C. Smyth, the head and front of the Andover school of the future-probation doctrin, and the editor of the New York *Independent*, a Congregationalist journal of wide repute, that the expelled and censured professors can find but little scripture to support their theory. Mr. Bowen wrote to Mr. Smyth, asking him to name "those passages of scripture which giv hope that the heathen, who hav never in this life been offered salvation through Christ, will, after death, hav the opportunity to accept God's forgivness and be saved." Mr. Smyth wrote back that his friend Dr. Hincks would prepare a three-column "review of the biblical reasons" for supporting the future probation doctrin. Mr. Bowen rejoined that he wanted the passages of scripture pointed out, not reviewed. Mr. Smyth answered him that, if he wanted the review previously spoken of, Professor Hincks would prepare it. Mr. Bowen, with truly remarkable persistency, wrote again for the passages of scripture relied on to prove the Andover heresy to be Andover orthodoxy. Mr. Smyth retorted that the opinion was becoming prevalent that the *Independent* "is in danger of destroying its reputation for intelligent and helpful treatment of sacred scripture." Mr. Bowen then published the correspondence, remarking that Mr. Smyth and his confreres were helping the Infidels, and insinuated that a Wall street shark wouldn't be as mean as the Andover professors are in using trust funds to pay the expenses of propagating an opinion not shared by the corpse that once owned the cash.

This is a case where we can applaud a religious editor. The persistence with which he grappled for those passages of scripture commands our admiration. That he did not get them shows very conclusivly that they are not in the theological mudhole searched, and Mr. Smyth ought to hav owned up at once that it was no use searching for them. For it is a fact that the Bible givs the Andover professors no aid and comfort, the teaching of Jesus being that the man who did not believe on him should go to hell. Nothing is said about giving the heathen a second chance, and such a doctrin is plainly extra-biblical, and very gossamer of texture.

The fact of the matter is, if the New Testament is true, about ninety-nine of every hundred human beings will, when they die, eternally roast in fire, while the rest will sing songs of praise. It's a square up and down doctrin, proclaimed by Jesus and taught by all the Christians whose religion could remain unchanged by their humane feelings. If the New Testament is true, it is hell or heaven for the whole human race, past, present, and to come, including the heathen.

We trust, however, that the parties to this controversy will forgiv us if we remark that the absolute accuracy of the canonical scriptures is very generally questioned.

## Another Land Scheme.

One hundred and twenty-four members of the English Parliament are in favor of the following land scheme propounded by Charles Bradlaugh:

"Ownership of land should carry with it the duty of cultivation.

"Where land capable of cultivation with profit, and not devoted to some purpose of public utility or enjoyment, is held in a waste or uncultivated state, the local authorities ought to hav the power to compulsorily acquire such land.

"The compensation is to be only the 'payment to the owner for a limited term of an annual sum not exceeding the then average net annual produce of the said lands.'

"The local authorities are to let the lands thus acquired to tenant cultivators.

"The conditions of tenure are to be such 'as shall afford reasonable encouragement, opportunities, facilities, and security for the due cultivation and development of the said land.'"

The first proposition, says Mrs. Besant, would destroy all large holdings, while not destroying private property in land. Idle landlords could not squat on land and evict would-be cultivators who did not pay rent. The tendency of the second, however, is to destroy private property in land, as it givs the nation supreme power over its land by giving the state power to eject landlords on a particular pretext—that of not using the land to the best advantage. The third clause, regulating compensation, is fair if it be recognized that man has no right to absolute ownership of the soil. Taking that view, to giv the ejected tenant compensation equivalent to just what he obtained from the soil itself would be just. But if a man can absolutely and inalienably possess land, then the scheme is decidedly unjust.

It will be noticed that Mr. Bradlaugh's scheme, like that of Henry George, depends upon a satisfactory answer to the question, Can men rightfully possess land which they may let lie idle, and evict therefrom other men who would cultivate it?

## Leo Taxil.

Probably not half a dozen of our readers know Leo Taxil from Leo XIII., except as they know that the latter's name was never Taxil. But nevertheless, Mr. Taxil has been a gentleman of prominence, a virulent enemy of the thirteenth Leo, though now his friend and ally. Mr. Taxil is a resident of Paris, in sunny France, and, until a few years ago, was known as a Freethinker. His notoriety proceeded from his publication of the "Anti-Clerical Library," being illustrated pamphlets leveled at the Jewish Jehovah and the Jewish Jehovah's Christian church. Our readers will recollect the comic pictures reproduced from them on the last page of THE TRUTH SEEKER some months ago. Though not the works of the most elevated art, they are keen caricatures of the barbaric religion anomalously prevalent in some civilized countries. The text, in French, is ferociously witty, but of a character better appreciated in France than here.

We are reminded of these things by seeing in our American papers an extract from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of London, reading thus wise:

"A curious scene was witnessed the other day at the Vatican. M. Leo Taxil, whose real name is Jongand, formerly wrote some of the most 'anti-clerical' works ever printed. According to his own account, while composing a diatribe against Joan of Arc he had to refer to the history of her trial and condemnation, and was so struck with the angelic character of the heroin that he felt himself suddenly converted to the very faith he was abusing.

"He proceeded instanter to Rome, to implore the pope's forgivness and blessing. His holiness at once granted him a private audience, which lasted half an hour, during which he wept at the feet of the holy father. At length the pope consented to giv him his blessing on the condition that in his future works he would labor to undo all the harm he had done to the Catholic church. M. Leo Taxil promised

he would do his best, and departed. Before leaving, however, he had to make the piquant confession that he had not yet been able to convert his wife, who remained a hardened Atheist."

There seems to be something awry with the chronology of this incident, for it was first bruited abroad about two years ago. However, as this story is somewhat of an improvement upon the old one, we will accept it in lieu thereof, and all the more willingly as it enables us to pay a tribute to a woman. We lift our hat to Mrs. Taxil, and trust that she will ever resist the attempts of her husband to drag her down to the church of Rome.

There is another thing that we would say, connected with this case of recantation. When the story was printed two years ago, we made some inquiries, in answer to which we were told—and this was corroborated by the English press—that Leo Taxil had gone crazy.

## Editorial Notes.

THIRTEEN Philadelphia churches hav been changed into factories and school-houses within the last few years. The *Bulletin* of that city correctly calls this "improvement's march."

THE next chapter of Professor Oswald's remarkably clear and able Contribution to the Religion of the Future will be published next week. In these papers Professor Oswald is building, on the ground cleared by science, an enduring structure of natural morality. And he is building it handsomely, too.

MR. I. W. GROH, author of "Is the God of Israel the True God?" writes us that only he has been excommunicated from the St. Paul Reformed church at Schaefferstown, Pa., and not his wife. He says: "It was the impression that they would also excommunicate her, because I informed them that she holds the same opinions, and desires to hav her name taken from the church roll. As we were not present at their meeting, but learned that the excommunication ceremony had been performed, I reported before I was apprised of the above fact."

THE discovery of a woman in the moon is announced by W. H. Burr, in a letter to the New York *Sun*. It was made more than a year ago by Dr. James M. Thompson, a retired physician of Washington. It is a profile occupying the west half of the moon, the dark spot above answering to the banged hair. She faces a little upward, and has a neck big enough to require a collar of the size that Mr. Cleveland wears. And yet she is good-looking. The profile may be seen through an opera-glass. And now, we suppose, the man in the moon must go. So turn the rascal out.

WE hav received the subjoined card from E. H. Heywood:

"PRINCETON, MASS., July 29, Y L. 15.

"EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: Thanks for inserting mine of the 16th, but you crossed out 'Y.L. 15,' and put '1887' in its place. By what right do you try to put back on my neck the A.D Christian yoke that, nine years ago, I deliberately repudiated? Since then Christian 'time' has been 'no longer' with me. Bennett and Abbot used to print dates as I sent them—permitting me to be 'crazy' or sane at my own risk and cost. I date in the year of love from the origin of the New England Free-Love League in Boston, Feb. 25, 1873. Truly yours, EZRA H. HEYWOOD."

We are very sorry to hav committed so great an outrage upon Mr. Heywood's personal liberty. He undoubtedly possesses the inalienable right to date his communications as absurdly as he pleases. But then, somewhere around about here, comes in our inalienable right to use our own discretion in editing THE TRUTH SEEKER.

SAYS the Milwaukee *Sentinel* in its issue of July 20th:

"But in this world which lies outside the influence of the pulpit, are men as intolerant as any who ever persecuted others for opinion's sake. They are not content to be amiably indifferent to what they consider the unwarranted license of affirmation in theology, but with the zeal of the bigot they make assaults on the church. They scorn the attitude of Goethe, who said: 'I keep silence at many things, and am well content if others can find satisfaction in what gives me offense.' Of this class of zealous bigots is Ingersoll. If his warfare were made at a time when religious intolerance took the form of political and personal persecution, it would hav an excuse; but to assail with tongue and pen the religious beliefs of men and women whose lives are good, is to be as intolerant as those he accuses of intoleraunce. It is not such men as Ingersoll who hav secured to men the right to be free in their opinions, and at the same time to be respectable. The cause of liberality was never advanced by illiberal advocates."

The proper place for the man who wrote that, if it expresses his honest sentiments, is in some asylum for infant idiots.

"HERESY, or what used to be called by that name," says the Nova Scotia *Trades Journal*, "seems to be becoming very common in orthodox Scotland. Both in the Free and Established Assemblies this year there were strong protests against some things in the Confession of Faith, and strong demands for that venerable document being revised. By some of the leading doctors the Confession was handled with scant courtesy. In fact, the whole thing was treated by those reverend gentlemen who had all subscribed to its doctrins as if the whole were a good joke. Laughter and cheers were the order of the day. The signing of the venerable document was treated as if it were a meaningless formality, and as if there were not any necessity of keeping up the pretense even of honesty when by their signatures men declared that that was 'the confession of their faith.' This is alarming, not as to whether the Confession of Faith is correct or not, but as exhibiting the miserable Sadducean dishonesty and levity with which reverend gentlemen can treat their own signatures and oaths. One said truly they 'were quibbling with the church and paltering with their consciences.' A church is in a bad way when its office-bearers sign its creeds with a mental reservation, or treat the whole thing as a good joke or a transparent farce. For such a church reformation or destruction is not far off. Think of a reverend doctor and theological professor saying that 'the Confession of Faith could not be honestly signed by any man whose mind was open to the religious impressions of the day.' And yet he himself had signed that Confession, and it is through his having done so that he holds his present position and draws his yearly salary. A nice man he is to teach his students honesty and courageous uprightness."

"THE Fathers of Our Republic" received the following indorsement from the pen of Colonel Ingersoll: "MY DEAR REMSBURG: Accept my thanks for 'The Fathers of Our Republic.' I was greatly interested in the lecture, and at the time I heard it hoped it would be issued in book form. You hav done a good work, and hav done it well. Your facts are stated in an admirable way, and your conclusions justly and naturally drawn. The pamphlet will do great good. The minds of thousands will be disabused. It has been and still is the business of most ministers and priests to show that all the great dead—the patriots, scientists, and philosophers—were small enough, and ignorant enough, and hypocritical enough to pretend to be what they were not, and to believe what they did not. Yours truly, R. G. INGERSOLL."

A MINISTER writing to the *Christian at Work* from West Virginia reveals his discovery of a book describing Maryland, by George Alsop. The book was written two hundred years ago. Mr. Alsop was an enthusiastic admirer of Maryland and her institutions, and among the many marvels he found there when he came from England was Roman Catholics and Episcopalians dwelling together without bloody warfare. Such a state of affairs he never before conceived possible. In admiring surprise he writes:

"Here the Roman Catholick and Protestant Episcopal concur in unanimous parallel of friendship and inseparable love intoyled into one another. All inquisitions, martyrdoms, and banishments are not so much as named but unexpressably abhorred by each other. The several opinions and sects that lodge within this government meet not together in mutinous contempts to disquiet the power that bears Rule, but with renewed quietness obey the legal commands of Authority."

Because of this phenomenon, and the fact that the people of Maryland usually had enough to eat, he calls her The Miracle of this Age.

A VERY large proportion of the sixty-eight thousand votes received last fall by Henry George, candidate for the mayoralty of this city, were cast by the Socialists. Since then, however, Mr. George and his aiders and abettors hav shown small respect to this class of supporters, and hav endeavored to curry favor with the conservativs of society by repudiating them. Naturally enough, the Socialists resent this conduct, and in the election of delegates to the coming convention of the United Labor party at Syracuse they are coming out strong. In several districts the George men hav been defeated, and pledged and known Socialists chosen delegates. The proceedings at the primary in the Tenth Assembly district on the 27th ult. are interesting. After much quarreling between the George men and the Socialists, the meeting arrived at the voting point, with the Socialists several laps ahead numerically and oratorically. Three Socialist tellers were appointed, and the voters put their ballots in the hat. There were 140 votes cast, and only 111 voters present. The George men wanted the vote declared at once, but the Socialists roared dissent. They accused the George men of stuffing the hat, which was denied, but feebly. On a second ballot, the Socialist delegates were elected. The sympathy of the general public will in this case go with the Socialists. It was scarcely fair, after their support of George last fall, to giv them the cold shoulder for the sake of pleasing the conservativs who did not, and never would, vote for Mr. George. Whatever we may think of Socialism, to entertain that philosophy can scarcely be deemed as discreditable as stuffing ballot-boxes.

WHAT a Chicago journal calls "the rock ahead in woman suffrage" came to light in a recent convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, at Rock Island, Ill., after a speech by Mrs. Clara Neymann, of this city. The Union, as is well known, is an organization of the most fanatical women in the Christian church, while Mrs. Neymann is a very heterodox person. Her paper at this convention dealt exclusivly with woman suffrage, but it did not satisfy her Christian sisters, if we credit the correspondent of the Boston *Woman's Journal*, who wrote to that paper:

"Mrs. Louise S. Rounds, state president of the Illinois Woman's Christian Temperance Union, spoke of the paper presented by Mrs. Neymann. She said she had heard names quoted—Emerson, John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer—eminent names that would liv for years, perhaps, but not one word of Jesus, to whom alone this reform could look for permanent support. She was first of all a Christian, then a temperance woman, and, last of all—having come to the position 'gingerly,' as her hearers would witness—a believer in suffrage for women on temperance grounds. She was tired of hearing the old, threadbare cry, the long harped-on tune, of 'woman's rights,' preached by the godless women who had been leaders in the cause. She spoke with much vehemence, and struck the pew with her hand to enforce her remarks."

The same criticism of the suffrage workers was forced upon the Cook county Women's Suffrage Association by Mrs. M. E. Holmes, president of the Illinois Suffrage Association. Mrs. Holmes claimed that "the one thing necessary was to consider the relation of suffrage to the church; that suffragists stand out from church work too much. She claimed that they cannot do the work until they, as suffragists, get into the churches; that a strict spiritual as well as a suffrage society is necessary. She said this is the only way to get the church people in the work. A strong feeling is prevalent that suffrage has nothing to do with religion, and if that be the case, she wanted nothing to do with suffrage." The advocates of woman suffrage will find, like all reformers, that Christian allies are a detriment rather than a help. Unless the reform will make to the glory of God, the sewing circle, and the beloved pastor, the dear sisters will hav none of it.

THE story goes that a Wolf, seeing a Lamb drinking at a stream below him, resolved to find some plea which should justify to the Lamb himself his right to eat him. He therefore accused him of roiling the water. The Lamb called the attention of the Wolf to the fact that he was below the Wolf and could not possibly effect the water upstream. The Wolf then charged him with insulting him the year previously, but the Lamb replied that he was not then born. After a further conversation, in which the Lamb had decidedly the best of the argument, the Wolf seized him, remarking that he would not go without a victim even though the Lamb refuted every one of his imputations. There is, therefore, a similarity between the Wolf and Anthony Comstock, as represented this week by our front-page picture.

THE Rev. J. A. Scott, of Hot Creek, Va., writes the following charges against the Christian church:

"In the Southern states the negro Baptist preachers [and perhaps others] are very ignorant, very venal, and hav great control over their people. In nearly all sections of the South, in closely contested elections, the effort is made to bribe the preacher, and through him control the congregation. This effort is largely successful. Few negroes can resist a bribe. The church is prostituted for money to be the servant of corrupt political partisans.

"The English prelatical church, and other established churches receiving from the civil power protection and support and honor, pay it back in loyal protestations and service. The church serves the state as its master. Note the loyalty of the Anglican church to the Stuarts. Note the Toryism of the Episcopalians during the Revolutionary war.

"Several of the Protestant churches of this country hav voluntarily sold themselvs or bestowed their church influence to the furtherance of some political issue. For instance, the Northern Methodists enacted and tried to enforce Abolitionism; the Northern Presbyterians decided to uphold the Federalists as opposed to the State's Rights interpretation of our Constitution, and to compel its people so to do. And various denominations hav since, protesting their loyalty to the present government, sought to, by way of return, shape its policy. They memoralize it about how to treat the Mormons, Prohibition, Knights of Labor, etc. Of course this is apart from the proper work of the church. The church teaches her members to be good citizens, but she has nothing to do with dogmatizing about forms of government or questions of civil policy. Whenever she has done so she has blundered, and her shame has sooner or later become manifest.

"But chiefly the Romish church has sold herself to the governments on earth. It is her policy in every land. Through her priests she controls her people. Everywhere she trafficks with the civil power, to enhance her ecclesiastical prerogatives. In the United States she sells her votes to the party that is most subservient, and that gives the largest returns in the way of money and influence. In Ireland she, so far as she dares, throws her influence with the Home Rule party, to maintain her power over them. In Germany she sells her influence to despotic Bismarck, that she may increase the influence of her bishops. Such is her policy. Everywhere, for her own advancement, she bargains and trafficks with the powers of the world. And it is to that shameless and persistent policy that she owes her worldly grandeur and power."

Mr. Scott's criticism of the Northern Methodists is scarcely deserved. The Methodists of the North did not really want to "enact Abolitionism," but they were driven to it at last. Aside from this, Mr. Scott's indictment is a true bill.

### Two Magazines.

The two articles in the *Popular Science Monthly* for August that will more particularly interest Freethinkers are Andrew D. White's "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," and Grant Allen's "Progress of Science from 1836 to 1886," taken from the *Fortnightly Review*. The *Monthly* shows no falling off from its high standard since the death of its founder.

The *Forum* for August contains eleven papers of interest to almost everybody. From partisan Governor Foraker to peaceful Professor Ely, the writers are men of exceptional ability, though most of them are conservativly and piously wrong in their philosophizing. The *Forum* is published at 97 Fifth avenue.

### Tortured by Means of Christian "Science."

*A Physician's Letter in Boston Evening Transcript.*

I make this protest because of the agony and death which a so-called Christian science practitioner has brought to an aged woman. For months she had been allowed to suffer, and her life has been shortened by weeks, and perhaps by months. Less than three months ago I was asked to see this poor woman, who had been under the care of a Christian scientist for more than six months. I found her in a very feeble condition, hardly able to get out of bed alone, and blanched from the continual loss of blood. She was told, however, that nothing was the matter, and that she must act after such a belief. On examination I found that she was suffering from cancer, which had been allowed to advance so far that it was impossible to remove it by operation. Much, however, could be done to relieve the intense pain and check the loss of blood. The "scientist" had full control, and notwithstanding the patient's protestations of weakness and pain, she was told to forget it, and was urged into the street. The patient was not allowed to use the ordinary means of relieving pain, such as hot cloths, because "in reality there was no pain." Now, what was needed was the most absolute quiet. As the result of her efforts to be about there were frequent and very profuse hemorrhages. The patient was told that she was getting better. A few days before her death, after dragging herself down three flights of stairs and into the street, a hemorrhage began, which lasted all night. Being alone, and having used every available article, she was obliged to tear up a blanket in her endeavor to stanch the flow of blood. In the morning she was again told that it was of no account, and that the disease was passing from her. When the patient, with some doubt in her mind, referred to the torn blanket she was told that it merely told how strong she was. Her faith in this mode of treatment at last gave way. A bed in one of the hospitals of the city was procured for her, but she died on the following day before she could be removed to it.

# Letters from Friends.

ANDOVER, July 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am one week in the rear, but credit me from July 1st. I don't want to miss one paper; too good to be lost. I may not want the old lien long, for I am nearly eighty years old, but here is $3 to venture for another year. May truth increase and fogyism decrease.

WARREN STRICKLAND.

MARSHFIELD, OR., July 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5, half of it to pay for the paper for another year for myself, and the balance to pay for it for a year to be sent to Prairie City, Ill. I hope you will continue the pictures in the paper, for they are not only amusing, but very instructiv in illustrating and showing up some of the many humbugs and wrongs that are being perpetrated upon a credulous and superstitious world.

S. P. Putnam was here a short time ago, and gave a number of his thought-awakening lectures, and, judging from the numbers that were out to hear him, I think they will bear good and abundant fruit. In fact, I certainly think there are but few men, if any, that are doing the same amount of good in this land that he is, with his earnest and logical lectures, together with the disposal of the many Freethought books and pamphlets, and securing of many subscribers to your valuable paper. Long may he and others of his faith liv to struggle for the right. W. A. GILMORE.

605 RIVER STREET, TROY, N.Y.

MR. EDITOR: If you hav space in the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I wish you would print in them for me the following appeal: I am a young man and hav a family, and I am tired of living in New York state working for another man. I want for myself and family to work. I want to go out where the earth, the air, and the sunlight are free. Now, I wish some of the subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER would giv me some idea of the government land in the Western states. I see a great many articles printed in THE TRUTH SEEKER that hav been written by parties who live in Colorado, Iowa, Wyoming, Illinois, Wisconsin, Nebraska, and other states. Will they please be so kind as to giv me some idea of the land in their vicinity—land that I can liv on and cultivate for five years and then call my own? Or, perhaps, some Infidel is rich enough to giv me some land, for they are very liberal people. They can notify me by letter. I am an American and an Infidel, and am not afraid to sign myself as such. S. D. JEFFERS.

TEXAS, MICH., July 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Is it necessary, in order to show our lack of faith in prayer to a being no one knows anything about, to resort to the orthodox style of writing Sunday-school yarns?

In your issue of June 11th S. P. Wood, of Kalamazoo, Mich., tells a tale of horror, if true, of a small child slipping into an eight-inch well, and that God, as usual, did not come to the aid of the praying mother.

Now, the above story fully illustrates the non-interference of the gods in human affairs. But, alas for the story! like the Christian's account of the blasphemer that was turned to fire, it lacks the element of truth. I hav lived in Kalamazoo county, Mich., over fifty years, and never heard of such an accident; and, to add to the impossibility of such an account being true, there is not known such a rocky ledge within fifty miles of Kalamazoo.

No use telling Sunday-school stories to wipe out faith in a prayer-answering God. Let the faithful believer point to one well-authenticated case where the gods responded to the cry of a grief-stricken mother. L. S. BURDICK.

FORT MADISON, IA., July 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3 for subscription due. I hav been expecting to get one or two names to send in with mine, and in fact hav one partly promised, but am too busy to see them now. I shall work for them all the same after sending mine.

I am very much pleased with the way you conduct the paper, and notwithstanding we do not agree on the subject of immortality, still I hav not one word of censure.

Of course, we are all well pleased with Brother Putnam. He is a genial, good fellow, and a gentleman "from the ground up." He gave me much more than I care to claim when he wrote me a Spiritualist, for I am quite sure 95 per cent of the phenomena is fraud for money-making. I am "rock-rooted" on the continued existence philosophy, and hav no fears that my individuality will ever be destroyed; and to the friends who entertain similar views (and all others) I wish to extend a cordial "shake"—failing here, to be given on the other shore; or, as our Christian friends say, "beyond the bounds of time and space."

J. R. TEWKSBURY.

AYER, MASS., July 17, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I felt well repaid for going three miles in the hot sun and returning in the dark (though with more light than when I went) to listen to the inspiring words of that champion of Freethought, L. K. Washburn. His avalanche of logic and truth, exposing the superstition, ignorance, fraud, and pretense of the Christians, fell serenely on the full-fledged Freethinkers, while it was quite too warm for the pinfeathered tribe, and altogether too much light for those just emerging from the orthodox shell, who had not supposed the world was so full of light. The orthodox were grieved and chagrined to see their idols thus smitten by the sword of truth which proceeded out of the mouth, and turned every way to guard the way of the tree of life—the freedom of man, woman, and child.

And the wail that was afterward heard: "Oh, if we only had the power the church once had we would hunt these Infidels down! They should no more endanger our craft. We would accept their blood in lieu of the blood of Christ!"

This inspired apostle of truth challenged the Christians to show wherein they carried out the precepts of their divine master, but it was much easier to show wherein they did not than wherein they did. When the lecturer compared the Bible to John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," I was reminded of Bunyan's "holy war," prophetic of the battle now being fought—the bombardment of eye-gate and ear-gate. The bolts, bars, and keepers are inside, short of ammunition, acting only on the defensiv, and their sure surrender is only a question of time.

The cheerful faces of the Freethinkers evinced their love of music—the rattling of the dry bones of historic Christianity; while the Christians wore mourning for their wounded idols, and their sad faces showed how painfully they swapped human affections for the love of the deities—left the warm, growing, green earth for the skies. The protracted prayer-meetings were proof that they loved darkness rather than light.

I should say Brother Washburn was a good commander of heavy artillery, and is well practiced with siege guns. His early experience as a sharp-shooter while in the church was good practice for the heavy work. Long may he liv to break the shell of superstition and let the oppressed go free and giv sight to the blind, is the confident hope of

Yours truly, ELIJAH MYRICK.

HANNIBAL, MO., July 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: You hav doubtless been informed that a separation of the Moralist Society of this city has taken place. I feel it to be a duty, which is mine in common with others who are cognizant of the facts and equally interested, to giv without undue emphasis an impartial account of this so-called separation. The objects for which this society was formed are briefly and plainly set forth in its constitutional declaration of principles: "To promote the development of a general diffusion of knowledge on all subjects appertaining to the amelioration of the human race, and that enlightened reason is the highest tribunal known to man by which we are to be condemned or exonerated. No dogmatical acknowledgment is required as a prerequisit to membership. But the sole requirement, aside from social and moral fitness, is an acquiescence in all the elementary truths of human intelligence, and the right to think on any and all subjects as to them may seem best; and, above all, to show charity and tolerance, which alone constitute what is known as Liberalism."

These claims were contained in the constitution when the Spiritualists joined the society about six years ago, since which time there has been a most perfect unanimity on all questions of Liberalism, no Spiritualistic discourse having in that time been delivered before the society.

Actuated by these sentiments, the Spiritualistic portion hav given their most hearty coöperation, having in view the highest aims and purposes of the society.

About a month ago a few discontents, for no known cause, calling themselvs Agnostics, sought to break up the society by first getting possession of all the property belonging to the society. They then induced the superintendent to order a called meeting on a very short notice, and passed a resolution, declaring the Spiritualistic portion of the society separated from the society. No question of this kind had ever been brought before or discussed by the society. They then held a meeting among themselvs, and made and adopted an amendment to the Moralist constitution, debarring all "Christians, Spiritualists, and free-lovers from membership in the society." The Moralist Society met in regular session at its quarterly meeting on the first Sunday in July, and ignored entirely the proceedings of this called meeting, on the ground that as no belief or unbelief is a fundamental principle of the society, therefore the position taken is unconstitutional, and cannot be made a cause of separation.

J. B. CHESLEY.

NEWPORT, ME., July 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I cannot satisfy my conscience till I tell you and the readers of your truly valuable paper what my feelings were while reading Parker Pillsbury's book, "The Plague and Peril of Monopoly."

So deep down was I stirred that I wanted every man and woman in the world to read it. Is that book, full of startling facts, to be read by a comparativly few, when it ought to be scattered broadcast and read by millions? Unless the people awake to a realization of the true condition they are in, another "sea of blood" is sure to come to this nation. When he says, "Oh, but there is such a need of intelligence everywhere!" my soul was sick and sad, because it is true. While the people hav been, and are, asleep, they are being bound hand and foot. To me the situation is appalling, and I fear that only the thunder of another bloody revolution will awake them. I earnestly hope the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER will send for thousands of copies of this book.

But what is the cause of this fearful condition of things? How came this about? How did a few become so vastly rich? By what power do they hold all the wealth? Has pay for the use of money, called usury or interest, been the cause of bringing the people to the state of slavery they are in? There is, there must be, some great underlying cause for this appalling state of things, and unless the people know why they are in bondage, why a few hold these vast estates, why their incomes are so enormous, we make but slow progress toward a solution of this momentous question. Could men amass the vast amount of wealth they do if it were not for the pay they got for the use of money, called interest? I am in earnest about this intensely important subject. Who will answer it?

To "A Poor Man from Kent" I will say, the first thing for the people to do is to demand of the government that it take its robber hands out of the people's pockets; that it shall repeal a great many laws, and that it stop "making" laws. I want law-makers, state and national, to stop legalizing crime. Countless millions of days' work are done every year by the poor to get money to pay for the use of money, called interest, when it should be free. Never until this system of infernalism, interest on money, is stopped can the people hav their rights.

I want the people to demand of the government that it abolish the army and navy immediately. Armies are kept for the sole and only purpose to keep the people from asserting their rights. It costs billions of days' work of the producers to support this entirely useless, disgraceful affair, an army and navy.

I want the government to abolish their custom houses, and giv us free trade. When the army is disbanded, and those legalized robbers, custom-house officers, and the soldiers go to work, there will be millions less paupers to support, which will do a great deal to help the poor to a home.

And now a word about going home sober. As it has been hundreds of years that the stomach has been a receptacle for all manner of abominable food, it will take a long while for men to get a natural, healthy appetite, so I will not discuss that question, though it would be a pleasure to do so.

To me it is very easy to see "if no land is to be sold," everyone would hav a plenty. When people stop selling the land, men will not hav to build a house on "land belonging to another." Every man has a natural right to land enough by a reasonable amount of labor for a home, and the vandal hand of the usurer should never touch it, and it never should be taxed, Henry George to the contrary notwithstanding.

"The debts of our country." If you mean the "public debt," so-called, I say, if the people were not slaves they would never pay another dollar, for it has already been paid in principal and interest. And as for private debts, so-called, when the interest equals the principal, the debt is paid. Whether "the capitalist puts in more hours than the poor man" is of not much consequence. In every kind of business in the world there should be coöperation, and finally community life, where they shall "hold all things common," and work for love. This, and this only, will prove to be the panacea for all the ills or woes that afflict the race. Never until the people stop working for pay, and grow to a condition of true human brotherhood, and work each for the good of all, will there be peace on earth and good will among men and women. Upon that principle I hav worked for many years. Brother, will you join my church?

SEWARD MITCHELL.

BURLINGTON, KAN., July 4, 1887.

To ELMINA: You are sixty-three, and I am sixty-nine. We hav lived to witness many changes in the arts and sciences, in mechanics, and in politics and religion. The railroads for the transportation of passengers and freight from the rock-bound coast of the East to the Golden Gate of the West, and from the frozen regions of the North to the summer land of the South, were unknown when you and I were enjoying our childhood days. And we can realize, too, that in politics and religion we hav not progressed as in the above-named sciences and mechanics. We well remember when we had in our United States Senate chamber senators who were men of renown—a Webster, Calhoun, Silas Wright, Henry Clay, Hayens of South Carolina, Louis Cass of Michigan, and others who were noted for their patriotism and integrity.

We had no sleuthhound of the ilk of Comstock sneaking around the national capital to approach senators and representativs to buy them for a few shekels to support his inquisitorial schemes to decoy innocent people into his construction of crime in violating his obscenity laws, emanating from his bigoted and superstitious mind, and a clan of inquisitors called the Young Men's Christian Association, endeavoring, with other Christian parties, to get control of our government. And, our Congress having retrograded from the high position that it occupied in those days into a body (with few exceptions) of millionaires and attorneys for the railroads, banking and other monopolies, we can realize how those infamous laws were enacted that you are arrested under and condemned as a criminal by an unprincipled, subsidized press, and an ignorant populace who are controled by the priesthood and dishonest politicians, for endeavoring to educate the people on the baneful influence of intemperance on themselvs and their posterity. But you know that according to the Christian standard of morals (the Bible), one of the first commands given to Adam and Eve was to be fruitful, multiply, and replenish the earth. And the clergy will not be condemned for not trying to fulfil the command. And Paul, who is the author of two-thirds of the New Testament, advises that if a man take a virgin unto himself, let him do whatsoever he will to her. There is no sin; let them marry.

Elmina, I hav learned that there are too many of our professed Liberals who are not free from their superstitious notions of obeying unjust laws which hav been enacted by ignorant and unprincipled legislators. The Comstock obscenity law, as I understand, was passed by our Congress in the last small hours of a session, when the members were more or less asleep under the effect of intoxicating beverages and anxious to adjourn and go home. The law demonitizing silver in 1873 was enacted under similar circumstances, and members acknowledge since that they did not understand the features of the bill; and the president (Grant) pleaded the same ignorance for his dereliction of duty after he approved it.

I hav cited you a few of the many unjust laws enacted in the last twenty years in the interest of church and a corrupt state, and proving that our civilization is very deficient in moral principle.

You are arrested under the notorious Comstock law, and condemned as a criminal and felon for committing no offense, against the rights of the people, but to satisfy an ignorant

priest-ridden populace, and an unprincipled, superstitious, and bigoted priestcraft. And you are not alone. Seven men are confined in prison in Chicago for committing no crime, but exercising the right of the freedom of speech contrary to the dictum of the monopolistic power and a subsidized press, and the ignorance of the court, jury, and people. What will be the end it is difficult to divine. I cannot assist you financially, for I am crippled with rheumatism in my feet, hands, and arms, and hav given up all manual labor, and it is difficult to write. Hoping that you will be liberated, I remain,

Your friend, CHRIS. BROWN.

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NEW ERA, MICH., July 4, 287.

MR. EDITOR: We in this county are literally enshrouded by Christian ignorance and Christian bigotry; nevertheless, I am glad when I can send even a small order to THE TRUTH SEEKER office. I am not quite alone, but I at times feel very lonely and poor because ostracism in its most virulent form is ever present. JOHN M. LOGAN, M.D.

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LEON, IA., July 18, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Miss Katie Kehm, of Ottumwa, Iowa, gave two lectures near Leon, Iowa—out-door meetings—subjects, "Religion of Humanity," and "The Influence Christianity Has on the Minds of the Rising Generation." They were delivered July 10th and 17th to good audiences, and were a success in every particular. J. W. LONG.

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EAST OTTO, N. Y., July 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Not receiving THE TRUTH SEEKER as usual, I reasoned that its failure to appear was my own fault, as I had not renewed my subscription for the present year, which I now hasten to send you, together with a new subscriber. I feel your paper is a necessity, and I do not intend to do without it, and the least that I can do is to wish you well and renew promptly.

Inclosed please find $5 for the same and oblige,

Yours truly, CLARK BURCHARD.

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MARSHFIELD, OR., June 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3, for which we wish you to send us THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Mr. Putuam, your famous lecturer, has just been here sowing Freethought seeds. I think in time there will spring up a tree of liberty of thought even here, where there are two churches among a population of five hundred.

Mr. Putnam left a part of himself here in the way of books of his own writing. I hav read "Adami and Heva," "Lend a Hand," "Problems of the Universe," "Waifs and Wanderings," and "A Lay Sermon" by Robert G. Ingersoll; and I think when I get them all properly digested I will be a pretty good Liberal. He was kindly received here, even by those who differed with him in his theological views. Perhaps he has already sent you the nice little notices both papers here gave him. Mr. Putnam, as well as being a good lecturer, is quite a romancer; "Waifs and Wanderings" I liked very much. Fiction is a part of literature, I think, that should be true to our human nature in the characters, even if the plot is somewhat fairy-like. Fiction is read more than any other literature; our boys stuff their pockets with dime novels, and our girls read them inside their grammars at school. I sometimes think if we could weave something in this for the good of the young no better work could be done.

My husband had not made up his mind to take THE TRUTH SEEKER when Mr. Putnam was here. Will you please tell me who George Francis Train was, what kind of a writer he was, and if he is living now? E. A. H.

[George Francis Train is an eccentric philosopher, at present living in New York. He is about sixty years of age, and spends his time in Madison Square Park among the children. He has been wealthy, but is believed to hav lost the greater part of his money. He is a rather witty writer, though more noted for his eccentric style than any great merit. He is generally regarded as a "crank."—ED. T. S.]

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BUSHNELL, ILL., July 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav read Mr. R. G. Ingersoll's tribute to Henry Ward Beecher. It is a very fine production, and, I suppose, very appropriately applied to the minister so long the ruling star of Plymouth church. He seemed to use all there is in genius's thought upon the great theologian. Yet it seems to me he was very much limited in his task as far as theology was concerned. The denunciation of endless punishment by Mr. Beecher seemed to giv Mr. Ingersoll his greatest admiration for Beecher. It was that dogma of the orthodox creed that Mr. Beecher denounced as without justice, mercy, or goodness that secured the esteemed admiration. True, Mr. Ingersoll speaks highly of that bravery, independence, and moral courage that Mr. Beecher possessed, before which many theologians would quail with intimidation, also of the great preacher's magnanimity, his enlarged, generous, and liberal views when directed and molded by his reflections on the investigation of nature, and of the great goodness of his heart. These all received a share, and probably not too much, of the great orator's eulogy. That hight of goodness, charity, and mercy that Mr. Beecher reached in his expression and declaration, "I will not serve a God who has an endless punishment for his subjects," furnishes the greatest boom for the tribute. The ability of the man was good; the rejection of everlasting punishment one of his greatest acts. He seemed to add to his merits by adding to the character of God.

But the real Liberals in general, whether those born at Mr. Beecher's time or since, will ask for a more thorough denunciation of theological falsehoods—the doctrin of original sin, the fall of man, the son of God from the ghost, and Virgin Mary story, the vicarious atonement, and the forgivness of sins, not from the one against whom you hav sinned, and many more absurd ideas in the orthodox creeds. Yet Mr. Beecher could single out but one of the abominable lies, and it seemed as though he dare not expose the others. But we are gratified and thankful for humanity's sake that the efforts of great men are engaged to correct some of the mistakes and errors of the creeds. S. WEST.

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CITY OF FARIBAULT, MINN., July 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Fully realizing the value of your time, still I feel it a duty to encroach upon it far enough, at least, to render to you most sincere and hearty thanks for the favors shown me. I received the ANNUAL of 1886, and hav read it carefully. It contains several very useful hints and suggestions, besides much information which I shall use as seed when I go out again to sow. I always scatter a little seed upon every field that I pass by, and hav caused several people to stare when I hav called their attention to the enormous amount of church property that is untaxed, and several other points. I believe I hav a little mission on this earth, and, as I am able, I shall labor for the upbuilding of the temple of truth, and razing of the old ruin of error, that the hoot-owls of superstition and priestcraft may be without a resting-place in our land. Faribault is the head and front of Episcopalianism in the Northwest, and here it has its bishop, its schools—which cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, the finest and most magnificent buildings of our beautiful city. Here, also, is the place where they (the Christians) boasted, two years ago, when I had been here but a few months, that if I did not "join" they would starve me out in six months. If any of our folks come this way, please call, and we won't let you starve. I am enlisted for life, and mean to fight it out and die in the ranks, starve or otherwise.

Belief avails nothing, therefore it is folly for me to say what I believe, but I believe in a supreme power. I don't know much of that power, and the little knowledge I do possess does not prove him a fiend. I teach that if there is immortality for man (which I hope, and trust, and fully believe there is), man's happiness, then as now, will depend upon not what he has believed, but upon what he has done. Good works, a pure life, a noble life, a life devoted to the welfare of his fellow-men, a life upon which a man may look back without regret, will enable him to look forward without fear. I also teach that there is no forgivness for sin, nor punishment, except in the remembrance of the crime, which is always with us, whether we liv seventy or seventy million of years. Rewards and punishments are with us and in us, and are not from God, nor Jesus, who could bestow immortality no more than any other Jew or any other man, nor yet rob memory's urn of one grain of dust.

I write this to you that you may know something about me, and the effort that I am making; not because I feel that it is great, but that, if you will be so very kind, you may correct me where I go astray, and giv me truth where I hav error.

I intend to devote my whole time and attention to this matter as soon as I am able to do so, fully realizing that I must go out without recommendation or favor, with organized bands of church wolves to bark at my heels—but also satisfied that truth is mighty and must prevail.

If I dared, I would ask a question. Why not fix upon some time to date from that will not divide time into two parts? Why hav a B.C. and an A.D.? Why not fix upon a date that all historical literature and events can be arranged along upon a straight line? What do we care about when Jesus was born?

Now, thanking you for your patience, if you hav been patient, I will close with the names of some whom I think would be pleased to receive a copy of your paper, and who might subscribe. You will, of course, use your judgment as to sending the sample copies. DR. SEELEY.

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HAVANA, CUBA, June 29, 1887.

FELLOW TRUTH SEEKERS: I don't desire to bore you with worthless trash, and, knowing that we hav at the helm the veritable Franklin of the age, Mr. Eugene Macdonald, to hold me in check, I will now lay before you a few ideas relativ to what I deem one of the most important subjects of our time.

I think I can safely predict that, ere long, England will hav afloat guns that can be made to throw red-hot shot a distance of twenty miles; and I think that I can now giv the plans for a gun that would do it. Had England such guns—and we don't know but that she has—and were she to go to war with us, she might steam along at full speed off Long Island, and leisurely lay New York and Brooklyn in one vast expanse of ruins; or, instead thereof, place the United States under bonds to the extent of thousands of millions of dollars in order to save those cities, and the wealth therein contained—which wealth has, to a great extent, been hoarded up there in the form of magnificent edifices by a goodly number of scheming, swindling, Tweedy, Sharp fellows who hav succeeded by and through swindling tricks that they, for a long time, hav been playing upon the gawkies throughout our entire Union.

After England, or any other foreign power, in collusion with our capitalists at home, might hav succeeded in thus securing against us bonds to the extent of thousands of millions of dollars, the gawkies, throughout our Union, would be compelled to writhe under an onerous and burdensome taxation to pay the interest on those bonds and for their final liquidation. Oh, what another great haul the capitalists would rake in from the gawkies!

Were you to go to Liverpool you would behold magnificent graving-docks there, extending for eight or ten miles along the Mersey, into which docks, when the tide is high, the largest steamer may ride with absolute safety, and after six hours, when the tide may hav gone down, the water-tight gates of that great granit apartment may be closed, and the steamer left perfectly high and dry for inspection, repairs, or for preservation; and, when desired, the gates at high tide may be opened, and when the water may hav flown in around the steamer, she may be floated out into the river and steam away to the ocean.

Now, I will ask my fellow-gawkies why it is that we don't build any such docks at New York, to which some one will say, "Why, you goose, don't you know that the tide doesn't ebb and flow to the extent of nearly thirty feet at New York, as it does at Liverpool?" To which I would say, "Why, yes, old gander, but we hav the beautiful Hudson at New York, and by building a lock, that might raise the water to a hight of forty feet, and a capacity to hold a hundred vessels at a time, about forty or fifty miles from the city, on that river, and then, for a distance of eight or ten miles below that lock, on both sides of the river, construct our docks, they would hav a better foundation, not cost half so much, and be far better protected from a foreign enemy than the great docks at Liverpool, which are within easy range of the guns of ships in the Irish Sea. This great lock on the Hudson might be made to open and close once every hour, for the accommodation of passing vessels.

Were all this done, the people of New York and Brooklyn might be notified that, if they persist in remaining where they are, themselvs and their property might suffer the consequences; in which case they would move up to the vicinity of the lock, graving-docks, and navy yard, and build a new and much better city, with streets a hundred feet wide, and, in the middle of them, and from crossing to crossing, a row of trees containing one of every kind of tree that grows in our American forests, and two eucalyptus-trees between each crossing. On either side of this row of trees there should be a ten-foot sidewalk. Then New York would be the most salubrious city in the world, and entirely beyond the reach of foreign enemies, and entirely free from the ten-foot rise and fall of the tide that now annoys the shipping there. An honest, an eminent civil engineer, such as General John Newton, might design and superintend the construction of the whole work, and the profit to the people would be immense.

GEORGE NEWTON.

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SALEM, IA., July 10, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Please allow me space for a word. It is extremely queer that any reasonable man or woman can be so extremely foolish as to support a cause which is degrading to mankind, when a careful research is made and reason is the ruler supreme. How can mau believe he is on the down grade? Yet the ecclesiastical curs say that man is getting worse. History and reason tell us that we are on the progress instead of ou the decline. Never could I believe the most holy Bible was so outlandish, contradictory, absurd, and childish until I read it through carefully. At last I am thoroughly disgusted with anything that has anything but reason and humanity for its basis. My parents are both in the mire of superstition; so deep there is no chance for reason. I am going to do all that lies in my power for the advancement of liberty and fraternity. I came not to send division, but unity and love; not as the founder of Christianity, but to the contrary. It made me fairly shudder when I read "The Church and Its Influence," by John Peck, and some other correspondence of like character. When I think of the unspeakable cruelty of the church, it makes me wonder how man can uphold such things. Church-members say the church was right, but I say, Nay! I wish the influence of the church was trampled under foot; we would be the better. Many hav told me that all advancement was duc the church, but when they are sounded they will quail and say it is not for them to argue the case, but I will be damned if I do not believe all their nonsense—that nothing but the blood of Jesus will keep me from where fire-and-brimstone is plenty. I cannot go such foolishness. I believe that the only way to get to heaven is to be honest, upright, and kind in all things, and the better we are the better off we are. I sometimes think that the author of the "Religion of Science" is about right, but still I cannot tell exactly. But the theory of evolution comes more near to filling the bill than anything I hav read. Nature is the only god I recognize. I am in doubt as to whether there is a future existence, but if there is not, there is nothing lost by being honest in all things. Be so for principle's sake, not because of fear or reward, but for the general good of mankind—using the words of our worthy president, Robert G. Ingersoll. I neither want his heaven, nor fear his hell; any God who is so fiendish and bloodthirsty as the God of the Bible does not deserve the praise and flattery of anyone, but rather the contrary. He has broken every commandment he set forth but one, and that is the first—that no gods shall be before him. As I think of this it fills me with pity for such a poor, deluded people who would let such a tyrant be their guide. Reason rejects such as the word of God; reason asks for something of a higher nature than the so-called holy Bible.

Again, how can women—who hav been so oppressed by this Jehovah and the book claimed to be his word—oh, how can they submit to the atrocious crimes committed against them by this book and its priests? It is a wonder they are so silent, yet the majority of church membership are women. The men ought to go to their rescue. I wish all Liberals would unite to denounce such as an imposition.

There are several Liberals in this community, who do not care to subscribe for a Freethought paper, but who giv the preachers lots of trouble, and they are the best of citizens.

I hav been a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER for nearly a year, and I am very thankful we hav such papers to strengthen the sensible. I am lost without it. It has been given me by a friend, as I was so pinched to get along that I could not rake and scrape enough to spare to subscribe, but hope this will not always be the case. A LIBERAL.

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# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## A Midsummer Song.

Oh! father's gone to market town; he was up before the day,
And Jamie's after robins, and the man is making hay,
And whistling down the hollow goes the boy that minds the mill,
While mother from the kitchen door is calling with a will,
"Polly! Polly! the cows are in the corn!
Oh! where's Polly?"

From all the misty morning air there comes a summer sound,
A murmur as of waters from skies, and trees, and ground;
The birds they sing upon the wing, the pigeons bill and coo,
And over hill and hollow rings again the loud halloo,
"Polly! Polly! the cows are in the corn!
Oh! where's Polly?"

Above the trees the humming-bees swarm by with buzz and boom,
And in the field and garden a hundred flowers bloom,
Within the farmer's meadow a brown-eyed daisy blows,
And down at the edge of the hollow a red and thorny rose.
But, "Polly! Polly! the cows are in the corn!
Oh! where's Polly?"

How strange at such a time of day the mill should stop its clatter!
The farmer's wife is listening now, and wonders what's the matter.
Oh! wild birds are singing in the wood and on the hill,
While whistling up the hollow goes the boy that minds the mill.
But, "Polly! Polly! the cows are in the corn!
Oh! where's Polly?"

## People Will Talk.

You may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow,
If you listen to all that is said as you go;
You'll be worried and fretted, and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues will hav something to do—
For people will talk.

If quiet and modest, you'll hav it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed,
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool!
But don't get excited—keep perfectly cool—
For people will talk.

And then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited, and vain;
But keep straight ahead—don't stop to explain—
For people will talk.

If threadbare your dress, or old-fashioned your hat,
Some one will surely take notice of that,
And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way,
But don't get excited whatever they say—
For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape,
For they criticise then in a different shape;
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid;
But mind your own business—there's naught to be made—
For people will talk.

Now, the best way to do is to do as you please,
For your own mind, if you hav one, will then be ease.
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse;
But don't think to stop them—it ain't any use—
For people will talk.

## How Flossie Went Fishing.

Flossie is a dear little girl about eight years of age. She is very kind-hearted and very affectionate. She loves the beautiful in Nature, and is extremely fond of flowers. Many a bouquet has she brought me, and many bunches of beautiful wild grasses. Once at the close of the day she walked with me to the post-office, and while we were walking along on the plank sidewalk, talking of one thing and another, all at once she ran down the bluff, screaming, "Oh, see them! the darling sweet-pea blossoms!" She plucked the lovely flowers quickly, and came running with them to me. "Here, Miss Wickerson"—she always calls me Miss Wickerson—said she, "take them; they are so pretty to grow so near the water!"

But I was to tell you how she went fishing. She had made me a little call one day, and then ran down to the water. She was gone so long I feared something had befallen her, and went myself to see what she was about. As I went down the steps leading to the water's edge, I beheld Flossie seated on a rock, not far from the big rock Jumbo, and, leaning over, she seemed to be gazing into the water.

"What are you doing, Flossie, dear?" I inquired.

"Why, I'm fishing," said she. "I've caught five already!"

And, sure enough, there lay five little fishes—minnows, I guess they were—on the rock beside her.

She had a long blade of beach grass, and on the one end she had tied a little piece of the flesh of a mussel for bait, and with that she was catching fish.

"I thought," said she, "I would try to catch enough for Bonnie's supper. Now, Miss Wickerson, won't you please to fry them for that poor little dog's supper?"

"They are too small, I believe. But don't you think, Flossie, my dear, that it is cruel to catch these pretty fishes?" I said.

"Why, Miss Wickerson," said she, gravely, "you know there's no hook on the grass; if there had been they might hav been *hurted*."

"Well, but they are out of their nativ element; and see, dear"—and I pointed at one—"how this one pants, and the others are nearly, if not quite, dead."

Flossie mused a moment, and then said, solemnly, "Miss Wickerson, I think they are better *offted* dead!"

"Why so?" I asked.

"Well, they are young and good now, and innocent. If they lived to grow up into big fishes, they might get to be mean and steal some baby-fishes and eat them, and then the baby-fishes' mamma might cry and feel badly about it. And then, too, they might get a hook in their throats, and their mouths would bleed, and they might be *caught* with a hook—yes, and be put in a boat, with the hot sun beating down upon them all day, while the fishermen smoked cigars in their eyes! Oh, yes, I think, Miss Wickerson, they are much better *offted* to die this way!"

I was greatly amused at this quaint logic, and while she put two of the larger ones in my hand to take home to "fry for Bonnie's supper," she quietly dropped the other three back into the water, and was rejoiced to see them float away as lively as ever.

"I hope they'll know enough to go straight home and behave themselvs," said she, "and not be frolicking about until they get nabbed by an eel or a shark—the foolish little fishes."

S. H. W.

## Earliest Methods of Measuring Time.

The story is that King Alfred had no better way to tell the time than by burning twelve candles, each of which lasted two hours; and, when all the twelve were gone, another day had passed. Long before the time of Alfred, and long before the time of Christ, the shadow of the sun told the hour of the day by means of a sun-dial. The old Chaldeans so placed a hollow hemisphere, with a bead in the center, that the shadow of the bead on the inner surface told the hour of the day. Other kinds of dials were afterward made with a tablet of wood or straight piece of metal. On the tablets were marked the different hours. When the shadow came to the mark IX, it was nine o'clock in the morning. The dial was sometimes placed near the ground, or in towers of buildings. The old clock on the eastern end of Faneuil Hall, in Boston, was formerly a dial of this kind; and on some of the old church towers in England you may see them to-day. Aside from the kinds mentioned, the dials now in existence are intended more for ornament than for use. In the days when dials were used, each one contained a motto of some kind, like these: "Time flies like the shadow; or, "I tell no hours but those that are happy."

But the dial could be used only in the daytime, and, even then, it was worthless when the sun was covered with clouds. In order to measure the hours of the night as well as the hours of the day, the Greeks and Romans used the clepsydra, which means, "The water steals away." A large jar was filled with water, and a hole was made in the bottom through which the water could run. The glass in those days was not transparent. No one could see from the outside how much water had escaped. So there were made, on the inside, certain marks that told the hours as the water ran out; or else a stick with notches in the edge was dipped into the water, and the depth of what was left showed the hour. Sometimes the water dropped into another jar in which a block of wood was floating, the block rising as the hours went on. Once in a while, some very rich man had a clepsydra that sounded a musical note at every hour.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

# Science Column.

## Liberal Lesson Leaves.

PHYSICAL SERIES.—NO. 6. FORCE AND MOTION.

41. *Force.*—We hav seen that by virtue of mobility (12) bodies may be moved. Anything which thus tends to move a body is a force. If a body be moving, its motion may be increased, diminished, or altered by a force. Force may be defined as any cause which tends to alter the condition of rest or motion of a body.

42. *Velocity.*—Velocity is the distance which a body moves in a unit of time. Velocity may be expressed in different units according to circumstances. We speak of velocities of so many meters or feet per second, kilometers or miles per hour, etc. On the C. G. S. system the unit of velocity is one centimeter per second.

43. *Table of Velocities.*—The following table is useful for the information it contains; it will also show some of the different ways in which velocity may be expressed. It is partly taken from Ganot's "Physics." Of course, the values given are only approximations, but they will serve to giv a general idea. The numbers given in the table may be taken as about the average.

| | meters per second. | feet per second. |
|---|---|---|
| Military quick step, | 1.4 | 4.6 |
| Moderate wind, | 3 | 10 |
| Fast sailing vessel, | 5.5 | 18 |
| Channel steamer, | 7 | 23 |
| Racehorse, | 15 | 50 |
| Eagle, | 30 | 100 |
| Carrier pigeon, | 38 | 120 |
| Sound, | 332 | 1,090 |
| Shot from Armstrong gun, | 360 | 1,180 |
| Martini-Henry rifle bullet, | 405 | 1,330 |
| | kilometer per hour. | miles per hour. |
| Railway train, | 40 to 100 | 25 to 60 |
| Storm, | 55 | 35 |
| Hurricane, | 160 | 100 |
| | kilometer per second. | miles per second. |
| Light, | 300,000 | 186,000 |

44. *Mass.*—We shall learn later that the weight of a body varies slightly at different places, but it is evident that the quantity of matter remains the same wherever it may be. Mass is the quantity of matter which a body contains. The same units are used for mass as for weight. We speak of a mass of a gram, kilogram, ounce, pound, etc. A gram is the quantity of matter contained in one cubic centimeter of water at its greatest density—that is, at 4° C.

45. *Momentum.*—Momentum is the quantity of motion which a body possesses. It is evidently proportional to the velocity and to the mass; therefore, it is proportional to the velocity multiplied by the mass. Hence, to find the momentum of a body, multiply its mass by its velocity. When a body is at rest it has no momentum, for its velocity is zero. A mass of 20 grams, having a velocity of 10 cm. per second, has the same momentum as a mass of 10 g. with a velocity of 20 cm., or of 5 grams with a velocity of 40 cm. The momentum in each case will be seen to be 200.

46. *Reflection of Motion.*—By elasticity, bodies in collision will hav the direction of their motion changed; such motion is said to be reflected. The bouncing of balls and marbles when dropped on the ground are examples of reflected motion; also, the rebound of billiard-balls from the cushion of the table.

47. *Law of Reflection.*—The angle formed by the direction before collision with perpendicular to the surface of contact is the angle of incidence; that formed after contact is the angle of reflection.

The angles of incidence and reflection are equal and in the same plane. This is the law of reflection, and is equally true for all kinds, whether of ordinary motion, or of sound, heat, or light.

*Experiment.*—Roll a billiard-ball along the table, so that it will strike the cushion, and observe that the angle made with the cushion before contact is equal to that after contact. The same thing occurs when a ball is rolled along the floor so as to hit the wall; the angles before and after contact are equal. Since the angles made with the cushion or wall are equal, it follows that the angles made with the perpendiculars to the cushion or wall are equal. This experiment, therefore, proves the law of reflection.

GEO. G. GROWER.

QUESTIONS.

NOTE.—In solving problems relating to velocity, use the values given in the table.

1. How many meters can an eagle fly in a minute? A. 1,800 m.
2. How many feet can it fly? A. 6,000 ft.
3. Five seconds after a flash of lightning the thunder was heard—how many feet off did the lightning strike? A. 5 450 ft.
4. If the report of a gun be heard two seconds after firing, how many meters distant is it? A. 664 m.
5. If it takes light 498 seconds to reach the earth from the sun, how many miles distant is the sun? A. About 92,500,000 miles.
6. How many kilometers distant is the sun? A. Nearly 150.000.000 km.
7. What is the mass of three liters of pure water? A. 3,000 grams.
8. A man weighing 65 kg. is walking at the rate of 1.4 m. per second—what is his momentum? A. 91.
9. Find his momentum in C. G. S. units. (Note. We must reduce the weight to grams, and the velocity to cm.) A. 9,100.000.
10. A mass of 10 lbs is moving with a velocity of 60 feet per second—find its momentum. A. 600.

## A Curious Story.

There is a tale told of a sea captain who, in a distant corner of the southern seas, visited an undiscovered or unexplored group of beautiful islands. After landing and trading with the gentle nativs, he was astonished by the visit of a white man, evidently a person of means and consequence, who, after making himself very agreeable, implored the captain to giv him a story-book, if he had such a thing in his possession. The captain had, and, deeply touched by the pigs and cocoanuts which the white exile had given him, bestowed on him a copy of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Overcome by the present, the exile burst into tears and cried, "You hav saved my life, and given me rank and wealth." On explanation, he said: "I should long ago hav been eaten, but while they were fattening me I learned enough of their language to tell a child the story of 'Little Red Riding Hood.' The child repeated it, and the whole population were mad with joy. *They had never heard a story before.* From that day I became a great and honored man. When they had a grand national festival, I sat on top of a hill, and thousands wept (while some elderly relativ was being cooked for a feast) at the cruel death of the grandmother as caused by the wicked wolf. I had with me a volume of fairy tales, and I soon began to set a price on my performances. 'Red Riding Hood' is rather worn; I get only a hundred cocoanuts for her now. But 'Cinderella' is still good for four pigs and a turtle, and 'Beauty and the Beast' brings six or seven, according to the quality. But with the 'Arabian Nights" I shall be able to go on accumulating pork to the end of my days."

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—REBUS.



An old saying.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, JULY 23, 1887.

1.–Fourth of July.
2.–Cowl (owl, cow).
3.–
SPROUTS
HORSE
ACE
H
CAR
HARPS
SPIDERS

## Correspondence.

RUMNEY, N. H., July 18, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Just think, I am away up in the mountains—mountains all around us—they are so steep that I hav been only upon one. In the clear evening one can hear an echo. There is a little one called Pinnacle; the Indians had a fort upon it once, and Indian arrowheads hav been plowed up. At the base there is a running brook where we can catch fish. Forty-eight trout we had for supper the other night; but, you must know, some were very small.

July 19th.—Yesterday was stormy, and so I stayed indoors all day; but to-day is lovely. There is a camphor refinery here—there are but seven in the country—it smells so strong it makes our eyes run water; it is very hot in the refinery. There are mica mines six or seven miles away. It is not very warm here, and we are all well, and hope you are all well. With love to you and Mrs. Phillips.

From your little friend, JOSIE.


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This book is an educator. In fact, it may be said to be *multum in parvo*. It is the history of the struggles of Freethought with the various churches from time immemorial to the present. In describing these conflicts and victories in his introductory chapter, the author says:

We would notice that, even in this modified government, the people continued the same old struggle to obtain political rights, in which victories would be followed by defeats; the heads of tyrannical kings fall under the ax of the public executioner; kings mounting the throne to take the places made vacant by those who were forced to retire into banishment disgraced—all this by the will and power of a determined and resolute people. In England we would see King John signing the Magna Charta—the great charter of liberty, restraining the royal prerogativ, relieving many grievances of the people, and guaranteeing to them the enjoyment of life, liberty, and property, unless declared forfeited by the judgment of their peers, or the laws of the land; the throne made vacant by revolution, to be followed by a commonwealth, which, on gaining sufficient authority, becomes a despotic government under the rule and control of religious fanaticism, until the people, exhausted and weary of the strife, placed a king again upon the throne.

William and Mary, before ascending the throne made vacant by the abdication of James, we find assenting to the declaration of rights, in which it was solemnly guaranteed that Protestant subjects might bear arms for their defense; that elections of members of Parliament might be free to all; that freedom of speech in Parliament should not be questioned in any place out of Parliament; that excessiv bail should not be required; and that cruel and unnatural punishments should not be imposed.

We would see in the New World of the West sturdy, earnest men and women, who had been driven from their homes in the Old World, by their religious and political persecutors, to seek homes in the wild forests, where they might enjoy equal rights with all others in the political government of the country, and what, to them, was the dearest of all privileges, the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, and not the conscience of a haughty king or pope.

On civilization, and what does it, Mr. Spencer has the following:

The brawny farmer may take his all with him to a new country; the ingenious mechanic his machinery; the engineer his plans for railroads and other public improvements; the merchant his goods; but still the priest would say, "All these men are of no account in building up and civilizing a country." They would claim that it required a few of them to distribute the Bible and religious tracts to build up a lasting foundation. Although they may reach the country after the hardest of the struggle is over, still they are soon able to send back a vivid account, showing how zealous missionaries hav carried on the glorious work of civilizing the world by redeeming one more benighted spot on earth, so that the people are, with their Christian help, prosperous and happy.

This book contains twenty chapters, mostly of historical facts, all deeply interesting. One chapter on Mythology compresses a world of information as to the origin of our Bible and its stories. This chapter is so interesting, and contains so much that thousands of pages of mythology must be read to obtain, that *New Thought* readers may draw on us within thirty days for a five-page extract.—*New Thought.*

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Here is the contents table of Mr. Spencer's book, and it will giv the reader some idea of the scope and tendency of the publication:

Introductory, the Beginning, the Pagans and Jews, the Church of Rome, Mormonism, Mohammedanism, Dogmatism, Martin Luther and John Calvin, the Godhead, Persecution of Early Christians, Christians Persecute Christians, the Wrongs of Ireland, Huguenots Persecute Catholics, Catholics Persecute Huguenots, the Puritans, the Pilgrims, the Revolution, the Church of England, Protestants of America, Slavery, the Cause Found.

Mr. Chas. Eckhard, treasurer of the American Secular Union, sends us, through the Truth Seeker Company, a beautiful photo-engraving group of portraits, the size of the sheet being 19x24 inches and containing as a center piece the Demands of Liberalism, nicely printed. In the upper left-hand corner we find the portrait of Jefferson, with this motto from his writings:

In every country and in every age the priest has been hostil to liberty.

In the center at the top is Washington's portrait, with the words beneath:

The government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion.

In the upper right-hand corner comes Paine with:

The world is my country; to do good my religion.

At the left of the Demands is Franklin, saying:

Don't let me be mistaken—it was not for Christ's sake, but for your sake.

At the right is John Adams, with this sentence:

Their [Jesuits] restoration is indeed a step toward darkness, cruelty, perfidy, despotism, death, and——

In the lower left-hand corner we see Lafayette, and he says:

May this immense temple of freedom ever stand as a lesson to oppressors, an example for the oppressed, a sanctuary for the rights of mankind.

In the middle at the bottom Stephen Girard looks out, and, concerning his college, says:

I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatsoever, shall hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in said college; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purpose of the said college.

In the lower right-hand corner we find the last portrait of the group, that of R. G. Ingersoll, and this is his challenge to the enemies of liberty:

The combined wisdom and genius of mankind cannot conceiv of an argument against the liberty of thought.

It will be observed that each portrait is followed by a selection from the writings of the person himself. Price $1. For sale at this office.—*Lucifer.*

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I hav received Elmina's "The Darwins" and "John's Way." They are excellent. I hardly know which I like best. John's way was a pretty good way, and the Darwins were such a nice family, I wish we had them for neighbors, so I could know more of them.

We like "Little Lessons on Science." I am reading it aloud to my little girl. It is splendid. I hope there will be more such books for Liberal children.

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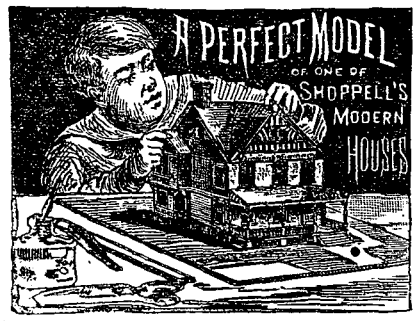
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DR. MCGLYNN spoke in Brooklyn last Sunday evening to an audience of over 3,000.

THE torrid weather has now lasted nearly six weeks without intermission. The death rate in New York is large but not without precedent.

BOODLER MCGARIGLE, the convicted Chicago alderman, is safe in Canada.

LAWYER REED, who defended Guiteau, attempted suicide by jumping from a New Jersey ferryboat last Saturday.

THE *Voice*, a Prohibition organ, states that nearly ninety bar-rooms are doing an open business in the Prohibition city of Bangor, Me.

THE Rev. G. M. Hanselman, of Brooklyn, was stricken with a hemorrhage while intoning vespers last Sunday, and died immediately.

To make a test case, a New York policeman arrested a Chinese laundryman last Sunday for ironing shirts. The judge spoiled the test by discharging the prisoner.

THE pope has decided that there is no need of a special letter in regard to the Knights of Labor, who, he says, will not be molested by the church so long as the members remain good Catholics.

JOHN TAYLOR, head of the Mormon church, is reported to hav died last week. He had been in hiding for two years under an indictment for polygamy.

THE Scotch cutter Thistle is on her way to New York to try for the America's cup.

JEFFERSON DAVIS recently wrote a strong letter to ex-Governor Lubbock, of Texas, denouncing Prohibition on the ground that the world is governed too much.

A JEW called Rabbi Hirsch died in Brooklyn last week whose age was said to be 109. He was born in Poland in 1778, and saw Napoleon on his march to Moscow.

MISS HUSABOE, who was betrayed by the Rev. Peter Roberts, Congregationalist, of Pittsburgh, Pa., under promis of marriage, has sued the pastor for breach of promis, laying the damages at $50,000.

A COMPANY met at a house in Brooklyn last Sunday evening to baptize a child in the name of the father, son, and Holy Ghost. A quarrel arose during the proceedings, and Dennis Hillen stabbed Michael Mullen to death.

THE Free Religious Association is holding a camp-meeting at Cassadaga Lake, New York. The platform is reported to be free for the expression of all religious sentiments "from Presbyterianism to Atheism." The managers are Spiritualists.

THE Fall River steamboat line is about to build the largest steamer ever launched. She is to be 420 feet long over all, 52 feet beam, and 21 feet depth of hold. She will hav 355 state-rooms and 7,500 horse-power engins, will be called the Puritan, and will cost $1,500,000.

THE Rev. Ulysses S. Glick is pastor of a Methodist church at Harrisburg, Pa., but he did not preach a week ago Sunday. While on his way to his pulpit he was arrested by a constable and compelled to marry a young woman who was the mother of a three-months-old child. He acknowledges his guilt.

THE Rev. William Thomas Abbott is a Methodist preacher recently located at Chesterton, Ind. While there he seduced and eloped with a young girl named Susie Beck, taking her to St. Louis, where they lived as husband and wife. On the 18th ult. Susie died under suspicious circumstances, and Abbott fled. It is now discovered that she was poisoned, and that the arsenic which caused her death was administered by Abbott ostensibly to produce an abortion. The police are on the lookout for him.


# THE ORDER OF CREATION.

*A Discussion Between*
**Gladstone, Huxley, Muller, Linton, Reville.**
On the Conflict between Genesis and Geology.

CONTENTS:

I. Dawn of Creation and of Worship. By Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
II. The Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature. By Prof. T. H. Huxley.
III. Postscript to Solar Myths. By Prof. Max Muller.
IV. Proem to Genesis: A Plea for a Fair Trial. By Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
V. Dawn of Creation. An Answer to Mr. Gladstone. By Albert Reville, D.D.
VI. Mr. Gladstone and Genesis. By Prof. T. H. Huxley.
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ESAU CAUSETH HIS PARENTS TO GRIEVE.

And Esau was forty years old when he took to wife Judith the daughter of Beeri the Hittite, and Bashemath the daughter of Elon the Hittite. Which were a grief of mind unto Isaac and to Rebekah.—Gen. xxvi, 34, 35.

## Odds and Ends.

THE Chinese always weep at their weddings. As usual, the Chinese are ahead.

"RESOLVED, That the common schools in this country hav done more for its prosperity than the circus," was the question before a Paterson, N. J., debating society last week. Decided in the negativ.

"LIFE has been for me a succession of sad blows," said Mr. Breather. "Ah!" said the new pastor, sympathetically. "Yes, indeed," replied the parishioner. "I've had the asthma twenty-two years."

"MA," said Bobby, "hav I been a very good boy to-day?" "Yes, Bobby, and I am very proud of you." "Well, will you do me a favor, ma?" "If it's reasonable, Bobby. What is it?" "Let me go to bed to-night without saying my prayers."

"REMEMBER, Bobby," said his mother, "when you are about to do something you know to be wrong, that, although I may not see you, there is one who does." "Who do you mean?" inquired Bobby, anxiously. "God." "Oh," said Bobby, with a look of intense relief, "I thought you meant pa."

"Do you not often wonder, George," she said, softly, as they stood at the gate, "at the infinit number of stars, where that vast, silent, eternal procession is going, and whence it came?" "Ye-es," replied George, rather hesitatingly, "but don't you find that to look at the sky for any length of time makes the back of your neck ache?"

PUBLISHER: "Got that case of Bibles packed for the Old Orchard camp-meeting, William?" William: "Yes, sir. The order was light this season; only four dozen. Shall I hang out the express card?" Publisher: "No, never mind. The box can go in the same freight-car with that consignment of 'As In a Looking-Glass' novels."

THREE Frenchmen who were studying a volume of Shakspere in their nativ language endeavored to translate into English the well-known opening to Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be, or not to be." The following was the result: First Frenchman: "To was, or not to am." Second ditto: "To where, or is to not" Third ditto: "To should, or not to will."

JAKE SHARP, who has just been convicted of bribery, is said to hav never drunk anything stronger than milk. Mr. Sharp's sad fate should teach our youth to drink something stronger than mi—that is, to swear off drinking milk, before they are drawn into the awful whirlpool of—of—of one thing and another, if not worse.—*Norristown Herald.*

DEACON HADDEM: "Put that air picter-book daoun immejetly, Jonathan Haddem! Don't ye know it's a sin ter read sech literatoor on th' holy Sabbath! Nex' y' know ye'll be wantin' ter take th' Peter Parleys off'n th' best-room mantel afore church!" (Grabs book from his son's hands, and is soon buried head over heels in its contents himself.) Jonathan: "I don't see why I can't read it if you do, dad. It's jest as much Sabbath fer you 's 'tis fer me!" The deacon (guiltily): "I—er—wa'n't readin' it, my son; I wuz jest—er-er—seein' what it said!"

"WOULD you believe it," she gurgled, "while I was bathing in the sea the other morning a nasty crab fastened itself to my toe?" "Quite an intelligent crab, I should think," her lover replied. "Intelligent! Why do you think so?" "Because it knew how to catch on to a nice thing." Then she blushed, and when he attempted to take a kiss she made scarcely any resistance.

ON THE UMBRIA.

Staid-looking passenger: "Will you kindly let me know when we cross the three-mile shore-limit, sir?"

First officer: "Certainly sir. Defaulter?"

Passenger: "Do I look like one? No, sir. I am a deacon of Saint Pharisee's church, and the rest of the boys in the smoking-room hav regard enough for my calling not to start the game until we get out of the diocese."

"STRANGER," he said, as he tendered his pocket-pistol, "join me in a drink. You'll find that the real old stuff." "Thanks, no liquor," was the reply. "Well, will you smoke a cigar?" "Not any cigars." An old gentleman who had observed all this grasped the stranger warmly by the hand. "Sir," he said, "it fills my heart with joy to see a young man like you turn away from such vile destroyers." "Yes, sir," the young man replied; "you see I'm a prize-fighter in training, and I've got to go slow."

H. W. RIPLEY, of Portland, Me., who has passed forty-nine summers in the White Mountains, tells a story about Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Beecher once drove a passenger wagon from the Twin to the Crawford, just for fun. In turning around, his team became tangled up, and his wagon bid fair to tip, when a Portland and Ogdensburg conductor, looking out of a chamber window of the hotel, shouted, "Let go your leaders, you —— old fool!" "That's good advice, young man," was Mr. Beecher's calm reply, as he followed it.

LAST Sunday a favorit local minister was delivering an impassioned account of the destruction of Gomorrah. He thundered away until he disturbed the tired boomers in the front pews "What," he shouted, "what could be worse than that city's lot!" "If it's a city lot," replied a just-awakened man, "I'll giv you $75 a foot." "Eighty!" shouted another speculator in the gallery, aroused by the familiar sounds. "Ninety!" roared another, jumping up. "One hundred!" And the whole congregation chipped in and would hav boomed Gomorrah clear out of sight had not the sexton with great presence of mind called the worshipers to their senses by passing round the plate. That busted the corner.


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## Gems of Thought.

IN spreading peace over the world, Christianity has proved a failure. If war is ever done away with, and the nations study peace instead of war, Rationalism will hav to effect it; Christianity will hav to giv way, and a better religion take its place.—*D. M. Bennett.*

I HAV already lived long enough to see the passing away of several successiv stars, each one of which seemed, in its season, to enlighten the whole world—in the days when Coleridge was in the zenith, for instance, or Cousin, or Comte, or J. S. Mill, or, if you please, Emerson. After all, these seeming triumphs are often temporary; and the real safety is to be found in free discussion and in giving the advocates of each school their say.—*T. W. Higginson.*

THE annual judgment day in which the Jews believed is nearer the truth than the indefinit doomsday of Christian superstition. Every day is, indeed, a judgment day, wherein man reaps what he has sown, and new truth sentences old error; but there are eras in history, worlds of belief and feeling, that come to an end, others that come into existence. No clock strikes as they go or come. They come and go "without observation."—*M. D. Conway.*

NOTHING can long endure which has not struck root into the true, the admirable, the everlasting; and Christianity has now endured for nearly two thousand years. But it is a product of humanity, and every thing human is born to die. To-day Christianity is dying a lingering death—to be prolonged until its usefulness to the world shall hav been wholly exhausted. To many it is dead already, and the number of these is increasing day by day.—*The Impeachment of Christianity*

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.
—*George Herbert* (1593-1682).

WHEN many violins play together, each taking a part in relation to all the rest, a much grander music is the result than any single instrument could produce.—*George Macdonald.*

WE were once accosted by an inquisitiv Irishman thus: "D'ye believe in the mother of God?" "No." "By gory, thin, y're Atheist. I wouldn't be in your boots for twenty pounds." Was that a satisfactory basis for classification? Professor Huxley had a cook who got on a drunken spree and made such a row in the house that the police were called. As she was hustled through the yard she sent back a blast, of which all that could be heard was an emphatic "damn Atheist." Is Professor Huxley, therefore, to be ranked as a "pronounced Atheist?" But if a drunken cook is not an authority, is a sober bigot any better?—*Popular Science Monthly.*

WHEN I consider that without a miracle the stars swing in their circles, that without a miracle seed-time and harvest keep their punctual round, that without a miracle the immanent life climbed from the fiery mist of worlds unmade to all their myriad shapeliness and interacting harmony, to mineral and vegetable and animal life, and from the wallowing saurian to the man or woman whom you love—when I consider all these things, I must confess it seems to me little less than blasphemous to suggest that the power which is equal to them all is not equal to the development of humanity from any possible depth to any possible hight, by methods as serene as those which keep the stars from wandering or convert the substance of the planet into human smiles and tears.—*J. W. Chadwick.*

STERN law-giver! Yet thou dost wear
The godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face;
Flowers laugh before thee in their beds;
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

. . . . . .

Giv unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason giv,
And, in the light of truth, thy bondman let me liv!
—*Wordsworth's Ode to Duty.*

THAT over-exertion of the intellect in youth does a man harm is true, though not a very fruitful proposition; but knowledge does not destroy decisivness: it only turns it from the decisivness of a bull into the decisivness of a man. Which nations do the great works? The educated nations, or Mexico and Spain?—*Goldwin Smith.*

I WILL hav a care of being a slave to myself, for it is a perpetual, a shameful, and the heaviest of all slaveries; and I may arrest it by moderate desires.—*Seneca.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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SOME EXAMPLES OF CHRISTIAN FAITH IN CONNECTION WITH THE DROUGHT IN SOME PARTS OF THE WEST.

## Notes and Clippings.

A CURIOUS old anchor, very probably lost by the early French missionaries, was found at the head of Green Bay. It appears to hav been constructed from a young maple-tree having three branches from the root. Another bar was fastened on. Thus far it is like a round-topped stool with four legs. On the bottom of these legs were fastened, with mortis and tenon, the flukes, which were bars of oak crossing each other.

A NUGGET of gold weighing 156 ounces and 5 pennyweights was recently found near Breckenridge. It is worth as a specimen close to $5,000. It is said to be the largest lump of gold ever found in California, but one almost, if not quite as large, was taken from the Little Annie mine in Summit district, Rio Grande county, late in 1876. Australia produced the largest nugget of gold ever discovered. It weighed 136 pounds, and was found at Ballarat, near Geelong.

THE London *Chronicle* reports a curious outbreak of superstitition in Spain. A crazy woman at Torrox gave out that the Virgin Mary had appeared to her, and told her to preach a new gospel for the salvation of mankind, as the end of the world was at hand. The woman's story was believed, and the whole village was soon in a state of frenzy. Like the primitiv Christians, they went in at once for community of goods. Finally they burnt their valuables and clothes in a big fire, round which they all danced in a state of nudity. The gendarmerie arrived just in time to prevent the parents from flinging their children into the flames.

THE conviction of several druggists in Pittsburgh last week for selling soda water on Sunday, notwithstanding their plea that soda water is a necessity because it is a medicin, suggests to the *Sun* a consideration of what might be the state of thirsty people in this big town if the Sunday Closing Association should get a similar decision from a New York court. Next to the corner liquor saloon the corner drug store, perhaps, numbers the most patrons, and if soda water is to become a tabooed drink on Sunday thirsty travelers on that day may hav to carry refreshing liquids in their pockets or hand bags, or perchance resort with the horses to the watering troughs, if they can find any.

IT is physically easier to giv money to the churches now than it was two hundred years ago, when the following was the order at the contribution box: "The Magistrates and chiefe Gentlemen first, and then the elders and all the congregation of men and most of them that are not of the Church, all single persons, widows, and women in absence of their husbands, come up one after another one way, and bring their offerings to the Deacon at his seate and put it into a box of wood for the purpose, if it bee money or papers; if it be any other chattle, they set it or lay it downe before the Deacons, and so passe another way to their seats again." In those days the clergy had the people by the throat, and knew they would pay at however great inconvenience. Nowadays, a polite deacon gently insinuates the contribution box under the notice of the alleged worshiper, and with deferential manner craves a "tribute to the Lord." And the box is not always heavy with cash, at that!

THE question of the successor to the presidency of the Mormon church has been settled temporarily by the appearance of an address signed by Wilford Woodruff, president of the Apostles. He says: "As upon two former occasions in our history, the duty and responsibility of presiding over and directing the affairs of the Church of Jesus Christ in all the world devolves upon the twelve apostles. With the blessing of the Lord and the faith and prayers of his people, we hope to do our duty until we, too, shall be laid to rest." It has been thought by some that either George Q. Cannon or Joseph Smith, nephew of the original Joseph Smith, would assume the leadership. Woodruff is in the regular line of succession, and his address, assuming control, would indicate there is to be no departure from the orders. Woodruff is eighty years old, and a man of mediocre ability. He has been in hiding two years, and is still out of sight to all save the faithful.

THE Rev. W. W. Everts, a Southern preacher, is a cool beggar. He writes in the *National Baptist:* "If the provisions contemplated by the Blair Bill are to fall into the hands of political manipulators and cultured skeptics seeking employment and position, and not into the hands of religious people, in all ages and all lands the trusted educators of the people, the rejection of them by the South may be no evil. Will not the Christian educators of the South, as well as of the North, agree upon some basis of coöperation by which the present drift toward secularization of all public schools, colleges, and universities receiving subsidies from the state may be arrested? May not the denominational schools share the state funds and the public charities so equitably as to make separate state endowments, with their moral and physical perils, unnecessary?" There is one consolation to be derived by Secularists, and that is that the Blair Bill has no prospect of becoming law.

A PENSION examiner in Illinois was required to take the deposition of an applicant for a pension who seemed very positiv about the date on which he contracted a severe cold, which resulted in a chronic difficulty, for which he claimed the bounty of the government. His positivness as to the date led to the inquiry how it was that he could swear to an incident which was comparativly trival when it occurred. He said: "I know that the cold was contracted on the 21st of February, 1862, because Bob Ingersoll was married on the following day. How do I come to remember that so well? Why, Bob was the colonel of our regiment. I was on guard duty near Peoria on the night of the 21st. It was as cold as I ever felt it, and as I stood at my post Bob came along, and after saluting him I said, 'Bob, if you don't giv me an overcoat, a bottle of whisky, or relieve me from this duty, I will freeze to death.' He replied, 'I'll do all three.' With that he took off his overcoat, which had been made as a portion of his wedding outfit, and handed it to me. Then from his inside pocket he hoisted out a flask of prime old red-eye and chucked that over too. After that he left me and returned to his quarters, and I'll be blamed if he didn't issue orders for the relief of the entire guard, as he said it was too cussed cold for guard duty that night. You see, that event impressed dates on my memory, and I am not likely to soon forget Colonel Bob's wedding."—*Buffalo Times.*

# Communications.

## The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

Author of "Physical Education," "The Secret of the East," etc.

### I.—Physical Maxims.

CHAPTER III.—CHASTITY.

*A.—Lessons of Instinct.*

The manifestations of the sexual instinct are guided by the plain and emphatic monitions of a physical conscience, developed partly with the primordial evolution of our organism, partly by the hereditary experience transmitted during the social development of our species. The guardians of our prevailing system of ethics, too, have enforced the regulations of their added supervision with a zeal apparently justified by the importance of its purpose; but an analysis of those regulations strikingly illustrates the perils of abandoning the plain path of Nature, to follow the vagaries of hyper-physical dogmatists. The Nature guided bias of sexual intuitions refers to time, selection, and circumstantial restrictions. The control of our clerical moralists ignores the first and second law of modification, while their recognition of the third involves a large number of irrelevant and irrational precepts.

In a state of nature, instinct and circumstances coöperate in the prevention of sexual precocity. Active exercise furnishes a vent to those potential energies which physical sloth forces to explode in sensual excesses The adult males of all species of vertebrate animals fiercely resent the encroachments of immature rivals. Savages postpone their nuptials to a period of life when the possession of property or prestige enables them to undertake the adequate support of a family. In countries where both sexes spend a large portion of their time in outdoor occupations, precocious prurience is very rare. In the pastoral highlands of the Austrian Alps (Styria, Salzburg, and the Tyrol), boys and girls meet only at church festivals, but enjoy their amusements apart, the girls in dances and singing-picnics; the boys in shooting-matches, foot-races, and mountain excursions. A lad under eighteen caught in flirtations is at once laughed back to manlier pastimes, while girls even more jealously guard the exclusiveness of their festivals, and would chase away an intrusive bachelor as promptly as a trespassing boy. Lycurgus fixes the marriageable age of a groom at thirty years, of a bride at twenty. Among the martial Visigoths thirty and twenty-five years were the respective minima.

The importance of limiting the license of precocious passion has never been directly denied, but the significance of the instinct of *sexual selection* seems to have been unaccountably misunderstood. Marriages without the sanction, and even against the direct protest, of that instinct are constantly encouraged. "Love matches," in the opinion of thousands of Christian parents, seem to be thought fit only for the characters of a sentimental romance, or the heroes of the stage. The overpowering sway of a passion which asserts its claims against all other claims whatever ought sufficiently to proclaim the importance of its purpose and the absurdity of the mistake which treats its appeals as a matter of frivolous fancy.

And, in fact, only the universality of that passion transcends the importance of its *direction*. For, while the sexual instinct, *per se*, guarantees the perpetuation of the species, the instinct of selection refers to *the composition of the next generation*, of which it thus determines the quality as the other determines the quantity. And just as the vital powers of the individual organism strive back from disease to health, the genius of the species seeks to reëstablish the perfection of the type, and to neutralize the effects of degenerating influences. We accordingly find that the individuals of each sex seek the *complement* of their own defects. Small women prefer tall men; fickle men worship strong-minded women; dark grooms select fair brides; practical business men are attracted by romantic girls; city belles admire a rustic Hercules, and *vice versa*. Exceptional intensity of mutual passion denotes exceptional fitness of the contemplated union, or rather the results of that union; for, here as elsewhere, Nature, in a choice of consequences, will sacrifice the interests of individuals to the interests of the species. Passionate love, accordingly, is ever ready to attain its purpose at the price of the temporary advantages of life, nay, of life itself; and the voluntary renunciation of such advantage is, therefore, in the truest sense a self-sacrifice for the benefit of posterity, a surrender of personal interests to the welfare of the species. In spite of the far-gone perversion of our ethical standards, we accordingly find an instinctive recognition of such truth in the popular verdict that applauds heroic loyalty to a higher law when lovers break the fetters of sordid interest or caste restrictions. In their hearts, the very flatterers condemn the decision of a bride who has sacrificed love to wealth, even in obedience to a parental mandate, or the monitions of Nature-estranged moralists.

In extremes of adverse circumstances, love itself, however, will often voluntarily withdraw its claim. Hopeless inequality of station, disease, and irremediable disabilities will extinguish the flame of a passion that would have defied time and torture. A lover struck with a cureless malady will shrink from transmitting his affliction; a proud barbarian will refuse to make a refined bride the witness of his humiliations. The perils of consanguinity may reveal themselves to a sort of hereditary (if not aboriginal) instinct; and the discovery of an unsuspected relationship has more than once deadened desire as if by magic, and turned love into self-possessed friendship.

B.—REWARDS OF CONFORMITY.

In the oldest chronicle of the human race the historian of the patriarchs has preserved a genealogical record which seems to have been transmitted for the special purpose of showing the casual connection of continence and longevity. That record (the fifth chapter of Genesis) states the age and the marriage date of the progenitors of ten different generations, with a regularly correspondent decrease of period in both respects, from the first to the sixth, when both increase in a single instance and then decrease to the end of the list. The lessons of that record might be read in every branch of every genealogical chronicle from Noah to the latest posterity of his sons. In all countries, among all nations of all times, premature courtship has courted premature death. Continence during the years of development rewards itself in health and vigor, both of body and of mind. Success in every line of endeavor is the reward of reserved strength. That strength becomes available in the needs of after years, and is the chief basis of that love of independence and impatience of tyranny found only among manful and continent nations. The love of the gentlest females is reserved for the manliest males of their species, while precocious coveters of such prizes meet with humiliations and disappointments. Those who forbear to anticipate the promptings of Nature can rely on the favor of her undiminished aid; and to such only is given the power of that "love that spurs to exertions."

And if marriages are planned in heaven, that heaven manifests its will in the appeals of love, and not in the counsels of avarice or expedience. If the sorrows of poverty-straitened love could be measured against the misery of disgust blighted wealth, it would be admitted that the course of true love is, after all, the smoothest, in the long run as well as in the beginning. For the inspirations of genuine love will resist the assaults of misfortune as they defied its menace, and the ban of prejudice can detract but little from the happiness of a union hallowed by the sanction of Nature.

C.—PERVERSION.

The enemies of Nature have not failed to pervert an instinct which they could not wholly suppress. That this suppression was actually attempted in the first outbreak of antinatural insanity is abundantly proved by the history of the early Christian sects, the Novatians, the Marcionites, and the followers of self-mutilating Origenes. Absolute abstinence from sexual intercourse was made the chief text of "unworldliness." Novices were brought up in strict seclusion; mutilation was the usual penalty of violated vows, but was also practiced as an *à priori* safeguard against the awakening of the sexual instinct. St. Clemens of Alexandria, one of the few semi-rational leaders of the patristic era, gives an appalling account of the consequences of those crimes against Nature, and vehemently denounces the fatuous dogma, which was nevertheless only modified, but never wholly renounced, by the moralists of a church whose ethics were undoubtedly derived from the physical nihilism of Buddha Sakiamuni. The Galilean apostle of Antinaturalism indirectly inculcates the superior merit of suppression in his allusions to "eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake," and the saints "who neither marry nor are given in marriage," as well as in the example of his personal asceticism; and Paul distinctly informs us that marriage is only a lesser evil, a compromise with the passions of the unregenerate, which perfect virtue should forbear to gratify: "It is good for a man *not to touch a woman;* nevertheless to avoid . . . ," etc. Such dogmas bore their natural fruit in the society-shunning fanaticism of hermits and anchorites; in aberrations *à la* Origenes, and in that dreadful source of unnatural vice, the enforced celibacy of monks and priests.

In the philosophy of those moralists, the physical interests of mankind were of no moment whatever. The church that burnt nuns and priests for yielding to the power of an irrepressible instinct, has in millions of cases sanctioned the nuptials of immature minors and the nature-insulting unions of avarice and flunkeyism. For the sake of a small fee it has encouraged the marriage of reluctant paupers, but howled its anathemas against the unions of orthodox Christians with gentiles, Jews, or Christian dissenters. Thus encouraged, Christian parents have not hesitated to sacrifice the highest interests of their children and children's children to considerations of "expedience." In Spanish America thousands of baby-brides—girls of twelve and thirteen; nay, even of ten years—are delivered to the marital tyranny of wealthy old debauchees; in France, Italy, and Austria millions of mutually reluctant boys and girls are compelled to wed in obedience to the decision of a business committee of relatives and panders. In the cities of the northland nations marriages of expedience, though rarer, are still of daily occurrence. "Whatever is natural is wrong," was the shibboleth of the medieval dogmatists, and the protests of instinct were suppressed in the name of morality.

D.—PENALTIES OF NEGLECT.

Next to dietetic abuses, premature and unfit marriage is undoubtedly the most fruitful cause of the degeneration of the human species. The penalties of Nature, which every husbandman knows to avoid in the case of his cattle, are recklessly risked by parents and guardians of helpless children—perhaps in the vague hope that the normal consequences might be averted by the intercession of supernatural agencies. But miracles have ceased to suspend the operation of Nature's laws, and it would not be an over-estimate to say that a hundred million Christians annually incur the penalty of moral or physical sufferings and premature death, as a retribution of their own or their parents' outrages against the laws of the sexual instinct. Premature intercourse of the sexes stunts the further development of the organism and entails physical defects on the offspring of a series of successive generations. Puny, weakly, and scrofulous children people the cities of southern Europe from Havre to Messina, though infant mortality has assumed proportions which partly counteract the evil by the sternest of Nature's remedies. Our fatuous modes of indoor education, combined with the influence of a stimulating diet (meat, pepper-sauces, and coffee, instead of fruit, bread, and milk) systematically promote premature prurience. Our school-boys are thus driven to vices of which they know neither the name nor the physiological significance, though, like the victims of convent-life, they suffer the consequences—

Losing their beauty and their native grace,

with but a small chance of subsequent redemption by healthier occupations. The monasteries of southern Europe are foster-schools of even more baneful vices—crimes against Nature, which in the slave-dens of the Middle Ages were more frequent than in the most dissolute cities of pagan antiquity. Dr. Layton's report on the result of the "Royal Commission of Investigation" (1538) describes the moral status of the British convents as an absolute *ne plus ultra* of imaginable corruption. The memoirs of Guiccardini and Pedro Sanchez depict a depth of immorality that would have revolted the libertines of the Neronic era. The indictment of Pope John XXII. contains forty-six specifications that can hardly be quoted in Latin. Jordanus Bruno, however, sums up the secret of such aberrations:

Insani fugiant mundum, immundumque sequuntur.
(The maniacs, despising earth, stray into unearthly abominations.)

The absurd interdictions of marriage on account of a difference in speculative opinions were for centuries enforced with all the truculence of Inquisitorial butcher-laws; the espouser of a Jewess or a Morisca was burnt at the stake, together with his bride; even clandestine intercourse with an unbelieving paramour was punished with barbarous severity; and a similar prejudice still frowns upon the loves of Catholics and Protestants, of Christians and Mohammedans, and even Freethinkers. In Ireland the priest encouraged custom of early marriages has filled the rural districts with starving children; in thousands of cities marriages of expedience invoke the curse of Nature on the traitors to the highest interests of our species. Every marriage, unsanctioned by love, avenges itself on several generations of innocent offspring, as well as directly in blighted hopes and years of unavailing regrets.

E.—REFORM.

Before we can hope to abate the prevalence of genetic abuses we must promote a more general recognition of the truth that the organism of the human body is subject to the same laws that govern the organic functions of our fellow-creatures; and that health does not dispense its blessings as a reward of prayer and theological conformity, but of conformity to the promptings of our sanitary intuitions. We must dispel the delusion which hopes to conciliate the favor of a miracle-working deity by sacrificing the physical interests of our species to the interests of a clerical dogma.

Like the seductions of Intemperance, the temptations of precocious Incontinence may be counteracted by more abundant opportunities of diverting pastimes. According to the significant allegory of a Grecian myth, Diana, the goddess of hunters and

forest-dwellers, was the adversary of Venus, and out-door exercise is, indeed, the best preventive of sexual aberrations. Athletes are instinctively continent. Sensuality seems incompatible with a hardy, active mode of life, as that of hunters, trappers, and backwoodsmen. The stigma of public opinion alone would, however, suffice to reduce the frequency of premature marriages; for, in the island of Corsica, where the recognition of their baneful tendency is based on purely economical considerations (the perils of over-population), the dread of social ostracism has proved more deterrent than the fear of poverty and starvation.

In a community of *Reformants* (as the German philosopher Schelling proposed to call the friends of reform) twenty-five and thirty years should be accepted as the lawful minima of a marriage age, and the teachers of Secularism should lose no opportunity to plead the cause of Nature against the usurpations of priestcraft and conventionalism. Public opinion should be trained to the recognition of the truth that the sacrifice of love to lucre, caste-prejudice, and bigotry is a crime against the genius of mankind, and that a marriage, vetoed by the verdict of Nature, cannot be hallowed by the mumbling of a priest.

## Letter by Helen H. Gardener.

"If selfishness were contagious and fatal, what an awful epidemic there would be, and what a lot of good material for funerals would be gathered up right here," said a witty lady on Decoration Day as forty or fifty of us stood on the steps of the Fifth avenue branch of the Mercantile Library, trying to see over and through each other so as to now and then catch a glimpse of the procession as it marched by.

Everbody laughed except the brass-nosed woman who had provoked the remark by spreading a parasol directly in front of three small but eager children.

She heard the remark and the laugh. She understood both perfectly; but she did not close that parasol, so she enjoyed the supreme satisfaction of seeing the soldiers herself while she possessed the proud consciousness of preventing a number of other people from catching even a glimpse of anything below the tops of the flagstaffs.

And what a pathetic lot of flags those were! Poor, tattered old shreds, clinging to their posts, and reverently carried by old and broken men who, themselvs young and activ, had followed these same flags when they came fresh and crisp from the loving hands that worked so bravely to send banners that should be worthy of the men who were to follow them.

Poor, tattered, silken wrecks! What memories they arouse! what tears they start! I found myself with pictures of unutterable sorrow in my heart and tears on my cheeks, and I realized that it was the flags and not the men that stirred my blood and made me fiercely angry that nobody cheered them, and that men stood stolidly by with covered heads while these pathetic symbols of glory and of death were borne once more to the graves of those who had followed them so bravely and fallen under their folds.

I hope that this did not happen anywhere else along the line of march, and that all of the brass-nosed, selfish women, and stolid, unenthusiastic men happened to be massed on that particular block, where even the banner with Lincoln on it did not call forth one single cheer, and made no man lift his hat.

A little further down a pretty girl about the kissable age—you may decide for yourself how old she was—with lips as fresh as a rose and eyes so pure and clear that no other jewels could be half so rich and beautiful, exclaimed: "Oh, which one is General Sherman? I must see General Sherman! I never hav, and he might die!"

Her companion laughed. "Well, the very homeliest old codger you see to-day will be the general."

"Provided your ugly old chap is as thin as a match and as dry as a New York Sunday," put in one of the party.

"I don't care how homely he is, I shall cheer," said the pretty little maiden.

I thought that I would tell her that she would hav to go down to Madison square to see Sherman; but I yielded to the temptation to see what man she would cheer on the strength of deciding that he took the palm for homeliness.

A puffy old German, commanding one division of the Grand Army, came near receiving the honor vicariously, but she suddenly stopped and said: "Thin? Well, *he's* not thin, and besides he looks as if he drank beer. Does Sherman?"

"No. Sherman looks as if he drank bran," said a bystander, and everybody laughed.

Just then Mr. Bergh hove in sight, and the little miss hesitated no longer. She cheered lustily.

"There he is! There he is! He looks just like you said; but I don't care, he's just *splendid*, anyhow. Oh, *why* don't the people cheer him?"

And before her escort knew which man she had chosen to bestow her enthusiasm for General Sherman upon, Mr. Bergh had passed, all unconscious of the distinguished honor done him and the compliments paid his manly beauty and showered upon his humane head.

So the man whose profession it is to prevent suffering and death was mistaken for the one whose profession requires him to dispense both when occasion demands—and all because both men are tall, thin, and look as dry as a powder magazine

Talking about men's looks, did you notice the Zouaves? Why is it that a man looks so phenomenally fiendish and reckless without anything white about his neck? Did you ever notice that? Two or three of the Zouaves had added a white neckerchief to their usual uniform, and the effect was simply magical. They did not look half so fierce as their comrades. An army looks twice as formidable and ever so much less human if only the uniform excludes anything white at the throat.

I strongly suspect that all this is taken into account by Bismarck in uniforming his troops. I know I would a good deal rather fight a man—if I had to fight one at all—who had on a nice linen collar. If he affected the usual Zouave toggery or the Prussian uniform, I'd run. Ugh! they look wicked enough to make a Gatling gun turn pale! Now, I like to see soldiers look as if they meant business, but there is no use in trying to dress an army so as to scare the other side to death.

That is not civilized warfare.

And, by the way, what an absurd contradiction of terms that form of expression is! "Civilized warfare," indeed! One might as well talk about a warm freeze or a wet drouth.

One of the features of Decoration Day which was entirely new was a meeting held in honor of the women who served, in one way and another, in the war. There was an interesting paper, of a historical nature, read by Mrs. Hussey, of New Jersey; a clever "poem" by another lady; some good music, by two ladies and a gentleman, and a lot of talk more or less about the subject in hand.

The chairman seemed to get Prohibition and "providence" hopelessly mixed up with the women of the war. Abraham Lincoln and Jehovah, Clara Barton and Jesus, Anna Ella Carroll, Grant, and the Holy Ghost got pretty badly tangled in the course of her remarks.

Prohibition seemed to hav taken a lively part in freeing the slaves, some way or other, and "providence," the soldiers, and the women each appeared to hav saved the Union in turn.

Nevertheless, it was an interesting meeting, and if these ladies could only lay aside their two pet fads one day in the year, it would be an excellent idea to start a movement which shall result in proper understanding of the fact that, after all, women do bear the hardest part of every war, and their services should hav proper recognition on our national Decoration Day.

It is proverbial that an American crowd is the best-natured crowd in the world. But what is an American crowd? and where is it to be found? Surely not in New York city. Among the thousands and hundreds of thousands on Broadway and Fifth avenue yesterday, certainly not one-third of the faces indicated that they were American born. And right here I want to say that the whole length of those two streets I saw but one drunken man. That is a pretty good record for a big city on a holiday, and is thrown in here for the information of the Prohibition party, as well as for the pleasure and happiness of all of us.

Holidays, of whatever nature, so soon take on the character of gala days that I heard it asked a number of times as people looked at the flag on some large building, "Why is that flag at half mast?"

The marching thousands in uniform did not mean a funeral procession, but a parade, to the tired workers who got an extra day of rest; and to the impecunious loafer it meant a rare chance to see a free show. Each made the most of it in his own way, with small regret for the veterans dead, and vastly more interest in the uniforms than in the records and wounds of the veterans living.

"The veterans don't march half so well as the militiamen," remarked one hair-brained biped; and another athletic youth said that he'd bet fifty cents if he had command that they would keep their lines straighter or he'd know the reason why.

They appeared to be under the impression that Grant drew a chalk line in front of Vicksburg, and every soldier kept his eye and his toe on that mark during the entire battle.

The human biped is a queer animal. It lacks feathers, it is true, and that is one reason why it is neither a vulture nor a loon; and it would require two more legs and an octave or so added to his voice to make him a perfect donkey; but little physical defects like these are perhaps of but small weight when it comes to a real test of character and capacity, after all.

There was one sight which seemed to astonish my English friend more than anything else, and I fancy it is, as he said, not to be matched in the world.

That was the very patent fact that the standing, regular, trained defenders of this city and state are almost all foreigners. Very few, indeed, of the policeman are Americans, and, excepting only two of the regiments, most of the faces of the militiamen were the faces of other nations than ours.

The Irish and German, of course, predominated; but almost every nation under the sun was represented, and the nativ American was conspicuous by his absence. The Seventh and Twenty-second regiments are, of course, chiefly American. The others are mainly foreign. What other nation on the globe would dare to hav its defense composed of those who were with it, but not of its blood? In a republic only could it be either safe or possible, and this is the only republic that has tried it so far.

"Do I think it an element of danger?"

Oh, no! my English friend, I do not think it an element of danger, but quite the reverse. Our policemen and militia do not serve because they must. They serve because they want to; and they are as loyal and as brave in the defense of the country they hav come to for refuge as if they had been born under its flag and cradled by nativ mothers. That the service is absolutely voluntary goes a long way toward explaining why this is true.

"Would it not be extremely difficult to get Irish police to fire on an Irish mob, if such a mob were to be?"

I think not, unless it were of a religious as well as of a race nature. There is never likely to be a race mob in this city unless it were of a religious character, for there is no other exciting cause which would not divide all race sympathies. And I very much doubt if the trouble you apprehend would exist even if it took that one form. American atmosphere is not conduciv to fanaticism of a warlike nature in large cities. There are always too many varieties of opinion in our great centers for it to flourish, or for any one to be unduly aggressiv openly.

When George Jacob Holyoke was over here he remarked that this was the only country which had some two hundred religions—all equally respectable. He thought it was because Americans must hav variety. They sample everything that comes along, and they make choice of their religions and their drinks with equal freedom from dictation and compulsion.

In small towns, of course, this is less apparent; but there the nativ American is usually at the helm, which would render a race conflict next to impossible. He retains the keys to his own court-house, and the Gatling guns are at his command. Oh, you need not lose any sleep while you are with us because our police force and militia are foreigners, my friend!

They are all right, and we Americans sleep quite sound with Patrick in the army, Fritz in the navy, Sambo coquetting with the militia, Jacques on the police force, Angelo with a key to the powder magazine, and Ah Sin beginning to cast tender glances from his fluting iron toward the ballot box and the perquisits of the plethoric pocketed alderman.

HELEN H. GARDENER.

## Mr. Washburn's Record and Prospectus.

*From the Investigator.*

I hav delivered for the *Investigator* Lectureship nearly seventy lectures the past season, and hav distributed a large quantity of Liberal tracts, papers, etc. In most places where I hav visited I hav found the people interested in our cause, and willing, as far as able, to help advance its principles. Through the very generous donations of friends, whose contributions were acknowledged in the *Investigator*, and through the loyalty of Mr. J. P. Mendum to the lectureship, who was responsible for my salary, I hav been enabled to devote one year to the work of Liberalism; and I wish to thank every person who aided me in the work for their kind and noble support. The outlook for another year is brighter for what has been done this year, and it is my desire to continue in the Liberal field, and do my share of the work for the overthrow of superstition in the land. I hav been lecturing this month in Lunenburg, Ayer, and Fitchburg.

That able and devoted worker for Freethought, Capt. Robert Davis, of Lunenburg, Mass., is not satisfied with what he is doing alone with his pen and tongue, and so has paid me for five lectures in the above-named places. His method is to hire a hall, hav posters distributed advertising the lecture, and after the lecture to giv away all the tracts and books that the people wish to read, and to pay every cent of the expenses himself. Only a few Liberals are able to do this, but a great many are vastly more able than is Captain Davis. This gentleman's enthusiasm for Liberalism amounts to almost religious zeal, and he is never happier than when doing something for the spread of truth and the cause of mental liberty.

Through the generous encouragement of Captain Davis and others, I hav decided to continue the lectureship, but hav not yet arranged any particular program. It has been suggested that the best and wisest course would be to try to build up a strong Society in Boston, and radiate from this point, giving lectures as they may be called for in adjoining

places. This plan can be carried out if support enough is pledged to make the undertaking a success. I do not wish to engage in a failure, and there is no need of making a failure if the friends of Liberalism who are interested in the cause will but giv their principles the support they deserve.

We can hav a large and flourishing Society in Paine Memorial, that shall carry on a work whose influence for good may be felt throughout the land. I am anxious to do that which will best promote the progress of our movement, and would invite the opinions of others upon the question.

Fraternally, L. K. Washburn.

*Revere, Mass.*, July 26, 1887.

## News and Notes.

Saturday evening, July 23d, I strike Puget Sound at Tacoma. Tacoma is a thriving place, with more hills to the acre than any other spot on the globe. I should judge that every dwelling-house was on an eminence of its own. Tacoma expects to be the terminus of the Northern Pacific, and is growing rapidly.

Puget Sound is a beautiful sheet of water. It is dotted with hundreds of islands, and the landscapes are constantly changing. The skies are so full of smoke now that the far-off sceneries of snow-capped mountains cannot be viewed. The sun is almost hidden from sight. Only a faint effulgence from the setting orb illuminates the wide floods and romantic shores, but enough to make a picture of indescribable beauty and fascination. Long ago, upon the hills of New England, I used to read of Puget Sound. Then its waves broke upon a vast wildnesss—so remote that it seemed almost impossible for civilization to reach it in my day. But the shores now resound with the whistle of the locomotiv, and wealth and elegance greet the eye. At nine o'clock, in the bosom of the darkness, Seattle, on its lofty eminence, shines like a constellation, with its many quivering lights. At the dock we are met by our good allies, Lyman Wood, Walter Walker, A. Amunds, and John H. Hummell, and soon find comfortable quarters in the Occidental Hotel, which is one of the finest houses along the coast. Seattle has a population of twelve or fifteen thousand. It has plenty of enterprise. Up to this time it is the metropolis of the sound, and, I guess, will maintain its supremacy, although it keeps its laurels only by a persistent fight.

Seattle has been full of tumult on the Chinese question, but the banners of peace are beginning to wave. At the last election the Liberals came out on top, and some of our representativ men, like Lyman Wood and others, are in responsible official positions. The worst act I hav heard of in regard to the riots was that committed by a clergyman who, as a member of the militia, shot down, without cause, an unarmed citizen amid crowds of women and children. The clergyman has fled the country. This shows the spirit of Christianity. Theology has always been the greatest of murderers, and the clergyman delights in bloodshed when he can do it with safety. A more cruel and dastardly act was never committed than this shooting by an irresponsible militia.

I had good audiences Sunday afternoon and evening, but our forces at this point are somewhat disorganized owing to many causes, and it will require time and patience and wise action to gather the hundreds of Liberals of this city into a harmonious and powerful society. But there is splendid material, and I hav high hopes of its future usefulness.

One of our noblest and most generous comrades has passed away, D. M. Crane, a venerable and worthy leader in our cause. It was one of my most pleasant anticipations in coming to the coast to see this brave and high-minded Freethinker, whose communications were always so full of cheer and noble kindness. I was doomed to be disappointed. He died suddenly in the very midst of his work and usefulness. But his memory is bright and beautiful, an influence that cannot perish for liberty, for justice, and for humanity.

Monday, July 25th, I go up to Newcastle, a mining town of about seven hundred inhabitants amid the wood-covered hills. I had a cordial reception, and full houses the two evenings I lectured. The band played, and everything went off in fine style. Never in the history of the place had there been so large an assembly of men and women. The ministers can't do anything here; they hav all been starved out. One of them, like a sensible fellow, has gone to work in the mines at two dollars per day. He would rather grow fat in the bowels of the earth than fast and pray in the courts of the Lord.

Frank Murdock sang at our first meeting, and Joseph Aspen at the second, and so the muses made our way pleasant amid these gloomy realms of Pluto. We went down into the mine, nine hundred feet below the surface, and dwelt for a few hours in this subterranean world, where the weird lights and thunderous reports make it seem like sheol. It is a comfortable summer residence, the air being delightfully cool. They had a strike here lately of six months' duration, but the working people came out ahead. This is one of the best mining properties in the territory, and large quantities of coal, about five hundred tons, are daily shipped.

I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins Morgan while here, of Welsh blood and Liberal to the core, and time passed pleasantly by, although it did seem as if I were out of the world, so quiet it was, especially in the morning when the men were asleep, or at work in the mines. The miners work eight hours a day and come out about four in the afternoon, and the evenings are quite lively with ball playing, etc. The Newcastle nine are among the best in the territory, and hav won many a famous victory.

Among our other jovial and Liberal friends here are John Williams, Wm. George, Thos. Oakley, leader of the band; G. D. Spencer, Rufus Calhoun, Wm. Penman, Thos. Naylor, Henry Bloom, Thos. Price, Wm. Under, Thos. Macdonald, Richard Roesiger, Jas. Carrington, John Hutchenson, August Saunders, John John, J. P. Rich, John Clark, Ben. Atkinson, Andrew Brown, August Farley, Wallace Fonier, Geo. Davis, G. Getschman, James Raper, Thos. Edge, etc., and it will be seen that the banners of Liberalism in Newcastle will never fall to the dust. We expect to return here on our next trip and organize a Secular Union.

We come back to Seattle on Wednesday, and giv two lectures Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and organize the Seattle Secular Union; and I believe we shall hav a royal company to defend our cause in this city of the hills, and the setting sun will shine upon our victorious forces. Walter Walker used to liv in Utah, and he kept things lively there for reform, and he will do the same wherever he goes. He is a born agitator for the right. He believes in progress with all his heart. John H. Hummell is equally devoted, an activ worker, generous and enthusiastic. Another stanch advocate is A. Amunds, always ready to lend a hand, and who looks forward and not backward, and is one of the live men of the city. With him goes his partner, P. Wickston, as solid as the hills and true as steel; and the father-in-law, Mr. Stone, who in old age keeps up the fires of freedom, and believes still in the "good time coming." Also, A. C. Bowman and his wife, at whose charming residence on the banks of Union Lake I was entertained. Bowman has many a fight on hand, especially with the ministers, who are always, however, obliged to beat a retreat, and not in the best of order. He is surrounded with Christian neighbors, who are determined to convert him and bring him to his knees; but so far he is right side up with care, and he doesn't giv much evidence of a "new birth."

Among others are Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Wood, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Hummell and family, who are all Liberals; Mrs. D. M. Crane, Mrs. Laura Hall, our potent worker at Port Angeles; W. W. White, Michael Pilling, Miller Galloway, Frank Pontius, R. Scott, O. A. Carr, Wm. Cochran, B. F. Sweeny, Samuel Combs, Judge Soderborg, C. M. Bridges, Dr. Done, Mrs. Josephine Giddings, A. J. Charleston, C. J. Childberg, Wm. Moran, John Coolage, H. F. Phillips, E. Roberts, Robert W. Wincipaw, N. Childberg, Messrs. Erlin, Robertson, etc.

I was pleased to make the acquaintance of Judge Bush, formerly of Washington, D. C., who is now located in this territory. He is well known to the readers of The Truth Seeker by his contributions to its columns. He is a genial and able man, and is quite an addition to our forces in this country.

I expect to lecture at Seattle next Tuesday, and close my work at this point with bright hopes of future progress. I am now on route amid the islands of the sound to Snohomish, where I lecture to-day, to-morrow, and Sunday and Monday. Next week I shall be at Port Angeles and Port Townsend, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, August 7th, 8th, and 9th; at Portland, August 11th; at Colfax, August 13th, 14th, and 15th; at Pendleton, I expect, August 21st; at Union, August 23d, 24th, and 25th; at Baker City, August 26th, 27th, and 28th; at Prairie City and vicinity, from August 29th to September 6th; at Emmetts and Boise City and neighborhood, from September 6th to 19th; at Salt Lake, September 24th and 25th; and eastward by Canon City, Denver, Nebraska, to Chicago, for the National Congress in November. Samuel P. Putnam.

*Puget Sound, Steamer W. F. Monroe*, July 29, 1887.

## Mrs. Slenker.

I suppose "you alls" will think me somewhat lacking in backbone to hav allowed the remarks on my case in the last Truth Seeker to worry and keep me lying awake nearly all night. Though willing to do and dare all, where I believe it right and best, I am not the less sensitiv to being skinned alive, or irritated by unjust adverse criticism. I claim to hav sent nothing to anyone that I did not send for the best of purposes, and even if not directly educating at the time, I meant it as good seed and to be exchanged for facts from the receiver which were needed in the work.

In writing up any branch of science, few save the students and teachers will be able to comprehend the usefulness of much matter that seems entirely irrelevant to the subject; so when our editor calls the item referred to as having appeared in the *Word* "very disgusting" "stuff," others who see and know its full import realize that it was of the greatest importance, because it was a fact and truth touching the most important problem of social sexual science.

So far as I am concerned, it was not so much the publishing of the matter in the objectionable item in the *Word* that I disliked as it was the way in which it was done. If I had intended making the fact known in print (and it was a real fact), I should hav put it in an entirely different shape. I never like to needlessly shock or even disgust people by presenting truths in too rude or rough a style.

But what is done can't be helped. I hav perhaps unwittingly sown better seed than I intended even in this; for I feel that Mr. Heywood is correct in thinking "pain is incidental to convalescence," and also as regards the "clandestin role of the reformer." I always prefer frank and open work wherever it is possible, yet we often write in private what is "unfit for publication," because for the average reader it would require too much preface and explanation to make it understandable.

To Mr. Heywood and others who were studying the science of sexual passions, the *Word* item was perfectly in place, but to outsiders, robbed of all that should hav accompanied it, it looked to be entirely uncalled for.

We cannot please all, even of our friends. But we can be kindly tolerant, and giv those who differ from us the benefit of the widest charity and consideration. I am truly sorry if I hav hurt Mr. Heywood's feelings in what I said regarding this matter, for I hold him and his good wife as true reformers, and true friends, not only of Elmina, but of all human kind.

Probably, next to Thomas Paine, no radicals of these latter days hav been more maligned, misrepresented, and misjudged than hav Ezra and Angela Heywood.

Now a word to Geo. W. Baum. I would respectfully inform him that the churning incident is a real fact, and occurred within a mile of Snowville, and the parties are personally known to me. "Churning all day" is frequently done by thrifty farm-wives who depend on butter-money for many little household purchases. Not unfrequently the cream refuses to yield up the buttery particles, and so the churn is kept standing around to be worked at odd moments, and hour after hour the dasher vainly does its work. I remember many such a "thro' of it" in my own past experience; especially one during my girlhood. We had tried salt, soda, hot water, and dropping in a small roll of butter, all in vain; finally, "old Aunt Morey" called, and at once pronounced the cream bewitched, and she heated a smoothing iron and threw it in the cream, saying it would make a burn on the witch, and she would leave the house. Surely enough, in a few moments, the butter came. Probably the hot iron wrought the needed change in the cream. Now, this was in the Empire State, and not in Dixie, and there are still plenty of people in probably every state in the Union who are quite intelligent in many respects, but who believe in signs, omens, witches, gods, and devils. I know I find such wherever I liv.

If Mrs. Slenker has "violated a national law," it is curious that so many of our best lawyers, scientists, and thinkers, who hav seen specimens of all that was mailed, are so ready to defend them as being mailable under the law; and that so many of our best physicians are in favor of "quashing the indictment" as unjust and unrighteous.

Think you as good, great, and wise a doctor as E. B. Foote would fill page after page of his *Health Monthly*, issue after issue, with letters, articles, and editorials of defense, if he believed what was mailed was lewd and obscene? As to "nasty and vulgar language," that is all a matter of education and taste. If a scientist whose merits and works are of world-wide reputation, such as are those of H. M. Parkhurst, can use and defend this language as clean, proper, correct, and legitimate, shall we lesser lights carp and cavil over it?

Are Liberals truly Liberal? It would almost seem that many of them would like to shut out from our papers everything save comments upon Noah and the ark, Solomon and his numerous wives, and Jesus and the enemies he wanted slain before him, and it almost seems that Elmina's enemies would like her to be imprisoned, if not slain outright, for touching the forbidden subject of sex.

I see Mr. Chamberlain asks those who hav been benefited by Elmina's work please to send statements to that effect. Does he mean simply sexual work, or does he yoke in all her work against theology, alcohol, tobacco, and punishment—especially of helpless little children? If so, I fear the responses will be overwhelming; unless the sexual shock has paralyzed the pens of the people.

You see, I am judging by the appreciativ and flattering personal letters I hav received during thirty years of public and private correspondence, and the real outcome may be far less than I anticipated. Honest in intent and clean of heart, hav I ever given to the

world my best. The seed is sown and time will ripen the grain, and the future shall judge of the harvest. I need, also, the words written against as well as for me, and friends who see mention of my case in papers other than those for which I write will confer a great favor upon me by sending such extracts, giving name and date of the journal from which they are taken.

Friends, July will be gone ere you read this, and August will hav begun. The months pass swiftly away, and near and more near draws the fateful day when I must once more go to be judged, and probably condemned and convicted. It is a great strain on one's nerves to feel the shadow of a prison resting on and over one for weeks and months together; to realize that the end is ever approaching nearer and still nearer, as inevitable as death itself, and no arm to avert the blow.

You may say I risked it all open-eyed. Well, so does every soldier in the army risk wounds, capture, and death open-eyed; but each one hopes to escape, just as I hoped to do my duty and escape, unharmed by fire and foe.

My object in writing this is to ask all the silent ones, the spectators of the combat, to jump down from the fence and take sides in the work; to show their colors, to let us know who our friends are. We need every name of every friend to free mails and free speech. We need the indorsement of everyone who believes in a clean heredity and a broader scientific sexual education.

If the hundreds who hav spoken brave, true, earnest, inspiriting words in private letter would only send just a few lines of public approval, or simply send twenty-five cents, with their names, so they might be placed in the roll of honor, and help to swell the ranks, they would be accomplishing far more than they imagin. We ask none to do this save those who truly sympathize in the work. But so many think it is of no use to write or send unless they can do big things. They forget that little drops of water make the mighty ocean. So, right here, I ask each one to become a drop.

The day is not far off when you will realize that this little fight way down in old Virginia is something more than a mere personal matter; that I hav not risked fine and imprisonment, slander, contumely, and disgrace for the paltry privilege of mailing a few words.

Behind me are noble, scientific, grand, and true men and women, each and all of whom are in the work and of it. One by one they are coming to the front, and lifting a part of the load from my shoulders. The first dark, dense desolation is passing by.

Not one of you will ever know the terrible horror of that first week in Wytheville jail, when I did not know if even my husband or child would ever care for me again.

Right here I wish to say that Mr. Slenker stood by me stanchly and kindly all through the stay in Abingdon, and closed up the trip by donating $10 to the defense fund, and promised still more help toward it.

It has cost me over $200 for being arrested, jailed, bailed, indicted, and re-bailed, and what the real trial, fine, etc., will cost only the future will tell.

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

*Snowville, Va.*, July 28, 287.

## Church and State.

*Edward McGlynn in the Standard.*

I shall giv you a little chapter of unpublished history. A priest, Edward J. O'Reilly, pastor of St. Mary's church in Grand street, this city, a man of ability and culture, had shortly before the date of that interview been promoted from the parish of Newburgh, where he had begun to agitate in writing the so-called "school question," which largely consisted of the demand for public moneys for Catholic parochial schools. When he came to St. Mary's parish in New York, he found himself burdened with two parochial school buildings which he found it all but impossible to support, even with the aid of fairs, and raffles (in violation of law), and picnics and excursions, the chief profits of which would come from the sale of beer and intoxicating drinks. He said to me one day, "I can't support my schools." "Well, then," said I, "don't support them." "But," said he, "I must support them." "Well," said I, "support them, then." I simply meant to say that if he and his people wanted private, religious, parochial schools, nobody should deny them the right of enjoying that luxury, but that reasonable beings would suppose that he and his people should also enjoy the privilege of paying for the luxury. But the fact is that the Catholic people as a rule are not very eager for parochial schools, which are forced upon them by the fanaticism of bishops and priests, so that the support of the schools has to be extorted from the people by never-ending scoldings from the altar and pulpit, by choking people at church doors to sell them excursion tickets, and by other similar un-Christlike arts. In the conversation referred to, Father O'Reilly quickly made known his view on the subject. He said: "We are paying our share of the taxes. We are therefore entitled to our share of the public school fund. We hav the votes and the political influence, and we must demand, and shall obtain, our rights." I answered that he might hav a majority of the voters in some of the wards in New York city, but that he should not forget the bitter hostility of the great majority of the people of the state and country to such demands, and that the pressing of such demends by him and his friends would provoke bitter denunciation and caricatures from pulpit and press, and would do irreparable injury to the Catholic church throughout the United States. He replied: "What hav I to do with the Catholic church in the United States? My mission is to my own church and to the children of my own people"—a sentiment which I thought very uncatholic, and one that was rebuked by the action of children in his own Sunday-school, who showed that they were concerned not merely for the interests of religion in the United States, but in far-away China and Japan, for the spiritual help of which they were collecting and contributing their pence.

This Father O'Reilly, determined to carry out his views, associated with himself a number of priests, among whom were Fathers Cloury, of St. Gabriel's, Treanor, of the Transfiguration church, and McKenna, of St. Rose's. They formed what may be called an offensiv and defensiv alliance with the Tammany ring, of which at that time the chief ornaments were Tweed, Sweeney, Connolly, and Oakey Hall. It was a matter of life and death for the ring at that time, already deep in its unparalleled thievery and general rascality, to secure the reëlection of Oakey Hall as mayor. It was like a godsend to the desperate ring to be permitted to hope that they could buy the "Catholic vote" and the support of the Catholic ecclesiastical machine, at so cheap a price as that of a few hundred thousand dollars a year for Catholic schools, which sum they could easily procure by legislativ trick and fraud. To giv to the alliance more surety and dignity it was desired by the ring, and the desire was gratified, that Archbishop McCloskey should hav a conference on the subject with Peter B. Sweeney, who was known as the "brains" of the ring. This conference was held on a Sunday evening, in a room in the old episcopal, now pastoral, residence of St. Patrick's church in Mulberry street. In due time the ring maintained its part of the bargain by passing through the legislature an appropriation which granted to the Catholic parochial schools of New York city an amount somewhere between two hundred and three hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Sweeney got great credit for his cleverness in so managing that the appropriation was tacked on to a bill on, I believe, the last night of the session, and in such shape and language that but few of the legislators could hav known or guessed the real intent of the appropriation or the amount appropriated. The appropriation awarded "a sum equivalent to twenty per cent of the excise money in New York county for the year 1868 to such free schools as are not already in receipt of any share of the public school fund." A commissioner was by the act itself to be appointed for the distribution of the fund. Mr. Nathaniel Jarvis, Jr., was appointed such commissioner, and even he, who is somewhat known as a practical politician, was shocked at the cupidity and unscrupulousness of Catholic clergymen in their unseemly scramble to get more than their share of the appropriation. One worthy pastor had the coolness to ask for a share, although he had no school, on the ground that, if he could get a liberal slice of the fund, he would start a school. The parochial schools enjoyed this gift of the ring for a year or two, and clergymen privy to the bargain did what they could to keep their part of the pact by doing their best to reëlect Mayor Hall, and therefore to oppose the rival candidate, Judge Ledwith, who was himself a Catholic, and for whom personally some of the clergy referred to had the kindest feeling. More than one priest recommended the Tammany party from the altar the Sunday before election, and Mr. John Mullally, a well known Catholic journalist and politician, recently a tax commissioner, went about to priests the Saturday evening before with what was equivalent to a message from Vicar-general Starrs, with whom he had just been in conference, to the effect that the Tammany party were willing to do the best they could for the Catholic schools, and it was but fair that the Catholics and the clergy should do the best they could for Tammany Hall.

Is is not high time to hav done with this wretched business once for all by such legislation, or rather amendment of the constitution, as was suggested by me seventeen years ago? I am happy to hav reason to believe that even gentlemen prominently connected with the House of Refuge are beginning to see this matter in the same light as I do, and that they will be willing to coöperate with citizens of all denominations and of no denomination in procuring through the constitutional convention, which is to be held in spite of the efforts of Archbishop Corrigan to prevent it, such provisions as will make such irritation and scandal impossible in future. My reason for saying this is that some of these gentlemen are, I believe, activly interested in the work of a committee that has for one of its objects the procuring of some such provision or amendment in the constitution of this state. I will giv you, as entirely pertinent to this subject, the text of a correspondence which I had some three months ago with the acting secretary of that committee, the Rev. Mr. Baker. But first I should like to say that some suggestions in my part of the correspondence were deliberately intended to make impossible in the future the miserable evasions that hav been common in the past, by which, under the pretense of non-sectarianism, people hav been deprived of the reasonable enjoyment of such religious ministrations as they preferred, and, on the other hand, hav been coerced into attending religious service and instruction which were utterly distasteful to them, and at which very often they felt that they could not voluntarily be present without grievously sinning against conscience. Surely it is the rational doctrin of the soundest Christian philosophy, as it is a cherished American principle, that liberty of conscience shall be inviolate. The correspondence is as follows:

ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL, 54TH ST. AND FIFTH AVE.,
NEW YORK, April 29, 1887.

REV. EDWARD MCGLYNN, D.D., *Rev. and Dear Sir:* A conference of the executiv and finance committee of the "central committee for protecting and perpetuating the separation of church and state" will be held at this hospital on Tuesday evening, May 3d, at 8 o'clock, at which the following proposed amendment to the state constitution will be discussed:

"No moneys from the public treasury, state, county, or municipal, or moneys raised by taxation, shall be given, paid, or loaned to any sectarian institution, or any institution under sectarian teaching or control."

I hav been specially requested to ask you and the following gentlemen to be with us on that occasion: Rev. Joshua Strong, D.D., Mr. Henry George, Mr. Henry A. Cram.

I sincerely trust that it will be in your power to be present. Yours truly, GEORGE S. BAKER, Acting Secretary.

Executiv Committee—E. M. Kingsley, S. Hastings Grant, Churchill H. Cutting, Andrew Powell. Finance Committee—H. A. Oakley, Hugh N. Camp, William Alexander Smith.

NEW YORK, May 3, 1887.

Mr. George S. Baker, Acting Secretary of Committee for Protecting and Perpetuating the Separation of Church and State, St. Luke's Hospital, New York city:

SIR: I hav received your favor inviting me to take part in a conference of the executiv and financial committees of your committee to be held this evening, to which conference you inform me that you were requested to invite also Rev. Joshua Strong, D.D., Mr. Henry George, and Mr. Henry A. Cram. I thank you for the courteous invitation, and regret that another engagement will not permit me to be present.

I am glad to be able to express my sincere concurrence in the general proposition which, as I understand it, underlies the purpose of your committee and the amendment to the state constitution it proposes as follows: "No moneys from the public treasury—state, county, or municipal—or moneys raised by taxation, shall be given, paid, or loaned to any sectarian institution, or any institution under sectarian teaching or control."

I am convinced from my reading of history that too often the liberty of religion has suffered by the so-called protection of the state, and its purity has been corrupted by state endowments, while, on the other hand, the liberties of the people and the rights of the state as representativ of these liberties, hav been time and time again encroached upon by churchmen grown rich and powerful by the endowments of the state. I could not, however, with perfect satisfaction to myself, approve of the proposed amendment unless I were permitted to amend the amendment by making it broader and more radical, and so clear in its provision as to render impossible all quibbling and evasion. I would therefore suggest the insertion after the word "taxation" of the following words: "From licenses, excises, or in any other way, by authority of law." Again, after the word "control" I would suggest the addition of the following words: "Or to any private institutions, or to any institution that shall not be the property of the people in their political capacity, and entirely controled by officers elected or appointed by the people."

I hope that these suggestions will meet with acceptance from the conference, in which case I shall cheerfully and earnestly defend the proposed amendment with voice and pen, and use what influence I may hav in the matter of the election of delegates to the constitutional convention, and with the members of the convention in behalf of the amendment.

With best wishes for the committee and yourself, I am, sir,
Yours sincerely, EDWARD MCGLYNN.

I received another letter from Rev. Mr. Baker, telling me that my suggestions had been submitted to the conference and were referred to a legal committee, from which, no doubt, we shall hear in good time a favorable report.

What I say in my letter to Rev. Mr. Baker is what I said in the *Sun* in 1870, and I am glad to know that what was said so long ago is in substance and spirit and largely in phraseology the same as the Nine Demands of the American Secular Union. I can cordially and unreservedly subscribe to those demands, and I should be glad to see them granted by appropriate changes in our constitutions, state and federal.

W. S. BELL and J. E. Remsburg are both at work in Nebraska.

REUBEN CLEMENT, the thieving president of the Citizens' Savings bank of Leavenworth, Kan., is a good Christian. He formerly lived in Fredonia, N. Y., where he was an activ elder in the Presbyterian church, interested in all church work. His character as a religious man was the same in Leavenworth as in Fredonia, and the pious folk of that town took him to their bosoms and compelled the faithful to withdraw their deposits from the four ungodly banks of the city and place the money with Brother Clement. The only unchristian act Mr. Clement is accused of is breaking the Sabbath by starting for Canada on that day. He took with him $51,000 of the brethren's money, but that is a small offense in the eyes of God's church compared to breaking the Sabbath,

## Why Am I a Heathen?

*From the North American Review.*

Men raised in a certain faith usually adhere to it, or drift into one of its cognates. Thus a heathen may wander from simple Confucianism into some form of Buddhism or Brahmanism, just as a Christian may tire of following the Golden Rule, and adopt some special sect—one more latitudinarian or ceremonious, according to the temper of his religious conscientiousness; but the latter continues still a Christian, though a pervert; while the heathen, in Christian parlance, is still a pagan.

The main element of all religion is the moral code controling and regulating the relations and acts of individuals toward "God, neighbor, and self;" and this intelligent "heathenism" was taught thousands of years before Christianity existed or Jewry borrowed it. Heathenism has not lost or lessened it since.

Born and raised a heathen, I learned and practiced its moral and religious code; and acting thereunder I was useful to myself and many others. My conscience was clear, and my hopes as to future life were undimmed by distracting doubt. But, when about seventeen, I was transferred to the midst of our showy Christian civilization, and at this impressible period of life Christianity presented itself to me at first under its most alluring aspects; kind Christian friends became particularly solicitous for my material and religious welfare, and I was only too willing to know the truth.

I had to take a good deal for granted as to the inspiration of the Bible—as is necessary to do to Christianize a non-Christian mind; and I even advanced so far under the spell of my would be soul-savers that I seriously contemplated becoming the bearer of heavenly tidings to my "benighted" heathen people.

But before qualifying for this high mission, the Christian doctrin I would teach had to be learned, and here on the threshold I was bewildered by the multiplicity of Christian sects, each one claiming a monopoly of the only and narrow road to heaven.

I looked into Presbyterianism only to retreat shuddering from a belief in a merciless God who had long foreordained most of the helpless human race to an eternal hell. To preach such a doctrin to intelligent heathen would only raise in their minds doubts of my sanity, if they did not believe I was lying.

Then I dipped into Baptist doctrins, but found so many sects therein, of different "shells," warring over the merits of cold-water initiation and the method and time of using it, that I became disgusted with such trivialities; and the question of close communion or not only impressed me that some were very stingy and exclusiv with their bit of bread and wine, and others a little less so.

Methodism struck me as a thunder-and-lightning religion—all profession and noise. You struck it, or it struck you, like a spasm—and so you "experienced" religion.

The Congregationalists deterred me with their starchiness and self-conscious true-goodness, and their desire only for high-toned affiliates.

Unitarianism seemed all doubt, doubting even itself.

A number of other Protestant sects based on some novelty or eccentricity—like Quakerism—I found not worth a serious study by the non-Christian. But on one point this mass of Protestant dissension cordially agreed, and that was in a united hatred of Catholicism, the older form of Christianity. And Catholicism returned with interest this animosity. It haughtily declared itself the only true church, outside of which there was no salvation—for Protestants especially; that its chief prelate was the personal representativ of God on earth, and that he was infallible. Here was religious unity, power, and authority with a vengeance. But, in chorus, my solicitous Protestant friends beseeched me not to touch Catholicism, declaring it was worse than my heathenism—in which I agreed; but the same line of argument also convinced me that Protestantism stood in the same crtegory.

In fact, the more I studied Christianity in its various phases, and listened to the animadversions of one sect upon another, the more it all seemed to me "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

Disgusted with sectarianism, I turned to a simple study of the "inspired Bible" for enlightenment.

The creation fable did not disturb me, nor the Eden incident; but some vague doubts did arise with the deluge and Noah's ark; it seemed a reflection on a just and merciful divinity. And I was not at all satisfied of the honesty and goodness of Jacob, or his family, or their descendants, or that there was any particular merit or reason for their being the "chosen" of God, to the detriment of the rest of mankind; for they so appreciated God's special patronage that on every occasion they ran after other gods, and had a special idolatry for the "golden calf," to which some Christians allege they are still devoted. That God, failing to make something out of this stiff-necked race, concluded to send his son to redeem a few of them, and a few of the long-neglected gentiles, is not strikingly impressiv to the heathen.

It may be flattering to the Christian to know it required the crucifixion of God to save him, and that nothing less would do; but it opens up a series of inferences that makes the idea more and more incomprehensible, and more and more inconsistent with a will, purpose, wisdom, and justice thoroughly divine.

But when I got to the new dispensation, with its sin-forgiving business, I figurativly "went to pieces" on Christianity. The idea that, however wicked the sinner, he had the same chance of salvation, "through the blood of the lamb," as the most God fearing—in fact, that the eleventh-hour man was entitled to the same heavenly compensation as the one who had labored in the Lord's vineyard from the first hour—all this was absolutely preposterous. It was not just, and God is justice.

Applying this dogma, I began to think of my own prospects on the other side of Jordan. Suppose Dennis Kearney, the California sand-lotter, should slip in and meet me there, would he not be likely to forget his heavenly songs, and howl once more: "The Chinese must go!" and organize a heavenly crusade to hav me and others immediately cast out into the other place?

And then the murderers, cut-throats, and thieves whose very souls had become thoroughly impregnated with their life-long crimes—these were to become "pure as new-born babes"—all within a few short hours of a death-preparation—while I, the good heathen (supposing the case), who had done naught but good to my fellow-heathen, who had spent most of my hard earnings regularly in feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, and succoring the distressed, and had died of yellow fever, contracted from a deserted fellow-being stricken with the disease, whom no Christian would nurse, I was unmercifully consigned to hell's everlasting fire, simply because I had not heard of the glorious saving power of the Lord Jesus, or because the construction of my mind would not permit me to believe in the peculiar redeeming powers of Christ!

But, then, it was gently insinuated: "Oh, no! You heathen who had not heard of Christ will not be punished quite so severely when you die as those 'who heard the gospel and believed it not.'"

The more I read the Bible the more afraid I was to become a Christian. The idea of coming into daily or hourly contact with cold-blooded murderers, cut-throats, and other human scourges, who had had but a few moments of repentance before roaming around heaven, was abhorrent. And suppose, to this horde of shrewd, "civilized" criminals should be added the fanatic thugs of India, the pirates of China, the slavers, the cannibals, *et al.* Well, this was enough to shock and dismay any mild, decent soul not schooled in eccentric Christianity.

It is not only because I want to be honest, and to be sure of a heavenly home, that I choose to sign myself "Your Heathen," but because I want to be as happy as I can, in order to liv longer; and I believe I can liv longer here by being sincere and practical in my faith.

In the first place, my faith does not teach me predestination, nor that my life is what the gods hath long foreordained, but is what I make it myself; and naturally much of this depends on the way I liv.

Unlike Christianity, "our" church is not eager for converts; but, like Free Masonry, we think our religious doctrin strong enough to attract the seekers after light and truth to offer themselvs without urging, or proselytizing efforts. It preëminently teaches me to mind my own business, to be contented with what I hav, to possess a mind that is tranquil, and a body at ease at all times—in a word, it says: "Whatsoever ye would not that others should do unto you do ye not even so unto them." We believe that if we are not able to do anybody any good, we should do nothing at all to harm them. This is better than the restless Christian doctrin of ceaseless action. Idleness is no wrong when actions fail to bring forth fruits of merit. It is these fruitless trials of one thing and another that produce so much trouble and misery in Christian society.

If my shoe factory employs 500 men, and givs me an annual profit of $10,000, why should I substitute therein machinery by the use of which I need only 100 men, thus not only throwing 400 contented, industrious men into misery, but making myself more miserable by heavier responsibilities, with possibly less profit?

We heathen believe in the happiness of a common humanity, while the Christian's only practical belief appears to be money making (golden calf worshiping); and there is more money to be made by being "in the swim" as a Christian than by being a heathen. Even a Christian minister makes more money in one year than a heathen banker in two. I do not blame them for their money-making, but for their way of making it.

How many eminent Christian preachers sincerely believe in all the Christian mysteries they preach? And yet it is policy to be apparently in earnest; in fact, some are in real earnest rather from the force of habit than otherwise—like a Bowery auctioneer who, to make trade, provides customers too—to keep up the appearance of rushing business. The more converts made, the more profit to the church, and the more wealth in the pocket of the dominie.

How would the hundreds of thousands of these Christian ministers in the United States make their living if they did not bulldoze it out of the pockets of the credulous by making the "pews" believe what the "pulpit" does not?

Nor do we heathen believe in a machine way of doing good. If we find a man starving in the streets we do not wait until we find the overseer of the poor, nor for the unwinding of other civilized red tape before relieving the man's hunger. If a heathen sees a man fall from a tree-top, and seriously injure himself, he does not first run to a hospital for an ambulance, nor does the ambulance-man first want to know what precinct the injured man belongs to; but forthwith he is cared for and taken to the nearest shelter for other needed treatment, and when the danger is over then red tape may come in—the Christian machinery.

If we do anything charitable we do not advertise it like the Christian, nor do we suppress knowledge of the meritorious acts of others, to humor our vanity or gratify our spleen. An instance of this was conspicuous during the Memphis yellow-fever epidemic a few years ago, and when the Chinese were virulently persecuted all over the United States. Chinese merchants in China donated $40,000 at that time to the relief of plague stricken Memphis, but the Christians quietly swallowed the sweet morsel without even a "thank you." But they did advertise it, heavily and strongly, all over the world, when they paid $137,000 to the Chinese government as petty compensation for the massacre of 23 Chinamen by civilized American Christians, and for robbing these and other poor heathen of their earthly possessions.

In matters of charity Christians invariably let their right hand know what the left is doing, and cry it out from the house-tops. The heathen is too dignified for such childish vainness.

Of course, we decline to admit all the advantages of your boasted civilization, or that the white race is the only civilized one. Its civilization is borrowed, adapted, and shaped from our older form.

China has a national history of at least 4,000 years, and had a printed history 3,500 years before a European discovered the art of type-printing. In the course of our national existence our race has passed, like others, through mythology, superstition, witchcraft, established religion, to philosophical religion. We hav been "blest" with at least a half dozen religions more than any other nation. None of them were rational enough to become the abiding faith of an intelligent people; but when we began to reason we succeeded in making society better and its government more protectiv, and our great Reasoner, Confucius, reduced our various social and religious ideas into book form, and so perpetuated them.

China, with its teeming population of 400 000,000, is demonstration enough of the satisfactory results of this religious evolution. Where else can it be paralleled?

Call us heathen, if you will, the Chinese are still superior in social administration and social order. Among 400.000.000 of Chinese there are fewer murders and robberies in a year than there are in New York state.

True, China supports a luxurious monarch—whose every whim must be gratified; yet, withal, its people are the most lightly taxed in the world, having nothing to pay but from tilled soil, rice, and salt; and yet she has not a single dollar of national debt.

Such implicit confidence hav we Chinese is our heathen politicians that we leave matters of jurisprudence entirely in their hands; and they are able to devise the best possible laws for the preservation of life, property, and happiness, without Christian demagogism, or by the cruel persecution of one class to promote the selfish interests of another; and we are so far heathenish as to no longer persecute men simply on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, but treat them all according to their individual worth.

Though we may differ from the Christian in appearance, manners, and general ideas of civilization, we do not organize into cowardly mobs under the guise of social or political reform, to plunder and murder with impunity; and we are so far advanced in our heathenism as to no longer tolerate popular feeling or religious prejudice to defeat justice or cause injustice.

We are simple enough, too, not to allow the neglect or abuse of age by youth, however mild the form. "The silent tears of age will call down the fire of heaven upon those who make them flow."

"He who witnesseth a crime without preventing its commission, or reporting the same to the nearest magistrate, is equally responsible with the principal."

"If a stronger man assaults another who is weaker, it is the duty of the passer-by to take the weak man's part." But to Christians this would be a spectacle merely—one to be encouraged rather than prevented.

A heathen is not allowed to marry unless he is a good citizen, moral, and capable to instruct the children he may be honored with.

"Parents are responsible for the crimes of their children." This is an axiom of the common law in Chinese heathendom.

We do not embrace our wives before our neighbor's eyes, and abuse them in the privacy of home. If we wish to fool our neighbors at all about our domestic affairs we would rather reverse the exhibition—let them think we disliked our wife, while love at home would be the warmer.

I would rather marry in the heathen fashion than in the Christian mode, because in the former instance I would take a wife for life, while in the second instance it is entirely a game of chance.

We bring up our children to be our second selvs in every sense of the word. The Christian's children, like himself, are all on the lookout for No. 1, and it is a common result that the old people are badly "left" in their old age.

While traveling among the Christians one has to keep his eyes wide open; even then he has to pay dear for his comforts. In traveling in China among the pure heathen, especially in the interior, a stranger is not everybody's cow—only good to be milked and then turned loose—but he is the public's guest; his money is a secondary consideration.

As the heathen does not encourage labor-saving machinery, I do not hav to be idle if I don't want to, and, as a result, work is more equally distributed.

If a hungry heathen steals a bowl of rice and milk, and eats it on the premises, the magistrate discharges him—as a case of necessity—like self-defense. But he who knows the law and violates it, is punished more severely than he who is ignorant of it.

Christians are continually fussing about religion; they build great churches and make long prayers; and yet there is more wickedness in the neighborhood of a single church district of one thousand people in New York than among one million heathen, churchless and unsermonized.

Christian talk is long and loud about how to be good and to act charitably. It is all charity, and no fraternity—"there, dog, take your crust and be thankful!" And is it, therefore, any wonder there is more heart-breaking and suicides in the single state of New York in a year than in all China?

The difference between the heathen and the Christian is that the heathen does good for the sake of doing good. With the Christian, what little good he does he does it for immediate honor and for future reward; he lends to the Lord and wants compound interest. In fact, the Christian is the worthy heir of his religious ancestors.

The heathen does much and says little about it; the Christian does little good, but when he does he wants it in the papers and on his tombstone.

Love men for the good they do you is a practical Christian idea, not for the good you should do them as a matter of human duty. So Christians love the heathen; yes, the heathen's possessions; and in proportion to these the Christian's love grows in intensity. When the English wanted the Chinamen's gold and trade, they said they wanted "to open China for their missionaries." And opium was the chief, in fact, only missionary they looked after, when they forced the ports open. And this infamous Christian introduction among Chinamen has done more injury, social and moral, in China than all the humanitarian agencies of Christianity could remedy in two hundred years. And on you, Christians, and on your greed of gold, we lay the burden of the crime resulting; of tens of millions of honest, useful men and women sent thereby to premature death after a short, miserable life, besides the physical and moral prostration it entails even where it does not prematurely kill! And this great national curse was thrust on us at the points of Christian bayonets. And you wonder why we are heathen?

The only positiv point Christians hav impressed on heathenism is that they would sacrifice religion, honor, principle, as they do life, for—gold. And then they sanctimoniously tell the poor heathen, "You must save your soul by believing as we do!"

Members of my faith do not so worship gold, although they know it is a very handy thing to hav in the house; but honor and principle are dearer than pelf to the average heathen. But I dare say when the heathen hav become sufficiently demoralized by contact with Christian civilization and its Vanity Fair of pretense, pride, and dress, they will probably be worse even than the Christian in beating their way through this wide, wicked world. Pupils are often too apt.

In public affairs, it is either niggardliness that puts a premium on dishonesty, or loose extravagance for show, that encourages political debauchery and jobbery. In general, business men are lauded as great financiers who actually conspire to buy laws, place judges, control senates, corner and regulate at will the price of natural products; and, in fact, act as if the whole political and social machinery should be a lever to them to operate against the interests of the nation and people. In a heathen country such conspirators against social order and the general welfare would hav short shrift.

Here in New York, the richest and the poorest city in the world, misery pines while wealth arrogantly stalks. The poor hav the votes, and yet elect those who betray them for lucre to corporate and capitalistic interests; and the administration of justice—in fact, the whole system of jurisprudence—is to stimulate crime rather than prevent it. As to preventing poverty, or rendering it less intolerable, that is the most remote thought of religious and political local administration.

It is no wonder, under such circumstances and conditions, that New York is a most heavily taxed city, and the worst governed for the interests of New York. "Public office a public trust?" Rather, it is a farm to be worked, Christian-like, for all it is worth. Public spiritedness and moral worth hav no value or utility in "practical" Christian politics. Such civic virtues "don't pay."

Do as we do. Giv public office to the competent. Pay them well. If they are inefficient or indifferent, remove them at once. If dishonest, morally or financially, kill them as traitors.

"It is better that a child knows only what is right and what is wrong than to hav a rote knowledge of all the books of the sages. and yet not know what is right and what is wrong." Collegiate education does not necessarily make a youth fit for the duties of life. And men like Lincoln, Greeley, and other such Americans prove it.

"The most successful youth in life is not the most learned, but the most unblemished in conduct." So say the heathen. But here, it is called smart when a boy is merely impudent to the old, and it is "smartness," and is excused by the phrase that "boys will be boys," when a boy throws a stone with malice to break some one's window, or do some injury. And parents of such a boy, while they chide, will secretly chuckle, "He's got the makings of a man in him."

It is our motto, "If we cannot bring up our children to think and do for us when we are old as we did for them when they were young, it is better not to rear them at all." But the Christian style is for children to expect their parents to do all for them, and then for the children to abandon the parents as soon as possible.

On the whole, the Christian way strikes us as decidedly an unnatural one; it is everyone for himself—parents and children even. Imagin my feelings, if my own son, whom I loved better than my own life, for whom I had sacrificed all my comforts and luxury, should, through some selfish motiv, go to law with me to get his share prematurely of my property, and even hav me declared a lunatic, or hav me arrested and imprisoned, to subserve his interest or intrigue! Is this a rare Christian case? Can it be charged against heathenism?

We heathen are a God-fearing race. Aye, we believe the whole universe-creation—whatever exists and has existed—is of God and in God; that, figuratively, the thunder is his voice and the lightning his mighty hands; that everything we do and contemplate doing is seen and known by him; that he has created this and other worlds to effectuate beneficent, not merciless, designs; and that all that he has done is for the steady, progressiv benefit of the creatures whom he endowed with life and sensibility, and to whom as a consequence he owes and givs paternal care, and will giv paternal compensation and justice; yet his voice will threaten and his mighty hand chastise those who deliberately disobey his sacred laws and their duty to their fellow-man.

"Do unto others as you wish they would do unto you," or "Love your neighbor as yourself," is the great divine law which Christians and heathen alike hold, but which the Christians ignore.

This is what keeps me the heathen I am! And I earnestly invite the Christians of America to come to Confucius.

WONG CHIN FOO.

## Mrs. Colman's Reminiscences.

The war was over, the new president inaugurated, the heat of the summer was upon us, and it was time to return to my Northern home. I had grown old in these years of the war, chattel slavery was abolished, and I felt that I had fairly earned rest. Many very sad things had come into my domestic life—things that I do not record, because private sorrows are not for public ears. Death is easily talked about, as it is what sooner or later comes to us all, but there are troubles much harder to bear than death, which we hide in our own bosoms, and the world has no suspicion that we are not comfortably happy. It seemed best to remove my home to Syracuse, where a sister of mine was living, and where in a short time came another sister to die. We were at first four sisters; now only two of us remained.

H. L. Green was at this time a resident of Syracuse, and through his exertions a radical club was formed, that was for some years very prosperous. It was very democratic, and some people who belonged in it intellectually did not like to associate with people who were not always grammatical in speech or fashionable in attire. However, we held a very respectable meeting once, and sometimes twice, a week. I was myself chairman over three years. At last I left the city for a year, resigning my place and assuring the society that I would never again hold office. Age had come upon me, and my health was not good enough to admit of evening work. Mr. Green removed from the city, and the club gave up the ghost.

Soon Liberal Leagues were formed. and the two Liberal papers, the *Index* and THE TRUTH SEEKER, seemed to become partisan. I had taken the *Index* for two or three years, but it had become distasteful to me, and I had given it up.

I had seen but one or two copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER when, receiving a letter from the editor of that paper, I learned that a league had been formed in Syracuse for the purpose of helping the editor of the *Index*, by votes, at the anniversary of the National League, which was soon to meet in Syracuse. I was surprised that the two leading members of the old Radical Club had entirely ignored the existence of myself and sister, and were as private with their League as though they were guilty of intrigue and deceit. I was somewhat angered, and, with my sister's help, soon obtained double the names required, sent for and obtained a charter, and in one week had a Liberal League in good running order. The history of the divisions in the National Society is familiar to us all; I do care to return to it. Suffice it to say it was a hard fight, but those of us who survived, though scarred, feel that for us the battle was a triumph. It is well to know our friends. I was so falsified at that time by men and women that Syracuse has never been the same to me, and never can be again. I hav a few friends whom I love as brothers and sisters, and they hav been to me all that I could desire. In the long sickness of my last sister, terminating in death, my only near relativ, they were all in all—but my work is nearly done. THE TRUTH SEEKER family, with its supporters, are very dear to me—my own family, I must call them, as I hav no other. They hav always treated me with kindness and appreciation far beyond my deserts, never having rejected anything which I hav sent them. I hav felt often that I hav had more than my share of the paper.

Since I came into this family of truth seekers we hav lost by death very many valuable members. First, our martyred editor and publisher, D. M. Bennett; but his soul has been marching on through all these years, inspiring his friends to continue the work so well begun by him. And then our loved and highly-talented secretary, T. C. Leland, how much we miss his genial presence and his gifted pen; and dear and most excellent Elizur Wright, almost peerless as a helper in all ways—his intellect was marvelous, his heart full of goodness, and his fearlessness was always activ. "Is it duty?"—that question answered in the affirmativ, he never shrank. We hav lost others less known—my own sister Mrs. Raymond, Mrs. Bonnell, of Junius; Mr. Mitchell, of West Junius, and many others—peace to them all! And now my reminiscences close for the present. By and by, when my readers are rested, if the Editor allows it, I will giv you a chapter of my own experience in Spiritualism. Just at present I can think of little else but the imprisonment of men and women for their opinions orally expressed or written upon paper.

LUCY N. COLMAN.

*Syracuse*, June 20, 287.

POPULAR opinions on subjects not palpable to sense are often true, but seldom or never the whole truth. They are a part of the truth; sometimes a greater, sometimes a smaller part, but exaggerated, distorted, and disjoined from the truths by which they ought to be accompanied and limited. Heretical opinions, on the other hand, are generally some of these suppressed and neglected truths, bursting the bonds which kept them down, and either seeking reconciliation with the truth contained in the common opinion, or fronting it as enemies, and setting themselvs up with similar exclusivness as the whole truth. The latter case is hitherto the most frequent, as in the human mind one-sidedness has always been the rule, and many-sidedness the exception. Hence even in revolutions of opinion one part of the truth usually sets while another rises. Even progress, which ought to superadd, for the most part only substitutes one partial and incomplete truth for another; improvement consisting chiefly in this, that the new fragment of truth is more wanted, more adapted to the needs of the time, than that which it displaces. Such being the partial character of prevailing opinions, even when resting on a true foundation, every opinion which embodies somewhat of the portion of truth which the common opinion omits, ought to be considered precious, with whatever amount of error and confusion that truth may be blended. No sober judge of human affairs will feel bound to be indignant because those who force on our notice truths which we should otherwise hav overlooked, overlook some of those which we see. Rather he will think that so long as popular truth is one-sided, it is more desirable than otherwise that unpopular truth should hav one-sided asserters, too; such being usually the most energetic, and the most likely to compel reluctant attention to the fragment of wisdom which they proclaim as if it were the whole.—*J. S. Mill.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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## Where Will It End?

The Mormon church is organized under the Utah territorial laws, and its affairs are managed by thirteen trustees. The church owns a large amount of property, real estate and personal, has a fund for importing its converts, and is a thrifty concern generally. The Mormon theology is based upon the Jewish Bible; its members religiously believe in imitating the revered patriarchs of old in the number of their wives; it has revelations of later date, but equal authenticity, than the Christian church possesses, and is for these and other reasons cordially hated by its mother and rival, the Christian church.

At the last session of Congress Senator Edmunds procured the passage of a bill authorizing fourteen trustees to be appointed by the president, and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to take possession and control of the property and affairs of the corporation of the Mormon church, and wind up its affairs. The bill also authorized the attorney-general to sue for and escheat to the government all property of the Mormon church corporation in excess of $50,000 of value in real property, except buildings used exclusivly for religious worship, and to devote the funds realized to common school purposes. The bill further provided measures to disincorporate the Mormon "Perpetual Emigration Fund Society," winding up its affairs and devoting its funds to common school purposes. The bill, which President Cleveland allowed to become a law without his signature, enacts also severe penalties for polygamy, and forces the first wife to testify against her husband.

Under the provisions of this bill, Mr. George S. Peters, United States attorney for Utah, has now filed suit against the trustees and managers of the Mormon church in behalf of the United States to disincorporate the said church and wind up its business. The petition alleges that the property is valued at $3,000,000—$2,000,000 in real estate and $1,000,000 personal property. It sets forth the law of Congress we hav quoted, asks the appointment of a receiver, and that all the books, papers, accounts, etc., belonging to the church be turned over to him, together with all the deeds, notes, and property of every description. September 15th was set down by the court for hearing the petition, and subpœnas issued to the church authorities ordering them to attend on that day.

The United States, therefore, may now be considered as fairly embarked in the business of confiscation of religious property, and a precedent established for future crusades of the kind. But, in the beginning of this affair, as one who opposes the church about to be despoiled as well as the church which has started the crusade, we desire to enter a protest against the conduct of the United States authorities. These authorities are being made the tool of priestcraft—the catspaws of a rival religion. The Christian church dreads the progress of the Mormon church, and has determined to stamp it out. The United States are the boots the Christian church has put on to do it in. The reason for these forcible measures is that Christian ministers cannot answer the arguments of the Mormon elders. The Mormons carry out the precepts and follow the practice of the Christians' saints, and quote chapter and verse from the Christians' Bible to justify themselvs. No one who accepts the Bible as the word of God, divinely given to man to liv by and die by, can prove these Mormons wrong. If polygamy was not wrong among God's first-chosen people—among those to whom he gave his commands direct, and whose welfare he personally looked after—why is it wrong today? "A bishop shall hav but one wife," wrote Paul to Timothy, but he didn't write that a layman could not hav more. Yet the Christians do not confine their complaints to the bishops of the Mormon church. Yet why call the Utah people villains, and commend the early Christians as exemplars of virtue? By the Bible Christian theologians cannot show the Mormons to be wrong. Hence this legal and forcible crusade.

Polygamy is a disgusting and detestable institution. It debases the men, and degrades the women to the level of hired mistresses, prostituting their bodies that they may liv out their religion. The Mormon church is a tyrannical, poverty-compelling machine of tremendous power. Like the Roman Catholic machine, it keeps its people in slavery and ignorance. It exacts a large share of the productions of its devotees, and commands absolute and servil obedience to the orders of the hierarchy. It is a huge imposture, useless and vicious, built of deception and craft upon the fear of superstitious ignorance. In this, too, it is like the Roman Catholic church, and for it there is no reformation. Destruction is the only thing that will reform it.

But its destruction should not be undertaken by force by the government, unless the government is prepared to undertake the destruction of all religions. Neither should it be undertaken at the instance of a rival sect, anxious for revenge because of its argumentativ defeat. If the government is to destroy all detestable religions, where shall it stop? If it is to confiscate the property of every sect that becomes a menace to our institutions, where is the law against the Roman Catholics? If church-members are to be placed under the direct supervision of the national government because they vote for men of their faith, why did not Congress pass laws robbing the Methodists who combined at the instance of their church leaders and voted for Grant and Hayes for presidents? If Congress can appoint trustees for a church because five or ten per cent of its membership hav relations with more than one woman, where are the trustees for the Protestant churches? Aye, where are the trustees for the churches dishonored by the membership of the senators and representativs who spend their salaries on hired mistresses, and when their money is gone procure them places in government service?

The people of the United States owe such liberty as they possess to such freedom of speech and worship as the Christians cannot help permitting. The Constitution of the United States does not permit Congress to legislate regarding religion, and without violating the supreme authority of the land Congress cannot take from peaceful citizens private property for public use without compensation. The fundamental law of our country was framed to protect all alike, to throw the arm of the law around all alike, and to allow everyone to exercise and support his own professed religion, be it Christianity or Confucianism, Mormonism or Mohammedanism. Congress has precisely the same right to confiscate the Roman Catholic cathedral that it has to sell at auction the Mormon temples. If the Supreme Court sustains this law, we shall expect the Protestants to urge Congress to knock down to the highest bidder the territorial property of that other enemy of theirs, the Roman Catholic church.

The only reason that other governments than ours hav urged when taking steps of this nature, has been that the church possessed so much property and had such a hold upon the people thereby, that the existence of the state was menaced. This was the plea of the old English kings, and of the Italian and Mexican governments in recent times. But in this case there is no such plea. If there were, the insignificant amount of property attached, compared to that held by other sects, would disprove it. Three millions of dollars is nothing for religious corporations to hold. The sum would not build the bare walls of the Catholic cathedral, and scarcely repair the rotten tenements held by Trinity corporation. The only reason, therefore, for this unconstitutional proceeding is that polygamy must be suppressed. But this, in itself, is as flimsy a pretext as the other would be. Only a small percentage of the Mormons are polygamists, and the law for reaching them is ample and efficacious. Hundreds of them hav suffered under it, and it is not pretended that this suit will reach more. But, for the fault of the few—a fault, as we hav said, already expiated by many—a whole body of religionists, thousands and thousands of men, women, and children, are to be robbed of their property. It is no excuse that the proceeds of this robbery will be devoted to a purpose infinitly wiser and more beneficial than that chosen by the victims. The property is theirs, and they should be allowed to use it as they choose. The United States are rich enough to build all the schools Utah needs without this money. Instead, the robbery of the Mormons is deliberately planned and legally executed to satisfy the hatred of an opposing religious sect.

While no one would rejoice more than we to see the Mormon superstition as well as the Christian superstition become a thing of the past—a phase of barbarism from which the race had become emancipated by natural progress—it yet becomes our duty, in the name of freedom, of impartial justice, of religious liberty, to protest against the action of the United States. The Mormon has as good a right to advocate his religious compound of faith and foolishness as we hav to disclose its true character. And if, overriding our Constitution, it becomes a settled thing that Congress can legislate out of existence all religious bodies which it hates, what is to prevent the national government from stamping out the irreligious people whom the church hates more?

## The New Aspect of Mrs. Slenker's Case.

We are very sorry indeed to hav caused Mrs. Slenker the night's sleeplessness of which she complains, but we are a thousand times more grieved that she should hav given us cause, however innocently, to use the words we were compelled to. For it appears from the indictment that the matter she sent was not the *Word* itself, but a circular or letter containing the same story. And as she was very much grieved that her private "information" to the Heywoods should hav been printed, we should not hav thought that she would further circulate it. Neither should we be blamed for printing the indictment. Those who are appealed to for aid hav the right to know what they are aiding, and how could they obtain that knowledge except by perusing the indictment?

It is better in this matter, as in all others, to be honest. Mrs. Slenker has been engaged in a work which to her seemed necessary and good. Her intentions and personal character cannot be questioned. Others, however, hav not seen the necessity of the work, and hav disapproved of it. Probably ninety of every hundred Freethinkers condemn the work as uncalled for and useless. This is their right as clearly as it is Mrs. Slenker's right to consider her labors scientific. We do not see, therefore, why she should scold because Liberals do not all agree with her. Let her be "kindly tolerant, and giv those who differ from her the benefit of the widest charity and consideration."

There is valid excuse for the conduct of those of whom Mrs. Slenker complains. If the sole consideration in her case were the matter complained of in the indictment, we frankly confess that we should hav little heart in her defense, beyond personal regard for her and natural sympathy for an aged woman, doing what she thinks good and right, decoyed by the unprincipled agents of a scoundrelly society. Apart from the facts that the court before which she is arraigned is an improper one; that the law under which she is indicted is unconstitutional, that it is a statute that has been shamefully abused, and is vicious in the last degree; that her prosecutors are urged on by an illegitimate religious society, one of whose objects is to crush, by fair means or foul, opponents of Christianity; that her arrest is made with no good motiv—and if we had never until now heard of Mrs. Slenker, and knew nothing of her work—we would not consider the case one that called for an uprising of Freethinkers to defend invaded principles.

But there is another side to the case, and, while we giv due weight to the side just presented, it is upon the other view of it that we base our plea for Mrs. Slenker. In matters of this kind, of course, personal considerations must be left aside. It would make no difference with the principle if Mrs. Slenker were as vicious as she is virtuous and honest. And, admitting that there exists a necessity for municipal regulations restraining the spread of depraved literature, we must defend Mrs. Slenker, as the matter now appears to us, for a good many reasons. In the first place, the prosecutor cannot produce a single person who has been injured in person, property, or morals by anything Mrs. Slenker has done. This fact alone is sufficient to acquit her.

Secondly, the post-office folks hav no legal nor moral right to interfere with private correspondence. Under the present law, even, matter sent from one person to another, in sealed envelope at letter rates, is wholly between the two correspondents, and should no more be made the basis of a prosecution by the United States than should the conversation between the parties. Mrs. Slenker was not offering her letters for sale, nor her circulars. She was not engaged in that business which it is the intent of the law to suppress.

Thirdly, it is monstrously absurd to punish a person for putting a piece of paper into a letter-box, when the contents of the paper could be circulated orally from person to person without exposing them to any punishment whatever.

Fourthly, the matter complained of is a mere incident in Mrs. Slenker's work—one alleged fact among hundreds—of no more consequence to her or her work than a single brick is in the building of a house. To prosecute her for it is like allowing a man to put up a huge building, and then arrest him because one brick in the foundation is ill-looking and dirty. If Mrs. Slenker had laid special stress upon this ill-formed brick, or if she had had it duplicated, and sold it simply because it was ill-formed, the prosecutors might hav had a peg to hang their suit upon. But now the prosecution appears to be wholly an invasion of the right to send information through the mail.

For these and other reasons we shall do what we can to secure the acquittal of Mrs. Slenker, and hope every other person in the country will also help.

## We Hope It May All Be So.

The writer of the subjoined is of the firm of Ronald and Heermans, Blacksburg, Va., counsel for Mrs. Slenker:

"MONTGOMERY CO., VA., Aug. 3, 1887.

"EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER: I hav just read your article of June 25th on 'Virginia.' You do injustice not only to the state and to Mrs. Slenker's cause, but open yourself to ridicule for a lack of knowledge of the people of whom you speak. The community in which Mrs. Slenker livs will compare favorably in intelligence with any rural community in the United States True, there may not be so many Freethinkers, but for liberty-loving, justice-dealing, they are peers to any, and I would rather select a jury from the people of these mountains to try Mrs. Slenker's case than from New York or New Jersey, where Bennett and Reynolds had the benefit of that high order of intelligence of which they boast. *Montani semper liberi!* Virginia has produced no Comstock nor disgraced her statutes with 'blasphemous' laws. The spirit of Jefferson abideth in these mountains and will preside at the trial of Mrs. Slenker. C. A. HEERMANS."

We hav but a word to say in reply. The incident Mr. Heermans denies was related to us by Mrs. Slenker herself, and, with due respect to Mr. Heermans, we must decline to doubt that lady's word. In Mrs. Slenker's communication in another column it will be seen that she reaffirms the truth of the story. Ignorance is not confined to Virginia, of course, and we honor that state for the blasphemous vacancy in her statutes. But, as Mr. Heermans well recalls, it was the Infidel Thomas Jefferson who guided Virginia's lawmakers into the right path.

## A Misplaced Sermon.

A good many folks are making a great deal of fuss over the letter written by Colonel Ingersoll to his sick friend when he sent him some whisky. The letter is a little poem, to wit:

"NEW YORK, April, 1887.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I send you some of the most wonderful whisky that ever drove the skeleton from a feast or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine and the shadow that chased each other over the billowy fields, the breath of June, the carol of the lark, the dews of night, the wealth of summer, and autumn's rich content, all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it and you will hear the voice of men and maidens singing the 'Harvest Home,' mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it and you will feel within your blood the startled dawns, the dreamy, tawny dusks, of many perfect days. For forty years this liquid joy has been within the happy staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of man."

The liquor was rare old whisky, probably not to be duplicated, and was the best that the sick friend—who had been directed to use a stimulant—could hav. It was an act of kindness on Colonel Ingersoll's part to send it. The letter that accompanied the gift was a sort of testimonial to the quality of the whisky, but, proceeding from Colonel Ingersoll, was clothed in poetic garments that no other brain could fashion.

Somehow the letter got to the public, and created a sensation. The Christians began at once to call Colonel Ingersoll the advocate of whisky-drinking, the liquor-seller's friend, and all the other things that follow. This might be expected, and only shows the unfairness of the pietists. Anyone not thoroughly stupid can see at a glance just why the letter was written, and anyone not thoroughly dishonest would never try to twist it into evidence that Colonel Ingersoll thinks too much of whisky. However, the Christian editors are dishonest enough to do it, and use it with all the power they possess.

But we are surprised that a Freethinker—a man of ability, and generally credited with possessing some worldly wisdom—should deem it necessary, because of this letter, to tell Mr. Ingersoll that he has been "misused by the devil," that he sent his friend a poisonous drink, that he has written a whisky "ad." of exceeding danger, that Whisky is the destroyer of the world, "and it is awful to think how the most gifted become his victims and advocates—especially poets in prose or verse;" that it really was Alcohol which wrote the letter, "and thus misused the colonel's hand and pen and wonderful brain."

This is abusing a man because he is courteous and kind, and is a long way out of place. It shows, too, a woeful lack of comprehension.

## The Imbecility of Woman's Suffrage Advocates.

In the Denison *Sunday Gazetteer*, John G. Hertwig, a naturalized citizen, says:

"In the ranks of Freethinkers of the United States there are men advocating woman suffrage. These Freethinkers consider the male portion of the American people are a lot of imbecils, unable to attend to the public affairs of this free country, and want the women of the United States to do this. Nature, however, has assigned the latter to the performance of other duties."

Our German friend goes on to say that though the male advocates of woman suffrage may be imbecils, lacking the necessary manhood (sic) or intellect to grasp the affairs of state, yet women could not better the matter, as they would simply vote for Prohibition and the overthrow of religious freedom. The rights he givs to women are narrowed to this, and he seems surprised that they are "not content therewith:"

"Under our American fundamental laws named, all of the women of the Union, presiding over households, hav the natural right to render their homes as attractiv as possible to their husbands and sons; and strictly to enjoy sobriety, each in her own family circle, thus promoting the cause of sobriety throughout the land."

Mr. Hertwig evidently views the Freethought advocacy of woman suffrage from a broad and all-comprehending elevation. Because we hold that a woman is as much an individual as is a man; that she is just as capable of making rules by which she is herself governed as men are; that she is equally entitled with men to say who shall administer those laws; that, as she is one of the governed, and just governments derive their power from the consent of those governed, it is unjust to deprive her of a voice in the making of that government, Mr. Hertwig concludes that we are all imbecils who want to retire from public affairs and turn them over to our mothers, wives, and sisters! The logic which leads to this conclusion is extremely unique, and exhibits to public view an original, if peculiar, mind. But there can be no doubt that the ladies will be pleased to learn that they are still accorded the right to perform the duties demanded of them by nature, and they may continue to minister to the wants of the male members of their families without fear of incurring our German friend's displeasure. Should they, however, so far forget themselvs as to make their homes attractiv to their daughters, the consequences must be upon their own heads.

In Mr. Hertwig's nativ land it is usual for the wife to go into the field and perform the hard labor incidental to agriculture, while the husband sits at home and smokes his pipe till she shall return and cook his dinner. Whenever the lord and master condescends to help her prepare the land for planting, he usually does it by holding the handles of the plow while she, yoked with a four-footed animal, draws the implement through the soil. Mr. Hertwig forgot to mention that this duty and right is still preserved to her, and probably will be forever, in countries governed by such liberty-loving gentlemen as our naturalized friend.

THE *Sun*, of this city, says:

"It does seem that there is a certain incongruity in a struggle against Socialism in the United Labor Party. Mr. George's land scheme is distinctly Socialistic. Where is the line to be drawn in the United Labor party between the Socialism that is permitted and the Socialism that is tabooed?"

That is an easy conundrum. The line is drawn between Mr. George's theories and those of any other Socialist.

WE get this important item of news from the Sacramento, Cal., *Bee:* "A religious census was instituted in Eureka, Humboldt county, for the purpose of ascertaining just how many people professed allegiance to the various churches. The parsons are alarmed, not because they hav found how many nominal Christians there are in the community, but for the better reason that the census uncovered three thousand Infidels in the town. The churches proposed to go into politics on a teetotal-Sunday-law platform, but the nest of Infidelity which their curiosity stirred up has brought about a halt in their ambitions."

IN 1879 the following brief editorial appeared in the Seymour (Ind.) *Times:* "While Elmina is capering around in her kitchen and cow-lot with Brother Heermans's bleeding scalp dangling at her belt, it remained for Brother Remsburg to step in and harvest his hide and tallow. There isn't anything at all left of that poor orthodox man. We sincerely trust that he may gather up his scattered remains and bring them on board our gallant craft for a heavenward cruise." The above refers to a theological controversy which Mrs. Slenker and J. E. Remsburg had with Charles A. Heermans, who is now counsel for Mrs. Slenker in her pending case.

THE issue of *John Swinton's Paper* of August 7th contains the announcement that the paper is to be discontinued. Mr. Swinton says:

"I hav been wrecked by this paper and by the labors associated therewith—in which during the past four years I hav sunk tens of thousands of dollars—all of it out of my own pocket. The publication of *John Swinton's Paper* must now, therefore, be brought to an end."

This is regrettable indeed, for, of all the labor papers, John Swinton's easily stood at the head. It was better edited, contained more labor news, and had more editorial vigor than any labor paper now in the field. Mr. Swinton was the first to wake the workers up and set them to thinking. His appeals and advice led to the compact labor organizations of this city. Only for him and his paper, Henry George's wonderful canvass would hav been impossible. But, with the gratitude peculiar to masses, the workers hav deserted their old friend and taken up with newer theorists and more sensational teachers. The political leaders of the Labor party found that, because of Mr. Swinton's honest adherence to principle and repugnance to political deals, they could not use him, and they, too, went back on him, as they will on any square, up-and-down, one-hundred-cents-on-the-dollar man who will not resort to tricks to push his purposes. The workingmen will find they hav made a great mistake in allowing *John Swinton's Paper* to die. It will not be many moons ere an unflinchingly honest journal will be needed to expose the underhand deals of some of the Labor party politicians.

THE Sacramento *Bee* is honest enough with itself to say: "The Beecher memorial volume will soon be out. It is said that the tribute paid by Col. R. G. Ingersoll is really the only one worthy of perusal. We hav not had an opportunity of reading any of the others, but Ingersoll's is certainly a most remarkable example of magnificent poetry in prose. It is a song as grandly beautiful and as melodiously harmonious as anything that has ever entranced the ears of man. Ingersoll is the greatest orator, the sublimest word painter, that the world has ever seen. It is the fashion of cobwebbed brains to point to the ancients as masters of eloquence, to worship at the shrine of the philippics of Demosthenes or bow down in awed humility before Cicero's orations. And yet all their garnered words together could not form such a wreath of eloquence as is to be found in this one tribute to a dead American patriot by a living American genius. As one reads it he can hear the murmur of the brooks, the warbling of birds, the merry laughter of children, the songs of harvesters, can see the cattle standing in the pools, like 'statues of content,' be enchanted with nature in nature's happiest mood, and awed with her majesty and grandeur. More than that, one can sweep over the life of our greatest pulpit orator at a glance, and can follow him with the eye from that 'Puritan penitentiary' in which he was born, through all the successiv stages of battling with the prejudices instilled into him, until he stood on the mountain top, preaching that same liberty of thought for others that he deemed to be an inalienable right of his own. To our mind, there is nothing superior in the English language to this tribute penned by Ingersoll, unless it be that wonderful word panorama in which this same orator briefly traces the life of Napoleon I. from his lowly birth in Corsica until he pictures him with folded arms at St. Helena, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea."

# Letters from Friends.

WOODSTOCK, VT., July 27, 1887.

FRIEND MACDONALD: I hav $10, which I wish to get rid of in such a way that it will do the most good. I see no better way than to look after those that most need it. The first, Sister Elmina Slenker, is calling. She must hav $2. Then come the pictures that so please the orthodox part of the community; Mr. Heston must hav $3. Next, Dr. Edward McGlynn must hav $5, for he has stepped out into the wide world. Don't let any true American say "cold, cold world." In his honest movement and self-sacrifice stand by him and see him through those troubles ahead.

JOHN D. POWERS.

ATOKA, I. T., July 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please to change my address to this place. You see I am floating about so I can subscribe for a short time only. I send you fifty cents to extend my time. I am at present prospecting for a gold and silver mine at this place; hav a good showing. By the way, I would like to inquire through your columns (as prospectors) if any gospel sharp can giv me any information regarding the gold or silver mines that those Bible people worked. I see great accounts of large quantities of it, but no account of miners or mines which must hav been worked to produce it. Now if those old mines could be traced up they must be immensely rich, and with modern machinery ought to pay handsomely. I make this proposition. If any one will look them up I will go ahead and work them, giv him one-third, keep one-third, and giv the Lord one-third. I. A. VAIL.

LESLIE, MICH., July 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In the death and burial of my father, Franklin Elmer, July 12th, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, we can truly say a philosopher has passed away. He had emerged from darkness in the proud light of reason. As was requested, a Liberal lecturer was engaged, a Mr. Potter, of Eaton Rapids, who gave an address on death. Death was as natural as birth, especially in old age—but not in youth, as that is contrary to the laws of nature, and the time would surely come when death would not be known in youth; when we shall know how to rear our young as well as the birds of the forest, and when we will advance much faster in the future than in the past. The day has come when the world demands knowledge and will hav it. The most learned and intelligent clergy are to-day making science and the developments of nature a study for the coming generation.

SARAH A. HAYNES.

NEW YORK, Aug. 7, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: W. H. Burr's discovery of a woman in the moon is not new. Longfellow's infant Hiawatha observed it. It attracted his attention once while in company with his grandmother, the aged Nokomis, and he inquired of her who the woman was. She gave this explanation (I quote from memory):

Once a warrior very angry
Seized his grandmother and threw her,
Right against the moon he threw her,
'Tis her body that you see there.

It was certainly many years ago that Hiawatha remarked this feature of the lunar orb; and I would venture to point out that Nokomis's story is much superior to Mr. Burr's, in that it not only postulates a woman in the moon but explains how she got there. Very respectfullly,

G. E. MACDONALD.

OTO, IA., July 17, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Being a regular reader of your paper, and seldom seeing anything from this section in your columns, I thought you and the friends of Freethought might be pleased to hear how the cause is prospering away out here in the Northwest. Just at this moment I am enjoying the hospitality of my friend Mr. S. R. Day, one of the pioneers of western Iowa, and who has resided for over thirty years upon the farm he now owns, a beautiful plateau of some six hundred acres, situated in the pleasant valley of the Little Sioux river, Woodbury county, Iowa. As I hav already stated, Mr. Day is one of the pioneers of this section, and also one of the pioneers of Freethought, and much good has he accomplished for the cause of moral and mental liberty in this county. Just now we are being "favored" by a series of meetings by a doubtful sort of an evangelist, known as the Rev. Weber. As an orator the reverend gentleman is a success, if low, vulgar slang and dirty tales go to make up oratorical ability. While I write I am at the same time being edified by one of his finest efforts (as his tent is but a stone's throw from my friend's house). And at the close of each tirade of abuse, which he never fails to pour out upon the unprotected head of any who dares to disagree with him on the duties and destinies of mankind, or doesn't come down with the necessary wealth to keep the reverend gentleman's pay-roll good, or at the close of some vulgar story, wholly unfit for any respectable audience—expressions that ought to banish from society any man in a respectable community—there goes up a shout and hurrah that would do justice to Red Cloud and his entire army of painted braves. But all is not gold that glitters, nor all bombastic egotism reason, as the reverend gentleman discovered one day last week, while making his rounds of pastoral visits. It so happened that by mistake he dropped in at the home of one of our best-posted Liberals, and asked to pray with him. My friend placed his pocket-knife upon the floor, and told Mr. Preacher, if he thought he could move the knife, to go ahead, but the reverend concluded not to pray. My friend then asked him why prayer did not save Garfield, when all Christendom were praying for his recovery, which he avoided by saying that he did not pray for Garfield because he knew he could not recover. Good logic, not to pray for what you believe to be impossible; for the Lord is generally, if not always, all things being equal, "on the side of the heaviest battalions." But I hav already infringed upon your space. Inclosed you will find $2, one for S. R. Day, and one for myself, which you will please forward to the proper parties for the defense of Mrs. E. D. Slenker. N. E. P.

COLUMBUS, O., July 29, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: A thought struck me to-day; it would be a good idea to publish an illustrated Bible by Watson Heston. The only trouble would be that to be properly done it would be so disgusting that it would bother Comstock, and he would be under the necessity of refusing the holy Bible his countenance, and prosecuting the publisher for publishing the worst book in the language. What a joke! If a company could be formed for the purpose I would take some of the stock, certain.

I am pleased to see Father McGlynn is inclined to expose some of the villainies of the Catholic church. He will prove to be an able coadjutor of THE TRUTH SEEKER in that line. At least, I hope so. Now, if Mr. George will come out and combat its superstitions there will be some chance of their doing good; for it is no use talking, this superstition and priestcraft must be torn up root and branch before the condition of the masses can be improved any worth talking about. It is the foundation stone of all the misery, poverty, and ignorance that exist among us. JOHN DOWNES.

FRANKFORT, MICH., July 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I want to let the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER know that I am growing up for the right, the good, and the true, although I hav had a hard chance so far in my life. But the light is beginning to gleam around me, for I hav read five copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER, which gave me an insight into the nature of things. I hav read the Michigan *Christian Advocate*, in which I found things I could not understand. I was told by the Christians that God did not intend we should understand all of his ways. But I am free from sin, for I was baptized in the name of the Holy Ghost last February. I ate and drank in remembrance of Christ at a Methodist quarterly meeting. I thought it looked very silly to eat and drink in remembrance of something which I knew nothing about. So I commenced a hymn which I had heard sung, as follows:

Can it be right for me to go
Along this dark, uncertain way,
Say I believe, and yet not know
Whether my sins are washed away?

I will no longer go this way,
Leading and being led astray;
But forward come, defend the right,
Led and leading into light.

One night as I went to prayer-meeting a gentleman said to me, "Be true to yourself;" and so I hav been up to this time. I hav seen men of all creeds, and men without a creed, whom Christians call Infidels. I am tempted to say:

Hurrah! hurrah! for the Infidel;
Hurrah! hurrah! for his fame;
Hurrah! hurrah! for his children—
May they grow up the same.

I would like to hear from some of the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, for it seems lonely here. My mother is dead; my father is in Iowa.

MYNDRED L. D. LANSING (age 17).

WEST UNION, O., July 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In looking back over the various and almost innumerable positions occupied by the church, but finally given up when compelled by reason, common-sense, and public sentiment, one is forced to exclaim, "Consistency, thou art a jewel!" and to wonder what foolish position she will next occupy.

I cannot call to mind one single reform proposed or adopted, for the benefit of civilization and for the ennobling of mankind, for the last fifteen hundred years, that has not been tenaciously opposed by the dominant sect in the locality or country in which it was proposed; and the reformers were persecuted, cast into prison, or burnt at the stake, just as public sentiment would permit. By taking a close observation of the past and present, the liberal "Infidel" is made to feel glad that religious superstition and priestcraft are rapidly losing their oppressiv and murderous grip on man.

Superstition and supernaturalism always go hand in hand—neither of them has any existence except in imagination. They are twin-sisters, and their mother's name is Ignorance. Fanaticism and Enthusiasm are their legitimate offspring. This constitutes the family group down to the second generation, beyond which it is useless to trace them. It was from this family that first sprang that horribly diabolical doctrin of a personal devil and a literal hell, and with their extinction must go their favorits, *i.e.*, hell and devil. When I read of the horrible murders committed in the name and defense of a so-called all-powerful God by self-instituted and ignorant adherents, my blood runs hot, and I wonder how long this thing will be tolerated by intelligent men and women.

When such men as Sir Wm. Blackstone, Bishop Jewell, and a great many others eminent in English literature, science, and art, believed in witchcraft, we of the present can point to the mile-stone along the highway of progress, and say with pride: "So much for free government, free speech, and a free press, bequeathed to us by the untiring efforts of the immortal Paine, Washington, Jefferson, and their noble fellow-laborers in the great cause of humanity."

When my long-faced orthodox friends begin to boast of their all-powerful God, I like to giv them one good solid left-hander like this: "Can your God make a stone so heavy he can't lift it?" which generally knocks them clean out on the first round.

We expect to hold our third annual Liberal camp-meeting here in a short time, with Watts or York as our priest-exterminator, and expect a glorious Liberal feast.

I like your excellent paper better every week; always find something interesting and instructiv, and would not be without it for twice its cost.

The pictures speak volumes, and are doing more to expose the foolish doings of the Bible than anything I hav seen of the kind. Heston is certainly a brick. Long may you both liv and prosper. R. J. WILSON.

HUTCHINSON, KAN., July 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: George Newton, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 18th, cannot see but that money is as much a measure of value as a yardstick is a measure of length or a pound weight is a measure of weight. It does not occur to him that value is an ideal thing which can no more be measured than love, or hope, or fear. Take, for example, a horse. His hight, circumference, length, and weight can be definitly measured so that no two will differ regarding them. But his value cannot be so measured. If put up at auction, he might be sold at $100, and in one hour the buyer might resell him for $150, or for only $50, and that without any change in the condition of the horse. The hight, length, and weight of a horse do not depend upon how many horses there are in the country, but his value does. The value of a thing—by this I mean its selling price in dollars—depends upon the whims and fancies of purchasers, upon supply and demand. Length and weight are definit qualities which can be definitly measured.

The value of a dollar is just as uncertain and as changeable as that of a horse, or even more so, because its supply can be changed easier and quicker. It takes years to rear horses, but the quantity of money in circulation in the country can be changed in a few months. When bankers cease to loan, but continue to collect in the money due them, it can take only a few months to reduce the circulating medium to one-half. If we had a financial system by which we could maintain a uniform amount of money per capita in circulation, the value of the dollar would be about unchangeable, but even then it could not be properly called a measure of value, though it would represent value. How can a thing measure value that has itself no fixed value? During the war, when the amount of money in circulation was greatly increased, we still called a dollar a dollar, and a dollar was worth a hundred cents. But the price of wheat and everything else went up in proportion to the increase of money per capita. In this case it was not the value of things that changed, but the value of the money. It is this that makes our financial system so unjust and dangerous. Bankers can change the value of money at any time they please and to any extent they please. When they want to make the value of the dollar high-priced, they can stop loaning and thus reduce the amount in circulation. When they want to make its value low, they can start loaning. They usually loan only to one-third the value of the securities, because they know that they can reduce the value of the securities to one-third when they please.

Let me illustrate: Suppose A to own a horse worth $100, and B to hav $100 in cash. Let us also suppose that B has the power to increase and decrease the value of money, at will, by changing the amount in circulation. Let us suppose that he first reduces the amount in circulation one-half. Then the value of the dollar will be double; or, in other words, half the number of dollars will buy the horse. Let us suppose that B buys the horse then for $50. Now, let us suppose that B doubles the amount of money in circulation. The horse will then be worth $100 again, and if A should buy him he would hav to pay back the $50 he got from B, and giv his note for $50 more. Then let B reduce the amount of dollars *per capita* in circulation to one-half again; he could buy the horse back for $50 and pay B with his own note. This shows that the present financial system is one of legalized robbery. Nor can any just system of money ever be established that does not maintain a fixed sum of money *per capita* in circulation. This, in my opinion, can only be done by having national banks just as we now hav a national post-office. These banks should loan at a monthly rate of interest, and every borrower should be compelled to pay the rate of interest for the time he had the money. The rate should be raised monthly when the amount in circulation was above the sum *per capita* fixed upon, and lowered monthly when the amount in circulation was below that sum. In this way, and in no other, can the volume of money *per capita* be kept the same. On no other plan can we hav honest money.

But there is another important defect in our money. It has generally been believed that money should represent labor, and hence we hav held that it should be made of gold or silver, because that represents labor. But even gold does not represent labor if it can be got without labor. Let us suppose the case of a man homesteading 160 acres of land and afterwards a gold mine is found upon it. The owner of the land lets out the job of mining the gold to others and gets half of the proceeds. His gold does not represent labor in his hands. He did neither toil nor spin, and yet he got gold. It is therefore a poor way to make money represent labor to hav it redeemable in gold or silver. It can be made to represent labor more perfectly in another way. Let it be loaned only on securities of the products of labor. It should not be loaned on land or mines, but on houses, barns, machinery, grain, cotton, wool, stock, etc. Then and not till then will money hav a labor basis. Paper money loaned on this principle is as good as gold and much easier got. Money loaned on land as security represents land and not labor, even if the money should be made of gold. But money loaned on labor or its products as security represents labor, even if the money is made of paper.

J. G. MALCOLM.

GLENWOOD SPRINGS, COL., July 16, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $1.50 to renew my subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I hav been almost a constant reader of it since Mr. Bennett's time, and I think it grows richer and better as the years go by. I am especially interested in "Tales Told Out of School," and "News and Notes." The cartoons are good. I think that in the issue of July 9th, "Religion in the Man and Instinct in the Brute," is particularly good, and it tells a particularly sad story.

Out here in sunny Colorado, and especially in Glenwood Springs, the people do about as they please both on Sunday and Monday. Stores of every description—dry goods, clothing, hardware, and grocery stores—are open boldly and aboveboard until noon on Sundays, while drug-stores and saloons are open all day. We hav a population of fifteen hundred, and hav only one church building. It is Catholic. The Presbyterians will soon hav one completed.

There seems to be an inspiration in these grand old mountains here that is fatal to superstition and orthodoxy. The whole country is so big and so broad, the atmosphere is so pure and life-giving, and all nature is so grand and beautiful, that human nature cannot but be influenced by them, and the result is that we hav a great many broad, Liberal-minded men and women.

We are all waiting anxiously for Ingersoll's address to the jury in the blasphemy case. MISS MAGGIE PATTERSON.

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LONDON, ONT., July 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: As I hav never seen any letters from this orthodox city, I thought I would like to send you a line or two. I just wrote a letter to my wife in Toronto; she is getting some books and some TRUTH SEEKERS bound there. Canada needs all the help it can get to enlighten the people. Mr. Watts is doing grand work in Toronto, and *Secular Thought* is a fine paper, but I could not be without THE TRUTH SEEKER. The cartoons are just grand. I never was much of a Christian; I always tried to make honesty my religion. I never could see any sense in this sin-and-repent business, but I did not hav so much knowledge until I began to read Liberal papers, THE TRUTH SEEKER in particular. Now I am always ready for them; and, although I bake bread and peddle it all over the east end of London, I always speak my honest thoughts, and sometimes giv a short lecture when time permits. I don't think I hav lost a customer of any consequence through it. I hav been the means of making a good many skeptics, although I cannot get them to subscribe for a paper. They all plead hard times. When I see a person—man or woman—with the slightest spark of reason, I keep at them until I finish them; otherwise it is a waste of time. There are a great many Freethinkers in this taxed-to-death city, but they are not game. I would soon get up a society if I was not peddling bread at all hours.

Inclosed is $1 for "Self-Contradictions of the Bible;" one of my converts asked me to get it for him. I did not see it advertised lately, and I forgot the price. I will attend to the paper a little later. If there is a balance let it be for Elmina D. Slenker. I always said I would never shoulder a musket for anything but liberty. JOSEPH ALLASTER.

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ITHACA, N. Y., July 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: A new heaven and earth presupposes old ones, which hav died or faded, being the experience of nature's embryo, at the advance of knowledge. Man is a substitute for nature, as all things whatever are embodied in him; hence he is not a part of nature, but the whole in mental and original form. He is the masculin and the feminin poles united. When we talk about nature, we mean man, for in him dwells every possible expression; he is the founder of the to be new heaven and the new earth; the creator of all wisdom in heaven or earth; a son of the virgin embryo old world from whose conception the new was, or is, overshadowed.

It is a species of insanity to suppose that the Bible is to be blotted from nature's acts, while the facts are that plain nature, as in Gen. i, 1, came into the embryo state of mental knowledge having only the capacity to exercise the animal or base brain, and has but just now passed through the animal state of knowledge and come to its birth and mental form. Thus in the end of the old embryo state (or world) God (nature the auimal) sent forth his son; born of nature, history of virginity (the Bible). Thus the old world of embryo ignorance has passed away, and behold, I, the son, the science, the mental form of virgin nature, make all things new. Thence I will use a Bible term for the want of a better one. Thus, "In the beginning was the word" (which means a conception) or declaration, and this declaration was with God (nature's mental form) in man, and the declaration was (or is) God (the science) of mental form. Thus this is the potency of mental creation of the new heaven and earth. Hence he, this new-born son, is the God and creator of all things in mental form, and as the earth from the same soil brings forth special varieties, so does the moral earth (the feminin of mental nature) bring forth a variety of ideas, the mold of which it is impossible to change. Hence wars and contentions may as well cease at once, and join in the revolving principle of the natural universe, where all collisions must cease. It is a great wonder that among so many wise, so little knowledge is manifest. Can we not see that we are one people (as in "Isaac shall thy seed be called"). Thus in the cartoon of July 23d we behold the oneness and pleasure of Isaac with Rebekah his wife. "Isaac" means laughter, or a pleasing reflection; as much as to say sectarianism will cease when knowledge shall cover our nakedness.

I write this as a standpoint to which all must finally come. But you will, as usual, say, Can any good come out of Nazareth? All new beginnings are unpopular and infidel. The old world has passed away, and behold I create a new heaven and earth wherein dwelleth righteousness and unity. This is a collectiv creation of class unity, a creation of Free-thought personality; that is to say, each creates his own world according to his mental capacity. Thus all things are made by him (plural) that are made, and without him (plural) nothing can be made; hence our collectiv individuality hav become one, the bridegroom and the bride. The only positiv guide to truth is comparativ; thus, as we see in plain nature variety in perfection growing from the same soil, so a variety of ideas are produced from the new heaven and earth (the brain of man), each in perfection, as in plain earth, and no collision. Though I am a crank in the eyes of some, and my experience is unpopular, the fact of these observations cannot be avoided. ZENAS KENT.

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NEW YORK, July 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In to-day's TRUTH SEEKER Boston's great mathematician, G. N. Hill—Horace Seaver's sensible young man—is out again, and writes: "What need has the world of any professional mathematicians if other professions can do their work just as well?" He would not trust for a decision to an editor of a daily, or to Mr. R. G. Ingersoll. No! he wrote to me: "Our gallant colonel is a lawyer, and may not hav more knowledge of mathematics than you hav; every man to his trade, you know." I hav full proof that he does not even comprehend or understand what he reads, as years ago he cited for his support the Encyclopedia Brittanica and Martin's Calendar, but never gave a sentence thereof, because, of course, both are against what he says and pretends to know; but, nevertheless, he still crows lustily. He would not trust Mr. Ingersoll nor any editor, except, perhaps, Mr. Seaver, but tells me to "just drop a few lines to the principal professor of mathematics, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. He [I] will soon be on the high road to knowledge." I will try to accommodate this mathematician of the Hub, and change my offer to suit him, and see whether he will take the bait. Herewith I renew my wager of twenty-five dollars or more: "That, to start from and with the first of January, 1600, is, to count correctly, now the 288th, and not the 287th year." I am perfectly willing to leave the decision to the principal professor of mathematics of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Cornell, or Rutgers—either he may select. If the decision be against me, Mr. Hill shall be at liberty to pocket the stake-money or do as he pleases; but if he loses, I shall turn over the gain for the Liberal cause. Is this not fair? Will it suit him now? Let him come out like a man. I am not rich, but the one or the other, whoever is wrong, deserves a little punishment for this year's long mulish stupidity. Then we will see the high road to knowledge clear. FRED. KOEZLY.

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OREGON, Mo., July 21, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: A little item of interest to our Freethinkers generally: This vicinity and place, like so many others, is thoroughly priest-ridden. Although it has not over one thousand souls, there are several churches existing with regular services—Presbyterian, Methodist, German Methodist, Christian, Colored Baptist—the colored folks are Baptist "kase Jon de Babtist he was one"—besides a large sprinkling of Catholics, and half a dozen others. The Presbyterian is the aristocratic one of the village, where none are very wealthy, and it is amusing to see "high-flyers" at fashion who immigrate here as Methodists, or other dissenters and heretics, attach themselvs to this representativ of our *oi aristoi*. It proves that modern sectarianism is nothing but a variety of social companies. Take away the social feature and the churches would all perish shortly. They are places where pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy exhibit themselvs in all their pomp and circumstance. Of course the heathen are cared for (those at Borriboola Gha), but occasionally a poor member of the church comes near starving to death. And this in the "over-producing West." There are a few very poor people who belong to the Presbyterian church for some reason or other. Now there is a Woman's Union here, started originally for social purposes, but by the persecution of some priests it developed into what said priests had predicted—a woman's rights affair. It is an old, firm institution. Sometime ago a woman with a large family in extreme destitution, a widow and good Presbyterian, and faithful member of that church society here, appealed to this union for aid, for fuel and flour. This union had done some charitable work before. The help was given, but a Freethinking member offered the following resolution in substance:

> WHEREAS, Many appeals for charity are made to this society; and,
> WHEREAS, This society was not founded with a view to doing acts of charity; therefore,
> *Resolved*, That hereafter in all cases of appeals to it by members of churches for aid, the appeal be referred to the church of which the applicant is a member, and that the present appeal of Mrs. —— be referred to the Presbyterian congregation of this place.
> *Resolved*, That these resolutions be published, etc.

It was beautiful to see what a stirring among dry bones this caused. You may imagin how many rich brothers and sisters there were who stand high as givers to heathen, and never knew anything about the poor sister who actually livs close by them. I.

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KENT, O., July 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I think when we see an honest man in the pulpit, he should be mentioned as well as the bigots who would dethrone reason and enslave the mind as well as the person of man. We hav both these in our little village. One divine proclaimed from his pulpit, yesterday, that there was no use disguising the fact that if two neighbors were to sow a crop of wheat on adjoining lands, and one should prepare his ground well, sow good seed, and follow well the conditions necessary to make a good crop, but should swear from morning till night and curse God the year round, he would get a much better crop than the one who used poor seed, sown on poor ground and poorly prepared, even though he prayed continually, with the neighborhood to help him. Now see how much better truth looks on paper than a lie as expressed by our Romish father, who says, "Reason belongs to man, as a governor, but no man has the right to reason against the dictates of the gospel; and unless the mind of man is influenced directly by the spirit of God he should not be allowed to reason, for reason ofttimes causes a man to murder," etc. He would hav us believe that only the great infallible at Rome (think of that) and his spiritual legates, over whom he has spread his (should I use a capital H) garments, should be allowed to use reason at all. If this was the case (and I am sorry to say it is too much so), Bridget could "pay the praste" for even the breath she draws, and be made to think it God's will.

I am the recipient, of late, of several letters and postals, some of which, although in a friendly spirit, are rather inclined to giv me "particular fits" for some of the opinions expressed in my correspondence to your valuable paper. Well, brothers, fire away, for by such means we learn from each other. To my mind nothing at this present time, when the mind of man is so deeply contaminated with evil, both from heredity and contagion, can take the place of law and government. I mean by law certain fixed rules and principles by which we are governed. Every individual has, or should hav, a code of laws or principles by which he is governed in his dally walk—such laws as his reason and sound judgment hav dictated to him as the best for his physical and mental development. As his mind grows and ascends higher up in the more matured man, he sees the necessity for new laws; the old must be repealed and new ones, better adapted to his needs, must be made. This is self-apparent to all. Now when we see man making so many mistakes in the laws he has set down for his own individual guidance, how can we expect a select few to make perfect laws to govern the many? From individual law comes family law, by which the members and heads of a family are governed; then the law for societies; then states and nations. Then comes the law of nations by which they hav amicable intercourse with each other. They buy, sell, and traffic in a friendly way under certain laws which each has agreed upon as just. As new laws are needed the old ones are annulled. Who can say that because one law, or a portion of the laws, of our land, as made by our law-makers, and suitable to the majority, do not harmonize with the ideas and feelings of a few, or minority, the entire code of laws should be abolished, and man left like the more inferior portion of the mammalian family, the strong to feast upon the weak? One man writes me, "The curse of the ages has been man-made laws," and speaks of a "monster criminal, the state;" and he still further speaks of "our organized pirate called government." Another says, "Do away with law, and educate the people so we will need no law." Oh that all men were so educated! What a beautiful world this would be! But, unhappily, it is not the case, and something within asks, Is it possible to educate man to perfection? How many of us do as best we know? Will it not be easier to teach man to do right with a constraining law to punish him when he does wrong? No man who does not wish to steal can object to a law to prevent stealing. Another writes me that no one or body of men hav a right to restrain another or others in their liberty. In answer to this I wish to say that law is not intended to hold anyone in check from asserting all his natural freeborn rights, but to stop him when he undertakes to usurp the rights of others. There is no such thing, neither can there be, as justifiable, absolute liberty, for when one carries his liberties beyond certain bounds he is trespassing on the rights and liberties of others. When fire is devouring everything before it, and undertakes to burn up the sea, the briny surf says, "Hold, check your ravenous appetite. Your liberty stops here, and my liberty begins." What is a government but a big family; its members overgrown boys and girls, many of whom are as wild and untaught as in their infancy, and need a parent law as much? What is it that made man, made this earth on which we liv, made the beautiful flowers that decorate our homes? What is it that has spread the carpet of green over the land on which we love to walk? What the sun, the moon, etc., as in wonder we look? Law, nothing but law. Law governs the most minute atom of matter, as well as the whole monster creation. Yet we see even natural laws disobeyed, and the criminal punished. Man daily disobeys nature's law, and is brought to an untimely and premature death. What is a monstrosity but a disobedience of the natural laws?

We say the law of inertia, law of gravity, of attraction, of repulsion, etc., and think nothing of it because they are found or known to exist in nature, but named by man. How do we know there are laws of forces called centripetal and centrifugal—the one to draw the particles of matter toward a center, the other from the center? We can neither see, hear, nor feel any of these laws or forces, and yet we know they exist. How then when we see by these laws how man has been evolved from the mineral and vegetable kingdom to the highest type of the animal kingdom, his mind evolved to intellect, and that intellect improved as the finer tissues and organs of the brain hav improved—to what some of us seem to think noble specimens of nature? Do we ever stop and think how little we actually know, and what pigmies we are both in our natural and cultured natures? How can it be possible, with that great law of government that dictates to forces of electrical and psychologic life, that the animal species is at its best, and stops here? Oh, no, brothers; although we may never look back to know of our present life, yet that great and enduring law still governs all life in all stages of growth. Pardon me for using my personal liberty in speaking what I believe to be true, and although you may differ from me in opinion, that does not restrict me from so expressing myself unless it trespasses on and injures the same liberty of others. Let us first know what good laws are, and then liv up to them. *Break no law by force*, but legislate better ones as required. A. D. SWAN.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## How They Were Saved.

A TRUE STORY.

She stood beside the iron road,
A little child of ten years old;
She heard two meeting thunders rolled
From north and south, that plainly showed
Danger too fearful to be told.

Nearer, still nearer, rumbling on,
One train approached with crashing speed;
What could she do? who would giv heed
To her—a child—who stood alone
And voiceless as a roadside weed?

A feeble cry she raised, and stood
Across the track—and then untied
Her little apron from her side,
And waved it swiftly as she could,
If only she might be espied!

If only on the hissing back
Of that huge monster, nearing fast,
The engineer his eye might cast
On her, there on the curving track,
And heed her signal ere he passed!

She stands with shout and warning beck;
On comes the train with thundering roar;
The fireman sees—he looks once more—
He sees a little waving speck,
And slackening, slowly moves and slower.

"Hi! little girl, what's all this row?"
"Another train! My ears it stuns!
It rounds the curve like rattling guns!
Back! back!—for I must signal now
The other!" and away she runs.

So by this little maiden's hand
Were hundreds saved from fearful lot;
But when with awe they spoke of what
They had escaped—and made demaud
About the child—they found her not.

For she had vanished through the wood;
None guessed her dwelling-place or name,
Nor by what wondrous chance she came—
While home she ran in blithesome mood,
Nor knew she had done a deed of fame.

But in the olden times they would hav said
It was an angel that stood there—
The hood above her golden hair,
A nimbus glowing round a head
With supernatural radiance fair.

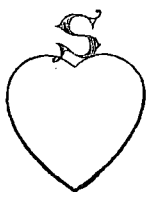
The small white apron that she waved
Across the dangerous iron track,
To warn the rushing engins back,
Might hav been wings, whose flashing saved
Five hundred souls from mortal wrack.

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—HIEROGLYPHIC TRANSPOSITIONS.



Equivocation.



Not your own.



An abatement.

Express the hieroglyphic exactly, and transpose into a word answering to the definition.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, JULY 30, 1887.

1.–One is stepping up the stairs while the other is staring up the steps.

2.–"I, an old turtle, will wing me to some withered bough."

### A Single Condition.

A story about eccentric Isaac Barnes, who was once collector of the port at Boston, and a noted wit, is recalled by the Philadelphia *Record*. His wife was a devoted Baptist. When he went to church, which was seldom, he went with her. But he always went with a mental reservation, upon which his fancy disported itself during service, for there was only one Baptist that he liked, and that was Mrs. Barnes. Now, the Baptists were about to build a chapel, and Mrs. Barnes was interested in procuring subscriptions to that end. She spoke to Mr. Barnes about it, and, as he intimated a willingness to subscribe, she sent a collector to urge him further. The collector said he had understood that Mr. Barnes was willing to subscribe. Mr. Barnes said he was. The collector drew out a subscription book and offered it for Mr. Barnes's signature. "No," said Barnes, "I won't sign that book, because that isn't necessary. My word's just as good as my bond. When I say I'll subscribe I mean it. And I may as well say at once that my subscription will be $5,000." This fairly took the collector's breath away, for it was almost the whole of the amount they were trying to raise. "That's a splendid gift," he managed to say after a while; "we shall be deeply obliged." "Not at all," said Barnes; "but," he added, "there is a condition to the gift." "Oh," said the collector, "I'm sure any condition you might annex would be well received by our people." "I'm not so sure about that," said Barnes, "the condition is that all the people baptized in the new chapel shall be baptized in boiling hot water." "Good morning," said the collector as he put the subscription book in his pocket and walked off.

# Science Column.

## Only a Dog.

Yes, but what a noble creature! How strong and courageous! How watchful, patient, and affectionate! How docil, obedient, constant, and faithful!—quite different from many other animals.

Nearly all children are fond of dogs, and dogs like children when they do not tease and annoy them.

The word canine, relating to dogs, is from the Latin *canis*. In the wild state he is classed with the wolf, cayote, jackal, and fox, but fossil remains hav been found that indicate that he belongs to a species different from the above-mentioned animals. The wild dog of Australia is called dingo.

From time immemorial the dog in a tame condition has been the friend of man and children. The dog is a mammal, and you hav learned before what that is. Little puppies are as cunning as you can imagin. They are born blind, their eyes opening to the light when about ten days old. Their mother is always very proud of her children, and fearful for their welfare; she will allow no one to approach them except those in whom she has great confidence, not because she is cross, but because she fears some injury may befall her offspring.

There is a wonderful variety among dogs, and each species has some distinguishing trait—some are more watchful than others; some are good for hunting on land; others will plunge in the water for prey, as the water spaniel. Some, in the cold regions, are employed in drawing heavy loads; others, like the Newfoundland, can swim and dive, and hav frequently saved people, especially children, from drowning. All dogs swim naturally. Then, there are the St. Bernard dogs, or Alpine spaniels, who hav saved the lives of travelers lost in the snow on the mountains. In passing the Alps, strangers sometimes lose the way, and, falling in the clefts benumbed with cold, they fall asleep and die.

The monks of Great St. Bernard convent would send out their dogs to look for lost travelers, and their sense of smell is so keen that they can find a person though buried deep down under the snow. They would run with their noses to the ground till they found the spot where the wanderer lay buried under the snow, and then would scratch, dig, and bark till some one came to help them in their laudable work. One dog of this kind, who saved the lives of twenty-two persons, was decorated with a beautiful medal for his noble services.

Some dogs, notably the terrier, will catch rats, mice, and all kinds of vermin. My own dog, Bonnie, will scent a rat very quickly, and watch for hours, like a cat, until the rat comes from his hole, when he seizes him in an instant.

He only needs to hear the word "rats," when he is on the alert and ready to hunt for them. He also hunts mice, slugs, snails, beetles, and catches moths, millers, and flies. Dogs can be taught many tricks. We once had a dog in our family who would walk on his hind legs, beg, say his prayers, play dead, jump rope, make believe drunk, and sing. He was very cunning, and a great pet.

I hav heard a story of a dog who bought pies. It was in this way (and Buffon in his "Natural History" tells the same story). A man went through the streets of Edinburgh selling penny pies, and ringing a bell as he went. One day he gave this dog a pie. The next time he heard the pieman's bell, what did the dog do but seize the man by the coat-tail and hold him? The pieman showed the animal a penny, and pointed to his master, who was a grocer, and was watching the proceeding in the doorway of his shop. The dog looked and nodded at his master in a beseeching manner, running back and forth between the grocer and the pieman. Finally his master put a penny on the dog's tongue, and he instantly ran and dropped it in the pieman's hand and received his pie. And this practice was carried on every day as long as the pieman came that way.

There are many instances of the sagacity of these animals which make them appear almost human in their knowledge. They learn the very expression of a face, and know the wish of their master without a word being spoken. Their attachment to their friends is remarkable, and there are well authenticated cases of dogs dying of grief at the loss of a friend, sometimes refusing all food and mourning till they die upon the grave of their master. Many anecdotes are told of the wisdom and kindness displayed by these at times misunderstood and abused creatures.

They hav a superior sense that enables them to track the path of their owner, and if left in a strange place can usually find their way back, though never over the road but once.

The dog is quick to understand, and is the most devoted friend and servant of man, never failing to obey his wishes when fully understanding what they are. He is quick to perceive who likes or dislikes him, and he never fawns upon one when it is not meant, that is, he is not deceitful. A dog always meets his master with gladness, and will caress even the hand that has struck him. He is the same friend to man in his darkest days of adversity as in his hours of prosperity, and will follow his footsteps when all others desert and abandon him, share all his toils and dangers, protect him as far as he is able, guard his property, is always affectionate and kind when treated right, and is faithful unto death. He has no vices as man has, is intelligent and tractable, understands language, and some species can all but talk.

Dogs are subject to a disease called rabies, and if a person is bitten by a dog suffering from this malady, the tortures are terrible, and result, unless prompt measures are taken, in a horrible death. M. Pasteur, of Paris, is said to hav discovered a remedy for the bite of a mad dog, and people hav been successfully treated for this disease by him. Intelligent physicians think that the disease is not nearly so common as has been supposed.

Dogs dream and start in their sleep, and moan as people do.

The ancients were fond of the food of dogs. The Polynesians and Chinese, it is said, are fond of dog meat to-day.

Some people dislike these animals, and cannot bear the sight of them; but, as a rule, almost everybody likes a good and amiable dog. The American Indian was always accompanied by his dog, and thought he would hav him for a companion after he died and went to the "happy hunting ground" in which the Indian believed. Byron has sung:

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

We should be kind to these intelligent and affectionate animals, for they are the emblem of fidelity. They look to us for food and shelter, and in return they protect us, are faithful and watchful, and, if occasion demands, will lay down their lives for us without a murmur. They are close in their friendship, and when treated properly never desert an old friend for a new one.

S. H. W.

QUESTIONS.—What is the word canine derived from? How is the dog classed in a wild state? What class does he belong to? What about the variety of dogs? Name the classes that you are familiar with. What about the St. Bernard dogs? What kind catches vermin? Relate the anecdote of the dog and the pieman. Do dogs die of grief? How do they track their master's footsteps? How does the dog meet his master? What disease is he subject to? Who has a method of curing rabies? What nations eat dog meat? Do all people like dogs? Can you repeat what Byron wrote of the dog? Why ought we to be kind to the dog?

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# Poetry.

## The Pope He is a Happy Man.

The pope he sat in the Vatican,
In St. Peter's chair sat he;
And he said, "Such a fix as I've got into,
I ne'er in my life did see."
An' aye as he swiftly twirled each thumb,
He sighed to himself, "Me miserum!"

"Here's the Irish priests all a-crying 'Woe!
For the land is desolate;'
But the English bishops they say 'Not so,
Pay no heed to their lying prate.'
*Eheu!* I can but twirl each thumb,
And helplessly sigh, Me miserum!

"I'll send two prelates over the sea,
And try what Ita'ian *finesse*
Will do, to make matters more smooth for me,
And help me out of this mess.
At present I can but twirl each thumb,
And sigh to myself, Me miserum!

"The nuncio with Norfolk's duke hobnobs
In honor of jubilee;
But, then, there's these Irish-eviction jobs
Demanding my sympathy—
How to keep both parties under my thumb
Is the bothering problem—Me miserum!

"So unfortunate! just when the swerving mind
Of English society
Is turning to Rome—in fact, going it blind
With fashionable piety—
Cries Ireland. 'Oh, father, why are you dumb
Over these, our wrongs?'—Me miserum!

"If I say to Ireland, 'Submit to wrong,'
Parnell will the Moses be,
Who from bondage will lead them forth e'er long,
But in that case, good-by to *me*—
They will say I just sat and twirled my thumb,
While poor Ireland wailed, 'Me miserum!'

"If I say to those who believe in me,
Who to faith and to church are true,
'*Bon courage, Belle Erin!* I bless you, be free!'
Then, England, good-by to *you*,
To the gold, to the lands, we had planned would come
To Mother Church, Me miserum!

"*Eheu!* I hav fallen on an evil day,
For the school-master is abroad,
And the demon of thought we no more can lay
In the name of the church or of God.
McGlynn I hav bounced—but he'll make things hum
In the States, I suppose—Me miserum!

"Now, which shall I keep, and which let go?
Poor Erin, or Albion rich?
Could I soft-sawder both, how blest! but, no—
There remains but the question—*which?*
I dare not think. Go, bid Gounod come;
Be music my solace—Me miserum!

—*Toronto Grip.*

## The Destination of the Heathen and the Heterodox.

*Judge Stephen Brewer in the Ithaca Daily Journal.*

I quote (the italics being mine) from a book entitled "The Confession of Faith of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America," published by the Presbyterian board of publication; the same being now the standard of that church in matters of faith and doctrin. After having stated that certain classes of *elect* persons are saved, the confession goes on to say as follows: "Others not elected, although they may be called by the ministry of the word, and may hav some common operations of the spirit, yet never truly come to Christ, and therefore cannot be saved. *Much less can men, not professing the Christian religion, be saved in any other way whatsoever, be they never so diligent to frame their lives according to the light of nature, and the law of that religion they do profess;* and to assert and maintain that they may is very pernicious and to be detested."

That the italicized part of the foregoing refers to and intentionally includes the heathen is evident; for the heathen all hav "religions they do profess," and, furthermore, as is well known, adhere to with as much piety and devotion as do the devotees of Christianity to their religion. And yet the doctrin above quoted affirms that be they never so devotedly pious or religious in their own way, or conform they their lives never so circumspectly to that morality which the light of nature affords, it all goes for naught. They must accept a Christ and a gospel of which they hav never heard and never had an opportunity of hearing, or be forever lost; consigned they must be to that hell so graphically described by Jesus as the ever-burning lake of fire prepared for the devil and his angels.

Now, that is the doctrin held by the Presbyterian denomination, and, I think, by *all* of the Calvinistic denominations of this country and other countries as well. Think upon it for a moment, and consider its "true inwardness" carefully, and then say if you think a doctrin so bristling at all points with the invulnerable armor of defense against the caricaturist *can* be caricatured. So made up is it of the shocking, the unreasonable, the absurd, that there seems to be no stock left for the exaggerating imagination to work with. Evidently caricature is not possible. Just listen! You, my brother man, who by "accident of birth" was made a Buddhist instead of a Christian, be you as pure as a nun, as benevolent as a sister of charity, and punctiliously observant of all God's laws written in universal nature, and yet you are hopelessly and irrevocably doomed to an eternity of indescribable misery unless you accept a Christ and a gospel of which you never had and, in the nature of the case, never could hav had any knowledge! That is the language of "prevalent religious belief," and to assert and maintain to the contrary is, in the language of that same belief, "very pernicious and to be detested." Truly we may repeat, caricature is out of the question; the repulsiv features of the image are so ugly that they cannot be overdrawn.

## Russian Religion.

*From a Review of A. F. Heard's "Russian Church and Russian Dissent."*

The Greek church had been pretty generally secularized in spirit when Peter the Great completed its degradation by abolishing the patriarchate, and committing the government of the church to a synod which was in reality only a bureau of the imperial administration. In his promulgation of this measure the czar declared, with curious frankness, that it seemed dangerous to the country to permit a spiritual ruler to share authority which belonged exclusivly to the autocrat, and to persuade the common people that the spiritual power is that of another and a better realm; in case of any difference between the patriarch and the czar, it might even happen that the people would take the part of the patriarch! Peter's principles once accepted, the present condition of the church followed naturally. The synod has lost what little show of power it once enjoyed, and now meets only to register, without debate, the regulations and decisions prepared by the imperial lay procurator, who is generally a military officer. The debasement of the clergy under such a system is inevitable. The monks, from whom the bishops and other dignitaries are selected, are better educated than the simple priests, but monasticism in Russia has always been a life of sloth and selfishness, quite indifferent to the works of charity, education, and preaching which hav occupied many of the orders in the Latin church. The character of the secular clergy is contemptible when it is not vile. The higher classes do not associate with them, and the peasantry quarrel with them over the price of prayers and sacraments, and hate them as a rapacious horde of government functionaries. Neither branch of the clergy seems to exercise any spiritual influence whatever.

The effect of the unfaithfulness of the church to its sacred mission has been to promote skepticism at one end of the social scale and fanaticism at the other. The upper classes imported unbelief along with other foreign fashions from western Europe, and with them Atheism is at least as common as Christianity. The national church in their eyes is only a branch of the police, and it offers nothing to satisfy the modern spirit of inquiry or to fit the new problems of life. Atheism, however, which is the child of intellectual pride, does not readily obtain a foothold among an ignorant peasantry. The tendency of ignorance is always toward excessiv credulity, and the Russian masses hav a childlike yearning for the mysterious and the supernatural. Hence while they hav little respect for the clergy as moral instructors, they are prone to attribute an almost magical efficacy to rites and ceremonies, and an immense importance to the mechanism of a worship in which the devotional impulse seems to hav little share. The church has a remarkable hold upon them, and yet the most sanguin would hardly reckon it as an influence in the government of life.

But there are millions of the common people for whose emotional demands a fossilized ceremonial religion, even with superstitious additions, makes no provision; and thus it happens that in spite of the conservatism of the lower classes dissenting sects of the most extravagant character prevail in Russia to an enormous extent. The conservativ instinct, in fact, almost always has a considerable influence upon their origin. The sectaries profess to be the "Old Believers," squaring their creed and conduct by the ancient standards, and they include the most reactionary and obstinately unprogressiv of the people; but as the widest license of individual opinion is applied to the determination of what the primtiv belief was, this conservatism does not in the least interfere with the development of monstrous novelties. The principal forms of dissent are known collectivly as the Raskol, or the Schism, and they embrace a great variety of heresies, some of which hav been maintained with more or less secrecy for two centuries. The number of the Raskolniks is not known, as many of them preserve an outward fidelity to the orthodox religion, and practice their real belief in private. Some authorities estimate them at fifteen millions, and Mr. Heard thinks that ten or eleven millions at any rate would not be too high a figure. Opposition to the national church and to all social reforms and foreign innovations has led them into a systematic opposition to the government. They are inclined to Socialism and Communism, and are probably the source or at least the main support of many revolutionary movements. They are loosely grouped in two great classes—the Popovtsi, or "priest-possessing," who hav a hierarchy of their own, largely recruited from the refuse of orthodoxy, and the Bezpopovtsi, or those without priests, who renounce sacerdotalism and all the recognized forms of Christian worship. The varieties of error and flagrant immorality included in this latter group are numberless, and by the usual process of subdivision they are constantly increasing. They reject marriage and domestic obligations; and while some regard the conjugal relation as a sin, and others look upon it as a respectable temporary arrangement, there are between these two extremes a multitude of inflamed fanatics who make of sensuality a religious emotion. They hold that by the apostasy of the national church all the sacraments, except baptism, which is administered by laymen, hav been forever closed; but their desires cannot be satisfied without some substitute for what has been taken away. Some eat the flesh from a living maiden's breast, and the "yawners" sit with open mouth all through their service, waiting for angels to bring them invisible chalices. The Child-killers slew new-born infants to save them from sin. The Stranglers dispatched their ailing friends and relativs, because "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence." The Burners preached redemption by suicide, and whole families threw themselvs into the flames of their burning houses.

Besides the Raskolniks proper, there are numbers of what Mr. Heard calls erratic sects, in which all the vagaries of imposture and credulity seem to be pushed to their last conclusions. It is a melancholy chapter in which our author recounts their creeds and practices, at once grotesque and horrible. They satisfy the craving for religious excitement with frantic exercises, ending in indescribable license. They play upon superstitious ignorance with frequent appearances of Christs and prophets and sibyls, to some of whom they pay divine honors. There is no law of morality to which they do not set themselvs in opposition, and no bulwark of the state to which they are not a danger. Shrouding themselvs in secrecy and professing as much orthodoxy as the police require of them, they honeycombed the national church before their operations were more than suspected; and it is only within our own day that the government has become aware of their alarming numbers. No measures, either of severity or mildness, hav had the least effect in checking them. They are said to be still increasing, and still exhibiting that tendency toward erotic abuses so common in fantastic religions.


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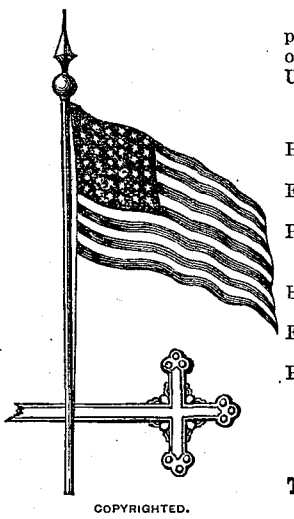
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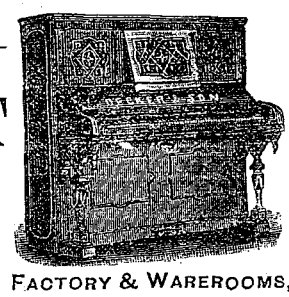
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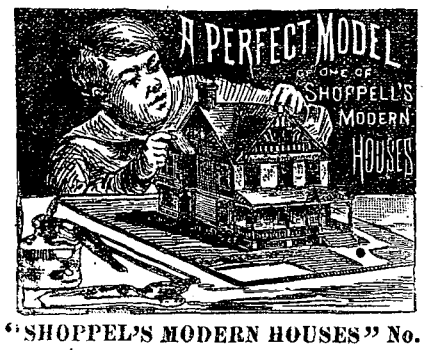
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## News of the Week.

ELEVEN Chicago boodle aldermen were convicted in a batch on the 5th.

THE German crown prince has suffered a recurrence of his throat trouble, and a fourth operation has been performed. The physicians say his case is not so hopeful as it was.

FISHERY troubles between Canada and the United States continue.

THE Socialist propaganda in Germany continues to increase with astonishing rapidity.

HENRY GEORGE and his followers deliver, almost daily, to large audiences, speeches on their proposed reforms, constantly referring as grounds to "God's will," "God's intentions," "what God designed," etc.

IN reply to a friend's letter asking his views on Prohibition, Jefferson Davis expresses his disapproval of such movements, regarding them as dangerous majority intolerance and subversiv of necessary personal liberty.

THE difficulties between France and Germany seem approaching a crisis. It is rumored that Germany will return Alsace and Lorraine to France upon condition of receiving the latter's onsent to the annexation of Holland to Germany.

IT is now said that Stanley, the African explorer, recently reported dead, is alive.

REPUBLICANS and Democrats both claim to hav carried Kentucky in the late election.

THE Prohibition amendment to the Texas constitution was defeated in the election of August 4th by a majority of some 125,000.

BARNUM professes to believe in the sea-serpent, and offers $20,000 for it alive or dead, provided that it is more than fifty feet long.

GENERAL PAINE'S new steel yacht, the Volunteer, won the Goelet cup in the Newport race last week, beating the best of the other yachts by a mile.

BRIBER SHARP'S lawyers hav secured a stay of proceedings and prepared a bill of exceptions. The general sentiment is that Sharp will never go to Sing Sing.

ELISHA WELSH, the original "Yankee clock" man, died on the 1st at Forestville, Conn. He was 78 years old, and left an estate valued at over $3,000,000.

THE prayers of the Illinois farmers for rain hav not brought the desired moisture, and everything is ruined by the drouth. The milk supply has decreased 60 per cent.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to erect a $25,000 monument in City Hall Park to the memory of Nathan Hale, who during the Revolution was hanged in this city by the British as a spy.

THE county general committee of the United Labor party decided in a recent meeting that members of the Socialist Labor party must leave the latter organization or get out of the United Labor party.

DR. CURRAN, a Catholic priest who has stood by McGlynn, and recently introduced him to an audience, is now in danger of excommunication. The archbishop has not yet decided in his case.

THE Siamese princes visited New York last week. One of them, named Devanwongse, is said to be a humorist. It is recorded that, being asked if he were pleased with our institutions, he replied, "Yes, Siam."

MAYOR HEWITT has forbidden the playing of instruments for dance music after 12 P.M. in places where beer is sold. The sale of the beer is not interrupted. If the mayor will now regulate by law the time when people shall go to bed and get up again, or perform other sanitary offices, he will relieve his fellow-citizens of great responsibilities and prove himself a statesman by the same means.


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## Gems of Thought.

IT has been said by his opponents, with some show of plausibility, that Mill was at bottom a religious man. Setting aside special dogmas, and looking only to the cheering influence of religion on its most favorable side—an influence that may be exerted in a variety of ways—we may call his aspirations and hopes for a bright future to the race, a religion of humanity. To hold up an ideal that involves no contradictions to our knowledge to inspire and elate the mind oppressed by the dullness and the hardships of the present life, will be accepted by many as comfort of the spiritual kind, the real analog of religion. And something of this effect is undoubtedly produced by Mill's later writings. With all this, however, the fact remains that, in everything characteristic of the creed of Christendom, he was a thoroughgoing negationist. He admitted neither its truth nor its utility. His estimate of its best side is given in the remark to a friend under domestic sorrow: "To my mind the only permanent value of religion is in lightening the feeling of total separation which is so dreadful in a real grief."
—*J. S. Mill, by Dr. A. Bain.*

THE elegant pagan pope—Leo X.—cared little about the monk Luther and his doctrins; wished, however, to hav done with the noise of him; in space of some three years, having tried some softer methods, he thought good to end it by *fire*. Leo dooms the monk's writings to be burnt by the hangman, and his body to be sent bound to Rome—probably for a similar purpose. It was the way they had ended with Huss, with Jerome, the century before. A short argument, *fire*. Poor Huss! he came to that Constance council, with all imaginable promises and safe-conducts; an earnest, not rebellious kind of man: they laid him in a stone dungeon "three feet wide, six feet high, seven feet long;" burnt the true voice of him out of this world; choked it in smoke and fire. That was not well done.—*Carlyle.*

PERSONALLY, I care nothing about names. It makes no difference to me what the supposed great men of the past hav said, except as what they hav said contains an argument, and that argument is worth to me the force it naturally has upon my mind. Christians forget that, in the realm of reason, there are no serfs and no monarchs. When you submit to an argument, you do not submit to the man who brings the argument forward. Christianity demands a certain obedience, a certain blind, unreasoning faith, and parades before the eyes of the ignorant, with great pomp and pride, the names of kings, soldiers, and statesmen who hav admitted the truth of the Bible. . . . So far as I am concerned, I think more of reasons than of reputations, more of principles than of persons, more of nature than of names, more of facts than of faiths.—*Ingersoll's Tilt With Talmage.*

I TAKE possession of man's mind and deed;
I care not what the sects may brawl.
I sit as God, holding no form of creed,
But contemplating all.
—*Tennyson's Palace of Art.*

HAD the Christian religion done any good in the world, I would not hav exposed it, however fabulous I might hav believed it to be; but the delusiv idea of having a friend at court whom they call a redeemer, who pays all their scores, is an encouragement to wickedness.—*Thomas Paine.*

THEOLOGICAL hatred has exaggerated the private vices of Paine. It has made mountains out of mole-hills, where it would hav made mole-hills out of mountains, if he had been a defender of the faith. At the worst, Paine was not more intemperate than were many of his clerical contemporaries, who were not less esteemed for their almost miraculous gifts of imbibition. Then, too, had he been orthodox, something would hav been allowed to the terrible condition in which he found himself in France during the Reign of Terror—a prisoner deserted by the young republic at whose birth he had assisted so efficiently, his life in jeopardy for the humanity of his opinions.—*J. W. Chadwick.*

MATT. XX. 1-16.—No doubt the laborers who had borne the burden and heat of the day had no *legal* standing-point for their complaint; but the sentiment that prompted it was none the less a just one. Granting the validity of the master's plea that he had honorably fulfilled his bargain, it may be still urged that the bargain itself was not of an equitable character. Plainly, a sum which is adequate pay for an hour, is inadequate for ten or twelve hours; and that which is sufficient for a day is excessiv for an evening. The same argument applies to a future state. If, as is so often urged, it be a compensation for the sufferings of this state, then it ought to bear some proportion to those sufferings. But how can this be effected? Jesus saw the difficulty, and endeavored, but not successfully, to meet it by this parable.—*Amberley.*

SOME ladies are ready to plume themselvs upon not having been guilty of certain great crimes. Some thieves, I daresay, console themselvs with the reflection that they hav never committed murder.—*Geo. Macdonald.*




REBEKAH PERSUADETH JACOB TO SWINDLE ESAU.—Gen. xxvii, 6-17.

## Odds and Ends.

A TOURIST without money is a tramp. A tramp who has money is a tourist.

A HARLEM girl who has read the Bible through eight times, surprised her mother the other morning by getting down to breakfast in time.

WIFE: "Dear, I wish you would invite young Professor Y. some day. I hear he is dreadfully absent-minded; perhaps he may take our Cecilia."

IT takes three weeks to perform a marriage ceremony among the upper classes in Japan, and it is generally conceded that the clergyman earns his fee.

TEACHER: "Where do the Arabs liv?" Boy: "In the desert." Teacher: "What do they call those pious men who flee to the desert?" Boy: "Deserters."

A DAKOTA man, while on his way to borrow a neighbor's paper, was struck by lightning and killed. We hav no comment to make here. To intelligent people it isn't necessary.

MY four-year-old boy remarked confidentially to the cook the other day that he "would hate to be a chicken." "Why, Rob?" "'Cause I would hav to lay eggs, and I don't know how," was the response.

HARLEM teacher to a boy in a grammar class: "John, correct the following sentence: It are very cold." John, as he wipes the perspiration from his forehead with his shirt-sleeve: "It are thundering hot."

SHE said it was a very bright idea. He said he knew a brighter one; and when she asked him what it was, he answered: "Your eye, dear." There was silence for a moment; then she laid her head upon the rim of his ear and wept.

CALLER (to old Mrs. Bentley): "The new minister is making himself quite popular, is he not, Mrs. Bentley?" Old Mrs. Bentley: "Well, I ain't much sot by him. Fer the last three Sundays he's prayed fer rain, an' there ain't a drop fell yit!"

"THE hairs of your head
Are all numbered," he said
To his nephew, just turned of eleven.
"If all were like you,"
Said the kid, "mighty few
Bookkeepers they'd need up in heaven!"

A FAIR WARNING.

"The racing association will giv you one hundred dollars an acre, deacon, for the lot!" "To build a race-track on? No, sir. I don't believe in horse-racing; it's sinful!" "Say, one hundred and fifty!" "Well, I'll take a hundred and fifty; but if they build a race-track it will be against my earnest protest!"

JUSTICE (to prosecuting witness): "Now, state your case as briefly as you can." Prosecuting witness: "I will, your honor. I'm a stationer, and this morning this man came into my house and said: 'Hav you any black ink?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'Jet black?' 'Yes.' 'Will it turn black after awhile, or will it write black at once?' 'Writes black at once.' 'Jet black?' 'Yes.' 'You are a liar,' and with that, your honor, he turned to walk out, and when I put my hand on him gently, intending to ask for an explanation of his curious conduct, he wheeled around and knocked me down." Justice: "This is a rather interesting case. You are a stationer, eh?" Prosecuting witness: "Yes, sir." "And hav you really got any black ink?" "Yes, sir." "Black as soon as you write with it?" "Yes, sir." Justice (after a moment's reflection): "You are a liar. The prisoner is discharged."

HER COOL "NO."

In her muslins light and airy,
Oh, my pet seems always cool;
Even where the sun is glary
No exceptions grace the rule.

Yet I loiter moist and wilted—
Faintly gasping for more air,
Wishing I was Highland kilted—
Or could wander still more bare.

Yes, she's ever quite unruffled,
Ever calm and ever cool,
While I roam in hot air muffled,
Longing for some frigid pool.

Thus it was in desperation
On one fearful, torrid day,
That I turned the conversation
To the theme that dearest lay;

Gasped "Wilt hav me?"—expeditious,
Hotter 'twas than cooking-school—
And I found her "No" delicious—
'Twas so very, very cool.

SOME five or six years ago, when Watertown, Dak., was a new place, the business men raised $500 with which to build a church. A meeting was called to talk over the plans. "You've got the $500, hav you?" said Judge S. J. Conklin, who was at that time mayor of the city. "Got it right here," replied the chairman of the soliciting committee. "It strikes me," continued the mayor, "that it is a good deal of money to put into a church." "Yes, that's so," said another prominent citizen. "I suppose we can do what we please with it?" "That's it exactly," returned Conklin, "and my idea is to put it into something of more permanent value to the city than a church." "That's my opinion, too," said another leading citizen; "how would a school-house do?" "School-house nothing!" said the mayor; "what we want to put that money into is something that will stand as a monument to the liberality and public spirit of the citizens of Watertown, and something, also, which will be useful and of lasting benefit to the place. I move that that $500 be used to lay out a four-mile race track, that shall be the finest west of the Mississippi! If we're boomers, let us boom!" They finally compromised on a mile track, and offered what money was left as purses for the Fourth of July races.


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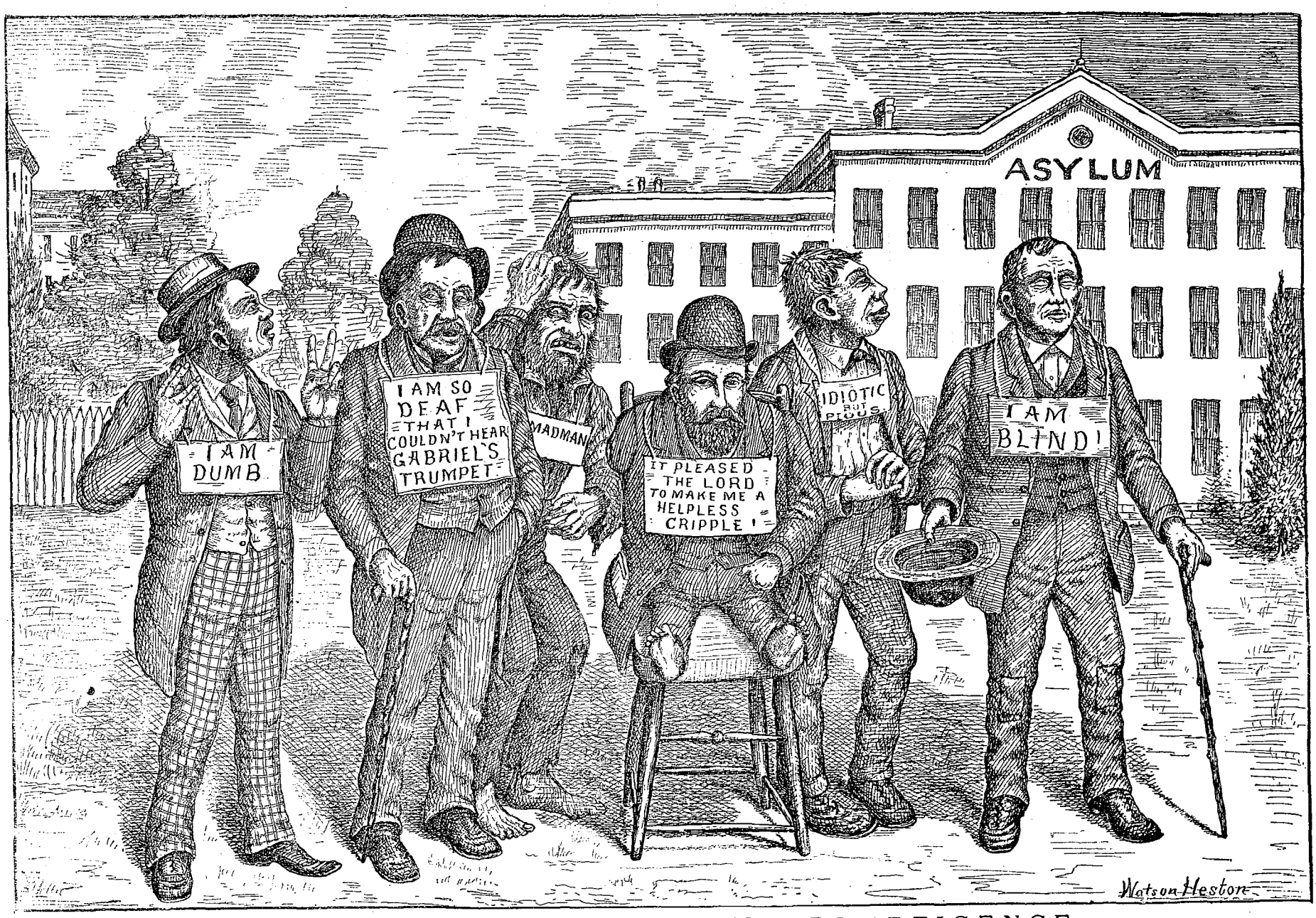
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Entered at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.

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A FEW VICTIMS OF DIVINE BENEFICENCE.

## Notes and Clippings.

To suppress the lawless feuds and strife that hav been continually agitating Kentucky, the militia at Morehead hav seized and confiscated the arms of all the desperadoes they could find.

THE Paris municipal council some time ago ordered all religious sentiments and expressions to be removed from the books used in the public schools. The board of education, however, did the work but partially, and a vote of censure upon the board has just been passed by the council.

NINETY-FOUR Paris policemen recently handed to their superior officers silver watches, which each of them had found at his home. These watches bore, in place of the number, the words: "Souvenir of Gen. Boulanger, July 7, 1887," engraved on the case. An inquiry has been instituted as to the origin of these gratuitous gifts to the police. It is taken for granted that Gen. Boulanger had nothing to do with the matter.

PROF. F. BORSARI sends to the *National Reformer* the account as published in the Roman journals of a deputation from the committee for the erection of the monument to Giordano Bruno, which was received by Signor Crispi, then minister of the interior, and now, in consequence of the death of Signor Depretis, probably prime minister. The deputation asked the support of the government for the obtaining from the Roman municipality the concession of a site for the erection of the Bruno monument. Signor Crispi stated that he had already conferred on the subject with Duke Torlorna, the syndic of Rome supporting the application, and that he believed the municipal council would grant the required site.

CITIZEN TRAIN has been celebrating himself in verse. From his bench of philosophy in Madison Square he sends out the following:

Who ever saw me cough or sneeze?
Hack? Spit? Limp? (show signs of Disease?)
(Or go to church? Pray on my knees?)

With Flag of Health to breeze unfurled
Rainbows around my Life are curled,
The happiest fellow in world.

THEY hav had the jubilee fever very strong in New Zealand. The *Herald* of that colony contains abundant evidence of the fact. Here is one advertisment: "Wanted—Two jubilee ladies want two jubilee husbands. Apply 25 Queen street." Here is another: "Wanted—Jubilee wives, husbands, housemaids, waitresses, housekeepers, barmaids, and general servants can be had for the asking. A. McLeod, 25 Queen street."

JANESVILLE, Wis., is excited over the elopement of the Rev. D. Seymore, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, and Mrs. Fanny J. Henry, wife of J. A. Henry, editor of the *Argus*. Both parties are prominent in society and religious matters. Seymore was considered the ablest Methodist preacher ever in Janesville. Mrs. Henry has for years been the organist and a leading member of the church. No one seems to hav been aware that there was undue intimacy between the two parties, but the elopement was premeditated, planned, and arranged by clandestin meetings. Mrs. Henry has heretofore borne an estimable reputation. Besides her husband, she leaves two children, a boy of seven and a girl of four. Seymore leaves a wife and five children entirely destitute. He left with about $250, $130 of which was the proceeds of the sale of a buggy and horse, and the balance was church funds. It is the preacher's third offense, his first victim being a fourteen-year-old girl. His piety has been remarkable for its sincerity. He is a scamp made worse by the grace of God.

AT the meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Holiness held in Pitman Grove, Pa., the other day, Dr. William McDonald said: "I tell you that no one who uses tobacco can be entirely sanctified." "Say! say!" shouted several clergymen, 'that's going a little too far, for some of our best ministers use the article." "What I hav said I hav said," replied Dr. McDonald. "No man can be entirely saved and use tobacco." "You're a liar!" angrily shouted a well-known man in the audience. The man, who is said to be an influential Christian, immediately left the auditorium.

SAYS the Galveston *News*: "It is a question if another man upon earth possesses the same peculiar oratorical and literary power as Ingersoll. He sways the largest audiences by his wit, eloquence, and pathos as the wind sways the boughs of a tree. His thrusts are sharp and direct, and though turned against what he believes to be a popular fallacy, are never profane or vulgar. He is diplomatic, observant, and generous, and though most bitter in his denunciations of superstition, was never known to refuse to listen to reason or argument from those who held different views from himself. In some respects he is a wonderful man, and like Rienzi or Cicero, has but to move his lips and audiences stand ready to listen.'

CHICAGO has got a new sort of missionary. The *Herald* of that city describes him and his work: "A tall, gaunt, cadaverous man, wearing a full beard, a time-worn frock-coat, and a shirt front that ought to hav been sent to the laundry before the hot weather set in, stood at the corner of Madison and Clark streets last evening with a bundle of good-sized hand-bills under his arm. 'My friend,' he said to a pale-faced, middle-aged citizen, who wore his hair a trifle long for July, 'you look like a man who has helped many a good cause——' 'Possibly, sir.' 'I hav some figures that utterly expose the Anarchists, Spiritualists, and Atheists—prove the divinity of Christ—you've got to believe it,' and then he poured forth a jumble of words from his printed document. 'I've already distributed free of charge fifteen hundred of these, and would to God I could giv away these—they're all I hav left. Anything you choose to giv——' 'Intemperance is the greatest curse we hav,' interrupted the middle-aged man as he got to the windward of the whisky-scented breath. 'Exactly, sir,' was the tract-pedler's candid reply; 'if a man wants to look like the devil, act like the devil, and be a devil, let him fool with alcohol—even lager-beer.' Abruptly changing the subject, he continued· 'Yes, the Bible's all right, but these figures are my own; they make it clear, plain. Atheists won't accept the Bible; they've got to take my figures. If you care to help the cause along, even five cents will be——' 'Oh, you can't get Chicago whisky for a nickel,' and before the 'figgers' man could finish his appeal, the saucy, long-haired man was around the corner and lost in the crowd.'

# Communications.

## Mr. George, Father Huntingdon, and Dr. McGlynn.

I am a subscriber to Mr. George's paper called the *Standard*. I hav read, with deep interest, every number from the first. I believe most sincerely in his doctrin concerning the land, that it belongs to the human family in common, like the atmosphere and the sunlight; and that the cheapest, fairest, and shortest way of raising taxes for the support of the government is by levying them upon land values alone. As the whole includes, and is composed of, all its parts, I believe this land reform movement includes all others of the kind; and that, when it succeeds, it will bring in, consequently, a tide of blessings that will astonish mankind, and prove that, when time and circumstances hav prepared the way for the birth into the world of a great truth, it does not come singly and alone, but is accompanied by other truths which are allied with, and subordinate to, it. I mean that the farmers, who are numerous enough, perhaps, without the aid of the mechanical classes, to achieve the success of this movement, are so ignorant of Mr. George's theory that they regard him as their enemy instead of their friend. The newspapers they read are generally published in the interest of monopoly, and especially, that mean and thievish form of it called a protectiv tariff; and from reading such one-sided papers, they hav the idea that the land reformer aims to saddle all the taxes upon them, and let the millionaires and bond-holders go free. It will require a long time to pry open the eyes of the farmers so that they can see their own interests; for, as a class, they are the *pagani* of the country, the most ignorant and narrow-minded of its population, and the most easily imposed upon.

In the *Standard* of July 23d was published Father Huntingdon's Sunday evening speech, at the Anti-Poverty Society meeting, followed by a short one from Mr. George. These gentlemen, with Dr. McGlynn, wish to make the land reform a *religious* movement. They hav adopted as the war-cry the phrase, "The fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man." This sounds well. The latter half of it I believe in with all my heart. But the first part of the motto, is it true? If God be a father, and regards with equal eye all the children of his family, as an earthly parent does, how comes it to pass that the larger part of them are in such suffering circumstances, treated as disinherited bastards, instead of legitimate children and heirs? If he is infinit in power and benevolence, and as such undertakes to control and manage the world he created, why does he not abolish the causes which hav laid waste, for so many ages, the happiness of his children? and why did he not prevent the existence of these causes in the first instance, when, being omniscient, he must hav foreseen how pregnant they were with curses to his children? Mr. George, Father Huntingdon, and Dr. McGlynn are only men, but they are so benevolent in their nature, and know so well how to adopt means to ends, that, if they had half the power which God has, over human volitions, and material things, they would not require two thousand years—the time that God, by the gospel, has been trying to do it—to drive the deadly evils of oppression, poverty, and wretchedness of man and brute, out of the world. Nay, these gentlemen, if they had set to work at the beginning to make a world out of nothing, would hav so arranged the conditions that sin, and misery its consequence, would hav no place in it. God is not a father if he hav a hell of eternal fire in which to consume the happiness of the larger part of his family. Even if we accept nature as the synonym for God, she is cruel. True, she givs us sunlight and rains, and the order of the seasons for the earth to grow and mature her food for man and beast. But she starves to death multitudes of her children by drouth and famin, ravages whole nations by fatal diseases, engulfs thousands in one moment by earthquakes and cyclones, and has ordained that the strong shall prey upon the weak, in the air, on the earth, and in the sea.

Father Huntingdon, whose speeech I hav read over and over again, on account of its beautiful and forcible simplicity, has contemplated the woes of New York society, growing out of poverty and oppression, till his heart aches; and he has brought himself to believe and teach, that "the free will of man, defeating the purposes of God," is to blame for it all. Secretly, and logically, a man of his ability must see and feel, that, if God is all-powerful, and all-merciful, and does nothing to put out of existence the evils that hav converted the earth into a hell, *he* is responsible for the present state of things. But as it would be blank Infidelity, if not blasphemy, to say so openly, he relieves God of this mountainous load of responsibility, and puts it on the free will of man! Let the young father speak for himself: "There is plenty of land, there is plenty of power to labor. Put the two together, and the result will be what God intended. But that result can be hindered in one of two ways. God has made us beings with free will and power of choice, to settle in some measure our own destinies in this world. If we choose to defeat his purpose, and thwart his goodness, we can do so, and reap the harvest we hav sown; if we choose to do his will, we can be free, and strong, and holy." Now, what an imbecil kind of a God he has pictured! With all the resources of the universe at his command; with infinit pity and benevolence in his heart to prompt the exercising of his infinit power, he stands aloof, and sees his own children by the million, age after age, ground to fine powder between the upper and nether mill stones of human avarice and ambition, and never lifts a finger to put a stop to it! He would like to interpose; it is his purpose to do so, but the free will of man is stronger than he, and will not let him! Father Huntingdon is so careful of the character of God, that, to protect him against the obvious charge which the minds of intelligent beings would bring against him, of allowing sin and misery to run riot through the world when he could abolish it, he takes the ground that the free will of man, a worm of the dust, is able to, and actually does, override and defeat the benevolent purposes of Almighty God! Into such depths of folly does Father Huntingdon's theology plunge him.

Mr. George ought to quit attempting to make land reform a *religious* movement. Let him make it a *moral* movement. The antislavery men, fifty years ago, thought, when they began, that they could make the abolition of slavery a religious movement. But the church, appealing to the Bible, Old Testament and New, silenced them in argument. The brotherhood of man, which was their motto, based upon the salvability of all men, Jew and gentile, bond and free, male and female, was, inferentially a New Testament doctrin. But it was taught and understood, at least in theory, long before Christianity appeared in the world. In the antislavery controversy, however, the positiv teachings of Moses and Paul crushed out of sight the moral philosophy of the gospel, and almost the entire Christian church, Catholic and Protestant, were in favor of slavery, taught that it was a divine institution, and pronounced the Abolitionists to be Infidels. The Abolitionists, therefore, went forth among their countrymen demanding the immediate emancipation of the slaves as a requirement of natural and eternal justice, and as the only policy which could save the republic from ruin. It took thirty years of effort on the stump, on the rostrum, and in the press to educate the people and enlighten their conscience, and bring them to understand and feel that either slavery or the republic must be destroyed. During all these years not only the slave-holders but the religion of the Bible, and of the entire church, were dead against them. But such was the potency of truth, and so strong the sentiment of justice in the human heart when the conscience was enlightened, that the people backed up President Lincoln when, in 1863, he issued his proclamation of freedom to the slaves, and made sure the permanency of the Union.

"Our heavenly father," in the laws he dictated to his chosen people, laid down some wholesome principles and regulations concerning the land, which Mr. George is wisely taking advantage of in his great contention. But I must remind Mr. George that it was the same heavenly father who allowed one branch of his family, the Jews, to make merchandise of the other branch, called "the heathen round about." It was he who not only authorized, but enjoined, the Hebrews to rob the Canaanites of their land, and put them to death for resisting. He it was also who ordered the Israelites that "anything that dieth of itself should be given to the stranger that is within thy gates, that he may eat of it; or, thou mayest sell it unto an alien." Wherever, therefore, the land reformers, seemingly to curry favor with the church, use the phrase, "The fatherhood of God," they at once call to mind such facts as I hav mentioned, and dampen the zeal of many intelligent persons who would like to coöperate with them in their laudable work. "The brotherhood of man" is a rallying cry that covers the whole case, and rouses the enthusiasm of humanity. The prefix, "Fatherhood of God," immediately injects doubt and confusion into the mind, and hinders hearty coöperation.

Dr. McGlynn, at a late Anti-Poverty meeting, bitterly denounced the Italian pope and propaganda as a mere machine, governed by a lust for money and power; and said that it was the knowledge of this fact that had ruined many Catholic countries, and plunged them into Infidelity and Atheism. This language seems to imply that communities, when they see the wickedness and hypocrisy of the church, are so disgusted with it, that they rush into Infidelity, as a herd of panic-stricken buffaloes rush over a precipice into destruction. There is a good deal of this kind of apologetic tone among reformers of various kinds toward the class called Infidels, when they see how utterly heartless and indifferent the church as a body now is, always has been, and, I may say, always will be, concerning those who begin any work of radical moral reform. They seem to think that the Secularists would all be good Christians if the church would lead in all practical efforts for the welfare of mankind during their stay in this world. But this is a mistake. The corruptions of the church may, and often do, set men to thinking. But what we call Infidelity is the result, or verdict, which the human intellect arrives at after the evidence for religion, pro and con, has been argued in the Supreme Court of the Human Understanding, where reason alone is the judge. In this court the human heart has nothing to do with the questions discussed and decided, because the heart cannot reason, but only feel. The Infidel, therefore, rejects Christianity, and the church which claims to be its embodiment, for the same reason that he rejects Mohammedanism and Mormonism, because its claims to be a supernatural religion are all consumed in the crucible of investigation. If the church, instead of turning its cold shoulder, as it does, to "the cross of the New Crusade," would fall in with that great movement, and giv it speedy success, the argument of the Infidel against the church and her religion would not be invalidated in the least. The key-stone of the arch which supports the claims of the church to be a divine, soul-saving machine, is the doctrin of the Fall of Man in the Garden of Eden, making necessary the whole scheme of salvation, whereby the race, or a small part of it, can be restored to its original condition and character. But modern science has knocked this key-stone out, and logically, the whole superstructure tumbles into ruin; and that we may not be discouraged in our efforts to improve, we are consoled with the well-grounded hope that, whereas the law of progress has gradually brought the race to its present stage of improvement, the same law will continue in force during the illimitable future.

R. S. D.

July 25, 1887.

## The Gospel Racket.

Go preach the gospel to every creature.

"There is luck in odd numbers," but the above command, composed of seven words, has been fraught with more mischief to human kind than most people are willing to allow.

The minds of men hav been so much occupied with this command that they hav lost sight of nearly every earthly good. And thousands hav been murdered and cruelly tortured and persecuted because it has been thought that they stood in the way of the spread of the gospel.

I suppose the word "creature" in the above command was designed to mean human "creature."

It is evident that the one who gave the command had no just conception of the number of human "creatures" in existence when the command was given. It is further evident that the command did not come from an all-wise God, for the good reason that an all-wise God would not command a thing to be done which it was impossible to do. The idea of a dozen men starting out on foot to "preach the gospel to every creature" is preposterous.

In that generation there must hav been millions of "creatures" scattered over the face of the earth which the twelve could not reach. And millions hav died every generation since who never heard a blast from the gospel trumpet. And probably the time will never come when the gospel will be preached to every "creature."

The command to "preach the gospel to every creature" shows the ignorance of those who gave the command, whether they were Gods or men. I say Gods because there is a ghost God, and a son God, and an old father God, which make three. Now, if these three Gods, by some gospel sleight-of-hand hav been metamorphosed into one God, it is the business of the Christian and not mine.

If the salvation of men was made to depend upon being reached by the gospel-bangers, the Gods must hav known that they were bringing millions into existence every generation only to be damned.

If salvation does not depend upon preaching the gospel, then the Gods or men who gave the command made fools of themselvs, and those who are contributing millions each year to send the gospel to the heathens are bigger fools still.

What the number of inhabitants was nineteen hundred years ago I hav no means of knowing. A great part of the earth's surface had not been explored at that time, and there could hav been no definit idea of the number of "creatures" to be preached to. Even to-day, with all the appliances of steam and electricity, and with the help of the printing-press, millions die each generation who never heard of the gospel. If the command came from an infallible God, then he, like all the infallible popes, has made some egregious blunders. Probably the time never will come when the gospel will be "preached to every creature."

For nearly two thousand years the Christian has been engaged in a vain attempt to benefit the world and the inhabitants thereof by plowing in the skies; and he is constantly trying to persuade the people that some time in the dim future he will make it a success.

Two thousand years can scarcely be considered time enough for the Christian to get a fair start. But if the Infidels and scientists will only stand back and giv him a fair chance, in eight or ten thousand years he will be able to show some grand results.

But suppose the time should come when the gospel should be preached to every creature, the question is whether it would prove a blessing to the

world. Has the Christian religion rendered the rich less grasping, bettered the condition of the poor, made the people more intelligent or more honest?

In the first place, if preaching of the gospel is calculated to elevate the human race, those who preach it of all men ought to be the most honest, intelligent, and humane. What are the facts? They hav a greater number of representativs in the prisons in this country in proportion to their numbers than any other class of people.

What is more, there is no class of people in this country whose crimes are more kept out of sight, and who are punished less according to the crimes they commit, than those who are commissioned to "preach the gospel to every creature."

In the second place, this is allowed to be one of the most thoroughly Christianized countries in the world, and ought to be taken as a fair test of the humanizing influence of Christianity.

One of the most important commands of this gospel, which is to be preached to every creature, is that the rich must sell what they hav and giv to the poor. And it is made as impossible for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven as it is for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle.

Yet, in this country, one-half of the entire wealth of the country is in the hands of two and a half per cent of the people. Millionaires occupy nearly every seat in the senate, and twenty to seventy-five thousand dollars are current prices for seats in the lower house. Indeed, seats in Congress might about as well be put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder, without the least regard to the eternal fitness of things.

In all the great churches are capitalists whose fortunes hav been built up by the unpaid toil and sweat of the poor. "One thing thou lackest: sell what thou hast and giv to the poor."

Tracts of land, containing thousands of acres, are bought by Christian speculators, and held to the exclusion of the homeless. When these lands are rendered valuable, not by anything which the owner has done, but by the labor of those who settle around them, they will be put into market and sold for quadruple what they cost. Verily, "The son of man hath not where to lay his head."

Even churches in their corporate capacity possess millions of wealth, and hold thousands of acres of the most valuable lands in the country. All going to show to show that the teaching of those whose business it is to preach the gospel to every creature has no more to do with their own acts than the outside garments they wear.

Christian speculators frequently buy up the provisions of the country and hold them until starvation forces the people to buy them at any price they may ask. Thus thousands of children are sent to bed supperless because a Christian hog wants to make money. Will not all the "ends of the earth" be blest when this glorious gospel is "preached to every creature?" "Blow ye the trumpet; blow the gladly solemn sound."

Hear this sad story from the Hartford *Examiner*: "In the severity of winter young girls hav tramped from place to place in search of work; hav begged shelter and food; slept in outhouses and barns, and are to-day the victims of hunger and exposure. Wholly defenseless, they are thrown into temptation and the lowest kind of vagrancy. The males tramp farther inland, and become desperate and vicious, while the old people and infants remain in the villages starving by inches. Common necessities of life are unknown to hundreds of fathers and mothers and children." Could a worse picture be truthfully drawn of any heathen land—even of any savage tribe?

The biting sarcasm of the above extract on the Christian religion can only be realized when it is considered that the Christian pretends that "peace on earth and good will to men" follow in the wake of the gospel.

We hav some of the richest churches in the world, and Christian millionaires by the score. Hundreds of ministers are receiving princely salaries; there is an abundance in the country; graineries overflowing and storehouses literally bursting with stores of provisions. The poor do not suffer on account of a scarcity of anything in the country. Do these suffering ones fare any better because the gospel is preached to them? Do those who are commissioned to "preach the gospel to every creature" propose any remedy? They never cease boasting of the elevating and humanizing influence of the Christian religion, and yet they hav the effrontery to tell these suffering ones that it is all for the best; that they are in the hands of a just and merciful God; that "he doeth all things well;" that they must be patient and suffer on; that "seeming afflictions are unseen mercies;" that their suffering here will be rewarded with bright crowns hereafter.

To attribute their suffering to a banana or some other kind of fruit that a woman ate six thousand years ago is to insult the common sense of the age. Yes, while starving girls are sleeping in barns and alleys, Christian shylocks are drawing from two to four per cent per month; but it is all for the best—God is directing the affairs of men. I take another quotation from a Western newspaper to show how the love of justice follows the preaching of the gospel: "The busy world consists of employer and employee, and all that is produced in the present constitution of society belongs to the employer, and nothing to the employee. With his daily wages he must purchase of the former all that he needs. When there is an over-production the workmen are forced to idleness. Wages cease, and they no longer hav the power to purchase for the most part what they hav produced. Starvation and want, or the meager resources of charity await them. It is not so with the owners of the excessiv products of industry. If they cannot sell, they can, at least, exchange among themselvs and be happy."

This statement shows that, notwithstanding the preaching of the gospel, systematized robbing is the rule in this country. Yet the rich Christian can be happy, while those who hav produced his wealth by their labor are starving. Everything for the wealthy, nothing for the producers of wealth, and yet they pretend to follow the example of Christ and his apostles, who held "all things in common."

Millions for foreign missions, but no plan for the starving mothers and children at home. While the storehouses in Chicago were full of grain, and thousands of cattle and hogs were being butchered every day, thirty-five thousand men, women, and children in that city were in a starving condition.

Chicago has some Christian millionaires, many gorgeous churches, rich Christian merchants, a lot of boodlers, and much squalid poverty. What is true of Chicago holds true in every Christian city in the country.

"Go preach the gospel to every creature." Has not the gospel been sufficiently preached in this country? Yet in Christian cities where church spires bristle like spines on a thistle, women hav made overalls at sixty cents per dozen, and passed the whole winter without fire. Men who hav been under the influence of gospel teaching from early childhood turn mothers with helpless children into the street when they hav no place to go because they are unable to pay their rent.

In parts of any Christian city, if a man were unattended, he would be murdered if it were known that he had a hundred dollars in his pocket. Pious Christians get away with thousands of the people's money, sometimes made up from the scanty savings of poor widows and sewing girls. Yet they occupy front seats in fashionable churches, while a poor, starving girl is sent to the lock-up for stealing a loaf of bread. "Blow the gospel trumpet."

If there are any grand results from this gospel preaching, they certainly ought to be manifested in the churches? But what are the facts? Are they not clannish? Is not individualism nearly wiped out? Is there one who dare take a bold and independent course, regardless of the old bell-wether of the flock? Has the preaching of the gospel developed pioneer investigation? Are not Christians always giving battle to the scientists, who hav proved themselvs to be the best friends of man?

"Beware of science when it contradicts the Bible." So says a popular Christian paper. There you hav it—science gaged by the Bible. This has been the position of the church for hundreds of years. She stands like a dried mummy with an old book in her hands, and claims that it is of more importance to the world than all the discoveries of science. To the church the ignorance and brutality of two or three thousand years ago is of more importance to the world than the intelligence, civilization, and scientific attainments of the nineteenth century. Without opposition, the church would soon force us back to the science and philosophy of the book of Genesis.

The church turns out her quotum of criminals, and more than her proportion of lunatics; and the world's best thinkers are certainly not found in the churches. If the people in the churches are not as parsimonious as those outside, then the churches hav been belied by all history.

If the good result of gospel preaching is neither to be found among preachers nor in the churches, would it seem like sound policy to giv a great deal of money to send these preachers far away from home to enlighten those who are more moral and honest than themselvs?

Salvation armies, Christian revivals, dance-halls, theological seminaries, ministerial conventions, horse-races, bribers and boodlers, Sabbath-schools and cock-fights, Christian associations and prize-fights, missionaries and gamblers, swill-shops and churches, Christian executions, murders, suicides, seductions, infanticide, elopements, divorces, shootings, and stabbings are the order of the day, and strangely mixed in this highly Christianized country.

"Go preach the gospel to every creature." "Blow the gospel trumpet." Let the Christian find "no rest for the sole of his foot" until these blessings are carried "to the ends of the earth." Selah.

Yes, "Blow the gospel trumpet." Go to all the islands of the sea, and among all the native tribes, and as fast as converts are made send them on to Boonton. Let the two Sams rejoice and Comstock be glorified. Let every scientist and philosopher review his work and make it square with Genesis. Blow the gospel trumpet around Snowville. Aunt Elmina must be reconstructed. She has been letting her light shine in the dark corners without permission from the trumpet-blowers. She must be cast into hell (a prison hell) because she does not join in the gospel racket.

If the trumpet-blowers succeed in getting her into prison, there will be cannonading in heaven all day and a great display of fireworks at night.

It will serve her just right. She must learn to pay less attention to human suffering and more attention to the trumpet-blowers. Let her go to jail. Let Anthony hav a day of rejoicing, and the trumpet-blowers hav a day of jubilee. The trumpet-blowers appreciate her motivs about as much as the people of Thurso did the labors of Robert Dick, the Scotch geologist.

Some of them found him, with hammer and chisels, engaged on a rock literally made up of fossils. "What are ye doin' there, mon?" they inquired. "I am inspecting an ancient graveyard," said Dick. "Hoot, mon, there's nobody burriet there," said they. The people of Thurso said Dick was crazy, and, worse than all, was not "soond on the Bible."

When the core of the whole matter is reached, it will be found that Elmina is not "soond on the Bible," and the trumpet-blowers are wroth. A snatch from the "Song of the Geologist," written by Dick, comes in here with a good deal of force:

> Hoorah for the hammers sae braw!
> The lower we go the more we shall know
> Of ancient an' present an' a'.
> Here's freedom to dig and to learn,
> Here's freedom to think and to speak;
> But none ever sought to strangle a thought
> But creatures baith vulgar an' weak.

Go preach the gospel to every creature. Blow the gospel trumpet, until every word uttered by a Liberal is "disgusting," and everything written on sex and sex relations is "obscene." Then Judge Benedict, and Colgate, and Mad Anthony

> Will bathe their weary souls
> In seas of heavenly rest,
> And not a wave of trouble roll
> Across their peaceful breasts,

and Boonton will become the Mecca of this Christian country.

> How long, dear savior, oh, how long
> Shall this bright hour delay?
> Fly swift around, ye wheels of time,
> And bring the welcome day!

Blow the gospel trumpet. Hurry up the cakes—let Colgate soap the track. Keep Talmage and Sam Jones and the Salvation Army constantly in the gospel harness until the will of God shall be done on earth as it is done in heaven. Let Anthony swing his smut-bag in the name of the Lord, and soon will be ushered in an age of purity and godliness equaled only by that of the Dark Ages. One author recounts the number of thousands of women in Europe made dissolute by the priesthood. But that was done by God's regularly constituted agents, and, of course, could neither be "disgusting" nor "obscure," and did not affect Christian morals like the writings of Aunt Elmina. Let Boonton begin to buy crape early, for she may be called to divide honors with Snowville, and then not only crape but sackcloth and ashes will be brought in requisition.

Blow the gospel trumpet until such heathens as Elmina, and Socrates, and Solon, and Plato, and Cicero are brought up to the Christian level of Talmage, and Sam Jones, and Benedict, and Comstock.

In some parts of the Eastern world known as heathen, it is customary for dealers to place their commodities in the public places and leave them. The purchaser takes what he wants and leaves the money according to the price marked upon the article. Preach the gospel until such heathens are brought to "know the Lord from the least to the greatest," and through the grace of our lord and savior, Jesus Christ, are taught to know and practice Christian honesty.

It is related that a Christian merchant took a cargo of goods to an Eastern market, and after the goods were unloaded, the men who had been engaged began to retire. "Are not those goods to be taken in?" inquired the merchant. He was told that there was no danger from rain, and the goods would get no damage. "But may they not be stolen?" asked the merchant. "Not the least danger in the world," said they, "there is not a Christian within a hundred miles of here." But heathen honesty will never satisfy Christians; they want the real, "true-blue," blood-bought Boonton kind.

Blow the gospel trumpet. This year the Methodists are to raise a million dollars to send missionaries to these people to teach them Christian civilization and Christian honesty.

No matter about monstrous births, idiots, and lunatics; no matter about cripples and deformities; no matter about hereditary taints and diseases. Elmina must learn that this kind of education is not in fashion with Christians, that Christ and him cru-

cified is all that is necessary to constitute a Christian education.

Keep up the gospel racket until good hard sense becomes as rare as white crows, and the church and Mrs. Grundy rule the world. Blow the gospel trumpet. JOHN PECK.

*Naples, N. Y.*

## News and Notes.

Friday evening, July 29th, I strike Snohomish, a lively place in an out-of-the-way corner of the world, up the Snohomish river about twelve miles, and in the midst of the mighty forests that it will take one hundred years to demolish, and in the mean time supply all the markets of the country. The land is exceedingly fertil when cleared, and forty acres are about as good for production as double that quantity elsewhere—but it takes from fifty to seventy-five dollars an acre to prepare for cultivation.

I gave five lectures in Snohomish, one on Saturday evening, three on Sunday, and one on Monday evening; and organized a Secular Union with over fifty names—and the prospects are that this will be one of the most flourishing Liberal organizations in the territory. The representativ business men of the city are Liberals, and not afraid to express their views, and take an open stand in favor of Freethought. The ministers hav a pretty hard time of it here. There are two churches, and the average audience is seven for Sunday—one for each day in the week. I had full houses every evening, although the "Drummer Boy of the Rappahannock" was in town with his silver drum, and the Free Methodists had pitched their tent and were singing and praying with volcanic fervor; but the stream of Freethought pursued the even tenor of its way and made hope and cheer amid the pleasant sunlight. I enjoyed myself in this far corner of the world, where the immense solitudes stretch for hundreds of miles away, and the snowy peaks are seen, and Mount Ranier through the rugged valley presents itself, a resplendent picture, at the top of the spacious scene.

Snohomish has had quite a remarkable history in the development of advance thought. Years ago, Dr. Folsom, a graduate of Harvard College, and a man of rare scientific attainments, located here, and, assisted by Eldridge Morse and others, started the Free Religious Association and Atheneum of Snohomish, and for several years this was the main institution of the place, and had a museum building, and property to the amount of several thousand dollars, and there was promis of a Liberal university amid these Western wilds nearly a quarter of a century ago. But the ups and downs of territorial life and business reverses destroyed the fair prospect, and the property changed hands and the original purpose was abandoned. Still, the fruit of this bold pioneer effort is noted in the Radical spirit that pervades this remote frontier town.

Eldridge Morse is one of the quaint geniuses of this part of the country. He was one of the leading spirits in the early Freethought movement, and started the *Northern Star*, which was for many years the most popular newspaper on Puget sound, and had a large circulation. It was an outspoken advocate of Liberalism, and published articles from the foremost writers of the day on scientific and religious topics. But the *Northern Star*, I expect, was too good to last long, and so it disappeared, for Morse, like all Westerners, had magnificent plans and a lot of them, and one day there came a crash. But Morse is irrepressible. He immediately went to "tramping," and he has gone over every foot of western Washington—up and down every river, over every mountain, and through every forest. The Indians hav come to look upon him as one of their old-time divinities reincarnated, and so they treat him as they would a wandering god. He has gathered together a mass of ancient Indian legends which are of absorbing interest. He is one of the most brilliant contributors to Bancroft's "History of the Pacific States," and has written a most valuable essay on the tide marshes of Puget sound for the Agricultural department of the United States. He is a typical Western man. He knows how to rough it, and at the same time possesses an extraordinary faculty for knowledge, and he has something to say on almost every point that is of interest to humanity.

The first one to greet me, and the main lever in my work here, is I. S. Martin, who is always doing something to keep things a-going, and he has materially increased the circulation of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and so made my lectures more successful in their result. He is an old miner, and has made and lost a dozen fortunes in this uncertain land. One day he took out a nugget of gold worth eight thousand dollars. He has about made up his mind to stick to Snohomish. He has comfortable bachelor quarters, and I know he cannot do any better than to keep our flag a-flying in this quarter of the world, after his thousand leagues of travel and years of adventure. Like myself, he is a dreamer of the "good time coming," and all the trial of life does not quench the hope of progress or the spirit that still delights in "morning's outspread radiancy."

I had a pleasant sojourn on top of the hill with my good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Eddy. I was flanked on either side by the ministers, who lived in the adjacent houses. But I was not haunted a bit. I don't know how it was with the ministers, whether they saw horns and hoofs or not, and whether their appetites grew less. Mr. and Mrs. Eddy are constant readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and so I was in congenial society.

C. H. Packard, editor of the county paper, the *Eye*, is one of those rare editors who speaks his mind and lets the world know where he stands on the Freethought question. He has one of the brightest papers in the territory. He has "an eye" on everything, and he has a facil pen with which to report the news in a spicy fashion. He is secretary of the Secular Union.

George Brackett, John H. Sweet, E. C. Ferguson, who presided at my meetings; G. B. Deering, Chas. Lowery, H. C. Comegys, who acted as president of the temporary organization; J. V. Bowen, the Blackman brothers, A. N. Morgan, one of the first settlers of the country and a thorough Liberal; H. D. Morgan, Fred. Fass, the Bateman brothers, Oliver McLean, G. H. Pennington, C. H. Anderson, Martin Kitzmiller, Mr. Yeaton, H. A. Ray, Chester Thornton, and others, are our allies here, and a splendid company they make of earnest Freethinkers, and I expect, on my return, that the membership of the Union will be counted by hundreds. I leave Snohomish with bright hopes, for I hav met with noble friends, and my campaign has been one of delight and advantage.

In the bright early morning of Tuesday, August 2d, I float down the river to the shining sound. A merry company is on board, for about twenty Snohomishites are going to camp out and hunt and fish for a week or two. I would hav liked to linger along the sunny beach and try my luck with the line and shot, but I must hurry forward to the Naples of the coast, Seattle, glittering like a queen upon the hills in the golden sunset. I lectured Wednesday evening, and the Secular Union was permanently organized, and, I guess, if the platform of the Nine Demands is adhered to, that our Seattle friends will come to the front with a powerful array. Like the National Union, the Liberal society here has drifted upon side issues, and the cause has been weakened. However important other great reforms are, they must hav their special instrumentalities; while the Freethought organization must be devoted to its own work, which creates the fundamental conditions of political progress.

From Seattle I come to Port Townsend, another bright and lively city, with beautiful views of the sound, the islands, and the snowy ranges. The halo of promis is also over this city, and there is no knowing what its future magnificence may be, when five hundred ships come sailing into the Puget waters from Ormus and from Ind. No one knows as yet where the golden wand will drop.

I was met by our bright, adventurous comrade D. W. Smith, mayor of Port Townsend, the busiest of its citizens, a soldier and officer in the war, and one of the most prominent citizens in the territory, and who has won his position by pure grit. He has never been afraid to hang the pictures of Thomas Paine, Ingersoll, and Bennett on the walls of his law office. In all his struggling days he never flinched in the expression of his Freethought convictions, and his success has come simply by strenuous ability.

Thursday, on the little boat Derpath, Captain Seymour, I am off for Port Angeles, thirty miles away toward the sea, where the Puget Sound Coöperativ Colony flings its banner to the breeze for its model commonwealth. I am fortunate to be accompanied by entertaining and Liberal friends, Mr. Thos. D. Merrill, of Saginaw, Mich., and Miss A. W. Bright. This sound is called the Mediterranean of the New World, and it is indeed a delightful expanse of sparkling waters, and as we go sailing over its blue bosom we might easily imagin that we were amid the olden lands and historic scenes. The fluctuating outline of the distant shores melts like jewels in the quivering horizon, and at times the sea is almost like glass, so softly do the winds steal over it. It was an enchanting summer's voyage. The little steamer took it quite easy, and didn't hurry a bit, and we were nearly all day long going the thirty miles. Half-way we stop at Dungeness, a little city of one store, three hotels, and no church, tucked behind what they call a "spit," and it took about an hour to reach it from the open sound; and we had to creep slowly back again, in order to avoid stranding. About sunset we arrived at Port Angeles. Behind it towers the Olympic range, with its beautiful snowy peaks, glistening in the golden light. The colony could not hav selected a lovelier spot whereby to giv the world a glimpse of the paradise of the future. Mr. Charles Peters and others are ready with fraternal greetings, and so I feel at home. I like this coöperativ colony so far. It is an experiment, of course, and its theory of formation seems to be right, but the final success depends upon the material, that is, the kind of folks that come in to carry out the plan. The trouble with these coöperativ associations is the imperfection of human nature. Wisdom does not always prevail, nor generous councils. The Puget Colony seems, up to this time, to hav been successful, and, with careful management, will pass the shoals and rocks to a favorable sea of fortune. It is composed mainly, I should judge, of men and women of earnest convictions and intelligence. Its president, Geo. Venable Smith, has made a thorough study of coöperativ principles, and has wisely conducted affairs. The situation of Port Angeles is excellent, the ocean views are gorgeous, the climate is delightful. It is the first harbor on the sound from the sea. The "spit" is four miles long, and forms an ample breakwater. The harbor has eight square miles of anchorage, and can afford shelter for hundreds of vessels. There is a lighthouse here, and this was formerly a port of entry, but is not now. There is, however a bill pending in Congress to make it such. The number of colonists is three hundred and thirty, and the population of the precinct is five hundred. One can be happy and contented here and dream of the good time coming. Much has already been accomplished. Trees hav been cut down. A big saw-mill has been built, and will soon be in operation. Houses hav been constructed of rough lumber, but they are comfortable. Some of the people liv in tents. I took dinner at the colony table. It reminded me of old soldier times—but the rations were good. I hav thus given the facts, but I hope no one will jump to any conclusion, but make proper inquiries before venturing to this far-off experiment. One must hav some money, and some faith, and a thorough conviction of the necessity of work, and a determination to stand by through thick and thin. This is a most important undertaking—a beautiful dream—which may some time giv sweeter and better hope to all human progress. To labor harmoniously together is the glory of civilization.

The *Model Commonwealth*, edited by Mrs. Laura Hall, is a successful journal. It has now a subscription list of eighteen hundred, extending all over the United States. Mrs. Hall is the daughter of D. M. Crane, and is a most enthusiastic and able exponent of the principles of the commonwealth.

I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Williams, formerly of Portland, who hav come here to help fulfil the glorious dream of their Spiritual philosophy.

I had the pleasure of meeting Norman Smith, whom I formerly met in Colorado. His father was the original owner of the lands about here, and was collector of the port. Mr. Smith is a thorough believer in the colony, and by his generous coöperation this site has been secured for the enterprise.

Francis Hinckley, formerly president of the Chicago League, is here, and he makes a good Liberal bishop. Dr. W. J. Taylor used to be boy and chum with E. A. Stevens, and through the TRUTH SEEKER columns they can shake hands with greetings from Puget sound to Lake Michigan.

Albert E. Saunderson, Mr. and Mrs. Galbraith, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Taylor, W. N. Shearer, Mr. Grant, E. D. Kenley, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Beck, W. H. Green, Frank Chambers, Thos. Malony, A. Kummer, Kendall Church, D. W. Morse, Wm. Bell, Jos. Pierson, C. A. Morse, W. B. Dodge, J. B. Croake, E. B. Mastick, Jr., etc., colonists and residents of the place, are among the friends at this point, and I anticipate pleasure in coming again to this possible Garden of Eden in the New Age.

From Port Angeles I go Eastward. I hav traveled thousands of miles from New York city, and yet I hav not reached the central point of Uncle Sam's dominions. I must go a hundred miles west yet. This central point is about nineteen miles west of Cape Flattery rocks, say two hundred miles west and seven hundred miles north of San Francisco. This may appear a Puget sound yarn, but if anyone will consult the map of the world this statement will be found correct.

I left Port Angeles last Friday evening, but here I am this morning Saturday stranded off Dungeness, with the prospect of lying here for twelve hours until the high tide. The boat is now at an angle of forty-five degrees, and I can neither sit up straight nor lie down straight, and I hav to write these lines with both feet braced to keep some kind of a perpendicular. There is a gentle insinuation that the boat may tip over at any time, in which case I shall hav a salt sea bath and a wade and swim for about a mile, and the anticipation is not a very entertaining one. In that case, what would become of my Freethought literature and these "News and Notes?" I sincerely hope that Jonah's whale may come along and swallow all this Infidelity until the boat is right side up with care. I am afraid that otherwise the fishes will find a tumult in their caves below. I don't know when these "Notes" will come to hand, but if delayed, friends will know the reason why—that I am drifting on the sandbars of Puget sound, at an angle of forty five degrees, with a still greater inclination that I might hav a pair of angel-wings and skip.

If I don't hav to wade from here to Port Townsend, I shall be at Colfax, W. T., Aug. 14th; at Pendleton, I expect, Aug. 21st; at Union, Aug. 23d, 24th, and 25th; at Baker City, Aug. 26th, 27th, and 28th; at Prairie City, from Aug. 29th to Sept. 5th; at Em-

mett's and Boise City, Idaho, from Sept. 6th to Sept. 18th; at Salt Lake, for convention of Utah Liberals, Sept. 24th and 25th, and then Eastward by way of Canon City, Denver, Nebraska, Iowa, to Chicago. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*On a sandbank, Puget sound*, Aug. 6, 1887.

## Mr. Reynolds in Ohio.

*Metamora, O.*—I gladly accepted the urgent invitation of friend D. A. Kahle to deliver two lectures on Sunday, July 31st, at Metamora, hoping the trip *via* the lake would tend to the restoration of my health. On arrival at Sylvania (Metamora is some twelve miles off the railroad) I was met at the depot by friend J. M. Hopkins, a veteran Liberal, who, with his good wife, render valuable service to the cause of Infidelity—in every relation in life they reflect credit on the cause they espouse. I highly appreciated my most hospitable reception at their cosy, happy home, and much enjoyed the needed rest and the perusal of the last TRUTH SEEKER.

On Sunday morning, with Squire Hopkins, I enjoyed a pleasant drive to Metamora, and repaired to the house of Mr. D. A. Kahle, who has been for nigh fifteen years a sufferer from lung trouble, and is now in the last stage of consumption.

Mr. Kahle two years ago buried his wife, the loved and loving helpmate whose gentle ministrations so blessed his life and made his sufferings endurable. I found him living without the presence of any relativ, keeping house alone with his man John, who ably acts as cook and housekeeper. Friend Kahle, with very large love of life, fully realizes that the dread fiat has gone forth; it is impossible he can long survive, yet he contemplates death with serenity, bowing to the inevitable, comforted with the glad assurance he has not lived in vain. Despite his outspoken Infidelity, he is beloved and respected by the entire community for his sterling worth, kind, generous nature, and earnest desire at all times to promote others' welfare.

At 3 P.M. a large and intelligent audience listened to "Why I Left the Pulpit." In the evening at 8, although it was generally supposed the attendance would be very slim, there was a very large audience, fully twice as many as at the afternoon lecture. I spoke on "The Bible: Whence It Really Came and What It Really Teaches." I gave away a number of sample copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and sold quite a number of books, Miss Helen H. Gardener's great masterpiece, "Men, Women, and Gods," and Dr. E. B. Foote's "Plain Home Talk" taking the lead.

I hope to respond to the many kind invitations to lecture at Sylvania, Lyons, and adjacent villages on the commencement of my Western trip early in September. C. B. REYNOLDS.

## "Partisan Warfare."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir*: You admit (July 30th) that you are a partisan, and you add that I am one too, and "a narrow and intolerant Anarchist." Will you kindly introduce me to my party, Anarchist or otherwise? I would be grateful for the knowledge of any band of men more or less organized with whom I could own even intellectual fellowship. You may not hav intended to misstate me. A few years ago, I myself supposed that my views accorded with those announced by *Liberty* of Boston; but the Anarchism I espoused had not become "*conscienceless*," had not enthroned *Ego* in place of the absent Jehovah. I repudiate this Tak-kakeric and Tuckeric despotism, no less than Mrs. Majority Grundy's, nor are *Lucifer's* flirtations with Hymen a whit more attractiv to me. Seymour's London phase of Anarchy is as crazy as Chicago's. He endeavors to resuscitate the effete twaddle of that gutter-rat, Marat. William Morris, the poet labor tribune, is indeed a party leader attractiv by his personal character and spirit, but infected with the craze of land nationalization, which knocks his denial of state Socialism farther than I can see it.

That there exist scattered over the world characters just and kind enough to associate without laws or government is probable, but ignorant of each other they cannot form a party. But perhaps it shows a narrow partisan spirit to oppose the concession of clerical privilege of prohibition and of compulsory taxation to the *vox dei* of the ballot-box.

I do not oppose the electoral system unconditionally. Some autonomic tyrannies are fatal under existing prejudices, as at Valley Falls. This fatality would be limited, however, not universal, but for the general government which you pretend is necessary, and which, strictly allied with the churches and with capitalism, baffles every free thought, word, and act.

Ten thousand independent autonomies, allied as they might be to resist foreign invasion, would, in respect to social and religious affairs, present a great range of choice favorable to personal liberty. What an object lesson is the Edmunds court of the despotism inherent to all general governments!

Now, let us examin the partisanship that you confess. In its opposition to clerical authority, I fully sympathize, but not in your reckless insults to traditional sentiments, or gratuitous vilification of the old worthies about whom you know next to nothing; from Abraham, the pastoral chieftain, to Jesus, the iconoclast, the Theodore Parker of Nazareth. Writers like Oswald confound, in a promiscuous malignity, men who in their far-away time and place withstood the abuses of arrogant power, and those who in other times and places abused power in their names. I do not disparage the usefulness of Mr. Oswald's pen in defense of natural hygiene against monachism or other ascetic prejudices, yet even here, with wilful blindness, he pretends to ignore chemical and physiological distinctions, and injures the cause of temperance by confounding the most wholesome with the most pernicious drinks. What an absurdity this fanaticism leads him into here, viz.: "The *avarice* of a cruel master may hav forced his slaves to quench their thirst with fermented must or hydromel, till habit begot a baleful second nature, and the at first reluctant victims of intoxication learned to prefer *spoiled* to fresh grape juice!" ! ! ! Yet such stuff comes right in the midst of very forcible good sense. As if water were not cheaper than wine!

Sir Walter Scott and other creditable medievalists show up the jolly carousals of monks living as parasites on the fat of the land, but it was reserved for a more original genius to discover in wine-bibbing a complement of fasts and penances, enforced on the monk by his abbot.

What wonder that so reckless a pen should charge Jesus, the wine-maker and friend of publicans, with monkish asceticism, and repeat the same of Buddha, who, says Arnold, experimented such nonsense and repudiated it? See his poem which the king of Siam crowns as orthodox. This is a fair sample of THE TRUTH SEEKER'S crude and promiscuous way of handling Christianity, which may please those already disillusioned, but repels serious Christians. The truly formidable foes of superstition, like Renan, carry conscience into criticism, and conciliate by fairness. M. E. LAZARUS.

## The Woman in the Moon.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir*: It was not I who discovered the woman in the moon, as Mr. G. E. Macdonald supposes, but Dr. James M. Thompson, to whom I gave the credit in my letter to the New York *Sun*; and he is also named as the discoverer in THE TRUTH SEEKER of August 6th. Mr. Macdonald now says it is not a new discovery, and quotes Longfellow to prove that the infant Hiawatha observed it, and was told that an angry warrior once threw his grandmother against the moon, and it was her body that the child saw there.

But it is not the body of an old woman that Dr. Thompson discovered; it is only the head and neck of a very good looking young or middle-aged woman in profile. Furthermore, it requires a spy-glass, or an opera-glass, to see the profile, and no one will pretend that the infant Hiawatha looked through an optical instrument to see old granny Lo in the moon. So I guess that Longfellow was drawing a long bow when he told that story, and I doubt whether he or any other fellow ever saw that old squaw in the moon.

More than a year ago I sent a communication to the New York *Sun* about this new astronomical discovery, accompanying it with a drawing that I hoped to see reproduced. But my letter did not appear, and I afterward learned that my drawing would not answer the purpose in a paper like the *Sun*. I then undertook to make a drawing that would answer, and hoped to hav it appear in THE TRUTH SEEKER. But I neglected to finish it, until at last the fact of the discovery became known to many persons, and one "J. K. L." announced it in the *Sun* of June 30th. Then I wrote to the editor claiming for my friend Thompson, a modest, upright, and genial bachelor of seventy-two, a retired physician whose sands of life seem unlikely soon to run out, the credit of the astronomical discovery.

The man in the moon is one of the myths of the Middle Ages. A writer in the twelfth century, named Necham, alludes to the vulgar belief embodied in four lines of Latin verse, which are thus translated by Baring-Gould:

> See the rustic in the moon,
> How his bundle weighs him down;
> Thus his sticks the truth reveal,
> It never profits man to steal.

"Moonshine," in "Midsummer Night's Dream," comes in with a bush of thorns, a lantern, and a dog. Twice he begins his speech, but is unable to finish it, on account of interruptions. At last he says:

> All that I hav to say is to tell you that the lantern is the moon, I the man in the moon, this thornbush my thornbush, and this dog my dog.

Mr. Baring-Gould says that an old Devonshire crone once pointed out to him the dog in the moon. But I confess that I was never able to see in the moon either a man or a dog. I hav, however, from early childhood, in common, I presume, with the most of mankind, seen a face in the moon, that is, spots answering for eyes, nose, and mouth. But after seeing through an opera-glass the profile and neck of a robust woman on the west half of the moon, I can with the naked eye almost trace the outline of the same.

In July, 1886, when Dr. Thompson came to my house and showed us through his little telescope the woman in the moon, he said he was disappointed in not being able to make the star-gazers at the National observatory see it; they could only see crags and craters. Just so it was in Galileo's time—no savant could see the horns of Venus through his telescope—that is to say, they shut their eyes or wouldn't look.

With a little effort of the imagination you can see also the face of a man in the moon, partially eclipsed by the woman's profile. He has plenty of hair and beard, and appears to be whispering in her ear, or, possibly, about to kiss her. Her profile can be seen when the moon is only half full. W. H. BURR.

## Will Debate with Braden or the Devil.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir*: Let us be thankful that Liberalism admits of wide difference in opinions. I differ from THE TRUTH SEEKER when it says, "Self-respecting Freethought lecturers decline to debate with the Rev. Clark Braden." I am a Freethought lecturer. I believe I am self-respecting. I do not decline to debate with Clark Braden. I may hav no higher opinion of him as a man and an opponent than you hav; but when any Christian community puts forward Clark Braden as the representativ of Christianity, and the Liberals invite me to meet him in debate, I propose to meet him every time. I will never pull down my flag of Liberalism in the face of any Christian craft. It is my business to maintain and defend Liberalism against the attacks of all foes, reputable or disreputable. It is not my business to choose my antagonist. According to my understanding of the principles of free debate, I am under obligation, as a Liberal and a man, to face Christianity in open debate with the man of its choice. It is not my place to dictate to it who its champion should be. It has a right, and I fully recognize its right, to choose its own mouth piece. I hav no right to make debate a personal matter. This is the mistake which the Christian church has been making for ages.

Again and again hav I heard clergymen offer as an excuse for their Christian cowardice, in refusing to debate with Infidel lecturers, that it would be incompatible with a clergyman's holy calling, and a sacrifice of self-respect, to debate with irresponsible Infidel itinerants; blatant blasphemers, whose chief stock in trade consists in ridiculing the doctrins of Christianity and berating the ministry.

By the accepted rules of debate, among polemists, Hedge's "Rules of Logic," for instance, a debater has nothing to do with the personal character of his opponent, if that opponent is indorsed by his co-believers. We hav been trying for years to get the Christians to see that debate is not a personal warfare; but, rather, one of the best methods for ascertaining truth. Are we going to surrender in the face of the enemy, by making debate, after all, a personal affair?

*Monte Vista, Col.* W. F. JAMIESON.

MRS. H. S. LAKE speaks at Cassadaga camp-meeting, August 17th, 19th, 21st, and 23d; at Philadelphia, Pa., the Sundays of September; at Norwich, Conn., the Sundays of October; at Boston, the Sundays of December. Societies desiring her services will address her, 123 West Concord street, Boston, Mass.

THE *Progressiv Age* of the 6th inst. says: "The largest audience which has assembled to listen to any Liberal lecture in this city since that delivered by Colonel Ingersoll, gathered at Powers's Opera House last Sunday evening to enjoy the intellectual treat prepared for them by Dr. York, the famous Freethought orator from the Pacific coast. After calling attention to the various Liberal papers, making special mention of the *Progressiv Age*, the speaker proceeded to lay down the planks of the platform upon which he stood as a bold and fearless champion of the oppressed, who suffer from ecclesiastical or any other form of tyranny, an out-and-out Liberal favoring equal rights to all irrespectiv of sex, color, creed. A grand platform truly, without a rotten plank in it. Dr. York's style is humorous, pleasing at times, eloquent, and entirely adapted to the tastes of the American public; his voice is rich, powerful, and melodious, and in gesture he naturally follows the advice of Hamlet in his instructions to players: 'Suit the action to the word, the word to the action.' The *Telegram Herald*, in commenting on the lecture, says: 'His denunciation of Christianity, and its teachings and effects, was much more intense than that of Dr. Watts, the "English Ingersoll." He made his points with telling effect, and was frequently applauded.' The general sentiment of the Freethinking portion of the audience was one of unqualified approval, while a compliment no less pointed was paid him by the Christian representativs who deemed it proper to get mad about it; there is an old saying that 'it is only the truth which makes us angry.' The daily papers hav styled Dr. York the 'Ingersoll of the West.' We pay a higher tribute—he is the 'York of the West,' and of the world. He is an individual; and as there is but one Watts, one Ingersoll, so there is but one York. The *Age* wishes him 'God-speed' in his journey through the East, and voices the desire of the Freethought element in Grand Rapids, when it hopes to hear him again upon his return in the fall." Dr. York has spent about six weeks in Michigan with relativs at Ionia, during which time he has lectured at Ionia, Beldin, and other points, to large and appreciativ audiences. He now takes up his line of march for Boston *via* Alliance, Columbus, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and New York to fill his appointments as per TRUTH SEEKER and *Investigator*.

# Communications.

## The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

Author of "Physical Education," "The Secret of the East," etc.

### I.—Physical Maxims.

CHAPTER IV.—TEMPERANCE.

*A.—Lessons of Instinct.*

Instinct is hereditary experience. The lessons derived from the repetition of pleasant or painful impressions have been transmitted from an infinite number of generations, till impending dangers have come to proclaim themselves by instinctive dread, opportune benefits by instinctive desire. The shudder that warns us to recede from the brink of a steep cliff is felt even by persons who have never personally experienced the peril of falling from the rocks of a precipice. Mountain breezes are more attractive than swamp odors; the fumes of a foul dungeon warn off a child who has had as yet no opportunity to ascertain the danger of breathing contaminated air. A few years ago I bought a pet fox, with a litter of cubs, who were soon after orphaned by the escape of their mother. They had to he fed by hand; and, among other proceeds of a forage, my neighbor's boy once brought them a bundle of lizards, and a dead rattlesnake. For the possession of those lizards there was at once an animated fight, but at sight of the serpent the little gluttons turned tail and retreated to the farther end of their kennel. They were not a month old when I bought them, and could not possibly have seen a rattlesnake before or known the effects of its bite from personal experience; but instinct at once informed them that an encounter with a reptile of that sort had brought some of their forefathers to grief.

The vegetable kingdom, that provides food for nine-tenths of all living creatures, abounds with an endless variety of edible fruits, seeds, and herbs, but also with injurious and even deadly products, often closely resembling the favorite food-plants of animals; which in a state of Nature are nevertheless sure to avoid mistake, and select their food by a faculty of recognizing differences that might escape the attention even of a trained botanist. The chief medium of that faculty is the sense of smell in the lower, and the sense of taste in the higher animals. In monkeys, for instance, the olfactory organs are rather imperfectly developed, and I have often seen them peel an unknown fruit with their fingers and then cautiously raise it to their lips and rub it to and fro before venturing to bring their teeth into play. The preliminary test, however, always sufficed to decide the question in a couple of seconds. The Abyssinian mountaineers who catch baboons by fuddling them with plum brandy have to disguise the taste of the liquor with a large admixture of syrup before they can deceive the warning instincts of their victims. Where copper mines discharge their drainage into a water-course, deer and other wild animals have been known to go in quest of distant springs rather than quench their thirst with the polluted water.

That protective instincts of that sort are shared even by the lowest animals is proved by the experiment of the philosopher Ehrenberg, who put a drop of alcohol into a bottle of pond water, and under the lens of his microscope saw a swarm of *infusoria* precipitate themselves to the bottom of the vessel.

Animals in a state of Nature rarely or never eat to an injurious excess; the apparent surfeits of wolves, serpents, vultures, etc., alternate with long fasts, and are digested as easily as a hunter, after missing his breakfast and dinner, would be able to digest an abundant supper. Instinct indicates even the most propitious time for indulging in repletion. The noon heat of a midsummer day seems to suspend the promptings of appetite; cows can be seen resting drowsily at the foot of a shade-tree; deer doze in mountain glens and come out to browse in moonlight; panthers cannot afford to miss an opportunity to slay their game at noon, but are very apt to hide the carcass and come back to devour it in the cool of the evening.

The products of fermentation are so repulsive to the higher animals that only the distress of actual starvation would tempt a monkey to touch a rotten apple or quench his thirst with acidulated grape-juice. Poppy fields need no fence; tobacco leaves are in no danger of being nibbled by browsing cattle. Nature seems to have had no occasion for providing instinctive safeguards against such out-of-the-way things as certain mineral poisons; yet the taste of arsenic, though not violently repulsive (like that of the more common, and therefore more dangerous, vegetable poisons), is certainly not attractive, but rather insipid, and a short experience seems to supplement the defects of instinct in that respect. Trappers know that poisoned baits after a while lose their seductiveness, and old rats have been seen driving their young from a dish of arsenic-poisoned gruel.

Certainly no animal would feel any natural inclination to seek arsenic or alcohol for its own sake, and there is no reason to suppose that man, in that respect, differs from every known species of his fellow-creatures. Our clerical temperance lecturers rant about "the lusts of the unregenerate heart," the "weakness of the flesh," the "danger of yielding to the promptings of appetite," as if Nature herself would tempt us to our ruin, and the path of safety could be learned only from preternatural revelation. But the truth is that to the palate of a child, even the child of a habitual drunkard, the taste of alcohol is as repulsive as that of turpentine or bitterwood. Tobacco fumes and the stench of burning opium still nauseate the children of the habitual smoker as they would have nauseated the children of the patriarchs. The first cigar demonstrates the virulence of nicotine by vertigo and sick headaches; the first glass of beer is rejected by the revolt of the stomach; the *fauces* contract and writhe against the first dram of brandy. Nature records her protest in the most unmistakable language of instinct, and only the repeated and continued disregard of that protest at last begets the abnormal craving of that *poison-thirst* which clerical blasphemers ascribe to the promptings of our natural appetites. They might as well make us believe in a natural passion for dungeon air, because the prisoners of the Holy Inquisition at last lost their love of liberty and came to prefer the stench of their subterranean black-holes to the breezes of the free mountains.

The craving for hot spices, for strong meats, and such abominations as fetid cheese and fermented cabbage have all to be artificially acquired; and in regard to the selection of our proper food the instincts of our young children could teach us more than a whole library of ascetic twaddle. Not for the sake of "mortifying the flesh," but on the plain recommendation of the natural senses that prefer palatable to disgusting food, the progeny of Adam could be guided in the path of reform and learn to avoid forbidden fruit by the symptoms of its forbidding taste.

B.—REWARDS OF CONFORMITY.

There is a tradition that the ancient Thessalians made it a rule that the guests of their banquets must get drunk on pain of expulsion. To let anyone remain sober, they argued, would not be just to the befuddled majority, of whose condition he might be tempted to take all sorts of advantage. If the evils of drunkenness were undeserved afflictions, it would certainly be true that sobriety would give an individual an almost unfair advantage over the rest of his fellow-men. He would be an archer trying his skill against hoodwinked rivals, a runner challenging the speed of shackled competitors. There is not a mechanical or industrial avocation in which sobriety does not give a man the advantage which health and freedom confer over crippling disease. For the baneful effects of intemperance are by no means limited to the moments of actual intoxication, but react on the half-lucid intervals, and even on the after years of the reformed toper. Temperance, in the widest sense, of abstinence from unfit food and drink, would be the best gift which the fairies could bestow on a favorite child, for the blessing of frugal habits includes almost all other blessings whatever. Spontaneous gayety, the sunshine of the unclouded soul, is dimmed by the influence of the first poison-habit, and the regretful retrospects to the "lost paradise of childhood" are founded chiefly on the contrast of poison-engendered distempers with the moral and physical health of earlier years. Temperance prolongs that sunshine to the evening of life. By temperance alone the demon of life-weariness can be kept at bay in times of fiercest tribulation. Undimmed eyes can more easily recognize the gleam of sunshine behind the clouds. The prisoners of the outlawed Circassian insurgents admitted that, in spite of hunger, hardships, and constant danger, their captors contrived to enjoy life better than their enemies in the brandy-reeking abundance of their headquarters. The myth of the Lotos-eaters described a nation of vegetarians who passed life so pleasantly that visitors refused to leave them, and renounced their native lands. The religion of Mohammed makes abstinence from intoxicating drinks a chief duty of a true believer, and that law alone has prevented the physical degeneration of his followers. With all their mental sloth and the enervating influence of their harem life, the Turks are still the finest representatives of physical manhood. At the horse fairs of Bucharest I saw specimens of their broad-shouldered, proud-eyed rustics, whose appearance contrasted strangely with that of the sluggish boors and furtive traffickers of the neighboring natives. After twelve hundred years of exhaustive wars, alternating with periods of luxury and tempting wealth, the descendants of the Arabian conquerors are still a hardy, long-lived race, physically far superior to the rum-drinking foreigners of their coast towns. For more than six hundred years the temperate Moriscos held their own in war and peace against all nations of Christendom. Their Semitic descent gave them no natural advantage over their Caucasian rivals; but they entered the arena of life with clear eyes and unpalsied hearts, and in an age of universal superstition made their country a garden of science and industry. Their cities offered a refuge to the scholars and philosophers of three continents, and in hundreds of pitched battles their indomitable valor prevailed against the wine-inspired heroism of their adversaries.

Frugality has cured diseases which defied all other remedies. For thousands of reformed gluttons it has made life worth living, after the shadows of misery already threatened to darken into the gloom of approaching night. Luigi Cornaro, a Venetian nobleman of the sixteenth century, had impaired his health by gastronomic excesses till his physicians despaired of his life, when, as a last resort, he resolved to try a complete change of diet. His father, his uncles, and two of his brothers had all died before the attainment of their fiftieth year; but Luigi determined to try conclusions with the demon of unnaturalism, and at once reduced his daily allowance of meat to one-tenth of the usual quantity, and his wine to a stint barely sufficient to flavor a cup of Venetian cistern-water. After a month of his new regimen he regained his appetite. After ten weeks he found himself able to take long walks without fatigue, and could sleep without being awakened by nightmare horrors. At the end of a year all the symptoms of chronic indigestion had left him, and he resolved to make the plan of his cure the rule of his life. That life was prolonged to a century—forty years of racking disease followed by sixty years of unbroken health, undimmed clearness of mind, unclouded content. Habitual abstinence from unnatural food and drink saves the trials of constant self-control and the alternative pangs of repentance. "Blessed are the pure, for they can follow their inclinations with impunity."

C.—PERVERSION.

The poison-habit, as we might call the craving for the stimulus of unnatural diet, is the oldest vice, and in some of its forms has been practiced by almost every nation known to history or tradition. Thousands of years before Lot got drunk on home-made wine, the ancestors of the Brahmans fuddled with soma-juice; Zoroaster enacts laws against habitual intoxication; the art of turning grape-juice from a blessing into a curse seems to have been known to the nations of Iran, to the Parsees, and to the first agricultural colonists of the lower Nile. Nunus, the Arabian Noah, is said to have planted vineyards on the banks of the Orontes; the worship of Bacchus was introduced into Asia Minor several centuries before the birth of Homer. The origin of the opium habit antedates the earliest records of Chinese history; for immemorial ages the Tartars have been addicted to the use of Koumis (fermented mare's milk), the Germanic nations to beer, the natives of Siam to tea and sago-wine. Intoxication and the excessive use of animal food were prevalent vices, especially in the larger cities, of pagan Greece and Rome.

Yet the ancients sinned with their eyes half open. Their recognition of dietetic abuses was expressed in the word *frugality*, which literally meant subsistence on tree fruits—or, at least, vegetable products—in distinction from the habitual use of flesh-food. The advantages of temperate habits were never directly denied; the law of Pythagoras enjoins total abstinence from wine and flesh, and the name of a "Pythagorean" became almost a synonym of "philosopher." In all but the most depraved centuries of Imperial Rome, wine was forbidden to children and women. The festival of the Bona Dea commemorated the fate of a Roman matron who had yielded to the temptation of intoxicating drink, and was slain by the hand of her stern husband. Lycurgus recommends the plan of letting the pupils of the military training-schools witness the bestial conduct of a drunken Helot, in order to inspire them with an abhorrence of intoxication. The bias of public opinion always respected the emulation of patriarchal frugality and frowned upon the excesses of licentious patricians.

But the triumph of an anti-physical religion removed those safeguards. Mistrust in the competence of our natural instincts formed the keystone of the Galilean dogma. The importance of physical welfare was systematically depreciated. The health-laws of the Mosaic code were abrogated. The messiah of Antinaturalism sanctioned the use of alcoholic drinks by his personal example—nay, by the association of that practice with the rites of a religious sacrament. The habit of purchasing mental exaltation—even of a fever-dream—at the expense of the body, agreed perfectly with the tendencies of a Nature-despising fanaticism, and during the long night of the Middle Ages monks and priests vied in an unprecedented excess of alcoholic riots. Nearly every one of the thick-sown convents from Greece to Portugal had a vineyard and a wine-cellar of its own. The monastery of Weltenburg on the upper Danube operated the largest brewery of the German empire. For centuries spiritual tyranny and spirituous license went hand in hand, and as the church increased

in wealth, gluttony was added to the unnatural habits of the priesthood, and only the abject poverty of the lower classes prevented intemperance from becoming a universal vice. As it was, the followers of the Nature-despising messiah lost no opportunity to drown their better instincts in alcohol. They could plead the precedence of their moral exemplars, and vied in sowing the seeds of bodily diseases which their system of ethics welcomed as conducive to the welfare of a world-renouncing soul.

Among the slaves of the Scotch kirk-tyrants the long-continued suppression of all healthier pastimes contributed its share to the increase of intemperance. On the day when the laboring classes found their only chance of leisure, outdoor sports were strictly prohibited. Dancing was considered a heinous, and on the Sabbath almost an unpardonable, sin. The tennis-halls were closed from Saturday night to Monday morning. Bathing was sinful. Mountain excursions, strolls along the beach, or in the open fields, were not permitted on the day of the Lord. Dietetic excesses, however, escaped control, and thus became the general outlet for the cruelly suppressed craving for a diversion from the deadly monotony of drudgery and church-penance. For "Nature will have her revenge, and when the most ordinary and harmless recreations are forbidden as sinful, is apt to seek compensation in indulgences which no moralist would be willing to condone, . . . and the strictest observance of all those minute and oppressive Sabbatarian regulations was found compatible with consecrating the day of rest to a quiet but unlimited assimilation of the liquid which inebriates but does not cheer" (*Saturday Review*, July 19, 1879). "Everyone," says Lecky, "who considers the world as it really exists, must have convinced himself that in great towns public amusements of an exciting order are absolutely necessary, and that to suppress them is simply to plunge an immense portion of the population into the lowest depths of vice."

Clerical despotism is still a potent ally of intemperance. In hundreds of British and North American cities the dearth of better pastimes drives our workingmen to the pot-house. They drink to get drunk, as the only available means of escaping tedium and the consciousness of their misery. Nature craves recreation, and the suppression of that instinct has avenged itself by its perversion.

D.—PENALTIES OF NEGLECT.

Dietetic abuses have contributed more to the progress of human degeneration than all other causes taken together. Our infants are sickened with drastic drugs. The growth of young children is stunted with narcotic beverages; the suppression of healthier pastimes drives our young men to the rum-shop; intemperance has become the Lethe in which the victims of social abuses seek to drown their misery. The curse of the poison-habit haunts us from the cradle to the grave, and for millions of our fellow-men has made the burdens of life to outweigh its blessings. There is a doubt if the "years" of Genesis should be understood in the present meaning of the word; but historians and biologists agree that the average longevity of our race has been enormously reduced within the last twenty centuries, and intemperance is the chief cause of that decrease. Our average stature has been reduced even below that of the ancient natives of an enervating climate, like that of the lower Nile, as proved by D'Arnaud's measurements of the Egyptian mummy-skeletons. On our own continent, outdoor life in the struggle with the perils of the wilderness has somewhat redeemed our loss of physical manhood; but what are the men of modern Europe compared with their iron-fisted ancestors, the athletic Greeks, the world-conquering Romans, the Scandinavian giants, the heroic Visigoths? Like a building collapsing under the progress of a devouring fire, the structure of the human body has shrunk under the influence of the poison-habit; and there is no doubt that the moral vigor of our race has undergone a corresponding impairment—appreciable in spite of the recent revival of intellectual activity and the constant increase of general information.

The tide is turning; the victims of anti-physical dogmas are awakening to the significance of their delusion; the power of public opinion has forced the dupes of the alcohol-brewing Galilean to join the crusade of the temperance movement; diet-reform has become a chief problem of civilization; but the upas-tree of the poison-habit is too deeply rooted to be eradicated in a single generation, and the task of redemption will be the work of centuries. As yet the probing of the wound has only revealed the appalling extent of the canker-sore. The statistics of the liquor traffic have established the fact that the value of the resources wasted on the gratification of the poison-vice far exceeds the aggregate amount of the yearly expenditure for educational, charitable, and sanitary purposes—nay, that the abolition of that traffic would save a sum sufficient for all reforms needed to turn earth into a physical and social paradise. And yet that waste expresses only the indirect and smaller part of the damage caused by the curse of the poison habit. The loss in health and happiness cannot be estimated in coin; but if the sum thus expended in the purchase of disease were devoted to the promotion of arson and robbery, the utmost possible extent of the consequent mischief would probably fall short of the present result. The stimulant habit in all its forms clouds the sunshine of life like an all-pervading poison-vapor. Alcohol undermines the stamina of manhood; narcotic drinks foster a complication of nervous diseases; opium and tobacco impair the vigor of the cerebral functions. The excessive use of animal food, too, avenges itself in all sorts of moral and physical disorders. It inflames passions which no prayer can quench. "Alas! what avails all theology against a diet of bull-beef?" Father Smeth wrote from the Sioux missions; and the almost exclusive use of flesh food has, indeed, afflicted our Indians with the truculence of carnivorous beasts. The same cause has produced the same effects in western Europe. The carnivorous saints of medieval Spain delighted in *matanzas* and heretic-hunts, as their carnivorous ancestors in the butcher sports of the circus, and their British contemporaries in bear-baits and Tyburn spectacles.

E.—REFORM.

The consequences of intemperance have at all times provoked protests against the more ruinous forms of the poison-habit, but the advance from special to general principles is often amazingly slow; and even now the cause of temperance is hampered by the shortsightedness of reformers who hope to eradicate the Upas-tree by clipping and hacking its more prominent branches. They would limit prohibition to the more deadly stimulants, not dreaming that the fatal habit is sure to reproduce its fruit from the smallest germs; that the poison-vice, in fact, is infallibly progressive, ever tending to goad the morbid craving of the toper to stronger and stronger poisons or to a constant increase in the quantity of the wonted stimulant: from cider to brandy, from laudanum to morphine, from tonic bitters to rum, from a glass of wine to a dozen bottles, from beer and tobacco to the vilest tipples of the dram-shop. "*Principiis obsta*" (Resist the beginnings) was a Latin maxim of deep significance. The cumulative tendency of the stimulant vice may be resisted, but only by constant vigilance, constant self-denial, constant struggles with the revivals of a morbid appetency, all of which might be saved by the total renunciation of all abnormal stimulants whatever, for only in that sense is it true that "abstinence is easier than temperance."

We must accustom our boys to avoid the poison-vice as a loathsome disease, rather than as a forbidden luxury which could ever be indulged without paying the penalty of Nature in a distressing reaction, far outweighing the pleasures of the morbid and momentary exaltation. We must teach them that the artifice by which the toper hopes to cheat Nature out of an access of abnormal enjoyment is under all circumstances a losing game, which at last fails to produce, even for the moment of the fever-stimulus, a glimpse of happiness at all comparable to the unclouded sunshine of temperance.

But before we can hope to redeem the victims of the poison-vender, we must learn to make virtue more attractive than vice. We must counteract the attractions of the rum-shop by inviting reforming topers, not to the whining conventicles of a Sabbath-school, but to temperance gardens, resounding with music (dance music, if "sacred concerts" should pall) and the jubilee of romping children, and shortening summer days with free museums, picture galleries, swings, ball grounds, and foot-race tracks. The gods of the future will contrive to outbid the devil.

It would be unfair, though, to depreciate the services of the Christian ministers who in a choice between dogma and reform have bravely sided with Nature, and, defying the wrath both of spiritual and spirituous poison-mongers, of rum-sellers and heretic-hunters, are trying their utmost to undo the mischief of their antinatural creed, by frankly admitting that a man *can* be defiled by "things that enter his mouth," and that the sacrament of eucharistic alcohol should be abandoned to the rites of devil-worshipers.

But the religion which pretends to inculcate a peace-making spirit of meekness has been strangely remiss in opposing the excessive use of a diet which is clearly incompatible with the promotion of that virtue. In Christians, as in Turks, Tartars, and North American Redskins, a chiefly carnivorous diet engenders the instincts of carnivorous beasts, and a Peace Congress celebrating its banquets with sixteen courses of flesh food might as well treat a vigilance committee to sixteen courses of opium. "Frugality" should again be promoted in the ancient sense of the word; in a community of reformants temperance and vegetarianism should go hand in hand. Or rather, the word "temperance" should be used in the extended sense that would make it a synonym of *Abstinence from all kinds of unnatural food and drink;* and Dr. Schrodt's rule should become the canon of every dietetic reform league, "Avoid," he says, "all drinks and stimulants repulsive to the palate of an unseduced child, but also all comestibles that need artificial preparation to make them palatable." The first part of that rule would exclude opium, tobacco, alcoholic beverages, tea, coffee, absinthe, fetid cheese, and caustic spices. The second would abolish many kinds of animal food, but sanction milk, butter, eggs, honey, and other "semi-animal" substances, condemned by the extreme school of vegetarians. "From the *egg* to the apple," is an old Latin phrase which proves that the frugality of the ancient Romans never went to such extremes. Milk, eggs, and vegetable fats, in their combination with farinaceous dishes, might amply replace the flesh food of the northern nations, and, considering the infinite variety of fruits and vegetables known to modern horticulture, there seems no reason why a vegetarian diet should necessarily be a monotonous one. The Religion of Nature will require the renunciation of several deep-rooted prejudices, but its path of salvation will in no sense be a path of thorns.

## Christian Indifference.

Another instance of the "rarity of Christian charity" has just been exemplified at the cost of a human life in the neighboring city of Joliet. Jacob Gloyer, a young, well-educated German, teacher of the Turners' free school, died between Sunday night and Monday morning under most distressing circumstances.

By the efforts of Carl Plum, a business man of this city, but a resident of Joliet, and one of the leading Turners in this district, a Freethought school was founded to counteract the insidious Catholic influence which so permeates the German schools of Joliet. Young Gloyer was invited to assume charge, and the school thrived for a time. But when the children were withdrawn, either to take part in the struggle for existence or by removal, few were found to take their place, and the school gradually waned and the power of the priests became paramount. The young pedagog found it necessary to either cease holding his school or limit its sessions to certain hours, and decided on the latter course, so that he was enabled to find employment as a waiter in a restaurant. The proprietor was a bigoted Catholic, so that young Gloyer, who lodged with him, invariably preferred the seclusion of his room to the society of the family.

Sunday afternoon he was out with Freethought friends, but early retired to his own apartment. Shortly after, moans and groans were heard, even by passers-by, apparently emanating from the room of the young teacher. Those pitiful moans increased in intensity until nearly daylight, when they ceased altogether. His cries of distress were plainly heard by people in the neighborhood, who presumed that people in the house were attending to his wants, so that not a solitary individual volunteered to go to his assistance or even notify his friends. Toward morning some one asked a milkman to look in his room, stating what he had heard, and remarking, "He's quiet now." There on the bed, with muscles contracted by cramps, "drawn up like a ball," as they expressed it, young Gloyer was not yet quite cold in death. An acute attack of cholera-morbus, which a simple remedy or the slightest assistance might hav relieved, was the cause of his death. The following day the daughters of Carl Plum, robed in white, sprinkled flowers in the grave of the talented young German, and one of them took occasion to giv the Christians a little lesson on moral philosophy and practical Christianity. E. A. STEVENS.

As mankind improve, the number of doctrins which are no longer disputed or doubted will be constantly on the increase, and the well-being of mankind may almost be measured by the number and gravity of the truths which hav reached the point of being uncontested. The cessation on one question after another of serious controversy is one of the necessary incidents of the consolidation of opinion—a consolidation as salutary in the case of true opinions as it is dangerous and noxious when the opinions are erroneous.—*J. S. Mill.*

### The Inwardness of the Mormon Confiscation.

*From the Sequachee Sun.*

Would it not be a good thing for the United States to take charge of all the church property in the country, and appropriate it strictly for the benefit of public schools?

The government has as much right to confiscate the property of the Methodist or Baptist churches as it has the Mormons. We do not believe there is any church right except the Christian (vulgarly called Campbellite) church. It is the only true church of Christ. And all others are teaching doctrins contrary to the best interests of the people; we favor wiping them out.

None (except the Campbellites) hav half the Bible indorsement the Mormons hav. We think the Mormons are a little off, yet they are nearer in accord with the Bible than many so-called orthodox churches. Wipe out Mormons and all, and establish the Christian church, which is the only true church of Christ. It is best to wipe out one at a time, as it will be easier to take them in detail.

Wipe out the Mormons first; then pitch into the Baptists, and the Mormons will aid in their downfall out of revenge. When the Mormons and Baptists are no more, pick up some of the rest.

It will be just as constitutional as what is now being done with the Mormons. Wiping out Mormonism is a good precedent for future legislation. The ice had to be broken somewhere in order to take away personal liberty and enslave the people.

The liberties of a people are never taken all at once. Legislation of this kind begins on some weak body, and gradually uses one faction against another until all are made slaves.

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## The Constitution.

September 17, 1787, the convention called to formulate a Constitution for the United States finished its work and submitted it to the people. The convention was presided over by Washington, and met in Philadelphia. We are favored with two circulars calling attention to this, and outlining the monster celebration of that convention's centennial to be held in Philadelphia, September 17th. The president of the United States will be there, a score or more of governors hav accepted invitations, and innumerable editors, senators, representativs, doctors, ecclesiastics, poets, orators, judges, inventors, historians, army and navy officers, and lawyers are expected to join in. If the hopes of the Constitutional Centennial commission be realized, it will be a big day for Philadelphia.

To arouse the people upon the subject and fill them with enthusiasm sufficient to induce an overcrowding of Philadelphia, the commission has issued an address "to the people of the United States." The address is appealingly tender, touchingly pathetic, bravely heroic, and hypocritically patriotic. We hav room, however, for but one paragraph. Of September 17, 1787, and its results, the address says:

"The labors of that dav preserved for all time the precious fruits of freedom and self-government. Unique in origin; without a prototype in design; of enduring strength, and of phenomenal success, in the history of political philosophy the Constitution stands alone. Tested by danger and adversity, as well as by peace and prosperity, endeared to us by tradition and hallowed by experience, it has become the object of our reverential and affectionate regard. To it no American mind can be too attentiv, and no American heart too devoted, and it is believed that the people will gather, as they never yet hav gathered, to commemorate by appropriate exercises the great work which was accomplished in Philadelphia by the statesmen of the Revolution, and to return in a devout and heartfelt manner their thanks to divine providence for the blessings which they hav enjoyed during a century of federal constitutional government."

We sincerely wish this were all true about the "reverential and affectionate regard" the people hav for the great "charter of our liberties," and if it were, none would more heartily celebrate this centennial. But it is not. It is simply political buncombe and fireworks rhetoric of the ancient Fourth of July style. The Constitution, with its amendments, is, perhaps, the wisest political document that men hav drawn. It is simple, direct, broad, comprehensiv, and, best of all, prohibits governmental tyranny. That is its spirit. But has this spirit given life? Is the Constitution reverenced and its provisions regarded? If we revere an authority, we are apt to obey its commands, for sincere regard is best shown by works and not by lip service. The Constitution of the United States is held up for an idol, framed for show, pictured as "divine"—and then, like many another precious thing, put away in memory's attic and forgotten. There is not a politician in the country—and the politicians are unfortunately our law-makers—who cares a straw for the Constitution. He never thinks of it; our executiv officers forget its existence, and our judges twist it into unmeaning shape when some rash litigant appeals to its provisions. The Constitution is violated at every session of Congress, broken by every state legislature in the country, by almost every municipality and town government.

Our statute books contain thousands of laws controverting the Constitution in spirit and letter. The Christian church is, perhaps, its most deadly foe. For the benefit of our pious citizens hundreds of laws hav been enacted, every one of which is unconstitutional. Chaplains in the army; chaplains in the navy; Indians given over body and soul to sects; money appropriated for religious purposes; persecutions inaugurated at the instance of the church; religious rites on all public occasions—these, and dozens of other violations, occur annually, done by Congress, of all powers the one that should be the most jealous of our Great Charter. In the states, matters are worse. Every one of the Demands of Liberalism is a demand for the restoration of Constitutional government, departed from at the solicitation of some begging religious sect. Secular corporations, too, smash the Constitution into verbal splinters, and the courts help them by learned decisions of great length and ingenuity. If one of the framers of the Constitution could return to the United States to-day, the first question he would ask is, "When was the Constitution thrown overboard?" Blasphemy prosecutions occurring under a charter guaranteeing free speech; heretics deprived of civil rights in a land where all men are said to be equal; the state treasury robbed in the name of religion, though the Constitution forbids the establishment of religion; churches controling in politics, though church and state are supposed to be separate institutions—all these would surprise the resurrected framer of a Constitution which forbids them, and indicate that the document which he considered impregnable had gone to ruin and decay. It certainly cannot be said to be reverenced with a very affectionate regard, though it has been and is undoubtedly "tested by danger and adversity."

When the cohorts and the hosts meet in Philadelphia next month, they will probably carry out the program of turning their eyes to the skies and saying to the air that they are thankful for the blessings which his "Divine Providence" has so kindly vouchsafed. This, also, will be a work of national hypocrisy. There never was so much suffering in this country as now, and if his "Divine Providence" is really conducting the affairs of this planet, his efforts are not exactly blessings. Men are dying of want, and women doing worse, because of poverty; children by hundreds are giving up their little lives ere they are well begun. Heartless oppression is slowly murdering thousands of laborers in mines and factories, and "society" is afraid of a French Revolution on American soil. Injustice is about as common as justice, and a man who livs honestly, deals righteously, and helps his fellows, is pointed out as a phenomenon. This does not look as though "Divine Providence" is distributing blessings with any too lavish hand.

The Constitutional Centennial commission would do infinitly more good if it should address itself to the revival of a regard for the spirit and letter of our great charter instead of conducting an extravagant pageant in which the orators will be robed and ermined hypocrits, and the audience self-satisfied patriots tickled to be told how great they hav become. There is, of course, a good deal of personal liberty yet left in this country, but it is mostly the liberty to starve "in the sphere in which God has placed you."

## A Failure.

"It is not always necessary to answer an Infidel. If one will answer him, it is not always necessary to use courtesy." These are the words of a Christian journal in beginning a commendation of Henry M. Field's "Open Letter to Robert G. Ingersoll" in the *North American Review*. And this Christian paper cites as precedents for its position the examples of Jesus Christ and Martin Luther. "Col. Robert G. Ingersoll," goes on the *Independent*, "has generally had scant courtesy from Christian apologists; and he has not deserved much."

These are truly Christian sentiments, and they reveal the ugliness of the Christian religion. If Christianity were, as a matter of fact, as true as it really is false, the effect it has upon its believers would be a sufficient reason for its rejection by decent and humane people.

The only remarkable thing about Mr. Field's "reply" to Colonel Ingersoll is the absence therefrom of scurrility and abuse. As it shows that there is at least one gentleman in the Christian ministry, we are grateful for this open letter. That Mr. Field is, however, alone in his elevation, the only one of his kind in the Pandora's box of superstition, is as clearly shown by the comments of the religious press. And even Mr. Field, with all his strained and labored courtesy, could not sink the minister completely, but insinuates that Mr. Ingersoll is insincere and has not convinced himself by his own arguments. Acknowledging that the Colonel is an Atheist, and giving as best he can Mr. Ingersoll's reasons therefor, Mr. Field asks of Mr. Ingersoll: "Does your argument convince yourself? With all your tendency to skepticism, do you really believe that there is no moral government of the world—no power behind nature 'making for righteousness?'"

We do not imagin the time will ever come when a theologian will be thoroughly honest and fair toward an Infidel. Mr. Field's effort in that direction is commendable, and we advise him to try again. When these good qualities come to him with less striving, he can pay more attention to his argument. As in the present instance he was compelled to expend nearly all his energy in trying to be polite, his article suffers greatly in other directions.

## Religious Agents.

Ever since the legislature passed the law allowing police magistrates to commit juvenil delinquents to religious institutions, these corporations hav maintained agents at all the police courts, whose business it is to influence magistrates to send them prisoners. In many courts these agents are as plenty as hotel runners in a depot. The reason for this solicitude is found in the fact that the state pays for the keeping of these unfortunates, and the institution that gets them gets also hard cash to pay its priests, and some credit for "doing good work."

These agents are a most unscrupulous lot of fellows, as professional philanthropists are apt to be, and they resort to almost any trick to get business for their pious jails. One of the worst of these cases came to light last week. Miss Mary O'Hara is a modest and industrious cigar-maker, employed by Hall, Blair & Co., Brooklyn. Friday she went to a picnic in the outskirts of the city, and at night failed to return. One of her employers went to the police headquarters and reported her disappearance. He was surprised when informed by a detectiv that the girl had been arrested on the night of the picnic while asleep on a bench in the depot of the Prospect Park and Coney Island Railroad, in Twentieth street, and the following day, when arraigned before Justice Massey for intoxication, had been sent to the House of the Good Shepherd.

The "House of the Good Shepherd" is an institution which makes a specialty of taking in abandoned women, and the employer indignantly wanted to know why the justice had sent a good girl to such a place. Justice Massey told him that the agent of the house had represented that Miss O'Hara had been corrupted by her surroundings in the cigar factory, that her employer was an immoral man, and that she had become abandoned. The employer informed the judge that the agent was a liar, that Miss O'Hara was a good and virtuous girl, and that she had been arrested by a fool officer, simply because she fell asleep in the depot while waiting for a car, that she never was drunk in her life, and only drank two glasses of beer that day. The judge at once ordered the discharge of the girl, and calling the agent before him, said to him: "I am very much surprised that you should hav made such a statement to me as you did, reflecting on the honor of Mr. Blair. I hav had this matter most thoroughly investigated, and find your statements regarding Miss O'Hara to be utterly without foundation in fact. You hav maligned an innocent man, and wronged the girl as well. In future you will hav to be very careful in your statements to me about people."

The judge need not hav been surprised. Every one who knows these religious institutions knows that the harpies they keep in courts are not at all scrupulous as to how they obtain their victims, the main object being to get them, and then get the

state's money. Giving cash to religious corporations is putting a premium on religious knavery.

## "The Truth of History."

The *Workingmen's Advocate*, published in New Haven, Conn., prints the following paragraph, giving as its authority the London *Justice:*

"Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, the much-lauded Infidel M.P., stood cheek by jowl with the Christian *bourgeois* statesmen and voted against the weekly payment bill in Parliament. Capitalists hav a stronger bond between them than so-called religion. Mammon is worshiped by both Infidel and 'Christian' British lawmakers."

In the *National Reformer* of July 31, 1887, Mr. Charles Bradlaugh himself tells how he stands. He says:

"The Truck Bill is now out of my hands, and in a few days I shall know what the Lords—who hav formally read it a first time—will do with it; but as I hope and believe that it will pass into law this session with but little alteration, I venture—especially in view of the reckless misrepresentation of my conduct—to explain to my readers the substantial and, as I think, great advantages this bill will confer on the working classes. The old Truck Bill of 1st and 2d William IV., cap. 37, did not extend to Ireland, and was limited to the particular trades mentioned in the 19th section of that act. The new bill—on the suggestion of Mr. Sexton, gladly adopted by myself, and readily accepted by the late attorney-general for Ireland—extends to Ireland. By a clause proposed by Mr. Sexton and accepted by me, weekly wage is made compulsory in Ireland, where the employment is by time. A further clause, proposed by Dr. G. B. Clark, prohibits longer pay than fortnightly in Scotch quarries, where the employment is by time. This I also accepted. The government wished to make weekly pay compulsory everywhere, but the opposition was too strong for us. The new bill extends to every person defined as a workman by the Employers and Workmen act, 1875."

It appears from this that Mr. Bradlaugh gladly extended the bill so as to include Ireland; that he instantly accepted the amendment making weekly payments compulsory in Ireland, and prohibiting in Scotland longer intervals of payment than two weeks; and further that the government—which in this case supported Mr. Bradlaugh—desired to make weekly payments compulsory everywhere, and would hav done so had not the opposition "been too strong for us." And when we add that Mr. Bradlaugh was the originator and introducer of this bill; that with the help of the Conservativs he has, night after night, kept Parliament in session until 3.30 o'clock in the morning that the bill might become a law; that he has received deputations without number, and patiently considered all amendments suggested; that he has exhausted his powers of persuasion in trying to reconcile the conflicting interests involved in the bill; that he has watched and defended the bill on twenty-seven parliamentary nights—it will occur to honest folk that London *Justice* is a very ignorant or knavish paper, and that the *Workingmen's Advocate* is a little hasty in its condemnation.

## Infidel and Christian Scientists.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science which met in this city last week and this numbered some five or six hundred. The congress lasted over one Sunday, on which day about seventy-five of the visiting scientists got together and held a prayer-meeting at Columbia College. A lot of ministers were called in to do the praying, but many of the scientists delivered impromptu little sermons of an orthodox character. A subject of prayer alluded to by all the ministers and some of the members of the association was the ungodly character of the majority of their associates, who are Infidels, and who at that moment were enjoying themselvs by the seaside, bathing, eating fish dinners, and having as good a time generally as they knew how.

Monday, the Infidels got back to town and read in the morning papers that they had been made the object of pious solicitude. They did not like it. They regard prayer as a useless waste of energy, and while they do not consider that in itself it will work them harm, they do consider the conduct of their associates as impudent, in assuming that the pious ones are better than the heretics. Making them the objects of prayers implies moral guardianship, and this they resent.

The association embraces all creeds, but a majority are Freethinkers, though many of the latter do not care to emphasize their views upon religion. Prof. Edward S. Morse, the retiring president, has frequently publicly expressed very liberal views, and in his address the other night he scored Christianity for having opposed every advance made by science, and for having combated the scientists' deductions. One of the scientists told a *World* reporter that at last year's convention in Buffalo, Professor Morse made an address that was so full of Infidelity that the Catholic diocesan authorities there forbade the clergy from attending the meetings. He added that the action of the prayer-meeting was decidedly out of place, and has been commented on with something approaching severity. There are Atheists and Infidels in the association in abundance.

The action of the pietists, however, is in keeping with the arrogant claims made for their religion, according to which no man is good unless he believes certain things. What the world therefore regards as a piece of impudence, the Christians call a humble duty. The fault is not so much with the men as with their religion. If the Infidel scientists do not want to be humiliated in this way in the future, let them drop their kid-gloved indifferentism and stand up and tell the truth about Christianity.

## Clark Braden.

As some of our readers do not know who Clark Braden is or why our lecturers refuse to debate with him, we present a few "testimonials" to his character which are calculated to enlighten them.

Some years ago the Campbellite or Disciple church at Perry, Ill., of which Mr. Braden was a member, issued an address to the Disciples of the country, repudiating him. The address contained the following:

"We claim, therefore, that he imposed upon our ignorance in this matter when he sought and obtained our confidence and fellowship; and that consequently he is not, and never was, rightfully a member of this congregation. . . . . Until Clark Braden sets himself right before the congregation for his conduct here, we must hold him an enemy of the church and to the cause which we plead, and as wholly unworthy of a place among us either as a member of the body or a preacher of the blessed gospel."

The *Apostolic Times*, a Campbellite paper, referring to one of Braden's pamphlets (they are all of the same character), said:

"We do not hesitate to declare that the author of such a tract deserves to be not only censured, but excommunicated by the congregation to which he belongs, and repudiated by the entire brotherhood, unless he gives evidence of sincere repentance."

The *Christian Review*, another Campbellite paper, gave him the following notice:

"In addition to the slanderous documents hurled like a fire-brand before the public, Clark Braden's conduct has been such for some time past that the church has discarded him and disavowed any fellowship with him."

When he made his infamous attack on Colonel Ingersoll, the *Christian Standard*, the leading paper of his denomination, published a defense of Ingersoll and refused to admit Braden's articles into its columns.

The Falls City (Neb.) *Journal*, from which Braden solicited a complimentary notice, gave him the following:

"We personally know Clark Braden to be an unscrupulous liar. Braden is a liar by nature, and a charlatan by profession. He exhausted his resources for knavery in this state, and is no longer recognized by his own church in the East."

The Table Rock (Neb.) *Argus* testifies as follows:

"From what we can learn of Mr. Braden, he is a scoundrel and a villain of the blackest dye. Christianity needs no such defenders as Clark Braden."

The Winfield (Kan.) *Nonconformist* says:

"It is yet to be reported that Clark Braden was ever received in a community the second time except in company of the officers with jewelry on his wrists."

The Rev. L. L. Luse, of Nebraska, says:

"I hav had business transactions with a large number of men in a great many different states—men of all characters and professions—but for pure meanness, unlimited trickery, uncalled for and foolish lying, the like of Clark Braden I hav never known."

Clark Braden is an unfit man for any gentleman to associate with. He is a moral polecat.

## And It Served Him Right.

The Osage City, Kan., *Free Press* brings this very interesting item of news:

"Thomas J. Beets, living two miles northwest of Melvern, was brought before C. S. Martin, J. P., Monday last, and charged by George H. Dale with violation of the Sunday law, by working on that day. The defendant asked for a jury trial, which was given, and the jury brought in a verdict of 'not guilty, and that said cause of action was without probable cause.' The costs, $39.60, were taxed to the complaining witness."

If every persecutor among the Christians could be made to pay about forty dollars a persecute, the heretics of the country would be left alone. Though the average Christian loves his God devotedly, and has a monumental reverence for "God's holy Sabbath," that Christian is rarely found who will go into his pocket to back up his love and reverence.

## Editorial Notes.

HERE is an important question asked by a subscriber of the *Christian Advocate:* "Is it necessary for a Christian to kneel by his bedside to offer his daily prayer before retiring, if the room is very cold? Will not God hear prayer if a man prays in bed under such circumstances?" The editor replies: "Persons who cease to kneel, and undertake to pray in bed, we hav reason to believe soon giv up praying. At this point temptation frequently begins." Kneeling in prayer, therefore, is an evidence of grace, while praying in bed is the first step on the road to Infidelity. It is a momentous subject, looked at in this light.

A DISPATCH to a Paris newspaper, the *Republique Française*, and printed here on the 4th inst., says: "The pope has decided to take part in the political elections, and has appointed a commission to canvass the clericals. He hopes to secure a strong party in the Chamber of Deputies, and to force the Quirinal to make concessions." That is to say, the pope will use his spiritual power over his superstitious followers to force them to vote for the men he selects, in order that he may compel Italy to giv to the church a small principality. Leo XIII. seems to be the most unscrupulously aggressiv pontiff that the Italians ever elected. By the way, who excommunicates a pope for doing those things which he excommunicates a priest for doing?

LAST year J. E. Remsburg delivered a lecture on the Sunday question in Baltimore. Lengthy reports of the lecture appeared in the *Sun*, *American*, and other papers, which set in motion a spirited controversy and agitation of the subject. In the *American Law Review* for July and August, James T. Ringgold, an able lawyer of Baltimore, comes forward with an exhaustiv paper entitled, "Sunday Idleness," in which he demonstrates the unconstitutionality and utter absurdity of our Sunday laws. "Alone among American penal statutes," he says, "the Sunday law is directed, not against a 'crime,' or an act injurious to civil society, but against a 'sin.'" He justly contends that "an established Sunday really means nothing more or less than an established church."

THE American Association for the Advancement of Science met in convention at Columbia College, this city, last week. In his address, Prof. E. W. Morse, of Salem, Mass., the retiring president, paid this tribute to the Christian church: "The widespread public interest in Darwinism arose from the fact that every theory and every fact advanced in proof of the derivativ origin of species applied with equal force to the origin of man as one of the species. The public interest has been continually excited by the consistent energy with which the church, Catholic and Protestant alike, has inveighed against the dangerous teachings of Darwin. Judging by centuries of experience, as attested by unimpeachable historical records, it is safe enough for an intelligent man, even if he knows nothing about the facts, to promptly accept as truth any generalization of science which the church delares to be false, and, conversely, to repudiate with equal promptness, as false, any interpretation of the behavior of the universe which the church adjudges to be true. In proof of this sweeping statement, one has only to read the imposing collection of facts brought together by Dr. White, the distinguished president of Cornell University, which are embodied in his work, entitled 'The Warfare of Science,' as well as two additional chapters on the same subject which hav lately appeared in the *Popular Science Monthly*."

THE Prohibition campaign was earnestly conducted in Texas. The Prohibition women were in dead earnest, and worked like experienced politicians At Denison, relates the *Sunday Gazetteer*, near every polling-place refreshment stands were erected, from which sandwiches, coffee, lemonade, and melons were given out. Above the stands were the words, painted on long pieces of white cloth: "For God, and Home, and Nativ Land, Free Lunch." Some of the electioneering of the women provoked funny results. Approaching a meek-looking darkey, one of the most prominent of the Temperance Union ladies said to him: "You are going to vote this ticket, are you not? You wouldn't sell your vote for a cigar and a drink of whisky?" and received a lesson in the science of dividing tweedle-dee from tweedle-dum, when the darkey replied: "Well, missus, I don't speck I will; but I jes's leave sell it for a cigar an' a drink ob whisky as fo' a biscuit an' a piece ob fat meat." At another polling-place a sanctimonious-looking negro was besieged by a zealous member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and importuned to vote the way of the total abstainers. He silenced her with the following piece of religious philosophy: "It wah Ebe dat tempted Adam to commit de fust sin, but I'm not er gwine to be tooken in like Adam, an' yo' can't indoose me to poll er wrong vote on dis occashun." But, perhaps, the most cruel rebuff received by any of the fair politicians was administered to one by a young man who looked as though he might belong to the Young Men's Christian Association, but who turned out to be a wolf in sheep's clothing. "You will vote for us," cried the lady, rushing up to him as he stood one side watching the crowd at the polls. "I am not old enough to vote," was the reply. "Yes, you are; I know you are old enough to vote." "Well, if I'm old enough to vote, I am certainly old enough to know how to vote." The young lady said he was a mean thing, and didn't speak to him again all day.

# Letters from Friends.

DANSVILLE, Aug. 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Peter Wilklow is dead. In the death of Mr. Wilklow Dansville has lost an earnest Liberal and one of its most upright citizens. J. KENNEY.

STERLING, ILL., Aug. 2, 1887.

THE TRUTH SEEKER Co., *Gentlemen:* You are sending copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER to my father's address, Martin Baer, Sterling, Ill. Now, every respectable sheet stops when subscriptions expire. Please keep them. Father's subscription expired in June. Father died in May, and we hav no use for them. For the dollar you would send souls to hell. Mind, there is a day of reckoning, for you hav made the life of my mother miserable, who is a Christian lady without reproach. You put me in mind of the dog who runs around licking sores, filling your infamous sheet with what ministers do, and secure followers for their labor. If you are such saints why don't you send your lectures free and not stand at the front door and claim so much for hearing nothing? What would you not do for gold?

J. H. BAER.

LEXINGTON, Mo., Aug. 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Mrs. Colman tells of eight hundred vermin-ridden, starving little niggers in the hands of their Yankee deliverers—a sight that never was paralleled in all the days of slavery. She seems to wonder why the Federal government didn't hang Jefferson Davis, "the arch-traitor." Yes, why didn't they, when no arm could save him, and he was helpless in their power? I wish to tell her why. Because he was not an arch nor any other kind of a traitor. Because the chief-justice of the Supreme Court held similar views to those of Mr. Davis on the right of a state to secede. Because when the states broke up the old confederation which had been declared "perpetual" they formed the present Union with that word out.

When we and our passions are dead the historian of the future will read that it took 2,800,000 men for years to conquer Jefferson Davis and his 700,000 men, and he will write—"Greater than Cæsar."

The moral is that if Rationalists intend to carry on a war against superstition, they would better let things alone on which they don't agree. GEORGE WILSON.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., July 31, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: You say you do not see what good Mrs. Slenker could expect to do by the story of "The Girl and the Dog." I do. A sound morality must be based on knowledge. The very first step toward it is to get out of the way the hypocritical morality of organized consecrated ignorance. Nothing can be more effectual to this end than to expose the enormous wickedness festering under the very thin veil of social sham. But, besides this, it seems that Mrs. Slenker's interest in "The Girl and the Dog" was mainly of a physiological nature, and that the story was not published, in the ordinary sense, by her, at least, but only circulated among a few persons who were professed investigators of a scientific question. Thus, the prosecution, should it be successful, marks a new and alarming step forward to the movement in favor of ignorance. It becomes every Liberal to defeat this conspiracy against knowledge and liberty if he can; and I think I see several points which Mrs. Slenker's legal friends can make good use of.

One is that the alleged obscene matter was all contained in sealed envelopes, and marked private. I think this clearly removes it from the scope of the Comstock law, atrociously tyrannical as that is. In a demurrer on this point, United States Judge Deady ruled that a private letter, though most obscene, and sent with intent to annoy, was not within the statute.

Another fatal flaw in the indictment is that it does not specify the obscenity complained of, but says the whole matter is too lewd, obscene, and lascivious to be placed upon the records of the court. This paltry device for trying the prisoner on an indefinit charge has been held unlawful in the following typical cases: The case of New York against Victoria C. Woodhull, the prosecution having refused to specify the obscenity, was declared out of court. In the case of the United States against Ezra H. Heywood, tried before Judge Clark, the latter required all the obscenity to be specified. In the case of the United States against Ezra H. Heywood, tried before Judge Nelson, the prosecution, attempting to evade specification on the plea that the obscene matter was too bad to go on the record, was overruled. In the English case of the Queen against Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant, the defendants, being convicted, appealed on this point, and the higher court thereon reversed the finding of the lower.

The alleged obscenity, also, hardly falls within Jeffreys Benedict's definition of the term. The dog story is adapted to excite not lascivious thoughts and emotions, but rather disgust, horror, and repugnance. It was doubtless to cover just such cases that the "disgusting" clause was added to the New York statute. But that is not yet United States law. C. L. JAMES.

GREAT VALLEY, Aug. 5, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER has been a weekly visitor to me since the 15th of April unpaid for, yet always constant, and welcomed by me, always laden with the choicest viands and the most wholesome mental food. Hence it stands me in hand to pay up and in advance, that I may assimilate its wholesome extracts and vital principles to the building up of the physical and spiritual man—feeling at the same time that the doctor, nurse, and undertaker were paid and that my friends would only be to the small expense of erecting a cheap and simple tombstone should they wish to cherish for a little time the memory of so fragil and fleeting a worm as I. Hence you will find inclosed $6—$5 for the paper and $1 for Elmina's Defense Fund. And now I will inform the many patrons of THE TRUTH SEEKER and yourself, as well as the many friends of the orthodox faith, that on the morning of the Fourth of July last, our eldest daughter, Mary, aged twenty-six years, passed away. She had been a victim for many years to that insidious, lingering, and dreaded disease, epilepsy. Our good orthodox friends no doubt would say God in his great mercy saw fit to take her to himself; at last she is at rest, and all is well. I hope so, dear friends. But the great query with me is why God couldn't hav taken her on the occasion of her first hundred fits, and not hav waited to inflict her with one thousand. But, friends, it's a relief to father and mother to feel she is out of her trouble, and yet sad to know that she is absent. A. F. ALBRIGHT.

TULARE, CAL., July 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: There is one very important reason why Mrs. Slenker should be sustained and defended with all the energy, means, and force that Liberals can contribute. The trials of Heywood, Bennett, and a long list of others may hav resulted in a general way in defeat, but when strengthening the cause of mental liberty is considered, it is a victory to us by thousands added to our side. Heretofore it has been hard to raise funds for defense, and those who hav stood to the front, already poor, hav been reduced to destitution. The great increase in numbers already renders the burden of defense light, when so many are seen to respond promptly to the defense fund of Aunt Elmina. With the increased circulation of Liberal journals, and their ability and determination to battle for the leaders, I see nothing on our part to be discouraged about. If Comstockism sees anything cheering in such victories as it has won, it must be because it is blind to the reverse side of the issue. Nothing rejoices a good Christian like Comstock so much as to reduce his victim to poverty. A liberal contribution of funds for defense, cheerfully given, will take much from the satisfaction of his prosecutions. I see no reason why, if Mrs. Slenker's case is fully and fairly presented, she shall not be acquitted. One such victory to us would be worth ten times the cost.

Every exposure through the public press of the means by which Comstock decoys victims for prosecution arouses the indignation of all right-minded people, and after each prosecution several influential journals and most of their readers take up the defense of free speech and free mails. We hav nothing to lose in this fight, and Mrs. Slenker's courage givs us a cheer for victory before the battle. E. M. DEWEY.

BEARDSTOWN, ILL., July 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I lecture on Freethought at Centre next Sunday. I hav a regular appointment about eight miles from here in this county, and the good, liberal, and unbigoted Christians hav threatened to rotten-egg me; not for "blasphemy," but because, since I began to go there, the young people hav forsaken the church to attend my lectures. The old ones hav said, if I would only come at night, they would hav ready some suitable eggs. I simply told them that if they would kindly put up $10, I would be pleased to come prepared with rubber boots, coat, and cap—an egg-proof coat of mail. As yet they hav not accepted my proposition. Five years since I was ousted from the pulpit of the Congregational church for preaching the second probation, which a respectable portion of this sect has since adopted as a shibboleth. I hav got still further out of the theological wilderness, and hav since been hammering away till now this same church and community are literally honeycombed with Infidelity. They find it "sweeter than the honey in the honeycomb." This church has seriously considered the proposition to throw overboard the musty old Puritan creed which I refused to preach. But many of the members are in the dark womb of the church, waiting an era to be born into a world of better light. It is their gestation period now, and they will, I am quite sure, come to the brighter birthright and light of Liberalism. I giv you this bit of personal expeience as corroboration of the general principle so uniquely told in "Tales Out of School." In my experience of over twenty years, I could relate very many similar incidents, all "true as gospel."

R. FLETCHER GRAY, M.D. ("ZOA TOPSIS").

LEON, IA., Aug. 2, 287.

MR. EDITOR: The Leon Secular Society has held four meetings during the summer, which hav been quite well attended, and a great deal of interest was manifested in the work.

The society secured Miss Katie Kehm, of Ottumwa, Iowa, to deliver a lecture at each of the last two meetings, which were held July 10th and 17th.

In her first lecture, "The Religion of Humanity," she contrasted the teachings of Christianity with those of Liberalism, and dwelt at length on the blackened character of the defenders of the church. She spoke of many of the needed reforms of the times, of the aim and methods of Liberalism, and the glorious achievements accomplished by Infidelity.

Her second lecture, "The Influence of Christianity Upon the Minds of the Rising Generation," is full of good and practical thoughts, showing the lecturer has an activ mind well stored with information. She shows the necessity of parents teaching their children the principles of Liberalism, and not allowing their minds to become clouded with superstition, as early impressions are difficult to erase. She animates her hearers with the love of liberty and home.

Miss Kehm is a cultivated woman, a humanitarian in the true sense of the word, and a brave and outspoken worker in the Liberal ranks, and for the cause of humanity. She is an earnest and forcible speaker, with a clear and distinct voice, and graceful in her delivery. We hope to hav her lecture again before the society, and would cheerfully recommend her to other societies.

At our next meeting, Aug. 21st, the president of the society, Mr. A. E. Hall, will lecture on "World Making." Our afternoon exercises are varied with music, recitations, short speeches, and occasionally a paper.

MRS. J. W. LONG,
Sec. Leon Secular Society.

ALCOVE, NEB., July 19, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: There are many Infidels here, and if I can succeed in getting them to take your paper, we can hire a lecturer and hav a boom, as they are having in Coos county, Oregon. If we were organized, I am certain we could hav a Jamieson, Remsburg, or Bell almost every month in the year. I would write to Mr. Bell now, while he is making the rounds of Nebraska, but all the Infidels here seem to know nothing about our lecturers, and of course all the stir to arouse a community cannot be made by one person. But if you see fit you may say to the subscribers of THE TRUTH SEEKER that if they will send me their names I will find a timber culture, homestead, or a preëmption that is contestable for them for a locator's fee, said fee to be put in the hands of some Infidel for the purpose of hiring the services of a lecturer in this part of the country. We hav a nice country. I will also answer any question they may see fit to ask in reference to the country or the government land laws. I will try only to find abandoned claims, so there will be no difficulty in the contest's being a successful one. I know of one claim at present, worth $800, open to contest, within about four miles of a thriving railroad town of about six hundred inhabitants. Locators charge $10 to $20 for locating; contest fees will be from $10 to $40; filing fee, from $2 on a preëmption to $14 on a homestead, and the same ($14) on a timber culture. I will say right here that it is not necessary to liv on a timber culture. If other pursuits are wanted, I will be pleased to hand names to the different boards of trade in the vicinity.

I would like to stir up the Infidels here. The reverends are always ready, if anyone has the least to say about an Infidel, to say, "You can expect nothing better from a follower of Bob Ingersoll."

Allow me to congratulate you on your answer to American Institute of Civics, entitled, "Firstly and Secondly," in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 9th. HENRY W. MATTLEY.

LEXINGTON, KY., Aug. 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Let us not forget that shortly after the death of Constantine power was given to the Christian priesthood to lessen and modify that of the sovereign, but Justinian made Rome the center of religious power. We know the result. He ought to hav known better, but he had not the wisdom of Jefferson or Thomas Paine. Common sense ought to revolt at the idea of being ruled by a ghostly power, and chasing phantoms for a living. I know of a young man who was turned out of doors by a maiden aunt because he denied the divinity of Christ. He remarked that ten old maids could not make a fool of him; he would rather liv on a crust and be independent. But to discover the depth of infamy, talk to a clergyman's son. One admitted that his father did not believe what he preached. He declared that "pardon blotted out sin." But I know hearts that no lawyer could soften—no God. Think of a man suddenly bounding into heaven and becoming an angel! There is no culture without experience. A dog might bound into a library without understanding the books he finds there. But to return to the minister's son. His plans for the future were actually fiendish. His denial of well-known facts was criminal in the extreme; his language would be called scurrilous, for he insulted me repeatedly. In the hight of my blasphemy I quoted Shaftesbury: "Reason is a sea to the weak; faith clings to every twig."

One good Baptist brother here says, "Christ never made a mistake." I think he made several—monstrous, shameful, unreasonable, and unnatural. His life is a record of an impostor, artful and inconsistent; his language a tissue of bold effrontery, cruel and immoral suggestions, requests, and commands. His prophecies were the greatest mistakes of all. They were not fulfilled. Call him a reformer! Well, he was about like John Wesley, who took the part of the English king against the colonists. How they both dwindle down before such men as Wilberforce, Ingersoll, Lincoln, and, perhaps, Henry George and McGlynn! Such men will drown monopolists in a deluge of love till the human race will turn from them with loathing and horror, till homes for industrious poor will rise like fairy palaces. Men will imitate their purity and goodness until sin and poverty and misery, bloated guilt, malice, sensuality, avarice, and injustice will be only regarded as horrible and grotesque dreams of the past. ALHAZA.

CORRY, PA., Aug. 1, 1887.

SECRET BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES COMPARED WITH CHURCHES. WHICH MOST USEFUL.

Recently a convention from nearly all denominations of Protestant clergymen met in Chicago and denounced all secret societies. The Catholics are doing the same thing. A great teacher said the standard of whether a thing was good or bad was its fruits.

The question is, Which is the most useful, the church or these societies? What are their fruits and relativ cost and benefits? There lately resided in Corry a physician who paid to the Methodist church regularly a considerable sum, aggregating thousands. A few years before his death he paid a less sum to a benevolent secret society. After his decease his widow was called on for money to help pay a debt the church had incurred while he was a member, and she actually paid $5 from her scanty widow's mite, and the stock in the church that cost them over $5,000 is not worth a penny.

The benevolent society, to which they had paid far less than to the church, paid the widow over $2,000.

Four heads of families hav passed away in this city within a few months, whose families hav been saved from dependence by secret benevolent societies.

In no case hav I heard of any church doing such a thing. The churches of our time are for the poor in the sense in which sheep-shears are for the sheep.

However much the clergy may recommend the sheep to pay into and trust the church, they don't, not a penny.

Nearly all of the more astute preachers are insured in these secret benevolent societies that they denounce. Whoever else is fleeced by paying into a church, they are not; they know each other too well.

What does the church return for the immense sums paid, chiefly to support ministers? In no part of the country can a church-member be distinguished from a non-church-member. No one thinks of asking what a man's faith is before trusting him. There are good men and women in all churches who are so in spite of, not on account of, church membership, and there are just as good, and some better, non-church-members.

The church of our age has produced no men equal to Stephen Girard, Peter Cooper, Abraham Lincoln, or Horace Greeley, all of whom obtained their nobility outside of churches.

It used to be thought that the way to heaven was through the church. Intelligent persons hav discovered the way to heaven is open to everyone alike; that the priests hav no corner on the way, or any knowledge about it whatever, except what all of us hav. They don't pretend to hav any witnesses from heaven. In this respect they are not as logical as the Spiritualists, who bring their witnesses into full, plain view. The divine father of all has stamped in our souls the love of justice. Churches are only machinery. They are not religion any more than plows or hoes are agriculture. They no more make the love of religion than bakers or meat-dealers make the love of bread and meat, or the sheep-shearers make wool. Their dogmas may hav been useful in the childhood of the race. The beliefs of the Dark Ages, when the most of our orthodox theology came into being, is for this reason not adapted to our age any more than a child's spelling-book is adapted to a Newton, or the clothes of a babe are adapted to manhood. Religion is eternal. Never was it so common. Never had it so much care for the unfortunate. The secret benevolent societies are protecting the weak and helping the helpless. The best men and women in the churches will help.

MR. EDITOR: If interesting to your readers, I will in a future communication giv the history of a few church banking and savings schemes, whereby over six millions has been filched from the faithful, and more than twenty suicides resulted. G. F. LEWIS.

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COLUMBUS, O., Aug. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The state Saengerfast held at this place the 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st was a signal success, and one after which it would be well for many more cities to copy.

First, the decoration far exceeded that of many other occasions, scarcely excepting the Fourth of July, and was in many respects far superior to that of the Fourth. It was much quieter, more civil, much more intelligently carried on, and in every respect a glorious occasion. Parades took place each day, headed by some of the best bands in the state, from Cleveland, Cincinnati, Akron, Canton, and many other cities.

All was lovely, and all thought the goose hanging high till there escaped a breath of the fact that the Sunday parade was to excel all others and be the grandest jubilee of all, when Washington Gladden, the gentleman who paid a tribute of respect to Mr. Beecher, arose in his sepulcher and blasphemed the event as one most execrable, and solicited to hav the intentions changed. This was seconded by Rev. Hutsinpillar, the little Irish pilot of the Third avenue M. E. church. However, the Sunday arrangements were carried out, and the parade formed at the corner of Main and High streets; mounted horsemen in uniform leading the procession; then the different companies on foot, with their respectiv brass bands from different portions of the state; carriages of officials; then the city fire department to the extent of some eight or ten chemical engins, hosecarts, and hook and ladder companies; infantry, and, last but not least, the Columbus police procession, buggies and carriages, etc.

It was an immense treat for the populace, who are not able to get off on a week day to witness such spectacles, and they enjoyed it. The streets along which the procession marched was lined with thousands of spectators all anxious to see over the heads of their fellow-creatures, and ready on the slightest occasion to "whoop."

Everybody that went out was out for a good time, and, with the exception of, perhaps, a few, had it, notwithstanding the unusually hot, sultry atmosphere. One drum-major, so unfortunate as to drive too much in the sun, was sun-struck, and in a dangerous condition when last heard from, but it did not frighten folks from the park in which it occurred. One hundred and fifty kegs of beer were donated by the enormously large brewing companies of the city to the different delegations visiting the place from other cities, to assist in defraying their expenses, and no one knows just how many more were furnished at a reasonable figure. Now, this was all on Sunday. Its being a Sunday picnic was the grindstone that angered the Christian and drove him to think thoughts of the assassination of American liberty; and he thought them. Not a few. It did not, though, prevent the picnic.

The Freethinkers had to rejoice that, when intoxicating drink is taken and the example set by Christians themselvs, they could not hinder the dissipation taking place in such a magnificent manner on his, the Christian's, own dear Sabbath. As to my own opinions, one American liberty should be destroyed, and that is the manufacture of intoxicating drinks. I am what may be called il-Liberal in this respect. Still, with my bitter hatred of liquor generally, I think that when Christians drink it in their most holy churches, others should drink it in defiance of Christianity on their righteous one only holy day.

Our mayor's being a Freethinker and every inch a gentleman, also of German extraction, was the cause of the fire department and the police, infantry, etc., participating in the event. He also delivered an excellent opening address, and welcomed the guests to the city with all the hospitality that could be conjured. It may be considered most truly a victory scored for Freethought. R. H. RALSTON.

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ANGOLA, Aug. 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER, as all persons should, grows better as it grows older. The cartoons are doing, I think, an excellent work in destroying old theological dogmas. Your ideas expressed in reference to the Chicago Anarchists accord with my sentiments very well. Aunt Elmina is having trouble with the Comstock tribe. I pity her, for this is all of life to her with her Materialistic belief. I hope she will come out conquerer at the end of the law-suit, for if this is all of life it should certainly be made enjoyable.
DR. J. H. MOORE.

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KENT, O., Aug. 2, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been a reader of your valuable paper but two years, but in that time hav learned to appreciate the many good sayings contained therein. While I see in it many articles setting forth ideas that I consider erroneous, I think it my duty well to consider, both pro and con, all ideas advanced by others (for how else could we grow in knowledge?) before condemning them, even the most radical views on all topics. I try to learn the true path in which I would best travel. I know it impossible for all men to think alike on all subjects, as no two are born and reared under the same influences, but I want to think all men naturally honest, and feel it my duty to respect everyone's opinions, if honestly expressed.

When I take into consideration that the people of the United States are a mixed people, a people from nearly every nation and climate in the world, bringing with them the ideas, customs, habits, and education of many lands, those who hav been downtrodden by church and state in their mother countries, and who hav emigrated to the "land of the free" with dreams and expectations so exalted that, even if America was a paradise, their ideal fancy could not be supplied satisfactorily, I think it the duty of each to be liberal one toward another. I am not surprised to see orthodox bigots in our land, as they are bigots both by heredity and education, being taught that it is a sin to listen to reason, or to think differently from the way in which their forefathers thought two thousand years ago. I am surprised to see so many bigots in our Freethought ranks; to see those who advocate the growth of the mind say, This is so and that is not so, when the facts are that neither can be actually proved either true or false. Brethren (I mean all mankind), do you ever stop to think that what we actually know is but little as compared with what we guess at?

Skepticism and unbelief are the stepping-stones to the temple of knowledge, and were it not that our minds are in continual doubt, we would be yesterday, to-day, and forever the same. But we never can arrive at that point of immutability until perfection can perch upon our banners of understanding. What we think true to-day may plainly manifest itself not true to-morrow. Could I but persuade the world to combine to seek for the truth; then if I could but persuade mankind to do what they know to be true, I would rest at ease. While my mind is forced to liv within the tissues of this material, and until that great principle that we know not of has evolved me by its laws from my present place among the created to a higher stage of more mature life, where the tissues and functions of my mental house shall be better adapted to permit my mind to advance upward toward the pinnacle of understanding, then, and only then, can we know the truth. Then—hav I said then? no, not as long as our minds are immature, and not until that great law of mental growth has lost its vital force. Do not ask me when that will be, for I hav never seen the end of infinity. How few there are among us who stop to inquire what is really right and what wrong, even if they know which of these two they should choose? How few there are who will say No to their physical wants and desires that they know they should not gratify! How natural it is for a man who has learned to love rum or tobacco to say, "It doesn't hurt me; it may be wrong to use them, but I am not going to deprive myself of what I want to please some one else!" Thou slave; thou who considerest thyself one of the higher order of mammalia, and one who boastest of thy superiority, and classed as man; one who is calculated to be tender and affectionate; one who is looked upon as a protector of the weak; who would shed his blood for the sake of his country, his child, his home; thou who art looked upon to set beacon lights to mark the way for the young and less learned that they stray not—is it such a one that has fallen a slave to appetite? Is it such a one whose physical enslaves his mental person? O thou weak-minded! thou who shouldst be strong and a governor are now weak and governed, a slave bound with chains that cannot be broken! All I hav said about the use of rum and tobacco can be said of all the known evils that beset man—envy, jealousy, revenge, and many natural and acquired habits and passions of the flesh. Will we subdue them? Will we break the chains and gain our liberty?

A highly respected attorney at Independence, Kan., although a hard drinker all his life, signed the Murphy pledge, but his appetite for strong drink had so fastened its fangs into his flesh that he could not, so he thought, leave off the "damning cup," and he broke his pledge several times, but confessed and was shown mercy by his friends, until at last he said he could not keep from drinking, and with tears in his eyes would entreat the young men, "For God's sake, young man, quit drinking while you can see me, an old broken-down bloat, a slave to rum!" Has not this same thing, in substance, been repeated on the gallows by those who had fallen and become murderers by the passion of jealousy, revenge, etc.?

Yesterday I chanced to sit on a seat in a railroad car opposit a young man who is to be hung November 16th in Columbus, O., for the killing of a young lady a Youngstown, O.—jealousy, I think, the cause. My prayer and greatest desire is that education and freedom of thought be given unstinted to our people, seasoned with a spirit of love for each other, love for the truth, love for justice, love for the welfare of all, love to set none but the best examples before the young. Many believe in no hereafter, and if this belief is true, how can we do better than to enter heaven while here? Yet we must remember that we hav many—to us—disgusting sights in our daily walks that we must not allow to annoy us, but make the best of them we can under the circumstances, and we will be much more happy than otherwise. We must encounter the Anarchist, the Nihilist, the Socialist, also the Deist, Atheist, the Catholic, and Protestant, etc., none of whom hav the same political or spiritual views, and we can only liv happy by granting to others all we ask for ourselvs—the right to think as our reason teaches. All we can do is to educate the mind as fast as possible until reason can obtain evidence from all the available sources of actual knowledge. Until such time let us hav charity for each other and combine in one government for the best mutual interests of the whole. A. D. SWAN.

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CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I will say a word, if you please, on the language question. A language cannot be made to order, it must grow. Language has its biology, its physiology, its pathology, and its therapeutics, the same as do persons, of whom language is an attribute. The sounds which one hears and speaks are determined by the generic conditions and repeated actions or habits of the organs of hearing and speaking, and by the fineness and refinement of the controling nerves and brain. This will account for dialects, and until there is a uniformity in people's throats, mouths, ears, and brains, there can be no universal language, and no entire uniformity in the use of any one language.

As a good illustration of the attempts to invent a patent language I append an article from the Chicago *Herald*, supposed to be written at a date some centuries hence:

ADVOCATING THE SALAD LANGUAGE.

Central Opera House was crowded last evening with the wealth, beauty, and fashion of Chicago to hear a lecture on the universal language by the celebrated Prof. Cæsar Pompeius, D.D., LL.D., of the university of Leopoldville, Congo. Professor Pompeius has delivered this lecture in all the principal cities of the world, and has gained an immense army of converts to his theory. He is the most learned man in the world, and is a full-blooded Congonese, though it is said his ancestors were Americo-Africans, as his name might indicate. He commenced by saying that the idea of a common form of speech for all the nations of the world was not new. It had been entertained by great men in almost every age of the world since the confusion of tongues at Babel. The learned Dr. Slaukenbergious, whose memoirs appear in the writings of Tristram Shandy, was a strong advocate of it. So was Leibnitz. So was Lord Monboddo.

A society of learned men commenced a movement in that direction in the year 1900. But the efforts had heretofore been to invent a new language and compel mankind to accept it, an obvious impossibility. The idea of smelting all existing languages into one, by mere heat and attrition, had not seemed to hav occurred to the learned Thebans, who had heretofore undertaken the mission. Professor Pompeius said that thought had come to him when he was engaged in the great work of establishing infant schools for young gorillas throughout Africa. The education of the gorilla has been the triumph of the twentieth century, and it was accomplished by means of the universal, or "'salad language,' as I prefer to call it," said the professor, "for it is a mixture of everything. It is extremely simple, and yet it has the commercial power of the English, the courtliness of the French, the philosophical adaptation of the German, the pompous euphony of the Spanish, and the sweetness of the Italian. We take from each language those words or phrases that are the simplest and the most easily retained in the memory, for the use of language is but an effort of memory. If an animal could only memorize the words, it would soon learn to speak them. That was the very first point in our gorilla schools, and when we accomplished that the work was done. I yet expect to see a gorilla president of the great state of Congo.

"Choosing the simplest words and eliminating the hard ones and the bad constructions, we obtain a language which every person, I might say every creature, ought to speak and write with fluency. Take this rule, the traditional rule of all grammars: *La grammar e l'arte of sprichablar y scribir conectement.* Who can fail to understand that? Take our system of conjugations: *Ich bin, tu es, he is siamo, este, sono*—the very simplicity of it startles one into accepting it at once. Would any young lady fail to understand a gentleman who should say to her, '*Volete, permit me offrir mia corazon and ma main?*' She would refer him to her mother without delay." This forcible illustration on the part of the professor had an immediate effect on the audience.

The professor continued his illustrations and his argument for nearly an hour, holding the rapt attention of his hearers the whole time. Bringing the lecture to a close, he said: "The salad language is the language of diplomacy the language of business, the language of love, the language of poetry. It is the natural language, and exists in the constitution of man. Even the wonderful Shakspere is improved and adorned by it, as I will show you in my closing illustration:

"All le monde ist scena
Und alle the men et femmes only spielers;
Tous ont their exits y gehen wieder ab,
Et chacun in su temps spiels molte parts,
Che drame being seven actos. Primero l'enfant.
Mewling y sprudelt in le nourrice arms;
Puis el whining babe. Con sa bundel
Y shining morgantlicht rampe comme caracol
Contre-cœur zu school. Con esto l'amoroso,
Soupirant como furnace, mit triste canzone
Made auf su liebsters' eyebrows."

The professor continued the quotation to the end, and the lecture closed amid great applause. He held a reception at the Grand Atlantic afterward. It is understood that the trustees of the University of Chicago will at once endow a chair for a professorship of the salad language, and it is thought that Professor Pompeius will not be able to refuse the usual Chicago inducements.

JOHN P. GUILD.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## The Potter.

In youth I read this story of a potter:
He wrought with careful fingers day by day,
Until a vase of lovely form was molded
And shapened delicately in the clay.

Then he beheld a higher type of beauty,
And broke the vessel he had finished there,
To fashion with untiring zeal and labor
Another form more graceful and more fair.

So year by year, at early dawn beginning,
He labored till the night made labor vain,
And always broke each form of dainty molding,
The pure ideal of his dream to gain.

At last he shaped an urn of rarest beauty,
With cypress drooping and a half-veiled rose,
And, flushed with joy, looked up to heaven in triumph,
When, lo! a sudden glory on him glows.

One hand he lifted to the radiant vision,
And with the other swept the urn aside,
And suddenly, without a warning,
The urn was broken and the potter died.

"Fool!" was the name the story-writer gave him
Who of a long life left no record here,
Yet bore he witness of a heavenly vision
With the pure passion of an ancient seer.

Naught that he fashioned to his soul seemed worthy
Of the diviner beauty he had known;
He left no record of a life of failure
Upon whose face the parting glory shone.

So I, sweet friends! I will not leave behind me
A thing of dust to show my toil and pain,
But in the rapture of the higher vision
Sweep back my songs, and true to that remain.

—*M. E. H. Everett.*

## A Letter from the Editor.

ONSET BAY, MASS., August 10, 1887.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: You hav been in my mind many times since arriving at this popular and lovely summer resort, and to-night I feel "impressed," as the mediums say, to write you a letter. Our little family is charmingly domiciled in a wee birds'-nest of a cottage on a street just a little way off from the "plank walk," or, to speak more pretentiously, the South Boulevard. On the right is a good view of the blue waters of the bay, backed by a grove of fine young oaks. On the left, and adjoining our cottage, is another grove of young pines and oaks intermingled, under the branches of which swing two stout hammocks. West Central avenue runs past the grove, and on either side, like pretty martin boxes, are cunning little summer homes, peopled by good-hearted men and women, little children, cats, and dogs, and squirrels in the trees outside. They all enjoy life immensely, or appear to, especially the squirrels. I guess they do, without any make-believe. Certainly, the hours slip by very quickly and delightfully, and night comes altogether too soon.

Of course, you know this place is, besides being a summer watering-place, a Spiritualistic camp-ground, and "Spiritual" meetings are held here nearly every day. Then, too, there are many people here who are known as mediums, and profess to hold personal conversations with those whom we call dead, who not only declare they see such, but show them to others in bodily form. While enjoying the natural beauties so lavishly displayed on all sides, you would naturally suppose I would try and find out all that is possible in regard to the various phenomena of this philosophy of Spiritualism. So I do; but, although seeing and hearing a great deal, and some things that I do not really understand, as yet I am not positivly convinced that when one is dead he livs again. We all wish to believe it if it is true, but we do not like to believe a falsehood is a fact. At least, I do not. This is apparent—that there are those who simulate, who pretend they are ghosts, when they are simply flesh-and-blood people like you and others. It is a dreadfully wicked thing to do, but it is done, and I know it. They who do these things are tricksters, frauds, jugglers, who impose upon the credulous for the sake of getting money without earning it.

You say such persons ought to be hanged. Well, I don't know about that, but I would be glad to see them banished from civilization, and as soon as possible. It is not for me to say that these fraudulent operators do not indicate something genuin somewhere, and it is that which I am seeking. When I find it, I will let you know. But it will hav to come in perfect accord with reason and every-day common sense, so that I may be sure that there is no humbug about it.

The children of Onset are among its most pleasant features. Out of school they run romp, dance, and sing, play hide-and-seek with birds and butterflies, gather wild flowers on land, shells on the strand, and frolic with the little fishes in the water. I miss some sweet faces that I met here in other seasons. Little Flossie Cassell is in California, and some other in different places. But Dora Butts is here, and Bessie Chase, too. Oscar C. runs about in his sailor suit, and Eliza Alexander still sells cakes and jelly rolls, that her mamma knows so well how to make.

The other afternoon some children had a concert in the kitchen of a cottage just across the way. Maude and Georgie Gardner and Hattie Minzie were the principal performers, while Allie Minzie acted as manager. They had a table covered with a blanket for a platform, and the girls, in long dresses, queer hats, and funny sashes, sang and recited very prettily. The audience was not large, but very enthusiastic. The price of admission to this concert was two cents, and all felt that they had received their money's worth. I am sure I did for one.

An hour later. The night is a gem of loveliness. The lights twinkle all about amid the trees, in cosy summer homes, the sky is thickly studded with stars of wonderful brightness, and the air is just cool enough to be comfortable. I hav been sitting on the piazza listening to cornet music from some one in a boat out on the bay, and hav just come inside to say that I wish you were all here to enjoy this favored spot with me, so I could whisper good-night to you all and pleasant dreams. Your sincere friend,

S. H. W.

## Memory Gems.

*From the Works of Thomas Paine. To be learned and recited by the children.*

Titles are but nicknames, and every nickname is a title.

Persecution is not an original feature in any religion; but it is always the strongly-marked feature of all law-religions, or religions established by law.

Such is the irresistible nature of truth, that all it asks, and all it wants, is the liberty of appearing.

The more perfect civilization is, the less occasion has it for government, because the more does it regulate its own affairs, and govern itself.

All the great laws of society are laws of nature.

All hereditary government is in its nature tyranny.

Experience in all ages, and in all countries, has demonstrated that it is impossible to control nature in her distribution of mental powers.

The representativ system takes society and civilization for its basis; nature, reason, and experience for its guide.

Nations can hav no secrets; and the secrets of courts, like those of individuals, are always their defects.

When, in countries that are civilized we see age going to the workhouse, and youth to the gallows, something must be wrong in the system of government.

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman.

What we obtain too cheap we esteem too lightly.

I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection.

'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death.

A traitor is the foulest fiend on earth.

S. H. W.

## Correspondence.

CAMPTOWN, Aug. 8, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I think the Children's Corner is very nice. My grandpa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER; he livs next house below us. I was ten last July. I hav two brothers older than I, John and Fred. Fred has "Apples of Gold." We liv in the hotel. Mamma has five birds. I think the pictures are very nice in THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Yours truly, GEORGE M. REED.

# Science Column.

## Liberal Lesson Leaves.

PHYSICAL SERIES.—NO. 7. FORCE AND MOTION (CONTINUED).

48. *Newton's Laws of Motion.*—Newton's three laws of motion are the following:

I. "Every body continues in its state of rest or of uniform motion in a straight line, except in so far as it may be compelled by impressed forces to change that state."

II. "Change of motion is proportional to the impressed force, and takes place in the direction of the straight line in which the force acts."

III. "To every motion there is always an equal and contrary reaction; or, the mutual actions of any two bodies are equal and oppositly directed in the same straight line."

The first of these laws is owing to the property of inertia (11). The second enables us to measure forces, and also shows that the effect of a force is the same, whether it acts on a large or small body, and whether the body be in motion or at rest. The third we will consider later.

49. *Remarks.* — Force produces or alters momentum. Any force acting on any body at rest, but free to move, will set the body in motion, and impart to it a momentum which depends upon the force and the time it acts.

The momentum imparted by a given force in a given time is the same, no matter what size the body it acts upon may be. In some cases a force may be applied to a body without moving it; the reason is that the force is opposed by another force equal to the first, which is therefore neutralized. Thus, when we try to lift a body which is too heavy, we fail to move it because the body is attracted to the earth by the force of gravitation, but if the lifting force be increased so that it exceeds the force of gravity, then the body will be lifted. We may pull on a string without breaking it, because the force which tends to break the string is opposed by another force which tends to hold it together; but if the first force be increased so that it exceeds the other, then the string will break.

50. *Measure of Forces.*—Forces are measured by the momentum they are capable of producing in a unit of time. If the body be of unit mass, the force is measured by the velocity produced, for the momentum is equal to the velocity since the mass is one.

51. *Units of Force.*—The dyne is the C. G. S. unit of force. It a force which acting on one gram of matter for one second will impart to it a velocity of one centimeter per second; in other words, a dyne is a force which produces one C. G. S. unit of momentum in one second.

Another class of units are called gravity units; they will serve for ordinary purposes, but are not perfectly definit, for the force of gravity varies slightly at different places. On this system we speak of a force of a gram, kilogram, ounce, pound, etc.; we mean a force equal to that of gravity on the quantity of matter named. The force of gravity on a milligram is a little less than a dyne.

52. *Action and Reaction.*—When one body acts upon another, the second acts upon the first; this action of the second body is called reaction. Action and reaction are equal and contrary.

If you hit a stone with your hand, the reaction of the stone makes you feel the blow; it is the same as if the stone struck your hand. Throw a piece of glass on the ground and the reaction of the ground will break the glass.

*Experiments.*—Drop a rubber ball on the floor, and the reaction of the floor will cause the ball to bounce up again. This experiment also illustrates the reflection of motion (46). Children who play marbles are familiar with the collision of bodies; they know how, sometimes, when they strike one glass ball with another, nearly all the motion of the first is given to the second, the first coming to rest; and at other times both marbles move on, but not so fast as the first was moving before the collision.

Collision balls are balls hung upon strings, so that when one is pulled aside and then released it will strike another ball. If the balls be made of ivory or some other elastic substance, the first ball will come to rest when it strikes the second, and the second will move on; but if they be made of some inelastic material, such as clay, both balls will move after the collision, but with reduced velocity.

53. *Formula.*—The following formula may be used to solve problems. Remember that the letters stand for the value of forces, velocities, etc., and that when two or more letters are written together the numbers they stand for are to be multiplied; and when they are written in the form of fractions, the upper part is to be divided by the lower. Let the mass be represented by m, the velocity by v, the force by f, and the time by t:

$$M=\frac{ft}{v};\ v=\frac{ft}{m};\ f=\frac{mv}{t};\ t=\frac{mv}{f}.$$

GEO. G. GROWER.

QUESTIONS:

NOTE.—The best example of a constant force is that of gravity. We will assume that gravity will impart to any falling body a velocity of 980 cm. or of 32 ft. for each second, which is about the correct value.

1. What will be the velocity of a body after falling 3 seconds? A. 2,940 cm. or 96 ft. per sec.

2 What is the force of gravity on 1 gram? A. 980 dynes.

3. On 1.000 grams? A. 980,000 degrees.

4. The force of gravity on a certain body was 1.960 dynes. In three seconds the body was falling with a velocity 2.940 cm. per sec.; what was the mass of the body? A. By the formula $m\ \frac{ft}{v}=\frac{1960\times3}{2940}=2$ grams.

5. Force is 9,800, time 5 seconds, mass 10 grams; required the velocity. A. $v=\frac{ft}{m}=\frac{9800\times5}{10}=4.900$ cm.

6. Mass was 10 kg; after falling 4 seconds velocity was 39.2 m. What was the force of gravity? A. $f=\frac{mv}{t}=\frac{10000\times3920}{4}=9{,}800{,}000$ dynes.

7. The force of gravity on 2 grams is 1.960 dynes, the velocity acquired in falling was 7.840 cm. per sec. How long was the body in falling? A. $t=\frac{mv}{f}=\frac{2\times7840}{1960}=8$ seconds.

8. Suppose a force of 200 dynes acts for 3 seconds on a mass of 10 grams: What would be the velocity? A. 60 cm. per second.

## Wise Words.

He who forgivs is victor in the dispute.

Most men know what they hate, few what they love.

Habits are soon assumed; but when we strive to strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive.

Man must work. He may work grudgingly or gracefully. He may work as a man or a machine.

The infinitly greatest confessed good is neglected to satisfy the successiv uneasiness of our desires pursuing trifles.

True glory takes root and even spreads; all false pretense, like flowers, fall to the ground; nor can any counterfeit last long.

The love of reading enables a man to exchange the wearisome hours of life, which come to everyone, for hours of delight.

We seldom condemn mankind till they hav injured us, and when they hav, we seldom do anything but detest them for the injury.

It may serve as a comfort to us all in our calamities and affliction, that he that loses anything and gets wisdom by it is a gainer by the loss.

There are two sides to all memories, a bright side and a dark side; and the gain or loss from a memory depends on the side of it which we hav in our minds as it is recalled by us.

He who is sympathetic has his entrance into all hearts, and is the solver of all human problems. To him is given dominion where he thinks to serve; and the love which he gives without stint, as without calculation, he receives back without measure, as without condition.

## Playing Fool.

An industrious young shoemaker fell into the habit of spending much time in a saloon near by. One by one his customers began to desert him. When his wife remonstrated with him for so neglecting his work for the saloon, he would carelessly reply: "Oh! I've just been down a little while playing pool." His little two-year-old caught the refrain, and would often ask: "Is you goin' down to play fool, papa?" This made a deep impression on the shoemaker, as he realized that the question was being answered in the falling off of his customers and the growing wants of the household. He resolved again and again to quit the pool-table, but weakly allowed the passion of play to hold him a time. Finally he found himself out of work, out of money, and out of flour. Sitting on his bench one afternoon, idle and despondent, he was heard to exclaim, "No work again to-day; what I'm to do I don't know." "Why, papa," prattled the baby, "can't you run down and play fool some more?" "Oh! hush, you poor boy," groaned his father, shame-stricken. "That's just the trouble. Papa has played fool too much already." But he never played it again, and to-day his home is comfortable and happy once more.—*Temperance Banner.*

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## A Cruise on the Gil Blas.

An Editor of my acquaintance, in partnership with a young bank clerk named Smith, sails a yacht, habitually, in the waters of the East river and Long Island sound. The name of the yacht is the Gil Blas—pronounced Hiel Blas, and called Gilly for short. On a recent Saturday the Editor invited me to go sailing with him. The yacht lay in Echo bay at New Rochelle, seventeen miles from New York, and the Editor promised to meet me at the Grand Central Depot so we could go out together. It was a muggy day when I took the horse-cars at Eighth street, and before I reached the depot a car-horse dropped, overcome by the humidity. I got there a little too late to see my train go out, but in good season for the next one. The Editor hadn't waited for me, and I went to New Rochelle alone. It is a historic town, and contains the old Paine farm and the Paine monument, but the cars don't go within a mile of Echo bay, and that distance I footed. From a bluff in Hudson Park I saw the Gil Blas rocking at anchor, looking something like a white duck in a mill-pond. A small yawl, painted to match the yacht, floated alongside at the end of a boom. A yellow signal with a red crescent in the middle waved from the masthead; a little brass cannon glinted across the starboard rail; a sailorfied chap in a seaman's cap (rhyme not intentional) sat forward on the roof of the cabin; and, resting his arms on the main boom and gazing shoreward through a binocular glass, I recognized the Editor himself. After striking several attractiv attitudes, waving my hat, wiping the perspiration from my brow, and adding such other gestures as I thought would probably lead to my identification, I was pleased to see the Editor get into the yawl and commence making demonstrations toward the shore. He took me on board the yawl and thence to the Gil Blas.

The Gilly is a keel sloop twenty-five or thirty feet in length and nine in width, with four sails—mainsail, topsail, staysail, and jib. She needs five feet of good water to sail in, and has some thirty inches of freeboard, as they call that part of a vessel's side which is above water. In the center is a cabin ten feet long and six wide, with a snug forecastle or galley or kitchen forward, and lockers along both sides and aft. On both sides are cushioned seats, dubbed transoms, to sit or sleep on, between which is a short table that stands on two legs screwed into the floor, and shuts up like a lemon-squeezer. The chap sitting on the roof was Ollick, a Finnish sailor. He is the crew of the Gil Blas. He has sailed in deep water on square-riggers and fore-and-afters, and knows all about working a vessel, but the occupation he dotes on seems to be rubbing up the brasswork, scouring the lamps, polishing the little cannon, and cleaning the paint and varnish. In conversation he is profane beyond the bounds of necessity. It grieved me to hear him do so much swearing when there was apparently no occasion for it; it looked as if he was wasting italics that would be needed in a emergency.

The Editor dressed me in a flannel shirt, a slouch hat, and soft slippers that wouldn't scratch the deck, and gave me some refreshment. Then we sat down and waited for Partner Smith, who came later. Smith, and the Editor, and the crew are three quite dissimilar persons. The Editor is inclined to be fat, and follows his inclination in that regard. Smith's tendency to be lean is gratified; while the crew is small, and short, and lithe. They also hav different methods of making their several ways about the boat. Smith scrambles there, the editor rolls and slides there, and the crew squirms his way about. I introduced a new method by making a sprawl in the general direction, and then gathering myself up. This system affords great facilities for holding on.

At 5 o'clock we made sail. It was understood that, so far as I was concerned, this was to be a pleasure excursion, and myself a mere passenger, but I consented to help hoist the anchor. I pulled at the cable with much energy, and sat down with the regulation thud when the anchor finally consented to let go the bottom. If it had been a cork it couldn't hav bobbed to the surface any quicker that it did when it had once made up its mind to rise. Just as I struck the deck Smith yanked the cannon lanyard and let off the gun with a bang; Ollick hoisted the staysail, and the editor hauled the main boom close aboard. The wind came from the side, and the boat suddenly careened half over. With the noise of the gun and the tipping of the boat I concluded that my sudden sitting down had started every timber in the craft, but as the others showed no excitement I concealed my surprise and got to a safe place by the sprawling method I hav mentioned. The Editor was holding the tiller and looking aloft with a professional and critical eye, and Ollick and Smith were calmly coiling down ropes. I afterward learned that the gun was fired as a parting salute to Echo bay, and I found out before the cruise was over that the Gilly never sailed on an even keel. In order to do herself justice she must hav her lee rail about six inches under water.

We headed for Oyster bay, an arm of the sound that indents the north shore of Long Island twenty miles from New Rochelle. The sail was without incident, but not without interest, especially to the passenger. The loose ends of ropes had a way of tying themselvs up into bowlines and lassoing his feet, and the boom lay in wait for his head and gave it a good thump whenever it got a chance. The greater part of the time the deck sloped to leeward at about the pitch of an ordinary shingled roof, but lacked its stability, having a compound motion impossible to follow. A seat beside the rudder post offered the best advantages as to permanence, but those advantages were somewhat lessened by the slack of the sheet coiling itself about the passenger's legs, the tiller striking him in the stomach, and the boom getting a crack at his head whenever the boat went off on a fresh tack.

About dark the Gilly was off the bluff that guards the entrance to Oyster bay. It was known that there were in the vicinity certain buoys to be rounded and certain shoals and reefs to be avoided, but exactly where they were located nobody aboard was prepared to say. Smith, therefore, went below, and proceeded to overhaul the chart, the result of his endeavors going to prove that while those hydrographic objects were readily located on parchment, it was quite another thing to pick them up in a waste of water whose surface had a monotonous and uninteresting sameness as far as the eye could reach. In anticipation of having to sail by chart, the binnacle, containing the compass, was rowsed out by Ollick, and placed where the Editor, who was steering, could keep his eye on it; but it is worthy of note that no buoys were sighted, and that if there were shoals in the way of the Gilly, she sailed over them without touching.

We dropped anchor in Oyster bay at 10 o'clock that night, and the deck came once more to a level. Ollick inserted himself into various lockers and boxes, and brought forth potatoes and meat, and bread and butter and coffee, put an iron chimney on the stove in the forecastle, started a fire, and directly set forth a toothsome meal on the table in the cabin. The passenger, who had hitherto been inactiv, now displayed a renewed interest in the proceedings, and his achievements at that little table were entered on the log of the Gil Blas. A previous entry showed that somebody named S. P. Putnam had been similarly honored.

Before going to bed the passenger mounted to the roof of the cabin, and took a confident header into Oyster bay, as a preliminary to a contemplated swim. Owing to the shallowness of the water, he was enabled to make the valuable scientific discovery that the bottom there was formed chiefly of aluminal deposits and other ingredients which go to make up an unusually hard kind of clay. These mineralogical specimens were afterward removed from his hair by means of a comb, and examined at leisure.

The passenger slept that night on one end of the port transom, the Editor occupying the other end. As the transom is nine feet long and the combined length of the occupants something over eleven, there was a tangled-up mass of feet in the center. However, the sleep of the passenger must hav been uncommonly deep and satisfying, as he got enough of it by 4 o'clock the next morning and at that hour went on deck. The water looked cool and inviting, so, slipping off his night clothes, he dropped over the side. After swimming about for a while, and satisfying himself that his natatorial powers were still retained, he concluded to go back on board. Then he made the discovery that it was somewhat easier to get into the water from the Gil Blas than to get onto the Gil Blas from the water. Her rail was above his reach, and after jumping for it and catching it just as he had exhausted the strength which he had need of to pull himself aboard, he hung on the side of the boat like the fender of a tug, and called vociferously to the Editor to come and pull him abroad. The literary man was aroused at length, but not until the occupants of the neighboring yachts, some of whom were females, had come on deck and leveled their glasses at the victim. Observing this, the man overboard swam around to the other side, where the Editor reached down a friendly hand and took him in. Smith protruded his head through the cabin hatch long enough to inquire why the passenger hadn't climbed up the bobstay, as he might easily hav done, and then went back to sleep. The passenger then got a field glass, and sitting down in the cockpit, proceeded very collectedly to familiarize himself with his audience on the other yachts, observing which the ladies retired.

After a breakfast as hearty as the supper had been, we got out of Oyster bay, and started for New York, with a fair wind and sun right behind us. Perhaps it wasn't hot and perhaps the passenger didn't get his hands and his face burnt, and his neck girdled, but appearances were otherwise. There was shade on one side, but there was spray there also, and the water squirted through the scuppers in a moist, disagreeable way. Ollick, dressed in simply undershirt and trousers, was everywhere with bucket and sponge, sloshing and swabbing right and left. Then followed a scouring process that left every piece of brass on the boat so bright that it shot back the rays of the sun in dazzling little streaks; and, the angle of reflection being equal to the angle of incidence, as Mr. Grower has explained, one of these streaks met the passenger in the eye, no matter which way he looked. When Ollick had driven everyone three or four times around the yacht with his scrubbing things he disappeared in the forecastle, and when he again emerged he was very gorgeous in a white shirt with navy blue collar, cuffs, and bosom, duck trousers, white as snow, and sailor cap. He took a seat forward, and was for some time an object of deep admiration to the passenger.

Smith brought a copy of the *Christian at Work* aboard to counteract what he calls the Atheism of his shipmate. It is a peculiarity of both Smith and the Editor that each regards the other as a Jonah. Smith attributes all bad luck to the baneful influence of unbelief, and the Editor thinks that superstition is at the bottom of it. Smith is something of a vocalist. He has a strong bass voice that issues from his elongated larynx with the vibrating effect of a whistling buoy and shakes him like a reed whenever he exercises it. He got himself in the proper frame of mind by a close perusal, at frequent intervals, of the religious journal above mentioned, and then, grasping the mast to steady himself, he beguiled the tedium of the day by singing the appended cheerful verses:

Sixteen men on a dead man's chest!
Yo! ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!
The devil and drink did for the rest!
Yo! ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!

For they drank and drank, and got so drunk,
Yo! ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!
Each from the dead man bit a chunk!
Yo! ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!

The bottle burst and the men accurst—
Yo! ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!
Sucked his blood to quench their thirst!
Yo! ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!

They sucked his blood and crunched his bones!
Yo! ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!
When suddenly up came Davy Jones!
Yo! ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!

"My men," says he, "you must come with me!"
Yo! ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!
And he grinned with a horrible kind of glee!
Yo! ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!

Davy Jones had a big black key!
Yo! ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!
It was for the locker beneath the sea!
Yo! ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!

He winked and blinked like an owl in a tree!
Yo! ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!
And he sunk 'em all to the bottom of the sea!
Yo! ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!

Now all take warning by this 'ere song!
Yo! ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!
Never drink whisky so devilish strong!
Yo! ho, ho! and a bottle of rum!

Having rounded the bluff and pointed toward home, we had the wind and tide dead against us, and all day long we cut the waters of Long Island sound into saw-teeth beating down toward that estuary called the East river. A lubberly schooner tried to accompany us, the captain of which was the most diabolically mean man I ever saw. He blanketed us with his patched and slovenly sails whenever he had a chance, and he would heave to and wait for us in order that the chance might occur often. Finally we left him astern, and he went on his evil and malicious way. Later on a big-sailed catboat came down toward us with the breeze and rounded up to windward of us, where he lay back stiff for a race. It would hav been more polite of him, according to marine etiquet, to go to leeward, and Smith reminded him of that fact in rather plain language. He didn't appear to be a gentleman, though, and held on. The weather was squally and Smith had ordered our topsail in, but this fellow's breach of good manners awoke the yachtsman's instinct in him, and in a moment Ollick had monkeyed up the mast and reset the sail. The Gilly, feeling the increased pressure, dipped a little more of her rail under, gave her head a jaunty toss, and, kicking up her heels, began to forge through the water with a pleasing rustle. The fellow had the windward position of us, and his boat was a racing box, but in spite of all that we out-footed him. As we crossed his bows, and he dropped astern, Smith gave vent to some derisiv language, pointed out small and insignificant craft which he might tackle for a race with a reasonable prospect of success, and otherwise so harrowed up the man's feelings that he went about and put off in another direction.

After the squalls were over the wind died out entirely, and we had to anchor to keep the Gilly from going backward. While we lay there Ollick got supper; then a little breeze ruffled the water, and, taking advantage of it, we bore down upon the anchorage of the Knickerbocker Yacht Club, of which the Editor and Smith and the Gilly are members. It was dark when we got there; the tide was running like a mill-race, and the Gilly's buoy, to which she was in the habit of tying up, was surrounded by so many other yachts that she had to be warped in by passing a line from one boat to another, and finally to the buoy. During this process I found that I had done Ollick injustice in supposing that he had exhausted his powers of objurgation on the previous occasions that had drawn upon them. For, added to the perplexities of darkness, a stifling atmosphere, and a rushing tide bearing us toward some black rocks that looked like the discolored teeth of dragons, a swarm of musketoes settled down upon the devoted tar, and made life a burden; I may simply say that Ollick's profanity did the subject simple justice, and whenever he paused for breath the Editor took up the strain and enriched the air with his ornamental blasphemy. Smith is a member of the Congregational church, but he showed signs of satisfaction at hearing his sentiments expressed in so much better terms than he could command. I never saw so many musketoes before in my life. The air was thick with them, and their voracity was unbounded. To protect myself from them I lay flat upon the floor of the cabin, covering myself, head and heels, with a blanket, under which I sweltered until morning broke, and then Ollick, his face and arms swollen from the bites of the pests, took us ashore, and we came to the city. All that day my chair in the TRUTH SEEKER office rocked and tipped with a compound motion, as though at sea, and I had only to close my eyes to find myself back upon the waters of Long Island sound, tossing and dipping among its restless waves. The click of the type as it went into the compositors' sticks answered to the lap, lap of the water against the sides of the yacht, and upon opening my eyes the delusion was not the more readily dispelled when I observed that in the TRUTH SEEKER office and aboard the Gil Blas the same Editor sat at the helm.

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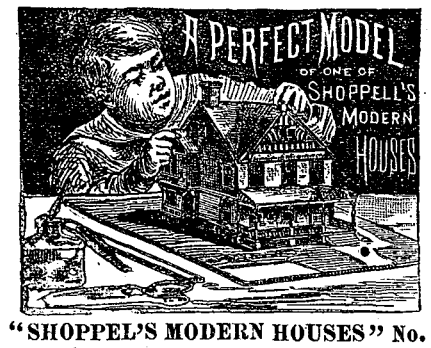
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## News of the Week.

ARCHBISHOP ELDER in a recent address proffers the Catholic church as the workingmen's best friend, and urges them to beware of "the danger that there is, now that the day has arrived in which the workingmen assert and maintain their rights, of forgetting religious obligations."

THE pope continues a determined struggle with Italy to get possession of a certain coveted territory.

SAM JONES has difficulty in filling all his numerous engagements; special trains are run, and the audiences are prodigious.

DR. MCGLYNN'S recent statement that the Germans are attempting to Germanize the Catholic church in the Northwest is extensivly contradicted.

FEARS are expressed that the animosity being raised in the South by late resentful expressions in the North may lead to calamitous results in the event of a war with England.

A ST. PETERSBURG firm has equipped and started for Central Asia an expedition which will establish cotton plantations and make an analysis of the soil of Turkestan and the Trans-Caspian territories.

ONE of the usual feeble periodical investigations is being made into the corruption of New York police courts that enables many of the worst criminals and leaders of "gangs" to obtain release from jail through political "pulls" as often as they are sent there.

THE Ute Indians in Colorado are commencing hostilities, and troops hav been prepared to dispatch against them.

LAST Sunday the Salvation Army, after holding services, attempted to march through Ocean Grove, N. J., but was prevented by the police.

THE Socialists are commencing a violent warfare against Henry George and his following for their attempt to expel the former from the United Labor party.

THE leader of the "Whyos," the worst gang of roughs in this city, was killed on the 13th by a saloonkeeper whom he attacked in his own bar-room, breaking up the furniture and throwing bottles at the proprietor's head.

IT is thought that Germany is deterred from declaring war only by the emperor's determination that no army shall go into the field without him. His ill health prevents his attendance at present, but trouble may be expected to follow his death, and his condition is anxiously watched.

ON the night of the 10th a crowded excursion train of fifteen cars, from Peoria, Ill., to Niagara Falls, crashed into a burning bridge near Piper City. The wreck was frightful, only four sleeping cars remaining on the track. One hundred and eighteen bodies were taken from the ruins, and the injured numbered four times as many more.

ON the morning of the 9th, Willis McDearmon, a school-teacher near Babattia, Tenn., found his school-house surrounded by a mob, who refused him admission on the ground that he was a Prohibitionist. McDearmon opened another school-house. The Anti-Prohibitionists installed a new teacher, and pupils divided according to parents' views on the question.

SENATOR FRYE, just returned from a European tour, says: "I found girls in factories in Venice working with great skill for from five to twelve cents a day, the most experienced getting twelve cents, out of which they had to liv; but how they liv is a wonder. Farm hands all over Europe earn twenty cents a day. Women do most of the field work. I saw no improved machinery on the farms of the Continent. It seems certain that there must be a European war in the near future. The only way to avoid it is to disband the armies, and that can't be done."


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## Gems of Thought.

I FANCY Hesper would hav been a little shocked if one had called her an Atheist. She went to church most Sundays—when in the country; for, in the opinion of Lady Margaret, it was not decor us there to omit the ceremony: where you hav influence, you ought to set a good example—of hypocrisy, namely! But if anyone had suggested to Hesper a certain old fashioned use of her chamber door, she would hav inwardly laughed at the absurdity.—*Geo. Macdonald.*

MAN, know thyself—study thy body, its every law and function, what it needs for food and drink, what it should breathe and how it should be clothed, what will develop it in harmonious proportions and how it may be clean and pure; study thy mind, the laws which govern thought, the highest uses which thought may be made to serve; study thy heart, what it is to love and to be loved, what it means to love not only persons, but truth, virtue, justice, as thy very self. And, having done all this, see how thy physical, thy affectional parts are so intimately interwoven that thou canst not draw a line of separation between them. See and know that thou art the temple of temples, whose incessant sacrifice is ceaseless aspiration for divine ideals, a never-ending search for knowledge, and a warm, unbounded love. This surely is natural, practical, universal religion. No sect, no system, has patented it. It is equally natural in all sects and under all systems. No word signifying less than universal will do for a prefix to it.—*Frederic A. Hinckley.*

THERE is no need of pulling down Christianity any more—it is down. It is now in order to study it as we study the myths and systems of Greece and India, with a certain sympathy and kindly construction, such as one puts upon a life that is ended. Nay, more, one may well recognize that this past religious world attained in its day, a power over mankind which has hardly yet been dreamed of by the baby religion of the new world, now in its manger. The world is practically without a religion which can curb human passions and selfishness as they were largely curbed by superstitious terrors. Those fears fled and laughed at, it is too soon to expect men to put faith in the power of the infant religion that has neither threat nor bribe. But this interval of skepticism will close, and the world presently be startled by the miracles of love incarnate in science.—*M. D. Conway.*

OH, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.
"They were dangerous guides—the feelings—she herself was not exempt;
Truly, she herself had suffered"—Perish in thy self-contempt!
Outliv it—lower yet—be happy! Wherefore should I care?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair. —*Tennyson's Locksley Hall.*

YE high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Ty'ed up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins tae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human;
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.

—*Burns's Address to the Unco Guid.*

LIVING men must hav living institutions. It is very idle to suppose that we are to be ruled by men who are lying in their graves. Each age is capable of judging of its needs: it is not to be supposed that a past age should know what we should want.—*National Baptist.*

EVERY age must take care of itself, and we must giv those that come after us credit for reopening the poll-book and letting in a new class of voters [women, for instance, 1882] as soon as one is found which can exercise the right usefully to itself and to the public.—*Edinburgh Review.*

THE spirit which has tried to fasten upon Paine the stigma of licentiousness, and has completely failed of doing so, has had no anxiety to fasten this stigma upon Hamilton or Washington, when success might hav rewarded industry. The reason is evident. Hamilton and Washington flung themselves against the orthodox tradition with destructiv force. The mantle of orthodoxy is a mantle of charity. It hides a multitude of sins that would else be published and paraded with unmitigable zeal.—*J. W. Chadwick.*

HE that does good to another man does good also to himself; not only in the consequences but in the very act of doing it; for the consciousness of well-doing is an ample reward.—*Seneca.*



JACOB DECEIVES HIS FATHER, SWINDLES HIS BROTHER, AND TELLS LIES.—Gen. xxvii, 19, 20.

## Odds and Ends.

"PA," said a Second avenue boy, "I know what makes folks laugh in their sleeves!" "Well, my son, what makes 'em?" "'Cause that's where their funny-bone is."

HE dropped his melon on the pave,
And when it fell kerflummux,
"Well, never mind," said he, "'twill save
A heap of trouble for our stomachs."

FOREMAN (to country editor): "Do you want the Rev. Mr. Goodman's sermon, 'Feed My Lambs,' to go on the editorial page?" Editor (absentmindedly): "No. Run it in the 'Agricultural Department.'"

THEIR love confessed, when ecstasy was o'er,
And they had partially returned to reason,
"Darling," said he, "hast ever loved before?"
"Well, no," she answered—"that is, not this season!"

FIRST Omaha politician: "I'm afraid it's all up with us, B ll." Second Omaha politician: "What's the matter?" "The *World* says the only two great issues of the future are labor and temperance." "Great Jinks! An' we must either work or stop drinkin' to catch votes?" "That's just it. Which shall we do, Bill?" "Commit suicide."

OMAHA man (at the circus): "So you are king of the Cannibal Islands, eh? I hav always given freely to heathen missions, and am glad to see one of the brands snatched from the burning." Cannibal king: "I came here to preach to you people, but was induced to travel for these kind men." "What did you expect to preach against?" "Against the use of tobacco? Most of the missionaries you sent us had smoked all their lives." "Ah, ha! So even you object to tobacco-smoking ministers?" "Yes, we don't want any more like them. Tobacco spoils the soup."

"SARY," said a Dakota man to his wife, "did you take them ten bunches of wheat I brought in an' put 'em all together an' mix the roots all up, an' plaster some mud on 'em in good shape?" "Yes, I fixed 'em." "Put the bunch in the wagon, an' I'll take it to town an' giv it to the ed'tor an' tell him it all grew from one seed. And then he will say in the paper that he 'was on Wednesday showed a stool of wheat by Farmer Doozenberry, in which there were over four hundred stalks an' heads. This remark'ble product is all from one grain of seed. Dakoty agin the world! Next!'"

"HERE you are, are you, you young reprobate?" said Mr. Badgerly, as he came across his son playing base-ball on the common. "So this is the way you spend the time that you ought to be putting in at school, is it? Here the teacher's been sending word wantin' to know if you were sick, and I've been hunting for you for the last hour. No, sir; I don't care if it is your strike or whose strike it is. I won't hav any more of this blame nonsense. You just——" Here the boy made an ineffectual pass at the ball, and the old gentleman paused. "Great Scott!" exclaimed the old man under his breath, as he pulled off his coat, "how many more strikes you got?" "Two," replied the boy, who had retreated to a safer distance as he observed his father's preparations. "Well, just hand me that bat, and I'll show you what your old father can do in the way of a home run. Pitch 'em up there, boy."

THE milkmaid known in former days,
If plain was not unbearable,
And often won the poet's praise;
But the milk made now is terrible.

IF Tennyson got £60 for writing the "Jubilee Ode," how much were ten Wordsworth? What is your opinion of Edgar A. Poetry? Why did Laurence Sterne instead of going straight? Notwithstanding his name, Joseph never Addison, nor a daughter either. What made Jonathan Swift, Richard Savage, Bishop John Still, and Mrs. Barbauld? Why did Richa d Lovelace? What a reputation Sir Walter Scott! Where did Edmund Waller? What sorrow caused Mrs. Fanny Steers? The writer Congreve over the fact that these notes are no Whittier if it is thought desirable, but it will be more to the point to promis, as he does faithfully, not to do so Hannah More.

IT was a New Bedford man who, when a terrible storm set in one night, rushed into the house of a neighbor and cried out, "Jones, this is the ending up of earth!" "I'm afraid so—I'm afraid so!" was the reply. "And what shall we do?" "Make our peace with heaven!" The wind blew still stronger, the house shook, and the caller exclaimed, "Jones, you lost five bushels of wheat last fall?" "Yes." "And you hav your suspicions?" "I hav. The man who took my wheat had better own up." "Can you forgiv him?" "I can." "Well——" Here the wind suddenly dropped, and after a look through the window the conscience-stricken man turned and finished, "Yes, if ever I meet him I'll advise him to call around!"

WHEN the young debutante gets sight of a beau,
She scarcely can peep through the leaves of her fan,
Her heart doth so flutter, her cheeks do so glow,
As she asks, all a-trembling, "Who is the man?"

Twenty doth bring her to years of discretion;
No longer she blushes, but changes her plan;
With thoughts of the pocket, the place, the profession,
She questions the circle with, "What is the man?"

At thirty, each day the thought doth appal her,
That hour by hour her roses grow wan,
Her circle of lovers grows smaller and smaller—
She duns each deceiver with, "Which is the man?"

Forty changes her tune, and, grown romantic,
Deems it charming to simper as much as she can;
Haunts watering-places, steams the Atlantic,
For the query of life now is, "Where is the man?" —*Life.*


HISTORY
OF THE
INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT
Of Europe.

By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D.

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# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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## Notes and Clippings.

CONCERNING the Labor leaders the *Tribune* remarks: "The men who hold it their most sacred duty on earth to strive to better the condition of their fellow-men, and who profoundly believe that they hav discovered the right way to do it, are never to be despised."

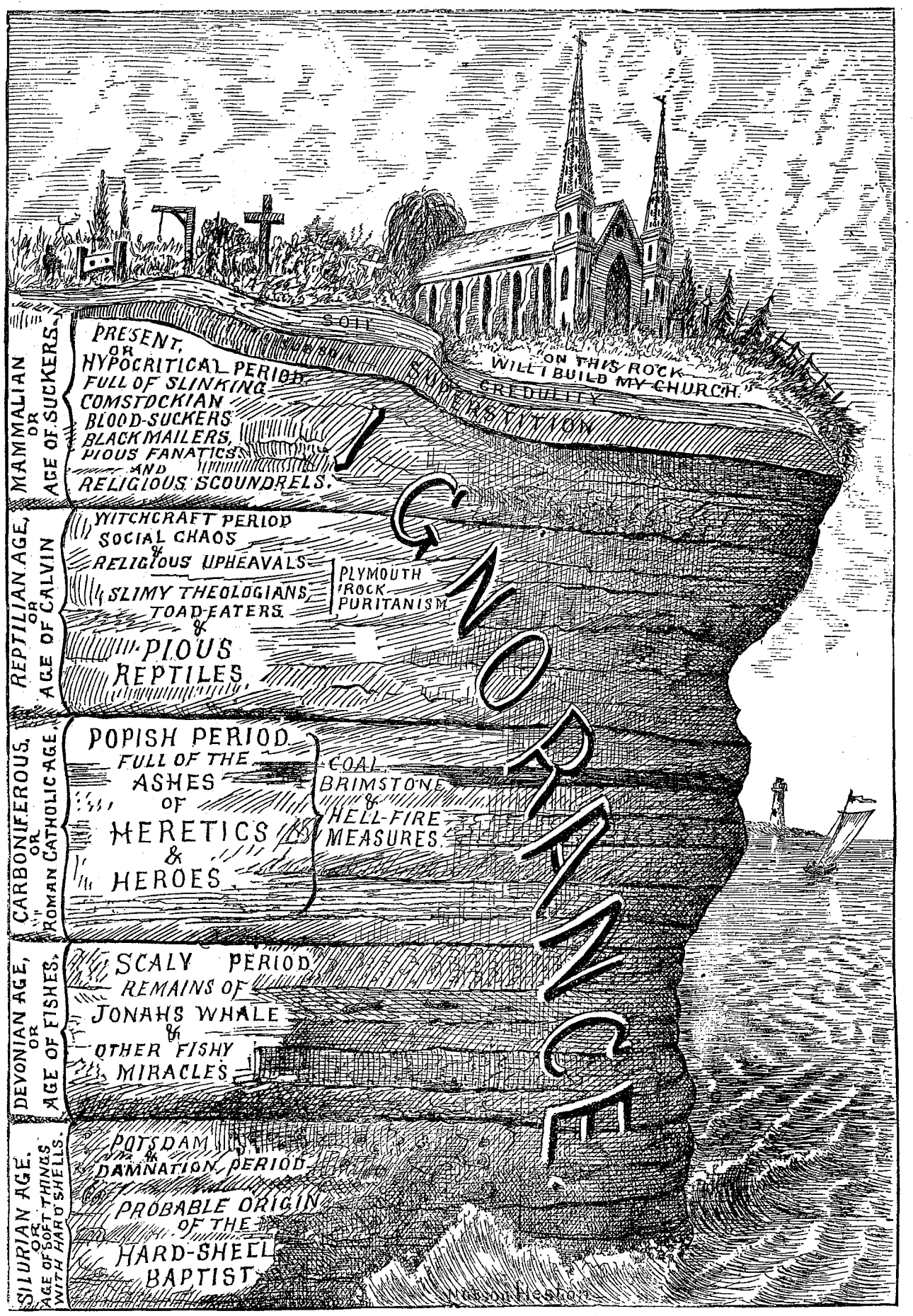
THE reporters who collect news of the doings of the labor organizations of New York city hav formed an assembly of the Knights of Labor which they hav named in honor of the late Dr. Horace Greeley. The purposes of the Horace Greeley assembly hav heretofore been purely social, but recently when the labor news reporter of the *Tribune* had a disagreement with his city editor and found it expedient to leave the paper, the Central Labor Union passed solemn resolutions denouncing the city editor and ordering that all news of the Central Labor Union's affairs be withheld from the *Tribune's* reporters. And so it has come about that the *Tribune* alone, the paper founded by Horace Greeley, is not represented in the Horace Greeley assembly, and its labor reporters are at present struggling under a boycott by their fellow-newsgathers.

THE Melbourne *Liberator* adds to an old item concerning Italy: "In 1861, a government inquiry revealed the interesting fact that out of the 26,000,000 population, 17,000,000 could neither read nor write. In the kingdom of Naples it was still worse. In five years the government, hated and opposed as it was by the priests, started 11,137 elementary schools, which were attended by 2,217,870 boys aud girls. All these would hav grown up in ignorance if the pope and his party had had their way. The first ragged school in Rome was opened by an American lady in 1870. As late as that year the inspectors found the children in Roman schools so ignorant that they could not make them understand either geography, syntax, or spelling. Some of them thought the Adriatic a mountain, Sardinia a city, Milan the capital of Sicily. One said Brutus was a despot, Dante a French poet, Petrarch a famous poetess. One boy declared Columbus an apostle; another said he was the Holy Ghost. Another said Cardinal Grant was president of the United States. Some did not know in what country Rome was, and had never heard of Jesus Christ. There were about 70,000 priests, monks, and nuns in Italy at the time."

THE *Conservator*, the organ of the colored folks of Chicago, has this to say about McGarigle, the "boodler" of that town who escaped to Canada: "So you let McGarigle get away, did you? I 'nowed it, leastways I 'spected it. You all was too perticular 'bout his health an' his high-toned ways. If he had been a colored man put in jail for grabbin' a stray chicken they'd dun put him in a cell and forgot he was there. This way makin' fish out o' one man an' dog-meat out o' 'nother ain't right."

THE Dallas, Texas, *Times* relates this as evidence that prayer is answered: "Just before the election there were prayers offered up for the success of the Prohibition amendment in Texas. Now that the amendment is defeated by such an overwhelming majority there are those who are disposed to ridicule the power of prayer. Those who are so disposed should not laugh too loudly. In a colored church in Dallas a part of the congregation prayed for the triumph of Prohibition. As soon as it had finished the other part raised its voice asking for the triumph of the anti's. It was a case where one or the other side had to win. The anti's claim there is much in prayer."

A CORRESPONDENT of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* spent the Fourth of July in a part of Illinois where the farmers hadn't had rain for a month, and were praying for it to come. He tells this story: "I was in the house of one of these farmers, a strong believer in the efficacy of prayer, and he told me he thought that the Lord was sending them the drouth to punish them for their wickedness. After dinner I went out into the woods and lay down under a tree. Pretty soon a big dead limb dropped off a tree close to my head. I had lived in the country long enough to know that was a good sign of approaching rain. Then, in a little while more, I heard a tree-toad chirp. Rain sign No. 2! Then I heard a rain crow caw, and I sat up to listen. Sign No. 3! Presently I heard a locomotiv whistle and the train rumble over a track I knew was fifteen miles away. Sign No. 4! I got up and went into the house and told my friend that I had been out praying for rain to come before night, and added that I was confident of getting what I wanted. He looked at me mournfully, and said in a hopeless way that he guessed not. It wasn't for an irreligious man from St. Louis to come out there and outpray all the people of that neighborhood. I took him out in the yard and showed him the clouds. 'Oh,' said he, with cheerfulness, 'that'll pass around us. We've had that to occur before.' But I made him make everything secure, and before long there came along a rain that would hav drowned a man if he had been out in it. The farmer was in ecstasies, and would hav canonized me if he had known how. I left while my laurels were green, and I suppose my old friend hasn't yet decided whether or not I possess supernatural powers."




THE ROCK OF AGES GEOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED.

FOUR hundred and one convicts confined in the main prison at Nashville hav appealed to the people of Tennessee to work for the adoption of the Prohibitory amendment. After saying that three-fourths of the inmates were made criminals by intoxicants, they close their appeal as follows: "Wearing the garb of disgrace, being dishonored and counted unworthy to mingle with the people of our state, we yet hav the same love for our wives, the same devotion to our mothers, the same affection for our sisters, and for their sake, and for the sake of our children, we appeal to you to unite as one man and free the state from a curse created by the hands of man, discountenanced by the law of God." Rev. N. W. Utley, chaplain of the penitentiary, certifies at the bottom of the list of names that the document was prepared by the convicts themselvs as a voluntary act.

# Communications.

## Dr. McGlynn's Position and His Church.

From all reports, news, and items that hav come within our reach, we can fairly conclude that Dr. McGlynn's case, especially his relation to his church and the position he is holding toward Catholic doctrins and ecclesiastical authority, has not yet been clearly stated and illustrated from an unbiased, philosophical point of view. From all this we may even venture to assert that Dr. McGlynn, not having started on his "new crusade" systematically, with a scrupulously measured and investigated plan, got into such a Scylla and Charybdis that he lost the control of his own destiny and is actually at the mercy of the waves.

Let us giv a fair, an impartial consideration to Dr. McGlynn's case in order to show the reader those latent agencies that are in operation beneath the surface of this singular disagreement of a Roman priest and his powerful church.

The bare case is this:

Dr. Edward McGlynn, a Roman Catholic priest, outside of his church availing himself of the liberties of an American citizen, proposes publicly a doctrin against the individual ownership in land, and declares it a wrong done to the multitude. He consequently espouses the theory of abolishing individual ownership in land, maintaining and teaching that land is the common property of all, entirely in the same way as are sunlight and air. The nation should be the owner, and its government is to administer it, collecting yearly rents from it so as to be able to abolish all other taxes, which are an unjust and unbearable burden upon the poor laborers.

The public teaching of this so-called land theory constituted an offense in the eyes of the Catholic church authorities. They warned and admonished the priest, who having persisted and preached the same principles in spite of remonstrances of the church authorities, there arose an open split between church and priest. As the priest would not part with his cherished principles, he incurred the ire of Rome, who finally launched down its heaviest thunder upon the head of the champion of the famous land theory—that is, excommunication.

Apart from these two offenses—the new land theory, and refusal to obey, or contumacy—Dr. McGlynn is also accused of having advocated the public school system in America against the Catholic parochial school system.

This is the case objectivly.

Whenever something of interest emerges from within the jealously guarded pales of the old Latin church, an unusual attention is paid to it all the civilized world over. It was more especially so with the case in question, which very closely interested the most important and most populous strata of modern society: the men of wealth or capitalists, and the men of labor—that is, the producers and transformers of raw material. Those theories, if realized, would undoubtedly revolutionize society; and so we venture to say that its every thinking member is entitled to giv an opinion on the subject or to take a subjectiv view of the case.

In accordance with this assumption we shall consider Dr. McGlynn's case from a theologico-philosophical point of view, with due consideration toward the case of both parties.

The first question which offers itself for discussion here is, whether the new "land theory" can really constitute an offense in the eyes of the Catholic church, and consequently cannot be taught by a priest of that church. Rome examined the land theory, but, too cautiously, pronounced no sentence concerning it, excommunicating the priest for obstinate disobedience. This caution may be a good policy toward the clamorous masses upholding and encouraging the fearless priest who, by the flocking multitude, is considered as being right; a martyr of his principles, a man of the people, a defender of the poor and oppressed, etc. Yet, it is not altogether wise. Learned ecclesiastics, or, in fact, all good theologians, know that the church has decided doctrins and laws with regard to this land theory; and such learned men will smile at the blind declamation and ignorant assertion of Dr. McGlynn that "it is not against the doctrins of the church;" "it is no dogma;" "no archbishop, no pope, has the right" to excommunicate him, etc.

We do not know which to admire more, his boldness in haranging the masses with such assertion, or his ignorance of Christian, particularly of Thomistic, philosophy. And he was educated in Rome!

What, we ask him, is the corner-stone of his cherished land theory? Is it not the abolition of individual right of ownership in land? What is to succeed to it? Natural or common ownerships. Now, we know only of two alternativs: either to possess individually (personally), or in common. To take possession of individual persons' properties by other individuals, without their consent, is robbery; to do the same under the auspices of a mob-created law, a king, or any monarch, is tyranny. If Dr. McGlynn were any kind of a theologian—not to speak of philosophy—he would undoubtedly know that there are pure, scriptural dogmas that need no special declaration, and such is the last commandment of the Decalog. "Non *domum*, non *agrum*, non servum, non ancillam, non bovem, non asinum, et *universa quæ illius sunt*." Would Dr. McGlynn oblige us by showing us whether the Catholic church has a dogma declared and proclaimed against murder?

His insipid and self-admiring declamation for a dogma, a declaration, and the like, exhibits him in such a light that "ignaros fallit, notis (vel scientibus) autem est derisui." He seems either not to know that the teachings of the church do not consist of a row of dogmas, or to know what is to be believed by a Catholic Christian. If he only looked in his school-books, he would find out very easily the nature of his doctrins: whether they are rejected and condemned by his so much beloved and admired church, or tolerated. We fear, however, that he would not know where to find them.

Does he really believe that the most autocratic of all social institutions, the Latin church, would, or, in fact, could tolerate such doctrins? It is impossible to suppose; and the fact is, that his doctrin has long been condemned, ever since the times of Gnostics; later against the Albigenses; still later against Th. Campanella; against Proudhon; against Fourier, etc. It is a doctrin of the Catholic church that "Homo *iure naturæ* potest acquirere et possidere dominio perfecto *stabiles proprietates;*" that is, "A man can by natural law (right) acquire and possess with perfect ownership any kind of real estate." And: "Imo, spectato iure gentium, homines naturæ officio tententur ad divisionem stabilium proprietatum." Communism, no matter of what kind, is most positivly rejected and condemned by the church, and private ownership is not only admitted, but positivly declared as the only lawful way of possessing unmovable goods. Where here does the necessity of a "dogma" come in? Is it not enough when the church advocates a doctrin and condemns its opposit? It should suffice such a pious Catholic man, who in his heart is so warmly attached to it that even by excommunication he cannot be severed from it?

Dr. Edward McGlynn does not know his own position, nor that of his own church; not even guessing from afar the fundamental principles upon which that old establishment is built. He only knows the archbishop, the cardinals, the pope, and the ecclesiastical "machine;" for the church itself and its dogmas he is full of filial and tender love. We shall undertake to show the doctor that he is the follower of Spinoza, consequently a Pantheist; a follower of Rousseau, Voltaire, Proudhon, etc.; therefore a strong Infidel, at the best, a Rationalist (lucus a non lucendo).

The father of modern Pantheism, Baruch Spinoza, whom, after Voltaire, we admire, study, and love the most—although we feel and think even more liberally than our great master, whose works (being so impious) Dr. McGlynn probably never read—beautifully, admirably explains the position of a natural man, the society, monarchy, aristocracy, freedom, slavery, god, etc. Except the scholastics, all philosophers adopted his views concerning society (although Socrates and Plato also approached his opinions); and there is no doubt that Dr. McGlynn is also his disciple.

Man in a natural state has no laws. There is no sin, no virtue, no merit, nothing good, nothing bad, nothing beautiful, nothing ugly, nothing just or unjust, etc., but all is either useful or harmful, comfortable or otherwise. A man is free just to the extent to which he is physically capable. He can destroy his enemies, acquire the necessaries of life in any way whatsoever. When natural man enters society, by this act, which is spontaneous, he will spontaneously lose some of his liberty, retaining only one share of it, equal to that of each other. The sacrificed rights collectivly constitute the public authority or executiv power. As each member of the society, singly or collectivly, cannot administer municipal, judicial, or legislativ affairs, all the members do it together by votes, electing certain persons whose business it will be to administer justice, create and execute laws, etc. That is, they constitute a parliament, government, kingdom, or republic. Certainly such is the origin of nations and all organized society. The power and authority has its source in the people, and the people thus is entitled to the right of election, and to create legislation, and to appoint the administrators of their own laws and rights. This is a republic.

Does Dr. McGlynn, as a citizen of the great American republic, approve of this theory? That he does, is perfectly known, since this was and is still his platform, whence he dared disobey his church authorities, the ecclesiastical "machine."

But now, there is another theory, diametrically opposed to this, and Dr. McGlynn, under oath, professes to adhere to and acknowledge that too! That other theory is included, as in a nutshell, in the following modest little axiom, "Omnis potestas desursum, a Deo" ("All power is from above, from God"). The followers of this principle say, "Nemo potest dare, quod non habet;" that is, "Nobody can giv what he does not hav." Since one man is no legislator in a multitude, one man is no parliament, and one man has no right and power, neither can a great number of such men hav such a power and right. The power is with God; God givs the power, by selecting one and putting him into power; that is, constituting him king, emperor, pope, etc. Hence, "Guilielmus, speciali Dei gratia imperator Germaniæ." "Leo XIII., speciali Dei gratia Pontifex Maximus." "Joannes, Dei et apostolicæ sedis gratia episcopus." Power and authority is given from above (from pope, emperor, king, bishop) downward by nomination, appointment, consecration, ordination, etc. People hav no right to elect a priest, a bishop, a count, a duke, a king, a pope.

The former is an Infidel system, the latter one is the "revealed" one; the former was in practice in pagan Rome, is in republics to day, is also among various Protestant sects and Infidels, upheld by Dr. McGlynn; the latter one in all kingdoms, empires, and in the orthodox churches, upheld by Dr. Mcglynn with oath and public profession.

Now, how does this agree? Worst of it for Dr. McGlynn is the ridiculous position into which he got by holding his American citizenship above the allegiance that he owes to his church. The authority of a Pantheistico-Protestantico-Infidel theory, his free American citizenship, above divine authority!—admissi, risum teneatis amici!

What is it, anyway, hypocrisy or ignorance?

We may add, that the constitution of the Catholic church is that of an absolute monarchy (see Catholic Philosophical Manuals); Dr. McGlynn is a citizen of it. Furthermore, the Catholic church teaches (see again Catholic Philosophical Manuals) that material power is less, the spiritual one is more, higher and more sublime. A republic—being of no divine origin, as all power is from above—is disregarded, not acknowledged, even denounced; better and higher is a kingdom; still higher is an empire; the highest, and the most sacred, is the popery; hence the three crowns. The pope is the king of kings, and more—the vicar of God. Dr. McGlynn is his citizen; yet in the same breath he claims that the pope has no right to summon him to Rome, or excommunicate him. Isn't this the most absurd and ridiculous claim?

No matter what a pope says in his encyclicas about his Liberalism, love and friendship toward free institutions, republics, it is a dangerous hypocrisy. Republicanism and popery are the zenith and nadir; the greatest possible oppositions, the two farthest distant extremities. The professional followers of one cannot be the friends of the other. If the church would, for an instant, admit Dr. McGlynn's theories, it would be the most astonishing suicide, a refutation and abjuration of its own very foundation.

Did Dr. McGlynn ever think about the questions here ventilated? We are sure that he never did.

He made an irreparable blunder right at the beginning; and this was his acquiescence into those praises which his parishioners hav him overwhelmed with, concerning his excellency, goodness, etc., as a priest; it was the locking of the door behind his back. He knew that if he persisted, his excommunication was but a matter of time; he also knew that he would persist. Having been praised so highly as a Catholic priest, a faithful disciple of the just-mentioned Roman doctrins and theories, that a really learned man never would claim, he could not fall back on Infidelism or any Protestant denomination without being pointed at by archbishops, priests, and Catholic laymen as a hypocrit; so then he had to slide down in the ridiculous situation where he is found to-day, clinging to the threshold of a house whence he had been flung out. Is this manly?—is it worthy of an educated man?

Otherwise, too, he had shown great frailties. His speeches and public orations are all ex abrupto, ex tempore—without a second's preparation, or previous careful, written elaboration; beginning where the irresponsible tongue deems proper, ending where chances suggest after one or two hours of unsystematical declamation. This is a very serious defect in a public speaker.

His attacks on the Roman machinery are skin-deep, unworthy of a doctor of theology; any man of newspaper learning and education could, without much hazard, rival him. An excommunicated Roman doctor of theology is expected to cut deeper, to show thorough competency and familiarity with the subject, and hav courage enough to tell all that is to be told.

In an organized body of men, be it religion, association, lodge, state, family, no man can be his own judge. Why does Dr. McGlynn pretend that his excommunication is null and void? He is not, and cannot be, regarded as his own judge; his judge is Rome, and Rome excommunicated him, and this ends all. A person who is not his own master; who has no free will; who is fed, sheltered, and provided for by another, is in the power of that person, who has and exercises full and unquestionable authority over the mind and body of his subject. Such a person is a slave, to whom his keepers prescribe eating, drinking, dressing, work, way of living; refusal of mar-

riage, of free migration, opinion, speech, etc. A Roman priest is exactly such a pitiable creature, and can not possibly appeal to his less important American citizenship.

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There is a second charge against Dr. Edward McGlynn, reproaching him for his predilection for our public schools. An Infidel or a Protestant cannot see the reason why the most orthodox of the churches should oppose public schools, where, it is thought, both the government and the community strive to do their very best for the education of their own children. We shall explain it.

Modern society is far advanced on the field of practical and experimental knowledge. Things in the visible world are explained according to experience and knowledge, not according to their appearance. To know and to believe are two things. If we explain things in the light of modern experience, we reduce the objects of belief; hence the legitimate supposition in the Catholic church that our public schools educate Infidels—that is, knowers and doubters, not believers.

Another justified objection is the objection to the Bible in the public schools. The Bible is for Protestants the only source of revelation; for Catholics it is not. The Catholic church reserved the right to explain and comment upon the Bible to herself; because the unity of faith is banished wherever the source of revelation is used and interpreted arbitrarily by the many—"quot capita tot sensus." And this accounts for the number of sects and denominations among Protestants. This is the Catholic objection. Our objection is more sweeping. We do not regard any ancient book as a source of ethics. Morality cannot be based on alleged, or even true, histories of ancient manners and obscure nations, men, and countries. Morals are based on science, or knowledge of facts and things, whence we form our principles, and adhesion to our principles givs us virtue, and a virtuous man is a moral man.

Now, Dr. McGlynn, advocating our public school system without reserve, acted correctly from a Protestant point of view, but very wrongfully from the point of view of his church. The Catholic church never educated, because she could not and would not, to science and experience. The principles of Christian philosophy had been laid down for these last four thousand years; there is no change, progress, imaginable. Such a step could only be taken over the dead body of the church. Scientific progress is encroachment on church territory. If Dr. McGlynn knew this, and still acted as he did, he is a traitor to his church; if he did not know the principles of his church, he is pitiable.

We quote the ground principle of the Catholic church in this matter in the following philosophical proposition: "Status civilis nullum ius habet imponendi suos magistros, suasque scholas patribusfamilias quoad filiorum educationem tum intellectualem tum moralem;" that is, "No state has any right to force its school-masters and its schools upon fathers of families with the view to educate their children in any manner, intellectually or morally." As to tolerance—as it would be required in a common public school—the Catholic church teaches: "Libertas conscientiæ in se spectata est omnino impia," *i. e.*, "Liberty of conscience, considered in itself, is absolutely impious;" but, "Libertas conscientiæ socialiter considerata, si in datis circumstantiis tolerari potest, numquam tamen est approbanda, et multo minus protegenda vel inculcanda," *i. e.*, "Liberty of conscience, socially considered, if it can be tolerated under given circumstances, is, however, by no means to be approved, and much less to be protected and inculcated." Again: "Libertas cultuum in se spectata est absurda," *i. e.*, "Liberty of worship considered by itself is absurd." And: "Quamvis socialis auctoritas civilis possit quandoque tolerare cultuum libertatem, eam tamen lege aliqua sancire nullatenus potest," *i. e.*, "Although social civil authorities occasionally could tolerate the liberty of worship, sanction it by law they could not possibly." Also: "Libertas docendi sive voce, sive scripto est intrinsece absurda et inhonesta," *i. e.*, "Liberty of teaching, either in speech or in writing, is absurd and dishonest intrinsically." "Libertas docendi est ad corruptionem mentis et cordis," *i. e.*, "The liberty to teach is only destined to corrupt mind and heart."

Here the Catholic leading principles are seen in broad daylight. Is this the liberality and friendly feelings of the pope and church toward republics and liberal institutions? Can a republic and liberty hav any more dangerous enemies than Roman hypocrisy? Is this institution the idol of Dr. McGlynn, to which he is so much attached that he cannot separate himself from it even if thrown out or ejected?

Poor Dr. McGlynn! Does he know his situation? He certainly does not realize it.

What, then, did prompt him to plunge himself into this pool? Dr. McGlynn is not responsible for the act—it has secret natural reasons, only to be understood in the light of ethnological relations, racial sympathy, which works unnoticed. Examples are the Catholicity of the Latin and Celtic races, the Protestantism of the Teutonic family, the orthodoxy of the Sclavonic tribes, the monotheism of all Shemites, the Trinitarianism of the Aryan stock in Asia and the West.

This also explains the denunciation of the Teutons in this country by Dr. McGlynn; but for his superficial and shallow objects, together with his little motivs, and scratches on the surface, on Roman collars, Germanization, etc., nothing, nobody, answers, not even Dr. Edward McGlynn.

*New York City.* PROF. A. J. MOGYOROSI.

## Freethought in Australia.

The Freethinkers hav just been having a lively encounter with the authorities in Sydney, New South Wales. In the early part of last month, when the loyalists of our sister colony were exerting almost superhuman strength to create an enthusiasm over the unpopular jubilee celebrations, a meeting was called by the mayor of the city. The object of this meeting was to get up a treat for the public school children in celebration of the "jubilee" of the queen of England. Amongst the two hundred persons who attended were a good sprinkling of republicans, who constitute a large section of the Secularistic party. To the great discomfiture of the conveners of the meeting, the Secularists, or, more correctly speaking, the republicans, who were present succeeded in carrying an adverse amendment; and, as may be imagined, they succeeded in thoroughly arousing the ire of their opponents. The disappointed loyalists, not to be outwitted in this manner, induced the mayor to call another meeting in order to undo the work of the first one; and in order to secure themselvs against another defeat by the republicans, they secretly issued tickets to their known sympathizers in order to pack the meeting. But Demos was not to be thwarted in this manner. No sooner did the news spread that the tickets were being issued than a number of forged tickets were instantly prepared by the disloyalists, and to the surprise of their opponents a great number of them gained admission before the forgery was detected. Then commenced the contest in hot earnest. The doors were closed upon the crowd to prevent them from entering, but they quickly succeeded in forcing their way inside, and a scene of confusion and disorder ensued. Groans, cheers, hooting, and hissing drowned the voices of the would-be speakers, and fighting became general. The mayor adjourned the meeting in the midst of the wildest disorder. But the dispute did not end here. Sir Henry Parkes, being appealed to, ordered all the theaters to be closed on Sundays. This was a terrible blow to the Secularists, for they could no longer hold their concerts and lectures on that day, and a deal of indignation is being expressed in the matter. The government justify their action toward the Secularists on the ground that the latter constitute a "despicable minority"—an unpardonable sin in the eyes of our noble rulers, and, unfortunately, a sin also according to the popular ethics of a great number of the Secularists themselvs. A petition is being signed for presentation to the New South Wales legislature asking that the theaters be reopened on Sunday; a subscription is being got up for Mr. Thomas Walker, who is principally dependent on these lectures for a living, and there the matter rests at present. Freethought lectures may be for the time suppressed, but the desire for freedom is intensified.

The jubilee celebration has come and gone, and a more opportune season could probably not hav been chosen if striking contrasts were to be brought into prominence. We hav witnessed grand illuminations, and costly ones too, and at the same time poverty and destitution on the part of those who hav produced these grandeurs; we hav had fashionable balls and torchlight processions, while thousands of able and willing workmen are vainly parading the streets in search of employment, that they and their families may obtain food and clothing. Unfortunately for those who hav been instrumental in getting up the ephemeral jubilee demonstrations, they hav had to hold them in a time of keen social depression; and they hav far from created the feeling of satisfaction which they desired.

The Freethinkers of Melbourne are having a quiet time of it just now; although, by the way, Mr. Symes recently received intimation that his paper would again be prosecuted, the reason not being given. Although I say Freethinkers are having a quiet time, do not misunderstand me to imply that they are making no headway. On the other hand, we hav good cause to congratulate ourselvs on the solid progress which has been made for some time past. As Freethinkers, more attention has been given to matters relating to freedom than has been the practice in the past; and as Secularists, more attention has been bestowed on secular matters and less on theological controversy. As showing this healthy tendency, it is sufficient to note that the weekly debates of the Australasian Secular Association hav been upon such questions as "Why Do Men Starve?" "Black and White Labor, or the Chinese Question," "The Causes and Cure of Larrikinism," "Why Do Workers Want?" "The Want of Liberty the Cause of Starvation," "Political Privilege the Cause of Present Evils," "Is Anarchy Superior to Government?" and "Is Poverty Curable by Government?" When such live issues as the foregoing are discussed by the Secularists week after week, without intermission, and when, moreover, public debates are held every Sunday evening at the Melbourne Anarchists' Club upon all the weighty problems of land, currency, commerce, and political and social questions generally, it speaks well for the development of radical thought in this far-away corner of the globe.

There hav been several changes in the Freethought press of the colonies since I last found time to write to you. The *Rationalist* (N. Z.) has not been revived as the *Liberal*, as was intended; and I hav reason to fear that the company which floated it has mysteriously collapsed. The *Reflector* (N. S. W.) only issued for a few weeks, and then promised to appear as a monthly—a promis that was never fulfilled. The Henry-Georgian paper, *Our Commonwealth* (S. A.) has been transformed from a weekly to a monthly, and is manfully struggling to keep afloat. A sprightly little State-Socialistic weekly, the *Radical*, has been started at Hamilton (N. S. W.); and a miserable little scissors-and-paste hotch-potch has just shown itself at Sydney (N. S. W.), bearing the ambitious title of the *Republican*, though why it is so called is not very clear, unless its object is to catch the sympathies of the Sydney republicans, now that they are having their political corns trodden on by the government which they are always so proud of claiming to be a democratic one in fact, if not in name. And lastly, there is *Honesty* (Melbourne), a monthly periodical, devoted to political and social matters generally, and Anarchism in particular.

Little news comes from New Zealand regarding the state of the Freethought propaganda there; and, in fact, the movement appears to be languishing since the demise of its recognized organ, the *Rationalist*, although there is no doubt that the latter has left behind it an influence which will continue to be felt for some time to come. I hope next time I write to send better tidings from this bright little spot in the Australias. DAVID A. ANDRADE.

*South Yarra, Melbourne, Australia,* July 11, 1887.

## Do, As Well As Doubt.

On every side we see accumulating the evidences of the persistent efforts of the church to stay the current of Freethought. All the combined energies of the different sects of Christians are being exerted to dam the waves of progress. The most infamous, yet subtle, schemes are resorted to to intimidate Infidels from the utterance of their honest convictions. Fully realizing its inability to refute our arguments or impair the force of the facts arrayed against it, the church employs such despicable minions of intolerance, sectarian hate, and bigotry as Anthony Crary Comstock to lobby bills through a venal and corrupt legislature, with the admitted intent to suppress all Liberal literature, or any publication objectionable to sectarianism.

Not alone the sanctity of our homes, but even private correspondence, is invaded; and yet thousands of Liberals sit supinely by. Not being immediately, individually molested, they remain inert, with owl-like complacency, blinking at the priestly machinators laying cunning snares to deprive them of liberty and every right that makes life desirable.

Alas! many actually giv of their means to help the power that shall enslave them. They giv ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred dollars to the church they avow they despise, and then declare they cannot afford to subscribe to a Liberal paper, the exponent of the principles they profess to love. It is to be regretted that such persons left the church before the glorious principles of Infidelity, "justice, and promotion of others' happiness" had evoluted them out of Christian selfishness and hypocrisy.

It speaks well for Infidelity that, despite being thus dead-weighted, it makes such grand progress and draws to its support such hosts of the best and noblest the world produces. The desire to inspire men with the love of liberty, right, and truth, and each other with a spirit of fidelity to duty, should be the first desire of every friend of humanity. Let all honest hearts make especial effort, then, to sustain the Liberal press, the bulwark of our liberty, and induce friends and neighbors to subscribe.

Our cause is onward. Neither mollusk, priest, nor parson can stay the car of progress. If they do not speedily evolute out of their old ruts, they will be buried in the mud of oblivion.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

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A PERSON who derives all his instruction from teachers or books, even if he escape the besetting temptation of contenting himself with cram, is under no compulsion to hear both sides; accordingly it is far from a frequent accomplishment, even among thinkers, to know both sides; and the weakest part of what everybody says in defense of his opinion, is what he intends as a reply to his antagonists.—*Mill.*

# The American Secular Union.

COURTLANDT PALMER, President.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary, - - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
E. A. STEVENS, Chair. Fin. Com., - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.

## Call for the Eleventh Annual Congress of the American Secular Union.

*To the Auxiliary Secular Unions and to all citizens of the United States and Canadas who support the Nine Demands of Liberalism:*

You are wanted to attend the Eleventh Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, to be held at Chicago, October 15th and 16th.

The Congress will be called upon to consider measures for carrying on the work of Freethought and securing the adoption of such laws by the various state governments and by the national government as shall make the United States thoroughly secular, and the repeal of all laws now on the statute books which conflict with the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

Local auxiliary Unions are entitled by the Union constitution to five representativs—the President and Secretary and three delegates. All charter-members and life-members, all Vice-Presidents, all Chairmen of state Executiv Committees, are entitled to seats and votes in the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats, but not votes, except by permission of the Congress.

It is hoped that every auxiliary Union will send a full delegation to the Congress, and that every Freethinker in the United States and Canada who can will be present.

Per order Board of Directors:

COURTLANDT PALMER, Pres.
SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Sec.
E. A. STEVENS, Ch. Fin. Com.
CHAS. ECKHARD, Treas.

## News and Notes.

Fortunately my traveling companion, F. A. Brockway, of Crescent City, W. T., who had landed early in the morning when we first struck the sand bar, August 6th, became my good angel, and returned with the vessel's boat; and so, by hard work at rowing over a rough sea, I had a chance to quit my floating prison-house and find consolation in roaming amid the half-dozen houses of Dungeness, and eating my dinner where I could sit upright with more prospect of swallowing my food, which I could scarcely do on board the grounded steamer. Having nothing else to occupy the afternoon, Mr. Brockway and myself tramped over the forest-embowered country. I found some elegant farm buildings and well-cultivated fields on this apparently wild shore, and discovered that about Dungeness are the richest lands of the territory. Valuable stock is here, ranging in value from one hundred to four thousand dollars per head. The butter made in this section commands a premium in the market. It is astonishing what the soil can produce. I never saw such exuberant wheat fields. They giv as high as one hundred and twenty-three bushels to the acre. The oat crop ranges from one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty bushels to the acre, the grass three or four tons, potatoes eight hundred bushels, and turnips one thousand bushels to the acre. These figures are verified by actual measurement. Of course, the average yield is only about half. As to fruits, apples, pears, peaches, plums, and cherries are produced in abundance. It costs, however, about one hundred dollars per acre to clear these lands, the trees—some of them are of enormous growth—running up to three hundred and fifty feet in hight. I spent several hours in studying agriculture, waiting for the high tide. About five o'clock the boat was right side up, and by sunset we sped on our way to Port Townsend, and arrived there Saturday evening. I was glad to be able to bid a long farewell to the Dispatch—so named, I suppose, because it is generally behind time, and goes aground on every other trip.

I had the pleasure of meeting Squire Morris at Dungeness, who is an old-time Infidel of the coast, and who flourishes in spite of his Methodist neighbors, and is hale and hearty in his veteran service.

Port Townsend is a quiet yet vigorous little city, and by no means behindhand in the race for empire. It has the grandest natural scenery and surroundings. It is prosperous, and has bright hopes and flattering prospects. From the porches of its residences on the elevated shores the eye sweeps the circle of a hundred miles that includes bays, straits, rolling woodlands, and distant mountains clad with perpetual snow.

A majority of its best and wealthiest citizens are unflinching Liberals, all of whom are activ, pushing business men. A syndicate has just been formed for the building of a railroad from this point to the Columbia river, and thence to Portland, passing through excellent coal, mining, and timber lands. The enterprise will giv Port Townsend an immense advantage for the China trade, and will make it probably the western terminus of the Union Pacific railroad lines, in which case it will hav a magnificent growth. The harbor of Port Townsend is one of the best and largest in the world. It is about six or seven miles long and from four to six miles wide, and affords anchorage in every part, being in all places from seven to fifteen fathoms deep. A thousand ships might anchor here. It is six hundred miles nearer China than San Francisco, and is the only American port that can compete with Vancouver, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific. Vancouver and Port Townsend are about the same distance from China, the harbors are of about the same size, and it looks as if these eventually would be the English and American competing points for the great tea trade of the East. San Francisco is out of the race if expedition is taken into account, for she is at least a three-days' voyage behind Port Townsend and Seattle. I reckon that these latter will divide the honors in this commercial contest; being on different sides of the sound, each has some advantage which the other does not possess.

The Alaska trade is getting to be of vast importance. The mines of that country are being wonderfully developed—as well as the fisheries—and are a source of great wealth. As Alaska is not an agricultural country, all the supplies will be shipped from Puget sound. They even supply from that point the distant Amoor country. It will thus be seen that as commerce develops Puget sound will be one of the grandest marts in the world, and its shores will one day be as lively and brilliant as those of the Mediterranean itself.

I see my friend Jeffries, of Albany, wants to come West. I advise him to correspond with D. W. Smith, of Port Townsend, and I don't think he could find a better place for Liberal enterprise than on the sound. Mr. Smith was last year mayor of Port Townsend, and is one of the bravest Liberals and go-ahead men in the country. I lectured Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday evenings to large and appreciativ audiences, and I found stanch and noble friends. I enjoyed the delightful hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. James Searey, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Jackman, and Mr. and Mrs. Capt. H. E. Morgan, with that of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Smith. These hav all been in this country for years, and partake of its glorious pioneer spirit. They are not at all afraid. They hav battled with fortune on land and sea, and won the prize. With these, also, is Mr. Vincent, Judge J. A. Kuhn, Chas. Eisenbeis, Capt. John F. Hinds, Mr. Church, F. W. Hastings, L. B. Hastings, David Littlefield, Capt. Hoxie, A. J. Smith, David Spoor, Wm. Paine, Dr. Hunt, L. H. Jones, J. J. Calhoun, Quincy A. Brooks, collector of the port; A. C. Adams, W. E. Stevens, N. T. Oliver, G. Behrman, John Slater, and many others. All are prominent in the community, many holding offices of trust. They hav been in the country from the beginning and are its advance guard for all enterprises of pith and moment. I hav enjoyed myself, and set my face eastward with a happy heart, for I hav found comrades who hav made my work splendid with hope and cheer, and their kindness and generosity and bright greetings hav given sunshine to every toil. and I hav had scarcely a moment of discouragement or gloom.

Wednesday morning I leave Port Townsend, with its promis-crowned hights overlooking the far shining waters, and glancing to the Orient with expectant eyes, and in the afternoon, amid the golden mists, Seattle, from its resplendent hights, also puts forth its eager hands for conquest. John H. Hummell, Messrs. Amunds, Wickstrom, Judge Bush, John Lavender, and others, again I greet. Judge Bush, who was for so many years in Ingersoll's office, has prepared a most excellent and exhaustiv work on the "Oath Question," and I hope to see it soon in print, for it is a valuable text-book and will be of great service in our political reform. He givs the history and nature of the oath in all nations and religions, and shows that the Christian oath has been an intrusion on the common law oath, and was not originally the form of oath in English courts.

I leave Seattle early on Thursday morning and in the afternoon arrive at Portland, where my friends, Newnert, Saunders, Niles, Beal, etc., are ready for the line of advance. I was glad again to greet McElsander, all the way from Eagle Creek, and Mrs. Haight, of East Portland, who is one of our unflinching pioneer women in this land, and whose hospitality was one of the delights of my pilgrim journey.

I lectured Thursday evening on "American Poetry," and then we mingled the practical with the ideal and after the lecture organized a Secular Union. Mr. Hewitt presided at the meeting. Mr. Fisk was elected president of the organization, Mr. Whitfield secretary, and Mr. Neunert treasurer; and I hav no doubt we shall hav a strong society at this place to push the Nine Demands. I believe that when I return Portland will be one of the most flourishing points on the coast for Secular work.

All day Friday it is a lovely day. I leave Portland early in the morning by steamer, and go up the broad and beautiful Columbia to the Dalles. In some places the river is a mile and a half wide. The scenery is wild and grand. The country is so rugged that it has been surveyed only from two to seven miles from the shores on either side. The banks shoot up abruptly a thousand feet and assume all sorts of fantastic shapes. The mighty mountain appears, and vast forests rolling away for hundreds of miles. The magnificent peak of Mt. Hood is in view, and they say it is still a volcano and belches fire and smoke. It is white against the sky, fourteen thousand feet aloft.

We pass the cascades by rail, and these roll and tumble with terrific force, but I reckon some day ships will shoot these rapids with safety. They must hav had some big earthquakes here some day, the shores are heaved and tossed into such numberless forms. The scenery is constantly varying, with green fields, palisades, bare peaks, wooded knolls, sandy beaches, and rifted rocks. We pass the ancient burying-ground of the Indians that juts halfway into the river, where the remains of their melancholy tombs are seen, in contrast with the marble monument erected in honor of one of the early white settlers.

Beautifully the sunset streams over the river and the shores, and the boat speeds on to new and entrancing prospects. Amid the glistening walls of green and gold and gray, and the silver radiance of the misty sky, we arrive at the Dalles and take the cars for Colfax. We expect to be at Paseo next week; and Goldendale, Aug. 21st; Baker City, Aug. 28th; Prairie City, from Aug. 29th to Sept. 5th; Emmett's and Boise City, Idaho, from Sept. 5th to Sept. 19th; Salt Lake City, for Convention of Utah Liberals, Sept. 24th and 25th, and then Eastward by Canon City, Denver, etc., for Chicago in November.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*The Dalles*, Aug. 12, 1887.

## Persecution for Opinion's Sake.

Ever since civilization and enlightenment began, those who hav evolved new theories or adopted unpopular views hav been maligned, abused, persecuted, and sometimes treated to a dungeon cell. In former times, when people were very superstitious and ignorant, and closer kin to the brute creation, the rack, the thumb-screw, the ax, the gibbet, were freely used in trying to suppress freedom of speech and of thought. But it was impossible to crush out liberty and right. The sense of the best part of humanity always believed that to speak his honest thought is every free man's right, and to-day, in consequence of that right, in consequence of the world's progress, there is less persecution in it than ever before.

Yet, there is still too much of it for the world's good. Men and women suffer daily for opinion's sake, and will until all cruelty, hatred, and malignity are banished forever out of the world.

"Aunt Elmina," whom you know as the author of "Little Lessons" and other books, has, as you are aware, been arrested, not long ago, on a charge of using the United States mails in a wrong way. She is greatly distressed in consequence of the arrest, and feels that she, too, is persecuted for opinion's sake.

How true, or untrue, the charge against her may be, the trial in October next will determin; but we, who hav known her for a truly good woman; who hav read her books, essays, and sensible ideas in many newspapers; hav known how her heart has gone out time and again to the aged, the poor, the destitute, and unfortunate, cannot feel that she has wilfully transgressed the laws of the land, or that she has intended any wrong whatever. She may hav been indiscreet, imprudent, unwise in her choice of methods, as viewed from our standpoint, and not hers; her way may be entirely different from our way; but for that, we should not condemn her or turn the cold shoulder in the hour of her extremity. Let us esteem her for the good that she has done, for the noble and valuable work she has contributed to the world; for her kind heart, her love for the human race and zeal to benefit the same, which last may hav been the means of drawing her into the vortex of trouble in which she is now plunged.

E. W. Chamberlain, treasurer of the National Defense Association, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 30th called for testimonials certifying to the good works that she has done; and surely we can all testify, and gladly, to her ability as a writer and reformer, and the benefit that many hav received from her hands.

We all like to hav our friends stand by us, and it is noble not to desert a friend in the hour of need—the hour when a friend is a friend indeed, for it is in the time of trial and adversity that friends show their true worth—and let us all assure "Aunt Elmina" of our appreciation of all her good works, and also of our sympathy in the misfortune that has befallen her. The children, by mentioning her kindly in their little letters, will help to make her heart glad in this hour of sorrow and trouble.

S. H. W.

THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY'S Catalog of Freethought, Reform, and Scientific Books will be mailed free to any address upon application.

## Christianity and Civilization.

It is often said that Christianity has contributed to the civilization of the world. It is asserted that arts, sciences, and material improvements hav followed in the footsteps of its missionaries; that when the Bible is introduced, man quits his savage state, and advances toward a higher condition. Such statements are contradicted both by reason and fact.

It is not possible that a religion founded upon mystical records of the dreams of illiterate savages could foster civilization. Man's improvement has been built upon facts capable of proof, and knowledge gained by experience. Christianity is erected upon visions and delusions. When Jacob, out of the many gods of his ancestors, chose Jehovah for his god, he made the selection owing to a dream that he had in his sleep. When this same Jehovah sent his son to redeem the world, the knowledge that he was his son, born of a virgin, and not a mere man, begotten like other men, was communicated to Joseph in a dream. When the law of Moses concerning meats clean and unclean was abolished, it was because Peter dreamed a dream. This is the teaching of the Bible. It is not the teaching by which peoples are civilized. It is the teaching which keeps them in ignorance, and binds them to poverty and slavery. When they come out of those conditions and advance to a better state, they awake from sleep, and cast away the memory of dreams. Night with its drowsy slumbers is past for them, and by the bright light of day they investigate, they test, they prove, they accept, or they reject.

A religion which teaches its disciples to despise this life and consider it as only a passage to another, can never civilize the world. It is the savage who is content to liv from day to day as best he can, hoping, when he dies, to pass to some happier spirit land. If he emerges from that condition, cultivates the earth and makes it bring forth harvests, adopts means of making life more useful and beautiful, it is because he recognizes the advantages resulting therefrom in this world, and not because he submits his intellect to a religion which teaches him to count this life as nothing and urges him to take no thought for the morrow. If he abandons violence toward his fellows and acts with justice and propriety, it is because he learns that such conduct is most conduciv to his interests here, and not because he has adopted a religion which teaches him that rewards and punishments belong to a future state, and that every offense may be pardoned at the eleventh hour.

Civilization, instead of advancing with Christianity, has ever receded where she has placed her foot. Thousands of years before Jesus was born, there were mighty civilizations. There was that of Rome, mistress of the world. Arts, science, and letters flourished under her government. A religion which, however false, had at least a poetic beauty and a refining influence wanting in more modern theologies, was here. Where the Roman eagle advanced, uncultured man abandoned his rude ways. He wandered no more about the forest, depending upon the chances of the chase to save him from starvation. Along the great Roman roads that stretched over the known world, the fruits of industry were carried. If wrong were done, even in remote corners of her colonies, the citizen of Rome could turn to his protecting mother, claiming his right. Christianity itself bears witness to the civilization it found already established, for its Bible tells us that Paul, in the hour of peril, claimed the privilege of a Roman citizen and appealed to Cæsar. But a sad hour came, and Constantine, unworthy successor to a noble line, bowed his neck to the cross. Rome became Christian, and that once mighty organization began to crumble to pieces. Where she had reigned supreme, the savage roamed again. The center whence earthly justice, earthly knowledge, earthly art, had spread over the nations, became the center whence the anathemas of heaven were hurled against all who did not sacrifice this world to win another. The rule of Christ had set in. The age of darkness had commenced. Civilization was lost in the black cloud of a blind faith.

Older even than that of Rome was the civilization of Greece—a thing of beauty and of joy that did not quit the world without leaving behind it a sweet fragrance which delights us still. The songs of its poets are music to our ears, the sculptures of its artists brightness to our eyes in our own day. But the voice of the singer is hushed, the hand of the artist has lost its cunning. Greece became a battle-ground where Jesus and Mohammed struggled for power to lead men to seek a better world by making this world worse. In her land once dwelt the philosopher, the man of letters, the wise legislator, the artist, and the poet. From her ports once sailed the vessels of the wealthy merchant, bearing the fruits of her soil and the manufactures of her cities. In her land dwell now the beggar, the assassin, and the brigand. From her shores sails now the starving fisherman, lazily dreaming of a time to come when he hopes to be transferred to another and a better world. The cross and crescent hav done their work. We look for Grecian civilization to-day, and see only the traces of former loveliness in her beautiful corpse.

Yet older was the civilization of Egypt. Old when the ignorant Israelites heard the voice of an angry God in the thunder clouds of Sinai; old when the barbarian Abraham sought to appease a cruel divinity by the sacrifice of his son; old when the God Christians profess to adore was but one among many gods Abraham's fathers worshiped, and not yet selected for their chief—mistress of sciences and arts since lost. What mighty engins were employed in building those wondrous pyramids that still stand, defying time, centuries, and ages, after the work of subsequent civilizations hav crumbled into dust! What marvelous chemistry preserved the bodies of the builders and has kept them perfect to this day! What knowledge of other worlds taught them to map out with accuracy the starry spheres! Surely there was civilization in Egypt when, in times of famin, the perishing of other nations flocked to her as the land of plenty, and were fed. Surely there was civilization there where from all quarters of the globe scholars gathered to compare and exchange their knowledge. Surely there was civilization in the country that possessed the most complete library the world has ever seen. There was—but there is not. The doom of Egyptian civilization was sealed when the early Christian converts fled from her cities to the deserts, shunning the society of their fellow-men to dwell with wild beasts that they might find a lasting habitation with Jesus in a world to come.

Antedating probably even that of Egypt were two civilizations which hav continued to our own time, those of India and China. Cruel efforts hav been made and are making to introduce Christianity among those innocent people. Scattered over the earth to-day there are about two hundred millions of Christians of various sects. In India and the East there are three hundred million Buddhists. Among them a few ignorant peasants hav become so-called converts to Christianity. In our own land Christian men and women of culture and high thought are abandoning the teachings of Jesus for those of Buddha, and finding in Zeus Chrishna the original of Jesus Christ. Others, believing themselvs to be still Christians, are being led by the natural liberality of their own minds to so humanize their faith that they seek Nirvana and call it heaven. If there is more of mildness, beauty, and truth in the teaching of Jesus than in that of Moses, it is owing to the fact that, between the two, Buddhist principles had spread until they struck on Jewish hearts. If Christianity to-day is more liberal, more refined, and more moral than it was six centuries back, it is because the voice of humanity has been making itself heard, speaking truths that Buddha spoke.

We are sometimes told that civilization follows Christianity because that religion teaches us our duties to each other. All that is good in its teaching is summed up in the sentence, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." Shall we send missionaries to teach this as a new commandment to the Chinese, who read the writings of Confucius —whose ancestors, five centuries before Jesus is said to hav been born, read therein: "Do unto another what you would hav him do unto you, and do not to another what you would not hav him do unto you. Thou needest this law alone. It is the foundation of all the rest."

As men become civilized, they cast off the beliefs, the habits, and customs of savage life, and develop the good which is within themselvs. They discover truth by science, and apply their discoveries to useful purposes by art. Christianity has ever opposed science, and if at times she has encouraged art, it has been to render it subservient to her own ends. When she had most power, civilization was driven farthest back. In the Dark Ages, when she ruled, no progress was made to benefit mankind. None could be made, for every scientific discovery was subjected to scriptural test. Since then progress has kept pace with the retreat of Christianity before the advance of humanity. Civilization has reached the highest development it has yet attained in those spots where there is least faith. If we want Christianity practically regulating men's lives, we must seek it in the miserable shanty of the starving Irish peasant, or on the steps of some Italian church, where the lazy lazzaroni beg their bread. Christianity never elevated the condition of man. It never made him strive to win his rights, but taught him that was smitten on one cheek to turn the other to receive another blow. It never instructed him to preserve what he had gained, but commanded him to reward the robber who stole his coat by presenting him with his cloak. It never raised him from poverty by encouraging thrift and industry, but bade him take no thought for the morrow, and set for his example the lily of the field that "toils not, neither does she spin." As civilization advances, Christianity retires, the standard of the cross is lowered, the Bible criticised, its errors and its crimes brought to light, and over all rises in triumph the cultured reason of man.

*New York city.* E. J. BOWTELL.

## Among the Heretics.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY is in poor health, and contemplates leaving England for awhile. He may visit America.

THE Melbourne *Liberator* is bringing out a series of biographies and pictures of prominent Freethinkers. The Christians hav not yet got Mr. Symes into jail for his heresy, though they are trying hard.

THE Spiritualist camp-meetings are better attended this year than on any previous year, and there seems to be more of them. The report of the Seybert commission has not shaken the faith of a great many—none that we hav heard of.

MR. G. W. FOOTE, of the *Freethinker*, is now under the Christian harrow. One of the stories told about him by the Christians is that he deserted his wife in June, 1876. Mr. Foote was not married until March of the following year.

COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL and family are trying to keep cool at Marblehead, Mass. Though Mr. Ingersoll has not lectured for many months, the Christians hate him as heartily as ever. This is a certificate to the continued good character of Mr. Ingersoll.

IN the Texas Prohibition campaign, Mr. Shaw, of the *Independent Pulpit*, was with the "Anti's." Now that the election is over and the temper of the combatants has cooled, he proposes to discuss the question with a view to its possible future agitation.

MR. THOMAS WALKER, a Freethought lecturer of Australia, has begun the monthly publication of an illustrated journal named the *Republican*. The first number contained Colonel Ingersoll's oration on the Declaration of Independence. The advocates of a republican government for Australia are numerous.

SALADIN, of the *Secular Review*, has been summering on the Clyde river. Mr. Ross is a Scotchman who loves his rugged country, however much he hates her superstition. No doubt his Scotch ancestry has much to do with his strong writing. Scotchmen are noted for expressing their opinions with vigor, if not always with tolerance.

DR. GEORGE W. BROWNE, of Rockford, Ill., was one of the pioneers of Kansas liberty. He went to Kansas in 1855, and in Lawrence established the *Herald of Freedom*. Twice was his office sacked by a mob; he was imprisoned, and for months lived in daily fear of assassination. He is a vigorous Infidel writer, and his researches into ancient history are extensiv.

THE *New Thought* prints an old-fashioned Catholic curse as the one sent over by Pope Leo XIII. for the benefit of Dr. McGlynn. The *New Thought* has been misinformed. Dr. McGlynn was only expelled from the church—excommunicated, not anathematized. Even Catholic church authorities hav too much fear of public opinion to proclaim such an apostolic malediction as Dr. Slop astounded Tristam Shandy's Uncle Toby with.

EVIDENTLY THE TRUTH SEEKER is appreciated in India. The organ of the Madras Secular Society, the *Thinker*, in its issue of July 10th reprints from our columns an article by J. L. Andrew, another article in which sympathy is expressed for God, and our London letter. In the next issue the *Thinker* reprints a section of "Tales Told Out of School." The *Thinker* is the only Freethought paper in India, and its editor possesses a judgment of great discriminating power.

THE *Better Way*, the successor to several defunct Spiritual papers, has the "original s'ate" upon which is written this message from H. W. Beecher: "*My Dear Sir:* It is something great in nature that spirits can return. I fondly idolize it. How great is the truth of Spiritual phenomena! I am assured that before long the world will giv more decided heed to them. I am advancing in Spiritual work, and will continue to take an interest in the welfare and progress of humanity." Mr. Beecher seems to hav passed on to the land of platitudes.

WHEN Elizabeth Cady Stanton returns from Europe, which will be soon, labor upon the Woman's Bible will be resumed, and its publication speedily follow. Mrs. Stanton has consulted the eminent scholars of Europe in her endeavors to do the Bible justice, and with their aid and that of the smart women over here, the Woman's Bible will be not alone an accurate Biblical commentary but a revelation of the dishonesty of other commentators and Christian apologists. We understand that the wit for the new work will be largely supplied by Helen H. Gardener.

WM. MCDONNELL, the author of "The Heathens of the Heath," "Exeter Hall," and "Beautiful Snow," is writing the "Remiscences of a Preacher" for the *Investigator*. Mr. McDonnell is a theologian of no mean ability, and was destined by his parents for the church. He is now interested in law and in railroads and other commercial enterprises, and is one of the capitalists of Canada. Besides his books, he has written operas, words and music, which hav been produced in Canadian theaters. He is short and thin in physique, and posscsses a nervous temperament.

DOCTOR MONROE, of the *Ironclad Age*, who always writes good-naturedly, though he is sometimes misunderstood, has his own theory of why Prohibition lost in Texas. It is this: "Religion killed it, as it does everything it heartily indorses. The ministers left their pulpits in some cases and canvassed the state for the measure. This made the people fly to their Bibles. They found that Jesus himself on one occasion had made a superior article of Bourbon whisky (then called wine) from plain water, using his miraculous power to effect the chemical transformation. And they very naturally concluded that the ministers were fighting the master and were becoming wise above that which is written. So they doubled up and voted Prohibition clear down. And now the average Texan, who is much given to religious fervor, but likes it with tansy, will continue to serve the Lord after the manner of his fathers."

## Preaching and Practice.

*From the Catholic News.*

It might be well to add that everything taken from another paper should be credited, a rule which the *Catholic News* strictly adheres to. . . . The credit marks in a newspaper are a good index to its ability.

*From the Evening Sun.*

Yet, if the bright *Catholic News* is to be tested by its own standard thus set up, it is a less brilliant paper than many hav regarded it, for in its column of news headed, "Among the City Churches," we find that more than half had previously appeared in the *Evening Sun*, and is not credited. And it is news which cost the *Evening Sun* money and special effort to obtain.

# Communications.

## The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

Author of "Physical Education," "The Secret of the East," etc.

### I.—Physical Maxims.

CHAPTER V.—SKILL.

*A.—Lessons of Instinct.*

The organic faculties of each species of animals are marvelously adapted to its peculiar mode of life, but only in the lower creatures the skilful exercise of those faculties appears to be an inborn gift. The young bee builds its first hexagon with mathematical precision. The young ant needs no instructor to aid her choice of proper building-material, of proper food to be stored for winter use or distributed in the nurseries of the larvæ. The young butterfly, an hour after issuing from the shell of the chrysalis, can use its wings as well as at the end of the summer, and displays the same skill in steering its way through the maze of a tangled forest.

Young birds, on the other hand, have to acquire such accomplishments by long practice. Instead of driving them back to their nests, their parents encourage their attempts at longer and longer flights, and seem to know that occasional mishaps will prove a useful lesson for future emergencies. The mother fox carries half-crippled game to her burrow and sets her cubs a-scampering in pursuit, allowing the best runner to monopolize the tidbits. Young kittens practice mouse-catching by playing with balls; puppies run after grasshoppers, young squirrels play at nest-building by gathering handfuls of leaves and moss. A British naturalist, who had domesticated a young beaver, one day caught his pet building a dam across the floor of his study. The little engineer had dragged up a cartload of books, papers, sticks of wood, etc., and piled them up to best advantage, placing the heavier volumes in the bottom stratum and the lighter ones higher up, and filling out the interspaces with letters and journals. Every now and then he would "stand off" to scrutinize the solidity of the structure and return to mend a misarrangement here and there.

Children manifest early symptoms of a similar instinct. Infants of two or three years can be seen squatting in the sand, excavating tunnels, or building prairie-dog towns. Young Indians insist on the privilege of breaking colts; the youngsters of the Bermuda Islanders straddle a plank and paddle around with a piece of driftwood, if their parents are too poor to afford them a canoe of their own. To a normal American boy a tool-box is a more welcome present than a velvet copy of Doré's Illustrated Bible. Swiss peasant lads practice sharp-shooting with self-constructed cross bows. The old English law which required the son of a yeoman to practice archery for three hours a day was probably the most popular statute of the British code. On new railroads, bridges, etc., artisans, plying their trade in the open air, are generally surrounded by crowds of young rustics, who forego the pleasures of nutting and nest-hunting for the sake of watching the manipulations of a new handicraft. Even in after years the instinct of constructiveness frequently breaks the shackles of etiquette, and princes and prelates have defied the gossip of their flunkeys by getting a set of tools and passing whole days in the retirement of an amateur workshop. The emperor Henry I. invented a number of ingenious hunting nets and bird-traps. Mohammed II., the conqueror of Constantinople, forged his own chain armor. Charles V., the arbiter of Europe, preferred watchmaking to every other pastime. Cardinal de Retz delighted in the construction of automatons. Peter the Great was the best ship-carpenter of his empire.

B.—REWARDS OF CONFORMITY.

The English word *king*, like Danish *kong* and German *koenig*, are derived from *koennen* (practical knowledge), and the first ruler was the most skilful, as likely as the strongest, man of his tribe. Skill, whether in the sense of bodily agility or of mechanical cleverness, established the superiority of man over his fellow-creatures, and is still in many respects a test of precedence between man and man. Supreme physical dexterity is always at a premium, in peace as in war, in the sports of princes, in the pastimes of pleasure-seekers, in the adventures of travelers, in moments of danger, in camps, in the wilderness and on the sea, as well as in smithies and workshops. Conscious skill and agility form the basis of a kind of self-reliance which wealth can only counterfeit. In a cosmopolitan sea-port town of western Europe I once overheard a controversy on the comparative value of protective weapons. Revolvers, stilettos, air guns, slung-shots, and bowie knives found clever advocates, but all arguments yielded to the remark of an old sea-captain, who had faced danger in four different continents. "There's a use for all that, no doubt," said he, "but, I tell you, mynheers, in a close row the best thing to rely upon is a pair of quick fists." For the efficacy, even of the best weapons, depends to a large degree on the expertness of the handler, the panoply of a weakling being as unprofitable as the library of an idiot. "Presence of mind" is often only the outcome of such expertness, and in sudden emergencies theories are shamed by the prompt expedients of a practical man. In war the issue of a doubtful campaign has more than once been decided by the superior *constructiveness* of an army that could bridge a river while their opponents waited for the subsiding of a flood. The conquest of Canada was achieved by the skill of a British soldier who devised a plan for hauling cannon to the top of a steep plateau. The fate of the Byzantine empire was decided by the mechanical expedient of a Turkish engineer who contrived a tramway of rollers and greased planks, as an overland road for a fleet of war ships. By the invention of the chain grappling-hook Duilius transferred the empire of the Mediterranean from Carthage to Rome.

Even for the sake of its hygienic influence the development of mechanical skill deserves more general encouragement. Crank-work gymnastics are apt to pall, but in pursuit of a favorite handicraft even an invalid can beguile himself into a good deal of health-giving exercise, and, besides, the versatile development of the muscular system reacts on the functions of the vital organs, and thus explains the robust health of active mechanics often laboring under the disadvantage of indoor confinement. The poet Goethe, whose intuitions of practical philosophy rival those of Bacon and Franklin, records the opinion that every brain-worker should have some mechanical by-trade in order to obviate one-sidedness, and mental as well as physical debility. Every handicraft reveals by-laws of Nature which no cyclopedia can teach an inquirer; manual labor is a school of practical wisdom, and sound "common sense," as the English language happily expresses the sum of that wisdom, is a prerogative of farmers and mechanics far, far oftener than of speculative philosophers.

Nor are such benefits limited to emergencies from which wealth could dispense its possessor. An amateur handicraft is the best safeguard against the chief bane of wealth: *ennui*, with its temptations to folly and vice. Nabobs can do worse than imitate the example of Carlo Boromeo, who spent every leisure hour of his philanthropic life in practical landscape gardening, and turned a large, and once barren, lake-island into the loveliest paradise of southern Europe. "*Heroum filii noxae*." "the sons of the great are apt to be nuisances," would be less true if Goethe's advice were heeded by our fashionable educators, and the benefits of his plan would extend to emergencies for which fashionable accomplishments afford only a dubious safeguard. "A mechanical trade," says Jean Jacques Rousseau, "is the best basis of safety against the caprices of fortune. Classical scholarship may go begging, where technical skill finds its immediate reward. A distressed savant may recover his loss in the course of years; a skilful mechanic need only enter the next workshop and show a sample of his handiwork. 'Well, let's see you try,' the reply will be; 'step this way and pitch in.'"

Thus, too, gymnastic agility is the best safeguard against numberless perils A mother who hopes to protect her boy by keeping him at home and guarding him from the rough sports of his playmates, forgets that her apron-strings cannot guide him through the perils of after years; and a better plan was that of Cato, the statesman, warrior, and philosopher, who, in the midst of his manifold duties, found time to instruct his young sons in leaping ditches, and swimming rapid rivers, in order to "teach them to overcome danger that could not be permanently avoided."

C.—PERVERSION.

The absurd contempt of mechanical accomplishments is due partly to the direct influence of anti-physical dogmas, partly to the indirect tendency of that *caste spirit* which has for ages fostered the antagonism of wealth and labor. The opulent Brahmans of ancient Hindostan thought themselves so immeasurably superior to the children of toil that a *Sudra* was not permitted to approach a priest without ample precautions against the defilement of the worshipful entity. The temples of high-caste devotees were closed against low-caste believers. The very breath of a Sudra was supposed to pollute articles of food to such an extent that a Brahman had always to take his meals alone.

The secret of such prejudices was probably the supposed antagonism of body and soul and the imagined necessity of emphasizing that contrast by constant insults to the representatives of physical interests and occupations. For in Europe, too, the propagation of an anti-physical creed went hand in hand with the systematic depreciation of secular work, excepting, perhaps, the trade of professional manslaughter, the military caste, which here, as in India, found always means to enforce respect by methods of their own. During the most orthodox centuries of the Middle Ages industrial burghers were valued only as tax-payers; peasants were treated little better than beasts of burden—in many respects decidedly worse, for after drudging all day for an inexorable master, the serf had often to work by moonlight, in order to get a little bread for himself and his family. The proposition to join in any manual occupation (the handling of a whip, perhaps, excepted) would have been resented as a gross insult by every little baron or priest of Christian Europe. Paul Courier describes the indignation of a French nobleman who caught a tutor instructing his boys in botany and the secret of improving trees by grafting: "Going to make a clown of him? You had better get an assistant-teacher with a manure cart." The manual-labor dread of several medieval princes went to the length of employing special chamberlains for every detail of their toilet: a chief and assistant shirt-warmer, a wig-adjuster, a hand-washer, a foot-bather, a foot-dryer. German barons thought mechanical labor an incomparable disgrace—more shameful, in fact, than crime—for the same *Ritter* who would have starved rather than put his hand to a plow, had no hesitation in eking out an income by highway robbery. The princes of the church thought it below their dignity to walk afoot, and kept sedan-bearers to transport them to church and back. They kept writing and reading clerks, and now and then fought a duel by proxy, or sent a vicar to lay the corner-stone of a new court-house, in order to convey the impression that their spiritual duties left them no time for secular concerns.

That sort of *other worldliness* still seems to bias our plans of education. Colleges that would fear to lose prestige by devoting a few minutes a week to technical work or horticulture, surrender dozens of hours to the bullying propaganda of a clerical miracle-monger. Mechanical mastership (after all, the basis of all science) is denied a place among the honorable "faculties" of our high-schools. Fashionable parents would be shocked at the vulgar taste of a boy who should visit joiner-shops and smithies, instead of following his aristocratic friends to the club-house. They would bewail the profanation of his social rank, if he should accept an invitation to impart his skill to the pupils of a mechanical training-school; but would connive at the mental prostitution of a young sneak who should try to reëstablish a sanctimonious reputation by volunteering his assistance to the managers of a mythology-school.

D.—PENALTIES OF NEGLECT.

Neglected development, either of physical or mental faculties, avenges itself in *ennui*, modified, for the benefit of the poor, by the less monotonous afflictions of care. There is no doubt that the feeling of emptiness that seeks refuge in the fever of passion or intoxication, is a wholly abnormal condition, as unknown to the children of the wilderness, who never feel the craving of unemployed faculties, as to the truly civilized man, who finds means to satisfy that craving. Unemployed muscles, like idle talents, rebel against continued neglect and goad the sluggard to seek relief in the morbid excitement of vice, and the father who thinks it a waste of money to invest a dollar in a tool-box may have to spend hundreds for the settlement of rum bills and gambling debts.

Both the effect and the cause of such excesses were rather rare in the prime of the North American republic, when nearly every colonist was a farmer, and every farm a *polytechnicum* of home-taught trades; but European luxuries introduced European habits, and our cities now abound with plutocrats who are ashamed of the toil by which their forefathers laid the foundation of their wealth. Our cities have bred the vices faster than the refinements of wealth, and have become acquainted with *ennui*—

We lack the word but have the thing;

and thousands who would fail to find relief on the classical hunting grounds of Peter Bayle might imitate his landlord, who practiced sharp-shooting with a medieval hunting-bow till he could challenge the best pistol shots of the neighboring garrison. In a choice of evils the most puerile game of skill is, indeed, clearly preferable to games of chance; but to that last resort of inanity the traditional aversion to manual employments has actually driven thousands of city idlers. Yet our American towns have never sunk to the abject effeminacy of European cities, where physical apathy has become a test of good breeding and a taste for mechanical accomplishments a stigma of eccentricity, and where, consequently, social prestige has to be purchased at the price of practical helplessness, of dependence in all mechanical questions of life on the aid and the judgment of hirelings.

Life-endangering accident may now and then illustrate the disadvantages of physical incapacity; a drowning bather may be inclined to admit that the saving influence of a swimming-school might compare favorably with that of the baptismal miracle tank; but the survivors will persist in relying on the vicarious omnipotence of coin, ignoring the clearest illustrations of the truth that physical incapacity avenges itself in every waking hour, even of the wealthiest weakling, while the guardian-spirit of Skill accompanies its wards from the workshop to

the playground and follows them over mountains and seas.

E.—REFORM.

The growing impatience with the dead-language system of our monkish school-plan will soon lead to a radical reform of college education, and a fair portion of the time gained should be devoted to the culture of mechanical arts. For boys in their teens the "instinct of constructiveness" would still prove to retain enough of its native energy to make the change a decidedly popular one, as demonstrated by the success of the mechanical training schools that have attracted many pupils who have to find the requisite leisure by stinting themselves in their recreations. "Applied gymnastics" (riding, swimming, etc.) would be still more popular, and greatly lessen the yearly list of accidents from the neglect of such training.

The bias of fashion would soon be modified by the precedence of its leaders, as in Prussia, where the royal family set a good example by educating their princes (in addition to the inevitable military training) in the by-trade of some mechanical accomplishment (carpentry, sculpture, bookbinding, etc.), the choice of handicraft being optional with the pupil. No model residence should be deemed complete without a polytechnic workshop, furnished with a panoply of apparatus for the practice of all sorts of amateur chemical and mechanical pursuits—a plan by which the Hungarian statesman-author, Maurus Jockar, has banished the specter of *ennui* from his hospitable country seat. His private hobby is Black Art, as he calls his experiments in recondite chemistry, but any one of his guests is welcome to try his hand at wood carving, glass-painting, metallurgy, or any of the more primitive crafts, for which the laboratory furnishes an abundance of apparatus. Private taste might, of course, modify the details of that plan, and even without regard to eventual results, its proximate benefits if once known would alone insure its general adoption in the homes of the *ennui*-stricken classes. The educational advantages of mechanical training, though, can, indeed, hardly be overrated. A scholar with nerveless arms and undextrous hands is as far from being a complete man as a nimble savage with an undeveloped brain.

## Is Knowledge Fatal?

This question is suggested by the almost universal ban of custom upon any intelligent discussion or investigation of sex or sex relations.

Were there any realm of civilization exempt from the evils of sex misdirection and perversion; did the sweetness of clean relations prevail in any social realm, as a rule, it would not be so strange that one who opened up a hidden cesspool, or probed an exceptional ulcer, should be seized upon as a diffuser of obnoxious elements, offensiv to the common taste and sense of propriety.

But the well-known undercurrent of prostitution, legal and illegal; the well-understood derangement of physical and moral constitution, on account of ignorance, indiscretion, or outrage, make it a matter of amazement that any honest effort to reach bottom causes should fail to be welcomed by thinking minds.

For what possible reason can it be conjectured that Elmina D. Slenker, or any other matron of well-known worthy life and irreproachable conduct, should enter upon a scientific investigation of the problem of sex, except to confer upon humanity the benefit of knowledge?

Does not the world need knowledge in this direction? Is this the one quality of life and human relation that is to be made helpful and blessed by the darkness of ignorance?

Is the source of life the one realm where nothing is or can be made clean, or lovely, or of good report?

It is the conviction of many minds that knowledge in this department of being is essential to human advancement and perfection. Sex is a principle of life. It is an all-pervading quality and force. Everything created has come into form and function through these two sex forces—positiv and negativ, male and female. Without their perfect balance and coöperation there could be no harmony in the planetary spheres. Without their balance and wise coöperation in human life and society there can be neither health, harmony, nor purity.

The perversion of sex relations, and the long-continued darkness fostered by enforced ignorance concerning this fundamental law and condition of life, has bred so deep and turbid a stream of vileness that the United States government has been called in to giv authority to a detectiv system.

This system, or its agent, does not exercise any discrimination between works or expressions intended to enlighten and reveal the causes of disorder and impurity, and make way for intelligent treatment of the sex question, and those that are designed to arouse or inflame physical amativ impulse. If but some word or expression is obnoxious, the grasp of the law throttles the beneficent teacher alike with the vendor of indecent publications.

Is not this condition of things of sufficient import in its aspects, both as a hindrance to the diffusion of saving knowledge, and an interference with the inestimable right of free discussion, to make it incumbent on all thinkers and lovers of justice to come to the rescue of those who are under the ban of legal prosecution, because of an effort to increase helpful knowledge? Why should Elmina be left entirely to the process of law and verdict of a jury? Should not the people everywhere constitute themselvs a jury to sit upon the case? Is it not time the thinking public—the people who are convinced we hav groped in darkness long enough—should cry out, Let there be light? Is not this cause of enlightenment concerning one of the greatest problems of life, the cause of humanity?

One mother, out of the abundance of motherly heart, seeks to help lift the pall of unthinking ignorance and to find a better way wherein by a wider knowledge humanity can rise to greater proportions. Shall she be condemned without a widely voiced protest? Are we not in this hour criminally inert who shall fail to rally to the support, defense, and vindication of Elmina Slenker, and anyone who is seized upon by the detectiv system when trying to find how to remove ignorance, vice, and outrage?

Those who realize that impurity, vice, and marital misery cannot be legislated or detected out of existence, but can only be eliminated by right educational influences, right knowledge, prenatal culture, and a balance of sex power, which forces will advance the race to a higher plane of being, hav everything to work for.

It is not time for carping criticism, though in no department of culture is it more important that the best possible methods, expressions, and words should be chosen—for it is humanity we should seek to *redeem*, not *words*. It is no time for shrinking timidity, or faint praise that damns, but for brave, loyal conduct by lovers of truth, righteousness, and purity. It is time for a widely voiced protest that will "ring out the old" customs of prudishness and concealment that hav bred violence and misery, and "ring in the new" order of knowledge that will, with the calcium light of truth, reveal to humanity the sacredness of Sex. LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

## Liberty or Anarchy.

As an Anarchist partisan who does not think himself mentally broad enough to hav surrounded all truth, I highly appreciate the work which THE TRUTH SEEKER is doing. From your intimation that social chaos is what you understand by Anarchy, and from reading many of your articles, I think that there is some difference in the force of certain words to your mind and ours. To me Anarchy is liberty, and liberty is Anarchy. You say that your party is Liberty—liberty for everyone to think, express his thought, and act as he pleases so long as he infringes upon no other's equal right, and curtails no other's equal liberty. Now, this is what I want, too, and with this admitted and intelligently applied we should hav that condition which we call Anarchy. But I must ask that by "equal liberty" we are at all events to understand liberty, not equal restriction. In a tantalizing sense, there may be "equal liberty" where there is very little liberty. People do not yet seem to realize that when they hav put themselvs under constitutional law, taking away natural liberty, the imposition upon a dissenting minority is not redeemed by the same being submitted to by the makers. They call that equal liberty. We call it equal slavery.

Whether or not we are to condemn government depends upon what is meant by government. Find me a government in which all the citizens hav agreed to join together and where they hav the conceded right to individually withdraw from contributing to its support when it ceases to fulfil their aims, as we now hav with churches, and I will admit that such government is compatible with Anarchism. Anarchists hav no objection to any number of persons having a government, if such government will curtail none of our liberty according to your definition. We say that when a government levies taxes upon us without our consent, it curtails our liberty and pursuit of happiness by robbing us of our means. As the churches are supported by voluntary contributions, so let the government be supported. That is to say, we hav no objection to the subjects of a government voluntarily assuming such obligations and binding themselvs as they see fit to contribute and to pay, but let them take nothing from us and interfere in no way with such of our acts as don't infringe upon their natural liberties, and we are content. We believe in preventing and punishing murder and robbery, etc. It is a question of words whether this prevention and punishment shall be called government or not. We refer it, when done by a hired force, to the principle of insurance.

You know that in economic science "rent" has a technical meaning. We giv a technical meaning to "government." We do not use it to mean protection, but rulership. Are we not justified logically by the fact that advocates of government are constantly ready to assert that it is impossible for them to carry on their scheme without forcing all nativs of the country to be citizens and taxpayers whether they individually wish to be so or not? They will respect our "equal" liberty, but they cannot afford to respect our liberty, neither our property! We are now in the same stage that you would be in if the idea prevailed that, in order to support the church, the majority might force the minority to be members—at least, to contribute to it—and that, their rights of membership, voting, etc., being reserved for them whenever they chose to claim them, they were treated with "equal" religious freedom, but contribute they must and obey they must in no matter what unnecessary things the authority of the majority ordered. We are seeking to enlighten men as to the wrong and absurdity of promiscuous reciprocal tyranny. In proportion as this enlightenment spreads, the way will be prepared for that which, with your habits of thought, you may prefer to call a philosophic Anarchical government, or government of actual consent, but which we call simply Anarchy. Chaos is a theological fiction. In all nature form and order result from the powers in things. Government other than self-government is violence. To hav a self-governing state it would be necessary to hav the voluntary adhesion of every citizen. We claim that the adhesion and support of a great majority can be had for equitable regulations compatible with and in furtherance of liberty, and that if any stand out and cannot appreciate the benefits of insurance, we can afford to let them alone so long as they behave themselvs. I claim that Anarchy will accomplish in a more true and scientific manner the aim of protection, which is all that attaches republicans to government. I claim this with the same confidence as you claim that natural morality will develop all the virtues—for which alone some conservativ people still cling to their Bibles—and develop them far better for not having a mixture or leaven of authority foreign to the meritorious element in the case. J. L. W.

"IT is the conservatism of the authorities of Rome and their priests that leads them to cling to the side of the aristocracy and the wealthy and powerful few, as opposed to the democracy of the poor masses. Some priests will preach that poverty is a blessing, but they do not think it is a good thing for themselvs or any of their relativs or friends. These preachers are themselvs a terrible example of the debasing effect of the pursuit of wealth. When I was studying in Rome my tutor told me that, if it were left to the Italian people to decide what was the worst fault of the Italian clergy, the verdict would be their avarice. I say that those who hav left the church and cursed religion because of the wrongs that the priests allow wealth unrebuked to perpetrate, pay a higher tribute to the divine justice of God than the high and dry and fossilized and moth-eaten men who sit in the first places in the church and the synagog."—*Edward McGlynn, Ex-Priest.*

## A Dishonest Commentator.

*From the Banner of Light.*

The subject of discussion before Rev. Dr. Meredith's Bible class in this city recently was "The Red Sea," and he opened it with the statement, as reported in the secular papers, that the Israelites, before their departure out of Egypt, were instructed not to "borrow," but to *ask* or *demand* of the Egyptians their jewelry. He said it was God's transaction. Mr. Ingersoll, he saw fit to add, didn t think it beneath his dignity to talk about the Israelites borrowing from the Egyptians, and then ringing in his cavils on false pretenses. "Honest, now"—quoting Colonel Ingersoll—"was that a square transaction?"

"You can see," Dr. Meredith continued, "what effect such caviling would hav on the young men who don't know anything. Well, Ingersoll is no fool. He was brought up in a Christian family; and either he knew that the word 'borrowed' was not there, or he did not know. If he did not know, and then played on that word, 'honest, now, was that a square transaction?' (Cheers from the whole Bible class.) God commanded the Israelites to *take* what they did from the Egyptians; and you might as well try to fly from the sun as to think to get away from God, if you hav got any money that belongs to anybody else. He will catch you in this world or the other—one of the two."

Now let us take down Dr. Meredith's Bible from the place where it looks as if he had let the dust accumulate on its cover, and see whether he or Colonel Ingersoll is quoting God right. He asserts that God commanded the departing Israelites to take what they did from the Egyptians; Colonel Ingersoll asserts that God commanded them to "borrow" it, each relying on the Bible story. Now, what does the Bible—this dusty Bible of Dr. Meredith—itself say? Exodus xii, 35: "And the children of Israel did according to the word of Moses; and they *borrowed* of the Egyptians jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment. (Verse 36) And the Lord gave the people favor in the sight of the Egyptians, so that they *lent* unto them such things as they required."

This is the story just as Dr. Meredith's Bible tells it. It happens, too, that it tells it in Colonel Ingersoll's way, and not in Dr. Meredith's at all. And the secular paper from which we take the whole report crows forth in a conspicuous head-line to it: "Ingersoll Answered." Not only does the Bible say that the Israelites "borrowed" jewelry of the Egyptians before leaving with intent never to return, but it adds that God "gave them *favor* in the sight of the Egyptians, so that they *lent* unto them," etc. Thus is the proof that the Israelites "borrowed" driven clear through and clenched on the other side.

We now call on Dr. Meredith's Bible class to giv "cheers" for Colonel Ingersoll, who has shown himself a more accurate and reliable Bible scholar than their own accepted teacher is. Will they be "honest, now," and stand up and giv them? Can they really hold up their heads and say that Dr. Meredith quotes the Bible truly? and, if they cannot, will they presume to assert that his is a "square transaction?"

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## The Pope's Dangerous Desires.

Dr. Bernard O'Reilly, a Catholic theologian of eminence, enjoying the confidence of the powers at the Vatican, and speaking, therefore, with exceptional authority, says that it is a settled thing that the Catholic people of Italy will soon force the government to giv the pope a part of the kingdom, in which he shall reign in things temporal as well as spiritual. The claim of the pope is the modest one of the city of Rome and the States of the Church. This popish claim is viewed favorably, says Dr. O'Reilly, by all European statesmen, except the radicals and the anti-Christian sects.

Further, according to the same writer, the pope intends to push himself into the internal politics of all nations, working always, of course, for the good of the Roman Catholic church. A determination to adopt this policy led him to interfere in French politics in 1885, to issue his orders to the German Catholics to support Bismarck, to send an emissary to Ireland, to take cognizance of the constitution of the Knights of Labor, and to excommunicate McGlynn for preaching a land theory contrary to the doctrins of the Roman church. In short, the pope proposes to hav a finger in the pies of all nations, with the idea that from most, if not all of them, he can extract plums of great sweetness for Christianity.

For what the unregenerate of this age term monumental nerve, the pope must be conceded to be ahead of all others. He has adopted this program, he says, because the church is the very best friend of both the rulers and the people; and, while both church and state are supreme, sovereign, and independent each within its own sphere, yet, as both derive their origin and authority from God, they should coöperate with each other in forwarding the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of their subjects. Therefore, he seeks alliance with all the powers, promising to help them keep their "subjects" in obedience in return for their aid in restoring to him the territorial sovereignty of which the Italian parliament in 1870 deprived him.

We do not know how it will appear to Roman Catholics, but to one who looks with contempt alike upon the claims of king and priest, the pope's offer has very much the appearance that a proposal of an alliance offensiv and defensiv from one slave-owner to another would hav. In Germany, the proposal of the holy slave-owner might be worth considering by the secular slave-owner, but in a republic, where there are not supposed to be any "subjects," Mr. Pecci's overtures are of less value. It is true that here the king is represented by "society," which has an interest in keeping the common people down, and might be glad to hav the Italian humbug's aid, but the common people hav no idea of being sat upon in any such way, and the holy slave-owner will find that a certain portion of his slaves cannot be delivered.

To one conversant with the history of the church the position assumed by Leo XIII. appears dangerous just so far as it is accepted by the governments. The government of the United States, of course, cannot buy the pope's good offices in return for pressure exerted upon Italy. The administration that attempted it would be hooted out of office. In Europe, politics are conducted differently. Though the people possess the franchise, the governments, with few exceptions, are despotisms. In one way or another, the divinely appointed kings manage to hav their own imperious way. For their people, therefore, the entrance of the pope into the arena is fraught with danger of the gravest kind. But to no country so much as to Italy does the prospect look dark. To surrender the territorial sovereignty of the States of the Church is throwing the people to wild beasts. When Italy was taken from the French and given back to petty princes, archdukes, and adventurers, the States of the Church were restored to the pope. Under Pius VII. people of these States were again reduced to the condition of beggars. All reforms were abandoned, and the ecclesiastics ruled with tyranny. Education was narrowed, and placed in clerical hands. Any professor suspected of liberal views was at once expelled from his university. Under Pius VII. and Leo XII. the government of Rome is described by historians as infamous. The people lived in misery and squalor, while the church officials rioted in opulence. This continued through the pontificate of Gregory XVI., and when he died in 1846 the people were like mad beasts. Under Pius IX. more liberty was granted, and it is generally admitted that he was the only pope with nineteenth century ideas that has occupied the Vatican. But after his return from Gaeta in 1850, he began the reactionary reign, supported by French soldiers and the Jesuits. Victor Emanuel found him the greatest enemy to Italian liberty, and was forced to place church property under state control, and abolish ecclesiastical courts, or the church would hav beggared and ruined the country. In Sicily and other states, the church encouraged brigandage, and aided the thieves to despoil the people and defy the state. It was not until as late as 1870, when the national troops took possession of Rome—leaving the pope the Vatican wherein to pose as a persecuted prisoner—that Italy became a country fit for a civilized person to liv in.

Leo XIII. shows the reactionary spirit which distinguished the latter part of his predecessor's reign, together with the aggressiv impulses characteristic of the popes when they possessed actual temporal power. He desires to be a king among kings and to restore to the church the old-time magnificence and influence. He is a dangerous man, and all the more so that he is a diplomat of ability and a skilled politician.

## Our Always Fresh Contemporary.

Mrs. Slenker sends us this with request to print:

"I hav just finished reading the last issue of the Winsted *Press*, and I feel that I ought to let Liberals know the value of this old Connecticut periodical. It is the most radical of radical papers. Not an issue of it but contains something fresh, new, and vigorous, something all Liberals need and want. Send three cents to L. V. Pinney, Winsted, Conn., and see a specimen of it."

Cheerfully do we giv our esteemed contemporary the benefit of Mrs. Slenker's good opinion, and we may add also our own general appreciation of the Winsted *Press*. It is lively, slashing, humorous, and grimly sarcastic, and, as Mrs. Slenker says, something fresh may always be found in its columns—for instance, the following, from the *Press* of the 18th inst.:

"The Boston *Investigator* and the New York Truth Seeker are in for the defense of Mrs. Slenker because she belongs to their church. If she had happened to be a Methodist minister or a Presbyterian deacon they would run with the Comstock hounds. This is sectarianism, and we hav yet to find that Infidel sectarianism is any more liberal in thought or action than the orthodox bigotry from which it has sprouted.

"If The Truth Seeker had never munched hay out of the same rack with Elmina she might hang. It only seems to feel such interest in the matter as a Cotton Mather Christian might hav felt in his grandmother on trial for unmistakable witchcraft. The chance of personal acquaintance, small as it is, is thus seen to be of more importance in the Truth Seeker office just now than a mere question of right or wrong. And this is the same Truth Seeker that was 'founded by D. M. Bennett,' whose imprisonment for mailing obscene literature is being very adroitly justified by his successors. True, they make some protest against illegal proceedings on the part of the prosecution in this particular case, they scold the creature Comstock for his method of procedure, they admit that private correspondence is exceptional literature. There is more indication of perversity and small craftiness than of stupidity on their part, but hypocrisy is not a saving grace on such occasions."

Fresh and vigorous Mr. Pinney has said this because in a former issue we wrote:

"If we had never until now heard of Mrs. Slenker and knew nothing of her work, we would not consider the case one that called for an uprising of Freethinkers to defend invaded principles."

If our highly esteemed friend had been as desirous of letting his readers know why we defend Mrs. Slenker as he seems to be to mislead them as to our position, he might hav found room in his fresh, new, and vigorous paper for the reasons we gave in the same editorial from which he quotes. But let that go. It is sometimes the case, we hav found, that a radical of radicals is so radical in criticism that he runs into misrepresentation. And Mrs. Slenker has given us a certificate that the *Press* is the most radical of radical papers. It remains, however, to be seen if Mr. Pinney is right.

We said that in Mrs. Slenker's case there is no principle invaded calling for an uprising of Freethinkers *as* Freethinkers. This we believe to be an accurate statement. Mrs. Slenker is not charged with heresy. She is not arrested for mailing Freethought literature. In fact, there is nowhere about her prosecution a single outward indication that she is put to all this trouble because she is a Freethinker. The work she has chosen is no more Freethought than it is Christian. It is not even a work in which Freethinkers, as a body, sympathize. More Freethinkers regret Mrs. Slenker's course than applaud it. Mrs. Slenker has committed no crime, but the one she is charged with no more appeals to Freethinkers as Freethinkers than the arrest of the most pious smut pedler in New York. And it is not because, as the fresh and vigorous Mr. Pinney elegantly phrases it, we hav munched hay out of the same rack with Mrs. Slenker, that we defend her. It is for a far different and a broader reason—a reason, perhaps, so broad that Mr. Pinney will hav difficulty in exercising the elasticity of his mind sufficiently to surround it. Personal friendship has nothing to do with it, though we should be recreant to all noble impulses did we not help a friend no matter what trouble overtook him or her.

We defend Mrs. Slenker for the same reason that we defend any one person or any body of people unjustly prosecuted. We defend her for the same reason that we ask for a new and *fair* trial for the alleged Anarchists of Chicago. We defend her for the same reason that we denounce the legal persecution of the Mormon church. We defend her for the same reason that we protested against the imprisonment of Herr Most, when it was clearly shown that he had done nothing deserving punishment. We defend her because in her case the right to free scientific investigation has been imperiled; because, in her arrest, the Constitution of our country has been violated, and because she was arrested for one thing and is to be punished for another. We defend her, in short, because *we* are a Freethinker, and not because she is.

Crime may be broadly defined as the injury of one person by another. Our laws are framed to redress such injuries by punishing the perpetrator. But unless such injury has occurred, no crime has been committed, and punishment inflicted upon an innocent person is infamous injustice. Let the attorney of Virginia show that Mrs. Slenker has injured anyone in person, property, or morals, and we hav not another word to say in her defense. But until it is so shown we shall do our best to get her out of his clutches, in which she has been placed by the scoundrelly intermeddling of the hangers-on of an illegitimate and dangerous society. We do not defend Mrs. Slenker because she is a Freethinker, but because she is a human being whose liberty and rights are wantonly assailed and violated for no decent cause whatever. If this is sectarianism, we hope Mr. Pinney will some time grow large enough to join our sect.

When the fresh and vigorous Winsted *Press* states that we are "adroitly justifying" the imprisonment of D. M. Bennett, it states what its editor ought to know is false. Mr. Bennett defended himself on precisely the same ground on which we defend Mrs. Slenker—that he had committed no crime, had injured no person. Incidentally came into the defense the unconstitutionality of the law, the character of the prosecutor, and of the society by whom he

was employed. These are all applicable, and urged in behalf of Mrs. Slenker. But the main fact in Mr. Bennett's case, as in Mrs. Slenker's, is that no wrong was done, and no injury to anyone resulted from his conduct. It may be that some people's notions of propriety were shocked slightly, but what of that? Our notions of propriety are shocked every time a priest feeds his congregation the body and blood of Christ. In turn, we shock the Christians' notions whenever we expose the foolishness of their imaginary cannibalism. Shall a man be shut up in prison for such "offenses?" If so, what becomes of individual rights? of personal liberty? of freedom of speech and of publication?

This, it seems to us, is broader ground upon which to make a stand than that occupied by our ever fresh contemporary, which holds that, as obscenity is only a vice, and vices are not punished, Mrs. Slenker should go scot-free. This, if not damning with faint praise, is at least pleading guilty and throwing the prisoner upon the mercy of the court. There is here no manful battling for right, but an "adroit" squirming out of a consideration of the principles of the case. Mr. Pinney says that "if the *Investigator* and THE TRUTH SEEKER believe that obscenity is a crime, their duty to what they call their Freethought is to see that any Freethinker who commits that crime is hunted out and punished." We might retort that, just as much, should the *Press* seek out the vicious and reform them. And if we do so think, adds the ever fresh *Press*, "we ought to help Comstock make an example of Mrs. Slenker, for it appears that according to their standards she is guilty." In this Mr. Pinney adds treachery to Mrs. Slenker to his previous squirming defense of her. We cannot reflect the feelings of the *Investigator*, but we can say that if the *Press* were honest those words regarding THE TRUTH SEEKER would never hav appeared. In the editorial which has caused our contemporary to slop over with such great waste of ink, we denied Mrs. Slenker's guilt. We believe, as previously stated, that crime is whatever materially injures the individual, and that he is a criminal who wilfully and knowingly harms another. This is our standard of crime and measure of criminals. If obscenity does this, then is obscenity a crime; and if the injured person cannot protect himself, then is it the duty of collectiv individualism to protect him. But, except in the case of children away for the moment from their parents or those in whose care they are, we believe that the individual can protect himself against any obscenity that may crop out. As for the wretches in large cities who peddle the rotten stuff to minors, there are no years containing days enough for them to worry through in jail.

That is our opinion of obscenity, stated many times before; and that is our opinion of Mrs. Slenker's case, stated often enough for the editor of the *Press* not to hav fallen into so many foolish errors.

## The Ingratitude of Politicians.

We believe that it is inevitable that every new movement shall suffer sooner or later from internal wrangling. The wrangle usually occurs as soon as the new party has sufficient strength to fight at all. The Abolition party was divided against itself, some advocating peaceful and constitutional emancipation, others advocating revolution, declaring the Constitution to be a covenant with death and a league with hell. The temperance party splits on the different methods of accomplishing its purpose, and the Woman Suffragists divide on various small issues. Even the Liberals of the country, though never strong enough to afford it, hav had their internal squabble, and will, probably, hav more of them within the next few years.

But for a good, strong, vigorous, and vicious fight between two factions of a new party, that between the Socialists and the Georgeites, in the United Labor party of this state, overtops all others.

There are three labor parties in this state and city—the Socialists, the United Labor party, the Union Labor party. The last is the least, and, though bearing the name of the labor party of the West, is but a handful of professional political wire-pullers. When it held its convention in Rochester recently, the press was divided in opinion whether the Democratic or Republican politicians paid the expenses. In other states the Union Labor party is *the* labor party, but not in this state. The United Labor party is Henry George's party, and claims 68,000 voters in this city, including the Socialists, who acted with it last fall. This party held its convention to nominate state officers in Syracuse last week, and there it was the row occurred between the Socialists and the land-tax men.

When Henry George was nominated for mayor last fall, the Socialists were the main stay of the campaign. Their organization is compact, and the members well disciplined. They saw in George's candidacy a chance to push their ideas, and they went in with a will. Henry George, being then poor and unfortunate, gladly accepted their aid, and was not at all particular to say that he was no Socialist. In fact, his doctrins were supposed to be Socialistic, and he did not undeceive the people.

In this election Mr. George found himself at the head of a labor party, and he was shrewd enough to stay there after the election. He saw the possibility of getting a great many people to adopt his peculiar economic ideas, and he started a paper. Through the fuss in the church over Dr. McGlynn, culminating in that gentleman's liberation, the excitement was kept up, and the United Labor party is the outcome.

As the Socialists had been the means, as they claimed, of getting such a rousing vote for Mr. George for mayor, and as Mr. George popularly was thought to run on a Socialistic platform, they demanded that more of their principles should be included in the platform of the new party. They began electing Socialistic delegates to the Syracuse convention. This did not suit Mr. George. Philip sober was a different man from Philip drunk. The land-tax theory was found not to be Socialistic; Mr. George became conservativ and desirous of being considered a reformer and not a revolutionist, and it was decided by him and his lieutenants that the Socialists must go. Thereupon a former ruling of the party was reversed, and it was officially announced that no one belonging to the Socialistic Labor party could belong to the United Labor party. Whenever Socialistic delegates to the Syracuse convention had been elected, a second and antagonistic set were also selected, and the contestants took their quarrel to the convention.

At that convention Mr. George had an overwhelming majority, and the committee on credentials voted to reject every Socialist delegate whose seat was contested. In its zeal to repudiate Socialism the convention went on to unseat Socialists who were not members of their party. They seemed to go upon the principle of that man, famous in history, who commanded the Bartholomew massacre. When he was appealed to by the soldiers as to how they should distinguish the Huguenots from the Catholics, his reply was, "Kill them all. God will know his own." The slaughter was continued, therefore, indiscriminately. While this is none of our quarrel, we cannot help sympathizing with these victims of misplaced confidence. We cannot help thinking, too, that there is at least as much truth as poetry in the short speech of one of the rejected Socialists. He did not belong to the Socialist party, and some of the members were in doubt as to him. But, his seat being contested by an anti-Socialist, he was expelled. He left the convention with these parting words:

"I don't propose to argue the issue of Socialism. I refuse to be trapped. I did not enter this convention as a Socialist, but as a Labor man. If I hold Socialist views, that is my own business. The issue of Socialism was not raised until a few of Mr. George's friends were defeated for delegates in New York. It was not intended that this convention should stand for the theories of Mr. George. The movement to drive Socialists out of the party is a movement to change this from a labor party of workingmen to a tax reform party for the middle classes. We are to be punished for doubting the efficiency of Mr. George's theory. That is the crime of the Socialists. No theory is involved except our criticisms of some people who are not demigods and gods, who hav been damned, and, if not damned, excommunicated. It is bad taste for men who hav been excommunicated by another pope to try to excommunicate us."

Mr. George defined his position as follows:

"I oppose Socialism or any compromise with Socialism. This question has been settled by the highest authority in New York. The Socialists hav forced this question on us, and we must meet it and not compromise with them. I recognize the services of the Socialists. [A voice: 'They hav voted for you.'] Whether they vote for me or not, I cannot compromise on their ideas. They worked together with us last fall. I would be glad to hav them with us still, but we hav come to the parting of the ways. We hav our principles—first, the equal rights of all men in the land of the country in such method as will put all taxes on land to take the value for the community; second, assumption by society of all functions that are natural monopolies. So far we go together. There is no reason why we should not go on together. But the Socialists hav stated distinctly that we are not going the same way, but other ways. The Socialists want to naturalize land by taking it as the property of the government, and working it by the government, taxing all capital, all machinery, all productions, and setting up a system of distribution and exchange. I cannot, for one—I will not, for one—go that way. On that question there cau be no compromise. We cannot go that way. I hav the highest personal regard for many Socialists, and I hope that they will go our way. If not, they can go theirs, and we will go ours. It is far better for us to part company than to work together where there would be marked recriminations, mutual strife, and mutual weakness. There is one simple question to be settled. It is a plain, clear question of natural rights."

T. B. Wakeman, associate editor of the *Freethinkers' Magazine*, offered a resolution, admitting both the Socialists and those who wanted their seats, giving each a half vote. Dr. McGlynn opposed this. He said:

"No man here desires harmony more than I, but harmony without union is simply futil. Parties hav to exist on a definit principle and platform. Now, while I hav heard a great deal about these Socialistic gentlemen being in favor of the same objects that we are seeking, it does not appear that they are in favor of the same means that we regard as absolutely important to reach those ends. The very means that we declared to be primary in the Clarendon Hall platform, upon which we rolled up Henry George's great vote, was the means that made this convention possible. The leaders of that convention were called upon to call this meeting, and, upon the same lines upon which the great moral victory of last fall was won, we were called to organize not only the state of New York, but the whole United States, upon those party lines and that platform. It is too late now to discuss a question of this character. We would look foolish to the people all over the state who are watching us to see if we will stand by our principles. The substitute has been offered in a sense of justice, but it is not in the interests of justice. It is a gross injustice. The labor of this committee, who worked the whole night, should not be in vain, and it is a pity that we should hav lost so much time in going over the same ground. We are fighting over the absurd question of whether the dog is to wag the tail or the tail wag the dog. I want to know whether I am the dog or the tail, and I do not propose, if I am the dog, to be wagged by the tail."

Mr. Wakeman's resolution was lost, and all the Socialists were expelled. The new party will enter upon its second campaign with divided ranks and bitter feelings. It is pretty safe to say that the United Labor party will not cast 68,000 votes in this city this fall.

Mr. George's theory is a wonderfully captivating one for city residents. Being without land, they hope by a turn of fortune's wheel to acquire some. In the country a purely labor and anti-monopoly party is regarded with more favor. Possessing land, the residents of the country do not desire fortune's wheel to turn them off it. Mr. George's theory is certainly Socialistic so far as it goes, and his desire to hav society assume control of all functions that are natural monopolies, is also a Socialistic doctrin. These functions include not only land, but railroads and telegraphs, and it is Mr. George's avowed purpose to turn these over to the government when he gets the chance. From this it will be seen that Mr. George differs from the other Socialists only in degree.

To an impartial outsider it looks very ungrateful and inconsistent for him to expel the Socialists from his party. It is not likely that he will catch many conservativ votes by being ungrateful to the men who made him what he is.

CHARLES WATTS will lecture in Halifax, N. S., Sunday afternoon and evening and Monday evening, Sept. 4th and 5th.

FRANK PIXLEY, editor of the San Francisco *Argonaut*, says that in his younger days he "gambled with God for gold dust." That is an alliterativ but irreverent way of saying that he was once a miner.

MR. LAVELLE, rector of the cathedral in this town, and Archbishop Corrigan's assistant, said officially that it is a positiv fact that the holy see employed competent theologians to examine the land doctrins taught by McGlynn and found them palpably at variance with the commonly received notions of rights of property, not only among Catholics and all Christians, but throughout the world. He called them revolutionary. The congregation, however, did not pass upon them, and they are not, therefore, officially denounced. This is a very convenient way of doing, for if in after years the world comes around to George's land theories, the church can say she never condemned them, while now she has whatever gain there was for her in excommunicating McGlynn. The church ought to hav thought of this plan before Galileo was ordered to vacate.

# Letters from Friends.

NEWPORT, ME., Aug. 16, 1887.

TO WONG CHIN FOO: Here is my ☞. Henceforth I am a heathen, for you hav proved heathenism far superior to Christianity. A country out of debt is the place for me. Christianity and crime are synonymous terms.

SEWARD MITCHELL.

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OLNEY, Aug. 4, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Religion, after a trial of eighteen hundred years, is a perfect failure. If any denomination had the power to-day, it would act the same as it did in the Dark Ages. It is not alone the Catholic religion, but Protestants and Jews are the same way, and one faction would like to see the other everlastingly damned. I know what I am talking about, and maybe know more about it than the general run of your readers, for I was born and raised a Jew, and the Jews, especially the orthodox faction of them, are no exception to the general rule. That we at present enjoy somewhat of religious liberty is not on account of religion, but in spite of it.

I hav been a reader of your paper for about sixteen months, but hav never seen any correspondence from this place. We hav a beautiful town of about four thousand inhabitants, but, I am sorry to say, the religious element predominates. We hav eleven churches here, of as many different denominations, and since last year another one was added, which is the Swedenborgian or New church, so we hav plenty of roads to choose from for the New Jerusalem. I expect our town is about like the general run of them, and it will take quite a while yet before people will begin to think for themselvs and throw off the old superstition. At the same time, if we look back a few hundred years and compare the present, we hav great cause to congratulate ourselvs, and hav good reason to be hopeful for the future.

Is the defense argument of Colonel Ingersoll's in Mr. Reynolds's case in print already, and how can I get one?

Yours truly, I. M. TOBIAS.

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BOSTON, MASS., Aug. 15, A.S. 287.

MR. EDITOR: I was very sorry to see Brother Koezly intimating that the giving of means to the Liberal cause is a "punishment," for to me it seems the exact opposit of that, being, in fact, a great pleasure and high privilege in my estimation.

The phrase, "When he gets sober, he will be sorry for that," will apply to him in regard to this expression, I think. Brother Koezly has made what he, no doubt, considers a really generous offer to help truth and reason along in this world of sin and sorrow, but in order to show him how far astray he is in that, as indeed he seems to be in almost everything, I will make his offer into something that can rightfully be called generous, it being very much more liberal and praiseworthy than is his arrangement.

He declares himself anxious to suit me in this matter, and I can therefore confidently tell him just what will suit not only myself, but most all Freethinkers the wide world over, and it is as follows: That we each giv a $25 share of stock in the Paine Memorial to the cause of reason, whichever way the decision goes, he to giv his to the sturdy old *Investigator*, and I to giv mine to the gallant TRUTH SEEKER.

In that way, whatever happens, these two grand helpers of progress will be benefited, and through them, of course, the whole great humanity of which we are all a part.

And now, as soon as Mr. Seaver shall notify me that the *Investigator* has received Brother Koezly's gift of the $25 share, or its equivalent in money, I will at once write and get the decision from Harvard College, giving it to both papers for publication, meantime holding my own share of stock ready for THE TRUTH SEEKER, so as to set our worthy, but often mistaken, friend a bright and shining example of promptitude in business matters.

GEO. N. HILL.

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OSCEOLA, IA., Aug. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Many thanks, as the noble old TRUTH SEEKER still comes into the family when the money for the present year is long past due; but you will please find inclosed the subscription price, $3. I should like to write a long letter, as I don't see anything written from this priest-ridden locality; but I was brought up in the time when the salvation of the soul was of more consequence than the salvation of the head. I was raised by good Christian parents. They tried hard to get me to walk in the ways of that monster the orthodox God; but, thanks to reason and humanity, I hav never made one misstep in that direction, and I am now nearly fifty-three years old and still seeking after truth. I hav a large family, which I hav given and am giving a fair education, and that makes too rich soil for superstition and myths to grow in; but my Christian friends giv their Lord credit for most of my course in life. They say that I am sure to go to heaven; that the hand of the Lord is upon me. But I hold up to their view some terribly wicked things. One I hav is a large picture of Old Splitfoot, eleven feet and a half tall, on the side of my barn, with fork in hand, making long strides westward, trying to get away from Bob; and in my house I hav exposed to view a cartoon, where Bob has slain him, and he is ready for burial. Bob has him by the tail, dragging him off, the different creeds, headed by their priests, following along mourning, carrying the implements for burial. It is a lamentable affair for the priest, for he knows that the young will begin to think, and he will hav to begin to work or steal. I am sorry that we cannot hav some good Liberal lecturer come to this place and preach to the people the religion of humanity. J. E. Remsburg has written twice to my son, offering to come and giv three lectures for twenty-four dollars, but we can't get what few scattering Freethinkers there are in this community to assert their rights, they hav been so often told by the Christians that they hav no right to exist, and that they should be thankful to their God to eternally damn them; and it does seem as though they had about come to the conclusion that it was partly so.

R. JONES.

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LEXINGTON, KY., Aug. 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I listened last night to a lecture delivered by W. Mills, quite a noted Prohibitionist. I do not credit all of his statements. He said that Socialists could be always found in saloons, that their plans were concocted there, that all new theories were there discussed. But he did not call these advanced thinkers hypocrits. Next he stated that Christians had preserved the morals of the world from shipwreck, but did not commence this great work until the time of Luther, who was the best politician in Europe, except the dear, merciful Saint Cromwell. And then Calvin and Knox, what lovely reformers! He forgot that when persecuted individuals fled into Calvin's arms, they soon ran out, preferring the wilds of America to his tender embraces. Knox had his own church brethren executed, without mercy, if their belief deviated in the least from his own. The awful sublimity of their morals would horrify an American Indian. Think of offering the cruelties of Calvin, Knox, Alva & Co. as patterns for Christians to follow! Oh, listen! He next declared that the Constitution of the United States was accepted only to gratify the wishes of twenty-five clergymen, present at the convention of state delegates. How strange it was, then, that Jefferson and other great statesmen had so poor an opinion of divines in general and particular, as if they were not to be esteemed as reliable, from the very nature of their office! Why were they, in the very wording of the Constitution, debarred from any share in the government?

Will men, in their senses, giv their support to a pious system which permitted dukes, under the feudal system, to take the bride from her husband for three days and nights? The priest, also, was guilty of the same. (See notes, "Custom of Country," Beaumont and Fletcher.)

Women must hav some share in the government or submit to indignities forever. ALHAZA.

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SALEM, NEB., Aug. 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER is ever welcome. It is the best paper that father takes, because it furnishes more food for the brain.

Mr. Oswald's "Bible of Nature" is grand. "Letters from Friends" are just the things to acquaint us with the ideas of the people, and to inform us as to the progress of Secularism. Therefore, excuse this letter.

We, the people of Salem, possess everything requisit to prosperity but wisdom. The brains of the people seem to be sleeping, while passions hold sway over every being. We are slaves in order to avoid trouble with Madam Grundy. The object of most people is to accumulate wealth. Yes, even parents think this the most important step in education, forgetting, probably not knowing, that they should inculcate first a desire to become true men and women—citizens of the world.

In this country people read but comparativly little. Many people do not read even the papers, and hav no books but a Bible, which is seldom read by the majority. Gossip is an art in which we are all versed. Just think of a place where most of the so-called weaker sex work hard all day, and then attempt to rest their minds by reading trashy literature—such a place is it here.

For the purpose of causing the people of this church-ridden community to think, my father, with the aid of a few Freethinkers, induced Mr. Remsburg to deliver his lecture on "False Claims" in this town. The lecture was very well attended, and I think it will cause some thinking, which will prepare the way for Mr. Bell, who is to deliver three lectures here during this month.

The Freethinkers hav more courage since the lecture. I think that if we can get Mr. Reynolds, after having the people roused to action by Mr. Bell, the overhanging cloud of ignorance will soon commence melting.

"The Infidel School-Teacher" is a bonny volume. It is written in pure language, and is just the thing to cause thinking. It, as well as the author's other works, deserves a place in every Freethinker's library. May its author's days be long and many and ever bright, because she is doing good—making the world better. T. P. BRINEGAR.

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SEATTLE, WASH. TER., Aug. 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: After an absence of lecturers for over two years, Brother Samuel P. Putnam made his appearance in our midst and delivered five lectures, in which he succeeded in gathering together a sufficient number of Liberals to organize into a branch Union.

At the last lecture the meeting was called to order by Captain May, president of the Liberal League, who introduced Mr. Putnam. As previously announced, Brother Putnam delivered a lecture on "The Glory of American Poetry and Poets." He started out by reciting a grand and pathetic poem on the Laws of Nature, which was received with great gusto. The lecture, throughout, was listened to in almost breathless silence and profoundest interest.

At the close of the lecture the enrolled members present proceeded to perfect a permanent organization of a branch of the American Secular Union by electing the following brothers and sisters its officers for the ensuing six months: O. A. Carr, president; Walter Walker, vice-president; P. Wickstram, treasurer, and John H. Hummell, secretary and corresponding secretary. Sister Josephine Giddings, Sister Nellie Wood, and Brother A. Amonds were elected executiv committee—Brother Amonds as chairman.

After the election of officers the committee previously appointed presented a set of by-laws for consideration and adoption which elicited quite a spirited discussion upon a motion of their adoption, in which Brothers Walker, May, Clark, Putnam, and others took part. In the course of Mr. Putnam's remarks he quoted quite extensivly from THE TRUTH SEEKER to sustain the position taken by himself and others in the moderation of discussions on labor questions when they tend almost to the exclusion of those pertinent to the purposes and object of the Secular Union.

At a late hour further discussion was suspended until next Sunday, 7th inst., at 3 P.M.

On motion a unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Putnam for the noble manner in which he had entertained the Liberals and citizens of Seattle (in the course of five lectures delivered during his stay in our midst) in the advocacy of Liberalism and Freethought. I hope his lectures will redound in much good in the near future.

JOHN H. HUMMELL, Cor. Secretary.

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MARSHFIELD, OR., July 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: We hav received the first number of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I hav been reading up old numbers, disconnected numbers, as far back as 1880. A bachelor friend supplied my husband with them. To S. P. Putnam's lectures and these papers I owe my entire conversion to Freethought. For years I hav been an unbeliever in the Bible as divine writing, but like many others I thought best not to say so. Henceforth my pen will be used for freedom. My pen has been the one oasis in the desert of my life, but nearly all my writings hav the orthodox taint about them, the serpent and cross following me up so I felt afraid to speak my mind. Now that is all gone, and I come to the writers of your paper offering my hand as a co-worker for the good of humanity. I do not come to you laden with scientific researches or high-sounding phrases, but using simple language, with no philosophy save my own observation of nature's works; one who has scarcely been away from my breezy, billowy Pacific home for twenty years. If I can find a little corner in the rear of your writers I shall be most happy to air my few thoughts there. I hav for many years pictured my own demise, where a few friends would gather around my coffin with flowers, and some old woman would say, "Poor soul, she is better off!" and that would be all. Now I feel like doing something that will liv after me; leave a little at least that some wiser head can take up and carry out. I am sorry fifty years of my life is gone and I hav been so idle.

I do not yet belong to the League at Marshfield, but as soon as I can attend I shall. My husband belongs to that mysterious band misnamed Freemasons—the "Free" I would leave off. I grant him that privilege, notwithstanding I hav no faith in a society where a man has to be good and moral before he can get in it; besides, old King Solomon is no favorit of mine. Still, I hav gone over the water in sunshine and storm with my husband while he attended his lodge, and expect I will do the same again, and I expect him to respect my rights and wishes just as I respect his.

MRS. E. A. HILBORN.

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STEUBENVILLE, O., Aug. 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In reading over the article of Geo. Malcolm, dated July 30th, I thought that if he substituted "representativ of value" for "measure," he would be nearer correct, and perhaps there would not be so much difference between him and Mr. Newton. Money is used as the representativ of value to do away with the necessity of barter. The value of anything varies according to the quantity in the market and the number of persons to whom it is desirable. If there should be but one horse in the market, and three men were desirous of buying it, the one willing to giv the most dollars would get the horse, not that there was any difference in the horse, or that one man's dollars were worth more than another's, but because his desire for the horse was that much more than the other's, measured in dollars; so in that sense dollars are a measure of value—the dollar is of no less value, nor the horse more, than before. The dollar represents value; for that reason it ought to be made of something as little liable to fluctuation as possible. For that reason gold and silver were fixed upon as the best and most durable. For hundreds of years their increase was very slow and steady, without fluctuation, but within the last century the quantity has increased to such an extent that its purchasing power has decreased perhaps one-half. Why? Because the gold of the world represents the value of the property of the world; therefore, a pound of gold represents the same amount of property that half a pound did a century ago, and by substituting paper for gold during the war, as it could be done easier than digging the gold, we lessened the value in proportion to the amount we issued, thus causing the apparent rise in value of every species of property. Brother Malcolm would hav national banks louning paper money to all comers, as it is much easier got than gold. There would be a limitless supply. How long does the brother suppose it would be till the paper money was equal to the old French assignats or Continental money, or even the paper money of the Confederate States?

I admire the stand you hav taken on the action of the government in regard to the Mormons. The principle is sound. At the same time, I think good will come out of it, as you say no reason can be given for this action against the Mormons that will not act with tenfold force against the Catholic church; and the time will come, and that before the end of the present century, in my opinion, when some such action will hav to be taken with that church if the people are to retain a fraction of the liberty that seemed to be guaranteed to them at the commencement of the century. Therefore I say that the present action of the government against the Mormons will make a splendid precedent, and the sooner it is followed in the Roman Catholic case, the

better it will be, and the easier accomplished. "So mote it be." JOHN DOWNES.

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DULUTH, MINN., Aug. 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed you will find $2, for which you will please send me the following, and if there is any money left, send double or treble of those things you consider best for distribution. I am only sorry that I cannot spare more money for the purpose of thus evangelizing the community. But "the ball is rolling on," not "for Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," but for something infinitly more important than was their success. And the ball rolls with regularly accelerated motion; but, as an octogenarian, I cannot expect to see the glorious triumph of truth in this and in other subjects in which I feel more or less interest. The one which I hav most at heart you appear to be opposed to, and it is so evidently and palpably right that I wonder that a truth seeker does not find it. Why do you not see the self-evident truth that the earth, with the other elements, belongs to all the people, not to a class whose superior brain alone has enabled, and still enables, them to rob the mass? I hope you are not, like the religious and the secular press generally, under the fear of offending the classes, "the saviors of society." These fellows see the truth just as well as I do, but self-interest binds them to opposition. Why don't they bottle up the air and the sunlight? Because it is impossible. If it could be done, it would hav been done ages ago. They do it in England, Scotland, and Ireland so far as they can. They tax the window-glass in every house, thus showing a disposition to monopolize every right. "Land belongs in usufruct to the living," was enunciated by immortalized Tom Jefferson, and it is not a "glittering generality." As surely as you liv, that doctrin known as Henry George's doctrin is correct, and will be adopted in time, and you may liv to see it if you are not old now. Read George's works, and if you are not convinced, I will pronounce you a hardshell, an incorrigible. I beheld the evils of land monopoly years before George was born, but I had not the genius nor the knowledge that he exhibits in his method of treating the subject. I knew the necessity for land-limitation, but did not think of a constitutional method of getting at it as he has. I, however, assisted in getting the freedom of the public land to actual settlers in quarter sections. I see you hav a discussion in your paper of the phonetic system of spelling, in which I hav felt an interest since my childhood.

JOHN SCOTT.

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PORTLAND, OR., July 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The lecture recently delivered in this city before a large audience by Mr. Samuel P. Putnam on "American Democracy" has commanded such universal attention and worked out such good results for our cause that I feel it should be recognized in a more public manner for the benefit of Freethought. Through this gentleman the great Northwest is now being moved to higher thought and action. The members of reform organizations, as well as Liberals, unite in the happy thought that free and equitable government is yet possible.

The consummation of Secularism will be equitable government. The *æquitas* of the Roman empire had reached its highest state when Constantine became converted to the Christian religion—when, as he passed through Italy, he saw a flaming cross in the heavens bearing the inscription, "*In hoc signo vinces*" (Under this sign thou shalt conquer); and when Christ appeared to him that night and commanded him to take for his standard an imitation of this fiery cross (so he said). This equity of nature was principally evolved by the Roman prætors and put into scientific shape by the great priests of the empire. The prætor did not lay down abstract propositions, but on taking his office issued an edict stating what he would do under certain specified circumstances, and also taking what his predecessor had left him and altering, amending, or adding to as the needs of an advancing civilization required. But that humanitarian jurisprudence of that rising civilization went down with the Roman empire and the triumph of Christianity, and equity has been a beggar in the world ever since.

England, in her formativ state, borrowed much from the jurisprudence of Rome, but the Anglican church soon discovered that she could not build up a land-grabbing aristocracy under the benign influence of these principles of equity left from the Roman law, and equity was soon assigned a separate jurisdiction, which was hedged in by arbitrary rules, fixed precedents, and technical forms of the law. So England, from that time to this, has had both law and equity.

About the beginning of the twelfth century England commenced teaching this jurisprudence of Rome in her colleges and schools. The English mind broadened, became more comprehensiv, and its people hav been abreast of her laws ever since.

Washington, Jefferson, Paine, Franklin, and other Liberals and Freethinkers gave the world the greatest Liberal, equitable, and fundamental document ever issued for the promotion of liberty—the Declaration of Independence. But slavery first, and then ecclesiastical rings and combinations, and heartless and artificial corporations hav robbed the people of their natural rights until the land is filled with woe and suffering.

Mr. Putnam showed that religion never gave the world a free government, and never could, for it did not preach and practice liberty itself; that two noted persons came to this country about the same time—John Wesley, advising us to stand by God and the king; Thomas Paine, telling us God would take care of himself, but for us to forsake and abjure the king and all oppression. The advice of one would hav reduced us to the condition of Ireland; the instructions of the other would hav made us a happy and prosperous people.

Mr. Putnam showed that the value of all the property in the United States, except church property, went through the tax-collector's hands once in forty years; that this inequality will increase church property and diminish the people's property until ruin and desolation will prevail. For this reason President Grant and General Garfield urged the taxation of church property to prevent confiscation and bloodshed. Mr. Putnam paid a beautiful and poetic tribute to Sunday, and claimed it for the people's holiday. He defended the Nine Demands of Liberalism with so much logic and force that a number of persons came over to Freethought, leaving their myths behind them. Mr. Putnam presents his cause, and not himself; he seeks results; he leads a new departure; he builds up. The Liberal ranks are full of would-be kings, popes, bishops, and priests, who for centuries hav bulldozed Freethinkers into inactivity and prevented them from organizing. Every village and city has one or more of these self-conceited fossils. Like the late Emperor Norton, of San Francisco, they hav no power to enforce their edicts, and nothing remains but to treat these non-commissioned tyrants with contempt. Let us organize! Let us join every Liberal society which comes along! Let us unite and use every instrumentality which will build up Liberalism. Then our roll-call will soon number millions, when humanity will hav hopeful births, glorious lives, and peaceful deaths.

Now, Liberals, are you willing to join with one from this sunset shore, and say that, if necessary, money, services, and life shall be devoted to the new departure?

CORNELIUS BEAL.

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SQUAW CREEK, IDA., Aug. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Lying on my back unwell, I hav been perusing THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 23d. The pictures, of course, came first. That barrel of drugs is a perfect representation of the workings of the Maine law. The last picture represents one of our forefathers evoluted so he can play upon one string. After reading Jessie Brewster's piece on those animals in the "Children's Corner," the thought came, Whose turn will come next, if there are too many weak-kneed Americans, and an animal of the one-stringed order succeeds in melodious strains in lulling Mrs. Slenker to silence? Will it be Susan H. Wixon, too, who must stop her pen and her "Children's Corner?" I then opened a history of the country inhabited by the brave and the free. Having studied the same in boyhood days in school, I naturally opened near its close. Lo and behold, there was Jacob Sharp recorded. Then the thought occurs, When the next issue comes out, will the case of Mrs. Elmina Drake Slenker, of Snowville, Va., be as faithfully recorded, if convicted because from a differentiation of nature she branched off a little farther from her ancestors, and then, by improving herself by study and evolutional progress, became able to put her thoughts in books, papers, etc., and could play on even a harp of many strings, and, in her goodness of heart, devoted her time and talent for the good of generations yet unborn, when her ashes would be feeding the plants to sustain life for the brain of those who were growing from seed sown by her? If the animal of one string cannot appreciate the harp, should the one-stringed brute be permitted to harass, with the help of his same kind sitting as jurors and judges in places where justice is said to be dealt out in the nineteenth century?

If the New York Senate had power to appoint a committee for Jacob Sharp and others, why should it not be incumbent on some other Senate or somebody to look into an outrage worse than pinning Jesus Christ to a cross and giving him vinegar because he was born better than and in advance of his surroundings?

Unfortunately for herself, she was too much like him. She has been helping feed the hungry and clothe the naked and forsaken for years, as is known to others besides myself; and because she would see unborn generations more Christ-like to their fellow-men, her steps must be dogged by a Judas Iscariot, whose evolution seems to hav progressed just far enough to giv him the scent of a bloodhound. Well, too well, do those of that ilk know that the only way to silence a brain like hers is to crush the spirit till the body pines away from grief and is laid beneath the sod, or, as is done to the best brains and kindest hearts of Russia, to bury it alive in some bastile or Siberian mine. What, in the name of God, if there be one, has got into some brains of this country? When boys we all attended state and county fairs, where encouragement was given to raising nice, smooth vegetables, pumpkins, corn, etc., the best pulling teams, the fastest horses, the best milch cows, the plumpest pigs, the wooliest sheep, the nicest roosters, and the largest eggs. The old men, the young men, old ladies and young maidens, all became interested. Their brains grasped all they saw, and when the next year came round there were better stallions, better horses, better boars, better sows; the big eggs had brought forth larger and nicer hens and roosters; and they would all go joyfully home, each who had helped improve the animal or vegetable kingdom feeling elated at his success. And now, after half a century, an advanced spirit (like Copernicus, who told of the heavens, or Columbus, telling of another continent, or like Socrates) thinks the human (or inhuman, as you choose) family can be bred up to a better standard, so there may be fewer robbers, murderers, and thieves to take the roofs and clothing which may cover the shivering, hungry, naked, and forlorn unfortunates who are unable to protect themselvs, voters or otherwise, and are forced to succumb to the law of (survival of the fittest) might makes might; and she must be locked up with rats, and if she hav no money or friends she can rot there, and the one-string animal will curl his tail over a limb, crack a nut, show his teeth, and chatter the louder!

It is about time those who feel like good American citizens cast their banner to the breeze, nailed to the mast, said their prayer (Patrick Henry's speech before Congress), uttered their benediction (Gen. Warren before the battle of Bunker Hill), and died if need be. A. G. C.

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CANAAN, O., Aug. 9, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: If you please, a few words for Mr. Bodge. The turn things hav taken between me and Mr. Bodge was not anticipated by me, but, hoping no harm has been done, I will make a few words of reply. I think I understand him fully, and that when he spells "giv," "liv," and "hav" by our present alphabet, he spells them just as I do, both understanding the sounds alike. THE TRUTH SEEKER and I use the phonetic alphabet, the first vowel letters of which are used invariably for the first sounds, as *a* in *at*, *e* in *et*, *i* in *it*, *o* in *ot*, and *u* in *ut*. Mr. Bodge probably did not know this, and would call them by their long-sound names, and therefore used figures instead of new letters. All right so far, but had he known the phonetic alphabet, he would hav been supplied with letters for his purposes.

Mr. Bodge thinks that "knowledge" should be spelt thus, "nalej," which he says is spelling the word as now pronounced. I beg pardon, friend Bodge. I hav three dictionaries, Webster, Walker, and Smalley, who all in the notation spell it as I do, using *o* as in "rot," "sot." Mr. Bodge says, "I would explain to Mr. Pikard that the authority of the spelling reform is not expected to extend over family names and proper nouns." Mr. Bodge, do you know that to be true? Were you present when Isaac Pitman, the father of the spelling reform, printed his phonetic Bible and dated it "Lundun," and printed at "Ba[phonetic character for *th*]," and spoke of the "Rev. Mr. Moseli" (Moseley)? Is not this spelling proper names by sound? To illustrate: There is a certain number of simple numbers, and a naught to signify location. These are represented by ten figures, which constitute a numeral alphabet, or alphabet of numbers. More is unnecessary; less would be a deficiency. It matters not what is numbered; it is the function of each figure infallibly to signify its number, without leaving us to guess. So our one hundred thousand words are made from thirty-five sounds, for each of which the phonetic alphabet furnishes a letter which as infallibly signifies one sound as a figure does a number, so that a correct, critical pronunciation can be arrived at without a guess, as numbers are by figures. Then children and foreigners can pronounce our words by simply knowing the letters, proper and common nouns alike, as all words are made from the sounds indicated by the alphabet. It is as important to know how to speak a proper noun as a common one, whether of person, place, or thing. Letters don't spell words. If they do, you need only to call over the names of the letters in the alphabet and you hav spelled all the words in the language. Letters spell sounds, aggregates of which make words.

But to return to the place of starting, the propriety of spelling "liv," "hav," and "giv" without a tail. Mr. Bodge must claim that these words are spelled right with a final *e* or wrong. If it is right to spell one sound by one letter only, then it would seem equally right to spell three sounds with three letters only. If this is allowed, then the question is whether I hav used the right letters.

No one objects to the *letters* in "giv," "liv," and "hav;" they are universally used in English in spelling these words, as necessary to spell these sounds in England and America. THE TRUTH SEEKER can't be much out of the way. The final *e* doesn't spell anything unless it is the fact that the person who puts it on doesn't know the function of letters.

If, therefore, THE TRUTH SEEKER has spelled these words as everybody else does, Mr. Bodge included, how could he ridicule that paper for spelling them right, in leaving off their useless tails? The toad, you know, when he has no more use for his tail, drops it off and goes bobtailed. I should hav supposed that our friend Bodge would hav shouted: "Hurrah for our TRUTH SEEKER! Go ahead. Just as fast as you can see a chance for another step forward, take it; for 'is' use 'iz,' for 'was' use 'woz,' for 'knowledge' use 'nolej,' and so on." No word will be obscured, nor anyone hurt, nor will any sensible person be offended at a step so important to universal intelligence.

Letters are to sounds what photographs are to people, and when we know the sounds that compose our names, we know how to spell them, and hence hav the word as certainly by the eye as by the ear when spoken.

Now, what is to hinder this? Oh, what a feather it would be in the cap of Freethinkers to add the spelling reform as the tenth Demand in their platform! The churches accuse them of never having done anything for education. The adoption of this reform and carrying it to success would do more for universal education than the churches hav ever done, all put together. It would add one-fourth to the education of the people at one-fourth less expense than now.

But friend Bodge did not say anything of that little font of phonetic type for the use of THE TRUTH SEEKER. What a diffusion of knowledge would be given if the "Children's Corner" should be printed phonetically! We can negotiate with the editor to ascertain what the cost would be of letters enough to print two columns to begin with. After the cost of the punches for the new type, the cost would not be more than that of Roman type. After that is ascertained, and we think proper, we will go among the people with a subscription paper and see what we can do for the type, including a little alphabetic plate, to be kept standing in the "Children's Corner." We hav $5 offered already. I will furnish the form of the new letters. Now, what will my friend say? A. B. PIKARD.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a panse in the day's occnpations
That is known as the Children's Honr."

## My Souvenir.

'Tis not a letter seared with age,
The tear-bedimmed and yellow page,
Telling the tale of false and true,
And careful wrapped with sacred blue—
My souvenir.

'Tis not the time-stained, mildewed glove,
Sad talisman of buried love;
Nor rose, with petals brown and dried,
Which symbol hearts whose hopes hav died—
My sonvenir.

'Tis not a ring in rnbies set,
Nor cnrling tress of glossy jet;
Nor yet a thing to cause regret,
Or, laid away, one might forget—
My souvenir.

To me it is a boon more rare
Than jeweled ring or glossy hair,
Or aught beside, however fair—
My sonvenir.

Thongh queer, my sonvenir was spoken,
A precious, pure, and lasting token;
From lip to ear, to heart from ear,
Came that most treasured souvenir.

A litt'e boy, with lovely eyes
And sweet red lips, says his good-byes.
"Good-bye, Jinny!" to me he said.
I only kissed his rosy cheek;
The tears forbade the voice to speak.
The child to me is very dear,
And well I knew in parting then
We'd never meet the same again.
The child would go his way, I mine,
And change will ever come with time.
For thus will sadness fil the heart,
When comes the moment loved ones part.

So his "good-bye," which now I hear,
To me's a precious souvenir.

*Concord, Ky.*, 287. VIRGINIA E. VANCE.

## Little Edna.

I heard a funny story or two of little Edna H., the other day. She was rather fond of running away, or straying off where no one could find her. Her grandma told her that if she ran away again, she would hav to be tied just like the old hen that was always wanting to set. A day or two after, little Edna was heard screaming and crying as if her heart would break. Her grandma ran to see what was the matter. "Oh, dear!" she screamed between her sobs, "Edna has runned away, and—and—I tied her to de fence like de ole settin' hen!" And sure enough, the litle girl, after running a little distance, had tied her ankle to the fence and then commenced kicking and screaming as if somebody else had tied her instead of her own little hands.

One time she was riding with her grandma through a dense maple grove. It was very shady, and Edna began to cry.

"Oh, don't cry," said her grandma, "God will take care of you just the same in the dark wood as in the sunny field."

"I 'spect he will, grandma," said the child, "but I thought the bears might come out of the woods and eat up the horse! God might forget about the horse, you know!"

## The Metals.

Did you ever think, my dears, what a world this would be without the metals? Just suppose there were no iron, no copper, no steel, no lead, no gold, no silver, no anything of a metallic nature!

Why, what should we be? What should we do? How could we liv?

No iron for our stoves, pots, kettles, and engins; no copper for boilers, and other uses; no steel for rails for cars to run on, no steel for knives Why, what would the boys do for jack-knives? and all the thousand articles made of steel?

If there were no lead, no zinc, how strange it would seem! No metals at all, anywhere! Why, what a queer place the world would be, surely enough! The rocks and the trees would still be here, you say. Well, yes, but then, we couldn't make sewing machines, printing presses, telegraph and telephone wires, plows, forks, mowing machines, scythes, altogether of wood, you know, and what a sad plight we should be in!

And then, if there were no gold or silver, if no brave miner had ever been down beneath the earth's crust, and found the shining metals, what then?

Well, perhaps, we might hav got along without the two latter, for we could hav had something else to answer as a medium of exchange or money. But then, see all the pretty articles made of gold and silver, the rings, pins, bracelets, thimbles, all the thousand articles of use and beauty made from these ores to giv us pleasure.

These things are beautiful and refining; without them, man might relapse to the former state of barbarism. Hidden in the earth, they tax man's ingenuity to bring them to the surface and fashion them to use and beauty.

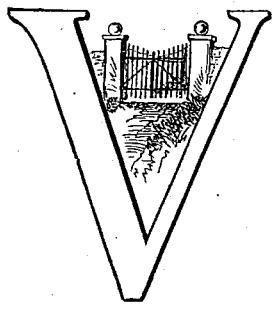
The mines of the earth mean knowledge, understanding. The metals are steps to higher knowledge, and some one has said: "The finer the metal the higher the civilization." So then the product of the mines means thought, culture, civilization, intelligence, scientific progress, and enlightenment. The pick and the drill that open the rocky doors of the earth are great factors, revealing the great age of the earth, and also foretelling the grand future of man. S. H. W.

## Our Puzzle Box.

HIEROGLYPHIC TRANSPOSITIONS.



Robbing.



The time of gathering grapes.

Express the hieroglyphic exactly, and transpose your definition into one synonymous with that given above.

## Correspondence.

GRANT, ILL., July 24, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: It is some time since I wrote you a letter, but, seeing so many other children writing, I thought I would write again. I read THE TRUTH SEEKER, and like it very much. I think the pictures are pretty. My home is at Fox Lake, Lake county, Ill. I am staying with my grandpa and grandma for a while, and hav lots of fun milking cows, driving horses, riding out with grandpa, and gathering eggs. I think it delightful to run and play till I get tired, then come in, sit down, and read THE TRUTH SEEKER till I get rested again. I got "The Story Hour," and read it through and through, and then gave it to my cousin. I go to school, and study reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and grammar. I am eleven years old. Now I will close. I do not want to tire your patience. I remain,

Your loving friend, CORA M. HOWARD.

## The Little Ones.

Shortly after General Grant's death a bright little boy in Bangor, Maine, held the following conversation with his grandmother:

"Grandma, did General Grant go to heaven?"

"Why, yes, dear," said grandma.

"But, grandma, how could he when they put him in the ground?"

"They only put the tired, sick part of him in the ground, dear. His soul went up to heaven."

"Yes'm," doubtfully; and then, after serious thought, "Grandma, do you s'pose he'll make a *whole* angel?"

The same little fellow is not very brave in the dark. One night his mother was putting him to bed, and it grew dark enough for a lamp, but our small friend made decided objections to being left alone while the lamp was found. In vain his mother protested: "But you won't be left alone, darling; God will be here." There was a short silence, and then, struck with a bright idea, the small boy exclaimed: "I say, mother, just send God after the lamp, and you stay here with me."

This story suggests another of a small maiden. One Sunday morning her mother essayed to wash her before putting on her "meeting dress." Now, Miss Floy strongly objected to being treated in this fashion, and, moreover, she had had a bath the night before. Her soul filled with righteous indignation. She cried: "Oh, mamma, I don't *need* to be washed, but maybe I want *rinsing* a little."

In a certain city in Connecticut there lived a very small boy with a liberal share of small "original sins." It chanced that one day he was playing in front of the house and overheard some street gamins using slang expressions profusely. He ran in to his mother crying: "Mamma, mamma, what's a 'gone sucker?'" Now, mamma did not in the least know, but as her son had been disobeying her that morning, she took advantage of the opportunity to point a good moral. "A gone sucker, my son? Why, it means a naughty little boy who doesn't mind his mother." That night, as Johnnie was saying his prayers, the full measure of his sin seemed to occur to him with awful significance, and stopping short in the usual petition, he cried out in the abandonment of his remorse: "O Lord, I'm a gone sucker!"

Sitting one Sunday in the Bible class, during a pause in the conversation there suddenly floated down to me from the infant class in the gallery the "golden text," as it was being recited by an exceedingly diminutiv scrap of a boy: "Not for our *shins* alone, but for the *shins* of the whole world."—*Harper's Magazine.*

## The Bobolinks.

Bobolink is a very dandy-looking fellow, proud as a belle who has danced with the Prince of Wales or the Duke Alexis. He has a habit of singing in rattling notes in the air and hovering until his rollicking solo is finished; or, if he commences his song on a stake or a tree, he never rises until his music is completed. Many writers hav tried to imitate his song. Bryant and Irving both giv him a prominent place in the written picture galleries.

When I was a boy on the farm we used to call him the corn-planting bird, and, as we read his song, he said: "Dig a hole, dig a hole, put it in, cover't up, cover't up, stamp on't, stamp on't, step along." He wore his parti-colored suit, the main portion of a genteel black, a little whitish-yellow powder in his hair, as if he had poked his head into a lily some time and carried away the pollen, and a shoulder-strap of the same on each side of the neck, proving him a brigadier in the army of peace. In the autumn the bobolinks go South on a furlough, take off their gaudy uniform, put on suits of rusty black, change their name, and become either reed birds or rice birds.—*Hearth and Home.*

## Gleanings.

Talent is power; tact is skill. Talent is weight; tact is momentum. Talent knows what to do; tact knows how to do it. Talent makes a man respectable; tact will make him respected. Talent is wealth; tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life tact carries it against talent in the proportion of ten to one.

A little girl saw an old drunken man lying on a door-step, the perspiration pouring off his face, and a crowd of children preparing to make fun of him. She took her little apron and wiped his face, and then looked up pitifully to the rest, and made this remark: "Oh, don't hurt him! He is somebody's grandpa."

A lady noted as a model housekeeper, on being asked by a friend how she was able to manage everything so easily and so well, replied: "My dear, you must know that the root of power is knowledge. Because I know how things ought to be done, I get them done." This applies to almost everything else as well as to housekeeping. "Knowledge is power" the world over, and the lack of it leads not only to misery, but often to destruction.

Once upon a time a good man took his little boy to the gallery of the House to show him the great men of the nation, and they listened eagerly to an able effort by one of them. When he had finished, the father turned to the boy and put his hand on his head. "My son," he said, "an honest man is the noblest work of God." The boy looked into his father's face with his great, earnest eyes. "Papa," he inquired, simply, "who made Congressmen?"


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"Ring out the old, ring in the new."
O letters with your golden bands,
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Till freedom dwells in all the lands,
And men are great in being true.

Ring out the slaves, ring in the free—
The martyrs who with voice and pen
Shall speed their pages' clearer ken.
Redeem the world with better men,
And each the "Christ that is to be."

Ring out the myths of musty creeds
That narrow down and hedge us in.
This is the church's shame and sin,
But Reason's flaming camp-fires win,
Rejecting ashen molds and weeds.

Ring in the right, ring out the wrong,
The selfish lust of power and pride,
When England's poor are crucified,
And starving babes for bread hav cried
To swell one jubilee of song.

Ring out the pope, ring in the press,
And bid the sons of Erin go
To greener plains and whiter snow,
To brighter hills from want and woe,
Where broad domains are tenantless.

Ring out the rich, ring in the poor,
Who soon shall share the bread and wine—
This humble song to be the sign
That here I giv this hand of mine
To guard brawn Labor's cottage door.

Ring in the smiles, ring out the tears,
Of toilers bowed beneath a yoke
Till Labor longs for battle smoke,
For hands of steel and thunder stroke,
Where wealth has cursed a thousand years.

Ring out the boast of everywhere
Till this wide world, from sea to sea,
For faith has but humanity;
Nor false light shall its flotsam be
When all the gods are only men.

"Ring in the new, ring out the old"—
O sweetest words of any time,
What sad hearts leap to hear your chime
That, sweeter than my moaning rhyme,
Shall stamp the future's better gold!

Ring out the huts, ring in the homes;
Ring out the grief, ring in the cheer;
Ring out the prince, ring in the peer;
Ring simple silence round the bier;
Ring out the bells and gilded domes.

*Fre chtown, Neb.* MARY BAIRD-FINCH.

## Book Notices.

THE STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL LIBERTY. By Theo. C. Spencer. New York: The Truth Seeker Co. Price, 75 cents.

No doubt many Freethinkers, long occupied with consideration of some single detached problem of our present intellectual warfare, and having had time to notice little but the more pressing special questions of the hour set forth in our journals, will gladly receive this masterly synopsis of the history of the Christian religion, in all its varied manifestations, and of despotic government, with the gradual emancipation from both. It omits no salient fact, and is written in a condensed but admirably lucid style, with every detail arranged in its clear and logical connection with the posited fundamental principles, and every statement introduced in a setting of deep and suggestiv thought. An eminent English writer once said in concluding a letter to a friend, "I havn't had time to write you a short letter, so I hav written you a long one;" and it is unfortunately true that many writers do not spend on their works the studied, anxious labor requisit to reduce lengthy assemblages of facts and iteration to the lucidity, order, and brevity that characterize this book. The chapter headings are as follows: "Introductory; The Beginning; The Pagans and Jews; The Church of Rome; Mormonism, Mohammedanism; Dogmatism; Martin Luther and John Calvin; The Godhead; Persecution of the Early Christians; Christians persecute Christians; The Wrongs of Ireland; Huguenots persecute Catholics; Catholics persecute Huguenots; The Puritans; The Pilgrims; The Revolution; The Church of England; Protestant Churches of America; Slavery; The Cause Found." Few having read this fascinating and valuable work will find themselvs to lack, when engaged in disputation with some Christian, one of those statements of fact that are generally followed by a perplexed silence on the part of the religious polemicist, a constrained remark about the weather and crops, and a hasty adieu.

We hav received from the Truth Seeker Company a copy of "The Struggle for Religious and Political Liberty," by Theodore C. Spencer. This book givs an outline history of the struggle of the human race for liberty from the earliest ages, showing how the race has advanced slowly but surely, marking their way with sighs, tears, and blood, wrung from them by stripes of cruel oppressors, from remote antiquity down to the present time. When we look around and see how much is still to be accomplished, we feel as if the task were almost hopeless; but when we look back and see how much has been accomplished, we are enabled to gird up our loins anew and go forth, with high hopes and bounding heart, to renew the great fight which must ever go on as long as there is a right or a privilege of which a single human being is deprived. This book is well worthy of a careful perusal by all who want to know what great strides the human race has taken in the cause of liberty.—*The Southland.*

Freethinkers wishing their sons or daughters to attend a college where they will not be impeded or disgusted by absurd Christian doctrins or ceremonies, will do well to send to the Freethought University of Liberal, Mo., for a copy of its "First Annual Catalog."

The latest work on Spiritualism is published by Colby & Rich, Boston, and entitled, "Lifting the Veil." It is a large, handsome volume, and contains several fine engravings. The authors, Susan J. and Andrew A. Finck, giv a thorough and well-written exposition of the Spiritualistic doctrins, enlivened with many personal reminiscences and anecdotes. Price, $2.

The contributors to the September number of the *Forum* are to be: the Hon. Thomas White, minister of the interior of Canada; Mrs. Craik, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman;" Dr. Jessopp, the well-known English essayist; President Bascom, of Williams College; Professor Young, the astronomer; Senator Ingalls, Andrew Lang, Professor Cope, Bishop Coxe, Nicholas P. Gilman, and Professor Winchell.

O. H. Harris, of Newman, Ill., has discovered that of the Bible threats of annihilation of man more use the word "soul" than the word "spirit," and writes thereon a book, "The Spirit of Man is Immortal, but the Soul of Man is Not Immortal." Its teaching will be sufficiently indicated by its title; Freethinkers will add it to their list of examples of the sad waste of painstaking and ingenuity for which Christianity is responsible.

Dr. Alexander Ross, president of the Canadian Anti-Compulsory Vaccination League, issues at Montreal, Canada, a small book setting forth that vaccination is not only absolutely valueless in the prevention of smallpox, but is an activ factor in its propagation by creating a susceptibility to the disease, and is an agent in the transmission of many other maladies. The author adduces corroborativ views of many of the highest medical authorities.

Part III. of "Woman: Her Glory, Her Shame, and Her God," by Saladin, is out. Those of our readers who hav perused previous writings of this popular English Freethinker will no doubt at once secure copies of this work; those who hav not, should know that in Saladin's books they will make acquaintance with a writer in originality, vivacity, and power perhaps unsurpassed among living Freethinkers, and whom they will do ill to miss. Price per part, 30 cents.

We hav received from Mr. I. E. Welch, New Haven, Ct., the following letter: "I wish to testify to the merit of a pamphlet issued by you entitled, 'Personal Existence After Death Improbable,' by L. R. Smith. It is a remarkable pamphlet, being very scholarly in composition, and one of the best documents on the question of immortality that I hav ever read. Liberals and Materialists wishing to procure a good thing for missionary work would do well to procure a few copies of this excellent book."

The latest number of the Humboldt Science Library is a double number (30 cents): "The Formation of Vegetable Mold Through the Action of Earth-Worms," by Charles Darwin. Of the great Darwin, it is eminently true that he touched no subject without adorning it. What more unpromising theme can be thought of than "the action of earthworms?" But when one of the highest geniuses of our time undertakes to study these creatures, and to describe their habits and their labors, he invests even that subject with the profoundest interest. The titles of the several chapters show the wide range of the great naturalist's researches in this field. He treats of the habits of worms; the amount of fine earth brought up by worms; the part played by worms in the burial of ancient buildings; the denudation of land by the action of worms, and many other aspects of the subject.

In turning over the pages of such a book as "Try-Square; or, The Church of Practical Religion," it becomes a difficult matter to judge it fairly. The author is of the species "crank," but evidently with an honest conviction of his mission to reform the world, if he can—to lift up his voice at all events, and reprove it for its shortcomings, moral, physical, and spiritual, and offer such advice as he is capable of giving. He is earnest, but sometimes incoherent, and always inelegant. Literary graces he has none, and evidently does not care for them. The author does not giv his name, and has published under the auspices of the Truth Seeker Company, of New York.—*Springfield Republican.*

"Romantic Love and Personal Beauty: Their Development, Causal Relations, Historic and National Peculiarities," is the attractiv title of a new work announced by Macmillan & Co. The author, Mr. Henry T. Finck (Harvard, 1876), has collected a number of curious facts tending to show that Romantic Love (as distinguished from conjugal affection) is a modern sentiment, only about six hundred years old. He analyzes Love into eleven constituent traits and emotions (including Admiration of Personal Beauty, Emotional Hyperbole, Gallantry, Coyness, Jealousy, etc.), and shows, in separate chapters on "Love Among Animals" and "Savages," "Ancient Hebrew Love," "Greek Love," etc., that although traces of some of the elements of Love are to be found among animals and primitiv men, the majority were absent even in the love-affairs of the ancient civilized nations, owing to the lack of opportunities for courtship (chaperonage), the degraded position of women, and the substitution of parental dictation in place of the free choice of lovers. In "Roman Love" Gallantry makes its first appearance; and Gallantry gone mad is the characteristic trait of chivalrous or "Medieval Love." Under "Modern Love" there are a number of subheads, such as "First Love is not best;" "True Love is transient;" "Love at first sight;" "Coyness lessens woman's Love;" "Masculin versus feminin Love," arguing that man's Love is deeper than woman's. In three chapters on Genius and Love, the author endeavors to prove by numerous biographic illustrations that all geniuses are amorous, and then considers the analogies between "Insanity and Love," and the "Language of Love," including "Kissing—Past, Present, and Future." "How to Win Love" and "How to Cure Love" are two chapters summing up the wisdom of philosophers, wits, and poets on this subject, from Ovid to Heine and Byron. Six chapters are devoted to French, Italian, Spanish, German, English, and American Love, corresponding to six subsequent chapters on Personal Beauty in those countries, as affected by the chief sources of Beauty—Hygiene, Crossing, Mental Culture, and Romantic Love. That Romantic Love becomes an important source of Personal Beauty (through sexual selection) is shown in the analysis of Schopenhauer's Theory of Love, and in a series of chapters on the eyes, cheeks, nose, ears, hair, complexion, etc., each containing numerous cosmetic and hygienic hints and a history of fashionable aberrations of taste. Price, $2. Like any other books our readers may wish, it can be obtained from the Truth Seeker Company.


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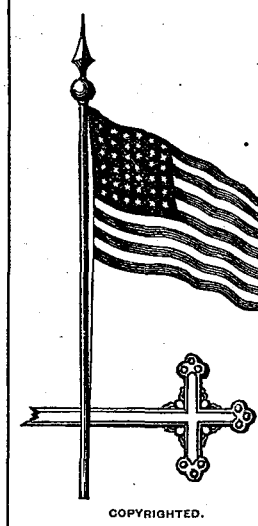
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## News of the Week.

A DECISION of insanity has been given in the case of Mr. Briggs, a gentleman who was arrested one night last week for disorderly conduct in New York streets, insisting that he was above all human laws and amenable only to divine direction.

THERE were ninety-nine excise arrests in New York city last Sunday.

CONSIDERABLE appropriations for the navy are being made, and new cruisers built.

THERE is much suffering along the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador from need of food and clothes.

A LOCAL assembly has withdrawn from the Labor party in Chicago because of the predominance of the Anarchistic elements.

BELGIUM and Holland are making very extensiv military preparations, fearing destruction in the expected Franco-German war.

SECRETARY LAMAR has ordered the restoration to the national domain of the indemnity lands granted to the Atlantic & Pacific railway company.

THE Rev. Dr. Curran, a prominent associate of George and McGlynn, has abandoned them and their cause at the order of his Catholic superior.

STRIKES continue of very frequent occurrence throughout the country, and are often attended with violence.

THE steamer City of Montreal, Inman line, was burnt at sea Aug. 11th, but fortunately only thirteen lives were lost.

THE Ancient Order of Hibernians is in dissension over the action of a Brooklyn division in engaging a lecture from Dr. McGlynn.

THE Rev. Wm. Fox, a Methodist minister and ardent Prohibitionist of Nashville, Tenn., has been arrested for selling whisky without a license.

RUSSIA remains isolated in her protest against the recent assumption of the Bulgarian throne by Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg.

THE revolutionary movement in Russia continues to spread among the students, but the masses remain devoutly attached to their czar and church.

MANY conflicting reports as to Stanley's fate arrive from Africa. Emin Bey, the captured governor of whom he went in search, is reported alive and well.

DR. MCGLYNN is instructing the people that, in their bearing upon the labor reform, "the creeds of the church are useful and beautiful; they throw a strong light on the way."

THE old Know-Nothing party, it is said, is about to be revived. Its friends claim for it 1,500,000 members. It insists upon the restriction of immigration. Powderly is said to be a member.

THE Women's Christian Temperance Union has sent out from Chicago a call to all Christian women in every land to observe Nov. 12th and 13th as days of prayer for the success of temperance work.

THE lord lieutenant of Ireland has issued a proclamation denouncing the Irish National League as dangerous, preparatory to taking legal action toward its suppression. The League intends to change its name and continue its work.

THE most serious of the week's railway accidents is the wreck of a B. & O. express at Washington on the 17th, in which the engineer was killed and twenty persons were injured. It was caused by the failure of every brake to work when emergency required.


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ESAU FINDS THAT JACOB HAS LIED HIM OUT OF HIS RIGHTS.—Gen. xxvii, 32–39.

## Odds and Ends.

WE see an item in a medical paper about "mineral wool." We presume that's the sort they shear from hydraulic rams.

SHE: "Do you think Mr. Dusenberry a thorough Christian?" He: "I guess so. He's always preaching what he doesn't practice."

THE Italian government is endeavoring to negotiate a loan of nine million lires, and has sent to a religious newspaper in this city for estimates.

"ELDAH, yo' fo'got yo' yumbrel, an' I run all de way arter yo' wid it." "An' yo' hain' los' yo' breaf nudder, hev yo'? I tole yo' yo' gwan mek a preacher some day ef yo' lives."

"THAT is certainly the ugliest pug dog I ever saw," said a husband whose wife had led home a recent purchase. "Yes," said the lady, rapturously, "that is the beauty of the dear little fellow.'

"OH, I couldn't think of marrying you," said the soubrette to the leading man. "You'd never be able to keep me." "Why not?" "Oh, you're such a poor support." "Crushed again," he muttered, as he turned away.

ON Canada's quiet banks I stand,
And cast an anxious eye
To that unhappy bank beyond,
Where all my ledgers *lie*.
—*Sunday-school Superintendent.*

LITTLE boy: "Pa, what does 'phenomenal' mean?" Father: "It is a word used by the citizens of Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska when they refer to the growth of their respectiv towns. It doesn't mean much."

"How is your son to-day?" asked a friend of a Wall street broker. "Very bad," replied the old gentleman, striving to compose his agitated features; "very bad, indeed. I would not giv ten per cent for his chance of life."

ST. PETER: "Come in, good and faithful servant." Newly-arrived spirit: "Servant, is it ye say? It's lady's help I waz, sir." "Oh, never mind; come in." "That's heaven, is it?" "This is heaven." "How many nights an' afternoons out will I hav?"

"WOMEN greatsh—hic—deceivers," said Jones, leaning up against the bar. "Theresh—hic—no trusting 'em. Theresh my wife. She said—hic—the other day the next time—hic—I got drunk she'd go home to ma. Ish been drunk ever since, and she—hic—hasn't gone yet."

"MY dear," said a husband, gently rousing his wife—the lady was dangerously ill—"Mrs. De Hobson called a little while ago and left her love and sympathy for you. She seemed deeply affected." "John," said the sick lady, in a very weak tone of voice, as she slowly unclosed her eyes, "what did she hav on?"

NEW spirit: "I was not a very good man in early life, but I tried to make up for it in later years." St. Peter: "I don t find anything in the records against you." N. S.: "In early life a railroad company made a mistake in weighing my goods, and only charged me half freight, and I never said a word about it. Some years ago my conscience troubled me so that I sent the company the rest of the money due it." S. P.: "Was it one of those companies which go into pools with parallel lines?" N. S.: "Yes, sire." S. P.: "Enter, sir, and turn into that avenue to the right." N. S.: "Thanks, sire. Where does it lead?" S. P.: "To the celestial asylum for imbecils."

DE GARMO: "So you're all alone, eh?" Basom: "Yes, the old lady and the girls hav gone to the seashore." De Garmo: "Will they be there long?" Basom: "I hope not. I hav very encouraging reports as to the possibility of my becoming the father-in-law of a French marquis. There is nothing like having a good barber in the family."

"WHAR' d' yo' git dat load er lumber, Br'er Jimson?" "Down ter de Healin' Ba'm church." "Dasso, Br'er Jimson? Why, has dey tored de buildin' down?" "Oh, no, sah! Hit's dar yet, but I hearn Parson Blowhard say dat de pews was free, so I riz up 'arly dis mornin' an' went down dar an' ripped up a pa'r of 'em an' fotched 'em erlong."

IT was in one of the stately mansions of Beacon street, Boston, that our story opens. He was declaring his love in language that only a Boston youth can use, and even he must be sober. "Dearest Penelope," he said, "if I had loved you less I could hav told you that I loved you long ago. If——" But he suddenly stopped. A far-away whither-am-I-drifting look had come over the girl's face, and his heart sank within him. "If my words are displeasing to you, Miss Penelope," he went on in his broken tones, "if I hav said what I ought not to say, or you ought not to hear; if I——" "Not at all," interrupted Penelope, looking wildly about her, "but I hav certainly lost my spectacles. Oh, there they are. Thanks. As you were saying, Mr. Waldo——"

A WITNESS was being examined before a Dakota justice of the peace, and in the course of his testimony mentioned having said to the prisoner at one time that he had a horse he wanted to trade. "Hey?" said the prosecuting attorney, who was conducting the examination; "was it that sor'l one of yours?" "Yes." "Want to trade yet?" "Don't care if I do—what you got?" "He hasn't anything that you want," put in the attorney for the defense; "if you want to trade, I can giv you a mighty good show with my bay mare." "Order in the court-room!" roared the justice, waking up at this point; "what was the last testimony you gave?" "I said I once met the prisoner, and said to him: 'Bill, I'd like to trade you that sor'l mare o' mine——'" "Hold on a minute," said the justice; "you don't want to trade your sor'l yet, I s'pose?" "I might if I got a good chance." "Say," continued the court, "if you mean business, I can giv you jest the slickest swap for that buckskin hoss of mine, an' 'bout ten dollars to boot, that you ever seen! This court is adjourned for one hour—come out to the barn and look my hoss over."


CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY:
OR,
Men of Business Who Did Something Besides Making Money. A Book for Young Americans.

BY JAMES PARTON.

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## Gems of Thought.

IT was not only born in Lady Malin's blood, but from earliest years had been impressed in her brain, that her first duty was to her family, and mainly consisted in getting well out of the way—in going peaceably through the fire to Moloch, that the rest might hav good places in the temple of Mammon. In her turn, she had trained her children to the bewildering conviction that it was their duty to do a certain wrong, if it should be required. That wrong thing (namely, to marry a man that she could neither love nor respect, nor even tolerate) was now required of Hesper—a thing she scorned, hated, shuddered at; she must follow the rest; her turn to be sacrificed was come; she must henceforth be a living lie. She could recompense herself, as the daughters who hav sinned by yielding generally do, when they are mothers, with the sin of compelling, and thus make the trespass round and full. There is in no language yet the word invented to fit the vileness of such mothers; but, as time flows and speech grows, it may be found, and, when it is found, it will hav action retrospectiv. —*Macdonald's Mary Marston.*

MR. DAVIDGE, in his speech on the trial of Guiteau, referred to "the Atheist Tom Paine," which showed him to be either an ignorant man or a man indifferent to truth. Thomas Paine was exactly the reverse of an Atheist. He was a Deist; that is, he was a believer in one God. Deists are not uncommon, and they were even common in England in the last century; and Mr. Paine was an Englishman, and he was born in 1737, when Deism was the creed of half the cultivated men in the British empire. His splendid services to this country, some time before the French alliance had made its independence a certainty, entitles him to be safe from American misrepresentation.—*Boston Traveler.*

"AT the trial of Louis XVI.," says Madame De Stael, "Thomas Paine alone proposed what would hav done honor to France if it had been accepted—the offer to the king of an asylum in America; by which he offended the Mountain party; and in 1793 Robespierre caused him to be ejected and thrown into prison, where he wrote the 'Age of Reason,' against Atheism and against Christianity, and in favor of Deism."—*Chambers' Encyclopedia.*

THE question of the tenure of land is a deep and important one, and must needs engage the attention of good men of all countries.—*D. M. Bennett.*

THE greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God is most unfaltering.—*Seneca.*

MY creed is this: 1. Happiness is the only good. 2. The way to be happy is to make others happy. Other things being equal, that man is happiest who is the nearest just—who is truthful, merciful, and intelligent—in other words, the man who lives in accordance with the conditions of life. 3. The time to be happy is *now*, and the place to be happy is *here*. 4. Reason is the lamp of the mind—the only torch of progress; and, instead of blowing that out and depending upon darkness and dogma, it is far better to increase that sacred light. 5. Every man should be the intellectual proprietor of himself—honest with himself and intellectually hospitable—and upon every brain reason should be enthroned as king. 6. That every man must bear the consequences, at least, of his own actions; that if he put his hand in the fire, *his* hand must smart, and not the hands of another. In other words, that each man must eat the fruit of the tree he plants.—*Ingersoll's Tilt with Talmage.*

THE horrible doctrin of unending punishment is asserted by Jesus, and all the efforts of his modern disciples will not explain away this fact. The tares are to be bound up in bundles to be burnt. The wicked are to be cast into a furnace of fire, where there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth. It is better to enter into life mutilated than to be thrown unmutilated into the fire of hell which is never quenched. The servant who had made no money by usury is cast into outer darkness. The righteous go into eternal life; the wicked go to eternal punishment. Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost cannot be forgiven, but involves eternal damnation. It is almost needless to observe that no wickedness could ever justify punishment without an end; that is, punishment for punishment's sake; and that the creation of human beings whose existence terminated in torture would be in itself a far more terrible crime than any which the basest of mankind can ever commit.—*Amberley's Analysis of Religious Belief.*

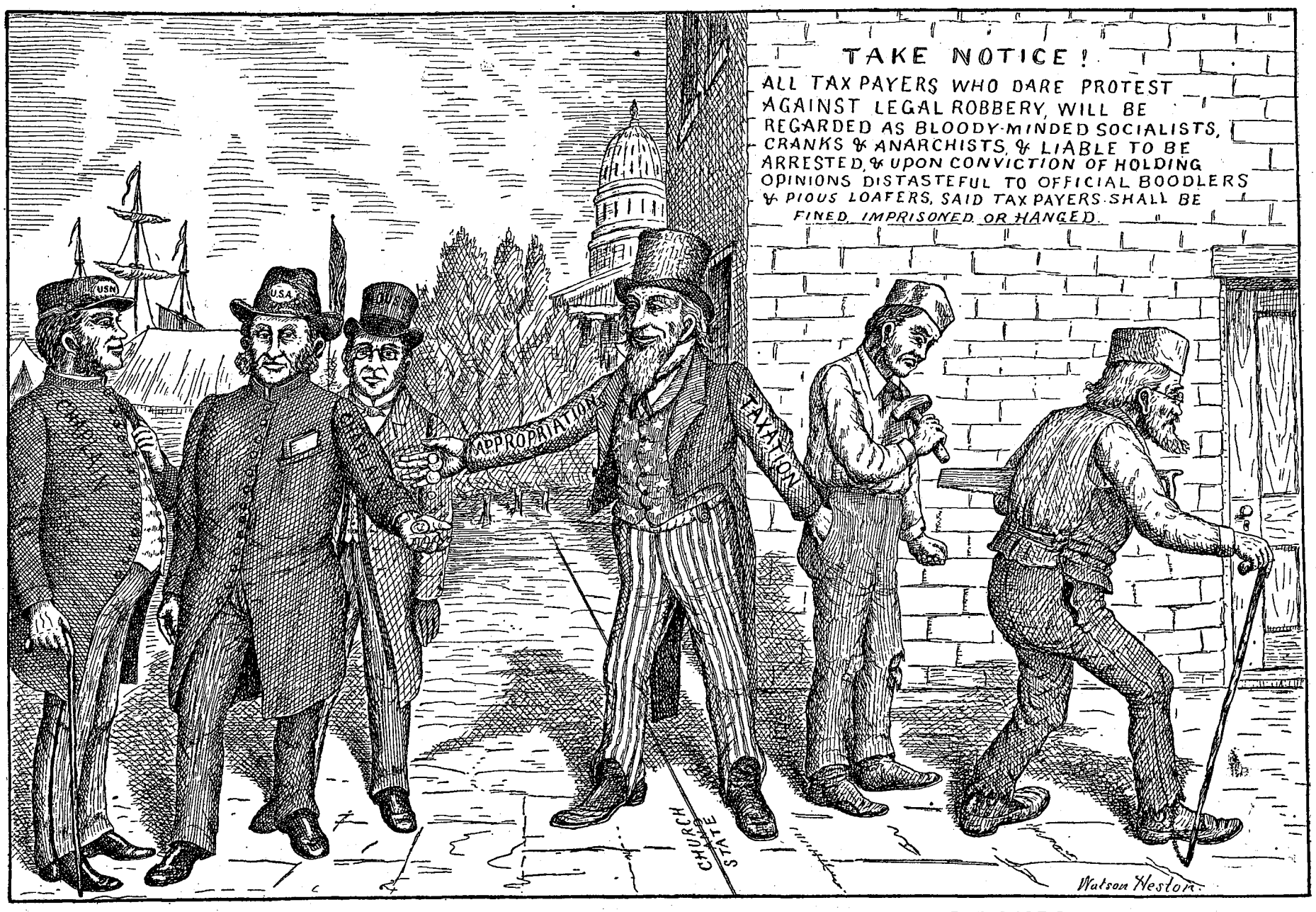
HERBERT SPENCER loses money, while Oscar Wilde gathers in the shekels by the peck. Emerson has to think twice before buying a rare book, while the successful pork-packer pays $5,000 for counterfeit Murillos. The great philosopher wears darned stockings, while the preacher of absurd superstition has whole bushels of fancy-worked slippers.—*Boston Herald.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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HOW UNCLE SAM ROBS THE POOR TO FEED DRONES.

## Notes and Clippings.

THERE is a Sunday law in Mexico, and the officials sometimes enforce it. The *Two Republics* says: "On account of the miserably poor bull-fight at San Rafael Sunday before last, Manager Pubilones has been fined $500 by the presiding regidor."

A PROPOSITION will be presented to the next Mexican Congress for the taxation of all churches and church property one-fourth of one per cent as a rental. This refers to that class of edifices which under the law of December 14, 1874, are the property of the nation.

A YOUNG thief named Dohne who has for years secured rich plunder in the houses of New York religious people whom he pleased with his unusually fervent piety, has been arrested, but insists that the complainant should withdraw her charge to "giv him a chance to make his peace with God."

THE pastor of the A. M. E. Zion church of Kingston has been found by his trustees to be guilty of the following misdemeanors: 1. Misappropriation of church money; 2. Usurpation of authority; 3. Removing church organ without consent of trustees; 4. Refusal to surrender the church books; 5. Forgery.

RICHARD HUNT, a colored preacher, of the Hermitage district, near Nashville, Tenn., has built up a little congregation and established a small church. He wanted to hold a revival, but had no money for lights, etc. He stole a cow and sold it for $15, and started his revival. He had secured fifteen converts, and six more promising mourners were on the anxious seat, when the constable came along, closed up the revival, and brought Hunt to Nashville, where he is now in jail.

THE way the Rev. J. J. Henry's misuse of his means of grace was found out was his victim gave premature birth to an infant, and, under the impression that she was dying, made an ante-mortem statement inculpating him. The Kansas City *Times* of August 16th has a telegram, stating that she has recovered sufficiently to break a cane over the Rev. Henry's head, and chase him home and clear under the bed.

THE Socialists are in hot pursuit of Henry George. They hav found out that in January, 1881, he made an address before the Spread the Light Club, in Brooklyn, in which was this: "Mankind must rise to some system of coöperation or go down to Anarchy. Our civilization must mount up to the ideal of the Socialists; it must follow in the path of every preceding civilization, or rush into Anarchy and ruin."

A PECULIAR case is claiming the attention of attorneys at Akron, O. A clairvoyant was arrested some time since on complaint of one of her customers on a charge of obtaining money by false pretense. A justice of the peace found her guilty and sentenced her to a term in the workhouse. She served one day, and was then released on a writ of habeas corpus issued by Judge Ripson of the circuit court, who held that the woman was at work at an avocation, that it was no offense against the statutes to obtain work by false pretense. Now the woman has brought suit against the justice who committed her and his bondsmen, and also against the deputy sheriff who took her to the workhouse, for false imprisonment. The case is being watched with interest.

IN the Anamosa, Iowa, penitentiary, according the superintendent's report for the biennial period ending June 30, 1887, there are seventy-seven Catholics, seventy-one Methodists, one Infidel, eighty-two belonging to various other denominaticns, and ninety-seven not religiously affiliated. One out of three hundred and twenty-eight is pretty good showing for the Infidels of Iowa, for the state is full of them.

THE *World* says that in about a fortnight the *Evening Standard* will unfurl its labor banner under the editorial quill of Rev. Dr. McGlynn. The moneyed man in the enterprise is said to be Allen Thorndyke Rice, of the *North American Review*, who is also said to own an interest in Henry George's *Standard*. A month later a daily morning paper is to be started, with well-known labor sympathizers upon the editorial staff. The name decided upon is the *American Workman*.

THE *Jewish Times* finds only a slight difference between Dr. Oswald's religion of the future and Judaism. The *Times* says: "THE TRUTH SEEKER is publishing a series of excellent articles from the pen of a noted Agnostic writer, Dr. Felix L. Oswald, author of 'Physical Education,' 'The Secrets of the East,' etc. The series when completed are to be considered as a contribution to the religion of the future. We hav carefully read the papers so far published, and the philosophy of living as outlined therein is strikingly Jewish in its principles. In fact, the only difference we can see is that in Dr. Oswald's philosophy there is no exalted and sublime spiritua ideal such as exists in the philosophy of Judaism." The *Times* deserves credit for its original discovery.

*La Réform*, of Brussels, states that many Belgian Freethinkers hav notified the Council General of the International Federation of Freethinkers at Antwerp of their intention to attend the London International Freethought Congress, to be held at the Hall of Science, on September 10th, 11th, and 12th, and that twelve delegates will attend from the city of Antwerp. What are the Freethought societies of the United States going to do about being represented at the Congress?

A MOST interesting paper by Professor Dr. Ludwig Büchner on "Freethought and the Social Question," has first place in the Brussels *La Société Nouvelle*. It is written specially in view of two questions placed by the General Council on the order of the day for discussion at the forthcoming London International Freethought Congress: "Can the Freethought Question be Separated from the Social Question?" "On the Social Relatio.s of Freethought in the Past, Present, an Future." Dr. Büchner writes that in hi opinion Freethought has only a very indirect relation with Socialism. "One can be a Freethinker," he says, "and decidedly adverse to Socialism, or a determined partisan of Socialism and yet pious and believing. Christianity—of which Freethought is in all things the adversary—has had in principle an evidently Socialistic and even Communistic character."—*National Reformer*.

# Communications.

## The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

Author of "Physical Education," "The Secret of the East," etc.

### I.—Mental Maxims.

CHAPTER I.—KNOWLEDGE.

*A.—Lessons of Instinct.*

In the arena of life animal instinct triumphs over the elemental forces of Nature, as human intelligence triumphs over instinct, and the secret of that superiority is knowledge. Skill is well-directed force. Prudence is well-applied reason. The efficiency of that directing faculty depends on experience, as we call the accumulation of recollected facts. Knowledge is stored light, as helpful in the narrowest as in the widest sphere of conscious activity, and the instinctive appreciation of that advantage manifests itself in the lowest species of vertebrate animals, nay, perhaps even in the winged insects that swarm in from near and far to explore the mystery of a flickering torch. Curiosity, rather than the supposed love of rhythm, tempts the serpent to leave its den at the sound of the conjurer's flute. Dolphins are thus attracted by the din of a kettledrum, river-fish by the glare of a moving light. Where deer abound, a pitchwood fire, kindled in a moonless night, is sure to allure them from all parts of the forest. Antelope hunters can entice their game within rifle-shot by fastening a red kerchief to a bush and letting it flutter in the breeze. When the first telegraph lines crossed the plateau of the Rocky Mountains, herds of bighorn sheep were often seen trotting along the singing wires as if anxious to ascertain the meaning of the curious innovation. Every abnormal change in the features of a primitive landscape—the erection of a lookout-tower, a clearing in the midst of a primeval forest—attracts swarms of inquisitive birds, even crows and shy hawks, who seem to recognize the advantage of reconnoitering the topography of their hunting grounds. In some of the higher animals inquisitiveness becomes too marked to mistake its motive, as when a troop of colts gathers about a inew dog, or a pet monkey pokes his head into a cellar-hole, and wears out his finger-nails to ascertain the contents of a brass rattle.

For the intelligence of children, too, inquisitiveness is a pretty sure test. Infants of ten months may be seen turning their eyes toward a new piece of furniture in their nursery. Kindergarten pets of three years have been known to pick up a gilded pebble from the gravel road and call their teacher's attention to the color of the abnormal specimen. With a little encouragement that faculty of observation may develop surprising results. The wife of a Mexican missionary of my acquaintance, who had taken charge of an Indian orphan boy, and made a point of answering every pertinent question of the bright-eyed youngster, was one day surprised to hear him usher in a stranger and invite him to a seat in the parlor. "How could you know it was not a tramp?" she asked her little chamberlain after the visitor had left. "Oh, I could tell by his clean finger-nails," said Master Five years, "and also by his straight shoes. Tramps always get their heels crooked!"

The shrewd remarks of boy naturalists and girl satirists often almost confirm the opinion of Goethe that every child has the innate gifts of genius, and that subsequent differences are only the result of more or less propitious educational influences. And in spite of most discouraging circumstances, the love of knowledge sometimes revives in after years with the energy almost of a passionate instinct. On the veranda of a new hotel in a railroad town of southern Texas, I once noticed the expression of rapt interest on the face of a young hunter, a lad of eighteen or nineteen, who here for the first time came in contact with the representatives of a higher civilization and with breathless attention drank in the conversation of two far-traveled strangers. "If they would hire me for a *dog-robber* (a low menial), I would do it for a dime a day," he muttered, "just for the chance to hear them talk."

"But if they should take you to some smoky, crowded, big city?"

"I don't care," said he, with an oath, "I would let them lock me up in a jail, if I could get an education like theirs."

It would, indeed, be a mistake to suppose that the thirst for mental development is the exclusive product of advanced culture. In the thinly settled highlands of our western territories, miners and herders have been known to travel ten miles a day over rough mountain roads to get the rudiments of a school education. Missionaries who have mastered the language of a barbarous tribe have more than once been followed by converts whom the charm of general knowledge (far more than any special theological motive) impelled to forsake the home of their fathers and follow the white stranger to the land of his omniscient countrymen.

B.—REWARDS OF CONFORMITY.

Knowledge is power, even in the contests of brutes. Superior topographical knowledge enables the chasing wolf to intercept the flight of his game; a well-chosen ambush makes the tiger the master of his would-be slayer. Familiarity with the habits of enemies and rivals decides success in the struggle for existence.

The advantage of superior knowledge is not limited to the prestige of superlative scholarship, but asserts itself in the chances of every competitive pursuit, so infallibly, indeed, as to justify Diderot's paradox that there is no need of any such thing as love of science for its own sake, since all knowledge repays its acquisition by collateral benefits. A farmer's boy studying statute law, a lawyer collecting market-reports, will sooner or later find a chance to profit by their study. The infinite interaction of human affairs connects the interests of all branches of human knowledge, and makes the humblest handicraft amenable to scientific improvement. Knowledge has never hindered the successful pursuit of any manual vocation. Fifty years ago several states of the American Union made it a penal offense to teach a slave reading and writing; and if the planter valued his laborers in proportion to their canine submissiveness, he was perhaps right that "education spoils a nigger." It qualified his servility, and by making him a better man, made him perhaps a less available dog. But with that single exception, ignorance is a disadvantage, and knowledge an advantage, both to its possessor and his employers. In the solitudes of the Australian bush-land, Frederick Jerstaecker found a herdsman reading Aristophanes in the original. Neither the sheep nor their owners were any the worse for that incidental accomplishment of the poor shepherd, who found his study a sufficient source of pastime, while his comrades were apt to drown their *ennui* in bad rum. James Cook, the greatest of modern maritime discoverers, served his apprenticeship on board of a coal-barge and employed his leisure in studying works on geography and general history. The knowledge, thus acquired, might seem of no direct advantage, but three years after, on board of the Eagle frigate, the erudition of the brawny young sailor soon attracted the attention of two intelligent officers whose recommendations proved the stepping-stones of his successful career. Mohammed Baber Khan, the emperor of the Mogul empire, owed his triumphs to his topographical studies of a region which afterward became the battleground of his great campaigns. Mohammed the Prophet gained the confidence of his first employer by his familiarity with the commercial customs of neighboring nations. Superior knowledge compels even an unwilling recognition of its prestige. In the Middle Ages, when Moslems and Trinitarians were at daggers drawn, Christian kings sent respectful embassies to solicit the professional advice of Ibn Rhus ("Averroes"), the Moorish physician. During the progress of the life-and-death struggle of France and Great Britain, the discoveries of Sir Humphrey Davy impelled the Academie Française to send their chief prize to England. The benefits of great inventions are too international to leave room for that envy that pursues the glory of military heroes, and the triumphs of science have often united nations whom a unity of religion had failed to reconcile.

C.—PERVERSION.

There is a tradition that a year before the conversion of Constantine the son of the prophetess Sospitra was praying in the temple of Serapis, when the spirit of his mother came over him and the veil of the future was withdrawn. "Woe to our children!" he exclaimed, when he awakened from his trance, "I see a cloud approaching, a great darkness is going to spread over the face of the world." That darkness proved a thirteen hundred years' eclipse of common sense and reason. There is a doubt if the total destruction of all cities of the civilized world could have struck a more cruel blow to Science than the dogma of salvation by faith and abstinence from the pursuit of free inquiry. The ethics of the world-renouncing fanatic condemned the love of secular knowledge as they condemned the love of health and the pursuit of physical prosperity, and the children of the next fifty generations were systematically trained to despise the highest attribute of the human spirit. Spiritual poverty became a test of moral worth; philosophers and free inquirers were banished, while mental castrates were fattened at the expense of toiling rustics and mechanics; science was dreaded as an ally of skepticism, if not of the arch-fiend in person; the suspicion of sorcery attached to the cultivation of almost any intellectual pursuit, and the Emperor Justinian actually passed a law for the "suppression of mathematicians."

When the tyranny of the church reached the zenith of its power, natural science became almost a tradition of the past. The pedants of the convent schools divided their time between the forgery of miracle legends and the elaboration of insane dogmas. The most extravagant absurdities were propagated under the name of historical records; medleys of nursery-tales and ghost-stories which the poorest village school-teacher of pagan Rome would have rejected with disgust were gravely discussed by so-called scholars. Buckle, in his "History of Civilization," quotes samples of such chronicles which might be mistaken for products of satire, if abundant evidence of contemporary writers did not prove them to have been the current staple of medieval science.

When the gloom of the dreadful night was broken by the first gleam of modern science, every torch-bearer was persecuted as an incendiary. Astronomers were forced to recant their heresies on their bended knees. Philosophers were caged like wild beasts. Religious skeptics were burnt at the stake, as enemies of God and the human race. It was, indeed, almost impossible to enunciate any scientific axiom that did not conflict with the dogmas of the revelation-mongers who had for centuries subordinated the evidence of their own senses to the rant of epileptic monks and maniacs. And when the sun of Reason rose visibly above the horizon of the intellectual world, its rays struggled distorted through the dense mist of superstition which continued to brood over the face of the earth, and was only partially dispersed even by the storms of the Protestant revolt.

The light of modern science has brought its blessings only to the habitants of the social highlands; the valley dwellers still grope their way through the gloom of inveterate superstitions and prejudices, and centuries may pass before the world has entirely emerged from the shadow of the life-blighting cloud which the son of Sospitra recognized in the rise of the Galilean delusion.

D.—PENALTIES OF NEGLECT.

Of all the sins of Antinaturalism, the suppression of human reason has brought down the curse of the direst retribution. It is the unpardonable sin against the Holy Spirit. The actual extinction of their local sunshine could hardly have entailed greater misery upon the slaves of the Christian church. The victims of a permanent Egyptian darkness might have taken refuge in the Goshen of their neighbors, in the sunny garden-homes of the Parsees and Spanish Moriscos, but the jealousy of the clerical tyrants closed every gate of escape, and for thirteen centuries the nations of Christian Europe suffered all the horrors of enforced ignorance and superstition. The history of that dismal night is, indeed, the darkest page in the records of the human race, and its horrors bind the duties of every sane survivor to a war of extermination upon the dogmas of the insane fanatic whose priests turned the paradise of southern Europe into a hell of misery and barbarism.

The battle against the demon of darkness became a struggle for existence, in which the powers of Nature at last prevailed, but for millions of our fellow-men the day of deliverance has dawned too late; spring-time and morning returned in vain for many a once fertile land where the soil itself had lost its reproductive power, where the outrages of Antinaturalism had turned gardens into deserts and freemen into callous slaves. The storm that awakened the nations of northern Europe from the dreams of their poison-fever, could not break the spell of a deeper slumber, and the moral desert of the Mediterranean coast-lands remains to warn the nations of the future, as the bleaching bones of a perished caravan remain to warn the traveler from the track of the simoom.

The religion of Mohammed, with its health-laws and encouragements to martial prowess, has produced no ruinous results of physical degeneration, but the entire neglect of mental culture has not failed to avenge itself in the loss of national prestige. For after the northern nations of Christendom had broken the yoke of their spiritual tyrants, the children of Islam remained faithful to the task-masters of their less grievous bondage, but also to its total indifference to secular science, and from that day the crescent of the prophet became a waning moon.

E.—REFORM.

The experience of the Middle Ages has made the separation of church and state the watchword of all true Liberals. But the divorce of church and *school* is a duty of hardly less urgent importance. While many of our best Freethinkers waste their time in hair-splitting metaphysics, Catholic and Protestant Jesuits coöperate for a purpose which they have shrewdly recognized as the main hope of obscurantism: The perversion of primary education by its re-subjection to the control of the clergy. The definite defeat of those intrigues should be considered the only permanent guarantee against the revival of spiritual feudalism. A perhaps less imminent, but hardly less serious, danger to the cause of Science is the stealthy revival of mysticism. Under all sorts of nomenclatural modifications, the specter-creed of the ancient Gnostics is again rearing its head, and menacing reason by an appeal to the hysterical and sensational proclivities of ignorance.

In the third place, there is no doubt that under the present circumstances of educational limitations the adoption of female suffrage would prove a death-blow to intellectual progress and re-doom mankind

to the tutelage of a clerical Inquisition; but rather than perpetuate a twofold system of oppression, we should complete the work of emancipation by admitting our sisters to all available social and educational advantages, as well as to the privilege of the polls. From the suffrage of educated women we have nothing to fear and much to hope.

It has long been a mooted question if the progress of knowledge can be promoted by arbitrary encouragement, such as prize offers and sinecures, but the preponderance of logic seems on the side of those who hold that science should be left to its normal rewards, and that the proper sphere of legislation does not extend beyond the duty of securing the full benefit of those rewards by the removal of absurd disabilities and unfair discriminations in support of worm-eaten dogmas. Reason may be safely left to fight its own battle, if the arms of Un-reason cease to be strengthened by statutes which enable every village ghost-monger to silence the exponents of science by an appeal to medieval heretic-laws.

## The Spirit of Infidelity.

The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive.
The spirit searcheth all things, even the deep things of Zeus.
The fruits of the spirit are joy and peace, etc.

There are so many good, rational, sensible things in that old book containing the thoughts of men centuries ago, and on which modern superstition relies for its support, that unbelievers in the latter should use them in their own defense and to convince their religious opponents of the absurdities of their faith.

It is because we believe most fully and cordially in the truth of the above quotations that we discard the letter and accept with all confidence the spirit.

We see in tracing the past history of the church, its bloody, merciless persecutions, its no less arrogant pretensions and assumptions everywhere around us to-day, the overwhelming and indisputable evidence that the letter has not only led to killing millions in the past literally, but is killing its millions, mentally and spiritually, of those who are building a faith on and depending on it everywhere now, in all religious organizations. The Infidel is the only true believer in the philosophy of this ancient writer, because he rejects the letter as a fatal enemy to his intellectual and spiritual growth and life, and depends wholly and unreservedly on the spirit.

He believes in testing everything and extracting the sense, spirit, and life out of it, and using them only, for his life, strength, and guide.

The spirit is not only above the letter, but its function is that of the absolute autocrat, to dissect, to reject, or to destroy the letter, if, on examination, it cannot discover something good or useful for its own purposes. The letter in itself is but a mere shell at best, and, if there is no kernel, life, or essence in it, must be cast out as rubbish by the dictates of the spirit.

The spirit is not a fetich, nor is it anything that can be personified as a ghost or incubus of the Spiritualists; it means that force in human nature which can determin right from wrong, and prompts to action, without consulting the letter, the creed, the law or command of others. Everyone who rejects authority and acts from his own sense of right, is moved and guided by the spirit.

The Infidel is such a firm believer in these ancient propositions or maxims that they giv him all the warrant and authority he asks, or that is necessary. He does not hesitate to accept them in their fulness of meaning, and to plunge at once into searchings of all things, even the deep things of Zeus.

Now, the man that will not or dare not do this is infidel to the most important lessons the book teaches whence he professes to derive his religious faith. The letter has already killed him mentally and morally, and he is left spiritually dead. The Infidel is the only true spiritual searcher, and he is strictly in the line of his duty when he dives to the depths, unveils and explodes all those heathen and Christian ideas, of Zeus, which the letter has involved in unmeaning mystery.

It is not blasphemy or irreverent to go into this deep, searching inquisition, but it is the duty of every true believer.

Not to do it is evidence of being governed by the letter that killeth, and not by the spirit which searcheth all things.

If the power of the priesthood and the literal, monstrous theology taught and sustained by it are ever to be broken, the Infidel, who is the true spiritual believer, must do it largely by the weapons, the authority, furnished by believers' own sacred text and its lessons. The power of the church must be met, overcome, and slain by the arrows of truth, reason, and sense, drawn from its own armory. If we spurn and trample upon as an infamous fraud all this ancient, sacred literature, so dear to the sincere orthodox believer, we cannot get his ear; we shock him, and put ourselvs outside of his recognition or sympathy. We excite feelings of hostility toward us and any influence for good that we might otherwise hav exerted.

The church is the fortress and bulwark of orthodoxy and of the letter.

If it ever leaves its stronghold, it must be driven out by the power of the spirit, as manifested in the life and teachings of the Infidel.

The Infidel is entirely at home and within the record when he is searching, without let or bias, into the deep things of Zeus, and is showing how much superstition has done to veil the simple lessons of these ancient writers. They tell us "Zeus is light, and in it there is no darkness at all." If Zeus is Light, then Light is Zeus, and that is liberal enough even for the Atheist. We want nothing better for our own Zeus, if we need one.

This is an impersonal abstraction, and has nothing of those human qualities and attributes which modern orthodoxy has collected together and organized into its self-constituted artificial ideal of a Zeus.

The same ancient writer says also that "Zeus is Love," and "they that dwell in love dwell in Zeus and Zeus in them"—an equally simple definition, and one no Atheist can object to; it being so entirely harmless and impersonal.

This writer was evidently addressing himself to a mythologic people, who probably held as vague and absurd views of Zeus as the multitude are teaching and believing now.

Then he also said "Zeus is spirit" and they that worship Zeus must worship in spirit and in truth. Now, in these lessons we are taught that Zeus is light, love, and truth.

As Infidels, if we hav any feelings of reverence to gratify, we certainly should not hesitate to worship a Zeus represented by "light," "love," and "truth." If we feel under no obligation to avow our homage even to a Zeus of this character, we should be liberal and tolerant to indulge those who wish to so manifest their feelings of reverence, if they see proper to do so. The function and work of the Infidel, who rejects the letter and is ruled or led by the spirit, are, to correct the errors and rectify the abuses into which the letter has plunged orthodoxy. We will gain nothing by annihilating or killing Zeus, and thus making the worshiper our deadly enemy. We must in the spirit search into the deep things of Zeus and unmask it of all that is false and spurious, corruptions of the true idea.

The modern Infidel is quite outside, and cut off from much useful influence, by his ultra-iconoclastic pronunciamentos. The believer assumes the rigidity of the ascetic, from a prejudice formed against him in his reasonings and teachings on matters theological. If he has to hear, he has resolved not to weigh, nor to allow himself to reason on religion. These hav been his priestly instructions, and he obeys them; so his mind is generally forever closed to Infidel views. As Infidels, we attempt too much when we discard all. We should hold on to the truth, avowing our deep reverence for it, and none the less because it has been misunderstood, or mixed with falsehood, by ancient writers and modern believers. The work of the Infidel should be to purify, not destroy, the ancient faith. That is the proper use of the spirit, which alone should guide his labors.

The late revisers of the New Testament hav let out so many secrets and revealed the sources of so much that is fabulous and corrupt, that they hav done us all great service in exposing the fallacy of the letter, and the necessity of depending on the spirit, which searches and tests all things.

When they tell us that the earlier teachers and the copies of their writings were more simple, pure, and rational than the compound of sense and superstition which we are now asked to accept, they hav opened the way for us to enter into the so-called sacred text and subject it all to the criticism of the spirit. They began it, but became alarmed and left the more free and liberal to complete their work. The Infidel is the only one who can do it honestly.

Would it not be better to take sides with them, to recognize the great work they hav done in breaking the enchantment and in pointing out in their orthodox way how much they found wrong, how much they attempted to rectify, and what a vast amount of uncertainty and of equivocal matter they discovered, which they left, because the worshipers of the volume would not tolerate such sweeping and revolutionary changes as it would make in the text, undermining and dissipating their whole system of theology? We should recognize them as our friends, and cooperate with them rather than discard them and their work as hostil to the interests of truth and as impediments to human progress.

I think they did a great work, but, of course, in a timid, patronizing way.

Liberal literature would be read were it based more on the popular thought, the advanced views, of the more scientific theologians, and especially if on the conclusions and concessions of the late revising committees. If we wish to weaken the faith of the bigot in his implicit reliance on the authority of the letter of the scripture, it must be done by reason, and respect for those who hav been misled, and not by ribaldry, caricature, or denunciation. Instructed in these more moderate views and methods of discussing Liberalism, the Infidel could meet and be heard by his Christian associates or neighbors. He would hav access to the church and its devotees, and his Liberalism be made to leaven those from whom he is now denied all intercourse.

If we score and scourge and jibe the believer, we make him our enemy; he will neither hear nor read, but will do his utmost to make us obnoxious to all believers. Men of genius, humor, and eloquence like Ingersoll may take this freedom and be heard, through their charming powers even over enemies; but those not so gifted will fail, and defeat their own purposes by indulging in such liberties.

Liberalism is doubtless losing much of its labor and resources by its ultra, outside attitude and its little respect for the sincere opinions held by ardent and earnest believers. To keep with the people as far as practicable, and to correct their views, is better than to desert and ridicule them. To convert, not condemn; to save, not to abandon, the erring, is the true wisdom and benevolence of the higher type of men. T. E. LONGSHORE.

*Philadelphia*, Aug., 1887.

## Our London Letter.

The summer campaign so far, notwithstanding certain drawbacks, may fairly be considered successful. Several well-known Freethinkers hav specially given their attention to outdoor lecturing, and are invariably favored with good audiences. In certain places the orthodox party has mustered its fighting men, whose business it is to break up the meeting and maltreat the lecturer, but these very characteristic proceedings hav generally failed of success. Very rarely will a believer attempt to defeat the arguments used by the speaker, and, after so many polemical defeats, it is not surprising that the champions of the faith are chary of entering the lists. But as it will not do to allow the Freethinker to hav it all his own way and meet with no opposition, the church militant comes to the front; it has not yet, however, developed into the church triumphant; nor is it likely to do so, now its day is well nigh over; though, for all that, it will not surrender without many a hard struggle. The church of Christ appears to partake very much of the nature of the shark; human prey being the favorit food of each, they are both extremely tenacious of life and equally difficult to kill.

Now and again one finds a priest who, while firmly believing what he teaches, yet, strange to say, allows that there may be another side to the question, though it is not very probable that such is the case. There is a certain vicar in the north of London who is giving a course of Sunday lectures in his church on Infidelity and Christian evidence, and one of the most activ members of the National Secular Society has recently interviewed him on the subject, stating his intention of giving a lecture in opposition to his statements, with the result that this vicar has permitted the use of his school-room on each Monday following his own address for that purpose; when, as is the rule, discussion will be invited during the evening, and the parson will get two opportunities to the Freethinkers' one to speak on each subject. Every opportunity thus offered to show the errors and absurdities of the Christian religion as practiced will be of great use, enabling Freethought to bé more fully disseminated abroad, for although Atheism has existed in its present form for many years, it is yet but little understood by the majority. There are, no doubt, some millions of English people who hav never read a Freethought work nor heard a Freethought lecture, and whose only ideas of Atheism are those so carefully stated by interested persons, many of whom know that their calumnies are entirely false, but salve their consciences by the Jesuitical maxim that "the end justifies the means." I never yet met with an individual of any degree of intelligence who condemned Atheists and Atheism who really knew anything about either. Their sole knowledge consisted of the scurrilous falsehoods contained in religious papers or stated from pulpits. Many people of this description believe firmly that an Atheist is ill-favored and dirty in his habits and person, usually a cobbler by trade, or perhaps a blacksmith, extremely ignorant, very ungrammatical, a drunkard, and one who never by any possibility can say half a dozen words without bringing in two or three oaths. The open-air propaganda will disabuse the minds of some of those who consider the above pleasing description as a correct one, and when they see that such is not the case, are induced to listen to what is said, and though they may not be willing to open their minds at once to the truths taught, will, at all events, hav the seeds of doubt sown in their minds, which will grow till they bear fruit of use to themselvs and the world. J. D.

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# The American Secular Union.

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## Call for the Eleventh Annual Congress of the American Secular Union.

*To the Auxiliary Secular Unions and to all citizens of the United States and Canadas who support the Nine Demands of Liberalism:*

You are wanted to attend the Eleventh Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, to be held at Chicago, October 15th and 16th.

The Congress will be called upon to consider measures for carrying on the work of Freethought and securing the adoption of such laws by the various state governments and by the national government as shall make the United States thoroughly secular, and the repeal of all laws now on the statute books which conflict with the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

Local auxiliary Unions are entitled by the Union constitution to five representativs—the President and Secretary and three delegates. All charter members and life members, all Vice Presidents, all Chairmen of state Executiv Committees, are entitled to seats and votes in the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats, but not votes, except by permission of the Congress.

It is hoped that every auxiliary Union will send a full delegation to the Congress, and that every Free thinker in the United States and Canada who can will be present.

Per order Board of Directors:

COURTLANDT PALMER, Pres.
SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Sec.
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## News and Notes.

From the Dalles a night ride brings me to Palouse Junction, with just two houses and the depot. Colfax is eighty-seven miles from here. For the first fifty miles it is one of the most desert-looking countries through which I hav passed. The volcanic lavas once ran riot, and the rocks are rolled into all imaginable shapes, and barren prospects stretch away. After awhile bands of horses begin to appear and straying cattle. When we strike the Palouse river there are some green meadow lands and habitations. At Endicott, where about a dozen houses are flung together, we take dinner. Here the farmers' teams do congregate and betoken cultivation. Occasionally we discern a wheat-field. Signs of productivness increase. As our railroad train proceeds at the rate of ten miles an hour, we seem to be coming into the purlieus of civilization. Still I wonder where Colfax is, and what kind of a town can be built amid such vast wastes and walls of rock. After eight hours' ride the train creeps down into a big crevice, and by a sudden plunge I find myself in the heart of a busy and elegant city, one of the liveliest on the coast. It seems by magic to encompass you in the hollow of the earth. Colfax has about two thousand inhabitants, and a bright future. It already has two railroads, with the prospect of others. It is in the midst of a vast wheat producing section of country. It has been burnt down twice. In the last fire the loss was two hundred thousand dollars, but the plucky citizens went right ahead, and soon a new city was under way over the blackened ruins.

I found a courageous Liberal phalanx here, and cordial hospitality. I already knew something about the pioneer spirit of the Wolfards, at Silverton, Oregon, and here I found the same bright and generous Liberalism in the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. Wolfard, who liv on a hill, overlooking the city, where one can see the busy tide of life at their very feet. Mrs. Kate P. Wolfard is an occasional contributor to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and is, therefore, known to our ranks. Mr. John B. Wolfard, now over seventy years of age, who livs at Colton, twenty miles off, was unable on account of health to attend the lectures, but he sent a word of greeting, and a year's subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I hope that this example will be followed. The Wolfards are all in the front ranks at Colfax. There is L. D. Wolfard, Vert, and Oliver—the sons, who inherit into good blood the spirit of Freethought. Vert Wolfard engaged the band at his own expense for the lectures, and so we had enlivening music, which of course gave pleasure and impulse to our work. It will be seen that we hav real workers in this remote spot, who are bound to hav things go off in style, and who put fire into their intellectual as into their business life.

I gave four lectures at Colfax, Saturday evening, Sunday afternoon and evening, and Monday evening, and there was good attendance at all, and interest and appreciation. Of course, the churches hold sway, and don't want the Infidel to come in; and they would rather hav the community patronize a traveling show than lectures on science and humanity. Besides the half-dozen churches, there is an imposing Baptist college going up on one of the hill sites overlooking the city, and it looks as if it meant to keep watch and ward over all the place, and threaten with overwhelming destruction the venturesome pilgrim of reform. However, Infidelity has a good deal of the inside track at Colfax, and quietly flourishes.

Besides the Wolfards of happy memory, with age and youth in their advancing columns, there is P. Wilmans, jovial and strong, and ever ready to make the stranger welcome. He is always for the open fight, and his flag is never hauled down. He gave me a pleasant drive about the many-hilled country, and I had a chance to see its quality. It is up-hill and down-hill for miles away. There is no level space anywhere in a day's journey, except occasionally a "flat," or valley, called "Rebel Flat," "Union Flat," etc. The soil is twenty feet deep. It is well watered. There are a multitude of springs, and on the highest elevation a well thirty feet deep strikes water. This is one of the finest wheat countries in the world. The average production is twenty-six bushels to the acre. In Illinois and Wisconsin the average is only ten and twelve bushels per acre. The average this year in the Palouse country is, I understand, about forty bushels per acre. The total product last year was three million bushels, of which one million were shipped from Colfax. Barley and flaxseed are also raised in large quantities. The Palouse is also an excellent cattle and horse country. There are in this section two hundred thousand sheep. The agricultural prospects are, therefore, great; and Colfax is about the business center of it all, and reaps the main harvest. It does a business of two million dollars a year. It pays the railroad in freight charges nearly one thousand dollars a day Only eight per cent of the tillable lands are now cultivated. The fruits mainly are peaches, apples, plums, prunes, and cherries.

Besides my friend Wilmans are J. M. Hubbard, the Ewings, John Erford, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Benton, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Davenport, John Adams, Smith and Judson, Wm. Spencer, James Bleeker, Wm. Harper, John Harper, Mr. and Mrs. John Noble, Urban Chase, Jos. Moore, Frank Boyd, Chase and Chapman, T. B. Weller, Wm. Hamilton, mayor of the city; H. W. Livingstone, W. B. Sparrow, G. A. Miller, S. J. Saxon, I. M. Priveit, John Privett, etc.

I look forward to a strong organization in the future. My little friend Charlie Heatherly, only thirteen years of age, spent his pocket-money for a beautiful copy of Mr. Ingersoll's complete works. I thought this a noble sign of what will be. Such a boy will make a bright and go-ahead Infidel who takes to his heart these teachings of our modern Shakspere, so simple and natural that even a child can understand the splendor of his thought.

I hav a good time, good friends, pleasant meetings in Colfax. I hav been repaid for the long journey. I wanted to go up to Waverly and see my friend William Graham and others, but time would not permit. I hope next year to be able to visit this and other points. The field of work broadens every day.

From Colfax I come to Pasco on Tuesday, and lecture on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. Pasco is about two years old, and has only a dozen houses, and sage-brush stretches about it for hundreds of miles. Where was an audience to come from in this little, straggling hamlet? However, I had it, and the school-house was full the two evenings, and I shouldn't wonder if a Freethought hall were built when I come back, for the friends are quite enthusiastic and are of the veteran army. They hav been all over the world, some of them—railroad men, steamboat men, etc.—and they know what reality is by struggle and experience. It is marvelous what an immense amount of life one finds in every Western village. It is like a camping-ground where every nationality meets, and, with only a few houses, there is a cosmopolitan aspect. It is like a rendezvous of travelers.

When I looked forth on the wilderness of sage-brush, I said to myself, "This can't be a farming country; what can grow on this sand?" In the first place, however, this soil is not sand, but a kind of volcanic dust, and, when watered, can produce wonderfully. Frank Schunemann took me out to his farm, where he has been located about five years. It is in the midst of a beautiful green grove. His corn is about twelve feet high. The grass is luxuriant. The watermelons are abundant and finely flavored. The grapes are delicious. It is a good cattle country. They grow fat on sage-brush and bunch-grass. Over across the Columbia river, on the banks of which lies Schunemann's farm, is what is called "Horse heaven," where horses roam in perfect delight and revel in the rich pasture lands. I am glad that horses hav a heaven. They deserve it. So this desolate-looking country is found to be fertil, and has its brilliant prospects for the years to come. The lands are being taken up for cultivation. Purple vinyards may some time make this the Rhine valley of America. The problem to solve is irrigation. These lands are like those of California once considered worthless, but now commanding hundreds of dollars per acre. Water is all that is needed to transform the wilderness to a garden. The climate is pleasant both summer and winter. Pasco is about the smallest place I hav visited, but time did not hang heavy on my hands. Although but two days' notice was given, friends came from ten, twenty, and thirty miles off, and we had good cheer and fellowship. I believe there are only about two hundred inhabitants in the whole county, but most of these are Liberals.

Among our number on this picket-line of civilization are J. W. O'Keefe, formerly of Seward, Neb., one of the leading men of the place; Sheriff W. B. Grey, Capt. W. P. Grey, A. W. Grey, A. P. Grey, W. R. Kahlow, who carries two hundred and forty pounds of good Infidel flesh, which has borne him safely through many a controversy in these frontier lands; W. J. Hesse, Jos. Clark, James Biddol, John Hauser, John Poles, Fred. Kurtzman, J. F. Buchanan, Jas. O'Connell, John McCarty, E. P. Kuhl, George Findley, W. C. Roland, M. F. Hock, Stecker, etc. There is some prospect that Pasco will be a railroad town. It is a junction now, and the end of a division. A round-house is to be built, I understand. I shall look, therefore, for a city when I come back. Of course it may vanish like an Arab encampment. A year or more ago Ainsworth, three miles off, across the river, had a population of two thousand. It is now absolutely deserted. Not a soul is there, and most of its buildings hav been moved—some to Pasco. If the latter can hold on for awhile it may get a fair start, and survive in the struggle of existence. If it does, I think we shall get ahead of the churches, and, next to the school-house, the first public building to be erected will be the Freethought Hall. For its size, Pasco is the banner frontier post of the Liberal army.

From Pasco I ride until three o'clock in the morning, and strike Grant's; I take a couple of hours' sleep and arise at daybreak. Whom do I find here but W. W. Jesse, of New Era, and his daughter Miss Lena, and son Willie, en route for Goldendale, where I am to lecture for the next four days. Mr. Jesse, although in life's prime, is a grandfather; and he is on his way to see his posterity and take in the Liberal campaign at Goldendale, for this is a dreadfully orthodox place.

The churches hold almost complete rule, and try to run things to suit themselvs. However, we hav a few vigorous Infidels, chief among whom is Henry D. Young, who owns a hall, and in that hall the campaign guns will be heard. We hav to climb from Grant's, on the Columbia river, fifteen hundred feet to reach Goldendale. It is a pleasant village twelve miles from the railroad, and is supported mostly by the farming country about it. It is, in appearance, like a quiet New England village. I hav already given two lectures and the attendance has been fair. I lecture to-day, Sunday, afternoon and evening, and to-morrow, Monday, evening. There are only a few Liberals, but they hav plenty of pluck. Henry D. Young has always been in the midst of the warfare. He has a splendid Liberal family, who know how to make music and enjoy life, and I am now at their delightful home penning these "News and Notes," amid the sunshine and melody of genial surroundings.

Next week I shall be at Union Wednesday and Thursday, and then over Sunday, Aug. 28th, at Baker City, and then for a week until Sept. 5th at Prairie City; Sept. 7th I shall be at Weiser City; Sept. 9th to 16th at Emmetts, Idaho; Sept. 18th at Boise City; Sept. 24th, 25th at Salt Lake City for convention of Utah Liberals.

The Annual Congress is called to meet at Chicago October 15th and 16th, Saturday and Sunday. I hope that all Liberals who can will attend the Congress. Chicago is a favorable point, and the time selected is during the exposition, when there will be excursion rates. We want mainly a business Congress to talk up plans for next year's work. Addresses will be delivered by Courtlandt Palmer, president of the Union; Mrs. M. A. Freeman, General Trumbull, and others. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*Goldendale, W. T.*, Aug. 21, 1887.

## My Indictment.

While hundreds, and perhaps thousands, are willing to take my testimony, my simple word for it, that the correspondence for which I am indicted was purely carried on by me in a scientific sense, and with no intent of lewdness or obscenity, there are many who are more finical and want to hav a full explanation of this, that, and the other. Among the rest, since the publication of the indictment, queries are propounded by so many as to what possible connection a document so dubious as to be the only one specially named in said indictment could hav to do with a scientific discussion of sexual physiology.

But this very paper and those that grew out of it caused more discussion than any other document in the whole correspondence. In all works on the origin of life and species we find debates and differences of opinion regarding the relativ relationships

of various species and genera as to which will unite and form hybrids and which will not.

Of this sort was the paper named in my indictment. It was sensationally written, and taken alone by itself would undoubtedly impress one who was not acquainted with the reason why it was told as being purposely penned as obscenity. Of the real value of such documents no physician or physiologist would hav a moment's doubt. As to the manner of wording and style of description, we were compelled to let narrators be their own judges. Facts were what we wanted, and such facts we could not obtain from books, and hence we resorted to private correspondence, and this correspondence was growing more select and more valuable every day, so that it has been real loss to the world that the law interfered and broke it up, instead of fostering and aiding it as it should hav done.

Now that Professor Parkhurst has shouldered the authorship of "Diana," and told why it was written and why the documentary evidence of the truth of the theories the book advocates was worded as it was, methinks even the most finical of the finical ought to feel assured that there were good wholesome reasons for all that was mailed. ELMINA.

## Dr. Titus L. Brown.

The death of Dr. Titus L. Brown, of Binghamton, which occurred on the 17th ult., removes from the leading New York Freethinkers another powerful man. For six years Dr. Brown was president of the New York State Freethinkers' Association, and every attendant upon the state conventions will remember his prompt appearance with a speech in manuscript which never failed to delight the Materialists and disgust the Spiritualists. This peculiarity gave Dr. Brown a host of warm friends, who stood up for him through thick and thin; and while it made him many philosophical enemies, we never knew one that did not forget all hateful feelings when the doctor got him alone and told him funny stories.

Dr. Brown came into the world October 16, 1828. in Hinsdale, this state. He received his education at the Binghamton Academy and the New York city and Philadelphia Medical Colleges, the latter of which confirmed his preferences for homeopathy. The Elmira *Telegram* says that "as a physician his patrons were decided in their preference for him, he having won this enviable standing among them not only by his ever close and courteous attention, but by his professional success in their behalf. The poor had in him a medical friend." A few weeks before his death he suffered a slight paralytic stroke, and from that time until the last shock he felt that he might die without much warning. This knowledge, however, made no difference in his conduct, and he continued to attend to his business. The last attack of the disease prostrated him completely, and he lay for several days wholly unconscious, and died without knowing that the end was near.

Several years ago Dr. Brown wrote his own funeral sermon, had it printed, and then kept the manuscript on his office desk, with plain directions thereon how and when it should be used. This was not done in any spirit of bravado or crankiness, but the doctor wished, as a plain, straightforward man who knew his own mind, to do away with the superstitious sermons which Christians usually consider appropriate on such occasions. His family, however, disregarded his wishes, and the Episcopalian rector read the stereotyped service of that church over his coffin and his open grave. "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he liv," and "I know that my redeemer liveth," must hav sounded hollow and mocking even to the Christians among Dr. Brown's friends who knew how firmly he held that there is no resurrection and no life beyond the grave, and that apart from himself and his own efforts there is no redeemer for man, nor redemption necessary. "We therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come through our Lord, Jesus Christ," chanted at the grave of Dr. Titus L. Brown, a Freethinker, a Materialist, a man of scientific attainments, was desecration of his memory.

Dr. Brown was a member of the Broome County Medical Association, the New York State Freethinkers' Association, the American Secular Union, the Iron Hall, Order of Red Men, Broome County Homeopathic Medical Society, New York State Homeopathic Medical Society, International Hahnemanian Society, American Institute of Homeopathy, and the American Obstetrical Society. His motto was, "Damn others as you would like to be damned yourself," and conspicuous on his letter heads was the following:

> "Happiness is the only good.
> The time to be happy is now.
> The place to be happy is here.
> The way to be happy is to try to make others so."

Another motto which the doctor had hung in his office, and one he was fond of repeating, reads: "A noble life is never lost, good deeds and virtuous actions do not die. They scatter wide with generous hand the priceless deeds of virtue, purity, and truth, and a golden harvest will be reaped." Dr. Brown became a Materialist at the deathbed of his mother. Of a large family he was the boy most companionable to his mother, and both had been students of Spiritualism. When she died, she called him to her and said: "Titus, I am going to die. Hold my hand in yours, and if I hav continued consciousness I shall press yours." The end came, but no sign from her, and the boy received what he considered strong proof that the theory of immortality is a delusion. This was in later life strengthened by his experiences with believers in the doctrin. The Elmira *Telegram*, published in his immediate neighborhood, and by men who knew him well, speaks of him with accuracy as "a man of great intellectual ability, a strong if not convincing reasoner. Positiv and radical, he was an extremist in his views. He had no faith. He had no belief, we may say. He did not believe in man, God, or the devil? He was outspoken. Like all men of his class he was a questioner—a doubter. What he couldn't understand he didn't take any stock in. What he believed in must be founded on the cold, hard substratum of fact. Logical results he arrived at. Conclusions must be reached through honest reasoning. If he couldn't understand the whys and wherefores he rejected the matter. He took nothing on faith. He accepted nothing on trust, and so he was a scoffer and a doubter, and railed at religion and derided its promises."

Dr. Brown won great local fame as a physician, and was generally considered to be a level-headed and keen man. He was aggressiv and good-naturedly sharp in controversy, with a strong disposition to believe that whatever Dr. Titus L. Brown said and thought was about as near right as it could be. "Macdonald," he said to us last summer at White Sulphur Springs, "you're a younger man than I am and you'll probably hav to write my obituary. I hav only one thing to say to you about it, Tell the truth. If there is anything good about me, say so. If there isn't, say that, too." "Doctor," we retorted, "if your obituary is printed ahead of ours, the only bad thing that we shall say about you is that you are egotistic." He laughed and answered, "Well, ain't I usually right?"

Only a year has passed since then, and the genial, powerful, self-assertiv doctor is dead. We told his fault to himself; we tell his virtues to the world.

## Heretical Personalities.

W. F. JAMIESON, the popular Western lecturer, is a Canadian by birth. He is responsible for the conversion of Moses Hull from Adventism to Spiritualism, but he never could convert Mr. Hull to Materialism. While he was a Spiritualist, Mr. Jamieson converted the Rev. Mr. Butterfield and Elder Robert G. Eccles to that faith. Mr. Jamieson is fifty years old, of fair complexion and stout physique, a ready debater and an earnest orator.

CHARLES ECKHARDT, treasurer of the American Secular Union, is fat, fair, and somewhere around sixty. He made a fortune in bookbinding, and now livs comfortably thereon. He owns one of the biggest sand-banks in New Jersey, and is always ready to sell sand. Europe is as familiar to him as America, and he detests the Catholics. He rivals Frank Pixley, of the 'Frisco *Argonaut*, in denouncing the "Pope's Irish" and upholding American institutions.

DR. E. B. FOOTE, JR., chairman of the Secular Union Executiv Committee, is a tall, slim, athletic young man, and stands up in front of big Anthony Comstock without a tremor. The doctor can turn a double somersault from a spring-board or jump from Albany to Washington to defeat Tony with equal grace. He is in partnership with Dr. E. B. Foote, Sr., and shows a sheepskin from the most orthodox medical college in this city. When he has lived as long, he will probably be as genial, generous, and skilful as his father, for he is crowding him now.

THE nineteenth century was still in boyhood's garb when Horace Seaver came into it, but that veteran Freethinker is in spirit one of the youngest workers we hav. He edits the *Investigator*, punctuates and corrects the manuscript of his contributors, and reads the proof. He used to be found occasionally setting type, but lately he has taken things more easily, and early every afternoon he can be seen descending from the top floor of Paine Memorial, and getting into a horse-car, bound for his suburban home. In the cars he usually finds a Christian friend, and reports of the impromptu debates then held are among the features of the *Investigator*.

G. G. GROWER, who prepares Science Lessons for our "Children's Corner," is a young man of slight build, studious habits, and fair complexion. He is the analytical chemist for a large manufacturing firm in Ansonia, Conn., and makes good use of the large salary befitting his responsible position. Before he became acquainted with THE TRUTH SEEKER—which he did by seeing it quoted in the New York *Sun*—he held the hazy idea that he was the only Infidel in the world. Mr Grower is the only man who ever got the late Dr. T. L Brown to acknowledge himself mistaken on a scientific point. Like most men of genius, Mr. Grower is modest, and the large amount of work he does for Liberalism is performed quietly and unobtrusivly.

E. A. STEVENS, who replaced the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER as chairman of the Finance Committee of the Secular Union, is tall and fair, and about forty. He is the hardest worker among the Chicago Liberals, and to him is due the most of whatever success the Chicago League has achieved. He can find more virtues in a cake of sapolio, when he gets a purchasing groceryman to talk to, than any housewife can. Mr. Stevens is a Socialist, but keeps his economic opinions on a lower shelf than he does his heresy. With him it is Liberalism first. At the time of the Anarchist scare in his city he stood in some danger from the police, who confounded Anarchy, Socialism, and Infidelity, and thought one synonymous with the other two. He is a widower, with one child, a remarkably bright girl of some fourteen years.

GEORGE MACDONALD, who is liked by everybody except the orators of the Manhattan Liberal Club, is a young fellow of thirty, of muscular development, and is proud of it. He occupies the enviable position of foreman and proof reader in THE TRUTH SEEKER office, and in spare moments twists the "Letters from Friends" into shape for the compositors. He is a remarkable humorist, and could get fun out of the Concord School of Philosophy. The Liberal Club audience loves him, though the orators do not, and Mr. Wettstein, patentee of the badge-pin, has a deep affection for him. He is an occasional contributor to *Puck*, and has also written for the *Judge*. He is up in New Hampshire now—hence this paragraph; for, if he saw it, he would probably "pi" the type, and would hav to be locked up to afford us opportunity to pay this humble tribute to his merits.

WHEN Canal street was considered up-town and cattle were pastured where the TRUTH SEEKER office now is, C. B Reynolds was playing in the streets of New York, and later was assistant foreman of one of the old volunteer fire companies. He glories in his record at fires, which is a good one. At one time in his life, he was an actor and a theatrical manager. Afterward he became converted to the Seventh Day Advent faith, and was a popular and successful preacher. He never could be induced to wear his hat straight, and the tilt he givs it was a cause of grief to the members of his church. He is short, fat, and jolly, and would travel many miles to serve a friend. Since he began to lecture for Liberalism he has had a variety of experiences, from being stoned, arrested and tried for blasphemy, to having twenty-dollar bills thrust into his hand from some admiring auditor. He owns a farm or two in North Parma, N. Y., and has a family of grown-up children. He goes West on a lecturing trip this month, and is willing to look at the Pacific ocean before he returns if he is wanted out there.

## Lectures and Meetings.

W. F. JAMIESON'S first call for his winter work is at Salida, Colorado. At the suggestion of Mr. Morse Coffin, of Longmont, Mr. Jamieson will organize Liberal unions in Colorado. To this end Liberals of that state should write him at once to Monte Vista, Colorado.

THE engagements of Mrs. H. S. Lake are as follows: The Sundays of September at Philadelphia, Pa.; of October, Norwich, Conn.; of November and December, Boston; first, second, and fifth Sundays of January, at Salem, Mass; the third and fourth Sundays of January at Lynn, Mass. Societies desiring her services will address accordingly.

J. E. REMSBURG is now lecturing in Iowa. The following is a list of his appointments as far as arranged:

| | |
|---|---|
| Bedford | Saturday, Sunday, Aug. 27, 28 |
| Casey | Monday 29 |
| Campbell | Tuesday 30 |
| Missouri Valley | Wednesday 31 |
| Oto | Thursday, Sept. 1 |
| Peiro | Friday 2 |
| Holstein | Saturday, Sunday, 3, 4 |
| Castana | Monday 5 |
| Sheldon | Tuesday 6 |
| Spirit Lake | Wednesday 7 |
| Armstrong | Thursday, Friday, 8, 9 |
| Postville | Saturday, Sunday, 10, 11 |
| Ossian | Monday 12 |
| Elkader | Tuesday 13 |
| New Hampton | Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, 14, 15, 16 |
| Oxford | Saturday, Sunday, 17, 18 |
| Ottumwa | Monday 19 |
| Salem | Tuesday 20 |

CARDINAL GIBBONS has been invited to offer the closing prayer and pronounce the benediction on the celebration of the centennial of the completion of the United States Constitution. In accepting the invitation, Cardinal Gibbons writes:

"The Constitution of the United States is worthy of being written in letters of gold. It is a charter by which the liberties of sixty millions of people are secured, and by which, under providence, the temporal happiness of countless millions yet unborn will be perpetuated."

It is a great pity that the professions and practices of ecclesiastics do not square. Cardinal Gibbons says this with well-simulated sincerity, though the policy and legislation of his church are subversiv of almost every provision of that venerable document.

THE sum of fifteen hundred dollars has just been gathered in by the priests to build a Catholic church at Nantasket Beach. The begging instrument was an entertainment held in a skating rink at the Beach. The Boston *Herald* reports the proceedings: "The first number on the program was a black face comedy sketch by Messrs. Gardner and Hamlin, who delighted those present by their funny sayings. They were followed by John Wilkes in his funny recitations, Mr. John Manning in his flying trapeze act, W. J. Sully and Nelly Germon in a comedy sketch, Thomas Lemack in songs, parodies, and funny sayings, Willis Arnold, vocalist and dancer, and John Manning in his laughable creation, 'Silly Billy.' Then came the athletic entertainment, which commenced with a four-round London prize ring set-to, between George La Blanche and Patsey Kerrigan, and ended with a three-round Marquis of Queensberry rules set-to between champion John L. Sullivan and Steve Taylor, of New York. The bouts between La Blanche and Kerrigan created a vast amount of mirth, particularly among the ladies, who composed more than half of the number of spectators. Mr. Pat Sheedy, who was introduced as master of ceremonies by Mr. Robert Bishop, announced that the contest was for the hand of a society young lady of whom both men were enamored. He also stated that their fighting efforts would be proportioned to the esteem they had for the young lady. Everything but biting was allowed, and at the end of the contest it was decided a draw. There was vociferous applause, which was well merited. When champion Sullivan appeared for his bout with Steve Taylor he was cheered and applauded for several minutes, and afterwards introduced by Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly. A scientific exhibition of the manly art was given for three rounds, and the exhibition closed with more applause for the champions."

# Communications.

## Our Right to Buy and Sell Where We Please.

THE TRUTH SEEKER has published a very plausible article by Mr. Van Buren Denslow, in support of the restrictions now imposed on this sacred right by the tariff. We, lovers of liberty, are particularly bound to study the question, now rapidly becoming foremost in politics, what business our government has to say that we shall not buy our blankets, flannels, window-glass, salt, sugar, books, tools, and thousands of other useful articles as cheaply as we can. Why should not the free American be able, like the Englishman, to purchase foreign-made goods, when they are cheaper and better than domestic products, without being taxed for it? This question will soon meet us at the polls. All who write about it agree that it is vitally important.

Mr. Denslow argues in the first place that our tariff keeps up wages. He estimates that labor is worth $1 50 a day here, to $1.10 in England, $0 90 in Belgium, $0.80 in France, $0 60 in Germany, etc., down to $0.05 in India. This difference he ascribes to the tariff; but, by his own showing, the laborer is much better off under free trade in England than under the high tariffs of Belgium, France, and Germany. If protection has any influence over wages in the last country, it is to keep them down nearly to one-half what they are where the manufacturer is not protected. Skilled labor is much more poorly paid in Germany than in England; and this is partly due to the weight of taxes—by which the court, the army, and the church are kept up at the expense of the industrial population—and partly to the poor quality of the labor itself. The real reason that the Hindoo gets so little pay in comparison to the Englishman or American, is that his labor is worth so little. Our manufacturers would not employ him, even if they could get him gratis and hav a bounty besides. Mr. Brassey, who built railroads all over the world, says that shoveling dirt cost him as much in India as in England, and that a guinea could buy about as much work in one country as in another. His work in France was done most cheaply by English navvies, brought over at unusually high rates. The prosperity of the American laborer is due mainly to his superior efficiency, his opportunities of getting land to cultivate, and his freedom from such burdens as an expensiv and useless court, a state church, a hereditary nobility, a large army and navy, etc. These advantages are so plain that it is scarcely necessary to consider so improbable a supposition as that the same system of high tariffs which is starving out the laborer in Germany should be enriching him in America.

A more practical question is whether skilled labor really is paid much better here than in Great Britain. The only difference claimed by Mr. Denslow is as 15 to 11; and this would be more than offset by higher prices of clothes, rent, groceries, etc. A few years ago, when the tariff was almost as high as at present, a committee of English artisans came over to see whether wages really were high enough in this country to justify any general emigration of highly trained laborers. They told a friend of mine that they were better off at home. What emigration we get from Great Britain is mostly of a class which we do not pretend to protect. If any laborers are peculiarly benefited by our tariff, it is those in steel and iron; and yet the census tables show that they only earned on the average ten per cent more in 1880 when the tariff on this industry was from 50 to 200 per cent, than in 1860, when it was 12 to 24; and meanwhile rent and board had risen about forty per cent, the average of prices being "fully one-third above the one of the low-tariff period previous to the war." Here I quote from a pamphlet by J. Schoenhof, on "The Destructiv Influence of the Tariff upon Manufactures and Commerce" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). My main reliance, however, is on the well-known fact of the prosperity of the Northern laborer during those years of low tariff before the war. There certainly were not so many tramps then as now; and I think there were not so many strikes either.

Of Mr. Denslow's other arguments, the principal one is that our country had better do as much manufacturing as possible, especially of her own products. This is what all the protectionists insist upon; and they are perfectly right in it. The only trouble is that they charge their opponents with being less friendly than they to manufactures. The fact is that the so-called free traders are just as desirous as the protectionists to hav our manufactures flourish. The only question is what rate of duties will answer the purpose best. No one expects any general increase of the existing duties; but it must be confessed that our industrial condition is by no means perfect. Our ship-building, for instance, which had flourished ever since it sprang into existence, despite British jealousy during the colonial period, has sunk into insignificance under the high tariff. Our steel and iron industry, so prosperous before the Revolutionary war as to call out hostil legislation from the British Parliament, is so weak that our total export of metals was only $14 116,000 worth in 1880, when we imported $72,744 000, and England exported $237,500,000. Of woolens, worsteds, and mixed textils, we exported $216 576 to $35 000,000 imported by ourselvs, and $100 000,000 exported by England. For cotton goods, our exports were $10 000 000; our imports, $30 000 000; and the English exports, $375,000,000. We grow cotton, and England does not; but she is able to export about forty times as much cotton goods as we can, and we hav to import three times as much we export. Our neighbors buy our cotton, and we buy their goods. England has become, with free trade, the great maker of cotton, woolen, and iron goods for all mankind.

We hav better workmen and machinery; and we hav a protectiv tariff. Let us see how we stand in our trade with our natural customers to the southward. In 1880 we bought of our sister republics in South and Central America to the amount of $176,000,000, while they took only $58,000,000 of our products, and only one third of this from our manufacturers. Of cotton goods, Mexico bought three times as much from England as from us, and the other states in Central and South America took sixteen times as much. As for Canada, we all know how much the excess of our tariff above hers does to prevent our having more friendly relations and brisk trade. Is this protecting our manufacturers, to oblige them to confine themselvs to the home market, and find some difficulty even in filling that? The true friend of the American manufacturers is he who tries to throw open to them all the markets of the world. The main reason that it is so hard for them to get customers abroad is that we are the only great manufacturing nation that taxes raw material. Hemp, flax, wool, iron ore, copper ore, coal, glass, clay, dye-stuffs, chemicals, and vegetable gums are all admitted free of duty, not only into Great Britain and Ireland, but even into protectionist Canada, Germany, France, and Belgium, the only exception being that coal is taxed in Canada, though not so heavily as in the United States. Even the British fair trader, as he calls himself, who is striving vainly to put protectiv duties on manufacturers, admits that raw materials ought still to be admitted free. It is our duties on raw materials which prevent our exporting the surplus products of our factories, even when the home market is glutted. Other parts of the tariff work in the same direction, but less plainly and disastrously. It is especially these duties which hav made ship-building almost a lost art, except for fast yachts. Do our manufacturers wish to hav the prices of their coal, wool, iron, etc., run up against them? Of course not. Why are these duties kept up? In order to rope in votes for high tariff on manufactured goods. The tax on raw wool, for instance, is a bounty to the grower at the expense of the manufacterer, as well as of the consumer, and is plainly a bid for support of the protectionists, as is the purchase of $2,000 000 worth of silver a month in order to coin dollars for which there is no demand as a circulating medium. The miners get more out of this bargain than the farmers, who owned, on the average, in 1880, nine sheep each. These sheep gave about fifty-five pounds of raw wool, protected by a duty of ten cents per pound. Thus the former gained, on the average, $5 50 by the tariff, while he lost by the increased price of clothing alone more than four times as much. What is worse still is that both foreign and domestic wools are needed for making the same cloth. Hence the tariff, by raising the price of foreign wool, prevents the manufacturer from buying domestic wool, and lowers its price accordingly. Thus the duty of wool really works against the grower as well as the manufacturer, though neither suffers as much as the buyer does.

The bad effect of these duties is so plain that a prominent member of the party which has made it its special work to keep up the tariff, Senator Dawes of Massachusetts, recently admitted the necessity of such a reduction as would giv "free raw material." "No industrial policy," he says, "will promote the highest prosperity of both labor and capital in this country which fails to lay down the raw material at the door of the manufactory at the lowest possible cost." He also admitted the wisdom of such other changes in the tariff as would reduce the annual revenue from it at least $75,000,000.

Among the measures by which he proposed to get rid of the present surplus, was repealing the duty on sugar, which now retails for twice as much in New York as in London. Most of the Republicans I meet talk like Mr. Dawes, especially as regards raw materials.

One of the most important elements of the problem, however, is the fact that whenever the Republicans act or speak as a party, it is in favor of high tariff.

Various plans of horizontal reduction and free raw materials hav been supported in Congress by about four-fifths of the Democrats, and defeated by an almost unanimous vote from the other side of the house. The recent Republican conventions, in the leading states of Ohio and Pennsylvania, do not favor any sort of reduction, even in the interest of manufacturers, but insist on a high enough tariff "to secure to American citizens the privilege of supplying every article which can be produced as well in the United States as in other countries, and sufficiently to supply American wants." (See Ohio platform.)

This looks like giving up all hope of foreign markets. The words, "produced as well," do not, of course, mean produced as cheaply. There is no need of a tariff to secure that. The object of our present tariff is to giv the American manufacturer the monopoly of the home market for goods which he will not furnish as cheaply as similar articles could be procured from abroad. And the claim of the Ohio platform is not merely that some articles should be protected thus, for instance, to build up especially important enterprises, but that "every article" should be, until the home market is supplied fully. Taken literally, this would require putting heavy enough duties upon monkeys, parrots, logwood, mahogany, cochineal, coffee, camphor, palm leaves, and other tropical products to enable our country to raise all she needs of them in hot-houses. What munificent protection, not only to gardeners, but to mechanics, glass-blowers, and iron-makers! I do not say that any such plans hav been proposed seriously. What I do charge against the protectionists is that they are, in the first place, openly proposing to offset the surplus revenue from their tariff by taking off the taxes on tobacco and whisky; and, in the second place, aiding and abetting all sorts of schemes for using up this surplus revenue in wholesale pension bills and similar extravagances. Thus, what a protectiv tariff really means is cheap whisky and tobacco, dear food and clothes, factories which make millionaires, mill-hands on the tramp, foreign markets shut up against our goods, and our national treasury kept wide open, in literal conformity to the text, "Giv to him that asketh." F. M. HOLLAND.

*York Harbor, Me.*

## The Age of Man on the Earth.

I hav carefully examined Professor Moss's able effort on the length of the human period in reply to my paper on this subject, and I suppose it remains for me to present a closing argument on the points under discussion. I should hav presented my paper before this, but circumstances were such that I could not.

The professor, in his first paper, included three questions under this head, and in my first I took the affirmativ of each, and in this I will place them in the following form:

1. All men are of one species with many varieties.
2. That so far as science teaches they originally sprang from one single pair.
3. "The age of man on the earth," or the length of the human period, as given by Moses, is reconcilable with science.

The first the professor hesitatingly admits; not being able to disprove this important position, he feebly attempts the second. In his first paper he said: "It is too late in the day to attempt to prove that climatic conditions or congenital accidents will account for all the varieties of men having descended from one pair;" and in his reply the only evidence brought forward in support of this broad assertion is simply the supposition that man is "the off-shoot of the ape;" that one branch of men went off in one direction and another in another, and from these through his imaginary process of evolution the many varieties of men descended.

In support of this mere supposition he produces the speculations of Haeckel, who says: "In that long chain, of many generations, that formed the transition from the men-apes to the ape-men, and from these last to actual articulate-speaking man, no single pair can be designated as the first pair of human beings" (Ped. of Man, p. 80).

The origin and descent of man is not in this discussion, but as the professor's argument is principally made up of suppositions and speculations, or, as he says, "ingenious sophistry," I will allow him the privilege of bringing in the same, by way of evidence or illustration, especially as one set of suppositions and speculations is very admirable and particularly suitable to prove or illustrate another.

Now, it is well known that Huxley is an authority of perhaps greater distinction than Haeckel. He plainly says: "I am one of those who believe that, at present, there is no evidence whatever for saying that mankind sprang originally from any more than a single pair" (Huxley's Origin of Species, p. 113).

We will call the evidence of these two eminent scientists a set-off, and then we hav an abundance of scientific evidence deciding in favor of the unity of the species and the derivation of the whole human race from a single pair.

This is the evidence afforded by physiology and zoölogy. The researches and arguments of Blumenbach, Haller, Cuvier, and many other eminent scientists, above all of Dr. Prichard (Physical History of Mankind, vol. i, pp. 114–376), hav established this point beyond all reasonable doubt. Even the author of the "Vestiges of Creation" admits "the result, on the whole, of the inquiries into what are called

the physical history of man to be that conditions such as climate and food, domestication, and perhaps an inward tendency to progress under tolerably favorable circumstances, are sufficient to account for all the outward peculiarities of form and color" (Vestiges, p. 262, tenth ed.).

Comparativ philology, after divers fluctuations, has settled itself into the belief that the various languages hav been all derived from a common basis. This view is supported by Professor Max Müller. (See Bunsen's Philosophy of Universal History, vol. i., p. 474, and compare pp. 478, 479.)

Ethnology pronounces that, independently of the scriptural record, we should be led to fix on the plains of Shinar as a common center or focus, from which the various lines of migration and the several types of races originated (Rawlinson, in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*. vol. xv., part 2, p. 232; also, Herodotus, vol. i., p. 586).

The "Toldoth Beni Noah" has extorted the admiration of philologists and ethnologists, who continually find in it anticipations of their greatest discoveries. For instance, in the very second verse, the great discovery of Schlegel, which the word "Indo-European" embodies—the affinity of the principal nations of Europe with the Arian or Indo-Persic stock—is sufficiently indicated by the conjunction of the Madai or Medes (whose nativ name was *Mada*) with Gomer or the Cymry, and Javan or the Ionians. Again, one of the most recent and unexpected results of modern linguistic inquiry is the proof which it has furnished of an ethnic connection between the Ethiopians or Cushites, who adjoined on Egypt, and the primitiv inhabitants of Babylonia—a connection which was positivly denied by an eminent ethnologist only a few years ago, but which has now been established from the cuneiform monuments.

The affinity of the Sanskrit with the Persian, Greek, Latin, and German languages was first remarked by Sir W. Jones; but it remained for F. Schlegel, in Germany, and Dr. Prichard, in England, to make a scientific use of the material this provided for them. Schlegel's essay on the "Language and Philosophy of the Hindoos" and Dr. Prichard's inaugural "Dissertation on the Varieties of the Human Race," were published almost simultaneously; but Schlegel's work is regarded as the more advanced production. (See Bunsen's Philosophy of Universal History, vol. ii., p. 50; also, Rawlinson's Herodotus, vol. i., p. 442; Essay 11 of same volume, p. 655; and an elaborate article in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society*, vol. xv., part 2, pp. 215–259.)

Therefore, science establishes the great fact that all the varieties of men originally sprang from a single pair. The professor feels the force of this staggering fact; and well knows that he is confronted with difficulties of an insuperable character; that he cannot remove nor surmount them unless he set aside the testimony of science; consequently he attempts to parry the crushing blow by quoting the speculations of Haeckel with these questions: "If Adam was the first man, what sort of a man was he? Was he a Jew? Then I am not his descendant. Was he Chinese? Then I am not his descendant Was he Hindoo? Then I am not his descendant. Of what color and type was Adam?"

Now, these questions are unworthy of notice except for a little pleasantry. We are not discussing the color and type of the first man and woman, and as science teaches that all the different varieties of men originally sprang from a single pair, and as that single pair was not an "offshoot of the ape," then the professor, if we admit his own language, is the only person in existence that can boast of the ancestral ape; but I demur to this, for I am certain that he is mistaken as to the true teachings of science, and I affirm without fear of successful contradiction that he is not an improved ape, as he would hav us believe, but an intelligent, high-minded member of some variety of the human species.

Now, the impartial reader of the first and second chapters of Genesis will find these facts taught. that the different varieties of men are of one species, and their derivation from a single pair; then, when we candidly and seriously consider this matter, the question naturally arises, and I will again repeat it, How came Moses, in an age of ignorance, long before science was known, to state these facts, which scientists after ages of unceasing toil hav only been able to reveal in the present century? We are forced to admit that he was gifted with faculties far surpassing all human experience, or else his knowledge was divine.

Here the professor is again confronted with insurmountable difficulties, and his attempts to extricate himself only betray the great weakness of his cause, and consequently his inability to defend it.

This, from the first chapter of Genesis, "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he them; male and female created he them," he says, means that "God did not create one single pair, but numerous men and women;" then in the next place he admits that in the second chapter we are told that God created one man and one woman, but denies that Moses wrote these chapters, and asserts that they manifestly contradict each other, that is, they giv different creations.

Now, this is only an attempt to dodge the question, for an answer would be fatal to his side of the discussion. Suppose we substitute "the writer of Genesis" for the word "Moses," and the professor is in the same dilemma as before, but I will not do so, for I maintain that Moses was the author of the Pentateuch, and am surprised that a man of such intelligence would meet an argument with such frivolous quibbling.

As to that "manifest contradiction," the "two histories of creation," etc, which the professor says is given in these first two chapters, it is quite refreshing in this enlightened age to find a man of his ability giving us such interpretations, for upon a careful consideration of these chapters, we find that in the first the sacred historian has given us the general outlines of the work of creation; the second is an appendix to this brief history, explaining some particulars more fully which would otherwise hav interrupted the order of his brief narration, and more particularly enlarging upon that part which relates immediately to man, and giving a more particular account of man's creation as the summary of the whole work; and the assertion that "they were written by different persons at different times" is without foundation, for there is sufficient evidence to warrant the belief that Moses wrote them; but as we are not discussing this question I will pass it with the express understanding that I am willing to discuss it in the future, and also the story of the flood, the origin and descent of man, the hypothesis of evolution, etc., if he thinks his side of these questions rests on foundations of sufficient scientific support to bear investigation.

Next, the assertion that all I said about the time it has taken to produce the many varieties of dogs, of horses, of pigeons, was quite beside the question, was made without the least consideration, for I only made this argument in my first paper by way of illustration, to show that of domestic horses there is one species, of domestic cattle there is one species, of domestic hogs there is one species, of dogs there is one species, of pigeons there is one species; now, of each of these five species of animals there are many distinct varieties of as extreme divergence of types and characteristics as are found to exist in the varieties of man, and if, from each of these five species, there hav been produced many varieties so diverse in perhaps, at most, not over one-half the given length of the human period, then we may reasonably conclude that climate, station, food, and other conditions of existence would develop the different varieties of men within the period given in the Bible. This argument was admissible, but it was so forcible, and carried with it such great preponderance of scientific evidence, that he could not refute it, therefore he attempted to evade it by saying it was quite beside the question.

Another ludicrous attempt to dodge this argument was stating that Haeckel has traced the dog back to the jackal and the wolf, as clearly as Huxley has the horse to the bear; this I deny, as not being supported by science, but as it is clearly beside the question and only made to draw the reader's attention from the point in controversy, I will pass it.

Not being able to weaken, in the slightest degree, my arguments upon the first and second propositions, or withstand the great preponderance of scientific evidence in their favor, he makes a vigorous attack upon the third, which is the real question under discussion, but as he is so prone to digress, I hav taken so much time and space in meandering after him that I will conclude my article on this third proposition in another issue.

J. W. GRABILL.

## De Nihilo, Ex Nihil Fit.

"I hate Diderot; he is an idealist, a declaimer, and a revolutionist, believing in his heart in deitv, and more hated than Voltaire. The latter ridiculed Needham, and was wrong, for Needham's eels prove that God is unnecessary. A drop of vinegar in a spoonful of flour supplied the *fiat lux;* suppose the drop larger, and the spoonful bigger, and you hav the world. Man is the eel; then what is the use of the eternal father? The Jehovah hypothesis wearies me; it is only fitted to produce thin people who think hollow. Down with the Great All which annoys me! Long liv Zero, which leaves me at peace. Between ourselvs, and in order to confess to my pastor, as is right and proper, I confess to you I possess common sense.

"I am not wild about your savior, who continually preaches abnegation and sacrifice. It is advice offered by a miser to beggars. Abnegation! Why? Sacrifice for what object? I do not see that one wolf sacrifices itself to cause the happiness of another wolf. Let us therefore remain in nature. We are not the summit, so let us hav the supreme philosophy. What is the use of being at the top, if you can not see farther than the end of other people's noses?

"Let us liv gaily; for life is all in all. As for man having a future elsewhere, up there, down there, somewhere, I don't believe a word of it. Oh, yes! recommend sacrifices and abnegation to me. I must take care of all I do. I must rack my brains about good and evil, justice and injustice, *fas et nefas.*

"Why so? Because I shall hav to giv an account for my actions. When? After my death. What a fine dream! after death! He will be a clever fellow who catches me. Just think of a lump of ashes seized by a shadowy hand! Let us speak the truth, we hav been initiated, and hav raised the skirt of Isis; there is no good, there is no evil, but there is vegetation. Let us seek reality and go to the bottom—hang it all, we must scent the truth—dig into the ground for it and seize it. Then it offers exquisit delights; then you become strong and laugh. Human immortality is a thing which anybody who likes may listen to. Oh, what a charming prospect! What a fine billet Adam has! You are a soul, you will be an angel and hav blue wings on your shoulder-blades. Come help me! Is it not Tertullian. who says that the blessed shall go from one planet to the other? Very good; they will be the grasshoppers of the planets, and then they will see God, ta! ta! ta! These paradises are all nonsense, and God is a monstrous fable. I would not say so in the newspapers, of course, but I whisper it between friends, *inter pocula.* Sacrificing the earth for paradise is giving up the substance for the shadow.

"I am not such an ass as to be the dupe of the infinit. I am nothing! my name is Senator Nothing! Did I exist before my birth? No. Shall I exist after my death? No. What am I? A little dust aggregated by an organism. What hav I to do on this earth? I hav the choice between suffering and enjoyment. To what will suffering lead me? To nothingness; but I shall hav suffered. To what will enjoyment lead me? To nothingness; but I shall hav enjoyed. My choice is made. A man must either eat or be eaten, and so I eat, for it is better to be the tooth than the grass.

"That is my wisdom, after which go on as I impel you. The grave-digger is there, the Pantheon for such as us, and all fall into the large hole. *Finis* and total liquidation, that is the vanishing point. Death is dead, take my word for it; and I laugh at anyone present affirming the contrary. No, our morrow is night; behind the tomb there is nothing but equal nothings. The poor are offered immortality, paradise, the stars, to swallow. They chew that and put it on their dry bread. The man who has nothing has God, and that is something at any rate. I do not oppose it. for God is good for the poor" (Victor Hugo, in Les Miserables).

When I look around me and see a world full of suffering, disease, decay, and death, and ignorance piled mountain high—all the wealth possessed by the narrowest and soulless ignorant parasites; the few who possess brains; the churches full of hypocrits, and the penitentiaries full of preachers; the poor-houses and lunatic asylums where public thieves steal from the stomachs of paupers, and prison officials who steal from the stomachs of convicts; a world full of graveyards that hide away the dead; a world that is almost a vast idiot asylum; a world full of liars; the forgers and interpolators of histories—instance, Eusebius's forgery of the passage about Jesus in Josephus, which contains the whole Athanasian Creed, which did not exist till 325 A.D.; the awful poverty of the human soul; the malice of the human heart; the two thousand five hundred preachers in the different penitentiaries, and the thousands who ought to be there; the brainy men who are poor, and the haughty, ignorant rich men and women; the betrayals of husbands by wives, and the onanism and infidelities of husbands to the wives; the vast number of infant murders; the vast number of foundling hospitals, where the daughters of the wealthy are rearing their offspring; the pulpits and the pews full of hypocrits; the daily and weekly newspapers which attack and slander, lie, and cover with venom and filth the helpless and the poor in one column, and kiss the toe and fawn and slobber upon the wealthy in another column, I involuntarily exclaim, God Almighty must hav been hard up for material when he created this earth!

Oh, yes, it became necessary in order that man might liv again for God to kill him.

"All is vanity, and a striving after wind." The earth traveling through infinit space eighteen miles a second, is going to nothingness. The end will be wound up in nothingness. It began in oblivion, it will end in *como.* From nothing, nothing will come, and all will end in the gloom and darkness of night.

*Burlington, Kan.* GEORGE H. BETHARD.

## An Inquiry.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Rev. W. F. Black, a pedantic Campbellite preacher, who commended himself to the Christian people of this city by claiming some relationship with the late Judge Jeremiah Black, and as having preached in the city where Colonel Ingersoll was raised, tells his congregations that he once converted and baptized twenty-seven out of twenty-eight members of a Liberal League in Mechanicsburg, Ill.

Now, there are a few of us who do not believe his statement, and if you hav any subscribers at Mechanicsburg, I hope they will favor us with some informa ion in regard to it, either through THE TRUTH SEEKER. or to the undersigned. J. D. SHAW.

*Waco, Tex.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

E. M. MACDONALD, - - - Editor.
C. P. SOMERBY, - - Business Manager.

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## Deceiving the People.

A prominent religious journal of this city which advertises itself as the best literary religious paper published, and asserts that it pays strict regard to accuracy of statement, publishes this shamefully deceiving paragragh:

"The New Testament consists of twenty-seven distinct and separate documents—fourteen of them originally written by Paul, one by Matthew, one by Mark, two by Luke, five by John, two by Peter, one by James, and one by Jude. These documents are divided into four gospels, the book of Acts, the epistles of Paul, those of James, Peter, and Jude, and the book of Revelation. They came into existence after the death of Christ and before the close of the first century. Taken as an aggregate, they were written at different times, in different places, and by eight different persons, and either to churches previously planted or to individuals. Some of them bear the names of their human authorship, and others do not. Thev were received and recognized as authentic and authoritativ in the apostolic age, and hav ever since been so received and recognized by the Christian church. The church rests upon these documents as its foundation and guide, accepting and believing them as the word of God and the supreme rule of faith and practice in matters of religion. The one conspicuous feature that is common to them all, and distinctly marks them all, we hav in the fact that they all relate to Jesus of Nazareth, as the messiah or Christ predicted in the Old Testament who was to come into our world and who in the person of this Jesus did come. They are all Christological. Whoever may be the writer, Jesus of Nazareth is the theme. His earthly history is given in the four gospels. The early planting of the church in his name is given in the book of Acts The doctrin of this Jesus, including the nature of his person, the object of his mission among men, and what he did in human behalf, is considered and explained in the apostolical epistles. In all these epistles, by whomsoever written, there is a complete concurrence of view as to the person and work of Christ. Paul is undoubtedly the great expounder of his work; yet Paul and Peter do not differ in their views of Christ, or his relation to human salvation. We hav the same Christ and the same doctrin in both, and in all the writings and preaching of the apostles. This unity among them is not explained by any concerted plan to teach and say the same things, but by the fact that they were all alike taught to speak and write by the Holy Ghost. This Jesus promised in the days of his flesh, and the promis was fulfilled."

There is hardly one statement here—certainly no one of importance—that is not false—absolutely and otally false, and known to be so by every Protestant scholar of any repute. The errors consist in: 1. The ascribed authorship; 2. The date of writing; 3. The reception of the manuscripts in apostolic times; 4. Their recognition and reception by the Christian church; 5. Their harmony and concurrence of view of Christ; 6. In the unity of doctrin taught by Peter and Paul and by Christ himself, as recorded in the apostolical epistles and the gospels.

1. To begin with the Pauline documents. It is now admitted by all competent scholars that a portion of Paul's epistles are fraudulent. Dr. Davidson, a Protestant of great learning and high repute, givs up Paul's epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians, and declares also that the epistle to Titus, and the first and second epistles to Timothy, were not written by Paul. Drs. Oort, Hooykaas, and Kuenen say that these two letters to Timothy and the one to Titus "were certainly composed long after the death of Paul." And to the fraudulent Pauline epistles they add at once, and certainly, "that to the Hebrews, which does not bear his name at all, and, therefore, does not even profess to hav come from his hand." These distinguished theologians agree with Dr. Davidson in doubting the genuinness of the letters to the Ephesians and Colossians, and cast the same suspicion "perhaps on the first, but certainly on the second of the epistles to the Thessalonians." Further, Professor Davidson inclines to agree with Professors Evanson and Bauer, who question the genuinness of Romans; and Professor Bauer doubts also that Paul wrote 1 and 2 Corinthians and Galatians. Dr. Westcott is one with the three German professors in excluding the epistle to the Hebrews, and Kitto's Cyclopedia says that while it appears as part of the canonical scriptures, and as the work of Paul, "for neither of these assumptions is the evidence allowed on all hands to be conclusiv." In Marcion's compilation of the gospels, A.D. 145, he left out the two epistles to Timothy, the one to Titus, and the one to the Hebrews. Giving all this evidence its due weight, therefore, it may be considered certain that only ten of Paul's epistles are genuin, with a doubt of six others, one of which (2 Thessalonians) these eminent Protestant biblical scholars pronounce undoubtedly spurious. Some German critics hold that only four of Paul's "documents" can be safely accepted as genuin. At the most, however, he can only be given credit for ten; and Paul, bear in mind, is the best—in fact, almost the only—authenticated writer of scriptures.

As to Matthew, the probability is that the gospel according to Matthew was the gospel according to the Hebrews with Matthew's name forged to it. Papias (A.D. 150) spoke of the Hebrew gospels, and Epiphanius and Jerome (A.D. 403 and 420) say it was the same. Dr. Davidson pronounces with certainty and emphasis against Matthew's authorship of it. Drs. Oort, Hooykaas, and Kuenen say that Matthew did not write the book of Matthew, and that it is of more recent date than their headings would lead us to suppose. That Matthew wrote the historical part of the book is also denied by nearly all the German critics, who will only allow that he may hav written down some of the sayings of Jesus, which were afterward made the basis for a historical narrativ by a Greek translator. Schleiermacher, Schneckenberger, Lachmann, and others are cited in Kitto as holding this opinion. The critics all agree that Matthew never wrote the gospel that we hav bearing his name.

Neither do we know the author of the gospel of Mark. In his "Introduction to the New Testament," Professor Davidson announces this as an indisputable fact. He is supported in this opinion by the authors of "The Bible for Learners," Drs. Oort, Hooykaas, Kuenen; by Credner, Westcott, Strauss, and others. In Eusebius's "Ecclesiastical History" "there is a paragraph which says that Papias says that John the Presbyter says that Mark was the secretary of Peter. According to this, Peter told Mark what Jesus said, and Mark wrote it down, making his gospel. The only testimony to the authenticity of Mark we hav, therefore, is that Eusebius said that Papias said that John the Presbyter said that Mark wrote down what Peter said that Jesus said. And Kitto's Cyclopedia, which is, perhaps, the ablest special pleader for the New Testament the Christians hav, acknowledges, on the strength of the passage in Eusebius, that Mark did his work disjointedly and incompletely. That is all the authority we hav for Mark, and the enlightened common sense of the world, since it became acquainted with Eusebius and his brethren of the church, has decided it to be insufficient.

And poor Dr. Luke is a myth also. He wrote neither the gospel which bears his name, nor the Acts of the Apostles, which is ascribed to him. The same mass of critical testimony against Matthew and Mark is a unit against Luke. And we may as well include the gospel of John in this, for of the Johannine authorship of that gospel Davidson says: It "has receded before the tide of modern criticism; and though this tide is arbitrary at times, it is here irresistible. No certain trace of the existence of the fourth gospel can be found till after Justin Martyr, *i. e.*, till after the middle of the second century." At that time the Apostle John had been gathered to his fathers, and the dust of decades had obliterated his grave. The gospel of Luke, of John, and the Acts of the apostles were written by men who never saw Jesus nor his apostles, nor the preacher Paul. Kuenen and his co-laborers consider the Acts to hav been written by some one who revered the memory of Paul, but did not understand his doctrins, a "heathen-Christian" who tried to conceal the disputes, differences of opinion, and squabbles that existed in the early church. He maimed and falsified history, say they. The ascription to John of the book of Revelation rests upon loose foundations, or upon none at all, says Kuenen. There is no more reason to believe he wrote the gospel of John, the three letters credited to him, and the Apocalypse, than there is to believe the story that he lay down while alive in his grave, where the ground still gently heaves in response to his breathing, and where he still "awaits the coming of his Lord." The epistles of James and Jude, supposed to hav been brothers of Jesus, are, like the others, compositions of some one other than the accredited authors. The same testimony that we hav cited against the authenticity of the gospels is equally strongly directed against these.

It is absurd, also, to dogmatically say that Peter wrote two epistles. In fact, the doubt that he wrote even one is very strong. Kuenen, the professor of theology at Leiden, and one of the foremost theological historians in the world, says that Peter did not write either epistle bearing his name. Westcott one-half agrees with this, for he says that nothing was heard of the second epistle till the year 170 A. D. At that time, like Apostle John, Peter lived only in mythology. Dr. Davidson, with Drs. Kuenen, Oort, and Hooykaas, is certain that Peter did not write the first epistle; and of the second, he says: "Internal considerations go far to disprove its authenticity, and, with the external evidence, are very strong."

So much for the authorship of the New Testament documents. As to their date:

2. There is no Christian scholar whose reputation extends beyond his personal acquaintances who will, for a moment, contend that the four gospels were written in the first century. In "Supernatural Religion," which is as scholarly and capable an authority as any, the writer says that none of the gospels was known for one hundred and fifty years after the events it pretends to recount—that is, before A.D. 180. Dr. Davidson, who, by the way, is a Christian professor, places Matthew at 118–19, Mark at 120, Luke at 119–20, and John at 150 A D. But these dates are too early. Others, and as competent historians, place Matthew at 180, Mark at 175, Luke at 170, and John at 178. Like Davidson's estimate, these dates are approximate. Dr. Davidson puts Acts at 125; Titus and 1 and 2 Timothy at 120 to 140, John's epistles at 130, and 2 Peter at 170. This leaves but a few unimportant letters which can properly be dated in the first century, and these, with the exception of some of Paul's, were written by no one knows who. To say that the New Testament documents came into existence before the close of the first century is a falsehood, proceeding from ignorance or dishonesty.

3 and 4. The gospels and epistles were not received as authentic nor as authoritativ in the apostolic age. In the age of the apostles themselvs the gospels were not known. In the age of the apostolic fathers there were scores and scores of "gospels" and "scriptures" which were considered as authentic and as authoritativ as those now in the Christian canon. And many of our present canonical books were not received at all, but were kicked about as writings of uninspired and commonplace people. In fact, it was not until A.D. 170 that any of the books were called sacred. Westcott says that for a century and a quarter after the death of Jesus the Old Testament was considered to be more authoritativ than the New, and others place the date of the change of sentiment much later. When Paul referred to the "holy scriptures" he meant the Old Testament, says Westcott; and Davidson confirms this by saying that wherever the early Christian fathers used the phrase "it is written," or the word "scripture," they had exclusivly in mind the Old Testament. When the Christian canon was forming there were in circulation some forty gospels, and a much greater number of acts, epistles, and revelations. Origen says that very many were written, and when the

fathers began to form canons they each adopted what books they liked. Instead, therefore, of having a New Testament which all agreed was authentic and authoritiv, the early Christians had dozens of them which had no authority for any one but the compilers. The early Christians were split into sects, and they had their heresies and heretics just as they hav now. No two sects used the same books. The first collection of New Testament documents was not considered inspired by its compiler (Marcion, about A D. 145), and he did not include a number of books now in the canon. He had a "gospel" of his own, which was identical with about three-fourths of Luke, and it is probable that Luke's gospel was made up from his. When Irenæus made up his canon he ignored many of the books now found in our canon. The ancient Syriac Christians omitted several books now in the New Testament. So did the Bible of the early African church. The canon of the Abyssinian church was different from ours. The Thebaic and the Memphitic versions left out Revelation. Origen considered the authenticity and authoritativness of some of our canonical books as extremely doubtful. Eusebius did not recognize as authentic all of our scriptures. Cyril, bishop of Jerusalem, did not accept Revelation. The council of Laodicea also omitted this book from its canon. So did the majority of Christian fathers as late as 365 A.D. St. Chrysostom left out five of our canonical documents. Theodore of Mopsuestia rejected six. The Sinaitic, Vatican, and Alexandrine manuscripts do not agree. The Clermont Codex, a Latin list of the books read in the African church in the third century, does not include all the books now considered sacred. The Apostolic Constitutions (a collection of rules, mainly for the guidance of the clergy, dating from the fifth century) omit eight of our present New Testament documents. The council of Trent (1546) adopted the canon of the Catholic Bible; the Westminster Assembly (1647) adopted the list of the Protestant Bible. The various councils held previously adopted sometimes one canon and sometimes another. The statement that the books of the New Testament "were received and recognized as authentic and authoritativ in the apostolic age, and hav ever since been so received and recognized by the Christian church," is a gigantic falsification of history.

5 and 6. The concurrence of view of Christ found by the religious journal in the gospels is one of those mental delusions which occur often to men desirous of making people believe that which is not true in order to keep fat positions of profit and power. The gospels, the historical part of the New Testament, contradict each other as to facts, and the doctrins of Peter and Paul are widely enough at variance to found upon one the Roman Catholic church and upon the other the equally huge system of imposture called the Protestant church. The gospel of John is so different from the other three that Kuenen throws it aside as valueless for historical purposes, and approves what Drs. Oort and Hooykaas say of the other three: "In the synoptic gospels we find certain narrativs which refer to Jesus in appearance only, and really rose in the apostolic communities in consequence of the division in their midst. . . . More than once we encounter narrativs that cannot possibly be understood in connection with the life of Jesus. . . . When we place Matthew, Mark, and Luke side by side . . . we are surprised to find that the evangelists, from the very fact of their going to work so artlessly and simply, and introducing most of their alterations without exactly intending it, emend and refute themselvs." That is a pretty and gentle mantle to throw over the sins of the writers of the three gospels, but can it be stretched to cover the alterations in the traditions which they did intend to make?

But if in the gospels there is no harmony, much less can it be found in the teachings and doctrins of Peter and Paul, or between the doctrins of those two gentlemen and the doctrins of Jesus. Keeler has stated the facts succinctly: "The contest between Peter and Paul raged fiercely in the early days immediately following Jesus, and each was vigorously supported by factions. The doctrins which Protestant clergymen preach so much—predestination, foreordination, sanctification, and similar ones—are Paulisms, Jesus never having taught them. Paul was the apostle of uncircumcision and of the gentiles; Peter, of circumcision and of the Jews. Paul wished to 'carry Christ' to the gentiles and still allow them to be gentiles. Peter said if they become Christians they must also become Jews, be circumcised, and do as the Jews did in the ceremonial. In those days Paul was not recognized as a lawful teacher of Christianity, nor was he for more than a hundred years. In these days, if Peter should come back to earth and advocate circumcision, the strangulation of bullocks, and the strict observance of the Jewish ceremonial, he would not be permitted to preach in any Christian church, Catholic or Protestant. Paul said, if any one, even an angel from heaven, preached any other gospel than he did, that person should be accursed. He claimed authority as an apostle equal to that of the apostles at Jerusalem. But they had been appointed by the Master in person, or, eleven of them had been, and they had elected a twelfth to fill the place of Judas, Peter superintending the process, while Paul had appointed himself; and for him to claim to be their equal was something to which they could not submit. Paul asked, 'Am I not an apostle?' And the others said he was not. Revelation (a Johannine and therefore an anti-Pauline work) says, referring to Paul, 'And thou hast tried them which say they are apostles, and are not, and hast found them liars.' Paul claimed that he and his followers were still Jews, even if they did not practice circumcision, but Peter and his friends denied it, and Revelation, again thrusting at Paul, says, 'I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are of the synagog of Satan;' and 'them of the synagog of Satan, which say they are Jews, and are not, but do lie.' Paul conceded that he had caught some of his followers by being crafty and using guile, but he thought that if he had misrepresented as to his apostolic authority, since good had come of it, no harm had been done.

'For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory, why yet am I also judged as a sinner?'

"Paul's early spirit as a persecutor appears when he wishes that those anti-Paulines who troubled the Galatians were cut off. He once met Peter in Antioch, and an open conflict occurred. The Ebionites, one of the most powerful of the early sects, rejected Paul, and said he was an apostate from the law. The Clementine Homilies attack him bitterly under the name of Simon Magus. They reject his epistles entirely. Justin Martyr rejected him, and scarcely deigned to notice his writings. Hegesippus would not use his epistles, and said, substantially, that he had falsified scripture. The Paulines, on the other hand, rejected the epistle to the Hebrews—which Christians now attribute to Paul—and they also rejected Revelation. The followers of Valentinus were Paulines, as were those of Marcion; those of Basilides were Petrines. The Cerinthians opposed St. John as well as Peter and Paul; the Simonians opposed Peter; the Ophites rejected St. John and St. Paul. They were snake-worshipers, and claimed to hav derived their doctrins from James the brother of Jesus. Another sect, the Donatists, held that there were no virtuous people in the Christian church except such as belonged to their sect, and required all who joined them to be re-baptized. Jerome was bitterly hostil to Origen's views, even accusing the latter, substantially, of heresy. Rufinus adopted Origen's theories, and Jerome, who had been Rufinus's dearest friend, loaded him with the most terrible reproaches, until the quarrel became the scandal of the church in that time. It sounds strangely to hear persons in these days express a desire for a 'return to primitiv Christianity, when all was peace and love.' There never was such a time."

Whenever religious papers print paragraphs similar to the one we hav made a text for this overwhelming refutation, they do so with the purpose, deliberate and crafty, of deceiving the people. The facts we hav given may be known by every one, and would be but for the persistent and dishonest efforts of the clergy to suppress them. Following the policy of Paul in being crafty, they may, however, find themselvs standing to the people in the relation that Paul complained of to the Corinthians: "The more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved."

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FROM the lofty hills upon which Boonton, N. J.. is built, one of the finest views within fifty miles of New York can be seen. On the summit of one of those hills stands a stanch Presbyterian church, in whose tower is a clock. Passing it the other day the Rev. J. M. Buckley took note of its four faces; one certified the hour of 11:31, another 3:20, the third 9:27, and the fourth showed that it was 11:30. This, he thinks, might serve as a typical sign for the Andover Theological Seminary, but seems strangely out of place upon an orthodox Presbyterian church. We don't know. A stopped clock, it occurs to us, is about the best symbol for a creed that never grows and is as hateful now as when first constructed. But doesn't the clock represent the Boonton churches, each pointing a separate way, but all united on one thing—stopping to imprison men for blasphemy? Ask C. B. Reynolds.

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THE Methodists of West Virginia, as represented in conference, hav declared themselvs against all "public gatherings for other than religious purposes" on Sunday. If these tolerant folks could only run the universe in their brainless groove, how happy they would be!

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GOD has evidently deserted some of his would-be defenders in the West. A Kansas clergyman who had engaged to debate with J. E. Remsburg was stricken with paralysis a few days before the debate was to hav taken place, and a Nebraska clergyman who attempted to answer one of his lectures fell in a fainting fit before he had uttered a dozen words.

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THE *Christian Advocate* relates this instance of special providence: "In Boston a large house prints for several religious papers of different creeds, and also an Atheistic paper of evil fame as especially venomous. The building was damaged by fire, and the only forms saved were those of the godless sheet above mentioned." What was the name of the "especially venomous" paper?

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A DISPATCH to the *Herald* reads:

"The pope announces that many villagers in Macedonia hav expressed a desire to re-enter the church, and hav asked that priests be sent to instruct them."

Now the religious press will hav a chance to quote the cry of the man Paul saw in one of his visions, "Come over into Macedonia and help us."

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Two Irish Roman Catholic parents who left their twins in the hallway of a strange house to die unless found and cared for by strangers, left also this note in the basket with them:

"DEAR GOOD FATHERS: Do please giv the little ones to Sister Irene to keep under her sheltering care. God bless and protect them. They are twins and hav not been baptized.

"MARY AND EDWARD MURPHY."

Mary and Edward Murphy are undoubtedly pious and devout, but they are not shining ornaments of humanity.

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AT the Prohibition convention which met at Syracuse last week, the daily papers reported as something remarkable that out of over nine hundred delegates thirty-two voted for Birney, the ancient Abolition candidate for president. This is a small proportion. Had the city managing editors sent their reporters to the Freethought conventions of recent years, they would hav found about every other one of the delegates and audience to be either a prominent Abolition apostle, or a worker in the ranks of that party. Most of the old Abolitionists after the war joined the Freethinkers as the reform party whose purposes and platform were the most pressing. It is with sorrow that we record the gradual diminution of the ranks of those veterans. One by one they are going to the windowless palace of rest, and soon we shall hav none left. The ones who hav become Freethinkers are naturally the ones who espoused the cause of the slave. The fellows left to the pious Prohibitionists are those who were whipped into line when their churches, as a matter of policy, swung into the Abolition ranks. They are the eleventh-hour laborers who are getting the full day's pay. Speaking of piety, this Prohibition convention outranks even the God-in-the-Constitution party. The convention held a revival meeting before being called to order, which partook of the nature of a Methodist prayer-meeting. Hymns were rendered in approved church voice. "All Hail the Power of Jesus's Name," and "Nearer my God to Thee," were favorits. The hall was decorated with the buzzard-dollar motto, "In God we trust." A brother from Brooklyn who might be supposed to know, informed the Almighty that the delegation from New York was the devil. He prayed God that the devil might not come in. Then another brother stilled the convention by silent prayer, after which a delegate said that they were there to pray as they felt inclined. Then they discussed John Sherman, who, in a speech of three thousand words, never mentioned Prohibition, and the conclusion was that "the man who declines to come into the party shows he is not in the bosom of the Lord." Shouts of "Amen!" and "Glory to God!" greeted the shouter, who said the Prohibition was the laboring man's party. A delegate from Ulster county hoped Howard Crosby would not speak of high license when next he preached in his church. A fifty-year-old convert said he was a shouting Methodist, and made a speech in which his halleluias were responded to by shouts of "Amen," and "God bless the convert." Delegate Minister Williams wanted to know how many there belonged to the church of Jesus Christ. When the question was put, every man and woman stood up. Ninety-two clergymen delegates stood on their chairs. When a call was made for the church officers, several hunded responded. A political census revealed one hundred and thirty-four former Democrats. The remainder had formerly been Republicans. There were four ex-Confederate soldiers, who were taken to the platform. Federal soldiers numbered only one hundred and twelve. The liquor traffic was voted a crime against God, and a demand was made that men should be taxed on what they own and not on what they owe. It was also resolved that interest on money in this state should be reduced to five per cent. The convention declared for woman suffrage, and voted down a plank which declaimed against large holdings of land. Then the convention said it was grateful to Almighty God, the sovereign over nations and the guardian of homes, and looked to him for guidance, and adjourned. The convention's candidate for secretary of state is the Rev. D. W. C. Huntington, presiding elder of the Genesee conference of the Methodist church.

# Letters from Friends.

DOWAGIAC, MICH., Aug. 14, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just finished reading Elmina's article in last paper, and hasten to send words of approval. I sent my mite long ago to Dr. Foote, but I again inclose the amount asked. Words of approval are weak compared with what I feel. I fain would exchange places with her, being much younger and accustomed to hard usage; think I could endure it better than an elderly woman. May my god of Love, Truth, and Justice support her through this trying hour! It is a battle for all humanity! Most thoroughly do I stand for Elmina. ABBIE KNAPP.

OGDEN, UTAH, July 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav delayed too long in sending my subscription, hoping and anticipating something more in the way of subscriptions and orders for books, but the time has run on imperceptibly and my anticipations are not realized.

I mourn for the ignorance and superstition that reign in the midst of abundant means to acquire knowledge, and as a result the successful accomplishment of plans of scheming religious and political ministers to deprive the masses of their religious and political privileges, reducing the many to beggary, and raising the few to be millionaires.

If the forlorn hope is not soon changed to a certain anticipation of restored rights of citizens of a republic by the free and independent use of the ballot, they must and will be, by the bullet and dynamite, forever lost. The war-cry will be, "Victory or Death."

THE TRUTH SEEKER is "getting no worse quite fast," while Heston is giving his eye-openers to the frauds of Christianity and the swindling operations of political schemers.

Please find inclosed $1 for Mrs. Slenker. JOHN T. JOST.

CONOORD, N. C., Aug. 19, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am poor, and am so because the Christian members of the convention of North Carolina in 1866 repudiated $3,000 worth of state bonds the state justly owes me. I am a cripple, and tried in 1884 to be elected to a county office. The Christians of Cabarrus county refused to giv me their support, so I was defeated in an effort to make an honest and honorable living to support my wife and three children. These same Christians uphold a bankrupt swindler, who is a pillar in the Methodist church, who some twelve years since swindled his creditors out of $20,000, and is now boarding with his wife in a $5,000 house. This same man made a Sunday-school address before a Sunday-school convention yesterday.

I would be glad if I had the money to get several of the books advertised in THE TRUTH SEEKER. I would especially be glad to get Colonel Kelso's "Bible Analyzed." For the reasons above stated, I am unable financially to get anything; yet I get free many curses from the Christian people, the pious church-members of this county.

J. W. MEHAFFRY.

ANAHEIM, CAL., Aug. 11; 1887.

MY DEAR ELMINA: After reading your letter to friends in THE TRUTH SEEKER of July 16th, I had my mind relieved of the idea that you could wish to publish what I read in the *Word*, at which I was very truly surprised. I am very thankful for the letter. Herewith I mail $1 for the Defense Fund; I sincerely desire that you may be able to arrange the knowledge you hav acquired in your researches on heredity and hav it simplified to that degree that every mother in the and will be permitted to liv true to her highest ideal of sex-life. Freedom has been crucified for generations past in the marriage bed, until health is scarce, and every sign to-day shows physical degeneracy. It is time grandmothers, take the initiativ steps of informing the youth of our beloved country of the tremendous danger awaiting the mistakes of ignorance of sex laws. I criticised "Diana," before it was put on the market, and consider it pure in morals, and a guide to the old and young that was much needed. Really, this generation hav reason to rise up and call you "blessed above all women for righteousness's sake." If the people need anything to elevate habits and morals, it is the naked truth in regard to sex-life. MRS. KATE PARKER.

WAMEGO, KAN., Aug. 14, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Being compelled by the non-arrival of THE TRUTH SEEKER to vary the usual Sunday morning program, I know of no better plan than to send greeting to our large family circle, and ask a few questions upon subjects which I hav not seen fully discussed.

Why don't Christians belong to several churches at the same time? When beaten in argument, they generally play their trump card by declaring that, if it should turn out that they are correct, it would go hard with their opponents; while, if they are wrong, they hav nothing to lose. Persons who are willing to sacrifice truth and manhood to escape the wrath of an imaginary angry demon should make sure they are safe by taking all the tickets they can get in the theological lottery. They should become Catholic, Lutheran, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Mohammedan, and Mormon. Why not?

The question is sometimes asked, "Do you believe in the existence of a supreme being?" It seems this question is rather ambiguous, for no man can understand its meaning. On turning to Webster's Unabridged, we find that "being" means "Existence in fact or in thought," and "this applies to everything which exists in any way . . . whether in the nature of things or only in our notions." Should not the question be stated in a different form, as, for instance, "Do you believe in the material existence of dreams?"

How soon can we expect to see the "Star of Bethlehem?" An old gentleman in our town points out Venus to his friends, and says: "You want to look at that star now; that's the Star of Bethlehem, and you won't see it again for three hundred years." How willingly some people are deceived! The Christians would giv anything for a star they might call their own, even if it appeared but once in a thousand years. The ancient religions encouraged science in some degree, and mythology is immortalized in the stars, but Christianity has persecuted astronomy immeasurably, and, as Colonel Ingersoll says, "Not a star in all the vast expanse now bears a Christian name." By the way, it seems to me that Christian names are not as generally used in naming children as formerly. A. T. MCMILLAN.

ALLIANCE, O., Aug. 17, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The Liberals of our city and vicinity hav had a "feast of fat things." Dr. J. L. York has been here and given us two lectures. On Sunday evening, Aug. 14th, the doctor spoke to a large audience in our Opera House; subject, "Evolution and Creation; Man or Monkey—Which?" and it was certainly one of the best lectures that our people hav listened to for a long time. On Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the Union Labor party, the doctor spoke on "The Rights of Labor; or, The Reign of the Common People," and again a fine, large, and enthusiastic audience greeted him. The doctor is a brick, and wherever he goes cannot fail to do the people good. We expect the doctor here again this fall in November, and I know from the feeling and expressions of the people he will receive a warm welcome. The doctor and his good lady left here Thursday for Columbus, Ohio, where he speaks two Sundays, and then on East. Those who hav not arranged for the doctor to lecture for them would do well to correspond with him at once, for such men should not be idle. Wishing THE TRUTH SEEKER success, and long life to Watson Heston, I am, Yours fraternally, GEO. W. THORNBURGH.

WILSON, ILL., Aug. 17, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of August 6th is an account of Thomas Abbott West, the murderer of Susie Beck at St. Louis.

The said reverend commenced his career as sky-pilot in this vicinity. In the fall of 1884, a Wesleyan minister (Mr. Riley) was holding tent meetings near Campus. West came there, claiming to hav been sent by the elder to assist in saving souls. He claimed to be unsectarian, and proved to be the right man, as he gathered many lost souls home.

At the close of the meetings he came out and said he had been sent by the elder to work in the interest of the Methodist Episcopal church, and for that alone, and demanded half the spoils, when there occurred a scene hard to describe; but the outcome was that a leading pillar of the Methodist Episcopal persuasion received him with open arms, and commenced to organize a Methodist Episcopal church.

They finally succeeded in buying the Congregationalist church at Campus, and West was established as pastor. The leading members thought him a saint on earth. He was a very good-looking man and a very good talker, but the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER at Campus and he could not agree; therefore, they were willing to take their chances for heaven over a different route from the one he was agent for. E. T. POTTER.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: As one of the many readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I cannot but be pleased in perusing the many able articles which you weekly set before us. I am more pleased. however, to observe that, as the venerable old Bible sinks in estimation as a book of divine authority in morals, purity, it correspondingly rises with me and other thinkers in estimation as an interesting, funny collection of old comicalities.

I will not except the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," Smollet, Dickens, Munchausen, or even Shakspere for its laughable absurdities and the solemn gravity of its romances.

Being familiar with its general character from my schoolboy days, open it where I will—like every other familiar romance—I am sure to find something to interest me, something to smile at, something to sigh over; but, alas! too much filth and obscenity—bah! creativ of nausea and disgust!

An old friend of mine, long since dead, estimated it somewhat in the same light. He conceived the idea of printing the Bible, omitting therefrom all filthy, obscene, lewd, and immoral passages. But, unfortunately, some pious old ladies, hearing of his intentions, at the suggestion of their pastor borrowed his marked copy, and my friend's Bible was never seen again.

My friend Daniel Mason, for some years one of your subscribers, a few days before his death was asked by a practically kind and sympathetic old lady "if he was a Christian."

He calmly answered, "Mrs. Archer, as Christianity manifests itself, I hardly think I ought to be rated as one."

"But the Bible, the holy Bible, you surely believe in it, Mr. Mason?"

Looking gravely at Mrs. Archer, he calmly replied, "Mrs. Archer, I hardly think you could hav read that book, or you could not ask a dying man that question." He paused, but commenced again.

"Yes, Mrs. Archer, I hav read the book, and as for belief, I believe it is the filthiest, most obscene, immoral, in its teachings, ever printed or placed before the world as a model. There is not a felon or murderer reared in the lowest brothel in New York city or now in our state prisons but could justify his crimes from the teachings of the Bible."

The old lady cast her eyes upward, threw her arms aloft, and walked seriously out of the room. Two days subsequently the funeral of our friend took place, and was numerously attended, and Mrs. Archer remarked as she looked upon his remains, "I can say one thing for Mr. Mason, he was not afraid to die."

And it is before the believers in and practicers of the obscenities, vulgarisms, immoralities, cruelties, and nastiness of this book Mrs. Slenker is to be arraigned! For daring to do what? For daring to publish a much-needed work on physiology, to arrest the transmission of some of the miseries of mankind. D. B.

REDDICK, ILL., Aug. 21, 287.

MR. EDITOR: I am astonished and surprised to note the actions of the vile Comstock, Crew & Co., against Aunt Elmina D. Slenker, of Snowville, Va. What! is a man or woman not allowed to express their honest and true thoughts? What has Elmina done? Scientifically and morally she has done no wrong, and the moral world will testify to that effect. What woman in the moral world has done more than Elmina for the advancement of Freethought and morality? Not one. She has planted seeds of reform that men hundreds of generations hence will reap the benefit of. See the many thousands of books and papers that she has circulated to the reading masses of America and Canada. Who will take the benefit of that? Why, the generations yet unborn.

Her work is also having a very bad effect on Christianity. We can see the hearse in the not far distant horizon coming for the corpse of dying Christianity. It is dying the most horrible death, and in its great convulsions it is doing all within its power to overthrow the grand platform of Infidelity. Hence its slimy attack on Mrs. Elmina Slenker. We all know that from the many thousands of books that she has sent broadcast not a complaint has been heard, and over the heads of hell-deserving sky-pilots and Christian sneaks, from the vast host of her readers come the welcome words, Long liv Aunt Elmina.

We owe her a debt of gratitude that we will never be able to pay. Now, what we want to do is this. Her trial comes off the 25th of next October, and Aunt Elmina must hav financial aid from all possible sources. Now, let each one of us rally to her support, if with only ten cents. Send not less than ten cents, or not over $75,000, to Mrs. Elmina D. Slenker, Snowville, Va. C. B. HUNTER.

DETROIT, MICH., Aug. 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just got THE TRUTH SEEKER for this date, the first I hav seen for some months past, and the editorial upon the proposed centennial of the adoption of the Constitution has almost persuaded me to again become a subscriber. I am sorry to see that the editor and friend Lazarus differ over a question that is so simple that neither can get down to it. But if I could be allowed a little space in a really free paper I would offer some advance thoughts that ought to open the eyes of both of you and all of the Liberals of the country and the world.

You say there is soon to be a centennial celebration of the adoption of the Constitution, and you quote a paragraph which says that the labors of that day preserved for all time the precious fruits of freedom and self-government. This is a lie! I challenge any man to show a line or word in all past history of this country that even proposes to make the people free. On the contrary, the people of this country were slaves to Great Britain before the Revolution, and separated from the old country because they were taxed (enslaved) without being allowed a representativ to help enslave them. When the war of the Revolution began, the colonial governments continued to enslave the people all through the seven years of war, and when the war was over there was no change of government. Not a man was there that showed by word or act that he knew anything about freedom, and those men who wrote and signed that grandest of all declarations, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all people are endowed by their creator with the inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," did not know what was the true meaning of the words they used, for they had always lived under a slave government. They were then living under a slave government, and they never took the first step to make the government free. Many of them lived for many years in this country, helped to make laws, and to administer and execute the laws. They saw every day and every hour the government ignore and repudiate and alienate every shadow of those rights which they had declared were inalienable to every person; and the government has continued to enslave the people to this day, and millions of lives, and hundreds of billions of dollars of the toiling slaves, and the rights of all people hav been sacrificed and alienated by the curse of a government formed in ignorance by slaves who did not know what to do with the liberty they had won. There has never been a people in slavery that was not placed in that condition by their government. To suppose that the colored people were ever in a condition of slavery in a country that had a free government is to suppose that fire and water will mix, or that vice and virtue could liv in harmony. There was never any other slavery in this country than that which the government has planted and fostered for the whole period of its existence. It was not unique in its origin; it was formed after the old governments from which the framers had fled or emigrated; they had no knowledge of any other; they added nothing new. Its strength has only been tested by the dangers of the slavery it had fostered; it has never had peace or prosperity; the gallows, the prison, poorhouses, and workhouses hav increased faster than its real wealth; its cancers, in the form of cities filled with penal institutions, called work-shops and factories, ought to be photographed upon every wall of Philadelphia on the assembling of this centennial. It is full time that some of the reform papers should advocate a free government for this country, the people of which hav been for over a century fools as well as slaves.

Our friend Lazarus seems to hav flopped around until one would suppose he must hav found a dry spot to stand upon, but he seems as far off as ever from anything solid. He reminds me of one of Orpheus C. Kerr's assertions about W. H. Seymour, that he was called Say more because he could say more and mean less than any other man. But he has never yet learned that he is a slave, and no proclamation of president or king or act of legislature ever has made or ever will make him or any other man free. Whenever any government has laid a tax upon its people, those people are slaves, and in no other way were any people ever made slaves. J. H. WOOD.

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CRESTED BUTTE, COL., Aug. 7, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5, renewal for the grand and good TRUTH SEEKER, and also one new subscriber.

Keep on with the pictures. They are as strong and powerful to shake the faith of the Christians as giant powder is to blast the solid mountains; for they will look at the pictures if they don't read the contents of the paper.

Mr. Heston is a genius to picture out the horrible thing, as the Christians call it, but still they believe it; but, if it is horrible to look at the pictures, their dogma is to me more horrible to believe in. JOHN ENGSTROM.

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OBITUARY.

BAXTER SPRINGS, KAN., Aug. 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Another veteran truth seeker and moral hero is at rest. Hiram Crum, aged seventy years and five months, died at Baxter Springs, Kan., Aug. 12, 1887. He was born in western New York, was a pioneer in Michigan, and then in Kansas. He had a very strong physical organism, was a hard-working, frugal, honest, patient man, generous and kind-hearted, and many of the poor will remember his acts and gifts of sincere sympathy, and miss him as a friend and neighbor. I first knew him fourteen years ago; and about ten years ago, through me, he subscribed for THE TRUTH SEEKER, which he has read and distributed ever since. He subscribed for D. M. Bennett's books, "Around the World," and has sent not a few dollars for TRUTH SEEKER publications and other Liberal and Freethought works. He has done more to promote our cause, in a pecuniary sense, than all the rest of the Infidels in the county, most of whom are weak-kneed, talk-to-me-in-private Free (?) thinkers. He has got up public meetings, mostly at his own expense, and his heart, purse, and house were always open to poor, weary lecturers, and he bought liberally their books and often paid the whole lecture bill when others would not help. If all would work with tongue and money as he did, in proportion to their means, what an impetus would be given to the cause of truth and humanity! Being about to leave here, I went twenty miles to pay him my farewell visit. When I left him, with great regret, he was well seemingly, and I thought might out-liv me, two years younger than he; but what was my surprise and grief to be sent for in three days to read, sing, and speak at his funeral? He had worked very hard in the intense heat which we hav had here for three weeks, was prostrated and exhausted, and after twelve hours of alternation between suffering and sleeping under an opiate, that strong frame yielded to its opponents and he died, as he believed, never to liv again as an individual. His affectionate wife and daughter, his neighbors and physician, did the best they could to save him, but he has left us, and a blank in his family and society that no one else can fill. I told my audience, part Liberal and part orthodox, what a naturalist and humanitarian is, in contrast to a bigoted, priest-ridden, deluded Godite; and, as well as I could in my physical and mental condition, told them the significance of this life and how to make the most of it. He is worthy of a volume, but your space is precious and I must stop. Hiram Crum, the lover of truth and humanity, the hater of priestcraft, Gods, and shams, the public-spirited citizen, the honest, kind neighbor. the patient, indulgent husband and father, and my dearest friend—farewell. J. H. COOK.

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ST. CATHERINES, ONT., July 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of Dec. 25, 1886, Mr. J. L. Tompkins, of Lake City, Iowa, says he has worked on a farm more than fifty years, and been a close observer of all crops—thinks he ought to be a competent witness in the chess case. He has seen every wheat stool that a horse had eaten off bring chess; has seen nearly all chess where the snow had all blown off the wheat; has seen a stool of wheat part wheat and part chess from one root (a good witness, truly!); has even seen timothy meadows changed to chess by drouth, but it was right the next year. He knew a man that had alternately first timothy, then chess, and thirdly good timothy meadow on the same ground. He then says he will tell me something I don't know, viz., that I cannot raise a single grain of chess from chess if it were to save my life. He says his uncle for thirty years offered first $5, then $10, for chess so raised, but got none. He then cites an opinion which he says perhaps the strongest agricultural writer in the United States (and one whom he says a great man was proud to know in his day) has given: "The man that does not know that wheat will pass to chess is too big a fool for me to discuss with." This suits well with what that uncouth, ignorant old farmer said gruffly to that young farmer, "Every fool knows wheat will turn to drips." These random assertions not only are futil, but prove conclusivly that they did not emanate from intelligent and enlightened minds. Rational and well informed minds are ever pleased to prove what they affirm, and will frankly impart their knowledge to others. "Fool" is the holy Bible's pet word —"ye fools!" "thou fool!" "the fool hath said, There is no God." Query, which is the fool, the one who denies or the one who affirms? Common sense says, the one who affirms what he cannot prove. Further he says: "It looks weak in me to call for proof, when I hav not given any evidence to the contrary." He ought to know that it does not devolve on me to prove what I deny. I believed that chess would grow chess, and was therefore careful not to sow it; but had heard farmers say it would not grow, and after that young farmer raised that chess on his stubble ground, he was told also that it would not grow, therefore he planted some in September, putting a stake by it, and the next July he showed me the chess on their stalks that had grown from chess. Believing this, I was sure that I could raise chess from chess, too; but after seeing Mr. Tompkins's strong and positiv assertion that I could not, I thought it best to keep mum and prove it. And this I hav now done, and that beyond the possibility of doubt. Last January, I filled a flower-pot with clean ground, in which I planted six grains of chess, and put the pot in a warm stove room, and in a few days six blades of chess came up. After two weeks I put the pot in a cool room, and April 1st I put the contents of the pot out into the ground, and in June several stalks from each stool yielded chess. I hav now proved that Mr. Tompkins's strong assertion that I could not raise chess from chess does not hold good, neither is there a particle of proof in the other cases that he has cited that wheat or timothy did turn to chess. The following assertions are parallel with his. A trustworthy farmer told me he once had a field of first-class red clover, but the next summer it was covered with sorrel, and he said he was positiv the clover had turned to sorrel. A boy has seen a long, hair-like animal swim on water, and his pa and grandpa told him it was a hair-snake and had come from a horse-hair; that horse-hairs turned to snakes when they got in water. The boy of course believes it, and grows up with that belief, and will tell others that he knows (perhaps swears he knows) that horse-hairs will turn to snakes, because his pa and grandpa said so, and he knows they wouldn't lie. No, they did not mean to lie, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that they, and all others that said horse-hairs turned to snakes, did lie.

Mr. Tompkins says he is just as positiv that wheat or timothy will bring cheat as he is that two and two make four. If he is so sure of it, why does he not prove it and settle this much-disputed chess question? Candid Liberals, you must see that positiv assertions without proof are not only worthless, but deceiving, and do a great deal of harm; therefore they should never be made unless they are based on facts. Having been ruined by those two pious, sneak-thievish lawyers of this city, I am now (financially) a poor man, and nearing seventy-three, but still anxious to learn realities, therefore, if Mr. Tompkins, or any other Liberal, has or finds such a prodigy as he and some others hav seen, viz., wheat and chess from one root, and makes it known in THE TRUTH SEEKER, I will, if I can get money enough for a third-class fare, go and see it, and that with the greatest pleasure. A. MOOT.

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NEW YORK, Aug. 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Feeling a growing interest in Mrs. Slenker's case, and believing it to be an occasion for earnest, conscientious thought and action; also hoping to aid the cause of justice by throwing some new lights upon this subject, from a woman's standpoint, I beg to say that it is incomprehensible how one of Mr. Macdonald's logic and intelligence upon other subjects should, in some points respecting this case, show such a lack of appreciation.

Indeed, this would seem a signal illustration of the fact that woman can never be understood and judged in her work or purpose by a quick, unerring judgment except by woman. Here, as ever, a woman's insight only can do justice to woman.

It seems to me that the TRUTH SEEKER editorials, clear and positiv as they are against the infringement of constitutional rights. yet with respect to Mrs. Slenker, hav done her but partial justice. It is with surprise that we note these words in the last issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER: "Mrs. Slenker has been engaged in a work which to her seemed necessary and good; others, however, hav not seen the necessity for the work, and hav disapproved of it. Probably ninety of every hundred Freethinkers condemn the work as uncalled-for and useless." Since this is merely an opinion, we beg to differ, but not without first deprecating the statement, as it is liable to prejudice hundreds of people against this most high-minded and excellent woman, who might hastily catch up the subject from this point, without having previously read its history. I believe that if the majority of Liberal-minded people could thoroughly understand this case in all its phases, they would heartily sympathize with Mrs. Slenker and approve her interest in the subject of sexology. But what if they did not? Would it therefore prove that people always think and feel as they ought to think and feel? Does not society—Freethinkers included—hold a thousand prejudices and fads which they ought not to hold?

The majority of our sex are indifferent to the right of suffrage, because they "hav not seen the necessity," and "condemn the work as uncalled-for and useless." But would Mr. Macdonald or any other fair-minded Liberal accept this as a final argument why we should giv up the fight?

Again, we presume that the inhabitants of Oregon and California would hav got along very comfortably had Mr. Putnam not gone among them to expound the Nine Demands of Liberalism. He has doubtless encountered many who vastly prefer theology to Secularism, and so look upon *his* work as "uncalled-for and useless."

We supposed it was a foregone conclusion, at least with so-called Liberals, that everyone should work in his or her own way, in love and patience, for the truth. Now, this is what Mrs. Slenker has been doing, with all the honesty and thoroughness of her nature. Nor can we conceive of any work being higher or more called-for than this. If a more rational religion is needed at the present day, so do we also need more rational and wholesome ideas upon the relations of sex. Knowledge must always precede reform; but how can we get knowledge until an interest in what we would know is first awakened? It was simply Mrs. Slenker's interest in this most vital of subjects, which she had a perfect right to feel, and which should pass to her credit, that was the motiv to this correspondence in question. And now at this point it is timely to speak of the comparativ importance of this subject with those which THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Freethought Magazine* are usually devoted to. The important work of these journals, excellent as they are, seems to be an unremitting bombardment of orthodox Christianity.

We hav often marveled at the acres of space devoted to this end. This may be necessary, but as we regard conduct greater than creed, so do we regard Mrs. Slenker's work as more important than either of these; for it has been applied to human conduct rather than to creed. I hav scores of denominational Christian friends who are living good and blameless lives. Is it as important to unsettle their faith as it is to make a husband or father less sensual and selfish? Opinion, even an orthodox one, may not culminate in evil, while evil is always evil, and multiplies upon itself. Conduct is above creed, even a Liberal creed, and, surely, a Liberal opinion is not of so much value as a clean and virtuous life; for virtue in its true sense is a condition of strength and development. A husband may believe in all the absurdities of theologic dogma, even to hell and damnation if it pleases him, but he can never giv his wife a foretaste of these upon earth, or become repulsiv and intolerable to her, until he violates the sanctities of sex. And it was in this domain more than any other that Mrs. Slenker strove to enlighten and deliver from the fetters of vice.

It was in respect to this work of Mrs. Slenker's that Mr. H. L. Green, in the *Freethinkers' Magazine* for June, apologetically offers the following: "She is evidently a crank upon the sexual question, as many other very good people are." According to our observation and knowledge, this is just what the majority of men are, "cranks on the sexual question," although in a very different way from Mrs. Slenker. Dr. E. B. Foote made admission of this in connection with her case, when he said in substance that no one but a physician knows the extent of such facts as Mrs. Slenker had been taking note of. History and tradition repeat what hav been man's propensity in this regard; but tradition always lends a shelter, and so it follows that the custom continues to shelter the real abominations, while it givs the epithet of "crank" to those who would restrain lust, and raise manhood to a higher level. Mr. Green further intimates that she has violated the "established usages of society." Perhaps this declaration is no more than we shou'd expect. So far as we can determin, it appears to be harmonious with the "established usages of society" to be satisfied with merely *mentioning* the existence of wrongs. The last issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER contains a most wise and able article, under the title of "The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism," which provides this information: "The memoirs of Guiccardini and Pedro Sanchez depict a depth of immorality that would hav revolted the libertin of the Neronic age." Now, here is a case in point—crimes which we presume Mr. Green would think it quite respectable to mention and read about, but let a woman take one step to *remove* these crimes; at once it is complained that she is violating "established usages of society," "bringing Freethought into disrepute," and herself a "crank!"

At last I come to consider Mrs. Slenker's method of working. For my part, I am weary and indignant at so much editorial carping about the words Mrs. Slenker happened to use. This is too petty. It should be remembered that she was conducting a private correspondence, in behalf of what interested her at that time. It is not to be expected that she would treat the subject in the same manner, or employ the same language, she would use for the public. And the same objection to the editorial criticism of her words will apply to the criticism of her subject, unless Mr. Macdonald would agree to be willing that a private correspondence of his own, upon some subject that chanced to interest him for the time being, might suddenly be brought to light, and "ninety of every hundred Freethinkers" commissioned to decide whether he might not hav chosen a more important topic for the welfare of present and future generations!

I hav myself, upon two or three occasions, ventured to express my sentiments, under seal, upon the sexual question. I do not remember whether the language would hav satisfied the refined taste of Comstock, but what matters it, since the purport of my word and thought was to inspire a more sacred regard for the most sacred function of life? How fortunate that Comstock did not suspect my intentions long enough beforehand to entrap my letters and arrest me, while the Liberal press perchance looked on, and complained that my choice of subject, and treatment thereof, were not sufficiently scientific! We can scarcely forgiv Mr. Macdonald for this remark: "We cannot imagin how any grown-up people can possibly consider such writings contributions to science." What if they are not contributions to science? We did not suppose it a condition of enjoying the privilege of the United States mail that a purely private correspondence must be brought up to a scientific or any other regulation standard.

And for the same reason, that it was a private correspondence, does any public criticism of the same seem ungracious and uncalled-for. It was doubtless a correspondence conducted by those whose peculiar experiences or sympathies had occasioned a special desire and need of that class of information. Those facts were not sought or exchanged for lascivious ends, but rather to create a horror and disgust of sexual abuses. And I cannot see why any private mode of conveying such knowledge, provided it was mutually satisfactory to those mutually concerned, should be publicly censured.

Brunsaw was the first man to ask permission of Napoleon in 1805, to visit the sewers of Paris, with a view to improving them, and for this Victor Hugo named him a hero, and the bravest man in France.

A brave and noble woman in Virginia, always on the side of right, controled by sympathy and a desire to elevate and help humanity, has looked into some of the sewers of social life. Shall we, like Hugo, praise and honor, or carp and cavil? ALTAIR.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## The Lark and the Prairie Fire.

The lark changed her song to a sad strain
Till I thought there were robins in the trees,
Though all the morn there had fallen gentle rain
With spicy odors wafted in the breeze.
Sweet bird, what makes you so sad at your singing
When lotus-gales come from the river and lea?
Bid sorrow depart with your joyous upspringing,
And sing a sweet song to my baby and me!

Last eve she sat and sang the moan of waves—
Our fierce inland billows of lurid flame—
As a stricken mother at her childrens' graves,
And my own bairns smiled and said, "How tame!"
I had marked the deep glow the western sky painting,
And hiding the bow that hung o'er the moon,
Till her midnight song told of a mother-heart fainting
That her sunny sky gathered its darkness so soon.

Though prairie fires snatch your pretty nest
With all its wealth of eggs dotted o'er with brown,
Take heart of song and sing the world your best,
For sweet the saving rain comes dropping down.
You are such a sweet part of our world and its morning,
Turning sorrow to noon with your midnight refrain,
Rebuild now anew, your small house adorning,
Forgetting your yesternight sadness and pain.

MARY BAIRD-FINCH.

## Memory Gems.

*From the Works of Thomas Paine. To be learned and recited by the children.*

He that would sell his birthright for a little salt is as worthless as he who sold it for porridge without salt. And he that would part with it for a gay coat, or a plain coat, ought forever to be a slave in buff.

That men never turn rogues without turning fools is a maxim, sooner or later, universally true.

Suspicion and persecution are weeds of the same dunghill and flourish together.

Those who expect to reap the blessings of freedom must, like men, undergo the fatigues of supporting it.

The nearer any disease approaches to a crisis, the nearer it is to a cure.

Danger and deliverance make their advances together, and it is only the last push in which one or the other takes the lead.

To argue with a man who has renounced the use and authority of reason and whose philosophy consists in holding humanity in contempt, is like administering medicin to the dead, or endeavoring to convert an Atheist by scripture.

Mankind hav lived to very little purpose, if, at this period of the world, they must go two or three thousand years back for lessons and examples.

Had it not been for America, there had been no such thing as freedom left throughout the whole universe.

A good opinion of ourselvs is exceedingly necessary in private life, but absolutely necessary in public life, and of the utmost importance in supporting national life.

The worst of all policy is that of doing things by halves.

Penny wise and pound foolish, has been the ruin of thousands.

That in which every man is interested is every man's duty to support.

There never was a scheme against which objections might not be raised.

Even wolves may quarrel, still they herd together.

Evils, like poisons, hav their uses, and there are diseases which no other remedy can reach.

An association of vice will reduce us more than the sword.

Of all the innocent passions which actuate the human mind, there is none more universally prevalent than curiosity.

To be nobly wrong is better than to be meanly right.

We sometimes experience sensations to which language is not equal. S. H. W.

## Our Puzzle Box.

WORDS WITHIN WORDS.

1.–From a glass vessel take slang, and leave an animal.

2.–From a small animal take cold, and leave a nation in Asia.

3.–From a thin woolen cloth take a soft white metal, and leave a stopper for a barrel.

4.–From an aromatic plant with grayish-blue flowers take to finish, and leave a vessel.

5.–From white, soft part of wood take to scorch, and leave a peculiar astringent mineral substance.

6.–From a bird of the ostrich family take a luminous body in the heavens, and leave the first shoot of a plant.

## Correspondence.

FRENCHTOWN, NEB., Aug. 3, 1887.

MY DEAR MISS WIXON: In the lines inclosed I hav tried to tell of the prairie fires made late in the spring, and often even in June, to insure a later growth of grass for pasture. But it is pitiful to find the nests of prairie chickens and many smaller birds destroyed by the fire. The Corner improves steadily. It is entertaining for old and young. I am glad to see the Gems of Paine. Long may they wave. Yours for truth,

MARY B. FINCH.

ARMSTRONG, IA., Aug. 15, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am a little girl, nine years old. I hav a little sister seventeen months old, and three brothers. My papa runs a blacksmith shop and farm. There is a man dying here. The doctors say they cannot save his body, but two preachers think they hav saved his soul. We expect J. E. Remsburg to speak for us in September. Mamma givs me all the eggs she has to spare for taking care of the hens.

Your little Freethinker friend,

ETHEL BURT.

ELLENSBURGH, WASH. TERR., Aug. 12, 1887.

MISS WIXON: My papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER. He is a Freethinker, and so am I. We all like the Children's Corner very much.

It has been raining all day—the sun has just come out for the first time. We liv in a valley, with hills and mountains all around us. It doesn't rain much here and we hav to irrigate our fields and gardens.

We liv one and one-half miles from the N. T. railroad. There are not many Freethinkers here. I hav an intimate friend who joined the church; I laughed at her, and she said she guessed she would withdraw.

Some of my friends and one of my teachers laughed and made fun of me because I didn't believe in the story of the mud man. I hav six brothers and sisters.

I study arithmetic, geography, physiology, grammar, United States history, writing, and spelling. There is nice scenery here; we liv in the midst of a green valley, and we can look north and see part of the snow-clad Cascades. I will be fourteen years old in October. There are fine fir, pine, and cedar trees on the mountains, and in the valley there are palm, cottonwood, willow, and alder trees. I will close now, hoping my letter won't go to the waste-basket. I wish you success with your noble work.

HELEN M. PARRISH.

## How a Deer Went to Church.

Tom (a young panther) was not our only pet; and I liked Billy ever so much better. He was a young deer, and it was exciting to see Tom watch to catch Billy, and Billy watch Tom, eat grass right in front of him, and look at his foe as if he said, "Don't you wish I would?"

When Billy's horns came to be horns and not knobs, he made many a one of his admirers go up on a fence pretty nimbly, and that was good enough for them. But he frightened folks who did not deserve it, and still the people took his part. A strong, resolute boy, by taking hold of his horns, could make him behave. Sometimes, one would jump on his back for a ride, and get a fine tumble. But there was no use to say a word against Billy; even the folks he made scamper did not want him shut up. There was not another deer in the country. He was very beautiful and graceful, and they liked to see such a fleet creature bound over the fences, across the fields, and through the woods. It was sport to set dogs after him, to see him toss them with his horns, stamp them with his fore feet, send them flying with his hind feet, or skip off, leaving them to wonder what had become of him.

All that summer he frolicked and visited, and all the next winter. The next spring his horns dropped off, and he got another pair with a prong on each. No boy was ever so proud of a new pair of boots as Billy of his new horns. He was large and strong, too, a splendid fellow. I made him a new collar, red, with his name on it, to wear with his new horns; and there was not another such dandy in that country.

One Sabbath morning he found himself three miles from home, and concluded he would go to church. I don't believe he cared for a sermon, and so suspect he went to show his shiny coat, bright red collar, and branching horns. Indeed, I am certain it was nothing good took Billy to church that sultry Sunday, for he did not go till the pews were crowded with people. It was a Methodist church, and that was quarterly meeting, so the whole neighborhood was present to witness Billy's piety and admire his finery. He waited outside for the presiding elder, who was a large man, very plump, rosy, grave, and dignified, and much engaged that morning thinking of the sermon he was going to preach.

The church door was open, and when the elder went in Billy went too, just behind him. There was a matting on the floor, which deadened the sounds of Billy's hoofs. So the elder walked slowly up the middle aisle, and Billy after him, making motions with his head as if he wanted him to hurry along to the pulpit and begin the sermon. The good man did walk very slowly on quarterly-meeting days. It was no wonder, then, if Billy intended staying for the sermon, he should want to get it started. But still he kept behind, and only made passes, until the elder halted at the altar steps to put down his hat, which delay Billy concluded was rather too much for the patience of any worshiper of his dignity to endure, so he gave the unlucky elder such a knock as to send him into the pulpit in an oriental attitude of devotion.

This exploit wound up Billy's career. No one would plead for him any more. He made very good venison, and the elder laughed while he ate a piece, and thought it a pity to hav killed Billy for a frolic which did no one any harm.— *Wide Awake.*

## Stepping Stones to Success.

Learn your business thoroughly.

Keep at one thing—in no wise change.

Always be in haste, but never in a hurry.

Observe system in all you do and undertake.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

Be self-reliant; do not take too much advice, but rather depend on yourself.

Never fail to keep your appointments, nor to be punctual to the minute.

Never be idle, but keep your hands or mind usefully employed except when sleeping.

Use charity with all; be ever generous in thought and deed—help others along life's stormy path.

Make no haste to be rich; remember that small and steady gains giv competency and tranquillity of mind.

He that ascends a ladder must take the lowest round. All who are above were once below.

Think all you speak; but speak not all you think;
Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more;
Where Wisdom steers, wind cannot make you sink;
Lips never err when she does keep the door.

—*Selected.*

## Short Stories from the Chinese.

A young tiger met an old one and said: "I got hold of a man to-day whose upper parts were so tasteless and his nether parts so sour, that, hungry as I was, I left him in disgust. I wonder what sort of a man this could be?" "A student who has had to buy his degree," was the reply.

Chang and Chung mutually agreed to start a brewery. Said Chang to Chung: "You supply the rice and I will furnish the water." "But," queried Chung, "if the profits are divided accordingly to the capital embarked, I am afraid it will be difficult to apportion your share." "Oh, I'm not afraid," said Chang; "when the brew is over, giv me the water; you can hav the remainder."

A man was seized by a tiger. The victim's son took his bow and pursued. "Hit him in the leg," cried the father, "else you'll spoil the market value of the skin."

A bibulous individual, on entering a restaurant, noticed that the wine cups were small. After seating himself, he gave vent to a most demoniacal series of howls and groans. "What is the matter?" asked the startled landlord. "Ah," answered the man, "my father, a hale, hearty man, met his death at a friend's house by accidentally swallowing a small wine cup, so whenever I see similar ones, the memory of the sad event overcomes me." It is needless to add that the cup was replaced by a larger one.

A hard drinker dreamed that he had become possessed of a bottle of genuin stuff, but, determined to enjoy it thoroughly, he had begun to heat it. During the heating process he awoke. "Hoo, hoo," he groaned. "If I had known this was to happen, I would hav drunk it cold."

A servant did not fill a guest's cup to the brim. The latter, holding it up, remarked: "This cup is too deep," and broke a piece off. "How is that!" cried the host. "If the upper part can't hold liquor, of what use is it?" was the smart retort.—*Chinese Review.*

## A Kiss for a Blow.

"I strike 'oo," cried a little boy, in a sharp tone to his sister.

"I kiss 'oo," said his sister, stretching out her arms and putting up her rosy lips in a sweet kiss.

Tommy looked a look of wonder. Did his little ears hear right? They did, for there was a kiss on Susy's lips. A smile broke over his angry face, like sunshine on a black cloud.

"I kiss, too," he then said; and the little brother and sister hugged and kissed each other right heartily. A kiss for a blow is better than tit for tat, isn't it?


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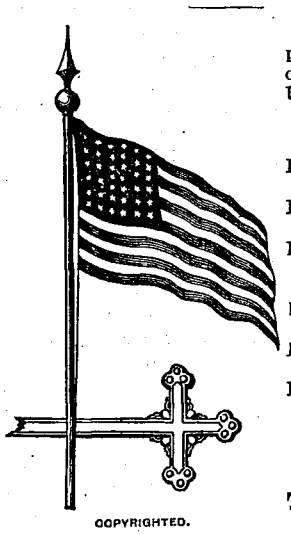
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# Poetry.

## The Anvil of God's Word.

THE TEXT.

Last eve I passed beside a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring its vesper chime;
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.
"How many anvils hav you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," he answered; then, with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."
And so, thought I, the anvil of God's word
For ages skeptic blows hav beat upon;
Yet, though the noise of Paine, Voltaire, was heard,
The anvil is unworn—the hammers gone.

—*Chicago Current.*

THE SERMON.

Of old when orthodoxy grasped her hammer
And pounded on the anvil of God's word,
Men's cheeks grew pale before the awful clamor,
And trembling thousands the wild tumult heard.
Then Faith worked with a tireless hand the bellows,
The lurid flames leaped into startling view,
And zealous laborers among their fellows
Of proselytes a glorious harvest knew.
The scenes of by-gone days rise up before us,
When Mather, Edwards, Cartwright, Hibbard, Dow,
Beat the wild music of the "anvil chorus"
With stalwart blows—but it is different now.

The anvil then was used by well-known masters,
Its ringing notes smote loudly on the ear;
Each clang resounding told of dire disasters
To greet poor sinners in another sphere!
Now all is changed; the workers look uneasy,
The crowds no longer gather at the door,
The forge fire's out, the bellows dry and wheezy
From long disuse can fan the sparks no more.
Along the anvil's sides great cracks are showing,
With baser metal patched and plugged in vain
To hide its rents—the old, old iron is going,
We ne'er shall hear its loudest notes again.

In vain the faithful boast its sound condition,
The wish is only father to the thought!
Its battered shape, almost past recognition,
Reveals the sad effect that time has wrought.
To-day the people past the smith-shop going
Must list in vain the old-time startling sound,
Heard while it cast, from fires behind it glowing,
Its threatening shadow on the crowd around.
And better thus, robbed of its old-time terrors,
That it should, worn and useless, lie, than when,
Linked with the baneful influence of its errors,
It hung a mill-stone on the necks of men.

It hath its uses yet, for when some brother
Would, worldly-minded, fain increase his store
Of ready cash, he won't hav any other,
But makes the sacred anvil ring once more.
To reach an influential, high position,
No other stepping-stone has yet been found
So easy, sure, and safe withal as this one;
And gleefully he makes the hammer sound.
A tongue well trained to cant, his main dependence,
At each religious gathering is heard,
Where, to the ready listeners in attendance,
He glorifies the anvil of God's word.

"My tree will fruit at last"—the thought elates him—
"If I can keep it growing"—and he can;
Whatever place of trust he wants awaits him,
For who so honest as a Bible man?
Should one inquire concerning this sleek creature,
The pious say, while folks approving nod,
"Our bank cashier and Sunday-school's loved teacher;
An honest man—the noblest work of God."
Alas! that verdants fawn on imposition,
Some luckless morn doth the real sequence bring—
The cashier fled, the bank in sad condition,
*Sans* cash, *sans* notes, *sans* bonds, *sans* everything!

Yet a few years, methinks, and in some nook
With dust of unused relics cobwebbed o'er,
Among old tomes, shall rest the fateful book
Whose influence has bathed the world in gore.
The book by whose authority and aid
Kings claimed the right to rule their fellow-men,
Priests drew their right to torture men, and made
Of earth a slaughter-house and prison-pen!
The book which sanctioned killing for a creed!
Which justified by precedent the blood that poured
When Catherine's butchers wrought their hellish deed,
Or murderous Alva drew his reeking sword.

And here, perhaps, where each enthusiast hies
In seeking *curios* quaint, antique, and rare,
Some visitor shall come whose searching eyes
Shall spy the ancient anvil lying there.
And dusting off the webs that round it cling,
Shall question of this relic long ignored:
"Keeper, what is the history of this thing,
This battered, broken anvil you hav stored?"
And hear him thus, while halting in his round:
"That anvil, long since cracked by constant blows,
For centuries gave forth its clanging sound,
And where men heard it groans and prayers arose.
That iron whose ringing notes—now stilled, alas!
Through fear the hearts of weeping millions stirred,
Though now it lies a worn and shapeless mass,
Was one time called, 'The Anvil of God's Word.'"

*Greenwich, N. Y.* D. LOUIS BODGE.

## Liberalism.

*From the Bandon, Ore., Recorder.*

It is an undeniable fact that the tendency of the age is toward Liberalism. The gyves of conscience and of mind are slipping off one by one, and to-day there are thousands and tens of thousands in the so-called civilized portions of the world who are free and independent thinkers, fearless investigators, and bold proclaimers of new and higher truths, as against creedalism, blind faith, superstition, and abject slavedom under priest and church. There is a constant evolution and ripening growth in religious thought and the philosophies of human life, as in any other department and realm. Everything in all nature has a forward tendency, is growing better, is approaching a higher state of perfection. Superstitions, myths, priestcraft, mental and spiritual subjection, intolerance, bigotry, and ignorance all are dissipating, fading away, and becoming scattered to the four winds as mists and fog before the bright noonday sun. Enlightenment, Rationalism, liberality, Freethought, independence, tolerance, fraternal feeling, are in the ascendency, and guide the philosophic man to-day in his intercourse with fellow-beings in the walks of life. This is a great step forward. It is a fact encouraging to the thinker, to him who strives for liberty of mind and soul from errors and false teachings of the past, based on the ignorance of the masses and encouraged by crafty ecclesiastics.

Liberals of to-day believe in man first and foremost, in man's goodness rather than depravity and "original sin"—a goodness which is to be found in heathens and those called unconverted, as well as in those ranking among the civilized, enlightened, and religiously devout. The old doctrin of the whole race being fallen and lost is rejected by the Liberals, and even those who still keep the old statements of it do not hold as strongly to it now as formerly. The Liberals do not regard the world's various religions as mere misguiding deceits, but as a real upward striving of human thought—feeling after the great unknown. In proportion that the human mind and soul ripen and become broadened and expanded, capable of receiving new, higher, and larger truths, in that proportion it is asked that a step forward be made, out of the old conditions, out of the old cocoon in which the chrysalis has been transforming and growing for exalted stations and office, and when church rule of any kind, or priestly interference, is interposed to stay this, then Liberalism says, "Hands off!"

The salvation that man needs is not some divine substitution by which his punishment may be borne for him, but all divine and human influence by which each may be delivered from all that keeps him down, and helped upward and onward. This is what is meant by "believing in man."

Liberals and rational thinkers recognize that all things in nature are governed by immutable law, and that under no method, no condition, can man take himself out from under its influence. Violation of law is inevitably followed by penalty. He who violates the law of his being, in whatsoever way, can no more hope to escape the consequent penalty than that one can thrust a hand into intense fire and not be burned. Liberty does not mean license. The liberty that the advanced Freethinker demands as his right is not a privilege to do any wrong and yet be exempt from penalty. Liberty, in its broad sense, means a free, independent, natural, agreeable condition, such as best preserves, upholds, elevates, and strengthens human character for the true and bounden duties of life, and it comprehends a sacred regard for the rights and privileges of all fellow human beings. It comprehends the Golden Rule.

The true Liberal respects the rights of every man, woman, and child as being of equal importance with his own rights to life, liberty, happiness, and general well-being. The true Liberal recognizes that the only way to enjoy happiness, to fulfill life's missions, and discharge its duties rightfully, is to live in obedience to law—that of the land and that of nature—to be true to selfhood, to do right in all things, right to himself, right to fellow-man.

Liberalism means in true sense the abolishment of savage instinct, inclination, and practice. It abhors violence, turbulence, brutality, bloodshed, and war. It advocates infirmaries and hospitals instead of jails and state prisons as of to-day. It demands protection of all good and lawful citizens as against the violence and unlawful acts of those criminally inclined, but looks upon capital punishment not as a rightful means to this end, even in the extreme cases of criminality. The old Jewish doctrin of an eye for an eye, and tooth for a tooth, it looks upon more as a fitting rule for bloodthirsty Sioux and Apache Indians than for a race of people claiming to be civilized.

The old systems of religion are to-day disintegrating. The whole church system of the United States and the greater portion of Europe is honeycombed, and the great number of sects now existing, each differing from the other in some respect, those last formed a little more liberal in view than the older ones, all points to one thing—universality. This may seem a paradoxical statement to some, but there is no thinker, no student of nature, but that knows disintegration, falling to pieces and decaying of the old, always precedes the springing into life of the invigorated, healthful, and growing unified new.

The two great contending forces of nature are destruction and reformation. A constant warfare goes on between these. It is part of the great and wise plan of the universal intelligence. But for destruction there would be no room for reformation. The latter is sure to follow the former. There is no human hand or will that can stay the natural order of things. All institutions, religious bodies, compacts, sects, creeds, divisions and forms of faith, are but human instruments, imperfectly made by unskilled hands to meet demands of time, place, and conditions generally, and all must undergo destruction as soon as they hav filled their mission of uses, and be followed by reformation on a wiser and improved plan, better suited to time, place, and new conditions.

A reform era has set in. There are many radical changes about to take place soon. As a thinking people we are about to emerge from a former state of being, intellectually and spiritually considered, and to stand upon the platform of Liberalism, universality, and a common brotherhood. In accordance with the great law of evolution we are about to lay aside the cumbersome, the dead-weight matter of decay, uselessness, and fetters, and stand forth in the ranks of Liberalism for a future work of reformation, bettering, in discharge of life duties, and in the effort at solving the deep problem of human destiny.


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## News of the Week.

An epizoötic disease is killing hundreds of horses in southern New Jersey.

Powderly denies that he belongs to the new Know-Nothing party, as reported last week.

It is reported that John Ruskin, the English writer, is subject to protracted periods of insanity.

The Rev. W. F. Davis is in a Boston jail to await trial for preaching on the common on Sunday without a license.

A. N. Cole, of Wellsville, N. Y., who has been called the "father of the Republican party," is a recent recruit to the Henry George standard.

Seven members of the Plainfield, N. J., volunteer fire department are under arrest charged with setting buildings afire for the fun there was in putting them out.

The proclamation of the lord lieutenant of Ireland denouncing the Irish National League has been indorsed by the House of Commons, against Mr. Gladstone's protest, by a majority of 78.

President Cleveland sent $10 to the East Aurora, N. Y. Fair Association, and the managers of the fair hav offered it as a prize for the best set of triplets. Lively competition is expected.

The Scotch cutter Thistle, which hopes to carry away the America's cup, lies in New York harbor and is an object of much interest. Opinions are divided as to her ability to beat the Volunteer, and the betting is about even.

The Rev. Frank H. Decker is successor to the Rev. J. Hyatt Smith in the pastorate of a Brooklyn Congregational church. There is a scandal afloat connecting him in a ministerial capacity with Miss Ethel Bates, of Greenport, L. I. Decker is a married man.

The steamer Umbria landed 614 cabin passengers in New York last Sunday, among whom was the Rev. Dr. Parker, of London, who is talked of as Beecher's successor. Dr. Parker avers that he has not as yet been invited to preach permanently in Plymouth pulpit.

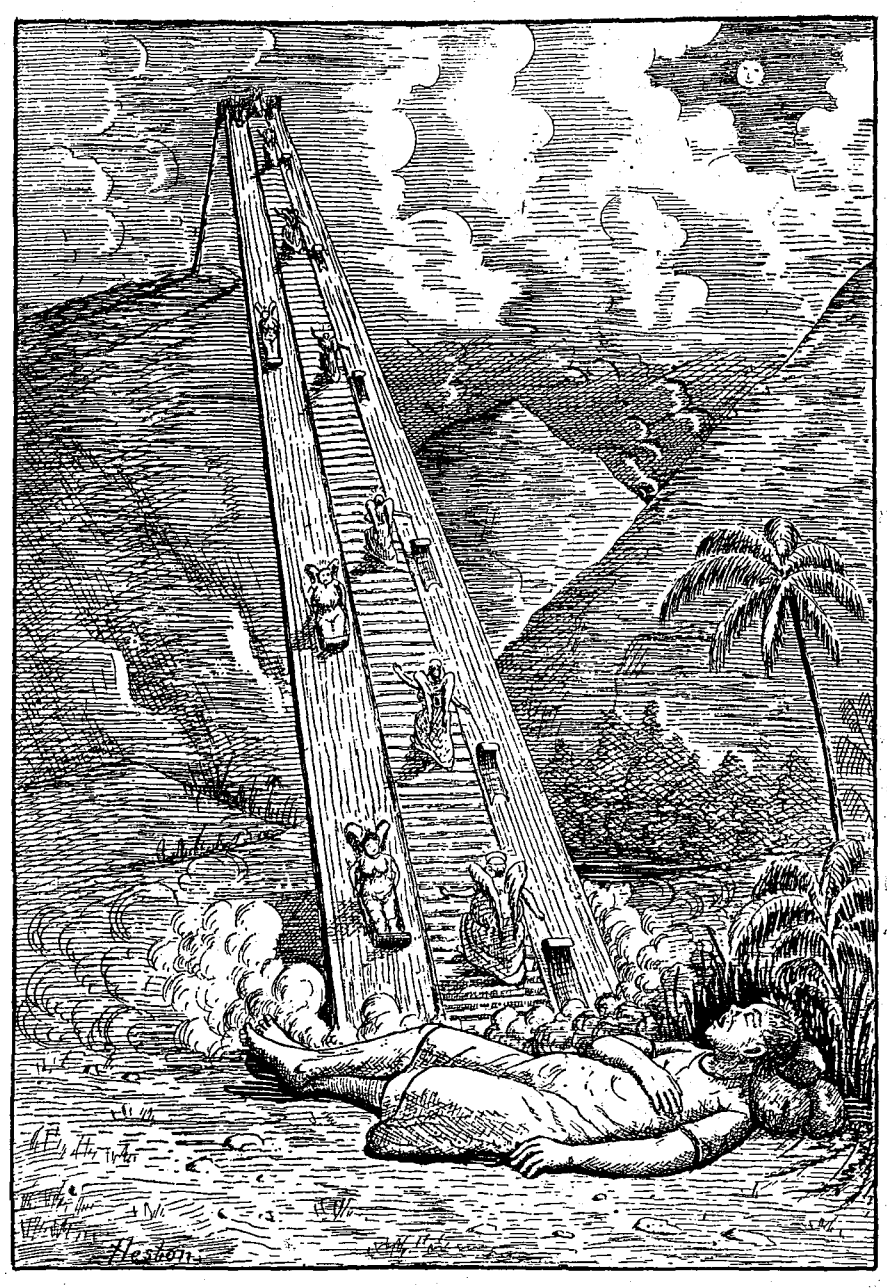
In the split between Henry George and the Socialists, the *Leader*, the daily Labor paper, sided with the Socialists. Most of the reporters resigned, and their places were filled with men who sympathize with the management. The Socialists started the paper, hav supported it, and now own it.

Anthony Comstock last Saturday served the newsdealers in this city with a copy of those sections of the penal code which make it a misdemeanor to sell books, papers, or pamphlets devoted to the publication of criminal news and containing pictures illustrating scenes of crime and bloodshed.

The reputation of the Rev. Mr. Glazebrook, of Elizabeth, N. J., has been damaged by his being discovered in a cemetery occupying a compromising attitude toward an unmarried lady. A number of boys who were witnesses of the transaction declare that he is guilty, and that when discovered he ran away at high speed, leaving behind him a portion of his clothing, which they secured and will put in evidence.

When the congregation of the Rev. David Seymour, Methodist, of Janesville, Minn., sent their weary pastor to Europe on a vacation a month ago, he left Mrs. Seymour at home, and took instead, as a companion, the wife of Mr. John A. Henry, editor of the Waseca county *Argus*. He also carried off some of the church funds. Last Saturday the guilty couple returned to America and were arrested upon landing in New York.

Two years ago John McCormack, a Catholic, of Brooklyn, married Sarah Gillespie, a Protestant, and they had one child. The mother had it baptized as a Presbyterian and the father had a Catholic priest perform the same ceremony over his offspring. Then Mrs. McCormack took the child and went home to her parents. Last week the child died, and there was a fight at the funeral over the question whether it should hav Catholic or Protestant service, but before that matter could be settled Mrs. McCormack grabbed the casket in which the body lay and hurried it off to a Protestant cemetery, where it was buried. McCormack says it shall be removed to consecrated ground, and threatens his wife with bodily harm if she interferes.



JACOB'S PECULIAR DREAM.

And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and, behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it.—Gen. xxviii, 12.

## Odds and Ends.

Mother (to daughter): "Why, my dear, you are not going to church without corsets, are you?" Daughter: "Yes, mamma. It's an ice cream festival, you know, and I want to accept all invitations. Mr. Whitechoker says the church is badly in debt."

There are beautiful associations clustering about the old family Bible. When you hav got through reading about Susannah, in the Apocrypha, you can turn to the Record, and find out that your Uncle Ebenezer was born on March 19, 1841, and was Took with the Measles July 7, 1853. There is a great deal in patient study and research.

The Cutlet said to the Mutton-chop,
"Don't you feel cut-up when you leave the shop?"
And the Chop replied, with a choking sob,
"I should feel much worse if my name were Bob;"
But the Cutlet returned, with a shrug genteel,
"Oh, *that's* just about as you happen to veal."

A United States official, while riding through the roads bordering the eastern edge of the Indian Territory, came upon a long-haired man sitting on a log. "Good morning, sir," said the official. "Hi." "Do you liv about here?" "Just about liv here." "You havn't any Indian blood in your veins?" "Not that I ever seed." "Then why do you liv on this reservation? Who gave you the right?" "I married a squaw." "Oh." "That's what I say." "What business are you in?" "None now." "What business were you in?" "Preachin'." "Why did you stop?" "Feller blowed up my church." "Blew up your church? What for?" "Jealousness. He's a preacher, too, an' I beat him on a revival—got more mourners than he did." "Why, I never heard before of such an outrageous affair. Tell me about it." "Wall, I built my church over on the branch, an' this feller Ab Smith built his'n on the knob. We started revivals about the same time, an' he had the edge on me, an' knowin' that something had to be did, an' that quick, I commenced to tell a lot o' yarns that I knowed would interest the young bucks an' captured the crowd. Smith he come down an' tried to get 'em away, an' at last, findin' that he couldn't do it, he slipped around one night and put powder under the house and blowed it up." "You were of different denominations, I suppose." "Of what?" "I say that you were of different churches." "Yes, I wuz o' my church an' he wuz o' his n." "But of what denomination, what creed?" "Blamed if I know." "Well, but what do you believe?" "Believe that it won't be healthy fur Ab Smith if I ketch him round here." "You don't understand. What is your faith?" "Blamed if I know." "What do you preach?" "Fust one thing and then another." "Are you a Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian——" "No, ain't none o' them." "You started a new church, I suppose." "Wall, yes, most o' the logs wuz new, but some o' them was tuck from old Andy Peterson's still house. Wall, thar warn't more than a dozen ole logs in the house, an' you mout 'av called the church new. Ab Smith's church is so green that it won't burn, an' I havn't got enough powder to blow it up, an' if you'll go over an' he'p me tear it down I'll giv you as fine a mule colt as you ever seed. Hold on a minute, hold on," said the "preacher," shading his eyes and gazing far away. "Yander comes Smith an' two o' his deacons. I ain't feelin' so mighty well, an' I b'leve I'll sorter trot a leetle fur exercise. Ever come round this way agin an' want to see a squaw so ugly that she'll set your teeth on edge, drop in and see us. Wall, good-day. Ef them fellers ax you about me, tell 'em that I ain't nowhar in the neighborhood."

THE TENDER HEART.

She gazed upon the burnished brace;
Of plump ruffed grouse he showed with pride;
Angelic grief was in her face;
"How could you do it, dear," she sighed.
"The poor, pathetic, moveless wings!
The songs all hushed—oh, cruel shame!"
Said he: "The partridge never sings."
Said she: "The sin is quite the same—

"You men are savage through and through.
A boy is always bringing in
Some strings of birds' eggs, white and blue,
Or butterfly upon a pin.
The angleworm in anguish dies,
Impaled the pretty trout to tease—"
"My own, I fish for trout with flies—"
"Don't wander from the question, please!"

She quoted Burns's "Wounded Hare,"
And certain burning lines of Blake's,
And Ruskin on the fowls of air,
And Coleridge on the water snakes.
At Emerson's "Forbearance" he
Began to feel his will benumbed;
At Browning's "Donald" utterly
His soul surrendered and succumbed.

"Oh, gentlest of all gentle girls,"
He thought, "beneath the blessed sun!"
He saw her lashes hung with pearls,
And swore to giv away his gun.
She smiled to find her point was gained,
And went with happy parting words
(He subsequently ascertained)
To trim her hat with humming-birds.

—*Helen Gray Cone.*

**The Secret of the East,**
OR,
**The Origin of the Christian Religion and the Significance of its Rise and Decline.**
BY FELIX L. OSWALD.
**Price, $1.00. For sale at this office.**

## Gems of Thought.

There is no mysterious and fickle ruler of the universe who is swayed around and influenced by the prayers and supplications of short-sighted, ignorant human beings to change his plans and purposes, and the quicker men become apprized of this truth the better it will be for them, and they can learn to spend their time more profitably than in offering up to an imaginary being prayers which can hav no effect.—*D. M. Bennett.*

Abraham would scarcely break his fast for a week, lest some hungry traveler might pass who needed his store. Daily he looked out upon the desert, and one day he beheld an aged man, with hair white as snow, tottering toward his door. "Guest of mine eyes!" exclaimed Abraham, "enter with welcome, and be pleased to share my bread and salt." The stranger entered, and the place of honor was given to him. When the family gathered round the board, each one of them said, "In the name of God!" but the aged guest uttered no word. Abraham said: "Old man, when thou eatest food is it not right to repeat the name of God!" The stranger replied: "My custom is that of the fire-worshipers." Then Abraham arose in wrath, and drove the aged man from his house. But, even as he did so, a swift-winged spirit stood before the patriarch, and said: "Abraham, for a hundred years hath the divine bounty flowed out to this man in sunshine and rain, in bread and life. Is it fit for thee to withhold thy hand from him because his worship is not thine?"—*Saadi.*

Luther and his Protestantism is not responsible for wars; the false simulacra that forced him to protest—they are responsible. Luther did what every man that God has made has not only the right, but lies under the sacred duty to do—answered a falsehood when it questioned him, Dost thou believe me? No. At what cost soever, without counting of costs, this thing behooved to be done. Union, organization, spiritual and material, a far nobler than any popedom or feudalism, in their truest days, I never doubt is coming for the world; sure to come. But on fact alone, nor on semblance and simulacrum, will it be able either to come or to stand when come. With union grounded on falsehood, and ordering us to speak and act lies, we will not hav anything to do. Peace? A brutal lethargy is peaceable, the noisome grave is peaceable. We hope for a living peace, not a dead one.—*Carlyle's Hero-Worship.*

"Marriage is nothing," said cousin Sepia to Hester, "so long as you do not make a heart affair of it." "Marriage is nothing, Sepia! Is it nothing to be tied to a man—to any man—for all your life?" "That is as you take it. Nobody makes so much of it nowadays as they used to do. The clergy themselvs, who are at the bottom of all the busines, don't fuss about every trifle in the prayer book. They sign the articles and hav done with it—meaning, of course, to break them if they stand in their way."—*Macdonald's Mary Marston.*

Rev. A. L. Blackford, a Presbyterian missionary at Bohia, says of Dom Pedro: "The emperor of Brazil is nominally a Roman Catholic for state reasons, but is generally understood to be an Infidel or Rationalist of an advanced type. When visiting the Presbyterian mission school in St. Paulo, a year or two ago, he declared very distinctly that he was opposed to all dogmatical religious instruction in schools." [Small blame to Dom Pedro! May he liv forever, and may his shadow never grow less!—*Hylax.*]

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine;
A man's a man for a' that. —*Burns.*

There is no room for you on this crowded earth, my friend, unless you can contribute your *quota* toward cleansing and rendering more habitable the corner of it wherein you hav taken lodgment. The man who never acts is a mere parasite on the body of society. Inactivity is the straight road to impotence, and eventually to annihilation. The consequence is, we must exert ourselvs. Our watchword must be "Reform;" reform in person and in mass, individual reform and social reform.—*Henry Harland.*

Men insist on believing and on having other people believe certain doctrins, not because they are reasonably demonstrated to be true, but because, in the present state of things, it would be dangerous to giv them up. This is the way in which one man clings to his idea of verbal inspiration, and another to his special theory of the divine justice, and another to his material notion of the resurrection, and yet another to his notion of church authority and the minister's commission. . . . Never sacrifice your reverence for truth to your desire for usefulness. Say nothing which you do not believe to be true, because you think it may be harmful. . . . He is saved from one of the great temptations of the ministry who goes out to his work with a clear and constant certainty that truth is always strong, no matter how weak it looks, and falsehood is always weak, no matter how strong it looks.—*Phillips Brooks.*

A popular Bible should be at once portable and of fair, clear type; and, to make this possible, a large part of the Old Testament should be omitted from the editions of the future. Not only are the laws of the Mosaic state repealed and dead, and therefore unworthy of a place in this guide of the public, but they are the laws of a semi-barbarous age, and cast no little of their imperfection over upon the fair pages of the New Testament. The New Testament has suffered much from thus being found in bad company. Those treatises are valuable as being a part of the history of the Jewish state, but not as being a part, much less a valuable part, of Christianity. Many of the Hebrew laws were so unjust that their presence in the popular Bible makes it essential that each clergyman and each Sunday-school teacher shall spend much time in explaining the relation of Mosaic things to Christian affairs, an explanation to be made easier by a withdrawal of the cause.—*David Swing.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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## SUNDAY-SCHOOL EDUCATION.

If superstishun wuz like sassages, wot stumicks sum people would hav!—*Josh Billings.*

## Notes and Clippings.

"BULLY, if True," is the head line which the editor of a paper in Crete, Neb., prints over the announcement that the pastor of the Congregational church will not preach for a month.

VERNON (Texas) *Guard:* "It is a mighty good thing to be always at class meeting, attend church regularly, sing loud, and pray yourself hoarse; but it is a good deal better to be moral, upright, and honest in business and social relations."

IT is reported that a negro woman living near Sunny Side, Ga., has two children—a boy and a girl. The girl she named "I will arise and go to my father," but calls her "I willer," for short. The boy's name is "Only begotten son, in whom I am well pleased," but he is called "Only."

CAPTAIN LEROY, late leader of the Salvation Army in St. Paul, well known as "Happy Harry," and a vigorous exhorter and tambourine-player, has given up evangelizing and now is a waiter in a variety theater in New York city. He serves beer with great skill, and says that there's more money in that work than in trying to convert folks.

MR. MOODY is reported as saying that he was in favor of a whole holiday on Saturday at this season, and there would be no excuse for Sunday excursions and Sunday newspapers. As to the influence of Sunday papers he is said to hav said: "You can't pound a sermon into a man with a sledgehammer after he has got through reading one of those Sunday papers."

THE great American Hellbender, the Rev. Sam Jones, said, in his recent revival at Plattsburg, Mo.: "When the Democracy put into their platform that they are opposed to all sumptuary laws, it was time for me to get out." Get, Samuel, and until you get a little sense don't come back.—*Sun.*

THE people of Brooklyn say that the Salvation Army barracks maintained in Harrison street is a nuisance, and hav asked the authorities to abate it. The army's defense is that people may worship God in any way they choose. The people deny that the Salvation Army is a religious organization.

THE church bells of this city are a great nuisance, but New Yorkers are much better off than the folks in Spain, which is one of the most devout countries under the sun. Ninety thousand belis send forth their summons to prayers from the steeples of 24,000 churches. The weight of these bells amounts to something like 95,000,000 Spanish pounds, and the value to about 10,000,000 francs.

A TEXAS newspaper, in looking over the political field, finds this extraordinary richness in parties. The journal says: "No American suffers for lack of parties with which to align himself. The assortment is new and specially arranged to suit all tastes. If he is not inclined to Democracy, Republicanism, or independence, he can throw himself into the United Labor party, of which Mr. George was the leader; the Socialistic Labor party, an old organization; the new social Labor party, the Central Labor, the Anti-Poverty Society, the trades unions—all distinct political entities—the Knights of Labor, the Amalgamated Association, the Brotherhood, the Wheel, the Grange, and last, and least, the Prohibitionists." But why leave out the Greenbackers?

THE other day thirty Roman Catholic bishops and some hundreds of priests assembled at Chattillon sur Marne, France, to witness the unveiling of a statue to Pope Urban II. The *Weekly Register* says the ecclesiastics assembled "to honor and perpetuate the memory of this saintly Pontiff." The London *Freethinker* thinks worth while to cite an item of the saintly pontifical teaching of Urban II., which forms part of the canon law to this day: "We judge that they are not murderers who, burning with zeal for their Catholic Mother against the excommunicated, should happen to kill any of them."

THE Protestants and Catholics of Ulster, says the London *Freethinker*, hav indulged in still further manifestations of the Christian spirit. The annual excursion of Catholic Foresters from Belfast to Portrush provoked most serious riots. A clergyman was shot in the leg while proceeding to his church to conduct divine service, and several other persons were severely wounded. At Ballymoney Station shots were fired from the train, and a young man was shot in the chest and has since expired. Portrush was kept in a state of constant uproar by crowds of Orangemen, who attacked the excursionists. Many persons were injured on both sides by stones and bottles, but the police succeeded in preventing more serious disasters. The return home was made lively by a battle of stones and bottles and bullets at every station. Nearly all the carriage windows were smashed. When the excursionists left the train at Belfast and got into cars, the Orangemen continued to pelt them, but the police were in sufficient strength to prevent more murderous attacks. These Irish Christians delight in showing the pacifying influence of Christianity whenever they get a chance. If it were not for the military and police, they would probably hav exterminated each other by this time.

THE *Industrial Appeal* says: "The most discouraging and exasperating item that we see in the newspapers nowadays is, in substance, if not in the exact language, as follows: 'The pope has signified to the priests and bishops of this country that he will not inferfere with the organization known as the Knights of Labor.' To a true-born American citizen who is not tangled up in the grievous toils of auy religion whatever, this is disgusting in the extreme. What possible excuse can the average American citizen offer for going to anyone, much less an obscure, senil, would-be religious potentate, in an obscure corner of a moribund kingdom of Europe, for advice in social or economic reforms. There never can be any progress in this country until the people hav developed sufficient common-sense and independence to utterly scorn any interference with their rights and consciences from any quarter whatever. No man who is not an abject slave to superstition will allow even the appearance of the impertinent interference of a middle-man between him and his God, especially on political questions, and we honor Dr. McGlynn more than we can express for his manly contempt of the pope's fulmination. Just as soon as we can get a person to believe and know that popes and bishops hav not a particle more influence with God than he has himself, then we can begin the work of reform."

# Communications.

## The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

Author of "Physical Education," "The Secret of the East," etc.

### II.—Mental Maxims.

CHAPTER VII.—INDEPENDENCE.

*A.—Lessons of Instinct.*

If the scale of precedence in the mental development of our fellow-creatures can be determined by any single test, that test is the instinctive love of Independence. Many of the lower animals may surprise us by constructive achievements that rival the products of human science, but their instinct of freedom is quite imperfectly developed. The caterpillar of the silk-moth will spin its satin winter-gown in a box full of mulberry leaves as skilfully as in the freedom of the tropical forests. In the hive of their captor a swarm of wild bees will continue to build hexagons and store up honey as diligently as in the rocks or hollow trees of the wilderness. Captive river-fish will eat and pair a day after their transfer to a fish-pond. Birds, on the other hand, mourn their lost liberty for weeks. During the first half-month of its captivity, a caged hawk rarely accepts any food; sea-birds and eagles starve with a persistence as if they were thus trying to end an affliction from which they see no other way of escape. Wild cows can be domesticated in a month; wild elephants hardly in a year. Several species of the larger *carnivora* can be trained only if caught in their cub-hood, as in after years they become almost wholly untamable. The lower varieties of *quadrumana*, the Brazilian capuchin monkeys and East Indian macaques, seem almost to invite capture by the frequency of their visits to the neighborhood of human dwellings, while the apes proper are, without any exception, the shyest creatures of the virgin woods. The gorilla is so rarely seen in the vicinity of human settlements that its very existence was long considered doubtful. Sir Stamford Raffles asserts that at the distant sound of an ax the orang of Sumatra at once abandons its favorite haunts in the coast jungles. On the west coast of Borneo a large orang was once surprised by the crew of an English trading-vessel, but fought with a desperation that obliged its would-be captors to riddle it with rifle-balls, though they knew that a living specimen of that size would be worth its weight in silver.

That same resolution in defense of their liberties has always distinguished the nobler from the baser tribes of the human race. The natives of the Gambia Valley have no hesitation in selling their relatives to the Portuguese slave-traders, while the liberation of a single countryman (whom the enemy had determined to hold as a hostage) impelled the Circassian highlanders to risk their lives in a series of desperate assaults upon the ramparts of a Russian frontier post. The hope of covering the retreat of their fleeing wives and children inspired the heroes of Thermopylæ to make a stand against six thousand fold odds. The crimps of the Christian church-despots found no difficulty in foisting their yoke upon the former vassals of the Roman empire, but when they attempted to cross the border of the Saxon *Landmark*, the kidnappers were slain like rabid wolves; and when the neighboring ruffian-counts, and at last Charlemagne in person, marched to the support of the clerical slave-hunters, they met with a resistance the record of which will forever remain the proudest page in the chronicle of the Germanic races. Cornfields were burnt, villages were leveled with the ground; for hundreds of miles the means of human subsistence were utterly destroyed; but the council of the Saxon chieftains refused to submit, and when the homes of their forefathers were devastated, they carried their children to the inaccessible wilds of the Hartz highlands, where they grimly welcomed the aid of the winter snows, and defied frost and starvation, rather than *crawl to cross* (*zu kreuze kriechen*), as their vernacular stigmatized the cowardice of their crucifix-kissing neighbors. And when the Frankish autocrat had shackled their land with a chain of forts, they thrice rebelled with persistent disregard of consequences; nay, after the loss of the last murderous battle, the prisoners of war refused to accept the ultimatum of the conqueror, and rather than *crawl to cross* four thousand of their captive noblemen mounted the scaffold of the executioner on the market-square of Quedlinburg. The bodies of the heroes were thrown to the birds of the wilderness; but their deathless spirits revived in the philippics of Martin Luther and the battle-shout of Luetzen and Oudenarde, and will yet ride the storm destined to hurl the last cross from the temples of the Germanic nations.

B.—REWARDS OF CONFORMITY.

Since the dawn of history the lands of freedom have produced fruits and flowers that refused to thrive on any other soil. For several centuries civilization was confined to a small country of republics: Attic and Theban Greece. "Study the wonders of that age," says Byron to his friend Trelawney, "and compare them with the best ever done under masters." Switzerland, in spite of its rocky soil, has for centuries been the happiest, as well as the freest, country of Europe. The prosperity of the United States of America, since the establishment of their independence, stands unparalleled in the history of the last eighteen hundred years; and, moreover, the degree of that prosperity has been locally proportioned to the degree of social freedom, and has begun to become general only since the general abolition of slavery. Freedom blesses the poorest soil, as despotism blights the most fertile, and it is only an apparent exception from that rule that Italy continued to flourish during the first two centuries of the empire. The change in the form of government was at first nominal, rather than real, and under the rule of Augustus, Trajan, Hadrian, and the Antonines, Rome enjoyed more real liberty than many a so-called republic of modern times. When despotism became a systematic and chronic actuality, the sun of fortune was soon eclipsed, and the social climate became as unfavorable to art and literature as to valor and patriotism.

Personal independence is a not less essential condition of individual happiness. Bondage in any form, and of silken or gilded, as well as of iron, fetters, is incompatible with the development of the highest mental and moral faculties. The genius of Poland and modern Italy has produced its best fruit in exile. The progress of modern civilization dates only from the time when knowledge once more flourished in a *Republic of Letters;* and for a thousand years the monastery system of medieval literature produced hardly a single work of genius. Within the period of the last three or four generations the sun of freedom has ripened better and more abundant fruit in any single decade than the dungeon-air of despotism during a series of centuries. All foreign travelers agree in admiring (or condemning) the early mental development of American children, who have a chance to exercise their intellectual faculties in an area untrammeled by the barriers of caste divisions and social restraints. They may yield to the pupils of the best European colleges in special branches of scholarship, but in common sense, general intelligence, general information, in self-respect, in practical versatility, and self-dependence, an American boy of twelve is, as a rule, more than a match for a continental-European boy of sixteen; and the same holds good of the average intelligence and self-dependence of our country population. With the rarest exceptions the political economists of our Southern states agree that the agricultural negro as a freeman is a more valuable laborer than as a slave, and that emancipation, in the long run, has benefited the planter as well as his serf. I venture even to add the verdict of Professor Hagenbeck, the founder of the great zoölogical supply depot, that menagerie-trainers of the least despotic methods are the most successful. Turf-men know that the best horses do not come from the unequaled perennial pastures of the lower Danube, but from England and Araby, where pet colts enjoy almost the freedom of a pet child.

C.—PERVERSION.

The ethics of Anti-naturalism include the Buddhistic doctrine of self-abasement, as an indispensable condition of salvation. That salvation meant extinction, the utter renunciation of earthly hopes and desires, the mortification of all natural instincts, including the instinct of freedom. Abject submission to injustice, the subordination of reason to dogma, the sinfulness of rebellion against the "powers that be," were inculcated with a zeal that made the church an invaluable ally of despotism. For centuries a scepter combining the form of a cross and a bludgeon was the significant emblem of tyranny. With the aid, nay, in the name, of the Christian hierarchy, the despots of the Middle Ages elaborated a system of subordination of personal freedom to autocratic caprices, which, by comparison, makes the tyranny of the Cæsars a model of liberalism. Every important function of social and domestic life was subjected to the control of arbitrary functionaries, armed with irresponsible power or with a system of oppressive penal by-laws. Censors suppressed every symptom of visible or audible protest. Every school was a prison, every judgment-seat a star-chamber. Peasants and mechanics had no voice in the councils of their rulers. The merit of official employees was measured by the degree of their flunkeyism. But the *ne plus-ultras* of physical and moral despotism were combined in the slavery of the monastic convents. The attempt of reviving the outrages which abbots for centuries practiced on the unfortunates whom a rash vow (or often the mandate of a bigoted parent) had submitted to their power, would certainly expose the manager of a modern convent to the risk of being mobbed and torn limb from limb. Novices were subjected to all sorts of wanton tortures and arbitrary deprivation of his scant privileges; they were compelled to perform shameful and ridiculous acts of self-abasement, all merely to "break their wordly spirit," *i. e.*, crush out the last vestige of self-respect and life-love, in order to prepare them for the consolations of other-worldliness. The moral emasculation of the human race seems, indeed, to have been the main purpose of the educational policy which the priests of the Nature-hating Galilean pursued wherever the union of Church and State put children and devotees at the mercy of their dogmatists.

D.—PENALTIES OF NEGLECT.

Voluntary slavery means voluntary renunciation of the chief privilege of human reason: the privilege of self-control. The spendthrift divests himself of external advantages; the miser yields up his life-blood for gold; but he who surrenders his personal liberty has sold his soul, as well as his body. Bondage circumscribes every sphere of activity. Political despotism impedes the progress of industry as galling fetters impede the circulation of the blood. Enterprising autocrats of the Frederic and Peter type have as utterly failed in the attempt of enforcing a flourishing state of commerce, as they would have failed in the attempt of enforcing the growth of a stunted tree by the tension of iron chains. In free America a voluntary pledge of abstinence has accomplished what in medieval Europe the most Draconic temperance and anti-tobacco laws failed to achieve.

The educational despotism of moral pedants has ever defeated its own purpose, and succeeded only in turning frank, merry-souled children into hypocrites and sneaks. The idea that a barbarous system of military discipline could develop model warriors has been refuted on hundreds of battle-fields, where the machine-soldiers of despotic kings were routed by the onset of enthusiastic patriots, half-trained, perhaps, and ill-armed, but assembled by an enlistment of souls as well as of bodies. The unparalleled intellectual barrenness of the Middle Ages was well explained by the indictment of a modern English poet. "The bondage of the Christian doctrine," says Percy Shelley, "is fatal to the development of originality and genius." The curse of mediocrity has, indeed, for ages rested upon every literary product devoted to the promotion of clerical interests. The Muses refuse to assemble on Golgotha. Pegasus declines to be yoked with the ass of the Galilean ascetic. Outspoken skepticism is almost as rare as true genius, and it is not possible to mistake the significance of the fact that the great poets and philosophers of the last seven generations were, almost without an exception, persistent and outspoken skeptics. Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert, Holbach, Leibnitz, Lessing, Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Schiller, Heine, Schopenhauer, Humboldt, Pope, Hume, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Gibbon, Buckle, and Darwin have all inscribed their names in the temple of Liberalism; and Wolfgang Goethe, the primate of European literature, was at once the most consistent and the most anti-Christian of modern thinkers. "His personal appearance," says Heinrich Heine, "was as harmonious as his mind. A proudly erect body, never yet bent by Christian worm-humility; classic features, never distorted by Christian contrition; eyes that had never been dimmed by Christian sinner-tears or the apathy of monkish resignation."

That resignation was for centuries enforced as the first of moral duties; but Nature has had her revenge, and even the fallen hierarchy would hesitate to recover the loss of their prestige by a return to the moral desert which for ages marked the empire of a mind-enslaving dogma.

E.—REFORM.

Not all slaves can be freed by breaking their shackles; the habit of servitude may become a hereditary vice, too inveterate for immediate remedies. The pupils of Freedom's school may be required to unlearn, as well as to learn, many lessons; the temples of the future will have to remove several aphoristic tablets to make room for such mottoes as "Self-Reliance," "Liberty," "Independence." Victor Jacquemont tells a memorable story of a Hindoo village, almost depopulated by a famine caused by the depredations of sacred monkeys, that made constant raids on the fields and gardens of the superstitious peasants, who would see their children starve to death rather than lift a hand against the long-tailed saints. At last the British stadtholder saw a way to relieve their distress. He called a meeting of their *sirdars* and offered them free transportation to a monkey-less island of the Malay archipelago. Learning that the land of the proposed colony was fertile and thinly settled, the survivors accepted the proposal with tears of gratitude; but when the band of gaunt refugees embarked at the mouth of the Hooglyn, the stadtholder's agent was grieved to learn that their cargo of household goods included a large cageful of sacred monkeys. "They are beyond human help," says the official memorandum, "and their children can be redeemed only by curing them of the superstition that has ruined their monkey-ridden ancestors."

At the end of the fifteenth century, when southern Europe was in danger of a similar fate from the rapacity of esurient priests and monks, Providence, by means of an agent called Christoval Columbus,

offered the victims the chance of a free land of refuge; but when the host of emigrants embarked at the harbor of Palos, philosophers must have been grieved to perceive that their cargo of household-pets comprised a large assortment of ecclesiastics. "They are beyond human help," Experience might sigh in the words of the British commissioner, "and their children can be redeemed only by curing them of the superstition that has proved the ruin of their priest-ridden ancestors."

In regions of our continent where colonists might live as independent as the birds of their primeval forests, bondage has been imported in the form of an intriguing hierarchy, working its restless bellows to forge the chains of their pupils—of the rising generation, who as yet seem to hesitate at the way-fork of Feudalism and Reform. A timely word may decide their choice. and, by all the remaining hopes of Earth and Mankind! that word shall not remain unspoken.

## Did Jesus Call Himself Christ?

Back of the pulpit of the Unitarian church in Washington, in large gilt letters, are these words:

That they may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.

This text would be a pretty conclusiv one in support of Unitarianism if it were not a manifest figment of the brain of the clerical crank who fabricated the fourth gospel. In chapter xiii he describes the last supper, which was not the paschal feast or eucharist, but an ordinary meal, one whole day "before the feast of the Passover." After supper Jesus makes a long address to his disciples, fully reported in four chapters. Then follows a prayer, reported *verbatim* in chapter xvii. And this, by the way, appears to be the nearest approach to a public prayer by the man who claimed to be the son of God, and who said:

When thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrits are; for they love to pray standing in the synagogs and in the corners of the streets that they may be seen of men. . . . But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door pray to thy father which is in secret.

The first part of the long discourse of Jesus in the fourth gospel is about his betrayal. The disciples wonder who the betrayer shall be. He dips a sop and givs it to Judas saying, "That thou doest, do quickly." What was that sop? In all the Greek codices it is *psomion*, "a small morsel." In the Peshito or Syriac codex it is simply "bread," so also in the Latin Vulgate. And as no mention of wine is made in the fourth gospel the probability would be that the bread was dipped in gravy.

Judas goes out. The remaining disciples wonder what for. Some think it is to buy things needful for the feast of the Passover to be eaten the next evening; others think he is going to giv something to the poor. Jesus resumes his discourse, and when it is ended lifts his eyes and says to his father in heaven:

The hour is come; glorify thy son that thy son may glorify thee, as thou hast given him power over all flesh that he should giv eternal life to as many as thou hast given him. And this is life eternal, that they may know thee the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.

Nowhere else does Jesus speak of himself as Christ. When Simon Peter ventured to say, "Thou art the Christ," Jesus charged his disciples to "tell no man that thing." Conceding that he believed he was a special messenger of God to accomplish a divine purpose, was it not utterly absurd for him, in an address to his father in heaven, to call himself Jesus Christ?

*Christos* in Greek is the equivalent of *Meshiha* in Aramaic, which was the language of Palestine, and means "anointed." It was a very significant term. Priests and kings were anointed, but when and where was that ceremony performed on Jesus? Only at a supper in Bethany two days before his death, when a woman came in and poured the contents of an alabaster-box of precious ointment upon his head (Matt. xxvi, 7; Mark xiv, 3). The fourth gospel says this woman was Mary, the sister of Martha who served the table, and that she did not pour the ointment on the head of Jesus, but upon his feet, wiping them with her hair (xii, 3). But whether the anointing was of the head or the feet of Jesus, all three evangelists agree that it was for his burial.

The third gospel is silent about this anointing, but strangely enough describes a similar one at an early period of the ministry of Jesus. He was dining with a Pharisee, in the city of Nain, when a woman came weeping at his feet, and after washing them with her tears, kissing, and wiping them with the hair of her head, she poured ointment upon them from an alabaster-box (Luke vii, 38). But this woman, unlike the one described by the other three evangelists, was a "sinner," who straightway obtained absolution for her many sins.

The supper described by Luke was at the house of a Pharisee named Simon; that described by Matthew and Mark was at the house of Simon the leper—another coincidence, suggestiv of a want of information on the part of Luke.

This is all we know about any anointing of Jesus, and no one will pretend that it was such as to bestow upon him the name or title of Meshiha or Christos. Nor will any rational man believe that Jesus ever called himself the anointed, either in addressing his disciples or his father in heaven.

ANTICHRIST.

## San Luis Park, Colorado.

Answers to questions will be my aim in this article. A stream of letters from Liberals, full of queries, indicate that Freethinkers are truly interested in "one world at a time," and they appear to be willing to own anywhere from a quarter section to a square mile of the best part of that. In my next article I will gather all the "Disadvantages of San Luis." What people need is the plain, unvarnished truth about any new region. As I hold that a Liberal ought to tell the truth at all hazards, the readers of these articles shall hav it. I am not a real estate agent, and hav no corner lots for sale. This last sentence is not intended to cast any reflections upon *terra firma* brokers, but to giv my correspondents confidence.

How cold does the weather get there in the winter time?

To my California friend I answer: Last winter the cold was as low as 28° below zero, but not in the day time. The days are sunny and warm all winter through, with now and then an exception; are from 20° to 30° warmer than the nights or early morning. The five coldest days known here were in January last. The temperature ranged 19°, 22°, 24°, 28°. The lowest temperature in February was 7° below zero in the night. From zero to 14° above is the lowest temperature, as a rule. November weather ranges from 5° below to 29° above zero at 7 A.M. At 2 P.M, 35° to 52° above. I was here in December, the last days, and rode in an open buggy sixty miles over the valley. Coldest days 4° below zero. Usual range, 12° to 37° above at 7 A.M. At 2 P M uniform between 32° to 48° above zero. Very little snow falls in the valley. No heavy frosts later than May 1st, nor earlier than September 20th.

The hottest days this summer, an unusually hot season, were 92°. Average mid-day heat less than 80°. Cool nights. Pair of blankets and comforter every night, except one, when comforter only was omitted.

However hot the days, there are cool gusts from the snow-capped mountains. As I am writing, Aug. 24th, old Sierra Blanca yonder is covered with a fresh supply of snow, which came yesterday; but in our lower region came in the form of copious and cool showers of rain. Ordinarily this is a very dry climate. The number of sunshine days, one year with another, are 320 out of 365.

To sum up, San Luis Park, 65 miles wide, 160 long, protected by vast mountain ranges, in form similar to a horse-shoe, with the opening on the south toward New Mexico, at one time supposed to be too elevated, 7,500 feet above sea level, too dry, too cold, to be valuable, except as an immense cattle range, turns out to hav a milder climate, more uniform, less extreme cold, than the country from Chicago due Westward through Nebraska. It is the best horse and cattle growing country in the world. The free ranges in the mountains surrounding the Park are practically limitless. I am writing these letters specially for the benefit of my Liberal friends. Let me say, then, that the Liberal who will put a few hundred dollars, or two or three thousand, into horses and cattle will get rich within a few years, and will bless that Infidel Jamieson for letting his light shine. To the young, enterprising, ambitious Liberal, who has his or her way to carve, who wishes to be successful in life (and who does not?), let me say to you, who are not above honest labor, here is your chance. Avail yourself of these grand mountain ranges, free as the air you breathe. Too young, are you? In this very Park are two boys aged twelve and fourteen, who, with their shepherd dogs, take care of three thousand sheep. Day and night those shepherd boys tend the flock, sleep in a covered wagon, cook their own meals, seven miles from home, their father bringing them a supply of provisions once a week. There's true grit for you. My young Liberal, are you looking for a business opening? Thousands of miles for horse and cattle range, not a cent to pay for food, free grazing nine or ten months out of the year.

Will wheat, oats, barley, grow in this mountain valley?

Yes, the best I ever saw.

Is there much government land?

More than one hundred thousand acres.

A Zaleski, O., friend writes me, "being confident you will try to answer my questions correctly:"

Is there sufficient rain-fall to produce good crops in the Park?

No.

What crops can be grown?

Wheat, oats, barley, millet, alfalfa, etc.

Are there hard wind storms?

In the spring there are high winds; but there has never been a cyclone or a blizzard here as far as known.

Is the country prairie, or timbered?

Prairie, covered with greasewood and chico.

Is coal or wood burnt, and where is it procured?

Wood, plenty. Greasewood all over the valley; pinon and red cedar from the mountains. The first free; pinon and cedar $3 to $4 a cord.

Is the country well watered?

Soft water six to fourteen feet from the surface.

Is your town on a railroad?

Monte Vista, our nearest village, fifteen miles distant, is a railroad town.

Does the altitude of the Park cause heart trouble in middle-aged persons, or those naturally with weak hearts?

Yes.

Do you think consumptivs are benefited by that climate?

Yes; I think it is the best on the habitable globe for consumptivs.

Hav you many Liberals?

No.

*Monte Vista, Col.* W. F. JAMIESON.

## Wonderful Absurdities.

Look on this picture! There goes, along the sidewalk, old John Inventor, one of the wonders of all ages. On his back he carries a vessel filled with his absolute and unfailing fire-extinguisher. Its potency is marvelous; one moment of that gas, and the elements combining in combustion are separated by stronger affinities, and fire is instantly changed to drops of refreshing water, and stifling smoke clears up into pure air. He comes to the residence of a citizen, and wild cries of agony appal sensitiv ears. At the windows above there are crowded a dozen human beings, yelling, moaning, demanding help to escape. The whole lower story is crackling with flames, the rising smoke is suffocating—five minutes more and those imprisoned mortals will die, and their bodies will feed the flames. Old John casts an eye up to the horrid scene. A step to the window, a one-quarter turn of that stop-cock, and an ounce of that gas would subdue the fiercest blaze, and father and family are saved. No! not a bit of it. On goes old John, leaving all to certain destruction and a horrible death. What shall we do with old John for his fiendish inhumanity? Why, a Christian mob took him out and hanged him high as Haman. Now, these bloody Christians had an all-wise, loving, kind, salvation-giving (through faith), and omniscient God who was present at that fire as well as old John. He had the power; he made the world in an hour, and he could make a small Noah's flood in the twinkling of an eye.

It cannot but be that there is no such God, sitting with a sparrow in his hand. No merciful creator would, with power present in his will, suffer the burning ship to go down, and yet there are men of ordinary good sense teaching their children a mess of blasphemous nonsense about an almighty God. "Why don't men think?" The argument is unanswerable—there does not exist a Christian God, with oversight over all, treasuring up every action of humanity to be brought forward in judgment. A perfect God could not exist alongside of such evils and miseries of his family and not put the evils away. A perfect God could not make and maintain an all-powerful devil. What an absurdity is this Christian system, invented by designing man for the propagation and maintenance of power and profit! It will continue while men are ignorant—the more ignorant, the better picking for priests.

There is a power existent, an unknown and incomprehensible power. Under this power things hav always moved on, and will eternally move on—no let up; no cessation; no stoppage to hav a judgment of the action of men; no fool boy's-play of making man and then tormenting him in all eternity simply because he exists, and that without his own consent. What a batch of contemptible absurdities can be propagated to enslave mankind!

I hav just been reading Judge Waite's "History of Christianity During the First Two Centuries." It is appalling to think how little the average Christian knows of the origin, growth, and absurdity of the religion of Christ. The New Testament gospels are only a lot of unfathered, heterogeneous jumbles of rubbish that were made by different men during the first two centuries. The proof is positiv, and the presumption great, that the old Roman church has doctored the matter up in its own interest from time to time. Many of the gospels written early, and that were used by the first congregations, are lost. The four canonical gospels of the present day were forged well-nigh two hundred years after Christ. It is marvelous to learn how many gospels were written at the start. The early church had gospels enough to load a car, but designing men, such as to-day are given place and a big salary to deceive the people, destroyed tons of gospels, and arranged a few for power and "revenue only." No one knows who the authors were. The gospels are guessed off "according to Matthew," "according to Mark," etc. And yet the deception goes on; ignorant man is still terrorized with the fear of purgatory, hell, excommunication, and all the other silly anathemas of the

infernal priesthood. The chief pursuits of the ancients were "religion and war." They went together. With a sword in one hand, and a "revealed gospel" in the other, with a "Thus saith the Lord" coming from their mouths, a scurvy set of rapscallions raced over the earth, killing, debauching, and robbing till blood and ashes were as common as noxious weeds. And yet we hav this gigantic scheme of plunder held up as the great civilizer of the world. O Absurdity, Absurdity! thy vassals are many. JOHN BUSHEL.

## The American Secular Union.

COURTLANDT PALMER, President.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary, - - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
E. A. STEVENS, Chair. Fin. Com., - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.

### Call for the Eleventh Annual Congress of the American Secular Union.

*To the Auxiliary Secular Unions and to all citizens of the United States and Canadas who support the Nine Demands of Liberalism:*

You are wanted to attend the Eleventh Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, to be held at Chicago, October 15th and 16th.

The Congress will be called upon to consider measures for carrying on the work of Freethought and securing the adoption of such laws by the various state governments and by the national government as shall make the United States thoroughly secular, and the repeal of all laws now on the statute books which conflict with the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

Local auxiliary Unions are entitled by the Union constitution to five representativs—the President and Secretary and three delegates. All charter-members and life-members, all Vice Presidents, all Chairmen of state Executiv Committees, are entitled to seats and votes in the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats, but not votes, except by permission of the Congress.

It is hoped that every auxiliary Union will send a full delegation to the Congress, and that every Freethinker in the United States and Canada who can will be present.

Per order Board of Directors:

COURTLANDT PALMER, Pres.
SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Sec.
E. A. STEVENS, Ch. Fin. Com.
CHAS. ECKHARD, Treas.

### August Statement of Treasurer.

RECEIPTS.

| 1887. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | Reported receipts | | $1,724 21 |
| Aug. 22. | Portland | per C. Beal | 21 00 |
| " 22. | McMinnville | per W. T. Booth | 25.00 |
| " 22. | Kenneth Cambell | per S. P. P | 5 00 |
| " 22. | I. K. Sean | per " | 5 00 |
| " 22. | Corvallis | per B. F. Hyland | 20 00 |
| " 22. | Stayton | per Wm. Sims | 35.00 |
| " 22. | Silverton | per M. Fitzgerald | 15 00 |
| " 22. | Torrent Grove | per H. Buxton | 25 00 |
| " 22. | East Portland | per S. P. P | 2 50 |
| " 22. | Portland | per " | 8.50 |
| " 22. | Eagle Creek | per McElsander | 15 00 |
| " 22. | Astoria | per Wm. Chance | 20 00 |
| " 22. | Snohomish | per J. S. Marin | 50 00 |
| " 22. | Port Angeles | per Chas. Peters | 15.00 |
| " 22. | Port Townsend | per D. W. Smith | 30.00 |
| " 22. | Newcastle | per Jenkin Morgan | 20 00 |
| | Total receipts | | $2 036 21 |

DISBURSEMENTS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | Reported Disbursements | | $1,659 11 |
| Aug. 22. | S. P. Putnam | per Treasurer | 312.00 |
| | Total disbursements | | $1.971.11 |

Aug. 31, 1887. CHAS. ECKHARD, Treasurer.

### News and Notes.

Goldendale does not answer much to the music of its name. It is one of the most orthodox places I hav struck. It is twelve miles from the railroad and one hundred years behind the times. The blue laws of Connecticut are still rampant in its political control, and there is a mental stagnation which is simply death-like. If I had not been in the genial society of "Uncle Hank," as they call him, I do not know if I could hav withstood the frigid temperature of this "world before the flood." But friend Young has kept the battle a-going for over a quarter of a century, and overflows with vitality. It is impossible to conquer him. Like General Zach. Taylor, he never knows when he is whipped. The orthodox hav prayed mightily that he might depart, but he is with them still, and is likely to be until victory shines for Freethought.

He owns the hall in which the lectures were given, and with this fort at our command we kept the fight up from Friday until Monday evening. We had fair audiences, and friends came from a distance. The ground has been broken and there is chance for better work hereafter. Mr. Young and his family are stalwart Liberals, and with these are James Parrett, the Andersons and their families, Charles Morris, Thomas Stapleton, etc., and sometime this stronghold of ecclesiasticism will feel the breath of civilization and know that the world moves on. Goldendale is too beautiful a place to be enthralled by the "Dark Ages." Its shining fields and glittering hills shall sound with freedom's happy voice.

Over the dusty hights we travel again to the broad Columbia. An all-night ride brings us eastward to Union, a quiet place that feels no boom, and hence is devoid of excitement and tumult. It is beautifully situated in Grand Round Valley. Ample and fruitful harvest lands are about it, radiant with the smiles of summer, and mingling pictures of gold and green. Noble hills inclose the expanding vale, and beyond tower the snowy peaks. Union missed the railroad by about three miles, and hence its quietude. However, its citizens hav raised nearly $100 000 for a woollen mill, and the prospects are that Union will resound with the march of progress. I had two meetings here and a good attendance, although the ortho dox ministers held a solemn conclave and decided not to go themselvs, and to advise all good Christians to stay away for fear that their minds might be poisoned by the argument of the Infidel. One minister, however, had the courage to come the first night, and risk his soul's salvation for the sake of a little knowledge of what the Freethinkers are doing. He is said to be quite liberal for a clergyman, and so I hope for a fair report. Without doubt he will accept everything I declared as true, and then label it Christianity.

I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Thompson. Mrs. Thompson, a little while ago, was a member of the Methodist church, but the reading of Thomas Paine has made her an enthusiastic Liberal. Messrs. A. R. Jones and Geo. E. Owen, of the Oregon *Scout*, are editors who dare to speak their mind. They hav been so bold in some of their criticisms that a clergyman sued them for ten thousand dollars damages, but the jury acquitted the editors on the ground that what they said was true, and should hav been exposed. Clergymen seem to think they can be dishonest, and no one has a right to criticise. They want the "benefit of clergy" on every occasion. They don't yet realize that they are living in a free country. J. B. Eaton, Judge E. C. Brainard, S. A. Pursel, D. P. McDaniels, E. E. Vincent, J. C. Summers, N. Tartar, J. R. Foster, E. H. Miller, etc., are friends in Union who made our stay most pleasant, and our work full of promis for the future.

Friday we came on to bright and thriving Baker City in Powder River Valley, about thirty-five miles eastward of Union. Here I find one of the best points of my whole tour. Large audiences greeted me, several hundred being present at each lecture. There are some live workers here in this place who are bound to win in spite of all odds. A temperance revival in the "name of Jesus" had just been sweeping the town before my arrival, and about nine hundred names secured for the pledge. It was announced that I had come to destroy all this good work, and I suppose many thought that I was the devil himself. The people, however, were surprised when they found that Infidelity accepted every good thing, just so far as it was really good and for the welfare of humanity; that it overthrew only the wrong and accepted all the right "on heathen or on Christian grounds."

On Sunday our meetings were full and enthusiastic, and a Secular Union was formed with nearly a hundred members, and I believe it will do a noble work for Baker county and Eastern Oregon.

Baker City—named after Colonel Baker of illustrious memory—is in the midst of a good farming and stock country, and the mountains about it are freighted with the precious metals, and extensiv mills are being built. Baker City, as the center of all this business enterprise, has a promising career and will be a chief town of Eastern Oregon.

Wesley T. Miller, who is one of the correspondents of THE TRUTH SEEKER, has plenty of clear grit, and has fought many a battle right in the face of orthodoxy, and has experienced what it is to be in an unpopular cause. He has the enthusiasm of humanity and knows no such word as fail. His energetic efforts hav contributed largely to the success of the movement here.

John R. Coleman, president of the Union, has the fire and undaunted courage of youth, and will make an excellent officer. He is generous and outspoken in support of our cause.

Judge Schofield is one of the honored citizens of the place—respected for his integrity and intelligence. He has never been afraid to speak his honest thought. The Christians here hav felt many a keen thrust of his brilliant blade.

W. W. Treat is a frontiersman all over. I don't think he would be at home anywhere except in "enterprises of great pith and moment," where fortunes are won by the stroke of the hammer.

Mrs. Mary E. Edgington is one of those brave women who can work if need be. Reduced from affluence to poverty, she does not lose her happiness, and has a heart for any fate. She is a stanch Liberal and a friend of humanity in every sense of the word.

I had the pleasure of spending a day with Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Baisley, with their four little children, who liv on the brow of the mountains in a beautiful spot overlooking the broad valley, with glimpses of snowy peaks two hundred miles away. Round about are the placer mines, where hundreds of thousands of dollars hav been taken out. It is quite a science, I find, to know how to get the gold dust out of the rocky ribs. I am glad that my friend Baisley has hit the golden wand, and can reap his harvest from the dark chambers of the earth.

Dr. W. T. Shelton walked about fifty miles from his home among the hills to attend the lecture, and it was a pleasure, indeed, to shake hands with such a magnificent Infidel.

Wm. Hindman, of Burnt River, twenty miles away, was also present, and he, too, has been one of our unflinching pioneers.

Jack Plummer, of North Powder, twenty-four miles off, was also on hand, and is one of the officers of the Union. He is almost alone where he is, in an orthodox community, but he carries his colors so that everyone can see.

Geo. L. Hayes, and wife, and son, and other friends came from Pocahontas, nine miles away, and are among our forces for future work.

Ed. T. Mayhan, Asa Dolph, Ike Henshaw, H. C. Durkey, Samuel Williams, David Kelly, C. H. Hayaboom, and others are also good and true, every inch of them, to the cause of Freethought. I hav had a joyous labor amid these splendid comrades, and I look forward to grand advance for truth and humanity.

To-day I leave for Prairie City, seventy miles off among the hills, over a rough road, and I must take the stage and travel all night. I hope to survive all jolts and tumbles safe and sound. I expect a busy campaign in this remote country, and to be paid in happy toil for the laborious journey.

I shall he at Weiser City, Idaho, Sept. 7th; at Emmett's from Sept. 5th to 15th; at Boise City, 16th, 17th, and 18th; at Salt Lake, Sept. 24th and 25th; at Canon City, Sept. 30th, and Oct. 1st, and 2d; and at Chicago, Oct. 15th and 16th for Annual Congress. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*From the Oregon Scout of August 28th.*

As per announcement, the gifted orator, Samuel P. Putnam, secretary of the American Secular Union, lectured on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of this week in this city. The lectures were largely attended by the intelligent and progressiv people here, and were greatly enjoyed, being a veritable feast of reason and flow of soul. On the subjects, "Universal Mental Liberty" and "The New Heaven and Earth," Mr. Putnam fully sustained the high reputation that had preceded him. He is one of the most logical and persuasiv reasoners it has been our good fortune to listen to, and no one can sit under the sound of his voice and not be impressed with the correctness of his views or carried away by the sincerity of his vehement and eloquent utterances. We regret that he could not remain with us longer, and that our limited space forbids a more extended notice in these columns. His work in this city, though brief, will not fail of beneficial results, and no doubt the seeds he has sown will take root, and grow, and blossom in soil unused to aught of beauty heretofore, and come to full fruition in the sunlight of that universal mental liberty that is near at hand. It is a noble work to knock the shackles from the feet of toiling bondsmen everywhere, but nobler still is the work of freeing the mind of man from the superstition, and fear, and darkness that hav so long enshrouded it. In this work we are quite sure that Mr. Putnam, no matter in what part of the world he may be, will be found laboring faithfully and well. The best wishes of many friends go with him.

### The Annual Idler.

MY DEAR BROTHER: For the three weeks ending August 27th I hav been a portion of the picturesque landscape in parts of Cheshire county, New Hampshire. No doubt there are ten thousand young men in New York besides myself who take an annual vacation, but I am the only one that goes to Surry, N. H, and mingles picturesquely with the landscape. I am also, perhaps, the only one among ten thousand who is allowed to print his remarks. The others restrict themselvs to oral recitations about the fish they caught. I went fishing once, but I am not enough of a liar to make an account of it exciting. Next to being an expert angler it is necessary that a fisherman be able to lie; and if there is any one thing more than another that I tie to as a historian, it is the unalterable and everlasting truth.

It was August the 7th when I took the steamer Pilgrim, 390 feet long, 87 feet wide, 50 feet deep, and comfortably full. These statistics refer to the steamer. I wore a slouch hat that I was conscious made me look like a villain; a sixteen-inch valise in library binding and with two surcingles around it; Mr. Wettstein's emblem of mental emancipation gleaming in a rich, ten dollar way from just below my left clavicle, and a countenance illuminated from within by the light of an unsullied conscience. I greatly regretted having put on a hat that did me such injustice, but I drew a measure of comfort from the sad fortunes of a youth in a white stovepipe that belted itself out of shape against whatever object the builders of the boat had provided for that purpose. Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" is devoted to a consideration of clothes. I do not think he pays attention enough to the hat, which, with its contemporary, the suspender, ranks next to the liver in its influence on human destiny.

The Pilgrim is furnished with a band of musicians in red jackets, who struck up a lively air as we got away from the dock. No doubt those left behind believed in their trusting hearts that we were to hav music all the way, but we did not. As soon as we were out of sight of New York, the piccolo man picked his piccolo to pieces and put it in his pocket, the buglers extricated themselvs from their instruments, and the trombone tooter gave his right arm a short rest and then rubbed his left biceps to get the cramp out of it; then the disciples of divine melody disappeared, and shortly thereafter developed into passengers on the hurricane deck smoking strong cigars.

The price of accommodations on the Pilgrim is subject, I should judge, to sudden and violent fluctuations. Soon after I went aboard I joined the line of passengers who were walking on one another's heels past the captain's office, and on reaching the window presented my ticket and asked for a state-room key. "Three dollars," said the red-whiskered minion of monopoly. I had three dollars in my inside pocket, but I thought I would prefer enjoying it awake to investing it in a few of those brief periods of partial paralysis that pass for sleep on side-wheel steamers. "Nothing less?" said I. "Not a thing," said he. The man standing on my heels paid the three dollars and got a room. The next and the next did the same. My three dollars remained in my inside pocket. On the wing deck there was a big coil of rope, upon which I sat and viewed the scenery on the Connecticut shore until the procession had passed the window of the captain's office, and the red-whiskered minion sat twiddling his thumbs and looking lonesome. Then I went up, leaned on the brass rail in front of him, and blandly inquired the price of staterooms. "Do you want a two dollar room or a one-dollar room?" said the minion. "What is the difference?" I asked. "One dollar," said he. "The rooms are alike?" I suggested. "I can giv you a good room for a dollar," he replied, evasivly. I took it. Whether it was the same one I should hav secured for three dollars I am not going to guess. At any rate, it had two beds in it, an electric light that turned on and off with a button, and a slave near by, who, according to the announcement of a card posted in the stateroom, was bound to be attentiv under dire penalties.

I made but one acquaintance while on the Pilgrim. I was standing on the main deck, looking over the rail. A two-masted vessel, square-rigged forward and schooner-rigged aft, was coming down the sound with a load of lumber, but I was not paying it any special attention, when a voice alongside of me said, "Can ye tell where that fellow is from?" The man who thus remarked was about fifty years old, had a brown beard, a smell of the sea, and an air of independence about him. "Who?" I returned; "the brigantine?" The man drew forth a piece of tobacco and a jackknife, closed one eye, and cut off a chunk of the weed, which he laid upon his tongue as far back as he could reach, and then calmly and deliberately proceeded to chew it. "Naw, the morphydike brig over there on the port hand. She's from way down—Maine or the provinces."

I didn't contradict him and he went on to say that he had followed the sea for thirty-seven years, and was going to visit his boyhood home in Massachsetts. His last voyage had been to the Bahamas. He had some cigars with him that he had smuggled into this country, and after smoking one I thought he might smuggle them out again without any objection being raised. I believe he said he bought them in Nassau, Bahama Islands, at the rate of two for a cent. He had some interesting things to relate about the unconventional dress and manners of people in tropical countries, and said I ought to go there. He believed I would like it. He owned that the southern populace were less enlightened than the people of the North, but, in his opinion, that defect was atoned for by their superior immorality. In exchange for the information he imparted to me I gave him one of the beds in my stateroom that night. He got into it with his trousers on, saying, in answer to my advice that he better take them off, that sailors always slept in their "pants" when under way. I got the impression at the time, however, that he suspected me of having offered him a bed with the intention of robbing him in his sleep and swimming ashore with his effects. But morning restored his confidence, and as the boat lay at the wharf in Fall River, and we sat on deck in the gray light of daybreak, waiting for the train, he grew philosophical, discoursed in a quaint way on the mental poverty of those who spend their lives ashore, and advised me, as a man older than myself, and having been in foreign parts, to try and pick up a little edgication as I went through life. Warming to his subject. he dropped gems like this. Quoth he: "A man may be poor, and if he wears good close no one will know that he ain't rich. But if he is onedgicated everybody is bound to get on to it. Likewise the onedgicated man is consaited. Coming up from Nassau, last voyage, a feller aboard that didn't know enough to tie a bowlin' cont'dicted me, that's follered the sea for thirty-seven year, when I mentioned that Columbus come over in the Mayflower. Dam a ignorant man. That's what *I* say. Git edgication if you want to keep clear of blunders. A man gits lernin' outer books, he gits edgication outer ships, fore and aft, alow and aloft. Now I'm goin' up home where they never see the color of deep water. But hell, I couldn't stay there. Whisky, bygod, ten cents a drink, and damnation poor at that. Now I've got a bottle of rum here in my pocket that come from Jamaky. Try it. No? That shows the kind of edgication folks gets ashore. A man that'll speak of a morphydike brig and call it a brigantyne, and run away from Jamaky rum when it's held out to him by a gentleman, has got a good deal to learn. That's what *I* say." Having delivered himself thus, he surveyed me for some time to note the effect. Then he walked to the rail, squirted some tobacco juice upon a passenger who was leaving the boat, came back, and said: "Likewise git religion. Cuss a onreligious man. Look at Catholics, which I don't call Christians. They hain't religion; and what is Catholics in all countries? They don't believe in God, and they bows themselvs down to himages. Ignorant! Ignorance and disreligion goes together. Where you find one, t'other's alongside. Avast! Hell! That's what *I* say."

I left the boat at the close of the benediction and took the train. The old sailor waited for the next so he could see the factory girls on their way to work. He said Fall River girls had the reputation of being "good-lookers." I took it for granted that they were, all girls being beautiful.

There was no orchestra in the train, but we had a squalling baby along, and a man with his arm in a sling and several slings on his breath, fell over my legs into the seat with me, and made me his confidant. He had a wife at home, and he advised every young fellow to get married and settle down. I expect his intention was to talk me to sleep and then use me for a pillow, but he foiled his own design, and likewise illustrated his remark about settling down, by shortly collapsing into an inert mass and going to sleep himself. He was a painter from Rhode Island, and had broken his arm by falling from a staging in a fit of temporary sobriety. From the size of a bottle which protruded from his pocket, I inferred that he was in no immediate danger of a relapse. I understand that Rhode Island is a Prohibition state, which may or may not hav anything to do with the matter.

The cars banged and rattled and whooped along; the passengers lunched and the conductor punched until eleven o'clock. Then we arrived at Keene, N. H., and I got out. New England towns do not change to any startling extent in a year. I heard that here in Keene, a city of six thousand inhabitants, no new building has been erected in the past twelve months. Prohibition, however, has been introduced, and both the friends and enemies of that institution freely admit that under it there has been no noticeable increase in the sale of liquor or in drunkenness. While the people take larger drinks, they do not drink so often. I dropped in early at the office of a local paper that I take regularly and pay for irregularly, and tendered payment for a year in advance, which was received by the foreman of the printing-office. In the next issue the editor announced under the head of "Bric-a-Brac" that I had made the paper a "pleasant call;" which was quite agreeable, but why should I be inventoried as bric-a brac? Am I a curiosity, a ceramic, a piece of ancient pottery, a miscellaneous collection of the rare and antique? I pause for a reply, during which I will proceed with this letter.

As usual, I headed for Surry. That is the place where I was, to a certain extent, brought up. The locality where I lived they called Surry Hill. Surry Hill is surrounded by hills, beyond which are hills. If you look between these hills, you see other hills farther away overlapping each other and standing against the horizon like the faces in a composit photograph, until finally the sky touches their summits and seems to shut off the view. I found the farmers haying still. In the first part of the summer rain prevailed, which was immediately succeeded by moisture, and thereafter followed by dampness. It was hot, and everything grew, but there was no sunshine. Meadow hay that was down was likely to float away, and the overflowing streams filled the bottom with sand that took the edge off a scythe and made more profanity than the hay would sell for. I heard a religious man say that some of the farmers had come to the conclusion that either there was no overruling providence or that the judgment was upon them. He said, further, that the greater part of the hay cut in New Hampshire during the current season had been cured by running it through a clothes-wringer in the house and laying it under the stove to dry. I doubt the earnestness of a professed Christian who would undertake to work off that sort of an item on a city man looking for news. Another granger, speaking of stout grass, told me that he had a piece of land where it grew so thick that there was no room for it to fall down, so it stood up after the mowing machine had cut it off at the bottom, and he had to hav a boy follow the machine and put up stakes with little flags on them to tell where he had mowed. When he came to cart the hay the tumbles were so close together that he couldn't drive onto the ground and he had to back up to it. This is a true account. I saw the piece of land the hay came off from, and the man who owns it and who told the story is affiliated with the Baptist church; and I hope the day hasn't arrived when the word of a Baptist church-member can be lightly doubted.

For about a week I devoted portions of my time to haying and harvesting. A trifling incident occurred which I must relate in order that a true and veracious account of it may forestall any exaggerated version of the affair that might reach you. Two loads of oats stood one day in two barnfloors forty feet apart. I assisted to get one of them into the mow. It was desired to put the other on top of it. The empty wagon was therefore run out of the way and a horse hitched to the rear of the loaded wagon. Back of the barn was a little rise. When the load had been drawn out far enough, the team was to be put on the front end and draw it into the other barn. It didn't get there exactly in that way, as I recall the circumstances. It was assigned to me to lead the horse, the owner handling the pole, by which he expected to steer the wagon. The family dog sat a little way off and looked on with an intelligent smile. The horse did not impress me as a powerful animal, and I was unprepared for the amount of physical resource which he developed when the man at the pole sang out to me to go ahead. I spoke encouragingly to the horse. A good deal followed, and it followed immediately. The horse pawed once with his off forefoot. Then he galloped. I had him by the bit, and traveled forty feet at four steps in one second. It is a pleasant day; the sun shines soft through a hazy atmosphere; the cowbells tinkle in the glade. From the near distance comes the sound of an organ swelling the anthem of praise, and the voice of the granger swearing at a wild and untamed heifer as he chases her through the cornfield rustling with the banners of advancing autumn. The tail end of the wagon went up the hill to the west; the horse charged toward the polar star; the load of oats made a graceful flop and turned bottom upward, the wheels revolving in the air. The horse stopped, stretched out his head to loosen the reins, and then went quietly to feeding on the grass at his feet; the family dog nearly broke his back in a paroxysm of unutterable joy, and a neighbor driving by stopped to remark kindly that the wagon was in "good shape for greasin'." The disaster is said to hav been due to the way I led the horse. I deny that I led him. He led me at high speed. I must wash my hands of all responsibility for what occurred under circumstances over which I had positivly no control. I only know that it was a pleasant day, the sun shone soft through a hazy atmosphere, and the surroundings were substantially as described above.

In my strolling to and fro over these hills, I was so fortunate as to retain the same sedate horse and comfortable carriage that hav for several years helped me to enjoy my annual idling. I got a different and younger horse the first day, but he proved to be such an inordinate glutton that he endangered his own health. In one hour he could drink a barrel of water, and eat his way out of sight into a hay mow. I took him back at the end of the first day and acquainted the owner with his fault. The man said he meant to hav told me before that the horse hadn't "scarcely any judgment" about his diet, and let me hav last year's horse again. The old fellow, I believe, sometimes thinks of his youth, when he could travel fast, and at such times he will make earnest efforts to keep up with other horses. I once tried a dissuade him from such an attempt, but he resented it and stood up on his hind feet and pawed the air in a way that alarmed me. His forelegs curve forward so that he stands on tiptoe, and a little box of grease goes with him for anointing his heels. His contemplativ habits continue, and he still stops occasionally and stands buried in deep reverie, until he is asked to proceed, which he does with a sigh that comes near being a howl.

Here closes the first instalment of this brief pastoral sketch. Certain hints from the Editor, which I do not feel at liberty to disregard, induce me to stop here. The end is not yet. There is more to follow. The subject will be resumed in the next issue, which issue, I think I am justified in inferring, will be awaited with great impatience by those of your readers whose communications are to appear in the same paper.

GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

THE Rev. D. Seymour, who ran away with Fanny J. Henry, wife of one of his parishioners, hails from Janesville, Minnesota, not Wisconsin, as we erroneously stated. We make this correction at the instance of a resident of Janesville, Wis., who wishes to preserve the reputation of his town. Mr. Seymour and his paramour were arrested in this town, but let go, as the governor of Minnesota refused to issue a requisition. Mr. Seymour was warned, however, not to return to Minnesota.

# Communications.

## Great Wrongs—The Cause and Remedy.

From all quarters of the land we hear the cry of the oppressed, which indicates that the people are under a galling yoke, and suffering from burdens grievous to be borne. There are complaints of slavery, ostracism, and wanton cruelty in this fair land of ours, where liberty is the emblem, and freedom our guiding star. These murmurings do not in all cases arise from a specific class of persons, but in some instances embrace all classes and grades of the human family.

Equality is the birthright vouchsafed mankind by nature, acknowledged by the framers of our Constitution, and for the benefits of which the people clamor.

This innate longing for the opportunity to exercise and enjoy the rights and privileges which are theirs by nature, but denied them by their fellow-beings, can be held in check and temporarily controled, only to the further injury of the oppressed, and will at last break forth with renewed power to accomplish and sustain. It givs us our "woman's rights" advocate, our "labor reform" champion, and the conscientious supporter of Freethought and free speech.

We cannot ignore these great questions of the day, or ridicule them into the background, without heaping coals of fire on our own heads or those of posterity. They will not forever down! "Truth crushed to earth will rise again!" And all of us can see that there is much truth in the portrayal of wrong in these questions, but through selfish motivs, or inability to comprehend the hight and depth and breadth thereof, and propose a plan for the righting of these wrongs, we sneer and ridicule, and say: "There is no help for it; no remedy; it is the custom; the established rule, and its overthrow would disrupt our government." It may as well be said that we are non-progressiv in the face of many evidences to the contrary; that there is no such thing as justice, and no sympathy in the human heart; that the great law written in the very nature of noble men and women: "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," is an insufficient guide, and an unsafe rule to govern action.

> Take physic, pomp; expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,

And then will mankind comprehend these great problems, and the solution will be self-suggestiv. Then we will not evade these momentous questions, nor endeavor to crowd them out of mind through self-interest, leaving them for posterity to consider and provide for.

These questions are thrust upon us for our consideration, and, having their birth in our day, belong to us, and posterity has no inheritance in them except the benefits to be derived from their present solution.

For a time was the slavery of the negro tolerated, yea, even sanctioned, by a vast number of American citizens. But at last the enormities and cruelties of the system became known; sentiment against it was created; human sympathy was enlisted in favor of its suppression, and thousands of noble sons flew to the rescue of their unfortunate brother, procuring for him, and protecting him in, those rights which were his by nature, even at the risk of their own lives. How came all this? The burden of the colored man became unendurable; it caused him to cry out in the anguish of his soul; his cry reached the ear of sympathy, and, his wretchedness made known throughout the land, strong arms came to the rescue. The wrongs of which he complained were not imaginary, they were real. His humane white brother took a view of the situation; "exposed himself to feel what wretches felt," then obeyed the most holy promptings of the human heart to "do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."

It is natural for us to patiently endure wrongs heaped upon us until they become unbearable, then we utter our protest. We take pride in suffering without complaint until we see that our chief interests are endangered; then we endeavor to enlist sympathy and secure aid. So we may take it as true in nine cases out of ten, where help is sought, help is needed; that this power of endurance has been taxed to the utmost. And this being our conviction, let us not be heedless of the cry for "woman's rights," "labor reform," "free thought," and "free speech."

As American citizens we bow to no king, but assert our right and ability to govern ourselvs. Let us take heed, then, that we do not usurp authority nor attempt to "lord it" over others. We pride ourselvs on justice and right. Then let us banish all self-interest and see that justice is done unto all mankind, and that right rules. And let us who hav Freethought and free speech for our standard not be guilty of an attempt to smother the cry of some one less fortunate than ourselvs. Our perceptiv faculties are not so activ as to enable us to see where assistance should be rendered until the despairing cry, "Help, I sink!" of the storm-tossed mariner falls upon our ear and arouses our sympathy. Let us not close the only channel through which his salvation comes—the right to speak.

ORIGIN OF THESE WRONGS.

We think that the idea of a God who indorses such things as slavery and servitude, and controls thought or speech, as set forth in so-called sacred books, is the principal source of all this tyranny. Let the teachings and influence of one of these alleged sacred books serve to illustrate the effects of all upon mankind. We take the Bible.

Upon examination we find that the Bible teaches that slavery is right; that the man whom fortune has favored is entitled to the services of his neighbor without compensation; that it is right to steal, provided you steal from the "heathen;" that it is right to amass wealth, no matter how many backs are left naked or mouths unfed, because of so much wealth being centered in one individual; that God's "chosen" may grow rich on the unrequited labor of another; yet there is no wrong perpetrated, no wrong, no wrong! It is God's decree, therefore right and just. Yet this God who is said to be "no respecter of persons" heeds not the fact that plenty of food, raiment, and liberty contributes largely to the happiness of mankind; and that it is better to clothe two than one; that it is more humane to feed two hungry mouths than to suffer one to undergo the pain and misery which attend starvation; that, according to his laws, my weal is another's woe; that my pleasure is another's pain; that my aggrandizement is somebody's degradation; that my wealth means poverty to others.

I take it as a logical conclusion that if A should not take the life of B because the latter has the same right to life as the former, then A should not be permitted to control means which B has need of, because his life can be preserved only by supplying its wants, which the surplus means of A would enable him to do. If A withholds a surplus amount of means which B stands in need of, he is guilty of indirect murder. All men are endowed by nature with "certain inalienable rights," among which are "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Then, seeing that A's life is no more precious than the life of B, we can readily see that whatever tends to perpetuate, gladden, and render pleasant the life of A should also lend its influence on the life pathway of B. And as good food, sufficient clothing, shelter, money, education, etc., are indispensable to A's comfort and happiness, so are they also indispensable to B, and he is just as much entitled thereto as A.

Then, finding that the wants of A and B are, in the main, identical; that B is entitled to every right and privilege accorded A, it seems unjust for A to possess houses and lands and roll in luxury and wealth, while B dwells in a rented hovel, in poverty and rags, the victim of A's avarice. Let it not be said that B is an improvident man, and reaps not, because of his neglect to sow, and that A possesses positiv qualities which lead to industry and economy and attract in a legitimate manner the property of B; for if A does not rob B, he probably does rob C or D, and if he does not, he should retire from business as soon as he accumulates sufficient means to satisfy his wants in life, and giv some of the lesser magnets a chance to attract something their way. A cannot possess more than he can make use of without impoverishing some one else. "If no one has too much, everybody will hav enough." I find this wealth-getting spirit cropping out all through the scriptures, and I do not wonder at its bearing such an abundant crop of fruit among the people.

I also find that this God regards woman as being inferior to man, and permits her not to "teach or exercise authority," for the silly reason that "Adam was first formed, then Eve." This conveys the idea to our mind that God's first effort was his best; and that by the time he found it necessary to make a woman, he was in such need of "rest" that he made undue haste, and botched the job; hence, woman is not qualified to "speak in church," and should "learn in silence, with all subjection," and acknowledge her inferiority by "asking her husband" whenever she desires to "learn anything." God saw but one redeeming feature in woman. Men see many. Woman proves herself man's equal in every mental test, and falls short only where great physical effort is required. Heaven has denied her the right to speak, but we grant her this privilege, except when she complains of us, then we also enjoin "silence" upon her.

Man is in authority; woman, though man's equal by nature, is in many instances man's slave. But she has ascertained the fact that man cannot answer all her questions, and as her curiosity to "learn" has led her to make use of her own resources, she has at last become self-reliant, at the risk of eternal condemnation. She feels that she has something of importance to say, and she should be allowed to say it. She may be able to portray her wrongs in such a light as we, in our selfishness, hav never beheld them. The tables may be turned, and we may "learn" of woman upon whom heaven frowns.

No complaints or murmurings arise from a prosperous and happy people. It is misery and woe that cry aloud. While the chief comforts of life are obtainable, contentment and happiness will prevail. But when the supply does not equal the demand, expressions of dissatisfaction are sure to follow. Then close not the only avenue to human hope and human happiness! Let the right to speak not be questioned; for by this means only can we, steeped as we are in selfishness, be apprised of the needs of our fellow-men. An appeal must be made to our sympathies before we lose sight of self; then our true manhood is called into action, and we obey the injunction: "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."

THE REMEDY.

Strike the word "God" out of our vocabulary. Erase all thought of such a being from the mind. For associated with the word "God" in every clime, in every land, is worship, coupled with slavery in every form, which implies offering and sacrifice, and, in some instances, bloodshed. It matters not of what elements that God is composed—whether of metal, wood, or stone; or whether he is simply a creature of the imagination. The effect is the same. God is supreme in every land; he is king. A king must hav subjects, and they must serve the king. A king delegates power to others, who rule the common people. A bows to B and obeys his commands, and pays tribute to him—is virtually his slave. B bows to C, and C to D. D bends the knee to E, the chief ruler, where this great system of head-bowing and knee-bending ends. God is the great I Am, the chief ruler of the universe, to whom others must bow in humility or forfeit life. We are required to "serve him." We don't love God, and serve him willingly, but we pretend to love him, and serve him to escape his "wrath." His character is such that a rational being cannot love him. Hence the worship and service of God is a system of slavery from beginning to end, being the outgrowth of "fear."

But man is endowed by nature with "certain inalienable rights," and chief among these are "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. To secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. Whenever any form of government becomes destructiv of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its power in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness." This declaration voices the sentiment of the true American citizen. He holds the power within his own hand. That power is the ballot. He has the right to say what shall be tolerated and what shall be abolished. His decision must be based on equity, and his enlightened judgment will enable him to determin what is best for the majority. If in his decision he rules out God, and with him slavery of every kind with its train of misery and woe, we shall enjoy the benefits accruing to a free people, happy, loving, and prosperous, because of our absolute freedom.

Related to the God idea is that of *preferment* on account of ability, which may, in most cases, be safely attributed, either directly or indirectly, to wealth.

The individual born in poverty and obscurity can not compete with the child reared in the lap of luxury, until by craftiness he crushes others, and on their ruin erects his castle. It is so in the business, the social, and the intellectual realm. The possession of wealth affords the advantages of education, culture, honor, etc., which the gods readily turn to account. With all the gods consigned to oblivion, "man's inhumanity to man" will cease, and in its stead will be love, friendship, and sympathy among members of one fraternal brotherhood, where joy shall reign supreme, and discontent hav no abiding place.

The natural equality of man is stamped upon his very being. Aside from God's school of avarice, with the common wants of life supplied, he is a contented and happy being. But when these are denied him, or command too high a price, every vile propensity rankling in his nature is aroused, and no crime is too dark or foul for him to perpetrate. Like the wild beast of the forest, the pangs of hunger, coupled with an opportunity to satisfy that hunger, goad him to madness and fury.

If we would reduce the list of crimes, we must remove the cause. The criminal usually takes his first lessons in crime because of seeming necessity. His garments are threadbare, or his stomach is empty. There should be no excessiv wealth on one side, nor extreme poverty on the other, to tempt men to cross the gulf which lies between to equalize conditions. But as long as men will insist upon hoarding wealth which is the proceeds of unrequited or poorly paid labor, that long will night watches, burglar-proof safes, and burglar alarms be in demand. Strikes and riots follow in the wake of greed and avarice.

You cannot deprive a man of that which nature teaches him is his property, without creating within his being a determination to get even with you; and in his fury he sometimes makes use of the most objectionable methods, and sometimes an innocent party is the sufferer. Accounts must balance! There should be no "forbidden fruit" to excite curiosity, or incite to crime.

Teach man clearly to comprehend these great truths, and you will discover that there is yet enough good in his nature to render the plan practicable, and effectiv in its workings. He will see that it is to his interest to deny himself such means as he cannot make of practical use; for it is his life insurance policy, his insurance against robbery and arson, and the foundation of the happiness of all mankind.

Take physic, pomp; expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show mankind more just.

SENECA.

## Let Us Assign Sources, Too.

In his "Defense of Fundamental Truth," Dr. McCosh speaks of the practical, social, and political effects of different phases of speculativ philosophy. He says: "I may add that the friends of religion should also guard those springs out of which the streams of action flow. For De Toqueville tells us that a materialistic philosophy penetrates into public, and I may add, private morals. He (De Toqueville) refers specially to the sensational philosophy of France, which exercised so fatal an influence on French character and politics in the latter half of the last century, giving a direction to public sentiment which culminated in the mad excesses of the French Revolution, and then sank into the stagnant indifference of the first empire."

The problem is not so simple as the foregoing statement seems to assume. Speaking generally, we should hav a common standard by which to measure the ethical results, the social and political tendencies of the rival philosophies. It is clearly unjust to assume the absolute, or even relativ, perfection of *one*, and then go through the form of condemning the *other* from that standpoint. Again, in presenting an example, as above quoted, it would seem the part of ordinary fairness to set forth, in clear and unmistakable terms, the conditions that obtained before the new philosophy gained sway, and compare the old *regime* with the new. Dr. McCosh is probably the ablest and, I think, the fairest representativ of his school, and yet he quotes approvingly or paraphrases such sentiments as I hav quoted. He and his fellow apologists bankrupt the vituperativ possibilities of language in condemning what they are pleased to term the "mad excesses of the French Revolution," but how many of them hav condemned or even adequately described the centuries of wrong so patiently borne by the French people? However, the object of this communication is not to discuss the French Revolution, but to view, in the light of De Toqueville's dictum, some incidents growing out of a contemporary event.

For some months our city has been torn up over the exposure and trials of the "gang," the "boodlers" (the reader may supply other terms *ad libitum*). If we may believe De Toqueville, McCosh, *et al*, the *excesses* of the French Revolution were caused by the fact that that people forsook McCosh's "Fundamental Truth" and embraced the sensational philosophy of the latter half of the eighteenth century—which, without euphemistic circumlocution, means that the church lost its grip in that nation at that time. As yet, no local De Toqueville or McCosh has arisen to explain the why and wherefore of the "mad excesses" of the "boodlers" in looting the Cook county treasury. To aid this suppositious philosopher in his task, I submit the following.

During the trial of McDonald and McGarigle Mr. Abbott testified that he had handed a bribe of $11,000 to one of the defendants in order to secure a certain coal contract. He testified that he was a church-member, naming his church and pastor, and further stated that from the time of giving the bribe until confessing (to the state's attorney), he did not go to communion. See *Mail* and *Tribune*, June 8, 1887. During the investigation previous to the trial this gentleman successfully bluffed several reporters by citing his church membership as an evidence that he could do nothing unlawful. When pressed, however, this giver of bribes testified against and assisted to convict his partner in crime, the taker of bribes.

During the "omnibus trial," in which some dozen boodlers were defendants, Mr. Lynn, a former county commissioner, posed as informer, and appeared as state's witness against his quondam fellow-boodlers. He testified that before he had served Cook county two months he commenced taking bribes. He was a church-member, according to his testimony, belonging to the same church as one of the attorneys for the defense, who asked him (Mr. Lynn) whether he used any of that money for church purposes. Mr. Lynn saved himself by turning state's evidence. See *Times*, July 20, 1887.

During the same trial Mr. Robinson, grocer, testified to bribing commissioners in order to secure certain contracts for provisions, and that the money thus paid in bribes was made up by overcharges and goods of poor quality. "Mr. Robinson, do you believe in God?" The witness nodded his head in the affirmativ. "Do you believe in future reward and punishment?" Again Robinson nodded his head. See *News*, July 27, 1887.

It has not been shown that any of the conspirators were Freethinkers. I am certain that none of them ever attends or contributes to the Secular Union. There was some dispute as to McGarigle's church, but one of our papers declared he was an "Episcopalian from way back."

This question presses for answer. Is Christianity or is Freethought responsible for such a condition of affairs as these trials disclose? Christianity has had, and still has, almost undisputed sway in this and other countries from which the boodlers hail. Our laws are made under the direction of the Most High. At least, we pay some duly consecrated individual to ask for direction in that particular. Possibly they don't pray loud enough. See Elijah's remark to the false prophets. Christianity controled our schools and warped our education, dominated our politics, interpreted law from the bench, proscribed Freethought in the trades, in business, and in the professions, and, as far as possible, ostracized Freethinkers in political and social relations. Christianity claims that its church edifices and other property should be exempt from taxation, on the ground that it makes men good, law-abiding, honest citizens.

Yet, in spite of this claim, more than ninety-nine per cent of our criminals are Christians. Occasionally a Freethinker may be found behind the bars for violation of Comstock's patent morality law, but when it comes to violations of long and well established laws, which are necessary for the very existence of social order; when it comes to murder, arson, highway robbery, larceny, embezzlement, breach of trust, etc., etc., scratch the criminal and you find a Christian. It is high time that Christians should, in the supposititious humility of their master, cease claiming to hold an exclusiv patent on all extant morality and honesty. ED. S. MCLEOD.

*Chicago, Ill.*, Aug. 11, 1887.

## Polygamy and Monogamy.

Polygamy, a disgusting and detestable institution.—TRUTH SEEKER.

*De gustibus non disputandum.* Does the truth-seeking editor remember to hav ever printed anything in defense of "disgusting letters, books, or nudities in art," disgusting to a certain vicegerent of the church, and accredited police of obscenity?

In the name of the fairer sex, and of the superiority of the plural to the singular number in goods, betters, and bests, I am polygamically scandalized.

In the name of my pastoral forefathers I protest against their representation by your Mormons.

No wonder you demur to seven wives or so being hauled up into heaven by a Mormon's coat-tails. Our modern shoddy will not bear the strain. Besides that, such dependency might compromise the personal discretion of the ballot so necessary to a "free government." Such humbug evoluted recently among the "strong-minded" sex of Utah. If well and ill matched couples are equally monogamic after the magic formula of marriage, while the well-matched no more prove the goodness than the ill-matched the badness of their tie, considered as a formula or of monogamy in general; so in polygamy, some men adore their favorit wives on separate family altars, others sacrifice their wives promiscuously to the lord god self, while a third class organizes them in harem factories under the boss wife. Some Mormons, it is said, too, make each wife support her own children on the hope of penultimation to the consecrated coat-tail.

Polygamy debases no gentleman into a hoodlum, any more than monogamy makes a gentleman of a hoodlum.

Some wives in either case are jealous furies, while others prefer joint stock partnership in husbands for reasons best known to themselvs.

Why absolutely and promiscuously approve or condemn either monogamy or polygamy as systems, rather than personal arrangements under either? To compare this case with relations less polarized by prejudice, is it not equally absurd to legislate for the privation of work, except for wages; or to prevent anyone from working for wages? Will the stars fall if each is free to choose, with the condition attached of being freely chosen?

You are, we will say for consistency's sake, a conjugial partner of the Swedenborg angelic species, thus defined by Maria del Occidente:

Even as the dove, from far Palmyra flying
To where her nativ founts at Antioch gleam,
Stoops to explore, then swooning, panting, dying,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;
So many a soul o'er life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure congenial stream unfound, unquaffed,
Suffers, recoils, then thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught.

This exclusiv predestination was equally adapted to romantic and to clerical consecration. Thus it afforded to marriage an ideal, as on the economic side a basis was supplied by civil rights of the wife as distinguished from her husband's personal property in the odalisque of his barbaric harem. The more respectable civilized tie, though it may be spontaneous, is oftener conventional. Otherwise, what is more than an appetite, an organic and functional necessity, combines with the tension of ideals to illusionize the lover, and he either contracts some rash marriage or falls into vices. Poverty or vanity more frequently betrays the wife against the monitions of instinct. Thus constancy is usually based upon habit and facility for satisfying imperfectly an animal appetite, even where love may hav at first filled the sails and steered the bark. The polarity of temperaments and harmony of characters hav no necessary coincidence with domestic and industrial partnership. Yet such is the economic requirement of married welfare. Hence, in church-ridden countries, monogamic misery, and the equally superstitious polygamic prosperity in Utah. Below, and for the classes where money becomes a necessary consideration, it does not follow that it excludes love any more among the unmarried than among the married. Outside of church authority, the tendency of the wealthy and cultured classes to evade marriage is pronounced in modern Europe; and, if less so in Great Britain, that fact tallies with the greater predominance of church influence.

In the actual constitution of societies, concubinage is a palliativ for the cruel inequalities of conditions. It opens the purse-strings of the rich, and it is often a providential rescue for the wife from unwelcome marital importunities. For obvious physiological reasons, refractory to the puritan moralism of Alphites, the chances of health and comfort and domestic amiability are better when the male animal, called husband, is not always tied to his wife's apron string. In the relations between the rich and poor, concubinage effects salutary alliances, and economically as well as morally preferable to our systems of public charity. The intolerance of concubinage acts like the prohibition of wine and beer; for as where these are good and plentiful there is little intoxication with the pernicious products of the still, so where the attractions of sex hav free play there is little or no prostitution.

Of the clerical marriage, on the contrary, prostitution is the regular complement, and will be found everywhere proportional to hymeneal rigors, for these deal with a passion no less incompressible than water. To avert pollution and to combine hygiene with moral decency, it is imperativ that the youth should find opportunities proportional to the evolution of passion.

You are, perhaps, a conjugial lover of the Swedenborg angelic species. In that case, looking down from your sublime exclusivness, do you find it easy to distinguish in purity between "scortatory marriages" and frank concubinages? You know very well that but a few elect are truly faithful to that bond in which you esteem it best freedom to be bound. For a much greater number it is but conventional and kept only by virtue of poverty. That is the fact alike in Christendom, in Islam, and in Mormondom.

This vicious character may be the effect of an overdose of faith. It attaches to the harems of the faithful, par excellence. The Mormon wife, by infidelity, only loses her passport to heaven, not her alimony. Among Christian and other professed Infidels, the infidelity of wives may equipoise polygamy, which is monopolist only when one-sided. Before we condemn an institution, we ought to see it perfect in its kind. Thus democracy, to be really a "government of the people, by the people, for the people," in which everybody orders everybody, and meddles with everybody's business, and deprives everybody of his, her, or its personal liberty and pleasure, imperatively requires female suffrage, and also child suffrage; for is it not scandalous that children should not vote about the management of their own schools and other factories where they are used and abused?

Openly to oppose the arbitrary in marriage is suicidal to liberty on the part of its pretended friends. A liberal change of law can be expected only from the generally known fact of its evasion, as before augury lost its prestige at Rome it was necessary that the augurs should not be able to look each other in the face without laughing. Yet true and spontaneous monogamists are defended in their tie of mutual exclusivness by their formidable innocence, candor their sole armament. Nowhere more surely than in love, Liberty becomes the mother of order, but to invert the maternity is to insure abortion.

I register in behalf of—not legal or systematic polygamy, but capricious infidelity; an argument which the moralist clergyman, Malthus, took care not to see, for it givs to his problem of the ratio between a population and subsistence a solution as natural as it is immoral.

Polygamy is the complement of labor-saving machinery. By this progress of invention, fewer laborers being needed from decade to decade for the luxury of the employer and exploiter classes, it becomes urgent to weed out the supernumerary laborers whom misery inclines to reaction. Criminal penalties are a costly and inadequate method. The criminal is the germ or else the chrysalid of the rebel. Polygamy disposes toward dueling in the human as in other animals, and thus the males spontaneously thin themselvs out. This philanthropic solution of the problem of Malthus deserves the Monthyon prize. EDGEWORTH.

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## Political Parties for Liberals.

The associate editor of the *Freethinkers' Magazine* is a very activ member of Henry George's political party. In the September number of the *Magazine* he endeavors to serve that party by inducing Freethinkers to support it "to the extent of their means." He bases his plea for aid upon the fact that Dr. McGlynn unreservedly indorses the Nine Demands of Liberalism, and that the United Labor party passed a resolution at its last convention which declares "that under no circumstances should public funds be appropriated for any schools except public schools, nor for the benefit of any charitable or other institutions, unless they are completely under the control and management of the state."

This is a good resolution, and Dr. McGlynn's indorsement of the Nine Demands will commend him to the consideration of Infidels. But one swallow is not generally considered sufficient to induce summer to hasten its coming. We remember that once the Democratic party passed a very good school resolution, and there are hundreds of prominent Democrats who indorse the Nine Demands. When Cleveland was governor of New York he vetoed an appropriation for a Catholic charitable institution. Grant, the great Republican leader, also spoke emphatically in favor of unsectarian schools and of taxing the churches. Hundreds of prominent Republicans also are Freethinkers. Why, then, on the same grounds. should we not support these parties to the extent of our means?

The truth of the matter is, there are Liberal men in all parties—even in the Prohibitionist—and all parties hav been willing to *say* they were in favor of some of the reforms demanded by the Freethinkers. except, perhaps, Henry George. He was *not* willing to say in last fall's campaign that he favored any one of the Nine Demands. Notwithstanding this, he was supported by the Infidels of this city almost unanimously. Recent observatious, however, lead us to think that his support this fall from that source will be considerably less.

But that is not material, as Judge Benedict said frequently when Mr. Bennett's lawyers got him into a corner with some point favorable to the Infidel editor. The pcint is that there is no use of Freethinkers making alliances with any politician whose primary object is one which has no relation to Freethought. Nothing will be gained by it. The Liberal planks would be the first ones traded off for support of some other measure. "Love," said Byron, "with man is a thing apart. 'Tis woman's whole existence." With non-liberal parties, Liberal planks are what love is to a man. They should be, instead, what love is to a woman, for no party will establish these reforms unless they are made its whole existence. Until the time is ripe for such a party there is small use in dabbling with politics. Neither the Republican nor Democratic party will make the Nine Demands a part of its platform. The Greenbackers never would. Henry George did not dare to last fall, and would not now. His party hid the one small heresy among the resolutions. Even the Socialists, who are nearly all Infidels, would not do it. All are afraid. The church has terrorized the whole political community. Professed Freethinkers are under the spell, and for all the world knows from themselvs would pass for church-members. The associate editor, even, has hastened to deny that he is or ever was an Atheist.

From all of which the conclusion seems inevitable that there is no call for Freethinkers to support any of the present political parties "to the extent of their means." Besides, we recollect that the same adviser once tried to turn us all over to Ben. Butler.

## Is Christianity Down?

Mr. Moncure D. Conway, formerly a preacher, who evoluted from orthodoxy to Unitarianism, and thence to Agnosticism, now says "there is no need of pulling down Christianity—it is down;" and he prophesies that "the world will presently be startled by the miracles of love incarnate in science." THE TRUTH SEEKER of August 6th contains an article by Mr. Conway, entitled, "The Development of the Ape's Religion." Presuming that he does not expect to establish a religious system among cultured chimpanzees, the question arises, Did he, in that "litany to the Eternal Ape," intend to "pull down Christianity," or to inaugurate "love ir carnate in science?"

We are all glad to see such learned doctors of homeopathic divinity as Mr. Conway and Mr. Frothingham quit the pulpit, but let them not delude themselvs with the notion that Christianity has stepped down and out along with them.

## Two Priests.

The Baptist preacher Fulton, of Brooklyn, who left his pulpit some months ago to mount the rostrum in an oratorical crusade against the pope, is now bending his energies to convert ex-priest McGlynn to Protestantism of the Baptist variety. Fulton's attack upon the Roman church is the same old tune played by all ministerial Protestant musicians. The pope is Antichrist, and the church of Rome is the scarlet woman, the sum of all abominations. Rome is "run by the devil, and her end hell." Mr. Fulton, therefore, desires Mr. McGlynn "to be born again" to the end that he may step upon Mr. Fulton's platform and denounce his church from a Baptist standpoint. "Forgiv McGlynn," he prayed in Tremont Temple the other night. "Let him see how utterly he is forgetting his high calling in turning his face toward a little lecturing and politics. O God!" he proceeded, "what would hav become of Martin Luther if he had gone to editing a newspaper?"

We oppose the Roman Catholic church as strongly as Dr. Fulton possibly can, but it strikes us that his attack lacks one essential element—namely, common sense Abusing the Roman church because she does not come up to this or that biblical standard is folly. It is like weighing substance in scales of nothing. It is beating the air, and hurts only him that practices it. The Roman Catholic church and her government are the logical conclusion to Christian premises, and to attack the conclusion without destroying the premises is futil effort. At the best, the assailer can but change men from one superstition to another.

Supposing the Catholic church is the scarlet woman, what then? Suppose that, theologically, she is the sum of all abominations, what material harm does that do? One theological abomination or superstition is as good or bad as another. Suppose the church metaphorically corresponds to all the snakes and dragons and horned beasts seen by St. John in his dreams of delirium, what practical result is accomplished when people believe it? Does it make the slavery to priests less galling to her people? Does it add one useful idea to the intelligence of Papists? Does it call one murdered martyr to life? Does it restore one single penny to the robbed poor? Does it repeal a single one of the laws which the church has bought, for her own benefit, of peculating politicians? If not, what is the use of such outpourings of bathos and Baptistism as Fulton givs the people?

In the field into which McGlynn has been forced he is doing infinitly more good than Fulton is. No matter if for the moment McGlynn is occupying an anomalous and logically untenable position. He is showing the people the monstrous evil of allowing a hierarchy to hoist itself upon men's shoulders, to be their guide in every step. He is taking the ecclesiastical machine apart for their inspection, and it will never again run as smoothly as it did. He has convinced thousands that the church is not of so great importance as they thought, and he has proved to them that it works injustice, and is overbearingly tyrannical. Measured by the standard of common sense, Dr. McGlynn's labors are more effectiv and valuable than an army of Fultons' could be.

We do not believe there is much danger of Dr. McGlynn's "coming to Jesus," as he is exhorted to do by Mr. Fulton. When his politics will let him abandon the theological ruts in which he is now running, it is much more probable that Dr. McGlynn will shine as a Rationalist than as a convert, or pervert, to Protestant theology.

## Catholic Indian Schools.

A practical commentary upon the supposititious separation of church and state in the United States is a statistical item going around among the religious press. The item shows that the Roman Catholic church has been presented by the general government and the state with no less than fifty-five schools. These schools are scattered over a wide territory. Seven are on the Indian reservation of Standing Rock in Dakota, and seven more are found in the same territory—namely, one each at Table Mountain Reservation, St. John, Yankton, Rosebud Reservation, Crow Creek Agency, and two at Devil's Lake. In Montana there are three schools—at St. Peter's, St. Labre's Mission, and at Flathead Agency. Idaho has two, both at De Smet Mission; Wyoming one, the St. Stephen's Mission; Washington territory three—at Tulalip Agency and two at Colville Agency New Mexico has eleven, and Alaska two. In the states there are also a number—namely, five in Wisconsin, seven in Minnesota, one in Colarado, one in Nevada, one in California, one in Kansas, one in Oregon, and one in Florida. The total attendance at these schools is between three and four thousand.

The teachers of these schools are in all instances Catholics, and a majority are members of the religious orders. The governments pay the bills, giving the churches annually large sums of money and thousands of acres of land.

All our Western correspondents unite in saying that the Indian policy of the government is a failure, and the numerous recent Indian outbreaks and wars confirm this. The present reservation system amounts simply to penning up a few thousand Indians for the churches to practice their arts upon, and everyone knows that as a civilizer the church is a failure.

The support of all the religious schools by the government is a fraud upon the people, a useless waste of money, and an unconstitutional union of church and state.

## "Christian Ontology."

We hav been favored with a paper bearing this title by the Hon. Justus O. Wood, of this city. Mr. Woods is a gentleman not unknown to local fame, having been connected with various reformatory movements, and having, also, stood upon the platform of the Manhattan Liberal Club.

Mr. Wood's call to speak just now comes from the fact that the Materialism of philosophy is driving the people to Infidelity and Agnosticism. "Hence," he says, "it is desirable to formulate a theory that shall harmonize and explain the phenomena of life, and dispel the chilling mists of unbelief." Presuming that his reader will admit this necessity, he lays down a foundation for his theory. It is this:

> "Reasoning thereupon we may assume an *ego* that feels, thinks, and wills; which is conscious of itself, and persists in its personality; that this ego, entity, or soul is robed with a body, or congeries of organs with various functions; that knowledge consists in states of consciousness, as all mental philosophers declare, which may be classified as feeling, thinking, and willing; it is agreed also that there is a power, not of ourselvs, assumed to be an entity, called God, a unit in action and infinit in our apprehension."

Upon this foundation he builds of words a fanciful, metaphysical structure a little more worthless than the Christian theology. But that which we desire to call to Mr. Wood's attention more particularly is the instability of this foundation. "We may assume" an Ego, is not proving that the "Ego" exists. And without such proof it is both unscientific and foolish to proceed farther. We may assume forty

thousand things that are not so, and build on these assumptions forty thousand theories which hav no value at all. Mr. Woods guesses that a feeling, thinking, conscious, personal Ego or power exists, and he guesses also that if his first guess is right, then his subsequent guesses are of a superior quality of guesswork, calculated to "dispel the chilling mists of unbelief."

We are afraid Mr. Wood is too sanguin. There are a great many theories for dispelling unbelief in existence now, and to us the necessity of formulating new ones is not so apparent as the necessity of putting the old ones upon a more substantial basis than assumption.

## Two Slave Overseers Defied.

The arrogant claims of the authorities of the Roman Catholic church are again brought to public notice. Archbishop Corrigan seems to think his people are slaves, and that he is a divine slave-driver.

There is a German Catholic church at Rondout, N. Y., and, as everyone knows, the Germans are fond of dancing, and drink beer. Last week the church folks held a picnic, in aid of the society for the care of the sick, and Archbishop Corrigan sent the priest a letter forbidding the sale of beer at the picnic and ordering the dancing to cease at six o'clock.

At Kingston, N. Y., there is a Gentleman's Catholic Temperance Society. Week before last the members of this society advertised the usual summer excursion. When the "Very Reverend" James Dougherty, dean of the diocese, saw the advertisment he sent an order to the officers of the society forbidding the excursion.

It is a good sign that the Rondout Germans danced as long as they pleased, and drank beer at their picnic; and that the Gentleman's Catholic Temperance Society went on their excursion as usual. The example of Dr. McGlynn is spreading. A half dozen like him would break down the church's authority and free many of her slaves.

## They Are All Good Sectarians.

It is a long time since the church has found comfort and support against the inroads of Liberalism, but here is an item of news which may giv her cheer. It comes, too, from no unnatural quarter.

In Massachusetts there is a city called Springfield, and in that city there is a Christian institution named the Hampden county jail. One hundred and twenty Christians were quartered therein on Sunday, August 7th, in the year of their lord and savior 1887. Of course, in a Christian institution there is a Sunday-school, and on the day mentioned the Sunday-school was in session. After the opening exercises of prayer and a course of catechism, the audience was requested to remain and listen to addresses from Mr. Holt, state organizer of the Massachusetts Prohibitory party, and from Mr. Major, a professional pietist. Under the circumstances, the audience agreed to remain.

Mr. Major is a Canadian, and formerly adhered to the sect known as Roman Catholics. In his address to the Christians temporarily abiding in Hampden county jail he thought it necessary to allude to this change in his mental affairs, and added that he "had never heard the gospel preached in its purity until he heard it in a Protestant church." Now, this may or may not be a statement agreeing with fact—which constitutes Truth—but it certainly is a statement about which there may be two opinions. And though laboring under certain disadvantages for a free and full discussion of the matter, the audience showed itself not insensible to the heresy, from a Roman Catholic view, contained therein. Moreover, most of the audience were of the faith which Mr. Major had discarded. Parenthetically, and not as reflecting upon the zeal of the Protestants, we may remark that it is not an uncommon thing to find a majority of the inmates of such Christian institutions holding that faith. Mr. Major's remarks, therefore, were not received with favor. Prevented by a custom which obtains in Christian houses of worship from refuting the statement, the audience resorted to another custom prevalent in the layer of society in which most of them had previously moved. They began to scrape the floor with their well-shod feet, until Mr. Major's voice was heard only by those next to him, and then various unseen, but powerful-lunged, Christians added the superfluous command to "Shut up!" and "Sit down!" With a devotion to their religion which should enroll them with the church's martyrs, if not in the list of saints, they also refused to join in singing the closing hymn. Thus did they do all in their power to show their adherence to the religion of their childhood, and their aversion to the new sectarianism, amounting in their eyes to downright heresy.

This incident, as we hav said, may encourage Christians. It shows that there is at least one place where Infidelity has not penetrated.

## Editorial Notes.

We take back anything we may hav said in praise of the *Winsted Press*. The editor is not honest in his treatment of those from whom he differs.

The citizens of Atchison, Kan., hav been robbed by their municipal government of $65.000—$50,000 for a Lutheran college, and $15,000 for a Roman Catholic institution of ignorance.

Mr. Lambert, the Waterloo priest, has issued a book called "The Tactics of Infidels." Mr. Lambert found his Waterloo when McArthur got after him, and before he writes books abusing the Infidels he should purge himself of the charge of cowardice in refusing to meet John Remsburg in debate at Buffalo.

The religious press will shortly teem with long and harrowing accounts of the persecution of the meek followers of Jesus by the bloodthirsty adherents of Mohammed. The following dispatch from Bombay tells why: "The Russian mission which recently went to Kashgar has been compelled to return to Khokand. Members of the mission so outraged public opinion in Kashgar by insulting Mohammedan women that a riot against the Russians was provoked. In this several missionaries were killed." It is too bad that the wicked Mohammedans refuse to be converted by the sinless Christians.

The Rev. U. D. Gulick is a good specimen of a ministerial dead beat. He belongs in Brooklyn. Four years ago he confessed to his congregation that he was in debt $4,000. The consistory assumed the debt, raised the money, and discharged the obligation. Mr. Gulick, however, did not learn a lesson by this extreme kindness, and on July 1st last an ice dealer sued him for $300. On July 11th the consistory held a meeting, and the pastor confessed that he owed no less than $15,000. Then Mr. Gulick was informed that he could hav up till next July to find another charge, as he was not the kind of a man they wanted. The reverend gentleman is now on a vacation in the Far West.

In E. H. Heywood's *Word* for September, Mr. C. Severance says:

"The Truth Seeker, under the management of its present editor, is mighty 'pure;' there is little danger of Comstock's finding in it anything offensiv on the sex question. Intellect without courage never performs wonders; though there are brains enough in the Truth Seeker office, the courage of D. M. Bennett departed with him. The milk-and-water manner in which Macdonald deals with Elmina's case shows how little real interest he takes in the matter; he seems afraid of being contaminated with social impurity, and writes with gloves on when touching her case. He will escape the smut of 'obscenity,' retain his immaculate pulchritude, and never, never transgress 'law' made to regulate sex-intercourse and hav people 'virtuous.'"

We are pleased to hav Mr. C. Severance write of us as he does.

At the first session of the German Roman Catholic Central Union of America, held in Chicago, September 5th, the following resolution was warmly and almost unanimously supported:

"Whereas, The so-called Knights of Labor come forth from day to day with their talk for the purpose of helping the workingmen to their rights by unrighteous means, and trampling law and order under foot, and try to destroy scriptural faith; therefore be it hereby

"*Resolved*, That we urge all Catholic working people to keep away from said societies, for, according to our experience, such company is not advisable for Catholic working people, for where Prohibitionists, Anarchists, and Socialists assemble to consult about the welfare of mankind there should not be found any German Catholic workingmen. In order to protect the good name of German Catholic societies from injury, all societies should be exhorted not to receive in their midst any Knights of Labor, and such as are already in them should be induced to leave said order of the Knights of Labor."

From this it will be seen that affairs in labor, church, and foreign race societies are getting mixed.

Three months ago, as the London *Standard* is informed by its Cairo correspondent, Mr. Charles Neufield, a merchant trading in the Soudan, was captured by the followers of the present Mahdi. The simple alternativ was laid before him of renouncing the faith of Christianity and professing Mohammedanism, or death. Thereupon Mr. Neufield made this formal declaration:

"'In the name of God and His Prophet!' 'Mohammed of the Islims.'—From Addrabbus Abdallah of Muslemani (Charles Neufield).—When I departed from Assouan with Saleh's men, having arms and ammunition sent to him by government, we reached Selima Wells without hindrance. After taking water we went on. We were met by some Mahdists, and a fight ensued. We had fifty-five men. More men of the opposit side came up, belonging to Abd el Rahman el Negoume. We were beaten, some being slain, the rest being made prisoners. All our arms and ammunition were taken. We were all taken to Abd el Rahman el Negoume at Dongola, who sent us on to Omderman to be brought before the successor of the Mahdi. We expected death, but our lord graciously forgave us on condition of becoming Moslems. We did so, and cried aloud before him that there is no god but one God—and Mohammed is his prophet. We then made a declaration that we believed in the Mahdi (present) I fully believe in the truth of Moslemism. I was pardoned by the kaliph, and escaped the death I deserved for being an infidel. Thanks to his bounty. Dafalla el Hagal deceived me, but through his baseness I hav reached felicity. Saleh Fadlalleh ran away. I thank Allah in that I am alive and in happiness.

"May 11, 1887 (17 Shaban, 1304)."

The Moslems are truer to their faith and old-time practices than the Christians. Both used to do this sort of thing.

## Personalities.

The *Independent Pulpit* for September says: "The New York Truth Seeker has conferred a favor upon its readers by the publication in serial chapters of a paper by Felix L. Oswald on 'The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism.' Mr. Shaw is right. Dr. Oswald's papers are valuable indeed, containing as they do practical instruction for the present well-being of the world."

T. B. Wakeman, we learn through a religious journal, has informed the New York *Times*, which referred to him as "Atheist Wakeman," that he "is not and never was an Atheist, in the common, or in any, meaning of that term." As the common meaning of the term is "one who denies the existence of a supreme intelligent being," this denial will be a revelation to Mr. Wakeman's friends.

The *Ironclad Age* says: "We observe that Ex-Rev. S. P. Putnam, who has run the Secular Union the past year, has fixed on Chicago as the place of the annual meeting, and October as the time. He has also decided to reëlect himself as rambling 'secretary'—the sole authorized lecturer and oracle of 'Secularism.'" As we remarked on a previous occasion, Dr. Monroe always writes good-naturedly, but is sometimes misunderstood. The good nature of the above paragraph protrudes prominently, but somehow we fancy it will not be misunderstood.

The Editor of our Children's Corner is summering at Onset Bay, the Spiritualist camp-ground she has written up so prettily. Once upon a time Miss Wixon entertained Spiritualistic views, but not lately. Previous to that she was a Universalist. Miss Wixon's hundreds of little friends will be pleased to know that she is handsome, wears her hair short, and used to be a school-teacher. Her father was a large mill-owner at Fall River, and when his operativs went on strike she took their part and made speeches in their meetings. Her "Apples of Gold" and "Story Hour" hav been given to thousands of children.

John E. Remsburg delivers annually more Infidel lectures than any other man in the country. S. P. Putnam has pressed him hard the last year, but Mr. Remsburg's record goes back farther than the Union secretary's. Mr. Remsburg is a slim brunet, of quiet demeanor and firm purpose. He rarely departs from the text of his lectures in their delivery, but in a debate, with no time for preparation, he is equally ready. His strong point is facts, volumes of which he has at his command with which to overwhelm opponents. He knows more about the New Testament than the men who wrote it, and on the Sunday question he can outtalk a Seventh Day Adventist. He was a soldier at sixteen, a school-teacher after the war, and left the pedagog's bench for the platform. He owns a farm in Kansas, where he shines as a pomologist.

## A Tennessee Opinion of Political Preachers.

*From the National Review, Anti-Prohibitionist.*

Sensible business men look with equal dread upon the possible political domination of the saloons and that of the preachers.

The Prohibition contest has narrowed down to an issue between the saloons and the political preachers—the two chief spiritual nuisances of the age.

Preachers who don't even pay a poll tax and who liv altogether by public charity can better than anybody else afford to ridicule the consideration of the revenue feature of a great economic question.

Every Protestant preacher in the land loudly condemns the Catholic church for its intervention in the state affairs of Europe, and yet a good many of these same Protestant preachers are daily endeavoring to engraft their peculiar religious notions into the constitutions of states in this Union.

The preachers in the Southern Methodist church did more than any other single agency on the earth to bring about the late Rebellion. They talked politics on the streets and on the highways; they wrote politics in their religious journals; they preached politics from the pulpits and proclaimed the divine right of slavery until red-handed war rent the nation asunder, swallowed up the treasures of the land, and sent a half-million people to bloody graves. Thus hav we had a very large and expensiv lesson on the subject of political preachers. Wisdom admonishes us to profit by it.

SOME WHEREASES AND ONE RESOLVED.

*Whereas*, A Baptist preacher, late of Chattanooga, was guilty of a gross violation of good morals and a grievous sin against society, in that he was detected in criminal relations with a female of questionable repute; and

*Whereas*, A Presbyterian preacher of Atlanta went to Cincinnati, got on a bender, and raised Cain to the evil example of all like offenders, and against the peace and dignity of society; and

*Whereas*, The Rev. Bays, a Southern Methodist preacher of Knoxville, had to leave the city three weeks ago, in the night time, for outraging society by becoming a seducer; and

*Whereas*, The Rev. Longbottom, a preacher from Blount county, went to the hotel at Knoxville recently and registered a woman whom he had ruined as his wife, taking rooms with her, contrary to good morals and to the higher usages of society; and

*Whereas*, The Rev. Gambel, or some such name, an Episcopal preacher of Jackson, Tenn., was recently shot on the streets by an irate husband for criminally destroying the domestic felicity of the assailant, the same being opposed to good morals, and calculated to unduly disturb society; and

*Whereas*, Numerous and divers other instances might be mentioned wherein preachers hav figured conspicuously as instrumentalities for shocking society and lowering the standard of morality; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That the constitution of the state be so amended as to prohibit the manufacture of preachers by the various colleges of the country, the public morals requiring it.

## Reynolds's Appointments for September.

Sweet Home, Ind.....8, 9
Lafayette, Ind.....11, 12, 13
Monticello, Ill.....14, 15. 16
Mattoon, Ill.....18, 19. 20, 21
Centralia, Ill.....22, 23, 24

The children will miss their Corner this week. For some reason which we are not able to explain, the usual contribution of the editor of the Corner has not reached us.

# Letters from Friends.

CENTRAL CITY, NEB., Aug. 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please send me your journal for three months more. You can consider me a regular subscriber. I am a poor mechanic, but I am not orthodox. I would rather giv $50 to the Infidel cause than 50 cents to a church. We hav nine churches here in a town of one thousand five hundred inhabitants. E. M. ELLITHORP.

ELK GROVE, CAL., Aug. 10, 1887.

MR EDITOR: I know I am a little short, but I inclose $5 for two years from last April; would hav sent the money sooner, but was waiting on some half-hearted Freethinkers to get some more subscribers for the grand old paper, but it was no go; they hav promised and promised until I hav become tired. We would love, oh, so much, to hav C. B. Reynolds at our little village, when he comes to the Golden state. My pious regards to Miss Wixon, John Peck, and Watson Heston. Long may they liv. JACK COTTRELL.

STEVENSVILLE, MON. TER., Aug. 4, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please find $10 inclosed, for which send us five subscriptions of THE TRUTH SEEKER for one year. I reside on Bitter Root Valley and hav for the last thirteen years. I hail from Illinois. Our beautiful valley is outdone and overrun with sectarian preachers. I would like well to hav some Freethought and reform man come here and lecture. I am the getter up of the club which I send. I stumbled on a copy of your TRUTH SEEKER and, on inquiry, I found Mr. Warner is taking it, who, I believe, is the only such person in the valley. JAMES PHELPS, SR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., Aug. 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I herewith send three dollars for a year's subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER in advance. I would like to extend your circulation if I knew how to accomplish it. Out of the whole number of the people there appear to be but few real readers. I must or cannot but revere the paper on account of my admiration of its founder, whom I supposed likely to liv longer than myself, for I am now nearly eighty and cannot do much anyway. I consider the paper very good, yet as to the matter of the pictures I suppose the conductors of the paper to be much more likely to judge correctly of that than I am. WM. NEWMAN.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Aug. 19, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: A few weeks ago I forwarded a check to your office of $5 in payment of two years' subscription. In THE TRUTH SEEKER of August 20th R. S. D. said he believed that land belonged to the human family, like the atmosphere and sunlight, and I say it is true. Therefore, the United States government will giv away farms of one hundred and sixty acres free of cost. All that a person has got to do is to select a vacant piece of United States government land; send in his application; then settle, improve and enjoy it like the free atmosphere and sunlight. It is not in the power of the government to do any more. If the Socialists desire land they must make application to the government for it; they can get all they want for nothing.

AUGUST BUESING.

On last Saturday evening about suudown, on the Sterling Johnson place, two and a half miles southeast of Milan, six angels were seen to fly down into the yard of Mrs. Wood, a widow lady. It seems that Mrs. Wood was very ill and several ladies were present attending to the wants of the sick, when a noise in the yard attracted their attention. Upon looking out of the window they saw an angel, and in a moment more it was joined by five others. They were there only a few moments, and took their flight, flying straight until lost from view. They, with the exception of wings, were in the form and shape of man, with clear cut and finely formed features, and were clothed with garments of pure and spotless white, while a halo of heavenly light encircled their heads. The above was told to us as the truth, and can be vouched for by the ladies in attendance upon Mrs Wood. Be that as it may, it has created considerable excitement in the neighborhood.—*Milan Exchange, Gibson Co., Tenn:*

COALTON, KY., Aug. 23, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: From the inclosure you will see the angels hav been visiting in Tennessee, and as angels' visits are so few and far between, I concluded to send you the account of the same, and hope you will not hav the audacity to doubt the truth of the statement. S. P. HERRON, P.M.

ASHTABULA, O., Aug. 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I was very much taken with the idea contained in the inclosed article in the Pittsburgh *Commercial Gazette*:

Bitterness of feeling is becoming intense between the Roman Catholics of German and Irish descent in the Northwest. This is to be regretted. The fostering of foreign national animosities among American citizens under any pretext, or for any cause, is a positiv injury to the republic. As a means of prevention in such case we would kindly suggest to all concerned the example set by the Protestant Episcopal church in the early days of the nation. It laid aside its foreign ecclesiastical allegiance, and became an American church without deviating from the doctrins or dogmas of the church of England in matters of faith and morals. Should the members of the Roman Catholic church in America pursue the same course there is much reason to think that the grounds of such dissensions would be largely removed. Whatever may be our religious creeds, political beliefs, or social ethics, we should all be Americans, and the name of no other nationality be recognized among our citizens.

If the doctor could induce his fellow-Catholics to throw off the authority of the pope, and start an American Catholic church entirely independent of Rome, how very much better citizens they would become. There would then be no reason for them to swear allegiance to the United States with a reservation, as they hav to do now, for their first allegiance is to the pope, and we all know he claims to be above all states or other governments. It is impossible to serve two masters, and while they owe allegiance to the pope they can not be true citizens of the United States; they cannot even own their own churches, but all church property is held in trust by the bishops for the propaganda in Rome, Italian aliens. How much more independent they would be as strictly American Catholics, owing no allegiance to any foreign potentate whatever, and keeping the millions of property in their own hands. If Dr. McGlynn can bring about this he will be the greatest benefactor to the United States as well as the Catholic church the world has yet seen, and the times seem opportune for such a movement. Let American Catholics throw off the Romish yoke and become American citizens indeed. Let them keep the deeds of the vast amount of church property that is theirs by right out of the hands of the blood-sucker of Rome, and manage their own affairs as all independent Americans do. If Dr. McGlynn will advocate this I am mistaken if a large majority of the Catholic population does not join him with a will that will be perfectly irresistible. J. DOWNES.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Boston's great mathematical genius, G. N. Hill, evades the proffered bet. He is not willing to abide the test of his assertion that his so-called Freethought calendar started with and from the 1st of January, 1600, counting now 287 is all right; which I controvert as a gross error of fact, because it counts one year short, as 288 is correct.

He avoids the real question above and catches at a straw, juggler like. Let us now examin his offer which he calls "generous and praiseworthy." He seems to hav a "Paine Hall share" and is willing to part with it, but I hav no knowledge whether it is worth anything or nothing, and of course if worthless, or nearly so, what good would it do THE TRUTH SEEKER? Then he wants me to giv a share, or $25, to Mr. Seaver first; thereafter he will write to get a decision, holding meanwhile his share himself. Who ever heard of such an arrangement before? His writing might not giv the true question in discussion. For the last time I will offer this: Let us ask the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER to send for a decision by a professor of mathematics in one of the named colleges, this question: "If a calendar is started from and with the first day of January, 1600, what is the number of the year to count now?" Under the decision, to be plain, the professor shall sign his name for publication in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and maybe in other papers.

Now, if Mr. Hill will promis to put up the money or a certified check of $25, I will deposit first my $25 with THE TRUTH SEEKER, whose Editor is personally unknown to me, and within eight days after Mr. Hill is notified he shall deposit his money, not a share, with THE TRUTH SEEKER. If not complied with I shall be at liberty to withdraw because of Mr. Hill's failure to deposit. When both deposits are made, then let the Editor take the trouble to write for a decision; if I win, THE TRUTH SEEKER shall hav the gain; if Mr. Hill wins, he shall be at liberty to pocket it if it suits him.

If this offer does not suit Mr. Hill, any other substitute of the 287 guard is welcome to take it up. FRED. KOEZLY.

FORT BASSINGER, FLA., July 29, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been rambling some about the state since I wrote before and hav never been able to get THE TRUTH SEEKER regularly, but I got a lot when I reached Kissimmee City on my way up, and another lot at Charlotte Harbor some time ago. I suppose my time is about out, and as soon as I hit communication again I will send a little money. My trip from Charlotte Harbor up the Caloochie-hatchie, through Okeechobee, up the Kissimmee, and through Lake Kissimmee, Hatchenbaw, Syphrus, and Tobopeklega to Kissimmee City would be interesting to those who love nature and beautiful wilds. I left Kissimmee for Gainesville, and farther up the state I met old friends I had not seen for six years, whom I had left as a poor wandering missionary, setting forth hoping to be able to shed a little light of reason and truth in the dark places where few, if any, had found it. I wished to teach all to walk by the plumb-line of rectitude, to love each other, and love the great universal animating power which I call God. I met with varied success. Sometimes many believed; but, alas! the blatant, pulpit-pounding, hell-fire and brimstone shouters drive reason from man. But here I was again, after six years' warfare in the wilds of south Florida. Those six years would make a history. My old friends gathered around, and the crowds I spoke to reached away up in the hundreds. The six years' absence, I suppose, caused many to come and see me, but I think a belief in common sense, equity, and evolution is taking possession of the people. I hope so. I returned to Kissimmee City, took command of the schooner Arcadia, and ran her down to Charlotte Harbor. There was a bar on the schooner, and sometimes the boys along the river (cow-boys) would get rather full, but we had no great trouble until I reached the quarantine boats lying awaiting such as we who should come up from Punta Rassa. These I was forced to run, as I had no clearance papers, and I supposed the cargo would be confiscated if captured. It was daylight, and a quarter-stern wind which rose to a gale, and the chase became exciting. The two sloops were about one mile astern. As I was about to round Punta Gorda, a blizzard struck me and snapped my foremast. I lowered away the foresail. My jib still hung by the splintered mast. I ran my flag up, Union down, payed off the main-sheet, got before the wind, and continued the race. As I hove anchor at Charlotte Harbor the foremost sloop was off about a cable's length. We had some trouble, and I passed on to the United States revenue cutter and turned my schooner over to Rev. F. U. Durrence, United States officer. Thus ends the first cruise of the Arcadia. I took the first train for Fort Ogden. Then came a lonely walk through the wilds for one hundred miles. I saw much baleful country and much waste land, many cattle, and not a few deer, and some turkeys. My sloop, the Lucy H., is here. My wife and boys are also here. I shall rest a little, then go down to Charlotte Harbor, where I hope to get more TRUTH SEEKERS.

While I was in Palatka I spent a day or two with our good friend Morse, who is a business partner of Mrs. Vorce. That puts me in mind that I attended a Spiritual *sit* at her house, Mrs. Vorce being the medium. I hav but little faith in what I saw there, though I hope all were sincere, for I should hate to think they did not believe it themselvs. They are kind people, but I could not find the thing I long hav sought (a spirit).

I am glad those flags did not come South. It could not hav made the rising generation feel more patriotic to see the battle-torn flags their fathers fought and died under. They should always remain among the boys or the children of the boys who took them. REV. SAML. B. HURLBUT.

NEW CASTLE, WASH. TER., Aug. 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The war I announced is over, and we are now gathering in the spoils in the shape of nine new subscribers. Pretty good—don't you think so? General Samuel P. Putnam took the lead, and led us on to a grand victory. He charged the enemy with his "Universal Mental Liberty" and his "New Heaven and Earth," and you may guess at the commotion that followed. I thought that we would hav another Uriah transaction, but we had prepared for any emergency of the kind, although some wanted to hang him, others to tar and feather him, others dynamite him; but he got out all right after selling from thirty to thirty-five dollars' worth of books, which will prepare his way for the next tour out here. We had splendid audiences both nights, but what created great animosity in the bosom of our Christian friends was that the band boys turned out to serenade my preacher, as they called Mr. Putnam here; but for all that, it made our hearts feel kind of gay under the influence of such sweet music.

Yours fraternally, JENKIN MORGAN.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The social problem being squarely made a political issue, I will suggest the expediency of the politician reformers giving us a logical definition of the term monopoly. For, unless they giv us an intelligent definition of the term, I think their tirades against monopoly should seem like sounding brass—plenty of sound, too much brass, and hollow as a bubble. Though none should need to be informed of the self-evident fact that exclusiv ownership constitutes monopoly, it appears that everybody has need to be reminded of the equally evident fact that private ownership, being necessarily exclusiv, is monopoly *per se*, irrespectiv of the amount owned or the pretense on which ownership is assumed. Therefore I think it should seem absurdly inconsistent to rail against monopoly, and advocate and foster a principle from which monopoly is inseparable and without which monopoly is impossible. Nevertheless, such appears to be the position generally taken by professional advocates of reform; and their taking that position is somewhat suggestiv to my view that none need reforming more than do the reformers themselvs.

"Labor advocates" assume that human labor creates all wealth; on that questionable assumption they further assume that those who perform the labor should hav an exclusiv right to all wealth. That looks very like monopoly in another disguise, and can hardly fail to be the same monster of inequity in that disguise that he is in all others, notwithstanding the pretense of his being an honest workingman. Therefore until professional advocates of social reform can unanimously agree to accept the self-evident fact that, by the law of our being, every individual inherits an equal right to liv and to the means of living, irrespectiv of all other considerations than the fact of his being, I shall think it advisable to hav an army in readiness to prevent them and their dupes asserting the right to establish monopoly on a broader and firmer base than it now has. Hence, the social problem is resolved into the simple question of whether private ownership, monopoly, is a just or unjust principle. If it is a just principle, it should not produce unjust results, and no reform should be needed or called for. If it is an unjust principle, we should not reasonably expect to get just results from it, hence it should necessarily be abolished to initiate reform.

Private ownership of wealth gave birth to the laws we hav and made them a necessity; therefore nothing will be gained by repealing the laws unless we abolish the cause of them. I hav not yet made the discovery that private ownership of wealth is so prolific of facilities for working people procuring the means of living that they can well afford to dispense with any of them. It requires millions of days' work to pay the interest on the national debt; hence it givs employment to thousands that enables them to acquire the means of living. So does the army and navy. So does the liquor traffic. That traffic is peculiarly exempt from the charge of coercing people through their necessities to support it. Therefore I shall fail to see that the working people will be benefited by abolishing them unless other facilities for procuring the means of living are amply provided. Hence, when we hav a system established that will secure ample means of living to every individual, man, woman, and child, without resort to base practices, we shall hav a healthy, vigorous, and progressiv reform movement inaugurated. I shall fail to see any reasonable hope of reform on other terms or conditions.

The individualist is unwilling to accept reform on those conditions because they necessarily involve collectivism. Nevertheless, I think he will not undertake to dispute the self-evident fact that the human race are gregarious; instinctivly inclined to collectivism for mutual protection and social enjoyment, and to mutually assist each other. But private ownership throws every individual upon his individual resources, and compels him to be an individualist, prac-

tically, whether he has a desire to be or not. Hence private ownership is the fundamental principle of individualism, and individualists are themselvs dissatisfied with the result; but instead of reform they propose progress from bad to worse by repealing all laws. I think they had better not, for the laws are the only salvation of their pet institution.

J. A. TUTTLE.

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LANARK, ARK., Aug. 5, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed in another letter you will find $1.50 to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER for another six months. I like THE TRUTH SEEKER better than all the papers I ever read—wicked as it is. Heston is leaving the monkey out sometimes. Send the "righteous citizen" along; he or she is in the right place every time. We can't do without our ancestor. I wish THE TRUTH SEEKER and our cause grand success and a glorious victory for humanity's sake. But, great eternal, what a fight there is ahead! T. H. MONTGOMERY.

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SALEM, NEB., Aug. 21, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Brother Bell's sojourn here was an intellectual treat to the Liberals. He delivered three of his splendid lectures, among which were many beautiful thoughts that will, I believe, help to develop individuality in everyone that heard them. Below is an agreement by Rev. Williamson and W. S. Bell to be fulfilled during the fall:

"We, whose names are hereon, agree to discuss the following propositions:

"1. *Resolved*, That Christ is a historic character, the logos of God, and hence the savior of the world. Affirmativ, T. J. Williamson.

"2. *Resolved*, That the Bible is of human origin, and not a revelation from God. Affirmativ, W. S. Bell."

None of the Christians doubt the elder's "ability to handle the subject in a most affable manner" (local paper).

Ever yours, T. P. BEINEGAR.

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PINE RIVER, COL., Aug. 16, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: It might be to the benefit of some syndicate or colonists to know where to get a fine tract of government land, estimated variously at from ten thousand to twenty thousand acres, susceptible of irrigation, water power immense. The water will hav to be taken out in a ditch about fifteen miles long. It is right in the heart of the finest stock country now extant, and right on the railroad. The altitude is about six thousand feet, and in as healthy a country as there is in the world, splendid for fruit, and mountain scenery. The climate is delightful.

Now, if any person or corporation wants further particulars, they will please address me at my office. It is a fine opening for a colony.

Please insert this in your valuable paper as a letter, and oblige Yours, not for Christ's sake, but for the sake of humanity, E. KEITH.

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WINDOM, KAN., Aug. 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I suppose you claim to be what your "Infiddle paper," as the Catholic from Cork terms it, implies. If so, will you insert the following facts of my experience in THE TRUTH SEEKER, which do away with cold Materialism in my case forever? The light of a new belief, nay, a positiv knowledge, has dawned upon me.

About a year ago, being badly broken down in health, from overwork at farming, I had a serious illness, during which whispering voices began to speak to me, which came from the viewless air. These voices claimed to be the voices of those who had died, relativs, friends, etc., but mostly those of strangers, who appeared to be solicitous about my health and gave me good advice in regard thereto.

During my sickness I was sadly mistreated by a member of the medical fraternity, who, I am sorry to think, had the greenback god instead of the fear of the Lord before his eyes, and had he not been discharged, I should probably now be among these unseen people instead of conversing with them across the line—for at the present time they can talk to me better than ever.

Since my Sangrado's departure they hav taken charge of my case entirely, and benefited my health materially by treating me to electric shocks, manipulating my person in various ways, and administering, by nasal inhalation, fragrant herb and delicious, fruitlike-smelling medicins. Whoever they are, these people are far better educated and more refined than I am.

They inform me that the reason they can influence me so well is that, owing to my peculiar physical organization, condition of health, their manipulations, etc., the spiritual part of my being—sight, hearing, etc.—is becoming preternaturally developed.

They not only talk to me as familiarly as those of my own family, but represent to my vision lifelike-looking people, animals, specimens of architecture, beautiful scenery, and flowers in brilliant colors of various hues.

They claim to know what is going on in our world better than we do ourselvs, notwithstanding our telegraphs, railroads, newspapers, etc.

They claim that every distinct thought, prominent act, and thing seen by the eyes of a mortal is plainly impressed on the cells of the brain and can be viewed by them at any time. In proof of this, they told me of acts in my past life which I had forgotten for years.

They appear to be desirous that people here should understand these things—particularly that, when death comes, their real persons liv on, unperceived by their friends because they are spiritually blind, and that the better lives they liv in this their first conscious state of existence, the better prepared they will be to enter the next, which is the true life, and a state of rational enjoyment according as they become fitted for it, untrammeled by earthly care and drudgery, and everlasting. So we may truly say of the soul, in the words of Addison's "Cato;"

> The stars shall fade away, the sun
> Himself shall die, and nature sink in years,
> But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
> Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
> The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

Although they inform me about things in their world as fast as I can comprehend them, which they call fundamental truths, they are not always in a serious mood, but appear to believe in the old saw:

> A little nonsense now and then
> Is relished by the best of men.

I hav laughed heartily at many a fine joke from one who claims to hav been a humorist well known on earth several years ago. In fact, each one who talks with me—and I hav a good many invisible visitors—has a distinct individuality, the same as mortals.

To conclude, I know very little about Spiritualism, as taught by its earthly advocates. I saw just enough of its manifestations years ago to excite my ridicule. Having a knack at rhyming, I even went so far as to satirize it in a metrical composition, which I was vain enough at the time to think very smart, but which looks a little queer to me now in the light of my present knowledge—for I suppose mine to be a case of genuin Spiritualism.

By the way, I see you advertise a book, written by an M.D., on "The Treatment of Mediomania." I merely mention it out of curiosity, for I hav no use for the book. In my present state of mind, I would rather not be cured of it. On the contrary, I really hope the disease will become more prevalent, and in good time be universally acknowledged as a means to the truth which all men must realize some time.

I now look upon Spiritualism as the most rational doctrin in regard to nature's final disposition of the human race ever taught to man.

Its earthly teachers are not trained in a theological school, but constitute a certain few of our race who seem to be marked by nature's self for their calling, and who, under favorable circumstances, become fully developed and inspired by those who appear to understand the art, and certainly "know whereof they speak." N. S.

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ST. LOUIS, MO., Aug. 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: If there is anything that I dislike to do it is to occupy the precious space in our greatest champion, THE TRUTH SEEKER, simply for the purpose of quibbling.

I am aware that dullness of comprehension is one of the worst faults of the human mind, and, too often, it is the result of neglect of proper mental exertion. In our TRUTH SEEKER of August 13, 1887, our beloved Malcolm tried to show that money is not a measure of values, and that a yard stick is a measure of distance, because distance is definit, while values fluctuate. To which I would say that distance also may fluctuate, and the unit of distance-measure may fluctuate by expansion and contraction, as does a surveyor's chain, by and through the changes of temperature. The distance between two ships upon the water may change (fluctuate) as may the value of Mr. Malcolm's horse. But at the time the comparison is made of the yardstick with the distance between the ships, it is found that the yardstick "goes into," or is contained in the distance a certain number of times, with or without a remainder. And this comparison is called measurement, just as the value of the horse, when established or agreed upon, is compared with the unit of value-measure, which, in the United States, is the dollar, and which may "go into," or be contained in, the value of the horse a certain number of times, with or without a remainder. Not that the dollar establishes the value of the horse any more than the yardstick establishes the distance between the ships. Supply and demand cause the establishment of value, while other conditions cause that of distance; and the value, when once fixed, ascertained, or agreed upon, is measured by, compared with, and expressed in dollars just as distance, when ascertained, is measured by, compared with, and expressed in yards.

A wealth-measure (dollar) established as I suggested in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 18, 1887, would be as nearly stable as is the surveyor's chain made of iron, while the dollar, made of or based upon gold or silver, regardless of its volume, is about as would be a surveyor's chain made of indiarubber. When buying land the surveyor, when measuring it, might stretch out his indiarubber chain to thrice, and, when selling land, he might measure it with his rubber chain at its normal length, just as the bankers do with money.

To illustrate, I will say that in 1879 some capitalists in Europe and America concocted a scheme to conquest, financially, Mexico. They first ascertained that the money in that county was of silver, and that the volume thereof was about $5 per capita, and that the wages of the average laborer there was about $5 per month including his food and lodging. They also knew that if they could obtain a permit to increase the volume of money in Mexico from $5 to $30 per capita, the wages of the average laborer would then increase from $5 to about $30 per month. They also knew that railroads in Mexico could not be made to yield a profitable income. But, in order, that the Mexican Congress might not be able to discern the trickery of their scheme, those foreign capitalists planted some non-paying railroads in that country, so that the boom that they were about inaugurating there, and the consequent prosperity of the industries of the people, might falsely be attributed to the railroads. They then sent the renowned capitalist-aiding General Grant, under instructions, over to Mexico, and he prevailed upon the over-awed, elated, and astounded Mexican Congress to enact a law which provided that whenever a banker in any of the principal cities of that country could show that he had one million silver Mexican dollars in his safe, and other property to the value of two million Mexican silver dollars, he might, upon that security, issue $2,000,000 in bank bills (paper money). This security was to be appraised every month by a board of appraisers appointed by the government, and the banker was obliged to publish his balance-sheet once every month in a prominent newspaper in the city wherein the bank was situated. Banks were then established in all the principal cities in Mexico, and all those bankers began to issue their paper money, paying it out for real estate which they bought.

For an example I will refer to the house and lot, No. 50 Commerce street, in Mexico City, which, under a volume of money of $5 per capita, was worth $10.000. The banker bought this house, and also many others, and paid $10,000 of his brand-new paper money for it. The man of whom the banker bought the house, having his pockets full of money, began to make many purchases of things that he fancied he stood in need of, as did many others who had sold houses to the bankers, and for various amounts.

Thus, in 1881, business in Mexico boomed as it did in no other country. Labor advanced in price from 20 cents to $1 a day, because dollars were abundant and cheap. The volume of money there had been increased from $5 to $30 per capita, and, of course, as would hav been the case with apples, or with anything else, dollars were abouts six times cheaper than they, prior thereto, had been. Each house, being an embodiment of so much labor, arose in value in the same proportion as did labor in any other form, till in 1883 the aforesaid house at No. 50 Commerce street was worth $60.000, and the appraisers were compelled to appraise it at that amount, as well as all other houses of that class that the banker had bought. And thus the wealth of his bank amounted to many millions, while his issue of paper money was only two millions, and, of course, it always remained at par with silver dollars. Then, in 1883, all those bankers in Mexico began to sell real estate. The house at No. 50 Commerce street was sold for $60,000, one-half cash, the balance to be paid in three yearly payments together with 10 per cent interest thereon.

The banker received the cash payment, $30,000 (the original cost of three such houses) in his own bank bills, and immediately burnt it up, saying, "There, that is $30,000 of my paper issue honestly redeemed."

At the end of the first year, the purchaser of the house walked into the bank and paid the first yearly instalment, $13,000, and, as before, the banker committed it to the flames. This was repeated at the end of the second year, and all the paper money the banker had issued had been thus redeemed and burnt up; leaving in circulation, in Mexico, but $5 per capita of silver money, and of course this house and lot were worth, as before, under a like volume of money, $10,000. At the end of the third year, the purchaser, owing principal and interest, $11,000, walked into the bank and told the banker that he had no money with which to pay it; that a terrible money panic had prevailed throughout Mexico during the last past year, and that he had found it a difficult task to keep his family from starvation. To which the banker replied saying, "Well, then I must foreclose the lien that I reserved against the property to secure the prompt payment of the purchase money. Pizness is pizness." The property was then sold at auction, and the banker bid it in at $10,500; leaving the purchaser still in debt to him, by promissory note, to the amount of $500; and ever since that time Mexico has been the dullest country out of doors. Those bankers all operated together, as do the national bankers throughout the United States, and now they own (or hold) a great portion of the most valuable property in the principal cities in Mexico; having treated the people there just as the bankers hav treated the people throughout the United States, through every money panic that has cursed our country.

Thus it may be seen how and why the total real and personal wealth of New York city, with a population of about 265,000, in 1836, amounted to $309,500,920, and, in 1850, when the wealth and population of that city had more than doubled that of 1836, the total value of her real and personal property amounted to but $286,061,816.

Every person who had, under an inflated volume of money, contracted to pay dollars, and was, thereafter, compelled to pay those dollars, under a contracted (reduced) volume of money, was robbed, world without end!

I don't mean to say that I hav stated the condition of affairs in Mexico exactly as it was, but nearly so, and sufficiently so for illustration.

We are just now, throughout the United States (Benighted States) entering upon another of those horrid money panics. The amount of money in the United States now is about $18 per capita. But $653,000,000 (about $11 per capita) of it is, by and through over-taxation, cornered, locked up in our treasury at Washington; leaving in circulation but $7 per capita among the people. I sincerely hope that none of the truth seekers owes dollars upon his home that fall due and must be paid under such a contracted condition of our money.

If the capitalists in America hav combined with those of Europe, wheat may go down in price, next year, to twenty-five cents per bushel; and all other wealth into which labor may hav been converted may go down in proportion; in which case railroad charges should be proportionately reduced; else the capitalist with his railroad will, as usual, get three times his share of wealth.

The capitalistic element corner money just as they do wheat, and if one is compelled to pay dollars when dollars are scarce and dear, he is in the same predicament that he would be in if he were obliged to deliver wheat when wheat might be scarce and dear. It is not a shrinkage in values; it is an increase in the wealth-measuring capacity of the dollar. Hoping that I may not hav failed to make this matter at least fully as clear as mud, and that our readers and thinkers may read this in connection with my letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 18th, I am,

Respectfully, GEORGE NEWTON.

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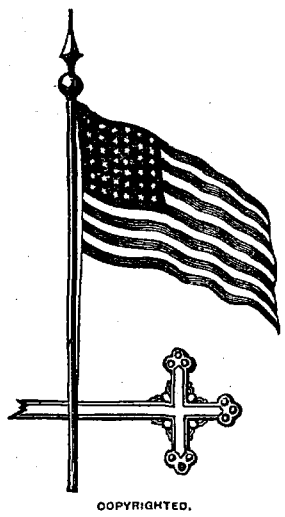
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LUCY N. COLMAN.

*Syracuse, N. Y.*, Aug. 29, 1887.

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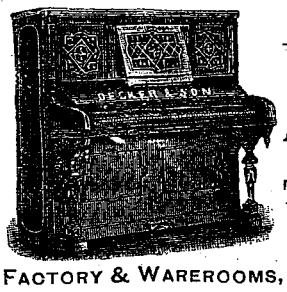
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## News of the Week.

It is now said that Powderly, master workman of the Knights of Labor, is making pacific overtures toward the leaders of the trades unions with a view to a reconciliation and an abandonment of his former hostil attitude toward them.

Bishop W. L. Harris, the greatest man among the Methodists, died last week aged 70.

The amount of taxes to be collected in New York city this year is $31.803,-174.55. The rate is $2.16 per $100.

There hav been great floods in Texas. Every bridge in Waco county is washed away, and the damage to crops amounts to $100,000.

The attorneys for the convicted Cook county, Ill., boodlers claim to hav made a startling discovery of vital error in the recent trial, totally invalidating the finding. One of the lawyers has said that it was nothing less than that the Illinois conspiracy statute is illegal. This is the law under which the Anarchists as well as the boodlers were convicted.

"Camp-meeting John" Allen, the downeast revivalist, died suddenly on the East Livermore camp grounds in Farmington, Me., on the 31st ult. He was 92 years old, and this was the 374th camp-meeting which he had attended.

The police made seventy-five arrests for liquor selling in this city last Sunday.

The Anti-Poverty Society held its usual religio-political meeting Sunday, with a large audience, mostly ladies, and took up a collection of $144.60.

Reports are still coming in of disasters from the cyclone on the Atlantic, August 24th, 25th, and 26th. Many incoming vessels bear marks of its ravages.

Ten thousand assembled at Ennis, Ireland, on the 4th inst. to attend a meeting of the Irish National League. It is worthy of mention as remarkable that there was no riot.

Labor Day, Sept. 5th, was observed by a large parade and picnic. Mayor Hewitt ordered the American flag to be floated from the City Hall, and all the city departments were closed.

The decision on the motion for a new trial for the Chicago Anarchists will be handed down this week. The general belief is that the verdict of the lower courts will be sustained, and that the sheriff will be instructed to proceed with the execution of the law on the condemned men.

The Socialistic organizations expelled by the George-McGlynn United Labor party held a meeting by delegates last Sunday. Three hundred men represented nearly eighty organizations, and were unanimous in condemning Henry George and resolved upon independent political action.

Mary Druse, the daughter of the Druse woman of Herkimer Co., N. Y., who murdered her husband, is now in the Onondaga county penitentiary under a life sentence for alleged complicity in the murder. She has become an imbecil and a movement is on foot to secure her pardon.

A San Francisco telegram says: "By the steamer Alameda, arrived yesterday, it is learned that the expedition in New Guinea, despatched to inquire into and punish the perpetrators of the recent massacre of missionaries and nativ Christians at the mouth of the Heath river, attacked a Moveavi village and had a fight with the nativs, several of whom were killed and a number wounded. One of the attackiug party was wounded by an arrow, but not seriously At a subsequent expedition the nativs fled and their village was burnt." The superior humanity of Christian civilization being thus demonstrated beyond dispute, no further inquiry as to the perpetrators of the alleged massacre will be necessary.


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JACOB FALLETH IN LOVE WITH RACHEL.

And while he yet spake with them, Rachel came with her father's sheep; for she kept them.—Gen. xix, 9.

## Odds and Ends.

Small boy (at church picnic): "I say, Johnny, where's them nice ham san'wiches your ma put up for you? These ain't no good." Johnny (bitterly): "The superintendent an' the teachers is a-eatin' of 'em."

Omaha bride: "Oh, I wish I were dead. I never supposed John would talk to me in that way." Omaha dame: "It's only a lover's quarrel, dear. Don't get a divorce." "Divorce! Horrors! I never dreamed of it." "No, it's no use, dear; no use at all. Every lady in Chicago will tell you that it is just as hard to get along with one man as another. They are all alike."

Servant (to the parson, who is very ill indeed): "If you please, sir, the chorister is downstairs' and wants to know if you won't giv him the hymns for next Sunday's service?" Parson (feebly): "Tell him there will be no service; I expect to be dead before next Sunday." Servant (exit and re-enter): "If you please, he says, then, will you be kind enough to send down the hymns you'd like sung at the funeral?"

The effete European monarchies hav very accurate ideas concerning the geography, politics, and history of this country. A recent issue of an English paper says: "Between the murderous red men and the barbarous Prohibitionists, the reservation of Kansas, west of the United States in North America, is likely to be depopulated. For years the Indians hav been making it exceedingly sultry for the whites who were allowed to settle there, and now, to add to the horror of the situation, the Prohibitionists, a large tribe of aborigines, hav commenced a war of extermination. The mode of warfare of this tribe is to capture the enemy and torture them in the most horrible manner. They will shut them up and keep them there until they die of thirst. The Prohibitionists are a peculiarly constructed people by nature, as they never drink anything and never get thirsty. Knowing that thirst is the worst torture their enemy could be subject to, they hold war-dances whenever a prisoner is captured. Postmaster-General Vilas has ordered three men-of-war to Wichita, where the entire reservation can be bombarded."

### PRAYER AND BUSINESS.

On Wednesday evening, about two months ago, prayer-meeting was held by the members of one of the leading churches of Aberdeen, this territory. Owing to some repairs being made in the church building, it took place at the residence of a prominent member of the church named Dawson, who was also a leading real estate dealer. The city was at that time in the hight of a boom.

Rev. Bagley had charge of the meeting, and, after a number of those present had offered prayers, the reverend gentleman called on Brother Dawson. He accordingly knelt by a chair, and, after a fitting introduction, said:

"And we desire to further thank thee this evening for allowing me to put my new north side addition upon——"

"Hold on, brother, hold on," interrupted Rev. Bagley. "It hardly seems to me proper for you to introduce private real estate deals in a supplication of a church prayer-meeting. Don't do it, Brother Dawson."

But Brother Dawson was of a stubborn disposition, and this only made him more determined. He continued:

"As I was saying, I desire to return thanks for thy providential guidance while placing my north side addition on the market. As thou probably knowest, I hav thrown the entire addition on the market at $450 per lot, though they are all well worth——"

"How's that, brother?" put in Rev. Bagley, eagerly, as he took his face out of his hands and peered sideways over his spectacles from where he was kneeling in front of the sofa.

"Four hundred and fifty dollars a lot, elder," answered Brother Dawson.

"Good gracious!" replied the minister, as he arose, "there's money in those lots at that figure. Just put me down for a block of about six. I'm willing to put my pile in north side dirt at that rate at any time. Here, Sister Dawson, bring us a pen a minute till we draw up the deed. I don't propose to take any chances on monkey business on as good a deal as this. Just remain kneeling, friends, this matter won't take but a moment's time."—*Dakota Bell.*

### THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF THE FREE-WILL BAPTISTS.

A party of deep-water Baptists held a service off the Canadian river bank, opposite the head of Grand Island, last Sunday. There were some ten or a dozen converts, mostly women. One of these was afraid of drowning, and she had her suit lined with cork from neck to heels, but she didn't say anything about it. The service proceeded without a hitch, and it came Sister Jones's turn to be immersed. The minister waded out into the stream, leading the sister by the hand, and repeating the ritual. When they got waist deep, Sister Jones had much difficulty in keeping her feet on the bottom, and the deeper she waded the more this trouble increased, but she didn't want to say anything.

All at once, however, the current took her off her feet and threw her lengthwise on the surface of the water. The minister grabbed her and tried to pull her under. The current was every instant dragging her out. The minister clutched frantically at the fair convert, who was herself struggling to assume an upright position, but without success. The minister felt himself getting out of his depth, and screamed for help, but no one offered to come out; the current was very swift. The minister looked around, and saw that he was slipping rapidly down the river; he couldn't touch bottom. With a superhuman effort he swung himself up and seated himself on his fair raft, and wildly flourished his arms to the people on shore, who were now fading into mere specks.

"This is horrible," said the minister, looking round on the waste of water; "in three hours we'll be over the falls. Sister Jones, let us sing something in this trying hour."

Sister Jones, who had been emitting shrieks like a steam calliope, only shrieked the louder, and the minister struck up in a rich, tremulous tenor, "Rescue the Perishing." He had hardly finished the first stanza, when a steam-yacht hove in sight and bore down on them in response to the gestures of the minister, and in fifteen minutes they were rescued in an exhausted condition. The clergyman is perhaps thinking of becoming a Congregationalist, while the young convert is so backslidden that fears are entertained she will become an Infidel.—*Buffalo Courier.*

## Gems of Thought.

Poor old Adam! Had it not been for that one bite of apple he might hav lived to a good old age, and been an honorable and useful member of society! How wrong to place such tempting, dangerous, and deadly fruit before an unsophisticated young man just made! Let us weep.—*D. M. Bennett.*

Ten persons will repent of a sin for one who will confess it—I do not mean to the priest—that may be an easy matter, but to the only person who has a claim to the confession, namely, the person wronged. Yet such confession is in truth far more needful to the wronger than to the wronged: it is a small thing to be wronged, but a terrible thing to wrong.—*Geo. Macdonald.*

Mankind would now be everywhere bowing down to idols of wood and stone as an act of religion, instead of doing righteousness, had not rational thought come in to clear away the superstition on which idol-worship rested. And even at this day, and in civilized communities, there are many superstitious beliefs that with vast multitudes of people are standing in the way of their seeing that the present practical religion is the doing of righteousness. Only the dispelling of ignorance, only the advancement of thought, can abolish the worship of beads and bibles, and bring in hat higher worship which cousists in the service of humanity and truth.—*W. J. Potter.*

The priests of Paris declared from the pulpit that "he has no religion who will not kill the Huguenots.' Pope Gregory XIII. showed his joy at the massacre of St. Bartholomew by having public thanksgivings offered in the churches, and a medal struck, which is still extant, as is the picture in the Vatican painted by his order, and stating that the pontiff approved of the murder of Coligny. Pius V., who was afterward made a saint, urged Alva, in the midst of the massacres in the Netherlands, to go on doing these noble deeds which would surely lead him to heaven. Such was the character of that church which boasts that she is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.—*Revue de Belgique.*

Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous. He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning.—1 *John* iii, 7, 8.

If the Mosaic account means anything, it means that whereas there was nothing, God caused something to exist—created what we know as matter. I cannot conceive of something being made or created without anything to make it with. I hav no more confidence in fiat worlds than in fiat money. Mr. Talmage tells us that God did not make the universe out of nothing, but out of his "omnipotence." Exactly how God changed "omnipotence" into matter is not stated. If there was nothing in the universe, "omnipotence" could do you no good. The weakest man in the world can lift as much of nothing as God can.—*Ingersoll's Tilt with Talmage.*

"Hermione, my wife! what has come of your reasoning faculties?" said Richard Fullerton. "What it would be as well if it came to yours, Richard—a little humility and a little faith," she answered, tartly. "If you are humble, dear, what is that which pretends to teach you?" he said. "A body of men declaring themselvs infallible—the possessors of immutable and eternal truth, affirming an intimate acquaintance with the secret counsels of God, to use their own phraseology—and the mappers out of heaven and hell, as if they had been over both with a measuring tape, and all quarreling among themselvs, and none of them knowing as much as we others of the world around them in which they liv. Do you not see that you are being traded on through your very virtues? that your humility is the pabulum of their insolence? your faith bolsters up their presumptuous assertions and makes their monstrous falsehoods possible?"—*Under Which Lord, by Mrs. Linton.*

Properly guarded, and borne in mind as the occasional exception, by no means as the rule, the return of injustice or ill-will by benevolence and kindly feeling may be of the utmost value, both in cultivating the best emotions in those who practice it, and in calling forth the repentance of those toward whom it is practiced; but as a universal and absolute principle it must be utterly rejected. Lao-tsze and Jesus, when they affirmed it, undoubtedly struck one of the highest notes in human nature. Yet it must be granted that Kung-tsze took a wider view, and that his injunction to recompense injury with justice, and kindness with kindness, is more consistent with a philosophic regard for the interests of mankind, and with a practicable scheme of social ethics.—*Amberley's Analysis of Religious Belief.*

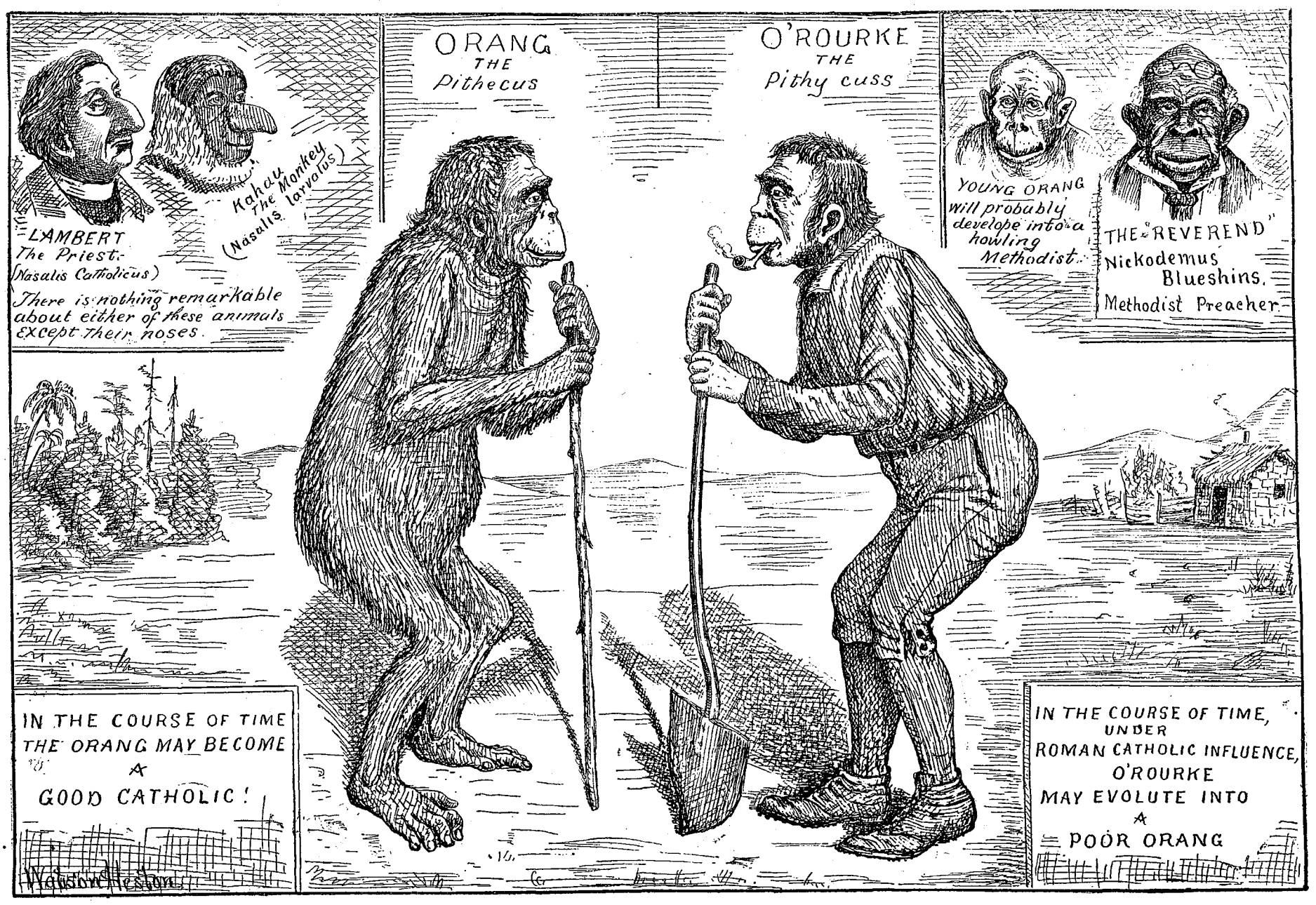
In Spain alone some of the best men—those who doubted, and without doubting there can be no progress—were eliminated during three centuries, at the rate of a thousand a year.—*Darwin's Descent of Man.*

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SOME PROBLEMS IN EVOLUTION

## Notes and Clippings.

THE Massachusetts Prohibitionists held a big convention last week and nominated a state ticket, with Wm. N. Earle at the head.

CAPT. BEN. RICHARDSON has loaned George Washington's coach to General Hoffman, of Philadelphia. It will appear in the Centennial parade on Sept. 15th.

MISS CARRIE CRITTENDEN is a soldier in the Salvation Army, and her trunk which recently went over the Michigan Central Railroad bore this inscription: "Carrie Crittenden. Blood and fire! Salvation Army! God is love! Repent or perish!"

CHAPLAIN MCCABE, the official solicitor of donations for the Methodist board of foreign missions, has just reported a gift of $130,000 from Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Hayes, of Indiana. This amount of money, at the average cost of converting heathen, will carry the gospel to several persons.

MR. LABOUCHERE has asked the English government to throw open the British and South Kensington Museums on Sundays. "A man might go to church and museum too," said Mr. Labouchere; adding, "He may perhaps learn something in both places, and at the museum he certainly will."

JACOB L. BUZZARD and others were engaged in digging a well on the premises of James Grant, not far from Bay City, Mich. At the depth of three feet they came across a large deposit of bones, which, from their appearance, were evidently those of some giant animal of the mastodon species. One of the tusks of this animal was six feet in length, and measured five inches in diameter at its base. A hip bone measured twelve inches in diameter, and a rib was found seven and a half feet in length. The jaw of the animal was also found, and measured four and a half feet in length.

YOU must not go down to church tomorrow evening with less that two bits in your pocket. You cannot expect to get a good sermon, fine music, and see the array of Kingston's beauty and fashion for less than twenty-five cents. The old nickel don't go. It's a two-bit ante.—*Kingston Mail.*

THE steamship City of Rome brought over 717 cabin passengers on her last trip. This is more cabin passengers than ever crossed the ocean before on one vessel. The City of Rome is the largest of the ocean steamers, and it takes a crew of 294 persons to work her and attend upon the passengers.

SALVATIONISTS are a great trouble to the authorities in many parts of England. By questions asked in Parliament it seems there are three members of the Salvation Army in prison for obstructing the highway at Warwick, and that five more were arrested at Stamford. They persist in using markets for their religious services in defiance of the decision of the magistrates.

MR. GLADSTONE was invited to be a guest of the committee who hav in charge the centennial celebration of the adoption of the American Constitution during the exercises of that occasion, but, owing to his various engagements at home, he was obliged to decline. In replying he says that the invitation is the most flattering he has ever received; that the Constitution is the most remarkable work of modern times; that the United States is without a parallel in the history of nations, and destined to remain so; that he will watch the proceedings with profound interest, and that, of his own option, he would be proud to be present. He adds that our kinsmen in England will pray for us.

SUPERINTENDENT COOPER rules as follows in answer to a query in regard to reading the Bible in the public schools of Texas: "The organic and statutory law both prohibit sectarianism in the public schools. The question whether the reading of a short selection from the Bible at the opening of school in the morning, without note or comment, constitutes sectarianism in an unsettled one, both in Texas and other states. There are several conflicting decisions on the subject. I advise that teachers conducting public schools who wish to use a Bible arrange their program in such a way that the time of Bible reading, which should be without note or comment, will not be included in the same hours prescribed by law for such daily session. I further advise that attendance on the Bible reading be made optional."

A MR. HOWARD LIVESEY complains in the *Christian World* of the profane language he hears in the streets, and cries out for a stringent law to put it down. "But why all this pother on the part of the Christian?" asks the London *Freethinker*. "Nearly every oath is derived from religion, and there are more damns in the Bible than in any other book we are acquainted with. Besides, there is this difference between ordinary cursing and church cursing. When a rough fellow in the street damns your eyes, he doesn't mean you any harm, and probably if you tumbled down he would help you up again; but when a theologian damns you to all eternity for daring to differ from his infallible little brain, he really means it, and looks forward with considerable pleasure to your champion swim on the billows of hell. Let Mr. Livesey turn his pious indignation against the cursing pulpits first, and leave bus-drivers and costermongers till the last."

A BLUE book was published lately containing last year's correspondence on the slave trade. Colonel Schaefer, the head of the Department for the Suppression of the Slave Trade, states in 1886 that in six months thirty-six persons, many of them professional dealers, had been tried by court martial for buying or selling slaves; of these thirteen were condemned, four acquitted, ten were still under judgment, and nine were released for want of evidence. The report as to the progress of the Home for Women Slaves in Cairo, founded by the efforts of Mr. Clifford Lloyd and Mrs. Sheldon Amos, is encouraging. In May, 1886, 170 women had been received into the home, most of them negresses, a few Circassians, and a few Abyssinians. According to another report drawn up by Colonel Schaefer, in the twelve months previous to May, 1885—that is, before the Slavery Department took over the working of the Manumission bureaus—the number of slaves freed in Egypt proper amounted to 1,032. In the following year that number increased to 2,786. of whom 853 were the property of Dongola refugees. In 1883 there were thirty-two slave dealers in Cairo; there are now only four or five, and they only act as brokers.—*St. James's Gazette.*

# Communications.

## The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

Author of "Physical Education," "The Secret of the East," etc.

### I.—Mental Maxims.

CHAPTER VIII.—PRUDENCE.

*A.—Lessons of Instinct.*

The first germs of animal life have been traced to the soil of the tropics, and in the abundance of a perennial summer the instincts of pleasure and pain may long have sufficed for the protection of mere existence. But when the progress of organic development advanced toward the latitude of the winter-lands, the vicissitudes of the struggle for existence gradually evolved a third instinct: The faculty of anticipating the menace of evil and providing the means of defense. The word *Prudence* is derived from a verb which literally means *fore-seeing*, and that faculty of *Foresight* manifests itself already in that curious thrift which enables several species of insects to survive the long winter of the higher latitudes. Hibernating mammals show a similar sagacity in the selection of their winter quarters. Squirrels and marmots gather armfuls of dry moss; bears excavate a den under the shelter of a fallen tree; and it has been noticed that cave-loving bats generally select a cavern on the south side of a mountain or rock. Beavers anticipate floods by elaborate dams. Several species of birds baffle the attacks of their enemies by fastening a bag-shaped nest to the extremity of a projecting branch. Foxes, minks, raccoons, and other *carnivora* generally undertake their forages during the darkest hour of the night. Prowling wolves carefully avoid the neighborhood of human dwellings and have been known to leap a hundred fences rather than cross or approach a highway.

Young birds, clamoring for food, suddenly become silent at the approach of a hunter; and Dr. Moffat noticed with surprise that a similar instinct seemed to influence the nurslings of the Griqua Hottentots. Ten or twelve of them, deposited by their mothers in the shade of a tree, all clawing each other and crowing or bawling at the top of their voices, would abruptly turn silent at the approach of a stranger, and huddle together behind the roots of the tree—babies of ten months as quietly cowering and as cautiously peeping as their elders of two or three years. Young savages, and often the children of our rustics, show an extreme caution in accepting an offer of unknown delicacies. I have seen a toddling farmer's boy smelling and nibbling an orange for hours before yielding to the temptation of its prepossessing appearance. Only the distress of protracted starvation will induce the Esquimaux to touch their winter stores before the end of the hunting season; and the supposed improvidence of savages is often due to the influence of a hereditary disposition once justified by the abundance which their forefathers enjoyed for ages before the advent of their Caucasian despoilers.

B.—REWARDS OF CONFORMITY.

Civilization has partially healed the wounds of that Millennium of Madness called the Rule of the Cross, and of all the insanities of the Middle Ages the *Improvidence Dogma* has perhaps been most effectually eradicated from the mental constitution—at least, of the North-Caucasian nations. Instead of relying on the efficacy of prayers and ceremonies, the dupes of the Galilean miracle-monger at last returned to the pagan plan of self help, and it would not be too much to say that the progress thus achieved in the course of the last fourteen decades far exceeds that of the preceding fourteen centuries. Earth has once more become a fit dwelling-place for her noblest children Pestilential swamps have been drained. Domestic hotbeds of disease have been expurgated. Airy, weather-proof buildings have taken the place of the reeking hovels that housed the laborers of the Middle Ages. Farmers no longer live from hand to mouth. The price of the necessities and many luxuries of life has been brought within the resources of the humblest mechanic. Affluence is no longer confined to the palaces of kings. There is no doubt that the cottage of the average modern city tradesman contains more comforts than could be found in the castle of a medieval nobleman. Prudence, in the sense of economic foresight, has become almost a second nature with the industrial classes of the higher latitudes, and the benefits of such habits can be best appreciated by comparing the homes of the thrifty Northlanders—Scotch and Yankees—with those of the Spanish-American priest-dupes: here deserts tilled into gardens, there gardens wasted into deserts. In natural resources, South America, for instance, excels New England as New England excels the snow-wastes of Hudson's Bay Territory; yet industrial statistics demonstrate the fact that the financial resources of Massachusetts alone not only equal but far surpass those of the entire Brazilian empire.

The contrast between Prussia and Spain is not less striking, and that climatic causes are insufficient to explain that contrast is proved by the curious fact that within less than five centuries Spain and North Germany hav exchanged places. Two hundred years before the conquest of Granada the fields of Moorish Spain had been brought to a degree of productivness never surpassed in the most favored regions of our own continent, while Catholic Prussia was a bleak heather. Since the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, and the monks from northern Germany, Prussia has become a garden and Spain a desert; the contrasting results of prudence and superstition. While the Prussians were at work the Spaniards were whining to their saints, or embroidering petticoats for an image of the holy Virgin. While the countrymen of Humboldt studied chemistry, physiology, and rational agriculture, the countrymen of Loyola conned oriental ghost stories; while the former placed their trust in the promises of nature, the latter trusted in the promises of the New Testament. Prudence, rather than military prowess, has transferred the *hegemony* of Europe from the Ebro to the Elbe, and prudence alone has smoothened even the path of exile which ill-fated Israel has pursued now for more than a thousand years. For, with all the Spiritualistic tendency of their ethics, the children of Jacob have long ceased to deal in miracles, and train their children in lessons of secular realism which effectually counteract the influence of their school-training in the lessons of the past, and as a result famine has been banished from the tents of the exiles. Like the Corsicans and the prudent Scots, they rarely marry before the acquisition of a competency, but the tendency of that habit does not prevent their numerical increase. Their children do not perish in squalor and hunger; their patriarchs do not burden our almshouses.

C.—PERVERSION.

There is a story of an enterprising Italian who increased the patronage of an unpopular mountain resort by effecting an inundation of the lowlands; and if the apostles of other-worldliness had tried to enhance the attractions of their hereafter on the same plan, they could certainly not have adopted a more effective method for depreciating the value of temporal existence. The vanity of work, of thrift, of economy, and the superior merit of reliance on the aid of preternatural agencies, were a favorite text of the Galilean messiah. "Take no thought of the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." "Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? what shall we drink? or wherewithal shall we be clothed? For after all these do the gentiles seek." "Ask and it shall be given you."

Secular foresight was depreciated even in the form of a prudent care for the preservation of physical health; the selection of clean in preference to unclean food was denounced as a relic of worldliness; and in mitigating the consequences of such insults to nature, prayer and mystic ceremonies were recommended as superior to secular remedies. "If any man is sick among you, let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord." "And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." "And when he had called unto him his twelve disciples, he gave them power against unclean spirits to cast them out, and to heal all manner of disease."

If such instructions had been followed to the letter, the human race would have perished in a hell of madness and disease. As it was, a thousand years' purgatory of half insanity cured the world of its delusion; and the sinners against the laws of common sense escaped with the penalty of a millennium of barbarism, a barbarism which, in the most orthodox countries of the fourteenth century, had sunk deep below the lowest ebb of pagan savagery. The untutored hunters of the primeval German forest were at least left to the resources of their animal instincts; they were illiterate, but manly and generous, braving danger, and prizing health and liberty above all earthly blessings. Their children were dragged off to the bondage of the Christian convents and doomed to all the misery of physical restraint, not for the sake of their intellectual culture, not with a view of purchasing the comforts of after years by temporal self-denial, but to educate them in habits of physical apathy and supine reliance on the aid of interposing saints—a habit which at last revenged itself by its transfer to the principles of ethics, and encouraged malefactors to trust their eternal welfare to the same expedient to which indolence had been taught to confide its temporal interests. Where was the need of rectitude if iniquity could be compromised by prayer? Where was the need of industry if its fruits could be obtained by faith? Where was the need of sanitary precautions if the consequences of their neglect could be averted by ceremonies?

D.—PENALTIES OF NEGLECT.

The consequences of that dogma refuted its claims by lessons which mankind is not apt to forget for the next hundred generations. From the day when the doctrine of antinaturalism succeeded in superseding the lingering influence of pagan philosophy, progressive industry waned, and at last almost ceased to supply even a reduced demand; commerce lingered, and the sources of subsistence were wholly confined to the produce of a more and more impoverished soil. With the exception of (still half pagan) Italy, not one of the many once prosperous countries of Christian Europe had anything like a profitable export trade. On the international markets of the Byzantine empire the products of skilled labor—fine clothes, fine fruits, perfume, and jewelry—were sold by oriental merchants, while the Christian buyers had little to offer in exchange but the spontaneous products of Nature: timber, salt, amber, and perhaps hides and wool. Medical science had become such a medley of vagaries and barbarisms that even the princes of Christendom could not boast of a competent family physician, and in critical cases had to trust their lives to the skill of Moorish or Persian doctors. Abderaman el Hakim, a king of Moorish Spain, had so many applications for the services of his court doctor that he often jestingly called him the "Savior of Christian Europe." The prevalence of the militant type should certainly have encouraged the manufacture of warlike implements; yet not one of the twelve heavy-armed countries of Trinitarian Europe had preserved the art of tempering a first-class sword, and proof-steel had to be imported from Damascus. The traditions of architecture were limited to the fantastic elaboration of religious edifices; peasants dwelt in hovels, and citizens in dingy stone prisons, crowded into crooked and cobble-paved alleys.

The unspeakable filth of such alleys produced epidemics that almost depopulated the most orthodox countries of medieval Europe. Under the stimulus of clerical theories, those epidemics in their turn produced outbreaks of fanatical superstition, which in pagan Rome would certainly have been ascribed to the influence of a contagious mental disease. Diseases, according to a doctrine which it was deemed blasphemy to doubt, could be averted by prayer and self-humiliation. In spite of a diligent application of such prophylactics, diseases of the most virulent kind became more prevalent. The logical inference seemed that prayer had not been fervent and self-abasement not abject enough. Hordes of religious maniacs roamed the streets of the plague-stricken cities, howling like hyenas and lacerating their bodies in a manner too shocking to describe. After exhausting the available means of subsistence, the blood smeared wretches would invade the open country, and by frantic appeals frighten thousands of peasants into joining their ranks, and in carrying the seeds of mental and physical contagion to a neighboring country. In Germany and Holland the total number of "Flagellants" were at one time estimated at three hundred and fifty thousand; on another occasion at more than half a million. If the disease had exhausted its fury, the self-torturers would claim the reward of their services by falling like hungry wolves upon the homes of the sane survivors. If the plague refused to abate, the leading fanatics would ascribe the failure to their followers' want of zeal, and enforce their theory by an indiscriminate application of a rawhide knout, till the dispute was referred to the arbitrament of cold steel, and the ranks of the howling maniacs were thinned by mutual slaughter.

E.—REWARDS.

The world has trusted in the doctrine of miracle-mongers till skepticism became a condition of self-preservation, and the benefits of open revolt are now conspicuous enough to impress even the non-insurrected slaves of the church. With all their hereditary bias of prejudice the victims of the miracle dogma cannot help contrasting their lot with that of the industrial skeptic. They cannot help seeing self-reliant science succeeds where prayer-relying orthodoxy fails. The prosperity of Protestantism, its physical, intellectual, political, and financial superiority to Conservatism, with the aid of all its saints, are facts too glaringly evident to ignore their significance, and our ethical text-books might as well plainly admit that this universe of ours is governed by uniform laws and not by the caprice of ghosts—at all events not of ghosts that can be influenced by rant and ceremonies. Whatever may be the established system of other worlds, in this planet of ours Nature has not trusted our welfare to the whims of trixy spooks, but has endowed our own minds with the faculty of ascertaining and improving the conditions of that welfare; and the time cannot come too soon when well-directed labor shall be recognized as the only prayer ever answered to the inhabitants of this earth.

The philosophic author of the "History of Morals" remarks that the medieval miracle-creed still lurks in the popular explanation of the more occult phenomena. While the natural sequence of cause and effect is, for instance, freely admitted in such plain cases as the stability of a well-built house and the collapse of a rickety structure, the phenomena of health and disease, of atmospheric changes or of the (apparent) caprices of fortune in war or games of chance are

still ascribed to the interference of preternatural agencies. That bias is undoubtedly at the bottom of the still prevalent mania for hazardous speculation and the reckless disregard of the laws governing the condition of our physical health.

Unconfessed, and perhaps unknown, to themselves the grandchildren of orthodox parents are still influenced by the hope that in such cases the event of an imprudent venture might be modified by the interceding favor of "providence."

Secularism should teach it converts that the most complex as well as the simplest effect is the necessary consequence of a natural cause; that the "power behind phenomena" acts by consistent laws, and that the study and practical application of those laws is the only way to bias the favor of fortune.

"Pray and you shall receive," says Superstition "Sow if you would reap," says Science. The Religion of Nature will teach every man to answer his own prayers, and Prudence will the Providence of the Future.

## The Costs in Reynolds's Trial for Blasphemy.

The law concerning blasphemy in New Jersey is predicated on an old "act" of the medieval ages, and it has been, practically, a dead letter on the statute books of New Jersey for more than a hundred years. The oldest inhabitants hav never before heard of a suit brought for blasphemy, and competent jurists conjecture that the records of no other court (besides the court at Morristown) in the entire state bear the disfiguring blotch of a trial for blasphemy.

As the men who had C. B. Reynolds arrested and tried for blasphemy had such a profound regard for the majesty of that old law, an itemized bill of the costs in the trial was obtained by the editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER for the purpose of seeing how much regard they themselvs had paid to other important laws in prosecuting the defendant. The law states explicitly that so much, and no more, may be charged by officers of the court for what each one does, under a penalty for an excessiv charge. We will compare the charges rendered in the bill of costs with the amounts allowed by law, and show how hard they labored to roll up an unchristian bill of costs by adding a few cents, here and there, more than the law allows. The clerk of the court is paid a large salary for his services; yet he is required to make out a bill of costs, at the close of the trial, and charge so much for what he has done, so much for what the sheriff has done, and so much for the services of only two witnesses. Then, he is under obligation to pay sheriff, constable, and two witnesses and hand over the amount charged for his own services to the county treasurer. The clerk has an opportunity to pocket a good deal of money that does not belong to him by collecting four times as much as the law allows, then handing over the lawful amount to the county treasurer, and pocketing the surplus. Clerks of every court hav numerous chances to extort unlawful money from every one who has a suit at law, unless the litigants, or their attorneys, will look into the law, and see whether the clerk has charged more than the law indicates.

As very few people understand how a bill of costs is drawn, it will be proper to state that a blank sheet is ruled in several columns, one column for the clerk's charges, one column for the sheriff's charges, and another column for the court, or judges, and another column headed "Als." In this column the fees of witnesses, crier, constable, and others are entered. A great many entries are made under "Als." that never get beyond the clerk's pocket. As soon as the trial is closed, the clerk is required to fill out the bill of costs, or "tax" it, as it is called. So he commences: The clerk drew the summons. The law says the clerk may charge 34 cents for drawing summons. So he enters 34 cents in clerk's column. The sheriff served the summons on Brother Reynolds.

The law states that the sheriff is entitled to $2 00 for serving the summons, and 12 cents for returning it to the clerk, and two cents per mile for every mile traveled to serve the summons. So the clerk enters $2.12 and 4 cents per mile in the sheriff's column. Then, here are five subpœnas for witnesses to appear before the grand jury to give evidence for indicting Mr. Reynolds. But the law says the clerk must not charge the defendant for more than two witnesses. So he foots up the amount allowed by law, for serving two subpœnas, and then adds the mileage, and places the amount in favor of the constable under "Als." The law states that for trying the case the clerk may enter 50 cents in the court column, as the fee of the judge, to be handed over to the state treasurer. After the blank is all filled out, the clerk folds it up and puts it in a pigeon-hole. All this process is called drawing, taxing, and filing a bill of costs. The law says explicitly that for drawing, taxing, and filing a bill of costs, the clerk may charge 50 cents in his column and no more, under a penalty of $30. Now, let us examin the tems charged against Mr. Reynolds, and compare hem with the law. Here is the document itself:

MORRIS OYER AND TERMINER AND GENERAL QUARTER SESSIONS.

*The State vs. Chas. B. Reynolds.*

MAY TERM, A.D., 1887.
Sur Indictment for Blasphemy.
Trial and Conviction, May 20, A.D., 1887.
Sentence, May 20, A.D., 1887.
Fine, $25.00, besides costs of Prosecution.

| Costs. | Clerk. | Court. | Sheriff. | Als. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Drawing five Summons for witnesses for Grand Jury, sealing and serving | 1 75 | | | 2 40 |
| Entering and filing Indictment, and Crier | 20 | | | 09 |
| Fee of Justice of Supreme Court on Indictment found | | | | 50 |
| Drawing and sealing Process for deft., Rule for do., serving and returning | 76 | 20 | 2 12 | |
| Order to hand to Quarter Sessions entering and filing do | 44 | 20 | | 09 |
| Order to set Prisoner to bar for appearance and entering do | 28 | 70 | | |
| Rules to charge and Plea, and entering Plea | 44 | 40 | | |
| Order to set down trial for | 18 | 20 | | |
| Drawing and sealing 1 Subpœna 26 Tickets and serving (Babbitt) | 2 99 | | | 9 10 |
| Order to call up Prisoner, and that Trial come on | 36 | 40 | | |
| Drawing and Sealing Venire, rule to return do., and Sheriff | 57 | 20 | 1 00 | |
| Calling and swearing Jury, Clerk, and Crier | 20 | | | 12 |
| Calling and swearing 17 witnesses, Clerk and Crier, 6 cents | 1 02 | | | 1 02 |
| 23 Witnesses 29 days | | | | 14 50 |
| Drawing and sealing 23 Witness cert. for Sheriff | 4 60 | | | |
| Court fee for Trial or argument of cause | | 50 | | |
| Constable attending Jury, and Clerk swearing and order for do. | 24 | 20 | | 50 |
| Taking and entering verdict, Rule to remand | 26 | 20 | | |
| Order to call Prisoner to bar for sentence and remanding to Sheriff | 18 | 20 | | |
| Taking and entering Judgment, signing and recording same, and order for do | 1 34 | 70 | | |
| Prosecutor's fees | | | | 15 00 |
| Drawing Costs, copy, taxing and filing | 1 12 | | | |
| Drawing Costs, copy for Sheriff, and certificate | 74 | | | |
| Certified Copy of Sentence for Sheriff | 74 | | | |

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Costs taxed at Sixty-eight Dollars and Twenty-one Cents. | Clerk, | $17 67 | $4 10 | $3 12 | $43 32 |
| | Court | 4 10 | | | |
| | Sheriff, | 3 12 | | | |
| | Als., | 43 32 | | | |
| | Total, | $68 21 | | | |

M. S. CONDIT, *Clerk.*

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, County of Morris. } ss.

I, Melvin S. Condit, Clerk of the County of Morris, and also Clerk of the Oyer and Terminer and General Quarter Sessions, holden in and for said County, do hereby certifv that the foregoing is a true copy of the original Taxed Bill of Costs, on indictment in the case of the State of New Jersey, vs. Charles B. Reynolds, as fully as the same remains on file in my office.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF I hav hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said Court and County at Morristown, this 29th day of July, A.D., eighteen hundred and eighty-seven.

M. S. CONDIT, *Clerk.*
[SEAL.] Per D. S. VOORHEES, *Dep.*

The first charge is for drawing five summons for five witnesses, $1.75. The law says that defendant is chargeable for only two witnesses. The clerk is allowed to charge 34 cents, thus making 68 cents according to law, and $1.75 according to Christian equity. Constable's fees for serving summons, $2 40. As we do not know the amount of mileage, we cannot state exactly what amount would be lawful; yet it is safe to state that for two witnesses the amount would be two-fifths of $2.40, or 96 cents. Entering and filing indictment, 20 cents (right once). Nine cents for crier, in "Als." column. What did the crier do for that 9 cents? There is no record of any service.

| | |
|---|---|
| Fee of justice of court on indictment | .50 |
| (That charge of 50 cents is correct, provided the court records show that the judge did anything. If the records do not show any service, the clerk had no right to enter 50 cents.) | |
| Clerk drawing and sealing process for defendant, 76 cents; rule for same, 20 cents | .96 |
| (The law says 34 cents for drawing process (or warrant), and 14 cents for sealing, making 48 cents, instead of 76 cents. He has charged 20 cents for rule of a court. There was no rule.) | |
| Sheriff's fees for serving, $2, and returning papers, 12 cents (correct) | 2.12 |
| Order to hand to quarter sessions, 44 cents for clerk; 20 cents for court; and 9 cents for crier for opening the door, in all | .73 |
| (There is no law for either of these last charges.) | |
| Order to set prisoner to bar for appearance, and entering do., clerk | .28 |
| Court fees | .70 |
| Rules to charge and plea, and entering plea, 44 cents for clerk and 40 cents for court | .84 |
| Order to set down for trial, 18 cents for clerk and 20 cents for court | .38 |

The law makes provision for only a part of the four last items. The law states that no item of cost shall be allowed, except such as are specially provided for in the "Fee Bill," or the "Act" regulating costs. C. B. Reynolds was not a prisoner. He went into court a free citizen, and appeared in response to a summons served by the sheriff. Hence, all this twaddle and items of cost about a prisoner is not applicable to this suit. If any one will go to Morristown and examin the court records, he will not find any order on file to set the prisoner to bar, nor rules to plead, nor any plea on file. Yet the clerk has scooped all these items into Reynolds's bill of costs; and as nobody examins the bill to see where the money goes, this excess is pocketed.

Drawing and sealing one subpœna and twenty-six tickets, $2.99. The law allows the clerk to charge the defendant for subœpna 25 cents; sealing, 14 cents; and two tickets, 9 cents each, 48 cents, instead of $2 99. Constable's fees for serving these papers, $9 10. The clerk had a right to charge 60 cents for the first witness subpœnaed, and 30 cents for the second, and mileage, and the mileage must not exceed $2. It is safe to assume that the mileage, in serving two witnesses, will not exceed $1. So we hav $1 90 lawful charge, and $9 10 as the Christians' charge. Order to call up prisoner and that trial come on, 36 cents. No order of the kind was ever given, as C. B. Reynolds was not a prisoner. Fees of the court for issuing order, 40 cents. The court never issued any such order, for the reason that Reynolds was not a prisoner. He came into court as a free citizen, without any order, consequently that charge of 36 cents for drawing the order, and 40 cents in favor of the judge, when he never issued any order, is simply robbery. Drawing and sealing venire and rule, 57 cents; judge's fee, 20 cents; constable's fee, $1. If the court records show that all this was done, the amount is only two cents more than the law allows. Calling and swearing jury, clerk, and crier, 32 cents; the law says, calling and swearing jury, 12 cents. Calling seventeen witnesses by clerk and crier, and swearing them, $2.04. The clerk had a right to charge for swearing two witnesses, and no more, 6 cents each, 12 cents. "Twenty-three witnesses, twenty-nine days, $14 50;" the clerk had a right to charge Reynolds for only two witnesses, 50 cents each. (See Rev. Stat., p. 558.) So here we hav $1 according to law, against $14.50 according to Christian rules. Drawing and sealing twenty-three witness certificates for sheriff, $4 60. There is no law, rule, or custom for this charge. If a certificate was necessary for two witnesses the lawful charge would be only 10 cents each, certified and sealed, or 20 cents for doubtful law, against $4 60 Christian. Court fee for trial, 50 cents (for a wonder another charge is correct). Constable attending jury, 50 cents; and clerk swearing jury, 24 cents; and rule to remand jury, 20 cents. The constable is paid by the day, so that 50 cents is unlawful. Swearing the jury is 20 cents. There was no order for remanding it, hence that 20 cents is fraudulent. Taking and entering verdict, 26 cents; for clerk and rule to remand the jury, 20 cents. The law says for taking and entering verdict, 8 cents; as the jury agreed at once there was no rule to remand, and consequently this 20 cents is an unlawful charge. Order to call the prisoner to the bar for sentence, 18 cents for clerk, and 20 cents for court for remanding prisoner to the custody of the sheriff. Reynolds was not that kind of a prisoner, and was not remanded. The court imposed a fine of $25 00 for uttering a few words that anybody and everybody uses at pleasure. Reynolds payed the fine, like a free citizen, and went home as free from the claws of the sheriff as any other man. This 18 cents for clerk and 20 cents for court show a far more deliberate and defiant violation of a wholesome law than the few harmless words that Reynolds uttered. Taking and entering judgment, $1 34 for clerk, and 70 cents for the judge for signing an order. All this is fraudulent. The fine was paid as soon as the verdict was rendered. All proceedings ended then and there. If Reynolds had been a prisoner, and a fine had been imposed which he was unable to pay, and he had been remanded back to prison, then the clerk would hav been directed to enter a judgment against him, and the judge would hav signed it. But all this was not done, hence these charges for services not rendered are fraudulent and forbidden by law under a penalty of a large fine and imprisonment.

Prosecutor's fees, $15. This charge is to pay the prosecutor of the pleas for drawing the indictment against Mr. Reynolds, and for managing and trying the case. This prosecutor of pleas is a salaried officer of state. Whether he does little or much, he receives a regular salary. He does not receive compensation from fees. He dare not accept one dollar as fees, under color of his office. If the costs for what he did should be taxed as an attorney's fees (as they are taxed where a lawyer does not receive a salary), his fees according to law would be as follows: Drawing the indictment against Mr. Reynolds, $1 50; retaining fee, $1; Term fee (60 cents), two terms of court, $1 20; motion for trial, 50 cents; trying the case, $2. In all, $6 20. But as he receives a fat salary, he is not entitled to one cent of this $15. (See Rev. Stat. of N. J., p. 402.)

Drawing costs, taxing, and filing, and copy for the clerk, $1 12. The laws says, drawing and taxing bill of costs, 50 cents (Rev. Stat., p. 409). The clerk of the supreme court and clerk of chancery, the highest

tribunals in the state, are allowed to charge only 50 cents for drawing, taxing, and filing a bill of costs. For making a copy the law says 8 cents. Drawing costs copy for sheriff and certificate, 74 cents. This is all fraudulent. Certified copy of sentence for sheriff, 74 cents. This charge is another fraud. There was no sentence. Reynolds was only fined, and he paid the fine on the spot. No copy of a sentence was made and no copy was required. Hence these last items are utterly unlawful.

## Call for the Eleventh Annual Congress of the American Secular Union.

*To the Auxiliary Secular Unions and to all citizens of the United States and Canadas who support the Nine Demands of Liberalism:*

You are invited to attend the Eleventh Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, to be held at Chicago, October 15th and 16th.

The Congress will be called upon to consider measures for carrying on the work of Freethought and securing the adoption of such laws by the various state governments and by the national government as shall make the United States thoroughly secular, and the repeal of all laws now on the statute books which conflict with the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

Local auxiliary Unions are entitled by the Union constitution to five representativs—the President and Secretary and three delegates. All charter members and life members, all Vice Presidents, all Chairmen of state Executiv Committees, are entitled to seats and votes in the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats, but not votes, except by permission of the Congress.

It is hoped that every auxiliary Union will send a full delegation to the Congress, and that every Freethinker in the United States and Canada who can will be present.

Per order Board of Directors:

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SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Sec.
E. A. STEVENS, Ch. Fin. Com.
CHAS. ECKHARD, Treas.

## To the Liberals of Utah.

The importance of the thorough separation of church and state was never so manifest as at the present time. The ecclesiastical power throughout our country, and especially in Utah, threatens the perpetuity of republican institutions. American citizens should guard against the least infringements of equal rights and impartial liberty. The Declaration of Independence expresses the ideal of human government. It is not for a class, but for all. It is not for religion, but for justice and freedom.

Organization is necessary in order that political progress may be maintained. Superstition is not dead, and theological tyranny is not overthrown. The forces of ancient barbarism are still banded together. For defense the advocates of a purely secular state must unite, for the issue is forced upon the citizens of America by the aggressiv measures of church parties, supported by wealth and powerful associations.

Citizens of Utah! All in favor of a secular state, absolutely free from all class and theological legislation, and devoted to the maintenance of the rights of each individual, are invited to meet in convention at the Walker Opera House, Salt Lake City, Saturday, September 24th, at 10 A.M., for the purpose of organizing a territorial Secular Union, whose object shall be the total separation of church and state in the political government of Utah and the United States.

Samuel P. Putnam, secretary of the American Secular Union, will open the convention with an address on "The Dangers Ahead," and will also on Saturday evening, at 8 P.M., giv his lecture, "The American Democracy." Other able speakers are expected to be present, and there will be a general conference and debate in regard to important measures of reform. There will be three sessions daily, Saturday and Sunday, September 24th and 25th, at 10 A.M., 3 P.M., and 8 P.M.

Will everyone who receives this notice take the utmost pains to advertise the convention and induce a large attendance from his vicinity? Come every citizen of Utah who believes in political rights.

## News and Notes.

Prairie City is away among the Blue mountains, seventy miles from Baker City. After three months' fair weather, the rain began to pour just as I left Baker in the lumbering coach. I did not object to this, for the dust on the mountain roads, according to report, was about three feet deep. So the discomforts of a storm were welcome. It is slow traveling among these mighty hills. The way is rough, and reminds one of ancient Jordan. At 7 o'clock we arrive, cold and hungry, at the supper station, but six hours' travel is still before us in the driving showers for our night's rest, and then we can only sleep a couple of hours. We must start early in the morning and cross two big ranges to reach the happy valley wherein the pretty village of Prairie is situated. As we ascend at about the rate of two miles an hour to the hight of six or seven thousand feet, we pass from rain into snow, and the white mantle spreads amid the huge forest trees—a sketch of winter amid the landscapes of August. In the course of our day's journey we come to a lonely ranche in a little nook of the world. There is a big fireplace and a sparkling flame, and for a few moments we hav a chance to warm our chilled bodies. As I glance at the wall I see the face of Ingersoll, and then I know I am somewhere in the haunts of civilization, and that good souls are about. In this remote wilderness shone a picture of noblest life, and the rest of my journey had delight mingled with the turmoil of rain and snow. In the afternoon I arrive at Prairie City, and the welcome of friends is reward for all the ups and downs of mountain travel and the cold drapery of winter.

Prairie City is in a beautiful valley, John Day valley, through which flows the John Day river, which is one of the brightest of mountain streams. John Day was one of the early trappers of this country. He came out with Lewis and Clark's company, and left them in the Willamette valley, and, with only Indian guides, ventured into this mountainous country and discovered this valley, where he lived until death, and which is named after him. The valley is about seventy-five miles long, with a width of from one to seven miles. The scenery is exceedingly beautiful. On one side towers Mount Dixie, and on the other Strawberry Butte, to the hight of about ten thousand feet, while about them roll lesser peaks of the Blue hills, hundreds of miles away. The soil of the valley is fertil, producing excellent vegetables of almost every kind, and wheat, barley, oats, corn; a variety of fruits—plums, cherries, peaches, pears, and apples. It is a fine stock country, and cattle at present, with the mines, are the main source of its wealth. All the neighboring region is rich with ore. The placer mines hav been nearly worked out, but the quartz mines seem to be inexhaustible, and new ones are constantly discovered. It is a lively country round about, though so remote from the railroad. The people know how to enjoy the world, and are Liberal in spirit, and even the Christians are of the good sort and don't wish to oppress the unbeliever.

In spite of the weather, the hall was full on the first evening, and the auspices were favorable for the week's campaign. The next day the storms rolled off and the sunshine glittered on the snowy mountain-tops and amid the gorgeous masses of clouds. The landscapes were brilliant and enchanting.

My friend A. S. Blinn drove me over to Canyon City. Blinn is a Yankee pioneer. He has been in almost every state, and can do most anything when emergency requires. Dr. York knows him, for it was Blinn who introduced the doctor to this country some years since, where he made a notable compaign, whose influence is yet felt for Freethought. I was glad that the way had been broken for me by my bold companion. It was Blinn who had the courage to persuade me into this far country. He takes THE TRUTH SEEKER and reads it all through, and therefore is not behind the times. One is sure of success with such a veteran worker at his side.

Canyon City is rightly named. It has only one street, so narrow that in order to turn round one has to travel clear through. It was started as a mining camp about 1870, and millions of dollars hav been washed out of the neighboring gullies. It was here that Joaquin Miller had his start. He was formerly judge in this place. His wife was then the poet of the family. Miller's literary productions are a good deal like the country from whence he emigrated, a mixture of brightness and eccentric desolation, luxuriant valley alongside sandy bluffs.

I was pleased to meet Mrs. Abagail Scott Dunnaway at Canyon, who is also lecturing on "Equal Rights." She is bright and liberal in her method of dealing with the advancement of woman, and understands pretty well the situation and where the hope of reform lies. She is doing a valuable work, and although not openly advocating Freethought, she is thoroughly in harmony with its radical philosophy, and a brilliant advocate of some of the principles of our platform. A fair audience was present at Canyon City, but it is pretty well church-ridden, and only a few are ready to stand the brunt. There are three churches, of which the Catholic is the strongest. I had the Catholic priest for a table companion. He is very innocent-looking—so innocent that I really believe he is honest. He seems to hav the idea that Infidels believe nothing; for he confidingly asked me if it wasn't easier to believe nothing than something. I told him that Infidels believe as much as anybody else on rational evidence. He incautiously affirmed that the morality of the world five hundred years ago was better than that of to-day. Friend Blinn advised him to quit preaching if such was the result of Christianity. He did not seem to understand the drift of the remark. A faith so childlike and bland could scarcely arouse any aggression on my part. His serene ignorance was such a curiosity that I hadn't the slightest temptation for combat.

Thursday evening I lectured again at Prairie City. Here the people are alive and progressiv, and seem to enjoy Freethought to the utmost. As yet there is no church, and ecclesiastical shadows are not cast.

On Friday morning my friends Mr. and Mrs. Cleaver, with Mr. Blinn and Mr. Thompson, drove me up the valley to the Warm Springs. This is a delightful place in the heart of the hills, where Nature has done almost everything to make a pleasant resort—the bright waters, cold and hot, brimming from the earth, with evergreen groves around, harvest fields, meadows, running brooks, and giant trees towering to the lofty summits, making a sparkling temple for the divinities of the happy human mind.

Mr. and Mrs. James F. Cleaver and all their family are Liberals in blood and brain. They believe in doing something for humanity's sake, and I find them noble allies in my work here.

On Friday evening I lecture again at Prairie City and at Canyon on Saturday. We hav some sturdy friends at the latter place who stand up to be counted against all odds—C. B. Hupprich, John Smith, Robert Lockwood, Mr. Rainey, and others—and it was a pleasure to meet these brave scouts on the frontier post, who blaze our pathway under the very walls of superstition.

Sunday morning, I lecture at Prairie City. In the afternoon I enjoy the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Thompson. Mr. Thompson secured in this place one hundred and twenty-three names for the pardon of Bennett. Some of the signers were Christians, and two of them ministers. This shows the liberality of the place and the earnestness of friend Thompson, who is always ready to do his level best, and who believes in freedom with his whole heart and mind.

With the good allies already mentioned are W. B. Davis and family, J. L. Sanford and A. Clark, who came twenty miles to attend the lectures, Wm. Tuneman, W. B. Carpenter, Samuel Carpenter, Jules Le Bret, J. Harding, Samuel French, George Shearer, W. W. Armstrong, N. Arke, Thos. Mills, and others. On Sunday evening, the hall was full to overflowing. In every respect I hav enjoyed myself in this delightful valley, and though it is so far off, I hope to visit it again, for here is genuin human nature—liberality, open-heartedness, with all types of character, interesting and original, so that one is constantly fascinated with the ever-changing life of this hamlet. Major Magone, who introduced me on the first evening with eloquent speech, is a true son of the soil, as independent as the rock-ribbed hill. He is a brother of the collector of New York, but is a true-blue Republican himself, and asks no favors. He had rather dig in the soil than be under any obligations to others for fortune. He is bound to "paddle his own canoe" in this Western wilderness.

Monday, Sept. 5th, I bade good-bye to my many comrades in this Arcadian valley, where Nature smiles with such summer glory, and the ribs of earth are seamed with such uncounted wealth. I hope for good fortune to all, for that will be good fortune to the Secular Pilgrim.

I found merry companions on the stage, and the seventy miles' travel through the brilliant sunshine, the magnificent woods, the grand hills, the moonlighted night, and the rosy-hued morning was like a happy dream. I am not tired a bit when I land in Baker City. I lecture this evening here, and tomorrow, Wednesday, at Weiser City; Emmett's, Sept. 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th; Caldwell, Sept. 13th, 14th, and 15th; Boise City, 16th, 17th, and 18th; Salt Lake City, Sept. 24th and 25th; Canyon City, Colorado, Sept. 28th and 29th; Denver, Oct. 2d.

I shall be in Chicago, Oct. 15th and 16th, for Annual Congress, where I hope to meet a crowd of Liberals.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*Baker City*, Sept. 6, 1887.

## To the Liberals of the West.

For some time a feeling has been fomented, by some whose principal distinction to the title of Liberal has been their illiberal criticism of those whose time, talents, and means has been continuously devoted to forwarding our Freethought and Secular work, that the American Secular Union was merely a New York enterprise—a personal affair. Those critics, in support of their position, pointed out that the chief officers were invariably New York men; that congresses and conventions were oftener held in the East than the interest there manifested would warrant, and other equally absurd and unjust claims were urged to defeat the only organization that has ever afforded opportunity for practical Freethought propaganda. That this has had a detrimental effect on Freethinkers in the West, many of whom were led to believe that they were being discriminated against, no one can deny. Now, whatever might hav had that appearance in the past is obviated by the approaching Congress to be held in Chicago, Oct. 15th and 16th. Then Western Liberals will be afforded an opportunity to shape its course and weld themselvs into a compact, practical, and powerful association, commensurate with their intelligence and influence.

Are you interested in Freethought work? Are you a member? If not, become one before the Con-

gress, and if you can't attend in person, send a good man or woman in your stead, and if you can't do either, please to send your money. The morning sessions will be devoted to business, and the afternoon and evening sessions to lectures and addresses. Morning sessions will be held in the elegant hall of the Chicago Secular Union; afternoon and evening sessions in the Madison Street Theater, formerly Hershy Music Hall, where were held the Congresses of 1880 and 1881. This theater has recently been remodeled, and is one of the finest auditoriums in the city.

The rates of fare on most railroads will be but one fare for round-trip tickets. The exposition and Chicago's semi-centennial great military display will be the attraction during that time. Make your visit during the time of the Secular Congress.

I will venture to say that there will be more practical work performed next year than ever before, provided that Liberals will all giv generously. It is *you* that this appeal is addressed to. If you do not aid this work, no one will. Do your duty; do it nobly; don't always fire blank cartridge, but realize the responsibility that rests on you relativ to the present and future welfare of the race. Let me hear from every Liberal who expects to attend.

E. A. STEVENS,
Ch. Fin. Com. American Secular Union.

## C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

Receiving an urgent invitation from the Farmdale Secular Union of Ohio, I started on my western tour two weeks earlier than I had intended. Health being feeble, I trusted the exhilaration from meeting fellow-workers for the cause of humanity and the necessity of rallying strength for the labors of the rostrum would enable me to shake off the depression my lung trouble occasioned.

Thursday, August 25th, I bade farewell to home and loved ones, and started away upon my long, lonely pilgrimage to the jumping-off place on the Pacific coast, hoping to return via the extreme northern route.

Saturday, Aug. 27th, I arrived at Williamsfield, Ohio, and found the ever-genial M. F. Dean, of Lindenville, awaiting me. A little sick, a good deal tired, and some depressed at the prospect of long absence from home, how delightsome it was to be welcomed to such a happy, cozy home as that of "the Deans." Mrs. Dean is not a "mother in Israel," but a generous, kind-hearted, motherly woman, the pride and joy of her husband, the angel of her home. Mr. Dean has one son just on the verge of manhood, and a fair daughter a year or two younger. All are united in Liberalism, and so liv out its teachings that, despite their "dreadful Infidelity," they are by all loved and respected. Saturday evening I lectured in the Lindenville schoolhouse; subject, "Why I Left the Pulpit." I was surprised to find so large an attendance in such a Christian community, and very much enjoyed delivering my lecture. It seemed to greatly interest the audience, and there is no question but much of good will result.

On Sunday morning, after admiring friend Dean's nursery and fruit farm, we drove over to Farmdale, and I became the guest of that bonnie boniface, Brockway, who, kind and courteous to all, is ever the outspoken Infidel. The friends at Farmdale had made what I feared would prove a bad mistake—advertised lectures for Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday afternoons, as well as evenings. Sunday afternoons are always safe for good attendance, but week days are risky for Liberal lectures, and Monday afternoons most dubious of all.

The Root Brothers, the principal merchants of the place, hav erected an extensiv store, and over it a handsome hall capable of seating 500 persons, fitted with stage, scenery, etc. I was cheered on ascending the stairs on Sunday afternoon to hear the inspiring music of their band. Infidels all, but believers in music and skilled creators of sweet melodies, their music added greatly to the success of the lectures, and was of itself an attraction that added to our numbers. We had a fair audience in the afternoon, and much larger in the evening.

John Remsburg has been here, and I find it a very great advantage to follow where he has pioneered, for the admiration and respect he has gained from all classes of the community insure a cordial welcome and respectful hearing to his successor.

I announced the lecture for Monday afternoon, "The Heaven of the Bible," with some misgivings, yet believing if anything would induce the women to hurry up the washing, and defy its attendant weariness, it would be to learn all about heaven, of which all talk, yet none know or can agree as to wherein its delights consist. I had a deeply interested audience, and on Tuesday afternoon a very much larger attendance to hear "Why I left the Pulpit." This success was entirely due to the women taking activ interest in the work. No society will make real progress until the women are earnestly interested and they are awarded a full share of the positions of honor and responsibility.

Monday evening I went home with Emery Thompson and family, to his model fruit farm near Kinsman (the adjacent village to Farmdale). He had acres and acres of beautiful blackberries, and immense peach orchards, the branches of the trees propped up, yet many breaking down with the weight of mammoth luscious Crawfords.

I closed the course of six lectures on Tuesday evening to a very large audience—spoke on "Defense of Satan." It would be impossible to find a place where more general and kindly interest could be manifest. There was eager desire to purchase Liberal literature, and a spirit of investigation aroused resulting in several candidates for membership in the Union. The society has resolved to carry out suggestions to establish a science school on Sundays, inaugurate an amateur dramatic class, and giv semi-monthly social entertainments. This done, and the Farmdale Liberal Society will soon take precedence, and eclipse the churches alike in educational and social advantages.

It was a long journey from Farmdale, O., to Kalamazoo, Mich., where I arrived early in the morning, September 1st, and found joyous welcome at the mansion of my friends Elias H. Gault and wife. I was cheered by kind wishes and hearty words of encouragement from noble Uncle Lute (Lucius West); enjoyed a happy half hour with the prince of hotel keepers, Fred. Hotop, of the American; and had a merry time with that generous hearted, outspoken Liberal, who rejoices in the sobriquet of "Dutch Arnold," and who well-nigh rivals the indefatigable Gault in admiration of and efforts to increase the circulation of THE TRUTH SEEKER; received glad greeting from the sedate, but warm-hearted, artist L. C. Abbey and hosts of friends, but had to bid them all good-bye on Saturday morning, and take train for Waterloo, Ind., there to deliver three lectures in the open air on Sunday, September 4th.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

## Dr. York in Pittsburgh.

That the friends of our cause, both in the West and East, may know where I am, and how the battle goes, I submit a brief report of progress on my eastern trip.

Our stay of six weeks in Michigan was pleasantly spent among relativs and friends of our early days, speaking at Ionia, Belding, and Grand Rapids, to large audiences considering the extremely hot weather.

At Ionia, Mich., Dr. Bayard and Wm. Bentley hold the fort, having recently had a good stirring up by our radical friend, C. B. Reynolds, who has left his mark on the orthodox beast in Michigan. At Grand Rapids Brother Blodgett stands in the front, and to him our thanks are due for the generous donation of the Grand Opera House for our lecture on "The Unburied Dead," which was well received by a large and most enthusiastic audience.

Our next point was Alliance, Ohio, where we gave two lectures to fine audiences in Mr. Godard's rink, the finest structure and most novel in construction of anything of the kind I hav ever seen. But you will know the reason when I tell you that Brother Godard is a live, long-headed, inventiv Yankee, and a good, square Liberal besides. Alliance is a handsome little city of seven or eight thousand inabitants, full of activity and, I must add, Liberalism, as my audiences of four to five hundred were ample proof; as also that good work has been done here by Brothers S. P. Putnam, Watts, and others, who hav scattered broadcast the good seed. Our thanks are due for our success in Alliance to R. G. and D. W. Smith, of the firm of Smith & Sons, who hav the finest watch and jewelry store in the city. Their home, like our own in California, has always been a resting-place for our speakers, and wife and I were made glad and happy in the sunshine of their home. Long liv the Smiths! I must also mention G. Thornburg, a most worthy and level-headed worker from the beginning of Liberal work in Alliance, and our thanks are also due to him for an open door, a kindly welcome, and prompt and energetic assistance. We turn away from the friends at Alliance with the promis to call and do so some more in November, and carry with us much good feeling to them, as well as a new inspiration for the work before us.

We pass from Alliance through a most beautiful country to Columbus, the capital of the state, where all needed preparations had been made by Brother Rallston, the leading spirit in the Columbus Secular Union, and to whom great credit is due, as well as our thanks and appreciation for his prompt action in throwing our banner to the breeze, and other acts of kindness during our stay.

Columbus is a growing city of eighty thousand population, and full of business life. It is also full of mental malaria known as religion. Above sixty God-houses point their spires on high, and not until recently has Freethought had any foothold on its sacred soil. Our gallant Putnam led the way, followed by Watts and Reynolds. Two or three lectures from each of the above speakers tell the story of Secular work in this graveyard of mental liberty up to this date. We gave three lectures here under the auspices of the Liberal Union, to good audiences, in the Turners' Hall, and spoke also in the city hall to working people on "The Upper Ten and Lower Million; or, Land, Labor, and Capital." We also officiated at the funeral of a child of a member of the Secular Union. This was said to be the first Secular funeral service ever held in Columbus. But, if my advice is followed, it will not be the last of the kind.

A correspondent has already written you about my lecture before the prisoners and visitors at the penitentiary in Columbus. This innovation upon long-vested rights and usage of the church to cram these helpless people with superstition and the substitution of a Secular for a religious service was due to the courtesy of Captain Koehne, a stanch Liberal, at present captain of the guardroom of the penitentiary, as also to the liberal and broad-minded warden, who permitted the service, and who, after the lecture to the convicts, expressed himself as being highly pleased with our effort in every regard. And I was more than pleased, and not a little surprised, when I was called on by Captain Koehne, on the eve of my departure, and presented with a gold-piece, nicely wrapped up with a kindly written note expressing satisfaction and thanks of the officers of the prison for our service, and the statement that I had the honor of being the first to break over the persistency of Christian rule in any state institution. While it is true that we may not hav any great claim to minister to convicts in prison on the ground of similarity of belief, as there is scarcely an Atheist, Infidel, Spiritualist, or Jew to be found in our prisons, and nearly all of the convicts believe in God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for all that the Christian church has no right to force any religious observance upon any state, school, or institution; and for this reason hav been formulated the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

Our thanks are also due in Columbus to Dr. J. B. Schueller, Dr. P. E Blesh, T. S. Montgomery, J. C. Goodman, Mrs. Canon, Mrs. H. M. Lyndall, and others, who did what they could to make our work a success—not forgetting W. H. More, an old reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER, who came from Gehanna, twelve miles distant, to hear the Western orator.

At present I am, according to appointment, in Pittsburgh, the Babel of noise, smoke, and manufacture, as busy as a bee-hive, if not nearly so clean. Our friends of the Pittsburgh League, of whom Roman Staley. F. A. Pierce, A. Barker, H. H. Timby, and Mrs. G. H. Abel are leading spirits, were up and dressed ready for the fray. We were met at the train by Brothers Staley and Hoover, and our hearts lifted not a little to grasp the hands of these old and effectiv workers in our cause. I hav for many years read after the pungent pen of Harry Hoover, the level-headed radical man of Pennsylvania, and now am made happy by this kindred spirit and fellow-worker at his home.

I spoke on "The Two Bibles, Evolution and Creation." On Thursday evening I speak to working people on "Labor and Capital." On next Sunday I speak on "Inspiration or Revelation, Which?" On the third and last Sunday here we speak on "The Unburied Dead." I am to speak in Philadelphia on September 25th and October 2d; at New York, October 9th; at Boston, in Paine Memorial Hall, on October 16th, 23d, and 30th.

Hoping all things good, and desiring all things true, I am,

Yours always for mental liberty, J. L. YORK.

## Who Wants a Good Sewing Machine?

DEAR FRIENDS: Robert Benfield, publisher of the Maurepas *Gazette*, Louisiana, has kindly presented me with a due-bill for a light-running "New National" sewing machine, No. 2, one that agents sell on time for $65. By paying $11 cash to the New Home Machine Company, 30 Union square, New York, the machine is mine. Mr. Benfield got the due-bill for advertising for the company, and passed it on to me as help on the defense fund.

We hav an excellent machine, and Snowville is flooded with agents, so my chance for selling this one depends upon some Liberal friend who may want a machine. I trust some of you will be willing to take it, not only to help me, but to aid the Defense Association, for all money received by or for me, over and above actual expenses of the arrest and trial, will belong to the treasury of the Association as a fund to help others.

This offer remains open till October 16th. The best offer received between now and then will be accepted, and the due-bill sent to the would-be purchaser. The bill is on the New Home Sewing Machine Company, 30 Union square, New York, and the machine awaits there the order of the holder of the bill on payment of the $11 cash.

Friends, now is your chance to help me and yourselvs at the same time. I hope to receive many offers for the machine from my friends and the friends of free mails. Address,

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

*Snowville, Va.*, Sept. 3, 287.

SEND for a catalog of our publications. It is mailed free.

# Communications.

## The Annual Idler.

II.

I am not able to report with any accuracy on the state of religious affairs as to vitals and godliness in New Hampshire. I did not go to meeting and I met but one clergyman, and I am afraid he didn't form as high an opinion of me as I would like to occupy in the estimation of all good ministers. I was driving a two-horse haywagon with a horserake behind, when I saw him coming in a buggy. I drove out of the road so as to leave him about four-fifths of it, and stopped. When he got there *he* stopped. "Look here, my friend," he said rather sharply, "what's the matter?" I looked surprised and said, "Sir!" "Can't I hav half the road?" said he. "You can hav it all when you get by," said I. This concession failed to satisfy him, but he drove along, grumbling as he went. I did not learn until afterward that he was a minister, and consequently by custom entitled to everything. He and his local wife and daughter are all preachers, and work the surrounding country for what it is worth. About four or five miles from his residence is another preacher who is said to be powerful in prayer and discourse, but some of the people are complaining about his attentions to a young woman in his parish. Others stand up for him and argue that, his wife being older than himself, it is natural and justifiable that he should cultivate more youthful society. It is a question that I don't pretend to understand, and I can't throw any light upon it.

You will remember that Solomon, in the eighteenth and nineteenth paragraphs of the thirtieth instalment of his desultory remarks under the head of Proverbs, confesses that there be three things which are too wonderful for him, yea, four which he knows not: "The way of an eagle in the air, the way of a serpent upon a rock, and the way of a ship in the midst of the sea." The fourth touches the matter here under discussion. As the science of aërostatics was quite undeveloped in his day, Solomon is not to be blamed for his lack of knowledge on that subject. A serpent on a rock is indeed an object calculated to awaken feelings of the liveliest curiosity, though if Solomon had ever seen a New England deacon on a toot his astonishment would hav been greater. His unfamiliarity with a ship at sea is excusable, since he probably never saw one; but for a man with a thousand best girls to plead ignorance on the fourth count is, in my judgment, a fatal blow at the value of human experience. But I digress. I think that I detect in myself of late a tendency to discuss questions of a deeply philosophical nature.

Among the unusual things I saw in New Hampshire was a blind man making cheese. He had been a farmer and kept a large dairy for years, and as he grew old his eyes failed him. He heard of a mysterious doctor in Boston who had had a "revelation" and professed to effect miraculous cures. He went to Boston with eyes sufficiently good to enable him to find his way about, was treated by the doctor according to the revelation, and came back—a blind victim to imposture and superstition. I saw him at work. He is a man of herculean build and keeps to the treadmill of his daily task like a sightless Samson grinding corn. If he could get the medical impostor and his revelation into one of his presses, I am inclined to believe he would take pleasure in squeezing them into a small and compact cheese.

New Hampshire has one institution that she is not proud of, and which no one that I saw cared to apologize for, and that institution is her legislature. For every one thousand persons in the state there is a legislator fooling away his time in Concord. Within the memory of old men, the New Hampshire legislature has passed but one important bill, and that was an act providing for a bounty of ten cents each on woodchucks' tails, provided that said tails were not taken from woodchucks killed on Sunday. This act, thus uniting church and state by means of the tail of a woodchuck, existed but a year, and then the Concord statesmen, in their capacity as representativs of a sovereign people, rose up and repealed it. In supporting the motion for repeal one member set forth with eloquence that not only had the tails of woodchucks killed on the Sabbath been palmed off upon town officers as secular tails, but the boys along the Connecticut river had entered into a wicked conspiracy to import tails from Vermont and to get a bounty of ten cents each on them in New Hampshire. Therefore the bill had to go, and there is nothing left, in the record of the legislature, to which the members can now point with pride. It hasn't even a threatening danger to view with alarm.

Sometime during the present session a member of abandoned character introduced a bill permitting women to vote in municipal elections. Then every Hawbuck from Geeuptown, who had left his wife at home to carry on the farm while he legislated, voted No in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress. The people of the state support their church and their legislature for the same reason that a horse supports its rider. The drones are in the saddle and hold the reins. From observations which I took, I judge that the population of New Hampshire is increasing in three departments, namely, the legislature, the church, and the graveyard; and when a young man dies a natural death, and is laid away in the last of these, it must serve in a measure, I think, to lift the sorrow of his friends to feel the assurance that he will never get into either of the others.

Were you ever in the town of Marlow? Last year, in speaking of that place, I referred to it as "godforsaken," a theological expression which I had no authority to put forth. I hav no means of knowing whether God has forsaken Marlow or not. I think he would be a little homesick there at first, but recollections of the arid and rocky soil of Palestine might reconcile him to staying. I withdraw the remark that Marlow is godforsaken. It has lofty hills, good people, and a pleasant little village. Riding through that village, I saw over the door of a store a sign reading "H. Towne." The name is a familiar one. Mr. Towne is an old soldier, and I hav in my possession a copy of a letter he wrote twenty five years ago, which tells a story that belongs to the history of the war. The letter I copied was yellow and torn, and the ink had faded to near the color of the paper. Here it is as I made it out:

An account of the Death of Henry Macdonald, who enlisted in Company E, 6th Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, and fell at the second Battle of Bull Run (Virginia), August the 28th, 1862, in the War of the Great Rebellion. He was 36 years of age, having been born October the 14th, 1825.

*By a Comrade.*

Camp near Sharpsburg, Md., Sept. 29, 1862.

Friend Clement: You hav probably heard various accounts of our battle in the woods, where we suffered so severely; so I will attempt no description except of Macdonald's death. I was by his side; or, rather, we were facing each other, he with his left side to the enemy. We had fired, and were loading. We had reserved our fire somewhat, trying to see a good mark to sight. He fired first. After firing I stepped back close to him. He said, "Did you see him?" I answered, "Yes." Said he, "So did I." The words were scarcely spoken, when Almon Nutting, who was forward, was struck on the head by a ball, inflicting a serious wound. At the same instant Macdonald was hit just forward of the top of the ear, the ball passing squarely through the head, and coming out on the other side at the spot opposit. He fell on his back, his eyes set. He did not speak or recognize me. The wound bled very fast. He suffered none, and passed away feeling not the pains of death, nor its fears. He was as cool, and spoke as calmly, as if we had been shooting squirrels. I think it was the ball which wounded Nutting that killed him, as both were struck at the same moment.

After speaking to Nutting, I was obliged to leave, the regiment having moved forward and left us behind. I had no time to save Macdonald's money, or the clothing upon him. Indeed, the chance of my coming out myself was so small I did not think to do it. When we returned it was by a different route, and on the double quick, so he fell into the hands of the enemy, who were careful to carry away everything except the clothes. The shoes they took, if good. He was probably buried by our men, who went back for that purpose with a flag of truce. There will be no means of identifying the spot. His knapsack, with contents, was left behind.

H. Towne.

I am opposed to war, and wish that the last of the instruments of bloodshed were sunk in the sea and the art of making them lost forever; but in spite of that I hav never ceased to regard with growing admiration and respect the memory of the curly-haired, dark whiskered man, as I recollect him, who bade us good-bye on a cold Christmas day in 1861, and went away to the South to fight for what he thought was a sacred cause, and to meet death as his comrade has described it in this letter.

An event occurred here the other day that also awoke the past to some extent. It was the golden wedding of the Rev. Jehiel Claflin, a minister of the Christian denomination, whom I hav often heard preach. The correspondent of a country paper described the affair as "the crowning event of the season." What the subordinate events were was not revealed. No doubt the wedding was a fine affair, as it well might be, for as Elder Claflin had been an Abolition orator in his day and had paid the penalty for his independence by being abused by his brethren in the church, letters of congratulation were sent him from all the old warhorses of antislavery times. Parker Pillsbury sent one of his strong epistles; so did Oliver Johnson and Samuel May. William Lloyd Garrison, Jr., wrote a very good poem, and the local poet wrote a very bad one, and there were speeches, and presents and pie worth a year's salary, and congratulations and cake. East Westmoreland suddenly awoke to the fact that it contained a distinguished citizen. The Keene *Sentinel* printed a full, four-column report of it on the front page, poetry and all, and when Mr. Claflin got the paper he was moved to declare that it was the proudest moment of his life. He is getting to be an old man, and though he still retains the power to preach, he has no permanent pulpit. He lost his pastorate there at home because he had the independence to vote as he believed, but he has never lost the good-will of the people, and he occasionally turns an honest dollar by marrying the boys and girls to each other. If I ever hav a chance to throw one of these little jobs in his way, I shall exert myself in that direction. They tell here a story about a minister who had in his parish an aged and respected man, a Spiritualist, with a deep stoop to his shoulders. The minister was so straight as to lean backward. The dominie one day inquired of the aged man the reason why he carried his head depressed. The other, in reply, drew his attention to a neighboring field of grain, and asked him if he ever noticed that some of the stalks stood erect and others bent. The preacher had noticed it. "Well," said the aged and respected citizen, "if you examin them closely you will find that the heads that droop are full, while those that stand up so straight that they lean the other way hav nothing in them."

The deacon whom I mentioned in my last year's letter as an interesting miracle of grace still flourishes, but I regret to say that he sometimes uses so-called profane language—not in his own discourse, but in repeating the words of others. A story moderately free from blasphemy at first, passing through his hands, comes out with its events surrounded by an effulgent halo of profanity. He is on the school board, and does the examining of candidates for the position of teacher in his district. The first teacher who came to him for a certificate found him unprepared. Not being much given to study beyond the reading of *Zion's Herald*, he was unacquainted with his duties, and had been so busy getting in his crops that he had had no time, he said, to familiarize himself with the school curriculum. Under the impression that the order of exercises was of some importance, he inquired of the applicant what she would do upon opening school after the scholars had "kinder settled down quiet." She replied that the reading of the Testament was generally thought to be a good preliminary to the day's tribulations. "Well," said he, "sposen you jest read off a few verses, and see how it goes." A Testament was produced, and the candidate read it so effectivly that anything further was pronounced unnecessary, and the certificate was forthwith handed over. The school which followed this civil service examination was satisfactory in all respects.

I call this man "deacon." I do not know whether he was ever ordained as such or not; but as he livs near the school-house where the meetings are held, finds stable room for the horses of the worshipers who come from a distance, and invites the minister home to dinner every Sunday (an invitation which the minister was never known to decline), I think he deserves some recognition more than a ordinary and unserviceable member of the church. He is spoken of by the nearest residents as a good man and an obliging neighbor. He was such before his regeneration, and former habits cling to him.

I went on but one excursion, and that was a fishing picnic. The deacon had registered to go, but on the appointed day it rained, and he declared that the disappointment had so "relaxed him down" that when a fair day came he hadn't sufficient energy to undertake the trip. Others stayed at home for the reason that while waiting for the weather to clear off they had eaten all the pie designed for the picnic.

The pie is an ingredient part of New England life, and the production of it inspires the people there to their greatest efforts. Three times a day and between meals is not thought too often to indulge in it. I became more or less confirmed in the pie habit while there, and hav since been tapering off on New York pie, which is much inferior to the New England manufacture, and therefore less dangerous. As the youth in Prohibition states are less likely to contract the liquor-habit on account of the poor quality of the whisky sold there in large drinks, so the unattractiv nature of the New York pie diminishes the danger which people here might be in of contracting the pie habit if that article were as seductiv as the New England product. This dissertation on The Pie is parenthetical and relates to the picnic only in that, at the picnic aforesaid, I fell again and again, threw prudence to the winds, and took pie with all who invited me to dissipate. The result is the mental and physical wreck which you see before you. The picnic was a success, as was everything else connected with my vacation, if I except this feeble and imperfect account of the same.

I feel at liberty, and also bound by prudence, to conceal from you my true opinion of the New Hampshire girl. I spoke about them to my friend, Counsellor Sherman, who is Mayor Hewitt's righthand shorthand writer, and he said that if he hadn't found so congenial a hammock at Lake Carey, in Pennsylvania, he should regret not having spent his vacation in the Granite state. I also discussed the question with Mr. Somerby, and he is already on his way to New England, though as that is his nativ place he has sufficient reasons for going there apart from any allurements I hav held out. But to ward off all further misgivings and disaster, I shall be reticent in my communication to you. In the language of holy writ, a word to the wise is as good as a wink to a blind horse.

Space admonishes me that my letter has reached an unreasonable length. A hundred incidents, more interesting, perhaps, than those I hav mentioned, I must leave untouched. In Surry, in New Hampshire, between those giant hills that rise, and beneath the majestic heavens that bow to meet them, in rain

and sun, in warmth and cold, in boyhood and in manhood, I hav spent happy days. To stand there again in the door of the old house, to see again the familiar landscape, to hear the housewife singing about her work, to see the husbandman "jocund drive his team afield," to see the cornfields in the distance like an army with banners, to breathe the pure air, and above all to feel the eternal quiet that never comes to the dwellers in cities—all this impresses a man against his will with the attractivness of a pastoral life. Think of it—to hav land upon which you are not a trespasser and a passenger; to hav about you living things—horses, and cattle, and sheep—that are your own; to hav a farm, and a house, and a home, and a wife—think of that!—to hav crops that grow while you sleep, and fields that are white to the sickle, and only await the gatherer; where "to plow is to pray, to plant is to prophesy, and the harvest answers and fulfils." Think of it.

Here, in this little world of hills, men and women are born, and liv, and struggle for a season against the law that finally draws them back again into the earth. Yet between the cradle and the coffin they enjoy all that life has to giv. They hav health and home, music, papers, and books, family and friends; and so, undecoyed by visions of a more attractiv and luxurious world outside, they liv their rural lives, and take their honest part in our unwritten history.

> Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
> Their sober wishes never learn to stray;
> Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
> They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

Which, I may say, in a casual way, is quoted from the poet Gray.

But a vacation cannot last forever. The Idler at length feels out of place among these workers. He would like to join in their labors—the spirit is willing, but the flesh demurs, objects, and declines. The sun scorches him, the heat melts him, the tools which he fain would use hav a more executiv effect upon his hands than upon their object, and the bloom comes off his clothes. So he bids good-bye with what cheerfulness he can affect, throws a last look upon the reminders of old days, and in a few hours is back again, with memories of bright faces behind and a prospect of congenial employment ahead, to a place where he can be useful if not decorativ. I return my best respects to the people of the old Granite state.

With great admiration (not unmingled with astonishment) for your ability to get out as good a paper while I am gone as I do when you are away, I subscribe myself, Your brother,

GEORGE E. MACDONALD.

## Superstition, Ancient and Modern.

*Ignorance is the mother of devotion.*

Webster defines superstition to be, "literally, a standing still over something; hence an excessiv reverence or fear of that which is unknown."

The Christian religion is an outgrowth of Judaism, and Judaism is the product of some still older religion. Man is progressiv in religion as well as in government, science, etc. The farther we go back in history the lower we find the various forms of religion. We soon reach the conclusion, after a brief investigation, that all religions hav one common origin; that they all spring from the ignorance, helplessness, and fear of man. It is equally plain that religious rites and ceremonies are maintained by means of the same human weaknesses. The divine mysteries when set before him bewilder his mind—he knows not what to think—and when the horrors of hell are pictured to his imagination, he is terrorized, and not unfrequently demented. It is an old and empty assertion to say that man has a religious nature. It is true only in the sense that man has an ignorant nature, and that out of his ignorance spring his fears.

The early progenitors of the human race had, strictly speaking, no religion or science. They knew almost nothing of the laws of nature. All remarkable phenomena were to them the work of personal spirits. Man measured everything by himself. He was conscious of life, and consequently to him everything that moved had life, either within itself or secretly associated with it. The sun, moon, and stars were among the first objects of his worship. The heavenly hosts were all gods of greater or less magnitude.

Origen declares that "the stars are animate and rational, moved with such order and reason as it would be absurd to say irrational creatures could fulfil."

A comet or eclipse was some celestial tramp out of employment. He was a devil-god, and must either be frightened away by demoniacal noises or bought off with a handsome bribe. The sun has been more generally worshiped than any other object. He brings the spring, summer, and autumn, turning his back upon us only in winter. In every religion we find vestiges of the old rites of sun-worship. In the Christian religion Christmas has no more to do with the birth of Christ than it has with the birth of Buddha. A very general festival of eastern countries in early times was that of the New Year. Christians placed one of their festivals upon this time and called it the birthday of Christ.

When the days ceased to shorten, and immediately began to lengthen, it was an occasion of rejoicing. The New Year's festival is a permanent institution everywhere, and through all time. The New Year is the promis of seedtime and harvest.

Go where you may, you will find the majority of people controled more by popular superstition than by reason. There is no end to the number and variety of the forms of superstitions. Almost everything has some sort of superstitious legend associated with it.

The water-spirits and mermaids abound in oceans, lakes, and other large bodies of water. Fairies, hobgoblins, spooks, fill the air. The fancy of the imagination takes upon it myriads of forms and colors. The undeveloped mind is peopled with a world of wonders. The primitiv man, in consequence of his limited acquaintance with nature, and on account of his helplessness, was almost constantly in a state of alarm. The lightning, thunder, earthquakes, volcanoes, and other phenomena filled him with terror. He saw danger about him on all sides, and his fearful imagination extended so greatly the number of objects that could do him harm that he became afraid of everything new or strange. He was a most arrant coward. He cried out in his distress, and gradually formed his cries into pravers. He sought to gain favor with the unseen powers. He pictured multitudes of evil spirits lying in wait to do him injury. Hence the primitiv man sought to propitiate them with presents and sacrifices.

With what rare wisdom Shakspere presents the cowardice of human nature in saying that

> 'Tis the eye of childhood
> That fears a painted devil!

We may as truly say:

> 'Tis the heart of childhood
> That worships an angry God.

Fetishism is the first form of religion among savage tribes. In his lowest condition man is a great worshiper, and in his highest he bows not his head nor bends his knee in fear to gods or men, but loves manfully all that is good, beautiful, and true.

The undeveloped man is ready to offer service and devotion to any person or thing that he thinks can do him good or evil. He was ready at any moment to cry out "good Lord," "good devil." Anyone who could beat off the evils threatened was greatly in demand.

FETISHES.

These fetishes are anything which people like to select for adoration, a tree, a mountain, the sea, a piece of wood, the tail of a lion, a pebble, a shell, salt, a plant, a flower, certain animals, such as cows, goats, elephants, sheep, or anything like these. These are the gods of the negro, sacred objects, talismans. The negroes offer them worship, address their prayers to them, perform sacrifices, carry them about in procession, consult them on great occasions. They swear by them, and such oaths are never broken (De Brosses's *Du Culte des Dieux Fétishes*).

The negro supposes that the possession of a fetish representing a spirit, makes the spirit his servant. We know that negroes beat their fetish if their prayers are unanswered, and I believe they seriously think they thus inflict suffering on the actual deity. Thus the fetish cannot fairly be called an idol. The same image or object may indeed be a fetish to one man and an idol to another, yet the two are essentially different in their nature. An idol is indeed an object of worship, while, on the contrary, a fetish is intended to bring the deity within the control of man (Lubbock's Origin of Civilization, p. 165).

Christians do not beat their Gods, but they think that by importunate prayers they can torment their Jehovah into compliance with their wishes. If prayers are not sufficient to bring him to terms, they resort to fasting, penance, scourging, and other methods of self-torture, which are sure to place him under obligations to assist them. The parable of the widow and the unjust judge teaches this doctrin.

The early people are known to us almost wholly through their childish notions. We hav stories superimposed upon older stories, myths overlying still more ancient myths, and legends inclosing within their fossil forms earlier legends. The glaring characteristics of these our primitiv ancestors were their credulity, weakness, and cruelty. They worshiped not only the sun, moon, and stars, the mountains, lakes, rivers, forests, and animals, even snakes, but also bits of wood, stone, shell, horn, or any other trifle to which they took a fancy. They were not always given to a belief that these objects contained within themselvs the great powers for good or evil, but that by their prayers certain spirits would come to their rescue in the hour of danger; they would giv them success in fishing, hunting, or in war. The savage was thrown into alarm upon the slightest thing which to him was unusual. If he traveled by night, the rustling of a leaf or the grunting of a hog was enough to frighten him. Every place was the home of some bad spirit, seeking to do harm to all who came that way. Poor wretch! he had to devise some sort of insurance against these powers of darkness, and the best he could invent were the fetishes. These were handy, decorativ, and cheap.

We moderns hav not wholly turned away from the *gris gris* business, for we hav our charms, amulets, beads, rosaries, lucky-stones, horse-shoes, and ten thousand other fetishes. But we are not heathen. Oh, no; we are civilized.

It is not many years since we had the blue window-glass craze. It had quite a run, but the believer in this superstition would hav been insulted if any one had called his foolish notions heathenish.

In the wake of the blue-glass craze another comes in the form of the horse-shoe lunacy. And worse still is the Salvation Army.

I think that a sensible pagan witnessing a parade of the Salvation Army in our streets, and noting our horse-shoe and blue glass superstitions, might hav good grounds for calling us heathen.

The modern fetish-worshiper, when passing a graveyard late at night, is greatly troubled lest the ghosts come out of their graves to carry him off, or at least "to put a spell on him." To resist and repel this dangerous attack, he whistles and, perhaps, counts his beads, if he has time.

I once knew a lady who, though not very pious, was nevertheless quite superstitious. During a severe thunder-storm she would usually take down her Bible and begin to read. The Bible was her fetish. God could not hav the heart to strike her with his lightning when she was in the act of serving him.

In the Boston *Journal of Chemistry*, 1879, is a remarkable instance of the survival of an old superstition. A druggist in Texas lately paid $250 for a "mad-stone." The stone was found in the stomach of a deer several years ago, and is reputed to possess the virtue of curing the bites of mad dogs, snakes, and all other venomous animals and reptils (Credulities, p. 161, W. Jones).

FEAR.

Let us look for a moment at the conspicuous place fear held in the Hebrew religion.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom (Ps. cxi, 10).

But this is not true; the fear of the Lord is the beginning of superstition. How often this old counterfeit has been palmed off on us as a genuin truth! And we, with remnants of fear in us, dared not question the imposture.

It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God (Heb. x, 31).

The wise man will then keep out of his hands and hav no dealings with him.

Ye shall not fear other gods, nor bow yourselvs to them, nor sacrifice to them (2 Kings xvii, 35).
And ye shall not fear other gods (2 Kings xvii, 37).
Fear not the gods of the Amorites (Judges vi, 10).
But he forsaketh the fear of the almighty (Job vi, 14).
In thy fear (O Lord) will I worship toward thy holy temple (Ps. v, 7).
Serve the Lord with fear (Ps. ii, 11).

Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. Everywhere in the Hebrew scriptures fear is the loftiest and most prominent virtue in the calendar of duty. Nor can it be denied that the Jews had good grounds for fear. Jehovah seems to hav been angry nearly all of the time, and, do what they might, his people could never keep him pleased for any great length of time.

THE ANGER OF THE LORD.

Upon returning from Mount Sinai, Moses found the Israelites worshiping a golden calf, whereupon he broke the two tables of stone, fasted forty days and nights, and then upbraids his people in these terms:

For I was afraid of the anger and hot displeasure wherewith the Lord was wroth against you to destroy you (Deut. ix, 19).
That the Lord may turn from the fierceness of his anger (Deut. xiii, 17).

The "wrath of God" is a very common phrase in the Hebrew writings. This form of expression is often varied; sometimes it is the "fierce wrath," or "the fierceness of his great wrath," "the fierceness of his anger," his "hot displeasure," the "vengeance of the Lord."

Vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord (Rom. xii, 19).

Some of these terms appear on almost every page of the Bible.

The Old Testament speaks of Jehovah as if he were a monster. It describes him as a cruel despot who commands his people to do the most atrocious deeds for no particular reason, except that he has become angry and jealous. In his hot displeasure he often drives his people to murderous wars upon neighboring tribes. Every page of the Old Testament displays ghastly traces of a ghastly people and their ghastly God. W. S. BELL.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## C. B. Reynolds's Lecture Appointments.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sweet Home, Ind. | September 8, 9 |
| Monticello, Ill. | 14, 15, 16 |
| Mattoon, Ill. | 18, 19, 20, 21 |
| Centralia, Ill. | 22, 23, 24 |
| Belleville, Ill. | 25, 26, 27 |
| Minier, Ill. | October 1, 2, 3 |
| Westfield, Ill. | 5, 6, 7 |
| Olney, Ill. | 12, 13, 14 |
| Chicago, Ill. (American Secular Union Congress) | 15, 16 |

There is opportunity to secure lectures between the 7th to 12th of October by writing at once to C. B. Reynolds so letter will reach him at Monticello or Mattoon.

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## "God Wills It."

So said Henry George in a speech the other evening before the Anti-Poverty Society. "This is a new crusade," he declared. "As in the old crusades the cry was, 'God wills it,' so in this crusade the cry is, 'God wills it.'"

It is true, according to history, that "God wills it" was substantially the battle-cry of the old crusaders who took up those ill-fated excursions against the Mohammedans for the possession of Jerusalem. When Pope Urban stood upon an elevated scaffold at Clermont and harangued the crowd, he cried out, "It is the will of God," and the throng took up the cry. "It is indeed his will," went on the pope; "and let these words be your war-cry when you find yourselvs in the presence of the enemy. You are soldiers of the cross; wear, then, on your breasts or on your shoulders the blood-red sign of him who died for the salvation of your souls." If Mr. George is a true crusader, he will adopt this "blood-red sign." Of course, the red flag of the Socialists, whom he has excluded, will not be practicable.

At the time of the first of the old crusades the people of Latin Christendom to a large extent owned the land on which they dwelt. At the outbreak of the holy-city fanaticism they sold or mortgaged their homes, and the merchants and traders came into possession of them, the result being a monopoly of the land. It is doubtful if the present movement will awaken such enthusiasm or bring about such a result. To sell all that thou hast and giv to the Anti-Poverty Society has not as yet become a cardinal doctrin of the new crusade.

Peter the Hermit started through Hungary for the holy land with one hundred thousand followers. Seven thousand of these reached Constantinople, crossed the Bosphorus, and were murdered by the Turks. When the hosts under Godfrey came thither on the way to Palestine they found a heap of human bones. Did "God will it?" Henry George started out with sixty-eight thousand followers. How many of them will be with him at the holy sepulcher of abolished Poverty?

In the old crusade there was a serious split between the Latin and Greek Christians. There was no central authority, and each clung to the system of private warfare. This may be typical of the split in the United Labor party.

The second crusade was a failure. The third crusade fell through for the reason that the leaders fought among themselvs. The fourth crusade was attended by ill success. The fifth crusade captured Jerusalem for a short time. The sixth crusade was bootless. The seventh crusade was, like the majority of its predecessors, a dismal failure. The eighth crusade did not get there. The ninth and last reached Nazareth, slaughtered its inhabitants, and then returned to England. The holy city is to-day in the hands of the Infidel, and the alleged tomb of Christ is guarded by a Mohammedan soldier, whose duty it is to see that Christians of different sects do not fight over the holy sepulcher. Did God will all this? If the devil had willed it and carried out his intentions, could the crusades hav ended worse than they did? Is Mr. George's hope for the success of the new crusade based upon the happy results of the old ones?

To say that God wills it is no argument. Indeed, it generally indicates a total lack of argument. It has been the cry of fanaticism in all ages, and in all ages the struggle for liberty has been a struggle between the will of the people and the alleged will of God. The will of God means a theocracy. The will of the people means a republic. If there is merit in a new doctrin, let that doctrin stand upon that merit. Let reason rule. "Let the ghosts go. Let them cover their eyeless sockets with their fleshless hands and fade forever from the imaginations of men."

## Mexican Politics and Religion.

It is a fact proved by history that when religion is introduced into politics, politics is corrupted and even religion is not made more attractiv. Texas found that out in her recent Prohibition campaign, and our sister republic, Mexico, is learning the lesson. There are in that republic two parties, the Liberal and the Clerical, the former made up mainly of Protestants and no-religionists; the latter, of Jesuits. The constitution and administration are much like those of the United States, and hav been since 1857, though twice overthrown and restored. Formerly the Catholic church owned nearly one-third of the real-estate of the entire country, but their landed property has since been nationalized, the convents abolished, and superfluous church-buildings sold or converted to public use. For this sequestration of their property the Catholics had only themselvs to thank. They had become so overbearing and so intolerant of all other forms of belief or unbelief, that theirs was the only creed permitted in the country. The times called for either nationalization of their property or another French revolution.

At present the war between the Liberal and Clerical parties is reported to be extremely animated. The *Monitor Republicano*, a Liberal newspaper published in the City of Mexico, in its issue of September 3d says that there appears to be a well-formed plan among the Jesuits to destroy in Mexico the precious achievement of religious liberty, and charges that the higher as well as the lower class of the clergy is constantly preaching a crusade against religious tolerance as enjoined by the constitution of the country. The *Monitor* charges that ecclesiastial penalties are inflicted for reading the Liberal party newspapers, and that recent acts of some of the bishops tend to revive the institutions of the Middle Ages. It also charges that this intolerance, displayed in the persecutions of the people who hold liberal views, is the chief cause of there being no influx of foreign immigration into the country, and says: "It is feared with reason that the clergy contemplate repeating on Mexican soil the horrible atrocities of Saint Bartholomew's Day in France."

It is proposed by the Liberals to immediately organize anti-clerical leagues throughout the republic. One has already been established in the City of Mexico, which declares undying hostility to the Jesuits, and states its purpose to be the emancipation of the Indians of the country from the slavery of ecclesiastical rule, and compelling observance of the reform laws. In a circular letter addressed to the public, the league says it is opposed to bloodshed, and only desires an intellectual struggle.

An intellectual struggle is exactly the kind of struggle which the Jesuits will not giv the Liberals. They will fight them as the Catholics fight in this country, by the corruption of legislatures and by the exercise of arbitrary power over the ignorant and superstitious. The recent instructions of a Puebla bishop to his subjects not "to hav even the slightest social or business intercourse with Protestants" is an example of the latter method, and the attempts of the clergy to obtain concessions from the government allowing the church more privileges than it now has is an example of the former. The Clerical organs all over the country set themselvs in open hostility to the United States and American institutions, and oppose the development of intercourse between the two republics. It is prophesied that the religious controversy will enter into the next presidential election, as the only question in Mexican politics just now appears to be whether Mexico shall remain a republic and take its place "among the nations of the earth," or relapse into a hierarchy, as it was in colonial times, and sink to the level of other countries in which the church has undisputed control, as it certainly will do if the priests come once more into power. With the examples of all these other countries before them, it would seem that the people of Mexico must be blind if they do not take the proper course and deny the Jesuits every vestige of political power beyond what they may properly exercise as individuals and citizens of a republic.

## Labor Holiday.

The first Monday of September having been made a legal holiday by Governor Hill and the New York legislature, and having been christened Labor Day by general consent, it was duly observed by a portion of the toilers of New York city and elsewhere. It was not, however, accepted by all the employers without protest. They argue that, coming as it does at a busy time in the fall trade, and affecting this state exclusivly, and New York city particularly, its institution is prejudicial to the business interests of both state and city. Nevertheless, it was a great day, and vast throngs joined in its celebration. Those who could not feel that they were sufficiently entitled to the name of "laborers" to join the parade could at least stand upon the sidewalk and see the procession go by, or, if they felt so disposed, they could observe the day by working in the usual manner.

Opinion is divided as to the wisdom of making this additional legal holiday. It is called class legislation, since it is theoretically a legal recognition of a labor class as distinct from a class who are not supposed to be laborers. Exactly where the line between these is to be drawn, no one, we take it, would be able to say, unless it be between employers and employees. As a matter of fact, however, employers often work harder and longer than any whom they employ. With them left out of a labor demonstration, therefore, the hardest workers are unrepresented, while if they were to be included the demonstration would lose its character and become general.

Labor day owes its origin to the political influence which the various labor organizations were able to bring to bear upon the governor and legislature. It therefore belongs especially to organized labor, and Organized Labor day would much more accurately describe it than its present name. But as the labor organizations hav an autonomy of their own and are supposed to exercise a control over their members, the question may properly be asked why they should seek legal recognition of a day which they hav set apart as their own. Their disciplin, their numbers, and consequently their strength, could be displayed in a much more imposing manner if the observance were more exclusiv and if, so to speak, they had the day to themselvs. They would then, in most instances, lose the pay for the day's work which they might otherwise hav performed, but this sacrifice would be only another proof of devotion to their cause.

The act of making a holiday a legal one has of itself very little force, as witness the prevalent disregard of the Saturday half-holiday. Every holiday means so much money withdrawn from the wages of the laborer, since the state has no right to force a corporation or an individual to pay for labor not performed. It is in every instance, except that of public employees, the generosity of the employer that stands between the laborer and the loss of pay for his holidays.

The chief objection to Labor day is its legal character. All workers hav a right to govern themselvs as to the time they shall work and the time they shall not work. They can, however, hav no right to coerce others into idleness. Suppose business men should through political influence secure a legal holiday to be known as Employers' day, and suppose they should then compel their employees to work that day without pay. This would be exactly equal to the demand of the employee that the employer shall pay him for a day upon which he does not work.

Labor is honorable and almost universal. Nearly everybody works. Those who do not work lead lives of uselessness. A true labor holiday would be a holiday for all except the drones who do nothing and who therefore hav a perpetual holiday. A legal holiday should be the choice of the whole people. Class holidays should not be made legal. If the

people find that they are necessary or desirable, they will adopt them and observe them, and Labor day has still to undergo this test. It must be admitted that the general observance of September 5th indicates that, as a day of recreation, the people of New York hav pronounced in its favor.

### Piety Against Honesty in New Jersey.

The bill of costs which the clerk of the Morristown court charged up against Mr. Reynolds, and which Colonel Ingersoll paid last May, is very interesting reading. It proves what we said at the time, that when a Jersey Christian gets a chance at a New York heretic's pocket, he dives deep and stays down a good while.

The swindle, it will be observed, begins early in the record, and goes right through. No respect is paid by the clerk, or his deputy, to the law; the idea that possessed them seems to hav been to extract as many dollars from the heretic as possible. If it has all gone into the state treasury, we are very much surprised.

During the trial we were astonished at the number of witnesses against Mr. Reynolds called by the district attorney. It is explained now. He was piling up costs for the benefit of the clerks. Two witnesses only need hav been called, and their fees by law could only hav reached 90 cents, for they were residents of Morristown, and the law allows no mileage when the witnesses reside within one mile of the court. We wonder if the district attorney benefited by the host of swearers? When he addressed the jury, which was not remanded, but for whose remand the clerk duly charged, Mr. Cutler bore down heavy upon the necessity of upholding the Law. The Law, said Mr. Cutler, is the shield of our liberties. The Law is the palladium of New Jersey's rights. The Law is the expression of the People's Will. The Law must never be broken with impunity. With the defendant's opinions the jury had naught to do. It was with the Law only that they could be concerned. The Law demanded the punishment of blasphemers, and it was solely to maintain the majesty of the Law, the expression of the People's Will, that he sought the conviction of the defendant. At all hazards, gentlemen, he concluded, keep inviolate the Law.

How he himself kept the law the figures of the bill of costs show.

The illegal practice of over-charging losers in law courts, while not confined to New Jersey, is probably more extensivly in vogue in that state than any other. The New Jersey friend who aided us in this exposure, on one occasion was overcharged to such an extent that he sued the court officials and compelled them to refund. In obtaining this list of costs we ourselvs had to suffer. The legal fee for furnishing a copy of a bill of costs is fifty cents. We were compelled to pay one dollar and fifty cents for it. From that commencement the swindle is continuous. Many of the illegal items are printed in the columns, showing that overcharging has become a settled custom, and that the clerks hav become bold and brazen in their illegal iniquity.

Mr. Reynolds has before him the opportunity of teaching these people a lesson. Here before him are the charges; there the law prescribing the penalties for the theft from Colonel Ingersoll's pocket. The suit that he could bring might convert a few of New Jersey's people from Christianity to honesty.

### Vaccinating School Children.

Mr. I. W. Archibald, of Everett, Mass., sent his little girl to a public school of that place, but she was refused admission because she had not been vaccinated. He wants to know what he can do about it.

The case is an aggravating one, but by no means isolated. The same rule regarding vaccination obtains in most large cities, and is based upon the popular idea that inoculation prevents smallpox. The physicians of the most eminence—whether they are the best or not is another matter—hold this theory. The boards of education in cities are composed of more or less respectable gentlemen who are not physicians. The moral, mental, and physical welfare of school children is placed in their care. In regard to morals, they compel the teachers to teach the generally accepted tenets. The course of instruction is mapped out by successful educators and adopted by the school trustees. The rules pertaining to physical health are such as eminent physicians prescribe. The school trustees, in a majority of cases, are honestly desirous of promoting the value of the school in their charge. In making vaccination compulsory they believe they are taking measures of great sanitary importance. The state places the power in their hands, and therefore the rule is legal.

But it is, nevertheless, an invasion of personal liberty that is galling to parents who conceive that they are the proper ones to say what shall be done to and for their children. And what makes the matter worse is the fact that hundreds of children hav contracted disease by being vaccinated, while the fact that smallpox did not attack those who may hav been vaccinated is a case of providential escape from disaster due to not being where the disaster occurred. A great many vaccinated people hav afterward had the dreaded disease.

There are two sides to this question. It is conceded, in the first place, that it is the duty of the school authorities to do what is in their power to prevent the spread of contagious diseases among the large number of school children collected in a city public school. The majority of human opinion is in favor of vaccination. Of course, the majority is just as apt to be wrong as the minority, and it is not necessary to discuss that. But the majority being in favor of it, the school trustees are justified, so far as a majority can justify any governmental measure, in adopting the rule. They are trying to do their duty.

On broader grounds—and these are the grounds upon which we stand—the majority has no right to impose any such rule upon the minority in matters upon which there is such diversity of opinion as upon this subject. It is, therefore, a question of the limitation of the powers of government; and as most people are probably agreed that governmental powers should be restricted as much as is compatible with public safety, the vaccination rule, considering the unreliability of the process, is an infringement of personal and political rights.

But Mr. Archibald will hav to submit or send his child to a private school.

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THE *Radical*, of London, reports that the Balls Pond Secular Sick and Tontine Society has recently been registered under the Friendly Societies Act, and is now in working order. The objects of the society are to provide medical aid and a weekly allowance for members in case of sickness, to furnish aid to members in case of accident, and to provide for the interment of deceased members or their wives. The subscription rates are low, and the benefits are said to be as generous as they can be consistently with fairness and stability. Many Freethinkers hav expressed a desire to see such a society established, and London Secularists hav now an opportunity of joining one which may be said to be designed by Freethinkers for Freethinkers.

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THE Rev. J. J. White was formerly pastor of the Methodist church at New London, Conn., but through a wicked conspiracy, involving his personal reputation, he was expelled from the pulpit. He at once formed an independent church, and "the Lord blessed his labors," as he claims. Meanwhile, the church which cast him out got in debt, and the other day was sold at auction, the purchaser being none other than the Rev. J. J. White himself. He will move his independent congregation into the old building, and will enjoy the fame which comes to all preachers who attend strictly to their ministerial functions.

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MRS. SLENKER desires any friend having copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER they do not wish to preserve to mail them to her. Those later than July will be most serviceable, though old ones will serve her for circulating. She has many poor friends who ask her for Liberal papers, and her regular supply is insufficient.

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THE Young Men's Christian Association of Brockton, Mass., refuse to receive the donated subscription of the Providence *People* because that paper quoted Thomas Paine's splendid sentiment: "The world is my country; to do good my religion."

### Lectures and Meetings.

DR. J. L. YORK will lecture for Friendship Liberal League, Philadelphia, Sunday evenings, September 25th and October 2d, in Industrial Hall, Broad and Wood streets, at 8 o'clock. As these lectures are to be free to the public, Liberals throughout the state are earnestly requested to attend and assist to meet expenses. Geo. Longford, secretary, 1106 Leopard street.

A PRELIMINARY state society, to be known as the "The Colorado Liberal Union," was organized in Longmont, Col., in May. Judge Woy was elected president; Etta Dunbar, secretary and treasurer, Longmont; W. F. Jamieson, state lecturer and corresponding secretary, Monte Vista, Col. Longmont Liberals paid to the lecturer $100 toward the fund to canvass the state, lecture, and organize Liberal societies. Annual membership fee, $1. Liberals all over the state should send in their names and become acquainted with each other. Address W. F. Jamieson, Monte Vista, Col.

J. F. BECK, secretary of the Adams county, Ohio, Secular Union, writes: "Please announce in THE TRUTH SEEKER that Charles Watts, editor of *Secular Thought*, Toronto, Can., has been secured for a course of seven lectures for our third annual Liberal camp-meeting, to be held at Peebles and West Union, O., on September 16th, 17th, and 18th. Peebles is on the Cincinnati & Eastern Railroad, connecting Cincinnati and Portsmouth. Freethinkers in those two cities will please observe and be sure to attend the entire course, bringing as many of their orthodox friends as can be induced to listen to reason. The subjects are as follows: 1. 'Secularism: What Is It?' 2. 'Unbelief: Its Nature and Value.' 3. 'Morality and Religion: Which?' 4. 'Science: Its Struggles and Triumphs.' 5. 'Christianity: What Has It Done?' 6. 'Atheism and Theism.' 7. 'The Nightmare of Theology.'"

### Heretical Personalities.

WHEN E. A. Stevens writes letters he shows his appreciation of the ladies by adding postscripts. P.S. No. 2 of his last to us runs this way: "Although in a hurry, I do want to express my high appreciation of those articles by Felix Oswald. Suppose you are going to publish in book form. I hope so, at any rate. He combines rare literary skill with profound philosophy and scientific research, and can condense more thought into an ordinary article than any man I know of." For the information of Mr. Stevens and other admirers of Professor Oswald, we may say that as soon as the series is completed, it will be brought out in that handsome form of book which Mr. Somerby knows so well how to force from unwilling artisans. It will probably make over two hundred pages, and sell for a dollar.

WATSON HESTON, whose artistic work in THE TRUTH SEEKER has been so generally commended and criticised, is a young man of only one hundred and seventeen pounds avoirdupois, most of which weight is above his shoulders. He is quick, nervous, and bony, and always sympathizes with the under dog in a fight. He looks the typical Westerner, and if he should don a slouch hat and tuck his trousers into his boot-legs he might be taken for a miniature cowboy. He has been married fourteen years, and considers it not a little remarkable that he and his wife are in love yet. He never had a lesson in drawing in his life, but will move to New York this fall and study art. His admirers may therefore look for an improvement in the technique of his work, but he will find it requires effort to improve his ideas.

C. P. FARRELL, Colonel Ingersoll's publisher, has been spending the summer at Franconia, N. H. Like all the folks (regardless of sex) around Colonel Ingersoll, he is one of the best fellows in the world, and deserves his good fortune. He used to be a merchant in Illinois, but after marrying Mrs. Ingersoll's sister he started in to spread heresy by putting Colonel Ingersoll's lectures upon the market in an attractiv and respectable style. He has been very successful in this, and but for the book thieves who steal the property of Mr. Ingersoll, the sale of the writings of this one author would make a business of enormous proportions, and keep Mr. Farrell busy. Mr. Farrell is about thirty-five years old, big and bony, never loses his temper, and quotes Ingersoll incessantly; but the best thing he has said lately is that he expects to publish Colonel Ingersoll's speech in the Reynolds trial next month.

Now that our genial associate, C. P. Somerby, the Business End of the Truth Seeker Company, is away up in New Hampshire seeking a little rest, we can tell what he is like without making him blush. Before THE TRUTH SEEKER invaded New York, Mr. Somerby was publishing Infidel books in this city. He is tall, strong, and brunet, a descendant of the Puritans, a Vermonter by birth, a whilom resident of the great Northwest, and knows more about heretical books than anyone else in the country. In social economy he is a Communist, in religion an Atheist-Positivist; in politics he is a Prohibitionist and for the best man. His strong points of character are modesty, honesty, and enthusiasm, and a firm belief that a hundred years from now the world will be a great deal better than it is at present. He is about forty-four years old, married, and never so happy as when helping along the progressiv swing of the universe.

J. L. York is on his way East, and will be in this city soon. He writes that "things are booming" in Pittsburgh, and expects them to boom in Philadelphia, which city he will soon reach. Dr. York is another big and bony Infidel, of strong personality, and possesses sufficient of what is called "magnetism" to hold his audience in sympathy with him. He is a Spiritualist, but, as they say of people who are quietly religious, he doesn't work at it much. He has lived something over half a century, a great deal of the time in California, owns a place in San José, makes money at lecturing, and spends it freely in spreading the gospel of Freethought. If the Manhattan Liberal Club will giv him an evening, and the audience a collection. New Yorkers will hear him next month, and the Man With a Badge-Pin will describe his eloquence with that regard for Truth which so well becomes him. The best thing about Dr. York is that he takes his wife with him on his travels.

MRS. ELMINA D. SLENKER, whose affairs are attracting a good deal of attention just now, will be sixty years old two days before next Christmas. Her father was a Quaker preacher, and was turned out of his pulpit for his heresy. Mrs. Slenker is the eldest of six girls, and is a heretic in everything. Perhaps no other person, aside from Liberal editors, has written so many articles for Liberal journals as she. She writes so many that she hasn't time to spell out the words she uses, and printers often hav to be mind-readers to get the meaning of her sentences. She is so honest that she is easily deceived, and no doubt some of her correspondents hav taken advantage of this fact. Her husband owns a woollen mill in Snowville, and is well to do for that section of the country, but his wealth is chiefly in his mill. Should Mrs. Slenker be fined to the extent of the law, it would almost ruin him to pay the fine. Mrs. Slenker is a plain, grandmotherly countrywoman, used to hard work, but living more outside of her surroundings than in them. She is unconventional to a painful extent, and hates a hypocrit. In her hands a hoe is as familiar as a pen, and her garden is the pride of her neighborhood. She is a botanist of no little information, and her simple descriptions of plants and flowers take with the children immensely.

# Letters from Friends.

LEXINGTON, KY., Aug. 23, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I will relate a little story my father used to tell. An Irishman came to this country, and thought he would go to the Protestant church. The parson's sermon was on Samson. After he got through, the Irishman goes up to him, and taps him on the shoulder and says:

"And what mighty mon was that you was a-talking about awhile ago?"

"It was Samson, the strongest man that ever lived."

Says Pat: "Faith and bejases, I hav a full cousin in the north of Ireland could sweep hell and blazes out of your strong Samson, so he could." J. P. J.

SNOHOMISH CITY, WASH. TER., Aug. 24, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $10 for five new subscribers. Send papers as per inclosed list. Before this reaches you, you will hav learned that Mr. Putnam has been and gone. But I hope it will not be out of place to say a word in his favor. I think he is just immense. He was well received by a large portion of our community, and made many friends for the Liberal cause. He draws well, and holds about all he draws.

Some of our lady friends said to me that they were very sorry that he had left. I said to them he (Mr. Putnam), like Christ, had promised to come again; and I was quite sure he would be here first, as he had given us the date.

J. S. MARTIN.

ALCOVE, NEB., Aug. 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: My letter to THE TRUTH SEEKER about the first of March, 1887, led parties to address me in regard to government land, and also numerous other questions, so I was led to send a second, which was printed August 20, 1887.

Now, I receive letters wanting to know why I do not tell the whole TRUTH SEEKER family all about it.

I will say right here I will write a piece for your paper once a week if they will pay you for your trouble printing it. I want nothing for writing. I will giv them my views as best I can on paper, including health out here, productivness of the soil, Indians, cattle ranches, water, fuel, and last, but not least, all about the government land. If you do not wish it I will send it to any other Liberal paper they may select. Should they select some other paper, in that case, I would like to hav them send me a copy of the paper while I am writing. HENRY W. MATTLEY.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., Aug. 31, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I assisted at first, and hav helped to nourish thee in all thy years, and am pleased to greet thy comings—even with thy faults, which I hope will disappear in age Do you ask me what? Let me say, in many things, I think you are too tender-footed—too much under the control of church and state—and fear to expose those multiplied curses that lie at the very bottom of the iniquities that you combat on the surface. That the inherent enemy of most of our multiplied organizations is popery, from crown to sole, is no secret to the initiated. And if these continue, and all the women (things and all) should vote, what would the next century be? A set of wild church dervishes, outlined now in Abyssinia, where the lineage is on the mother's side. Alas! there are but few men and women who dare to act up to their convictions, one to elevate the mental standard, and the other the physical.

The church only requires dwarfs and cripples—it ever has bred and ever will breed disease to fill its pews.

ABRAM BRONSON.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In your issue of August 6th Mr. S. D. Jeffers asks where he can get land that he can liv on and cultivate for five years and call his own. I know nothing about Western land, but there are yet a few acres of homestead land in Florida that can be secured. It is called "state selected land," which means that the state has tried to gobble it as swamp land, but Uncle Sam has refused to giv it up. There are about two thousand acres of homestead land in Dade county, near Indian and Jubiter rivers, and about three miles north of Jubiter inlet, which fact is not generally known in Florida. Anyone interested can send $1 to the government land office at Gainesville, Fla., for a map of Township 40, south of Range 42 East. I hav secured a homestead there and am satisfied with it, but hav no advice to giv others. As yet it is a wilderness; neighbors are few, and musketoes are plenty. Homesteads cost $14, called receiver's fees. An affidavit is necessary, signed by two witnesses, declaring that they know the land to be free from overflow and fit for cultivation. But a party without several hundred dollars to start in with would better seek his fortune elsewhere. G. W. HALL.

NATIONAL MILITARY HOME, O., Aug. 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav had the privilege of reading your valuable paper through the courtesy of an old comrade, and know that it advocates the doctrins that I always loved—the doctrin of universal rights and the common brotherhood of man. I do not wish to be considered egotistic when I say that I spent three years and seven months fighting in the service of my country to establish the fact that all men were created equal, and we all supposed that the damning heresy that oppression of any kind was a divine institution had been shot to death on a hundred bloody battlefields in the late rebellion. I was therefore surprised and dumbfounded when I read in papers of recent date of the action of the Presbyterian Synod at St. Louis, in which a certain minister resurrected the doctrin that Parson Brownlow was so completely routed in by A. C. Prime in 1854. I wish your good work could hav a greater circulation among my people (viz., the colored people), for I sincerely believe there is more religious bigotry among us than among any other race in America, and I hav often said that if there are any miracles of the nineteenth century, it is the black man's religion. Inclosed I send you a list of the works I want. Hoping the time is not far distant when I can become a regular patron of your praiseworthy journal, Yours for the motto of your paper, C. S. HANCE,

Late 1st Sergt. Co. I, 102d Mich. Col. Regt.

DES MOINES, Aug. 29, 1887.

DEAR OLD TRUTH SEEKER: Another year has rolled around, which reminds me that it is the proper time to lay in my spiritual food for the year of '88. I hav been a close reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER for some time; am well pleased with it, and the cartoons are immense. They are the text from which I do my preaching. We would hav much healthier sermons wound off to the world if the sky pilots would study and preach from those truthful texts. I hav but one objection to your paper, and I will now giv it. I think it would be policy to let up on those letters of Mrs Colman. They would do for the Grand Army posts, or for the Republican office seeker, but for those seeking truth, they certainly are out of place, and take up valuable space of the best paper in the world. Blaine or John Sherman would pay her liberally for those negro-suffering letters. I hav quit reading them. I send you three new subscribers with my own, and postal order of $10. You see that I hav not taken out any commission for those I am entitled to, or for the collections and remittances for other small favors I hav done. Now if you will send me the photos of Paine and others advertised, I will remit if there is any difference. The names I send you as subscribers are the leading men of this city, moneyed men, and if they become as interested as myself, we can then hav some lectures delivered here. It is a shame that there is no move made in this city. We could safely say that one-half of our population would indorse the teachings of THE TRUTH SEEKER if we get at them in some way. Truly, CAPT. T. J. KENNEDY.

BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 1, 287.

MR. EDITOR: As Brother Koezly declines my improvement on his proposition, and as betting or any other form of gambling is against my principles, I will consequently accept the offer he made to leave the question to an editor for settlement, and will name Editor Macdonald of this paper, whose decision—in my favor—is already in print, and will be found on page 3 of THE TRUTH SEEKER Annual for 1886.

It is contained in these words in the explanation of a perpetual calendar, viz., "At the beginning of every century leap-year is omitted, except every fourth century—1600, 2000, etc.," which words completely refute and overthrow Brother Koezly's unique idea—and upon which his mistaken computation is based—that it took 1601 to begin that century.

The Year of Science calendar having, therefore—as everyone can plainly see—begun its centuries or hundreds on the same day that the superstitious style "A.D." began one, viz, Jan. 1, 1600, it must then, of course, use the identical figures for its tens and units that the Christian calendar does, and consequently the date 287 must certainly correspond with the 1887 date of the humbug "Year of our Lord" style. Can anything be plainer, and is not Brother Koezly satisfied now that he was in the wrong in his figuring?

His confusion arises largely from supposing that calendars use the figure 1 as the starting-point of a new century, but if he will just "point off" the year 1600, he will see that it gives 16 for the hundreds, 0 for the tens, and 0 also for the unit with which to inaugurate the first year of the 17th century, which was none other than the year 1600, as is now proved to him in his own desired manner. GEO. N. HILL.

COLUMBUS, O., Aug. 4, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: One of the most striking features of the visit of Dr. York to this city was his address to the prisoners of the Ohio State Penitentiary on Sunday, August 28th, at the hour they meet for chapel exercises, 10 A.M. Captain Koehne, one of the officials of the place, succeeded in getting permission to dispense with the general program, and allow the doctor to occupy the entire forty-five minutes. All went off well, apparently, till the arrival that morning on the grounds, when printed programs were distributed saying that the time would be occupied by "hymn, prayer, scripture reading, hymn, sermon by Rev. De Bruin." Against this the doctor immediately protested to the warden, refusing to be brought in as a "side-show," which it was undoubtedly the scheme of the Christian managers to do. The warden being a gentlemen, besides seeing the injustice of so meanly using him after promising him the time, told him to proceed, and that he should hav the entire time. After the prisoners were seated the doctor read a beautiful poem. The choir then sang a hymn, after which came a splendid address by the doctor upon right living taught without Christianity, leading back to the days of happy childhood, of the love of mother, of brothers and sisters, and the impossibility of happiness without character. He interspersed his speech with hygienic suggestions that might improve their condition physically, mentally, and socially. Many of these poor, unfortunate fellows, as they thought of their homes as pictured by the speaker, had to hide their faces and weep the tears of saddened disappointment. At other times at his pleasantries would they rattle their feet like good fellows. It was a treat for them, and those close by in the choir whispered an invitation to the doctor to come again.

Besides the prisoners there were over four hundred visitors present, who went away accrediting one more laurel to the crown of a Freethinker than Christianity had taught them existed there.

The doctor also addressed a labor meeting in the City Hall, and will be found to possess radical and sound ideas as to the land, labor, and capital question. He was also called upon while here to deliver an oration at the funeral of a little child, which duty he performed with credit both to himself and the occasion.

One credit to the city of Columbus, O., is that it is, perhaps, the first place in the United States where a Freethinker has been introduced to the right to assist in elevating the fallen victims of vice by addressing the inmates of a prison to the exclusion of Christian prayers and sermons for an entire Sabbath. The papers were fair enough to report the meeting favorably and justly. R. H. R.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: From the general knowledge of Liberalism that I hav acquired, it seems lacking as regards a true balance of ideas—seems to require a something from other liberalizing systems that shall round it out into a complete and harmonious whole.

Its mission seems to be a pulling down of old ideas, removing that over-sacredness regarding Bible teachings which forbids others than the clergy to reason upon them, and an endeavor to set aside everything between the two lids of the Bible that will not bear the light of each man's individual reason. But reason is a gradual growth in the understanding, according to one's enlightenment from study and experience, so that what to one mind may seem ridiculous, to another may seem quite probable, and within the realm of law and reason as well. Earthly reason alone, unenlightened from spiritual sources—mind free from body—cannot solve the seemingly paradoxical statements of the Bible; it must come through inspiration—through revelation. In this way the Bible had its birth. Its teachers were inspired of God or spirit (using the word *spirit* as we now use the word congress—a collection of like units, with a common name applied to all as a body or organization); its healers performed their marvelous cures, not alone by force of their own spirits, but by that of the spirits or a spiritual magnetism working through them; and, lastly, its wonderful phenomena were a manifestation of the spirit side of life, of organized spirit action, of man glorified and exalted to the full dignity of his nature through the acquisition of universal knowledge from a residence in two worlds.

You may naturally ask, from your standpoint of pure reason, How do you kuow this that you assert so positivly? And I answer: From a six years' knowledge of an objectiv presentation of facts and phenomena in modern Spiritualism, similar and closely allied to those of Bible days, coupled with a personal, conscious, intuitiv revelation of the spiritual "true inwardness" of scripture and the ministry of Christ Jesus.

In no other way can man attain unto it, except he receive it from one so instructed, and in a manner best adapted for him to receive it.

For this reason it becomes necessary for the spirit-world to raise up the inspired mediums who grace our platforms, some of whom unconsciously voice the thought of the controling intelligence, while others are inspired along the line of their own acquired knowledge.

Hence such pictures as throw ridicule upon the clairvoyant vision of Jacob's ladder, by illustrating it as a modern toboggan-slide, with angels ascending and decending, are entirely uncalled for in the light of modern Spiritualism. "Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." A SPIRITUALIST.

MARTINSBURG, W. VA., Aug. 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I take the liberty and pleasure to submit to you for publication in your paper my views on the great question of life and death. Christianity versus Rationalism is a greater issue than ever before; science and reason are penetrating the vast problem. Too long hav religion, fanaticism, and superstition kept the world in mental slavery; but these times of enlightenment are bringing about mental freedom, and all who hav the courage of their convictions can liv free from the terrible monster superstition. Those who are willing to liv in fear of an unknown God and a hell that does not exist, let them do so. As men's minds are constituted they must take different views on this tremendous question. I can see the truth as I never saw it before. Why is Christianity in the ascendancy? Why is it existing in this country so strongly? It exists by the power of belief. The great majority of the people and wealth are on its side. The great trouble is this: The orthodox are necessarily fools; that is, if they believe the Bible. People do not recognize the right of a man to think for himself. They say you must think as we do, accept the teachings of Christianity unconditionally, or be lost in hell. Take the survival of the fittest; that is enough to crush out religion as it is. A religion of reason is wanted, not that of superstition. We are governed entirely by cause and effect. The old cry of God's will is proven false by the demonstrated fact that the fittest must necessarily survive. Mental slavery is far worse than physical slavery, and it is astonishing how most people so willingly accept a doctrin that cannot be proved.

If Christianity is anything, it is a monster of tyranny, a foe to liberty of mind and enlightenment. Of all sects the Roman Catholic is the worst. Its tenets are so preposterous and unjust that all friends of Freethought must be fearfully concerned at its growing power. The brave Dr. McGlynn is now a free man. He has defied the Romish authority with great courage, and preserved his individual liberty. All honor to him. If every man who is a thinker would dare exercise his rights, what a revolution of sentiment would occur! But most people will continue religious, because it offers hope, and that is all they want; like drowning men, clinging to straws, they are satisfied with it. This is a free country; let all who want to liv and die in fear and super-

stition do so. Infidels and Freethinkers hav rights that church people are bound to respect. I am a Freethinker by consideration. I am one of that kind who want to know the reason why. As long as I liv I will maintain my rights. Every man, woman, and chi d is a free, distinct individual being, and in the very nature of things their own God; the the truth is, the great almighty fate is God, and all who can not or will not accept this fact are simply fools.

Christianity has its strongest supporters among the ignorant and superstitious. Look at the negro population of this country, the down-trodden and ignorant race. They are the most thoroughly superstitious of any people, and they take to religion as naturally as a duck takes to water. A negro Infidel would be something new under the sun. Imagination is their conductor. There are a vast number of deluded white people who liv in mental slavery, who are almost as superstitious as negroes. I hav talked to many of them. We can liv without religion, for Agnosticism is better than religion. It givs mental freedom, common-sense, and reason, and all that is good is in it; it teaches all to do good because it is good. The gospel of humanity is the only real religion. Christians do right because they want to get to that heaven they believe in; people of Freethought do right for the sake of right, heaven or no heaven. The whole question of the universe now is the gospel of superstition versus the gospel of humanity. THOS. J. CONNERS.

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MILWAUKEE, WIS., Sept. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Will you allow me to report from our goodly city the progress of Liberalism? We still keep up our League organization, but hav not held meetings for some time for the want of a hall. But we expect to start them up this fall.

For the last two years the labor question has been the all-absorbing topic, and good work has been done in organizing, and agitating, and educating, so that good work has been done in political reform.

Dr. Juliet H. Severance and myself hav spent the last four weeks in Spiritualist camp-meetings, and we find, like every other class of people, there are two factions—the radical, or rational, Spiritualists, and the conservativ, or orthodox, Spiritualists. The latter seem to be drifting more and more toward the churches. They are fast using the forms and ceremonies of opening their meetings with prayer, and singing orthodox hymns with as great an unction as the most veritable Christian, and if you say a word against these ceremonies they say you are bigoted, prejudiced, etc.

They seem to hav transferred their worship of the old orthodox God to the spirit world and the angels, and running after the phenomena and wanting a test, and losing all interest in the great problems of the hour, and more interested in the spirit world and the angels than they are in humanity and in this world.

This same class are ready to accept all (what seem to me) vagaries, such as Christian science, mental science, metaphysics, or whatever name they may choose to call it, and reincarnation, etc.

That they may hav performed some remarkable cures I do not doubt, but not in the way they claim, but in accordance with the same laws that our healing mediums hav done, and in all past ages. But this they emphatically deny, saying that magnetism, or psychology, or spirits hav nothing to do with it.

But I notice the teachers of this new method of treating do not practice, but devote their time to teaching. I would refer the reader of this article to an able editorial in the *Banner of Light* of August 27th, in which it expresses my ideas exactly.

But I am glad to say that the radical Spiritualist can be found in the front ranks of all reforms, ready to help to make this world better, feeling that in helping humanity here he is making the spirit world better also, for that is founded upon this the earth life. With this class of workers in the Spiritual movement I wish to work, for I am more interested in angels here and in the ever-present now than I am in the other side of life, for I know more about it. I know of the sorrows and sufferings, the inequality, the injustice, the ignorance, of this earth life, and I am willing to work with Infidel, Freethinker, Materialist, Spiritualist, and even the Christian, for I find some of them that are willing to work for the cause of human progress.

So I say let us all try and do what we can for the betterment of this life, invoke or aspire for all the help we can get from others either here or in the spirit side of life.

A mere knowledge of the communion of spirits with mortals does not seem to make anyone better. It is carrying out the philosophy that is taught by the most advanced in this life and in the other side of life that makes us better.

We need to be saved from our ignorance, and knowledge and wisdom are what we must seek to obtain before we can hav heaven within us. A. B. SEVERANCE.

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TERRELL, TEX., Aug. 22, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: About March 15th our legislature (after a long petition of the preachers) passed a law, ordering an election the 4th of August to amend our state constitution, prohibiting the sale or manufacture of spirits, beer, or wine only by prescription of a physician, except for mechanical, scientific, or sacramental purposes.

If the election had come off in twenty days after it was ordered, I believe the state would hav gone strong for the prohibitory amendment.

As a class we are a sober and temperate people.

As soon as the canvass commenced, most every preacher of the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Campbellite—and many preachers from other states were imported—commenced all over this broad land at once to preach Prohibition from their pulpits and on the stump everywhere and at all times.

Never in this country was there such a live and thorough canvass by any party. For three and a half long months they preached, exhorted, prayed, and sang for God to come down and become a politician, and help their side, of course. So strong did they press their cause that no good member of the church, in their judgment, could oppose Prohibition. Mouths were locked and tongues stayed of their members whom they could control. The few preachers and school-teachers who had the manhood to oppose them were forced to resign, and were brushed away with the club or the sharp and keen whip of the church, who knocked out and lashed into line all they could.

The church appealed to the ladies, and lashed those who opposed them with more severity than they did the men.

Never in any election was there so much bitterness engendered. Epithets thick, sharp, and bitter were poured out against all who opposed them in a way that none could do except the clergy, who as usual claimed all the intelligence, virtue, and good.

So plain was the intention to capture and control the state, that many men who would hav voted Prohibition turned out in their might, with the love of freedom burning within, and defeated the amendment by one hundred thousand out of a total vote of three hundred and seventy thousand. And yet an overwhelming majority is for temperance. There were fifty speeches, sermons, and prayers for prohibition to one speech against the amendment.

Texas has achieved the greatest victory for freedom—a victory against the union of church and state—that was ever gained in this state. The great beauty of it is that we hav gained it at the expense of the churches named. These churches hav received a shock from which they will never recover.

We hav been trained here to regard preachers as a set of pure men—men who would not stoop to exaggerate a thing; who favor free speech and free press; men who would not pollute their pure tongues by misrepresentation. But all know better now. The public see them for the first time just as they are. The public hav learned that the politicians and the political parties of the country are pure, good, and tolerant compared to the clergy and their churches. History repeats itself that the clergy and churches are the most selfish and oppressiv men and organizations that ever afflicted humanity.

Freethought has also gained a great victory. As the shackles of orthodoxy are broken, Freethought is strengthened. Thus the light of truth gleams forth unexpectedly; the cause of virtue, of light, of higher morals, of mental freedom, and of true manhood is strengthened. Beacons of light are seen, and will continue to be seen, until the cloud of theological superstition has vanished, and man can stand in the light of reason. Then, and not until then, will man be free. T. C. GLASS.

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BEARDSTOWN, ILL., Sept. 2, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just returned from Havana, where I was called by telegram to attend the funeral of Miss Weaber, a Liberal. The circumstances are unusual. A few days before the end came, a sky-pilot was sent to guide her to mansions in the clouds. He opened the "log-book" of the gospel ship at two localities where, on such occasions, the ship's bearings are always and only taken; namely, God and hell He then handed it to her to read. Her eye caught the locality. With a heroism worthy a voyager on a better vessel than the old gospel hulk, she replied, "Thank you, sir, but I hav long since sailed past those fog-wreathed points." She returned the book with the remark that, if she only had the strength to converse, she could show him some passages in the "log-book" which even he would not much admire. Disgusted and discomfited, the sky-pilot retired. Not satisfied with this, some of her church relativs, backed by a churchly public, urged the family to hav a sky-pilot officiate at the funeral. Her brothers insisted that some one who would honestly and adequately voice her sentiments be secured. By thus not giving the clergy the opportunity to damn her in their horrid hell, in outraging over her dead body and grave every sentiment of truth, and brutalizing the finer feelings, they saved the reputations of the clergy. When the church failed in this second attempt to capture the case, to make capital, then it circulated the falsehood that a young lady with such sterling qualities of heart and character, as were thus portrayed, and which they knew to be no over-painted picture, must hav been a "believer!"

Thus do the church minions ransack the universe to filch the laurels of Liberalism.

Many inspired by a morbid curiosity came to see what sort of a "circus" a Liberal funeral would prove to be. It was a magnificent opportunity, and she a splendid subject, for painting the superiority of Freethought principles in view of death. It was only one of a thousand instances which giv the lie to the orthodox slander that Infidels back down from their principles at death. This falsehood was started about Thomas Paine's death, and has gone the rounds of church circles ever since. But many on this occasion afterward said they should like such a funeral when they need one. There was no Bible, no prayer, no psalm-singing. The profusion of evergreens and flowers on the casket and the grave made even death beautiful.

The happy result of all this is that the Freethinkers and the Spiritualists will probably unite to sustain regular lectures. As we are at a convenient distance, we hope to often visit these stanch Liberals.

If all Liberals would do as did this courageous family; that is, secure Liberal speakers at funerals and other occasions, the cause of Liberalism would not need to skulk as is too often the case. It is "just too utterly utter" to liv liberal one's whole life, and at last "die just the opposit." It is an unpardonable injustice to every one. When the "clergy" hav anything to do with such cases, they make it out either a recantation, or send the subject to hell, or oftener both.

If there is a species of meanness despicable above every other sort, it is this orthodox mode of vilifying the memory of a Liberal, over his dead body, when it is known that he cannot appear in self-defense. It is cowardly. And cowardice and the ungentlemanly go together.

Though it is often inconvenient for Liberal families to carry out their wishes in this respect, let them see well to it that they suffer not the memory of their dear dead to be imposed upon. Devotion to principle will do much to make such important and affecting occasions tell favorably for Freethought. ZOA TOPSIS.

P. O. Box 766.

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FARMDALE, O., Sept. 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: It is some time since I hav written to the dear old TRUTH SEEKER that I love so well, and this is an appropriate time to tell you and all the TRUTH SEEKER family that Charles B. Reynolds visited our Secular Union at Farmdale, Ohio, on the 28th of August, delivering six lectures, afternoon and evenings of Aug. 28th, 29th, and 30th, to small but appreciativ audiences. It is almost impossible to get the orthodox out to a Liberal lecture, and if they would continue in their blind faith I advise them to keep well away from Brother Reynolds's strong and logical reasoning. His arguments are invincible, and though in his enthusiasm for the truth and right he may seem a little harsh in his denunciation of the Bible (to those that hav heard it spoken of only in a reverential manner), it is far from him to purposely hurt the feelings of Christian people. He would only show its absurd and contradictory teachings, along with its wicked and cruel teachings, to prove that it is only the reflection of a half-barbarous people, and not the inspired word of a God. But a faithful Christian, blind with faith and full of fear, turns a face full of contempt, if not hate, upon a man or woman that dares to reason upon religion, Christian and pagan alike. I say faithful Christian, but where there is one ignorant and faithful, there are ninety and nine full of worldly ideas, and pure hypocrits, and not honest enough to thoroughly examin the gospel of humanity or, per chance, not intelligent enough; but they think themselvs capable of sitting in judgment against us as Secularists. One of our Farmdale Christians declared he would rather be found at the saloon drunk than in company with an audience before Mr. Reynolds. O young man, to be drunk is beastly and demoralizing, and while it may be out of the nature of things for you to seriously study and examin the principles of Secularism, you would surely find it paid you well; and even a man that preferred drunkenness to Liberalism could not fail to be benefited if he would studiously examin the coming religion of humanity or the principles of Secularism! But, you see, while the saloon-keeper is to be patronized, and, perchance, eulogized, by many a Christian, our good Reynolds is denounced, and his teachings declared harmful and dangerous.

If ever the people of America are free from ignorance and all the accompanying evils thereof, it will not be the work of the Christian church, with her army of eighty thousand priests and ministers, and their millions of dollars' worth of property, but will be the work of the few against the many. In spite of opposition and lack of popularity, my heart goes out in sympathy and love to all that are laboring for humanity, no matter what field of thought they may labor in, so it be a field of science and truth. Here let me say a word for our venerable and loving Aunt Elmina. The science she has labored so faithfully for is of just as much importance to humanity, and I think all scientific physicians familiar with the subject will say of far more importance, than any other one branch of science; and, as truth seekers, let us giv her our hand in sympathy and help sustain her in her hour of trouble. If each that appreciates her laborious work in the cause of humanity would say, Here, I shall send this dear, good woman a dollar, or fifty cents, as I can afford! and ask others to do the same thing, they would be surprised at what they were able to accomplish. Here is my experience. Some time ago I said, in the presence of her friends: I am going to send fifty cents to the Defense fund; it is not much, but all I can well afford; and, voluntarily, three women gave me fifty cents each to put with my fifty cents, making two dollars; then by agitating the thing in a mild way I received two orders for books, a dollar from another good woman on the Defense Fund, and fifty cents from one man. See, will you, how much more sympathetic and generous are the women. That is good for Aunt Elmina to know she has support and sympathy from her own sex. But I will say the one gentleman was all I asked personally. I felt sure of his sympathy, and trembled to ask support from others for fear of a cold rebuff. It is natural, I suppose, for a woman to very much dislike to ask for money and be refused, and I feel instinctivly that those who will not enter into conversation in a seusible manner about Aunt Elmina's case are the ones that would refuse to help sustain her. By request Mr. Reynolds said a few words in her behalf, and glowing words too.

Reynolds is bound to hav a host of friends wherever he may go. His sympathetic and genial nature givs him good power over an audience. I hav always thought myself proof against ministers, but I fear Mr. Reynolds could nearly hav won me over to his church, not from his arguments, but because I would like the sympathy and friendship of such an earnest, honest, and good man. His afternoon lectures here were the best, I thought, and only small audiences to listen, with a very good house for the evening lecture Liberals everywhere will do well to secure his services; th are sure to be pleased with him. It will not be out of p l here to say that I inclose three dollars to pay for paper up April next. I thank you for kindly waiting for your money.

Yours for justice and truth, MRS. NORA FERRELL.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* Miss Susan H. Wixon, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## Bereaved by Death.

For the second time the children will look in vain to this column for something from their beloved friend whose faithful labors hav made the Corner so welcome to them. When they read this account of the sad death of Miss Wixon's mother, they will know why they hav missed her from the usual place:

*From the Fall River Monitor.*

An accident occurred at Wareham, Tuesday afternoon, which resulted in the death of the venerable and respected Mrs. James Wixon, of this city, and the serious, if not fatal, injury of her sister, Mrs. E. D. Stanton, wife of the engineer of the Onset railroad. The two ladies had driven over from Wareham on a shopping expedition, and were on their way home when the shocking and fatal accident occurred. They approached the railroad crossing at Wareham Narrows about quarter past 4 o'clock, and held up their horse to allow the "flying dude" train, a train that has occasioned considerable loss of life in previous accidents, to pass. The horse became unmanageable, and in his terror dashed toward the flying train.

The efforts of the ladies to control him were powerless, even when aided by Flagman Sisson, who, at the risk of his own life, vainly attempted to stop the animal. The horse dashed into the tender of the locomotiv, and, together with the carriage and occupants, was thrown twenty feet aside and down an embankment. Mrs. Wixon in her fall struck a post and was instantly killed. Mrs. Stanton was very seriously injured, being made unconscious, and at last accounts had not recovered. Dr. Sawyer was summoned, and is very doubtful of her recovery. The horse was instantly killed, and the carriage was made a total wreck.

Mrs. Wixon went to Onset, her favorit summer place of recreation, a few weeks ago, in hopes of regaining strength and renewed health for the coming winter. She was accompanied by her daughter, Miss Susan H. Wixon, whose brilliant writings hav made her hosts of friends all over the United States, and who, in this hour of saddest trial, with other members of the family, will hav the tenderest sympathies of all.

Mrs. Wixon was seventy-nine years of age, and a very bright and intelligent woman, remarkably youthful for her years. Although her life had been activ and laborious, she was uncommonly vigorous for one of her years, and would enter into social pastimes with the spirit of a young person. In her day she had seen some sorrowful tragedies. On one occasion three of her sons were lost in a shipwreck at sea, one of whom was the father of her grandson, James H. Wixon. Of her large family only three remain—Deputy Sheriff Frank H. Wixon, Miss Susan H. Wixon, and Mrs. W. E. Phillips. Mrs. Wixon was a nativ of the Cape, and passed most of her youth and early married life in that section. She had a very large circle of acquaintances, and her sad death is a great shock to them. She was a regular attendant of the Unitarian church, and a member of its Sabbath-school. She was possessed of a large estate, which was left her by her late husband, Captain James Wixon, who was for many years a deputy sheriff in this city.

In a pathetic note, written with a trembling hand, Miss Wixon asks us to "explain to the children." We know that no further explanation than this will be needed, and that the disappointment of all who read the Children's Corner of The Truth Seeker will giv place to sympathy for their teacher whose life has been so often saddened by the death of relativs and friends.—Editor Truth Seeker.


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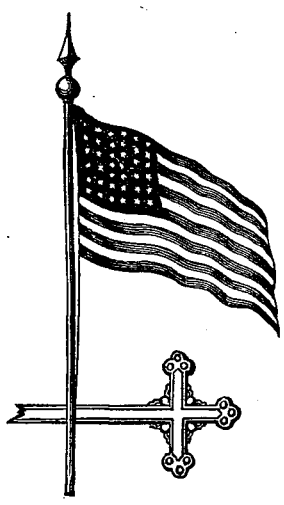
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## An Offending Hat.

In 1885 your humble servant was skinned alive, or somewhat in that vicinity. A vagrant and rascally section of the Salvation Army was then fighting the good people of Elgin, Ill., and because some of the rose-water few had unjustly troubled them I did on several occasions take their part in claiming for them the right of free speech and free prayer. But what do you think? One evening the whole sanctified regiment, full of the Holy Ghost and drunk on the spirit, assembled at the city court house. On my way home I heard a fearful racket, and not knowing what was going on, and the house being a public building, I stepped in to see what the fuss was about. I found that the army were going through some of their antics. As I merely stood inside the door, for there was no room to sit down, and scarcely standing room, I did not think of removing my hat. I only intended stopping for a moment. The result was that I was ordered in a very peremptory manner to take off my hat. The order being so very imperativ, I declined doing so, when a policeman was summoned to arrest me, or rather the hat, for disorderly conduct in the court house of God (Elgin).

The hat was taken to the jail and I stuck to the hat. We were old friends. Angels and powers and principalities, Jesus, nor any other creature were not able to separate me from the love of that hat. In about five minutes the hat was bailed out, and when tried, found not guilty by an orthodox court. My friend Frank Felt made a few remarks on the matter, which the local paper published at the time. The readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER all know Felt as a very pious rhymester indeed, and as these remarks were written in his best vein, I inclose a copy. which may be interesting to some of your readers.

I hav one question to ask you, which I would like to see in your paper, for the good of many, and that is this. I took my little girl to the public school yesterday, and they would not admit her because she was not vaccinated. I consider it an outrage. To think of being compelled to inoculate disease into my child or deprive her of an education. I left her at the school, but the teacher would not admit her to a class, and at noon told her she could not attend there unless she had a permit or certificate of vaccination. I sent her back after dinner, but she was sent home. Now, I want to ask, is there no redress? Can they expel a child for that reason? Would that be a sufficient reason for me not to pay my school-tax? An answer to these questions may interest more than me, and will greatly oblige your friend,

*Everett, Mass.* I. W. ARCHIBALD.

WICKED IKE.

Ike Archibald was an old sinner,
And so are we sinners all.
'Tis a world of sin that we liv in,
From Talmage way back to St. Paul;
For wisdom must hav its folly,
And folly will bloom into vice,
And vice has a thin compensation
That makes it seem wickedly nice.

Ike Archibald was an old sinner,
As godless as sinners could be.
He bowed at no shrine, and the stiffness
Was not all confined to the knee.
He wouldn't see God in goodness,
He couldn't see Satan in sin,
And scorned the conditions of mercy
With a coldly indifferent grin.

How man, with his eyes wide open,
Could ever become so blind,
Is more than a man can answer,
But certain it was—his mind
Was fixed—and the deepest logic
Was vain as the longest prayer
In changing a stubborn spirit,
That nothing could ever scare.

But Ike wasn't mean at performing
In general. He lived upon bread,
And paid his own money to get it,
And got all he wanted, and fed
The hungry that had none, whenever
He happened to see them about,
Or took his old sled in the winter
And hunted some starving soul out.

He would take a lame woman to meeting
With Topsy, his mare, not because
He wished to please God—but the woman;
And kindness had not many laws
He ever broke through, though his wherefore
Of kindness was not in the Lord,
And dollars had never a profit
To equal love's own sweet reward.

But Ike was a sinner, and sinners
Are sinful. He felt very sure
That sometimes a man might be foolish
Enough to be laughed at. Impure
As the thought was, he acted upon it
Sometimes in a glee most profane,
And ridiculed Moses and Moody
By quoting a verse from Tom Paine.

This world is a big one, and Isaac
Could take up considerable room,
But he never desired to go sweeping
The town with his Infidel broom;
But a little loose dirt, as he called it,
Would often lie kicking around,
And he brushed it away as a nuisance
That was not philosophically sound.

Religion might save those who sought it—
He cared not; it couldn't save him.
Yet he scarce laid a straw in the passage
Leading others to heaven—a swim
In the Styx had not washed the pollution
Of dark unbelief from his soul,
But never the faith of another
Sought he with a word to control.

But a recognized crank—one who murdered
The stillness of night with a yell,
That fumed all the air with its sulphur,
And filled all the city with hell;
He mocked and derided and swore at;
And did not know how to respect
A law that upheld in religion
An action it would not protect
In a man beastly drunk. He had lifted
His hat to a beggar, and stood
In the ranks of the humble, exalting
Himself in the name of manhood.

Yet he dared in the Lord's congregation,
When thinking the Lord wasn't in,
To stand with his hat on, and sternly
Persist in the damnable sin,
And was put into jail five long minutes,
Was tried, and released by a flaw
Connecting the "rude and indecent,"
And rudely defeating the law.

Ike Archibald! Sinful, rebellious,
Five minutes in jail isn't long,
But look out! A court that is higher
Than Elgin's shall right ev'ry wrong,
And Salvation's Army—no longer
Down-trodden—shall witness the woe
Of Isaac when sentenced to languish
Five mighty long minutes below.

## Kelso's Books.

Permit me to call again the attention of the many readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER to Colonel Kelso's works, and especially his last, "Spiritualism Sustained." This book givs an orthodox the exquisit pleasure of being basted over the head with his own cudgel. The clergy affect to hate Spiritualism most intensely. Imagin their horror to find the object of their hatred and abuse proven true from the mouth of their own witness. I was with Colonel Kelso when he prepared and delivered the first lecture in "Spiritualism Sustained." I heard the wail of anguish and righteous indignation that "went up" to heaven from the mouth of the sky-pilot who supposed he was the exclusiv mouth-piece for the little flock of Bakersfield, California. But when a full house greeted Colonel Kelso's lecture, and respectable people applauded it, the agony of the minister was very acute. "Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad."

Sherman's march through Georgia mowed a wide swath through rebeldom, so are the writings of Colonel Kelso making deep inroads in the rank and file of orthodoxy. Keep these works before the public.

*Fall River, Kan.* P. VAN HYATT.

## The Widow Bemis's Parrot.

Mrs. Lucretia Bemis is a widow. Her husband was a sea captain, and when he died, about fifteen years ago, he left his wife, among other worldly goods, a large green parrot, versatil alike in plumage and in conversational powers. This parrot was named Neptune—a modest tribute to the trident-bearing deity whose domain had been traversed so often by old Captain Bemis. The widow Bemis enjoys the reputation of a devoutly religious woman—a woman whose conversation and deeds are marked by a singular piety. Since the demise of her beloved husband, she has lavished the wealth of her affections upon the parrot Neptune, and has devoted much time to teaching the bird religious hymns and phrases.

The Folsom boys liv next door to Mrs. Bemis. There are three of them, and they are fifteen, eighteen, and nineteen years old respectivly. Their father is a blacksmith, and he is an industrious man, but these three boys are so wondrously shiftless that they appear to hav given themselvs over, body and soul, to the devices of Satan. About a month ago, these abandoned youths turned their diabolical attention to the beguiling of the widow Bemis's parrot into sinful ways. From their back-door step they held artful discourse with the parrot as he perched in the window of the second-story back room, and ere long they taught the guileless and unsuspecting bird divers ribald words, profane expletivs, and wicked phrases likely to cause a blush of shame, if not a thrill of horror, when heard in polite society.

Last Saturday the widow Bemis happened to hear the parrot explode an oath, and to punish him for the shocking offense the proper dame locked him up in the garret for several days and fed him nothing but dry bread. On Tuesday she believed him sufficiently punished, and she brought him down into the sitting-room. The dejected countenance he wore, and the melancholy droop of his tail feathers, convinced Mrs. Bemis that Neptune was truly penitent, and thereat the good lady much rejoiced.

On Tuesday evening the regular old folks' prayer-meeting was held at Mrs. Bemis's, and the attendance was somewhat larger than usual. The ceremonies had reached the most impressiv point when the parrot, who had maintained a gloomy silence all day, ejaculated, suddenly and in harsh, discordant tones, "Rats!" It would be hard to conceive of an interruption more *mal apropos*, more shocking. The widow Bemis made a plunge for the depraved bird, with the intention of incarcerating him again in the garret, but, as if he foresaw her design, the parrot ripped out a volley of oaths so prodigiously shocking that the widow Bemis fell back and over on the floor and lay there like one dead.

Old Mr. Sawyer made a pass at Neptune with his cane, but all he did was to knock some veneering off the haircloth sofa. The profane bird thereupon opened out on Mr. Sawyer, and the hideous expletivs he rasped out drove that worthy old gentleman into an apoplectic fit. It seemed as if the bird had become possessed of seven devils; at any rate, never before had the ears of his auditors been burdened with such a flood-tide of ribaldry and profanity as he launched out from his perch at the back of the haircloth sofa.

The widow Bemis swore out a warrant against the Folsom boys yesterday, and Justice Kersten will hear both sides of the interesting story. The widow claims that the boys hav corrupted her parrot to such a degree that he no longer delights in goodness, but takes pleasure only in heathenish practices and sinful conversation.—*New Haven Register.*


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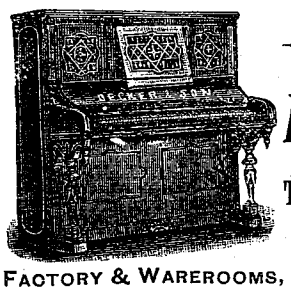
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## News of the Week.

MANY business men are making an activ fight against the Saturday half-holiday, and many workingmen are more in want of work than a holiday. It is believed that Saturday-afternoon work will therefore be generally resumed after this month.

SEVENTY-TWO liquor sellers were arrested in this city last Sunday.

A FÊTE in honor of the centenary of the American Constitution will be held at the Crystal Palace in London Sept 17th.

EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH, of Austria, has conferred upon M. Pasteur the decoration of the Order of the Iron Crown, with the title of baron.

THE Progressiv Labor party, composed of the expelled portion of Henry George's United Labor party, will probably go into politics this fall with a county ticket.

THE Socialists of Rotterdam, Holland, tried to giv one of their agitators a reception on the 7th inst., but a crowd stoned the building in which the reception was held, and tore down and burnt a Socialist flag. Several men forced an entrance into the house and smashed the Socialist emblems, and made a general wreck of the furniture. The Socialists fled through a back door.

DR. MCGLYNN had a big congregation at the Academy of Music last Sunday evening. The collection amounted to $209.87.

THE Theater Royal at Exeter, England, was burnt last week during a play. The theater was crowded, and more than one hundred persons perished.

THE Rev. O. F. Ingolsby, Campbellite, was arrested at Starkey, N. Y., last week, on a charge of grand larceny. It is claimed that he secured $2,000 by false representations.

PLYMOUTH church was reopened last Sunday, and the Rev. Mr. Willis preached, but there is still no indication as to who will be chosen to rattle around permanently in Mr. Beecher's pulpit.

THE colored Methodists of Nyack, N. Y., had a pleasant church reception one evening last week. Prince Hankerson was fatally shot during the religious festivities, and there was a lively and satisfactory row.

A COLORED minister and Prohibition orator named Jackson, well supplied with ecclesiastical credentials, cashed a bogus $300 check in Atlanta, Ga., the other day, preached an effectiv sermon, and then skipped.

SUNDAY-NIGHT secular concerts are forbidden in New York, and all who want music on that evening must take the sacred variety. Policemen are detailed to attend Sunday-evening concerts to arrest secular musicians.

THE congregation in attendance upon a revival meeting at Needmore, Tenn., fell through the floor of a church last Saturday night. Sixty or seventy people are reported to hav been injured, one man fatally and many seriously.

THE aldermen and mayor of New York invited Mrs. Cleveland to take part in the ceremony of presenting testimonials to the firemen of this city who hav distinguished themselvs for bravery. The invitation said nothing about the president, and Mrs. Cleveland declined on the ground that she could not properly participate in any public ceremony in which her husband took no part.

AN open-air indignation meeting was held at Mitchellstown, Ireland, Sept. 8th, to protest against the prosecution of Editor O'Brien for inflammatory remarks made at a previous meeting. Seven thousand persons were present, and when a reporter and an escort of police attempted to push to the front they were assaulted with clubs and stones. The police fired into the crowd, and two men were killed outright.


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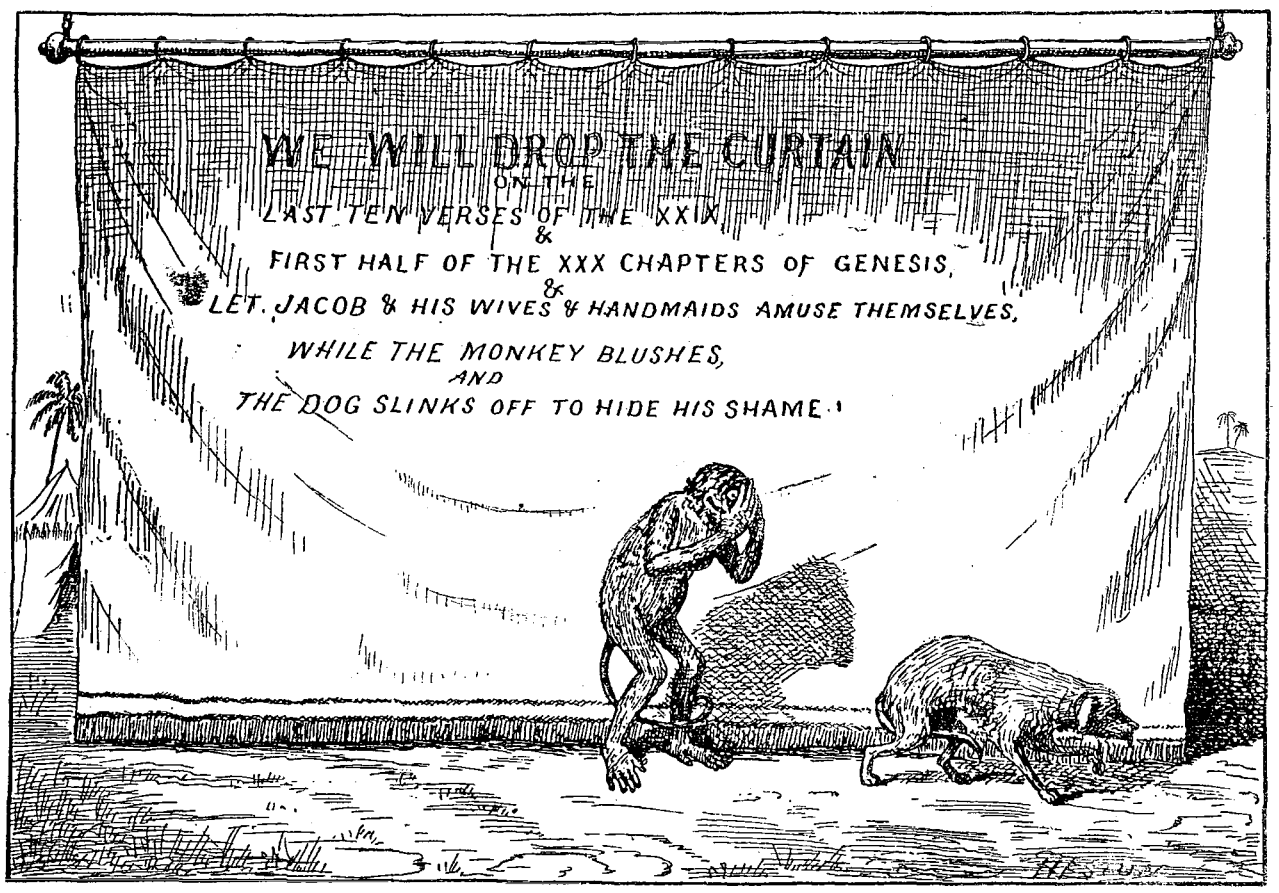
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THE CURTAIN DROPS.—(Read your Bibles at Gen. xxix and xxx.)

## Odds and Ends.

OMAHA man: "Talk about your reformers and philanthropists, I hav hit on a plan way ahead of them all." Friend: "Going to make this earth a heaven, eh?" "Pretty near it. You know that nearly all the crimes and offenses against good order are committed by men under the influence of liquor." "Yes." "And that a large proportion of these men are perfectly inoffensiv when sober." "Certainly." "But, nevertheless, after they hav served their terms, they are let out, and as quick as they drink they are as dangerous as before." "Of course." "Well, I propose to hav the word 'dangerous' tattooed on the end of their noses, but in white letters so it won't be seen." "What earthly good will that do?" "Why, don't you see? The word will become visible as quick as they begin to drink again and their noses get red."

DEACON SHARPLEY'S LAWN-MOWER, AND WHY HE SHOULD HAV A BELL-PUNCH.

"I tell you what," said a suburban friend of the Listener, as the street-car conductor came around bearing a particularly big and imposing bell-punch, "there's a deacon in our church that ought to be made to carry one of those things when he makes his collections, if ever anybody ought to be made to wear one."

"Why, what has the deacon done?"

"I'll tell you the whole story, and when I've done I want to know whether, if it had happened to you, it wouldn't hav destroyed your confidence in somebody. You see, I liv next door to Deacon Sharpley, and my yard is separated from his just by a light picket fence. I was whacking away at the grass on my little lawn the other night with a grass-hook; I was just finishing the job, and wondering whether I should ever be rich enough to swell out with a lawn-mower, when the deacon came out and leaned over the fence. 'See here,' said he, 'you're getting quite a lawn here, and so am I. We don't either of us hav quite enough business for a lawn-mower, and together we might hav. Say we go snucks on one?' I told him that I thought it was a good idea, and would go in with him on a machine. He said he would manage the purchase, and would tell me how much half the cost was. So I let him go on and buy the lawn-mower, and he brought a receipted bill for $12.50 in his own name. I gave him the $6.25, and left the machine and the receipt in his hands.

"About two weeks after that—I'd seen the deacon shoving the lawn-mower around in his yard in great style in the mean time—I thought my grass had got up enough to warrant cutting, and I went over to the deacon's to get the machine. The deacon was out, they said, but the lawn-mower was down at Mr. Smith's. I thought it was a little queer that the deacon had lent our machine, but I went down to Smith's and got it. I thought they looked a little cross when I took it, but I took it just the same and mowed my lawn. Next night the deacon came and got it again and mowed away awhile in his back-yard. A few days after that I thought it was about time to mow once more, and went over to the deacon's after the machine. No machine anywhere around. I asked at the back door:

"'Where's the lawn-mower?'

"'Mr. Smith came and got it a little while ago,' said the deacon's daughter.

Mr. Smith! What business had he with our machine? I didn't ask, but I trotted down to Smith's. I found Smith very complacently oiling the lawn-mower, and apparently getting it ready for action.

"'Well,' said I, 'I came over after that lawn-mower, but as you seem to be getting ready to use it, I suppose I can wait.'

"'Hum,' said he, 'I guess the deacon and I keep it pretty busy.'

"'So it seems,' said I, kind of sarcastically.

"'Well, we hav got to get our money's worth out of it, you know,' says he.

"That struck me as a mighty queer remark, and I couldn't help saying,

"'I should think you'd want to get one yourself.'

"'Well,' says he, looking up a little surprised, 'I own half of this one.'

"'You—you own half of this?' says I, astonished.

"'Why, certainly,' said he; 'Deacon Sharpley and I bought this lawn-mower together.'

"I tell you that took me completely down. The deacon had completely played us off, one against the other, and had got me to pay for one-half the machine, and Smith the other, calculating to get the use of it to mow all his own grass for nothing. If he had been as cautious as he was sharp, and kept the machine in his own barn, or else insisted on going after it himself, I suppose he might hav kept a-going that way. But since we've found it out, Smith and I get along first-rate, but the deacon has to hire an Irishman to mow his grass with a scythe.

"And that's the reason why I think the deacon ought to carry a bell-punch when he takes up a collection. Don't you think it would be a good scheme?"—*Boston Transcript.*


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THERE wou'd be justice in a few men owning the air and farming it out to those who wish to sustain life, equal to a few owning all the land and a portion of the water. All are equally gifts of nature, and all men hav a birthright inheritance in each.—*D. M. Bennett.*

IF, by neglect of its wings, an eagle should sink to a dodo, it would then recognize only the laws of dodo life. For the dodos of humanity, did not one believe in a consuming fire and an outer darkness, what would be left us but an ever-renewed *Alas!* It is truth and not impeturbability that a man's nature requires of him; it is help, not the leaving of cards at doors, that will be recognized as the test; it is love, and no amount of flattery, that will prosper; differences wide as that between a gentleman and a cad will contrast to a hair's breadth in that day; the customs of trade and the picking of pockets will go together, with the greater excuse for the greater need and the less knowledge; liars, the most gentlemanlike and the most rowdy, will go as liars—the first class shall be last and the last first.—*Macdonald's Mary Marston.*

ALL the religions and all the sects are in a state of flux. Even the Roman Catholic church, anchored though it be by the solid continent of institutions nearly two thousand years old, is yet partially afloat and dissolving. It, too, has its two parties, the fixed and the movable. All the leading religions, the Hebrew, the Christian, the Mohammedan, the Hindoo, the Confucian, hav been breeding in the last fifty years a race of souls too large or too free to stay within them. They all hav the ex-members or those just ready to step out. And all the denominations are in commotion, a part of the membership going backward, a part forward, and a part trying in vain to stand still between the two parties.—*W. J. Potter*

THE profoundly religious man of to-day never recognizes the identity between himself and the object of his worship; but he sees the applicability of this principle in times and among people having conceptions of God that are gross and low. The enlightened Christian readily admits this to be true of the ignorant savage. The well-informed Christian and the enlightened Hebrew of to-day admit that many of the Old Testament representativs of God are very imperfect, and they apologize for their grossness by saying that God, in those days, accommodated himself to the rude, ignorant of the people, since they were unable to entertain any conception of God unless he were a being like themselvs. But it is just as certain that the conception of God by the theologians of to-day is a conception of the nature of man; and whenever the Theist has recourse to volition to supply the nexus between cause and effect, he unconsciously invests nature with his own human personality.—*Underwood.*

WE blame Knox for his intolerance. Well, surely it is good that each of us be as tolerant as possible. Let, at bottom, after all the talk there is and has been about it, what is tolerance? Tolerance has to tolerate the un-essential; and to see well what that is. Tolerance has to be noble, measured, just in its very wrath, when it can tolerate no longer. But, on the whole, we are not here altogether to tolerate! We are here to resist, to control and vanquish withal. We do not "tolerate" falsehoods, thieveries, iniquities, when they fester on us; we say to them: Thou art false, thou art not tolerable! We are here to extinguish falsehoods and put an end to them, in some wise way! I will not quarrel so much with the way; the doing of the thing is our great concern. In this sense Knox was, full surely, intolerant. —*Carlyle's Hero-Worship.*

BUT Jesus turned unto Peter and said unto him: Get thee behind me, Satan; for thou art an offense unto me; for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men.—*Matt.* xvi, 28; *also Mark* viii, 33.

LET not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw;
Nor deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.
If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find the better way!
—*Pope's Universal Prayer.*

THE food of hope
Is meditated action; robbed of this
Her sole support, she languishes and dies.
We perish also; for we liv by hope
And by desire; we see by the glad light,
We breathe the sweet air of futurity,
And so we liv, or else we hav no life.
—*Wordsworth.*

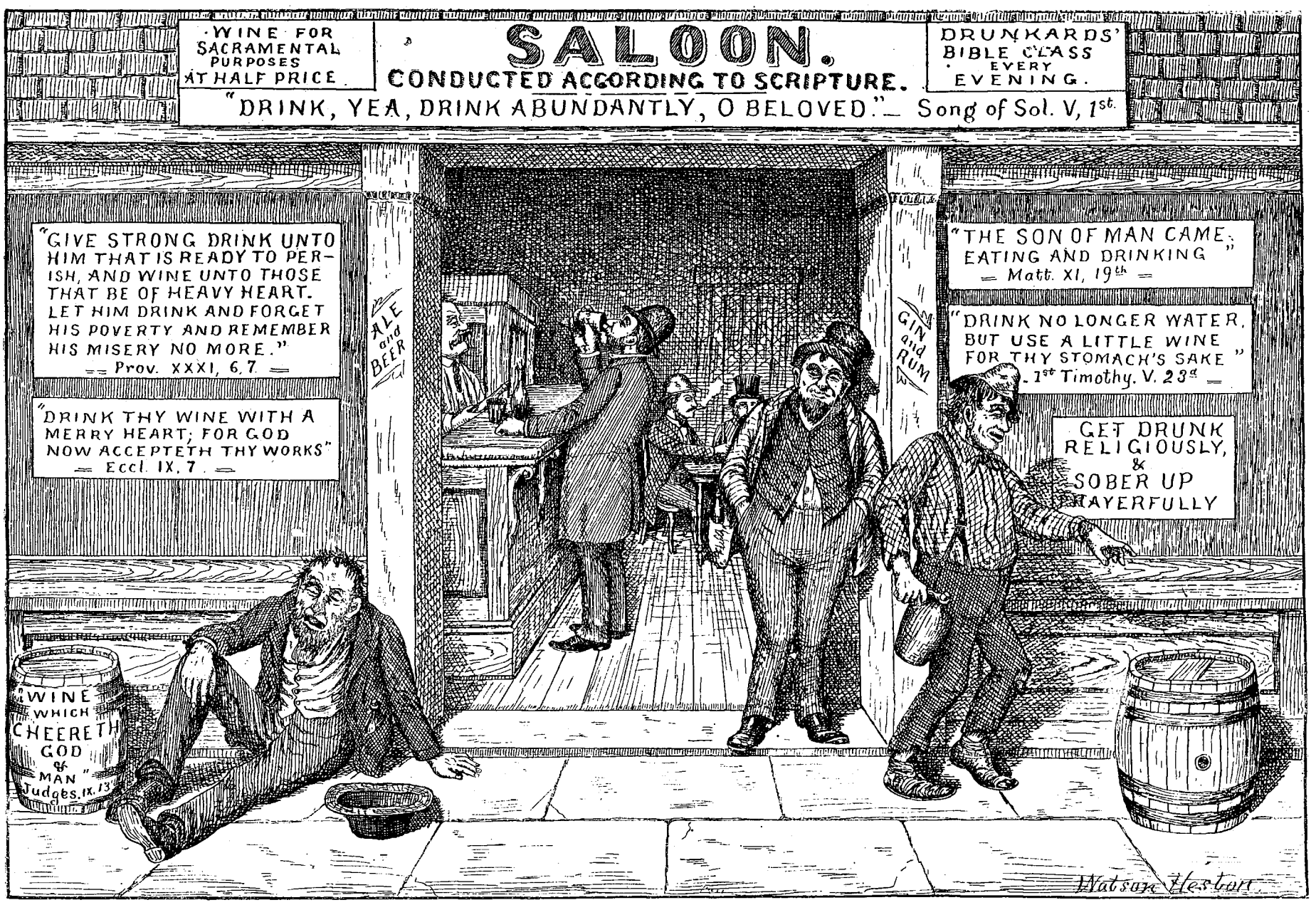
DOTH any man doubt that, if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition and unpleasing to themselvs? —*Bacon's Essays.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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A BIBLICAL SALOON.

## Notes and Clippings.

IT is reported that the inquest into the Mitchellstown, Ireland, riot reveals shameful brutality on the part of the police. No doubt.

A MAN stood on the street in New York one day last week soliciting alms. From his neck hung a placard, stating that while driving a beer wagon in Kentucky he had been struck by lightning and rendered permanently deaf and dumb. His affliction was regarded as a divine warning against driving beer wagons until he was discovered to be an impostor, with his organs of speech and hearing in a normal condition. He was sent to the workhouse for six months.

THE united German trades hav issued a manifesto addressed: "The workingmen of the United States of North America." It denounces all who had any part in the trial of the Chicago Anarchists except the condemned men and their supporters, and it says: "The judgment of blood is not yet executed. Let every man do his duty and it will never be." It is understood that the condemned men will not petition for clemency, but expect a commutation of sentence.

EDITOR BOWEN, of the orthodox *Independent*, left a horse and phaeton in front of his office the other day, and somebody got in and drove off with the rig. The Rev. Wm. Tully, of Hurricane, W. Va., slipped while going up stairs, and a pistol in his pocket was discharged, the ball traversing his body and killing him. The Rev. J. L. Danner, of Patterson, N. J., fell in his own yard and broke his leg. Owing to the large number of sparrows prevalent at this season of the year, these good and faithful servants are supposed to hav escaped divine notice.

A CORRESPONDENT of a London journal says: "A friend of mine, not long since, overheard a devotee interpreting to a poor woman the ceremony accompanying the penance of Ash Wednesday. The priests on that day, as he marks the penitent's forehead with ashes, pronounces the text: '*Pulvis es et in pulverem reverteris.*' On coming out of chapel, this poor woman asked the devotee 'What the words were?' 'They're Latin; that's what they are.' 'But what do they mane?' 'Sure it's what they always says on Ash Wednesdays.' 'Yes, but what's the manin' of it?' 'Oh, the manin' of it? Well, it's this way, it is. It manes, in a way of spakin', "If it don't do you no good, it won't do you no harrum."'"

WM. ANDREWS, a resident of Caldwell county, N. C., asks the press to help him catch David Knight, a Baptist minister, who has deserted his wife and twelve children and eloped with Mrs. Martha Andrews, his mother-in-law. Mr. Andrews wrote the notice himself, and the following is a *verbatim et literatim* copy of it: "On or about the last of August 1887 David Knight and Martha Andrews run away together said Knight a baptist minister about five feet nine inches high dark complection Black beard some grey and when he preached or prays he makes a curious noise when he draws his breath he left a wife and twelve children and wife bed sick and not expected to live and the woman his mother-in-law and wife of Martin Andrews. She left her husband and one child. She has a wart or mole on the side of her nose near her eye and a small woman her age is about 48 and has two living husbands at this time."

THE patriotic Italians commemorated the other day by a parade the taking of Rome from Pope Pius IX. in 1870. Mayor Hewitt received a letter from a citizen of Albany advising him not to review the procession. He replied that "it has been customary for the mayor, when requested, to review from the City Hall steps any respectable body of citizens, and in this instance he would not depart from the usage of his predecessors, even at the risk of personal misrepresentation or of the loss of political prestige."

A CHICAGOAN, lately returned from Bar Harbor, Me., tells a curious story of the system by which drinks are served to those who desire them. "I went to the hotel clerk," he said, "and expressed my opinion of his town in very lurid terms. He asked me what was the matter, and I made no bones about telling him that I wanted a drink, and that I didn't think much of the hotel that didn't provide them for its guests. 'Well,' he said, 'I can't giv you anything, but I hav a friend, and maybe he can. I'll giv you a line to him.' Then he told me how to find his friend, and gave me a card bearing this inscription, 'Please save this man's life.' The card was efficacious, and I went back to the clerk and told him I wanted a pack of them."

NOT long ago an English parson, or curate, while passing by a house, had his dignity ruffled by a small stone, accidentally thrown in his direction by a boy of eight. The parson went home and wrote a letter to the lad's father demanding reparation. The parent paid no attention to his letter, and another written by the clergyman was equally ineffectiv. The parson took the matter to court with the avowed determination of finding out whether English law could not protect clergymen from insults, intended or otherwise, by people of low degree. He was ignominiously sat upon by the judge and had the costs for his trouble. The London *Judy* has done the case up in rhyme, after the following manner:

Good people all, giv serious ear
To my sad song, and you shall hear
A tale that well may prompt a tear
And banish all your glee;
Oh, hearken to the dread event
That happened to a reverend gent,
Who livs near Salisbury.

As forth he walked in saintly state,
A horrid ruffian, aged eight,
A pebble threw across a gate—
A pebble smooth and wee;
It was not for the parson meant,
But oh, it scared the reverend gent,
Who livs near Salisbury.

"Base child!" exclaimed the grand divine,
"Betwixt *your* social rank and *mine*
The gulf is great, as I opine,
And as *yourself* shall see;
For you shall find it is no joke
To frighten thus a reverend bloke,
Who livs near Salisbury."

The horrid ruffian, aged eight,
Was brought before the magistrate
Next day, to answer for his great
Assault and battery.
But, sad to say, the judgment went
*Against*, not *for*, the reverend gent,
Who livs near Salisbury!

Not only did he lose the day
And see his summons cast away,
But he had all the costs to pay,
Which came to one pound three.
Alack! it was a sad event
To happen to a reverend gent,
Who livs near Salisbury.

# Communications.

## The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

Author of "Physical Education," "The Secret of the East," etc.

### II.—Mental Maxims.

CHAPTER IX.—PERSEVERANCE.

*A.—Lessons of Instinct.*

In the course of evolution from brute to man some of our organs have been highly developed by constant use, while others have been stunted by habitual disuse. In special adaptions of the sense of touch and sight, for instance, man surpasses all his fellow-creatures, most of whom, in turn, surpass him in the acuteness of their olfactory organs. An analogous result seems to have been produced by the exercise or neglect of certain mental faculties and dispositions. The instinct of enterprise, for instance, has been developed from rather feeble germs of the animal soul, while the instinct of perseverance appears to have lost something of its pristine energy. The African termite ant rears structures which, in proportion to the size of the builders, surpass the pyramids as a mountain surpasses the monuments of the mound-builders. By the persistent coöperation of countless generations the tiny architect of the coral reefs has girt a continent with a rampart of sea-walls. The prairie wolf will follow a trail for half a week. The teeth of a mouse are thinner and more brittle than a darning needle, yet by dint of perseverance gnawing mice manage to perforate the stoutest planks. Captive prairie dogs have been known to tunnel their way through forty feet of compact loam.

An instinct, which one might be tempted to call a love of perseverance for its own sake, seems sometimes to influence the actions of young children. There are boys whose energies seem to be roused by the resistance of inanimate things. I have seen lads of eight or nine years hew away for hours at knotty logs which even a veteran woodcutter would have been pardoned for flinging aside. There are school boys, not otherwise distinguished for love of books, who will forego their recess sports to puzzle out an arithmetical problem of special intricacy.

Our desultory mode of education hardly tends to encourage that disposition which, nevertheless, is now and then apt to develop into a permanent character trait. There are young men who will act out a self-determined program of study or business with persistent disregard of temporary hardships, and pursue even minor details of their plan with a resolution only strengthened by difficulties. The moral ideals of antiquity seem to have been more favorable to the development of that type of character, which also manifests itself in the national policy of several ancient republics, and the inflexible consistency of their legal institutions.

B.—REWARDS OF CONFORMITY.

The advantages of perseverance are not too readily admitted by the numberless victims of that facile disposition that loves to ascribe its foibles to the "versatility of genius," or a high-minded "aversion to pedantic routine;" yet now, as in the days of yore, life reserves its best rewards for the most persistent competitors. Singleness of purpose, like a sharp wedge, forces its way through obstacles that resist many sided endeavors. The versatile poets and philosophers of Athens have wreathed her memory with unrivaled laurels, yet in the affairs of practical life her merchants were out-traded, her politicians outwitted, and her generals beaten by men whose nations had steadfastly followed a narrower but consistent policy. "*Aut non tentaris aut perfice*," "either try not, or persevere," was a Roman proverb that made Rome the mistress of three continents. In the Middle Ages the dynasty of the Abbassides, as in modern times the house of the Hohenzollern, attained supremacy by persistent adherence to an established system of political tactics. Even questionable enterprises have thus been crowned with triumph, as the ambitions of the Roman pontiffs, and the projects of Ignatius Loyola. The chronicles of war, of industry, and of commerce abound with analogous lessons. Patient perseverance succeeds where fitful vehemence fails. In countless battles the steadiness of British and North German troops has prevailed against the enthusiasm of their bravest opponents. The quiet perseverance of British colonists has prevailed against the bustling activity of their Gallic rivals, on the Mississippi and St. Lawrence, as well as on the Ganges and Indus. Steady-going business firms, consistently-edited journals, hold their own, and ultimately absorb their vacillating competitors. Dr. Winship, the Boston Hercules, held that the chances of an athlete "depend on *doggedness of purpose* far more than on hereditary *physique*." Even the apparent caprices of Fortune are biased by the habit of perseverance. "In the Stanislaus mining-camp," says Frederic Gerstaecker, "we had a number of experts who seemed to find gold by a sort of sixth sense, and came across 'indications' wherever they stirred the gravel of the rocky ravines. We called them 'prospectors,' and the brilliancy of their prospects was, indeed, demonstrated by daily proofs. But at the first frown of Fortune they would get discouraged, and remove their exploring outfit to another ravine. Most of the actual work was done by the 'squatters,' as we called the steady diggers, who would take up an abandoned claim and stick to it for weeks. Bragging was not their *forte*, but at the end of the season the squatter could squat down on a sackful of nuggets, while the prospector had nothing but prospects."

C.—PERVERSION.

The ambition of the ancients was encouraged by the conviction that life is worth living, and that all its social and intellectual summits can be reached by the persistent pursuit of a well-chosen road. But the basis of that confidence was undermined by a doctrine which denied the value of earthly existence, and made the renunciation of worldly blessings the chief purpose of moral education. The pilgrim of life who had been taught to spurn earth as a vale of tears, and turn his hopes to the promises of another world, was not apt to trouble himself about a consistent plan of secular pursuits, which, moreover, he had been distinctly instructed to trust to the chances of the current day: "Take no thought for the morrow;" "Take no thought for your life, nor yet for your body . . . for after all these things do the gentiles seek."

Indecision, inconsistency, fickleness of purpose, vitiated the politics of the Christian nations throughout the long chaos of the Middle Ages, and in their features of individual character there is a strange want of that moral unity and harmony which the consciousness of an attainable purpose gave to the national exemplars of an earlier age.

The Rationalistic reaction of the last two centuries has greatly modified the moral ideals of the Caucasian nations; the legitimacy of secular pursuits is more generally recognized, but still only in a furtive, hesitating manner, and the glaring contrast of our daily practice with the theories of a still prevalent system of ethics cannot fail to involve contradictions incompatible with true consistency of principles and action.

D.—PENALTIES OF NEGLECT.

For thirteen hundred years the importance of perseverance in the pursuit of earthly aims was depreciated by the ethics of Antinaturalism, and the word FAILURE is written in glaring letters over the record of the physical, mental, and moral enterprises of all that period. The nations of northern Europe, whom the prestige of Rome surrendered to the power of popish priests, were giants in stature and strength, and the love of physical health was too deeply rooted in the hereditary constitution of those athletes to be at once eradicated by the machinations of spiritual poison-mongers. Yet the poison did not fail to assert its virulence. Athletic sports were still a favorite pastime of all freemen; but the gospel of the Nature-hating Galilean insisted on the antagonism of physical and moral welfare; penances and the worship of cadaverous saints perverted the manlier ideals of the masses, the encouragement of ascetic habits and the enforced inactivity of convent life undermined the stamina of the noblest nations, and in the course of a few orthodox generations the descendants of the herculean hunter-tribes of northern Eurcpe became a prey to a multitude of malignant diseases.

The love of knowledge still fed on the literary treasures of antiquity; the flame of philosophy was now and then rekindled at the still glowing embers of pagan civilization; but the doctrine of other-worldliness denounced the pursuit of worldly love, and science degenerated into a medley of nursery-legends and monkish fever-dreams. Men walked through life as Sindbad walked through the perils of the spirit-vale, in constant dread of spectral manifestations, in constant anticipation of ghostly interference with their earthly concerns, the pursuit of which all but the wisest undertook only in a desultory, tentative way, haunted by the idea that success in worldly enterprises could be bought only at the expense of the immortal soul.

And how many thousand wanderers of our latter-day world have thus been diverted from the path of manful perseverance, and almost directly encouraged in the habit of palliating inconstancy of purpose with that "dissatisfaction and weariness of worldly vanities," which the ethics of their spiritual educators commend as a symptom of regeneration! The voices of re-awakened Nature protest, but only with intermittent success, and the penalty of vacillation is that discord of modern life that will not cease till our system of ethics has been thoroughly purged from the poison of Antinaturalism.

E.—REFORM.

That work of redemption should include an emphatic repudiation of the natural depravity dogma. Our children should be taught that steadfast loyalty to the counsels of their natural reason is sufficient to insure the promotion of their welfare in the only world thus far revealed to our knowledge. The traditional concomitance of perseverance and mediocrity should be refuted by the explanation of its cause. For a long series of centuries the predominance of insane dogmas had actually made science a mere mockery, and application to the prescribed curriculum of the monastic colleges a clear waste of time—clear to all but the dullest minds. The neglect of such studies, of the disgusting sophistry of the patriotic and scholastic era, was, indeed, a proof of common sense, since only dunces and hypocrites could muster the patience required to wade through the dismal swamp of cant, pedantry, and superstition which for thirteen centuries formed the mental pabulum of the priest-ridden academics. During that era of pseudo-science and pseudo-morality, of fulsome rant centered on a monstrous delusion, the *eccentricity* of genius was more than pardonable, being, in fact, the only alternativ of mental prostitution. The ideas of waywardness and mental superiority became thus associated in a way which in its results has wrought almost as much mischief as in its cause. The delusions of that idea have wrecked as many promising talents as indolence and intemperence.

The pupils of Secularism should be instructed to observe the benefits of perseverance in the pursuit of minor projects, and encouraged to apply that experience to the higher problems of life. Perseverance should be recognized as the indispensable ally of loftiest genius as well as of the lowliest talent.

Failure in secular enterprises should cease to be regarded as a symptom of divine favor; and for those who insist on claiming the protection of supernatural agencies, Goethe's grand apostrophe to the Genius of Manhood* should be condensed in the motto that "Heroic perseverance invokes the aid of the gods."

* Weibisches Klagen, bängliches Zagen
Wendet kein Unglück, macht dich nicht frei:
Allen Gewalten zum Trotz sich eshalten,
Nimmer sich beugen, kräftig sich zeigen
Rufet die Arme der Götter herbei.

## Our Country's Right to Make What It Pleases.

Mr. F. M. Holland, in discussing the tariff question, represents it as being the question, "What business our government has to say we shall not buy our blankets, flannels, etc., as cheaply as we can."

*Answer.*—It will be time enough to discuss that question when the government makes the attempt. It is a mere misapprehension to say that in enacting a protectiv tariff the government deprives anyone of the power to buy anything as cheaply as he can. Each subject of the government keeps on buying as cheaply as he can after as well as before a protectiv tariff is enacted. In fact, a protectiv tariff, according to John Stuart Mill, is itself an instance of buying as cheaply as we can, since it is the act of a collectiv nationality in obtaining at the smallest possible cost the industrial privilege for each and all of its subjects or citizens of conducting a certain kind of industry at a profit to themselvs, which they could not otherwise conduct except at a loss. This right of "buying as cheaply as we can" inheres in the collectiv industrial body known as the nation as fully as it inheres in a private person. Whatever the nation deems essential to its most healthy development or highest life it buys in the cheapest market, when it secures its advent or introduction by means of a protectiv tariff, whether it be an iron and steel manufacture, or grain and produce raising, or whatever other branch of industry.

Mr. Holland says: "Why should not the free American be able, like the Englishman, to purchase foreign-made goods, when they are cheaper and better than domestic products, without being taxed for it?"

*Answer.*—The Englishman has no such right. The highest duty imposed on any foreign product by any tariff in the world is the English duty on tobacco of from 3s. 6d. to 5s. per pound, or from 1,200 to 1,800 per cent, and about 400 per cent of this duty is imposed avowedly and outright for the protection of the British tobacco manufacturer, and for no other purpose except the coincident one of revenue.

Mr. Holland says: "The laborer is much better off under free trade in England than under," etc.

*Answer.*—Trade is not free in England. The application of the phrase "free" to English trade is a simple misnomer. Nearly the whole export trade of England is an enforced trade, forced on barbarian purchasers by English treaties obtained by fighting, by conquest, by fraud, and by false pretenses. Such is her trade with China, Japan, India, Turkey, Egypt, the African ports, Portugal, and Ireland.

Mr. Holland says: I ascribe to the tariff the difference between wages in America, England, Germany, etc.

*Answer.*—The tariff is one of several factors that influence wages, not the only one, as sunshine is one of several factors in influencing vegetable growth. But as sunshine implies conditions, such as soil, moisture, fertility, etc., so protection, which in principle covers every act by which organized society as a whole reinforces by its associated power the effort of the individual man, also implies conditions, viz., natural facilities for the production which is to be

protected, of such a character that under protection all the artificial facilities, viz., capital, skill, etc., will supply themselvs. The concurrence of all these causes activity and fertility in production, and the division of the value produced between the two factors, capital and labor, givs rise to the rate of wages. In this way protection influences wages as sunshine influences vegetable growth; but as vegetable growth cannot be exclusivly attributed to sunshine, so activity and abundance in production cannot be exclusivly ascribed to protection. It is sufficient that I hold it under proper concurring conditions to be *a* cause. It is unnecessary to misrepresent me as holding it to be *the* cause.

Mr. Holland does me the honor to inform me of something that Mr. J. Schoenhof has said or written. If I am rightly informed, Mr. Shoenhof is or was an authority on the value of hoop or felt skirts. I trust he has met with no misfortunes which lessen the weight of his opinion in matters relating to that business.

Mr. Holland says his main reliance is "on the well-known fact of the prosperity of the Northern laborer during those years of low tariff before the war."

*Answer.*—Could Mr. Holland hav been born before the war? Could he hav lived in this country then? In the winter of 1853–4, and from then on to 1860. free soup-houses were opened at the cost of the importers in every ward in the city of New York, and the class of men and women who now as the Labor party are asking for the earth, and a secretary of state of their own selection, were standing in long files before the soup-houses, haggard, wan, and hungry, waiting in line for hours to get their free soup. I myself lectured in 1853–4 on "The Causes of the Present Hard Times" in several towns on the Hudson river three years before the Bankers' Crisis of 1857. The crisis to labor preceded by so long the crisis in the money market. Instead of begging for bread at the hands of free soup-houses, independent labor now demands a division of the land between those who hav paid for it and those who hav not, to be obtained by taxing the former to the extent of what they hav paid or could get for it, and a division of the fund so raised among the latter in proportion to their needs, their merits, or their importunity and impudence. If protection is justly answerable for any sin, it is that of having given labor the big head.

Mr. Holland next pleads that it is the free traders who want manufacturers to flourish here.

*Answer.*—This plea will be valid when Mr. Holland succeeds in proving that he knows better what the interests of the manufacturers are than they know it themselvs. Not till then.

Mr. Holland's remarks concerning our ship-building industry might become a boy ten years old. He says "our ship-building flourished during our colonial period, but has sunk into insignificance under our high tariff."

*Answer.*—Does not Mr. Holland know that ocean-going American vessels hav had no protection as carriers, but hav been subjected to the perfect application of the free competition principle without subsidies since 1816, while the British carrying trade has been subsidized out of the fund in the hands of the British board of admiralty to the amount of about $6,000,000 a year for the past forty years? Does he not know that it was only while vessels were built of wood and sailed with canvas that Americans could outbuild the English, but that in 1855, when steam and steel came to supersede wood and canvas, our commercial marine went into its typhoid condition of decline, right in the midst of the free trade period? Does he not know that David A. Wells, Lieutenant Kelly of the navy, and all other free-ship hacks admit this cardinal fact? Does he not know that the reason why Great Britain was better prepared to manufacture iron and steel steamers than we was because from 1790 to 1842 she had protected her iron and steel manufactures far more assiduously than we, and that from 1816 to 1830 her import duties on bar iron and most other forms of iron or steel were twice as heavy as our American duties on the like products? If he does not know these facts, he should learn them. If he does know them, he should know that it was Great Britain's protection to the iron and steel manufacture that gave her her precedence in iron and steel steamer building; that this precedence she confirmed by annual subsidies without intermission; that our commercial marine has been running under the principle of a "free carrying trade" for seventy years, without an atom of tariff protection and only during the '50's a bare sop or delusiv hope of subsidy protection to some of our steamers. It is we that hav been applying free trade principles to our ocean-going vessels for seventy years, and yet most of our scribblers who assume to instruct public opinion are so grossly ignorant or malignantly lying as to talk of our carrying trade being ruined by protection and of England's as being built up by free trade. Whittier's round-eyed oxen, chewing hay in their stalls, know more of American political economy than such vealy charlatans. The ultimate test of our institutions consists in the problem whether intelligent government can endure when men so unscrupulously deficient in their acquaintance with the facts assume to teach.

Mr. Holland indulges in the nonsense of measuring imports and exports as if they were a test of national or economic welfare. Does he not know that if New York city were set off under a separate government as a free city, her imports and exports would far exceed those of any country on earth? If New England were set apart from the United States, so that her trade with the balance of the country would figure as imports and exports, its "commerce" would far exceed that of old England.

Instead of tables of imports and exports being a measure of economic prosperity, they are only a measure of the degree in which the political boundaries of a producing population fail to correspond with the residential boundaries of the consumers of their products. England being insular and urban, her imports and exports are large. Cut off Paris into a distinct nationality from France, and the imports and exports of Paris would exceed that of all France and Great Britain combined. The test of the prosperity of a people is their ability to consume. In metals, textil fabrics, etc., the American consumption per capita is somewhat in excess of that of the English people.

I hav found these bases of error in one column of Mr. Holland's argument! And yet he wrote two columns!

It is amazing that the perverted ingenuity of misinformation could embody so much falsehood and so little truth into so few words.

Whether I shall refer to the remainder of his article will depend on whether I hav time to waste in such an unprotected industry as that of trying to check the influx of imported errors. Mr. Holland can at least be congratulated on the fact that his political economy comes in free—without duty and without inspection.

V. B. DENSLOW.

## The Revisers Revised.

In the revised version of the Old Testament, recently published in England, and presumably intended for the benefit of all English-speaking Christian communities, the revisers hav (whether unwittingly or not I will not presume to say) perpetuated a blunder, made by all their predecessors, which grossly obscures, instead of elucidating, the meaning of the original text, converting into a meaningless fable the plain statement of holy writ, and giving rise to a theory so utterly repugnant to common sense that it becomes a wonder in this enlightened age that it has not been exploded long ago. But poets and divines, from Milton downward, instead of explaining the real meaning, hav only amplified the fable, pandering to the ignorance and superstition, instead of appealing to the intelligence, of the public. Indeed, I hav never met with any writer (a professed skeptic of course ridicules the whole affair) who attempts to offer any rational explanation consistent with a belief in the divine authenticity of the book. Without claiming any merit of being the original discoverer of a truth which must hav been evident to many learned translators and commentators—only they dared not giv utterance to it for fear of upsetting the creed of Christendom—I venture to propose an amendment to the ordinary reading which will commend itself to all rational persons who really and honestly think anything about the matter.

By whom the book of Genesis was originally written, it is not my business to inquire. The question that concerns us, whether as believers or unbelievers, is this, What was the real meaning of the writer? It is supposed to be one of the most ancient books, if not the most ancient book, in existence, and was certainly written in the infancy of letters, when words were expressed by symbols, and nouns of quality by nouns of form and substance. Dr. Adam Clarke, whose acuteness as a scholar was neutralized by his obtuseness as a theologian, tells us that the Hebrew noun *Nachash*, which the Septuagint renders "Ophis," and the English translators, following the Greek, hav converted into "serpent," means literally natural perception, or *common sense!* With such a clue, the learned doctor ought certainly to hav hit upon the true reading of the passage; but no such thing. He sagely concludes that, as the serpent was never known to be gifted with the faculty of speech or to possess more than ordinary intelligence, the strange visitor to our mother Eve must hav been some kind of baboon, the most cunning and mischievous of his species. Other commentators, following Milton, tell us that it was the devil in the form of a serpent, and hav thus played the devil with common sense. My proposal is to leave snake, baboon, and devil out of the question altogether, and deal simply with the noun of quality, which is peculiar in a greater or less degree to all living and sentient beings. We shall then read that the common sense (of the woman) was more subtil (or refined) than that of the beasts of the field, and *it* said to the woman, etc. In other words, the woman's common sense told her that it was not decent for a respectable married woman to go about the world without any clothes to her back, and this idea she straightway imparts to her husband. It is just the same even to the present day—the woman is always the most sensitiv on this point, and the first to find out the deficiencies in her own and her husband's wardrobe. But now, unless her husband is one of the stingy sort, and refuses to supply her with the necessary dollars, this solicitude of the wife regarding dress is not considered an offense against the laws of either God or man, but rather a meritorious fulfilment of the woman's special duty.

Then why (it will be asked) did the first fulfilment of that special duty entail such a frightful curse on Eve and all her posterity as yet unborn? And here, I think, translators and commentators are again at fault; for, read by the new light, I do not find in the book of Genesis any record of that original curse of which professional theologians hav made so much capital. If mankind had remained in a state of nature, or retained what is called their primitiv innocence, they would still hav gone about in a state of nudity, dwelt in caves, and lived upon raw fruit and roots, or failing these, hav literally eaten dirt like the lowest class of savages. But since man, instigated thereto by the woman, elected to wear clothes, to dwell in houses made with hands, and to cultivate and lay up fruits and cereals for consumption all the year round, he entailed upon himself the necessity of working for these luxuries and earning them by the sweat of his brow. If this be the worst effect of the "curse," it is a fortunate thing for most of us that we are more or less damned! We need not envy the lilies who toil and spin not, for, however gloriously arrayed, their life is a very short one. Still less need we envy the primitiv savages, troglodytes and dirt-eaters as they are, for although longer lived than the lily, they drag out but a miserable existence during three-fourths of the year. Is not the "knowledge of good and evil" an inestimable benefit to those who are enabled thereby to seek the one and avoid the other? But no good in this world is unmixed with the other quality. The refinements of a civilized life render us peculiarly sensitiv to the discomforts of an uncivilized one, to the extremes of heat and cold, of hunger and repletion. Many of our troubles arise from the bare apprehension of ills that perhaps never come to pass, or, if they do, are found in actual contact not half so formidable as they appeared at a distance. If this apprehension induces us to work, so much the better, for labor is seldom unrewarded either in the performance thereof or in the benefits resulting therefrom. The happiest people in the world, if they knew their own good, "O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint," are those who liv in the country, work for their bread, wait upon themselvs, and know neither the extremes of poverty or riches. Common Sense, whom theologians hav converted into a devil, is their best and safest guide, and in the absence of those learned functionaries will supply the place of lawyer, doctor, and parson. It is true that Common Sense is somewhat of a Materialist, fulfilling the prediction, "On thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat;" but earth-hunger is not one of the most objectionable traits of humanity, and the successful man of business who accumulates property in houses and lands is generally thought well of by his fellow-men, and especially by his banker.

In a primitiv state of society, the earth-hunger of the serpent, or common sense, was sometimes productiv of cruelty and injustice, of which the story of Cain and Abel furnishes a striking example. It seems as if the law of primogeniture commenced in the time of Adam, for he named his first-born Cain, which signifies possession, and Cain became a tiller of the ground. He was the heir at law, and claimed the soil as his own. It is noteworthy that in all parts of the world those who utilize the land by tillage always manage to dispossess the aboriginal inhabitants if the latter use it only for a hunting-ground, and lead a nomadic mode of life as the original shepherd, having no settled place of residence. These of course resent the intrusion of the more industrious and thrifty race, but it leads in the end to their own discomfiture and annihilation. It was so in Palestine when the Jews dispossessed the Canaanites. It was so in America, when the red man disappeared before the irruption of palefaces. It is so to the present day in South Africa and New Zealand. Cain the agriculturist always manages to get rid of his weaker younger brother, Abel the nomad, and when questioned as to the morality of the act pertinently inquires, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The "seed of the serpent," or those who follow the teaching of common sense, always tread upon the heels of the "seed of the woman," or mere children of nature. This may not be according to the law of God, but it appears to be the law of nature. Jesus Christ, both by precept and by example, advocated a return to the simplicity of a nomadic life, taking no thought for the morrow, having no settled place of residence, possessing no superfluities, giving all to the poor, and living from hand to mouth. The modern professor of Christianity, finding it inconvenient, if not altogether impracticable, to obey the commands of his master, brings forward the doctrin of original sin and the total depravity of human nature

to account for his deficiencies. In order to claim exemption from the punishment due to disobedience, and lay claim to the rewards of obedience, he propounds the extraordinary theory that the punishment was suffered, and the obedience performed, vicariously, nearly two thousand years ago. You hav only to believe this absurdity to enable you to participate in all the benefits thereof, however unsatisfactory your manner of life may hav been. Now, Jesus certainly taught his disciples to be "wise as serpents" as well as harmless as doves—that is to say, they were to exercise the common sense with which nature had endowed them, so far as it did not interfere with the rights and privileges of their neighbors. How far the orthodox doctrin is consistent with common sense, I will not venture to inquire, but will leave the question to the unbiased judgment of the reader. OUTIS.

## The American Secular Union.

COURTLANDT PALMER, President.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary, - - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
E. A. STEVENS, Chair. Fin. Com., - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.

### Call for the Eleventh Annual Congress of the American Secular Union.

*To the Auxiliary Secular Unions and to all citizens of the United States and Canadas who support the Nine Demands of Liberalism:*

You are invited to attend the Eleventh Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, to be held at Chicago, October 15th and 16th.

The Congress will be called upon to consider measures for carrying on the work of Freethought and securing the adoption of such laws by the various state governments and by the national government as shall make the United States thoroughly secular, and the repeal of all laws now on the statute books which conflict with the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

Local auxiliary Unions are entitled by the Union constitution to five representativs—the President and Secretary and three delegates. All charter members and life members, all Vice Presidents, all Chairmen of state Executiv Committees, are entitled to seats and votes in the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats, but not votes, except by permission of the Congress.

It is hoped that every auxiliary Union will send a full delegation to the Congress, and that every Freethinker in the United States and Canada who can will be present.

Per order Board of Directors:

COURTLANDT PALMER, Pres.
SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Sec.
E. A. STEVENS, Ch. Fin. Com.
CHAS. ECKHARD, Treas.

### News and Notes.

My closing lecture at Baker City was given on Tuesday evening, September 6th. The hall was full, nearly five hundred being present. After the lecture there was a festival of the members of the Secular Union, and it was a happy, sociable occasion, with much promis of future life for our work here. Our Baker friends are enthusiastic, and purpose to carry forward the campaign on a broad and humanitarian basis, so that intellectual and moral forces will be brought into play. With such genial and devoted supporters as John R. Coleman, Wesley F. Miller, John Kimberly, A. Dolph, Judge Schofield, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Kelley, Mrs. Mary C. Edgington, and others mentioned in previous letters, our cause will stand to the front in this rapidly growing country. I bid farewell to Oregon and its noble host of Liberals with joy and pride in the splendid enthusiasm they hav shown. Every toil has been amply repaid by the cordial alliance of its progressiv minds.

My veteran friend Geo. L. Hayes gave me a bright memento of Oregon's wealth, in the shape of a beautiful specimen of gold quartz from the "Thomas Paine" mine, which has yielded eight hundred and twenty-three dollars to the ton. My friends who own the mine gave it the best name they could in honor of him who flung such golden promis into our national life. I shall keep this specimen always, with its precious freightage, as a memorial of happy labors and brave-hearted comrades on the Pacific coast.

Eastward I go amid the mighty lava beds. Here and there little farms glisten on the banks of the winding stream, where settlers take it easy, having just enough to liv on, and plenty of tobacco; and under their rude shanties they pass the time as if they were kings and owned the whole world. What more does any man want than to let all care thus end in smoke? The settler raises his own potatoes, sells a horse or two every year to pay for groceries, has cows enough for butter and milk, and when the circus comes along bundles his whole family into a wagon, and goes seventy-five miles to witness the "greatest show on earth," and is preëminently happy when he returns to his cottage, where the lawyer, the doctor, and the ministers never intrude. They need neither mortgages, medicin, nor prayers in this happy climate, where the brightest of skies bend over the desolate hills, and the little patches of tillable land gleam like jewels in the rocky waste.

I come to Weiser, Idaho, where the endless sagebrush grows, and the sandy bluffs stretch away to the blue mountains. Here I find good friends, especially Mrs. M. Peferle and her bright family of four little children, all that are at home, the doctor being away among the hills on professional business. Mrs. Peferle has a woman's spirit for reform, and knows no such word as fail. It was through her efforts that the campaign was opened at Weiser, and quite successfully. The hall was full, and the lecture, the first of the kind ever given here, was well received. I was sorry not to be able to stay more than one night, for many Liberals were present from the surrounding country. But I had to hurry on with the hope of returning to this frontier land. Generous friends are here whom I hope to greet again amid the bright battle fields of thought—Judge Hart, Geo. Ebest, Wm. P. Glenn, editor of the Weiser *Leader*, who gave a fearless report of the lecture; Frank Harris, one of the leading attorneys of the place, who introduced me at the meeting; Morgan Kilborn, from Weiser Valley, twenty miles away; Thos. and John Yardley, the King brothers, Captain Chase, etc. This little burg will always be on the advance line—sage-brush, lava beds, sand heaps, and orthodox ministers to the contrary notwithstanding. The flame of civilization makes way for liberty.

At Caldwell, fifty miles east of Weiser, I greet one of our mighty warriors of this country, James Wardwell. After a night's rest I am ready for a twenty-mile ride over the plains to Emmett's, with Wardwell and Price Bane—whose good team lingers not on the dusty road. Dusty it is—and as wild and desolate a region as I ever meandered through—and if it had not been for my cheery companions, I might hav thought I should never look upon a human habitation again, so vast were the billows of sand that rolled away to the distant horizon. However, I hav got used to everything in this Western land—and no spot so barren but "hope rears its glittering crest." After awhile the bright Payette valley burst upon the view with its ranks of green trees along the river for miles away. How the harvest lands appear; the golden fields of grain and fresh-mown hay in the splendid noonday. Fording the streams and winding in and out the straggling groves we reach the great ranch of Mrs. James A. Bennett, white and comfortable amid the orchard and flower garden. Mrs. Bennett is a widow of James A. Bennett, who died about two years since, one of the stanch Freethinkers of the West, who, from youth up, has always been in the ranks of reform. He was born an Infidel, and couldn't help being so, although his parents were the strictest Baptists. Our cause suffered greatly in the death of this ardent Liberal.

They hav the brightest climate here, skies luminous and golden over the melancholy wastes. Emmett's is on the Payette river and beneath the shadow of Squaw Creek butte. It has only a few houses besides the saw mills, and prominent among these is Paine Liberal Hall, whose lights were greeting us as we entered the village. I wondered where my audience was to come from, but I found the large hall nearly filled. The audience increased every night. I gave five lectures. Dr. York was here about four years ago and made one of his rattling campaigns. Since then, I am sorry to say, two churches hav been built, which shows how much still remains of the old superstition. These churches don't amount to much, and hav poor ministers and poor congregations. They made a united effort on Sunday evening to offset our work, and had a union meeting at which three were present besides the clergyman. We had nearly two hundred. On Monday evening our ranks were crowded, and after the lecture there was a brilliant festival occasion, supper, dance, etc. Nowhere hav I found a better company than here. Some came twenty, thirty, and forty miles to the gathering. It only needs a leader to make this part of Idaho almost compact for Liberalism. Infidelity seems to flourish where people hav to fight nature with all their might to get a living. Every inch of land capable of cultivation is used, and there is talk of constructing an irrigating ditch by which about seventy thousand acres of the valley lands can be utilized.

My friend Wardwell has fought the good fight. He has been burnt out once, but his mills are as busy as ever, and he still expresses his thought in spite of orthodox fury. He is a Yankee all the way from Maine, and its dauntless spirit goes with him amid these Western wilds. He has suffered every variety of fortune with the Indians and the Christians, and so far he has come to the top, and has never bent the knee to superstition or tyranny. Whatever the blows of fortune, he loses no whit of courage or generosity. I enjoyed the hospitality of his genial and democratic home.

A. G. Church is known to TRUTH SEEKER readers for his no uncertain voice, and I guess many a reformer can bear witness to his open heart and hand. Alone he has been on the outposts of freedom, but no danger has ever made him flinch. It was a pleasure to meet this rough-and-ready soldier of Infidel advance.

Around the table of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Gill I met genial comrades also. These are pioneers of 1863, and hav been through all the Indian wars and border tumults. In a serene old age they enjoy life and the glory of Freethought.

Among other friends whose ready greeting will not soon be forgotten are H. H. Clark, J. W. Hughes, M. Gill, J. A. Lippencott, Mr. and Mrs. Turley, Wm. F. Wardwell, Ed. Blanchard, John Mahon, Jas. Ewing, Ezra Bradford, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Smith, Nathaniel Martin, A. Kelley, Geo. Deitz, Nelson Fuller, etc. I cannot remember all the names. I hav not found a place of more delightful labor. It has been a pleasant journey to this remote fort, where the flag is flying so brightly, and the music is so gay, and heart and hand so cheerful.

I am now at Caldwell, Idaho, where I lecture this evening, and Wednesday, and Thursday. I shall be at Boise City Friday, Saturday, and Sunday; at Salt Lake Sept. 24th, 25th; at Canon City Sept. 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th; at Denver, Oct. 2d; at Osceola, Neb., 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and thence to Chicago for National Congress, Oct. 15th, 16th, where I hope to meet many friends. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*Caldwell, Idaho*, Sept 13, 1887.

### C. B. Reynolds's Western Tour.

WATERLOO, IND.—The Liberals, having paid largely toward its erection, succeeded in obtaining the use of a church for J. E. Remsburg to lecture in, and subsequently, although there was some demurrer, for S. P. Putnam, but since that time the church folks' faith has waned. God answered their prayers crossways, instead of as they had prayed in faith, believing that all would be disgusted by the Infidel lecturers and the well-to-do Liberals join the church. Some of their best-paying members became skeptical and stopped all contributions; so the fiat went forth, "No more Liberal lecturers, if possible to prevent them." But friend E. R. Shoemaker, who had successfully wrestled with the mighty rocks, delved into the stupendous mountains and gulches of California, and forced out the golden ore, where others had failed and given up in despair, had the matter in charge. With him obstacles only strengthened determination. Since neither church nor hall was obtainable, he advertised the lectures to be delivered in front of his house. He has a magnificent lawn of over three-quarters of an acre, studded with beautiful shade trees, fronting his mansion, on his farm, situated about two miles from the village. A more delightsome place to hold outdoor meetings could scarce be found.

By making seats with planks, as I used to do in the tent, the sons of friend Shoemaker speedily made seats for one hundred and fifty persons, and at 10 A.M. there was a large attendance of deeply interested listeners. I spoke on "Life's Duties; or, What Liberalism Teaches," and was assured that much of prejudice was removed from the minds of some Christians present.

Mr. and Mrs. Shoemaker, with more than regal hospitality, invited all who stayed for the afternoon lecture to enter the house and partake of dinner. About eighty enjoyed the sumptuous repast provided.

In the afternoon, not alone were all the seats occupied, but the road in front of the lawn was filled with vehicles, whose occupants listened and wondered, as I stated the facts in regard to "Whence the Bible Came, and What It Really Teaches." Mr. Shoemaker engaged a full string band for the afternoon and evening lectures, which added greatly to the interest.

In the evening, despite the dark and damp, there was a fair attendance. I informed them "Why I Left the Pulpit," and gave reasons why all should cleanse themselvs from the slime of superstition and bigotry, pluck from their hearts sectarian hate, and by living lives of love and activ benevolence, make a heaven for themselvs here and now, and at last die without a fear, comforted by the assurance that, even according to Jesus and the New Testament (Matt. xxv), Infidels only were on the safe side.

Three lectures in the open air, in one day, was a severe tax on a sick man's strength, but I greatly enjoyed it, and the kind greeting and the good wishes of the brave, loyal, and true Liberals of Waterloo and vicinity, and long to respond to their kind desire to come again.

SWEET HOME, IND.—I responded to the invitation of that devoted young Liberal, Miss Della Lindley to deliver two lectures at Sweet Home, Ind., September 8th and 9th. Mr. W. H. Barker, station agent at Warren, on the L. S. and M. S. R. R., met me at South Bend, and escorted me to his Sweet Home, that I could see and appreciate; but there is no village, not even the usual church and a blacksmith shop—not so much as even two dwelling houses near together. It really appeared more like arriving at

nowhere than any place I ever before visited. The railway station is called Warren; Sweet Home proper consisted, as far as I could discern, of one building, in which was a little grocery store and the post-office. the home of the Lindleys, all Liberals, stanch and true.

I found Mr. Barker a genuin Liberal in the very best acceptation of the term, and greatly enjoyed interchange of thought with him, and the hospitality of his pleasant home. He and his wife are modest yet enthusiastic workers for progress and humanity, and command the respect even of the fanatical Dunkards because of their exemplary life. They are rearing their children not in fear of the Lord, but in knowledge of hygiene and Liberalism.

On Thursday, September 9th, I repaired to the school-house, which is away off in the wilderness, over a quarter of a mile from the Warren station and Sweet Home post-office. I was surprised and pleased to find it quite a good-sized building, and filled with intelligent people. There were more than one hundred present. Quite a furor of enthusiasm was enkindled, and the next night, long before time for the lecture, the school-house was densely packed, and despite hard seats, and discomfort of the crowd standing, all honored me with strictest attention. After this, let none feel discouraged, or hesitate to make effort to advance the cause. I cannot conceive of more disadvantages to overcome, and yet the two lectures were, under the hard labor and united efforts of Miss Della Lindley and Mr. Barker, in every way a grand success.

In writing to Lafayette I got letters from Lafayette, Indiana, and Lafayette, Illinois, and got dreadfully tangled up; so I dropped both Lafayettes, and shall lecture on Sunday evening, September 11th, at South Bend; from thence to Monticello, Ill., 14th, 15th, 16th; Mattoon, 18th to 21st; Centralia 22d to 24th; Belleville, 25th to 27th; Havanah, 28th to 30th; Minier, October 1st to 3d; Westfield, 5th to 7th; Olney, 12th to 14th; Chicago, 15th to 16th.

Letters addressed to me care of the Truth Seeker Company, 28 Lafayette place, New York, will always be promptly forwarded to me. C. B. Reynolds.

## Religion in Illinois Schools.

In your paper of the 30th of July you publish an article about the University of Illinois. The student there referred to is my son. You will see by perusal of the papers he sent you that no state in the Union has by its Constitution so carefully guarded the rights of the people against the encroachment of religious bigots. There is no honest way of evading those safeguards. Yet in almost every common school the Bible is daily read, and the Lord's Prayer repeated as a part of the school exercises. And in Chicago, in the face of protests, the *reform* city administration, following the lead of the Carter Harrison-Mike McDonald Leib and Winston-boodle administration which has so long deeply disgraced that city, the municipal property, to wit, water, of the yearly value of many thousands of dollars, is given away to all the churches, and to Catholic and other sectarian schools and institutions in defiance of the express prohibition in our constitution, which every officer is sworn to support. But religious bigots hav no regard for honesty when it stands in the way of their aggressiv policy, nor hav their pliant tools any respect for official oaths.

It seems that at the late thirty-second annual delegate assembly of the German Central Union of the United States, Bishop Wigger, of New Jersey, in his festival sermon, condemned the practice of sending children to free public schools, and declared that it imperiled the soul, and was a violation of the sacred duty of seeking first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness! And now comes the *Advance*, a Congregationalist paper, a suitable emblem of whose principles would be a crawfish, and in its issue of the 1st instant is contained a communication from the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, of Freeport, Ill., in which that gentleman says:

> The Presbyterian synod of Illinois desires especially to secure uniformity of action upon the part of Christian people throughout the state, that our schools may not become the nurseries of Atheism.

The Chicago *Tribune*, commenting on this, says:

> Precisely the same spirit crops out here as in Bishop Wigger's sermon. Secular education [in which nothing is said about religion or theology] is held to be substantially the same thing as Atheistic instruction. There is a perverse confounding of unreligious with irreligious education. The assumption that a child's education is confined to the schoolroom is narrow, and ought not to be true of any child of religious parents. It is forgotten, apparently, by the ultra advocates of doctrinal teaching in the public schools that the home is after all the great educational institution.

And I will add: Where Sunday-schools are relied upon to teach morals I hav never known any great success to be reached. I hav practiced law forty-two years, and hav in the course of professional business had to advise with many disreputable persons, and I declare that, while many of them hav been educated in Sunday schools, I hav never found one who received there any clear notions of right and wrong or of moral obligation. There is no moral code taught by most teachers of these schools.

The instruction contained in Webster's old American spelling-book was worth much, and the catechism contained in the appendix to Volney's "Ruins" deserves the highest praise, and might be profitably read in any school. But any and all of these are merely aids as compared with correct example and instruction by parents. Levi North.

*Kewanee, Ill.*

## Daily Bread.

"Giv us this day our super-substantial bread," says the Douay New Testament, translated from the Latin Vulgate; and the Catholic commentator explains the text to mean, "the bread of life, which we receive in the blessed sacrament." But in the revised Protestant version the Greek word for "daily" is explained to mean "bread for the coming day." We suspect that both versions are wrong, because in the Syriac, or Peshito, which givs us the very language of Palestine eighteen hundred years ago, the word is "needful," instead of "daily" or "for to-morrow." The Latin equivalent is *indigentiæ*, and the evident meaning of the text is "bread of poverty."

It is a question, however, of small importance, for God knows that bread is always *kneaded*.

Antichrist.

## Confiscation of Mormon Church Property.

Mentioning the commission of Attorney Peters for this act of governmental usurpation, The Truth Seeker says: "Behold government engaged in the business of confiscating church property!" Yet it recognizes this act as instigated by the jealousy of other churches, which is perhaps the principal though not the only influence; for the Mormon church being also a government and an economic administration, the United States government is jealous on its own account, and the speculators, whom this church has held at bay by its system of coöperativ commerce, and the lawyers whom its free administration of justice, or what passes for such, keeps out in the cold.

The Mormon superstitions, neither more nor less absurd and pernicious than those of Christendom, might hav passed polygamy pulling wives up to heaven by the coat-tails of the saints, among the rest, but this church is hated because of its economic virtues, because it is the only one, except the Shaker, that has harnessed superstition to the car of justice in commercial relations and put a curb on the greed of the rich. What other church, when famin has been imminent, ever said to its rich members, Share with the poor and forgiv them their debts, and they did so? Confiscation of this church property does not reveal any *tendency* in that direction; it is not a liberal reaction, in the sense that confiscation of Catholic church property has been in France or Spain, but indicates simply the hostility of one set of fanatics toward another. The plunder is to go to education, *i. e.*, to making salaried positions for gentile teachers who are not wanted. Next, probably, education will be made compulsory, orthodox, and governmentalist, so that the child will be a battle-field between its parents and its teachers.

Next, it must be made a penal offense for the parents to teach their children contrary to the Christian government's teachings, and it would not be surprising if the child was bulldozed into giving evidence to convict its parents; for when orthodoxy takes such a matter in hand, it goes the whole hog. Is it not God's police, and responsible to him for the souls of the people?

No truly loyal household should be without the portraits of Loyola, Torquemada, Ferdinand, Isabella, and Philip of Spain. The tendency of this Mormon church confiscation is the same as that of the extradition treaty with Russia; both attest the oneness of majorityism with the other forms of despotism.

Edgeworth.

## Lectures and Meetings.

J. E. Remsburg has filled his engagements in Iowa, delivering thirty-two lectures in four weeks. He spoke in the following towns: Bedford, Casey, Campbell, Missouri Valley, Oto, Holstein, Castana, Sheldon, Spirit Lake, Armstrong, Postville, Elkader, Ossian, Fredericksburg, New Hampton, Bassett, Oxford, Ottumwa, and Salem. His appointments for the next three weeks are as follows:

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|---|---|
| Morrill, Kan. | Sat. Sun. Sept. 24, 25 |
| Sabetha, " | Sun. 25 |
| Horton, " | Mon. Tues. 26, 27 |
| Everest, " | Wed. 28 |
| Oxford, Neb. | Sun. Mon. Oct. 2, 3 |
| Loup City, Neb. | Tues. Wed. Thur. 4, 5, 6 |
| Broken Bow, Neb. | Fri. 7 |
| Aurora, Neb. | Sat. Sun. 8, 9 |
| Seward, Neb. | Mon. Tues. 10, 11 |
| Valparaiso, Neb. | Wed. Thur. Fri. 12, 13, 14 |

During the remainder of the fall, Mr. Remsburg will work in Kansas and Missouri.

The annual conventi n of the Secularists and Freethinkers of Canada will be held in Toronto on Saturday and Sunday, October 29th and 30th, in Science Hall, under the auspices of the Canadian Secular Union. The prospects for Secularism were never more encouraging. This will be the most important convention ever held in Canada. The coöperation of every Secularist and Freethinker is needed to promote our common cause. All who sympathize with our principles are urgently invited to attend, whether they belong to our organization or not. Further particulars will be given in due time. By order of the Central Executiv. Wm. Algie, Alton, Ont., president; J. A. Risser, Toronto, secretary.

W. S. Bell and Elder T. J. Williamson are to hold a joint discussion at Salem, Neb., beginning November 1st, and continuing four nights, on the following questions: "1. *Resolved.* That Christ is a historic character, the logos of God, and hence the savior of the word." Elder T. J. Williamson affirms. "2. *Resolved.* That the Bible is of human origin, and hence not a revelation from God." W. S. Bell affirms.

## Among Our Friends.

C. M. Overton and M. D. Leahy hav resuscitated the Liberal, Mo., paper under the title of *American Idea*. Mr. Overton's greatest effort thus far has been to endeavor to show that Liberal is a Christian town, and its people Christians.

The *American Nonconformist* is prodding the Rev. John D. Knox, of Topeka, Kan., for renting a house he owns for immoral uses. The inmates hav been arrested, and the Vincents want to put the Rev. Mr. Knox into the same cell. We fear, however, that this would only lead to more immorality.

Stephen Young is dead—died at Topolobampo, August 17th. Mr. Young was an old man, over seventy, an Infidel, a Spiritualist, a reformer in everything. Simple, kind, earnest, his death will grieve hundreds of Freethinkers and Spiritualists throughout the States. He went to Topolobampo from Memphis, Mo. He should hav stayed away, but sincerely believing in coöperativ communities, he was ready to sacrifice his life to establish one. Peace to his ashes.

Parson Briggs, editor of the Texas *Christian Advocate*, Methodist, lectured a while ago on "Ingersoll." He said that the proper way to put down Infidelity was by "the dungeon and the halter." The Galveston-Dallas *News* reported him, and when he saw his cruel words in type he repudiated them. The *News* says, and offers to prove, that in this repudiation Parson Briggs is the opposit of a truth-telling person. The war between the *News* and the *Advocate* is fierce, with the *News* ahead to date.

The *American Flag* is a large and handsome journal printed at 111 Nassau street, New York. Its principal reason for existence is to demand America for Americans, with no quarter to the pope and his cohorts. The *American Flag* contains valuable articles, in proof of which we need only to note that the leading article in its issue of September 10th was written by the Editor of The Truth Seeker and appeared in these columns under date of August 27th. That this small fact is not stated in the *American Flag* is of no particular consequence.

Mrs. Slenker, it appears, has some detestable enemy outside of the detestable Vice Society. We are in receipt of a communication charging her with giving advice of the vilest sort, and a picture of the beastliest character. The communication is signed Jane Richards, and was mailed from Philadelphia. We shrewdly suspect who sent it, and credit the picture to the same source. As the person may hav written to others as to us, we will say that we hav run down his slander and find him to be a wilful liar. No attention need be paid to this anonymous blackguard.

The Hebrew religion is about half as fraudulent as the Christian religion, for the reason that there is only about half as much of it. Hebrew journals, however, usually contain about twice as much sense as do the Christian papers. One of the best of the Jewish newspapers is the *Hebrew Standard*, of this city, which, though given to splitting hairs in Jewish theology, has found so much favor with the descendants of Abram that it begins its sixth volume in an enlarged form. A great many of the Hebrews of this city are Freethinkers; very few ever become Christians.

One of the erratic figures of Infidelity is Will Hubbard Kernan, now editor of the *Home Advocate*, of Mapleton, Iowa. He has been employed on a dozen or more papers, and always filled them with heresy till he lost his situation. He has, besides, started a half dozen journals of his own. He is tall, slim, nervous, with a Bohemian disposition, a poet's fire, and a Southerner's independence. "Incendiary," "infernal," and "liar" are the weakest words in his vocabulary, and he strings them down the column in startling style. He is not a very consistent or conservativ member of society, but he shocks the piety out of folks wonderfully quick.

A. D. Downes, an Australian Freethought lecturer, made a visit last May to Tasmania in the interests of his cause. The Christians did not receive him kindly, but through one of their number posted this notice on a tree:

> Warnas.—A. Dalziel Downes as announced that he will give an entertainment at Mr. Cocker's on Friday, May 6th.
> Now as one who as respect fo the Souls of His Fellowes man I would warn them against this fellow as He is a teacher of Athaisum and is yousing all his power in that dyrection. Now Dear Friends let me ask you to do what you can to red our Happy little Disttrect of such a D ——d and stand like the Brav with your Face to the Fow. Yours in love, Stephen Smith.

Mr. Downes left Tasmania when he got ready, and, in spite of the loving opposition of Christians, made many converts to Rationalism.

The Truth Seeker of August 27th announced that Charles Watts would lecture in Halifax, Nova Scotia, September 4th and 5th, which engagement was rather more than fulfilled. Mr. Watts was introduced by Rev. G. W. Kent, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer. When he had finisbed his lecture in the afternoon, Rev. John Moore took the platform and dissected Mr. Watts. When the latter gentleman had got the pieces of himself together, Rev. Pryor Almon strewed them around again. The Freethinkers in the audience were happy, for it was precisely what they wanted. Mr. Watts asked both ministers to attend in the evening and continue the debate, which they did. From the reports in the Halifax *Chronicle* we judge the result was eminently satisfactory to our side, for the Freethinkers were pleased, the Christians were angry, and many persons who are neither orthodox nor heterodox went home to think.

The Truth Seeker Company's Catalog of Freethought, Reform, and Scientific Books will be mailed free to any address upon application.

## They Will Hang.

Unless the counsel for the Chicago Anarchists can transfer their case to the United States Supreme Court, the seven condemned men—August Spies, A. R. Parsons, Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab, George Engel, Adolph Fischer, and Louis Lingg—will be hanged on November 11th, between the hours of 10 A.M. and 4 P.M., and Oscar Neebe will hav no hope of spending less than his sentenced term in state prison—fifteen years, shortened by commutation for good behavior.

The decision of the Illinois Supreme Court was given on the 14th inst. at Ottawa, by Judge Magruder of the Chicago district, the other judges present and concurring. Judge Magruder read the court's opinion, which, so far as the press has reported it, is as follows. We copy from the *Sun:*

After reviewing at length the facts in connection with the Haymarket riot, the fatal bomb-throwing, and the findings of the lower court, the opinion says:

"It is undisputed that the bomb was thrown, and that it caused the death of Degan. It is conceded that none of the convicted men threw the bomb with his own hands. Plaintiffs in error are charged with being accessories to the fact. Some of the counts charge that the eight defendants above named, being present, aided, abetted, and assisted in the throwing of the bomb; others, that not being present aiding, abetting, or assisting, they advised, encouraged, aided, and abetted such throwing. The Illinois statute on this subject is as follows, chap. 38, div. 2, secs. 2 and 3:

"Sec 2 An accessory is he who stands by and aids, abets, or assists, or who, not being present aiding, abetting, or assisting, hath advised, encouraged, aided, or abetted the perpetration of the crime. He who thus aids, abets, assists, advises, or encourages shall be considered as principal and punished accordingly.

"Sec 3. Every such accessory, when a crime is committed within or without this state, by aid or procurement in this state, may be indicted and convicted at the same time as the principal, or before or after his conviction, and whether the principal is convicted or amenable to justice and is punished as principal.

"This statute abolishes the distinction between accessories before the fact and principals by it; all accessories before the fact are made principals. As the acts of the principal are thus made the acts of the accessory, the latter may be charged as having done the acts himself, and may be indicted and punished accordingly (Baxter vs. People, 3 Gilm., 368; Dempsey vs. People, 47 Ill., 326). If, therefore, the defendants advised, encouraged, or abetted the killing of Degan, they are as guilty as though they took his life with their own hands. If any of them stood by, aided, abetted, or assisted in the throwing of the bomb, those who did so are as guilty as though they threw it themselvs. It is charged that defendants formed a common purpose, and were united in a common design, to aid and encourage the murder of the policemen among whom the bomb was thrown. If they combined to accomplish such murder by concerted action, the ordinary law of conspiracy is applicable, and the acts and declarations of one of them done in furtherance of the common design are in contemplation of law the acts and declarations of all. This prosecution, however, is not for conspiracy as a substantiv crime. Proof of conspiracy is only proper so far as it may tend to show a common design to encourage the murder charged against the prisoners. It may be introduced for the purpose of establishing the position of the members of the combination as accessories to the crime of murder. The questions which thus present themselvs are these:

"Did the defendants hav a common purpose or design to advise, encourage, aid, or abet the murder of the police? Did they combine together, and with others, with a view to carrying that purpose or design into effect?

"Did they or either or any of them do such acts or make such declarations in furtherance of the common purpose or design as did actually hav the effect of encouraging, aiding, or abetting the crime in question?

"The solution of the questions involve an examination of the evidence. The first inquiry which naturally suggests itself is, Who made the bomb which killed Degan?"

Here the opinion goes into details upon various kinds of bombs, showing their construction, the fact that the bombs were made by Lingg, the connection and implication of Seliger, Thielen, Hermann, and other parties in their construction, and finally shows the positiv guilt of Lingg by comparison of make and material of the bombs found in his possession and the pieces taken from the bodies of Degan and other murdered policemen, the chemical analysis being the same. The opinion than says:

"The record shows the existence of an organization known as the International Workingmen's Association or the International Arbeiter Association, generally called the Internationals, and sometimes designated for brevity as the I. A. A. The platform or declaration of principles adopted by this organization was published by a certain bureau of information and by certain newspapers called the *Alarm* and the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, which are more particularly referred to hereafter. It appeared in all the issues of the latter paper during the months of February, March, and April, 1885. It is too long for insertion here. It urges that the present system under which property is owned by individuals should be destroyed, and that all capital which has been produced by labor should be transformed into common property. It says:

"It is only when capital is made common and indivisible that all can be made to partake fully and freely of the fruits of the common possibility of acquiring individual (private) capital. Can every one be compelled to work who claims the right to liv?

"It charges that the government, the law, the schools, the churches, the press, are in the pay and under the sway of the property-owning and capitalistic classes, and that the laboring classes must achieve their deliverance through their own strength. This international platform thus addresses the workingmen:

"As in former times no privileged class ever relinquished its tyranny, no more can we take it for granted that the capitalists of the present day will forego their privileges and their authority without compulsion. It is therefore self-evident that the right of proletarianism (the laboring classes) against the bourgeoisie (the middle classes) must hav a violent revolutionary character, and mere wage conflicts can never lead to the goal. We could show by numerous illustrations that all attempts which hav been made in the past to do away with the existing monstrous social system through peaceable means—for example, through the ballot-box—hav been entirely useless, and will be so in the future. We know, therefore, that the ruling class will not voluntarily relinquish their prerogativ, and will make no concessions to us. Under all these circumstances there is only one remedy left—force. Therefore it is your right, it is your duty, says Jefferson, to arm yourself. Agitation with a view to organization, organization for the purpose of rebellion—herein is indicated in a few words the way which workingmen must take if they would rid themselvs of their chains.

"It is here admitted that the property of each individual in the community could not be taken away from him and put into a common fund, to be divided among all the members of the community, without resort to a revolution and force. The way to the result sought to be reached by the international platform here referred to leads through the crimes of robbery, theft, and murder to the destruction of the existing system of social order and of all the laws and institutions upon which the system is based.

"The association whose principles are thus outlined in its platform was divided into groups, of which there were eighty in the United States in March, 1885, located principally in the centers of industry. For some time prior to May 1, 1886, there was a number of these groups in Chicago.

"The preceding disorder in the southwestern part of the city had been mainly incited by a speech delivered to some 'lumber shovers' on the 'Black Road' by the defendant Spies, who was observed to be the most activ at the Haymarket meeting. Copies of the 'Revenge Circular' and of the handbill prepared by the defendant Fischer had fallen into the hands of the police. A rumor had also come to their headquarters that it was the intention of the parties at the Haymarket meeting to proceed to some neighboring railroad freight houses where non-union laborers were employed and blow them up. In addition to all this, it was reported to the officer in command of the force at the Desplaines street station that the defendant Fielden, who was then speaking, had just used the following language: 'You hav nothing more to do with the law, except to lay hands on it and throttle until it makes its last kick. Keep your eye upon it, throttle it, stab it, do everything you can to wound it;' and that the use of these words had produced great excitement and caused a noisy demonstration around the wagon. Upon the reception of this report, the officer in command decided upon the dispersion of the meeting, and his men made the movement for that purpose as already stated. As soon as the order to disperse was given, the defendant Fielden descended from the wagon, making use of the words, 'We are peaceable.' Whether or not these words were uttered as the English equivalent of the German word '*Ruhe*,' which meant 'peace,' the evidence does not conclusivly show. Certain it is that no sooner had Fielden said, 'We are peaceable,' than the bomb exploded, and in a few seconds thereafter a volley of shots were fired.

"In the city of Chicago were three thousand of these armed Socialists, of whom the defendant Parsons then said that they were well armed with rifles and revolvers, and would hav dynamite and bombs when they got ready to use them."

Referring to the evidence as to the use and power of dynamite, the opinion says:

"While such testimony was irrelevant, yet it contained no point to justify a reversal of the judgment. As specimens of weapons which depraved men, or men with no heart, could use against their fellow-creatures, nothing in modern times can approach the exquisit means devised by these Anarchists, and they seemed to hav made a study of that awful purpose."

The court very carefully explains the law as to conspiracy in all the phases, and quotes extensivly from eminent authorities. The court further says it is a mistake to assume that a defendant cannot be charged with advising, encouraging, aiding, and abetting an unknown principal in the perpetration of a crime, and following that point his honor givs very familiar and trite and well-known examples, and follows it with a long list of reliable authorities. It is a very clear principle of law decided by many courts, that the man who, being present, aiding, and abetting or assisting, hath advised, encouraged, aided, or abetted the perpetration of crime, may be considered as the principal, and so is the case at bar; consequently some of the defendants are correctly charged as accessories before the fact. Among the instructions for the defense the court below said:

"Although the defendants, or some of them, may hav said or spoken or published their views to the effect that a social revolution should be brought about by force, and that the officers of the law should be resisted, and to this end dynamite should be used to the extent of taking human life, and that persons should arm to resist the law, that laws should be throttled and killed, and, although such language might cause persons to desire to carry out the advice given as aforesaid, and do the act which caused Officer Degan's death, yet the bomb may hav been thrown and Degan killed by some one unfamiliar with and unacquainted with the teachings of these bomb-throwers."

The court here enters into an elaborate argument upon the different instructions, quoting authorities which are not of general interest. The court concludes by saying:

"We think that the course pursued on the trial in regard to the manner of empaneling the jury was correct, and in accordance with the plain meaning of section 21, chapter 28, Revised Statutes. That section says that the jury shall be passed upon and accepted of by the parties, commencing with the plaintiff.

"The state is not called upon to tender the defendants a second panel before the defendants tender in back four. We cannot see that the remarks of the state's attorney in the argument to the jury were marked by any such improprieties as require a reversal of the judgment.

"In their lengthy argument counsel for the defense make some other points of minor importance which are not noticed. As to these it is sufficient to say that we hav considered and do not regard them well taken. The judgment of the Criminal Court of Cook county is affirmed."

After the decision, Leonard Sweet, leading counsel for the Anarchists before the Supreme Court, said:

The laws of the United States provide that a case can be carried from a state court by writ of error to the Supreme Court of the United States, whenever a question is involved as to the construction of the Federal Constitution, or of the laws or treaties of the United States, but under no other circumstances. There are no laws or treaties of the United States affecting this case, therefore it can only be taken to the United States Supreme Court on questions pertaining to the construction of the Constitution. The only question of this character is in connection with unreasonable inquiries and searches. No man can be compelled to furnish evidence for his own conviction. We claim that the court below did not respect these provisions of the Illinois and Federal Constitutions, for the reason that the day after the Haymarket affair the police entered the *Arbeiter Zeitung* office, and, with the aid of a locksmith, broke open the drawers of Spies, where they found two letters of Herr Most, written three years before the riot, and containing references to bombs. These letters were introduced in evidence against all the defendants, and we claim that the Constitution was thereby violated. It is a rule of law that the introduction of unlawful evidence vitiates a verdict. The mode of procedure for taking the case to the United States Supreme Court would be to get a record of the whole case and assign errors, from which any judge can see that the construction of the Federal Constitution is involved. If it is found that such a question is involved, a writ of error will be granted, and the case brought before the full court. This writ of error would operate as a supersedeas by order of the judge granting the writ.

W. A. Foster, one of the lawyers for the defense at the time of the trial, said that, notwithstanding the talk of an appeal to the United States Supreme Court, the only hope now was in the mercy of Governor Oglesby. Mr. Foster claimed to hav no doubt whatever that the sentence of four of the seven would be commuted.

"Upon what do you base that opinion?" was asked.

"I hav reasons for believing that officers representing the prosecution will use their efforts to bring about such results. I hav not only my opinion that that will be the case, but I hav their word for it."

"Which of the Anarchists will hav their sentences commuted, if any?"

"I do not believe that Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab, or A. R. Parsons will ever be hanged, and very much doubt whether Adolph Fischer will. As to the others, at present I must confess it looks pretty blue."

"Why should those four be let off easier than the others?"

"The testimony as to them was so different, and their conduct and actions as proved were such as to warrant a difference in the punishment."

Joseph R. Buchanan, the Socialist editor, who has charge of the Anarchist defense fund, said that, should the state Supreme Court refuse to grant an appeal to the United States Supreme Court, or not pass on the matter in time to hav their decision act as a supersedeas before the date set for the execution of the sentence, application will be made to a justice of the United States Supreme Court for a supersedeas. If these processes fail, an appeal to executiv clemency will be made. The petitions for clemency will be presented to Governor Oglesby.

## Superstition, Ancient and Modern.

These old cruel stories about this barbarous people and their bloodthirsty deity come down to us from the past laden with veneration and sanctity. They may be repugnant to reason, yet to the minds of the superstitious, they must not be regarded rationally, but must be contemplated through the eye of faith. We can throw away an old fashioned machine for one with new improvements. We can giv up the canal-boat for the railroad car. We can giv up flag signals for the telegraph. Our ancestors had to giv up the copying of manuscripts to the printing-press, and so with thousands of mechanical improvements and methods of study. We hav had to abandon the inferior for the superior. But in religion it is not so. No matter how low and debasing the literature of the Bible, no matter how obscene many of its stories are, or how barbarous, cruel, and utterly worthless the God of the Old Testament has become, there are millions so superstitious, so enslaved by tradition and fear, that it would be almost impossible for them even to think for a moment of giving up these fetishes. Millions of them hav said about their neighbors, "Ephraim is joined to his idols: let him alone" (Hos. iv, 17), when the truth is they themselvs were more blindly joined to their own idols than those they pitied were to theirs.

Knowing therefore the *terror* of the Lord, we persuade men (2 Cor. v, 11).

They provoked him to jealousy with strange gods, with abominations provoked they him to anger (Deut. xxii 17).

They sacrificed unto devils, not to God; to gods whom they know not, to new gods that came newly up, whom your fathers feared not (Deut. xxxii, 17).

Therefore was the wrath of the Lord kindled against his people, insomuch that he abhorred his own inheritance (Ps. cvi, 40).

For a fire is kindled in mine anger and shall burn unto the lowest hell (Deut. xxii. 22).

God shall cast the *fury* of his *wrath* upon him (Job xx, 23).

For our God is a consuming fire (Heb. xii, 29).

For the Lord thy God is a consuming fire, even a jealous God (Deut. iv, 24).

The highest duty of the Jew and Christian was and is to please this angry God. Hence sacrifices of the Jews were numerous. The truly faithful had to bring to the priest the firstlings of his flocks. He would not receive a lamb with blemish.

The Christian is not required to make offerings; but he must come down with first-class collections, donations, etc.

If the Christian does not offer living sacrifices, he nevertheless pays his dues and renders service, at the family altar, by returning thanks before every meal, by songs and prayers at conference and prayer-meetings, by attending upon the divine oracles two or three times every Sunday, by joining in annual feasts and fasts in honor of his God. Religion has a vast amount of routine work and hard cash connected with it.

Josephus, speaking of the Jews, says: "They also endeavor to move the gods as they would the vilest

men, by gifts and presents, as looking for nothing else than to receive some great mischief from them unless they pay them wages."

"The minds of men," observes Grote in his History of Greece, "were prone to the belief that what they were suffering arose from the displeasure of the gods."

Gibbon declares that "fear has been the original parent of superstitions, and every new calamity urges trembling mortals to deprecate the wrath of heaven."

Hence we hav fast days and other forms of worship in which we try to please an angry God. In fact, nearly all forms of religious service are but little more than attempts to placate an angry God.

GOD'S WRATH.

Every great calamity is supposed to be a visitation of God's wrath poured out upon the people because of some particular sin, or sins.

An earthquake is a visitation of divine displeasure upon those who despise his holy laws by fishing or swimming on Sunday. Cholera and yellow fever are distinctiv marks of heaven's wrath. The burning of great cities, as Chicago and Boston, was, according to the clergy, a divine punishment of wicked people on account of their corruptions.

Every evil is supposed to come from the afflictiv hand of the great unknown.

In 1876 there was a general convention of grasshoppers held in the state of Minnesota. They lost no time in passing useless resolutions, but enacted that every particular grasshopper should appropriate as much green substance as he could conveniently carry away with him. The result in a short time was that all the grass and grain of Minnesota was eaten up. The granger was stricken with grief and alarm. He was not confident that the grasshoppers had finished their work. There was no telling what they might eat next. But it came to pass in those days that the Lord raised up a mighty man who was governor of the land. Now, this great man was called Pillsbury. And it came to pass when Governor Pillsbury saw how great an evil had befallen the land, he quailed and said, "This is one too many for me." While he pondered this thing in his mind, behold the angel of superstition came to him and said, "Arise, go forth, count your beads backward and forward, three times a day for seven days." And after he had counted his beads three times a day for seven days, lo! the angel of superstition rested down upon his bald pate again, saying unto him, "Write a decree, O governor, in all languages, and send it to the Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Bohemians, Germans, English, and Irish, commanding them to assembly on a certain Black Friday for fasting, confession, and prayer. Let every dweller in Minnesota on that day put on sackcloth and ashes on account of his sins and the sins of the people. Let him confess to the great unknown that he justly deserves the visitation of the grasshoppers. Let him pray that they may take their flight into Nebraska, or Wisconsin, or anywhere out of this land." And the governor did according to the command of the angel of superstition. He writ a decree in all languages and tongues, appointing a day of fasting, confession, and prayer. And all the tribes of Minnesota assembled in their tabernacles on the appointed day, and with broken hearts confessed that they had broken the unknown laws of the great unknown, and that they were sorry for it, and would never do it again. And then the high priests came forward to take up a collection and to say unto their people that in the space of a time and a half time the grasshoppers would sojourn with them no longer. And it came to pass after not many days that there was nothing more for the grasshoppers to eat except trees and rail fences. Then they all arose as one grasshopper, and on a strong west wind were carried into the land of Dakota, or somewhere else.

But there was nothing remarkable in the great miracle wrought by the hand of Governor Pillsbury. God's people hav always done wonderful things, and they are bound to keep up the wonders. The world needs wonders, and the church is the market for all sorts of mysteries and wonderful things.

Pope Calixtus III. exorcised and expelled Halley's Comet in 1456 from the skies.

In 1474, at Berne, Maybugs were excommunicated by a bishop, and at a later date tradition has it that St. Patrick banished toads from Ireland. In view of these well-known matters of imagination, we must make some little allowance for the governor, and also because of his being a Christian.

The first execution fulminated against animals is recorded in the twelfth century. St. Foix, in his "Essais Historiques sur Paris," states that the bishop of Laon pronounced in 1120 an injunction against caterpillars and field-mice on account of the ravages they made on the crops (Credulities, p. 291, by W. Jones).

In our country and times people do not attempt to excommunicate anything. But they do resort to prayers against potato bugs and locusts. Generally, however, prayers against potato bugs are topped off with a few sprinkles of paris green.

In the "Annuaire du Department de l'Aisne" (1812) are full details of a sentence pronounced on a hog (June 14, 1494) by the mayor of St. Martin de Laon for having *défacié* and strangled a child in its cradle. The sentence concludes thus: "We, in detestation and horror of this crime, and in order to make an example and satisfy justice, hav declared, judged, sentenced, pronounced, and appointed that the said hog, being detained a prisoner, and confined in said abbey, shall be, by the executioner, hung and strangled on a gibbet, near and adjoining the gallows in jurisdiction of the said monks, being near their copyhold of Avin" (Credulities, p. 293, W. Jones).

A remarkable feature about this sentence is that the hog was sentenced to death without benefit of the clergy, and that the judge was very particular not to say, "And may God hav mercy on your soul." It is not quite so certain, however, that the clergy did not hav the benefit of the hog after he was killed.

THE HEBREWS WERE IDOLATERS.

There is abundant proof that they did not regard their God as the only god, but merely the greatest of all gods. There are evidences that the Jews were idolatrous more or less through all their history. It is simply a proof that they received their religion as all other ethnic peoples had received their, namely, from current traditions. The negativ features of religion, as fear, ignorance, superstition, manifested themselvs quite as naturally among the Jews as among other tribes.

Idolatry was simply a worship of other gods than those admitted in the Hebrew theology.

One of the wrongs done most frequently by the Jews was that of going after strange gods. When the Hebrew people were in the hight of their glory, they were the most idolatrous.

We read in all parts of the Hebrew literature of a plurality of gods, and that the people were prone to worship them.

Rachel steals Laban's household gods, and with Jacob, her husband, runs away. Laban pursues and demands his goods. "Wherefore hast thou stolen my gods?" (Gen. xxxi, 30).

"Thou shalt hav no other gods before me?" Then there were other gods? But if the infinit God said this, how foolish, stale, and flat for him to dignify scraps of wood, stone, and metal as gods! He ought to hav known better.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image [a god] or any likeness of anything [another god] that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth.

For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil (Gen. iii, 5).

Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? (Ex. xv. 11.)

For the Lord your God is the God of gods, and the Lord of lords. The Lord God of gods, the Lord God of gods, he knoweth, and Israel he shall know (Josh. xxii, 22).

They chose new gods; then was war in the gates (Judges v, 8).

Whereupon the king took counsel and made two calves of gold, and said unto them, It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalen; behold thy Gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt (1 Kings xii, 28).

Then Jezebel sent a messenger unto Elijah, saying, So let the gods do to me, and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them by to-morrow about this time (1 Kings xix, 2).

Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord (Ps. lxxxvi, 8).

O giv thanks unto the God of gods, for his mercy endureth forever. O giv thanks to the Lord of lords, for his mercy endureth forever (Ps. cxxxvi, 2, 3).

I will praise thee with my whole heart; before the gods will I sing praise unto thee (Ps. cxxxviii, 1).

The king answered unto Daniel and said, Of a truth it is, that your God is a God of gods, and a Lord of kings (Dan. ii, 47).

For great is the Lord, and greatly to be *feared* above all gods (1 Chron. xvi, 25).

And the house which I build is great, for great is our God above all gods (2 Chron. ii, 5).

For I know that the Lord is great, and that our Lord is above all gods (Ps. cxxxv, 5).

For the Lord is a great God, and a great king above all gods (Ps. xcv, 3).

For thou Lord art high above all the earth; thou art exalted far above all gods (Ps. xcvii, 9).

Worship him, all ye gods (Ps. xcviii, 7).

There are about two hundred places in the Bible where it refers to the gods. They were a common commodity, and of a very inferior quality. With the rolling ages their numbers hav gradually become beautifully less, and the luster of the few who still survive is greatly dimmed. W. S. BELL.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

## The Education of Men and Women.

The following statistical paragraph appeared in the Albany *Argus* of August 24, 1887:

Of the 365 colleges and universities in the United States, 278 are church schools, averaging 13 teachers and 193 students to a school; 78 are non-sectarian schools, averaging 15 teachers and 136 students.

Here we see the potency of organized theology as to education. The primary object and drift tend to the education of men (not women) to fill up the ranks of the priesthood and loafing missionaries.

Let us look at our own state, the state of New York. Two years ago I obtained from the regents of the university the following facts: Endowments to institutions exclusivly for males, $12,647,604; exclusivly for females, $2,007,960, of which Matthew Vassar, a Freethinker, gave $1,151,655.

Until then in our state the account stood more than $12,000 000 for theological manufactories, and less than $1.000,000 for the education of women.

*Albany, N. Y.* M. MCGOWEN.

## Centennial of the Constitution.

In this jubilee at hand, seeming to be hastily sprung on the nation, there are doubtless secret aims and motivs, to be criticised, that call for first attention. Christians, as well as Freethinkers, should look for the underlying animus of the illusiv glorification ere they commit favorably to measures the councils devise or seek to consummate. The commission working up the convocation being ecclesiastical; the present attitude of the church toward democracy being aggressiv; its many powerful associations being zealously engaged in subverting the principles of the Constitution; the bold and general design evidently being to further usurp the people's chartered rights—all this, showing the sectarian bias of the demonstration, indicates the political and ecclesiastical importance of the assemblage to the movers of it. Signs of management to suppress the vital force of the Constitution hav long been apparent, and also certified by positiv declaration in frequent statements that God as revealed by the Bible must be the acknowledged head of the Constitution. Yet, all know, or ought to, that would annul it, for the creeds of both Catholics and Protestants, based on the Bible, allow no self government to a human being or to a collectiv people. But, seeing the American affection for a republic, the rights Revolutionary fathers achieved and embodied in a chartered government, both wings of the great church hav delusivly professed sympathy and countenance of the democracy; while, by every favor gained and added act, they hav mocked its provisions, counting on the stupor of the masses to suppose such a solecism as a Christian republic could exist. The gratitude to be expressed for past success in rejecting the intent of the republic and its basic documents will doubtless be sincere. Thinkers, instead of looking on the coming show as friendly to liberty, will see a gigantic effort to blind by enthusiasm, and win a victory by hurried, disguised influences. If the crowd, and especially the official authority expected, are swayed as anticipated, the tune will soon turn, and we shall hear the boast, It took the gospel but one century to reverse the Infidel policy of the Constitution. A TRUTH SEEKER editorial of August 20th put out a good leader on this affair. Two weeks' watching for Liberals to chime in discovers no sign of concern, and snatching my warning pen I invite all the would-be free who possibly can to attend the jubilee and try to learn something of its real inwardness.

TILLOTSON.

## Arrant Hypocrits.

Among their inconsistencies and hypocrisies there is not one so bold and inexcusable as their treatment of the colored race in their midst by the Christian sects. It is no question of taste—it goes to the very root of Christianity itself, as taught by Jesus Christ. Who could hav believed that the professing followers of Jesus, more than a thousand years after the establishment of his religion, and after having held those black people in slavery for ages, and being freed by the power of Freethought to set them free, would leave the poor, ignorant creatures to themselvs, as though they were brute beasts. Wherever heaven may be and the "many mansions of his father's house," on this earth there is no room in a Christian church for the black people. There must be a black heaven and black mansions there—according to the Christian practice on earth.

The negro has been excluded from fellowship with white Christians until now, everywhere, his race is worshiping by itself, in its own buildings, of denominations peculiar to itself. "Come up, fellow-Christians, and giv us something for the missions. Help the Lord against the mighty." Yes, yes, we send millions of dollars to convert "blacky" away off in Africa's center, and there we preach to him and worship with him where nobody sees us. And right here are millions of them, except in lacking savagery, inferior to him of Africa, just like little children left entirely to their own guidance, and a most wonderful thing they make of it.

Socially this religion might be a benefit to the negro here by the influence of association with the whites. At least, the Christians believe so; and yet the only opportunity of doing any good is neglected. I will except the Roman Catholic church from this denunciation. The blacks come into that church the equals of emperors and kings. Unfortunately for the blacks, none of them, so to speak, are Catholics. Every excuse made by Christians in this matter is a pitiful evasion.

"The blacks won't unite with us"—since you kept them out for twenty years.

"They prefer to be alone"—since you hav educated them to go alone by your neglect.

No doubt some kind of superstition is adapted and required for the ignorant or uncivilized. The devil himself ought to be a Methodist. But whether we believe so or not, the pretended followers of "the Lamb" so profess; *i.e.*, that it is a restraint. They all declare that if they thought as we do, they "would go out throat-cutting and robbing." No doubt they are right about it. Why, then, not associate blacks with them? HOLT.

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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## The Ministers and the Constitution.

If there were anything that could make one dissatisfied with our national Constitution, it would be the comparisons the clergy make with it. For the Constitution, bear in mind, was the work of statesmen and not churchmen. Thomas Jefferson, the Materialist and Infidel, of Virginia, did more to shape our nation's policy and charter than all the Christians alive in his time.

The centennial of the Constitution, celebrated last week in Philadelphia, has been the occasion for too much ministerial swashbuckling. Said the Rev. N. B. Thompson, Free Baptist, from his pulpit last Sunday:

"More than a hundred years ago, certain God-fearing men who believed in the exercise of right thought they saw in this largely undeveloped continent great national possibilities. They believed God, who takes an especial interest in the nation that fears him, would make of the people for himself a 'kingdom of priests, and a holy nation.' Nor were they mistaken. I verily believe the framers of the Constitution were moved by a holy sense of inspiration. That instrument, our country's Bible and bulwark, has remained unchanged and unharmed through the vicissitudes of a century. No rude hand has torn it in shreds, no despotic heel ground it to dust, no traitorous hand has torn it from our national volume, but it still remains the best evidence of human greatness. And why? Because it is of man for the glory of God."

And then—to show his gentle and forgiving spirit, perhaps—he added:

"I thank God also for the judicial decision by which the action of the lower court was confirmed in passing sentence of death upon the seven Anarchists of Chicago. Hang these men? Yes, and every man who dare disturb the very divine mechanism of government by which this great nation livs. Woe to the men who aim at our overthrow! We offer all possible advantages to any and all who come to our shores to liv, and liv peaceably among us; but, I repeat, woe to any of them who would dare to disturb our society by their pernicious doctrins or seek to change or subvert our form of government! Hang these Anarchists? Yes, every one of them."

On the same day, the Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Presbyterian, oped his mouth:

"The chief reason of hope that as a nation we will endure in immortal youth is that our institutions are so inextricably entwined with God that no Infidel plot can unravel them into Secular weakness. Our nation can never be a sectarian nation with a state establishment of religion, but it has always been and always must be a Christian nation. The very flax from which our institutions were spun was Christian in its European roots. Christian in its American stalks, and to-day, with all the Infidels, Anarchists, Socialists, and atrocitists now among us, we are still a Christian people. Remember that we are distinctivly a Christian nation. Not only are the people, who are the finer threads in the national life, a Christian people, but the states, which make up its coarser strands, are Christian states. Clearly, in sentiment at least, the nation is Christian. Our work is to keep it so by better laws and better lives."

The Rev. Dr. Chesney, Methodist, after hitting his congregation for being cold in their Christianity—which being interpreted means, not paying the preachers sufficient cash—said:

"God is the author of national life. He has created not only the individual, but the nation itself. He has determined the periods and places of nations, and their boundaries in time and space. This doctrin needs no defense. It comes with the authority of God's word. Let me say here that it seems to me a good omen, a happy coincidence, that at the very time we are celebrating our national centennial the news should come to us that the sentence of the Anarchists has been confirmed. On the divine side our safety is in God."

The Rev. William Lloyd, Congregationalist, and of whom better things might hav been expected, made a fool of himself in this wise:

"Every nation is a tower of Babel or a temple of the living God. In looking at the dangers to America from irreligion we are met at the outset by the charge that the danger of religion, as shown by the Roman Catholic church, is very great. It is true that this church goes into politics, and any church that does this is a danger to the republic. The celebrated alliteration, 'Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion,' will not soon be forgotten, and the sting in it is the word Romanism. But no peril from religion is comparable to that of irreligion. The reason why some of the so-called leaders [of the workingmen] attack Christianity is because they recognize in it the surest guardian of the state. A great enemy of religion is the pure worldliness which seems to be increasing with our wealth. Our life is like that of Rome in the Augustan age. In our amusements we see thinly veiled the immorality which marked the downfall of the French. Our hoardings are an insult to our wives and daughters as they go to church. All agree that the theater is degenerating, and before long its greatest friends will be unable to defend it. Surely something may be done to better this. Decay of religion is indicated by the non-recognition of God as the giver of wealth. Decay of godliness results in decay of morality, as all history shows. Commerce did not save Tyre, education did not save Greece, armies did not save Rome. We should heed the lesson, and remember that righteousness exalteth a nation. Our liberties can be preserved by religion alone."

The preachers are bound to glorify their calling and exaggerate the importance of the Myth they serve, thereby strengthening the foundations and superstructure of the mammoth edifice of superstition they hav reared, and keeping the people still longer in subjection to them. But to anyone who knows the history and traditions of this country their talk sounds exceedingly childish.

## "Dead Issues."

A great majority of the leaders and workers in the different labor parties and organizations, if we except the waning Knights of Labor, are practically Freethinkers. In Henry George's last fall campaign the orators of the Liberal Club were the orators also of the embryo United Labor party. The Anarchists, generally, are Atheists. The Socialists, to a large extent, are not of the church; and the United Labor party, the Anarchists, and the Socialists are in the forefront of the battle for Labor Reform. The old Land Reformers of the days of George Evans were Infidels, and their survivors are Infidels, but they hav either become inactiv or joined themselvs with other organizations under a different name. Dr. Edward McGlynn has put himself on record as in favor of the Nine Demands of Liberalism, and a great many of his followers would do the same if their opinion were to be given on the subject.

It is to be regretted that among all these there are so few to be found who put the first emphasis upon their opposition to the union of church and state, and upon the necessity of freeing the human mind from its bondage to the Christian superstition. "God," say some of them, "is a man of straw, which you Infidels are continually setting up and knocking over."

That statement can never be true while to "contumeliously reproach" this "man of straw," or to ridicule his so-called word, can land an American citizen in jail, or subject him to a fine.

"The church," say others, "is a moribund institution that is dying at the root. Let it alone. The whole matter is a dead issue."

That statement can never be true so long as the Catholic church continues to grow as it is growing in this country. It may be rotten at the root, but its branches are spreading and reaching into public offices and public schools. The church will not die while it feeds at the public crib. Freethought and the Demands of Secularism will not become dead issues until they are realized.

The Demands are plain, clearly defined, and easily understood, and that fact may be against them. We know what would result from their adoption. Perhaps if the Henry Georgeites knew exactly what would occur under the single tax system they would not advocate it. If the Socialists could look so far ahead as to realize precisely the meaning of Socialism practicalized, they might lose some of the enthusiasm which now distinguishes their propaganda. If Christians could guess what an eternity of praise singing must be to a lover of variety, how many would care to attain the orthodox heaven?

As a matter of fact, there never was a livelier and more vital issue than Freethought. Thought must precede action in order that the action may be intelligent, and Freethought must precede speech in order that speech may be honest. Unless a person be a Freethinker we hav no way of knowing whether an opinion which he may giv upon any subject is his own opinion, or an opinion the opposit of which he is not at liberty to either entertain or express.

An issue should not be allowed to die simply because it is undisputed and accepted. If that were to be done the social reformer must abandon the advocacy of his theories as soon as he becomes convinced that he thoroughly understands them, and Socialism and Henry Georgeism would thereupon become "dead issues."

While the Labor movement is opposed as it is by pope, priest, and preacher, its advocates ought to be able to see who their enemies are, and how necessary it is that religious prejudice and ecclesiastical authority be destroyed. The excommunicated McGlynn, who has just excommunicated the Socialists, is a standing example. Besides, what would the Socialists think if they should finally open their eyes far enough to discover that they are expelled from among Henry George's religious crusaders because they are Infidels? Would they still believe that the religious question is a dead issue?

## The Gospel for France.

It requires not a little assurance to put the great republic of France alongside of Africa in its "need of missionaries," but the Christians of this land hav done it, and are appealing to American Christians for funds for "the evangelization of Paris." A writer from Paris in one of our religious journals pleads: "To American churches the appeal should come with fresh urgency. I cannot but feel that in this age of missions we should use a wise economy of means and men, and do the utmost for the fields that are in a critical condition. The next five or ten years of such evangelistic effort as has been expended may save France from Infidelity, and may awaken to a warmer and higher life its struggling Protestant churches. There are so many reasons why we should do more for this land that we are rather surprised we hav so tardily responded to the call to do for its white harvest fields."

This minister must be congratulated upon having reached the top of the mountain of Christian impudence. These insignificant preachers of the superstition of an ignorant tramp, sitting upon hills of their own conceit and patronizing the splendid republic of France, with her magnificent achievements for civilization, is a revelation which must astonish the common sense of the world. And when it is recollected that in France the great victories of civilization hav been won in spite of that religion, and in the very teeth of the opposition of its priests, which Americans are now asked to furnish funds to propagate, amazement is dumb. Christian audacity and conceit hav no farther to go.

The history of France is one of the inspiring histories of the world. The never-ending fight her people hav made for liberty, for enlightenment, for civilization of a high and refined type, is the theme for poets, the example for other countries, the guidance of statesmen in every clime. With scarcely an exception, every spot on the lilies of France is a splash of blood shed by the Christian church. All the tyrants of France hav been in league with the Christian church. The slavery of her peasantry is the work of that same church. The ignorance and superstition found in her rural districts are the result of and fostered by Christian authority. It was the Christian religion which selected her battlefields, built her inquisitions, and dug her graves in which was buried the brain of France, leaving alive only the cowards and the church's tools. It was the Christian religion, administered by the Roman Catholic church, which kept the common people of Paris in the gutters, harnessed the peasant women to the plow, made their children naked brutes, scarcely better than swine, starved almost the whole population, and finally forced them to become the fiends we read about in the histories of the French Revolution. Yet all this while these poor, abused images of humanity loved the church, submitted to the priests,

reverenced the deity, and believed in the Christian religion. Finally their eyes were opened, the intelligent among them were chosen rulers, they broke the religious yoke, and sprang to the front of nations. Through centuries of misery to a glimpse of freedom, then back to slavery under king and priest, but never losing sight of liberty's goal, has the French nation, weary and bloody, pressed. To-day there is but one country—and that a republic owing its life to her—that stands as high in civilization and enjoys as much freedom as the republic of France, which these conceited descendants of the Roman Catholic church are asking funds to "evangelize." France has had her evangelization, and she desires no more. Her Christian evangels were evangels of blood, of murder, of rapine and unutterable ferocity. Her Infidelity was her rescuer and her savior, and is her bond and guarantee of future freedom and prosperity.

If the efforts of these self-seeking fanatics hav effect other than to make the people of Paris smile, it will be to excite in them feelings of angry contempt.

## Pious Humbugs.

The religious press makes such great use of the observance of Sunday by the managers of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Road that the following from the *Evening Post* is interesting:

"The danger of assuming facts for the basis of an argument is frequently illustrated in the conduct of the religious press, but has never appeared more clearly than in an article in the last number of the *Baptist Weekly*, entitled 'No Loss by Sunday Observance,' which is designed to show that the price of Lackawanna shares is due to the fact that the company runs no Sunday trains. Says the *Baptist Weekly:*

"In the case of railroads, it is urged that it is a necessity to run Sunday trains, but there are conspicuous examples where the opposit necessity is urged—that of rest for all employees for one day in the week, and where so far no Sunday trains hav passed over the road. It would seem that this course, pursued by at least one important railway management, pays, viz., the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. . . .

"From the beginning it has been in the hands of Christian men, who hav posttivly refused to do business or run trains on the Sabbath. Even when appealed to by the managers of a camp-meeting to allow trains to run for the accommodation and the profit of the managers, as well as for its own profit, it steadfastly refused, saying simply, 'Our trains do not run on Sunday.'

"And then our contemporary 'turns to the latest stock reports,' and finds that Lackawanna shares bear a high price, while many other shares are low, and it inquires: 'Does it pay to hav regard to the law of God in railroading?' Now, of course, the fact is that for many years the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Road has run trains out of Hoboken every Sunday morning, and, to make matters worse, they were 'theater trains,' ministering to a form of pleasure which some religious papers do not approve. The current time-table shows that, in addition to these, the company regularly runs six other trains 'on Sundays also,' which, furthermore, chiefly are through trains, going over the length of the main line and various branches. Worse even than this, there are, and for years hav been, two trains 'on Sundays only,' and these not trains for conveyance of passengers, which might be counted among 'works of mercy,' but 'milk trains,' the object of which is only to make money. It may be doubted whether the principle of the spiritual harvest is that 'it pays,' in the form of dividends, 'to hav regard to the law of God in railroading,' but it always pays to hav regard to facts in arguing."

It was only a few weeks ago that a Methodist organ commended this road for refusing to run a train to a Methodist camp-meeting on Sunday, and Sam Sloan, the president, and his managers were highly extolled. The solid facts are that the road does run trains on Sundays when it finds it necessary to do so to compete with other lines, and it refuses to run trains on Sunday only to those places where there is no opposition, and the traffic of which it has by the throat, so to speak, and can do with it as it likes. A picayunish economy, and not regard for the Sabbath, is the real secret of Sam Sloan's Sunday observance, and there is not a meaner conducted railroad in the country. Its Morris & Essex branch, for example, while enjoying a passenger traffic worth thousands of dollars a week, is a seedy little road, with slow engins, dirty coaches, and high rates of fare. The Pennsylvania road, which for a few miles runs parallel, sends out, for less traffic, and at lower rates, splendid coaches and fast engins, and makes no pretense to piety. The value of the Lackawanna road is derived from its coal-fields and the penny-pinching policy which controls its passenger traffic, and not because God smiles on its pious managers.

When we lived on the line of the D., L. & W. there was but one thing that enabled us to keep patience with it. That was that Samuel Colgate, the soap chandler, of John street, was shaken up twice a day in its rattling cars for six days in the week. Sundays he attended the Baptist church, and put on a humble look of piety as he played the usher. When he came to New York on Sundays he rode on another road.

## An Undesirable Citizen.

Mr. John Most, the Anarchist, desires to become an American citizen, but the naturalization authorities will not permit him to file his declaration of his intentions. The grounds of the refusal are his answers to the following questions:

"Q.—Are you Herr Most? A.—Yes, sir.

"Q.—Do you believe in the Constitution of the United States, and are you well disposed to the good order and happiness of the people who liv under it? A.—Yes, sir.

"Q.—Do you believe in obeying the laws as they are passed by the proper authorities of the state of New York? A.—Yes, if they are good laws.

"Q.—If laws were passed by the properly constituted authorities that were detrimental to the interests of the people, would you consider it proper to seek a remedy by resort to the ballot, or would you use force and resistance? A.—If I believed that such laws interfered with the rights of the people I should consider it my duty to use force against the authorities.

"Q.—Hav you not been punished for violating the laws? A.—I hav; but those laws were unconstitutional, and I was unjustly convicted. If I had the power to appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States my conviction would be reversed. I hav resisted tyranny everywhere, and intend to do so."

While the right to make this examination of a man merely declaring his intention to become a citizen may be properly questioned, there can be no doubt that a judge would be sustained in refusing to issue the final papers after these answers of Mr. Most. In the declaration of intention it is only necessary to affirm the purpose of becoming a citizen and to renounce allegiance to foreign rulers. Before taking the oath, however, the applicant must swear to sustain the United States Constitution. This Mr. Most positivly refuses to do. But the naturalization clerk has got the cart before the horse, and the courts may yet compel him to receive Mr. Most's declaration.

We do not imagin that the Anarchist would be any more dangerous as an American citizen than he is now as a windy revolutionist. But unless he proposes to support the Constitution and effect his social reforms in a constitutional manner, it is no infringement of his rights to deny him citizenship.

## Catholicism in the Northwest.

The people of Melrose, Minn., are experiencing the blessings of possessing a Roman Catholic hierarchy willing and able to run their public schools. So great, indeed, has the blessing become that the non-Roman-Catholic population are disturbed lest their children shall hav no school privileges whatever. A committee of Melrose citizens set forth the facts in the St. Paul and Minneapolis *Pioneer Press.*

It appears that two years ago the German Catholic priest of Melrose built a parochial school, in accordance with the orders of his superiors. The school population of his district is about two hundred, one-half of whom are children of Roman Catholics. The usual term of the public school was about nine months. Last July, at the annual school meeting, the priest appeared with his horde and voted that the public school term should consist of only five months, and that only two hundred dollars should be voted for expenses. Twice thereafter the citizens called school meetings, at each of which the priest appeared with his parishioners, including the sisters of the order of St. Benedict, and defeated the attempt to extend the school term to nine months. The priest also elected one of his tools as clerk of the district, and another as school director. At the last school meeting the priest said to his parishioners: "The laws relating to public schools are made by men and to suit themselvs, but you are not allowed to send your children to those schools. God says so, for the church says so, and whatever the church says is the same as if God said it."

The policy of the Roman Catholic church shows very plainly in this matter. It is to establish parochial schools, and then by force of numbers cripple or discontinue the public schools, until the Protestant and Secular voters are forced to concede the full demand of the church, which is a *pro rata* division of all public school funds between the Roman Catholics and the rest of the people. In this instance the term of the parochial school is to be ten months, while the priest claims that for the public school five months is a reasonable term. In addition, and by the direction of the priest, the clerk of the district refuses to hire a teacher for the public school, so that parents are left with nothing but a parochial school to which to send their children.

Other school districts in the same county are also asking for aid to protect their schools from the influence of the Catholic church, and a call will be issued for a mass convention of the friends of public schools throughout the county to meet at Melrose to perfect an organization for the protection of the public schools of the county. The committee of citizens say: "Melrose is struggling with a stronger power than the press of to-day are aware of; but if the fight continues it will not be long before the eyes of the people of the state will be opened to the power that has crowded the issue here, possibly prematurely."

The friends of the public schools will do well to take note of this case, and it givs added force to Dr. McGlynn's charge against the German Catholics of the Northwest. The aim of the church is as plain as plain can be, and the wayfarer must indeed be a fool who cannot see it.

## Bloodthirsty Chicago.

And so the Chicago Anarchists will be hanged unless Governor Oglesby or the United States Supreme Court interferes!

The people of Chicago are bloodthirsty and demand the death of individuals who desire to revolutionize society, and obtain a little more comfort for the workers of the world. To this end the police, by perjury, connected the defendants with some wretch who threw a bomb which killed seven policemen, the lower court by partiality secured their conviction, and the higher court by sophistry sustains the verdict.

That is all there is to it, and we hope the people of Cook county are satisfied.

The sightless eyes of Justice are filled with tears.

It is a pity, says the New York *Times*, that a competent lecturer on toxicology was not sent out with the soldiers who hav been doing disinfecting duty in Italy. He would hav explained to the anti-sanitary mob the difference between carbolic acid as a beverage and as a disinfectant. When the soldiers insisted that it was harmless, the crowd naturally demanded that they should try it on themselvs. One drank it and died. Two others refused to drink it and were killed. This is a painful showing for Catholic Italy, but it recalls the treatment of suspected witches in Puritanical England. The culprit was thrown into water over her depth. If she sank and drowned, it was admitted that the prosecution had made a mistake. If she floated she was promptly convicted and killed.

Among the letters from our friends this week is one from Mr. Jamieson, in which he endeavors to justify Freethought lecturers in debating with the unsavory Clark Braden. When Clark Braden's character is shown to be as good as D. M. Bennett's, or even as Talmage's or Cook's, we will withdraw our objections. But Clark Braden, in addition to being a reprobate in about all ways possible, has persistently, maliciously, and indefatigably slandered a family of Freethinkers, respected by every one who enjoys the slightest acquaintance with them, and then has the brazen hardihood to ask their friends to meet him as an equal on a public platform. It should not be done. Gentlemen will not associate with blackguards; and, for one, we are loyal enough to our friends to refuse to treat with their blackmailing foes. And no Christian church who knows Clark Braden will put him forward as a representativ. There are some things which even the Christians refuse to do, and we are willing to concede that Christianity is not responsible for Braden. His villainy proceeds from his own inherent, natural, personal rottenness of character. His ancestry must hav been terrible.

### They Ought to be Ashamed of Themselvs.

*From the Hinton, W. Va., Mountain Herald.*

On last Monday the brethren and sisters met at Griffith's school-house, Summers county, W. Va., to settle a church difficulty. The trouble was adjusted and the offending brother taken back into the church. But it seems that his sores were not healed, and when the meeting was dismissed he could not resist the temptation to giv his enemy a punch in the short ribs with his umbrella. And then the row began. Samuel, indignant at the thrust, arose in his might, and seized the wicked John. 'Twas Greek to Greek, and great the tug of war. Each clansman to his chieftain rushed with shout and yell, bent on vengeance. Benches groaned, chairs flew high in air, women screamed, and clung desperately to their respcctiv lords; the parson through the window plunged in direful haste, and dread confusion reigned. Fortunately, however, no blood was shed, no bones were broken. John's coat was torn into shreds, one dear women got a black eye (accidentally, of course), some hair was pulled, some linen stained, and this is about all of the physical damage done; but who can estimate the moral evil that will result from it? Can these people imagin the injury they hav done the church, and religion generally, by this disgraceful scene? Each and every one engaged in this ugly affair should be heartily ashamed of himself, and resolve to so liv in the future as to atone for the evil done. They should each ask the other's pardon, and remember that they are under obligations to society to liv as civilized beings, not as savages.

# Letters from Friends.

WYANDOTTE, KAN., Sept. 4, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am a constant reader of your valuable paper, and am very much pleased with your way of handling the so-called Christian religion. I inclose $1 for pamphlets.

EDWIN M. SMITH.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Sept. 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please find $1.50 for THE TRUTH SEEKER, my dearest friend, for I enjoy the various contributors in this paper. The Liberal element is weak here, and needs a good, vigorous organizer such as Mr. S. P. Putnam to raise us from our lethargy. Liberals are afraid of the long-faced man. They will speak in private what they would not say in the presence of church people or in public. Such men are worse than the ordinary church people. They are double-faced. I lived thirty-two years in Chattanooga. There is a marked difference in the outspoken. Nashville is fifty years behind.

J. P. MULLER.

NEW GLASGOW, N. S., Sept. 7, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The Secularists of Nova Scotia hav just been favored with an intellectual treat. Mr. Charles Watts has visited us and spoken grand, noble, and inspiring words. His visit was a splendid success, excepting that it was not his good fortune to meet in debate "foemen worthy of his steel" On Sunday afternoon and evening Orpheus Club Hall, Halifax, was filled by a very intelligent audience, and on Monday evening it was filled to overflowing, many being obliged to turn away. Mr. Watts says that in his twenty-seven years' experience in the lecture field he never had found such interest, patience, and good feeling manifested by people who were hearing of Secularism for the first time. I send you papers containing reports of Mr. Watts's lectures and debates in Halifax. Kindly let your readers know that the friends of mental freedom in Nova Scotia are not idle.

Yours fraternally, F. M. BORDEN.

CAIRO, ILL., Sept. 5, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: When your "always fresh contemporary" reads your editorial of August 27th, there will doubtless be a better understanding of your views on the subject under discussion; though it seems to me you hav always been extremely clear on that question, and a very impartial judge, seeking justice only.

I wish to welcome Mrs. E. A. Hilton to our ranks. Although she may regret her fifty years of lost time, yet she will find much she can do now that she feels the necessity of work. I congratulate her upon her escape from mental bondage.

Your correspondent, "Alhaza," sounds the keynote in saying, "Women must hav some share in government, or submit to indignities forever." Of course. People who are "governed without their consent" can expect nothing but unfair discrimination. It has always been the case that those making laws for a class different from themselvs are unjust legislators.

Mr. Heston's "Rock of Ages" is a wonderful construction, but not so full of ideal beauty as bristling facts.

AMARALA MARTIN.

REDDICK, ILL., Sept. 7, 287.

MR. EDITOR: No reform journal that I hav seen do I like better than THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is filled to the guard with the best of wholesome literature of the spiciest variety. I will do without it no more.

One thing puzzles me very much, and that is this. In this country are thousands of Infidels that are entirely unknown to the world. They take no Freethought paper, and are entirely ignorant as to the advancement of Infidelity. If they would take courage and come out and stand on the broad platform of right and Infidelity, we would hav one of the greatest revolutions that was ever fought between the elements of science and superstition. I think a good many of them hav not thoroughly evoluted yet. They are like the sky-pilots of the church. They havn't evoluted from the ideas of the barbarous ages of the past. There are some church-members of good standing, as far as financial matters are concerned, and you might as well try to turn the Red River of the North over the Pole as to try to make them believe that at least a portion of the Bible is filled with barbarisms. There are some superstitious bigots living here who stubbornly hold to their erroneous doctrin. They are like the church. They were born of gnorance and stupidity, and reared by superstition, and wil. die in it. But, thank nature, evoluiion is working wonders in the moral world. Ignorance and superstition are getting so threadbare that the church is becoming ashamed of her works. She does not know how to let go, but the time is not far distant when she will drop her erroneous ideas as a dog would a hot potato.

C. B. HUNTER.

MYRTLE CREEK, OR., Sept. 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Religion keeps the majority of people ignorant, poor, and criminally inclined, while it givs wealth, place, and power to a contemptible minority. This minority has established pernicious and false governments throughout the world to the extent of its ability, and where it has had the preëminence the most ignorance has prevailed, and the most horrible and atrocious crimes hav been committed.

Under ecclesiastical rule in Europe during the Middle Ages the population did not double in a thousand years. Take Italy and many other countries that hav long been under the rule of the church, and view their condition.

When an illiterate people are not allowed to become informed, but are imposed upon by the false and superstitious doctrins of a diabolical priesthood, ignorance, poverty, and crime result.

In countries farther advanced and under religious influence the laws make more criminals than the penitentiaries reform, and cause more insanity than the asylums restore. They are in favor of the rich at the expense of the poor, and they are for the church at the expense of education. They rob the people of their land, their homes, and evict them and drive them into crowded and unhealthy cities.

Does the Christian God feed the young ravens when they cry? If so, why does he not feed, warm, and clothe those starving, crying children who hav been rendered destitute by the influence of his church?

Why does a Christian millionaire sanction the punishment of a beggar who steals a mere trifle, while all his misdeeds he heaps on Christ? "There is a fountain filled with blood" for a rich Christian, but none for a poor Infidel. It is a blessed consolation that an Infidel does not hav to swim through blood to discriminate between an honest man and a robber.

L. C. HILL.

COLFAX, WASH. TER., Sept. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Putnam left here two weeks since, after delivering four lectures, and of the four it was hard to tell which was the best. But, if I made a preference, it would be for "American Democracy." Mr. Putnam works up the Nine Demands in good style, and would not we be a model nation if governed by them.

In the four lectures there was not one sentiment expressed that would not benefit mankind if lived up to, and yet the average Christians look for horns and hoofs when they meet an Infidel. Mr. Putnam was the first Freethought lecturer who has visited our town, and our regret was that during his stay with us we were being entertained by an outdoor patent medicin concert, which somewhat thinned the lecture audiences; but he left a leaven in our midst, which is silently working its way, in the shape of Freethought literature, of which he sold a large quantity.

The perusal of a few copies of "Bible Morals" will cause more Bible reading than a four weeks' Methodist revival. Some of the doubtful ladies are much interested in Helen Gardener's work. I think they will doubt no longer after reading that book, and seeing the estimation in which the Bible and ancient good Christians held women. We hope to hav Liberal lectures often in the future, and organize a Secular Union as soon as practicable.

I see by the last TRUTH SEEKER the first call for the Secular Union Congress. If Chicago was not so far from our home, my husband and self would surely attend.

My short epistles never suit me when I get them written; but, to quote from a letter in the last TRUTH SEEKER, "I was brought up in a time when the salvation of a soul was of more consequence than the salvation of the head, and the quarterly dues must be paid whether school kept or not."

THE TRUTH SEEKER is always a welcome visitor to our home. We could not think of doing without it. Inclosed find $1.20, for which please send to my address the Nine Demands, as published by Charles Eckhard; "Self-Contradictions of the Bible," by W. H. Burr; and "The Public Schools and the Catholic Church," by Washburn.

KATE P. WOLFARD.

BERLIN, N. J., Aug. 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Were it not a fact that the majority of men hav been accustomed to be led by political and religious rulers, without much examination, thought, or reflection of their own, I should be astonished to see so many running after the errors of Henry George on the land question; for a better system than his to lead the laboring classes into greater poverty could not be devised.

He starts out with an error and goes on adding error to error through a book of five hundred pages that is worth more for paper rags than anything else.

He says the people of all civilized nations hav been made poor by private ownership of land, when the fact is directly the reverse. They hav in one sense been made poor by private ownership, but not in the true sense of that term. The working classes hav not been made poor by owning land, but by robbing them of it and permitting drones and Shylocks to own it and use it in enslaving the landless workers. Nothing but private ownership of land will ever lead to universal independence.

Where does he get the proof that private ownership leads to poverty? No civilized nation has ever yet tried it. The governments of all civilized nations hav robbed the people of their birthright to land and sold it to Shylocks in lots of from five hundred to seventy thousand acres or more, turning the workers into the streets, taxing their heads, leaving them to steal, or to become slaves to the land-sharks for but barely wages enough, and often less than enough, to keep their families together. It is not the ownership of land, but the want of it, that has made the workers poor.

A comparativ few hav managed to buy or redeem their stolen land, and all temperate, industrious men who hav farms of good land of their own are the most independent, happy class to be found in any country. I hav never yet seen a man made poor by owning a farm, but hav seen thousands kept poor by not owning one.

The working classes in Ireland are probably the poorest of any of the nations, and there land robbery has been the most prevalent. Seven hundred years ago bands of English robbers went into Ireland and took possession of the land, and the people of Ireland hav been slaves to those robbers or their heirs ever since, and millions of them hav died of starvation, and other millions would hav died if they had not left the country. In 1847 there was a great famin in Ireland in which thousands starved to death. That very year there was food enough raised in Ireland to feed all the people comfortably, but the earliest and best of everything had to go to England to pay the land-thieves for rent on the farms. There was little left for the people except the potatoes, and when the rot destroyed that crop, the workers who had not means to flee had nothing to do but lie down and starve. Had the people owned the land on which they worked, there would hav been food enough for all.

The *Secular Review* says that during the fifty years' reign of Queen Victoria 1,225,000 hav died of famin in Ireland; 3,000,000 hav been evicted by landlords, and 4,180,000 hav emigrated to other countries; and all this was because private ownership of land was not allowed to the men who cultivate it.

So much for the first error of Mr. George. More anon.

J. HAOKER.

BRONSTON, KY., Sept. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I would like to see the following dialog in THE TRUTH SEEKER:

PECK'S BOY: Papa, did God make the devil?

PECK: Yes, my son, God made everything?

P. B.: Papa, why did God cast the devil into the bottomless pit?

P.: God has not done that yet, my son. That is an event that is to take place in the future. Men hav always been acting wickedly. That is the reason that we know that the devil has not been cast into the pit. When God lays hold of the devil, and casts him into the bottomless pit and seals it, then the devil will remain there one thousand years. Men will cease to sin, not being tempted by the devil, and then I think that we will hav the millennium.

P. B.: But, papa, the twentieth chapter of Revelations says: "And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent which is the devil and Satan, and bound him a thousand years. And cast him into the bottomless pit and shut him up, and set a seal upon him that he should deceive the nations no more till the thousand years should be fulfilled. And after that he must be loosed a little season?"

P.: Yes, I know it does, my son; but that is what John saw in a vision which was to take place at some time in the future, and the only way that we can tell when that actually does take place will be that men will cease to commit sin, not being tempted by the devil.

P. B.: It does seem to me that God ought not to hav made any devil, for then everybody would hav been good; but don't you think, when they do put the devil in the bottomless pit and seal it up, that, as the pit has no bottom to it, the cunning old devil will get right out, and that then, as he would know what they want to do with him, they could not catch him any more?

P.: Hush, my son; you ought not to speak about scriptural things in that way. I think that you had better go to bed.

B.

OXFORD, N. S., Sept. 11, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: New ground has been successfully broken in that most unpromising region, Nova Scotia. Mr. Charles Watts was billed to lecture in Halifax, N. S., on priests' day and Monday, 4th and 5th insts. As Oxford is only 115 miles from Halifax, a party of Infidels concluded to step down and hear Mr. Watts and see the saints squirm. We had very modest expectations, diluted with fear of trouble or failure, but all went merry as a marriage bell. The audiences were large, orderly, and intelligent. A goodly array of ladies was at all meetings.

At the close of the first lecture a Rev. Mr. Moore, Presbyterian, gave battle. At the evening lecture the same gentleman opposed, assisted by Rev. Mr. Alman, Episcopalian, who bewailed his limited time so he could not properly present his views. Mr. Watts offered to forego Monday's lecture and giv either or both gentlemen equal time with himself, and debate the question, "Whether Secularism or Christianity was best adapted to meet man's needs;" also to giv them a synopsis of opening speech so they might post up. A triangular debate was arranged in the one-down-t'other-come-on style.

Mr. Alman opened, then Mr. Watts, then Mr. Moore, then Mr. Watts, and so on. Both reverend gentlemen are evidently earnest, amiable, and able in their chosen sphere—preaching—but all at sea in debate. At least, in Mr. Watts's hands they were as clay in the hands of the potter. The result is cyclonic. Not only is Halifax violently agitated, but through the copious reports of the city press the whole province is perturbed; staid people want to know what has happened, and who unchained the tiger. When we got home we found the storm had struck this remote region, and religious society was shaken to its deepest depths, down, down, even to the Salvationists. They had loud, lachrymose public prayers offered up to heaven for their depraved and desperately wicked fellow-citizens, who, at home, will not go around the corner to hear their almighty God's self-appointed instructors and assistants howl hell and deal damnation freely round on all they deem their foes, but who would travel 115 miles to hear a wicked Infidel blaspheme God's holy name (which Mr. Watts did not do, nor intend to do). They keep telling us that their God is all-wise and almighty, etc., and yet they speak and act as if he was an impotent imbecil, who would not know when his name was taken in vain unless they told him, and could not defend himself from insult or assault, or vindicate his own honor, so they take up the cudgels and do it for him. 'Tis strange, passing strange, that men, otherwise rational, will keep up the solemn farce of supplicating, cringing to that which they themselvs must instruct, uphold, defend. As for the cry of blasphemy—that chamelion creation of crafty priests, that ever changes its hue according to its geographical location—we think those who severely leave God alone because they know nothing of him, and no man can know, are blameless. The real blasphemers, if there be any such, are those who postulate an omni-powered, omni-virtued God, and then ac-

cuse him of performing, commanding, or teaching all the puerilities, all the absurdities and obscenities, all the cruelties and crimes recorded in that Christian paper fetish, the so-called holy Bible. Their prayers did not seem to be those of the righteous, as they availed naught. We all got home safe, sound, and happy, except that one of our party had a slight attack of cholera, perhaps due to their prayers. If so, the devil-drubbers should study Queensberry rules, and aim for the head or heart, and never, coward-like, strike below the belt. Our holy howlers still fire at us at long range, or under cover of the coward's castle. It is much pleasanter mumbling musty creeds than gnawing at old files.

WILLIAM GRAY, SR.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: We must hav some mode of reckoning the lapse of years. We do not know what "1887" does mean, except that it is this year, and is a certain number of years after any other known date. As the time of the event intended to be commemorated is admittedly uncertain to the extent of four years, it is evidently not essential that the beginning of the epoch should be exactly fixed. If Bruno had been burnt anywhere within four years of the time he was, earlier or later, we might call this year 287, just as reasonably as 1887, if we prefer to commemorate the later event.

In the ordinary chronology, I am writing on Sept. 8, 1887. Suppose I call it Sept. 8, 287, what does that mean? The "8" indicates that I am writing in some hour of the 8th day of the month, which 8th day is not yet completed. "Sept." indicates that it is in some part of the ninth month of the year, which month is not yet completed. So "287" would naturally mean that it is in some part of the 287th year from the beginnirg of the epoch, and that the 287 years will not be completed until this year is ended—that is, until the beginning of January, 1888. The epoch therefore began 287 years completed before Jan. 1, 1888—that is, on Jan. 1, 1601. So the epoch begins, in that view of it, on the first day of January next following the event which it is intended to commemorate.

But if we prefer to consider the expression "287" to indicate completed years, in addition to the odd 8 months 7 days and some hours and minutes, just as we usually reckon our age by completed years, then it would indicate that the 287 years were completed last Jan. 1st, in which case the epoch would be understood as beginning on the first day of January next preceding the event commemorated—that is, on Jan. 1, 1600. I consider the other explanation the best. We cannot begin the epoch on the day of his execution, and it really makes no practical difference which view we take so long as we understand that the fact really is that Bruno was executed Feb. 17, E.S. 0. The following Jan. 1st would be Jan. 1, E.S. 1, being the first whole year after the execution, and when Feb. 17th arrived, the orator of the evening would say: "This is Feb. 17, E.S. 1; one year ago to-day Giordano Bruno was put to death by the church for his devotion to science." H. M. P.

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LONGMONT, COL., Sept. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Is there any such thing as Liberalism? If there is, what is it? Or, rather, what isn't it? Will you, friend Eugene, or some one of your many able contributors, please answer these questions? I ask them because I really desire the information for which they call.

Without any hope of reward, other than that of an approving conscience, I hav cheerfully given the thirty-two best years of my life to what I supposed to be the cause of Liberalism. Faithfully and earnestly hav I labored to add all I could to the sum of human advancement and human happiness. To this work, I hav sacrificed many fine opportunities to acquire wealth and to attain high official positions. I hav brought upon myself all the persecutions that ignorance, bigotry, and intolerance hav power to inflict. I hav helped grade the bed, bridge the chasms, and lay the track of the road on which the so-called Liberal trains are running. And now, in my life's autumn, when I would so gladly hear, from those for whose good I hav labored, the grateful words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," I am told by the crowds of well dressed and respectable tourists, who now safely and pleasantly travel this road, and whose Liberalism it would be heresy to doubt, that I, and many of the other pioneers who hav worked with me, "hav no right to longer pose as Liberals, and no right to march under the banner of Liberalism." This they say to us, not because we are thought to be unsound on any of the planks of their platform; not that they doubt our valor on the battle-field, but simply because we hav dared to advance farther than they are prepared to go; because we hav dared to carry our Liberalism into all the departments of human life, instead of limiting it, as do they, to one single department, that of religion. They substantially inform us that the "U. M. L." on our banners and our badges does not mean, as we supposed it did, "Unlimited mental liberty;" that it means, "Unmitigated misleading lie;" that if we extend our Liberalism to the department of love and marriage, we cease to be Liberals and become Free-lovers—abominable creatures unfit to be tolerated in any civilized society; that if we extend it to the department of labor, or to any other political department, we, in like manner, cease to be Liberals and become Anarchists, Socialists, Communists, Nihilists, or some other dangerous kind of foreigners, fit only to be hanged.

Under these circumstances, I hav come to fear that there is no such thing as Liberalism. I hav come to fear that, for thirty-two years, I hav been following a phantom—just such a phantom as I followed in those far agone years when I was earnestly preaching the exceedingly hot hell-fire religion of the Methodist church South. And now, if there chance to be any such thing as Liberalism, I wish to know exactly how far it may be carried without changing into something else—into something very bad. JOHN R. KELSO.

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LEXINGTON, KY. Sept. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: How thankful we ought to be that the people hav arisen in wisdom and might and demanded a reform of the government! In their presence how ignoble seems the usual din of politics. Patriots seem again at the helm of state, and hearts warmed by the love of justice hav ignored forever the silly delusions of religion. How beautiful is the figure of truth to the mind that craves such a sight. But storms are yet to be encountered, and some say that there will be always minds which will cling to superstition and arrest the course of progress. The only way to carry the mind entirely out of its present darkened sphere is to spare no expense in instructing the masses. So should the surplus revenue of the country be employed. The most enchanting places of resort, alone, will leave the dreary churches unfilled. A gift at every poor man's door will cause him to follow the giver. Do people crave excitement, let there be a holy rush toward the abodes of wretchedness. Make the movement fashionable and it will succeed. How criminal and vulgar is the attitude of the rich toward the poor! Pagan Rome gave a weekly allowance to the poor, but the Christian soon abandoned this practice. Monthly receptions, assembling all classes, with gifts to those who need them, would save thousands from vice and suicide. It seems that the government is to be made more responsible, doing the work of monopolists, but who is to govern the government? Not a people who liv in selfish luxury, but those who seek out the virtuous and talented poor, not to mock at, but to relieve and draw them from obscurity. Vigilance alone will save us. Daily reports of progress sent in every direction—daily instruction. Rousseau said, "The family was heathenish unless the center of a larger family. The happy heart livs for all."

So it seems that Dr. McGlynn's mind and motivs are undergoing vivisection, but the deep sympathies of his kind heart cannot be reached by criticism. Henry VIII. allowed no man to own more than two estates. The government ought to make every person a present of a piece of land or property sufficient to enable that individual to earn his living, otherwise no surprise should be expressed if he goes to ruin. Every city boasts of a rich man who buys up cheap lots, managing them in a most greedy and improper way. It is a vulgar and shameful outrage to hav property snatched in this way from the poor, leaving them in wretched dens to die in misery. The finger of scorn ought to be pointed at the monster who thus defrauds fellow-beings, rolling in senseless luxury at their expense. The possessions of these fiendish ingrates ought to be seized and put in the hands of known philanthropists to manage for the people at large. Is it right to sell a poor man's house to pay his taxes? What crimes, worse than heathenish, are perpetrated in the nineteenth century in the name of civilization. If laws hav failed, if religion has failed, if humanity has failed to arouse the sleeping, stupefied energies of benevolent men in behalf of the poor and oppressed, is it Anarchy to seize the reins of perverted and abused power, directing it without delay to some good end? Some wiseacres remark that Anarchists hav no creed, no principles, or plan of action. Perhaps that is not their business? Their business may be to keep alive the spirit of liberty. Without their warnings and terrible denunciations, very soon the name of freedom would be blotted out forever. A man is not without a creed who fixes his burning glance upon the titled or crowned villain and tyrant, and, pointing his finger in the same direction, exclaims, Thou art the man!—reminding him in the most fearless manner of his crimes, predicting his downfall, alluding, perhaps, with terse and pointed expressions, to the means which will be taken to deprive him of his ill-used and ill-gotten power. The words of Cromwell were, at times, mightier than his sword, and withered his antagonists to the bone; and when Charles the Bold drove burgomasters out of his council-hall on their knees, they would hav preferred, perhaps, a more severe and honorable punishment. ALHAZA.

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MONTE VISTA, COL., Sept. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Ought Freethought lecturers to debate with bad Christians? is a proposition which involves a fundamental principle of Liberalism. If I am wrong in my view of this question, I am willing to be set right. It is not true that "our lecturers refuse to debate with him," Braden. Had you said that some of our lecturers thus refuse, that would be the fact. Let us be "truth seekers" upon every subject. The "testimonials" which you print in your issue of August 20th do not in the least change the principle for which I am contending, namely, that it is our duty to debate with Christian opponents put forward by any Christian community as representativs of Christianity, though they be as black in character as the clergy, in general, tell their congregations we "Infidels" are! If the Christians can endure a clerical debater with a soiled reputation as their representativ, that is their affair, and harmonizes exactly with their bad theology.

I had read the "testimonials" of Braden's bad character which you print, and more of the same sort; but they furnish no reason why I should refuse to debate with him. I expect other lecturers to decide the point for themselvs, as I always do in such matters for myself. But if we Freethinkers are ready to get back on to Christian ground, and refuse to debate with an individual not as moral as we are, it will be well to draw the line sharply. If it can be shown that any principle of Liberalism warrants such a course, I would like to hear what it is. In my view it is a one-sided, I-am-holier-than-thou element of nearly all religions which hav cursed the world. Religionists, generally, believe in "sheep and goats," saints and sinners; and it would not be "respectable" for a sheep to talk to a goat, nor for saints to condescend to hold controversy with sinners. The Liberal principle is that "there is good in all, none all good."

I submit right here, with the utmost kindness, that it is not in good taste, and not according to the spirit of Liberalism, as I understand it, for you to call Mr. Braden "a moral polecat," an "unfit man for any gentleman to associate with." We can never elevate mankind on that line. "Reply to thine enemies with gentleness," was a maxim of Zoroaster, and a more effectiv weapon a man never carried. That does not imply that we should show any mercy to errors of opinion entertained by an opponent. If Braden, or any other Christian, depends upon bluster and blackguardism, I need not imitate him. While he is abusing me I am riddling his Christian system. But if any lecturer does not wish to meet such a man, that is his own business. Nevertheless, when reasons are assigned for not debating with him, it is my province, as a member of that class, to examin the reasons. I do not want to see THE TRUTH SEEKER take a single false step.

If I hav no right to debate with a man because he has the reputation of being a liar, I fear we will hav few Christian opponents to meet. We would giv all such as Paul the cold shoulder, and throw all the Peters overboard. Again and again you hav given the proofs that Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage is a voluminous liar, yet Ingersoll has held a printed controversy with him, and would hav held a public oral debate if the Christian had had more courage. This same Talmage on one occasion, at least, publicly declaimed against the "slanders," as he called them, which were put in circulation about him.

Let me come a little closer home. You object to debate with Braden because of his bad character. Christians objected to debate with D. M. Bennett because of his (as they alleged) bad character. They could quote from the *Index* and *R.-P. Journal* to "prove" it. Many ministers are so good, in their own estimation, that they would not, on any account, deign to debate with a man who had been in the penitentiary. In my judgment, D. M. Bennett was a good man and a moral hero. But even some Freethinkers condemned Bennett, and to this day say that he was a bad man. A nobler, more honest man never wielded an editorial pen. But not so did the Christians think. In their view, his own confession revealed him as an obstinately wicked man. Now, suppose all the charges of those uncharitable Christians had been true, did it afford them just ground for declining to meet him in debate?

When Joseph Cook was challenged to debate with a Freethinker, he sent for answer that he could not "help advertise Infidelity," "nor stand upon the same platform with Mr. Bennett." When it was shown to the cunning Cook that Bennett would not be on the platform, then his excuse was that he would not hav anything to do with his Infidel opponents because they "publicly fraternized with a man just out of jail for violating righteous American laws intended to secure the purity of the mails."

Remember, the Freethinkers of the country were in high glee over the prospect of an oral debate between Robert G. Ingersoll and Joseph Cook; but Cook's heart failed him. Now, who is this man Cook? I could fill one whole issue of your paper with testimonials. D. M. Bennett, writing from India, says Cook is a "falsifier and maligner;" "pedler of dogmatic absurdities and barefaced falsehoods and slander;" "defends perjury and the worst villainy;" "spoken falsely of me;" "he has poured upon us all the vile epithets which he was able to command."

This is the character which D. M. Bennett gave Cook. Nevertheless, the Freethinkers were anxious that Ingersoll should associate with him in debate. I think the Freetbinkers were right; and I now want to see how many of them will turn their backs upon their own history. With this "malicious falsifier" Mr. Bennett was willing to associate in the way of public debate. He sent Cook a challenge, worded, "Meet me face to face and answer the statements I shall make." Cook's reply to Olcott was, "No honorable man can keep company of this kind."

Bennett, in his public address, said, "No matter how bad a man he can make you believe me to be, it will not prove Christianity to be true." This shows that Bennett had a clear perception of the distinction between persons and principles. If we lecturers are not justified in debating with bad Christians, like Talmage, Cook, and Braden (and Braden is the most brainy of the three, and a far better debater than either Cook or Talmage). where shall we find opponents? How few virtues may a Christian minister possess to enable him to "pass muster" and be just good enough to debate with an Infidel?

My good friends, this is a more lengthy letter than I hav written for the press in some time; but the principle treated upon is fundamental, and deserving of our closest thought. I wanted to show you that in taking the position you did you got off the Bennett onto the Cook platform. Let the Christians raise the question of character as an excuse for not debating. It is too flimsy and weak for a robust Infidel to employ. Let us debate with Cook in spite of his falsities, detraction, abuse, and lying. Talmage ditto. Braden ditto. It ought never to worry us that the ablest advocates of Christianity are so grossly immoral. Let us be truly Liberal and charitable, and allow for their weaknesses. We should bear in mind that they hav lived under Christian influence all their lives. They are the logical fruits of Christianity; and it is unreasonable in you to expect as much truth from them as if they had imbibed the higher ethics of Liberalism. I was sorry to see you refuse even to associate with them and lift them to a nobler life. As Liberal editors and lecturers we ought to reach down and assist them, disentangle them from the meshes of their superstition, and not treat them as if they are utterly beyond hope and help. Hosts of good men and women there are who believe in Christianity. They are good in spite of their system, which encourages lying, defends perjury, sanctions every form of vice and crime, and at last, in heaven, awards the "chief of sinners" the first prize for bad behavior and agility in jumping over Canada into Kingdom Come without a scratch on the soul, all washed wool-white in the red, red blood of the lamb.

Cook, Talmage, and Braden are logically true to their system. W. F. JAMIESON.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## Words and Deeds of Heroes.

The hero true will speak for you
When cowards' lips are sealed with fear;
He pleads your cause when comes the pause
That chills with doubt the eager ear.
He dares defend
The absent friend,
And he will bare
His heart to share
The threat'ning, poised, and pointed spear.

How brave his deeds, when fashion pleads
For gorgeous gilt and trappings gay!
He will not wear the feathers fair
For which he has no means to pay.
He dares to meet,
Upon the street,
In garments old
Men decked with gold,
Who dream not of the debtor's day.

How brave is he who fearlessly
In battles dangers dares to meet,
And share the blows of angry foes
In storms of flame and leaden sleet!
True courage high
Its flag will fly
In front of wrongs
When shouting throngs
Trample the right beneath their feet.

His word a bond, he looks beyond
The courts to keep him just and true;
And we can trace upon his face
The honest courage shining through.
Hail heroes just,
All men can trust,
Whose words and deeds
Like scattered seeds,
Spring up like roses wet with dew!

—*George W. Bungay.*

## From the Editor.

DEAR CHILDREN AND FRIENDS: You will remember my letter to you from Onset, Mass., only a few weeks since. Little did I think then that so soon would you be made acquainted with the saddest sorrow, the hardest trial, of all my life.

On the 30th of August my dear mother, with whom I hav always lived, the sharer of all my joys and sorrows, my ready sympathizer in all troubles, my dearest, truest, best, and most trusted friend, was snatched from me in an instant by a terrible railway accident. The blow that dashed out her dear life, struck me—with such dreadful force that I am still dazed, bewildered, crushed. I cannot tell you how much I suffer, for you cannot know how much my mother was to me. They tell me she did not suffer—that in an instant of time all was over, and that this should be a consoling thought. But I was not ready—I was not willing to hav her leave me. We are never ready, I suppose, to say farewell to those we love. It seemed to me, at first, I could never take up life's work again. Still it is better that I should, and, with a sorrowing heart, through many blinding tears, I pick up life's threads once more, and, with tremhling fingers, try to weave them into shape and form. The many messages of tender sympathy and regard from hundreds of sympathetic friends giv me strength and courage to try to bear this heavy burden of grief and pain until the sun shall shine for me again. I thank all for kind words in this trying hour of bereavement, and while I shall miss the dear familiar face at every turn in the road of life—miss her at morning, noon, and night—at all times, all places, and in all seasons—I shall endeavor to imitate her virtues, to practice the precepts she instilled in my mind in early life, and do all the good that is in my power to do, in accordance with her wishes and desires. SUSAN H. WIXON.

## Little Lela and the Sugar.

Lela was a little girl four years old, and I will say she was pretty—although I do not know about that, but I do know anybody would rather read about a pretty little girl. All I can remember about Lela's appearance is that she had a few stray locks of white hair dangling down over her round, red cheeks.

She had a sister, Maud, two years older than herself, but somehow Lela preferred the company of Lottie and John, two colored children who lived on the place. As soon as she got up and ate breakfast she would run off to "Aunt Medie's" to play with them, and would not return except for her meals and when company would come and her mother sent for her to come and show them how pretty and smart she was.

Eating was their favorit amusement, as is common with all children, so they would try to think of as many dishes as possible. The dish that they seemed to like best was a queer mixture of buttermilk and cornbread, stirred together until it was thick. This was original with Lottie, who was three years older than Lela.

Aunt Medie had a large tin cup which she allowed them to eat out of, but she only had one spoon, a large spoon without a handle, so they had to eat together, Lottie taking one mouthful and then Lela. John wanted some too, but Lela declared she would not eat out of the same spoon as he, and he had to choose between doing without and dipping his hands in. It is needless to state that he always chose the latter.

On Sunday Lottie's mother took her to "meetin'" to stay all day. This same day Lela's mother was in the kitchen making preserves. This same little girl kept bothering her mother, hanging to her dress, whimpering. and getting into something that she ought not, until she said sternly, but at the same time handing her two large lumps of sugar: "Take this, Lela, and do not bother me any more."

She took the sugar, perfectly delighted, and ran off to eat it, but suddenly she thought how nice it would be if Lottie were present to help her eat it. Lela was not a selfish child, so she stored the sugar away and did not taste it until her dear crony had come to enjoy it too. She ran to meet her and said, "Look, Lottie, what I hav got! I will giv you some." They walked together to Aunt Medie's house, then Lela laid both pieces of sugar on the old greasy trunk and said, "Don't eat it until I get back; I will get some milk and bread to eat with it."

I forgot to mention that Lottie was unfortunate, like most of little negro children, and had to carry her mother's baby in her arms wherever she went. She never had chance to rest only while it was asleep.

Now it began to cry fearfully for the sugar, and poor, tired Lottie broke off two or three little pinches and gave it. John, too, began to beg for some, and she repeated it till both lumps were considerably smaller. When little unsuspecting Lela came in with the milk and bread she did not notice this at all, and so no tears were shed. They were soon all eating what they considered such a delicious repast. The baby, of course, had to dabble its hands in also.

Every day, for a long time, Lela would get sugar from her mother and repeat the feast. Whenever she asked for the sugar her mother would always say that she'd hav to whip her, but never did, and always gave her whatever she wished.

One day the mother was surprised to notice that the little sugar-eater did not come upon her usual errand of begging sugar. The next day it was the same, and so on for a week. She was very much puzzled, but did not say anything about it to Lela.

Maud, who was jealous of Lela, as older children will be of younger ones, especially the baby, had already become suspicious as to the cause of this, and so she hid herself one day near the sugar barrel and watched.

That day, as usual, Lela said, in a low voice, to her friend:

"Lottie, if you will go with me and open the door, I will giv you some sugar." The little rogue was not tall enough to reach the door herself. But Lottie readily consented to open it, and they both walked in together. It was difficult for Lela to get her hands into the barrel, but she managed to do so, and filled her own pockets and hands and Lottie's pockets and one hand; the poor girl held the other hand tightly around the baby to keep it from falling.

Maud did not make her presence known until they were leaving; then she jumped up, ran to the door, and called:

"Mamma, mamma! come here; the rogue is found!"

The baby was frightened, and commenced crying; Lottie jumped out of the room and ran as fast as she could to her mother's welcome house.

The mother ran as quickly as possible to see them, and found Lela snuffling and crying, and emptying all her sugar out on the ground.

Of course, Lela's mamma thought her too pretty and sweet to be chastised, but she talked to her a little while and told her how badly she felt that her little girl had got to be a rogue. This only made Lela feel worse and cry more.

About then they both heard some terrible cries of agony coming from Aunt Medie's house. Lela was so distressed that she did not notice it, but her mother said, "Come on, dear, and we will see what is the matter with Lottie."

The poor child, weeping, followed close behind her mother, holding to her dress.

It was soon determined that Aunt Medie had come in from the field to get a drink of water and Lottie had told her all the trouble. The woman was displeased, so there she stood most unmercifully beating the screaming girl.

"Look," said Lela's mother; "by stealing sugar you hav not only done a very bad thing yourself but you hav caused Lottie to be whipped."

Lela turned her back and would not see Lottie's trouble. Her mother said, "Medie, I think you hav whipped her enough." And Aunt Medie released Lottie, and the two children promised not to steal any more sugar.

Poor martyred Lottie resumed her old task of minding the baby, and all three—Lottie, Lela, and the baby—spent the next half-hour in pitiful yells and real tears. John was so badly frightened that he joined his voice in also. DARLINA BELL.

*Overton, Ga.*, Sept. 8, 1887.

## Our Puzzle Box.

DOUBLE DECAPITATIONS.

1. Twice behead a contageous disease and leave an intermitting fever.

2. Twice behead a court of justice and leave a spirituous liquor.

3. Twice behead a kind of cup and leave a woman's name.

4. Twice behead an English political reformer and leave a professor of one of the fine arts. WARREN B. ORCHARD.

## Correspondence.

BURNETT, NEB., Aug. 15, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: W. S. Bell, of Chicago, was here and delivered a lecture on the evening of July 25th. The subject was "Liberty and Morality." We liv seven miles in the country, and when returning from the lecture the night was very dark and rainy, and our buggy ran off a grade and upset. In the accident mother had her collar-bone fractured, and is not well yet. Father said jokingly if they had been returning from church the accident never would hav occurred. We hav one of Mr. Jamieson's photographs. Your true friend,

ESTELLE WHITNEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 27, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: It is quite a while since I last wrote to you. I was very glad to think that you were so kind to publish my letter. I think my mother has changed since I hav been talking to her about THE TRUTH SEEKER. Another thing that put my ma against Christianity is that I went by invitation to play a piece of music, at the Sunday-school—mind you, and d you know what they did?—they stole my music! That's the way they rewarded me for playing for them. I will never go there again upon any consideration. I think I can learn more in the Children's Corner than by going to religious meetings. I don't know whether this let er is worthy of printing. I am afraid it will find its way to the waste-basket. I wish success to the Children's Corner and to the dear old TRUTH SEEKER. I will close now, for I think my letter is long enough now. Yours truly,

FLORENCE M. SMITH.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Sept. 7, 1887.

KIND MISS WIXON: Every time I read the Children's Corner. with its correspondence of many little friends of our grand mutual educator, I feel as if we were all one family, for familiar are all the thoughts expressed and the desire that lies in them—the search for truth and knowledge.

I hope it will remain so, and gain from day to day. No one must feel discouraged because the first letter wasn't printed, but try it again.

It is just the same as in life. If success won't follow the first time, it has to be tried over again.

And then, children, there is another thing I wish to tell you. Do all you can to expresss your ideas to other little friends of yours, boys or girls, whatever they may be and to whatever church they may belong. Tell them about our cause, and do not fear they may not care for you any more. Show courage to stand for your own faith, and show them that you are that far ahead that you think and learn for yourself, and after all they will respect you and follow you. Don't care if some one will make remarks about you that you are children of parents that are Freethinkers and Secularists, but show men by your own conduct that your parents hav taught you much more than all the ministers and preachers—that they hav taught you to be honest, and good, and kind-hearted children; to respect the aged and pity the poor. And never feel downhearted because our followers are not so numerous as their congregation of beggars. Did Christ ever beg? or ask for salary? or slander others? No, he didn't; but the clergymen do. They say we hav to liv, but Robert G Ingersoll says that every man making a living by religion is dishonest; and that's just the right name for it.

But my space is limited, and I hav to close. If some readers between fifteen and twenty-two should like to correspond with me, I will be glad to reply to their letters.

Hoping to see many letters of your little friends and helpers in print in the future, I remain, For truth and right,

FRED L. HOFFMAN.

DILLON, MON., March 10, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I see so many letters from our girls and boys that I thought I would like to join the little truth seekers and write to you also. Although I am nine years old I hav never been to school yet, but mamma helps me with my studies at home. We had a glorious trip East this fall. In New York we met several of our great Liberals. but our first visit was to THE TRUTH SEEKER'S office. We met Miss Gardener several times, and we all like her ever so much. About a week beforc leaving New York Miss Gardener joined us, and we had a delightful drive through Central Park and Riverside. Two of our most pleasant and enjoyable evenings were spent at Colonel Ingersoll's. I think Miss Ingersoll is the dearest and prettiest lady I ever hav known, excepting my mamma. Mamma read to me in one of THE TRUTH SEEKERS how Colonel and Mrs. Ingersoll celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. We think exactly the same as the correspondent in regard to Colonel Ingersoll's family an home. I am sure it is one of the happiest places in the world. I should like to get a Secular song-book, so that if Mr. Putnam visits us again we can hav some music. Do you think I could get one at THE TRUTH SEEKER office?

Dear Miss Wixon. mamma and I hav read "The Story Hour" all through, and I think it is just splendid, especially about dear little Susie.

I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so, with best wishes to all my little Liberal friends, I remain, A little truth seeker,

PERCY B. CARRINGTON.

[Percy writes a lovely letter, and although it was mislaid for so long, it is as welcome and as readable as if just written. We hope he will write again. We think a Secular song-book can be obtained at the TRUTH SEEKER office.—ED. C. C.]

SAVANNAH, Sept. 2, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I write to beg a favor of you, dependent on your probably possessing a set of last year's TRUTH SEEKER. It was, I think, in September or October of 1886 that you published in the Corner Miss Darlina Bell's poem on "The Captiv Bird's Lament." That was our earthquake season here, and preoccupation is the only excuse I can plead for missing that production, which, when I read it at Overton recently, excited warm admiration. Unfortunately, I could not learn the number of the paper in which it appeared, and my present request is that you would do me the special favor of finding out what number it was, and letting me know.

I hav another correspondent, a South Carolinian of noble family (yes, that is the expression), ultra-conservativ and Christian (Freethought "vulgar" in his eyes), and I want to show him that a woman *can* (and, of all women, this young lady) write something with some "vim" to it. Very oddly, his style is just as pessimistic as that of Miss Bell. But he has not the excuse of living in a low, malarious tract of country, with mournful, desolate woods on each hand, and the isolation, comparatively speaking, of Darlina's home is a feature that the hurly-burly of Charleston should contrast with very sharply. So I take her pessimism for justifiable, his for morbid.

Overton consists of one house. It pleads, in palliation, that it has two stories—neither are ghost-stories. There are very few inhabitants in that section of Elbert county I traversed to call on Miss Bell—three miles of road to each house, more or less.

Please excuse the paper, and believe me, dear Miss Wixon,

Yours very respectfully,
HUGO B. PLATEN.

[The editor of the Corner is not well. When she recovers her health she will giv the information requested.]

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## Book Notes.

The significance of the sentence of excommunication in the Roman Catholic church, will be explained in the *Forum* for October, by the Rev. Professor Huiginn, whose acquaintance with the canon law, says the editor of the *Forum*, givs him special fitness for the task.

"Christianity and the Slave Trade" is a 91-page pamphlet by "Saladin," editor of the London *Secular Review*. An idea of the nature of the work may be gained by imagining a condensation of all the well-known and other facts upon this subject, with the addition of such comments as only "Saladin" can make.

Professor Swarts, of Chicago, has, as he reports, been "led of God" to issue his "Spiritual Healing Formula and Text Book." The design of this pamphlet is evidently to acquaint the public with the fact that the author givs instructions in "Christian science" for a fee, which, we infer, is $12 50. He may be addressed at 161 LaSalle street, Chicago, Ill.

"The Popular Religions, and What Shall Be Instead," is a discourse delivered by Parker Pillsbury in Boston and sundry other places. In it the author touches upon the many imperfections of mankind, particularly the clergy, and renders passages of scripture in a way different from all former methods. It is good, healthy, elevating reading. Price 10 cents.

"The Savagery of Boyhood" is the title of an article by John Johnson, Jr., to be published in the *Popular Science Monthly*, for October, in which the author points out that, since a boy's development is an epitome of the development of the human race, he naturally passes through a stage when cruelty is so characteristic that a tender-hearted boy must be deemed diseased.

James H. West's little manual, "Uplifts of Heart and Will," published by Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, is a book designed to fill a want with those who, having abandoned the use of prayer, still desire to gratify the yearning to aspire. The author tells us that this yearning will never pass away. Therefore he has replaced the ordinary stereotyped prayer with a method of "uplooking" calculated to hav a pacifying influence upon the perturbed spirit. The price is fifty cents.

J. Luella Dowd Smith writes a book of poems called "Wind Flowers," and dedicates it to her mother, who, she says, "has found her rest amid the fadeless flowers of heaven." A certain number of the poems are devoted to each month of the year, and it may be said that those inscribed to any one particular month are as good as those inscribed to either of the others. Apart from this commendable impartiality, the merits of the work are somewhat obscure. Handsomely printed and bound; Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. Price $1.

J. D. Shaw, editor and proprietor of the *Independent Pulpit*, Waco, Tex., has issued a second edition of his pamphlet, "The Bible—What Is It?" The inquiry, "What is the Bible?" is made necessary by the claim of theologians that the book is "the pure word of God, revealed by plenary divine inspiration, and therefore true in every book, chapter, verse, and word; containing neither falsehood nor error; infallible in all its precepts, promises, and predictions." In the present pamphlet, which he mails for 25 cents, Mr. Shaw shows by an examination of the Bible that these claims for it are exactly the reverse of the truth.

We hav received a Theosophical discourse in pamphlet form from Madras, India, by S. Sundaram Iyer, who is undoubtedly a Hindoo. The discourse is entitled, "Absolute Monism; or, Mind is Matter, and Matter is Mind." One of the author's statements is no less than this, "that Infinit Space is One Infinit Monad, and that this Monad is the Absolute Intelligent Potentio-Kinetic Motion"—which is a statement that we are not prepared to dispute. The whole discourse is of so metaphysical a character that many persons would not read it if they had it before them. It is published by the National Press, 100 Mount Road, Madras, India.

On the 31st day of last July the Rev. W. F. Black delivered a sermon on the lawn of the female college at Waco, Tex., in which he endeavored to convince the young ladies in his audience that Christ was the son of God without human paternity, and that he was, in fact, as divine as God himself. A week later the ex-Rev. J. D. Shaw hired the court-house at Waco, and delivered an answer to Mr. Black's sermon, which answer is now published in pamphlet form, price 20 cents. It routs the minister completely. Mr. Black is a believer in miracles, having himself, according to his own statement, performed the miraculous feat of converting twenty-eight members of an Ohio Liberal League which never numbered but thirteen persons on its membership roll.

In discussing the relations between Ireland and England, some time ago, THE TRUTH SEEKER hinted that with the continued existence of the present enslavement of the Irish people by the Catholic church, Home rule would mean practically Rome rule. The suggestion and the phrase were adopted by those who held the same view, and Home rule and Rome rule hav been the subject of numerous articles. Now Mr. Adolf Hepner, of Philadelphia, has published "A Plea for American Home Rule *contra* Rome Rule, on Account of the McGlynn Case." He regards the order from the pope, summoning Dr. McGlynn to Rome, as an attempt to supplant home rule in America with Rome rule, and givs good and conclusiv reasons why any person acting under papal orders is a "traitor to the independence of the country." Price 10 cents.

## A Tin Prevaricator.

A number of professional men in Denison, Texas, hav recently purchased and caused to be placed on their office-doors, a contrivance invented for the purpose of making vicarious announcements, and which serves the purpose of heralding to the world bright and glittering falsehoods respecting the whereabouts of the owners of the offices. The contrivance referred to is circular in form, made of pasteboard bound with tin, and has a circular section of tin with a slot in it which overlies the pasteboard disc and which moves upon it and can be set at any angle, like the fire-alarm on a bull's-eye clock. Printed upon the pasteboard disc, in the form of radii of the circle, are a number of announcements which are concealed from view by the overlying section of tin, but any one of which can be seen through the slot by turning this wheel to the proper angle. Of these announcements the following is a sample:

"Gone to the country."
"Return this evening."
"At dinner."
"Return in ten minutes."
"Engaged."
"At court-house."
"Not at home."
"Return in half hour."
"Return in an hour."

These is also an indicator attached to the affair which is supposed to register the time at which the owner of the office went out, but which always indicates an entirely different time. In fact, the entire ambition of this wicked invention seems to be to prevaricate and asseverate falsehoods, and lie and stick to it. For instance, on the first of the month it will declare, with the calmest complacency, that the professional man has gone to the country, when, as a matter of fact, he is seated in the rear office with his chair tilted back and his feet upon the table, smoking a corn-cob pipe and listening to the subdued murmur of the bill collector as he impatiently tries the door and walks dejectedly away. It will announce without a blush that he will return in the evening, or in ten minutes, or in a half hour, when he is up in the Kimeshi mountains on a hunting expedition and does not get back for a week. It will proclaim to the world that he is at the court-house, when he is at the beer saloon; and will announce that he is at dinner, when he has no dinner to go to.

It will asseverate that he is at the bank, when his business never takes him near the bank; and declare that he is at church when he is actually at home in bed wrestling with the delerium tremens. It heralds forth the announcement that he is engaged, when his oldest friend knows that he never has an engagement; and states that he is at the post-office, when he is leaning against a counter in a long apartment up-town, waiting for a preparation of mint and other medicins which are being compounded for him and another invalid by the gentlemanly chemist in the diamond shirt-studs and white apron.

This office-door indicator is a glittering tin delusion and a circumambient snare, and he that is deceived thereby is not wise. It may fill a want long felt, but it does seem sad that our professional men cannot lie enough by word of mouth without calling upon machinery to assist them in their wholesale mendacity.—*Gazetteer*.


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## News of the Week.

THE people of Scotland are beginning to think of home rule for that country. The leaders of the movement hav appointed a committee to consider the question of bringing the matter before the English Parliament.

MONDAY, the 19th, was Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year, 5648.

HENRY GEORGE was notified to appear as a juror the other day. He didn't appear, and was fined $100.

THE police arrested ninety-one persons for selling liquor in this city last Sunday in violation of the law.

THE yacht Volunteer won the trial races with the Mayflower, and will defend the America's cup against the Scotch cutter Thistle.

THE Rev. Frank H. Decker has resigned the pastorate of the East Congregational church in Brooklyn. Cause: Miss Ella Bates.

FRED MUNEHRATH, one of the murderers of the Rev. Geo. Haddock, the temperance advocate, was convicted of manslaughter at Sioux City, Iowa, on the 17th.

ABOUT 4 000 people attended the meeting in Union square to ratify the nomination of Henry George and other candidates on the state ticket of the United Labor party. Speeches were made by George, McGlynn, and others.

Two gold armlets from Cyprus of great value hav been stolen from the cases of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Central Park. There is $700 worth of gold in these antique ornaments.

THE faith-cure lunatics are holding what they call an annual conference in a barn in the suburbs of Jersey City. A portion of the exercises is the relation of miraculous cures by those who imagin they hav experienced them. All ordinary prevaricators are thrown in the shade by the stupendous fabrications of these deluded fanatics.

QUEEN VICTORIA prorogued her Parliament last Friday, and the lord chancellor read a speech which she had written. The speech states that the queen agrees with the president of the United States to refer the fisheries business to a joint commission; that she trusts the remedies now being applied to the Irish difficulties will restore harmony; and that she thanks God for the continued etceteras.

THE Constitutional celebration in Philadelphia last week was a great affair. Militiamen were there from all parts of the country, as were bands of music, and great orators. President Cleveland made a speech, F. Marion Crawford contributed a very good national hymn, the relics of the last century were wheeled out in procession, and there was everything calculated to fire the popular heart. By some idiotic arrangement, Cardinal Gibbons, the prince of Catholic impostors, was given an opportunity to deliver a prayer. Otherwise the outward portion of the celebration was all that could be desired.

THIS news comes from Boston, September 16th: "All new England and New Brunswick was lighted up last night at 8.15 o'clock by the fall of an immense meteor. A despatch to the *Journal* to-night says it fell near McAdam Junction station in New Brunswick, close by the Maine state line. It is as large as a passenger car, weighs many hundred tons, and plunged ten feet into the earth with a terrific crash, shaking the country for miles around. Many people visited the spot to-day, but the great mass is yet too hot for near approach. It made an intensely bright light in its descent, and even in Boston it was so noticeable that it attracted general attention, and was by many people indoors mistaken for a flash of lightning."


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## Gems of Thought.

THERE can never be a full measure of prosperity, things never will be as they should be, so long as the soil is owned by a few, and so long as those who till it hav no ownership in it.—*D. M. Bennett.*

LISTLESSNESS, and boredness, and nothing-to-do-ness, are the best of soils for the breeding of the worms that never stop gnawing.—*Geo. Macdonald.*

AFTER all, a bonny sight is always a bonny sight when the cost of it does not come out of one's own pocket.—It is ill work plucking nettles with bare hands.—The thing was a fact, and facts, when once established, hav to be taken for granted.—Spiritual vanity is as true a fact in human as personal pride, and people like to feel that they hav guardian angels and patron saints who giv themselvs a host of trouble in protecting from physical dangers, and listening to the prayers of "miserable sinners" of no more value to the universe than so many tadpoles in the water, or so many harvest mice among the corn.—No matter how much intellect a man may hav, he is nothing but a lump of plastic clay when an astute woman undertakes to mold him.—When men are in love, there is no miracle that may not be expected, no transformation that may not be wrought.—A woman can do better for herself and the world than by incarcerating herself, and renouncing all practical usefulness. A mother is of more value than a nun.—*Mrs. E. Lynn Linton.*



JACOB WEEPETH.

And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice, and wept.—Gen. xxix, 11.

IT may be confidently asserted that no lasting sect could hav been formed upon the basis of the few truths taught by Jesus himself, and the fact that he became the founder of a new religion must be attributed as much to the state of Judea at the time as to his personal influence. That the influence of Socrates was not small in his own lifetime might be inferred from the bitterness of the prosecution alone, even if Plato had not remained to attest the abiding impress he left upon an intellect by the side of which those of Peter, James, and John are but as little children to a full-grown athlete.—*Amberley.*

It's hardly in a body's pow'r
To keep at times frae being sour,
To see how things are shar'd;
How best o' chiels are whiles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
An' ken na how to wair't;
But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
Tho' we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier. —*Burns.*

FIRST, men sacrifice and pray in order to escape sickness and death; or if they are a little more advanced, that they may not be punished in a future state. Secondly, they desire to win the esteem and affections of the gods; they are ambitious of obtaining a heavenly reparation. And lastly, prayer and praise, disciplin and self-denial, become habits, and giv pleasure to the mind. The rough hair shirt, the hard bed, the cold cell, the meager food, the long vigil, the midnight prayer, are delights to the mind that is inured to suffer; and as other men rejoice that they hav found something which can yield them pleasure, so the ascetic rejoices that he has found something which can yield him pain.—*Reade's Martyrdom of Man.*

O DEATH, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth;
Pass by the happy souls, that love to liv;
I pray thee, pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,
Weigh heavy on my eyelids: let me die.
—*Tennyson.*

OH, how I shall admire, how laugh, how exult, when I behold so many proud monarchs, so many fancied gods, groaning in the lowest abyss of darkness! So many magistrates, who persecuted the name of Christ, melting in fiercer flames than they kindled against the Christians.—*Tertullian.*

TERTULLIAN was a man of strength and violent passions—he loved and hated with intensity. He possessed considerable culture, and was well-versed in Roman law, in ancient philosophy, history, and poetry. He was not deficient in philosophical power, but he was narrow, bigoted, and uncharitable. He shows no sympathy with Greek speculation, or with the freedom of human thought; and he shows little sympathy with the joys and pleasures of man, being strongly inclined to asceticism.—*Chambers's Encyclopedia.*

THEN might ye see
Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost
And fluttered into rags; then relics, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds: all there, upwhirled aloft,
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off,
Into a limbo of fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
—*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

THE essence of religion is the strong and earnest direction of the emotions and desires toward an ideal object, recognized as of the highest excellence.—*J. S. Mill.*

## Odds and Ends.

TEACHER: "Can anyone help Johnny to finish the Fourth Commandment?" Small boy: "Yeth'm. And the Lord blethed the Thaturday and made it a holiday."

PROFESSOR: "Thomas, how many toed is a toad?" Thomas (interrogativly, to gain time): "Tree-toad?" "No, four. Its posterior feet contain five. You hav evidently neglected your lesson, sir."

TOMMY'S mother has a terrible time teaching him to remember to say, "If you please." As thus: Tommy: "Mamma, pass me the butter." Mamma: "If what, Tommy?" Tommy: "If you kin reach it."

PAT: "Moike, th' tells me as yez hav quit worrukin' in the powder factory. Was it too dangerous!" Mike: "Dangerous? Well, be gob! I belave if I had worruked there till now I'd a b'en dead a year ago."

"IT is my painful duty, madam," he said, "to inform you that lightning has just struck your husband." "Did it strike him more than once?" "No, ma'am." "Thank heaven it's no worse!" she said with a sigh of relief. "If lightning only struck John once he'll pull through."

A COUNTRY clergyman was boasting of having been educated at two colleges. "You remind me," said an aged divine, "of an instance I know of a calf that sucked two cows." "What was the consequence?" said a third person. "Why, sir," replied the old gentleman very gravely, "the consequence was that he was a very great calf!"

"WHEN I was twenty-one years of age," he said, "I thought that if I wasn't rich at thirty I would be too old to enjoy wealth." "How old are you now?" "Seventy." "And rich, of course?" "No, I'm a poor man yet, but I've got a scheme in view that will make me as rich as mud before I'm eighty, and then I propose to take things easy and enjoy life."

SHE was a widow, and, perhaps, a little sensitiv on that account. When she answered a summons the other day she found a good-looking, ministerial chap standing at the door. "Good-day," he began, "I represent a loan association—" "So do I," she responded shortly, "and I mean to stay alone; good-day, sir." He hasn't thought it out yet to his entire satisfaction.

"MY boy," said an aged tailor to his son, a young man who was about to go West to make his fortune, "I hav given you a good start along the seam of life. It depends on you to keep at it with a strong and even stitch. And don't forget to fasten off your work with a knot at the end of the seam." That youth never forgot his father's admonition. He was hanged in Arizona three years afterwards for stealing a horse.

JUDGE: "Of course, you hav an excuse ready?" Prisoner: "I hav, your honor. I was full, but it was for medical purposes. Whisky is good for snake bites." Judge: "Were you bitten by a snake?" Prisoner: "No; but, your honor, 'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.'" Judge: "I see, I see. But you should hav confined yourself to the ounce. I fine you $10 for prescribing medicin without a diploma."

"TALK about mean men," said Ex-Alderman Seagrist, the sage of Bloomingdale, "why, there's that Bill Johnson, he's the meanest man I ever heard on. Bill was a constable here. Why, don't you think, he had an execution against me for a little matter of groceries, and he came out and levied on my old mother's ducks, and wanted me to drive 'em up and catch 'em for him, and I told him to catch 'em himself; and so he chased 'em round and round the house, and every time he'd catch a duck he'd sit down and wring its head off and charge mileage!"

IT may or may not be new, but here it is as related by a Texas minister. Through the persuasion of a reliable friend, whose word he trusted, Deacon Goodman bought a handsome poll-parrot for his son. The deacon purchased Polly only after being doubly assured that she had been reared in a godly family. That night the good deacon bowed his head in family prayers, and said: "O Lord, bless thy humbly servant, and his wife, and children, and maid servant, and—" Here the deacon, pausing for a moment, was startled by a voice which shrilly croaked: "Well, where in —— do I come in?"

A PRINTER'S PROPOSAL.

Dear maiden * of all the race,
Before thy iii I bow;
Please do not hide thy pretty face,
But here my ? now.
The . has come, my own,
When I must take a mate,
And as I o .hee alone,
We'd better - 8.
The maid looked ttt at the bore,
And hit him on the nose;
Then = upon the floor
He lay quite , tose.

A MINISTER WHO MEANS BUSINESS.

While the minister was preaching last Sunday in a Dakota town which is having a boom, a man in the congregation, who was sitting near a window, arose and said:

"I beg your pardon, elder, but just one word."

"Go on, deacon."

"There are a couple of big, fat men who look as if they might be capitalists, outside here looking at the churchyard."

"What's that?"

"Couple o' fat-looking capitalists hanging over the fence and acting 'sif they wanted to buy the lots the church is on."

"Is that so?" replied the minister, beginning to get excited, and stepping up on the altar rail to see out. "You go right out and talk to them, brother, go right out and 'tend to the matter. Giv them an option on it, and if they've got the money to buy this real estate we'll snake this church off into the street so quick it will make their heads swim."


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THE REAL INTENTIONS OF POPERY.

Where liberty reigns, the tyrant seeks to slay her.—*La Salle.*

## Notes and Clippings.

ONE of the attractions of Sacramento, Cal., is a mummy show—the remains of the people of the Aztec race, it is supposed.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company sold 650,000 excursion tickets between New York and Philadelphia during the three days' celebration there of the adoption of the Constitution.

THE Catholics of Malden, Mass., hav leased a public school building at a nominal rent for parochial purposes. The state thus practically helps to support a denominational school.

THE state of Delaware still retains the pillory and whipping-post. Last Saturday eleven criminals were publicly whipped at Wilmington, and two were given an hour each in the pillory.

THE first real estate investment made in Portland, Or., by a Chinese was the recent purchase of a building lot by Seid Back for $9,000. Not poverty, but an impression that they cannot legally hold real estate, has kept the Chinese there from making similar investments. Seid Back's purchase is counted a good bargain.

THE wife of the Rev. Peter Eirich, of Hoboken, N. J., found living with her husband intolerable because he wanted her to pay all the household expenses, with a view to which he married her. She therefore went to liv with her parents, in Brooklyn, and he sued for a divorce on the ground of abandonment. She declined to contest the matter, and on the 23d ult. the divorce was granted. Mrs. Eirich says that the decision of the court is satisfactory in the extreme.

Two young men of Garden Plain, Kan., fought with slungshots in church to determin which should escort a young woman to her home. One of them had his skull fractured and he died. The minister and his wife suffered slight injuries.

BROOKLYN has at present but two pastors under a cloud. One of them, the Rev. Mr. Decker, has been investigated and his resignation accepted. The other, the Rev. Mr. Millen, will be investigated Oct. 4th, pending which he will continue to preach.

THE more the Glazebrook scandal at Middletown, Conn., is investigated, the more apparent it becomes that the Rev. Mr. Glazebrook is guilty. His ministerial conduct toward the woman involved was witnessed by several persons. He is a married man.

WHEN the religious editor, says the *Jewish Times*, is afflicted with intellectual sterility there are three subjects he falls back upon, namely, a tirade against Mammon, a diatribe against modern skepticism, and a bilious effort to annihilate the English language in discussing some subject about which he knows nothing.

THE following labor note is from the *Union Printer*: "For some time past there has been troub.e in the office of the *Catholic Ex miner*, of Brooklyn, on account of the non-payment of wages to the compositors. and on Monday the men struck for wages two weeks overdue. Some time since the paper changed hands, and owing to bad management its prosperity has been declining. As yet the strikers hav not been paid, and under the circumstances the proprietor is unable to secure men to take their places. Unless a settlement is made this week the *Examiner* will not make its appearance as usual."

THE New York legislature at its last session voted to allow the appointment of inspectors of election for the party that supported Henry George for mayor last fall. Now that the party is divided against itself both factions are asking leave to appoint the inspectors from their own ranks. The matter must be settled soon, as election is but a few weeks away.

TOWNS along the Mexican border are in favor of an international dollar—good for its face in both countries. As it stands now, a man can cross over to Mexico, put down a Mexican dolla for a drink, and get a United States dollar for change. The he can come back, put down the United States dollar for a drink, and get a Mexican dollar for change. And then he can repeat. No financial situation could be more demoralizing, in a small way.

DURING the meeting of the National League in Cork last week a crowd, which had gathered outside the building in which the meeting was held, made an attack upon the rooms of the Protestant Young Men's Association. The police charged the crowd, but the mob continually gained fresh accessions and resisted, and a fight occurred, the police using their batons and the crowd using stones. The conflict continued until Mr. Tanner, M. P., who was present at the League meeting, came out and implored the crowd to desist. After this the police made another charge and dispersed the crowd. Three valuable panes of glass were broken in a warehouse. Several constables were cut with stones.

A MAN named Vanderpoole has been palming off literary productions upon the editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* as unpublished manuscripts of George Sand. The editor finally found him out, and lodged him in jail for obtaining money under false pretenses. The defense is that Vanderpoole is subject to psychologic influences, and wrote the articles at the dictation of George Sand's spirit.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN, editor of *United Ireland*, was found guilty of inciting a riot at several meetings in Ireland recently, the police being attacked and a number of persons killed. O'Brien was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, but was released under bail, pending appeal. Mr. O'Brien's alleged offense is practically the same as that charged against the Haymarket orators. A slight difference in the penalty of conviction will be observed.

IN a recent issue of the *Journal of United Labor* Mr. Powderly relates an incident that occurred on a railroad train. Mr. Powderly, in talking with a group of six men, took a paper from his pocket and read a paragraph beginning, "We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal," etc. One of the group exclaimed: "The man who wrote that was a d—d agitator. It is just such stuff as that that is turning the heads of the honest laboring men of the country." Only one of the six knew what the paragraph was, and they were all employers of labor, and one of them was a director of a national bank.

# Communications.

## The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

Author of "Physical Education," "The Secret of the East," etc.

### II.—Mental Maxims.

CHAPTER X.—FREETHOUGHT.

*A.—Lessons of Instinct.*

The Brahmans have a legend that the first children of man ascended Mount Gunganoor, to visit the castle of Indra and inquire into the secret of their origin. Speculations on the source of life, on the mystery of creation, the cause of good and evil, and similar problems which we might sum up under the name of religious inquiries, seem, indeed, to have occupied the attention of our ancestors at a very early period. An irrepressible instinct appears to prompt the free discussion of such questions, and in a normal state of social relations the attempt to suppress that instinct would have appeared as preposterous as the attempt to enforce silence upon the inquirers into the problems of health or astronomy. A thousand years before the birth of Buddha, the Sakyas, or ethic philosophers, of northern Hindostan, visited the mountain-passes of Himalaya to converse with travelers and seek information on the religious customs and traditions of foreign nations. The book of Job, probably the oldest literary product of the Semitic nations, records a series of free and often, indeed, absolutely *agnostic* discussions of ethical and cosmological problems.

"Canst thou by searching find out God?" says Zophar. "It is as high as heaven: what canst thou do? It is deeper than hell: what canst thou know?"

"Is it good unto thee that thou shouldst oppress the work of thy own hand?" Job asks his creator; "thine hands have made me; why dost thou destroy me? Thou huntest me like a fierce lion. Wherefore, then, hast thou brought me forth out of the womb? Oh, that I had given up the ghost and no eye had seen me! I should have been as though I had not been; I should have been carried from the womb to the grave. Are not my days few? Cease, then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little, before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death."

And again: "Man dieth and wasteth away; man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea and the flood dryeth up: so man lieth down and riseth not; till the heavens be no more he shall not awake nor be raised out of his sleep." . . . "If a man die, shall he live again?" "Wherefore is light given unto them that are in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul? who long for death, but it cometh not; who rejoice exceedingly and are glad when they can find the grave?"

Or Elihu's interpellation: "Look up to heaven and see the clouds which are higher than thou: If thou sinnest, what doest thou against *him?* If thou be righteous, what givest thou to him, or what can he receive of thine hand?"

Could a committee of modern skeptics and philosophers discuss the problems of existence with greater freedom?

For a series of centuries the monkish custodians of the literary treasures of Greece and Rome expurgated the writings of the bolder Freethinkers, and for the sake of its mere parchment destroyed more than one work that would have been worth whole libraries of their own lucubrations; yet even the scant relics of pagan literature furnish abundant proofs of the ethical and metaphysical liberty which the philosophers of the Mediterranean nations enjoyed for nearly a thousand years. The marvelous development of Grecian civilization in art, science, politics, literature, and general prosperity coincided with a period of almost unlimited religious freedom. Speculations on the origin of religious myths were propounded with an impunity which our latter-day Freethinkers have still cause to envy. The possibility of all definite knowledge of the attributes of the deity was boldly denied two thousand years before the birth of Emmanuel Kant. The Freethinker Diagoras traveled from city to city, propagating his system of Agnosticism with a publicity which seems to imply a degree of tolerance never yet re-attained in the progress of the most intellectual modern nations. The skeptic Pyrrho ridiculed the absurdity of all our modern Secularists would include under the name of *other-worldliness.* A Roman actor was applauded with cheers and laughter for quoting a passage to the effect that "if the gods exist, they seem to conduct their administration on the principle of strict neutrality in the affairs of mankind!"

Democritus, Euhemerus, Anaxagoras, Epicurus, Aristotle, Libanius, Pliny, Lucretius, and the latter Pythagoreans, almost entirely ignored the doctrines of Polytheism, which, indeed, never assumed an aggressive form, the attempted suppression of the Christian dogmatists being an only apparent exception, dictated by motives of political apprehensions, rather than by religious zeal; for at the very time when the followers of the life-hating Galilean were persecuted as "enemies of mankind," a large number of other oriental religions enjoyed privileges bordering on license. The Grecian colonists of Asia Minor never interfered with the religious customs of their new neighbors. They studied and discussed them as they would study the curiosities of other social phenomena; and a purely naturalistic system of education would undoubtedly lead to analogous results. Intelligent children often evince a remarkable tact in avoiding certain topics of conversation, such as allusions to personal or national defects, scandals, the *arcana* of sexual relations, private affairs, etc., and the experience of after years may confirm such habits of discretion; but no conceivable motive but deference to an arbitrary precept could dictate a similar reticence in the discussion of purely metaphysical topics, or of dogmas which by their very pretense to a mission of extreme importance should justify an extreme frankness in debating the basis of their claims.

B.—REWARDS OF CONFORMITY.

Religious liberty guarantees every other kind of freedom, as every form of slavery walks in the train of priestly despotism. In America religious emancipation led the way to the Declaration of Independence, and still continues to make this continent the chosen home of thousands of Liberals whom the material prosperity of the New World would have failed to attract. It is possible that a policy of intolerance would have averted or postponed the fate of the Moorish empire, which was ultimately overthrown by the fanatics of a creed which the followers of a more rational faith had permitted to survive in their midst; yet it is not less certain that for nearly five hundred years religious tolerance made the realm of the Spanish caliphs the one bright Goshen in a world of intellectual darkness. In northern Europe the history of civilization begins only with the triumph of Rationalism. *Protestantism*, in that wider sense which made the revolt of the Germanic nations an insurrection against the powers of superstition, has laid the foundation of national prosperity in Great Britain, in the Netherlands, and in the rising empire of northern Germany. The real founder of that empire was at once the greatest statesman and the boldest Freethinker of the last fourteen centuries. His capital became a city of refuge for the philosophers of Christian Europe. The eastern provinces of his kingdom were colonized by refugees from the tyranny of clerical autocrats. His absolute tolerance protected even the Jesuits, expelled by the Catholic rulers of France and Spain. During the reign of that crowned philosopher the religious and political dissenters of Prussia expressed their views with a freedom which in semi-republican England would have involved them in a maze of endless lawsuits. Among the fruits of that freedom were products of science and philosophy which have made that period the classic age of German literature. "Before the appearance of Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason,'" says Schopenhauer, "the works of duly installed government professors of philosophy were mostly medleys of sophisms, pretending to reconcile science and dogma, or reason and despotism. Here, at last, a state university could boast of a man who lived at once *by* and *for* the service of Truth—a phenomenon made possible only by the circumstance that, for the first time since the days of the great Aurelius and the greater Julian, a Freethinker had mounted the throne of an indepenent monarchy."

The protection of Freethought is likewise the best safeguard against that virus of hypocrisy that has undermined the moral health of so many modern nations.

"What an incalculable advantage to a nation as well as to its ruler," says a modern philosopher, "to know that the pillars of state are founded on the eternal verities, on natural science, logic, and arithmetic, instead of casuistry and immaculate conceptions!"

The consciousness of that advantage has more than once upheld the birthland of Protestantism in its struggles against the allied powers of despotism, and should uphold our republic in the inevitable struggle against the allied despots of the twentieth century.

C.—PERVERSION.

The experience of the last sixteen centuries has made priestcraft almost a synonym of intolerance; and yet it would be a mistake to suppose that the interests of Freethought are incompatible with the survival of any system of supernatural religion. The myths of polytheism were for ages accepted as the basis of a creed enjoying all the prerogatives and emoluments of an established religion, but the priests of that religion had no need of protecting their prestige by the butchery of heretics. With all their absurdities, the rites of their creed were essentially a worship of Nature, naturally attractive to all lovers of earth and life, and by their harmlessness conciliating the favor of philosophers who might have studied the baneful tendencies of a different creed—a creed which could propagate its dogmas only by an unremitting war against the natural instincts of the human race, and by constant intrigues against the protests of human reason. "The Nature worshiping Greeks repeated the harmless myths and practiced the merry rites of their creed for centuries without troubling themselves about the myths and rites of their neighbors. Their superstition differed from that of the church as the inspired love of Nature differs from the ecstatic fury of her enemies, as the day-dream of a happy child differs from the fever-dream of a gloomy fanatic. '*Procul Profani!*' was the cry of the Eleusinian priests. They had more followers than they wanted. Their joy-loving creed could dispense with *autos-da fé.* The Hebrews, in stress of famine, conquered a little strip of territory between Arabia and the Syrian desert, and then tried their best to live in peace with heaven and earth, and their sects contented themselves with metaphorical rib-roastings. The Saracens spread their conquests from Spain to the Ganges, but their wars had a physical, rather than metaphysical, purpose. They needed land, and made a better use of it than the former occupants. They contented themselves with assessing dissenters, and did not deem it necessary to assassinate them. But the Galilean pessimists could not afford to tolerate an unconverted neighbor. To the enemies of Nature the happiness of an earth-loving, garden-planting, and science-promoting nation was an intolerable offense: reason had to be sacrificed to faith, health and happiness to the cross, and earth to heaven" (The Secret of the East, p. 62).

And even in the modified form of Protestant Christianity, that creed remains the rancorous enemy of Freethought. The doctrine of the Galilean Buddhist is essentially a doctrine of pessimism, of other-worldliness and Nature-hating renunciation of human reason and earthly prosperity, and therefore wholly irreconcilable with the promotion of progressive science and secular happiness. Philosophers have for centuries assembled their scholars undisturbed by the songs and dances of pagan festivals; the exponents of secular science have enjoyed the good-will of health-loving Hebrews and Mohammedans, and will find a *modus vivendi* with the Spiritualists and Theosophists of the future; but Secularism, "the Science of Happiness on Earth," can never hope to conciliate the dogmatists of a creed that denies the value of life itself, and wages war against Nature as well as against the claims of natural science.

D.—PENALTIES OF NEGLECT.

Wherever Reason surrenders to Dogma, the exponents of that dogma will claim unreasonable prerogatives. Irresponsible dogmatists have never failed to pursue the interests of their creed at the expense of the interests of mankind. The lessons of Science could not be reconciled with the doctrines of Anti-naturalism, and in the interest of that doctrine the spiritual taskmasters of medieval Europe suppressed Science by methods that have retarded the progress of mankind for thirteen hundred years. The suppression of Freethought enabled the enemies of Nature to complete their triumph by the suppression of social and political liberty; and for ages the church has been the faithful ally of Despotism. The priest-ridden rulers of the expiring Roman empire and the priest-ridden rabble of the Roman provinces assisted in the persecution of Freethought, and that crime against reason was avenged by the development of a system of spiritual tyranny which at last forced even princes to kiss the dust of Canossa and degraded the lot of peasants beneath that of savages and wild beasts. The war against natural science avenged itself in the neglect of agriculture, and the enormous spread of deserts, which the priests of the Galilean miracle-monger proposed to reclaim by prayer-meetings. The surrender of Freethought to faith sealed the fate of millions of heretics and "sorcerers," who expiated an imaginary crime in the agonies of the stake. Not the abrogation of civil rights, not the intimidation of princes and commoners, but the eradication of Freethought, enabled the priests of an unnatural creed to enforce their hideous superstitions upon the prisoners of the numberless monasteries which for a series of centuries combined all the conditions for the systematic suppression of moral, intellectual, and personal freedom.

"I am not come to bring peace but the sword," said the ingenuous founder of a creed which could not fail to produce an irrepressible conflict between the delusions of its doctrines and the inspirations of nature and science—and, of course, also between the would be followers of its own preposterous precepts—and neither the lust of conquest nor the jealousy of rival nations has ever stained this earth with the torrents of blood shed by the bigots of that creed after its triumph over the protests of Freethought. The fatuous attempt to crush out dissent by substituting a roll of parchment for the book of Nature avenged itself by murderous wars about the interpretation of those same parchments. The dogmatists who had tried to perpetuate their power by the murder of modest rationalists, were assailed by hordes of their own irrationalists, raging about the ceremonial details of the wafer-rite and the immersion rite

The bigots who had refused to heed the pleadings of Bruno, and Campanella, were forced to acknowledge the battle-axe logic of the Hussites.

E.—REFORM.

Truth that prevails against error also prevails against half truths, and the recognition of just claims cannot be furthered by unjust concessions. Uncompromising right is mightiest, and Freethinkers would have served their cause more effectually if they had contended, not for the favor to enjoy a privilege, but the right to fulfil a duty. The ministry of reason imposes obligations to posterity, and to the memory of its bygone martyrs, as well as to our help-needing contemporaries; and the defense of its rights is a truer religion than submission to the yoke of a mind-enslaving dogma. The Rishis, or sainted hermits of Brahmanism, used to devote themselves to the service of a forest temple, and guard its sanctuary against vermin and reptiles; and the believers in a personal God cannot devote their lives to a nobler task than by guarding his temples against the serpent of priestly despotism.

The disciples of Secularism should learn to value the right of Freethought as the palladium of their faith, as the basis of all other blessings—moral and material, as well as intellectual. They should learn to revere the memory of the martyrs of their faith, and recognize the importance of their services to the cause of modern civilization and its sacred principles; but they should also learn to recognize the magnitude of the remaining task. It is no trifle that the prevalent system of ethics and the temporal and eternal hopes of millions of our brethren are still based on a lie. It is no trifle that the health and happiness of millions of our fellow-men are still sacrificed on the altar of that untruth by the suppression of public recreations on the only day when a large plurality of our working-men find their only chance of leisure. It is no trifle that honest men are still branded as "Infidels," "renegades," and "scoffers," for refusing to kneel in the temple of a nature-hating fanatic. The struggle against the spirits of darkness is by no means yet decided in Italy, where the arch-hierarch is spinning restless intrigues to regain the power which for ages made Europe a Gehenna of misery and despotism. Nor in Spain, where a swarm of clerical vampires is still sucking the life-blood of an impoverished nation. Nor in Austria and southern Germany, where the alliance of church and state remains a constant menace to the scant liberties of the people.

Freethinkers need not underrate the influence of individual efforts to recognize the superior advantage of organized coöperation, so urgently needed for the reform of Sabbath laws, of press laws, and the educational system of the numerous colleges still intrusted to the control of the Jesuitical enemies of science. The strength-in-union principle should encourage the oft-debated projects for the establishment of Freethought colleges (as well as Freethought communities); but still more decisive results could be hoped from that union of the powers of knowledge and of moral courage which has never yet failed to insure the triumph of social reforms. We should cease to plead for favors where we can claim an indisputable right. We should cease to admit the right of mental prostitutes to enforce the penalties of social ostracism against the champions of science; but we, in our turn, should deserve the prestige of that championship by scorning the expedients of the moral cowardice which strains at gnats and connives at beams, attacking superstition in the harmless absurdities of its ceremonial institutions, and sparing the ruinous dogmas that have drenched the face of earth with the blood of her noblest children, and turned vast areas of garden-lands into hopeless deserts. The skeptics who scoff at the inconsistencies of a poor clergyman who tries in vain to reconcile the instincts of his better nature with the demands of an anti-natural creed, should themselves be consistent enough to repudiate the worship of the fatal founder of that creed, and not let the hoary age of the Galilean doctrine palliate the tendencies of its life blighting delusions.

## Bible Geology and Evolution.

Geology as a science was entirely unknown to the ancient writers of the Bible. Yet it was impossible for them to giv an account of the alleged origin of the world and living things without encroaching upon the ground of geology.

God having made man five days after he had formed the earth, and these days having been expressly defined as comprising "evening and the morning," it was easy to calculate from the time of the birth of Adam down, say to the Babylonish captivity, from thence to the alleged birth of Christ, and from thence again to the present day—to fix a definit date to the Mosaic account of the creation.

As soon, however, as men of science made known to the world the fact that vast epochs must hav elapsed, which are not even mentioned in the Mosaic story, to account for the numerous changes in the formations which compose the earth's crust, the theologians did all they could to read into the text a meaning which the writers obviously never intended. By this process "evening and morning" were rendered "vast periods of time," although when they came to the seventh day, upon which the writers of Genesis declared that God "rested" from his labor and was "refreshed," the theologians were content to interpret this particular day as one of ordinary duration.

Playing fast and loose in this way with Bible declarations, the theologians hoped somehow to explain away all difficulties.

Even this method of treatment, however, broke down at last, and now the learned among the clergy gravely assure us that "the Bible does not pretend to teach science."

Here is an admission indeed! The Bible is not an authority on science. But if this is so, is it an authority on ancient history? Or is its morality only to be regarded as divine? Hereafter we shall hav to examin its statements in respect to these points; for the present, however, let us consider what are its teachings in relation to geological phenomena. In the first place, it represents that when deity first created the earth, it was created much as we find it to-day; that grass, herbs, and fruit-trees grew upon it immediately, and this despite the fact that the sun had not yet been created to shed his radiance upon it, and, in coöperation with the water, to call the grass and trees into being.

We hav seen that men of science to day regard the earth as an offshoot from the sun, and Sir Wm. Thompson goes as far as declaring that it would hav taken at least several millions of years to cool down sufficiently to allow any form of life to exist upon it at all. The Bible writers do not regard trees, or vegetation, in the light of lowly forms of life. They knew nothing of life apart from man and the lower animals, the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea.

And in stating the order of the creation of these, the Biblical writers arranged them in a fashion altogether out of harmony with the known facts of modern science. Nor is this all; to complete their long list of errors, they allowed only a day or two to intervene between the creation of the very lowliest forms of life and the highest.

A profound study of nature has in a variety of ways demonstrated the absurdity of all this. Indeed, it is no mere figure of speech to say that all the physical sciences combine to proclaim the great doctrin of evolution—or, as the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher felicitously described it in his last lecture in England, all the physical sciences combine to teach the doctrin of "gradualism, or the gradual unfolding of natural phenomena from the lowest to the highest."

Geology teaches that when the earth had become solid, the outer crust was converted by reason of the intense heat of the interior of the earth into hard, granit-like rock, which was subject to periodical upheavals, and which no doubt produced the inequalities of the surface which characterize it. This first formation was called by geologists the Plutonic formation (from Pluto, monarch of hell), on account of its resulting from intense heat.

The second rock formation, which differs materially from the first, and results from the action of air and water on the earth, is described as stratified rock formation, as distinguished from the previous formation (the Plutonic or unstratified formation). Let me here quote from Dr. Hardwicke's recent work on "Creation and Evolution" (Watts & Co.), page 4 of chapter on "Man: Whence and Whither," in reference to these geological formations. He says: "Geologists hav divided the stratified rock into three chief divisions: the Paleozoic (ancient life), or Primary; the Mesozoic (middle life), or Secondary; and the Kainozoic (last life). or Tertiary. Each of these, again, has been subdivided into smaller sections according to the particular kind of deposit met with, the particular places where the best examples are to be found, or the particular life forms existing." Then follows a long list of further subdivisions of the Primary, such as:

1. The Laurentian.
2. The Huronian.
3. The Cambrian.
4. The Silurian.
5. The Devonian.
6. The Carboniferous.
7. The Permian.

The Secondary are divided thus:

1. The Triassic.
2. The Jurassic.
3. The Cretaceous.

And the Tertiary as follows:

1. The Eocene.
2. The Miocene.
3. The Pleocene.
4. The Pleistocene.

Now, for these formations great periods of time are required; and it is in the highest degree unreasonable to imagin that they could hav been called into being in a few days in the order in which they are now discovered, by the mere fiat of some intelligent, man-like ghost less than six thousand years ago. In support of this contention, that excellent Biblical commentator Dr. Kalisch in the introduction to his "Commentary on Genesis" has demonstrated that geology and Genesis are altogether irreconcilable. He says: "According to chronological computations based on the Old Testament. the earth, as a part of the universe, was created 4160 B.C., or about six thousand years hence."

"Even the larger chronologies of the Septuagint, Hales and others, fix this date not farther back than between seven and eight thousand years. But the researches of the natural sciences, especially geology, lead to widely different conclusions; they prove an antiquity of the earth of such vastness that our imaginations fails to conceive, and our numbers are almost unable to express it" (page 2). And on page 8 he gives the following facts: "The old red sandstone includes the fossils of zoöphytes, conchifera, some tribes of fish, some traces of land plants; perhaps also the first perfect birds, some of small, others of gigantic size; and the footprints of those batrachians which hav attracted the most zealous attention, and to which we shall later hav occasion to allude in a very curious connection. But both in the new red sandstone, and still more in subsequent oölitic strata, occur in great abundance the huge lizard-like animals of extraordinary size, power, and armature; the voracious *ichthyosaurus*, of the length of a young whale, fitted both to liv in water and to breathe the atmosphere; of the general form of a fish to which, however, were added the teeth and breast-bone of a lizard, the paddles of the whale tribes, the beak of a porpoise, and teeth of a crocodile; the *plesiosaurus*, of similar bulk and equal rapacity, with a turtle-like body and paddles, and the most extensivly preying upon the finny tribes; further the *megalosaurus*, an enormous lizard forty-five feet long, a carnivorous land creature; the pterodactylus, or flying saurian, a lizard with bat like wings; crocodiles, some of which were herbivorous, as, for instance, the *iguanodon*, reaching the amazing length of a hundred feet, or twenty times the size of the iguana of the Ganges, its present representativ. Strongly, indeed, do these monstrous and terrible forms remind us of those strange creatures of fancy popular in ancient times and in the Middle Ages, the winged dragons and griffins, the gorgons, hydras, and chimeras; their huge jaws threatened with fearful teeth; their necks were almost equal in length to half that of the entire body of the boaconstrictor; they had enormous, mail-like impenetrable bodies, and terrible claws, and all darted upon their pray with irresistible vehemence. The oölitic beds contain further the remains of about twelve hundred other astonishing species and forms, the first specimens of insects, and about fifty plants.

"But only in deposits about the chalk formations do we meet with mammifers. About four thousand forms, all different from the present species, are found in the tertiary strata; some of them the most remarkable for their size and form, as the palectherium, the ponderous dinotherium, with the bent tusks in its lower jaw, and many other thick-skinned animals (pachydermata), like the hippopotamus and rhinoceros. Some of the species of elephants were of enormous magnitude; the mastodon, with his tusks projecting from both upper and under jaws, reached the hight of twelve feet; the mammoth, the megatherium, with claw-armed toes more than two feet in length, and the megalonyx were of gigantic proportion and iron-like organization; we find, further, the bear, the horse, and the dog, seals, dolphins, and whales; the majestic Irish elk, with its broad plank-like horns, and even several feline or carnivora, and traces of monkeys (quadrumana) till all the older creatures became extinct, and were succeeded by the existing occupants of the land and the water."

And then this learned writer asks, "If the earth was created within six days, how and for what conceivable purpose were these numberless and often huge and appalling forms of being, exhibiting every state of growth, imbedded in the different strata of the earth?"

No rational answer can be furnished by the orthodox theologian to such questions as these for this reason. The evidence of the gradual formation of these granit rocks and then of stratified series, and so on until we come to the latest geological strata, evidence that the fauna and flora of one period differ altogether from that of an earlier or later period; evidence of the existence of all sorts of strange and huge animals which hav long been extinct; evidence of the gradual evolution of the lowliest forms of life into higher—all this is demonstrated with overwhelming force by multitudinous facts drawn from the study of geology. And what is this but evidence of the truth of the doctrin of evolution? No wonder that, when the Geological Society numbered among its members more clergymen than men of science, it sought to stifle such facts as the above. No wonder that when Mr. Vivian first brought forward some of the facts discovered in Kent's cavern, before this society, his paper was suppressed. But to-day science, like murder, will out. Facts, though they hav no tongue, will speak "with most miraculous organ." And as the spirit of inquiry is abroad, who can doubt that in time geology will tell its wonderful story so that everyone with common sense shall understand?

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

UPON the great questions of origin, of destiny, of immortality, of punishment, and reward in other worlds, every honest man must say, "I do not know." Upon these questions, this is the creed of intelligence. Nothing is harder to bear than the egotism of ignorance and the arrogance of superstition.—*Ingersoll.*

# The American Secular Union.

COURTLANDT PALMER, President.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary, - - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.
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E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
E. A. STEVENS, Chair. Fin. Com., - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.

## Call for the Eleventh Annual Congress of the American Secular Union.

*To the Auxiliary Secular Unions and to all citizens of the United States and Canadas who support the Nine Demands of Liberalism:*

You are invited to attend the Eleventh Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, to be held at Chicago, October 15th and 16th.

The Congress will be called upon to consider measures for carrying on the work of Freethought and securing the adoption of such laws by the various state governments and by the national government as shall make the United States thoroughly secular, and the repeal of all laws now on the statute books which conflict with the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

Local auxiliary Unions are entitled by the Union constitution to five representativs—the President and Secretary and three delegates. All charter members and life members, all Vice Presidents, all Chairmen of state Executiv Committees, are entitled to seats and votes in the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats, but not votes, except by permission of the Congress.

It is hoped that every auxiliary Union will send a full delegation to the Congress, and that every Freethinker in the United States and Canada who can will be present.

Per order Board of Directors:

COURTLANDT PALMER, Pres.
SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Sec.
E. A. STEVENS, Ch. Fin. Com.
CHAS. ECKHARD, Treas.

## Lines.

ADDRESSED TO THE SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

Putnam! tell us of the fight,
What its signs of triumph are;
Is the army of the right
Brave beneath our banner's star?
Putnam! can you see ahead
Aught that promises success?
Is our army being led
To victory? Speak! Confess!

Putnam! tell us of the fight,
What is done and what to do;
Are the Liberals upright,
Are they brave, and good, and true?
Putnam! are our soldiers bold?
Will they stand their ground like men?
Is truth more to them then gold?
Will they sell their tongue or pen?

Putnam! tell us of the fight,
How the battle looks to you;
Are we climbing up the hight?
Are we going forward, too?
Putnam! you hav traveled far,
You hav seen our bravest, best;
Tell us, brother, is our star
Rising in the growing West?

L. K. WASHBURN.

## News and Notes.

Caldwell is a bright and lively place on the Oregon Short line, in the midst of sage-brush, but with plenty of water for irrigation, and so it has a good foundation for growth. It is only about three years old, and there is a bit of competition between it and Boise City for the trade of the river valley and the surrounding country. I guess it has come to stay, whatever its future growth may be. It has a solid look. Large brick buildings are constructed, and elegant private residences. It is one of the brightest little towns I hav struck, and it looks forward and not backward.

Of course, I found some congenial spirits here among the leading citizens of the place, who are not afraid to express their sentiments, notwithstanding the two or three churches that are being built; for the churches always go where there is a boom, and, since they hav to pay no taxes, can invest with apparent safety, and wait till fortune's wind shall fill their sails, while other speculators go by the board, being compelled to do their share for the support of government.

Sherman Coffin, L. D. Potter, Geo. H. Holbrook, Wm. Barr, Jacob Hamm, O. M. Peterson, and others are the generous and cordial friends whom I found at Caldwell, and with whom it was a pleasure to associate in the pioneer work. They are all ready to lend a hand, with strong heart and faith in humanity. I gave three lectures in the little school-house, which was filled every night. When I return next year I expect to find a great change—a splendid school-building and all other signs of prosperity and civilization. I hav had a pleasant sojourn in this three-year-old encampment, whose majority will place it, I think, among the most brilliant cities of the West.

Thursday night, after the lecture, I travel over the endless sage-brush beneath the solemn stars to Nampa, which I reach after midnight. A short sleep, and I leave in the early morning for Boise City via the new railroad which was opened about a week ago. Boise City was left out in the building of the Oregon Short line, and, as the phrase is, received a "black eye." But it is evidently recovering, and proposes to come to the front again. The new railroad is crowded with passengers coming and going to the capital city of Idaho. It is about twenty miles from Nampa on the banks of the Boise river. It presents a pretty and attractiv appearance from the high bluffs as you look down upon it in the morning's splendid radiance. It is indeed a beautiful city, embowered in trees and surrounded with orchards and harvest fields and bright meadows. It was nothing but sage-brush at the beginning, not a tree or spear of grass, but now it is a picture of fertility. There are about four thousand inhabitants in Boise, and it does look as if it were on the tide of fortune's ample stream. If the Northwestern Railroad passes through it *en route* for Yaquina bay on the Pacific coast, it has an assured career, for it will then be one of the great transcontinental routes, and will command the trade of Boise river valley and of an immense mining region which, they say, is the richest in the world, and only in the first stages of development.

Idaho territory has advanced wonderfully for the last three or four years. Its farming prospects hav increased. Vast herds of cattle roam over its pastures. Its climate is simply delightful. There is but little snow in winter, and the summer's heat is not oppressiv. The elevation is three and four thousand feet above the sea. It is an excellent fruit country—apples, pears, peaches, cherries, plums are produced in abundance. One apple in this section weighed twenty-eight ounces. I ate a large pear and peach from Ireton's orchard, and the flavor was delicious, surpassing that of these fruits in California. Extensiv canals are being built, and these will largely enhance the resources of the country. The time is coming when every bit of these sage-brush plains will be watered and cultivated.

There are seven churches in Boise City besides the Salvation Army, which was in full operation, with music and parade, on my arrival. However, I had good audiences at Capital Hall, and on Sunday evening I had more than all the churches and Salvation Army combined, several hundred being present. There is a large Liberal element in Boise City, although there is much indifference and timidity. But the Liberals are really in a majority if they would assert themselvs. There are those here who are not afraid to stand by their colors, and through them I believe Idaho will become a noble representativ of Freethought.

T. J. Pefly is now mayor of the city, and has ever been an activ Liberal. An out-and-out Christian was run against him, and it was an ecclesiastical fight. And freedom was victorious. It is quite a hope for our cause that, in spite of seven churches, our candidate was so signally successful. Mr. Pefly is a man worthy of the honor, for he is a fearless and strenuous supporter of Infidel principles, and has won respect by his unflinching devotion to advanced ideas.

T. C. Galoway is another of our outspoken advocates, who has been in the country from the start, and has the backbone of the pioneer. He has been in the legislature and watched the Christians there. They undertook to pass a Sunday law prohibiting work on the "Sabbath." Mr. Galoway introduced an amendment, that no pay should be given for any work on Sunday, including the work of clergymen. The amendment passed. The Christians took no further interest in the Sunday law, and it went by default. J. A. Davis, H. R. Boynton, A. O. Miller, Harlan Pefly, John Jones Smith, Wilson Nye, department commander of the Grand Army; I. A. Gould, Jas W. Harrel, E. M. Crawford, E. A. Curtis, John B. Broadhent, T. P. Woodcock, I. P. Wilson, sheriff of the county; John Lemp, Jacob Deihl, D. W. James, John Atkinson, Daniel Bacon, editor of the *Republican;* James Stewart, T. Driscoll, Fred. Iseli, J. H. Morgan, Mr. Lawton, and many others are the outspoken allies of Freethought in this place, and I hav found nowhere a more inspiring welcome and entertainment than at Boise City. I like the country and the people, and it has been a pleasure to mingle with them on the high planes of thought and action, where the to-morrow's sun gilds to-day.

I was also pleased to meet Dr. Jennie Bearby, of Mountain Home; Mr. Richards, of Hailey, an editor who dares to speak the truth; Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Johnson, of Bliss, etc. Mrs. Johnson is Catholic, but says that she always takes the good things of the Bible and leaves the bad. On this point we cordially agree to disagree. There would be little conflict if all Christians were of that mold.

My friend, James Wardwell, of Emmett's, was with me all through the campaign; and so, of course, I could never hav a dark moment with such a jovial comrade about.

So I leave Idaho with memories of bright skies, desert lands, busy people, and live Liberals, and my homeward journey has been made brilliant with hope of future work.

A long night and day's ride, and, in the evening's glow, I am again in Salt Lake valley, with its many-hued mountains, its shining fields, its glistening waters flowing away like a sea into the remote and burnished sky. There is no more lovely valley in all this world. Here, I believe, our bright banners will flash in victory. The convention of Utah Liberals is this week. Next week I am at Canyon City, Col.; October 2d at Denver. October 4th, 5th, 6th, at Osceola, Neb., and then through Iowa to Chicago for Annual Congress. I hope to see a noble gathering of the friends of Freedom. This is an important meeting for future work. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*Salt Lake*, Sept. 21, 1887.

## Reynolds on His Western Tour.

September 11th I am at South Bend, Ind. Mr. D. Newton Strauss, a cultured and fearless young Liberal, of Sweet Home, took me to South Bend and introduced me to young Wm. Farr, the indefatigable news agent, who, educated a Catholic—under the ministrations of that noble old veteran in the cause of human progress, H. C. Van Liew—has evoluted to a most devoted Liberal. I love to meet the aged veterans who hav borne the brunt of battle against bigotry and superstition; but my heart always throbs with hopeful joy to find the young, with all the enthusiasm of youth, devoting their best efforts to spreading abroad the principles of Liberalism.

South Bend is a city of great enterprise and thrift. Its most successful business men claim to be Liberals, but when I ascertained that only two persons took any Liberal papers, I knew at best it would be difficult to get the people out to hear a Liberal lecture, and, with such short notice, next to impossible. Liberal mollusks, too stingy to pay for a Liberal paper and keep posted on the success of the good work, soon lose all interest and imagin the cause is as dead as they themselvs hav become to every generous, noble, or unselfish impulse.

Notwithstanding the indomitable efforts of Wm. Farr, who, although suffering from severe sick headache, most thoroughly advertised the lecture for Sunday evening at Knights of Labor Hall, there was a meager attendance, the hall being only half filled. A Professor Myers, principal of the high school and secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, interrupted me by asking questions, and gushed at length over the blessed Bible and God sending the dear savior to die for us. I asked him if he would retain faith in the savior if God himself in the Bible positivly declared "there was no other God besides him—that besides him there was no savior?" He replied, No, of course, he would not. I read to him Isa. xliii, 10, 11, and Hos. xiii, 4. After gasping in astonishment and fright, he finally rallied and said that was all right. Jesus had declared that he and his father were one. I read to him the prayer of Christ (John xvii): "That they may be one, as we are one: I in them, and thou in me." He then dodged off to the Mosaic account of creation, and challenged me to public discussion. With the help of a friend he wrote out his proposition, "That the Mosaic account of creation, as given in the scriptures, is in strict harmony and accord with the latest scientific and advanced thought." He insisted I should take the negativ and open the debate. Said he, "You prove it is not, then I will answer you." His friends had great difficulty in making him see the absurdity of his request. Finally, it was agreed he should speak for half an hour, I three-quarters of an hour, and he a quarter of an hour to close.

I am informed the ministers, instead of helping him, berated him severely for provoking a debate for which he was totally unqualified. Quite a number of Christians, however, accompanied him to the hall on Monday night, affording me opportunity to present ideas for their consideration they never, perhaps, otherwise could hav been prevailed on to listen to. Professor Meyers read the first chapter of Genesis, said the nebular hypothesis was only a hypothesis, but he firmly believed it, and spent the rest of his time telling how unmercifully I should ridicule him, and entreating I would not refer to him. I simply ignored him, proved nearly every statement in the Mosaic account of creation was directly in conflict with every fact of science, then gave the principles of Liberalism, and urged the honest-hearted, in view of the utter and lamentable failure of Christianity to meet the wants of the human race, to investigate for themselvs, to dare to think, and to hav the courage to avow and liv up to their convictions.

September 14th I was at Monticello, Ill. Dr. Wm. Noecker, president of the Bank of Monticello, and his efficient young cashier, O. W. Moore, are the leading spirits in the good work. They made an unfortunate error of judgment—took it for granted all prized the truth as they did, and advertised admission thirty-five cents. This proved to be a prohibitory tariff. Attendance was three times as many the second night as the first, but numerically could not be regarded as a success.

Sept. 18th to 21st at Mattoon, Ill. There is said to be a large Spiritual-Liberal element in this place, but if so they failed to materialize. Mr. Jacob Cassell

and Mr. Frank Frazier are earnest workers, devoted to the cause, willing to bear burdens, and the Liberals of Mattoon were perfectly willing they should, and let them bear it all.

STRASBURG, ILL., Sept. 19th. How exhilarating and delightsome to find this glorious oasis in such a wilderness of dying mollusks! Dr. A. York gave me an earnest invitation to visit Strasburg, and lecture at the school-house. I found a thriving village, and hosts of whole-souled, warm-hearted, intelligent men and women. The school-house held about one hundred and fifty. The vestibule was crowded, the windows opened, and half as many more had to take the droppings from the sanctuary. The night being warm and pleasant, standing for an hour and a half was their worst discomfort. To show the mettle they are made of, a collection after the lecture resulted in Dr. York, after paying every expense, having over $10 left for a reserve fund toward payment of the next lecture.

At Centralia, Ill., Sept. 22d, I found a glad welcome and palatial home at the Centralia House, with stanch and true F. D. Rexford. Attendance at Turner's Hall last night, Thursday Sept. 22d, was excellent. To day some hav come fourteen miles to hear the lecture this evening. C. B. REYNOLDS.

P. S—I am to be at Belleville, Sept., 25th, 26th, and 27th; at Minier, Oct. 1st, 2d, and 3d; at Westfield, Oct. 5th, 6th, and 7th; at Tuscola, Oct. 9th, 10th, and 11th; at Olney, Oct. 12th, 13th, and 14th; at Chicago the 15th and 16th. C. B. R.

## International Freethought Congress.

*Reported by J. M. Wheeler in the London Freethinker.*

Judged by the enthusiasm and cordiality displayed at its meetings the International Conference must be pronounced a great success. It is now half a dozen years since London was the scene of the annual gatherings which were inaugurated by the "Anticoncilio" of Naples, called by Count Giuseppe Ricciardi, in 1860, in opposition to the Œcumenical Council of Rome. English Freethinkers may congratulate themselvs that at a time when the council general placed on the agenda paper for discussion some of the most debatable points among Freethinkers, they hav had their full share in settling such questions.

The proceedings were opened by Mr. Bradlaugh welcoming the foreign delegates to England in a few well-chosen words. M. Odin replied, expressing the foreign delegates' sense of English hospitality, and the hope that the concert of various nations would aid the movements of emancipation.

Mr. Bradlaugh, having been elected to the chair on the proposition of foreign delegates, then gave the presidential address. He alluded to the improved position of Freethinkers during the last three-quarters of a century. In France, Belgium, and Italy most of the prominent public men were buried without religious ceremonies. The Burial bill of 1880 had rendered that possible in England also, and it was now their own fault if Freethinkers were buried with religious rites. Since 1870 it was in the power of the English people to elect school boards providing secular education. He regretted that full advantage had not been taken of the law. Nor had English Freethinkers sufficiently insisted upon the withdrawal of their children from board schools whilst religious instruction was given. In France a purely secular education was becoming more the matter of habit and custom than the exception. The battle of Freethought was to be fought, not in lectures, pamphlets, and books, but by the education of children in science. They were not met to discuss political or social grievances, but to discuss the common burdens on freedom of thought in every country. In this conference were no international boundaries. They had a church in which there was no pope, in which the only altar was the printing-press and the only prayer the uttered thoughts of man.

Mr. Bradlaugh then had to leave, and the chair was taken by Mr. G. W. Foote. A very lengthy list of societies and distinguished individuals, who gave in their adhesion to the Congress, was then read by M. Navez, secretary to the General Council, and as the list was frequently accompanied by documents and works sent for inspection, it occupied most of the morning sitting. From Italy, the Italian League of Freethinkers, a number of Freethought societies at Naples, nine masonic lodges there, a society at Senegallia, and the Foro d'Ischia, gave adhesions. From Spain and Portugal eleven societies sent adhesion, their locations being Madrid, Lisbon, Cadiz, Valladollid, Saragossa, Barcelona, Tabugo, Reus, Mahon, and Bilbao. Out of France there came adhesions from a number of societies in Paris (six delegates). Reims, Bordeaux, Saumur, Malvilliers, Puteaux, Pantin, Versailles, Rainey, Sevres, Lisioux, Lyons (three societies), Montataire, Forges-les-Eaux, Bicêtre, Angoulême, Angers, Boulogne, Saint-Arvant-de-Boixe, and Orleans. German adhesions came from societies in Hamburg, Darmstadt, Stuttgart, Weisbaden, Eick, Cologne, Hagen, and Gotha Switzerland sent representations from Geneva and Zurich; Belgium was strongly represented, some fourteen delegates hailing from Brussels and Antwerp; among them M. Fournément, avocat, deputé, of the Belgian Parliament; and from Holland, *De Dageraad* sent its adhesion and delegate. Among other letters read were those from Dr. Buchner, who sent papers giving his views on the questions before the Conference, from A. S. Morin, and from Dr. Bovio, who sent a copy of his *Filosofia del Diritto*.

In the afternoon the Conference discussed the question whether teaching should be indifferent or directly hostil to religious dogmas. Mrs. Besant occupied the chair.

Upon a vote being taken the Congress decided in favor of neutrality by a very large majority.

Signor Contieras then opened the question, "What is Freethought? Examination of philosophic doctrins—Spiritualism, Materialism, Positivism." The delegate quoted Professor Bovio as defining Freethought as the autonomy of reason; Spiritualism was based on false hypotheses; Positivism was a step toward Naturalism, the term preferred by Italian Freethinkers.

M. Paul Foucart briefly reviewed the questions and then gave an able and lengthy exposition and defense of the method of Positivism, which gave up the search into the origin of phenomena, but inquired into their succession and relation.

This closed the Saturday evening sitting.

On Sunday morning at 10:30. Mr. Bradlaugh again presided.

Dr. C. de Paepe read a valuable paper prepared by Dr. Ludwig Buchner who was unavoidably absent, in which Dr. Buchner defined the relations of Free thought, and expressed himself at one with the present method of Positivism. Dr. de Paepe explained that he called himself a positivist in science, separating the positiv method entirely from the sociology and religious cult founded by Comte.

The discussion on the question, "Can Freethought be Separated from the Social Question?" was opened by M. Navez. He held that the Freethinker could no more admit the dogmas of the despotic than of the religious *regime*. Political, social, and religious reform must march side by side. At the same time, Freethinkers were not pledged to any opinions known as Socialist.

Dr. De Paepe then read a lengthy paper by Dr. Buchner, which will doubtless be published, and in which he givs a survey of the social question similar to that found in his work on "Man in the Past, Present, and Future."

Sunday evening was devoted to a public meeting, Mr. Bradlaugh being in the chair. The hall was crowded in every part by a most enthusiastic audience.

Mr. Holyoake spoke first, and alluded to the progress of Freethought. Mr. Navez followed. On behalf of the General Council, he considered the Congress a grand success.

M. Jules Grimaldi, of Spain, followed. He said many people thought Spain still in the same condition it was in at the time of Philip II. He had even been asked if the Inquisition was still in existence. Since 1868, when Isabella was sent out of Spain, there had been much greater freedom. Affirmation is permitted in Parliament as well as in courts of law. No one can be prosecuted for trading on Sunday. Among the society of Friends of Progress which he represented, they had several members of the Cortes, and there were about one hundred Freethinking societies, with twelve Freethought papers. It was true the provinces sent out many pilgrims to Lourdes, but that was their Salvation Army.

Monday morning was devoted to the business of the Federation. The report and balance-sheet of the General Council were read and adopted, and some alterations were made in the rules, providing that in future a Congress should be held at least every two years. It was decided that the revolution of 1789 should be celebrated at Paris, in 1889, and a hope was expressed that one would be held previously at Rome to celebrate the inauguration of the statue to Giordano Bruno. The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to Mr. Bradlaugh, proposed by M. Leon Fournément, who said that for many years past the eyes of European Freethinkers had been on Mr. Bradlaugh, whom they regarded with admiration and esteem. He coupled the name of Mrs. Besant, to whom he paid a well-deserved tribute, for having, throughout the Congress, translated the French speeches into English, and the English into French. In seconding the resolution, Dr. de Paepe thought it necessary to express regret that Mr. Bradlaugh was not in favor of Socialism, a point upon which Mr Bradlaugh very properly did not deign to reply, although he referred, in indignant terms, to the calumnies to which he had been subject in Socialist journals.

In the afternoon the debate, "Can Freethought be Separated from the Social Question?" was continued. M. Odin read a vigorous paper on the connection of Freethought and the social question. In France they were compelled to pay for a religion in which they do not believe. The priest was paid for teaching obedience. Freethought was inseparable from the social question, though not bound up with any particular school of Socialism.

Mrs. Besant remarked that the social question might be confounded with Socialism. If asked whether Freethought could be separated from Socialism, Socialist as she was, she would answer in the affirmativ. But if it meant that Freethinkers must not interest themselvs in the social welfare, she would vote otherwise. She dwelt on the historic connection of Freethought with all social and political progress, and suggested a revision of the terms of the discussion.

Dr. de Paepe, in a lengthy speech, declared that the social question was the all-important one. He bore testimony both as man and physician that poverty was the great obstacle to mental improvement. He did not wish to see Freethinkers bound to any economical dogmas, though for himself he adopted the teaching of Marx. He had [since the morning] discovered that Mr. Bradlaugh was a Socialist himself. He put the resolution in an amended form that Freethought cannot be indifferent to the question of social amelioration, but it is not distinctly Socialist or anti-Socialist.

M. Paul Foucart declared that philosophically Freethought and the social question were entirely independent. By a historical *resume* he showed that the social question had been solved in various ages by caste, slavery, feudalism, etc., quite apart from Freethought. He wished this fact put as a preamble to Dr. de Paepe's resolution.

Dr. Terwagne and Madam Rocher considered it was now impossible to separate the questions.

Mr. Swaagman considered the Socialist view was as if the party of progress in Russia was to pronounce that all Freethinkers should be Nihilists. He thought that English Freethinkers, at any rate, would hold, not only that the questions were distinct, but that they ought to be kept so.

Mr. G. W. Foote thought it unfortunate a vote should be taken upon a theoretical question. In a Catholic council the matter is simple, but no Freethinker was bound by the decision of this Congress. The "social question" is a very wide phrase, and offered a multitude of contradictory solutions. It was, in fact, so comprehensiv that one might as well argue that Freethought can be separated from life itself. If Freethought is to do good work it must be restricted. Ranging in all directions you may fancy yourself a universalist without being even a good specialist. Freethought assumes the presence of superstition. It has, so to speak, to deal with a pathological condition of mind and has no right to dictate what use healthy minds shall be put to. Our power of foreseeing the future is very limited. Let us remove obstacles to thinking freely, and social problems will work themselvs out in proportion as we are enlightened. It is not for us to anticipate the future, but to clear away the clouds of error, and leave to another generation the task that will devolve upon it.

Upon the vote being taken there was a considerable majority in favor of the amended resolution that Freethought cannot be indifferent to the question of social amelioration, but that it should not be identified with any Socialist or anti-Socialist solution. The proposed preamble, declaring that the questions were philosophically distinct, was rejected by a very close division.

In the evening about one hundred delegates sat down to a banquet at the Holborn Restaurant. In the name of the foreign visitors Signor Contieras, in a few graceful words, presented Mrs. Besant with a handsome basket of choice flowers. After the repast, Mr. Bradlaugh, who presided, proposed the toast "To the oppressed of all nations," coupling with it the names of Messrs. Holyoake and Foote, who suitably responded. The toast of "The Foreign Visitors," proposed by Mrs. Besant, was responded to by MM. Contieras, Odin, and Fournément; and that of "The International Federation," proposed by Mr. G. Standring, was responded to by M. Navez.

The remainder of the evening was devoted to harmony, songs being given by Mr. Bonner, Miss Tiffin, Mr. Porter, Mr. Trevelyan, and Mr. Fowler. M. Fournément sang "La Marseillaise," the whole of the audience joining in the chorus. When Mr. Foote, who succeeded to the chair towards the close of the evening, brought the meeting to a conclusion, all the delegates expressed themselv highly pleased with the whole proceedings of the Congress, and desirous of witnessing anothor fraternal reunion of Freethinkers of all nations.

## Another Testimonial for Mrs. Slenker.

ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN, *Sir:* In response to your call for testimonials from those who hav corresponded with Mrs. Elmina D. Slenker on sexology, I wish to say, and emphatically, that I hav profited by holding conversation on paper with her on matters relativ to sex. Furthermore, I hav known Mrs. Slenker for years, and hav found her honest in all things.

*Amsterdam, N. Y.* RAY D. CHAPMAN.

DR. J. L. YORK speaks in Philadelphia, Oct. 2d and 9th; Boston, 16th; Albany, 23d; Buffalo, 30th; Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 6th and 13th; Kent, O., 20th, and Denver, Col., 27th.

# Communications.

## Henry George.

Henry George, more than any other man in his day and generation, has simplified and brought to the notice and comprehension of the masses political economy. He demolishes the old theory of a "wage fund," that is, that "wages are fixed by the ratio between the number of laborers and the amount of capital devoted to the employment of labor," and demonstrates his proposition that "wages, instead of being drawn from capital, are in reality drawn from the product of the labor for which they are paid." Again, he demolishes the Malthusian theory, showing that, however it may be applied to the lower animal and vegetable life, man's intelligence is an insurmountable obstacle to its application. When advancing intelligence began to doubt the goodness of God in creating poverty, it was a godsend to the *exploiteur* to shift it all onto nature. Malthus deserved a medal for writing: "A man who is born into a world already occupied, his family unable to support him and society not requiring his labor, such a man, I say, has not the least right to claim any nourishment whatever; he is really one too many on the earth. At the great banquet of nature there is no plate laid for him. Nature commands him to take himself away, and she will not be slow to put her order into execution." "What can't be cured must be endured," and, as George says, "the rich Christian bends on Sunday in a nicely upholstered pew to implore the good gifts of the all father without feeling any responsibility for the squalid misery that is festering but a square away. For poverty, want, and starvation are by this theory not chargeable either to individual greed or to social maladjustments; they are the inevitable results of universal laws." Mr. George has employed his splendid talent in denouncing the wrongs of society. Brave, honest, and sincere, he has stood the champion of the poor. If he has allowed his zeal to blind his judgment, or lead him into paths of error, it may well be forgiven him. Social science is by no means an exact science. It is one thing for our social doctors to discover and describe the ills; it is quite another thing to effect a cure. But if they successfully diagnose and honestly recommend a remedy, let us giv them due credit. Mr. George himself has said: "I ask no one . . . to accept my views. I ask him to think for himself. Whoever, laying aside prejudice and self-interest, will honestly and carefully make up his own mind as to the causes and the cure of the social evils that are so apparent, does, in that, the most important thing in his power toward their removal. This primary obligation devolves upon us individually, as citizens and as men. Whatever else we may be able to do, this must come first. For 'if the blind lead the blind, they shall both fall into the ditch.'"

Our doctrinaires, owing to abstract ideas and technicalities, make political economy exceedingly dry reading to the average reader. As a recent writer in *Social Science* says, "the whole subject is so involved in the inaccuracies of speech, so mixed up through idiomatic expressions, metaphorical, parabolical, or symbolical terms and phrases, that of all scientific subjects it is the most difficult to find language to explain it with clearness and without ambiguity; . . . literally full of sophisms, perplexing suppositions, contradictions, and errors of every kind clothed in high flown language, arranged in a sort of order, and imagined to be very scientific and strongly fortified, but in truth, political economy is built of the flimsiest of material, and is destined to be ere long scattered to the winds."

I believe that a majority of the followers of Henry George trust more to the honesty and capacity of their hero than to their own ability to understand his theories. Mr. George's panacea is a tax on land values. He would abolish our present system of revenue and taxation, and place a single, direct tax upon the land, taking therefrom its full rental value. A startling theory, and would appear at first very unjust, but when contrasted with our present iniquitous robber system, it becomes the very acme of judicious statesmanship. In justice to his tax, he shows that land values are largely due to advancing civilization, and not to the labor of the owner; that is, as society creates the value, its rent should be returned by way of taxes. Of course, the tax would virtually destroy private ownership in land. Hence, Mr. George shows the injustice of such ownership. He says: "This right of ownership that springs from labor excludes the possibility of any other right of ownership. If a man be rightfully entitled to the produce of his labor, then no one can be rightfully entitled to the ownership of anything which is not the produce of his labor, or the labor of some one else from whom the right has passed to him. If production giv to the producer the right to exclusiv possession and enjoyment, there can rightfully be no exclusiv possession and enjoyment of anything not the production of labor, and the recognition of private property in land is wrong. For the right to the produce of labor cannot be enjoyed without the right to the free use of the opportunities offered by Nature, and to admit the right of property in these is to deny the right of property in the produce of labor. When non-producers can claim as rent a portion of the wealth created by producers, the right of the producers to the fruits of their labor is to that extent denied." A careful reading of the above would seem to exclude the usurer from the interest on his bond. It is surely not the produce of his labor. But Mr. George sanctions interest. He says: "It is true that if I put away money, it will not increase. But suppose instead I put away wine. At the end of a year I will hav an increased value. for the wine will hav improved in quality. Or supposing that, in a country adapted to them, I set out bees; at the end of a year I hav more swarms of bees, and the honey which they hav made. Or supposing, where there is a range, I turn out sheep, or hogs, or cattle; at the end of the year I will, upon the average, also hav an increase. Now, what givs the increase in these cases is something which, *though it generally requires labor to utilize it*, is yet distinct and separate from labor—the activ power of nature—the principle of growth, of reproduction, which everywhere characterizes all the forms of that mysterious thing or condition which we call life. And it seems to me that it is this which is the cause of interest, or the increase of capital over and above that due to labor." The italics are mine.

*Antonio.* Is your gold and silver ewes and lambs?
*Shylock.* I cannot tell. I make them breed as fast.

Now, it seems to me that Mr. George, in introducing this "element of time," this "increase in nature," has strangely overlooked the fact of a corresponding decrease in nature, and "time at last sets all things even." The "grain may grow while the farmer sleeps," but it is absorbing the richness of the soil, and the weevil may develop while the farmer sleeps; the frosts may come, the waters drown, the fires burn, the calf becomes a cow, grows old, and dies The trouble with this "element of time" is that "it generally requires labor to utilize it," and in this way establishes a "right of ownership." Not so with interest: it requires no labor; it not only "grows while the farmer sleeps," but it requires no fertilizer. It defies the weevil, the frosts, and fires. Its vigor is never abated, it never dies. Its likeness to this "increase in nature" reminds me of the closeness in color of the Dutchman's oxen; one was all black, with a white face, and the other was all white, with a black face.

It seems to me that Mr. George is a little too arbitrary in the use of terms; like the mathematician, he sometimes mistakes his figures for the things themselvs. He says: "Land, labor, and capital are the factors of production. The term land includes all natural opportunities or forces; the term labor all human exertion, and the term capital all wealth used to produce more wealth. In returns to these three factors is the whole produce distributed. That part which goes to land owners as payment for the use of natural opportunities is called rent; that part which constitutes the reward of human exertion is called wages, and that part which constitutes the return for the use of capital is called interest. These terms mutually exclude each other. The income of any individual may be made up from any one, two, or all three of these sources; but in the effort to discover the laws of distribution we must keep them separate." It is in keeping them separate that enables him to work out his problem so nicely. The fact is, land and capital are simply the tools of labor; labor creates all wealth. That fictitious wealth Mr. George would tax is simply the result of monopoly—a creature of man-made law. Mr. George makes "three parties divide the produce—the laborer, the capitalist, and the land owner;" a better distinction would be the laborers, the loafers, and the robbers. Mr. George carefully distinguishes between rent, interest, and wages; but, according to his postulate, the "right of ownership," it is a distinction without a difference. Wages may properly stand for the earnings of labor; interest, rent, and profit, unearned increase allowed by law or custom. They are interchangeable terms, as J. K. Ingalls shows in "Social Wealth." "Interest is the *profit* which the money-lender or capitalist derives from the employment of his *capital*." Again,

"Profit is the *interest* which the operator or merchant realizes from his money invested in his business."

"Rent is the *interest* which the landholder receives for the sum of money invested in land, or for that sum of money for which said land would sell." Still again,

"Profit is the *rent* of the land which had been sold to obtain the capital employed, or for which such capital would exchange; and,

"Interest is the *rent* of so much land as was sold to raise the principal, or for which the principal would exchange."

In Mr. George's search for the causes of the unjust distribution of wealth, he ignores a most potent factor—legislation; he seeks in nature for laws that are in man only. He says the increase in nature is the cause of interest. It may hav suggested interest in the mind of man, as Shylock's reference to Jacob's thrift would seem to indicate, but this is no cause.

I fear Mr. George, in his onslaught upon land monopoly, has overlooked another formidable enemy of labor, a second whelp of the same dam—money monopoly. If there is any difference between the two, it is one of degree, not of kind; and to chain one and to let the other run, would be, to say the least, unwise.

Now Mr. George makes an ethical point: "That alone is wise which is just; that alone is enduring which is right. In the narrow scale of individual actions and individual life this truth may be often obscured, but in the wider field of national life it everywhere stands out." I, too, would "bow to this arbitrament, and accept this test." Is this "unearned increase," that robs labor and rewards loafers, is it just? is it right? If it is not, then let us smother this idea of "necessary evil," and drown the pups.

And if their *Alma Mater*, the state, stands in the way, why, it must be bad for the state; for, as George says, "If the conclusions that we reach run counter to our prejudices, let us not flinch; if they challenge institutions that hav long been deemed wise and natural, let us not turn back." A. L. Ballou.

*Buffalo, N. Y.*

## The Voice of Science.

A SPEECH I MADE (IN MY MIND) AT THE SOCIALISTS' INDIGNATION MEETING.

Fellow Citizens of the World: A great labor crisis is upon us. The whole world is involved. From a terrible revolution but one thing can save us—Truth, and Science is its *prophet*. Now, if science is, and is worthy to be, the *prophet* of that which stands above all other things (as, I am sure you will agree with me, truth does), should it not also be your *prophet?* And with *such* a prophet would you need at all that *other* "prophet?" With such a leader, counsellor, and teacher—in a word, with such a god—need you hanker after any *false* god? Idolaters I know you are not. Aye, if science is worthy to be the prophet and servant of so worthy a master as truth, let us together rejoice in humiliation, and at the same time with pride and exaltation, in accepting her as our true prophet and real Moses to lead us out of this wilderness of woe, of carnage, and of strife. For, be assured, my brethren—indeed, you know—that, as science advances, diversity of opinion dies away, and unity of knowledge takes its place. Mark these two differences, *opinion* and *knowledge*, and *diversity* and *unity*, for in these differences lie both the difficulty and the remedy. To produce this unity of knowledge for the whole race of men is the magnificent destiny of science; and the humblest cultivator of such knowledge and promoter of such unity is, like the coral insect, helping to rear an edifice, which, emerging from out this vexed ocean of conflicting opinion, shall be first stable and secure, and at last shall cover itself with verdure, flowers, and fruit, and bloom beautiful in the face of heaven.

Yes, truth will giv us unity of thought and purpose, which we must hav, as there is but one truth. Then we will be able to accomplish the great work which is demanded, and which must be achieved first, viz., the organization of labor—the *scientific organization* of labor. This must be the basis of a larger and true social organization. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth will make you free," saith Christ. Let us first seek to know the truth, and then act it. And then we will all be preachers of righteousness and true priests—priests of truth, and not of barren dogmas or superstition. Let us help science and labor to join hands—hearts and hands—as in a marriage, which shall know no divorce forever. And science will help labor to bring forth a thousandfold; to "find favor in our sight and honor in the land," and to "hasten the time when every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain." And when she will "beat our swords into plowshares and our spears into pruning-hooks," and make the "nations to know war no more forever;" and make the "wilderness and solitary place glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose."

But now, to closer quarters. You and your treacherous friends are both wrong. Your *state* Socialism is one extreme, and their egoistic individualism is the other extreme from the golden mean where the truth lies. Yet individualism and Socialism are both true, not to the exclusion but inclusion of each other, that is, when combined in due and proper balance. They are both necessary factors in the equation of life, and are so *because* human nature is both individual and social, egoistic and altruistic.

They (your friends) say that it is childish on your part to expect to carry your theory of the state ownership of *all* the means of production into practice. And I agree with them, and add that it is not at all necessary to do so in order to gain your object (with which I agree) of substituting for the present competitiv, cut-throat, and wage system a coöperativ

and more fraternal and helpful one, and thereby to eliminate the profit-making fiend which is the veritable Mephistopheles of the industrial world. "State Socialism" would violate or bar the liberty of individual initiation and voluntary coöperation in industrial enterprise. It would, in too great a degree, take away the incentiv to individual effort and ambition, and conflict unduly with individual freedom generally. It would be tyranny to the minority—should there be a minority. And would not a minority, at times at least, be inevitable? The excuse for this state ownership is to get rid of the profit fiend. It can be got rid of without it. How, I cannot stop to tell you now.

But if your expectations are "childish," theirs are babyish. If yours are "too fresh," theirs are more than proportionately "too stale." More than a century ago, and before the French Revolution, the landlords in Europe, never here, were the oppressors of the people. To day the manufacturing and merchant prince, the railroad king, the money-monger, and the stock jobber and speculator, hav taken their places. And Mammon, all along this line, is infinitly more the oppressor than before—than ever before. And yet these pin feather economists (your friends), these unsophisticated youths, these innocents, say they expect a land tax would remedy all the gigantic evils, abolish poverty, and bring in a reign of justice, "peace, and good will to men." It is, indeed, too "childish," or "babyish," for serious comment. And I drop it with saying that a somewhat detailed and statistical demonstration of the utter weakness of this land tax doctrin may be found in the *Forum* for June. And yet I am tempted to add this other thought, that any mere tyro in economics knows that any tax on any means of production is paid ultimately by the consumer.

Hundreds and thousands of the most capable young men in this country are annually leaving farming, declining to accept farms as gifts and become *landlords*, but choosing nothing and other chances rather than to liv the life of a farmer and landlord. My father offered me a hundred acre farm and a setting out on it if I would remain a farmer. But I chose rather nothing and my *chances* in more inviting fields. And, my friends, don't think that I may know nothing about labor and the differences in occupations. I hav been an employer and employee in all three branches of industry—the agricultural, manufacturing, and mercantil. Before of age I took the place and did the work of two men (ordinary hands) in the harvest field. At seventeen I took the place of a man in working a team and plow, and was, by my father, pronounced a good plowman. But while my horses were taking in their hay and oats for two hours at noon, I was taking in, besides my dinner, Greek philosophy, and the life of Socrates. And ever since then Socrates has been my literary love, so to speak, and, to me, the consistent and moral hero, *par excellence*, of all the ages. Ethics was his *forte*, and ethics is what I love most, but economics I hav made my *forte* because it is the more immediately concerned with this great and pressing labor question, and it is what the world is now ready to understand and to apply. Ethics will follow it. This is their natural and therefore inevitable order. I mean as sciences. The one teaches wisdom, the other justice. And we must know how to be or to do good before we can be or do good. Though it may not be out of place, even now, to say to those whom it may concern: "Ye who profess to be more than just, even charitable, prepare to be just!"

Now, as to money and the importance of its reform, you are both equally delinquent and oblivious. I don't refer to your respectiv platforms, for these, as platforms usually are, are set or spread to catch votes (as the sails of a ship to catch the wind), especially that of your friends. But I refer to what is known to be the original and real doctrin of each of you. Your friends' platform shows more tact, if not more appreciation, on this point than yours does. This money question and its reform, I am bold to affirm, is the most important, the most pressing, and at the same time the most practicable and easily effected, of all the questions involved in this great industrial reform. Besides, being absolutely, in its essence, of social origin, and therefore entirely socialistic, how or why you Socialists hav overlooked the question, and hav failed to take advantage of this characteristic of it, is to me unaccountable and astounding.

As for the success, in any large way, of either of you, that is impossible without the aid of the farmers; and they are opposed, and will remain so, to both the land tax of your friends and the state ownership of the means of production of yourselvs. I know whereof I speak. I am a Granger, and hav been with the farmers in their national associations and conventions, and know them well. Indeed, both the Grangers and the Knights of Labor are in advance of both you and your friends in real, practical measures of reform.

But why so concerned about what these people did at Syracuse? They are not the labor party of the United States. They are only the New York clique, or the "swell head" party of New York, if you will pardon this much slang. The real labor party, it seems to me, is the Union Labor party, which held a national conference at Cincinnati last February, and issued a good platform, and authorized and invited state organizations under it, which hav been going on ever since. Why don't you join in with this party?

A word, and I am done. You seem too arrogant, too arbitrary, and too little docil for your own interests. There seems an air of clannishness about you. You make speeches in German when there seems no occasion for it, and bore those who do not understand you. You do not seem to regard, or to comply, or to desire to do so, with the circumstances of the country, or to appreciate the national character of the American people. For your honesty and courage you deserve great praise and a rich reward. Let us all unite under this motto, "In truth we trust." Indeed, would it not make a good platform?

Thus endeth the first lesson. If you should want anything more at any time, and "don't see it, ask for it."

VOX SCIENTIÆ.

## Superstition, Ancient and Modern.

BELIEF IN DREAMS.

This childish form of superstition is not confined to primitiv people alone, nor is it found only in the Old Testament, and not in the New. It is a very common superstition. Its general acceptance does not go to prove the belief correct, but to show the general fact of human ignorance and credulity. With the Hebrews dreams were often the means of divine revelation. Joseph had a dream which he told to his brethren, and they, becoming offended at his presumption, threw him into a pit, and afterward seeing that they could convert him into cash capital, sold him to certain pedlers happening along at that time on their way down to Egypt.

Hear now my words: If there be a prophet among you, I, the Lord, will make myself known to him in a vision, and I shall speak unto him in a dream (Num. xii, 6).

God came to Abimelech in a dream (Gen. xx, 3).

God came to Laban the Syrian in a dream (Gen. xxxi, 24).

The Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream (1 Kings iii, 5).

And (the wise men) being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way. And when they were departed, behold the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream. But when he (Joseph) heard that Archelaus did reign in Judea in the room of his father Herod, he was afraid to go thither; notwithstanding, being warned of God in a dream, he turned aside into the parts of Galilee (Matt. ii, 12, 13, 22).

O Belteshazzar, master of the magicians, that I know that the spirit of the holy gods is in thee, and no secret troubleth thee, tell me the vision of my dream that I hav seen, and the interpretation thereof (Dan. iv, 9).

The Bible abounds in dreams and their interpretations, and, as a consequence, millions of people will shake their heads wisely, and say, "Well, now, I tell you what, there is something in dreams."

Dreams are intimately associated with the lower forms of religion. To the savage they hav a reality and importance which we can scarcely appreciate (Lubbock's Origin of Civilization, p. 128).

The Christian religion hangs upon the slender thread of dream. If Jesus was the son of God, there is no evidence offered, except that some one dreamed that he was.

Now, the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: When, as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost.

How could such a fact be found out?

Then Joseph, her husband, being a just man, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away.

Then he had not found it out.

But while he thought on these things, behold the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife; for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost (Matt. i, 18, 19, 20).

This wonderful transaction is revealed to the world through a dream. But Joseph does not relate to us his dream, if he had one. Mary does not tell any one about the visit of the Holy Ghost. Somebody else relates this supposed dream. There is no evidence that Joseph had such a dream. There is no proof that Joseph knew Matthew, and there is no testimony to show that Matthew wrote the book of Matthew, and still further there is no evidence that this book was written much earlier than a hundred years after Matthew was dead.

Almost the greater part of mankind derive their knowledge concerning God from visions.

Philo (vol. 1, p. 292) covers one hundred pages in showing how dreams are sent by God.

John Lightfoot is quoted in "The Supernatural" as saying that

There is not a people upon earth that studied or attributed more to dreams than they (Jews).

There was hardly any people in the whole world that more used or were more fond of amulets, charms, mutterings, exorcisms, and all kinds of enchantments. The interpretation of dreams became a public profession.

In the early history of Christianity the Jewish people were mad with superstition in matters of religion (v. Supernatural Rel., chap. iv).

Soldan shows from church history how, in the first centuries, the fathers of the church, rabbis, and heathen philosophers lost themselvs and rivaled each other in demonological speculation and beliefs representing miracles and sorcery so that everybody looked on what was agreeable as a miracle, and the reverse as sorcery.

Sorcery was an illegal miracle and miracle was legitimate sorcery (History of Magic, by Joseph Eunemoser, p. 12).

Besides the superstitions associated with dreams, the Bible overflows with others as gross if not grosser. We find stories about witches, sorcerers, demons, devils, angels, spirits, visions, trances, omens, signs, magic, miracles, resurrections from the dead, and ascensions to heaven, and many other marvelous things.

MAGIC, LUCK, LOTS.

The Hebrews did not like the soothsayers or magicians, but they were greatly in love with the prophets. The difference between the soothsavers and the prophets is that one was an orthodox Jew, and the other was a heterodox pagan. The prophet could tell your fortune through his dreams or yours. He could read your future through visions, revelations, and the spirit of the Lord. He could do the magic business, and all the legerdemain that others did, but when he performed the same tricks, they were no longer tricks, but "wonderful works at the hands of the Lord." They were miracles.

All superstitious people believe in luck. They often say, "Now I'll try this once, just for luck."

Many times the Bible people were inspired by this sort of inspiration, and hence they would take chances in games of luck.

So they cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah (Jonah i, 7).

That was an unlucky throw for him; especially the second throw, when he was thrown into the sea.

And Saul said, Cast lots between me and Jonathan my son, and Jonathan was taken (1 Sam. xiv, 41).

And they gave forth their lots; and the lot fell upon Mattheas (Act i, 26).

Shaking dice to find out whom the Lord wanted for a preacher is an easy way to settle a vexatious question. And the church still holds on to this good old Bible institution of gambling. It clings to the raffling business, to taking chances in a crazy-quilt, or a cake supposed to hav a ring in it; to the grab-bag, and a hundred other devices for extorting money from the poor laborer to send the gospel to the heathen.

And when they had crucified him, they parted his garments casting lots upon them (Mark xv, 24).

They probably drew cuts or shook dice to see who would get his clothing. The reader will remember that in the story of his resurrection he is seen with clothes on, by his own friends, and no remark is made about any new suit, or different dress. Where did he get his resurrection clothes? Did he resurrect an old suit.

The uncivilized man thinks that lots or dice are adjusted in their fall with reference to the meaning he may choose to attach to it, and especially he is apt to suppose spiritual beings standing over the diviner or the gambler, shuffling the lots or turning up the dice to make them giv their answers (Tylor's Primitiv Culture, p. 79).

The priest in all countries (that is, the big medicin man) possessed the knowledge of unraveling mysteries. He could consult the unknown, and bring from the oracle or temple the wishes of the terrible power that was working mischief. It is in the nature of religion or fear to hav little anxiety over duties to the deities until they are harmed or alarmed by some sort of evil.

The soothsayer is the father of the prophet, and the prophet is father of the priest. These men of God can commune with him on more intimate and favorable terms than the vulgar and profane multitudes can. He can negotiate at the courts of heaven for insurance upon an eternal life policy. And if worst comes to worst, they can pray for rain in dry weather; for the removal of the yellow-fever plague; for the recovery of Garfield, and the annihilation of Infidels throughout the world. And suppose their prayers are not answered, who art thou, O man, that repliest against the man of God? Learn, O wretch, that God moves in a mysterious way!

If this superstitious fear of spirits were taken away, and with it prognostics from dreams, false prophecies, and many other things depending thereon, by which crafty and ambitious persons abuse the simplest people, men would be much more fitted than they are for civil obedience. And this ought to be the work of the schools; but they rather cherish such doctrin (Hobbes's Human Nature, c. 3).

We hav seen that worship of the gods springs out of man's ignorance, helplessness, and fear. These elements form the groundwork of religious belief and worship to-day. People who would repel the charge of cowardice will, nevertheless, confess themselvs by saying to the Freethinker: "Well, you may think your doctrin all right, but when you come to die you will change your mind." Here it is assumed by the Christian that fear will make the Infidel quail when he comes to die. But the calm and sustained hearts of thousands of Infidels who hav died tranquilly giv the lie to this last falsehood, born of ignorance and fear, nourished by cruelty and crime, and uttered for the glory of God.

W. S. BELL.

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# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

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**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**

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## TWO THINGS WANTED.

First. We want some money from every friend who owes on his subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. The balance in the bank from which to draw to satisfy the paper manufacturers and the printer is very small, and we must increase it, or run in debt. There are many hundreds of dollars owing us by subscribers, and we desire to kindly but firmly call their attention to the matter. We need the money, and it is not right for them to keep it from us. We would also respectfully suggest to those whose subscriptions expire during the present month that now is the time to renew. We would call attention, too, to our club rates. Get a new subscriber, and so get your own paper cheaper.

Second. We once more ask our friends to send us the names of all the Infidels of their acquaintance who do not take THE TRUTH SEEKER. The intention is to send them sample copies of the paper with the hope that they may subscribe.

## Pastoral Calls.

In one of the strongest passages of one of his strongest lectures, we heard George Chainey say: "Protestants rage at the Catholic confessional. I wish Romanists would rage at pastoral visiting, until, like Kilkenny cats, they would annihilate each other." Mr. Chainey knew whereof he spoke, and he said this when in a repentant mood for having been a minister.

These words came to us again, in reading in a daily paper a dispatch from Boston that the Rev. Mr. Titus, pastor of the Franklin street Methodist church, of Somerville, has decided not to face the charges of immorality brought against him and has resigned, after the investigation ordered by the church had begun. This is a celebrated and much-talked about case. Mr. Titus had been accused by a respectable lady of his parish of having, during one of his pastoral visits, placed his hand upon her knee, and, by word and action, making insulting proposals. When the accusation was made to Mr. Titus's face, he blustered and swore that it was false, that the object was to blackmail him, and avowed that in the presence of ladies he had always conducted himself as became a gentleman of pure mind and purpose.

Unfortunately, however, for Mr. Titus, he had been located in other parishes, and several other Christian sisters had received pastoral visits from him. Among these were residents of Springfield, Westfield, and Gloucester, and they came forward with similar charges against their former beloved shepherd. In the face of all this, Mr. Titus had not the hardihood to brazen the matter through, and fled the pulpit.

To borrow the language of the exhorter, this should be a warning to the women of the church, as well as to their husbands. Pastoral visits are one of the most dangerous foes to female virtue that exist. Especially is this the case with women and ministers of the Methodist sect. Their religion is warmer than others; the emotions are oftener in play; passion is more frequently wrought upon, and the danger of intimacy is therefore greater. Allowing—which is not always the case, by any means—that most ministers begin making pastoral calls from a sense of duty, and that they are received by the women from the same sense of religious obligation, there are many reasons why the custom should be discontinued. Chainey, who, we cannot help thinking, knew a good deal about the subject, said that no good can come of any man intermeddling with husband and wife whose unhappy marriage may be the result of the bondage to superstition of the wife. The unhappy wife, he says, "pours her sorrow into the ear of her pastor. He is to her a man of God; but that does not take from him the feelings and passions of a man. He is sorry for her. Their sympathies mingle. They kneel to pray together. None but good intentions actuate them. So the lightning tends to purify the atmosphere, but it often destroys human life. So pure as their desires may be, the lightning of passion may strike them with social and moral ruin." That is one road to ruin, a common one, no doubt. But there are others, and the ministers easily find them. The life of a clergyman is well calculated to lead a morally weak man astray, but there is too much evidence to doubt that most of them go astray voluntarily, deliberately, and, with passionate malice, lead the women of their flocks with them. No profession contains so many debauchers of women as the clerical. The cause is the clergy themselvs, the women of their parishes, and the religion both hold in common. Ministers are men, and only men. They hav the failings of men. Their lives are well calcu lated to fill them with passion. Their energy is not expended in healthful, outdoor work, nor in exhausting business cares. There are few things in this world requiring so little expenditure of force as the preparation of the average Christian sermon. They are, therefore, usually possessed of superabundant vitality. Again, the custom here is for women to do all the church work. The men will not, for they look upon religion and the church as the women's and children's playthings. The minister is consequently thrown into the society of the women. Whether he seeks it or not, the result is apparent—scandal, ruined reputations, resignations from pulpits. The pastoral call for the consideration of church work becomes a visit of clerical infamy.

But the fault is not always with the man. Women are emotional and passionate, and there are many Potiphar's wives in the churches, and no Josephs. Among the Liberals there are many ex-ministers, and one of them once told us that one of the most difficult tasks he had as a clergyman was to keep moral. He completely succeeded, he said, only when he left the church. Pastoral visits he denounced with extravagance of language, and the visits of female parishioners to the pastor's study, though always on some errand of churchly duty, were equally pernicious. The cure for Christian immorality he considered to lie only in a complete abandonment of the present relations of pastor and people. In other words, in the demolition of the Christian priesthood. For as long as men were men and women were women they would, when moved by religious emotion, forget all restraint and smash the laws of morality.

The chief sinner in this matter, however, is not the victims of religion, but religion itself—not only the Christian religion, but any and all religion. For religion is essentially of the emotions, and not at all of the intellect. Religion in itself cares not a straw for facts. It is composed of heat, and passion, and imagination. The religious fanatic is not always a fool, but he is always a gentleman who gets mad in a debate. He hates the enemies of his faith, and would fight them with pleasure. He uses his intellect only to defend his imagination. The source of religious emotions is the fountain of passion. "It is fatuous sophistry," says Stewart Ross, "to urge that the love for Jesus and the love for Jones are generically dissimilar. There is but a step, and a short one, between 'divine love' and human sensuality, and, in all ages of the church, this step has been taken. Human nature is only human nature, and it is more generous to expect too little from human nature than to expect too much. Psychic though love may be, by incontrovertible law its manifestations are organic, and cannot possibly be divorced from sex." This is plainly seen in the Salvation Army and in all religious camp-meetings, revivals, and prayer-meetings where warm exhortations to Jesus take the place of stereotyped formulas. This has always been so. We would not care to question the religious earnestness of the ascetics of the Middle Ages, but it is an indisputable fact that they were immoral to a ferocious extent. "Luther," says the author of "Isis Unveiled," "speaks of a fish-pond at Rome, situated near a convent of nuns, which, having been cleared out by order of Pope Gregory, disclosed at the bottom over six thousand infant skulls; and of a nunnery at Neimburg, in Austria, whose foundations, when searched, disclosed the same relics of celibacy and chastity." Religion, along with poetry and art, is distinguished by amorousness. This is due to the fact that they emanate from the sentiments which produce also the passion of sensuality. Geniuses in poetry and art are usually erotic, and usually religious. But geniuses are not sufficiently plentiful to cause alarm, while the country is full of religion. If there were as many poets and artists as there are ministers, it would behoove some one to publish a "Crimes of Poets," as well as of "Preachers." But the clergy, even now, are never weary of inveighing against them, and Byron and Swinburne are referred to as awful examples, while the world is full of religious enthusiasts whose eroticism has been given free rein. In Turin, but a few years ago, one clergyman was accused by thirty-three girls of having ruined them through the confessional. During the past year we hav noted in this country, from an exchange list comparativly small, about one hundred cases of religious immorality. The task of collocating and printing them, which we contemplated, is too onerous and disgusting. In most cases they were of Protestants, and the direct result of pastoral visits.

In many places, even now, these pastoral afternoon calls are the occasion of sneers from the worldly, and innuendoes that would earn them a cowhiding did the confident husband overhear them. For this the clergy and the female church-members hav themselvs to blame, for they hav, by pastoral visits, furnished a very good foundation for scandal—and one which will not be removed until the Protestant church forbids the clergy to continue the custom, or every self-respecting woman commands the minister to call only when her husband or father is at home. If Mrs. Warner and the other ladies of Mr. Titus's acquaintance had done this, their names would not now be ornamenting the scandal columns of the daily newspapers. They should remember that there are some people who will shut one eye incredulously when asserting that they believe Mr. Titus's accusers innocent of all wrong-doing.

## Enforcing Sunday Laws in Texas.

Week before last Judge Gustave Cook addressed a letter to the sheriffs of Galveston and Harris counties, Texas, calling their attention to the many violations of the Sunday law, and demanding of these officers that they should punish them. Thereupon the sheriff of Galveston county issued a card notifying the Sunday-law breakers that they must not do so any more, as he should arrest all Sabbath-breakers.

The sheriff was as good as his word, and began within one point of where all officers enforcing the Sunday laws ought to begin. The most flagrant violators of the Sunday laws are, of course, the clergy, for upon Sunday they perform the heaviest tasks of the week, and upon about forty Sundays of the year earn their living for the whole year. No other profession than the ministerial so openly and persistently labor upon God's holy day, and, of course, they should be the first to suffer for contumeliously breaking the divine command to remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Next to the pulpiteers come the newspapers, the great dailies which issue upon Sunday the most interesting edition of the week. Sunday papers are made large, and filled with lively and entertaining matter, because, the day being a holiday, the people hav more time to read. This conduces to induce folks to regard the day irreverently, and in many instances prevents men and women from attending church, when they rise late and become immersed in the columns of a mammoth edition of a Sunday paper. The daily papers are, therefore, responsible for the loss of many souls. It will not do to say the work upon a Sunday paper is all done before twelve o'clock on Saturday night. The injury to religion is in having the papers spread over the county on Sunday morning, providing so much good reading that the sermons of the preachers suffer alarmingly by comparison. Besides, the editors, reporters, compositors, and pressmen all work on Sunday to get out the Monday paper, and the punishment for Sabbath-breaking can easily be

transferred to that account. Punishing one man for another's sin is not a new doctrin for Christians, and hanging a man for something he has not done on the principle that he may do, or wanted to do, something deserving hanging, is strictly in accord with Christian legal ethics. It will be seen, therefore, that the case of the church against the newspapers is a good one, legally and morally.

So, at least, thought the sheriff of Galveston county, and in his quest for Sabbath-breakers he went to headquarters. We are informed by the Dallas *News* of Sunday, September 18th, that on that morning, about one o'clock, it received a dispatch from the telegraphers of Galveston, reading, "We are all pulled." These telegraphers were employed transmitting items of intelligence to the Galveston *News*. A second dispatch stated that a constable had raided the editorial rooms of the Galveston *News* with the splendid intention of arresting all the employees found working in violation of the Sunday law. When the constable arrived, the quill-drivers were enjoying a brief respit (so runs the dispatch), and the minion of the law was foiled. The composing and press rooms were locked against intruders, and the over-anxious constable, as the *News* styles him, could make no arrests. He declared, however, that he would obtain a warrant the next day. The Dallas *News* concludes from this occurrence "that in the enforcement of the Sunday law the Galveston officials seem to hav taken a view which has escaped officials of other cities. And," it adds, "it is a view which will probably lead to a quick and effectiv judicial construction of the legality of their action."

We congratulate the sheriff and that brave constable of Galveston. They hav taken the right course, and it is to be hoped they will not falter. When the Galveston *News* printed Judge Cook's letter, it tacitly approved it by saying nothing. It felt secure on its proud eminence. No officer would dare touch it, and why should the *News* object to the enforcement of the Sunday law? If everything else was shut up, more people would buy the *News*, for people must hav some recreation. The law would work to the glory of those that love the Lord, and has not the *News* protested many times in its controversy with Parson Briggs, of the Texas *Christian Advocate*, that the *News* not only loves the Lord, but is a Christian journal clear down to the advertisments, and fights Briggs alone and not his Christianity? So not a word had the *News* to say against the infamous tyranny of Sunday laws; not a sentence in defense of personal liberty; not a line against the principle of a law placing the rights and liberties of the community in the hands of a few fanatics. The *News* has a Christian constituency, and it might by opposing the law hav lost a six-line advertisment, or a possible purchaser of a copy. It felt secure against prosecution, for its columns make and unmake politicians. It felt no call to speak for liberty, for right, for justice, and now it is reaping its reward, and we are glad that its first reward is a picture of a jail.

If the press unites on this question, and fights the fanatics, Sunday laws are doomed. But for every squirmer who asks the Christians to just please let up on him—he is not doing much harm—and gets down on his knees and admits that a Sunday law is right in itself; for every trimmer who throws a sop to the church, and begs for just the liberty he desires; and for every theoretical supporter but practical violator of Sunday laws we hope there is a constable just like the Galveston fellow, and a judge like Cook whose letter the *News* took such pains to spread before its readers without a word of protest against its infamously tyrannical tendency.

## Stearns County, Minnesota.

The trouble between the supporters of the public schools and the Catholics in Melrose, Minn., an account of which we published last week, has led to the exposure of more Catholic rascality in the same state. A correspondent of the Minneapolis *Pioneer Press* has looked into the relations of public schools and Catholicism in Stearns county, and finds affairs worse by far than in Melrose. Stearns is the strongest Catholic county in Minnesota, the population being German, and it is also the governmental seat of the Benedictine order for the Western United States. At St. Joseph is the large convent, seminary, and Indian school, under the control of the St. Benedictine sisters. In Collegeville is St. John's university, with the Benedictine monastery and abbey, a great square of massiv buildings and princely possessions in lands. At St. Cloud are the cathedral and church, with a seating capacity of about three thousand, the priest's residence, bishop's residence, a smaller convent, two large parochial schools, public hospital, and priest's farm, representing a value, free from taxation, of fully $200,000. A million of dollars, says the *Pioneer Press* correspondent, would not cover the present cash value of the property held by the Catholic church in Stearns county, and more is being steadily acquired.

Ever since the church has been established in Stearns county, the one question has been with her officials how to destroy the public schools, and so evade the double taxation of Catholics for school purposes. The constitution of the state forbids public appropriations for sectarian purposes, and the church has, therefore, no hope of dividing the school funds among religious denominations. Catholics are bound to provide parochial schools, and they must also pay the regular state, county, and town taxes, which include the item of public schools.

They are, therefore, through their obedience to the church's orders to establish parochial schools, paying double for school purposes, as the church always makes its slaves pay for keeping them in slavery. The fight in Stearns county has thus been on their part to destroy the public schools, and in this they hav succeeded well. In many of the public schools the lessons are taught entirely in German, and in many more the German language is used in what the *Press* correspondent terms hap-hazard confusion with the English. Some of the teachers do not understand the English language at all, and many more not sufficiently well to teach it. In nearly three-fourths of the public schools the Catholic catechism is taught daily, and that during the lawful school hours. Sometimes the non-Catholic pupils are dismissed at 3 o'clock, rain or shine, while the resident priest takes up the matter of instruction in church doctrin. In other schools the first hour, from 9 to 10 o'clock, is taken for this religious training. This is done in a large majority of the country public schools of the county. Moreover, some of the schools are taught entirely by Benedictine sisters. In Lake Henry town there is now trouble over this phase of the question. In St. Martin it was voted at the regular school meeting this fall by a large majority to hav nine months' school, and the necessary funds were appropriated. It was then voted that during three months of this term the school should be conducted as a public school, and for the remaining six months by the sisters. At Richmond last August was held a German teachers' institute. This was conducted by the county superintendent, was attended only by German teachers, and the exercises were conducted largely in German. In St. Cloud the question was solved in 1875 by the Catholics quietly securing through the efforts of Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Gilman, then the representativ from that district, the passage of a bill establishing an independent school district in the northern and western part of the city, populated almost wholly by Catholics. In St. Cloud the church arranges the school holidays to suit the convenience of the priests, and during the summer they hav built two new parochial schools. The bishop of the diocese now proposes to reunite his independent district to the main district, and thus put upon the inhabitants of the main district the funded debt he has incurred in running the public schools as parochial schools. Such, says the *Press* report, is the state of the parochial-public school question in what is regarded as the strongest Catholic county in Minnesota. The church has for years had almost entirely its own way, and conducted matters to suit itself. By simply absorbing the public schools and running them at the public expense as church schools, it has avoided the unpleasant feature of double taxation, and achieved its own objects quite as effectivly.

Roman Catholicism has the wisdom born of the serpent's purpose, reinforced by centuries of experience. It will lie, steal, cheat, murder, or inaugurate a war, if necessary to its own well being. The people of Minnesota hav a difficult task on hand, and it does not now appear as though they realized it. Though the press report these outrages, no paper that we hav seen has a word of condemnation for the church or warning to the people. Perhaps they, too, are afraid of losing an advertisment.

## New Zealand Secular State Schools.

It seems that the state schools of New Zealand, under the premiership of Hon. Robert Stout, Infidel, are secular and "godless," with no religious exercises and no Bible reading. This state of affairs is irritating, of course, to the Anglican bishops and rectors, and they hav begun a crusade, the object of which is to hav religion taught in the schools at the expense of the state. The only result so far achieved, however, is to show that the state schools are productiv of better morals among school children than denominational schools. In a public speech, attacking the schools, Bishop Nevill, of Otago, made these charges against the schoolboys:

"There was, alas! an amount of cruelty, an amount of hardness and selfishness, a want of tone, a want of delicacy, a want of gentleness, and want of refinement, which he could well wish were not to be found, as it undoubtedly was to be found, in a considerable preportion of the youth of our country."

And of the girls he said:

"He wished that was the worst that he could say, but, alas! he was told on authority he could not deny to be authoritativ and complete, that in the minds of the young girls of this country there was a want not only of such modesty as we desired, but a knowledge of evil aud an allowance of evil thoughts that exhibited itself in ways the most disgusting. He was not speaking of his own knowledge, but on testimony which he could not but admit; there was evidence of these things in words written, if not spoken, by the girls of this rising generation. When he heard such things and was bound to believe them, he could not but be appalled at the condition into which we were drifting."

The bishop's attack was considered of sufficient importance to notice, and a meeting of the school authorities was called to consider it. The teachers of the different schools were requested to come forward and tell what they knew of the conduct of their scholars. With no exception, they testified that among the twenty thousand scholars of the district implicated by the bishop there were exceptionally few bad boys, and no bad girls to speak of. Many of the teachers had been connected with religious schools, and they had had among their scholars a greater number of rogues, proportionately, of both sexes, than the secular schools of New Zealand. The evidence was conclusiv that the bishop spoke hastily and falsely. Parents, teachers, school committees hav with one consent, says the Otago *Witness*, taken up arms in defense of their daughters, and never before has such a tide of chivalrous indignation flowed through the columns of the daily press. The *Witness* adds: "It is highly satisfactory to learn on the testimony of half a score of head teachers and inspectors that the morality of children in the state schools is all but uniformly good. One criticism only occurs: If the teachers are right, larrikinism ought to be extinct. Is it extinct? One would like to hear what the police hav to say on that subject. One would also like to hear some explanation of the interesting fact mentioned by Mr. Mahoney, and confirmed by other teachers, that 'there was not half the difficulty in maintaining disciplin here that there was in the Victorian schools.' Does it lie in the difference of climate? Or is it because in Otago we hav longer escaped from the loose and muddling methods of denominationalism? Perhaps the latter would be Inspector Goyen's opinion, for he related that in Victoria he 'was connected with a school in which the Bible was read every day, and to which the clergyman came every week to giv religious instruction, and the boys there were the most troublesome young rascals he ever had to control.' The true quarrel of religionists with the state system, if they only knew it, is not that it neglects morality, but that it excludes religion. Non-religious morality is by no means a bad morality so far as it goes—it will keep you out of prison and help you to grow rich. It is thoroughly well taught in the state schools of New Zealand. When the Bible-in-schools party deny that fact they simply giv themselvs bound into the hands of their enemies. Why don't they take courage to say as the Catholics say, that morality of the very best state Socialist brand, however well taught, won't do for them—that they must hav religion? They are trying to sit upon two stools, which in this matter is not very different from trying to serve God and Mammon."

Friends of secular schools should giv Bishop Nevill a vote of thanks for bringing out these facts, and then pass a resolution of contempt for a churchman who can wickedly malign thousands of innocent school girls to satisfy a petty religious spite.

# Letters from Friends.

SPARTA, Mo., Sept. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $4.99, which please apply on my subscription; and will you be so kind as to tell me where in the scriptures I can find heaven described by metes and bounds, viz., the size of heaven according to the Bible?

H. B. MAXWELL.

[In the twenty-first chapter of Revelation, beginning at the tenth verse, our correspondent will find some accurate statistics pertaining to his future home. The city therein described is not at present in the enjoyment of a boom.—ED. T. S.]

BRONSTON, KY., Sept. 11, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In the interest of peace and fraternal feeling I want to interfere in the controversy between G. N. Hill and Fred. Koezly. Evidently, if Hill owed Koezly $1,888, Koezly would not accept one package of money containing $1,600 and one containing $287 (or $1.887) for his debt.

The trouble with Koezly is that he wants to count the year completing the 1600 with the 287, which, added to 287, does giv 288, forgetting that he has left only 1,599 years of his first portion of time. "If all minds are clear, we will crave the divine blessing and be dismissed."

J. N. BROWN.

MADISONVILLE, KY., Sept. 4, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed I send $5, for which please continue my paper till Aug. 16, 1888, and send the accompanying list of books. I hav been waiting to see a cartoon of God threatening to kill all the Israelites except Moses and Aaron and raising up a new people from them, and Moses scaring him out of it by telling what the Egyptians would say about it. I think this piece of holy writ is one of the finest specimens of God's (I mean Moses's God's) imbecility in all the Bible. Moses was decidedly the more astute of the two, and the narrativ makes God recognize the fact. I hope Heston will giv us the picture.

COLEBY A. SMITH.

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y., Sept. 12, E.M. 287.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $1 for Sister Elmina's Defense Fund. I think that every lover of free thought, speech, press, and mails should help poor Elmina out of the clutches of that veritable blood-sucker, Comstock. If Elmina has been too radical in the opinion of some, let us be charitable, and remember that perfection was never yet attained by man, and very few women; let it not be a repetition of Messrs. Comstock, Britton, Benedict, Colgate & Co. I think her case is like poor D M. Bennett's; her persecution is not or obscenity, but because she is an Infidel, and I hope that we, as Infidels, will be able to rescue her from the teeth of those land-sharks. Hoping the day is near that ignorance, superstition, and the worship of a three-headed Jew God will be buried in oblivion, I remain as ever,

Yours for humanity, science, and progress, WM. THORPE.

CARIBOU, ME., Sept, 11, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Thanking you very sincerely, indeed, for past favors and indulgences upon me bestowed, in that you hav already published three letters from me, the first one being even before I was a subscriber to what I consider the leading Freethought paper of the world, I now come before you with the fourth one, sincerely hoping it may be given a snug little corner somewhere among the letters from friends of THE TRUTH SEEKER family, of whom I profess to be one.

I hav noticed and read a great many complimentary remarks from the various members of "our family," so I am not going to be very bashful nor stingy in bestowing where they are deserved some of my compliments. THE TRUTH SEEKER comes every week heavily loaded with what I accept as first-rate reading matter. I am as fond of it as I am of my cup of coffee and other things to go with it. Such a corps of able correspondents, too, makes it decidedly interesting.

Its editorials, too—well, I frequently laugh till the tears come while reading them. Which compliment, Mr. Editor, you will please accept in friendship, as coming from a radical friend who means what he says.

With regard to Aunt Elmina, I would like to ask in the name of an imaginary God how much longer the Infidels of this country hav got to stand such accursed nonsense as that, and be subjected to such diabolical treatment?

It makes my blood boil with indignation to think of Anthony Comstock and his band of miserable cohorts and their devilish actions. His name will go down to posterity blackened, if possible, more than that of the arch-traitor Benedict Arnold. I am surprised to see so many letters using such abusiv language. But, then, I suppose the editor cares about as much for them as I should for the bite of a black fly as compared with the sting of a hornet. I am a fond admirer of both Eugene and George—*par nobile fratrum.*

As I hav received various documents from various, after a letter of mine had appeared in your paper, I wish you would please do me the favor to print my post-office address as well as my name. Please excuse the profuse use I hav made of the personal pronoun I. H. H. GIBMAN,

Post-office address, Fort Fairfield, Me.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Last Sunday evening, at the request of one of my friends, who is a firm believer in the faith, I attended a Spiritualistic meeting at the corner of Seventh avenue and 52d street, your city. It being a rainy night, the hall was not overcrowded. There seems to be a little orthodoxy lingering in the Spiritualistic camp; at least, this is the candid opinion of one who belongs to neither of these "diverse and unlike schools of thought."

The speaker of the evening was Nellie J. Brigham, one of the ablest advocates of Spiritualism. The meeting opened with music and singing, followed by a lengthy and decidedly orthodox prayer. After this an elderly gentleman made a few remarks, saying that one of the subjects for next Sunday's lectures would be, "What and Where Is God?" I fancy this would be an interesting lecture for those who are out in the "chilling mists of unbelief." The gentleman then said that no one knew what the subject of the evening was, not even the speaker herself, but she would speak on whatever subject the controling spirits might suggest. The lady speaker then commenced her lecture in a fluent, graceful manner. In the course of her remarks she dwelt for a moment on the religion of Calvin, with its frightful doctrins of predestination and eternal pain and its lurid, sulphurous sermons that filled the quivering hearts of men with darkness and despair. During this vivid description of Calvinism I thought of the words of Ingersoll: "Of all the religions that hav ever been founded by the egotism, the malice, the ignorance and ambition of man, Presbyterianism is the most hideous."

Superstition, selfishness, ignorance, and pride are prisons where man's spiritual nature is dwarfed, perverted, or destroyed. These prisons cannot be entirely obliterated, but under the brilliant light of Spiritualism, it was claimed, the walls can be extended or enlarged.

In conclusion, several poems were recited upon subjects given then and there by some one in the audience. Some of the poetry was very beautiful and expressiv. The audience then arose and solemnly sang, "There s a Christians' home in glory," after which a benediction was pronounced and the meeting ended.

E. B. FOLSOM.

HOLDEN, Mo., Sept. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Recently the Christian church held its annual lectureship at Warrensburg, in this county. One of their ablest preacher, Elder Coke, of Nevada, Mo., lectured to that large concourse of preachers and laymen cn the "Divinity of Christ." In the course of his lecture he said: "The old delusion that Christ was born of a virgin is too absurd for any preacher to preach, or anybody to believe." Score one for the Christians, or Campbellites, for they are coming into the penumbra of reason ahead of all the churches, while the Presbyterian is bringing up the rear with its load of stereotyped Puritan dogmas, with the Baptists only a neck in their lead. Lately the latter church, or the women or sisters of it, held a meeting in this town to raise money for foreign missions; it appears that one devout sister slipped into the cloak room and stole the money that had been left in those garments by nearly all the sisters present. They spotted the sister, and had a row in the church. Moral: Pagans, who are not so prone to steal, would better teach the Christians.

I think the Shaker affair is noticed and approbated too much by a few Liberals. I am in favor of letting the old woman down easy, but she is not in the list of martyrs.

Keep THE TRUTH SEEKER before the public. I hav no Anarchist nor Socialistic leanings, but most of your articles, as well as those of a majority of your contributors, are so good that I can't do without the paper. I subscribe for several Liberal periodicals. I read and distribute to friends. We hav no means of getting rid of superstition equal to education, and the best means of educating the people on the subject of religion is to put choice reading matter into their hands. We must not be afraid nor ashamed to show the advantages of reason over ignorance—of Secular thought over revealed falsehoods—of right over wrong. The Liberals of Holden are on top.

C. L. CARTER, M.D.

CHILLICOTHE, Mo., Sept. 13, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: While I delight to style myself a Freethinker, I must dissent from some of the views expressed by Mr. J. H. Wood, in his communication printed it THE TRUTH SEEKER of September 3d. In substance, he denies that the Constitution, framed by the fathers, preserved the precious fruits of freedom and self-government, and affirms that the American people hav, in fact, notwitstanding the fine theories of the Declaration of Independence, always been slaves; first the people of the colonies were the slaves of Great Britain; that during the war of the Revolution they were slaves of the colonial government; and that since their independence from England was achieved, they hav been slaves of the government of the United States.

In support of these startling assertions the writer only adduces these facts: that negro slavery existed in the colonies, as it did in some of the states, till abolished by the civil war; and that the American people are taxed to support their local, state, and national government.

Now, sir, I hav always believed with Charles Botta, the Italian historian, that the colonies enjoyed more freedom than any other people on earth, despite the restrictions England imposed to prevent them from building up manufactures. I hav grown up to believe that the Declaration, in which Jefferson formulated the principles laid down in the pamphlets of Thomas Paine, and the Constitution, framed by the fathers, taken together, are about the best framework on which to construct a really free government, "of the people, by the people, and for the people," that this earth has ever seen.

It is true slavery was permitted to exist for a time, though Jefferson abhorred it and predicted its extinction. He sowed the seed of liberty when he declared all men to be created free and equal in their inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. These great ideas germinated and grew until they brought about the death of negro slavery.

With all its imperfections, the government, framed by the fathers, has, in my humble opinion, conferred more true happiness upon the masses than any other which has ever existed. Nowhere else has the poor man enjoyed so fair a chance to better his condition as in the land of Washington and Franklin, where the humblest-born workers and toilers hav risen to be senators and presidents of the people.

That the people hav been misgoverned at times is doubtless true. In the great cities, where great ignorance and vice are found, there has been great corruption. But, after all, the people, armed with the ballot, are the source of power, and the remedy for all evils lies in their hands, when, through proper education, they know how to rightly use it.

I cannot conceive how organized society can exist without a government of liberty regulated by law, nor how any government can be supported except by taxation of the people.

JAMES GRAHAM.

CONCORD, N. C., Sept. 13, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I think it a duty we owe to our fellow-man and to society to report and expose every act of the preachers of the several sects or creeds when *they* go astray or fall from grace. This would be fighting the devil with his own fire, and would make an interesting book, amusing and instructiv. Let some poor mortal, man or woman, be so unfortunate as to make a wrong step, who bounces them more quickly than the man of God—unless he or she has plenty of money—who thinks he holds the check-reins of heaven, and can forgiv sins, and bring down curses on those whom he does not like? A few years since (1880), Saint James's Evangelical Lutheran church, of this town, called to the pastorage of said church Rev. S. T. Hallman. Mr. Hallman had a wife, and one son of the dude make-up. Rev. Mr. Hallman preached, and visited among his hearers, among whom were a widow and two daughters; in his devotion to the widow and the orphan he visited them every day. The tongues of his members and members of other churches became loose and caused a lively breeze in town, such a breeze as common sense, reason, and decency demanded to cause a reaction for the public good and the good of society. Rev. Mr. Hallman became angry, but continued to preach and continued his daily visits to the widow's house and her daughters. On the 9th day of June, 1882, it pleased God to remove by death from time to eternity Mrs. Hallman. In less than three days Rev. S T. Hallman took to his home the widow and her two daughters. This was caring for the widow and the orphans and at the same time helping to soothe sorrow and heal a broken heart. This act of kindness, of love, caused many of the Christian ladies of the town to shake their heads ominously when the subject was mentioned, as if there were something in this act of love not warranted by church doctrin, and public sentiment raised her still voice very loud against such an action, as being in indecent haste. Rev. S. T. Hallman and the widow's daughter married, and in a few weeks after moved to South Carolina, and he continues to warn sinners that they are on the broad road to hell.

J. W. MEHAFFEY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In an editorial or associate editorial of the 10th inst., under the caption of "They are all Good Sectarians," you say: "Mr. Major is a Canadian, and formerly adhered to the sect known as Roman Catholic" I write to forestall the haughty but inconsequent claim Father Lambert *et id omne genus* will most likely fling at you, that "the Catholic church is the church; all the other churches are but sects from the living body of the same, and therefore, in the order of things, must die, as limbs lopped from a living tree." A figure "sadly lacking in logic," as Lambert says Lacy's answer to him is, for, in the order of things, trees may die too. N.B.—The Catholic church is not as old as some of the *Eucalyptus globulus* trees now standing in Australia, or some of the *Sequoia gigantea* trees still standing in Nevada, etc. The sophistry of their claim is in the use of "sect" by synecdoche for ex-sect, as proven by their claim that the Phocian churches, Greek and Russian, are not "sects" because they hav still "the apostolic succession," which the Protestant churches hav not, but they dub the Phocian "schisms." Now all may not know that sect and schism are both derived from the same Latin verb, meaning "to cut." To illustrate by a parallel from "the shop," we (surgeons) exsect a limb or an excrescence when we separate it from the living or dead body; but when we cut off the bones or parts of bones constituting an elbow, say, we call it a *rescision* or *resection*. The "apostolic succession" of the nerves and blood vessels which are not cut sustains the life of the forearm. To return to "the sects," viz., the parts cut off—query, if one part of a body be cut off from another part of the same, which is the *sect* or *sectum?* Necessarily the smaller part. If so, then your townsman, my revered teacher and friend, Dr. T. Gaillard Thomas (who talks like an angel and writes like Old Noll, to transpose Garrick's antemortum obituary of Dr. Oliver Goldsmith at a time when it was "the fad" of those choice spirits of "the Augustine age of Literature" under Queen Elizabeth's reign to epitaph each other. The one above paraphrased was, in effect:

> Alas! here lie the remains of poor Noll,
> Who wrote like an angel, and talked like "poor Poll!")

—I was saying, a year or so ago Dr. Gaillard Thomas, of your city, exsected a lady of seventy-five pounds weight from an ovarian tumor weighing one hundred pounds. Corollary: The woman, being the sect, ought, in Catholic logic, to hav had the good grace to shuffle off the mortal coil post haste after shuffling off the immortal tumor.

*In re* Frederick Koezly *vs.* "Boston's great mathematical genius, G. N. Hill," I would modestly observe that 1,600 years subtracted from 1,887 years leave 287 years. Does Professor Hill call the present century the eighteenth century or the nineteenth century? If the former, then "argal," the year 150 was in the first century, and by corollary the year 50 was in the century below zero. If s-o-x don't spell socks, what do it spell?

*In re* "mottoes for Freethinkers," if you havn't struck off

in card-form, "Damn others as you'd wish to be damned yourself"—one that struck me square on the pineal gland, as old Homer would hav phrased it, as per your issue of the last week ultimo or first week instant—pray supply the missing link without procrastination. I was caught without it at the point of death from acute rheumatism of the heart some months ago to hurl at the head of a female rich relativ who was demonstrating to me that "God, who had been a God of love to" me "in life would," I would find, "be in death a God of justice." Pardon my brevity and prey for me—upon the marrow of missionaries.

Yours in mild-mannered sympathy,

GEO. S. KING, M.D.

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THOMPSONTOWN, PA., Sept. 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: P'ease find inclosed $2, and send me one of Mr. C. Eckhard's Nine Demands for $1, and as many of Mr. L. R. Smith's "Personal Existence After Death Improbable" as you giv for the other $1. There are about seventy-five thousand men employed, at high salaries, for the purpose of hammering into the minds of humanity the fact of a personal state of existence after this life, etc., having for their principal foundation a book called the Bible, which, however, absolutely disproves this fact. For the trifling sum of ten cents anyone can obtain Mr. L. R. Smith's book, which so ably shows up the other side of this question—namely, "Personal Existence After Death Improbable," and proves this fact, not only by sound reasoning, but by the very Bible itself. There are many clever Liberals seemingly free from the old dogma, yet who are loth to relinquish the claim of "personal existence after death." Even after the acceptance of the "ordinary law of evidence and good sense," a continued life (though quite uncertain of that being a pleasant one) is universally desired and expected. Life! yes, life, though every moment of it be miserable, is tenaciously clung to. Everything proving itself a burden is not worth possessing. How sweet is rest after toil! and the less consciousness the sweeter the rest! JAY F. HALDEMAN.

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NEW YORK, Sept. 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Of what value, in your opinion, are statistics as to the relativ prosperity of a nation under free trade and under protection? If Professor Denslow could show that this country is a gainer, financially, by the protectiv tariff, that would not prove that any officer of the law or anybody else has a right to open your trunk and to overhaul and tax its contents when there is no reason for supposing that it contains anything for which you hav not paid to the previous owner a satisfactory sum of your own money. If the prosperity of a nation rests on that kind of brigandage, then let the nation go to the devil.

A community of thieves is more prosperous, of course, when certain of their number are allowed to put their hands in your pocket and take a percentage of its contents, but that does not, to my mind, make it altogether clear that the tax is just. A highwayman sees his best times when he is permitted to levy toll on passengers rather than when he is not protected in that industry; nevertheless there is a popular objection against highwaymen. This objection arises, however, from the fact that the highwayman is a private individual instead of a government official. Otherwise the objection would vanish at once before the arguments and statistics of Professor Denslow. Nothing, it seems to me, could so contribute to the prosperity of a nation as to grab everything; for if a government has a right to tax an import one per cent it has a right to tax it one hundred per cent, or to confiscate it, or to exclude it altogether, and to hang the importer as a pirate. It is a difference in degree merely, and if the financial prosperity of the nation, to any extent, depends on hanging a few persons every day, string them up! Such is the logic of protection. The state of New Jersey is about one hundred dollars more prosperous since it fined a man for "blasphemy;" therefore the prosperity of New Jersey depends upon the fining of blasphemers, as the growth of a plant depends upon sunlight. This is a powerful argument, truly.

Of course the exclusion of foreign goods from our ports has a depressing effect upon foreign industry. But breathes there a man with soul so dead he ever to himself hath said, "The world is my country?" If such there be, he is not a protectionist.

It is my belief that it does not contribute to the wealth of a country to exclude from it anything that is valuable. We grow rich by what we acquire from others instead of by what others acquire from us. A country gains in material substance from what is put into it, namely, imports, rather than from what is taken out of it, namely, exports. The importer carries away with him nothing but money, and we should not begrudge him that when we hav his goods, to purchase which is the only office that money is capable of discharging. It is less strengthening to a man to exhaust his own resources by rejecting food than to husband them by eating. To exclude goods is to reject food. To eat is to import. I hold, then, that the importer is a nation's benefactor, since he adds to its material substance, while the exporter is the opposit, since he lessens that substance. Hence the importer should be encouraged. Why not giv him a premium on his imports? And why not discourage the exporter by all means possible? It looks to me as though the present system is an inversion of the right one. I cannot help adding that the tariff, so far as it professes to protect American industry, is, in certain instances, a palpable humbug. For example, an American living in London has his portrait painted by a distinguished artist. Shortly thereafter he dies. His friends at home desire the picture, but must smuggle it ashore or pay a duty on it. Who is thereby protected? A while ago a showman imported a young hippopotamus, and paid a thousand dollars duty on him. Was this designed to protect the American hippopotamus industry, and has that industry thrived or languished more or less since that time? The tariff hacks should be shrewd enough to abolish these more obvious humbug excrescences on their system, and even then, though people might not see it so clearly, the system would be none the less a humbug. FREE TRADER.

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NEW YORK, Sept. 19, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Hill writes: "As betting or any other form of gambling is against my principles, I will consequently accept the offer," etc. Where the consequence comes in I cannot see, but as long as he accepts my offer I will not stickle or be too particular about his meaning, and hereby deposit with you, Mr. Editor, $25, in the hope that Mr. Hill will do the same, as he accepts the offer, and leave the decision to the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER. The question in dispute to decide is: "If a calendar is started from and with the first day of January, 1600, what is the number of the year to count now?" Now, as soon as Mr. Hill has deposited his $25, then, Mr. Editor, please giv to your readers and to the public in general your answer or decision to the above question. Mr. Hill's article of Sept. 1, "287," shows that he is so confused that he does not know what he writes, much less what he reads, and, of course, does not know and could not tell and giv the reason why "at the beginning of every century leap year is omitted, except every fourth century, 1600, 2000, etc., being leap years, and the intervening three centuries exempt from the common rule."

That Mr. Hill should want to prop up and prove by this quotation that his figuring is correct shows his unfitness for calendar making. Mr. Hill is the only person I ever heard from that claims the year 1600 for the seventeenth century; also that begins a century's first year to count with 0, the second year 1, third year 2, and so on till he has a hundred years with the figures 99. What a great mathematical genius this "sensible young man" of Boston is!

I do not and will not tempt anyone to gamble. I am also not a gambler. But betting as a punishment for years of long, wilful, stubborn indocility is about the last means to end a long controversy. This is not a gambling bet if the winner does not pocket the profit, but givs it for a good cause.

In hope of speedy decision, without fear or favor, I remain, Yours, FREDK. KOEZLY.

[It will be seen by the foregoing that the controversy over the E. S. Calendar between Messrs. Koezly, of this city, and Hill, of Boston, has waxed very warm. The proposition now is, made by Mr. Koezly in THE TRUTH SEEKER of September 10th, that both gentlemen shall place $25 in the hands of the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, who shall decide the question. If Mr. Hill wins, he can hav the $25 to pocket or giv to the *Investigator* if he chooses, as he formerly proposed. If Mr. Koezly wins, Mr. Hill's money is to go to THE TRUTH SEEKER. Mr. Hill, in our issue of September 17th, accepts the proposition to leave it to the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, but says nothing about putting up cash, as he is opposed to betting. As the proposition now stands, it might look like a bribe to the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, but, of course, Mr. Hill knows that individual to be above sordid considerations! Besides, this matter is not a bet or wager, but a short and easy method of dispensing charity. We are waiting to hear from Mr. Hill, to the end that the *Investigator* may place another share of Paine Hall stock in its safe, or THE TRUTH SEEKER hav a few dollars to help pay rent in this long but narrow and wicked city.—T. S.]

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LEXINGTON, KY., Sept. 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The churches here are beginning vigorously to prop up their waning cause. They feel that not a moment is to be lost. What would they effect at this juncture without evangelists, music, and other sensational methods of bringing the people together, like any other theater? But the holiest clergymen bring about no reforms, unless their heads are heaped up high in benevolent form, like that of Bennett or Wilberforce, and then they leave their pulpits, and bring all their influence for good to a focus in some common-sense way. "Fret not because of evil-doers," the salary business will finish them. The richest churches in this region refuse to pay the preacher's wages.

I noticed in the life of Luther, from the German, that to be popular with the rich he was obliged to denounce the peasantry, classing them with brutes, and his treatment of them was heartless and cruel. George O. Barnes, the noted revivalist, is lecturing to us nightly. He has made only one sensible remark that I know of, and that is that God does not send afflictions as a means of grace, being thus in some sense the author of evil. From this I infer that he is one of Job's comforters. But, lo! the devil comes to the rescue, with hoof and horns. "He is willing to bear the blame of the world's ruin, so he can be master," and as he is generally considered chief cook and bottle-washer in human affairs, God had better take a back seat. Job was to blame himself. Barnes's sermon last night was a wild jumble of false theology and budding Infidelity. He affirmed that Cain took a wife from a race already existing upon the earth—a match without sympathy, I should say. He forgot the chasms between races and creations, for Nature must prepare her physiological atoms for a fresh and more vigorous effort. A friend just told me that "by my neglect of religion I incurred a great risk." See how fear pays the clergyman's board. "The fear of hell's the hangman's whip, but when you feel your honor grip," that is an important matter, and worthy of attention.

Clergymen often remark that Epictetus, Cleanthes, and Seneca could never guide us to heaven. They ought rather to be ashamed that nothing but fanaticism can arouse the human mind from its stupid condition of indifference to something which partakes of the elements of higher thought and feeling.

With regard to the Constitution, it seems that Alexander Hamilton was the first who suggested the idea, and from the life of Patrick Henry and other prominent men of that period we learn how wise men pondered hours and days, as did the people also, over that mighty subject. I do not think clerical minds helped to frame that instrument. If they did, will some wiseacre come out and produce the necessary information?

Speaking of fanaticism, great minds are alwavs calm. Witness the massiv courage of Socrates, Henry Clav, and Lincoln. This is anything but a nation of Stoics. It is a nation halting between two opinions, whether to deteriorate or become strong and excel. The ethereal god Hermes was represented in sculpture massiv and strong as Hercules. Materialism, in France and other nations, is a first stage in a constitution destined to be highly refined. In France, the constant use of wine as a beverage, instead of water, hinders the severity of morals.

Nations will continue to sink until their virtues become heroic and they are able to govern themselvs. Women rise higher in the scale of morality every century; shall not men make a determined effort, also, to arrest the decline of the present race of human beings? Are self-indulgence and power twin stars? What redeemed India from moral oblivion but the purity of the priests of Brahma? There are priests among the despised Catholics who are holy and pure. "He trusts me," "She has full confidence in me," is sufficient to hinder a person from doing wrong. The man hankering after luxuries and excesses is in no sense reliable. If any passion has full dominion over him, though noble in his nature, beware of him. His weakness is a sea which threatens to overwhelm all his virtues. Said Emerson, "Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind." The man who betrays himself will forsake his country in her hour of need. The hand of industry saves us from want; but the honest defender of Freethought holds the universe between his palms, and the gods own him for their superior.

ALHAZA.

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TALENT, OR., Sept. 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: It is with great pleasure that I read THE TRUTH SEEKER and see its pictorial illustrations. I realize that it is hastening "the good time coming." S. P. Putnam gave ten lectures in this neighborhood, but each of them was like a shining meteor, dazzling for a moment, only to disappear. There is no effort for the formation of a Secular League, although there liv in Ashland alone one hundred persons who hav announced themselvs as Freethinkers, and I believe that there are double that number in Jackson county. But there needs some object more than the Nine (abstract) Demands to excite interest in the public at large. The great mass know but little, and care less, about untaxed churches, but they know enough of underpaid labor and of starvation for lack of remunerativ work.

Now, as the Secular League Congress which is advertised to meet at Chicago next month will be composed of some of the most advanced minds of the age, permit me to suggest an enlargement of their sphere of action so as to include the inalienable rights of all the people, irrespectiv of race or sex. It does mean this, but it does not directly express the strongest points for immediate action.

The Secular League has not one word for the equal rights of women, who form the biggest and best portion of the people. It has not one word in behalf of the equal rights of the race from which we hav derived our country, our Indian corn, and two (Jefferson and Randolf) of the signers of the Declaration of American Independence; the race which has suffered martyrdom for generations because it repels the superstitions and perversions of a (so-called) Christian civilization of which the following is only one among scores of similar proofs. Lindslay Applegate pioneered the emigrants upon a new route two thousand miles to Oregon in 1826. He was the first agent and interpreter for the Klamath and Modoc Indians, and after years of uniform success, during which eight hundred acres of land was improved, and when he was discharged on account of being a Freethinker there was upon the reserve, officially reported, twenty-five hundred bushels of grain, with an abundance of roots and vegetables, all of which was raised by the Indians, who were not only able but ambitious for self-sustainment. Methodist missionaries succeeded Lindslay Applegate with annual contracts like the following, which I cut from a recent paper:

Says the Klamath county *Star:* The contract to furnish beef, flour, wheat, oats, and barley for the Klamath Indian reservation in this county has been awarded to the following named parties: John F. Miller, 68,000 pounds of beef at $6 98 per 100 pounds; G. W. Smith, flour, 68,000 pounds at $2 60 per 100 pounds; Geo. T. Baldwin, 10,000 pounds of oats at $1 95 per 100 pounds; O. A. Stearns, 1,200 pounds of wheat at $2.23 per 100 pounds; Felix Kahn, 2,500 pounds of barley at $2 25 per 100 pounds.

Is not this a proof of imposition alike upon the Indians and upon the taxpayers? And is it not of more importance to stop it than to get any of the Nine Demands? Yes, because every citizen who does not vote against it givs his sanction to the wrong.

All the rights which are dear to humanity are denied to these Indians. Three of them hav lately been shot merely because they protested against frauds. Quite a number of them came to Ashland to invoke the aid of their old friend Applegate. But he had no official authority. So the same spirit which prompted the exclamation, "Giv us liberty or giv us death," prompted them to assume an attitude of self-defense, which so frightened the agent that he also came to Lindslay Applegate, whose advice being taken, peace for the present is preserved. It was the substitution of a religious teacher, together with official neglect of the subscriber's report, that caused the Modoc war and its cost of $3,000,000 and the slaughter of General Canby and two hundred others.

I therefore respectfully ask that the Secular League Congress will demand the abolishment of the present system of Indian management; also of the laws by which D. M. Bennett, Dr. Foote, Mrs. Slenker, and others hav been prosecuted. Respectfully, JOHN BEESON.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## A Petition.

O Mother Earth! Dear Mother Earth!
Giv me your blossoms, white and red,
To w ave a garland for my head;
Giv me your yellow daffodils,
The blooms which whiten all your hills,
The small sweet Mayflowers 'neath your trees,
The pale anemones.

O Mother Earth! Dear Mother Earth!
Giv me the many tangled vines
Which creep among your fragrant pines,
Those dark, mysterious leaves in vain
Shrinking to hide their bloody stain:
The pale blue violets and the white—
Your heart's delight.

O Mother Earth! Dear Mother Earth!
Giv me the key to those sweet tunes
Your breezes play; the ancient runes
Your tall pines sing in monotone,
The meaning of the ocean's moan—
That the sweet spirit of harmony
May dwell with me. PANSY.

## Children.

Come to me, O ye children;
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplex me
Hav vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look toward the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are birds and sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklets flow,
But in mine is the wind of autumn,
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Hav been hardened into wood,

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier clime,
That reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children,
And whisper in my ear,
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

—*Longfellow.*

## Prize Essays.

MISS SUSAN H. WIXON: I would be pleased if you will assist me in formulating a plan that will encourage and stimulate the young people of your "Corner" to a better understanding of the principles of Freethought.

I believe it to be a duty we each owe a common good, that we endeavor to instill in their young minds the glorious truths of universal mental liberty, that the seeds now sown may bud and blossom in the sweet sunlight of a new and freer life. To encourage them to this end I will, with your approval, offer a few small prizes, of say, first prize, $3; second, $2; third, $1, in cash or books as winner may desire, open to all boys and girls under 16 years of age, for the best paper on "Why I am a Liberal."

I will trust to the honesty of our young Liberal friends to receive no material assistance from their older brothers and sisters or parents, but wish it to be the result of their own efforts, observations, and ideas.

If successful, I will offer small prizes frequently on different subjects. I trust you will make all the necessary arrangements governing contest, appointing of judges, etc., and hope to hear from you if you hav any suggestions to offer.

Yours very truly, B. H. MARLETT.

[The above offer from a friend of the Children's Corner is an excellent one. Now, dear children, please show your apprecia ion of Mr. Marlett's kindness by sending in the very best essay on the subject named—"Why I am a Liberal." Time, two months from present date of TRUTH SEEKER. Send all essays to the editor of the Corner, at Fall River, Mass., where they will be forwarded to Mr. Marlett for his inspection and decision if he desires. All essays will be printed whether receiving prizes or not.—ED. C. C.]

## Correspondence.

BUFFALO, Sept. 16, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I missed the Children's Corner very much, and was very scrry to learn the cause. We liv between two tracks. A great many are killed on the railroad track. I go across the track every night with milk, my ma watching me till I get home. My pa cuts up THE TRUTH SEEKER, takes the best pieces, and givs me the Children's Corner. I hav two books pasted through. Your little friend,

IDA A. BALLOU.

OAK MILLS, KAN., Sept. 19, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As it has been a long time since I bothered you with a letter, I will bother you once more, if you hav no objection. I still read the grand old TRUTH SEEKER, and gladly pronounce it one of the ablest and best journals published anywhere I find by reading the last number of THE TRUTH SEEKER that your dearly beloved mother has lately died. The Children's Corner, always so bright and lively, was a few days ago dimmed by the sad headline, "Bereaved by Death." I glanced over the note and soon found out the sad tale. You hav my heartfelt sympathy.

Yours truly, G. J. REMSBURG.

NORTH SYDNEY, CAPE BRETON, Sept. 18, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: As I saw in THE TRUTH SEEKER so many letters from boys and girls, I thought I would write one too.

My father has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for many years, and I like it very much. I hav four sisters and one brother. I go to school every day. I am eight years old. I study geography, grammar, history, reading, spelling, and arithmetic.

We keep a general store, and carry on millinery and dressmaking.

Cape Breton is noted for its coal and fish. We are two miles from North Sydney mine, which is noted for its good coal. About five hundred large ocean steamers through the summer sail into this port for coal, coming from Norway, Germany, and all parts of Europe. Your Freethinker friend,

MAUD L. MAFFATT.

OTTUMWA, IA., Sept. 17, 287.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS: With Miss Wixon's permission I will address you through the Children's Corner. Owing to the many duties I must perform I cannot address you as frequently as I should like, but now, since I learned of our beloved teacher's bereavement, I feel that I must lay aside all other duties, and extend words of sympathy to all.

Little ones, this letter may seem sad to you, but so it must be. My heart bleeds for our noble friend whose life has so often been darkened by the clouds of misfortune.

As the gigantic steamer, freighted with human lives, is borne across the briny ocean, now gently rocked by murmuring winds that guide her aright on the almost boundless waters, or again hurled hither and thither with terrific force, as if nature were determined to bring destruction to her offspring, and blast the aspirations of thousands of beings—just so is it with our lives.

As we bound over the great ocean of life, how varied the winds which guide us on and on! Often there are breathed into our existence the balmy breezes of hope and joy, when the sky about us is bright and cheerful, when all nature seems to conspire to bring happiness to the wanderer, and guide him safely throughout life's voyage; it may seem so for awhile, but softly—silently at first—springs a gale from some unlooked for region, and all at once our aspirations are vanished as if in a dream; all that seemed bright a short time before is obscured by wind and cloud, and discouragements press thick and fast upon us.

Often hav I myself encountered these adverse winds, and doubtless it is, therefore, I so truly sympathize with the oppressed and unfortunate.

Sympathy is the brightest blossom which grows in the heart of mankind; therefore, boys and girls, endeavor to carefully cultivate it, that you may always be ready to brighten the pathway of those who hav been less fortunate in the pursuits of life, or who hav clasped the icy hand of loved ones whom Death has borne away.

Now, little friends, let us unite in extending to this afflicted family—one of whom is especially dear to us—our heartfelt sympathy.

To our beloved teacher we say, May the sun of hope ever shed upon you its brightest rays, and may the seeds of justice and love, which you hav helped to implant in our minds, blossom into noble manhood and womanhood. KATIE KEHM.

[We thank our friend Katie for the above kind and sympathetic letter. The tender sympathy that comes from many hearts helps us to liv through this darkest, saddest hour of life's cloudy day. Dear friends, we thank you, one and all.—ED. C. C.]

## The World's Largest Cities.

In order to furnish, for reference, information on a subject often inquired about, the New York *Journal of Commerce* has compiled the annexed table of the largest cities of the world, with their populations, as stated by the latest publications. The table has a foot-note, which says: "Many of the Chinese cities were enormously over-estimated a few years ago. We hav given the latest estimates by the best authorities, but in the absence of the official census the figures may be accepted only as an approximate calculation. It will be seen that there are thirty-five cities in the world credited with a population at or above half a million."

| | *Population.* |
|---|---|
| Aitchi, Japan | 1 332 050 |
| Bangkok, Siam | 5 0.000 |
| Brooklyn, N. Y | 771.000 |
| Berlin, Prussia | 1 122 330 |
| Calcutta, India | 766 000 |
| Canton, China | 1 500.000 |
| Changchoofoo, China | 1.0 0 000 |
| Chicago, Ill | 715 000 |
| Constantinople, Turkey | 7 0 000 |
| Foo-choo, China | 6 0 000 |
| Glasgow, Scotland | 514 048 |
| Hang-chow-fee, China | 60 0 00 |
| Hang-tcheon, China | 8 0.00 |
| Hankau, China | 600 000 |
| King-te-chiang, China | 500.000 |
| Liverpool, Eng and | 573 000 |
| London, England | 3,9 8.819 |
| Madrid, Spain | 00 900 |
| Moscow, Russia | 611,974 |
| New York, N. Y | 1 400.000 |
| Paris, France | 2 269 023 |
| Pekalongan, Java | 505.204 |
| Pekin, China | 800 000 |
| Philadelphia, Pa | 850 000 |
| St Petersburg, Russia | 766 964 |
| Sartama, Japan | 982 717 |
| Sian, China | 1 000 000 |
| St. Louis, Mo | 500.000 |
| Tai-seen-foo, China | 100 00 |
| Tien-tsin, China | 9 . 000 |
| Tokio, Japan | 987.8-7 |
| Tschautchau-fu, China | 1,0 0 000 |
| Tschingtu-fu, China | 80 .000 |
| Vienna, Austria | 726 05 |
| Woo-chang, China | 800 000 |


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1798.

Hail Columbia! Happy land!
Home of heroes, heaven born band,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And, when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace their valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty.
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

1887.

Look our ransomed shores around,
Peace and safety we hav found!
Welcome, friends, who once were foes,
Welcome, friends, who once were foes,
To all the conquering years hav gained
A nation's rights, a race unchained!
Children of the dav new born,
Mindful of its glorious morn,
Let the pledge our fathers signed
Heart to heart forever bind!

While the stars of heaven shall burn,
While the ocean tides return,
Ever may the circling sun
Find the Many still are One!

Graven deep with edge of steel,
Crowned with Victory's crimson seal,
All the world their names shall read!
All the world their names shall read!
Enrolled with his hosts that led,
Whose blood for us, for all, was shed.
Pay our sires their children's debt,
Love and honor; nor forget
Only Union's golden key
Guards the Ark of Liberty!

While the stars of heaven shall burn,
While the ocean tides return,
Ever may the circling sun
Find the Many still are One!

Hail, Columbia, strong and free,
Firm enthroned from sea to sea!
Thy march triumphant still pursue!
Thy march triumphant still pursue!
With peaceful stride from zone to zone,
And make the Western land thine own!
Blest in the Union's holy ties,
Let our grateful song arise,
Every voice its tribute lend,
In the loving chorus blend!

While the stars in heaven shall burn,
While the ocean tides return,
Ever shall the circling sun
Find the Many still are One!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

## Lucy and Me.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Sept. 19. 1887.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER. *Sir:* The inclosed exquisit little gem was memorized away back in the forties. I hav always given Tom Moore as the author. As it does not appear in any edition of his works, perhaps some reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER may be able to giv its parentage. WM. E. RENWICK

They may rail at this life from the hour I began it,
I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss,
And until you can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this;
For as long as this earth has such eloquent eyes,
As before me this moment enraptured I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for Lucy and me.

In that star of the west by whose shadowy splendor
At evening so often we've roamed o'er the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who hav hearts that's as tender,
And look in their twilight as lovely as you;
But though they were even more bright than the queen
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never those fair young celestials hav seen,
Why, this earth is the planet for Lucy and me.

In Mercury's star, where each minute can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Their nymphs may hav livelier poets to sing them,
But none, even there, more enamored than I.
For as long as this heart can be wakened with love,
And I its divine inspiration can be,
They may say what they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for Lucy and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and wit must be equally rare,
If they want a supply of cold hearts for that station
I am sure there are plenty on earth we can spare;
Just think what a world we should hav of it here
If the haters of peace and affection and glee
Should all fly off to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as Lucy and me.

## Book Notes.

Volume I. of "Crimes of Christianity" has been issued by the Progressiv Publishing Company, of London. The authors are G. W. Foote and J. M. Wheeler, the former the editor of the *Freethinker*, the latter an indefatigable delver into the history of the past as recorded in books. With Mr. Wheeler's facts, ornamented by the rhetoric of both himself and Mr. Foote, it is not hard to believe that the present volume is a work at once valuable and interesting. As Americans are not permitted to acquire information from foreigners without paying a premium for it, this book cannot be sold in New York for less than $1. In London it is about 60 cents.

"The Struggle for Religious and Political Liberty." By Theodore C. Spencer. All sorts of religions and all sorts of religionists pass in review in the pages of this book. Pagans and Jews, Mormons and Mohammedans, Puritans and Pilgrims, Catholics and Huguenots, and several Protestant churches receive attention, while Martin Luther and John Calvin, the wrongs of Ireland and American slavery, are freely discussed. The historical review ends with the prophecy that the day is not far distant when the human mind will throw off the trammels of religious dogmatism and the shackles of political despotism, and truth will triumph gloriously, and the freedom of man in all things secular and spiritual will be universal. New York: The Truth Seeker Company.—*Home Journal.*

The records of the southern district of New York contain the following entry:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the 3d day of November, A D. 1829. in the 54th year of the Independence of the United States of America, ABNER KNEELAND, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit:

"A Review of the Evidences of Christianity, in a Series of Lectures, delivered in Broadway Hall, New York, August, 1829. To which is prefixed an Extract from Wittenbach's Opuscula on the ancient notices of the Jewish Nation, previous to the time of Alexander the Great. By Abner Kneeland. 'Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.'—*Paul.*"

In this book Mr. Kneeland went over the so-called evidences of Christianity from the days of Christ down through the times of the Christian fathers, demolishing them with a vigor that has not been exceeded since. The work is now in its tenth edition, Mr. Kneeland's successors, Messrs. Seaver and Mendum, having recently published a new one. Others hav elaborated the points touched upon by the author, but he was sufficiently thorough to effect the purpose of the work; and "Evidences of Christianity" does for the Christian fathers what the "Age of Reason" did for the prophets and apostles; namely, throws their testimony out as worthless, and demolishes the structure built upon it.

The second Appendix of the work, being twelve pages which originally appeared in Vol. I. of the Boston *Investigator*, is not by any means the least interesting part of the book. It is made up of some letters addressed to the editor of the *Trumpet*, and givs Mr. Kneeland's views on the subject of Marriage, which are sufficiently radical to be sensible. The appendix also reveals that Mr. Kneeland was a spelling reformer. He givs a good article in the kind of type that he would like to see adopted, and points out that 10 per cent is thus saved in space, which would be of itself, he says, an object worth gaining, but is "nothing in comparison with the time it would save in learning children to spell." Modern grammarians would say that Mr. Kneeland here misuses the word *learning* for *teaching*, but as he shows evidence of being something of a grammarian himself, it is probable that the verb *learn* was so used in his day. The present edition contains a likeness of the author, and sells for $1.

In 1831 Mr. Kneeland writes that the "work has now been before the public two years, during which time two editions hav been sold, of five hundred copies each, and no attempt has been made either to answer its objections or to prove its reasoning false." Fifty-six years later, after ten editions hav been issued, and after the author has slept in his grave for nearly half a century, the same remark holds true. And the reason is the same now as then—there is no answer to be made save what answer falsehood can make to truth.

Soon after Mr. John D. Shaw, of Waco, withdrew from the ministry of the Methodist church, on account of his change of views regarding the divine origin of the Christian religion, he published a pamphlet, entitled "The Bible—What Is It?" In this work he went over the whole field suggested by the query, giving first the answers of the orthodox divines under six heads, which he afterward took up succinctly and tested their truthfulness by an examination of the Bible itself in the light of reason and history. Finding these definitions unsatisfactory, the last chapter was devoted to a rational solution. Two thousand copies (the entire edition) of this little book hav been disposed of since 1884, and, as there hav been repeated calls for it, he has just issued a revised edition, which is now on sale. This pamphlet, embodying Mr. Shaw's ideas regarding the Bible, its origin, authority, and of the doctrins founded upon its teachings, is the result of long years of thought and patient research. Those who are not satisfied to take religion on trust, to believe simply because other believed before them, should read this book, as it was written by an honest man. It will, at least, giv them food for thought, and stimulate to further inquiry.

Mr. Shaw has also furnished the *Gazetteer* with a copy of another pamphlet he has just published, entitled, "The Divinity of Christ." Its production came about in this way: In July last Rev. W. S. Black, a Christian minister, delivered a sermon at Waco, in which he set forth his reasons for believing in the divinity of Jesus. He subsequently repeated the sermon on the Female College lawn on a Sunday evening by request. Soon after, a large number of citizens of Waco signed a written request, addressed to Mr. Shaw, that he would reply. As the announcement of Mr. Black's sermon on the lawn had been previously published in nearly all the churches in the city, and services postponed with a view to giv their congregations an opportunity to hear it, thus showing their indorsement, Mr. Shaw acceded to the request, and replied at the district court room, August 8th, to a packed house. This pamphlet is that lecture. It is proper to state in this connection that Mr. Shaw invited the Rev. Mr. Black to be present, and make such criticisms of the lecture or propound such questions to the speaker as he thought proper, but he did not put in an appearance. The *Gazetteer* will not attempt to review this masterly effort of Mr. Shaw, which it believes to be the most powerful argument against a dogma of orthodox Christianity which is the very foundation of the whole system that has ever appeared in print in so compact a compass. The argument of prophecy, on which Mr. Black dwelt with the most confidence, is torn to shreds. It is not surprising that he has never attempted to answer Mr. Shaw. The *Gazetteer* would, however, like to see some clergyman attack this pamphlet. If the position taken is not tenable, if Mr. Shaw is deceived, we want to know it, and to get all the light we can we will agree to to present a copy of this pamphlet to any pastor of any church in Grayson county who will review it in the columns of the *Gazetteer*, and show wherein the author is at fault, in his facts, his arguments, or his conclusions.—*Denison, Texas, Gazetteer.*


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(E. M. 287.)

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OF THE

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## News of the Week.

RESEARCH fails to discover the enormous and brilliant meteor reported to hav flown athwart the sky of New England, and to hav grounded at McAdam Junction, N. B., close to the Maine state line. The contention now is that the meteor fell in the sea.

SNOW fell in Maine on the 25th.

SMALL-POX has appeared, and is spreading, on Staten Island, a few miles from New York city.

THE New York Central Labor Union is divided on the question whether it shall protest against hanging the Anarchists.

ABOUT 50,000 German citizens will be represented at a convention to be held in Albany, October 6th, to ask the legislature for a less stringent Sunday law.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN and Herr Most made speeches at Webster Hall, this city, Sunday evening, in behalf of the Chicago Anarchists, and raised nearly two hundred dollars for their defense.

A STEAMER from Naples brought eight cases of cholera to New York last week. Two of the patients hav died, and others are likely to. No danger of the disease spreading is apprehended.

LAST Saturday 1,281 immigrants landed at this port.

FIVE Chicago courts granted one hundred divorces on the 24th inst.

JENNY LIND (Mme. Otto Goldschmidt), the celebrated singer, is very sick in London.

THE Saturday half-holiday has been generally discontinued by the mercantil branch of trade in New York.

THE Rev. William F. Davis has spent several weeks in jail for preaching on Boston Common without a permit.

JACOB SHARP'S appeal for a new trial has been denied, and unless a stay is granted he will go to the state prison at once.

THE wife of Anarchist Parsons was arrested last week for distributing circulars asking aid for the condemned men. She was released upon her own recognizance until the judge could read the circular and pass upon its legal status.

HENRY GEORGE addressed the Anti-Poverty Society Sunday night. He said that the movement was now taking the form of a religious revival, though not so much with the intention of fitting men for heaven as to bring heaven upon earth.

MR. JACOB KILRAIN, of Baltimore, has sailed for Europe with the avowed intention of whipping Mr. James Smith, champion pugilist of England. His reward will be fame, fortune, and a diamond belt. The meeting will take place in Spain.

ON September 22d the negroes of Jackson, Miss., celebrated the anniversary of their emancipation from slavery. More than 5,000 colored people participated in the festivities. On the same day some 2,000 people of his own race gave Fred Douglas a reception at Washington, D. C.

FINANCIERS hav of late complained of a severe stringency in the money market, and to relieve it the treasury department offers to purchase $14,000,000 worth of United States bonds between September 22d and October 8th. The order is generally deemed a good one so far as it goes.

MNASON, the revivalist, who was mobbed and driven out of Park Ridge, N. J., is back in that town. The leader of the mob, Sunday-School Superintendent Leach, is away on a vacation, and when he returns it is expected that hostilities will be resumed. Several indictments are out against persons concerned in the lynching affair.


## THE ORDER OF CREATION.

*A Discussion Between*

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On the Conflict between Genesis and Geology.

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A ROW OVER THE IMAGES.

And Jacob was wroth and chode with Laban, etc.—Gen. xxxi, 36.

## Odds and Ends.

TAKING a baby to church does the baby no good, and is a cause of immorality in others.

BOSTON is still evoluting. They now put men in jail there for preaching without a license.

THE proper study of mankind is man. There is more fun, though, in studying woman. But it doesn't do any good. You can't make her out.

No matter how good a character a deacon may hav, he cannot put a five dollar bill in the plate which he has just passed, and make change for himself without arousing the suspicions of the congregation.

ISAAC SIMON and David Abrams having failed recently in St. Louis, the Presbyterians of that city will hav to rely on outside assistance to complete the new Bible house.

WAYBACK man: "All this talk about the benefits of high license is nonsense. What I want to see in Omaha is Prohibition." Omaha man: "It can't be enforced." "No matter, I'll never rest until we get Probibition." "Are you a temperance orator?" "Well, no. I keep the only drug store at Rum Crossing."

A LITTLE Albany girl who was watching her father putting "slug shot" on some potato plants the other day to kill the bugs asked him if God made potato bugs. He replied that he did, when she puzzled him by the question: "Well, why didn't he make them eat those nasty thistles and leave the potatoes alone?"

"I DON'T dare club him," said a little girl yesterday when told to punish her pug dog with a club because he had just snapped at her. "I don't dare club him. He might bite me, and then I would hav hydrotoxicon." This little girl had been reading the papers lately, and in some way got Pasteur mixed up with swill milk.

"GOOD-NIGHT, mamma," said little Frank, as he put his little brown head on the pillow. Mamma stood at the door ready to go downstairs. "Good-night, mamma. Will the little small voice I hear in the night hurt me?" "No, my darling." "It's God's voice, isn't it, mamma?" "Yes, my darling." "The minister said it was, didn't he mamma?" "Yes, love." "Was it God's voice that said 's'cat, s'cat,' under the window last night?"

HOW MR. HERRESCHOFF WAS REBUKED BY A GOOD PRIEST IN NAPLES.

James Herreschoff, one of the remarkable family of blind boat-builders of that name of Bristol, R. I., is in this city. He has recently made an extended European trip, visiting out-of-the-way places, and avoiding the beaten lines of travel and tourists' hotels. He tells a clever story about a priest at Naples.

Mr. Herreschoff went to dine at a little cafe in the suburbs overlooking the bay of Naples. With his dinner he drank the common red wine of the country, the same as the peasants drink. Opposit him sat an old, fat, jolly, clean-shaven priest, who was drinking white wine. He gazed upon Mr. Herreschoff in sorrow, and at last said: "My son, my son, look not upon wine when it is red, when it giveth its color to the cup," and, pausing to giv his words effect, he feelingly added, "Drink white wine, as I do!"

HOLDING BACK A TRAIN FOR A DARNED PREACHER.

Once when the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage was on a lecturing tour he missed his train at Toledo. He found that by taking another train he could catch the train he wanted at a certain junction if the first train could be got to wait half an hour. The reverend gentleman is not over-bashful, and he considers that the great name of Talmage ought to stop any train on the American continent; so he telegraphed to the general manager of the other road:

Please hold train at Muggerville Junction till express arrives. TALMAGE.

The reverend gentleman reached the junction and he found the train waiting for him. When the general manager of that particular road met Manager Talmage, of the Wabash Railroad, he said: "You found that train all right at Muggerville Junction?"

"What train?"

"Why, the train you telegraphed me to hold."

"I never sent any such message."

The manager showed him the dispatch. "Oh," said the Wabash man, as light broke in on him, "that must hav been the Rev. DeWitt Talmage, of New York."

"Great Scott!" cried the other in disgust, "and to think that I held a train for half an hour for a darned New York preacher!"

PAT'S EXPERIENCE AT A METHODIST CLASS MEETING.

The old style of Methodist class meetings has not exactly gone into "innocuous desuetude" in Texas, but it is not as prevalent as it was in "olden times." Then you would find one going on every Sunday morning, and every school-house or church in each small town, city, hamlet, or neighborhood had its class meeting or "experience meetin'" as they were more frequently called. And the habit of getting together and telling each other of their shortcomings and of their trials and temptations and general moral life had a good effect and seemed to make every one better, and encouraged them, and showed them that there were others who sympathized with them in every trial and rejoiced with them in triumph. One morning, not far from where now stands the flourishing town of Kyle, a strolling Irishman found himself seated in a little shed roof house listening to the experience of a lot of the faithful. Of course, Mike was astonished, and listened along in silent wonder, till a young brother got up who was rather bashful, and began:

"I hav married me a wife, brethren, and—"

"The divil he hav!" said Mike, which caused a momentary titter; but the young brother recovered and continued:

"I've married me a wife, and I am glad to say she is a daughter of the Lord."

Mike could stand no more. He shouted:

"Arrah! sit down, ye galoot! Sure, ye'll niver see your father-in-law."

Amid a roar Mike was put out. He took it for a political speaking.


## DID JESUS CHRIST RISE FROM THE DEAD?

*The Evidences for the Resurrection Tried and Found Wanting.*

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## Gems of Thought.

RELIGIONS seem to act to make enemies of the human race. Every individual is certain that he has the truth—that his religion is directly from God. Of course all devotees of other systems are believing a falsehood, and consequently are enemies of God, deserving castigation and death.—*D. M. Bennett.*

AJAX ought to be the hero and model of all philosophers, for, as the poet sings, "The prayer of Ajax was for light."—*Hare's Guesses at Truth* Goethe's last words, as he looked on the setting sun, were, "Light! light! more light!" Garibaldi's last words, as he noticed a little bird alight on the window-sill of of his bed-room, were, "Oh, how beautiful it is!" And he was an Infidel, and cared no more for pope of Rome than an old horse cares for his mother.—*Hylax.*

GREEK words and Latin words are fine things; but they cannot hide the emptiness and lowness of many who employ them.—*Carlyle.*

Two infants reasoning in the womb about the nature of this life might be no unhandsome type of two men reasoning here about the life that is to come.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

A WISE man proportions his belief to the evidence.—*Hume.*

THE simple believeth every word: but the prudent man looketh well to his going.—*Proverbs xiv.* 15.

NEVER tell me that shame is the companion of guilt—the sinful knave is never so ashamed of himself as is the innocent fool who suffers by him.—*Bulwer.*

How is a man ever to be a man who cannot think out his best thoughts and satisfy all true desires of his nature? But the whole subjectiv philosophy of the popular religion is in the interests of something separate from a complete manhood. Even men who would like to be considered scholarly talk about the importance of "saving one's soul" in distinction from the complete development of manhood. They obtain their conception of "soul-saving" from the old philosophy of a narrow distinction between mind and body, a philosophy in which matter was considered sinful in itself, and the soul alone of importance.—*S. J. Stewart.* [NOTE.—The idea of the utter sinfulness of matter is of Indian origin, but it was strongly embraced by Plato, whose influence planted it in Alexandria, and fixed it in the minds of some of the Christian fathers. Among our forefathers, and, to some extent, among ourselves, the idea of "soul-saving" has been perpetuated by a misconception of the words of Jesus, "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man giv for his soul?" (Matt. xvi, 26). Even our timid revisers hav seen that the words do not necessarily bear any such import, for they hav translated the passage thus: "What shall a man be profited if he shall gain the whole world and forfeit his life? or what shall a man giv in exchange for his life?" But the old text will be kept sounding in the ears of the people for many a day. It is too valuable to be surrendered to any mere demand of scholarship.—*Hylax.*]

LET our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care
That crushes into dumb despair
One-half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried,

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf,
The battle of our life is brief,
The alarm, the struggle, the relief,
Then sleep we side by side.

—*Longfellow's Goblet of Life.*

THERE is another element of our happiness which springs from the fact that we do not know the future. How large a part of the pleasure of life is shattered and blighted by our unreasonable anticipation of coming evil! How much happiness would be lost if you knew that you were to be sick to-morrow; that a friend was to be stricken down; that a mercantil venture was to go awry: that this or that evil was to come? You would hav no heart for the smile and laughter and sunshine of to-day, glad and bright though it might be, if you were overshadowed with the cloud of a certain misfortune that was to come on the morrow.—*M. J. Savage.*

GOD knows I'm no' the thing I should be,
Nor am I even the thing I could be,
But twenty times, I rather would be
An Atheist clean,
Than under gospel colors hid be
Just for a screen. —*Burns.*

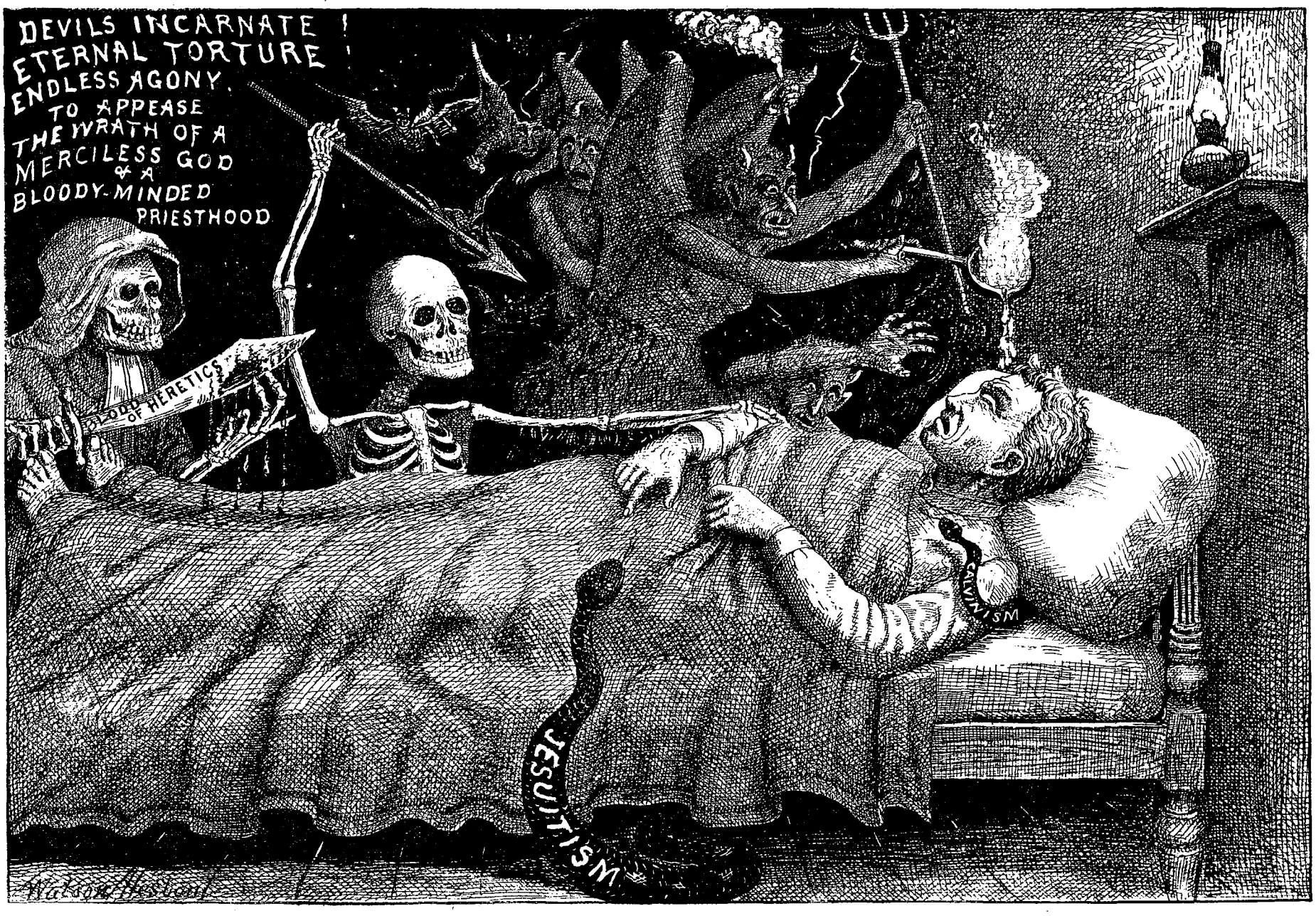
TRUTH and falsehood are like the iron and clay in the toes of Nebuchadnezzar's image; they may cleave, but they will not incorporate.—*Bacon's Essays*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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THE NIGHTMARE OF SUPERSTITION.

Christianity, like a hideous dream, has tortured mankind for over eighteen centuries.

## Notes and Clippings.

Miss Phoebe W. Couzins has been installed in office as United States marshal at St. Louis, Mo. She is the first female marshal known to history.

Dr. Parker, the English clergyman, preached in Plymouth pulpit last Sunday. His sermon, as reported, was much like one of Mr. Beecher's with the best things left out.

In the superstition of sailor men, says the New York *Sun*, there is a connection between white horses and preachers. Both are believed to bring bad luck to the vessel carrying them.

The Minneapolis *Tribune* says: "Mr. J. F. Wright, who advertised in the *Tribune* for a wife about a year ago, is now the proud father of a bouncing boy. Our advertising rates can be ascertained by inquiry at the counting-room."

The *Union*, of Manchester, N. H., charges that the worst places of prostitution in that city are owned by church-members who "are not ignorant of the purposes to which they are put," and says that there is no clergyman in Manchester who dares to deal with the evil boldly.

The Rev. Adirondack Murray, whose specialty is fish stories, crossed the line into Canada the other day and came back crestfallen. Of the lying capacity of the French Canadian he says: "There is a childish enthusiasm about it that captivates you. He smiles as he lies. He lays his hand on his heart; he lifts his eyes upward; he embellishes his little lie with saintly allusions; he lies as if he believed his own lie."

The Progressiv Labor party, comprising the excommunicated portion of the George party, nominated John Swinton for secretary of state, but Mr. Swinton declared that he was too tired to accept the nomination, and Mr. J. Edward Hall was substituted. T. B. Wakeman, Esq., is the party's nominee for attorney general.

The vestry of St. John's church in Elizabeth, N. J., has examined the charges against the Rev. Mr. Glazebrook, accused of improper conduct with Miss Foote, of Durham, Conn., and has "vindicated" him, and he will be retained in the pulpit of that church. The vestrymen evidently realize the prestige a church gains from having a pastor with a reputation.

Louise Michel, the famous French Communist, is said at last to hav crossed the boundary into insanity, or, at least, into aberration. Her publishers are refusing to print her books, her health is broken, and she is, it is said, likely to be left to starve if her pen and tongue fail her. As a rule, except in revolutionary districts, she is now hooted at and ill-treated, it is said, when she speaks.

The Anti-Poverty party is holding a fair in this city, and the women of the party are going about soliciting subscriptions. One of them called on Archbishop Corrigan with her subscription book, and he took the book from her by force, and rebuked her severely, saying she was liable to excommunication for attending Dr. McGlynn's meetings; which may very likely be true, but it hardly justified the archbishop in stealing her book.

Mr. John Bright, the English statesmen, in a letter published September 29th, condemns the Compulsory Vaccination act, and predicts the failure of the compulsory system. He advises that leniency be shown toward those opposed to vaccination.

The annual convention of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York was held last week. The most important business, to the beneficiary at least, was the raising of Bishop Potter's salary to $12,500, in return for which the bishop gave the brethren a convivial entertainment at the new headquarters at 29 Lafayette Place, opposit The Truth Seeker office. The affair was evidently exclusiv, as no one from this office was invited over.

Successful experiments hav recently been made in New York harbor with Lieutenant Zalinski's dynamite gun. The weapon is sixty feet long, eight-inch bore, charged with compressed air instead of powder, and throws twenty-pound dynamite shells a distance of a mile and a half. In the recent experiment in the presence of government officers an old schooner standing head on and low in the water a mile away was totally wrecked at the second shot, the first one having gone wide of its mark.

The new College of Physicians and Surgeons, which W. H. Vanderbilt gave a half million dollars to build, at the corner of Fifty-ninth street and Tenth avenue, this city, was opened on the 29th ult. In writing a letter upon the subject Mayor Hewitt says: "I am glad to say that the world more and more comes to the opinion that superfluous wealth is a public trust, and when this view is acted upon by those who hav control of such wealth, we shall hear less of the sufferings of the poor, and of the antagonism which is believed to exist, but never can, between labor and capital." Mr. Hewitt givs evidence of having read Auguste Comte on the "moralization of wealth."

The Dublin *Union* asserts that since January 1, 1887, the Irish National League has received subscriptions amounting to £31,000, of which sum it has doled out only £4,700 to the entire tenantry of Ireland. The balance, the *Union* says, has not been accounted for.

Collector Magone, boss of the New York custom house, has taken a novel and ingenious way to oust Republican employees under the form of a civil service examination. All the present clerks are to be examined for promotion, and those who fail to pass satisfactorily will be discharged. To this end the Republican clerks are kept in the dark, while the Democrats, it is said, are being furnished with such light as will make their calling and election sure.

At a recent seance in Rochester by a medium from Brooklyn, several written communications, purporting to come from the spirit-world, were handed out from the cabinet. Six of the notes in which the chirography seemed to be the most dissimilar were submitted to experts in the matter of handwriting. Both of the experts agreed that not more than two persons wrote the notes, and one of them was inclined to think that all were written by the same hand. A pencil drawing purporting to be a portrait of Jean Ingelow represented her as a man.

# Communications.

## The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

Author of "Physical Education," "The Secret of the East," etc.

### I.—Moral Maxims.

CHAPTER XI.—JUSTICE.

*A.—Lessons of Instinct.*

Moral philosophers have long conjectured the distinction between natural and conventional duties; and only the full recognition of that distinction can reconcile the conflicting views on the natural basis of ethics. On the other hand, the defenders of the theory of "Intuitive Morality" claim the existence of an innate moral conscience, common to all nations and all stages of social development, while, on the other hand, we hear it as confidently asserted that the standards of virtue are mere standards of expedience, and vary with circumstances as fashions vary with seasons and climates. There is no doubt, for instance, that religious bigotry has begot a sort of factitious conscience, shrinking from the mere idea of devoting the seventh day of the week to physical recreations, while the devotees of the joy-loving gods of paganism thought it a solemn duty to celebrate their holidays with festive revels. Marriage between persons of adventitious relationship (such as widows and their surviving brothers-in law) is prohibited by the statutes of one creed, and not only sanctioned, but distinctly enjoined, by those of another. Speculative dogmas that would deeply shock the followers of Abd el Wahab are tolerated in Constantinople and venerated in Rome.

But such contrasts diminish, and at last disappear, as we turn our attention from conventional to essential duties. A Mussulman bigot, who would slay his son for drinking wine in honor of a supplementary god, would agree with the worshipers of that god that theft is a crime and benevolence a virtue. The innkeepers of Palermo obey their church and spite heretics by selling meat in June, but not in March. The innkeepers of El Medina spite unbelievers and honor the Koran by selling meat in March, but not in June. The Buddhist innkeepers of Lassa sell only salt meat, imported from China, and spite Infidels by refusing to kill a cow under any circumstances. But Sicilians, Thibetans, and Arabs would agree that no innkeeper should be permitted to spite a personal enemy by salting his meat with arsenic. Nations that totally disagree in their notions of propriety, in matters of taste, and in their bias of religious prejudice, will nevertheless be found to agree on the essential standards of humanity and justice. The "instinct of equity," as Leibnitz calls the sense of natural justice, has been still better defined as the "instinct of keeping contracts." A state of Nature is not always a state of equal rights. Skill, strength, and knowledge enjoy the advantage of superior power in the form of manifold privileges, but the expediency of "keeping contracts" naturally recommends itself as the only safe basis of social intercourse. Those contracts need not always be specified by written laws. They need not even be formulated in articulate speech. Their obligations are tacitly recognized as a preliminary of any sort of social cooperation, of any sort of social concomitance. "Give every man his due;" "Pay your debts;" "Give if you would receive," are international maxims, founded on the earliest impressions of social instinct, rather than on the lessons of social science or of preternatural revelation. The first discoverers of the South Sea Islands were amazed by a license of sexual intercourse that seemed to exceed the grossest burlesques of French fiction; but they were almost equally surprised by the scrupulous exactness of commercial fair-dealing observed by those incontinent children of Nature. An islander, who had agreed to pay three bagsful of yam roots for a common pocket-knife, delivered two bagsful (all his canoe would hold) before the evening of the next day, and received his knife, as the sailors had about all the provisions they could use. But the next morning. in trying to leave the coast by tacking against a fitful breeze, they were overtaken by a canoe, containing a desperately-rowing savage and that third bag of yam-roots. The traveler Chamisso mentions a tribe of Siberian fishermen who boarded his ship to deliver a harpoon which former visitors had forgotten in their winter-camp. Theft, according to the testimony even of their Roman adversaries, was almost unknown among the hunting tribes of the primitive German wood lands. The natives of San Salvador received their Spanish invaders with respectful hospitality, and scrupulously abstained from purloining, or even touching, any article of their ship-stores; and a similar reception welcomed their arrival in Cuba and San Domingo, the natives being apparently unable to conceive the idea that their guests could repay good with evil. "Fair play" is the motto of boyish sports in the kraals of Kaffir-land, not less than on the recess-ground of Eton College. A rudimentary sense of justice manifests itself even among social animals. A baboon who wantonly attacks an inoffensive fellow-ape is liable to get mobbed by the whole troop. A nest-robbing hawk has to beat an immediate retreat under penalty of being attacked by all the winged neighbors and relatives of his victims. Dogs that will endure the most inhuman methods of training are not apt to forgive an act of gratuitous cruelty. They may resign themselves to a system of consistent severity, but refuse to submit to evident injustice.

B.—REWARDS OF CONFORMITY.

Justice is the royal attribute of noble souls; the most inalienable crown of their prestige. Men who would defy the power of superior strength, or envy and depreciate the superior gifts of genius, will do unbidden homage to the majesty of superior justice. "Mars is a tyrant," says Plutarch, in the epilogue of "Demetrius," "but justice is the rightful sovereign of the world." "The things which kings receive from heaven are not machines for taking towns, or ships with brazen beaks, but law and justice; these they are to guard and cultivate. And it is not the most warlike, the most violent and sanguinary, but the justest of princes, whom Homer calls the disciple of Jupiter." History has more than once confirmed that test of supremacy. The reputation of incorruptible integrity alone has made poor princes, and even private citizens, the arbiters of nations.

King Hieron of Syracuse thus arbitrated the disputes of his warlike neighbors. Plato, Phocion. Philopoemen, Cato, and Abencerrage (Ibn Zerrag) settled international quarrels which the sword had failed to decide. The prestige of uprightness has made honor almost a synonyme of an "honorable," *i. e.* honest, reputation. The commercial integrity of Hebrew merchants has overcome race-jealousies and religious prejudices, and in America the worship of wealth does not prevent an upright judge from ranking high above a wealthier, but less scrupulous, attorney.

The consciousness of a just cause is an advantage which, more than once, has outweighed a grievous disadvantage in wealth and power. It biased the fortune of war in the battles of Leuctra and Lodi; it enabled the Scythian herdsmen to annihilate the veterans of King Cyrus, and the Swiss peasants to rout the chivalry of Austria and Burgundy. A just cause enlists sympathy, and, as a bond of union, surpasses the value of common interests, which a slight change of circumstances is apt to turn into conflicting interests and di agreement. Strict adherence to the principles of political equity has preserved small states in the midst of powerful neighbors, whose greed of conquest is restrained by their hesitation to incur the odium of wanton aggression. Belgium, Holland, and Denmark have thus preserved their national independence in Europe, as Japan and Acheen in the East. In Central Africa the honesty and simplicity of the agricultural Ethiopians has proved a match for the cunning of the predatory Moors, who constantly pillage their neighbors, but as constantly quarrel about the division of their spoils, and, in the vicissitudes of their civil wars, have again and again been obliged to purchase the alliance of the despised "heathen."

The practical advantages of integrity has been recognized in the proverbial wisdom of all nations, but are not confined to the affairs of commercial intercourse. In the long run, honesty is the "best policy," even in avocations where the perversion of justice may seem to promise a temporary advantage. A lawyer who refuses to defend a wealthy knave against a poor plaintiff, will gain in self-respect, and ultimately also in professional reputation, more than he has lost in direct emoluments. A politician who refuses to resort to chicanes may miss the chance of a short-lived triumph, but will sow a seed of prestige sure to ripen its eventual harvest.

C.—PERVERSION.

Justice, in the pristine pagan sense of the word, was too natural and too manly a virtue to find much favor with the whining moralists of Antinaturalism. The truth which a modern philosopher has condensed in the sarcasm that "an honest god is the noblest work of man," was recognized already by the ancient historian who observed that "every nation makes its gods the embodiments of its own ideals," though, happily, it is not always true that "no worshiper is better than the object of his worship." To some degree, however, the moral standards of the Mediterranean pagans were undoubtedly prejudiced by the lewd propensities of their Olympians, and it is equally certain that the extravagant injustice of Christian fanatics can be partly explained, as well as condoned, by the moral characteristics of their dogma-God. According to the accepted doctrine of the Middle Ages, the administrative principles of that God seemed to imply a degree of moral perversity which even the poetic license of a saner age would have hesitated to ascribe to a fiend. The same deity whom the creed of the Galilean church makes the omniscient creator of all the physical and moral instincts of human nature, nevertheless was supposed to punish with endless torture nearly every free gratification of those instincts, and demand a voluntary renunciation of a world which his own bounty had filled with every blessing, and adorned with every charm of loveliness. The God who endowed us with faculties of reason, of which a moderate share is sufficient to perceive the absurdities of the Christian dogma, nevertheless avenges the repudiation of that dogma as an "unpardonable sin against the authority of his sacred word." The most natural action, the eating of an apple, is made the pretext of the supposed fall of man, and of penalties affecting not only his progeny, but all his fellow-creatures, and even the lower products of organic Nature; while the greatest of all imaginable crimes, a Deicide, the cruel murder of a god, is accepted as a basis of redemption. The doctrine of salvation by grace made the distribution of punishments and rewards a matter of mere caprice. The dogmatists of predestination distinctly taught that the "elect" were not saved by their own merits, but by an inscrutable, incalculable, and gratuitous act of divine favor, while others were as inevitably foredoomed to an eternity of woe. By faith alone, or by faith and the ceremony of immersion, the guilt of a sinful life could, withal, be cancelled in the eleventh hour, while the omission of that ceremony doomed even children, nay, newborn babes, to the abyss of hellfire. "There is no doubt," the Solomon of the Patristic Age assures us, "that infants, only a few spans in length, are crawling on the bottom of hell," a doctrine which the historian of Rationalism justly stigmatizes as "so atrocious, and at the same time so extravagantly absurd, that it would be simply impossible for the imagination to surpass its insanity." Yet for more than twelve hundred years Christians were in danger of being burnt at the stake for refusing to attribute such infamies to their creator.

D.—PENALTIES OF NEGLECT.

Need we wonder that the converts of that creed believed in the merit of passive submission to the caprices of earthly despots, and scorned the appeals of justice in their dealings with pagans and Freethinkers? Why should men try to be better than their God? The worshiper of a God who doomed the souls of unbaptized children and honest dissenters, naturally had no hesitation in assailing the bodies of their unbelieving fellow-men, and princes who loaded fawning sycophants with favors which they denied to honest patriots could appeal to the sanction of a divine precedent. Every petty "sovereign of six faithful square miles" accordingly became a law to himself. A man's might was the only measure of his right; the *Faust-Recht*, the "first law" of iron-clad bullies, reigned supreme from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, and the judges of (the only independent) ecclesiastic courts confined their attention to ferocious punishments of neglect in the payment of tithes, and the performance of socage duties and ceremonies. The belief in the divine right of potentates, and passive submission to even the most outrageous abuse of that power, were assiduously inculcated as primary duties of a Christian citizen. Natural justice, civil rights, and the laws of humanity had no place in that code of revealed ethics.

Such teachings bore their fruit in the horrors of insurrection. In the Peasants' War thousands of convents and castles were rent as by the outburst of a hurricane, and their dwellers had to learn the inconvenience of having to submit to the powers that happened to be, by being torn limb from limb, or flayed and roasted alive.

"*Si no se obedecen los leyes, es ley que todo se pierde,*" is the Spanish translation of an old Arabian proverb: "If justice is disregarded, it is just that everything perish"—a doom which the intolerable outrages against human rights and humanity at last experienced in the cataclysm of the French Revolution. There, too, the despisers of natural justice had to eat their own doctrine, the strongholds of absolutism that had withstood the tears of so many generations were swept away by a torrent of blood, and the priests and princes whose inhumanity had turned their serfs into wild beasts learned the significance of their mistake when their own throats were mangled by the fangs of those beasts.

The doctrine of salvation by grace had substituted favor and caprice for the rights of natural justice, and for a series of centuries the consequences of its teachings were seen in the treatment of nearly every benefactor of mankind. The prince who devoted the fruits of his conquests to the feeding of countless convent drones, let scholars starve and loaded the discoverer of a New World with chains. His successors who lavished the treasures of their vast empire on pimps and clerical mountebanks, let Cervantes perish in penury. The sovereign protector of a thousand stall-fed prelates refused to relieve the last distress of John Kepler. The moralists who thought it a grievance that the church should be denied the right of tithing the lands of southern Spain, had no pity for the sufferings of the men whose labor had made those lands blossom like the gardens of paradise, and who were exiled by thousands for the crime of preferring the unitary God of the Koran to the trinitary gods of the New Testament.

E.—REFORM.

The perversion of our moral standards by the dogmas of an antinatural creed is still glaringly evident in the prevailing notions of natural justice and the precedence of social duties. The modern Crœsus who deems it incumbent on his duties as a citizen and a Christian to contribute an ample subvention to the support of an orthodox seminary, has no hesitation in swelling his already bloated income by reducing the wages of a hundred starving factory children and taking every sordid advantage in coining gain from the loss of helpless tenants and dependants. The pious Sabbatarians who doom their poor neighbors to an earthly Gehenna and premature death by depriving them of every chance for healthful recreation, lavish their luxuries and their endearments on the caged cutthroat who edifies his jailer by renouncing the vanities of this worldly sphere and ranting about the bliss of the New Jerusalem. The bank cashier who would never be pardoned for kicking the hind-parts of a mendicant missionary is readily absolved from the sin of such secular indiscretions as embezzling the savings of a few hundred widows and orphans.

Before resuming the rant about our solicitude for the interests of departed souls, we should learn to practice a little more common honesty in our dealings with the interests of our living fellow-men. Natural justice would be less frequently outraged if our moral reformers would distinctly repudiate the doctrines of vicarious atonement and salvation by faith, and hold every man responsible for his own actions, irrespective of his belief or disbelief in the claims of an Asiatic miracle-monger. And moreover, the exponents of Secularism should insist on a truth not unknown to the moralists of antiquity, that habitual submission to injustice is a vice instead of a virtue, and that he who thinks it a merit to signalize his unworldliness by failing to assert his own rights encourages oppression and fraud and endangers the rights of his honest fellow-men.

## The Paine Farm and Monument.

Sherwin. the biographer of Thomas Paine, relates that in 1785 the assembly of New York gave to Thomas Paine, in recognition of his public services, the confiscated estate of Mr. Frederick Devoe, a royalist. "This estate," says Sherwin, "situated at New Rochelle, consisting of more than three hundred acres of land in a high state of cultivation, with a spacious and elegant stone house, besides extensiv out-buildings, was a valuable acquisition." Where that house is to day is an interesting subject of inquiry.

There stands at present, on the White Plains road, some two miles from the railroad depot at New Rochelle, N. Y., and perhaps a quarter of a mile from the highway, a small two-story, half clapboarded and half-shingled structure called the Paine House. A desire to pay his respects to the old home of the author-hero recently led Mr. T. Kewley, who fills the position of store-keeper on board the White Star steamer Germanic, to call at THE TRUTH SEEKER office and invite an attaché of this paper to visit the spot with him. The journey was made one pleasant afternoon in the month of September just closed. New Rochelle is but a half hour's ride by rail from New York, though it took the pilgrims rather more than half an hour to go from the depot to the Paine farm on account of the speed of the horse which they engaged to convey them thither. Everybody in New Rochelle knows where the Paine farm is, the driver of the chariot in which the visitors rode assuring his passengers that even the horse knew the way, which, together with his apparent great age, led Mr. Kewley to inquire if the animal had previously belonged to Mr. Paine.

The monument stands beside the main road, at the southeast corner, where the lane leads up a slight rise to the house, which is in plain sight. When the visitors walked into the dooryard surrounding this ancient structure known as the Thomas Paine House, they were greeted by a dog with a long yellow nose, who at first concluded to bark, then changed his mind and frisked a little, and shortly lay down and went to sleep. A pleasant faced man holding a pot of paint, and a brush with which he was putting the paint upon the clapboards of the ell part of the house, greeted the strangers cordially. "Yes," he said, "this is the old Paine farm and the old Paine house." This gentleman is Mr. Kissan, if the writer caught the proper pronunciation of his name, and he carries on a milk business, as a large number of cans standing conveniently near the well indicated.

The outside of the building was first inspected. This cannot be the "spacious and elegant stone house" described by Sherwin. It is of two stories, with clapboards upon the ends, so wide that not more than two dozen of them are required to cover it from the ground to the roof. The sides are shingled and whitewashed. It has no ridge boards, and the last course of shingles on one side of the roof hav not been cut off. The gable ends are destitute of molding, and the boards that take its place are rotting away at the eaves. A new portico covers the front door on the west side. At the south end is a story-and-a-half ell. The only stone portion of the structure is what looks like an addition on the east side, about eight feet by fifteen, as high as a man's shoulder at the eaves, and covered by a continuation of the main roof. It is apparently built of rough stones, pointed and whitewashed. The indications are that this is the sole remaining portion of the stone building, if one ever stood there. It may, however, be a modern structure built for the purpose it now answers—namely, a milk room.

Inside the main portion of the house the visitors were shown two rooms, and were given to understand that these were occupied by Paine, one of them being his study. This apartment is not larger than eight by twelve feet. The writer could hav touched the ceiling, and the unevenness of the floor in both rooms indicates that the timbers under it are in a bad condition. A picture of some extinct gentleman of the name of Wesley adorned the wall of the larger room.

All the out-buildings are new. All the old trees of Paine's day hav perished, and been cut down. Visitors are allowed to believe that the well in the yard was dug by Paine, though where the family of Mr. Frederick Devoe, royalist, obtained their water is not stated. The writer could not divest himself of the impression that possibly Paine never lived in the house at all. Sherwin states that the building given to Paine was of stone, and Vale quotes Sherwin without correcting him. Vale was acquainted with the premises, as he visited them in 1837. At precisely what time Vale wrote his biography cannot be determined, as his preface is not dated, and the publishers hav dated the book 1884, but it could not hav been more than thirty years or so after Paine's death. The question, then, arises, Where is the stone house confiscated from Mr. Frederick Devoe, royalist, and presented to Mr. Paine by the New York assembly?

On the way back the pilgrims stopped to view the monument. They found it to be a plain, square shaft, with rounded corners, surmounted by a capital of the Greek order. On the west side, facing the road, is a profile chiseling of Paine, encircled by a wreath. The likeness would not be called good, judged by the generally accepted pictures of the subject, and it has not been improved by having pieces chipped out of it by relic hunters. The whole structure is twelve feet high, of Westchester marble, and, besides the story it tells of the birth and death of Paine, it bears profuse extracts from his works. The monument was the result, in 1839, of the enterprise of Gilbert Vale, who raised the money to erect it at a cost of $1.300, John Frazee being the architect. In letters more newly cut than the others, are these words:

Repaired and rededicated May 30, 1881.

The repairing and rededicating seem to hav been brought about by D. M. Bennett and THE TRUTH SEEKER. In the fore part of 1881 the files of this paper show that a subscription, headed by M. Reiman, closely followed by D. M. Bennett and E. M. Macdonald, was raised to the amount of $158 79, to renovate the lettering and to "round the corners of the monument in such a way that they cannot be broken off without great effort with a hammer." This was done, as the rounded corners of the structure attest. Wilson Macdonald had the work in charge, and in May, 1881, Mr. Bennett was enabled to announce that "the repairs to the monument, the relaying in cement of the wall surrounding the lot, the repairing of the iron fence, and the filling and sodding of the lot are completed and paid for." Mr. Bennett adds that "the monument is said to look better than when new."

May 30th (Decoration Day) of that year was appropriately chosen for the rededicatory services. In describing the event Mr. Bennett says: "Quite a party of us were in waiting at the depot in New Rochelle with numerous omnibuses and other carriages. These were soon filled, and a procession was formed which turned its face toward the monument, nearly two miles north of the station. Capt. Geo. W. Loyd, mounted on a white horse named Button (the same as one once owned by Thomas Paine), acted as marshal and escorted us to the monument." Those who know Captain Loyd will readily conceive that this was the greatest day of his life.

Arrived at their destination, says the record, the meeting came to order, P. L. McClellan, Esq, being appointed president, and "for that purpose occupied the veritable arm-chair once used by Paine himself." D. M. Bennett was vice-president, and T. C. Leland and E. B. Foote, Jr., M.D., secretaries. The banner of the Fourth New York Liberal League, under whose auspices the repairs of the monument had partially been effected, was secured to a tree. The orators occupied, while speaking, an elevated position under this banner.

The chairman opened with an effectiv speech, and then introduced T. B. Wakeman as the orator of the day, who "held the audience spell-bound for more than an hour, every person present fondly drinking in his eloquent remarks." The venerable J. P. Mendum also spoke, and was followed by Dr. Brown, of Binghamton, and Courtlandt Palmer; and then Mr. S. P. Putnam, as always, was eloquent, earnest, and appropriate. Miss Ella Hart, from Delaware, gave a beautiful poem, Mrs. H. Allen read a tribute, and there were loud calls for D. M. Bennett. Mr. Bennett spoke simply for a moment, and then called for a vote of thanks to those who had contributed toward restoring the monument to more than original beauty. This was responded to and three "sonorous Ayes arose from the throat of every person present." Mr. Wright, of Elmira, made the closing speech, and the audience was dismissed, some to partake of a collation and others to "visit the farmhouse on the hill where Paine is said to hav once lived." Mr. Bennett was among the latter number. Finally they all came home "feeling that they had enjoyed a very pleasant day, and that they would like to see returns of the same on every succeeding year." It will be seen from the words quoted concerning the farm house that Mr. Bennett, who wrote the account, was not altogether certain that it was the Paine house he visited.

The association of the spot with memories of the founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER made it none the less attractiv to the writer, and he lingered there as long as time would permit. The lot about the monument is twenty feet square, surrounded by a wall that looks as if it would endure as long as the shaft itself, and contains four handsome trees—two willows, a hickory, and a maple. Just outside the wall to the south are two stakes, about six feet apart. They mark the spot, it is said, where lay the body of Paine before the ghoulish Cobbett carried his bones away to England. In his will Paine says: "The place where I am to be buried to be a square of twelve feet, to be inclosed with rows of trees, and a stone or post-and-railed fence, with a headstone with my name and age engraved upon it, author of 'Common Sense.'" Walter Morton, Thomas Addis Emmett, and Margaret B. Bonneville, named by Paine to carry out his bequest, seem to hav but indifferently fulfilled their trust, for only twenty-eight years after the hero's death Gilbert Vale thus describes the place of burial:

> The tomb is close by the roadside, but over a stone fence, and now consists of a low, broken, rough, dry-stone wall of oblong shape of about eight by four feet, with loose stones, grass, and earth in the center; the upright slab, simply marked with
>
> THOMAS PAINE, AUTHOR OF COMMON SENSE,
>
> no longer exists. After Cobbett violated the grave and moved the bones from the remains of Mr. Paine, the headstone was broken, and pieces successivly removed by different visitors.

So small had finally become the headstone which was to tell of the author-hero to future generations, that, says Vale, the last remnant was plastered up in the wall of a house opposit the monument, in which Paine had at one time boarded. But for his biographer Vale probably no stone would be left now to tell where Thomas Paine was buried; and but for his disciples who rededicated the stone in 1881 no one would be able to read the inscriptions upon the present monument.

Before they came away, the writer gathered a half-dozen hickory nuts from the ground under the tree, and Mr. Kewley cut slips from the willow, destined to be transplanted in the soil of England. They may sprout and grow and their descendants petrify and be some day unearthed by geologists as the fossil remains of a forest primeval. And even in that day men ought sometimes to remember with gratitude the patriot whose services to his country, the world, were as great as his genius, and whose virtues are as obscure as his last resting-place.

G. M.

## The Toronto (Canada) Freethinkers' Convention.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* I notice that the Freethinkers of Canada are to hold their second annual convention at Toronto, on Saturday and Sunday, the 29th and 30th of October. As there has been no New York State Convention held this season, I doubt not many Freethinkers this side of the lakes will be pleased to take this opportunity to visit the dominion, and meet their brethren over the line in convention assembled. If there be any such, and they will immediately notify me, I will try to procure cheap excursion rates from Buffalo to Toronto and return. As our Canadian friends hav often attended our conventions, let us now return their visits.

H. L. GREEN.

165 *Delevan ave., Buffalo, N. Y.*

## A Baptist Victory Over Presbyterianism.

*From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

News has been received here of a very bloody tragedy that took place at Cypress Ridge, in Monroe county, Ark. The details, as near as could be learned, are these: Last Friday night, a man named Forbes, an ardent Presbyterian, and another man named Shelton, a devoted Baptist, became involved in a quarrel, growing out of the question as to whether it was right to hav a Baptist minister occupy a Presbyterian pulpit. Shelton wanted a Baptist minister to fill the Presbyterian pulpit, and Forbes protested in a very forcible manner. The protest led to blows, when suddenly Shelton whipped out a knife and cut Forbes's throat from ear to ear, completely severing the jugular vein, from the effects of which he bled to death. Shelton also is considerably cut up, and is now under arrest. Both parties are prominent white citizens of Monroe county.

# The American Secular Union.

COURTLANDT PALMER, President.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary, - - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
E. A. STEVENS, Chair. Fin. Com., - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.

## Call for the Eleventh Annual Congress of the American Secular Union.

*To the Auxiliary Secular Unions and to all citizens of the United States and Canadas who support the Nine Demands of Liberalism:*

You are invited to attend the Eleventh Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, to be held at Chicago, October 15th and 16th.

The Congress will be called upon to consider measures for carrying on the work of Freethought and securing the adoption of such laws by the various state governments and by the national government as shall make the United States thoroughly secular, and the repeal of all laws now on the statute books which conflict with the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

Local auxiliary Unions are entitled by the Union constitution to five representativs—the President and Secretary and three delegates. All charter members and life members, all Vice-Presidents, all Chairmen of state Executiv Committees, are entitled to seats and votes in the Congress. Annual members are entitled to seats, but not votes, except by permission of the Congress.

It is hoped that every auxiliary Union will send a full delegation to the Congress, and that every Freethinker in the United States and Canada who can will be present.

Per order Board of Directors:

COURTLANDT PALMER, Pres.
SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Sec.
E. A. STEVENS, Ch. Fin. Com.
CHAS. ECKHARD, Treas.
E. B. FOOTE, jr., Ch. Ex. Com.

## September Statement of Treasurer.

RECEIPTS.

| 1887. | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | Reported receipts | | $2,036.21 |
| Sept. | 1. | Colfax | per S. P. Putnam | 40.00 |
| " | 1. | Pasco | " " | 20.00 |
| " | 1. | Goldendale | " " | 10.00 |
| " | 1. | A. VanDeusen | " " | 20.00 |
| " | 6. | Portland | " " | 3.50 |
| " | 6. | Union | " " | 20.00 |
| " | 6. | Rufus Perkins | " " | 50.00 |
| " | 6. | Parker City | " " | 18.00 |
| " | 14. | Canyon City | per A. S. Blinn | 25.00 |
| " | 14. | Prairie City | per Jas. F. Cleaver | 50.00 |
| " | 26. | Weiser City | per Mrs. M. Peperle | 16.50 |
| " | 26. | Emmett | per Jas. Wardwell | 45.00 |
| " | 26. | Coldwell | per L. D. Patten | 30.00 |
| " | 26. | P. Eckler | per Treasurer | 4.00 |
| | | Total receipts | | $2,388.21 |

DISBURSEMENTS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | Reported Disbursements | | $1,971.11 |
| Sept. | 1. | S. P. Putnam | per Treasurer | 90.00 |
| " | 6. | " " | " " | 91.50 |
| " | 14. | Chas. H. Johnson. | " " | 2.50 |
| " | 14. | S. P. Putnam | " " | 75.00 |
| " | 19. | E. A. Stevens | " " | 50.75 |
| " | 26. | S. P. Putnam | " " | 91.50 |
| " | 26. | Lightfoot | " " | 6.00 |
| " | 26. | P. Eckler (printing) | " " | 4.00 |
| | | Total disbursements | | $2,382.36 |
| | | Cash on hand | | 5.85 |
| | | | | $2,388.21 |

Sept. 31, 1887. CHAS. ECKHARD, Treasurer.

## News and Notes.

The convention of the Liberals of Utah was a grand success. Friends were present from all parts of the territory, and were generous and enthusiastic in their efforts. Four meetings were held—Saturday afternoon and evening, and Sunday afternoon and evening. Nearly a thousand were present at the closing session. The Utah Secular Union has been organized with a list of officers that will command the respect and interest of the community. The work will be advanced, and there is every indication of a prosperous future. I guess my friend, Wm. Reynolds, when he used to write letters in his little store at Wanship, did not think that these bright and progressiv elements of freedom would so soon appear. Without his strenuous and pioneer work in days gone by we should not hav this happy promis. The campaign in Utah could never hav gone on without his silent and persevering labors. He has kept the forlorn hope until our forces hav rallied for a splendid attack. He is secretary of the new organization, and with greater opportunities there will be more fruitful results.

W. S. Godbe, president of the Union, is one of the most well-known and influential men in the territory. He was leader, a few years since, in the great revolt from the Mormon church. He is a man of brilliant abilities, and originator of some of the biggest business enterprises in the territory, which will go far toward bringing Utah to the front rank in wealth and progress.

Dr. Chapman, chairman of the executiv committee, and Alex. Rogers, treasurer, are excellent representativ men, with the power and pluck to command success.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Mason, whose generous hospitality every pilgrim of Freethought knows, hav contributed no small share to the inspiration and achievement of the convention. They are most thorough believers in intellectual advancement, as that which constitutes the highest happiness and glory of life. It is a pleasure to meet with such friends who hav the vitality of true reform, and who make our labors so cheerful. Among others of our co-workers are Mr. and Mrs. James Williams, W. I. Snyder, Philip Swartz, of Park City; Watson and Lindsay, of Wasatch; Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Williams, and L. P. Edholm, of Morgan; John A. Jost, of Ogden; Munn, of Hooker; Mr. and Mrs. Hector Haight, and L. P. Anderson, of Farmington; Henry Stevens, of Kamas; Luke Gallup, of Springville; H. S. Brooks, of Payson; Mr. and Mrs. Gourley, Mrs. Godbe, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Sampson and daughter, Mrs. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, of Salt Lake; our good "Bishop" Cahoon, of Murray; A. Festinmacher, of Grantville, and a hundred others, officers and soldiers in this bright batallion, whose banners gleam on the very banks of Jordan.

Another element in the success of the convention was the previous campaign work of Dr. York, whose eloquence has aroused the enthusiasm of our friends in Salt Lake. A resolution was unanimously passed by the Union to invite Dr. York to a year's labor in Utah. He will be greeted by ardent supporters, and will find this a noble field. He cannot refuse the summons. He will become a power in this territory by his vigor and eloquence, and exert a commanding influence for Liberal ideas. He cannot find a more loyal company than here. He must obey the voice of the people, and come to Utah at the earliest possible moment, and carry forward this victorious movement.

This country has brilliant prospects. Salt Lake will be one of the largest cities on the continent. It will be a great railroad center and manufacturing point. It will hav its boom sometime. Its climate is equal to that of southern California. The agricultural resources of the territory are extensiv. It can produce all kinds of fruit. Its mineral wealth is inexhaustible. There is every kind of ore in the bosom of its hills. Utah will certainly be one of the richest states in the Union, and, as a place of resort, it will be one of the most luxurous and fascinating in the world. The saints, however, will never develop this country. The poor are taxed to death, and the rich ones are satisfied with present good. They don't want anything more. They don't want railroads or mines, for these are the most potent foes to priestcraft. A railroad is to be built from Salt Lake to Los Angeles. This will be a most productiv undertaking. It will form the main line from Chicago to southern California, being seven hundred miles nearer than by way of San Francisco. This will giv a wonderful impetus to Salt Lake. Real estate has already advanced from fifty to one hundred per cent.

It will thus be seen that a good work has been done by the organization of our friends in this territory. Here is a vast opportunity in a growing country, unsurpassed for natural riches, for the building of a secular government. With such a leader as Dr. York, sustained by a corps of officers of reputation, influence, and ability, this magnificent opportunity will not be lost. I look forward to brilliant results.

The American Secular Union has never had a more prosperous year, and more hopeful work has never been done. Societies hav been established, Freethought halls built, and literature distributed beyond any record of the past. I hope the Liberals of the United States will recognize the value of the advantages achieved, and unite for still larger results. The American Secular Union cannot do everything, but what it does do is of the first importance. It is the friendly instrumentality for the cultivation of the social spirit, so that Liberals can hav a better understanding of each other's aims and methods, and by unity of effort become a national power for reform.

For this reason, I hope to see a large gathering of friends at the coming Congress. Chicago is a central and attractiv place, railroad fares are cheap, and there are many inducements besides simply the work to be accomplished. Let it be a kind of festival for thought and impulse, for friendship and hope, and noble preparation for the great battlefields of the future.

On Friday evening, September 23d, I gave a parlor lecture at Mrs. Mason's house on "American Poetry." This gave a sort of pleasant prelude to the sterner duties of the convention, and those who could not agree with us on politics and religion could find contentment in our poetic ideals, and realize that in the deepest things of life there is essential harmony.

I am now at Canyon City, where I lecture three evenings. I am in the hospitable home of Geo. Towers, who has been a frontiersman for over forty years. He and his wife are stanch Freethinkers. I hav also met Mr. and Mrs. John Locke, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, and others, and it looks as if I should hav a happy sojourn in this lofty mountain town, where the hills lift up their shining fronts, and the sun is glowing with warm and healthful splendor.

I am at Denver next Sunday; at Osceola, Neb., October 4th, 5th, 6th; at Shenandoah, Iowa, October 9th, and from there I go to Chicago for October 15th, and 16th. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*Canyon City*, September 28, 1887.

## Work in Salt Lake City.

*From the Salt Lake Daily Tribune of Sept. 27th.*

On Sunday night the parquet in the Opera House was crowded with an orderly audience to hear Mr. S. P. Putnam's lecture, "The Bible," which was received with frequent and enthusiastic applause. The sum of $144.75 was contributed by friends to defray expenses.

After the lecture the meeting completed the organization of the Utah Secular Union by electing W. S. Godbe as president, Mr. H. P. Mason, Mr. E. L. T. Harrison, and a long list of other vice presidents and executiv officers in different parts of the territory. S. H. Laney and Wm. Reynolds were elected secretaries, and Alexander Rogers, treasurer. The meeting also adopted the following resolutions:

1. The Utah Secular Union cordially invites the coöperation of every citizen who is in favor of equal rights and impartial liberty. It wars upon no religious belief, but in the interest of universal peace and prosperity demands the absolute discontinuance of all church interference in the laws and legislation of the land.

2. Knowledge is power; the true method of reform is education; the Union urges, therefore, wherever possible, the establishment of secular Sunday-schools, Freethought libraries, meetings for social and intellectual cultivation, support of scientific literature and its distribution, lectures and mental and physical progression, and the observance of holidays for the enlargement of the spirit of fraternity and the joy and beauty of industry.

3. The Union recognizes the dignity of work; that the glory of all is to labor; and it is expected of every man and woman to do something for the benefit of the world; to add to its wealth or achievement and promis.

4. The Union recognizes the full equality of woman, and that in choice of action her personal independence and rights be maintained.

5. In order to carry forward the practical work of the coming year, the secretary of the Union and chairman of the executiv committee are instructed to communicate immediately with Dr. J. L. York, and secure his able services as a permanent lecturer for the territory of Utah, and it is urged upon every officer and member of the Union in every place to do his best to arouse enthusiasm. increase the membership, and raise funds for the support of the cause. By unity of effort the thousands of Liberals in Utah can be a moral, social, intellectual, and political power, whose influence shall be for the elevation of all, and the establishment of peace, justice, and liberty in the land.

## Mr. Putnam to Mrs. Slenker.

DEAR MRS. SLENKER: I hav been so busy that I hav not had time to write to you what I hav desired. Of course, every friend of liberty is indignant at your arrest. I hav always considered that you hav been animated by noble motivs, and your writings, so far as I am acquainted with them, are pure and beneficial. I do not know how you hav discussed the sexual question, but, whatever your method, I am sure it has been adopted through a deep sense of right, and with an earnest desire to giv information which, in your judgment, is necessary to human welfare; and to giv it in that way which shall make better the knowledge and impulse for virtuous action. Whether I assent to your method or not, I do most unqualifiedly assert your individual right to choose that method, especially in private correspondence. Therefore, with all my heart, I protest against the indignity which has been placed upon you. I consider it an outrageous exercise of tyrannical power, a disgrace to the government of the United States, and a deadly assault upon liberty; and the method and motiv of the arbitrary act are simply contemptible. I sympathize, indeed, with the suffering you hav experienced. I know, however, you will be sustained by your own conscience, and by the kindly regard of every true Liberal.

I inclose my gift for your defense, and I only wish that it were a hundred times more. But accept it as evidence of my belief in your integrity, in the purity of your motiv, and your self-sacrificing devotion to the truth and progress.

Yours truly, SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

## Lectures and Meetings.

THE Rev. Dr. Lucas, of Leon, Kan., has again agreed to meet J. E. Remsburg in debate. The debate has been set for November 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th, and will take place at Neodesha, Kan.

IN November Charles Watts begins a lecture trip through the states of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Kansas. Liberals desirous of hearing him should address him at once at 282 Sumach street, Toronto, Ont.

THE Manhattan Liberal Club will resume its sessions on Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, beginning the 7th inst. The speaker of the evening, after President Van Buren Denslow has spoken the words appropriate on such an occasion, will be Dr. J. L. York, of California. We are assured by a great many people that Dr. York is an exceptionally good orator.

### C. B. Reynolds's Engagements.

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|---|---|
| Westfield, Ill. | October 5, 6, 7 |
| Tuscola, Ill. | 8, 9, 10 |
| Olney, Ill. | 12, 13, 14 |
| Chicago, Ill. | 15, 16 |
| Kewanee, Ill. | 19, 20, 21 |
| Nunda, Ill. | 23 |
| Oxford, Ia. | 24, 25, 26 |
| Newton, Ia. | 28 |
| Des Moines, Ia. | 30 |

## With Our Friends.

MR. CHARLES BRADLAUGH writes in the *National Reformer*: "I hav to thank the New York TRUTH SEEKER for its thoughtful reproduction of my 'Jotting' as to the Truck bill, and its generous words in correction of the repeated and persistent misrepresentations as to my Parliamentary work, so industriously circulated here and repeated in the United States. Friends on the other side of the ocean are earnestly requested not to accept as true the strange misstatements invented by *Reynolds's* and *Justice*."

JAMES ASHMAN, the gentile of gentiles that the Mormons of Salt Lake City hate, arrived in this city last week on his way home from England, where he left his wife to complete her visit with their relativs and friends. Mr. Ashman came to this country thirty years ago, and has made Utah his home, amassing a comfortable fortune. He is the Freethought missionary of Salt Lake City, and takes weekly a dozen copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER, selling what he can and giving the balance away. He is a strong and wholesome man; knows the iniquity and tyranny of the Mormon hierarchy, and talks sensibly as to the means of reforming the Mormons.

COLONEL INGERSOLL, says the *Sun*, "has become one of the interesting characters of Wall street, and is the only man in town credited with the habit of holding cigars in both corners of his mouth at the same time. Of course it is an illusion resulting from the rapidity with which the colonel shifts his cigar." Mr. Ingersoll's law practice is of enormous proportions, and it comes of his ability and honesty. Not many lawyers are there in this city who would be chosen by legal opponents to look after their interests when temporarily out of town. Yet Colonel Ingersoll has been so selected many times. A man whom Mr. Ingersoll believes to hav a dishonest claim cannot get his services. He goes strong on equity and justice, and has mighty little respect for "law." He knows lawmakers from hatcrown to bootheel.

WHEN unacquainted with Clark Braden, Mr. Charles Watts was induced to debate with him, meetings which he now regrets. In *Secular Thought* of the 1st instant he says: "We thoroughly indorse THE TRUTH SEEKER'S opinion of this man. From personal experience we know him to be destitute of truth, honor, and every quality of a gentleman. It would be a degradation of the deepest dye to meet him on a public platform. Besides, he is intellectually weak; he has a few cut-and-dried propositions that may mean anything or nothing, and from these he never departs, and while in their company he cannot show that they hav any peculiar relation to Christianity. Mr. Harry Hoover, of Pittsburgh, has collected the facts of Braden's life, and sent them to us. After reading them one could no longer doubt the reality of human depravity."

WE had not heard that Dr. J. L. York had abandoned his former faith in "another world" or had any reason to doubt that its existence is proven by so-called modern Spiritualism. By the subjoined letter, however, it seems the eloquent doctor is open to conviction:

SHEPARD, O., Sept. 19, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav seen it stated several times in THE TRUTH SEEKER during the past few years that Dr. J. L. York was a Spiritualist, and I was somewhat surprised to hear him declare, as he did at both lectures he delivered in Columbus last month, that "he did not know whether there was another life after this or not—that he was an Agnostic on this point," etc. I notice in last week's paper, under the head of "Heretical Personalities," that you speak of him again as a Spiritualist. He may hav been once, but he surely is not one now. Respectfully yours,

F. S. MONTGOMERY.

Dr. York lectures before the Manhattan Liberal Club, 220 East 15th street, on Friday, the 7th instant, and some of the disputants may bring him out on this subject.

THE following handsome compliment to a deserving youth is from the *Ironclad Age* of September 24th: "The communications of George E. Macdonald, from New England, in THE TRUTH SEEKER, September 10th and 17th, are most admirable in their way, and lead us to suggest and wish that George be permanently maintained as an 'Idler.' There is that vein of racy humor and genuin wit and irony pervading his composition which makes descriptiv writing so enjoyable to every man who has a proper head set properly upon his shoulders. George must be a rare young boy. We confess to the weakness of having critically read his communications over the second time, merely for the pleasure his style of writing imparts. In earlier years Charles Lever was wont to charm us 'never so wisely,' and we still love to spend an hour with this splendid author, notwithstanding that his stories are old and little appreciated by this generation of vipers—for we hav most of us become too viperish in our styles of utterance."

ONE of the finest fellows in the Liberal ranks is L. K. Washburn, the black-eyed orator of Paine Hall. He is yet a young man, but has experienced more vicissitudes of fortune than most men of twice his age. His strongest glory is independence, and whatever comes to him through exercising it he takes with good humor. He has severed his lectureship connection with the *Investigator*, but will speak in Paine Hall several Sundays this month, and is ready to respond to all calls that may reach him. We never met a man who knew Mr. Washburn and didn't like him, and the ladies are suspiciously in earnest in their praises of him. His platform voice is musical, the matter of his lectures is aggressivly radical, and he takes a fifty-dollar fee or a fifteen-cent collection with the same expression of resignation on his handsome face. He givs the fruits of his genius to the world, and is happiest when he has scored a point against the church and religion he once partially supported. Mr. Washburn is of medium hight, well-built and nervous, full of the liveliest kind of life, and can sail a yacht, stake out an oyster-bed, or catch fish with the saltest old skipper on the Massachusetts coast. His study at his home in Revere overlooks the ocean, and he catches some of its breezy bigness to put into his lectures.

LEST our artist become self-conceited by the many words of praise bestowed on his pictorial efforts, we print the following letter:

"The friends of THE TRUTH SEEKER in this vicinity are generally disgusted with your 'pictures,' and since you hav become the patron of such bastard art I hide your paper for fear some one should see a copy of it. Previous to the event of the TRUTH SEEKER illustrations, no one was more enthusiastic in its distribution than I, but now I tear off the outsides because I am ashamed of the pollution. Those glorious Oswald articles are lost to thousands who would read them with intense interest, but now we are ashamed to hand them to a decent Christian on account of the filth surrounding them. All those fond of such trash indorse them, of course, but the thousands of better taste and sense who despise them say nothing or drop your paper. This is not for publication, but strictly in your interest from a friend."

As the communication was not intended for publication, we suppress the name of the writer. As he is a gentleman whom we esteem, we hav procured a quantity of ashes, and as soon as we can raise funds shall purchase some sackcloth, and sit therein to the end that the scriptures might be fulfilled. But as the pictures hav proved very efficacious in converting Christians in other communities, we shall be forced to continue them awhile longer.

THE editor of the New Hampton, Iowa, *Tribune* is an Infidel, and not afraid to say so. On the 16th ult. Mr. Haislet induced John E. Remsburg to lecture in his town, and appealed "to the people of New Hampton, and especially the ladies," in these words: "During our residence here of about eleven years ourself and family, though not church-members, hav been called upon several hundreds of times to assist in church matters. We hav published notices and posters free, or contributed money outright for the benefit of every church in this city. We hav been solicited by ministers and delegations of ladies and gentlemen, and we cannot recall three instances, during those years, when we hav refused them aid. Though we hav condemned religion, we hav not been intolerant toward the churches, nor do we intend to be in the future. But this we do ask, in the name of courtesy and fairness: We want the ladies and gentlemen who hav solicited our aid and attendance so many times, to go and listen to Remsburg on Thursday evening. We hav a right to ask and expect this from those who would 'do unto others as they would that others should do unto them.' We are not speaking for ourselvs alone now, but for all the unbelievers in this town and county, and they are more numerous, among all nationalities, than you hav any idea of." After that, if the New Hamptonites, and especially the ladies, did not turn out, there is no use of Mr. Haislet's contributing any further sums of money to the churches.

IN the first *Freethinkers' Magazine* issued after the convention of the Henry George party appeared an editorial from the pen of T. B. Wakeman, urging all Liberals to support that party "to the extent of their means." Since then Mr. Wakeman has been made a candidate for the state attorney generalship of the Progressiv Labor party, which is the Socialist party under another name. The main object in life of the Progressiv Labor party is to defeat Henry George this fall, and show him that without the support of the Socialists he is not so big a man as he thinks he is. In this way they propose to be revenged upon him for excommunicating them at the Syracuse Convention. Mr. Wakeman now refers to Mr. George as a hallucinated individual. We shall record Mr. Wakeman's further flops with painstaking accuracy, and we are prepared for cataclysmic surprises. Mr. Wakeman goes for the latest truth as it appears to him as a lawyer, not as the farmer who can get heavier crops off an acre than any other man in Stamford, Conn., where he puts in his spare time. In person Mr. Wakeman is large, sleek, and rotund, and looks more like a theologian than a politician, and has, perhaps, more of the former's characteristics. He is a prohibitionist as well as a scholar, plants three kinds of crops on the same ground, and makes each kind a good one, and in other ways astonishes the Connecticut folks with his scientific attainments. Here in New York he is a member of the law firm of Wakeman and Campbell, but his solidest claim to fame is the many years he presided over the meetings of the Manhattan Liberal Club.

NEW YORK is a good place to purchase dry goods, and prosperous W. W. Frasier, of Ottawa, Kan., appreciated the fact by making the city a visit last week, and incidentally climbing up to the spacious sanctum of the TRUTH SEEKER Editor. Mr. Frasier is about the only Freethinker at present holding the fort in Ottawa, and he has not escaped odium and calumny for his steadfast faith in the truth. He knows about all the condemned Chicago Anarchists, says they are gentlemen and not dynamiters, and is sorry that they cannot hav a fair trial. Mr. Frazier knows Clark Braden well, having acted as best man to Champion Jamieson in arranging a debate between them, out of which Braden crawled. Mr. Frazier convicted Braden of lying, and finally in Fort Scott Braden mustered up courage to meet Mr. Jamieson. Shortly after the debate Braden's wife died, and Mr. Frasier also lost two children. Braden soon appeared in Ottawa, and in the Methodist church produced a clipping from the *Investigator* denying the existence of heaven, and asked the audience how they supposed Mr. Frasier would feel to hav had it read at the grave of his children. When at the close of his sermon Braden invited questions, Mr. Frasier, who was in the audience, reached upon the platform and secured the Bible lying there. Turning to Ecclesiastes iii, 9, he read: "For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they hav all one breath; so that a man hath no preëminence above a beast: for all is vanity." Looking straight at Braden, he asked him how he would like to hav had that read over the grave of his wife. At once the Christians had Mr. Frasier arrested for disturbing a religious meeting, but when he appeared at court the next morning the public attorney refused to prosecute. Mr. Frasier is the only man in Ottawa who stood up for the Salvation Army when the church-members abused them, telling the orthodox that the Salvation circus was too entertaining to drive away.

## False Reasoning.

A certain Infidel calling upon his friend, an astronomer, noticed several globes lying on a table, and admiring their appearance, he inquired as to where they had been obtained and who was the maker of them.

"What would you say were I to tell you that no one made them, and that they came here of their own accord?" questioned the astronomer in reply.

"Such a thing would be impossible," answered the Infidel.

"And yet," said the astronomer, "you believe that the globe we inhabit, the sun and other planets, and, in short, that the entire universe had no maker and came into existence by mere chance."

This is one of the many instances of the narrow-minded and illogical reasonings set forth to demonstrate the falsity of beliefs which are contrary to the established creed. Not only is there a failure to illustrate or prove that which is attempted, for but one side of the question is heard, and no conclusion can therefore be drawn; but the astronomer's accusation is false. Yet it serves as an example to show what bigoted ideas are entertained respecting the beliefs, or, more commonly speaking, the disbeliefs, of so-called Infidels. If, for various reasons, a man cannot conscientiously accept the general beliefs, he is not asked for the reasons, but is, without delay, stigmatized an Infidel. This, then, implies that he has no religion, believes in no God, will break the ten commandments as often as he chooses, and commit any sin without shame or fear; an individual, therefore, to be avoided.

In the case before us, the astronomer's statement of his friend's belief regarding the creation is supposed to be applicable to all Infidels, and is accepted as undeniable; for if a man is an Infidel, he does not believe the Bible; and if he does not believe the Bible, he cannot believe the account of the creation, and therefore he must believe the world was created by nothing. Such a proof as this is regarded as irrefutable, and is such that it must completely silence all Infidels; for the Bible with its story of the creation is impregnable against the attacks of science and Infidelity.

But let us view this matter in the light of reason.

Man's beliefs are dependent upon his state of mentality, and different degrees of mentality naturally produce different ideas. But notwithstanding the multiplicity of beliefs due to this cause, they all are derived from a common source—all are the offshoots of one root.

All men know that the world, in its present form, was created at some time, but *how* and *when* is not known; and on this conjectural point it is that men's ideas differ.

Every human being, whether he be a savage of the lowest tribe, or a philosopher of the highest intellectual cultivation, believes that the world he inhabits was created, and that the entire universe is controled, by some power infinitly superior to that of the mightiest human capabilities; a power, a something, too great, too vague, to be comprehended or conceived of. Now, it matters not by what name this is called, whether in the idea of its being law, force, cause, matter, or being, as it is but the human endeavor to express and make tangible that which is inexpressible and intangible. All peoples had, and hav, beliefs regarding it, which, as stated above, accorded with and are adapted to their civilization and mental status.

With such facts in mind, how narrow-minded, how illogical, how absurd the idea appears, that because one denies the theopneusty of the Bible, he likewise denies the existence of any higher power and believes the world came into being by "mere chance!" It might as reasonably be urged that he also denies that such a creature as man exists, because the Bible says he does.

It is the beliefs, and not the fundamental causes thereof, wherein minds differ. DORANT.

## The Idler Shatters an Idol.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir*: How often can any one who admires the truth say a good word for a minister without doing violence to his conscience?

If you read the last instalment of my recent communication under the head of "The Annual Idler," you may recall that I spoke of a certain Rev. Jehiel Claflin as (1) a man who was once an abolition orator, and added (2) that he lost his pastorate by being independent in politics.

The first statement would be true, except for the fact, which I hav since learned from a reliable source, that Mr. Claflin was not an orator in those days, and that he performed his great services to the cause of abolition on paper. He wrote tremendous letters, and frequent, to Pillsbury and Johnson, from which they formed the impression that the north star they had seen in the direction of East Westmoreland, N. H., was set there to indicate the whereabouts of Elder Claflin. At the same time the elder was booming a petition, and had got nearly all the women and children of his parish to giv it the weight of their signatures, praying that the country might be divided, and the slaveholding segment set off by itself. This being the elder's course, my remarks about him on that head lose their force by becoming untrue.

As to the second statement, the cause of his losing his pastorate was not his independence in politics. The fact is that among the chief supporters of the church were men who professed to hav grown weary of being toasted over the everlasting fires. Some even made bold to avow a disbelief in the actual existence of any such fires, and in the hardness of their hearts declined to support a preacher who advocated the brimstone hypothesis. As the elder persisted in giving them Christianity hell-end foremost, he had to go. Such being the case, my previous remarks here also lose their application.

Let me add that I was not always thus. I was in 1872 or thereabouts a regular attendant upon the ministrations of Elder Claflin, and had at that time not the slightest doubt of the ultimate destiny of mankind. The deacon in whose family I lived had assured me that I would go to hell, and I had assured him that he ought to; so on the subject of religion my mind was at rest. I sawed the winter's wood for the meeting-house, and with a good fire at one end and hell at the other, the congregation did not suffer so much from inclemency of the weather as they might but for the efforts of myself and Elder Claflin. I don't like this having to take back anything good that I hav said about my old partner, but truth demands it, and truth and I hav always written with the same quill. GEO. E. MACDONALD.

# Communications.

## Religion and Its Origin.

Since criticism has rendered the old solution comparativly untenable, none has been given which has won the confidence of the people, and the question as to religion and its origin is still an open one. The memory of the old disputation, and the disgraceful controversy which filled the world with bitter strife and angry feelings, resulting, not infrequently, in the shedding of blood, does not seemingly leave upon us the impression that the end has come. Definitions hav not been wanting, but the one that will end the controversy has not come as yet to stay, I fear. The religions of the gods, of angels and men, all fail in the last analysis in finding a solid substratum upon which they can rest in unity. These religions cannot worship at the same shrine, cannot receive the same sacrament, cannot swear by the same sacred book, cannot tolerate the same priesthood, will not die under the same environments if preventable, will not consent to rest in the same dirt, neither will they hav the same heaven and hell.

There is a longing hope looking forward for the time to come when this vexed and troublesome subject will find a settlement, at least in the minds of the more thoughtful. I think the hindrance hitherto is largely a result of a feeling, on the part of these thoughtful people, of veneration for a name or word which has been so intimately interwoven in the life of those whom they love. The memory of our dear dead may, perchance, tend to turn the edge of the intellectual blade, and our criticism fail to dissect these religions as it otherwise would hav done if these memories were not. Then there are so many praiseworthy things in the life of these religious devotees, so many that savor of sweetness, which are held in loving memory; yet these ought not to stand in the way of finding the real value of religions, if such they hav, and we must not disturb unwittingly the repose of these religious devotees, nor ill-treat these memories. Were it impossible to hav the same sublime hopes without these religions, I would be the last one in this world to slaughter these hopes, but I am fully satisfied that all that ever came to mortal man under the high promises of religions, and the strongest faith therein that ever cherished a hope within his heart, or placed a cup of joy to his lips, or made life noble and sublime—all of these can be attained in a higher expression with a much larger satisfaction than ever came through unbroken allegiance to any or all of the religions in this world.

I cannot but believe if every symbol of religion, every structure raised in its honor, every sacrament rendering it support, every hope that rises above the ocean of doubt, and every thought and feeling springing from religious devotion were forever utterly blotted out of existence, nothing but good could come to humanity's great heart and life. Not a word of love or sweetness, not a word of tenderness or kindness, would drop out of the language in which civilization utters its thoughts. It is evident a change like this would fill millions of eyes with tears, but those tears, and the sorrow that prompted them, would soon giv place to clearer views, and a much greater joy would come as a result of emancipation from that which largely grew out of the accident of time and place. But this will not do. I see that I am anticipating. First, What is religion? The definition claiming the many millions of our race as devotees may be rendered in the following terms. Religion is the gift of the gods. It is a change inwrought in the devotee. "It is a work of grace. It is above the human. Human beings can only use divinely-ordained means. All human agencies are only means to an end, they cannot create religion within. He that attains to or gets religion must find the source of that religion in his divinity. The God, or the gods, work in us to will and to do. Religion is his or their work through the agency of the holy ghosts. We are born again, not of ourselvs but the gift of God, lest any man should boast. It is the God in unity, or trinity, that is reconstructing within the devotee his divinity. He becomes a child of God, and the sinful pleasures of this world hav been crucified to him. He is not of this world, seeing that he is redeemed from the curse of sin, and the seed of God remains within him, and he cannot sin."

Such is the divine providence. It binds us back to God. This is religion. This is the definition substantially of all of the great religions of the world. The background of all religions coming under the definition given is fear and mystery; and this would very naturally suggest Mr. Spencer's theory of religion. Mr. Spencer in his "Genesis of Religion" finds its highest expression in belief in the mysterious, in the Unknowable, the Inscrutable. It is not at all unreasonable that in the infancy of thought this kind of heredity should claim first recognition. Fear and mystery, transmitted from the lower forms to the higher, became the basis of religion in this higher structural form, not necessarily, but incidentally. Max Muller and Mr. Spencer fundamentally are one as to the Unknowable—striking out Mr. Muller's inconsistency, which allows the Unknowable to be revealed. Mr. Muller cannot even find the lowest form of religion only in a conception of the incomprehensible God. The differences in the genesis of religion are widely asunder, as held by these representativ men. Mr. Spencer's belief in the settlement of religion is as follows: "Common sense asserts the existence of a reality; objectiv science proves that this reality cannot be what we think it; subjectiv science shows why we cannot think of it as it is, and yet are compelled to think of it as existing; and in the assertion of a reality utterly inscrutable in nature, religion finds an assertion exactly coinciding with his own. We are obliged to regard every phenomenon as a manifestation of some power by which we are acted upon; phenomena being, so far as we can ascertain, unlimited in their diffusion, we are obliged to regard this power as omnipresent; and criticism teaches us that this power is wholly incomprehensible. In this consciousness of an incomprehensible power, we hav just that consciousness on which religion dwells. And so we arrive at that point where science and religion coalesce." In this brief we hav Mr. Spencer's religious theory. The incomprehensible power, the inscrutable, the Unknowable, is the basis, the foundation, of all religions. Rather, this element persists in all religions. That is the ultimate verity.

Belief in this incomprehensible power is the (religiously speaking) substratum, so to speak, of all religious manifestation. But our thoughts of this incomprehensible power (of this reality), if we hav any at all, cannot be as we think—that is to say, that our thoughts cannot represent anything that corresponds to the reality. Then it follows that our thoughts are not like the reality. But how this conclusion is reached, or how it is possible to arrive at such a conclusion without invoking a process of comparison, does not appear evident. Before it is possible to affirm that our notions of an inscrutable existence are utterly unlike that existence, we must know that existence, as the very basis of that affirmation. This, seemingly, is strangely inconsistent, when religion is made to stand for something, as its background, which is an inscrutable verity. "We shall always be under the necessity of contemplating this inscrutable verity as some mode of being; that is, of representing it to ourselvs in some form of thought, however vague. And we shall not err, in doing this, so long as we treat every notion we thus form as merely a symbol, utterly without resemblance to that for which it stands." This total lack of resemblance is a sure guarantee that "we shall not err!" This is clear and positiv. Now, such clearness as to this total lack of resemblance between objects of thought, when one of these objects is unthinkable, is not evident. If both are not objects of thought, how is this denial of resemblance possible without comparison? This, at once, grants unto us the clue to the following remarkable statement: "Religion, in all of its forms, is distinguishable from everything else in this, that its subject matter is that which passes the sphere of experience." When it is utterly without resemblance to that for which it stands, this would, of course, exclude it from the sphere of experience. This "It" of Mr. Spencer's must stand for something or it has no meaning. Whatever that something is, or is not, is a relativ something, and must stand related; and this necessarily leaves us where all discussions beyond our limits must leave us.

No sooner do we postulate this unknowable behind phenomena, than with equal propriety we postulate behind it the unknowable still—an ever-receding unknowable—an ever-receding, inscrutable, incomprehensible power. Then what progress hav we made, more than the child, when it asks, "Mamma, who made God?" All discussion must necessarily terminate within the sphere of limitation. No affirmations are possible to us only as they entirely relate to the limited. There is a limitation to human thought—if there are objects of thought in the universe that are not limited, we may take it for granted that it will not come within our province to affirm or deny as to them. That we are constantly under such limitation is evident from the fact that we, who do the thinking, are limited. Words, otherwise used, certainly cannot convey to our minds any rational meaning. When we cease to be limited—then, perchance, we can tell what we can think—but not now. When the "I" passes through a thousand translations, or ten thousand incarnations, it may be possible for us to think of Mr. Spencer's "It" that is utterly without resemblance to that for which it stands. But, perhaps, if we could abstract all our thoughts from the "It," its balance might be its quantitativ and qualitativ value. All attempts to found religion upon such a basis must necessarily result in leaving the question just where it was when the discussion began. The "inscrutable verity"—belief in which is religion—this same "inscrutable verity" is the supreme cause, the ultimate cause, the unknowable, the unthinkable, and the noumenon. These terms are all one and the same. We are allowed to know phenomena, but not noumenon; but at this point the problem becomes an interesting one, for when we attempt to invest these worlds with meaning we are met with the statement that "all our notions are utterly without resemblance to that for which they stand." We are told that phenomena necessarily imply noumenon, so there is no phenomenon without noumenon; then there is a necessary relation existing between phenomenon and noumenon; and hence, if phenomenon is a manifestation of noumenon, if the scrutable is a manifestation of the inscrutable, if the knowable is a manifestation of the unknowable, it is a little surprising how these facts were ever found out, when "our notions are utterly without resemblance to that for which they stand."

Thus it is, and thus it ever will be, when we cast our line beyond our limits; there is no response, affirmativ or negativ. There is no man living, or dead, for whom I entertain such profound respect as I do for Mr. Spencer, but I cannot acknowledge that his foundation for religion is true, seeing that it is belief in the Unknowable. M. Comte's religion of humanity—with due respect to the ability of this great man—is the most absurd of anything that ever won recognition. That religion is human as soon as we reject the first definition, is evident enough. While religion is human, it is not the religion of humanity, seeing that there are many that hav no religion at all. There are many kinds of religion, if history is true, and M. Comte's religion is one of the many, and a very small one at that. Its English pope, Mr. Harrison, is the only authorized exponent of the Religion of Humanity. Mr. Harrison must laugh in his sleeves when he cherisheth the thought that his religion is this Religion of Humanity. It is useless to use up time in discussing the absurd claim set up by adherents to this religion. Another new religion of recent origin—while we can recognize its method pointing toward needed reforms, we must think that its name is ill chosen—"Free Religion"—certainly there is no such. We can imagin that under the stress of circumstances this name was chosen. It is doubtless destined to giv way to a better name in the near future, more in accord with the ability of the gentlemen who are its advocates. In connection with this movement we hav an idea suggested as to the function of this religion, seen in the perfecting of oneself, or the perfecting of our nature. This end is founded in no possible experience of our race, for it is supposing religion to do that for which it has an utter incapacity.

Religion does not work in this way. Its tendencies as seen in the light of history point in quite a different direction. I must say, finally, in taking the value of these definitions, I am quite unable to find any relief. The religions of the world stand before us. Their history cannot be divorced from them on account of any fancy definition given. Religions must be studied in connection with their history. Religions are burnt into the black pages which they hav made. Their history has been through all ages a baptism of blood. They cannot claim to be the gifts of the gods. They cannot claim to be inscrutable, unknowable, incomprehensible. Nor can any of them claim to be fundamental in human nature. Human nature is not a pledge for their existence, as religion proper is older than human nature, and, in fact, it is only incidental to human nature. Religions stand out in bold relief. They are naked, and at this day hav no means of concealment. They hav no apparel with which to cover or conceal their names or history. And, in fact, there are no ideas in all history so far from the unknowable, so remote from the inscrutable and the incomprehensible, as are our religious ideas. They are the sickly food of the lowest tribes, and the most degraded and deformed of mankind. So true is this, that religions are stripped of all that is mysterious. So naked are they, and so easily understood, that "the wayfaring and the fool need not err therein." Religions hav, and they do to-day, voiced the blackest villainy and the deepest and lowest degradation of all times and places. They hav kindled the fires of persecution a thousand times in the name of their gods, and they hav defiled and draped with their filthy slime the statutes of all human civilization. And they would rejoice to-day if they could kindle the fires that would burn to ashes every man and woman exercising the freedom of speech, Mr. Ingersoll not excepted.

J. H. BURNHAM.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Our London Letter.

In these days of general enlightenment and advanced scientific knowledge it is rather surprising that members of the British Association, during their annual meeting, now being held at Manchester, should countenance the "devotional" meetings held last Sunday, when, with their usual impudent assurance, the clergy were endeavoring to show how amicably religion and science went hand in hand. At the cathedral the bishop of Carlisle held forth from the text, "Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see." He said that one of the chief features of the advance of science was the successful application of knowledge to the wants of man, and that the priests of science and the priests of Christianity must be brothers and fellow-workers, because

science was truth, and Christianity was the very truth itself. The bishop of Bedford also discoursed in like manner, and stated that many needless difficulties had arisen from the prevalence of a narrow and mechanical view of inspiration. He gave some illustrations to prove that the biblical writers used the ordinary phenomenal language of their day as to matters of science, without being supernaturally cognizant of the mysteries of the universe or of the records of universal history. There were also sermons preached on the same subject by other and lesser lights, and, of course, the moral was always the same, *i. e.*, that religion had always been ready to help and advance science. Now, I cannot help wondering whether these preachers are knowingly telling most bare-faced lies, or whether the narrowness of their minds, caused by a limited education, has really so blinded them to facts that they believe they are speaking the truth. Of course, parsons are generally reputed to be men of deep learning, though it is a question if the most profound knowledge of dead languages and theological writings can in any way be considered as learning in any but the most limited sense of the term. What knowledge can such men hav of universal or even church history? They hav only to read the works of historians who hav written in favor of what is called Christianity, to see at once that their present statements are utterly at variance with truth. Surely they can never hav heard of such men as Galileo or Priestley, and scores of others, who hav been harried and persecuted by the church for promulgating scientific truths which were at that time seen to be antagonistic to religion But, at all events, the church was so far honest in those days, and acted according to the injunctions laid down by its reputed founders with regard to unbelievers. Perhaps, however, and more likely than not, it would be just as honest nowadays if it had as much power as formerly, but now its talons are cut and its beak blunted; it resorts to lying and subterfuge, and will submit to being shown to be the poor, miserable imposition it is, knowing well that it will take time to utterly destroy its power and strip it of all its ill-gotten gains. So long as it brings grist to the mill, what does it matter? It will doubtless last the time of those who at present liv by it, and their successors must look after themselvs. The pious wish of the bishop of Carlisle, that the priests of science and those of Christianity may be brothers and fellow-workers, if carried out. will be a very good thing for the latter, but will sadly handicap the former. Science and Christianity are and must be utterly opposed to one another, and the sooner scientific men can divest themselvs of supernaturalism and see these matters in their true light, the better for themselvs and humanity. What advances can science make so long as it is tied to such a dead weight? It proceeds, certainly, but far more slowly than it would do were it perfectly free. If scientific men were not skeptical they would become extinct; and it is the skepticism they possess, even without apparently knowing that such is the case, that enables them to continue to extend their discoveries. Perhaps the coming generation will be better able to throw off the theological yoke than their immediate predecessors, who can not rid themselvs of the incubus of "early religious training." J. D.

*London*, Sept. 10, 1887.

## The Mormon Hierarchy.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* I am fully aware of the confidence your intelligent readers place in your editorials. Ever since I became a truth seeker, it has always been my aim and object to tell the truth, as undoubtedly it is yours, but when I read in your excellent paper of August 27, 1887. that you defend Mrs. Slenker for the same reason that you denounce the legal persecution of the Mormon church, I am not only surprised but astonished that you should sip your inspiration from the fountain of all lies, the Mormon priesthood There is no comparison at all between the two. There is not a particle of doubt in my mind that every letter of Mrs. Slenker's has been opened and read by Comstock or by some of that miscreant's emissaries ever since she made herself so conspicuous in the defense of D. M Bennett. She is being illegally tortured by this unconstitutional postal law, which would be repealed without a doubt if the Freethinkers in behalf of Mrs. Slenker would arrest Anthony Comstock for false imprisonment, and carry it to the Supreme Court for final decision. The only reasonable way I can account for your great mistake is that you hav been reading the Senate or the Edmunds bill, which was never passed, and never became law without President Cleveland's signature, and there are no persons in Utah who ever wanted it passed, except possibly a few Christian cranks; and that class is small in Utah. I am pleased to say. You will pardon me, friend Macdonald, if I now make a short reply to your editorial.

Allow me to state. then, that I first heard Mormonism preached in 1851. In 1853 I joined the Mormon church, when a youth, unknown to my parents, at the request of Mormon elders. I left New York city the first week in May, 1856, for Utah. So I am competent by sad experience to speak of this Mormon octopus. I will guarantee every Freethinker in Utah will bear witness to every statement I make.

Now to your article. First, the Mormon church was never organized under the Utah territorial laws, but under the priesthood's independent state of Deseret, in March, 1849. The treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo was in 1848. In 1850 September 9th. the Organic act was passed for the territory of Utah. This independent state of the Mormons embraced Utah, Arizona, Colorado, Carson Valley (Cal.), Nevada, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, and Nebraska. Of course, as soon as the Organic act was passed and became known in Utah it made null and void the state of Deseret. But the Mormons were determined to hav an independent state, that is, a kingdom, to be exclusivly for Mormons, and on Feb. 8, 1851, this state of Deseret, with her state officers, passed an act incorporating the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. This was five months after the Organic act passed. Then the Mormon priests organized the Perpetual Emigration Company, and made it an annex to the church, for the board of the church was to appoint the board of managers of the Emigration Company. Next these divine leglislators gave all Caché Valley to Brigham Young in trust for the church. In fact, it was all church and no state. Brigham Young was governor, prophet, seer, and revelator; head of the church and emigrating fund. and trustee for both. He appointed the legislators, chaplains, and all county officers. He was the high muck a-muck. That this is not so to-day in Utah is owing to the acts of Congress attempting to crush this priestly monstrosity.

If, by any possible means, Utah could become a state, while the Mormons hav such an overwhelming majority the same reign of terror would be inaugurated that existed here in 1855–6–7–8. In one year there would not be a Freethinker alive in Utah. In three years there would not be a gentile in all Utah; that is, of course, if they submitted like lambs to the slaughter, which they would not do; and if ever the awful cry of the gentiles (true American citizens) shall be raised, "Come over to Utah and help us, to save our lives, our families, our property, from these Mormon thieves, thugs, and seducers"—then the Mormon problem would be solved in the name of humanity. To prevent such a calamity, Utah must not become a state. There is not an American citizen, of any political party, or of any religion or irreligion, in Utah who is not willing to liv without state rights indefinitly. You cannot find a man in all Utah who wants a state government, except the Mormons. For the good of all, Utah must not become a state till the back of priesthood is broken.

Secondly, Mormonism is based on the assumption that God came down in the state of New York—with another personage, Jesus Christ—to a young man named Joseph Smith and said, "This is my beloved son; hear ye him." Peter, James, and John are alleged to hav come to the same young man. As a matter of fact, of course, it is all a priestly fabrication, like Joseph's dream, upon which is built Christianity. To be sure, the Mormons hav as much right to their religious belief as the Christians or Freethinkers—there is no one in Utah who attempts to abridge this right, or the right of free thought, speech, and press, except the Mormons. It is only four years ago that Charles W. Penrose, the editor of the *Deseret News*, filled column after column to prove that blood atonement was a true doctrin, but the time had not come to put it in practice. Why? Because we hav not yet a state government; but before Penrose left England for Utah the practice was in full force all over Utah. It became so frequent in Salt Lake City that it was a common saying, "Another man for breakfast!" This was before the "accursed gentiles" and the hated United States officials came to Utah to stay. You are aware, I suppose, that the Mormons ran out of Utah every United States officer, except Governor Cummings, from the time Brigham Young was removed from being governor till the advent of General Connor and the establishment of Camp Douglass.

I see the New York *Sun* has about the same ideas that George T. Curtis holds, namely, that there is no reason why Congress should refuse the admission of Utah into the Union since the Mormon constitution prohibits polygamy. They did not notice that this constitution did not giv women the right of franchise. Suppose Utah were admitted as a state, the polygamy clause would be null and void. With Mormon governor, judges, marshals, prosecuting attorneys, etc., there would never be an arrest, much less a conviction, and all the gush about the pardoning power of the president, governor, etc., is only Mormon taffy. Every Mormon as sincerely believes in the celestial order of marriage (polygamy) to-day as he did three months ago. People who believe such superstitions do not change their belief because it is incompatible with a republican form of goverment. This statehood ruse of the Mormons proves these people the most dishonest in the world. Every authority in the Mormon church or kingdom is a well known polygamist. Yet to gain political power, which they would hold absolutely, they counseled their serfs to take the oath prescribed by Congress, not to aid or abet, directly or indirectly, any person who practiced the crimes of polygamy, bigamy, or incest. In August they all voted to make the fulfilling of God's holy revelation on celestial marriage a misdemeanor. Can priestcraft ever sink lower than that? No person in the future can defend them under the pretext that it is their religious belief.

I do not for a moment doubt that the Catholic and Protestant churches, if they had the same opportunity to colonize a vast territory exclusivly of their own peculiar sect, would make just such a hell as the Mormons made of Utah when it was exclusivly Mormon. But the Mormon church has marshalled its hosts in battle array against the United States; it has nullified every law made by Congress for thirty years. In 1862 Congress made a law prohibiting polygamy, and providing that no church in the territories should own over fifty thousand dollars. The church forced the people faster than ever into polygamy, and robbed them more than ever, and made the attempt to compel them to turn over all their property to the church, under the pretext of joining the Order of Enoch. The church then had the brazen impudence to say to the United States officials, from 1862 till 1883, "If any of the Mormons are guilty, why don't you arrest and convict them?" This was the cry of the church papers all the time till the authorities commenced to enforce the Edmund's law, passed in 1882. Then the cry of persecution was raised by the church liars, and the cry of persecution has always been the battle-cry of the Mormon church. But I challenge the Mormon church, and all its aiders and abettors in New York city, or in the United States, to produce a single instance where the United States has ever persecuted the Mormon church or people. I am quite familiar with the true history of Kirtland, Missouri, Illinois, Utah, and the Mormon sensational stories. The five hundred so-called volunteers from the Mormon camp were merely hirelings of Brigham Young—hired out by Col. J. C. Little to President Polk; and Brigham Young sent two men to Santa Fé to receive their (the "volunteers'") pay while *en route* to Utah and bring it to him. The two men, or agents of Brigham Young, were John D. Lee and Howard Egan, both notorious murderers, and were executed to save their masters from the scaffold.

Brigham grumbled when they returned because government had not paid them up to date. To this hangs a long tale of intrigue of Brigham Young and the Mormon church with President Polk, and the Mormon petition to the British Parliament for funds to land twenty thousand British subjects on the Pacific coast to take possession of Oregon and Vancouver's Island for the British queen. This was in 1846–7. (See correspondence of Lord John Russell, M.P., and T. D. Brown, Mormon agent.) Col. T. L. Kane, of Philadelphia, introduced Col. Jesse C. Little, Brigham Young's agent, to President Polk, who offered to furnish twenty thousand men on the Pacific coast; and Colonel Little was so persistent in his importunities for him to engage these twenty thousand Mormons, as regulars or volunteers, that Polk grew suspicious. and declined to engage over five hundred. And these were all Brigham Young had in America to spare; the balance were in England. If the Mormon church could do this in the green tree, what will it do now if it has the chance?

These are facts, and can be proved by church works which I hav, except the interviews with President Polk, which are in Washington, D. C.

*Hooper, Utah.* Edward F. Munn.

## The Maoris Still Heathens.

*From the Otago, New Zealand, Witness.*

An American religious newspaper announces that "Christianity is making considerable progress among the Maoris of New Zealand." On the principle of going from home to hear news, there is nothing surprising in our getting the latest information about Christianity among the Maoris from religious circles in America. But the news itself is surprising in a very eminent degree. A key to its interpretation may, perhaps, be obtained from another item of church news in the same paper:

A Wilkes-Barre clergyman announced, on a recent Sunday morning, that he would preach in the evening on the topic, "How to Liv a Good Christian Life." The congregation assembled at the proper time and waited to be enlightened, but the minister failed to appear. At last a committee found him at the police station, where he was locked up on a charge of drunken and disorderly conduct. He had been favored with a baby, and. in his exultation, drank more wine than he could manage.

The Maoris are progressing in the Christian life much after the fashion of the Wilkes-Barre clergyman. Read, for example, the interesting details in this week's papers about the new "Parihaka incident." an incident consisting in something like a pitched battle over the capture of Maori sly grog sellers. Another "incident" of the same belligerent character, a few weeks back, occurred at the arrest of some dangerous fanatics belonging to the Hauhau persuasion. The only *per contra* fact I know of relating to the recent spread of Christianity amongst the Maoris is an advertisment in the Riverton paper signed, "Horomona Paotu, head of Ngatimamoe tribe." Horomona advertises that he has been to heaven, up a ladder, and describes some persons and things that he saw there, which facts, says Horomona, "are very hard for us to think over, except those which are born in the spirit." This seer, fortunately for himself, resides in the extreme south. Had he lived in northern Maoriland he would probably be a Hauhau, and in durance vile with his fanatical compatriots.

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First. We want some money from every friend who owes on his subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. The balance in the bank from which to draw to satisfy the paper manufacturers and the printer is very small, and we must increase it, or run in debt. There are many hundreds of dollars owing us by subscribers, and we desire to kindly but firmly call their attention to the matter. We need the money, and it is not right for them to keep it from us. We would also respectfully suggest to those whose subscriptions expire during the present month that now is the time to renew. We would call attention, too, to our club rates. Get a new subscriber, and so get your own paper cheaper.

Second. We once more ask our friends to send us the names of all the Infidels of their acquaintance who do not take THE TRUTH SEEKER. The intention is to send them sample copies of the paper with the hope that they may subscribe.

## An Advance in Doctrin.

Judge Stephen Brewer, of Ithaca, N. Y., has forced the Presbyterians to take one step ahead, and to repudiate one of the cardinal doctrins of their creed. In an "Open Letter to Colonel Ingersoll," Henry M. Field, editor of the *Evangelist*, said: "I never heard of any Christian teacher who said that the creator brought beings into the world to destroy them." Judge Brewer, in a letter to the *Evangelist*, quotes the Presbyterian "Confession of Faith," which uses this language:

"God from all eternity did, by the most wise and holy counsel of his own will, freely and unchangeably ordain whatsoever comes to pass.

"Although God knows whatsoever may or can come to pass upon all supposed conditions, yet hath he not decreed anything because he foresaw it as future, or as that which would come to pass upon such conditions.

"By the decrees of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others foreordained unto everlasting death.

"These angels and men, thus predestinated and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definit that it cannot be either increased or diminished."

The creed, as Judge Brewer reminds Dr. Field, then goes on to say that this predestinating was done "before the foundation of the world was laid," and that "without any foresight of faith, or good works or perseverance, or any other thing in the creature, as conditions or causes moving him [the creator] thereunto;" which clearly proves, according to Calvinistic Christianity, that "the creator brought beings into the world to destroy them." With this, Judge Brewer rests his case.

In his reply, Dr. Field admits that these extracts are against him, and that he finds it "a difficult matter to justify or explain them." He therefore repudiates them by quoting, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" and saying that "we speak only for the churches of to-day." And if, by any possible contingency, "any number of men worth noticing should avow or imply, as contained in their creed, such a horrible doctrin as that 'God created human beings in order to destroy them,' then in that case we should go a step farther, and repudiate, not the construction, but the Confession itself."

Of course this is heresy, but Dr. Field sent Judge Brewer's letter to "one of the most distinguished professors of theology in this country," and the professor agrees with him, by saying:

"Even if it could be shown that the Westminster Confession justifies the interpretation given by your correspondent, the Presbyterianism of our country and our time *does not in any way indorse that interpretation.* Not a line can be quoted from the writings of any representativ theologian of our church that would sustain such a construction. Our foremost theological teachers maintain the contrary, and declare that our Confession ought not to be interpreted as teaching any such thing; and if a thousand Presbyterian ministers were summoned into court, every one of them would testify that no such doctrin is taught in our symbols. Every man of them would repudiate it as false, and each and all would declare before God and men that they hold no such opinion. Why, then, should a possible interpretation of certain detached expressions in our creed be set over against such living testimony? Why should it be charged upon Presbyterians in this age that they hold what they are unanimous in repudiating, and what their best living theologians hav taken special pains to controvert?"

All this is very satisfactory as a sign of progress in Presbyterianism, but it in no way justifies Dr. Field's assertion that he *never heard of a Christian* who believed that God brought beings into the world to destroy. Both Dr. Field and the distinguished professor of theology practically admit that that belief did once obtain, and the twist given it by Dr. Field to mean no living Christian is a mere quibble. And it is besides not a little dishonest. For, unless every ordained preacher of the Presbyterian church has told a falsehood when obtaining his license from the presbytery, he believes it now. The second question put to a candidate for the Presbyterian ministry is, "Do you sincerely receive and adopt the Confession of Faith of this church as containing the system of doctrin taught in the holy scriptures?" And a Presbyterian minister's license contains these words: "And he having adopted the Confession of Faith of this church, the presbytery, did, and hereby do, license him to preach the gospel of Christ." Therefore the assertion that no Presbyterian now believes the doctrin so horrible to Dr. Field is false. If "the Presbyterianism of our country and our time does not in any way indorse" that extract from the Westminster Confession, why is it in the constitution of the Presbyterian church in the United States, as ratified by the General Assembly in 1821, amended in 1833, sold by the Presbyterian board of publication at the present time, and used to-day by all the churches? Please stand up, Dr. Field and distinguished professor of theology, and answer this!

Moreover, while we may be satisfied and glad that Mr. Field and a distinguished professor of theology repudiate a doctrin found in the Confession of Faith, this repudiation is no answer to Judge Brewer nor justification of the original remark. Dr. Field abuses Colonel Ingersoll for "misrepresenting" Christian teaching, and says he never heard of a Christian holding the doctrins denounced by Colonel Ingersoll. This is the same as saying, and will be so accepted by nearly everyone unacquainted with the minute diabolicalness of Christianity, that the doctrins were never taught by Christians. Dr. Field did not say that the doctrin had been abandoned; he implied—and with dishonest deliberation, we believe—that it never had been held. Of course, then, there are but two conclusions to be reached. The first is that Dr. Field never heard of John Calvin, nor the Westminster Confession, nor the present Presbyterian book labeled "Confession of Faith." The second is that he distorted the truth for the sake of scoring a point against an opponent. For one, we find it extremely hard to adopt the former hypothesis.

## The Province of Quebec.

An editorial in the Toronto *Mail* of the 19th ult. calls attention to a state of affairs in Lower Canada astonishing, in this era of the world, in a supposed-to-be civilized country. It is nothing more nor less than that in Quebec the ecclesiastics are superior in power to the state officers and legally the governors of the province.

By ancient law, whenever a bishop of the Roman Catholic church shall consider it wise to establish a canonical parish, the lieutenant-governor of the province is compelled to at once recognize that parish as a municipal parish as well. In a case just decided, this old law is held to be still in force, and the bishop of Quebec has used it to transfer an English-speaking settlement from an old town to a new one, burdened with heavy taxes and other things discouraging to an economical settler. This decision leads the *Mail* to a consideration of the relations between church and state in the province, and finds the marriage to be of the orthodox Roman Catholic pattern—indissoluble till the death of one of the parties. Speaking roughly, says the *Mail*, "Quebec suffers from that preponderance of clerical government which prevailed in France up to the revolution of 1789 and in Mexico down to the uprising of Juarez." The church has complete control of the appointment of its officers, a condition which France and Germany hav found to be incompatible with the welfare of the state which supported the ecclesiastical officers, and the result is that the civil government is but a servant of the church, and forever on its knees to her. The *Mail* cites that in the last election, one of the candidates publicly announced that if elected he "should consult the hierarchy on all important questions, and abide by their decision." And the government, which has just incorporated the Jesuit organization, justified its action on the ground that the pope approved of it. Similarly, continues the *Mail*, "although perhaps ninety-nine intelligent French Canadians in every hundred will, as citizens, condemn the tithe and fabrique assessment system and the system which permits such outrages as that to which the Huntingdon settlers hav just been subjected, as Roman Catholics they uphold these evils; and unfortunately they are Roman Catholics first and citizens afterward, so completely has the church succeeded in occupying the space which in other communities is filled by the state. Again, it is confessed by most French Canadians competent to pronounce an opinion that a map of intellect of the North American continent, such as those formerly drawn of France, would probably represent Quebec as the region of greatest illiteracy. Just now many French Canadian parents are alarmed at the action of the church in removing lay teachers and placing the public schools in the hands of the religious orders, whose members are not required under the law to submit to any test of their professional qualifications, and may be, and often are, unfit from that point of view. It is stated that there is not a single lay male teacher left in the schools in Quebec city. In the rural districts the process of eliminating the lay element and turning public education over to nuns and young girls in training for the convent has been going on for some time. The parent grumbles, for he knows that under the religious orders the three R's will be sacrificed to the seven S's, and his children but poorly equipped for the career of citizens of a modern state. As a Roman Catholic, however, he considers it his duty to submit to a condition of things which, to say the least, is not hopeful. So, too, with respect to clerical interference in elections, there is a widespread opinion among the better class of people that the elector ought to be free to mark his own ballot. Yet, as Roman Catholics, all (or nearly all) accept the view of the church that voting is a matter within the sphere of morals, and that she has therefore a divine right, not merely to advise the elector, but to employ spiritual intimidation, if need be, in compelling him to vote as she desires him to vote."

This subserviency and complete slavery of the French-Canadian population to the church is admitted by all to be the great drawback to the advancement of Quebec. The policy of the pope is to make Quebec thoroughly Catholic, and there is no instance in history, says the *Mail*, of any set of ecclesiastics declining to take advantage of the powers which accident, self-aggrandizement, or the will of the people in a less enlightened age may hav conferred upon them; and it would be pueril to blame the hierarchy in Quebec for following the consistent and immemorial example of the cloth. But the question is one of great importance to Canada as a country, for under the rule of the priests there can be no liberty at all in Quebec; her population is impoverished by the exactions of the church, which can sell a man's farm, even, if he do not pay the church's demands; there are no schools worth calling by that name; and the constant demand of the people is for money, which goes not to relieve their necessities, but to meet the extortions of the church which is the cause of their poverty.

The *Mail* frankly confesses that it sees no hope of

remedy. The Quebec legislature is in the hands of the church, and even the politicians of Ontario consider it great statesmanship to extend clerical privileges in return for clerical aid in elections. But if there is no hope for Quebec, it is well that a knowledge of her condition should be possessed in the United States, where annexation or commercial union with Canada is much talked about. It would be folly, indeed, to annex to a free country a population of slaves who refuse to make an effort, or to permit others to make an effort, to break away from their bondage.

## The Sunday Law a Means of Grace.

In Galveston, Tex., the enforcement of the Sunday law is being pushed with rigor, except against those who most deserve punishment—the clergy and the newspapers which do not dare to denounce the law. Although warrants hav been issued for the arrest of the editors and employees of the Galveston *News*, they hav not been served, while the mechanics in the oil mills, the clerks in a drug store, the coal cart drivers, and a fruit dealer, hav all been properly punished according to Christian notions. The fruit dealer was an Italian, and he sold five cents' worth of candy. The drug firm paid $40; the employees of the oil mill, ten in number, paid $100; and the coal cart drivers paid $10 each.

The *News* still keeps on fighting Parson Briggs, of the *Christian Advocate*, but, O Lord! how pious it has got. "The obliteration of the customary day of rest would be a dismal commentary upon boasted progress in civilization and wealth," says the *News* now. It looks as though the *News* had purchased immunity from the Christians, and is paying the price on the installment plan.

The following letter bears on this subject:

"NEW YORK, Sept. 30, 1887.

"DEAR EDITOR: I agree with you that it serves the Galveston *News* just right to hav its employees arrested for breaking the Sunday law. But you did not reveal all the turpitude of the *News*. You say that that paper printed not a word against the letter of Judge Cook; but its sin of commission was much worse than its sin of omission. It called attention to the letter, and demanded of the officers of Galveston that they should enforce the law. Now, when it is enforced, the *News* cries like a child, and says it is the 'general opinion that newspapers are exempted from the operation of the law.' Certainly, newspapers are allowed to be sold on Sunday, but the law does *not* exempt the mechanics (which include the editors and telegraphers) who manufacture them. See articles 183, 184, 186 of Texas Sunday laws, in TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL of 1887."

The Galveston *News* is a colossal hypocrit, and we advise Mr. Belo to join a church, as the only appropriate refuge for him. A man who frankly says that he ought to be allowed to make money on Sunday, but that everybody else should be put in prison for doing the same thing, is wasting his talents outside of a prayer-meeting.

## Mr. Munn and His Enemies, the Mormons.

Mr. Edward F. Munn consumes considerable space this week in abusing the Mormons and the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, who, he insinuates, is their aider and abettor. Mr. Munn, no doubt, means well, but he doesn't appear to understand the English language.

The date of Mr. Munn's entrance into Utah, the particular law under which the Mormon church is incorporated, and the particular bill under which the property of the Mormons is being seized, are all of no consequence in the difference of opinion between Mr. Munn and THE TRUTH SEEKER. Neither do we care to deny that the Mormons are a scurvy lot of fanatics, though doubtless something could be said for them on the score of morality, industry, and general material prosperity. And it is not pertinent to the argument to show whether their proposed renunciation of polygamy, on condition that Utah be admitted to the Union, is sincere or not. We are not defending Mormonism, nor polygamy, nor the Mormons themselvs from the consequences of any crimes they may hav committed. On the contrary, we would punish them, legally, for each and every crime they, as individuals or as a church, hav committed. And if the hierarchy of Mormonism arrays itself against the government in overt acts (which is the constitutional definition of treason), we hold that the priests should receive at least as severe punishment as was meted out to Jefferson Davis and the other traitors who engaged in an armed and bloody rebellion against the United States not more years back than the average mind can easily wander.

What, then, is the sin for which Mr. Munn so soundly berates us? Only this, and nothing more: We said that the United States had no right to enact legislation authorizing government officers to confiscate, sell, and administer the property of any church corporation, be it Mormon or Methodist, Catholic or Congregational. That is the whole of our offending, and Mr. Munn has used up over two columns in "replying" to it, without having touched our position at all, or even mentioning it, or showing that he in any way comprehended what he was "replying" to. His communication shows only that he hates the Mormons, and is willing that a rival sect should harry them through form of law, whether that law be constitutional, or in harmony with American ideas, or not.

When Mr. Munn demonstrates that the United States has the constitutional right to seize the property and administer the affairs of a solvent private corporation, either because it is a religious corporation or because some of its members hav violated a law against stealing or bigamy; and when he demonstrates that this action is not directed solely against one sect by producing the records of any suits against church corporations in the territories or in the District of Columbia other than the Mormon corporation; and, finally, when he demonstrates his capacity to find out what he is railing against, and to write to the point, we shall be very happy to defend the liberty of even so despicable a religious sect as the Latter Day Saints from the persecuting proclivities of so polite a gentleman as Mr. Edward F. Munn.

## "Robbed Him of His Crutches."

Probably most of our readers are familiar with the story with the foregoing title. It has been going the rounds of the religious press for two or three years. The story is that Colonel Ingersoll and Mr. Beecher were once in company, and in answer to a defense of heresy by Colonel Ingersoll, Mr. Beecher related that, as he was walking along the street, a "big, burly ruffian" robbed a poor cripple of his crutches, leaving him sprawling in the mud. Turning to Colonel Ingersoll (so the yarn goes), Mr. Beecher, "rising from his chair and brushing back his long, white hair, while his eyes glittered with their old-time fire as he bent them on Ingersoll, said, 'Yes, Colonel Ingersoll, and you are the man! The human soul is lame, but Christianity givs it crutches to enable it to pass the highway of life. It is your teaching that knocks these crutches from under it, and leaves it a helpless and rudderless wreck in the slough of despond. If robbing the human soul of its only support on this earth—religion—be your profession, why, ply it to your heart's content. It requires an architect to erect a building: an incendiary can reduce it to ashes.' The old man sat down, and silence brooded over the scene. Colonel Ingersoll found that he had a master in his own power of illustration, and said nothing. The company took their hats and parted."

We hav denied the truth of this fairy-tale some scores of times on the authority of Henry Ward Beecher, who wrote his denial to Horace Seaver. We never thought it worth while to ask Colonel Ingersoll to deny it, but Mr. J. L. Treuthart, of Portsmouth, O., forwarded it to him, and sends us his reply as follows:

"NEW YORK, Sept. 8, 1887.

"J. L. TREUTHART, ESQ.,—*My Dear Sir:* There is not one word of truth in the article you sent me, entitled 'Robbed Him of His Crutches,' which I reinclose to you. People are continually manufacturing falsehoods for the purpose of avoiding arguments that they cannot answer. I never had any such conversation with Mr. Beecher, nor with any other human being, nor anything approaching it, nor anything out of which such a story could honestly hav been made.

"Yours very truly, R. G. INGERSOLL."

Thus we hav Mr. Beecher's denial of the truth of the tale and Colonel Ingersoll's denunciation of it. But these facts will not make the slightest difference in the regularity and frequency of the appearance of the story in the columns of the religious papers. "If the glory of God hath more abounded through my lie, why yet am I judged a sinner?" is holy writ, and a good enough guide for religious editors.

A SHORT time ago the printers' union of this city considered the advisability of raising the price of composition. In arguing against the plan, C. C. Burgoyne, one of the largest employers of printers in the city, says: "At a few hours' notice a certain 'institootion' on the outskirts of the upper end of the city can furnish you any number of 'compositors'—compositors to whom the short narrativs written by Noah Webster are a sealed book; compositors to whom the rules governing capitalization and punctuation are veiled as with a thick blanket; compositors who yell out, 'Which of you's is got my run-down?'" This is a practical man's certificate to the value of the education dispensed at the Roman Catholic Protectory, which draws about a quarter of a million of dollars annually from the taxpayers of this city, and which is, as to all intents and purposes, a parochial school.

THE Redpath Lyceum Bureau is booming George A. Sheridan in the lecture field as a destroyer of Ingersoll. The bureau publishes a pamphlet descriptiv of the wonderful powers of Mr. Sheridan, and after reading it we are surprised that Colonel Ingersoll is alive. One of the astounding feats of the little David is that he drew two years' pay as a member of Congress without having rendered any service. This indicates his smartness, but at the same time reflects somewhat upon his honesty, and we should think the bureau could well afford to forget the theft. Among Mr. Sheridan's references are the Hon. John Sherman, L. A. Lambert, R. B. Hayes, Lew Wallace, Thomas L. James, and a lot more of politicians who well understand how to "work the religious racket." It is worthy of note that while Lambert only claims to hav sold 100,000 of his book abusing Colonel Ingersoll, the Redpath Bureau has no difficulty in seeing a sale of 300,000. But then, a little lie like that is nothing to religious folks.

THE following, clipped from a contemporary, we commend to the prayerful consideration of those of our readers who are in arrears:

"ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, TORONTO, Sept. 3, 1887.

"*To the Editor of the Catholic Weekly Review:*

"SIR: I hav been often pained and astonished at the frequent appeals of editors and proprietors of newspapers to their subscribers, urging them to pay their just debts. Catholics, at least, cannot be unaware of their obligations in this matter, and that absolution to a penitent heartily sorry for his sins does not free him from the obligations of paying his just debts. The atonement for oblivion of justice in this world will certainly be exacted in the next. JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH, Archbishop of Toronto."

We feel just as certain as Archbishop Lynch does that no subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER who owes us money will go to heaven. Justice will catch him just this side of the pearly gate, and he will be as apt to get into purgatory as into Abraham's bosom. Last year's receipt for this year's subscription is of no more use than absolution to a penitent who owes the printer. It is seldom that we can agree with friend Lynch, but this time we can shout Amen with a loud voice.

A BOSTON jury has convicted the Rev. W. F. Davis, a crank preacher, for speaking on Boston Common without permission. Judge Staples, in addressing the prisoner, said: "From 1640 to 1821, when Boston became a city, the citizens of Boston decided for what purpose the Common should be used. After that time this right was given to the corporate municipality, the mayor, board of aldermen, and common council. It cannot be said that the constitutional right to deliver a sermon transcends all other rights, although Christianity underlies the social fabric. There are a good many things which may restrain our personal freedom and liberty, yet in the use of public property and social intercourse there must be some restraints for the best interests and good of the whole community." If Judge Staples had said that Christianity underlies a good deal of our social, but none of our legal fabric, his remarks would be much more acceptable. The position assumed by Mr. Davis was that inasmuch as he taught Christianity, he had rights superior to the whole community, and could do as he pleased with the community's property. If, like C. B. Reynolds, Mr. Davis had hired a lot in which to preach, and had then been arrested, the proceeding would hav been a gross outrage.

IN a sermon on "The United States Constitution from a Religious Standpoint," preached last month, David Gregg, pastor of the Boston Park street church, said:

"If we interpret the Constitution according to its plain reading, it is assuredly a non-religious document. The true God has no standing in it. It offers no more protection to the religion of Jesus Christ than to the religion of Buddha. The oath which the president takes in assuming office has no mention of God in it, although an appeal to God is the very essence of an oath. The absence of the religious character was noted from the very beginning, and it was the subject of consideration by God-fearing patriots. Dr. John Rogers wrote to Hamilton for an explanation of the omission, and received the reply: 'Indeed, doctor, we forgot it.' One class of people claimed that it was an oversight; another that it was intentional and for the purpose of divorcing the church from the state.

"What is our duty as Christian citizens in regard to the non-religious character of the Constitution? We should do that which our fathers failed to do; we should crown our God and Christianity in the very first sentence of the Constitution. We should make it read: 'We, the people, in the name of God, accepting the son as our ruler,' etc.

"The only class that would object to this would be those who rejoice that the state is divorced from religion. The great work of the last century was the setting of the nation right in the eyes of men; the great work of the next century should be in setting it right in the eyes of almighty God. I can make an impregnable argument on this point, and if compelled shall take occasion to do so at some future time. The American Constitution must be Christianized. Thousands of men are at present associated with this end in view, and the weight of the argument is all in favor of these men."

If the Rev. David Gregg were alone in his views, if the country were not full of corrupt politicians who bargain with the church on every occasion, we could afford to smile at this. But as it is, we are inclined to think that the God-in-the-Constitution party are making greater progress than the opposing organization.

## Mr. Tucker Congratulates Himself.

*From Liberty.*

Hot-headedly wrong, but forcible, able, and interesting writers—such is THE TRUTH SEEKER'S verdict upon the Australian Anarchists. Singular fact, isn't it, that wherever you find an Anarchist you find a man of brains and talent?

# Letters from Friends.

HELIX, OR., Sept. 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: As my father, Ben Stanton, was one of the most faithful readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER over eight years, I feel it my duty to inform you of his death. He died July 11th, 1887, aged 53 years and 11 months, after suffering almost a year from dropsy. He was patient to the last, and died a true Liberal. He leaves a Liberal family—a wife and five children. He was also a member of the Liberal League.

MISS ANNA STANTON.

BALLSTON SPA., N. Y., Sept. 18, E M. 287.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $2 20, as per bill. "God and His Book" is a book that every Infidel in the world should hav. It is worth it weight in gold of Ophir. I see by THE TRUTH SEEKER that Mr. Farrell is going to publish Colonel Ingersoll's speech at Reynolds's trial in Morristown. If so, as soon as yon receive some please send me two copies. I am sowing the good seed of mental liberty as fast as I can here, and the good Christians are giving me L the best they can, but I am right side up with care yet. That you may liv long and enjoy good health is the wish of the Infidel family of

WILLIAM THORPE.

MUSKEGON, Sept. 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I take upon myself the unpleasant task of informing you that my father, an old subscriber for THE TRUTH SEEKER, Wm. Jones, passed from earth life on the 21st of August, after an illness of a little more than a week. He had been a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER since its begiuning, and a great admirer of Mr. Bennett. Though a Spiritualist in belief, he had great sympathy with all Liberal movements. We enjoyed these views with him, and though we do not wish to continue THE TRUTH SEEKER at present, we wish you to feel that we are grateful for the good we hav received from it, and shall at all times follow it with our best wishes. If there is anything due up to this date, please inform me and I will remit.

MRS. G. H. FORD.

COLUMBIA CITY, Sept. 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I write to you to inform you of the death of Mr. Carpenter. His last request was for me to write to you. He had been helpless almost one year with rheumatism and a general breaking down of the system. Two weeks ago today he could scarcely read, but he had me prop THE TRUTH SEEKER up so he could look at it. He passed away peacefully as he had lived. We took him from our home to South Whitley and laid him to rest. We did everything he requested us to do. We filled his casket with flowers. There was no one of his belief here to say anything, so we buried him in silence. He died the 12th of Sept, aged 57 years 9 months and 21 days. He had preserved every copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER. His request was to hav you publish his death. Respectfully, MRS. S. H. CARPENTER.

WOROKSTER, MASS., Sept. 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am very much pleased with the last copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I think Mr. W. F Jamieson takes the right ground in regard to debates with even such men as Clark Braden. Let us not giv a Christian a chance to say we are afraid to meet them in debate. As to Herr Most, it seems to me that he only declared his intention of doing what most all Freethinkers are doing. That is, disregarding all laws that we consider unjust. Shall we keep our mouths closed for fear of the blasphemy laws, or shall we break them? Shall we be careful not to break the Sunday laws, no matter how unjust they are? And the same of the postal laws relating to what some people call obscene matter? Where would Freethought hav been to-day if the mental heroes of the past had not resisted tyrannical laws? The Boston tea party used force, and so did the patriots of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill use force to resist unjust and tyrannical laws. Hurrah for Watson Haston..

C. L. HASKELL.

STRASBURG, ILL., Sept. 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: When a wedding, birth, or death occurs it is customary to notify the family and friends. As all three hav occurred here, I hasten to write this epistle. The wedding was of fraternal spirits in the cause of Freethought; the birth was of a host of new theological ideas, and the death of many absurd notions. The Christians turned out, the Infidels were out, the women were out, little boys and girls were out, I was out, and all to hear C. B. Reynolds tell the object of the Liberals of America. He wrote me Friday evening that he had no hall in Mattoon Monday night, and could come here. I wrote for him to come, and sent word to all I could. The school-house was full, and nearly as many more outside. He gave away a lot of papers, and sold a good many books; we did the best we could, and he said it was a success. It does me good to see the treasurer's report in the papers, for I am president, secretary, and treasurer. After paying expenses we hav $9.67 in the treasury, and the only chance I hav to get rid of it is by paying it to Liberal lecturers; and the more lectures we hav the more I get, so you see our kind of Liberalism reaches clear down to the pocket-book. We are looking for some grand work at the Union at Chicago. Every state should hav a secretary to receive names and reports from every county in the state, and every county a secretary to receive reports from townships. We must stand up and be counted some way. Let us all take one good, long, and strong pull next year for organization. Let the speakers at the Union write their speeches and send them to the Liberal papers for publication, and then get on some committee and work like Turks (I don't know whether Turks work or not) for the very best interests of the Liberal cause. And, to the Liberals living in the country, just let me say, "Make a little effort, and see how easy it is to get money to pay a Liberal lecturer. Don't stand back and say, 'When it rains mush my plate is bottom side up.' Keep your plate right side up and it will always be full; then sift out what you want or can use." If this letter is too long, shorten it; if too short, lengthen it; if good enough, print it; if not, save it to start your fire this winter. Yours truly, A. YORK.

ROOHESTER, MINN., Sept. 21, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please allow me space in your paper to say that I indorse, with emphasis, what Abbie Knapp said in a late number in support of Elmina. We hav little to do with her modes of gaining or giving scientific social facts or fallacies. I believe the Constitution givs every one the right to gain knowledge through the mails, if he so desires; and the article by C. L. James, in August 20th, indicates that sealed letters are inviolate. Thus Elmina's case proves "disgustingly" clear to us that we are losing every right we ever had to free speech, press, and mails.

I shall hope to see the American S cular Union Convention take severe action, and critically feel the public pulse to determin if it be wise to imprison so honest and charitable an Infidel Quaker woman upon so ethereal a pretext.

We are all anxious to know how much this "land of the free" allows to freedom. And must we hav a King Comstock to tell us what is "disgusting?"

I am glad you still keep supplying cartoons. Mr. Heston must hav a prodigious imagination, to clothe the facts so appropriately.

Inclosed please find subscription for another year.

FLORA WARDALL-FOX.

FRENOHTOWN, NEB., Sept. 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: So many able writers more capable than myself hav espoused Elmina's cause, I hav waited (perhaps too long), knowing they would express my own sentiments in regard to her case, and they hav. While I wish to assure Sister Elmina of my profound sympathy for her and her labors, those grand women, Susan H. Wixon (whom we all pity so in her affliction), Lucy Colman, Elizabeth Denton, and Dr. Juliet Severance, together with "Altair" (she being a whole host in herself), hav said so many good things for Elmina, I hav felt that there was nothing at all left for me to say. On reading the letter of "Altair," I heard a person say "she should be made attorney-general of the United States."

The whole world should read Elmina's papers on sexual intemperance, that great emancipation proclamation to women, and be convinced that she has only the betterment of the human race at heart; and the race will bear considerable improvement yet. When Comstock gets the rope off her neck, she will then be the "noblest Roman of them all." Later on, we will build her a monument of pure white marble reaching just as high as our money will take it. She is the Hypatia of modern times, and will be made a saint, as was the Hypatia of old, and that, too, by the very demons who wrought her ruin.

MARY BAIRD FINCH.

MYRTLE CREEK, OR., Sept. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Rationalism views everything in its natural, radical, and philosophical reality. It comprehends the sciences, cause and effect. It discovers and acknowledges laws by which everything is controled in the march of progress. But when its development is intercepted by any interference, those laws interpose until the cause of disturbance is removed. It finds no remedy for sin but restitution. It finds no divine right or prerogativ for a few to domineer over and rule the many. It finds no personal devil. It finds no personal or anthropomorphic God in the domain of the universe. It finds a force, a vital principle, which permeates all nature. It discovers that if we would become wiser, better, and happier, and make others so, we must employ the ways and means by which it can be accomplished, instead of praying to a supernatural God. It finds that it is wiser and better to aid the poor, famishing, and ignorant in our midst than to send treasure and missionaries to distant lands with the Bible. It finds that it would be wiser and better to tax the rich churches and relieve the laboring man of some of the burden of taxation. It finds that it is better to teach the young something useful and practical than to teach them church catechisms.

Supernaturalism is a species of insanity. It is a perversion of the natural faculties, and leads to injustice in politics and religion, and is subversiv of the best interests and happiness of mankind.

L. C. HILL.

PITTSBURGH, PA. Sept. 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: This orthodox, priest-ridden city has just had an intellectual shaking-up by a course of lectures delivered by Dr. J. L. York, of California, who has justly been styled the "Ingersoll" of the West. The Pittsburgh Secular Union was fortunate in securing this celebrated orator to deliver the opening course of the season. His first lecture, entitled, "The Two Bibles—Evolution or Creation, Man or Monkey—Which," was delivered Sunday, September 4th, in Maltby Hall, to a crowded and intelligent audience who frequently interrupted the speaker by outbursts of overwhelming applause. The second lecture was delivered in Lafayette Hall, subject; "Capital and Labor; or, the Reign of the Common People." The lecture was a master effort, and made a deep impression on the working-people of this city. The executiv board was convinced by the large audience on this occasion that it would be futil to attempt to crowd the people that would be likely to come out to hear the last two lectures into Maltby Hall, hence they secured Lafayette Hall for the following two Sundays, and the crowds of people that attended the third and fourth lectures justified them in taking this wise step. His last lecture was on "Individuality, Courtship, and Marriage." This was a great lecture. The doctor never appeared to better advantage than he did on this occasion. He seemed to be "brimful" and running over with his subject, and he held his audience, as it were, "spellbound" for fully an hour and a half. This lecture will long be remembered by the people here, who hav placed a very high estimate upon the doctor as a public lecturer and Liberal reformer.

After lecturing in Philadelphia, Boston, and Buffalo, he returns to Pittsburgh to deliver two more lectures on Sundays, November 6th and 13th. ANTHONY BARKER;

Vice-President Pittsburgh Secular Society.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Let well enough alone, is a good proverb. Is it wise, is it policy, for us Freethinkers to be exclusiv, and separate from society without good cause? Hav we not lecturers working early and late to make propaganda for our cause? Will they succeed better when we make needless changes, obstructions, to which we ourselvs do not agree, and which are of no possible use and good to us? A new era, beginning somewhere—or anywhere, not to be particular about a few months or years more or less, as per H. M. P.—may do well enough for most of us, but it will not suit teachers nor scholars, small or large, historians nor chronologists, much less astronomers. A new era means another interruption, a complication and confusion in computing time, as anyone will find by examining encyclopedias. Under Chronology in Encyclopedia Britannica appears the following: "Each small community, and king, and priest had his own era. But by a natural process the mischief was gradually and partially remedi d. The extension of intercourse between the various small groups of societies of men, and still more the union of larger groups, made a common epoch necessary. Astronomers denote the year which preceded the first year of our era by 0, and the year previous to that by 1 B.O., but chronologers, in conformity with common notions, call the year preceding the era 1 B C, and the previous 2 B.O., and so on. By reckoning in this manner, there is an interruption in the regular succession of the numbers, and in the years preceding the era."

Reading the above made me a decided opponent to any new era, even if it were free from error, but to read such fulminating nonsense to uphold a gross error of fact from G. N. Hill makes one nauseate. I ask your readers now, Is our object to make mischief, confusion, complication, and interruption, without a benefit for us or anyone else? Let us put down such innovators as cranks. It would look about like taking down the top story of a stone building, and building in its place a story of brick, and calling it thereafter a brick house. If civilization demands a new era, I am quite sure it will commence it from the earliest time known, regardless of any person's reputation, and make it to conform and acceptable to the whole world, doing away with counting backward, a strain and a stumbling-block more or less to any child learning history.

A much better epoch to start a new era would be the Fourth of July, 1776. It would find thousands of adherents to every one of the so-called Freethought calendar here and in Europe. But who wants it? Not one sensible man.

I hav asked repeatedly, but in vain, for one, only one, good reason in favor of a new era, but there is none to be found. Eras are not suitable any more to commemorate men's deeds or lives.

To count the time correctly is the hour, day, month, and year we liv in, and not past; or else we would h v to date 1886 8 months and 24 days, but this would be no improvement to our dating in use. FRED. KOEZLY.

PIPPIN LAKE FARM, O., Sept. 25, 1887.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE TRUTH SEEKER: A terrible calamity has fallen to our lot in the sad, sudden, and shocking death of our only son, Hubert, who died Aug. 25th from the effects of alkaloid poisoning.

For four summers his happy presence had made of our home a heaven, but in eighteen short hours the joy of that home is changed to deepest sorrow, and all we hav left is his cherished memory, mingled with the thought that could we hav known his danger in time those willing hands and trusting heart need not lie pulseless in death.

Eminently a child of nature, and taught its wonders by a loving mother, his chief delight consisted in seeing and telling its beauties. Being healthy, and consequently activ and happy, he blessed our lives, and was our greatest help and hope. Truthful himself, he trusted others; self-reliant, yet having a most tender heart; strong-willed, and yet so teachable. Such qualities so often shown in his nature endeared him to us by every tie that blesses and joins parent and child. If, in obedience to his firm will, he had wronged any one, unsolicited he would confess his error, not to an imaginary God, but to the only one who had any claim to the confession—the one injured—and say, pleadingly, "I am so sorry."

Fearing that he might hav inherited a predisposition to those insidious diseases which affect the brain, and knowing the sympathy existing between the viscera and that wonderful organ, the brain, we never allowed him to eat cake, candies, condiments, or flesh meat, but made his diet a fruit and farinaceous one. But in an evil hour his life was risked by a thoughtless domestic, who, violating our express command, gave or permitted him to eat, while in her charge, a hearty meal of richest hash. Undigested, it had lain in his stomach eighteen hours, when he was taken with most fatal symptoms of approaching dissolution, like one poisoned. As if realizing his extreme danger, he said, "Papa, will I die?" Feeling it was too late, I tried to comfort him, and then he said, "I don't want to die. I want to stay with you."

He endured his intense sufferings without murmuring, and died in my arms, a sacrifice, another example of innocence suffering through another's conceited ignorance. Those innocent eyes lie closed so untimely. A little sister whom he loved so well, and whom he had risked his own

life to protect, lies in the cradle brotherless at two weeks old; a mother placed upon the verge of insanity; a desolated home, and those who knew and loved that noble boy compelled to suffer all the pangs of separation—all the result of one thoughtless act.

What monstrous injustice to the wronged and trusting child, if death ends all, to be so cruelly robbed of a life he oved so well! If there is another life, and he yet is conscious, what must the pangs of parting be to his tender heart when ours may yet prove unbearable? What shall we say of that conceited ignorance which, disregarding recklessly or wilfully the admonition of experience and older judgment, has brought this great affliction upon us? And yet in the face of this awful experience we are told that all wrongs will be righted in the next world! But how can we expect justice to govern there when it fails here?

Upon the principle that mankind has more faith in him who faithfully keeps his promises in this life, so we would hav more faith in the rule of justice if its debts were not all due in another world. MARIUS HEIGHTON.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I inclose $3 on my subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER, with thanks and congratulations that we hav a few periodicals whose managers hav the courage and fairness to publish the logical import of facts on subjects of common interest and importance. My being an uncompromising advocate of the equal right of every individual to liv and to the means of living, regardless of creed, color, age, sex, or nationality, should logically impel me to be neutral or liberal on the religious question. Moreover, religious superstition appears to hav been the first result of human thought, reason, and observation. Hence, it is the germ of social philosophy, investigation, and progress; and appears to be developing into Socialism, which promises to ripen into Materialism. When the fruit has matured, the germ should naturally die of itself; therefore, I shall fail to see the expediency of an effort to kill the germ prematurely. Nevertheless, such effort may possibly do good; it can hardly do harm at the present juncture of human affairs; for popular thought and aspirations appear to be trending to a subject of far more importance to the human race than religious superstition and Infidelity combined; hence, I shall find no cause for hostility to either of them, but will suggest the probability that those who make the discussion of such vagaries a specialty will find themselvs "badly left" at the end of the race.

The histories of the human race inform us of a time—and it does not seem long ago—when the strong oppressed the weak; and those who would plead the cause of the oppressed in the name of humanity were in danger of being hunted like wild beasts, and slain when captured. It was then that the gods and religious superstition did some good service to the oppressed, notwithstanding the efforts of priestcraft to prevent it in the interest of statecraft. Therefore, if the gods, through religious superstition, hav placed us in a position to plead the cause of man in the name of man and for man, hav we not something to thank the gods for, even if they hav but an imaginary existence? The gods having placed us in a position to work out our own salvation, our requesting them to do more, or reviling them because they do not, is equally degrading to our manhood. Better work out our own salvation like men than waste our time reviling the gods or beseeching them to help us further.

J. A. TUTTLE.

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Sept. 23, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I feel that I cannot rest till I hav entered my weak protest against the sentence of the Anarchists, so-called, of Chicago. I think it the most abominable blot that could be put on the escutcheon of our grand republic, for grand it was in its conception, but the ignorance and selfishness of man has put many blots on its fair fame, but this is the cap-sheaf. The Manchester massacre was nothing to it, and it damned Castlereagh forever in history, and in the memory of his countrymen. To think that in a country whose written Constitution says that the liberty of speech shall never be abridged, the people will sit supinely by and see such a sentence carried out, is a thought to make the nations of the earth sneer, and Russia's autocrat smile and say, "The great republic is copying after me." But sixty million tyrants are worse than one; there the responsibility rests on one man, but here we all share it. The whole rests on us, the people, and if that sentence is carried out, whose neck will be safe that dares to utter words that are not popular with the millionaires that now govern the country with the help of monopolists, concentrating their capital in all branches of business to crush out the small tradesmen, and make but two classes—the very rich and the very poor! How long will Knights of Labor, or any other body of poor men, dare to say their soul is their own with such a precedent set by the highest tribunal of the state. It will be the death-knell of liberty, and, in my humble opinion, if the whole body of workingmen do not protest in the strongest manner against the hanging of those men, they will soon find the chains riveted about them so strong by millionaires, monopolists, and priests combined, that their hopes of liberty will be forever blasted. These men were condemned not for murder, but for talking. There is no pretense that either of them committed murder. No, they were attacked by the police when at a peaceable meeting, and did not even try to protect themselvs, but some one threw a bomb and the police were hurt. But these men were known to be dissatisfied with the present state of affairs, and dared to say so, and for this they are to be hung as an example to all dissatisfied men who dare to speak against the wish of the moneyed aristocracy that is crushing the very life out of the nation. Will the people of this country submit to such an outrage? I fear they will. The blood of the Puritans, of the race that first settled the country, is so mixed up with the dupes of priests that it runs sluggish in the veins of the present generation; but there ought to be enough men who "know their rights, and knowing dare maintain them," to overthrow at the polls the horde of priest-ridden slaves who do the bidding of those who would enslave us, and to see the laws so made that liberty of speech should never be infringed upon. J. DOWNES.

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ITHACA, N. Y. Sept. 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Nature! What is nature? Answer: It is all our senses comprehend, the substance of our being, animal and intellectual, male and female, the god of law, and the goddess of liberty, the positiv and negativ balancing principle, the sole revolving unity; her science recognizes no good, no evil in distinction. The tree of the knowledge of distinction, through the ignorance of nature's laws and animal excess, we hav created the subtle beast (indulgence) called the serpent because of its deceptivness, and thus propose to divide the unity of the masculin and feminin fundamental principle upon which eternal nature is founded. Thus Babylon (confusion) is established, and the whole world feeds upon the fruit of the tree good and evil. And thus the science of universal nature is entirely inoperativ, and instead of building the lord's (nature's) house, every man runs to his own house and says, "Here, look here!" and forces our feminin attention to his splendid architecture, and we become bewildered and decide at once that his is good for food, and desirable to make one wise, and thus widen the breech between the animal and the intellectual And to prove the truth of what I say along come the cartoons presenting the lowest form of man, a mere beast (sectarianism). I will not recognize him as belonging in my garden of intelligence, hence I turn him out and bar my gates forever against him, and pronounce him dust, and clothe him with skins. He was never a man, nor ever can he be. To be a man is masculin and feminin unity; to be a subtle beast is to divide this unity, and let each dual form take their independence and responsibility. Thus nature seems to make war against herself, and drop the curtain and shame a dog. I accept him only upon the ground of a ghost of appearance, a mental hybridism, the mystery of ignorance. Whatever is must be as a test of the truth of nature. When woman (the feminin of man) takes the ballot it will be the confirmation of mental hybridism and suicide; it will be to do that which is unnatural, and to acquire responsibility that is not compatible with her structure, and will bring with it governmental and military duties which would be unnatural to her taste and family requirements. No, nature can not be thus divided; it is the frustration of natural science and manly reason. The chief end of man is to carry out manly principles in the undivided unity of the masculin and feminin nature. Thus nature seeks her own positiv and negativ structure, and cannot be divided. ZENAS KENT.

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TORONTO, ONT., Sept. 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Communications from Toronto do not appear often in THE TRUTH SEEKER, so by way of variety I thought a few lines would not be unacceptable in the Friendly Letter department. This is Mr. Watts's headquarters, and, with the exception of being absent a few weeks now and again, he lectures every Sunday evening in Science Hall, Adelaide street. Toronto is remarkable for the number of its churches; they are everywhere, with new ones continually being erected. The Methodist is the all-powerful denomination, from the mayor downward. Sundays are kept in as orthodox a manner as possible; no street-cars running, no stores open, except drug-stores, and but for the presence of two parks everyone would be compelled either to go to church or stay in the house. Toronto is a paradise for parsons. Sam Small or Brother Jones can fill the biggest church here every time. The newspapers every Monday report wishy-washy sermons nearly verbatim, but always ignore Mr. Watts's eloquent and instructiv lectures. A small body of Freethinkers congregate in the Queen's Park every Sunday and address the crowds gathered there. They always get the largest audience. This park is a curious sight Sundays—all denominations, from the orthodox to the most Liberal, trying to get converts by singing, praying, and exhorting. The success of the Freethinkers has caused no little jealousy among some of the followers of the lowly Jew, and quite a spirited controversy has taken place this summer through the Correspondence columns of the Toronto press with a view of stopping the Infidels in the parks, but every letter was ably replied to by different Freethinkers. and the result is that Freethought has more listeners than ever. Ministers here frequently denounce "horrible Infidelity"—but in their churches, where you are not supposed to answer them. One prominent minister, Dr. Wild, said in a sermon a short time ago that he would challenge any man in Toronto that "the pyramids of Egypt refute the theory of evolution." Such an opportunity Mr. Watts could not resist, who wrote accepting the challenge; but the worthy reverend backed out of it with the excuse that such debates did no good. So you see the advantages these men hav. They can talk the vilest trash in their churches, knowing they need not substantiate what they say unless it pleases them to do so.

Mr. Watts last Sunday delivered an interesting lecture on "Science *vs.* Theology" to a large audience. In the course of his lecture he spoke of the difference between what is subjectiv and what is objectiv, and to illustrate his meaning he related an incident that happened to him twenty-three years ago that I think will be interesting to our Spiritualistic friends. A learned Secularist of his acquaintance, Dr. Clark, of London, Eng., became a convert to Spiritualism. Dr. Clark always affirmed that every night he went home the tables and chairs would rise and bow to him, and that spirits were the cause of this courtesy; that this phenomenon was the reason of his belief in Spiritualism. Mr. Watts and a friend one night accompanied the doctor home with the intention of seeing whether the furniture would be as courteous to them as to the doctor. On their arrival Mr. Watts requested Dr. Clark to remain below while himself and friend went upstairs to examin for themselvs. On opening the door and surveying the room, Mr. Watts exclaimed, loud enough for the doctor to hear below, "Well, if I had not seen this I could never hav believed it." On hearing this, the doctor came upstairs and said, "Did I not tell you so? Perhaps you'll believe me after this." Mr. Watts said, "In what direction is the table bowing now, doctor?" "Why, straight toward me." Mr. Watts: "Are you positiv about it?" The doctor: "Why, certainly." Mr. Watts then informed him that himself and friend had watched the furniture since their arrival, and it had neither stirred nor shown any signs of activity. The doctor's idea was subjectiv, and not objectiv. GEO. WILLIAMS.

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ATOKA, IND. TER., Sept. 18. 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav waited and looked in vain for an answer to my proposition on the prospecting expedition, and as none has come, I hav been quietly working along away down here to develop what I hav, and as Aunt Sister Brown used to say in the class-meeting, "I hav cause to be happy," for everything is coming out just as I expected.

And, while working out here all alone in the hills, thoughts will come to my mind, which I'll try in my rough, rude way to convey to you their meaning; so you must not expect a flowery and scientific letter from a prospector, but accept his ideas and explanations in his own langauge. Now, I take my ledge or vein to be the world. On the croppings I find everything mixed—poor ore, good ore, and the greater amount entirely barren. I find this laid here by Mother Nature in strata or streaks, so I giv each one its name. The good, pure ore I call truth, right, light, and reason, and I find it in only thin streaks. The larger I call ignorance, superstition, priestcraft, dogmas, fanaticism, and a host of others too numerous to mention. Having now made my location, I select my most promising stratum, and go to work making a dump for each kind, separating it as I go. I find my pure ore in the largest strata to be truth and right, lying with ignorance and superstition on one side and priestcraft and dogmas on the other, nearly crowding out and mixing up with this other, my small stratum, light and reason; but knowing as I do, I fear not for them, for at some time I hav every reason to believe that they will come into the main ore body if sufficient prospecting and mining is done. So I go to work and pick and hammer. I find ignorance and superstition the easiest ground, but with these few tools and single-handed I make no headway. I then resort to my drills, and drive in long holes. I load them with powder called sound, solid argument; I tamp with science, good morals, etc.; I get fire from the literal hell-and-damnation Methodists, and spit my fuse called enlightenment, and stand from under. My blast is a success. I can make headway and get good ore. I find sometimes that it is nearly pinched out between these, but I work away, and every time it gains I find it wider and richer. Still, I meet with difficulties. Sometimes my tamping blows out, and I hav to use others; and then I find my powder too slow or too quick, and in that way lose that much drilling; but experience is a good teacher, and I know now how to handle the ground better and select my powder, tamping, fuse, etc., to suit it. And then I am rewarded in finding the strata of honesty, sobriety, uprightness coming in as the ore body widens. I place them all on the ore dump, and in size they make a small comparison with the other, but in the bright light of heaven they then show their true worth; while, on the other hand, the other cannot withstand the light and other elements, and show signs of decay and attract but little attention of my visitors. The deeper I go the less I find of it. But I find another obstacle; the other side is crowding in on me. I make an attack, but I can only knock off a chip now and then. This is about to spoil our mine and cut off all our good ore. The prospector has gone to his depth; it now requires experienced miners and such men as Ingersoll. Putnam, Remsburg, Bell, Reynolds, Moss, Oswald, Peck, and all other old-timers. (By the way, isn't it about time Peck gave us another blast of the trumpet? Come into the collar, old friend; your last cured me of a well-seated attack of malaria.) Priestcraft is too hard for us prospectors. Our poor little steel, though good and true, makes but a faint impression with our hardest blows. Ah! these old, experienced miners bring out the diamond drill, and with such a brain as Ingersoll for a foreman, and the others for workmen, the work is started. It is almost diamond cut diamond, but the drill goes on. When striking such things as Billings's "Crimes of Preachers" it all but stops, but after a time it penetrates (and it is a wonder it doesn't get stuck) and goes on through, and the explosions from their blasts shake the earth. Good ore is being hoisted, and this rebellious matter is stowed away in the empty stopes and drifts and out of the way.

We now need other workers on the surface, such as Miss Helen Gardener, Miss Susan Wixon, and all of that kind. Let Miss Wixon bring all of her children, so that they can see and enjoy the fruits of our labor. No man better enjoys the presence of children than a prospector, for you invariably find him a big-hearted, whole-souled fellow, who usually becomes an experienced miner. And, as I digress, the work is going on, and our hopes are now centered on the miners, and we look forward with pleasure and anxiety, and are waiting to hear from them that they hav reached the stratum of light and reason, and then our ore body is complete. These are the thoughts of one working under ground, with no one but old Mother Nature to commune with. Some one has said that truth crushed to earth will rise again, and light and reason will prevail. So thinks the old prospector,

IRA VAIL.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## The Grapevine Swing.

Where the woods were green and a trailing vine
Was rent from the tree where brown roots twine,
And thrushes above to chatter so fine,
Never happier trio than we—
Tom, Ned, and Dick, that was me—
And singing we swung from morning till night,
Down the gray slope with savage delight,
Till the torrent's dark chasm hid us from sight.

'Twas not a limp swing to dreamily go
'Neath the bright arcades where the blue-bells blow,
The shade and the sheen flitting too and fro,
But a pendulum strong
O'er the stream with its song,
Racing down from the crest with riotous yell,
Drifting out over the hades-like dell,
The vine swinging back as the tongue of a bell.

Brother Will declared 'twas perilous fun,
But we staked the venture as A No. 1,
Each taking his turn when the other was done.
We three had read or been told
Of Boone, the brawn hunter bold,
Who on a wild vine swung safely over
A roaring stream to the leafy cover,
And the hidden trail stayed the Indian rover.

One day after church and the Sunday-school
We stole from the house, with its too strict rule,
To Nature's temples inviting and cool.
Oh, the jolliest boys were these,
A-climbing the autumn trees!
Hand over hand, as monkeys or bears,
Mistaking for apples the slow-ripening pears—
No praise but a lecture, possibly prayers.

Swing backward through cycling years as I dream
Of honeyed perfume where locust-trees gleam,
And apple-blooms blow their sails on the stream,
And we float past the days
A summer moon sways.
September's cheek glows with the fair Maiden Blush;*
Her hands with Russets and Greenings are flush;
But something we miss—'tis the voice of the thrush.

Our sister shall sing a low song instead,
As she sang of the birds whose mother was dead—
Her song and the dove's upon the same thread.
Her hair of shining brown rings
Waves sweet adieus as she sings
Farewells to the world, with its gossip and lies,
Revealing to-day a like truth in her eyes,
An angel to us in a mortal disguise.

*Frenchtown, Neb.* MARY BAIRD-FINCH.

* An apple common in the West, ripening in September.

## The Mountain Flower.

I grew upon the side of a mountain, and was called a mountain flower. I remember well one cold, windy day being blown upon the ground with many of my sisters and brothers,

Finally a little bird came along and gathered some of us up in its beak and flew away, I knew not where, but suddenly I was dropped down here where I am growing now. I felt very cold and miserable, and could scarcely keep from crying, thinking of being so far from my home and all alone. I was so dazzled and bewildered I could see nothing. All was confusion.

That evening a cold rain came, and sank me deep within the earth. It was so dark down there I could see nothing, but the earth protected me from the cold wind and I felt slightly comforted.

I lay there I know not how long, but one day I came up into the light, which so dazzled my eyes that I could scarcely see, but by degrees I became used to it and looked around me. It was very beautiful there after all, and my heart leaped with joy as I gazed about me, for I was not entirely alone, as I supposed. There were large trees, such as I had seen when I was in repose upon my mother's bosom. They all looked down kindly on me as though glad I was there.

The sunbeams came down on me with a caressing touch, and I felt very warm and comfortable indeed.

The warm sun I had so admired began to sink at last, and passed from my sight. And I missed him so much.

I, too, must hav gone to sleep, and slept for many hours, for when I awoke the sun was again above the horizon. I was glad to see him, for I feared he had left forever.

I was suddenly startled by a low sound, and gazing in the direction whence the sound came, I saw a little brook chattering over the rocks, and on looking closer saw my own reflection in the water. The soft breezes touched the water so gently that they made tiny waves that were very pretty. The birds visited the little brook and me very often, and they were our most welcome visitors.

And though I hav dwelt here for a long time now, I am still content with my lot, and shall never pine again for my nativ land.

ADDIE WILLETT.

*Hale, Kan.*, Sept. 17, 1887.

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—WORD SQUARE.

1. A blood-letting instrument.
2. A French measure.
3. A girl's name.
4. An open space of ground.
5. A white powder.

*Lyons, N. Y.* C. ROOKER.

2.—NUMERIOAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of fourteen letters.
My 6, 1, 14, 5, 9, 4, is a kind of spice.
My 10, 12, 11, 7, is a mountain in Europe.
My 2, 8, 3, 13, is a kind of tenacious cement.
My whole is a capital city in North America. WARREN B. ORCHARD.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, SEPT. 24, 1887.

1.–Pl-ague. 2.–Fo-rum. 3.–Ch-alice. 4.–Ch-artist.

## Correspondence.

GRAND COULEE, W. T., Sept. 11, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My grandma takes THE TRUTH SEEKER. I like the Children's Corner very much, and the pictures. I thought I would tell of my papa—he is a Catholic, mother and I are truth seekers. The priest came to baptize me, and I hid in the barn. I am nine years old and am going to school. THOMAS G. BARRY.

## Arctic Industries.

It may not be gnnerally known that important mining operations are carried on within the Arctic circle. Cryolite is brought from Greenland to Philadelphia by the shipload to be used in the making of candles. At Alten, near the North Cape in Finmark, extensiv copper mines hav been worked for a long time. When it is remembered that most of the work has to be done under ground, and that heat is what the workmen suffer most from, it becomes apparent at once that mines may be almost as profitable in those high latitudes as they would be on our coast. The main thing is to hav communication open once a year for bringing supplies and carrying away the ores.

An engineer who visited the mines at Alten a few years ago, to study the condition in which they were worked, found that the climate interposed no obstacle. The mines, when fairly deep, are warmer in winter than in summer.

In such work as has to be done above ground, there is scarcely any interruption. During the three dark months, when the sun does not shine, there is no lack of light to the eye accustomed to the conditions. The sky is clear and starry, and the aurora is playing most of the time; whatever light there is, the reflection from the snow increases and intensifies.

More than a hundred and fifty years ago mining was carried on extensivly about the shores of the White sea by Saxon workmen. Silver, copper, and lead were produced in quantities.

Now that the whale fishery has declined, mining enterprise seems most likely of anything to promote exploration and settlement within the Arctic circle.—*Youth's Companion.*

## Popular Science.

By the use of palladium in the hairspring and balance, a Geneva watchmaker claims to hav produced accurate timepieces which are unaffected by magnetism.

To aid in an analysis of noise, Prof. Crum Brown, of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, hopes to be able to make a machine to giv very loud imitations of vocal sounds. He expects the apparatus to hiss with a thousand-man power.

A new discovery is that by the use of citric acid or citrate of silver sea-water may be made drinkable. By this means chloride of silver is precipitated and a harmless mineral water is produced. An ounce of citrate makes a half-pint of water drinkable.

A leaf of the giant water lily (Victoria regia) has been known to measure twenty-four feet 9¼ inches in circumference, its weight being nearly fourteen pounds. One of the flowers was four feet two inches in circumference, with petals nine inches in length, and weighed 3½ pounds.

Platinum wire, experiment has shown, can be drawn so fine as to be invisible to the naked eye, although it can be seen by the aid of a small magnifying glass when laid upon a perfectly white card held in such a position that the wire casts a shadow. Its presence on the card can also be detected by the touch.

The bee's sting, says Naturalist Clark, is by no means made for stinging only, but is used in doing the artistic cell-work, capping the comb and infusing the formic acid, by means of which honey receives its keeping qualities. The sting is really a skilfully contrived little trowel with which the bee finishes off and caps the cells when they are brimful of honey. This explains why honey extracted before it is capped over does not keep well. The formic acid has not been injected into it.

In a paper to the Liverpool Astronomical Society, Mr. W. H. S. Monck suggested lately that the puzzling climatic variations recorded by the rocks may hav been produced by the near approach to the earth of intensely hot stars. This may hav been due to the traveling of the star itself, or to the motion of the solar system in space. Moving with the earth's own rate, a celestial body would traverse in 50,000,000 years the distance separating our globe from the most remote of the 70,000,000 stars visible in the most powerful telescopes, making it possible that, with suitable proper motions, any or every star known may hav visited the solar system during the period commonly assumed by geologists to hav elapsed since the first dawn of life. Intensely hot stars may hav added materially to the earth's heat without coming sufficiently near to greatly derange the planetary orbits.


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## News of the Week.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has been invited to lay the cornerstone of the big Auditorium building in Chicago, but the Knights of Labor say that if he does he is no friend of theirs, as non-union carpenters hav been employed on the structure.

JENNIE LIND, the great singer, has had a stroke of paralysis.

THE Prohibition issue in the recent Tennessee election was defeated by 20,000 majority.

THE Anti-Poverty Society is holding a big fair at Madison Square Garden for the benefit of the George campaign.

JACOB SHARP, the alderman-briber, has been granted another stay of proceedings, otherwise he would hav gone to Sing Sing Sept. 30th.

THE case of the Chicago Anarchists is now in the hands of General Roger A. Pryor, of New York, who will endeavor to carry it before the United States Supreme Court.

THE Rev. J. W. Day, pastor of the Channing Memorial church at Newport, R. I., has been obliged to resign in consequence of his recent marriage with a divorced woman.

THE American Institute Fair at sixty-fifth street and Third avenue opened Sept. 28th with an attractiv exhibition of mechanical contrivances.

THE sexton of St. Paul's Episcopal church in Newark, N. J., was sentenced on the 18th ult. to seven years in the penitentiary for criminal assault on his 15-year-old daughter.

THE Rev. Edward Trevor, a Methodist clergyman of Laurel Hill, Westchester county, N. Y., left that place suddenly on Monday of last week. He is charged with revolting conduct, his accuser being a boy formerly belonging to the Salvation Army.

AT midnight, Oct. 1st, the Rev. Mr. Cooper, curate of Cretingham, Suffolk, Eng., murdered Vicar Farley. He entered the vicar's bedroom and cut his throat with a razor. He then fled, but subsequently returned, and was arrested.

PEOPLE who went to the Anti-Poverty Society's meeting Sunday evening were charged 25 cents each for admission, and when every one of the three thousand seats in the Academy of Music were filled the crowd was let into Nilsson Hall at the same rate. There was also a big collection taken up. George and McGlynn addressed both meetings.

THE Socialists of Union Hill engaged a hall for the purpose of holding a meeting last Sunday to express sympathy with the condemned Chicago Anarchists; but when they reached the place of meeting they found it in possession of the police. Some of the Socialists protested, and were arrested and clubbed out of all semblance to themselvs, and the town clerk read the riot act. When the arrested men were taken to court a crowd of their sympathizers followed them, and were dispersed by the fire department, which turned a stream of water upon them. The work of the police is described as brutal and cruel.

THE American yacht Volunteer won the international races sailed here last week against the Scotch cutter Thistle. The first race was sailed Tuesday in a light wind and smooth sea over a 38-mile course, the Yankee coming in 19 minutes ahead. There was plenty of wind and a rough sea for the 40-mile sail on Friday, and the Volunteer won by 11 minutes. The race was for the queen's cup, won by the sloop America against the whole Royal Yacht Squadron in 1851, and which has since that time been successfully defended by American yachts against all comers. The Volunteer's superior powers were shown in the beat to windward, as the Thistle gained several minutes on the home stretch before the wind.


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## Gems of Thought.

IF my Christian friends choose to consider that my time had not yet come, my "work" not yet accomplished, I will not quarrel with them about it, for I had not at that time started THE TRUTH SEEKER nor begun to preach the glad gospel of truth.—*D. M. Bennett.*

WHEN Sir Walter Raleigh was led to the scaffold, a bald-headed old man prest (*sic*) through the crowd, and prayed that God would support him. "I thank thee, my good friend," said Raleigh to him; "and I am sorry that I am in no case to return thee anything for thy good will. But here [observing his bald head], take this night-cap; thou hast more need of it now than I hav."—*Guesses at Truth.*

ONE of my fellow-teachers whom I interrogated on religious questions thinks that there are "some most barbarous things attributed to God in the Old Testament," and as to religion generally he thinks "something must be taught," and adds most unconsequentially, "What does it matter what is taught?" So, by the aid of mental reservations and shameful casuistries, he will [pretend to] believe as he is ordered, and will duly teach the children that a God, who afterward learned to love little children, once sent a she-bear to tear forty-and-two of them to pieces. [Let the curious searcher turn to 2 Kings ii, 19-25, and he will learn not merely the story of the she-bears, but also how Elisha healed the waters of a certain well, and brought it about that "there should not be from thence any more death or barren land.' The stories are well fitted for a winter-evening fire, and any child that can read them unmoved must be a hardened little wretch.] And that Abraham, by his unnatural readiness to murder even his own son at the divine command, secured God's blessing and became the father of the faithful. Such a teacher will giv incomprehensible accounts of Christ's personality and parentage. He will do his best to make the boys believe in impossibilities and absurdities, in pueril miracles, in demoniacal possession, extending even to swine. He will tell them of a fig-tree withered by an unmerited curse, of a money-bearing fish, of miraculous healing virtue going out of a garment, of the thief whose dying belief gained easily and certainly a (supposed) highest reward of infinit and eternal happiness, such as the noblest devotion of a whole life could never deserve or win. He will shock the thoughtful boys with slavish doctrins of non-resistance and of utter improvidence, or he will puzzle and delude them by explaining away and reversing Christ's plainest words.—*Religion in Schools.*

"WILL it pay, now, for you to speak out boldly against the errors of our old religion? Will it prove any advantage to you to urge the adoption of this new faith? Look at your business, which will be wholly ruined if you come out openly as a Christian. Your old friends will desert you. Just be content to hold your peace. Entertain what views you please in secret, but for policy's sake, keep silent!" Now, these words, which might hav been with perfect propriety addressed to the convert to Christianity in the third century, are perfectly similar to those which the majority of Radicals, in the nineteenth century, hear daily from their friends of (what is now) the Old Faith. —*The New Faith, by J. L. Stoddard.* ["The New Faith" is No. 119 of the Truth Seeker Tracts, and while I consider many of the series valuable, there is none that I put a higher value on than this one. I earnestly recommend it to the notice of serious inquirers, and if, after reading it, they agree with me, I should hope that some of them will order, say a dozen or a score or a century of them, and send them to others, who will "go and do likewise."—*Hylax.*]

THE high and titled ranks among the clergy, though they may not believe all that is taught in the liturgy (or any other authorized exposition of religious belief), must profess it in public, that the lower ranks may be kept in order. They bow the knee, that the vulgar, taught by their example, may do the like, and may really believe what is pretended only by their superiors; and, what is worse—according to the newest fashion—the man who professes Infidelity among his confidential associates is the very person who is the most systematical in enforcing orthodoxy upon his inferiors. He revels in his liberty, and makes it his boast that he has freed himself from all superstitious shackles, and at the same time that he holds it for "very stuff of conscience" not to let in the least glimmering of light upon his servants and those who are placed in a station below him.—*Godwin's Essays.*

CATO, the censor, being scurrilously treated by a man who led a dissolute and infamous life, said, "It is upon very unequal terms that I contend with you; for you are accustomed to be ill-spoken of, and you can yourself speak ill of others with pleasure; but with me it is unusual to hear myself ill-spoken of, and disagreeable for me to speak ill of others."—*Plutarch.*

THERE is inherent in our minds an insatiable desire to know the truth and to communicate it.—*Cicero.*



THE FIRST WRESTLING MATCH ON RECORD.

And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.—Gen. xxxii, 24.

## Odds and Ends.

IN these days the preserving housekeeper has a good deal to put up with.

WHEN a bank boodler skips to Canada now it is in order to ask: "Was it the lady or the tiger?"

WHY is a jack-o'-lantern like a watch-key? Because there's a *b* in both. [N.B.—This answer will fit any conundrum.]—*Religious Exchange.*

THIS is the festiv season of the county fair, when the big pumpkin vies with the pretty country girl for the attention of the crowd, and gets left every time, world without end.

THE dog show has been a great failure at Newport, but the duke show has been a great success. Yet there is room for doubt as to the comparativ merits of the exhibit at either show.

"To what do you attribute the curativ properties of your spring?" asked a visitor at a health resort. "Well," answered the proprietor thoughtfully, "I guess the advertising I've done has had something to do with it."

OLD lady (to grocer's boy): "Don't you know, boy, that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?" Boy: "That's what the boss told me to do, mum." Old lady: "Told you to whistle?" Boy: "Yes'm. He said if we ever sold you anything we'd hav to whistle for the money."

BOBBY was lolling restlessly on the rug. "Ma," he said, "you say that pa will giv me a good spanking when he comes home?" "Yes, young man," replied his mother, "the moment he comes home." Bobby rolled over once or twice, and then remarked, "Well, ma, what do you mean by a 'good' spanking?"

YOUNG wife (weeping): "You promised to love and cherish me forever, and we hav only been married two years, and now what has become of your everlasting love and affection." Young husband: "Great Scott! you are always kicking about something. How long did you suppose this everlasting love was going to last, anyhow?"

"GEORGE, dear," said the girl, "do you ever drink anything?" "Yes, occasionally," George reluctantly admitted. "But, dear," she went on anxiously, "what do you suppose papa would say if he should discover that the future husband of his only daughter drank?" "He discovered it this morning." "Oh, George, what did he say?" "He said, 'Well, George, my boy, I don't care if I do.'"

"DEARLY beloved," said the pastor of an Oakland church yesterday, "for the past week my heart has been torn by conflicting emotions. I hav long labored among you, and if I could hav my will here is where I would die. But I recently received a call to care for a flock in Los Angeles, and I hav wrestled with the Lord in prayer to know whether it was his will that I should proceed to that new field of duty. I——" At that moment the clerk tiptoed softly forward, and handed the pastor a brief note from the treasurer. As the good shepherd read it his brow cleared. "Brethren," he continued, "the Lord has vouchsafed an answer to my prayer. I see an inward light which convinces me that it is the divine pleasure that I should continue to labor among this people whose spiritual interests hav been dear to me for so many years."

SHE said not much beside the sea;
At set of sun she sat with me,
I held her hand, so fond and free,
Thrilled at its touch;
Softly I spoke and tenderly,
She said not much.
We saw the billows come and flee;
Oh! tremulous heart and throbbing sea,
How near alike they seemed to me!
Upon the sands I bent my knee,
"Oh, wilt thou not my true love be?"
She said, "Not much!"

AFTER the late Dr. Dashiell had risen to prominence in the Methodist church, he returned on one occasion to his old home on the eastern shore of Maryland and preached. Among his auditors was an old colored man who had taken care of him when he was a child. The old man was delighted wi'h the sermon of his young master, and was very proud of him. At the close of the service he shook the doctor warmly by the hand, and said: "Larry, you's a good preacher; you's a good preacher. I tell you, you's a soundin brass and a tinklin' cymbal." Very nearly of the same sort is the remark said to hav been made lately by a colored woman in the South concerning the cultured and affable Bishop Galloway, of the Church South. She said: "Brother Galloway always do preach a powerful good tex'."

DIDN'T KNOW 'TWAS LOADED.

Happy leetle niggah settin' in der sun
Playin' wid der triggah ob er rusty gun.

"Wonder ef it's loaded—guess I'll look 'an see;"
If he only know'd it, guess he'd luf it be.

Sumpin' ob er puzzle how ter fin' it out;
Squintin' down der muzzle settle it, no doubt.

Bang—it done exploded! Got no time to cry;
Gorry, it war loaded! Blow 'im froo der sky.

Emp'y am der cabin, darky no mo' dere;
Climbin' up ter hebben on der golden stair.

Leetle harp an' niggah carved upon er stun'
Underneath er figgah ob er leetle gun.

Berry plainly show'd it how it cum er bout:
"Didn't know 'twar loaded"—quickly foun' it out.


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# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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"TO BE OR NOT TO BE"—A HINT TO THE TIMID

## Notes and Clippings.

BISHOP MOORE of Florida has sent an application to the pope asking that Dr. McGlynn's case be reopened, the excommunication annulled, and Dr. McGlynn reinstated.

THE proportion of dignitaries in the Mormon church is almost equal to that of officers in the United States army and navy. In Utah there are 400 bishops, 2,423 priests, 2,947 teachers, and 6,854 deacons.

ACCORDING to the Columbia, Ga., *Sentinel* this is the way a man died down there: "On Friday last, just after the sun had kissed this world good-night, and passed to its bed of crimson and gold, the spirit of A. G. Sturgis vacated its habitation of clay, and wended its way to the father who gave it, and to-day is walking the glory-lit hills of immortality in the New Jerusalem, where there is no night."

MISS EMMA ABBOTT, the actress, attended the Methodist church at Nashville, Tenn., last Sunday, and the pastor, the Rev. W. A. Chandler, took advantage of the occasion to preach a sermon against the theater. At the close of the discourse Miss Abbott arose and in a short speech entered a general denial of the pastor's statement. There was applause at the close of her remarks, and the preacher had nothing to say.

ALL of the members of the McNish, Johnson & Slavin minstrel company whom the police could catch were arraigned in Cincinnati last week on indictments for giving performances on Sunday. They pleaded guilty, and Frank McNish and Robert Slavin were fined $10 each, and Martin Hogan and Bert Haverly $5 each. It was the first time tha members of a theatrical company had ever been indicted for this offense in Cincinnati, although Sunday performances are a regular thing.

THE death of Beecher is reuniting the Congregational churches of Brooklyn, and Plymouth church, which was disfellowshiped at the time of the so-called Beecher scandal, is now admitted to the Congregational Association.

AN old man went running up and down West 37th street in this city one night last week, shrieking, "The almighty is sending me money and a wife! The Lord forbids me to work." A police officer took him in off the street, and his son shortly appeared and made a charge of insanity against him. His name is John C. Felt. He is a mental wreck, and owes that fact to having experienced religion.

A TALL man, with please-don't-hit-me eyes and a long beard, wandered into the great gallery of the New York Produce Exchange the other afternoon. The grain and hog men kept right on with their howling. The man looked lonesome. Nobody noticed him. He seemed to look longingly at the odd bushels of corn, oats, and wheat which are left for the sweepers at night. The doorkeepers were informed that the man was Rutherford B. Hayes. Ex-Mayor Franklin Edson and George Milmine, the self-constituted perpetual reception committee of the Exchange, gathered themselvs together and hurried to invite the Ohio chicken-breeder to inspect the building. There was a rumor in financial circles that Mr. Hayes was there to bid for the chicken feed on the floor. This was officially denied.

IN the Hannibal, Mo., court of common pleas, on the 7th inst., E. J. Ohmer, proprietor of a hotel and restaurant, was fined $100 for selling cigars on Sunday contrary to the state law prohibiting the sale of all articles of merchandise not of immediate necessity. For years the Sunday law has been inoperativ there, and saloons, clothing stores, groceries, barber shops, and confectioneries hav been open on Sunday as on other days. About two weeks ago the ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union began a movement aimed at the Sunday closing in general and the shutting up of all saloons in particular. Accordingly the mayor issued a proclamation ordering the enforcement of the law. Strenuous opposition was made by those whose business was affected, and Ohmer's was selected as a test case. An appeal has been taken to the St. Louis Court of Appeals.

THE New York state committee of the Woman's Suffrage party publish a statement showing that a number of important persons hav declared themselvs in favor of woman's suffrage. Judge Roger S. Greene, formerly chief justice of Washington Territory; Judge E. D. Culver, Professor Ordronnaux, of Columbia College; Judge C. C. Cole, of Iowa; Mr. W. I. Bowditch, of Massachusetts, and John Hooker, of Connecticut, all appear to hold that in New York women hav the right to register as voters; and if at the polls the vote of a woman should be challenged, she can take the oath for challenged persons, and her vote cannot lawfully be rejected. "It is the duty of inspectors of election," says Professor Ordronnaux, "to receive a vote from every woman who takes the oath prescribed by law; and it is their duty to administer that oath to any one who demands it."

DR. PARKER, who came to America to deliver a eulogy on Beecher and is staying to lecture, spoke the other night at Chickering Hall on "Job's Comforters." His object was to show how little comport science can giv as compared with religion. The next time Dr. Parker has a boil he will probably pray for it instead of invoking the aid of medical science to relieve his pain—that is, if he is sincere, which he probably is not.

THE Radical papers of Rome say that while the Peter's pence is not so abundant as it was in the days of Pope Pius IX., it is still a source of considerable revenue to the papal exchequer. The Vatican budget profits also by the interest on the sum of 14,000,000 francs, deposited by Pius IX., in the bank of England as a pension fund for the benefit of the ex-officers of the papal army, the number of those officers having been greatly reduced by death. Leo XIII. is said to hav invested a considerable portion of the Peter's pence in the shares of the bank of Rome, and in industrial institutions founded by it. In addition he has made large investments in Italian rentes, thus contradicting, in the opinion of the Radical papers, his own predictions concerning the instability of the Italian government. One of these worldly investments, however, nearly turned out disastrously, for the pope had been induced by Cardinal Czacki, then the nuncio in Paris, to deposi a million francs with the famous "Union Générale." When Bontoux, its manager, was arrested, the Pope succeeded, only with great difficulty, through the intercession of Monsignor Czacki, in recovering his deposit.

# Communications.

## The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

Author of "Physical Education," "The Secret of the East," etc.

### III.—Moral Maxims.

CHAPTER XII.—TRUTH.

*A.—Lessons of Instinct.*

The enemies of Nature have for ages based the favorite arguments of their creed on the doctrine of Natural Depravity. According to the theories of that tenet the natural instincts of the human heart are wholly evil, and its every nobler impulse is due to the redeeming influence of theological education. The baseness of the "unregenerate soul" is their favorite antithesis of "holiness by grace;" and the best test of that dogma would be a comparison of the moral characteristics of a young child of Nature with the moral results of theological training. We need not adduce the extreme case of a child like Kaspar Hauser or the ape-nursed foundling of Baroda, whose propensities had been modeled in communion with solitude or the dumb denizens of the wilderness. For, even in the midst of "Christian civilization," thousands of peasants and mechanics are practically pure Agnostics, and ignore the absurdities of the New Testament as persistently as their deer-hunting ancestors ignored the absurdities of pagan mythology. At the end of his sixth or seventh year the offspring of such parents would still represent a fair specimen-child of unregenerate Nature, and the normal bias of that Nature is revealed in the honesty, the trusting innocence, the purity, and the cheerfulness of the young Agnostic, and the absence of every appreciable germ of the secret vices, the rancorous spites, and the joy-hating bigotries of the representative Christian convent-slave.

But the most characteristic features of that contrast would perhaps be the double-tongued hypocrisy of the old Jesuit and the artless candor of the young peasant boy. The truthfulness of young children antedates all moral instruction. Its motives are wholly independent of theological, or even abstract-ethical, influences, and are based merely on a natural preference for the simplest way of dealing with the problems of intellectual communication. Truth is uniform, falsehood is complex. Truth is persistent and safe; falsehood is unstable, fragile, and precarious. Children instinctively recognize the difficulties of plausibly maintaining the fictions of deceit, and dread the risk of incurring the suspicion of habitual insincerity. Hence their uncompromising loyalty to facts; their innocence of artifice and mental reservation; hence also their extreme reluctance in conforming to the conventional customs of social hypocrisy and polite prevarication.

"Are you not glad Mrs. D. is gone?" Master Frank once asked his mother in my presence. "Well, yes, I am." "Then what's the use asking her to call again and stay for supper? She could not help seeing that we were tired of her gabble." "Well, it wouldn't do to insult her, you know." "Oh, no, but what's the use telling her something she cannot believe?"

That last remark, especially, recurs to my memory whenever the expedience of hypocrisy is defended by the conventional sophisms of Christian civilization. That prevarications are unprofitable as well as unpardonable is a truth which Jesuitry has shrouded with a veil of its choicest cant, but the clear vision of childhood penetrates that cant, and the "natural depravity" of unregenerate souls may reach the degree of doubting the merit of simulation even in the interest of an orthodox creed, as the reverend dogmatist might ascertain by happening to overhear the recess comments of our American Sabbath-school youngsters.

B.—REWARDS OF CONFORMITY.

The Utilitarians hold that motives of enlightened self-interest would be sufficient to make a man perfectly virtuous. With the conventional definition of "virtue," that tenet might require certain qualifications; but it is more than probable that perfect prudence would insure a voluntary devotion to perfect truthfulness. In its most aggressive form the hatred of falsehood may imperil the temporary interests of the aggressor, but in every other sense the path of truth is the path of safety. All the ultimate tendencies of the moral and physical universe conspire to vindicate truth and discredit fraud.

Assertions based on fact stand erect, upheld by the evidence of experience as an upright building by the law of gravity; deception, with all its props of plausible sophisms, is tottering like a wall out of plumb, or a rotten tree upheld by artificial supports which in their turn must yield to the test of time.

Even from a standpoint of purely secular considerations, truth, like honesty, is in the long run the best policy. Abstinence from insidious poisons is easier than temperance, and the lessons of experience have at all times convinced the most clear-sighted of our fellow-men that consistent abstinence from the vice of hypocrisy is preferable to any compromise with the interests of imposture. The non-clerical, and almost Agnostic, education of the American wilderness seems to favor that type of moral teetotalism, and among the hardy hill-farmers of our New England highlands, and Southern mountain states, one may find men almost constitutionally incapable of conscious deceit in deed or word, and practicing veracity without the least pretense to superior saintliness, in a quite untheological and often, indeed, decidedly profane medium of speech. They stick to truth from habit, rather than from moral principles, yet among their simple-hearted neighbors they enjoy a respect withheld from unctuous hypocrisy, and in emergencies can always rely on the practical value of a life-long reputation for candor. Their word is sufficient security; their denial of slanderous imputations is accepted without the aid of compurgators.

The simple religion of Mohammed has favored the development of a similar disposition, and on the Austrian-Turkish frontier the word of a Mussulman generally carries the weight of a casting vote. On the Indian ocean, too, the verdict of international opinion favors a preference for Unitarian testimony. "Wish to heaven we could fall in with some Acheen fishermen," Captain Baudissin heard his pilot mutter among the reefs of the Sunda Islands; "it's no use asking such d——— liars as those Hindoos and Chinese."

The love of truth compels the respect even of impostors and of professional hypocrits, as in the case of that curate mentioned by the German Freethinker, Weber (author of the philosophical cyclopedia, "Democritus"). Professor Weber passed his last years in the retirement of a small south-German mountain village, where his undisguised skepticism made him the bugbear of the local pharisees; yet on moonless evenings he was more than once honored by the visits of a neighboring village priest, who risked censure, and, perhaps, excommunication, for the sake of enjoying the luxury of a respite from the sickening cant of his colleagues, and devoting a few hours to intellectual communion with a champion of Secular science.

Lessing's allegory of "Nathan" is founded on something more than fiction, and there is no doubt that even in the midnight of the Middle Ages the gloomy misery of the Hebrew pariahs was often cheered by the secret visits of some intelligent Christian whom the thirst for truth impelled to defy the vigilance of the heretic-hunter, and to prefer an intellectual symposium in the garret of a Jewish slum alley to a feast in the banquet hall of a Christian prelate.

"It is lucky for you that your opponents have not learned to utilize the advantage of truth," Mirabeau replied to the taunt of an insolent Jesuit; and in logic that advantage can, indeed, hardly be overrated. "They find believers who themselves believe," and, as the philosopher, Colton, observes, a sort of instinct often enables the simplest countryman to distinguish the language of honest conviction from the language of artful sophistry. "Our jurymen seem to appreciate a first-class lie only from an artistic standpoint," confessed a lawyer of my acquaintance, "for some of them privately hinted that they could tell it every time."

Others, no doubt, lack that degree of acumen; but first-class orators, as well as first-class authors, have always recognized the wisdom of not relying on such mental defects of the public. Charles Darwin's works, for instance, owe their popularity to their erudition and their grace of style, hardly more than to the absolute candor of the author, who reviews the evidence for and against his theories with the fairness of a conscientious judge, and by that very impartiality has succeeded in prevailing against the partisan arguments of his adversaries. For similar reasons our "Christian" temperance societies can date their triumphs only from the time when they frankly repudiated the sophisms of their predecessors, who hoped to reconcile the lessons of science with the teachings of the alcohol-brewing Galilean. For truth prevails against half-truth, as well as against absolute untruth.

C.—PERVERSION.

Since the dawn of rationalism perhaps no other literary product of Freethought has provoked the enemies of Nature to that degree of rancorous fury excited by the appearance of Moliere's "Tartuffe." The hero of that famous drama is an old pharisee whose resolve to renounce the "vanities of earth" is constantly tripped by the promptings of his physical instincts, and who resorts to all kinds of ludicrous sophisms to palliate the antagonism of two ever irreconcilable principles:

Le ciel défend, de vrai, certain contentements,
Mais on trouve avec lui des accommodements—

and the drama never failed to attract a jubilant audience; but the French priesthood moved heaven and earth to stop the performance, and can, indeed, hardly be blamed for rejecting the apologies of the author's friends; for the irony of Tartuffe ridicules the shams, not only of the Catholic clergy, but of their creed and the creed of their Protestant colleagues: it is, in fact, a scathing satire on the absurdities of Christian Antinaturalism. The impossibility of reconciling the demands of Nature with the precepts of a world-renouncing fanatic has, indeed, made the worship of that fanatic a systematic school of hypocrisy and subverted the moral health of its victims as effectually as the unnatural restraints of convent life subverted the basis of physical health.

God is paid when man receiveth;
To enjoy is to obey;

says Nature with the poet of reason. "God delights in the self-torture of his creatures—crucify your flesh, despise your body, disown the world; renounce! renounce!" croaks the chorus of Christian dogmatists, and can silence protest only by turning health into disease or candor into hypocrisy.

The dogma of salvation by faith offers an additional premium on mental prostitution. By punishing honest doubt as a crime and inculcating the merit of blind submission to the authority of reason-insulting doctrines, the defenders of those doctrines struck a deadly blow at the instinct of free inquiry, and for a series of generations actually succeeded in eradicating that instinct from the mental constitution of their victims.

"The persecutor," says W. H. Lecky, "can never be certain that he is not persecuting truth rather than error, but he may be quite certain that he is suppressing the spirit of truth. And, indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the doctrines I have reviewed represent the most skilful and at the same time most successful conspiracy against that spirit that has ever existed among mankind. Until the seventeenth century, every mental disposition which philosophy pronounces to be essential to a legitimate research was almost uniformly branded as a sin, and a large proportion of the most deadly intellectual vices were deliberately inculcated as virtues. . . . In a word, there is scarcely a disposition that marks the love of abstract truth and scarcely a rule which reason teaches as essential for its attainment that theologians did not for ages stigmatize as offensive to the Almighty."

And those perversions culminated in the miracle-mongery of the wretched superstition. If the material universe was at the mercy of witches and tricksy demons, no man could for a moment trust the evidence of his own senses and was naturally driven to complete his mental degradation by an absolute surrender of common sense to dogma. The history of Christian dogmatism is the history of an eighteen hundred years' war against Nature and Truth.

D.—PENALTIES OF NEGLECT.

The drift sand of the deserts covering the site of once fertile empires still attests the physical consequences of a thousand years' reign of Antinaturalism, but, happily, the time has already come when many of our fellow-men almost fail to credit the degree of mental abasement realized during the most orthodox centuries of that reign. It would be no overstatement to say that for nearly six hundred years the priests of the Galilean miracle-monger persuaded a plurality of the Caucasian nations to risk their lives in defense of dogmas the mere profession of which would start a modern Christian on a galloping trip to the next lunatic asylum.

Decapitated saints were believed to have emerged from their tombs and paid their respects to a newly appointed bishop; flying dragons descended through the air to snatch the bodies of unbelievers and disappeared with screams that frightened orthodox neighbors to take refuge in their cellar-holes; swarms of angels carried bones, crosses, and whole buildings from Bethlehem to Loretto; King Philip the Second paid a thousand doubloons for a skeleton of St. Laurentius, and having been informed that a complete skeleton of the same saint was for sale in the south of Italy, he at once ratified the bargain and blessed heaven for having favored him with a duplicate of the precious relic. Thousands of unfortunates were tried and executed on a charge of having taken an aerial excursion on a broomstick or a black he-goat; of having caused a gale by churning a potful of froth and water of having turned themselves into foxes, wolves, and tomcats.

The instinct of recognizing the absurdity of even the most glaring superstitions seems to have become wholly extinct in the minds of the forty generations from the middle of the tenth to the end of the fourteenth century; and during that millennium of madness the suppression of free inquiry encouraged thousands of pious tract-mongers to devote their lives to the wholesale forgery of saintly biographies and miracle legends, and disseminate under the name of historical records insanities too extravagant even for the readers of a modern nursery-tale.

The war against Truth was carried to the length of suppressing not only the skeptical inferences of science, but science itself; chemists, astronomers, physiologists, mathematicians, and *bona fide* historians could pursue their inquiries only at the risk of an inquisitorial indictment; and a cloud of ignorance, which in the days of Horace and Pliny would

have been thought disgraceful to the obscurest hamlet of the Roman empire, brooded for ages over the face of the entire Christian world.

For a series of centuries the encouragement of credulity and imposture almost annulled the value of contemporary records. Travelers and chroniclers, as well as biographers, accommodated the popular taste by dealing, not in marvels only, but in miracles; witchcraft anecdotes, preternatural resurrections, prodigies of skill and physical prowess, giants, dragons, were-wolves, and no end of spectral manifestations. It is no exaggeration to say that for a period of more than nine hundred years the dogma of the Galilean antinaturalist systematically favored *the survival of the unfit*, by offering a premium on mental prostitution and making common sense a capital crime.

E.—REFORM.

The triumph of the Protestant revolt has ushered in a dawn which, in comparison with the preceding night, may justly vaunt its era as an Age of Reason; but the thousand years' perversion of our moral instincts has not been wholly redeemed by the educational influences of a short century. For even eighty years ago the educational reforms of the Protestant nations attempted little more than a compromise between reason and dogma, while their southern neighbors revolted against the political influence, rather than against the dogmatical arrogance, of their priesthood. Nay, even at present the fallacies of the compromise plan still hamper the progress of reform in manifold directions. As an American Freethinker aptly expresses it: "Truth is no longer kept under lock and key, but is kindly turned loose to roam at large—after being chained to a certain number of theological cannon balls." Evolution may pursue its inquiries into specific phases of organic development, but must not question the correctness of the Mosaic traditions; rationalists may inveigh against the insanities of the Middle Ages, but must pretend to overlook the fact that the doctrine of the New Testament contains the germs of all those insanities; the science of health may denounce modern fallacies, but must beware to mention the anti-physical precepts of the body-despising Galilean; Materialists must attack the hobgoblins of the Davenport brothers, but ignore the hog-goblins of Gadara; historical critics may call attention to the inconsistencies of Livy and Plutarch, but must not mention the self-contradictions of the New Testament.

Yet logic and philosophy will be little more than a farce till the axiom of a great biologist can be applied to the pursuit of every human science. "Inquiries of that sort," (the descent of man) he says, "have nothing whatever to do with personal tastes or vested interests, but only with facts. We should not ask: 'Will it be popular?' 'Will it seem orthodox?' but simply, 'Is it true?'"

And in just as much as the theory of moral duties deserves the name of a science, the exponents of that science would gain, rather than lose, by the adoption of the same maxim. "Religion," in the traditional sense of the word, needs to be purged from an enormous percentage of spurious elements, before its ministers can be acquitted from the guilt of tempting their disciples to associate the ideas of Ethics and Imposture, and thus reject the basis of morality together with the basis of an Asiatic myth. "Truth is the beginning of Wisdom," "Justice is Truth," "Mendacity is the Mother of Discord," would be fit mottoes for the ethical Sunday-schools of the Future. "What is Truth?" asks Pilate; yet even in religious controversies the fury of sectarian strife could be obviated if we would truthfully admit the uselessness of disputes about the *unknowable* mysteries of supernatural problems. Still, we cannot hope to eradicate the roots of discord unless we resolve with equal frankness to reject the interference of Supernaturalism with the *knowable* problems of secular science. Evident Truth can dispense with the indorsement of miracle-mongers, and "evident Untruth," in the words of Ulrich Hutten, "should be exposed whether its teachers come in the name of God or of the devil."

## Just a Little Queer.

A Quakeress once said to her friend: "Everyone is queer except thee and me; and thee is a little queer sometimes." We none of us go as far as that; but I can't help thinking Prof. V. B. Denslow just a little queer in what he says about a tariff article I had in THE TRUTH SEEKER for September 3d.

For instance, I asked what right government has to prevent our buying thousands of "useful articles as cheaply as we can," and went on to explain my meaning thus: "Why should not the free American be able, like the Englishman, to purchase foreign-made goods, when they are cheaper and better than domestic products, without being taxed for it?" Mr. Denslow disregards my explanation of the phrase "as cheaply as we can," and quotes it with the comment: "It is a mere misapprehension to say that in enacting a protectiv tariff the government deprives any one of the power to buy as cheaply as he can. Each subject of the government keeps on buying as cheaply as he can after, as well as before, a protectiv tariff is enacted." If this is not a mere quibble, it is a denial of a very important fact. Our protectiv tariff does prevent our buying as cheaply as we otherwise could. We pay about $150,000,000 a year of duties on imported necessaries of life; and all this money has to be paid by the purchaser in addition to what he would hav to pay if they came in free. More than that, these duties are imposed on commodities which are produced at home as well as abroad; and the price of the entire supply, not only that of foreign, but that of domestic origin, is raised in consequence. Sugar, for instance, costs twice as much at retail in New York as in London, though much of our sugar is grown and refined in this country. The price of salt has been increased enormously for the benefit of a few owners of springs, who thus hold a lucrativ monopoly. The cheap cloth worn by the poor man paid, in 1883, a duty of 116 per cent, though that worn by the rich man paid but 58. At the same time, a cloak which cost $3 in Germany was taxed 85 per cent, though one costing $12.50 was taxed but 49. This is just what we ought to expect. No manufacturer is protected by the tariff if it does not enable him to make his fellow-citizens pay more for what he makes than the price at which it would otherwise be imported. A protectiv tariff is meant to raise prices. If it did not, it would be like an alarm-clock I know of, which ticks noisily until the time set for it to go off, and then stops before striking the bell.

Protectionists generally admit that our tariff raises prices, but hold that it more than offsets this by raising wages, a plea which I answered so fully that Professor Denslow has really nothing to reply, except that I misrepresented him. Let us see. He said on June 18th:

> Whatever higher values attach to American labor and its products, over what attach to foreign labor and its products, are due, therefore, to the obstacles to the free introduction of the products of foreign labor, and to the obstacles to the general supplying of foreign laborers with our facilities. Free trade, by removing these obstacles, tends to throw the whole world into one market, having but one price, and thereby to destroy that very difference on which our higher values for commodities and for labor rest. Protection tends to preserve and increase these differences in value. And these differences in values constitute the whole difference between the condition of the free American laborer and the Hindoo cooly.

I understood him to mean, as I said on September 3d, "that our tariff keeps up wages." He now complains that I charge him with "holding it to be *the* cause," whereas he only holds "it, under proper concurring conditions, to be *a* cause." Now it does not seem to me that I misunderstood him very grievously, and at all events I think I hav proved that our tariff is neither *the* cause nor *a* cause of our high wages, by showing as I did, from Professor Denslow's own figures, that laborers are better paid in free-trade England than in protectionist Germany.

My opponent here objects thus: "Trade is not free in England. The application of the phrase, 'free,' to English trade is a simple misnomer." He forgets that he used himself the words, "British free trade," in his former article. The fact that 4182 articles are taxed here, including many of the necessaries of life, and only a dozen luxuries in Great Britain, coupled with the fact that our tariff yields $100,000,000 a year more than is needed for revenue, while theirs imposes no such needless burden, seems to justify both Professor Denslow and me in speaking of "British free trade," in spite of his plea that nearly the whole export trade of England has been forced upon barbarian purchasers, like Portugal and Japan, "by fighting, by conquest, by fraud, and by false pretenses!" Perhaps the next time he feels moved to exclaim of one of my articles, "It is amazing that the perverted ingenuity of misinformation could embody so much falsehood and so little truth into so few words," he will kindly tell us when the war between Japan and England took place, and what portion of the mikado's dominions was conquered by British troops.

A much more important point is whether our tariff really helps or hurts our manufacturers. I began my remarks on this point by admitting that the protectionists are perfectly right in holding that our country would better do as much manufacturing as possible. "The only trouble," I added, "is that they charge their opponents with being less friendly than they to manufactures. The fact is that the so-called free traders are just as desirous as the protectionists to hav our manufactures flourish." Now, is it not rather queer for Professor Denslow to say that "Mr. Holland next pleads that it is the free traders who want manufactures to flourish here?" Does he mean to charge me with holding that the free traders are more desirous than the protectionists? Why does he not quote my words, "just as desirous?" Can he prove them false?

He could not hav failed to understand me, if he had taken the trouble to read my article through. His own words show that he had not read more than half of it. Its main purpose was to advocate abolishing the duties on raw materials, especially wool, coal, lumber, hemp, dye-stuffs, chemicals, iron ore, and pig iron. This plan has been advocated, as I mentioned, by a senator who represents one of our great manufacturing states. It is incorporated into the platform of the New York Democrats, who say: "The taxation to be first reduced or altogether removed is that on imported raw materials, which now assist and promote foreign competition with ourselvs in our own markets and prevent or hinder the sale of our surplus products in foreign markets." In the *Forum* for October both Senator Kelly and Speaker Carlisle present, as the most pressing question in politics, the necessity of choosing between such a reform of the tariff and such a reduction of the internal revenue taxes as will cheapen whisky, brandy, beer, and tobacco for the saloons.

It is in order to make the importance of this issue understood that "Mr. Holland indulges in the nonsense of measuring imports and exports." The fact that England exported in 1880 sixteen times as many dollars' worth of cotton goods to Central and South America as we is worth thinking about. So is her having exported to various parts of the globe, last year, forty times as many yards of cotton cloth as we did, and also her having sent out in 1880 $450 worth of woolen goods to our $1. Is it mere nonsense to say that it would be a good thing for our woolen manufacturer, as well as for all his neighbors, to hav the duty on wool, and other articles which are raw materials as far as he is concerned, diminished sufficiently for him to undersell his foreign rivals all over the world, and be no longer in danger of glutting the domestic market, to which he is confined at present? Many manufacturers, like Rowland G. Hazard, say this plainly. Professor Denslow thinks that if we fully consider the value of the home trade to New England, "its commerce would far exceed that of old England." But this would make New England the richest country on the face of the earth, and I fear that the news is rather too good to be true. Even having the whole of the trade of 50,000,000 people is not worth so much as the share, estimated at one-half, which England has of the trade of 1,200,000,000.

Our attempt to withdraw ourselvs from commerce with other countries is worth considering as one of the reasons why not a single ship is now building in the United States; why the tonnage of all our seagoing vessels is less than one-fifth of the British, and why Great Britain owns more than twenty-five times as many iron steamers of over one hundred tons as we do (see the Boston *Herald* for Sept. 13th, 14th, and 26th).

I spoke of this decline as having taken place under our high tariff, and Professor Denslow has the politeness, after misquoting the remark, to say that it "might become a boy ten years old." It doesn't seem to me very pueril, in view of the equality of British and American tonnage in 1810, the year before the tariff was raised greatly. He tells me that I should learn the following facts, as he calls them:

1. "Ocean-going American vessels hav had no protection as carriers" or "subsidies since 1816;" but our government actually paid $4,750,000 to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company from 1867 to 1877, besides $1,812,000 to a line between the United States and Brazil (Wells: Our Merchant Marine, p. 139).

2. The decline began, he says, in 1855, "right in the midst of the free trade period;" but the fact is that the tariff had been raised in 1846 so high as to yield nearly twice as much revenue as before, and in conformity with the wish of the protectionists, who managed to keep it up, despite its causing a heavy surplus, until 1857. Then came a reduction, followed by such prosperity of the laborer as constitutes an argument against protection, which cannot be got rid of by talking about what happened in 1853 and 1854 as if they were years of low tariff. I don't see any need of troubling a man who mixes up his dates in that way to pick out "facts" for me which I "should learn."

3. "The British carrying trade has been subsidized out of the fund in the hands of the British board of admiralty to the amount of about $6,000,000 a year for the past forty years." I don't feel sure that I ought to learn this as a fact, for I find our national board of trade say, in their report for 1880: "There is no evidence before us that, during recent years at least, Great Britain has sought to promote shipbuilding by the direct payment of bounties or subsidies." I suspect that she has paid out very little money in this way lately, except what she made by conquering Japan.

4. I am further told by my opponent that the prosperity of the British marine is due to the high tariff in force there until 1842, but as this prosperity did not become very marked before 1849, I could as soon suppose that the cleanness and polish of my shirt, as it comes out of the laundry, are due to my having had it on before it went in.

I hav felt bound to answer thus at length a writer who speaks of those who differ from him honestly about the tariff as "grossly ignorant or malignantly lying scribblers," "vealy charlatans," who suggest "the problem whether intelligent government can endure when men so unscrupulously deficient in their acquaintance with the facts assume to teach," etc. He must excuse my reminding him of an old proverb about people who liv in glass houses.

F. M. HOLLAND.

# The American Secular Union.

COURTLANDT PALMER, President.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, Secretary, - - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
E. A. STEVENS, Chair. Fin. Com., - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.


## News and Notes.

The campaign at Canyon City, beneath the shadow of the state penitentiary and half a dozen churches, was just the exact opposit of these gloomy and kindred institutions, that somehow seem to flourish on the same soil. I suppose mental slavery eventually results in bodily slavery, for material and spiritual conditions interblend. My good landlord, C. L. Lewis, who is a Liberal, and knows how to run a hotel, guided me from the bright sunlight into the stately prison-house, where everything goes on so smoothly with orthodox nicety; no sinning at all, no drinking, no swearing, early to bed and early to rise, good grub three times a day, and a bed to sleep in; in fact, all that a prison-house needs is harp-playing to be a fair picture of the orthodox heaven. But there are very few Christians outside that want to go inside unless they hav to. Liberty is sweet to all, and no amount of other conveniences can make up for the loss of following the bent of one's own mind. The labor problem would be pretty nearly solved if into the comfort and order of a penitentiary could be put the element of liberty. Giv to every laboring man and woman on this planet the prison life of a criminal plus liberty, and universal happiness would be the result. But the tug of war is to make people happy, prosperous, and unrestrained. The element of freedom is what makes the problem of life of such infinit difficulty. If all men and women were sticks and stones, how easily they could be arranged together in a perfectly respectable community!

I gave three lectures at Canyon City to fair audiences, and they increased from night to night. I am sorry to say that some Christians were present who could not remain until the close, but stampeded in the middle of the discourse. My theme was "The New Heaven and Earth." It may be that they expected an exposition of the scriptures, and were confounded, when they understood the heresy of the affair. Only a few, however, departed, and it is to be hoped that this mental agitation will not cease, for therein is life.

Canyon City is quite church-ridden, but Jamieson and York hav fired some lively guns into the orthodox camp, and we purpose to keep it up. Our forces here are not numerous, but they are brave and loyal.

I had quite a pleasant visit with my friend, John Lake, and his family—all Liberals—who liv just outside the city in the midst of a beautiful orchard, where the fruits glisten in the sun. This is a happy Freethought home, where music prevails, and the shadows of superstition linger not. Here one finds refreshment for the mighty battle that is still to be fought.

Friend A. B. Pickard is eighty-seven years old. He was once a Methodist minister and presiding elder, and was a good one, I hav no doubt, and worked faithfully in the "vineyard of the Lord"—for he is a man of the utmost sincerity and of bright intellectual power. He quit the pulpit and maintained his independence by sturdy toil. It was a pleasure to meet this venerable Secularist, who has lived a life of honest thought, and for whom death has no terror. In old age the world is still beautiful, for the beams of truth are forever fresh.

Mr. and Mrs. George Towers, who gave me good cheer in their cosy home; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stafford, who in their frontier life hav never lost the fire of intellectual progress; Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Baker, Anton Magerl, J. C. Agard, A. F. Stockley, B. F. Young, and others are those genial Western comrades who are used to all sorts of fortunes, and who "bate no jot of heart or hope," whether the storm blows or the sunshine falls. Canyon City is about six thousand feet above the level of the sea. The air is bright and beautiful. Close by is the Royal Gorge, with its rugged and stupendous walls, fifteen hundred and two thousand feet high, through which winds the Arkansas, with turbulent flood, and alongside this the railroad. The ride from Salt Lake City to Canyon is one of marvelous beauty and variety. We pass through the lovely and garden-like sceneries of Utah, thence into the bold and desolate mountains. In the early morn, the golden sunshine streaming and glittering on the hundred peaks, we rush through Gunnison Canyon, where sweet and sparkling landscapes mingle with views of awful grandeur; then we climb round and round the vast and fluctuating hills, eleven thousand feet above the sea, over Marshall's Pass, while the blue and snowy summits stretch far as the eye can see. It is a glorious ride. We appear to be gliding in mid-air, as we look down a thousand feet and see the road that a few minutes ago we were bounding along. Up and down we plunge, and it seems as if our fiery horses themselvs, with all their iron muscles, must be getting tired of such enormous journeys above the clouds.

We leave Canyon City at midnight, with cheery farewells and the moon over our right shoulder, and the mountains and plains glistening like fairy-lands. In the morning we are in the beautiful city of Denver, queenly still, and yielding not one particle of its splendor to all its eager rivals. Our Secular Club is flourishing, although Dean Hart is trying to convince the world that Joshua really stopped the sun and moon. But the Denverites don't seem to care much for these ancient legends. They take a great deal more stock in the nineteenth century and gold and silver mines and transatlantic railroads. They are continually building into the heart of the mountains, and thence to the Pacific coast, and so the streams of traffic flow to Denver's busy marts, all of which makes way for Secularism; for the more noble this world becomes, the less desire there is for the New Jerusalem, where railroads never boom and corner lots never go up.

It is a pleasure to strike Denver. Everything is on the go. The mountain atmosphere is brilliant, exhilarating. It keeps one awake. Again we greet our friends. We lecture on Sunday evening at the Rink to a large audience. Thos. J. Truss, president of the Union, introduces us. Z. Shed, John G. Jenkins, Charles Roth, John D. Capless, H. E. Hurlburt, A. H. Weber, and families Alexander, the Smiths, and the Campbells, Richard F. Day, of Alamosa, Mueller, and others who hav already been enrolled in the News and Notes of former campaigns, are present. I gave a lecture on "The Ideal Republic," which amid the conflicts of to-day shines in the future—the goal of all our struggles.

I was glad that Dr. York had aroused such interest here with his eloquent addresses, which made our own way easier and brighter.

We only wish we could stay longer at Denver among its genial people. This is a most important point in the center of the continent, a magnificent city indeed, where industry, and art, and wealth, and power concentrate, and where side by side with the churches must stand our temple of humanity.

Over the vast plains of Colorado, the mountains sinking into the glowing distance, into the Republican Valley dotted with handsome villages, through the billowy prairie lands of southern Nebraska, over the muddy stream of the vast Missouri which looks resplendent in the golden twilight which makes even its sand-banks glitter with pomp, into Iowa where autumn's glories greet with varied ranks, to Shenendoah we speed, where we find a brief resting-place in the home of H. S. Holcomb, and we expect to close our twenty thousand miles of travel and lecturing here next Sunday afternoon and evening, and the prospects are that we shall hav a happy and successful ending to our year's work. With the Congress new fields will open for the future. I shall immediately arrange to return to the Pacific coast, and continue the campaign there and also in the states of the interior.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*Shenandoah, Ia.*, Oct. 5, 1887.

## Reynolds on His Western Tour.

CENTRALIA, ILL., Sept. 23d, 24th.—An increase of attendance marked each night. Mr. Gilbert Williams, who came fourteen miles to hear the first lecture, returned home that night on horseback, and on Friday evening brought his entire family, a goodly wagon-load of true Liberals, and on Saturday evening not alone came with all his own family, but induced quite a number of others to accompany him. A very great interest was awakened at Centralia, and it was much regretted that I could not remain over Sunday. I was most kindly entertained by Mr. Fayette Rexford. He keeps the Centralia House at the railroad depot, and travelers will do well to make a note of it. Mr. Rexford is one of the very few men in southern Illinois who know how to keep a hotel. He is a gentleman of culture, deep thought, high principle, and of course greatly respected. He can be relied on as ever ready to help in every good work. I had a most pleasant and instructiv interview with Dr. G. W. Dibble, the dentist, a veteran Infidel. He writes me in regard to "Life's Duties and What Liberalism Teaches:" "I wish you every success in this great and good cause. For twenty years I hav declared to Christian friends that the purest and holiest religion the world ever saw would grow out of the teachings of so-called Infidels, and now it is proved that I was right." I desire to thank all the many friends of Centralia and vicinity for their cordial welcome, hearty good wishes for my success on my long tour, and for their earnest desire that I should return to them. I shall rejoice to do so.

BELLEVILLE, ILL., Sept. 25th.—This is a German town, and so far as keeping open stores and beer saloons on Sunday, they are decidedly liberal. Belleville was excited over the great rally of the G. A. R. at St. Louis, and had no thought or care for Liberal lectures. Doubtless a German speaker would hav been more acceptable. My first inquiry when I am told how many Liberals there are in a place is, How many take Liberal papers? and I find this a sure gage. Cash-in-advance subscribers to Liberal papers are eager to do all in their power to advance the best interests of their fellow-creatures; those in arrears are generally lukewarm or indifferent; and those who do not subscribe for any Liberal paper can generally be depended on to prove the embodiment of selfishness. I would make no charge to deliver the funeral oration over a hecatomb of such. I hav been most kindly and hospitably received in Illinois, and shall be glad to comply with the many urgent requests to come again. But I do not find everything and everyone perfection. It is not all roseate.

I do not like prairie country; it is wearisome in its monotony, and compares very unfavorably with New York or Michigan. The majority of the farms are very large, but look dreadful shiftless. Farmers evince a desire to overreach, to spread their efforts over too large an area. One quarter as much land thoroughly worked would giv much more satisfactory returns. The men hav a weary, discouraged, worn-out look. The farmers' wives and daughters are outrageously overworked, and lack that ruddy glow of health and bright vivacity that tells of happy or contented life. Of course, allowances must be made for the fact that I saw Illinois under disadvantages. For three years past crops hav been light; this year the drouth made sad havoc. I passed acres and acres of corn, miserable little spindle stuff that scarce would yield even nubbins; immense fields of cabbage, with not one head worth cutting. Potatoes they grow small over here; but, for that matter, so they do this year clear from here to Lake Ontario, and sell from $1 to $1 25 per bushel. Cattle are poor, and very many farmers hav had to sell at fearful loss; no pasture and no water. For the last five days it has rained, and prairie mud abounds—the blackest, stickiest, dirtiest mud ever made. If God had made man of prairie mud, he could only hav been the blackest of black negroes. Prairie mud clogs and clings like snow. Horseback is the only possible locomotion. On many farms, if sickness or accident occurred, it would be impossible even with the strongest horse to go two miles for a doctor. Most of the roads in farming districts are mere wagon tracks. The villages are laid out nicely—long, wide streets and a park—but it is dreadful discouraging to find them all alike. Look up or down street, and it's the same view—you gaze clear away off into nowhere. The hotels are, with few very rare exceptions, execrable; the charges are exorbitant and extortionate. The St. Nicholas of Springfield is a glorious exception. It is really the very best hotel between here and New York, first-class in every particular. The New Windsor of Bloomington has a stately, imposing exterior, but it is misnamed; it should be called, instead of New Windsor, the "Old Misery."

MINIER, ILL., Oct. 1st, 2d, 3d.—This place is about the center of the state, and seems the center of intelligence. The best people of this town are Liberals. I was greeted by a hall filled with ladies and gentlemen on Saturday evening comprising the best citizens of the place, and as I unfolded life's duties, and what Liberalism teaches, it seemed to enkindle enthusiasm. Every point was appreciated. Sunday afternoon, bright with sunshine, there was a very large attendance. I distributed a very large quantity of Liberal literature. Friends came from Mason City. I hav agreed to go from here to Havana on Tuesday, the 4th inst. Sunday evening, an hour after the afternoon lecture, the heavens were black, and suddenly rain descended in a juvenil deluge. I feared it would put a damper on the evening lecture, but at 7 o'clock it held up. The Lord is always good to me because I never bother him or dictate to him about things, and despite damp and mud a large number of ladies were present. The hall was comfortably filled, while neither of the churches, I am informed, had a corporal's guard.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—I hav received a great number of requests for lectures since my route was decided, and time assigned. Will friends kindly look over the list of appointments? I am very desirous that every date should be filled, but application should be made as soon as possible. Especially I solicit those I hav written to to reply; to write even if they decline, so that I may giv the time elsewhere. My appointments are: Westfield, Ill., Oct. 5th, 6th, 7th; Tuscola, 8th, 9th, 10th; Olney, 12th, 13th, 14th; Chicago (Congress), 15th, 16th; Kewanee, 19th, 20th, 21st; Nunda, 23d; Newton, Ia., 28th; Des Moines, 30th.

Missouri: Hopkins, Graham, Burlington Junction, Bethany, Jamesport, Chillicothe, Brunswick, Kansas City, Clinton, Nov. 29th, 30th, Dec. 1st; Springfield, Liberal, Carthage, Joplin, Neosho, Dec. 17th, 18th, 19th.

Kansas: Galena, Dec. 25th; Columbus, Cherokee, Parsons, Osage Mission, Burlington, Fall River, Leon, Augusta, Andover, Wichita, Benton, Sterling, Dodge City, Jan. 22d, 23d.

Colorado: Canyon City, Jan. 29th; Florence, Colorado Springs, Elizabeth, Denver, Golden, Canfield, Erie, Longmont, Greeley, Dumont, Georgetown, Leadville, Salida, Garfield, Romley, Gunnison, Montrose, Grand Junction, Mar. 6th, 7th, 8th; thence to Utah, Nevada, California.

Immediate application for vacant dates from places reasonably near will insure lectures.

C. B. Reynolds.

## For Mrs. Slenker.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* Since my last report in The Truth Seeker of July 23d, I hav received for Mrs. Slenker's Defense Fund the following sums:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Thomas Goddard | $2.00 | C. Korhne | $ 50 |
| J. H. Bush | 1.00 | Wm. Seville | 50 |
| H. Augier | 1.00 | J. B. Schnellar | 1.00 |
| Elijah Clark | 1.00 | Charles Augustus | 25 |
| John Steves | 1.00 | Urban Hartung | 50 |
| Scott Monteath | 50 | B. Salinger | 25 |
| Ed. Messenger | 50 | F. S. Montgomery | 25 |
| W. H. Holtschnieder | 1.40 | C. C. Holenback | 25 |
| H. M. Lyndall | 25 | J. Osborne | 1.00 |
| L. Seville | 50 | Mrs. M. A. T. Steeper | 1.00 |
| R. H. Ralston | 50 | C. Fannie Allyn | 50 |
| Sam. Iglich | 25 | O. H. Jacobs | 50 |
| Geo. J. Ladon | 25 | C. A. Starr | 50 |
| Odumar K. Theobald | 50 | J. W. Stewart | 50 |
| Wm. P. Midas | 50 | C. Koehne | 25 |
| David Hood | 50 | T. E. Blesich | 1.00 |
| Wm. Powell | 1.00 | Samuel Goodman | 1.00 |
| J. V. Stanton, M.D | 2.00 | Jos. Simpson | 25 |
| Flora W. Fox | 2 00 | Frank Frederich | 50 |
| Oliver Hoyt | 1.00 | C. R. Kelly | 10 |
| E. R. Evans | 50 | J. B. Chochran | 50 |
| Stephen Bailey | 50 | Jas. T. Auchenfangs | 25 |
| P. M. Gideon | 1.00 | | |

I take this occasion to say that I am also in receipt of a great number of letters—so many that I hav not been able to undertake answering them—some elegantly written and couched in scholarly language, others plainly written and manifestly from obscure people, and many from persons whose names are well known in reformatory work of various kinds; all indicating earnest interest in the work Elmina has done, and expressing abhorrence of the outrage by which the enemies of free speech hope to quench thought, discourage investigation, limit knowledge, and make the United States mails a detectiv agency more oppressiv than the secret system of the Russian police. These letters will be very helpful, and I am grateful for the moral support and strength they furnish.

Yours sincerely,

Ed. W. Chamberlain, Treas. N. D. A.

To Mr. Chamberlain's list of defenders of Mrs. Slenker, we append the following, received at this office:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| N. S. Johnson | $1.00 | Wm. J. White | $1.65 |
| P. L. Swartz | 50 | J. W. Glover | 2 50 |
| John Mahara | 1.00 | John McGill | 5 00 |
| O. B. Milliken | 25 | Jos. A. Closter | 85 |
| J. C. Blaisdell | 1.00 | B. Redfield | 1.00 |
| Louis Crusius | 2 00 | John D. Powers | 2.00 |
| John Engstrom | 1.00 | A. N. Burgess | 2.00 |
| C. H. Grote | 2.00 | John Earnshaw | 50 |
| Helen Celler | 1.00 | W. E. Palmer | 1.00 |
| L. G. Barnes | 1 00 | S. R. Day | 1.00 |
| T. E. Casterline | 50 | John A. Jost | 1.00 |
| J. W. Van Brunt | 50 | A. F. Albright | 1.00 |
| J. Branshtre | 50 | J. N. Powell | 2 00 |
| Nathan Ong | 50 | Mrs. Kate Parker | 1.00 |
| Jos. Nelson | 50 | Geo. K. Donnelly | 10.00 |
| T. B. McLellan | 50 | Abbie Knapp | 25 |
| Chas. T. Peach | 1.00 | Edwin Worman | 1.00 |
| F. G. Readman | 2 50 | W. L. Johnson | 60 |
| A Friend | 10 00 | John H. Shipley | 25 |
| Wm. Gray, Sr. | 2.00 | Wm. Thorpe | 1.00 |
| Dr. C. S. Weeks | 1.00 | Mary Baird-Finch | 50 |
| Sam Rosenbaum | 3 00 | Sarah Gregg Fox | 50 |
| Della Lindley | 1.00 | Mrs. T. L. Moore | 1.00 |
| W. H. Barker | 2 00 | Mrs. Emma A. Fox | 50 |
| J. W. Ward | 1 00 | Mrs. Laura Sweetland | 50 |
| Geo. Thompson | 1.75 | Henry J. Olmstead | 25 |
| Dr. R. Taylor | 1.00 | A. N. Miller | 50 |
| Herman Bodha | 1.00 | Wm. Cochrane | 25 |
| Ross Howard | 1.00 | Martin Ashcroft | 1.00 |
| Mrs. J. F. Lester | 5 00 | Mrs. D. M. Bennett | 5.00 |
| Geo. Hendee | 3 50 | | |

## The Fanaticism of Infidels and Infidelity of Fanaticism.

Infidelity, in theologic lingo, is but a cant word, which unbelievers in a certain cant repeat of themselvs in mere defiance; but fanaticism, implying blind partisanship or hostility, is mischievous, irrespectiv of the fanatic's opinions; and fanatics are really unfaithful to the cause of mental emancipation when by injudicious zeal they provoke persecution. That our enemy may be wrong about some things does not make it just to wrong him about others.

The idolatry of a fabled Christ is no excuse for vilifying the Jesus of the legend. This is not merely an esthetic question, like the character of Hamlet, though that of Jesus be as problematic; it is a question of social policy, involving the relations of labor and capital.

Apart from his communism, or besides this, the traditional Jesus is the tribune representativ of the poor, and of the masses who, undisciplined in reasoning, hav their faith. This faith has passivly concurred in the persecutions of science and of Freethought by the church. A respit has occurred; but symptoms of reaction threaten. Is it wise, by gratuitous insult, to provoke it anew? The persecuting spirit is rife as ever. The hanging of men for blasphemy against capitalism, hypocritically masked by proofless accusations of bomb-throwing, attests this, and the church makes common cause with the capitalist persecutors. Even the Unitarian does—witness the organ called *Unity* at Chicago—and this while allowing the absence of any proof of crime, as well as nobility of character in the condemned. In the actual phase of civilization, the economic problem of distribution, and the attitude of the rich toward the poor, or of the employer and employee toward each other, dominate the moral world, and differences of doctrin, even so great as between the ethical societies and hard-shell Baptists, are mere fashions of verbiage and ceremonial.

The functional activity of brain cells in the emotional tract specifically religious is about the same for all sorts of religionists and anti-religionists, differing only in degrees, just as the neighboring tract, which belongs to amusement, may be equally satisfied by performances at low sensational theaters or at the grand opera. Conscience for the conduct of life stands aloof. I am not alone among Freethinkers in appreciating the expediency of moderation and of fairness toward adversaries. I welcome with sympathy the kindred views of Mr. T. E. Longshore in The Truth Seeker of September 3d. Its practical bearing is as sensible for the safety as for the success of Liberal propagandists. "To convert, not condemn; to save, not abandon, the erring, is the true wisdom and benevolence of the higher type of men."

Edgeworth.

## How Should Liberals Vote?

The above question might be answered briefly by saying that Liberals should always vote for principles which are right and just, and against principles which are wrong and unjust. They should vote in favor of the natural rights of all, and against all laws which grant favors to some by depriving others of their natural rights. Liberals should vote for just principles even if it should seem that they as individuals might lose by the triumph of such principles. Liberals should hav such strong faith in the goodness of justice as to prefer it to injustice at any cost to themselvs.

But let us proceed to inquire how Liberals should vote at the approaching election. There are at least four parties in the field—the Republican, the Democratic, the United Labor, and the Prohibition. Only one of these parties will ever assist Liberals in securing any one of their Demands. The United Labor party will assist in securing the taxation of church property. The new method of taxation advocated by that party presents the only feasible scheme of accomplishing this result. To tax churches under our present system would be wrong. The fact that churches should be taxed as much as private dwellings proves nothing, for Henry George has proved that it is wrong to tax private dwellings. Our whole system of taxation is wrong, unjust, and infamous. Liberals should vote against it.

Our present system of taxation ignores the distinction between the two kinds of things, natural things and things which are brought into existence by human labor. Natural things, not being the result of human labor, should belong as much to one person as to another; and things which belong as much to one person as to another we call public things. We speak of public roads, public lands, public schools, etc., and we mean by this that these things belong as much to one person as to another. Our unjust laws hav taken from the public nearly everything belonging to them, the lands, the mines, etc., and given it and sold it to private individuals. But, whatever the laws of unjust Congressmen and senators may affirm, the law of nature will forever declare that all men hav equal rights to all natural things, and therefore, according to the great law of nature, natural things will forever be public things. Lawmakers hav no more right to change this law than they hav to pass a law permitting slavery or cannibalism.

Natural things are, and forever must be, public things, and therefore it is perfectly right that the public should derive a revenue from its own things. It is perfectly right that the public should charge the private citizen whatever is right for the use of those things. It is perfectly right that the public should tax those things. The public has as much right to tax public things as private individuals hav to tax private things, and no person denies the right of a private individual to charge for the use of his things.

The other kind of things are the products of labor. They may be public, or they may not. Our schoolhouses, custom-houses, legislativ buildings, and postoffice buildings are public because they are built by public money and used for public purposes. But our dwellings, our shops, our offices, and, in this country, our churches, are not public because they are not built with public money, and are not used for public purposes. It therefore cannot be shown that the public has any more right to derive a revenue from these things which are private property than that a private individual has a right to derive a revenue from public property, or from private property belonging to some other person. The public should derive their revenues from public property, and private individuals should derive their revenues from their own private property.

Labor is the only thing which can giv the right of private ownership. The man who has produced anything by his own labor can lay his hand upon it and claim it as his own against the world, because he can say that the thing would not hav existed but for his labor. By appropriating the fruits of his own toil he takes nothing from anyone else which would hav existed but for his own labor, and he therefore impoverishes no person. But he who appropriates any natural thing does take from others what might hav been theirs but for him.

For this reason the public has no right to tax church buildings. The United Labor party will not only refuse to tax church buildings, but they will refuse to tax any of the products of labor. They will refuse to derive a public revenue from property which does not belong to the public. But they are pledged to collect all public revenues for the benefit of the public, and will therefore tax the land upon which churches stand the same as all other lands.

Liberals should be satisfied with this method of settling the question. Under the action of this law churches would cease to grow enormously rich, as many of them do now, by the rise of land. They would gradually move their churches off of land needed for business purposes and onto cheap land. This would be a great improvement. The clatter of their bells would not annoy so many people and they would not interfere so much with business.

The tax on such land as churches would need would not be high, and they would not hav to buy lots, as they often do now, as lots would be found free to any who would pay the taxes on them.

Now, suppose the United Labor party does not agree to grant the Nine Demands of Liberals, if they come forward advocating a great principle of right the Liberals should support them, even if that principle of right was not demanded by the Liberals. The Liberals ought to demand every principle of right, and they ought to assist any party in securing any principles of right. For these reasons, I believe all Liberals should support the United Labor party.

J. G. Malcolm.

In the contests between scientists and theologians it has long been apparent that the theologians are steadily receding. The time was, two or three hundred years ago, when fearless scientists were imprisoned or burnt by theologians. Now, the scientists who lead the age treat theology with contempt, and the press sustains them. Meanwhile, scientific skepticism is invading the pulpit, and all that distinguishes the Bible from any treatis on moral philosophy is gradually being surrendered by leading theologians; they are losing religion as well as theology. —*Buchanan's Journal of Man.*

## Lectures and Meetings.

W. S. Bell will lecture in Kansas during November. Parties wishing to engage him for lectures can address him at 302 State street, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. J. L. York will speak in Paine Hall, Boston, on the 16th and 23d; at Buffalo, N. Y., the 30th; Pittsburgh, Pa, Nov. 6th and 13th; Kent, O., Nov. 19th, 20th, and 21st; Denver, Col., Nov. 27th.

Mrs. H. S. Lake speaks at Norwich, Conn., the Sundays of October; at the Spiritual Temple, Boston, the Sundays of November; at Berkley Hall, Boston, the Sundays of December; at Salem, Mass., the first, second, and fifth Sundays of January; at Lynn, Mass., the third and fourth Sundays of January. She is reëngaged by the First Spiritual Society of Philadelphia for the Sundays of April. Her open dates are the Sundays of February, March, May, and June, as also all week evenings. Address, during October, 50 Washington street, Norwich, Conn.

The annual convention of the Secularists and Freethinkers of Canada will be held in Toronto on Saturday and Sunday, October 29th and 30th, in Science Hall, under the auspices of the Canadian Secular Union. The prospects for Secularism were never more encouraging. This will be the most important convention ever held in Canada. The coöperation of every Secularist and Freethinker is needed to promote our common cause. All who sympathize with our principles are urgently invited to attend, whether they belong to our organization or not. Further particulars will be given in due time. By order of the Central Executiv, Wm. Algie, Alton, Ont., President; J. A. Risser, Toronto, Secretary.

We were in error in saying last week that Dr. York would speak before the Manhattan Liberal Club on the 7th inst. This error, however, was no fault of ours. In making up the list of lectures for October Dr. York was offered, through us, the 14th inst. At the same time Mr. Henry Nichols was offered the 7th. Dr. York could not be here the 14th, and afterward it occurred to Dr. Foote, Jr., that Mr. Nichols might be willing to allow Dr. York to speak on the 7th, and he wrote us to offer the doctor that date, which he did, and which was accepted by Dr. York. But Mr. Nichols refused to extend this courtesy to the pilgrim from the West, and insisted that the Club should hear Mr. Nichols, as per program. Inasmuch as Nichols resides here, and can talk any time—and, in fact, as most people think, talking more than is wise or prudent for one of limited capacity to impart instruction—his conduct will bear the construction of boorishness which some hav put upon it.

# Communications.

## Religion and Its Origin.

Tell me not of religion shadowed by the incomprehensible. Tell me not of religion the gift of a designing God. Tell me not of a religion having power to perfect our human nature. Tell me not of a religion of humanity. Tell me not that any religion is fundamental in our human nature. Every gesture religions hav made, as they shake their bloody hands, stands up in denial that any of these definitions of religion as given are true. Religions when released from these unnatural robes of mystery are capable of being defined so that the terms of the definition are clearly understandable. I will hazard the following definition, hoping that the kind reader will withhold judgment until he arrives at the end of this paper: Religion is a mental disease, and it has arisen in the genesis of evolution like many other diseases. I am of the opinion that, if this definition of religion is sustained, it will explain the religious history of this world, in harmony with facts, as it never has been done. It is impossible to believe for a moment that religious history can be explained in the light of a divine origin, or in the light of the inscrutable, the incomprehensible; neither is it possible to find an explanation in anything that is fundamental in human nature, but with our definition we hav a key to religious history and its philosophy. Its origin becomes quite obvious if our definition is true. And the evolutionist will find no difficulty in answering the question as to the origin of religion in accepting this definition. And the moralist will, by doing the same, find a reasonable apology for the otherwise unaccountable facts in the religious history of our race. If the terms in religious history mean anything, the moralist must ever feel that the difficulties which encumber his endeavors to render that history reasonable are immense. The advantage here offered to him is a result of viewing the facts of the universe in harmony, without limitations. Definitions rendered upon this basis make the universe real and thinkable. Allow me here to say, in our definition of religion no disrespect in any sense is intended to the religious devotees. Our humanity, under the influence of many religions, deserves pity more than censure. We cannot feel a sentiment of hate or disrespect to the man or woman born with a marked tendency toward tuberculosis. No more can we feel a sentiment of hate or disrespect toward religious devotees. But what is the origion of religion? In the answer given to this question it will more fully appear what our meaning of religion is. Before this question can be answered, it is quite necessary that we should consider a fundamental distinction. For some reason, man has had assigned to him an eminent distinction, which places him at the head of the universe. Evolution can assign to him no other position than this preëminent one. That is to say, when compared with any other structure, or all others, he is high above all. Beyond man we hav Mr. Spencer's inscrutable Unknowable; but we are unable to institute any comparison between the scrutable and inscrutable, and hence we must decide in favor of the one we know, and not the one we do not know, and hence we plead justification in placing man at the head of this universe.

Man is so clearly differentiated from all structures that, in considering him, we are to note what there is in him which renders him worthy of this eminent distinction. We are impressed with the idea that there are certain things which are fundamental to him, without which he would not, could not, be what he is. These things which are fundamental to him are to be considered in attaining his quantitativ and qualitativ value. To leave out anything fundamental to him would cost him his place, and his distinctiv eminence would at once be compromised. Whether we are competent to point out all that is fundamental to him or not, it is nevertheless true that certain qualities and quantities, or attributes, are so related to what he is necessarily, that, to leave out any of them, he would cease to be the human being that he is. There are three attributes without which he would not be human. These are strictly fundamental. There is no being in the universe having these three attributes coördinated in self-consciousness with the power of introspection. All animal structures are doubtless represented in the human. Thought, feeling, and volition in subordinate forms exist in the lower structures, but the why that man is human, and all others are not, is because of the fact that these attributes, *thinking*, *feeling*, and *willing*, are in their coördination in consciousness above all other forms, and these are fundamental in man—any of these left out, he would not be human—hence, again, all human beings must hav that which is fundamental to humanity. That which is fundamental in one human being must, necessarily, be fundamental in all human beings. The wide differences seen in the study of tribal and national life is due to the accidents of time and place. Yet in the presence of this marked difference, a critical and an exhaustiv analysis of one human being, as to what is fundamental to him, would equally be an exhaustiv treatis of the entire race. That is to say, the differences are consequent upon difference in circumstances—environments. Strike out change in the history of man, and history becomes impossible. Yet in spite of change, he, as man, is fundamentally what he is. It is the changed environment which makes human history. This brings into view the fundamental and the incidental side of man. For want of this distinction between what is fundamental and incidental to man, the greatest difficulty has arisen. Differences among human beings are expressed by the terms might or might not hav been. Contingencies belong only to that side of man's history where he, and hence his history, might hav been otherwise than as it is. The other side of human character which never changes is due to that which is fundamental, and the other is due to that which is incidental—that which might or might not hav been.

Any of the incidentals, to be or not to be, make no difference as to what is fundamental to man. They make no changes in human nature. They render the chances for its expression favorable or unfavorable. Favorable environments make good men, unfavorable make men bad; in either case subject to slight modifications, owing to the fact that the man is a factor in the chain of environments, yet so limited is this factor in its potencies that it is hardly safe to pit it against a group of nerves which hav a prior engagement in an opposit direction. We will now sum up our arguments partly in the use of illustration. To think is fundamental (with this left out, the structure, however constructed, would not be human, only on the incidental side), but the how of that thinking is incidental. To feel is fundamental, but the how of feeling is incidental. To will is fundamental, though how we will is quite incidental. Permit us here to say, That on the fundamental side we blend these several facts in consciousness. And here in this blending of these facts we hav rational thinking, and hence the basis of all discrimination, and hence the foundation of right and wrong—the basis of ethical science—morality. In this blending or coördination, we hav gradually evolved art, science, morality, and all that tends to throw around life the inspirations of love, goodness, and kindness. But the question may arise, How does it come to pass, if these attributes are fundamental, and if all things that tend to make this life desirable come of these coördination—how is it that we do not find these things in all men? The obvious answer is, Environments hav not been such as to call forth the manifestation, hence, though fundamental in all, are not seen through a want of essential conditions. This is enough to show the line of thought in relation to the question preferred. We are now to offer our arguments in support of our definition.

Our proposition is that religion is not fundamental in human nature; hence, whenever it exists, it exists only as a possibility of human nature, or, in other words, it is incidental. There are many of the greatest and best of human beings who are without religion. Take any of the accredited definitions of religion, and we find many without it. There are many kinds of religion, and they are so far unlike each other in the light of their respectiv definitions that one does hardly suggest the other. Is it not evident, if religion is fundamental, that there could be one, and only one, and all would hav that one? If all hav religion, where is the unity such as the fundamental would demand? If it is possible for any human being to meet the demands which the environments impose upon him without religion, then it is true that religion is not founded in any needs necessary to the fulfilment of his mission or his destiny. Who is prepared to say that man and woman, without a vestige of religion, are disqualified to reveal all that is good and praiseworthy in human nature; that they are less qualified to manifest the highest qualities of manhood and womanhood as well, at least, as those who are religious? Who will say with open eyes, who will dare to say, that we hav not just as good, true, and noble fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and husbands; just as good, loving sons and daughters; as good citizens; as reliable, moral, and truthful men and women, without religion, as any in this wide world who are full of it? And if so, then is this thing called religion an absolute verity, essential, fundamental, in human nature? History will not, dare not, commit itself in the affirmativ. Science will never thus answer, nor will philosophy. The immoralities of religion, can they answer in the affirmativ? No, never.

Religion is an accident; it is incidental; it is circumstantial; it might not hav been—and in that event many of the dark pages of history would also not hav been. It is hardly possible to imagin that our humanity has ever been the gainer by the incidents which gave to our world religions. No more is it possible to imagin how this world has been the gainer by this or other mental diseases, and without them we could not arrive at mental science, and that our mental forces, and the millions of nerve fibers through which mental action is manifested, could not be only through mental disorder; that the well-being of our mental selfhood could not fill the high sphere of mental action without a diseased brain. Mental and physical obliquities are well-nigh universal, but who would imagin that they are helps in the attainment of our best? All diseases, mental and physical, are incidental to our natures. They are not needed for our welfare as human beings, but come as the accidents of time and place.

Religion is a mental disease, and only on this account are we able to read and understand its history. Not likely a disease in the low structure in which it first arose, but became such when transmitted to a higher structure. The measles in the low structural form in which it first appeared was not a disease, but when transmitted to a higher structure it became such. Tuberculosis, in the lower structure, was not a disease, but in the higher structural form it has becoms one of the most formidable diseases. Scrofula, whooping-cough, itch, and, in fact, many diseases were harmless in the low forms of organization in which they first came into existence, but when they were transmitted to the higher organized structures, they became harmful. That mental disease, called religion, like the diseases which we hav mentioned, was harmless in the low structural form in which it first arose, but when transmitted to a higher structural form it has become the most formidable of all diseases. So true is this that in the last eighteen hundred years it has slain, in the most heartrending methods, sixty millions of human beings. Remember, too, that this is only what one form of this religious disease has done! No other disease can show such a list of slain in the last eighteen centuries. It is hardly possible, with the fatal work of diseases before us, that any one will maintain that these diseases which are possible to our nature are in any way a necessity, or that they can in any way be made subservient to the interest of human nature. Is it not much more likely that they are, and ever hav been, in the way of the realization of our higher possibilities? The rule of the universe is healthful structure. So eminently true is this that nature ever persists in running off the track those that are sick, and has, at the same time, ever impressed the student of nature with the doctrin of the survival of the fittest. Disease is not the rule of the universe, but health; disease is the exemption, and there is no question as to the fact that mental and physical diseases hav held the race back in its progress for thousands of years. That is to say, that the race is not what it would hav been had it not been for the transmission of conditions in which diseases arose in the higher forms. It, perhaps, hardly admits of a doubt that our ancestral line runs back through a thousand generations, from whence we hav inherited tendencies which stand in the way of realizing intellectual and moral attainments such as would, in all likelihood, hav been attained had it not been for these adverse inherited tendencies in the form of mental and physical diseases. All of these hindrances which are in our way are only possible to our nature, but in no way necessary or fundamental, and hence our highest aim or end is attained with much greater ease through coördination of environments free from these drawbacks. This is so evidently true that the reverse of this has not the dignity of a hypothesis.

The pathological student of diseases has never disclosed that there is utility or design in disease. Disease is any morbid state in general. It implies a change of structure as distinguished from disorder of function in particular. Disease is any deviation from the normal completeness, or any breaking up of the coördinated parts which compose the structure. There is no mental disease dissociated from structure; if there is, I am ignorant of the same. Mental diseases are usually identified with some abnormality of structure. A morbid state may giv rise to mental disease, and so mental action, superinduced by great sorrow or disappointment, may giv rise to like disorder. In fact, in numerous ways groups of nerves may be involved, upon which mental action depends to such an extent that loss of nerve element, degradation of nerve cells, will take place, and disordered mental action will be the result. A wide diversity of character is seen in the presence of mental disorder in any retreat where the poor unfortunates are treated. The mode of disordered action will reveal to us in the study of the insane something as to the cause of their insanity. In fact, perhaps it is not saying too much, when we say that sanity in all things is not the rule. The adverse incidentals of life hav in a measure rendered sanity in all things quite improbable. Doubtless, it often exists when even the expert does not detect it. Among criminals it exists to a great extent; and many are punished for crimes when a correct mental diagnosis would hav shown unconscious cerebration was the criminal, and not consciously premeditated crime. So shaded are mental diseases on the brink of sanity that their detection is not always possible. And so it comes to pass that we call people eccentric, when, in fact, they are a little off, if not really insane, on certain points. There are certain rules which enable the critical observer to settle the question with a reasonable amount of certainty, though there are no rules which will come to our aid by which we can always detect those that are insane. When we detect our

fellow-men in doing certain things, we conclude at once that they are insane in part, at least.

J. H. BURNHAM.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## The Meanness and Hypocrisy of Philadelphia.

Last month the city of Philadelphia undertook to celebrate what so many editors and speakers there and elsewhere called the centennial of the *adoption* of the national Constitution. The prematureness of the proceeding may easily be seen by reading the history of the great document, lying open, as it does, before every eye. As in a convention in our day called to consider some specific subject, a committee raised for the purpose reports a series of resolutions to be discussed, and finally adopted or rejected by the meeting, so the Constitutional Convention, appointed by the states of the Confederation to meet on the 14th of May, 1787, in Philadelphia, reported through their president, George Washington, on the 17th of September of the same year, that they had performed the duty assigned them, and had drafted the form of a national Constitution and of a republican government under it, and recommended that it be submitted to the people of the Confederated States for their consideration, adoption, or rejection. The Congress, approving of the recommendation of the convention, took immediate steps to lay the draft before the people of the states, declaring in the act that, when nine out of the thirteen states had adopted it, further steps would be taken toward the organization of a government. Only three states, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, had adopted the Constitution in 1787, but enough more in the succeeding year had done so to justify the Congress in ordering an election for presidential electors to be held in January, 1788. In the next month, the electors chosen assembled in their respectiv states and voted, and in due time, on counting the votes, it was ascertained that George Washington, of Virginia, was elected president, and John Adams, of Massachusetts, vice-president, of the United States. In the following March, 1789, the proceedings commenced under the Constitution by the meeting of the senators and representativs in Congress from the eleven states which had ratified the Constitution. On the 21st of April following, John Adams took his seat as president of the senate, and on the 30th of that month Washington took the oath of office as president of the United States, administered to him by the chancellor of New York.

Thus, the wheels of the national government under the *Constitution*, in contradistinction to the confederation of independent states under its "*articles*," began to revolve in the city of New York; and the two states which had stood out adopted the Constitution as their sister states had done—North Carolina in November, 1789, and Rhode Island in May, 1790—and came into and perfected the Union. The birth of the nation took place at Philadelphia in 1776; but the birth of the government of the United States under the Constitution occurred at New York in 1789; and by right the centennial of that event should be celebrated there. The mere *drafting* of the Constitution by the convention appointed for the purpose was no very great event. It was an intermediary step. The *adoption* of the Constitution, and the beginning of the government under the administration of Washington, was an era second in importance only to the Declaration of Independence; and, as these events occurred in New York, the observance of their centennial falls appropriately to the people of that city. But Philadelphia, wishing to monopolize all the honors and to promote her own aggrandizement, greedily and prematurely seized upon the convention's *report of a draft* of the Constitution on the 17th of September, 1787, and allowed the people to believe that they were celebrating the *adoption* of that instrument by the states. Even President Cleveland, who might hav been expected to hav an accurate knowledge of the constitutional history of the government he is administering, seemed dazed in the speech he made on the occasion.

But I took up my pen to call attention to the gross incongruity of the arrangements at Philadelphia whereby Bishop Potter, of New York, was made to open the proceedings with a prayer, and Cardinal Gibbons to close them with another. Now, there are three things which made this interjection of religious forms not only incongruous in itself, but an outrageous insult to the memory of the man who framed the national Constitution, which the crowd were pretending to glorify. The first is that the Constitution was a purely *secular* document. The name of God does not occur in it from beginning to end. There is no recognition of any religion, or of any other world than the one we liv in. It has no religious *test* for citizenship or office whatever. A nativ-born Jew or Mohammedan is eligible to any office, from president down to tide-waiter.

Secondly, the convention that passed this wonderful Constitution of government began its sessions on the 14th of May, and adjourned on the 17th of September, and not a prayer, nor any other religious act, was ever performed, from the beginning to the end of that time. The instrument they drafted was the production of the human intellect alone, without any supernatural help, or any application for such help in the mummery called prayer. What the Quakers call "the *weight* of the meeting" was, in that convention, thoroughly and notoriously Infidel; that is, deistical, believing in a God who has the general superintendence of the universe, but disbelieving entirely in the Christian religion. To be sure, when a Dutch dominie in New York expressed his surprise to Alexander Hamilton that the Constitution contained no recognition of God, or the Christian religion, he was told by this great man: "*We forgot it.*" But this was a pious fraud on the part of Hamilton. He knew full well that on these points the convention *remembered* to forget. They knew, from the history of European governments, that the thing called religion was a Pandora's box, full of incurable mischiefs; or, as we would say in our times, a dynamite bomb, which, from the friction of events, would be sure to explode, and scatter ruin round about; and therefore they gave it no countenance in the Constitution.

Thirdly, during the administration of Washington, the government made a declaratory announcement, in the 11th Article of its treaty with Tripoli, one of the Barbary powers, that "*in no sense is the government of the United States founded on the Christian religion.*" It is founded on the *Constitution*, and this is a purely secular instrument. This is its grand peculiarity, and explains the reason why the government has made such an advance in the wealth and happiness of the people. It is neither for, nor against, any religion that now exists, or ever did exist, but ignores them all. Knowing that the conflicting definitions of God, and the interpretations of his will, given by the different sects of Christendom, and backed up by the governments they influenced, hav filled the world with enmity and bloodshed, they wisely avoided the subject, but protected every citizen in the enjoyment of his opinion concerning religion, whatever it might be.

It was, therefore, grossly improper for the Philadelphians of this day to put contempt, as they did, on the solemn convictions of the men who framed an entirely *secular* Constitution of government, the wisdom of which a century of trial has proved. There are scores of Christian sects in the country, and all of them more or less antagonistic to each other. If the Constitution had recognized, and patronized, any one of them, to the exclusion of the rest, as the various governments of Europe hav done, it is easy to see that the time of the government would be mainly taken up in the solemn nonsense of what is called honoring God, and attending to the interests of another world, concerning both of which subjects we *know positivly nothing at all*, however much we may speculate upon them.

But, even granting that there might be a distant propriety in celebrating with religious forms the praises of a Constitution which has not the word God in it, the choice of a Protestant Episcopal bishop, and a popish cardinal, both dressed up in their robes of office, to do the praying on the occasion, was an insult to all the other sects in the country. If we examin the church statistics of the Revolutionary period, it will appear that the Congregationalists numbered 575 ministers and 700 churches; the Baptists, 370 ministers and 400 churches; the Presbyterians, 140 ministers and 300 churches; and the Catholics 6 priests and 6 churches. The Methodists, now so numerous, were just beginning their existence as a sect, numbering only 20 ministers and as many churches, whose sympathies in the Revolutionary struggle were all with the British king. If the Rev. Dr. Duchêt, an eminent Episcopal minister who was chaplain to Congress in 1776, was a sample of the patriotism of his church, we cannot estimate it very highly; for when the tug of war came on, he lost confidence in the cause of independence, and in 1777 addressed a letter to Washington, then in the field, in which he dwelt upon the hopelessness of resistance to the British crown, and urged him to lay down his arms, disband his troops, and return to his allegiance. Washington was so exasperated at his Toryism that he transmitted the letter to Congress, and Duchêt having in the mean time fled to England, his estate was confiscated as that of a traitor. The Episcopalians were Church of England Christians, and it is not so wonderful that their zeal for the success of the Revolutionary army sometimes took cold. The patriots of the Revolution who fought its battles, and endured its unspeakable trials and privations, were neither Catholics nor Episcopalians. They were Congregationalists and Presbyterians, some Lutherans, and Baptists of the Roger Williams stripe. Where, then, was the propriety of passing by the descendants of all these patriotic sects, and choosing the "heads" of the two fuss-and-feathers denominations to take part in the hypocritical business of glorifying a *secular* Constitution? The Church of England has always been on the side of monarchy. It dovetails with, and fits, the empty pomp of hereditary government; and, as Macaulay says, it has never been known to be, even by accident, on the side of the people's rights. The Catholic church, of which Cardinal Gibbons is the American "head," as Bishop Potter is of the Anglican church, has been for a thousand years, now is, and forever will be, the sworn and avowed enemy of the people's rights and liberties, and in league with monarchy. Although Ireland has always been devotedly Catholic, the pope has secretly sided with England, a heretical power, in trampling the people and their political and civil rights into the dust.

And yet the committee of arrangements at Philadelphia, when they wanted to distinguish their celebration with religious exercises, passed by all the sects from Maine to Georgia whose patriotic ancestors had sacrificed their lives and fortunes during a seven years' war, to preserve the life of the nation and make the Constitution possible, and conferred the honor of officiating in that capacity upon the "heads" of the two sects whose history proves them to hav been always opposed to the fundamental principles of a republican government! I repeat it, it was not only an insult to the memory of the framers of our secular Constitution, but to all the Protestant sects of the country whose fathers were loyal to the cause of human rights in the times that tried men's souls.

However, when we come to think of it, Philadelphia may enjoy the unenviable distinction of being disgracefully consistent in her mean conduct. She accepted the trust from the executors of Stephen Girard respecting the college he founded for educating the orphans of that city, and agreed, by their acceptance of it, to carry out the provisions of the will in which he says: "*I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said college; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of the said college.*" But this attempt to protect the minds of his orphan beneficiaries against the wiles of religious bigots was all in vain, for the bones of the noble philanthropist had not turned into dust before the authorities violated this express provision, did the very thing they were *enjoined* and *required* not to do, and the very thing they pledged themselvs not to do. Girard College is now, and has been for years, under ecclesiastical influence, and sectarian religion is sung into, and preached into, "*the tender minds of the orphans*" by as unscrupulous a set of Jesuits as the world ever saw. "Ecclesiastics, missionaries, and ministers" visit the place at their will, and the will of Girard is treated with contempt.

During the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, Philadelphia shut the doors on Sunday against the mechanics and workingmen who could visit the place on no other day of the week, on the hypocritical pretense that it would be a violation of the Sabbath, but they opened the doors to her favorit "dead-heads," who defrauded the treasury of their proper fees. And to cap the climax of her meanness, she refused to allow the statue of the illustrious Thomas Paine a place in Independence Hall among the portraits and memorials of the other founders of the government, because, like his Revolutionary contemporaries, he could not believe in the plenary inspiration of the volume called the Bible!

BILLINGTON.

October 2, 1887.

## Mortgaged Farms in the West.

While traveling in Michigan lately the editor of the *Christian Advocate* made, he says, inquiries about the farms. This is the knowledge he acquired: "I found that most of them were heavily mortgaged. Persons who lend money on farm mortgages often wonder at the rate per cent they get, and the fact that they do not hav to pay anything to the agent who transacts the business. The fact is that the borrower not only pays the per cent which the lender finally receives, but pays all the expenses of transaction, and the commission of the negotiation. From an official of Cheboygan county I received the following, which had come under his personal knowledge. A friend of his desired to borrow $500 to improve his farm. The lawyer procured for him a loan at eight per cent, and he charged him two and one-half per cent for each year that the loan ran. It was a four years' loan; he computed the two and one-half per cent on the $500, making it $12.50 a year, paying over to the borrower $450. Now paying eight per cent per annum on $500, but having received only $450, he practically pays not far from eleven per cent; and has thus far been so oppressed by the interest as to be wholly unable to improve his property or reduce the principal, for he is compelled to work away from home in order to get money for interest." In going to Cleveland, Ohio, the editor fell in with a Republican candidate for office, who told him that "two-thirds of the names on the state ticket of the Republican party were Methodists." Buckley picks up more valuable information when he is traveling than when he is thinking.

## The Bible On the Yacht Race.

Matthew to Mr. Bell: "Do men gather grapes of thorns or queen's cups with Thistles?"—*Revised Version.*

## Another Southern Outrage.

From the Charlotte *Daily Chronicle* of to-day I learn that in Rock Hill, S. C., Rev. E. J. Price, a Methodist minister, was, on yesterday, cowhided by J. B. Johnston, for uttering slanderous reports about Johnston's sister. Both parties are white.

J. W. MEHAFFEY.

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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C. P. SOMERBY, - - Business Manager.

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**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**

| | |
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## TWO THINGS WANTED.

First. We want some money from every friend who owes on his subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. The balance in the bank from which to draw to satisfy the paper manufacturers and the printer is very small, and we must increase it, or run in debt. There are many hundreds of dollars owing us by subscribers, and we desire to kindly but firmly call their attention to the matter. We need the money, and it is not right for them to keep it from us. We would also respectfully suggest to those whose subscriptions expire during the present month that now is the time to renew. We would call attention, too, to our club rates. Get a new subscriber, and so get your own paper cheaper.

Second. We once more ask our friends to send us the names of all the Infidels of their acquaintance who do not take THE TRUTH SEEKER. The intention is to send them sample copies of the paper with the hope that they may subscribe.

## Jeremiah and the Reporters.

"But, behold, the false pen of the scribes hath wrought falsely."

We are not certain that lachrymose Jeremiah had the reporters on the daily papers of the nineteenth century in his mind when he said that, but it is the one sentence in all his watery composition bearing internal evidence that he was a prophet.

In the *Progressiv Age* of Grand Rapids, Mich., a week or two ago we found this:

"Col. Robert G. Ingersoll was the guest of the New England Club, which dined at Young's, in Boston, on the 24th ult. The topic discussed was 'The Anarchists,' and Ingersoll when called on said: 'I do not agree with you who say the Anarchists were convicted and sentenced as they deserve. Few who speak in this manner are willing to look at the case in a generous light. Remember the conditions of their birth. Sir, if I had been a German, surrounded by all the ignorance and bigotry, I should probably hav been the most violent of Anarchists. They are not and cannot be to blame. In their serf-like state it is hard for them to discriminate the nicety of the ends by which they obtain justice. I am always on the side of mercy. I don't believe in damning men for confidence secured by fraud, by breaking and entering a man's private safe, and thus securing evidence with which to secure his conviction.'"

The *Age* did not giv the source of this paragraph, but it undoubtedly came from some daily paper. The paragraph, however, reads very little like Colonel Ingersoll's rounded periods, and we forwarded it to headquarters for a corrected version, supposing, in the innocence of the editorial heart, that its inaccuracy was due to imperfect reporting, and that in some way Colonel Ingersoll must hav expressed a regret that hanging was deemed necessary to convert the Chicago Anarchists into American citizens. The paragraph was returned with this comment, signed R. G. Ingersoll:

"I never said one word of the above—not one. I do not see how any reporter could hav made up this nonsense."

On reading this, it occurred to us that Jeremiah was right about the scribes, and we agree with him that wise men might easily be dismayed at their mendacity. They are certainly a precious lot, and it would take a body of water bigger than Jeremiah's head, even though both eyes were perennial fountains, to wash away their sins, as Jerusalem and the cities of Judah must hav been spotless compared with them.

But what a joke this is on those journals—the Galveston *News*, for instance—which hav based on this fabrication editorials long and heavy, prophetically warning and authoritativly rebuking! And how they will enjoy eating such words as these: "Ingersoll appears now to hav become an Anarchist or something akin to one!" And what a pity it is to topple over the religious edifice reared by the religious editors upon Jeremiah's foundations! See the wisdom embodied in the remark of the Galveston *News*, which is now all wasted: "Mr. Ingersoll speaks plausibly in saying that if he had been surrounded by the same influences as the condemned Anarchists he would hav been a thorough Anarchist himself. There is really nothing in such an observation, except a reminder of the doctrin of circumstances or philosophical necessity." It really is too bad that Colonel Ingersoll did not say what Jeremiah's scribe says he said, for as the matter stands the writers of these leading editorials appear a trifle ridiculous. To relieve their embarrassment, Mr. Ingersoll should say something to justify the deep philosophy underlying this sententious utterance: "And, perhaps, if Mr. Ingersoll had been surrounded by influences which make thieves and other criminals, he would hav been a criminal." When a religious editor gets hold of this philosophical "perhaps" of the *News*, it will take him about a minute to evolve a statement something like this:

"In a defense of the righteously condemned Chicago Anarchists, Bob Ingersoll said that in his youth he himself was surrounded by bad influences, and therefore he believed in murder, and had, in fact, killed a great many people himself. His only hope now was in Christ."

And every blessed church-member in the country would believe the religious editor, and tell his neighbor that "Bob Ingersoll had confessed to having been a murderer and a horse-thief," and that neighbor would tell the next one that "Bob Ingersoll had just killed his wife and two daughters;" and that neighbor would add, in passing it on, that "Bob Ingersoll had set his house on fire and burnt up all his servants, and was now in jail;" and the other fellow would help the story along, and put on that "Bob Ingersoll had been visited by the Rev. Dr. Talmage, and had become converted to Christianity, and would, if not hanged, become a missionary to Africa." For that is about the way these things grow in the fertil fields of orthodox journalism. Indeed, if we do not see this outlined possibility come back to us, in some Christian journal, as a recital of positiv fact, and THE TRUTH SEEKER, "an Infidel organ," given as authority, we shall be very much surprised. For Jeremiah's scribes are by no means extinct, but flourish apace in the offices of daily papers and weekly religious journals.

## A Police Outrage Right Here in New York.

An account of an outrage on the voters of the Progressiv Labor party of this city that will stir the pulses of the whole American people went jumping over the wires late last Saturday night. It occurred in the early evening at Union Square, and consisted of an indiscriminate brutal attack and clubbing of some scores of men by some eighty policemen.

The occasion was the meeting held to ratify the party's nominations, which had been called to be held in the place generally chosen for such purposes, the plaza, or north side of Union Square, where Seventeenth street broadens out into an acreage capable of holding several thousand people. As usual on such occasions, the police were present in force, drawn up in line on the sidewalk of Seventeenth street, under command of Captain Reilly. There were three stands for speakers, and among the orators were T. B. Wakeman, R. J. Hinton, Mr. Shevitch, and others. Around one of the stands about fifty George men clustered, who constantly interrupted the speakers by shouting out, "George! George! Henry George!" One of the Progressiv Labor party's men asked Captain Reilly to stop it. Choosing twenty men from the hundred under his command, he started toward the noisy crowd. The eighty men left followed him, as he claims, without orders, and at once began an indiscriminate attack upon the assemblage, ordering it to disperse. Every man within reach of a club was beaten, and many knocked down. Heads were cut open, shoulders pounded, and arms broken by the heavy clubs. A score of men went home with blood flowing down their faces and over their clothes, and surgeons on the East Side were hunted up and kept busy. Police Commissioner Voorhis was on one of the stands, and when he saw the attack he rushed among his men ordering them back. He was seconded by Captain Reilly, and by grabbing the arms of the infuriated policemen, and shouting out orders, the brutes were finally quieted. While the affair lasted, it was the Chicago Haymarket riot duplicated, and it wanted but a shot or bomb to end in as bloody a tragedy as did that meeting.

The police officials are busy now explaining the conduct of their men. They say the men acted without orders, and probably got a little excited, but on the whole they look upon the matter as a mistake for which an apology ought to be gratefully accepted by the clubbed people as sufficient reparation for the clubbing. The press of the city is unanimous in condemning the outrage as entirely inexcusable, but inclines to the opinion that the police officials are not to blame. But they forget that if it was only a mistake, the fact that such mistakes occur shows the police officials to be unfit to disciplin and command the men who made the mistake.

The truth of the matter is, however, that this antagonism of the authorities to the Socialists was in the air, and bound to come out. The Socialists hav been denounced so much and violently that the police hav come to regard them as the Chicago police regarded the so-called Anarchists—as men who should be looked after, and made to feel the strength of the law. This feeling among the higher police officials has percolated down through the ranks, where it has taken concrete form in a desire to club all Socialists. The average common policeman in New York city is an Irish brute, a vulgar, uneducated ruffian, thoroughly loyal to his Romish religion, and frantically desirous of an opportunity to use his long night club on the heads of the "domned Dutch," who compose the majority of the Socialists. The men who broke loose from such restraint as the captain had over them last Saturday night hold that a policeman's club is the rightful embodiment of law, and the best expression it can take. And as a dog will do that which he thinks will please his master, so these human brutes clubbed the Socialists because they thought public sentiment would sustain them. Every one of them should be imprisoned for felonious assault.

Probably another thing that suggested the clubbing to them, and gave them the idea that their conduct would be applauded, is the indifference manifested over the equally scandalous and inhuman conduct of the Hoboken police, who would not allow a meeting to be held in which the Illinois authorities were to be denounced for their treatment of the Chicago Anarchists. The Hoboken sympathizers with the Western Anarchists had hired a hall, paid for it, and were peaceably making their way thereto, when the Hoboken police stationed themselvs at the door, forbade entrance to the hall, and at once began to club all questioners of their authority. Then they arrested their victims, and the men are now in jail awaiting trial for "inciting riot," when everyone knows and says that the police struck the first, last, and only blows that were struck on the occasion. Possibly the New York police were desirous of also seeing their names in print as heroes who had clubbed the dangerous Anarchists and thereby saved society from complete and sudden destruction.

A law committee of five members of the Progressiv Labor party, with T. B. Wakeman at the head, has been instructed to prosecute the brutal New York policemen, but we hav yet to converse with an intelligent New Yorker who believes that justice will be had in the matter. Possibly one or two policemen, with few friends and only a small "pull," may be dismissed, but most people doubt that even so much will be accomplished. But it is not alone the personal side of the affair that must be considered. The gravest side of this outrage is the spirit manifested by the police, and the general tendency of the legal authorities almost everywhere to interfere with social heretics and by force compel them to be silent. They are pursuing a course sure to lead to trouble. Self-respecting people are not going to be clubbed into silence, either by accident or by design. And when they are so clubbed, if they cannot obtain redress by law, they will take the remedy into their own hands. The Progressiv Labor party voters behaved magnifi-

cently under the most wanton provocation that could be offered. They were counseled wisely by their leaders, and not one of them struck a blow. They thus put the entire blame upon the police, and won the sympathies of the public. And in their prosecution of the police the good wishes of order-loving people will be with them. But if any are found who uphold the police in their murderous work, mark them well: they are the enemies of the republic and would welcome a despotism.

## The Persecuted Pastor.

While from all of the so-called oppressed classes a cry for deliverance is going up and down, and in various other directions, something should be said in defense of the down-trodden clergy, one of whose dearest privileges bids fair to be snatched, jerked, and otherwise wrested from them. These reflections are instigated at this critical period by the persecution of the Rev. C. W. Millen, Methodist, of Brooklyn. The amount of persecution of this sort directed against ministers of the Methodist church is remarkable, and shows that sectarian jealousy is still perniciously activ.

The foundations and pretexts upon which the charges against Mr. Millen are based are numerous. About a year ago this afflicted and long suffering saint, then occupying the Washington Street Methodist pulpit in Brooklyn, made a pastoral call upon Mrs. William Squire, one of his congregation. Mr. Squire not being present, the reverend gentleman voluntarily offered to assume the burdens of consolation which naturally fall upon the head of a well-regulated family. But his kindness was unappreciated, his offer rejected, and the misguided woman bade him depart, even hastening his going by threatening him with the handle of a broom, so that he reached the street, it is said, by a series of long and dangerous leaps.

Mrs. Squire's unkindness did not cease here. She went before the trustees of the church and entered a complaint of improper conduct on the part of the Rev. Mr. Millen, thereby making the matter public, and the tongue of scandal wagged against him. A day was set for the trial, but ere it came the plot thickened and sorrows accumulated. All the way from Haverhill, Massachusetts, came the story that Mr. Miller had gone out of that town some years ago, leaving his furniture and even much of his clothing behind, and without preaching a farewell sermon to his bereaved congregation. While in the discharge of his pastoral duties, so said the evil report, he had been interrupted by an unbelieving husband and driven out of the place under threats of personal chastisement. The clerical committee had scarcely ceased to weep over the obdurateness of unregenerate husbands when another charge came accusing Pastor Millen of immoral conduct in the parsonage of the De Kalb avenue church, Brooklyn. Also from Boston a voice smote upon their ears saying that while on his vacation in Boston in August last Mr. Millen had been guilty of ministerial excesses. Nor was this all. In Fourteenth street, New York, so said another detractor, the exercise of the clerical function had been misconstrued into wicked conduct, and another charge of immoral tendency was scored against the persecuted pastor, making five in all.

So far has this persecution been advanced by designing persons that the Rev. Mr. Millen is even now on trial before an ecclesiastical tribunal of clerical experts. The Haverhill affair outdating all the rest of the items in the plot, the tribunal has taken that as charge No. 1. An affidavit from Mr. John N. Snow, of Haverhill, deposeth and witnesseth that he, John N. Snow, looking through the window into a room containing the Rev. Mr. Millen and a girl named Nellie, saw that which in the printed affidavit is expressed by a row of asterisks. The Rev. James Pike, Mr. Millen's presiding elder, reluctantly admitted that from what he knew of Mr. Millen he should judge that the charges of the affidavit were not without substantial foundation. So the organized persecution proceeds.

We hav acquired, through a former attendant at Mr. Millen's church, information which may explain the gentleman's conduct to some extent. He is, in fact, a close student of anatomy, and his researches in this direction hav been characterized by great assiduity. Our informant states that the picnics of Mr. Millen's church afforded the reverend scientist his chief opportunities for the prosecution of his discoveries. For this purpose Mr. Millen could be found, so continues our informant, in the vicinity of the swings, in whose pendulous excursions the young women of his flock sought healthful and exhilarating diversion. At such times the pastor, at whatever risk to his person, invariably placed himself immediately beneath the swings, with his gaze turned heavenward, presenting the spectacle of a devout man whose heart was lifted up in silent prayer; whereas he was, in reality, merely in pursuit of material information. This little involuntary deceit might be forgiven Dr. Millen if he could be induced to impart to the tribunal the result of his researches.

On the other hand, according to the source of our information, whenever Dr. Millen attended receptions given by the ladies of his church, his attitude was reversed, and, standing in close proximity to some sister in more than ordinarily full dress, his downcast eyes and masculin hight enabled him, while in the posture of true humility, to still add to his scientific information as in the former instance. Any slight excess of zeal should be pardoned in a person whose aim is the attainment of useful information. It is true that the observer might remark a certain familiarity in the reverend gentleman's manner of laying his hands upon the persons of the ladies. Our informant confesses that he himself on various occasions observed that the Rev. Dr. Millen was unfitted by reason of his religious zeal to mingle in respectable society; and altogether the impression might be formed that a good broad palm, smartly applied to Mr. Millen's cheek, would hav a salutary influence; but such thoughts are immediately smothered by the transcendent reflection that he is a minister merely exercising a prerogativ with which ministers hav been tacitly vested by immemorial usage, and of which, moreover, they hav never been backward in taking advantage. As long as the pastoral call is countenanced, the annual crop of Millens will not be lessened by drouth or flood.

## Germans Combining.

The Germans of New York state hav formed a "Personal Liberty League," the main object of which appears to be to secure the opening of the beer saloons from 2 o'clock P.M., on Sundays, till midnight. To that end the leaguers met in convention at Albany last week. The two important articles in the league's constitution are:

"The object of the association is the repeal of obsolete laws which curtail the enjoyment of life, and unwarrantedly restrict the individual liberty of the citizens in direct contradiction of the Constitution of the United States.

"This object shall be attained in this way: That the societies belonging to the association shall stand firmly together in the election of law-makers (assemblymen and senators), and pledge themselvs to vote only for such candidates as shall promis, under oath, or over their signatures, not to vote for Prohibition and the excise and Sunday laws which restrict individual liberty, but, in harmony with the progress of the civilized nations of Europe, to stand for the views of the organization both in word aud deed."

If our German friends are going in for the repeal of all Sunday laws, and for placing the saloons under the same law on Sunday that they are on Monday, they hav our sympathy, and will get our vote. If they are only anxious to hav the legal right to drink beer on Sunday from 2 o'clock in the afternoon till midnight, they will get neither sympathy nor votes from consistent Freethinkers. Beer is not a priceless boon, nor a very inspiring rallying cry, but liberty to do what one pleases on Sunday, not only after but before 2 o'clock, P.M., is worth combining for and voting for.

## A Too Innocent Contemporary.

The Rev. Dr. Alden, secretary of a missionary organization, is accused of packing the committees of his society in order that he may retain his grip upon it. A member of the organization recently remarked that "Dr. Alden's methods in packing committees to suit his purposes are unworthy of a ward politician."

The *Evening Sun* calls this a queer accusation, and seems surprised that a minister can be guilty of such conduct. This surprise doubtless arises from the extreme youthfulness of the *Evening Sun*. When it has lived as long as its morning brother, it will not be surprised at any charge brought against a minister, but will take it as a matter of course, and to be expected. Let us hope, however, that it will be less hypocritical in dealing with ministerial delinquents, and less prone to tell lies for the benefit of religion.

## Editorial Notes.

THE following significant paragraph we take from the Boston *Investigator*:

"☞To whom it concerns:—The subscriber who stopped taking the *Investigator* because we said that the Chicago Anarchists, if innocent should be acquitted, and if guilty should be imprisoned, may hav a correct idea of Anarchy, but he is ignorant of what Liberalism means."

We extend to Messrs. Seaver and Mendum our sincere condolence. We know just how they feel.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, in the course of his Western tour, stopped over Sunday at Madison, Wis. Previous to his arrival the members of Grace Episcopal church tricked out the edifice with bunting, and announced that the president would attend their service, admission to which would be by card. And every Christian in Madison who knew he or she could not get a card, immediately rose up in wrath and reviled Grace Episcopal church in picturesque and emphatic language. All of which goes to show that Christianity, in its moral effects, is more or less of a humbug.

CLARK BRADEN seems in a fair way to be pretty thoroughly shown up. Mr. Putnam has forwarded—for our amusement, we take it—a copy of the Silverton, Oregon, *Appeal*, in which Braden rails against the secretary of the American Secular Union for refusing to meet him in debate. From this we infer that Mr. Putnam has sustained the dignity of his office by refusing to associate with blackguards. This is as it should be, and as we could hav told the Christians who engaged Braden that it would be, for we know that Mr. Putnam wouldn't touch Braden with a forty-foot pole.

THE Galveston, Texas, *News*, as we hav once or twice pointed out, is a Christian journal, though it does personally assail a minister now and then. In the Sunday law crusade the *News* has been an able ally of the preachers, except when its own mechanics were threatened with arrest, and it obtained its reward at the Baptist convention held at Dallas on the 1st inst. The Rev. Mr. Beauchamp read the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That we regard the *News* as dangerous to the morals and good order of society, and recommend to our friends everywhere to shun it as they would the *Police Gazette* or any other impure literature; that we do this irrespectiv of the attitude of the *News* toward Prohibition or any other political or religious question."

Before the resolution was passed, the meeting adjourned, but not before Major Penn got in a parting shot in the form of a prayer in which he beseeched the almighty to direct the editorial staff of the *News* in the right way, and finally land them all in heaven. Truly, the way of the transgressor is hard.

HORACE SEAVER prints his yachting enthusiasm in the *Investigator* this wise:

"This is one of the most popular sports in England and Scotland, and it is getting to be about the same here in the United States, where are the fastest sailing yachts in the world. Some thirty-five years ago a New York yacht, the America, went over to England to compete for a famous prize, the queen's cup, and won it. She beat everything English in the shape of a boat, and brought the cup over here in triumph, since when a number of attempts hav been made by English racing yachts which hav come over to capture the cup, but they were defeated one after another all being too slow.

"Finally a Scotch clipper, the Thistle, was built on the Clyde expressly to beat the Yankee yachts; and having lately arrived, she raced twice last week in New York harbor with a Boston yacht, the Volunteer, and was beaten both times between two or three miles. It was probably the most exciting yacht race ever known—a sort of international competition among Yankee and Scotch yachtsmen, and the Yankee Volunteer was victorious, though it is allowed that the Scotch Thistle did remarkably well. But as the Boston Volunteer was invincible, and probably the fastest yacht in the world, the queen's cup will hav to remain on this side of the Atlantic, until some kind of a craft, Scotch or English, can beat the Yankee Volunteer. 'Hail Columbia!'"

We wish that Brother Seaver had gone further and stated his views upon the comparativ merits of centerboarders and cutters; for instance, whether the initial stability of lead keels is greater than that of broad beam, and if the division of the single jib into jib and forestaysail adds to the capacity of the boat to go to windward. This division, we believe, is a notion of the cutter advocates, and is generally adopted by American yachtsmen. Another question we submit is whether the Thistle's agility in stays, gained by cutting away her forefoot, compensates for the corresponding loss of grip on the water, and attendant liability to sag off to leeward. It seems to us that it does not, but as the Thistle outwinded all the cutters on the other side, the question is an open one. Again, should the midship section of a yacht be given a slight rake aft, and be straight-sided above the water, or be built plumb, with bilge running well down to the keel, and a tumble home above the load water-line? In the race just concluded, over the result of which Brother Seaver voices our own enthusiasm, Captain Haff, of the Volunteer, kept his boat full and by and a rap full, and still pointed closer than the Thistle, which boat Captain Barr pinched very close. Was this capacity of the Volunteer the result of her centerboard alone, or partially of her slightly rockered keel, sharp but moderately deep entrance, and remarkably fine run? New York, nowadays, has to look to Boston for information on yachting matters, and we feel interested in these questions. We do not mind revealing that our prejudices are in favor of keel boats of moderate draft and beam, as being safer and more commodious, though perhaps less speedy. Boats that hav to use mast-head runners, with jib set flying, necessitating a jigger on the halyard, and a nigger to haul on it, we never could abide. But, after all, our favorit model is the one that flies the Stars and Stripes and gets there first. Therefore, with Brother Seaver we would remark, "Hail Columbia!" and would add that Columbia cannot boast a worthier citizen than our venerable contemporary whose hail we hereby echo.

## Letters from Friends.

LINKVILLE, OR., Sept. 21, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: For the inclosed stamps please send me Paine's "Age of Reason," Remsburg's "False Claims," Robert G. Ingersoll's "Great Centennial Oration on the Declaration of Independence," and the "Public Schools and the Catholic Church," by L. K. Washburn.

THE TRUTH SEEKER is still a welcome visitor to me. Please giv us more of those "Heretical Personalities." Those pen pictures of the men we read so much are a great treat. And the oftener we hear from G. E. M. the better.

WM. TERRILL.

SANOTUARY OF LOGAN ASSEMBLY, K. OF L., No. 6414,
LEWISTOWN, PA., Sept. 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: This assembly has passed resolutions condemning the action of the supreme court of Illinois in regard to those seven men condemned as Anarchists. The same vote also authorized me to forward the same for publication. I do not know whom to communicate with in regard to the matter. Will you publish the same, or otherwise inform me where to send it to insure publication? W. J. HAWK.

[We do not know the titles of the papers to whom such resolutions should be sent, but suppose that Knights of Labor journals would be the organs through which Knights of Labor assemblies would communicate with the world. An engrossed copy of the resolutions should be sent to Gov. Richard Oglesby, Ottawa, Ill. Perhaps some of our readers can giv Mr. Hawk further information.—ED. T. S.]

WANSHIP, UTAH, Sept. 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Putnam is a brick. This may be slang, but it seems to express the Westerner's idea of an energetic, joyous, hopeful, brilliant, and earnest lecturer, and an able exponent of the Secular cause. At the Liberal Convention at Salt Lake City, on September 24th, 25th, his lectures were received with round after round of enthusiastic applause. Utterances that would hav been considered extremely blasphemous a few years ago were vociferously applauded by hundreds in the audience, as he made so plain the absurdity of the so-called sacred things.

Owing to the busy time of year there was not as good a turn-out as would hav been later. Still, the different parts of Utah were well represented. Sixty-eight names were enrolled, and double that number are expected right away.

The organization of the Utah Secular Union was completed with a strong organization, including some of our best and most prominent citizens. We expect a boom (more expressiv slang) in Freethought that will keep pace with the expected boom in real estate, and one that priest power will never smother. WM. REYNOLDS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Sept. 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Believing that yourself and the readers of your interesting paper are ever glad to hear of the meritorious efforts of every noble, faithful, and honest worker in the cause of universal mental liberty, I hereby pen not only my own opinion but the general feelings expressed by all who attended the lecture of Friendship Liberal League last Sunday. The meeting of the League was made memorable last Sunday by the presence, eloquence, logic, and humor of Dr. J. L. York, of California, whose ability as a speaker beggars description; a man who must be heard to be appreciated, and one who cannot be heard by any intelligent person without being admired. His eloquence and logic hold his audience spell-bound, while the wit and humor interspersed in his discourse fill his audience with delight. Never had our society a more intellectual feast than last Sunday evening while listening to the doctor's lecture on "Evolution." The doctor will remain with us two Sundays more, and, from the sample of his ability last Sunday, and the just appreciation manifested by his hearers, I am satisfied we shall be benefited beyond a parallel in the history of our League.

W. SEYMOUR.

DELMAR, CAL., Sept. 28, 287.

MR. EDITOR: I read all the letters that appear from time time in the column that is allotted to friends in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and am often instructed thereby; but I see so much fault-finding among the different writers that I am constrained to "fall in" and find fault too. Some find fault with the Editor because he advocates, or fails to advocate, ideas different from or similar to theirs, or publishes articles of others who differ with them upon the various methods of assaulting the popular superstitions of the day, commonly called religion. Some find fault because he is too tenderfooted for them, other because he is too radical, and many find fault with the various contributors.

Now, Mr. Editor, I believe that this fault-finding, as above indicated, is unworthy of a Freethinker, and ought not to be indulged in by any Materialist or Spiritualist worthy of the name of a Freethinker, or who has for his object the elimination of superstition from the minds of mankind. Every blow given—I care not what the methods used—ought to receive the unqualified approval of every friend of Freethought in this "land of the free and home of the brave."

We do not gain anything for the cause by negativing others who are as much in earnest as are we, and who hav as much right to express their opinions as we hav. I say in all kindness, Let us stop finding fault with others and renew our vigor in driving nails in the coffin of superstition until it is as dead as is the orthodox hell of yore; then we can all attend its funeral *en masse*, and congratulate all over the good work done. When we get that (the greatest curse that ever afflicted humanity) out of their brains, it will never return again to torment and afflict as it has done in past ages. Nations and states will be purged of crime and immorality; locks will become useless on doors as a bar to thieves; Canada will cease to be a resort for hypocritical Sunday-school bank defaulters; "ascension robes" will be out of fashion, for heaven on earth will be a reality; tickets to the "New Jerusalem" could not be given away, and a round-trip ticket to the realms of the "great white throne" would not bring the price of a second-hand harp, or a wornout crown of thorns or a faded halo. Right here and now we would hav an everlasting picnic with a diet more varied than "milk and honey," and laws that would be operativ without the resort to kings, gods, or devils, and "none would molest or make us afraid." Every man would be his own god, every woman a goddess, and all the children veritable angels.

I say, Hurrah for THE TRUTH SEEKER, with the masterly Heston, its army of able writers, and various contributors. In short, I say, Hurrah for anybody and everybody who hits superstition a whack. H. L. SHAUG.

LE MOORE, Sept. 21, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: We hav deeply sympathized with the time-worn veteran of reform, Mrs. Elmina Drake Slenker, since her arrest by a dastardly crew, and though she may hav trespassed upon the sensibilities of certain cultured schools of thought, nevertheless her past life and strictly moral status should be sufficient protection for the personal rights of one of our liberty-loving advocates, who in her ardor discusses what to her mind is for the true amelioration of the family of man. We can discern no good reason for any human interference that can stand the test of logic.

There is no wonder, dear Elmina, "that the fabled Eve, hunted and haunted as representativ in search of knowledge, should at last arise in palpable shape, to deny the charge of being that terrible monster that has brought the race to such ignominy and dire destruction.' Who, then, as reformers in search of all living truth, can disclaim the sacredness of your work? And as stubborn soil calls for the subsoil plow, reaching the strata below the surface, so no true husbandman should assail or evict any needed power in the field of progress that renders service by current force, arousing sentiment leading forward to more replete and perfect culture.

Please accept small contributions, Mrs. Slenker, in aid of your cause for the elevation of sex and hereditary principles: Mrs. L. L. Moore, $1; S. G. Fox, 50 cents; Mrs. Emma A. Fox, 50 cents; Mrs. Laura Sweetland, 50 cents.

SARAH GREGG FOX.

GUNTERSVILLE, ALA., Sept. 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Observing my name, with the charge of "flopping about," in a letter from "J. H. W." in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Sept, 3d, I read this, but without finding any explanation of the asserted inconsistency, other than ignorance and ill-will on the part of the writer, with whose positions in this letter, however, I am agreed in so far as they are intelligible. The cant phrase "free government" is not so to me, the freedom of governments being generally inverse to that of the governed, and direct in the exercise of their enslavement. I find no appreciation of my issues with the Editor, which relate in part to the policy of combating superstition, my views in regard to which are expressed in the issue of the 10th by T. E. Longshore. In part, on a subject, the discussion of which has not been allowed me, viz., the distinction between autonomic administration and general or state government, the former being confined to economic affairs, the latter to political.

As to my differences with other editors or organs, they involve not the slightest change of principles or views of policy on my part, whether as regards the conscienceless egoism in which Tucker and his "Takkak" would swamp justice, honor, and good-fellowship; or the abortiv pretensions to personal liberty of the Harmans and Walkers.

The revolutionary ideas of the Chicago Internationals hav brought ruthless persecution on the devoted heads of honorable men, innocent of any legal crime, and whose judicial murder is a blow to liberty of speech and press. But their propaganda, without being criminal, has always been opposed by me and other Anarchists on grounds of policy. I look for no social good from rebellions of the oppressed, but only from the enlightenment of the oppressors, and from the absence of their political agency of oppression which is resumed in the functions of the sheriff.

M. E. LAZARUS, M.D.

SNOWVILLE, VA., Oct. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I would say a word to friends who hav so kindly come forward in my behalf and given testimony in my favor.

I want you to feel assured I never hav and never expect to accept anything I do not feel I deserve. I am aware I hav some malignant enemies who are sending letters to publishers and private friends warning them that Elmina is a Free-lover, a miscegenationist, and unworthy of all the work that is being done for her. I only ask to be judged by my printed and written words. If anyone can bring forward an immoral idea or sentiment in my handwriting, then you may feel it is time to believe the accusations of the venomous. Till you see some such proof of my departure from the good and the true, I ask you to trust and believe. For myself, personally, I desire no money from anyone, but I am glad of every name enrolled on the list of defenders as one more testimonial to the value of the work I tried to do. "Woe unto you when all men shall praise you." It is good for us to hav enemies; it even makes our true friends still more warm in their good feelings on our behalf. We hav already received hundreds of testimonials in favor of the small good I hav been enabled to do. I should not deem it worth while to say even this much regarding the work of enemies only that I feel my duty to friends demands it. The morally depraved seek only immorality, meanness, and dishonesty because of the unfortunate construction of their own organisms. I hav always been glad that I hav inherited an optimistic, healthful, hopeful spirit that rejoices in the good, the true, and the beautiful, and is glad to see all the world full of sweetness, joy, and love. I try to cherish no ill-will even to enemies, for malignant feelings always canker the heart and recoil upon the owner of them. I am grateful to the fates that gave me a peaceful, gentle, meek, and loving Quaker inheritance.

I hav received several letters asking if by paying the $11 anyone can get the sewing machine offered for sale for my Defense Fund. The $11 is due the company; the notice will cost me $—, and where, then, will be any for the Defense Fund? I hoped some generous friend who wishes to help the Defense Association would be glad to do it by paying something toward full value for it. ELMINA D. SLENKER.

[The notice in THE TRUTH SEEKER will cost Mrs. Slenker just what she expresses it by the blank she left for us to fill. All that she gets for the order for the machine she can hav for the Defense Fund; THE TRUTH SEEKER will not take a cent of it.—ED. T. S.]

BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 30, 287.

MR. EDITOR: As Brother Koezly has nobly and voluntarily presented the gallant TRUTH SEEKER with $25, whichever way the decision goes, I will also do the same by the *Investigator*, and accordingly send you my $25 for that other grand helper in the cause of reason. The two papers will, therefore, gain $25 apiece in any event. All gambling or bribing being thereby absolutely eliminated from the decision, the only thing remaining to do is to place the printed resolution herewith inclosed, which was the original cause of Brother Koezly's objections, before your readers, along with your decision as to whether or not it is figured in a correct mathematical manner.

Brother Koezly and myself hav always perfectly agreed on *one* point, and it is that, in order to count now 287, the figure 1 of my Bruno-Wakeman or Year of Science Calendar must be placed at the figures 1601 of "our Lord's" time register. But I affirm and he denies that a figure 0—the mathematical starting-point in all *accurate* computations—must be put down previous to writing the numeral 1, and, of course, has to be placed at 1600 "A.D." because that is my beginning.

Even baseball game-counting has to use an 0 to start with, as you will see by the inclosed slip and picture. Calendar figures mean completed years *mathematically* speaking, although *popular* figuring opposes this fact in many cases—Brother Koezly for instance. GEO. N. HILL.

[The resolution referred to was offered by Mr. Hill at a Paine celebration in Boston in 1882, and reads as follows:

*Resolved*, That in everlasting commemoration of that rise of science and Freethought—the two best friends humanity has ever had—which began during the sixteenth century of the superstitious "Year of our Lord," and in perpetual honor, also, of the heroism of that glorious teacher of reason, and noble martyr for science and man, Giordano Bruno, of Italy—so inhumanly burnt at the stake by the Christians, at Rome, on the 16th day of February, 1600, for proclaiming scientific facts—therefore, in future, all records, and other official documents of the Investigator Freethought Society of Boston, Mass., shall bear date from a calendar, beginning on the 1st day of January, A.D., 1600, thereby placing our society, and all persons also adopting it, entirely out of the bedeviling fog of the age of Bible faith with its "Year of Grace, 1882," and into the humane light of the "Age of Reason" and Year of Science, 282.

We shall print shortly an article on this question which we hope will be satisfactory to Messrs. Koezly and Hill.—ED. T. S.]

ONEIDA, KAN., Sept. 29, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: We hav moral, social, political, as well as so-called religious conflicts ahead that seem to need such men as Martin Luther and William of Orange. The American Mohammedan (or so-called Mormon) church, attaching polygamy to its debauchery, has been a source of a great deal of annoyance to this government, which has cost a vast amount of money as well as time to eradicate that cess-pool of iniquity, and still it seems to baffle the skill of our most eminent statesmen. Why? The reason is obvious, just like the fight against the liquor traffic. While we are trying to wipe out the stain of polygamy on the one hand, on the other we are allowing Mormons to empty on our shores by the thousands, from Europe, the most ignorant creatures conceivable, just fit subjects for the manipulations of those assumed Latter Day Saints, as they style themselvs (frauds). But while we are endeavoring to suppress polygamy, here is another sect pouring into the country by the millions with their ignorant, superstitious, peculiar proclivities, establishing cathedrals, parochial schools, churches, priest houses, monasteries, convents, nunneries, "monkeries," etc., in which poor, ignorant women are kept secluded, prohibited from any intercourse with the outside world, there to remain, taught that it is for the greater glory of God that they should liv and become mental dwarfs, as it were, thereby trammeling the minds of human beings in order to gratify the hallucinations of stall-fed, pampered sacerdotal celibates denominated priests, who may order that it is for the glory of God and induce poor creatures to believe such nonsense.

Hav we not statutes that provide for idiots, lunatics, and also provisions for investigating the causes which produce deaths, etc.? And that this government should tolerate the keeping of any American imprisoned by any sect, creed, or clique, under the guise of any religious or other pretense, is an abomination to a free government. It is alien to a free country. If any church is to be allowed to keep in perpetual imprisonment the women of this land allured into those convents because some prelate so orders it, what preposterous tyranny must we not sumbit to or sanction if some men, assuming to represent God, should so elect, claiming it to be a part of their religion? All church denominations hav the fullest liberty to worship according to the dictates of conscience. But that givs them no right to destroy the liberties of American people by undermining the Constitution of this free country. For such imprisonment of American subjects cannot be granted without allowing

our rights and liberties to be trampled upon. Hence the duty of all American men and women who claim to be loyal to their country would be to advocate the throwing open of all such institutions as monasteries, convents, nunneries, etc., for inspection by the civil authorities, by petitioning legislatures of the various states to this end, which we would most cordially support.

Don't let us be hoodwinked any longer by pretense. The Hindoos might pretend that to keep them from offering an occasional human sacrifice to their imaginary God would be placing restrictions on their religious liberty, but fortunately the British government has placed restrictions on such atrocities in India. Most certainly this government ought to put an end to the cruelty and tyrannies practiced upon helpless women in this country, by throwing open those nunneries and convents to public inspection, in order that America may maintain her prestige as the home of the poor. The wonder is that they hav not been suppressed by legal enactment long ago. AMERICA.

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DAVISON STATION, MICH., Sept. 27, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I received THE TRUTH SEEKER all right. I am very much pleased with it; hope to always hav one in my house. I wish to bring a new thought before the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER. It is new to me, and I hope it will work. All of us Liberals hav lost friends. I know how inconvenient it is to get Liberal speakers. There is none near me, nor is there one that I know the address of. It is very humiliating to employ one of those orthodox attorneys in such a trying time. I would suggest that we should raise money by each Liberal that is interested contributing so much a month to be sent to a treasurer for the purpose of paying a speaker and his traveling expenses. A speaker on such occasions should not expect too much. A funeral could be postponed three to four days, and that would giv time enough for a speaker to go a long way. By so doing we could secure the best men we hav. Hav some permanent place to telegraph to for a speaker, so that there would be no delay. L. VANSCHAICK.

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HARWICH, MASS., Sept. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In running over the list of "Letters from Friends" I am amused to see the different likes and dislikes, the strictures and plaudits, expressed therein, but I am glad to be able to notice so little of bitterness from the writers, accustomed as they are to radical, outspoken language. It requires a philosophical turn of mind to know how to steer clear of open rupture, and I apprehend the task of an editor is no small one to so arrange the contributions that they shall balance each other with a happy, neutralizing effect.

Captain Kennedy, in the issue of September 17th, thinks "the cartoons are immense," but has "one objection," and that is "those letters of Mrs. Colman." I guess if Captain Kennedy could hav known how those letters interested old veterans in the work of those days—veterans like Parker Pillsbury and Mrs. Colman—he would hav hesitated before recommending a "let-up on those letters." To me they were victuals and drink, as I identified myself with the Garrisonian Abolitionists, and remember some of the incidents mentioned by her in those letters. Few appreciate the immense labor performed by Garrison and the noble souls that so heroically rallied around him. History, at best, will but poorly portray it, and the half will not be told. I remember vividly the day when, at an antislavery camp-meeting in Harwich, a howling mob of church-members and others (see Parker Pillsbury's "Acts of the Antislavery Apostles") set upon Stephen Foster and others—especially Foster—when he dissected Captain Grafton Seers for returning a fugitiv slave that had taken refuge on board his vessel. The captain had been induced to tell his own story, and upon the platform he completely inculpated himself, after which Foster, utilizing the facts as told by the captain himself, figurativly speaking, tore him limb from limb. The poor man stood like a culprit, as he was, while Foster, in a masterly manner, rehearsed the story, and poured into his ears the horrors of slavery, and the awful crime of plunging a poor, panting fugitiv, who was just on the borders of freedom, as it were, back into the jaws of slavery's hell. If inspiration ever lent its aid to anyone, it did to Foster then and there, as he stood side by side with the captain, and, with marvelous power of language and eloquence, showed up the facts in the case, and condemned him out of his own mouth. Enough of this now.

Then, on the same page of "Letters from Friends," "A Spiritualist" thinks that Heston's picture of Jacob's ladder "is entirely uncalled for in the light of modern Spiritualism." To be brief, I would say, Let every one work in his or her own harness, and cure the world of superstition as best they may. B. F. ROBBINS.

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NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav just read your article in the August 13th TRUTH SEEKER, entitled, "The New Aspect of Mrs. Slenker's Case."

Believing that no one wields the editorial pen with greater skill or maintains a position with clearer-cut logic than Eugene Macdonald, yet this time I feel justified to challenge you on one or two points in the aforesaid article.

In speaking of the work in which Aunt Elmina has been engaged and "which to her seemed necessary and good," you aver: "Others, however, hav not seen the necessity of the work, and hav disapproved of it. Probably ninety of every hundred Freethinkers condemn the work as uncalled-for and useless."

I am uncertain whether you class yourself with the ninety or the ten, but in either case I infer that you would justify one in condemning a work when not able to see its necessity.

While I claim the right to differ with Elmina or anyone else, yet I take John Stuart Mill to witness that unless I hav sifted this question to the bottom, I don't know whether it is "necessary" or not, and it is unbecoming, at least, to condemn its agitation. While there is one person who makes claims concerning the subject, which claims I hav not investigated to the best of my ability, my opinion is not worth a miller's dam.

Having spent part of my life in the Christian church, part in the United States navy, and a large part in the theater, I hav had some opportunity to observe the frightful extent to which immoralities and excesses prevail in these three ample fields for vice. I could bring scores to testify to the fact that unnatural vice in the navy (particularly on the school ships) is the rule, rather than the exception. The excesses of the theater (especially the variety theater), and the abuses of the priesthood, are legion. Yet is the work of showing up these abuses of nature's laws not a work of necessity? And shall parents go on sending their bright boys to the training-ship for a maritime education, only to get their young eyes dimmed, their minds clouded, and their constitutions, perhaps, fatally undermined?

I, for one, consider Mrs. Elmina's work of sexual reform the most important and necessary of all reforms, for once get the race to observe the laws of nature in their family relations and there is hope of a nobler humanity. What gave Colonel Ingersoll his manly form and creed-proof brains? No doubt, 'twas healthy conditions of birth.

Further on in your article, I quote, "If we had never, until now, heard of Mrs. Slenker, and knew nothing of her work, we would not consider the case one that called for an uprising of Freethinkers to defend invaded principles.' Allow me to suggest that if you had never heard of Mrs. Slenker until you heard that she was charged with or even convicted of mailing obscenity, until you did hear something of her and her works you would remain incompetent as a judge whether the Freethinkers would be justified in uprising. Having thought a great deal on the subject in question, and knowing the tendency of so many to sexual intemperance, I can't help wishing that there were more Elminas. If I take a false position in this matter, be kind enough to set me right, and oblige, W. P. BLYTHE.

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COVINGTON, KY., Oct. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: You will kindly pardon my troubling you, but I am bound to transmit you my unequivocal, hearty appreciation of THE TRUTH SEEKER'S merits. It is a great paper, and has too become, in time, a general and long-felt blessing to the misguided, suffering mankind.

The few trial numbers I read hav sufficiently convinced me that the paper will always be welcome—nay, as necessary in my house as the "daily bread." So please enter my name among your permanent readers.

I am as strong an Infidel now as I was once a Catholic believer until some three years ago. I could not leave my bedroom at morning without an ardent thanksgiving and prayer to the imaginary omnipotent father and son and their "blessed immaculate companion." Neither could I touch the bed at evening minus the same litany of devotions. I prayed before and after meals; prayed when leaving home, prayed on returning home, prayed and prayed to become good and holy, prayed for health and money, prayed for family and neighbors, for living and dead, prayed for and against everything.

Once—I don't recollect what induced me to do so—I reflected upon my so sincere and perpetual devotions. I thought of the omnipresent and all-knowing God, and finally it seemed to me that if God is present everywhere, and if he knows everything, then he must know our necessities; he must know what is best to make us happy without our calling his attention to it, and if he does not want of his free will to lend us assistance, then our prayers cannot change his mind, as he is unchangeable, unalterable, otherwise he could be no God. He has prescribed for each and everyone of his "children" a special office and salary, and *punctum est.*

I concluded, therefore, that my prayer was rather a sin than a virtue, and, in order not to offend God, I stopped praying altogether. But as prayer is the cardinal doctrin of the Christian church, the latter must be founded on sin, and sin is, they say, a crime. Consequently Jesus Christ, who so ardently advocated the prayer, preaching and praying himself, could not be God, nor sent by God; he was an impostor, a fraud, and impostors were his prophets and apostles.

So, to avoid supporting such an unholy institution, the church, I severed my connection with the same entirely. In every respect I feel more satisfied to-day than before, and calmly shall await my end without fearing that fire and brimstone shall be my reward if not attending church regularly, if not kneeling and praying, and fasting and confessing, and——

But too long hav I strained your patience; so wishing you all desired success in your true apostolic endeavor,

I remain, N. T. TANSKI, M.D.

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NEW BEDFORD, MASS., Aug. 7, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $5 to pay for THE TRUTH SEEKER for the next two years. I also inclose a communication I had published in one of our leading county papers (New Castle *Guardian*), and which explains itself. It stopped their priestly slang. And if the Liberals would meet these impudent, arrogant priests in a similar manner everywhere they would either be compelled to behave themselvs or step down and out. W. W. WALKER.

*Editor Guardian:* A friend has just handed me a copy of last week's issue of your valuable paper, and called my attention to "Fair Play's" statement of our doings at this place, on which please permit me to say a few words. But, first, allow me to say that I am in no wise responsible for the bitter feelings that seem to exist in certain quarters in this community. With malice toward none, and kindly feeling toward all, I was quietly minding my own business, when I was informed that Mr. Buzza, who was holding "revival meetings" in the Methodist Episcopal church, was denouncing me, or the class of people to which I was understood to belong, as "poor, puny, contemptible, ignorant, cowardly Infidels that would not stand fire. All you hav to do is to shoot and they will run." Also, that we had never read the Bible, and hated the truth, etc. It is said that even a snail, when tramped, will put out its horns, and there is a point beyond which forbearance becomes meanness. Feeling that the point was about reached, we thought that we would challenge him and his co-worker, Mr. Boyd, to defend on the platform some of the positions they had so loudly and insultingly stated in the pulpit, thus giving them an opportunity to refute the common charge that the pulpit is the coward's castle, and the result is before you. It seems it is beneath their dignity "to stoop to discuss with Infidels!" What wonderful dignity for a little town like Bedford! They claim to be commissioned by Christ. What to do? Is it to call the righteous or sinners to repentance? Is is not to convince an unbelieving "Infidel" world of the truth of Christianity? Certainly. And when we get them up an opportunity to do the very thing they claim they were sent to do—viz., an intelligent, respectable, and in spite of their cowardly efforts to boycott, an audience fair as to numbers, and then politely ask them to "stand up for Jesus" then and there—oh, no; oh, no; they had too much dignity to stoop, etc. What sublime dignity! And if they had not told us we would not hav known it. Why, Gladstone, Alex. Campbell, Dr. McCalla, Dr. Berg, Prof. Deitzler, and many other learned churchmen debated with Infidels without either stooping or losing their dignity. Gentlemen, it is not "dignity" that is the matter with you; it is cowardice. It reminds one of our colored brother's couplet:

De more you see de smoke, de less de fire will be,
And the leastest kind ob 'possum climbs de biggest kind ob tree.

And right here, in view of the fact that a large and increasing number of learned and eloquent men and women are daily lecturing to enthusiastic audiences all over the United States on "Rationalism," or, as the church people hav it, Infidelity, if our reverend friends hav no answer to giv them but boycott and dignity, they may write Ichabod on their religion, and Infidelity has come to stay. But they hav more important work, "namely, saving souls." I honor the preaching that tends to make men more just, wise, kind, liberal, and noble, as it tends to the elevation and ennobling of humanity; but such preaching (which "Fair Play" calls work) as that quoted above, and which has been the fashion with these gentlemen the past winter. will save no person's soul, but such a spirit of slander and abuse will degrade, shrivel, and damn the souls of all who cherish it, whether speaker or hearer. It is claimed that the success attending these meetings proves the conductor's means—preaching, etc.—all right, but I am prepared to show that some of our most successful revivalists hav been the vilest libertins, and even murderers, that ever cursed the earth. But, for the present, I will close. Yours truly, W. W. WALKER.

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WEST UNION, O., Sept. 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Our third annual Liberal camp-meeting, with Mr. Charles Watts, editor of *Secular Thought*, Toronto, Canada, as lecturer, closed Sunday night, September 18th. A railway accident on Mr. Watts's train on his way hither deprived us of two of his lectures, but he gave us five in all, and the others will not spoil. Our Liberals cling to Mr. Watts like magnets to steel, and are determined under fairer skies, at some future time, to hear him again.

The orthodox folks will probably hav renewed faith in prayer, for their meanest minister prayed publicly for his God to visit evil on the Infidels of Adams county, and to specially pour out his wrath on the speaker who was coming to address us.

But if their God attempted to answer this prayer by the railway accident and the rain, he got in his work very imperfectly, for Mr. Watts was not injured in the accident, and the rain refreshed the parched fields of Infidel and Christian alike, and seemed to cause our Infidel friends to rally with a firmer determination in spite of the weather. The orthodox folks concentrated their energies to carry out their usual tactics to prevent attendance on our meetings. They circulated on the day of Watts's arrival that he would not be here. They imported a boy preacher as a special attraction, and every church in town held services at exactly the same hour as ours. They jerked their little orthodox bell-ropes savagely, and their bells clashed with a fierce, sharp, harsh, jangling discord, as though they were uttering volleys of orthodox oaths, in which hell, spelled in the good old way, seemed numerously interspersed, while in contrast the grand old court-house bell rang forth her deep, resonant notes, calling the people to the temple of justice to hear our noble orator Watts, in his appeal to the reason and moral perception of his audience, an audience that boldly, bravely chose to hear the discussion of "Secularism" while Superstition threw open her gilded halls, with the attractions of music, fair ladies, boy preachers, and all, all around them. Liberalism is taking deeper root in the minds of our people. When Science once subdues superstition, she will stand as long as the world stands. Nothing short of a wreck of the planet could destroy her reign. All day on Sunday, I saw intelligent-looking men standing on the streets looking toward the court-house with wistful eyes, not daring to enter, fearing the cruel hand of the church in their business or social relations. School-teachers are the most pardonable for not taking activ part in Liberal work, for if known, it means almost certain dismissal, yet some of them nobly assist us confidentially. I am the only outspoken Infidel worker in the county who holds a school, and I hav held my place by constant strategic warfare, and I do not know how long I can hold the fort, but I know I will not renounce my principles for any position. Many copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Investigator*, and *Secular Thought* were distributed to those who came boldly forward to eagerly receive them.

What we need here now is more subscribers to our Liberal papers, more readers of our Liberal books, a deeper study into the ethics of Secularism, more frequent meetings of our own society, more effort to develop the individualism and power of thought and expression among our own members, such as essays, readings, and discourses at our meetings and by our own members. We must not depend on great orators from a distance doing all our work, nor half of it. Like the sensible farmer in the old fable, let us resolve to do our own work ourselvs. I would not say dispense with our great orators, but our own work comes first, and when we come down to hard, thorough home work it will not be half so hard to employ a great orator and pay him well as it is now.

J. F. BECK, Sec. Adams Co. Secular Union.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## For Miss Susan H. Wixon.

Too deep for tears the grief that bends
O'er graves of fondly cherished friends,
And still rereads, with dizzy gaze,
The stone whereon, in brief, cold phrase,
A true companion's record ends.

In part I comprehend your woe.
I hav my mother still—I know
If I should lose her hand from mine,
Long, long for me no sun would shine,
No bird would sing, no flower blow.

We turn with scorn from priestly tales,
But there is truth that never fails—
View Nature's workings, then believe!
Why shou d the only One deceive?
What other Justice holds the scales?

Though faded blossoms sink to earth,
The atoms change, not cease, their mirth.
When summer's ray the garden warms,
They group anew, in graceful forms,
At beauty's e'er mysterious birth.

There may not fade the tiniest spark,
To leave the universe more dark;
Though deep it hide in earth or air,
Its every change, with tireless care,
The searching eyes of Science mark.

If empty evil, too, must liv,
Till debt discharged a quittance giv,
Then how can love's transcendent bloom,
Heart-sunshine, meet a voiceless doom,
Last remnant in the broken sieve?

Unless I, too, am but a mask
That sober Nature—childish task!—
To shape, then shatter, condescends,
For all my loved, lamented friends
Some time I not in vain shall ask.

*Savannah*, Sept. 25, 287. HUGO B. PLATEN.

## Don't Carry Too Much Sail.

Don' carry too much sail, my friend;
The morn is fresh and fair,
The salt winds blow, the small waves go,
And on thy vessel bear;
But 'neath the calm sea lurks the swell,
And 'neath the cloud the storm,
And ships go down, and brave souls drown
In sight of the harbor warm.

So reef your flaunting sail, my friend,
And ne'er despise the oar,
But bravely stand, with steady hand,
And make for the welcome shore;
Don't carry too much sail, my friend,
The winds fall—don't you know?
The world looks on and laughs in scorn,
Saying, "I told you so!"

When many a proud heart's hopes go down
Biting the bitter dust,
When plans of years are lost in tears,
And true hearts learn distrust.
So lower your widespread sail, good friend;
Wear bravely your homespun suit,
To-morrow must pay the debts of to-day
And swallow their bitter fruit.

'Tis better to own the clothes you wear,
And a cottage ne'er so small,
Than stagger beneath the iron wreath
Of debt in a nabob's hall;
'Tis better to carry an honest heart
Than satins and plumes and lace,
If the glitter of gold o'er a heart as cold
Would only bring disgrace.

Be proud of the sphere of life you fill,
And honor it all you can;
But never forget, more noble yet
It is to be called a man.
The best of all the gifts of heaven
Is to know not how to fail;
But next to this right truthful is:
"Don't carry too much sail."

—*E. Alice Kinney, in Detroit Free Press.*

## Memory Gems.

*From the Works of Thomas Paine. To be learned and recited by the children.*

It is the nature of compassion to associate with misfortune.

Any system of religion that is shocking to the mind of a child cannot be a true system.

I believe in one God, and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life.

I believe in the equality of man; and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy.

The word of God is the creation we behold. And it is in this word, which no human invention can counterfeit or alter, that God speaketh universally to man.

Human language is local and changeable, and is therefore incapable of being used as the means of unchangeable and universal information.

The creation speaketh a universal language, independently of human speech or human language, multiplied and various as they may be. It preaches to all nations and to all worlds; and this word of God reveals to man all that is necessary for man to know of God.

Mystery is the antagonist of truth.

All national institutions of churches, whether Jewish, Christian, or Turkish, appear to me no other than human inventions, set up to terrify and enslave mankind, and monopolize power and profit.

The world is my country; to do good my religion. S. H. W.

## Witty Sayings of the Little Ones.

Little Edna, with her mother, was visiting her grandmother in Maine. Moses was the name of her chubby little playmate. One afternoon Edna, having grown tired of her playthings, went to her mother's room and soon returned, putting on her new white dress, from which the sash was hanging, having been pinned to the skirt. "Why, Edna," exclaimed her mother, "what mischief are you into now?" "Oh, nottin', mamma, only Moses tum to see me and I fought I'd dess up." "No, mine; didn't come to see you nuther," said Moses, drawing the back of his chubby hand across his face. "Well, I don't tare; I looks pitty all de same," said Edna.

One evening, at the approach of twilight, little Edna was riding from town with her grandmother, and, on entering the thick maple grove, it became very dark, and Edna commenced to talk in a whisper, when her grandmother said, "Don't be afraid, Edna, dear, God will take care of us in the dark as well as in the sunlight." "Oh, I isn't 'fraid, danma, only I tought de bears might tum and tarry de horse off."

Little Edna was one day walking in the fields with her aunt, and gathering sticks in her apron. "What are you going to with the sticks?" said her aunt. "Oh, I'se doin' to det papa's supper wid 'em!" and after a minute she said: "Do you know, aunty, I'se passionately fond ob flowers, berries, and kindling wood."

Little Mabel stood looking out of the window when a horse was being driven by with a linen duster thrown over him, when Mabel said: "Mamma, is it doin' to rain?" "No," said her mother. "Den what's dat jack horse dot on a dozzamer for?"

GUSTIE F. HOWE.

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—CHARADE.

My first is an humble dwelling,
My last is a noted lake,
My whole is a set of people
Who socially congregate.

*N. Boothbay, Me.* WARREN B. ORCHARD.

2.—DIAMOND.

1. A letter.
2. A resinous substance.
3. The moon.
4. A conductor.
5. Shut up.
6. A color.
7. A letter.

C. ROOKER.

## Correspondence.

BAKER CITY, OR., Sept. 26, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Please accept our heartfelt sympathy in your late bereavement. Commending you to your good judgment, we remain, your little friends,

MISSES RENA and PEARL BAISLEY.

## The Infancy of Weaving.

A piece of linen was discovered at Memphis, Egypt, containing 540 picks to the square inch. This fact would seem to indicate that the ancient Egyptians knew about as much about weaving as is known to-day, although the art was not so widely developed. One of the Pharaohs sent the Lydian king, Crœsus, a corselet made of linen and wrought with gold, each thread of which was composed of 360 smaller threads twisted together. Woven fabrics are found on the ancient mummies, but whether of cotton or linen it is hard to say, but they show that weaving and spinning were known very early in the history of the human race. Ancient Egyptian sculpture shows evidences of this art, which by some means seems to hav scattered all over the world. Even the Navajo squaws of this country are known to be expert weavers. A good Navajo blanket sells for $15, while a Mexican blanket can be had for $2.50. The ancient Romans had a cloth factory at Winchester, England; and the weavers had guilds and corporations as early as the eleventh century, and regal power was exerted to support the industry, although Queen Elizabeth, who had peculiar notions, refused to giv a patent to William Lee, who invented the knitting frame about 1589, and made woolen stockings. Elizabeth thought that if one man had the monopoly of stocking-weaving, her subjects would suffer from the loss of employment. Weaving was stimulated very greatly in England by the exodus of weavers from the Continental countries from various causes. Lee's invention was the most important in the whole range of textil industry. He died at Paris in 1610, according to Falkin's history of hosiery and lace manufactures. Burlanach, a London merchant, began spinning under the reign of James I., and in 1629 the spinners of London were incorporated under the name and style of "Masters, Wardens, Assistants, and Commonalty of Silk Throwers." By 1661, forty thousand persons found employment in London alone. In 1685, religious persecution in France drove vast numbers of skilled artisans to England and elsewhere, and some seventy thousand of them are supposed to hav settled in England and Ireland, and to hav aided largely to the foundation of this and many other great industries of the country.—*Philadelphia Educational Review.*

## Value of Dead Horses.

"Say, what yer goin' to do with that old nag?" shouted a passing cart driver to a man who was superintending the removal of a lifeless horse on Willow street.

"Lots," answered the other. "We'll first of all ship the old hulk to the glue factory. There the hide will be taken off and sent to a tannery, and the flesh removed from the bones. The bones are very valuable, and when the frame is separated they are distributed into piles. Shin bones are worth $40 a ton. They are used for knife handles. Thigh bones bring more. They go to Europe at $75 a ton, and come back here after a while in the shape of tooth brush handles. The foreleg bones are made into parasol handles, collar buttons, trousers buttons, and other small articles of usefulness. Glue comes from the water in which the bones are boiled, while the dust from the sawing of the bones makes excellent medicin for cattle and poultry. All the rest that can't be made into bone black is ground up into powder and sold for fertilizing purposes."

"Well, who'd thought that old carcass was wuth so much?" exclaimed the carter in surprise.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*


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## Poetry.

### The Singing Sands.

When down the length of Athabasca's lake
  The north wind sweeps,
The brown shore-shallows into singing break,
  A voice of music rises from the deeps.

It is the singing sands—the pebbled keys
  That from their caves
Respond in faint and haunting melodies
  To the long touches of the fingering waves.

Elf-tones that waken only when the wind
  Blows from the north;
No sea breeze cool, no zephyr sweet as Ind,
  No breath of plain or hill can draw them forth.

Thus life has singing sands that only sound
  To the cold wind of pain;
Sweet airs of joy and peace in fragrant round,
  Search for the secret of the voice in vain.

But when the north wind blows and high the seas
  Of suffering roll,
From the deep waters come the melodies—
  The sands of patience singing in the soul.

—*Mary Leonard.*

### A Metaphor That Is Mixed.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:*

In the story entitled "Robbed Him of His Crutches," which originally appeared in the *Religious Intelligencer*, the following words are attributed to the late Mr. Beecher (see Truth Seeker, Oct. 8, 1887) in his alleged conversation with Colonel Ingersoll:

The human soul is lame, but Christianity givs it crutches to enable it to pass the highway of life. It is your teaching that knocks these crutches from under it, and leaves it a helpless and rudderless wreck in the slough of despond.

This is one of the most remarkbale metaphors it was ever my luck to meet. It begins with a human soul and ends with a rudderless wreck. But let us trace the evolution backward. We hav, then, in a slough of despond, a wreck that is rudderless and helpless on account of having had its crutches knocked out from under it by Colonel Ingersoll's teaching. Previously the wreck was a ship on the highway of life, which its crutches, given it by Christianity, enabled it to pass as a lame human soul.

Let us next, by a broad grasp, take in the whole meaning of the accusation against Ingersoll. Putting the first and last parts together we find that by the generosity of Christianity a lamé human soul is a ship on crutches, but provided with a rudder; and we are presumably to suppose that thus equipped it sails gaily along on the highway of life, successfully avoiding the slough of despond. The spectacle of a ship sailing on the highway is, of course, familiar to all parts of the world, civilized and barbarous. But while we are admiring the sight of a ship on crutches working up to windward, and tacking across the street by means of its rudder and crutches, along comes the piratical Ingersoll and knocks away the crutches of the ship. And I would call upon you, Mr. Editor, as a yachtsman, to picture, if you can, the distress of a ship whose crutches hav been knocked away by the teachings of Infidelity.

Then another consideration: According to the figure, there must be some connection, a lanyard perhaps, fastening the crutches and the rudder together, since knocking away the crutches leaves the wreck rudderless, and therefore helpless on the billowy and tempestuous highway. At the same time this pernicious teaching transfers the wreck from a highway to a slough, where it (that is to say, the lame human soul), erstwhile a cripple on crutches sailing up the highway, happy in the possession of a divinely-bestowed rudder, now lies a helpless wreck as aforesaid.

The figure, you see, presents surpassing, not to say incomprehensible, beauties whichever way you turn it; and, after viewing them, I am quite prepared to believe that Ingersoll was silent, and that the company took their hats and parted. As a close reader of the colonel's works, I am also qualified to testify that the man who constructed this metaphor is more than Ingersoll's master in powers of illustration. Nowhere in the colonel's writings do I find anything like it. The question of its authorship is altogether overshadowed by its kaleidoscopic beauties, which my feeble commentaries can in nowise fully develop.

G. E. Macdonald.

### The Curious Gift of the Whangdoodle.

*Williston Fish in Puck.*

Since the magnificent, cat-like spring taken by the science of natural history on the publication of Goldsmith's "Animated Nature," progress in that study has been comparativly slow. It is said of Goldsmith that so deeply did he investigate his subject, so philosophically befogged did he become, that, in the end, he either would not undertake to say, or even did not know, in which direction the hock joint of a horse turns; but since his day it is only German scholars and Concord philosophers who pretend to arrive at this comprehensiv breadth of horizon; and it may be taken as practically a fact that not until now, when I seize the pupil pen to set down the subtler peculiarities of the animal whose name heads this monograph, does natural history again become a progressiv science. This may seem a trifle overweening, but the present is my second monograph, and I am already posing as a tireless investigator and a fearless blowhard.

The whangdoodle has for a *habitat* all that country where he is most frequently met by the hardy and intrepid hunter, but it is a strange coincidence that he is found, or at least spoken of, only in those regions where chestnuts flourish. The name whangdoodle is derived from *whang*, a whang, and *doodle* or *doddle* (Fr. *duder*, Sp. *duda*, It. *dughliera*), a small dude. The same word may be traced in the Sanscrit *umastra*. Compare Finnish *k-ruin*, Danish *Fjyg*.

In size the whangdoodle is too well known to need description. His weight is proportionate to his size. His pabulum consists of food of various sorts, which he takes by means of a curious apparatus evidently designed for the express purpose.

But the chief peculiarity of the whangdoodle is his ability to melt the human heart with the expression of his grief. The whangdoodle is generally of a gay and volatil disposition; but we know that it is sometimes the lightest heart that makes the heaviest mourning. The poignant griefs of the whangdoodle time alone cannot assuage; and it is on this account that nature has bestowed upon the animal exceptional powers of lamentation; the idea being that when sorrow falls into his light heart the whangdoodle will mourn, and that when he mourns somebody will come up with a club and kill him. It is a beautiful instance of the perfect adaptation by nature of means to ends, that somebody generally comes.

The only imitation of the whangdoodle's aggressiv dolor is that rendered by Anthony Comeskulk in weeping over the profligacy of mankind. Once when Comeskulk's friends heard him weep, it occurred to them—like an inspiration—to put him up against the whangdoodle on a mourning match. The preliminaries were arranged, an expert referee was appointed, and the contestants, coming on the ground, were stationed behind screens out of sight of the umpire. They then exercised their gifts. It is said to hav been the saddest moment in the history of our country. When the wails had ceased, the referee controled his emotion as far as he was able, and, pointing to the screen behind which stood the whangdoodle, remarked: "Indubitably behind that screen is a whangdoodle mourning for its first-born; but behind that one—oh, boo, hoo-hoo—is a whangdoodle mourning for twins!"

So Comeskulk was awarded the prize, which consisted of the works of Rabelais for himself, and a government order on all booksellers to sell nothing but expurgated editions of Little Red Riding Hood to everybody else.

### Lucy and Me.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:*

As no one volunteers the information which Mr. Wm. E. Renwick seeks regarding the authorship of the verses printed in your issue of October 1st, I will say that they appear in the edition of Moore's poems published by Collier, New York, 1879. Mr. Renwick has the second and third stanzas transposed, and there are also a few verbal variations, such as might be looked for in lines quoted from memory. His version also introduces a certain Lucy unknown to Mr. Moore. Probably some young man, in whom communion with Lucy had produced that mild form of lunacy known as the tender passion, adapted the poem to the occasion, which was a proper thing to do beyond all question. No doubt you hav done the same thing yourself. I append the original.

G. M.

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

They may rail at this life—from the hour I began it
  I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And until they can show me some happier planet,
  More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
As long as the world has such lips and such eyes
  As before me this moment enraptured I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
  But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In Mercury's star, where each moment can bring them
  New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Though the nymphs may hav livelier poets to sing them,
  They've none, even there, more enamoured than I.
And as long as this harp can be wakened to love,
  And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of the Edens above,
  But this is the planet for you, love, and me.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendor
  At twilight so often we've roamed through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who hav bosoms as tender,
  And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you;
But though they were even more bright than the queen
  Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never those fair young celestials hav seen,
  Why—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
  Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
  Heaven knows we hav plenty on earth we could spare.
Oh, think what a world we should hav of it here
  If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
  And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

### Obituary.

Died, on Saturday, September 24th, at Dahlonega, at the residence of his son, Mr. Lory D. Miller, John W. Miller, in the 89th year of his age.

John W. Miller was born at Uniontown, Pa., March 28, 1798, removed to Ohio in 1812, was married to Miss Catherine Ford in Ohio about fifty-three years ago, and removed to Iowa, in the vicinity of Sigourney, in 1886. He lived in Sigourney until 1883, when he and his wife, who still survives him, removed to the residence of their son, where his death took place as related. He was made a Mason about fifty years ago, and will be buried by that order at Sigourney to-day.

He was the father of seven children—six sons and one daughter. Three of these sons volunteered in the army during the Rebellion. One of these was killed in action; another died from disease; another, D. T. Miller, the well-known lawyer of this city, survived the conflict and ministered to the last wants of his aged parent. Another son is O. L. Miller, principal of the Business College. Still another son, W. S., livs in Sigourney; the daughter, Hannah Harris, is, with her husband, residing in Nebraska.

The venerable old pioneer whose death we thus announce was remarkably well preserved, and retained his mental faculties to the last. He was an old-time Abolitionist, and was very conscientious in not only that belief but in everything else that he professed. He was Liberal in his religious views, and acted to the principles of the Golden Rule through all the years of his long and industrious life. He was a good neighbor, an indulgent father, and a kind husband, and goes down to the grave with the respect and affection of all who knew him. His end was peaceful; life went out tranquil and untroubled as the sleep of an infant; folding his arms across his breast, his spirit left the worn-out frame which had so well served its purpose.—*Ottumwa, Ia., Democrat.*

### Books.

The Struggle for Religious and Political Liberty. By Theo. C. Spencer. New York: The Truth Seeker Publishing Co., 28 Lafayette Place. Price 75 cents.

The above is the title of a handsome volume, bound in muslin, of 140 pages. It is a book rich in information; its style is lucid yet condensed, and the subjects discussed handled with that candor which impresses the reader with the honesty and fairness of the author. The work is in a great measure historical, and we know not where so much information on the same subjects can be obtained in a single volume. The book, for this reason, is equally valuable whether one agrees with the author in his conclusions or not. The chapter headings are as follows: "Introductory; The Beginning; The Pagans and Jews; The Church of Rome; Mormonism; Mohammedanism; Dogmatism; Martin Luther and John Calvin; The Godhead; Persecutions of the Early Christians; Christians Persecute Christians; The Wrongs of Ireland; Huguenots Persecute Catholics; Catholics Persecute Huguenots; The Puritans; The Pilgrims; The Revolution; The Church of England; Protestant Churches of America; Slavery; The Cause Found." These headings giv a good idea of the contents. The style of the author is pleasing, and every page interesting. Few persons who start to read it will lay the volume down until it is finished.—*Denison, Texas, Sunday Gazetteer.*

Theo. C. Spencer has recently published a book that should be found in the home of every citizen. It is called, "The Struggle for Religious and Political Liberty," and is one of the best commentaries on the history of the human race that we hav ever read. Whoever may disagree with the views of Mr. Spencer, it will be generally acknowledged that he argues by the rule of reason from the basis of truth.—*Home Advocate, Mapleton, Iowa.*


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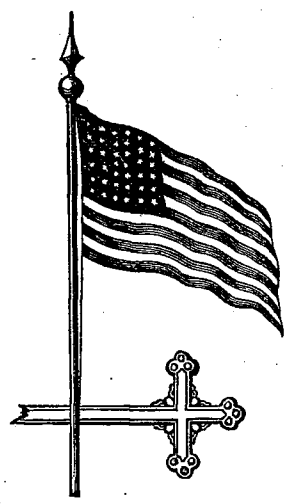
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## News of the Week.

THE fifth inspector has been given to the Henry George party.

THE syndicate owning the Scotch cutter Thistle now offer her for sale for $35,000. The price before the race was $50,000.

PRESIDENT and Mrs. Cleveland spent last Sunday with Mr. Vilas in Madison, Ind. They did not attend church.

THE Rev. Dr. Crosby says that drunkards should be treated as criminals, and that liquor should be stamped out gradually by raising the license.

DENIS KEARNEY is in New York. He says the cure for all our industrial evils is the exclusion of Chinese, beside which Mr. George's doctrins are quite unimportant.

AN iceman was arrested in this city for breaking the Sabbath last Sunday by selling ice. The judge discharged him. Two men arrested for selling a pair of shoes and a pair of slippers were held to bail. Another merchant sold a collar worth fourteen cents and was fined.

QUITE a number of New York women hav expressed their determination to vote in next month's election. Those desiring information as to the proper methods to adopt are invited to visit the rooms of the suffrage committee, 30 East Fourteenth street.

THE police made 67 arrests in this city last Sunday for violation of the liquor law. Nearly every saloon in New York now keeps its side door open on Sunday.

HENRY GEORGE and Mr. Schevitch, editor of the daily *Leader* and head of the Progressiv Labor party, hav agreed to debate their differences from a public platform October 16th.

A SENSATIONAL divorce case in Baltimore bids fair to involve a priest, a theologian, two journalists, and many prominent business men. The principals are Mr. and Mrs. Bottomer.

THE female employees in a large cigar factory in Madrid, Spain, struck against a reduction of wages last week and locked out their employers. They were given their old pay and set at work again.

THE police broke up a mass-meeting of the Progressiv Labor party at Union Square, this city, last Saturday night, and some fifty persons were clubbed. The assault of the police was totally unprovoked.

THE Boston yacht Volunteer, having come to New York and saved the cup, returned home last week. The owner, the designer, and the captain were given a reception in Faneuil Hall, and there was great rejoicing.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN has been delivering speeches lately about the Chicago Anarchists. His last one, in which he predicted dire calamity to the nation, was made October 5th, when he bade farewell to his audience, telling them he should never appear in public again.

THE authorities hav stopped the lotteries and grab-bags at Henry George's Anti-Poverty fair, and William T. Croasdale, the manager, is held to bail. The lotteries are similar to those adopted at church fairs, and Mr. Croasdale declares that if he is convicted there will be no more church fairs in New York.

THE hearing in the case of Editor O'Brien, of *United Ireland*, prosecuted for publishing meetings of suppressed branches of the National League, was adjourned until the case of Lord Mayor Sullivan, who controls a newspaper, and who had been guilty of the same offense, could be settled. The matter having since been decided in favor of Mr. Sullivan, O'Brien's prosecution will probably be dropped.


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BURIAL OF ISAAC.

And Isaac gave up the ghost, and died, and was gathered unto his people, being old and full of days, and his sons Esau and Jacob buried him.—Gen. xxxv, 29.

## Odds and Ends.

"WHAT is an epistle?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her class. "The wife of an apostle," replied the young hopeful.

"MAMMA, will heaven be just like church all the time?" "I hope so, dear," said her mother. "Well, I sha'n't say my prayers any more; I'd rather go to the other place."

"Now," said a Walnut street Sunday-school teacher, "our lesson to-day is about the battle between David and Goliath. Why did they fight?" Little Towhead: "For the gate receipts and points."

"MA, do pugs go to heaven, like good little boys do, when they die?" "No, Johnnie; why do you ask such a silly question?" "Well, I was wondering whether Jip was always going to hav the best of me."

"O MY friends, there are some spectacles that a person never forgets!" said a lecturer, after giving a graphic description of a terrible accident that he had witnessed. "I'd like to know where they sell 'em," remarked an old lady in the audience who is always mislaying her glasses.

LAST Sunday a clergyman in Hartford, Conn., was speaking to children regarding the benefits of a temperate life. "Why," said he, "the strongest man that ever lived never tasted liquor. Who can tell me the name of the strongest man?" "John L. Sullivan," came instantly from a little fellow in the infant department of the Sunday-school.

"COME on. What are you waiting for?" inquired one little boy of another. "Mamma won't let me go." "She won't? My mamma lets me go most everywhere. Yours is awful strict, ain't she?" "Yes; she used to be the principal of a seminary." "Was she?" "Yes. I guess pop didn't think about the trouble he was makin' for me when he married a school teacher."

A TRAMP printer fell into the hands of the St. Paul police, who took him to court. "I'm sorry, Bill," said the judge. "I've let you go a good many times, but I think that this time I'll hav to put you to work on the stone pile for about thirty days." "All right, judge," responded Bill; "you've got everything in your own hands, and can do as you please, but I'll tell you right now that I'm no geologist, although a student of nature."

A SMALL boy not far from Boston was the other day guilty of some outrageous mischief, which he performed alone in a closed room, but which was quickly brought to his door. When his mother remonstrated with the youth, he met her reproof by the bold assertion: "You didn't see me do it!" "No," she replied solemnly, "but God did." "Well," the urchin retorted with an air of contemptuous superiority, "I guess God ain't going round giving away all he sees in this house."

DEACON BLANK: "How de do! I saw you at Deacon Goode's lecture last night." House Agent: "Yes; stirring lecture, wasn't it? The way he went for those women of fashion with no children was a caution." "Yes, he said every one of them ought to be locked up as criminals. By the way, one of Deacon Goode's houses is empty. You hav the renting of it and I would like to lease it for a year." "Can't let you hav it. Deacon Goode will only let the house to families without children."

IT IS ALL OVER.

No more along the silvery sands they stray
When starry night succeeds the golden day,
And Dian, with serene, unblushing face,
Glides calmly from Poseidon's fond embrace;
No more they linger on the pebbled strand,
And make believe to listen to the band
Discoursing airs from Sullivan and Strauss.
The nights grow cold, they spend them in the house.
And do they miss the beach, the pleasant walk?
Not by a very much extended chalk!

A TOURIST of world-wide experience puts forth the theory that the climate of California fosters mendacity, irreverence, and meretricious morals. He holds that the habit of sin in that state is not so much a matter of diseased conscience as of atmospheric pressure and sinister influences of weather. They hav practically no winter there, and so "miss the best means of keeping alive a realization of the presence of a higher and an overruling power, which people living in a sterner climate can so easily comprehend." The skies are so soft and the temperature so pleasant that men are led to think lightly of serious things, to forget how to cultivate the virtues.

LONDON *Truth* informs its readers that "the Minnesota legislature was recently opened with an extempore prayer, composed by a reverend member, from which the following is an extract: 'And now, dear Lord, bless the reporters, whose nimble pens catch every word almost before it is uttered. Like thyself, they are omnipresent, and almost omnipotent. If we take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth they are there. They meet us in the jungles of Africa, they waylay us in the solitary canyons of Colorado, and when at length we find the latitude of the magnetic pole behold they are there. May their light and goodness be equal to their power, and in the general assembly of heaven let no reporter be excluded.'"

ON THE WRONG TACK.

With her thumb on a black-headed tack,
With a hammer upraised in her hand,
Taking aim to obtain a good whack,
A woman sits smiling and bland;
A woman sits smiling and bland,
Sits on the half-carpeted floor,
Where tacks lie like shells on the strand,
Unnumbered and thirsty for gore.

With a yell that might make negroes pale,
With a leap which a goat can't surpass,
With a mangled and bleeding thumb-nail,
She falls in a chair, a limp mass;
She falls in a chair a limp mass,
And groans till the pain flees away—
A beautiful emblem, alas!
Of energy sadly astray.


# LIFE.

## *A PROSE POEM.*

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## Gems of Thought.

WITH all the ability claimed for a tutelar deity who made an attempt to conduct a country of his own special selection, containing less than 5,000 square miles—about one-twelfth the size of the state of New York—he seems to hav done nothing toward instructing the people he was so partial to about road-making; neither did the great lights and teachers hav any more conception of a macadamized carriage-road than a Bedouin Arab has to-day.—*D. M. Bennett.*

POPERY can build new chapels; welcome to do so, to all lengths. Popery cannot come back, any more than paganism can, which also lingers in some countries! But, indeed, it is with these things, as with the ebbing of the sea; you look at the waves thus oscillating hither and thither on the beach; for minutes you cannot tell how it is going; look in half an hour where it is; look in half a century where your popehood is. Alas! would there were no greater danger to our Europe than the poor old pope's revival.—*Carlyle.*

FLY to the desert. Though your wife put her arms about your neck, tear her hands away. She is a temptation of the devil. Though your father and mother throw their bodies athwart your threshold, step over them; though your children pursue you with weeping eyes, beseeching you to return, listen not; it is a temptation of the evil one. Fly to the desert and save your soul.—*St. Augustine* [St. Augustine, the greatest of the Roman fathers, stamped his own type of mind and character on the Christian church so deeply that he influences thought to this day almost as decidedly as does St. Paul, and certainly more than their professed master, Jesus. He borrowed the detestable doctrin given in the above extract from the gospels, but, for myself, I dare be known to prefer the gospel of St. Ingersoll, when he says; "While I liv, I purpose to stand by the *folks*." Augustine is a standing proof of the truth of the saying, "The greater the sinner the greater the saint." He was both a bigot and a fanatic of the first water, but his works are still worth studying.—*Hylax.*]

To what end is the clogging religion by multiplication of ceremonies and formalities, but to amuse the people and maintain in them a blind reverence toward the interpreters of the dark mysteries couched in them; and by seeming to encourage an exterior show of piety (or form of godliness) to gain reputation and advantage whereby they may oppress the exterior virtues and reality of it, as the scribes and pharisees did, though with less design? Why is the veneration of images and relics, the credence of miracles and legends, the undertaking of pilgrimages to Rome and other places more holy than ordinary, sprinklings of holy water, consecrations of baubles (with innumerable foppish knacks and trinkets), so cherished, but to keep the people in a slavish credulity and dotage, apt to be led by them whither they please by any sleeveless pretense, and, in the meanwhile, to prick various gains from them by such trade?—*On the Pope's Supremacy, by Dr. Isaac Barrow* (1630-1677).

EVERYWHERE, the new thought is at work, creating the religious belief of the future—a belief which, when it shall come, will be the most practical of beliefs, lifting the human mind into a surer and serener trust, laying upon the human conscience a more effectiv sense of responsibility for the world's welfare, summoning states to a finer justice, trade to a stricter honesty, and welding society to a more genuin brotherhood.—*W. J. Potter.*

WE can imagin the havoc that would hav been made in the statements and arguments of Jesus had Socrates met him face to face, and subjected him to his *testing* method. How ill would his loose, popular notions hav borne a close examination of their foundations; how easily would his dogmatic assertions hav been exposed in all their naked presumption [Let him that hath ears to hear, hear!] by a few simple questions; how quickly would his careless reasoning [hear, hear] hav been shattered by the dialectic art which would hav forced him to exhibit its fallacies himself before the assembled audience! But there was no one competent to the task, and when his opponents attempted to perplex him by what they thought awkward questions, he was able to baffle them, without much trouble, by his superior skill.—*Amberley.*

My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they
With whom I converse night and day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks hav often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

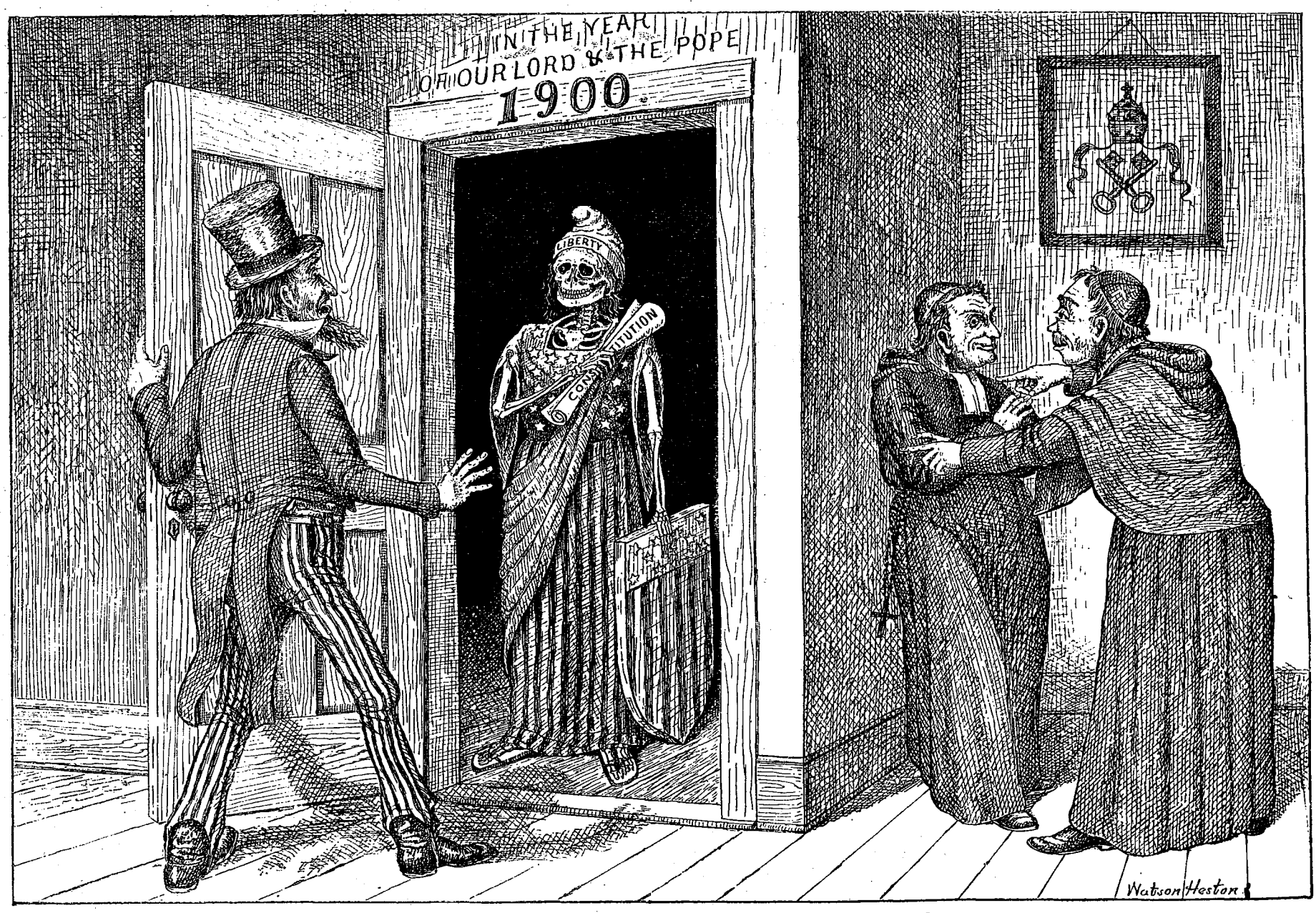
—*Southey's Library.*

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A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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THE SKELETON IN UNCLE SAM'S CLOSET

## Notes and Clippings.

LEAOH, the Sunday-school superintendent who clipped the beard of Revivalist Mnason at Park Ridge, N. J., and drove him out of town, was fined $1,000 by the court.

HE had evidently studied history. She: "Freddie, how often hav I told you not to play with your soldiers on Sunday?" He: "Yes; but, mamma, this is a religious war." —*Accident News.*

THE debate between Sergius E. Schevitch, leader of the Progressiv Labor party, and Henry George, of the United Labor party, will take place somewhere in this city on Sunday evening, October 23d.

THE Rev. W. T. Davis, who preached on Boston Common without a license, was last week fined $50 and costs on each of four complaints. In default of $200, which Mr. Davis is unable to pay, he must go to jail for one year.

THE *Sun* wants to know what in the world the ladies of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Pittsburgh meant when they greeted Mrs. Cleveland with the words of Jehovah to Abraham: "In thee shall all the nations of the earth be blessed!"

SOME wicked young Boston men met in their club house the other evening to play poker, and one of their number suggested that the winnings be given to a man who recently had been arrested in the North End for stealing cabbages for his starving family. This was agreed to, and at the close of the game the winners took a carriage, hunted up the cabbage thief's home, and made his family happy with a very respectable sum of money.

DO nine-tenths of the Philadelphia girls smoke cigarets? At the recent convention in that city of the County Woman's Temperance Union, Mrs. Bissed, the superintendent, is reported to hav said that she knows girl members of church who smoke, and is informed that nine-tenths of the girls puff the weed.

IN a recent issue we chronicled the importation from England, under contract, of the Rev. E. Walpole Warren by the church of the Holy Trinity of this city. The fine for importing laborers under contract is $1,000, and United States District Attorney Walker will bring suit to recover that amount from the church.

WHEN the Roman Catholic members of the House of Deputies of Chili offered a resolution by which Chili was to giv the pope $20,000 in gold on the occasion of his jubilee, the majority of the members howled with derision, and laughed the proposition out of the chamber. They said they were surprised and pained that the Catholic members took them for such fools.

THE National Grand Lodge of the Junior American Protestant Association in session at Reading, Pa., adopted resolutions condemning the action of the Pittsburgh school board in electing a Catholic priest as principal of the Monongahela public school, and declared that "the Catholic church is secretly and insidiously at work establishing herself in our midst for the destruction of that most glorious privilege, liberty of conscience, which to preserve inviolate should be the purpose of Protestant citizenship and Protestant Christianity."

A SIOUX CITY paper declares that the Salvation Army there has set apart one night in each week for the offering of prayer for the salvation of the numerous people in that city who are living as man and wife without ever having been married. Evidently facts are not suppressed so much in Sioux City as in some parts of the country.

A MONTREAL, Can., priest, whose last name is Ditcasson, was sentenced at the last session of the Court of the Queen's Bench to twenty-three months' imprisonment and to receive twenty lashes for outraging a young girl. The flogging, administered on the 13th inst., was a mere burlesque, and at the end the reverend rascal thanked the whipper for his tenderness.

JUSTUS SOHWAB, the prominent New York Communist, has just returned from a visit to his father in Germany. He says that he drank a bottle of wine with the chief of police at Frankfort-on-the-Main. If the officer had known who his guest was he would hav arrested him, as Schwab is a deserter from the German army, and is wanted by the authorities for circulating incendiary literature.

JOHN BRIGHT, writing to a Canada man on the temperance question, says: "The whole question and its solution must depend on public opinion, which may agree to restrictions which are important, but will for a long time, and perhaps always, refuse the absolute prohibition. It seems that a severe system of taxation is almost the only remedy which can be adopted with much hope of success. With Canada and with the temperance party in the United States, I hope and wish that the temperance cause may prosper."

THE Woman's Assembly, No. 1789, of Chicago, has adopted resolutions urging Governor Oglesby of Illinois to commute the sentence of the convicted Anarchists. Every newspaper in Chicago, with one exception, refused to print this fact. Sons of Liberty Assembly, No. 1307, also of Chicago, has adopted resolutions similar to those of the Woman's Assembly. Mrs. M. A. Freeman, the Freethought speaker, is recording secretary of this last named assembly.

THE Republican police commissioners and the Republican chief of the bureau of elections gave the fifth inspector to the Henry George party in New York, but the court declared the appointment illegal, and though Mr. George's men were on hand upon the first day of registration, they were not permitted to act. The matter will be contested. It is hinted that the appointment indicates a deal between the Republican and the United Labor parties.

THE Prohibitionists held a political meeting in Cooper Union last week. They started off with a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Deems, in which he said, "O Lord, we believe that every time we say, 'Down with the saloon,' thou sayest Amen! in heaven." A Kentucky colonel, who owned slaves till Abraham Lincoln took them away from him, said that the Prohibition was the real "G. O. P."—God's Own Party. Sam Small confessed that he used to be a high old drunkard, but owing to the mercy of God he had sworn off. It is pretty hard to tell whether the Prohibition party is a political organization or a prayer-meeting.

# Communications.

## The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

Author of "Physical Education," "The Secret of the East," etc.

### III.—Moral Maxims.

CHAPTER XIII.—HUMANITY.

*A.—Lessons of Instinct.*

The wanton disposition of young children, like the michievousness of our next relatives, the tree climbing half-men of the tropical forests, has often been mistaken for natural malevolence, but is rather due to an excess of misdirected vital energy. In seeking a vent for the exuberance of that energy, a frolicsome child, like a playful monkey, is apt to become destructive, merely because destruction is easier than construction. Mischievousness, in the sense of cruelty and gratuitous malice, is, however, by no means a prominent character-trait of monkeys or normal boys. The most wayward of all known species of fourhanders are undoubtedly the African baboons; yet a long study of their natural disposition, both in freedom and captivity, has convinced me that even their fits of passionate wrath stop short of actual cruelty, and are, in fact, almost invariably intended as a *protest* against acts of injustice or violence. At Sidi Ramath, Algiers, I saw a number of *babuinos* hasten to the aid of a shrieking child, who had hurt his hand in the gear of an ox-cart, and whose cries they evidently attributed to the brutality of his companions. The sight of a wounded fellow-creature, a crippled rat, a mangled bird, a dying rabbit, never fails to throw my pet Chacma-baboon into a paroxysm of shrieking excitement, and within reach of her chain she will act upon the impulse of compassion by trying to redress the injuries of her playmates or rescuing the victim of a dog-fight. The fierce mandril, with resources of self-defense that would defy the attack of a panther, is nevertheless so averse to an aggressive exertion of that strength that menagerie-keepers can trust him to spare, if not protect, the smallest species of his distant relatives, as well as such petulant fellow-captives as young dogs and raccoons. The hunters of the Orinoco Valley can attract fourhanders of all species by imitating the peculiar long-drawn wail of a young capuchin-monkey. At the sound of that cry spider-monkeys, stentors, and tamarins will hasten up from all parts of the forest, attracted less by curiosity than the evident desire to succor a distressed fellow-creature.

That instinct of compassion still manifests itself in the disposition of children and primitive nations. I have seen youngsters of five or six years gasp in anguish at sight of a dying dog, or turn with horror from the bloody scenes of a butcher-shop. Sir Henry Stamford describes the frantic excitement of a Hindoo village at the discovery of a number of buckshot-riddled hanuman-apes; and that sympathy is not limited to the nearest relatives of the human species, for in the suburbs of Benares the gardener of a British resident was pursued with howls and execrations for having killed a young *Roussette*—some sort of frugivorous bat. The mob repeatedly cornered the malefactor, and with shrieks of indignation shook the mangled creature before his face. The traveler Busbequius mentions a riot in a Turkish hamlet where a Christian boy came near being mobbed for "gagging a long-billed fowl."

"Man's inhumanity to man," as practiced by their foreign visitors, inspired the South Sea Islanders with a nameless horror. A sailor of the British ship Endeavor having been sentenced to be punished for some act of rudeness toward the natives of the Society Islands, the natives themselves interceded with loud cries for mercy, and seemed, indeed, to settle their own quarrels by arbitration, or, at worst, boy-fashion, by wrestling and pummeling each other, and then shaking hands again. A similar scene was witnessed in Prince Baryatinski's camp in the eastern Caucasus, where a poor mountaineer offered to renounce his claim to a number of stolen sheep, rather than see the thief subjected to the barbarous penalties of a Russian court-martial. In Mandingo Land Mungo Park was mistaken for a Portuguese slave-trader, nevertheless the pity of his destitute condition gradually overcame the hostility of the natives; so much, indeed, that they volunteered to relieve his wants by joint contributions from their own rather scanty store of comestibles. Even among the bigoted peasants of northern Italy the butcheries of the Holy Inquisition at first provoked a fierce insurrection in favor of the condemned heretics. In India and Siam some two hundred million of our fellow-men are so unable to overcome their horror of bloodshed that in time of famine they have frequently preferred to starve to death rather than satisfy their hunger by the slaughter of a fellow creature.

A diet of flesh food has, indeed, a decided influence in developing those truculent propensities which our moralists have often been misled to ascribe to the promptings of a normal instinct. In our North American Indians, for instance, a nearly exclusively carnivorous diet has engendered all the propensities of a carnivorous beast; but the next relatives of those sanguinary nomads, the agricultural *Indios* of Mexico and Central America, are about as mild-natured as their Hindostan fellow-vegetarians, while Science and tradition agree in contrasting the customs of flesh-eating hunters and herders with the frugal habits of our earliest ancestors. The primitiv instincts of the human soul are clearly averse to cruelty.

B.—REWARDS OF CONFORMITY.

The apologists of Supernaturalism have frequently insisted on the distinction between naturally advantageous and naturally thankless virtues. Under the former head they would, for instance, include Temperance and Perseverance; under the latter, charity and the love of enemies—thus arguing for the necessity of assuming an *other-worldly* chance of recompense for the unselfish merits of a true saint.

But a humane disposition is, on the whole, quite natural enough to dispense with the promis of preternatural rewards. Good-will begets good-will; benevolence is the basis of friendship, while malice begets ill-will, and is apt to betray its claws in spite of the soft-gloved disguise of polite formalities.

A humane master is better served than a merciless despot; his dependants identify his interests with their own; his family, his tenants, his very cattle, thrive as in an atmosphere of sunshine, while habitual unkindness blights every blessing and cancels all merits. Mental ability seems rather to aggravate the odium of a cruel disposition, while, on the other hand, we are almost ashamed to notice the mental or physical shortcomings of a kind-hearted man. Intellectual attainments have never reconciled the world to the demerits of a spiteful despot. Tiberius, the most abhorred of all the imperial monsters of tyrant-ridden Rome, was, next to Julian, mentally perhaps the most gifted of Cæsar's successors. Philip the Second was the most astute, as well as the most powerful, sovereign of his century, but his cold blooded inhumanity prevented him from ever becoming a popular hero. Henry the Eighth's services to the cause of Protestantism did not save him from the execrations of his Protestant subjects. Pedro el Cruel was probably the most enlightened man of his nation, a friend of science in an age of universal ignorance, a protector of Jews and Moriscoes in an age of universal bigotry. But his delight in refinements of cruelty made him so hateful that at the first opportunity his Trinitarian and Unitarian subjects joined in a revolt which the tyrant tried in vain to appease by promises of the most liberal reforms.

Tolerance, properly speaking, is nothing but common humanity, applied to the settlement of religious controversies; the essential principle of civilization is humanity applied to the daily commerce of neighbors and neighboring nations. Superior humanity alone has founded the prestige of more than one potentially inferior nation.

A benevolent disposition, moreover, finds its own reward in the fact that the order of the visible universe is, in the main, founded on a benevolent plan. The system of Nature, with all the apparent ferity of her destructive moods, tends on the whole to insure the greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number, and the natural inclination of the benevolent man is therefore in sympathy, as it were, with the current of cosmic tendencies; his mind is in tune with the harmony of Nature.

C.—PERVERSION.

The unparalleled inhumanities of the medieval bigots seem to form a strange contrast with the alleged humanitarian precepts of the Galilean prophet, but were nevertheless the inevitable consequence of a doctrine aimed at the suppression of the natural instincts of the human soul. "Whatever is pleasant is wrong," was the shibboleth of a creed that has been justly defined as a "worship of sorrow," and the practice of the self-denying virtues was valued chiefly in proportion to their *afflictiveness*. Herbert Spencer, in his "Data of Ethics," has demonstrated with absolutely conclusive logic that the universal practice of *altruism* (*i.e.*, the subordination of personal to alien interests) would lead to social bankruptcy, but the clear recognition of that result would have been only an additional motive in recommending its promotion to the world-renouncing fanaticism of the Galilean Buddhist. Secular advantages were more than foreign to the purposes of his reform. "Divest yourself of your earthly possessions," was the sum of his advice to salvation-seeking inquirers. "Renounce! renounce!"—not in order to benefit your worldly-minded neighbor, but to mortify your own worldliness. Abandon the path of earthly happiness—not in order to make room for the crowding multitude, but in order to guide your own steps into the path of other-worldliness. Disinterestedness, in the Christian sense, meant the renunciation of all earthly interests whatever; and the same moralist who commands his disciple to love his enemies also bids him *hate* his father, mother, sister, brother, and friends.

"Seek everything that can alienate you from the love of earth; avoid everything that can rekindle that love," would be at once the *rationale* and the summary of the Galilean doctrine. Shun pleasure, welcome sorrow; hate your friends, love your enemies. It might seem as if precepts of that sort were in no danger of being followed too literally. We can love only lovely things. We cannot help finding hatefulness hateful. We cannot relish bitterness. We might as well be told to still our hunger with icicles or cool our thirst with fire. But even in its ultimate tendencies the religion of Antinaturalism was anything but a religion of love. The suppression of physical enjoyments, the war against freedom, against health and reason, was not apt to increase the sum of earthly happiness; and the sense of tolerance—nay, the instinct of common humanity and justice—was systematically blunted by the worship of a god to whom our ancestors for thirty generations were taught to ascribe what Feuerbach justly calls "a monstrous system of favoritism: arbitrary grace for a few children of luck, and millions foredoomed to eternal damnation." "The exponents of that dogma," says Lecky, "attributed to the creator acts of injustice and barbarity which it would be absolutely impossible for the imagination to surpass, acts before which the most monstrous excesses of human cruelty dwindle into insignificance, acts which are, in fact, considerably worse than any that theologians have attributed to the devil."

D.—PENALTIES OF NEGLECT.

The Millennium of Madness, as a modern Freethinker calls the thousand years' reign of the Galilean superstition, might with equal justice be called the Age of Inhumanity. "The greater possible misery of the greatest possible number" seems to have been the motto of the medieval dogmatists, and, short of any plan involving the total destruction of the human race, it seems, indeed, not easy to imagine a more effective system for crowding the greatest conceivable amount of suffering into a given space of time. In the pursuit of their chimeras fanatics have never shrunk from sacrificing the happiness of their fellow-men; class interests have made patricians callous to the sufferings of the poor, and revolted pariahs to the fate of the rich, but in the party warfare of antiquity cruelty was merely a means for the attainment of enlarged opportunities of enjoyment. But to the maniacs of the Middle Ages inhumanity seems to have become an end as well as a means. They inflicted misery for its own sake; they waged a persistent war against happiness itself, and their sect-founders vied in the suppression of sympathy with every natural instinct of the human heart. "If any sect," says Ludwig Boerne, "should ever take it into their heads to worship the devil in his distinctive qualities, and devote themselves to the promotion of human misery in all its forms, the catechism of such a religion could be found ready-made in the code of several monastic colleges."

Dissenters were murdered, and converts, under the full control of their spiritual taskmasters, were doomed to a slower, but hardly less cruel death, by wearing out their lives with penance and renunciation.

"According to that code," says Henry Buckle, "all the natural affections, all social pleasures, all amusements, and all the joyous instincts of the human heart were sinful. . . . The clergy looked on all comforts as sinful in themselves, merely because they were comforts. The great object of life was to be in a state of constant affliction. Whatever pleased the senses was to be suspected. It mattered not what a man liked; the mere fact of his liking it made it sinful. Whatever was natural was wrong."

The dogma of salvation by faith seemed to make the enforced propagation of that faith a sacred duty, and soon drenched the face of the earth with the blood of pagans and dissenters; the worship of sorrow drove thousands to devote themselvs and their children to a life of perpetual penance; and the insanities of the hideous superstition culminated in that dogma of eternal hell tortures that deprived its converts of the last solace of nature, and barred the last gate of escape from the horrors of existence.

E.—REFORM.

The skeptic Holbach, and several of his philosophical friends, directed the keenest shafts of their logic against the doctrin of eternal punishment, and never wearied of repeating that the belief in a merciless God naturally tends to fill the world with merciless bigots. "How insignificant," they argued, "the occasional sufferings of a transient life on earth must appear to the converts of John Calvin, who held that about nine-tenths of the human race are foredoomed to an eternity of nameless and hopeless tortures. How absurd they must deem the complaints of a life-weary wretch, who, ten to one, will soon look back to the comparative bliss of that life as to the happiness of a lost Eden." The Universalists are fond of enlarging on the moral of that theme, yet from a wider point of view their objections might be extended to the entire doctrine of *other-worldliness*, since Holbach's argument might find its exact analogue in the

dogma of *post mortem* compensation. "His soul will be the gainer," thought the Crusader who had demonstrated the dangers of unbelief by smashing a Moorish skull, "and if he should die his spirit will enter the gates of the New Jerusalem." "Oh, the ingratitude," actually said a priest of the Spanish-American land robbers, "the ingratitude of the wretches who grudge us the territories of their base earthly kingdoms and forget that our gospel offers them a passport to the glorious kingdom of heaven!" "The ingratitude!" repeats the modern pharisee, "the base ingratitude of those factory children who grudge me the privileges of my position, and clamor for an increase of wages to gratify their worldly desires. Consumption? Hunger? Frost? should not the rich promises of the gospel compensate such temporal inconveniences, and hav I not founded a Sabbath-school to save them from the lusts of their unregenerate souls?"

Only a few months ago a Chinese philosopher acquainted us with the verdict of his countrymen on the "gospel of love" that sends its missionaries on ships loaded with brandy and opium, and escorted by armadas for the demolition of seaports that might refuse to admit the cargo of spirituous and spiritual poisons.

Secularism, the religion of Nature, should teach our brethren that their highest physical and their highest moral welfare can be only conjointly attained, and that cramping misery stunts the soul, as well as the body of its victim. It should preach the *solidarity* of human interests which prevents the oppressor from enjoying the fruits of his inhumanity, and makes the curses of his dependents, nay, even the mute misery of his starving cattle, react on the hap piness of a cruel master. It should expose the business methods of the humanitarians who propose to silence the clamors of their famished brethren with consecrated wafers and drafts on the bank of the New Jerusalem.

The Christian duty of transferring our love from our friends to our enemies may be one of those virtues that have to await their recompense in a mysterious hereafter, but natural humanity can hope to find its reward on this side of the grave.

## Bible Biology and Evolution.

Biology, or the science which treats of all forms of animated matter, like physiology and paleontology, is a very young science. Man has regarded living forms in the light of "special creations" for so many thousands of years that it required an age of great and general intellectual enlightenment to be reached before even the most courageous among men of science would be bold enough to study any forms of life apart from the generally accepted view of theology. For they would doubtless reason that if God created every living thing either out of the water or out of the earth, it was but reasonable to suppose that he made them very much as we find them today. If, for instance, God made a wolf or a bear, and if it is admitted that like always produces like, then it would be rational to conclude that wolves and bears would remain wolves and bears for all time. On the other hand, if God made man, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, by parity of reasoning it would be rational to conclude that man would remain man forever. And if there were any variations they would be merely slight and unimportant, and insufficient to cause the slightest doubt that all men were brothers, and proceeded from the original genus homo.

But when men of science came to study geology with an open mind, and with sufficient courage to proclaim the results of their investigations and deductions, it was found that the order, according to the Bible, in which the forms of life made their appearance on the earth was totally wrong, and that, whereas, Genesis says that they appeared in the following order: 1. Fishes and birds; 2. Mammalia and reptils; 3. Man; science reveals the fact that the proper order was: 1. Crustacea; 2. Fishes; 3. Reptils and birds; 4. Mammalia generally; 5. Man. Indeed, geology demonstrates that we hav millions and billions of fossil shells in the Cambrian period, long before the existence of fishes; then the great fish period of the Devonian period; then the Saurian period; long afterward come the archaic animals of the mammoth family; then those still nearer approaching the types of animals belonging to the history of man; and finally man with his contemporaries. It will thus be seen that we hav six periods instead of three. To go more minutely into the subject, it may be said that in the Plutonic or unstratified series no life-forms appear, the conditions not being favorable; when, however, we come to the stratified rocks we find in the Palæozoic (or primary formations), which is subdivided into seven periods:

1. *Laurentian*, containing fossil remains of the foraminifera, some of the first living organisms.

2. *Huronian*, containing fossil remains of the lower organized molluscs.

3. *Cambrian*, containing fossil remains of sponges, sea weeds, star fishes, sea lilies, lowly shell-fish, marine worms, and the first land-plants.

4. *Silurian*, fossil remains of coral, chambered spiral shell-fish, crabs, sea worms, and bony plates and scales of a low form of fish.

5. *Devonian*, fossil land plants, fishes belonging to shark, ray, and sturgeon families, and first fossil insect.

6. *Carboniferous*, fossil scorpions, beetles, and amphibians.

7. *Permian*, fossil reptils.

In the secondary division:

1. *Triassic*, gigantic reptils and first mammals (small marsupials).

2. *Jurassic*, or oölitic bird reptils, and several species of marsupials.

3. *Cretaceous*, fossils of new bird-reptils.

In the tertiary division:

1. *Eocene* (dawn of recent life), consisting of sandstone, limestone, sands, clays, marls, coral rags, and lignites, and containing fossil equine forms, birds, reptils, bats, and marsupials.

2. *Meiocene*, containing fossil apes and marsupials.

3. *Pleiocene*, fossil apes, bears, and hyenas.

4. *Pleistocene*, fossil remains of apes and men, and implements of stone, bone, and horn, etc.

The above list I hav abbreviated from Dr. Hardwicke's work on "Creation and Evolution," and, having compared it with some standard works on geology, find it quite accurate.

Now, the science of paleontology supports geology entirely in establishing the above order of living forms on the earth.

What is the evidence of paleontology?

1. Certain flint implements hav been discovered in certain strata of the earth that indicate the great antiquity of man.

2. These flint implements are found side by side with the bones of the extinct animals.

3. The skulls of human beings are found in caves, also with the remains of extinct animals; and generally the flora and fauna of the earth afford unmistakable evidence in corroboration of the doctrin of evolution. Sir John Lubbock in his work on "Pre-Historic Times," after examining the evidence of paleontology, says that the "so-called flint instruments *are undoubtedly* of human workmanship;" secondly, that they are of the same age as the beds in which they are found; and lastly, of a human skull found by Dr. Schmerling in the cave of Gugis, he says: "There seems no reason to doubt that it really belonged to a man who was contemporaneous with the mammoth, the cave bear, and other extinct mammalia."

Sir Chas. Lyell supports this view, in his "Antiquity of Man;" Karl Vogt, in his address to the German Scientific and Medical Society, and, indeed, all men of science of position and reputation.

But to turn from generalities to particulars.

In 1774 a scientist named J. F. Esper made a discovery in Bavaria of the remains of human bones mingled with remains of the Northern bear and other species then unknown; in 1797 John Frere, an Englishman, made a similar discovery.

In 1826 Tournal, of Narbonne, made some important discoveries in Aude, France, where he found bones of the bison and reindeer cut and carved by the hand of man, together with remains of edible shell fish, which must hav been brought there by some one who dwelt there.

Later, in 1833, Schmerling found in some caverns in Belgium two human skulls surrounded by teeth of rhinoceros, elephant, and bear.

In 1842, and again in 1847, important discoveries were made in Devonshire in England at a place called Kent's Cavern; while in 1857 the Neanderthal skull was discovered, of which Professor Huxley wrote that it was "the most brutal of all known human skulls, resembling those of the ape."

Discoveries of a remarkable character were made in 1863 and 1864 of human remains along with bones of mammoth, rhinoceros, and other extinct animals. Still later, in 1868, in the valley of the Seine portions of human skeletons were found in the same beds where paleolithic implements had been embedded.

This, then, is some of the paleontological evidence—evidence which not only demonstrates the vast antiquity of man, but shows also the gradual, evolutionary process which has been going on through the vast epochs over which the lives of extinct animals and man hav stretched.

But to understand the wide-reaching character of this evolutionary method in nature we must glance for a while at the known facts of general biology.

For this purpose let us take Haeckel's statement on the subject. In his "Pedigree of Man," Professor Haeckel givs the following order to the appearance of living forms on the earth:

First, the "Moneron," a stuctureless albuminous atom of bioplasm, which is so simple a form of life as to be even without a cell.

We hav, then, this protoplasm developing into, firstly, a number of single nucleated cells, called Amœbæ, and these in turn into masses of nucleated cells, called Synamœbæ. After these comes Cilata, which consist of Synamœbæ, covered with vibratil cilia. From these we go to Gastræada, and from these again to a low form of worm called Turbellaria; then by slow processes are evolved from these lowly forms Acrania, or first vetebrate animals, "without shells, brains, central heart, jaws, or limbs, but with a true vertebral cords." We thus reach the first vertebrate class. But of these there are eight classes:

1. Lancelet, or Amphioxas.
2. Cyclostoma.
3. Pisces.
4. Dipnoi.
5. Amphibia.
6. Reptilia.
7. Aves.
8. Mammalia.

Then there are fourteen orders of Mammalia from the water Monotremata (Ornithorhynchus) to the Simiæ (apes). Then we come to species of anthropoid apes, and lastly to man. Haeckel's arrangement of these latter are as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| | ANTHROPOIDA. |
| Asiatic (Satyri). Brachycephali. | 1. Lesser Orang (Satyrus Moris).<br>2. Greater Orang (Satyrus Orang). |
| African Pongines. Dolichocephali. | 1. Chimpanzee (Pongo Troglodytes).<br>2. Gorilla (Pongo Grilla). |
| | HOMINES. |
| Wooly-haired. Ulotrichi. Dolichocephali. | 1. Papuan (Homo Papua).<br>2. Hottentot (Homo Hottentot).<br>3. Caffre (Homo Cafer).<br>4. Negro (Homo Niger). |
| Straight-haired (Lissotrichi). Mostly Brachycephali or Mesocephali; a few Dolichocephali. | 5. Australian (Homo Australis).<br>6. Malay (Homo Polynesius).<br>7. Mongol (Homo Mongolus).<br>8. Polar Man (Homo Arcticus).<br>9. American (Homo Americanus).<br>10. Caucasian (Homo Mediterranium). |

Now, if we take the above statement of the evolutionary process in the order of the development of living forms, we shall find by careful investigation that it is corroborated in every particular by the sister sciences, geology, paleontology, and biology.

Nor is this all. The evolutionist carries his investigation still further. He studies the animal form in the fœtus, and finds that at various stages the brain of the human being resembles that of fish, reptile, bird, etc., and so on until it reaches the highest degree of development, viz., the human. So that many scientists declare to-day that the history of the human being in the fœtus is "a picture in little or outline of the history of the race."

Here, then, we hav ample evidence of the ignorance of the Biblical writers. Science teaches, the facts of geology demonstrate, that the age of the earth is to be measured not by thousands, but probably millions of years; that the earth has undergone numerous changes of which there is no mention in historic times. Paleontology, as Haeckel well says, "furnishes us at the present time in many ways the most reliable and most accessible kind of evidence as to the order of creation in the past. For the fossils, or petrified remains of plants and animals, that we meet with in the sedimentary strata of the earth's crust are, in truth, the fossil remains or impressions of those organisms, long dead, that hundreds of thousands or many millions of years before peopled our earth. Among these organisms, also, in conformity with evolution, must hav been the veritable ancestors of the species of plants and animals in existence to-day, and the allies more or less closely related of those dead and gone ancestors. Hence, our naturalists, especially those who wish to proceed as carefully and exactly as is possible, as well as those who would extend paleontology yet further, place in that science their greatest hope, and regard it as the sole reliable evidence in favor of phylogeny."

But it will be said, "If the doctrin of evolution takes us back by gradual stages to the lowest form of life, which we find to be a protoplasmic germ, what theory does the evolutionist accept in regard to the origin of life?" The evolutionist does not pretend to giv an authoritativ answer to the question. But he has his belief. It is this. Matter is indestructible; force is also indestructible; and combinations of matter and force cause all the phenomena of the universe. To use the memorable words of Professor Tyndall, in his address to the British Association in 1876, the evolutionist "closes with Giordano Bruno, and recognizes in nature the universal mother that produces all phenomena as the fruit of her own womb, without the meddling of the gods."

Animate life, the evolutionist believes, evolved out of what is called "inanimate matter." Is this unreasonable? Every particle of matter in the universe is in motion, every atom in constant activity. How do we know that any particular atom is dead? What we call death is merely change. No! The doctrin of evolution involves the affirmation that matter and force contain the potentiality of all forms of life. Life is motion. The sun's motion on its axis, the moon's revolution round the earth, the growing trees, the running rivers, the surging waves of the sea, are all manifestations of life; and just as the vegetable and animal kingdoms are continually unfolding from simple forms to complex, so the vast universe is one ceaseless, but gradual, unfolding of natural forces; and this evolution seems likely to go on forever.

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

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# The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.

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## News and Notes.

Rockport, Mo., is six miles off the railroad among the rolling hills, whose main productions are corn and hogs, and orthodoxy. Freethought is something new in these regions, and is almost as unknown as the whistle of the locomotiv. To be off the railroad nowadays is to be almost a century behind the times, and Rockport rejoices in this ancient atmosphere. However, I enjoyed my sojourn in this rural community. Rockport is a pretty village. It has a stately court-house, being the county seat. There are seven churches among the two or three hundred dwelling-houses that are submerged among a multitude of shade trees that were glittering with the changing hues of autumn, and in the glorious sunlight made music as the prairie winds swept over them.

I felt happy in this retired and luxuriant spot, where fruits and flowers are so plentiful, and the wealth of harvest gleams on the billowing landscape. Besides, I found some royal Liberals here, who hav borne the brunt of the battle for many a day through every vicissitude, and who are still brave and hopeful. The pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Beck was a haven where no discouragement can come to the Secular pilgrim, for here was devotion to thought and the open heart and hand. It seems that Beck is a good Freethought name, for from the East to the West I find its bearers in the van of progress, and in the pages of THE TRUTH SEEKER these bold iconclasts can send greeting to one another. Besides my friend Beck, there is M. M. Klein, Oran Moore, S. S. Hughes, and others—not many, but true and forward-looking. S. S. Hughes belongs to the transcendental company, and likes to think that the "Oversoul" is in all things. He is something after the fashion of Emerson. But he has no dogma, and holds his gentle faith in the spirit of fraternity. There is room and verge enough for all such in the camp of Freethought.

I gave two lectures in the Opera House, where Remsburg had preceded me with his vigorous utterances. The audiences were small, and if I had been speaking on any other subject than Freethought I should hav given up in despair, but I knew the future was with our side, and so I bide my time. Rockport will not always be as sleepy as it is. It will hear the thunders of reform with the whistle of the locomotiv. It will know that this world moves, and a dead Christianity will not always fling its shadow over these lovely scenes. Corn and hogs may continue to flourish, but orthodoxy must seek its heavenly abode where "the woodbine twineth," as the waves of life come surging over these fruitful lands.

I am glad, however, I did not wind up my campaign at Rockport, but that the bright consummation came at Shenandoah, Iowa, where I had on Sunday afternoon and evening two of the largest audiences I hav greeted this year, and so whatever courage I might hav lost was regained amid this splendid promis. This is where Mrs. Krekel lectured some years ago, and produced a wonderful sensation which is not yet forgotten, and the life of those Freethought discourses is in the air to-day, and made a part of its triumph.

I enjoyed while here the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Holcomb, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Humphreys. Dr. Humphreys has an orthodox brother who still preaches the gospel of damnation with a grim faith that no amount of knowledge can discompose. However, the balance is kept up by another brother, A. G. Humphrey, of Galesburg, Ill., who can wield an incisiv pen for truth, and his criticism of the so-called "Christian science" is one of the keenest I hav read, and it simply demolishes this modern instance of Brahmanic philosophy.

I was glad also to meet Mr. and Mrs. Hedgecock, subscribers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and so, of course, old friends, though I met them for the first time here. Colonel Baker, who introduced me at the lectures, S. Smith, S. A. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Farnham, Edwin Gregg, and many others are our bright and progressiv spirits in this Eden-like country, which in the October sun is rich with harvest gold.

Every way Shenandoah has been a delightful field of labor. I came across a college chum whom I had not seen for twenty-five years, and old Dartmouth days came back—when all the world was beautiful, and romance thrilled the heart. I sometimes wish I were back again, that I might dream the glorious dreams once more.

We just escaped the rain—a bright space between the storm of Saturday and of Sunday night—but Monday dawned magnificently. Massiv and brilliant clouds swept along the shining blue. The vast prairies rolled away, and mingling green, and gold, and brown were in the fresh landscapes, and lustrous groves wavered in a thousand ranks against the sky. It was a day for hope and joy, and with dreams of fire I hurried the locomotiv onward to the glittering East. I am now in Chicago, where everything rushes furiously along, as if there were but a day to liv. I heard George Francis Train last night, and he is, indeed, the lightning express. He makes the sparks fly. He says that he stands on the top of the universe and sees all things. He expects to liv to be two hundred years old. He is pleading for the Anarchists in his wild, vigorous way, and I am glad of it, for what a horror it will be if these men are hung! Who can predict the far-reaching results of such an awful injustice?

I look forward to a successful Congress. Our Chicago friends, as usual, are earnest and generous in their efforts. I expect a new impulse and greater practical instrumentalities for Liberal advancement. I may be at Alliance, O., October 23d, and shall be at Farmdale, October 29th and 30th, to lecture.

Arrangements immediately after the Congress will be made for a lecture tour to the West again, to the Pacific coast, California, Oregon, and Washington Territory. The work of this year has opened vast fields of labor, and we must keep in the harness.

*Chicago*, Oct. 12, 1887. SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

## C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

MINIER, ILL., Oct. 2d and 3d.—This is a prairie village, but its people are enterprising and genuinly progressiv. The Liberals comprise the best cultured and most prosperous people of the town, and are as broad in their views and as generous as their boundless prairies. They hav a little society here for the dissemination of Liberal and scientific advanced thought among the people. All with prompt alacrity under the inspiring lead of the young merchant prince, S. S. Tanner, chip in their five dollars apiece, and from the earnest interest evinced in the lectures I judge the people appreciate the efforts made to educate them up out of the ruts of superstition. If there were only a real practical organization of Liberals, with a lecture and publication bureau, Minier would be a most powerful auxiliary.

HAVANA, ILL., Oct. 4th.—Under the pilotage of H. A. McHarry, of Mason City, I visited Havana. Mr. McHarry has been a Methodist exhorter and revivalist, and although he has emerged from the darkness of superstition, he retains all the fire, zeal, energy, and the propaganda spirit that made him such a power in the Methodist church. Mr. McHarry is a Spiritualist of the Elias H. Gault description, and an energetic, self-sacrificing Liberal. The notice at Havana was short, but under the rallying of the young enthusiasts there a goodly number attended the lecture, and I had assurances that it resulted in several new recruits, as well as cheering the dear old veterans and affording some of them new ammunition to fire into the ranks of the enemy. I greatly enjoyed my brief sojourn with the Liberals of Havana, and shall bear their earnest request to return to them at very first opportunity in kindly remembrance.

WESTFIELD, ILL., Oct. 5th, 6th, and 7th.—I made earnest efforts to reach Westfield in time for my appointment on the evening of October 5th. At Midland City I took the Chicago & Ohio River Railroad. They now call it the Dansville & Olney. Travelers, take note; don't take that road. If you are compelled to go in its direction, hire a small boy and a wheelbarrow; you will get there much sooner and ride quite as comfortably. I was informed that the train went not that night beyond the city of Kansas, but there I should find a good livery if I desired to go on to Westfield, and a large hotel if I stayed over. Kansas is a Christianized mud-hole—a huddle of shanties out on the prairie. The hotel! I took, or attempted to take, one meal there; it is the baddest bad even among the detestable abortions called hotels in this section. I found the livery stable, and paid the enterprising keeper $3 to take me to Westfield, less than nine miles. We started with two dilapidated equine monstrosities and a light buggy, and rushed over the distance with the velocity of a tortoise. We beat the record of all other teams of Kansas; we made a mile every fifteen minutes, and by bribing the driver to urge them to the utmost the horses kept up that rate of speed, and we made nine miles over reasonably good roads in two hours and fifteen minutes. On arrival the Jehu declared, with a sigh of relief and satisfaction, "There, I told yer I'd get yer thar;" and he had—9.15 P.M. The audience had departed an hour ago. Westfield is a conundrum to me. It is a village of magnificent distances, and in the days of long, long ago evinced great enterprise, but orthodox piety struck it and mildewed it. I traveled its length and breadth, and everywhere, like the dead king, was evidence of D. K.; yet there is some show of effort to throw off the fatal inertia. Messrs. Biggs and White, Liberals, hav built a handsome brick store, and over it a fine large hall or opera house, and there are three or four other brick buildings in the village, showing on the part of some an unwillingness to yield to the moldering stagnation; and I sincerely hope this spirit of enterprise will win a grand victory, for it is a most beautiful and picturesque location. Instead of the eternal prairie flat, it is hills and dales and woods. While I was there the gaudy hues of autumnal foliage delighted the eye, and made beautiful variety of scenery in all directions. There are a few right-royal, generous hearts in Westfield and vicinity; several came many miles to attend the lectures. Charley Biggs, as his kindly, generous nature prompts old and young to call him, is a worker for Freethought. He and his uncle are a power for good in the community. The first night a few ladies came, but left before the lecture was fairly begun. The next night's attendance was very much larger, and had about twenty ladies who stayed through, and nearly all asked for and took home Liberal papers. One young man, a member of the most aristocratic and pious family in the place, declared his conversion to Liberalism.

It is hard, up-hill work for one or two to hav to stem the current of sectarian hate and ostracism. Oh, how much we need a national organization that could help the noble, worthy workers in small towns!

TUSCOLA, ILL., Oct. 9th and 10th.—Quite a goodly attendance greeted me at the Opera House here on Sunday afternoon. The genial face of the editor of the *Republican*, the leading newspaper of the county, smiled appreciation of each point made. The lecture was well received, and a large turn-out in the evening was promised. But ere evening shades arrived came the dark clouds and torrents of rain, and kept at it all night long. I groped my way to the Opera House in the black, damp darkness because I thought it duty to go, not really expecting anyone would be there, but had quite a gathering, including one bright, handsome lady. I did not learn her name, but she is a heroin, or, in other words, a true woman. Monday evening there was a very large attendance, but it was not till Tuesday morning that I realized the interest awakened. I had to leave on the 7 A.M. train, yet that early hour found everywhere the lectures the subject of talk and discussion. Some declared if their hired help ever attended another Liberal lecture they would discharge them; some claimed the law should prevent such lectures; some tried to defend their faith. I imagin that later in the day it must hav been real lively. I am now on my way to Olney. C. B. REYNOLDS.

## Mr. Jamieson's Land Boom.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Letters from Liberals are still coming to me as a result of the two or three articles which hav appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER this summer over my signature. Perhaps this letter may dampen their enthusiasm. Some of the few Liberals here, I learn, are not exactly pleased because, in reply to one correspondent, who inquired if there are "many Liberals here," I answered, "No." They are of the opinion that I ought to hav said, "Yes." I am writing these letters, and hav a way of my own. My friend says, "There are many Liberals in this valley, but they keep still about it." This is doubtless the reason why I hav not discovered them. I do not count a man a Liberal who does not count himself. The Christian's test of loyalty to his faith is a readiness to "stand up for Jesus!" When I find so-called Liberals helping to build churches, never subscribing for a Freethought paper, never paying a dollar a year for a course of Liberal lectures, never using their influence to get a Liberal lecturer into their town for fear of damaging their popularity with orthodox Christians, I say, Deliver us from such Liberals! They do not stand up for Liberalism. They are too weak and faint-hearted to make a ripple as they float down the stream of time. So, if there are many Liberal of that vapid sort in this valley, this is a great disadvantage to begin with. We need some live Liberals; men of sterling integrity, and women; men of convictions, who are not afraid to avow them; yet, obtruding them on none, respecting the rights of all, genial and gentlemanly.

Disadvantage No. 2.—Little rain. July and August are called the "rainy season." In those two months, I verily believe, the rainfall was not equal to a half-day Michigan shower.

Disadvantage No. 3.—The land is supplied with water by irrigation. If the water is purchased, the cost is from $1 to $2 an acre each season; $1 in this part of Colorado. Farmers hav formed irrigating companies. This affords them water at much more reasonable rates. Such stock companies are, however, managed with too much business looseness. Time and experience will correct their mistakes.

Disadvantage No. 4.—The richest land is covered with a growth of greasewood and chico. It costs from $1 to $1.50 an acre to get it grubbed fit to plow.

Disadvantage No. 5.—Fencing is necessary.

Disadvantage No. 6.—Some portions are alkali and adobe land.

Disadvantage No. 7.—Stone and timber are twenty to thirty miles from the central portion of the valley.

In some future article I will turn a few of these disadvantages into blessings.

I hav been requested by a number of Liberal correspondents to organize a Liberal settlement in the San Luis Park. If twenty-five heads of families will pledge themselvs to come, and will bear their share of the necessary expenses for printing, postage, stationery, advertising, travel, and time, I will devote myself to making the settlement a success, and secure homes on free government land (aside from land office fees) to the amount of 160 acres to 320 for each family. Here is a chance to better your condition, each man to own his own farm in independence. No use to let Christians take all this land. For particulars address W. F. JAMIESON.

*Monte Vista, Col.*

## Two Open Letters to Prominent Men.

UNTAXED PROPERTY.

*To James Gordon Bennett, Esq., Proprietor of the New York Herald:*

SIR: In the *Herald's* issue of the 7th inst. is a notice of Surrogate Rollins's decision under the collateral inheritance law that the large bequests by the late Henrietta Lenox to religious corporations are not liable to taxation.

This decision is directly in the teeth of *Magna Charta*, and insults every taxpayer not of the Lenox sect, for which those who procured, as well as those who made, the law through knaves or fools as legislators deserve castigation, and to be declared outlaws forever. For there is no imaginable excuse for it, for why should you or I be compelled to pay taxes to protect or to improve the value of property of any sect whose principles we may abhor as being actually blasphemous? The Lenox family is of the Scotch Calvinistic heresy, and if disciples are no better than their master Calvin, or the syndics of Geneva, what their master and his followers hav done, that would they do again if favored as they seek to be by having us to pay their taxes and protect their property without remuneration; for should a mob assault their church the city is obliged to pay for it. They may be very quiet now upon the homely farmer's maxim that "the still sow sucks the swill," but the only principle on which real patriots and statesmen act is that what has been will again occur when circumstances favor like developments. What, then, has been the case in Scotland from Scotch Calvinism? What the feeling against all sects but their own?

The answer may be found in the paraphrase of Holy Willie's prayer by Robert Burns, of which three verses will be quite sufficient to exhibit its true spirit. Allow me to quote from memory, and pray for the correction by your devil if not well spelled:

O thou wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best thysel',
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell
A' for thy glory,
And no for any gude or ill
They've done afore thee;

We bless and praise thy matchless might,
When thousands thou hast left in night,
That I am here afore thy sight,
For gift an' grace,
A burnin' and a shinin' light
To a' this place.

Lord, bless thy servants in this place,
For thou hast here a chosen race;
But God confound their stubborn face,
An' blast their name,
Wha bring thy servants to disgrace
An' public shame.

*New York*, Oct., 1887. PRO BONO PUBLICO.

THE CLERGYMAN AND THE GYPSIES.

*To Hon. Daniel Magone, Collector of the Port of New York:*

SIR: Although I liv inland, and you are a dweller by the salt, salt sea, I hav a crow to pick with you, Mr. Magone. You were appointed to your present responsible position by a president who, in my opinion, for downright and direct honesty is the peer of any one of our American executivs, the immortal George not excepted.

I say this after having voted the Republican ticket from Fremont to, but not including, Blaine. I had to draw a line somewhere, and I used the chalk on Blaine, although I did not vote for Mr. Cleveland.

Any man who, with a great flourish of trumpets, to protect his wife's honor, commenced a lawsuit, and when the election was over ignominiously crawled out of a position of his own seeking, isn't fit for a ruler over sixty millions of people, and they very properly squelched him, and are certain to do so every time he asks their suffrages. Grover Cleveland's honest, square-toed "tell the truth" is like a diamond to French paste, and proclaims the difference in the two men.

There is an old aphorism, Mr. Magone, which reads, "Like master like man." I hav spoken thus of Mr. Cleveland's strongest point, honesty, in order to show you how you do not resemble him; for in what I am going to say to you I feel you are not honest, and that you know you are not honest.

From a letter to the Buffalo *Courier* of Oct. 1, 1887, it appears that the ministerial supply in our highly favored country is so limited that the church of the Holy Trinity in New York city, founded and built by the eccentric Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, thought it necessary to import an English minister to take charge of said church.

Before this I was aware of the multitudinous commodities brought into the country through the custom house, but I was hardly prepared for an importation in the shape of a clergyman. A wise and level-headed Scotchman, one Mr. Kennedy, took the position that it was a violation of the contract labor law, as the new pastor's salary was fixed in advance. And right here we say the gentleman from the land o' cakes is, without doubt, honestly and absolutely correct in his position. However, you took a different view of it, and declined to send the imported preacher back to England. I could hav told in advance that you would do so. Why? Because who ever knew of a politician that failed to toady to the church? Politics and toadyism everlastingly go hand in hand.

But mark, Mr. Magone, how soon your views changed! About the same time, on the steamer Wyoming, came a band of English gypsies. How now about this "contract labor law?" The collector's mind is made up with astonishing celerity, and with adamantine firmness; the gypsies must go back whence they came. The point is made by the astute collector that they are, in effect, paupers.

Then it follows, as the night the day, that the imported preacher is a beggar. If they are strolling paupers, he is a religious beggar. What do these poor gypsies do? Why, most of us hav seen them along our byways and highways, with their Rosinante steeds tied to the trees, a fire kindled, corn taken, apples appropriated, and fortunes and the future told to confiding country folk.

In other words, they pretend to tell of the future—in this life only. What does your preacher, imported or otherwise, do? His pretense is to tell of the future beyond the tomb. Now, Mr. Magone, do you not know as well as we that in so far as the future life can be told, as far as the awful enigma of the grave can be solved, the gypsies are just as reliable as the preacher? Do you not know this? You certainly do, and if you were as honest as Mr. Cleveland, whose servant you are, you would hav put the preacher and the gypsies on precisely the same level, and that you did not do this is because you lack honesty, sincerity, and manliness. This is what ails you, Mr. Magone, and all your ilk, and I am afraid it will always be so.

If there is a more shabby set of unprincipled beggars, paupers, frauds, *id omne genus*, than the priests, preachers, and clergymen of our day, then I pity the gypsies, or any other class who prate of the future, about which their ignorance is too dense for discussion. Their hell is a myth knocked to smithereens by the "New Version;" their absurd fables about the structure of the universe banished to the unknown by science, and their scraps of nothing made into stars, blossomed into myriad and magnificent worlds through the agency of the modern astronomer.

Yet they trail along with their antiquated trash, hat in hand; a dollar here, a quarter there, a penny yonder, any trifling favor thankfully received; the most useless lot of mortals to day on this planet; and yet our statesmen (if we hav any), our politicians, and our millionaires toadying to them in order to use them to hoodwink the multitude, and thus fix on the minds of unborn millions the vagaries of countless past ages when man was only one remove from the monkey.

In conclusion, Mr. Magone, the next time a commodity comes through the custom house that you hav any doubts about, try and skirmish around and find a little honesty in your immediate neighborhood, and, my word for it, you will not make fish of one and fowl of another, as you hav in this instance; and I really hope honest, Scotch Mr. Kennedy will stick to you and make you send back the "contract labor" clergyman on the same vessel that carries the poor, unoffending gypsies. Hoping you may die an honest man, I remain, Sincerely yours,

ONONON.

## Taxation of Church Property.

In these days of "supposed" general retrenchment in regard to public expenditure in our national affairs by the party now in power, why is it that we hear so little of late on the subject of taxation of church property?

I read, only a few days ago, in one of our local papers, that all church property that was taxable amounted to more than $50,000 in valuation.

Which, really, is the greater imposition on the public, the lying idle and unemployed of so much surplus revenue of the people's money in the national treasury vaults, or the silent permission of great and wealthy church corporations holding immense amounts of property, both real and personal, scot-free of all taxation?

Three hundred millions of money in the national treasury to-day, it is claimed, and that for the most part could be expended more liberally and generally for the public good, it would seem, than it really is, and seven hundred millions of church property in the land paying a pitiful sum of a half-million dollars of taxes to the government.

Is it not a burning shame when, by increased competition from foreign labor and other causes, the laboring man in this country, especially if he hav a family, is able to gain so "little" in the way of a livelihood, that these immense and overshadowing monopolies (not a whit better than such as are represented by Jay Gould or any other railway magnate) should be allowed to contribute so little toward the payment of the national debt and the running expenses of our national government?

When the small farmer or poor mechanic, or even small traders in the mercantil occupation, hav their taxes to pay on every extra two hundred dollars of personal property, certainly a better "rendering to Cæsar" should be observed by those who are supposed to teach justice, humanity, and righteous dealing for all men. THOS. J. CAMPBELL.

*Maso, Kan.*

## Mere Superstition.

A logical old Presbyterian elder writes to the *Sun:*

"What is to become of our old theological doctrins? Where will the Westminster catechism land?

"The clergymen assembled to represent the entire Presbyterian church in the meeting of the American board of commissioners for foreign missions, a few days since, found themselvs divided on the question of human probation beyond the grave.

"That subject involves all there is of what is understood as revealed religion.

"It amounts to this, viz.: All men die eternally in Adam. Those who are saved are saved by faith in Christ, who died for our sins.

"Now, if there is probation and consequently possible salvation beyond the grave, what was the object of the sacrifice of Christ?

"Did he, knowing of all the possibilities of human existence, here and hereafter, accept the humiliation of his incarnation, his life of degradation, and his most miserable death in order to accomplish an end which may be reached in another way? Is that possible?

"The Christian church has always preached salvation through faith only in Christ, or eternal perdition. That doctrin is the only reason why that church should exist. Drop that and the church falls to pieces.

"And yet there are men in the American board of commissioners for foreign missions who are willing to drop it.

"And, what is more, the defenders of the old doctrin seem to hav been very weak in the discussion held on that subject. The defense indicated a doubt. If the progressiv ideas of the present generation hav exploded the Christian religion, let us know it.

"If it has been ascertained that the faith is vain, let us throw off the yoke, for in that case it becomes mere superstition."

The elder is right. Christianity is either true or false. It cannot be both. Neither can it be partly true and partly false.. The probation-beyond-the-grave theory is a revolt of men's hearts against the cruelty of their creed. The desire that men shall escape hell does credit to their humanity, but their retention of the creed forever disables them as reasoners. The scheme laid down in the Bible is plain enough, and it is correctly stated by the Presbyterian elder. There is not in the whole Bible a single line authorizing the eschatological doctrin held by some of the faculty of Andover. According to the Bible, you go to hell or you go to heaven—which, depends upon whether you believe Jesus Christ is the son of God and died in the manner recorded as an expiation of the sins of men—sins incurred in the childish way related in the first fable of the book. The idea is, indeed, mere superstition.

### C. B. Reynolds's Appointments.

| | |
|---|---|
| Kewanee, Ill. | October 19, 20, 21 |
| Nunda, Ill. | 23 |
| Oxford, Ia. | 25, 26 |
| Newton, Ia. | 28 |
| Des Moines, Ia. | 30 |
| Graham, Mo. | November 5, 6, 7, 8 |
| Bethany, Mo. | 13, 14 |
| Jamesport, Mo. | 15, 16, 17, 18 |
| Chillicothe, Mo. | 20, 21 |
| Brunswick, Mo. | 22 |
| Salisbury, Mo. | 23, 24 |
| Kansas City, Mo. | 26, 27, 28 |
| Clinton, Mo. | 29, 30, December 1 |

### J. E. Remsburg's Appointments.

The following is a list of J. E. Remsburg's appointments for Kansas:

| | |
|---|---|
| Max | October, 22 |
| Lawler, S. H. (1 P.M.) | 23 |
| Cadmus. (7.30 P.M.) | 23 |
| Burlington. | 24, 25, 26 |
| Lebo | 27 |
| Ft. Scott | 28 |
| Galena | 29, 30 |
| Fredonia | 31 |
| Neodesha. (Debate.) | November 1, 2, 3, 4 |
| Fall River | 5 |
| Newton | 6 |
| Hutchinson | 7 |
| Sterling | 8 |
| Dodge City | 9 |
| Raymond | 10 |
| Bavaria | 11 |
| Colby | 12, 13, 14 |

# Communications.

## Religion and Its Origin.

When we meet a man, a neighbor whom we know, with whom we hav done business, and with whose methods of action and manner of thinking we hav become conversant, we thereby become impressed with the conviction that he is an honest, rational man. On to-morrow we meet this same man, and in conversation with him we learn for the first time that he believes that a man said to hav been born eighteen hundred years ago, known by the name of Jesus Christ—that this man had been conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, and that henceforth he is going to renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil, and is going to seek a mansion in the skies.

What inferences would these facts legitimate? You would say at once, He is a little off. These facts, in themselvs, might not be sufficient to determin the point as to his sanity or insanity, but should you further be advised of the fact that this man to that end has sold all that he has, and has given it to the poor, this would seem to confirm your first impression that he is a little off. But suppose, still further, that he takes no thought for to-morrow as to what he shall wear or eat; you would think that you hav additional confirmation of your first impression. But he furnishes you with another item that still lends its support to your first impression. He prays, and he fasts, and he sees what a narrow escape he has had. He feels that he is a brand plucked from the burning, and if justice had been done him he would hav been in hell long ago. He begins to feel, in view of his redemption and the exposure of the entire race to endless perdition, that "woe is me if I preach not this gospel of my new master." And hence he begins to warn his neighbors, and assures them that they will all go to hell if they do not repent and believe as he does, and do as he has done. Surely your first impression would be more and more confirmed But suppose that a lack of confidence arises as to the wisdom of his method, and he is led to recognize the fact, and, in consequence thereof, becomes impatient, and draws around him a following of those who share in his delusion, and they espouse his cause, and he, through their proffered support, enforces his opinions under threats from his God and the coöperation of his followers, even unto the death of those who do not concede the truthfulness of his mission. This would surely confirm the opinion, not only that he is a little off, but that he is insane upon that point. Why would this conclusion be forced upon the thoughtful observer? Because he sees at once that the intellectual and moral faculties coördinated could not be pressed into such service. His acts are not rational. He is diseased. He has religion, and that is his mental disorder. It is a noteworthy fact that the symptoms in this disease are paralleled in those of other diseases.

The devotee discloses a morbid state—a loss of appetite, a furred tongue, and an unsteady, excitable pulse—of course varying according to the temperament of the devotee. All pathological criticism would concur in this opinion. The facts which we hav noted are surely a lawful outcome of this disease, just as clearly as in any case where a diagnosis has been made which would declare that insanity is present. But this is not all that has a bearing upon our definition. In the light of our definition we are permitted to read and understand the history of religion as we hav not under other definitions. Who are they who attempt to write up the history of religions who do not feel the constant necessity of writing in apologetical terms? Their history is so full of crimes, persecutions, and bloodshed, that some kind of reason must be assigned, and usually every possible reason but the true one is given. A thousand excuses are rendered to soften the frightful record revealed in the history of religion. One of the most telling apologies given is one that is made seemingly with the greatest confidence. Here it is: "These cruelties, charged upon religion, lose all of their force when we remember that they are the abuses of religion, but not religion itself." This sounds well, and it only lacks one thing, and that is, it is not true in any sense. If religion is fundamental in our nature, no such thing would or could be possible. But the theory of this apology is false at any rate. There is nothing admissible in the theory which allows the historian to divorce the acts of a people from the people, and then write their history. The history of a man, or a nation, is made up of the acts and gestures of both. Religion must, in like manner, be judged in the light of the data which it has made. We are not at liberty to sanction this decree of divorcement. Religion, therefore, must be studied in the light of the data which it has formulated through its evolution. The criminal records of religion cannot be isolated from it; they are to be considered in inseparable connection. This point will appear evident.

Take the case of John Calvin in the murder of Servetus. Here is a terrible crime. Thousands, yes, many thousands, like it in the history of the Christian religion. No history of John Calvin can be complete with this murder left out. This act of his is the key to his history. There could hav been no real cause for this cold-blooded murder in the relation existing between himself and Servetus. Servetus had done him no wrong, yet without the slightest reasonable provocation he did the horrid deed. Was this a murder in any proper sense? There were no reasons existing between the two men to suggest such a crime. Mr. Calvin had religion and the liver complaint, the latter he had for twenty years; ample time to render eminent assistance in organizing a special religious enthusiasm which would tend to break up moral and intellectual coördination—religious insanity following. When a man has a severe attack of religion, seen in the breaking up of mental equilibrium, and at the same time the liver complaint, he is not to be trusted. He is fatally diseased, and needs more pity than censure. We hav here John Calvin's mental and physical condition—a result of having two of the most fatal diseases known to mankind. Herein we hav a reasonable defense of John Calvin; he had religion in its most fatal form. In hearing the evidence in this case, we must pronounce the prisoner at the bar insane, and hold religion responsible for the crime of murder in the first degree. In his interest we must say that the intellectual and moral powers could not hold mental empire in the presence of such a fate as that which befell Servetus. They had no coördination in consciousness, and hence we giv him the benefit of having religion, a disease in the insane form. Millions of human beings hav been put to death through like agencies and under similar circumstances. Is it possible for the clear-headed intellects of this age to imagin that these cruelties would hav taken place had it not been for this religious insanity? We are willing to concede that, usually, the perpetrators of these cruelties thought that they were doing right.

Religion being a disease, this fact is accounted for. And this is in exact accord with the history of insane people. They are always the injured party; religion being a disease—a mental malady—and hence the victims of this disease are always those whom the rest of the world is plotting against. And thus it is these insane cruelties are so intimately interwoven in the history of religion: this dreadful disease—I say dreadful—for what has ever in the history of this world produced such dreadful results as this religious abnormality? Look at our religious wars and persecutions. Is it possible to imagin the parallel of these in cruelty? What could be more dreaded than the thought of a repetition of these things? This disease is quite like other diseases in this, that at certain times it is more malignant than at other times. It has had during the past many serious outbreaks; at such times its victims hav been almost innumerable. Note this disease in the history of Spain for three hundred years. During these, on an average, one thousand a year were imprisoned or murdered, thus aggregating three hundred thousand of the best and most intelligent men and women of the Spanish nation; all of this under an intensified attack of this disease. Take the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in which sixty-three thousand Christians were murdered in one night by Christians. What a fearful mental malady; what religious insanity; what a malignant form this religious disease assumed! Who can claim that these people were sane? No, no; they had religion, and here is only one of a million like expressions through its frightful history. Allow me not to think that these people were rational, were sane. To think them thus would be to blacken and defame the great human heart beyond any possible redemption. See the bloody history of witchcraft, then think it possible that the cruelties practiced upon these poor innocent mortals were perpetrated by sane people.

Take the history of demonology, do we not find all the symptoms of mental disorder—an intense malignant type of religion? A little more than two hundred years ago, on Boston Common (the Athens of America), a girl sixteen years of age had been reported by the mother to the priesthood, that she had disobeyed her mother, and in obedience to the divine book was led without the gates and stoned to death. This is religion. This is that dreadful mental deformity which has defiled the race, and damned a woman with the touch of impurity because she was a mother, and sent her babe out into the world with the curse of God almighty's depravity upon it. I confess that I do not feel at liberty to compliment our humanity in such disparaging terms as to say that these cruelties and deeds of infamy were, or could hav been, done by sane people. These deeds, so terrific in deep depravity, could not hav been conceived by healthy, intelligent human beings. So, in charity to our race, as well as in fact, we are compelled to read the history of our humanity under the mitigating circumstances to the jury that the actors in this dreadful religious drama were insane. They had the fatal disease, religion. Again, in demonstration of the truth of our definition, the diagnosis of this disease in its incipient form allies it to many other diseases. They usually foreshadow a morbid condition, and quite a decided tendency to look with comparativ indifference on those things and relations which largely made up the concern of daily life. The diagnosis at this point shows quite a tendency toward unstable mental equilibrium—seen further in the fact that the world, and the things in the world, are losing hold on him. The things that he once loved he now hates.

And he reads, "He that cometh unto me and hateth not his father and mother cannot be my disciple." He shows signs of other-worldly-mindedness. His eyes are turned toward heaven, he begins to feel divine drawings, and the work of regeneration is going on; the new birth is near at hand. Such being the true diagnosis, the treatment is readily suggested But the treatment in this disease differs somewhat from the usual treatment which is given in other diseases. Instead of administering remedies to reduce the excitement, those are given which tend to increase the malady. His kindhearted physician will recommend to him such remedies as will promote the severity of the attack, with the assurance that the "kingdom of heaven is at hand," and he is impressed with the necessity of looking away to Jesus in the exercise of a living faith and by faith receive the ingrafted word of life, which will make him a child of God. All of these measures tend to strengthen the disease, and when he is sufficiently doctored he is turned over to the nurse, the church, who will attend strictly to business and see that the excitement is kept up until the work is done and he is confirmed in this disease, "which redeems him from the curse of the law, and makes him truly a child of God." And thus we see that he is doctored and nursed into this disease instead of out of it. He is now not of this world; he is an heir to a mansion in heaven. The prognosis in this case is quite evident. It indicates that in a short time he will become so completely confirmed in this disease that he will find out that "I am holier than thou," and then if he does not leave for Canada, he will become so deeply impressed with his oneness with God that he will wish that he had the power to make everyone feel his authority, and if need be, to burn all heretics, especially Mr. Ingersoll, and sit as judge on the judicial bench in New Jersey, where he could charge a jury in such a way as to force the conviction of a heretic, guilty or not guilty. This is what would be called a favorable prognosis—"He got it; he has come out." If this can be seen from any other standpoint to be anything but a disease, partial insanity, I confess that I am unable to see it.

J. H. Burnham.

(To be concluded.)

## The Effect of Christianity on the World.

In this essay I use the word Christianity in the sense of belief that Jesus is a teacher specially inspired and divinely exalted above all other men. People who call themselvs Christians believe as much as this almost without exception; and most of them place Jesus even higher. At all events, we must giv the word a large enough meaning to take in Roman Catholics; and we must keep in mind the history of all the great churches, in order to be able to speak justly of the working of the system which they hav kept up. I hav for many years carefully studied the state of thought before and after the advent of Christianity; and I feel confident that there are two ways, at least, in which this religion has exercised a pernicious influence on the world.

In the first place, it is largely to Christianity that we owe the great place which theology has taken in human thought during the last eighteen hundred years. The questions of the personality of God, of the liability of going to heaven or hell, of the advantages of particular ceremonies, and of the inspiration of certain books hav attracted such attention, during the sway of the Christian church, as they never had in Europe before. At the period when the church was most powerful, we find legions of volumes written about theology, and scarcely a word about anything else. The few chronicles, secular poems, and treatises on subjects of practical interest are merely an oasis amid the great desert of religious books. No other religion could hav done more to turn the minds of men so far away from all they needed to think of most. And certainly if our forefathers in the Middle Ages had been less religious, they would hav given their attention to improving their own condition rather than to disputing about the nature of God, and taken more pains to make this life on earth heavenly than to settle the precise boundaries of heaven. I speak of the Middle Ages, because Christianity had a power then in Europe which she has never had since. No difference of creed could now call forth such crusades as laid waste the vineyards and destroyed the cities of Languedoc. Never again will Europe hear the tocsin of St. Bartholomew or see such fires as were kindled by the Inquisition. The keen interest in theology which led to such crimes must be called characteristic of Christianity rather than of the Middle Ages or of Roman Catholicism, for the period when Protestantism had most power in New England was also that in which we

had no literature but sermons, and no public amusements but executions of Quakers and witches.

Where do we find more of Christianity than in the New Testament, and what writers do we find more keenly interested in theology than Peter, Paul, and John? None of the authors of the Old Testament, or of Greek and Roman literature, ever looked so intently up to heaven and away from earth as did these apostles. No wonder that literature declined as soon as Christianity became prevalent; that science passed away for the time; and that poetry and philosophy were silent except when theology gave them themes on which to speak! Nowadays we hav a great secular literature; we hav keen interest in politics, business, and science; and this is because the church is growing weak, and theology has retreated into the background. Thus one of the plainest effects of Christianity has been to prevent men from paying proper attention to the practical matters they needed most to think of.

But even now it is sad to see how much time is wasted by preachers and congregations in thinking of subjects about which nothing is really known. and no one is ever likely to get any knowledge of the slightest value. If all these ministers and their people could suddenly take up morality, and giv all their thoughts to such questions as health, education, and politics, the world's rate of progress would double at once. I can look at the tone of thought encouraged in our churches only as the greatest waste of mental power the world has ever seen. Progress has found its fiercest opponents in the popes. Protestantism is more favorable to family life and civic liberty than Romanism, but even now we find business-habits and the making of money preached against continually. Scarcely anywhere, even among liberal Christians, do we find full recognition of the real sanctity of industry, economy, and enterprise, or the real guilt of extravagance and indolence. Still the church givs most of her strength to laying down precepts which are not to be followed, except in monasteries and nunneries. Thus she fails to giv people such help and advice as they really need. What we want is a morality which will enlarge business life, and not try to cramp it; which will show people how to amuse themselvs innocently, and not condemn all social pleasures indiscriminately; which will make the home prized as the holy of holies—the true temple of God. It is consecration of this life and this earth that we need. We ask it of Christianity, and still she bids us renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil, make no attempt to lay up riches here on earth, abstain from all worldly pleasures, and strive to enter some unreal heaven hereafter, instead of making our best of the real heaven which social sympathies and family ties enable us to establish here. Morality is harmony with our social relationships, our family ties. the demands of our business, and the needs of good government. Morality means making the best possible use for our mental and physical growth, and for the happiness not only of ourselvs but of our neighbors, of all the opportunities given by social institutions, by family life, by possession of property, and by maintaining free government. The religion which disparages these holy opportunities and privileges may call herself the friend of virtue. She is such a friend as the tamed bear in the fable who tries to brush off a fly from the forehead of his sleeping master, and cracks his skull.

A second peculiarity of Christianity has been the importance it has given to correctness of belief. Thinking so much about God, Christ, and the devil, heaven, hell, and the sacraments, has led Christians to believe some views blessed and other views accursed. The view which is blessed in the eyes of one Christian is cursed in that of another; but all Christians, while they differ about whose view is the truth, agree that the truth, whatever it is, has a saving efficacy. All honor Jesus, and each sect thinks its own mode of honor holy and all the others unholy. Neither Judaism nor any form of paganism has laid such stress on definit belief. Moslemism copied from Christianity the doctrin that he who happens to hold the favorit creed is to be saved by his faith and his neighbors lost by theirs. All Christian sects agree in this except the Unitarians, and even among them there hav been persecutions. Even Unitarians sometimes look at Infidels and unbelievers as vicious.

Orthodox Protestants, like Catholics, treat heretics, skeptics, rationalists, and Freethinkers as natural enemies. But what is a heretic? A man who chooses for himself what to believe. So a skeptic is a man who makes inquiries. A rationalist is a follower of reason. That Freethinkers and Christians should be natural antagonists speaks for itself. The French hav a word, *mécreant*, for those hav given up Christianity. We hav taken that same word and made it English, as "miscreant." Still preachers speak of science as their enemy, and they are right, for the victory of science means the destruction of all intolerance. We hav outgrown Torquemada. No more crusaders will gather to destroy whole cities, like Béziers, where forty thousand men, women, and children were massacred together amid shouts of "Kill all; God will know his own!" But the spirit which prompted these horrors has not passed away. It still survives in the creed sacred to the whole Church of England: "He therefore that will be saved must thus think of the Trinity." This same spirit of persecution is sanctified by attributing to Jesus the words: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." These baleful words are not in the best manuscripts, but there is reason to fear that even Jesus called those who would not listen to his disciples more guilty than the sinners of Sodom, and denounced refusal to accept his inspiration as the unpardonable sin not to be forgiven, neither in this world nor in the next. The Epistles and the Apocalypse agree with the gospels in denouncing the wrath of God against all heresy and unbelief. All this is simply hostil to mental activity, which we honor as one of the highest duties of men.

We believe that we are morally bound to develop and strengthen our intellects. Jesus and the apostles did not. There is not a word in the New Testament to show that they thought a man has any intellectual duty, except to believe what they told him. They thought the best quality of the intellect was passiv receptivity: "Blessed are the poor in spirit," "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child, he shall not enter therein." Remember how Paul sneers at "the opposition of science," and at "philosophy falsely so-called." All Greek wisdom was condemned by the apostle, as Jewish learning was by his master when he denounced lawyers and scribes. No wonder that the first great result of the establishment of Christianity was the Dark ages. I am coming back to evils already mentioned. Both these errors of Christianity, the insisting on faith as salvation, and the attempt to fit man for heaven rather than to make earth more fit for man, hav worked in this same way. They hav hindered knowledge and encouraged ignorance; they hav done this knowingly; and thus they hav been led, though unconsciously, to check virtue and suffer vice to grow unchecked. And this neglect of morality has been also fostered by the failure of the church to show proper reverence for the family or the state, and by the total neglect of Christianity to giv due honor to the business virtues, and show how well-adapted industry, prudence, and enterprise are to assist the development of still nobler qualities. I do not deny that Christianity has done good, but these evils outweigh all its benefits in my eyes. I am glad of all the opposition made to it by organizations of Liberals under any name. I rejoice in all that is done by Freethinkers independently. I honor the great poets on our side, Shakspere, Goethe, Shelley, Swinburne, Emerson, Victor Hugo. I hail the prog- of science. Before that inevitable reign superstition and bigotry must pass away. F. M. HOLLAND.

## Our Indian Problem.

Having lived for twenty-eight years upon the "border," and during that period traversed the entire region bounded by British Columbia, the Rocky Mountains, Mexico, and the Pacific, I hav constantly been surprised that the "reservation system" continued to receive the sanction of our wise statesmen, when a critical analysis of what has been accomplished, compared with what was (or should hav been) intended, would hav pronounced that system a farce and a fraud—a farce so far as the Indians are concerned, and a fraud upon the people who support it.

Apprehending that the ultimate object sought is to bring Indians to adopt civilized modes of life, in order that they might subsist upon the products of a more limited area of territory, I hav wondered why a plan should hav been devised under which a colony of intelligent and industrious white families would inevitably degenerate into ignorant vagabonds in a few generations. That Indians can adapt themselvs to civilized life is demonstrated by the fact that a few hav done so, not because of the plan, but in spite of it. Nomads rarely, if ever, abandon their modes of life voluntarily. The *dolce far niente* of such an existence has a charm not to be lightly broken; therefore few Indians will establish homes while a precarious subsistence can be obtained from the forest, the stream, and a herd of ponies, with an occasional "lift" from "Uncle Sam." And I will here observe that this generous "uncle" has just completed a school-house, at a vast cost, that is ample to accommodate two hundred pupils, with boarding and lodging, on the "Colville reserve."

But this "uncle" did not take into consideration the influence of the Catholic mission near the school, or else he would hav built one suitable for about a score of pupils, unless, indeed, he intended to place the school under control of that "mission," seeing that the "father" has not only set his own holy face against the school, but is doing all he can to set the Indians against it as well. He (the priest) has gone so far as to call a general assembly of the Indians for the purpose of choosing a chief to supersede Tonascut, the present great chief of the reservation, and recognized as such by the Indian Department, simply because it was through Tonascut's efforts that the school was established, and because Tonascut is wise enough to desire a secular school instead of a parochial one. I prophesy that the priest will win the game, *i.e.*, that either the Catholic church will control the school and absorb its revenues, or else there will be no attendance worth mentioning. This kind of strife is the legitimate result of the "reservation system." The general scramble for the golden eggs which the reservation "goose" lays leaves little time to be devoted to the true interests of either the Indians or the government.

The remedy for the defects in the reservation system is the abolition of reservations.

The solution of the "problem" lies in the idea embodied in the phrase, "*lands in severalty*," but that idea has not yet been fully realized even in theory, because its advocates are still hampered by reservation shackles. The "lands in severalty" idea must not mean "lands in severalty" *within* the limits of the present reservations, *with* all the appendages of agents, farmers, doctors, teamsters, etc., etc. The abolition must be absolute. Not a trace of the present system must remain. The Indians must be permitted, nay, caused, or forced, if you please, to take lands anywhere *off*, as well as *on*, reserved territory.

All tribal relations must cease, and the individuals scattered far and wide. They must not be *permitted* to herd together in Indian communities, as they will cling to the traditions and habits of savage life, and adopt only the vices of civilization, brought to them by the generally low, vicious white men who are found herding with them.

The change must be radical and complete wherever "lands in severalty" is adopted.

The Indians must *pass from federal to state or territorial control*, and be governed and protected by the same laws that govern and protect their neighbors. The children must be taught in the same schools with the white children, and grow up, just as hundreds of half-breeds are now growing in many places, to be respected members of society. This is the only solution that is possible, except gradual extermination, as at present practiced by the "reservation system," which, in a few more years, will not leave enough Indians to employ the energies, talents, morality, and honesty of one "Indian agent."

*Colville, Wash. Ter.* V. ARIER.

## Has Cupid Hit our Brother?

*Peter Eckler in the Ironclad Age.*

I fully indorse your commendation of the merit of the "descriptiv writing" of George E. Macdonald, and recall with pleasure his description of a carriage ride in New Hampshire, which was printed in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Sept. 11. 1886.

On this interesting occasion George ingenuously admits that he did not go out riding alone. He admits the presence of a companion—uses in a general way some complimentary words about the girls of New Hampshire, and seems to hav returned from the trip in a happy and contented state of mind. Everything seemed to him joyous and pleasant. He says:

> I liked the looks of New Hampshire this year better than ever before. The farms were greener, the barns were fuller than last year; people appeared more cheerful. I got the same horse and carriage I had in other years. The carriage rode easier, and the old horse had grown more contemplativ. He is a thoughtful beast. Going up hill he stopped often to think, and having come to a conclusion, he would take a long breath and go on again. I imagined it took him longer to make up his mind than previously. His forelegs hav got sprung a little out of perpendicular. I should say they would fit pretty closely the inside of a barrel stave. His appetite, I was gratified to observe, remained unimpaired. I gave him his own way, and the spider spun his web undisturbed between the whip and the dashboard.

We are left in complete ignorance as to the identity of the party of the second part on this memorable excursion. On this point our writer is provokingly reticent. We only know that on that day

> The hours they flew on angels' wings,

and that afterward George became a dreamer. His favorit place for dreaming was under an apple-tree on the old homestead where he had passed his childhood. He says:

> I sat under the old apple-tree in the dooryard, where we used to roll about when we were boys. The tree is dead and furnishes hardly any shade; so I sat in the sun and watched the summer clouds go over, like ships sailing in the sky. The old times came back, and old familiar faces clustered around, and I saw them best with closed eyes. The hum of bees and the drone of vagrant flies sounded now as then, and with their music came memories, floating drifting, appearing, and disappearing, like things seen through a glass reversed - distant but distinct. Thus I saw my friends not only as they are now, but as I knew them then; not only those who still walk the earth, but those who hav sunk back to that dreamless sleep from which they first awakened on this life. So under the apple-tree I dozed and dreamed.

I think no reader will deny the beauty and merit of the above extract, and that all will heartily indorse your generous praise of Macdonald's writings. He writes naturally feelingly, truthfully.

There is, however, another view of this subject which, while it does not detract from the beauty of Macdonald's style, may serve to render it in this instance still more interesting.

Whenever a young writer and printer from New York is satisfied to go riding, with a chosen companion, behind a "contemplativ and thoughtful" old horse in New Hampshire, and allow the "spider to spin his web undisturbed between the whip and the dashboard"—whenever he seems willing, like little Sally Waters, to sit in the sun and listen with closed eyes to the humming bees and droning flies, and there doze and dream, we may mistrust why this is thus. We may suspect that the artful pagan god, with the silver bow, called Cupid by mortals, has again launched an unerring dart.

On this subject, however, I will not further digress, but close by repeating your remark that such descriptions as George givs us are "most admirable." In this weary humdrum world it is surely a relief to listen to the

> Sounds and sweet airs that giv delight and hurt not,

and to recall the old scenes, the old times, and the old friends of our childhood.

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First. We want some money from every friend who owes on his subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. The balance in the bank from which to draw to satisfy the paper manufacturers and the printer is very small, and we must increase it, or run in debt. There are many hundreds of dollars owing us by subscribers, and we desire to kindly but firmly call their attention to the matter. We need the money, and it is not right for them to keep it from us. We would also respectfully suggest to those whose subscriptions expire during the present month that now is the time to renew. We would call attention, too, to our club rates. Get a new subscriber, and so get your own paper cheaper.

Second. We once more ask our friends to send us the names of all the Infidels of their acquaintance who do not take THE TRUTH SEEKER. The intention is to send them sample copies of the paper with the hope that they may subscribe.

## Religion in Young Massachusetts.

Fifty years ago the estimation of Americans of "our forefathers" ranked them all as saints, and their glory was sung and chanted without cessation. A critic of the Puritans was eyed askance, and berated as a heretic. This was because the true history of Massachusetts had been skilfully concealed, only a few antiquarians having the smallest conception of the real state of affairs existing in the Puritan colony. Once in a while, however, some public speaker hunted up a few facts and divulged them; then some historian revealed a few more, and gradually the halo around the pilgrims' heads was found to be of a rather moonshiny character. To-day, if one wants a simile for meanness, for bigotry, for intolerance, for cold-blooded cruelty, he quotes the Massachusetts Puritans.

In Brook Adams's "Emancipation of Massachusetts," just published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., we hav a revelation that ought to remove the pilgrims forever from the role of martyrs and heroes, and place them in a deserved pillory, scorned by the whole world. No historical work that we hav read recently excites such feelings of contempt for the period of which it treats as this book by Mr. Adams, which follows the religious development of the Puritans from Plymouth rock to the Revolution. And while Mr. Brooks closed the story too early—for it was not until 1833 that the legal separation of church and state in Massachusetts was effected, and even now the separation is not fully complete—yet he givs enough to show that Christianity superimposed upon undeveloped and intolerant people makes the worst and most cruel despotism possible.

The first compilation of laws made for the government of the colonists contained a penal code copied word for word from the Pentateuch. These were incorporated in what was—most ironically, it seems to us of the present day—called "The Body of Liberties," the work of the Rev. Mr. Ward, pastor of Ipswich. The influence and power lay entirely with the clergy, who as early as 1631 had enacted a law that no man should be admitted as a member of the body politic unless he was first a member of the church. The town meetings, therefore, became at once church meetings, and the government was purely theocratic. The minister stood at the head of the congregation, and molded it to do his will. He held the key to the situation in holding the power to admit to membership in the church. The temporal power was entirely in their hands. They were the arbitrators between the magistrates and the deputies, and their decisions were based upon religion. One question asked of one of these ministerial boards was "whether a judge be bound to pronounce such sentence as a positiv law prescribes, in case it be apparently above or beneath the merit of the offense?" The answer of the ministers was that the punishment should fit the crime, and the example adduced was this: "So any sin committed with a high hand, as the gathering of sticks on the Sabbath day, may be punished with death when a lesser punishment may serve for gathering sticks privily and in some need." It will be seen from this that the clergy early trained the people in hypocrisy as well as cruelty. In 1635 it was enacted that no church should be formed by anyone without first securing the consent of the "elders of the greater part of the churches of this jurisdiction." Thus was conformity secured; it was made permanent afterward by giving the magistrate power to "put forth his coerciv power [on "schismatical churches"] as the matter shall require." In 1648 they adopted the Westminster Confession of Faith, and were then provided with all the essentials of religion. The clergy were in full power; the laws had been made to suit them; the religious standard adopted by which to gage all professions; and, as the last measure needed by the clergy, the building of meeting-houses was forbidden without leave from the town or the general court, both of which meant the ministers. The New Englander, then, was the vassal of his priest, and Winthrop, whom Mr. Adams calls the most enlightened magistrate the ecclesiastical party ever had, was so much a slave that he wrote: "I honored a faithful minister in my heart, and could hav kissed his feet." The clergy paid no taxes, and were not amenable to criticism. For saying "she had as lief hear a cat mew" as Mr. Shepherd preach, Ursula Cole was sentenced to pay a fine of five pounds or be whipped. In those days five pounds were equivalent to between $125 and $150 now. The ministers tolerated not the slightest opposition even from their most devoted retainers, and were not satisfied with the submissivness of their flocks unless they publicly wept when the minister administered admonition and reproof from the pulpit.

From this point on to the Revolution were enacted those scenes of cruelty which must everlastingly disgrace American history and the name of Puritan. Burning with fanaticism and love of power, the ministers regarded persecution of heretics as duty they owed to Christ and to the state. "The good that is brought to princes and subjects," said John Cotton, "by the due punishment of apostate seducers and idolaters and blasphemers is manifold." "All motivs," writes Mr. Adams, "combined to drive them headlong into cruelty; for in the breasts of the larger number even the passion of bigotry was cool beside the malignant hate they felt for those whose opinions menaced their earthly power and dominion; and they never wearied of exhorting the magistrates to destroy the enemies of the church." The fundamental principles of the theocracy, therefore, were persecution of opponents and death for heretics. One of the earliest laws punished blasphemy by death, and special punishments were devised for Antinomians, Baptists, Quakers, and other sectaries, such as fine, imprisonment, branding, whipping, mutilation, banishment, and hanging. A few of the cases of persecution which Mr. Adams has dug from ancient records will serve as examples of the hundreds and thousands that occurred. Of the Antinomians they were:

"John Wheelwright, banished. He was sent to Piscataqua—yet 'it was marvelous he got thither at that time, by reason of the deep snow in which he might hav perished.' Twelve others were given leave to depart 'or abide the action of this court; others were disfranchised, and fifty-eight of the party were disarmed in Boston alone.'

"Anne Hutchinson was banished, with her family, only to be slain by the Indians.

"For threatening to appeal to Parliament against the theocracy, Dr. Childe was fined £200; John Smith, £100; John Dand, £200; Tho. Burton, £100; Samuel Maverick, £100, and for a technical offense, an additional £50. A carpenter named Joy was kept in irons four or five days for the same crime, and was released only when 'he humbled himself for meddling in matters belonging not to him, and blessed God for these irons upon his legs, hoping they should do him good while he lived.'"

In 1644 the General Court "ordered and agreed" that all who opposed the baptizing of infants should be banished. This law was vigorously opposed, but it stood, though the court sometimes commuted the punishment to whipping. But Henry Dunster, for refusing to baptize his infant, was driven from his home, "to die in poverty and neglect."

"For protesting against an 'unrighteous act' of his pastor, and turning Baptist, Obediah Holmes received thirty lashes with a three-thonged whip.

"John Speer, who sympathized with Obediah Holmes, was put in prison.

"On the 27th of May, 1688, Jho. Gould, William Turner, and John Farnum, 'turbulent Annabaptists,' were banished under pain of perpetual imprisonment. They did not leave, and lay in jail about a year, then escaping, but were again seized, and died of the cruelties inflicted."

How many Baptists were prosecuted, says Mr. Adams, is not known; "this much, however, is certain, they not only continued contumacious, but persecution added to their numbers." Thirteen of the most influential dissenting ministers in England wrote their Massachusetts brethren, begging them to desist, lest they should be made to suffer in retaliation, but this remonstrance was unheeded. The first meeting-house built by Baptists was seized by a marshal, and they were obliged to fight for its possession. A number of the congregation were summoned to court, admonished, and forbidden to meet in any public place.

The persecution of the Quakers began with their appearance in Boston. Mr. Adams givs its chronology as follows:

1656, July. First Quakers came to Boston.

1656, 14th Oct. First act against Quakers passed. Providing that ship-masters bringing Quakers should be fined £100. Quakers to be whipped and imprisoned till expelled. Importers of Quaker books to be fined. Any defending Quaker opinions to be fined, first offense, 40s.; second, £4; third, banishment.

1657, 14th Oct. By a supplementary act; Quakers returning after one conviction for first offense, for men, loss of one ear; imprisonment till exile. Second offense, loss other ear, like imprisonment. For females, first offense, whipping, imprisonment. Second offense, idem. Third offense, men and women alike; tongue to be bored with a hot iron, imprisonment, exile.

1658. In this year Rev. John Norton actively exerted himself to secure more stringent legislation; procured petition to that effect to be presented to court.

1658, 19th Oct. Enacted that undomiciled Quakers returning from banishment should be hanged. Domiciled Quakers upon conviction, refusing to apostatize, to be banished, under pain of death on return.

Under this act the following persons were hanged:

1659, 27th Oct. Robinson and Stevenson hanged.

1660, 1st June. Mary Dyer hanged. (Previously condemned, reprieved, and executed for returning.)

1660–1661, 14th March. William Leddra hanged.

1661, June. Wenlock Christison condemned to death; released.

1661, 23d May. Vagabond act. Any person convicted before a county magistrate of being an undomiciled or vagabond Quaker to be stripped naked to the middle, tied to the cart's-tail, and flogged from town to town to the border. Domiciled Quakers to be proceeded against under act of 1658 to banishment, and then treated as vagabond Quakers. The death penalty was still preserved, but not enforced.

1661, 9th Sept. King Charles II. wrote to Governor Endicott, directing the cessation of corporal punishment in regard to Quakers, and ordering the accused to be sent to England for trial.

1661, 27th Nov. Vagabond act suspended.

1662, 28th June. The company's agents, Bradstreet and Norton, received from the king his letter of pardon, etc., wherein, however, Quakers are excepted from the demand made for religious toleration.

1662, 8th Oct. Encouraged by the above letter the Vagabond law revived.

1664–5, 15th March. Death of John Endicott. Bellingham governor. Commissioners interfere on behalf of Quakers in May. The persecution subsides.

1672, 3d Nov. Persecution revived by passage of law punishing persons found at Quaker meeting by fine or imprisonment and flogging. Also fining constables for neglect in making arrests and giving one-third the fine to informers.

In July, 1656, Mary Fisher and Ann Austin arrived in Boston from England before any law was made against the Quakers. They were placed in jail, stripped naked, and afterward sent back to England. The jailer kept their bed and Bible for his fee.

Nicholas Upshall, for condemning the Quaker law, was banished.

Sarah Gibbons and Dorothy Waugh, Quakers, were whipped and kept three days in the house of correction without food.

George Wilson was flogged at the cart's-tail with so severe a

whip that the Quakers wanted to buy it "to send to England for the novelty of the cruelty."

Elizabeth Hooton and Joan Brooksup were driven into the wilderness and there left. They escaped to the Barbadoes. Elizabeth Hooton returned to Boston with a license from the king to buy a house. She was imprisoned, and sentenced to be whipped through three towns. At Cambridge she was tied to a whipping-post and received ten lashes with a three-stringed whip; at Watertown she received ten more stripes with rods of willow; at Dedham, ten more blows were given her. Then she was carried into the wilderness and left at night among wolves and bears.

John Liddal and Thomas Newhouse were whipped through three towns. Surviving his punishment, Newhouse was again whipped.

William Leddra and Wenlock Christison were hanged.

The Rev. John Rayrer ordered Magistrate Richard Walden to whip Anne Coleman, Mary Tompkins, and Alice Ambrose, at the cart's-end through Dover, Hampton, Salisbury, Newbury, Rowley, Ipswich, Wenham, Lynn, Boston, Roxbury, and Dedham, and on a very cold day Walden "caused these women to be stripp'd naked from the middle upward, and tyed to a cart, and after a while cruelly whipp'd them, whilst the priest stood and looked, and laughed at it. . . . They went with the executioner to Hampton, and through dirt and snow at Salisbury, half way the leg deep, the constable forced them after the cart's tayl at which he whipp'd them."

And so the horrible recital goes on, page after page, until one grows sick and faint at reading the barbarities practiced in the name of Christ by the early settlers of Massachusetts, dominated in every thought and action by the priests. It is not as though these outrages were the acts of a few irresponsible fanatics, for whom the church had no responsibility; the blame cannot be shifted in this way, in spite of the numerous attempts to do so by succeeding clergymen who, like Increase Mather, hav deliberately lied about them. It was the settled policy of the church to drive out contradicting sectaries and doubting heretics. Even Episcopalians, Church of England members, were sent back with a warning that no Episcopalianism was wanted around Boston. The Puritan clergy were the instigators of all the persecutions, and controled the magistrates as fully as they did the communicants. It was church work—all of it—as entirely as were the sermons and prayers. All measures with them were for the "honor of the gospel" and the "prosperity of instituted churches." Both of these cant phrases meant, the welfare and power of the ministers, to maintain which the people must be in subjection in all spiritual and temporal affairs. To accomplish these the Roman church never worked harder, meaner, or more cruelly than did the Protestant clergy of New England.

The relics of their reign are still numerous. They are found on the statute books of most of the states; seen in the practice of the courts, and in the conduct of Christians toward unbelievers.

The clergy to-day are making vigorous, if not entirely successful, efforts to preserve the "prerogativs of the cloth"—prerogativs handed down to them from the archaic age when the priest was the lawgiver, the physician, the one supremely favored mortal—exempt from all burdens and the recipient of slavish homage, of debasing respect, and degrading adulation.

It is well, every now and then, to show the fellows up, or they might form the impression that the world is ignorant of their rascalities.

## Mr. Davis and Mr. Reynolds.

The Rev. William F. Davis, the crank preacher who insisted on using Boston Common as a church, has been sentenced to one year in prison. This heavy sentence was imposed because it was not his first offense, as he had been reprimanded on one previous occasion, and lightly fined on another, for the same offense. The trouble with Mr. Davis was that he arrogantly claimed that he had a right to do just as he pleased everywhere because he preached Christianity.

Many papers are now exclaiming against the sentence, characterizing it as an outrage on religious liberty. This is not so. Mr. Davis was arrested for violating a city ordinance in collecting a crowd on the Common, and not for anything he said. We notice, moreover, that the same journals which denounce the prosecution of Mr. Davis are the same which chuckled over the arrest of Mr. Reynolds, and declaimed against him while upholding the authorities. Yet Mr. Reynolds's is the only case of the two in which religious freedom was outraged. Mr. Reynolds spoke on his own property, and invaded no one's right. Mr. Davis insisted on using municipal property as his own, and thereby invaded the rights of every person in Boston. Mr. Reynolds was arrested for *what* he said; Mr. Davis for *where* he said it. Mr. Reynolds acknowledged the rights of others, respected them, and made his missionary meeting a purely private affair for those who chose to hear him. Mr. Davis ignored the rights of everybody but himself, claiming that, as he was a missionary of Jehovah, he had rights superior to all others, and that they must hear him whether or no. But because Mr. Reynolds was teaching heresy to Christianity, the press abused him and justified his arrest. Because Mr. Davis was teaching what Mr. Reynolds was exposing, the press call his arrest an outrage on religious freedom. The deductions to be made from this are clearly apparent.

## The Difference.

The grandmotherly personage who writes letters from the City Hall signed Abraham Hewitt, mayor, stopped all raffles at the Anti-Poverty party's fair held in this city last week, but allowed the "church of the Sacred Heart" to conduct about a dozen lotteries for the benefit of the priest of the parish.

The principal difference between these fairs was that one was held by people who did all they could to defeat Mr. Hewitt's election for mayor last fall, and the other was held by orthodox Catholics who always vote the Tammany Hall ticket with their eyes shut. No doubt Mr. Hewitt could see in Henry George's lotteries demoralization of the very worst kind. But in the other one the sharpest-eyed argus in the whole mythical or political world could see nothing but beneficient works for the Lord's sake.

It's funny what a difference some things make to some men.

## Go Buy a Judge!

In completion of the bargain which the Galveston *News* seems to hav made with puritanical Judge Cook, to the effect that it would support the Sunday laws if allowed to break them itself, its managing editor has been arrested, taken before Judge Cook on a *habeas corpus*, and discharged. The legal accusation against him was that he forced his employees to labor on Sunday. The law bearing on his case is article 183:

"Any person who shall hereafter labor, or compel, force, or oblige his employees, workmen, or apprentices to labor on Sunday, shall be fined not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars."

The next article of the law exempts from the penalties of this article a large number of occupations regarded as necessary, but newspaper work is not among them. The only provision relating to newspapers is that they may be sold at all hours of the day. Mr. Lowe was defended by Lawyer T. J. Ballinger, who made a first-rate speech in spots, and where it was not first-rate it was ingenious. It was, however, a quibble for Sunday newspapers alone, but contained much able pleading for Mr. Belo's right to pursue his commercial transactions on Sunday, protected from competing amusement furnishers by the strictest kind of a prohibitory tariff. The scheme is very ingenious, indeed, and we recommend it to all newspaper editors. All they hav to do is to buy a judge—the Sunday laws are already enacted—and agree with him to shut up everything but newspaper offices and the churches, and presto! the road to riches is open. As a relief from the sermons the people will buy the newspapers, and their circulation will grow so large that they can save the salary of the affidavit man! The combination promises untold possibilities.

We should like to hav seen this issue between the fanatics and the people fought out squarely and honestly away down in Texas. We should like to hav seen the *News* come to the front and fight the fight for liberty as vigorously, at least, as it fought Parson Briggs, of the Texas *Christian Advocate*, because he accused one of the *News* reporters of lying. But we search in vain for any intimation in Mr. Ballinger's argument that the Sunday law is an alliance of church and state, in which the state plays cat's-paw for the priests; we look in vain for any indignant reminder to the court that the fanatics should attend to their own business and leave honest men alone; and we are disappointed when we look for a single word to show that the *News* cares a penny for any more liberty than is granted in the permission to make and sell newspapers on Sunday. As a hucksterer of current Texas items the *News* is a success; as a defender of popular rights it is a gigantic failure.

But, then, its Sunday edition will contain the advertisments of all the pious shopkeepers of Galveston, and that is a great thing!

## Editorial Notes.

Mr. Nathaniel Jarvis, Jr., clerk of the naturalization bureau, has just been investigated, and his accounts are $650 short. Mr. Jarvis is the gentleman who, a year ago, declined to receive Bohemian Rabitscheck's affirmation of allegiance to the United States on the ground that the applicant was an Atheist, and would not make a good citizen. This is one of the cases that do not require comment.

We wonder if it occurred to the readers of last week's Truth Seeker, as it did to the Editor, when he had got the matter ready for the pressman, that, on the whole, The Truth Seeker is favored beyond most papers in its corps of contributors. There is Dr. Oswald, keen philosopher and scientist, giving us the best of his thoughts and historic researches, which other journals would hav to pay him royally for, and would gladly do it if his thoughts were not so heretical. In the same issue Mr. F. M. Holland, author of the most scholarly history of Freethought, one of the ablest thinkers and writers around Boston, tears to pieces the economical theories of another equally eminent gentleman, Mr. Denslow, for years editor of a great daily. Then came Mr. Putnam, jolly and jubilant, describing unpoetic fields with poetic fire, until he arouses an enthusiasm in the reader akin to his own. Following him the practical Reynolds, plain of speech and strong of blow, setting down the good and bad hotels impartially, but with malice for none; then Edgeworth, a bookworm and linguist of wide repute, possessing technical knowledge almost without end; fifth, the Quixotic, dogmatic, and illogical but sincere Malcolm, always wanting to do good; sixth, Mr. Burnham, the finished orator and writer, a minister in the past, now a preacher of the present, acute in reasoning, strong in statement, and implacable in hostility to error; and seventh, "Billington"—a name assumed by a gentleman who has stood high in theological circles and governmental positions, but who now devotes his energies to showing up shams as only he can do it—and one of the most incisiv and forceful men in the country. If these men had been gathered in some scientific or literary monthly with a big name—where most if not all of them are often met with—the daily press would hav had paragraphs saying "the —— magazine for October 15th is occupied by a number of uncommonly strong writers," and the editor of the magazine would be happy as the presses were kept busy printing edition after edition. But these are not all who make The Truth Seeker valuable. The outspoken sentiments and plain matter-of-fact recitals by the friends who write short letters to their favorit paper, telling which lecturer last visited them and how they liked him, and when another was expected there; or letting the Liberal world know what deviltry the Christians of their neighborhood are up to; or penning obituaries pathetic because sincere; or instructing some other correspondent, or saying a good word for the persecuted of the family—these compose a feature no other paper has, and make a bond of union which is the life and strength of Liberalism. Together with the Children's Corner, and a few minor beauties thrown in, we think The Truth Seeker is a good journal for Liberals to patronize. If they did but know it, they are getting through our columns the best thoughts of the best men of the century.

## New Editions of Books, and New Prices for Old Books.

A new edition of Prof. Felix Oswald's "Secret of the East" is now in press, and will be issued shortly. Price one dollar.

The price of Gibbon's "History of Christianity" has been reduced by the publisher from two dollars to a dollar and a half. It is a necessary book for every Freethinker. Mr. Eckler has also cut the price of "Voltaire's Romances" from two dollars in cloth to a dollar and a half, and in paper to one dollar. Half calf, or half morocco, marbled edges, is still four dollars. We can supply them promptly.

The Motto card, "Reason is a Better Guide than Fear," has been changed by the publishers to "Reason is the Lamp of the Mind." The former is no longer on sale; the latter can be supplied to all at twenty-five cents each.

Saladin's "God and His Book" is on hand from London, the six pamphlets gathered into one book, cloth bound, and selling for a dollar and a half. It is worth ten dollars to every Freethinker who likes to "corner the parson."

Mrs. Anna Zimmerman writes to Mrs. Slenker that she is delighted with "Little Lessons," as it is all for assimilation by the children, and is not padded out as children's books are apt to be. *Echoes from Sunny Land* regards it as "just the book for children." Mrs. Zimmerman also regards "John's Way," another of Mrs. Slenker's works, as "the best of books."

Thomas Paine's works still hold their own with the Liberal reading public, and we are printing new editions of the "Age of Reason," and "Common Sense." Since Mr. Bennett purchased the plates of Paine's books we hav sold a great many thousands of them, and expect to sell more. We presume Thomas Paine is responsible for the Infidelity of more people than any other man except Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.

A new edition of Winwood Reade's "Martyrdom of Man" is in press, and will be completed in time for the fall trade, and for winter reading. There is no book on our list which we can more cheerfully recommend than this.

# Letters from Friends.

NEWPORT, ME., Oct. 2, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Is there no one of all your many correspondents that has any remarks or words of commendation for the truly inspiring words of your correspondent "Alhaza," of Lexington, Ky.? Read those grand words: "A gift at every poor man's door will cause him to follow the giver;" and, "Do people crave excitement? Let there be a holy rush toward the abodes of wretchedness." The whole letter is full of grand inspiration. If the writer will send me his, or her, address, I would be pleased to send a paper. SEWARD MITCHELL.

NAPA CITY, CAL., Sept. 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I like your paper so well that I can't well refuse to renew my subscription, and Heston's pictures so perfectly represent the Bible characters that they are a treasure within themselvs. They speak and convey ideas to the minds of many much more effectivly than any written descriptions of the same subjects. I hav delayed a little in order to get a new subscriber to join us. He has been raised, and always lived, under the shadows of the orthodox church, and you know it takes a man and a manly effort to break the shackles. I feel that he possesses all the qualities of a true man, and I am sure he will hereafter be an independent thinker. R. F. GRIGSBY.

REDDICK, ILL., Oct. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: THE TRUTH SEEKER of last week came promptly to hand. and its contents were duly assimilated. I like it better every week. I read the Boston *Investigator* and also the well-named *Ironclad Age*.

If every individual of this lovely little planet of ours would go aboard one of these grand old vessels they would verily outride the storms of superstition, bigotry, and ignorance. They never founder at sea nor get overloaded; they are three of the stanchest ships that plow the sea of science and reform. My word for it, read those three papers, and you will never be left in the slough of doubt and disappointment. Long may they float and their banners wave! I hope to see some or all of THE TRUTH SEEKER attachés at the Congress at Chicago. C. B. HUNTER.

SUNSET, TEXAS, Sept. 29, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In reply to your notice I inclose $3 for continuation of THE TRUTH SEEKER from October 27th one year. The funds would hav been sent without the notice, for I cannot do without the inspired weekly instalments of THE TRUTH SEEKER. I like every part of the paper; can tolerate even Friend Grabill. John Bushel has aroused a tiger in a Baptist brother out here, who says he will write to him and make him take back assertions made in THE TRUTH SEEKER of September 10th entitled, "Wonderful Absurdities," page 579. The book, "Men, Women, and Gods," I bought of you started out on an errand of mercy. One man who got it read it and sent it on, but paid me for the book. I don't know where it is now, but, Speed the journey! is all I've got to say. "Bible Morals" has gone where the wind listeth. So may it be.

I send seventy-five cents for "Christianity a Reward for Crime," "Bible Fabrications Refuted," "The Origin of the Christian Bible," and a "A Vindication of Masonic Right;" also "The Public Schools and the Catholic Church."

HARRIET DAVIS.

SNOHOMISH, WASH. TERR., Sept 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Circumstances—the loss of my home, my ill-health, etc.—compelled me, to my great regret, to leave Kansas, which I did with a heavy heart. Please send my TRUTH SEEKER to this post-office instead of Columbus, Kan. I am treated very kindly here by J. S. Martin, your correspondent and advocate, and others. This is a favorable region for the light of truth and humanity to spread and flourish. Many who came here from the creed-bound and priest-ridden East left behind them much mental darkness and error, and are transplanted to a region more favorable to the growth and ascension of manhood. This region is a great contrast to and complement of the Kansas prairie region—too much wood and water here, too little there. The many Freethinkers here need organizing, need to be brought to the surface, and brought into relations and conditions where they will speak out and work for the true and the good like my friend Martin. The League formed here by Mr. Putnam has been promising, but its growth and prosperity will depend upon the zeal and contributions and work of its individual members. It is the constant every-day work and coöperation of all the members of this or any other Secular Union, and not the temporary spasmodic excitement of a particular occasion, which will assure perpetual growth and success. J. H. COOK.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 30, 1887.

When one is right, one cannot be too radical; when wrong, too conservativ.—*Thomas Paine.*

That government is best that governs least.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

MR. EDITOR: If there is truth in the above sentences, the people and their masters, the law-makers (but chosen as servants)—hav they heeded it? Why do we need masters or law-makers? Is it not because we hav been falsely educated from time immemorial that we need the government of one over another instead of learning that we should be a law unto and governing ourselvs instead of others? Elmina says, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 11th: "Here am I in bonds because I tried to learn, teach, and educate; because I sought earnestly for facts and gave freely of them." Is not the idea (government), as I hav above stated, put in force, the cause of her prosecution and persecution? Is she right in her efforts to learn, teach, and educate? If so, can she be too radical? Can she be too earnest and activ in her efforts to remove all that causes suffering, misery, and wrong in and to the human race? Is not knowledge our greatest, highest, and best god, and obedience thereto our savior and only savior? If so, should we not sustain and encourage Elmina and all other teachers of truth in their endeavors, instead of prosecuting and persecuting them? My observation and experience hav shown me there is great suffering and wrong in the human race, and there can be no effect without a cause. If Elmina is seeking for the cause of this suffering, and endeavoring to remove it, should not all assist and sustain her in her holy and pure efforts? I for one think we should. ABNER J. POPE.

FALL RIVER, KAN., Oct. 4, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of September 24th, Brother Kelso prefaces his letter with the question, "Is there any such a thing as Liberalism?" (Answer, Yes.) "If there is, what is it?"

It is Liberalism to search for *facts*, and, having found them, to follow whithersoever they lead. If these facts make myth and fable of the account of creation as found in Genesis, and substitute instead the order of creation as revealed in the science of geology, stand by the facts. It is much better to hav a small belief, predicated on facts, than to hav a huge belief, founded on myths, fables, and falsehoods.

If the facts prove that Adam and Eve were not our first parents; that the story about the garden of Eden, the fall of man, and the so-called plan of redemption, are unscientific, unphilosophical, and foolish, it is Liberalism to discard these myths, and, whenever occasion demands, "speak out in meeting."

If the facts in history, sound philosophy, and reason prove that every man is his own redeemer; that all the Christs and saviors are myths; that the only salvation from sin is to stop sinning; that hell and heaven, at best, are conditions, and not localities; that the "universe as it is" is the only creator, it is Liberalism to follow the facts, and assert our belief accordingly whenever good taste or intellectual independence demands.

It is Liberalism to allow each individual the fullest exercise of his intellectual and moral powers, the fullest freedom of thought and speech, always having due regard for the happiness, the rights, of others.

It is Liberalism to eradicate from ourselvs egotism, selfishness, sordidness, sensuality, and lead pure lives, keeping in mind that each is accountable to himself, and not to an imaginary tribunal far off in the realms of space.

P. VAN HYATT.

WINDOM, KAN., Oct. 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Some time since I saw a letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER in which the writer says something about Spiritualism being a cousin to Christianity. As a writer from Brooklyn in your paper of September 17th professes to be a Spiritualist, and so earnestly defends the Bible, it would seem that the first mentioned writer was correct. I therefore wish to correct an error which I think exists in the minds of many persons. There are really two classes of Spiritualists; one class, like the man of Brooklyn, who try to make out that the old heathenish and nonsensical falsehoods of the Bible, such as the story of Jacob's ladder, were inspired by spirits, or were clairvoyant visions. There is another class who look upon the Bible as upon any other book of like absurdities, obscenities, and immoral teachings; who rely for evidence to support their belief upon facts which come within their observation through the aid of modern spiritual phenomena. I am not a Spiritualist, neither a Materialist; but in regard to the belief of a future existence, purely Agnostic. But I cannot see why a man who is free from the superstitious fear of God, hell, and the devil should defend this sickening old bundle of falsehoods, under the guidance of which Christians hav murdered, robbed, and stolen, and hav committed other horrible crimes down to the present time. I would advise the Spiritualist of Brooklyn, and all others who defend the Bible, to read "Spiritualism Sustained," by Col. John R. Kelso, after which they will probably be more willing to behold Mr. Heston's pictures which so admirably throw ridicule upon such stories as Jacob's ladder and others.

W. SILVESTER.

ADRIAN, MICH., Oct. 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to make a few statements and to ask a few questions. In an article printed in the *Eastern Star* (Spiritualist) the writer says that he has been through all the grades—mineral and animal kingdoms—from the eternal previous up to the present time. His age is probably seventy years. This seventy years is of human form. Before his advent to humanity he was through all the elements of geology, pollywog, turtle, and all other grades up to man—dog, ape, horse—yet he says he is a Spiritualist. I admit he is progressiv. He says all other methods are at variance with truth, but still uses the term God as at the head of all future stages of what may be, as well as of the past. Geology and the Bible cannot hinge, for that book says this world and all that's in it was created in a week, and built out of nothing. And the same element, God, made man; he then constructed a woman out of the same material for the companion of Adam. Now, then, the question, Why did he not make a woman, and substitute himself in place of making Adam, if the mode of populating this earth be according to the Bible history? He (God) went to a good deal of unnecessary trouble. Again, if God was the Bible God, the architect of all things and the earth, why did he make a devil to try to thwart and pester him in all future time, well knowing that he would? The devil took God [listen!] up on a high mountain and showed him all the earth, and said that he (the devil) would grant him all the earth if he would bow down and worship him. How could he show him all the earth? as it is proved by demonstration that the world is round. God did not know it was round, although he is said to hav made it. The ungodly woman says:

This world is round and, like a ball,
Seems swinging in the air;
The sky extends around it all,
And stars are shining there.

If the theory be true that the human production was matured by gradual development from vegetation to a full-fledged human being, through all the grades up, how do we know that when we come in contact with some obnoxious quadruped, and spurn it with our feet, we are not kicking one of our near relations? For it is held by some that we again enter into a brute's body. If we hav an existence after this body gets tired and must be dispensed with, it will be a square-toed existence — no probation, no waiting for the judgment—it will be a clean-cut life. Nature does nothing by halves. I cannot conceive of a personal creator—a being formed like a man—sitting upon a literal throne, dictating to his offspring an arbitrary obedieuce. The Bible says God made man after his own image. If this be true, then there is no help for us; we are doomed to eternal misery. It cannot be; we are not to blame for our existence. When the dissolution takes place it will be, "Here goes for the unknown." It will be light or darkness; we know not which. O. S. BARRETT.

SALMON CITY, IA., Sept. 29, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find an extract cut out of the Salmon City *Recorder*. It will show you the view that Judge Brezee takes of the decision of the Illinois Supreme Court. It expresses my sentiments. Success to your TRUTH SEEKER. It will be hard to improve on it. L. C. GEERTSON.

JUDGE BREZEE'S OPINION.

The Supreme Court of the state of Illinois has confirmed the decision of the court below in the case of the condemned Socialists. We hav no sympathy with this element, and it would be very difficult to find words expressiv of the contempt in which we hold them. At the same time we hold these men to be improperly condemned to death, and the sentence thus imposed to be one of the most atrocious perversions of law that has taken place either on the continent of Europe or America.

Those men are convicted not because they with their own hands committed the crime of murder, treason, or insurrection, but because they indirectly caused others to murder by writing and circulating newspaper articles, and by making public speeches. Let this principle be once established and it will end in the suppression of the liberty of the press and of speech. Starting with and enlarging upon that decision, no political editor, Democratic or Republican, would be safe from the gibbet were a political riot to occur and a party adverse to the accused be in power.

The execution of those men will hav a bad effect on the labor element. When the hangman shall hav completed his work a feeling of sympathy will be aroused which will become dangerous for the wealthy class. It will make Socialists of tens of thousands of American workingmen who hav heretofore disavowed any sympathy for the foreign agitators.

We hope governor will commute the sentences so that the condemned will not become martyrs. The decision of the court has done sufficient mischief already; its being carried into execution would be worse. No supreme bench of the state of Illinois can make us believe that the judgment in the case is good law.

SNOWVILLE, VA., Oct. 6, 1887.

DEAR FRIENDS: I am receiving so many letters of personal inquiry that I cannot answer them all, so if our kind Editor will permit I'll send one general letter, and perhaps the last before Oct. 31st. Many are inquiring how friends, relativs, and neighbors are looking upon me since the arrest, and how I am feeling personally.

I would say that our immediate family (husband, son, and myself) are as unitedly happy as we ever were, or anyone could wish for. Neighbors seem even more kind than of old, and as for me I must say I hav never been happier than during the past few months. True, there are shadows on the pathway of my life, just as there are on those of all other lives; but the sunshine has so quickly dispersed them as to leave little or no impress behind.

I hav had such a precious communion with so many noble minds and hearts that I feel all the while an uplifting and unfolding, a growing and developing which is so enthusing that I am more than recompensed for all that has come and gone. My motto has ever been to "make the best of what is," and I'm doing it now, and this is why I am full of peace and happiness, even with the sword of fate suspended over me. The sweet blessedness of knowing I hav thousands of friends all over the land who appreciate my work has banished the gloom that hung over me during the first few weeks of my trouble. To-day has been almost brighter than the ones which preceded it. A lovely, mild, sunny October day; one of the days when it seems to be a bliss to be alive. I hav busied myself since early dawn doing my home work, reading a pile of letters, fresh from the office and the hearts of the writers, answering some of the most pressing ones, scanning the newspapers, chatting with callers, caring for baby (my year-old grandson), dealing out papers, books, and vinegar to neighbors—not spiritual sourness—but the material acid which is just now in demand for making sweet pickles. I sent a basket of apples and some sweet-cakes to a sick child, and thus in little things passed the pleasant hours. For variety, when tired of pushing the pen, I ran into a neighbors where a bevy of ladies were quilting, and had a pleasant social chat.

I was both pleased and saddened by reading the "In Memoriam" of Eugene Remsburg: pleased that the child was so beautifully remembered, and saddened to think of the void left in the hearts of the parents and friends by the going out of the young baby life. I hope friends will continue writing, even though I cannot send greeting to each individ-

ually. I want to hear from everyone. It is such a great moral support and encouragement to know you are not ostracized and alone. With gratitude to all sympathizers and believers in real freedom, and in a broad, all-embracing charity of opinion, I am, Truly Yours,

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

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ELMIRA, N. Y., Oct. 9, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Much has been said for and against Mrs. E. D. Slenker. I am not in favor of her methods or her outside wanderings. No one can find very much fault with her "Children's Corner," but there is room for sharp criticism in other directions. But I am of the opinion there will be no difficulty in establishing the fact that for months and years, perhaps, a woman Mrs. Slenker supposed to be a good friend was simply a deceptiv enemy. Mrs. Slenker was favored by the editors of many papers. This fact caused jealousy and envy to rankle in the bosom of one who should hav been willing to let Mrs. Slenker rise by her true worth, or fall by her false position without a dead-fall.

I am sure a person who would enter into correspondence with Comstock for such a purpose must some time hav been a Christian—a Sunday-school scholar—and learned the lessons of fraud and deception well. For Liberals to disagree and even become enemies is not strange or uncommon, but to plot with Comstock is outrageous, and deserves the condemnation of all.

The readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER hav not forgotten that, when Helen H. Gardener first came before the public, the fact that she was introduced by R. G. Ingersoll, and was called a Liberal star by S. P. Putnam, roiled the good disposition of a few of the old dames who had starred the country for seventy-five years, and they were inclined to sit down on and dim the glory of Miss Helen; but it was a good deal like John R. Kelso, when he sat down on the hornet's nest: they made a mistake. It also reminds me of an old minister who was enraged because a young man was hired in his place, and he said he could snap the boot heels right off that young chap if they would just giv him a chance.

I hav only this to say in regard to the Slenker matter. The woman who would enter into collusion with Comstock is by nature possessed of the same elements as Comstock. The person who would write Mrs. Slenker a letter of friendship, asking questions apparently in good faith that would lead to answers that, if disclosed to Comstock, would bring trouble—such a person is more contemptible than Comstock, and the sin of such an act ten times more disgraceful than anything Mrs. Slenker could say in a private letter.

It will be but justice all around that the daylight should shine on all the facts in the case. Let the truth prevail, though the heavens fall. Yours for fair play, U. C.

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DETROIT, MICH., Sept. 23, 287.

MR. EDITOR: I am heartily glad to see that the venerable advocate of freedom, J. Hacker, is yet able to use his pen, as he shows some of the fallacies of Henry George, but the errors of George are not greater than those of friend Hacker. It is just as far from truth to say that private ownership of land will of itself lead to universal independence as to say that private ownership of land is the cause of poverty. A statement was made some four or five years ago in THE TRUTH SEEKER, by a Mr. Perry (I think), that one-half of the farms in the New England states might be purchased for what the fences had cost; that one might ride for miles and find every farm deserted, and many of them grown over with trees. Now, this would indicate from both Mr. Hacker's and Mr. George's views that Mr. George is right, while I am certain that both are wrong. I hav a relativ who three years ago bought a forty-acre farm, all under cultivation, with good buildings and orchard, near a railroad and twenty miles from this city, for which he paid cash, and now he would be glad to get back what he paid out, and will take less. A labor paper published in Kansas says that the debts in recorded mortgages of one county in that state amount to over seven millions, and that the property of many counties will not sell for one-third the value of such debts. Now, most of the farms of Kansas were taken up as homesteads, and these facts would bear heavily on the side of Mr. George. But we must go farther back than does Mr. George or Brother Hacker for the cause of poverty. Our government has enslaved the people and is the true first cause of poverty, war, vice, and crime. Our government has never been anything but a heavy burthen and a curse from its first formation to this day. It was supposed to hav been formed to protect and preserve the rights and liberties of the people, but instead of doing so it has continued the same enslavement that had before existed under English rule. ALL TAXATION IS SLAVERY. Our forefathers refused to be taxed by England unless they were allowed to send representativs to help to tax (enslave) them. Just as if it made any difference who did the enslaving. And when they had separated from England our ancestors continued all through their seven years of war and misery to tax the people, while they huckstered their credit over the world, trying to borrow the debts of other nations and individuals to buy freedom with. And when they had won all that they had fought so long to obtain, they did not know what it was nor what to do with it. They had declared that it was a self-evident truth that ALL people are endowed by their creator with the INALIENABLE right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But they never made even the slightest provision for establishing any of those inalienable rights. They went right along, ignoring and alienating every shadow of those rights which no power on earth had a right to interfere with. They even made provision in the Constitution for alienating every right of the people which they had declared so self-evidently to be inalienable.

Article 1 of section 8 of the Constitution says: "Congress shall hav power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises; to borrow money on the credit of the United States; to define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas; to declare war; grant letters of mark and reprisal; to raise and support armies; to provide and maintain a navy; to provide for organizing and disciplining the militia."

All of these provisions are for the enslaving of the people. Every word of them is in contradiction and in direct contravention of the declaration that all men hav an *inalienable* right *which no power on earth* can justly interfere with. Every man who believes in liberty should hav this, ALL TAXATION IS SLAVERY, hung up in every room in his house to be read of all men and women. And we must demand that our government shall cease all taxation, and shall create and issue a legal tender money and pay all expenses of government, and continue to do so until every dollar of debt, public and private, shall be paid, and every shadow of slavery be wiped off the face of this country. There never was nor ever can be any other slavery on earth but that caused by a government that taxes its people to support a government that enslaves them by taxing them to support such a useless curse. No one need to be at a loss for the cause of poverty, war, vice, crime, and misery who will study history, and reason from cause to effect. And if Brother Hacker and others wish to see any fruit from their life-work they MUST study these things. J. H. WOOD.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of Oct. 1st one of the delegates to the International Freethought Convention is reported to hav "thought it unfortunate that a vote should be taken upon a theoretical question," and asserted that "if Freethought is to do good work it must be restricted." I think it pertinent to inquire if restricted thought is really free? and if Freethought is a theoretical question that may be confined in a strait-jacket of partisan dogma, or a universal principle that is equally applicable to all sides of every conceivable question, but is identical with none? I hav always supposed that Freethought, supplemented by intelligence and reason, is an investigator who proves all things and holds fast that which is good; hence, whatever else the Apostle Paul may hav been, he was indisputably an advocate of Freethought, though a Christian. Therefore Freethought is not incompatible with Christianity, priestcraft and Infidelity to the contrary notwithstanding. Except for Freethought, neither Christianity nor Infidelity could hav been possible; and now, evidently with a view to preventing those who would mount higher, they mutually endeavor to kick down the ladder upon which themselvs hav climbed. Hence, I think it should appear that priestcraft and Infidelity are at opposit extremes on the social question, and as far from an intelligent solution as it is possible to go, yet both pretend to hav found the only practical solution of the social problem. Their solution appears to consist in a mutual exposure of each other's sophistries. Not being prepared to question that solution as a primary condition, I shall wish them mutual success.

Some Freethinkers make an investigation of religion a specialty. I shall not think why, unless for the good they hope to find in it, for we should not be so ungenerous as to suspect anybody of the inconsistency of seeking evil, when evil abounds on every hand, and most people of average intelligence desire to escape it. There are some Freethinkers who make the investigation of the social problem a specialty, with a view to finding a solution that will make human existence on this planet universally endurable if not pleasant and desirable. I note a few suggestions by Mr. Denslow, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Sept. 24th, that seem to merit the attention of those last-named Freethinkers, and may hav been intended to invite it. Those "free soup houses," supported by the contributions of usurers and profit-mongers generally, were suggestiv of the benevolent highwayman who, having robbed his victim of the last cent, bethinks himself that it will hardly pay to kill the goose who lays the golden egg, and returns a dime to keep the poor devil from starving to death until he can procure more of which to be robbed in like manner. I well remember the efforts that were made at that time, through the press and otherwise, to divert attention from the real cause of "the present hard times." I am also aware of there being a few who were not diverted by those sophistries.

His allusion to "independent labor" is rich though not rare, for our country abounds with demagogs who pretend to be victims of that hallucination. Nevertheless, I am inclined to the opinion that independent labor is a myth, for I hav been on the road more than half a century, and hav not traveled far enough to meet him. But beggars abound on every hand, and profit-mongers are the most importunate beggars in the crowd. He not only solicits patronage himself, but also employs others to solicit it for him that he may realize fraudulent contributions on the false pretense of giving a full equivelent for that he receives, and notwithstanding the well-known fact that consumers pay a hundred per cent more for commodities than the entire labor cost of procuring and distributing them. Hence it should appear that private ownership is an expensiv luxury that is least participated in by those who pay for it—whose labor supports it. The knowledge of such facts, supplemented with the memory of those free soup-house times, and the possibility of their recurrence, should be a sufficient incentiv to intelligent working-men casting about them for protection from such impositions and the consequent calamities. Therefore, it is not protection, but the want of it, that is justly answerable for the sin of having given labor "the big head," and I hope Mr. Denslow will not forget it when he givs us the next instalment of instruction on the subject, for it is anything but agreeable to a protectionist that he should hav cause to defend protection against the unjust aspersions of its advocates whose insane hatred and contempt of self-asserting workingmen misleads them to perpetrate such a stupid blunder as to stab protection in hope of thereby wounding labor.

J. A. TUTTLE.

P.S.—Though not partial to bandying ungenerous and somewhat vulgar compliments, I will suggest the possibility that labor has not a monopoly of "the big head" on the social question. J. A. T.

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LEBO, KAN., Oct. 5, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: "N. S.," of Windom, Kan., in THE TRUTH SEEKER of September 10th, opens the subject for a few remarks that may benefit some one, if not "N. S."

It is demonstrable that all subjects are bounded by two extremes, to one of which we are prone. A man may eat too much, or too little; talk too much, or too little; work too much, or too little; sleep too much, or too little, and so on through all life's doings. No act can be mentioned or thought of where this possibility is not apparent.

It is demonstrable that as we depart from the mean line between these extremes, where all thrift and happiness dwell, misery, direct or indirect, is inevitable; and, as a rule, the greater the departure, the greater the misery. The morbid excitement found in these extremes is not true enjoyment. It lacks breadth, depth, and tone, and is antagonistic to longevity. Satiety and stagnation follow, and the extremist in one thing soon becomes obtuse in all. The keen relish for enjoyment is gone. But before this stage arrives there is a period that the nerve centers are at a white heat, so to speak, and a rainbow beauty is around and over all. Going to these extremes has brought upon man all manner of mental and physical maladies. A large number are so utterly depraved as to be beyond aid. Through their own and ancestral departures from the happy mean, the equilibrium between the faculties is so far lost that only extinction will wipe out the record of sin and check the propagation of cranks and deformities. This, though dark and discouraging for some, is true as truth, and should stimulate those who can to avoid further excesses.

"N. S." admits he went to an extreme—worked too hard, and broke down, had a severe spell of sickness; then came visions and "whisperings in the air," all of which he attributes to spirits. He can't realize that these phenomena originate within his own shattered nervous system; that they are only pathological indications, for to him these hallucinations seem as real, and as external, as my pen or lamp does to me. But the melancholy feature of the case is, he nurses, courts, and encourages them, while they undermine and will in time dethrone reason. He even tells us, "I would rather not be cured of it."

Well, it would be unwise to attempt to cure one in love with his own disease, but what I say may do some one good who is not so far along as to be hopeless, and for the benefit of such I will talk to him, and let each appropriate what he or she may think good, and be able to use.

I realize that a gratuitous effort is seldom appreciated, and they who need it most are among the first to shout, "Crucify him," but this shall not deter me from doing my duty.

If "N. S." will hug his phantoms, let him do so, and in time he will serve as a warning to those who can reason logically, and thus benefit our race, as a stranded ship warns succeeding mariners of danger near at hand. He can visit any insane asylum and meet many who, like himself, hear "whisperings in the air," and, like him, see horrible and beautiful sights. Having had some experience with the afflicted, perhaps an example may be of interest.

I knew a youth of extra promis—few were his equals, and his superiors I did not know. When but a boy he gained literary notoriety—was a fine mathematician, a logician, a grammarian, and in fact excelled in all he undertook. He became a successful teacher, but soon entered a banking house as cashier, and made a good name for honesty, accuracy, and ability. He took an interest in real estate and loan brokerage, which was also successful, but, like "N. S.," he broke down under the strain; the overtaxed nerves gave way, and like "N. S." he began to see all kinds of visions, and hear "whisperings in the air." To him, as to "N. S.," all this was external and real, without instead of within; and when taken to an asylum, his distemper was found beyond aid, and in conversation with the creations of his own diseased brain his language is blood-curdling and vehement. If not too late—as I apprehend it is—let "N. S." take warning, for his case is a duplicate of the above in many respects. Banish as far as possible all unreal sights and sounds, and go under treatment at once for this morbid condition of your nervous functions. I know nearly all conditions are against you. From the cradle to the grave a greed for the marvelous is fostered by every possible means. The nursery, the Sunday-school, the pulpit, one-half the conversation we hear, and one-half we read is intended to excite feelings already preternaturally activ, and few children are so fortunate as to escape one or all of these soul-blighting inventions, all of which tend to further destroy a healthy and happy equilibrium of mind and body. Spiritualism, of which "N. S." is so enamored, is only a revision of theology stripped of some of its coarseness and vulgarity. It is a legitimate child of theology, and has inherited from its progenitor a morbid love of the marvelous and speculativ, with small love for science or truth. Come out of the clouds, "N. S.," come down on terra-firma, and deal with facts awhile. Set up no claim for yourself or your spirit friends that you can't demonstrate, for it looks silly in you. Your friends can't do as they claim. Of this I am positiv, but if you think they can, come over and I will giv you and them a test, and a fair one it shall be. If they giv me evidence of such powers as you claim, I will make you a present of $100; if they fail, you shall make me a present of a like sum. You will not come; you dare not come. You, and all like you, hav as great a horror of a logical mind as a victim of hydrophobia has of water. S. F.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## Be Patient with the Living.

Good friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor,
Past all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing—
What tender truth shall we hav gained,
Alas! by simply dying?

Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defect discover;
Then hands that would not lift a stone,
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill-path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber.

Good friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living!
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then patience, e'en when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamour;
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living!

## Watching the Tongue.

Keep a watch on your words, my children,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey—
Like bees, they hav terrible stings.
They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten the lonely life;
They can cut in the strife of anger
Like an open, two-edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged
If their errand be true and kind—
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind.
If a bitter, revengeful spirit
Prompt the words, let them be unsaid—
They may flash through the brain like lightning,
Or fall on the heart like lead.

Keep them back if they're cold and cruel,
Under bar, and lock, and seal;
The wounds they make, my children,
Are always slow to heal.
May Love guard your lips, and ever,
From the time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the words of the beautiful truth.

## Gentle Children.

It is common to speak of gentle men and gentle women, and there is no reason whatever why we should not also speak of children as gentle also. Boys and girls—healthy, activ, full of fun and all manner of jollity—may yet, withal, be very gentle and kind, worthy to be called gentle children. Kindness is the mother of gentleness. It is a good, old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon word, and full of meaning. The Saxon way of spelling kind is *cynd*, and besides conveying the idea of pleasant and harmonious feelings, it refers to kinship by blood, to race relationship. The more one practices kindness—the doing of kind acts—the gentler he becomes; and the gentle boy, while liking to play, to run, jump, leap, is quick, also, to be helpful, to see many little things that he can do, and to do them at once, without waiting to be told. The gentle girl, no matter how young, saves her mamma many steps every day. She does not snap and snarl like some little animal when told to do a thing, but goes willingly, with nimble feet, to do it.

Gentle children are joys in the home. They are happy because trying always to make some one else happy. They hav many friends, because everyone likes gentleness, whether shown to human beings or dumb creatures. Then cultivate kindness, which begets gentleness, and strive to be always good and gentle children. S. H. W.

## Fainting.

It is surprising how everybody rushes at a fainting person and strives to raise him up, and especially to keep his head erect. There must be an instinctiv apprehension that if a person seized with a fainting or other fit fall into a recumbent position death is more imminent. Always remember this fact, namely, fainting is caused by want of blood in the brain. The heart ceases to act with sufficient force to send the usual amount of blood to the brain, and hence the person loses consciousness because the function of the brain ceases. Restore the blood to the brain, and instantly the person recovers. Now, though the blood is propelled to all parts of the body by the action of the heart, yet it is still under the influence of the laws of gravitation. In the erect position the blood ascends to the head against gravitation, and the supply to the brain is diminished as compared with the recumbent position, the heart's pulsation being equal. If, then, you place a person sitting whose heart has nearly ceased to beat, his brain will fail to receive the blood; while if you lay him down with the head lower than the heart, blood will run into the brain by mere force of gravity, and, in fainting, in sufficient quantity to restore consciousness. Indeed, nature teaches us how to manage fainting persons, for they always fall, and frequently are at once restored by the recumbent position into which they are thrown.

## The Bee's Sting.

I read in THE TRUTH SEEKER of Oct. 8th an article from Naturalist Clark about the bee's sting, formic acid, etc., so erroneous that I am constrained to reply, as I do not want to see error promulgated. Clark, I am confident never handled bees in a movable frame hive, and examined their workings daily, or he would never hav made so many erroneous statements. The sting of the honey-bee is barbed, and in that differs from wasps, hornets, and other stinging insects. When a bee givs a good sting, the sting is pulled out of the bee and it dies. Instead of the bee using its sting for the "artistic cell-work," it uses its mandibles and antennæ, two parts of its head. The reason why extracted honey does not keep is because it was not sufficiently concentrated by the heat of the bees before it was extracted, the same as syrups of all kinds will not keep if not sufficiently concentrated. Formic acid has nothing to do with the keeping of honey. All practical bee-keepers will confirm what I hav above stated. Yours for the promulgation of pure truth and knowledge, ABNER J. POPE.

*Rochester, N. Y.*

## Origin of the White Man.

There may be remains of Stone Age whites, but there are no certain remains of white savages of a low order. We may well doubt if there ever were any white savages; it is more likely that the white men were developed late in the history of the world from ancestors already far on in civilization; in fact, that this civilization, with its improved supply of food, its better housing and clothing, its higher intellectuality, was one main factor in the development of the white type. Here, however, it must be remembered that there is not a white race in the sense in which there is a Carrib race or an Andaman race. It includes several race types, and even the same languages, such as English or German, may be spoken by men as blonde as Danes or as dark as Sicilians. The fair-haired Scandinavian type has something of the definitness of a true race; but as one travels south there appear, not well-defined subraces, but darkening gradations of bewildering complexity.

The most reasonable attempt to solve this intricate problem is Professor Huxley's view that the white race is made up of fair whites of the northern or Scandinavian type, and dark whites who are the results of ages of mixture between the fair whites and the darker nations, though it is perhaps hardly prudent to limit these dark ancestors to one variety as he does. If now we cannot trace the white man down to the low level of primitiv savagery, neither can we assign to him the great upward movement by which the barbarian passed into civilization. It is not to the Aryan of Persia nor to the Semite of Syria that the art of writing belongs which brought on the new era of culture.—*Nature.*

## Correspondence.

SCANDIA, KAN., Oct. 4, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write you a few lines to-night. I hav never written to you before. We do not take THE TRUTH SEEKER, but we get it from one of our neighbors. I like to read the Children's Corner very much. We take the Boston *Investigator*, and would not do without it. I am going to school now—the teacher's name is Miss Nora Harris; she is a very good teacher. My brother is teaching school out in Smith county, two counties west of here; his school began last Monday; he is eighteen years old. We hav a new railroad through here; it is two miles north of our place. There was to be an excursion from Scanda to Fairbury, Neb., last Sunday morning, but they gave it up. I hav one correspondent through the *Investigator*. I like her very much; her name is Edith Peterson. I was so sorry to hear of the death of your mother. There has been more sickness in this county this fall than there has ever been before; there hav been eight or nine buried in the last two months from the typhoid fever. Sunday one week Mrs. Sherrard was buried; she was an Infidel. The 21st of this month the Dunkards are to hold their meeting; it will last a week or two. I will close my letter, as it is getting long. I wish some of the young readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER would write to me. I remain,

Yours truly, MINNIE D. TAYLOR (Age 14).


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Where'er I rest in all the earth,
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. . . . . .

Now to the grasp each manly body bends,
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Nor could Ulysses, for his art renowned,
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While the long strife e'en tired the lookers on,

. . . . . .

And grappling close they tumble side by side;
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It will be noticed that these books cost much less in Europe than here, and so do foreign books generally. One was lately recommended in THE TRUTH SEEKER with the remark that it costs $1 here, but only 60 cents in London. Part of this difference is due to our duty of 25 per cent on imported books. This is simply a tax on knowledge, and it is one which presses with peculiar severity upon us who want to get the freshest and highest fruits of thought. If M. Guyau had taken the orthodox view of Epicurus, we could find his book in the original on the shelves of every public library, and in a good translation on the counters of all the large book stores. It is not to be found in the best public libraries in New England, and cannot be procured except in a foreign tongue, and after a month's delay, besides the obstacle interposed by the tariff. The latter injures us in still another way. Our main hope is in the spread of science. This depends on the rapidity with which new discoveries can be reported across the ocean. No scientific man here can afford to rest ignorant of what his brethren are finding out in London, Paris, and Berlin. But if he wants to buy their books and pamphlets as fast as published, he has to pay 25 per cent extra on account of a tariff which, in this case, protects nothing more plainly than ignorance.

Some of the best books of this sort never get reprinted, and even if they all did ultimately, the world cannot afford to wait for it. The loss from delay, as well as the increase of expense involved in boxing books and freight, are such serious considerations with the activ professional man that he usually gets his books as fast as published by mail, and pays the duty rather than wait long enough to get a box of them through the custom-house, free of duty, on the ground that they are to be used professionally. Even that slight chance of relief is of no meaning for us who want the best books, not as tools of our trade, but as weapons for waging the great war.

As what I hav said about the tariff before has been misunderstood, I wish to add that I am by no means in favor of abolishing all duties on imports. I know of no better way to raise a revenue, with the exception of the internal taxes on whisky, beer, and tobacco. All I want, besides having foreign books come in free, is to see such reductions as will not only make food and clothes cheaper for the poor, but will enable our manufacturer to buy his raw materials at lower prices than at present, so that he may enjoy full possession of what my facetious friend, Mr. Denslow, calls "our country's right to make what it pleases."

F. M. HOLLAND.

## Obituary.

Died, near Osage Mission, Kansas, Sept. 30th, Nelson Van Dyke, aged 76 years.

The deceased was for many years a strong Materialist, and was what might, with propriety, be called a true Liberal. To the last he contended that every person had the right to express his honest convictions, and almost the last words he used were in condemnation of the action of the courts of Illinois in the Anarchists' trial. For the last twenty-five years of his life he was totally blind, still he kept track of the movements of Liberalism, and nothing delighted him more than to hav THE TRUTH SEEKER read to him. He was a patron of the above-mentioned paper from the first year of its existence until he passed away. He was also a subscriber to the D. M. Bennett defense fund. Although for a long time he had been on the verge of the grave, his belief never changed. He regarded the sun as his father and the earth as his mother, and death to him was but the decree of nature, and not the fiat of a ghostly being. He passed away peacefully.

F. H. VAN DYKE.


## Mottoes for Freethinkers.

We hav received a supply of illuminated motto cards, which we offer for sale. These mottoes are intended to take the place of the "God-bless-our-home" placards which disfigure the walls of so many houses. They are printed on heavy cardboard, 9 inches by 22 1-2. The motto is in black, with colored borders, with an illuminated monogram of U. M. L. The following are the various readings:

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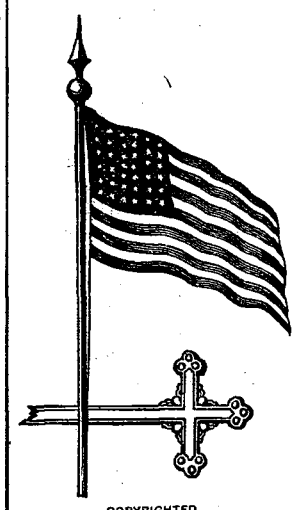
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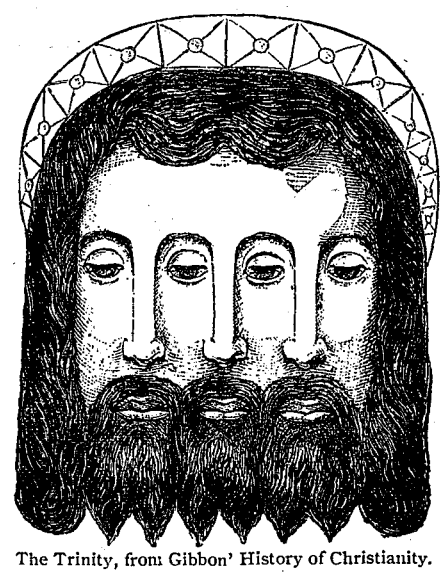
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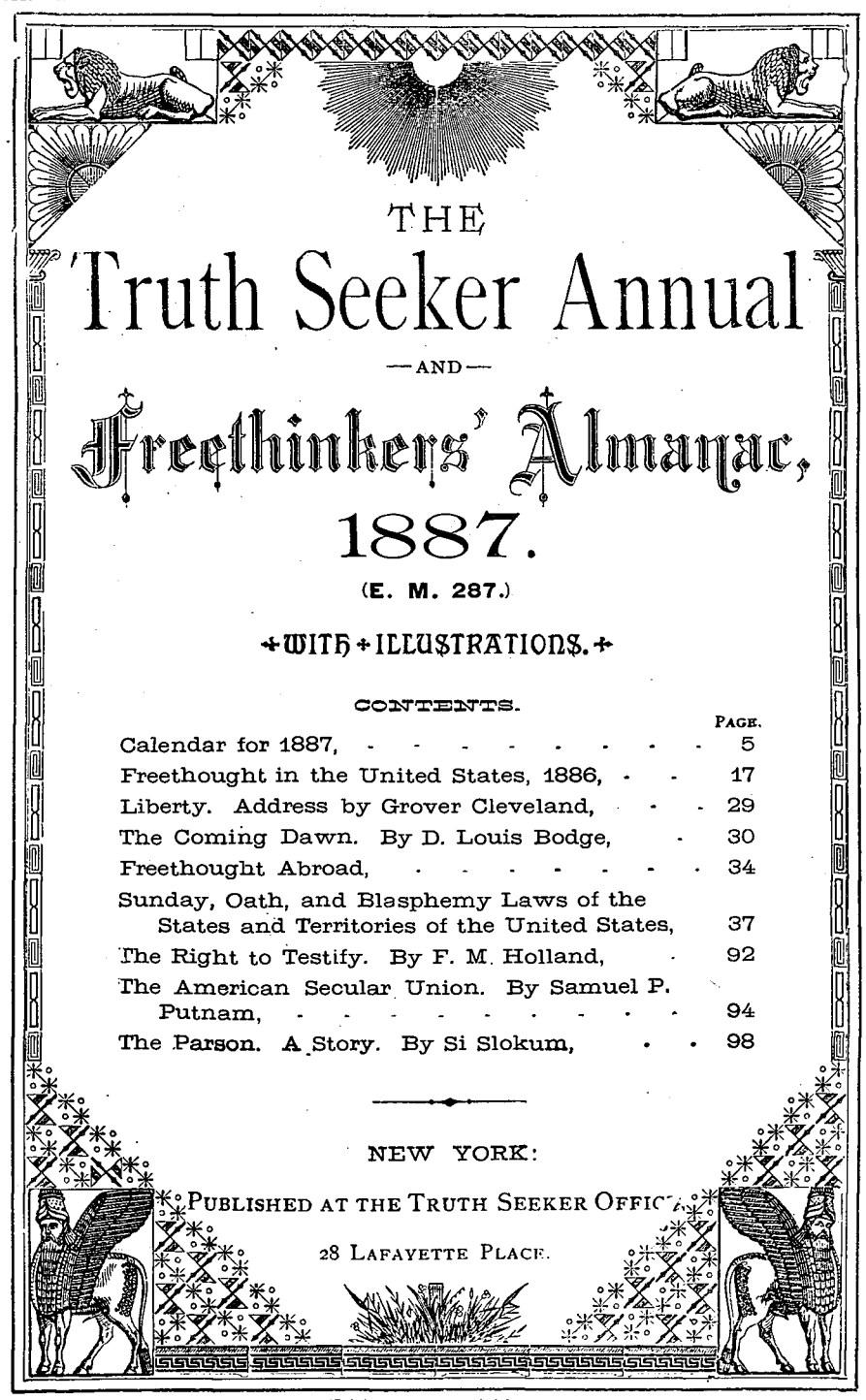
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—AND—

# Freethinkers' Almanac,

# 1887.

(E. M. 287.)

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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## News of the Week.

THE book printers of this city are on strike for a raise of 6 cents per 1,000 ems, and the enforcement of Union rules in all book offices. The strike extended to THE TRUTH SEEKER office, but was nipped in the bud by granting the raise.

THOMAS C. MANNING, United States minister to Mexico, died at New York, October 11th, aged fifty-six.

THE Freemasons of Missouri hav decided to expel all members who are engaged in the liquor business.

"MISS MULOCK," the English novelist, is dead at the age of sixty years. Her real name was Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.

MISS ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND, the president's sister, is instructor in a young ladies' boarding school in this city.

THE Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, has accepted the New York Greenbackers' nomination for secretary of state.

MICHAEL DAVITT, the Irish agitator, has been to America and gone away without making any speeches or revealing the object of his visit.

HERMAN TUEBER has been convicted of inciting a riot at Union Hill, N. J., on the occasion of a meeting of the Anarchists. There was no riot and no assault, except that made by the police, who captured the hall hired and paid for by the Anarchists, and refused to allow them to enter it.

THE yacht Thistle has sailed for Scotland.

THE throat trouble of the crown prince of Germany is reported alarmingly worse.

THE Rev. Dr. Pentecost ran for mayor in Newark, N. J., on the United Labor ticket. He received 1,861 votes out of 25,594.

THE Northern Ohio Insane Asylum, at Cleveland, was visited by fire on the 12th. Six of the patients lost their lives, and many were injured.

A MAN named Stain has just been arrested in Boston charged with robbing the Dexter (Me.) bank and murdering Cashier Barron nine years ago.

DAMAGING testimony against the moral character of the Rev. Mr. Millen, of Brooklyn, is being given before the tribunal which has his case in hand.

IN Baltimore, Md., October 11th, Robert Ridgely, colored, went to church in sound health, knelt at the altar to receive communion, and immediately fell dead.

MISS ANNA JOHNSON, librarian of the Workingmen's Free Library on Clinton Place, attempted to register as a voter on the 11th. The inspectors refused to receive her name.

CAPTAIN BLACK and Moses Salomon, counsel for the Chicago Anarchists, are in New York consulting with Gen. Roger A. Pryor about the petition for a writ of error in the case of their clients.

A TERRIBLE railroad accident, near Kouts, Ind., October 11th, caused the death of twenty persons, and as many more were injured. Two trains collided, and the cars were set on fire by the stoves and lamps.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN made some wild speeches in Chicago last week on the Anarchist question, and his arrest was ordered by the mayor. Train left the city to escape going to jail. His audiences were greatly excited by his harangs.

CAPTAIN WALLER, of Camden, N. J., went into the study of the Rev. Mr. Tidball the other day, and struck him in the face. The clergyman did not return the blow, although he professed belief in his ability to thrash his assailant. Waller's grievance was that Tidball had neglected Mrs. Waller, which is not the usual complaint in such matters.


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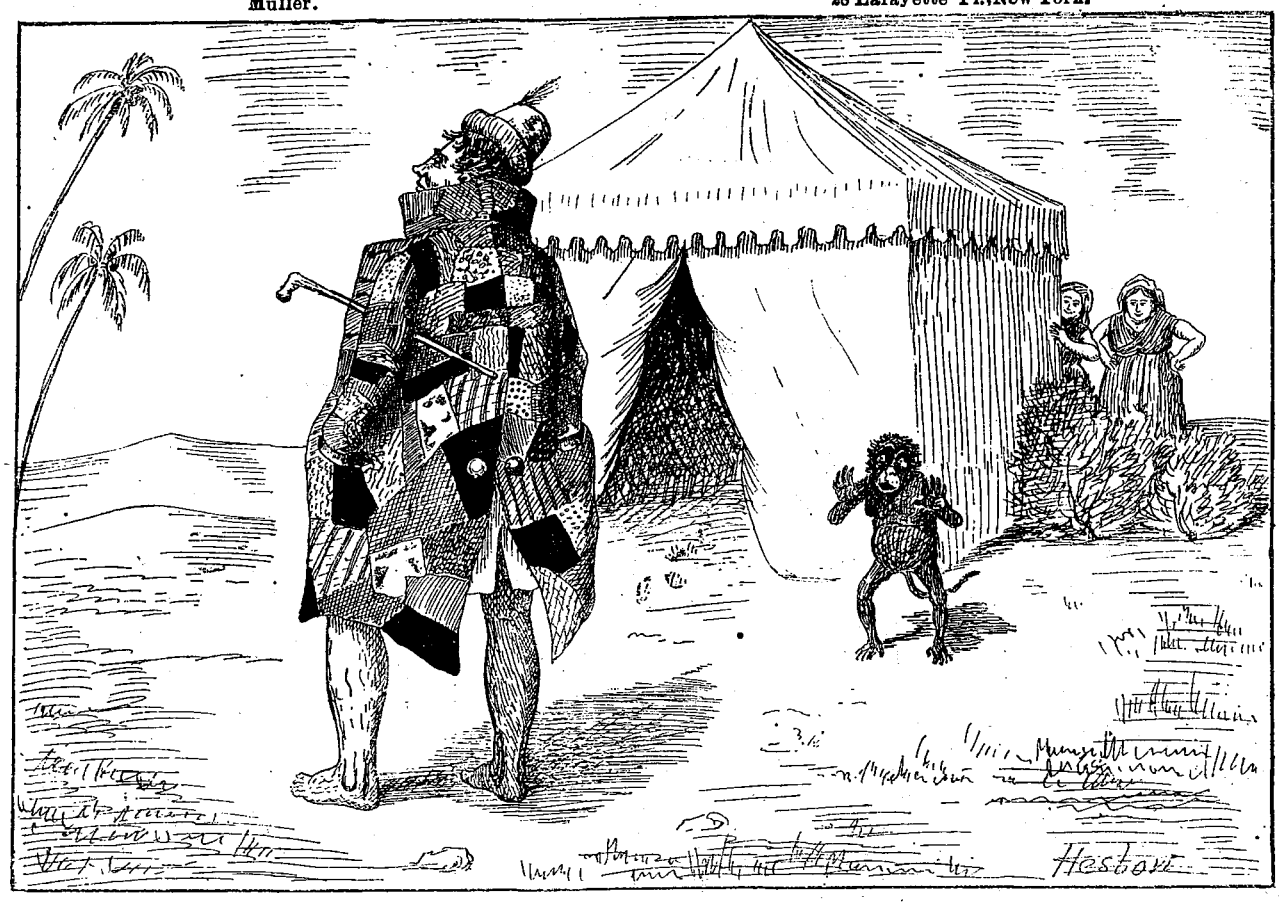
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Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age, and he made him a coat of many colors.—Gen. xxxvii, 3.

## Odds and Ends.

IT is after a man has attained a ripe old age that he begins to fall off.

A GEORGIA debating society discussed the question: "Did Zeke Slade's tobacco barn burn up or down?" It was decided that it did.

Do not marry for riches, my son; but remember that the husband of an heiress is seldom obliged to get up at 5 o'clock in the morning and build the fire.

VISITING cards this winter are to be very plain, we're told. But those with pictures and spots on them will continue to be found useful at evening parties.

THE Englishman who said there were no ruins in this country could never hav met an American citizen returning home after a torchlight procession in the midst of an exciting election.

MRS. O'HARRITY: "Now put in another quart." Grocer (putting in second quart): "Why didn't you ask for a half-gallon at first and hav done with it?" Mrs. O'Harrity: "Och, bless yez sowl! One quart is for meself and t'other is for Mrs. Casey."

MISSIONARY (to newly converted savage): "How is it now about eating your fellow-men? It is four weeks now since you slaughtered your father. Hav you grown better?" Savage: "Yes, teacher; since then I hav only eaten a couple of distant relativs."

AUTUMN.

Now the sportsman goes forth with his gun,
In search of a day's royal fun;
But returns home anon
With his powder all gone,
And his fingers less numerous by one.

HER father: "Young man, I do not object to your calling occasionally on my daughter, but you mustn't stay so late. It was 12 o'clock last night before you got away." Young man: "'Got away' is very good, sir. I either had to stay or get my coat torn."

"I AM going to quit," said a Clifton housemaid this morning to her mistress. "What's the matter?" "I won't liv in a house where I am prayed against. Every morning the boss has prayer and he says, 'O Lord, who hatest nothing but the housemaid!'" "Why, Bridget, he said, 'O Lord, who hatest nothing thou hast made!'"

LITTLE Georgie, after his mother had prepared him for bed, while still in her lap used to say his evening prayer. One night he said, "I don't want to say my prayers in this way," and getting out of his mother's lap he knelt down before her, and placing his open hands together, repeated his prayer. When his father heard of this, he was much interested. He always felt that this was the proper attitude in prayer in the family and in the closet. As nothing had been said to Georgie on the subject, he thought it was evidence of a sort of natural religion. "Georgie," said his father, "do you suppose God likes to hav you say your prayers this way better than the way you used to?" "Oh, I don't suppose God cares anything about it. I was thinking of the kangaroo." He had lately been to the menagerie and seen that animal sitting on its haunches with its forefeet placed together somewhat as he placed his hands in saying his prayers.

A FORTUNE-TELLER can hit a woman's case nine times out of ten. "You've had sickness and trouble. You'll hav some property fall to you. You do not hav full confidence in your husband. Beware! He is deceiving you! You hav a very gentle nature. Everybody loves you. You hav had trouble with a relativ. It was not your fault. Beware of a blue-eyed woman with a mole on her left cheek. She will make you trouble. Good-bye—$1—call again."

YOUNG Mr. Whitechoker, the new minister, was making an evening call and had occasion to consult the Bible. "It is in my room," said Miss Clara; "I will bring it." "It is a source of sincere joy to me," Mr. Whitechoker remarked on Miss Clara's return, "when I learn that a young lady of the congregation finds pleasure and consolation in consulting the pages of the Good Book." Miss Clara blushed with pleasure and wondered if she had taken the autumn leaves all out.

CHARLEY (to his sister's beau): "Say, Mr. Griggsby, pa bought a big dog this afternoon, and he's chained up behind the house, and he's going to be let loose at 10 o'clock." Griggsby: "Indeed, Charley!" Charley: "Yes, and he bought a shotgun and had copper toes put on his boots to-day, and he says if you don't leave by 10 he's going to take the law into his own hands. Now I want to talk business. What'll it be worth to you to hav me poison the dog, take the shot out of the gun, hide the boots, and set the clock back an hour? I'm ready to open negotiations."

A LOVELY TRADE-MARK.

I met her on the crowded street,
I gazed upon her face;
'Twas wondrous fair, 'twas quite replete
With beauty and with grace.

Bold Cupid shot a flaming dart
From his unerring bow;
It pierced the center of my heart—
Who could resist the blow?

I hastened to her beauteous side,
I urged my passion great.
Her eyes superb she opened wide,
My soul to penetrate.

Then held she up unto my sight
Her hand, a shapely thing;
And there I saw, in wild affright,
A plain gold wedding ring.

"This is my husband's trade-mark, sir,"
She blithely said to me;
"And he doth very much prefer
Infringements not to see."

"O happy man!" did I repeat,
As she passed from my view;
"Could I but find a girl as sweet,
I'd own a trade-mark, too."

—*Trade-mark Record.*


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THE STORY HOUR.

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## Gems of Thought.

THE sin which is execrated and visited so severely upon the head of the female is equally as bad in one sex as in the other, and it is very wrong, very unjust, to crush the girl to the earth and abandon her to the fate of an outcast, while the male is just as respectable as ever and is left free to repeat his conquests as often as opportunity may serve.—*D. M. Bennett.*

A ROMANTIC girl of seventeen and an easy-going young officer of just twenty-one can hardly be expected to understand what is needed for solid happiness or the best development of their own natures, and married at that age, the chances were that they would grow apart as they older, and that when they came to be real men and women, they would find themselvs thinking differently on every subject under heaven. And without mental sympathy, where is the true joy of home?—*Mrs. Linton.*

BUT whoso hath the world's goods and beholdeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how doth the love of God abide in him? My little children, let us not love in word, neither with the tongue, but in deed and truth.—1 *John* iii, 17, 18 (R. V.).

AND it came to pass, that on one of these days, as Jesus taught the people in the temple, and preached the gospel, the chief priests and the scribes came upon him, with the elders, and spake unto him, saying, Tell us, by what authority doest thou these things? or who is he that gave thee this authority? And he answered and said unto them, I will also ask you one thing; and answer me: The baptism of John, was it from heaven or of men? And they reasoned with themselvs, saying, If we shall say, From heaven; he will say, Why then believed ye him not? But and if we say, Of men; all the people will stone us; for they be persuaded that John was a prophet. And they answered, That they could not tell whence he was. And Jesus said unto them, Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things.—*Luke* xx, 2-8. [NOTE.—The chief priests were evidently caught in a trap; but their question was a most reasonable one, and deserved a more explicit and straightforward answer. The answer displays a certain amount of cleverness, but it is altogether devoid of dignity and moral weight. At least, I think so. —*C.*]

ALAS, for the main body of clerical proselytizers if the personal love of their female disciples were accounted to them for sin! and good-bye to the influence of the priesthood if it might deal only with the intellect of man and not trade on the heart of woman! that heart with all its strength and weakness, its hopes, its fears, its passions, its desires on which they build their stronghold and found their empire. That would indeed be the lamp without the oil, the thorns laid beneath the pot and no fire at hand to make them burn.—*Under Which Lord? by E. Lynn Linton.*

OF these are they that creep into houses and take captiv silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts, ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth. And like as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, so do these also withstand the truth; men corrupted in mind, reprobate concerning the faith. But they shall proceed no further; for their folly shall be evident unto all men, as theirs also came to be.—2 *Timothy* iii, 6-9 (*R. V.*).

ONE GOOD LIFE.

A sunbeam piercing the forbidden shade
Of some drear prison cell has often brought
Quiet to troubled spirits, and has made
Dark, morbid brooding change to peaceful thought.

So one good life will prove a guiding light,
To brighten paths weak mortals oft find drear—
A beacon in the narrow way of right
To lure the fallen to a higher sphere.

—*The American.*

HE who believes in a future life, and at the same time believes that making this life good is the way, and the only way, to make that life happy—such a man cannot fail to find his faith his grandest inspiration and his strongest support. Knowing that "whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap," he will naturally and necessarily seek to plant "good seed." But if, as has been true in the case of most religions, he believes he can escape the natural results of his actions if he trusts in a God who promises to save him on some other grounds than those of conduct and character; then his faith in another life may not affect his moral life at all, or it may affect it for the worse. And if, as has been too often true, the being he thinks of as controling his destiny be an immoral one, then of course his faith will lead directly to immorality.—*M. J. Savage.*

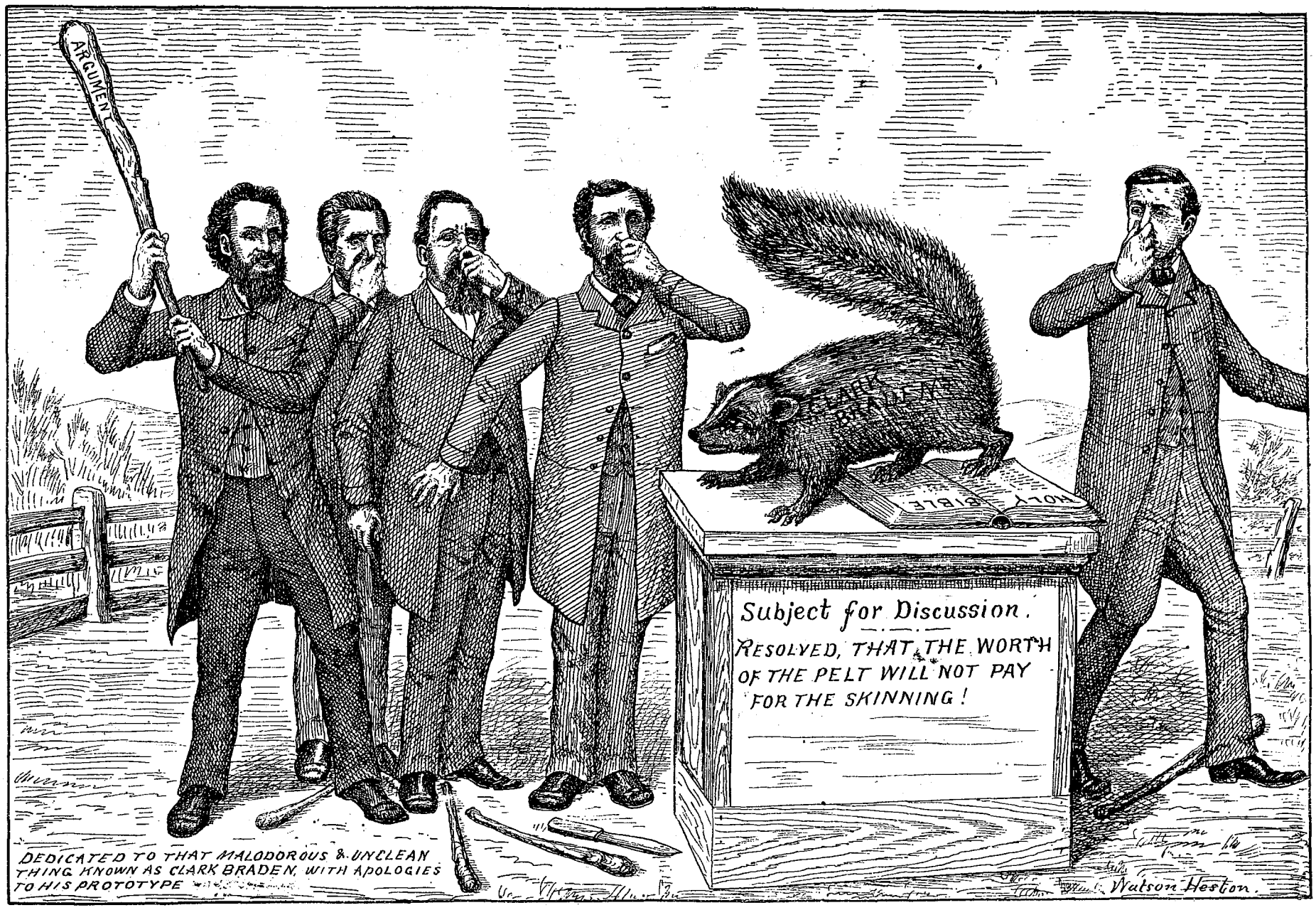
THE discoveries which in one age are confined to the studious and enlightened few, become in the next the established creed of the learned, and in the third form part of the elementary principles of education.—*Dugald Stewart.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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RATHER UNPROFITABLE GAME.

## Notes and Clippings.

THE Western Union Company cabled to London the times at which the yachts in the recent race passed Sandy Hook Point in seventy seconds, telegraphic speed which has never before been equaled in actual business working.

A DRUGGIST of Pittsburgh, Pa., has been adjudged guilty of the heinous offense of selling soda-water on Sunday, under a law enacted in 1794. We seem to hav a few old blunderbusses in this country that are still loaded.—*World.*

THE Rev. William Fraser died in the pulpit of a Presbyterian church at Brighton, England, recently. He was seen to lean forward suddenly, and in a few seconds slipped back into the seat. He never recovered consciousness, and died in a few minutes.

THE Baptist *Examiner* thinks that the influence of Scotch Presbyterianism and of Boston Unitarianism was seen when on a Sunday the crew of the Thistle went to church, and the crew of the Volunteer worked their beautiful yacht down the bay and back. But the Volunteer got there all the same.

HENRY GEORGE, Land Theorist, and Sergius E. Schevitch, Socialist, debated their differences before an audience of three thousand people in this city last Sunday evening. It is the popular verdict that Mr. Schevitch used stronger arguments against the single land tax than Mr. George was able to bring to its support; also that Mr. Schevitch's arraignment of Mr. George was more powerful than his defense of his own doctrin of Socialism.

THE body of a man who died in Omaha was sent to Akron, O., for burial. On the case inclosing the coffin was tacked an itemized bill for $110, which was to be collected before the body was delivered to the friends of the deceased man. Among the items was a bill of $2 due a priest for saying masses for the repose of the dead man's soul.

SEVEN cases, involving the constitutionality of prohibitory laws, are before the United States Supreme Court. The Prohibitionists are in great fear that the decisions in these cases should be like that of Judge Brewer, of Kansas, who held that, under the Fourteenth amendment, the property or business of a citizen cannot be destroyed without compensation.

"FOROE is no Remedy," in English words, headed an article on the Irish question in the *Citizens' Gazette* of Hamburg. The police caused the suppression of the paper. They said the article indirectly incited the Socialists to violence. The Union Hill, N. J., Anarchist Tueber was convicted of shouting "*Ruhe!*" when the police broke up a meeting. The word is German for "Peace."

AT the session of the synod of New Jersey at Asbury Park, Oct. 18th, the report of the committee on sectarian influence in public institutions was read by the Rev. Dr. J. G. Symmes. It declared that one-half of the pupils in the State Reform School at Jamesburg were compelled to attend mass and the services of the Catholic church, and were not permitted to attend any other religious services, thus making a form of service compulsory. The report declared that the only correct motto for the state must be, Equality for all, special privileges for none.

THE Rev. Melvin Jamieson, D.D., writing from Burmah, says that the nativs hav a curious notion of the rite of baptism. One very general belief is that converts are held under water until they say that they can see Gaudama no longer. Another idea is that the candidates are held under water with forked sticks. These notions principally prevail were Baptist missionaries are stationed.

AT the laying of the corner-stone of the Roman Catholic parochial school at Middletown, Conn., the Rev. Henry Hennerney, of Pawtucket, R. I., the selected preacher for the occasion, denounced the American system of public schools as heartless, headless, and godless. He called the common schools the schools of immorality in which divorces originate, and said the system is managed by corrupt politicians. The bishop of the diocese and about twenty priests were on the platform.

A MOST peculiar and hideous decoration in the shape of a necklace, probably the only one of the kind in the world, has recently been added to the curiosities in the National Museum at Washington. It consists of a cunningly wrought band of bead-work, dependent from which are eight shriveled human fingers, with tips stained a dull ochre color. The necklace was the property of a Sioux medicin man, and it is understood that each finger was cut from the hand of a different victim.

THE German barber, whose idiomatic eccentricities find expression in the *Sun*, has been visiting the Anarchists. The opinion he formed after an extensiv experience is eminently sensible. He told the *Sun* reporter: "Py Chimmeny Hooky! I hate to hurt der feelings even uf an Anarchist, but der facts uf der madder is der Anarchists don't amount to as much as der bar bill of a baby at a hotel. But if you vant to make 'em amount to a heab dake my advice und keeb on hanging 'em mitout any evidence und clubbing 'em mitout some oxcuses, alretty. Dot's der vay to make blenty fun, someday, alretty."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Liverpool *Daily Post* tells of this incident that he saw himself, and therefore knows to be true: "Two good, kind Christian clergymen, with hearts overflowing with zeal in their work as agents for the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, were seen to track two poor, scantily-clad Jews, who were wending their way to the synagog on the Day of Atonement. Having reached the old people, these worthy gentlemen, with burning eloquence, begged these two lost sheep to turn from the wickedness of Judaism, to abjure their ancient faith, and allow themselvs to be turned into brand-new Christians. Somehow or other, these poor Jews did not see any particular reason for changing their religion at a moment's notice, and in a respectfu manner stated their objection to making change. Not to be daunted, however, the respectable tooting agents for the society tried inducements in the shape of a monetary bribe; but this also proved a failure, and the clergymen lost a chance for the insertion of a paragraph in their annual report, which, had they been successful, might hav been tersely worded, 'Two Jewish souls saved at the ridiculously low price of eighteen pence apiece.'" The correspondent avers that the Jewish conversions are all made in this way, and suggests that the subscribers to the funds of the society giv their money instead to the miserably underpaid curates of the established church.

# The American Secular Union.

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## Eleventh Annual Congress.

SATURDAY MORNING SESSION, OCTOBER 15TH.

Bright and early that beautiful October morn, the officers and delegates of the Eleventh Annual Congress of the American Secular Union greeted each other with manifestations of delight in the elegant rooms of the Chicago society, 116 Fifth avenue.

Our western metropolis is no stranger to Liberal gatherings, but this was the red-letter day of Liberalism, for seven states sent their sturdiest warriors on superstition to assist in stemming ecclesiastical Anarchism from wiping away the foundations of a republic—based on reason—and defeat the attempt to foist on us the dominion of the scepter and surplice.

President Courtlandt Palmer received a hearty round of applause as he ascended the crimson-carpeted rostrum, and in his easy, unaffected, yet dignified manner, delivered a felicitous and hearty greeting to the delegates, and then outlined the work which the Congress was convened to carry forward.

The following committees were then appointed:

On Credentials: E. A. Stevens, Wm. Redfield, Wimibold Boemer.

On Nominations: Mrs. M. A. Freeman, F. M. Gustin, Harry Hoover, Stafford Bolton, Prof. Chas. Orchardson.

On Resolutions: S. P. Putnam, Otto Wettstein, Miss Voltairine de Cleyre, Dr. J. W. Moorman, S. W. Devenbaugh.

On Public Work: John Steves, A. M. Freeman, Geo. Collins, W. L. Willis, Ithamar Eddy.

Secretary Putnam's annual report was then read.

REPORT OF SECRETARY.

The work, in detail, of the secretary for the past year has been published from week to week in the *Investigator* and TRUTH SEEKER, and therefore is known to the Liberals of the country, and only the general results need be stated at this time. The secretary has delivered about three hundred lectures in New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Colorado, Arizona, California, Oregon, Washington territory, Idaho, and Utah. He has addressed about sixty thousand people, traveled twenty thousand miles, sold nearly two thousand dollars' worth of Freethought literature, amounting to several thousand books and pamphlets; he has organized twenty-five Secular Unions and Liberal associations, and throughout the entire field of labor a remarkable and most encouraging interest has been manifested. It has been a prosperous year, and the outlook at present is more hopeful than ever before. The work, of course, has been pioneer, and many of the results cannot be put into statistics. It has created agitation, thought, and wide discussion of the principles of our movement, and this has been the purpose in view, for before there can be organization there must be life. There must be the material produced by which a structure can be reared. No one can deny that public interest has been aroused, even if the fruits are not all that is desirable. As there is some misapprehension in regard to the methods and aims of the Secular Union, it is best, perhaps, to hav them fully explained, and without doubt there will be agreement in adopting measures for future advance. It is absolutely necessary, primarily, to arouse interest in the Freethought movement. People must be made to understand what it is; to realize that it is a part of the life of the world. There is profound ignorance in regard to Secularism. In many communities the name Freethought is not spoken; our books and papers are unknown. The only possibly way to awaken these communities is by personal presence. The Liberal platform must be occupied, and the living voice heard. This must go before all organization and systematic labor. One must not wait for orders, but go in and do the best he can. He must reach the miscellaneous crowd. Cultivated and well-informed and thoroughly interested Liberals are by no means numerous. We cannot carry on our work simply through them. The indifferent, the ignorant, must be captured and made a part of the advancing army. This necessitates field-work. This is of first and radical importance, and therefore the secretary has put the emphasis upon this, and made pioneer and lecturing effort the main and almost only effort of the Union; and other effort of more systematic character has been neglected simply because the situation demanded such a course. There must be impulse or there can be no advance. For the last two years the energies of the secretary hav been mainly devoted to attracting the attention of the people of this country to the work of Secular reform. One might as well undertake to reap a harvest without plowing or planting as to organize when there is no desire among the people for liberty and justice. System is a good thing, but first of all there must be the live raw material, or the system only holds a corpse.

With the creation of interest there must be the dissemination of knowledge. Our movement is a process of education. It is not mere excitement. It is of the head as well as of the heart. The lecture system, therefore, has been supplemented by the distribution and sale of Freethought literature. This literature to the extent of thousands of volumes would not hav gone forth into the widely scattered communities except by the lecture system. By the impulse of the lecture audiences hav gained a desire to understand the significance of this mighty change, which threatens the overthrow of every religion of the world and is potent in every land. The interest without the knowledge is of slight value, but the knowledge makes the interest a gathering power. This has been the method of the secretary, and he has endeavored in every possible way to scatter abroad the instrumentalities of knowledge and education—books, pamphlets, and Freethought papers.

Organization comes last, not first. It is the third step for the attainment of our purpose—interest, knowledge, organization—this is the process. Of course, there is the reflex movement. Organization makes interest and spreads knowledge, but fundamentally organization is a living thing only when it is the expressing of interest and knowledge. It is not always profitable to organize. To do so retards the cause. It is best to let things be free and easy in some places. To force the issue prevents the accumulation of power. To bide our time and let life gather in silent ways is the most available method at times. Organization must come, but come because life is present.

This is the outline of the method of the Union and the aims of the secretary. Every suggestion in regard to organization is accepted, but it is possible to organize a thing to death. To do nothing but organize is folly. To make a movement a machine is to finally place it in rusty inaction. Organize, but organize life, intelligence, power, interest, enthusiasm, knowledge. Organization is not a miracle-worker; you can't make something out of nothing. An organized ghost is still a nonentity. Somebody says that if you want hare-soup, first of all catch your hare. So they say, organize. But, first of all, hav the Liberals; hav the Liberalism; hav a deep and broad interest in the community; hav ideas prevalent; hav agitation, discussion. Make life, and then organize. Organization does not create life in the world of thought, and to rely on organization simply is to meet only disappointment. The power of Freethought cannot be found, and cannot be expressed unless we recognize this threefold method of advancement and growth. To begin at the wrong end and organize in order to make life will giv only au empty form. How easy it is to organize on paper, to say what we will do, and to imagin what others will do. It is like a mock battle. There may be much noise, but no genuin victory.

It is easy to stand off and criticise and declare that this or that is the best course. It is easy to find fault. But the best way to criticise, as Michael Angelo says, is by creation; go to work, plunge into the wilderness, make life, and then organize.

There is no question that the method pursued by the Union is the right method. It is the successful method. Results prove it. There never was a time when so many men and women hav had a living interest in our cause as to-day, and this is because the secretary has traveled from sea to sea, and addressed sixty thousand different people, and met the Liberals of the land face to face in actual work, and because from week to week he has informed the Liberals of the East and West of the progress of his year's campaign, and introduced thousands of friends to each other in the pages of THE TRUTH SEEKER and the *Investigator*.

Now, it is not maintained that this work is all. It is the beginning, the starting-point. It is simply creating life in order that organization and grander work may come. In this respect apparently there has been misapprehension. It has been thought by some that the secretary was in favor only of field service; that he traveled from point to point merely for temporary effect, and not for permanent result. But it will be seen that the method of the secretary includes everything that has ever been urged in favor of organization. He has simply refused to put the cart before the horse—organization before life. He has labored for the last two years of his service to arouse people, to awake attention, to reach and interest the world in the Demands of Liberalism. In the mean time he has organized many strong and successful societies.

Hitherto, for lack of means, the secretary has performed double duty. He has been engaged in field service, and also attended to the affairs of the home office. The work has now increased to such magnitude that there must be a division of labor. The life of the organization demands larger service. There must be somebody always at headquarters, for official correspondence and communication with all parts of the country, who can watch the movements of the enemy while others are in the midst of the battle, who can keep posted in regard to legislativ action and distribute Freethought ammunition. We want one who can giv information and receive information from all the Liberal societies of the land. Knowledge is power, and this knowledge will be of immense advantage. The pressure of present duties, constant calls to lecture every month, and every day of the year, forbids the present secretary to engage in this work at headquarters, and therefore he resigns the office of secretary, which has been to him an honor and a privilege. Choosing the platform, he must leave to other hands the labor of more efficient combination.

A man of energy, of enthusiasm, of executiv ability, of literary power, of unselfish devotion—a truly representativ man—should be the secretary of the Union. I know of no one who has labored more faithfully for the cause; given more time, money, and unpaid service; been more successful in undertakings for the establishment and promulgation of the Nine Demands, than the president of the Chicago Union, E. A. Stevens; and I name him for a position which I know he will ably fill, and there is no doubt that in his hands life and organization will go together, and there will be no machine, but a living body.

In the absence of the treasurer the chairman of the Finance Committee read a report which, though dealing little with receipts and disbursements, offered some practical suggestions as to methods of increasing interest in secular work. Intending to issue that as a circular for campaign purposes, I refrain from loading your columns with it now.

By resolution, all annual members were made voters and full participants in the proceedings of the Eleventh Annual Congress.

Pending reports of committees, Congress adjourned till afternoon session in Madison street theater.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The theater decorations occupied the attention of the audience prior to the continuation of the program. The stage was "set" for a parlor scene, with an archway looking out on a lawn. On either side the arch were copper colored shields with inscriptions in black and gold lettering. On one:

Keep the church and state forever separate.—*U. S. Grant.*

On the other:

The divorce between church and state ought to be so absolute that no church property anywhere, in any state, or in the nation should be exempt from equal taxation.—*Jas. A. Garfield.*

Depending from the center of the drop-curtain was a third:

This is in no sense a Christian nation.—*Geo. Washington.*

Hanging from the archway was a silken banner—the Stars and Stripes—under whose folds hung a large gilded cross, signifying, "Our Flag above the Cross."

In front of the speakers' stand was a framed copy of the Nine Demands. Across the gallery stretched our motto, "Universal Mental Liberty." Hanging from either side of the balcony was:

Secularism has no mummeries, no priests, no superstitions, no persecutions.—*R. G. Ingersoll.*

After listening to a classic piano solo from Miss Voltairine de Cleyre, President Courtlandt Palmer delivered his most admirable opening address.

PRESIDENT PALMER'S ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION:

It is with considerable diffidence that I find myself to-day occupying the place of him who for two years past has acted as president of this association—of him the power of whose eloquence has charmed us by its magic and its music—of him whom I am glad and proud to call my friend, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. But though I be not the orator that he is, still I would solicit your patience while I address to you these, my parting words, as president of your Union, to which high office you did me the honor to elect me as the successor of the great reformer to whom I hav alluded; for, although I hav been urged to accept a renomination, I feel that my duties with regard to other Liberal work will forbid my acceptance of the compliment. As we look back over the history of the National Liberal League, now merged into the American Secular Union, as we think of it in its annual conventions, I feel that we may truthfully say of ourselvs, Well done, good and faithful association. Certain it is that no one can charge us with interested motivs. We hav suffered much from misunderstanding and misrepresentation on the part of the general public. The thorny crop of prejudice is for the most part the harvest which those who sow the seeds of progress must expect to reap. But we can take this consolation to ourselvs, that we stand essentially for the American idea. America herself was conceived in agony and brought forth in struggle, and why should we, in our humbler way, expect anything better? I repeat, we may take this consolation to ourselvs, that we are Americans of the Americans. The United States stands for that which we champion. Both the cause of our smaller Secular Union and the cause of our greater national Union are embraced in the one word, Secularization. It is interesting to observe with how little straining and twisting we can adapt the words of the United States Constitution to express our own aims and objects. Take, for instance, the preamble, the words of which are, or should be, familiar to all, to wit: "To form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselvs and our posterity." It seems to me undeniable that should our ideals and aspirations be effected, every one of the objects expressed by these clauses would tend more fully to their realization. But further, our Constitution affirms "that the United States shall guarantee to every state a republican form of government." Now, what is a republican form of government? Again let our Constitution answer in its own words. A republican form of government, in one respect at least, is indicated in this, "that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," all of which is only another way of saying that the United States maintains the position which we maintain, and which it is our object to fully realize, namely, the complete separation of church and state.

Ours, therefore, is at once the fight of secularization and of constitutionalism. In pursuance of this object, we hav sought to remove the last remnants of this union of church and state, on the basis of justice to all and privilege to none, on the basis that a secular injury to one citizen is an injury to every citizen. We hav therefore insisted upon it that the Bible shall be eliminated as a work of divine revelation from our public schools. It is manifestly unjust in a republic that a Protestant Bible should be inflicted upon a Catholic child, or that the New Testament should be forced upon the Jewish child, who has been taught to believe only in the Old; or that both Testaments should be imposed upon the offspring of a Freethinker who believes in the inspiration of neither. In the same manner we hav insisted upon it that the exemption of our churches from taxation was a palpable wrong, since to the extent that each church avails itself of that exemption, to that extent must the tax be made up by imposition upon other citizens, which places Protestants in the position of at least partially supporting a Catholic church, Catholics a Protestant church, Jews a Methodist church, and so on, through the whole list of the denominations. On the same method of reasoning, we demand that Sunday shall be man's day and not the Lord's day; that judicial oaths shall be abolished, and that simple affirmations on the basis of manhood and character, under the pains and penalties of perjury, shall take their place, and that chaplains shall be withdrawn from our legislatures, since it is evident that no chaplain can at once put up a prayer representing at once in the same breath a Theist and an Atheist, both of whom hav an equal right to their honest thought and to a representation in our national assemblages, if they can secure it by ballot. And so I might go on recapitulating what we are so familiar with, as the Nine Demands of Liberalism, which constitute the platform of the American Secular Union, but I hav cited enough by way of illustration.

I cannot, however, refrain, in passing, from alluding on our basis of justice to all, and privilege to none, on our basis of the complete separation of Church and State, to the greatest fight that we hav fought—namely, our contest against Presbyterianism in the Post-Office. Under its shriek of obscenity this religious clique did succeed in carrying through Congress a law forbidding the transmission of indecent and immoral literature, so called, through the United States mails. That some good was thereby accomplished

cannot be denied, but the price was too great. It was paying too dear for the whistle, and we may take to ourselvs the credit of being the only organization in the United States which had the courage to maintain this position. For we asserted that even the narrow ideas of Presbyterianism on the subject of decency and morality in connection with the mails, could only be accomplished at the price of a questionable system of espionage and decoy, that it could only be accomplished at the price of the actual infringement of our Constitution, which givs to Congress simply the power "to establish post-offices and post roads," and not to regulate the morality of the mails. We maintained that the provision was, after all, practically void, since even if the mails were controled, venders of vice had a thousand facilities beyond. We maintained, in truth, that more immorality was produced than removed by the provision, since morality in its essence can only exist under liberty, that is, morality can only exist through the building up of character, and character must wither under all arbitrary compulsion. All of our demands, it seems to me, may be summed up in our eighth one, which calls for the inculcation of a secular morality. Secular morality means the secularization of character; it means that human motivs shall become paramount in human affairs; it means a higher devotion and self-sacrifice; it means a kinder heart to impel us, a keener head to direct us, and a defter hand to carry out the behests of head and heart.

Now, I would say right here that it appears to me that, without retreating in the least from our position, we might, by a more wisely-directed policy, secure the coöperation of thousands of liberal Christians throughout our land, because it must be evident, from a review of what I hav said. that our mission is based simply upon the American idea of Fair Play, and all honest men and women should be glad to assist in such a cause on the simple plea of justice and humanity. As I look at the Protestant church in America, it seems to me it does not need much prophetic vision to foresee that it is speedily destined to undergo a great disintegration or division. The more orthodox sections will be likely to fall into the arms of Roman Catholicism, while the more liberal Protestants must, under the drift of our age, infallibly tend to ally themselvs with the newer Protestantism of the nineteenth century. I would ask your earnest consideration of this suggestion.

But I see it is as Freethinkers that we are called together in this Congress. If this be necessarily so—if it be only as Freethinkers that we are to prosecute this work—then I would, in this my parting address, endeavor to impress upon you my view of the terrific responsibilities under which you labor. Let us consider well what we are doing, what is the import under our Freethought crusade of the separation of church and state. It is this, my friends, that we are driving the old church, as far as in us lies, more and more into the background; we are aiming blows at the old religion; we are undermining the old motivs and destroying the old consolations—the old consolations which presented a father in the skies ready to sympathize with and succor his children on earth, to whom he has sent his only son to die, in order to deliver them from the pains of hell hereafter and redeem them forever in the skies. Whether false or true, these convictions hav been, and still are, the solace of multitudes of minds.

But, again, the removal of landmarks is tantamount to a revolution, not only as to the yonder in heaven, but as to the here on earth. Our agitation signifies, "This world for the people of this world." In its logic it means the results of labor for the laborers. It means "the passing of power from the classes to the masses."

This double responsibility imposes inferentially upon us the duty of at once providing a substitute for the old faith, and of striving to see to it that the coming earth revolution may be one of peace, and not one of violence. Voltaire wittily said, "If I remove a cancer, why should you ask me to put anything into the place of it?" But I feel that it was more the wit than the humanitarian who thus spoke. In the words of a later French philosopher, "If we destroy we must replace." We, therefore, practically make ourselvs responsible for a new religion. And, in truth, a new faith has dawned upon the earth; a faith, indeed, into which we hav been baptized by the angel of time—the faith of Thomas Paine, of Voltaire, of Victor Hugo, of Darwin, of Herbert Spencer, of Draper, of Goethe, of Shelley, of Comte; the faith of Wakeman and of Ingersoll; the faith, in a word, of Humanity; the faith that comes in, as real knowledge takes the place of guess knowledge, and altruistic motivs take the place of selfish ones. It behooves us, then, as Freethinkers that we supply to civilization a new God, a new Christ, a new atonement, and a new heaven. The old Jehovah, indeed, is sinking unto death, but in that unnamable, unknowable power underlying and permeating all things—a power we can only know as our minds interpret its laws—in that power I feel that we may find, as Goethe says, "the all-upholder, the all-enfolder," whose "everlasting arms are beneath us," and in which, in a nobler and truer sense than ever before, we liv, and move, and hav our being. A new Christ has come to us in the shape of that organic unity upon earth, in its vast continuity and solidarity—humanity, whose daily effort and struggle, whose nightly death and matin resurrection, bring to each and every one, if he will but accept it, a new atonement, making us at one with all this vast cosmic order which surrounds us, and making us at one in a regenerate human brotherhood. Thus again a new heaven is provided. The heaven of better things to be upon this earth, when man shall be free from superstition, and shall rest alone under the reign of reason. The heaven which is now realizable through the imagination, and which may be made to exist within the hearts and souls of every one of us.

When this consolation "devoutly to be wished" shall hav been realized, then, as I dream of the good time coming, we shall see, not a separation, but a union of church and state. True, a theological church must be kept separate from the secular state, as far as the poles asunder, for the one is based at the bottom on absolute despotism, the other on democracy, but in the millennium we are speaking of. I say there will be a union of church and state—that is, of a secular church with a secular state. True again, that even these in their way must be kept separate, as theory must be kept forever separate from practice. The office of the spiritual power in those days will be to advise, to educate, to consecrate; that of the temporal power to provide, to govern, to execute; but like two horses in one span, they will pull together harmoniously, to draw onward the car of progress and civilization. Our methods toward these great ends must be the simple ones of persistent, untiring education and agitation to be brought to bear finally upon the ballot. When this shall be accomplished the world will belong to us. I then may say, slightly paraphrasing the words of Tennyson:

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That church and state according well
May make one music as before,
But vaster.

One word more and I am done. I began these imperfect remarks with a tribute to our retiring president, and I end them with a tribute to our incoming president, Mr. Samuel P. Putnam. A graduate from the theological ranks himself, he understands the spirit of the orthodox believers sufficiently at once to oppose them in their errors, and welcome them as they show signs of Liberal tendencies. I hav long known him, studied with him, and I feel sure that as he has been in the past a working secretary of the League, so he will be in the future its working president. He has thoroughly earned the honor to which you hav now raised him. A poet in his imagination, he is in his judgment and action a man of affairs. I am sure that he possesses every qualification to lead the Union on toward a higher and grander success than ever. I wish both him and the Union well.

Judge C. B. Waite (author of "History of the Christian Religion," "Suffrage a Right of Citizenship," etc.) was introduced, and interested his hearers with his reminiscences of personal acquaintance with the brilliant Norwegian Björnsterne, with the venerable Hugo, with Professor Volkmar, Dr. Samuel Davidson, and other Liberals and prominent Freethinkers during his three years' sojourn in Europe. Judge Waite argued from his personal experience and intercourse with the leading minds of Europe that the days of dogmatic theology would soon be numbered with the past, and that Liberalism was making advances everywhere.

Harry Hoover, the veteran warrior of the Pittsburgh League, was next on the program, and he had chosen for his topic "The Sunday Laws." [It is the intention of the Union to issue this address as a part of its campaign literature; so help us, friends, with funds.]

Samuel P. Putnam delivered his address on "Dangers Ahead;" and the *Inter-Ocean* (the daily organ of Chicago piety) painfully admits his remarks "were brimful of points and logic from the standpoint of Liberalism, and were frequently and loudly applauded."

"Poverty," Mr. Putnam said, "was the curse of humanity and the supreme problem of the day, but neither Christians nor Christianity had ever proposed a remedy. Religion had its origin in the heart, not in the intellect. It was a stream of sentiment. The Church representing feeling and the State representing force, were sought to be united with prejudice and bigotry in full control. The National Reform Association, aided by the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Prohibitionists, were striving to put God in the Constitution and stifle the rights of man in society. But Liberalism was gaining ground even among church-goers and preachers—the onward march of intelligence was irrepressible—and if Liberals would take concert of action this church and state movement, which has grown so powerful, might yet be averted."

Putnam is a sort of platform pile-driver, sending powerful and unerring blows at Christian shams and superstitions, and his address was plentifully punctuated with applause. At its conclusion the audience were invited to become members, and many accepted the invitation.

EVENING SESSION.

A large audience greeted Herr Julius Vohlteich, ex-member of the German Parliament, who delivered a glowing address in his own language on the right of free speech, the liberty of thought, and the work the Secular Union had inaugurated. As the two principal Turner societies in Chicago had materially assisted financially toward the expense of the Congress, and issued special circulars inviting their members to participate, this address was highly gratifying to them.

At this point Pres. Courtlandt Palmer announced the receipt of a telegram of interest to all. He read:

NEW YORK, Oct. 15, 1887.

COURTLANDT PALMER, *Dear Sir:* I regret that it is impossible for me to be with you. All I can do is to send my regards, my congratulations, and my benedictions.

R. G. INGERSOLL.

This was received with deafening applause which took some seconds to subdue.

The following letters were also read:

NEWBURYPORT, MASS., Oct. 4, 1887.

DEAR MR. PUTNAM: I cannot be with you in Chicago; the distance is too great, and my work here too exacting. But my interest in the gradual and evolutionary secularization of all human institutions is greater than ever. Nothing more is to be expected from the theologies which hav amazed and tormented mankind so long. Let us hav a pure and universal Secularity. I trust you will hav a successful meeting in every respect, and meet the thorny questions with tolerant good humor. The work will be slow and difficult always, since it has to deal with human credulity, which believes falsehood with great ease, and receives truth with a difficulty proportioned to its importance. If we only had a stupendous lie to promulgate, what crowds of followers we should hav, and how many boxes of our panacea we should sell! But we hav nothing but truth! Very truly yours,

JAMES PARTON.

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REVERE, MASS., Oct. 11, 1887.

DEAR PUTNAM: I shall not be able to accept your kind invitation to be present at the Congress, but I am in full sympathy with every effort to promote the cause of Liberalism, and wish you a large meeting and a successful one.

I regret that more of our public men hav not the courage of their opinions.

The principles of Liberalism should be advocated by men and women in the foremost stations of life; and that this is not done is not because these principles are not worthy such support and advocacy, but because men and women are recreant to their duty.

The peculiar religious customs and practices which are now maintained at the nation's expense are either relics of a previous union of church and state, or the signs of such a union in the future. If the former, they should be abolished at once; if the latter, they should not be tolerated, and must be discontinued. Any recognition of a particular religion, or any toleration of the forms of a particular religion, in a republic where the whole people are the government is a manifest injustice, inasmuch as there exists no agreement upon religious matters.

I regard the Nine Demands of Liberalism as the nine commandments to the American people. All the essential ideas of the American Secular Union are founded upon human rights, and may be formulated into political principles.

Our Union asks for nothing that is unjust to the individual or dangerous to the nation.

We are working to save liberty to the mind of man; and to do this, I believe, we must kill Christianity as an ecclesiastical organization. The country's flag must be above the church's cross! I hold that this free country—this American nation—is worth more to mankind than every religion in the world.

Let every man candidly ask what he is doing for the promulgation of our principles, and candidly answer if he is doing all that he ought to do. Thus far Liberalism has been mostly a crusade of one, a single lance, against a thousand shields. Hereafter let us unite our forces against the enemy, and may victory follow the right.

Yours for political, religious, and industrial freedom,

L. K. WASHBURN.

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TO THE OFFICERS, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL CONGRESS OF THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION, *Esteemed Friends:* It seems strange that in this comparativly enlightened age the only band of thinkers that represent the cause of absolute truth and fact should still be so sadly in the minority, and still be compelled to struggle against the combined opposition of the vast masses comprising the so-called Christiau race. But such is the sad reality.

The church in the past has swayed such vast authority, exhibited such adroit audacity, established such an absolute autocracy, and assumed such an air of infallibility that in course of time the poor victims of this hierarchal conspiracy were entirely at their mercy. The masses crouched subservient at their feet; individual thought was limited, reason banished, and credulity triumphant. The most absurd theories and doctrins were invented and promulgated, then readily accepted by the ignorant masses as truth and fact, until finally, in the course of many generations, these falsehoods were almost universally accepted as final truths. Mysteries and miracles were taken for granted, as self-evident facts, and the few daring to dispute them were denounced as Infidels or madmen, and burnt at the stake.

This whole fabric of fable and assumption is still the giant delusion of the age, without a shadow of proof, probability, possibility, analogy, or necessity in its favor.

The basis of theology is simply and absolutely nothing, but it is supported by the existing priesthood for gain and power. It is beyond reason, logic, and knowledge; beyond nature, time, or space. Theology is an attempt to explain the natural by the supernatural, and by methods of the supernatural. It divests an infinit and eternal system of nature, of inherent powers and potencies to assume harmony and order, and to evolve from matter and force, man, beast, tree, and flower, and invests some giant charlatan, beyond the realms of nature, with supernatural acrobatic powers to create and manipulate all the countless number of bodies sweeping through endless space, and to call into being man, tree, and flower by power of volition. It postulates a beginning for the universe, and a creator for all things, but illogically assumes that this creator never began, and is content to assume that this creator can exist without necessitating another creator to create him. It pretends to see a logical necessity for a creator to create the seen, but complacently rests here, and stubbornly refuses to apply this logical necessity to the unseen. Whatever is seen, real, it insists, necessitates a God, but God, by virtue of his invisibility, is exempt from this law. Therefore, God is God only by virtue of his invisibility, because, should he become a visible reality, by parity of reasoning these same sophists would be compelled to repudiate him, and instantly fly again to realms of nothing and there postulate a new God!

Theology divests everything in nature of potencies to cause or produce anything, but invests an imaginary nothing beyond nature with powers to do everything!

The time is not far distant when the God idea will be exploded and relegated to realms of fable and spooks. Already the better minds within the church hav virtually discarded the original Bible God and are now laboring earnestly to create a new God of their own make. Beecher was, and Swing, Thomas, Savage, all the schools of Unitarians, Spiritualists, etc., are to-day practically Atheists. The God idea originated when the first book of Genesis was written, and this account invests God with the body of a man. Therefore the only true God of the Christian is a man. Deny this man-God and you are an Atheist, because all loftier, later evolved, improved or revised ideas of a God are not of a God at all, but only the vague, unauthoritativ speculations of half-way philosophers, who, having inherited notions of the origiual man-God, and recognizing their absurdity, proceed upon their own responsibility to invent, design, or create a new God, but with precisely as little truth for a foundation as the original God-inventors and without a shadow of a law or authority.

All notions concerning a God are on a par. Sitting Bull's and Professor Swing's are equally absurd, and when analyzed in the crucible of reason all alike explode like an air-bubble. Man's ignorance alone requires a God, because all known effects hav natural causes, and his ignorance of a God is infinitly greater than his iguorance of nature. The universe is a mystery, but it is a reality, grand and supreme. God—no matter whose God—is an infinitly greater mystery, and absolutely beyond knowledge and fact. The grand cosmos, filling all space, needs no proof, but a God exterior, interior, or superior to it is beyond proof.

The time has come when we can reason without fear of death or persecution. Then let us reason fearlessly, thoroughly, and proclaim the results of our honest thoughts boldly to the world. As between the dogatism of the Theist and Atheist there is a vast difference. The burden of proof devolves upon those affirming. Let God prove himself, or let his champions furnish proof consistent with the advanced thought of the present day, then we will all kneel and worship him. But, the Bible relegated to realms of fiction, even

by the best minds within the church, what proof remains for a God? None, absolutely none. The sum total of all existence, nature—in grand aggregation or in minutest detail—is not God, but the basis of the grand belief we advocate and represent. Whatever is, exists, and has a being, is not God, but belongs to the great category of facts upon which we base our belief. All outside of this, all outside of all—which is nothing—this alone is the basis for a God.

The unproved and illogical assumptions of the church, therefore, are rankest dogmatism, while the belief we proudly and dogmatically advocate has for a basis all the facts of nature and truth.

God is a natural impossibility, an anomaly and logical absurdity. Professor Swing has faithfully applied all the ingenuity of his colossal intellect to create a God consistent with logic and reason, but, alas! what a sad failure he has made of it. He indignantly repudiates the anthropomorphic God of the Bible, but places his God "here, and there, and everywhere; in the morning star, on Sirius, in the laughter of a child," and in everything beautiful, yet instantly again invests him with personality of the masculin gender, applying personal pronouns like "he," "him," "heavenly father," etc., a man still! He divests him of all attributes of hate, revenge, and tyranny, but invests him with all the tender solicitude of a human father and friend—a human being still, but never God.

An infinit God is an impossibility because nature alone is infinit, and "here, and there, and everywhere," and consequently cannot contain an infinit God.

The assumed attributes of God—love, wisdom, etc.—necessitate personality, because science recognizes them only as existing within living animal organisms. As the retina is needed to produce sight, the eardrum to produce sound, so the brain and nervous system are a necessity to produce intelligence or mind. But this in turn necessitates a physical body, and this of necessity is limited and can never fill an unlimited universe, neither be "here, there, and everywhere" at the same time. Therefore a physical God cannot be a God and all it implies. Now, then, if an infinit God cannot possibly exist in an infinit universe, nor a finite God possibly exist in every portion of it, the church must define a God or stand convicted of fraud and deception.

This not being forthcoming, the God idea vanishes from our beautiful earth, and man alone is the true autocrat of all he surveys, acknowledging all his equal, but none superior. Naturalism is the only fact that remains. This we worship, and for humanity we liv and strive.

Confining ourselvs to facts, to truth, to logic and reason, we are therefore justified, yes, forced, as honest men and women, to renounce the dogmas transmitted to us from ages of barbarism, and henceforth revel in the glories of nature as illumined by the rising sun of science, the burning torch of reason and Freethought. Yours with best wishes for our grand cause,

OTTO WETTSTEIN.

**The chief attraction at this session was the lecture announced for Mrs. M. A. Freeman, vice-president of the American Secular Union, who never fails to draw a large audience, and whose subject was "His Satanic Majesty." Mrs. Freeman's treatment of her topic kept her hearers in a merry mood, as they frequently interrupted her pungent humor, biting sarcasm, and clever irony with laughter and applause. It is useless to attempt a synopsis, as every sentence is a Secular sermon, but she concluded with: "They say the devil was chained one thousand years. We havn't missed him, the priests and parsons hav so well represented him. We ask you Freethinkers to help us, in this land of Jefferson, Franklin, and Paine, in elevating the Stars and Stripes above the cross." There is already quite a demand for the publication of that lecture.**

MORNING SESSION.

**President Palmer opened the Congress, and the Committee on Public Work, in the absence of Committee on Credentials, made the following recommendations:**

Your committee recommend this Congress to resolve it to be the duty of the officers of this Union:

First. To institute, or aid in instituting, a practical lecture bureau, either as a state institution or as local divisions of states of the fashion of circuits, to facilitate the lecture service and the sale and distribution of secular Freethought literature.

Second. To advise with and assist the members and officers of the local auxiliary Secular Unions, and the friends of justice in the several states, to maintain the laws thereof against the propagation of sectarian dogma and doctrins, and the celebration of religious sectarian ceremonies in the public schools and the state colleges and universities.

ITHAMAR EDDY, JAS. TUTTLE, W. L. WILLIS, JOHN STEVES, A. M. FREEMAN, GEO. COLLINS, } *Com. on Public Work.*

**After some discussion, the report was accepted.**

**The Committee on Credentials made the following report, which was adopted:**

Your Committee on Credentials respectfully report that the following named persons, representing accredited auiliary Leagues or Unions, life and annual members, are entitled to seats and votes in this Congress:

Courtlandt Palmer, New York city; S. P. Putnam, New York city; *Leonard Geiger, Hudson, N. Y.; *W. L. Willis, Kokomo, Ind.; Harry Hoover, Pittsburgh, Pa.; F. A. Wichelman, Chicago, Ill.; Alex. Risk, West Union; Wm. Redfield, Daniel Davis, L. Stansbury, Liberal League, Fayette county, Ia.; D. I. Johnson, Dwight, Ill.; E. P. Bosworth, Marsailles Ill.; S. W. Devenbaugh, Brimfield, Ind.; Otto Wettstein, Rochelle, Ill.; Dr. J. W. Moorman, Fort Madison, Ia.; Thomas H. Dodge, Butler county, Ohio; W. F. Kelly, Springfield, Ill.; Edward S. Pope, Indianapolis, Ind.; Wm. Oakley, Dwight, Ill.; C. E. Nicodemus, Forreston, Ill.; P. H. Martlett, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Voltairine de Cleyre, Grand Rapids, Mich.; J. A. Greenville, Clinton, Ia.; Ithamar Eddy, Rome City, Ind.; James Tuttle, Atlantic, Ill.; John Mahara, Charles City, Ia.; B. Thorpe, Beaver Dam, Wis.; John Durant, Creston, Iowa, William Walker, Dwight, Ill.; John Irwin, Chicago, Ill.; W. Phillips, Algonquin, Ill.; Lucius West ("Uncle Lute"), Kalamazoo, Mich., Judge C. B. Waite, Hyde Park, Ill.; Edward Hay, Shebanse, Ill.; C. E. Harris, Hyde Park, Ill.; Mrs. L. L. D. Gustin, Frank M. Gustin, Fort Madison, Iowa; J. H. Collins, Barnum, Minn.; Chas. Zeigler, Du Quoin, Ill.; H. S. Voltrow, Portland, Ind.; W. H. Barker, Sweet Home, Ind.; G. Barr, Chicago; Joseph Hay, Shebanse, Ill.; Prof. Chas. Orchardson, Chicago; C. B. Reynolds, North Parma, N. Y.; Thos. Galpin, Chicago; Geo. Newkirk, Mrs. Geo. Newkirk, Paxton, Ill.; W. H. Burke, Chicago; Thos. R. Goddard, St. John's, Ill.; Wm. C. Howard, Volo, Ill.; Wm. Lindsay, Ottumwa, Iowa; H. Norton, Upper Sandusky, Ohio; E. R. Evans, John Steves, Durand, Ill.; Jas. M. Gruber, Adolph Anderson, A. C. Berg, O. E. Brown, Hugo Schmidt, Thos. B. Fogelslad, Chas. A. Fraenkel, Otto Reis, Chicago; Mrs. Mary Sample, A. M. Freeman, Mrs. A. M. Freeman, A. D. O'Neil, Englewood, Ill.; L. Sorenson, North Lake, Wis.; N. C. Dahl, Dr. E. S. McLeod, E. A. Stevens, Wimibold Boemer, Chicago; Fred Beilfield, delegate from Vorwarts Turner Society.

*Respectfully submitted,*

E. A. STEVENS, W. BOEMER, WM. REDFIELD, } *Com on. Credentials.*

**Charles B. Reynolds, of Boonton fame, read Treasurer Eckhard's report, the details of which already hav appeared in THE TRUTH SEEKER. The Committee on Resolutions reported as follows:**

RESOLUTIONS.

*Resolved*, That the American Secular Union invites the cooperation of all who favor the total separation of church and state; its platform is the Nine Demands of Liberalism; its work is to achieve and maintain a purely secular government; all other reforms, however important, are left to special instrumentalities. While members of the Union hav absolute liberty of thought and action in regard to every intellectual, moral, social, and political question, yet differences of opinion among thoughtful men and women upon such questions make it necessary that the Secular Union confine itself to the Nine Demands of Liberalism, which are the axioms of Freethought; and, on this basis, all true American citizens can unite for the triumph of liberty and justice.

*Resolved*, That the Secular Union sympathizes with all efforts for the amelioration of human toil; for the removal of poverty and the extension of wealth and happiness as the reward of labor; and is in favor of every just method by which the working-people can be advanced; for the working-people are the glory of the republic, and their elevation makes the true civilization of the world.

*Resolved*, That the Union recognizes the full equality of woman, according to the Declaration of Independence; that she is a citizen, and is entitled to the rights of citizenship; and political subjection in the past has been the result, not of natural justice, but of ecclesiastical legislation.

*Resolved*, That the Union favors increased facilities for a Secular and especially a manual training in our public schools, affirming that physical health is necessary to intel lectual progress, and that industrial education is as requisit to good citizenship as mental disciplin.

*Resolved*, That the Union recognizes the value of social life and the cultivation of the spirit of fraternity, and recommends the celebration of all holidays by Liberal associations, and especially suggests that the coming anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine, the author-hero of the American Revolution, be made the occasion in every community for festivals of Freethought and the promulgation of the Demands of Liberalism.

*Resolved*, That for the practical work of the coming year a fund be raised by contributions of friends throughout the country, the first thousand dollars of which fund is to be for the salary of the secretary of the Union for one year from the date of this Congress, and all contributions above this one thousand dollars are to be for incidental expenses, the publication and distribution of Secular literature and legislativ work under the management of the Board of Directors.

*Resolved*, That in the death of Dr. T. L. Brown and A. T. Lilly, vice-presidents of the Secular Union, the Union laments the loss of generous comrades, noble citizens, stanch advocates of Freedom, and ardent workers for the welfare of humanity.

S. P. PUTNAM, OTTO WETTSTEIN, VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE, S. W. DEVENBAUGH, DR. J. W. MOORMAN, } *Com. on Resolutions*

**The resolutions were, after some discussion, unanimously adopted.**

**Mrs. Freeman presented the report of the Committee on Nominations:**

Your committee beg leave to place in nomination the following. For

President, Samuel P. Putnam.
Secretary, E. A. Stevens.
Treasurer, Charles Eckhard.
Chairman Executiv Committee, E. B. Foote, Jr.
Chairman Finance Committee, Edgar C. Beall.

Vice-Presidents, Col. R. G. Ingersoll, Courtlandt Palmer, T. B. Wakeman, Charles Watts, John E. Remsburg, Horace Seaver, James Parton, Mattie A. Freeman, Mattie P. Krekel, Dr. J. L. York, Charles B. Reynolds, Prof. Charles Orchardson, L. K. Washburn, W. S. Bell, M. M. Secor, Otto Wettstein, Wm. Redfield, S. W. Devenbaugh, Wm. Algie, Roman Staley, H. P. Mason (Utah), N. D. Godell (Cal.), D. W. Smith (Wash. Ter.), James Wardwell (Idaho), J. W. Black (N. J.), Thomas J. Truss (Col.).

**Mrs. Freeman supplemented her report by saying the Committee had unanimously decided on the present incumbent of the presidency, but learned it was his desire to be succeeded by Mr. Putnam, and, in deference to his wishes, they had regretfully accepted his resignation. Mrs. Freeman paid graceful tributes, individually, to the retiring executiv, to their nominee for that post of honor, and to the other candidates. Those who were not present missed a wholesale candy store.**

**A motion to elect individually by ballot was voted down, and a motion to elect the entire ticket by *viva voce* vote was carried.**

**The nominees were then elected unanimously.**

**The retiring president welcomed in a few well-chosen words his successor to the chair.**

**On motion a vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Courtlandt Palmer for his sympathy and services, and the secretary was authorized to prepare suitable resolutions expressiv of the gratitude of the Union to the retiring president, which was adopted unanimously by a rising vote amid much applause.**

**In response Mr. Palmer reviewed in a neat, modest, impromptu speech his early training, his Christian predilections, and his development into radical reforms. Referring to the notoriety he had achieved he said: "Some were born great, some achieved greatness, and some had greatness thrust upon them. I am of the latter category, for none could be more diffident than I." While he would do all he could for the cause of Secularism, his health made it imperativ that he should resign, but he had few regrets on that score, as he knew the organization would hav the boundless energy and undimmed enthusiasm of his noble friend, Samuel P. Putnam.**

**Mr. Palmer's speech captured the Congress, aroused a glorious enthusiasm, and each earnest Liberal present felt impelled to do his duty, and nobly they responded to the call for financial assistance, round after round of applause greeting the announcement of the sums the delegates pledged on the**

ROLL OF HONOR.

| | |
|---|---|
| Courtlandt Palmer | $100 00 |
| Chicago Secular Union | 100 00 |
| Col. Robert G. Ingersoll | 100 00 |
| Dr. E. B. Foote, New York City | 100 00 |
| A. D. O'Neil, Chicago. | 50 00 |
| S. P. Putnam ($25 paid) | 50 00 |
| Leonard Geiger, Hudson, N. Y. | 50 00 |
| Hugo Schmidt, Chicago | 25 00 |
| N. C. Dahl, " | 25 00 |
| Jas. Tuttle, Atlantic, Ill | 25 00 |
| J. A. Greenhill, Clinton, Ia | 25 00 |
| Alex. Risk, Fayette county, Ia | 10 00 |
| Dr. J. W. Moorman, Fort Madison, Ia | 10 00 |
| F. M. Gustin, " " | 10 00 |
| P. H. Marlett, Chicago | 10 00 |
| W. F. Kelley, Springfield, Ill | 10 00 |
| Fayette County (Iowa) Secular Union | 10 00 |
| B. Thorpe, Beaver Dam, Wis | 5 00 |
| W. H. Burke, Chicago | 5 00 |
| E. S. Pope, Indianapolis | 5 00 |
| F. A. Wichelman, Chicago | 5 00 |
| Wm. Lindsay, Ottumwa, Ia | 5 00 |
| H. Norton, Upper Sandusky, Ia | 5 00 |
| W. L. Willis (life member), Kokoma, Ind | 5 00 |
| W. R. Boemer, Chicago | 5 00 |
| Prof. Chas. Orchardson, Chicago | 5 00 |
| J. H. Collins, Barnum, Minn | 5 00 |
| S. W. Devenbaugh, Brimfield, Ind | 5 00 |
| Wm. Redfield, Fayette county, Ia | 5 00 |
| Joseph Hay, Shebanse, Ill | 5 00 |
| W. Phillips | 5 00 |
| Wm. Walker, Dwight, Ill | 5 00 |
| Daniel Davis, Fayette county, Ia | 5 00 |
| A. B. C., Chicago | 5 00 |
| W. H. Barker, Sweet Home, Ind | 5 00 |
| E. R. Evans, Durand, Ill | 2 00 |
| J. M. Gruber, Chicago | 2 00 |
| C. H. Kidder, " | 2 00 |
| Wm. C. Howard, Volo, Ill | 2 00 |
| Sidney E. Brown, Chicago | 1 00 |
| Edward Hay, Shebanse, Ill | 1 00 |
| Ithamar Eddy | 1 00 |
| E. B. Boswor'h | 1 00 |
| Ambrose Sorenson, North Lake, Wis | 1 00 |
| M. Enfield, Clorinda, Ia | 1 00 |
| R. Newkirk, Paxton, Ill | 1 00 |
| Lizzie M. Chidester, Chicago | 1 00 |
| Hattie J. Mercer, " | 1 00 |
| Wm. Brenneman, " | 1 00 |

[Will the friends notify the secretary if any amounts are omitted or any mistakes made?—E. A. S.]

**With this sort of spontaneous enthusiasm in a simple business meeting, who shall say that Liberals hav lost faith in the only organization which is battling for Freethought and its freest expression?**

**After adjournment the delegates generally lingered in the hall for social interchanges and congratulations at the conclusion of labors well performed.**

AFTERNOON SESSION.

**Under the leadership of Prof. Chas. Cobbelli, the splendid singing section of the Aurora Turn Verein, numbering twenty-five trained voices, added to the attractions and made the theater resound with mellifluous melody, rendering various songs in such manner as to enrapture the audience.**

**President Putnam then introduced Miss Voltairine de Cleyre, who gave an excellent address on "Secular Education," giving evidence of culture and capacity, and, as the *Daily News* remarked, "she bears the stamp of genius." It is scarcely necessary to say that her theme was highly appreciated.**

**Prof. Chas. Orchardson, who, like Felix Oswald, whom the writer dubs the "great condenser," generally manages to get more points and force in a twenty-four minutes' speech than falls to the lot of ordinary mortals, followed. His points of sarcasm on the "Morality of Christian Teachers" were not well taken by the aforesaid teachers, provided such were present, but they were by the assemblage on this particular occasion.**

**After more singing, and an *encore*, E. A. Stevens walked up like a lamb to the slaughter, and gave a lecture on "Secularism *vs.* God in the State," in which he presented about twenty-four specific indictments against God-in-the-State interference. At the conclusion he took his post at the door to solicit funds to pay expenses of the Congress, in orthodox deacon fashion.**

EVENING SESSION.

**Miss de Cleyre played an inspiring prelude on the piano as an introduction to Courtlandt Palmer's lecture on the "Aristocracy of Freethought." As a literary production, no commendations of mine can add to its value. It is *du premier ordre*—a scholarly, erudite criticism on the aristocracy of pretense and an ennobling commendation to the aristocracy of mental and moral worth. To say that it was highly**

*New life-members.

appreciated but faintly conveys the manifestations of approval it received.

In the absence of Dr. Severance, Mrs. Freeman gave another admirable address to the delight of her hearers.

Chas. B. Reynolds was then introduced by President Putnam, who, pointing to the flag "above the cross," said that because the flag was still above the cross our friend Reynolds is with us to-night instead of reclining in one of the jails or penitentiaries of New Jersey. Mr Reynolds was received with tumultuous applause.

After alluding to New Jersey loving kindness, how much they sought after him, and how it was owing to the interposition of our ex-president, Colonel Ingersoll, that he was not occupying one of the great public institutions of that state, Mr. Reynolds gave a rousing rallying-cry for Secularism by taking for his text "Think for Yourselvs." His address was simply inimitable, and "brought down the house," convulsing them with laughter.

The secretary read the list of newly elected officers for the edification of the audience, and each name, from beginning to the end, received a round of applause. The Eleventh Annual Congress thus concluded its labors, and congratulations and leave-takings became the next in order.

E. A. Stevens, Secretary.

## Finances.

AMOUNTS COLLECTED FOR EXPENSES OF CONGRESS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Chicago Turn Gemeinde | $25.00 | Secular Union (per treasurer) | $50 00 |
| Aurora Turn Verein | 20 00 | Courtlandt Palmer | 25 00 |
| Robt. Lindbloon | 10 00 | Chas. J. Sundell | 3.00 |
| Dr. A. Bassett | 5 00 | John F. Turner | 2.00 |
| Dr. E. A. Bassett | 5.00 | F. C. Russell | 2.00 |
| Dr. E. S. McLeod | 5 00 | F. B. Tobey | 2.00 |
| Mrs. Mary Sample | 5 00 | T. W. Hineam | 1.00 |
| Stafford Bolton | 5.00 | A. D. O'Neil | 1.00 |
| N. C. Dahl | 5.00 | Julius Leon | 1.00 |
| F. A. Stauber | 5.00 | Edwin Milner | 1.00 |
| A. L. Singer | 5.00 | | |

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR EXPENSES OF CONGRESS FROM LIFE MEMBERS AND ANNUAL MEMBERS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Leonard Geiger | $25.00 | J. Barr | $1.00 |
| W. L. Willis | 25.00 | Chas. Orchardson | 1.00 |
| E. P. Bosworth | 1.00 | E. S. Pope | 1.00 |
| J. A. Greenhill | 1.00 | C. E. Nickodemus | 1.00 |
| Otto Wettstein | 1.00 | Mrs. Lizzie M. Chidester | 1.00 |
| J. W. Moorman | 1.00 | Thos. R. Goddard (per W. S. Bell) | 5.00 |
| Voltairine de Cleyre | 1.00 | Wm. C. Howard | 1.00 |
| I. Eddy | 1.00 | Daniel Davis | 1.00 |
| Jas. Tuttle | 1.00 | Geo. Newkirk | 1.00 |
| John Mahara | 1.00 | Mrs. Nellie Newkirk | 1.00 |
| B. Thorpe | 1 00 | Jas. M. Greber | 1.00 |
| S. W. Devenbaugh | 1.00 | Adolph Anderson | 1.00 |
| John Durant | 1.00 | Thos. B. Fogelstad | 1.00 |
| John Irwin | 1.00 | Amandus I. Ellingson | 1.00 |
| Wm. Walker | 1.00 | Otto Reese | 1.00 |
| W. Phillips | 1.00 | E. R. Evans | 1.00 |
| C. B. Waite | 1.00 | H. Norton | 1.00 |
| C. E. Harris | 1.00 | Ambrose Sorenson | 1.00 |
| Frank M. Gustin | 1.00 | Wm. Lindsay | 1.00 |
| Mrs. L. D. Gustin | 1 00 | A. D. O'Neill | 1.00 |
| Thos. Galpin | 5.00 | Collections at Congress | 48.00 |
| Chas. Zeigler | 1.00 | | |
| H. S. Voltrow | 1.00 | | |

| | |
|---|---|
| Total collected | $330.00 |
| Total expended | 330.00 |
| | $000,00 |

These receipts and expenditures are not connected with the Campaign Fund, which is reported elsewhere.

Samuel P. Putnam, Secretary.

I certify that the foregoing account is correct.

E. A. Stevens, Ch. Fin. Com.

REPORT OF EXPENSES OF CONGRESS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Hall rent | $130.00 |
| Services of speakers | 55.00 |
| Services of secretary | 50 00 |
| Advertising (newspapers) | 22.50 |
| Decorations | 13.00 |
| Printing (12,000 circulars, 3,000 programs) and distribution of circulars | 45.00 |
| Miscellaneous expenses | 14.50 |
| | $330.00 |

I certify that the above account is correct.

E. A. Stevens, Ch. Fin. Com. A. S. U.

Samuel P. Putnam, Secretary.

## News and Notes.

One not acquainted with the elements of Freethought might hav been discouraged at the small number of delegates and members of the American Secular Union present at the first business meeting on Saturday, but having for the last two or three years studied the situation, we were not discouraged, for we knew that this was a representativ assembly; that every man and woman in it was a working force, and were present at our little gathering because they had a deep and earnest interest in the cause, and were ready to do their best for its success. With such an assembly, to make a beginning was half the battle—it was the signal for ultimate victory.

It was an executiv assembly, and the work was well and quickly done. The Chicago Secular Union hav neat and elegant rooms for their meetings, and such bright surroundings are a help to cheerful and profitable labor. A large, dingy hall is oppressiv in its environments. Even if we are pioneers, we like that which reminds of the freshness and magnificence of nature itself, and our Chicago friends hav wisely selected in the heart of the city a beautiful hall for their local gatherings.

The spirit of good-will and enthusiasm prevailed, and it was evident that everybody meant to take hold and do their share to make the Congress a success.

Our meetings for lectures and addresses were held in the Madison-street Theater. In the afternoon of Saturday a fair audience was present. Courtlandt Palmer, president, made the opening address, which was a clear exposition of our aims and an eloquent expression of the spirit of our work. Judge Waite followed with a most interesting discourse on "Freethought in Europe," and the secretary closed with a lecture on "The Dangers Ahead."

In the evening a much larger audience was present, and Mrs. M. A. Freeman gave her new lecture, "His Satanic Majesty," which was, indeed, a very entertaining presentation of the doings and sayings of this wonderful personage. At the same time the lecture was a deep and instructiv unfolding of the demands of justice and liberty. Our German friends were also present, and a ringing address was made in the German language by Herr Julius Vohlteich.

Sunday morning a most important business session was held for the election of officers and the laying out of the work for the coming year. The results will be noted in regular reports. Suffice to say, we hav reached harmonious action, and never was there promis of nobler work and more cordial coöperation of friends. Especially do I rejoice in the election of E. A. Stevens as secretary. I know him as a valiant comrade, an incessant worker, a man of comprehension and insight, and a vigorous writer. His business ability is of the highest order. The confidence of Liberals in his administration was evinced by the fact that in a few minutes the sum of eight hundred dollars was pledged for his support. This, no doubt, will be swelled immediately to one thousand dollars and upwards. Mr. Stevens has consented to assume the burden, the responsibility, and do the work for one thousand dollars, a less sum by hundreds of dollars than what he now receives in commercial pursuits. I know that every generous Liberal in the land will respond at once with his contribution, and make it sure that this sum will be guaranteed. The president, be it understood, will hereafter receive no salary. Like the rest of his comrades he will work his passage, and will sweep the deck or do anything in order that the ship of Liberalism may ride the sea in triumph.

Sunday afternoon there was a large gathering. The Aurora Singing Society gave some excellent music. Miss Voltairine de Cleyre delivered an interesting, bright, and sensible discourse on "Secular Education." Our young friend has a promising future. As an orator and a writer, she combines youthful fire with a cultivated intellect and clear views of life and duty.

Professor Orchardson is well known as an original and interesting speaker. He always goes to the root of the matter. His criticism of Christian morality cut like a surgeon's knife.

Then the new secretary, E. A. Stevens, gave his practical and excellent lecture, "Secularism vs. God in the State." This bristles with facts, arguments, and appeals, and will make one of the best campaign documents of the year.

I am sorry that we missed an address by Harry Hoover, of Pittsburgh, on "The Sunday Laws." However, we shall hav his already prepared material for a Secular Union pamphlet. The subject is of vast importance, and no man can treat it with greater skill and logic than Harry Hoover.

Sunday evening our retiring president, Courtlandt Palmer, gave that noble exposition of the chivalry of Liberalism, "The Aristocracy of Freethought," which was received with frequent and enthusiastic applause, The theater was crowded. Over a thousand people were present. It was a grand and inspiring close to the Congress, which is one of the most important and influential ever held, and will, no doubt, be a notable land-mark in Liberal annals.

We made the most of the time, and had one of Mrs. Freeman's short, sparkling speeches, which always thrill to action. This eloquent exponent of Freethought should be kept constantly in the field, for she is a most entertaining, persuasiv, and thoughtful orator.

C. B. Reynolds, fresh from his field work, made one of his happy addresses, and his audience was thoroughly entertained by his quaint and humorous descriptions of orthodoxy, and vigorous appeals to action.

We hav had a noble gathering. We go home with brighter faith in the work, and the men and women who are to carry it on. I do not think there is a discordant note. Amid all differences there is harmony as to general purpose and plan.

I hav enjoyed exceedingly my sojourn among Chicago friends. Not only the Congress, but the life of this great city, has an exhilarating effect. You are in the midst of a world that is going onward. There is room here to grow. From vast distances the tides of business flow to this magnificent mart. It is a good place for our headquarters and for annual congresses. However, our Pittsburgh friends want us to come there. I hope we shall, for I know that our battalion at that place is always marching on, and will giv a rousing welcome. I do not know but what we can afford to hav two grand mass meetings a year, one in the East and one in the West, such is the interest that is now aroused.

My friend A. D. O'Neil always takes good care of the Secular pilgrim. I sleep every night alongside a vast collection of birds, and so, of course, hav happy flights of the imagination, with these gorgeous colors and glittering wings about me that suggest so much of life and nature.

A baby has been born into the house since I was here, and he is so bright that I think he will make a good Infidel, although he has a Christian mother. He looks wise enough already to scorn the creeds of the churches. He knows more, at least, than any theologian, and I would rather learn of him than of a bishop. He cannot talk, and in that respect he surpasses the orthodox preachers. He looks like his father; he is the exact image of his mother; he is the tyrant we all admire; and as I look into his black and lustrous eyes I hav an inkling as I write these notes that he will some day be president of the American Secular Union. I welcome baby to this world, bright promis of the future, who givs more hope to humanity, more cheer to toil, and more sweetness to life than all the Bibles and the churches, and when he touches manhood's eager prize I know that this world will be more beautiful, more happy, than it is to-day, and so with reverence I take the tiny fingers of the child, radiant prophet of our ever growing humanity.

I am at Alliance Sunday next, and at Farmdale, O., October 29th and 30th.

ONWARD STILL.—GREETING TO L. K. WASHBURNE.

Where the Western gold is brimming
I hav seen the waters bright;
Like those waves our ranks are massing
'Gainst the shadows of the night.
Night may come, but still the billows
Send the starlight on to dawn—
Greet the dawn; and so we greet it.
Heart and hope are not withdrawn.

I hav seen the snowy mountains
Touch the heavens with beaming crest,
Flash the orient fire of morning
To the sunset of the West.
Storms may come, but still those summits
Steady greet the circling sun,
With the same resplendent foreheads
As if the world were just begun.

Thus from every battle's thunder
Fresh with hope our pennons surge,
And we hail the radiant dawnings
On the future's ample verge.
Onward still to highis sublimer
Rolls the conflict wide and vast,
And one gain is but another
Summons of Truth's bugle-blast.

I hav seen the rivers, dashing—
White-maned steeds—along the course,
Furious leap to glorious darkness
Where the rocks impede their force.
Thus our heroes rise and vanish
In life's swift and earnest call,
All forgetting save the doing;
Doing grandest when they fall.

Yes, I see the promis broaden
O'er a thousand leagues of way.
What is mighty Nature saying
But that truth will win the day?
From her breast I feel the pulses
Of the hope that will not fail;
In her rugged grandeur burgeons
Freedom's flower that cannot pale.

From ocean unto ocean
Hearts are brave and hearts are true.
Deep unto deep is flowing,
With the wonders of the new.
Man is marching sunward, onward,
To the East and to the West;
From the error and the darkness,
To the mountain's beaming crest—

To the sea, that singeth ever
Of the things that yet will be—
Knowledge, power, and vast endeavor—
In the reign of Liberty.
Man will triumph, force of nature,
In his beating heart and brain;
Man will triumph—not by worship,
But by toil, for gods are vain.

Comrade, greeting! Greeting, Washburn,
Far along the army's front!
Noble soldier, fortune with thee,
Ever in the battle's brunt!
All the voices of the mountains,
And the voice of all the sea,
Giv my heart no sweeter guerdon
Than the voice you fling to me.

*Chicago*, Oct. 18, 1887. Samuel P. Putnam.

## What Mrs. Freeman Says About the Congress.

To all lovers of liberty the Eleventh Annual Congress of the American Secular Union sends greeting!

Blackened skies, falling rain, and muddy streets had been the prevailing dispensation for some time. Every Saturday and Sunday the inevitable shower had come down, but on the morning of October 15th the sun shone out gloriously; the warmth of summer returned; the city took on its brightest hues, and

*Continued on page* 700.

# Communications.

## The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

Author of "Physical Education," "The Secret of the East," etc.

### III.—Moral Maxims.

CHAPTER XIV.—FRIENDSHIP.

*A.—Lessons of Instinct.*

Philosophers of the utilitarian school have begun to reëstablish the long-forgotten truth that Materialism is the indispensable root of the plant which bears its flowers in spiritual aspirations. The consequence of universal practice is the best test of a dogma, and if all men were to divest themselves of their earthly possessions and devote their lives to the hyperphysical vagaries of the Galilean messiah, there would soon be neither crops to harvest nor bread to eat, and unworldly saints would starve as surely as ungodly sinners. "Ideality" may be the crown of the brain, as the brain is of the body, but the organs of the mind cannot dispense with the aid of the alimentary organs; the pinnacle of the social fabric needs intermediate supports. Education has to secure the welfare of the body before it can successfully cultivate the faculties of the mind; and it is not less certain that a man has to be a good patriot before he can be a worthy cosmopolitan, and a good friend before he can be a good patriot.

In the progress of individual development the instinct of friendship asserts itself at a very early period. Its recollection hallows the memory of the poorest childhood. The shepherd-boys of the upper Alps travel dozens of miles over cliffs and rocks to meet their friends at a salt-spring; on the shores of the Baltic the boys of the lonely fishermen's cabins frequent their trysting-places in spite of wind and weather. Early friendships throw the charm of their poetry even over the dreary prosa of grammar-school life; the fellowship of school-friends forever endears the scenes of their sports and rambles, and for many a poor office-drudge the recollection of such hours "holds all the light that shone on the earth for him." True friendship smoothens the rough path of poverty, while friendlessness, even in the gilded halls of wealth, is almost a synonyme of cheerlessness:

Ich wüsste mir keine groessre Pein,
Als wär' ich im Paradies allein,

says Goethe. "To be alone in paradise would be the height of misery." Friendship will assert itself athwart the barriers of social inequality, and its germs are so deeply rooted in the instincts of primitive nature that, in default of a communion of kindred souls, the bonds of sympathy have often united saints and sinners, nay, even men and brutes. The traditions of Grecian antiquity have preserved the possibly apocryphal legend of a dolphin that became attached to the company of a young fisherman, and after his death left the sea in search of its friend, and thus perished; but the story of Androcles was confirmed by the experience of Chevalier Geoffroy de la Tour, a crusader of the thirteenth century, who was charmed, but finally distressed, by the affection of a pet lion that followed him like his shadow, and at last fell a victim to his attachment by trying to swim after the ship that conveyed his master from Damascus to Genoa. The traveler Busbequius mentions a lynx that set his heart on escorting a camp-follower of a Turkish pasha; and Sir Walter Scott vouches for the touching episode of the Grampian Highlands, where a young hunter met his death by falling from a steep cliff, and was found, months after, half covered by the body of his favorite deerhound, who had followed his friend to the happy hunting-grounds by starving to death at the feet of a corpse.

Among the ancestors of the Mediterranean nations the betrayal of a friend was deemed an act of almost inconceivable infamy; friends and friends engaged in a pledge of mutual hospitality, which was held sacred even in times of war; and among the natives of the South Sea Islands a similar brotherhood of elective affinities existed in the society of the *Aroyi*, or oath-friends, who held all property in common, and in times of danger unhesitatingly risked their own lives in defense of their ally's. Professor Letourneau has collected many curious anecdotes of that devotion, which should leave no doubt that *altruism* in its noblest form can dispense with the hope of *post-mortem* compensation, and, indeed, with all theological motives whatever.

B.—REWARDS OF CONFORMITY.

Unselfishness is the soul of true friendship, yet it nevertheless remains true that all instincts are founded on the experience of benefits or injuries. During the rough transition period from beasthood to manhood, when our uncivilized ancestors roamed the forests of the foreworld, it must have been an incalculable advantage to the individual hunter or herder to secure the coöperation of a trusty companion, whose watchful eye would double his chance of finding food or avoiding danger, whose stout arm might parry a blow which unaided strength would have failed to avert. As in other circumstances of natural selection, those who most successfully availed themselves of such advantages had a superior chance of survival and consequently of transmitting their disposition to subsequent generations, and the habit of friendship thus became a hereditary instinct.

The social system of civilized life has since devised manifold substitutes for the coöperation of elective affinities, but various unalienable advantages of the primitive plan have been more or less clearly recognized by all nations, especially by the manful and nature-abiding nations of pagan antiquity. The benefits secured by the mutual aid of sympathizing friends are not limited to the guarantee of civil rights, but extend to the realization of individual hopes and the indulgence of personal inclination and predilections, as well as to the higher privileges of a mental communion for which the panders of selfish wealth have as yet devised no equivalent. The power of *approbativeness*, the main stimulus of ambition, is infinitely intensified by the emulation of noble friendship, which, in the words of an ancient philosopher, "inspires to deeds heroic, and makes labor worth the toils that lead to success." Such friendship inspired the heroism of Theseus and Pyrithous, of Harmodius and Aristogiton, of Nisus and Euryalus, and recorded its experience in proverbs which have few parallels in the languages of the Christianized nations: "*Solem e mundo qui amicitiam e vita tollunt*"—"They deprive the world of sunshine who deprive life of friendship." "*Amicum perdere damnorum est maximum*"—"To lose a friend is the greatest of losses." "*Amicus magis necessarius quam ignis aut aqua*"—"A friend is more needful than fire or water."

In times of tribulation, when the fury of party-strife overrode all other restraints, friendship has more than once proved its saving power by averting otherwise hopeless perils. Diagoras was thus saved from the rage of allied bigots, Demetrius from the dagger of a wily assassin, the elder Cato from the rancor of political rivals. Without the aid of a friend Cicero would never have survived the intrigues of Catiline. Epaminondas made the approval of friends the sole reward of his heroic life, and vanquished the enemies of his country by the enthusiasm of the "sacred legion" of mutually devoted and mutually inspiring friends. Mohammed the Second yielded to the prayer of a humble companion what he refused to the united threats of foreign embassadors, and Simon Bolivar, the liberator of South America, often confessed that he owed his triumphs to the counsel of private friends rather than to the suggestions of his official advisers.

C.—PERVERSION.

The blessing of friendship, "doubling the joys of life and lessening its sorrows," could not fail to be specially obnoxious to the moralists of a creed that seeks to lure its converts from earth to ghostland, and depreciates the natural affections of the human heart. The gloomy antinaturalism of the Galilean prophet has been glossed over by the whitewashing committee of the revised Bible, but is too shockingly evident in the less sophisticated version of the original text to mistake its identity with the moral nihilism of the world-renouncing Buddha. The *phil'adelphia*, or "brother-love," of the New Testament, is, in fact, merely a "fellowship in Christ"—the spiritual communion and mutual indoctrination of earth-renouncing bigots. With the joys and sorrows of natural friendship their prophet evinces no sympathy whatever. "I am come," says he, "to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, . . . and a man's foes shall be those of his own household." "He who hates not his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, cannot be my disciple." "And the brother shall betray the brother to death, and the father the son."

By that test of moral merit the obligation of natural affection counted as nothing compared with the duty of theological conformity. "Verily, I say unto you, there is no man that has left brethren or sisters or father and mother for my sake and the gospels', but he shall receive a hundredfold," etc. "He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me." "And another of his disciples said unto him: Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father. But Jesus said unto him: Follow me, and let the dead bury their dead." "For if you love them which love you, what reward have ye?"

D.—PENALTIES OF NEGLECT.

The conversion of Rome, which theologians are fond of representing as the crowning miracle of Christianity, was a natural consequence of its pessimistic tendencies, which could not fail to recommend themselves to the instincts of a decrepit generation. "Worn-out sensualists consoled themselves with the hope of a better hereafter. Cowards pleased themselves with the idea of fulfilling the duty of meek submission to the injustice of the 'powers that be.' Monastic drones denounced the worldliness of industrial enterprises. Physical indolence welcomed the discovery that 'bodily exercise profiteth but little.' Envious impotence insisted on the duty of self-abasement. Transgressors against the health-laws of Nature relied upon the efficacy of the prayer-cure. Stall-fed priests sneered at the lean philosopher who wasted his time upon laborious inquiries, while he might wax fat on faith and the sacrifices of the pious. The demon-dogma was a godsend to the spiritual poverty of the elect. The so-called scholars of the Galilean church, who could not encounter the pagan philosophers on their own ground, found it very convenient to postulate a spook for every unknown phenomenon. . . . Despots before long recognized the mistake of persecuting a creed which inculcated the duty of passive submission to oppressors" (Secret of the East, p. 54).

They also recognized the advantage of a spiritual excuse for the infamy of their ingratitude to the secular benefactors of mankind. Cæsar and Trajan treated the humblest centurion as a friend rather than as a servant. Constantine and Justinian treated the ablest ministers like slaves who can be forced to toil, and turned out to starve after having worn out their strength in the service of the Lord's anointed. Belisarius, after repeatedly saving his master from well-deserved ruin, was sacrificed to the spite of a crowned harlot, and left to beg his bread in the streets of the city which his valor alone had for years protected from the rage of hostile armies. Aetius, who had saved all Europe by stemming the torrent of Hunnish conquest, was treated like a rebellious slave for refusing to betray his brave allies, and the stipulated pay of his veterans was squandered on pimps and clerical parasites. Charles Martel, whose heroism turned the scales against the power of the invading Moriscoes, was openly reviled by the very priests who owed him the preservation of their lives, as well as of their livings; his image was dragged in the mire, his soul consigned to the pit of torment—all for having defrayed the costs of his campaign by tithing prelates as well as laymen. Columbus was loaded with chains by the pious prince whose castles he had filled with the treasures of a new world; the philosopher Vanini was betrayed to death by a Christian spy who had for years enjoyed his confidence and his hospitality. John Huss was surrendered by the imperial priest-slave whose own hand had signed the document of his safe-conduct. The earl of Stafford was sacrificed by the crowned Jesuit who divided his time between prayers for the theological interests of his subjects and plots for the subversion of their political liberties. The dogma of self-denial has not prevented our financial pharisees from amassing fortunes that would dwarf the spoils of a Roman triumphator; but the hospitality of Mæcenas has not survived the religion of Nature. Our philosophers have to study the problems of life in a personal struggle for existence; our poets have to choose between starvation and hypocrisy. Patriots are left to the consoling reflection that virtue is its own reward. The endowers of theological seminaries seem to rely on the mercy of Christ to cancel the odium of their shortcomings in the recognition of secular merit. Keppler, Campanella, and Spinoza perished in penury. Locke and Rousseau, the recognized primates of the intellectual world, were left to languish in exile, admired and neglected by a host of "friends"—Christian friends—in every city of the civilized world. Schubert, Buerger, and Frederick Schiller, the idols of a poetry-loving nation, were left to fight the bitter struggle for existence to an extreme of which all the records of pagan antiquity furnish only a single parallel. Anaxagoras, the founder of a philosophic school counting its disciples by thousands, was left to languish in exile, till the rumor of his extreme distress brought the most illustrious of those disciples to the sick-bed of his neglected teacher. "Do not, do not leave us!" he cried, in an agony of remorse; "we cannot afford to lose the light of our life!"

"O Pericles," said the dying exile, "those who need a lamp should take care to supply it with oil!"

But how many lights of our latter-day lives have thus been extinguished before their time! Not one of the plethoric British aristocrats who spiced their leisure with the sweets of poetry ever dreamed of relieving the cruel distress of Robert Burns, or of cutting the knot of the financial embroglio that strangled out the life of Sir Walter Scott.

E.—REFORM.

Time is the test of truth; and the fallacies of the "Brotherhood in Christ" plan have been abundantly demonstrated by their consequences. Instead of being a bond of union, the doctrine of renunciation has been found to be a root of discord and rancor, and in times of need the fellowship of its converts has proved a most rotten staff. Even the wretches who betrayed their friends to the spies of the Holy Inquisition had no difficulty in palliating the infamy of their conduct with the sanction of scriptural precepts. For centuries the appeals of martyrs to the cause of freedom and Freethought have been answered with the advice of Christian submission to the "powers that be," and our modern pharisees rarely fail to reprove the "worldliness" of a poor neighbor's lament for the loss of his earthly possessions.

The founder of "Positivism," the Religion of Humanity, proposes to dedicate the days of the year to the leaders of progress, and inscribe our places of worship with the names of discoverers, reformers, and philosophers rather than of bigots and world-despising saints. And for the sake of those who would not wish to repeat the mistake of sacrificing the present to the past, the builders of those sanctuaries should add a temple of Friendship. From the adoration of self-torturing fanatics, from the worship of sorrow and the love of enemies, mankind will at last revert to the ancestral plan of elective affinities, and the dread of preferring natural to theological duties will not much longer prevent our fellow-men from recognizing their obligations to their earthly benefactors.

## Religion and Its Origin.

CONCLUDED.

But the objection to all of this comes up in the following terms: "Many are, and hav been, interested in religion, are earnest in its advocacy, and are doing all that they can to promote its interest, and at the same time they are intellectual, moral, wise, and good." I am willing and ready to concede all of this. Many who hav this disease do not hav it fatally. See Canon Fremantle, in *Popular Science Monthly* for June, 1887. The late Henry Ward Beecher and many hundreds of the most able men in the theological ranks are examples. In this class this disease is hardly noticeable; they, having come in contact with the world, hav learned to love this world, and the things that are therein, and this is a reasonable antidote for this disease. We would not know that they were religious, or had religion at all, if some one did not thus inform us. And then, again, this class of men are largely identified with the moral and intellectual development of the people, so much so that they hav no time to cultivate the religious disease. In life and act they are quite free from this disease. Then there is another fact which justifies these statements, and that is, in this class of men there is such a clear manifestation of culture, science, and morality, that religion is hardly discernible in them. So true is this that the really religious will not concede that these are religious at all. These men are not what they were once. When they first caught the disease and became religious advocates, the drift of all of their endeavors was toward giving expression to this disorder; but with an advance in knowledge, especially of the scientific form, they become largely redeemed out of this early disease. Let this suffice as an answer to the objection made. One word more as to Mr. Spencer. He is of the opinion that religion is a necessary fact in our nature, and not merely incidental thereto. He says: "Thus the universality of religious ideas, their independent evolution among different primitiv races, and their great vitality unite in showing that their source must be deep-seated instead of superficial. In other words, we are obliged to admit that if not supernaturally derived, as the majority contend, they must be derived out of human experience, slowly accumulated and organized." Mr. Spencer allows us to think that the religious sentiments are founded in the emotions, and are normal like all other faculties. Yet he says, "We may be sure that religions, though even none of them be actually true, are yet all adumbrations of truth." Whatever we are is doubtless the work of evolution. The ever-changing environment has made us what we are, but it does not follow that all of the experiences of life are necessary to our manhood. Many experiences hav come to us in the genesis of evolution that are harmful, and hence in no way useful or beneficial. And though these experiences hav been organized, it does not follow by any means that they contain essential "absolute virtues," and are entitled to special recognition, and that we are under obligation to make of them what does not belong to them, because we find them among our organized experiences.

Many of the experiences which come to our race in the slow process of evolution would be greatly to our benefit if they could be eliminated, and the wisest legislativ acts in the world's civilization are those which point to that end. Diseases hav been organized through experience, and hav been transmitted greatly to the disadvantage of many millions who are living. "They contain a soul of truth or an adumbration of truth," yet this would hardly entitle them to the eminent position of the "correlativ of science." I confess that in the experiences of life religion has been organized in the same way that other diseases hav been. But I am not prepared to admit that it is worthy of the dignity sought to be placed upon it by Mr. Spencer. Mr. Spencer sees the history of religion as I see it, and there is no more beauty in it for him than there is for me. And I regret the attempt which Mr. Spencer makes to rescue it from the merited disgrace into which it has fallen. I cannot see, nor do I find, any good reason to treat it otherwise than as I hav done. I can apologize for the conduct of its devotees on the ground that it is, as we hav defined it, a mental disease. But if it is not; if its history is what it is on account of rational forethought, then its history must consign its devotees to the deepest damnation possible to human thought. The more charitable view which we hav suggested inspires the more considerate with a large hope for the future of our race. We are not at a loss even now to see the basis of this hope. We cannot contemplate the attitude of the movements of to-day without seeing that there is great promis in the outlook. The more thoughtful in the religious world are only religious in name; they hav been so far redeemed from this disease that there is but little left to indicate its presence. This kind of redemption is spreading rapidly, and a gospel founded upon needs is in the near future destined to make itself felt in our modern civilization—a gospel not founded upon sin and depravity, devil and hell, nor upon a God entering into redemptiv relation to man through incarnation, but upon a cosmopolitan civilization; not founded upon what one believes or disbelieves, but upon humanity—humanity in all things—and a certificate of character will be found in the fact that he is a brother man and sister woman. The promis of such a state is not altogether a fiction.

We see in the inventiv genius of man, and in the ability to organize the result of that inventiv genius, the ability as well to manage or run that organization. All of these movements tend to bring the race into closer and closer relations, and thereby develop a brotherhood founded upon charity, sympathy, kindness, and unity. In the operation of this new gospel we will find the departure of the old malady which has cursed the world so long, and denied to the race the possibility of a brotherhood on account of creeds, gods, Bibles, and Christs—all differing, one from the other. This new gospel will work out the old insane heredity which was the gift of the lower structural forms, in them harmless, but in the human form it became the cause of the world's greatest trouble. The most difficult, damaging inheritance to get rid of, it makes its possessors partially insane, and these are hard to convince. It will be greatly facilitated when other remunerativ employment will be found for the doctors of religion, so that their bread-and-butter will not depend upon treating and nursing this malady so that it may be kept eternally on the chronic list. Many of these men are eminently qualified to become educators as soon as the inducement which a competency holds out is guaranteed. In the presence of such an inducement they will be only too ready to disrobe and leave their sick to recover for want of being doctored. I doubt not that there are many who would be glad to find a chance, that would still contain a promis of support, to throw off sacerdotalism and all that it implies for the sake of that freedom which would come to them, in which they could recognize their own convictions, and which would not endanger their financial and social standing.

The dispensation which science is now giving to the world points toward man's redemption from religion; toward his salvation out of religion. With what surprising rapidity the world is growing out of this disease. It is true, and likely will be true for some time to come, that the competition among creeds will tend to show an increase in religious statistics, but the observer will readily discover that this reported increase is only fictitious; and it is equally evident to the observer that there are millions now who are not religious who were a few years ago, and they, too, are among the best people upon this globe. How few of the more thoughtful, even among the youth of the civilized world, are at all religious? Only now and then one, and very likely these few hav the liver complaint. It is more than evident that this gospel of no religion is on the increase, as it contains splendid victories for the race without the sacrifice of blood. Hence, in consequence of these things, the brightest sky that ever looked down upon expectancy is that of to-day. It is filled with thrilling hopes which hav long been waiting on bended knee, with uplifted eyes shining through the mist of tears, for the coming of this day. In it we see a splendid promis, pointing toward a motherhood whose babes will need no redemption from the curse of sin. They will be born heirs of a cosmopolitan citizenship who will never need to be born again, instead of a babyhood with the mark and curse of Cain upon it. No bloody vestments nor slaughter of innocent incarnations that the wrath of offended divinities might be stayed; no revengeful gods, seated upon silent, desert thrones, to whom fulsome adulation is more than innocence and virtue's whitest robe unsanctified in the blood of atonement. It is humanity redeemed from the curse of religion. It is humanity that asks not for pardon, and scorns the price which heaven places upon self-respect; virtue, which a crown cannot purchase, nor a hell frighten. No good offered at the expense of innocence.

J. H. BURNHAM.

## Arbitration of Differences Better than War.

When the high-cockalorums who had charge of the Constitutional Centennial at Philadelphia find time to edit the volume, we shall probably hav a perfect record of all the vainglorious sentences uttered on that memorable occasion. Meanwhile here are two paragraphs from one speech worth preserving. They were spoken by General Sheridan in response to the toast, The Army:

"The regular army of the United States is a mere fiction. The real army is all able-bodied citizens capable of bearing arms. Mobilized it would amount to four or five millions of good soldiers. Now, then, if all the shipping of Europe was allowed to come over here, carrying men and materials of war, and the navy under Admiral Luce was to let them come over without interfering with them in any way, they could not carry men and war material enough to make one campaign. So that the army of the United States in that sense is about the largest army in the world.

"I am rather on the side of Senator Ingalls in what he said to-night. He wants to make a continental republic of this country. But there is one thing that you should appreciate, and that is that the improvement in guns and in the material of war, in dynamite and other explosivs, and in breech-loading guns, is rapidly bringing us to a period when war will be eliminated from history—when we can no longer stand up and fight each other, and when we will hav to resort to something else. Now, what will that something else be? It will be arbitration. I mean what I say when I express the belief that those who may liv until the next centennial, will find that arbitration will rule the whole world."

Every true man and woman will hope that General Sheridan is as good a prophet as he is a soldier.

## Our London Letter.

The International Freethought Congress held in London last month gave general satisfaction to those engaged therein, according to the report. European Freethought societies were very well represented; Australia by one delegate, and America not all.

The question "Whether teaching should be indifferent or directly hostil to religious dogma" gave rise to considerable discussion, and on a vote being taken, twenty-eight were in favor of indifference, four supported hostility, and several declined registering their opinions. Such a result must be disappointing to many earnest Freethinkers, who will regard this as a retrograde step, believing, as they do, that the only manner in which headway can be made is by opposing theology to the full extent of their power, using whatever means may be at hand for that purpose. The taunts of the theological party that Liberalism is only destructiv, and not constructiv, appear to hav affected some of the Freethinkers to such an extent that they seem anxious to show the reverse is the case, though why they should trouble about what is said, or wish to gain the good opinion of the religionists, is not evident at first sight. Theology and Freethought must necessarily be antagonistic, and no quarter should be given or taken. It is the duty of those who believe theology is false and injurious to mankind to do their utmost to destroy it, while those who hold it to be true and beneficial should giv it all the support in their power; half measures are useless, and worse than useless. It is pleaded that in every country the majority is favorably disposed toward supernaturalism, and therefore it is not politic to run counter to the feelings of such majority, but it takes a vast amount of moral suasion and soft words to convince anyone he is wrong in speculativ matters. The most popular preachers are those who use the most forcible language, and express their views without any great regard for the susceptibilities of others, and the same holds good with public teachers generally, both in politics and religion. The man who strikes hardest and quickest is better appreciated by both friends and foes than he who is willing to grant concessions to the enemy detrimental to his own party. As a Freethought editor has well pointed out, science and philosophy are very good in their way, but all philosophers and scientists are not Freethinkers; many of them may be, but there are scores of well-known names who cling tenaciously to the superstitions drilled into them during childhood. Unless children, while under tuition, are withdrawn altogether from theological influence, or, when this is not possible, shown the absurdity of dogmatic speculation, they are quite as likely to grow up as fully imbued with the grossest superstition as those who hav never received any but "religious" education. Perhaps the next Freethought Congress may see their way to reverse the verdict passed this year.

I do not for one moment doubt the good faith of those who are willing to make concessions, and it may be in their eyes expedient, but I certainly think such a position does more honor to their hearts than their heads. It may be all very well for the Nonconformists to tell the church congress now sitting at Wolverhampton how much indebted they feel to the state clergy, and what brotherly love they bear toward them; there may be some degree of truth when different sects of the same religion talk like that, and it is possible they might eventually amalgamate without much injury to their differences of creed; but there can never be any such feeling existing between theology and Freethought. Whenever the two come together, except in opposition, the latter will suffer.

The teachings of history cannot be ignored with safety, and the present comparativ freedom from religious persecution is only owing to the power Freethought has attained. If that power is recklessly thrown away, persecution, as of old, will speedily appear to the front. The caged beast of prey loses nothing of his instinctiv fondness for live game.

*London*, Oct. 13, 1887. J. D.

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

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## TWO THINGS WANTED.

First. We want some money from every friend who owes on his subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. The balance in the bank from which to draw to satisfy the paper manufacturers and the printer is very small, and we must increase it, or run in debt. There are many hundreds of dollars owing us by subscribers, and we desire to kindly but firmly call their attention to the matter. We need the money, and it is not right for them to keep it from us. We would also respectfully suggest to those whose subscriptions expire during the present month that now is the time to renew. We would call attention, too, to our club rates. Get a new subscriber, and so get your own paper cheaper.

Second. We once more ask our friends to send us the names of all the Infidels of their acquaintance who do not take THE TRUTH SEEKER. The intention is to send them sample copies of the paper with the hope that they may subscribe.

## Burlesquing the Bible.

There is a story of a Spanish cutthroat who had killed his own father and mother and asked the court "not to be hard on a poor lonely orphan." With a very similar logic our Christian apologists appeal from satire to good taste and the duty of forbearance. After doing their utmost to make religion hateful, loathsome, and ridiculous, they bemoan the impiety of the Freethinker who ventures to ridicule the absurdities of their caricature.

Freethinkers hav to avenge the outrages of sixteen centuries, and in their turn might appeal to that rule of combat which grants the injured party the privilege of choosing his weapons, if the real motiv of our fastidious adversaries were not evidently the hope of diverting attention from the main issues of the controversy. Like tricksy attorneys, they try to evade an undesired discussion by criticising the good breeding of a damaging witness. When Juvenal parodied the votaries of oriental superstitions, the priests of Isis were too busy steering victims to their house of assignation to answer his charges, and could only call attention to the verbal vulgarities of the satirist. Our Jesuits hav systematically sacrificed the welfare of mankind to the interests of their juggler-guild, and for centuries turned this earth into a hell of tyranny, wretchedness, and superstition; they still are using all their influence to retard the progress of mankind, and are not ashamed to wring their tithes from the misery of consumptiv factory-children; but they hav no time to discuss such trifles. They prefer to call attention to the depraved artistic taste of Mr. Watson Heston.

Yet the time may be near when his fastidious critics will be disposed to consider the penalty of burlesque a very cheap mode of atonement. In France the enemies of progress turned up their noses at the squibs of Voltaire till they had to smell the powder-smoke of the *Mousquetards.* They stopped their ears at the whistling of satirical ditties till they had to listen to the whistling of cannon-balls. Our esthetic pharisees try to ignore the signs of the times by averting their pious looks from the caricatures at the street corners; but their eyes will be opened if they should discover the handwriting of doom on their own temple-walls. F. L. O.

## The American Secular Union.

The Eleventh Annual Congress of the American Secular Union, just closed, is the most encouraging convention of that body ever held. It was not so large as the Cleveland congress, nor so vigorous in a certain fashion as the Syracuse assemblage, nor so influential upon the general public as the New York gathering last year, but it was better in many ways than any of these, and givs promis of germinating a larger life and work for Liberalism. This result is due to a settled policy of plan and action, systematically thought and carried out.

In 1884, when the Congress met at Cassadaga Lake, the National Liberal League was, to use a vulgar but expressiv term, played out. The quarrel arising at Syracuse and Chicago over the obscenity question had been helped along by the St. Louis and Milwaukee Congresses, which tacked Socialism to the platform, and made the Liberal issue subordinate to the social question, and the people were tired; and though the League would hav survived the Syracuse factional fight, when unwise leaders pressed the issue again at Chicago and drove away the man whose name commands respect from all Liberals; and when at St. Louis and Milwaukee the same unwise leaders incorporated in the platform economical theories accepted by but few of those who were and are willing to support the true Liberal platform throughout their lives, whether successful or defeated, the League was doomed. Apathy and indifference replaced zeal and enthusiasm; moral and financial support was withdrawn, and only a dozen or two responded to the call for the Cassadaga Congress. They were there to bury the corpse decently, or to watch it rise from its ashes, a new life and being—which, was problematical.

The result of that gathering is known. From the ashes of the League rose the American Secular Union, an organization exactly what the National Liberal League was before the Socialistic rocks were tied to its wings. The Union had a definit plan and purpose, and two men were commissioned to fulfil them. In this the mistake was made of trying to do too much. The phœnix soared too high, and the Union was left in debt at the close of its fiscal year. Two men in the field was one more than the Union could support. The error was rectified and a new start taken. The way was easier, and much greater work was accomplished. The third year, it seems, has been the best of all, and now the Union enters the field with not only a working secretary but a working president as well. Certainly the organization is to be congratulated upon the progress made, and those who hav contributed to this end deserve all praise. The working officers hav proved the wisdom of their policy, demonstrated their fitness to guide the organization, and shown their worthiness of support by the Liberals of the country, and there is no danger that they will forget that every year is a period by itself and a time of trial or triumph for them.

There are three sorts of work to be done by the Union—delivering of public lectures, distribution of pamphlets supporting the Nine Demands, and legislativ work. The first, so far as the Union is concerned, may safely be left in the competent hands of its president. He undertakes to do that, and depends upon the generosity of his audiences for his support. The distribution of literature involves two parties—some one to pay for its preparation, and some one to scatter it when printed. The first party to this is the people; the second, the Executiv Committee of the Union. We place great reliance upon both. The legislativ work must devolve upon the secretary, and we hope that Mr. Stevens will develop surprising talents as a lobbyist. Of his executiv ability and energy there is no doubt; let him bend them to his purpose, and see what results follow. Years ago Col. R. G. Ingersoll effected the constitutional separation of church and state in Illinois; there is, however, some work in Mr. Stevens's state yet to be done, particularly at the State University, whose faculty recently expelled a student solely because of his Freethought principles. These three methods of advancing Liberalism are the best and most effectiv, and each should, and no doubt will, be pushed as far and fast as means and opportunities will permit.

Another thing that will please the Liberals of the country is the statement that this Congress was harmonious. This is good news, and news that, since reading Mr. Putnam's apostrophe to Mr. O'Neil's baby, we are prepared to believe. No man who was not convinced that his enemies had forgiven him could hav written that happy tribute to a babe. And now, if a few of our esteemed and loved lecturers will say good things instead of ill-natured ones of their fellow-lecturers to the people whom they visit, the reign of harmony will be complete and upon all will rest the gentle benediction of that white-winged Peace which hath her victories just as profitable as war. If any of our esteemed rhetorical allies retort that editors should practice what they preach, we calmly reply that Infidel editors were never known to speak ill of each other. When they criticise a contemporary they do it to spread his fame and help him along.

The very full and complete report of the Eleventh Annual Congress of the American Secular Union which we publish this week will, we feel convinced, be read with satisfaction by every Freethinker. The Union is prosperous, the officers are able and tried men, and the people are behind the Union and willing to support it, so long as it is not switched off the track on a side issue. Its prospects are brightening each year, and with the steadfast and expanding Union of Liberals under its banner—our flag above the cross—we think we are justified in expecting a successful resistance to the ecclesiastical tyranny which encompasses us on all sides. But the Union must get down to work on the practical issues of the day.

## Interesting Criticisms to Come.

The conclusion of a long editorial on "Anarchy and the Anarchists" in the *Open Court* is this:

"It is well to bear in mind that the issue in the supreme court was not between the punishment of the defendants and their absolute acquittal, but between death and a new trial; and we believe that by reason of the errors confessed in the decision itself a new trial should hav been allowed. And this is the conviction, we are assured, of men as eminent for legal ability and attainments as any of the learned gentlemen by whom this decision has been rendered. A lawyer in this city remarked a few days ago, 'I believe the men are guilty and ought to be hanged, but I am sorry that they did not hav a fair trial.' Guilty or not, if they 'did not hav a fair trial,' they should hav another."

It has taken Mr. Underwood a long while to form his opinion, but it is a sound one, and is precisely the opinion we formed and expressed months since.

It will be interesting now to read the long criticisms that will be heaped upon the *Open Court* for being an Anarchist organ, edited by an Anarchist of a peculiarly dangerous species.

## Barton, Washington County, Wis.

The proof is multiplying that the most dangerous foe of the American republic is the Roman Catholic church. Again we hav to record a successful attack upon the public schools by that church in the Northwest. Almond Owen, of Milwaukee, Wis., sends us the story of Barton, Washington county, that state. It runs this wise:

"At the annual meeting of the district last year, without any notice that the question of extinction would come up, the enemies of the public school system rallied in force and carried a resolution that no public school should be maintained during the year, and that, therefore, no school tax should be raised. Under the law, it became the duty of the school board, in such circumstances, to include the amount necessary for school purposes in the regular tax roll; but as the members of the school board were all Catholics, interested in compelling children to attend the Catholic parochial school, they failed to do this. There was no public school in the district last year. This year, under the law giving women the right to vote at school elections, the Catholic faction rallied their women also and managed to carry the same measure for this year. So once more the only school open to the children of the district is the sectarian parochial school."

We pass the record along, in the hope that it will open people's eyes. How many more places are in the same condition of slavery to popery only the church authorities know. Melrose, Minn., is one; Stearns county, Minn., adds several to the list, and Mr. Owen writes that he personally knows of instances in Milwaukee in which priests hav used intimidation to induce people to withdraw their children from the public schools and send them to the parochial institution.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* says that "these instances

can only serve to put the people on their guard, and especially against the election to places on school boards of persons who are among the enemies of the system," which is well enough so far as it goes, but how, tell us, shall the people of Barton right their wrongs under the present law? The Catholics are in the majority, and can and do outvote the friends of the public schools. They can refuse to hav a school, can refuse to vote the money for one, can put their own tools on the school board, which can refuse to engage teachers; and what can the decent part of the population do about it?

The only way, it seems to us, is to go straight to the legislature, and pass and enforce a law that every town shall maintain free public schools, in which no religion of any kind or sort shall be taught, for from six to nine months in the year according to the size of the town. The duty of managing them should be put on the town officers, with severe penalties attached for non-fulfilment of this duty. Then if the Catholics put their men into office, the people could put them into jail in cases like this in Barton.

## An Anti-Liberty League.

The Personal Liberty League formed by the Germans of this state to influence legislation in behalf of beer on Sunday after 2 P.M., has been met by the organization of the clergy to resist it. The ministers say that "the time has come for all who believe in the sacredness of God's holy day to decide on methods to resist the persistent and wicked efforts of those who wish to destroy it." The program of the clerical league will be to pledge its members to vote for no candidate for office who will not swear to oppose the Germans. The ministers are also to use all their power and influence with the voters of their particular congregations to induce them to make a similar discrimination against saloon candidates.

It is claimed by the movers in this affair that there are six hundred thousand Christians in the state who will unite to retain the present Sunday laws, and even make them more restrictiv. The Germans claim but one hundred thousand votes, but as they are concentrated in this city, where they will do the most good, the contest is about equal. Outsiders, who do not care particularly for beer on Sunday, but who do desire liberty to spend the day as they like, will watch the fight with interest.

## Unkind Collaboration.

See how ingeniously one who wants to, and is not particular how he does it, can make out a case! The following is from the *Ironclad Age* of October 8, 1887:

"And so the Chicago Anarchists will be hanged unless Governor Oglesby or the United States Supreme Court interferes.

"The people of Chicago are bloodthirsty and demand the death of individuals who desire to revolutionize society, and obtain a little more comfort for the workers of the world. To this end the police, by *perjury*, connected the defendants with some wretch who threw a bomb which killed seven policemen, the lower court by *partiality* secured their conviction, and the higher court by *sophistry* sustains the verdict.

"That is all there is to it, and we hope the people of Cook county are satisfied.

"The sightless eyes of justice are filled with tears.—*Editorial in* TRUTH SEEKER, *Sept.* 24, 1887.

"C. P. Somerby, the business end of the Truth Seeker Company, is . . . in social economy a Communist.—TRUTH SEEKER, *Sept.* 17, 1887.

"The political program [of the Communists] is absolute individual liberty by means of the suppression of government, and the division of nationalities into communes more or less federated; their political economy consists essentially in the dispossession, with compensation, of present holders of capital, and in assignment of the coin, land, etc., to associations of workmen."—*A member of the fraternity, quoted by Lib. of Useful Knowledge, vol.* 4, *p.* 193. B."

All of the above is truthful, except the definition of Communism, and that is nearly so, but the implication and inference which the writer (who is also one the editors of the *Age*) desires drawn is a gross falsehood.

Our editorial was written, not because our valued associate holds certain opinions, but because the truth of the Chicago cases needed to be stated. It was written by one who is neither Socialist, Communist, nor Anarchist, but is a believer in Jeffersonian principles, and the American republic as the biggest nation on earth, and the best so far as the Christians let it alone. Our associate had no more idea that that editorial was to appear than had Dr. Monroe. We hav stated something like a dozen or two times that THE TRUTH SEEKER agrees with none of the three social sects mentioned, and the desire to hav people believe it does—which is the animus of the writer who placed these paragraphs in juxtaposition—proceeds from dishonest motivs. We are sorry to hav to write this, but it is a fact.

## The Cartoon.

Brother Jamieson, it appears, is the only one among our lecturers who still persists that duty calls him to take up the club of argument against that most mephitic *Mephitis*, the Rev. Clark Braden. He holds that whatever stands upon the Bible and offers a mark from that ground is desirable game. We doubt it.

Mr. Heston givs us good likenesses of Messrs. Jamieson, Reynolds, Bell, Remsburg, and Putnam. That of Mr. Jamieson, in particular, is striking. The others seem to think striking under the circumstances would be unproductiv of good results. We hav never seen the Rev. Mr. Braden, but hav no doubt that our artist has done him justice.

## Editorial Notes.

MR. HOLLAND acknowledges a slip of the pen, in his former article on the tariff, about the tariff of 1846. He writes: "It was lower than that of 1842, but still protectiv, and industry continued to be burdened by heavy taxes on pig-iron, wool, and other raw materials."

W. H. BENSON, the Philadelphia Socialist, sees Terence V. Powderly, the head of the Knights of Labor, through very clear glasses. Mr. Benson says: "Powderly is boss of the Knights once more. Would he be boss if he were not a Roman Catholic? Did not the Roman Catholic Knights support him to a man? Cannot any sensible man perceive the guile of the Jesuitical snake? Is Powderly, the mental and moral slave of priests, a fit leader for progressiv men?"

MRS. SLENKER writes us that her enemies are circulating reports that her husband and son hav abandoned her. This is an infamous falsehood. Mrs. Slenker not only possesses the love of her family, but she has as well the respect of her neighbors, and the most influential and highly-regarded ladies of the vicinity hav signed a testimonial setting forth their esteem for their persecuted friend. Not the least contemptible aspect of Mrs. Slenker's arrest is the cruel tales told about her by some miserable scamp who dislikes her.

THE death of Seward Mitchell removes a fearless, positiv, and erratic figure from Freethought circles. In his thinking Mr. Mitchell agreed with only one person—himself. He was a plain-spoken and harsh critic, but in daily life he was tender, generous, and loving. He was an Abolitionist of the "blackest" hue, and transferred his hatred of chattel slavery to industrial oppression. Those who hav sometimes been vexed at his vehement denunciation of many things usually considered beneficent, would not hav been ruffled had they known the gentle character of the man. May his sleep be undisturbed.

THE trial of Mrs. Slenker begins Monday, October 1st, at Abingdon, Va. E. W. Chamberlain, of this city, and Roland & Heermans, of Blacksburg, Va., are her counsel. Mr. Heermans is the district-attorney of Montgomery county. A full report of the trial will appear in THE TRUTH SEEKER. The case against E. C. Walker, Moses and George Harman, seems to hav gone over. Mr. Walker says: "When we were in Leavenworth it had not been given to the grand jury, and so we were permitted to go, on our own recognizances. We hav not yet learned who the prosecuting witness is. In short, we are in the hands of government, subject to its inscrutable providence." This is pleasant news, and we hope next week to be able to announce Mrs. Slenker's vindication at the hands of a jury of her neighbors.

THE *Liberator* Company of Melbourne, Australia, is about to enlarge its paper and its business. In the circular soliciting the purchase of its new shares the chairman of its board of directors says: "We hav now an established and growing reputation. We did not mount like a rocket, and end in smoke; but hav won success by hard work and honest perseverance, combined with strict economy and a most scrupulous care for the shareholders' interests. Considering the opposition and obloquy, the cowardice and dishonesty of many newsagents, and the ceaseless storm of harsh and inhuman criticism by which we hav been assailed, our success is phenomenal. Our credit is as good as that of any company in Australia. When we began we had to win commercial confidence; merchants were shy and unsympathetic. Now we are besieged with travelers and agents anxious to do business with us." THE TRUTH SEEKER congratulates its contemporary of the antipodes.

THE president of the German Catholic Convention, just held at Chicago, is credited with this tomfoolery: "This country gained its liberty through the Catholics, and its liberty will be retained through the instrumentality of the Catholics." The Detroit *Evening News*, in quoting this, is at a loss which to pity most, the arrogance or the ignorance of the statement, and regrets that Herr Spaunhorst should hav made it. The *News* adds: It is a false claim, however, from which other religious zealots outside of the Catholic church are not exempt. The country owes its freedom to no sect. The Infidels or Agnostics might with equal propriety claim the guerdon, and cite in proof the work of Jefferson, Franklin, Paine, and others, in the Revolution. But the liberties of the country were achieved and will be maintained by the people of the country, and not by any religious denomination or faction." The fact, however, remains that the Catholics and Protestants are trying to abridge the people's liberty in every state, and it is only the Infidels who are protesting against it. The body of the people who are neither church-members nor outspoken Infidels are so busy getting together a little property that they notice nothing, and might as well be deaf and dumb. When they get their property, they will find they hav lost about everything else.

As a sample of the mistaken kindness we often meet, may be instanced a letter from a new friend, Mr. Jas. M. Murphy, who says: "I am surprised at the stand you hav taken on the tariff question. I don't see how any one, with so level a head on other matters, and one who has advocated and still advocates freedom, could be a protectionist!" Mr. Murphy then fills out two fat pages arguing that protection is not good public policy, and asks if we hav the moral courage to answer him. We might reply in the words of Terence, "I dare do all that may become a man," but inasmuch as we hav not, in these columns, advocated protection, we do not see the pertinence of Mr. Murphy's query. He should address his arguments to our esteemed friend, Van Buren Denslow, who is the ablest attorney for protectiv tariff that we know. At any rate, the coat Mr. Murphy has cut out will not fit us, and if it did, we should not fill our editorial columns with free trade arguments. The fight against the church is not yet done, and that field is large enough for us.

SAYS the Galveston *News*:

"If the New York TRUTH SEEKER is still seeking the truth it will hav learned that the law of Texas excepts newspapers from the provisions of the Sunday law, and that the *News* has maintained its rights within the law. THE TRUTH SEEKER, an Infidel paper, has been pitching into the *News* with nearly as much zeal as its former antagonists of the ecclesiastical press. Fire away, practical Infidels and theoretical Infidels. Abuse does not hurt."

The readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER know just how the *News* has maintained its rights, by selling every other tradesman out, that it may hav the exclusiv right to make money on Sunday. The *News* has gained its point, but in doing so has earned the just contempt of even the ministers whose dirty Sabbatarian work it is doing. There was a hope that Texas might come to the front in the protest against bigotry and count one against the Puritans of the times, but the *News* has killed the hope. The church has done well to get the press on its side, and it can soon hope to get a law passed compelling every one to attend "divine" service on Sunday.

A GREAT many readers hav written us asking to hav Mr. Heston's Bible cartoons explained, as the text given does not always sufficiently enlighten them, and in families where there are ladies and children it will not do to hav a Bible lying around for reference. Always anxious to oblige friends, we hav persuaded our brother, Mr. George E. Macdonald, to undertake this task for the benefit of the studious and historically inclined. The mysterious pictures and the commentary will appear in the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1888, which will appear simultaneously with the new year. The ANNUAL will also contain a calendar revised to date, a complete *resumé* of Freethought happenings of the year, much statistical matter of interest, and articles by the ablest of Freethinkers. We shall also in this number add to our Freethought picture gallery by presenting the likenesses of noted American Freethinkers who hav passed away. In renewing their subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER our friends can inclose another twenty-five cents, and hav the ANNUAL mailed to them as soon as it comes from the press.

IT will be remembered that at the trial of the Union Hill, N. J., Anarchists, arrested for resisting the police when the police were the sole aggressors, the judge charged the jury that they were to judge the prisoners' right to resist the police by inquiring whether the meeting would hav been unlawful had it been held. This instruction reminds *Liberty* of a story: "Does your b-b-bwother like cheese?" asked Lord Dundreary of Miss Georgiana Mountchessington. "Why, really, my lord, you know I hav no brother," responded the bored Georgiana. "Oh, ya-a-as, I forgot," drawled the incorrigible Dundreary; "I meant, if you h-h-had a b-b-bwother, w-w-would he like cheese?" Mr. Tucker adds: "Here's a chance for THE TRUTH SEEKER. If that enterprising paper will hammer the skull of this idiot of the bench as vigorously as it did that of the better-deserving magistrate who tried C. B. Reynolds, *Liberty* will applaud it as warmly now as it condemned it then." That is to say, for administering an obsolete blasphemy law which is directly contrary to the spirit of the federal Constitution, Mr. Tucker will applaud a judge; while for administering an ordinance designed to preserve the peace—but villainously stretched in this instance—Mr. Tucker will condemn the judge. It seems to us that a charge of sectarianism would lie very snugly against the editor of *Liberty*. As for ourself, we condemn every act of injustice, whether committed under the form of law or not. Both of the New Jersey judges are Dogberrys writ large, and equally worthy of condemnation.

## Literary Notes.

IN the November number of the *Forum* the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke will hav an article in refutation of the claim of the Socialists that the Mosaic law and the New Testament teachings favor their doctrins. Dr. Van Dyke is a very able twister of scripture.

THE October number of the *Cosmopolitan* is as bright and entertaining as any of the purely literary monthlies. It is handsomely printed and profusely illustrated. W. T. Hornaday, Richard A. Proctor, P. T. Barnum, Lee Meriwether, Walt Whitman, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox are among the contributors.

PROF. JOSEPH LE CONTE will endeavor to show, in an article on "Agassiz and Evolution," in the November number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, that the whole inductiv basis upon which was afterward built the modern theory of evolution was laid by Agassiz, although he himself persistenty refused to build upon it any really scientific structure.

# Letters from Friends.

HARRISBURG, PA., Oct. 14, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3, for which please enroll my name for a year's subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. After reading one copy through I hav to wonder that I was not a subscriber long ago. E. B. SWAYNE.

FRANKLIN, OR., Oct. 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I think a few lines from this section may be of interest to some of your readers, so I take the present moment to send you a word of cheer.

Brother Putnam has come and gone without my being able to see him, but he has made a lasting impression on the hosts of ignorance and superstition.

I was particularly pleased to see the way he shut up the old war-horse of Presbyterianism, Rev. T. H. Small, of Silverton, and also pleased to see the Rev. I. D. Driver's back-down, as all the little fish of the Methodist church use him to try to terrorize their Liberal friends when driven to the wall in an argument. There is quite a strong Liberal element here, and I think that ere long we can organize and get to work in earnest. If I could only induce some of them to subscribe for THE TRUTH SEEKER, organization would soon follow. One satisfaction is that we are not bothered much by the clergy.

I am truly sorry to see Aunt Elmina in trouble, but don't think the bloodsuckers will be able to quite put her out of existence.

I will close this by saying that when Brother Putnam makes his next tour of this coast I will try to secure him for a lecture at this place. D. A. DODSON.

MT. PLEASANT, TEX., Oct. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I want to cheer our friend Kelso for his letter of September 1st, where he asks, "Is there any such thing as Liberalism?" My limited experience among Infidels is that there are very few Liberals. Of course, as they are mostly from Christian parentage and influenced by Christian intolerance, with which they come in contact every day, we would hardly expect them to be full-fledged Liberals. But surely there is such a thing as Liberals in the ranks. The Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER keeps knocking along pretty close on to Liberalism. But a man may believe and advocate the Nine Demands and be anything but a Liberal. I know several who are working for the cause of Freethought (so they say) who would invite a Freelover to not come to their house with his teachings. It is to be hoped that time will giv us a great many genuin Liberals in the fullest sense. It is undoubtedly one of the isms most needed among Infidels to-day. Most of them hav so much orthodoxy in their system (inherited and otherwise) that they are as intolerant when they deal with extremists as any Christian would be dealing with the same parties. There is undoubtedly such a thing as Liberalism, but whether it is possible for many to be Liberals is a question that I think must at present be answered in the negativ.

Hoping to be truly Liberal is my greatest desire.

E. E. PARK.

SAN JOSÉ, CAL., Oct. 2, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I see by the "tab" on my paper I hav got behind. Well, credit me up now as far as the inclosed $5 will go.

I take, besides your paper, the good old *Investigator*, the *Ironclad Age*, the *Independent Pulpit*, the *Freethinker*, *Foote's Health Monthly*; the *Golden Gate* (Spiritual), and hav the reading of a great many others published on this coast. My reading days are about over (most eighty-four), but I shall do what I feel able to help the cause of Freethought. If I cannot read your fine type and faint impression papers with my old and dim eyes I can hand them out, giv them away, send them by mail to distant friends in Oregon, Washington territory, Illinois, and Wisconsin, so that some may be induced to subscribe. All the Liberals throughout the country should contribute what they are able in sustaining free papers, free lectures, and free literature. I shall send with this mail $25 to our treasurer, Eckhard, which will help a little in paying the expenses of the Secular Union.

I am done scolding about your fine type and faint impression, as I find it does no good; but take your own course, do as you please, go ahead, keep the flag of Freethought fluttering, vanquish the hosts of superstition, explain the spiritual phenomena if you can, let in more light, and may you be abundantly successful in all youunder take, is the wish of yours, Most respectfully, SAMOS PARSONS.

TALENT, OR., Oct. 3, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $2—for $1 send me the Nine Demands, and the other apply to the Defense Fund of Mrs. E. D. Slenker. The Liberals of this country ought to pay every cent of the cost of her trial. I do not agree with you when you say that no vital principle of Freethought is involved in the persecution of Mrs. E. D. Slenker. I think she strikes at the root of all reform. To start aright in the beginning is the right way. I want Liberalism to be liberal enough to hav a cheering word for all reforms. But, alas! it is not so at this place. With only a few exceptions they do not even take a Liberal paper, and, perhaps, if a Liberal lecturer comes along they will come and hear him speak providing it is not any more than once or twice a year. Their Liberalism has only taken them out of the church, and if you extend your Liberalism to the department of love and marriage, you are a Freelover. Yes, even if you speak for justice to the laboring classes they oppose you by boycotting and ostracism. Now, with Brother Kelso I would ask you, "What is Liberalism?" Can you tell us? If you can tell us you will confer a favor on one, perhaps more, of your readers.

I am sorry to hear that Brothers Remsburg and Putnam hav refused to debate with Braden; they hav too much of the old orthodox style: I am a saint and you are a sinner. I think the letters of Brothers Kelso, "Alhaza," and Jamieson are splendid. Whenever Brother Jamieson comes to this coast he will hav crowded houses. Liberalism needs a standard bearer who is not afraid to defend our cause even against Braden and his best friend (the devil). I hope THE TRUTH SEEKER will always seek and advocate true reform in all the affairs of human life. WM. F. BREESE.

ONEIDA, KAN., Oct. 13, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Noticing that a patron of THE TRUTH SEEKER writes to the Editor, in the issue of the 8th inst., that he is ashamed of the pollution of such "pictures" as are gotten up by your artist, reminds us of what Sam Jones said—namely, that you might throw a stone among a lot of dogs, and the one that is hit is the one that will yelp. Not comparing the "grumbler" to one of the dogs, of course, but we only use the comparison-like. We want to say that those pictures, especially the four that are to be seen on the front page of THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 14th of May, 1887, are the most vivid illustrations of the way Romanism is creeping into our country, aided by Protestantism and our govermental officials, we hav ever seen. It should be enlarged, also, and placed on the other side of the entrance to the White House; and if Mr. Watson Heston illustrated the placing of the prince of the Catholic church of America (as he was denominated) on the occasion of the first Centennial celebration of our constitutional government, at which he was placed in a position when he could and did display the "red hat" and the balance of his papal vestments for all they were worth, that picture ought to be placed on the other side of the entrance, enlarged, that we constituents might gaze on them, in common with our Solons, from afar off. The balance of the pope's prelates that aided in the celebration on the occasion should occupy a prominent position in the picture. CYRUS SHINN (AMERICA).

ROCKPORT, MO., Oct. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: S. P. Putnam has been here, and delivered two lectures, one on "Universal Mental Liberty" and one on "True Democracy, the Declaration of Independence, and Their Relations to the Demands of Liberalism," and, notwithstanding the smallness of the audiences, Brother Putnam, in his own inimitable style, did full justice to those subjects, and a few of us, at least, hav a warm place under our vests for S. P. Putnam, secretary of the American Secular Union.

We had no time to advertise the lectures; our circuit court was in session; the Oddfellows had their lecturer here lecturing; and last, but not least, the church, with all its influence and prayer-meetings, and everything, with the whole combination of circumstances, contributed to our discomfiture; but, after all that, there were a few brave souls who dared to come and hear the truth, and were well pleased with the lectures, and say they want to hear Brother Putnam again.

There is enough of the leaven here, we think, to organize a Secular Union, and we are going to do it in the near future. The churches here are dying with dry-rot. The Baptist church is shut up, and has suspended business. Its last minister, the Rev. Menifee, was starved out because he refused to preach prohibition and politics, and we outsiders made him up a purse of $75, which enabled him to get away from here, and he lit out. The Methodist church takes the lead, and it is running off after Christian science and other strange gods. The Presbyterian church has no regular minister and no regular services; but, after all, this is the worst priest-ridden place I know of.

Wishing THE TRUTH SEEKER family and all other Liberal friends success, I remain, as ever,

Yours truly, G. G. BECK.

GOLDTHWAITE, TEX., Oct. 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: For some time past I hav been, through the kindness of a friend, enabled to read and study the principles set forth in THE TRUTH SEEKER. So forcible and pointed are they that I find the old numbers to me interesting and instructiv. However, it will not be long before I become a subscriber.

What is known as the M. E. C. S. hav been holding forth at this place for about one week, through two or three of their gifted Bible-bangers, the greater part of the audiences being the ladies and children. Such terrific outbursts hav been evoked as almost frightened the poor children into hysterics. The strongest manifestation of any good being accomplished was shown on the street the other day by the meeting of two of our best citizens, one being of Catholic persuasion, the other tainted with Campbellism, when the following dialog ensued:

Campbellite: Well, what did you think of the goings on last night?

Catholic: Ah, an' I don't believe in any such d—d humbug, begorra. My religion is this: "To visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and to keep unspotted from the world."

Campbellite: You are mistaken in that quotation; you hav left out, "and administer unto their wants."

Catholic: Be dad, I'll bet you the whisky that arnt there.

"Done," says the Cambellite; and after a long search through the town the apostle of the pope returned with a Bible that might hav been in use in the church for half a century. "Now, begorra, we'll see who's right." The passage was found in James and the question settled in favor of the pope's follower.

The Campbellite made good his bet, and the two members of different denominations parted without following the example set by their churches (to wit), quarreling and fighting.

Moral: The Methodist meeting did hav the effect of driving these two reprobates to search the scriptures, but in place of eternal life, whisky was found.

We are in great need of some good Liberal lectures here. The hellfire and brimstone doctrin is about played out in this country; our people are beginning to think for themselvs. A LIBERAL.

HAVANA, ILL., Oct. 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: We hav been giving Liberalism a boom. On October 1st and 2d we had Dr. Gray ("Zoa Topsis"), of Beardstown, Ill., giv us two lectures to fair and appreciativ audiences. "The Superior Benefits of Secularism" was his first lecture. The doctor, since his evolution from orthodoxy into Liberalism, can see great benefits in Secularism. The second night his subject was "The Origin of the Bible." With this subject the doctor seemed to be perfectly at home. The audience listened very attentivly, and I am quite sure he put a great many of them to thinking about this Bible business. I am happy to say that we hav made arrangements with so able a lecturer as Dr. Gray to visit us once a month and giv us a course of lectures on Liberalism, and I wish to say to the Liberals of this vicinity that they can do no better good for Liberalism than to get Dr. Gray to come and giv them regular lectures. He is ready to answer any call you may giv him, and he is a good worker in the cause.

After the doctor had given orthodoxy a good shaking up, we had the pleasure on the following Tuesday night to hear Mr. C. B. Reynolds fire into the enemy's camp. He had a good and appreciativ audience composed of the leading men of the city. Could he hav been here the second night we would hav had the hall full of people. No one tired of listening to him. I think if he had talked until midnight his audience would hav remained to listen. Mr. Reynolds made lots of friends while here, and when he passes through this state next year he will hav to stop and giv us a course of lectures. We were sorry that he could not remain longer, but we will watch for him next time, and keep him a whole week with us. The unanimous opinion was that Mr. Reynolds is an able and competent lecturer. The Liberals along the route would better write to Mr. Reynolds at once and secure his services before it is too late. We came very near missing him. J. A. WEABER.

MILTONVALE, KAN., Oct. 4, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: As the time is out for our grand old pathfinder, THE TRUTH SEEKER, I ask that you suspend it until further orders, as I leave here to-morrow for the Pacific states, and know not where to hav it sent as yet.

This is a Christian country and a Christian government; the army of a hundred thousand drunkards going down to a premature grave; the millions of unhappy homes caused by utter ignorance of a true life; the immense number of prostitutes that walk our streets, both male and female, prostituting not only their sex, but their digestiv organs by gluttony and drink; their muscles and bones, brains, minds, all prostituted to gaining "filthy lucre," following fashion, maiming and killing each other, teaching an accursed, false religion, or giving damnable drugs and medicins, or plying the enginry of Christian law; making poisons, pistols, cannons, gunpowder, dynamite, bombs, dungeons, scaffolds, anything, everything to rob poor, ignorant, short-sighted man—yes, we liv in a Christian country and among Christian people that hav been following and teaching the Christian religion for nearly two thousand years.

A beautiful kaleidoscope, is it not? It is a wonder that the billions of so-called heathens do not all become Christians when the sweet picture is held up for their inspection. We are born with Christian blood in our veins, fed, as we grow older, on Christian food (blood and meat of the harmless dumb beasts), and on the body and blood of Jesus Christ at the sacramental or Lord's supper, as it is called, until we are all a race of cannibals, *i.e.*, blood and meat eaters. Is it a wonder we thirst for the blood of the Anarchists and the criminals generally? Is it any wonder that among us bloodthirsty Christians we find the worst wars, the most murders, rapes, abortions, child murders, and crime and immorality of every description? If we sow the wind, we must expect to hav the whirlwind and cyclone. Visit our slaughterhouses and abattoirs, our pork and beef packing houses; see and smell the rivers of blood, flowing in a crimson stream from the hearts and vitals of our domestic animals; listen to their awful and piteous groans, as they cry for life and mercy; watch the terrible struggles in the agonies of death, or in their fight for life; then think, reflect that millions of these harmless creatures are slain every week, and hav been for centuries, that Christians may eat their quivering flesh, or drink their blood, and suck the marrow from their bones like cave-dwellers in prehistoric ages.

That conglomeration of absurdity, the Bible, teaches this shameful, awful wholesale slaughter of the kind, loving, intelligent animals all around us. Christianity will never elevate humanity (neither will Liberalism) out of the sway of the passions and appetites, until we learn to abstain from praying to a bloodthirsty God and believing that Jesus's blood can atone for every crime imaginable, and stop building up muscles, bones, brains—and souls, if we hav any, and it is doubtful, the way we liv and eat—out of the blood, flesh, and marrow of our near lower relativs.

Mother Nature has draped our swift-rolling planet with waving grain, clinging purple vine, and fruiting orchard; filled the bosom of our grand old earth with roots and tubers, all to be had for the taking. Then why sacrifice thousands of millions of lives of beast, fish, and fowl, that enjoy life as well as and better than ourselvs, making our beautiful world a theater of blood and carnage? Let Christianity step down and out, in disgrace and shame. Let the kingdom of God be heard of no more, with its bloody historic page. And let us hav the Republic of Man in its place, with no love for God, but a world of charity for ignorant, erring humanity. Let us build it of better and finer

material than blood, nerve, and muscle as a food, and war, famin, pestilence, drunkenness, licentiousness, and murder will soon be eliminated from our wretched, sorrowing globe, and heaven, with its long-anticipated joys, will come to us, and life will be worth the living. DEWITT C. SEYMOUR.

BURNETT, NEB., Oct. 7, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I think you had better giv up the palm to Mr. Jamieson on the Clark Braden case. Your head is very level on nearly all subjects, but I think Jamieson has the better of you on that one. The point is this, as I see it: No matter how indifferent or how low a preacher may be in the scale of morality, some youth will hear him debate whom we could not get out to hear a Liberal lecture. As far as lying is concerned, how much is Braden ahead of all other educated ministers? If they are educated as they should be to fill the pulpit, they certainly know that what they are teaching is false. From my personal acquaintance with ministers, none of them is to be depended upon for truth and veracity when it comes to the religious subject. Nothing is too mean or low for them to do to carry their point; and if we wait to get a strictly honest preacher to debate with, it will be a long while before we ever get a chance to show up our side of the question to some of the Christians. The only object I can see in debate is to draw out an element that will not come to hear a lecture; and if a minister gets excited and uses harsh and unbecoming language in debate, it does our cause more good than it would if he confined himself strictly to argument. I think with Mr. Jamieson that our Liberal lecturers should ever hold themselvs in readiness to enter into debate with any Christian who is able to draw out any of the Christian element to hear him. I hav been instrumental in getting seven lectures delivered at Burnett, and I must say that I hav made a perfect failure in securing the attendance of any of those I most desired should come out. They talked as though it were a disgrace to go to hear a Liberal lecture.

Now, as bad a man as Clark Braden may be, a great many Christians think him far superior to any of our lecturers. I hav heard women here in this town—and respectable women, too—declare that Ingersoll ought not to be suffered to liv. The most of Christians think that all influential Liberals are the most dangerous men on earth. The most of them that I hav conversed with think that Ingersoll does not believe what he preaches, but is simply doing it for money. One Mormon preacher told me that Ingersoll acknowledged to another Mormon minister in conversation aboard of a train in Illinois that he did not believe what he preached, but that he preached what paid him best. This same man says the earth is flat, and that the sun revolves around it. The Bible says so, and he believes it, and he defies any man to prove to him that it doesn't. That is the kind of men and women we hav to deal with mostly. If they are not that ignorant on one subject, they are on most others. They don't know what is in their own Bible, for I never talked fifteen minutes with a man on the subject of religion who would not contradict passages that I would quote from it, and declare and offer to bet that I could not show them. My idea is to not discourage debating with any man that is able to draw out to hear him any one that would not come otherwise.

D. W. WHITNEY.

CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 11, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Away off here I make out now and then to get a copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and, with small exception, think it "the very best." To see the holy scriptures illustrated is a novelty, and, as I think, "catching."

It may be that you pay no attention to what people in this benighted section may think, but I assure you some of them feel. Looking over your "Letters from Friends" in your number of the 8th, I find one that signs himself "J. Downes," of date of September 23d. To my mind, Mr. Downes was not here when that famous bomb was thrown; nor has he heard the speeches made by the condemned Anarchists; nor has he been where he could read the violent articles written by them and published in their organs; nor has he been among them to know of what stuff they are made; nor has he read up the trial and evidence; nor does his mixing up "millionaires" and "monopolists" with the case indicate any knowledge whatever of the actual facts.

Having lived here long before and since all this ugly feature of the Anarchists, and knowing from the first to the present time of the intent of these people, I believe I can tell Mr. Downes of things in connection with the Anarchists that even he will call unlawful—always supposing that Mr. Downes is a loyal citizen.

I am a workingman, and think I can understand what oppression means, but, being a workingman, I do not think it just the thing to throw bombs at "millionaires" or "monopolists, because, first, millionaires and monopolists possess the money that keeps the wheels turning, and thus prevent millions from starving; and, second, it is utterly useless for mules to kick when by kicking they injure only themselvs.

Now, if Mr. Downes is a citizen, he has a ballot. If he has a ballot, he should know how to use it. His letter to your paper evidently shows that he needs "posting."

Violent speeches, as those of the condemned Anarchists, never accomplished any good. If there be a wrong, the people will suffer, but the people are at fault here in America for all evils that fall to them, because of their selection of representativs. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," so if the people of these United States of America are indifferent to the duties of a citizen, they must suffer for their own faults.

It is my advice to Mr. Downes that he let the Anarchists and all breakers of the Constitution hang, and pay closer attention to the subtle workings of the Roman Catholic church. If he looks, he will find that the Anarchist will do little damage or be little damaged, while in the mean time the Roman Catholic church, with their Jesuits, are stealthily drawing his and this government's life-blood. Perhaps he does not know it, but their pestiferous convents are the only places that this United States government has not yet entered without first giving notice to that intent. Mr. Downes should drop those few bloodthirsty Anarchists and look at the quiet but sure efforts of the Roman harlot to suppress the common school system. He should read up what he can find about the Jesuit snake that has been so finely illustrated in THE TRUTH SEEKER. No man livs but has some influence, and my hope is that Mr. Downes will hereafter use his in the right direction. BEN SMEAD.

OTTAWA, CAN., Oct. 16, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In spite of the assertions of over-confident Freethinkers that Christianity is doomed, it never was more powerful, never so alive, as at the present time—at least, in this part of the world. And I dare say it never accumulated money more rapidly than it does now. I hav been in this city six months, and I must say that I admire the cleverness of the church at money-making more and more every day. The Roman Catholics are like sponges in the hands of the priests; when these want money they hav but to squeeze, and, lo! liquid wealth pours out from the precious porifera. To illustrate, the Roman Catholic clergy organized last summer no less than three pilgrimages in this city to St. Anne de Beaupré, "the Canadian Mecca" of Roman Catholics. It is estimated that 35,000 or 40,000 people of Ottawa and vicinity attended these pious excursions. It is needless to say that if trade suffered thereby, the clergy turned a very nice penny, if not an honest one, from them. The city was drained of about $40,000 as a result, but what matters that? To show how knowing these priests are, it is but necessary to relate that one of them would not consent to organize one of these pilgrimages until after he had auctioned off the church seats, and pocketed the result. "I did so last year," he said, "and I am not yet paid for some of the seats I had to sell on time, the pilgrims spending more money on the journey than they can afford."

That which is most astonishing in connection with all this is that believers do not profit by experience. It is a noted fact that there never was an authenticated case of one single person being cured, but, on the contrary, many hav contracted diseases, while others hav died from the effects of discomfort, naturally attendant on such crowded excursions, yet the church has but to advertise one of them and thousands leave everything to obey the command.

The majority of your readers must be aware of the numerous accidents that annually occur at this shrine. I will relate but one, to show the tenderness and consideration St. Anne holds toward her devotees. A short time ago, several bishops and priests, as well as thousands of pious believers, congregated to crown St. Anne (a wooden statue) with a massiv gold crown, so costly that the price was not given to the public, the priesthood being fearful that if the price was known, sacrilegious thieves might be tempted to defy the power of this anti-Christian saint. As a matter of course, there was great rejoicing on this occasion, singing of hymns, booming of cannon, when, behold, one of the cannons exploded, maiming for life three fathers of families, devotees of the saint.

I heard some one remark on this occasion that St. Anne had repeatedly, by making a few of them ill, warned the fools to remain at home, but that as they were too thick-skulled to take the hint, she now tried to kill them outright. Last Sunday at the benediction of a bell (cost, $500), the donations from the faithful amounted to $3,000.

And some Freethinkers say the church is doomed! Not so. Freethought cannot be too activ, if it will overthrow the crafty and wealthy followers of the humble Galilean.

L. F. MATHÉ.

CONCORD, N. C., Oct. 4, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Why am I not a Christian? To be a Christian, I must bury common sense and reason, which God has given me as a mariner's needle to warn me off the dangerous rocks of superstition, absurdities, and persecution. To be a Christian, I must believe the musty and rusty superstitions and myths of an illiterate and barbarous people who lived five, or, maybe, ten thousand years since. To be a Christian, I must believe that God made the world and all it contained in six days, when he became tired, exhausted, and rested the seventh day. To be a Christian, I must believe that God made the first man Adam of dust—made him in his own image; that God made the first woman Eve, not of dust or clay, nor in the image of God, but out of a rib of Adam. This was the first surgical operation on record. As Eve was not fashioned after the image of God, this may account for her getting angry with her maker, and tempting Adam with the forbidden fruit. Does anatomy prove that Eve was made from the rib of man? No. If such had been the fact, would not God hav giv us proof of that fact by a want of one rib in man to-day? To be a Christian, I must believe that God placed before Adam and Eve a temptation stronger than they had power to resist—a temptation to be equal with God. I fear this spirit to be equal with and superior to God has a deep hold on some—yes, many—of the learned men of to-day, including the clergy. To be a Christian, I must believe that God believed in man offering sacrifices, and delighting in the blood of beasts. To be a Christian, I must believe that God became angry with the inhabitants of the earth, Adam's seed, and sent a flood that covered the whole earth a mile deep, and destroyed all animals, fowls, and insects, and every human being, except Noah and his family and one pair of each kind of beasts, fowls, and insects. Does any intelligent, reasonable man or woman believe this fable? Would not God hav spared that part of his creation that knew no sin? To be a Christian, I must believe that God encouraged theft, directing the children of Israel to borrow jewels of silver and gold and raiment from a people they never expected to see (Exod. iii, 22) before they ferried the Red Sea on foot. Their journey of forty years in a territory less in area than Texas is a romance that puts a blush on a Texas cowboy. To be a Christian, I must believe that the ten commandments were written by the finger of God on Mount Sinai, as a guide to Moses and Joshua's little band—a band of murderers and cutthroats—when they entered the land of Canaan, equal to or worse than the James gang or the Baldknobers of the West. To be a Christian, I must believe that God encouraged polygamy as practiced by Jacob and Solomon, and sanctioned the adultery of David and the incest of Lot. To be a Christian, I must not forget and must believe the story of Joshua's influence over God when he wanted to thrash the Amorites, and asked God to stop the sun and moon one day that he might slay the Amorites as he had slain the men of other tribes, and God hearkened to his entreaties. To sum all in all of Bible teachings and be a Christian, I must be an idiot, and believe all the nonsense, myths, and fables of the Old and New Testaments, and pay the preachers of such nonsense liberally, so they can liv in ease and luxury without working. The Jews crowned one man with thorns, but these preachers of ancient fables and myths strew the paths of all who differ with them in their theology with thorns and cobblestones, hoping that all such persons may fall into the bottomless pit.

J. W. MEHAFFEY.

TORONTO, ONT., Oct 17, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Orthodox and gloomy Toronto has received a shock—a shock similar to that given a few years ago by Colonel Ingersoll at the Grand Opera House—by the advent of Mr. Wong Chin Foo, the noted author of "Why I Am a Heathen," in the *North American Review* recently, who has had the audacity to inform a large Toronto audience that he still remains a heathen. The lecture was extensivly advertised by the Toronto press previous to his arrival, so that a large audience assembled to hear the celebrated heathen, thinking no doubt that he would giv some pointers to intending missionaries to that benighted land, but, strange to say, the lecture was the other way. Wong Chin Foo commenced by saying that until Christianity proved its superiority to Confucianism, it would never succeed in China. The Chinese could never believe it ever was necessary to kill a god in order to take away their sins. As the doings of Jesus are not recorded between the age of fourteen and thirty, it is probable he studied the wisdom of the East, or came into contact with some of the Eastern philosophers, and incorporated their wisdom into Christianity, which is full of the teachings of Confucius, practiced in China thousands of years before the Christian era. "Do unto others as ye would they do unto you" was taught by Confucius before Christ was ever heard of, and when Christian Englaud was in a state of barbarism the social life of the Chinese was far more humane than that of Christians. The finger of an aged man had more effect on the youths of China than the clubs of policemen hav upon Christian youths. Christian missionaries rarely got an intelligent Chinaman to become a convert to Christianity, their converts were of the illiterate and unthinking class. And although Christian missionaries hav labored for forty years in China, their success among that immense body of people has been far from flattering. Christianity is puffed up too much, and the philosophy of the heathens is either not read or unfairly condemned. Wong Chin Foo studied the Bible with the intention of preaching the "glad tidings" to his fellow-countrymen, but he found the grand precepts contained in that book nearly word for word the same as taught by Confucius, and already known throughout the Chinese empire; besides, he found the orthodox idea was that those who never heard of Christianity would be saved, and it would hav been positivly dangerous to giv his countrymen an opportunity to get damned by refusing their belief in the Lord Jesus Christ. In America a man was considered to be a good citizen if he belonged to a church; in China a man's good conduct, and not his religious belief, as the qualification for a good citizen. In Christian countries everyone is trying to get ahead, and all appear to be perfectly indifferent to the misery they occasion others in their efforts to succeed. The ambition in life is to accumulate gold—an ambition that is the very essence of selfishness, which, as a rule, only ends with the grave. The Chinese heathenism teaches him a very different method of existence. When the head of the family has made a decent competency he hands his business over to his eldest son, and so on through the family.

Wong Chin Foo described minutely the peculiar social customs of his country, which appeared to be far in advance of ours, and provoked repeated applause.

Considerable excitement prevailed while the lecturer read the excommunication curse of the Roman Catholic church, which he characterized as the most horrible curse the human mind ever conceived, and in indignant tones asked, "What would you Christians think if heathens formulated such a curse as that?"

The speaker was listened to with great attention, and spoke for nearly two hours, answering questions at the finish of his address.

A considerable number of Freethinkers were present, and enjoyed immensely the "points" of Wong Chin Foo.

The newspapers, with one exception, instead of reporting the lecture, devoted the little space they gave the Chinaman to sarcastic remarks about his personal appearance, and one very Christian paper publicly gave the names of the promoters of the lecture (although requested not to do) saying: "These gentlemen are responsible for the preaching of heathenism to a Toronto audience!" What a terrible crime, to be sure! How tolerant these Christians are when in the majority! If a missionary got insulted in China they would denounce the barbarism of the heathen, and petition the government for redress,

Wong Chin Foo had to pay $50 to pass into Canada.

GEO. WILLIAMS.

*Continued from page 693.*

smiled a royal welcome to the many earnest thinkers who had met together to propose plans for the work of the ensuing year. The call had been for a business congress only, but the local society of Chicago determined to make it as much of a success as possible. It congratulates itself that what it proposed to do it accomplished.

Numbers of delegates were present from all over the country, especially from the great West; and these all seemed to be vieing with one another as to which should be the most earnest and self-sacrificing in his devotion to our cause. Gray-haired old men, their eyes afire with the enthusiasm of youth, and voices tremulous with feeling, spoke of the time when in all the town, or perhaps in all the county, they had been the only Freethinkers, the only ones who dared to speak for truth. And to-day they had met in this great city, delegates to an organization representing one hundred thousand members. They no longer stood alone. They held no longer the forlorn hope. The grandest, brightest thinkers in the nation had come to the front, and high up, side by side with their own, had written their names, subscribing to the Nine Demands of Liberalism.

The proceedings throughout were characterized by the most complete harmony, "Peace on earth and good-will to men" being the prevailing sentiment.

At the afternoon session in Madison-street Theater the president, Courtlandt Palmer, produced a most favorable impression by his candid, thoughtful words and the dignity and courtesy of his manner. Mr. Palmer has made for himself a warm place in every Liberal heart, and will not soon be forgotten. Even the Chicago papers, which are not predisposed to anything like justice when considering the Union or its work, recognized the ability of the gentlemanly young president, and acknowledged his honesty and worth.

Judge Waite's address was received by the audience with the warmest applause.

Mr. Samuel P. Putnam spoke on "Dangers Ahead." He was glad that Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Helen Gardener, and others were getting up a "Woman's Bible;" he had no doubt that it would be immensely superior to the men's Bible that had been responsible for the woman's degradation. Susan B. Anthony had called it the "he" book. One of the most palpable dangers ahead was the movement to place God in the Constitution. The success of this would overthrow the Declaration of Independence and American liberties. He denounced in unstinted terms the tyranny of the Sunday laws, and said that the American people submitted to infringements on their personal rights which no subject of a European monarch would endure. The church cared nothing for the working people, only for the money they paid into its coffers. She never started a single reform. Poverty was the supreme problem. Christianity had never made a move to do away with this tremendous evil. He hated poverty. The hope that Christianity gave was, "the poor ye hav always with you." The hope of the Secular Union was that a universal fraternity would take the place of the grinding curse. The union of church and state meant a blind, fanatical feeling combined with the sword. There was no feeling like theological hatred. Theology was organized ignorance, and that was the church. If the church were supreme in the state, there would be no hope of human advancement. The Liberals wanted a separation of religion from all physical force. Their ideal was a free exercise of intellect and a harmony of the inner with the outer life. Mr. Putnam spoke with the earnestness of conviction, and with force and power that showed his whole soul was in his work, and concluded his address amid the long-continued applause of the audience. At the conclusion of the lecture President Palmer, who made a most excellent presiding officer, being always ready with anecdote, wit, and personal reminiscence to enliven the occasion, related an interview with Charles Bradlaugh, in which he asked if much interest was taken in the Union in England. "No," answered Mr. Bradlaugh, "unless there is an issue, and then there is a great gathering of the clans." Mr. Palmer thought that impending danger of a union of church and state in this country should bring the one hundred thousand members of the American Secular Union together into one grand body to combat the danger.

The evening session was quite largely attended. Herr Julius Vohlteich, ex-member of the German Reichstag, gave an address in German. He spoke with enthusiasm, and the applause was frequent, loud, and long. It is to be regretted that no translation of his speech was furnished, as it would no doubt be excellent reading, judging from the delight with which it was received by our German friends.

It is embarrassing to refer so often to the applause of the audience, but those present will bear testimony to the fact that it was a most enthusiastic audience, and unstinted in its appreciation.

A lecture on "His Satanic Majesty" by the unfortunate secretary of the Chicago Secular Union transcribing these proceedings closed the program for the evening.

On Sunday morning a number of friends and delegates met in the hall of the Secular Union to listen to reports of the officers and committees. Charles Reynolds presented the report of Treasurer Charles Eckhard. Some little discrepancies were referred to, and George Collins, of the Chicago society, asked for an explanation, saying that our secretary, like Cæsar's wife, should be above suspicion. President Palmer arose and said that the explanation rested with him. At the time he accepted his office he had been too indisposed to attend to its duties. The accounts had been left with his clerk, of whose honesty he was perfectly assured; but through inadvertence some receipts or something had not been entered. If there was any fault in the matter it was his own, and not Mr. Putnam's. He added, laughingly, that he did not think the officers of the American Secular Union had made any money out of their positions. Mr. Putnam said he had not always obtained vouchers for money paid out.

Mr. Palmer was urged most earnestly by the committee to accept a renomination for president, but positivly declined, stating that he felt it best that a worker should be selected to represent the Union, and strongly recommended Mr. Putnam for that place, considering that his devotion in the past indidicated that he was the one best man to carry the work into the future.

The afternoon session was opened in the Madison-street Theater by the newly-elected president of the American Secular Union, Samuel P. Putnam. The Aurora Turner Singing Section, composed of twenty-five magnificent male voices, furnished the music. They were recalled again and again. They are members of the Turner societies, whose demands are identical with our own, and we of Chicago do not see why we should not work together for the attainment of our grand object.

Miss Voltairine de Cleyre, late editor of the *Progressive Age*, gave an address on "Secular Education." She treated her subject with intelligence and familiarity, having been educated in the tenets of the Roman Catholic faith, graduating with high honors from a Catholic seminary. The young lady wears a gold medal, conferred upon her as a distinction for the high honors she had attained. Her address was pointed, brilliant, and dramatic. The audience evinced its appreciation by oft-repeated applause. Miss de Cleyre is also a finished musician, and enlivened every session of the Congress by an excellent performance on the piano. She promised her lecture for publication in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and it will no doubt soon make its appearance.

Following was an address from Prof. Charles Orchardson on "Morality of Christian Teachers." This is a subject with which the professor is perfectly familiar; and, combining his remarks with scientific facts, his illustrations are most entertaining. The professor excels in sarcasm, and kept his audience in delightful expectancy, appreciating most thoroughly the brilliant hits he gave again and again to opponents. He doesn't spare even himself in his illustrations. The writer is more considerate, and will not repeat his well-told story of Elisha and the bears.

Mr. E. A. Stevens, the newly-elected secretary of the American Secular Union, was then introduced, and spoke on "God in the State." This is a lecture which should be read by every man and woman in America. It is a most thorough refutation of the oft-repeated assertion that there is no danger in this country, that we hav a separation of church and state. It bristles with hard facts well told, pointed illustrations, and is a sharp, incisiv, and brilliant arraignment of the insidious, fanatical power which is leaving no stone unturned to rob the people of this American Republic of their liberties. Mr. Stevens was often interrupted with applause, and his audience listened intently to his words as though startled into an appreciation of the danger and of the need of earnest, aggressiv work on the part of the American Secular Union.

On Sunday evening, the last session of the Congress, the theater was filled with an intelligent, brilliant audience, made up of the thinkers of the great metropolis of the West. President Putnam, in a very happy speech, introduced the retiring president of the American Secular Union and president of the Nineteenth Century Club, Courtlandt Palmer, who spoke on the "Aristocracy of Freethought." The lecture was a well-worded, dignified production, characterized by the grace inherent in its author.

The aristocracy of Freethought, the incoming chivalry, it was soon apparent, were not to be the brigands of money, the accidents of birth, or the representativs of power, but the possessors of true moral worth and intellectual greatness. In the old chivalry men must be brave. In the new they must be true—true to right; devotees to principle.

Many inquiries were made as to whether the lecture was published. It should be, as it would make a desirable addition to Freethought literature, and fit into a place that seems to hav been left vacant on purpose to be thus filled. The lecture was given amid great applause, the audience evincing the most enthusiastic appreciation. It seemed to comprehend instinctivly the worth of the man who, in defiance of the conventionalities of his training, dares to stand bravely forth as an apostle for right and truth and liberty. He showed that he himself was one of the new nobility, the coming aristocracy of Freethought.

Mrs. Juliet H. Severance, M.D., was to follow Mr. Palmer, but was unable to be present, much to the regret of her many admirers, having been detained in Minneapolis, where she had been sent as a delegate to the Knights of Labor Convention. Your humble servant, secretary Chicago Secular Union, made a short speech, and President Putnam presented the resolutions prepared by the committee to the Congress.

With a few forcible, brilliant words, eulogizing Col. Robert Ingersoll for his demand in New Jersey that our flag should be placed above the cross, the president introduced Chas. B. Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds in his remarks was bright, witty, and satirical. He kept his audience convulsed with laughter, giving some inimitable imitations of himself, perhaps, when he was an Adventist preacher and plied his mission of saving souls.

The Chicago Congress was a pronounced success—the best held, it was said, for several years—and the various delegates from the different localities, scattered through the length and breadth of the land, protested again and again that they wouldn't hav missed it for any consideration whatever.

President Putnam generously called attention to the Freethought papers, urging Liberals to sustain them—THE TRUTH SEEKER, Boston *Investigator*, *Secular Thought*, *Freethinkers' Magazine*, *Progressive Age*, and so on. A number of copies of *Secular Thought*, sent by Chas. Watts, were given away among the audience.

It was nearly 11 o'clock when, after much handshaking and leave-taking, the audience dispersed, promising to meet again the next year, should the Congress be held in this Garden City of the West—Chicago.

MRS. M. A. FREEMAN,
Sec. Chicago Secular Union.

## Died.

At his residence in Greeley, Kan., October 12th, Major Joseph Henry, aged 74 years. Funeral on the 13th.

At the residence of Mrs. S. L. Clark, Newport, Maine, Seward Mitchell, aged 74 years. The following letter explains the painful circumstances:

"NEWPORT, ME., Oct. 19.

"EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER: Seward Mitchell passed away October 17th. His death was caused by a very painful accident. He was taken ill in the night, got up from his bed with his lamp in his hand, but fainted and set fire to his night clothes; was so badly burnt that it caused his death in one week from the time of the accident. He was a very great sufferer, but bore it with patience and resignation. His funeral was conducted in accordance with his wishes. A poem from Whittier was read by one of his friends and a few remarks made; also singing by acquaintances, 'When the mists hav cleared away,' and 'Nearer, my God, to thee.' Everything was done for him by his friends that love, tenderness, and good nursing could do. His daughter was summoned at once, and was with him to the last. He was 74 years of age. He will be greatly missed by those who knew him best. Respectfully, MRS. SUSAN L. CLARK."

## Feeding the Family Stock of Vanity.

*George Standring Among His Exchanges with the Radical.*

First let us take THE TRUTH SEEKER, of New York, which arrives every Monday morning. Here is a goodly-sized sheet, with a large cartoon on its front page, and a smaller one on its back—making it look something like a sandwich-man fixed between his boards. The number which you now hold is the 36th of the 14th volume. THE TRUTH SEEKER was founded by my dear old friend D. M. Bennett; and since his death, in 1882, it has been carried on by his "young man," Eugene M. Macdonald. Eugene is a very smart and able editor, and keeps his paper well up to the times. He is, of course, an uncompromising Freethinker, and always keeps his anti-theological doctrins to the front. A few years ago he introduced the feature of cartoons into his pages, and apparently has been satisfied with the result, as he has regularly continued them. They are invariably drawn by Watson Heston, and, despite a certain crudity of style and occasional heresies in the matter of perspectiv, they are on the whole well designed and executed. Eugene is an Individualist of the militant type, and sometimes he crosses swords with Benjamin R. Tucker, the Anarchist editor of *Liberty*. Let me call your attention to the writings of a genuin humorist, George Macdonald (brother of Eugene). He reports the meetings of the Liberal Club, and—alas! too rarely—he contributes delicious articles of a more ambitious nature.

*From the Home Advocate, Mapleton, Iowa.*

THE TRUTH SEEKER, of New York, is a leader of the Liberal movement, and its editor, E. M. Macdonald, is one of the intellectual forces that are revolutionizing the religious sentiment of our states-republic.

IF the church expects to win a victory over the columns of Infidelity, so rapidly recruiting and bringing to bear the strongest weapons of argument, it will need to march against them with something more effectiv than the pop-gun of sentiment and the blank charges of threadbare phrases easily rolled off the tongue. Its writers and its speakers, its journalists and its pulpit orators, will hav to fight as if they meant business, and were not play soldiers, kept for show on a holiday. Religious namby-pambyism is out of date.—*The Better Way.*

THERE is a chance for a bright boy—from fifteen to eighteen years old—to learn the printing trade at THE TRUTH SEEKER office. He must be able to read manuscript.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## A Great Man.

That man is great, and he alone,
Who serves a greatness not his own
For neither praise nor pelf;
Content to know and be unknown,
Whole in himself.

Strong is that man, he only strong,
To whose well-ordered will belong,
For service and delight,
All powers that, in face of wrong,
Establish right.

And free he is, and only he,
Who, from his tyrant passion free,
By fortune undismayed,
Hath power upon himself to be,
By himself, obeyed.

If such a man there be, where'er
Beneath the sun and moon he fare,
He cannot fare amiss.
Great Nature hath him in her care,
Her cause is his.

## The Trials of a Schoolmistress.

Teacher (in mental arithmetic): If there were three peaches on the table, Johnny, and your little sister should eat one of them, how many would be left?

Johnny: How many little sisters would be left?

Teacher: Now listen, Johnny. If there were three peaches on the table, and your little sister should eat one, how many would be left?

Johnny: We ain't had a peach in the house this year, let alone three.

Teacher: We are only supposing the peaches to be on the table, Johnny.

Johnny: Then they wouldn't be real peaches!

Teacher: No.

Johnny: Would they be preserved peaches?

Teacher: Certainly not.

Johnny: Pickled peaches?

Teacher: No, no. There wouldn't be any peaches at all, as I told you, Johnny; we only suppose the three peaches to be there.

Johnny: Then there wouldn't be any peaches, of course.

Teacher: Now, Johnny, put that knife in your pocket or I will take it away, and pay attention to what I am saying. We imagin three peaches to be on the table.

Johnny: Yes.

Teacher: And your little sister eats one of them and then goes away.

Johnny: Yes, but she wouldn't go away until she had finished the three. You don't know my little sister.

Teacher: But suppose your mother was there, and wouldn't let her eat but one.

Johnny: Mother's out of town, and won't be back till next week.

Teacher (sternly): Now, Johnny, I will put the question once more, and if you do not answer it correctly I shall keep you after school. If three peaches were on the table, and your little sister were to eat one of them, how many would be left?

Johnny (straightening up): There wouldn't be any peaches left. I'd grab the other two.

Teacher (touching the bell): The scholars are now dismissed. Johnny White will remain where he is.

## A Little Boy's Temperance Speech.

Some people laugh and wonder
What little boys can do
To help this temperance thunder
Roll all the big world through:
I'd hav them look behind them,
When they were small, and then
I'd like just to remind them
That little boys make men!

The bud becomes a flower,
The acorn grows a tree,
The minutes make the hour—
'Tis just the same with me.
I'm small, but I am growing
As quickly as I can;
And a temperance boy like me is bound
To make a temperance man.

—*Youth's Companion.*

## Panacea for Trouble.

Life is filled with trouble, as a writer in *Our Homes* has said, and we must shoulder our share with the best grace we can. We may only seek to make them as light as we can, since to avoid them is impossible.

There is one sovereign panacea for this. It is work. Brooding over trouble is like surrounding oneself with a fog. It magnifies all objects seen through it. Occupation of the mind prevents this; hard work, manual work even, givs the mind other matters of concern, tires the body so that sleep will come.

Very few suicides occur when men are activly employed. When out of work, they think of their other troubles, and the despondency arising from this added one throws the mind from its balance, and the fatal deed is done. Many a man would hav committed suicide if he had had the time. Work of any kind, especially work for others, is the great panacea for a troubled mind.

## Little Jack.

A winter day hung o'er the earth,
And filled our childish hearts with mirth;
For on the newly fallen snow
The sunbeams lay, like gems aglow.

Along the lake shore, by the mill,
We children coasted on the hill,
And, with our voices full of glee,
We woke the echoes glad and free.

My heart was full of selfish pride,
As down the long hill's sunny side,
With merry shout, I swiftly sped
Upon my gayly-painted sled.

And, toiling up the hill once more,
I heard a plaintiv voice implore,
"Oh, won't you let me hav a ride?"
I roughly pushed the boy aside.

I crossly bade him clear the track,
And struck at him—poor little Jack!
The next I saw him, cold he lay,
A pallid piece of lifeless clay.

This was long, weary years ago,
Yet when I see new fallen snow
Regretful memory brings back
The pleading voice of little Jack.

—*Weekly Wisconsin.*

## Correspondence.

ARMSTRONG, IOWA, Oct. 6, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I was sorry to think that your mother is dead. I think I know how I would feel if my own mother was dead. My brothers and I hav sent for "Little Lessons for Little Folks." We are going to send for "The Story Hour." J. E. Remsburg has come and gone. The Christians raised a howl because the black man has been among them. I was glad to see a letter from his boy, and feel like shaking hands with him. I like the Children's Corner very much. Your little Freethinker friend,

ROBT. L. BURT.

# Science Column.

## A Piece of Granit.

Just a small piece or slice of granit, that you can hold in your hand—but what a story it tells! What a song it sings! What a history it reveals!

How hard and firm it is! and how it glistens!

You want to know what it is composed of, don't you? Well, let us see.

You sit still and listen, and let me do the talking.

Why is it called granit?

There is an Italian word *grano*, and it signifies grain, or like grain, and if you observe the piece of granit, it looks like packed grains, hence its name—granit. In this piece there are crystals of quartz, mica, and feldspar. The quartz looks like glass, but it will not cleave and separate, as the grayish mica does, in thin layers. The feldspar is the yellowish-white, but sometimes it is gray or pink.

Ah, here is a bit of hornblende—it is that speck of greenish-black substance.

This piece came from a quarry a short distance from my home, where a great number of tons of granit hav been taken out.

You want to know how it is taken out. I'll tell you. A number of men go into the quarry and patiently drill holes where a block is to be taken, to the depth of three or four to six inches; then they pound iron wedges into the holes between laps of steel, and then the wedges are soundly tapped with a hammer, and in this way big blocks are split off from the solid rock, fifty or more feet in length.

Some think that granit is the first or original rock, that is, the oldest rock. But this is a mistake, for there are rocks below the lowest granit formations, though we may say that the earth's big cellar is formed of granit.

In some localities there is a great deal of this sort of rock, notably in New England. In the city where I liv (Fall River, Mass.) there are several quarries of granit, and it seems to be all over the place, so that it is met with in digging foundations for houses, and other buildings, in laying water, gas, and sewer pipes. The large cotton mills here are built of granit taken from our quarries, and one long block of stores on Main street is built of the same material, and is known as the "Granit Block."

There is a lovely shade of red granit found in Scotland, and also in this country, in Maine and New Brunswick.

It varies in texture in various parts of the world, some of it being very fine and handsome; sometimes it is found extending for a long distance without a single seam.

It may interest you to know that the big granit pillars in front of the Astor House in New York were shipped from Quincy, Mass., where they were quarried, and taken to New York by my father in his vessel when he was a follower of the sea. Granit lasts a long time, and can be highly polished, so as to shine and glisten in the sunbeams like smooth glass.

For building purposes it stands in the first rank. The Egyptians prized it highly, and used it in building their obelisks and pyramids. There are still standing in Egypt towering granit pyramids known to be three thousand years old, and some whose age is unknown. But we read that

The granit rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;

And after awhile they crumble and fade to dust, a part of the change that is written upon all things that we see. S. H. W.

QUESTIONS.—From what word does granit receive its name? Of what is it composed? How is granit taken from its bed in the quarry? Is granit the primitiv or first rock in the world's formation? In what localities is granit found? Where is found the red granit? Does it vary in texture? What about the pillars of the Astor House? What is granit used for? What can you say of its durability?


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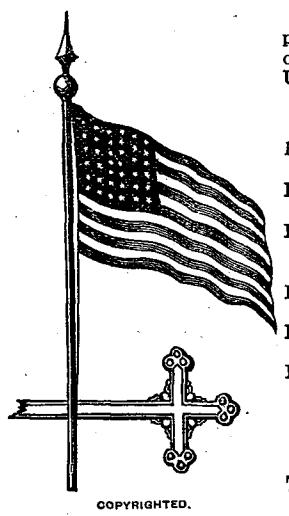
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## News of the Week.

THE Rev. Mr. Millen, of Brooklyn, is found guilty of immorality; also Pastor Decker, of the same city. Pastor Gulick, likewise of Brooklyn, charged with crooked financiering, and the Rev. Brother Azarias, of Washington, accused of immoral letter-writing, had better luck, and are "vindicated."

THE Chicago Anarchists will hav a hearing before the Supreme Court of the United States.

HENRY GEORGE has started a one-cent daily for campaign purposes. It is called the *Argus*.

IN a quarrel, Oct. 21st, at Magnolia, Ark., between the Rev. E. M. Williams and Thomas Decker, the former was fatally stabbed.

THE Universalists hav just held a convention in this city. A motion to amend their Confession of Faith was laid over until the next convention.

THE Rev. Thomas B. Miller was last Friday convicted in Philadelphia of causing the death of Mrs. Sarah E. Robinson by criminal malpractice on June 26th last, and was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in the Eastern penitentiary.

THE case against the managers of the Anti-poverty Society's fair, charged with conducting a lottery, has been dismissed. There are too many managers of church fairs tarred with the same stick. The decision, however, does not reimburse the fair for the loss of money caused by stopping the sale of chances.

THE Progressiv Labor party has put John Swinton is nomination for senator from the seventh senatorial district.

THE Long Island Baptist Association has decided that it cannot accept certain moneys offered it by the city of Brooklyn, because the money comes from the licensing of liquor saloons. The association has set a good example of the kind it did not contemplate. Religious institutions hav no right to public money, whether drawn from licenses or any other source.

THE printers' strike is in an unsettled condition. The union demands that employers shall discharge all men not belonging to the Typographical Union, together with all who hav worked since the strike in offices where the scale is not enforced. Employers announce their willingness to pay the advanced price, but decline to allow the union to say whom they shall employ.

THE Rev. Father Kirney, a Roman Catholic priest, secured a permit to erect a two-story building for a parochial school in the upper part of this city. He superintended the work himself, and, in violation of the law, ran the structure up three stories. The work was so flimsily done that one day last week, before the building was completed, it fell on the priest and killed him, together with a half dozen workmen.

THE Association for the Advancement of Women began its fifteenth congress in the Masonic Temple, New York, on Wednesday. The object of the congress is to consider the best methods for securing to women a higher intellectual, moral, and physical condition, and for the improvement of the domestic relations. The first congress was held in the Union League Theater in 1873. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is the president.

SUIT was entered by the United States in the United States Circuit court last Friday against the trustees of Holy Trinity church for violating the Contract Labor law by importing the Rev. E. Walpole Warren under a labor contract to preach the gospel. The penalty fixed by law is a fine of $1,000. The steamship company which knowingly transports persons under contract is also liable. The defendants hav twenty days in which to file their answer.


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EVERYONE'S duty is first to provide for himself and for his own household, but this being performed faithfully a love for humanity is the next highest and holiest sentiment he can feel. Humanity is our highest object of reverence.—*D. M. Bennett.*

WE fancy, in our dark days, that no other heart ever felt what we feel. There was a man who directed that when he was buried his grave-stone should bear no record of his name or history, but just the single word, "*Miserrimus*"—"most wretched," and he sleeps under the pavement of one of the great cathedrals of England, with that one word to mark the place. You see there, my friends, the natural feeling which you yourselvs hav known, but you may be sure it is wrong. It is not now, after the tribulation of ages, that any human soul can reach that sad pre-eminence.—*Counsel and Comfort by the Country Parson.*

THE trustees of a college do not ask their professor of chemistry to sign a creed, not even the smallest. What they do is to assure themselvs by inquiry and conference with him that he knows his subject, and is the right sort of a man for a teacher, and then they engage him, leaving him, as they would say, entire liberty in his lectureship. And yet if he were suddenly to announce that he had come to believe in the non-existence of matter and the delusivness of phenomena, and that henceforth he should only use the laboratory as a gymnasium, or a smoking-room, certainly the trustees would say that they must look out for another man, and nobody would cry out that they were not allowing him that free lectureship on chemistry which they promised him.—*Brooke Herford.*

THERE were one or two sayings uttered by the prince which much impressed Ivan at the time, and which long afterward lingered in his memory. "The greatest man of this age, my young friend, would be the man who should know everything, and yet hold his tongue." Another of the prince's sayings was, "Above all things, do not be anxious to shine; if shine you must, let it be in broad daylight, not when all around you is dark. The glow-worm has the shortest life of all insects."—*Ivan de Biron, by the author of Friends in Council.*

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise. —*Gray's Eton College.*

THERE was nothing easy-going or complacent in Channing's doctrin of the dignity of human nature. It did not mean the actual dignity of human character. . . . When he spoke of the dignity of human nature, it was its possibilities, not its actual results, he had in mind. And how he loved to speak of it! How he rejoiced in all the powers and manifestations of man's intellectual life; in the capacity for affection latent in every soul! In what awe he stood before the inspirations of conscience! This search for truth, the law of right within us, this hunger of the soul for God—how he bowed down and worshiped when he thought of all these things! But his worship never ended in complacency. The more he thought of what a man might be, "how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god"—the more he thought of this, the more terrible it seemed to him to fall short of this beatitude; the more dark seemed every stain on such a spirit; the more ignoble for it to rest in error; the more monstrous any crime against its liberty.—*J. W. Chadwick.*

MATERIALISTS [by which term Mr. Underwood here means the sort of persons who go by many other names, such as Secularists, Scientists, Agnostics, and generally Infidels, that is, unbelievers in any alleged revelation.—*Hylax.*] believe that true worship, if the term may be used, consists in living an honest life, and trying to make ourselvs and our fellow-beings better and happier. We confess we do not profess to love a being we know nothing about, but among our own species we can find objects worthy of our deepest affections. We do not speak the praise of a being of whom we hav no proof, but we render homage to genius and worth in humanity. We never thank an unknown something or somebody for our misfortunes, but we hold to a philosophical resignation to the harshest decrees of nature, if they cannot be averted or avoided. For religion, we substitute morality; for prayer, self-reliance; for love of God, love of man a tender regard for everything that feels, in common with us, the consciousness of existence.—*Underwood's Materialism and Christianity.*

REASON must be our last guide and judge in everything.—*Locke.*



JOSEPH CAST INTO THE PIT.

And they took him, and cast him into a pit: and the pit was empty, there was no water in it.—Gen. xxxvii, 24.

## Odds and Ends.

A WIFE famin prevails in the far Northwest. What that country needs is cheap railway communication with Massachusetts.

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THE king of Spain is seventeen months old and only gets $1,000,000 a year. But if he sticks to business and gets around to the throne early in the morning, and only takes twenty minutes for lunch, and doesn't knock off before dark, there is no reason why he shouldn't hav his salary raised.

A GRATEFUL animal. Some years ago a fellow in Grand Forks, Dakota, who was running for sheriff went out hunting. He came across a bear who couldn't move on account of a thorn in his foot, and taking compassion on the animal he pulled the thorn out. To show his gratitute, darned if the sagacious animal didn't go and eat up the other two men that were running opposition to his benefactor for sheriff, leaving that gentleman a clear field.

WE heard the other day of a young minister who was "taken down" very handsomely by a bright little girl. He had been called upon quite unexpectedly to address a Sunday-school, and to giv himself time to collect his thought he asked a question. "Children," said he, "what shall I speak about?" A little girl on the front seat who had herself committed to memory several declamations, held up her hand, and in a shrill voice asked, "What do you know?"

FEMALE suffrage agent: "I called to see if I could not induce you to join our suffrage association, Mrs. Politician." Mrs. Politician: "Indeed I will. I was opposed to the whole business until I happened to attend a mass meeting last evening, and now I want a vote just as quick as the law will let me." "Yes, I saw you there with your husband. He seems to be very popular. But nothing was said at that meeting about woman suffrage. What changed you so suddenly?" "It just occurred to me that if I had a vote my husband would be polite to me during every campaign."

REV. MOSES BLACK concluded his able sermon Sunday night as to wit: "No, bredren; yer kaint sarve God and mammon bofe. Dat's as suah as twice two am fouh. Doan make yese'fs slaves ter money in dis hier free country. Ef yer expec ter gain eternal salwation and sleep in the ams ob de Lawd doan wo'ship mammon, fur mammon am money, an' de wust kind ob money. Gib yer lub to de Lawd an' yer mammon to his sarvant, which stan's afore yer widout a cent in his pocket fur ter keep his body and soul togedder. Brudder Johnsing will now pass de conterbution hat, an' doan yer furgit de woice of de Lawd."

"WILL you be mine?" said the ardent youth;
"No, no," the maiden said,
As she looked at him with a mocking smile,
And pertly tossed her head.

He slipped on her finger a sparkling ring,
And drew her to his side:
"Two noes mean yes, you saucy minx,"
Exultingly he cried.

He held her fast; he watched her frown—
Then pout—then blush and stammer;
The dear girl couldn't stand a siege
Of love and English grammar.

NOT PREPARED FOR THAT KIND OF PENANCE.

He was a very old clergyman, and as there was an intermission of some time between the penitents going to confession he had fallen into a doze, when a very small boy entered the confessional. A few minutes later three old women took their places in front of the confessional, awaiting their turn to enter. The boy evidently was under the impression that he was in duty bound to tell, among other things, the slightest move he made while at play. When he had unburdened himself he suddenly said:

"Father, I played leap-frog, and stood on my head."

"What's that, my child?" inquired the old gentleman.

"I can't show you in here," innocently answered the boy.

"Well, go outside the confessional and show me," said the dozing confessor.

Taking the father at his word, the boy went out and, putting his hands upon the shoulders of the first old woman, jumped over her head, and then went to the second and third and did the same act. He then threw his feet up in the air, and on his hands and head passed in front of the confessional several times.

When the three old women had recovered from their intense surprise at such actions in a church, one of them, with horror depicted upon her countenance, thinking it was a penance that had been given the boy, said to the other two:

"Glory be to God! what'll I do if the priest givs me such a penance as that?"


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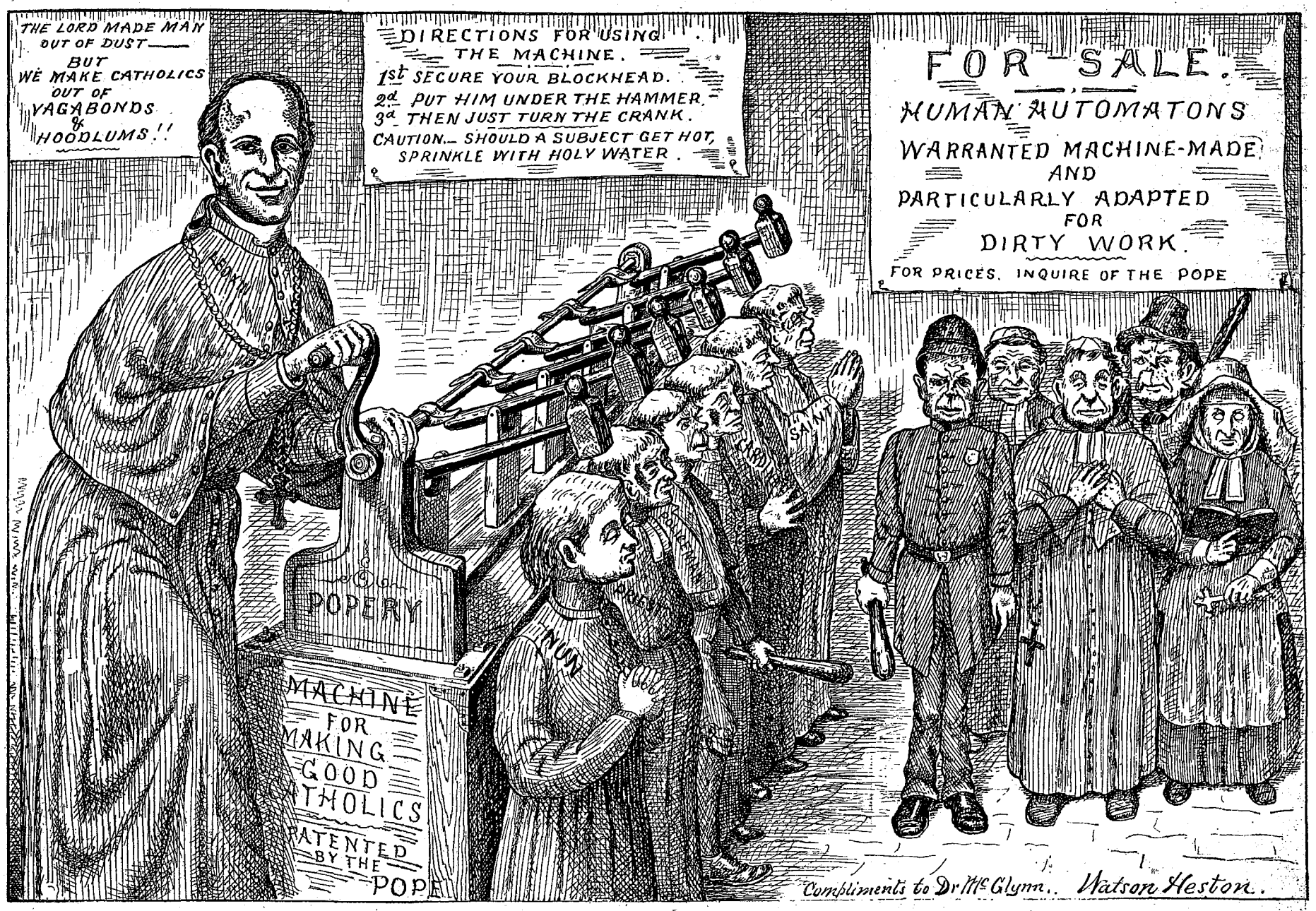
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# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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THE ROMAN MACHINE.

## Notes and Clippings.

MINISTER: "And do you like to go to church with your papa and mamma, Bobby?" Bobby (inclined to be non-committal): "Well, I guess I like it as well as pa does.

"MAMMA," said a little girl, on her way home from a fashionable church, "are people who sit in the middle aisle wickeder than those at one side?" "Certainly not, dear. Why?" "Because the minister only preached to them."

IMPORTANT news from several English papers: "In the United States the telephone is already being superseded. A writing telegraph is already working on a commercial scale and with marked success. The writer uses a stylus or pen, with which he writes in ordinary fashion, but only on the empty air. Before his face is a second pen, which reproduces his words on the tape in front of it. At the other end the receiving pen reproduces the message in fac-simile."

IT is said that once when the missionaries ruled in the Sandwich islands one of them preached a sermon adjuring his congregation that they were in danger of eternal damnation because they persisted in the disrespect of coming to church without any hats on their heads. Besides this, he went on and told them just the style of hat that they ought to wear to insure their salvation. Next morning his flock, going to buy hats after his commands, found that they could be procured at only one place, which was the store in which the missionary was a partner. The firm had got a big consignment of hats the week before the sermon was preached.

A SMALL monument has been set up at Bennington Center, Vt., by the Bennington Historical Society, to mark the situation of the printing-office of William Lloyd Garrison, where he edited his *Journal of the Times*, between 1828 and 1829.

THE *Jewish Progress* notices with evident relish the slap administered by Emma Abbott to "a loud-mouthed clergyman" the other day while he descanted in his church on the alleged immoralities of actors and actresses. There are women on the stage to-day, says our contemporary, who are good, true, and pure, and not deserving of the odious stigma that ministers would cast upon them. "People who liv in glass houses should not throw stones," is an old saying, and it is especially applicable to the clergy. Whoever doubts this had better procure a copy of the "Crimes of Preachers," a small work published by Colonel Billings, a prominent lawyer of Iowa. In it are recorded the cases, within a few years, of some one thousand clergymen—taken only from court records—charged mostly with criminal offenses against women, many of the charges being of an infamously criminal character. Miss Abbott should by all means procure the brochure given to the public by Colonel Billings. It is for sale by the Truth Seeker Co., 28 Lafayette Place, New York city.—*Jewish Times.*

IT is claimed that Socialism is being practically experimented with in New South Wales, Australia. There is no state church, and no hereditary aristocracy; suffrage is free, and there is no property qualification for members of parliament. "Eight hours," said Lord Carrington, the governor, in a recent speech, "are considered long enough working hours; public houses are shut on Sundays and museums are opened; the sale and transfer of land is made very easy by statutory enactment; men unable to find employment are provided with work by the government, and education is practically free. In fact, if we leave out the demand for a free daily meal for each child attending school, and a proposal that steps be taken to organize labor under skilled direction on uncultivated lands, we find a state of things exactly similar to that suggested in a memorial presented last year to Lord Salisbury by the English Social Democratic Federation, who in Europe would be considered generally as dangerous and half crazy visionaries. The result is an almost perfect system of government."

THE mounting for the thirty-six-inch telescope, which was designed and built by Warner and Swazey, of Cleveland, O., is finished, and will at once be shipped to its destination on Mt. Hamilton, Cal., where it will be placed in the Lick Observatory. The column is of cast-iron, 10 by 17 feet at the base, and 4 by 8 feet at the top, and weighs 18 tons. On this column rests the head, weighing 4 tons, in which the steel polar axis, 10 feet long and 12 inches in diameter, supports the declination axis, also of steel and 10 feet long, 10 inches in diameter, and weighing 2,300 pounds. The steel tube is 56 feet 6 inches long, is 4 feet in diameter at the center, tapering to 38 inches at each end, and weighs over four tons. The driving clock and balcony for the assistant astronomer is reached by a spiral staircase at the south side of the column. The center of motion is 37 feet above the base, and when the telescope is pointed to the zenith, the object glass, which is 36 inches in diameter, is 65 feet from the base. The total weight of the telescope is 35 tons. It is the largest in the world.

THE *Nonconformist and Independent* of September 29th analyzes the statistics of religious accommodation in the metropolis, which the committee of the London Congregational Union hav, for their own purposes, recently completed. They comprise, first, the sittings of all the places of worship in the ring of metropolitan parishes beyond the registrar-general's districts—viz., Epsom, Croydon, Kington, Richmond, Bromley, Dartford, Staines, Uxbridge, Brentford, Hendon, Barnet, Edmonton, Watford, West Ham, Epping, and Romford, with an aggregate population of 1,198,874. For these there is provision in churches, chapels, and mission-rooms for 446,810 persons, being in the proportion of 37.2 per cent to the population. Of these sittings, the Established Church finds 51.7 per cent; Congregationalists, 13.2 per cent; Baptists, 9.3 per cent; Wesleyans, 9.4 per cent; other Methodists, 3.9 per cent. In 1884 the London Congregational Union published statistics of a similar kind relativ to Inner London. Combining these with the returns for Outer London, the following results come out: Aggregate population at midsummer, 1887, 5,415,066; sittings, 1,903,509; being in the proportion of 35 per cent to the population. Of these the Church of England supplies 49.5 per cent, and the Free Churches 50.5 per cent, a difference of rather more than 1 per cent in favor of the latter. No estimate is given of attendance; but it is believed that, on the average, not more than one-half the accommodation is used for public worship.

## Selected.

### Ingersoll's Reply to Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D.

*From an Article in the North American Review.*

My Dear Mr. Field: I answer your letter because it is manly, candid, and generous. It is not often that a minister of the gospel of universal benevolence speaks of an unbeliever except in terms of reproach, contempt, and hatred. The meek are often malicious. The statement in your letter, that some of your brethren look upon me as a monster on account of my unbelief, tends to show that those who love God are not always the friends of their fellow-men.

Is it not strange that people who admit that they ought to be eternally damned, that they are by nature totally depraved, and that there is no soundness or health in them, can be so arrogantly egotistic as to look upon others as "monsters?" And yet "some of your brethren," who regard unbelievers as infamous, rely for salvation entirely on the goodness of another, and expect to receive as alms an eternity of joy.

The first question that arises between us is as to the innocence of honest error—as to the right to express an honest thought.

You must know that perfectly honest men differ on many important subjects. Some believe in free trade, others are the advocates of protection. There are honest Democrats and sincere Republicans. How do you account for these differences? Educated men, presidents of colleges, cannot agree upon questions capable of solution—questions that the mind can grasp, concerning which the evidence is open to all and where the facts can be with accuracy ascertained. How do you explain this? If such differences can exist consistently with the good faith of those who differ, can you not conceive of honest people entertaining different views on subjects about which nothing can be positivly known?

You do not regard me as a monster. "Some of your brethren" do. How do you account for this difference? Of course, your brethren—their hearts having been softened by the Presbyterian God—are governed by charity and love. They do not regard me as a monster because I hav committed an infamous crime, but simply for the reason that I hav expressed my honest thoughts.

What should I hav done? I hav read the Bible with great care, and the conclusion has forced itself upon my mind not only that it is not inspired, but that it is not true. Was it my duty to speak or act contrary to this conclusion? Was it my duty to remain silent? If I had been untrue to myself, if I had joined the majority—if I had declared the book to be the inspired word of God—would your brethren still hav regarded me as a monster? Has religion had control of the world so long that an honest man seems monstrous?

You draw a distinction between what you are pleased to call "superstition" and religion. You are shocked at the Hindoo mother when she givs her child to death at the supposed command of her God. What do you think of Abraham, of Jephthah? What is your opinion of Jehovah himself? Is not the sacrifice of a child to a phantom as horrible in Palestine as in India? Why should a God demand a sacrifice from man? Why should the infinit ask anything from the finite? Should the sun beg of the glow-worm, and should the momentary spark excite the envy of the source of light?

You must remember that the Hindoo mother believes that her child will be forever blessed—that it will become the especial care of the God to whom it has been given. This is a sacrifice through a false belief on the part of the mother. She breaks her heart for the love of her babe. But what do you think of the Christian mother who expects to be happy in heaven, with her child a convict in the eternal prison—a prison in which none die, and from which none escape? What do you say of those Christians who believe that they, in heaven, will be so filled with ecstasy that all the loved of earth will be forgotten—that all the sacred relations of life, and all the passions of the heart, will fade and die, so that they will look with stony, unreplying, happy eyes upon the miseries of the lost?

You hav laid down a rule by which superstition can be distinguished from religion. It is this: "It makes that a crime which is not a crime, and that a virtue which is not a virtue." Let us test your religion by this rule.

Is it a crime to investigate, to think, to reason, to observe? Is it a crime to be governed by that which to you is evidence, and is it infamous to express your honest thought? There is also another question: Is credulity a virtue? Is the open mouth of ignorant wonder the only entrance to paradise?

According to your creed, those who believe are to be saved, and those who do not believe are to be eternally lost. When you condemn men to everlasting pain for unbelief—that is to say, for acting in accordance with that which is evidence to them—do you not make that a crime which is not a crime? And when you reward men with an eternity of joy for simply believing that which happens to be in accord with their minds, do you not make that a virtue which is not a virtue? In other words, do you not bring your own religion exactly within your own definition of superstition?

The truth is, that no one can justly be held responsible for his thoughts. The brain thinks without asking our consent. We believe, or we disbelieve, without an effort of the will. Belief is a result. It is the effect of evidence upon the mind. The scales turn in spite of him who watches. There is no opportunity of being honest or dishonest in the formation of an opinion. The conclusion is entirely independent of desire. We must believe, or we must doubt, in spite of what we wish.

That which must be, has the right to be.

We think in spite of ourselvs. The brain thinks as the heart beats, as the eyes see, as the blood pursues its course, in the old accustomed ways.

The question then is, not hav we the right to think—that being a necessity—but hav we the right to express our honest thoughts? You certainly hav the right to express yours, and you hav exercised that right. Some of your brethren, who regard me as a monster, hav expressed theirs. The question now is, hav I the right to express mine? In other words, hav I the right to answer your letter? To make that a crime in me which is a virtue in you, certainly comes within your definition of superstition. To exercise a right yourself which you deny to me is simply the act of a tyrant. Where did you get your right to express your honest thoughts? When, and where, and how did I lose mine?

You would not burn, you would not even imprison me, because I differ with you on a subject about which neither of us knows anything. To you the savagery of the Inquisition is only a proof of the depravity of man. You are far better than your creed. You believe that even the Christian world is outgrowing the frightful feeling that fagot, and dungeon, and thumb-screw are legitimate arguments, calculated to convince those upon whom they are used that the religion of those who use them was founded by a God of infinit compassion. You will admit that he who now persecutes for opinion's sake is infamous. And yet, the God you worship will, according to your creed, torture through all the endless years the man who entertains an honest doubt. A belief in such a God is the foundation and cause of all religious persecution. You may reply that only the belief in a false God causes believers to be inhuman. But you must admit that the Jews believed in the true God, and you are forced to say that they were so malicious, so cruel, so savage, that they crucified the only sinless being who ever lived. This crime was committed, not in spite of their religion, but in accordance with it. They simply obeyed the command of Jehovah. And the followers of this sinless being, who, for all these centuries, hav denounced the cruelty of the Jews for crucifying a man on account of his opinion, hav destroyed millions and millions of their fellow-men for differing with them. And this same sinless being threatens to torture in eternal fire countless myriads for the same offense. Beyond this, inconsistency cannot go. At this point absurdity becomes infinit.

Your creed transfers the Inquisition to another world, making it eternal. Your God becomes, or rather is, an infinit Torquemada, who denies to his countless victims even the mercy of death. And this you call "a consolation."

You insist that at the foundation of every religion is the idea of God. According to your creed, all ideas of God, except those entertained by those of your faith, are absolntely false. You are not called upon to defend the gods of the nations dead, nor the gods of heretics. It is your business to defend the God of the Bible—the God of the Presbyterian church. When in the ranks doing battle for your creed, you must wear the uniform of your church. You dare not say that it is sufficient to insure the salvation of a soul to believe in *a* god, or in *some* god. According to your creed, man must believe in *your* God. All the nations dead believed in gods, and all the worshipers of Zeus, and Jupiter, and Isis, and Osiris, and Brahma prayed and sacrificed in vain. Their petitions were not answered, and their souls were not saved. Surely you do not claim that it is sufficient to believe in any one of the heathen gods.

What right hav you to occupy the position of the Deists, and to put forth arguments that even Christians hav answered? The Deist denounced the God of the Bible because of his cruelty, and at the same time lauded the God of Nature. The Christian replied that the God of Nature was as cruel as the God of the Bible. This answer was complete.

Man has filled the world with impossible monsters, and he has been the sport and prey of these phantoms born of ignorance, and hope, and fear. To appease the wrath of these monsters man has sacrificed his fellow-man. He has shed the blood of wife and child; he has fasted and prayed; he has suffered beyond the power of language to express, and yet he has received nothing from these gods—they hav heard no supplication, they hav answered no prayer.

You may reply that your God "sends his rain on the just and on the unjust," and that this fact proves that he is merciful to all alike. I answer, that your God sends his pestilence on the just and on the unjust—that his earthquakes devour and his cyclones rend and wreck the loving and the vicious, the honest and the criminal. Do not these facts prove that your God is cruel to all alike? In other words, do they not demonstrate the absolute impartiality of the divine negligence?

Do you not believe that any honest man of average intelligence, having absolute control of the rain, could do vastly better than is being done? Certainly, there would be no drouths or floods; the crops would not be permitted to wither and die, while rain was being wasted in the sea. Is it conceivable that a good man with power to control the winds would not prevent cyclones? Would you not rather trust a wise and honest man with the lightning?

Why should an infinitly wise and powerful God destroy the good and preserve the vile? Why should he treat all alike here, and in another world make an infinit difference? Why should your God allow his worshipers, his adorers, to be destroyed by his enemies? Why should he allow the honest, the loving, the noble, to perish at the stake? Can you answer these questions? Does it not seem to you that your God must hav felt a touch of shame when the poor slave mother—one that had been robbed of her babe—knelt, and with clasped hands, in a voice broken with sobs, commenced her prayer with the words, "Our father?"

It gave me pleasure to find that, notwithstanding your creed, you are philosophical enough to say that some men are incapacitated, by reason of temperament, for believing in the existence of God. Now, if a belief in God is necessary to the salvation of the soul, why should God create a soul without this capacity? Why should he create souls that he knew would be lost? You seem to think that it is necessary to be poetical, or dreamy, in order to be religious, and by inference, at least, you deny certain qualities to me that you deem necessary. Do you account for the Atheism of Shelley by saying that he was not poetic, and do you quote his lines to prove the existence of the very God whose being he so passionately denied? Is it possible that Napoleon—one of the most infamous of men—had a nature so finely strung that he was sensitiv to the divine influences? Are you driven to the necessity of proving the existence of one tyrant by the words of another? Personally, I hav but little confidence in a religion that satisfied the heart of a man who, to gratify his ambition, filled half the world with widows and orphans. In regard to Agassiz, it is just to say that he furnished a vast amount of testimony in favor of the truth of the theories of Charles Darwin, and then denied the correctness of these theories—preferring the good opinion of Harvard for a few days to the lasting applause of the intellectual world.

I agree with you that the world is a mystery, not only, but that everything in nature is equally mysterious, and that there is no way of escape from the mystery of life and death. To me, the crystallization of the snow is as mysterious as the constellations. But when you endeavor to explain the mystery of the universe by the mystery of God, you do not even exchange mysteries—you simply make one more.

Nothing can be mysterious enough to become an explanation.

The mystery of man cannot be explained by the mystery of God. That mystery still asks for explanation. The mind is so that it cannot grasp the idea of an infinit personality. That is beyond the circumference. This being so, it is impossible that man can be convinced by any evidence of the existence of that which he cannot in any measure comprehend. Such evidence would be equally incomprehensible with the incomprehensible fact sought to be established by it, and the intellect of man can grasp neither the one nor the other.

You admit that the god of nature—that is to say, your god—is as inflexible as nature itself. Why should man worship the inflexible? Why should he kneel to the unchangeable? You say that your God "does not bend to human thought any more than to human will," and that "the more we study him, the more we find that he is not what we imagined him to be." So that, after all, the only thing you are really certain of in relation to your God is, that he is not what you think he is. Is it not almost absurd to insist that such a state of mind is necessary to salvation, or that it is a moral restraint, or that it is the foundation of social order?

You insist that man is not capable of self-government, and that God made the mistake of filling a world with failures—in other words, that man must be governed not by himself, but by your God, and that your God produces order, and establishes and preserves all the nations of the earth. This being so, your God is responsible for the government of this world. Does he preserve order in Russia? Is he accountable for Siberia? Did he establish the insti-

tution of slavery? Was he the founder of the Inquisition?

You answer all these questions by calling my attention to "the retributions of history." What are the retributions of history? The honest were burnt at the stake; the patriotic, the generous, and the noble were allowed to die in dungeons; whole races were enslaved; millions of mothers were robbed of their babes. What were the retributions of history? They who committed these crimes wore crowns, and they who justified these infamies were adorned with the tiara.

You are mistaken when you say that Lincoln at Gettysburg said: "Just and true are thy judgments, Lord God Almighty." Something like this occurs in his last inaugural, in which he says—speaking of his hope that the war might soon be ended—"If it shall continue until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'" But admitting that you are correct in the assertion, let me ask you one question: Could one standing over the body of Lincoln, the blood slowly oozing from the madman's wound, hav truthfully said: "Just and true are thy judgments, Lord God Almighty?"

Do you really believe that this world is governed by an infinitly wise and good God? Hav you convinced even yourself of this? Why should God permit the triumph of injustice? Why should the loving be tortured? Why should the noblest be destroyed? Why should the world be filled with misery, with ignorance, and with want? What reason hav you for believing that your God will do better in another world than he has done and is doing in this? Will he be wiser? Will he hav more power? Will he be more merciful?

According to the account in the New Testament, Christ was dead for a period of nearly three days. After his resurrection, why did not some one of his disciples ask him where he had been? Why did he not tell them what world he had visited? There was the opportunity to "bring life and immortality to light." And yet he was silent as the grave that he had left—speechless as the stone that angels had rolled away.

How do you account for this? Was it not infinitly cruel to leave the world in darkness and in doubt, when one word could hav filled all time with hope and light?

The hope of immortality is the great oak round which hav climbed the poisonous vines of superstition. The vines hav not supported the oak—the oak has supported the vines. As long as men liv and love and die, this hope will blossom in the human heart.

All I hav said upon this subject has been to express my hope and confess my lack of knowledge. Neither by word nor look hav I expressed any other feeling than sympathy with those who hope to liv again—for those who bend above their dead and dream of life to come. But I hav denounced the selfishness and heartlessness of those who expect for themselvs an eternity of joy, and for the rest of mankind predict, without a tear, a world of endless pain. Nothing can be more contemptible than such a hope—a hope that can giv satisfaction only to the hyenas of the human race.

When I say that I do not know—when I deny the existence of perdition—you reply that "there is something very cruel in this treatment of the belief of my fellow-creatures."

You hav had the goodness to invite me to a grave over which a mother bends and weeps for her only son. I accept your invitation. We will go together. Do not, I pray you, deal in splendid generalities. Be explicit. Remember that the son for whom the loving mother weeps was not a Christian, not a believer in the inspiration of the Bible nor in the divinity of Jesus Christ. The mother turns to you for consolation, for some star of hope in the midnight of her grief. What must you say? Do not desert the Presbyterian creed. Do not forget the threatenings of Jesus Christ. What must you say? Will you read a portion of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith? Will you read this?

Although the light of nature, and the works of creation and Providence, do so far manifest the goodness, wisdom, and power of God as to leave man inexcusable, yet they are not sufficient to giv that knowledge of God and of his will which is necessary to salvation.

Or, will you read this?

By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life and others foreordained to everlasting death. These angels and men, thus predestined and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definit that it cannot be either increased or diminished.

Suppose the mother, lifting her tear-stained face, should say, "My son was good, generous, loving, and kind. He gave his life for me. Is there no hope for him?" Would you then put this serpent in her breast?

Men not professing the Christian religion cannot be saved in any other way whatsoever, be they never so diligent to conform their lives according to the light of Nature. We cannot by our best works merit pardon of sin. There is no sin so small but that it deserves damnation. Works done by unregenerate men, although, for the matter of that, they may be things which God commands, and of good use both to themselvs and others, are sinful and cannot please God or make a man meet to receiv Christ or God.

And suppose the mother should then sobbingly ask: "What has become of my son? Where is he now?" Would you still read from your Confession of Faith, or from your Catechism—this?

The souls of the wicked are cast into hell, where they remain in torment and utter darkness, reserved to the judgment of the great day. At the last day the righteous shall come into everlasting life, but the wicked shall be cast into eternal torment and punished with everlasting destruction. The wicked shall be cast into hell, to be punished with unspeakable torment, both of body and soul, with the devil and his angels, forever.

If the poor mother still wept, still refused to be comforted, would you thrust this dagger in her heart?

At the Day of Judgment you, being caught up to Christ in the clouds, shall be seated at his right hand and there openly acknowledged and acquitted, and you shall join with him in the damnation of your son.

If this failed to still the beatings of her aching heart, would you repeat these words which you say came from the loving soul of Christ?

They who believe and are baptized shall be saved, and they who believe not shall be damned; and these shall go away into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels.

Would you not be compelled, according to your belief, to tell this mother that "there is but one name given under heaven and among men whereby" the souls of men can enter the gates of paradise? Would you not be compelled to say: "Your son lived in a Christian land. The means of grace were within his reach. He died not having experienced a change of heart, and your son is forever lost. You can meet your son again only by dying in your sins; but if you will giv your heart to God you can never clasp him to your breast again?"

What could I say? Let me tell you: "My dear madam, this reverend gentleman knows nothing of another world. He cannot see beyond the tomb. He has simply stated to you the superstitions of ignorance, of cruelty and fear. If there be in this universe a God, he certainly is as good as you are. Why should he hav loved your son in life—loved him, according to this reverend gentleman, to that degree that he gave his life for him; and why should that love be changed to hatred the moment your son was dead? My dear woman, there are no punishments, there are no rewards — there are consequences; and of one thing you may rest assured, and that is that every soul, no matter what sphere it may inhabit, will hav the everlasting opportunity of doing right. If death ends all, and if this handful of dust over which you weep is all there is, you hav this consolation: Your son is not within the power of this reverend gentleman's God—that is something. Your son does not suffer. Next to a life of joy is the dreamless sleep of death.

Does it not seem to you infinitly absurd to call orthodox Christianity "a consolation?" Here in this world, where every human being is enshrouded in cloud and mist—where all lives are filled with mistakes—where no one claims to be perfect, is it "a consolation" to say that "the smallest sin deserves eternal pain?" Is it possible for the ingenuity of man to extract from the doctrin of hell one drop, one ray, of "consolation?" If that doctrin be true, is not your God an infinit criminal? Why should he hav created uncounted billions destined to suffer forever? Why did he not leave them unconscious dust? Compared with this crime, any crime that man can by any possibility commit is a virtue.

Think for a moment of your God—the keeper of an infinit penitentiary filled with immortal convicts—your God an eternal turnkey, without the pardoning power. In the presence of this infinit horror, you complacently speak of the atonement—a scheme that has not yet gathered within its horizon a billionth part of the human race—an atonement with one-half the world remaining undiscovered for fifteen hundred years after it was made.

A man having committed a crime may be pardoned, but I deny the right of the state to punish an innocent man in the place of the pardoned—no matter how willing the innocent man may be to suffer the punishment. There is no law in nature, no fact in nature, by which the innocent can be justly punished to the end that the guilty may go free. Let it be understood once for all: Nature cannot pardon.

You hav recognized this truth. You hav asked me what is to become of one who seduces and betrays, of the criminal with the blood of his victim upon his hands. Without the slightest hesitation I answer, whoever commits a crime against another must, to the utmost of his power in this world and in another, if there be one, make full and ample restitution, and in addition must bear the natural consequences of his offense. No man can be perfectly happy, either in this world or in any other, who has by his perfidy broken a loving and a confiding heart. No power can step between acts and consequences—no forgivness, no atonement.

But, my dear friend, you hav taught for many years, if you are a Presbyterian, or an evangelical Christian, that a man may seduce and betray, and that the poor victim, driven to insanity, leaping from some wharf at night where ships strain at their anchors in storm and darkness—you hav taught that this poor girl may be tormented forever by a God of infinit compassion. This is not all that you hav taught. You hav said to the seducer, to the betrayer, to the one who would not listen to her wailing cry, who would not even stretch forth his hand to catch her fluttering garments—you hav said to him: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and you shall be happy forever; you shall liv in the realm of infinit delight, from which you can, without a shadow falling upon your face, observe the poor girl, your victim, writhing in the agonies of hell." You hav taught this. For my part, I do not see how an angel in heaven, meeting another angel whom he had robbed on the earth, could feel entirely blissful. I go farther. Any decent angel, no matter if sitting at the right hand of God, should he see in hell one of his victims, would leave heaven itself for the purpose of wiping one tear from the cheek of the damned.

You seem to hav forgotten your statement in the commencement of your letter, that your God is as inflexible as Nature—that he bends not to human thought or to human will. You seem to hav forgotten the line which you emphasized with italics: "*The effect of everything which is of the nature of a cause, is eternal.*" In the light of this sentence, where do you find a place for forgivness—for your atonement? . . . . . .

If by atonement you mean the natural effect of self-sacrifice, the effects following a noble and disinterested action; if you mean that the life and death of Christ are worth their effect upon the human race—which your letter seems to show—then there is no question between us. If you hav thrown away the old and barbarous idea that a law had been broken, that God demanded a sacrifice, and that Christ, the innocent, was offered up for us, and that he bore the wrath of God and suffered in our place, then I congratulate you with all my heart.

It seems to me impossible that life should be exceedingly joyous to any one who is acquainted with its miseries, its burdens, and its tears. I know that as darkness follows light around the globe, so misery and misfortune follow the sons of men. According to your creed, the future state will be worse than this. Here, the vicious may reform; here, the wicked may repent; here, a few gleams of sunshine may fall upon the darkest life. But in your future state, for countless billions of the human race, there will be no reform, no opportunity of doing right, and no possible gleam of sunshine can ever touch their souls. Do you not see that your future state is infinitly worse than this? You seem to mistake the glare of hell for the light of morning.

Let us throw away the dogma of eternal retribution. Let us "cling to all that can bring a ray of hope into the darkness of this life."

You ask me how it came to pass that a Hebrew peasant, born among the hills of Galilee, had a wisdom above that of Socrates or Plato, of Confucius or Buddha, and you conclude by saying, "This is the greatest of miracles—that such a being should liv and die on the earth."

I can hardly admit your conclusion, because I remember that Christ said nothing in favor of the family relation. As a matter of fact, his life tended to cast discredit upon marriage. He said nothing against the institution of slavery; nothing against the tyranny of government; nothing of our treatment of animals; nothing about education, about intellectual progress; nothing of art, declared no scientific truth, and said nothing as to the rights and duties of nations.

You may reply that all this is included in "Do unto others as you would be done by;" and "Resist not evil." More than this is necessary to educate the human race. It is not enough to say to your child or to your pupil, "Do right." The great question still remains: What is right? Neither is there any wisdom in the idea of non-resistance. Force without mercy is tyranny. Mercy without force is but a waste of tears. Take from virtue the right of self-defense, and vice becomes the master of the world.

Let me ask you how it came to pass that an ignorant driver of camels, a man without family, without wealth, became master of hundreds of millions of human beings? How is it that he conquered and overran more than half of the Christian world? How is it that on a thousand fields the banner of the cross went down in blood, while that of the crescent floated in triumph? How do you account for the fact that the flag of this impostor floats to-day above the sepulcher of Christ? Was this a miracle? Was Mohammed inspired? How do you account for Confucius, whose name is known wherever the sky bends? Was he inspired—this man who for many centuries has stood first, and who has been acknowledged the superior of all men by hundreds and thousands of millions of his fellow-men? How do you account for Buddha—in many respects the greatest religious teacher this world has ever known—the broadest, the most intellectual of them all; he who was great enough, hundreds of years before Christ was born, to declare the universal brotherhood of man, great enough to say that intelligence is

the only lever capable of raising mankind? How do you account for him, who has had more followers than any other? Are you willing to say that all success is divine? How do you account for Shakspere, born of parents who could neither read nor write, held in the lap of ignorance and love, nursed at the breast of poverty—how do you account for him, by far the greatest of the human race, the wings of whose imagination still fill the horizon of human thought; Shakspere, who was perfectly acquainted with the human heart, knew all depths of sorrow, all hights of joy, and in whose mind were the fruit of all thought, of all experience, and a prophecy of all to be; Shakspere, the wisdom and beauty and depth of whose words increase with the intelligence and civilization of mankind? How do you account for this miracle? Do you believe that any founder of any religion could hav written "Lear" or "Hamlet?" Did Greece produce a man who could by any possibility hav been the author of "Troilus and Cressida?" Was there among all the countless millions of almighty Rome an intellect that could hav written the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar?" Is not the play of "Antony and Cleopatra" as Egyptian as the Nile? How do you account for this man, within whose veins there seemed to be the blood of every race, and in whose brain there were the poetry and philosophy of a world?

You ask me to tell my opinion of Christ. Let me say here, once for all, that for the man Christ—for the man who, in the darkness, cried out, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—for that man I hav the greatest possible respect. And let me say, once for all, that the place where man has died for man is holy ground. To that great and serene peasant of Palestine I gladly pay the tribute of my admiration and my tears. He was a reformer in his day—an Infidel in his time. Back of the theological mask, and in spite of the interpolations of the New Testament, I see a great and genuin man.

It is hard to see how you can consistently defend the course pursued by Christ himself. He attacked with great bitterness "the religion of others." It did not occur to him that "there was something very cruel in this treatment of the belief of his fellow-creatures." He denounced the chosen people of God as a "generation of vipers." He compared them to "whited sepulchers." How can you sustain the conduct of missionaries? They go to other lands and attack the sacred beliefs of others. They tell the people of India and of all heathen lands, not only that their religion is a lie, not only that their gods are myths, but that the ancestors of these people—their fathers and mothers who never heard of God, of the Bible, or of Christ—are all in perdition. Is not this a cruel treatment of the belief of a fellow-creature?

A religion that is not manly and robust enough to bear attack with smiling fortitude is unworthy of a place in the heart or brain. A religion that takes refuge in sentimentality, that cries out: "Do not, I pray you, tell me any truth calculated to hurt my feelings," is fit only for asylums.

You believe that Christ was God, that he was infinit in power. While in Jerusalem he cured the sick, raised a few from the dead, and opened the eyes of the blind. Did he do these things because he loved mankind, or did he do these miracles simply to establish the fact that he was the very Christ? If he was actuated by love, is he not as powerful now as he was then? Why does he not open the eyes of the blind now? Why does he not with a touch make the leper clean? If you had the power to giv sight to the blind, to cleanse the leper, and would not exercise it, what would be thought of you? What is the difference between one who can and will not cure, and one who causes disease?

Only the other day I saw a beautiful girl—a paralytic, and yet her brave and cheerful spirit shone over the wreck and ruin of her body like morning on the desert. What would I think of myself had I the power by a word to send the blood through all her withered limbs freighted again with life, should I refuse?

Most theologians seem to imagin that the virtues hav been produced by and are really the children of religion.

Religion has to do with the supernatural. It defines our duties and obligations to God. It prescribes a certain course of conduct by means of which happiness can be attained in another world. The result here is only an incident. The virtues are secular. They hav nothing whatever to do with the supernatural, and are of no kindred to any religion. A man may be honest, courageous, charitable, industrious, hospitable, loving, and pure without being religious—that is to say, without any belief in the supernatural; and a man may be the exact opposit and at the same time a sincere believer in the creed of any church—that is to say, in the existence of a personal God, the inspiration of the scriptures, and in the divinity of Jesus Christ. A man who believes in the Bible may or may not be kind to his family, and a man who is kind and loving in his family may or may not believe in the Bible.

In order that you may see the effect of belief in the formation of character, it is only necessary to call your attention to the fact that your Bible shows that the devil himself is a believer in the existence of your God, in the inspiration of the scriptures, and in the divinity of Jesus Christ. He not only believes these things, but he knows them, and yet, in spite of it all, he remains a devil still.

Few religions hav been bad enough to destroy all the natural goodness in the human heart. In the deepest midnight of superstition some natural virtues, like stars, hav been visible in the heavens. Man has committed every crime in the name of Christianity—or at least crimes that involved the commission of all others. Those who paid for labor with the lash, and who made blows a legal tender, were Christians. Those who engaged in the slave trade were believers in a personal God. One slave ship was called "The Jehovah." Those who pursued with hounds the fugitiv led by the Northern Star prayed fervently to Christ to crown their efforts with success, and the stealers of babes, just before falling asleep, commended their souls to the keeping of the most high.

As you hav mentioned the apostles, let me call your attention to an incident.

You remember the story of Ananias and Sapphira, The apostles, having nothing themselvs, conceived the idea of having all things in common. Their followers who had something were to sell what little they had, and turn the proceeds over to these theological financiers. It seems that Ananias and Sapphira had a piece of land. They sold it, and after talking the matter over, not being entirely satisfied with the collaterals, concluded to keep a little—just enough to keep them from starvation if the good and pious bankers should abscond.

When Ananias brought the money, he was asked whether he had kept back a part of the price. He said that he had not. Whereupon God, the compassionate, struck him dead. As soon as the corpse was removed, the apostles sent for his wife. They did not tell her that her husband had been killed. They deliberately set a trap for her life. Not one of them was good enough or noble enough to put her on her guard; they allowed her to believe that her husband had told his story, and that she was free to corroborate what he had said. She probably felt that they were giving more than they could afford, and, with the instinct of woman, wanted to keep a little. She denied that any part of the price had been kept back. That moment the arrow of divine vengeance entered her heart.

Will you be kind enough to tell me your opinion of the apostles in the light of this story? Certainly murder is a greater crime than mendacity.

You hav been good enough, in a kind of fatherly way, to giv me some advice. You say that I ought to soften my colors, and that my words would be more weighty if not so strong. Do you really desire that I should add weight to my words? Do you really wish me to succeed? If the commander of one army should send word to the general of the other that his men were firing too high, do you think the general would be misled? Can you conceive of his changing his orders by reason of the message?

I deny that "the Pilgrims crossed the sea to find freedom to worship God in the forests of the New World." They came not in the interest of freedom. It never entered their minds that other men had the same right to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences that the Pilgrims themselvs had. The moment they had power they were ready to whip and brand, to imprison and burn. They did not believe in religious freedom. They had no more idea of liberty of conscience than Jehovah.

I do not say that there is no place in the world for heroes and martyrs. On the contrary, I declare that the liberty we now hav was won for us by heroes and by martyrs, and millions of these martyrs were burnt, or flayed alive, or torn in pieces, or assassinated by the church of God. The heroism was shown in fighting the hordes of religious superstition.

I believe in the family. I believe in family life; and one of my objections to Christianity is that it divides the family. Upon this subject I hav said hundreds of times, and I say again, that the roof tree is sacred, from the smallest fiber that feels the soft, cool clasp of earth to the topmost flower that spreads its bosom to the sun, and like a spendthrift givs its perfume to the air. The home where virtue dwells with love is like a lily with a heart of fire, the fairest flower in all this world.

What did Christianity in the early centuries do for the home? What hav nunneries and monasteries, and what has the glorification of celibacy done for the family? Do you not know that Christ himself offered rewards in this world and eternal happiness in another to those who would desert their wives and children and follow him? What effect has that promis had upon family life?

As a matter of fact, the family is regarded as nothing. Christianity teaches that there is but one family, the family of Christ, and that all other relations are as nothing compared with that. Christianity teaches the husband to desert the wife, the wife to desert the husband, children to desert their parents, for the miserable and selfish purpose of saving their own little, shriveled souls.

It is far better for a man to love his fellow-men than to love God. It is better to love wife and children than to love Christ. It is better to serve your neighbor than to serve your God—even if God exists. The reason is palpable. You can do nothing for God. You can do something for wife and children. You can add to the sunshine of a life. You can plant flowers in the pathway of another.

It is true that I am an enemy of the orthodox Sabbath. It is true that I do not believe in giving one-seventh of our time to the service of superstition. The whole scheme of your religion can be understood by any intelligent man in one day. Why should he waste a seventh of his whole life in hearing the same thoughts repeated again and again?

Nothing is more gloomy than an orthodox Sabbath. The mechanic who has worked during the week in heat and dust, the laboring man who has barely succeeded in keeping his soul in his body, the poor woman who has been sewing for the rich, may go to the village church which you hav described. They answer the chimes of the bell, and what do they hear in this village church? Is it that God is the father of the human race; is that all? If that were all, you never would hav heard an objection from my lips. That is not all. If all ministers said: Bear the evils of this life; your father in heaven counts your tears; the time will come when pain, and death, and grief will be forgotten words, I should hav listened with the rest. What else does the minister say to the poor people who hav answered the chimes of your bell? He says: "The smallest sin deserves eternal pain." "A vast majority of men are doomed to suffer the wrath of God forever." He fills the present with fear and the future with fire. He has heaven for the few, hell for the many. He describes a little grass-grown path that leads to heaven, where travelers are "few and far between," and a great highway worn with countless feet that leads to everlasting death.

Such Sabbaths are immoral. Such ministers are the real savages. Gladly would I abolish such a Sabbath. Gladly would I turn it into a holiday, a day of rest and peace, a day to get acquainted with your wife and children, a day to exchange civilities with your neighbors; and gladly would I see the church in which such sermons are preached changed to a place of entertainment. Gladly would I hav the echoes of orthodox sermons—the owls and bats among the rafters, the snakes in crevices and corners, driven out by the glorious music of Wagner and Beethoven. Gladly would I see the Sunday-school, where the doctrin of eternal fire is taught, changed to a happy dance upon the village green.

Music refines. The doctrin of eternal punishment degrades. Science civilizes. Superstition looks longingly back to savagery.

You do not believe that general morality can be upheld without the sanctions of religion.

Christianity has sold, and continues to sell, crime on a credit. It has taught, and it still teaches, that there is forgivness for all. Of course it teaches morality. It says: "Do not steal, do not murder;" but it adds: "but if you do both, there is a way of escape—believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." I insist that such a religion is no restraint. It is far better to teach that there is no forgivness, and that every human being must bear the consequences of his acts.

The first great step toward national reformation is the universal acceptance of the idea that there is no escape from the consequences of our acts. The young men who come from their country homes into a city filled with temptations, may be restrained by the thought of father and mother. This is a natural restraint. They may be restrained by their knowledge of the fact that a thing is evil on account of its consequences, and that to do wrong is always a mistake. I cannot conceive of such a man being more liable to temptation because he has heard one of my lectures in which I hav told him that the only good is happiness—that the only way to attain that good is by doing what he believes to be right. I cannot imagin that his moral character will be weakened by the statement that there is no escape from the consequences of his acts. You seem to think that he will be instantly led astray—that he will go off under the flaring lamps to the riot of passion. Do you think the Bible calculated to restrain him? To prevent this, would you recommend him to read the lives of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, and the other holy polygamists of the Old Testament? Should he read the life of David and of Solomon? Do you think this would enable him to withstand temptation? Would it not be far better to fill the young man's mind with facts so that he may know exactly the physical consequences of such acts? Do you regard ignorance as the foundation of virtue? Is fear the arch that supports the moral nature of man?

You seem to think that there is danger in knowledge, and that the best chemists are the most likely to poison themselvs.

You say that to sneer at religion is only a step from sneering at morality, and then only another step to that which is vicious and profligate.

The Jews entertained the same opinion of the teachings of Christ. He sneered at their religion. The Christians hav entertained the same opinion of every philosopher. Let me say to you again—and let me say it once for all—that morality has nothing to do with religion. Morality does not depend upon the supernatural. Morality does not walk with the crutches of miracles. Morality appeals to the experience of mankind. It cares nothing about faith, nothing about sacred books. Morality depends upon facts, something that can be seen, something known, the product of which can be estimated. It needs no priest, no ceremony, no mummery. It believes in the freedom of the human mind. It asks for investigation. It is founded upon truth. It is the enemy of all religion, because it has to do with this world, and with this world alone.

Does it relieve mankind from fear to believe that there is some God who will help them in extremity? What evidence hav they on which to found this belief? When has any God listened to the prayer of any man? The water drowns, the cold freezes, the flood destroys, the fire burns, the bolt of heaven falls—when and where has the prayer of man been answered?

Is the religious world to-day willing to test the efficacy of prayer? Only a few years ago it was tested in the United States. The Christians of Christendom, with one accord, fell upon their knees and asked God to spare the life of one man. You know the result. You know just as well as I that the forces of nature produce the good and bad alike. You know that the forces of nature destroy the good and bad alike. You know that the lightning feels the same keen delight in striking to death the honest man that it does or would in striking the assassin with his knife lifted above the bosom of innocence.

Did God hear the prayers of the slaves? Did he hear the prayers of martyrs, or did he allow fiends, calling themselvs his followers, to pile the fagots round the forms of glorious men? Did he allow the flames to devour the flesh of those whose hearts were his? Why should any man depend on the goodness of a God who created countless millions, knowing that they would suffer eternal grief?

The faith that you call sacred—"sacred as the most delicate or manly or womanly sentiment of love and honor"—is the faith that nearly all of your fellow-men are to be lost. Ought an honest man to be restrained from denouncing that faith because those who entertain it say that their feelings are hurt? You say to me: "There is a hell. A man advocating the opinions you advocate will go there when he dies." I answer: "There is no hell. The Bible that teaches it is not true." And you say: "How can you hurt my feelings?"

You seem to think that one who attacks the religion of his parents is wanting in respect to his father and his mother.

Were the early Christians lacking in respect for their fathers and mothers? Were the pagans who embraced Christianity heartless sons and daughters? What hav you to say of the apostles? Did they not heap contempt upon the religion of their fathers and mothers? Did they not join with him who denounced their people as a "generation of vipers?" Did they not follow one who offered a reward to those who would desert fathers and mothers? Of course you hav only to go back a few generations in your family to find a Field who was not a Presbyterian. After that you find a Presbyterian. Was he base enough and infamous enough to heap contempt upon the religion of his father and mother? All the Protestants in the time of Luther lacked in respect for the religion of their fathers and mothers. According to your idea, Progress is a Prodigal Son. If one is bound by the religion of his father and mother, and his father happens to be a Presbyterian and his mother a Catholic, what is he to do? Do you not see that your doctrin givs intellectual freedom only to foundlings?

You insist that religion does not leave man in "abject terror"—does not leave him "in utter darkness as to his fate."

Is it possible to know who will be saved? Can you read the names mentioned in the decrees of the Infinit? Is it possible to tell who is to be eternally lost? Can the imagination conceive a worse fate than your religion predicts for a majority of the race? Why should not every human being be in "abject terror" who believes your doctrin? How many loving and sincere women are in the asylums to-day fearing that they hav committed "the unpardonable sin"—a sin to which your God has attached the penalty of eternal torment, and yet has failed to describe the offense? Can tyranny go beyond this—fixing the penalty of eternal pain for the violation of a law not written, not known, but kept in the secrecy of infinit darkness? How much happier it is to know nothing about it, and to believe nothing about it! How much better to hav no God!

You discover a "Great Intelligence ordering our little lives, so that even the trials that we bear, as they call out the finer elements of character, conduce to our future happiness." This is an old explanation—probably as good as any. The idea is, that this world is a school in which man becomes educated through tribulation—the muscles of character being developed by wrestling with misfortune. If it is necessary to liv this life in order to develop character, in order to become worthy of a better world, how do you account for the fact that billions of the human race die in infancy, and are thus deprived of this necessary education and development? What would you think of a schoolmaster who should kill a large proportion of his scholars during the first day, before they had even had the opportunity to look at A?

The intelligence of man guided by a sense of duty is the only power that makes for righteousness.

You tell me that I am waging "a hopeless war," and you giv as a reason that the Christian religion began to be nearly two thousand years before I was born, and that it will liv two thousand years after I am dead.

Is this an argument? Does it tend to convince even yourself? Could not Caiaphas, the high priest, hav said substantially this to Christ? Could he not hav said: "The religion of Jehovah began to be four thousand years before you were born, and it will liv two thousand years after you are dead?" Could not a follower of Buddha make the same illogical remark to a missionary from Andover with the glad tidings? Could he not say: "You are waging a hopeless war. The religion of Buddha began to be twenty-five hundred years before you were born, and hundreds of millions of people still worship at great Buddha's shrine?"

Do you insist that nothing except the right can liv for two thousand years? Why is it that the Catholic church "livs on and on, while nations and kingdoms perish?" Do you consider that the survival of the fittest?

Is it the same Christian religion now living that lived during the Middle Ages? Is it the same Christian religion that founded the Inquisition and invented the thumb-screw? Do you see no difference between the religion of Calvin and Jonathan Edwards and the Christianity of to-day? Do you really think that it is the same Christianity that has been living all these years? Hav you noticed any change in the last generation? Do you remember when scientists endeavored to prove a theory by a passage from the Bible, and do you now know that believers in the Bible are exceedingly anxious to prove its truth by some fact that science has demonstrated? Do you know that the standard has changed? Other things are not measured by the Bible, but the Bible has to submit to another test. It no longer owns the scales. It has to be weighed—it is being weighed—it is growing lighter and lighter every day. Do you know that only a few years ago "the glad tidings of great joy" consisted mostly in a description of hell? Do you know that nearly every intelligent minister is now ashamed to preach about it, or to read about it, or to talk about it? Is there any change? Do you know that but few ministers now believe in "the plenary inspiration" of the Bible, that from thousands of pulpits people are now told that the creation according to Genesis is a mistake, that it never was as wet as the flood, and that the miracles of the Old Testament are considered simply as myths or mistakes?

How long will what you call Christianity endure, if it changes as rapidly during the next century as it has changed during the last? What will there be left of the supernatural?

It does not seem possible that thoughtful people can, for many years, believe that a being of infinit wisdom is the author of the Old Testament, that a being of infinit purity and kindness upheld polygamy and slavery, that he ordered his chosen people to massacre their neighbors, and that he commanded husbands and fathers to persecute wives and daughters unto death for opinion's sake.

It does not seem within the prospect of belief that Jehovah, the cruel, the jealous, the ignorant, and the revengeful, is the creator and preserver of the universe.

Does it seem possible that infinit goodness would create a world in which life feeds on life, in which everything devours and is devoured? Can there be a sadder fact than this: Innocence is not a certain shield?

It is impossible for me to believe in the eternity of punishment. If that doctrin be true, Jehovah is insane.

Day after day there are mournful processions of men and women, patriots and mothers, girls whose only crime is that the word Liberty burst into flower between their pure and loving lips, driven like beasts across the melancholy wastes of Siberian snow. These men, these women, these daughters, go to exile and to slavery, to a land where hope is satisfied with death. Does it seem possible to you that an "infinit father" sees all this and sits as silent as a god of stone?

And yet, according to your Presbyterian creed, according to your inspired book, according to your Christ, there is another procession, in which are the the noblest and the best, in which you will find the wondrous spirits of this world, the lovers of the human race, the teachers of their fellow-men, the greatest soldiers that ever battled for the right; and this procession of countless millions, in which you will find the most generous and the most loving of the sons and daughters of men, is moving on to the Siberia of God, the land of eternal exile, where agony becomes immortal.

How can you, how can any man with brain or heart, believe this infinit lie?

Is there not room for a better, for a higher philosophy? After all, is it not possible that we may find that everything has been necessarily produced, that all religions and superstitions, all mistakes and all crimes, were simply necessities? Is it not possible that out of this perception may come not only love and pity for others, but absolute justification for the individual? May we not find that every soul has, like Mazeppa, been lashed to the wild horse of passion, or like Prometheus, to the rocks of fate?

You ask me to take the "sober second thought." I beg of you to take the first, and if you do, you will throw away the Presbyterian creed; you will instantly perceive that he who commits the "smallest sin" no more deserves eternal pain than he who does the smallest virtuous deed deserves eternal bliss; you will become convinced that an infinit God who creates billions of men knowing that they will suffer through all the countless years is an infinit demon; you will be satisfied that the Bible, with its philosophy and its folly, with its goodness and its cruelty, is but the work of man, and that the supernatural does not and cannot exist.

For you personally, I hav the highest regard and the sincerest respect, and I beg of you not to pollute the soul of childhood, not to furrow the cheeks of mothers, by preaching a creed that should be shrieked in a mad-house. Do not make the cradle as terrible as the coffin. Preach, I pray you, the gospel of Intellectual Hospitality—the liberty of thought and speech. Take from loving hearts the awful fear. Hav mercy on your fellow-men. Do not drive to madness the mothers whose tears are falling on the pallid faces of those who died in unbelief. Pity the erring, wayward, suffering, weeping world. Do not proclaim as "tidings of great joy" that an Infinit Spider is weaving webs to catch the souls of men.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

## What I Condemn, and What I Applaud.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* My condemnation of your condemnation of the judge who tried C. B. Reynolds you unwarrantably and wantonly distort, in your last issue, into applause from me of that judge's conduct. Far from applauding it, I condemn it fundamentally. The adjectiv "better-deserving," which I applied to him, meant, as every reader of the paragraph upon which you comment, and also of the editorial in *Liberty* in which I first discussed the matter, well knows, better-deserving at *your* hands. I, an Anarchist, consider that this judge was engaged in very dirty business, and hav simply declared that, considering the nature of the business, he dispatched it with commendable decency. But you believe that it is the business of the majority to make laws for the government of the people and appoint officers to administer them. From your standpoint, then, this judge simply did his duty, for which you roundly abused him. I told you that your complaint was but the wry face which a quack makes when he has to swallow his own medicin, and so I still regard it. But I applaud neither you nor your laws nor your judge, and you hav no business to lead your readers to suppose the contrary.

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

*Boston*, Oct. 28, 1887.

## Respects to Mr. Palmer.

The following resolutions are those ordered by the Congress of the American Secular Union to be drawn by the secretary and published in the Liberal journals:

WHEREAS, The American Secular Union learns with profound regret that, owing to ill-health, its honored president, Courtlandt Palmer, is compelled to retire from the executiv chair; and,

WHEREAS, The name of Courtlandt Palmer is endeared to every member of this Union, as one who in its darkest hour of discouragement—through storm and stress—has ever been steadfast and firm in advocacy of its principles; who could neither be frightened by foul vilification of this organization nor allured by seductiv flattery from his fidelity to truth; who realized that they who would fetter the mind are endeavoring to withhold the nutrition of the human race; who took alarm at the earlier experiments to suppress mental liberty, nor delayed until usurped power had strengthened itself by exercise and entangled the question in precedents, but, seeing the consequences in the principle, sought to avoid the consequences by denying the principle; who in this age of sordid selfishness voluntarily surrendered ease and comfort to climb the rugged rocks which bar the progress to mental and social reform, and help humanity to realize the prophetic vow of Victor Hugo, "There shall be no slavery of the mind;" therefore,

*Resolved*, That this Congress hereby tenders its sincere gratitude for services to one whose exalted moral aims and personal integrity hav been above the breath of slander; whose culture, capacity, and literary productions lend additional luster to our glorious galaxy of mental emancipators—to this truly liberal Liberal, whose never-failing generosity stamps him as one of nature's true noblemen, our retiring president, Courtlandt Palmer.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary A. S. U.

# Communications.

## The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

Author of "Physical Education," "The Secret of the East," etc.

### III.—Moral Maxims.

CHAPTER XV.—EDUCATION.

*A.—Lessons of Instinct.*

The doctrine of Pythagoras, the philosophic Messiah of Paganism, included the strange tenet of *metempsychosis*. After death, held the confessors of that dogma, the souls of men and brutes would reappear in new forms, higher or lower, according to the character-traits of the dying individual. Thus the soul of a wealthy glutton might be reborn in a pig-sty, that of a high-minded peasant perhaps on the throne of a king. Death and rebirth are the upper and lower spokes of a wheel that turns and turns forever, and in the persons of their neighbors the Pythagoreans saw wanderers that might have walked this earth thousands of years ago.

The strangeness of such a theory is still increased by the circumstance that its teacher was an eminent astronomer, an accomplished mathematician, and the leader of a memorable hygienic reform. Our astonishment is not lessened by the well-established fact that, under some form or other, the doctrine of soul-migration has for ages been the accepted creed of a large plurality of our fellow-men. It is well known, however, that to his trusted disciples Pythagoras imparted an *esoteric* or explanatory version of his dogmas; and if we learn that the great philosopher attached a special importance to the influence of hereditary dispositions, the truth at last dawn upon us that the doctrine of metempsychosis referred to the reappearance of individual types, passions, and dispositions in the bodily and mental characteristics of the *next generation*. "Parents live in their children." The instinctive recognition of that truth reconciles our dumb fellow-creatures to the prospect of death. At the end of summer the night-moth carefully deposits her eggs in a silver cradle, hidden safe in the crevice of some sheltering nook, where they will survive the rigor of the winter and answer the first summons of spring. Having thus, as it were, insured the resurrection of her type, the parent moth quietly resigns herself to the fate of sleeping her own winter-slumber in the arms of death. On the Orinoco wounded river-turtles will use their last strength to climb the slope of some bush-hidden sand-bank, and after intrusting their eggs to the protection of the deep drift sand, will reënter the water and quietly float off with the seaward currents. In the virgin-woods of Southern Mexico, where the harpy-eagle fills the maws of her hungry brood by incessant raids on the small denizens of the tree-tops, the traveler D'Armand once witnessed a curious scene. An eagle had pounced upon a nursing mother monkey, who at first struggled desperately to free herself from the claws of the murderer; but, finding resistance in vain, she loosened her grasp on the branches, and, just as the eagle carried her off, she disengaged the arm of her baby from her neck, and shaking off the little creature with a swing of her arm, she deliberately flung it back into the sheltering foliage of the tree-top, thus taking the last possible chance of surviving in her child.

The "dread of annihilation" reveals itself in the instincts of a dying philosopher as plainly as in the instincts of a wounded animal; but, on self-examination, that fear would prove to have but little in common with a special solicitude for the preservation of material forms or combinations—conditions which the process of organic change constantly modifies in the cradle as well as in the grave. It is rather the type of the body and its correlated mental dispositions which the hope of resurrection yearns to preserve, and even childless men have often partly realized that hope by impressing the image of their soul on a younger mind, and transmitting their cherished projects and theories through the medium of education. In the consciousness of that accomplished task Socrates could as calmly die in the arms of his disciples as the Hebrew patriarch in the arms of his children and grandchildren. "You kill a sower," cried St. Adalbert under the clubs of his assassins, "but the seed he has planted will rise and survive both his love and your hatred."

Even the influence of a great practical example has often impressed the mental type of a reformer or patriot on a series of subsequent generations. The Buddhist Calanus, preaching the doctrine of renunciation to an audience of scoffers, deeply affected the most thoughtless of his witnesses by proving his personal convictions in the flames of a funeral pile. "I leave no sons," were the last words of Epaminondas, "but two immortal daughters, the battles of Leuctra and Mantinea." Rousseau smiled when he learned the intrigues of his enemies who were trying their utmost to enlist the coöperation of a violent pulpit-orator. "They are busy recruiting their corps of partisans," said he, "but Time will raise me an ally in every intelligent reader of the next generation."

B.—REWARDS OF CONFORMITY.

In the simple lives of the lower animals every day may bring the sufficient reward of its toil; but the problem of progress, even from the first dawn of civilization, involves tasks too apt to extend beyond the span of individual existence. The forest-clearing husbandman, the state-founding patriot, the scientific inquirer, all risk to receive the summons of night before the completion of their labor. Before reaching the goal of their hopes their earthly pilgrimage may end at the brink of the unknown river, and education alone can bridge that gulf, and make every day the way-station of an unbroken road. Children or children's children will take up the staff from the last resting-place of their pilgrim father; and, moreover, all progress is cumulative. Every laborer works with the experience of his forefathers, as well as his own; every son stands on the shoulders of his father. Even the failure of individual efforts contributes a helpful lesson to the success of the next attempt:

> Freedom's brave battle, once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though often baffled, e'er is won.

Persistent adherence to the programme of a traditional policy has often made the work of successive centuries the triumphant execution of a single plan. The empire of Islam sprung from the seed which the prophet of Mecca had planted in the soil of his native land. The storm of the Protestant revolt rose from the anathemas of a poor Wittenberg friar; the unquenchable fire of the French Revolution was kindled by the burning indignation of a Swiss recluse, and his fervid appeals:

> Those oracles that set the world aflame,
> Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more;

and the vast fabric of our republican federation was founded by the poor colonists who sought independence in the freedom of the wilderness, and combined against the power of a selfish despot. Education sows a seed which may sprout even during the lifetime of the sower, and bless individual life with the sweets of a guaranteed triumph over the power of death. *Resurgam*, "I shall live after death," expresses the significance of that triumph, and of the "esoteric doctrine of Pythagoras."

C.—PERVERSION.

The Christian church has constantly perverted the purpose of education, but has never yet deserved the reproach of having neglected its means. From the very beginning the sect of the apostle-training Galilean has been a sect of assiduous educators. They were not satisfied with founding schools and opening their doors to all comers, but went forth in quest of new converts, and pursued their aim with a persistence of zeal and a versatility of skill that could not fail to accomplish its purpose. As soon as a sufficient increase of power enabled them to control the institutes of primary instruction they turned their chief attention to the dogmatical education of the young. They derived no aid from the attractiveness and still less from the plausibility of their doctrine, but they realized Schopenhauer's remark that "there is in childhood a period measured by six, or at most by ten years, when any well-inculcated dogma, no matter how extravagantly absurd, is sure to retain its hold for life." And though the propagation of an unnatural creed is not favored by natural fertility, the naturally barren doctrine of renunciation was thus successfully propagated by a system of incessant grafting. By the skilful application of that process the most dissimilar plants were made subservient to its purpose. The "Worship of Sorrow" with its whining renunciation of worldly enjoyments, and its indifference to health and physical education, was grafted on the manful naturalism of the Hebrew lawgiver. Saint-worship, the veneration of self-torturing fanatics, was grafted on a stem of pagan mythology, and dozens of Christian martyrs hav thus usurped the honor and the sacrifices of pagan temples. Christian holidays were grafted on the festivals of the nature-loving Saxons. But persuasion failing, the missionaries of the cross did not hesitate to resort to more conclusive measures. Like refractory children cudgeled along the path of knowledge, the obstinate skeptics of northern Europe were harassed with fire and sword till they could not help admitting the dangers of unbelief. The gardenlands of the Albigenses were wasted till they found no difficulty in yearning for the peace of a better world. Philosophers were tortured in the prisons of the Holy Inquisition till the sorrows of life favored the renunciation of its hopes.

For thirteen centuries the sunshine of millions of human hearts was ruthlessly sacrificed to promote the task of luring mankind from life to ghost-land, and during all those ages education was systematically turned from a blessing into an earth-blighting curse.

D.—PENALTIES OF NEGLECT.

There is a story of a Portuguese slave-dealer who carried a private chaplain on his pay-roll, and frequently expressed his solicitude for the spiritual welfare of his shackled captives. A very similar kind of spiritual duty has for centuries been made the excuse for an almost total neglect of secular education. Divorced from the control of common sense, religion soon degenerated into mere ceremonialism. A priest who would travel twenty miles through a snow-storm to supply a dying man with a consecrated wafer had no sympathy with the needs of the living. He would extort the last penny of his tithes at the risk of starving a village full of needy parishioners. He would groan at the sight of an unbaptized child, but had not a drop of water to cool the brows of burning Moors or Jews. He would rave about the cruelty of a prince who had deprived the clergy of their mass-shillings, but had no ear for the laments of the exiled Moriscoes or the curses of starving serfs.

Such was the morality which arrogated the right of suppressing that system of physical and intellectual education which had filled the homes of the Mediterranean nations with all the blessings of health, science, and beauty. Theological training had failed to kindle the dawn of a supernatural millennium, but had thoroughly succeeded in extinguishing the light of human reason. Not absolute ignorance only, but baneful superstition—worse than ignorance by just as much as poison is worse than hunger—was for centuries the inevitable result of all so-called school-training; and the traditions of that age of priest-rule have made religion almost a synonyme of cant. It also gave book-learning its supposed tendency to mental aberration. Can we wonder at that result of an age when the literary products of Christian Europe were confined almost exclusively to ghost-stories and manuals of ceremony? Can we wonder that delusions of the most preposterous kind assumed the virulence of epidemic diseases? Maniacs of self-mutilation, of epileptic contortions, of were-wolf panics, traversed Europe from end to end. Men gloried in ignorance, and boasted their neglect of worldly science till the consequences of that neglect avenged its folly in actual madness.

The saddest of all the sad "it might have beens" is, perhaps, a reverie on the probable results of earlier emancipation—of the employment of thirteen worse than wasted centuries in scientific inquiries, agricultural improvements, social and sanitary reforms. We might have failed to enter the portals of the New Jerusalem, but we would probably have regained our earthly paradise.

E.—REFORM.

The days of the Holy Inquisition are past; but the restless propaganda of Jesuitry still shames the inactivity of Rationalism. Our friends sit listless, relying on the theoretical advantages of their cause, while the busy intrigues of our enemies secure them all practical advantages.

Even in our model republic only primary education stands neutral, while private enterprise has made nearly every higher college a stronghold of dogmatism. And even the semi-secularism of primary instruction is more than offset by the ultra-orthodoxy of "Sunday-schools." Millions of factory children have to sacrifice their only day of leisure at the bidding of their dogmatic task-master and with the timid connivance of their parents. "We cannot row against the stream," I have heard even Freethinkers say. "Let the youngsters join the crowd; if it does them no good, it can do no harm." But it will do harm, even beyond the waste of time and the wasted opportunities for health-giving exercise. The process of dogmatic inoculation may fail to serve its direct purpose, but the weekly repetition of the experiment is sure to contaminate the moral organism with unsound humors which may become virulent at unexpected times and, likely enough, undermine that very peace of the household which a short-sighted mother hoped to promote by driving her boys to Sunday-school, as she would drive troublesome cattle to a public pasture.

The Freethinkers of every community should combine to engage a teacher, or at least facilitate home instruction by collecting text-books of Secularism, such as Voltaire's "Philosophical Cyclopedia;" Rousseau's "Emile;" Hallam's "History of the Middle Ages;" Ingersoll's pamphlets; Paine's "Age of Reason;" Lecky's "History of Rationalism" and "History of Morals;" Lessing's "Nathan;" Goethe and Schiller's "Xenions;" Darwin's "Descent of Man;" Plutarch's Biographies; Trelawney's "Last Days of Shelley and Byron;" McDonnell's Freethought novels; Parker Pillsbury's "Review of Sabbatarian Legislation;" Reade's "Martyrdom of Man;" Bennett's "Gods and Religions of Ancient and Modern Times;" Gibbon's "History of Christianity;" Keeler's "Short History of the Bible;" "Bible Myths and Their Parallels in Other Religions;" "Supernatural Religion;" Greg's "Creed of Christendom;" Lord Amberley's "Analysis of Religious Belief;" "Religion Not History."

We should hav Freethought colleges and Secular missions, and even isolated Liberals might do better than "drift with the stream." They might let their children pass their Sundays in the freedom of the forests and mountains to worship the God of Nature

in his own temple, and learn a lesson from the parental devotion of their dumb fellow-creatures. She-wolves, deprived of their whelps, have been known to enter human habitations at night to suckle their young through the bars of a heavy cage. Thrushes and fly-catchers will enter an open window to feed or rescue their captive nestlings, and with a still wider sympathy a Liberal friend of mine tries to aid his neighbors' children, as well as his own. Renouncing the hope of abolishing Sabbatarianism, he conceived the idea of controling it, and induced his neighbors to send their children to a "Sunday Garden" with a free museum of pictures and stuffed birds, gymnastic contrivances, and a little restaurant of free temperance refreshments—apples, peanuts, and lemonade. He defrays the expenses of the establishment, which his neighbors consider a sort of modified kindergarten; and under the name of "Sunday books" circulates a private library of purely secular literature.

"If life shall have been duly rationalized by science," says Herbert Spencer, "parents will learn to consider a sound physical constitution as an entailed estate, which should be transmitted unimpaired, if not improved;" and with a similar recognition of social obligations Freethinkers should endeavor to transmit to their children a bequest of unimpaired common sense. Loyalty to their Protestant ancestors, loyalty to posterity, and to the majesty of truth herself, should prompt us to stand bravely by our colors and train our children to continue the struggle for light and independence.

By the far-reaching influence of education Secularists should bridge the chasm which orthodoxy hopes to cross on the wings of faith. Secularism shall preach the gospel of immortality on earth.

## The Revisers Revised.

II.

Nearly every schoolboy has read the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," but everybody does not know that the volume of stories popularly known by that title contains but a small selection from the original series, which numbers nearly or quite a thousand. These hav been done into English for the first time by a celebrated traveler and oriental scholar, printed for the author by an eminent English firm, and delivered to subscribers only. Each set comprises forty large octavo volumes, subscribed for at a guinea a volume, and a thousand sets were printed. The law against obscene publications being strictly enforced in England, they are not offered to the public at all, and are jealously guarded by those who hav charge of them. But (no matter how I obtained the privilege) I hav seen two or three of the volumes and dipped into them, and the wonder is why so much labor and money has been expended on such a heap of filthy trash (I was about to say), but seeing that the *Spectator* of Addison alludes to them as "those excellent Eastern allegories," I qualify the term, and say pueril fables, calculated for the most part to gratify only prurient curiosity and a libidinous taste.

The tales are interspersed with a great deal of poetry, chiefly of an amatory kind, of which a literal and not a metrical translation is given. It bears a striking resemblance to the poetry of the Bible, particularly to that incomprehensible rhapsody known as Solomon's Song. Poets, both ancient and modern, are responsible for an awful amount of nonsense and twaddle, but the Song of Solomon caps everything of the kind. How it became in the first place reckoned among the canonical books is a mystery that nobody can explain; but in order to account for its presence in the authorized English version, the translators introduced some head-lines describing it as a kind of colloquy between Christ and his church. A couple of sublime idiots Christ and his church must be if that be the character of their conversation. The dialogs of lovers are for the most part interesting only to themselvs, and as the newspapers say of a trial for attempt, "quite unfit for publication." Yet this precious nonsense is published by the million, and distributed all over the habitable globe. One of the interlocutors must hav been a full-blooded negress, for she describes herself as "black, but comely," which shows a depraved taste on the part of her royal lover, who compares her to "a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariot," though why horses he does not say.

He goes on to say that her cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, and her neck with chains of gold. She must hav worn a nose-ring, and ear-drops of immense size. Her mouth, no doubt, was large and her lips thick, but she had a good set of teeth without a gap, for they are described as "a flock of sheep which go up from the washing, whereof only one beareth twins and there is not one barren among them." Her neck "is like the tower of David, builded for an armory, whereon there hung a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men." She appears to hav been a camp-follower and common trull, but there is no accounting for taste. Her royal lover sees beauties which are invisible to the skeptical reader, and minutely describe parts of her body that are usually concealed, and would be best left to the imagination. (See ch. vii, 2.) The indelicacy of this citation must be excused, for the language is inspired and dictated by the Holy Ghost! The original translators hav the credit of using plain Saxon-English, and in the general way call a spade a spade, but here their courage and outspokenness was for once at fault. They chose to use the wrong word, with the result of making absolute nonsense of the translation; and the revisers, having the same difficulty before them, elected to follow their example. The latter hav, it is true, left out the nonsensical heading by which it was intended to convey a mystical and spiritual meaning, under grossly carnal figures of speech. But if these be the words of truth and soberness, why did they not giv the whole truth and nothing but the truth? If, on the other hand, it is the imbecil raving of a besotted libertin, why did the revisers (who must hav been aware of the fact) allow it to be re-imposed on the world as the language of divine truth and wisdom? The mystical meaning was no doubt invented by the lecherous monks of the Middle Ages, to assist them in their designs on the daughters of the laity, to induce them to enter convents, professedly as the spouses of Jesus Christ, but really as concubines of his ministers. And is it not much the same in the present day? Is not so-called "Christian love" merely another name for erotic impulse, and do not the ministers of Christ, as in the days of the Apostle Paul, "creep into houses, and lead captiv silly women, laden with divers lusts?" A nice employment for a Christian minister to read and expound the Song of Solomon in company with a female devotee, and it is not infrequently done.

OUTIS.

## Fifth Annual Report of the Australasian Secular Association, Melbourne.

The Sunday evening lectures hav been carried on uninterruptedly and without any interference from the authorities throughout the year. Mr. Symes, who has succeeded in attracting large and appreciativ audiences, has occupied the platform for the major portion of the time. During his absence on visits to Sydney and Tasmania, lectures were delivered by Mrs. A. L. Ballou and Messrs. W. W. Collins, M. Miller, and J. Donovan.

The week-night debates hav been well attended, especially since the removal to the new rooms, and the discussions hav been well maintained.

The Sunday-school has been reorganized, and with every prospect of success.

The science classes, through the winter months, under the tuition of Messrs. Symes and Brookhouse, attract fair audiences, and are doing good work.

Financially, the association has suffered somewhat from the prevailing depression, and in consequence the general fund is not so flourishing as at the close of the previous year. The last quarter has, however, shown a marked improvement, which we hope will be maintained.

The building fund is steadily increasing, and its present value is about £2,000. The committee has offered a premium of £25 for competitiv designs for a Freethought hall, and are endeavoring to devise means to go on with the building. If, by another effort, an additional £1,000 could be raised, a hall might be erected immediately and without further trouble.

Altogether, we hav every reason to be hopeful for the future.

During the past five years we hav been prosecuted by the government, denounced and slandered by the parsons and the press, and refused halls to lecture in, but in spite of all opposition we hav pushed our way along and beaten our enemies on almost every point; we hav disseminated our opinions throughout the colony and made Freethought a household word, and the association is now on a sound basis and in a position to carry on the battle against superstition more vigorously than ever.

J. N. FRYER, Secretary.

## Heretical Personalities.

CAPT. S. P. Putnam, who has just been promoted from secretary to president of the American Secular Union, enjoys, probably, the personal acquaintance of more Infidels than any other man in the country. This is because it is so easy to get acquainted with him. In physique Mr. Putnam is short and rotund, and his alimentativness runs away up in phrenological charts. There is not much formality about him, but he encompasses an enormous amount of humanity, and when he enters a man's house he is at home at once. Mr. Putnam was once a shoemaker, and entered the army in the late civil war as a private, coming out a captain. Then he went to Dartmouth College and prepared for the ministry. He pursued the preacher business for several years, winding up in a Unitarian pulpit. Afterward he obtained a position in the custom-house here, and figured out the *ad valorem* and specific duty on assorted sizes of glass. In the civil service examination he was perfect in mathematics and superexcellent in everything but penmanship. His writing sent his average away down, and if our compositors had been on the examining committee it would hav been much lower. Mr. Putnam is a poet, but not a rhymester, and can see more glory in cactus, sage-brush, and rocks than a million ordinary mortals. This is why some of his descriptions of Western scenes are said by critics to be extravagant. He always looks on the bright side of things, and is endowed with boundless energy and hope. His hair and mustach are turning gray because he thinks so much, and not from age, for he has been only forty years old since the memory of man runneth back. He is honest to the core, much too generous and accommodating for his own good, and afraid of neither man nor ghost. The ladies like him, and he likes them, and the Liberals hav done well in putting him at the head of the Union, with instructions to continue his campaign. Mr. Putnam's chief failing is that he thinks that he can write novels. But of late years he has reformed somewhat, and refrained from writing them.

A YEAR or two ago George Hartley was the instrument of grace through whom Liberal lecturers spoke to the people of Turner's Falls, Mass. His last efforts in that town much provoked the ire of the Christians, and Mr. Hartley was boycotted by all the followers of the other-cheek-turning Nazarene. They conspired against him and against his business, and finally he was forced to leave town. He went to Florida, located at Orange Lake, bought six hundred acres of land, and is now booming Orange Lake for all it is worth. One of his near neighbors is Professor Proctor, who has built a house there, and is contemplating the erection of a $20,000 observatory. Mr. Proctor's brother, now living in France, is negotiating with Mr. Hartley for thirty-five of his six hundred acres, with a view to building a winter home. Mr. Hartley considers himself on the road to wealth, which he regards as a fulfilment of the scripture statement that the righteous are never forsaken, nor their seed compelled to beg bread.

MR. JEROME DUTTON is one of the whilom Iowa war-horses of Liberalism. but lately he has given the better part of his attention to Greenbackism and labor politics. But we love him still, and copy the following good words for him from the *Spectator* of Wheatland, Iowa, where Mr. Dutton resides: "The Labor party could not hav very well made a better selection than that of Jerome Dutton for the legistature had they sifted the country. Of course it is absurd to think that he could be elected by the party nominating him, but the people of Clinton county might go farther and fare worse. As for Mr. Dutton's politics we are at a loss to properly classify them, but as to his citizenship we do not hesitate a moment in saying that he is one of the most esteemed and respected in this part of the county. We do know, however, that Mr. Dutton has ever been a sympathizer with the laboring elements and their political organizations, and could he be elected no stronger champion of their rights would be found in the house than he. Last fall he was nominated and elected justice of the peace by the Democrats, but this fall he is running on the wrong ticket, and therefore must be defeated."

CHARLES WATTS, who lectures much, may be known, by the friends who go to the depot to meet him. by his hight and size, English air, and big blue eyes. Mr. Watts is about six feet tall, of bony, muscular structure, sanguin, bilious temperament, and general *bonhomie* style. The first public lecture Mr. Watts ever gave was when he was fourteen years old, and bore the ambitious title of "The Curse of the Nation, and the Remedy." For a youngster this was a reasonably large subject. Since then Mr. Watts has appeared in public several thousand times, and most acceptably to his audiences when they were not Christians. For many years he was co-editor with Bradlaugh of the *National Reformer*, and afterward editor and proprietor of the *Secular Review*, now owned and edited by W. Stewart Ross, England's most brilliant and poetic Infidel. Mr. Watts used to be an Atheist, but is now an Agnostic—the same thing under another name. He is fifty-two years old, and counts one of the handsomest ladies of the continent, and two smart boys and a girl, as his family possessions. Mr. Watts is a terrific debater, and, one lecturer says, cuffs his opponents about as an old-time pedagog did his scholars. He is *par excellence* an advocate, and had he taken to the law would hav cut out a brilliant career for himself. When good-natured he quotes Shakespere. When vexed he says "Um," and wags his head. When traveling he takes a seat in a parlor car, and writes editorials and answers his correspondence. He is a long-headed, shrewd business man, a splendid lecturer, and a good editor. His *Secular Thought* is one of the civilizing agencies of Canada, and no country needs it more.

HENRY GEORGE'S municipal ticket bears the names of two known Infidels—Louis F. Post and Frederick C. Leubuscher. Mr. Post will be remembered by our older readers as the writer of "*Truth's* Sunday Sermons," transferred with Mr. Post's corrections from that daily paper to these columns bv Mr. Bennett. As reporter, editor, lawyer, and assistant United States district attorney, Mr. Post is familiar to New Yorkers. Occasionally he has orated at Paine celebrations, and he was one of the speakers at the banquet given D. M. Bennett on his return from around the world. Mr. Post now aspires to the district attorneyship of the city in place of Mr. Martine. He was an early convert to Georgism, having long been a labor sympathizer. He is short in stature, dark-haired, smooth-faced, with the exception of a light mustach, and rotund body. He is very brainy, and would make a good district attorney. Though a bosom friend of George and McGlynn, he hasn't "worked the religious racket" with much zeal. His part of the business is to answer objections to the land scheme. Frederick C. Leubuscher, the other known Infidel on the ticket, is a young man about thirty, a member of the Society of Humanity, and has done some law work for THE TRUTH SEEKER. He is a stenographer and lawyer, handsome and pert, with a keen eye to the main chance. While he believes in George's scheme, he makes no secret of the fact that he joined the United Labor party with his gaze fixed on the General Sessions judgeship, for which he is nominated. He has had no practice as a criminal lawyer, but would make as good a judge as most of the men now on the bench. Mr. Leubuscher worked hard for George last fall, and deserves whatever political rewards his party can giv him.

THE Rev. Charles F. Deems is measurably honest. Before the New Haven Congregationalist Club, in discussing the public schools, he said: "Religion should not be taught in schools supported by general taxation, and children should not be sent to schools where religion is not taught. There is none of necessity in the curriculum. None hav so much interest in our public schools as the Infidels, Agnostics, and Atheists. I oppose the system because it is unjust, un-American, injurious, unnecessary, and un-Christian. The end to be obtained is good; the method of obtaining it, evil. According to my lights and opportunities I am bound to labor for the disestablishment of the common school." Mr. Deems has much in common with the Catholics.

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**

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## TWO THINGS WANTED.

First. We want some money from every friend who owes on his subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. The balance in the bank from which to draw to satisfy the paper manufacturers and the printer is very small, and we must increase it, or run in debt. There are many hundreds of dollars owing us by subscribers, and we desire to kindly but firmly call their attention to the matter. We need the money, and it is not right for them to keep it from us. We would also respectfully suggest to those whose subscriptions expire during the present month that now is the time to renew. We would call attention, too, to our club rates. Get a new subscriber, and so get your own paper cheaper.

Second. We once more ask our friends to send us the names of all the Infidels of their acquaintance who do not take THE TRUTH SEEKER. The intention is to send them sample copies of the paper with the hope that they may subscribe.

## Giv Thanks.

In accordance with "immemorial custom," broken only by the Infidel president, Thomas Jefferson, Mr. Grover Cleveland has issued the following proclamation:

"*By the President of the United States:*

"The goodness and the mercy of God, which hav followed the American people during all the days of the past year, claim their recognition and humble acknowledgment. By His omnipotent power He has protected us from war and pestilence, and from every national calamity; by His gracious favor the earth has yielded a generous return to the labor of the husbandman, and every path of honest toil has led to comfort and contentment; by His loving kindness the hearts of our people hav been replenished with fraternal sentiment and patriotic endeavor, and by His unerring guidance we hav been directed in the way of national prosperity.

"To the end that we may, with one accord, testify our gratitude for all these blessings, I, Grover Cleveland, president of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of November next, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by all the people of the land. On that day let all secular work and employment be suspended, and let our people assemble in their accustomed places of worship, and with prayer and songs of praise giv thanks to our heavenly father for all that He has done for us, while we humbly implore the forgivness of our sins and a continuance of His mercy.

"Let families and kindred be reunited on that day; and let their hearts, filled with kindly cheer and affectionate reminiscence, be turned in thankfulness to the source of all their pleasures, and the giver of all that makes the day glad and joyous. And in the midst of our worship and our happiness, let us remember the poor, the needy, and the unfortunate, and by our gifts of charity and ready benevolence, let us increase the number of those who, with grateful hearts, shall join in our Thanksgiving.

"In witness whereof I hav set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed.

"Done at the city of Washington, this twenty-fifth day of October, in the year of our Lord 1887, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twelfth. GROVER CLEVELAND.

"By the president:

"THOMAS F. BAYARD, Secretary of State."

Mr. Cleveland, in becoming president, it seems, has also become pious. This is well. We trust it also betokens due repentance for his sins of early days. He should, however, remember the fate of Ananias and Sapphira, a gentleman and lady who lived some time ago, and made statements having about the same relativ agreement with facts that Mr. Cleveland's recapitulation of causes for rejoicing does.

We suppose it would be cruel to remind the pietists, whose mouthpiece Mr. Cleveland is, that since last Thanksgiving Day the United States army has had some disagreement with certain red men whose lands we hav taken—a disagreement which the red men called a war; that we hav had Asiatic cholera brought to our shores, and a pestilence averted only by science, but not by God; that the earth has *not* returned full crops, but has been dried up with such exceeding dryness that thousands of farmers are nearly ruined; that honest toil has not led to comfort, and the honest toilers are notoriously *dis*contented; that fraternal sentiment does *not* prevail, or Mr. Cleveland would not hav been forced to rescind his famous battle flag order;—and because it would be cruel to call attention to these things we forbear. Neither will we, in these piping times of peace and fraternal sentiment and comfort and contentment and gratitude to God, snub our worthy president by asking where he obtained legal authority for the issuance of this document. Let it suffice that it is issued, and let us turn our attention to the matters in hand. Let us thank God.

Let us thank Him for the poor we hav with us. Let us thank Him that a year ago, on this blessed occasion, five thousand people had to be fed in the godly city of Boston by charity; that twice that number waited in rags, with blue hands and pinched faces, at the charitable doors of this city.

Let us thank Him for the mighty storm that crushed in the deck of an ocean steamer, killing six men and injuring twelve others. An ocean storm is one of the grandest works of God.

Let us thank Him for the religious riots in Belfast.

Let us thank Him that Jay Gould has become a regular attendant at church.

Let us thank Him that more people got drunk in celebrating the last birthday of His Son than ever before. This betokens the spread of His own religion, which givs us the blessing of Thanksgiving Day and Grover Cleveland.

Let us thank Him for the fire in Madras, India, which burnt up three hundred heathen, and thus helped settle the Andover controversy.

Let us thank Him again for the wrecks of the Elizabeth and the Harvey Mills, by which forty-eight souls were added to the choir of the blest.

Let us thank Him for the railroad collision at Tiffin, Ohio, which killed sixteen travelers. He holds us all in the hollow of His hand.

Let us thank Him for the epidemic of measles in this city, by which several hundred children were saved from further sin on earth.

Let us thank Him again for the Belfast riots. The blood of Catholic and Protestant is precious in His sight.

Let us thank Him for the scores of cases of smallpox in this city.

Let us thank Him once more for a Belfast riot.

Let us thank Him for the wind-storm at Rochester, which swept down a bridge with all its occupants.

Let us thank Him for the New Ross Irish riot.

Let us thank Him for the earthquake along the Mediterranean coast, which added about two thousand souls to the angelic choir.

Let us thank Him for the Missouri freshets, and the Kansas and Texas drouths.

Let us thank Him many times for more Belfast religious fights.

Let us thank Him for the tornado which destroyed thousands of dollars' worth of property and many lives in Missouri and Kansas. The breath of God bloweth where it listeth.

Let us thank him for Anthony Comstock.

Let us thank Him for the coal-mine explosion in British Columbia and the burial alive of two hundred miners.

Let us thank Him for the Paris theater fire and the death of seventy people. The theater is the scene of the devil's pernicious activity.

Let us thank Him that the death rate in large cities has been higher during the last twelve months of His unexampled blessings than ever before.

Let us thank Him for the railroad horror of Illinois—one hundred and eighteen killed, and four hundred mangled and injured.

Let us thank Him for the burning at sea of the City of Montreal and for the death of thirteen presumed sinners.

Let us thank Him for the B. & O. railroad wreck and the death of twenty persons thereby.

Let us thank Him for the August ocean cyclone and for the scores of lives lost by drowning.

Let us thank Him for the Exeter theater fire, by which He presented a hundred souls to His rival.

Let us thank Him for sending the cholera to our shore from Italy. Especially should the people of Naples thank Him for the scourge which is reducing the population of the place by hundreds, and thus giving more room to those left by the mercy of God.

And there are many other things, O Grover, for which we should thank the Lord, but which we in our weakness of memory forget. Archbishop Corrigan should thank Him for Dr. McGlynn, and Mr. Powderly should sacrifice much for Cardinal Gibbons. The merchants of Chicago, St. Louis, Atlanta, and other towns should thank Him for President Cleveland's wife; Bishop Potter, for Miss Catharine Wolf and the power of love; Dr. Field should rejoice that Colonel Ingersoll livs to giv him fame; and the Christian church owes immeasurable thanks for the great general spread of foolishness.

So, taking it all in all, there is uncommon cause for thankfulness this year, even if we do but rejoice that matters are no worse. And that they are not, we suppose, we owe to the same divine being who has made them as bad as they are.

## The Poet of Passion Moralizes.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has, it seems, been made welcome to the Ingersoll mansion, and has made a commercial transaction of her visits. In doing it, she has also found space to talk back to the great heretic, and emphasize her own belief in Christianity.

There is something remarkable in the fact that no critic of Colonel Ingersoll, no matter how hard they try, can be fair. Dr. Field made the most strenuous exertion to be courteous to Colonel Ingersoll, and in the sincerity of his Christian stupidity thought he had succeeded. But he deliberately accused Colonel Ingersoll of being dishonest and not believing what he preached. Mrs. Wilcox has gone somewhat beyond Dr. Field in penning miserable little flings at a man who she has to acknowledge is good and great, but who happens to differ from her on theological matters. There is something about orthodox Christianity which makes its adherents stupid as moles. They calmly call an Infidel dishonest, tell him that he has done an infinit deal of harm in the world, that though his own life is kind and generous and a magnificent example, he is yet a monster of wickedness, and all the time they are saying these polite things they seem blissfully unconscious of even transgressing the bounds of good breeding. Such pachydermatous simplicity is amusing to behold, but hardly elevates its possessors or their religion in the estimation of unprejudiced folks.

Supposing we should take Mrs. Wilcox's "Poems of Passion," and proceed with our assertions as idiotically as she has done in her description of Colonel Ingersoll's followers. Here is a sample of Mrs. Wilcox's poetry:

"She touches my cheek, and I quiver—
I tremble with exquisit pains;
She sighs—like an overcharged river
My blood rushes on through my veins;
She smiles—and in mad-tiger fashion,
As a she-tiger fondles her own,
I clasp her with fierceness and passion,
And kiss her with shudder and groan.

"Once more, in our love's sweet beginning,
I put away God and the World;
Once more, in the joy of our sinning,
Are the hopes of eternity hurled.
There is nothing my soul lacks or misses
As I clasp the dream-shape to my breast;
In the passion and pain of her kisses
Life blooms to its richest and best.

"O ghost of dead sin unrelenting,
Go back to the dust, and the sod!
Too dear and too sweet for repenting,
Ye stand between me and my God.
If I, by the Throne, should behold you,
Smiling up with those eyes loved so well,
Close, close in my arms I would fold you,
And drop with you down to sweet Hell!"

Another, giving Mrs. Wilcox's ideas of the right argument to bring sinners to God:

"I hav lived this life as the skeptic livs it,
I hav said the sweetness was less than the gall

Praising, nor cursing, the Hand that givs it,
I hav drifted aimlessly through it all.
I hav scoffed at the tale of a so-called heaven,
I hav laughed at the thought of a Supreme Friend;
I hav said that it only to man was given
To liv, to endure; and to die was the end.

"But now I know that a good God reigneth,
Generous-hearted, and kind and true,
Since unto a worm like me he deigneth
To send so royal a gift as you.
Bright as a star you gleam on my bosom,
Sweet as a rose that the wild bee sips;
And I know, my own, my beautiful blossom,
That none but a God could mold such lips.

"And I believe, in the fullest measure
That ever a strong man's heart could hold,
In all the tales of heavenly pleasure
By poets sung, or by prophets told;
For in the joy of your shy, sweet kisses,
Your pulsing touch and your languid sigh,
I am filled and thrilled with better blisses
Than ever were claimed for souls on high.

"And now I hav faith in all the stories
Told of the beauties of unseen lands;
Of royal splendors and marvelous glories
Of the golden city not made with hands
For the silken beauty of falling tresses,
Of lips all dewy and cheeks aglow,
With—what the mind in a half trance guesses,
Of the twin perfection of drifts of snow;

"Of limbs like marble, of thigh and shoulder,
Carved like a statue in high relief—
These, as the eyes and the thoughts grow bolder,
Leave no room for an unbelief.
So my lady, my queen most royal,
My skepticism has passed away;
If you are true to me, true and loyal,
I will believe till the Judgment-day."

What could we not say about the pernicious influence of such sensuous teaching! What sarcasm could not be used against such a religious argument! Every word of criticism directed against Swinburne bears with added force on Mrs. Wilcox's poems. But it would be cruel to retort upon her criticism of those who agree with Colonel Ingersoll, that she has imitated Swinburne's sensuous style and exceeded his poetic license, but with no comprehension of his great brain and greater heart—simply aping his ideas, and living in the midst of viciousness. If one of Colonel Ingersoll's mental friends should say that to her, she would be justified in telling him that he was not a gentleman. With the circumstances actually reversed, what is one of Colonel Ingersoll's friends justified in saying to Mrs. Wilcox?

Mrs. Wilcox has written many fine poems, some of them necessarily of a pessimistic tone, as she relates the world's travel "through the narrow aisles of pain." We wonder if in writing them she did not feel the folly and fallacy of her religion and of her views of a future life? Is the great Swinburnian poetess laying down her arms before the battle is over, acknowledging her religion a failure, her savior a myth, her heaven an idle dream?

Supposing Mrs. Wilcox should entertain some genius who ground out copy for the newspapers, at so much a column, a few evenings in her beautiful home, and that genius should say all this to the public? Supposing he said that while Mrs. Wilcox's rhyming was good, she was tearing down morality, and painting the "raptures and roses of vice" in such attractiv colors as to lead astray the young maidens of the land? Supposing he wrote, too, that she didn't care how many were ruined so long as she sold her books? Supposing this genius added that she gave her gift of poesy to tumbling over the idols of the fireside, and further said that her readers were low-impulsed, coarse-grained people, who see only the sensuality in her poems, and do not appreciate their art and merit; and when rebuked for vicious, immoral lives, say they are followers of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and "don't believe in no morality, nohow," and quoted this reminiscence of a rake to prove that Mrs. Wilcox believed in "freelove?"

"Two small slippers with big rosets,
Peeped out under your kilt-skirt there,
While we sat smoking our cigarets
(Oh, I shall be dust when my heart forgets!)
And singing that selfsame air;
And between the verses for interlude,
I kissed your throat, and your shoulders nude.

"You were so full of a subtle fire,
You were so warm and so sweet, Lisette;
You were everything men admire,
And there were no fetters to make us tire,
For you were—a pretty grisette.
But you loved, as only such natures can,
With a love that makes heaven or hell for a man."

Would Mrs. Wilcox consider that a certificate of her own purity absolved this genius from the commission of gross injustice?

We are glad that even so obtuse a Christian as Mrs. Wilcox has testified to the nobility of the life and character of a man whom every Freethinker in the world admires—for in the years to come this testimony, wrung from a follower of the meanest of all religions, may be used against other followers of that religion—but as one in intellectual agreement with Colonel Ingersoll, we must rebuke her cruel and ignorant estimate of the character of Infidels.

## Mr. Tucker and His Opinions.

Our beloved friend Tucker is again troubled at something we hav said, and in another column alliterativly accuses us of misrepresenting him. But, we ask, are we to blame if his thought is so obscurely expressed that the meaning is not apparent? If he did not mean to condemn us for condemning the judge who tried C. B. Reynolds, why did he say this: "If that enterprising paper [THE TRUTH SEEKER] will hammer the skull of this idiot of the bench [the judge who tried Tueber, the victim of the Hoboken police outrage] as vigorously as it did that of the better-deserving magistrate who tried C. B. Reynolds, *Liberty* will applaud it as warmly now as it condemned it then?" Mr. Tucker is not lacking in linguistic gifts; why did he choose those words if they did not convey his thought? His explanation does not explain at all. Mr. Tucker's position in the Reynolds matter was, and we think is, that Liberals who will defend a law made by a majority ought to be subject to that law, and take uncomplainingly whatever befalls them. In other words, Mr. Tucker thinks that Mr. Reynolds was served just right because Liberals uphold the governmental system which givs majorities the power to make laws. But even this does not make Mr. Reynolds's judge better deserving at our hands than Mr. Tueber's judge. We believe first that government is necessary. Just how much government, is apart from the question, for Mr. Tucker holds that no government is better than any at all. Admitting that government is necessary, our position is that it must be by the people themselvs, as expressed by them and enforced by representativs duly chosen. The people of this country hav drawn up a federal Constitution, contrary to which no state can go. Through the influence of Infidelity—another name for liberty—this Constitution is a good one, and guarantees free speech. Mr. Reynolds exercised his constitutional guarantee and was punished by an unconstitutional law of New Jersey administered by a judge of that state. We condemned the judge for his action, and Mr. Tucker condemned us for condemning him. Now, who was right, the law-violating judge (for the United States Constitution is the supreme law of the land), or the law-upholding TRUTH SEEKER, or the Anarchistic *Liberty* which denounces all laws—even those guaranteeing free speech, though not free speech itself—but applauds their unrighteous, illegal, and tyrannical enforcement, except in a case where they restrain an Anarchist?

In this country, in discussing the good and evil of government, we must go to the fountain-head, the federal Constitution. In sentencing Mr. Reynolds the judge went contrary to that instrument, and therefore he did *not* do his duty, the eminent Boston Anarchist to the contrary notwithstanding.

The people of the United States hav limited the powers of their officers by carefully drawn documents, unchangeable except by their own will. When officers or states exceed their delegated powers or overstep their constitutional limitations, we condemn them. Mr. Tucker, in his hasty and revolutionary zeal, applauds them. If he would pause but a moment to think, he would see that the wrong is not in the system but in the administration. The supreme law forbids the punishment of a man for telling what he thinks; the Anarchists revile that prohibition because it has been broken.

With such exponents as Mr. Tucker it is not surprising that Anarchistic philosophy makes little headway.

## Our Friends, the Presbyterians.

The Presbyterian state synod's committee on religion and public education hav made to that body the following recommendations:

"1. That the synod affirm its conviction that our national vigor and permanence are guaranteed only by a religiously-grounded morality.

"2. That without claiming it to be the province of the state to teach religion for religion's sake, the synod should yet confess its belief that, in order to promote the state's own interest, there should be in every school maintained by the state the inculcation of such principles of dependence upon God and obligation to him as are essential to sound learning, safe character, and wholesome citizenship.

"3. That the synod should encourage the appointment of such teachers as shall be in accord with the spirit of the second recommendation, and bring the entire weight of its influence to bear against whatever, by statement or suggestion, shall antagonize the claims of the God upon whom we depend and to whom we owe obligation.

"4. That your committee should be continued, and should hav it for its duty to communicate to the synod whatever information it may be able to secure as to the policy pursued in this particular direction in other Christian countries, and the results respectivly reached, and to scrutinize and report upon whatever attempts may be made to introduce Atheistic teaching into our public schools.

"5. That the synod should instruct its ministers publicly to recognize the difficulties in which the case is involved, and to bring those difficulties to bear as an argument for more thorough, intelligent, and faithful religious instruction on the part of the family, Sunday-school, and the church."

We suppose that the benefits of a religiously-grounded morality are testified to by the lecherous priests, rascally deacons, and defaulting Sunday-school superintendents of the present time. Canada ought to be a very moral country. If sound learning, safe character, and wholesome citizenship depend upon a belief in "God," will the synod tell us which God, and why it is that the Atheists of the United States are as a body the best citizens we hav? The penitentiaries are full of believers in God. Again, will the synod explain why the people must pay taxes to support teachers who are the advocates of a system of theology before they are instructors in secular education?

In other words, if the Presbyterians desire that the church shall run the state, upon what principles of justice will they defend themselvs from the charge of arrogance and religious intolerance? In ancient days Presbyterians administered affairs secular as well as religious; the school, the family, the town, the state, were all under Calvinistic domination. Blood flowed freely then, and the theocracy made of the church a religious slaughter-house. It took two hundred years for the people to break the rule of the Presbyterians, and it cost uncounted lives and untold suffering. For the people now to reinstate the miserable scamps would be to crawl back to the little Dark Age of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

If the Presbyterians were not so narrow and bigoted, they could see the foolishness of their synodical proposition.

MRS. SLENKER writes: "Here we are once more in Abingdon, in good spirits and ready to do battle for free speech and free mails. We left home Saturday at 2 P.M. (after the mail came in). I received a few cheery letters as a stimulus to start upon, in one of which was inclosed $7 for a pair of blankets from our woolen mill. The writer kindly says: 'Of course I can buy much cheaper blankets, but don't want them, and more, I want something to remember the brave words and deeds of "Aunt Elmina" by, and know of nothing that would oftener remind one of her than that which brings constant solid comfort.' Now, this is ever so nice a compliment to me, and I think when he gets the solid wear, as well as 'solid comfort,' out of said blankets, he will find them fully as cheap as less costly ones, for the price doesn't always represent the real value. The day was the first warm, sunshiny one of the week, and we had a pleasant ride of ten miles from Snowville to Central—Mr. Slenker, Mr. W. (one of my witnesses and personal friends), the driver, and myself. Our son Oscar had been at Richmond fair, and at the laying of the corner-stone of Lee's monument, and he met us at Central on his way home. We had a four hours' wait at Central before our train arrived, but some friends came in and enlivened the time with cheery chat, and one special friend took the same train and rode along with us as far as Marion. We had hardly got seated when Mr. Barclay, my decoy, who sat in the seat in front of ours, turned and greeted me as cordially and kindly as if he were a real friend. And right across the aisle an old gentleman spoke to me, whom I at first took to be Mr. Ronald, but a moment after saw it was Diana. I had not hoped for his coming, so it was a very agreeable surprise, and with him was Mr. Chamberlain, the one man in whose hands rests more of the results of the war than perhaps in those of any or all others. Though we had long been correspondents, we had never before met. We steamed out of Central, but were over an hour in going the first mile, owing to a coupling drawing out from between two of the cars. So we were all pretty tired by the time we reached the Colonnade Hotel and ready for 'tired nature's sweet restorer.' We found a large, warm room prepared for us, and in a few moments sank as quietly in the embraces of old Morpheus as if we were off on a pleasure trip. This morning we awoke to find a cold wave striking the place and snowflakes thickly falling, a sudden change from the warm and sunny weather of yesterday. Variety is the spice of life, so we will make the most and the best of whatever comes, knowing that there is more sunshine than shade and more joy than sorrow in the cup of the majority of life's children."

# Letters from Friends.

SOUTH PUEBLO, COL., Oct. 17, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I had the extreme pleasure of listening, about two weeks ago, to a splendid exposition of the principles of Liberalism by Mr. Phelps, at a hamlet near Albuquerque, away down on the Rio Grande. I intended to send you an extended synopsis of the address, but fear I shall be intruding.

I am not a subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER, but I am reading my cousin's paper. I shall send you several subscriptions soon, my own among the number.

WILL A. TERRY.

SNOHOMISH, WASH. TER., Oct. 7, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $16, to pay for five new recruits and the reënlistment of three veterans. I think the time is not far distant when we shall be able to increase your subscription list very materially in this part of the country. We hav Prof. J. H. Cook, of Columbus, Kan., with us. He is a veteran in the cause of humanity, and is quite an accession to our town. He has concluded to make this his home for the balance of his days.

The Liberals of this place are looking forward with much interest to the time when Mr. Reynolds will visit us. He is looked upon as a martyr to the cause of humanity, and we will giv him a warm reception. J. S. MARTIN.

CERESOO, MICH., Oct. 13, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Your missiv reached me all right, and that is the right way to protect yourselvs. I hav been very sick and like to die, and had three sons and one daughter come clear from Denver, Col., to attend my funeral, but I gave old Death the slip once more. But it is only a matter of a short time with me, as I am eighty-two. Inclosed find postal for your paper for six months longer, and then, if I liv, I will renew. I want the grand old TRUTH SEEKER as long as I liv. I consider it the most useful paper to the human family I ever saw in print. May it liv for a thousand years, and a thousand more papers just like it. The human family needs them all. THOS. KNIGHT.

LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA., Oct. 19, 1887.

Mr. EDITOR: Right recently we had a series of protracted meetings at this place, of the Methodist persuasion, in which the officiating D.D. abused people most unmercifully for dancing and said many insulting things about them.

Now, I hav long been of the opinion that the church had no right to prevent its members from dancing; that there was no authority in their "Holy Bible" for so teaching; and, if they are endeavoring to teach "God's word" just as it is, they hav no authority from it to condemn dancing unless they can prove that in and of itself it is immoral, which none can do. Now, I want to ask you to send me all the passages of scripture bearing upon that subject, either in THE TRUTH SEEKER or in private letter, and I think it would be edifying to many to see an article from your pen in THE TRUTH SEEKER on that subject. I know it would to me. I think THE TRUTH SEEKER is a most excellent paper, and I read it and hand it to a few of my Liberal friends.

There is a great deal of skepticism here, but very little enlightened skepticism. People doubt because there are many things in orthodoxy revolting to common sense, but they never investigate further.

Hoping all success to the cause of Liberal enlightenment, I remain, Yours truly, F. M. KERLIN.

ANAHEIM, CAL., Sep. 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The paper and picturcs improve each week. I hav been looking over Elmina's epistles to see if I could find anything in the past ten years that contained a suggestion of obscenity. I fail to find a word. I hav conversed with those that hav read her ideas in public and private, and all are unanimous in the opinion that she has given much needed wise instruction, all of a nature to raise our standard of morality, truth, and virtue. I think if she were a member of some orthodox church the people would put her on the list as a very deserving Christian. Alas! the false views held by fashionable women! One of them was saying to me: "My daughter attends a non-sectarian college." I asked, "Do they hav prayers?" "Why yes, of course." "Well," said I, "then it's not non-sectarian." "Oh, yes it is," she said; "why, anyone that belongs to the Baptists, Catholics, or anybody that pays, can go." I replied, "I should prefer the time of prayers, telling God what he must know, spent more profitably." "Oh, you are an Infidel; don't believe in a God; that is awful. I fear when you lie on your deathbed you will ask God in vain. Oh, I hope you will repent before it is too late. Really, madam, I am surprised at a woman holding Ingersoll's views." "Well," said I, "suppose we try and understand our own views. Thirty years ago I tried to believe as you do, but to-day I am happy to inform you that I hav found that humanity is more necessary to God than God can possibly be to them." You ought to see the look she gave me (she is a member of the church) to hear such a statement. She tried to make me understand that our immaculate civilization was all owing to what Christianity had done for it; that Christians had a monopoly of morality; that if my ideas were taught to the young they would hav no restraint, etc. I gave her my ideas, off-hand, of the impurities contained in their guide-book, and offered her a premium if she or her minister would read before an intelligent audience some plain selections from it. Her husband stood by, and when she found herself cornered she said, "Why don't you stand up for your religion?" Smiling, he replied, "I think you are both doing as well without me." Afterward I found he did not believe it himself. He was able to outgrow the old superstitions and still liv with a fanatic in peace. Now, Liberals, men and women, the time has come, in self-defense, for us to be up and doing, showing by our daily records that we hav been emancipated from the myths of the past, and try by every means to impress the minds of our friends with the unbounded joy and happiness of working for universal mental liberty. MRS. K. PARKER.

CYNTHIANA, KY., Oct. 16, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of 1st inst. Dr. C. L. Carter, of Holden, Mo., represents Elder Coke, of Nevada, Mo., as using the following language in a lecture on the divinity of Christ: "The old delusion that Christ was born of a virgin is too absurd for any preacher to preach or anybody to believe." I could hardly believe that the Campbellites were evoluting so fast; and, thinking there might be some mistake, I wrote to Elder Coke in regard to it, and received the inclosed reply, which speaks for itself. Of course I hav no means of knowing who is mistaken, but, in justice to all parties, and especially the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, I would like to see this note with Elder Coke's reply published in THE TRUTH SEEKER. I believe in telling the naked truth if the heavens fall.

Very truly, H. A. BEAMER.

THE PREACHER'S GENTLE NOTE.

NEVADA, MO., Oct. 7, 1887.

H. A. BEAMER, Cynthiana, Ky., *Dear Sir:* Yours of the 3d inst. is before me.

I suppose you mean the lecture at Warrensburg ("Holden").

First. I was not discussing in the paper the divinity of Christ only constructivly or incidentally.

Second. No! I did not say: "The old delusion that Christ was born of a virgin is too absurd for any preacher to preach or anybody to believe." Nor anything kin to it. No allusion was made to it in the paper. Whoever reported it, saying I said it, is a *liar*. Yours truly, E. B. COKE.

DETROIT, MICH., Oct. 5, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Brother James Graham has taken exceptions to my article in THE TRUTH SEEKER of September 3d, but he did not read the article with care, so as to get its full meaning. Now, the question of liberty is certainly the most important of any and all that ever came before the mind of mankind. It has been sought for, fought for, labored for, prayed for, daily for thousands of years; often won, often possessed, but never enjoyed. It is the hope and desire of all people, yet has never been understood or appreciated. Brother Graham does not know what makes slavery, or what constitutes liberty. It is one thing to be a Freethinker, and quite another to be a free man. For eighteen hundred years hav the Christians been telling the people that there is a God; "a son of God, most singularly and unnaturally born; a heaven and a hell, locations unknown;" and hav formulated a creed to suit these claims and stories, none of which they hav ever given any proof of. Just so hav certain persons in all lands formed governments and declared the people living under those governments free; and hav formulated a Constitution, a creed, to suit their ideas of liberty, and hav dinged their declarations of liberty and freedom in the ears of the people continuously, that the people may believe them for their much speaking. And it must be acknowledged that they hav been too successful. Yet they hav never yet formed a free government any more than has the kingdom of heaven come to hand, and it is about time that Liberals should take thought whether they are working for liberty or slavery, for it looks to me as if they hav a creed, called the Nine Demands of Liberalism, which is just as useless as are the Thirty-nine Articles of the orthodox creed. Certain I am that not one of them will ever become useful until our government is made free, and when that is done the Nine Demands will not be wanted.

Now, I am glad that Brother Graham has read and commented on my letter, and I hope that every reader and writer for THE TRUTH SEEKER will seriously read it and think upon it. I said that the people of this country were slaves under the English government. I challenged any man to show a line or sentence in all past history of this country that even proposes to make the people free. On the contrary, the government has never recognized in any manner the least shadow of right of the people to either life, liberty, or to pursue their happiness. "The political creed of the country, the Constitution, provides all necessary powers for alienating every right from the people, but neither provides nor recognizes any rights of the people to life, liberty, or to pursue their happiness." Brother Graham says it is true that slavery was permitted to exist for a time, etc. This is not so; slavery was not permitted to exist, for all were slaves under government, by the very nature of the government. Freedom never did, never can, exist under any government that has ever yet been formed. Slavery is the natural and inevitable consequence of such governments.

Brother Graham says that Jefferson sowed the seeds of liberty when he declared that all people are endowed with an inalienable right to life, liberty, and to pursue their happiness. Yet Mr. Jefferson lived many years, and saw the government enslave all of the people, and alienate every vestige of those rights which he had declared were inalienable. Now, what does Mr. Graham understand to be the meaning of the word "inalienable?" He knows that the gallows has been in frequent, and has come to be an almost daily requisition in some parts of this country, so common that mobs frequently make a true answer to save time and trouble, and often the people go through the performance themselvs as a short road out of slavery! To me the word "inalienable" means that no power but that which conferred those rights has the right to interfere with or abridge them; and if this is true, then are the people of this country not only slaves, but they are through their government also daily murderers, robbers, and thieves; for we claim that ours is a government of the people.

Mr. Graham says nowhere else has the poor man enjoyed so fair a chance to better his condition as in the land of Washington and Franklin. Brother Graham's vision does not reach very far from home, I fear, and I judge that his past life has been fortunate. Will he please take THE TRUTH SEEKER of August 20th and read over "The Gospel Racket," and note the extract from the Hartford *Examiner?* Will he take his history and read of the times just after the war closed and the adoption of the Constitution; how a rebellion arose in Massachusetts, and courts of law (slavery) were closed by mobs armed to resist the collection of debts and taxes; and four thousand of the trained slaves were sent by the slave power (the governor) to put down the insurrection, and fourteen were found guilty of treason! And the great convention was at work for four months, and came near dissolving without accomplishing anything; and when it was finished and signed, the people at once were divided by it into two strong political parties upon the good or evil that they feared or hoped would follow the adoption of the new political creed. Let Mr. Graham read more carefully than he has ever done the past history of this so-called free country, and then tell me where to find the liberty which after a hundred years makes every worker poorer, deeper in slavery at night than when he went to work in the morning; that has brought us to that time when thousands can declare they hav no pleasure in them and prefer death to slavery.

J. H. WOOD.

DECATUR, ILL., Sep. 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been waiting with the utmost impatience for some one of your readers to giv the desired information called for by our worthy and Liberal friend, J. D. Shaw, of Waco, Texas.

Since no one seems to take up the gauntlet in defense of Liberalism and human justice, I beg leave of you, Mr. Editor, to allow me a limited space in THE TRUTH SEEKER to throw a faint light upon this wanted information. No doubt Mr. Shaw has been apprised of the facts long ere this, but no doubt that your many readers are equally interested as himself about this misrepresentation.

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of September 3d Mr. Shaw says: "Rev. W. F. Black, a pedantic Campbellite preacher, who commended himself to the Christian people of this city by claiming some relationship with the late Judge Jeremiah Black, and as having preached in the city where Colonel Ingersoll was raised, tells his congregations that he once converted and baptized twenty-seven out of twenty-eight members of a Liberal League in Mechanicsburg, Ill. Upon reading this I wrote to Mr. A. H. Martin, a stauch Liberal and a man of truth, who resides at that place. In reply to my letter Mr. Martin said: "Mr. Black says that he baptized twenty-seven out of twenty-eight persons belonging to the Liberal League. There were but ten charter members and three constitutional members, making in all thirteen members. Out of these he baptized four. Prodigous! don't you think so? And they were weak-kneed members at that." And now if said Black said he baptized twenty-seven out of twenty-eight, and said it on his own responsibility, what does he tell? A—a—a—you know. But sometimes these shepherds tell things to boom up their orthodoxy like Paul. Mr. Black, when preaching here, said to his congregation that Paine, while he was writing the "Age of Reason," had never read the Bible. As he said these words he brought his hand up and down, exclaiming, "I know what I am talking about." I would say to the Liberals who hav read the "Age of Reason," "You know that Black does not know what he is talking about." Paine does say that while he was writing the first part of the "Age of Reason" he did not hav the Bible, but quoted it only from memory. I wonder if Mr. Black could do as well, had it not been that he spent the greater part of his life dreaming over that old mass of superstitious fables? While Mr. Black was telling his congregation at Waco that he was related to Judge Black, why did he not inform them, also, as to what relation he was to Prof. W. F. Black, who, several years ago, eloped with another man's wife, and went to St. Louis? And while they were there spending their honeymoon, the newsboys of Indianapolis were running about the streets vending their papers, yelling, "All about the Black scandal," pointing at the same time at the large heading, "The Black Scandal." I wonder again if Mr. Black ever saw the little pamphlet called "The Crimes of Preachers." If he has not, I would advise him to send at once to THE TRUTH SEEKER and secure a copy, wherein he will find an elaborate list of the somewhat unfortunate holy shepherds, with their beautiful behavior respectfully attached thereto. The author of this little book collected only about nine hundred of these fallen heroes for Christ's sake in the space of six years. And during that six years the Black scandal of Indianapolis was added to this nine hundred list. And, as the Christian says, the Lord knows how large that list is by this time. If Mr. Billings has kept a sharp eye on the newspapers his book ought to be three times its original size. W. L. SANDERS

NORSE, TEX., Sept. 25, 287.

MR. EDITOR: The unprecedented drouth, of which I wrote you last spring, has continued through the summer just closing in this and the south and southwestern portions of this, the Lone Star State, leaving us in a rather precarious condition financially, as but very little of any kind of crops was raised here this year. It is worse even than last year in this vicinity, as a comparativly good crop of wheat was then produced. But we must struggle the best we may, hoping for better times in store for us in the future. The drouth was suddenly broken on the 30th of August by a regular flood. It then rained heavily for eight consecutiv hours without the least interruption, which caused the streams to rapidly swell and overflow their banks, destroying considerable property within their raging water's reach. So you will perceive we hav had the remarkable—almost paradoxical—experience of actually suffering from both drouth and

flood at one and the same time. Fortunately, but few here, however, hav been affected by the flood; on the rivers is where it did the most damage. Nature has, since the rain, put on her spring-like garb of green, and stock will be in fine condition for winter.

The Farmers' Alliance, an organization composed chiefly of farmers, are doing a noble work here—not only in Texas, but it is rapidly spreading throughout the Southern States—and I hope that by a consolidation with the Farmers' Alliance of the North we may finally, together with other labor organizations having the same general principles and ends in view, coöperate and march in solid phalanx against the cohorts of monopoly's oppressiv reign, and victory perch upon our banners.

The specific aims and objects of the Farmers' Alliance are, as I would define them: Our industrial emancipation from the thraldom of monopoly's rule. In the words of the platform of purposes it is: "1. To labor for the education of the agricultural classes in the science of economical government in a strictly non-partisan spirit. 2. To indorse the motto, 'In things essential, unity; in all things, charity.' 3. To develop a better state, mentally, morally, socially, and financially."

These are the three first and most important principles of our order (I say "our order," being a member of it)—principles which it seems to me every right-minded and conscientious person would indorse. The other propositions I leave out for want of space here. Our watchwords are organization, education, and coöperation. I expect much good to be accomplished through this organization. It will, I confidently hope, be no mean nor small factor toward the attainment and ultimate achievement of universal emancipation for all mankind, especially in the quickening of intelligence or education of the masses to become industrially and politically independent, so that we may in time all become in fact truly independent citizens of a true republic.

Something is undoubtedly imperativly needed to avert the threatening and imminent dangers by which our once free institutions are to-day menaced by the constantly increasing corrupting influence and power of money, corporate capital, banking institutions, land syndicates, etc., both domestic and foreign, or we may awake some day to the realization that our boasted republic has been converted into a moneyed oligarchy, from whence even the semblance of liberty may hav forever fled. But as we find that the leaven of intellectual advancement is silently but surely going on among the people, we feel assured that such a dire calamity will be averted. A revolution seems, however, inevitable, which I hope may be a peaceable revolution by means of the ballot, instead of a bloody and barbarous one by the bullet.

I must close for this time. Please send a sample copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER to each of the inclosed names.

Fraternally, T. THEO. COLWICK.

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PACIFIC, MO., Oct. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I scare know what to do with myself. Do without the paper? I am loth to do it, although at times it makes me feel unpleasant, and I think I ought to. Firstly, I am tired of religious subjects; secondly, it gives me too much cause for worry; and, thirdly, the many statements made are inconsistent with relations and my knowing.

I am a Republican, radical and outspoken; I am an Infidel of a pronounced type. I am, withal, a Spiritualist of necessity. So you may know that I am not likely to be one-sided or biased.

Religion rules and shapes; it has caused conditions and holds them yet, if somewhat weakened, or even much. The mass of people yet require the showing up of it, I will admit, but I do not any more.

I hav all my interest in the present, in life and causes as they affect us now; I care nothing for exhibitions of learning of the past. What are the positions reformers take? What are their attitudes to one another—to the cause they advocate? Are they consistent with friendship, harmony, and correlativ principles? It is often the case that they are not, and that is what agitates my mind, robs me of my peace, and makes me fear.

I am down on all that is technical, on all book-learned wisdom, on all inspired and self-circumstanced, self-conditioned construction and contrivance. I want a true exhibition of facts and causes as they are us, as they condition us, and none other. Hear all, then decide, is a very good maxim; but where lies the truth? Can all men judge? Hav they all knowledge of the truth—the cause? How can you harmonize and unite without agreeing as to cause and methods?

Here are Infidels. One set are Anarchists, one Socialists, one Communists, one real Liberals; one, and a large percentage, Spiritualists; one Freclovers. Each one is fired up from his own standpoint of life, circumstance, and condition, past and present. The first is utterly at variance with sense itself; the two succeeding hav some fine features in them, but yet are void of wholeness, because of correlates, the life and natures of the people of this amalgamated nation. Make love free and lawful, and what would life be worth in a generation? It is absurd. Spiritualism has produced much agitation. It is true it has, and holds within itself, much fraud and deception, much abuse. But is it true? It is, in all of its phases. But has it any virtue for man? As far as my experience goes, as far as I hav seen, heard, and felt, as far as my own condition in life is concerned, it has not. "Negativs" are never good in any cause or purpose, in any life or nature. For what is spirit $x$ of cause? But that does not do away with the fact, and spirit life is as true as this life, for one depends upon the other; both are equal. I hav wondered often how a man can reason against the thought of a life or state above the present, or immortality. If matter is eternal, and has evolved out of itself life, thought, and consciousness, a motiv state, how can the elements be annulled? how can the law itself be annulled? If man can think and reason because of his complex state, as of the eternal *sum*, how is it possible for him to discontinue? On the other hand, is it not logic to reason that, while nature remains, which has evolved man, in which man has thought and been a motiv being for untold ages in all its cosmical changes, he will continue to liv hereafter—to liv after death? Looking at things in that light, Mr. Editor, what is there left of Materialism?

You had no need to remind me of duty. I always paid before. I say every one that is a man ought to pay for this best and grandest paper without being dunned.

Yours truly, A. H. KRUGER.

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DR. YORK IN BOSTON.

BOSTON, Oct. 22, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Permit me to say, for the benefit of those interested in our work, that I am still on the war-path, and hav arrived at the objectiv point of my Eastern trip across the continent, and the Mecca of all faithful pilgrims of Freethought.

Since my last letter, I hav lectured three Sundays in Pittsburgh, three Sundays in Philadelphia, and two Sundays in Boston, to large and enthusiastic audiences. Our stay in Pittsburgh was made highly pleasant by the warm-hearted courtesy of Roman Staley, Harry Hoover, H. H. Timbey, Mr. Barker, Mr. Pearce, and in fact by all of the official members of that most activ and thoroughgoing Liberal League. But more especially are we under many obligations to Mr. Abel and Mr. Mingel, and their families, for much kindness, and assistance in taking in the many (to us) novel sights with which Pittsburgh, the great workshop of America, abounds.

Iron works for the manufacture of almost everything which can be made out of iron, as also glassware works, which were highly interesting, are to be seen; and I may say that a visit to the great works where iron is converted into steel, in the night-time, is most fearfully beautiful. And the amount of enterprise and energy displayed in this intensely busy city is most wonderful. And Pittsburgh, once shrouded in blackness and smoke, is finding a happy resurrection to light and brightness by the use of natural gas instead of coal for all heating purposes. Long last the natural gas, to brighten the prospects and increase the wealth of Pittsburgh!

Our lectures in Pittsburgh were well received by increasing audiences, and we are anticipating a good time on our return visit on our way West with the Liberals of Pittsburgh.

Of course we regret the mishap, which has been explained by the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER, which prevented our speaking in New York, and rendered our stay quite brief in that greatest of American cities—and yet long enough to take a good look through the TRUTH SEEKER office, which is commodious, convenient, and cheery, and to hav a good chat with its Editor, as also with that most genial spirit, the business manager of the concern, C. P. Somerby, and family, to whom we are indebted for courtesy and what seemed to us like real Western hospitality and kindness. Of course, sight-seeing was not our business in New York, and yet our hopes in this regard were gratified. The courtesy of the Editor and manager of THE TRUTH SEEKER made it possible for us to see some of the great things in this city; among which were the great Brooklyn bridge, one of the wonders of the world, the product of intellect and genius, both grand and beautiful; the Egyptian Obelisk in Central Park, covered over with strange characters which tell the tale of the far-off past long since obscured by the night of ages; the museum, containing, among many rich and rare things in nature and art, some most magnificent paintings, which filled me with delight, only the time was too short to drink in half of the beauty and glory contained in only three of these great works of art. "The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur, is a $50,000 picture, her masterpiece, which one would never tire in beholding, every particular horse is so strongly marked with individuality, not only in outward form, but the soul and temperament of every animal is made to shine through by her lofty genius. Another great picture is "The Organ Rehersal," in which the figures seemed to stand out and away from the canvas, and so lifelike one might fancy he could hear them sing—none but a master hand could portray so faithfully and grandly—not the subject of the piece is grand, as churches and church choirs in their use are the elements of superstition and bondage—but the living soul with which the artist has endowed the canvas is the glory of refinement and beauty.

One other great work of art carried me back to the inception of American liberty, and that was of Columbus and a few followers before that queenly queen presenting his theory, hope, expectation, and desire to find a new world, and as I gazed upon it, I thought, if there is anything which should entitle a soul to immortality, such genius should be that thing divine.

From these works of nature and art we were conducted by our friend and Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER to St. Patrick's Cathedral, the work of devotion to a false and cruel system of religion. The structure is grand, the finest of the kind on our continent, and we were informed by our guide that the valuable land on which this temple of sin rested was procured of the city for the astounding sum of $1, and that the greater part of the vast sum which this structure has cost has been wrung from the scanty wages of the servant-girls of this pagan city—and then to hav that great statue of Liberty with flaming torch standing in her portals is to my mind a burlesque on the name of human liberty. Poor New York! how she is stifled by the red-mouthed policy of Rome! And not much of a prophet is needed to predict what the harvest will be.

Our stay of three weeks in Philadelphia, I trust, was profitable to people and speaker. The hall was filled to its fullest capacity, and all seemed to enjoy the lectures, which was attested by their generous contributions to the speaker. Many thanks are due to the Liberals of Philadelphia for their warm support and kindness to us, and especially our thanks are due to Professor Seymour, J. O. Bently, Geo. Longford, and all others who by word and deed gave us a helping hand. The City of Brotherly Love is a grand old city—not so mighty as New York, and not so beautiful as Boston—and yet it contains some features of historic interest which make it great and precious to the American people.

There stands old Independence Hall, the cradle of American liberty. There look down upon you from the walls the faces of those noble men who gave their lives for us and freedom. There hangs the old liberty bell, whose voice rang out to tell the story of our nation's birth. There the relics by pen and sword and deeds of those brave spirits who laid the foundation of an empire of which I am proud to be a son. Here lie Franklin and many others of that noble band, in the Quaker burial-ground, carefully and sacredly kept, near the center of this great city, now full of life on every side.

Here is the room in which Thomas Paine wrote his grand and glowing inspirations of human liberty, and we were glad to see his portrait hanging again where it rightfully belongs, among the fathers of the Revolution in Independence Hall, now made sacred by the memories of the past. Hardly can an American visit the Quaker City, and not feel a manly pride and tenderness toward these relics and monuments which point back to the infancy of our national life.

Our stay in Boston has been most pleasant. Our audiences hav been large, bright, and lively; and I must say that I was full and proud to make my bow in Paine Hall to a Boston audience, with our friends, Mendum and Seaver, two old beacon-lights of American Liberalism, to preside. Messrs. Mendum and Seaver, I like them much, and though well stricken with years, they giv promis of some good service in the future. Mr. Seaver is big-hearted, clear-headed, jolly, and good, and withal broad-minded and tolerant. Mr. Mendum, with whose family of kindly and gifted daughters we spent a pleasant evening, is a most genial and courteous man, who begins to show the marks of an intense, earnest, activ life in our cause. And these two men, so widely different in temperament, are more nearly like brothers than one often will find.

We are also made glad by the kindness of Ernest Mendum, as also the long-time clerk in their office, Mr. O'Malley, who hav helped to make our stay pleasant in Boston, and our thanks are due to the Liberals of the Hub, and we carry away with us many happy recollections of these friends and our visit.

We hav not space to tell all of what we think about Boston, and can only say from our brief visit that it is a most beautiful city, and an epitome of American enterprise, industry, and culture. We hav paid a visit to Bunker Hill, marked by a splendid monument; the rooms of natural history, and many places of interest to the newcomer, all of which attest in a large degree to the enterprise of these people. We hav noted Boston Common, Faneuil Hall, the Old South church, and Brimstone Corner. We hav paid particular attention to the Paine Memorial building, and can assure the Liberals of the West that this grand structure is indeed a most worthy memorial to that great and good man, Thomas Paine, as well as a credit to those who projected it, and the hearts and hands which hav assisted to make this great and only monument of American Liberalism a grand success.

We were glad to meet our brother Washburn, a grand specimen of true manhood, and a worthy worker in the field of Freethought. We also had great pleasure in listening to that veteran Unitarian minister, Bartoll, of whom we hav heard and read for many years; and also had a rare treat at Tremont Temple in listening, with three thousand others, to the eloquent Mary A. Livermore, in an address before the Women's Temperance Union. She is a grand woman, who has taken a brave stand for many years in favor of woman suffrage and human rights. Her presence is commanding; her speech is a flood of good sense; and her magnetic, persuasiv power sweeps like a breeze through the hearts of her auditors.

There are many good things which must be left unsaid, for want of space, about Boston and the Liberals at Paine Hall.

Our thanks are due to our old friend Samos Parsons, of San Jose, the garden city of California, for his gift of $5, sent to THE TRUTH SEEKER for us, to help us, as he said, in fighting the battle of Freethought. This is not a new thing for him to do, and we trust that he may liv many years yet to enjoy the advance of our noble cause.

One more Sunday and our work is done here, and we turn our faces once more toward our Western home. We will speak at Buffalo on October 30th; at Bradford, Pa., on November 1st; at Pittsburgh on November 6th and 13th; at Akron, O., on November 16th; at Kent, November 19th, 20th, and 21st; at Des Moines, Ia., November 27th; at Denver, December 4th; at Greeley, December 6th and 7th; Salt Lake, Utah, December 11th; and are sorry that we cannot respond to one-half of the calls to speak in Maine, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Iowa, and Kansas, as circumstances call us home and to bring our Eastern trip to a close. And with many good wishes for THE TRUTH SEEKER and its readers,

I am, Yours for truth, J. L. YORK.

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THE American Board of Missions has decided that the unconverted heathen must go to perdition. A suspicion, however, is gaining ground in some regions that the final decision in this matter does not rest wholly with the American Board.—*Albany Argus.*

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## To the Children.

We trust you will not forget about the prizes offered by Mr. Marlett, of Chicago, for the best essays on "Why I am a Liberal."

We would like all the children to try for the prizes, under the conditions stated in the Corner Oct. 1st, and please send them in as early as convenient.—ED. C. C.

## Free Speech.

All conviction should be valiant:
Tell thy truth, if truth it be,
Never seek to stem its current;
Thoughts, like rivers, find the sea;
It will fit the widening circle
Of eternal verity.

Speak thy thought if thou believ'st it,
Let it jostle whom it may,
E'en although the foolish scorn it,
Or the obstinate gainsay;
Every seed that grows to-morrow
Lies beneath the clod to-day.

If our sires, the noble-hearted,
Pioneers of things to come,
Had like some been weak and timid,
Traitors to themselvs, and dumb,
Where would be our present knowledge?
Where the hoped millennium?

Where would be triumphant Science,
Searching with her fearless eyes,
Through the infinit creation
For the soul that underlies—
Soul of beauty, soul of goodness,
Wisdom of the earth and skies?

Where would be all great inventions,
Each from bygone fancies born,
Issued first in doubt and darkness,
Launched 'mid apathy and scorn?
How could noontime every light us
But for dawning of the morn?

Where would be our free opinion,
Where the right to speak at all,
If our sires, like some mistrustful,
Had been deaf to duty's call,
And concealed the thoughts within them,
Lying down for fear to fall?

Though an honest thought, outspoken,
Lead thee into chains or death,
What is life compared with virtue?
Shalt thou not survive thy breath?
Hark! the future age invites thee!
Listen! tremble, what it saith.

It demands thy thought in justice,
Debt, not tribute of the free;
Hav not ages long departed
Groaned, and toiled, and bled for thee?
If the past hav lent thee wisdom,
Pay it to futurity. —*Charles Mackay.*

## Do the Best You Can.

If in this world you would succeed,
You must be brave and true;
Don't stand aloof and slight your work
Because 'tis hard to do.
If troubles come and sorrows rise,
Then show yourself a man;
Let courage nerve you for your work,
And do the best you can.

And in your study or your play
Determin to excel;
Don't lag behind, but "hoe your row,"
And strive to hoe it well.
In all your play, in all your work,
Just try the golden plan;
Be activ, ready, brave, and bold,
And do the best you can.

Life's battle now is fairly on,
And there is work to do,
Will you be activ in the fight
And to your colors true?
You see the men around you now
Who thus their lives began;
Then courage take, brave efforts make,
And do the best you can.

—*Golden Days.*

## Little Courtesies.

What a pleasant world this might be if everyone would strive to remember and observe the little greetings of common, everyday life. A cheerful "Good-morning" has made sunshine in a house all day long, while a solemn, silent visage appearing at the breakfast table has struck a shadow of gloom over the entire household.

It is a deplorable fact that parents, and teachers generally, neglect to impress, by precept and example, upon the plastic mind of childhood the importance of observing the "sweet, small courtesies" that go so far to make living agreeable at home and elsewhere. It is written that "the Lord loveth the cheerful giver," and we humans love the cheerful speaker. Involuntarily the heart goes out to the one who scatters bright words and happy smiles, whose hearty "Good-morning," "Good-afternoon;" and "Good-night" linger on memory's ear like notes of sweetest music.

How many people think these greetings of no consequence in one's own family, but are careful to observe them strictly with a chance acquaintance. But the little courtesies, like charity, should begin at home.

People forget to say "Thank you" for home favors, and often fail to evince any pleasure at little tokens of good-will given by members of the family circle. Many childish hearts hav been chilled at the coldness shown by a parent at the work of tiny little fingers, crude and imperfect though it may hav been, yet as an offering of childish love it was entitled to as much show of gratitude, yes, and more than if it had been proffered by a prince. Careful should parents be in observing the graces of life, the etiquet of the table, the kitchen, sitting, and dining room, as well as the parlor; then there will be no reason to fear that the children will not follow the example of their elders. Good words are next to good acts, and let us not be chary of them. They cost nothing, and can create a world of pleasure. Then, too, words once spoken can never be picked up again. So should we be careful to speak only those words that will bring no sorrow or regret when we remember them, and at all times and upon all occasions to cherish the little courtesies that sweeten and make bright the life we liv, as well as the lives of those around us. S. H. W.

## Smart Little Jakie.

On Clinton place, near where THE TRUTH SEEKER office used to be, there is a barber shop kept by a man whose first name is Jacob. He is a German, and he has a little son seven or eight years old, who is of course a German also, and whose name is Jakie. One day the barber went out of his shop for a few minutes and told Jakie to stay there until he came back; so down Jakie sits in one of the chairs, puts his feet up in the air as he had seen his father do when waiting for a customer, and pretended to read a paper.

Pretty soon a rough-looking man came in and asked for the barber.

"He's gone out for a minute," says Jakie.

"Where?" asks the man.

"Roun' der corner," Jakie replied.

"Well, you just run roun' der corner an' tell him I want to see him," said the man.

Jakie at first was going after his father, but he noticed that the man didn't look as if he had the price of a shave, and he noticed, too, that he was looking at the drawers along in front of the chairs as though he wanted the one containing the money. Jakie got out of the chair and stood with his shoulders against the money-drawer; and when the man said again, "Go tell your father a gentleman wants to engage his services," he shook his head and said, "Nixy," which meant no.

"Go on," said the man.

"Go 'way," said Jakie.

Just here Jakie saw his father coming. "There's me fader," he said to the man.

But the customer didn't wait; he ran out as Jacob came in.

"Vhat did dot feller want, my leedle son?" inquired Jacob.

"He wanted me to go after you," replied Jakie.

"And why didn't you go?"

"He must hav thought I was pretty young," said Jakie, "to leave the shop and let him go through the till."

"By jimmineddy," said Jacob, "you was right. I bet you dot feller wanted to run off with the money-drawer."

"Course he did," said Jakie, very importantly."

"You was a brave lad, my leetle son, and one time I make you a present already. Hold on; here, take this evening *Telegram* and go sell it for a cent, and buy you a stick of candy, and gif your sister half."

Little Jakie took the paper and galloped out to the corner of Broadway, where he sold it for two cents instead of one.

When he was gone his father said to a customer: "By hokey, dot boy is smarter than what his old fader is already. I bet your life he was a policeman some day."

## Infusorial Life.

A matter of surprise and wonder to those who witness it for the first time is the rousing to life of whole colonies of infusoria by the addition of a drop of water to a few grains of earth or dust. These microscopic organisms abound everywhere in water containing decomposing vegetable or animal matter, and some forms may in a dried state remain for months or even years apparently dead, to be revived when water is again supplied to them. Mr. Jabez Hogg has been experimenting during the past three years with one form of infusorial life, the rotifers or wheel animalcules, and has even kept dried specimens for a time at a temperature of 200 degrees Fahrenheit, and afterward exposed them to intense cold, neither process killing them or greatly diminishing their vital powers. Mr. Hogg supposes that as the animal dries it shuts itself up like a telescope, its skin taking an egg-like shape, and that a secreting organ coats the body with a gelatinous envelope which protects it from further change.

## With the Children.

*Bright Fancies and Odd Speeches of the Little Ones.*

A BORN LAWYER.

Street scene: Three small boys, one manipulating a long stick of molasses candy by inserting it into his œsophagus, and bringing it to view again.

Second small boy: "Say, Johnny, giv me a piece."

"Naw, I won't, coz you axed me."

Third small boy: "Say, Johnny, I didn't ax ye."

"Well, I seed you didn't want any."—*Providence Journal.*

DISCREDITED BY INSINUATION.

It is pleasant to know even one family in which the child of tender years takes an interest in those practical details of housekeeping which make a woman so valuable to a man who wants to keep house. The youngster is but seven. They are a family of three, and none of them like dessert. But the other evening a guest unexpectedly came to dinner, and it came to a question as to whether he might not like a bit of cheese. The young lady, with great urbanity, looked up and said:

"Mamma, I don't believe there's anything in the house except some 'mouse' cheese, and I don't think the general would like that."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE GENUIN HUNTSMAN SPIRIT.

A small boy was given a toy gun in the use of which beans served as ammunition. The little fellow was tremendously excited over the toy, and came in one morning from the yard, where he had been firing it, exclaiming excitedly:

"I shot a bean right up through God's house, and think I hit him!"

The earnestness of the little lad showed how unconscious he was of any sound of irreverence in his words.—*Providence Journal.*

A THEORY AND A QUERY.

A little three-year-old Chicago girl and her grandmother were walking on Madison street a day or two ago when they met a man who was hobbling along on crutches.

"Grandma," said the little girl, "what a funny looking man. What's the matter with him?"

"That poor man has only one leg," replied the lady, "he is a cripple."

The little blue eyes looked sympathizingly and thoughtfully at him, and for a few moments the child said nothing. Then, having apparently formed some kind of a theory as to the cause of the poor man's deformity, she asked:

"Grandma, what is God doing with his other leg?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE REFORMED HOME GOVERNMENT.

Mother (to four-year-old): If your dolly has been so naughty as you say, Flossie, why don't you giv her a good whipping?

Flossie (thoughtfully): 'Cause I don't b'lieve in that sort of thing.—*Philadelphia North American.*

A QUESTION OF PEDIGREE.

Little Mabel, five years old, is not so young but that she has picked up some knowledge of the ways of the world. She said to her mother the other day, after a fit of deep musing, "Say, mamma, who was papa before he married us, anyway?" "Who was papa? Why, he was the same man that he is now." "Yes, but what was he to you? Was he just a man that you mashed?"—*Alton, Ill., Democrat.*

EQUAL RIGHTS DEMANDED.

A little Sedalia girl who had been taught to offer prayer to God before retiring to rest nights was with her mother at the St. Louis fair last week and stopping with friends in the city, where there were other visitors, among whom were some ministers. Ministerial vacation had been the theme of the after-supper conversation, two of the ministers saying they were enjoying a much-needed rest. The little lady was reminded, on preparing for bed at night, that she had neglected her usual prayer. With a manifest feeling that all was right with her she replied, "Why, these ministers are here on a preaching vacation; I am tired, and want a praying vacation, too."—*Sedalia, Mo., Bazoo.*

WEAKENING INFLUENCES.

Jamie's mother took him to a Christian convention, and he was so much impressed that he was a very good boy for several days after. One day he was very restless, and had to be corrected several times. After his mamma had talked with him seriously for some naughty action he exclaimed, "I guess you'll hav to take me to another convention, won't you, mamma?"—*Youth's Companion.*

KNEW ALL ABOUT PETER.

It was at a Sunday-school exhibition, and the superintendent was showing off the results of his labors. During the exercises he asked the children who could tell him anything about Peter. No one answered. The question was repeated several times, till finally a little girl held up her hand. "Well, my dear," said the superintendent, "that's right; I am glad to see there is one little girl who will put these larger boys and girls to shame." The little girl came forward to the platform and was told to tell the audience what she knew of Peter. She put her finger in her mouth, and, looking very smiling, said:

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
Put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

Amid the roar that followed she hurried gaily to her seat.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

HOW THE BABY LOOKS.

A little Byfield girl, two years old, went with her aunt to see a baby, and when she came home exclaimed, "O mamma! the baby cried till it bent its face all over."—*Newburyport News.*

OPPOSED TO MIDDLEMEN.

A little four-year-old chubby-faced boy sat clenching his fingers around a silver dollar at the Sunday-school service at the Methodist Episcopal church, in Tyrone, Pa., on Sunday, and later reluctantly surrendered it to a person who collected the contributions to the church fund, saying afterward, "I didn't want to giv it to Mr. B.; I wanted to giv it to the Lord."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—DIAMOND.

1. A letter.
2. A number.
3. Opinion.
4. Common.
5. Strength.
6. Irish expression of tea.
7. A letter.

*Lyons, N. Y.* C. ROOKER.

2.—SQUARE.

1. A mold for metals.
2. An auxiliary and previously demonstrated proposition.
3. A yellowish fossil resin.
4. To sail.
5. To join together. W. B. ORCHARD.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, OCT. 15, 1887.

1.–Coterie.

2.–
M
LAD
LUNAR
MANACER
CACED
RED
R

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, OCT. 8, 1887.

1.–
FLEAM
LITRE
ETHEL
ARENA
MELAM

2.–Aquascalientes.

## Correspondence.

SNOHOMISH, W. T., Oct. 16, 1887.

MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Dear Madam:* I saw in your Corner, in the last TRUTH SEEKER, that prizes were offered for the best essays on the subject, "Why I am a Liberal." As Liberalism is about to institute through the American Secular Union one of the grandest reforms in human history, I thought this a good chance to tell the people of the country why I am a Liberal. I do not expect to get a prize, as there are many of the competitors who hav had advantages over myself. This is my first essay outside of several short essays in the public school at Snohomish, six attempts at orations in the public school, and one in the Snohomish High School. I am only fifteen years of age, but I hav the reputation of having the best knowledge of History and Geography of any one under twenty years of age. and I am further advanced in other studies than the majority of Snohomish scholars of the same age. When S. P. Putnam was at Snohomish I joined the Secular Union, and now, with the rest of the Society, await the arrival of Mr. Reynolds and the return of Mr. Putnam.

Respectfully, EDWARD C. MORSE.

[The essay was duly received, and awaits examination. We hope to receive a large number of essays upon the subject, "Why I am a Liberal." All will be printed, whether taking prizes or not.—ED. C. C.]

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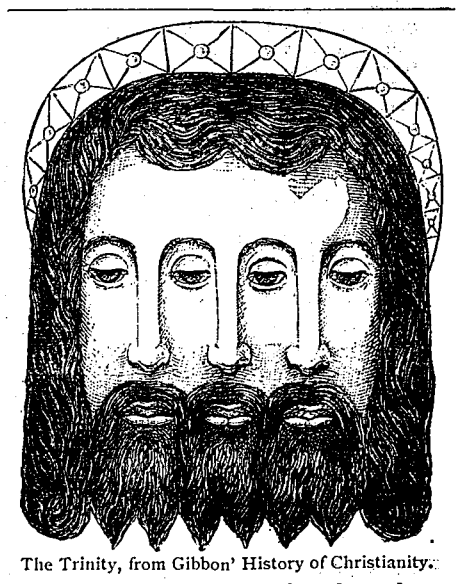
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Long ago, when the world was new,
The sapphire sky and the ocean blue
Wedded one summer day;
And the sky still bends as the years go by,
And the ocean leaps to the bending sky,
For constant lovers are they.

But when a *mist* arises between,
The ocean grown with jealousy green,
His doubts to the listener tells,
He storms and frets, he rages and roars;
In furious wrath he beats his shores,
While his turbulent bosom swells.

The sky, though dark with a moment's frown,
Will tenderly from its hight look down,
With a radiant smile divine.
The green to blue with its magic skill
'Twill change, and the stormy ocean still,
And the sun of love will smile.

Pause, thou, my heart, and the lesson read,
When the darkness falls and with jealous speed
The mists of doubt arise—
Fret not! 'twill pass, and thou wilt know
That the sun still shines with a fervent glow
In love's unchanging skies.

## Fate of a County Fair Politician.

He started for the county fair, the ambitious candidate,
While his rival went a-fishing with a flask he labeled "bait."
"Upon the sun-tanned sons of toil my heart with pleasure dotes;
I love their simple ways," said he, "and venerate their votes."

He arose before the people, but their eyes were all agog,
In strained expectancy to see the thousand-dollar hog;
"My fellow-countrymen," he said, in accents loud and full—
A deep, stentorian, mighty roar came from the Durham bull.

"Good men from Geebuck county, and brothers one and all——"
At this the champion donkey brayed from out his neighboring stall;
Just then the horse race was announced, the people scattered wide,
And a sympathetic Jersey cow looked up at him and sighed.

Thus left in solitude alone, he staggered to the rail;
A cow began to taste his coat and masticate its tail.
He seized his tailless covering and from the stage he ran,
And squandered all his money on a three-card monte man.

Such fate the luckless candidate had on that direful day,
And next his rival at the polls bore all his votes away.
"We want no man to govern us," each farmer said, "I swow,
Who'll let himself be all et up by any durned old cow!"

—*S. W. Foss.*

## Colonel Ingersoll at Home.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the World.*

To understand the belief of Robert Ingersoll one needs to know his home life. The moment the door opens to admit you the warm, affectional atmosphere of the home seems to envelop you. I believe every house is strongly impregnated with the mental and spiritual condition of its inmates, just as garments reveal the shape and odor of their wearers.

I once entered a house filled with rich hangings and elegant furniture. All that money and good taste could do was done to render it a bower of beauty. But I felt as if chilled by a cold fog when I passed through its wide and splendid halls. There were discordant and inharmonious elements in that house. It was not a home in the true sense of the word. Its members were divided among themselvs, and their unhappy feelings generated a current which affected every sensitivly organized person who entered the door.

Unfortunately, not every so-called Christian household is a home. I know a family who indulged in morning and evening prayers, and were strict in attendance at church. Yet the daughters quarreled with each other, were impudent to their mother, and the father was constantly finding fault with the most trivial household affairs.

To such men, certainly the beautiful home life of Robert Ingersoll is a severe rebuke. The first time I saw Mrs. Ingersoll I said to a friend, "She looks like a much-loved woman." People who receive a great deal of love and good care usually show the evidence of it, just as a loveless, harassed life revcals its starved and pitiful condition, no matter how it may seek to disguise the fact.

Mrs. Ingersoll radiates happiness and content. She looks up into the beaming, jovial face of her husband with an expression which tells its own story—it is so full of happy gratitude and sweet affection.

The two fair daughters are like rays of sunlight emanating from this union. One of the girls looks like a young goddess, and possesses an exquisit voice in song. I heard America's greatest ballad-maker say recently that no world-famous diva ever gave him the peculiar pleasure he found in listening to Miss Ingersoll's singing.

"Not a highly cultivated or powerful voice," he said, "but possessed of that subtle magnetism which sends the little thrills creeping up and down your spine."

I never saw a sweeter household. I never before saw so much affectionate reverence exhibited by wife and children toward any man. It seems a pity that this great orator, whose daily life at home and among humanity is a religion in itself, should be quoted as their leader by brainless men who liv only to make the world wicked.

Let me say right here that I earnestly and confidently believe in a future life, in the efficacy of prayer, and in some mode of punishment in the next existence for sinful souls who hav escaped it here. Yet I believe Robert Ingersoll has done the world a great deal of good by hurling his thunderbolts of irony against the closed doors of narrow creeds.

As that remarkable girl-poet, Lizette Woodworth Reese, has said in her wonderful couplet,

> Creeds grow so thick along the way,
> Their boughs hide God—I cannot pray.

But Robert Ingersoll in his sarcastic denunciations of worn-out theological dogmas, in his ridicule of the old-fashioned hell of burning brimstone, and in his earnest plea to men to worship the "divinity within themselvs," has only helped to cut away the boughs which obstructed our view and allowed us to see God more clearly in the world about us.

He has compelled the Christian churches to broaden their creeds and to preach more love and less fear from the pulpit. The most prejudiced bigot dares not offer an intelligent congregation to-day the theories which were served to us undiluted with reason fifteen years ago. I am convinced that greater credit is due to Robert Ingersoll for this result than to all other causes.

Yet, on the other hand, he has done a great deal of harm.

There is, unfortunately, more ignorance than intelligence in the world. A great many coarse-grained and low-impulsed people, unable to grasp the idea of high morality which he teaches, merely seize at his "no hell" theories, chuckle over his blows at creeds, and quote him as their teacher and guide. If rebuked for their vicious, immoral, and ungodly lives, they say they are followers of "Bob Ingersoll," and "don't believe in no religion nohow."

All his illustrations of noble manhood, strict morality, and never ceasing benevolence are lost on this brutal herd, who are only able to understand that he is a great man, and that he scoffs at creeds.

Many young poets claim to study and follow the methods of Byron, of Browning, of Swinburne. Byron indulged freely in poetical license and faulty rhymes. Browning is mystical and often labored. Swinburne given to over-much alliteration and sensuousness. But the great thoughts and brilliant wit of Byron, the profundity and master workmanship of Browning, the splendor and gorgeousness of Swinburne's style, all render these faults excusable.

The young poet who has neither wit, depth, nor originality copies the poetical license, the vagueness, or the sensuousness, and says he has but followed the masters.

Just so many young men believe they are followers of Robert Ingersoll. With no comprehension of the man's great brain, greater heart, and profoundly moral life, they ape his skepticism of creeds, his scorn of priestly rites and ceremonies, and in the midst of viciousness declare themselvs "converts to Ingersollism."

I hold this indisputable fact to be a great misfortune to the world. But that his earnest desire and aim is to better and broaden humanity I sincerely believe.

Colonel Ingersoll givs more of his splendid strength to tumbling down error than to building up pedestals for truth.

If he would say more about his belief in the need of fine principles, and less about the uselessness of piety; if he would giv us two words for morality to one against hell-fire, he would accomplish more good in the world.

A skilful physician knows that a diseased system needs toning after purging.

Colonel Ingersoll givs us too much bluemass and not enough tonic. He cleanses us from error, but he does not giv us much to brace up our shattered nerves. He sends up his magnificent conversational fireworks, not caring where the sparks fall.

His conversation is a noble poem. His speech a string of glittering pearls. Language is his most ready and obedient servant. Words rush to obey his slightest command, and vie with one another to render him eloquent. Similes and comparisons, epigrams and metaphors worthy of Shakspere, enrich his common conversation. You hold your breath while listening, lest some wonderful conceit escape you.

Yet in spite of this opulence of phraseology and his supreme disbelief in the orthodox method of punishment, he has a remarkable fondness for the adjectiv "damn." From the midst of his superb utterances of fine thoughts this naughty word leaps forth and surprises you, like a bulldog in a drawing-room.

There are situations in life, I think, when the most devout Christian and the most refined woman thinks damn! Very good men sometimes utter it on such occasions. But it should be reserved for times of great need. I wish Colonel Ingersoll would not vitiate its usefulness by such frequent utterance.

Mr. Ingersoll has no methods of work, no clock-work system of rising or toiling. He never makes anything but notes before his greatest speeches, and these only a day or two preceding. His orations are never written out until the stenographer takes them down during their delivery.

He is fond of all games, and is, so his wife tells me, an excellent cook. During one of their summer outings he cooked all the breakfasts, and invited several friends to partake of his delicious omelets and delicate "fries."

He is a great jester. Some of his jokes are too subtle for the ordinary mind.

Knowing the proverbial propensity of the street beggar for using alms unworthily, he solemnly cautioned one recently in this wise: "Now, don't go and waste this dime on bread; buy whisky with it, my good fellow." The bystander who overheard him did not know it was a joke. I am afraid the beggar did not.

Colonel Ingersoll does not like the American custom of interviewing. He does not like the intrusion of the public through the newspapers into a man's private life. All those who hav suffered from the misrepresentation and misconstruction of the press can understand how he may hav arrived at this state of feeling.

Yet we hav a right to know something of the daily life of the men and women who set themselvs before us as teachers or advisers. We hav a right to look into the private life of the clergyman who tells us that he can save our souls from perdition, and if his practice is not harmonious with his preaching we hav reason to doubt his protestations.

We hav a right to look into the private life of Colonel Ingersoll, who declares that the humanitarian is greater than the Christian. If his conduct as husband, father, and citizen is open to criticism, we hav the right to criticise and condemn him as an intellectual adviser. Fortunately for him and his cause, his private life is worthy of all praise and emulation.

He has a nameless air of well-bred *ennui* while listening to the talk of other people. It is not to be wondered at; our commonplace expressions must seem to this king of oratory like the music of the hand-organ to Beethoven.

Colonel Ingersoll said to me the other evening:

"Life is a railroad train on which every passenger knows he must be killed. Maybe to-day, maybe to-morrow, but somewhere down the line he must meet his doom. Ah! I hav no use for a world with death in it," and the jolly face grew sad, the clear, honest eyes shadowed with pain as he spoke.

I wondered if this great man did not know that the folly and fallacy of his theories of future life were expressed in the words he uttered.

I wonder if he does not feel that the beautiful and holy love which unites his family is divine and cannot end with this world.

There is a pessimistic tone to much he says of late. Is the great Agnostic warrior laying down his arms before the battle is over?

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

## Afraid of the Millennium.

Professor Harvey, writing to the *Tribune*, about the brilliant meteor which fell recently, says: "The phenomenon has caused great excitement in this region, and has been the topic of conversation since the fall. Many were badly frightened, thinking the millennium had come." At first sight this remark looks rather comical, and it might be thought that the good people of Maine and Canada who saw the meteor were somewhat confused as to the nature of the millennial program. But reflection must convince the thoughtful that, after all, consternation was quite natural and consistent in the circumstances, and that most people really would hav ample ground for alarm if they thought the advent of the millennium was at hand. For nothing more revolutionary could be conceived than a state of existence such as the millennium has been prefigured; and nothing more fatal to the ambitions and inclinations of the majority could be looked forward to. When evolution has done its perfect work, and we hav all improved the "ape and tiger" out of ourselvs, and hav ceased to regard heaven as a place to keep out of as long as possible, and no longer lament the passage of our friends to what we profess to believe is eternal bliss, and think as much of preparing for another life as we do of having "a good time" in this one—there will be nothing in the millennial expectation to trouble any one.

At present, however, the world is a long way from being in a state of millennial preparation. It is not capable of "living up to" the idea. Notwithstanding all the efforts of all the churches for so many centuries, the conception of a state of existence controled wholly in the interest of good remains practically unthinkable. The most conscientious deacon would feel lost in a world where horse-trades were excluded unless rigidly equitable. The stoutest professors would find their faith weaken if on any day but Sunday they could not keep up their end of the log in business at the expense of somebody else. A world in which Number One was systematically sent to the rear, and Number Two was systematically brought to the front, would indeed be not worth living in for the majority of us. How, then, should most people be anything else than frightened at the rumor that the millennium was at hand? If the fish in the sea were told that at a certain time all the water was to be drained off, leaving them high and dry, would they be charmed at the prospect? Truly not so, and fish out of water the majority of human beings would be if what they think they desire most, and believe to be best worth hoping for, were of a sudden to occur to them. The good folks who "were badly frightened, thinking the millennium had come," were, after all, very sensible people, and appreciated the situation shrewdly.—*Tribune.*


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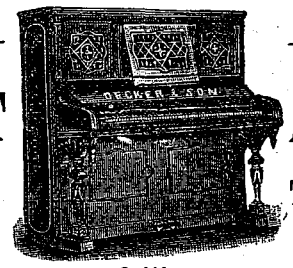
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## News of the Week.

THE Democrats of New York hav nominated for district attorney a man against whom judgments to the amount of about $9,000 hav been found in the courts of the state for unpaid personal debts—board, clothes, borrowed money, etc.

THE printers did not win the recent strike, and hav gone back to work at the employers' terms.

THE steamer Manitowoc went down in a storm on Lake Michigan last week with all on board, some thirty persons.

DENIS KEARNEY, the San Francisco sand-lot orator, is in New York working for anti-Chinese legislation and harassing Henry George.

THE New York Knights of Labor held a mass-meeting last Saturday night to express sympathy for the Chicago Anarchists. Prof. Felix Adler also spoke Sunday in behalf of the condemned men.

SUPERINTENDENT WALLING, of the New York police, has just published a book in which he relates how the stolen remains of the late A. T. Stewart were recovered from the thieves. The body is now in a crypt at Garden City, L. I., so connected by electric wires that any disturbance will ring all the bells in the cathedral.

AT a Catholic church fair in Portland last week a barrel of beer was put up and sold by lottery, thus violating both the gambling and the liquor laws. No arrests followed.

THE Rev. H. M. Keck (Methodist), Cedarville, O., has been suspended for stealing.

SIXTY-SEVEN arrests were made in this city last Sunday for violations of the liquor law.

"HAPPY BOB" VAN BRUNT, of the Salvation Army, will be hanged at Warsaw, N. Y., Nov. 8th, for murder.

THIS is the season of collections for Peter's pence, which go to pay the personal expenses of the pope. In St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, the collection amounted to $2,000.

IT is reported that the seven condemned Anarchists of Chicago hav very little hope in the interference of the United States Supreme Court, and expect to die on November 11th. The shrouds and caps to be used at the execution are already prepared.

THE Court of Appeals has decided adversely to the Henry George party on the appeal in the mandamus suit to compel the New York Police Board to appoint a representativ of that party as the fifth member of every one of the 812 boards of inspectors of elections.

FROM a table prepared by City Superintendent Jasper it appears that 6,664 children were turned away from schoolhouse doors for the first ten months of this year because there was not room for them in the schoolhouses. This is regarded as paradoxical, in view of the fact that New York has a law making attendance at school compulsory.

SOME Episcopal clergymen met in this city one day last week to discuss the labor question. A paper, which was received with applause, urged that "it shall be the duty of each member to devote a certain portion of his time to the study of the social questions of the day in the light of the Incarnation." Great results should attend this method of viewing the differences between capital and labor!

PATRICK FORD, editor of the *Irish World*, has seceded from the Henry George party, and denounces Dr. McGlynn in double-leaded type. He says: "When he (McGlynn) began to traduce the church and insult and defy the pope amid the applause of scoffing Infidels and avowed enemies of the entire Christian system, then I halted and drew the line." Mr. Ford is a Catholic, and has undoubtedly received warning from headquarters.


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JOSEPH IS SOLD TO THE MIDIANITES.

Then there passed by Midianites, merchant-men; and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmeelites for twenty pieces of silver; and they brought Joseph into Egypt.—Gen. xxxvii, 28.

## Gems of Thought.

IT would seem that religion of all kinds has only resulted in debasing man, rendering him more savage than the beasts of prey. He certainly has shown more ingenuity in inflicting torture upon his fellow-man than the cruelest tiger that roams the jungle.—*D. M. Bennett.*

IT is not want of power in God that he cannot lie or sin: it is the infinit purity of the divine nature that makes this impossible, by reason of his infinit perfection. With the power of creating we must also join that of annihilating, which is equal to it, and must necessarily be supposed to be in God, because we plainly perceive it to be a perfection.—*Bishop Burnett's Thirty-nine Articles.*

As an ardent advocate of all progress, political, social, or moral; as one who hails with joy every onward stride of the human mind toward further enlightenment, the Broad Churchmen find in me a very devoted adherent. I sympathize most cordially with their outspoken intolerance of the mere conventionalities of religion, in their determination to prove all things and to hold fast only that which is good.—*Rev. Fenton E. Winslow.*

WHO art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth: yea, he shall be holden up; for God is able to make him stand.—*Rom.* xiv, 4.

THE man who calls religion obedience to a God, and the man who calls it a sense of mystery or devotion to ideal excellence, substantially agree that morality is practical good conduct. The man who says that "mere morality" is not enough, tacitly confesses that it is a practical reality, so far as it goes, although he may sometimes set religion above it. That is, he confesses that, if there were no God and no future life, there is still something that may practically be called morality; and the man who (after Mr. Arnold) calls religion "morality touched with emotion," recognizes a distinct reality in the morality which is touched with emotion. I may safely say, therefore, that if men knew there was no God, nor immortal life, nor revelation, there would still be conduct that is good for something, and it would then be conduct that would produce the most manhood or life in existence we know, because there would be no other standard of measurement.—*S. J. Stewart.*

"LET me carry your pail, my dear,
Brimming over with water!"
"No! I'll take hold and you take hold,"
Answered the farmer's daughter.

And she would hav her own sweet way,
As her merry eyes grew brighter;
So she took hold and he took hold,
And it made the burden lighter.

And now they're at the eve of life,
While the western skies grow brighter,
For she took hold and he took hold,
And it made the burdens lighter.

THE insect-world, if it understood how to use its powers, might, in seven centuries, at least, drive away man and take possession of the soil. These pests could do what they liked, if only they would combine, and, instead of preying upon each other, use all their power against man. As a matter of fact, the insect-world largely maintains its equilibrium by the cannibalism and constant strife that obtain between creatures of the same species—caterpillars chase and eat each other, spiders devour nearly as many spiders as flies, wasps kill wasps, fleas bite fleas, and bugs destroy bugs. Nor is this all, for assassination is constant, and the younger members of a family pull their elders to pieces, not for food, but simply as a practical joke. This proves, no doubt, a corrupt nature [let the parsons explain this if they can], but it is one which makes life possible for us, and saves our species from the poet's stricture that—

"Man only mars kind Nature's plan,
And turns the fierce pursuit on man."

—*London Spectator.*

SOME years ago, I visited one of the London Board schools, and on the wall I saw a list of the daily Bible lessons appointed to be given by the master. He must teach exploded history, absurd miracles, a crude and fallacious morality. He must teach the children that God intentionally designed the innumerable carnivora, and sent them forth to their fearful and never-ending feast of blood; that he condemned all men for the fault of one; that he drowned all animals because the chief animal, man, proved morally imperfect, having been purposely created so; that he commanded his "chosen race" to utterly exterminate whole nations, not sparing man, woman, child, or anything that breathed; that he stayed the sun at Joshua's command to facilitate that slaughter, that the same "gracious and long-suffering" Jehovah solemnly and deliberately commanded that all who did the least work on Saturday should be stoned to death, etc.—*Religion in Schools.*

THE Lord hath made all things for himself—even the wicked for the day of evil.—*Prov.* xvi. 6.

## Odds and Ends.

THERE is a king in Afrion who has no tongue. He is at once the king and the kingdumb.

IT is sad to see family relics sold at auction, but the most painful thing under the hammer is generally your thumb nail.

THIS is the composition a new teacher had the pleasure of hearing read in a school not far from Concord: "Going to School.—I like to go to school when we hav a good teacher. I don't like to go to school this term."

TEACHER (to class): "If a hole were made right through the center of the earth, where would it come out at?" Several guesses were made, when Johnny yelled: "I know, teacher." "Well, where?" "On the other side of the earth."

AN up-town rector was writing his sermon for Sunday when his little girl came into his study. Taking her upon his knee for a moment, she looked at his manuscript curiously, and turning to him in a thoughtful way said: "Pa, does God tell you what to write?" "Certainly, my child." "Then what makes you scratch so much of it out?" queried the little one.

ETHEL and Egbert were bidding each other a proper good-bye the other eveniug, when the draft from the open front door blew the hall light out and left the two young people in sudden darkness. "Weren't you awfully afraid," asked Ethel's dearest friend next day when Ethel was telling the story, "to be left in alone in the dark like that?" "Yes, dear, I was," confessed Ethel, frankly. "Egbert is quite bashful, you know, and I was afraid he wouldn't see how perfectly helpless I was."

ONE of Detroit's best known evangelical ministers has a half interest in a four-year-old daughter. The other day she broke over the traces of disciplin, and her mother sent her into a closet with the injunction to tell God all about what a naughty little girl she had been. At the expiration of her penance hour she came forth very quietly, as if her disciplin had had a wholesome effect. "Well, little daughter," said the mother, "did you tell God all about it?" "No, mamma," was the reply; "I dess didn't do it 'tause I fought my papa wouldn't like to let it det out of the family."

"GRANDMA, where do they get the babies sweet,
With their dimpled hands and tiny feet?"
"Out of a cabbage-head, my child."
And the needle clicked as grandma smiled.

Grandma left home one beautiful day
An old friend a long-promised visit to pay,
But the little brain with a plan was rife,
As she captured grandma's carving-knife.

Out where the cabbages gleamed in the sun,
To surprise grandma would be such fun,
With the knife she cut each head so round,
Nor left uncut one in the ground.

When grandma returned and the ruin spied,
"Why did you do it, my child?" she cried.
"I wanted to s'prise you, grandma," she replied,
"But I guess they've all taken wings and flied."

TOLD AT THE CAMPFIRE.

"Come, Corporal Joe!
Tell us a tale of old Shiloh!"
Corporal Joe, long-legged and thin,
Wrinkled of brow and grizzled of chin,
Up to the blazing campfire stole,
And lighted his pipe with a glowing coal.
"Strange," said he,
"What a comfort a pipe can be!

"In the spring of '62, you see,
Our army camped on the Tennessee.
Old Grant and Buell, by day and night,
Were getting their forces in trim to fight
Old Johnson's rebel host, which lay
At Corinth, some twenty miles away.

"With mud and muskeeters, 'twas bad enough,
And rations was short. But what came tough
Was this: our fellers was all dead broke,
And no tobacker to chaw or smoke:
A state of matters that wasn't no joke.

"Before the battle, on Saturday night,
When the boys were asleep, I spied by the light
Of the waning campfire a blue-coat rise
To his elbow and peer with cautious eyes
On all around. Then, drawing a plug
From his pocket, he stowed in his stingy mug
Sich a generous chaw
That I quite forgot old Sinai's law,
The sweet home rules of the Sunday-schools,
And, waiting until the miser slept,
Like a pitiful thief to his side I crept,
Stole his tobacker, then went to rest
With the treasure hugged to my guilty breast.

"You remember, boys, how the morning broke
Through the lurid folds of battle smoke,
And there ain't no call for me to tell
How the tide of victory rose and fell
For three long days. You fellows know
All I can tell you about Shiloh.

"What I mean to tell
Is somethin' you don't know quite as well.
'Twas near the close of the last dread day—
Just how it happened I never could say—
Whilst storming the ridge through shot and shell,
Somethin' hit me and down I fell,
While the boys swept on with a terrible yell.

"It seemed for a minute my time had come,
As I lay there all so faint and numb;
But I hadn't the slightest trace of pain;
I hadn't even a bruise or strain;
And what I took for the flowing blood
Was dampness pressed from the soft spring mud.
So, taking courage, I looked around;
And say, boys, what do you think I found,
As I gathered myself from the mud and dirt?
Why, there in the pocket of my shirt,
Just over my heart, in the plug I stole,
Lay a rifle ball in a snug little hole.
I tell you, boys, I held my breath—
Just a chaw of tobacker 'twixt me and death!
I thought, as I riz from the muddy ground,
Them's born to be hanged won't never be drowned
And I sometimes think, as I look at that 'chaw,'
That it ain't always safest to stick to the law."


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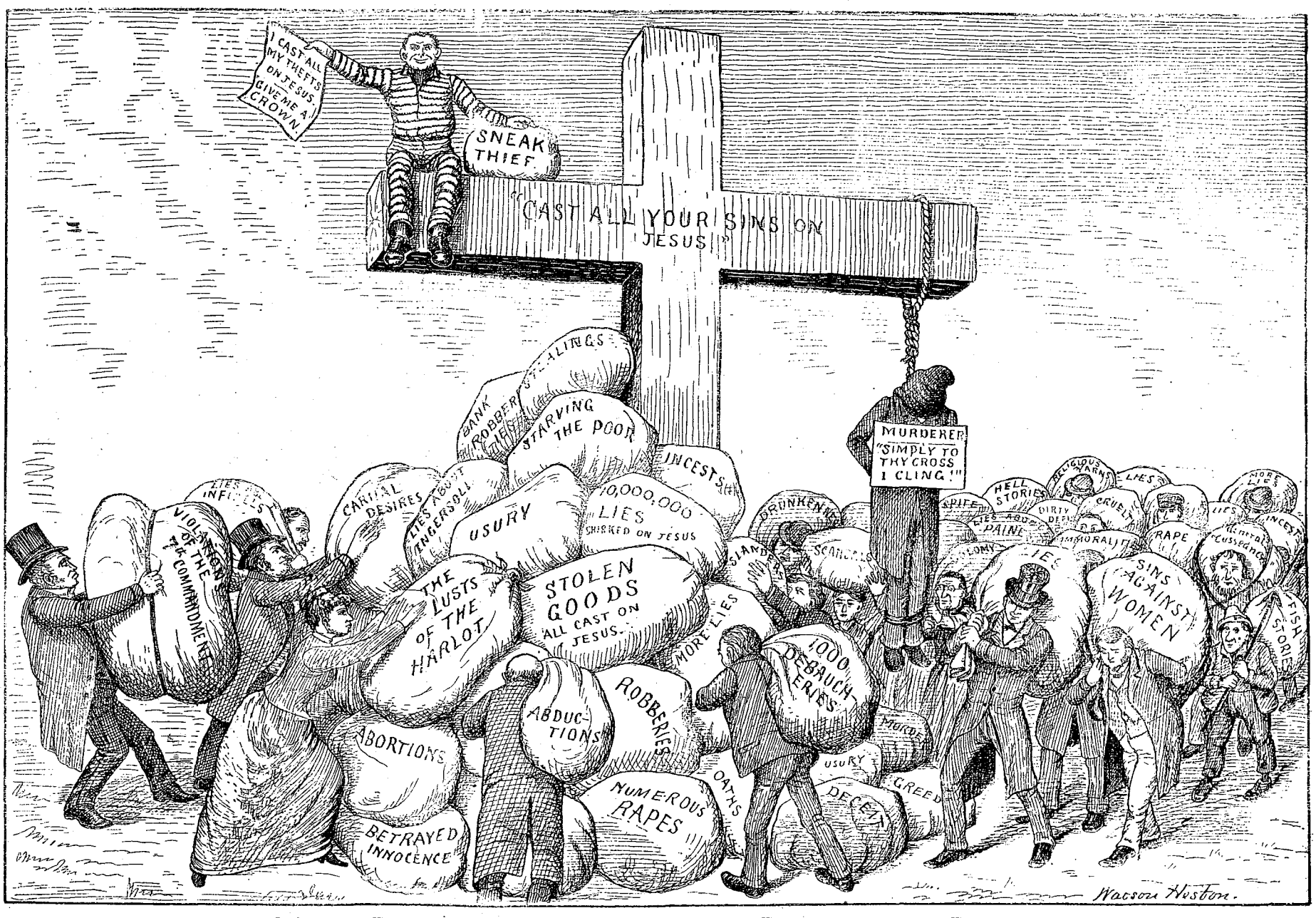
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OFFERINGS THAT SUPPORT THE CROSS.

## Notes and Clippings.

THE Watts and Leake Orphan Asylum has finally been purchased by the Episcopalians as the place for their new cathedral. The price paid is $850,000.

A SERGEANT of the army has invented a means of using nitro-glycerin shells, propelled by gunpowder. He has fired 327 shots, all of which are said to hav been successful.

THIS is a Christian nation, says the *Union Labor Express*, and adds: "Millions of children shivering and starving, millions of blankets and comforts lying idle on the shelves waiting for buyers, and millionaired Christians feeding meats and cakes to dogs, cats, and polyglotic politicians."

A RUMOR is going round that President Cleveland will remodel his cabinet soon. Secretary Lamar will go from the interior department to the supreme bench as the successor of Justice Woods, and Postmaster-General Vilas will be made secretary of the interior. Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan, will be the next postmaster-general.

"I GREATLY dislike," said a Dakota minister, last Sunday, after the singing of the first hymn, "to make any personal allusions from the pulpit, but I feel as if a certain occurrence demanded a word. I refer to the case of Brother Hopkins, who lost $10 on old Royal George, the running horse, at the county fair this week, and got mad, and set up a great howl about fraud, and tried to clean out the whole committee, and so forth. It was in poor taste, and deserves the strongest denunciation. I suppose I might also add by way of example," continued the good man, as he turned over the leaves searching for his text, "that I was backing Royal George to the tune of $30 myself, but when I lost I didn't go around roaring as if I had lost a right leg."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"I HAV pitched many a ball game, but I never pitched one that I did not first ask our heavenly father's assistance." This is what Mr. Stagg, Yale's baseball pitcher, got off at the evangelist meeting at Dockstader's on Sunday evening. If this is the stuff that is welcomed by the evangelical brethren that held forth at Dockstader's, remarks the *Herald*, the sooner the evangelists take to the woods the better.

MAIL advices per steamer City of New York, from Hong Kong, say that the typhoon which raged on the night of September 17th struck the island of Hoi Ling with its full force. The total number of lives sacrificed it is difficult to ascertain, but the general opinion is that one hundred or two hundred personsons were drowned on the islands. At Chick Lung, some ten miles distant from Ye Yung Kong, thirty-two lives were lost and three passage-boats sunk. This is another act of God for which President Cleveland desires thanks returned.

IN the supreme judicial court, sitting for Essex, Mass., on the 1st inst., there was filed the appeal of Prof. Egbert C. Smyth, of Andover, from the decision of the board of visitors removing him from his professorship and a prayer for a writ of certiorari to command them to produce in court all things relating to the case. The court made an order, by consent of counsel on both sides, that the writ should issue by December 1st. It was intimated by the court that owing to the importance of the case it might be heard in Boston rather than in Essex.

A DELEGATION representing the American Bible Society, the Mohonk Conference, and several religious and missionary societies, called upon the president on the 2d inst. to urge upon him a modification of the order of the interior department prohibiting the use of the Indian language in the Indian schools. The delegation said that the interpretation given to the order had put an end to the religious instruction of the Indians, and that several mission schools had been compelled to suspend their work in consequence. The president's reply was entirely satisfactory to the delegation. He said that it was not intended that the order should be so literally construed as to forbid religious instruction in the Indian language, and that the recent annual report of the commissioner of Indian affairs has made this clear. The president is good to the pious.

THE *World* of the 3d inst. says: "It is high time New York was rechristened 'Little Russia.' The high-handed doings of the police of this city will soon giv it that title. Tuesday, about noon, Theron B. Doty was arrested by Detectiv Price, of headquarters, at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-first street. The prisoner was taken to 300 Mulberry street, and was charged, before the sergeant in Superintendent Murray's office, with being a 'disorderly person.' He was then taken into the detectiv bureau, and before Sergeant Bird was charged with being a "suspicious person." Doty asked the privilege of sending a message to a brother-in-law doing business on Broadway, and his request was refused. He was locked up. Detectiv Price said that Doty was 'abusing Christ' when he arrested him, and 'he could stand it no longer, and so he locked him up for one day.' Doty is a person who goes about preaching and writing. Price said Doty had written several articles, anti-Christ in tone, for the newspapers. Detectiv Price evidently takes it unto himself to make a law against blasphemy, and to act as judge, jury, and executioner."

PARISIANS, who, in these latter days, at least, are not remarkable for the depth or fervor of their religious feelings, says the London *Daily Telegraph*, are about to hav a museum of religions. The founder of this remarkable and interesting institution is a M. Guimet. The building is in the Greco-Roman style of architecture, and with its pillared porticoes, its rotundo, its columns, and its caryatides, looks like an ancient temple. It is situated near the Trocadero, at a corner of the Avenue de Jéna. The edifice has been constructed after designs which were taken from the last mosaics discovered at Pompeii. The religions of Greece and Rome are most strongly represented, and in the northern gallery is an atrium which is to contain the alter of a pagan divinity copied from an original model. In the lateral galleries will be exhibited objects appertaining to the religions of Egypt, India, and China. In a garden attached to the building there is to be placed a large conservatory and a pond containing plants consecrated to religious uses. It is stated that the museum will be opened to the public in a fe eks.

# Communications.

## The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

Author of "Physical Education," "The Secret of the East," etc.

### IV.—Objective Maxims.

CHAPTER XVI.—FOREST CULTURE.

*A.—Lessons of Instinct.*

It is wonderful how often instinct has anticipated the practical lessons of science. Long before comparative anatomy taught us the characteristics of our digestive organs the testimony of our natural predilections indicated the advantages of a frugal diet. Long before modern hygiene pointed out the perils of breathing the atmosphere of unventilated dormitories the evidence of our senses warned us against the foulness of that atmosphere. And ages before the researches of agricultural chemistry began to reveal the protective influence of arboreal vegetation, an instinct which the child of civilization shares with the rudest savage revolted against the reckless destruction of fine woodlands, and sought to retrieve the loss by surrounding private homes with groves and parks. The love of forests is as natural to our species as the love of rocks to the mountain-goat. Trees and tree-shade are associated with our traditions of paradise, and that the cradle of the human race was not a brick tenement or a wheat-farm, but a tree-garden, is one of the few points on which the genesis of Darwin agrees with that of the Pentateuch. The happiest days of childhood would lose half their charm without the witchery of woodland rambles, and, like an echo of the foreworld, the instincts of our forest-born ancestors often awake in the souls of their descendants. City children are transported with delight at the first sight of a wood-covered landscape, and the evergreen arcades of a tropical forest would charm the soul of a young Esquimaux as the ever-rolling waves of the ocean would awaken the yearnings of a captive sea-bird. The traveler Chamisso mentions an interview with a poor Yakoot, a native of the North Siberian ice-coast, who happened to get hold of an illustrated magazine with a woodcut of a fine southern landscape: a river-valley, rocky slopes rising towards a park-like lawn with a background of wooded highlands. With that journal on his knees the Yakoot squatted down in front of the traveler's tent, and thus sat motionless, hour after hour, contemplating the picture in silent rapture. "How would you like to live in a country of that kind?" asked the professor. The Yakoot folded his hands, but continued his reverie. "I hope we shall go there if we are good," said he at last, with a sigh of deep emotion.

The importance of hereditary instincts can be often measured by the degree of their persistence. Man is supposed to be a native of the trans-Caucasian highlands—Armenia, perhaps, or the terrace-lands of the Hindookoosh. Yet agriculture has succeeded in developing a type of human beings who would instinctively prefer a fertile plain to the grandest highland paradise of the East. Warfare has in like manner engendered an instinctive fondness for a life of perilous adventure, as contrasted with the arcadian security of the Golden Age. There are men who prefer slavery to freedom, and think pallor more attractive than the glow of health, but a millennium of unnaturalism has as yet failed to develop a species of human beings who would instinctively prefer the dreariness of a treeless plain to the verdure of a primeval forest.

B.—REWARDS OF CONFORMITY.

The love of forest-trees is a characteristic of the nature-abiding nations of the North, and has rewarded itself by an almost complete reversion of the original contrast between the garden lands of the South and the inhospitable wilderness of the higher latitudes. Forest destruction has turned Southern Europe into a desert, while the preservation of forests has made the homes of the hyperborean hunters an Eden of beauty and fertility. "One-third to the hunter, two-thirds to the husbandman," was the rule of Markgrave Philip in his distribution of forest and fields, and expresses the exact proportion which modern science indicates as most favorable to the perennial fertility of our farm-lands. In a single century the forest-destroying Spaniards turned many of their American colonies from gardens into sand-wastes, while, after fourteen hundred years of continuous cultivation, the fields of the Danubian Valley are still as fertile as in the days of Trajan and Tacitus. Along the river-banks and half-way up the foot-hills the arable land has been cleared, but higher up the forest has been spared. All the highlands from Ratisbon to Budha-Pesth still form a continuous mountain park of stately oaks and pines, and, as a consequence, springs never fail; crops are safe against winter floods and summer drouths; song-birds still return to their birthland, and reward their protectors by the destruction of noxious insects; meadows, grain-fields, and orchards produce their abundant harvest year after year; famine is unknown, and contagious diseases rarely assume an epidemic form. In Switzerland and Prussia the preservation of the now remaining woodlands is guaranteed by strict protective laws; Scandinavia requires her forest-owners to replant a certain portion of every larger clearing; in Great Britain the parks of the ancient mansions are protected like sacred monuments of the past, and landowners vie in lining their field-trails with rows of shade-trees. The fertility of those lands is a constant surprise to the American traveler disposed to associate the idea of eastern landscapes with the picture of worn-out fields. Surrounded by Russian steppes and trans-Alpine deserts, the homes of the Germanic nations still form a Goshen of verdure and abundance. Forest protectors have not lost their earthly paradise.

C.—PERVERSION.

Sixteen hundred years ago the highlands of the European continent were still covered with a dense growth of primeval forests. The healthfulness and fertility of the Mediterranean coastlands surpassed that of the most favored regions of the present world, and the dependence of those blessings on the preservation of the spring-sheltering woodlands was clearly recognized by such writers as Pliny and Columella, though their own experience did not enable them to suspect all the ruinous consequences of that wholesale forest destruction, which modern science has justly denounced as the *ne plus ultra* folly of human improvidence. Practical experiments had, however, demonstrated such facts as the failing of springs on treeless slopes, and the violence of winter floods in districts unprotected by rain-absorbing forests, and tree culture was practiced as a regular branch of rational husbandry. But with the triumph of the Galilean church came the millennium of unnaturalism. Rational agriculture became a tradition of the past; the culture of secular science was fiercely denounced from thousands of pulpits; improvidence, "unworldliness," and superstitious reliance on the efficacy of prayer were systematically inculcated as supreme virtues; the cultivators of the soil were treated like unclean beasts, and for a series of centuries the garden regions of the East were abandoned to the inevitable consequences of neglect and misculture.

Millions of acres of fine forest lands passed into the hands of ignorant priests, who, in their greed for immediate gain, and their reckless indifference to the secular welfare of posterity, doomed their trees to the ax, entailing barrenness on regions favored by every natural advantage of soil and climate. Drouths, famines, and locust-swarms failed to impress the protest of nature. Her enemies had no concern with such worldly vanities as the study of climatic vicissitudes, and hoped to avert the consequences of their folly by an appeal to the intercession of miracle-working saints.

D.—PENALTIES OF NEGLECT.

Yet the saints failed to answer that appeal. The outraged laws of nature avenged themselves with the inexorable sequence of cause and effect, and in spite of all prayer-meetings the significance of their crime against the fertility of their Mother Earth was brought home to the experience of the ruthless destroyers. In their net-work of moss and leaves forests absorb the moisture of the atmosphere, and thus nourish the springs which in their turn replenish the brooks and rivers. When the highlands of the Mediterranean peninsulas had been deprived of their woods the general failing of springs turned rivers into shallow brooks, and brook-valleys into arid ravines. Summer rains became too scarce to support the vegetation of the farm lands; the tillers of the soil had to resort to irrigation and eat their bread in a harder and ever harder struggle for existence, till vast areas of once fertile lands had to be entirely abandoned, and the arable territory of this planet was yearly reduced by the growth of an artificial desert. And while the summer drouths became more severe, winter floods became more frequent and destructive. From the treeless slopes of the Mediterranean coastlands winter rains descended like waterfalls, turning once placid rivers into raging torrents, and depriving the fields of their small remnant of fertile mould. Hillsides which in the times of Virgil had furnished pastures for thousands of herds were thus reduced to a state of desolation almost as complete as that of a volcanic cinder-field; their dells choked with rock *debris*, their terraces rent by a chaos of gullies and clefts, while the soil, swept from the highlands, was accumulated in mudbanks near the mouth of the river. Harbors once offering anchorage for the fleets of an empire became inaccessible from the ever-growing deposits of diluvium. Yearly mud inundations engendered climatic diseases and all-pervading gnat swarms. Insectivorous birds, deprived of their nest shelter, emigrated to less inhospitable lands, and the scant produce of tillage had to be shared with ever-multiplying legions of destructive insects. Along the south coasts of Italy the shore-hills for hundreds of miles present the same dreary aspect of monotonous barrenness. Greece is a naked rock; forests have almost disappeared from the plains of Spain and Asia Minor; in northern Africa millions of square miles, once teeming with cities and castles, have been reduced to a state of hopeless aridity. The Mediterranean, once a forest-lake of paradise, has become a Dead Sea, surrounded by barren rocks, and sandy or dust-clouded plains. According to a careful comparison of the extant data of statistical computations, the population of the territory once comprised under the jurisdiction of the Cæsars has thus been reduced from 290,000,000 to less than 80,000,000, *i.e.*, from a hundred to less than thirty per cent. In other words, an average of seventy-eight in a hundred human beings have been starved out of existence, and the same area of ground which *once* supported a flourishing village, at present almost fails to satisfy the hunger of a small family. For we must not forget that modern industry has devised methods of subsistence undreamed of by the nations of antiquity, and that the religion of resignation has taught millions to endure degrees of wretchedness which nine out of ten pagans would have refused to prefer to the alternative of self-destruction. A whole tenement of priest-ridden lazaronis now contrive to eke out a subsistence on a pittance which a citizen of ancient Rome would have been too proud to ask a woman to share; yet with all their talent for surviving under conditions of soul and body degrading distress, only eight children of the Mediterranean coastlands can now wring a sickly subsistence from the same area of soil which once sufficed to supply twenty-nine men with all the blessings of health and abundance.

E.—REFORM.

The discovery of two new continents has respited the doomed nations of the Old World, but the rapid colonization of those land supplements will soon reduce mankind to the alternative of tree-culture or emigration to the charity-farm of the New Jerusalem. In the words of a great German naturalist, "We shall have to work the world over again." On a small scale the practicability of that plan has already been conclusively demonstrated. By tree-culture alone arid sand-wastes have been restored to something like tolerable fertility, if not to anything approaching their pristine productiveness. In the lower valley of the Nile (the ancient Thebaïd) Ibrahim Pasha set out thirty-five million Circassian forest-trees, of which one-third at least took root, and by their growth not only reclaimed the sterility of the soil but increased the average annual rainfall from four to fifteen inches. In the Landes of western France a large tract of land has been reclaimed from the inroads of the coast sand by lining the dunes with a thick belt of trees, and some fifteen hundred square miles of once worthless fields have thus been restored to a high degree of productiveness. In the Austrian *Karst*, a sterile plateau of limestone cliffs and caves has been dotted with groves till the valleys have been re-freshed with the water of resuscitated springs, and pasture-lands, long too impoverished even for the sustenance of mountain goats, once more are covered with herds of thriving cattle.

The experience of the next three or four generations will not fail to make every intelligent farmer a tree-planter. Our barren fields will be turned into pine plantations, every public highway will be lined with shade-trees. The communities of the next century will vie in the consecration of township groves, in the founding of forestry clubs, in the celebration of arbor days and woodland festivals. The barren table-lands of our central states will be reclaimed, and before the end of the twentieth century the work of redemption will be extended to the great deserts of the Eastern continents. And as a hundred years ago armies of tree-fellers were busy wresting land from the primeval forest, in a hundred years more armies of tree-planters will be busy wresting land from the desert. The men that will "work the world over again" will not be apt to forget the terms of their second lease.

In turning up the soil of the reclaimed desert they will unearth the foundations of buried temples, temples once sacred to the worship of gods whose prophets drenched the world with blood to enforce the observance of circumcision rites, wafer rites, and immersion rites, and filled their scriptures with minute instructions for the ordinances of priests and the mumbling of prescribed prayers. In musing over the ruins of such temples, the children of the future will have a chance for many profitable meditations—the reflection, for instance: From what mistakes those alleged saviors might have saved the world if their voluminous gospels had devoted a single page to an injunction against the earth-desolating folly of forest-destruction!

### Thousands of Starving Children.

Some days ago Vienna was startled by a statement in the newspapers that there are in the Viennese schools 2,300 starving children who remain without food from morning till evening, having, perhaps, but one miserable meal a day. It now appears that the statement is only too true, and that great misery prevails among the poorer classes of Vienna. The disclosure has been promptly followed by generous contributions to a fund to be started for the purpose of providing dinners for poor school children.—*Vienna Dispatch to the London Standard.*

Let us not forget on Thanksgiving Day to thank God for that.

## C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

OLNEY, ILL., Oct. 12th, 13th, and 14th.—Olney is a very handsome city, located in beautiful picturesque country, and givs evidence of more than ordinary enterprise and public spirit. Olney has a full share of Christianity, but her best citizens do not work at it much. I had a very interesting interview, at his own home, with the most able and popular minister of the city, and found him a good man, honestly in some error, but a much more faithful devotee of science than of orthodoxy. If they will only permit him he will enlighten and finally humanize his church.

Fear of Mrs. Grundy has much more influence in Olney than fear of God. The first night of my lectures only the brave and self-reliant ventured to the Opera House, but each succeeding night the attendance greatly increased, and great interest was awakened. The burden of sustaining the standard of Freethought has long been borne by the venerable I. H. Rowland, 84 years of age, yet hale and energetic, a loving, kind-hearted, lovable old man, who regards THE TRUTH SEEKER as his mental bread of life. He fully realizes that death is near, yet looks toward it in calm serenity, without a shade of fear; but, like a tired child, ready and willing to fall into the sweet oblivion of sleep. I. M. Tobias, the wide-awake, public-spirited young merchant, is his main helper in liberal work, and on his young shoulders must soon fall the mantle and responsibilities of noble old Father Rowland. May friend Tobias liv as long, happy, and useful a life, and battle as valiantly for human freedom and mental liberty; and I feel assured he will, for he certainly possesses the qualification to do so.

KEWANEE, ILL., Oct. 19th, 20th, and 21st.—I had the honor of delivering the first Liberal lecture in this place. The Christians labored diligently, using the stay-away argument. The attendance was not large, but embraced the best class of people, and all listened with attention and by their applause evinced appreciation. I was highly gratified to meet here the well-known advocate of Freethought and outspoken foe to supernaturalism, A. W. Wood, an old subscriber and contributor to THE TRUTH SEEKER. Despite his rank Infidelity, even the devout Christians year after year re-elect him to the responsible position of police justice. Rigidly just, yet tender-hearted and compassionate, he commands the respect of all, and wins the love of the good and true. He has for co-worker Levi North (another stanch friend of THE TRUTH SEEKER and a great admirer of its Editor), the distinguished lawyer and veteran Abolitionist and Infidel, whose son so bravely withstood the decrees of the faculty of the University of Illinois, in the spring of 1885, and was finally expelled from the University, although admitted to be of most exemplary conduct in all else, and a diligent student—but he refused to attend or take part in the prayers and religious services held each day in the University chapel.

The trinity of Freethought in Kewanee is completed in the person of C. Leonard, a Liberal Spiritualist, a genuin Liberal who, like my noble, tried, and trusty friends, Elias H. Gault and his wife, of Kalamazoo, Mich., desires before all and above all full, free, perfect liberty for all alike, mental and physical, and always ready and willing to contribute alike time and money to aid the good work.

There are many valiant workers for reason, right, and truth in adjacent towns. Some came quite long distances to attend the lectures, and shake the hand of the Jersey blasphemer. Among them was friend C. Ostram, of Necoma, who came sixteen miles to see me and attend the lectures.

NUNDA, ILL., Oct. 23d.—There are but few Liberals in this place. The cause is ably championed by the old veteran of the late war, Capt. J. E. Beckley. The design was to hav a gathering of Liberals and their friends from the surrounding country, and the lectures were very thoroughly advertised to this end. But the fervent prayers of the righteous availed, or at least a savage storm prevailed, so that only a few very determined ones ventured in from a distance. The attendance was quite meager, but the few Christians who attended were aroused to the necessity of investigating the foundations of their faith and hope.

OXFORD, IA., Oct 25th, 26th.—That most able and devoted exponent of Liberalism, John E. Remsburg, has done pioneer work here, and succeeded, as he does everywhere, in arousing a spirit of inquiry, and popularizing Infidelity. The banner-bearer here is the gentle, genial, good old Uncle Thomas Sherlock, a veteran of seventy-five. Everyone in the village, old and young, always greets him with kind smiles and cheering words, although he is such a dreadful Infidel. He is an Englishman with a heart of oak, sturdy, resolute, fearless; ever the friend of every creature that is in need or suffering, always to be found on the side of the weak against the strong, the hater of all cruelty, all shams, frauds, and hypocrits.

Quite an enthusiasm was aroused by my lecture on "Why I Left the Pulpit," resulting in a very large demand for copies of "Bible Inquiries." More Bible-reading resulted from the lecture than from all the sermons preached here during the whole year. Wednesday evening I had to share the use of the hall with a Democratic speaker. After he concluded, I spoke on "The Bible: From Whence It Came, and What It Really Teaches." The Presbyterian minister was present, but spake no word. "Like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so he opened not his mouth: in his humiliation his judgment was taken away" (Acts viii, 32, 33). I find it vain to hope that ministers will come to the defense of their creeds. Really, one prophecy of the Bible is verified: "His watchmen are blind, they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber; yea, they are greedy dogs, which can never hav enough, and they are shepherds that cannot understand; they all look to their own way, everyone for his gain from his quarter" (Isa. lvi, 11, 12). I left the people texts that will enable them to propound conundrums enough to that minister to keep him on the anxious seat all winter.

Liberals of Colorado, I shall enter your state about the middle of January. Now is the time to decide if you need my services. Please write me soon as possible.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

## A Champion of Old Theology.

The Rev. Dr. Sunderland, of Washington, a veteran in the Presbyterian church militant, has unsheathed his sword in defense of the Calvinistic theology. In a letter to the New York *Sun* he repudiates "every implication affecting the stability of the Westminster Catechism, and the doctrins known as the 'old theology,' or the system of Calvin, Augustin, and Paul." He denounces "the wild theorists in the Congregational church" who "are higgling over the state of the dead, rather than spending their strength in preaching the old gospel to the living; and prophesies that "the doctrins of the old theology will never be exploded so long as the world stands;" but "let once a great tempest arise, which threatens the very foundations of society, and the existence of civil government itself, and these youngsters of the new theology will not be heard of."

Dr. Sunderland has been engaged in the work of saving the souls of God's elect about forty-five years, most of the time in the city of Washington. He has been chaplain of the United States Senate in former years, for which divine service he has received over five thousand dollars, at the rate of about nine dollars for each prayer, averaging a minute and a half long. He officiated at the funeral of the Infidel senator, Charles Sumner, but having inadvertently omitted to name in his prayer the vice-president, he went to a newspaper correspondent to hav that omission supplied in the printed report. In that way doubtless the Lord heard the amended prayer, but I fear that the chaplain's published petition did not prolong Henry Wilson's days.

In 1871 I had a newspaper controversy with Dr. Sunderland on the Sunday question. Some months afterward I published it, with additions, in a pamphlet. That did not please my adversary, and being debarred from renewing the controversy in the same newspaper, he induced another editor to print a whole column of vituperation and falsehood about me and my pamphlet. I took the starch out of him in half a column.

About that time an aged gentleman called on me with a personal grievance against Dr. Sunderland. I declined to espouse his quarrel, but some months afterward, having looked into the merits of the case, I obtained from him an affidavit which I thought I might use in a future contingency. That affidavit charged the Rev. Byron Sunderland with having lobbied a claim through Congress, for which service the affiant paid him three hundred and fifty dollars.

After nearly a year of quiet, Dr. Sunderland meanwhile having become chaplain of the Senate a second time, the idea occurred to me of sending the affidavit to the New York *Sun*. The editor published it with caustic comments, Jan. 14, 1874, omitting the affiant's name, but saying that the gentleman would appear at once if any committee of the Senate wanted to see him.

Dr. Sunderland replied, seconding the *Sun's* suggestion, and saying, "If he [the affiant] can prove that I ever received one dollar from him, I will at once resign the chaplaincy of the Senate."

Thereupon the *Sun* disclosed the affiant's name, J. O. Armes. He was temporarly sojourning in Chemung Co., N. Y., but Dr. Sunderland had offered to pay his fare to Washington, if necessary, and the editor of the *Sun* reiterated the suggestion to go right ahead with the investigation.

It was more than a month before Dr. Sunderland was heard from again, when he came out with a card in the *Sun*, denying that either the affiant, or anyone else for him, had ever paid him (Dr. Sunderland) a dollar, and he added: "For further particulars I refer the curious to the suggested investigation before the Senate committee, *whenever Mr. Armes is ready to proceed.*"

Two weeks later, in answer to a hint in the *Sun*, that if the charge was false why wait for the accuser to move? Dr. Sunderland said: "Let him choose his Senate Committee and proceed to substantiate his statements. Your first intimation was that he would be ready to do this, and until it is done, I am content to leave the matter, so far as your paper is concerned, to the judgment of the public."

Thus the matter lay, and Dr. Sunderland continued in the chaplaincy four years. The venerable accuser meanwhile returned to Washington, his permanent home, where he died in 1879. Repeatedly he called on me with tottering steps, but retaining all his mental faculties. Repeatedly he sought to stir the matter up with senators. It was not the payment of the money for Dr. Sunderland's service, but the manner in which the doctor had treated him after the claim was passed, that galled the proud spirit of the old Virginian.

Once he prevailed on me to write a memorial to the Senate. I did it in haste, and it began in this wise: "How much longer is the Senate of the United States going to employ for its chaplain a clerical lobbyist?" The old gentleman handed this to the *de facto* presiding officer. Mr. Wheeler took it, and after reading the first sentence handed it back indignantly, saying, "It is not respectful, and I will not present it." I knew it was not respectful, but how could I feel much respect for a legislativ body which had kept in such a chaplain four years?

In regard to the payment of the three hundred and fifty dollars, this I understand to be the fact: Dr. Sunderland sought to get the fee before the claimant was paid. This aroused the latter's anger. Then Dr. Sunderland sought to get the bill reconsidered and rejected, but failing in that, he tried to stop payment by the department, and the matter was at last adjusted at the department by drawing two checks on the treasury, one of which, for three hundred and fifty dollars, the claimant indorsed and left with the auditor, for the use of whom it might concern. Dr. Sunderland probably knew who got it, and whether it went for his own benefit or that of his church. The claimant was a man of property, and left at his death an estate of several thousand dollars. And he lived and died a Christian.

In the case of the Rev. F. M. Todd, of Manassas, Dr. Sunderland was the attorney of the accused before the presbytery, and the case is now appealed to the synod. The case turned on the credibility of the negro, who testified that on the 24th of May last he saw the Rev. Mr. Todd in the woods, about two hundred yards from the road, with a lap robe spread and lying down upon it, accompanied by a white woman, while his horse was tied to a tree. A majority of the presbytery voted to dismiss the case, because the evidence of the negro was not sufficiently supported. Dr. Sunderland, in his eagerness to discredit the negro's testimony, inadvertently used the expression, "but the nigger said," and then paused, while everybody snickered. The doctor was embarrassed, and turning to the reporters apologized for using language that was "not respectful." This slip of the tongue was the more unfortunate on account of Dr. Sunderland's political proclivities, he having served as chaplain in the Republican Senate some half a dozen years altogether.

It is said that in the early days of Dr. Sunderland's ministry he underwent a tribulation very similar to that of his brother Todd, but survived the ordeal and maintained his standing quite as well, if not better, than his client has so far maintained his. And now, having fought the good fight and kept the Calvinistic faith, he has qualified himself to become a leading champion in the crusade against the "youngsters of the new theology," who dare to doubt the goodness of God in tormenting forever in hell the poor heathen who never heard of Jesus Christ.

*Washington, D. C.* W. H. BURR.

## The Refinement of Cruelty.

*From Judge.*

"Don't you pine for freedom?" asked a visitor at the Toombs of a prison.

"Sometimes I do," replied the latter.

"When does that feeling come over you the strongest?"

"Whenever I see a fresh batch of religious papers comin' into the place."

## An Awkward Attitude for God.

*From the Henderson, Texas, Times.*

Sam Small says it was an insult to God to leave his name out of the Constitution of the United States. That's the first we hav heard of it. God has never sent a delegation to Congress to hav his name put there; in fact, we don't believe God wants his name in it. His name is in the organic laws of several nations—no two of them alike—and the attempt to make him the indorser of all the governments would place him in rather an awkward attitude, to say the least of it.

## God Can't Indorse the Acts of Christian Statesmen.

*From the Overton, Texas, Sharpshooter.*

We think it would be an insult to God to put his indorsement to many acts of the government. The advantage that our government has over all other governments is that God and religion are kept entirely separated from the Constitution, and ever ought to be. We hav too high a veneration for the supreme ruler of the universe to ever want to see the sacred name mixed up with the filth of politics. Such cranks as Sam Small and others that we could mention may advocate such a proceeding, but the true friends of God will ever oppose it and prevent it.

## The Liberal Club.

Inquiries hav reached this office from persons who desire to know if the Manhattan Liberal Club is still holding regular meetings, and if the man with a badge-pin continues to exist. We should smile. Unhurt amid the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds, the Liberal Club holds its serene and uninterrupted way; and on the evening of Friday, November 4th, a man upon whose westcut gleamed a ten-dollar emblem of intellectual disenthralment followed the brass railing up the steps of the hall at 220 East 15th street, and sat amid the audience there assembled. It was a fine audience indeed, and the pleasure of the visitor was somewhat dashed to think that he had not worn his best clothes.

All around are familiar faces. Over there is Ex-Treasurer Morris, who smiles and nods. Here is Madam Delezcluse, who shakes hands cordially. By the table sits Mrs. Leonard, with gold-bowed glasses, a determined expression of countenance, and a V-shaped southern exposure. At the door is Treasurer Clark, none the less a sea-captain because he is now a second officer of the club. He takes the journalist's dime with a bow so profound that the visitor accepts it in lieu of change. Another treasurer present is Mr. Charles Eckhard, who knows that the world is a delusion generally, but who enjoys delusions. He looks on genially. Away up front Deacon Dean's intellectual head is observable, and Mr. Isaac Rosenbourgh's pleasing Teutonic countenance turns this way occasionally to illuminate the space behind him. Poet Fountain is grayer than a year ago, but he arises as gracefully as ever to yield his chair to Mrs. Wallace Britton, the actress, who comes in late. Beware of him; he will spring a yard of poetry on you if you giv him a chance. And who is this whose hair and beard seem to radiate, as it were, from a common center? By the Great Horn Spoon, it is none other than Herr Oppenheimer, ex-candidate for the German Reichstag. A gray bunch of hair is growing upon his forehead, which adds to his picturesque appearance without impairing his serene beauty.

Upon the platform something seems lacking. The chair once filled by Mr. Wakeman is vacant. He is at the Germania Assembly Rooms impressing upon an enthusiastic constituency the necessity of supporting the Progressive Labor Party in general and your humble servant for attorney-general; but over opposit the empty seat Vice-President E. B. Foote, Jr., holds the mallet of fate that has fallen upon many an unfinished period and let many an orator down suddenly from a lofty hight.

Behind the speaker's stand is Prof. Van Buren Denslow, the lecturer of the evening. He is arguing that capital, *i.e.*, machinery, does nine-tenths of the work, labor being merely the director. The produce exchange is a beneficent institution in that it fixes and maintains the price of wheat and corn over a large area of the world and over considerable periods of time. Socialists like Henry George and Karl Marx want to change things without understanding the present state of society.

Mrs. Leonard was the first to say, "Mr. Chairman," after Professor Denslow had concluded. She maintained that the grain speculators were the biggest hogs in Chicago. If they could control the leather market shoes would be fifteen dollars a pair.

Herr Oppenheimer claimed that brokers were a legitimate product of our present imperfect system, which should be abolished as soon as possible. Henry George was a confiscator and a highwayman, not a Socialist. Herr Oppenheimer remarked that he spoke within limits when he said that Professor Denslow astonished him.

Dr. Weeks, author of the "Songs of the Morning," defended Mr. George to the extent of saying that Mr. George proposed to confiscate only that which had been obtained by robbery. The doctor reaffirmed that he was a Methodist with modern improvements, and repudiated the doctrin of total depravity. He didn't like Mrs. Leonard's fling at hogs. There was a good deal of human nature in the hog, or a good deal of the hog in human nature, he couldn't quite make out which. Vices were not generally so difficult to reform as hidebound virtues.

Captain Clark recalled that Dr. Johnson had said patriotism was the last resort of scoundrels. He would add that Labor reform was the last resort of played-out politicians. The captain indorsed the lecture of the evening, and said Professor Denslow had never uttered a word that did not coincide with his (Captain Clark's) experience. As is well known, Captain Clark has had experience in all parts of the world, both civilized and barbarous.

Madam Delezcluse confessed that she arose with hesitation, having the crushing intellect of Captain Clark against her; she nevertheless went ahead and made some good points against the lecturer.

Mr. Sutherland characterized the lecture as an intellectual feast, and added that Mrs. Leonard's unpractical remarks showed the kind of a scrape we would get into if women were allowed to vote.

Dr. Foote here announced the lecture for the next meeting, to be delivered by Professor Rawson, on the Jews and their Bible. He then inquired of Mr. Denslow if speculating in wheat did not raise the price above the normal one fixed by supply and demand.

Mr. Denslow replied that no broker could raise the price of a product. If he paid more or asked more for it than demand and supply justified, he would assuredly be left in the end. His function was merely the beneficent one of establishing a uniform price for the benefit of the producer. Mrs. Leonard interrupted to inquire if each broker or middleman who bought and sold grain didn't speculate on it. Mr. Denslow answered that we were all speculating more or less intelligently about grain, that being the subject of discussion. Owing to the unreasoning nature of the female mind, Mrs. Leonard did not appear to be satisfied with this candid and lucid reply. Professor Denslow casually observed that if they could get it into their heads by that method it would pay the Socialists to purchase a forty-million-ton triphammer to drive sense through their impenetrable armor of stupidity. This made Herr Oppenheimer turn pale and he retained his seat only by a great effort.

When these solemnities had closed, the journalist went home, to write the account here superimposed, and end it with this pome.

## The Trial of Mrs. Slenker.

I deem it due to the friends who hav so liberally contributed for Elmina's defense that a report should be made of the practical work which through their generosity I hav been enabled to do. The good result of this work will be great and permanent. Many things hav transpired which I cannot tell of in a brief article, and some things hav developed that it is not politic at this writing to mention; but I intend to tell some of the principal facts, which together will form a connected story, and giv an idea of the true character of this remarkable and persistent persecution.

It seems that a year or more ago a trivial accident occurred on a railroad in Indiana which was the prime cause of all Elmina's trouble. A mail pouch being delivered from a train at a way station by means of a crane was struck a violent blow, and one of Elmina's packages, which was in the pouch, being crowded full of matter and inclosed in a fragil envelope, was burst open and the contents scattered promiscuously through the pouch. The postmaster, instead of reading the address on the envelope and forwarding the package according to directions, without prying into its contents, undertook to gratify his curiosity by an examination, and was surprised to find that the papers were devoted to a discussion of the awful subject of sex relations. Constituting himself a censor of morals, he then proceeded to a second violation of the postal laws, and detaining all the matter and diverting it from the direction to which it was addressed, he sent it to Washington for criticism by the high authorities there.

Instead of rebuking this officious postmaster for his violation of the sacred trusts confided to him and for the two crimes against the postal laws he had been guilty of, and instead of directing him to atone so far as he then might for his betrayal of the citizen's right of free mails by immediately forwarding Elmina's package to the person to whom it was addressed, the authorities at Washington, as faithless to their trust as their subordinate, called in the notorious Comstock, and ordered him, in his capacity of spy, sneak, and detectiv, to take the case for investigation. Comstock, who started in 1878 to "stamp out" a certain class of Freethought literature (see "Fourth Annual Report New York Society for Suppression of Vice," p. 7), had already had his bellyful, and prudently discovered that his engagements were so numerous that he could find no time to make this very interesting investigation, so the task of decoying Elmina into the toils was assigned to Post-office Inspector W. H. Barclay, a man who so far as I hav been able to learn had previously had no connection with the inquisition department of the post-office, but who seems not to hav had character enough to be too busy to undertake such dishonorable employment. He and one Williams, alias McAfee, a Western man well known to the Defense Association, undertook to make out a case against Elmina. They carried on a correspondence with her extending over a considerable length of time. One of the letters written by this Williams may serve to show how, under the pretense of a common interest in the research Elmina was making, this worthy undertook to win her confidence and procure from her matter which he could falsify and pervert for his infamous purpose. Here it is:

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 22, 1886.

ELMINA SLENKER, Snowville, Va., *Madam:* I hav just read in the *Word*, Sept., Y.L. 14 [1886], that you hav truths about starved women, etc.

If you will send me some samples of them I can use them for the good of the great cause. If you sell them, please send bill, and I will remit. Address,

R. M. WILLIAM, Drawer D 6.

Thus lured, and suspecting no evil, Elmina sent to him letters of the kind she was in the habit of exchanging with her other correspondents, and after a time he had a number of letters and papers which he thought he might plausibly pervert to suit his pretenses that it was obnoxious to the law. An indictment was then drawn containing two counts, each setting out one letter addressed severally to each of the sneaks and mailed under the sanctity of a seal, and upon this extraordinary indictment was had the trial which has excited so much interest and attracted to Elmina so much sympathetic devotion of her friends. Of this trial I prefer not to speak at present. It was extraordinary in many respects. The result was conviction. Nothing else could hav been expected under the conditions in which the case was tried. One feature of the trial I cannot refrain from mentioning. It was most romantic and pathetic. The superb old woman was called to the witness stand, and alone, the only one of her sex in a room crowded with the low, the vile, the wretched, and the degraded, with an eloquence which, notwithstanding her defectiv speech, I hav never seen equaled, and never expect to see equaled, she told her simple story to a judge who did not, to an audience who could not, and to a prosecution who would not understand her. She proceeded in her own way, and though she often wandered wide of the rules of evidence, no one dared to break the spell which she threw around that court-room. After this the prosecution softened a little, and stated that they did not care to put an old woman to the torture, but that they must stop the circulation of the leaflets, and that Elmina had persistently refused to tell who was the author of them, though she had been repeatedly assured that if she would disclose their author she would be allowed to go in peace, and that she would even now be allowed to take advantage of this very gracious offer, though a terrible retribution awaited the malefactor who wrote those wicked leaflets. Still she declined. Then the author of "Diana" was called to testify, and with quiet imperturbability acknowledged that he was the author of some of the leaflets, the editor of others, and the writer of all. The awful wrath of the prosecution oozed out rapidly. They didn't seem to want to see the writer of the leaflets quite as bad as they did a few minutes before. Indeed, they did not appear at all glad of the opportunity afforded them of turning loose the majesty of the law upon him. They let him go without cross-examination. But enough. The summing up came with the dire threat on the part of the prosecution that the jury must not violate the oath they had taken under penalty of the consequences. The judge submitted the case to the jury, and they struck infallible wisdom in about ten minutes, which was quite a gain in time over anything the court or counsel had accomplished. Their verdict was "guilty," and sentence was postponed to the next day. The next day we devoted to argument of a motion in arrest of judgment, and the day following, on the opening of the court, the judge struck the right chord, and, sustaining our motion, discharged poor Elmina.

I've seen a great many dead men, and I hav always observed that they are quiet and peaceable and don't make much disturbance, but I never saw such an unreasonable dead man as Prosecuting Attorney Allen. He would not be convinced that he was dead. He thrashed around lively. He wanted a reargument. He acted as fresh as if he were just born instead of being just killed and laid out cold and stiff. He was going to send Elmina to jail anyway, in spite of her discharge. I don't believe he ever will be quite right in his mind again. I don't know how much of the taxpayers' money he squandered on telegrams to the inquisition department of the post-office. He did not get things fixed to suit him. I came down the road with him that night on the train. He looked wild. Where he went I don't know. If anyone finds a dead man ripping and tearing around the country and lamenting Elmina's good fortune, please return him to Abingdon, Virginia.

ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

### DETAILS OF THE TRIAL.

On October 21, 1887, the trial of the indictment upon which Mrs. Slenker was arrested last April, was commenced before Judge Paul and a jury. There was much interest manifested, and a large audience assembled nowithstanding the entire want of seats outside the bar. Mrs. Slenker sat, accompanied by her husband, near her counsel, Ed. W. Chamberlain, of New York city, and Messrs. Rowland and Heermans, of Virginia.

The offense charged being a misdemeanor under the statute, no peremptory challenges were allowed, the only ground of exclusion being for favor. One witness was excluded upon examination by the court on the ground of having formed an opinion. Mr. Chamberlain also asked the jurors a series of questions, among which were the following:

Hav you now or hav you ever had any business relations with any society for the suppression of obscenity or vice, or with any person known to you to be an officer or agent of any such society?

Are you acquainted with or are you on terms of friendship with Anthony Comstock, alias J. G. Phillips, alias Ella Bender, alias Mrs. Farnsworth, alias E. Semler, alias Annie E. Ray, alias Hy. Bean; or Samuel Colgate, or Killaen Van Rensselaer, or R. M. Williams, alias R. M. McAfee, alias

Nettie G. Harlan; or W. H. Barclay, or any other agent or officer of any society for the suppression of vice or obscenity?

If it should appear that the defendant differed widely from you in her opinions upon moral, religions, economic, or political topics, would that fact preclude you from giving the defendant the benefit of any reasonable doubt which you may hav as to her guilt?

Assuming that one of the witnesses in the case is a government official, and that in procuring the testimony which he offers he has violated the law, would the fact of his official position induce you to giv any greater weight or credit to his testimony than you would giv to the testimony of any other confessed or proved law-breaker?

Assuming that the doctrins or principles contained in the matter which will be presented to you are in your opinion erroneous, are you under the influence of any social, religious, political, or economic views or opinions which will tend to prevent your acting impartially as a juror in the trial of this case?

THE COURT: It will be a question for the court to determin what the character of the testimony is.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: I do not think what their views may be with regard to the peculiar doctrins of the accused has anything to do with this case. The question is whether the writings contained in the letters are obscene, and whether they come within the inhibition of the statute.

[The district attorney proceeded to read from the opinion in the case of Regina vs. Hicklin, before the Queen's Bench, and the opinion of Judge Blatchford in the case of the United States vs. D. M. Bennett.]

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: That is the very argument I should make why the question should be sustained. This is a case of the deepest importance, not only to the defendant, but to every American citizen, involving great questions of liberty; and it is my right to assure myself that the jurors are free from such bias as will lead them to convict this defendant not merely because she has sent obscene matter, but on account of something else.

The question was allowed. Mr. Chamberlain also asked the following:

Does the nature of the charge excite in you any prejudice or animosity against the defendant?

Do you believe falsehood and treachery to be either justifiable or necessary to promote morality or to advance the interests of religion? (Question excluded; exception.)

Hav you ever bought liquors, cigars, books, or other commodities for the purpose of entrapping dealers therein, or for the purpose of securing evidence against dealers in those articles to convict them of any real or imaginary crime? (Question excluded; exception.)

Hav you ever induced any person to violate the law in order to procure for yourself any benefit by an exposure of such violation?

Hav you ever feigned, forged, or otherwise used any other name than your own in any transaction whatever?

If on the trial of this case it becomes a question whether you shall believe the defendant or one of the witnesses for the prosecution, would you giv any greater credit to a witness if he should be shown to be a government officer than you would to the defendant?

If it should appear that the defendant was engaged in a work which do not approve, would that fact incline you to conviction, if that work were not a violation of the statute?

Mr. Ronald asked each juror his residence. Mr. Jones having replied that he resided in Abingdon, Mr. Ronald objected to his incompetency, on the ground that the matters claimed to be obscene had been circulated in the streets of Abingdon, and were familiar to everybody in the town.

The court excluded the juror, and another was called.

No other objection appearing, the jury were sworn. It may be interesting to note that the jury consisted of 11 white men, 1 colored man, 0 white women, 0 colored women.

The district attorney (Ex-Judge H. C. Allen) read to the jury the statute, section 3,893, known as the Comstock law.

Mr. Chamberlain objected to the reading of the whole section, as it contained an enumeration of offenses with which the defendant was not charged. There had been no charge that she had violated that portion of the section relating to information with regard to the prevention of conception.

The court called upon the district attorney to read the portion of the section upon which he relied; whereupon the district attorney read that portion relating to the sending of papers, letters, and other publications; and the court ruled that the evidence should be confined to that point.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: I learn that it is the practice here for the defendant's counsel to make an opening at this stage. I am not prepared to do that. The indictment alleges very vaguely certain matters which are not even referred to by title. It is usual in criminal cases to inform the defendant specifically and precisely of just what thing he is accused. Otherwise he cannot prepare his defense. Otherwise, if acquitted and subsequently charged with the same offense, he cannot plead that he has been once tried upon that charge. That little formality has been omitted. We are not apprised, and do not know to this moment, of what we are accused; and will hav to make out the defense as the case goes on, and as the prosecution develops it. If the prosecution do not establish a case, we shall hav nothing to meet.

William H. Barclay was called to the witness stand.

Before he had taken the oath he was interrogated by Mr. Chamberlain:

Q. Do you believe in a God? A. I do.

Q. Do you believe in one everliving and true God? A. I do.

Q. Do you believe in a future state of rewards and punishments? A. I do. I am an old-fashioned blue-stocking Presbyterian, if you know what that is.

Q. Do you believe in the saving grace of Jesus Christ? A. Yes.

Q. Do you believe that if you perjure yourself on this occasion and repent you will be saved? A. I do; the thief was saved on the cross.

Q. Is that the way you expect to be saved, after having done this mischief?

THE COURT: The religious belief of a witness in Virginia is no disqualification.

Q. Do you believe that the Bible is the word of God? A. I shall answer no more questions, except upon the instruction of the judge.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Answer the question. A. Yes.

Q. Do you believe that it is all the word of God? A. I do.

Q. From beginning to end? A. I refuse to answer such questions as this, unless compelled to do it by the court.

THE COURT: No matter what his answer may be, I shall be compelled to admit him. The binding obligation of an oath may result from other causes than a belief in the Bible.

Q. Do you realize the nature and obligation of an oath? A. I do, most fully.

THE COURT: The court does not exclude the question, but decides that he is a competent witness, no matter how he answers the question.

The question was repeated, and the witness refused to answer.

The court declined to direct him to answer. (Exception.)

William H. Barclay was thereupon duly sworn, and examined by the district attorney.

Q. Do you know Mrs. Elmina D. Slenker? A. I do.

Q. Do you know anything about her having deposited or caused to be deposited knowingly in the mail for mailing and delivery, etc. (reading the description from the statute)?

Mr. Ronald objected that the paper must be produced.

THE COURT: He must produce the paper.

Q. Hav you received any letters from Mrs. Elmina D. Slenker?

(Objection offered.)

THE COURT: The question is whether he has received a letter. He may answer whether he has received a letter purporting to be from her.

Q. Hav you a letter received from her, or purporting to hav come from her; and if so, please to state how you know it was from her?

Q. (by Mr. Ronald). Was it a sealed letter that you received? A. It was.

Mr. Ronald objected to the admissibility of the contents of a sealed letter upon the ground that the law does not embrace sealed letters; that the law, in referring to letters as unmailable, has expressly limited the inhibition to such as showed on the outside that they were obscene. He cited the case of ex parte Jackson, in 96 U. S. Reports, in which the law had been so adjudicated.

THE COURT: Is it your position that if matters are obscene, yet when inclosed under seal they lose their obscene character?

MR. RONALD: That a sealed letter does not fall within the purview of the statute. Unless there is some obscenity upon the envelope of a letter, it is not unmailable.

THE COURT: That there is no charge that there was an obscene letter sent?

MR. ROLAND: There is no charge in the indictment that Mrs. Slenker ever sent an obscene letter through the mails.

MR. HEERMANS: How could it be known that a sealed letter was obscene?

Q. Did you receive from Mrs. Slenker a letter containing writings, publications, and prints; and if you did, state when you received them, and how you knew the letter was mailed to you by Mrs. Slenker? A. On March 15th, I received this package of papers. On the same day I received a letter containing other matters and a letter with it. (Objection.) It was received in due course of mail at Richmond, Va.

Q. State from whom it was received, whom it was mailed by, and how you knew it?

Objected to as incompetent, unless witness saw the mailing.

THE COURT: He may show that he knew from her statement afterward, or writing in reply to a letter written by him, acknowledging the receipt of his.

Q. Did she ever make any statement to you about that letter?

Objected to on the ground that such statement would be in the nature of a confession; and that a confession cannot be received until the *corpus delicti* has been established.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: I am proving the *corpus delicti*.

Q. Did you receive those through the mail? A. I did.

Q. Did she admit that she mailed them?

THE COURT: We will first see if they are objectionable matter.

Q. (by the court). Where did you receive them? A. At Richmond, at the post-office.

Q. (by the district-attorney). Just read the documents.

MR. RONALD raised the constitutional question that the exhibits were not set forth in the indictment; that when a warrant is issued, both the state and the federal constitutions prescribe that the warrant shall specify what is complained of. (Citing authorities.)

THE COURT: The question of the insufficiency of the indictment ought to be raised upon demurrer. The proof must correspond with the allegations in the indictment. The letter is not in evidence. The district attorney offers to prove the reception of obscene matter, and then follows the question who sent it.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: The force of the objection is that a sealed letter is protected by the decisions.

THE COURT: A sealed letter directed to other parties, not directed to the man himself, how can the law prevent it from being opened?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: When taken from and out of the mail, it is conveyed away from the mail, and its connection with the mail ceases.

THE COURT: It can be submitted to the court, and the court can determin whether it shall go to the jury.

Mr. Chamberlain made an argument upon the language of the statute, and cited authorities, showing that the unmailable matters must be publications, and that it had been decided that matters sent by mail to intimate friends or in a limited way were not publications, and did not come within the inhibition of the statute, for the reason, that they were sent under seal.

THE COURT: I understand that your objection is that no matter, if received by a party in a sealed envelope, can be introduced in evidence to sustain the indictment; that the fact that it was put in a sealed envelope renders it sacred; so that it is no offense against the statute to send these matters through the United States mail, if under seal. Is that the proposition?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: You hav stated the proposition very accurately.

THE COURT: I will hear the district attorney upon that.

The district attorney cited authorities to show that the decisions referred to had since been overruled.

Mr. Chamberlain said he had not concluded his argument when interrupted, and cited other authorities.

The Court reserved its decision and adjourned until Tuesday morning.

NOVEMBER 1, 1887.

The court concurred in the decision of Judge Drummond that the word "writing" embraces a letter, and overruled the objection.

Q. Is that one of the inclosures in that package? A. (A written paper headed, "The Girl and the Dog," handed witness.) I opened it myself, and this is one of the inclosures.

The paper offered in evidence.

Mr. Ronald renewed the objection that the letters should hav been set forth in full in the indictment. A long argument ensued, in which the district attorney read at length the decision of Blatchford in the case of D. M. Bennett, adopting it as his argument. Mr. Ronald gave a history of the Bennett case, and referred also to the Heywood case, showing that Bennett had been convicted, and Heywood acquitted, when tried for the same offense of selling "Cupid's Yokes."

THE COURT: The court is bound by the decisions; and there is a long line of almost unbroken precedents to sustain the decision that the excuse here given is sufficient reason for not spreading the matter *in extenso* upon the records. If there should be another indictment upon the same matter, parole testimony is always admissible to show that the party has once been tried for the same offense. The court rules that the matter is sufficiently described. (Exception.)

Mr. Chamberlain argued that, these papers being private papers of the defendant, and particularly indicated to be so as alleged, they are to be returned to the defendant, they are her property, under the decisions which he cited. She desires that they may be returned to her, and may not be used for this purpose; and therefore under the decisions such use is unreasonable seizure, and compelling a defendant to testify against herself, in violation of the Constitution of the United States.

THE COURT: The simple indorsement on the back of papers, "These are private papers," does not excuse the character of the matter. If the court established that proposition, the statute would be a nullity; for all that would be necessary would be to indorse papers as private. The court thinks the point is not well founded. The court is not here to determin which way the mischief works.

The objection was also made and argued that the indictment does not allege that the matters they produce are unmailable.

The court said that in speaking of the offense, the word "unmailable" was not used in the statute.

The witness was asked by the district attorney to read the paper to the court and jury.

THE COURT: Is there any objection to its going to the jury without reading?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: I desire a public trial

MR. RONALD: I suggest that they go to the jury to peruse in their jury-room.

Mr. Barclay read the story of "The Girl and the Dog" mentioned in the indictment, with the comments interlined.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

# The American Secular Union.

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## News and Notes.

A few busy days at Chicago, and the iron horse bears me Eastward. Saturday morning I strike my good friend Dick Smith, of Alliance, generous comrade, always ready with the open hand. His brother, D. W. Smith, is ever on the watch, and makes things go like clockwork for Liberalism and humanity. This time I drop my gripsack at Hotel Central, where the goodly landlord Sourbeck givs the traveler hearty welcome. Arrangements are made for lectures Sunday afternoon and evening in the People's Theater. I hope for fair weather, and as I look into the kindly skies I think that for once fate is propitious in Alliance, and that I shall be allowed to lecture to a full house. Alas for all my expectations! Sunday rolled in to the music of a mighty storm. The rain dashed down and the dust was furious just at the hour for gathering. I wonder what mystic elements are in play that I can make no alliance with fair weather in this glorious old fort of Liberalism. My friend Thornberg says that hereafter when there is a drouth he will send for the president of the American Secular Union, and when he puts in an appearance the gates of heaven will surely be opened and the showers descend. They say there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fame and fortune. I hav taken Alliance so often at the flood that it is about time for fame and fortune to appear. However, spite of storm and cloud, the friends at this point always giv a cordial greeting. There was a fair audience, weather to the contrary notwithstanding, present afternoon and evening, and their appreciation was reward for every disappointment. I always enjoy Alliance. It is a lively place. It is one of the central points of labor reform, and our Liberal friends are in the midst of the struggle. Comrade Smith has won his laurels, and is now one of the councilmen of the city, representativ of the people's party, and worthy to bear the honor.

A Liberal lecture association has been formed at Alliance. Whatever happens, there will be no backward step. There is a large Freethought element in the community, and the earnestness and ability of our workers here insure a decided success.

East Rochester is a quiet, comfortable, wealthy place amid the rolling, wooded hills, where the brown fields shine radiantly in the glimmering glory of the Indian summer. I inquired for East Rochester. The magnates of the train sent me to Beloit, by what tergiversation I cannot understand. However, I had the pleasure of taking dinner with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey. I lectured twelve years ago in the hall above the store. This was one of my first efforts on the Freethought rostrum. After dinner I take a twelve-mile drive over the sparkling country. I was delighted with the quaint, solemn villages through which I passed. I seemed to be in the world before the flood, and expected every moment to meet Noah driving his herd into the ark. The barns in this country are big enough to hold all the occupants of that ancient hulk.

Meandering down the shining valley, on the outer edge of Rochester, I reach the Quaker-like residence of my friend Eli Taylor. He is one of those philosophic farmers who enjoy life. He does not work himself to death, and he likes to see the world. He has traveled over Europe, and touched the Golden Gates of the Pacific. Over seventy years of age, he still enjoys life with youthful zest. Mrs. Taylor is of gentle Quaker blood, and "the inner light" mingles with her Liberal convictions, and she delights more in the harmonies of faith than in differences of thought. Around this peaceful fireside reminiscence, mingled with happy hope, traveled.

I also traveled in the dreamy moonlight after lecture to the stately mansion of Enoch Wickersham. Here, too, are comfort and elegance in the atmosphere of liberty. Mrs. Wickersham is a noble entertainer, and I hope again to see this beautiful home amid the generous harvest lands.

I lectured three evenings, and the little old schoolhouse, holding about a hundred, was crowded to its utmost capacity. The audiences were appreciativ. Many of those present were Christians, but they gave respectful attention.

I was glad to meet old friends—I call them old friends because they take THE TRUTH SEEKER and read it through from week to week. There were Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kintner and baby, of Hanover, where there is quite a circle of Liberals; Mrs. Fanny Freed, whose husband, a noble Liberal, died last summer of injuries received; Joseph Coulson, postmaster of the place; H. P. Brashaw, Dr. Waldron, Wm. Wickersham, Amos Brogan. Wm. Robbins, Milton Betts and Wm. Betts, John Emmons, Morris Taylor, Howard Taylor, M. W. Coulson, and others. We quite enjoyed this rural campaign; and we shall not soon forget the little school-house round the corner.

We are now at the Farmdale House, D. G. Brockway, proprietor, who is a sterling Liberal. The moon shines bright, and the prospects are that we shall hav sunny days for our closing work. I expect to hav a bright story to tell of Farmdale. There are three Roots here who are Liberals. That is the kind of Radicalism that means success.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

*Farmdale, O.*, Oct. 28, 1887.

## A Word to Liberals Everywhere.

Having been urged to accept the secretaryship of the American Secular Union, I hav done so with considerable fear that friends hav over-estimated my capacity, and many misgivings as to my fitness for so important a position—a post to which such eminent talent as Rawson, Leland, and Putnam brought their special genius.

However, where lacking ability, the present incumbent will sedulously endeavor to make reparation by assiduous application to its practical needs and conscientious work to make the American Secular Union an organization whose numbers, strength, and importance will suitably reflect the vast host of those who demand to "keep the church and state forever separate."

If this is not accomplished you will be to blame, provided you hav not subscribed to the Campaign Fund this year. For this is a personal letter to you. Consider it such. In the first place, money is needed to print and publish circulars and campaign literature, bearing strictly on secularization of the state and organization of Unions. Those who aid the Campaign Fund this year will receive supplies for gratuitous distribution.

Friends, furnish us the funds, and we will supply you with more and better ammunition for an effectiv fusilade on the enemy than you could possibly procure yourselvs. We hav the documents. They need to be printed. Where is the money? This is for you to answer.

Joe Cook says the Freethinkers of the United States never had a home, and own but one building in Boston, covered by mortgages. Too true. The headquarters of the American Secular Union has been long enough in the secretary's hat or in his trunk. If this organization "means business," it has got to do its business in a business-like manner. Let us, at least, hav an office, decently furnished, ready to receive the Liberals of East and West, of North and South, when passing through this greatest inland *entrepot* of the continent. In time our modest office of 1887–8 may develop into reading-room, library, club-house, hall of science, etc. Let the office be the germ. Should there be such an office? This is for you to answer.

If the American Secular Union is to become popular with many who approve of secularizing the government, it must hav an influential appearance; then it will gain numbers, and (sad as it is to admit) numbers is respectability; with this respectability comes wealth, with wealth comes power to accomplish what we propose. So, in the last analysis of our grand, exalted ideals, we hav to come down to the unpoetic, sordid dollars and dimes for their accomplishment. Then, do you really approve of the Nine Demands? How much do you believe in them? How much is that belief when expressed in dollars? This is for you to answer.

Resolutions adopted at the late Congress call for a guarantee fund of $1,000, which should remain untouched as secretary's salary. As it is useless to salary a secretary without furnishing him something to do, I hav incurred expenses absolutely necessary to carry on the work, relying on the liberality of Liberals to be sustained. This is for you to answer.

Don't expect this office is a sinecure, as I am performing more labor than has fallen to my lot for some time, but if only the results can be reached it will be, in large measure, a labor of love. Will you help toward those results? This is also for you to answer.

As soon as arrangements are made I propose to keep on sale a supply of the best Liberal books and tracts, the profits of which shall be credited to the Campaign Fund. For every $2 received for those books, the sender will also be credited (if he will pay postage) with an annual membership in the American Secular Union. If $10 worth of books are purchased we will credit them with $5 to the Campaign Fund, and they will receive gratuitously whatever documents, bearing on the Nine Demands, we are able to print. Will you help make this a success? This is for you to answer.

I want the intelligent coöperation of all friends of Freethought, your suggestions and friendly criticism; hope to be on terms of personal intimacy with every earnest worker. Yours for the inauguration of Universal Mental Liberty,

E. A. STEVENS,
Secretary American Secular Union.

### ECHOES.

Jas. A. Greenhill, of Clinton, Iowa, makes haste to join the Grand Army of Secular Soldiers by enlisting as a life member and paying us $25 bounty. That's the kind of an army to join—where you hav to pay to get in. You can be sure of good company then. Other armies are so organized that men often pay to keep out.

M. M. Secor, ex-mayor of Racine, has not read his *Investigator*, but he sends $10 and an apology for delay, as he intended to contribute toward expenses of Congress. As the expenses of the Congress are all liquidated, we'll put that to credit of Campaign Fund. Thanks, Brother Secor. Whenever you've got $10. send it. No apology necessary. Next.

Prof. W. S. Bell will ring the changes on Elder T. J. Williamson in a four-nights' debate at Salem, Nebraska, to be held November 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th. Methinks there will be considerable of a buzzing in the elder's ears when the Bell ceases. Brother B. has several engagements at various points in Kansas also.

The Eleventh Annual Congress was a bad one for badges. I had ordered one hundred on white satin, with Treasurer Eckhard's unique design in colors, "Our Flag Above the Cross," engraved in New York, and which our ever-vigilant treasurer promptly attended to. It happened I was compelled to be absent from the city nearly two weeks prior to the Congress. Express company took parcel to office; was informed I was out of town. On my return no mention was made, although a postal had been sent. Received notice Tuesday after Congress that there was a parcel on which $10 was due. Well, the delegates missed a very pretty and appropriate memento. That is not all. Otto Wettstein, who has made Rochelle, Ill., famous, and whose badge-pin is a thing of beauty and a joy to every Freethinker fortunate enough to possess one, sent a number of these gems by express. Through one circumstance and another, we did not receive them until Monday or Tuesday afternoon following the Congress.

If ever E. A. Stevens was startled in his life, it was to receive from a well-known Liberal worker now resident in Chicago, but better known in Washington territory and Oregon as a man of large landed interests in the West, the following letter, inclosing warranty deed, abstract of title. The secretary of the Chicago Secular Union read the letter at the meeting Sunday evening. The president could only reply that he had had considerable mud thrown at him during an activ life with unpopular ideas, but this was the first time in his experience when he had it thrown at him in such quantities. He expressed his gratitude to the donor, and hoped his work as secretary of the national body would giv as much satisfaction as his endeavors as president of the Chicago Union had apparently met with. The letter reads:

CHICAGO, Oct. 21, 1887.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary American Secular Union, *Dear Sir and Brother:* Allow me to sincerely congratulate you on your election to the responsible office to which you hav attained. However, it seems more appropriate for me to congratulate the American Secular Union in its fortunate selection of one who would, if need be, die in the last ditch in keeping aloft the banner of our noble cause at the hight to which Brother Putnam had raised it. I inclose a deed to you of a beautiful residence lot in Baker City, Oregon, the future great inland city of the Pacific Northwest. Please accept it as my humble contribution to yourself personally, and as an evidence also of my appreciation of the cause in which you will now engage, and believe me

Yours very truly, E. S. MCCOMAS.

### A Union Doing Union Work.

*From the Marshall County Democrat.*

EDITOR DEMOCRAT: In last week's issue of your paper is a notice that if certain parties continue to do farm work on the Sabbath (Sunday) they are to be prosecuted. Now, as we hav the only organization in the county that I know of that is squarely opposed to the laws enforcing a religious observance of Sunday, we feel it to be our duty to assist in the defense of anyone that may be arrested out of religious hate. We do not know the offense, or the parties offending, but we feel sure that some preacher is trying to stir up hatred and revenge. We wish to hear from the accused; also from every Liberal in the county, with a view to county organization. If the churches cannot attract their share of the crowd without the aid of courts, we can tell them how they can. Our motto is "Universal Mental Liberty." Our aim is to cause the laws to be so changed as to make this a purely secular government, such as the United States Constitution established. Let every church hav the same right one as another, and let them pay taxes to the government for the protection they receive. Let me hear from everyone that favors our movement.

E. W. MINER,
Sec. Axtell (Kan.) Liberal Union.

## Catholicism Ruining Canada.

*Correspondence Detroit Evening News.*

Some twenty years ago an intellectual Frenchman, Bath by name, of Sorel, P. Q., published a book entitled, "La Canada Reconquir par la France," or, as it was translated, "Canada Reconquered by the French." At the time Bath was put down as a wild theorist, for he sought to show that Canada would sooner or later be entirely populated by French people, with a French language and literature, while the English-speaking people would gradually be elbowed out. But Bath's idea is no longer a wild theory. It is accepted throughout Ontario. Leading journals are discussing what they regard as the rapid advance of the French line westward. Already all of the province of Quebec has become entirely French, while the easterly townships of Ontario are gradually giving way to the French population. Ottawa is already more than half French.

Connected with this racial problem is a religious one, for the French are ardent Catholics. These two questions, race and religion, hav gradually opened a gulf between Quebec and Ontario which threatens to dismember Canada. It is this, as much as anything else, that is urging many men and newspapers of Canada to talk of annexation.

With a view to ascertaining the extent of this racial and religious growth the *News* correspondent chose this ultra French place, St. Hyacinthe. Quebec is French and so is Montreal, but they are truly English in comparison with St. Hyacinthe. Here, with a population of about seven thousand, there are scarcely one hundred English-speaking people. Not only is their language French, but all their inspirations are the same, and there is not even a faint bit of sentiment of loyalty for the English crown. The only flag flying is the tri-colored flag of France, over the skating rink. "God Save the Queen" is not heard, but the "Marseillaise" rings out at the festiv gatherings. As one glances over the album of M. Bernier, M. P., the pictures of Bonaparte and Josephine, Napoleon III. and Eugenie, are most conspicuous. They do not look to London for their ideas, but to Paris. Merely in name is it part of the English empire. It is not even Canadian, but French. Their most cherished friend is the States, and it would take but little to arouse such people into enthusiasm for annexation. Judge William T. Mitchell, of Port Huron, the United States consul here, tells me that there are constant demands for his stars and stripes, to be used on public occasions. They seek it to fly over the race-course, to decorate the Yamaska club-house, and even to lower to half-mast on the death of a distinguished citizen. In so thoroughly a French Catholic community the real extent of the racial and religious growth could well be ascertained.

The amazing fecundity of the French in the province of Quebec is without a parallel in history, and this is the main cause of the rapid spread of the race. It is an invariable rule for the women to hav 10 children, while most of them hav more than this number. There are many families having from 17 to 23 children, while the broods frequently number 25 and 27. Census statistics show that the average is over 10 to a family, or more than twice the average of the United States, England, or Europern countries. Even as far west as Lindsay, Ontario, I hav seen two families having 25 and 22 children respectively, the Grozelles and the Forbears.

This remarkable reproduction is due largely to early marriages and to the thoroughly "moral" ideas of the communities. The sturdy French girls develop young and marry when about 16. Thereafter they hav a child about once a year. Naturally this undermines their constitutions, and the older French women are lame and halt. The children, too, coming so rapidly, cannot receive proper attention, and as a result the morality is enormous. That of Hull, a French town opposite Ottawa, is the largest on the continent, while Montreal's death rate is almost equally bad. But in all cases the mortality is from natural causes. Infanticide is unknown in the province, for in the eye of the people, and particularly of the church, this blow at reproduction is a most heinous offense.

With such large families the ratio of poverty is also increased. Although not in actual want, the French Canadians are poorly fed and clothed. With a brood of 15 mouths to feed the head of the family has a hard struggle. But as the boys grow up they lend a hand, and in most cases the girls also work in factories. This, too, has its drawbacks, for it makes an enormous supply of cheap labor, and the result is that wages are not half as high as in the States. In some of the shoe factories here and in Quebec there are seven or eight employees, boys and girls, from the same family. Each gets only small wages, though combined the amount is considerable. But with cheap wages there is cheap food. The cost of living is low and the *habitant* can liv on about as little as a Chinaman. He is obliged to economize, too, for his 40-acre farm has been doled out in long strips to his 10 or 15 children, who hav in turn subdivided it until these French farms look like checkerboards, each square containing about an acre.

It is this rapid spread of the French that is alarming many in Ontario. They see that the English cannot keep pace with it. There are a few towns in Quebec which hav had a fair representation of English, but gradually the great annual increase in French families has driven them out. The tide has already crossed the Ontario border. Ottawa is now French, and all of the border townships hav succumbed to the same influence. Little by little the line is moving westward and approaching Toronto. It is certain to reach there at an early day, if statistics and previous experience can be relied upon. The Toronto *Mail*, a leading newspaper of Canada, is treating the question daily in a most serious vein. On the other hand, there are those who contend that so long as this French fecundity is natural and legitimate the English cannot complain. This I heard urged by Senator Sullivan, at Kingston, Ont., who said he had been much among these large families, and found them honest and industrious. But the Ontario view is that some stop must be put to the reproduction, and as a measure in that direction a law to prevent women from marrying under twenty-one has been suggested.

Closely connected with this race question is a religious one, which is also forcing its way into public prominence. The French are mainly Roman Catholics, so that the rapid increase of their race makes a proportionate increase in the church's strength. This is already enormous, and the church practically rules not only the people of Quebec, but the entire government of the dominion. In this way laws hav been framed and are now in force which would surprise an American. For instance, the system of tithes prevails, and every farmer must pay one-twenty-eighth of his crop to the church. This, exclusiv of his municipal assessment, is a tax of nearly 4 per cent on his production. He pays it gladly, although a Detroiter groans under a city tax of one-fourth of the church tithes here. This tithing does not include the tax for church building. Whenever the majority of a church society vote for a new building, a public assessment is made on every Catholic, and the public, not church, officials collect it. The assessments for new church buildings take priority over even a first mortgage.

As a result the province of Quebec has the most superb churches. They are not alone in the large cities, but every town with a handful of people has an imposing church, built in good taste and with architectural elegance. The little village of Longueil, opposit Montreal, has a superb cathedral of cut stone, costing over $100,000. There is no such church in Detroit, and yet Longueil has not more than 2,000 inhabitants, while Detroit has 200,000. Throughout the province the churches, in proportion to the population, are the most splendid in the world. Nearly all of Montreal was formerly owned by the church, which still holds a good portion of the best property. The nuns own large wharf property.

There are two sets of schools, Catholic and Protestant, and a taxpayer's quota goes to that religious school to which he belongs. With corporate property, however, the entire tax is given to the Catholic board. There are, therefore, two recognized classes of public schools. In both of these the French language is almost entirely used, and most of them are in the care of the clergy. In the districts of Sherbrooke and Richmond there are twenty-five priests conducting the Protestant schools. The assertion was recently made by the Montreal *Witness* that the number was twenty-eight. Denials were made, and an investigation established the number at twenty-five.

The Anticlericals claim that many abuses hav resulted from the extensiv power of the church. For instance, the most complete censorship is maintained against the introduction of Liberalism and Infidelity into Quebec. In one case a young author had been to much expense and labor to get out a book of somewhat Liberal views. This came under the eye of the church censor, was condemned, and thereupon burnt. Here at St. Hyacinthe I was told of a similar instance. A Parisian bookseller, who had formerly lived at St. Hyacinthe, returned to his own home and sought to make a sale of books to the provincial library. Among those chosen was one treating of prehistoric man. This was rejected by M. de Labruere, the provincial censor, as having too much that was against orthodox doctrin. In fact, the province of Quebec knows nothing of Darwin, Herbert Spencer, or Huxley. The censor would bar them from the libraries, the book dealer who sold them would be publicly denounced and crushed.

An instance of the manner in which the church may interpose to stop Freethinking occurred here. A wealthy and leading manufacturer, M. Boas, was speaking on politics, when he admitted incidentally that he was a Freethinker. In the next issue of *Le Courier*, the paper published by M. de Labruere, the provincial censor, there was an article calling upon the church authorities to interpose against Boas. Owing to the fact that the vicar-general interceded, nothing was done. However, it was conceded that, had the bishop seen fit, Boas could hav been so anathematized that his workmen, his customers, and his friends would hav ostracized him.

## Indictment of Harman and Walker.

At last the blow has fallen! We are all indicted—severally and jointly.

The names of nine of the subscribers on our local list appear as the witnesses cited, presumably to prove the receiving of the indicted copies of *Lucifer* through the mail. Among these names is that of one of our bondsmen, N. H. Harman. Evidently "our friend, the enemy," Mr. McAfee, does not mean to be accused of partiality in selecting witnesses! Five issues of *Lucifer* are indicted. The alleged mailing of a copy of each of these to each of the nine subscribers named in the indictments is a "count" against each of us separately, and against all jointly. This makes forty-five counts against each separately and forty-five more against the editors and publishers jointly, thus aggregating *ninety* counts each against M. Harman, Geo. Harman, and E. C. Walker, or *two hundred and seventy* in all against the unfortunate members of the "*Lucifer* outfit," to use a favorit expression of a pious local contemporary.

And what is the offending matter? What articles in these five numbers of *Lucifer* are obscene, lewd, and lascivious? We do not know. In the indictments this is alleged of each copy specified:

> And said obscene, lewd, and lascivious paper and publication aforesaid so knowingly deposited as aforesaid is of a nature so obscene, lewd, and lascivious as to dispense with the incorporation of the words and figures in this indictment.

What a *very* modest grand jury! How tenderly solicitous for the morals of the court officials and other unworldly gentlemen!

Seriously, the infamy of such a prosecution renders it impossible to fitly characterize it. When men can be indicted for words written or printed, and then be prevented from knowing what those words are until the hour of trial, the attack upon the liberty of the press has assumed so outrageous a form that earnest and thoughtful men are justified in declaring that the machinery of the grand jury system is being used, not to advance the cause of justice, but to carry into execution the schemes of private hate, class interests, and religious bigotry. How do we know what words or paragraphs in these indicted issues of *Lucifer* are "obscene, lewd, and lascivious," as viewed through the smoked glasses of these grand jurymen, and so what is to prevent us from again and again committing the "crime" of writing, printing, and mailing them? What *right* has a grand jury to tell a man that *some* words of his are "obscene," etc., and yet refuse to inform him which those words are? Is this Comstockian method of drawing indictments intended to promote "law-breaking?" It certainly has that appearance.

But whether we do or do not know what the offending words and phrases are, we shall never admit that we hav exceeded our rights as editors and publishers, for we hav *not*, and we shall continue to conduct our paper to suit ourselvs and our subscribers, regardless of the meddling intolerance of McAfee and the obsequious grand juries which do his bidding.

The above-named special agent of the post-office department was in Leavenworth while the grand jury was in session, and to this Western Comstock we are indebted for the indictments. He seems anxious to rival in scoundrelism his Eastern coadjutor and exemplar. But let none ever forget that he is merely an instrument—the infamous and unconstitutional law which he enforces is the real enemy, and against that we must direct every force at our command.

We are held in bonds of $500 each to appear for trial on the second Monday of April, 1888, in the United States District Court at Topeka. N. H. Harman, of Valley Falls, and J. B. Johnson and N. J. Holum, of Topeka, are our bondsmen.

It is a square fight for Free Press. We flatly deny the charge of obscenity. *Lucifer* has never contained an obscene word, even when judged by the anti-natural standards of the dominant religion and sociology. We ask the comradeship and substantial help of the Freethinkers and Humanitarians of the country. To defend in the United States courts against such a charge as this is costly, and the publication of a radical paper such as ours brings in money in a very slow and intermittent stream. To pay current expenses out of our weekly receipts is all that we are able to do, and so, in a crisis like this, we must appeal to our co-workers to help us in our defensiv struggle with the powers of intolerance and proscription, a struggle upon whose final issue hangs the liberty to speak and write and print, of every man and woman in our land.

E. C. Walker,
Junior Editor of *Lucifer*.

*Valley Falls, Kan.* Oct. 31, 1887.

Note.—In The Truth Seeker of Oct. 29th is an editorial note that embodies an error regarding our case. Touching our departure from Leavenworth before our case had been given to the grand jury I wrote and *Lucifer* printed it as I wrote, that we were allowed to go upon "our *old* recognizances." It appears in The Truth Seeker as "our own recognizances," quite an important difference.—E. C. W.

The Truth Seeker Company's Catalog of Freethought, Reform, and Scientific Books will be mailed free to any address upon application.

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

E. M. MACDONALD, - - - Editor.
C. P. SOMERBY, - - Business Manager.

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**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Single subscription | $3 00 |
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Any number over five at the same rate, invariably with one remittance.


## TWO THINGS WANTED.

First. We want some money from every friend who owes on his subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. The balance in the bank from which to draw to satisfy the paper manufacturers and the printer is very small, and we must increase it, or run in debt. There are many hundreds of dollars owing us by subscribers, and we desire to kindly but firmly call their attention to the matter. We need the money, and it is not right for them to keep it from us. We would also respectfully suggest to those whose subscriptions expire during the present month that now is the time to renew. We would call attention, too, to our club rates. Get a new subscriber, and so get your own paper cheaper.

Second. We once more ask our friends to send us the names of all the Infidels of their acquaintance who do not take THE TRUTH SEEKER. The intention is to send them sample copies of the paper with the hope that they may subscribe.

## Church Establishment.

The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Anarchist cases draws attention to a court interpretation of the Constitution of great interest to Freethinkers. The court holds that the first ten amendments to the Constitution are limitations upon the power of the United States, but not upon the power of the several states. This has been the view of the court for a half-century, and many decisions hav been rendered in accordance therewith. If this be the case, it removes all restrictions upon the states as to the establishment of religion except their own constitutions. Every state can, if it chooses, establish by law any religion or any sect, and support such religion or sect from the state treasury. Many of the states hav provided against this, but not all. Alabama, to begin alphabetically, cannot hav a state religion without changing its present constitution. Arizona territory can, provided it is established by the territorial legislature and not by Congress. Arkansas may hav an established religion, and its present constitution virtually legalizes the Christian religion by providing that any person who denies the being of God shall be incompetent to hold civil office or testify in court. California is safe. So is Colorado. Connecticut cannot giv preference to any Christian sect, but it has established the Christian religion by enacting blasphemy laws. Dakota is in the same boat with Arizona, and has in addition a blasphemy law. Delaware believes it to be the duty of all men to worship the "author of the universe," but no man can be compelled to support places of worship. Delaware, of course, has a blasphemy law, which makes the Christian religion the legal superstition. Florida could establish a state church if it chose. So could Georgia and Idaho territory. Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Kansas, and Kentucky could not without first changing their constitutions. But Indiana has a blasphemy law, though the others hav not. Louisiana could, as there are no constitutional provisions touching the matter. Maine cannot establish a sectarian religion, though Infidels can easily be reached through its blasphemy laws. Maryland is prohibited from compelling its citizens to maintain worship, though blasphemers may be punished by imprisonment. Massachusetts has once disestablished the Congregational church, but she could easily reëstablish it, and her blasphemy law is a relic of puritanical times. Michigan is safe from church establishment, though she can punish blasphemers. Minnesota could establish a church, though she cannot punish blasphemers. Mississippi can hav no state church, though anyone denying the existence of a supreme being can hold no office in the state. Missouri could establish a church. Montana is subject to Congress and her territorial legislature. Nebraska can hav no state religion. Nevada could. New Hampshire has established evangelical Protestantism, and provides that towns and cities may hire the preachers of their choice, and pay them, but no person of any one particular sect shall be compelled to support preachers of another sect. However, this does not affect contracts made before this constitution was passed. New Jersey cannot establish a church, but she can and does punish blasphemy against Christianity. New Mexico must treat all sects equally. New York could not establish a church. North Carolina could. Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia, Wisconsin, cannot establish religion in any form. Washington and Wyoming territories are under jurisdiction of their legislatures and Congress, and under the decision of the Supreme Court we see no reason why the legislature may not establish a religion, though Congress may not. The District of Columbia is under immediate Congressional authority, and can, of course, hav no Congressional church.

But any or all of the states can by changing their organic laws hav an established church as completely as the Church of England. The reason that we do not hav them is because the sects fight each other and prevent one from obtaining such undue advantage as state establishment would giv. Herein is forcibly illustrated the ancient saw that when thieves fall out honest men get their due.

## Mrs. Slenker Free.

Technically Messrs. Chamberlain, and Roland, and Heermans hav defeated the district attorney and the post-office spies who had Mrs. Slenker arrested. The trial began Monday, October 31st, and continued to Friday, November 4th. We print in another place as much of the proceedings as Mr. Parkhurst, the stenographer, could get ready for this issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Mrs. Slenker's lawyers were unable to persuade the judge to take the case from the jury, and that body of intelligent gentlemen adjudged Mrs. Slenker guilty after ten minutes' consideration of the case. The sentence was postponed until the next day, at which time Mr. Chamberlain moved for the discharge of his client on the ground that the indictment was faulty. Judge Paul granted the motion, his decision being as follows:

"UNITED STATES *vs.* ELMINA D. SLENKER.

"Motion in arrest of judgment. Allegation of scienter in indictment, when a matter of substance.

"The indictment under section 3,893, United States Revised Statutes, contained two counts, each charging that the defendant 'did unlawfully and knowingly deposit and caused to be deposited in the mail of the United States for mailing and delivery in the post-office of Snowville, Va., certain obscene, lewd, and lascivious writings, papers, prints, and publications.' No other allegation of knowledge appeared in the indictment. After conviction in the district court of the United States for the Western District of Virginia, the defendant moved in arrest of judgment for insufficiency of the indictment. The jury in this case having found a verdict of guilty, the defendant moves the court in arrest of judgment on the ground that it is not alleged in either count of the indictment that the defendant knew the writings, papers, publications, etc., charged to hav been by her deposited in the mail, were of an obscene, lewd, and lascivious character. She is charged in the indictment with unlawfully and knowingly depositing and causing to be deposited in the mail for mailing and delivery certain obscene, lewd, and lascivious writings, papers, etc., but there is no allegation that she knew the papers, writings, etc., to be obscene, lewd, etc. The scienter when necessary to be alleged in an indictment is matter of substance and not of form, and its omission is not cused by section 1,025 of the Revised Statutes.

"The district attorney insists that as the indictment is in the language of the statute it is sufficient. This is the general rule as sufficiently describing the offense, but where something more is necessary, such as the allegation of guilty knowledge, then the language of the statute is not always sufficient. This was the case in United States *vs.* Carll, 105 U. S., 611, where the indictment alleged in the words of the statute that the defendant feloniously and with intent to defraud did pass, utter, and publish a falsely made, forged, counterfeit, and altered obligation of the United States, but did not further allege that the defendant knew it to be false, forged, counterfeit, and altered. It was held insufficient even after verdict, the Supreme Court saying, 'In an indictment upon a statute it is not sufficient to set forth the offense in the words of the statute unless those words of themselvs fully, directly, and expressly, without any uncertainty or ambiguity, set forth all the elements necessary to constitute the offense to be punished.' To the same effect is the decision of United States *vs.* Cruikshank, 92 U. S. Supreme Court Reports, 542. The same objection made to this indictment was made and sustained in the case of the Commonwealth *vs.* Boynton, 12 Cushing's Reports, 499. These authorities are as high as any that can be invoked in the decision of this question.

"A very clear rule as to the sufficiency of an indictment is laid down in Com. *vs* Young, 15 Grattan, 664. It is this: 'If the indictment may be true and still the accused may not be guilty of the offense described in the statute, the indictment is insufficient.' Let us apply this rule to the case before us. The defendant is charged with knowingly depositing and causing to be deposited in the mail for mailing and delivery certain obscene papers, etc. She may knowingly hav done this. She may knowingly hav caused it to be done and yet be entirely ignorant of the obscene character of the writings, etc., so deposited, and consequently not guilty of the offense described in the statute.

"'Knowingly' in the indictment must be limited to the act of depositing for mailing and delivery the obscene matter in the mail, and cannot be extended to include a guilty knowledge of the character of the writings, papers, etc.

"Suppose the indictment charged that the defendant knowingly deposited and caused to be deposited in the mail for mailing and delivery a certain dangerous and explosiv substance known as dynamite or gunpowder, would this be sufficient allegation that she knew the material to be of a dangerous and explosiv character? The court thinks not. The knowledge alleged in the indictment would be confined to the act of mailing. The adjectivs 'dangerous and explosiv' would intervene between the fact of which she is alleged to hav knowledge and separate it from the subject of which she must be charged with having guilty knowledge, and are descriptiv of that subject. As stated in the case cited from 12 Cushing, the guilty knowledge charged was confined to the act of selling, and did not extend to the character of the meat sold.

"The case chiefly relied upon by counsel for the government to sustain this indictment is United States *vs.* Bennett, Myers's Federal Decisions, p. 700. An examination of that case will show that the point there raised against the indictment was somewhat different from the one raised here. But granting them to be the same, I cannot think the case of Bennett of more binding authority than the cases I hav cited.

"The court is of the opinion that the indictment does not not set forth the offense with clearness and all necessary certainty so as to apprise the accused of the crime with which she stands charged, and every ingredient of which the offense is composed is not accurately and clearly alleged. It is defectiv because it does not allege that the defendant knew that the writings, papers, etc., which she is charged with having deposited in the mail for mailing and delivery were of an obscene, lewd, and lascivious character. This conclusioa is clearly sustained by principle and precedent, and the motion in arrest of judgment must be sustained."

We heartily congratulate Mrs. Slenker on her escape from the clutches of Comstock's crowd. The judge seems to hav been a fair-minded man, though the jury and community were maliciously vindictiv toward the defendant. This judicial fairness and the efforts of able counsel enable her to return in triumph to her home, where she is respected by all her acquaintances. It would hav been better had the jury recognized her purity of character and motiv and acquitted her on the merit of the defense; but it is too much to expect that a lot of orthodox clodhoppers could understand the object of a sexual science investigator. They saw only the coarse clothing of her work; not its spirit.

But for all that, she is free. Her contemptible prosecution has failed, and the spies hav had their labor for their pains. We do not believe there is a Liberal in the country who will not be overjoyed to know it.

## Arkansas Law.

This is the way the Christians manage things in Arkansas, as we learn from the *Democrat* of Little Rock, that state. Mr. H. B. Flippen is a young farmer living at Cascade Springs, Faulkner county. Recently Mr. Flippin took a portion of his cotton crop to Little Rock to sell. His journey began Sunday, October 16th, and to reach Little Rock he was obliged to pass through Pulaski county. Soon after crossing the county line he was overtaken by Justice of the Peace A. F. Skinner, who gravely informed the young man that there was on the statute book of the state of Arkansas a law inhibiting any species of Sabbath work, and that in his hallidome said law was enforced to the letter. Mr. Flippen at first paid but little attention to this official pronunciamento, but

the gentleman clothed in the official robes soon impressed the violator of the Sabbath law that he meant business. He ordered Mr. Flippen into the custody of a constable, then he established his court right there in the road, had the constable bring Mr. Flippen before him, and fined him one dollar. When Mr. Flippen reached Little Rock he showed the editor of the *Democrat* the following receipt:

"Oct. 16, 1887.

"Received of H. B. Flippin $1, as fine for having on the Sabbath.

"This 16th day of October, 1887.

"A. F. SKINNER, J. P."

This is a verbatim copy, and the editor explains that the word "having" in the receipt should be "hauling," which renders it intelligible, though, perhaps, reflecting somewhat upon the intelligence of the militant justice.

The Christians of Arkansas are evidently alive to the necessity of preserving the holy Sabbath if they would preserve themselvs. But the question will obtrude upon one who ponders the matter, whether Justice Skinner cares the more for his religion or the dollar he extracted from Mr. Flippen's pocket.

## The Prohibitionists the Priests' Last Hope.

The Personal Liberty League of the Germans is meeting with very determined opposition from the preachers. The burden of their grief is over the proposed violation of the sanctity of the Sabbath. And along with the saloonists the preachers class the barbers, the bakers, the butchers, the ice-cream venders, the managers of steamboat and railroad excursions, the postmasters who open their offices on Sunday, and the newsdealers. In short, the reverend gentlemen are more concerned for the Sabbath than for the evil effects of beer-drinking.

In their defense of the institution which enables them to keep the people by the throat, the churches are casting about among the political parties. Of the Democratic party they expect nothing, as its policy of individualism furnishes "strong assurances that it will not seriously oppose an attempt to weaken the present Sunday laws." Of the Republican party the churches hav expected much, but now a zealous supporter of Sunday laws has discovered that the Republicans hav for years maintained in their platform a plank against Prohibitory and Sunday laws. The plank was adopted as far back as 1872, and reads as follows:

"The Republican party propose to respect the rights secured by the people to themselvs, as carefully as the powers delegated by them to the state and federal government. It disapproves of the resort to unconstitutional laws for the purpose of removing evils, by interference with the rights not surrendered by the people to either state or national government."

On its face the plank is a shrewd evasion of plain speaking, and a conspicuous example of how words may be utilized to cover up sentiments, but in connection with this letter from a member of the committee which drafted the resolution it is significant. The letter was written to a distiller who had inquired of Mr. Raster just what he meant by his ambiguous plank:

"CHICAGO, ILL., July 10, 1872.

"J. M. MILLER, *Dear Sir:* In reply to yours of July 8th I hav to say that I hav written the sixteenth resolution of the Philadelphia platform, aud that it was adopted by the platform committee *with the full and explicit understanding* that *its purpose was the discountenancing of all so-called temperance (prohibitory) and Sunday laws.* This purpose was meant to be expressed by reference to those rights of the people which hav not been delegated to either national or state governments; it being assumed that the right to drink what one pleases (being responsible for the acts committed under the influence of strong drink), and the right to look upon the day on which Christians hav their prayer-meetings as any other day, were among the rights not delegated by the people, but reserved to themselvs. Whether this explanation of the meaning of the resolution will satisfy you or not, I do not know. But as you want to serve the cause of truth, so do I; and what I hav stated here in regard to the 'true meaning and intent' of the sixteenth resolution of the Philadelphia platform is the truth.

"Very respectfully yours, HERMAN RASTER."

At the last national Republican convention in 1884 the previous declarations of the party were reaffirmed, and this plank stands to-day, to the great consternation and dismay of the ministers, who hav confidently looked to the Republican party to retain for them the chief relic of puritanic times which givs them their living. They now discover, however, that the managers of the party look upon Sunday as only a day on which Christians hav their prayer-meetings, and hav no objections to its being used as any other day. The discovery has shocked the clergy, and they roll their eyes at the Prohibition party as their only hope.

This is well. The Prohibition party, the God-in-the-Constitution party, and the Protestant church are one. Let them consolidate and crystallize upon a platform, and the rest of mankind will know how to meet them. And if the Germans expect to achieve permanent success in repealing the Sunday laws, they must broaden their platform to meet the requirements of justice and American principles, and not restrict it to the capacity of the trousers pockets of the brewers.

## A Merciful Religion.

The Buffalo *Catholic Union and Times* is in no doubt whatever concerning the destination of heretics. A Lutheran celebration in that city two weeks ago induces the reverend Patrick Cronin to remark:

"The Lutherans of Buffalo made Rome howl in trying to glorify their unfrocked monk, last week. But the beery hero of the 'Table Talk' would now rather hav a drop of cold water upon his burning tongue than all the eulogy that German eloquence could pronounce."

That is to say, Martin Luther, for having defied the pope, is now in hell, in burning brimstone, with literal flames roaring and crackling around him, his flesh shriveled and cracked, his eyes singed and sightless, his lips burning and tongue swollen and black, imploring with maniacal shrieks for one drop of water which God will not permit him to hav.

That is indeed a merciful and a blessed religion which comforts men and women with such pictures.

## Another Proclamation.

Following in the evil footsteps of President Cleveland, Governor Hill, of this state, has issued his Thanksgiving proclamation. He says:

"The mountains clothed with trees, the valleys filled with corn, the meadows rich with cattle, the streams making the fields green, everywhere speak the goodness of God.

"And he has blessed us beyond all other nations in wide-reaching, fertil farms, with their multitude of contented country homes, and in the busy streets of our many prosperous cities—these all bound together by majestic natural water-courses and by the great highways built by the genius and industry of our people.

"The giver of all good gifts has especially granted us happiness and welfare in the year that is ending. We hav been kept in health, we hav been preserved from strife within our borders, and in peace with foreign states. We hav been given abundant harvests and hav seen great increase in our material wealth."

We think Mr. Hill must hav written that in a Pickwickian, if not in a Pecksniffian, sense. If there is any state in the Union that is not prosperous, whose farmers are overburdened with taxes and underburdened with crops, whose laborers are discontented to the verge of riot, and business men disgusted with an unprofitable year, it is New York.

While we object to all these proclamations as tending to unite church and state, we object especially to the habit the issuers hav of lying about the condition of the country.

## Editorial Notes.

The synod of Baltimore, on the 27th ult., directed the presbytery of Washington to record a verdict of not guilty in the case of F. M. Todd, of Manassas, Va. The clergy always stand by each other when they can.

IF Ella Wheeler Wilcox really believes that Colonel Ingersoll is "laying down his arms," she should read his reply to Dr. Field in the *North American Review*, copious extracts from which were transferred to these columns last week. And if she will talk to Mr. Ingersoll only five minutes on the subject, she will never hav the hardihood, even to fill out space, to again insinuate such a thing.

FOR thirteen years Mrs. Annie Besant has been connected with the *National Reformer* as co-editor. She now resigns this position because she is a Socialist. She will, however, continue to enrich the *Reformer's* columns as a contributor. Mrs. Besant "regards Socialism as the necessary and logical outcome of the radicalism which the *Reformer* teaches," but she has by no means made this proposition clear. The policy of the paper is Atheistic and republican. We do not see that an Atheist is necessarily a Socialist, or how a republican can be.

THE ministers are vigorously fighting the Personal Liberty League. Their organization in this city has the support, of course, of the country clergy, who "view with alarm" the increasing tendency to violate the Sabbath, and do therefore "resolve" that "the Personal Liberty League, which has for its avowed object the lawful opening of the drinking saloons on Sunday, between the hours of 2 and 12 P.M., is subversiv of both law and order, and strikes at the overthrow of the Christian Sabbath, which is one of the main bulwarks of our American free institutions." We fail to see how the Personal Liberty League will be subversiv of law when the law shall permit the saloons to be open as the league desires, and order will probably be as good when men drink beer legally as it is now when they drink it illegally. The "Christian Sabbath" is one of the main bulwarks of the clergy, and the Sunday laws are the main division between them and beggary, but the clerical profession is not synonymous with free institutions by any means.

W. M. SALTER, the pastor of the Ethical Society of Chicago, has kindly devoted a whole sermon to the condemned Anarchists of his city. His conclusion is that three of the men were proven accessories before the fact of the murder of the policeman Degan—Engel, Fischer, and Lingg. These he thinks the state should imprison for life. The other four, Spies, Schwab, Fielden, and Parsons, he believes, after examining all the evidence, not guilty of the crime for which they hav been condemned. They were guilty of sedition and were engaged in a conspiracy against the state. This was their offense, he says, and for this they should be imprisoned for a term of years. The conclusion of Mr. Salter is evidently a compromise with his conscience and his congregation. If Engel, Fischer, and Lingg were really proved to be accessories to murder their sentence to hang is just, if capital punishment is the penalty for that crime, though executiv clemency may well be extended in all such cases. Hanging is a barbarous mode of punishment. And if the others are guilty only of conspiring to change the form of government in Illinois, nothing should be done to them. The people hav the right to change the form of government if they choose. That inherent right is the basis upon which the Revolutionary war is justified. Where would the Democratic and Republican political orators land if denouncing our rulers were an unlawful conspiracy? Treason consists in acts, not talk; and if, as Mr. Salter finds, Fielden, Spies, Parsons, and Schwab did nothing but talk, they should go free like any other stump speaker. If these men conspired to murder and did actually murder Degan and the other policemen, their sentence is just. If they did not so conspire and murder, their execution will be judicial murder.

THE Galveston (Tex.) *News*, which is permitted by the grace of Judge Gustave Cook to violate the Sunday laws on condition that it support them, says in its Sunday issue of the 30th ult.: "The *North American Review* for November opens with the promised reply of Robert G. Ingersoll to the Rev. Henry M. Field, who wrote an open letter to Ingersoll in a recent number of the *Review*. On that occasion the Rev. Henry Field was rash enough to advance some puny arguments in support of the tottering tower of religion, and opposed to the sweeping onslaughts on a popular fallacy by the eloquent Atheist. It was predicted that Mr. Ingersoll would reply in due time. He has done so. And what is the result? As well may the average mortal attempt to stay the rush of the tempest as to successfully cope with Ingersoll, whose control of language, power of reason, force of argument, and eloquence of utterance combined, are so overwhelmingly great, that he crushes his opponents with their logical weight. As the scythe levels the grain to earth, so he, with a resolution that never falters, and a mind that never weakens, hurls his shafts of logic and reason into the serried ranks of ignorance, superstition, and fanaticism, sweeping them out of existence. For pure eloquence, ingenuity, and clearness of argument, beauty of construction, and facility of expression, the present article of Mr. Ingersoll in the *North American Review* almost surpasses his previous efforts. Step by step he takes up the points advanced by the Rev. Henry Field, carefully analyzes them, makes all due allowances, and finally leaves them bare like a plucked chicken. He gently, yet firmly, dethrones his opponent from his self-imposed position. He is generous and willing to concede certain points for the sake of argument, but never loses hold of his object, and that object is to destroy his opponent's theories. In one respect it is the most radical essay that Colonel Ingersoll has ever written, as he conceals nothing, withholds nothing, but reveals his innermost thoughts and unshaken convictions in the interest of progress and enlightenment. In thirty pages of the *North American Review* he sweeps away the arguments of the Rev. Henry Field as effectually as though carried away by a whirlwind." Mr. Belo should be careful. If he tells the truth in this frank fashion Judge Cook may repent.

## Business.

MRS. S. L. CLARK, of Newport, Me., daughter of Seward Mitchell, has a large number of her father's papers on hand which she will send to anyone who desires them sufficiently to send stamps to pay postage.

ATTENTION is called to the advertisment, in its appropriate column, of the steel engraving of Alexander von Humboldt. The picture is a fine one of the great naturalist, of whom Ingersoll said, "He left a legacy of glory to every human being."

CHARLES WATTS will lecture at West Union, Ia., November 20th and 21st; at Maynard, the 22d; at Oelwin, the 23d.

## A Cosmopolitan Nation.

*From Tidbits.*

The court: "Mr. Clerk, is this Thursday afternoon?"

Clerk: "Yes, your honor."

The court: "To-morrow is the Turkish Sabbath, Saturday the Hebrew, and Sunday the Christian. We adjourn until Monday."

Clerk: "But that is Labor Day; Tuesday is the anniversary of Irish independence; and Wednesday of the founding of the German empire."

The court: "Then we are closed for the week."

# Letters from Friends.

GOLDTHWAIT, TEXAS, Oct. 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I send money to renew my subscription and for one new subscriber. I hav the promis of another subscriber. I shall send on his name soon. Freethought is growing in this place and country. A. LEWIS.

ST. CHARLES, MINN., Oct. 16, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The lectures of Mr. Remsburg, delivered two years ago in this place, hav not been without effect. The present shepherds of the fold are beginning to complain that the well-bedewed pasture fields show unmistakable signs of approaching barrenness, and they are on the outlook for fields more congenial for pastoral prosperity. C. LAUTH.

PAULINE, ARK., Oct. 19, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find postal note for $3 for a new subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER. A few of us here about Pauline keep in the harness and expect to continue the fight for freedom against spiritual tyranny. I organized a Liberal League at Pauline two weeks ago on twelve members. We need a good liberal lecturer through this part of Arkansas (Northwest), but it seems we cannot arouse the timid Freethinkers enough to get one here. I hav made several efforts to get J. E. Remsburg, who would hav come, but I could not be sure of the means. W. R. BACHELOR.

GALT, ONT., Oct. 17, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $5, which please credit, and send THE TRUTH SEEKER for balance of amount. I will not take up your time by giving you "taffy," but will merely say that your management of THE TRUTH SEEKER meets my views of Liberalism. It seems to me that several of your correspondents misapprehend the true idea of a Liberal.

Your explanations and replies to such meet with my hearty approval, and THE TRUTH SEEKER, pictures and all, is a welcome weekly visitor to our household. With best wishes for your success, GEO. LAIRD.

MOUNT ALTON, PA., Oct. 20, 1887.

Mr. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3 to pay subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER, the friend of the Liberals—yes, I will say the greatest friend and companion of Liberals. Your correspondents are doing a great work, and the lecturers that are traveling through the country are doing a great work also. Watson Heston is a host; his mind must be loaded equivalent to a Gatling gun. I am certain that the shots that he fires into the ranks of the enemy are telling. I liv in a small village; the people are all, or nearly all, of the old superstitious class. Those who would like to be Freethinkers dare not for fear that it will not suit their neighbors. I say, as the great Patrick Henry said: "Giv me liberty or giv me death." I say, Hang your banner on the outer wall, and let your cry be, Freedom, and long liv THE TRUTH SEEKER. E. N. FAIRCHILD.

MURRAY, IDAHO, Oct. 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Thanking you kindly for past favors, you will find inclosed $3, which you will please place to my credit for the best paper in the land. My paper is read by dozens of miners every week. We hav about three hundred inhabitants in and around Murray. We hav no church, but the priest makes his regular round-up once a month, and calls for $5 from each of his flock. I think, as a rule, three-quarters of the men in mining-camps are Freethinkers. A Methodist minister came here from Montana to giv the boys a talk, but he had only about five men to hear him, though I think all the ladies in camp went to hear—no, went to see the new style of dress. When he got on the stage the next day he said he had not collected enough to pay his fare to the railroad—$5. We hav not been troubled with any such since. If he comes again we will sit down on him.

FRANK REED.

SALISBURY, MO., Oct. 25, 287.

MR. EDITOR: In your paper of Oct. 1st is a letter signed "Alhaza." Of course the name is feminin, and "Alhaza" will pardon me for saying she.

She says: "With regard to the Constitution, it seems that Alexander Hamilton was the first who suggested the idea, and from the life of Patrick Henry, and other prominent men of that period, we learn how wise men pondered hours and days, as did the people also, over that mighty subject. I do not think clerical minds helped to frame that instrument. If they did, will some wiseacre come out and produce the necessary information?" If "Alhaza" will write to M. D. Leahy, of Liberal, Mo., and get a copy of the *American Idea* of the date of Aug. 13, 287, she will see an article written by me, headed, "When will Wonders Cease?" and signed, "Lucifer," which will giv her the necessary information. In any event, I wish to compliment you, "Alhaza;" your article certainly has many great merits and fine suggestions. JOHN TRUEBLOOD.

ADRIAN, MICH., Oct. 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav to herald a mighty event—the great Agnostic, Robert G. Ingersoll, knocked into smithereens. His arguments are shivered, and his castle has been demolished and has tumbled about his ears. He can no more mount the rostrum and hurl his shafts of Infidelity against orthodox belief. He is squelched forever. Gen. George A. Sheridan is lecturing at the Opera House in this city. The Adrian *Daily Times* says of it: "Colonel Ingersoll was handled with his own weapons. The shafts of eloquence, sarcasm, and ridicule with which he attacks the Christian religion were hurled back at him by a man who is fully his equal in their mastery." How hav the mighty been demolished! Greatness has received a blow that it can never recover from. Agnosticism is dead. Sheridan may be a very nice man, but I do not think him very profound. His altitude is short, but he makes up in thickness. His stomach and head are too near together. The heat engendered in the stomach probably keeps his brain warm. Robert ought to know better than to set up an argument to be torn down by smarter men. O. S. BARRETT.

SILVERTON, COL., Oct. 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I received Mr. Eckhard's "Nine Demands," and am well pleased with it. It is now being framed, and will occupy a choice place in the parlor. We like your paper very much, and I don't think I will ever be found without it again. MRS. PERRY FISHER.

CAWKER CITY, KAN., Oct. 25, 287.

MR. EDITOR: I giv you herewith an item of religious news, thinking that perhaps you might get it incorrectly from the papers. It was thusly: Some men in the garb of Jesus came here three weeks since, and pitched their tent and commenced preaching and denouncing other sects as Antichrist. They taught, however, some good things, as temperance; and the tobbaco habit was denounced, and the use of fine dress, and the wearing of watches and jewelry. They taught that people should liv sinless lives. They made great noise, about like the ranting Methodists long years ago; so much so that the people living near the tent were greatly annoyed by night. They made numerous converts, mostly from other churches; denounced secret societies, and I know of one Oddfellow who left the society. Last night, Sunday, some men, with the authority of the city fathers, attended the meeting, denounced the preachers as scoundrels, took down the tent nicely, and told the clerical rogues to leave early next morning or worse things would happen. As usual, the converts were mostly women, but there were a considerable number of men. I may add that, as I hav learned it from attendants, they were exposing the other sects with terrible effect, and if not stopped it would hav been much greater. All is quiet now, and I expect it will remain so, as it would be useless to go to law about it. The rogues made great professions of humility, taking up no collections, and receiving only such money as was given them. One man took the dominie to the clothing house, and rigged him out with a new suit. What others did I am not advised, however. GEO. W. CHAPMAN, M.D.

Oct. 29, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I see in your issue of to-day a Mr. Ben Smead takes exception to my remarks of September 23d. He is of the opinion that I was not there when the bomb was thrown, nor had I heard the speeches made there, or read articles published in their papers. He is right. I had not; but I hav yet to find in the Constitution of the United States any clause that says a man shall be hung for making speeches or publishing unpopular articles. If such is the fact, I certainly need posting. Mr. Smead says he knows what oppression means, but he thinks that is justice. He thinks it all right for a brutal police to attack a peaceable meeting, and that to resist is all wrong, although free speech and a free press are guaranteed to us. He says violent speeches do no good. I think that sometimes they may set other people to thinking, and I do not think any man deserves hanging for making one; and there is no pretense that either of these men threw the bomb. Therefore, they are condemned to death for speaking and printing unpopular ideas.

Mr. Ben Smead advises me to let these men and all breakers of the Constitution hang, and not raise my voice against it. Has he any idea of the multitude that would hang if that was the case, from presidents and judges down to Chicago police? He also has an idea that millionaires and monopolists keep millions from starving by keeping the wheels turning, but if the wheels did not turn, where would they get their millions? He also thinks it is no use for the mules to kick—namely, the workers—because they thereby hurt themselvs; and yet this wiseacre quotes, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." He says the people will suffer, for they are at fault in not selecting better representativs. But how are they to instruct their representativs if they are not allowed free speech and press—if they are not allowed to meet and discuss any question they please, let it be never so unpopular, without the risk of being hung? I assure Mr. Smead that I can see the subtle workings of the Catholic church, and know that if they get the power it would be a sorry day for such as he and I. We would be hung or worse for bloodthirsty Infidels, which in Christian parlance means all the crimes in the calendar, including Anarchy, Socialism, etc. J. DOWNES.

LEHIGH, IA., Oct. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I take the pleasure of gratifying your two wants which appeared at the head of the editorial department in THE TRUTH SEEKER; and I most heartily claim that you are justly entitled to all that is asked.

Among all the papers that we subscribe for, THE TRUTH SEEKER ranks foremost. It is our family paper, and has become a necessity in our household. Its management is fully abreast of the times, which keeps us well posted on all subjects appertaining to the welfare of the human race. And what we hold you in our highest esteem for is that you show no partiality in giving each and all the right of expressing their sentiments upon all subjects which come within the bounds of decency. I liked the stand which you took in regard to the Chicago Anarchists, not because I think you one, nor because I sympathize with their theory, not in the least; but because I think it is each and every true American citizen's duty to protect and defend the liberty of speech and to protest against the intolerant spirit which is clamoring for the abolishment of free speech, press, and mail. Let this spirit of suppression get into power and where will the line of demarcation be drawn? Not until they hav closed the mouths of our best thinkers and reformers, and then Freethought will become as offensiv to the "Unco Guid" as Anarchism is at present.

But suffice at present, and I must before I close show our appreciation of Mr. Heston's work. And to do this it is only necessary to say that we think his pictures splendid, and that we think he is engaged in a grand work, in showing up by illustrations the true likeness of Christian orthodoxy. Pictures are plainer than words, and we must confess that, so far that Mr. Heston has gone, he has unveiled the tiger in plainer light than any other who has taken up the subject. The very children laugh and hoot at the imposition which the pictures portray. Words can easily be forgotten, but these cartoons will leave an impression upon both the young and old alike that will enable them to utterly cut loose from ignorance, which breeds superstition, and seek that which leads to truth, liberty, which result in happiness.

There is no wonder that the weak-kneed are squealing about the horridness of these cartoons, simply because they hav never become fully convinced of the absurdity of the Christian religion. I sincerely trust that success will crown the efforts of Mr. Heston's work, and that he will be able to wield his pencil long. ROBT. FLEMING.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1887.

Mr. EDITOR: The right of private ownership has never been assumed on any other pretense than the action called labor by which possession is acquired. The right to exclusiv private ownership of product cannot be secured except by conceding the same right of possession to the ground, which will be equivalent to private ownership of the ground. Hence no distinction, however finely and elaborately drawn, can make a practical difference between private ownership of product and of the ground upon which the product grows, nor separate them. Therefore, if human labor should confer the right to private ownership of any product, it should confer the right to private ownership of all products. Moreover, private ownership of flocks and herds should logically imply an exclusiv right of possession to as much land as will be required for pasturage and forage, which will secure private ownership of the product without the labor of cultivation.

The right to private ownership of products, assumed on the pretense that human labor produces them, will hardly stand the test of a logical analysis, unless it can be proven that human labor and nature are synonymous. I think it will be unanimously conceded that anthracite and bituminous coals are products of nature unaided by human labor; yet if a man bring a quantity of coals out of the mines he is awarded an exclusiv right of ownership on the pretense that his labor produced them. Moreover, the ground and the seeds we plant in it, the material of which the plow is constructed and the team which draws it, and man himself, are products of nature unaided by human labor. The products grow while men sleep, and when matured, man claims the right of private ownership on the pretense that his labor has produced them. Nevertheless, I shall fail to see that human labor does anything more than to appropriate the products of nature and adapt them to human need, greed, and caprice, which tends to consume them. Therefore, unless man appropriates that which is not the fruits of his own labor, he will hav no fruits of his own labor that he can appropriate. Therefore, if it is not just for us to appropriate natural things, and take from others what might otherwise hav been theirs, the right of private ownership cannot be just nor justified on any pretense whatever. Furthermore, the right of private ownership has filled the world with violence, fraud, and oppression; with war, robbery, and rapine; and drenched the earth with human blood, and givs no reasonable hope of our realizing anything better from it in the future. Yet it is the fundamental principle of so-called "Labor Reform." Therefore I think it obvious that none need to be reformed more than do Labor Reformers themselvs. J. A. TUTTLE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 14, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $1.50, for which forward me your paper for six months. After upward of seventy years, I hav decided to change my mental diet. A good friend in Oakland, by loaning me some of the papers, has made me a victim, and I think that at the expiration of six months I can understand if it agrees with my constitution. In my youth I was brought up to the true orthodox faith, and used to attend the Methodist camp-meetings at Eastham, Cape Cod. But I never got it bad—only a slight touch, a sort of a religious varioloid, I might say, not as bad as the measles, which I had about the same time. I used to note those converted after their return to Boston and I could never find much improvement in their conduct in trade and communication with their fellow-men. At this time I was a boy in a store. I used often to take packages to a gentleman's house. He was a tall, fine-looking gentleman, with a mild, benevolent face. He seemed to fancy me, and I am sure I did him. I would often receive a fourpence at his hand. This man was Abner Kneeland. Well, you know the sequel. He was put in jail for being honest. This noble, high-minded, good man was sent to prison for daring to say and believe what to-day one-half the preachers believe. This caused my religious ardor to flag, and thenceforth I began to think and watch for myself, and the longer I liv the more I am disgusted with these shams. This age seems to be made up of shams. Our daily papers are all shams. When you read an article you can't tell whether it is the writer's honest convictions or not. And we all know, and the church folk themselvs know, the church is a grand sham from the Catholic down. Martin Luther did a good thing. He builded better than he knew; he gave the people independence, though he would hav liked to make a religious despotism equal to the pope's. But he didn't start right—though the Protestants hav done some pretty good work in

comparison. I hav seen the Catholic church in all its beauty and deformity forty years ago in Mexico. I can assure you that for seventy odd years my eyes, ears, and brain hav not been idle. J. F.

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BERLIN, N. J., Oct. 19, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Another error of Henry George is this: "As man did not make the land, therefore he does not own it." But our Declaration of Independence tells a very different story. It says that all men hav certain unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Now, if a man has a right to life, as he cannot liv without food, it legitimately follows that he has the same natural right to land enough to raise his food on that he has to life itself. This great fact is so plain that a fool ought to see it. But according to George, as a man did not make land, he has no right to it, and so we must all join together and steal it from some unseen power and each other, and let it to those who want it to cultivate. If the man who wants land to raise food on has no right to it, whence do all others derive their right to claim and let it?

Let us try George's logic on the other elements. Man did not make air, therefore he does not own it; so when a child is born it must not breathe till it is old enough to earn money and hunt up a government officer and hire the right to use the air. It did not make sunlight or the water; therefore it must not open its eyes to the light or ask for a drink till it has earned money enough to pay for it. The fact is, every man has just the same natural right to land enough to make a home and raise his food on that he has to sunlight, air, water, or to life itself, and any man, company, or government that robs any other man of his right to land is as guilty as the highwayman that robs him of his money, and should be treated the same—and will be in the years to come. The same men who rob others of their birthright to land would, if they could, bottle up all the sunlight, air, and water, and make others pay for them. And the sooner the world is rid of such men the better. See THE TRUTH SEEKER of May 28th. More anon. J. HACKER.

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MINNESOTA VALLEY, Oct. 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In the Roman republic they said, "*Consuleo videant ne quid res publica capiat detrimenti*"—*i. e.*, the consuls had to take care that the republic should suffer no damage. In our republic we hav no such consuls, but our consuls hav been so far the press of the country. The press had, and has, the high office to look and take care that the republic suffers not. The press of the country filled this office to our satisfaction until of late.

Whether the Constitution of the United States says in simple, unmistakable words that every citizen has the right of free expression of his opinion upon any subject or not, we will not dispute about here, but certain and absolutely certain it is, and was, that the citizens of the United States thought and acted so, as if the Constitution of the United States had warranted us perfect freedom of speech and press. Juries, courts, and judges acted under the same impression. In short, we enjoyed freedom of speech and press; if not by the Constitution of the United States, we had it in fact; if not *de jure*, we had it *de facto*. This was so, or we thought it was so. When it came to a proving, it was not so. Our consul, *i. e.*, the press, did not see to it that the republic should not suffer. When C. B. Reynolds was persecuted and fined in Morristown, N. J., the press (Freethought press always excepted in this article) clung to the old state law of New Jersey about blasphemy, and in some of them you could read easily enough between the lines: "Serves him right; why did he not keep his mouth shut?" Others belittled Mr. Reynolds, called him a pulpit renegade; others silenced the whole affair; others found fault with Colonel Ingersoll and belittled him and his way of defending Reynolds. That freedom of expression of opinion was interfered with, none of these papers—and I keep sixteen papers in the English as well as in the German language—had a word to say about; not one word that Reynolds suffered, instead of did, wrong. The case was more important and apparent because Mr. Reynolds spoke in his own tent-house.

The same course our press has taken, and takes, in the Chicago Anarchist case. Our consuls—*i. e.*, the press—cling to the state law of Illinois, which punishes the instigator with the same rod as the perpetrator, a law which was abolished long ago in every European state. If you read these papers, you will and must get the impression as if freedom of speech and press had nothing whatever to do with the Anarchist trial in Chicago. This press acts precisely as the man acts who sits on a branch of a tree and quietly looks on while somebody is sawing at his branch before his own face.

What did our great men then at the helm of this republic when this nation was fighting for its very existence during the Rebellion? What did Lincoln, Seward, Stanton, General Grant, do to suppress the Copperhead press of the North? Did they put those copperheads, the Chicago *Times*, *Pomeroy's Democrat*, the Milwaukee *Teebote*, in jail and let them be condemned to be hung? Everybody who was of age and intelligent enough to reason then will readily admit that the Anarchists did child's-play in comparison with what those Copperheads did, in speech and press. The Anarchists hav seven lives on their conscience; those Copperheads at least one hundred and seventy thousand. The people of the North, we soldiers and those great men in Washington, knew full well what great harm these Copperheads did to the country, and the army in especial. Our great men did not interfere with them, much less cause them to be hung, which would hav been a very easy matter then. Why did they not interfere? Because they were great men and did not want to interfere with the generally admitted liberty and freedom of speech and press. They were great men; the framers of that monstrous Illinois law are not great men—hat settles the question. For the sake of freedom of speech and press I therefore ask for pardon to the seven Anarchists, not out of sympathy with their principles or their doings. I will never be a Socialist or an Anarchist, and wish that every enemy of our government and Constitution should be made harmless, but not by means of cutting the liberties of the people, but by an open fight and hand-to-hand fight. The Anarchists want fighting; let them hav it. Repel at the next occasion force by force and accept their challenge and let us see who wins; but the liberties of the people must under no circumstances be interfered with. The Anarchists of the whole world are not worth that prize.

What a beautiful chance for all our would-be Jay Goulds, of whom every large city has an abundance, to face the Anarchists at the next-given occasion and fight them hand to hand! The more dead on each side, the better for the country—on one side the bodies of the Anarchists, enemies of the country; on the other side the bodies of those who hav made Anarchists. O. T.

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PASCO, W. T., Oct. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $3 for one new subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER. This subscriber is our school teacher, and a very strong Liberal. We are very fortunate to secure a teacher like him. Since Mr. Putnam was here, and gave us two lectures on the "New God" and "Universal Mental Liberty," our othodox friends hav raised a great war-cry, and are trying to force the Bible into the school, but as luck is always with the Infidels here, we got the best of them. As I am myself a school director yet for one year, I will fight them to the bitter end. The majority of the people here are strong Liberals, and some of them the very strongest Infidels. We are intending to build a Liberal hall here, and form a Secular Union. If Mr. Putnam or some other Liberal speaker should come this way next year, he can speak in our new hall, which will be dedicated to Freethought and science. How glorious to see the name in our little burg—the Pasco Freethinkers' Hall of Science for the welfare of mankind! FRANK SCHUNEMANN.

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LEXINGTON, KY., Oct. 27, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: This country is governed now by an oligarchy as treacherous and tyrannical as was Athens, when Thrasybulus came and laid siege to his own city, and Alcibiades felt burning in his bosom the soul of a patriot. When they are slain, who will feed the sacred fire of liberty or light so fearlessly the torch of reason? Taxation is indeed slavery, and the custom-house a den of outrage. A man who works for his living should never pay taxes, but claim a small pension from the government. We need now a standing army to rivet our chains, when our brains will be under martial law, and a reign of terror will succeed. Our best editors tremble for the interests of capital, fearing an interregnum which will cause the laborer to become a monopolist, as he will not want a precedent in that respect.

The time was when bishops preached to large audiences, but it is not so now, though some of them say plainly that they do not want the name of God in the Constitution. There is an Ariel in the air, and a strange jangling of sweet sounds. People languish for the truth; the flimsy subterfuge will not much longer prosper, though the wording may be as magnificent as the book of Job, who screens poor God from blame, though horrible punishments are expected to fall upon the head of the man who offends him. All this is shrouded in mystery, which has power to sustain anything that belongs to religion. The way people worship now is, "to hunt a crowd, and when they find one, they will listen with some patience, if the lecture sounds like Beecher's sermons." They say they love God, though they know nothing about him. Their idol must resemble nothing—for he never casts a shadow, has no center or circumference, animates everything—so that at times he must be inconceivably disgusting. Which makes nonentity, contradiction, and a fiend. One reason why twenty-four clergymen wanted him left out of the Constitution was because people would then be sure to rend that instrument with regard to the "nature of God and the origin of evil." We remember how vivid was St. Augustine's idea that the father and son were consubstantial, and Tertullian's luminous thought that Christ was being born from all eternity and to eternity (bedlam lucubrations).

> Strange that difference there should be
> 'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee!

And Mr. J. Fiske givs it as his opinion that the seeds of modern Infidelity were already planted in the minds of these dear clergymen.

There is a God who can be traced through cycles or ages, working in volumes of atoms at one period, responding in another in improved masses, animals almost lost in Nature's convulsions arising with greater vigor under purer skies and amid better surroundings—Evolution. The mind which consumes at "white heat" will crave a broader scope of thought. Pity will charm the soul, instead of luxurious emotions—

> Balm, dropping down from the sky,
> Is not sweeter than poor human love.

ALHAZA.

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DETROIT, MICH., Oct. 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: M. E. Lazarus seems to want an explanation from me. He does not lay down any alternativ, as was once the style in such cases. But he can see no inconsistency in his writings, and so lays it to my ignorance and ill-will. Well, the first part of his fling is often made to act as a boomerang, but I am too well aware of my defects to return such compliments; and the second part, that I can hav any ill-will toward a person whom I hav never seen, nor had any transactions with, is just too rich even to amuse me. To satisfy my mind upon the point, that I had not forgotten anything, I hav looked over the back numbers of THE TRUTH SEEKER and read over Mr. Lazarus's letter in reply to one of mine, in which I find more ignorance and inconsistency than in the letter of Aug. 20, 1887, to the Editor. In THE TRUTH SEEKER of Feb. 20, 1886, Mr. Edgeworth starts off with: "A Political Aladdin." "In resting from your labor, your imagination, under the same sort of inaction from the facts which spread sumptuous banquets in the dreams of starving men, assumes the helm of that power to which it is enslaved, and wielding the ballot as a talisman, creates money by fiat. [What a grand piece of rhetoric for some school boy! How full of consistency!] During a flush of currency the business mind is excited, capital flows out more freely into enterprise, more labor is employed, and, as to wages, it must be the fault of contract if their sum does not rise to more than compensate for their lesser purchasing power." Well, if there is not both ignorance galore and inconsistency here I must be a numskull. Mr. Edgeworth is perfectly ignorant of money and of the meaning of fiat. No man ever knew a dollar of fiat money to be worth less than one hundred cents, and no money that ever was made yet had any power to purchase even a ticket for soup. Again he says: "These temporary phenomena own a moral force distinct from the material basis of the currency. They will be the same whether this is flushed by an immigration of capital, or by the discovery of treasures, or by fiatism." No man has yet ever informed the world what the thing called capital is, and Mr. Edgeworth talks Hindoo when he makes such expressions. "The difference," he says, "between these motivs of activity is felt at ulterior periods, when collapse and bankruptcy reveal the spurious." My friend is about as well-informed as to the causes of collapse and bankruptcy as he is of the purchasing power of money. He evidently has read various and numerous of the party organs and financial reports, and has swallowed them all without sorting them out, and he givs them forth just as he has received them. And this he does with all subjects so far as I hav read his letters—see his letter to the Editor Aug. 20, 1887. Again he says: "Is a fiat currency without other basis than faith on the part of its receivers? That depends on the nature of its investments [more ignorance], on the continuance of the government that issues it, and on taxation which may liquidate it." Now as no man is ever obliged to take any money by the law of any land, it is quite silly to talk this way; and as it is utterly wrong for any government to tax its people at all, of course the money should never be liquidated, except in payment of debt—the first, last, and only, object of money is to pay debts. Let Mr. Edgeworth learn this now, and keep it separate where he can find it, and make no more such silly expressions as the purchasing power of money. Again he continues: "When the Confederate government first issued fiat money [the Confederate government never issue a dollar of fiat money] one of my neighbors had recently purchased a farm on credit. . . By the sale of his supplies then [to the Southern armies making a great demand] the first season the purchaser paid for his farm with money not at par with gold or silver (specie), and which soon became worthless."

Now I hav before me a fifty and a twenty dollar bill of this same money which Mr. Edgeworth calls fiat; on each of them is a simple promis that in the possible contingency, in the very dim future, two years after the ratification of a treaty of peace (and separation) between the Northern states and the Southern confederated states, they will pay on demand fifty and twenty dollars. It is not stated on either what is the substance or kind of coin which will pay these promises. There is not the least allusion to any fiat on them at all, and our national bank bills are as much a fiat as are any of the bills of the Confederate states, and Mr. Edgeworth's neighbor did not purchase his farm with fiat or any other money, but used whatever his creditor would take in payment of debt. Mr. Edgeworth says the war debt, whose burden of interest is crushing us, is largely held abroad. The war debt has never been but a spoonful to the amount of other debts in this country, which amount to about fifteen times as much as the war debt. My friend says he favors repudiation. Of course you might expect just such an impossible and impracticable remedy. It agrees with the other inconsistencies. "To lend," he says, "a people funds for the purpose of injuring a neighbor people is as bad as to put weapons in the hands of a maniac or of a hired assassin." Now as no people loaned any funds to this government, but only bought the enslaving bonds of our enslaving government, my friend seems to be mixed again. But I must hurry along. He says further on: "Mr. Wood, who shows a laudable animosity against the great blood-sucker interest, makes the strange accusation against me of 'proposing that all go into the banking business and all speculate on each other's neccssities, which is just as sensible as the idea of co-operation.'"

"Well," says Mr. Edgeworth, "it is difficult to imagin anything more sensible than co-operation;" which shows how deeply my friend has studied the question. It is true that to a superficial observation co-operation seems very good and sensible, especially to those who are inside the ring. So does every other enterprise if successful, to those who are in it. But all co-operation is in the direction of monopoly, and is an injury to all outside in just the ratio of its success. There should be no necessity for co-operation for the purpose of enriching anyone. There should be no taxation; then there would be no debt, and no interest to pay, and real money would be created by the right power, the government of the people, and paid out to the people for the expenses of government, and when the people were enabled to pay all debts with this real money they would be free and liv under a government that would protect the freedom of the people. When this natural consequence of the right use of the power of government should be reached, the expenses of the government would become merely nominal in comparison with what they hav been for twenty years past. I advise our friend to think more of facts and seek more earnestly after truth, and he will find less need of rhetoric and foreign idioms and language; and no man ever put his intellect to better use than to study the how and why all governments hav forever enslaved the people. J. H. WOOD.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## The Bravest of Battles.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword, or nobler pen;
Nay. not with eloquent word or thought
From mouth of wonderful men;

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart,
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is that battle-field,

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But, oh, these battles, they last so long,
From babyhood to the grave!

—*Joaquin Miller.*

## Help One Another.

"Help one another," the snowflake said,
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed;
"One of us here would not be felt;
One of here would quickly melt:
But I'll help you and you help me,
And then what a big white drift we'll see!"

"Help one another," the maple spray
Said to its fellow-leaves one day;
"The sun would wither me here alone
Long enough ere the day is gone;
But I'll help you and you help me.
And then what a splendid shade there'll be!"

"Help one another," the dewdrop cried,
Seeing another drop close to its side;
"This warm south breeze would drive me away,
And I should be gone ere noon to-day;
And I'll help you and you help me,
And we'll make a brook and run to sea."

"Help one another," a grain of sand
Said to another grain just at hand;
"The wind may carry me over the sea,
And then, oh, what will become of me?
But come, my brother, giv me your hand,
We'll build a mountain and there we'll stand."

—*Chambers' Journal.*

## Peppercorn Stories.

ALL ABOUT MUSCLES.

There were two newcomers at Polly Peppercorn's receptions, as she lately had beguu to call her little gatherings. One day she was walking out to gather wild flowers, daisies, columbine, buttercups, and the like, and she met a boy just gliding along slowly, and busily engaged with something that he carried in his hand.

"What's that you hav?" inquired Polly—"a lady-bug?"

"No—grasshopper," said the boy, without looking up.

"What are you doing to it?"

"Trying to find his heart," replied the boy.

"Well, you just let the grasshopper's vital organs alone, and come along with me."

So the boy dropped the grasshopper and followed Polly, who gave him a lecture going along on cruelty to insects.

She invited him to come to her reception that evening, and dubbed him Grasshopper Sammy.

They were deeply engaged in conversation, when a timid knock on the door, which was opened by Harry Coalskuttle, revealed a little midget of a creature biting a corner of her ragged apron.

"May I come in and be one of yous?" she asked in a whisper.

"Certainly," said Polly. "Harry, admit the stranger, and everyone giv her the right hand of fellowship. This is Little Thimbleweed, I take it."

She was given a seat beside Peggy Primrose and Pussy Whitefoot, who sat watching a bumble-bee that had come in unannounced, and was buzzing around the room at a great rate.

"Muscles! does anybody know anything about muscles?" and Polly gazed at the upturned faces.

All were silent.

"Little know-nothings! Johnny Gotobed, wipe your nose, and open that basket."

Johnny did as he was told, and revealed a bullock's heart, at which they all stared curiously.

"There! that's a big muscle," said Polly; "biggest one in the body. You've all got hearts, not so big as this one, of course, and every heart is a muscle. This big muscle does a good deal of hard work, and keeps the rest of the machinery of your bodies in operation. Some other time we will talk about its work more particularly.

"There are about five hundred muscles in the human body," she continued, "and all are useful and beautiful. You know we talked about the bones, but they wouldn't be a penny's worth of good without muscles.

"The muscles distributed about the human body and all bodies of animals, are formed of bundles, little and big, of fleshy fibers, and the fibers are like bits of very fine thread, and each fiber is composed of a string of little cells. By changing the form and making them a little more round, the parts to which they are attached are drawn closer together, and this is muscular contraction that we often read about. Understand? See how I raise my arm, bend it, straighten it—this is muscular contraction.

"The muscles are not a bit in the way, and it is next to impossible to tell where one begins or where it ends. We could not talk were it not for the muscles. In fact, we should be quite powerless.

"Some of our motions are voluntary, others involuntary; hence some muscles are called voluntary, others involuntary. Now, the heart acts involuntarily—that is, without our will or control; so does the stomach."

The children were getting deeply interested, and so was Polly, when a terrific shriek from Grasshopper Sammy brought every one upon his and her feet.

"What is the matter now?" inquired Polly. No anwer but shriek, shriek, shriek.

"He caught the bumble-bee," said Molly Mulleinleaf.

"I guess he was trying to find his muscles," said Frankie Muttonchops, laughing.

"No ma'am!" sobbed the boy. "I was not doing any such a thing!"

"What were you doing?" and Polly looked very grave.

"I was—was looking at his toe-nails, and—and the old fool bit me!" screamed Grasshopper Sammy, wringing his hand.

"That will teach you not to examin the toe-nails of bumble-bees unless they are under the influence of chloroform."

They all laughed so—all except Grasshopper Sammy—that the reception had to break up for that time.

Little Thimbleweed said that fine salt would take the pain away, and Daisy Dewdrop recommended plaintain. Sammy Stripedgrass ran and got a big plaintain leaf, and Tommy Clovertop got the salt, and Pussy Whitefoot marched off with the bumble-bee in her mouth—dead.

### Historic Pets.

Semiramis, queen of Assyria, had a pet vulture.

Virgil, the poet, was fond of feeding a butterfly.

Emperor Nero loved a starling as well as a fiddle.

Frederick the great was a great dog-fancier.

Commodus, the Roman emperor, found congenial fellowship with an ape.

Heliogabalus, Roman emperor, conversed familiarly with a sparrow.

Mohammed's dove is one of the most famous of pets.

The Emperor Dominican occupied his leisure in catching flies.

Cardinal Richelieu amused himself with his collection of cats.

Cowper was at no time so happy as when feeding his tame hares.

Cardinal Mazarin employed his leisure in playing with an ape.

Alfieri, the Italian poet, was proud of his horses, and took great delight in fondling and caressing them.

Emperor Augustus was exceedingly fond of a parrot, but still more so of a quail, the loss of which made him sad.

Charles I., of England, was very fond of spaniels, and the breed of his dogs is still famous in this country.

Tiberius, Roman emperor, made an intimate companion of a serpent, which he trained to take food out of his hand.

Henry III., of France, was so fond of spaniels that he used to carry a litter of them in a basket suspended round his neck when giving his audiences.

Louis XI., when ill in Plessis-le-Tours, only found pleasure in an exhibition of dancing pigs, oddly dressed up, which were trained for his special entertainment.

Honorius, Roman emperor, was so grieved at the loss of a favorit hen named Roma that he would willingly hav given Rome itself to bring it back, but Alaric had taken Rome.

The Marquis de Montespan amused himelf with mice when occupying the gilded apartments of Versailles. The mice were white, and had been brought to him all the way from Siberia.

Latude, confined in the Bastile, made companions of six-and-twenty rats who inhabited his cell. He gave each of them a name, and they learned to come to him at his call. He fed them, played with them, and they thus greatly relieved the *ennui* of his captivity.

Pelissen, confined in the Bastile, made a friend of spider, which he tamed. The jailer, one day, seeing Pelissen take pleasure in contemplating the insect, crushed it under his foot, and left the prisoner distressed and melancholy at the loss of his friend.

### Sam Patch's Last Leap.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, who describes himself as an eyewitness of Sam Patch's two last jumps, writes as follows: "Sam Patch, the famous cataract-jumper, who asserted that 'some things could be done as well as others,' took his 'final, eternal, and life's fatal leap,' as a local poet expressed it at the time, on a gloomy day in November, in the year 1829. He had 'jumped' the Genesee Falls at Rochester, their natural hight, one week before, and was induced by the gamblers and roughs who were grooming and managing and living off him to repeat the feat on the fatal occasion. They erected a sort of scaffold on the jutting rock whence he had taken his departure on the previous occasion, making it twenty-five feet above the rock, or one hundred and twenty feet in all from the scaffold floor to the surface of the river at the foot of the falls. Ascending to the scaffold with some difficulty, considerably inebriated, and by a steep ladder, the unfortunate demonstrator straightened up with a jerk, bowed awkwardly on all sides to the witnessing thousands, then pushed off a pet bear he had with him, and instantly leaped forward himself. His person 'canted over' on the left side and struck the water forcibly, no doubt bruising him and forcing the breath from his body. Nothing more was seen of him till the next March, when his corpse was discovered among some bushes at the mouth of the river, seven miles below, very much mutilated, but recognizable by a handkerchief tied around the body."

## Correspondence.

CARROLTON, Mo., Oct. 25, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write a few lines for the Corner. My father takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and thinks it a good paper. I like to read the little letters in the Corner. My sister Bessie and I are about the same size. We hav lots of fun, but we fuss a little sometimes. I am twelve years old to-day. I remain

Your little Liberal friend, SUSIE ISAACS.

CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 26, 1887.

TO THE CHILDREN: I hope that you are all working for that prize I offered a few weeks ago, viz.: first prize, $3; second prize, $2; third prize, $1, for the best essay on "Why I Am a Liberal." You can hav the money or books to the value of the prize awarded you, just as you wish. Now I hope you will all try and win one of the three prizes. This is an easy subject to write upon. Do not fear that other writers will do better, or that you are too young. Simply write a nice, easy letter, and tell us why you are a Liberal, using one side of the paper only. Miss Wixon will correct any little mistake that may occur, and will publish all letters received. Competition open until the 24th of November.

Now, do your best, and believe me to be
Your friend, B. H. MARLETT.

MURRAY, IDA., Oct. 27, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write you another letter and tell you about Cœur d'Alene. There are lots of rich mines here. One of the placer claims at the edge of the town took out a nugget that weighed 33 ounces three weeks ago. There are also some very rich quartz mines here, gold and silver both. I am going to school now. There is a very good school here, and about fifty pupils. We hav very good school laws in this territory. Children between the ages of eight and fourteen are compelled to go to school twelve weeks in each year, and section 39 of the school law reads as follows: "No books, papers, tracts, or documents of a political, sectarian, or denominational character shall be used or introduced in any school established under the provisions of this act, and any and every political, sectarian, or denominational doctrin is hereby expressly forbidden to be taught therein; nor shall any teacher nor any district receive any of the public school moneys in which the schools hav not been taught in accordance with the provisions of this act."

My letter is long enough for this time.

Yours truly, THERESA ERVIN (aged 11).

CARROLTON, Mo., Oct. 26, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Our family feel very sorry for you in your trouble. We don't like to lose good people as they are very few. There seem to be very few here. We are passed by, because we do our own thinking and speak honestly. I think I am a good girl, and trying to do what is right. I hav a sister 12 years old to-day; we are kind of lonesome, only when we are at school. I am 14 years old, and I should like to hear from some of my good sisters of Freedom. Seeing a letter in the Children's Corner from Miss Minnie D. Taylor, of Kansas, of my own age, caused me to write. I used to liv in Carbondale, Kansas.

With due respect to all, BESSIE ISAACS.


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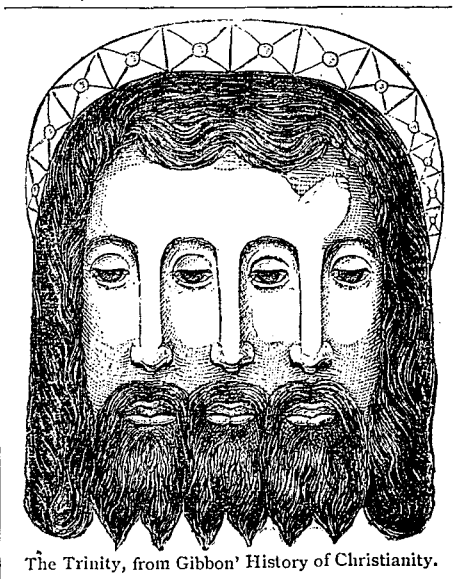
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It is quietly given out that an effort will be made when the next legislature convenes to remove the preachers' exemptions, and in addition place them under the burden of an occupation tax the same as the members of other professions. This will raise a howl from the preachers, but the more they howl in the present temper of the people, the better the people will like it. The preachers themselvs are feeling somewhat nervous. They feel that they overstepped the bounds of wisdom and propriety and tempted public patience too much. The real chief of the brigade of political preachers is a young Methodist minister named George Waverly Briggs. He is a nativ of Alabama, and moved to Texas about eight or nine years ago. He is a very brilliant young man, dashing, impetuous, and ambitious. He became the pastor of the leading Methodist church in Galveston soon after his arrival in the state, and immediately began to lay wires to capture the editorship of the *Christian Advocate*, the organ of the church. The editor of the organ at that time was Rev. Dr. John, an old conservativ minister, plodding and sincere, but not very brilliant either as an orator or preacher. The *Christian Advocate* is owned and published by an enterprising firm of job printers. The word job might be printed in capital letters. The publishers rake in all the revenue from the publication, but the four Methodist conferences of the state hav the appointment of the editor. Dr. John, the old editor, and the publishers of the paper did not always get on harmoniously. The publishers wanted a dashing editor who would make sensations, take a hand in politics, and increase the sale of the paper. It did not take the publishers long to determin that Briggs was the very man they wanted.

So a campaign was inaugurated to make the brilliant young preacher editor of the church organ. It took five years' hard work and some very questionable campaign methods before John was ousted and Briggs installed. When Briggs was finally installed he took the earliest occasion of proving to his publishers that he was the right man in the right place. He made a very hot paper. He was open for a fight on the slightest provocation. He carried a chip around on his shoulders, and invited the editors of the state, religious and secular, to knock it off. His valor often exceeded his discretion. He got into many journalistic rows, in which he got badly mauled, and retreated badly disfigured. But he was game and kept on fighting. It was a question for a long time whether Briggs was a candidate for governor of Texas or for a bishopric in the Methodist church. It was conceded by everybody that he had some kind of a bee in his bonnet. If the Prohibition fight turned his way he would probably aspire for the governorship, but now it is likely that he will hav to fall back on the bishopric. Well, Briggs started the Prohibition fight in good earnest. He whooped up the ministers and the brethren, denounced the rum power, and set the agitation a-going. He came very near overdoing it. Some of the old Methodists revolted. They didn't care to be driven around by a young carpet-bagger like Briggs. But modesty and Briggs were never intimately acquainted. He kept right on laying down the law to old men who had grown gray in the ministry. At last the agitation reached such a stage that many politicians began to waver and make preparations to flop at the right time. The legislature submitted the question of Prohibition to the people; it was defeated, and now Briggs is cussed by the politicians and condemned by the preachers. If the legislature should levy an occupation tax on the preachers, and subject them to jury service, work on the roads, etc., it would be the hight of discretion for Briggs to pull out of the state without ceremony. He would hav captured the chief glory if Prohibition won, and now he must stand all the odium of defeat. But Briggs is not downcast; he is as cocky as ever, and urges that the fight be commenced anew. The preachers, however, hav lost their influence in this state. Their engagement in politics spoiled their usefulness, and Briggs, as the apostle of the new idea, is the chief sufferer. It is reported that the Methodist brethren even will find it expedient to procure a new editor for the *Christian Advocate* at the next general conference.

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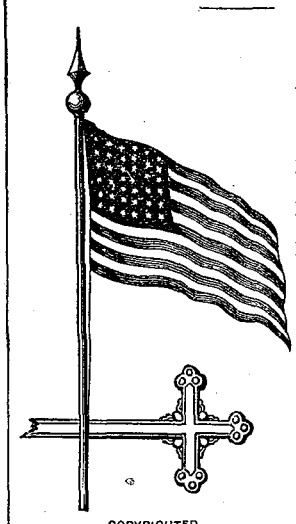
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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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## News of the Week.

In Tuesday's elections the Democrats carried New York city, electing Fellows district-attorney; and the state, electing Cook secretary. In this city Henry George polled about 37,000 votes, 30,000 less than last year. The Prohibition and Progressiv Labor votes were very small.

John L. Sullivan and Jay Gould hav landed in England.

Third avenue in this city is to hav a cable road to replace the horse cars.

Mr. O'Brien, the editor of *United Ireland*, has been finally placed in jail to serve his sentence of three months for the crime of talking to the Irishmen.

The Methodist Book Concern has bought the property at 152 Fifth avenue for $439,000. Peddling superstition seems to pay.

A deputation from Great Britain who desire to secure a treaty between that country and this which shall provide for the amicable settlement of all disputes, called on the president last week.

Mayor Hewitt has asked the federal government to ask the Italian government to take steps to prevent any more people from cholera-infected districts coming to this city.

Several women in Auburn, N. Y., are on the registry as voters, having taken the oath required by law of challenged persons.

Dr. McGlynn thinks he will soon be reinstated in priestly orders. The archbishop is not of the same opinion.

Secretary of the Navy Whitney is in a fair way to recover his health, impaired by too close application to his duties.

The recent strike of the printers left 250 men out of work in this city. Those who are at work will assess themselvs 5 per cent on all their wages to support the 250 until they can get situations.

A coal-laden schooner ran down the United States sloop-of-war Portsmouth, carrying away her main and mizzen topmasts, three boats, and port bulwark. The government vessel had the right of way, and the schooner must pay damages.

The Metropolitan Transit Co. is after Broadway on which to build an elevated railroad. Judge Donohue has granted the application of the company for the appointment of commissioners to ascertain and declare what compensation should be paid the city for the franchise.

The United States troops and the Crow Indians hav had a fight, to the disadvantage of the Indians. The cause of the fight was the firing into the agency building, Fort Custer, Montana, by seven Indians, and the refusal of the Crow tribe to surrender the culprits. Several Indians and one soldier were killed in the skirmish.

The election campaign during the past week has been one of slander and buncombe. No principles whatever were involved between the two old parties, the fight being a personal one between politicians of opposit parties, with a few editors taking a hand in that they might hav officials of use to themselvs. Henry George had ideas, and the Progressiv Labor party also; but ideas stand no chance in New York's political cesspool.

The police searched the cells of the Chicago Anarchists last Sunday, and report four bombs "of the gas-pipe variety" found in Lingg's cell. It is thought the police put them in the room and then found them in order to stop the public sentiment in favor of commutation of the condemned men's sentences. The press of Chicago and the people are now in favor of clemency, and Governor Oglesby is inundated with letters and petitions urging him to commute the punishment to imprisonment. What effect these hav had is not known as we go to press.


# THE ORDER OF CREATION.

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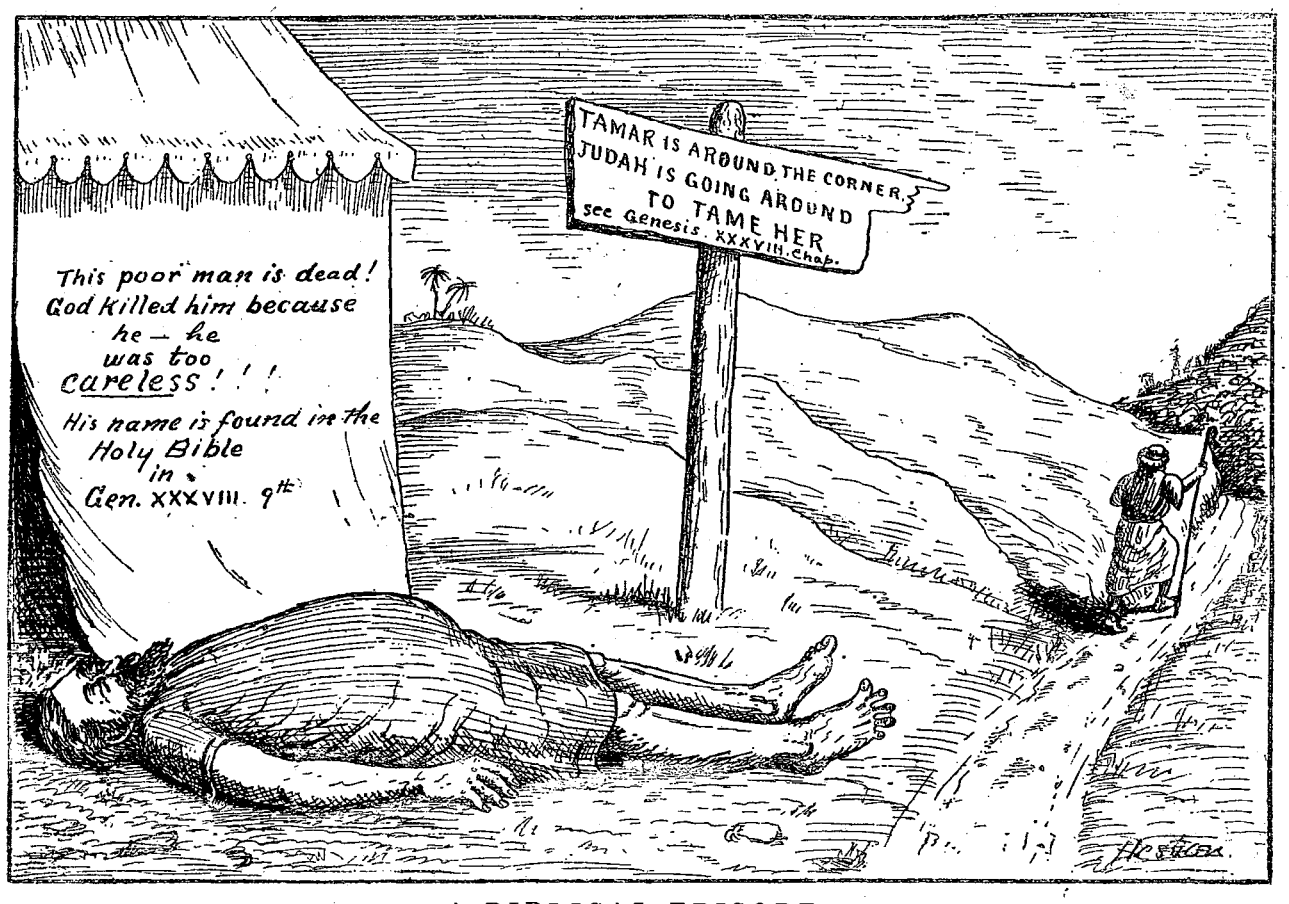
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A BIBLICAL EPISODE.

Subject for Sunday-school Discussion.—Gen. xxxviii.

## Odds and Ends.

Sarah Bernhardt has written a play that she calls "The Pin." She doesn't believe that any of the critics will dare to "sit down on it."

Helen: "Mamma, what is a casus belli?" Mother: "My child, never speak of anything so indelicate. It is the Latin for stomach-ache."

A toy balloon sent up from a town in Kentucky a month ago was found the other day in a field in Connecticut, where it had just alighted, and the farmer's wife at once decided that providence had sent her a new bustle.

A Pittsburgh judge has decided that selling soda water on Sunday is illegal. This decision is calculated to raise a side-door issue in Pittsburgh. Inability to procure a glass of soda water on Sunday may drive some persons to rum.

Mr. Hayseed (to wife who is returned from church): "What was the sermon about?" Mrs. Hayseed: "Suthin' about Joseph goin' daun to Egypt to buy corn." Mr. Hayseed: "Did the dominie say what corn's wu'th down there?"

Presiding elder (to Dakota merchant): "Can you tell me where Rev. Mr. Masher livs?" "He livs two blocks up this street, but he ain't at home now." "Not at home?" "No, he's away on a vacation." "Did he take his wife?" "No, he took mine."

Natural history note.—The Graham boys report a huge swallowing. They say two king snakes undertook to swallow a ground rattle. One commenced at his head and the other at his tail. They swallowed until they met, and then swallowed each other.—*Jesup (Ga.) Sentinel.*

Some woman-hating editor expressed the opinion recently that women are never so successful as men in their callings; whereupon a Pueblo paper, with true Western gallantry, came to the rescue of the fair sex with a bold denial of the assertion, and instanced one lady in the neighborhood whose voice could be heard a mile.

A writer deserves the respectful sympathy of all gentlemen who giv out their washing. He says: "It is awful annoying to hav some other fellow's clothes left in one's room by the washerwoman. Saturday we put on another fellow's shirt, but couldn't wear it. Although it was ruffled around the bottom, the sleeves were too short to button cuffs on, and there was no place for a collar."

A colored Agnostic.—Aunt Susan: "I wants yer ter talk to dis chile, Parson Baxter." Parson Whangdoodle Baxter: "What's de matter wid de chile?" Aunt Susan: "I'se afeard he am gwinter be an acrostic. He says he don't bleeve hit tuck Jonah free days ter swaller de whale." Parson Baxter: "I'se afeard I ain't equal ter dis emergency, Aunt Susan. Dis heah am a case for Sam Jones."

A Germantown patron of the line tells a fair one about his little boy. They hav long desired sending him to Sunday-school, but postponed the event until they thought he was large enough to understand the teachings there. When they finally sent the little shaver, the teacher asked, "Winnie, do you know who the dear savior is?" "No, ma'am; we've just moved to Germantown an' we hain't got very well acquainted yet," was the startling reply.

His nerves were weak—a clergyman, sad,
Whom every sound would annoy;
He came for rest, but it drove him mad—
The shrieks of the whistling buoy.

"The mountain air is better for me;
I must flee this dizzy whirl"—
He is settled now, away from the sea,
But he married a whistling girl.

The church was all crowded by women so gay,
A-watching a pair being married;
"Who giveth this beautiful damsel away?"
The preacher exclaimed as he tarried.

By the door sat a youth interested to hear,
But looking pale, sober, and wilted;
No wonder. He'd courted that damsel a year
By the stove and, alas! had been jilted.

"Who givs her away?" Ah, his heaven was sweet
Before his fair visions were routed.
"Who givs her away?" Up he jumped on the seat.
"I can—if I want to," he shouted.

After all, there is nothing more admirable in a public man than the courage of his religious convictions and practices. There was an excellent alderman from East Boston, for instance—now, unfortunately, an alderman no more—who remarked once, in the presence of some of his fellow-members of the city government, "Every night I get down on my knees and say my little prayer, and I don't care a —— who sees me."

You may notch it on de palin's,
You may mark it on de wall,
Dat de higher up a toad frog jumps,
De harder will he fall.

And de crow dat fly de swiftes'
Am de soones' in de corn,
And de fly dat am de meanes'
Gets up earlies' in de morn.

De brook dat am de shallo'es'
Chatters mos' upon de way,
And de folks dat am de sillies'
Are de ones hab mos' ter say.

And de rooster dat am younges'
Am de one dat crow de mos',
And de man who am de coward
Always makes de bigges' boas'.

And he am not de greates' man
Who totes de bigges' muscle,
Nor am she de fines' gal
Who war de bigges' bustle.

You kinnot jedge de kin' ob man
By de manner ob his walkin',
And dey are not de smartes' folks
Who are de loudes' talkin'.


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## Gems of Thought.

As our religious beliefs fade away we become civilized, and should Christianity recede as fast in the coming twenty-five years as it has in the quarter-century just past, the earth will stand a fair chance of becoming a habitable place.—*D. M. Bennett.*

The fact that errata should frequently giv a book very great value is as curious as it is true. Pope Sextus's Bible owes its high price to its 1,600 errata. A wealthy man, possessed of humor, might well giv some guineas for an "infallible" work with 1,600 mistakes, and which, moreover, contains a delicious preface excommunicating all who should henceforth alter the text. Of similar high value is a little work called, "The Anatomy of the Mass," in which there are 172 pages of matter and 15 pages of errata. The pious writer, in apologizing for this, states that Satan in person interested himself in balking his devout aim.—*St. James Magazine.*

God, though always present everywhere, came down specially, we are told, in some concentrated form on the top of Mount Sinai, and the existence of Mount Sinai, occupying so much space between the horns of the Red Sea, is still affected as if it could testify to the fact, and, without mouth or tongue, spoke the Ten Commandments audibly through Moses to the awe-stricken Israelites. He then added three chapters of other moral and immoral laws and six chapters on the elaborate upholstery and fittings and ceremonies, for a large tent, with colored curtains, and with candlesticks, tongs, snuff-dishes, fire-pans, shovels, etc., all fully described by divine wisdom.—*The Ten Commandments, by W. P. Ball.* [Note.—Let no one too readily imagin that Mr. Ball has shot off a poisoned arrow when he uses the epithet "immoral" as applied to many of the laws and precepts announced in the three chapters referred to. The chapters still hold a place in our Bibles, and no possible "revision" will conceal and still wash away the offense. Some apology may be made for them as the work of ignorant barbarians, but to attribute them to the "judge of all the earth" is outrageously vile.—*Hylax.*]

Nothing is surer than that by seeking the fulfilment of his own desires a man contributes largely to the stock of general well-being. Indeed, it has been argued, and I think successfully, that men's largest contribution to the general good is not through their direct efforts to this end, but through the legitimate fulfilment of their own desires. But so, too, on the other hand, much of a man's best happiness comes through his endeavors to make others happy, and promote the general welfare. That is the true life in which the two motions—the centripetal and the centrifugal—balance and assist each other; in which, seeking the body's good according to the body's law, the mind's good according to the mind's law, and the good of the affections according to their law, ever on our guard lest our own gain be others' loss, our joy their pain, we at the same time endeavor earnestly and prudently to help others to fulfil the law of their being.—*Chadwick's Conduct of Life.*

Virtue consists in a uniform and settled affection of mind, making those persons praiseworthy who are possessed of her; she herself also, independent of anything else, without regard to any advantage, must be praiseworthy; for from her proceed good inclinations, opinions, actions, and the whole of right reason; though virtue may be defined to be right reason itself.—*Cicero's Tusculan Disputations.*

Instead of stretching the severity of justice by an inference, we may rather venture to stretch the mercy of God, since that is the attribute which, of all other attributes, is the most magnificently spoken of in the scriptures; so that we ought to think of it in the largest and most comprehensiv manner. God is pleased often to appeal to men for the justice of his ways: and, therefore, no such doctrin [as that of eternal damnation] ought to be admitted that carries in it an idea of cruelty beyond what the blackest tyrants hav ever invented.—*Bishop Burnett's XXXIX. Articles.*

LOVE'S ERRAND.

Swift through the ocean of silence go,
Sprite unseen!
Dive to the echoless realms below;
Kindle the depths with a radiance keen.
Then, like an arrowy pulse of fire,
Throb to the quivering stars and higher
Into the vault serene!

Glide through the mystical orb of sleep;
Pause to see,
Born of the amorous twilight deep,
Dreams, from their chrysalis slumber free,
Thronging the shadowy close of day
Wed with the loveliest, steal away,
Speeding again to me!

—*John B. Tabb.*

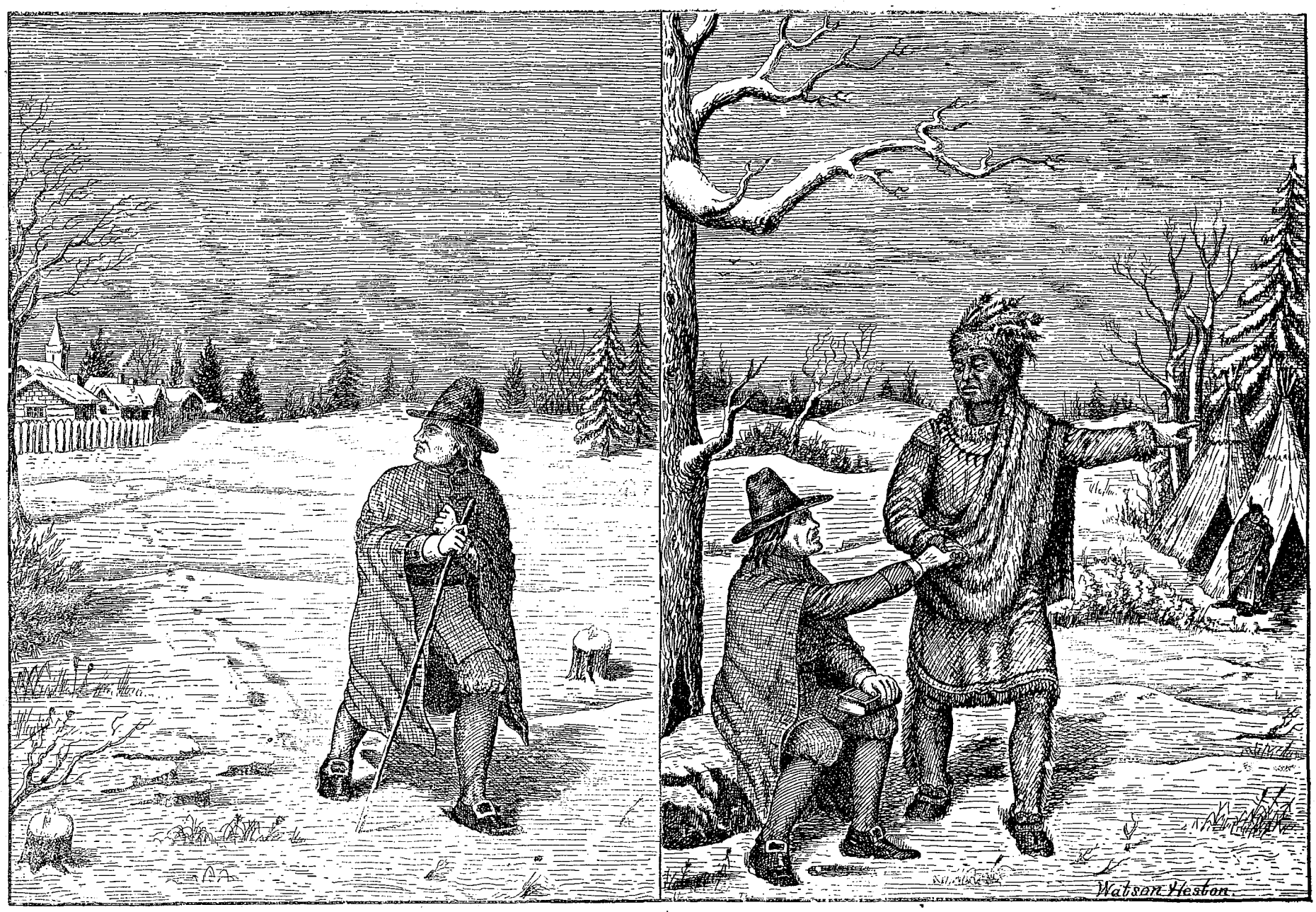
Not to be born is much the best, but having seen the light, the next best is to go as soon as may be whence one came.—*Sophocles* (495 B.C.).

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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A LEAF FROM HISTORY.—THE ROGER WILLIAMS INCIDENT. (See page 744)

## Notes and Clippings.

THE provincial cabinet of ministers at Quebec contemplate making the pope a valuable present on the occasion of his approaching jubilee, and will send an ecclesiastic to Rome with it.

A DANBURY man lost his dog. After he had given up all hope of finding the animal it came home wearing a collar marked: "Whoever finds this dog will return him to the Rev. Mr. Blank."

THE American Board of Missions has decided that the heathen who has never heard of hell will go there. As he has never heard of heaven, why shouldn't he go there occasionally, too?—*Norristown Herald.*

THE New York *Sun* inquires: "What do Protestant Episcopalians think of the statement, by the Rev. Dr. Norton, that the average yearly contributions to the cause of missions by converted heathens is $1.50, and the average contribution of Episcopalians in the United States 7¼ cents?"

THE Thanksgiving proclamation of Governor Lounsbury, of Connecticut, is one of the most remarkable productions of its kind on record. It opens as follows: "There is now no special reason for thanks more than that which has marked the years that are gone; but of all of heaven's gifts to men life's common blessings are always the sweetest and the best, and so, in accordance with a custom that is hallowed by all the ties that bind us to the past, and which reaches on to the future in universal expectation, I hereby appoint," etc. It seems too bad that Governor Lounsbury will not accept a renomination.—*World.*

"LITTLE boy," said a country minister, who was on his way to church, "what do you suppose your father would say if he should find you here fishing on the Sabbath day?" "He'd ask me wot luck I was havin'," replied the boy.

A HARTFORD youngster goes to church where the concluding Amen of the parson's prayer is sung by the choir. The other night, after he had said his prayers, he produced a harmonica from beneath his pillow and astonished his mother by blowing a blast where the Amen came in, remarking, "That's the way we do in church."

HOUSE OWNER: "How many children hav you, madam?" House hunter: "Five." House owner: "That alters the case. I can't let you hav the house." House hunter: "You are more particular and exclusiv than the kingdom of heaven." House owner: "Possibly, madam, possibly. This house fronts on Prairie avenue. Good-morning."

A RESIDENT of one of the Prohibition counties of Georgia sent to Atlanta for a jug of whisky, to be delivered C. O. D. The firm replied that the money must accompany all orders for whisky from "dry" counties, as debts of that character could not be collected. The return mail brought the money and this:

> Since man to man is so unjust,
> 'Tis hard to tell what man to trust.

BY the improved method of welding by electricity, a broken bar of metal can be easily reunited, or bars of different metals welded together, and those metals which previously resisted welding most strenuously are now joined with ease, while those previously easily welded remain the same by the new process.

THIS is from the *Sun:* Minister's wife: "I think these church dissensions are awful, my dear, and so unnecessary." Minister: "They are not pleasant, but Deacon Jones has gone too far. If my influence, as pastor, isn't great enough to bring about his expulsion, I shall resign." Wife: "I would, indeed. What is your text for to-day?" Minister: "'Whosover shall smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also.'"

A FEW years ago, a pious church-member in the western part of this state arose in an experience meeting and gave a review of his life. When he came to the declaration, "I thank God that I owe no man anything," a quiet man in a remote corner jumped up and said: "I hav a little account against you, brother, that you must hav forgotten." "Ah, Brother C.," said the speaker, unctuously, "that debt was outlawed a good while ago."—*Kingston Freeman.*

SPEAKING of anthems (says a writer in the *Nautical Gazette*) reminds me of the story of two old British sailors who were talking over their shore experience. One had been to a cathedral and had heard some very fine music, and was descanting particularly upon an anthem which gave him much pleasure. His shipmate listened for a while and then said. "I say, Bill, what's a hanthem?" "What," replied Bill, "do you mean to say you don't know what a hanthem is?" "Not me." "Well, then, I'll tell yer. If I was to tell yer 'ere Bill, giv me that 'andspike,' that wouldn't be a hanthem; but was I to say, 'Bill, Bill, Bill, giv, giv, giv me, giv me that, Bill, giv me, giv me that hand, giv me that hand, handspike, spike, spike. Bill, giv, giv me that, that, hand, handspike, hand, handspike, spike, spike, spike, spike, ah-men, ah-men. Billgivmethathandspike, spike, ah-men!' Why, that would be a hanthem."

SAM SMALL, the evangelist, spoke to a large audience in Cooper Union on the 13th, his subject being Prohibition. Defining the object of the Prohibition party, he said: "What we mean to do is to marshal our forces, and carry on the conflict until we shall put this country where it belongs—under the protection of God, making love of God the law of the state."

RALPH BEAUMONT in his address on Labor Day told the following rather good one: "In the New England town where I was raised there was a man named Bill Jones. Bill was very much of a sot, and when he got so full he couldn't navigate he made a bed just where he was. One night Bill laid his feverish head in the gutter. Three young wags of the town out for a lark happened along and determined to hav some fun. Now, one of these chaps was a clerk in an undertaker's establishment, so Bill was taken into the shop and placed in a pine box. He was then carted off to the graveyard and the box placed amid the tombs in the silent city of the dead. The jokers secreted themselvs in an obscure but overlooking spot and awaited developments. Just as the gray dawn of morning burst forth, off went the lid of the box and up popped Bill. Looking around at the tombs for a moment, he straightened up and said: 'Well, here we are on the morning of the resurrection, and Bill Jones is the first man on deck, by ——!'"

## The Trial of Mrs. Slenker.

EXAMINATION OF BARCLAY CONTINUED.

A second paper from the letter was handed witness, and read by him. This was headed by a preposition followed by various extracts with references relating to it.

The third paper defended the nomenclature used in the correspondence, and traced its derivation.

After the reading of two other disconnected leaflets, the district attorney proposed to read no more.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: We hav endeavored from the outset to keep this matter out. It is now in, contrary to our desire. We hav not invoked this. We do not think it is fair to shut out part of the matter.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: I hav not myself read these writings; I do not care to read them. It is dreary, monotonous, and repetition of vulgarity. But if these gentlemen insist upon its going before the jury, I hav no objection so far as I am concerned.

THE COURT: You are responsible for the conduct of your case. If you choose to stop your case, you can do so, upon such papers as you please.

Another paper was read, being a long extract cut from a periodical, the matter on the back also being read.

The district attorney rested upon the six papers ead.

MR. HEERMANS: To stop at this point seems likely to result in injustice. As the matter is started, the jury ought to hav all of it. If the prosecution will not read them, we shall hav to read them on cross-examination. The first two or three pieces were of course shocking to people who never before heard anything of that kind; but when they hav heard all of them, they will find that it is a very different case. We hoped that after the prosecution began, they would go on, and not force us to put the matter before the public.

The district attorney declined to read further papers, and proceeded with the direct examination of Mr. Barclay.

Q. Do you know who mailed that envelope? A. She acknowledged in my presence that she had mailed it. (Objected to as in the nature of a confession and inadmissible.)

Q. (by the court). Was it after she was under arrest, or before? A. Before she was under arrest.

Q. (by the court). Did you hold out any promis or inducement to her to make the statement? A. No, sir.

The testimony was admitted under exception.

Q. Had you had any correspondence with her before you received this letter? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Was this received in reply to any letter you wrote to her? A. Yes, sir.

Q. State what she said about mailing this letter. State the circumstances. A. This case had been in my hands a number of months for investigation. After I had concluded my examination, as far as I could go without visiting her, Mr. McAfee, post-office inspector, and Mr. Jordan, United States marshal, and myself, visited the house together; and Mr. McAfee, being more familiar with this business than I, was made the spokesman of the occasion. My name was not given. We began to talk to her about these papers.

Q. (by the court). The same papers you read? A. Yes, sir. These papers were produced after other conversation had occurred. She was asked the question whether she had had any correspondence with a man by the name of Barclay. She said she had frequently corresponded with him, had received letters from him, and had written letters to him. She was asked if she had ever mailed anything of this character to him, and she said she thought not. Finally, this envelope was produced. She was asked if she recognized that, as having sent that. She said she did; that she recognized it as her writing, and that she had sent it to me. She claimed that she did not know what was in it. Afterward the inner envelope was produced, and she was asked if that was her writing. She said that it was, and that she had caused that to be mailed. She said she knew it had inclosures, but did not know what they were. She sent out so many, she did not know what she sent to each individual; and each correspondent had a private mark which was put upon the articles that had been sent, so as not to send them the same articles a second time. Some of the contents were produced, and she recognized them as some of hers, but did not think she had sent anything she considered illegal.

Q. Did you ever read in her presence any of this literature? A. That was before the commissioner. The "Girl and the Dog" was read, and she acknowledged that she had mailed it to me. There were quite a number of papers read at that time.

Q. The one defining the meaning of different terms? A. Yes, sir; that was read.

Q. Was this paper read there? (the one headed with a preposition.) A. I think it was.

Q. That was among the papers she stated she had sent? A. Yes, sir. And the first part of this one was read and handed to the commissioner. The commissioner was there, and Judge Allen (the district attorney) was there.

Q. What did she state about sending them? A. She said she had mailed all these to me. She made quite a lengthy statement before the commissioner, justifying the sending of these matters. She was asked specially about the dog stories, if she had many of them. She said, yes, she had received a good many.

Q. What did she say as to her view in sending them out? A. She stated that she was working for the benefit of humanity; that in order to go thoroughly into any matter she must hear both sides of it, and that she had taken these means of getting the information she wanted, to get information from all quarters; that she was getting up experiences of different kinds—all kinds of sexual experiences—for the purpose of forwarding them to the author of "Diana," and getting up information to be used by him in writing "Diana" and such other works; that she considered that she was doing a pure and good work; that she considered that none of these "words of four letters," as she calls them, were vulgar; that they were plain Anglo-Saxon, and that they were not vulgar except to those who made them so. The conversation covered an hour, I suppose, and that was the substance of a portion of the statement. I asked with reference to the dog story; she said she had received a good many, and went into a description of one she had received previously, and the reply which she had sent to the inquiries by that lady, giving her reasons why she had made that reply.

Q. When and where was that letter mailed? A. At Snowville, Pulaski Co.; postmarked March 15. I received the letter about the 18th.

Q. You are a post-office inspector? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Do you know the Snowville postmark? A. By seeing it. It is the same-shaped stamp used by all post-offices pretty much.

Q. Were there other papers read before the commissioner besides those in evidence? A. I think there were other papers. When we were at her house she gave us the papers. She said she had some, and was asked if she would not giv them to us. She said: "Well, I will burn them up in your presence." I spoke up and said: "That would be rather an admission of guilt on your part, if you wish to destroy them; but if, as you say, there is nothing wrong about these matters, and all was done from pure motivs and pure intent, you should not attempt to conceal, but you should rather publish them to the world than to hide or burn them." She says, "All right; I will giv them to you;" and she went and produced a lot of other papers, and gave us quite a lot of them. I do not know what papers were read before the commissioner, but I presume some of those were read before him. There was no special mark upon them.

Q. You manifested a desire to get the papers? A. That was what I was after, and I got them.

Q. When did this occur? before she knew she was under arrest, or after? A. It was before. We told her when we first went in. Mr. McAfee was the spokesman. He said: "This is Mrs. Slenker. I am a post-office inspector, and came here to look after this matter of charges brought against you of sending obscene matter sent through the mails." She said the matter had been frequently brought up before and investigated, and another inspector had been there; I do not know whether it was more than one, but she knew a government officer was there.

Q. At that time there had been no exhibition of the warrant? A. No, sir.

Q. Did she know that these three parties were all officers? A. No, sir. She said very soon afterward that she expected it, and had been expecting it a good while, and was ready to meet it. She treated us very kindly and courteously indeed, and I think she may say the same of us. She was kind and courteous and polite.

Q. Why was it necessary for three of you to go there together? A. I don't know; because Mr. McAfee had one set of papers upon which he wanted to base charges, and I had another, and the marshal was the law officer.

Q. Would it not hav answered every purpose if the marshal had gone there without you? A. No, sir.

Q. Would it not hav answered every purpose if you and the marshal had gone there without Mr. McAfee? A. Not every purpose; no sir.

Q. What purpose would not hav been answered by such an arrangement as that? A. Simply because I had one batch of papers, and she had another.

Q. Was not one batch sufficient? A. No, sir; we wanted two indictments, we wanted whatever indictments would come of it.

C. How long had you been in correspondence with Mrs. Slenker? A. Over a year; I do not know how long exactly.

Q, During all this correspondence of a year, you only got matter sufficient for one indictment? A. That is all; only got that kind of matter once from her.

Q. Is this your first experience under the statute? A. No sir; I hav had others, but not so extended a case, not so important a case as this; I hav had numbers under the same statute, one in Richmond last week.

Q. Hav you ever made use of false names in your correspondence? A. Never, sir,

Q. Were you in communication with Mr. McAfee with regard to this matter throughout all the time of this correspondence? A. No, sir.

Q. How long had you been in communication with him? A. Several months; it had been in the hands of our inspectors, I think four of them, and was put into my hand soon after I was appointed.

Q. By your superior officer? A. Yes, sir; the chief inspector, the inspector in charge of our division. I set to work on the case and was working on it in my own way when I learned that Mr. AcAfee was coming to Virginia from St. Louis on this case, and I immediatly notified him to hav nothing to do with that case until he saw me, and could tell him more about it than he knew. He went to Washington then, and there he was ordered to go and visit the attorney at Woodstock; they telegraphed me—I was then at Liberty, Virginia - to meet Mr. McAfee at Woodstock and the district attorney. I went to Woodstock and laid the matter before both of them.

Q. What time was this? A. I think nearly a year ago; eight or ten months ago—about last January. I met these two gentlemen and they said I was conducting the case all right, to go ahead and when ready for action to telegraph to Mr. McAfee and he would meet me, which was done and we met at Lynchburg, and came from there to Snowville.

Q. What do you mean by conducting the case? A. I was in correspondence with Mrs. Slenker.

Q. Endeavoring to get from her such matters as these? A. Yes, sir.

Q. (by Mr. Ronald,) Where do you reside? A. My headquarters are at Washington.

Q. I undersand you to say you hav had some correspondence with Mrs. Slenker? A. Yes, sir.

Q. For how long previous to her arrest? A. More than a year.

Q. Was that correspondence confidential between you and Mrs. Slenker? A. Not more so than others.

Q. What was the nature of the correspondence? A. I was ordering from her books and papers and everything of that kind she had to dispose of.

Q. Did you know the character of those books at the time? A. I did.

Q. While corresponding with her, did you express your sympathy with her in her enterprise? A. No, sir.

Q. Why did you order those books? A. Because I wanted to know what kind of literature she dealt in.

Q. Was that the only purpose? A. No, sir; I wanted to see what obscene matter she dealt in.

Q. Had you ever been able to find out that Mrs. Slenker had been sending obscene matter through the mail to your own knowledge? A. No, sir; if I had I would not hav corresponded with her.

Q. Did you correspond with Mrs. Slenker for the purpose of betraying her? A. I corresponded with her for the purpose of vindicating the law.

Q. Did you correspond with her under the guise of friendship? A. No, sir.

Q. As an enemy? A. Not as an enemy either.

Q. But for the purpose of exposing her? A. For the purpose of finding out what she was sending through the mails.

Q. What did you intend to do after you found that out? A. Arrest her, which I did.

Q. How did she come to send the story named in the indictment? A. Because I asked her for it; not for that special one, but asked for some of the leaflets which I had known about for a long time.

Q. When you received her communication from the post-office did you know what it contained? A. No, sir.

Q. Did you know what you had written for? A. I knew I had written for some leaflets which I had every reason to believe she had sent through the mail.

Q. And you received it with the idea of what it contained? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Are you familiar with the statute relating to this subject? A. Fairly so.

Q. Does not the statute say that he who receives it knowingly is as bad as he who sends it? A. No, sir; I do not read it so.

Q. Are you a detectiv? A. I do very little detectiv work.

Q. You belong to what company? A. No company.

Q. Are you not connected with the Court Detectiv System? A. No, sir; I am not.

Q. Did you do this as a detectiv or as a United States officer? A. As a United States officer.

Q. If you did not suppose Mrs. Slenker was a lady, would you hav written to her? A. Yes, I would.

Q. Did you recognize her as a lady? A. I did not, until I had some intercourse with her, and I found that she is a lady in certain ways, but not in this way. I say she is a kind, good, considerate neighbor, very kind and generous in her disposition, and well spoken of in the community; that on this point I beg leave to differ from her.

Q. You received a private letter from Mrs. Slenker, did you not? A. Yes.

Q. Was the postage paid? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Was it sealed? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Was there anything on the envelope to indicate the character of its contents? A. No, sir.

Q. If anybody, other than yourself, had seen it in the post-office, even the postmaster, would his suspicions hav been awakened as to the contraband character of the letter? A. No, sir.

Q. So far as the letter itself was concerned that you received, it was directly within the law? A. Yes, sir; the outside of it was.

Q. Then Mrs. Slenker has only been betrayed by a United States officer by writing to her and inviting her to corrupt the mail? A. Yes, sir, according to law.

Q. If you had not written to Mrs. Slenker and invited this thing—— A. I never would hav received it.

Q. Did she know that you were a United States officer? A. No, sir; I never would hav got it if she had.

Q. Why did you not disclose your purpose? A. Because I would not hav got what I was after.

Q. Your ambition was to feed itself upon a victim? A. I had been fully convinced before that she had sent such matter through the mail, that it was emanating from her and passing through the mail, and I then took these means to find out the absolute fact.

Q. Then you were fully convinced upon a rumor? A. And upon what we had in the post-office department.

Q. You cannot refer to those documents. (By the court) The witness can state the reason why he pursued this course. A. That was my reason from knowledge obtained in the department which had never been made public.

Q. You were authorized to write to her? A. Not only authorized to write to her, but directed to.

Q. Where is the letter? A. I hav no letters from the department; I was ordered by the department to do it—by my superiors.

Q. To write to Mrs. Slenker for this story? A. For anything she had of that kind.

Q. Then a warrant was issued to the marshal for her arrest? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What was the necessity of your and McAfee's going with Marshal Jordan? A. Because we wanted to get all we could.

Q. Did the warrant authorize it? A. No.

Q. What did the warrant authorize? A. Only the arrest.

Q. When you got there, you concealed your name? A. She did not ask it.

Q. A conversation ensued between you, and she yielded very readily, frightened, seeing the United States government officers there? A. I do not think she was frightened at all.

Q. You asked her if she had some other papers, and she offered to burn them up. "Oh! no," you said, "don't burn them up, but giv them to me;" did you not say that as a persuasiv reason to induce her to giv them to you in order that you might possess yourself of the papers? A. No, sir; I proposed not to violate my oath.

Q. Did you not make that remark in a persuasiv way for the purpose of getting possession of the papers? What right had you to demand those papers? A. I did not demand them.

Q. Suppose her house had been filled with obscene papers, was it any of your business as a government officer? A. Yes, sir.

Q. How? A. She acknowledged she kept them there for the purpose of sending them out.

Q If I hav obscene literature in my house—I hav a copy of Shakspere there—if you were in my house and saw it there— A. I should let it stay there.

Q. Would you be acting in accordance with your duty? A. Fully.

Q. Is it not obscene? A. Shakspere is not on trial.

Q. Had you any right to take the papers out of her house? A. None in the world.

Q. Then how dared you take those papers from Mrs. Slenker? A. Because she gave them to me.

Q. Did you scatter these papers or read them to anybody? A. Nobody.

Q. Then your reason for writing to this old lady was for the purpose of betraying her? A. For the purpose of vindicating the law.

Q. Was it not your intention, when you wrote that letter sending for obscene matter, that she should send obscene matter to you for which you intended to hav her prosecuted? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Then you played the Judas to win your victim? A. I did not.

Robert W. McAfee sworn and examined by the district attorney.

Q. What is your business? A. I am a post-office inspector

and general agent of the Western division of the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

Q. State whether you know Mrs. Elmina D. Slenker? A. I hav seen the lady. This is Mrs. Slenker.

Q. State whether this is a letter received from her? A. This is a communication I received from my drawer in St. Louis. The address is R. M. William, Drawer D, 6, St. Louis, Mo.

All objections to the former testimony were considered as applicable to the testimony of this witness.

A. (continued) Inside the outer envelope is one marked "private," and to "return to Elmina," indorsed in purple ink.

Q. Read some of the papers that you identify as papers that you received in that inclosure? (Witness read one of the papers marked No. 1.)

Q. Did you get that envelope, and if so, how, and under what circumstances? A. I got it from the post-office at St. Louis, out of my box drawer D 6.

Q. How did you happen to get it? A. I had answered a public notice under that address, and received this in response. It was in answer or response to a letter to Mrs. Slenker.

Q. Did you ever hav any conversation with Mrs. Slenker in regard to that letter or the inclosure in that envelope? A. I did not.

Q. Were you present at any conversation between her and Mr. Barclay with regard to that inclosure? A. I was present at a conversation between Mrs. Slenker and Mr. Barclay in which the letter sent to Mr. Barclay was presented to her; but this was not.

Q. What occurred when that letter was presented? A. We went to Snowville to interview Mrs. Slenker, and on going in I told her my name and that I was post-office inspector, and had been sent there to investigate a number of complaints with regard to her use of the mails for the dissemination of indecent literature; and said I would like to hav her make a statement to me, if she desired, concerning her dealings in this matter; and we had a conversation, I suppose, lasting nearly an hour, in which I presented the letter; after asking her if she corresponded with Mr. Barclay, I presented the envelope and the contents, and she spoke of having sent them. But she said, "I don't know what I put in there; I send so many letters and send to so many people, I don't know what I send; and I ask each to put a private mark upon them so that I shall not send them a second time." I called her attention to the private marks upon some of the papers in that envelope. She admitted the mailing of that particular letter to Mr. Barclay.

Q. Were you present in Lynchburg when she was examined before the commissioner? A. I was, sir.

Q. Did you hear her statement there? A. Yes, sir. It was a very long statement. I do not think I could repeat all of it. She stated practically what she had the day before. She said she was gathering these facts for a gentleman in New York who had written a certain book, or had received them from him and was circulating them back and forward to get additional experiences for his use.

Q. Did she tell who the gentleman was? A. She refused to tell who he was. She said he was the author of a book, but she had promised not to giv his name or address to anybody, and would not do it without his consent.

Q. Did she tell you the name of the book? A. Yes, sir. It was a book called "Diana." She stated about the correspodence she had received from other people

Q. You heard her state there about mailing these? A. Yes. She stated that she had mailed them to Mr. Barclay, and a great many others, and a great many others were concerned in similar matters. In our conversation at the house I asked her if she had any of this matter in her possession, and she said she had; and she went and got some and gave them to each of us who were present, and said it was the first time she had given it to anybody to read in her presence, and she felt a little embarrassed in doing so. I suggested that there were complaints about mailing them, and she said she would hav to quit it and would burn what she had, and Inspector Barclay said, "Better not burn it, but let all the explanations go together;" to make whatever explanations about the matter she saw fit before the commissioner. She consented to do that, and turned over to me a package of papers.

Q. Why did you write to her? A. In response to a public notice in the paper referred to me by the post-office official, E. S. Tooley, assistant postmaster at Louisville, Ky.

Cross-examined by Mr. Chamberlain.

Q. How long hav you been post-office inspector? A. About five years.

Q. How long hav you been agent for the Society for the Suppression of Vice? A. This is my tenth year.

Q. Where do you liv? A. My residence is Collinsville, Ill.; my office is in St. Louis, Mo.

Q. How long hav you resided in Collinsville, Ill.? A. Ten or eleven years.

Q. Where did you reside previous to that? A. I was at school a year before that, and just before that in St. Joseph, Mo., and just later in St. Louis. I was in St. Joseph traveling from there, and in the city probably nine months after leaving school.

Q. How old are you? A. I am 39.

Q. At what age did you leave school? A. I graduated in 1872.

Q. What business were you in previous to engaging as post-office inspector? A. I was agent for the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and several years post-office inspector.

Q. Hav you ever engaged in any other business or occupation? A. I was in the newspaper business prior to that. I was correspondent and editor for awhile of the St. Joseph *Gazette*.

Q. What salary do you receive as agent of the society? A. I receive a salary, a very good salary, and my expenses.

Q. Do you decline to state what the salary is? A. I do, unless the court desires to know what it is.

Q. How do you receive your expenses? A. From the society.

Q. Do you also receive mileage from the United States Government as a post-office inspector? A. I receive mileage as a witness. I do not receive it; I collect it, and it is turned in to the treasury of the society; I hav no profit in it whatever, or benefit from it.

Q. Do you receive any emolument other than from your society? A. Not the slightest.

Q. Are you in the habit of using fictitious names in the communications that you send out? A. I frequently use addresses in the prosecution and investigation of cases. Having been in the service as long as I hav, I may be somewhat known, and for that reason I do not use my own name in the investigation of post-office cases, but I never use it except in connection with a post-office box, where I make provision to receive my correspondence.

Q. Did you write that letter? [Shown witness.] A. I did, sir.

Q. Is that the letter of which you hav spoken? A. This is the letter of which I spoke. I wrote what is on this side. [The letter read in evidence and marked "A."]

Q. Hav you been in the habit of using the name William before? A. I do not know that I hav; possibly I may hav.

Q. Do you keep a record of proceedings in courts in your cases? A. No, sir; I do not.

Q. Do you furnish them to attorneys for the prosecution of cases? A. Sometimes.

Q. Is it not usual for you to do so? A. When requested to do so, I do.

Q. You may hav used a name otherwise than in connection with that box? A. Certainly.

Q. I call your attention to a case in the "Nineteenth Federal Reporter," where the name R. M. William is mentioned. A. I think it very probable I used that name, as it is my first name, and I may hav used it a number of times.

Q. Do you ever use the name of Nettie G. Harlan? A. Yes, sir, I think I hav.

Q. You hav very good cause to remember that name? A. Nothing special. I do not remember in what case I used it now.

Q. Hav you forgotten the case of the United States against Whittier? A. No, sir; I hav not forgotten the case.

Q. Do you not remember that in that case the court administered to you a rebuke for the use of such names? A. I do not. If you mean by a rebuke that the court decided that the answer in that case was not in violation of the statute, I remember that.

Q. Can you remember what the turning-point in that decision was? A. As I understand it, because the defendant did not bring himself within the meaning of the statute in responding to that letter.

Q. Did you not write a decoy letter in that case? A. I wrote a test letter in that case. You may call it a decoy if you like; I make a distinction. A decoy, I understand, is to offer an inducement to some one to do something which he is not in the habit of doing or intending to do. A test is to furnish an opportunity, or to ascertain what a party is sending by mail, as in this case.

Q. Do you remember that in that case the letter was not mailed as post-marked, but was mailed in St. Louis, Mo.? A. I remember that there was an agreed statement of facts presented to the court. I do not remember that being a fact in the case.

Q. Do you mean to say that the agreed statement was not true? A. I mean to say it may be very incomplete.

Q. Is not that substantially true as stated? A. Substantially. It was not an exact statement of the facts.

Q. In what respect does it fail to be exact? A. It omitted to state that the test letter did not go from Butler, Ga., to St. Louis, but was furnished by the post-office inspectors at St. Louis, and passed into the mail at St. Louis, instead of coming direct from Georgia. That would be the fact in the case; in other words, the inspection office is supplied with envelopes which bear the post-mark at times without the date, and the date is supplied by the post-office inspector.

Q. That is the usual practice is it? A. Not very usual. No, sir; it was done in that case.

Q. As an inspector of the department, is it your duty to know the law? A. As far as I may be able. That was done prior to my being post-office inspector.

Q. Do you remember the court animadverting upon a letter written to a person that had no existence? A. I remember something of that kind. I hav been instructed by other courts that it was my duty to do so.

Q. This letter you found in your drawer; how did you dispose of it? A. I took it to my office and opened it. I kept it in my possession for the time being and reported the matter to the chief inspector at Washington.

Q. Did you show it to the chief inspector at Washington? A. Yes, sir; after he called me East to see about the matter.

Q. Do you not know that the taking of such a letter from the office for the purpose of showing it to the chief inspector at Washington, or any other person, is a violation of the law? A. I do not regard it as a violation of the law; all my legal teaching has been in direct opposition to that.

Q. Did you ever read this law? A. I hav.

Q. How many times? A. A thousand times, possibly.

Q. You never discovered that such a course of conduct is in violation of the law? A. No, sir; and I do not think any other man can. The law says, for the purpose of distribution or aiding in the distribution.

Q. (by Mr. Ronald). Who was Miss Nettie G. Harlan? A. I did not say there was such a person.

Q. You signed her name? A. I do not know that is a name signed.

Q. Where was Miss Nettie Harlan living at that time? A. I do not understand that there was such a person.

Q. Where were you when you wrote that letter? A. In St. Louis.

Q. Is that in accordance with the purpose of the Society for the Suppression of Vice? A. The principle of the Society is for me to investigate the case the best I know how.

Q. Hav you been termed a detectiv? A. Sometimes the lawyers for the defense jump on me for a detectiv. I hav to do some detectiv work once in a while.

Q. Why did you address her as Mr. William? A. I asked her to send it to me as R. M. William, Drawer D 6.

Q. When you wrote to Mrs. Slenker as you did, you thought it was for the good of the great cause, were you writing the truth or a falsehood? A. Writing the truth.

Q. What great cause? A. The great cause of public morals—the suppression of vice.

Q. Was it not your purpose in writing this letter about the great cause to win the confidence of this woman and get her to send you under an assumed name, to the end that you might thereafter go and report her to the grand jury? A. I will hav to make an explanation. Yes, sir; with this exception—there had been a number of stories marked, "Return to Elmina," passed through my hands as post-office inspector in the West, and I was at a loss to know where they came from until receiving this paper spoken of, with this public notice in reference to it, and I wrote that letter for the purpose of ascertaining if this was the fountainhead of this stuff, not expecting to appear as a witness in this case, as it was out of my territory.

Q. Then you were honest, and conscientious, and actuated by a laudable desire to accomplish good? A. Most decidedly.

Q. Then why did you not sign Mr. McAfee's name to the letter? A. Because she might hav heard of my name.

Q. Why did you not write to Mrs. Slenker and admonish her of her course, that she might desist? A. I would hav been afraid that the postmaster-general would revoke my commission.

Q. Then for a mercenary object you played the part? A. No, sir; not by any means.

Q. What salary do you get? A. I get $2,400 a year and my actual necessary expenses.

Q. Is that dependent upon the number of convictions you secure? A. Not at all.

Q. What do you get as government post-office inspector? A. Nothing whatever; the society furnishes the post-office department with my services.

Q. What position does Mr. Comstock hold in relation to this society? A. Mr. Comstock has no connection with our society whatever.

Q. Hav you corresponded with Mr. Comstock? A. I hav.

Q. How much? A. In the investigation of this matter, I found a letter from Mr. Comstock, in which there had been an application to him to investigate it a year and a half before, and he asked to be excused as he was so busy.

Plaintiff rested.

Dr. Martin, called on behalf of defendant, testified that he had lived in Snowville eleven years; that he was practising medicin; that he had known Mrs. Slenker ever since living there; that she had always been looked upon as a very virtuous woman of high standing, a good moral woman and a good citizen; that until her arrest he had heard nothing said against her reputation as a lady.

On cross-examination the witness stated that he had known nothing about these publications.

Mr. Smith testified that he had lived in Snowville twenty-two years and owned property there, that he was a general merchant; that he had known Mrs. Slenker for twelve or fifteen years; that he never knew anything against her character as a lady; that he always considered her a very kind, hospitable woman, chaste and virtuous; that she visited in the community with the other families.

On cross-examination he stated that he had never heard of these publications before.

Rev. D. Bullard testified that he had lived in Snowville ever since it was a village forty years ago; that he was a minister of the gospel; that he had known Mrs. Slenker ever since she came to the place some fifteen years ago; that her standing and reputation was that of a virtuous, chaste, good, and kind woman up to the time of the indictment; that he thought that her husband had as little cause to distrust the fidelity of his wife as any man in the place; that he had known her to be benevolent and truthful.

On cross-examination the witness stated that he had known nothing about the publications until the indictment. When she first came to the neighborhood there was a rumor that she was a freelover, and he written to her upon the subject, and she positivly denied its being so.

Mr. Winston testified that he had lived in Snowville twenty-eight years, and had known Mrs. Slenker since she first came there; that he had never heard anything in the world alleged against her as a lady until the time of this indictment; that everybody was sociable with her; she was always recognized, and moved in the best circles in the place.

On cross-examination the witness stated that he had never heard of these publications until the arrest.

Mr. Jordan, the marshal, testified:

When we went in there Mr. McAfee told her that he was a post-office inspector, and was there to investigate this case. It was discussed with Mrs. Slenker freely; and she got out these papers. I did not ask her for them. She handed me several and some to Mr. Barclay and some to Mr. McAfee. She suggested burning some of the papers, and Mr. Barclay suggested that it might be said on the trial that she was trying to conceal something. I suppose she had half a bushel of them there. She had them in a cupboard, and behind the curtain, and got them down herself and handed them to us, and after talking an hour or so Mr. McAfee told me he was through. I told her I had a warrant for her arrest, and I would hav to take her with me, and in order to reach the train I told her I should hav to go in half an hour.

Cross-examination by Mr. Ronald.

She handed me the papers of her own will and accord; I took and read a great many of them and a great many of them I did not read.

Q. After she gave up the papers you told her you had a warrant for her arrest. A. Yes, sir. I remember Mr. McAfee asked her if she recognized that paper and envelope and she said she did; she could not tell what papers were in them, but she recognized them by her own private mark upon them.

Q. After the papers had been presented to you by Mrs. Slenker, you told her you had a warrant for her arrest? A. I did, sir.

No cross-examination. Adjourned until Wednesday.

NOVEMBER 2D.

Mr. Chamberlain read in evidence the letter from Mr. McAfee, under the name of R. M. William, to Mrs. Slenker. Mrs. Elmina D. Slenker, defendant, was called to the stand. The district attorney proposed to propound the preliminary questions that had been asked of Mr. Barclay with regard to her religious belief.

THE COURT: It is unnecessary to propound those questions.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Very well.

Mrs. Elmina D. Slenker affirmed and examined by Mr. Chamberlain:

Q. Hav you ever consulted with anyone or been advised as to the legality of send ng such letters as these through the mail? (Objected to as incompetent.)

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: It goes directly to the intent; that there was no intent to violate the law.

THE COURT: The intention is presumed, in a prosecution, from the criminal act itself.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: If a law has been violated, in-

tention is presumed; it is *prima facie* evidence, and a presumption which it is our privilege to rebut. (Objection overruled.)

A. Yes, sir; I hav asked several persons. I was never sure whether it was safe or not to send them. It was right and proper; and they told me they supposed one part was material to the other, if there was any objection to one part going by itself. It would be like the plates in a work on obstetrics, which would not be understood if sent alone, but if sent with the context that explains it.

Q. Was anything said as to the likelihood of a successful prosecution? A. It has been talked over. I hav been told that I might be prosecuted.

Q. Had you been advised that your conduct was illegal? A. I never hav been assured that it was illegal by anyone that was competent, I suppose, to judge, before the arrest. I supposed it was legal, or I would not hav done it.

Q. Did you suppose that one of these papers would explain another, and show its legality? A. Certainly.

Q. Please state in your own language, what occurred at the time that Barclay, McAfee, and Jordan came to your house to make the arrest. A. I was sitting and writing; I never saw them until they were at the door. As they entered the door, the thought struck me what they might hav come for; not to arrest me, but to see what I had been doing. I had no idea of being arrested that day. I supposed they had come to inquire into the matter. I welcomed them to the room, and treated them as I would any other visitors. They soon commenced talking; and I was told that one of them was a post-office inspector. They commenced by asking me why I had been circulating these documents, and writing on the subject on which I had been writing. I endeavored to tell them, as nearly as I could, the doctrins I was endeavoring to disseminate. I told them I did not suppose I had ever mailed anything but what could be lawfully mailed. We talked a long time. I read to them some articles I had written.

Q. Did you read to them any of your articles on "Sexual Intemperance?" A. I do not know exactly whether I did or not. I explained my ideas on that subject, and showed them plainly that my work was intended as a real reform; that although I had circulated articles that looked objectionable to those not accustomed to them, the ideas themselvs were pure and clean; that words in themselvs are always clean; and I explained my ideas as far as I could. They wanted to see some more of the papers, and asked me for them. I asked if I might not burn them up before their eyes, as they said I ought not to hav them in my possession. They told me No; it would be better, if I came to trial, that they should hav the documents. They assured me it would be better for my case to give them the papers, it I was brought to trial.

Q. Was that the first thing that was said of a trial? A. As nearly as I recollect. Then I commenced gathering up the papers, one after another, indiscriminately. They read some of them, and I read some of them. I gave most of them, I think, to Mr. McAfee. I do not recollect particularly. My position on the subject of sexual intemperance has been growing ever since I was a child, almost. I was brought up a Quaker. My father was a Quaker preacher, and my mother a school-teacher; both of them were teachers, and I hav tried to be a teacher all my life. I taught school fourteen years, and after I quit teaching school, I commenced to write for the newspapers. I could not talk plainly. I suppose it is difficult for you to understand what I say, but I will speak as plainly as I can. If I could hav talked plainly, I should hav been a public teacher, as my father was. He preached. I could not preach; for when I had all my teeth I could not talk as plainly as now. Therefore I wrote; I used my pen instead of my voice. Whenever I learned anything, I tried to tell some one else; and I always tried to tell them to do what was right every way—morally, physically, and intellectually. I spoke of intemperance during the great Washingtonian movement, when I was a girl. Afterward I got to thinking of other intemperance. I found there was an intemperance worse than alcoholic intemperance, and that was sexual intemperance. No one has a right to bring a child into the world, unless he can be brought in strong, mentally and physically. This is what I am trying to teach all the while.

I commenced about eight years ago to write for a paper in New York on this great subject. I wrote for it perhaps twenty or more articles. Finally the people got so stirred up and afraid of it that they forced and compelled the editor to stop my writing. I continued to write for four or five other papers. In the mean time a book came out entitled, "Diana."

Q. Is this a reproduction of one of those articles? A. Yes, sir. I would like to hav you read it to the jury.

THE DISTRICT-ATTORNEY: I object to it as irrelevant.

THE COURT: You introduced the subject yourself yesterday, in asking your witness whether she gave any reasons for sending out this matter.

Objection withdrawn, and the paper handed to the jury.

The witness continued:

As I was saying, a book came out entitled, "Diana," and a copy was sent to me. I read it rather with indifference at first. It was above me, and I could not comprehend it. The man that wrote the book—I did not know then that it was a man—was educated far more scientifically on the subject of sex than I was. The book was as high above me as I was above a person who had not studied the subject at all. I could not understand it. But I grew to understand it. I commenced a correspondence with the writer, and gradually came to understand that the principle of the book was precisely the same as the doctrin I had been teaching with regard to sexual intemperance, but went a little further, and explained why people had become sexually intemperate, and how they might be educated out of it. As I studied the book, I found some points I could not understand, but I finally concluded to send it out; and he sent me a large package, and told me to sell all I could and giv away the rest. I gave away almost the entire first edition, and to every person gave permission to write me and ask me any question they chose; and a great many wrote me, arguing the why and wherefore of the book, and asked how the author got up his ideas, and if he was sure they were correct. I could not answer all the questions, and finally a batch of the little leaflets and documents were sent to me, showing upon what the theory was founded. He had gathered these together, and from them evolved the theory of "Diana," non-intercourse save for reproduction, and living in accordance with natural laws. It taught that a man should treat his wife as an equal, respect and love her, but let his attraction turn into other lines than sexual intemperance. It would save himself, and save her. The world would be a great deal purer and better. There would be no houses of prostitution; there would be no prostitutes. There would never be an unwelcome child; every child would be wanted, and purposely created. This was the doctrin of the book, and it was my own doctrin. Of course, in the study of truth it was necessary to hear all sides. He was still collecting papers and revising them, to be made use of if possible. He wanted me to collect what I could, as a friend, of experiences; and I did, from everybody I could, asking them to write out an account of their own lives, and of other lives which they knew about. This set me to studying the subject of hybrids; and of course, the study branching out into an entirely different line, and into something I had never heard about, I studied it out. Correspondents finally commenced to send me accounts which were called the dog letters.

Q. Hav you been interested in this question of hybrids, and the crossing of various species? A. I studied botany in childhood, when I went to school, and learned about the sexual union of flowers, which is the same thing precisely. The male and the female unite the same in a flower as in a human being. I studied floriculture and horticulture, and there we always bring in the subject of hybrids, and try to improve the flower. We know that if we want to make a superior flower or fruit, we must not allow it to hav too many flowers on it, or to bear too much fruit. If a man wants to do well he wants to save himself. This question of hybrids applies as well to plants as to people. I hav studied hybrids always, more or less, but lately I have been intesested in it in relation to the human family. I hav written to several papers on the subject and hav consulted doctors on the subject of hybrids, upon the union of different races; the Chinese and whites; the blacks and the whites. I hav studied it as well as I knew how. I hav studied it to know whether the human race could propagate with any other race; and I do not think it can, except that the lowest anthropoid ape might possibly unite with savage races. That is the only union that could ever take place. That I hav studied a great deal.

Q. Hav you found others to sympathize with you on this question? A. Since I hav been arrested I hav had nearly two thousand letters, from scientists, doctors, women, and men, in every class of society, lawyers—and every letter but one or two has been in commendation of the work in which I was engaged. A few hav condemned my methods; they did not understand the methods; they thought they were obscene. These were scientific, honest expressions, by honest men and women, just as honest as you or I.

Q. Will you explain something of the nature of the correspondence you hav been engaged in previous to your arrest, which was spoken of by Mr. McAfee? A. I received a great many letters, and I answered those letters honestly and fairly. There was a circle of us. Most of us were doctors, lady physicians, gentlemen physicians; there were writers for various papers. Nearly all were editors or writers, men and women of some no e. We commenced the correspondence. I found I could not answer each one individually. I always did my own housework, and never neglected home for anything else. So in writing I told them to pass the letters from one to another, and keep on passing them. I did indorse on one letter "copy whoever pleases." That was for the private ring; no outsider was to see them. These were educated; but an outsider might take it up and laugh at it, as they laugh at it here in court. It was just as pure as anything could be; but they did not understand it. They had not been educated; so I said the ring might copy. I stamped my name on the outside, "Please order them of Elmina D. Slenker, Snowville, Pulaski County, Virginia;" and the reason I did that was this: My handwriting is very hard to read, and I stamped it for the sake of giving my name and address plain, so that they should not make a mistake and address letters wrongly. In sending out books and papers I circulate advertisments and other papers; and they sometimes sent me a pile of their advertisments, so I would stamp on them "Please order them of Elmina D. Slenker," etc. I had but the one stamp and I used it on all letters. It seemed to imply that they were to order those documents of me, but it was only intended to stamp my name and address. I wanted no one to order those who did not understand the subject they were talking of.

Q. Prior to your examination before the commissioner, did the commissioner caution you? A. Not at all. I was perfectly free, as I am here, to say what I pleased.

Q. Did he caution you that what you said might be used against you on your trial? A. Not that I remember.

Q. You may make any further statement that you see fit. A. If I hav omitted explaining anything, or if any of the jury hav any questions to ask, I should like to hav them ask them.

By Mr. Heerman:

Q. What is your age? A. Near sixty.

Q. What is and has been your occupation? A. The first years of my life was spent in a small country farm-house. I went to a district school, and got a tolerably decent school education.

Q. How long hav you been in literary work? A. More or less, ever since the war mainly; I did a little literary work before the war.

Q. Hav you ever written for publication, or ever had published, a line or word that was obscene? A. No, sir. I defy anyone to find an obscene or immoral expression in anything I hav had published.

Q. Did you ever sell these leaflets? A. No, sir. People would send me money and postage-stamps, but I always sent the full value for everything they sent. I demanded that they should pay the postage, for Mr. Slenker was not willing that I should furnish the time and postage.

Q. You never sold these for a profit? A. There was no profit in it. It has been a loss to me all my life. All my work was a financial loss.

Q. Did you write these leaflets yourself? A. No, sir.

Q. To how many people do you suppose you sent leaflets? A. I hav no idea. I sent them to everyone who asked for them, that I thought would understand the principle, and make a good use of them. I never forced them on anybody. They may hav asked indirectly for such information which I could not write out in full, and then I sometimes sent leaflets, such as I supposed would be least obnoxious, to explain what I had not time to write. I never used them indiscriminately.

Q. I understand that you sold books, and that you used this stamp for the purpose of asking your correspondents, if they needed books or papers, to order them from you? A. Certainly.

Q. Not for the leaflets? A. No; it had no reference to the leaflets at all. I wish to say one word more—that I considered all these leaflets as parts of private letters. They were all copies of letters, or letters themselvs, everyone of them; they were written as letters, and sent as letters. If I write a letter, and take a piece of paper and paste it in, it forms part of the letter. I had not time to paste these in, and so I put them in separately. They are all parts of private letters, everyone of them.

Q. Those leaflets hav figures or marks on them at different paragraphs; will you explain to the jury what they mean? A. Our friend will hav to explain that; I did not understand that. It was beyond me; I never tried to understand that.

Q. You understand those leaflets as the basis of the book "Diana?" A. They had been used for that purpose, and were handed over because they were of no further use to him.

By Mr. Chamberlain:

Q. How long hav you known me personally? A. The first time I hav known you personally is since coming here.

Q. How long hav you known me as a correspondent? A. That I could not tell; I hav so many correspondents. May be two or three years; I hav no idea at all.

Q. Hav we not been correspondents ever since the time of Bennett's arrest eight years ago? A. Yes, I suppose so.

Q. Did you ever send to me any of this matter upon sexual subjects? A. No. Our correspondence did not run in that line; I only sent it to those interested in that subject. You never broached the subject, and of course I did not.

Cross-examined by the district attorney.

Q. You state that you were advised by attorneys and others that you had a right to mail this matter? A. I do not say they told me I had a full right, but they supposed to the best of their judgment it was mailable under the statute.

Q. Is that a letter of yours? Look at the handwriting. (Letter shown to witness.)

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: I object, and I now instruct this witness that she is not obliged to answer any questions which may by any possibility tend to criminate her, or which may furnish a link in a process by which she may be criminated. If she admits the handwriting upon this letter, it will giv the prosecution an opportunity to introduce a vast number of other letters. I do not know what they hav in their possession, but they may perhaps appear as damaging to her as the statement of Mr. Barclay, which I think has been entirely explained away. If these are introduced, it will necessitate more explanation, and prolong the case. These letters may be proved in any other way than by her admission. I do not make any point as to the contents of the letter. Your honor understands the ruling of the United States Court upon the subject of the comparison of handwritings.

MR. HUTTON: When the witness went on the stand, she went there voluntarily, and she went there for every purpose.

THE COURT: That raises the point whether you can ask her a question on cross-examination which will criminate her. It is the duty of the court to inform the witness that she need not answer any questions criminating herself.

MR. HUTTON: If she had remained off the stand, we could not even hav referred to the fact that she did not go upon the stand; but if she goes upon the stand it is for every purpose.

THE COURT: If the rule did not apply in this case, there never would be any occasion for applying the rule. It would exclude a witness from the stand entirely; no matter what he might hav to say in exculpation, you could violate the rule by compelling him to state something else.

The court called upon Mr. Barclay to identify the handwriting.

MR. BARCLAY: That is her handwriting. It is a letter addressed to myself.

Mr. Jordan identified his writing upon the letter.

The letter was read in evidence.

Q. You hav spoken of a correspondence with a man by the name of Heywood. Is he the editor of the *Word*? A. Yes, sir.

Q. You spoke of his having inserted some communication of yours in his paper. Is this the communication? A. Yes, that is the article; he published it without any knowledge of mine. (The article from the *Word* read in evidence.)

Henry M. Parkhurst, affirmed, and examined by Mr. Chamberlain.

Q. What is your business? A. I am a law stenographer.

Q. What do you know of the papers referred to in this indictment? A. To giv the liberal construction to the term "knowledge" would require an answer too long to spread upon the record, but I know that I wrote as author or editor probably all this type-written matter. I recognize a portion of the written matter; but there are two or three written papers I hav never seen before. (Testimony objected to as irrelevant. Objection sustained.)

Mr. Chamberlain asked that the testimony should be received as from an expert. The court excluded expert testimony.

Q. Are these papers intelligible as read to the jury? A. I do not believe the jury could possibly understand them as they were read, although the witnesses appeared to intend to read them fairly. They would not only be unintelligible, but would convey a false impression, as read.

Q. Did Mrs. Slenker know the character of this matter? Objection offered and sustained. (No cross-examination.)

Albert Chavannes was called to testify with regard to the correspondence, but his testimony was excluded. Testimony closed.

F. B. Hutton, Esq., addressed the jury on behalf of the prosecution.

Charles A. Heerman, Esq., addressed the jury on behalf of defendant.

Edward W. Chamberlain, Esq., followed on behalf of the defendant.

Charles A. Ronald, Esq., closed the argument for the defendant.

THE JUDGE'S CHARGE.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY: The court givs you these in-

structions, and it will be your duty to be guided by the instructions the court gives you.

The court instructs you that the questions you are to determin are:

1. Are the writings, papers, printings, and publications alleged in the indictment to hav been knowingly deposited in the mail, for mailing and delivery, by the defendant, of an obscene, lewd, or lascivious character.

2. Did the defendant deposit or cause to be deposited in the mail, for mailing and delivery, such obscene, lewd, and lascivious writings, papers, printings, and publications.

The test of obscenity within the meaning of the statute under which this prosecution is had, is whether the tendency of the matter sent through the mail is to deprave or corrupt the morals of those whose minds are open to such influences and into whose hands writings, papers, prints, and publications of this kind may fall; and "lewd" means having a tendency to excite lustful thoughts.

You are further instructed that if you believe from the evidence that the said writings, papers, and publications were sent through the mail by the defendant as charged in the indictment, and were of an obscene, lewd, or lascivious character, then the object or purpose for which they were sent is not a matter for your consideration. No matter what the motiv or purp se for which they were sent, whether in the real or supposed interest of science, philosophy, or morality, if they are of an obscene character, you should find the defendant guilty.

The defendant is presumed to know the character of the matter proved by the government to hav been mailed by her to Barclay and McAfee, the government's witnesses.

You are instructed that the detection of crime by means of test or decoy letters is allowable under the law; that the witnesses Barclay and McAfee were justified in resorting to this means to discover the violations of the postal laws, and their testimony is not to be discredited because they hav resorted to this frequent, and frequently indispensable, mode of detecting crime. Their testimony is entitled to the same weight as that of other witnesses, subjected, of course, to the same tests as to its truthfulness.

If on the whole of the evidence you believe that the writings, papers, and publications charged in the indictment to hav been deposited in the mail, for mailing and delivery, by the defendant, were so deposited by her and were of an obscene, lewd, or lascivious character, it will be your duty to find her guilty. If, however, on the consideration of the whole evidence in the case, you hav a reasonable doubt as to the guilt of the defendant, you must find her not guilty.

The jury retired, and shortly afterward returned and rendered a verdict of guilty.

NOVEMBER 3D.

Mr. Ronald moved in arrest of judgment on the ground of the misjoinder of the two counts in the indictment.

Mr. Chamberlain also moved in arrest of judgment upon the ground that the indictment alleges in the form of the statute that the defendant did unlawfully and knowingly deposit or cause to be deposited in the mail, etc., certain lewd and lascivious writings, etc., and that the indictment is fatally defectiv in containing no allegation that the defendant knew that the matter so deposited was obscene.

Mr. Chamberlain cited authorities, especially that of the Commonwealth *vs.* Boynton in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and the case of Carll in the Supreme Court of the United States, reported in 15 Otto.

After a long debate and citations of authority, the court adjourned until Friday.

NOVEMBER 4TH.

The court granted the motion in arrest of judgment, delivering the opinion printed last week, and discharging Mrs. Slenker from custody.

## Infidels Only Are on the Safe Side.

Our Christian friends are terribly exercised in our behalf because we hav no faith or hope of heaven, and they tell us that if *our* future is assured, *they* are doubly secure. They are on *the safe side.* But, like nearly all the assertions of Christians in regard to their religion, this is not true. They labor under a grave error, a fatal mistake; in the language of Jesus, they "do err, not knowing the scriptures, nor the power of God" (Matt. xxii, 29). For if Christ's own declarations are reliable, if his most solemn and positiv assurances can be depended on, then it is the Infidels, and not the professors of Christianity, who are sure of heaven, who are on the safe side. Not Christian profession of faith, but Liberals' good lives are the passport to heaven. Read his own words (Matt. xxv, 31–41):

When the son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the king say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the king shall answer and say unto them, Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye hav done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye hav done it unto me. Come, ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

Christ here declares that the test of a right to dwell forever in heaven is not faith, not, Did you believe the Bible? did you keep the Sabbath or Sunday? did you believe in the trinity? were you sprinkled poured, or immersed? did you believe in total depravity and the immaculate conception? in apostolic succession and the literal six days' theory of creation? did you believe in purgatory and eternal burning in hell-fire of all, however good, true, noble, useful lives they led, who disbelieve any of these things?

No; strange, but true, Christ says not one word of "What did you believe?" but

"What did you do?"

Did you do justice, love mercy, make all around you happy?

Yes!

Then come, ye blessed of my father.

But, alas! for the Christian professors, how sad, how terrible their doom. Hear Christ's own words:

Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, hav we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity (Matt. vii, 21, 22, 23).

Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels (Matt. xxv, 41).

O Christian friends, be warned in time! Make haste to flee the wrath—the dreadful doom your savior has decreed against you. Oh, come! Come, while yet you hav time! Come on the right side! Come on the Infidel rock of truth—the only safe side! Unite with us in the endeavor to inspire mankind with love of right, love of truth, love to each other, and with a spirit of fidelity to duty. Learn what is right, here and now, and do it! Giv liberally of your means to diffuse the light of science and positiv knowledge, and thus help dispel the dark mists of error, ignorance, and superstition. Soothe the sorrows of the afflicted, help the needy, and afford means of employment for the body and cultivation of the mind.

Liv lives of love, instead of making loud professions of faith; practice justice and mercy in lieu of forms and ceremonies; and, above all, constantly endeavor to promote the happiness and the welfare of those around you, instead of loudly praying to a God to do it for you. Do this, and in this world or any other you will be on the right, THE ONLY SAFE SIDE.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

## Retribution.

MAY 4, 1886.

I.

An empty cart in a public square,
A throng of the discontented there;
Orators tell of a class oppressed,
Of a wrong and a grievance to be redressed.

II.

A charge and a hundred-throated curse:
"In the name of the law, disperse, disperse!"
A dozen guiltless victims fall
'Neath brutal club and pistol-ball.

III.

A flash, a boom! and a cloud of smoke;
The aggressors stagger before the stroke;
Dead and dying, are borne away.—
Who'll hang for the murder done this day?

NOVEMBER 11, 1887.

I.

Tried and convicted. The rabble cry,
"A life for a life! Lo, crucify!"
The true assassin eludes their fangs,
But what is the odds so some one hangs?

II.

Four men stand under the gallows high;
All are Anarchists, let them die.
Four corpses swing in the morning breeze:
Engel and Parsons, Fischer and Spies.

III.

"A life for a life" the rabble cried;
'Tis done, and the rabble are satisfied,
Blood for blood! But who can say
Who'll hang for the murder done *this* day?

## Unity, Harmony, Action.

Wishing to tender thanks to many noble friends who hav assured me of their earnest coöperation—the mail daily bringing words of hearty commendation—I take this opportunity to acknowledge their kind encouragement. Old disagreements appear forgotten, the hatchet buried, the pipe of peace passed round, our ranks closing up rapidly with sincere workers, willing to march forward, even to the unequal combat with established error, that our standard of reason, truth, and justice may find a firmer resting-place. This is as it should be. Everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land Liberals should arouse to the importance of our demands, and organize for united action. We want the help of all. *None should stand aloof.* The Nine Demands are the basis of work; but their supporters may hav a number of other articles in their creed. They may believe in a variety of methods; all the American Secular Union asks is that they subscribe to these plain, simple Jeffersonian demands, forming the very sustructure upon which our republic is founded, the true American idea.

Every man and woman who believes in intellectual liberty should aid us; all who believe in a government of the people, as against that of the gods; everyone who aspires to establish human happiness, should unite with us in overthrowing the reign of bigotry and superstition in the state.

With our enemies (the National Reform Association) persistently and insidiously working, thoroughly organized, ever unscrupulous in methods, it behooves us to lay aside all trivial disagreements, and unflinchingly formulate our demands and carry into execution the work we hav outlined. This can only be accomplished by a concerted, concentrated, homogeneous alliance.

We do not lack talent for this achievement, for the Liberal legions are ablaze with brilliancy and genius; poets and philosophers, orators and authors, statesmen and scientists, lending luster to our cause and stamping it preëminently the intellectual movement of the nineteenth century.

Shall a cause so noble of purpose, so richly endowed, so ably equipped, so gallantly led as this has been, be permitted to suffer defeat for need of a few dollars or through the disintegration of disunity? Rather, shall it not attain a power that thrills the body politic, molding the masses to a conception of the justice and arousing them to a speedy enforcement of our demands?

Our Liberal papers hav nobly responded to the work of the recent Congress. They are conducted by self-sacrificing men, of marked ability, who could hav grown rich in simulating hypocrisy, or powerful in forging intellectual chains. They stand as mentors of our movement. Their indorsement is a certain precursor of success.

Our Liberal lecturers—the pioneers of freedom—are proposing plans for the future, and I hav received assurances of their coöperation:

Let me congratulate you upon your election as secretary to the Union. The right man in the right place. I trust Secularism will make rapid progress during the coming year. I shall do all I can for the Union.

Yours always, CHAS. WATTS.

Prof. W. S. Bell, of this city, has personally given his assurance of hearty coöperation and good-will.

C. B. Reynolds writes:

We want every live worker to feel an interest in the parent society. . . . If in any way I can be of use to further the interests of the American Secular Union, command me. Let us all pull together for the greatest good to the greatest number.

In another letter:

Believe me ever ready and glad to do anything in my power to help you in your arduous and unthankful position, relying on your courage and devotion to carry you through.

Mr. Green, of the *Freethinkers' Magazine*, says:

The resolutions I like very much. They are right to the point. Just what I hav always claimed, that we should confine ourselvs to the Nine Demands. For the years I worked for the League, I said, "I don't care what hobby you hav on hand, only leave it outside the League movement." . . . You ask if I will aid in the work. I answer, Yes, if you will work for Secularization, pure and simple. If you honestly adopt that course, you will deserve the coöperation of everyone who believes that church and state should be forever separate in this country.

Let our lecturers never forget that the fundamental basis of all Liberal propaganda is separation of church and state. If they do not work for this end, their seed will be sown on barren ground. With this all scientific progressiv issues may be combined, but the real, necessary, honest, vital work is that which tends to secularize the government. In every community enthusiasm should be aroused and interest created. With every step gained the field broadens, intelligence is disseminated, and the demand for Liberal speakers increased, so that practically in aiding the American Secular Union each lecturer is more effectivly working for himself. Wherever he takes the trouble to organize a Secular Union, there he will ever hav a friendly fortress. If Liberals were better organized; if Freethinkers were united; if everyone who recognizes the justice of our Demands were enrolled under the Union, there would be plenty of profitable employment for every lecturer in the field. This, then, my friends, is what I wish you Liberal lectures would do. Plant our standard in the shape of a new Union in every place that you visit. At least, prevail on all to become members, if not of a local organization, at least by an annual membership in the national organization. Let those who propose to aid in furthering the Nine Demands stand up like men and be counted.

Your secretary is willing and eager to work. You must sustain him, for it will take the united, harmonious efforts of all to crown with success the labors we hav laid out for the year.

Assured of the Liberal lecturers' moral support and sympathy, shall we count on the generous financial aid of the great Liberal host?

However much we may hav disagreed in the past, let us determin that in the present one grand, inspiring purpose shall animate us to push forward to victory the cause of universal mental liberty.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary A. S. U.

# Communications.

## The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

Author of "Physical Education," "The Secret of the East," etc.

### IV.—Objective Maxims.

CHAPTER XVII.—RECREATION.

*A.—Lessons of Instinct.*

The indoor occupations of civilized life imply the necessity of providing artificial substitutes for the opportunities of physical exercise, which men in a state of nature can find abundantly in the course of such healthful pursuits as hunting, fishing, and primitive agriculture. For similar reasons civilization ought to compensate the lost chance of outdoor sports which only the favorites of fortune can afford to combine with the exigencies of city life. To the children of nature life is a festival; outdoor recreations, exciting sports, offer themselves freely and frequently enough to dispense with artificial supplements; but the dreariness of workshop life makes those substitutes a moral as well as physical necessity. Under the influence of unalloyed drudgery the human soul withers like a plant in a sunless cave, and weariness of heart reacts on the body in a way analogous to the health-undermining effect of sorrow and repeated disappointment. To the unbiased judgment of our pagan forefathers the necessity of providing city dwellers with opportunities for public recreation appeared, indeed, as evident as the necessity of counteracting the rigors of the higher latitudes with contrivances for a supply of artificial warmth. The cities of ancient Greece had weekly and monthly festivals, besides the yearly reunions of competing athletes and artists, and once in four years the champions of the land met to contest the prize of national supremacy in the presence of assembled millions. Hostilities, even during the crisis of civil war, were suspended to insure free access to the plains of Corinth, where the Olympic Games were celebrated with a regularity that made their period the basis of chronological computation for a space of nearly eight hundred years. When Rome became the capital of the world, the yearly disbursements for the subvention of free public recreations equaled the tribute of a wealthy province. There were free race courses, gymnasia, music halls, and wrestling-ring; free public baths and magnificent amphitheaters for the exhibition of free dramatic performances, gladiatorial combats, and curiosities of art and natural history. Every proconsul of a foreign province was instructed to collect wild animals and specimens of rare birds and reptiles; every triumphator devoted a portion of his spoils to a celebration of free *circenses*—"circus games"—by no means limited to the mutual slaughter of prize fighters, but including horse races, concerts, trials of skill, and new arts. It would be a mistake to suppose that the liberality of such establishments offered a premium on idleness. The immense increase of the metropolitan population justified the constant extension of that liberality, but even after the erection of permanent amphitheaters the vigilance of public censors discouraged mendicancy; the complaints of wives, creditors, and landlords against habitual idlers were made the basis of penal proceedings, and from the total appropriations for the support of free municipal institutions, the overseers of the poor deducted considerable sums for purposes of public charity.

Nor did the citizens of the metropolis monopolize the privilege of free public amusements. At the time of the Antonines not less than fifty cities of Italy alone had amphitheaters of their own, and the smallest hamlet had at least a *palaestra*, where the local champions met every evening for a trial of strength and skill.

B.—REWARDS OF CONFORMITY.

The alternation of day and night should reveal the truth that nature is averse to permanent gloom. Sunlight is a primary condition of all nobler life, and only ignorance or basest selfishness can doom a child of earth to the misery of toil uncheered by the sunrays of recreation. For even enlightened selfishness would recognize the advantages of the pagan plan. The passions of personal ambition burnt then as fiercely as now, but the Roman world-conquerors thought it wiser, as well as nobler, to share their spoils with the soldiers who had fought their battles, with the workmen who had reared their castles, with the neighbors who had witnessed their triumphs. The very slaves of Greece and Rome were indulged in periodic enjoyments of all the luxuries fortune had bestowed upon their masters; at the end of the working-day menials and artisans forgot their toil amidst the wonders of the amphitheater, and neither their work nor their work-givers were the worse for it. The promise of the evening cheered the labors of the day; minds frequently unbent by the relaxation of diverting pastimes were less apt to break under the strain of toil, less liable to yield to the temptation of despondency, envy, and despair.

During the last four weeks of his Egyptian campaign Napoleon relieved the tedium of camp-life by a series of athletic games and horse-races, and thus succeeded in sustaining the spirit of his troops under hardships which at first threatened to demoralize even his veterans. For similar purposes and with similar success, Marshal Saxe indulged his men in a variety of exciting sports, and Captain Kane found dramatic entertainments the best prophylactic against the influence of a monotonous diet combined with an average temperature of fifty degrees below zero. Captain Burton ascribes the longevity of the nomadic Arabs to their habit of passing their evenings as cheerfully as their stock of provisions and anecdotes will permit, and it is a suggestive circumstance that the joy-loving aristocracy of medieval France could boast a surprising number of octogenarians, and that the gay capitals of modern Europe, with all their vices, enjoy a better chance of longevity than the dull provincial towns.

C.—PERVERSION.

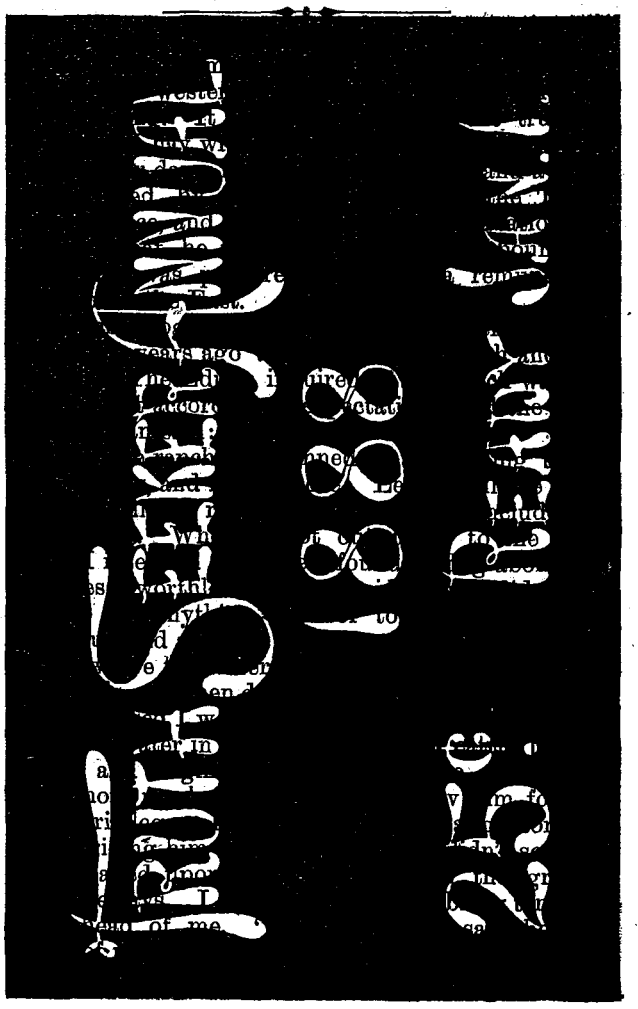
The suprstition which dooms its votaries to a worship of sorrow has for centuries treated pleasure and sin as synonymous terms. In the era of the Cæsars the licentious passions of a large metropolis gave that asceticism a specious pretext; but its true purpose was soon after revealed by the suppression of rustic pastimes, of athletic sports, and at last, even of the classic festival which for centuries had assembled the champions of the Mediterranean nations on the isthmus of Corinth. With a similar rancor of bigoted intolerance the Puritans suppressed the sports of "merry old England," and their fanatical protests against the most harmless amusements would be utterly incomprehensible if the secret of Christian asceticism had not been unriddled by the study of the Buddhistic parent-dogma. The doctrine which the apostle of Galilee thought it wisest to veil in parables and metaphors, the Indian messiah of anti-naturalism reveals in its ghastly nakedness as an attempt to wean the hearts of mankind from their earth-born loves and reconcile them to the alternative of annihilation—"Nirvana"—the only refuge from the delusions of a life outweighing a single joy by a hundred sorrows. Not life only, but the very instincts of life were to be suppressed, to prevent their revival in new forms of re-birth; and in pursuit of that plan the prophet of Nepaul does not hesitate to warn his disciples against sleeping twice under the same tree, to lessen the chance of undue fondness for any earthly object whatever. The indulgements of life-endearing desires, that creed denounced as the height of folly and recommended absolute abstinence from physical enjoyments as the shortest path to the goal of redemption. In its practical consequences, if not in its theoretical significances, the same principle asserts itself in the doctrine of the New Testament, and justified the dread of the life-loving pagans in realizing the stealthy growth of the Galilean church, and anticipating the ultimate consequences of that gospel of renunciation whose ideal of perfection was the *other-worldliness* of an earth-despising fanatic. More or less consciously, the suppression of earthly desires has always been pursued as the chief aim of Christian dogmatism; the "world" has ever been the antithesis of the Christian kingdom of God, the "flesh" the irreconcilable antagonist of the regenerate soul. Hence that rancorous fury against the "worldliness" of naturalism, against the pagan worship of joy, against the modern revivals of that worship. Hence the grief of those "whining saints who groaned in spirit at the sight of Jack in the Green;" hence the crusade against Easter-fires, May-poles, foot-races, country excursions, round-dances, and picnics; hence the anathemas against the athletic sports of ancient Greece and the entertainments of the modern theater.

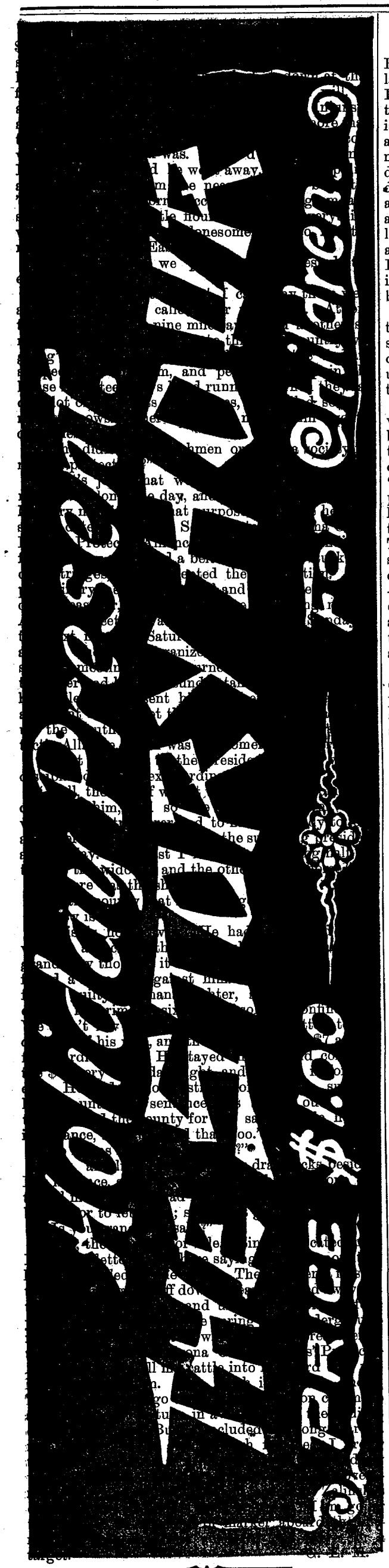
D.—PENALTIES OF NEGLECT.

Wherever the fanatics of the Galilean church have trampled the flowers of earth, the wasted gardens have been covered with a rank thicket of weeds. Outlawed freedom has given way to the caprice of despots and the license of crime; outraged common sense has yielded to the vagaries of superstition; the suppression of healthful recreation has avenged itself in the riots of secret vice. The history of alcoholism proves that every revival of asceticism has been followed by an increase of intemperance, as inevitably as the obstruction of a natural river-bed would be followed by an inundation. When the convent-slaves of the Middle Ages had been deprived of every chance of devoting a leisure hour to more healthful recreations, neither the rigor of their vows nor the bigotry of their creed could prevent them from drowning their misery in wine. When the Puritans of the seventeenth century had turned Scotland into an ecclesiastic penitentiary, the burghers of the Sabbath-stricken towns sought refuge in the dreamland of intoxication. The experience of many centuries has, indeed, forced the priesthood of southern Europe to tolerate Sunday recreations as a minor evil. In Spain the bull-rings of the larger cities open every Sunday at 2 P.M. In Italy the patronage of Sunday excursions and Sunday theaters is limited only by the financial resources of their patrons. In France Sunday is by large odds the gayest day in the week. In the large cities of Islam the muftis connive at Sunday dances and Sunday horse-races; and as a consequence a much less pardonable abuse of holidays is far rarer in southern Europe than in the cities of the Sabbatarian north, the consumption of Sunday intoxicants being larger in Great Britain than in France, Austria, Spain, Portugal, and Italy taken together. Climatic causes may have their share in effecting that difference; another cause was revealed when the followers of Ibn Hanbal attempted to enforce the asceticism of their master upon the citizens of Bagdad. Ibn Hanbal, the Mohammedan Hudibras, used to travel from village to village, with a horde of bigots, breaking up dance-houses, upsetting the tables of the confectionery pedlers, pelting flower-girls, and thrashing musicians, and when the revolt of a provincial city resulted in the death of the "reformer," his fanatical followers assembled their fellow-converts from all parts of the country, and raided town after town, till they at last forced their way into the capital of the caliphate. The recklessness of their zeal overcame all resistance, but the completeness of their triumph led to a rather unexpected result. Every play-house of the metropolis was not only closed, but utterly demolished; musicians were jailed; dance-girls were left to choose between instant flight and crucifixion; showmen were banished from all public streets; but the dwellings of private citizens were less easy to control, and those private citizens before long evinced a passionate and ever-increasing fondness for intoxicating drinks. Elders of the mosque were seen wallowing in their gutters, howling blasphemies that would have appalled the heart of the toughest Giaour; dignitaries of the green turban staggered along under the weight of a wine-skin, or waltzed about in imitation of the exiled ballet performers. The Hanbalites convoked tri-weekly, and at last daily, prayer-meetings, but things went from bad to worse, till a counter-revolution finally restored the authority of the old city government, and the flight of the fanatics was attended with a prompt decrease both of spiritual and spirituous excesses.

E.—REFORM.

The predictions of our latter-day augurs would seem to indicate that the civilization of the Caucasian race is drifting toward Socialism; but a modern philosopher reminds us that "a reform, however great, is apt to come out in a different shape from that predicted by the reformers." The citizens of the coming republic will probably waive their claim to free government lunch-houses and similar "establishments for preventing the natural penalties of idleness," but they will most decidedly protest against government interference with the legitimate rewards of industry. Even now, few sane persons can realize the degree of ignorance that enabled the clergy of the Middle Ages to fatten on the proceeds of witchcraft trials and heretic hunts, and the time may be near when our children will find it difficult to conceive the degree of infatuation that could induce their forefathers to sacrifice their weekly leisure-day at the bidding of brainless and heartless bigots. Drudgery will perhaps continue the hard task-master of the working-week; but the Sundays of the future will be as free as the light of their sun.






### Lexicography.

GOODY-GOODY.—Having never seen a definition of this word, I suggest the following: A goody-goody is a man who has no faults of his own to worry about, and so is able to devote his time and thoughts to the faults of others.

W. H. BENSON.

### The Land Question.

The world is in commotion. The nations of Europe are armed for war, and men in all civilized lands are combining to secure greater advantages. Property is the cause of all the strife. The rulers covet territory, the people covet land and wealth. How is it that one has come to possess so much more than another, that a few hav property and multitudes hav none? The history of land ownership shows that development in all countries has proceeded in the direction of ownership by the tribe, village, family, and individual. Rome began with allotments of one and one-fourth acres to each family, and ended with large estates which corrupted the owners, enslaved and degraded the people, and caused the downfall of Rome. The natural right of all to participation in the soil, always recognized at first, has been lost by conquest and tyranny and competition.

In Switzerland, France, Germany, and other countries where communal systems or occupying ownership prevail, there is a marked superiority in the condition of the people compared with those who under otherwise simular conditions labor on land that they do not own or securely control.

Henry George, in 1871, published a pamphlet in which he advocated views about the land that had been proposed, among others, by Quesnay, physician to the king of France in the middle of the eighteenth century. In 1879 George brought out his book, "Progress and Poverty," expanding the ideas of his pamphlet; at the same time A. R. Wallace, in England, was writing his work on "Land Nationalization." These representativ men agree substantially. Their contention in the main is that private ownership in land is unjust and inexpedient, and the remedy is to substitute collectiv ownership by the state—the whole people—and secure virtual occupying ownership to those who desire to use land. The arguments on the injustice of private ownership are that productiv labor is the only title to property, and that land is limited in quantity.

The value of land is created by society. Private ownership is opposed to equal rights. It leads to poverty. If one hundred people were on an island, and one owned the land, ninety-nine would be his slaves in fact, if not in name. To secure this change George approves of confiscation. The land has been stolen, and may be taken back, and the robbers may be grateful that they do not hav to restore past profits. But he only proposes confiscation of rent, taxing lands to the full value of their annual rental. Wallace favors giving annuities to landowners and heirs through three lines. Others say let no unborn child inherit anything. Mineral lands might yield part profit to present owners and half as much to the next heir.

All agree that taxation should be placed wholly on the land, and that if the state secured rent no other taxes would be needed; the curse of custom-house and excise would be abolished. Landowners would not lose the results of their labor. The quit-rent would be paid to the state, but the tenant-right would be paid for to the owner, and he would be fairly compensated for all buildings and improvements. The Socialists approve of all these ideas and plans, but say they are only the beginning and would not cure evils alone. As rents fall wages fall. They say all property is robbery, and poverty will not be remedied save by the nationalization of all wealth—capital, land, and the means of production and distribution.

ROBERT C. ADAMS.

### Catholic Schools in Wisconsin.

Your comment on the case of Catholic tyranny at Barton, Wis., contains some good suggestions so far as it calls attention to the dangers that threaten our public school system. But as a teacher, and one who is acquainted with the school system in several states, I fail to see any advantage in giving the management of the schools into the hands of town officers instead of a district board. I see no reason why a town board might not fail in their trust just as well as a district board; and the penalties for neglect of duty might be just as severe for school officers as for town officers,

You ask: "Shall the people of Barton right their wrongs under the present law?" To which I answer, Yes. The legislature of this state has made ample provision for such cases.

The School Laws of Wisconsin for 1885, Section 437, say:

> If any district shall not, at its annual meeting, or at a subsequent special meeting prior to the third Monday of November following, vote a tax sufficient to maintain a school in said district for the term of six months during the ensuing year, the district board shall then, on or before the Wednesday next following said third Monday of November, estimate and determin the sum necessary to be raised to maintain such school, and the district clerk shall forthwith certify to the town clerk the amount so fixed, who shall assess the same as other district taxes are assessed, and all school money received from the school fund income shall be applied exclusivly to the payment of teachers' wages.

In commenting upon this the state superintendent says: "Not to provide for at least this amount (six months) is a wrong to the children deprived, and an injury to the public good. The district board are, therefore, charged with the duty of making this provision, if it is not done by the district. The neglect to do this is punishable by fine, or removal from office, on complaint of such neglect."

The manner in which the board may be removed from office is to make a complaint to the county judge, as provided for in section 507.

Certainly, someone from Barton should know this, and apply the remedy. I think that if the case should be laid before the state superintendent there would be no difficulty in securing a secular school.

*Pittsville, Wis.* GEO. H. DAWES.

### News and Notes.

Farmdale, or Kinsman, O., was settled over half a century ago by Connecticut Puritans, and it displays the somewhat elegant stupidity of this ancient orthodox community. It is a beautiful country, with noble farm buildings, broad, fruitful fields, and magnificent groves. It is well known that the Connecticut pilgrim has a good deal of unction in the making of money, especially when Nature smiles upon him; and he has succeeded admirably amid these fertil lands. Forty years ago they imported a couple of carpenters from the Nutmeg state in order to build a meeting-house in the exact Puritanic style. There was no deviation from the saintly pattern; and when I looked upon the cumbrous structure, with its white wall and green blinds and massiv steeple, I thought I was on the hills of New England, where the quaint village church is mingled with my earliest associations. The ghost of my father's faith haunted the atmosphere.

However, there are bright spirits in this orthodox land, and the breath of progress beats upon the old meeting-house. Our workers are few in this community, but they are intelligent and enthusiastic. Friend Brockway is one of those who always keep in the harness, and he is bound to do his part to keep the world a-moving. He has the gift of persistency, and an unqualified faith in Freethought.

Daniel Burns, veteran, yet still youthful in his feeling, took me over the wide hills to the home of Emery Thompson, who also, for years, and almost alone at times, has been the representativ of our cause. He is on a vast eminence, and for miles around beautiful views can be seen of the well cultivated and richly producing harvest lands, now luminous in the atmosphere of the first days of the Indian Summer. His wife and children are all ardent Liberals, and it was a delight to gather about this fireside where the Promethean flame is mingling.

In the evening shade I came to the hospitable home of Daniel Burns, hewn by himself out of the forest primeval. Friend Burns is the architect of his fortune. His wife and children, and grandchildren too, are stanch allies in the grand army of humanity. I had the pleasure of meeting here Mr. and Mrs. Addison Eberhart, of Greenville, who are also in our pioneer ranks. F. F. Root, Henry Root, and Dewitt Root are young men engaged in extensiv business, but not afraid to take an open and prominent stand for Freethought. It was in their hall that I delivered the lectures, one of the finest and largest in the state.

C. S. Darrell studied for the Unitarian ministry, but was too radical for that and went into business. He had brought up a large family of boys and girls, who are lawyers and school-teachers in influential positions, and are bright representativs of their father's advanced and cultivated thought.

Besides these are Mrs. Mary Clisbe, Secretary of the Secular Union; Miss Martha Brockway and Wendell Brockway, of Jamestown; Marvin Dean, of Wayne, who came with a whole wagon-load of Freethinkers; David Matson, of Lindenville; E. York and wife, Wm. Coe, George Cole, O. E. Henry, Sanford Terrell, Edward Brocket, Miss Susie Thompson, C. W. Burns, W. D. Cady, Mrs. Nora Ferrell, Mrs. Cora Payne, D. F. Barber, I. N. Payne, Peter Bethune, Merle Clisbe, E. D. Fenkell, of Andover, and others.

So it will be seen that even in the midst of orthodoxy we hav our "merrie companie," and the banners of liberty sweep the air with hope and promis.

I gave three lectures, and there was good attendance at all. The Sunday dawned cold and gray, and I feared that my ten months' campaign would close amid stormy weather, but the sky-king soon came forth in all his splendors. The afternoon was golden and glorious. Over the Western slope the chariot of flaming day departed amid magnificent pavilions of cloud, and over the wide scene rose the splendid moon, and its silvery radiance made hope and joy for my heart.

I spent Hallowe'en with Pittsburgh friends. The boys, with their little torchlight procession and various sorts of musical instruments, make a joyous racket on the streets. The nuts and candies and dainties were spread out for us at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Abel, and all too soon I had to take the Atlantic express for New York.

So the year's work is ended, and memory now makes hope brighter than ever; and the work of the future will always be ennobled by the recollections of the many friends we hav met during these eventful labors.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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## TWO THINGS WANTED.

First. We want some money from every friend who owes on his subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. The balance in the bank from which to draw to satisfy the paper manufacturers and the printer is very small, and we must increase it, or run in debt. There are many hundreds of dollars owing us by subscribers, and we desire to kindly but firmly call their attention to the matter. We need the money, and it is not right for them to keep it from us. We would also respectfully suggest to those whose subscriptions expire during the present month that now is the time to renew. We would call attention, too, to our club rates. Get a new subscriber, and so get your own paper cheaper.

Second. We once more ask our friends to send us the names of all the Infidels of their acquaintance who do not take THE TRUTH SEEKER. The intention is to send them sample copies of the paper with the hope that they may subscribe.

## A Leaf from History.

Supplementary to our recent account of the persecutions of the sects which did not accept Calvinism, by the Puritans of New England. Mr. Heston this week recalls the cruel treatment by the New England churches of Roger Williams, who in the middle of January, 1636, was driven from Salem to wander in the wilderness of snow and ice between that town and Sowams, R. I., now Warren, where he was received by the Indian King Massasoit. One of Roger Williams's worst heresies was the denial of the right of the magistrates to punish a breaker of the Sabbath, or other "offenses against God." From a Church of England preacher Mr. Williams gradually evoluted to a true defender of liberty, and maintained, with the help of his Indian friends, a refuge for the oppressed of the Massachusetts Colony.

## A Suggestion.

The elections are over, and there is opportunity for a discussion of matters other than politics.

We hope Freethinkers everywhere will put their brains at work devising the best means of advancing their cause. One of the best ways is by distributing Freethought literature and obtaining subscribers to Freethought journals. There are also other methods of great importance, and none should be neglected.

Let us make a strong and a long pull all together this winter, and see if something practical cannot be accomplished—some one of the Nine Demands enforced in some one of the states.

## Honest by Force of Law.

In THE TRUTH SEEKER of June 11th last, we summarized the history of the attempt of the Congregationalists of Greenwich, Mass., to steal a building belonging to the town. The attempt was made because the town authorities rented the structure to Spiritualists and Infidels, though the Congregationalists never, we believe, allowed these citizens to use the house, preventing the occupation by force and a sheriff. The facts are, briefly, these: In colonial times church and state were very solidly united in Massachusetts. The inhabitants were taxed to support the preacher, and fined if they did not listen to him upon Sunday. Greenwich is a portion of the ancient territory of Quabbin, in the Connecticut valley, and was incorporated in 1754. In 1816 the town settled up with the parish of Quabbin, which until that time had attended to ecclesiastical affairs, and all the records and papers were transferred to the selectmen of Greenwich. This wiped out the parish. In 1823, ten years before Massachusetts separated church and state, Greenwich voted to "build a new house, to be used as town-house and a place for public worship." The house has been used, in accordance with this vote, by Calvinists, Methodists, Universalists, and Unitarians. The town has always paid the bills of the house, appointed committees to look after it, sold the seats therein, apportioned its use between the different sects, and on one occasion appointed a committee to "effect a compromise and a more harmonious state of feeling among them." In 1865 the Congregationalists became incorporated. In 1880 the meeting-house needed extensiv repairs, and an offer was made openly in town-meeting to giv the house to the Congregationalists if they would repair it. They declined to receive it. The pew-rents were then used to repair the house, which, with private subscriptions and an additional $1,000 raised by taxation, put it once more in substantial order. Afterward the town shingled it at an expense of between one and two hundred dollars.

In 1883 the Spiritualists desired the use of the house for a Spiritualistic lecture. This was granted by the selectmen, but the Congregationalists blustered and threatened, and the lecture was delivered elsewhere. In 1885 the selectmen granted the use of the house for a Freethought lecture. Again the Calvinists interfered. They garrisoned the building and employed the sheriff to patrol the grounds, and the lecture had to be held in the town hall.

Immediately after this the legal fight began, the Congregationalists suing the town, and attaching its property to the amount of a thousand dollars, for granting the use of the house. The town had to respond, a meeting was called, and the Congregationalists rallied their members to vote against the town defending itself! They were defeated, and the case finally landed in the supreme court, which appointed a master to take testimony. The matter has just been settled by the supreme court giving the orthodox leave to withdraw their petition. This is a mild way of throwing the case out of court, and leaves the building in exclusiv possession of the town, and subject to its order and disposal alone. The Congregationalists, therefore, are forced to keep their hands off this property, and to be as honest as the nature of their religion will let them.

## The Chicago Tragedy.

The Chicago tragedy is over. Oscar Neebe is serving his fifteen years' sentence in Joliet penitentiary; Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab hav been sentenced by the governor to life imprisonment instead of death; Louis Lingg is dead by his own hand; August Spies, Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, and George Engel were hanged on Friday, the 11th instant, as commanded by law. Lingg's death was tragical indeed. On Thursday he placed a dynamite bomb in his mouth and exploded it, tearing his face and head in a frightful manner. He lived but a very few hours. The sentences of Fielden and Schwab were commuted by Governor Oglesby on the same day, Judge Gary, District-Attorney Grinnell, and others connected with the prosecution concurring.

The efforts made in behalf of these men were almost unparalleled, and such as one who was merely a criminal could never hope to hav made in his favor. This case developed from a trial for conspiracy to murder to a contest between Society and Anarchy, a battle between Conservatism and Revolution. By superior physical force Conservatism has won. It is not putting it too strongly to say these men were sacrificed to public clamor, led by an unscrupulous press, against "Anarchy." On one side were arrayed wealth, religion, "respectability;" on the other, the dissatisfied workingmen of the country. The real issue of whether these men were guilty of murder was lost sight of. The courts had decided—on what everyone five years from now will consider wholly insufficient evidence—that they were, and that decision was enough for the side that had force with it. Wealth said, Hang them, that our property may be secure. Religion said, Hang them; they are Infidels! Respectability said, Hang them, that we may be quiet and untroubled with agitation. So they were hanged.

It has been interesting and painful to read the utterances on this case of the followers of the meek and lowly Christ, who was himself crucified for sedition, as an Anarchist and revolutionist. The message of the Methodist ministers of Cleveland to Governor Oglesby may stand for all, as, with the exception of some Unitarians, no voice pleading for mercy has been heard from Christianity. These worshipers of the Judean Anarchist said: "The Methodist ministers of Cleveland, twenty-nine in number, in behalf of justice and in the protection of all the interests of our land, pray you in the case of the convicted Anarchists to let the law take its course, severe though it be, and invite divine blessing and protection upon yourself and your household." Divine blessing and protection is an appropriate prayer from chief priests for an official surrendering victims to a mob. There is precedent for it: "And the chief priests, and all the council sought for witness against Jesus, to put him to death. For many bare false witness against him, but their witness agreed not together. We heard him say, I will destroy this temple made with hands. And he said, Ye shall see the son of man sitting on the right hand of power. Then the high priest saith, What need ye any further witness? Ye hav heard the blasphemy: what think ye? And they all condemned him to be guilty of death. And he was bound and delivered to Pilate. And the multitude crying aloud, began to desire Pilate to do as he had ever done unto them. But Pilate answered them saying, Will ye that I release unto you the king of the Jews (for he knew that the chief priests had delivered him for envy). But the chief priests moved the people that he should rather release Barabbas unto them. And Pilate answered, and said again unto them, What will ye then that I shall do unto him whom ye call the king of the Jews? And they cried out again, Crucify him! Then Pilate said unto them, Why, what evil hath he done? And they cried out the more exceedingly, Crucify him! And so Pilate, willing to content the people, delivered Jesus, when he had scourged him, to be crucified. And the scripture was fulfilled, which saith, And he was numbered with the transgressors." No doubt the chief priests invoked divine blessings upon Pilate and his household, and replied to their rebukers as the Christian lady of Chicago replied to Captain Black's wife when asked to sign a petition for pardon, "Even if they were not guilty of the crimes charged, they were Infidels, and moreover they had not shown the least sign of repentance." Torquemada used to cut out his victims' tongues that they might not shock the religious feelings of the multitudes witnessing the execution; the witches of Scotland were hung to slow prayers; the Quakers of New England were whipped with pious exhortations for their souls' salvation.

The execution of the Chicago Anarchists was a mistake, from whatever point it be viewed. So long as there is reasonable doubt existing in the minds of hundreds of thousands of honest people and good lawyers that these men knew aught of the bomb-throwing, the death penalty should not hav been enforced. Their death is revenge, not justice. The safety of society would hav been as well conserved by imprisonment, and Anarchy would hav been repressed more effectivly than now. In jail they would be felons; in the grave they are martyrs. And from the catacombs of Rome to the gallows of Chicago, the blood of the martyrs has been the seed of the church. Are there fewer Christians now than there would hav been without the Roman emperors? Are there fewer Protestants now than there would hav been without the Inquisition? Are there fewer Baptists because the Puritans persecuted them? Is heresy less rife because it has been put down with fire, and sword, and prison? Everyone knows that these persecutions but increased the transgressors. Right or wrong, when people honestly believe themselvs persecuted, when other people believe them unjustly treated, their cause, good or bad, is certain to spread, and adherents are certain to flock to their standard. This truth it is that makes the words of the Chicago *Conservator*, "Let the Anarchists liv that their cause may die," the wisest advice given in this case.

The effect of this execution is hard to determin. It may and it may not serve to teach the dissatisfied workingman that the ballot is better than bombs

with which to redress real or fancied grievances. But it can scarcely do less than leave a sullen and bitter feeling in his heart toward those whom he regards as capitalistic enemies of the workingmen, who hav hanged his friends solely because they were striving to help him. Those who hav studied well the known facts in the case, and taken into careful consideration the unknown facts, can but regard it as one of those cases, which history reminds us are ever recurring, in which justice has completely miscarried and mistaken men hav thereby been lifted to the elevation of martyrs.

## What Mr. George May Learn.

Mr. Henry George has clinched with the church of Rome, and been thrown. From over sixty-eight thousand votes, his following has been reduced to something like half that number. Mr. Corrigan, of Madison avenue, has come out ahead.

The trouble in this matter is that while Mr. George has told his Catholic land philosophers that the hierarchy is a bad political power, he has told them also that Catholicism itself is all right. This, to the whilom Tammany Hall voter, is a distinction too fine to be seen, or at least acted upon, for if the faith be all right, the church administration must be. So reason most Catholics, and consequently they hav stuck to their church instead of to Mr. George.

But if the bald-headed prophet and the pot-bellied priest, as John Swinton facetiously dubs Messrs. George and McGlynn, had shown, as they easily could, that the Catholic religion is the shield of tyranny, that the Catholic hierarchy is a vicious slaveholding power, and that its votaries obtain nothing but slavery for their allegiance to it, then the church could not hav forced its emancipated followers back into the ranks. However, from his defeat Mr. George can learn one valuable lesson, and that is, to destroy the power of the priesthood the reformer must remove the faith of the people in their superstition.

## The Episcopal Cathedral.

The project of a new Episcopal cathedral, to be bigger and more magnificent than the St. Patrick's Roman Catholic cathedral, is well under way. The site is picked out, bought, and paid for. The cathedral is to be located away up town—Morningside Park, 110th to 123d streets, west side—on the ground now occupied by the Leake and Watts orphan asylum, a moribund charity institution which exists principally to obtain state and municipal gratuities and hold on to land acquired by gift, now worth nearly a million dollars.

The story of the Leake and Watts Orphan House runs far back in colonial times. Gen. Robt. Leake was a commissary of stores for the English in the French and Indian wars. He was one in the expedition against Fort Duquesne, but came back to New York City, accumulated a fortune, and died in December, 1773, and was buried in Trinity churchyard. He left one son, John George Leake, who lived to be the only one of his name. He was a bachelor, and his feeling of loneliness became so oppressiv that he left his fortune to a son of his friend John Watts, provided the young man would take the name of Leake. Before the intention was carried out the legatee died, and the elder Watts carried out the alternativ of the Leake will in founding an orphan house. Seven ex-officio trustees were named, including the mayor, the recorder, the rector and wardens of Trinity, and the senior ministers of the Dutch and Presbyterian churches of the city. The asylum was opened in 1843, since which time it has cared for only an average of thirty-four orphans annually. The Board of Education givs the institution hundreds of dollars a year, it pays no taxes, and is a land speculating corporation, with a few orphans as a basis for begging. The Leake and Watts asylum is a good sample of the pious thrift of charity managers, and the evils of exemption of such institutions. The land which it held is exceedingly valuable, and the value increases every year. By preserving the skeleton of a charity corporation, this land was held untaxed, and the managers could sit back in their easy-chairs and see the passing years pile up thousands and thousands of dollars to their credit. Now their time has come, and they can sell out for a million, put a few thousands into another building up in the country, still remain untaxed, and enjoy the fruits of their speculation. So much for fraud No. 1.

Next is fraud No. 2—the Episcopal cathedral. This is to be a great, massiv, magnificent structure, of no earthly use but to please the esthetic tastes of a few millionaires. A ten-thousand-dollar house would do just as well to worship in, and the worship would hav just as much effect upon God. Such a house, however, will not suit our friends of the high church. They must rival the Catholics, and hav a cathedral. This they will be enabled to do by having only the first cost of the structure to provide for. Does anyone suppose that if they had the taxes to pay on that million-dollar lot, they would hav bought it? Or do you imagin that if the six-million-dollar structure they intend to put on the lot had to bear its share of the cost of protecting itself, it would ever be built? The Episcopalians could not afford it, and it is only because they can swindle the general public through the state, county, and municipal officers that they are enabled to gratify their tastes in public worship. Is this fair, or right, or honest? No one objects to any sect buying as much ground as it can pay for and putting thereon as gorgeous a structure as their pockets can stand, providing they pay their taxes on land and building like anybody else. And if their religion is not worth what it costs to be honest, they should find one that is worth paying taxes on.

And further, what is the real good of a six-million-dollar cathedral? Does it prove the truth of Christianity that New York Episcopalians can spend that amount on a luxury? Will it get a single additional soul to heaven, or keep one poor Christian from starving here? Does a marble building and a spire three hundred feet high enable us to follow Christ in his resurrection, or make the vicarious atonement scheme less unjust? With raggedness, and hunger, and cold, and pinching want turning thousands of human beings into criminals yearly; with official knavery of Christians filling our penitentiaries and populating a foreign country; with discontent, and unrest, and injustice pervading the people everywhere, and society sitting on a volcano, it seems like a strain from Nero's fiddle to hear a sect talk about building a splendid cathedral to unite all Christians, and thereby bring peace and brotherhood into the world. It is a useless and a wicked waste of money. If the Episcopalians desire to build something that shall be an honor to them and a boon to New York, let them put the six million dollars into improvements on Trinity's rotten tenement houses, and giv the inmates comfortable places to liv and grow moral in.

## The Soapboiler's Agent.

Mr. Anthony Comstock has popped up again, just as he does every year a few weeks before his society holds its annual meeting. This time his victim is the firm of Knoedler & Co., art dealers at Fifth avenue and Twenty-second street. The offending works of art consist of photographs of the paintings exhibited in the Paris Salon. It is needless to say that the seized pictures are not in the slightest degree immoral or obscene, unless every statue and painting of the nude is immoral and obscene.

A hopeful sign in this case is that the daily papers are condemning the vice agent with vigor, and protesting that the law under which he operates was never meant to be so abused. It may be that public sentiment will compel the soapboiler's Man Friday to keep his smutty hands off works of art hereafter.

That is the superficial view. Those who go deeper into the merits of things will not be satisfied until the Vice Society itself shall be abolished and its agent and his spies deprived of all their power to annoy honest merchants.

## Open the Museums on Sundays.

In this city on election day, which was a holiday and a free day at the Metropolitan Museum, fifteen thousand people thronged that large building erected with the city's money. Three weeks ago we visited that institution on a free day, but a working day, and two hundred would hav been a large estimate of the attendance. These facts show that Sunday opening is imperativly needed if the museums are for the people, which is the plea in response to which the money was given for the buildings.

Holidays are the only days these institutions are accessible to the vast population of the city, and Sundays are the only holidays of sufficient frequency to be of much use.

In the whole wide world there is no greater swindle upon a municipality than the two museums of New York, and for this swindle the hypocritical, tyrannical, and puritanic religion called Christianity is directly responsible.

The trustees should open the doors on Sundays or giv back the money gained by confidence operations from the city, and cease begging for annual appropriations. If the religious folks desire to run the museums, let them pay for them, and then do what they like with their own.

## Editorial Notes.

THE *North American Review*, containing Colonel Ingersoll's reply to Rev. Mr. Field, has run rapidly through five large editions, so great is the demand to read Ingersoll. We never heard that Mr. Field's open letter to the Colonel strained the presses any.

THE steamship Germanic, which arrived last Sunday, brought as a steerage passenger a Salvation Army preacher, who announced his mission to an officer of the ship to be the conversion of Colonel R. G. Ingersoll to Christianity. We await the result with interest, but without anxiety.

MR. P. H. FOSTER, who runs a nursery at Babylon, Long Island, is entitled to thanks for a donation of five dollars to the treasury of THE TRUTH SEEKER. This generosity is prompted by admiration of the pictures which weekly illume these pages. May the caterpillars and worms always let Mr. Foster's trees alone.

THE Rev. Joseph O'Connell has been appointed by the Roman Catholic church authorities "defender of the matrimonial bond." The church decree which he must enforce is in relation to mixed marriages, and enjoins the agreement of the non-Catholic party to a contract that the marriage bond is indissoluble except by death, and that the children must be educated in the Catholic faith, even in the event of the edath of the Catholic parent.

MR. TUCKER, in *Liberty*, comes to the defense of the Galveston *News* against THE TRUTH SEEKER. Like nearly all of Mr. Tucker's arguments, the defense is weak. We did not blame Judge Cook for enforcing the law, for it is the tiger's nature to tear flesh and drink blood, and if the people will insist in arming Christians with laws against their liberty, they must expect tyranny. Neither did we blame the *News* for publishing a paper on Sunday. What we criticise the *News* for is that while it upheld Sunday laws *per se* as just and right, and denounced Sunday labor as against religion and the interests of man, it forced its own employees to work on Sunday morning to finish the production of its Sunday issue and all day Sunday to collect the news and print the Monday morning edition. In other words, Mr. Belo, the owner, preached one thing and practiced another. This conduct has a time-honored definition, and in applying it to the *News* we are justified by the facts. It is not true, as Mr. Tucker intimates, that the *News* clamored only for impartial enforcement of the law; it took the ground of the Sabbatarians that Sunday laws are righteous laws because religious. How, in the face of this advocacy by the *News* of Sunday laws, Mr. Tucker can say that "if the political gospel which it [the *News*] preaches, day in and day out, with marvelous ability, were to be accepted by the people of Texas, the statute books of that state would soon be clear, not only of Sunday laws, but of almost all other laws," we can explain only on the ground that an Anarchist editor considers himself absolved as completely from allegiance to truth and facts as he would like to be from law and government. But if the *News* had been consistent, as its defender avers, in asking for the impartial enforcement of the law, why did it go into court when the law applied to itself? Texas law permits the sale of papers on Sunday, but not their manufacture. It also provides penalties for an editor who forces his employees to labor on Sunday. If the cry of the *News* for "impartial enforcement of the law" was sincere, why, we may again inquire, did it resist the action of the officers who impartially enforced it? We heartily agree with our Boston friend that the *News* is "one of the most liberal papers in the world"—for a daily paper; but that should not prevent us from pointing out an inconsistency between its editorials and its action. We judge a man more by his works than by his words, and both the works and the words of the *News* in this Sunday controversy are not such as a straightforward twenty-four-hours-in-the-day advocate of liberty can indorse. And *Liberty* should not mislead its readers by concealing the fact that the *News* is an advocate of Sunday laws, as well as a clamorer for their "impartial enforcement"—on everybody but the *News*.

A CONGREGATIONALIST minister in the neighborhood of Jamestown boasted in a local paper "that there was not one member of his church influenced by or in sympathy with the doctrins of the new theology." This led Dr. Townsend to ask, in print, of this confident pastor, some searching questions, among which are the following: "Can this be true? Do the good Congregationalists of Frewsburg all believe that the heathen, who hav never heard of Christ, perish everlastingly; that all the people who listen to me will burn alive forever in a literal or spiritual fire; that the mother who looks into the eyes of her little baby sees a total depravity which came from the fall of the first man and woman tempted by a learned snake; that God made the earth in six literal days, about six thousand years ago; that the man-made Augustinian and Calvinistic theology is good enough for them? Ask the mother who has laid under the flowers the form of her child who, though of accountable years, sealed her lips and made no sign—ask her if that child has gone down to the bottomless hell! Ask your more thoughtful people if they wonder why the latest criticism upon the Bible is withheld from them; that Dorner is not put in their hand who, though greatest of orthodox scholars, says that the endless hell cannot be built upon the New Testamen word everlasting;"

# Letters from Friends.

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y., Oct. 31, 287.

MR. EDITOR: It is with regret that we record the death (Oct. 18th) of Brother John V. Arnold, an old-time subscriber to your valuable paper, THE TRUTH SEEKER. Doubtless you remember his genial face at White Sulphur Springs. His last hours were peaceful, and he died in the same belief in which he lived (an avowed Atheist), having no fear of an angry God or his hell. Shortly before his death he told his wife that he did not want any parson to come and send him to hell after he was dead. So a gentleman, a Spiritualist, from Saratoga Springs, made the address. He spoke from the words, "As the tree falleth so it lieth," and made a very fine address. So another good Infidel and co-worker in the cause of humanity has gone to his long sleep. May he rest in peace. MRS. AND MR. WM. THORPE.

REDDIOK, ILL., Oct. 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: If it were left to a vote of the people of the entire world, whether we would let the Christian religion stand, or abolish it, and lacked one vote of casting it over the railing of forgetfulness, I would cast that one vote, if I was beheaded forthwith. What is the church doing now? Warring with the elements of science and truth. Even in our present day the bigots hav arraigned one of our best workers and light-bearers—Mrs. Elmina D. Slenker. What for? Simply because she is working for the interest of humanity.

The question is often asked, "What can we do to prevent such outrages on the human family?"

This is what you must do: take THE TRUTH SEEKER, and get all of your friends to take and read, that they may be posted, then act accordingly. C. B. HUNTER.

BURLINGTON, KAN., Oct. 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: To my surprise the local papers say that Mr. Remsburg's three lectures here "were scholarly, full of thought, and masterly."

The opera house was packed, and a well-behaved and intelligent audience cheered Mr. Remsburg to the echo. I believe that he made a hundred converts to Liberalism, and the high-priests here say "the lectures hav done much injury, for they will cause all the young people who heard them to lose faith in their mothers' Bibles." A splendid tribute.

I confess that as a graduate of theology I did not before know that the Bible was such a beastly, brutal volume as it is. Mr. Remsburg showed and proved to his vast audience that it commanded and taught everything from murder down to lying.

This place is shaken up, for it was something entirely new to the people, for eight high-priests hav heretofore had their own way here, and they used the gag for argument. Reynolds and Watts and Putnam are to follow.

GEO H. BETHARD.

"IN GOD WE TRUST."

LINOOLN, ILL., Nov. 4, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The American twenty-dollar gold-piece has the above inscription. We wonder how many pious hypocrits who are anxious about "God in the Constitution" are willing to trust God in the payment of debts, and whether the grains of gold are not much better security to get a sack of flour with than "God's promis" if you will only trust him and hav a little faith. It appears to me that the above inscription is the sum of silliness. Is it expected that God will redeem our money that is defaced by such a foolish sentence? What can be the sense in tacking on to absolute money—a symbol that means cash down, no trust—so absurd a sentiment as "In God we trust?" If the sentiment was blazoned on all gold and silver money thus, "In Thee we trust," it would be exactly the bottom sentiment of priest and church. History is replete with the ravages and crimes committed by Christian idolaters in their rapacity for money. The inscription is a disgrace to an enlightened age. What would be the use of gold if we could all get of God on trust what we want?

Ever yours, WINTERSET.

ORIENT, L. I., Oct. 26, 1887.

DEAR T. S.: You continue to put in your weekly appearance regardless of the fact that my subscription has not been renewed. This is very kind of you, but I'm afraid you do yourself an injustice, as I cannot repay you in the customary way. The Anti-Poverty movement claims all the $3 I hav to spare. I do not admire your treatment of that movement. Honest opposition is always welcome. It polishes truth. But you don't fight fair. You distort and falsify and misrepresent. I had almost said you lie about it. You at least circulate the lies of others. Besides, you are inconsistent to oppose it at all. It is your natural ally. "Poverty," says Mr. Putnam, "is the curse of humanity and the supreme problem of the day." True and more. It is the mother of ignorance and superstition, the pillars of the church. You claim to fight the church. Why not begin at the beginning? You waste your time and superb talents in showing the world her error, hypocrisy, and vice. That was sufficiently done long since, yet new steeples rise all over the land. Why? Throned Injustice finds her useful to protect the wrongs of property and teach obedience to the powers that be. The church has long since lost all credit with the sagacious; as Emerson says: "They detect the falsehood of its preaching, but when they say so all good citizens cry: 'Hush; do not weaken the state, do not take the straitjacket off dangerous persons. Every honest fellow must keep up the hoax as best he can, and whenever he sees anything that will keep men amused—schools or churches, or poetry or music, or what not—he must cry, Hist-a-boy, and urge the game on.'" Suppose George did make a blunder in not answering your letter, you should not make the cause of humanity suffer. Anyway, notwithstanding that George is working the religious racket, his main object is directly in your line, and, therefore, your letter was uncalled for and impolitic. The Nine Demands stand no chance whatever so long as the church retains the powerful support of the beneficiaries of the unjust and unnatural institution of Private Proverty in Land.

Commend me to G. E. M., to whose pen I am indebted for much amusement. Wishing you were on our side, I am,

Yours truly, P. AITKEN.

MOUND CITY, MINN., Oct. 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I feel as though I owe some apology to the Editor of the good old paper.

I hav, for some time, been a little "miffed" at the small amount of sympathy you seemed to feel for the Labor party, but I hav just found out that you know more about it than I. A day or two ago a friend placed in my hand a number of Henry George's paper, and I saw in a moment that the principles of the Labor party, as expounded to-day, rest upon a foundation of goody-good piety. I suppose you knew that all the time.

In the paper aforesaid was a speech by McGlynn, which could be slowly recited in twenty minutes, and in that speech the name God and its appositivs and pronouns occurs just forty-five times.

I hav nothing to say about George's or McGlynn's individual god business, but I hav an actual prejudice against God as a stepping-stone to power; and it is perfectly clear to me that if that party goes into power it will sail in aboard the "Old Ship of Zion." I prefer a "birch-bark" myself.

Seeing that I hav not bothered you for so long, I would like to mention another thing. It may please some of my old antagonists to hear that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union persecutions all over the country hav cured me of my Prohibition foolishness. I hav reference to the crusade against Sunday recreation. It is now clear to me that the average Prohibitionist cares more for the man who called a sorrowing mother a dog than for the suffering families of drunkards. Yours in reconciliation, DR. SHUOK.

WEST POINT, PA., Oct. 29, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Your notice came duly to hand, for which accept my thanks. You will find inclosed a check for $5—$3 for THE TRUTH SEEKER one year, $1 for the defense fund of Elmina Drake Slenker, 50 cents for "Life: a Prose Poem," by Ingersoll, and for the balance you will please send me the address of Robert G. Ingersoll to the jurymen of Morristown. I hav been looking for that address ever since it was delivered, and felt very sorry when I was told in THE TRUTH SEEKER office, some time ago, that it might never be published, and am well pleased now to know that it will be. Long may Robert G. Ingersoll liv that humanity may enjoy the golden thoughts he is so capable of expressing.

I like THE TRUTH SEEKER and all there is in it, although I cannot agree with all; and the pictures are a very pood feature, as the people generally look at them, and they cannot help getting an idea with a second's glance. Some good Christians will look at the pictures and laugh and then say, "Oh! but ain't they wicked?" A large number of people, I find, will look at the pictures that would not read the paper. After they hav seen some of the pictures they will start to read and so become interested.

This is a pleasant country village, noted for not having a church and for the average good character of its citizens, but the parsons of the adjoining towns hav started a Golden Hour Circle here, and the scanty means of the ignorant and deluded are being taxed to build a church.

D. C. WISMER.

ADRIAN, MICH., Oct. 23, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: A copy of THE TRUTH SEEKER is before me. It is refreshing to me to look over its contents; although I do not indorse all that is said in its columns, yet I am in unison with the general teachings of the paper. The great champion of Freethought, who is now no more of earth, D. M. Bennett, in my opinion, was the best adapted to portray the absurdity of the Bible doctrin, especially that part relating to the orthodox future punishment. He was the most capable man living in his time, or any other period. I own the four volumes, "A Truth Seeker Around the World." I hav read and re-read them, and still they are likely to be perused again by me. I always gain a little more information every time I look into the volumes. His persecution by Comstock, that dwarfed nondescript in mind—I boil over every time I think of it.

The illustration on the last page of THE TRUTH SEEKER of Joseph, with his coat of many colors, is certainly well drawn. Heston must hav a stupendous imagination, for he has made Jo look very gaudy. The picture excites admiration mingled with awe for the character in the middle-ground. The two ladies at back of the tent certainly express either contempt or mischief. The elderly lady stands with her hands on her hips, with poor fool expressed in her face. The younger lady is more coy, and is apparently full of admiration for Jo. Joseph was of a financial turn of mind. He tried to cheat those who put confidence in him, and I think from his appearance he was something of a fop. He carries a dude's cane under his arm. But the nude condition of his legs and the cut of his garments would spoil him for a modern dude. The picture on the front page will speak for itself. Of all despicable objects, a priest is the worst. Their physiognomies, with hardly an exception, show a low and cruel cunning. They should one and all be banished from the face of the earth.

I will not attempt to measure the depravity of the so-called saints of our present time. The essence of meanness is disseminated here every day. Should one of the so-called world's people use a dissenting word contrary to the present teachings of the orthodox creeds, as taught in our churches, he is immediately accused of blasphemy, and is threatened with arrest. If you do not hold your tongue or do not conform to the ideas of your neighbor, a deacon in the church around the corner, you are boycotted at your place of business; or if you be a day laborer, or trade at a store on credit, you are told you are a heretic and not entitled to credit. Thus it is with those who dare to think and act for themselvs. Thanks to our great father, Nature, this arbitrary and ignorant feeling is growing less at every revolution of our planet. O. S. BARRETT.

NAUVOO, ILL., Nov. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Departed this life from La Junta, Col., Oct. 24, 1887, Mr. James S. Kelly, aged 21 years 8 months 17 days. Deceased was born and raised at a country dwelling three miles east of Nauvoo, Ill.

At the age of 17, on a bright April morning, he left his home to shirk for himself. He remained away for seven months, when he returned, where he assisted in home duties till the 22d March, this year. Being of age in February, full of life and hope for the future, he went West resolved to make a name and fortune, hoping soon to return to the home of his birth to be welcomed by loved ones there. But alas! he has fallen asleep now—the sleep that knows no waking. The book is closed before the story of life was finished. The bough is broken off before the blossom is turned to fruit. He was a true Liberal. He believed in human kindness, and that he who doeth wrong shall suffer for the wrong that he doeth. He believed that no good thing is failure, and no evil thing success. He sent for and read a great many Liberal works, which opened a vista that expanded his thoughts and ideas, and he had the faculty to express them without giving offense. Strong in his convictions and tenacious of his opinions, he was, nevertheless, tolerant of spirit, respectful to all, and died as he had lived. By using the words of Thomas Paine, I can express his sentiments clearly: "The world is my country; to do good my religion."

His remains were expressed to Nauvoo, Ill., and were interred in the city cemetery. As he had often requested, no minister was present at his funeral, but our friend, Mr. M. M. Morrill, delivered an appropriate address. J. I. C.

MONTE VISTA, COL., Nov. 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I see that friend W. F. Jamieson's answer in THE TRUTH SEEKER to inquirers is that Liberals are scarce in the San Luis valley. Now, he is not posted, else we are disagreed as to what constitutes a Liberal. What I mean by Liberal is Infidel. Like most other places where there hav been no Liberal lectures, full-fledged and outspoken Liberals are scarce. Being outspoken and a resident here for four years, I find them here (counting all grades collectivly) almost as thick as jack-rabbits; and I think any grade is better to begin with than a mossback, stuck-in-the-mud, orthodox Christian. So I must differ with friend Jamieson; for I hav sounded them. I am as anxious to see this valley settled up with Liberals as any man, and I guess Professor Jamieson is not less so; and if he had been posted as well as his friend he would hav said yes. We intend having him lecture here soon, and are delighted with the idea of having the honor and pleasure of listening to one of our representativ Freethought lecturers. Then I feel certain that he will find that I know what I am talking about, and also learn something about these vapid Liberals, as he terms them.

Being anxious to advance our cause, with little effort I hav obtained two subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER and two to the Boston *Investigator*. Andrew Monson takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, I take the Boston *Investigator*, and we exchange. I had you send THE TRUTH SEEKER on four months' trial to my son J. N. Powell, and he renewed with two years in advance and $2 for the Slenker Defense Fund. Nothing like getting them started, and on the heels of the lecture we will strike while the iron is hot. Getting Liberals interested is the rub. If they will read they will support the cause. If we can hav lectures they will read. This valley merits all the praise that has been said of it, and, like Jamieson, I don't want Christians to get too much of it.

I will just say to all Liberals who favor the idea of forming a Liberal colony here, come right along, or correspond with W. F. Jamieson, and he will help fix things up all O. K.

T. L. POWELL.

COVINGTON, GA., Oct. 31, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: It is with pleasure I inclose $2 for the renewal of my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I must say there is no paper I take the reading of which affords me more pleasure. I cannot conceive how any Liberal who desires to keep abreast of the times, and who wishes to be renewed occasionally with the unction of the spirit that fired the hearts of Voltaire, Paine, Hume, Jefferson, and the Patriot Emmet, as well as the hero of Ticonderoga, to declare for the right of mental liberty, to think, and to express the pent-up thought of the mind, can do without the weekly visits of the fearless TRUTH SEEKER.

The battle for mental liberty is not won in its entirety, and never will be as long as such gross ignorance of nature exists, which is the mother of superstition, and as long as the dogmas of the church tether the minds of the young, and stupefy the intellect of man in his meridian, making him mentally color-blind to manly reason.

Liberals are daily rebuked for expressing their doubts, although philosophers tell us doubt is the beginning of wisdom. It was the doubts of Luther and of philosophers that brought on the Reformation. Doubts made the liberty of America. Old foundations are not always built on a rock.

I cannot forbear saying a good word for the cartoons. I

see occasionally, now and then, a subscriber objects to them. Of course, and it is true, there are individuals who hav no "music in their souls." The beauties in poetry make no impression on their senses. So it is with pictures. But few really take in a proper conception of the illustrations. Picture writing, and representations through such methods, was the most ancient way of expressing ideas, and picture delineations are becoming more prominent every day. Every cartoon is a chapter within itself. Let the reader study them, and he will be anxious to see them rather than hav them discontinued. Let the good work go on, and let every subscriber help to make THE TRUTH SEEKER a terror to tyrants, bigots, and hypocrits, and to clear away superstition that clouds the minds of so many, as amaurosis obscures the vision.

Let humanity usurp the place of oppression. Let knowledge take the place of ignorance. Let benevolence take the place of malevolence. Let charity dictate the conduct of all. THEN SING.

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KENT, O., Sept. 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The editorial in your TRUTH SEEKER of Sept. 24th, headed "Bloodthirsty Chicago," is being read by many of our citizens besides our Liberals, and all agree that it is a shame. The Anarchists now in jail at Chicago, who made the bombs, and advocated the using of them, who also taught and helped to put in force the breaking of the laws, the taking the lives of our officers who had been chosen to protect our property and our lives, should be hung for murder. Better hav hung them for treason before they had a chance to carry their pernicious teachings into effect. We hav not forgotten the many battles and years of suffering that were necessary to make this land of ours "the land of the free and the home of the brave." Neither hav we forgotten the strife and sufferings in our late war, when the South only wished to withdraw themselvs, with their own property, from the North, that they might make laws for themselvs better suited to their wishes. Now that we see those in our midst who advocate no law, no government, and the taking of both life and property which is not their own, are we to sit with our hands folded while our lives are being threatened, and our possessions being confiscated for the use and benefit of others? The mechanics and laborers, as well as they of better means, who hav earned for themselvs a home in which they can sit with their wives and little ones, and feel that they hav something to protect them from the storms of winter, something they can call their own, and that in a land where there are laws to protect them in their rights, will not sit quiet while their rights are being undermined by those who wish to bring others down to a level with themselvs.

I am a poor man, with but one shirt on my back, and that one supports a paper collar, but I hav no desire to compel those who hav been more fortunate in business, or more economical in saving, to divide their earnings with me. No; I love to see them enjoy what is theirs. I see many things in religion and politics that, to my mind, are wrong, and I believe in educating the people as fast as possible to remedy such wrongs, but never will I sanction force until all peaceable and honorable means shall hav failed. I cannot concede to any the right to destroy by force the individuality of any American citizen, or to contaminate the morals of society or the public welfare of our land. I am opposed to large monopolies, the "cornering" of articles of consumption, and many other things allowed to be done in our country, but we hav redress by peaceable means, and not by force.

Why all this cry about land when Uncle Sam has millions of acres, and any citizen can secure one hundred and sixty acres by merely paying for making out the papers which giv them the ownership in fee simple, and the protection by law in the peaceable possession of the same? But one says we must pay taxes on it and we don't want it. Why not ask our government to work it for them, and giv them the benefit? To such agitators I say, If our laws are too obnoxious to you, go and liv by yourselvs where there is no law, where the stronger can liv off the weaker. Go liv with the savages, where those who kill the most game and pull the most roots hav the most to eat. But, hark ye! you will there find a chief whose word is law, and must be obeyed.

A. D. SWAN.

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DES MOINES, IA., Nov. 2, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. C. B. Reynolds has just closed a series of lectures in this city on Liberalism. His theme was divided into four principal topics, the subject of his first lecture being, "Why I let the Pulpit." Passing by the entrance of the hall, I overheard a mild supposition of an elderly lady, as she read the words of announcement—"Guess it was 'cause he wern't good enough to stay in ter it." I saw the interest the old lady seemed to take in me as I started upstairs to the lecture.

"Better come up and hear Mr. Reynolds, madam."

"See heare—youngster," she said, urgingly, as she motioned for me to come back. I retreated a few steps toward her, when she proceeded with pointed finger:

"Don't yer know that he's the devil's agent? Now jist take my advice: don't yer go ter heare that thar Infidel. Bless your soul, I saw yer at church the other Sunday, and yer ought jist to say now, 'Git thee behind me, Satan!' Come, youngster, don't yer go up there."

"Oh," said I, in a reasoning attitude, "if one Liberal lecturer can knock all the religious stuffin' out o' me that the preachers hav put in during the past ten years, why, there must be some truth in it. But now it is time for the lecture. Come up and hear him; it won't hurt you."

Just then her son came by, and as the old lady had yielded to my persuasion, we all walked up to the lecture. I managed to get a seat nearly facing the elderly Christian, so that I could watch her religious nervousness. But the lecture was not half over until my fun was spoiled. She arose, plucked the coat-sleeve of her son, and followed by one of her acquaintances, the three pranced out just as Mr. Reynolds was telling his opinion of the "rib story," and said that there wasn't enough jaw in a rib to make a woman.

The second lecture was concerning the origin of the Bible, in which was shown in logical arguments, well flavored with wit and ridicule, the stampede of hollow-mindedness, and the probable "divinity of kings."

His third lecture was "The Teachings of Liberalism," being a logical discourse upon the issues involved in Liberal movements, the scientific inventions it had brought about, the freedom from bondage it had planted in the world, a brief sketch of its past heroism, a comparison of that with the present, and the hope for the future.

And during his third lecture, lo and behold! there was a happening which I will chronicle as a most divine revelation of God's wisdom and sympathy. Something was wrong with the electric lights, and utter darkness reigned, until a few of the faithful brought some lamps (for, "let your lights so shine," etc., etc.). So we had a lecture just the same. And in about the middle of his discourse, Mr. Reynolds raised his hand to make a biblical quotation from the Bible, and was saying: "God said (lo and behold! the electric lights were turned on), Let there be light, and there was light."

The fourth and last lecture of Mr. Reynolds was upon the theme of "The Bible in the Public Schools." The ruinous teachings of the Bible was portrayed in such a manner as to convince the most superstitious as to its poisoning effects on the minds of the young. This, in brief, is an account of the good work at the hands of our able representativ of Liberalism. Mr. Reynolds needs no eulogy, but his best eulogy is the opinions of his hearers. As a speaker, Mr. Reynolds is not only an orator, but a dramatist. His delivery is entertaining, even if he had nothing to say. Full of enthusiasm for the right, his efforts in the cause of humanity and mental freedom are appreciated, and will at every instance inspire him to renewed energies, endeavors, and courage in the work. Mr. Reynolds made many friends by his visit to Des Moines, and we shall feel that it is a treat of intellectual refreshment if at any future time we hav the privilege of hearing him.

Remember your Des Moines friends, Mr. Reynolds, and come again. WARNER LOVELL.

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PURDY'S STATION, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: What is Christianity, divine inspiration or a mental disease? If it is divine inspiration, why should Christians hate disbelievers? Why shouldn't a Christian treat an Infidel with kindness if the Infidel is kind to him? Why shouldn't honesty shake hands with honesty, independent of any religion or theory? Who is to be blamed for this awful "man's inhumanity to man?" Did God giv a gospel of hatred and malice? Certainly for such a God we should hav nothing but contempt. But if Christianity is a mental disease, we ought to hav pity for our Christian neighbors. Surely a man is not to be condemned for having a mental disease any more than he would be for having a physical disease. We Freethinkers ought to do our best to cure the suffering brain of the people, to free the mind, to break the chains of superstition. "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light." Let us follow the god of humanity and science; light, more light, that is what we need.

But we should remember *ex nihilo nihil fit.* We shouldn't expect to create a world out of nothing. If we really desire to see more light in the world, we ought not to be idle ourselvs. We ought to be activ, not passiv, Liberals. Above all, let us be kind; if we want to get the role of teachers, we should instruct, not ridicule, our pupils. If our antagonists hav power and might, we hav something more precious than that. Our weapons are right and reason, and I hope the rule of might will not last forever.

The other day I had an interview with Rev. B. N. Lewis, Methodist preacher of Purdy's, on the Christian religion. The cause of our conversation was a letter which I wrote to him a few weeks ago after hearing his sermon on the goodness of God. I always considered Mr. Lewis a pleasant talker and a kind man, "with malice for none." But how often are we disappointed in our life! I expected to hear some new arguments in defense of Christianity, but, alas! nothing is new under the sun. The Christians' arguments in favor of their religion are almost as old as Christianity itself. "We hav no right to dictate God what to do; God's ways are not our ways." "The prophecies of the Old Testament hav been fulfilled in the New Testament." "By disbelieving God's word I commit a terrible crime. I rob God of his rights." (Think of a mortal being robbing the rights of infinit power.) "God can't save me unless I want to be saved." (He can't? Then his power is limited.) In answer to my inquiry, if a son can be happy in heaven while his father is in hell, "Yes, such is the justice of God; there will be no earthly relations." But after all, hell is not so terrible as I thought it to be; it doesn't mean a real fire-and-brimstone hell, but conscience. (Well, if hell doesn't mean hell, what is the meaning of heaven?) At last, when the pastor exhausted all his arguments, he got excited and said: "Well, if you reject the Bible, I can't help you. Stick to Infidelity and Tom Paine. If Tom Paine was a better man than Jesus Christ [And certainly he was. Jesus Christ said, "He that believeth not shall be damned." "If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother, he can not be his disciple." Thomas Paine said: "The world is my country; to do good my religion."], follow him. But ——"

There is nothing new or interesting in all these statements. But I call your attention to his following declaration: "A Christian isn't obliged to hav any respect for an Infidel." "Even if the Infidel is a good man?" I asked. "Yes, even if he is the best and the greatest man in the world. All the Infidel lecturers and speakers ought to be imprisoned. There ought to be a law against blasphemy in every state." One thing more: we are indebted to Christianity for our free government, public schools, and good institutions, and he who denies that is a big fool. Now, Brother Macdonald, let us shake. Do you hav any doubt as to the correctness of the above statement? Do you think Christianity has nothing to do with civilization? Do you believe we are indebted for our liberty to the Infidels Paine, Jefferson, Franklin, and others? If so, then, according to Rev. Lewis, you are a fool, and don't you forget it. But take courage, big fool that you are, and accept my consolation. After all, you are only a fool, but Robert G. Ingersoll is a big rascal; he is trying to destroy the liberty of our country! Why? Because Christianity is the foundation of liberty and civilization: they must stand or fall together. Poor wretched Bob! Our "Christian" forefathers by the grace of God established a free government, and thou art willing to fight God and men, and kill our dear innocent Miss Liberty. Alas for human freedom! What will become of Uncle Sam's dominion if the people will be converted to thy infamous views? There will be no freedom of speech, no freedom of press, and probably no freedom of thought, and our beautiful world will become an Infidel hell!

My conversation with the reverend gentleman lasted about two hours and a half. It is unnecessary to giv further particulars, but I wish to ask you, Mr Editor, what do you think of such a parson? Do you believe him to be in a perfect state of mind? I don't. I think there is something wrong about his brain, and the same can be said of all honest preachers and believers in the Christian superstition.

THE TRUTH SEEKER is getting better and better every week. Mr. Oswald's papers on the Religion of the Future are excellent. Also I find delight in reading the articles of Messrs. Putnam, Peck, Denslow, and others. Success to your grand paper! May it liv long and spread the gospel of humanity.

Yours, CLEMENS P. BERYLSON.

The following is the letter mentioned above:

REV. B. N. LEWIS, *Dear Sir:* I had the honor of hearing your sermon last Sunday, and I wish to make a few remarks. The subject of your sermon was the love of God toward men. Now, I believe that you are an honest man, and hate hypocrisy; I wish to believe that there is no conflict between your thinking and saying. Being an honest man myself, I hav the highest affection and respect for every honest man, even if he doesn't share my opinions. I hope you are candid enough to hear both sides, and for that reason I write to you this letter. I am not willing to deceive you, and right here I tell you I am not a Christian nor a religionist in any sense of this word. But I am not an Atheist. I neither affirm nor deny the existene of God. I am an Agnostic; I say, "I don't know." All I claim, all I want, is the right of doing my own thinking and giving to the world the results of my thinking, if I desire to do so, without being punished, even if the majority of the people are against me. "Why?" You say: "We liv in a free country, and everybody here has the right to express his opinion. Nobody will hang or imprison you for disbelieving in Christianity." All right! But suppose our government would hang Atheists and Infidels. Wouldn't that be an outrage? Wouldn't you say the government has no right to punish a man for opinion's sake? I hope you would. But you are a preacher of "the gospel," and the Bible says, "He that believeth not shall be damned." Now I don't believe in Jesus Christ; I don't know if there ever was such a man—if Christ was a real person or a myth; I hav no faith in miracles. Admitting the Bible to be true, I will suffer eternal pain. But why? What wrong hav I done? I never committed any crime, never caused any human being to suffer; I am doing my best to liv an honest and useful life. Why, then, should I be punished for disbelieving something which I can't believe? If persecution for religious opinion is an outrage here, why shouldn't it be an outrage in heaven? Or is man better than God? If so, why should we worship such a God? I am not an emeny of God, if there is such a being, but I fail to see his goodness if he will treat me worse than I treat my fellow-men. I am in earnest, Mr. Lewis; if in order to be saved I must believe in God's "only begotten son," I wish to do so. But I can't; my reason tells me that such a thing is impossible. If God wanted me to believe in his son, why didn't he giv me power to believe? If he is the creator of my brain, who is to blame for my "Infidelity?" I can't help thinking; I am not able to control my brain. The Christian religion seems to be a religion of fear: "believe or be damned." You may be the best man in the world, and still suffer everlasting punishment for being true to your honest opinion. Is that what you call the love of God? If there is in the world such a thing as blasphemy, your doctrin, according to my opinion, is real blasphemy.

You say God so loved the world that he gave his only son, etc. Suppose that is true. Then our only hope is that God will be merciful to us in the next world if we will believe in Christ. But is he merciful to us here in this world? The Bible tells us that God is the creator of the universe. On the contrary, science tells that the universe has never been created; it has no beginning and no end. But we must believe the Bible or be damned. Now if God is the creator of the world, why did he make volcanoes, earthquakes, all kind of diseases etc? Do you see God's goodness in all these things? I don't. Is the whole human race happy? Did you ever see an honest man who was happy all his life? For my part, I don't believe that a real honest man with a tender heart can be happy while millions of human beings are unhappy. Do you know that in many countries—even here in the United States—millions of laborers are working for starvation wages? Do the rich men—in America as well as in Europe—"expose themselvs to feel what wretches feel?" You say they are wicked people. Good! But our "good and benevolent" God is their creator. What did he create wicked people for? If I could help a sufferer, and wilfully wouldn't do it, I would be ashamed of myself. God is able to help; why doesn't he? Where then is your God's love? I tell you there is something wrong about it. Away with such a love! It is better to say there is no god at all, than to say our God is so good that he pays no attention to his children's sufferings. That is my doctrin, and "upon that rock I stand." Now if I am mistaken I want to be corrected, and I will be very thankful to you, if you will correct me.

Hoping to receive from you a plain and candid answer, I remain, Yours for truth and justice,

CLEMENS P. BERYLSON.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## To a Mountain Bluebell.

Little flower of bonny blue
Welcome is thy tender hue,
Tinted like an ocean shell,
Dainty little mountain bell;
Blooming o'er the murky mines,
'Neath the moaning of the pines,
And the aromatic fir,
Neighbor of the juniper;
In the music of thy bells
Tell me of the mountain dells,
And the mountain breezes blown
In thy plaintiv undertone.

With the song of mountain rills
Hurrying to the hungry mills,
Whisper low and true to me
Of a prehistoric sea;
Of the Vulcan hand that brought
Order from the ruin wrought.
Where the mountain chain was born,
In that dim chaotic morn,
Slowly rose each hill and lea—
Islands in a golden sea,
Blue as are thy bonny bells
Singing of the ocean shells.

Canst thou tell the low, sweet words
Murmured by the strangest birds,
Where the brown-nun* sits and sings,
Crooning by the mountain springs.
Flower of the tender hue
Like the eyes that once I knew,
Eyes that haunt me yet afar
Where thy blue-robed sisters are;
Eyes like some sweet placid water
Had my little mountain daughter,
And I dream of her at night
In her lonely bed of white,
Sleeping near the Western mountains,
By the bluebells and the fountains.

*Frenchtown, Neb.* MARY BAIRD FINCH.

* A strange brown bird with a white bill, found in southern Colorado, called the "African nun."

## The Weight of a Word.

Hav you ever thought of the weight of a word
That falls in the heart like the song of a bird,
That gladdens the springtime of memory and youth
And garlands with cedar the banner of truth;
That moistens the harvesting spot of the brain
Like dewdrops that fall on a meadow of grain;
Or that shrivels the germ and destroys the fruit,
And lies like a worm at the lifeless root?

Words! Words! They are little, yet mighty and brave;
They rescue a nation, an empire save—
They close up the gaps in a fresh bleeding heart
That sickness and sorrow hav severed apart.
They fall on the path, like a ray of the sun,
Where the shadows of death lay so heavy upon;
They lighten the earth over our blessed dead,
A word that will comfort, oh! leave not unsaid.

## Agassiz's Happiest Day.

The great naturalist received his early education from his mother, a woman of unusual intelligence. When a mere child he began to collect insects and to study plants. The following story shows how he won his father's approval:

Monsieur Agassiz destined him for a commercial life, and was impatient at his devotion to frogs, snakes, and fishes. The last, especially, were objects of the boy's attention. His vacations he spent in making journeys on foot through Europe, examining the different species of fresh-water fishes. He came to London with letters of introduction to Sir Roderick Murchison.

"You hav been studying nature," said the great man, bluntly. "What hav you learned?"

The lad was timid—not sure at that moment that he had learned anything.

"I think," he said, at last, "I know a little about fishes."

"Very well. There will be a meeting of the Royal Society to-night; I will take you with me there."

All of the great scientific men of England belong to this society. That evening, toward its close, Sir Roderick rose and said:

"I hav a young friend here from Switzerland, who thinks he knows something about fishes; how much, I hav a fancy to try. There is under this cloth a perfect skeleton of a fish which existed long before man."

He then gave the precise locality in which it had been found, with one or two other facts concerning it. The species to which the specimen belonged was, of course, extinct.

"Can you sketch for me on the blackboard your idea of this fish?" said Sir Roderick.

Agassiz took up the chalk, hesitated a moment, and then sketched rapidly a skeleton fish. Sir Roderick held up the specimen; the portrait was correct in every bone and line. The grave old doctors burst into loud applause.

"Sir," Agassiz, said, on telling the story, "that was the proudest moment of my life, and the happiest; for I knew, now, my father would consent that I should giv my life to science."—*Our Youth.*

## The Crow and the Fox.

A master crow, perched on a tree one day,
Was holding in his beak a cheese;
A master fox, by the odor drawn that way,
Spake unto him in words like these:
"Oh, good-morning, my Lord Crow!
How well you look; how handsome you do grow!
'Pon my honor, if you note
Bears a resemblance to your coat,
You are the Phœnix of the dwellers in these woods."

At these words does the crow exceedingly rejoice;
And, to display his beauteous voice,
He opens a wide beak, lets fall his stolen goods,
The fox seized on't, and said: "My good monsieur,
Learn that every flatterer
Livs at the expense of him who hears him out;
This lesson is well worth a cheese, no doubt."

The crow, ashamed and much in pain,
Swore—but a little late—they'd not catch him so again. —*La Fontaine.*

## A Plain Lesson.

Chief-Justice Marshall was once at market, and heard a well-dressed stranger complaining that he could get no one to carry home a turkey for him. Marshall offered to carry it for him, and did so, going with him to his house, when the stranger proposed to pay him, but he declined and walked on. Something about him seemed to excite the suspicion of the stranger, and he said to a person passing:

"Who is that old fellow who brought home my turkey?" The reply was:

"He is the chief justice of the United States, and he brought home your turkey to teach you to attend to your own business."

## A New York Street Incident.

A reporter called to a little boot-black near the City Hall to giv him a shine yesterday. The little fellow came rather slowly for one of his lively guild, and planted his box down under the reporter's foot. Before he could get his brushes out another larger boy ran up and calmly pushing the little one aside, said: "Here, you sit down, Jimmy." The reporter at once became indignant at what he took to be a piece of outrageous bullying, and sharply told the new comer to clear out. "Oh, dat's all right, boss," was the reply, "I'm only goin' to do it fur him. You see he's been sick in the hospital for mor'n a month, and can't do much work yet, so us boys all turn in and giv him a lift when we can, savy?" "Is that so, Jimmy?" asked the reporter, turning to the smaller boy. "Yes, sir," wearily replied the boy, and as he looked up the pallid, pinched face could be discerned even through the grime that covered it. "He does it fur me, if you'll let him." "Certainly, go ahead," and as the boot-black plied the brush, the reporter plied him with questions.

"You say all the boys help him in this way?" "Yes, sir. When they ain't got no jobs themselvs, and Jimmy gets one, they turns in and helps him, 'cause he ain't very strong yet, ye see." "What percentage do you charge him on a job?" "Hey!" queried the youngster, "I don't know what you mean?" "I mean, what part of the money do you giv Jimmy, and how much do you keep out of it?" "You bet your life I don't keep none; I ain't no such sneak as that." "So you giv it all to him, do you?" "Yes, I do. All the boys giv up what they gets on his job. I'd like to catch any feller sneaking it on a sick boy, I would." The shine being completed, the reporter handed the urchin a quarter, saying, "I guess you're a pretty good fellow, so you keep 10 cents and giv the rest to Jimmy there." "Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here, Jim." He threw him the coin and was off like a shot after a customer for himself, a veritable rough diamond. In this big city there are a good many such lads, with warm and generous hearts under their ragged coats.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

## Our Puzzle Box.

1.—WHAT IS THIS?

I dwell in ocean, lake, and sea,
And in the foaming tide,
And in the little streamlets
On the mountain side;
In the flower in the meadow,
In the leaf on the tree,
In the murmur of the river
That flows on to the sea,
I roam here and there
Happy and free. C. ROOKER.

2.—DIAMOND.

1. A letter.
2. To impair.
3. A plant and its fruit.
4. A kind of ribbon for binding.
5. A perch.
6. A word that expresses denial.
7. A letter. WARREN B. ORCHARD.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, NOV. 5, 1887.

1.–
G
TEN
TENET
GENERAL
NERVE
TAE
L

2.–
PLASM
LEMMA
AMBER
SMEAR
MARRY

## Correspondence.

BRUNSWICK, GA.

MY DEAR MISS WIXON: I should like you to giv short notice in your paper (Children's Corner) that Fred L. Hoffmann, from St. Louis, Mo., now in Brunswick, Ga., would like to communicate with Miss Alma V. Wineman, of Chicago, as her letter to him had been delivered to the wrong person. This way, I think, will be the only one to find her.

Very truly yours,
FRED L. HOFFMANN.

COLON, MICH., NOV. 6, 1887.

MISS WIXON, *Dear Madam:* It has been a long time since I wrote to you, so I thought I would write again. When I first read of your mother's death in THE TRUTH SEEKER I intended to write you right off, but put it by from time to time, because I felt to mourn with you and for you, because I took it home to myself and thought how badly I should feel if it was my own dear mother—because I think a boy's best friend is his mother. I suppose we all hav got to die sometime, but we like to hav our friends stay by us as long as they can. But when we hav them laid away we know they are at rest.

I saw in THE TRUTH SEEKER a few weeks ago a prize offered for the best essay, "Why I am a Liberal." I am but a school-boy eleven years old, so I thought I would try for the prize, but I do not expect to get it.

I am going to send you one of our little town papers, that I write up locals for; you may wonder why I send you a back number, but it is because it has my little temperance pledge in it. I send my love to all of THE TRUTH SEEKER friends. With lots of love to you, I sign myself, Yours truly,

FRANCIS B. CORNWALL.

[We thank our friend for his kind and thoughtful letter. The paper containing the pledge has been received, and we believe Francis one of the bright and intelligent boys destined to do much good in the world.—ED. C. C.]

MOODY, TEX., Oct. 20, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I see there are not many writing to the Children's Corner at present, and I thought I would write again. Here in Texas the Christian holds God to be love (1 John iv. 8), and that he is the very seat of love. Ezek. ix, 5, 6: "Go ye after him through the city and smite; let not your eyes spare, neither hav ye pity. Slay utterly old and young, both maids and little children and women." Jer. vii, 20: "Therefore thus saith the Lord God, Behold, mine anger and my fury shall be poured out upon this place, upon man and beast, and upon the trees of the fields and upon the fruit of the ground, and it shall burn, and it shall not be quenched." "God is love!" We are to be like this heavenly father! We must pour our anger out upon the trees of the field, and so on. My dear Christian friend, how can you say God is love when you read such as is set forth in Isa. xiii, 16, and Hos. xiii, 16?

My dear friends, how can you hold the Infidel to scorn for disbelieving such bloodthirsty cruelty as this, and say if you do disbelieve you shall roast in hell forever, amen? It is about 4,000 miles to the middle of the earth, where the supposed hell must be where 99 per cent of the human family is diving, leaping, and swimming in fire and brimstone that shall burn forever and ever!

How does a God feel when he smells the smoke of such men as Paine and Jefferson? How does he feel when he hears the whoops and yells and groans of the "lost and ruined?" I must confess that I do pity this God who is said to fill all space. This God must get rather cool when the wind is blowing from the north in the winter-time. Christians say, just at the word, God could speak worlds into existence. How could he when he fills all space? I will close for this time, for fear I shall worry your patience. Yours for Freethought, JOHN M. SIMMONS.

SALEM, ILL., Oct. 26, 287.

TO MISS WIXON AND THE CHILDREN OF THE CORNER: As I hav not written you for some considerable length of time, I will try once more. I am in school to-day. We hav the same old fogy for a teacher that we had last winter, one Mr. C. C. McMackin; he pretends to be quite strict in his religious views, although he says that it is quite strange that there was so much religious intolerance in the early history of the New England colonies. Then I told him that it was not strange at all—that it was taught to them in the Old World—that it was inherited—that religious persecution was something which could be traced back to as far as the beginning of religion.

I went with my father to Centralia to hear Mr. Reynolds' lectures. I heard him deliver his lectures: "Why I left the Pulpit," and "The Bible, whence it Came and What it Teaches," and I liked them well.

I can well sympathize with you for the loss of a mother, for I hav lost one of my twin brothers, though a brother is hardly as much as a mother.

We hav not the pleasure that Christians claim to hav of meeting the beloved deceased beyond the grave, although, if there is such a thing, we hope to liv that we may reach the gates of the soul's immortal home.

I now tender my thanks to those persons who were so kind and obliging as to send me the ballad mentioned before.

I will now close asking for a correspondence between some of the Children of the Corner of about my own age, which is 17 years.

Yours as before,
RUFUS O. WILLIAMS.

[We thank all our friends for their kind words and sympathy.—Ed. C. C.]


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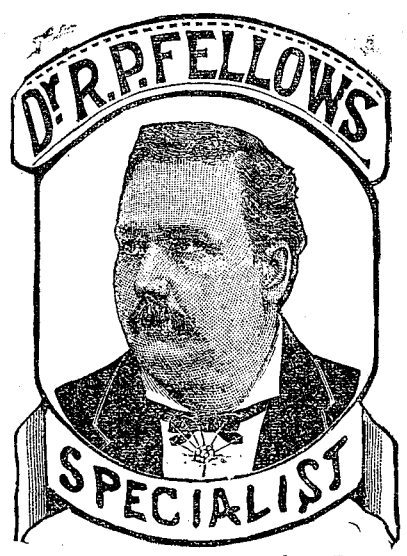
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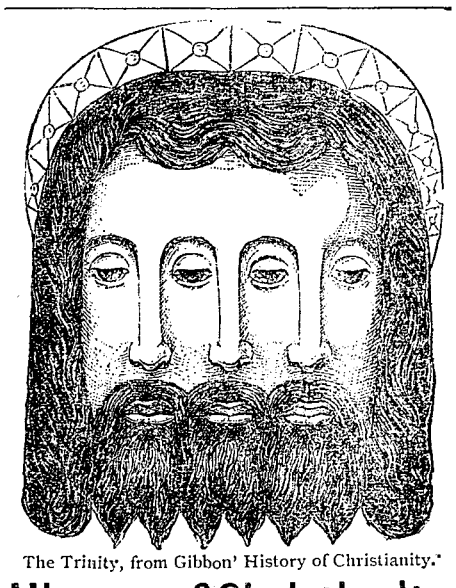
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*From Lucifer, Valley Falls, Kansas.*

The wave of Puritanism which is sweeping over the country presages the submersion of every monument, landmark, and temple of Liberty, and foretells the early triumph of the coming theocracy. Scarcely a day passes that does not witness some new eneroachment of the death-ladened tide of poisonous paternalism.

Kansas is given over to the meddlers and sabbatarian hypocrits. Lawrence has closed down on the Sunday papers, and in Topeka everything, except the papers and hotels, are to feel the heavy hand of the law on Sunday. The spirits of the Covenanter and Puritan bind us with the chains of law, and we, as a people, sit humbly at the feet of the Protestant priest, who is the power *on* the throne in "free" Kansas to-day. Free Kansas! Bah! we are *not* free, and we never shall be free until we tear from our throats and our pockets the suffocating, thieving hands of the bigots, and assert and maintain our right to attend to our own business on *all* days of the week.

It should not for a moment be forgotten that all Sunday legislation is, at the bottom, in the interest of a class, of a class which does nearly all its work on that day. The preachers want a monopoly of one day in the week; their guild must be "protected" from competition. If they could they would gladly compel the people, by positiv statutes, to attend church services, but, as they dare not, *as yet*, propose so long a step backward, they content themselvs with the enactment of Sunday laws which, by making it practically impossible for the people to go anywhere else on Sunday, force them to attend church, and, consequently, support the ministry. This is the whole matter in a nutshell, and it is only folly to attempt to blink the facts, and an utterly mistaken policy to speak softly about the miserable outrage.

This, then, is the situation exactly: the minister's trade and working-day is Sunday; *then his store or shop is open for business*, and he clamors for Sunday-laws, because any rivalry cuts down his receipts. He must be "protected?" But, as his work is one neither of "necessity" nor "charity," he is himself the most flagrant and persistent violater of his own favorit statute, and, if magistrates were not, as a class, invertebrates and dependent for their positions upon the votes of church people and those under their thumbs, the clerical meddler would soon get enough of Sunday-laws and be content to take his place among ordinary people, no longer trying to force everybody to come up and trade at his counter.

## The Ignorance of Pious Editors.

*From the Kansas Blade, Concordia.*

The Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D., in an open letter to Bob Ingersoll, says:

You are waging a hopeless war—a war of which you are certain only of defeat. The Christian religion began to be nearly two thousand years before you and I were born, and it will liv two thousand years after we are dead. Why is it that it livs on and on, while nations and kingdoms perish? Is not this "the survival of the fittest?" Contend against it with all your wit and eloquence, you will fail, as all hav failed before you. You cannot fight against the instincts of humanity. It is as natural for a man to look to a higher power as it is to look up to the stars. Tell them that there is no God! You might as well tell them that there is no sun in the heavens, even while on that central light and heat all life on earth depends.

We clipped the above from the *Walnut City Gazette*, and as we did it we wondered if the editor of that paper ever read one of Ingersoll's lectures. Probably he never did, and more likely still he never will.

When speaking so confidently of the perpetuity of the Christian religion we wonder if the writer took time to think that there are other religions much older and stronger, so far as numbers make them stronger, than the Christian religion. Yet they are melting away before the crucible of reason as the snow melts before a summer's sun.

We wonder if it occurred to him that the promoters and defenders of the Christian religion found it necessary at one time to murder all who would not embrace it that it might not perish itself.

We wonder if he is aware that there are in this country now millions of outspoken Infidels to his religion, when a quarter of a century ago there were not a thousand in the United States.

We wonder if he knows that many of the ablest presses of the land are to-day controled by Infidels to his religion.

We wonder if he knows that his religion has so changed in the last twenty-five years that IT is as Infidel to-day to what it was then as Paine, Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson were a century ago. The only difference between Paine and the promoters of the Christian religion of to-day is that Paine did not believe the Bible was inspired and so wrote, while they profess to believe it, yet put a construction upon it that proves they don't believe it. The undeniable truth is, what is preached to-day for religion by the leading preachers outside of the Catholic church would hav been downright Infidelity less than one hundred years ago. The man who writes as does Mr. Field is totally ignorant of the laws of evolution and the "survival of the fittest." There may be religion or religions two thousand years hence, but they will materially differ from the religions of to-day. As they hav changed for the better in the past, so will they change for the better in the future, and as the Voltaires, Paines, and Ingersolls hav caused the change in the past, so will they continue to work changes in the future, and until a reasonable universal religion takes the place of the present unreasonable, uncouth, superstitious concerns. It is unnecessary to say that it will be a "Scientific religion," for every one who has watched the drift of public thought has seen it moving rapidly, and with an almost volcanic force, in that direction.

## Materialistic Spiritualism Corrected.

*From Bliss's Axe, Cincinnati, O.*

Whither are we drifting? We are led to ask this question after a careful perusal of a volume published by Colby & Rich, Boston, entitled "Life and Labor in the Spirit World," the authors of which claim to be the "spirit band of Miss M. T. Shelhamer, medium of the Banner of Light public free circle." The object of the work is to

Teach mortals that which it is impossible for them to obtain from any other source, but of which they are supremely desirous of being informed—the conditions and surroundings, and the pleasures and pursuits of, and influence exerted upon the denizens of earth by the inhabitants of the spirit world; it will reveal somewhat of the life their departed relativs and friends liv, and to which they themselvs are rapidly approaching; it will show that that life is a tangible reality—that it is, in fact, the substance, this being but the shadow.

We hav quoted the exact words of the authoress-medium, Miss M. T. Shelhamer, as found in the preface of the book, for the express purpose of showing that she thoroughly believes—

1. That the book contains information that it was impossible for mortals to obtain from any other source.

2. That it contains correct statements of localities, surroundings, and pursuits of our departed spirit friends.

Now, if Miss Shelhamer really believes the records of her inspired book, it will be well for us to consider what can be found in that book, and the very position of Miss Shelhamer, as the "Banner message medium," will hav great weight with many people who peruse the book, and many will regard her writings as infallible, as Christians do the Bible.

Let us see. In looking over the contents we find, under the heading of Chapter IV, "Zencollia City and its Surroundings." A city in the spirit world? Well, here is something remarkable. Let us turn to page 54 and see what we can find out about Zencollia city. Here it is. A spirit seems to be relating the following:

Shall I speak of my surroundings in the summer-land? Shall I tell you of the beautiful city that we in the eternal world call Zencollia—meaning really "city of light," so called from the brilliant rays which are reflected back from its towers-minarets, and gleaming walls when the sunlight falls upon them? The spires and towers of this city gleam in the distance as I am seated by my eastern window. Its white walls, glistening with alabaster-like spotlessness, seem to tell of purity and peace.

Our space forbids but a limited notice of this material spirit city, and we will simply giv a condensed statement of the kinds of material used to make up this, to us, imaginary city. In it we find a "brazen temple," which is spoken of by the spirit as being the "most massiv building I hav ever beheld." It is said to be "surrounded by an open space paved with delicate pink and white tiles of shining translucent stone. A flight of variegated marble steps lead to the vestibule, which is also paved with pink and white tiles."

Great heavens! what an improvement this is upon the gold-paved streets of the Christian's New Jerusalem!

The halls of this temple are "furnished with roomy seats for the accommodation of the audience; a raised platform at the farther end, upon which stands a marble table and a cushioned seat, something like a capacious sofa." Materialistic Spiritualism run wild, is the best comment we can offer right here. The floors (says our spirit friend) "are all paved with variegated marble, white, streaked with delicate pink and sea-green; the pillars are of carved ivory." Is that so? Who did the carving, pray? But wait. This is not all, for paint-shops are in existence in the spirit world, for our spirit friend informs us that "the lofty ceilings are frescoed in the faintest azure, white, and gold." Confound such Spiritualistic-materialistic nonsense, and this coming as it does through the organism of such a well-known medium as Miss M. T. Shelhamer. This is sent forth to a skeptical world as *bona-fide* truth; and no wonder that true Spiritualists will turn away and ask the question, "Whither are we drifting?"

The theory that cities in the spirit world are built up as cities are built in this material world won't go down with the true Spiritualist of this century. In fact, the theory advanced by materialistic Spiritualists that there is a material spirit world, and that our spirit friends draw from their dying material bodies another material body, must soon go to the wall, as we are taught by advanced Spiritualistic spirits.

These spirits laugh at the idea that there is a refined-matter-spirit world surrounding this world; they all say that this material world is the real spirit world, and that spirits never leave this world to go to another world. They inform us that the man-made doctrin of the spheres is the rankest humbug, and that it will not bear the slightest scientific criticism. They claim that they are now in a disembodied condition—that they are dependent upon our mortal bodies for means of making themselvs known to mortals. They are dependent upon conditions which surround us, whether they are able to enter into our bodies and take the complete possession of us or not.

The idea that just above us there is a tangible world of matter is so absurd that none but the imaginativ can conceive of such a thing. The idea that there is such a material city as Zencollia, with its temple of brass, which reflects back the sunlight, its white walls, its marble pavements, its marble tables, its capacious sofas, etc., is simply imagination, and should be looked upon in the same light as the absurd tales in the "Arabian Nights" or the fairy tales which charmed our childhood, and not put before the world as absolute truth. We can only regard the spirit or band of spirits who hav been the authors of such romantic nonsense as enemies of truth, and that they can obtain possession of a medium in such a high position as Miss Shelhamer is, to say the least, lamentable.

We claim the only way this can be arrived at is:

1. That we understand ourselvs that we are not composed of matter, and that we dwell in matter, and that we exist at the hour of the death of our bodies entirely independent of matter.

2. That we are dependent upon the charity of mediums, the very moment we leave our bodies, for a way and means of making ourselvs known to our mortal friends, by taking possession of the bodies and spirits of said mediums. If this is true, are we not doing a most important work in urging all mediumistic persons to place themselvs under proper conditions for the development of their mediumistic gifts, so that returning spirits may hav a means to make themselvs known to their friends who remain in the mortal form?

## Work for the Fool-Killer.

*From New Thought, Des Moines, Iowa.*

If Spiritualism should be proved false, the fool-killer would hav to employ a large force of deputies, for it seems as though a majority of people now-a-days believe in it.—*Signs of the Times.*

Whether Spiritualism is "proved false" or not, the fool-killer will hav more work per capita among the Seventh Day Adventists than among any other class of people outside the idiot asylums.

Adventism originated in the Miller movement tbat 1843 would put an eternal quietus to all things mundane. The time went by and the fool-killer failed to come to time, so many of the Adventists went into the lunatic asylums.

In 1844 the general collapse was coming sure, but that failed; that is, the year came, but not so the event "spoken of by all the holy prophets." They next set 1848, then 1853, then 1854, then 1856, then 1868, then 1873, and so on. In 1853 the Adventists went around singing:

I looked for him in forty-three,
For so I read his word;
I looked again in forty-four,
But hope was long deferred.
'Tis eighteen hundred, fifty-three,
I'm looking for him still;
In eighteen hundred, fifty-four,
His purpose he'll fulfil.

These fanatical movements were followed with other worse fanaticism still. The Seventh Day Adventists got "the holy rolls," in which they would lie down and roll over the floor, sometimes in a nude state. They preached "the shut door"—no more salvation for sinners. They soon attached feet-washing, Seventh Day Sabbathism, Ellen White's visions, and a hundred other things which made them act more like slobbering idiots than like sane men. We are glad, however, to recognize that their best men are leaving them and the balance are dropping out some of the most idiotic part of their religion. Still their best men ignore the facts of science and hold on to many of their former follies. There is still much work for the fool-killer among the Adventists.

## Queer Liberals.

*From the Progressive Age, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

Mr. J. D. Hazen, one of Kent county's foremost farmers, and a Liberalist, was requested by his niece at Dundee, N. Y., to donate toward a Baptist church debt at that place, of which she is a member. Mr. Hazen declined doing so for the sole reason that he disapproves of the teaching of the orthodox religion. This shows consistency. There are some Infidels who largely contribute toward orthodox churches and then procure the best of talented orators to break down again what they aided to erect.

## Preaching in Boston.

*From the Investigator, Boston, Mass.*

The preaching business is not what it was, nor is it to continue just what it is now. It cannot resist being pushed ahead and improved by the prevailing Liberalism of the age; so that now, even in orthodox churches, one hears so little of "hell" and the "devil," that he is almost ready to conclude that they hav faded out, and are known only as "lost arts." This change has been accomplished by Liberalism, which will eventually revolutionize religion and transform the teachers of superstition into teachers of reason and common sense. Meanwhile, it is interesting to look into the churches occasionally, and, by contrasting their present sentiments with those of other days, mark the improvement that is taking place almost everywhere in the preaching business.

## Mr. Eckhard's Picture.

*From the Sunday Gazetteer, Denison, Texas.*

The editor of the New York TRUTH SEEKER will please accept the thanks of the *Gazetteer* for a copy of a beautiful specimen of artistic work, recently published by Mr. Charles Eckhard, entitled the Nine Demands. It is an engraving, 24 by 19 inches, on heavy plate paper. At the head of the sheet are cabinet-sized likenesses of Jefferson, Washington, and Paine, the fathers of our republic. At the sides are Franklin and John Adams, and between these two are printed the Nine Demands of the American Secular Union in conspicuous type. At the foot are Lafayette, Girard, and Ingersoll, making eight likenesses in all. Inscribed beneath each portrait is some radical sentiment quoted from the author pictured over it. In the space between the portraits and around them are arabesques of vines and flowers in profusion, and the panel inclosing the Nine Demands is surmounted on each corner by Mr. Eckhard's design of the flag above the cross. The whole makes an exceedingly handsome work for framing. The artistic part is equal to the best, and the portraits are as true to nature as the photographs from which they were transferred. The design will be sent postpaid, by mail, for $1, by the Truth Seeker Company, 28 Lafayette place, New York. J. M. Lea has placed our copy in a handsome oak frame, and it is now occupying a conspicuous place on the walls of the *Gazetteer* sanctum.

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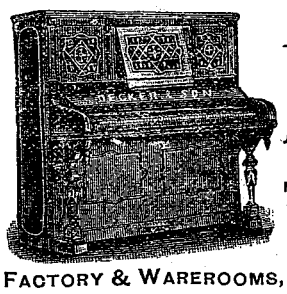
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## News of the Week.

THE New York *Leader*, a Labor daily, suspended publication on the 11th. The editors say that the hanging of the Anarchists made that day appropriate for the death of the paper. George's daily, the *Argus*, is also suspended.

FIFTY-NINE bartenders were arrested for selling liquor in this city last Sunday.

THE pastorship of Beecher's church has been offered to an English preacher named Berry.

THE doctors hav decided that the crown prince of Germany has incurable cancer of the throat.

WILLIAM ASTOR, John Jacob Astor's brother, has given $100,000 to the Protestant Episcopal cathedral.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL VILAS reports that the United States postal service is now for the first time self-supporting.

THE steel tubing made in Cleveland for the Lick telescope has reached California. It is 50 feet long and 3 feet in diameter.

THE Independent Presbyterian church of Savannah, Ga., has declined to engage the Rev. Leonard Woolsey Bacon, of Connecticut, for a pastor, because Bacon is an Abolitionist.

IN last week's election in this state the Democratic plurality was 17,333. The total George vote was 69,662; Prohibition, 40,996.

H. P. BLAVATSKY and Mabel Collins, the daughter of Mortimer Collins, hav started a new magazine in London, devoted to matters mystical and theological. They call it *Lucifer*.

THE Rev. C. W. Millen, pastor of the Washington-street Methodist church, Brooklyn, who gained such pleasant notoriety recently, has gone into the flour business.

THOMAS FODGE, aged 63, of Albany, went to a church in Fourth avenue, this city, last Sunday. He had scarcely seated himself when his head dropped upon his chest and he died.

SIX thousand people followed the dead Anarchists of Chicago to their graves last Sunday. The societies of New York were prevented by the police from holding memorial services.

THE defeat of the George party did not diminish the attendance at the Anti-Poverty Society's meeting Sunday night. Dr. McGlynn spoke and made the statement that 60,000 voters had to be bought to bring about the result of the recent election.

THERE was a riot in London last Sunday. Social, Radical, and Irish societies were forbidden to hold a meeting in Trafalgar square, but persisted in doing so and were resisted by the police. Two hundred citizens and forty policemen are reported to hav been wounded in the fray.

THE personal effects of the late Henry Ward Beecher were sold at auction in this city last week. They included his library and collection of curiosities, paintings, statuary, etc. Many of the articles sold bore evidence of having been gifts to the great preacher. All of the articles sold brought large prices.

FIFTEEN members of the National League were sentenced on the 12th, at Kilrush, Ireland, to one month's imprisonment at hard labor. Their crime was attending unlawful meetings. William O'Brien, the editor-agitator, is in jail at Dublin, and is somewhat recalcitrant, refusing to don the prison uniform.

THE Progressiv Labor party held a mass meeting at Union Square on the evening of October 8th. Without the slightest provocation the police charged upon the assemblage, and some fifty persons were severely clubbed and the meeting broken up. The leaders of the party asked for redress, but the authorities, having "investigated" the affair, report that no censure attaches to the police!


# THE ORDER OF CREATION.

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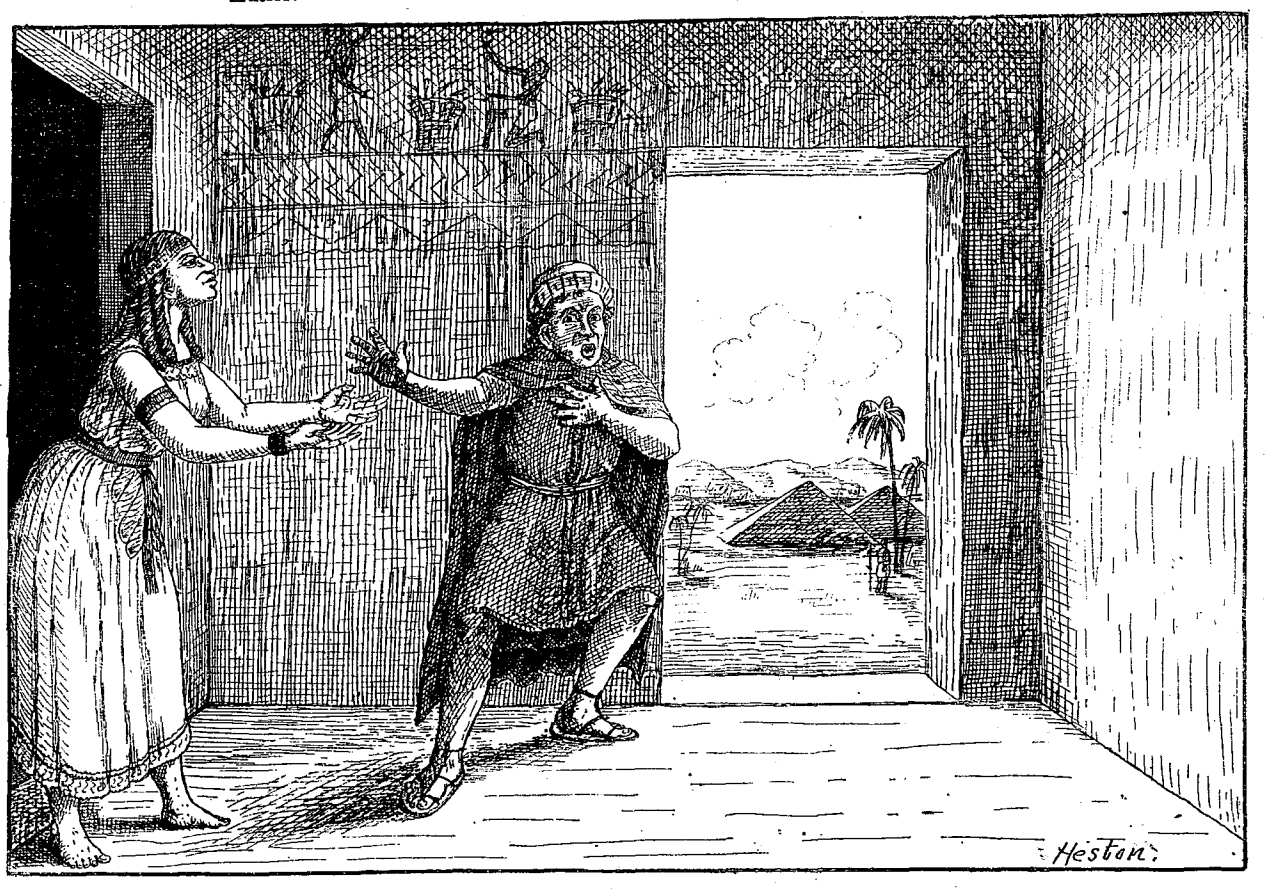
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JOSEPH'S UNMINISTERIAL CONDUCT.

And it came to pass after these things, that his master's wife, etc. But he refused, etc. Read Gen. xxxix.

## Odds and Ends.

THE report that the heat of forest fires in West Virginia is causing trees to bud will be welcome news to many miserable sinners. There may be shade trees in hades.

"MISS WALDO (of Boston, discussing literary matters): "Hav you read 'Homo Sum.' Mr. Wabash?" Mr. Wabash (of Chicago, who is keeping up his end of the conversation with difficulty): "Well—er—yes, Miss Waldo, I hav read Homo some, but not a great deal."

PROHIBITIONIST (who has been descanting upon the glories of Prohibition): "But, my young friend, you don't look well." Young man: "I'm a little faint, that's all, sir." Prohibitionist: "Can I do anything for you?" Young man: "You might lend me your bottle for a moment, sir."

A BOSTON mother was putting her little one to bed and said: "I think, Flossie, you are old enough to learn an evening prayer. I'm going to say it for you, and you will repeat it after me." "Yeth'm," lisped the little one. "Well, we'll begin. Are you ready?" "Yeth'm. Let 'er go, Gallagher!"

"YES, dear children," said the Sunday-school teacher, "with God nothing is impossible." "Can He make a thing a foot long with only one end to it?" inquired Bobby, who is a small but earnest Christian. "Now, Bobby," said the teacher, with gentle reproof, "you are talking foolishly." "What's the matter with a dog's tail?" asked Bobby.

A CERTAIN Sunday-school superintendent goes to see little Clara's big sister quite often. "Children," said he to the school last Sunday, "we are told in your leaflets to-day to love the Lord. Do you know what 'love' is?" "It's when you hug my sister in the parlor, sir," spoke up Clara from the front row.

CRAMPSON: "Remember that newspaper man who insulted me last week?" Shortpantz: "I remember. You said you were going to hav satisfaction." "Well, I called on him, and he threw me down stairs." "Then you are not satisfied?" "Yes, I am. I've been licked as well as insulted, and so I hav concluded to let the matter drop."

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day, during a conversation about the old saints and apostles. "Ah, he was a good, clever old soul, I know, for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

HE put on his hat, started slowly for the door, hesitated, came back, sighed deeply, and took the lily white hand in his own, and pressed it to his lips. "Katie," he murmurmed, "I hav waited long—oh, how long!—for this opportunity. Will you, Kate, will you, darling, be mine?" "Henry," she replied, with a look half of sorrow and half of determination, "it can never be." "Never be! Oh, why hav you permitted me to hope? Why hav you encouraged me, only to stamp upon my bleeding heart at last?" "I am sorry, Henry, but I can never be yours. I hav other objects in view." "Other objects!" "Yes, Henry; I cannot consent to belong to any man, I intend that you shall be mine."

"FRANKLIN," said the professor, who was about to introduce Professor Morse to the Alumni of a Western college, "Franklin drew the lightning from heaven and controled its power to harm, but it was left to Professor Morse, gentlemen, to—" puzzled to know exactly what he should say. "It was left to Professor Morse, gentlemen, to—reduce it to a horizontal position."

A WESTERN church had been without a pastor for some months, and finally a stranger applied for the honorable position. "Ever preach before?" "Yes, I've worked the evangelist racket." "Hav you any letters of recommendation or indorsement?" "No, but I can prove that I run a poker-joint two years, and served three years in the penitentiary before I reformed."

"YOUNG man," inquired the apostle, "hav you ever experienced religion?" "I came very near it once, sir," was the young man's response. "I used to help a pretty little girl hold up a hymn book every Sunday evening in church, and I was getting so good that I fairly neglected my business. But one night I caught her flirting with an usher. I put a ten-dollar bill in the contrbution box, and havn't been to church since."

THE liquor store on the corner burnt,
And the minister prayed next day,
Telling the Lord he was just and good
In wiping the pest away.

But lightning struck the minister's church
And burnt it to the ground,
And the liquor people thanked the Lord
That he passed such things around!

CHANGE of heart. Omaha man: "My gracious! We'll be late. Get your things on." Wife: "My dear, it's raining pitchforks, and the wind is blowing a hurricane." "We hav strong umbrellas." "My dress will be ruined." "Wear your waterproof." "And you know you hav a cold." "I can wear rubbers; I wouldn't miss that opera for—" "Opera? This is not opera night; its prayer-meeting night." "Oh! I wonder if our preacher thinks people are idiots enough to stir out of the house such a night as this."

A CLERGYMAN foiled. A clerical-looking gentleman, in the hope of obtaining a contribution, entered the office of a Texas newspaper, and, finding the editor at his desk, said: "I am soliciting aid for a high-toned gentleman of refinement and intelligence, who is in need of a little ready money, but is too proud to make known his sufferings." "Why!" exclaimed the editor, "I'm the only man in town that answers that description. What's the gentleman's name?" "I am not at liberty to disclose his name." "It must be me, parson. God bless you and prosper you in your good work," said the editor, wiping away a tear. The editor says that the look the parson gave him will haunt him in his grave.


# LIFE.

## *A PROSE POEM.*

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BE strong in your integrity and resolve to do right at all times, though to do so causes you to be unpopular in the eyes of men.—*D. M. Bennett.*

IF after a deliberate and impartial use of our best faculties, a professed revelation seems to us plainly to disagree with itself, or to clash with great principles which we cannot question, we ought not to hesitate to withhold from it our belief. I am surer that my rational nature is from God than that any book is the expression of his will.—*Dr. Channing.*

LOGIC is not satisfied with assertion. It cares nothing for the opinion of the "great," nothing for the opinions of the many, and least of all for the superstitions of the dead. In the world of science a fact is a legal tender. Assertions and miracles are spurious coins. We hav the right to rejudge the justice even of a god. No one should throw away his reason—the fruit of all experience. It is the intellectual capital of the soul, the only light, the only guide, and without it the brain becomes the palace of an idiot king, attended by a retiune of thieves and hypocrits.—*Col. R. G. Ingersoll.*

IF the question of immortality had the actual imperativness which it ever had, the defenders of the doctrin would not rest until its truth was satisfactorily demonstrated. As matters now stand, there is an almost universal feeling among the more thoughtful that the problem is insoluble, and that we can very comfortably wait for death to settle it without making ourselvs unhappy by present controversy.—*M. A. Hardaker.*

A CANDID exposition of the Athanasian creed by an orthodox priest.—When we remember how the church has refined upon, and how enormously it has added, to the simple revelation of God, given in the holy scriptures; how it has babbled of the three persons in the one substance of the sacred trinity, of the three incomprehensibles, which are yet one incomprehensible; of the three uncreated, who are yet one uncreated; of the three almighties, who are yet one almighty; when we remember under what awful penalties it has bidden us, "Worship one God in trinity, and trinity in unity, neither confounding the persons nor dividing the substance," we cannot affect much surprise that men who want facts rather than words hav revolted from this terrible cloud of technicalities; we cannot even pronounce their revolt an altogether unreasonable or unhealthy one; we can see, we are bound to admit, that the church is largely to blame for their unbelief; we can see and admit that it was very natural for them to assume that, instead of knowing all about the great unknowable God, as the church affected to do, we really know nothing whatever about him.—*Sam Cox's Genesis of Evil*

ONE impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil, and of good,
Than all the sages can.—*Wordsworth.*

*M.:* To be miserable implies an existence, but you just now denied that the dead had any existence; if then they hav not, they can be nothing; and if so, they are not even miserable. *A.:* Perhaps I do not express what I mean, for I look upon this very circumstance, not to exist after having existed, to be very miserable. *M.:* What, more so than not to hav existed at all? therefore, those who are not yet born are miserable because they are not; and we ourselvs, if we are to be miserable after death, were miserable before we were born. But I do not remember that I was miserable before I was born, and I should be glad to know, if your memory is better, what you recollect of yourself before you were born.—*Cicero's Tusculan Disputations.*

IF there is another state of existence beyond our earthly life, it is reasonable to believe that it will be entirely natural, and that we will be adapted to the conditions there, as we are to our surroundings here. If we do not exist after the dissolution of the body—and that we shall we think there is no proof—nothing awaits us worse than an everlasting rest. . . We do not regret that we did not exist in the ages of the past. Why feel sad at the contemplation of unconsciousness in the ages to come? But unpleasant as is this thought to rationalists, who are accustomed to regard as probable a blissful immortality for all mankind, how pleasing the reflection of an eternal sleep in comparison with, or rather in contrast to, the expectation that, while a few will be happy hereafter, the majority of our race will exist forever in excruciating and unremitting torment.—*Underwood's Materialism and Christianity.*

THEN said one unto him, Lord are there few that be saved? and he said unto them, Strive to enter in at the strait gate, for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.—*Luke* xiii, 23, 24.

IN the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife. —*Longfellow.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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## PIOUS SNIFFLERS.

WAIL FROM THE CLERGY: "Lord, Lord! that awful Ingersoll has been a hurtin' uv our feelin's agin!"
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX: "And just to think, brethren, he would even deprive us of the comforts of a Hell!"

## Notes and Clippings.

IT is estimated that the Church of England receives yearly from tithes, which are equivalent to taxes, about $20,000,000. Of this $15,000,000 goes for salaries of clergymen.

IT is reported that detachments of the Salvation Army are in Jerusalem and that "the streets of the holy city resound with their amens and the jingle of their tambourines."

SOME Boston reporters recently attended a seance given by Mrs. Fay, the materializing medium, and grabbed the spirit form of a daughter of one of the auditors. When the lights were turned on the spirit materialized into Mrs. Fay.

THE coroner's inquest into the cause of the death of seven persons kil ed by the fall of a parochial school-building in this city Oct. 17th finds that the priest, Father Kirner, is responsible for the catastrophe and for the deaths which resulted from it. Kirner was among those killed.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND, the bright young Scotchman, who has been making a visit to some of the leading American colleges, says that to him their most remarkable feature is "their Christian tone." Their general atmosphere, he says, is Christian. "They are religious institutions."

THE Rev. Samuel D. Hindman, missionary to the Indians, some time ago won a verdict of $10,000 against Bishop Hare for defamation of character. To save further litigation the bishop now apologizes. Mr. Hindman expresses himself as satisfied, and Bishop Hare's friends hav paid a portion of the court expenses.

THE *Religious Herald* (Cong.) says: "Constant vigilance, we are told, is the only safeguard of liberty, and constant watchfulness and decision on the part of all true Americans is demanded for the perpetuation and purity of our common school system." By which the *Herald* means that Catholicism shall be kept out and Protestantism kept in the schools.

A MINNESOTA office-seeker, after being disappointed by Governor McGill, went home and told his wife about it, and gave his opinion of the governor in unrevised language. His five-year-old boy heard him, and that night the mother cautioned him never to use such language as his father had. "Is it always wicked to swear, mamma?" he asked. "Y-e-s. But God will forgiv sins," she said. Then the boy kneeled and prayed: "Forgiv me for all my sins, keep me while I sleep—and—damn Governor McGill."

THE discussion of the question of the reunion of the Northern and Southern Presbyterian churches is bringing out some plain talk. A Southern writer in a Southern Presbyterian paper says, in the course of an argument in favor of union, particularly as a means of breaking down some prejudices now existing: "It is a fact that very generally in the South any man or woman coming from the North to teach or preach to the negroes will hav to bear the burden of social ostracism. It is a fact that Southern men and women can preach to and teach the negro, and experience no ostracism. Your daughter, young lady though she be, can hang in tender affection about the neck of the old black mammy and nobody think anything of it, but just catch that New England woman trying it."

SAM JONES recently lectured in Hartford, Conn. The original title of his discourse was "Get there, Eli," but he said that he had learned that the people of Hartford objected to slang, and he had, therefore, left off the "Eli," and named his lecture "Get There." He got there to such an extent that some of his audience went away in anger, claiming that Sam Jones was a superfluity in a town sheltering Mark Twain.

OF all the cranky pharisees allowed to run at large, Anthony Comstock is the chief. He is a most unmitigated nuisance and requires most emphatic and summary suppression. It may require a fine eye to distinguish between an old master's painting and the modern photographer's accurate copy from nature of the nude, as to their relativ value as "high art," but there is no excuse for the self-appointed reformer doing the dirty work he is regularly engaged in to entrap people into breaking the law he has had enacted. In the words of the vulgar, Comstock "bit off more than he could chaw" when he attacked the Knoedlers for selling photographic copies of paintings famous the world over as examples of the highest works of art. —*Hoboken Evening News.*

THE Sabbath issue is becoming more and more prominent in municipal politics, and the brewers and the preachers hav locked horns for the contest. It is suggetsed for the benefit of the latter that if they are consistent they must accept Ocean Grove as a model. There the gates of the city are closed at midnight of Saturday, and no vehicle is allowed to enter until Monday. In that quiet city by the sea no barber wields a razor on Sunday, no newspaper is sold, no milkman vends his mixture, no trains arrive or depart, all stores are closed, and minister and people alike travel on foot. This may be severe in practice, but it is consistent. The authorities recognize the stern logic of modeling one's acts by his doctrin, and no secular vocation or noise is allowed to interrupt the Sunday stillness. If the city clergy propose to hav this sort of a Sunday in New York they hav a big field before them, and to be consistent they cannot aim at less.—*Mercury.*

THE truth is that nothing needs more judgment and discretion than a crusade against indecent pictures and books, and, as a general rule, such crusades are generally conducted with very little of either. Men like Mr. Comstock ought to be confined to the pursuit and repression of everything like trade in positiv, undeniable unpretentious indecency or obscenity, but they ought to be very careful about going in quest of indecency in fields where the scent is likely to be light, and their opinions disputed. It is not only absurd, but mischievous, to hav them engage in controversy, either in courts of justice or elsewhere, over the line between art and immorality. Their opinions are not worth a cent in such matters, and by airing them in public they always gather a prurient crowd around them, and stimulate the traffic in obscenity by their suggestions and their argumentation. If there is to be a prosecution in this Knoedler case, and these prints should send some one to jail, we, for our part, think Anthony Comstock should be the man.—*Evening Post.*

# Communications.

## The Federation of Mankind.

We all hope for a time when the nations will be at permanent peace, when the people will hav a voice in all governments, when thought will circulate from land to land without hindrance from priesthood or police, and when every country will be enabled to exchange, without needless restrictions, whatever it can best spare of its own produce for whatever it can produce only with great difficulty or expense, or cannot produce at all. That this last characteristic of the Golden Age is as essential and necessary as any of the others has been recently shown in the book which furnished my title, and which no one can read without interest and profit, even though he may, like me, condemn some of the author's pet theories as visionary—"Protection or Free Trade," by Henry George.

Never before did the purification of our tariff from the so-called protectiv provisions seem so grand to me, though I hav been in favor of it for more than thirty years, as it does after reading this book. Its concluding proposal, to abolish all revenue duties, whether internal or external, and all taxes except one imposed on land alone, without regard to the value of houses and other improvements, has so little chance of being adopted at present, according to Mr. George's own confession, that it is hardly worth while to say much against it, while his denunciation of private property in land as robbery is likely to excite even more opposition than it deserves. But, however he may err here, he is perfectly right in saying that "trade has ever been the extinguisher of war, the eradicator of prejudice, the diffuser of knowledge," and that "the appointed condition of human progress is evidently that men shall come into closer relations, and become more and more dependent upon each other."

Any reader who doubts this need only remember that among all ancient races the one which rose the highest in political and religious liberty, as well as in art, philosophy, and science, was precisely that which was most successful in foreign commerce. We all know how gloriously the example of Athens has been followed by Venice, Florence, Holland, and Great Britain. So it has been by America, in so far, at least, that we now possess perfectly free trade, wholly unrestricted even by a tariff for revenue only, over a territory equal in longitude to the distance from Ireland to Bengal, and in latitude to the distance from Iceland to the Sahara. We hav proved that free trade can last for a hundred years between all parts of a region as large as Europe, with the addition of Morocco, Egypt, Arabia, Persia, India, Asia Minor, and a portion of Siberia. Everyone knows that our internal free trade has been immensely beneficial. Nobody wants to giv it up.

The best possible thing for all the states is that each should be allowed to exchange what she can produce most profitably for whatever can be produced more profitably in the others. Texas, Georgia, and other Southern states find it best for them to buy their flour, clothes, tools, etc., by selling their cotton. Louisiana exchanges sugar as well as cotton for what her Northern neighbors can grow or manufacture more cheaply than she can. North Carolina devotes herself mainly to tobacco and turpentine; Nevada to silver, and Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, and Minnesota to wheat and corn. Thus the miner in Michigan and Pennsylvania, like the manufacturer in the latter state, or in New York, Ohio, and Massachusetts, finds customers ready to take his wares and giv him food at lower rates than he could raise it for himself. These states and their sisters all liv and thrive on the liberty given to each to trade with all the rest. None of these states tries to raise at home what can be procured more cheaply from other parts of the Union. Even protectionists generally approve of this enjoyment of free trade. Senator Kelly, however, has just been consistent enough to insist that each state should diversify her industries as far as possible. Does he mean that it would be better for Massachusetts to raise her cotton, sugar, and oranges under glass? What can be better than for the inhabitants of each state to keep on concentrating local industry on whatever pays best in that place? Look where we will, we see the people of each state prosper on account of their liberty to buy from people in other states.

Why does not the same principle remain true when stated thus by Henry George: "To attempt to make a nation prosperous by preventing it from buying from other nations is as absurd as it would be to attempt to make a man prosperous by preventing him from buying from other men?" Why would it be a bad thing for New England to be able to buy as freely from Canada as from Alaska, Oregon, and Texas? How can it be that the great manufacturing states of Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania gain by trading with each other, but would lose by trading with England and Germany? Why would not the states which find nothing pay so well as raising wheat, corn, tobacco, cotton, and sugar be able to make these crops even more profitable if there was no tax to pay for exchanging them for French, British, and German cloth and hardware rather than American? In short, why would not free trade work just as well between friendly nations as between federal states? If two men would be able to trade with mutual profit, if they had a common government, would not the bargain still remain a good one for both parties, if their separate governments would only agree not to put a tax on it? What is there about a political boundary to change commerce from a blessing to a curse as soon as she tries to cross it? Is such a supposition any more creditable than that of witches losing their power on crossing a running stream?

These questions are answered, after a fashion, in one of the latest book in favor of our present tariff, "Protection versus Free Trade," by Mr. Henry M. Hoyt, 1886. He argues that "industrial entities should correspond with political entities," because "the nearer the correspondence the stronger the nation."

We all want to hav our nation maintain and increase her strength. Her domestic free trade does much to build her up as an industrial and political entity. The only question is whether she would be any less of an entity, either political or industrial, if her trade were to become more free externally. Great Britain is one of the mightiest of industrial and political entities, and her industrial power has grown enormously since she dropped protection from her tariff. Mr. Hoyt says that the states of our Union gain by free trade because they are "living under the same laws, customs, language, traditions, religion, and ideals," "under the same moral, social, and political forces." Is New England so far off from old England in these respects that it would be ruinous to lower the wall which now stands between our free trade and hers? Admitting that a revenue tariff should be kept by us as it is by her for the maintenance of political entity, why should we not try to outstrip her in the path by which she has carried her industrial entity on to such vast proportions? And her free trade with nations which hav very different institutions from hers, including much higher tariffs, has been so profitable, even where their labor is much cheaper than hers, that it is well worth while for us to strive after a larger share. Henry George illustrates the folly of thinking that we must keep up our tariff because other nations hav high ones by drawing a comparison which may be restated thus: Suppose an island inhabited by ten men, who differ so much in occupation as to keep bartering what they produce among themselvs. Nine of them are in the habit, after every bargain, of burning half of what they get as a sacrifice to their gods; but the tenth does nothing of the sort. He loses by his neighbors' folly, but not nearly as much as he would by imitating it. And as for coming into competition with cheap labor, no one need fear that who considers what England makes by trading with India. Mr. Hoyt has much to say about the danger of sending labor and capital out of the country by suddenly adopting free trade; but the only question at present is about such a gradual reduction as will end in leaving us with a tariff for revenue only. He admits himself that "special kinds of wool, of which there is no expectation of full home supply," may properly come in free of duty, and the same might be said for Scotch iron. Such gains would go far to secure those of our manufacturers who are not also miners or owners of salt-springs, borax-lakes, etc., against any loss, especially as they would gain by freer access to foreign markets. Some monopolists would make less money, but the real manufacturers would be able not only to sell more goods, but to employ more laborers. The change would be most felt, however, by the farmers and planters who are now selling at free-trade prices and buying at protectionist prices. Mr. Hoyt admits that "it might not be difficult to prove that the South, as a geographical section, with her special cotton product, has been a loser by virtue of her membership in this group of free-trading states." The South needs free trade with both of her great customers, and so does the West.

Still more plain is our national need of recovering our merchant marine, which has been legislated almost out of existence by those who insist with Mr. Hoyt on "organizing and conducting our competing industries as if we were the only nation on the planet."

Henry George is perfectly right in saying that this would not be protecting, but boycotting ourselvs. His book on the tariff errs only in taking it for granted that our nation is a very sick man, who cannot be cured except by a new and powerful drug, which has never been tried, and which the patient refuses to take. In fact, Uncle Sam is a strong, healthy man, who will be perfectly well and happy as soon as he gets rid of a quack whom his neighbor, John Bull, turned off long ago, with such good results that he has nearly made up his mind to do likewise. The protectionists are right in saying that our national prosperity is greater and more generally enjoyed, even among the poor, than that of any other people. But our prosperity may all be accounted for by the action of known causes, on whose tendency all agree. Among our plain advantages over other nations are our internal freedom of trade over a vast territory, extending almost from tropic to pole; our cheap and rich land; our ability to grow cotton and wool as well as food; our vast forests; our inexhaustible fisheries; our rich mines of coal, iron, lead, and copper; our yet greater wealth in inventiv skill, commercial enterprise, and general intelligence; our system of universal education, recently made much more practical by the addition of industrial instruction; our freedom from the burden of privileged castes, and our readiness to let every man, of whatever parentage or occupation, take the highest place for which his intelligence, character, and behavior make him fit.

All these insure our prosperity, tariff or no tariff. These peculiar advantages would enable us to hold our own against every other nation in both foreign and domestic markets, if we were not handicapped by that increased price, not only of raw materials but of many necessaries of life, due to what we call protection. If we will only untie the cords which we hav wound around our own hands we shall find ourselvs more successful than ever before in gathering in the choicest fruit of all the world's industry. We cannot act as if we were the only nation on the planet, any more than any man can act as if he were Adam. We can act only as a nation among nations; and the great question is how to adapt ourselvs most fully and widely to all the conditions of international relationship. Nothing is more desirable than the brotherhood of nations; and this is best secured by establishing the broadest possible liberty of commerce. "The spirit of protectionism," as Henry George justly says, "is that of national enmity and strife." "The spirit of free trade is that of fraternity and peace."

F. M. Holland.

## The Age of Miracles—Has It Passed Away?

It may be well to admonish the church that she is now, and has been for ages, trading on borrowed or doubtful capital. Old traditions, miracles of the apostolic age and of later times, with all the other paraphernalia belonging to religious systems, are worn completely threadbare; insomuch that her ablest sons are losing heart, and even Dean Stanley admits that "science will be the religion of the future."

There is but one way for the church out of this dilemma, an only chance to avert the threatening catastrophe, and this is a new miracle, even if but one—a fresh manifestation of their ability to propitiate divine favor, which must be indubitably authenticated. With this help, she can confidently enter on a new lease of power, that may last her many centuries. Is not this a consummation devoutly to be wished? Is not this a result worth struggling for? Does the church in its extremity see any other way to avert this impending danger? I confess I do not.

I candidly admit that I hav no faith in prayer, as generally understood and practiced by the Christian church. I must declare in all humility of opinion that she never did, and never can, accomplish the least material or other result by it. Even suppose the great founder of their faith, or his disciples when alive, could achieve these wonders, it only makes it all the more clear that, for some cause or other, not understood, there has been a gradual weakening, until in our day it has dwindled to nothingness. Nor is this strange. In Christ's own time they were as impotent as now, for he said to them, "Verily I say unto you, if ye hav faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you." These are the words of God himself according to the book. If it was true then, it must be true now; and as I am desirous of fairly ascertaining just how much faith there is left in the world, I make the following proposition, in order to help the church out of her extremity, and to absolutely determin the power of prayer.

I waive all minor objections, and shall be willing to accede to any fair alteration of the forms hereinafter stated, not designing to act the part of a quibbler, my object being to do some good, after having waited patiently for years for some abler pen to set this matter forth in order to rid the church of the stigma cast upon her by designing enemies.

I propose that the Christian church shall assemble together, from all quarters of the globe, her most righteous members, to any number not exceeding one thousand, nor less than five hundred; of these numbers, or any proportion of them, at least one-half shall be women; and in any event, a fair proportion to be of the Roman Catholic faith; and I make these stipulations because I am anxious, as they worship the same Christ and the same God, to show a liberality of spirit that reaches and extends to all alike. Some may say that I limit the assembly to fewer numbers than I ought. To these I answer that I hav carefully considered this point, and allowed for the weakening of their power, which I know they will candidly admit; but if one person in Christ's day with faith only as large as a grain of mustard seed

could move a mountain, ought not one thousand righteous persons, in our day, be able easily to accomplish the task I shall impose upon them? I pause for a reply. Others may be disposed to ask why I stipulate that one-half of the number shall be women. Honestly entertaining the views I now set forth, I must be allowed to say that, as I am extremely anxious for the entire success of this test, I would consider it destined to be a lamentable failure without the aid of woman. If there is, or ever was, the slightest efficacy in prayer, it must result from the fervent petitions to the most high made by the godly mothers, who in all ages hav been the salt of the earth, and in the prayers and petitions of a single one of whom I hav more faith than in the entreaties of any hundred men that ever lived.

On a momentous occasion like this I must state the whole truth, and I am thus obliged to say, though possibly it is my fault, as one of the unregenerate, that I never yet looked at a man praying but he instantly loomed up before me as an arrant hypocrit, and the words of the psalmist were verified, "They are encased in their own fat; with their mouths they speak proudly." This may arise from my being a man, and knowing them so well; but the book tells us that the "heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," and also that "there is none that doeth good, no, not one."

Strong impressions are often received suddenly, cling to us tenaciously, and giv a tinge to our whole lives. I once stood by a casket and heard a cold, heartless Calvinistic minister, who only needed the five-pointed iron collar round his neck to complete his symmetry, con his dull routine of funereal prayer over the remains of a widow's only child and support, a daughter, who died in the sunrise of womanhood; and his icy formality, his unrelenting look, his hard, flinty tones, were far more repulsiv to me than the sound of the frozen clods as they tumbled on her coffin.

I once heard of a good Methodist brother (and I state it for a veritable fact) who found time, during his importunities at the throne of grace, to stop long enough to take a huge quid of tobacco, the better to implore the divine beneficence. These men, recollect, were great lights in their respectiv churches; yet to me both of them were guilty of nothing less than horrid blasphemy; and no woman ever could be guilty of the frigidity of the one nor the boorishness of the other, when prostrated before, and breathing utterances supposed to be winging their way to, the throne of the Most High God.

Whatever opinion I may entertain, as to the power of prayer in the abstract, the saintly petitions of the noble women of every age, in their love for the living and their sorrow for the dead, as they hav floated in tender pathos and melodious cadence to the realms beyond the music of the spheres, whether it be the blessed abodes of the pagan, the paradise of the Mohammedan, or the heaven of the Christian, command a heartfelt and deferential respect. It is not strange, therefore, that, permeated with this feeling, I make it imperativ that an equal number of this assembly be composed of women.

While I limit the number at the place selected, I do not object to all good people throughout the world joining in these exercises, should the church accede to my proposition. The unpremeditated words of the psalmist, spoken in an age of comparativ ignorance, "that their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world," hav a peculiar significance, in these days of the telegraph, that was never known before, nor intended by him.

If my proposition be accepted, it will fly on the wings of the lightning; and as the time approaches for the trial, the feeling will increase in intensity, and the electric currents of the universe throb in unison with the undertaking, and all kindreds, nations, peoples, and tongues join in the services. And at such a time it would not be strange if the so-called "Christian" nations of Europe, even if engaged in bloody conflict, over that horrid political nightmare, diplomatically called the "balance of power," should stay their hands, and for the period allotted to these services, remit their bacchanal of human butchery.

When the church has acceded to the terms heretofore and hereinafter mentioned, which I will do all in my power to make mutually satisfactory, there will be placed a rock weighing at least five tons on the south side of the Alleghany river at or near the city of Oil City, state of Pennsylvania, United States of America; and this praying-band is to assemble at any place to suit themselvs, but not closer than five hundred feet to the first position of said rock; nor are they to be allowed to approach closer than this distance, if the rock should mysteriously move from its original resting-place. They are to devote as much time as suits them of each day, for a period not to exceed one calendar month, in praying for the removal of said rock to a distance not to exceed one mile from its first position to its final resting-place (if success crowns their efforts), on what is known as the "Summit" on the north side of said Alleghany river, below and close to the city aforesaid.

The said rock to be closely watched during this time, day and night, by twelve disinterested persons, six believers and six unbelievers, who are to take portions of the twenty-four hours as may suit them, so that by no possibility can there be any deception or jugglery in the matter.

It may be asked why I refuse to allow them to approach nearer than five hundred feet to said rock. I answer, because I am fully convinced that whatever results can by the remotest possibility be attributed to prayer are simply the product of some form of electricity; and if I were to allow them to go too close, in their fervor they might evolve so much of the subtle fluid as to move the ponderous mass from its position, and thus wrongfully get credit for a miracle which would be the result only of natural causes. If any person or persons think this a whimsical cavil, I beg them to stop and consider while I offer a word of explanation.

During all their great revival meetings, which are generally crowded, they get all those whom they expect to convert in a close circle around the altar, where they can not only be near them, but touch them; and as the leaders of these revivals are generally in good physical health, having an easy living and little to do, while on the other hand those they act upon are, as a rule, inclined to weakness bodily and mentally, it is easy to see the revivalists hav a great advantage. And even if both parties are physically equal, the same theory will hold, as we all know what a tremendous power a great orator will exert, and he but a single person and his audience hundreds or even thousands. If it was the direct result of prayer, a gentle petition, floating silently to the throne of God, its action on an individual would be the same if he was in India and the prayer made in America. But nothing of the kind can be done by our modern prayer mongers. They must hav the individual close to them, and then, with the air surcharged with electricity, they can apparently accomplish inexplicable results, like the Spiritualists and necromancers. It is worthy of remark that Christ always laid on hands—touched the person or the person touched him—and at one time used clay. So we see in every instance a tinge of materiality.

To be sure, they often claim great wonders accomplished by individual prayers, but, like their oft-told miracles, they cannot prove them. If the church will organize this praying-band to my satisfaction and in conformity with the views herein expressed, and on such a basis as shall convince me of their absolute sincerity, then, within fifteen days after being duly notified by a responsible committee, composed of one member from each of the ten leading sects, when they will be in readiness, I agree to deposit, or cause to be deposited, in the Chemical National Bank of the city of New York, the sum of one million of dollars, "good and current coin of the realm;" said sum to be so placed previous to the commencement of said time of prayer for the before mentioned period of thirty days. And in case they are successful, and remove said rock as herein stipulated, then the said sum of one million dollars to be paid to the members of the band, or to such persons as the church shall direct.

Evil disposed persons may feel inclined to ask why I offer this large sum as an inducement for the accomplishment of this miracle, insinuating that the church ought to do all this and more, with an eye simply to the glory of God. To these I answer that as far as I myself am concerned, I hav no faith whatever in the church doing anything without she can see money in it; and although I do not altogether like this pecularity, yet for the sake of the vast good it will do, if successful, I willingly accede to this, her little peccadillo, without venturing any opinion pro or con on the matter.

It is further understood that if this rock is so moved to the said Summit, on a piece of land to be provided by me, of not less than five acres in extent, it is to be under my control, and for my sole use and benefit, for a period not to exceed ten years from the day it is without human agency removed to its final resting-place, where I agree to inclose it in a building abounding in all the magnificence of modern art, resplendent with mosaics, stained glass, marbles of every tint and hue, that nothing may be wanting to do honor to the modern wonder. At the end of ten years, being in as good condition as when first received, it is to be transferred, by a good and sufficient deed of general warranty, in such manner as the church shall direct.

As Oil City is the center of the great oil producing district which now illuminates the world, I hav fixed on it as the most proper site for a miracle which will do more for the spiritual enlightenment of the universe than anything that has occurred in thousands of years. The most of the miracles that we read of in the books were performed in the dusky periods of man's existence, when cunning and deception were the common property of the priesthood; and they were the only historians of their wondrous works. All the accounts we hav are the words of interested parties. And, although Judea was held during the time of Christ by a great Roman proconsul, he does not appear to hav noticed or sent any account to his government of the man, or the wonders he is said to hav performed.

But if any miracle such as I hav indicated can be done in this day of printing-presses, railways, telegraphs, and phonographs, it will be known the world over, and substantiated in such an irrefragable manner as to silence every doubter. Kings and princes of the earth will either come or send representativs to view the mighty wonder, and report to their people, so that every clime will know it to be the truth, and the reality of the Christian system impregnably established.

The church spends vast sums yearly in sending missionaries to China, India, and the ends of the earth; and although they hav been in full blast for over a century, their impression on these pagan millions has been so slight as to be hardly noticeable. It cannot be denied that one miracle like the one in question, which costs them but a trifle even if they fail—and they ought not to fail—and which if successful givs them a round million, is also a much more reasonable and direct way of spreading their faith. One absolute, undoubted, undeniable miracle, in this age of light and knowledge, will do more to bring the world to believe in Christianity than all the church has done in two thousand years.

Let no caviler find fault with the form of miracle selected. After due consideration, I finally concluded that something that could remain for the adoration of future ages would be by far the most likely to giv general satisfaction. I at first thought of suggesting the casting out of devils, but after thinking the matter over, it had its objections. In the first place, we hav no regular class who are known to be possessed of devils, as there were anciently. To be sure, I know many whom I believe to be possessed with one or more, but if I were to suggest this to them, it would go hard with me. For instance, the young clerical graduates who, a year or so ago, made such a row at the great theological nursery at Princeton, New Jersey. I believe they were possessed with devils, but if I were to go to them and ask them to be operated upon, they might use their revolvers on me, as such weapons are now indispensable to the proper education of a clergyman. Your ancient devil was a harmless creature, and not likely to be armed with a six-shooter, but even in devils progress tells as in everything else.

I found seven men who were all willing to aver their wives had each a raging, roaring devil, but when I asked each one in turn as to the likelihood of securing a specimen, they showed the same cowardly fear that I had of the young parsons of Princeton. Some of the clergy might think the writer of this would be a proper person; and I know several of the cloth that are as certainly possessed of one or more devils as that the sun shines at mid-day; but it being *our* mutual duty to conduct this great and beneficial undertaking, it will be seen that *we* cannot be spared, and the subjects must come from other quarters. Another thing—the clergy will never believe that a man who offers them a round million could by any possibility hav a devil concealed about his person.

Even if I could produce a legion of them, and get the swine, as I hav the steep place already secured, when they entered them and rushed down headlong that would be their finality, and there could not be produced a tangible evidence of the miracle. Nor could the church preserve it for the benefit of herself and after ages; therefore, on due reflection, I thought best to hold fast to the rock, which I hope will please all concerned.

As the preachers say, "one more remark, and I close." Those of us who keep our eyes open know it is an every-day occurrence for the clergy to hav their pockets full of railway and other passes, since we can hardly go into the offices of our great railway corporations, for the purpose of legitimate business, without being elbowed by a bevy of clergymen interviewing the high officials for special favors whereby they may ride gratis. Our railway magnates are generally Christian men, or at least men high in the church, which is the same thing, and well understand that much good may be done by a judicious distribution of passes among senators, representativs, legislators, (very) common councilmen, and clergymen, so that ordinarily we find no fault with their "good works."

But at a time when so much is pending we can allow of no time-serving; consequently it will require a voucher from three persons of undoubted character that no member of this praying-band shall hav traveled any part of his or her journey on a pass furnished gratis by any railway or other corporation. This is not interpolated here for the purpose of making invidious comparisons; but if the disciples expect to be imbued with the lofty self-abnegation and power of the master, the contrast ought not to be too great between them and the man of Galilee.

He endured contumely, the crown of thorns, the agony of the cross, and the point of the spear. When he went from Capernaum to Tiberias, he sailed in a fishing-smack; when he journeyed from Jerusalem to Jericho, he trudged wearily along on foot; and only on one occasion does he appear to hav traveled in any state, and then he rode on an ass and entered the holy city in the midst of hosannas and palm-branches. What a picture when contrasted with *our*

# Communications.

## The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

Author of "Physical Education," "The Secret of the East," etc.

### IV.—Objective Maxims.

CHAPTER XVIII.—DOMESTIC REFORM.

*A.—Lessons of Instinct.*

In the nest-building propensity of the social insects the biologist can recognize the first germ of the instinctive desire for the establishment of a permanent home. Certain birds, like the weaver-thrush of the tropics, imitate the community life of the ant and bee, but in all higher animals the homestead instinct is associated with the desire for domestic privacy. The eagle will suffer no other bird to approach the rock that shelters his eyrie; the hawk, the heron, and the kingfisher rear their brood at the greatest possible distance from the nesting-place of their next relatives. Each pair of squirrels tries to get a tree all to themselves; and even the social prairie-dog shares its home with strangers (owls and serpents) rather than with another family of its own tribe. The "homestead instinct" of our primitive forefathers formed the first, and perhaps the most potent, stimulus to the acquisition of personal property. There is a period in life when the desire for the possession of a private domicile asserts itself with the power almost of a vital passion; and success in the realization of that desire solves in many respects the chief problems of individual existence. The love of domestic peace, the delight in the improvement of a private homestead, are the best guarantees of staid habits. There was a time when the neglect of *husbandry* was considered a conclusive proof of profligate habits; and the office of a Roman censor comprised the duty of reproving careless housekeepers. The poorest citizen of the Roman commonwealth had a little *patrimonium* of his own, a dwelling-house, an orchard, and a small lot of land, which he did his best to improve, and where his children learned their first lesson of personal rights in defense of their private playgrounds.

The ruins of Pompeii show that the civilization of the Mediterranean coast-lands had anticipated the conclusion of our sanitarian reformers, who recommend the advantage of cottage-suburbs as a remedy for the horrors of tenement life. Between the *acropolis* and the seaside villas the town forms an aggregation of small dwelling-houses, mostly one-story, but each with a private yard (probably a little garden) or a wide portico, with bath-room and private gymnasiums. And though the ancients were well acquainted with the manufacture of glass, their dwelling-houses were lighted by mere lattice-windows, excluding rain and the glare of the sun, but freely admitting every breeze, and thus solving the problem of ventilation in the simplest and most effective manner. The dwellings of our Saxon forefathers, too, resembled the log-cabins of the Kentucky backwoods, and admitted fresh air so freely that the large family-hearth could dispense with a chimney, and vented its smoke through the open eaves of the roof. In the palaces of the Roman patricians there were special winter-rooms, with a smoke-flue resembling a narrow alcove; but even there, ventilation was insured by numerous lattice doors, communicating with as many balconies or terrace roofs.

B.—REWARDS OF CONFORMITY.

The evolution of all hereditary instincts has been explained by the "survival of the fittest," and the instinct of homestead-love has doubtlessly been developed in the same way. The results of its predominance prevailed against the results of its absence. Defensive love of a private "hearth and home" is the basis of patriotism, so unmistakably, indeed, that the fathers of the Roman republic for centuries refused to employ foreign mercenaries, who *had no personal interest in the defense of the soil.* As a modern humorist has cleverly expressed it: "Few men have been patriotic enough to shoulder a musket in defense of a boarding-house." And the golden age of civic virtues is almost limited to the time when every free citizen of Greece and Rome was a landowner.

Nor would it be easy to overrate the subjective advantages of home-life. Health, happiness, and longevity have no more insidious foe than the canker-worm of vexation; and for the unavoidable disappointments of social life there is no more effective specific than the peace of a prosperous private homestead, soothing the mind with evidences of success in the growth of a promising orchard, in the increase and improvement of domestic animals, in the happiness of merry children and contented dependents. Xenophon, after proving the excitements of an adventurous life by land and sea, found a truer happiness in the solitude of his Arcadian hunting-lodge. Felix Sylla, Fortune's most constant favorite, abandoned the throne of a mighty empire to enjoy the frugal fare of a small hill-farm. Voltaire, worn out by the trials of a fifty years' life-and-death struggle against the rancor of bigots, recovered his health and his peace of mind amidst the pear-tree plantations of Villa Ferney.

In the resources of medicine and scientific surgery the ancients were far behind even the half-civilized nations of modern times, but their children could enjoy their holidays on their own playground, their sleepers could breathe pure air, their worn-out laborers could retire to the peace of a private home; and they enjoyed a degree of health and vigor which our most progressive nations can hope to re-attain only after centuries of sanitary reform.

C.—PERVERSION.

The germ of the ignoble patience which submits to the miseries of modern tenement-life, and learns to prefer the fetor of a crowded slum-alley to the free air of the woods and fields, can be traced to the voluntary prison-life of the first Christian monasteries. With all the gregariousnsss of the African race, the very slaves of our American plantations preferred to avoid quarrels and constraint by building a separate cabin for the use of each family; but the ethics of the Galilean church recognized no privilege of personal rights; the sympathies of family-life were crushed out by the enforcement of celibacy; every symptom of self-assertion was denounced as a revolt against the duty of passive subordination; the very instincts of individuality were systematically suppressed to make each convert a whining, emasculated, self-despising, and world-renouncing "member of the church of Christ." The mortification of the body being the chief object of monastic seclusion, the hygienic architecture of convent buildings was considered a matter of such absolute unimportance that many of the cells (dormitories) had no windows at all, but merely a door communicating with an ill-ventilated gallery, after the plan of our old-style prisons. Eight feet by ten, and eight high, were the usual dimensions of those man-pens; and that utter indifference to the physical health of the inmates was but rarely seconded by a view to the advantages of private meditation is proved by the circumstance that the convent-slaves of the eastern church (in the Byzantine empire, for instance) were not often permitted to enjoy the privacy of their wretched dens; their dormitories were packed like the bunks of a Portuguese slave-ship, and the word *Syncellus* (cell-mate) is used as a cognomen of numerous ecclesiastics. The abbot, and in less ascetic centuries perhaps the learned clerks (legend-writers, etc.), were the only members of a monastic community who could ever rely on the privacy of a single hour. For the admitted purpose of mortifying their love of physical comforts, the weary sleepers, worn-out with penance and hunger, were summoned to prayer in the middle of the night, or sent out on begging expeditions in the roughest weather. Every vestige of furniture or clothing apt to mitigate the dreariness of discomfort was banished from their cells; they suffered all the hardships without enjoying the peace and security of a hermit's home; novices (on probation), and even the pupils of the convent-schools, were submitted to a similar discipline, and thus monasticism became the training-school of modern tenement-life.

During the latter half of the Middle Ages, feudalism found an additional motive for suppressing the love of domestic independence. The church usurers and aristocrats monopolized real estate, and made it more and more difficult, even for the most industrious of their dependents, to acquire a share of landed property. Every feudal lord secured his control over his serfs by crowding them together in a small *village* (literally an abode of *villains, i.e.*, of vile pariahs), where his slave-drivers could at any time rally them for an extra job of socage duty. The incessant raids of mail-clad highway-robbers—robber knights and marauding partisans—obliged all peace-loving freemen to congregate for mutual protection and rear their children in the stone prisons of an over-crowded burgh. The suppression of all natural sciences, including the science of health, aggravated the evil by a persistent neglect of such partial remedies as disinfectants and artificial ventilation. The home of a medieval artisan combined all the disadvantages of a jail and a pest-house.

The revolt against feudalism has at last broken the stone-fetters of our larger cities; city walls have been turned into promenades, and convents into store-houses or lunatic asylums; but the spirit of monasticism still survives; indifference to the blessings of health and domestic independence seem to have acquired the strength of a second nature, and thousands of our modern factory slaves actually prefer their slum-prisons to the freedom of a cheaper suburban home.

D.—PENALTIES OF NEGLECT.

Nature rarely fails to avenge the violation of her laws, but it might be doubted if the perversion of any other natural instinct has entailed more numerous or direr penalties than our habitual outrages against the instinct of home-life. The monstrosities of our tenement system, by a moderate estimate, cost on the average every year the lives of 1,500,000 children under ten years of age (in Europe and North America), and of 1,200,000 consumptives, besides thousands of victims to epidemic disorders, aggravated, if not engendered, by the influence of vitiated air. Habitual intemperance, too, has undoubtedly been increased by the dearth of home-comforts. Our factory-laborers, our mechanics, and thousands of students and young clerks, spend their evenings in riot, because the man-trap of the lowest grog-shop is, after all, less unattractive than the dungeon of a stifling tenement home. In many of our larger cities similar causes have led to a constant increase of a manner of existence which a modern reformer calls the "celibacy of vice." But the decreasing demand for independent homes is not the only cause of the decreased supply, and the heartless selfishness of our wealthy land-gluttons has provoked a form of nihilism which threatens to shake, if not to subvert, the very foundations of social life.

E.—REFORM.

That latter danger seems, at last, to have awakened our political economists to the necessity of redressing a many-sided abuse, and the failure of earlier reform projects has at least helped to emphasize the demand for more adequate remedies. The traffic in human life in the floating hells of the African slave-traders hardly called for more stringent repressive measures than the inhumanity of our tenement speculators who fatten on the profits of a system propagating the infallible seeds of pulmonary consumption, and sacrificing the lives of more children than the superstition of the dark ages ever doomed to the altars of Moloch. Even in a country where the jealousy of personal rights would hardly countenance legislative interference with the construction of *private* dwelling-houses, the license of tenement-owners ought to be circumscribed by the conditions of Dr. Paul Boettger's rule, providing for appropriation of a certain number of cubic feet of breathing space, and square feet of window, front, and garden (or play-ground) room for each tenant or family of tenants. The abuse of sub-renting could be limited by similar provisions, and the adoption of the separate cottage plan should be promoted by the reduction of municipal passenger tariffs and suburban taxes.

The plan of equalizing the burden of taxation and the opportunities of land tenure by a general confiscation and redistribution of real estate might recommend itself as a last resort, though hardly in preference to the project of Fedor Bakunin, the "Russian Mirabeau," who proposed to found new communities under a charter, reserving the tenth part of all building lots for communal purposes, and lease the tenant-right to the highest bidder. The value of those reserve lots would increase with the growth of the town, and by renewing their lease from ten to ten years, the rent could be made to cover the budget of all direct municipal expenses, and leave a fair surplus for charitable and educational purposes. In comparison with the confiscation plan, that project could claim all the advantages which make prevention preferable to a drastic cure.

As a check to the evils of land monopoly the least objectionable plan would seem to be Professor De Graaf's proposition of a graded system of real estate taxation, increasing the rate of tallage with each multiple of a fair homestead lot, and thus taxing a land-shark for the privilege of acquisition, as well as for the actual possession, of an immoderate estate.

The art of making home-life pleasant will yet prove the most effective specific in the list of temperance remedies, and will aid the apostles of Secularism in that work of redemption which the gospel of renunciation has failed to achieve.

## Did the Mother of Jesus Think Him Insane?

At the beginning of the ministry of Jesus Christ, after he had cast out many unclean spirits and chosen his twelve disciples, the next event, as recorded in Mark, is as follows:

> And they went into an house. And the multitude cometh together again so that they could not so much as eat bread. And when his friends heard of it they went out to lay hold on him, for they said, He is beside himself. And the scribes which came down from Jerusalem said, He hath Beelzebub, and by the prince of devils casteth he out devils (Mark iii, 19–22).

The Syriac version reads:

> And they came to *the* house. . . . And *his kinsmen* heard and went out to take him, for they said, He is out of his reason.

The house was undoubtedly the home of Jesus and his mother, as appears from the same chapter a little further on, to wit:

> There came then his brethren and his mother, and standing without, sent unto him, calling him. And the multitude sat about him, and they said unto him, Behold thy mother and thy brethren seek for thee.

Furthermore, the Revised Version concedes in a note that the "house" was the "home" of Jesus.

This passage has annoyed the commentators. Dr. Doddridge remarks:

> Our manner of rendering these words, "He is beside himself," or "He is mad," is very offensiv. One can hardly think Christ's friends [kinsmen in the Syriac] would speak so contemptibly and impiously of him; and if that sense must necessarily be retained, it would be much more decent

to render the clause, "It (that is, the multitude) is mad," thus unseasonably to break in upon him.

Schotengen contends for the samo interpretation—that the multitude, not Christ, was mad; and Adam Clarke says: "This conjecture should not be lightly regarded."

But, alas! the passage is allowed to stand unchanged in the Revised Version, and there is no escape from the plain, literal sense, to wit, that not only the scribes, but the brethren of Jesus, and even his own mother, believed he was mad. She who, according to Matthew and Luke, had conceived him by the Holy Ghost was constrained to admit that he was insane. Multitudes had come not only from Galilee, but from Judea, Idumea, Tyre, and Sidon, to see the wonders he performed. And as the unclean spirits departed at his command, the people fell down, saying, "Thou art the son of God." Jesus modestly charged them not to make him known, and withdrew into a mountain where he chose twelve disciples whom he commissioned to preach and cast out devils. On returning to his home the multitude came again. But his kinsmen, hearing of his performances, came out and said, "He is out of his reason." They agreed with the scribes, only leaving out Beelzebub, the prince of devils. Undoubtedly the mother of Jesus regarded him as insane, for presently when he was told, "Behold thy mother and thy brethren without seek for thee," he answered: "Who is my mother or my brethren?" And looking around upon his chosen disciples he added, "Behold my mother and my brethren."

Mark is consistent in all this, for he ignores the miraculous birth of Jesus, and only once again alludes to his mother, thus:

> Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James. and Joses, and Juda, and Simon? And are not his sisters here with us? (Mark vi, 3.)

Two Marys are mentioned by Mark as distant spectators of the crucifixion, but neither was the mother of Jesus. And the same two Marys bring sweet spices to the sepulcher, but where was the mother of the martyr? Being an unbeliever, and regarding her son as insane, she would be likely to remain at home deploring his sad fate.

It is worthy of note that only the fourth gospel describes the mother of Jesus as present at the crucifixion, and she is not afar off, like the women mentioned in the other gospels, but at the very foot of the cross. *Credat Judæus appella!*

ANTICHRIST.

## Religious Delusions.

THEIR STULTIFYING AND DESTRUCTIV POWER, ILLUSTRATED IN THE HISTORY OF THE ECONOMITE SOCIETY, LOCATED ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE OHIO RIVER, AND TWENTY MILES BELOW PITTSBURGH.

George Rapp, the founder and life-long director of the above named association, was a humble vine-dresser in Wurtemburg, Germany, toward the close of the last century. He was a deeply religious man, after the order of the Pietists; and, disgusted with the worldliness of the clergy and members of the church established by law, gathered around him a number of followers, who, while waiting for the kingdom of God to appear, made a business of cultivating what is called the religious sentiment. The national church, although named after Luther, who broke with Rome and Catholicism by advocating the right of private judgment, persecuted the little handful of Rappites, thus proving that what a churchman, even a Lutheran, means, when he preaches up the right of private judgment, is, that all men hav a right to believe his creed, but not their own. Annoyed by this new sect, which was a silent but standing rebuke to their lack of spirituality, the clergy were determined to crush out of existence Rapp and his followers, although, in point of numbers, they were comparativly insignificant, and although they were without reproach in regard to their moral character. They called them Separatists and Schismatics, and denounced Rapp for preaching without any ordination. They had police officers appointed to watch them on Sundays, and on Mondays these sincere and simple-minded men would be summoned to appear before the magistrates, and be fined for their attendance at unauthorized conventicles; those who were too poor to pay the fine being sent to prison. The clergy, with a malicious bent which only religion can inspire a mortal with, got up a petition to the king, asking him to issue a decree of banishment against Rapp and his followers. The king, who had some ideas of justice and mercy, and whose religion was only perfunctory, on reading the petition, inquired: "Who are these people whom you wish to hav banished? Are they good subjects? Do they pay their taxes?" And on being informed that that they punctually paid their dues of all kinds to both church and state, he tore the document to pieces, like a man of common sense who had a heart in his bosom, and said: "Then, let them believe as they please." But the clergy, notwithstanding the refusal of the king to gratify them by issuing a decree of banishment, continued their opposition by stirring up against them the mayors and burgesses of the neighboring towns; and they kept up their fines, imprisonments, and other cruel oppressions, for several years, until the Rappites could bear it no longer; and so, like the Pilgrims of the Mayflower, they resolved to leave their nativ land and to seek a home in the New World and under a flag that was pledged for the protection of the rights of man as man.

Accordingly, in 1803, at the request of his people, Rapp, accompanied by his son John, and several others, visited this country, and ultimately purchased about five thousand acres of wild land in Butler county, Pa., about twenty-five miles north of Pittsburgh; where, in the following year, more than a hundred families crossed the ocean and joined them. Here they found what they came for but could not find in Germany, freedom of conscience and worship, none either wishing or daring to molest them and make them afraid. Stimulated and strengthened by the spirit of liberty, they immediately went about clearing off the forest, erecting dwellings, factories, hotel, church, and school-house. They remained at this place ten years; but it being away from any navigable river, and having no market for their superabundant productions, and no soil well adapted to the cultivation of the grape, they sold out, at great sacrifice, and purchased a larger tract of land on the Wabash river in the state of Indiana. Here they began, the second time, the work of improvement. Lands were cleared and converted into fruitful fields; houses of all kinds and for all purposes were erected; and their wealth steadily increased. But after ten years' residence in Indiana, finding that the location was not wholesome, and their neighbors not such as they liked, being chiefly settlers from the Southern states, who had brought with them the vices growing out of the slave-holding institution, they concluded to make another change, and return to Pennsylvania. They offered an Englishman named Flower $5,000 to find them a purchaser of their property; and he, going to Scotland, laid the matter before Robert Owen, the eminent philanthropist of New Lanark, and to him sold the property, consisting of the town of New Harmony, with all its houses, mills, factories, etc., etc., 20.000 acres of land, cleared and uncleared, for $150,000.

When they determined on a removal from Indiana at all events, they sent out a commission to select a place, and when the sale of their property to Mr, Owen was consummated they purchased their present lands on the Ohio river, in Beaver county, Pennsylvania, and having built a steamboat for the purpose, they removed in detachments the whole family, then consisting of about a thousand people, to that place. This was in 1825. The new town they here founded they called Economy. It lies high above the level of the river, on a beautiful plain, which extends about four miles up and down the right bank of the Ohio, and slopes gently off to the high grounds in the north, from which it is supplied with water. The town is laid off in streets sixty feet wide, at right angles with each other, lined with trees, and has long been known as one of the most beautiful and wholesome locations in the country.

Being a community, and like the primitiv Christian church, having all things in common; industrious and frugal upon principle; directed by wise and unselfish leaders in all their business affairs, the Economites, under Mr. Rapp as their spiritual guide and his adopted son Frederic as business manager, became very prosperous. Like the fabled Midas, everything they touched turned into gold, till their wealth now runs up into the millions. They hav the reputation, which they well deserve, of being entirely just and honorable in all their dealings. Indeed, if a deep sense of honor and justice, exhibiting itself constantly in the practical duties of life, were allowed to constitute religion, I would hav no hesitation in saying that they hav proved themselvs to be the most religious body of people in the country. During our civil war, while not a drop of American blood flowed in the veins of any one of them, they evinced as much patriotism as our nativ-born people, for they had not forgotten the galling bondage they were subjected to in Germany, and daily contrasted it with the absolute liberty they enjoyed under the American flag; and although they furnished no soldiers for the army, for the best of all reasons, because they had no men young enough to serve, they gave freely of their means to preserve the Republic, and make it forever one and indivisible. They contributed without stint for the equipment of volunteers, for special bounties for the families of absent soldiers, for the fortification of Pittsburgh, for the relief of the freedmen of the South, for the support of soldiers' widows and for the education of their orphan children.

### THE SECOND ADVENT VIEWS OF THE ECONOMITES.

There is a wonderful discrepancy of opinion among Christian theologians in regard to what, with singular inappropriatenes, they call "eschatology," or the science of the last times and things, and whoever reads the Bible as he does any other book will see the reason why. There are no less than three hundred passages in the New Testament which allude to this subject, either expressly of incidentally, and to do anything like justice to the matter in hand, it is proper to giv some quotations. The careful reader of the New Testament will find abundant proof that Jesus predicted and his disciples—especially the apostles—firmly believed and expected that, after his death, he would return to the earth to set up his visible kingdom, and that this event would take place during the life-time of the generation then living. In Matt. xvi, 27, 28, Jesus is recorded as saying:

> For the son of man shall come in the glory of his father, with his angels. . . Verily, I say unto you, there be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the son of man coming in his kingdom."

In Mark ix, 27, and Luke ix, 26, nearly the same words are repeated. Matt. xxiv, 3, records:

> And as he sat upon the Mount of Olives the disciples came unto him privately, saying, Tell us when shall these things be? and what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?

Jesus answers this question by dwelling on the preceding events with much circumstance, and then says in the twenty-ninth verse:

> Immediately after the tribulation of these days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not giv her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken. And then shall appear the sign of the son of man in heaven; and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn; and they shall see the son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory; and he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect, from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other. Now, learn a parable of the fig-tree; when his branch is yet tender and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh; so likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors. Verily, I say unto you, this generation shall not pass till all these things be fulfilled. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.

When Jesus was asked by his disciples to teach them how to pray, he gave them a model suitable to their circumstances, and remarkable for its brevity. The first and only general petition in it was, "*Thy kingdom come*," the rest referring merely to the supply of their daily and natural wants, and the condition of mind of those who were brethren and members of a temporary community, looking forward to a great event in the near future. The kingdom they were directed to pray for was this visible kingdom before mentioned, during which he would reign with his saints upon the earth; a kingdom which was to be set up where, according to his repeated promis, he should "*be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel.*"

As the predicted time drew nearer and nearer, and the disciples began to realize their situation, and to become solicitous for the future, Peter (Matt. xix, 27) is reported as saying to Jesus: "*Behold, we hav forsaken all and followed thee, what shall we hav therefore?*" Jesus comforted him with the assurance that "*ye which hav followed me in the great regeneration which is to take place when the son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel,*" etc.

The mother of Zebedee's children was similarly affected, and believing firmly in the promis of his second coming, came to Jesus with a specific request indicating a proud woman's ambition: "*Grant that these my two sons* (James and John) *may sit, the one on thy right hand and the other on thy left, in thy kingdom.*"

In reading the epistles of Paul to the Corinthians, Philippians, Colossians, Thessalonians, Timothy, and Titus, we see, in passages too numerous to be quoted in a weekly journal, that he and the primitiv church expected the second coming of Christ to take place in their day with as much confidence as we expect the rising of to-morrow's sun. The Christians were constantly in a condition of waiting, just as a crowd of passengers in a railroad station listen for the whistle of the locomotiv, and the arrival of the cars which are to carry them to the places of their destination. They are there for the purpose of going away, and nothing else. In like manner, the primitiv disciples, expecting, as they did every moment, to hear the sound of the archangel's trump announcing the approach of the son of man in the clouds of heaven, neglected all earthly vocations but what were required to supply their immediate wants. Hence they threw their property into a common fund, to be drawn upon by everyone as he had need. Hence Paul's unworthy definition of marriage, which has been incorporated into the codes of all Christian nations, and which has had so much to do in causing the degradation of woman. Hence, also, that asceticism in morals, and that abstention from everything like pleasure, which he preached, with the rest of the apostles, and which was all proper enough, if the coming of the Lord and the end of the world were at hand, but which was out of place entirely if that expectation was a delusion, and the world and its affairs were to continue indefinitly as they had been.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## Our Good Guardians.

The most fervent want of most Americans is to be let alone. When a male or female arrives at manhood's or womanhoods' estate he or she is very apt, standing up straight in the sun, to say of himself or herself: "I can take care of myself; will you, good folks, kindly keep your hands off my person, and your nose out of my affairs? If I choose to go to church, I shall do so. If I choose to reject the tenets of Christianity, that's my business, and you've no right to make me pay for preaching superstition. If I choose to admire a picture or possess it, that's my affair. If I choose to drink a glass of wine, it's my stomach that is warmed or injured, not yours. If I choose to hold heretical notions, I hav just as good a right to advocate them as you hav to advocate anything else, and I don't want your police to break my head; if they do, I'll strike back. If I choose to go out-doors Sunday and sit down on the damp ground, the cold I catch makes *me* sneeze, not you, and my nose is my own. You can go to church if you desire, and get *your* nose filled with dust. If I chance to listen to a brass band on Sunday, *my* tympanum suffers, but my deafness doesn't prevent your hearing. In short, my dear good people, your business is your own; my business is my own, and so long as I do not tread on your toes, you will please keep off from mine." That is about the way the average American man or woman feels who is neither religious nor a fanatic.

There is, however, a vast distance between this prayer and its realization. Unfortunately religion and fanaticism are not extinct qualities in the human animal, and these are the basis of unlimited tyranny. A great many people, explains Mr. Benson, hav no faults of their own to worry about, and so devote the major portion of their time to worrying over the faults of others. In this way they make themselvs miserable, and as misery loves company, they band together, form societies, congregations, parties, to worry in unison at the wickedness of other folks. From time immemorial we hav had the preachers to worry for us about heaven. Their solicitude for the human race is simply immense in volume. It is also peculiar in kind. They hav made the most minute regulations for the care of the people—to preserve their health, their sanctity, and their reverence for God and fear of the priests. To keep us in health they forbid us to eat meat on a certain day in the week; we must not go fishing on Sunday, because the Lord drowns Sunday fishermen; we must not even go out of town, or play ball, or listen to music, because these are things which corrupt. In days gone by, the priests were so solicitous for the salvation of the people that they built dungeons in which to guard them from contamination. To make them confess Christ they had ingenious machines with which to tear doubters apart. And, having won the skeptic to Christ, they killed him lest he backslide into a worse fire than the one they kindled around his form. The world can never do too much for its priests.

Besides the priests there are other religious folks who deserve consideration. There is the good Anthony Comstock and his society, with our industrious soapmaking friend Colgate at the head, and an "executiv committee" to carefully consider what pictures we may possess or view. In its zeal for the purity of the people, this society has had laws enacted enabling Mr. Comstock to draw four thousand dollars a year as agent, and get his pictures for nothing but the trouble of seizing them. It is a beneficent society, indeed, and it is difficult to see how Mr. Comstock could make a living without it.

Then we hav Mr. Crosby's society to take care of our stomachs on Sunday, and for the suppression of crime generally. Our Prohibition friends, too, are much concerned that on secular days no maddening beer or manufactured wine, nor distilled strong liquids, shall creep into our mouths to steal our brains away. It is so kind of them to regulate in the name of God the living of the world. They ought to go a little further and publish a bill of fare. It would make the people vastly better if no hot biscuits, nor spiced sauces, nor stimulating mince pies were eaten. But we recognize the lofty aims of the pious Prohibitionists, and no doubt the bill of fare will come when strong drink is entirely a thing of the past.

And good Mr. Bergh—what could New York do without him? It is much better, very much better, that the wife and children of a brutal truckman should go hungry while he is in jail than that he should strike his horse. And what a blessing the children's society is! Hundreds of little ones are taken every year from parents who do not love them to be cared for by strange but charitable people who will bring them up in religion and religious ways, until perchance they too shall form societies to worry about others' faults.

Then we hav the association of the ministers who are looking to the regeneration of the world by keeping holy the Sabbath. On that day no desperate German may hearken to the little German band where beer shall flow, and no one else may do aught that shall peril his soul's salvation. 'Tis a mad world, and without this constant unsolicited solicitude on the part of the clergy who shall say what damage might not be done? The managers of our museums, too, are unremitting in restraining the worldly from viewing statuary, pictures, and treasures which might distract their minds from a beatific contemplation of their waistbands, and peril eternity for them. The people do not know what is best for them; some one must guide them, and the trustees of our museums deserve remembrance for their efforts in behalf of this great foolish public, which knows only enough to pay for museums, not when to look at the contents.

All over the country do we see the same efforts made by those called to the work to keep stumbling humanity from falling into pitfalls. Were these efforts rewarded with the success they deserve, these good folks would long ago hav been translated to heaven. In view of their number, moreover, it is surprising that the human race is not ornamented with wings. That they are not angels is due to the wonderful amount of perverseness in the human heart, which rebels at wholesome disciplin and impatiently execrates the sinless ones who are worrying themselvs to death over the depravity of their fellow-creatures.

The next society formed should be one to inculcate the practical precept, "Mind your own business." Mr. Comstock, Mr. Crosby, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Simmons, the Priests, the Prohibitionists, the God in-the-Constitution party, and innumerable other Christians should be invited to join.

## The American Party.

A highly esteemed correspondent inquires of us concerning the new "American party," a statement of whose purposes he has seen, which are "to restrict immigration, to fill this country with men who are in favor of American ideas, freedom of speech and action, but within the law and under the Constitution of the United States; to suppress Anarchy, and to enforce the American idea of no public funds for sectarian use."

We cannot answer this inquiry better, perhaps, than by quoting from the documents of the party. The card sent by the "Provisional Committee," which appears to hav charge of the party's affairs, to those it has reason to believe may join, is as follows:

"AMERICA FOR AMERICANS."

The platform of principles adopted by the American Party in convention at Philadelphia, September 16 and 17, 1887, covers, in brief, the following poin'ts:

1. Restriction of immigration.
2. Extension of the time required for naturalization to fourteen years.
3. The protection and promotion of the American Free School System.
4. American lands for American settlers.
5. No public funds for sectarian uses.

If you indorse the above and are willing to act with the American Party for the furtherance of its principles, sign your name and address below, and forward to

"The Provisional Committee,"
157 Broadway, New York.

Accompanying this card is a small four-page circular of arguments in support of these principles. The committee begins by saying that it proscribes no man on account of his color, birthplace, religion, or condition in life, but regards with distrust and fear the large numbers of foreigners landing upon our shores who hav no sympathy with our laws, who would turn liberty into license, and who are unfitted by ignorance to become desirable American citizens. The committee complains that our manufacturing industries and our mercantil business are passing into the hands of foreigners, and that foreign corporations are seizing our public lands and mercilessly evicting American settlers. The committee further asserts that while our public school system is endangered by these foreigners, and our public funds are applied to sectarian uses, neither one of the great political parties dares to enact protecting laws, and that it is useless to look to them for help. The committee demands "an entire separation of church and state, and that every religious denomination should support its institutions." The committee does not intend to reflect upon any particular religion, but includes "each and every denomination that so far forgets itself and the rights of others as to ask and receive material aid from the public treasury."

It will be seen by this that the American party is both broad and narrow, just and unjust, in its principles, and sufficiently vague in its statements of them to leave us in doubt concerning its ultimate object. Its demand that the "Anarchist and Socialist should be inhibited from becoming American citizens" would be difficult of enforcement, and besides is narrow in spirit. Roman Catholics are infinitly more dangerous to our institutions than either Anarchists or Socialists; why not include them in the inhibition, if disfranchisment of dangerous people is to be adopted? The second plank, extending the time required for naturalization, has much to be said for it. In many instances a longer period than five years is not required, but thousands and thousands of ignorant peasants do require at least three times that length of time to become intelligent citizens. This is a question merely of political expediency. The third plank is a good one if the intention of the new party is to exclude *religious* as well as *sectarian* teaching from the schools. The fourth plank, "American lands should be reserved for American settlers," is also good if the word American be left out. The public lands should be kept for actual settlers, and no one man, or company of men, should be allowed more than he can use in cultivation. The land already squandered on railroad corporations should be reclaimed wherever the corporation has failed to comply with the requirements of the law granting it. The fifth plank of the new party is "that no public funds or property, or money raised by taxation, shall be applied to secta-

rian uses." This is all right so far as it goes, and if the party means to go to the length of prohibiting public money from being given to any *religious* institution, then Freethinkers can support this plank.

We hav been particular in calling attention to the incompleteness of the school and church planks, for the reason that there is in this city another society whose demands on these matters are almost identical in language with the words of the American party, and yet the society is one of the worst enemies of true governmental justice, and a stalwart opponent of *real* separation of church and state. The name of the other society is the Evangelical Alliance, and it talks seemingly fair in order to keep the schools and state money from falling into the hands of the Roman Catholics. Its pretensions and professions are the hollow hypocrisy of a rogue pleading for plunder taken from a confederate.

The headquarters of the American party are at 157 Broadway, and Andrew Powell is the chairman of the provisional committee. The Evangelical Alliance headquarters are No. 42 Bible House, with James M. King as chairman of the legislativ committee. The headquarters of the American Secular Union, the only party which is just right on these school and church matters, is at 750 West Lake street, Chicago, Ill., with E. A. Stevens as secretary.

## The Economites.

Our Pittsburgh correspondent, the first part of whose letter we publish on another page, has evidently been making himself acquainted with the history of the famous Economite Society, which, for the last forty years, has attracted so much attention in Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio, and the oil regions, where they hav great interests, in the state of New York. As the community approaches its destiny, many people are speculating as to what will become of the vast wealth they hav accumulated when the last man of the incorporated society dies. As our correspondent observes, the solution of this question is unknown to all but the party most deeply concerned—or, rather, the *least* deeply interested—for what can they care for the hereafter of wealth whose bodies are so soon to become the food of worms, and whose names will pass into the shades of eternal forgetfulness?

A dogma has the reputation of being a dry, steril, tasteless piece of worm-eaten hard-tack, constituting the wretched diet on which bigotry feeds. It is the *ipse dixit* of a churchman who has assumed authority in the world of mind to dictate to all the rest what they shall believe, and how they shall worship. To ask the reason why is deemed an insult and a crime: an insult to the divine authority embodied in the church and priesthood, and a crime against the life of the soul of him who doubts. The dogmas constitute a family. They breed among themselvs, and hence the deformity of their offspring. The mother dogma of all is original sin, or the total depravity that came upon us by reason of Adam's transgression in the imaginary Garden of Eden. It is not strange that so ugly a dam should produce such ugly offspring—eternal hell fire, vicarious atonement, the monster doctrin of a three-headed deity, a God-man savior, reprobation to eternal suffering of the vast majority, and the election to eternal blessedness of a mere handful.

But, as far as we can see, the dogma of the second coming of Christ, which our correspondent calls attention to as giving its death-wound to the Economite Society, stands out disassociated with all the rest; unless, indeed, it is a vamping up, or second growth, of the Jewish notion of a messiah, who was expected to come in the latter times, redeem Israel from bondage, and reëstablish the throne of David at Jerusalem. But be this as it may, this dogma seems to hav a distinction all its own, in that it has shed more blood and made more fools than any other of the dogmas of the church. Its reign of bloodshed, during the time of the Crusades, covered the essential parts of three hundred years; and as to what our Pittsburgh correspondent calls its "stultifying" power—from the Latin word *stultus*, a fool—it makes fools in our day of as gigantic a size as it did in apostolic times, or during the Crusades. We once personally knew a man who, at the beginning of his career, was one of Mr. Miller's converts, and sat shivering with the rest all of one night in the year 1843 in his ascension robes, waiting to hear the archangel's trump, and to see Jesus coming in the clouds of heaven, when they were to meet him—in the air. But as in apostolic and Crusade times, so it was in 1843; the day set for this event had its calm sunrise, its effulgent noon, and quiet sunset, just like all the other days which hav gone, and helped to make up the past eternity of time, and no Jesus made his appearance. The next morning the idea began to dawn upon the mind of our friend that the Bible had made a fool of him, and a laughing-stock to all his neighbors, who improved the opportunity of cracking jokes at the expense of his credulity. This led him to some free thinking, which, of course, resulted in his redemption from folly, and in his becoming a philosopher, one who understands in some degree what is man's place in the universe. Our friend, when he recovered from his insanity, and who was a reader and supporter of THE TRUTH SEEKER from its beginning to the day of his death, never forgave the church for making a fool of him, and exposing him to the derision of his townsmen. If the old saying be true that a man would rather be considered a sagacious knave than a simple, dull-eyed fool, we cannot wonder at this, for the church struck him in a very sensitiv part of his nature.

But in the hot-bed of the church, whose soil is made rich with the compost of ignorance and credulity, a new crop of fools is annually being raised. The failure of Christ to appear in the first, the eleventh, and in the nineteenth century, when tens of thousands were anxiously expecting his coming, and were disappointed, has had no perceptible effect in curing the Christians of their insane delusion on this subject. The proceedings of the Second Advent camp-meeting at Cleveland last summer show that the five wise virgins are still alive, and keeping their lamps trimmed and burning, waiting hourly for the signal to go out and meet the bridegroom. The prophecies of Daniel are still upon the rack of interpretation, and forced to speak as their tormentors wish. The Revelation of John, which Luther and other authorities hav thrown out of the canon of scripture because of its unintelligible character, and its obvious lack of inspiration by the Holy Ghost, is used by these people like a mass of clay, which the cunning potter puts upon his wheel, and makes into crockery of all shapes and sizes, and for all purposes to suit his own fancy.

Some of our Freethinking brethren, who liv in a world almost exclusivly their own, imagin, and actually say, that Christianity is dead, and, therefore, there is no further need of aggressiv agencies, which, from their very nature, are unpleasant to all who use them. They say, As the ground is not now occupied, we should begin to build up the new system of thought and morals which we propose shall take the place of the church. But these gentlemen would be surprised, if anything in this world could disturb their heavenly equanimity, when they see the Second Advent zealots availing themselvs of the power of organization and coöperation, and raising a thousand dollars every year for propagating purposes, where we Secularists raise ten to spread the light of truth and save the people from victimizing error. The rest of the sects, instead of thousands, raise millions every year for the same purpose.

Our correspondent's remarks on the impracticability of communal life, with all its wealth-producing power, existing longer than a generation or two, as seen in the history of the Shakers and Economites, are worthy of notice. The former are an association a century old; the latter hav not yet run their course of three generations, but both are haunted by the specter of annihilation. Is it not time to inquire whether it is not possible for human society to evolve out of that condition in which, for so many centuries, the large majority hav proved themselvs to be a flock of simple-minded sheep, and the small minority a pack of ravening wolves?

## In a Tight Place.

The Galveston *Daily News*, being argumentativly inclined on the 12th instant, printed this:

"The New York TRUTH SEEKER gets itself into some tight places in argument. A Freethinker named Reynolds was fined in New Jersey under the state blasphemy law, a very hateful law to Freethinkers. The justice appears to hav followed the law. For this THE TRUTH SEEKER denounced him. It was reminded by a critic that, in view of its political creed, it was simply getting its own medicin. THE TRUTH SEEKER, however, says that the supreme law is the Constitution of the United States, and that the justice in New Jersey was going against this. Is it not asking much of a justice to demand that he set aside state laws under his views of the United States Constitution, or under THE TRUTH SEEKER's view of that instrument? Even if that could be done, the Constitution is either perfect or imperfect as a charter of rights. If perfect, it is either authority because it is right or right because it is authority—which? If imperfect, the question which arose about the New Jersey justice would arise about the highest authority under the Constitution. THE TRUTH SEEKER would complain of the judges for enforcing such laws as it does not like. But thus acting it does not greatly honor legal authority as a principle, and might as well sing low about devotion to majority rule."

The Constitution is authority, dear *News*, because the people hav adopted it as such. In the matter under consideration it happens also to be right, which affords us two reasons for obeying it. If it were wrong we should say, Change it: Our governmental system is all right; the trouble is, the state legislatures and courts, and the general government, pay no attention to the limitations put upon them by the national charter. We do not honor legal authority *per se*, as the Christians honor a supposed command of God, simply because it is a command of God; but because legal authority is the best means yet devised by imperfect humanity for repressing personal tyranny and securing equal liberty for all. We hav no hesitation whatever in denouncing a bad law, like the blasphemy statute, or the bad administration of a good law, as in the case of the Hoboken man who was fined under a peace ordinance for being clubbed by the police. We go in for justice and hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may. A judge who will do an injustice simply because he *can* do it under form of law, is not fit to occupy a judicial position. The *News* is very pious sometimes, and it will no doubt see the force of an ancient remark that the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.

There is another fact which the Texas ally of the Boston Anarchist journal should not forget. When what we conceived to be a legal injustice was perpetrated upon the Anarchist journal's friends, THE TRUTH SEEKER protested vigorously. When what the Anarchists all admit was a legal injustice was perpetrated upon THE TRUTH SEEKER's friend, *Liberty* applauded the judge. Which, then, is the true friend of justice, the law-supporting Freethinker or the law-defying Anarchist?

COMSTOCK has added to his reputation for brutality by knocking down a ten-year-old newsboy. The *Sun* suggests that his delicate sense of the proprieties was offended because the boy was barefooted.

AN evening paper last week printed eleven pictures of the works of art which Comstock and his society condemn. These included Cabanel's Birth of Venus, Blanchard's Juno, Lauren's Ariadne Forsaken, Danton's Taking a Cast from Life, Mazerolle's Psyche at the Spring, Royer's Venus, Benner's At the Waterside, Bernard's Lettres Persanes, Berton's Indian Summer, Edouard's A Spring, and Sevestre's Convolvulus. They all include nude female forms, and each is considered a splendid artistic performance. Copies of them are found everywhere, in nearly all art galleries, and in every home whose inmates hav the wealth to gratify their esthetic taste. The seizure of photographic copies is an outrage on personal liberty, the act of Calvinistic tyrants, and a dangerous precedent. The people of this city should insure next winter the repeal of the law under which Comstock acts. The tyranny of his society is intolerable. If it ever performed any public good, the evil it has worked greatly outweighs it. Comstock asked the district-attorney to prosecute the journal publishing the offending pictures, but Mr. Martine refused.

HOWARD CROSBY, D.D., Presbyterian clergyman, says: "It is time something was done to stop the exhibition of nude figures from the Paris school. They are painted to please the sensuous classes, as they will sell quicker. There is no true artistic merit attached to them. They are lascivious, lewd, and bawdy. The Paris school tries to be as bawdy as it can and yet not be bawdy, but it utterly fails. Fashionable people buy these pictures because they are nasty. They make a pretense of buying them on account of their artistic beauty, but this is all a farce. Fashionable people want to be as nasty as they can and still keep out of prison, and I think that the suppression of all such paintings, or copies of them, is perfectly right, and I hope that all these voluptuous pictures of the last Paris Salon will be among the first to be suppressed." These are sentiments of a Presbyterian, a narrow, bigoted, intolerant follower of John Calvin. Mr. Crosby has about the same appreciation of art as Simeon Stylites had of cleanliness. Mr. Crosby is supported, however, by fashionable people, and it is their fault if his foul slanders upon them go unrebuked.

W. F. JAMIESON will deliver six lectures in Monte Vista, Col., Nov. 30th, Dec. 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th. Mr. Jamieson informs his Pacific coast friends that he cannot fill engagements abroad until after Jan. 1st. If Rev. Campbell, or any other preacher, will contract to hold a sufficient number of debates to pay for the journey, Liberal lecture committees can make arrangements accordingly. Address at Monte Vista, Col.

# Letters from Friends.

BABYLON, N. Y., Nov. 7, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $8—$3 for the paper and $5 for the picture printing for the next year. I hope all the Infidels are prompt. P. H. FOSTER.

BURLINGTON, KAN, Oct. 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Brother J. E. Remsburg has been lecturing to large audiences in Burlington on the 24th, 25th, and 26th, and with his fluent oratory, and his logical, unanswerable arguments, he spread consternation among the hosts of King Jesus, for fear of the destruction of their stronghold which they hav held so many years in our little city.

CHRIS. BROWN.

OAK MILLS, KAN., Nov. 5, 1887.

DEAR MR. MACDONALD: For many years THE TRUTH SEEKER has been a welcome visitor in our home. It always comes with a smiling face, wearing upon its breast a badge of Reason, Truth, and Right. Its columns are full of bright, lengthy, and interesting articles from the pens of distinguished people from all over the country, and besides it contains many short articles that are interesting; but oh! those laughable pictures by Watson Heston. They are regular "side-splitters." Mr. Heston must be a smart man, and I thank him for his labors in getting up those pictures, and hope he will continue them.

I hav been reading "The Bible of Bibles," by K. Graves, and request every body to read it, as it is valuable and interesting. Yours truly, GEO. J. REMSBURG.

SHAWSVILLE, VA., Nov. 13, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please find $5 for your paper from April, 1887, to April, 1889. That will be as long as I shall want it sent to Shawsville, Va., if not longer; and if neither Franklin nor anyone else gets a mail route opened from your office to the New Jerusalem I fear I shall hav to giv up THE TRUTH SEEKER and other religious papers.

Gabriel came after me last April. I got a doctor to fight him off for me. The doctor called it heart disease, but said if I would be careful I might sojourn here for years yet. I hav had another attack, and am rather weak now; hav not been able to get out much to attend to business. This is the reason you hav been kept waiting so long for what I owed you. A young man called on me a short time ago and wanted THE TRUTH SEEKER. A few years ago his father ordered me out of an old Joss-house, out of the yard, and from beneath the shade-trees, because I preached the gospel as I was ordained by S. S. Jones, former editor of *R.-P. Journal*. Now think of the old Christian's influence on his own sons and family. I hope to be able soon to send you two new subscribers, and I shall want your ANNUALS for 1887 and 1888. J. M. BARNES.

OSCEOLA MILLS, PA., Nov. 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: When I think of the noble work done by energetic, philanthropic Freethinkers; when I review the past and see the little army of enthusiastic humanitarians that has marched down the ages, endeavoring with eloquence and logic to arouse the slumbering intellect of a torpid world, I feel ashamed that I hav done so little good myself. My conscience tortures me, and something whispers in my ear, "You owe THE TRUTH SEEKER man." That this torturing fiend of fancy may depart, I now inclose $3, which you will place to my credit. Already this act seems to quench the flames of my little mental hell.

I regret that there are many enlightened men—Freethinkers, too, who know better—that are, for sake of policy, accessories to the crime of teaching superstition. They pay the clergy for vilifying them. They feed and pet the deformed voracious beast—orthodoxy—that would devcur them; but why complain? It will do no good.

Yours truly, WM. SCOTT.

P.S.—I told you before how I want you to "run" the paper—namely, just as you please; and I see that I am the only adviser whom you hav obeyed. I hav thought a good deal about the illustrations, and hav concluded that no one, except a Christian, could object to them. It is strange, indeed, if we are too timid to show a man a picture of his own folly. W. S.

SALEM, NEB., Nov. 7, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The godly and ungodly people of this town hav been highly entertained by the four nights' discussion which has just closed. If the Campbellites are as well pleased with the efforts their representativ made for their cause as we few Freethinkers here are with Mr. Bell's, then they are happy indeed. But the fact is, Elder Williamson was no match for Mr. Bell. He occupied much of his time in fighting men of straw and in preaching, and in using abusiv language toward his opponent. The funniest part of the whole business was that his friends wanted to hav Mr. Bell bound by a written pledge that he would not use any language that would shock the modesty of the ladies present. I, for one, told them that that was not necessary, and I would hold myself responsible for all our speaker would say?

But the minister had scarcely broken into a full pace on his first speech before he began to use insulting language, and he kept it up on the second night, and to such an extent that I felt like resenting some things he said myself. But Mr. Bell did not share my feelings, and hence allowed his opponent, I thought, to bulldoze him too much without proper resentment.

On the third evening of the debate the elder grew even more personal and insulting; and, as there comes a time when patience ceases to be a virtue, so Mr. Bell thought it had come in this case. He turned upon his heavy-weight opponent—a man who weighs about 250 avoirdupois—and with adroitne·s turned the tables on Jumbo, and made him act through the remainder of the debate like a whipped spaniel. But the distinguishing superiority of Mr. Bell over his oppponent was his gentlemanly manners. He never descends to anything coarse or vulgar. And while we feel to rejoice over the the success of our Bell, yet we are prouder still of him as a gentleman. He would not descend to throwing dirt. He has left us, but the work he has done will remain. And he has made many friends, some of whom, I hope, will become subscribers to THE TRUTH SEEKER.

The debate is to be published in pamphlet form. Long liv the Bell that rings out the old and rings in the new.

D. T. BRINEGAR.

MYRTLE CREEK, OR., Nov. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Being well pleased with the reports of S. P. Putnam and the results of his labors on this coast, I wish to congratulate him and all other earnest workers in our worthy cause. I am sorry that Mr. Putnam did not lecture in Douglas county. We need help here. I am too poor to go from home to lecture; but, if I am oppressed much more by sectarianism and orthodoxy, by the encouragement of the members of the American Secular Union I will go. Will you not turn a little attention in this direction? We ought to organize all over the country, and build mental liberty halls in every precinct. We ought to create greater facilities for circulating our literature. We hav a few Liberals here, namely, Dr. McCarty, Simon Selig, James Bailey, John Hall, Uncle Jim Weaver, and a few others. Many others would be if we would get into the work right. There are a few Liberals in Roseburg, the county-seat of Douglas, and also some Spiritualists, who are partially ostracized by the orthodox parties.

By all means, we should organize, for in union there is strength. Whenever we become fully organized the sects will begin to weep and wail and howl and gnash their teeth. At present they use their influence to prevent others from hearing our lectures or reading our books.

The ice has been broken here for S. P. Putnam on his return to the Pacific states. Let us maintain our dignity, preserve our liberty, and transmit it to our posterity.

L. C. HILL.

OAKLAND, CAL., Oct. 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Having read THE TRUTH SEEKER'S account of the dastardly assault made by Hamilton upon the Secretary of the Secular Union at Ukiah, Cal., I determined to attend the trial. From the evidence I gleaned the following facts. The hall was crowded, that being the last and fourth lecture. Mr. Putnam had finished reading statistics, proving that there were more prostitutes and criminals reared under Christian influences, particularly of the Catholic religion, than among Liberals. At this point Hamilton advanced, talking in a loud bombastic tone; addressed the lecturer with "Say! what do you mean to deduce from all this d—d insulting trash any way?" He then turned, belching out to the audience in dime-novel, heavy-tragedy style, "In ancient Greece when an impostor came among the people they cast shells at the offender, and I cast this at you." As he spoke he grasped a large lighted lamp weighing nine to eleven pounds, containing three pints of oil, and hurled it with great force at the head of Mr. Putnam. The lamp by a miracle missed the speaker, passed out through a window, and exploded outside of the court-house. Several men attempted to hold the assailant, but breaking away he grabbed another lamp, and swinging it around his head started for the door, the dripping oil falling upon and burning many from the platform to the exit. Children screamed in terror; several ladies fainted. Had it not been for the coolness and bravery of Mr. Putnam, many would hav been crushed to death in getting out of the building. After quiet was restored a little he proceeded with the lecture. Mr. Putnam held his ground like a Spartan, and coolly proceeded as soon as the people returned to the hall. The man Hamilton went through the form of being tried before a justice and fined one hundred dollars, which all know can never be collected.

The prosecuting attorney, Mannon, a good judge of the best brands, but of no force at anything else, assisted by one A. Yell, employed by several gentleman to conduct the prosecution of Hamilton at an expense of two hundred dollars, made a pretense only to earn the money. Cooper, one of the defense, attempted to throw the case out on the ground that he had already been tried and once placed in jeopardy for the same offense. The judge ruled differently, and in plain language ordered them to proceed. As Yell failed to emphasize this fact, the jury went to the box believing that he had been already fined one hundred dollars, and that whatever they (the jury) did would not hold, but only subjected the county to more expense needlessly. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty in forty minutes.

W. EVERETT.

NEODESHA, KAN., Nov. 6, 287.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. John E. Remsburg has been here for the last four days, engaged in a discussion with a Dr. Lucas, of the Campbellite persuasion. The questions debated upon were, "The Bible a Human Production," Mr. Remsburg affirming, and "The Divinity of Christ," affirmed by the doctor. Neither men nor parties should ever be considered at the expense of truth, nor would we for a moment attempt it, but those who hav examined those subjects critically can readily see that the strength of the argument lay upon the side chosen by Mr. Remsburg, and knowing him none need be told that he knew well how to make that strength applicable. Absurd assertions and glaring contradictions were so clearly set forth by Mr. Remsburg that even the most obtuse could not fail to see them. How to erase the discrepancies pointed out by Mr. Remsburg has now become the vexing question. This alone can save Christianity from disgraceful defeat; and to do so, without impugning inspiration, is simply an impossibility. Dr. Lucas has heretofore been reckoned quite an expert in debate, but in this case he utterly failed to calculate the magnitude of this task, and it may be safely asserted that his reputation in that line is as one that no longer exists. He undertook an impossibility that Mr. Remsburg found it mere child's play to inform him of, and prudence will certainly dictate to the doctor retirement from the arena of controversy, particularly where reason is the combatant. We learn that his Christian friends foolishly blame their champion for not doing what cannot be done. Of course it is hard to convince those whose favorit dogma is "that with God all things are possible," and for the patient a painful operation, but they certainly found Mr. Remsburg a skilful surgeon, whom if they cannot remember with gratitude they will find it equally hard to forget.

The interest in the discussion was manifested by the large attendance. The holding capacity of the building was altogether insufficient for the assemblage. The attention shown was more than ordinarily good; and Neodesha deserves credit for the regard evinced for objectionable opinions. But here as everywhere else Christianity dies hard, and, it is said, intends making another struggle for existence. They speak of the distinguished Clark Braden, who has been so correctly photographed in THE TRUTH SEEKER by that inimitable artist, Mr. Heston. Securing Mr. Braden suggests to us the proverbial straw which drowning men are said to catch at, and we would want no better indication of the decline of faith than such a recourse. It is a piece of chicanery that would forever demoralize any brain that it enters. One of the many difficulties with which the children of God are now wrestling will be to find an opponent for this delectable gladiator. We are sure Mr. Remsburg will never tarnish his laurels by such an encounter, and we infer by the late attitude of Messrs. Putnam, Reynolds, and Bell that they are equally jealous of their well-earned bays.

Referring to the Remsburg-Lucas discussion, we shall expect both sides, by the religious press and pulpit, to be misrepresented. As is their wont, they will resort to every available method to alleviate their distress. 'Tis a case of life and death, and they will make many an attack upon the white-robed goddess in self-defense, but as they refused to prove their faith by the deadly serpent or arsenical libation, as Mr. Remsburg so kindly suggested, so they will fail to preserve it amid the crush of dogmas and wrecks of superstition. VIRGINIA E. VANCE.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 9, 287.

MR. EDITOR: If the current of puissant science in Cleveland may be gaged by the efforts of the clergy to dam (n) it with the straws of presumptiv theology, Freethought is at flood tide. Though we are without Liberal meetings, lectures, or publications—except as the Sunday *Sun* and *Voice* occasionally wind a valiant word—yet I daily meet in conversation with people who are bold enough in private to let their light be known to those who will first show a glim of their own. Perhaps the Spiritualists will think that the above does them an injustice, as they fondly boast themselvs as Liberals and Radicals, and sport a Children's Progressive Lyceum, but as they positivly assert that their philosophy begins with the assumption of a creator, an intelligent God, and declares it the hight of presumption to deny that absurdity, nailing it down as nonsense to repudiate the authority of belief—Spiritual belief—to condemn skeptics, prohibiting discussion, I report them as the toughest-chested old fogies I ever found among the churches.

Mr. Merle Smith, in one of the Presbyterian pagodas, has been reading science fairly well, and then tacking on to the end of his lecture a paragraph or two of gush about God and cursings for not believing in Christ. In another Presbyterian pagoda Mr. Spretcher has been periodically banging the Bible to get the dirt out of it, but the more he stirs it the worse it smells. In the course of his discourse last Sunday on the "So-called Immoralities of the Bible" he struck off such stunners as these: "So long as it pleases God to start people from infancy there will be some inconvenience that we shall hav to put up with." This remarkable rocket was aimed at Gail Hamilton for questioning why God did not make all people perfect to begin with. "It is impossible for God to work miracles in mind as he does in sticks and stones." This air-brake he worked on his infinit engineer to justify the slaughter instead of the conversion of the sinful Canaanites, and yet it is an essential dogma of Presbyterian Calvinism that no soul can be saved except by the sovereign election and regeneration of God's miracle of grace. "God placed restrictions on the actions of the Hebrews when he could not hav enforced direct prohibition." This is a pretty tough one on God. Why did he not take less cross-grained timber, or invent a double-iron fore-plane to ross them down? "If the moral progress of the Hebrews was the result of natural evolution, why did not other and better nations thus evolve a character beyond what they hav attained?" I reply: If there were other nations that surpassed the original Hebrew character and became great by natural evolution, why did not God take them in hand and lead them up to even a higher point than he is represented to hav done his stiff-necked people? "The other nations that existed then hav perished." They hav not. The Chinese, whose philosophy was before Moses, are and hav ever been a more decent, comfortable, and substantial people than the Hebrew nation, and comparativ analysis shows that it was from the East and South that the Hebrews obtained the elements of their cult. "In every restriction there seems to be the seed of a higher precept of prohibition to be given at some future time." "God did not command slavery and polygamy, as some skeptics allege, but suffered the existing practice to continue in a modified form." The Holy One winking at sin and modifying injustice must hav been a rich show. And

when God told his pious prophet Hosea to liv with two harlots no doubt it was a case of divinely modified immorality. "The slavery of the Bible, as God restricted it, was a blessing as compared to the slavery of surrounding nations." If it is a mark of divinity that its institutions are not so bad as they might be, then authority is given for everybody to be cussed if they are not too cussed. "God regulated slavery out of existence. If he had prohibited it absolutely, then, trying to do too much, he would hav done nothing." If this is not a grand giv-away of God's ability, by one of God's ministers, then there is no use in criticism. God was gaging his appetite for righteousness in dread that he might bite off more than he could chew. Oh! "The conclusion will be found that in God's dealings with his people he acted according to the actual necessity of the case on each occasion, and did the best that could be done under the circumstances."

If the necessity of the case were too much for God's immediatc disposal, then who made the necessity? Did man produce circumstances that were too much for God's power to overcome with a whiff? Then, indeed, man must hav wrought a miracle on God that knocked him out of time.

How can average people be so stupid as to swallow such stuff? How can any one having the least pretension to education hav the effrontery to offer such clatter to a respectable audience? If the Bible was of divine origin, then its filthiness and ignorance and horrors simply proclaim the innate depravity of divinity, against which the better sentiments of the natural man revolt, and muffle his nostrils to cast out.

JOHN P. GUILD.

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NEWBURGH, N. Y., Nov. 9., 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The inclosed clipping is taken from the Newburgh *Daily Register* of November 8th:

Rev. J. H. Smyth is pastor of the Second Reformed church, at One Hundred and Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, New York city. On Sunday last he delivered a forcible and masterly sermon on Infidelity. In the course of the same he gave an illustration of the punishment following Infidelity, and the same was located in Newburgh-on-the-Hudson. He stated that at one time, years ago, thirty-six men residing in this city banded themselvs together as a society of Infidels, recognizing no God, and defying his power if there was any. They baptized a cat, and gave the holy communion to a dog. Within a period of five years each and every one of the thirty-six had met his death in an unnatural manner. Mr. Grant B. Taylor, of this city, who is a member of the choir connected with Dr. Smyth's church, on his return home yesterday investigated the circumstances narrated above, and learned the full facts concerning it. The society was instituted nearly half a century ago. At that time the grounds now occupied by Trinity Methodist Episcopal and Calvary Presbyterian churches were covered with water, being a small-sized pond. Near the entrance to the present Trinity church stood a partially-decayed tree, which was cut down but a few years ago, and the butt used as a meat-block by the late Robert Phillips, the butcher. It was in the hollow trunk of this tree that the immersion of the feline took place He also learned that the statement in regard to the full extermination of the society within five years was true. The entire thirty-six met with unnatural deaths—seven of the number committed suicide, and five were killed in railroad accidents, the others coming to an untimely end in various manners. Many of our older residents remember the circumstances of the institution and extermination of the society quite well. Verily truth is stranger than fiction.

The Rev. J. H. Smyth probably got his idea from Eager's "History of Orange County, N. Y.," where it appears substantially as related by the reverend gentleman. Having a curiosity to learn the real facts in the case, without prejudice either way, I took the trouble to go and interview one of the oldest inhabitants, whose memory extends back sixty-three years. He said he could remember hearing them talk of it when a boy, and knew some of them well, but does not believe there were more than six or eight of them, and none died unnatural deaths that he remembers. He says it was nearly seventy years ago (instead of fifty). From which it seems that the story had some foundation in fact, but is greatly exaggerated (as is usual with the Christians) to make Infidels appear as bad as possible. "Within a period of five years," etc. Now my informant (who is Christian) distinctly remembers three of them—viz., Buckingham, Reeves, and Ledyard—and they did not die until long afterward, and then in old age and not by accident.

And after all what was it but a silly pastime some few learned wits of those days took to amuse themselvs at the spring on a hot summer Sunday afternoon, while the saints amused themselvs in their own way in the church?

H. SPENCER CLARKE.

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BURLINGTON, KAN., Oct. 31, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am certain THE TRUTH SEEKER readers will be edified with a fair and truthful description of one of the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, who is in good standing and dearly beloved by his flock, and especially the female portion of it. I hav known this man for two years, and hav seen him almost daily, and I propose to do him exact justice, for I regard him as a fair sample of the Christian ministry.

This town is blessed with eight orthodox preachers, and one Campbellite. It has ten churches and one school-house. It has three thousand inhabitants and two hundred and fifty church-members. The two hundred and fifty church-members hav heretofore run the town. But, thanks be to Freethought which giveth us the victory, the sway of orthodoxy is over.

This reverend follower of the dear savior owns two horse and cattle ranches in the state of Texas. He gets $1,000 a year and parsonage free from a poor church of self-sacrficing disciples. He is one of the stockholders in the bank here, and owns a splendid race-horse, besides two carriages and two family horses, while the meek aud lowly Jesus, his lord and master, owned no cattle, stock, or race-horses, and never had but one ride in his life, and that was on a borrowed jack. This saint has his daily ride, and meets and chats with another saint who rides a safety bicycle. They make a fine spectacle. The reverend follower of the adulterous John Wesley has a beautiful servant, and has many sisters domiciled at his home in the parsonage. He dunneth his congregation by letters many, through his deacons, his elders, and his class leaders, and the poor hav the gospel preached to them, but it is not in his church; but, behold! it is in the Opera House, under the trumpet blast of Remsburg, Reynolds, and Watts. The poor get the dunning letters while the preacher is drawing his interest at eighteen per cent from the bank of Shylock. And the ravens in the valley are seeking their prey—which is hard on the prey, but all right for the ravens—and God maketh his sun to shine upon the just and upon the unjust, and thou shalt call and I will answer thee. Amen.

A poor man lay dying south of my office for three weeks. Three days before he climbed the golden stair he bitterly complained that no preacher had been to see him. A rich man died soon after, and this disciple of the adulterous Wesley slobbered all over the coffin and carried the deceased up among the stars, and while there made many astronomical blunders.

He preached lustily to the congregation after Remsburg left, and warned his people, which are few, to remain away from blasphemers. He admired not the picture of Clark Braden in THE TRUTH SEEKER because it looked so much like himself, and said that no good man would paper his walls with such pictures. He visits the sick with the contribution box, and hath his class-leaders wait on the people twice on the Christian Sabbath, wherein the meek and lowly Jesus fed himself, the multitude, and healed the sick. He preaches from a pulpit hanging with laces and silk, while the master had to use an old fish scow on the Sea of Galilee for a pulpit. Behold, he takes the Sunday train to reach his appointment to preach, while Jesus went on foot with wooden shoes. He sitteth down to a table covered with imported food and all the domestic delicacies of the season, while the master took his dinner in the Judean cornfields of roasted ears. He preaches the platitudes of the fifteenth century while Ingersoll is gathering in the sheaves. He prays long and loud in public, while Jesus said prayer in secret. He followeth after the master—but a long way off. He became prosecuting attorney of Coffey Co., Kansas, and indicted all the druggists, and then compromised the cases. He preacheth against the use of wine, while the master made one hundred and twenty-six gallons of the liquid to cheer the marriage feast; but our Wesley's presence at a marriage feast means the big fee from the bridegroom and a kiss from the bride. He rideth around from day to day seeking where he can take up a collection, while the master went about doing good. He loveth his enemies so much as to get them indicted, and then compromises with them for money, while Jesus never had but one lawsuit, and that was when he lost his life at the hands of preachers. He paweth in the valley at the beginning of spring, when the season is coming on of the lilac and the flowers, and the song of the turtle is heard in the land. He preacheth the gospel of charity, but doth not giv his coat or cloak to the poor in winter, but, behold he jeweth down a Jew and all the tailors for a suit of clothes, saying that the ministerial discount was twenty per cent off. He is commanded to speak softly and gently, and behold, he calleth the attorney of record a viper. Behold, he is commanded in the Sermon on the Mount to giv unto the poor, and he continually beggeth from them. He forced himself on the simple people of Burlington after his three years had expired, because he had a soft thing and a simple congregation to preach to, and one that impoverished themselvs to feed the gospel. Dearly beloved, I bid you adieu. He preacheth the gospel of liberty, but useth the gad upon everyone that does not agree with him, that he can reach. Behold, he loveth the loaves and the fishes, and is always fishing for the loaves.

GEO. H. BETHARD.

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COALTON, KY., Oct. 23, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: As I am the only outspoken Freethinker or Infidel in my immediate neighborhood, you will see I am at a loss for kindred associations and fellowship. So if you will grant me space in your paper I would like to spend a little time, for amusement to myself and the readers of your paper, in giving you my experience in the march from religious superstition to the broad and more genial light of rationalism.

I was reared under influence of Bible teaching; as early as twelve or thirteen years of age I began to think of praying and getting what I asked for, but even at that time I had come to the conclusion that there were some very strange things in the Bible. I can recollect asking my mother this question: "If all things are possible with God, as is said in the Bible, why could he not save the world of mankind without the death of his son?"

I never received a satisfactory answer to that question. But I was taught to believe this Bible was my only refuge from eternal damnation. And how vividly the horrors of hell were portrayed to my young mind each Sunday by the ministers in their sermons; also the final ending of the world in fire! All this I must believe; and it so burdened my thoughts that I can call to mind how, after hearing one of those sermons, I dreamed nights of seeing the world on fire and women and children running screaming and praying for relief; and from those dreams I would awake and lie awake for hours studying the reality of such a catastrophe. How can mothers allow their children to be taught such things as will frighten them beyond all reason? When I think of how these beliefs troubled my childish mind I feel as though I ought not to tolerate them in my family, and for the sake of humanity I ought always, when opportunity permits, to giv them reasonable refutation.

About the age of eighteen I joined the church, yet I did not experience what the church-men call religion, not being converted. I remained in the church (Methodist Episcopal) for some six or eight years on probation or trial, and all these years trying to force this unnatural belief on the mind. At about the age of twenty-eight I attended a Methodist revival, and one evening, finding the house crowded, I was forced to take a seat in the amen corner; and as the meeting began to warm up and the members began to pass around in a circle in the old-fashioned hand-shaking, with the "God bless you," I shortly felt that I was affected by some peculiar influence which I afterward thought and ever will think was merely personal magnetism. This influence caused me to think I was converted or on the eve of conversion, and under it I did profess religion, and through this same magnetism, which I possessed, I found that I could hav a wonderful influence myself, insomuch that I often, by taking persons by the hand, and with a gentle grasp and a few kind and loving words, could influence them to join the church. I well remember shaking hands with Mr. M. H. Huston, who is now teller in the Ashland National Bank, Ashland, Ky., during one of those meetings, and when he saw me the next day he said: "Sam, I never experienced such a feeling as when you grasped my hand last night. Can you tell me what causes that?" I told him that I did not know, and at that time I did not know, although several years previous to this time above mentioned I had been told by a friend that he would walk a mile to shake hands with me for the pleasurable feeling he experienced in it. Said he, "There is something in it that I cannot define."

Now, this magnetism which I possessed at this superstitious period in my life caused me to believe that I was especially called by God to his work, and no one ever did work more zealously than I did; and I was conscientious in my work too, and no doubt I was the cause of many joining the church at that time.

After the revival had ceased, I began to read the scriptures, and thought I would make application for license to preach, or exhort; but as I advanced in the study of the scriptures, which I began at the beginning of Genesis, I became somewhat confused just where God breathed the breath of life into Adam's nostrils and he became a living soul. That word "soul" had not been used concerning any of the other creatures which were created; so I began to think more strongly of the holy teaching of the Bible. Man was, then, the direct spiritual offspring of God, and must, to some extent, partake of his attributes. But I soon began to think also of the fall of man through his disobedience in eating the apple. He surely at that time became possessed of that other spirit, the devil. Since man's fall, it was said, all that is born partakes of that wilful spirit. But I reasoned that God had shown his design and willingness to send into the world another son that could withstand all the temptations of this former Adam, come out victorious in the end, and make possible to man the regaining of his original heirship and power, and make him equal to his elder brother, Jesus Christ. Thus, you see, as I had, as I thought, been converted, and had regained my original heirship, and was full brother and son, I ought, according to the teaching of the New Testament, to be able, through prayer and fasting, to do miracles as did Jesus Christ.

The Christians may say it was absurd in me even to think of such, but I thought if one part of this book of God's were true, the other ought certainly to be. For the reason of such a belief, I refer you to Mark xvi, 17 and 18 verses: "And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." I might refer to many other passages of scripture as a reason for this belief, as James v, 16.

In my superstitious belief I prayed for everything: for the recovery of friends that were sick, and for the conversion of others. In fact, I prayed for whatever I thought would not be inconsistent with the will of God; but I never realized an answer from those prayers, and began to think that my faith was not strong enough, or that I was acting the hypocrit, or that this scripture was not true.

In fact, this book called the word of God was constantly bearing on my mind and confusing my senses; and I never shall forget the day that my attention was called to the fact by a Christian lady friend of mine, that it was the talk of the neighborhood that I was losing my mind on account of religion. That was the first I had heard of the report, and it shocked me, and I felt ashamed to think that I had allowed my zeal to overrun my judgment.

But again I thought, If I am a Christian, knowing that some of my near friends are in danger of hell, how can I consistently fail to warn them of this awful danger?" and Infidel as I am now, I cannot see how those who profess Christianity fail to speak to their friends concerning their imminent peril. I account for it only by thinking and saying they are hypocrits.

After experiencing the truth of what my lady friend had told me concerning the unbalanced state of my mind, I determined to investigate the truths of the Bible, and concluded to send for Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason," a book I had heretofore been afraid to read. But now I reasoned thus: "If the Bible is God's work, it ought to be proof against any theories or reasonings of man's. On the other hand, if man can pick flaws and find faults in it and prove the falsity of it by its own pages, it certainly is not the work of an infallible God."

After I had read the Bible and "Age of Reason" in conjunction, I thought that Paine's fault-finding was not without cause; in fact, I approved of the work, and now think it the ablest refutation of the Bible. I then sent for Ingersoll's "Mistakes of Moses," and shortly found that my mind had been released from one of the greatest burdens, and myself from the greatest danger of my life—the humiliation of an insane asylum.

I hav often wished I could meet Colonel Ingersoll and thank him in person for the good work he has done for me. I sincerely believe him to be one of the greatest benefactors of humanity this century has produced.

SAMUEL P. HERRON, P.M.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## The Two Glasses.

There were two glasses, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one as clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to the paler brother,
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other.
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might.
From the heads of kings I hav torn the crown;
From the hights of fame I hav hurled men down.
I hav blasted many an honored name;
I hav taken virtue and given shame;
I hav tempted youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than a king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.

I hav made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail.
I hav made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me,
For they said: 'Behold, how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall,
For your might and power are over all.'
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass: "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host,
But I can tell of a heart, once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad—
Of thirsts I've quenched, of brows I've laved,
Of hands I've cooled, and souls I've saved,
I've leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain,
Flowed in the river and played in the fountain,
Sept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.
I hav eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
I hav made the parched meadow grow fertil with grain.
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
That ground out flour and turned at my will.
I can tell of manhood debased by you
That I lifted up and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the wine-chained captiv free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other—
The glass of wine and its paler brother,
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

—*Maine Farmer.*

## Story of a Waif.

Willie Collins was a poor little boy—a ward of the state, *i.e.*, when his papa and mamma died, leaving Willie, their only child, poor, penniless, and alone in the great city of Boston, there was no other place for him but the state almshouse. It gave him food, shelter, clothing, and when he became old enough, he was placed in school along with four hundred other children who knew no father or mother's care, only that afforded by the grand old commonwealth of Massachusetts. Willie was a bright, intelligent lad, quick to learn, full of fun, yet modest and retiring as a girl. When he was seven years old he fell one day, striking upon a sharp stone with such severity that his spine was injured so that he was never able to walk again without the aid of crutches. He never grew like other children any more, after the accident. His little body was dwarfed, his back out of shape, and he was scarcely ever free from pain. Poor little Willie? No father to protect him, no dear mother to soothe and caress his poor, crippled form, no sister, no brother to say, "Dear Willie boy, I am sorry for you," depending always upon strangers, his fate was indeed a severe one, for strangers are not always kind and tender toward helpless little ones. But Willie was patient and uncomplaining, and never resented the thoughtless remarks of his comrades.

"They don't know how their words hurt my heart or they would not say them," he would say, and, brushing back the tears with his coat sleeve, he would pass along quietly.

Willie had a sweet face, and lovely blue eyes that seemed to look deep down into the hearts of those who came near him. One day the gentlemen who hav charge of the state charitable institutions went to visit the school where Willie was a pupil. One of the party was especially attracted to the winsome face of the little crippled boy, and paused to ask his name, and how he became lame, etc. The gentleman thought he had never looked upon so fair and patient a face. The memory of the little boy haunted him after he returned to his home, and he related the incident of meeting with the child to his family. For days afterward that pale face seemed to follow him wherever he went. Finally, in the vacation season, he sent for Willie to come and make a visit at his own handsome home. It was such a wonder to the poor child to be sent for to go visiting! His heart throbbed violently as, with all his worldly goods tied in a red cotton handkerchief, he was met at the depot by the kind gentleman who had noticed him, and now was to receive him into his family as a guest. In that family he was made as welcome as a prince. He sat at the table with his newly found friends and was fed with the best of food. Never within his recollection had he sat at any but a pauper's table, or eaten any other than the coarse food of a pensioner upon the state, for his parents had died when he was but two years old.

Never had his eyes looked upon so many beautiful pictures, so many sweet and fragrant flowers. Never had he heard such kind and tender words of pity, sympathy, and tenderness.

No wonder the child was bewildered, dumb with astonishment. He had come into a new atmosphere, and under its warm and genial influence he blossomed anew.

As he lay in his clean, white bed at night, he thought how could he ever return to his pauper home. "I think this is like being in heaven," he softly thought, "and I wish I might stay here always."

He never uttered or expressed his wish, however, but when the time had come for him to be returned to the institution, what joy was his to know that he was not to go back at all, but was to remain as long as he lived a guest in the dear home that had brought such sunshine to his lonely heart. Everyone was so kind and sympathetic he hardly knew what to make of it. Was he the same boy? Yes, but now living in a *home*—a *real* home, such as he had sometimes dreamed of.

Daily he grew more and more beautiful, so that those about him said, "He is preparing to leave the earth," and so he was.

One morning he said, "It seems to me I am going to die very soon." He had not a single fear of death. To him it was a relief from pain and sickness—it was peace and rest. Quietly he disposed of his little effects, gifts, books, and trinkets that had been bestowed upon him by kind friends from time to time, remembering his former playmates and the children in the hospital where he had been formerly, when he was hurt first.

When he came to visit the friends who had cared for him so lovingly, a boy who used to come to the house for the refuse of the kitchen had laughed at his crippled appearance and made fun of his poor clothes and of his deformity.

"I want to giv that boy," said he, "my newspapers, and maybe if he reads the Children's Corner he will not laugh at unfortunate little boys any more."

So he gave that boy his papers, with his love and kind wishes. Soon afterward he fell asleep with the word "happy" on his lips, and did not wake again on earth.

His large and generous nature, his tender, loving, and forgiving spirit, illumined the house in which he had found sweet rest and comfort, and those who knew him forgot his deformed body, and only saw the beautiful jewel of a noble nature in the rough and distorted casket of clay.

His life, so patient and uncomplaining, exhaled sweetness and fragrance, like a lovely flower. He made sunshine and brightness in the home where he was welcomed as a son, and when he died he was mourned for as a son. His comrades remembered him lovingly and mourned for him as if he had been a brother.

Willie's life, poor and humble though it was, was not in vain. Even he contributed to the world's wealth by his cheerfulness in adversity, his patience under severe afflictions, and calm resignation to the will of the inevitable. And the good and gracious friends who took Willie, the helpless little lad, from the poorhouse and made his last days so bright and happy; who wrapped him in the mantle of sweetest sympathy and love, they hav told again by their righteous conduct, that humanity is lovely, self-sacrificing, and unselfish; that the life we liv may, by kindness and devotion to others, be made as bright and glorious as the fair and rosy dawn. The tenderness with which they watched over the little friendless waif, surrounding him with every comfort and luxury, will not be lost, but will be an inspiration to others to go and do likewise. The lesson is obvious. Let us all accept it, and fill life with good and loving deeds, whose unfading luster shall brighten all the pathway of life.

## A Bird Song.

A little bonnie bird I know,
With breast more soft than eider down.
A dress she wears of dappled brown,
And sings with sweeter tone, I trow—
Ah, sweeter far this birdie sings
Than all the birds that summer brings;
And yet her song is only this:
"I love you, papa!"—then a kiss.

Not tenderest song of nightingale,
Nor sparkling trills and gurgling gush
Of joy from velvet-throated thrush,
Nor brilliant pipe of mottled quail,
Nor tuneful plaint of whippoorwill,
The measure of her song can fill;
And yet her song is only this:
"I love you, papa!"—then a kiss.

## The Code of a Quakeress.

The following is a code of rules which governed the daily life of Elizabeth Fry, the noted Quaker reformer:

1. Never lose any time. I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation every day; but always be in the habit of being employed.
2. Never err the least in truth.
3. Never say any ill thing of a person when thou canst say a good thing of him. Not only speak charitably, but feel so.
4. Never be irritable or unkind to anybody.
5. Never indulge thyself in luxuries that are not necessary.

## Facts Worth Knowing.

A cubit is two feet.
A pace is three feet.
A fathom is six feet.
A span is 10 7-8 inches.
A palm is three inches.
A league is three miles.
A great cubit is a 11 feet.
There are 2,750 languages.
Oats 35 pounds per bushel.
Bran 35 pounds per pushel.
Barley 48 pounds per bushel.
Two persons die every second,
A square mile contains 640 acres.
Sound moves 743 miles per hour.
A storm blows 36 miles per hour.
Coarse salt, 85 pounds per pushel.
Buckwheat, 52 pounds per bushel.
The average human life is 31 years.
A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds.
An acre contains 4,840 square yards.
A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.
A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.
Timothy seed, 45 pounds per bushel.
A hurricane moves 80 miles per hour.
Rapid rivers flow seven miles per hour.
A hand (horse measure) is four inches.
Electricity moves 288,000 miles per hour.
A mile is 5,280 feet, or 1,760 yards in length.
Corn, rye, and flaxseed, 56 pounds per bushel.
A moderate wind blows seven miles per hour.

## Correspondence.

HOOPESTON, ILL., Oct. 7, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am a little girl eight years old. I go to school in the first room. I hav reading, spelling, arithmetic, and drawing. We hav so many in school that I can only go half the day. So I cannot learn much. My teacher's name is Miss Lula Willis. She is a Baptist. We hav to repeat the Lord's Prayer and the twenty-third Psalm every morning. Isn't that a nuisance? I used to go to the Universalist Sunday-school. But it took Paul so long to get to Rome that I got tired and stopped going. Mamma sends her love to you, and so do I. I will close for this time. Please publish this.

Your little friend, OLLIE JOHNSTON.

FARLINVILLE, KAN., NOV. 6, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav been intending to write to you for some time.

Pa has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER ever since it was was first printed. I think it is the best paper I hav read. I like the Children's Corner very much. My mother has been dead for five years, and my three older sisters are married, so I am the only girl left to keep house for father and my two brothers. I am thirteen years old. I go to school every day; my teacher's name is Mr. Campbell, and I like him very much.

The Christians are holding protracted meetings here. They are too poor to build a church, so they hold their meetings in the schoolhouse. I went several nights and got tired of it; some would sing, some pray, some shout and talk—I never heard such a noise in my life.

The Christians dislike pa very much, because he picks the Bible to pieces. There are only two Infidel families in this town.

I would like very much to correspond with some of the girls and boys of the Children's Corner.

Wishing success to the Children's Corner, I remain, Your friend,

PEARL DEWEY.

[We hope some of the children who read the Corner will write to the little motherless girl, who must be a "Pearl of great price," to keep house for her father and two brothers, and also to read THE TRUTH SEEKER understandingly.—ED. C. C.]


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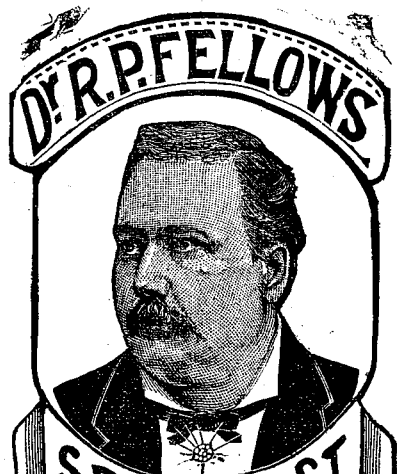
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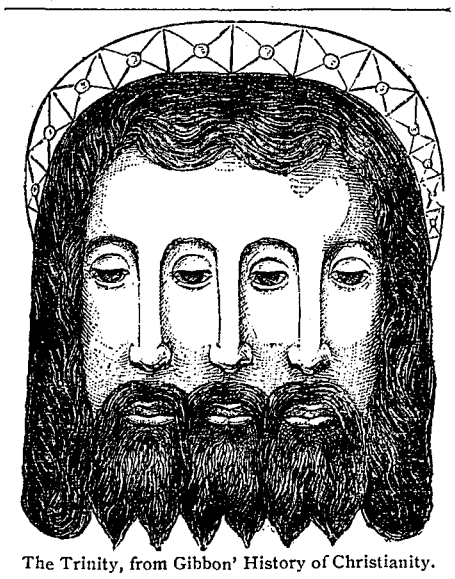
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Arthur B. Moss, whose scientific articles hav won him renown with TRUTH SEEKER readers, has, in connection with H. Witton, also a Freethinker, written a drama which was produced in London last week.

The Sydney *Daily Telegraph* publishes statistics showing the condition of church and chapel attendance in New South Wales. Since 1883, while the population has increased by 144,222, church attendance has decreased by 19,800.

Once upon a time the newspapers used to comment on "the villainous head" of Mr. Bradlaugh, who was said to be a mixture of prizefighter, burglar, and ape. The London *Freethinker* notes that a change has come over the scene now. Recently the *Pall Mall Gazette* wrote: "There is no more remarkable head in the House of Commons than Mr. Gladstone's own—excepting perhaps the dome-of-St.-Paul-like head of Mr. Bradlaugh."

The religious question has cropped up again in the Southampton, England, school board. According to the report in the local paper, the Rev. G. C. White desired to make the religious instruction more systematic, and to hav a periodical examination thereon. This immediately raised the question who should be the examiners, and the motion was stoutly opposed by Mr. Burbage, who thought it best to let sleeping dogs lie, and by Canon Scannell, in behalf of the Catholics, who contended that the Bible could not be taught without teaching something in the shape of doctrin as well. He would propose the Rev. Canon Gunn, of Winchester, a Roman Catholic, as examiner. The Rev. H. H. Pereira appealed to Canon Scannell not to oppose—it was a choice between Agnosticism and some religious instruction. Mr. Domoney frankly declared there was much in the Bible that was unfit for reading by children. His opinion was that as a rule Agnostics understood the Bible better than Christians. The matter was ultimately referred to a committee of the whole board.

The following startling manifesto was recently issued in Michigan: "To all the People of Michigan: Knowledge, wisdom, wealth, purity, patience, prosperity, power, and peace be multiplied unto you. All of these may be secured to all of our cities, to every home, in every heart. The Republican party cannot giv them, neither can the Democratic or any other party. They cannot be purchased with greenbacks or gold. Yet all who desire may hav all of them by asking; asking of him who alone can giv them. The political party that will acknowledge God in all their platforms and in all their ways as the 'author and giver of every good and perfect gift,' that party shall be my party and their God shall be my God. If the Republican party will do this, then I am a Republican, all of me; if they will not do this, and the Democratic party will, then I am a Democrat, through and through. Neither of these parties hav done this; they each seem to be afraid to say that right is right and wrong is wrong; that our father's God is our God. Because neither of them hav done this, and because of the adoption of the following plank by the Prohibition party on July 24, 1884—

"'The Prohibition party in national convention assembled acknowledge Almighty God as the rightful sovereign of all men, from whom the just powers of government are derived, to whose laws human enactments should conform, and that peace, prosperity, and happiness only can come to the people when the laws of the national and state governments are in accord with the divine will.' Therefore, 'with malice toward none, and with charity for all,' their platform shall be my platform, their God, my God; and if I shall be tendered the nomination for governor on this platform, I shall accept it, whether I receive 20 votes or 220,000.

"DAVID PRESTON."

The members of the board of education of New York hav had a very lively debate over the question of appointing a Roman Catholic to be a school trustee. Dr. Lawrence T. McNamara was nominated to be a trustee in the Ninth ward in place of Horne, resigned. Commissioner Sprague jumped up to move that the board go into executiv session upon the consideration of the nomination. His motion was lost by a large majority. Then Commissioner Sprague said that he wanted to know more about Dr. McNamara, and he wanted the committee on nominations to tell him if Dr. McNamara had been nominated for any reason except that he was a doctor and a Roman Catholic. The position of school trustee was one of peculiar honor and of grave responsibility. No class of officers in the public school system had the power to make or mar that the school trustee had. The commissioner went on: "Now, we might as well jump right into this matter and ventilate it. It is a fact perfectly well known to all of us that the Roman church, as a church, is opposed to our public school system. So far as the members of the church are concerned, some of them are opposed to the public schools. Now, I want to know which side Dr. McNamara is on. I don't want to be understood as opposing Roman Catholics. I hav voted for Roman Catholics for trustees in the past, and I expect to do so in the future, but I want to know what a man's opinion of the school system is before I vote for him. Nobody has told us what Dr. McNamara's opinions are. I hav heard it said," he continued, "that McNamara was nominated to represent somebody or something. Now, what does he represent? Is it the church, which is hostil to the public schools? I object to any man's being nominated as a school trustee merely because he represents somebody, and not because he is well fitted in himself. I hav heard that a priest, noted for his hostility to our public schools and for his zeal in establishing parochial schools, lobbied for Dr. McNamara's nomination. This is what the newspapers say, anyway, and I think this board had better look into it." Commissioner Webb strongly supported Commissioner Sprague. He was opposed to this claim on the part of any section of the people that they must be represented on the boards of trustees. It was well known that the Catholic church hated the public school system. After an extended and acrimonious discussion, McNamara was elected.

The following is from the Dunedin, New Zealand, *Evening Star* of October 1st:

"The supporters of the Bible in the schools are numerous in the new Parliament, and, if an Amending Education bill should be brought down, will be very activ in furtherance of their cause. But, before they can hope to influence the House in the desired direction, they must come to a decision on two points of paramount importance: (1) What portions of the scriptures to be read daily are acceptable to the great mass of the people? (2) If something more than scripture-reading is arrived at, by whom is the religious instruction to be given? The second question is the weightier one, and will, we think, prove the rock on which the Bible-in-schools party will be shipwrecked. Those who wish for the preservation of our national system of education should ponder the answer of Inspector Hepburn, of the Victorian education department, to the demand which has arisen in that colony for religious instruction in the state schools there.

"If the teaching of religion could be successfully introduced into the schools without ruining the present educational system, no one would be more pleased than myself; but the difficulties in the way are, in my opinion, insuperable. Granting (and it is a great concession) that those to whom is deputed the task of choosing these texts agree among themselvs as to what would be suitable ones. are these texts to be explained or not? If they are to be explained, who would undertake the duty? The majority of teachers would refuse. Some, no doubt, would willingly offer to do so; but would their interpretation of these texts giv satisfaction to parents of different creeds? If these texts are to remain unexplained, would the children receive much benefit therefrom? I hold that where children receive religious instruction at home, that given in school is unnecessary; and if the home instruction is wanting, the little received in the schools would not benefit them very much. In one school in this district, after a moral lesson on 'Honesty,' the teacher was consulted by one boy who was in doubt whether he should obey his father, who bade him steal wood from a neighbor's yard, or the command, 'Thou shalt not steal,' as inculcated in the lesson given. He was told that his father's command was nought when opposed to the divine law. From my knowledge of human nature, I can make a very shrewd guess as to what law that boy would hav to obey. Again, if religion were taught in state schools, an inspector's time would be very often frittered away in holding inquiries into differences between parents and teachers—all the outcome of religious teaching. During the last year a parent complained about a teacher trying to pervert his children, because they were asked the feminin of priest; he contending that there could be no feminin. If complaints such as this crop up under the present system, what will happen if religious instruction be introduced? At present an inspector is supposed to hav some acquaintance with a variety of subjects, ranging from military drill to sewing. To settle the differences between parents and teachers, would he require to be posted up in theology? If so, a long farewell to all the harmony that at present characterizes the yearly conferences of inspectors. In teaching morals and inserting in the reading-books lessons calculated to make children obedient, honest, etc., the state, which claims to be secular, has done more than can be expected of it."

### Mohammedanism and Christianity.

*From the Sun.*

The assertion that Mohammedanism is advancing far more rapidly than Christianity in Asia and Africa has often been made of late years, but when it was repeated a short time ago in the English Church Congress, by a dignitary of the church, it was received with surprise and anger.

The speaker was the Rev. Isaac Taylor, Canon of York, and his exact declaration was that "in Asia and Africa Islam, as a missionary religion, is more successful than Christianity, and our efforts to convert the Mohammedans hav failed." Having, since the congress, been challenged to prove these statements and produce the facts to sustain his generalizations, Canon Taylor now answers his critics and questioners through the London *Times*.

He points out that, according to the census returns, the Mohammedan population in India increased 9,239,062 between 1871 and 1881, or about 25 per cent. After making ample allowance for the natural increase of births over deaths, this shows that the conversion of heathens and Christians to Mohammedanism had been going on at the rate of 600,000 a year. During the same period the conversions to Christianity barely amounted to one-tenth of that number.

Yet the Mohammedans hav no paid missionaries and no organized missionary agencies. Their conversions must, therefore, be due to the voluntary efforts of individuals and the intrinsic attractions of their faith. Meanwhile the Christians, on the other hand, hav all the prestige of a Christian governing power, and are expending vast sums on proselytism, for which they hav a long-established and carefully methodized system of missionary effort. Of the total number of conversions to Christianity, too, all, except a comparativly small part, are in the extreme south of the Madras Presidency, where Christianity obtained a firm footing at a very remote period, and the Christians are more numerous than anywhere else in India. Canon Taylor also finds as a "startling result" that four-fifths of the Christian converts are Roman Catholics.

In the northern and central provinces, where Islam is strong, and the conversions to Mohammedanism are at the rate of half a million a year, the conversions to Christianity, to use his words, "are practically *nil*." The most activ and powerful of the English missionary societies at work in India is the Church Missionary Society, according to whose report 841 missionaries and nativ agents, employed at a cost of toward $250,000, made last year only 297 converts out of a population of 220,000,000 in those provinces, if the number of genuin converts be measured by the number of adult baptisms. Of these converts only seventeen seem to hav been Mohammedans, out of a Mohammedan population of 55,000,000, and some of them were very suspicious, as, in fact, conversions from Islam almost invariably are.

Then he turns to countries distinctivly Mohammedan, and in the four missionary fields of Persia, Palestine, Arabia, and Egypt finds that 109 missionaries and nativ agents, employed by the Church Missionary Society at a cost of $60,000, converted and baptized last year only one adult convert. This solitary convert, according to the report, was "a certain Moslem girl in the orphanage at Jerusalem, whose conversion," Canon Taylor suggests, "is perhaps accounted for by the statement that 'she is easily influenced and requires constant guidance.'" In all Egypt and Arabia the whole number of "nativ Christian adherents" is put at nineteen only, and they, perhaps, as he surmises, are largely made up of the wives and children of the four "nativ lay teachers."

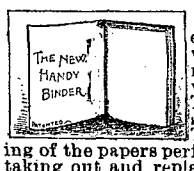
The practical results of Eastern missionary labors, in the way of actual conversions, are not more encouraging elsewhere. In Ceylon last year 374 agents made only 207 converts at a cost of more than $50,000; in mid China 71 agents made 63 converts at a cost of $45,000, and in south China 148 agents made 297 converts at a cost of about $40,000.

These are the facts and statistics with which Canon Taylor meets the challenge of his critics, and they are quite interesting. As to Africa, he will speak in another letter, but the spread of Islam there has been so remarkable within recent years that he will hav no difficulty in proving his point.

*From the London Freethinker.*

Canon Taylor further cites from the recent book on "Christianity, Islam, and the Negro Race," by Dr. Blyden, who is himself a Christian negro. Dr. Blyden says: "West Africa has been in contact with Christianity for three hundred years, and not one single tribe, as a tribe, has yet become Christian. Nor has any influential chief adopted the religion brought by the European missionary." Of the nativs of Cape Palmas he says: "Upwards of forty years of untiring mission effort has made them to hate rather than to admire Christian civilization." To this may be added the testimony of Mr. Joseph Thomson, that "for every African who is influenced for good by Christianity, a thousand are driven into deeper degradation by the gin trade," which everywhere accompanies the gospel, although denounced by Mohammedanism. Yet over a million a year, some of it extorted from school children, is annually wasted on attempts to introduce Christianity to those who do not want it, while English men and women are starving at home.


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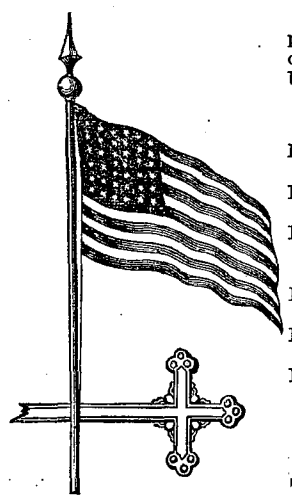
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## News of the Week.

EIGHTY-ONE liquor-sellers were arrested last Sunday for breaking the Sunday law.

PLYMOUTH church has called the Rev. Chas. A. Berry, an English preacher, to Beecher's pulpit.

JOHANN MOST has made another incendiary speech, and has again been arrested.

A FIRE in Memphis, Tenn., on the 17th, destroyed over $750,000 worth of cotton.

A STEAMSHIP has just brought to New York, 367 penniless Jews, whose passage here was paid by their friends.

THE Rev. Thomas Rose, aged 80, of Taylor township, Pa., committed suicide the other day by burning himself up in his barn.

THE United Anti-Music Convention at Xenia, O., condemned the use of organs in church as inimical to the "purity" of divine worship.

HARMAN SPENCE, a mason, tempted Providence by working upon the spire of a Lutheran church in Gettysburg, Pa., and one day last week he fell off the scaffold and was instantly killed.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN has been lecturing in Maine. He declares that he is about to leave American soil forever.

THE friends of the Anarchists hanged at Chicago are raising a fund for the relief of the dead men's families.

THE price of coal has been raised 50 cents per ton without any apparent reason except that people must hav it at any price.

A METHODIST conference at Danville, Va., adopted resolutions condemning theaters and theater-going by professed Christians.

SEVERAL women having voted in the recent election at Newfane, Niagara Co., N. Y., the case will be brought before the grand jury to test the legal issue.

THE steamer W. A. Scholten, from Rotterdam, went down in a collision in the English channel last Sunday. She had 214 persons aboard, more than half of whom were drowned.

DEACON DAVID WRIGHT, a man of intense piety and austerity, and who was the chief support of a Baptist church in Hoboken, N. J., committed suicide on the 17th by cutting his throat with a razor.

BARNUM the showman's winter quarters at Bridgeport, Conn., were burnt last Sunday night, at a loss of $100,000. Nearly all the wild animals were destroyed, together with the tents, chariots, and paraphernalia.

Two light-weight pugilists, Carney of England and McAuliffe of Brooklyn, fought a seventy-three round prize fight at Revere Beach, Mass., last week, resulting in a draw. Unfortunately both are likely to survive the injuries which they inflicted upon each other.

THE wife of Pastor Hooper, of Kingston, N. Y., has left him and gone to California because he treated her so cruelly. The Rev. Mr. Hooper will probably not follow his wife to California, as a church in that state deposed him not long since for prevarication, exaggeration, and being engaged to marry two different women.

SOME youngsters were skylarking near the register's office, this city, one day recently when Anthony Comstock was passing. A boy about ten years old ran near Comstock, and Comstock slapped him a severe blow in the face, knocking him down. A crowd collected, and several policemen were soon present. Among those who witnessed the occurrence were several newspaper reporters, who denounced Comstock's blow as an outrage. Comstock retorted with personal abuse.


# THE ORDER OF CREATION.

*A Discussion Between*

**Gladstone, Huxley, Muller, Linton, Reville,**

On the Conflict between Genesis and Geology.

CONTENTS:

I. Dawn of Creation and of Worship. By Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
II. The Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature. By Prof. T. H. Huxley.
III. Postscript to Solar Myths. By Prof. Max Muller.
IV. Proem to Genesis: A Plea for a Fair Trial. By Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
V. Dawn of Creation. An Answer to Mr. Gladstone. By Albert Reville, D.D.
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JOSEPH'S UNMINISTERIAL CONDUCT PERSISTED IN.

And he left his garment in her hand, and fled, and got him out.—Gen. xxxix, 12.

## Odds and Ends.

"TOOK long steps, my cheild," said Solomon Isaacs. "You vont wear out your shoes nearly so qvick."

WHAT is the difference between a High Churchman and a Baptist? The one uses candles, the other dips.

BISMARCK runs a paper mill and a distillery. He also runs the German empire, but the two former bring him the most money.

CUSTOMS inspector: "Is this a tailor's dummy at the bottom of your trunk?" Passenger: "No, sir." C. I.: "What is it, then?" Passenger: "That's a contract clergyman."

MOODY will tackle Louisville this winter. Unless he can convince his hearers that the river of life flows pure old sour mash, his labors in that town, says a Minneapolis paper, will be a dead failure.

WHEN Brown was informed that "idiot" was derived from a Greek word meaning a private citizen, he was ungracious enough to say that the Greeks couldn't hav known much about Congress or state legislatures.

"DON'T hide your talents, young man," said the parson, earnestly. "Indeed and I don't," exclaimed the youth; "I'm a fence-board and barn-roof advertiser, and hav got a two-hundred-mile contract on Glare's Soap and Dryman's Tonic Bitters."

"YOU don't need a ten-cent stamp on that letter, young man," said the post-office official; "it will go for two cents." "This letter won't go for any two cents," replied the young man, tremulously; "it's to my best girl, an' she ain't one of your two-cent kind. Gimme a ten-cent stamp, and I'll slip her in before the mail closes."

WE are not bloodthirsty, as a rule, but we think it only just if the heathen retaliate on the missionaries by boiling them. The missionaries, by a vote of the home board, go to the savages with the avowed intention of initiating them into the mysteries of Sheol, and if the savages hoist them with their own petard, who is to blame?—*Life.*

MRS. HENDRICKS (to caller): "No, I didn't read the story, Mrs. Hobson. My husband read it and told me that it end-d dreadfully, and I don't like that style of novel." Mrs. Hobson (surprised): "Why, it ended beautifully, and they were married in the last chapter." Mrs. Hendricks (with a set look on her face): "I'll speak to Mr. Hendricks about it again."

STRANGER: "I notice you drove the president over the same street twice." Omaha Man: "Yes, we arranged the route that way. You see, we drove him through that street on his arrival, and then drove him through it when we went back, an hour later." "Exactly. I thought it was an oversight." "We wanted to giv him a chance to see how Western cities grow."—*Omaha World.*

"IT'S notin' but perlitical parties in my house, Sarah. There's Jimmy, he's a Pro'bishunist; Eddy's a Hinry Georger; Patsy's a Jimmercrat—same as his poor father was, God bless him! Tommy he's jined the Progressiv Labor Party; an', would you believe it, Clemantina, my only gal Clemanti a, come last night an' axed if she might jine the Progressiv Ewker Party just formed in the neighborhood, an', as she said it was no end of favors she was to get, I let her jine."

A LADY, who had recently lost her husband, and a friend were eating dinner together at the residence of the latter. "I sympathize with you from the bottom of my heart in your great sorrow," said the friend. "It must be terrible to lose such a man." "Ah me, yes," sighed the widow. "It is only the hope of soon meeting him in a better land that givs me courage and a desire to liv."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

EVEN the life of a newspaper canvasser is not totally devoid of poetry. The unending round of "Times is so hard and money is so scarce that we can't take a paper," and "My husband brings a paper home with him," and all the stock excuses, are sometimes broken by a little incident like this that was told by a man who labors in that ungrateful position: "The delivery boy had gone a little ahead of me," said the canvasser, "and as I stood on the sidewalk a pretty little boy in kilts toddled up and stared at me with pretty blue eyes. I made friends with him at once. He put his hands on my order-book and says he: 'Hot's at?' 'That's my order-book,' I told him. 'Hot does oo do wiv at?' 'Oh, I write down the names of all the bad little boys I know.' He looked at me a minute with his big eyes opened wide. Then, his voice hushed with awe, he asked, 'Is oo Dod?'"

THE ACROBATIC CANDIDATE.

Into the gay saloon he strolled,
With free and easy air,
And quickly for the drinks he called
For everybody there.

The glass he grasped, his hand he raised
And said, "Come up, boys, come;"
Then on the crowd he smiling gazed,
And drank success to rum.

He drained his glass, paid for his treat,
And then the candidate
Went out and met upon the street
A temperance advocate.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, "giv me your fist!
I'm proud to meet a foe
Of rum, a Prohibitionist:
The rum shops, sir, must go!"


# A SHORT LESSON IN HISTORY

A double-page picture contrasting science and theology, showing how the one has labored for human advancement, and how the other has always opposed it.

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# LIFE.

## *A PROSE POEM.*

By R. G. INGERSOLL.

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## Gems of Thought.

SCHOOL-TEACHERS are needed to giv lessons to the uninformed regarding nature and her laws—men who hav made a thorough study of her phenomena and laws, and who correctly place her above all priestly claims and pretensions. These men are called scientists, for science is the sum of all demonstrated knowledge, which is acquired by close observation, accurate tests, and continued study and application. These are the true friends of mankind; these show men what is truth; they point out falsehoods and errors; they prove that everything that takes place is natural, that nothing ever was or ever can be supernatural.—*D. M. Bennett.*

BY the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life and others foreordained to everlasting death. These angels and men, thus predestinated and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definit that it cannot be either increased or diminished.—*Westminster Confession of Faith.*

YOU remember how St. Paul said, speaking even of God's own law, that "the law is good if a man use it lawfully." And, in like manner, we may assuredly say that God's word will always lead us right if we understand it rightly. But men hav often understood it wrongly; and, accordingly, it has come to be that some of the cruelest and wickedest deeds that ever hav been done in this world hav been justified by the authority of the Bible.—*Counsel and Comfort, by the Country Parson.*

LET us hope that the teacher in the London Board schools may occasionally be permitted to make some amends for the nameless flood of rubbish he is required to teach, by giving an unpretending little secular lesson on kindness, good temper, industry, thrift, temperance, zeal for the common welfare, and so forth, however "godless" such a course may be, or even on such impious Secularism as may be involved in the unselfish practice of human justice, and benevolence, and truth, and honesty, in spite of the penalties that piety, ignorance, and selfishness impose on them. . . . Fortunately for the children, few among English Christians dare or care to believe the Bible as it stands. They mitigate its horrors and absurdities, or they more or less plainly reject them, and do their best to ennoble their religion into a real and practical Secular morality.—*Religion in Schools.*

THE true basis of morality is utility; that, is the adaptation of our actions to the promotion of the general welfare and happiness; the endeavor so to rule our life that we may serve and bless mankind. Through the scientific method only can the true rules of morality be discovered, and an irrefragable answer returned to all questionings concerning right and wrong. The first step toward building up a science of morality is to collect facts, and, as in other sciences, facts are collected by the observation of surrounding phenomena, so must moral facts be collected by the observation of moral phenomena, facts in sociology, recorded in history. We must find out, by careful analysis, what courses hav tended most to the advancement and ennoblement of society; we must trace the results of various lines of conduct, and see which hav best promoted the general welfare of the race. That which promotes the general happiness is right; that which lessens or undermines the general happiness is wrong. These are the axioms on which a true morality must be grounded.—*Mrs. Besant's True Morality.*

THEREFORE, putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor; for we are all members one of another. Be ye angry and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath, neither giv place to the devil. Let him that stole, steal no more; but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may hav to giv to him that needeth.—*Eph.* iv, 25-28.

IT is recorded of Alexander the Great that he one day visited Diogenes, the cynic philosopher, who was bathing in his tub in the sunshine. It is stated that Alexander was so impressed with the moderation and simplicity of the cynic that he said to him: "Tell me what I can giv to you. Anything you want, to the third of my kingdom, shall be at your service." What, think you, was the answer of the philosopher? "Please, your majesty, stand from between me and the sun."—*Plutarch's Lives.*

SELF REVERENCE, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead him to sovereign power,
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncalled for), but to liv by law,
Acting the law we liv by, without fear;
And because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom, in the scorn of consequences.
—*Tennyson.*

MUCH of this world's wisdom is still acquired by necromancy—that is, by consulting the oracular dead.—*Guesses at Truth.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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COM'NG EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE

## Notes and Clippings.

THE salary of the chaplain of the House of Representativs at Washington is $900. Some half dozen clergymen are lobbying for the position.

ANTHONY COMSTOOK'S views of art may be designated as a nude departure.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*. But Anthony Comstock himself can only be designated as a public nuisance. —*Sun*.

A FLORIDA paper reports that the liquor sellers of Atlanta, Ga., hav expressed much righteous indignation against "the desecration of the Sabbath" by the holding of Prohibition meetings.

RABBI KOHLER, a Jewish reverend, gave a temperance sermon last Sunday. He advocated self-control instead of Prohibition, and called attention to the fact that the Jews, who hav no temperance societies, are a sober and frugal people.

AN enthusiastic Materialist put a headstone over the grave of his wife in a cemetery at Nievre, France, upon which there is the following inscription: "Deprived of all vitality, here lie the remains of the material that formed Madame Durand. No cards and no prayers."

THE Roman Catholic Board of Missions operating among the North American Indians has now under its control thirty-five boarding and twenty day schools, the first having an attendance of 2,190 scholars, the second of 870. It is reported that these scholars receive $231,880 from the United States government, which also furnishes clothing for 400 boarding pupils at a cost of $30,000. Some of the Protestant papers, says the *Sun*, claim that this is contrary to the Constitution, which it undoubtedly is, but we never heard of any Protestants saying that the money their churches receive for converting Indians was unconstitutionally donated.

WHEN Plymouth church wanted a eulogy pronounced upon its dead pastor, the late Mr. Beecher, they sent to England for the Rev. Dr. Parker, who professed to be a warm friend of Beecher, to perform that labor of love. When the eulogy was delivered an admission fee was charged for the benefit of the Beecher Monument Fund. It is now the talk that the fund got none of the money, but that the Rev. Dr. Parker claimed a good fat fee out of the proceeds. The reverend gentleman is reputed to be quite worldly-minded when money is concerned, and in addition to $350 for his services as eulogist, he sold the copyright of the sermon for $200.

THE first careful canvass of illiteracy in Massachusetts was undertaken in connection with the census of 1885, and the result is almost ready for publication. The important figures are made public. In a population falling a few thousand short of 2,000,000 the number of illiterates over 10 years old is 122,263, and 45,550 of these are males and 76,713 females. Of the whole number 96,770 are wholly illiterate, that is to say, they can neither read nor write, and this class consists of 37,464 males and 59,306 females. The number who can read but are unable to write is 25.360, and 7,992 of these are males and 17,306 females. There are 133 persons who claim that they can write but cannot read. The number of illiterates in 1885 between the ages of 10 and 13, both inclusiv, was 2,158; between the ages of 14 and 19, 4,303; 20 and 29, 8,747; 30 and 49, 16,544; 50 years and over, 13,774.

THE Dallas *Times* doesn't like the theology of the cowboy evangelist who is wrestling with the Texas sinners, and takes him to task for saying that "hell is full of Campbellites and Methodists." It says: "Come out of that, cowboy! Come up out of the depths of such barbarism! Preach good will; preach love; preach hope! Put away the instruments of torture; fill up your awful chasm of ever-burning fire! Hush the shrieks of lost souls, and lullaby into quiet the moans of the damned! Preach heaven; preach that there is a place where preachers, cowboys, Campbellites, Methodists, Baptists, all may reach if the great and pleasant road of justice and love and fair play to man is allowed here on earth." What is the good of preaching all this, or anything else, without proving it?

THE pope has an annual income of $625,000, it is said, from the interest on the English bonds left in the treasury by his predecessor. He is also said to be a great speculator, subscribing for the Italian loans, holding them for a rise, and selling them to invest the profits in more English bonds. The Peter's pence is now said to amount to about $415,000 a year. This money and the income of the English bonds goes to pay $5,000 a year to each cardinal living in Rome, and to pay the prelates of the papal court, secretaries, nuncios, guards, and other papal servants. Besides this the pope receives from the apostolic chancery sums for the titles of nobility, papal decorations, benedictions in the article of death, privileges of the altar, private chapels, dispensations, and other things, the total amount being, it is said, $520,000 a year. The pope's annual income, therefore, is about $1,500,000.

THE Rev. R. Heber Newton, in his sermon last Sunday, pointed out several dangers which he thinks menace this republic. The danger to our schools was that they failed to take account of industrial aptitudes. Socially, he said, free divorce threatens the home institution. In public economy disparity of wealth is the danger, and the churches, he thought, are menaced by an absence of free thought and honest utterance.

A ROMAN Catholic temperance society holds a sacred concert every Sunday evening in this city. Last Sunday night's solemnities are thus reported by a morning paper: A sort of an overture on the piano gave all the boys a chance to show their familiarity with the Boulanger march, in which they joined by whistling. There was no address. A cowboy with a crutch sang "Powder Boy Jim,' and then pleased the girls mightily with "I'm the Father of a Little Gossoon." An English singer, after telling the boys in song "Don't Leave Your Mother while there's Fringe on Your Pants," told the girls, "All I Want is a Little Wife to keep Me Nice and Warm." One young singer who rendered "You Know" had his effects spoiled by the whole house, which insisted on joining in the whistle. He got even by doing a trick of spirit-writing and showing a slate inscribed:

> Of all the fish in sea or lake,
> The blooming codfish takes the cake.

Frank Bush, more singers, and some banjo players held the audience till half past 9.

# Communications.

## The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

Author of "Physical Education," "The Secret of the East," etc.

### IV.—Objective Maxims.

CHAPTER XIX.—LEGISLATIVE REFORM.

*A.—Lessons of Instinct.*

Progress is a general law of Nature, and the comparative study of Evolution proves that the tendency to improvement increases with the advance to higher planes of development. Among the lowest organisms the rate of progress is hardly appreciable. The sea shells of the Devonian period can scarcely be distinguished from the shells of our present seas. The balls of amber found on the shores of the Baltic often contain the mummies of insects closely resembling certain species of latter-day flies and beetles, while the horse, the zebra, and other modern varieties of the equine genus, have developed from a creature not much larger than a fox. The Neanderthal skull proves that the heads of our early ancestors were almost ape-like in their protruding jaws and flatness of cranium. The lower animals adhere to inherited habits with a persistency that has often proved their ruin by diminishing their ability of adapting themselves to change of circumstances, as in the case of that sea-lizard of the South sea islands, where its ancestors had for ages managed to escape their only enemies by leaving the water and crawling up the beach, and where their modern descendants persist in crawling *land*ward in the hope of escaping from dogs and hunters.

The higher animals, on the other hand, rarely fail to profit by lessons of experience. Trappers know that the contrivances for capturing wild animals have to be changed from time to time, the older methods being apt to lose their efficacy after the fate of a certain number of victims has warned their relatives. Old rats have been seen driving their young from a dish of arsenic-poisoned gruel. Deer, foxes, and wild turkeys learn to avoid the favorite trails of the hunter; monkeys, on their first arrival in a cold climate, impatiently tear off the jackets or shawls furnished by the kindness of their keeper, but soon learn to appreciate the advantage of artificial teguments, and even try to increase their stock of wardrobe by appropriating every stray piece of cloth they can lay their hands on.

The instinct of adaption to the conditions of progress has asserted itself both among modern and very ancient nations, though during the mental bondage of the Middle Ages its manifestations were systematically suppressed by the conservatism of religious bigots. Savages show an almost apish eagerness in adopting the habits, fashions, and foibles of civilization. The political institutions of primitive nations are very elastic. The Grecian republics were not only willing but anxious to improve their laws by abolishing abuses and testing amendments. In ancient Rome every general assembly of freemen exercised the functions of a legislative council; legislative reforms were proposed by private citizens, and were often carried by acclamation, like the edict for the expulsion of the Tarquins, and the resolution revoking the exile of Cicero.

B.—REWARDS OF CONFORMITY.

Legislative reform, the manful renunciation of entangling alliances with the ghosts of the past, is a sword that has more than once cut a Gordian knot of fatal complications. The suppression of monasteries saved four of our Spanish American sister republics from a brood of vampires that had drained the life-blood of Spain for a series of centuries. In England the timely repeal of the corn-laws averted an explosion that might have rent the coherence of the entire British empire. The abolition of slavery with one blow destroyed a hydra that had menaced the safety of the American Union by an endless series of political disputes. By the abolition of serfdom Czar Alexander elevated the Russian empire to the rank of a progressive nation. The very possibility of national progress depends, indeed, on the hope of legislative reform, for the rigor of unalterable laws prevents social development as the clasp of an iron ring prevents the growth of a tree.

C.—PERVERSION.

All the intelligent nations of antiquity were distinguished by a tendency to legislative progress, till the freedom of that progress was checked by the claims of religious infallibility. The founder of the Zendavesta advanced that claim for a pandect of pretended revelations which became the religious code of Central Asia, and as a consequence the intellectual and industrial development of two valiant nations was stunted by legislative conservatism—the proverbially "unalterable laws of the Medes and Persians." The claims of an infallible revelation preclude the necessity of reform. "Should mortals presume to improve the ordinances of a God?"

But the blind hatred of progress which has for so many centuries degraded the Christian hierarchy below the priesthood of all other intolerant creeds, is the earth-renouncing antinaturalism of their founder. The priests of Zoroaster, Moses, and Mohammed claimed the sufficiency of their dogmas for the purposes of national prosperity. The priests of the nature-hating Galilean attempted to suppress the very desire of that prosperity. "The doctrine of renunciation made patriotism an idle dream: the saints, whose 'kingdom was not of this world,' had no business with vanities of that sort; no chieftain could trust his neighbor; cities were pitted against cities and castles against castles; patriotic reformers would vainly have appealed to the sympathies of men who had been taught to reserve their interest for the politics of the New Jerusalem" (Secret of the East, p. 76).

The Rev. Spurgeon, of London, England, recently provoked the protests of his Liberal colleagues by the confession that he "positively hated advanced thought;" but only five centuries ago such protests were silenced with the gag and the fagot. For nearly a thousand years every clergyman who had the courage to lift his voice in favor of secular reforms was fiercely attacked as a traitor to the sacred cause of other-worldliness. To question the authority of the church was a crime which could not in the least be palliated by such pleas as the temporal interests of mankind, and a mere hint at the fallibility of "revealed scriptures" could only be expiated in the blood of the offender. Nay, thousands of scientists, historians, and philosophers who had never expressed a direct doubt of that sort, were doomed to a death of torture merely because the logical inference of their discoveries was at variance with the dogmas of the Galilean miracle-mongers. From the reign of Charlemagne to the outbreak of the Protestant revolt the intolerance of Christian bigots interposed an insuperable dam between the projects and the realization of social reforms.

"I cannot conceive," says Hallam, "of any state of society more adverse to the intellectual improvement of mankind than one which admitted no middle line between dissoluteness and fanatical mortifications."

If it had not been for the exotic civilization of Moorish Spain, it would be strictly true that at the end of the thirteenth century, when the enemies of nature had reached the zenith of their power, "the countries of Europe, without a single exception, were worse governed, more ignorant, more superstitious, poorer, and unhappier than the worst governed provinces of pagan Rome."

In China and India, too, the resistance of religious prejudice has for ages frustrated the hopes of political development, and the civilization of Europe dates only from the time when a more or less complete separation of church and state was effected by the insurrection of the Germanic nations, and where the work of that separation has been left unfinished the march of reform halts at every step. Every claim of dogmatic infallibility has proved a spoke in the wheels of progress.

D.—PENALTIES OF NEGLECT.

The pig-headed conservatism of orthodox nations has never failed to avenge itself in its ultimate results, but its fatuity has, perhaps, been most strikingly illustrated by the practical consequences of legislative non-progressiveness. There was a time when the small value of real estate made it a trifle for an Italian prince to present a favorit prelate with a few square leagues of neglected woodlands; but now, when those woods have been turned into vineyards and building-lots, and over-population makes the monopoly of land a grievous burden, hundreds of industrious peasants are obliged to starve to swell the revenues of a bloated priest, who nevertheless succeeds in silencing all protests by an appeal to the "necessity of respecting time-honored institutions." At a time when agriculture and pastoral pursuits were the chief industries of Scotland, it was no great grievance to sequester the seventh day for the exclusive service of ecclesiastic purposes; but now, when thousands of poor factory children need outdoor recreations as they need sunlight and bread, it has become an infamous outrage on personal rights to enforce a medieval by-law for the suppression of outdoor sports on the day when those who need it most can find their only chance for recreation. Nevertheless, the dread of innovations defeats the urged repeal of a law which for the last hundred years has obliged millions of city dwellers to sacrifice the sunshine of their lives for the benefit of a few clerical vampires. The repeal of the witchcraft laws was preceded by a transition period of at least two hundred years, when the mere dread of an open rupture with the specters of the past cowed intelligent jurists into accepting the charge of an impossible crime, and consigning the victims of superstition to the doom of a hideous death. Their private rationalism might revolt against the absurdity of the proceedings, but there were the witnesses, there were the legal precedents, there were the explicit provisions of the penal code, and with or without the consent of their intellectual conscience they had to pronounce the sentence of death. The penal statutes of medieval England made sheep stealing a capital offense, and the mulish conservatism of British legislators refused to abolish that relic of the Dark Ages till the common sense of the lower classes found means to redress the abuse in a way of their own. Juries agreed to acquit sheep-stealers altogether, rather than vote away their lives for that of a quadruped. It was in vain that the prosecuting attorney established the fact of the offense beyond a shadow of reasonable doubt. It was in vain that the charge of the judge emphatically indorsed the indictment. It was in vain that the defendants themselves completed the evidence of their guilt by a frank confession; they were acquitted amidst the wrathful protests of the court and the plaudits of the audience, till sheep-owners themselves were obliged to petition for the repeal of the time-dishonored law. The idea that the mere antiquity of a legal custom is an argument in its favor is a twin sister of the superstitious veneration of antiquated dogmas.

E.—REFORM.

The superstitious dread of innovation, rather than the want of natural intelligence, has for ages thwarted the hopes of rationalism, and the renunciation of that prejudice promises to rival the blessing of Secular education in promoting the advance of social reforms. Orthodox *restiveness*, rather than any conceivable degree of ignorance, has, for instance, prevented the repeal of the Religious Disability laws which still disgrace the statutes of so many civilized nations. A chemical inventor would be suspected of insanity for trying to demonstrate his theories by quoting the Bible in preference to a scientific text-book, yet on questions as open to investigation and proof as any problem of chemistry, the courts of numerous intelligent nations still refuse to accept the testimony of a witness who happens to prefer the philosophy of Humboldt and Spencer to the rant of an oriental spook-monger. The proposition to oblige a water-drinker to defray the expense of his neighbor's passion for intoxicating beverages would justly land the proposer in the next lunatic asylum, yet millions upon millions of our Caucasian fellow-men are still taxed to enable their neighbors to enjoy the luxuries of a creed which the conscience of the unwilling tithe-payer rejects as a degrading superstition. In Europe countless Nonconformists have to contribute to the support of a parish-priest or village-rector on pain of having a sheriff sell their household goods at public auction. In America farmers and mechanics have to pay double-taxes in order to enable an association of mythology-mongers to hold their property tax-free. Because the pantheon of the Ammonites included a god with cannibal propensities, helpless infants were for centuries roasted on the consecrated gridiron of that god; and because eighteen hundred years ago the diseased imagination of a world-renouncing bigot conceived the idea of a deity delighting in the self-affliction of his creatures, the gloom of death still broods over the day devoted to the special worship of that God, and the coercive penalties of the law are weekly visited upon all who refuse to sacrifice their health and happiness on the altar of superstition.

But legislative abuses are not confined to religious anachronisms. The inconsistencies of our penal code still betray the influence of medieval prejudices in the unwise leniency, as well as in the disproportionate severity, of their dealings with purely secular offenses. The vice of intemperance was for centuries encouraged by the example of the clergy, while the control, or even the suppression, of the sexual instinct was enforced by barbarous penalties. And while the panders of the alcohol vice are still countenanced by the sanction of legal license and admitted to official positions of honor and influence, the mediators of sexual vice are treated as social outcasts, and punished with a severity out of all proportion to the actual social standards of virtue. The deserted wife, who in a moment of despair has caused the death of an unborn child, is treated as the vilest of criminals, while the crime of a railway shark or tenement-speculator whose selfishness and greed have caused a fatal disaster, is condoned in consideration of "social respectability," *i.e.*, a mask of orthodox sentiments and unctuous cant. A Christian jury will thank a banker for shooting a poor wretch whom extreme distress may have driven to enter a house for predatory purposes, but if that same banker should be convicted of embezzling the hard-earned savings of trusting widows and orphans, his fellow-hypocrites will circulate an eloquent petition for his release from a few years of light imprisonment.

There is need of other reforms, which recommend themselves by such cogent arguments that their adoption seems only a question of time, such as the protection of forests, the recognition of women's rights, the "habitual criminal" law, physical education, and the abolition of the poison-traffic.

It is undoubtedly true that the progress from barbarism to culture is characterized by the growth of a voluntary respect for the authority of legal institutions, but it is equally true that the highest goals of civilization cannot be reached till the degree of that respect shall be measured by the utility, rather than by the antiquity, of special laws.

## Religious Delusions.

THEIR STULTIFYING AND DESTRUCTIV POWER, ILLUSTRATED IN THE HISTORY OF THE ECONOMITE SOCIETY, LOCATED ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE OHIO RIVER, AND TWENTY MILES BELOW PITTSBURGH.

II.

It is internally evident, if we read the second epistle of Peter, that when it was written the faith of the Christian people in the second coming of Christ had begun to waver. "Scoffers," as he called them, had arisen, even in the church, who, comparing the facts in the case with the explicit predictions and assurances of Jesus, said, in a tone of skeptical defiance: "Where is the promis of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep in death all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." St. Peter rebukes these men, explaining the failure of Christ to appear on the principle that "one day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day;" and then he repeats the old assurance, that:

> The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up. Seeing, then, that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be, in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for, and hastening to, the coming of the day of God when the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless, we, according to his promis, look for a new heaven, and a new earth, wherein d velleth righteousness.

But the event, which Paul assured the Christians he had the express authority of God for announcing, although so fervently believed in and expected, never occurred; and we can only imagin the feeling of shame and disappointment, and even incipient, secret Infidelity, which must hav been experienced by the early Christians, most of whom had heard the prediction from Christ's own lips, as year after year passed away, and one after another of the apostles died, and the signs of Christ's coming never appeared! And it is strong circumstantial evidence to prove the second century origin of the fourth gospel, attributed to John, that, unlike Matthew, Mark, and Luke, whose gospels are full of the matter of the second coming, the author of this book is profoundly silent on the whole subject. The reason, no doubt, was that the failure of Christ to appear, according to his solemn promis, proving that he was entirely mistaken as a matter of fact, and could not therefore be the omniscient God manifest in the flesh, militated against the great purpose of the fourth gospel, which was to deify Jesus.

THE MILLENARIAN, OR CHILIASTIC, DOCTRIN OF THE SECOND COMING.

It will be noticed that in all the quotations I hav made from the New Testament, there is no intimation given of the *Millenarian* idea—that Christ, after his second coming, was to reign with his saints upon the earth for a *thousand* years. This new phase of the doctrin did not occur to the mind of the church till the close of the tenth century, when the pope of Rome found it was necessary to do something effectual to restore the power and prestige of the church, weakened by causes unnecessary here to mention. A new flood of light suddenly burst upon the twentieth chapter of that enigmatical book in the canon of scripture, called "The Revelation of John," where it is said:

> And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit, and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be fulfilled; and after that he must be loosed a little season. And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them; and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshiped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years, etc.

From this passage it is apparent, first, that the shutting up of the devil in the bottomless pit, and the reign of Christ with the saints, was to last definitivly a *thousand* years. Hence the names "millenarians," and "chiliasts," the one being the Latin, and the other the Greek term given to and assumed by those who entertain this belief; secondly, that after the thousand years' imprisonment of the devil is ended, "he must be loosed again for a little season, to go out and deceive the nations that are in the four quarters of the earth;" after which, according to the apostle Peter, the conflagration of the entire world, including 150,000,000 of square miles of ocean, will take place.

What questions now arise in the mind of a sincere seeker after truth who hates to be bamboozled? Are the saints, during the millennial reign, to be celibates? If so, before the lapse of the first century and a half of the period, the race of them will become extinct. If they shall propagate, as the prolific saints in Ireland do, their numbers would amount to many millions at the close of that period. Where would these millions stay when one sheet of fire encompassed the earth, dissolving the mountains, and drying up the oceans. and the very elements melting with fervent heat? Would they be colonized on the rainless clouds, and sail through space, and be fed miraculously with manna, as the Israelites were in the wilderness, till the earth sufficiently cooled to allow them to return and take part in inaugurating the new heavens and the new earth? And, as Saint John, the professor of the church science of "*eschatology*," assures us that in the new earth there will be no sea, the evaporation of whose waters, now collected by the mountain-tops, givs rain, and rivers, and springs of water, how will the saints subsist during the interregnum? When did this period of a thousand years begin? at the close of the tenth century, as the Crusaders believed? or, is it still in the future, as Dr. Cummings, Dr. Seiss, Mr. Miller, and other of our millenarian contemporaries believe? If the "little season," during which the devil was to be loosed out of the bottomless pit, so that he might go forth again to his old vocation of deceiving the nations, is to be interpreted on the principle laid down by Saint Peter, that "one day with the Lord is as a thousand years," might it not include at least some centuries of time, during which, judging from his previous successes, he might regain much of the empire he had lost during his stay in the bottomless pit? These are only samples of unanswerable questions that could be asked.

The world has not ceased to read with amazement the account of that movement, which, under this millenarian delusion, took place in the eleventh century, called the Crusades. The Christians of Europe, who were at that time all Catholics, were taught by their priests that the thousand years mentioned in the Revelation of John had actually begun with the close of the tenth century, and that Christ might appear at any day in the clouds of heaven to fulfil his promis to take his seat and reign upon the throne of his ancestor, David, at Jerusalem. But when they saw that Jerusalem, and the sepulcher of Christ, and all the rest of the holy places in Palestine were in possession of the Saracens, called Infidel, because they believed in Mohammed and the Koran instead of Christ and the New Testament, they blushed with shame and were indignant at the fact. With such a leverage the enthusiastic priests had easy work in rousing up the military spirit of the people and organizing vast armies to march to the Holy Land and rescue it from the contaminating presence of the Infidels. The delusion continued through the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, during which it subordinated all other interests to itself. It raised no less than eight armies, consuming a hundred and seventy-seven years of actual fighting, and slaughtered five millions of men, and the consequent distress of families by death and poverty cannot be calculated or even imagined.

But, after all this destruction of life and treasure in these Quixotic expeditions to Palestine, Jesus never put in an appearance; and the Turk continued to hold, and still holds to this day, possession of the Holy Land! The soldiers who were victimized by this delusion were all honest, and expected to be abundantly compensated for their courage and their sufferings, by seeing with their mortal eyes the triumphant appearance of the son of man to set up his kingdom. But the wily priests, who stayed at home and received the deeds of the Crusaders' lands, the preambles to which began with "*propinquante mundi termino*"—the end of the world being now come—were not honest. For, if the coming of Christ and the end of the world justified the Crusader in giving up his lands to the church, and his wife and children to poverty, what use could the church make of the property when the world was to be burnt up? It was then that the priesthood, all over Europe, amassed their great landed wealth, which, in England, during the reign of Henry VIII., embraced one-third, if not more, of the whole kingdom!

But, though time and truth had proved the utter unreliableness of the second advent theory in the first century and in the eleventh, they did not, with all their mountain-weight of evidence, shake the faith of the church in a millennium, to take place some time or other; and at this moment, the church, in all its denominations, is looking forward to a thousand years of untold prosperity, when, with the fulness of the Gentiles, the Jews shall be brought back to their nativ land, and become good Christians.

If anyone is tired of reading what I hav written under this head, and says it is incoherent and unintelligible, I admit it; but let him remember that I am giving the scriptural basis, obscure as it is, of one of the most terrible delusions that ever disgraced the Church—a delusion which is sufficient of itself to stamp the whole system of religion as a base fraud practiced by the priesthood upon the ignorance and credulity of mankind.

THE ECONOMITES ALL MILLENARIANS.

George Rapp and his followers were Millenarians. They brought these views with them from Germany, a country which has produced more religious nebulosity than any other in Europe, and in modern times. Rapp, with all his heart, believed, taught, and expected that Christ would come again, personally and visibly, and set up his kingdom on the earth, with his headquarters at Jerusalem; that the living saints, with the resurrected ones, would reign with him for a thousand years, after which the world would be burnt up, and when cooled off sufficiently the New Heavens and the New Earth would be established, to remain permanently. Just as Paul and the early Christians believed, 1800 years ago, that before their death they would witness this event in all its grandeur, so George Rapp believed, without a single doubt, that he would not only see Jesus with his natural eyes, but would hav the unutterable felicity of marching his faithful followers to Palestine, and presenting them in person, and detail, to him as a company of witness-bearers who for half a century had been waiting for his appearing, with their loins girt about, and their lamps trimmed and burning, ready at the first sound of the archangel's trump to take up the line of march for Jerusalem.

In the year 1832 William Miller, an uneducated man who had been a captain in the war of 1812, began to travel as a self-authorized lecturer and expounder of the church's new science of "*Eschatology*." His plausible interpretations of prophecy, and his calculation as to the time for the end of the world to come, gathered to his standard many thousands of followers, scattered all over the country, and he constituted them into a church upon the sole basis of the expectation of the coming of Christ, giving it the name of "The Second Advent." He set the very day for the fulfilment of Christ's promis, and many of his followers proved their faith by their works, by dressing themselvs up in their ascension robes and waiting for the event. George Rapp, having always been a Millenarian, and although unacquainted personally with Miller, could not but be deeply moved by the discussions on this exciting subject, which, at that time, so occupied the attention of the religious world; and he felt his strong faith strengthening day by day. He therefore ordered all the earnings of the Society, over and above what was requisit to carry on business, to be laid carefully aside, for defraying the necessary expenses of conducting his followers to Jerusalem. Paul, in his epistle to the Hebrews, uses up nearly a whole chapter in setting forth and commanding the *faith* of the Old Testament saints, mentioning their deeds and names in detail. But the faith of none of them was more astonishing than that of George Rapp. For when, in 1847, he lay dying at Economy, one of his devoted people who was nursing him in his sickness reports that the last night of his life, when he felt, but did not believe, that it was death laying siege to the citadel of life, Rapp observed to him: "*If I did not fully believe that the Lord had designed me to place our Society before his presence in the Land of Canaan, I would consider this my last.*" His people, who for years wrought themselvs up into the belief that Rapp would never taste death, with broken hearts and expectations followed him to his grave "in the orchard," half, if not entirely, believing that when Christ shall actually come, their beloved leader will resurrect, and conduct them to meet their long-expected Lord in the Promised Land. But if Christ should come now and wake up his distinguished servant and believer, who died without the satisfaction of seeing him as he expected, unless he waked up all the rest who had died at the other two places of settlement, the detachment for Jerusalem would not attract much attention, except for their immense wealth; for, in point and numbers, they now amount to less than forty, and all of them old and infirm.

## Things Profitable and Things Unprofitable.

E. M. MACDONALD, EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Dear Sir and Brother:* Some kind friend has sent a copy of your September 24th issue. I profoundly agree with you on the comparativ, nay, frightful, unprofitableness of the churches. The question is how best to put them to honest work? Having studied this question for many years I beg to ask through your columns: 1. Is not practical reform the best test, the short road? 2. Are not woman suffrage, prohibition, antisecretism, antimonopoly, antiwar, coöperativ labor reform, true, practical reforms? 3. Ought not Liberals to organize for religious reform, the spiritual, political, and financial emancipation of the race, through kindly, free discussion? 4. Is not mere dogmatic, sectarian discussion following the example set by the church utterly unprofitable? If we Liberals want to win over the churches must we not get right down to organized, earnest, solid, helpful reform work, doing to others in need as we would hav others do to us? Truly, F. K. PHŒNIX.

*Delevan, Wis.*, Nov. 17, 1887.

ELECTRIC light people are indignant at the remark of Professor Wiesner, of Vienna, that that light damages books by discoloring the paper, and is not fit to use in libraries. They say that sunlight does the same thing, and that it is only the arc light that discolors paper, any way. The incandescent light, they claim, is perfectly harmless to books.

# The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, - - - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
E. B. FOOTE, JR., Chair. Ex. Com., 120 Lexington Ave., New York.
EDGAR C. BEALL, Chair. Fin. Com., - - 27 Arcade, Cincinnati.


## The Roll of Honor.

In response to appeals, I hav received already some substantial evidences of earnestness, but they are not so numerous that *you*, my friend, need fear that your contribution will not be necessary to carry on the campaign this year. So don't delay.

E. M. Davis is a name that has been inseparably associated with every noble work in behalf of Liberalism since I hav had any knowledge of the cause, and he has not grown weary of well-doing either. Could we expect otherwise from a son-in-law of that grand and venerable champion of freedom, Lucretia Mott? Radicalism runs in the family. Mr. Davis writes:

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 11, 1887.

E. A. STEVENS, *Dear Sir:* I hav read your address in the issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER of November 12th. I believe in the Nine Demands, and send $9 toward proving it. Credit the extra dollar to my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Publish the Demands more frequently in the paper. Keep up your agitation. Systematize it as much as possible, as system is much more likely to lead to success.

Very truly, E. M. DAVIS.

Don't suppose that Hudson, N. Y, is overflowing with Liberals, but those whom we know are of the right metal. Leonard Geiger attended the Congress, paid a Life Membership fee, and pledged in addition $50 for the Campaign Fund this year. Mr. Geiger means business. From the same place Mr. Smith writes with modest brevity:

HUDSON, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1887.

E. A. STEVENS, *Dear Sir:* Inclose $10 for credit Campaign Fund. in response to your circular letter as recently published in the Liberal papers. Truly, J. A SMITH.

Don't know Mr. Smith, but I'll wager he's a brick, who, so far as orthodoxy is concerned, proposes to carry the war into the domain of the Holy Ghost and his co-conspirators. Wonder if Brother Geiger is doing some missionary work? If so, keep on; you're doing well.

W. A. Girkin, of Bloomington, Ill., is a leading business man and a prominent member of the Turn Verein. It is claimed that the advantage of the fashionable long, narrow pocketbook is, that you can keep your money *longer* in your pocket. Mr. Girkin is not in fashion on pocket-books, for I only mentioned the necessity of funds when a five-dollar bill was thrust in my hands with such alacrity that it both surprised and embarrassed me. May he liv long and prosper.

Who is next? Don't be bashful about the amount. Make it reflect your enthusiasm in ratio to your desire for a purely American Secular Democracy, where orthodoxy can hav no greater sway than individual opinion; where the laws embody Liberalism and liberty. We havn't the pretentious inducements of our opponents—reserved seats near the great white throne, which in an eternity will not wear out—I mean the seats—but if you hav a manly or womanly ambition to rid this country of the blighting influence of shams and superstitions, which of necessity are breeding hypocrisy, vice, and crime, come to the rescue of Freethought and Secular principles. Help us to publish the facts and arouse the people, who are slumbering, on to a realization of their danger. The way you can help arrest this onward march of orthodox power is to send us the means to scatter the seed of an intelligent opposition. Will you do it?

To-day, November 24th, the country is called on by the high-priests of this insiduous power at the head of the nation and the states to giv thanks that they are still permitted to liv, while drouth, disaster, and disease hav done their deadly work; to render thanks for the superabundant crop of official and unofficial rascality; to giv praise that the pomp of pride and power—the blaze of wealth and popularity—has blinded the eyes of the people and blunted their conceptions of justice.

Cant is enthroned, and leers across-lots at impoverished honesty. Help us crush this monstrosity. To do this you must aid us financially. In days to come it may be your proudest distinction. Whether or no, it is your duty, and now is the time for action. No time to waste. Enroll your name on the Roll of Honor, the vanguard of liberty in this fight, and prepare to knock the God of hosts clean out of the laws of our land. E. A. STEVENS, Sec'y A. S. U.

## C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

BETHANY, Mo, Nov. 13th and 14th.—This is the county-seat of Harrison county, and, like most villages in Missouri, is quite pretentious in its spread over a large extent of territory. Some handsome new brick blocks giv evidence that the more liberal merchants are wrestling with the inertia that orthodox mildew has produced. I was glad to see the churches are no longer the ornaments of the village, but, like their creeds and dogmas, badly dilapidated, decayed, worn-out. There can be no more encouraging evidence of a spirit of enterprise, born of Liberalism, being effectivly at work than the fact that the Bethany public school-house is the best, largest, and most sightly building in the town—a stately, commodious brick building, with two half-acre lots of greensward—one on each side of the building—for playgrounds for the children. The next handsome building is the Masonic Hall, and, opposit and next in rank, the Odd Fellows' Hall. The Emmerson House, a small brick hotel, under its present proprietor, is rapidly attaining a deserved high reputation as a first class, clean, comfortable resting-place for traveling men.

The Liberals of Bethany had little hope for the success of a course of Liberal lectures. The fact is, they hav neglected to subscribe for any Liberal papers, and consequently were ignorant of the sturdy onward march of Freethought. Strange inconsistency! to claim devotion to a cause and yet neglect to aid or sustain it to the extent of less than one cent a day; spend for tobacco more than would pay subscription to every Liberal paper published in the United States. "No, really; I would if I possibly could; but, in justice to my family, I really cannot afford $3 a year for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I want to do all in my power to help on the cause, but really I cannot spare the money." And so saying, they light another ten-cent cigar, which, like their professions of Liberalism, begins in puff and ends in smoke.

Brave young W. H. Allen resides eight miles from the village of Bethany, but, the loyal son of a noble Liberal sire, he would listen to no croakings, be dismayed by no discouragements, and by his persistency he inspired others, and, once awakened from their apathetic slumbers, the friends responded nobly to his appeals. I found a three-weeks' Methodist revival in full blast. The lectures were only advertised by word of mouth and a four or five line notice in local papers. The editors might, in consideration of a few ducats, brave the wrath of God, but never, no never, could they dare brave the dread frown of Mrs. Grundy.

Notice of the lectures in THE TRUTH SEEKER brought many persons from a distance. E M. Giles and wife, W. L. Smith, Ben Baker, and Chas. Frenshum came from Ridgeway, thirteen miles. Some came fifteen miles; a hand-car brought twenty over ten miles. We regret that one good doctor, delaying just a little too long in bidding farewell, missed the hand-car, and had to walk home ten miles on the railroad track. The friends coming so great distance on Sunday, and returning again on Monday, was a most complimentary evidence of their appreciation of the lectures.

On Sunday afternoon the Atheneum Hall was two-thirds filled with ladies and gentlemen, notwithstanding there was a baptism of converts at the river at the same hour. In the evening, the hall was filled—over two hundred and fifty present, and Monday even a larger number crowded in; great interest was manifest. I distributed a large number of Liberal periodicals and sold about $20 worth of books and pamphlets; could hav sold more, but my stock was exhausted.

When, oh when, will that blasphemy-defense speech of Colonel Ingersoll be published? Ye gentle, genial Farrell, thou who holdest its destiny in thy dilatory hands, I beseech thee take compassion on me and on the eager multitude waiting, longing for its distribution. At every place I hav visited the demands for copies are overwhelming. I am so weary of repeating, "It will be out soon." "Why this long delay?" is everywhere the cry. How can I answer? Farrell, to the rescue! Issue it at once, and thine shall be the honor and the glory now and forever. Amen.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

## Why Misrepresent?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* Referring to the Reynolds blasphemy case and my comments thereon in *Liberty*, you reiterate a charge against me which I hav once denied in your columns and which you hav not yet substantiated by citation of my words. You now say: "When what the Anarchists all admit was a legal injustice was perpetrated upon THE TRUTH SEEKER'S friend, *Liberty* applauded the judge." This is not true, and you knew it was not true when you wrote it. Your words mean, of course, that I applauded the judge for committing a legal injustice. I did no such thing. I expressly said that in my own opinion the judge's talk was fudge. I did not applaud him, but simply blamed you for pouring special wrath upon his head, when his only offense was the performance with comparativ decency of the dirty work which you, in common with all other supporters of the government, had set him to do. You appoint a judge to enfore the statute laws and to pass upon their constitutionality. In enforcing a law upon one of your friends he decides it constitutional, subject, of course, to the decision of a higher court in case of appeal. You cry about it, and abuse the judge. I submit that this is unbecoming and indecent on your part. The most that you can properly do is to point out his mistake, if he has made one, get it corrected by a higher court, and elect a new judge in his place at the expiration of his term. When he has done the work which you hav assigned to him to the best of his ability and without showing malice, you hav no business to revile him. Taking your own report of his words, he showed a disposition to be as fair as the law, as he understood it, would allow him to be. I, as an Anarchist who denies his authority, hav a right to complain of him for invading Mr. Reynolds, and I do complain of him. Without quoting my words, you tell your readers that I hav applauded the judge. I repeat that you knew you were not telling them the truth. BENJ. R. TUCKER.

## A Short Story of an Advertisment.

Persons whose privilege it was to peruse THE TRUTH SEEKER of Nov. 19, 1887, may hav noticed, if they looked attentivly, that a small portion of one column of reading matter and a very large portion of another were obliterated by a dense advertisment. It is owing to the intensity of color in that advertisment that the writer is now alive and in a condition to indite these lines. Some slight explanation may not be out of place to reduce the swollen bump of curiosity raised by the foregoing statement, and also to relieve the Truth Seeker Company from the suspicion of undue enterprise as advertisers. As I am the cause of the trouble, I hav consented to make the explanation.

To be brief, I would say that underneath those murky advertisments of the "The Story Hour" and THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1888 there are printed the observations of a Western cowboy as related to the Editor of this paper and recorded by myself. He was a man who came into the office to pass the time of day, and in answer to questions put to him told some very interesting anecdotes, which I wrote out as well as I could remember them. I do not say that my record was strictly accurate, but I thought he would be pleased to see his story printed, even with my additions. The latter, I supposed, would especially delight him, because I had never heard that the people of the West were at all behind those in the East in their admiration for talented and ingenious prevarication. Sustained and soothed by this trust, I showed our cowboy visitor, the next time he came in, a printer's proof of his narrativ before the edition had been mailed, but after it was printed.

I watched his countenance as he perused the article, in order to observe such emotions of pleasure as it should express, but I failed to detect any. Having read the story twice very carefully, he laid the proof down with the disquieting remark that if that went into print somebody would in all likelihood be shot—it depended merely upon the aim of the shooter. The shooting, he said, might or might not be regarded as desirable, but it would undoubtedly take place shortly after the appearance of THE TRUTH SEEKER of that date. He added that the piece was wrote grammatical, and that he had read many productions of my pen without feeling any desire to slay the author; but he was not in the best of spirits that day, and the present article had produced a contrary effect. I asked if shooting was a pastime common in his vicinage, and he said that going fifty miles before breakfast to shoot somebody excited no remark in the West, and that the pay for time so spent was not deducted from the salary of a cowboy. The knocking of a bootheel from the foot of a stranger was an ordinary method of introduction. Bootheels were regarded as unnecessary, and shooting them off placed the strangers upon an equal footing, so to speak.

An appeal to a nice set of boxing-gloves which the printers keep in the office was not accepted, and so the matter was laid before the Editor upstairs. The Editor was kind enough to say that he did not wish to hav anybody shot on account of matter printed in his paper. He would consult with his valued associate, the business manager. The B. M. coincided with the view that bloodshed was always to be avoided, when convenient, in conducting a paper. It was a question whether the amount of advertising thus gained paid for the delay which such things caused in getting the paper to press. I suggested tearing out the pages containing the offensiv matter; the Editor spoke of reprinting the edition, and the business manager mentioned putting an advertisment in the two columns.

During the discussion which followed, the gentleman from the West preserved the greatest serenity, and maintained the position of editor-in-chief with perfect dignity. He strolled elegantly about the sanctum, singing softly a portion of a hymn, whose burden was that beyond the hights he saw a glim where mansions were prepared for him, and appeared to await the decision of the company with the utmost indifference.

The business manager's way out of the difficulty was adopted. The Western gentleman said he hoped no offense had been given, and went lightly upon his way. The advertisment was prepared as suggested, and in a short time that edition of the paper was rattling through the press again with the results noted. The readers will never know what they missed, but when they remember that a joyous young

life has been preserved, with all its infinit possibilities, they will not mourn. I hav never so fully as now realized the profound truth of Brother Shakspere's remark that "sweet are the uses of advertisments." GEO. E. MACNONALN.

## The Pagan Origin of Christianity.

Christianity is not a revelation, but it is a development, having its roots in the religious soil of early pagan ideas. Renan says: "Nearly everything in Christianity is mere baggage brought from the pagan Mysteries." Its central idea is that God became man in the person of Jesus Christ; but the dogma of incarnation is common to all nations, and was believed long before the Christian era. The author of "Bible Myths" mentions forty-eight persons born of virgins; and Kersey Graves has written the stories of "Sixteen Crucified Saviors." In India, 900 B.C., Chrishna was born of the virgin Devaki, and, 500 B.C., Buddha was born of the virgin Maya. In Egypt, Horus and his virgin mother, Isis, were worshiped long before the time of Christ; and their black images and pictures were adopted in Romish churches to represent Jesus and Mary. Justin Martyr (A.D. 140), in his apology to the Emperor Adrian, says: "As to his (Jesus Christ) having been born of a virgin, you hav your Perseus to balance that."

The history of the man-gods is very similar. They were usually born on Christmas day, in caves or humble places, when the mother was on a journey. The heavenly bodies gave signs of their birth; they were visited by wise men, pursued by a king, and tempted by the devil. They worked miracles, died and rose again, and were to return and reform the world.

Modern Christians hav claimed that these stories arose after the time of Jesus and were distortions of his true life. But the early Christian Fathers knew better, and claimed that Satan had stolen God's designs and made spurious issues in advance. Hence the saying, "The devil has his Christs." Modern scholarship has demonstrated the priority of many of these stories to the story of Jesus.

The doctrin of the trinity was held by the Brahmans, who worshiped Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, and by the Buddhists, who reverenced "the three pure, precious, and honorable Fo" (Buddha). The term Logos, or Word, was applied to Apollo; and the Holy Ghost is symbolized by the dove of Venus.

The sacrament of bread and wine was observed in honor of Osiris, the risen god of ancient Egypt, and of Mithra, the Persion savior. The Greeks said that Ceres gave flesh to eat and Bacchus blood to drink.

Baptism was a universal custom. Buddhists dipped three times and Brahmans sprinkled. Persians dipped to Mithra and marked adults with the sign of the cross. Confirmation at the age of fifteen was also practiced by the ancient Persians.

The cross is a world-wide symbol of vast antiquity, probably originating as a phallic emblem, a symbol of the male generativ organs. In the museum of London University there is a mummy with a cross on its breast. An ancient race in North Italy reverenced the cross a thousand years before Christ. The sign of the cross that Constantine saw in vision was the monogram of Osiris and Jupiter Ammon. I. H. S. was the monogram of Bacchus.

Festivals to saints and martyrs replaced pagan festivals. Faustus wrote to St. Augustine: "Noth ing distinguishes you from the pagans, except that you hold your assemblies apart from them." St. Gregory, bishop of Neo-Cæsarea A.D. 240, was commended by Gregory of Nyassa for changing the pagan festivals into Christian holidays, the better to draw the heathen to the religion of Christ. The 25th of March, observed by Greeks and Romans in honor of the mother of the gods, is now Lady Day, and the festival of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary is held on the day of the festival of the blessed virgin Juno. Christmas was the birthday of the gods, and was the ancient feast of the sun, that then returns after the winter solstice. Our manner of observing it was condemned by Tertullian, A.D. 200, who said it was "rank idolatry" to deck doors with "garlands or flowers on festival days according to the custom of the heathen."

The fish is an emblem of deity. Dag is Hebrew for fish, and Dagon was a fish god. The fish was sacred to Venus, and was eaten on Friday in her honor, as it now is devoted to Jesus.

Good Friday and Easter were observed in honor of Adonis, and Easter takes its name from the Saxon goddess Ostara, whose festival was observed on that day.

All the doctrins that are deemed essential to Christianity are the outgrowth of earlier beliefs. Atonement was made not only by animals, but by men and gods. The title mediator was applied to Mithra in Persia. Regeneration, or being born again, was symbolized by a person passing through clefts in rocks, as though born out of the earth. The end of the world, the day of judgment, and future punishment were matters of belief in remote times.

Religion, beginning, perhaps, with Nature worship or sun worship, has gradually evolved its existing forms; and the evolution of religion is now as clearly established as is the evolution of all other characteristics of life and of the universe. The same laws hav controled the development of all. There has been neither miracle nor revelation, but natural selection and the survival of the fittest hav determined the form of beliefs as well of natural objects.

The Essenes, a sect of advanced Pharisees, were probably the immediate originators of both Christianity and Mohammedanism. A branch called Therapeutæ held similar doctrins to those afterward adopted by Christians. The Rev. Robert Taylor wrote the "Diegesis," showing the origin of the Christian gospels and doctrins from Egyptian and other Oriental sources; and, having been imprisoned in England for it, he said: "Those who offer truth to the Christian community must ever provide for their escape from so doing."

The author of "Bible Myths" says at the close of his voluminous account of the correspondences between Christianity and paganism: "We hav seen. then, that the only difference between Christianity and paganism is that Brahma, Ormuzd, Osiris, Zeus, Jupiter, etc., are called by another name; Chrishna, Buddha, Bacchus, Adonis, Mithras, etc., hav been turned into Jesus; Venus's pigeon into the Holy Ghost; Diana, Isis, Devaki, etc., into the Virgin Mary, and the demigods and heroes into saints. The exploits of the one are represented as the miracles of the other. Pagan festivals became Christian holidays, and pagan temples became Christian churches.

Every Christian doctrin, rite, and symbol can be shown to hav preëxisted in pagan usage. Therefore they cannot hav been revealed at the time of Christ. Christianity is thus proved to be an evolution out of older beliefs, and takes its place in the universal brotherhood of religions made my men. Books in large numbers may be found that tell these things, but the influence of the clergy prevents their being read. People should heed the advice of Buddha, "Do not believe merely on the authority of your teachers and masters, or believe and practice merely because they believed and practiced."

ROBERT C. ADAMS.

## They Were Not Guilty.

Having a few moments' leisure, and with THE TRUTH SEEKER before me, in which I find that A. D. Swan, of Kent, O., registers himself as approving the unjust sentence upon the Chicago Anarchists, I am moved to say a word upon this subject. I am now sixty years of age, and hav been allied with the newspaper business for more than forty years, and in all that time I hav never known an instance so important as this, in which human life was involved, where the people were so ignorant of the facts as in this case of the Chicago Anarchists and the Haymarket affair. I read hundreds of different newspapers every week, and it is very rarely that I can find a paper speaking with any degree of accuracy concerning the facts in that case. I was a resident of Chicago for several years, knew Fielden, Spies, and Parsons very well; and although personally familiar with many of the facts, I hav taken pains to accurately inform myself, especially on points involving a question or a doubt. I was a witness on the trial against these unfortunate men, made so because I had met them in debate opposing their methods and their doctrins. I know, from evidence accessible to all, that not one of these condemned men had any knowledge, or even the remotest suspicion, that a bomb was to be thrown at the Haymarket. Those of them who are dead died in utter ignorance of the man who threw the bomb, and devoutly believing that it was thrown at the instance of the capitalists in order to produce precisely the effect which followed. While I do not share in this belief, yet there is no proof existing rendering such a hypothesis impossible. The real crime of these men was sedition, nothing more nor nothing less. They were guilty of nothing more on the night of the Haymarket affair than they had been guilty of all along for two years or more.

If these men were guilty of a conspiracy to throw a bomb at the Haymarket, I find no evidence existing of the fact. Some of these men never met until they met as prisoners before the bar of the court. Fielden had never seen a particle of dynamite until he saw it in court. If there was any conspiracy, it was the same kind of a conspiracy which exists in all organizations. Their meetings were open to the world, and this Haymarket meeting was the first in their history visited by the police. Not a riotous act had disturbed the meeting until the arrival of the po ice. It was in every sense of the word a peaceable meetting, and the truth impels me to say that the police were the aggressors. I am a rigid advocate of the rights of free speech, as all Liberals should be, and I am always willing to hear words or ideas honestly spoken, even if it should be heresy. I hav always revered the sentiment spoken by Thomas Jefferson: "Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it." I regard even the arrest of Herr Most as cowardly and uncalled for. All I ask of Herr Most is an even chance to combat his error. If he violates a law, then I would hav him pay the full penalty of violated law. I am no Anarchist; hence I denounce all violations of law, and am willing to assist in the rigid execution of the laws. When the prejudice and hate engendered by the Haymarket affair shall hav passed away, and the cooler and calmer judgment shall pass upon that tragedy and its attendant results, there will arise in this country a feeling of regret at the injustice done these men. I remember well the frenzy of the people which demanded the hanging of Mrs. Surratt for conspiracy to murder Mr. Lincoln, but her innocence of that crime is now almost universally conceded, and was admitted by condoning the crime on the son who was guilty.

The commutation to imprisonment of Fielden and Schwab raises new and very important questions in this sad affair. According to the testimony, these two men were the most guilty of all. There were seven policemen testified that they saw Fielden with a pistol shooting at them. With great particularity they stated just where he stood and how he held his pistol and how many times he fired. But no two stories were alike, and they contradicted each other. Then it was testified that when the police arrived Fielden said: "Here come the bloodhounds; you do your duty and I will do mine." One witness testified that he overheard Schwab and Spies discuss the matter of throwing a bomb, and that Schwab gave the bomb to Spies to throw. Now, if this testimony is true, then both Fielden and Schwab were guiltier men than any of the others. But Fielden swears that he never owned a pistol, never carried one, and had none on that occasion; that he never used such language as was attributed to him, or anything like it, and Judge Gary writes a letter indorsing Fielden's honesty. If Fielden is honest, then those seven policemen who tried to swear away his life are guiltier than any of the Anarchists who were condemned, and should be punished accordingly, but they are each and all serving on the police in Chicago to-day. As to Schwab, every word of the testimony against him was false, and hence he was convicted, only upon false testimony, and it was because of this belief that Grinnell wrote a letter to the governor in his behalf. Fielden and Spies were the only men of the eight who were at the Haymarket when the bomb was thrown. It is a general belief, and has been so stated a thousand times in the newspapers, that all of these convicted men were engaged in a conspiracy to throw a bomb at the Haymarket, and that they were so boisterous and riotous that the police were obliged to interfere, when there is not one word of truth in the statement.

These men had no more determined opponent in Chicago than myself. Whenever they invited free discussion, and I had opportunity, I measured strength with them, and often I had the sympathy and support of the crowd with me, and against them. But while their language was seditious, and their proposed methods decidedly objectionable, I never saw a disturbance at any of their meetings, or any occasion for the presence of a policeman. The crowds which usually attended their meetings were not Anarchists. I doubt whether there could hav been found at any time in Chicago two hundred avowed Anarchists. Many followed them as children follow a band wagon, and because they were the friends of the laboring man. They were not bad or bloodthirsty men. As neighbors or friends they were good and kind. Lingg was a stranger in Chicago, as he was to all of the other seven men. Dynamite was his hobby. He was a carpenter, and belonged to the carpenters' union, and this union raised money to buy the ingredients so that he could experiment with the deadly stuff. There was no evidence that the bomb thrown at the Haymarket was of his make, except that some of the material was similar. For my own part, I do not believe that the bomb thrown at the Haymarket was one of Lingg's make. The preponderance of evidence is to the contrary, as the one which did the mischief was scientifically made, and scarcely an atom of it was ever found. Lingg's bomb could never hav accomplished what the Haymarket bomb accomplished.

*Duluth*, Nov. 22, 1887. J. K. MAGIE.

## Lord's Prayer Revised.

Lord, we thank thee for all the good things thou hast sent us; and as we are commanded to "be thankful for all things," to "believe and hope and trust in all things," we thank thee for the evil thou sendest upon us as well as the good. We believe and hope and trust in thee. in the devil, and in "all things"—good, bad, and indifferent.

Forgiv us, Lord, for all the sins we hav committed against thee; and we fervently implore thee to forgiv us for our virtues and "all things" that thou hast seen amiss or aright in all our doings and undoings, in all that we hav committed or omitted, thought of, and forgotten; and, Lord, wilt thou forgiv us for being born into this wicked world, for daring to look up to and acknowledge thee in our low estate? And last, but not least, Lord, forgiv us for asking to be forgiven. BACKWOODS BEN.

# Communications.

## Secular Education.

There are four instruments which, wielded by dominant minds, bend and mold the sentiments of the masses to meet the form and spirit of the times: The force of early influence, the school, the platform, and the press.

These are the four grand educators, and education is the strong right arm of progress, that arm which bares its mighty muscles and strikes upon the hewn rock of time the chisel-blows which carve the tablets of an advancing era, there to remain until the surges of the incoming ages shall hav swept them away, leaving a smooth face whereon shall be inscribed the newer thought, the better hope, the fuller life of the millennium.

To underestimate the power of anyone of these four is to commit oneself to an error in judgment which betrays a lack of generalship, since a good general will never underrate the strength of either his own or his enemy's forces; and whether influence, school, press, and platform are ranged on the side of your battalions or against them, they exert a power which it will not do to overlook if you desire to win the conflict.

To the public school system the nation looks, and in a measure has a right to look, for the formation of the character of its youth. I say it has a right to look in a measure. But there is an education which begins before that, an education which is rooted deeper, which reaches farther, which endures longer than that, and might be called the education of early circumstances; the education of parental influence; the education which makes the child of Catholic parents get down upon its knees while yet scarcely able to lisp its mother's name, and make the sign of the cross while that mother repeats: *In nomine patris, et filius, et spirituus sanctus;* the education which makes the child of Calvinistic parents afraid to be happy on Sunday for fear of offending an all-loving father; the education which should make the child of Secular parents understand that it is better to study how to liv rather than how to die; that it is better to hav a religion of deeds rather than a religion of creeds; that it is better to work for humanity than for God.

Secularism owes this duty to itself—that it instruct its children in their earliest infancy to think—think for themselvs. One of our Secular papers has for its motto, "The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom." Once the people begin to understand that; once they begin to appreciate the fact that aroused thought creates questions, that questions provoke answers, and that unsatisfactory answers call forth a denial from reason; once they get waked up to the propriety of asking the clergy questions, you will see the frock-coated gentlemen coming down mightily from their clerical stilts. They'll get down at about the rate the old Scottish minister did with the foxes' tails. I suppose you've all heard of that. A certain Scotch clergyman who, after the manner of ministers in general and particular, was very fond of hearing himself praised, said one day to the sexton, whom he met in the vestibule after service, "Well, Sandy, an' how did ye like the sermon the day?"

"Aweel, meenister, it were vera guid."

This tickled the old gentleman immensely, and he wanted to hear it again, so pretty soon he recommenced,

"An' so, Sandy, ye likit the sermon, did ye?"

"Weel, meenister, I didna say that, but it were better nor usual. I didna see sae mony folk asleep."

"What, Sandy! asleep in the kirk?"

"Aye, meenister. Ye ken that sometimes ye are a wee bit gien to exaggeration an'——"

"Exagger—what?"

"Weel, meenister, I didna mean tae pit it ower strang, but ye ken that—weel, ye sometimes stretch the truth a bit."

"What, Sandy? Me stretch the truth, an' me a meenister! Sandy, I'll tell ye. Ye ken that ye sit in the kirk afornent the pulpit. Weel, the next time that ye hear me exaggeratin' wull ye look up and whustle?"

"I wull."

So the next Sunday our minister had a very carefully-prepared sermon, taking his text from that part of the scripture which tells about Samson catching the three hundred foxes and tying their tails together; and had he but stuck to his notes he would hav been all right. But no; he could not forbear to extemporize; and closing the big Bible he leaned forward upon it, remarking as he did so, "Noo, brethren, this is wi' mony a vera sair pint; how Samson could ha' caught the three hun'erd foxes, and having caught them, tied their tails thegither. For ye ken that, in this country, it taks a grat mony men an' a grat mony houn's to catch one fox, let alone three hun'erd foxes. But, brethren, if ye'll gie me yer attention for a few munits I'll make that a' perfectly plain to ye. We're tauld in the scriptures that Samson was the strongest mon that ever lived; noo, while we're *not* tauld that he was the gratest runner that ever lived, we're *not* tauld that he *wasn't;* and so I infer from that that Samson was the gratest runner that ever lived. But noo we come to a mair sair pint still. Having caught the three hun'erd foxes, how was it that he tied their tails thegither, for ye maun ken that it wad be a vera difficult matter for a mon to tie twa foxes' tails thegither, let alone three hun'erd foxes. But ha' patience wi' me, brethren, and I'll make that plain to ye. Noo, there ha' been mun who ha' na staid on thar farms and dairies like yersel's, who ha' na been to the univarsities like mysel', but ha' been away an' traveled i' foreign countries, i' Palestine and the Holy Land. An' these travelers tell us that thar foxes there are nae like the foxes here, that they are a vera different creetyer; that their tails are vera much longer than they are here; that, in fact, thae foxes there hae tails f-o-r-t-y feet long!"

(A prolonged whistle.)

"Wait a meenit, brethren. Some writers tell us that thae foxes ha' tails forty feet long, but ither writers inform us that this is a grat exaggeration. That thae foxes' tails are nae mair than t-w-e-n-t-y feet long!"

(Another whistle.)

"Wait, brethren! While some writers hae tauld us that thae foxes' tails are forty feet long, and ither writers hae tauld us that thae foxes' tails are twenty feet long, I mysel' hae studied the matter, and I hae come to the conclusion that this is a vera grat exaggeration. That, in fact, the foxes' tails are nae mair than t-e-n feet long!"

(Another prolonged whistle.)

"Sandy McDonald, I'll nae tak' anither inch off thae foxes' tails if ye whustle till ye whustle off the top o' the kirk! Wad ye hae the foxes wi' nae tails at a'?"

Well, if the people will only keep on whistling, they will get the preachers down to within five or ten feet of the truth.

Secularism owes this duty to itself, that it educate its children in the bottom facts of truth, and not leave them exposed to the deceitful allurements of well-masked falsehood.

Oh, it is a power, this early influence! And therein lies the secret strength of the church; therein lies the hidden source of might to that magnificent organization—the finest which this world has ever seen—that teacher of the dark and damnable doctrins of ignorance, the Roman Catholic church. Therein lies the power which enables it to stretch out a long arm under the Atlantic ocean, to reach a hand beneath the people of the United States, to press its fingers down upon our political parties and its thumb upon our political liberties, and when the opportune moment comes, will enable it to drag them all back, back under the iron heel of the Italian despot.

Do you think them unable to do it, simply because a few Freethinkers oppose a feeble remonstrance? You might as well hope to keep out the storm tides of the ocean with a few poor, rotten dykes. It is going to take the barrier of well-educated minds to stem that torrent; and education, to be most effectiv, must begin in childhood. Earliest impressions are most enduring, and earliest superstitions are hardest to be rid of.

Do not deceive yourselvs. If you do not educate your children, the church will do it for you, and with an object.

Think you, when their numbers are grown vast enough, that they will hesitate to roll their car of Juggernaut over the writhing form of mental liberty? Think you that they will pause out of respect to your sentiments; do you suppose they are afraid of hurting your feelings? Oh, no, "they ain't built that way!" Think you that this vast array of falsely instructed minds, fortified with the barrier, "Thou shalt not think," grounded upon ignorance just as firmly as the adamantine rock is grounded upon its base—think you that it will hesitate to work out its nefarious schemes on account of any so poor a barrier as Secularists hav thus far interposed? Ah! you fail to comprehend the power of your enemy's forces.

There are 225 000 000 Catholics in the world, and the United States has its full proportion of them. Do you realize the power of that army of dupes in the hands of pope and cardinal? Do you realize that they multiply like rats, and are daily and hourly making proselytes? Do you realize that they are constantly working in the ditches and sewers and underground cities of thought? Do you realize that the stratum of our liberties has a sub-stratum, and that that sub-stratum is being honeycombed, tunneled through and through by these never-ceasing, never-tiring forces of what Mr. Putuam so aptly styles "organized ignorance?" Do you realize that the sentiment of this overwhelming mass, only waiting to elect a majority in senate and house to establish this government upon a Christian basis, with that high-handed outlaw God upon the throne of the Constitution, with the Catholic church the power behind the throne—do you realize that this vast sentiment, held in check by the one article of the Constitution which guarantees that there shall be no union of church and state, is the sword of Damocles suspended by a hair?

Ah! we hav need of secular education; we hav need of a Secular Union; we hav need to throw ourselvs in the breach; we are standing with our hand on the throttle of the avalanche. And what is true of the Catholic church is true of the Protestant in a less degree. It isn't because they lack the will; it's because they lack the power of organization. Nor does its activity end with the matter of influence. It has wedged itself into our public schools; it has been wrought into the scientific brains of their faculties (yes, and very poor faculties some of them hav, too), until our schools hav become, not institutions devoted to purely secular teaching, but actually Christian places of worship. Yes, indeed, Christian places of worship; where the Protestant God, and the Protestant Jesus, and the Protestant Bible are set up as little idols for Jew, Catholic, and Infidel alike to fall down and worship. The approved text-books of the common schools are in general such as are fraught with reverential nonsense concerning the bounty and goodness of a supreme being in fitting up the beautiful home for man's abode; when everybody possessed with common sense knows that unless he has a lot of rich relations, God won't help him a bit about getting a home. And some of the more advanced works on zoölogy, chemistry, and geology hav spent much valuable space and printers' ink in the silly endeavor to reconcile Darwin, rock literature, and common sense with that snake-apple yarn. It's high time all this foolishness was abandoned. If scientists will continue to make books pandering to the follies of Christian prejudice, it is the duty of Secularists to demand and to earnestly support that demand that religious sentiment be kept entirely out of educational works. It is enough that our schools should teach concerning the here and the now; it is enough that they should deal with known quantities and assured facts. There are quite enough of them to keep any ordinary mind well employed for some time, without speculating concerning the pin-feathers of an angel's wing. It has more to do with the specific gravity of a comet's tail. It is out of the province of a public school system to decide whether the pavements of the New Jerusalem are 18k. fine or weighed by the table of 24 grs. make 1 pwt., 20 pwt. 1 oz,., 12 oz. 1 lb.

It is an inconsistency to declare ourselvs a nation of freemen so long as the precepts of truth are incumbered by religious falsehood, and the whole incorporated into the mental food which is ladled out to our youth by teachers who *believe* because their salary depends upon the precarious foothold of popular favor. And we, as Secularists, are inconsistent when a religious system is taught in our public schools in any form, and yet we raise no voice of protest. If the faithful want their children instructed in the "mysteries of religion" let them go to those who make that their business; but it were better for them to beware how they endeavor to foist this *ism* or that upon an institution which *must* and *shall* be committed to purely secular teaching.

It is much to be regretted that so-called Liberals and Freethinkers do not seem to appreciate the necessity of colleges which shall be established upon an entirely secular basis, to the exclusion of all chimerical and—yes, parasitical theology. There are certain moneyed Freethinkers in these United States who hav given more or less to the support of various churches which might much better hav been used to found a college of this kind. But no; these gentlemen prefer to see their names in print as the "generous Mr. So-and-so," patron of the Methodist God, or the Presbyterian God, or the Congregationalist God, or some other poor little god who needs patronizing, rather than as founders of secular colleges. Too much laxity in this matter has led to serious backsliding. (I know that is a Methodist term, but, however, it applies.) We hav not only failed to advance, but hav actually lost ground. Girard College, once the stronghold of secular training, has become a religious institution—a soft snap for priests; and though the design of its founder is thwarted, and the original bequest forfeited thereby, yet those who pretend to venerate that great and noble man stand idly by, witnessing the defeat of his life object, watching this rank and sickly growth of superstition springing green over the ashes of Truth's fallen empire. Where are your Secular principles? Where is your enthusiasm for the liberation of mankind from mental slavery, that you do not at least reclaim the gift of Stephen Girard? I know of one but one college in this supposed realm of thought-liberty which is wholly free from superstitious fetters—that is at Liberal, Mo.

Ah! if only our Liberal friends were but half as anxious to propagate truth as our orthodox opponents are to promulgate falsehood. If only they were half as willing to work with mind and heart and pocketbook for the elevation of humanity as to listen to pretty speeches about it. When I see the money that is spent in dotting our cities, towns, villages, and farm lands with church spires, and church colleges, and church institutions of all kinds, even to church gambling houses, and then compare the

spectacle with the few, the very, very few, Freethought institutions, I am forced to believe that a little hell-fire doctrin is a pretty good thing to burn holes through pockets. Why, you people who talk so much about elevating humanity are not half as anxious to do something practical in the line as your opponents are about sending us to hell. What is the reason we can't hav secular colleges?

The churches hav theirs, and they've a great big stumbling-block to get over, too, which isn't in our way, because there's nothing about Secularism to provoke theological disputes, simply because there is no theology to dispute about; while a Baptist must draw back from a Presbyterian institution with a shake of his head at the idea of foreordination, and a Presbyterian will look at a Baptist college with a contemptuous, "Take no stock in you, it's too well watered." But pray, what is there to keep anyone out of an exclusivly Secular institution? I fear again that the power of such education is not fully appreciated, and remember it is in the hands of the church to use for the advancement of their objects. And they use it. Here again comes in the power of Rome. They hav sprinkled our country with monastic and conventual institutions which exert a secret, deadly influence which makes itself felt to an extent you are little aware of. I know of what I speak. I spent four years in a convent, and I hav seen the watch-works of their machinations. I hav seen bright intellects, intellects which might hav been brilliant stars in the galaxies of genius, loaded down with chains, made abject, prostrate nonentities. I hav seen frank, generous dispositions made morose, sullen, and deceitful; and I hav seen rose-leaf cheeks turn to a sickly pallor, and glad eyes lose their brightness, and elastic youth lose its vitality and go down to an early grave, murdered—murdered by the church. Can you hesitate to work for secular schools when you recognize the power of this instrument in the hands of the enemy.

Once the minds of the people hav been educated in the principles of truth by a thorough system of early training, they will be enabled to judge better of those matters of interest which are brought before the people by the two other great instruments—platform and press. These work together, and surely the power of eloquence, that subtle, transcendent power, which appeals to both mind and heart, which locks sentiment and reason in each other's arms, should use its every fiber, its every nerve, its every sinew, to draw the rapt and listening soul toward the gate of liberty. And the free press! Ah! that is the grandest of them all! That is the power which penetrates the darkest hovels, the deepest dungeons, the lowest cesspool of humanity. That is the sublime educator of the masses; that is the hand which is stretched out to each and every one. That is the guerdon of our liberties.

And inasmuch as it is the noblest and highest instrument when rightly used, so when perverted and turned from its course does it become the most baneful. A few months since an influential, wide-awake Michigan newspaper made the statement that religion was even more essential than education to the welfare of the state, and if not otherwise provided it would be a necessity for the state to furnish it. That paper had a very poor opinion of itself as an educator; it had a *very* poor opinion of the press of this country. Unfortunately there seemed to be a little policy in the matter, as the said paper has a large Christian support; but I'm thinking if the worthy editor who wrote the article were asked which the world could do without best, religion or the Detroit *Evening News*, he would hav reconsidered his decision.

He would hav said as I say, "That is false!" The press and the platform are the *vox populi*, the call of humanity; the cry for liberty; the cry which goes up from all the weary, struggling, surging sea of life; the cry which catches the ear when we wake and listen and hear the mourning of the desolate homes, laid waste by that rich, grinding, hated, accursed monopoly, the church. VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

## A Letter with Two Postscripts.

DEAR TRUTH SEEKER: I hav been living over, the last week, the days immediately following the execution of John Brown. That execution occurred something more than a quarter of a century ago; there were then only a few, very few, people that would or could see aught in that execution but a just ending of an old, misguided man's life. He had risen in rebellion against what an American, who had no other blood save white in his veins, was proud to declare the best government on the globe; nothwithstanding there were under that government, protected by that government, *men* who held in strict bondage over five million slaves. Can anyone compute the number of lives lost, given to atone for the wrong that that "misguided" old man had been trying for many, many years to persuade the government to abolish without the shedding of blood, till at last—"foolishly" if you please, "wickedly" if you like the term better—he almost alone opened the war, which did not end till chattel slavery was abolished?

There has been for a number of years a growing discontent among the laboring population of this country. They are dissatisfied; they see poverty and distress before them; they hav tried to find out a cure; they hav formed societies, named themselvs Internationals, Communists, Socialists, Anarchists, all having this one end in view, viz., "To abolish poverty." They hav among them scholars, scientists, professional men of all degrees and of all persuasions, even divines. Some of these men hav said "foolish" things, some of them, if you please, "wicked" things, and some of them words which are worthy to be recorded as "holy scripture."

Our government has taken the lives of several of them, and others are behind prison bars. The people who by their votes think they make the government (never was a greater mistake) say they were criminals worthy of death, and their deaths were required to keep in subjection the discontented wage-workers.

I cannot hope to liv another quarter of a century, but some one at that time will remember this dreadful November, and will write. "Alas! that political schemes for the obtaining of illegal power, the suppression of free speech, and the sanction of wicked monoplies, were not suppressed twenty-five years ago, and all this bloodshed avoided."

LUCY N. COLMAN.

P.S.—I ought to congratulate Mrs. Slenker that by some means she is cleared. What a farce the whole thing, only the anxiety and suffering that hav been its inevitable attendant. As women are not allowed the ballot, when they demand "free speech" upon a subject which is to them life and death, our government does not know exactly what to giv them to pacify them, but the church is ready with its vice societies, and its help is usually a success. L. N. C.

P.P.S.—If the printing of this will lose you a subscriber, I shall be very sorry, even though it should be not an excellent person morally.

## The Law and the Judge Condemned.

Now that the public are fully and thoroughly aroused to a realization of what a nuisance Comstock is, and the conviction has become universal that he is as rank a fraud as any of the hypocrits who hav been backing him up all these years, a few common-sense observations may not be untimely, and may perhaps be appreciated by that meek public that has so long endured his mendacity, deceit, and outrage. These observations will be sufficiently pointed if limited to the range of facts at present immediately before the public.

The arrest of a prominent art dealer has just been made with a great flourish of trumpets, and a positiv assurance comes from the irresponsible star chamber committee in which the arrest was secretly planned, and whose agent is this wretched Comstock, that there can be no mistake about it, inasmuch as "some of the pictures for the sale of which the dealer was arrested hav been legally adjudicated to be 'indecent' and 'obscene,'" and the wiseacres of the general term are quoted as saying, "ordinarily they would be so pronounced," etc. Now, the case of the People *vs.* Muller, 32 Hun, 209, affirmed in 96 N. Y., 408, is the case relied upon for justification of the present outrage. It was tried in December, 1883, and on the trial Comstock's attention was called to the fact that the very same pictures then and there complained of as "obscene" were published by Goupil, of Paris, whose agent in New York was and still is Mr. Knoedler, the recently arrested art dealer (see case on appeal to Court of Appeals, folio 101). Comstock knew in December, 1883, that Mr. Knoedler was selling these pictures, and he has known it every day since, up to the time of the present outrage, nearly four years. If there was any real ground for the arrest and conviction of Mr. Muller, why was not Mr. Knoedler arrested immediately after Mr. Muller's conviction? The fact is that there was no more ground for the conviction of Mr. Muller than there is to-day for the arrest of Mr. Knoedler. It can hardly hav escaped the attention of this very sharp detectiv, Comstock, that on May 1, 1884, the New York *Herald* published woodcuts of nude figures from the Paris Salon. These pictures were from the same source, but not of as high artistic merit, as those for selling which Mr. Muller was convicted and Mr. Knoedler is arrested. Why was not the New York *Herald* prosecuted in its regular turn? Mr. Knoedler's arrest was made just at this time in order that a little gratuitous advertising might be gotten to swell the collections at the forthcoming annual meeting of Comstock's society. There could hav been no other possible object or motiv for the attack upon Mr. Knoedler than to use it as a pretense of activ virtue by means of which to get money out of the credulous and gullible. The effrontery of the attack upon Mr. Knoedler is more glaringly shown by contrasting the charge against him with the pretense made by his accusers in a previous case.

In Mr. Knoedler's case the absence of color, and of the delicate refinements of light and shade, forms the ground of complaint, but in the case of Mr. Conroy the reverse was the claim, Comstock then taking the ground that coloring and the light and shade hightened the lascivious effects of the picture. Nothing can be more contrary to the natural fact, nothing can be more silly and frivolous, than the idea that a viciousness lurks in a photographic reproduction that does not inhere in the original painting. If this crazy notion is established, we throw away all the benefits photography has contributed to our civilization, and limit the enjoyment of art to the few very rich. The photograph now brings the world's art treasures, in some form or other, within the reach of everyone. Shall we banish the photograph, and thus deprive the poor of a very valuable means of education and refinement? Perhaps this is the Comstockian purpose. Comstock is hand and glove with those who hav always shut up education away from the people, as far as they were able. His support is entirely derived from that class who, for the glory of their despicable Joss, shut up the museums and art-galleries on that day when above all other days in the week the poor might derive benefit from them if they were open. His supporters join with him in the piteous whine about the effect of nude pictures upon the morals of children. This is simple nonsense, but the full and complete answer to it, if it is worthy of an answer, is that if the children of such people are not fit to grapple with the natural facts of life, then such people had better stop begetting such children.

I hav no great sympathy for Mr. Knoedler, for he stood by with complacency and saw the outrage upon his rival in trade, Mr. Bonaventure, whose clerk, Muller, was convicted, and having so far acquiesced in that outrage as to remain a silent witness of it, without protest, he deserves all the annoyance that he may be subjected to. But the public hav an interest in this business, and it is about time for the public to demand that Comstock's pranks shall come to an end.

By far the most serious aspect of the matter is the conduct of the courts which fully justifies what Henry George says in the *Standard*, November 19th instant: "The fact that the idea of law and the idea of justice are already in the minds of thousands so far divorced that those whom the courts condemn . . . are by considerable bodies of our people thought of as martyrs is ominous." Judge Brady, who tried the Muller case, seems to hav had no conception of the requirements and responsibilities of the noble office he has so degraded, nor of his obligations to protect the defendant Muller to the uttermost. His incompetency is clearly shown by the fact that he recommends an art censorship. (See New York *Herald*, November 13, 1887.) If he were fit for the place he occupies he would know that the American people will not tolerate a censorship of any kind. Let us look a little into the Muller case and we shall readily see how contemptible it is as precedent or authority. The defendant, charged with selling obscene pictures, was on the trial precluded from exhibiting other pictures of a different class for comparison. He was precluded form showing other pictures of the same class for explanation. He was precluded from showing the fact of the public exhibition of the same and similar pictures with general public approval. He was precluded from showing that there was a dividing line between what was generally considered among artists to be pure taste and what was considered to be bad taste. He was precluded from producing experts in art to show what was good taste, and to show that good taste sanctioned the pictures he had sold. All this in the face of the fact that the pictures were brought into court under the condemnation of a pretended expert.

The trial was grossly unfair in every particular. It presented this dilemma: If there was any such thing as a standard of taste, by the application of which, as a test, it might be positivly determined whether these pictures were obscene or not, then the judge was certainly wrong in prohibiting the defendant from producing such evidence as would instruct the jury just what that standard was and define the limits of its application. If there was no standard, then the judge did a wrong of the most atrocious kind in submitting to the jury a mere question of personal taste or preference. In either way of looking at it, the Muller case is worse than worthless as authority. It is misleading. It is one of a class of cases that makes the whole body of the law contemptible. It shows the inapplicability of law to such matters. Another jury, more highly cultivated, might hav acquitted Muller, but no fair judge should ever hav allowed such a case to go to a jury. When, therefore, Judge Brady took $50 as a fine from Mr. Muller, he took it, not by any law which would justify the taking, but he took it lawlessly and as a highwayman takes. It was a clear case of "stand and deliver."

The press, having now thoroughly taken hold of this matter, ought to stick to it with bulldog tenacity until it has succeeded in extracting the sting from the Society for the Suppression of Vice, as was done by the New York *Times* in February, 1880, in the case of a society organized for similar dishonest purposes. E. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

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# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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## Parson Brown.

Among the "Letters from Friends" we print this week one from a Methodist preacher of St. Joseph, Mo., who has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for a few months just to see what the Infidels of the country are up to. He now discontinues it from lack of funds, a not very common complaint among the priests, except in backwoods districts.

We certainly can applaud Mr. Brown's motiv in subscribing, and hope his six months' perusal of the scores of splendid articles our contributors hav enabled us to lay before him has broadened his horizon a little, enabled him to see that some of the claims of theologians at least are just a trifle arrogant, and that the church and Christianity are not all his youthful fancy pictured them. And were it not one of the unalterable principles of THE TRUTH SEEKER, that preachers should pay just as much as anybody else—and, indeed, they ought to pay a little more, as money comes easier to them than to a mechanic or farmer—it would giv us pleasure to make him a discount, which should be charged up to the private missionary work we are constantly doing. But we may not violate principle to oblige even a Methodist.

For Mr. Brown's courteous compliments we return the usual editorial thanks. But we should hav been better pleased had he pointed out wherein the premises of Liberalism are false, instead of making a mere assertion, which may or may not be true. If his hoped-for heaven does not exist, why should we invent another falsehood? If his great, good God is a myth, what call hav we to invent a myth to take its place? What money has to do with the pretenses of Christianity, or with either God or heaven, we do not exactly see. Money is an invention of civilization to facilitate exchange of goods. It is not a miracle of Christianity. It was used before Christ was born, where Christ was never heard of, and it will be used, like the steam engin and the telegraph, when Christ has no more reverence from the civilized world than any other alleged savior. That money has much to do with modern Christianity we cannot dispute. Without money, or its substantial equivalent, we imagin that the churches of Methodism, or any other sect, would be few and far between, the preachers scarce, and the desire to win souls to Christ immeasurably fainter. If every professional theologian were debarred from receiving more than his food and clothes and shelter for his services, the thousands now living on the superstition of the people would be reduced to a few fanatics, classed, in the vernacular of the day, as cranks. The period of superstition which produced the ascetics, religiously insane, and monks, and palmers vowed to poverty, has passed away. It is not possible even to reproduce the Protestant reformers. Wesleys and Whitfields, too, are scarce—the climate and soil are not favorable for their growth. The evangelists of today are money-getters, like Moody, Sam Jones, and Sankey. Money has a great deal—a very great deal—to do with the preaching of Christianity, but nothing whatever to do with its truth or falsity. We are surprised that a minister should hav so incautiously revealed the hypocrisy of his religion.

"A hog," says Mr. Brown, "can root up a century plant." This, we may remark, is not a new saying, although, under certain circumstances, it is a true one. But if a century plant reached as high, for instance, as heaven, and its roots went down into the earth as far, for example, as the hell which Mr. Brown thinks will be sometime a mighty sorrow for us, could a razor-backed Texan pig, the most powerful rooter known, dig it up? We trow not, nor a whole drove of them. Their snouts would be burnt to cinders before the plant fell.

But—and we are willing that Mr. Brown's simile shall be applied as he intended—the century plant of Christianity is being rooted up. Christianity as a theological system is being gradually transmuted from the dross and slag of superstition and downright falsehood into the glistening metal of ethics and morality. No sane man can deny that Christianity is changing, is different with every generation, and has lost its grip on the world. Why, even a mossback Presbyterian, like Dr. Field, denies his Confession of Faith, and preaches Unitarianism while pretending to be a Calvinist! Martyrs' fires are extinguished, the dungeons destroyed, and Quakers walk unmolested through the streets of Boston. Some portions of New Jersey tolerate Infidels, and, by and by, in the good time coming, Boonton and Morristown will listen to a heretic without fining him $25 for asking if Christ was ever spanked. Christianity is only a little century plant which comes up slowly but surely. Its top is not hid in heaven, nor do its roots reach down to hell. In fact, hell has been officially closed by the committee of Christians who revised God's unalterable word. Heaven is left, it is true, but a century plant all top and no roots is not a thrifty vegetable. Sometime even the Methodist Church South will see that chattel slavery was wrong, and that mental slavery is hardly less degrading. Evolution will do its perfect work, though its factors be insensible of the change.

We ask Mr. Brown how it can be otherwise than that truth is on our side? We are working for the here and now; he is preaching of the shadowy hereafter about which he knows nothing. We are seeking justice between man and man; he is advocating the justice of one man's bearing all the sins of the world. We are seeking to establish equality; he seeks to establish a kingdom ruled by the dead. He would hav men believe the impossible; we would hav them believe only the true. His theology teaches men to be miserable here that they be happy hereafter; our philosophy teaches us to be happy here and let the hereafter take care of itself. He teaches the selfishness which would get to heaven at the expense of wife or child, if need be; we teach the generosity which will hav no heaven without them, and tries to make it while they are with us. In short, Mr. Brown is all for the other world; we are for this. This world is here; we are moving in and with it; it surrounds us and environs us as the iron woman clasped to her deadly breast the heretic, and we are trying to make the best of it, to improve it, to get joy out of it, and finally to leave it a little better for our children than it is for us. Mr. Brown's religion says: Pooh! let the world alone unless it is convenient to change it; prepare for the other world, where you shall get the cakes and ale denied you in this; think always about death, and the sinfulness of life; put your troubles on the savior; grin and bear the inequalities and hardships of to-day. God wills that you shall be poor and miserable, and it is blasphemy to deny his goodness; therefore be patient, repine not, glorify God, praise his son, support the preachers, and you shall finally hav a harp and crown and a long white robe, and sit on golden battlements and enjoy the bliss of seeing in hell the poor wretches who tried to make you more comfortable on earth.

Is truth on Mr. Brown's side, or on ours?

## "Beware of the Dog."

In passing along country highways one frequently meets the sign on the top of posts, in letters of convenient size to be easily read by travelers whose instincts might lead them to trespass, "BEWARE OF THE DOG." On pages 782–783 of this week's issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER we print a good deal of religious news not found in religious newspapers, and which, being interpreted, is a sign to those traveling toward the churches. Indeed, it might not be an altogether useless waste of timber and paint, considering this interpretation, if in front of every church were a conspicuous notice, reading like this:

> To Those Who Enter Here.
> BEWARE OF THE PREACHER.
> ☞ N.B.—Ladies are especially cautioned.

The instances we record of ministerial conduct, more or less reprehensible, are only drops of villainy in an ocean of clerical rascality, but as the scattered drops tell of the coming storm, so these drops may induce some good Christians to come into the heretical ranks out of the wet. We hav picked up those religious pearls during the past month, from a comparatively small exchange list, and we hav more than once tried to figure out, by the rule of three, how many clerical scoundrels hav, in the country, gone undetected. The probabilities in this direction, however, are too great for our mathematical ability, and we giv it up.

Infidelity, say the Christians, may do to liv by, but it won't do to die by. But it is very certain that while preaching the gospel may improve a man's chances when dying, it will not improve his morality when living. It will not do for the church folks to retort that all these sinning preachers were expelled. That has but little to do with the matter. If the expulsion of lustful clergymen from its fold were the ultimate object of Christianity, we might acknowledge its success. But we are told that the object of religion is to enable men to lead good lives and get to heaven. But as a help to morality Christianity in the cases mentioned is a decided failure, though ministers possess an unusual amount of piety. And how far along on the road to heaven the peculiar religion these men of God hav practiced will get them is for the theologians to say. On that subject we are decidedly an Agnostic.

We were led to make this compilation from noticing, about the first of October, that the fall crop of clerical scandals bade fair to be large. Scarcely a paper that we glanced through was free from such reports, and finally we began to cut them out and lay them aside. When a month had elapsed our scissors had become dull and refused to work freely. Nearly half a hundred clerical wolves had been decapitated.

For the good of the sheep, for the honor of our country, for the credit of the human race, we sincerely hope that our list includes all of the clergy who hav fallen. But knowing the liability of man to err, the limited vision of any one of us, and bearing in mind the fact that where a little smoke escapes from a chimney there is likely to be a big fire below, we are afraid that the list is incomplete.

## A Christian Missionary Who is Not a Christian.

That was a curious "god-speed" which the Boston Unitarians gave A. M. Knapp, a minister of their denomination who is going to Japan, on Sunday, the 6th ult. The usual formalities were observed, and Mr. Knapp is called a missionary, but, according to Mr. Knapp himself, he relies for success principally upon the fact that he is not a Christian, and will not teach Christianity. He goes, he said, to confer and not to convert. He added: "Mine is no theological embassy, no mission to the 'heathen.' I go to voice the spirit of that faith in the light of which there is neither Jew nor gentile, neither Greek nor barbarian. To this end I hope to enter into the consciousness of the people by a glad willingness to learn as well as to teach. I see that the New York *Observer*, in speaking of my departure, predicts that in a short time I will be beating a tomtom before a Buddhist temple. I accept the implied criticism, and say that if my object were to make converts, the tables might be turned against me." Another speaker at the farewell meeting was Mr. Stejiro Fukuzawa, a young Japanese gentleman, an inmate of Mr. Knapp's household. He wished his host a pleasant time in these words, which we commend to the serious consideratian of Christians:

"I am often asked whether the missionary work in Japan has been successful or not. If the object of the missionaries is to transform Japan into a Christian nation, I must say that they hav succeeded very poorly indeed. It is true that they hav established some good schools in Japan, and hav otherwise done considerable benefit for the Japanese. But in regard to the propagation of Christianity in our country, their work, so far, is but insignificant. The number of *genuin* converts they hav made is hopelessly small. Moreover, the majority of those converts are poor, uneducated people. The orthodox Christian is a thing not to be easily found among the upper class of Japan.

"This failure of the missionary work in our country is, I believe, largely due to the fact that the missionaries do not

hav enough sympathy with the Japanese people. They consider us, as a people, a degree below them—a swarm of poor heathens. And they never expect to find anything good in the ideas and customs of such degraded people. Therefore they simply want us to throw away all our religion, philosophy, and morals and take up theirs instead. Their disregard of the feelings of our countrymen is sometimes wonderful. For instance, as you know, in Japan great regard is paid to the dead; and you will often see a Japanese bowing humbly before a wooden tablet representing his dead father or mother. But now the missionaries are kindly reminding us of the folly of paying homage to our ancestors, who, they say, are undoubtedly all in hell. The result of such action on the part of missionaries is only to provoke the indignation of the people; for I can hardly imagin how any sensible person could reconcile himself to the belief that his dear parents are doomed to eternal damnation for apparently no reason.

"Another thing I should like to say is that the missionaries in Japan are altogether too pious—that is, at least they appear so to us heathens. Their sole object in life seems to be to convert people to Christianity, and to the most orthodox form of Christianity, too. I hav been told that it is impossible for a Japanese to be in the same room with a missionary for half an hour without being asked to join some church. Whether this is strictly true or not I cannot tell; but I know that conversation with a missionary is not generally considered as a pleasant recreation by educated Japanese. When I was a little boy in Japan I used to consider missionaries as something dreadful, which must be avoided whenever possible.

"The trouble with the missionaries is that for a long time they hav been accustomed to deal with uncivilized people only, and now they try to treat the Japanese in pretty much the same fashion as they hav done Fijians or Hottentots. It is one thing to convert simple-minded barbarians, and it is quite another thing to convert a people whose civilization, though different in character, is, I believe, not far below that of the missionaries themselvs. It is interesting to notice that most of the converts the missionaries hav made in Japan belong to the lowest classes in our society—that is, the least civilized people in Japan. Is not this a proof of the fact that the missionaries' method of propagating their religion is fitted just to this class of people and no other?

"To speak plainly, the educated class of Japan are rather bored by missionaries. What they want is broad-minded Christians, who can hav intercourse with heathens without feeling the necessity of constantly calling their attention to the danger of their future salvation.

"So it givs me great pleasure to learn that Unitarians of this country hav decided to send the Rev. A. M. Knapp to our country as their representativ. For the first time the Japanese at home will be given a chance of seeing what kind of man a true, liberal Christian is. And I know they will find him very, very different from the semi-fanatic missionaries. As a nativ of Japan, I giv him the most hearty welcome to the "Land of the Rising Sun." May God, Buddha, and all the eight million deities of Japan bless him."

That is to say, the further a man gets from Christianity the better missionary he makes! We fail to see why Mr. Knapp should go at all under church auspices. His mission is a civilizing and not a religious one, and he expects, evidently, to learn as much as he teaches. That is not a Christian attitude, by any means, and we should not be at all surprised if Mr. Knapp imbibed as much oriental superstition as he imparts of Western. There is nothing he is likely to achieve except a swap of mistakes.

## Editorial Notes.

THE Thanksgiving issue of the *Christian Advocate* had this queer sentence:

"We congratulate the happy and the miserable—the happy, if grateful because they are happy; the miserable, not because they are miserable, but because a loving father waits to comfort them while they look, 'not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen.'"

When a person has to make everything in this world consist with a good and all-powerful God, he gets in a close corner. A jumble of words is his only resource. If the writer of the quoted sentence read it over after he penned it, we imagin him saying, "What nonsense that is, and what idiots will be those who believe it!"

DETECTIVS regularly attend the Sunday evening meetings of the Chicago Secular Union. "It is only a matter of time," writes a member, "when the police will try to suppress us." Chicago, it seems, like New York, is ruled by Irish Catholics, and the clamor against the Anarchists was caused as much by the hatred Irish Catholics bear toward German Infidels as from any fear that the safety of society was threatened. The Chicago *Herald*, a daily paper conducted by Catholics, warns all orators with Liberal leanings to beware, and urges the police to be vigilant. It says: "It is well for wise and reasonable men, who may be Liberal in tendencies, to pause and consider the indomitable will of society. In the grasp of the state, the individual, however mighty, is comparativly impotent. Society, in its indignation at the crimes of Lingg and his co-conspirators, has given warning to all individuals to be careful what doctrins they may teach. Society is so deeply moved in this matter that a decided limitation has been put upon the safe bounds of incitement." When King Richard gave Friar Tuck his permission to slay three deer annually in the royal forests, he added: "And I am no true king if that be not a warrant for thee to slay thirty." The state of Illinois has given the Irish Catholic constabulary of Chicago permission to suppress incendiary speakers whose orations may incite to violence, and it will go hard with the police but that they find the law a full license to suppress all speaking not satisfactory to their masters. We hav fallen upon high old times when the gatherings of American citizens are invaded by Roman Catholic spies in the pay of the government!

A GREAT deal has been said by the daily papers about the foreign birth of the Chicago Anarchists. The theme was harped upon to stir up race hatred, and it succeeded. But who has heard a word about the nationality of their jailers? Mrs. Holmes, who, with Mrs. Parsons, was arrested and imprisoned until the execution was over, described her treatment in the station-house to Mrs. Freeman. She said: "There we American women—with the blood of Revolutionary forefathers coursing in our veins—were stripped to the skin and searched by an ignorant Irish matron, under the orders of foreign officers who could not speak the English language correctly. Even the children, weeping with fright, were undressed and searched."

THE New Hampshire legislature at its session just closed passed the following act:

"Whoever on the Lord's day discharges any firearms for sport or in the pursuit of game, and whoever on the Lord's day shall carry any firearm in any field, highway, or private way, while in the pursuit of game, or with intent to discharge the same in sport, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding ten dollars."

It is believed that this act owes its passage to the concealed poetry in it, as witness:

"While in the pursuit of game,
Or with intent to discharge the same."

The legislature also adopted "An act in amendment of section 8, chapter 122, of the General Laws, in relation to the standard weight of beans." This last act is beyond doubt much more adapted to the caliber of the New Hampshire statesman than the abstract one of Sunday liberty.

THIS paragraph appears in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* of November 19th: "Rev. J. H. Smyth, pastor of the Second Reformed church, New York city, preached on 'Infidelity' last Sunday week, and illustrated his arguments by telling of the punishments which befell an association of thirty-six Infidels in Newburg, N. Y., a half-century ago. A Newburg lawyer has since investigated the story, and found that the Rev. Mr. Smyth's statement was true, the entire thirty-six having met with unnatural and untimely deaths." In THE TRUTH SEEKER of November 26th we published a communication from a gentleman who resides in Newburg, and he says that none of it is true, except that a half-dozen wild spirits were reported, about seventy years ago, to hav gone through the mummery of baptizing a cat and administering communion to a dog. It takes mighty little raw material to make a good Christian sermon.

J. HERON FOSTER has begun the publication of a semi-monthly paper at Tangerine, Orange county, Florida, called the *Industrial Coöperator*, which, Mr. Foster declares, shall be to all people glad tidings of great joy. The paper is only forty cents a year, which is cheap enough, considering the great joy about to be spread, a sample of which is here subjoined: "Some fifteen years ago we read the first issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER, a little four-page affair. It was good. Then it became better. Now it claims to be best. If it isn't, it certainly is superlativly good, and the illustrations are A1, their author being entitled to the 'P. B.' given to all who graduate as perfect bricks. Both the Macdonalds are good writers, and the paper deserves the support of all those who are in earnest in seeking the truth." May Mr. Foster's orange groves thrive marvelously!

IT was bad enough for the Rev. Dr. Bolton, of the First Methodist church of Chicago, abetted by the authorities, to force his unwelcome presence upon the doomed Chicago Anarchists, but his insolence is made immeasurably meaner by his pulpit lying since the execution. The following is taken from the report of his sermon of November 20th:

"He described the Anarchists nervously walking from the door to the back of their cells—walking like caged tigers when all hope of escape is gone. Three of the men called for and received liquors. One declined, but asked for a cup of strong coffee, which was given him. 'Now,' he said, 'I die like Jesus—at the hand of my murderers.' 'Why?' I asked. 'Because I cannot help it.' They move to the scaffold," he continued, "but they move together, looking into each other's face, cheered and sustained from within by stimulants and from without by the cheers of thousands who think as they thought and hav been taught by them. When the caps fall over their eyes light is shut out they see each other no more, and are stimulated no more by the presence of officials and newspaper men, whom they look upon as their enemies. They began to speak, but oh! the last wistful, pale, unearthly look of one to me as the cap fell over his face, and he began, not knowing what he was saying, to talk. Thus they died, unrepentant, recklessly, without hope, and ten thousand will take courage to do their works of violence and die in sin as these men died. But remember, he is a fool who saith there is no God.'"

The facts are that the Anarchists were all Infidels, and did not want a clergyman. They treated Mr. Bolton courteously, but to his religious exhortation on the day before the execution answered jocularly and sarcastically. On the morning of the execution the jail authorities asked the prisoners if they would like some wine. Three of the men accepted a glassful of Rhine wine, one of the mildest species of liquor, and of which a pint would not affect men in their condition. There can be no doubt that they were sustained from without by the sympathy of thousands of friends, but that they were sustained from within by strong drink is a gross libel on their manhood—a libel, too, just worthy of a Methodist minister. The death of these men, said the New York *World*, a paper bitterly and dishonorably crying for their blood, "added another touch of heroism to the world." They did not die as Christ did, with shrieks of fear upon their lips, but like brave and manly men. Guilty or innocent, right or wrong, they passed away with a composure and fortitude which might set an example for patriots. And the minister who, from his coward's castle, slanders their memories, but adds to the baseness which would take advantage of a prisoner's helplessness to chatter in his ear the magpie idiocy of superstition.

THE subjoined poster tells its own story. We should like to hav a great many more to publish of the same sort:

DEDICATION OF
SILVERTON FREETHOUGHT HALL
Friday, Nov. 25. 1887.

Literary exercises, vocal and instrumental music. Address by Prof. T. J. McLeary, of Stayton, Or. Speeches by Hon. C. Beal, Hon. S. R. Harrington, of Portland, Judge J. J. Walton, of Salem, and other prominent citizens. Music by Silverton trombone band, and H. A. C. orchestra, of Salem. Exercises to begin at 1 o'clock P.M. A cordial invitation to all. Musical concert and dance in the evening by the H. A. C. orchestra and Arion Quartet, Salem.

Mrs. Carrie Fitzgerell, E. Wolfard, H. D Mount,
Ex. Com. Silverton Secular Union.

Mr. Putnam, when at Silverton, reported it as one of the most wide-awake towns he visited. It looks as though he was right.

LOOKING out the wide windows of the marble-fronted Lafayette Place see-house, furnished them by Bishop Potter's personal attractivness, the Episcopal ministers saw the modest but heretical quarters of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and at once resolved:

"There is a duty to which churchmen pay too little heed—the duty of standing up for religion and the church in opposition to the Agnostic and other unchristian theories which are not without support in this city among people of literary and scientific attainments, and in all classes of society. The enemies of the church are aggressiv, her friends are passiv, and where her faith and doctrins are assailed by her enemies, whether with argument or with insult, churchmen, sometimes through ignorance, sometimes through indolence, forgetting that it is the part of the soldier of Christ manfully to fight, too often hide themselvs and their convictions out of sight."

We do not know just how the Episcopal ministers can help themselvs, so far as THE TRUTH SEEKER is concerned, but we respectfully suggest that the church stop teaching error, study science, and giv that to the world from her pulpits.

THAT is a very able and energetic scolding which Miss Voltairine de Cleyre gave the Liberals at the last Secular Union Congress, and which is given to a larger audience in THE TRUTH SEEKER of this week. It is pitched on a shrill key, but, perhaps, it will the more readily pierce the apathy which prevails in too many places. To be frank, we rather enjoy Miss de Cleyre's chastisment of those Liberals who, for one reason or another, giv annually more cash to the churches than to Liberalism. Of course, we recognize that a man has a right to spend his money as he pleases, but we submit that if it *pleases* a man more to help the church than to aid Freethought, he is more a Christian than a Freethinker. Secular education, for which Miss de Cleyre pleads, is the first and most important step toward giving the next generation perfect mental liberty. And we cannot agree with Mr. Bradlaugh that education should be absolutely colorless as to religion. Every child should know upon what unhistorical and shadowy bases all supernaturalism or other-worldliness—which is the very essence of religion—rests. Religion is faith in a fable—Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Christianity, *et als.*—and no child should be so taught that he could believe what is false. He should be trained to seek truth, historical and scientific, and such training is directly hostil to religion, for that teaches the importance of belief and the wickedness of doubt.

THE Sunday after the death of the Anarchists the Rev. J. C. Kimball, of the Hartford Unity church, preached a sermon from the text, "Crucify him," the alleged cry of the alleged mob before Pilate demanding the deliverance to them of the alleged Christ. Mr. Kimball is reported thus:

"These words were written of an event which occurred more than eighteen hundred years ago, and of a person who is now worshiped throughout a large part of Christendom as another God, and yet how accurately they describe what has occurred the past week with reference to the despised Chicago Anarchists and the state of popular feeling which has led to their death. Their teachings, their acts, and their execution are only the first red-lined chapter of what is to be a whole thousand-page volume of the world's history." He then attempted to answer the question, "What is Anarchy?" He spoke of the general understanding of the meaning of the word, a state of utter confusion, disorder, and violence in society, and said: "But this is not the Anarchy that the Chicago men and their fellow-workers believe in. It is as wide from it as the patriot soldier's shot for liberty is from the murderous blow for money." He then explained that it was a philosophical and Christian principle, and then closed with these words: "If I hav seemed too kind, too sympathetic, too much a defender of its unfortunate exponents, remember the severity and unscrupulousness with which everything has been arraved against them month after month, and consider whether something a little strong the other way may not come appropriately from a pulpit set to proclaim religion of mercy and the higher justice, and from a preacher ordained as the follower of one who met his own death as a breaker of the law, and in response to the popular cry, 'Crucify him! Crucify him!'"

A portion of Mr. Kimball's congregation at once demanded his resignation, and a petition was circulated calling upon the church to dismiss him. The matter was brought to vote soon after, and the congregation sustained Mr. Kimball by a vote of 49 to 38. His supporters were mostly the women and young men of the congregation. Mr. Kimball is also radical on the labor and woman's suffrage questions, and he once offered the Salvation Army the use of his church. He is an able preacher, and almost too heretical for a Unitarian pulpit.

# Letters from Friends.

LEMOORE, CAL., Nov. 2, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find subscription for THE TRUTH SEEKER for the ensuing year. We think the illustrations quite true to life, and if so, what the outcome may prove is almost overwhelming, as ignorance is the lever swaying the multitude, and Reason's voice is hushed as to the mainspring of all evil. But the times are ripe for some significant crisis. What that may be only the future may reveal. That the secular school will be able to cope with this monster superstition will scarcely be realized while they are proud of their laurels. More able competitors, we think, will be called to the rescue. SARAH GREGG FOX.

BASSETT, IA., Nov. 13, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Susie, nine years old, daughter, and Jimmie, eleven years old, son of John and Cyrena Frazee, died the first of last week of diphtheria.

"Life is a railroad train on which every passenger knows he must be killed. To-day or to-morrow, somewhere down the line, we all must meet our final doom."

Our tears to the sacred memory of those loved ones who hav ceased to be, and are with us no more.

The parents of those children were once orthodox, then Universalists, now honestly Agnostic, and are loved and admired by all who know them. They hav the sympathy and condolence of a large circle of friends and relativs. J. H.

BANGOR, Nov. 13, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I will supply your first want by inclosing $5 for THE TRUTH SEEKER, which no Liberal family ought to be without; also, 25 cents for the ANNUAL when it is ready. I move that every subscriber in arrears send in $5 at once, which would giv you a happy New Year and renewed courage to go on with the good work you are engaged in. I heartily congratulate Mrs. Slenker on her freedom. I am glad the country did not bring upon itself the everlasting disgrace of imprisoning an honest woman for simply exchanging a few thoughts through those virtuous mail bags. If those people who hav no good business of their own could only bottle up all of our thoughts and take them to Washington for inspection, they would hav all they could attend to, I guess. The Christians feel that they are losing ground every day, and they are bound to suppress every new idea that conflicts with their Bible and their God. Long liv Elmina! May she go on with the good work she has begun, but look sharp that she keeps out of the clutches of those godly people who are ever ready to seek her ruin.

SARA E. GOULD.

Nov. 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Well, the Anarchists are hanged, and the country is safe. Sixty millions of people breathe easier. Those seven men made the country shake in its shoes. The great and mighty press has carried its point and hounded the terrible monsters to death. But with what consistency can this same press keep on eulogizing the Irish, who are committing murder every day among their neighbors who pay their rent; who are holding meetings in spite of law and attacking the police at every opportunity; who openly preach treason to their government, and use dynamite whenever they dare? And the American press, almost without an exception, call that patriotism and the right thing to do, and call the other government most tyrannical because it objects to these proceedings, and to the dismemberment of its empire. Nothing but death for the poor Dutchmen would suit our great American press, but a million Irishmen combined to commit infinitly more crime and murder are eulogized as patriots, although their methods of murder are cowardly in the extreme—waylaying men who honestly pay their rent and shooting them down from ambushes. Verily it makes a great difference whose ox is gored.

By the bye, what has become of Thos. Winter, the Materialist, an old correspondent of yours? I would like to hear from him on this subject. J. DOWNES.

MRS. REYNOLDS ABROAD.

TORONTO, ONT., Nov. 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am in Toronto, and I want to say a few things about the Secular Society here. I visited this place a year and a half ago. At that time they had a place of meeting—Science Hall—so nicely fitted up they were not ashamed to invite outsiders to accompany them. They had rented the place and fitted it up at considerable expense. It was an experiment, but a most successful one. I really wish some of our Liberals would come over and see the practical workings of this society; they would learn a valuable lesson.

I would like to impress on the minds of all Liberals: 1st. Liberals cannot make headway without organization and a regular place of meeting. 2d. Liberalism cannot make headway unless the women are interested.

*Secular Thought* is doing a good work here. At the late convention they organized a joint stock company, with a capital of $10,000, and propose equipping a first-class office. W. M. Scott, an enthusiastic Liberal, is publishing "The Age of Reason." There is a law against Thomas Paine's works crossing the line; so Mr. Scott publishes "The Age of Reason" here in Toronto, and it's being scattered over Canada. I delivered my first lecture here November 6th. Science Hall was filled to its utmost capacity. The following Friday evening I spoke on Robert Burns. I was introduced to the audience by Mr. Gibbs in so happy a vein that it put them in wonderful good humor. Two young girls, Miss Anna Buckland and Miss Allen, played a duet on the piano, keeping perfect time. Following the lecture was a dance. I cannot dance; my early education was neglected in this matter, but I enjoyed the music and the "poetry of motion." A Scotch lassie danced the highland fling in a very modest, graceful manner. The comic song and recitation by Mr. Richmond were enjoyed by all. Refreshments were served by the fair ladies of the society, and the social was a thorough success.

Sunday evening, November 18th, while the church bells were calling Christians to church, the Secularists wended their way to Science Hall. Again the hall was packed with as appreciativ an audience as one could wish. I had intended to return home the next day, but was prevailed on to stay for another week. I speak in Barry, Friday, November 18th—returning here for their regular Sunday lecture, November 20th; after which I shall return to my "rural shades," encouraged at the spread of Liberalism in Canada.

F. C. REYNOLDS.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Nov. 14, 1882.

MR. EDITOR, *Dear Sir and Brother:* I subscribed for THE TRUTH SEEKER for six months. My object in subscribing was to keep posted as to your "Liberal" movement. I make attempt at keeping up with every *church*, every secular economic move, and hence I hav been receiving the general organ of almost every organization in the United States—religious and otherwise. You write well. THE TRUTH SEEKER is edited, perhaps, with more ability than any Atheist or Agnostic paper in America. Permit me to say, however, that your logic is bad and your conclusions incorrect, *from necessity*. False premises insure false conclusions. Unless you can invent something better than a hoped-for heaven, a great good God, and *money*, it strikes me that you had better let the poor dogs of humanity die in their preconceived faith. I still cling to the "cross" and believe that if the world is ever regenerated and saved it will be through the instrumentality and correct application of the principles taught by the Judean peasant, the Son of God and Son of Mary, divine and eternal. A hog can root up a century plant.

I write you as "Brother" though we must be as far divided as the Poles. You think me a deluded fool because I am a Christian. I take *you* as a deluded brother, not fool. Our teaching has been very different.

But, I wish you success if *truth* be on your side. The future will tell, and to a mighty sorrow if you are wrong. Look out, brother. Yours truly, JULIEN C. BROWN,
Pastor Francis st. Methodist Ch.-S.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The fact that your friends are somewhat profuse in giving their opinion of your paper and its management has suggested the thought that I should apologize for not having done likewise. And I think it best to state the simple truth in my usual plain and straightforward manner. I was early impressed with the impropriety of commenting on a man's virtues to his face or his faults behind his back; not having discovered any faults in THE TRUTH SEEKER worth mentioning, I hav doubted the expediency and propriety of saying anything about it to "Mr. Editor." Nevertheless, I will note the self-evident fact that, probably for want of space to publish all we should think, THE TRUTH SEEKER does the next best thing, if not the very best—"it sets us to thinking and keeps us at it."

Friend Kruger's letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 5th inst. suggested some thoughts, of which I will offer a few for his special consideration. He reminds me of my early thought that religion is insanity; on becoming somewhat familiar with Infidel literature, I suspected Infidelity of being but another phase of "religion on the brain." Hence, when I read that friend Kruger has become tired of religious subjects, I had a hope that he was evoluting into a full-fledged Liberal Freethinker. But, on reading further that he is a Spiritualist of necessity, I began to suspect that in leaping from the frying-pan he has dropped into the fire, and relapsed into an old heathen superstition with modern improvements. Religion is but a compound of ethics and Spiritualism. Hence, Spiritualism, pure and simple, is the remains of religion when all that is of practical worth is thoroughly sifted out of it, and is probably Infidelity of a deceptiv as well as pronounced type. Being but a simple-minded, though somewhat skeptical Freethinker, I shall gather up the siftings and therewith be content.

He thinks "Anarchism is utterly at variance with sense itself;" nevertheless, he is probably aware that coming events sometimes cast their shadows before, and the greater the event the further the shadow should reach; and Anarchism will probably be an event of considerable magnitude when it becomes an established fact, which it possibly may do in the somewhat distant future, when the human race shall hav reached such perfection that every man and woman will be equally competent to govern, and hav no need that others should govern then. But if Anarchism should be let loose, with the ideas of just principles that now obtain, even among professional reformers, I think we should find this planet to be a desirable place to get away from. I should then be willing to join friend Higbie in his pilgrimage to the solar and planetary worlds or any other to get away from this.

He thinks "Socialism and Communism hav some fine features in them." That is because he gets a nearer view of them. They should necessarily come first in the order of human progress, and must be established by governments, if at all; if not by those we hav, then by others. The human race being divided into communities or nationalities, they should necessarily take separate and independent action. When Socialism is established by those communities, a universal brotherhood of the human race will be a possibility and an economic necessity. Therefore, had I not become aware that insane people are capable of any inconsistency, I should probably be surprised that anybody should pretend to desire a universal brotherhood of the human race, and reject and revile the only conditions on which such brotherhood is possible. The principle is the same, by whatever name called; and will make every individual perfectly free from the domination of every other individual. Woman will no longer be dependent on any man for the support of herself and offspring, but will be perfectly free to choose the father of her children. Lust and lucre will no longer be the bond of union between the sexes. Matrimony will no longer be a matter of money nor a bread-and-butter question, but simply a question of moral and intellectual adaptation. Those being the fundamental parts of free love, as I understand it, if friend Kruger is unable to estimate the worth of life on such conditions, he should refer the question to his wife, if he has one. J. A. TUTTLE.

WYOMING, ILL., Nov. 19, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Our usually quiet town was roused to a pitch of religious fervor last Sunday evening by a sermon preached by the presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal church, a man who has fought in the gospel cause with a divinely-tempered blade and heaven-embossed shield for over fifty years. The divine was eloquent—eloquent, as it seemed to me, in the honesty of untruth. His subject was "Infidelity," and he sought to win souls to Christ by abusing Infidels. That was proper if they deserve it. If they do, let the clerical reprobators lay on the thong until graceless skeptics wince, and others profit by their chastisment. And they do, if not for that whereof they are accused. Freethinkers are not half as good as they should be; not half in labor and love what those should be who, inspired by the simple love of truth, are willing, at whatever cost, to be directed by its guidance. Just reprobation is more profitable to the true man than praise, and in a bushel of abuse there are generally found a few grains of just censure. But to the sermon: "These small, little men," quoth the preacher, "who stand around the street corners blaspheming, taking the name of God in vain, insulting people who pass, and boasting of their Infidelity, and think it smart, can do more harm in a given time than a servant of God can do good in double the time. Then let the intelligent man question them and ask: 'Whence sprang this creation with its varied forms of sublimity and beauty, its wonderful adaptations, its unified diversities,' etc.? They don't know. 'Is there a God?' They don't know. 'You are a man?' 'Yes.' 'Whence did you come?' 'Don't know.' Oh, how smart!" Then the reverend elder proceeded to show that all this unbelief springs from the ignorance and depravity of the human heart—"a heart steeped in the vinegar of hell." My "company" whispered, "Where do they grow their apples?" This is as fair an abstract of the sermon, and as nearly in the words of the preacher, as I can giv from memory.

Free from prejudice and passion, let us analyze the above statements, and weigh in logical scales the deductions drawn therefrom.

Preachers are so apt to begin their attacks on skepticism by an attack on the character of skeptics—the class that believes only what enlightened reason teaches, skeptics to nothing else—that we weary of the same old chant, so oft repeated, and long for variations. We care little for general accusations, but are jealous of the character of our town, and solicitous for the good name of its citizens. And here, in the name of all the Liberals of Wyoming, we challenge our reverend friend to show that the Freethinkers of this place are not as respectable and intelligent, in proportion to numbers, as the prayer-making, hymn-singing portion of its inhabitants. But are Freethinkers born of and to ignorance and depravity? What shall we say of Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, of that greatest scientific man of his age, Alexander von Humboldt, and of thousands of other skeptics who are the pioneers of science and of human progress? Are they impeachable of vice and ignorance? When reviled, Infidels revile not again, nor distil, from the ashes of the dead, poison to tip the arrows of irony; but compare the private life of that monster skeptic, Robt. G. Ingersoll, the raw-head and bloody-bones by which modern theologians frighten their credulous children into unquiet slumber, with the private life of the greatest pulpit orator of the age, and say which has furnished us the better example of the charms of domesticity. Alas! many Infidels are unworthy of their high calling—of the glorious principles they profess. But what of the multitude of preachers who hav "gone wrong?" What of our defaulting bank cashiers and presidents, forgers and thieves, members of the Young Men's Christian Association, church officials, and Sunday-school superintendents—what of these? Canada is fast becoming Christianized by an influx of these fugitiv saints reared in the churches, to the support of which the whole nation is compelled to contribute.

But can Infidels solve the mysteries of "creation?" No, they modestly confess they cannot. Can they tell us when we die whither we go? No; we trace the vital spark to the boundary line of life; beyond it, it is lost to our vision. To the mind of the skeptic there be three insolvable problems: Whence came we? What are we? Whither do we go? Regarding the origin of things, are clerical declaimers better informed than we? Let them prove to us the superiority of their knowledge, and we will gratefully avail ourselvs of the light they giv. Hav they solved the mystery of being? Not as yet. Can they unveil to us the secrets of the hereafter? Respecting it, they manifest the assurance of prophets but the knowledge of babes. As to the world's genesis, and the budding forth and development of vegetable and animal life, they know next to nothing. The geneses of nature and of revelation are in flat contradiction to each other. Learned theologians admit this by their efforts to show that the Bible does not mean what it says. If it does not, it must hav been written rather to bewilder than instruct. If it does not it leaves the question where it found it—in the dark. They are loth to admit this, for their livings are at stake. The bread and butter argument is potent and insinuating. Men are often unconsciously swayed by its logic. The church is

strong and delightful in its social attractions, for it brings people together; and this is one great source of its strength. It must be upheld, for its advocates aver that morality and social order depend upon it. Persecution can no longer torture or slay, but social ostracism and foul abuse can be resorted to, and when opposed by arguments they cannot overcome, our religious savans vindicate the "truth" and subserve the interests of their benign and peaceful religion by vindictivly assailing the "Infidel." MISS VINDEX.

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WINDOM, MINN., Nov. 8, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I saw in your paper of October 22d a string of adverse comments, made by "S. F.," of Lebo, Kan., on my communication of September 10th. From the tone of his article, I conjecture that he has been inside of a medical institution, and having seen the human body dissected, his imagination magnifies him into an anthropologist of an advanced type—so far advanced that I fear he can learn nothing more. He appears to be filled with the combined wisdom of the ten members of the Seybert Commission.

After calling me a "crank," "silly," asserting that I am "crazy, probably past redemption," then benevolently holding me up to the public gaze to "serve as a warning," etc., this man of a "logical mind" condescends to treat me as sane enough to entertain a bet. He is careful to prefix his offer with "your friends can't do as they claim, of that I am positiv." No one can convince him that a statement is true, when he claims to know positivly to the contrary; for, as the author of "Hudibras" says,

> A man convinced against his will
> Is of the same opinion still.

My pathological counselor, although declaring that I am on the road to the lunatic asylum, advises me to halt and put myself under medical treatment immediately. I had a taste of such treatment, which I related in my former letter. I was lucky enough to be delivered from it before too late Probably the unfortunate cashier he speaks of so pathetically was under that kind of treatment, and not so lucky; but "went off scientifically," as I once heard a physician say of his patient—that is, became a martyr to a science which Sir Astley Cooper declared to be "founded in charlatanism and improved by murder."

I wish to cast no reflections on Æsculapius, the god of the healing art; but must say that, like some worthy preachers, he has some very unworthy sons.

As regards lunacy, I think that statistics will warrant me in saying that there are far less Spiritualists in proportion to their numbers in our asylums than there are Materialists or Christians. The reason may be found in the "specious and noble principles" (which Gibbon says the ancient philosophers taught) they advocate. Besides, Spiritualists hav a cheerful doctrin, founded on phenomena, which is proof to them; whereas, Materialists occupy "a melancholy position" (as the same writer observes), and the belief of Christians that nine-tenths of mankind will be damned forever is not a pleasant one.

But my dogmatic friend says, "Set up no claim for yourself or spirit friends which you cannot demonstrate, as it looks silly in you." Can he demonstrate Materialism? If so, he surpasses all scientists, ancient and modern. Even Darwin claimed to be "rather agnostic" in regard to a future life. Can he demonstrate that my statement of September 10th is false? If he cannot do so, then his "logic" condemns him as "silly."

Did such men as Socrates and Plato "hav small love for science or truth?' They taught the immortality of the soul, and could "reason logically," possibly as much so as the philosopher of Lebo, Kan. They really taught the doctrin of Spiritualism over two thousand years ago. How, then, can it be "a legitimate child of modern theology?" No; the truth is, theology is the perverted child of Spiritualism. According to history, Socrates had his "familiar spirit"—that is, was a medium, called "crazy"—and was finally slain by intolerance, as many others hav been since his day, who were condemned to death as witches or heretics. Superstition and bigotry hav borne down on Spiritualism with a heavy hand for hundreds of years, but its day is dawning. Bryant's lines are prophetic:

> Truth crushed to earth shall rise again—
> The eternal years of God are hers;
> But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
> And dies amidst her worshipers.

Let us be thankful for the progress the world has made. In former times spiritual agents were killed. In these days they are simply called "cranks," "crazy," or said to be in league with the devil, as was said of Dr. Faust, who established the art of printing.

To conclude, let me say to my censorious friend that, metaphorically speaking, I stand upon the rock of Truth, and neither pseudo-scientists nor bigots can drive me from my position. N. S.

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LONGSTREET, GA., Nov. 11, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I may be wrong in my thinking—*i. e.*, my thoughts and reasonings may lead to wrong conclusions—but I hav said, "I believe nothing. I hav no belief. It is not needful that I should." And I say so still, notwithstanding our greatest and noblest champions of Freethought claim that we must believe something. Ingersoll finds plenty of use for the word right along. My friend Shaw says we hav as much use for it as anyone else, or words to that effect. I claim the word to be of no value only in the orthodox sense of it, and that in every other sense the word "think" is a better word for Freethinkers. If the salvation of the race is conditional upon belief, then let us believe. If not, then the word becomes of no value. "Obsolete," I think, is the word, every time.

What we know is knowledge, and it is incorrect to say we believe that which we know. "Believe" has the same value as "don't know," no more, no less. Science, in no department of it, has use for the word "believe." Her work is to think, to study, to reason, to investigate, to classify, and get at fact, truth, and so explain as to bring it within the grasp of man's consciousness. If evolution is the true theory, it embraces all there is in the entire universe of things, and all is phenomena, explained or unexplained, and all is natural, reasonable, rational, possible, not miraculous. Life itself, inherent in all things, without a beginning that we know of, and without an ending that we know of, and hence eternal, is natural, and there is no placefor the supernatural. Immortal life, then, is the natural life, and mortal life (so-called) is an expression of it—a link in the endless chain of being, "of life always on the move." So let us think and say.

But what is before or behind phenomena we know not, neither is it needful that we hav any belief about it.

How many Anthony Comstocks do you think it would take to kill out or imprison all the Freethinkers in this free country of ours? I do not hesitate to say, in all candor, and with all the truth that is in me, that he is infamously persecuting one of the finest-minded and one of the noblest women to be found in the ranks of the Liberals of this country.

Aunt Elmina is superior in mind and morals, in intelligence, and in her sense of honor and justice, and in her life of purity and benevolence, to Comstock's entire horde of understrappers. It is a pity this world must be cursed with even a few such bigots as he seems to be. The theory of life, of health, and a pure morality which Aunt Elmina holds as true is of more importance to the race of humanity than any other one thing or subject, and it is a subject on which there is vast ignorance.

If new words must be invented and new terms used by which to convey the proper meaning of what she, or anyone, wishes to teach in reference to a great and growing evil, before a communication on the subject can be allowed to go through the mail, then our laws need remodeling for the good of humanity. No matter what terms (common to medical science or not) she uses to convey her meaning and to explain her theory, she cannot by any possibility be justly charged or suspected of the least intimation of obscenity. The idea is preposterous. The spirit of spite and hate, hatched in the brain of the malicious, low, and vile, is persuing this pure women, and I hope she will be vindicatd. She is a Materialist, and that's what's the matter. She has been great enough and honest enough to speak her honest thoughts, and probably Comstock hopes to crush her because she is poor. Some advantage, you see.

I don't know how to rate that creature Comstock. I am not acquainted with any such stock down here in old Georgia, and how he came to venture so far South as old Virginia in search for game, I can't conceive. I suppose he has emissaries out on the hunt, and he only holds the bag. He is out of danger, so he will be saved, though he is not worth saving. J. N. MASON.

P.S.—I take pleasure in saying THE TRUTH SEEKER is always welcome at my home. Articles from friends interest and entertain, and your able contributors always giv us something that will do to keep and never part with. Your own views, Mr. Editor, coincide with mine in reference to those Anarchists. My opinion was and is that it has not been proven that any one of those condemned men threw that bomb. If so, then there has been injustice done. The fault then is with the law in Illinois, or with the judge, or jury, or all three. It seems, also, that their lawyers failed to understand the points, until too late, which they might hav made, that would hav availed them before the United States Supreme Court. M.

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BEARDSTOWN, ILL., Nov. 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: During the past week Rev. Barnes, who swings a theological tack-hammer over this section of the Lord's heritage, delivered a series of lectures upon the Bible as a civilizing and moral factor. Were he to read Helen H. Gardener's "Men, Women, and Gods" with a particle of historical perception, he surely, like the fraudulent priests of old, who when they met each other laughed at the credulity of others, would snicker at himself. Just think once seriously of the Bible as a civilizing and moral agency!

After hearing the Rev. Barnes's first lecture, we wrote him the following letter:

"*Dear Sir:* The propositions I noted down from your lecture will bear to be investigated—perhaps. In my lectures on such themes I always giv an opportunity for any to present the other side of the issue. There are always two sides to any question, especially those touching Bible claims. Such a course will render your lectures both interesting and profitable. Respectfully, DR. G."

If he ever wrote a reply it miscarried. But, as specimens of roughly-hewn flints in the stone age of superstition, we present some of the Rev. Barnes's "false claims." They drift in the current of church thought or rather thoughtlessness.

"The Bible is a genuin title deed from God." I should like to see the lawyer that drew it up. He would be a winning card in a dime museum.

"Robert Ingersoll is interested in the Bible as God's title deed." This is sufficient evidence that a private correspondence between the colonel and Rev. Barnes occurred, in which the former informed his reverence that he was so "interested." But, according to Ingersoll's recent reply to the Rev. Field, he shows no interest whatever in the title deeds to corner lots in the kingdom of heaven. The colonel will hav to rise and explain.

Again, "The Bible is to be received if true, whether from God or not." This is toning down nicely. The same may be said of any other books or Bibles, whose number is legion.

"Archæology has proved the Bible true, hence it is from God." But archæology has also proved that the Vedas, Zend Avesta, Egyptian Book of the Dead, the Greek and Roman classics, and Central American sacred books are true. Therefore they also are from God!

He related a very taking anecdote where a missionary left the wife of an Infidel a Bible, and when the husband came home he chopped the Bible in two and took his half. When the wife came to an unfinished story (of which there is a wild profusion) in her half she had to borrow the Infidel's half to finish the story. It strikes us that there are an embarrassing number of Bible stories which require something to finish them, especially as civilizing and moral factors. See Gen. xix, 8; xxvii, 38; xxxviii, 12, 26; xxi, 7; Jud. xix, 24; Num. v, 11, 31, and Lev. xii,; Deut. xx, 10, 16; 2 Sam. xii, 11.

We are thoroughly convinced that as civilizing and moral factors these badly need the other half of something to finish them. The good common sense of nineteenth century has "finished" them.

On this and similar topics we suggest that science is the Infidel's half of the Bible that can literally "finish" all such fables.

"The Bible is full of light and fire," especially the latter. The following is a specimen: "A fire is kindled in mine anger, and shall burn to the lowest hell" (Deut. xxxii, 22); "Cast into everlasting fire" (Matt. ix, 43). Yes, there is a good deal of light and fire in the Bible, but the former is like the red lights of a low theater, and the latter emits, according to the book's own statement, the fumes of sulphur.

Further, "All the moral purity in the world at that time was incarnated alone in the Bible people." Especially in Father Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Judah, David, and Solomon, and lesser Bible lights. The Truth Seeker Company should send to Brother Barnes an illustrated Bible primer composed of selections from Watson Heston's cartoons on the piety of the patriarch.

"There was no improvement made on Bible morality." We should devoutly hope not. We should simply throw that away, and take a totally different morality.

"Greece was indebted to the Bible for being a liberty-loving nation." Hume, Gibbon, Rollins, Macaulay, and Hallam, just step down and out. Giv the palm to Barnes.

"God overran the world, by Alexander, for the express purpose of spreading the gospel." It is no compliment to the richness of the new gospel that it was indebted to a foreign tongue to giv it currency. Besides it is less of a compliment that "the prince of peace" had to hire a Greek general with swords to overrun a whole continent, in order to spread his gospel of peace. Yet it seems that more than three hundred years before this "prince of peace" is born, he hires Alexander to do this prepartion for his gospel. We want the Infidel's half of the Bible to complete this little gospel story of discrepancy.

"The sole object in the establishment of the Roman empire was the spread of the gospel." Query: Was not the object in establishing the Southern confederacy the same? The slaves did not think so. Doubtless the despots termed the czar of Russia and the sultan of Morocco are established for similar purpose.

"The Bible brought Constantine to a knowlege of the civil rights of man." But it has done precious little in that line for women. Besides, it did not operate that way on the old Puritans in their dealing with the civil rights of those who differed from them. The whole history of the Bible shows that the bringing of a knowledge of "civil rights" is not its forte.

"The person and work of Christ were settled by that council of civil rights held A.D. 325." We had always been taught to believe that these were settled in the Bible, like a thousand other useless fancies. Here is a concession that Jesus knew nothing about his own self and work, the object for which he came; and then, after he has been defunct for more than three centuries a body of his followers meet to find out how and why he was born.

"The world never heard of right as a law till it was revealed in the Bible and by Constantine." That is, Constantine, three hundred and twenty-five years after the Bible was made, perfected it as a revelation of right by presiding over more than three hundred theological cranks, while they cussed and discussed over two months the merits of a Greek iota. He demonstrated the "civil right" to banish those who believed in the existence of that smallest letter in the alphabet. Immaculate civil rights!

A man who banished Arius and his friends for honestly believing in a Greek dot, must hav possessed a Christian's capacity for "civil rights." A man who, in the year following this revelation of "civil rights" given him in this great Nicene council of "civil rights," heartlessly assassinated his own nephew and son, Crispus, through an unfounded jealousy that the latter was a rival to the throne, must hav been highly capable of the broadest "Christian civil rights." The representativs of the pagan religion of the Platonic type told him justly that there was no pardon for this most atrocious crime. Hence, Milman terms its ministers an "unaccommodating priesthood." But there is virtue in the blood of Jesus to wash this sanguinary villain, "the first Christian emperor," "whiter than snow." Of course, when "civilization and morals" are thus to be promoted, the Christian priesthood is, and ever has been, "accommodating." In short, every one who stood in the way of this "first Christian emperor" enjoyed the luxurious "civil right" of being summarily put out of the way. His nature and action abundantly explain his motivs of conversion to Christianity, namely, "hypocrisy, policy, superstition, and divine inspiration."

"Before Bible right was known men were bought and sold for $15. To-day there is not gold enough in this country to buy one man." One drink of whisky on election-day buys thousands cheap. The above "claims" we made the basis of a lecture at Havana. ZOA TOPSIS.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## A Lesson.

When the weary heart is sad
And the days seem long,
When the eyes are full of tears
And life an empty song;
When the burden of the heart
Grows heavier day by day,
Oh! tell me, is there nothing
To help along the way?

Ah! yes, sad heart! there's pleasure,
Not only in the air,
But in the sun and raindrops,
And in the flowers fair;
The kindly words oft spoken
By those we daily meet,
In lingering echoes whisper,
Each hour has pleasures sweet.

'Tis true that hearts hav burdens,
With many doubts and fears—
Hav dark and lonely vigils,
With many silent tears—
That life, at times, and pleasure
Seem but an empty song,
Where weary hearts are aching,
And the days are sad and long.

All hearts must bear their burdens,
Yet will they lighter grow,
If each will but endeavor
To share the other's woe,
So, weary heart, take comfort,
For if you strive each day
To ease your comrade's burden,
Lo! yours will fall away.

## Cats, Birds, and Snakes.

Cats are attached to localities, dogs to persons. A dog will persistently follow his master or mistress, through good report or ill, to the end of life. Cats will not do this, but will remain in the old home, although all the family may desert it and leave it tenantless. Dr. Hervey tells of a family removing to a distant part of the city, and taking with them the old family cat. The new quarters evidently did not suit the cat, who promptly returned to her former residence. She was as promptly taken back to the new home. She would not stay, however, and traveled back to the old home, every nook and cranny of which were dear to her. She took kindly to the new dwellers in the house, and seemed determined to make her abode with them in the dwelling to which she was so fondly attached. One day she caught a young robin. The old mother bird flew to the protection of her darling, and screamed frantically. The father bird, and all the bird relativs and friends, gathered, and made most distracting efforts to rescue the poor little baby bird in the claws of the cat. The mother flew at the cat, screeching and flapping her wings, pecked at her eyes, and circled about the cat's head until she forced her to drop the tender little birdling, when the mother, bending over its prostrate form, perceived that it was dead. She looked at its bleeding form sadly and reverently, and then, thinking possibly that she might restore it to life, she very gently took its wounded little body in her bill, and flew with it away to her downy nest, and placing it therein, called the father bird, and together they, no doubt, mourned over their loss. The cat, apparently heartily ashamed of her wicked conduct, walked out into the highway and proceeded to the new home of her friends, and it is to be hoped she will never meddle with young robins, or other birds, again. While Dr. Hervey was relating this little incident, Dr. Larchar said he had witnessed a peculiar act of a snake. He saw, one day, a black and glossy snake ascend a tree, look into a robin's nest, and take therefrom a young robin, quietly descend and proceed to swallow it without delay. Following this, Bethia and Flossie Cassell were walking in the sand under the bluff of South Boulevard at Onset one morning, when all at once Bonnie, who was following them, commenced barking furiously, and leaped wildly about. Looking, they espied a big black snake, long and shining, making off with a bird in its mouth. Bonnie barked so that the snake was frightened, and, dropping his prey, made off into the woods. Flossie picked up the bird and brought it to me. It was panting terribly, but was still alive. The dear little girl took it home, and, placing it in an old nest that she had found one day, gave it some water and a doughnut. This was fair treatment, and birdie seemed to revive, but, although it received the best of care, and was placed in a sheltered, sunny nook ever day, its injuries were of such a nature it could not overcome them, and after two or three days it quietly dropped into a sleep from which it never awoke. Flossie buried it, and solemnly placed bright flowers upon its tiny grave. "Its papa and mamma will be pleased to think I cared for their little one," said she.

"They may not be aware of it," I replied, "but it shows what a very kind heart you possess, and being tender toward birds, I think you will be no less so toward every living creature." S. H. W.

## Facts for the Curious.

In Lower California there are three mountains of alum, and one of alum and sulphur. They are almost chemically pure, and the quantity of alum is estimated at 100,000,000 tons and the sulphur at 1,000,000 tons.

The mortality of the globe, as given by a continental journal, which has made the computation, is as follows: Per minute, 67: per diem, 97.790; and per annum, 35,639,835; whereas the births are 36,762,000 per annum, 100,000 per diem and 70 per minute.

Figures are wonderful things. Here is a sample of what can be done with them: By placing one grain of corn on the first square of a chess-board, doubling the number of grains for each succeeding square, the quantity of corn required for the whole board of 64 squares would fill 1,844,375 barns, each holding 1,000,000 bushels of 100,000 grains each, bushels round numbers. If the United States grows 1,800,000,000 bushels each year, it would require a little over 540 years to make enough.

The "cutting-room" in a shoe factory is, by reason of the intricate machinery it contains, the most dangerous room in the building. It is a rare thing to find such a room in a large factory that does not contain one or more employees minus a finger or thumb. Sometimes frightful accidents occur. The racer, a huge machine modeled something after the guillotine of France, is used in cutting the heaps of leather into strips. It contains a knife four feet long that would cut a man's arm off as easily as scissors cut a thread.

It has long been known that the hair and nails grow faster in warm weather than in cold. The *Popular Science Monthly* cites a remarkable instance of rapid growth from the statement of Colonel Prjevalsky, a Russian traveler in central Asia. In June the ground and the air became so hot that travel was impossible during the day, and the hair and beards of the party grew with astonishing rapidity. But, what was strangest of all, some young Cossacks, whose faces had been entirely smooth, developed quite respectable beards in the course of a very few days.

Birds as large as ducks are taken in Japan by a very ingenious process. The young shoots of the wistaria, which attain considerable length, and are strong, light, and flexible, are gathered, dried, and knotted together in one continuous length. This is smeared with bird-lime, and floated out to sea; in the morning the hunter is rewarded by the capture of several birds. It is a very inexpensiv method of bagging wild fowl, as the tackle will serve any number of times till the bird-lime dries, when it is easily replaced. There is no noise made in this kind of hunting to drive away the ducks, or to inform the neighbors of what is going on about the haunts of wild fowl.

Some very curious customs are connected with gloves. For instance, the ceremony of removing them when entering the stable of a prince or a great man or else forfeiting them or their value to the servant in charge. This is an odd survival of vassalage, for the removal of the glove was anciently a mark of submission. When lands or titles were bestowed, gloves were given at the same time; and when, for any reason, the lands were forfeited, the offender was deprived of the right to wear gloves. The same idea was prevalent in the bestowal of a lady's glove, to be worn in the helmet of her knight, and forfeited by him if her favor ceased. In hunting, the gloves are to-day supposed to be removed at the death of the stag. It was a very ancient form of acknowledgment to present a pair of gloves to a benefactor; and white gloves are still presented to the judge at maiden assizes.

## Stephen Allen's Pocket-Piece.

Many years ago, the fine steamer Henry Clay, which ran between New York and Albany, when on her down trip, and just opposit the beautiful city of Yonkers, was found to be on fire. The steamer was immediately headed for the shore, but, notwithstanding its nearness to the land, and the heroic efforts to rescue the passengers, many lives were lost. Among the victims was Stephen Allen, Esq., an aged man of the purest character, formerly a mayor of New York, beloved and esteemed by all who knew him. In his pocket-book was found a printed slip, of which the following is a copy. If our young men, and old ones, too, would practice these precepts, the virtue, patriotism, and prosperity of the nation would be vastly improved:

Keep good company or none.
Never be idle.
If your hands cannot be usefully employed, cultivate your mind.
Always speak the truth.
Make few promises.
Liv up to your engagements.
Keep your own secrets, if you hav any.
When you speak to a person, look him in the face.
Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.
Good character is above all things else.
Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.
If one speaks evil of you, liv so that none will believe him.
Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.
Ever liv (misfortunes excepted) within your income.
When you retire, think over what you hav done during the day.
Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.
Small and steady gains giv competence with tranquility of mind.
Never play at any game of chance.
Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.
Earn money before you spend it.
Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again.
Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it.
Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.
Never speak evil of anyone.
Be just before you are generous.
Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.
Save when you are young to spend when you are old.
Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

## Our Puzzle Box.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN CHILDREN'S CORNER, NOV. 19, 1887.

1.-The letter E.

2.-
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### A Curious Puzzle.

Two Arabs sat down to dinner. A stranger requested to join their party, saying that as he could not buy provisions in that country, if they would permit him to eat an equal share with themselvs, he would pay for the whole. The frugal meal consisted of eight small loaves of bread, five of which belonged to one of the Arabs, and three to the other. The stranger, having eaten a third part of the eight loaves, arose and laid before them eight pieces of money, saying: "My friends, there is what I promised you. Divide it between you according to your just rights."

A dispute arose, of course, respecting a division of the money; but reference being made to the cadi, he ajudged seven pieces of the money to the owner of the five loaves, and only one to him who had the three loaves. And yet the cadi decided justly.

*Answer*—A has 5 loaves; B has three loaves. The stranger eats 1-3 of the eight loaves, which equals 2 2-3 loaves. There would now remain 5 1-3 loaves. Supposing that A and B shared alike in eating the remaining 5 1-3, this would giv an amount of exactly 2 2-3 loaves to each person. But B only had three loaves of his own. Hence the stranger could only consume 1-3 loaf belonging to B. The remainder of the stranger's portion (2 1-3) must hav been part of A's loaves. Now, 2 1-3 or 7-3 was supplied by A, and only 1-3 was suppiied by B. But 7-3 is seven times as great as 1-3; that is, the portion belonging to A, which the stranger ate, was seven times as great as that portion belonging to B consumed by the stranger. Wherefore the cadi's decision was just, viz., seven pieces of silver to A and one to B.

## Correspondence.

OMAHA, NEB., NOV. 20, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I am between thirteen and fourteen years of age, attend school, am in the eighth grade, and study history, physical geography, penmanship, vocal music, mechanical drawing, grammar, and arithmetic. I hav your book entitled "Story Hour," and think it is a treasure.

I wrote you a letter last February, and not seeing it published, I thought you had not received it. We hav taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for nine years, and hav many Liberal books from THE TRUTH SEEKER office. I will now close, wishing success to the Corner

Your friend, MARGARET COLVIN.

[We hav never before received a letter from Margaret. We trust the above may not be the last with which she will favor the Corner. —ED. C. C.]

MILLEDGEVILLE, ILL., NOV. 20, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write a few lines to the Corner. My uncle takes THE TRUTH SEEKER. I like to read the Corner very much. I hav one sister; she is six years old. I hav the "Apples of Gold" and the "Story Hour." I spoke "Dare to Be True," "Our Children," "Her Birthday." I spoke "Dare to Be True" at children's meeting, the only time I ever had anything to do with religious matters, and would not hav then if I could not hav had the privilege of speaking that. Do you know the price of "The Liberal Song Book?"* Will you please tell me? I am afraid I am getting my letter too long, so I will close. ELLA HUNTER.

* Twenty-five cents.

## What Ailed the Sentence.

After writing sentences one day the scholars exchanged work for correction. A small boy marked an error, and then at the foot of the paper made the following explanatory note: "He didn't begin Massevchewsits with a caterpilla."—*Harper's Bazar.*

## A Profound Reflection.

"Grandpa," inquired Johnny Bliss, "must everybody die?"

"Yes, my child. Everyone in this world must die when his time comes."

"Well," long pause, "what I'd like to know is, who'll bury the last man?" —*Detroit Free Press.*

## The Long and the Short of It.

"Willie Wafflers," said the teacher, "which is the shortest day in the year?"

"Twenty-fust of December," replied Willie, who was correct as far as the writer knows.

"And Tommy Tuff may tell us which is the longest day," said the teacher indulgently.

"Sunday!" shouted Tommy.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

## It Was Hot.

Six-year-old Ned was enjoying the first ham and eggs of the season, and, as the horse radish bottle was passed, thought he would hav some too. When he had recovered somewhat from the burning, and had settled down to his breakfast again, he explained the situation with:

"I guess I'll wait until that gets cold 'fore I try it again."—*Toledo Journal.*

## Conclusiv Logic.

Little Nell: "Mamma, my doll's broke her head."

Omaha mamma: "You careless child, how did that happen?"

"She broke her head her own self; she tumbled off the chair."

"Now, see here, Nell, dolls can't tumble off chairs themselvs."

"Why, yes, they can, mamma; tumbling off is easy enough. It's holding on that they can't do."—*Omaha World.*

## Revision.

Mr. Robert Johnson, who livs on the Fisher farm, has a little boy, Dave, who is just old enough to be taught to say his prayers. The other evening his mother was teaching him the Lord's Prayer, and got along very well until they reached the line, "Give us this day our daily bread."

The mother repeated it twice, but the child made no attempt to follow her.

"Why don't you say it?" urged his mother.

"'Cause I don't want bread," said the boy; "I want pie."—*Oil City Derrick.*

## A Young Anarchist.

It sounds a little bit irreverent, but as it was told by a highly esteemed clergyman, and in Sunday-school, too, it is presumably tellable in print. A little girl, walking in the public garden on Sunday with her mother, began to play upon the grass, and was instantly restrained, to her chagrin.

"Why can't I run on the grass, mamma?" she exclaimed.

"Because the policeman will make you go off if you do. Don't you see the policeman over there? Besides, it is Sunday, and God doesn't want you to play."

"Oh, dear," said the little girl, "if it wasn't for the policemans and God, what nice times we could hav!"—*Boston Transcript.*


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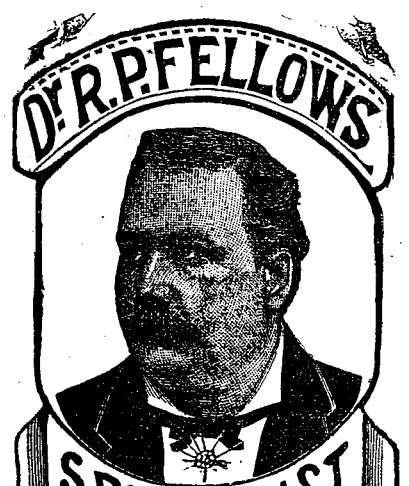
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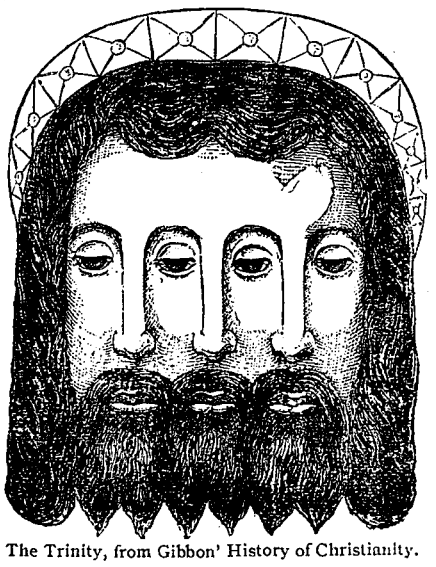
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## Items of Church News.

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NOT SURPRISING.

Mary Belovic, a Bohemian woman of Omaha, has become insane on religious subjects, and will probably be given a place in the asylum.—*Omaha Herald.*

AN OFF-COLOR SCANDAL.

New Brunswick, Oct. 28.—William Williams, colored, has been dropped from the roll of the First Methodist church on account of his alleged relations with a white woman named Hassell, who is also a member of the church and who sang in the choir. The elders became aware of the scandal about two weeks ago, but kept it quiet.

ESCORTED THENCE.

The Rev. Robert Rayson, of the Methodist church at Greenwood, confessed to gross immoralities, and was promptly dismissed. On his way to take the train at Withee he was followed by a crowd that loudly threatened tar and feathers. Rayson, who came from Canada, was preaching on trial in the Western Conference. — *Daily Northwestern, Oshkosh, Wis.*

AMUSEMENT AT A COLORED CHURCH PICNIC.

Columbia, S. C., Oct. 5.—At a negro Sunday-school celebration in Greenville county several drunken darkies became involved in a quarrel among themselvs, during which Richard Johnson was shot and instantly killed by Jeff Bailey, who was also shot and seriously injured by another negro whose name is unknown.

HO, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH!

New Haven, Oct. 28.—A few weeks ago the pastor of the Catholic church in Portland, Conn., decided to hold a fair, and went among his parishoners to solicit articles. James Laverty, a wholesale liquor dealer, contributed a barrel of beer, which the priest accepted, and for the past few nights the attendants at the fair hav been taking chances on the beer at twenty-five cents a ticket.

A SAINT, NO DOUBT.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 20.—Rev. Geo. W. West, rector of Grace church, denies that he has been guilty of any indecency with any person, boy or girl, and alleges that he never made an indecent proposition in his life. His church was attended by about the usual congregation last Sunday, and his resignation has been accepted. This, of course, prevents the formal investigation of any of the charges against him.

AN INHARMONIOUS SOCIABLE.

A church sociable and hugging bee at Elk Creek broke up in a row recently. A withered remnant of a man, aching for a smack of sweet sixteen or thereabouts, blew in fifteen cents and was blindfolded. The managers ran his wife against him, and the squeeze he gave her made her ache. When the bandage was removed and he discovered the swindle, he howled like a madman, smote the manager on the jaw, and choked the treasurer till he refunded.—*Dawson county, Neb., Herald.*

PROGRESS IN THE CORA LEE CASE.

Independence, Mo., Oct. 5. — Attorneys were engaged in taking depositions in the famous Cora Lee case, which will be on trial at Springfield, Mo., in a few days. It seems that Dave Fisher, colored, was a porter in the Laclede Hotel, in this city, when the party composed of the Rev. George E. Graham, Mrs. Malloy, the revivalist, and Miss Lee stopped there July 26, 1886, and registered as Graham and wife and Mrs. Malloy. After Graham was killed, Dave Fisher saw his picture, and recognized it as the man, Graham, who stopped at the hotel at the time.—*Kansas City Post.*

A METHODICAL METHODIST SUICIDE.

Cleveland, Oct. 2.—Rev. Henry Clemmens, a Free Will Methodist preacher in Holmes county, this state, committed suicide Friday night under very peculiar circumstances. He for a long time preached the doctrin of perfection, and asserted that he was sanctified, and therefore sinless in the sight of God.

Friday night he arose from his bed, took a loaded shotgun that stood in a corner of the room, placed the muzzle of the gun in his mouth, and discharged the weapon. His wife was awakened by the report, and lighting a lamp, found the body of her husband on the floor.

AN ENGLISH CURATE MURDERS HIS VICAR.

The curate, the Rev. Gilbert Cooper, was brought before the magistrates, at Framlingham, Suffolk, yesterday forenoon, and, after formal evidence, remanded till Thursday on a charge of murdering his vicar, the Rev. Wm. Farley, seventy-three years of age. In the afternoon the inquest took place at Cretingham, when, after evidence had been given by the widow, a woman in the prime of life, she was subjected by one of the jury to severe cross-examination respecting her relations with the prisoner. She denied that there had ever been any impropriety between them, saying she treated prisoner as a boy. She showed great indignation at the repetition of questions suggesting levity of conduct. The groom of the deceased, in cross-examination, said he had known his mistress go to Mr. Cooper's room before he was up in the morning, but she stayed no time. After the doctor had described the wound and the police the arrest, the jury returned a vedict of "wilful murder" against Cooper. The latter remarked it was not wilful. The coroner recommended him to say nothing at present. Prisoner was composed and attentiv during the proceedings, but his eyes had a wild, scared expression.—*Liverpool Post.*

"HAPPY BOB."

Robert E. Van Brunt, otherwise known as "Happy Bob," because of his connection with the Salvation Army, was tried and convicted in February of the murder of Will Roy at Castile, on Oct. 7. 1886 Van Brunt claimed to be engaged to Eva Roy, a pretty girl of sixteen years, a half sister of Will Roy. He was living in the house of the girl's parents, and coming from his room at midnight found Eva and her half brother in conversation in the sitting-room. In a fit of jealous anger he drew a revolver and shot the victim, for which crime he will be hanged December 8th.

FELL FROM GRACE.

Eau Claire, Wis., Oct. 5.—The sheriff of this county arrested at Arkansaw, an isolated village in the adjoining county of Pepin, the Rev. Henry Overing, a Methodist minister, on the charge of seduction, preferred by a young lady living in the town of Washington, three miles east of here. Overing, who has been preaching in that locality during the summer, was brought to this city for examination, and the testimony was so strong against him that he was held for appearance at the circuit court. His friends were greatly surprised at his arrest, and furnishing bonds for his appearance, he was temporarily released.—*Daily Northwestern.*

"RAZORS FLYING THROUGH THE AIR."

New Orleans, La., Nov. 1.—A fatal affray at a negro church is reported from West Feliciana parish. Following a custom in vogue among plantation negroes in portions of the South, two members of the congregation exchanged wives two years ago. The bargain did not prove satisfactory, and quarrels arose among the members of the much mixed families. It was decided a few days ago by the parties involved to meet at the church and settle all difficulties by a general fist fight. A large number were present. As soon as the parties came together, knives and pistols were drawn, and a bloody riot followed, the result of which was that Edmund Turner and Gibson Clark, the principals, were killed outright, and James Stowbury was severely, if not fatally, wounded.

IMPOTENT FAITH.

Eugene P. Banter and his wife are two of the many converts of faith cure in Hammondsport, Pa. Recently the daughter, a bright girl of twelve years, was taken ill with a mild form of scarlet fever. The fever passed away, but she still contiuued sick. Her parents would not employ a doctor, but depended on the faith cure. The girl lay day after day without any medical attendance until the neighbors began to expostulate with the parents about it. They still refused to employ a doctor, until the neighbors told them that the girl was dying. Then they called in a physician, but it was too late. She was beyond the doctor's skill and died within a few minutes. The physician says that if she had had proper treatment she would hav lived, and he blames her parents very much for their neglect.

BOB CHISHOLM, JIMMY DENNIS—TIME!

Hannibal, Mo., Sept. 30.—At the "Sanctification" or "Holiness" Camp in this city, the Rev. J. Dennis, one of the evangelists, preached last night a sermon on the subject of "Glorification." The Rev. Robert Chisholm took exceptions and called him to order, but the speaker continued. Chisholm therefore mounted the rostrum and began to speak. Each tried to cry the other down, and, failing in this, they clinched, and each tried to pull the other off the platform. During the excitement some one blew out the lights, and the meeting came to an abrupt termination. Each had the other arrested, and to day at the trial the Rev. Chisholm was fined $5, which he paid, and the Rev. Dennis $10, but he was unable to pay the fine, and now lies in jail.

WORSE THAN ANARCHISM.

San Francisco, Oct. 3.—Passengers by the Australian steamer which arrived Saturday bring details of a most revolting tragedy that occurred in New South Wales August 28th. Wadham Wyndham, a man of excellent standing, becoming suddenly attacked with religious frenzy, murdered his wife and three children, all of whom he loved most dearly. In explanation he said that he felt called upon by God to commit the deed. The resurrection was near, and their time had come. As Wyndham's wife offered resistance, he took her outside and with a stone broke in her skull. He then took a carving-knife and fork and thrust them into her side. He also pierced her hands and feet, explaining afterward that he intended to crucify her, as Christ was crucified. His favorit daughter had four cuts on her forehead, and the right side of the skull was beaten into pulp. She had two pierced marks on her breast, two on each foot, and two on each hand. The marks appeared to hav been made with a fork. The left side of the skull of his son was battered, his left side was pierced in two places, as also were his hands and feet. The other son seems to hav been killed directly by a cruel fork thrust entirely through the left side of his body. The hands and feet of all were pierced, as it was Wyndham's intention to nail the bodies to a cross, they refusing to be thus nailed while alive.

SMALL BUSINESS.

A church committee at Xenia, O., appointed by the Cincinnati conference, Methodist Episcopal church, to investigate charges against the Rev. H. M. Keck, stationed at Cedarville, O., found the minister guilty, and recommended his suspension from the ministry. The charge against him was the larceny of a flat-iron from the store of Joshua Wolf in Xenia. It was shown at the trial in the mayor's court that he put the iron in a bucket and hid it in his buggy, where it was found by a man who suspected him. Mr. Keck said in explanation that he had taken morphine that day, and did not know what he was doing —*Sun.*

JEREMIAH IN THE CHARACTER OF DAVID.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 19.—Prosecuting Attorney Clay has been to Cedar Springs to hear the story of the young German girl who claims to hav been ruined by Elder Jeremiah Payne, a religious exhorter and supervisor of Solon township. The girl says, while Mrs. Payne was away visiting during the summer, Payne sustained criminal relations with her at different times until she became *encinte.* He gave her presents of a ring, shoes, and other small articles, exacting a promis from her that she would never speak of the matter. Last Thursday night the girl suffered a miscarriage, and to the physician and other attendants she said Payne was responsible for her condition. The investigation will be continued this afternoon, and papers issued for the arrest of Payne tomorrow.

A SPIRITUOUS-MINDED MINISTER.

It is reported that a minister of the Christian Baptist church has been doing an extensiv manufacturing business at the head of Laurel Creek, in Boone county, W. Va. He has made thousands of dollars by the illicit distilling of whisky, and has managed the business so nicely as to escape detection by the government officials. To the outside world he was known only as a marble-cutter and a manufacturer of pottery ware. He had a large dry-house built for drying the pottery ware before putting it in the kiln to be burned. It is said that in this dry-house he erected a still, and has carried on the business of making whisky for several years, until he has accumulated a small fortune. He closed up his business a few days ago and announced his intention of going on a lecturing tour through the country.

A PREACHER AND A HORSETHIEF.

Venita, I. T., Oct. 30.—Manjos DeLong, alias Rev. James H. Healy, who was arrested at Joplin, Mo., on the charge of horse-stealing, is meeting with his just dues. He has figured here at this place since July 2, 1887, as a Baptist minister, and was about to be taken into the Methodist Episcopal conference, which was in session here two weeks ago, when he was discovered to hav run off with a team belonging to a man of this city. Healy was captured just this side of Baxter Springs, but jumped from the buggy, turning the horse loose, and crossed the line just as the officers got in shooting distance of him. He next turned up at Oswego, Kan., where he played the "saw-mill racket" on a man named Johnson to the tune of $25, claiming he had a saw-mill at Venita and wanted Johnson to go there and run it for him, requesting a deposit of $25 as a guarantee of good faith on the part of Johnson. Healy owes a number of store bills, etc.

ONE OF THE WORST.

Eleven fair ladies sat up in a tree,
Singing willow, tit willow, tit willow;
That man is as naughty as naughty can be,
Singing willow, tit willow, tit willow.
Oh, what shall we do, and what will the world say?
Oh, why did we trust the vile wretch for a day?
Oh, why did he weaken and giv us away?
Singing willow, tit willow, tit willow.

The Rev. Rayson has been officiating at the Methodist Episcopal church at Greenwood for a year or more. Since early last winter ugly rumors hav been afloat concerning his relations with different female attendants at church, and several times a great social upheaval has been predicted by persons at Greenwood who allege this criminal intimacy on the part of Rayson. Several of the most prominent members of the Methodist Episcopal church withdrew on account of Rayson's conduct, and the matter has been kept at a fever-heat until the departure of the reverend gentleman, which took place week before last. Upon his going away, it came out that Rayson had made a confession which implicated some of the first families of Greenwood Thereupon he was followed and brought back, and when threatened with prosecution for slander, he dared his former associates to go ahead, and he would bring before the court members of families of whom there had been no suspicion of wrongdoing. The prosecution of Rayson was then dropped.

The social firmament of the village glistens with some of the brightest intellects of which any community can boast; some of the truest wives and mothers—ladies who are cruelly hurt by the broad assertion that in the Rayson scandal the first families of Greenwood are besmirched. If a black-hearted Rayson has despoiled any homes, let a mantle of charity cover the wreck and time blot out the memory of the fiend. For Rayson we hav no word of sympathy, but hope, if he has committed the crime he claims to hav done, the record of it will precede him wherever he may go, and save female virtue from his blighting touch. —*Neillsville, Wis., Times.*

WORSE THAN LOT.

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 20.—A brutal and remarkable attempt at murder is reported from Liberty, DeKalb county, Tenn. While two young men were walking in the woods, two miles and a half from Liberty, they started to cross the public road, when they were startled to see in the road the prostrate form of a woman. Her face was so disfigured and her face and hands so covered with blood that they were unable to recognize her or to tell, indeed, whether she was a negro or white person. There was a dwelling half a mile distant, and one of them rushed there for assistance. On his return with Mr. Scott to where the prostrate form lay, at that moment she struggled feebly and said: "Father, you won't kill me." Then they saw that she was a white woman, the daughter of Rev. J. H. Vickers, who lived in that neighborhood.

The young men assisted her to the residence of Mr. Griffith, her grandfather, to whom she told the circumstances of her attempted assassination. She stated she was riding along to attend religious services at Cooper's chapel one mile distant from Mr. Grffith's, where she had been living for several months; some one rushed from behind a small cedar tree, struck her with a large stick and jerked her off the horse she was riding, when she became unconscious. She says the person who assaulted and struck her was no other than her own father. The person attempting to commit the foul deed was terribly in earnest. The girl is perfectly helpless, although rational. Her nose is cut nearly off, her ear is split, her scalp has perhaps twenty wounds about an inch in length, while the skull is fractured in three places. The physicians pronounce the injuries fatal.

The neighborhood is aroused and there are threats of lynching Vickers. The past bad terms on which Miss Vickers and father had been, because of a former relation of hers to the effect that her father had frequently made indecent proposals to her, together with the girl's statement, and that of one or two witnesses' testimony, renders the girl's statement plausible, to say the least. Vickers has been arrested.—*Daily Times.*

THE CREMORNE MISSION SCANDAL.

A moral thunderbolt fell in full prayer-meeting on Thursday night at the Cremorne Mission in West Thirty-third street. On the platform at that time sat Mrs. McAuley, leader of the mission and widow of Jerry McAuley, who was as famous for his monumental reformation as for the vices of his previous career, and several gentlemen who are prominent in the cause of reclaiming the fallen and despised. One of these gentlemen was the Rev. Bradford L. Gilbert, the well known architect, of No. 71 Broadway. Mr. Gilbert has for sixteen years taken a very activ part in the meetings held by the mission, and he belongs to the Board of Trustees. At an interesting point of the Thursday evening services, a man arose in the middle of the audience and walked up to the platform. Then he deliberately drew two papers from his pocket and presented one to Mrs. McAuley and the other to Mr. Gilbert, saying to each of them separately, so that everybody could hear, "This is for you." The man was a Westchester county court officer. The legal documents were the complaints and summonses in two suits at law brought by Mrs. Cora Rathbone Gilbert against Mr. Bradford L. Gilbert, her husband, and Mrs. Jerry McAuley, in the Supreme Court at White Plains, Westchester county. The first action is one for absolute divorce on the ground of infidelity to marital vows, and Mrs. McAuley is made the co respondent. It is alleged that the intimacy between them assumed a criminal character a good while ago; that they hav been frequently, almost constantly, together; that their common interest in the mission has served as a cloak to their sin, and that they hav broken the seventh commandment over and over again. The places were these alleged acts occurred are for the most part very generally designated, but the affidavits are specific in regard to one of them, and that is the mission. Mrs. McAuley resides in the same building, upstairs, and there it is alleged that their guilty love took its present course. The second suit is directed against Mrs. McAuley, and is based very largely upon the same evidence as the other. It accuses the superintendent of the mission of alienating the affections of Mr. Gilbert from his wife, and demands $50,000 as a compensation for the injury thus inflicted.—*New York Herald.*

A FRISKY METHODIST PREACHER.

From the Los Angeles *Times* it is learned that the Rev. Dr. John White, Methodist, has been undergoing tribulation. The *Times* givs this account of the trial: "Young Bowers testified that the Rev Mr. White had often in his presence used vulgar and indecent language; that on one occasion he and the doctor were standing on the steps of the court

house at Ventura; that a lady unknown to him passed. The doctor made the remark: 'There goes a woman with fine breast works.' He was surprised and disgusted at the doctor's language. Upon another occasion he was making the rounds of the sporting-houses of the city. In the house of Jennie Miller he heard what he thought was a familiar voice. He looked into the room whence the sounds came, and saw Dr. White in a compromising position with one of the inmates. He was fondling and kissing the woman. They were both partially undressed. The doctor bet on horse races, and attended dog and chicken fights, and was always and wanted to appear as one of the boys. De Moss Bowers testified that White's influence was bad in the community. That he was corrupting the young men and setting a bad example. That his son had told him of the incident regarding the lady, and that he had, upon White's promis to amend for the past, suppressed the evidence. White kept going from bad to worse, was in constant company of low and loose associates, and he was bringing the Methodist Episcopal church into disrepute. Charles Hall stated that Dr. White had upon divers occasion in his hearing used vulgar and indecent language. That he had more than once acted in an unministerial manner, and was in the habit of associating with vicious persons. He seemed to be at home in company which any respectable man would be ashamed to own. That he, the doctor, was in the habit of standing on the street corner upon a rainy or muddy day, and watching the ladies as they tripped over the muddy crossings. That the doctor had often boasted to him of his many conquests among the fair sex, and how this lady was sweet on him, and that lady had sent him a tender note. How though he was a minister of the gospel, he was still human and one of the 'bohoys.' After being out about one hour and ten minutes, the committee found Dr. White guilty as charged, and suspended him from the ministry for one year."

ABBREVIATED CHURCH NOTES.

Rev. Wm. Fraser, Brighton, Eng., dies in pulpit.

Rev. Thomas Rose, Taylor, Pa., committed suicide.

Rev. Mr. Millen, Brooklyn, adjudged immoral. Fired.

Rev. Mr. Decker, Brooklyn, adjudged immoral. Fired.

Thomas Fodge dropped dead in Fourth avenue church.

Rev. Mr. Hooper, Kingston, N. Y., cruelty to wife. She leaves him.

Rev. O. F. Ingoldsby arrested at Starkey, N. Y. Grand larceny—$2 000.

Rev. Ditcasson, Montreal, Can., outrage on a young girl. Publicly flogged.

Sensational divorce case, Baltimore, involves a priest and a theologian.

Harman Spence fell off church spire at Gettysburg, Pa. Instantly killed.

Rev. W. T. Davis, Boston, disorderly preaching. Fined $200 and jailed.

Rev. E. M. Williams and Thomas Decker, Magnolia, Ark., fight. Williams killed.

Rev. Mr. Tidball, Camden, N. J., offends Mrs. Waller. Is thrashed by Mr. Waller.

Revival at Needmore, Tenn. Floor gives way. Seventy persons injured, one fatally.

Deacon David Wright, Hoboken, N. J., cut his throat with a razor. Too pious to liv.

Robert Ridgely, Baltimore, goes to church in sound health; kneels at altar, and drops dead.

Rev. Mr. Jackson, Atlanta, Ga., preaches effectiv sermon, cashes bogus check, and skips.

Rev. Mr. Glazebrook, Elizabeth, N. J., detected in *crim. con.* Vindicated by devoted flock.

Rev. Thomas B. Miller, Philadelphia, seduction, malpractice. Seven years' imprisonment.

John C. Felt, New York, religious insanity. Runs through the street howling. Insane asylum.

Rev. Brother Azarias, Washington, D.C., immoral letters. Vindicated, *i.e.*, whitewashed.

Rev. Edward Trevor, Laurel Hill, N. Y., revolting conduct with boy. Leaves place suddenly.

Rev. Mr. Gulick, Brooklyn, crooked financiering. Debts paid by flock and shepherd vindicated.

Leach, Sunday-school superintendent, Park Ringe, N. J., assaults Revivalist Mnason. Fined $1,000.

Colored Methodists, Nyack, N. Y., hold church reception. Prince Hankerson fatally fatally stabbed.

Rev. David Wright, Caldwell Co., N. C., leaves wife and twelve children and elopes with Mrs. Andrews.

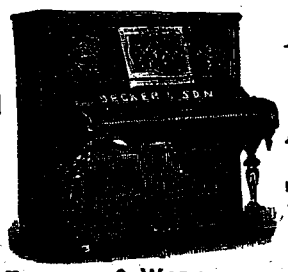
Rev. David Seymour, Janesville, Wis., goes to Europe with parishioner's wife and church funds. Arrested.

Sexton St. Paul's church, Newark, N. J., criminal assault on fifteen-year-old daughter. Penitentiary seven years.

Rev. Father Kirner, New York, builds parochial school. Violates building permit. Building falls, killing six workmen and Kirner himself. Coroner's jury lay responsibility on Kirner.


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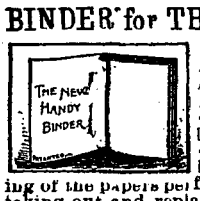
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## News of the Week.

PROHIBITION was defeated by a small majority in Atlanta, Ga., on the 26th ult.

A DETATCHMENT of the Salvation Army was mobbed in Quebec, Can., on Sunday.

ACCORDING to the report of the director of the mint, there is more than a billion dollars in the national treasury vaults in coin and bullion.

A STRIKE among negro plantation hands at Thibodeaux, La., last week was attended by riot and bloodshed. About twenty-five persons were killed.

IT pleased Providence to allow the Pilgrim Congregational church at Duluth, Minn., to be destroyed by fire last Sunday. The loss in money, is $35,000.

GEORGE W. PRICE, a former clerk in the Bible House, New York, is under arrest for breaking open a contribution box and appropriating its contents.

MRS. MARGARET KIDDER, of Chicago, went out of curiosity to see a faith cure doctor. She got interested, took lessons in the art, and in due season became insane.

THE annual report of First Assistant Postmaster-General Stevenson shows that the whole number of post-offices in operation in the United States on June 30, 1887, was 55,157.

NEWSDEALERS in Connecticut and Massachusetts hav been arrested for vending the New York *Evening Telegram* containing cuts of the photographs seized in this city by Anthony Comstock.

THE government of New South Wales, through its agents in this city, offers $125,000 to American inventors for any process that will exterminate rabbits, which hav become a pest throughout Australia and New Zealand.

AN attempt made in Limerick, Ireland, to hold a demonstration in honor of the so-called Manchester martyrs on Sunday was suppressed by the police. At other places meetings for the same purpose were not interfered with.

A NEW YORK daily suggests that "Anthony Comstock should look after the trees in the Central Park. Stripped of their leafy garb, their bare limbs exposed to the blasts of November—why, there's a genuin Comstock lode up there."

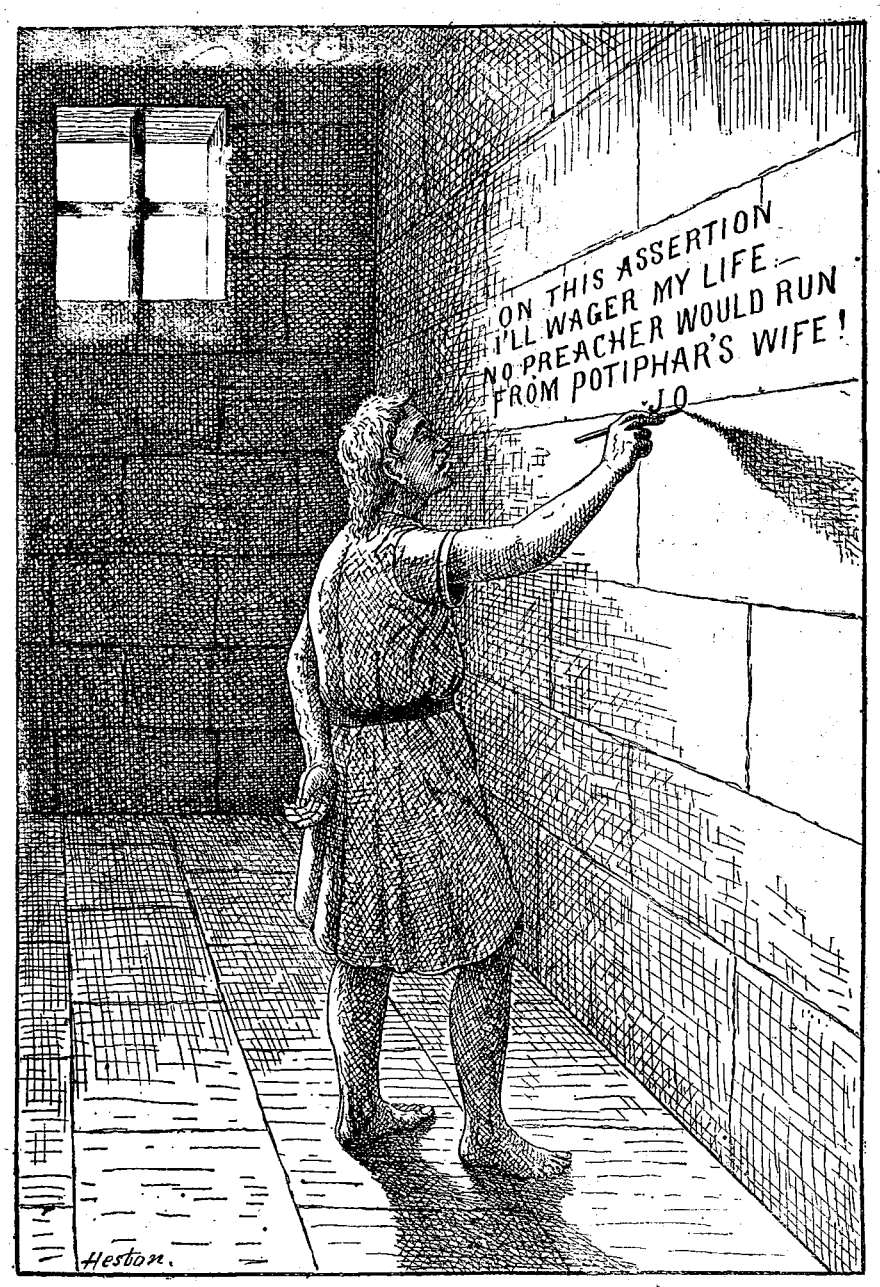
ON Nov. 23d, at Salt Lake City, Utah, Marshal Dyer, the receiver of the Mormon church property, took possession of all the books and property in the office of the president of the church. The Mormon people view the act as unconstitutional.

A WOMAN and four male accomplices, convicted of an attempt at forgery in Lancaster, S. C., last week, were sentenced to giv each other twenty lashes with a whalebone whip, which sentence was executed, and the victims allowed to go their ways.

THE Fenians of New York held a meeting last week to commemorate the deaths of some other Fenians who were hanged for murder some years ago. The meeting divided over the question of popery and anti-popery, and the services of the police were necessary to prevent a riot. McGlynn and one Caffrey were the firebrands.

THE German parliament opened on the 24th, the emperor's speech being read from the throne. Besides the usual political platitudes, the emperor sets forth that God's decrees rule in the destiny of nations as much as in the destiny of individual men—which is probably true. He further says that firm confidence in God is the chief defense of the empire, but in view of the same the speech does not recommend disbanding the army. The expenditure for imperial armaments is estimated in the budget at 362,465,016 marks, or about $90,500,000.

MISS REBECCA FREAM belongs to the Dewitt Memorial church in this city, and is in the habit of making such long exhortations in prayer-meeting that the other professors of religion are afforded no opportunity to giv in their testimony to what the Lord has done for them, and their speeches get cold. Recently the committee requested her to be more brief. She declined, and they called in a policeman, by whose august presence Miss Fream was quelled into silence, but she has consulted a lawyer, and declares that she will attend future services and speak when she feels like it.




JOSEPH IN LIMBO.—THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

And Joseph's master took him and put him into the prison.—Gen. xxxix, 20.

## Odds and Ends.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN once told a good story about Henry Ward Beecher, who, dressed in very common clothes, was studying human nature as exhibited in the highways and by-ways of New York. In the course of his philosophic perigrinations he went into a mock auction shop. He stood a while on entering, and reflected, doubtless, how anyone could be so lost to all sense af truth and honesty as the auctioneer in question, endeavoring to palm off his worthless trash to the inexperienced in city ways as good and valuable, and finally the auctioneer called out: "Mr. Beecher, why don't you bid?" He was greatly astonished, as can be imagined, at finding himself known in this place, and, as he had supposed, in his purposely careless dress. He immediately left and started for the residence of one of the members of the church in the neighborhood, and requested him, as an act of kindness, to go down and inquire of that person who had sold himself to Satan for the love of gain how it was he knew him in his disguise? The neighbor kindly consented, and, on entering the "Peter Funk" shop, he addressed the auctioneer: "How is it that you know Henry Ward Beecher so well as to be able to recognize him in his disguise?" "How do I know him? Why, I hav been a prominent member of his congregation for the last five years, and lease the fifth pew from the front!"

THE subjoined communication has been sent to this office by one of *Life's* most valued correspondents. It is in no sacrilegious spirit that we offer it to our readers, but in that spirit which prompts us to do our duty. We do not even vouch for its authenticity, but, we may add, it need occasion no surprise if it be officially acknowledged by the A. B. C. F. M.:

DEAR LORD: Please find inclosed majority report. We beg your careful consideration of the same, and earnestly invite your co-operation. Any suggestions as to *minor* points under consideration we shall be glad to receive from you, but we beg to remind you that the report in its essential details meets the approval of a majority of our members, and we shall feel constrained to consider any *radical* alteration of doctrin as an unwarranted interference with our established prerogativ, and shall treat it accordingly. Pray do not misunderstand us. Individually, we entertain nothing but the kindest feelings for you. As an administrativ body, however, we are compelled in all frankness to say that your conduct, construed in the light of modern Liberalism, is *not* all that we should desire, and we beg to suggest, with all possible delicacy, that if you find it impossible to sanction the report which we herewith present, there are members of this board well qualified to administer the affairs of the Universe in case you should see fit to retire to the happy obscurity of private life. But this is a contingency which we devoutly hope to avoid. Any change in the administration *at present* would be highly detrimental to *our* interests, as well as to your own, and for that reason we urge upon you the following reasons why you should giv the report your official sanction:

I. It embodies the true idea of a literal hell of fire and brimstone, and in this connection we wish to call your attention to the magnanimity of this committee in refusing to insert into its articles of belief a solution of gun-cotton and dynamite. Such an innovation is, as yet, premature. Be good enough to advise the committee on this point.

II. It presupposes the death of Mercy with the destruction of the world—a doctrin rigidly adhered to by our forefathers in 1620, and one which a conservativ body like ours cannot afford to overlook.

III. It affords a reasonable presumption that in the future state the members of this board and their sympathizers will have the exquisit pleasure of looking down from a state of exaltation upon the interesting writhings of countless millions of heathens—a comfortable and sustaining belief to the average orthodox New England Puritan.

IV. *It receives the approval of a majority of this board.* The force and significance of this last proposition will strike you at once.

This is all we hav to say, except to remark quite incidentally that we don't think the Pharisees were such very bad fellows after all. We heartily re-echo their sentiments in congratulating ourselvs that we are *not* like some other men whose names we might mention. We await your favorable reply, gently reminding you once more, in a spirit of deep humility, that any opposition on material points will inevitably result in your immediate removal. Yours in sincerity,

THE A. B. C. F. M.
—*Life.*

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## Gems of Thought.

I AM inclined to think one point is gained by having the audience stand during worship—they are less liable to go to sleep than though leaning back in cushioned pews.—*D. M. Bennett.*

BOSOM LINES FROM SHAKSPERE.

No poet comes near Shakspere in the number of *bosom lines*—of lines that we may cherish in our bosoms and that seem almost as if they had grown there—of lines that, like bosom friends are ever at hand to comfort, counsel, and gladden us, under all the vicissitudes of life—of lines that, according to Bacon's expression, "come home to our business and bosoms," and open the door for us to look in and to see what is nestling and brooding there.—*Hare's Guesses at Truth.*

1. What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
   Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just:
   And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
   Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
   —*King Henry VI.*
2. Giv every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
   Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment. —*Hamlet.*
3. To thy ownself be true;
   And it must follow, as the night the day,
   Thou canst not then be false to any man.
   —*Hamlet.*
4. Sweet are the uses of adversity
   Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
   Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
   And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
   Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks.
   Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
   —*As You Like It.*
5. Trifles light as air
   Are to the jealous, confirmations strong
   As proofs of holy writ.—*Othello.*

[These, I imagin, are the sort of lines that the ingenious author of *Guesses at Truth* refers to. They occur by the thousand, and every reader of the myriad-minded bard will choose for himself. Happy is the young man or maiden that "before the evil days come" lays up a store of them in the memory.—*Hylax.*]

You must remember, my dear son, that it is not enough to hav been a good boy. You hav yet to be a good man, and that is rather a different, and sometimes a harder, thing. For, as soon as a man goes among other men he finds they expect him to do things that they ought to be ashamed of doing themselvs; and then he has got to stand on his own honest legs and not move an inch for all their pushing and pulling; and when a man loves his fellow-man and likes to be on good terms with him, that is not easy. . . . But, of all things, if you ever should fail or fall, don't lie because you are down: get up again; for God's sake, for your dead mother's sake, for my sake, get up and try again.—*George Macdonald's Castle Warlock.*

SOMETIMES there are hopeful signs that the force of scholarship in the universities of England will overcome the tendency of the clergy to travel into antiquity and turn to mummies. On May 31st of this present year, the convocation of Oxford University *declined* a bequest of a thousand pounds (five thousand dollars) offered by a gentleman to pay for two annual sermons by an evangelical M.A. "upon the past history and religion of the Jewish nation, and upon the prophecies in holy writ relating to the return of that nation to Judea, and the restoration to it of its former glory." That it was not from any lack of archeological enthusiasm is proved by the fact that the same convocation accepted the superb anthropological collection of Gen. Pitt Rivers—showing the evolution of weapons and implements—agreeing to build a new museum for it. These two incidents of one convocation, put together, will bear much reflection. This restoration of the Jews question, once the burden of much Protestant preaching, has become a mummy within our memory, by which I mean that the brains hav gone out of it.—*M. D. Conway.* NOTE.—I well remember that in a far-off generation, when the century was in its early days, the ministers of the church of Scotland used always to pray: "Bring in, O Lord, thine ancient people the Jews with the fulness of the gentiles. Confound, O Lord, the pope o' Rome. Let all papists and Infidels see the error of their ways. Bless all ministers of the gospel duly called to the work of the ministry," and much other sorry stuff. I don't know that the Lord ever paid any attention to the holy men's prayers.—*Hylax.*

LEARN to think carefully, to distinguish things that differ, to form convictions on grounds that are real and valid to your own minds. Acquire the best use use of your faculties and implements. To use a phrase of Lord Bacon, "Whet your scythe." And let all your knowledge be charity. Use the whetted scythe, not to cut the legs of your neighbors, but to mow down those errors and prejudices which grow so thickly in the path. You will be of small account in your generation if you will not use stimulus and disc plin within your reach. Depend on it, we are moving toward an epoch when brains trained and fortified will tell far more than ever; knowledge will be a power, and the gray goose-quill will gain more victories than the sword. Privilege will go for less; tradition for less; rifle and cannon for less; wisdom for more; skill for more; trained intelligence for more. And, poor patriarchs, you will be in society when you are young men no more, if you do not lay up a store of mental furniture.—*Rev. Dr. Donald Fraser.*

[This Dr. Fraser is a Scotchman of the Liberal wing of the Presbyterian church, now settled in London, and anything he says is worth listening to, though it need not be swallowed entire.—*Hylax.*]

THROUGHOUT the whole Bible, no woman ever appears as a wise adviser. If she advises at all, it is as the mother of Jacob advised him into a fraud. Throughout the inspired word woman appears in the subordinate and slavish role which polygamy assigns to her as an article of property, to be bought and sold, given away, fetched, moved, and carried.—*V. B. Denslow.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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OUR UNDESIRABLE IMMIGRANTS.

## Notes and Clippings.

THE Rev. Thompson F. Hildreth, D.D., is on trial at Cleveland, O., charged with immoralities of various descriptions. Hildreth is a Methodist, and formerly occupied a pulpit in New York.

THE New York fire commissioners report 21 churches in this city to be in danger of burning down on account of defectiv safeguards against fire. In Brooklyn 15 church buildings are in the same category.

THE *Independent* refers to the alarming drift among men away from the church. This is especially true, it says, in regard to young men. It tells of twelve average church congregations recently visited, in which there were at least five time as many women as men.

"IF men voted as they pray," said a Prohibition orator, "the Prohibitionists would elect the next president of the United States." Oh, come off, thou reservoir. If men voted as they pray some men would spend their lives in the penitentiary for repeating, while others would never cast a vote in all their lives, and others again would do all their voting during babyhood. Vote as they pray, indeed!—*Ex.*

"THE Star of Bethlehem is now visible in Texas—a thoroughly Democratic state, by the way."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.* "The Star of Bethlehem may hav been seen in Texas twinkling in the noonday sky, as the press dispatches indicate, but we must hav good Prohibition authority. It is strange that the Star of Bethlehem has only been sighted in Kentucky and Texas."—*Kansas City Times.*

OLE PALSEN, who says that he has fished in the Columbia river for eight years, caught near Astoria, Or., recently, a fish twelve feet long, which he can't classify. It wasn't a sturgeon, and between the eyes was a straight horn, thirteen inches long, three inches in diameter at the base, and almost as sharp as a needle.

THE other day five leading Indians of the Cœur d'Alene tribe left Spokane for their reservation with the latest improved thrashing machine and a handsome buggy. Each has seventy acres of grain, which by this time is harvested, and they were well dressed and drove well-fed ponies. It is said that most of the tribe are thus prosperous.

"No one ever thought," remarked Gillyboat, pensivly, "that Bill Julep would ever settle down to a quiet, humdrum life. He was the wildest and most dangerous character in the entire neighborhood, a drunkard and a gambler, but all at once he settled down, and has now quit all his evil habits forever." "Did he experience religion?" "Well, no, not exactly. He went to the penitentiary for life."

WHEN the winter quarters of Barnum's menagerie were burnt a few weeks ago at Bridgeport, Conn., an escaped lion got into the barn of the widow Gilligan and proceeded to make a meal of a cow and calf. Mrs. Gilligan, hearing the disturbance, went to the barn in her nightgown and assaulted the lion by poking him in the ribs; in consideration of which act of bravery Mrs. Gilligan, who is a poor woman, has been offered $60 per week to travel next season with Barnum's circus, and a ranch owner in Colorado wants her to marry him.

THE *Freeman's Journal*, Roman Catholic, says: "A recent declaration of the holy see deserves the attention of our readers on account of its incidental connection with the land theories of Henry George. Rome declares it an article of faith that the church may not only possess, but also administer, private property, without let or hindrance from the state. The right to private property is therefore indirectly asserted, and the cardinal principle of George that 'the land belongs to the people,' in such a way that it cannot be alienated and appropriated to private ownership, is necessarily thrown overboard."

HON. JAS. DOUGHERTY, United States Congressman from Florida, owns considerable mineral and farming lands in Georgia counties adjoining Chattanooga. He has been there for several months looking after his interests and buying more land. In Catoosa county there is a very strict Sunday law, which is rigidly enforced. The Congressman, in his anxiety to hav his cotton crop gathered, permitted some of the hands to work on a recent Sunday, and a day or two afterward he was arrested for violating the Sunday law. His aged mother, who is very pious, insisted that he be prosecuted to the full extent of the law if found guilty, and she joined in the indictment. The trial excited a great deal of interest in the county. The testimony seemed conclusiv until finally the congressman was put on the stand. He swore "that he had never done a lick of work in his life." This was corroborated by strong proof, and he was accordingly discharged, and the church supporters taxed with the costs.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

THE wearying exactitude of legal phraseology probably never had a more striking illustration than in a case that is recited now; first, because it will amuse, and next, because it will afford somebody a chance to giv it a name and a location, and say that it happened last week or yesterday. It was a suit to recover the amount of a marine policy of insurance, and it was claimed that the vessel was "wrecked and totally lost by the act of God, and through no fault of the owners or persons on board." The traverse set up that "in truth and in fact the said loss was not the act of the said God, but was occasioned by fraud on the part of the master of the vessel."

DR. PARKER'S round of American experiences is complete. He has now had a "vindication," something which invariably accompanies the drawing of constructiv mileage. The good doctor's peculiar treatment of an audience gathered to hear him lecture on Gladstone by declining to do so on the ground that it was too late, although it was only 8:45, and inviting his hearers to come another evening, when, it is to be presumed, there will be an admission fee, subjects him again to cruel misconstruction. The doctor is continually in hot water. Here is one of the newspapers printing a confiding and almost tender epistle from him asking the advice of editors upon a proposed newspaper to be called the *Royal Mail*, and to be sent weekly from England, which shall represent the thoughts of many minds "without any of the annoyance or friction of interviewing." Truly, for a clergyman Dr. Parker hunts the almighty dollar with uncommon anxiety.—*New York Tribune.*

# Communications.

## The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

Author of "Physical Education," "The Secret of the East," etc.

### IV.—Objective Maxims.

CHAPTER XX.—THE PRIESTHOOD OF SECULARISM.

*A.—Lessons of Instinct.*

An instinct inherited from the habits of many generations teaches our social fellow-creatures to entrust the welfare of their communities to the protection of an experienced leader. Birds that become gregarious only at a certain time of the year select a guide for that special occasion. Others have a permanent leader, and among the more intelligent quadrupeds that leadership becomes dual. Besides the stout champion who comes to the front in moments of danger, wild cattle, horses, antelopes, deer, and the social quadrumana have a veteran pioneer who guides their migrations and sentinels their encampments.

Among the primitive tribes of our fellow-men, too, the authority of leadership is divided between a warrior and a teacher, a chieftain and a priest. The obstinacy of savages, who refuse to yield to reason, suggested the plan of controlling their passions by the fear of the unseen, but ghost-mongery was not the only, nor even the most essential, function of primitive priesthood. The elders of the Brahmans were the guardians of homeless children and overseers of public charities. The Celtic Druids were the custodians of national treasures. The rune-wardens of the ancient Scandinavians preserved the historical traditions and law records of their nation. The priests of the Phœnicians (like our Indian medicine men) were trained physicians. The Egyptian hierophants were priests of knowledge, as well as of mythology. They were the historians and biographers of their nation. They codified the national laws. They taught geometry; they taught grammar; they taught and practiced surgery; they devoted a large portion of their time to astronomical observations. Their temple-cities were, in fact, free universities, and the waste of time devoted to the rites of superstition was more than compensated by secular studies, and to some degree also by the political services of learned priests, who seem to have been occasionally employed in diplomatic emergencies.

Motives of political prudence induced the lawgivers of the Mediterranean nations to circumscribe the authority of their pontiffs, which at last was, indeed, almost limited to the supervision of religious ceremonies. But in Rome, as well as in Greece and the Grecian colonies of western Asia, the true functions of priesthood were assumed by the popular exponents of philosophy, especially by the Stoics and Pythagoreans. The weekly lectures of Zeno were attended by a miscellaneous throng of truth-seekers; the disciples of Pythagoras almost worshiped their master; Diagoras and Carneades traveled from town to town, preaching to vast audiences of spell-bound admirers; Apollonius of Tyana rose in fame till cities competed for the honor of his visits; the *clientèle* of no Grecian prince was thought complete without a court philosopher; the tyrant Dionysius, in all the pride of his power, invited the moral rigorist Plato and submitted to his daily repeated reproofs. Philosophers were the confessors, the comforters, and the counselors of their patrons, and philosophic tutors were in such request that wealthy Romans did not hesitate to procure them from the traffickers in Grecian captives and indulge them in all privileges but that of liberty. Centuries before a bishop of Rome contrived to avert the wrath of King Alaric, doomed cities had been spared at the intercession of pagan philosophers, and philosophers more than once succeeded in allaying the fury of mutineers who would have ridiculed an appeal to mythological traditions.

B.—REWARDS OF CONFORMITY.

The power of filial love hardly exceeds that of the passionate veneration which kindles about the person of a sincere teacher of truth. The homage paid to an apostle of light is the noblest form of hero-worship. The hosannas of idol-service overflowing upon the idol-priest are marred by the discords of hypocrisy and the reproving silence of reason; but the approval of wisdom is the highest reward of its ministry. The brightness of that prestige shames the gilded halo of the mythology-monger; the minister of Truth may lack the pomp of consecrated temples, but his disciples will make a hermit's cave a Delphic grotto and will not willingly let the record of his oracles perish. The chants of the Eleusynian festivals, the shout of the Lupercalia, the mumblings of augurs and sibyls, have been forever silenced; but the words of Plato still live; Socrates still speaks to thousands of truth-seekers; the wisdom of Seneca still brightens the gloom of adversity.

Religions founded on any basis of truth can survive the fall of their temples. Jerusalem was wrecked in the storm of Roman conquest, but the health-laws of the Mosaic code defied the power of the destroyer, and of all the creeds born on the teeming soil of the East, Judaism alone can still be preached without an alloy of cant and compromise.

The enthusiasm of progress has nothing to fear from the growth of skepticism. Mankind will always appreciate their enlightened well wishers. In cities where the creed of the Galilean supernaturalist has become almost as obsolete as the witchcraft delusion, progressive clergymen still draw audiences of intelligent and sincere admirers, and the apostles of social reform are haunted by anxious inquirers, disciples whom the penalties of heresy fail to deter, and who if barred out all day will come by night: "Master, what shall we do to be saved?"

In spite of sham saviors, the search after salvation has never ceased, and after eighteen centuries of clerical caricatures the ideal of true priesthood still survives in the hearts of men.

C.—PERVERSION.

The puerile supernaturalism of the pagan myth-mongers could not fail to injure their prestige, even in an age of superstition; but the *antinaturalism* of the Galilean fanatics not only neglected but completely inverted the proper functions of priesthood. The pretended ministers of Truth became her remoreless persecutors; the promised healers depreciated the importance of bodily health, the hoped-for apostles of social reform preached the doctrine of renunciation. We should not judge the Christian clergy by the aberrations engendered by the maddening influence of protracted persecutions. It would be equally unfair to give them the credit of latter-day reforms, reluctantly conceded to the demands of rationalism. But we can with perfect fairness judge them by the standard of the moral and intellectual types evolved during the period of their plenary power, the three hundred years from the tenth to the end of the thirteenth century, when the control of morals and education had been unconditionally surrendered into the hands of their chosen representatives. The comparative scale of human turpitude must not include the creations of fiction. We might find a *ne plus ultra* of infamy in the satires of Rabelais, in the myths of Hindostan, or the burlesques of the modern French dramatists. But if we confine our comparison to the records of authentic history, it would be no exaggeration to say that during the period named the type of a Christian priest represented the absolute extreme of all the groveling ignorance, the meanest selfishness, the rankest sloth, the basest servility, the foulest perfidy, the grossest superstition, the most bestial sensuality, to which the majesty of human nature has ever been degraded. Thousands of monasteries fattened on the toil of starving peasants. Villages were beggared by the rapacity of the tithe-gatherer; cities were terrorized by witch-hunts and *autos-da fé*. The crimps of the inquisitorial tribunals hired spies and suborned perjurers by promising them a share of confiscated estates. The evidence of intellectual pursuits was equivalent to a sentence of death. Education was almost limited to the memorizing of chants and prayers. "A cloud of ignorance," says Hallam, "overspread the whole face of the church, hardly broken by a few glimmering lights who owe almost the whole of their distinction to the surrounding darkness. . . . . In 992, it was asserted that scarcely a single person was to be found, even in Rome itself, who knew the first elements of letters. Not one priest of a thousand in Spain could address a common letter of salutation to another." Every deathbed became a harvest-field of clerical vampires who did not hesitate to bully the dying into robbing their children for the benefit of a bloated convent. Hords of howling fanatics roamed the country, frenzying the superstitious rustics with their predictions of impending horrors. Parishioners had to submit to the base avarice and the baser lusts of insolent parish priests, who in his turn kissed the dust at the feet of an arrogant prelate. The doctrine of Antinaturalism had solved the problem of inflicting the greatest possible amount of misery on the greatest possible number of victims.

D.—PENALTIES OF NEGLECT.

The intellectual interregnum of the Middle Ages, the era of specters and vampires, received the first promis of dawn about the middle of the fourteenth century, when the lessons of the Crusades and the influence of Moorish civilization began to react on the nations of Christian Europe. Yet, by methods of their own, the vampires succeeded in prolonging the dreadful night. They set their owls a-shrieking from a thousand pulpits; they darkened the air with the smoke-clouds of *autos-da-fé*. They treated every torch-bearer as an incendiary.

But though the delay of redemption completed the ruin of some of their victims, the ghouls did not escape the deserved retribution. Their fire alarms failed to avert the brightening dawn. Daylight found its way even through the painted glass of dome-windows, and in the open air the blood suckers had to take wing on pain of being shaken off and trampled under foot. The slaves of Hayti never rose more fiercely against their French tyrants than the German peasants against their clerical oppressor. From Antwerp to Leipzig thousands of convents were leveled with the ground; the villages of Holland, Minden, and Brunswick joined in a general priest-hunt, carried on with all the cruelties which the man-hunters of the Frankish crusade had inflicted on the pagan Saxons. In the Mediterranean Peninsulas the Jesuits were expelled as enemies of public peace, and their colleagues could maintain themselves only by an alliance with despotism against the liberal and intellectual elements of their country. To patriots of the Garibaldi type the name of a priest has become a byword implying the very quintessence of infamy. The explosion of the French Revolution struck a still deadlier blow at clerical prestige. The fagot-arguments of the Holy Inquisition were answered by a "burning, as in hell-fire, of priestly shams and lies," and not one out of twenty French monasteries escaped the fury of the avengers. Our Protestant clergymen see their temple walls cracked by a breach of ever-multiplying schisms, and can prop their prestige only by more and more humiliating concessions, and in every intelligent community have to purchase popularity by rank heresies against the dogmas of their predecessors. Here and there the orthodox tenets of the New Testament have survived the progress of rationalism, but haunt the shade, like specters scenting the morning air, and momentarily expecting the summons that shall banish them to the realms of their native night.

E.—REFORM.

When the harbinger of day dispels the specters of darkness, half awakened sleepers often mourn the fading visions of dreamland, as they would mourn the memories of a vanished world, till they find that the solid earth still remains, with its mountains and forests, and that the enjoyment of real life has but just begun. With a similar regret the dupes of Jesuitism mourn the collapse of their creed and lament the decline of morality, till they find that religion still remains, with its consolations and hopes, and that the true work of redemption has but just begun.

The reign of superstition begins to yield to a religion of reason and humanity. The first forerunners of that religion appeared at the end of the sixteenth century, when the philosophers of northern Europe first dared to appeal from dogma to nature, and since that revival of common-sense the prison walls of clerical obscurantism have been shaken by shock after shock, till daylight now enters through a thousand fissures.

But Secularism has a positive as well as a negative mission, and after removing the ruins of exploded idols, the champions of reform will begin the work of reconstruction. Temples dedicated to the religion of progress will rise from the ruins of superstition. Communities of reformants will intrust the work of education to chosen teachers, who will combine the functions of an instructor with those of an exhorter. In the languages of several European nations the word "rector" still bears that twofold significance. The ministers of Secularism will not sacrifice physical health to mental culture. They will be *gymnasiarchs*, like the Grecian pedagogues who superintended the athletic exercises of their pupils and accompanied them on foot journeys and hunting excursions. They will be teachers of hygiene, laboring to secure the foundations of mental energy by the preservation of physical vigor, and to banish diseases by the removal of their causes. They will seek to circumscribe the power of prejudice by the extension of knowledge. They will obviate the perils of poverty by lessons of industry and prudence. Their doctrines will dispense with miracles; they will make experience the test of truth, and justice the test of integrity; they will not suppress, but encourage, free inquiry; their war against error will employ no weapons but those of logic.

The religion of reason will limit its proper sphere to the secular welfare of mankind, but will ask, as well as grant, the fullest freedom of metaphysical speculation. Why should the friends of light darken the sunshine of earth with fanatical wars for the suppression of private theories about the mystery of the unrevealed first cause? Why should they rage about the riddle of the veiled hereafter to please the ordainer of the eternal law that visits such inexorable penalties upon the neglect of the present world? Should the friends of common sense quarrel about guesses at the solution of unknowable secrets? We need not grudge our wonder-loving brother the luxury of meditating on the mysteries of the unseen or the possibilities of resurrection. Shall the soul of the dying patriarch live only in his children? Shall it wing its way to distant stars? Shall it linger on earth:

> "Sigh in the breeze, keep silence in the cave,
> And glide with airy foot o'er yonder sea?"

Why should we wrangle about riddles which we cannot possibly solve? But we might certainly have honesty enough to admit that impossibility. Musing on the enigmas of the "land beyond the veil" may entertain us with the visions of a dreamy hour, but

should not engross the time needed for the problems of the only world thus far revealed.

Thus, founded on a basis of health, culture, reason, and justice, the office of priesthood will regain its ancient prestige, and the best and wisest of men will become ministers of Secularism by devoting their lives to the science of happiness on earth.

THE END.

## Life and Death—Hell and Heaven—God and Eternity.

Of one thing all rational men are certain; that is, that they exist. What transpired before their existence they can only learn from others. What will take place after their death they hav no means of knowing.

But why should death hav any terrors, since it is the lot of all? If there were something unnatural about dying, it might appear differently. But it is as natural to go out of the world as it is to come into the world. Whether we contemplate the animal or the vegetable kingdom, we find on every hand evidences that death and decay is a universal law. All life must end in death. Every flower that blooms, every acorn that sprouts, every animal that sees the light, must terminate its existence in death.

If death is not according to a natural law, but was brought into the world by disobedience, then it might be proper to ask if the first vegetables and the first animals ate also a forbidden apple.

If the existence of man is to be eternal, then there is no death, only a change of places or conditions.

If a man die, he must remain dead. To say that a man dies and still livs involves a great absurdity. True, the same power which brought us into existence may bring other beings into existence, but if we die it cannot call us into existence again, because that would be another and not the same life. When an oak dies, an acorn may produce another oak, but the same oak can never liv again.

If death is the end of life, how can we die and still liv? Is the life of Jumbo still prolonged and represented by a great conscious ghost or spirit, or is Jumbo dead? If Jumbo died, he can never liv again. Another great elephant may be brought into existence, but the life which went out when Jumbo was struck with the cars cannot be prolonged.

Let us consider a lifeless human form. The brain, that great mental battery, has ceased to act; can it ever be reanimated? It was the engin of thought. Can the mind, or any function of it, which was the product of that brain, still act? Can the engin still exert its power over the machinery after the fire has gone out and steam is not generated? Can a watch continue to measure time after the mainspring has been eaten away with rust? Can those limbs, once so strong and activ, ever hav their former strength and activity restored? Will those glassy eyes ever see again? Will that tongue, once so eloquent, ever speak again?

Other brains may think, other limbs may be activ, other eyes may see, other tongues may speak, but those which we are considering are dead. "No sound can awake them to glory again."

Webster describes death as a "total and permanent cessation of all the vital functions." How can the cessation be total if some of the functions continue? If some of the functions remain unimpaired, then according to Webster there is no death.

The world must learn that death annihilates life—that life and death can never be joint tenants in the same tenement. When death enters, life steps out. But Christians persist in using life and death as synonymous terms. They are as opposit as heat and cold, light and darkness.

Those who affirm that there is a something which survives what we call death, ought to be able to tell what that something is.

Is it the sight? How can a dead eye see? How can a message be sent over the wires when they are down, and the battery ceases to operate? Is it the feeling? There is no nerve to convey the sense of feeling to the brain, and no brain to receive the message. Is it the hearing? How can vibrations of the air affect a dead ear so as to affect a dead brain? Is it the taste, or the smell? These, like the other senses, are powerless to affect a dead brain.

What cannot be described; what cannot be heard, felt, smelt, tasted, or seen; what cannot be weighed or measured, and what cannot be determined by any test, is nothing. And that is all there is to liv after a man dies.

I hav often heard the caterpillar and butterfly referred to as showing how our existence is to be continued into another life, or state of existence. But if death is a "total cessation of all the vital functions," shall we be conscious in the next life of what transpired in this? Can the butterfly hav any idea of caterpillar life?

I hav a faint conception of the first rude inhabitants of the earth; but were they made happier on account of my existence to-day? Or, if I am to hav another state of existence, will that affect my happiness or misery in this life? If I am to hav another life, will I not be provided for as I hav been in this? "Take no thought of to-morrow" (the next life), but make the most of to-day (the present life).

If death is a "total cessation of all the vital functions," there cannot be the least relation between this life and one which is to follow, if there be any. And we can be no more interested in another life than we are in a comet which may be discovered a thousand years hence. If we hav been evolved from lower forms, how could those lower forms be affected by superior beings which sprang from them a million years later?

If death is the "total cessation of all the vital functions," we must lose our identity. Philosophically, there cannot be the least relation between things or thoughts in this life and something which may transpire in another state of existence. An eternal sleep is just as welcome to me as to lose all knowledge of this life and turn up in another world some thing (or body) else.

When the mind turns to limitless space or endless duration the thoughts become confused. The time which preceded our existence may be considered equal to that which will follow it. I can see no more cause to lament because our existence is to cease with this life than there is to lament because we were not brought into existence at the first tick of time's old clock.

A beginning of time is unthinkable. The time which elapsed before our existence cannot be measured by millions or trillions of years. Yet all this time elapsed before we were ushered into a conscious state. During all these trillions of years we had no existence; will it be any worse to be annihilated for an equal period of time after death?

If we look into our own minds, we shall find it quite difficult to determin just when conscious existence commenced. We remember, perhaps, the caresses of parents, or a faint recollection of some bright toy is left upon the mind, like the shadows in a dream—beyond all is blank and dark.

To us this was the "beginning." It is the same to us as if there never had been a transaction before. In a few years we shall die and again be reduced to the same unconscious state that preceded our advent into the world. To us there was nothing before our birth; there will be nothing after our death. Death is

> The last great day of nothingness;
> The last of danger and distress.

"But why should we be brought into existence for so short a time and then be cut off forever?" It is hard to tell why nature has fashioned us as we are, or why we were not born a thousand years ago, or a thousand years hence; or why the life of one animal is but a few hours and another a thousand years.

Life may be likened to a narrow neck or rib of land bounded on either side by an ocean. Of our own knowledge, we know not when we were cast upon the shore, nor why we were not cast up a century earlier or later, nor why this neck of land is not narrower or wider. We scramble up the incline with more or less ambition, reach the summit, go down on the other side, and plunge into the unknown, unknowable, and mysterious waters. And, as far as human knowledge has informed us, this is the end of life. If there are roses on one side of this neck of land, there are ripe fruits on the other. Autumn leaves are as beautiful as spring flowers, and sleep is even sweeter than wakeful activity.

We come down to the water's edge and we strain our eyes to see the other shore. We peer into the darkness, but we see no ray of light. But the darkness is always welcome when we are weary. Every time one passes to that bourne from which no traveler returns, we try again to lift the dark curtain in order to learn something of the "beyond," but we are no wiser than the thousands who hav attempted the same thing before. We shout at the top of our voices to those who are said to hav "gone over," but no response is vouchsafed to us.

One affirms that when we leave this state of existence we shall either be wafted to a state of bliss or be driven to a state of eternal torment. But he would find himself in a sad dilemma if he were compelled to demonstrate the truth of what he affirms.

Death ends all, or it does not. At the best it is mere conjecture. Who dares affirm that he knows what has been barred forever from human knowledge? Oh, how the ignorance in regard to these matters should come home to all who put forth pretenses to such knowledge, and smite them with shame!

Reasoning from analogy, we seem to be safe in saying that all will share the same fate after death, whatever that may be. One will not liv on, and another be annihilated; neither will one be consigned to a state of bliss and another sent to hell.

We are all begotten alike—all conceived alike, and all subject to the same general laws. We cannot breathe pure nitrogen; we can endure only a certain degree of heat and cold; we can only liv stated periods without nourishment, and poison in sufficient doses will destroy human life.

If one were brought into existence in one way and another in another; if one died and another lived on; if one were subject to the law of gravitation and another not, I might be led to believe that there was a hell for one and a heaven for another. There seem to be certain undeviating laws to which not only we, but even the brute creation, in many respects, are subject, and these considerations make it seem reasonable that the same fate awaits us all, whatever that may be. But the Christian shudders at the thought. Is this all there is of life? he asks. "Were we born only to hav our existence prematurely cut off? Is there no hereafter? The thought of an eternal sleep overwhelms me." But why should he regret and dread going to sleep on this side of life more than regret that he did not wake up millions of years sooner on the other?

I am not out of love for life. I do not pray for death. I think life is desirable as long as one is blessed with health and vigor. But old age and decrepitude, or accident, or disease must come to take us away. We can only escape from this life through the gates of death, and according to Webster's definition "death ends all."

What sensible man would not prefer annihilation to the Christian's heaven? Think of the Christian's occupation when he gets there. He is going to walk the street of the New Jerusalem, which are to be paved with gold. The gates are to be of gold, and he is to hav a golden harp and a golden crown. He is to hav a pair of wings, and be clothed with a white robe. Then he is to circle around the great white throne, and sing praises to God and shout hallelujah with Moses and the lamb. But why so much gold in heaven? Simply because the sordid and miserly disposition of the people was transferred to the Christian's heaven.

David, the man beloved of God, not content with robbing the people on every hand, and appropriating their wealth to himself, like a miserly old Jew, clung to it even in death, and had his plunder buried with him. Hundreds of years after his death his sepulcher was opened and used as a mine from which to draw gold to supply the sinews of religious wars. (See Josephus's "Antiquities of the Jews," Book VII. c. 15, sec. 3.)

From this it is easy to see why there is to be so much gold in heaven. The people were the most sordid that could be imagined, and nothing would wake up such enthusiasm as the prospect of a heaven plentifully supplied with gold.

> For gold they loved the impotent and old,
> And hugged and kissed and sighed for gold.

Why is each one to wear a crown in heaven? Because a crown is the insignia of power and royalty. For crowns wars hav been waged, for crowns thousands hav been murdered. Nothing has been more coveted than crowns. What thousands hav fought for on earth and could not obtain, they are to be rewarded with in heaven.

And then a harp is to accompany every crown. The harp is one of the most ancient instruments of music. In ancient times the people were not beset with as great a variety of musical instruments as in latter times. No doubt the harp, in the hands of a skilful performer, gave forth strains which enchanted the listeners. Very few could obtain a harp, though nothing was more coveted. Hence a promis of a harp in heaven would increase the zeal of the masses in taking the proper steps, as directed by the priesthood, for obtaining a prize which they were unable to possess here.

If we compare the heavens of the different systems of religion, we will find that no two are alike. The heavens are fashioned according to the desires of the different peoples. The heaven of the Christians would hav very little attraction for the orientals. Indeed, I am informed that the missionaries are shrewd enough to change their heaven so as to make it correspond with the tastes and desires of the people. I know that, in formulating the Christian scheme, paganism was interwoven to secure the adherence of the pagans.

Next, what are they going to do in heaven. Fifty or sixty millions of harps, all being twanged at the same time, would be a little too much of a good thing. And it strikes me that a sensible God would not be delighted with the simultaneous shout of such a vast multitude. And it would appear that so many white robes would look a little monotonous.

Now I would ask how such a man as Newton, or Franklin, or Humboldt would enjoy such a heaven? It would be no place for men of mental acquirements. Every idea of heaven, as believed in by the Christian, had its origin in human desires, and shows the low mental standard of those who originated it. If a committee of the wisest men should be chosen to prepare a plan for a new heaven, we hav every reason to believe that it would differ widely from that of the Christians.

They would want ample play-grounds for the children—flowers, and meadows, and running brooks. They would want art galleries, scientific and literary societies. There would be some way provided for scientific men to enjoy themselvs besides playing a harp. It strikes me that Herschel would want to be sounding the Milky Way, and Peters would find enjoyment in calculating the distances of the fixed stars. All of us would want to see the waxing and waning

moon, and enjoy the vicissitudes of day and night. In short, this life is far more desirable than the picture of heaven which Christians hav drawn.

The idea of the Christian heaven ought to be discarded from the utter impossibility of its being true. I do not believe that minds capable of scientific investigation would ever believe in such a heaven if their minds could once be brought seriously to consider the absurdity of the idea. In the name of all that is sacred to scientific minds, I ask how such a man as Herschel could bring his mind down to playing a harp for fifty thousand years or more?

If I am to be so changed that I would find enjoyment in the Christian heaven, I think I would find just as much enjoyment to be turned into an ox if the clover were only abundant.

But it is claimed that more rational men hav formed more rational ideas of heaven. This only proves that it is still a picture of the imagination, and never did and never can hav any real existence. The whole Christian scheme is a sham; heaven is a sham.

> And talk of hell! why, d—n it,
> The more they talk the more they sham it.

As the Christian's heaven shows his lack of good sense, so hell shows his vindictivness. Hell was born of spite, and hatred, and malice. When you displease a Christian the first thing he thinks of is hell. There is no torture, perhaps, that equals that of fire. People generally prefer death any other way rather than by fire. Hence, Christians hav invented this barbaric treatment for their enemies. Hell was never invented for Christians; it was designed for doubters and heretics.

Did you ever get a snuff of burning brimstone? Nobody but a Christian would ever hav thought of combining brimstone with fire for the punishment of those who do not believe in the Christian's heaven and his three-ply God.

It was easy enough for a Christian to think of fire for an unbeliever; then as an improvement another might mix in brimstone for those who sinned against the Holy Ghost or played a jew's-harp on Sunday. Then, of course, a devil, with regulation horns, would be indispensable to keep up the fires, so that offenders shall be kept squirming for the amusement of the harp-players in heaven. To invent and equip hell was all easy enough; but to locate it was a little too much for Christian ingenuity. JOHN PECK.

# The American Secular Union.

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## From the Secretary.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

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|---|---|
| J. D. Shaw, Waco, Tex., contributes pub., value.... | $6.50 |
| Leonard Geiger, Hudson, N. Y..... | 50.00 |
| Hugo Schmidt, Chicago..... | 25.00 |
| A. C. Berg..... " ..... | 5.00 |
| J. H. Collins, Barnum, Minn..... | 5.00 |

CORRESPONDENTS AND COMMENTS.

OFFICE "INDEPENDENT PULPIT,"
WACO, TEX., Nov. 22, 1887.

E. A. STEVENS, SEC. AMERICAN SECULAR UNION, *Dear Sir:* Sickness and press of business hav prevented me from writing you before. I am in sympathy *with all truly Liberal work, and especially that of the American Secular Union.* The Nine Demands afford ample field for Liberal propaganda.

I hav just read your "Word to Liberals Everywhere," and while I hav a long row to weed, being almost alone in a wide field, and cannot do much, will do what I can. Hav therefore enlisted you one year for the *Independent Pulpit*, and send you one dozen each of my own publications. They retail at twenty-five, fifteen, and ten cents, for which I make no charge. Wishing you success,

I am yours truly, J. D. SHAW.

Brother Shaw shows true Texan grit, as he is performing herculean labor as publisher of a Freethought paper, for I hav personal knowledge of the continuous struggles which founders of Freethought journals must encounter. When such men, I say, are moved to make even more sacrifices than their daily battle necessitates, what must we think of those insipid "Liberals" who excuse their indifference in supporting Freethought papers, or in aiding the American Secular Union, by such corkscrew gibberish as: "Well, I believe in letting everybody think as they like; let them form their own opinions. I don't hav to hav lectures, books, nor papers to tell *me* what to do?" I was asked to call on a party the other day who, with idiotic pomposity, delivered himself as above. Notwithstanding his *laissez-faire* attitude, his habit was to everlastingly prate of his wisdom, for fear that discovery would not otherwise be made. These egotistical nuisances, whose confused and disjointed conceptions of what Liberalism is arise from their entire ignorance of its standard writers and current literature, help to retard real radical progress. The worst of it is that Freethought is, in the minds of the general public, held sponsor for their vapid utterances, while they hav neither understood its philosophy, comprehended its purpose, nor contributed a dollar to disseminate mental freedom. What they hav contributed is the odium of their flaunting ignorance. They are the millstones around the neck of radicalism. They love themselvs too well to care for humanity or posterity. Well, the reader, should he know such a one, just let him read this. Let them know their hollow pretense is recognized; that, as they stand, we repudiate them; that they should either help the enthronement of reason, or be driven back into the chain-gang of the church.

Hardly had I mailed last week's letter before a registered one arrived from Leonard Geiger, of Hudson, N. Y., who also paid $25 for a life membership. Are there any more Geigers in the field? In his letter he says:

> Inclosed find my subscription ($50). Please inform me if the lectures delivered at the Congress are printed or are to be printed, and where to get them. There are only a few here who take a life interest in Secular work, and we want all the literature we can get. Yours respectfully, L. GEIGER.

Hugo Schmidt is a hard man to get away from his family circle, but he makes up for lack of personal attention by generous help for those who do. He is also a prominent member of the Chicago Turn Gemeinde, and always a liberal contributor, in times of financial trouble, to the funds of the Chicago Secular Union. He pledged $25 to the Campaign Fund, and writes:

> CHICAGO WATCH TOOL CO., NOV. 26, 1887.
> FRIEND STEVENS: Inclosed please find check for $25. Hope it will do a great deal of good.
> Yours truly, HUGO SCHMIDT.

A. C. Berg, one of our members, paid me his personal pledge ($5), but remember it costs him several V's each year, for Berg is one of our very best workers.

J. H. Collins, the sterling Freethinker, of Barnum, and the solitary representativ of Minnesota at the Congress, sends his pledge ($5). Shake, Brother Collins! You set a good example for the rest of the Minnesota Liberals, which I hope they will not be slow to follow. I hope that before January 1st we can hav published the more necessary documents, so instead of hoarding your funds for Christmas, let a little of it go for Liberalism.

I had to take a flying trip on personal matters through this state, and while in Springfield, pacing the platform of the Wabash depot awaiting a train for Jacksonville, was greeted by Mr. Budinot, an occasional contributor to THE TRUTH SEEKER, who recognized the blazing torch of Reason with which Otto Wettstein had decorated our manly breast. Of course we had a brief but pleasant chat, which started me ruminating why more of those badges were not worn so that we might meet with warm and friendly greetings from fellow-Freethinkers, which would recompense us for the outlay a thousand fold.

At Jacksonville I met Mr. Hackman, who has read the *Investigator* twenty years. Mr. B. F. Brown is conceded to be the activ worker for Liberalism, and is the agent for the *Investigator*.

I made a brief call on Dr. David Prince, the leading physician and head of a sanitarium. As a member of the school board, a position he has held for years, the doctor has done excellent service to secularize their educational system. No easy matter, we surmise, when surrounded by the influence of three sectarian colleges. I found a stanch Freethinker in O. Solinsky, a merchant tailor, whose wife, a well-educated lady of Brooklyn, shares his radical opinions.

In Quincy, Ernst Bertschinger, treasurer of Dick's Brewing Company, is neither running a Bible-class nor superintending a Sunday-school; so they consider he is little likely to become a defaulter, both he and his amiable wife being former members of the Chicago League, and here the secretary of the American Secular Union can count on a hearty welcome. Mr. and Mrs. Bertschinger take an activ interest in Turn Verein affairs, and their society has recently erected a splendid structure at a cost of about $25,000. There are more Catholic churches in Quincy, I presume, than in any city of its size on the continent, and Romanism dominates the town. One sturdy Freethinker, however, in the common council, Dr. Durant, puts in his vigorous protest against church and state encroachment whenever necessary, and sometimes with good effect.

I met Mrs. Minerva Merrick, a lady who, though she has seen seventy summers, shows more vim and vigor in protesting against orthodox dominion than thousands of young and professed Freethinkers. At her own expense, she has erected a large, handsome brick structure, known as Merrick Hall, so that radical opinions may find a platform in that hotbed of Romanism. Mrs. Merrick conducts one page in the *Watchman*, a Spiritualistic paper published in this city, and was formerly editor of the *Fountain of Light*. I also made the acquaintance of Mr. Isaac N. Lee, a radical Secularist, formerly a member of the St. Louis Liberal League, and who is anxious to espouse the Liberal cause as lecturer and organizer. He certainly appears well equipped for such work.

At Peoria I spent a pleasant evening at the residence of Mrs. James Taylor, a lady of firm Freethought proclivities, in whose parlor stands a splendid marble bust of her friend, the peerless orator, R. G. Ingersoll; a statuet of Thomas Paine, and portraits of similar celebrities. Her twelve-year-old daughter is training in the path of Paganini, and givs most excellent promis as a player.

In Bloomington I was startled to learn that one of the most genial of men and uncompromising of Liberals, Robt. Munholland, had died by his own hand shortly after I saw him in July last. Domestic trouble is ascribed as the cause.

W. A. Gerken is a worthy upholder of the Freethought standard, and, were his business cares not so exacting, would be an activ worker for the American Secular Union.

Dr. Z. Waters is a leading physician and well-known Liberal with whom I had an agreeable visit. I wished to hav seen Mr. Howes, but time would not permit.

At Mr. Bean's, in Rock Island, I had the pleasure of refreshing my optics with a sight of THE TRUTH SEEKER and of meeting Mrs. Minchen, of Carroll, Ia., who, with her daughter, is spending the winter with "the old folks at home." I was ferried over the river to see H. G. Scharfenberg, who reads his TRUTH SEEKER with avidity, who always has been activ in Freethought propaganda, and who extends an invitation to the secretary to lecture in the new Turner Hall on its completion, which will be one of the finest buildings in the city when finished. Scharfenberg helps all the Liberal papers to get subscribers. E. A. STEVENS.

## C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

SAVANNAH, Mo., Nov. 15th to 18th.—I would like to know why all the villages in Missouri hav a public square, around which cluster the stores, and why each county seat adorns its square with a wretched, unsightly brick structure, with a dirty "I'm-ashamed-of-myself" wooden steeple, and call the thing a court-house?

This vill——city (I expect to be assassinated for failing to designate all the little villages I stop at cities, but I confess ignorance of how many shanties are necessary to constitute a city; perhaps this humble confession of lack of discernment will save the outpouring of my gore)—this city, Savannah, is laid out with fine broad avenues for streets, with possibilities of greatness in the future; there are many very handsome, and some real nice, cosy, home-like residences. The best of her citizens are Liberals, which accounts for the thrift and progress of everything except the jail and court-house—places Christians alone are interested in. They had three devout Christians, who had been blessed with Sunday-school instruction, detained in the jail awaiting trial for murder.

The public school is a magnificent building, well attended and admirably conducted. A rich farming country on every side insures a bright business future. Wm. Cook, Jas. D. McKnight, Geo. N. Davis, and E. S. Follett, all prompt-paying subscribers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, take the lead in every good work. I delivered a course of four lectures here, with good attendance and interest. A little of energy and self-sacrifice and an efficient organization could be perfected that would be a power for good. There is abundance of material; it needs only persistence and self-sacrifice on the part of a few to start it. I distributed a large amount of Liberal literature and periodicals.

CHILLICOTHE, Mo., Nov. 20th and 21st.—By an accident, that right-royal Liberal Wm. McIlwrath failed to get notice of the lectures in the local paper, and much to my chagrin I had to lose Sunday, "taking my ease at mine inn." But bright and early on Monday morning friend McIlwrath and that sturdy veteran in the cause of progress, James Graham, completed arrangements for a lecture on Monday evening, resulting in good attendance, and I was much flattered at the general regret expressed after the lecture that I could not hav delivered the other two. Friend McIlwrath promptly paid me the sum agreed on for the three lectures. There is a wonderful difference between Liberals and Liberals. We need more of the McIlwrath and Graham kind.

BRUNSWICK, Mo., No. 22d and 24th.—Brother Wm. Tyler is an intelligent, whole-souled, outspoken Liberal, an earnest worker for THE TRUTH SEEKER, the friend of justice, and the unrelenting foe of superstition, cant, and hypocrisy. At Lancaster, N. Y. I once baptized two of his grandchildren into the Seventh-day Adventist church, and the old gentleman's greatest grief is that he has a daughter—so good a woman naturally, but so wretched a fanatic. With abundant wealth, everything to make home a paradise of love and joy for herself, her husband, and her children, she exiles her little ones, three beautiful girls, to Battle Creek, Mich. The poor children are deprived of a mother's love just when they most need it. The parents suffer in their bitter loneliness, their beautiful home is desolate, and the lives of father and mother one long cruel penance. All for Jesus, all for the hope of being united in heaven when Jesus comes! Oh! the untold misery, the bleeding hearts, the needless anguish, the self-

inflicted torture, the ruin and blighted lives of children, this Christianity occasions.

Despite the prophecy of the saints, I had good attendance and an almost unanimous request to deliver another lecture on the 24th, which I did. A number were interested in organization, and will remit for annual memberships of the American Secular Union to Secretary E. A. Stevens, of Chicago, Ill.

SALISBURY, MO., Nov. 23d.—This is another hotbed of orthodoxy, but in process of evoluting. Prejudice bristles to the surface, and, prejudice being the natural offspring of ignorance, no wonder the more ignorant the Christian the more savagely hostil to anything that seems destructiv to his creed. It poured of rain, then turned to ice and sleet just at the time of the lecture. Yet I had quite a goodly number, and a very attentiv audience.

I had the pleasure to meet friend John Trueblood, a most zealous and outspoken worker for Liberalism; friend Stewart and his bright, talented young son, and the enterprising Loeb Brothers, the principal merchants of the place.

We need to cultivate a zeal according to knowledge; we must shun the intolerance of the sectarian that we deplore, and not feel hateful or impatient with those who fail to embrace the truth. Nor does it help our cause to attempt to force the subject upon people in season and out of season. No one has more contempt for the mollusk than myself. But I do not think it compatible with Liberal principles to attack people every time we meet them, or to break in on conversation on other subjects to force attention to our objections to Christianity. "Put yourself in his place." The exercise of a little common sense and a good deal of forbearance is essential to success in winning people from superstition and error.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

## A Speech by Colonel Ingersoll.

Stuart Robson and William H. Crane, the well-known actors, were given a dinner by C. P. Palmer on the 21st ult., at which were gathered as eminent a company as New York can count. The speeches were all brilliant, but the best, of course, was by Colonel Ingersoll. General Sherman said he liked the stage, and had the best kind of an exemplar in General Washington. Chauncey M. Depew, in spite of his piety, likes the theater, and honors the good actors. The other speakers testified to the same effect, and Colonel Ingersoll said:

I believe in the medicin of mirth, and in what I might call the longevity of laughter. Every man who has caused real, true, honest mirth has been a benefactor of the human race. In a world like this, where there is so much trouble—a world gotten up on such a poor plan—where sometimes one is almost inclined to think that the deity, if there be one, played a practical joke—to find, I say, in such a world, something that for the moment allows laughter to triumph over sorrow, is a great piece of good fortune.

I like the stage, not only because General Sherman likes it (and I do not think that I was ever at a theater in my life but I saw him)—I not only like it because General Washington liked it, but because the greatest man that ever touched this grain of sand and tear we call the world wrote for the stage, and poured out a very Mississippi of philosophy and pathos and humor, and everything calculated to raise and ennoble mankind.

It givs me pleasure to see the stage honored, because actors are the ministers, the apostles, of the greatest man who ever lived, and because they put flesh and blood upon and passion within the greatest characters that the greatest man drew. This is the reason I like the stage. It makes us human. A rascal never gains applause—a hypocrit never commanded admiration, not even when he was acting a clergyman—except for the naturalness of the acting. No one has ever yet seen any play in which, in his heart, he did not applaud honesty, heroism, sincerity, fidelity, courage, and self-denial. No man ever heard a great play who did not get up a better, a wiser, and more humane man; and no man ever went to the theater and heard Robson and Crane, who did not go home better-natured, and treat his family that night a little better than on any other night when he had not heard the same actors.

I enjoy the stage, and I always did enjoy it. I love the humanity of it. I hate solemnity. It is the brother of stupidity. You never knew a solemn man who was not stupid, and you never will. There never was a man of true genius who had not the simplicity of a child and over whose lips has not rippled the river of laughter. Solemnity is a mask worn to hide stupidity. I like, I say, the stage for its wit and for its humor. I do not like sarcasm. I do not like mean humor. There is as much difference between humor and malicious wit as there is between a bee's honey and a bee's sting, and the reason I like Robson and Crane is that they hav the honey without the sting.

Another thing that makes me glad is, that I liv in an age and generation that has sense enough to appreciate the stage; sense enough to appreciate music; sense enough to appreciate everything that lightens the burdens of this life.

Only a few years ago our dear ancestors looked upon the theater as the vestibule of hell, and every actor was going the primrose road to the eternal bonfire. In those good old days our fathers, for the sake of relaxation, talked about death and graves and epitaphs, and worms and shrouds, and dust and hell. In those days they despised music, cared nothing for art, and yet I hav lived long to hear the world—that is to say, the civilized world—say that Shakspere wrote the greatest book that man has ever read. I hav lived long enough to see men like Beethoven and Wagner put side by side with the world's great and best.

We must remember that imagination makes the great difference between men; and I hav lived long enough to see actors placed with the grandest and noblest, side by side with the benefactors of the human race.

There is one thing in which I cannot quite agree. I do like tragedy, because tragedy is only the other side of the shield, and I like both sides. I love to spend an evening on the twilight boundary line between tears and smiles. There is nothing that pleases me better than some scene, some act, where the smile catches the tears in the eyes, and where the eyes are almost surprised by the smile, and the smile touched and softened by the tears. The greatest comedians and the greatest tragedians hav that power.

And, in conclusion, let me say, that it givs me more than pleasure to acknowledge the debt of gratitude I owe, not only to the stage, but to the actors whose health we drink to-night.

## Great Men's Sons and Daughters.

*New York Correspondence of the New York Mirror, December 3d.*

It is the wish of almost every man to leave behind him a son—to carry on a business, to perpetuate a name, to inherit a fortune. And how many of 'em hav their wish? The faculty for getting and managing money is more apt to be transmitted than anything else. The Astors, Vanderbilts, and Goulds hav properly constructed sons, who follow in their fathers' tracks with feet big enough to fit them. But brains, unlike other qualities, do not seem to run in families. A notable example is being squirted round the country just now by Major Pond. If anything is unlike another thing, it's Charles Dickens *fils* to Charles Dickens *pere*. Without doubt, the elder Dickens was the most important man, in literature, that ever visited this land. A more inconsequential person than Charles Dickens the younger the Lord never made. He is absolutely nobody—merely the son of his father—and how he came to be that is a wonder.

I can't call to mind any celebrated poet who can say, "My father, the great verse-maker." Nor do I remember any great novelist whose spirit derives at present any great comfort from the proceedings of his son, save that of the elder Dumas. With actors it has been somewhat better. The Keans, the Kembles, the Mathews, and the Booths hav held dramatic ability with more equality, though the elders of all these names hav been the greater; so that I never take any interest in celebrated men's sons. It's no earthly consequence if they hav any, unless there's a vast fortune at stake.

The rare and radiant daughter is not so scarce an article as the satisfactory son. The finest children men of great intellects hav had hav been girls, and a very Romola of a maiden has Robert Ingersoll. He has two—Maud and Eva, both splendid women; but as one star differs from another in glory (according to the burial service), so Eva possesses a type of loveliness that dims the beauty of any handsome woman near her. That great lover of nature, grace, and beauty—her father—must look at Eva Ingersoll with very much the same feeling that Praxiteles contemplated his completed Venus of Cnidus—believing the world owed him the most perfect specimen of female beauty extant.

Eva Ingersoll is neither blonde nor brunet. She has a complexion that would be fair with the blondest hair; she has hair dark enough to set off the oliv skin of the most pronounced brunet; she has features as regular as those of a Greek statue, and all the intelligent expression that belongs to an entirely irregular style of face. She is so unconscious of her loveliness that she makes you wonder what the society belles, May, Marion, and Adele, would do if they had her charms, since they take on such airs with a tithe of her beauty. She is splendidly educated. Her father has been her teacher. She is tall, slight, and graceful. I looked at her the other night—not an ornament on her beautiful person. A plain dress of cream-white nun's veiling fell in unbustled folds behind. The material was crossed on her white bosom in front, showing her throat. Her hair was lifted over the small ears and gathered in a knot low in her neck. There was not the smallest affectation in the simplicity of her dress or her hair dressing. She was not posing in the classic statue business. She looked that which she is—the ideal sweet of perfect womanhood. There sits in the depths of her dark, soft eyes and on the curves of her smiling mouth a spirit that could in a moment of peril transform her into a heroin—a spirit of strength and endurance that would make her white arms a support and defense—a spirit of truth and changeless devotion that would light her noble face with a smile as she died for a creature she loved. Well, Robert Ingersoll has the finest girl in New York by his fireside to-day. If I belonged to his sex, I'd be found tuning my lyre in the columns of the newspapers and on his front-door steps morning, noon, and night. I would relate the anecdote of my affections early and late. I would win that woman if it lay in my power, for never before in my life did I meet a girl physically, mentally, and wholly so attractiv.

And that great certificate of a daughter's future, her mother, only intensified the opinion I had of her. Mrs. Robert Ingersoll is handsome and happy. Think of a woman twenty-odd years a wife filling that description! The prints hav from time to time told of the mighty iconoclast's home life. There the strongest credentials in favor of his creed and his character are the faces of his wife and his daughters.

For the Lord's sake get a picture of Jane Carlyle; go look at Mrs. Cotton Mather; catch onto the countenance of Miss Maria Milton, the "Paradise-Lost-" no-reward-offered daughter; see what you think of the face of Mrs. Bishop Biblebanger, and then study the photographs of that magnificent matron, Mrs. Robert Ingersoll, and her splendid daughters Maud and Eva. I don't believe they will exchange conditions—those daughters—in a hurry. Mr. Man who goes courting into the camp of Colonel Robert must be measured beside that intellectual Titan, and I would like to know where the man will come from who can stand that comparison. As Eva Ingersoll pales the ineffectual fires of rival beauties, so Robert, her father, dwarfs every man who anchors alongside.

## Museums and Libraries in Great Britain.

The following is a list of the places now open to the people of Great Britain on Sundays:

National Museums and Galleries at Kew.
National Galleries at Hampton Court Palace.
National Exhibition at Greenwich Hospital.
National Gallery of Ireland, Dublin.
National Museum of Science and Art, Dublin.
Municipal Art Gallery and Museum, Birmingham.
Municipal Free Public Library, Birmingham.
Municipal Free Public Libraies (Seven), Manchester.
Municipal Free Public Library, Middlesborough.
Municipal Free Public Library, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Municipal Free Public Library, Rochdale.
Municipal Free Public Library, St. Helens.
Municipal Museum, Stockport.
Municipal Free Public Library, Wigan.
Municipal Free Art, Gallery, Leek.
Municipal Collection of Models, Newcastle.

Repeated inquiries of the officials controling these institutions tend to show that they are largely used by the wage-earning classes, in whose interest the Sunday opening was determined upon. In most cases the proposal was strongly denounced when first made, but the results hav completely silenced all opposition. The Birmingham institutions hav been open since 1872, and the numbers visiting them hav increased steadily from 23,000 in that year to 109,000 in 1884, and to a much higher number since the opening of the New Art Gallery. The Manchester Free Libraries hav been open on Sunday since 1878, and readers hav increased from 125,000 in that year to 253,800 in 1886. Abundant evidence from many other places can be supplied to show that Sunday opening is highly appreciated wherever it is given a fair trial.

## Lectures and Meetings.

THE Society of Humanity had one of its pleasant literary and sociable entertainments on the evening of November 29th. As that was the anniversary of the birth of Wendell Phillips, the address by Edward King dealt with the great Abolitionist's life and services. Like all of his addresses, this one was able and instructiv, and those who hav heard Mr. King often, say that it was brilliant even for him. Piano music by Magnus Gross, Jr., and Miss Carrie Louis, followed the speech, and then a reception and dancing. Among the fifty or more present were Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., and Mrs. E. B. Foote, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. F. Bridge and two daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Lipton, Dr. F. S. Olcott, Dr. Eversfield, Mr. George Gross, Lawyer F. C. Leubuscher, Mrs. Wood and daughter, Mrs. Andrews and daughter, Mrs. Somerby, Miss Burnier, and Miss McCarthy; also, Messrs. Burnier, Roche, McIntyre, Dailey, Verrell, Montague, Korff, Thompson, Le Compte, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Herani, Misses Duganne, Knapp, Brodley, Lawrence, Seward, George, Groo, Gross, and Leubuscher. The number of attractiv young ladies present was noticed by all, and it was also numerously remarked that Mr. King addressed himself no less successfully to the hearts of those present at the reception than he had previously done to their understanding. Another conspicuous feature of the gathering was the general sociability among the guests, which made anything in the way of entertainment almost superfluous. It is the intention of the Society to hold one of these sociables every month. The parlors at 28 Lafayette Place are open and warmed daily. The nucleus of a library has been formed by a donation of books from the Truth Seeker Company, and Mr. Charles Eckhard may be found in attendance. You are invited to call.

# Communications.

## Freedom of Debate.

To the Editor of The Truth Seeker, *Sir:* There was roaring fun at our house when we received The Truth Seeker of October 29th. Wife said: "It is just like you!" It would hav suited me better if Brother Heston had placed me nearer the "animal." I judge, however, by the looks of my brother-lecturers that I was near enough to hit it. It would hav been truer to nature and facts if our gifted artist had represented those brethren just vanishing in the dim distance.

Well, I enjoy it, cartoons and all. A little genial mirth enlivens serious controversy and injures no one.

I may as well contribute a little more fuel to keep the pot boiling.

We may as well pause in our attacks upon theology, and ask ourselvs whether we understand our own fundamental principles of Freethought.

It would hav been gratifying if you had replied to my article, and, by a course of logical reasoning, shown wherein I am wrong in my positions on the subject of debate. For twenty-eight years I hav been in public life, challenging the Christian world to meet us; and, if my Christian opponents indorsed their champion, I always felt that that settled the question of fitness. For me to refuse to meet anyone that the Christian community indorsed, would hav been considered by Christians as moral cowardice on my part, and I think they would hav been right.

I notice that you hav had a visit from my old and valued friend, W. W. Frasier, Ottawa, Kansas. What a stinging rebuke that was he gave Braden! But, had your policy been carried out, he would hav allowed the opportunity to pass. Mr. George Baldwin is another Freethinker who bearded Braden in his own meeting in Linesville, Pa. Braden has been trying for years to be able to say that Freethought lecturers, who challenge the clergy, dare not meet Clark Braden. If Freethinkers choose to allow him to come into their town and berate them, misrepresent, and vilify Infidels without accepting his challenge, they are at liberty to do so. But how does that accord with our claim for free debate? How does it harmonize with Ingersoll's claim that there are two or three men in every town who can corner the parson? And when this parson comes along, maintain a dead silence! You intimate that if Christians would read all that Freethinkers hav said against Braden, he could obtain no indorsement. You, away off in New York city, show by this that you do not know Christians and hav not come in contact with them as I hav—not in one or two towns, but in nearly every town.

You said: "Mr. Frazier knows Clark Braden well, having acted as best-man to Champion Jamieson in arranging a debate between them, out of which Braden crawled."

Now let me ask, Would my Freethought friends hav been proud of our position if I had done the crawling instead of Braden? We knew the man then as well as you know him now.

Underwood had six or seven debates with him. Seems to me, with his knowledge of zoology, he ought to hav found him out earlier in the campaign. Watts, I am informed, had two debates with him. If Braden is the kind of animal depicted by your artist, did it require two Jehovah Jacob "wrestling-matches" before Watts discovered the nature of the animal?

When a lecturer invites criticism, at the close of his public addresses, does he couple with the invitation that the critic must be a person of undoubted good character? These invitations often lead directly to public oral debate. Suppose, then, the lecturer objects to his character and the Christians of several denominations step forward and say: "We indorse our champion;" and still the lecturer refuses to meet him! I would call that trailing our Freethought banner in the dust and ashes of humiliation in the name of a pseudo respectability. Either let us quit challenging "the world, the flesh, and the devil," as we hav been doing for more than a generation, or stand by our guns. Ought we to allow Christian pole-cats to drive us from our position?

In all our battles with the Christian church she has never been able to make us retreat one inch. Our march has been resistlessly forward. But if your position is the true one, the church has at last discovered something more effectiv than "iron chariots" (which were too much for the Lord), more powerful (no pun) than General Joshua's ram's horns. Steadily we hav been driving the church before us. All the church slanders against the Freethought army hav utterly failed to stay its progress to victory. Christianity has employed every conceivable weapon, honorable and dishonorable, without avail. Our lines never wavered. We were driving her to the perdition she had prepared for the human family. She was at the very precipice of "fear, remorse, and despair," when, lo! almost by accident, she discovers one thing that makes nearly the entire army of Freethinkers halt in blank amazement! "Any shape but that!" No battering-ram did the church ever employ that was half as strong. (This is figurativ.) We hav witnessed the commotion. Look! That splendid Freethought army that hitherto defied the foe is now beating a retreat, "driven from sea to sea," by an innocent-looking little quadruped.

O my countrymen! it makes me sad. I am not afraid of death; but I do not like to die in that way.

My compliments to Watson Heston. I agree with him when he says that "the worth of the pelt will not pay for the skinning!" That is the trouble with some of you, my brethren. You hav engaged in the pelt business, and hav just awakened to the fact that such hides are not worth a dime a dozen. I hav gone for the life of the animal. The church is welcome to the pelt.

There is not a Freethinker in the land that does not know a few good, resounding whacks with that club would end the existence of the pestiferous curse. I hav never yet been able to get a second stroke (a second debate) at the animal in the same town. True, we may soil our Sunday suit; but if there is a soldier among us who is afraid of that, he should never hav "joined the army."

Dr. Lyman Beecher's excuse for not debating was that he once threw a hymn-book at one of the "critters"—gained a victory, but spoiled the book!

Brother Watts says, "It would be a degradation of the deepest dye to meet him [Braden] on a public platform."

I would hav been glad, indeed, if he had had the goodness to support such a statement with reasons. As it stands, it is neither better nor stronger than a clergyman's positiv assumptions—which we Freethinkers long ago rejected.

Did he not know who Braden was before he debated with him? If not, it confirms my position: that Freethought lecturers hav not been in the habit of raising the question of character. It has been the universal custom for our lecturers to throw out challenges to the Christian clergy indiscriminately, and if a Christian were put forward to champion Christianity, indorsed by even one denomination, that settled the question of fitness. Christians were the first to demand from Freethinkers an indorsement of the lecturer before they would "condescend" to debate with the "Infidel." Now that Christians pluck up courage enough to indorse a debater, why should Freethinkers shrink from meeting him? Is it purely a personal prejudice? I look beyond the person to the system he champions.

If Mr. Watts did know what kind of a man Clark Braden is before he debated with him, why should he offer Braden's bad character as a reason for not debating with him?

In either case, it is bad for him. If he did not know him, it shows he "rushed in where angels [or lecturers] fear to tread."

For many years the celebrated *Investigator* debates hav been in vogue in Boston. I never knew the Infidels there to demand a certificate of character from a Christian before he would be permitted to exercise the right of free speech. They did not even ask that he be indorsed by anybody.

The more my Liberal brethren hav written against debating with a bad Christian, the more clearly it is seen that they are obliged to adopt not only the foolish doctrin, but the very expressions of Christianity. As you quote him in your issue of October 8th, Mr. Watts says: "After reading them [the views of Braden's life] one cou d no longer doubt the reality of human depravity."

Very few Christians believe in total depravity. They believe just as Watts does. We are indebted to the Watts family for a large cargo of literature upon depravity.

D. M. Bennett, the grand old fearless Freethinker, said: "No matter how bad a man he [Joseph Cook] can make you believe me to be, it will not prove Christianity true;" and, further, that if all Cook had said of Bennett had been true it did not exonerate Cook from meeting Bennett in debate. Cook's reply was the same as yours: "No honorable man can keep company of this kind." D. M. Bennett was willing to meet a clergyman in debate whom he charged with being "a falsifier and maligner;" "defends perjury and the worst villainy."

Infidels are so thoroughly in favor of universal mental liberty that they would never deprive a slave nor a state-prison convict of free speech. The freedom of debate contains the very kernel of free speech. How can anyone maintain "*universal* mental liberty" and deny to any human being—the meanest, the worst—a free platform? Bad as we believe the Jehovah of the Jews to hav been, if real, even he admitted the right of Satan to enter heaven and express himself with entire freedom; and, seemingly, there was no fear that the good angels standing around would be contaminated by such "associations." It is not catching in some families.

It is true that Braden deals in wholesale vituperation of Infidels in general, and personal abuse of his opponent in particular. He imagins that the vials of holy wrath, scorn, contempt, that he pours out upon the head of his Infidel opponent—the slime of superstition—helps Christianity and hurts Infidelity. That he is sustained in this view by too many Christians is a lamentable fact. Braden expresses in public, in a harsh manner, what thousands of Christian fathers and mothers teach their children against Infidels. There is not a community that I ever visited, where Infidel families and their Infidel children are not traduced, abused, lied about, by Christian parents. I tell you it is the system itself that we must deal with. I hav often felt the same kind of pity, I suppose, for Christians (victims of the hate born of their religion) that my Christian neighbor feels for the lost souls of poor heathen.

I hav met Braden three times in debate. Eight nights in Paola, Kansas; twelve nights in Salem, Ill.; four in Linesville, Pa. I did not feel that I had been degraded, and supposed that if I conducted myself as a gentleman no opponent could degrade me.

When Mr. Watts says that Elder Braden is intellectually weak, I differ from him. I am aware that if one does not like an opponent he is very apt to underrate his ability. This is the fault of the Christian world generally. We ought to eschew that bad trait of the Christians. Some general has said that "it is not safe to underestimate the strength of the enemy."

I hav heard Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and other distinguished preachers, and must say that Braden is as strong intellectually as any of them. I admit that this is a mere matter of opinion. But wherever Braden has lectured and debated Christians, with few exceptions, hav considered him a very learned man, possessing wonderful intellectual powers; and many of them assert that they believe he is the ablest debater Christianity ever had. This is the way, indeed, that the mass of Christians hav talked in every town he has visited, as far as I hav heard.

In Paola and Salem our debates were thronged scores could not gain entrance. It was thus for twelve nights in Salem. I consider it a grand opportunity to spread Freethought principles, and to undermine superstition. It may seem, sometimes, that I am very harsh myself toward persons when charging upon the church. I hav had some Infidels make this mistake, and take me to task for my severity. I never shot a Christian yet unless he got in range of my guns, trained on the detestable system. While striving to crush the life out of slavery, I had a tender heart always for the slave. Some of you now think I am altogether too kind to the slave.

It is not the question, whether Clark Braden's character is as good as D. M. Bennett's. Suppose both equally good or bad, what has that to do with the principles of free speech or free debate? But you say Clark Braden, in addition to being a "reprobate" (another pious expression), "has persistently, maliciously, and indefatigably slandered a family of Freethinkers, respected by every one who enjoys the slightest acquaintance with them."

This is the penalty we pay for being Freethinkers. Who has escaped?

You say no Christian church that knows Clark Braden will put him forward as a representativ. But it will. You are entirely mistaken. The fact is against you. There is no Freethought lecturer that can obtain a stronger indorsement by Freethinkers than Clank Braden can by Christians, and by Christians who hav read all that Freethinkers hav printed and circulated to his discredit. In my Salem debate Clark Braden was indorsed by six denominations. You say, "There are some things which even Christians refuse to do." You supposed they would refuse to indorse Braden as their representativ, if they knew him. But they do. I tell you, my good friends, there is nothing which Christians refuse to do, as a class, mind you, *where their religion is involved.*

I regret exceedingly that you hav raised the question of personal character. It is a serious mistake—just such a mistake as Abbot, Underwood, and Bundy made with reference to D. M. Bennett. It has been the main dependence of Christians in assailing Freethought. This was the line of attack upon Thomas Paine—his bad character, his personal habits. Instead of answering Paine's crushing arguments against the Christian system, they bedaubed him with accusations. They were not logical enough to perceive that if every charge had been true, it did not prove Christianity divine, and did not answer any of the damaging arguments which Paine brought against Christianity.

I want to see this question thoroughly discussed. If Mr. Watts wishes to take up my errors and logically dissect them, I am willing he should try, either through his own paper, or yours, or both. All I ask is a free press for reply. A man who is afraid to hav his errors exposed is afraid of truth. Merely saying that "gentlemen will not associate with blackguards," as you remarked, is no answer to my position on free debate. As Freethinkers we long ago declared that we would not deny even the devil himself the right of free speech. The church claims that Jesus Christ had a debate with him. Did that make the Christian's Christ an associate of that celebrated personage with a character as black as his complexion?

Even the great Bishop Watson debated with Paine, vile as Paine was believed to be by Christians. Were Watson and Paine "associates" because they disputed against each other?

Freethinkers hav contended that to deny a man the liberty of debate is to deny him the liberty of speech. So far as debating is concerned, you would impose silence upon Clark Braden for bad conduct. Joseph Cook and Comstock would hav done precisely the same thing with Bennett, and for precisely the same reason.

O Liberty! thou sphinx of the ages! even thy best friends do not comprehend thee. Thou true savior of the race! twin of truth! grander, more glorious, than any god art thou—mightier than any monarch of the skies. For love of thee multitudes of nature's noble men and true-hearted women hav perished. Art thou, after all the struggle to know thee, but a figment of the imagination of man? Is there no reality? Banish thee, arrayed in the glittering splendor of truth, and life and death are all one, and human love itself mockery. Inclosed in thy warm embrace oblivion itself is sunshine sweet, rather than the unending years of immortality without thee, priceless friend of humanity! W. F. JAMIESON.

*Monte Vista, Col.*

## Religious Delusions.

THEIR STULTIFYING AND DESTRUCTIV POWER, ILLUSTRATED IN THE HISTORY OF THE ECONOMITE SOCIETY, LOCATED ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE OHIO RIVER, AND TWENTY MILES BELOW PITTSBURGH.

III.

If it should be asked how it came about that the Economites, believing as they did in the Second Advent, and expecting every night when they said their prayers and went to bed that they might be awakened before morning by the clangor of the archangel's trump, did not fold their arms in idleness and put on their ascension robes, as the Millerites did, but worked steadily every day at their vocation of farming and manufacturing, amassing wealth with such wonderful success that their treasury overflowed with gold, I answer: Miller and his followers believed and expected Christ to make his appearance here in the United States. Rapp, on the contrary, being a Millenarian, and not only a Second Adventist, believed that Jerusalem, in Palestine, a country lying on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, was the appointed place; and that, while every human being on the earth would receive notification of Christ's arrival in some miraculous way, the actual appearing would take place in the city where he was crucified, and which was to be for a thousand years the metropolitan city of the new kingdom. The Economites were eminently practical men, and believed firmly in the doctrin of dollars and cents. They knew by experience that it cost money for them to migrate, first, from Germany, then from Pennsylvania to the Wabash, and from that place back again to Pennsylvania. Rapp did not believe in unnecessary miracles; that he and his people would cross the ocean and be landed in Jerusalem by miraculously contrived balloons that could go without gas, but that they must travel by steamboats on the sea, and by wagons of some kind on the land, till they reached the sacred spot. All this would require the outlay of vast sums of money, and these honest and sincere believers worked hard and saved closely to accumulate what was requisit. The Economites keep their own secrets; but after the death of Rapp and time forced upon his survivors the conviction that their departed leader had somehow or other made a mistake in his calculations as to the exact time of Christ's appearing, a report was in circulation, and seemed to be well founded, that large sums of gold and silver, which had been accumulating for years, were transferred from Economy to one of the banks in Pittsburgh for safe keeping, till such times as they should be needed.

THE ADOPTION OF CELIBACY AS A RULE OF LIFE.

It was this religious delusion concerning the coming of Christ that was destined to extirpate the Economites from the face of the earth as a community of prosperous and happy people, and to scatter their wealth we know not where. Not taught wisdom, or even common sense, by the disappointment of the primitiv Christians, nor by the second great failure of Christ to appear eight hundred years ago, when three centuries of abortiv war to rescue Jerusalem from the Turk piled up their proofs mountain high that it was a delusion, these Economites so cherished their Millenarian views and expectations that, reasoning precisely as the Christian apostles did, they came to the conclusion that marriage, with its consequences of the birth and bringing up of families of children, was all wrong, and they became celibates. Of course, they had scripture authority for this policy; for all the scores of antagonistic sects now composing the visible church go to the Bible for their discordant creeds and modes of worship, and find them there. Good morals and bad morals, truth and falsehood, all find countenance in that volume.

But love, that holy sentiment which binds the hearts of husbands and wives together in the bonds of a true marriage, and yields infinit delight to parents, in the birth, training, well-doing, and companionship of properly organized children, revenges itself sooner or later on all those who under any pretense, or in any way whatever, put dishonor upon it; and the day that religion, in its reckless cruelty and utter indifference to human happiness, tore asunder the loving hearts of these German husbands and wives, was the time when their doom of ultimate extinction was sealed.

There is a large class of persons in this world who are abundantly able to work in the various vocations of life, but who, from some defect in their mental organization, do not plan and work wisely. The consequence is that even in the prime of life they are poor, and of course hav accumulated no means of comfortable living in old age, and ultimately fall victims to that relentless law which nature has enacted for the perfection of her species, the struggle for life, and the survival of those only which conform to their environments. There is another class in whom the property instinct works normally and well, and they accumulate much more than they need. In a community whose interests are managed by competent men, the labor of this class of incompetents, if directed by superior business ability, is sure to provide for them during life all the substantial comforts which wealth can procure. But will these incompetents be willing, in consideration of their participating in the general prosperity and abundance of a community, to be subordinated to those who are superior to them in business intelligence and plan? And if so, what about their wives and children?

On this account I feel the more vexed at this blunder of the Economites, and the more indignant at religion for causing it, because they had it in their power, by continuing marriage and the family relation, to settle the question whether a community, based upon the principle of the natural institution of marriage, could permanently prosper from one generation to another, or whether celibacy, by preventing the ambition and rivalry of separate family interests, is not a *sine qua non* to success. The experiment made by the Shakers, as well as that of the Economites, proves that a community, with a single view and interest, and by working into each other's hands, can succeed, with a moderate amount of labor, in accumulating vast wealth, and in gathering around them all the comforts that wealth can purchase. But is not this condition of things limited to a single lifetime? That is the question. It is worth noticing that Shaker celibacy, and Economite celibacy, stand on two different foundations. The Shakers believe, and practice accordingly, that love, in its conjugal manifestation, is wrong, at least for them, and that celibacy is right, since Jesus, the model man, and Mother Ann, the model woman, during the latter part of her life, when she responded to her high calling, were both celibates. But the Economites, before they were hallucinated by the expectation of Christ's second coming, were married people. And they only gave up marriage because, with its obvious consequences, it altogether interfered with their character as Christians, waiting daily and hourly for the appearance of their Lord in the clouds of heaven. They knew by experience what a care and hindrance to their movements helpless children and their nursing mothers were, and they consistently thought that the end of the world being so near, and a march of five thousand miles to Jerusalem being in prospect, it was no time to marry and giv in marriage. If the success of communal life for more than a century of time depends, by necessity, on the extinction of the family institution, we might as well giv up the theory as impracticable and Utopian; for, rich as the Shaker communities and the Economites are, experience proves that they cannot depend upon the world's people coming in and filling up their ranks as they are thinned by death. There are thousands of people now in this country who are struggling, like drowning men, to make a mere living. But Nature, bent upon her purposes which reach into the far distant future, will not let one of them accept a joint partnership with the Shakers or Economites in the vast wealth they possess, upon the condition that they crucify the sentiment of conjugal love, and count it an unholy thing. Hence these institutions are gradually being disintegrated by time, and their great wealth cannot save them from being utterly wiped off the face of the earth.

Many people in Western Pennsylvania are now speculating as to what disposition will be made of the large possessions of the Economites when the last one of them givs up the ghost. Jacob Henrici, who now occupies the place of Father Rapp as head of the community, and who, for the sterling virtues of his character, is loved and admired by all who know him, is above eighty years of age. Unless he has the indomitable faith of his great leader, which bade defiance to death itself, he must at least hav some suspicion, when he notices the trembling footsteps of the little handful of old men and women to whom he preaches every Sunday, whether the Economites, like the early Christians, the later Crusaders, and the recent Millerites, hav not been victimized by a strong religious delusion. FAIRFAX.

*Pittsburgh, Pa.*, Nov., 1887.

## The Gospel According to Common Sense.

ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE.

The Euthyphron of Plato furnishes a good type of the modern Christian, for he attaches more importance to the performance of what he considers his religious duties than to the common claims of justice and humanity. These duties he describes as "prayer and sacrifice"—the first asking favors of the gods, the second offering something to them in return. Socrates adroitly infers from this admission that "religion is the art by which the gods and man traffic with one another." Such is undoubtedly the character of modern Christianity, only in the present day the sacrifice, which used to be in the form of something edible, prepared for roasting, is commuted, like the English tithe, by a payment in money for the benefit of the officiating priest. He is no longer, as with the Mosaic Jews, compelled to act as butcher and cook for the whole community, contenting himself with a choice of the prime cuts for the consumption of himself and family. In the time of Abraham human sacrifices seem to hav been common, from which we may infer that his contemporaries were, for the most part, cannibals, for the sacrificial victim was not, as some suppose, consumed by fire, but simply roasted and eaten. It also appears to hav been the custom for the head of every family to contribute one, at least, of his offspring as a burnt-offering for the benefit of his neighbors. Custom is the God of all weak-minded people, and causes them to do, at times, the most absurd and cruel things. This must hav been the God that told Abraham to sacrifice his son, and, although it went sorely against the grain, he appears, at first sight, to hav been quite willing to do it. But common sense ultimately prevailed, and, seeing a ram opportunely "caught in a thicket," he concluded that mutton was a much more desirable food than human flesh, in which decision we cordially agree with the "father of the faithful."

Whoever invented the God of the Old Testament was not very careful to preserve the unities, for a more inconsistent character it is scarcely possible to conceive. He first of all commands Abraham to commit an unnatural crime, them excuses him from doing it, and finally rewards him for being willing to do that which he did not do. He moves David to number Israel, and then punishes Israel for being numbered. Another account tells us it was the devil who influenced David, by which it appears that the God and devil of the Jews were one and the same being! This dual character is religiously preserved to the present day, and his good and bad attributes are so jumbled together that it is impossible for a thinking man to reconcile them, or to tell which is which.

Whether or not Isaac was really the son of Abraham, it is not our present purpose to inquire. The story of his birth is a very improbable one, and must be classed with another miraculous birth recorded in the New Testament. Faith, and not reason, is required in these matters, and Abraham had great faith. So long as he was satisfied, we hav no right to cavil at his credulity. We must giv him great credit for the moral courage which enabled him to break through an unnatural and tyrannical custom. In this respect he is even worthy of our imitation. If our fathers did absurd and cruel things—if our neighbors still do and believe in them—there is no reason that we should follow a bad example. Christianity is a euphemism for cannibalism. God the father gave his only-begotten son as a sacrifice, and we are invited to the revolting feast. The Anglican priest, when he administers the sacrament, gravely tells us that it consists of the body and blood of Jesus Christ who died for us. If he believes this, he is a fool; if he does not believe it, he is an impostor. In either case the figure is none the less absurd and disgusting. What shall be said of those who devoutly swallow it? The intention is, evidently, cannibalistic, whatever the act may be. We do not read that Abraham passed off his mutton for human flesh to those whom he invited to the feast. Common sense, for once, prevailed over fanaticism, and the descendants of Abraham down to present day hav (with some exceptions) ceased to be cannibals.

This was a great advantage to the Jews as long as other nations persisted in the practice. When they ceased to devour their offspring, they increased and multiplied exceedingly. When Jesus spoke of reviving the practice and offered himself as a subject, it went against the stomachs of some of his disciples, who thenceforward walked no more with him. The unbelieving Jews killed him, it is true, but they did not eat him. They left that savory morsel for the Christians. OUTIS.

ARTHUR C. EVERETT has again begun the publication of a small Freethought journal. This time he is located at Grand Rapids, Mich. Mr. Everett thus early in the campaign hoists his presidential ticket—R. G. Ingersoll and Helen H. Gardener. He calls his paper *Common Sense*, and agrees to mail it a year for $1.

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

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## Chronology.

No doubt all our readers remember the controversy over the Era of Science or Era of Man calendar between Messrs. Frederick Koezly, of this city, and G. N. Hill, of Boston, which has now extended over a period of many months, and which was finally left for decision to the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER. As we were to profit by the dispute, we preferred to hav the decision written by a friend of all parties, an astronomer of note, whose work has necessarily made him familiar with chronological reckoning, and we asked Mr. Henry M. Parkhurst to take the judicial seat. His decision was "handed down" some weeks ago, but owing to circumstances not necessary to mention here we delayed the publication until now, when we hav Messrs. Koezly's and Hill's proposition in plain and specific form. Mr. Parkhurst says:

"The debate which has arisen in the columns of THE TRUTH SEEKER, relativ to the epoch from which the Science Calendar begins, does not affect the numbering of the year, but wholly refers to the question whether that numbering dates from the 1st of January preceding or the 1st of January following the event commemorated. A resolution was offered by Mr. George N. Hill, at a Paine celebration in Boston, in 1882, reading as following:

"*Resolved*, That in everlasting commemoration of that rise of science and Freethought—the two best friends humanity has ever had—which began during the sixteenth century of the superstitious 'Year of our Lord,' and in perpetual honor, also, of the heroism of that glorious teacher of reason, and noble martyr for science and man, Giordano Bruno, of Italy—so inhumanly burnt at the stake by the Christians, at Rome, on the 16th day of February, 1600, for proclaiming scientific facts—therefore, in future, all records, and other official documents of the Investigator Freethought Society of Boston, Mass., shall bear date from a calendar, beginning on the 1st day of January, A.D. 1600, thereby placing our society, and all persons also adopting it, entirely out of the bedeviling fog of the age of Bible faith, with its 'Year of Grace, 1882,' and into the humane light of the 'Age of Reason' and Year of Science, 282."

"This was based upon the principle stated by Mr. Hill in THE TRUTH SEEKER of October 15th, that 'Calendar figures mean completed years, mathematically speaking.' If that is true, the resolution is correct as it stands.

"But Mr. Frederick Koezly claims that the first year is called year 1; the second year, year 2, and so on; which, if the first year, or year 1, were 1600, would make the preseat year 288. If he is right in that statement, the resolution is wrong, and the new calendar should be stated as beginning on the 1st day of January, A.D. 1601.

"It is not so easy as it appears to settle this issue, although so sharply defined. The definition in Webster's Dictionary says that the epoch is the point of time from which succeeding years are numbered; but this does not show how they are numbered, and I hav found many authorities equally ambiguous.

"When we say that the sun rose 1887, October 23, 6h. 19m. A.M., the 19 minutes are completed minutes, mathematically speaking; the 6 hours are completed hours; but the 23 means the 23d day, not completed; October means the uncompleted month of October. Whether the year follows the analogy of the month and day, or of the hour and minute, in any event there is a break in the mode of representation. Astronomers, as well as others, use that inconsistent mode of expression. But to make the year follow the analogy of the hour would make two breaks, while the other interpretation requires but one. I hav found three independent proofs that the best authorities make but one break, and regard the year as uncompleted.

"In the Encylopedia Britannica, article 'Chronology,' page 621, we find that the Era of Diocletian 'commences with the 29th of August (the first day of the Egyptian year) of the year 284 of our era.' On the following page we find this statement: 'Hence, to reduce a date according to this era to our own reckoning, it is necessary to add 283 years and 240 days.' I omit the statement as to a discrepancy of one day on account of leap years. Now, taking the year 1 of this era, and adding 283 years and 240 days, it givs the year A.D. 284, August, showing by this brief calculation that they commenced with the year 1, and not with the year 0; or, in other words, that year 1 was the uncompleted year. If there is any more direct proof in that article, I hav overlooked it.

"Next, turning to the 'American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac' of this year, the highest astronomical authority in this country if not in the world, we find on page vii, at the beginning, the statement that the year 1887 corresponds to the year 6600 of the Julian period. The 'British Nautical Almanac' makes the same statement, but there is nothing in the 'British Almanac' to show when the Julian period begins; whereas our 'Ephemeris' adds, on the same page, that 'the 1st day of January of the year 1887 is the 2,410,273d day since the commencement of the Julian period.' This corresponds to 6599 Julian years, of 365 days and 6 hours, with a difference of 12 days which it is unnecessary here to explain. This proves, therefore, that as soon as 6599 years had been completed, the new year was to be called 6600, an uncompleted year, making the first year of the Julian period year 1.

"Turning again to the Encyclopedia Britannica, article 'Calendar' (written by a different author from the writer of the article Chronology), we find the plain and direct statement, requiring no calculation, in table 12, that the 'Christian date of commencement' of the 'vulgar Christian era' is '1 Jan., 1 A.D.'

"All these authorities agree, proving conclusivly that calendar figures do not mean completed years, mathematically speaking, but uncompleted years, and that for that reason the resolution above quoted contains an error in stating that the new calendar begins on the 1st day of January, A.D., 1600, but should hav stated that it begins on the 1st day of January, 1601. HENRY M. PARKHURST."

It will be seen by this that Mr. Koezly's $25 must be returned to him, while Mr. Hill's share of Paine Hall stock is at our disposal.

We believe that there is only one paper dating from the "era of man" which recognizes the chronological difficulty which Mr. Hill got into, and obviates it in the manner indicated by Mr. Parkhurst. Harman and Walker's *Lucifer* makes the current year 287 by dating "from the first of January, 1601." This is in accordance with the accepted reckoning of chronologists, and the era begins only a few months after the martyrdom of Bruno, instead of a few days before, as Mr. Hill's resolution does.

We trust no feelings inimical to good fellowship and brotherly love will be born of this controversy and decision; but personally we feel safe. To reach our sanctum, gore-seeking gentlemen must run the gantlet of many stalwart clerks and printers. Peaceful visitors, however, find the road a pathway of roses.

## Free Speech and Free Prisons.

The prosecution of John Most, the Communist-Anarchist, as he calls himself, which was concluded in this city last week, was a peculiar affair, and not altogether creditable to either party concerned. The prosecution was a sensation undertaken by a daily paper which could command the aid of an assistant public prosecutor. It was begun for notoriety, and because the paper had good reasons to suppose that the public, since the Chicago tragedy, is ready for anything in the shape of injustice toward so-called Anarchists. Most was selected because he has been in prison for a similar offense, and it was thought his previous unjust conviction could be easily repeated. Our courts lately hav been under the thumbs of the down-town editors, and into their war over their circulation and in scheming for power they hav indirectly dragged politicians high and low. When, therefore, the *World* undertook to convict Most the *Herald* spoke up for liberty of speech. The *Sun* began to report the circumstances of Most's arrest, his appearance, and his aims in a way favorable for him. Most denied the report of the *World*, the other papers sneered at it, and as a result Most had a fair trial, so far as the court could command one, but he was convicted because of the prejudice of the jury for his Anarchistic principles. We think, however, that the court erred in admitting in evidence a book written by Most a long time ago, and withdrawn from circulation four years since, for he was being tried for what he said, not for what he thinks or has written, but as the case will probably be appealed that question will be decided hereafter.

The indictment of Most was found under sections 451 and 675 of the penal code. Section 451 is headed "Unlawful assemblies," and reads as follows:

"Whenever three or more persons assemble with intent to commit any unlawful act by force, or assemble with intent to carry out any purpose in such a manner as to disturb the public peace, or, being assembled, attempt or threaten any act tending toward a breach of the peace or an injury to persons or property, or any unlawful act, such an assembly is unlawful, and every person participating therein by his presence, aid, or instigation is guilty of a misdemeanor."

Section 675, which is headed "Acts not expressly forbidden," reads:

"A person who wilfully and wrongfully commits an act which seriously injures the person or property of another, or which seriously disturbs or endangers the public peace or health, or which openly outrages public decency, for which no other punishment is expressly prescribed by this code, is guilty of a misdemeanor."

The punishment for a misdemeanor is one year's imprisonment in a penitentiary and a fine of $250.

The following are the words alleged by the *World* to hav been spoken by Most at a regular meeting of the Anarchists on the Saturday night following the execution of the Chicago Anarchists:

"FELLOW-SLAVES: The services over the death or our comrades, which were to hav been held to-night, were stopped by the police hounds. Oh, beware, you scoundrels! Your time will come. Hereafter our calls for meeting will be given in secret. The hirelings of the capitalistic press and the dogs of the police shall no longer attend our meetings. God help them if they are found in our secret councils! Hitherto we expressed our meaning openly and gave our enemies a chance. They shall hereafter hear and see nothing until the day of reckoning comes. That day is not far distant. It is drawing nearer and nearer. What care we for their soldiers and police? Our weapon is a hundredfold worse than theirs.

"Let Grinnell beware. He is the principal culprit who is guilty of murdering our brothers. Grinnell comes first. After him comes Gary. Then the Supreme Court judges. After them come the highest murderers in the land, the United States Supreme Court judges. Last, but not least, is the most cowardly murderer of them all, the governor of Illinois. I would giv ten years of my life to know the executioner. I would never rest until I strangled him as he strangled our brothers. I am willing to die for the cause if it be necessary. It is an honor to die if it benefits the working classes.

"The murder of our brothers will cry to heaven for vengeance. Had it happened in Russia it would hav caused a rebellion. Shame on the people of this nineteenth century to consent that these men should be hanged! Shame on them, I repeat! But the time will come when they will regret it and avenge our brothers' deaths. 'You hav murdered our benefactors,' they will say, 'and you must meet the same fate.'

"Death to the butchers! Anarchy will liv forever. They sought to stop it in Paris in 1871, but they killed thirty thousand men and women and Anarchy still remains. So it will be here. For every Anarchist they kill there will be recruits by the hundreds. The police fear us, but we do not fear them."

The witnesses against Most were a reporter who wrote the speech out from memory after leaving the hall, and two policemen who attended the meeting in citizens' clothes. The witnesses for Most were eleven of his friends who were at the meeting, and himself. One side or the other committed rank perjury, for Most and his friends swore that he said nothing of the sort attributed to him. The jury believed the reporter and the policemen, though, in his charge to the jury, Judge Cowing said that in the speech as Most repeated it there was nothing that came within the law. Great stress was laid by the prosecution upon the fact that Most is an Atheist, and the prosecutor also drew from Most's witnesses that they believed in a "philosophical God," but not in the Christian deity.

The verdict of the jury was unexpected by the public, and the judge seemed surprised. The defense said it was evident that the dragging before the jury of the career of Most, who has been in prison in Austria, Germany, England, and the United States for political harangs, was really the evidence upon which he was convicted. But somehow we fancy that the jury went further behind the returns than that, and convicted Most as the readiest means of expressing their opinions that the wild-looking, unnaturalized revolutionists should be given to understand that they had better shut up and and let the government get along as it is at present constituted. The verdict is, therefore, a practical suppression of free speech of a certain kind.

It is true, this free speech is of a very undesirable kind, for it is foolish on the surface, impracticable of execution, and unphilosophical in its last analysis. But we prefer to the method of this jury the method recommended by Judge Cowing, who said that "the best way to combat these new theories is to be just and fair toward them." And it does not make any difference in the principle at stake whose free speech is suppressed—whether it is the bluster of the Anarchist, the advocacy of Socialism, the propagandism of the Communist, the philosophy of the Atheist, or the exhortation of the Christian. If one sort can be suppressed, so can another. If the police hav the power they will find the motiv, and no one can say where it will stop, but every one who knows history knows that it will go further than the legislators who passed the law intended. It is dangerous to put the liberty of the people into the power of the police, or into the hands of a judge, or even into the discretion

of a jury. Acts alone should be amenable to law. The Anarchist "demons," if there be any, should be treated before the law like drunkards—held responsible for the acts done by them drunk or sober. If an Anarchist gets mentally drunk on the wild harangs of his favorit orator, and commits a misdemeanor or felony, let him be punished—he deserves it. But it is not wise, it is not statesmanlike, it is not just, to punish a man for merely making a fool of himself before a crowd. It was remarked at the trial that had Most made his speech before the men composing the Chamber of Commerce, nothing would hav been thought of it. Supposing every Southern orator and every Northern Copperhead who ever fired the hearts of the people to defend the Southern Confederacy had been sought out after the war and jailed. This country would hav been a battlefield from the Canada line to the Mexico boundary. There is a wisdom in politics wider than the ideas of New York's puffed-up police, the ambitions of a disappointed office-seeker, or the schemes of a newspaper.

The prosecution, however, bids fair to do good through injustice. It will hav a tendency to make the impracticable snarlers of the east side behave themselvs. It will force a little common sense into their thickly-thatched heads. To dispute that the laboring people of this city and other cities hav grievances to be redressed, wrongs to be righted, would be to show unfamiliarity with current events. Great and grievous wrongs hav been perpetrated by legislation in the interest of concentrated wealth. But the wild harangs of such men as Most will never right them. As well attempt to destroy Gibraltar by exploding a fire-cracker at the base. It needs well-directed and common-sense efforts to achieve a purpose so vast. It will never be done by meeting in a beer saloon and hallooing against government. Henry George, in spite of the black eye given him last election, has done great good by setting the people to thinking in one direction; the Progressive Labor party by setting them to thinking in another. We never knew of any thinking being done by Most's followers. He does it all for them, and it is the daft leading the foolish. Nevertheless, they hav their rights, and beyond them is the magnificent principle of free speech—not their free speech particularly, not the Christian's nor Atheist's free speech, not the Republican's nor Democrat's free speech, but everybody's free speech—the right of all to say what they think, subject to the law when consequences follow license.

## Editorial Notes.

WITH the close of the year, T. B. Wakeman, late candidate for attorney-general of the Progressive Labor party, resigns as associate-editor of the *Freethinkers' Magazine*.

REVIVALIST PENTECOST, now holding forth in Augusta, Me., is charged by a Unitarian clergyman, of that city, with measuring his professional services by the measure of money only. The Unitarian brother found out that Mr. Pentecost received from the Cleveland churches $928.46 for six weeks' work, and he spread the news around. Mr. Pentecost says the Unitarian is a busybody who had better attend to his own affairs.

THE Richmond, Va., *State* says: "Anthony Comstock, the high-priest of prudery, is now on one of his periodic crusades against undressed art in New York. The *Herald* has reminded him of his own natural weakness—a nude crown. But Anthony still prances about with his naked head, all the same. It is expected that he will next raid the barber-shops, where the practice of baring men's faces is carried on. It is believed that this philosopher's delicate taste shrinks even from roast fowl, because it has no feathers on it."

"THE United States," says Saladin's *Secular Review*, "are certainly not behind England in the talent and energy they hav thrown into the anti-Christian revolt. Three American lecturers we delight to bring under the notice of our readers—Ingersoll, Remsburg, and Washburn. Our former col. league, Charles Watts, works away valiantly in Canada. May his work prosper in his hands. S. P. Putnam is a man of ardent temperament and irrepressible energy; but there is no man on the Western continent doing grander service than Eugene M. Macdonald of THE TRUTH SEEKER."

THIS week closes the highly instructiv series of papers by Prof. Felix L. Oswald. The series will shortly be published in book form, in which shape we trust they will be possessed and studied by all Liberals. Professor Oswald is preëminently a teacher for this world, a clear-seeing guide to secular happiness. He knows also the reasons which hav kept and still keep the race in an imperfect condition—un developed, ignorant, and animal in instinct. These reasons may be summed up in one word—superstition: the superstition of Christianity as well as of paganism, of to-day as well as of the past. Professor Oswald's Bible of Nature is designed to lead us out of that slough and place us on the firm ground of this earth, where by generosity, physical and mental culture, and unselfish and broad education we can make conditions which shall produce a more perfect race of human beings, healthy in body, strong in mind, and enjoying a life which but few now-a-days consider worth the living. When people devote themselvs as enthusiastically to seeking happiness as they do now to seeking heaven, the world will be better and justice less an empty word. Professor Oswald has patiently pointed out the causes of our misery, indicated how they may be removed, and opened the entrance to the paths of progress and prosperity.

BISHOP CLEARY, of Kingston, Ont., has stirred up the Province by an attack upon the morality of its girls and women who are educated in the public schools. The Napanee *Beaver* says:

"He referred in the most scathing terms to the rudeness and immodesty of Canadian girls and women, and compared them (the ladies of this province) very unfavorably with those of the Old World. This he attributed to defects in our public school system, in which the morals of the young, and especially of females, are entirely neglected."

The bishop now denies having said this, but the preponderance of evidence is against him, and he must bear the odium of his outrageous attack upon the females of his country, which was actuated by his hostility to the public schools.

WE print the following letter that Mr. Walthall may voice the sentiment of several others:

"PARIS, ILL., Nov. 29, 1887.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* MY TRUTH SEEKER of October 19th was strangely disfigured by advertisments of the TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL and the 'Story Hour,' where they should not hav been. I hav waited thus far to get an explanation, an apology, or a dime to buy a clean copy, neither of which has come to hand. I like the ANNUAL, and will hav one; I also like the 'Story Hour,' but don't want them pasted over Oswald's articles or any one's. But there they are, as thick as the orthodox skull, and as black as a printer's devil. Now, what do you purpose to do about it? Yours for a clean, unmutilated TRUTH SEEKER,

"J. H. WALTHALL."

By this time Mr. Walthall has probably read the "Short Story of an Advertisment," and rejoiced with us that a bright and promising young life was saved by the black but important information conveyed in the picturesque columns of which he complains. Had he been in the Editor's sanctum and heard the cowboy softly singing that hymn about a world fairer than this, he would hav voted to cover up the whole paper with appeals to purchase the ANNUAL and "Story Hour." We solemnly assure Mr. Walthall that there are no copies of that issue without the advertisments.

CATHOLICS and Protestants conceive it to be the duty of each sect to convert the other. Both being followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, giving the coat when the cloak is taken, going two miles when asked to go one, and turning the other cheek when one is smitten, the religious discussions between them are always marked with courtesy, fairness, gentleness, and forbearance. The following dispatch from Biddeford, Maine, to a daily paper of this city illustrates this beautiful spirit of Christianity as fully as can be desired:

"The Rev. Justin D. Fulton, of Brooklyn, who delivered a series of lectures against Romanism here last week, and who created such excitement among the Catholics that the hall was stoned and the lecturer chased by a mob, returned to-night by invitation of the Protestant clergymen of Biddeford and Saco, and will begin another series of lectures on the same subject to-morrow evening. In his pulpit yesterday the Rev. Theodore Gerrish, pastor of the Methodist church, accused Mayor Parcher not only of refusing protection to the meeting, but of declaring that personally he would like to hire a man to kick Dr. Fulton out of town."

Further but more emphatic instances of brotherly love and charity between the religious brethren could be found in ancient, medieval, and modern history, but we can scarcely deem it necessary that they should be adduced here.

MR. JAMIESON wanders a good way from his subject in his contention for the blessed privilege of debating with Clark Braden. His apostrophe to Liberty is pretty enough, but he forgets one thing—that the liberty to *not* debate with Mr. Braden is just as precious as the other sort. To say that refusal to debate with Braden is denying him liberty of speech is—will Mr. Jamieson forgiv us?—the sheerest nonsense. Mr. Jamieson has the liberty to debate or not debate; Clark Braden has the liberty to hire as many halls as he or his friends can pay for; and we hav the liberty to entertain and express our opinion of the whole matter. Let us hav liberty all around, as well as liberty for Braden to vilify Freethinkers. If there is any fundamental principle of Freethought which demands that we shall associate with, or speak to or recognize specimens of totally depraved humanity simply because they are Christians who want to gain notoriety at the expense of our self-respect, then we havn't found and do not want to find it. A Christian has the right to refuse to debate with a Freethinker; of his reasons each must judge for himself. Cook had the right to refuse to meet Mr. Bennett; his infamy consisted in slandering Mr. Bennett's character. Mr. Jamieson has not yet attempted to prove that we hav slandered Braden's. And if Mr. Jamieson chooses to bear slanders and then shake hands with his slanderer, he can hav the privilege, of course. The question of free speech is not in the least involved.

WE must this week pay to one who was almost an inmate of THE TRUTH SEEKER home the last office left to grief. William W. Warner, of this city, who died under peculiarly sad circumstances on the 26th ult., was our friend, and a Freethinker whose work was none the less valuable that it was performed unostentatiously. He was in young manhood's prime, which makes his sudden death the more grievous to his friends. The daily papers hav reported his demise all wrong, owing to unscrupulous maliciousness on the part of the gentlemen who gather news for their columns. Mr. Warner was an intimate friend of many in this office, and consequently a frequent caller. He made his last visit on Friday afternoon, November 25th. He left about six o'clock and went directly to his hotel, where he met and conversed with friends until late at night, when he went to his room. Not appearing the next day, the landlord entered his room and found that death had intervened. A physician gave the cause as congestion of the brain, incited by a congestiv chill, to which Mr. Warner was occasionally subject. The surmises of suicide or foul play by the reporters were pure invention and wholly unfounded, and hav been the cause of much grief and indignation to his friends. Mr. Warner was buried at Tarrytown, by the side of his wife. He leaves a daughter of seven years of age, residing with his father, Judge Warner, of Waverly. He was thirty-four years old, and had been a practicing lawyer for several years. It was owing to his extensiv knowledge of law that we were able, last year, to giv the Liberals the valuable compilation of Sunday and blasphemy legislation in our ANNUAL. He was religiously educated, but early reasoned himself out of the church. He was a clear thinker, a shrewd lawyer, had an abundant stock of humor and good nature, and was a hearty and healthy friend to possess. In his pocket was found this bit of poetry, written when he was editor of the *Latest News*, called, "Snowfall," after Nicholas Lenau:

"The snow falls through a breathless air,
It's gray forms trooping ceaseless by;
The few dull sounds seem strangely near—
Close draws the fleecy, pallid sky.

"Wide as the scene, a shroud of white
Rests soft as grief's last sad caress;
No dead leaf wakes to fitful flight,
The somber pines droop murmurless.

"The sullen, sunless sky is gone,
Fast closing night blots out the day:
The dark stream rolls in silence on
Along its ice-bound traceless way.

"So to the woes of weary life
Death brings the long-sought blest surcease;
And grim remorse and passion's strife
Are hushed in everlasting peace."

This picture of a winter-evening snow-storm in the country is daintily painted. Our friend has found on his last couch that everlasting peace which his poetic sight placed in the kindly hand of Death.

### A Few Suggestions.

It is not the worst use that a few dollars can be put to, to buy a few books for holiday presents. Books are pleasant companions, lasting souvenirs of friendship, and convincing teachers. We respectfully present the following list of elegantly bound volumes, hoping that our friends will remember the foregoing briefly-stated facts and send us their orders:

PROSE POEMS. By R. G. Ingersoll. A magnificent present for anyone. It is quarto size, has a fine steel engraving of Colonel Ingersoll, and in the fine editions is truly a royal gift. Cloth, $2.50; half calf, 4.50; half morocco, $5; tree calf, $9.

INGERSOLL'S COMPLETE WORKS. These are his principal lectures bound in one volume. A handsome book, for $5.

PAINE'S COMPLETE WORKS. This volume includes all of Paine's noted books, and there is no better volume to present to an "almost persuaded" friend. Cloth, $3; leather, $4; morocco, $4.50.

A TRUTH SEEKER AROUND THE WORLD. Mr. Bennett's last labor, and a splendid history of the world of to-day. We hav a few complete sets (four volumes) of this in morocco, gilt edges, for $10.50.

GODS AND RELIGIONS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES. The great and useful work prepared by Mr. Bennett during his incarceration in the Albany penitentiary, the infamy of which incarceration is known to all. This work is in two large volumes, leather covered, for $7; morocco, $8.

SUPERNATURAL RELIGION. If any Infidel numbers a minister among his acquaintances he should present him with this book, and put him under bonds to study it. The minister's congregation will feel the good effects. Bound in leather—the book, not the congregation—$5; in morocco, $5.50.

VOLTAIRE'S ROMANCES. We hav some of these bound in half calf, gorgeous in appearance and instructiv as well as amusing in substance, which sell for $4. In cloth, $1.50.

ALL IN A LIFE-TIME. By Susan H. Wixon, the loved editor of our Children's Corner. It is handsomely bound, and ought to be an acceptable present to anyone. Price, $1.50.

APPLES OF GOLD. This is a book suitable for youths of both sexes. Finely gotten up, interesting and instructiv. Price, $1.25.

For the children we hav THE STORY HOUR and LITTLE LESSONS. The first, by Miss Wixon, is quarto, board covers, and filled with handsome pictures and useful stories. The price is $1. Little Lessons, by Aunt Elmina, is smaller in size, but scientifically useful, as teaching dry facts in a graceful and entertaining manner. Price, 40 cents.

There are a great many more splendid works in our list, and orders for them will be received with thankfulness and filled with promptness.

### The Minister and the Dray-Horse.

Dr. Fry, in the *Central Christian Advocate*, closing an article about the Andover controversy, says: "As Methodists, therefore, we hav no need of a second probation to make our theology consistent and humane. We believe that the present is the only probation the race will hav, and that those who do not in this life hav a revelation of the gospel, and liv as nearly up to the light they hav as saved believers liv up to the light they hav, will be saved without a second probation, by the atonement of Christ.

What the Rev. Dr. Fry "believes" about the hereafter is utterly and insanely idiotic as a basis or motiv for the most trivial action. Why will men of sense stultify themselvs by talking and arguing about matters they are as ignorant of as a dray-horse?—*Industrial Appeal*.

# Letters from Friends.

GARDEN CITY, KAN., Nov. 19, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: We hav had Mr. S. W. Bell with us this week, and I want to say to you, and to the Liberal readers of your very valuable paper throughout the country, that we hav had a splendid treat in listening to three of his grand lectures. Mr. Bell is gentlemanly and agreeable in manners, and in style instructiv, earnest, and convincing. Altogether he has made the best impression on our people of any Liberal speaker that has ever been here. It would afford us a great entertainment if we could get some one of our preachers to hold a debate with him, but so good a thing is not to be expected. H. C. ST. JOHN.

STEUBENVILLE, O., Nov. 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $1.15 for TRUTH SEEKER binder and "Contradictions of the Bible." I was pleased to see Mrs. Freeman's article on "Hell and Hanging" in to-day's TRUTH SEEKER. It is well enough to speak out now on that great crime at Chicago, but if all who saw what a crime against humanity the hanging of those men would be had come out like men and demanded their liberation, they never would hav dared to hang them, especially if the Knights of Labor at Milwaukee had spoken in their favor with no uncertain sound; but Powderly, the tool of the pope, choked them off, and would not hav a word said to save them. That proves what I hav often said—it is no use trying to benefit mankind until this superstition is rooted from their minds. JNO. DOWNES.

SANTA, CAL., Nov. 18, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav been reading THE TRUTH SEEKER for the last two years. I hav always believed in Freethought and hav never believed in this hell-fire and brimstone that we hear so much of in our raising; that is, if we are raised by Christian parents. Now I think when a man dies that is the last of him. The spirit that livs after we die is very good for the preachers to use to scare women and children, so that the preachers can be kept from making a living by the sweat of their brows. Now, I see that some of your correspondents advocate social freedom, and others advocate woman's rights. I am opposed to both those principles. I don't think a lady or a gentleman would countenance free love, and I know that no lady would advocate it if she knew the true position that it puts her in.

I hope that you will excuse bad spelling and poor writing, for I came to this coast in 1850, and I was nothing but a small boy. If you wish to publish this or any part of it, you hav my consent. G. W. JENSON.

DIANA, TEXAS, Nov. 17, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $5, which will giv the grand old TRUTH SEEKER to me and a new subscriber for another year.

I thank you for continuing the paper after my time had expired. Circumstances were such that I could not remit sooner. I hav been the only subscriber to your valuable paper at this place for several years, but now you will hav another, who, I think, will be a permanent one from this time on. I do not feel quite so lonely now as heretofore. My friend says that THE TRUTH SEEKER is the best paper that he ever saw, and I agree with him. I think the pictures a great addition. Heston is a brick. May his star never grow dim.

We are greatly in need of a Liberal lecturer in this part of the country, and would gladly hav some one of its able advocates pass this way. We will do all that we can for him.

That you may liv long and enjoy good health is the wish of your friend, J. M. WOODS.

MILTON, DAK., Nov. 13, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find five dollars, for which mark my tab on your paper as far ahead as it will take it.

For real honesty, true manly courage, and morality, THE TRUTH SEEKER stands without a peer in America. Yes (using Colonel Ingersoll's words), it "stands like a plumed knight and throws its lance against the forehead of hypocrisy," holy cant, and fraud. Like a faithful sentinel, it givs the alarm when that old fraud, the church, undertakes any scheme to undermine the free institutions of our glorious country. It sides with the weak, and sympathizes with the oppressed. It sheds a halo of light in every house it enters where there is intelligence enough to understand it; that is, where the priest has not assassinated the reason of parent and children. Long may it liv to bless the world. S. E. HAIGHT.

P.S.—Brothers Putnam, Reynolds, Jamieson, and Bell, I would ask, Is north Dakota never to hav the honor of having the bread of life broken by some of you in her borders?

S. E. H.

WORCESTER, MASS., Nov. 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I write to let you know how God's goodness is shedding itself abroad upon me. Not having seen my father, mother, and brother for some time, I went up to Fitchburg day before yesterday for that purpose, thinking to stop over Thanksgiving day. I was kindly but reservedly received by my folks, who are Christians of the "Plymouth Brethren" type. Father is an evangelist who averages about six converts a year. I refrained from expressing any of my Liberal ideas out of respect for them, till about three minutes before dinner to-day, when father, while talking, said that "the fool hath said within his heart, There is no God." And when he finished speaking I ventured to reply: "Yes, but the wise man speaks it right out, just as I do. Christians often think it, but do not dare say it." The result was that he gave me to understand that I could get out of his house at once. I inquired if he meant for me to go before dinner, and he replied that he meant what he said. I at once prepared to go, and my brother complied with my request to accompany me to the railroad station. I left on the one o'clock train, and liv to be thankful that Christian fathers cannot murder their children in this country as they hav in others.

I remain a more determined foe to superstition than ever before. DR. C. L. HASKELL.

FARLEY, IOWA, Nov. 21, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: As my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER, truth finder, and truth teller expires some time this month, I herewith send you a "V" to pay my fare two annual stations ahead.

I am very glad indeed that Mrs. Slenker is out of the clutches of that Comstock mob, but sorry that it could not hav been brought about by a clear vindication by the jury, rather than through a technical point in the indictment. But be it as it is, let us rejoice that she is free. Your stand in the Anarchist trial in Chicago is correct, as I see it, and if the feeling among the working classes in other sections is the same as it is here, it will add 500,000 men to the sympathizers if not to the Socialistic ranks. The execution of those men on the 11th inst. is the great theme of conversation, and it is very common to hear it stamped as murder.

Reading the trial, or rather the history of it, reminds one of the days of the holy Inquisition and the tribunals set up for the trial of witches.

"The powers that be" seem to hav no more idea of justice now in the trial of a Socialist than they did then in the trial of a heretic or a witch, and I do not believe that it will be many years before the state of Illinois will be as much ashamed of the 11th of November as is the church to-day of her punishment of witches, and the burning of Servetus and Bruno.

H. GILMORE.

PIPPIN LAKE FARM, Nov. 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Our Society is filled with new life and vigor, having just experienced the vivifying influence of a course of three lectures, given November 20th and 21st, by that pioneer in Freethought endeavor, Dr. J. L. York. Great as were our expectations, they were more than realized in the doctor's able and convincing way in which he taught his hearers to learn the science of life, or how to be happy; to know the truths of evolution and to feel that higher inspiration, or how God speaks to man. Without dogmatizing about the unknown, he summoned all his strong energies to enable his audiences to see the duties of this life, and to better our condition in this world. With that freedom of expression peculiar to Western life he put the vigor of his strong mentality into his telling points of logic, climaxing and clinching each with a magnetic and forcible, "Do you see it?" His over-flowing social good nature and manifest deep sincerity endear him to the people who come within the reach of his magnetism.

Brother York should be heard by every one who cares to enjoy an intellectual feast. From the lips of all who heard him here comes praise of his worth and work among us.

As soon as the announcement of his coming, parson and priest hobnobbed, and the silent prayer went out to immutable law to provide a storm to welcome the doctor's coming, and sure enough a furious blizzard arose soon after Mr. York's arrival. The temperature changed from 60° to 13° above zero. Having no Christ to say to the troubled elements, "Peace, be still," we had to brave the storm and inclemency of the weather, or stay away from the lectures. Many chose the latter course. With the departure of the agitator, strange to say, came balmy weather again. In the face of such an experience who will dare to say that prayer is not answered? MARIUS HEIGHTON,
Secretary Kent, O., Secular Union.

ROCHESTER, MICH., Nov. 21, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please find $1.25 for one copy each of TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL for 1888 and "The Story Hour."

My wife and self hav been much interested in the splendid variety of printed matter in your columns during the year. We hope the charming chapters from Felix Oswald will, before long, find themselvs in book form. Putnam's letters from the Far West, so cheery and brave, and withal poetic and musical, suggest the having an orchestral accompaniment in their reading to giv them the highest effect. To one who has read Field's open letter, and then Ingersoll's answer, most of which we found copied in a late number of THE TRUTH SEEKER, there seems but little left unsaid. The rejoinder appears complete, like a work of art from one of the old masters. But time and space fail us to refer to one in ten of the good things from the talented writers at your command.

Now, a little *per contra*. The illustrations on the *first* page of your paper seem, in the main, finely designed and strikingly executed. The take-off is timely, and usually hits hard; but not quite so those, or most of them, on the *last* page. The caricature of a death-scene, as if it were merely an old obsolete orthodox notion, is not, in my estimation, a happy treatment of the subject. Such scenes happen to be real. Most of us hav been present at them, and a burlesque on the like is what some of us very little enjoy. Again, in Heston's handling of the generally regarded coarse and, if you please, obscene portions of the Jewish Bible-history, we can but feel there is often very bad taste displayed. I allude, for instance, to the Tamar and Potiphar's wife scenes. Such methods are well calculated to defeat the desired object. Between the lines of the artist's drawing he appears to depict himself, perhaps unwittingly, as gloating over his subject. That particular use of the Heston spyglass reminds one of those pure and pious sisters who, with a mock-injured innocence, complained to their pastor of Deacon Jones's indecency in going a-bathing right before them. When it became known that *he* was a half-mile away and that *they* had been looking through a field-glass, the painstaking in the discovery somewhat damaged the sincerity of their claim.

If the able and judicious Editor of the foremost Freethought journal of the country shall determin that after the first of January next he will discontinue all further illustrations to his paper, here is one, at least, who over the loss won't invest a cent in crape, but still be glad, if not more so, that THE TRUTH SEEKER will continue to be due him till 1889.

C. H. GREENE.

HOME CITY, Nov. 22, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In the November 19th issue of THE TRUTH SEEKER Mr. A. D. Swan says it is a shame to call Chicago bloodthirsty. I say it is a shame that there are such bloodthirsty Freethinkers as he. Here is an example: "I received a letter before election telling me to keep my mouth shut or I would be hanged some night. I know the man, or suppose I know him, who wrote the letter. Now, hav I a right to kill him? No. I must wait until he kills me; then I can defend myself or be killed. It is the same with the state of Illinois. It could not prove that any one of them threw the bomb, but they must hang because they said they would." What logic! Further on he says: "The home of the free and the brave." He seems to think by the last war the whole problem of mental and personal liberty has been solved. He stands not a jot higher than the church-member, and if he would read THE TRUTH SEEKER carefully every week, and think, he soon would develop a step higher. "Everybody can get land just for nothing; pay for fee a mere trifle." Yes, come out here, Mr. Swan, on this cheap land, and you can raise corn, if you get any, and pay to the railroad twenty cents a bushel, and you get fifteen cents; buy coal for $6 or $7 a ton; coffee, thirty cents a pound. Fat cattle bring two cents a pound. Everything you buy is in the hands of monopoly, and so is what you sell. Free speech is suppressed wherever there is an opportunity. Sunday laws are enforced everywhere. Prohibition is forced on the people. The mail is watched by spies, and, worst of all, the election is run by money and low-lived politicians. And yet Mr. Swan has the courage to tell intelligent men this is the country for the free! FRANK VOGLER.

SODUS, N. Y., Nov. 21, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Your postal receipt received; shall look for one every year as long as I liv. And you shall hav the money in advance. If Liberals can't pay, it is far better to tell the Editor. It is bad enough to be abused by religious idiots without being cheated by professing friends. I intend to send order for Ingersoll's complete works before many weeks. If I return to pious old New England—the place I still love—during the winter, I shall certainly giv you a call.

At last, and alas! the final act has been acted out with startling reality. History will point the finger of scorn and contempt at the state of Illinois for this judicial murder. They were brave men, and I respect them dead more than living; and as a fair and impartial man, unaffected by their spoken principles, I say, in a voice of warning, but in no threatening tone, Look out for breakers ahead! If these men had not been friends to the working men and women of this country, if they had not been Infidels, they never would hav been murdered to please a few millionaires and the combined religious press of the country. How grandly and nobly they met their fate, scorning the aid of the pious loafer who is ready to let the most brutal murderer into the kingdom of heaven. As an intelligent workingman I speak for many. We look upon them as martyrs, and their memory will be cherished by thousands as long as we liv; and if ever the struggle for religious supremacy comes, in our day, between Catholicism and Protestantism, we shall remain neutral. The workingmen hav learned this much—the intelligent part—that the church is only a corporation, and the most heartless of all. The priest will take his dime, but he likes the rich man's dollars in the same proportion as the relativ value.

If this should ever happen to meet the eye of some Freethinker, don't go to cussing the Editor of the paper; cuss me alone. I hav smiled sometimes on reading in the communication pages of THE TRUTH SEEKER how some are so shocked to think we are advocating these unlawful opinions. To such we say, Free speech, free press, justice to all, even to the most malicious Methodist mongrel that ever howled at camp-meeting. Mr. Editor, I promised you that I was going to light out on temperance, but I will stop. That is coming next, and then the duck-me-all-over-boys Baptists will catch it. J. E. COY.

SAN JOSÉ, CAL., Oct. 23, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please find inclosed $3 to continue my yearly subscription for the best Freethought and human rights paper in the world. I cannot find words to express my admiration for such benefactors as D. M. Bennett, its founder, and the present Truth Seeker Company, although appearances indicate that the power of mental slavery will outliv us all. Looking about, I behold the flourishing condition of this slave power manifested in its numerous churches (mental slave dungeons), and new churches are being erected daily. Hence it appears to me that there is but one hope in our age, and that hope lies in sowing the seeds of intellectual liberty for future generations. By close observation during the past twenty years I hav come to the conclusion that our greatest drawback in our own so-called Freethought ranks is the indifference to duty and the cowardice displayed by so large a number styling themselvs Freethinkers. It is discouraging. We hav many of this class in our city of San José, the Garden City of California. I hav frequently been out on a mission for the advancement of Secularism and human rights, using my best efforts in support of Freethought and intellectual liberty, opposing the blind followers of priestcraft and their false claims and I find many of the above-mentioned milk-and-water Freethinkers will oppose my efforts invariably, and say, "What is the use of your working against the popular religious and political power? You cannot stay the tide. You only injure yourself and lose

business influence. I would not dare express my private opinion as you do. It would injure my business and standing. Although I think as you do, I frequently feel obliged to contribute something to different sects to aid in keeping up their churches, for many of my customers are church-members, and my wife and children attend church and Sunday-school. So I let them all think as they please, and advise you to do the same. When you are among wolves, howl with them." My reply is ever: "No! If I cannot raise their standard, at least they shall not lower mine, and I shall giv no support to priestcraft or priestly dungeons. I can always be found at my post of duty." R. H. SOHWARTZ.

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CEDARVILLE, N. J., Nov. 21, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Having read THE TRUTH SEEKER for some time, I wish to inform you that I like it very much, and wish to get some of the books and tracts advertised in it. Please send me what are named in the inclosed list. I would also like to hav Ingersoll's reply to Field to circulate among my Christian friends, who are so fond of harping about the advantages and comforts of religion here and hereafter, and the gloomy life and hopeless death of Infidels.

This is a church-going and priest-ridden community, with four preachers living like drones on the earnings of the people, the most of whom hav all they can do to get along and pay their honest debts; but, as the church does a cash business, the parsons get their money, and the tradesmen sometimes do not. Some of them say that Jesus paid their debts, but that don't do the grocer and butcher much good. I wonder why they don't pay the preacher in orders of that kind.

I was raised in the orthodox style, and went to church and Sunday-school in my youth, and for several years I tried earnestly and sincerely to be a Christian, but could not feel the reality of religion and the evidence that I was born again to my own satisfaction, and so I went to reasoning on the subject; and, comparing the practice and professions of Christians, I found that very few, if any, would weigh sixteen ounces to the pound, as they left their religion like their hymn-book in their pews, to stay there till they came there again.

I believe in a creator, not a being, but a principle or element, as light, heat, or electricity; and I do not believe in any revelation handed down from the misty ages gone by, but I think that the lightning, the earthquake, and the cyclone, as well as the laws of the universe and of Nature, prove the existence of a great and incomprehensible power. I don't think that mankind can either glorify or dishonor the great unknowable or cause of all things that exist.

I do not believe in immortality. If there is an immortal principle in us, where was it before we were born? For reason teaches that if it has no end it could not hav any beginning. H. E. EMMAL.

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CONOORD, N. C., Nov. 22, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Is Sunday, or the Sabbath day, of divine origin? If so, hav the governments of the world any power delegated to them, and by whom, to punish violators of the Sabbath? If Sunday is of divine origin and to be kept holy, and all people to be restrained from work on that day, it is strange that God had not distinguished it from the other, or week days, by some visible mark by which it should be known. And the same might be said of Christmas. If Sunday is of divine origin, set apart by God as more holy than the week days, as claimed by the Christians and Biblists, why do they and their courts, of human origin and kept up by human agencies, punish a man who does not believe in such doctrins for working on that day? It is my belief that the courts should attend strictly to their own business, and punish violators of laws against their own governments, and not meddle with the courts or laws of heaven. Suppose the courts of North Carolina should attempt to punish violators of the laws of Canada, Mexico, or even of the United States, would not such courts bring themselvs into ridicule and deserve the contempt of the civilized world? Are not our Sabbatarians going many steps—yes, many leagues—further when they punish persons for violating the laws (as they claim) of God? Is not such practice disgusting, revolting to all Liberals of intelligence? Again, another question arises, and I would like for some Sabbatarian and Bibliarian to answer. If man is punished by earthly courts for violating God's laws, will that satisfy God's displeasure, or will he be punished again by God for the same offense after death? If such is the case, it stands to reason that God will punish those who assumed jurisdiction over his affairs. God placed the Anglo-Saxon in Europe, the African or negro in Africa, and the Indian in America. The Anglo-Saxon came to America, with his Bible in one hand and his musket in the other, revering the holy Sabbath as of divine origin; but finding the red man, on the ground which God had placed him, in their way, they did not persuade him according to the teachings of that Bible, "Thou shalt not kill," but taught them with their muskets. These were the Puritans of the Mayflower, the pilgrims of Plymouth Rock, the persecutors of all who were not orthodox in their creed.

I cannot but believe that the star of Liberalism is in the ascendancy, and the day not far distant when the fog of myth and superstition will hav to giv way to reason and science, and bigotry and persecution as ecclesiastically practiced now will take their stand with the Inquisition in the dead past, never to be resurrected. J. W. MEHAFFEY.

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ADRIAN MICH., Nov. 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Deacon George White, of Seymour, Ind., has been expelled from the church for declaring he believed the world to be one million years old. It served him right; he ought to know better. We hav Bible proof that it was made in a week. A man who utters such sentiments should be put upon probation as long as the devil was chained before he was let loose to pester us poor mortals. It is only equaled by the man in this city whose pension was cut down for alleged blasphemy through misrepresentation of a church-going man; it was for saying there is no personal God the pensioner was interfered with by malicious misrepresentations. He will hav it restored again, however. Thus it is, you must be born again or you will be damned in that place of torment, of fire and brimstone, with the devil and his angels prepared to keep you company through eternal ages, brought about by an all-wise, benign, and loving creator, whose whole aim is for the good of us poor helpless worms of the dust—one who cannot err. What a stupendous job! Only think, all this tremendous formation of worlds and its belongings for arbitrary ends.

Nature, the great architect, has done its work well; its formations are beyond mechanical skill; there is no process in the empire of mechanical inventions whereby worlds can be placed in constellations, or this world can be reversed in its orbit. Neither can you change the seasons or limit twenty-four hours to a minute. Well; but our Bible sage or devotee says God spoke all this stupendous work into existence. Where did he get the spoke from? His speech must hav been a prolific conglomeration, and maybe the poor soul of a devotee to orthodoxy does not know how many times the heart beats a minute, but knows how much he pays the priest to shrive him, and thinks the money paid for such benefits well bestowed. And many children and wives go hungry at home while the priests fatten on their starvation. How long, O humanity! must this be endured? The answer is, until priestcraft is wiped out from the face of the earth, and truth is allowed to expand; but not in our day, O ye Freethinkers! but the day will surely come.

I well remember, when a boy, going to meeting and sitting on a high bench, with my little feet hanging down, my legs thrust through a short pair of wide-legged trousers, with a calico waist too small for me, nearly scared to death listening to the preacher telling of the awful punishment awaiting us in God's future world. Even we little ones were included among the damned. I did not know the meaning of the word hell, but was told it was a place that our heavenly father had prepared for them who did not obey him in all things whatsoever. Finally a preacher came along and preached that babies were in hell who were not longer than his hand. I thought I had the bulge on him, as I was a good deal bigger than that, and he could not mean me. I hav thought since that if there was such a hell as he or they preached about they ought to hav a taste of it for scaring me as they did. If there is a personal God, and if he, as is said, is all love, and infinit, he cannot err. If this be true, then somebody has lied. O. S. BARRETT.

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LEXINGTON, KY., Nov. 9, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Some men love justice more than mere pleasure. They would rather die than abandon the cause. Their souls inhabit a sphere which is not based on sensation. Their business is to set a good and heroic example, to raise the human race to their own exalted level. Behold Socrates, the jewel of the world, condemned to die by the scum of society. Behold Arnold of Brescia, murdered in his cell by order of the pope of Rome. Did Freedom die then? Freedom seems to be always dying. A bishop lately remarked that men, like birds, must hav a leader to direct them and mold their judgment. Among birds there is a silent acquiescence, which proves that their leader is elected, but when the blind attempt to lead the blind, we always expect disastrous results.

When the church rules the state, blind habit, fear, and selfishness drag the soul downward, and there is then an end to evolution. Every throb of triumphant joy which is not pure and noble is followed by disintegration, self-condemnation, and partial wreck. A partial separation from the world, hearts full of pity, hands filled with good works, redeem our nature. A differentiation follows a struggle; and for what is this struggle? To obtain something for the human race which to be deprived of amounts to a living death; something for which deep, holy, earnest hearts hav sighed, agonized, during years of pain. And thus the heart leaps forward; becomes enlarged, nobler, better.

The clergyman said last night that a struggle does no good unless the breath of God fills our sails. Such idle talk coincides with no well received system of philosophy. And still these triflers are pampered and supported by the public. The reason is this—time has not made our philosophy strong enough to sink deep into the human heart; to raise the veil which hides the loathsome Mokanna of orthodoxy. Look at Germany—there philosophy has triumphed; see how the minds of the people are marching toward Rationalism. And the churches, bishops, and pastors are what? A placid-faced bishop used to be called, by some old lady, "a sweet man;" but now, if you affirm that they are silly, pronounced, unmitigated antiquities, no one takes it to heart. A plain, rough German lady said to me to-day that "the creation was a system of degrees—no God made jelly-points; they grew from something else." I thought, also, that Nature's children were not in the clouds; they are safely anchored near her warm, beating heart.

No experience of joy is above the brute's unless it is a germ of that activ holiness which belongs to the universe. And here let me remark that the twenty-four clergymen who approved of the adoption of the Constitution objected to the insertion of the name of God in that instrument. John Fiske remarks that the seeds of modern Infidelity were planted in their hearts.

One thing ought not to be overlooked; it is of no use to speak of peace or quiet in this country while the Catholics are lashed into a foam about the useless way some instructors hav of teaching in the public schools their system of theology. Catholics and Infidels should combine and suppress this.

The Episcopal clergy hav, it seems, decided to insist no longer on the idea of the Apostolic succession as a part of their creed. Such concessions lead us to think that in a few years the moles and the bats, and other interesting creatures, will find pleasant homes in churches, with none to molest them. It is said that more than ever are business affairs engrossed by the few, and the masses must take the pittance which is doled out to them, consuming it mournfully in some corner, or die. Society is honeycombed by these plots and stratagems of rich men. Their webs are woven in every corner. No law hinders them; no arm arrests them; the voice of justice is faint and seldom heard. And yet the alarum falls upon the drowsy ear, and the few lion-hearted men who enter their protest are hurried to a dungeon. Liberty is dying in the house of her friends.

During some thrilling pause, Heber Newton cheered on Christians who are evoluting into Buddhism; and we might add, Peruse Chinese poetry, dear friends, so as never to lose sight of the streets of gold, the seas of glass, there described.

ALHAZA.

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BRUNSWICK, GA., Nov. 19, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Some people seem not to understand the main principle of THE TRUTH SEEKER or its editorials, as for instance Mr. Swan, of Ohio, who objects because you asked for justice for the Chicago Anarchists; and Mr. Aitken, of Long Island, who finds fault because you do not indorse the Anti-Poverty Society. Now, as I look at it, THE TRUTH SEEKER is a paper that kindly offers its columns to all for the expression of their views, and the Editor has equal rights with the rest. While Messrs. Swan and Aitken are afforded the opportunity to express their own notions, they should not object if others are given the same privilege.

What does Mr. Swan mean by "the land of the free?" Is that land free where a man may be arrested for expressing his disbelief in religious dogmas, or may be put in jail for editing a paper like *Lucifer*, or where a woman like Mrs. Slenker may be imprisoned as in the case we are all familiar with? Is it liberty if a man dare not declare his opinion? This government givs equal rights to all on paper only. The Anarchists of Chicago had a full and undoubted right to express their views, and the police were unjustified in breaking up their meeting. The right of free speech has no limit; if you put bounds to it, it is no longer free. Ideas are dangerous only when under the pressure of enforced silence. I do not claim to be infallibly right in my opinion, but I do claim—and I shall defend this claim to my last breath—the right to hold my opinion and to express it. Instead of condemning the Editor, Mr. Swan, you should applaud and defend him for having the courage of his convictions. I may not indorse your views, but I respect your right to proclaim them. Giv to others the privilege you claim for yourself.

If you knew more, Mr. Swan, about the men who died in Chicago on the 11th of November, you would not talk as you do about them. It does not matter whether they were wrong or right. The question is, Were they guilty of murder or treason? If you will read the United States Constitution, you will see that the law does not recognize treason except in two cases, neither of which applies to these men. No reasonable man can find the least evidence that they had anything to do with the killing of those policemen. Let me tell you that the people of Illinois hav done themselvs more harm in hanging those men than they could possibly hav done by letting them liv.

Capital punishment, in my opinion, is nothing but the enforcement of the claimed right of those possessing power. The state, no more than the individual, has the right to kill except in self-defense. I am not for the throwing of bombs, or shells, or dynamite; neither am I on the side of those who expect too much from the sweet by and by that will come and make things better. A revolution is good if the cause is good. This late war was the same in one way as the struggle of the laboring class in the United States in the other. By waiting and waiting the slave would not hav been free to-day. But for the war they would hav been slaves now. And so with the workingmen—they will never get their right if they do not help themselvs. To expect something from the Congress and Senate in their favor is nonsense. You know that the most of our legislators are corrupt and on the side of the money party. Do you call it honest for a person to accumulate a million dollars? My idea is that a person should not possess wealth which he has not worked for. Now, you are not going to tell me that Vanderbilt and Gould hav a right to own the immense amount of money and land they possess. They stole it—everybody knows it—and still everybody lets them hav it.

No, sir, though I am not an Anarchist I say, Hats off to those five men that died in Chicago for the sake of the emancipation of the poor man. They had their faults, but I think we all hav them. In a Western paper I read the following on the case: "There is no test of a higher civilization of a people so valuable and so complete as the test of their ability to invite the discussion of the most dangerous theories that threaten civilization. This best lesson in the philosophy of agitation the American people hav not fully learned. They would not tolerate the fullest and frankest discussion of slavery, and they are not showing the disposition, I regret to say, to accord to the complicated and delicate relation of labor and capital the careful and searching attention they deserve" (John Snyder in *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*).

Enough. I am taking too much space. It is not for myself, but for those who are dead, that I write these lines. History will judge who was right—who was more guilty of murder, those five or the sheriff that hung them. As for a policeman, I will tell you that next to a clergyman he is the most detestable being in my eye. I thank the Editor for his kind words in behalf of the men that died for the sake of their fellow-workingman. FRED. L. HOFFMAN.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## The Pilgrim Mothers.

Now the Pilgrim fathers long
Hav been rehearsed in story,
And the patriotic song
Commemorates their glory;
But the Pilgrim mothers, too,
Deserve a kindly mention,
For their gentle hearts were true
'Mid danger's intervention.

From sad want they suffered more
Than they had words for telling,
Yet they pain in patience bore,
Whilst dread foreboding feeling.
With no wishes to be great,
They filled a noble station,
At the foundation of the state,
As mothers of the nation.

Thank the heroes of the past;
Bless heroins most truly;
Hold their virtues ever fast
And emulate them duly.
Praises giv to all the brave,
Americans or others;
In deepest memory engrave—
The grand old Pilgrim mothers.

JOHN PRESCOTT GUILD.

## One at a Time.

One step at a time, and that well placed,
We reach the grandest hight;
One stroke at a time, the earth's hidden stores
Will slowly come to light;
One seed at a time, and the forest grows;
One drop at a time, and the river flows
Into the boundless sea.

One word at a time, and the greatest book
Is written and is read;
One stone at a time, and the palace rears
Aloft its stately head;
One blow at a time, and the tree's cleft through,
And a city will stand where the forest grew
A few short years before.

One foe at a time, and he subdued,
And the conflict will be won;
One grain at a time, and the sand of life
Will slowly all be run;
One minute, another, the hours fly;
One day at a time our lives speed by
Into eternity.

One grain of knowledge, and that well stored,
Another, and more on them,
And as time rolls on your mind will shine
With many a garnered gem
Of thought and wisdom. And time will tell.
"One thing at a time and that done well,"
Is wisdom's proven rule. —*Golden Days.*

## Biographical.

FRANCES WRIGHT.

Frances Wright was born in Dundee, Scotland, Sept. 6, 1795, and she was one of the bravest and most highly gifted women that ever came into being. From her father she inherited those elements of character that made her a fearless and eloquent reformer, while from her mother she received fine analytical powers, and an aptitude to perform thoroughly and properly whatever she undertook. Her father was at one time under the governmental watch for circulating Paine's "Rights of Man." He was a man of great ability, but he, as well as the mother of Frances Wright, died early, leaving Frances and two other children, baby orphans, but with means to educate and bring them up properly. Frances had quick perceptions and a rare genius that was soon observed by her teachers and others. Once at school she asked her teacher a question that he could not answer, as was often the case; this time he told her that her question was dangerous. Looking up with flashing eyes and a bright color in her cheeks, she inquired, "*Can the truth be dangerous?*"

She was studious and philosophical, and, withal, sweet, modest, and sympathetic. When only fifteen she began to study the labor problem, and at that time solemnly promised herself that she would wear the cause of the poor and oppressed in her heart as long as she lived, and would do all in her power to relieve their woes and distresses, a promis that she faithfully kept to the end of her life. When a young lady of twenty she visited America, and afterward wrote a book entitled, "Views of Society and Manners in America," which was received with great favor, and was translated into several languages. She held up some of the institutions of this country so well, showing their worth and importance, that a general interest in them was awakened for the first time among Europeans.

Among her friends was the Marquis de Lafayette, who thought highly of her wonderful abilities, and she once visited him at Paris, by special invitation.

In 1824 she came again to America, this time determined to make it her future home. She became greatly interested in the subject of slavery as it was then carried on in the Southern states, and conceived a plan for the emancipation of the slaves. She traveled all through the South, and talked with the slaveholders upon the subject that agitated her free and liberty-loving mind. To illustrate her plan she bought two thousand acres of land in Tennessee, where the city of Memphis now stands. She also bought slaves and placed them on the land to cultivate it, while she employed a system of education, hoping to teach them to take care of themselvs, when she would send them to Hayti, as a country free to all of their color. Her scheme did not prove as productiv of good as her sanguin mind anticipated, and she was forced to abandon it after awhile. Her attempt, however, proves the nobleness of her nature that could not look upon distress and not try to alleviate it. As John Brown stood at Harper's Ferry at a later day, so she stood at Nashoba, the name of her place, pleading for right and justice to a race bound in the chains of serfdom.

She was editor of the *Free Enquirer*, together with Robert Owen, a Liberal newspaper, printed at New Harmony, and later in New York city, when that paper was the only one in the country entirely free from superstitious taint, party or sectarian influence. She became a lecturer of great ability, and went all about the country, speaking in the larger cities in favor of a free and Liberal policy in the government. Halls and churches were closed to her, and she usually spoke in theaters, but was terribly denounced on account of her radical opinions by pulpit and press. In those days it was the custom to stretch ropes across the streets to prevent travel while "divine services" were going on. Once, while she was lecturing, she said: "Do you wish me to name an instance of religious tyranny to-day? Go, look at the chains stretched across your streets!" The effect is said to hav been electric and startling. She was cheered to the echo, and soon after the chains were removed, never to appear again for such a purpose.

She was once turned away from a hotel in New York on account of her radical sentiments.

After severing her connection with the *Free Enquirer* she was associated with Abner Kneeland in publishing the Boston *Investigator*. She continued writing and lecturing as long as her health would permit. Her greatest work is entitled "A Few Days in Athens," which she wrote in her nineteenth year, and it is full of rare beauty and is of great worth. The chapters on Virtue, Happiness, and Religion are exceptionally fine, and will bear re-reading many times.

She believed in coöperation, in a national and rational education, and was among the first to advocate schools of industry along with those of mental training. She advocated the higher education of woman, was a believer in universal suffrage, and in all reforms that would make humanity better, truer, nobler.

In 1831 she was married to a Frenchman, M. Phiquepal d'Arusmont, but the marriage was said to be not a happy one. She was called an extremely handsome and attractiv woman. She was a great thinker, when it was most unpopular for women to think at all except upon frivolous or religious subjects. She was foremost in all good works, in advancing new ideas of education, in starting the progress of Freethought in this country, and in stirring the Abolitionists to action by calling their attention to the gigantic evils of slavery. With Mary Wolstonecraft and Ernestine L. Rose, she started the element of woman suffrage in this country, and struck brave blows for religious emancipation.

She was the object of long and bitter vituperation, on account of her opinions, and was spoken of as "that notorious Fanny Wright." But through all she maintained the spotless purity of character, and of noble conduct that won her many friends among the best thinkers of the age. She was a brilliant reformer, giving time, talent, opportunity, and wealth to the uplifting of the down-trodden and oppressed, and to the furtherance of universal mental liberty.

This brave woman, peerless among her sex, died in Cincinnati (Ohio) in 1852. She left the world better than she found it, and her memory is as sweet and fragrant as the summer flowers.

Her many good words and works deserve to be engraved in gold and marble, and her name should occupy a high place among the world's saviors and redeemers. S. H. W.

## Correspondence.

GREENCASTLE, IND., Nov. 26, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Please put this in the paper for Pearl Deury:

FRIEND PEARL: I saw your request to hav some one correspond with you and I thought I would try and see. If you like me we will be friends for life. I feel sorry for anyone who has no mother; my mother is very sick and nearly died last winter. Aren't the pictures nice in THE TRUTH SEEKER? I like them ever so much.

I am taking music-lessons in the college here. I am going to play a piece at a recital Wednesday night—wish you were here to go to it. My father keeps a jewelry store and I help him when I am not in school. I am in the seventh-year grade this year. Well, I think this is about long enough for the first time. Answer soon. From your friend,

LILAH BOLEY.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 25, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: This is only the second letter that I hav written to the Children's Corner, but will try to write more frequently. There are quite a number of young folks who write to you, but not quite as many as there were when the Children's Corner was first in THE TRUTH SEEKER. I hav an allegory on the digestion of a caramel, or the journey of Miss Carrie Sweet through the body.* I will send it if you think it would do for the Children's Corner. My teacher thinks it very good. I often hav arguments with the schoolgirls, and once with two teachers and the principal. All of the scholars and teachers are Christians, and I am the only Freethinker among them—the only one that does thinking for myself; the rest let the minister and priest do theirs. I am in my last year of school; expect to graduate next June.

I will now close, hoping to communicate with some of the young folks of the Children's Corner about or above my own age, which is seventeen years.

Seeing the notice from Fred L. Hoffman, I will direct my letter to the place named.

Yours very truly, ALMA V. WINEMAN.

P.S.—Fred L. Hoffman, please address your letters to me.

MISS ALMA V. WINEMAN, 22 Washtenaw av., Chicago, Ill.

* You can send the allegory, and, if suitable, we will publish it in the Corner.—ED.

BRUNSWICK, GA., Nov. 24, 1887.

MY DEAR MISS WIXON: Thanksging to-day by the order of the president. Not knowing exactly what to thank God for, I think the best way to spend this afternoon is to write to the Corner of ours, so kindly offered by our great friend THE TRUTH SEEKER.

I wish to tell you of a little incident that happened last night. At about three o'clock the fire-bell rang and pistol-shots were fired. House on fire. When I went out the whole sky was red, and in the near distance I saw a two-story frame house on fire. All was burnt, and the people saved nothing but themselvs. What shall they thank God for to-day? Probably, that they are not living at the North Pole so that they would hav to freeze, and that they saved their lives, but I don't know. I think they will feel everything else toward God but thankful.

To receive a letter from the South is a rare occurrence for our Corner, and I wish it had not to be myself to write, but some other admirer of THE TRUTH SEEKER and friend of Miss Wixon. Very few Freethinkers are here, and a person has to risk much even to acknowledge his Infidelity. People are very ignorant down here (that means the majority), and awfully hateful toward those that differ in faith. But I do not feel discouraged. No, not for anything would I giv up my Freethought and Liberal opinions, and—well, those that think the same. Children, you will not always find it easy to declare your faith, but I ask you not to care. Remember that on you depends the future generation—that the way you think now and the way you are brought up will be the way you will probably go through life. Everyone can do his share and no one should think that her or his work won't amount to much, but fearless and with joy work for the grand movement for the emancipation of thought, for the struggle of universal mental Liberty.

There rests more responsibility on you children than you think. Who were the men that shaped this republic? Hamilton, John Adams, Franklin, Washington, Thomas Paine, Jefferson, Madison, etc., were nearly all young men. Some folks will tell you that now, as most of the old generals in the late war are dead, they do not know whom the safety of the country could depend on in case of war. I laugh about it. There hav always been, and always will be, great men and great minds when the opportunity demands it. There is no fear that there will not be a second Logan or Hancock, but perhaps there will be two for every one. Don't look backward; look always forward. Do not think as the majority of the people think, but think the way your own brain will lead you. Do what you think to be right, and if found to be wrong by the majority of the people, be noble and suffer the consequence. Most men believe what others tell them to believe, but I tell them to stop following churches, or creeds, or political parties, and think for themselvs.

But I am afraid to get too lengthy in my letter, and so shall hav to close. Closing, let me tell you that that religion which teaches you to despise others because they differ in opinion or ideas can never be good, but in itself is despicable. Before you is a grand work, a great revolution, nothing less than the breaking down of the power of the Christian church, and if the coming generation will accomplish this, it will immortalize itself. But to take part in this struggle everyone must be honest and true to himself and others. The future religion is based on truth and honesty, and therefore we hav to be honest and true ourselvs. Do what we teach, so that others will be convinced by our own deeds.

FRED L. HOFFMAN.

## What the Old Hen Said.

Into the house he came running,
And begged me to cut off his curls,
Over his head richly clustered
As bright and as fair as a girl's.

"Why would you lose them, my darling?"
"Because our old hen," pouted he,
"Screams when we meet, 'Get your hair cut!
Get your hair cut!'—I know she means me!"

—*George Cooper in Our Little Ones.*

## The Class in Scripture.

A lady asked one of the children in her Sunday-school class, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, ma'am," was the reply. The little girl had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

"In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" questioned a teacher of the stolid-looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," was the quiet response.

"What is the outward and visible sign in baptism?" asked a lady of her Sunday-school class. There was silence for some seconds, and then a girl broke in triumphantly with, "The baby, please, ma'am."

"Do you know, mamma, I don't believe Solomon was so rich after all?" observed a sharp boy to his mother, who prided herself on her orthodoxy. "My child!" she exclaimed in pious horror, "what does the Bible say?" "That's just it," he answered. "It says that 'Solomon slept with his fathers.' Now, surely, if he had been rich he'd hav had a bed to himself."

A teacher, in trying to explain to her scholars the meaning of repentance, used this illustration: "Suppose a bad boy were to steal an orange, and his good mother should catch him with it, and take him by the hand gently and tell him how wicked it is, and how very, very grieved she was; don't you think, now, that the little boy ought to feel very sorry?" One of the scholars eagerly replied: "Yes, mum." "And why, Marmaduke?" "'Cause." "Because why, Marmaduke?" "Because he hadn't et the orange befo' his ma cotch him and tuck it away from him!"—*Chambers's Journal.*


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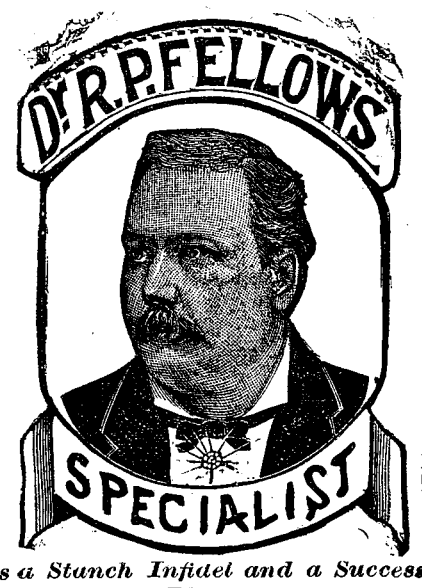
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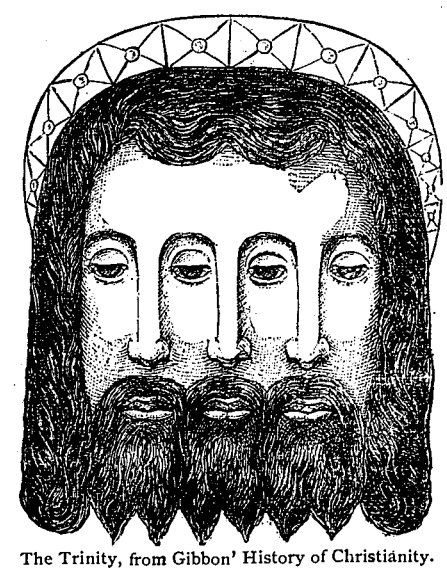
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# Poetry.

## The Heathen's Lament.

Oh, my heart is sadly grieving over news received to-day—
It came by ocean cable to the shores of old Cathay:
At a far-off mission meeting, with most Christian wisdom crammed,
It's been settled that our fathers are irrevocably damned.

To the Christian New Jerusalem, with radiant streets of gold,
There's no entrance for the heathen without Jesus, we are told;
And though our fathers never heard of any such a man,
That cannot change the working of the everlasting plan.

Now, we're not so very captious, only ignorant and weak;
We would gladly be converted, we are teachable and meek;
But, because a man's a Hindoo, it doesn't follow as a rule
He must therefore be considered an unmitigated fool.

So, when a missionary of the gospel came to tell
If we didn't come to Jesus we must surely go to hell,
Old Rabjarkee rose and asked him, if a man had died in sin,
Never hearing of the savior, so's to get a passport in,

And then if, somewhat later, without favor of the board
He somehow got a tardy introduction to the Lord;
If he then with joy accepted him, and for his sins repented,
Might his future not be brighter than the board had represented?

The preacher felt at once the point that pierced his dark-skinned brother;
His heathen soul was troubled—*he was thinking of his mother!*
So he told him how the prodigal was welcomed at the door,
Without the slightest question why he hadn't come before.

And the poor old man was comforted, the tears stood in his eyes;
He grasped the missionary's hand and said in glad surprise,
"I believe in God, the father ever willing to forgiv;
I will henceforth love and worship him so long as I may liv."

But it seems that missionary made a terrible mistake,
And is no more counted worthy the bread of life to break;
So the board has called him back, and forbidden him to preach
E'en the possib e forgivness that he thinks the gospels teach.

So our hearts are sadly grieving o'er the news received to-day—
The news that came by cable to the shores of old Cathay,
That hereafter, to be valid, every pardon of the Lord
Must be countersigned by Secretary Alden of the board.

And we weep, for our dilemma is as bad as bad can be;
But—if heaven is only open to the scribe and pharisee,
Since the company's so much better, though the climate's not so well,
With our fathers and our mothers, *we would rather go to hell.* —*Life.*

## A Financial Creed.

O money! O money! thy praises I sing!
Thou art my consoler, my god, and my king.
'Tis for thee that I preach, 'tis for thee that I pray,
And make a collection twice every Lord's day.

I hav candles and all sorts of dresses to buy;
I wish you to know that my church is quite high—
High in its structure, its steeple, and wall;
So high that the Lord does not reach it at all.

I hav poor in my parish who need some relief;
I preach to their poverty, pray to their grief;
I send round the box to them morning and night,
And hope they'll remember the poor widow's mite.

This is the creed, and I'll not preach without it.
The heavens are closed to all that may doubt it.
This is the essence of this pleasant religion—
Come regular to church and be plucked like a pigeon.

## Superstition Among the Bulgarians.

*Olive Harper in Demorest's Monthly.*

There are few industries in Bulgaria, even in the largest cities, and it seems a question how the people liv. The houses in the cities are in the main comfortable, though built in the Turkisk style; but the streets are narrow, ill-paved, and without sewerage or sidewalks. Churches abound, Greek predominating, and in every direction can be heard the peculiar droning of the singers in the Greek churches. Of a population of over 3,000,000 there are about 1,400,000 Bulgarians who are Greek in religion; and as there are many other nationalities who recognize this religion, three-fourths of the whole population belong to the Greek church.

Those who belong to the Greek church are probably worse priest-ridden than any people in the world. There are priests, deacons, and acolytes to be supported, and their families also must be provided for, as the Greek priests marry. At every turn, every event—harvest, planting, the killing of an animal, at births, weddings, christenings, betrothals, sickness, deaths, funerals, and prayers for the dead at stated intervals, in trouble or joy—the Greek priest must be present, and he must always be paid if it takes all and leaves the family hungry.

The Greek priest, when dressed for his functions, wears a gown of cloth of gold, and a scarf around his neck stiffly embroidered with gold thread and precious stones; and all the church vessels and altars and cloths are of the richest material and make. The churches are handsome, and decorated with costly things. The priest's family and wife are among the best provided for of any, though the priest has no more immunity than another Bulgarian from Turkish persecution; but the Turks seldom touch a church.

The priests sell candles and votiv offerings; they furnish blessings to order on planting seeds in the spring, on the birth of every domestic animal, and I verily believe on the hatching of a chicken, for all of which blessings they must be paid. No matter how poor the family, there is always a little shrine to the *Paniah*, or blessed mother, and a light burns forever before it.

The priests go into the farm-yards, with their paraphernalia for the blessing of the animals carried by deacons and acolytes, where the head priest sprinkles each animal with a few drops of holy water shaken from a sort of a spoon-shaped sprinkler which is pierced with little holes. Sometimes they hav a compact bunch of sea-fennel tied on a stick, which is used to sprinkle the animals or people with. They also bless the first-fruits of a tree, and the first handfuls of ripened grain or tuft of hay. All this religion is without doubt a great source of comfort and consolation to these poor people, but it would be almost impossible to enumerate one-half the petty extortions made by the priests.

Sickness is usually treated by a priest, who goes to the sufferer and writes some cabalistic words with chalk upon the wall. This is scraped off and given to the patient, who, if he livs, is grateful to the priest, and if he dies is buried by the priest, and his relativs pay for both services; and this is always very heavy, what with the anointing oil, the candles, the prayers, and the horrible droning chant of the boys and deacons, and the procession of all the church officers, who get paid for every step they take.

To cure hydrocephalus, the priest cuts a piece of red flannel in the form of a Greek cross, saturates it with alcohol, and laying it upon the little sufferer's stomach sets fire to it. If a blister comes in the form of the cross it is considered a sign the child will get well; if not, that it must die. As the alcohol burns from the surface of the flannel, the sign is usually adverse.

Bulgarian women are docil, affectionate wives, industrious and patient, and both men and women are faithful to their obligation. The men are sincerely attached to their wives and children, and old age is reverenced among them. Their evenings are spent in talking over the events of the day, their neighbors' troubles or griefs, the rumors of great events which hav reached their ears from some traveler, or in discussing ways and means, in which all hav a say, subject to the arbitration of the oldest among them. If any discord does arise, it is referred to the priest, who soon dissipates it. The priests do absorb the earnings of these poor people to an abominable extent, and rule them with a rod of iron; but their rule is one which keeps down discords in families, and makes them patient and resigned under their yoke, too much so in some cases.

Sundays they go to church twice, the men sitting on one side, the women on the other. It is possible for them to obtain a divorce, if deserved, the priest pronouncing the decree.

There are no holidays but religious ones, of which the principal are those of Easter and St. George. Easter is the greatest and most solemn, and on this occasion even the poorest has a dinner of fowl, lamb, or kid. At the feast of St. George, men, women, and children go out to the forests with bagpipes, and, crowning themselvs with flowers, dance upon the grass, and hav innocent games. In dancing they form a circle, each person taking hold of his neighbor's handkerchief, never the hand, and they are placed alternately, a man and woman. Dancing thus, they make one think of the ancient sculptures, and the appearance and movement of the dancers are quite classic.

A baptism is a curious ceremony as the Bulgarians do it, and the child who survives it is very lucky. One child was baptized during the writer's sojourn in Sofia, and, being invited to assist at the ceremony, she took her way to a mud-house that had four rooms and four windows, which was an indication that the family was quite well off for there. There were divans, covered with chintz, on three sides of the front room, which served also for beds during the night.

All the friends and relativs of the family were gathered, and the father received them. The mother and babe were invisible, as the child must not run the risk of the "evil eye" until protected by the sacrament. By and by a procession of two priests, two deacons, two acolytes, and several choir-boys came along chanting, bearing candles and symbols, except the priests, who bore crosses and other paraphernalia. The deacons brought the font, which was very handsome, of hammered gold, and with a capacity of about five gallons.

Three immense candles decorated with paper flowers and tinsel were stood at one end of the room, and in the middle of the triangle the font was placed. Cold water was drawn by the acolytes from a well outside, and the priest put some other water and a little salt in it from bottles. A small wax candle was given to each guest, who stood up, and as the priests passed around with their lighted candles everyone reached out and lighted their candle, which must be kept alight, for it is considered a great misfortune if a candle falls or goes out during a christening.

Then the godmother brought the baby, simply wrapped in a shawl, and when that was opened the child was taken out, completely naked. The chief priest took him in his big hands and anointed him all over with oil, and cut some hair from the crown of his head in the form of a cross. Then every separate part of the child's body was separately blessed, the choristers droning out doleful sounds meanwhile, and the baby howling with all the strength of his lungs.

The priest and godmother then walked three times around the font, and the priest took the screaming babe and dipped him three times, all over, into the icy water (it was November). It seemed as if the little creature would surely be drowned, and as he stopped crying at the second dip he gasped for breath. After every dip they made the sign of the cross and said some ritual, while the poor little creature shivered, and finally they gave him back to his godmother endowed with the name of Dimitri-Miltiades. He was then dressed in his christening-robe, which is a tawdry affair of lace and stiff book-muslin and open all the way down the back, as was the one petticoat they put upon him.

As soon as the ceremony is over, these garments are laid away and the child replaced in his swaddling-clothes, with its arms fastened down to its sides, which makes a perfect little mummy of him and permits no movement except of his head. These strapped-up babies are kept so for eight or ten months, and are then taken out, and the boys put at once into pantaloons. Girls are considered misfortunes by parents, and boys only are called "children:" girls are nothing.

After the christening-robe is put on the child, each guest receives a small piece of silver or copper money with a hole in it, as a memento, and a larger coin and a cross are sewn on the baby's cap, where they remain until he is a year old, when the cap is taken off and preserved. Often men will be found who wear their christening-cap with the cross and coin as amulets. The priests then gather up all the candles and take a collection from the guests and parents, partake of some refreshments, and leave, after which the guests slowly disperse.

A funeral among the Bulgarians is also a strange ceremony. If a priest is not present when a person dies, a messenger is sent at once for one, and his office is to close the dead one's eyes and anoint the body. They do not wash them. Then a *Savanota*, or woman whose business it is to dress the dead, arrives with the *savana*, or winding-sheet, which she furnishes, and she wraps this about the body very skilfully, like a surgeon's bandage. After this, the ordinary garments worn by the dead while alive are ripped apart and wrapped over the body, which is placed in a shallow coffin, usually in a very short time after death.

The funeral takes place within a few hours after death, and rarely from church, as that is a heavy expense. The coffins are very frail. The procession of priests is long or short, poor or magnificent, according to the wealth of the family, and there is never a hearse or vehicle. The coffin is carried along the streets with the lid off, so that every one can see the corpse. This is done no matter what illness was the cause of death. The priests walk along with crosses, candles, and other emblems in their hands, and with slow and dignified steps, while they all recite prayers; and almost everywhere the people kneel while the procession passes, and all cross themselvs and pray for the dead. The women of a family never go to a funeral, that is, in the procession, but as the body is carried out they gather at the door or windows and scream and bewail their loss, begging the dead one not to go away forever; and though the scene is strange it is full of pathos, and their words of sorrow are full of wild eloquence.

When the procession reaches the cemetery, it gathers around the grave, which is always shallow, and as soon as the last words are said, and the coffin closed and consigned to the dust, each one present throws in one shovelful of dirt, and it is thus filled up before they leave. The coffin is not inclosed in a box, for their idea is, that the sooner the body decays the sooner the soul is at rest. No standing headstone is permitted, but a slab can be laid over the grave. Nine days after the burial all of the family go to the grave, and there weep, and partake of a memorial feast made of boiled wheat, raisins, sugar, and cinnamon, small plates of which are also sent to all their acquaintances. The initial letter of the dead one's name is made with cinnamon on the top of these plates of wheat. Three months later there is another similar memmorial feast, and another a year later, and such as are able hav prayers said in church on those occasions. Those who cannot do that burn a few candles to the memory of the departed one. In the smallest villages and in the country the poor peasants do the same, but the women also go to the grave. Those who are able to do so giv food to the poor at such times. The dead are mourned sincerely and unaffectedly, for the Bulgarians love each other tenderly and well.

The whole race is superstitious to a degree, and the belief in charms and omens, and above all the "evil eye," is absolute; and in every house you will find a garlic suspended over the door to conteract any ill effects from envious persons. Every maiden and child must wear at least one blue bead as a safeguard, and the same holds good of horses and other animals; and they even rub garlic on their household goods, and copper pots, and pans to protect them from evil influences.

If by accident a black garment is passed over a child, that child will die; if a closet door is left open while any one sleeps, the bodily Satan they all believe in will surely find ingress thereby; if they lose anything, they tie a knot in a handkerchief and throw it on the floor to bind Satan's hands in it so they can find their lost article in spite of him; and if a person steps across a child on the floor, that child will never grow any more. There are so many signs and omens that the relation of them would fill a book; and from them we hav certainly drawn a good many of our superstitious beliefs. They hav a firm reliance on fortune-tellers and prophets, and make divinations by the breast-bone of a chicken, or the shoulder-blade of a lamb.

## A Little Agnosticism Needed.

The *Unitarian Review* says: "The diminution of subscriptions is an argument which even an American board would appreciate. In this forcible way they may yet be led to see something to admire in the converted pagan chief who drew his foot out of the baptismal water when he learned that all his ancestors were probably in hell-pit. They may realize that such heathen can best be reached by a missionary who indulges at least a hope that the good and true men and women may be saved who, unfortunately, never heard of the American board and its monopoly hold on salvation.

"We are not admirers of Agnosticism as a creed; but we should suppose that a slight infusion of it, amounting to a modest confession of human ignorance of a few of the certainties of the infinit future, would not seriously injure the theologians of the board. A considerably greater acquaintance than most of them show with the religious history and the moral excellences of the nations they complacently turn over to perdition would also become them. A little less Christian conceit and a little more human kindness, brethren! The superior court judge of this commonwealth characterized the situation well, and showed himself a rational theologian no less than a well-deserving pillar of the law, when he said: 'Looking at the

question from a judicial standpoint, as I am accustomed to look at these things, it seems to me of very little importance what verdict may be rendered at the meetings of the American board, for no assurance can be given that the verdict will stand; and, let it be what it will, there will certainly be a motion for a new trial.'"

## The Pastor and the Newsboys.

The Rev. A. B. Simpson, of the Madison Avenue Tabernacle, this city, conceived that it would be at least a conspicuous piece of Christian charity to giv the New York newsboys a Thanksgiving supper in his church. He did so, with the following interesting results, as given by the New York *Herald:*

The three hundred and fifty newsboys of the city who had secured tickets for the Thanksgiving supper were there to be fed. There were two or three blue-coated guardians of the law at the door to preserve order, but they could not prevent them from howling like wild demons.

A choir of young ladies, assisted by an organist, opened the evening festivities by singing a hymn, after which the Rev. A. B. Simpson introduced Mr. John Cowperthwaite to the boys.

"What does the Bible say you shall do, boys," asked Mr. Cowperthwaite, "if a sinner tries to entice you?" A perfect Babel of replies, making the Bible say strange things, came in reply:

"Slug'm on the ear!" "Hit him with a brick!" "Gouge his eye out!" "Kill'm!" "Get a cop and hav'm tooked in!"

"Silence, boys, silence!" roared Mr. Cowperthwaite. It was at least three minutes before he could stop the flood of answers. When he did he said, "Hav any of you ever been in the Tombs?"

"Yes! yes!" howled the bad boys, who had a big majority, while an almost drowned chorus of "No! no!" came from odd corners.

"I received a note from one of my little Sunday-school boys many years ago," said the speaker, "from the Tombs prison. Now, why do you think he sent for me?"

"He tought you were a pollytichun!" came from a little black-haired youngster.

"No; he wanted me to get him out. How do you think I got him out?"

"Pulled him out," shouted a dozen, while more yelled, "Yer buzzed de judge."

"I gave him a good character, boys. If you all hav good characters and keep them, you'll never hav any difficulty in getting out of trouble."

It was now supper-time, and the bright-eyed young women and benevolent old ladies began to pass plates around heaped with cakes and turkey.

Then the fun of the evening began. Many of the boys snatched each other's portions, and squabbles ensued. The good-natured teachers would drag the boys apart and giv them fresh plates.

The boys filled up on cake and turkey, and when the bread was passed they began to fire it around the room. When the young villains got their coffee, a great many of them amused themselvs by squirting mouthfuls of it into the eyes and ears of neighbors.


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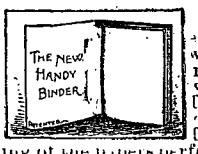
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## News of the Week.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the Boston slugger, is winning great attention in London. His little ministerial freak of leaving his wife at home, and taking another man's wife with him, does not appear to prejudice the English public against Mr. Sullivan.

THE official canvass of the vote in Atlanta, Ga., givs a majority of 1,128 against Prohibition.

THE Freemasons are holding a successful charity fair at the Masonic Temple in this city.

BETWEEN Jan. 1st and Dec. 1st 354,892 immigrants hav landed at this port, an increase of 70,789 over the corresponding months of 1886.

THE Methodists' and Baptists' union church at Orange, Vt., by the inscrutable workings of providence, was destroyed by fire last week.

IT is believed that Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, of New Jersey, will be nominated for the United States presidency by the Prohibition party at the National Convention to be held at Indianapolis, Ind.

AMONG four recaptured convicts who broke jail at Carthage, Mo., two weeks ago, occurs the name of the Rev. J. H. Healy. How the minister happened to be in jail is not mentioned in the dispatches.

THERE were 73 arrests in this city last Sunday for violation of the excise law.

THE *Weekly Record*, of Sussex, New Brunswick, now has George Francis Train as associate editor.

JACOB SHARP, the convicted briber of aldermen, has been granted a new trial and released on bail.

A MAN in Chicago named Wolf, and a man in London named Burrows, were arrested last week for making seditious speeches.

A NEW YORK theatrical manager has imported an infant phenomenon in the person of Josef Hofman, aged 10, who plays the piano with unsurpassed skill.

A MAN calling himself Lord Courtenay has been the lion of Newark, N. J., society for a few weeks. He is now exposed as an impostor, and Newark society is much lowered in its own estimation.

THE Interstate Commerce Commission has decided that railroads "must furnish colored people, who buy first-class tickets, accommodations equally safe and comfortable with other first-class passengers."

THE mayor and ten aldermen of Lincoln, Neb., were lodged in jail on the 28th ult. They had been charged with malfeasance, and an injunction was issued against them, disregarding which they were locked up.

DR. PARKER, the London clergyman, preached in Plymouth church last Sunday. He has refunded the proceeds of the Beecher eulogy to the amount of $700, which goes to the monument fund. Dr. Parker failed to fulfil a lecture engagement, December 2d, at Norwich, Conn., and will be sued by Manager Logee for breach of contract.

HERR MOST, the Anarchist, now in the Tombs for making unpopular remarks in a public meeting, complains that the jails of this city are much inferior in accommodation to those of European cities where he has been confined. The cells, he says, are insufficiently heated, and are infested with rats which insist upon sharing his bed with him.

DEACON ALLAN THOMPSON GILLILAND, from Clay county, Tenn., came to New York last week to invest in some counterfeit money, of which he had received advertisments. He fell into the hands of swindlers, and was arrested with them and placed in the house of detention. The deacon now fervently wishes he were back in Clay county, Tenn.


# THE ORDER OF CREATION.

*A Discussion Between*

**Gladstone, Huxley, Muller, Linton, Reville.**

On the Conflict between Genesis and Geology.

CONTENTS:

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II. The Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature. By Prof. T. H. Huxley.
III. Postscript to Solar Myths. By Prof. Max Muller.
IV. Proem to Genesis: A Plea for a Fair Trial. By Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
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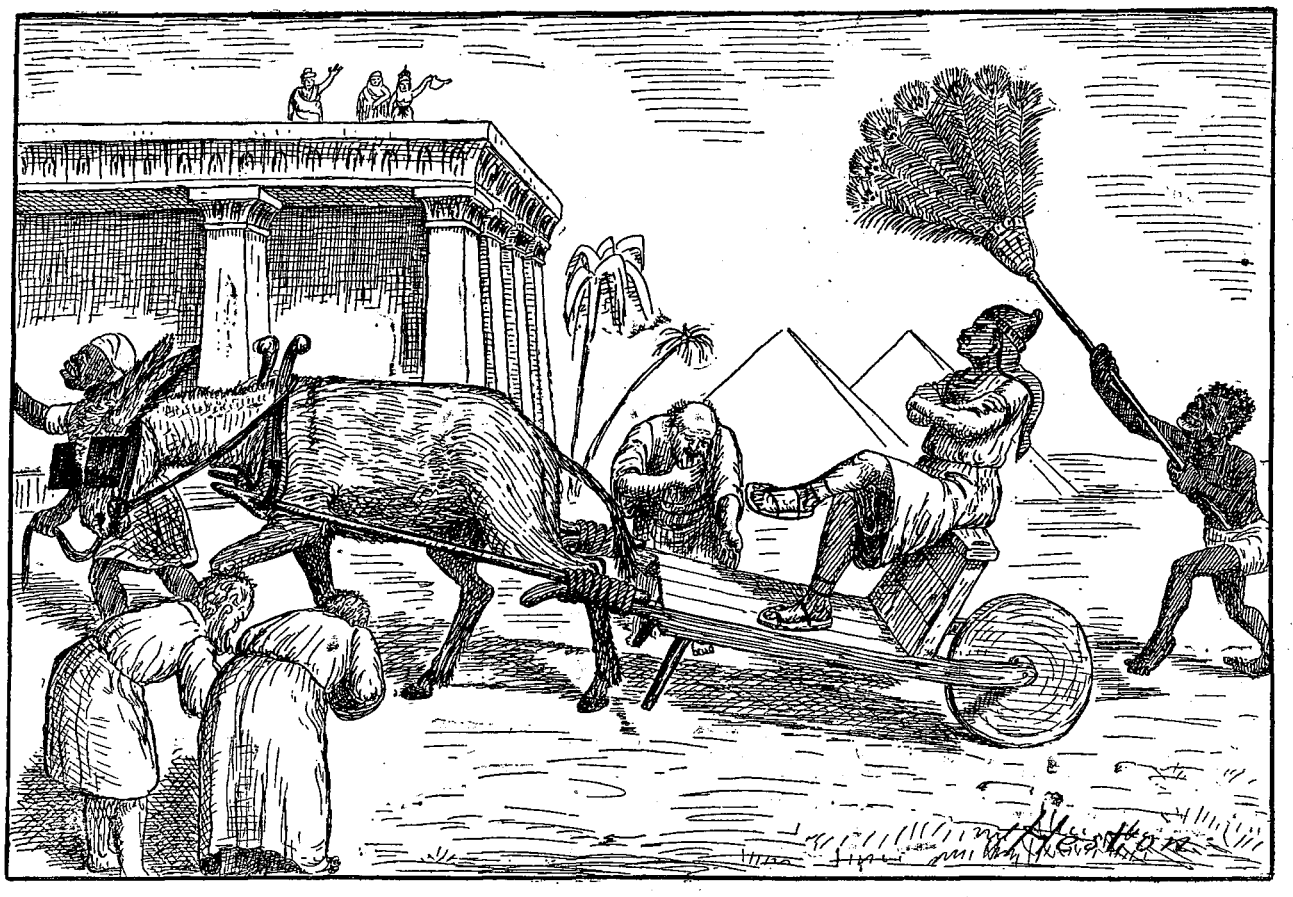
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## Gems of Thought.

THE same histories, creeds, and confessions, with the impartial records of other writers, make it also most pointedly manifest that there is no essential difference between the spirit and conduct of the Protestant reformers and those infernal and beastly cruelties practiced in the darkest ages of popery, and that they, as well as their Catholic ancestors, gloried in nothing more than in building up their Zion with blood.—*D. M. Bennett.*

EVERY Christian know that from Genesis to Revelation there is not a single precept that forbids polygamy to anybody not a bishop, and that the prohibition in the New Testament upon a bishop that he should be the husband of only one wife, implies that whether any man not a bishop should be the husband of more than one, is left to his own choice. Every Christian knows that polygamy was practiced throughout the Old Testament period without divine, human, prophetic, or priestly rebuke of any kind; and every scholar knows that in casual instances, though greatly discouraged by the antagonistic heathen influence of the Greeks and Romans, the practice obtained in Judea till after the opening of the Christian era.—*V. B. Denslow.* [NOTE.—As to the precept about a bishop's being "the husband of one wife," we hav it given twice, as if it were of the least consequence, viz., in 1 Tim. iii, 2, and in Titus i, 6. The original may be interpreted in three ways: (1) A bishop must be the husband of one wife *at least;* (2) If the first die, he may take a second, and so on; or (3), He must hav *one only wife.* This is but one instance of the uselessness of human language to express any idea so as not to be liable to be misunderstood—if men are determined to misunderstand it.—*Hylax.*]



JOSEPH GETS PROMOTED.

And he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had: and they cried before him, Bow the knee: and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt.—Gen. xli, 43.

## Odds and Ends.

"YES," said Mrs. Bascom to her neighbor, Mrs. Ponsonby, "I always did admire Deacon Samuels. He is the most dignified-looking man when he is asleep that I ever saw."

THERE was a young fellow whose forehead
Was high and decidedly florehead.
He thought it was grand,
But, as we understand,
His acquaintances all thought it horehead.

AS William bent over her fair face he whispered, "Darling, if I should ask you in French if I might kiss you, what would you answer?" She, summoning up her scanty knowledge of the French, replied, "Billet doux!"

TEACHER (at the mission Sunday-school): "Yes, children, Daniel was cast into a den of lions, but not one of them dared touch him. How strange ——" Pupil (scornfully): "Aw, dat's nuthin'. I seen a duck do that act in der cirkis last year."

JIPSO: "I heard that Matthew Arnold was an Agnostic." McCorkle: "No, that is decidedly wrong, if a definition I heard recently as to what constitutes an Agnostic is correct." J.: "What is the definition?" McC.: "That an Agnostic is one who does not know everything, and does not pretend to."

MINISTER (to bereaved widow): "Yes, Mrs. Mildew, John was such a good man—always the same, and you could know where to find him at all times." Widow: "Yes, that's so." (Sobs.) Minister: "And then in money matters he was always so open-handed! I remember a time I needed money badly and John went down in his pocket for the whole sum. Ah, it was such a help!" Widow: "Has (sob) it (sob) ever been (sob) paid back?"

"HOW old was Noah when he died?" asked a butcher of one of the negro whitewashers on the market. "Now, you stop right dar!" was the emphatic reply. "Why, Josiah, what's the matter with you?" "I'se had 'sperience, sah—dat's what's de matter wid me." "How?" "Jist got fru serving a sentence of thirty days in de workhouse kase I couldn't agree wid de ole woman whether King Solomon had red or black hair. Doan' want no mo' Bible talk fur six months, sah—not a talk!"

"IT was the last request of the deceased," said a Kansas City minister in the course of the funeral sermon of one of that city's most activ real estate boomers, "that immediately after the services at the grave an auction sale of lots in his Prospect park addition be held, and for that purpose Colonel Inflater, the well-known real estate auctioneer, will be present and conduct the sales. A strange request, you will say, my friends, and a queer place for such a sale—in a cemetery. My own idea," continued the minister, as he propped up the back cover of the Bible with the hymn-book, "was to hav the procession go around by Prospect park with a brass band and hold the auction right on the lots before going to the cemetery at all; then buyers could see just what they were getting. But then, no two men ever conducted a real estate boom exactly alike, and the dying wish of the brother shall be complied with. Sing the 275th hymn, the 275th—'Away, vain earthly things.'"

TIMELY WISDOM.

They strolled along through the wood together,
A manly youth and a maiden fair,
Gathering leaves in the autumn weather,
Tinted with colors most rich and rare.

He said, "You are much like the autumn leaves,
With your cheeks of red and your hair of gold;
And your heart the frost that the leaf receives
Ere its hues are seen—for your heart is cold."

The maiden answered, "It may be so—
You've known me long, and perhaps know best—
But the frozen leaf soon thaws, you know,
After 'tis gathered and properly pressed."

"SIR," said the prisoner, "I did not pay this man for my refreshments because I know nothing of the value of money. I am a child of genius." "And what is your age?" asked the justice. "Forty-two years." "Then it is time you were weaned," and his honor gave him thirty days away from the bottle.

"I HAD intended, brethren," said a Texas pastor, "to preach a sermon this morning on the universality of the plan of salvation, but I hav just learned that Brother McBender has collected my last quarter's salary, and instead of paying it to me has taken it and run off with the wife of Brother Clugston. I will therefore invite your attention on this occasion to a few remarks from the text: 'These shall go away into everlasting punishment.'"

THE SIOUXS.

A wandering tribe, called the Siouxs,
Wear moccasins, having no shiouxs;
They are made of buckskin,
With the fleshy side in,
Embroidered with beads of bright hiouxs.

When out on the warpath, the Siouxs
March single file—never by twiouxs—
And by blazing the trees
Can return at their ease,
And their way in the forests ne'er liouxs.

All new-fashioned boats he eschiouxs,
And uses the birch-bark caniouxs:
They are handy and light,
And, inverted at night,
Giv shelter from storms and from diouxs.

The principal food of the Siouxs
Is Indian maize, which they briouxs,
Or hominy make,
Or mix a cake,
And eat it with pork as they chiouxs.

Now, doesn't this spelling look ciouxrious?
'Tis enough to make anyone fiouxrious!
So, a word to the wise:
Pray, our language revise
With orthography not so injiouxrious!


# LIFE.

## *A PROSE POEM.*

By R. G. INGERSOLL.

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A TEACHER who, having gone through Euclid's demonstration (of the 47th proposition of the First Book), should add that the hypothenuse was quantitativly related to the sides in that manner, *because* the divine will had so ordered it, would impeach his own competence as a mathematician, and would confuse and offend the intelligence of his pupil; for, the pupil having once fairly apprehended the truth, it becomes to him quite beyond the power of any will, human or divine, to change it. When ethics shall hav become scientifically formulated, the suggestion of a divine will, as a source of moral law, will be felt to be equally impertinent.—*E. D. Stark.*

JUDGE BLACK probably thinks that the difference in the weight of rocks and clouds was created by law; that parallel lines fail to meet only because it is illegal; that diameter and circumference could hav been so made that it would be a greater distance across than around a circle; that a straight line could inclose a triangle if not prevented by law, and that a little legislation could make it possible for two bodies to occupy the same space at the same time. . . . The mind of every thoughtful man is forced to one of these two conclusions: either that the universe is self-existent, or that it was created by a self-existent being. To my mind, there are far more difficulties in the second hypothesis than in the first.—*Ingersoll.*

AND who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good? But and if ye suffer for righteousness's sake (that is, for doing good), happy are ye: and be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled.—1 *Peter* iii, 13, 14.

THE *Jewish Messenger* says—and the statement is very suggestiv: "It is useless to deny that the majority of our people, especially the young, are not attracted to our religious shrines, except on rare occasions." The young Israelites do not stick to the faith of their fathers. Neither do they become Christians. They cease to be religious. And the chief cause of their apostasy is that the young Jew has no Sabbath. He is for the most part surrounded by such associations as keep him from the synagog on Saturday; and so he neglects religion and becomes an Infidel.—*Family Treasury.*

FEAR not that tyrants shall rule forever,
Or the priests of the bloody faith;
They stand on the brink of a mighty river
Whose waves they hav tainted with death.
It is fed from the depth of a thousand dells;
Around them it foams, and rages, and swells,
And their swords and scepters I floating see,
Like wrecks on the surge of eternity.

—*Shelley.*

I LACK words to express my sense of the incoherence, irrationality, and general shockingness of the common view of the atonement. Sin and holiness are no matters of imputation; penalty cannot be substitutional, and in none of God's works can we find a hint of anything so confused, awkward, incongruous, out of the divine style (so to speak), as this whole "scheme" elaborated. I would say in passing, in the thick darkness of the Dark Ages . . . Say what any man or all men will, of the poverty and fallibility of reason, whatever is plainly irrational we are bound to reject, wherever we may meet with it.—*W. C. Tenney.*

# THE TRUTH SEEKER

A JOURNAL OF FREETHOUGHT AND REFORM.

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## Notes and Clippings.

THE Roman Catholics hav built a new church at Varennes, Quebec, costing $100,000. We should like to know just how many farms and buildings hav been mortgaged to meet the assessments levied by the bishop for this purpose.

SISTERS of Mercy, says the *Catholic Union and Times*, are now engaged as teachers of the public schools of Ivesdale, Ill.

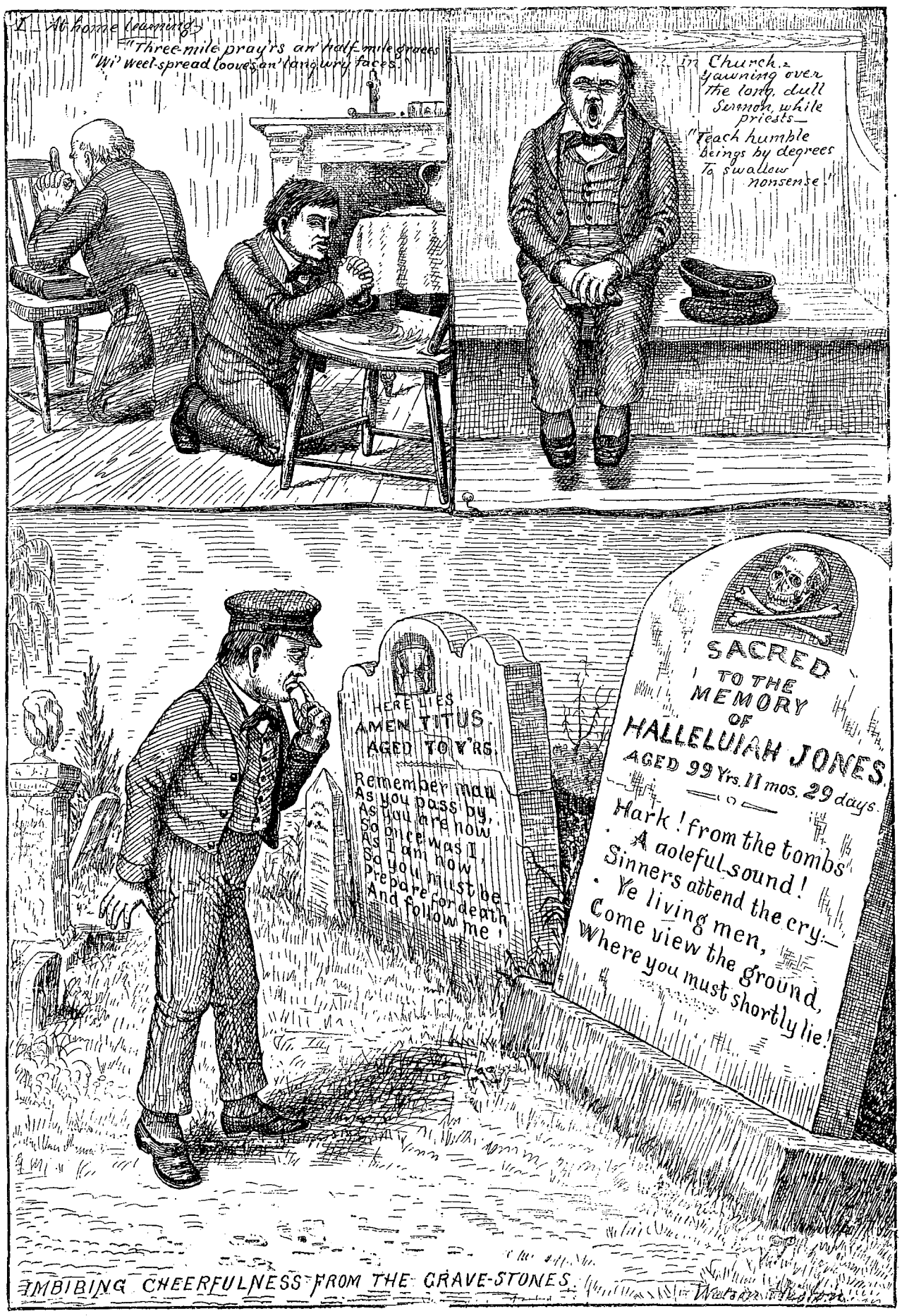
WE are now to hav a Roman Catholic chaplain in the United States navy. He will be a priest from the diocese of New York.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX advocates the ostracising of divorced women from refined society. Miss Ella is getting to feel entirely too big for her clothes. She has probably forgotten the fact that but for the charity of some poor men, one of whom livs in Cloud county, who paid for her schooling, she would not be the noisy browler she is. She seems to be as heartless as witty and talented.—*The Blade, Concordia, Kan.*

THE Rev. Morgan Hughes, vicar of Derwen, in North Wales, is causing great excitement by enforcing his claims to the full arrears of his tithes. He obtained bailiffs from a distant part of the country and suddenly distrained on haystacks at two farms. The town crier soon proclaimed the fact at Ruthin, and five hundred farmers and others at once set out to hunt the bailiffs, who, however, had disappeared. There was a large gathering on the day appointed for the sale of the haystacks. An effigy of the vicar in a dilapidated white shirt to represent his surplice was displayed on the top of one of the stacks, together with another curious effigy of the auctioneer. On the other farm a grotesque image of a gigantic tithe bailiff was placed on the stack, and a red flag was hoisted bearing the word "Disestablishment." Satirical verses by a local poet were also displayed. The auctioneer, however, thought discretion was the better part of valor, and failed to appear. Resolutions were passed condemning the rector and supporting Disestablishment.—*London Freethinker.*

THE Episcopalian church of Canon City, Col., does not appear to agree with its Eastern contemporaries on the subjects of dancing and card-playing. On the 2d of December it held a "Dance! dance! for the benefit of the Episcopal church, at St. Cloud Hotel, at which card-playing and a general good time" was enjoyed.

THE General Christian Conference now being held at Washington, D. C., under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance, is producing a countless number of delightful and sapient maxims of government. As an instance, it being remarked by a member that "the cause of the estrangement of the masses from the church is the antagonism of the foreigners to our evangelical life," Rev. J. M. Foster urges that "a Christian nation should hav a Christian government, and this would solve the immigration problem."




SUNDAY RECREATIONS OF ORTHODOX BOYHOOD.

JOHN MOST, the Communist-Anarchist, who was tried for incendiary language used in a speech condemning the Illinois authorities for hanging the Chicago Anarchists, has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the penitentiary. A stay of execution, however, was granted pending an appeal to the appelate court. One of the best lawyers in the United States tells us that Most's conviction on an appeal to the prejudice of the jury surreptitiously introduced by the district attorney is an injustice which will probably result in a new trial being secured by the accused.

THE mystery of evil and consequent misery on the premises of an infinitly holy and infinitly kind being, who has also infinit power, we hav on our hands for explanation; and, until some theodicy, or something, has disposed of that, we may as well relegate lesser things to the relativ obscurity in which they belong.—*Boston Congregationalist.*

M. PASTEUR is studying a method of inoculating the New South Wales rabbits with a disease which will exterminate them, to gain a prize of £25,000 offered by the New South Wales government.

IN February last the Rev. J. J. Hoffman was dismissed from the pastorate of St. Peter's German Reformed church in Sheboygan, Wis. He refused to giv up the parsonage, and the people, failing to get any satisfaction in the courts, determined to take the matter into their own hands. And so the other day a crowd, including fifteen women of the congregation, forcibly put the pastor and his family into the street and sent the furniture following after them.

THE following report of a lively meeting, at which the speakers were old acquaintances of our readers, is from the New York *Times*: "Edward W. Searing, the Progressive Labor party candidate for district attorney in the last election, lectured on the 4th inst. on the 'Lessons of the Last Campaign.' In a very mild way he suggested that certain men in the party, among them Editor Shevitch, had devoted perhaps a little too much time to explaining that Anarchist did not mean Anarchist. The future would see the party succeed, he thought, if in later campaigns some one man be placed at the head of the party organization. Dr. Weeks and Mrs. Hinton spoke words of praise of the poor Chicago victims and of 'Mr. Most.' Captain Clark launched into an argument against Socialism, which he characterized as 'the serpent of old, now hissing and raising its head, that the heel of every honest man should crush.' He was interrupted by hisses and groans, with a few uncomplimentary remarks. For a moment the Socialistic audience seemed about to turn again and rend Captain Clark, but he speedily fled. As the door closed on his unfinished speech and vanishing form, Colonel Hinton shook his locks, and said: 'Why, do you know what that man is? He is a piratical old slave-trader! He ought not to be allowed to speak anywhere! He is an enemy of mankind, and every honest man should spit in his face.'"

THE Catholic church has never condemned slavery. It has never taught that it is wrongful in the individual to hold slaves where slavery is sanctioned by municipal law; it has never even taught that the system of slavery is in itself wrongful. Its teachings would doubtless condemn slave insurrection or incitement to slave insurrection, or any attempt to abolish slavery by illegal and violent means.—*The Standard.*

# Communications.

## Life and Death—Hell and Heaven—God and Eternity.

If you want to put a Christian's pipe out, and witness a display of Christian forbearance, just insist upon his telling where hell is. Whenever a Christian tries to locate heaven or hell, his philosophy begins to limp. Though he cannot tell where hell is, if you press your question he will giv you to understand that you are on the most direct road to it. He will try to tell you that you are in nature's darkness, while God has opened his eyes to see things spiritually which are veiled from your sight. His philosophy can only be equaled by the old Dutchman's who fell up-stairs and stuck a knot-hole in his eye.

All the Christian knows about hell is that it is disagreeably hot, and full of brimstone. All he knows about heaven is that he will go there and meet his God (who is everywhere present) and walk the golden streets and wear a golden crown and play a golden harp, and that all who hav not been anointed with Christian goose-grease will never get there. All gold in heaven, all brimstone in hell. It seems to me that a God with a good head on him might avoid such extremes. No Christian will be permitted to talk to me about the goodness of a God when it is accompanied with his barbarous idea of hell.

It strikes me that a good unbeliever, full of loving kindness like Colonel Ingersoll, ought to fare about as well as the Puritans, who whipped women on their naked backs. But it doesn't seem to be according to God's plan.

A Christian told me the other day that heaven was a spiritual abode and could be understood and appreciated only by the spiritually minded. The idea of spiritual streets, and harps, and crowns of gold can hav no foundation in reason.

If heaven is a spiritual place, hell is a spiritual place. If the gold of heaven is spiritual, the fire and brimstone of hell are spiritual. The truth is, no such places exist. Instead of spiritual abodes, they are only abodes of the imagination, invented only to enslave the masses for the benefit of a religious aristocracy.

The old, barbarous idea of hell is now entertained by but few men of inquiring minds. Fifty years ago no sermon was complete unless hell was uncapped and the minds of the hearers harrowed up with a picture of the torments of the damned. Language is too feeble to express all that has been suffered on account of a belief in this hell of the Christians. Mothers hav wept for children, even helpless babes, whom they believed had been cast into hell. Sons and daughters hav wrung their hands in anguish because they believed that the kind old father and the tender old mother were suffering the torments of the damned.

Can the human mind conceive a more barbarous idea than that of a mother who has brought up a family of children and watched over them and cared for them with a heart so tender and a mind so affectionate, being rewarded for her affection and kindness with eternal punishment?

In early youth the Christian has his mind warped with these pictures of heaven and hell, and he is incapable of reasoning correctly. In the first place, it is an awful sin to question anything which God has done. He is a great God—a powerful God. "He is angry with the wicked every day," and would be very likely to send a wicked boy to hell who plays ball on Sunday.

To take all that has been taught and believed about God, it would be hard to tell whether he is an ass or an angel; whether he is a God of peace or war, or both; whether a child is born to be saved or damned—in short, if all the contradictions and absurdities could be united in one being, it would be a fit representativ of the Christian's God.

Thousands of Christians are down on their knees at the same time, asking God to answer contradictory petitions, some of them so absurd and ridiculous as to lead one to think that the petitioner was either an idiot or a lunatic. If I believed in a prayer-answering God, I would pray not to hav their prayers answered.

Ask Darwin, or Humboldt, or Draper about God, and he shakes his head dubiously. If you want to know all about God, ask not a scientist of deep research, but go to the little boy in Sunday-school and ask him who made him, and he will tell you "God." The Sunday-school miss and the little boy know all about God. The more ignorant they are the more positiv they are, and the more decided about matters which it is impossible for man to know.

But the Christian insists that "there must be a God, else how could we account for the sun and moon and all the planets?" Then back of these worlds there must be a creator, greater and more wonderful than the things created. If this being, greater than all of these worlds, could hav an existence without a creator or designer, may not the lesser things exist without a creator? In other words, if God made the sun and moon and world, who made God? If these worlds require a maker, so does God; and, then, who made the "maker?"

Christians generally know but little about the solar system. They devote so much time to God and heavenly things that they hav little time for such trifling matters. "God created the heaven and the earth" generally bounds their knowledge of astronomy.

One man forms his idea of God, and carves it in wood or stone and worships it. Another, a little more advanced, forms his idea of God, and though he may not represent it by wood or stone, he worships it the same as the other.

After some years of study and experience he finds out that some of his ideas about God are erroneous; immediately his God must be changed so as to agree with the advanced idea. Few realize how many changes their God has passed through. It is easy enough to tell how gods are made, but to tell how these imaginary gods could make worlds is a choker.

It is interesting to trace God in his career from a savage and irrational God up to something like a half-way consistent and civilized God.

He used to cover the land in darkness and stop the sun and moon, turn all the waters into blood, cover the country with frogs and lice, and

> Wi' mair o' horrible and awful,
> Which ev'n to name wad be unlawful.

You hav heard of no such pranks lately. He has sobered down into quite a steady-going God. Even since I can remember, he used to save a few and damn the many—not because the few were good, or the many bad, but he did it just for "his own glory." Even unoffending babes were the objects of his wrath, and millions were brought into existence only to see the light and be cast into hell. He is a better and decenter God to-day. It beats all how God improves as Christians outgrow their barbarous notions.

If the idea of God should be wiped from the human mind, would not the law of gravitation be just what it is now? Would not the daily and yearly revolutions of the planets be the same? Would not the tides continue to ebb and flow? Would not the seasons run their ceaseless rounds? With all of these phenomena God has no more to do than a puff of smoke.

For if it should so turn out that the sun and planets move in space in keeping with unalterable law, and if it be a fact that every seed sprouts and every animal livs in obedience to fixed principles, what use is there for a God?

If you cast a stone into the air, do you want a God to make it return to the earth again? The truth is, all the gods, little and big, could not prevent it.

There would be in nature nothing complex or requiring a God if we were familiar with all her laws. If the simplest processes of nature can be accomplished without a God, so can the most complex.

If a cabbage seed be planted in good soil and properly cared for, a large head of cabbage will be the result. But the help of all the Gods will not produce a large cabbage in barren soil which does not yield sufficient nourishment for the plant. If the help of God is not required to grow a head of cabbage, neither is it required to fashion a world.

The Christians' God is a strange compound, a sort of hybrid or tribrid composed of three parts. The first part is an old father God. The second part is a great ghost. The third part is divided into two equal parts, half ghost and half human, begotten by one-third of the whole God, and brought forth by a Jew girl. The whole God is eternal, yet one-third of it was born less than two thousand years ago. This is a perfect analysis of God according to Christian philosophy. And the Christian can undergo no torture equal to that of being deprived of this three-pronged, triple-headed God.

It would seem that the Christian clings to his God with a tenacity proportioned to the unreasonableness of the idea.

This divine monstrosity must accompany the Christian wherever he goes. He bows himself before this great ghostly nothing in the most servil manner. He thinks he cannot breathe or do anything without permission from this almighty "What is it?" which is less in substance than the lightest kind of gas.

And yet from this airy nothing was evolved not only the sun and planets, but all the shining orbs scattered throughout the boundless realms of space. Truly there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous.

In this world effects follow causes. Penalties follow the violations of law. Frost and fire affect the good and bad alike. Fire has no choice between saints and sinners. Good health is the reward for proper conditions. Atheists fare as well as Christians. God has no friends to reward, no enemies to punish. Man holds in his own hand all the rewards and punishments meted out to him.

Hav all the churches and cathedrals ever built increased the happiness of God? Hav all the prayers ever offered up added one iota to his enjoyment?

Has not every rational and humane effort put forth to better the condition of man been blest with good results and added to his happiness? If all men should endeavor to increase the happiness of the human family, would God fare any worse?

These considerations ought to satisfy every rational mind that there is no reward for human effort unless it be directed to the bettering of earthly conditions. Building temples and serving a visionary God is without reward, and is what ought to be known as ideal idolatry.

This narrow neck of land to which I hav referred (this life) is our home. All that we can enjoy or suffer must be confined to its narrow limits. Human endeavor ought to be turned to increasing the happiness of and banishing the sorrow from this world. Instead of turning our attention to God, whom we cannot help, and who cannot help us; instead of losing sight of all happiness here in anticipation of a heaven which will never be realized; instead of fretting about a fiery hell which does not exist, let us banish the hell on earth which "man's inhumanity to man" produces by cruel wars, and by oppressing and taking advantage of each other, and practice acts of kindness instead of cruelty.

Christianity, like the ever-changing moon, is constantly assuming new phases in order to keep step with the onward march of civilization. But it is always behind, never in advance. Three hundred years ago God was pleased when they burnt heretics. The study of the sciences gave a new impetus to civilization, and the brutality of such conduct was made apparent. And when the advance guard had set up another mile-stone to denote the progress which had been made, Christians found out that God was not pleased with hanging witches and whipping women. God has improved and Christians reformed in proportion as science has triumphed and civilization made progress.

Thus instead of Christianity molding the minds of the people and urging them on to nobler deeds and loftier thoughts, it is itself being molded and irresistibly forced to follow in the wake of science and civilization. The progress of the race is steady and sure, though, like the precession of the equinoxes, the motion is apparent only to the closest observers. Ultimately, science will discover that the world has no need of demons, saviors, or gods, and Christianity will be classed with other musty forms and ceremonies which hav retarded the world's advancement for a season, and then died.

Even now there is not nearly the use for a God that there was a hundred years ago. His hand used to be seen in everything sublime, terrible, and awful. The storm and the lightning, the earthquake and volcano, were special manifestations of his power. As these phenomena are more closely investigated, and their philosophy understood, it is found that no God is required to do nature's work.

When a boiler explodes the inference is that somebody has been careless, or there has been an oversight or mistake. But nobody asks if God let on the steam.

God does not interfere in the affairs of men as he did once. God is constantly changing for the better. He has sanctioned every barbarous Christian act for hundreds of years. He did not even rebuke the cruelties of the Inquisition. The priests declared that he gave sanction to the torturer. He is no such God now.

When the people come to realize that God is constantly changing—that the God of the Jews was a different god from the God of the present time—and that he grows more merciful and tolerant as the people outgrow their savage propensities, they will understand that God is simply a creature of the imagination, and exists nowhere only in the minds of men.

The fact that God and Christianity are constantly changing ought to act as an eye-opener to every thinking mind. Perfection cannot grow better. If God sanctioned the tortures of the Inquisition, he is in favor of them now. If Christianity was in error when it inflicted those tortures, it is liable to be wrong now, and cannot be taken as a guide in human action.

I conversed with a woman who had not been off her bed without help for fourteen years. Her constant theme was the goodness of God. I looked upon the pale, emaciated form and asked myself, If God is good, how long would this poor, patient sufferer be thus afflicted? It seemed to me to be the last link that Christianity could be capable of welding into its great chain of absurdity.

When the principles of science are taught in the schools and become the topic of conversation in the family and are applied to every dogmatic assertion, such ideas will no more be taught than hedgehogs will be bred for children to play with.

By stress of circumstances everyone must be compelled to admit that Christianity has never raised the minds of the people above the burning of heretics and the hanging of witches and infant damnation. Christianity was itself lifted above these savage thoughts and practices by an enlightenment not its own.

Has not the world been made better by being lifted above such a nightmare? Can it be possible

that any were ever made better by such horrid beliefs in regard to God and humanity?

So long as an imaginary tyrant in the skies is worshiped man will be enslaved and belittled; so long as men strive for an imaginary heaven, human interests will be neglected and earth remain a scene of misery; so long as men are respected who teach these unnatural and delusiv doctrins, the lofty hights which I believe man is capable of attaining will never be reached. When the gaze of men is turned from heaven to earth they will begin to study the laws of nature and learn that all the gods cannot alter them, and the welfare of man will become the chief thought.

When we learn the great lesson that all the hell there is comes from our own carelessness, or from neglect, or design; when we learn that God and heaven are only fanciful pictures engraved upon the mind in early youth, we shall turn our attention to things of this life, and begin to trample down the thorns and thistles and plant flowers in their stead—we shall make this narrow country to which we are confined a fit abode for that being who, in his highest estate and perfected condition, will outrank all the gods, and whose welfare will become the ultimatum of human endeavor. If it be possible to bring about a better state of things, if selfishness and crime can be abolished, if want and misery can be banished, if man can be brought to that state of perfection (as I believe he can) that he will seek to do the right and avoid the wrong—would there be any need of heli? Would not every idea of justice be outraged if such beings were eternally tormented? And would they not get along without a God better than they would with such a God as they hav had for thousands of years? On the other hand, if the race can be brought up to such a high standard, will men be unfitted for a state of bliss if there is one? JOHN PECK.

*Naples, N. Y.*

## The Gospel According to Common Sense.

"THE DIVINE LEGATION OF MOSES."

I hav borrowed this sub-heading from an English bishop long since dead, who will not be likely to complain of the plagiarism It might hav been different had I written of the mistakes of Moses, but then a man may be said to make a mistake when he fails in what he undertakes, and that certainly Moses did not do. He was probably the most successful humbug recorded in history, of whom Mohammed and Joe Smith were but weak imitations. He had, perhaps, a better cause than either of his successors, being the self-elected champion of an oppressed people, who, like the modern Irish, were longing for Home Rule. To this, Pharaoh, of whom the English Tory premier is an antitype, would not consent. And then commenced a series of miracles and plagues, which would be altogether incredible did not modern Spiritualism furnish us with a key as to the manner in which the miracles were performed. When at an "electro-biological" entertainment we see a number of persons presumably sane, and complete strangers to the operator, at his bidding believe that it burns, that it rains, that it freezes, that they are drinking from imaginary vessels, that they become intoxicated thereby, and so on, we can understand the frogs, lice, and rivers of blood that seemed to plague the Egyptians. That the magicians of Pharaoh were able to produce the same effects by their enchantments is conclusiv. They, however, found a master magician in Moses, who compelled his rivals to imagin that they were afflicted with boils, and unable to appear against him. Pharaoh was evidently one of the hard-headed sort; they could not impose upon him. I hav never been introduced to the arcana of Spiritualism. The presence of one unbeliever like myself is sufficient to spoil the whole affair. To see large pieces of furniture moved by invisible hands, to hear the scratching of a pencil under the table where no one is using it, to read the writing so miraculously procured, requires faith of which I do not possess the requisit grain. Such was evidently the case with Pharaoh. His usual retort to all these manifestations of an occult power amounted to, "You cannot humbug me." And then Moses tried another plan, as diabolically conceived as the Phœnix Park murders, but less clumsily carried out. The Israelites, largely scattered about as domestic servants in the houses of their Egyptian taskmasters, were instructed on a given night to murder the first-born of the family. Outdoor emissaries were largely employed as well, and that these might not mistake the houses at which the deed was to be performed, the Israelites were instructed to sprinkle their door-posts with blood, so that the "destroying angel" might pass them by. If he had been really a supernatural visitant, he would not hav required such a guide. They managed their work very adroitly, and after the manner of things, probably by strangulation, so as to leave no blood or bloody weapons as witnesses against them, and their victims were supposed to hav died a natural death. No wonder that the Egyptians were glad to get rid of their troublesome neighbors at any price, which will account for the loans of gold and silver to induce them to go.

Pharaoh, hard-headed to the last, thought when too late that it would be a good plan to exterminate them utterly. That he failed in the attempt is a matter of history which must be received with a good many grains of salt. The story that a large number of persons sojourned during forty years in a wilderness where there was no sustenance for man or beast is either altogether a myth or a gross exaggeration. Like the Mormon exodus, the beginning of their career was unpromising, and all the original emigrants died by famin or other causes. But the recuperativ power of fanaticism is astonishing. Moses did not liv to see them through, but he propounded a series of laws, some good and some bad, many of which remain in force to the present day. Where he got them from, is a question I will not undertake to answer. The God that spoke to Moses from the burning bush proclaimed himself to be the incomparable ego, and I hav a shrewd suspicion that Moses and his God were one and the same person. The partial biographer of Moses describes him as the meekest of men, but he was evidently the most ferocious. His own wife said he was "a bloody husband." He was undoubtedly a sanguinary lawgiver. To condemn a poor wretch to be stoned for gathering a few sticks on the Sabbath was the climax of cruelty. I am inclined to think that the God of Moses was a myth like Mrs. Harris, a stalking-horse, an inexorable Jorkins, to whom he attributed the revolting laws he was ashamed to promulgate on his own responsibility.

Like Mohammed, he was an advocate for street cleanliness, which is the one redeeming feature in their respectiv characters. The Jews were naturally a dirty lot, who could not be persuaded to wash themselvs unless it was inculcated as a religious duty. When Moses lifted up the brazen serpent in the wilderness, it was the apotheosis of common sense. Those who understood the symbol forthwith resorted to soap and water, which common sense tells us is the most effectual way to remove those cuticular parasites to which dirty people are liable.

OUTIS.

## Essenism and Christianity.

The Essenes, a sect of advanced Pharisees, were probably the immediate originators of Christianity.

Taking this as a text from an article in THE TRUTH SEEKER entitled, "The Pagan Origin of Christianity," the "Man of Sin" will now sermonize:

Josephus (Ant. xv, 10, §15) describes a notable Essene named Manahem, who was held in great esteem by Herod the Great, because when Herod was a child and going to school Manahem saluted him as king of the Jews, and prophesied for him a happy reign until toward its close. So when Herod became king he continued to honor all the Essenes.

Turn now to Acts xiii, 1, 2:

> Now there were in the church that was at Antioch certain prophets and teachers, as Barnabas, and Simeon that was called Niger, and Lucius of Cyrene, and Manaen, which had been brought up with Herod the tetrarch, and Saul.

The name Manaen is unquestionably the same as Manahem. The Greek has no letter *h*, and the difference between the final letter *n* and *m* is doubtless only accidental. Furthermore, Canon Farrar, and other Christian scholars, recognize the identity of the two names. And some hav conjectured that the Manahen of Acts might hav been a son of Manahem the Essene. But the interval between the two would be too great. Herod was born about 73 years B.C., and was a boy when Manahem was an adult.

We will now parallel the Manahem of Josephus with the Manahen of Acts:

| *Manahem of Josephus.* | *Manahen of Acts.* |
|---|---|
| Was a prophet and Essene; | Was a prophet and teacher; |
| Knew Herod the Great when a boy; | Was brought up with Herod's son Antipas; |
| Is mentioned as living about three years after the great famin of 24–23 B.C. | Is mentioned just after the famin in the reign of Claudius, about A.D. 47. |

Are not those striking parallels? And how are we to account for them? Manahem the Essene a friend of Herod the Great, and Manahen the Christian who was brought up with Herod the tetrarch, that is, with Herod Antipas, a son of Herod the Great! The interval between the two Manahems, if we are to accept the chronology of Acts, is about 70 years. Josephus's dates are reliable; those of the book of Acts are false and conflicting. Josephus's history is quite free from corruption; the book of Acts is quite otherwise, the text having been more tampered with than any other book in the New Testament. And the compiler of the fabulous book, or a later scribe, sought to make the record fit the period between A.D. 29 and 63. It would not do, therefore, to allow the text to stand with Manahen contemporary with Herod the Great, so he interpolated "Herod the tetrarch," who governed Galilee and Perea from 4 B.C. until A.D. 39.

The fact is, that whatever historical truth is to be found in the fabulous book of Acts belongs to a period long before the time of Tiberius and Pontius Pilate. There was a Jesus who was stoned and hanged for sorcery about 75 years B.C., and among his disciples were the five prophets and teachers named in Acts xiii, 1, 2, to wit, Barnabas, Simeon, Lucius, Manahem, and Saul.

Lucius was, perhaps, Luke, who may hav written the nucleus of a gospel, Manahem was an Essene, and Saul was an advanced Pharisee. ANTICHRIST.

## More Hopeless than Sodom.

Strange how priestcraft, leading sectarianism, warps and twists the New Testament by selecting a few texts and overlooking the whole. Were the work of any author treated as they treat the New Testament, it could be perverted in the same way. One positiv text they overlook, where Christ after advising a man to sell all he has and giv to the poor declares, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." Plainly, then, no rich man can ever be saved, and so his followers understood it, for they were astounded, and asked: "Who then can be saved?" The reply is equally applicable to every like assertion as to punishment and election and eternal damnation: "With man this is impossible, but with God all things are possible." Yet the rich, luxuriously living priests of the sects complacently regard this text, while sentencing to everlasting horrors ninety-nine hundreths of the human race on the strength of one or two obscure texts of Paul about election, which plainly allude to this life alone, and especially to those Christians who, by a happy chance, were living in the time of Christ and his immediate followers. They were the elect, the chosen ones to spread the gospel, and as the whole theory of the condition of the future life is based on the idea of degrees of happiness or punishment, they should rejoice with joy unspeakable because of their assured exalted places in the kingdom hereafter. There is hardly a chapter of the gospels relating Christ's words that does not convey the idea of degrees of rewards and punishments as a matter of course. When the terrible injustice of punishing heathen and infants is suggested to these well-fed Pharisees, they cannot think that "with God all things are possible." They assert that we are as clay in the potter's hands; that God's judgments, however severe on the innocent, are just, although Paul says distinctly, "Where there is no law there is no penalty;" "That sin is not imputed where there is no law;" and speaking of unbelievers declares, "God concluded them all in unbelief that he might hav mercy upon all," and that "all Israel shall be saved." "Who hath known the mind of God or who hath been his counselor?" Had he known John Calvin this might not hav been asked. A Freethinker of culture listening to the wranglings of these sects, is perfectly amazed when he comes to read the New Testament as a whole, just as he would any other work, and sees what ignorance and prejudice hav made of it. Any one of several hundred texts, or some one narrativ of an event, is taken, and a creed is made, and people are told to adopt it as the only safety, in spite of the words of Christ and his actions that over and over again declare that "whatsoever ye would men should do to you do ye even so unto them, for this is the law and the prophets" (Matt. vii, 12). But you must love God. Answer: He who does as above proves his love of God. Love of man is love of God. No man can love his fellow-man, as directed by Christ, unless he hav all the qualities of a Christian or good man—meekness of spirit, mercy, charity, and all others. And, *vice versa*, he cannot be charitable, or meek, and the like, unless he loves his fellow-man.

Christ said, "Blessed are the merciful and pure in heart, for they shall obtain mercy and see God."

The Presbyterian church says, "Yes, provided they are of the elect, and are duly baptized, and observe the Sabbath day (on Sunday, as ordered by Constantine), and support our church, and are not heathen," etc.

Observe that Christ and the apostles, wherever they describe any conduct as assuring to the one who acts in accord with it a place in heaven, invariably describe conduct that is impossible to one who hates his fellow-man, or even to one who does not love his fellow.

"Love God and thy neighbor as thyself." These two are all; and this last is all, because it includes the first as the first does the last. So says Christ. "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance; all are in unbelief that all may be saved: where no law is there can be no transgression," says Paul. Yet the churches, taking a few verses plainly applying to temporal conditions, and others that are merely advisory as to conduct and conversation before the world, include nearly all the world in eternal damnation, and that, too, with penalties without degrees.

Plainly, "it shall be more tolerable for Sodom" at the judgment than for them. Plainly, "they shall be rewarded according to their works." Plainly, "they shall in nowise come out thence until they hav paid the uttermost farthing." Plainly, some of them shall be "least in the kingdom of heaven"—if they are not great in the kingdom of hell, where they may be detained until they hav paid the uttermost farthing.

None but the elect are saved, "yet the son of man

came to seek and save that which was lost." "All power is given unto him in heaven and in earth," yet the meek, the pure in spirit, the humble, kindly lover of his fellow, whom he assured should see God and be greatest in his kingdom, are forever lost if not of the elect, if not of the church, if not dipped, if not sacrament partakers, if not this, that, or the other. "Neither do I condemn thee." Had she repented—joined the church? "Raise the dead." What! shall they only hav another opportunity at salvation? See what a commotion was raised among the Pharisees lately, because a few among them, kindly of heart, merciful in disposition, loving even the poor heathen, ventured to express a faint hope that even they who had never heard their gospel might be saved.

Oh, 'tis enough to make the very angels weep at seeing poor man cutting such fantastic tricks before high heaven! HOLT.

## The American Secular Union.

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### Revival of Religious Bigotry.

The Thanksgiving sermons preached in Chicago were, as the tailors say, "all of the same piece." It looked as though the numerous secretaries of the God-in-the-Constitution movement had furnished our divines with the mental pabulum necessary for so important an occasion, for all wanted God in our laws, for quite contradictory reasons, like a scarecrow in a cornfield, as one fellow put it, to "make the people tremble," but they all wanted him bad. Some spiritual bulldozers reverted to our "national perils," presuming that God didn't know what was necessary for their good, or fearing that he wasn't as fly as the devil, for, notwithstanding their thanks, some seriously intimated that his satanic majesty was stealing a march on the Lord of hosts, and something indicated that the latter would be left several laps behind ere he reached the home-stretch. So they gave him a lashing—with their tongues. Others slyly put their hands behind their backs and thanked him for "blessings;" some for one reason, but generally without reason; some wanted him for a background, another for a foreground, to our Constitution. In fact, there was nothing so absurd that it would not do for a pretext for thanking God. What "taffy" he did get, to be sure! If his almightiness didn't get some valuable pointers that day, for which he will ever be grateful to Chicago, the center of the universe, it will be a sign that he'd better install one of our city pastors to man the machine.

If the absurdity were all, we could well afford to laugh, but their traitorous utterances show how willing these Christian ministers were to "throttle the law;" to inaugurate religious ruin; to subvert American liberty, and really found a reign of scepter and surplice.

Of course such pulpit villainy is ably seconded by pious editors, for the good deacon on the *Journal*, that sanctimonious Chicago evening sheet, declares that a Christian thief is preferable, as a citizen, to an honest Infidel. Hear him:

> For this reason an immoral and lawless man, whose practices, habits, and life—who may even be a criminal as regards property rights or deeds of violence—if he has a theoretical belief in God, is a good man and a valuable member of society as compared with the Infidel who, however pure his life, denies the existence of deity, the truth of divine teachings, and the gospel that was taught by Jesus Christ.

There's Christian morals for you.

Then, that political prostitute of the *Tribune*, to tickle the Irish dynamiters, whose votes Blarney Blaine is after, in speaking of Anarchism, makes that a religious issue. As follows:

> The English and the Irish immigrants are free from it. The infection has no hold on the Protestant Germans, and is practically unknown among Roman Catholics of all nationalities. Very few of the Poles are infected, and the Scandinavians are wholly free from the madness of Anarchism. This peculiar mental and moral malady exists only among a small number of Infidel Germans and Poles, with a scattered following from other nationalities—God-disowning, law-defying, political desperadoes, who cannot command the sympathy or support of any considerable number of foreign-born people.

To think that there are men calling themselvs Freethinkers and Liberals who, "for business reasons," are so cowardly and contemptible as to giv largely to the church, and grudgingly, or not at all, to the cause of mental liberty, as represented by the American Secular Union; who are absolutely paying for the whips with which the enemy will scourge their backs in the near future, because anxious to cater for present popularity, if not averted by Freethought education and organization!

Verily we ask with Whittier:

> Is this the land our fathers loved,
> The freedom which they toiled to win?
> Is this the soil whereon they moved?
> Are these the graves they slumber in?
>
> Are we the sons by whom are borne
> The mantles which the dead hav worn?
> . . . . . .
> Shall tongues be mute when deeds are wrought
> Which well might shame extremest hell?
> Shall freemen lock the indignant thought?
> Shall Pity's bosom cease to swell?
> Shall honor bleed? Shall truth succumb?
> Shall pen, and press, and sword be dumb?
> . . . . . .
> By all above, around, below,
> Be our indignant answer: No!

Then answer, No! in the most effectiv way. Take H. L. Green's advice. He says in the *Freethinkers' Magazine:* "We again repeat that, in our opinion, the best thing that the Liberals can do is to giv the Secular Union their generous and undivided support for the next year, and if the present officers faithfully discharge their duties, and stand by the platform adopted at Chicago, then reëlect them, but if they fail, then put others in their places. And one thing let us not forget to do, and that is to hav a grand rally from all parts of the country at the next annual Congress." This is honest, generous, just advice. Will you giv this administration that support? If you do, you shall not regret it.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary A. S. U.
750 *W. Lake st., Chicago, Ill.*

### C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

KINGSTON, Mo., Nov. 25th, 26th, 27th.—This is the county seat of Caldwell county, eight miles south of Hamilton, which is the nearest railroad station. Two obstacles were in the way of the success of the lectures—first, a severe, cold storm; and, second, a teachers' institute. However, the novelty of the first Infidel lecture in the town attracted about forty persons on Friday evening; and their good report, despite the savage storm of sleet and severe cold, gave increase of attendance on Saturday evening. On Sunday the weather was still very severe, but the storm partly abated, and the interest aroused gave both afternoon and evening what was, under the circumstances, quite a large attendance.

The trinity of Freethought here consists of W. A. Colvin, T. C. Frost, and Hardin Steele. I made the acquaintance of many royally good folks, and enjoyed a visit to the hospitable home of Brother Colvin. He is a genuin Liberal, whose acts are in harmony with the principles he professes. He is an honor to any cause he espouses. The lectures resulted in quite a number of additions to the ranks of those who dare think for themselvs.

That zealous and faithful apostle of Freethought, J. E. Remsburg, was at Hamilton while I was at Kingston, but the weather was so severe that we could not meet. The eight miles of muddy road and the savage, cold wind kept us asunder.

The pure spirit of Christian love and justice was manifest at Hamilton. The hall is owned by a devout Presbyterian. He was very eager to secure his rent, but the friends informed me that on the Saturday evening at the hour announced for the lecture of Mr. Remsburg to begin the fires had not been lighted. This contemptible, mean design succeeded, for all but those warmly attached to the cause were frozen out. On Sunday, at 2:30, the time for the afternoon lecture, the hall doors were fast locked. The Liberals repaired to the drug-store, where friend Remsburg held forth to the loyal and faithful few. In the evening, the report having been industriously circulated, "The lectures hav been given up," attendance was made slim. But the dear Christians overreached themselvs, for their course of action has aroused a spirit of determined, persistent energy among the Liberals, and they are resolved to try it over, and make sure next time that the freezing-out game shall not be played on them.

CLINTON, HENRY Co., Mo., Nov. 29th, 30th, Dec. 1st.—S. E. Price was the only Liberal in this town who had vitality or zeal enough to endeavor to secure lectures. He and his good wife are Spiritualists, but thoroughly Liberal.

Friend Price and Mr. Bates, proprietor of the hall, met me, on arrival at Clinton, with the discouraging declaration that "they had hoped I would not come." Bates had written me to that effect, but his letter failed to reach me. They informed me that all the churches were working zealously for local option. Every one of the churches was holding early prayer meetings every evening, and adjourning at 7:30 to the court-house to hear Prohibition lectures. A committee of church folks had waited on Mr. Price to ask him to cancel engagement of the hall for me, and giv them possession at once, as the court-house would not hold the people who desired to attend their meetings, and the excitement was so great I could not possibly get an audience. Bates declared I could not get seven people to hear me, and advised me to let the Christians hav the hall. Mr. Price was of his opinion, but he preferred I should decide for myself. I seldom surrender without a struggle, and never to a combination of fanatics, so I told them, "If I cannot lecture to seven, I will to six."

The high esteem in which all the people hold friend Price enabled him by personal solicitation to induce nearly one hundred to attend that evening. Oh, dear! dear! but the church folks were wrathy. They had announced they would hold meetings at the hall instead of the Infidel. They bribed the poor, little, 7 x 9, silly paper, called the *Democrat*, to denounce me, and warn the people not to go to hear all that was good and sacred reviled.

Wednesday evening I had over three hundred intelligent ladies and gentlemen present, all of whom evinced the deepest interest. Thursday evening it poured of rain. The church folks were washed out; they had overdone the praying for cold water, and now had a young flood. It dampened their ardor; they held no meeting. There was over two hundred at the hall, and despite the fearful rain many ladies were present.

There was at each lecture eager demand for Liberal publications. I sold over $30 worth of books and pamphlets, and left Clinton jubilant at the glorious impetus given the gospel of humanity, despite all opposition. C. B. REYNOLDS.

### The Liberal Club.

The platform of the Manhattan Liberal Club on the evening of the 9th was occupied by Samuel P. Putnam, president of the American Secular Union. Mr. Putnam was always a favorit of the Club, and he was received with open arms, so to speak. He spoke of the "Dangers Ahead" in the growing ecclesiastical legislation, and the formation of the National Reform party, whose object is the incorporation of God, the Bible, and Jesus Christ with the Constitution of the United States. Among the vice-presidents of this association are eighty reverends and bishops, ten college professors, nine justices of supreme court, two judges of superior court, etc. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is also allied with this ecclesiastical party. The leaders of the Union are vice-presidents in the reform party. Miss Willard, president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, has suggested the creation of a special department for the promotion of Sabbath observance, coöperating with the National Reform Association. This department is now established. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union by its speakers and writers is committed to a theological government, and is, therefore, by its vast membership promoting one of the dangers ahead. The workingmen, also, by a false understanding of the nature of Sabbath legislation, to a large extent unite with the church party for the passing of church laws. The Catholic church also combines with other ecclesiastical forces for the same object. There is therefore a gathering together of many instrumentalities for the support of the God-in-the-Constitution party. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and every true American citizen should be on his guard against these insidious and growing dangers to a free government. Herbert Spencer says, "Free institutions can be maintained only by citizens each of whom is instant to oppose every illegitimate act, every assumption of supremacy, every official excess of power, however trivial it may seem." With eight hundred millions of property exempt from taxation; with Sabbath and blasphemy laws in almost every state of the Union; with a party of wealth and position aiming to make Christianity the common law of the land, abetted by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union with a membership of nearly a million, the Catholic church, the workingmen, and the Prohibition party, there is imperativ need for the maintenance of a national Liberal organization like the American Secular Union, whose object shall be the total separation of church and state, and the establishment of a purely secular government.

Mr. Chavannes, of Tennessee, agreeing with all the points made by the speaker, noted also the danger arising from the Comstockian laws, and called attention to the importance of the work performed by the National Defense Association in maintaining free mails and free press against the encroachments of Comstock and his coadjutors.

Messrs. Oppenheimer, Weeks, Wakeman, Clark, Cohen, and Mrs. Leonard accepted the lecture as truthful and timely; but some criticisms were made, especially by Messrs. Oppenheimer and Wakeman, of the work of the American Secular Union as not being inclusiv of the many important reforms and social and intellectual movements of the day.

In reply, Mr. Putnam admitted the necessity of all those reforms, and that Liberalism should include everything that is for human welfare, but he insisted that no one organization could devote itself to this vast and general work. Liberalism is too great ever to be fully comprehended in one organization, and there should be not one organization, but many organizations, and each organization should be devoted to a specific object. The American Secular Union is for the total separation of church and state. This is its particular work. The National Defense Association is for free mails and free press; the Liberty League for free speech and free assembly. The great work of Liberalism for the intellectual, moral, social, and political advancement of the race can be best advanced by this differentiation of organization. All disagreements are thus avoided, and harmony preserved; vast numbers can unite together for the sup-

port of the Nine Demands of Liberalism. Connect with these some other issue, and division occurs. For other issues, let there be other organizations. We cannot organize for a general, but for particular purposes. In this way there is intensity of life and harmony of action.

A collection of about $12 was taken up at the close of the lecture, which was tendered to Mr. Putnam in remuneration of his services. But he desired to hav it placed in the fund of the American Secular Union for the general work. The amount, therefore, is placed in the hands of the treasurer, Mr. Eckhard.

## Mr. Hill's Rejoinder.

Brother Hill is more than willing to giv in, *provided he is wrong*, and will, of course, make the necessary correction in his reading and figuring on the forthcoming 288 printed issue of the Bruno-Wakeman calendar; but before doing so he begs leave to offer the following, from the Encyclopedia Britannica, which bears directly upon the point at issue, and to which he respectfully calls Brother Parkhurst's attention. What was just published from that great authority bore only on the *popularity* of beginning a calendar with the figure 1, but this quotation bears directly on the *mathematics* of such commencement. The words are as follows:

In order to preserve uniformity in their computations astronomers denote the year which preceded the first of our era by 0, and the year previous to that as 1 B.C., but chronologers, in conformity with common notions, call the year preceding the era 1 B.C., and so on. By reckoning in this manner there is an interruption in the regular succession of numbers; and in the years preceding the era, the leap years, instead of falling on the 4th, 8th, 12th, etc., fall on the 1st, 5th 9th, etc.

This is taken from the article on chronology, and seems to me to state *distinctly* that, although *popular*, the figure 1 is wrong *mathematically*, because leaving room for such an "interruption" when working backward from an era. I await Brother Parkhurst's answer. GEO. N. HILL.

*Boston*, Dec. 10th.

## Books and Periodicals.

"The Factors of Organic Evolution," by Herbert Spencer, constitutes No. 94 of the Humboldt Library, and affords the opportunity of getting a great work for only a small sum—15 cents. It should be in the library of every Freethinker.

"The Diseases of Personality," by Th. Ribot, is No. 95 of the Humboldt Library. It is one of that large class of works which hav lately been published treating of Mind, and is by no means the least worthy of them of study. Price 15 cents.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for December contains articles by Professor Huxley, Grant Allen, and the duke of Argyll; and an interesting bit of autobiography entitled, "The Boyhood of Darwin," from the "Life and Letters" of the great naturalist.

"Wayside Jottings" is Mattie E. Hull's poems and essays collected and handsomely printed and bound. A great many friends of Mrs. Hull will peruse this volume with infinit satisfaction. The book is published by Moses Hull & Co., Des Moines, Ia., for $1.25.

"Natural Law in the Business World," by Henry Wood, is a conservativ argument directed against the economic heresies of the day. It will please the employers of labor and irritate the Socialists. It is, however, too old-fashioned for the present time. Price 30 cents, supplied from this office.

A. Knoflach, who has achieved such signal success in simplifying instruction in the German language, has begun the publication of a series of pamphlets, ultimately to be bound in one, to make Spanish equally easily intelligible. The numbers are 10 cents each, and sold at this office. Five numbers are out.

We hav just published a new edition of Prof. Felix L. Oswald's "Secret of the East." It is printed on heavy paper, wide margin, and finely and substantially bound. Of the merit of the book the admirers of Professor Oswald are well aware, and the fact that this is the third large edition attests it. The price remains at $1.

L. L. Whitlock has begun in Boston the publication of a monthly called the *Soul*. It is a handsome paper. Its avowed purpose is to find out if man has "a never-dying soul to save, and fit it for the sky." Inasmuch as the editor and contributors start out with the proposition that they *hav*, the paper can hardly be termed scientific.

We hav received a plea for home rule as against Rome rule, called, "Ultramontanism is Unlawful in the United States," by Adolf Hepner. Mr. Hepner is very unskilful in the use of the English language, but he means well, and his pamphlet contains good matter. It may be bought of Mr. Hepner for 10 cents, 709 Wood street, Philadelphia.

J. Mount Bleyer, M.D., has written a treatis on "Scientific Methods of Capital Punishment," and Fitzgerald, whose education as a priest made him an Atheist, has put it into his Humboldt Library, No. 93. The price is 10 cents. Mr. Bleyer believes in the use of electricity in speeding the parting guest whose longer stay in this world is undesirable.

"Christian Paradoxes: The Characters of a Believing Christian in Paradoxes and Seeming Contradictions," by Francis Bacon, is just what its voluminous title indicates. It is printed by Peter Eckler, who owns a job-printing office in this town, and turns out some of the handsomest specimens of typography that we ever saw. This little pamphlet of fourteen pages, containing a portrait of Francis Bacon, and selling for 5 cents, is no exception. Mr. Eckler contributes a preface, in which he considers whether Bacon was a Christian or not, and givs us enough facts about that "greatest, brightest, meanest of mankind" to make us hope he was. The Paradoxes are sarcastic, and leave one in doubt whether Bacon meant to sneer at Christian theology or to plainly expound it for the benefit of true believers. They certainly are entertaining reading.

"The Philosophy of Cure" is the first of six proposed works on "Human Culture and Cure," by E. D. Babbitt, "Dean of the New York College of Magnetics." His idea seems to be to cure diseases by light, heat, magnetism, etc., and the book is published to convince people of the possibility of the scheme. The part just issued is mechanically beautiful, and is sold by the "New York Solar Thermolume Co.," 39 West 27th street, this city.

John Page Hopps, a Unitarian preacher of England, has put into a pleasing pamphlet seven of his lectures upon the origin, structure, contents, and authority of the Old Testament. Mr. Hopps follows after the distinguished authors of the "Bible for Learners" and Matthew Arnold in his criticism of the Hebrew scriptures and religion. His book is mild and reverent, and will be acceptable to the Unitarians, though not sufficiently explicit to please the Radicals of this country.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Underwood hav resigned the editorial control of the *Open Court*. The reason is that Mr. Hegeler, the proprietor, desired to associate with them Dr. Paul Carus, his secretary, and future husband of his daughter, to which they objected. This will, probably, end the *Open Court*. While we cannot admire some things that Mr. Underwood has done, we hav never denied him great intellectual ability. For a publication like the *Open Court* he is eminently fitted as editor, though too labored in style for general work.

"Spiritual Healing Formula and Text-Book," by A. J. Swarts, is one of the claptrap results of the faith-cure craze. There is a field of psychic phenomena which it is the legitimate province of the scientist to investigate, but the empiric methods of those who find in the material action of the brain a "consuming fire by which we are changed from glory to glory by the Spirit, God," add nothing to the world's knowledge. The price of Mr. Swarts's book we do not know. It may be obtained of him at 161 LaSalle street, Chicago, Ill.

Our German readers will all want the "Freidenker Almanack" for 1888. It contains a great deal of useful information, splendid poetry, and high-toned literature, which is beyond any power of ours to describe. We know that it has a calendar, the poetry we can tell by the shape, and we can dimly perceive that what is doubtless one of its most interesting contributions bears on the subject of "Socialismus and Individualismus." The price of the Almanack is 25 cents, and it may be had of the Freidenker Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Dyer D. Lum has resurrected the *Alarm* of Albert R. Parsons, and publishes it fortnightly at 169 Washington street, Chicago. It is needless to say that it is an Anarchist journal. Mr. Tucker, who poses as a sort of intellectual yard-stick by which to measure Anarchistic minds, says that "the paper keeps well up to the platform," from which we infer that it is a safe journal for an Anarchist to hav in the house. Mr. Lum is a very forcible writer, exceedingly bitter against constituted authorities, and grimly in earnest. The subscription price of the *Alarm* is $1.50 annually.

"Pope's Essay on Man, with Responding Essay," by Caleb S. Weeks, is a pamphlet published by the Fowler & Wells Co., in which Dr. Weeks givs a page from Pope and balances it by some reflections of his own. He calls his Essay, "Man Seen in the Deepening Dawn." By investing 50 cents the curious can see whether the second essay is an improvement in philosophy upon the first. Dr. Weeks, we may say, is one of the most interesting debaters—in the matter of his remarks—of the Liberal Club, and has embodied, he assures us, the best of his ideas in this poem.

The Agnostic Annual for 1888 has been lying on our counters for some time. The issue is of the same high quality as previous numbers, and has among its contributors Masters and Bachelors of Art, Fellows of Royal Societies, and Doctors of Philosophy, and common every-day people like Stewart Ross, Gerald Massey, and Thomas Mead, who know more than some whole colleges. The almanac characteristics hav been dropped, and the Annual is a bundle of essays and poems, which will interest studious and philosophical minds. Price 25 cents.

William Danmar, Station E., Brooklyn, N. Y., has published for 25 cents a pamphlet called, "The Tail of the Earth; or, The Location and Condition of the Spirit World." Mr. Danmar says: "The formation of galomal mass in individual organic bodies, which was caused by the struggle for galomal equilibrium, had necessarily to be accompanied by the development of a strong egoism of these bodies, who, for the sake of happiness or equilibrium, want to exist and prosper." We agree with the author in concluding that this places the question in regard to another individual life on an entirely new basis.

The Rev. L. A. Lambert, Roman Catholic priest at Waterloo, N. Y., crony of the Rev. Patrick Cronin, editor of the Buffalo *Catholic Union and Times*, author of "Notes on Ingersoll," who refused to meet Remsburg in debate when all expenses and a hundred dollars were guaranteed him by McArthur, has written another book which he anomalously entitles, "Tactics of Infidels." It is written in the same style as the "Notes on Ingersoll," and is made up of quotations from Colonel Ingersoll, the "Notes," Lacy's Reply to Lambert, with additional comments by Lambert. The price, $1.25, is altogether disproportional to its merits. The writer, who confounds "honest thought" and murderous acts, and argues as though they were one and the same, is not worth replying to.

"Outside the Gates; and Other Tales and Sketches," by a Band of Spirit Intelligences, through the Mediumship of Mary Theresa Shelhamer, has just been published by Colby & Rich, of Boston. The book is not exactly a novel, but the heroin is a spirit who "depicts her progress"—we copy from the advertisment—"in spirit-life from a state of unhappiness outside the heavenly gates to one of peace in the sunset land—developing on the way stories of individual lives and experiences, as well as descriptions of their condition and abodes of the spirit-land." Doubtless the book is as authentic as Revelation, and those who hav read Miss Shelhamer's lectures will probably desire this book. The price is $1.25, and, like all of Colby & Rich's publications, it may be obtained at this office.

The Rochester Brotherhood of Humanity, whose objects are "to discover the nature, the ministry, and the destiny of man, and to unfold the divinity within him, and more especially to discover and elucidate esoteric Christianity," has printed a small pamphlet on "Christos," with the allegation on the cover that the perfect man is the anthropomorphic God. The style of the work may be discovered from the concluding paragraph of the introduction: "God is ever near to the willing and contrite soul, for the divine voice cannot be heard in the whirlwind of passion and pride, but in the silence may be found the word, which was, which is, and which ever shall be, world without end." Survivors of that affirmation who desire more may address Mrs. J. W. Cable, 40 Ambrose street, Rochester, N. Y.

Our old friend, J. Pettey, of La Crosse, Wis., has compiled a volume of his essays, originally published in Freethought papers, principally THE TRUTH SEEKER and *Investigator*, under the modest title of "Freethought Miscellany." The book is adorned with Mr. Pettey's portrait. The essays were more interesting when written than now. Mr. Pettey is a very direct and pointed writer, as this quotation from his "review of a few sentences" from Mr. Putnam's "Problems of the Universe" will show: "You remind me of what a German once said, 'Some mens know somedings, but more almost noddings.' And further adds, 'Some professors mit pig heads hav too much talk, and not enough think,' which I think is the case with you." Those who desire more profound arguments of this sort should address J. Pettey, La Crosse, Wis.

We received some time since from Lee & Shepard the following:

"Lee & Shepard hav in press a work which will at once command a wide reading, for its timely discussion of a subject of intense interest to the present generation, by a distinguished author, whose works run through a field of inquiry regarding the Socialistic problem, as seen from the Socialistic point of view—'Danton in the French Revolution.' The book has been recently written by Laurence Gronlund, the author of 'The Coöperativ Commonwealth: An Exposition of Modern Socialism,' by a Socialist. The author claims that Danton's work really saved France, and he places the responsibility for the bloodshed from 1789 to 1792, not upon the Socialists, but upon those whom he terms 'counter-revolutionists.' This remarkable book will embrace the period from 1748 to the present time, and probes into the great social questions which now agitate society with characteristic vigor and ability. As no work of this kind by a Socialist has ever before been published in the United States, its appearance will be a literary event of considerable interest."

After saying that the book is now out, and for sale here for $1.25, that Mr. Gronlund is overestimated by his publishers and underestimated by the public, we hav nothing further to add to the notice.

One would think that sailors were about the last class of mechanics for which a journal could be published with any reasonable hope of getting it to its subscribers. But several numbers of the Pacific Coast *Seaman's Journal* hav reached us from San Francisco, and it shows evidences of prosperity. The Seaman's Union on the Pacific Coast is, perhaps, one of the best proofs that organization of artisans can, for a time at least, overcome the fundamental economic principle that wages are regulated by the "law of supply and demand." In England sailors ship for from twelve to twenty dollars per month. The latter price is paid to boatswains, carpenters, second or third mates. Seamen who rate A.B. get the former. On coasters around New York, seamen readily obtain twenty-five and thirty dollars per month. But on the Pacific Coast, for voyages of two weeks to two months, the men get forty-five dollars per month. This is due to their compact union and the good faith with which the sailors observe their obligations. The *Seaman's Coast Journal* is published by the Union in the interests of the men against villainous boarding-house-keepers, tyrannical captains, and unscrupulous owners. It is painful, however, to a patriotic American who remembers the ancient naval glory of his country, which was once celebrated in song and story, to observe that American sailors are not Americans at all. With the exception of the fishermen and coasters of New England, American sailors are Norwegians, Danes, Swedes, and Russian Finns, with an occasional Irishman, though our friend Patrick generally prefers the heavy labors and copious drinks of beer which fall to the lot of the longshoreman. That such a variety of nationalities can harmoniously dwell in one union, each working for all, seems a little strange, and argues good executiv management. Though not up to the typographical standard of Mr. Eckler, the *Seaman's Coast Journal* is creditable to the sailors of San Francisco, with the exception of the marine view at the head. The artist, who, we are informed, engraved the heading gratuitously, has evidently more good-will for the sailors than share of their knowledge. It is somewhat surprising to see a full-rigged ship and a schooner going exactly in opposit directions, each with the wind dead after her. The editor should haul one or the other of those vessels on the wind.

# Communications.

## The Defender of Woman.

Robert Ingersoll needs no defense, from whatever point the attack may come. His words and his daily life are a bulwark that the misrepresentations of ignorance, malevolence, or bigotry can hav no effect upon. But we love to stand up for our friends, and Ingersoll is the friend of woman; in his highest flights he never fails to take her with him, to stand her beside him on his lofty pedestal, where he makes man ashamed of littleness, meanness, bigotry, and selfishness; always he seats her beside him on his throne (the only one he tolerates—the throne of intelligence), where he sways the great heart of the multitude by his wonderful eloquence. In his broadest, grandest views he never forgets her, and in the tributes he pays her, and the strong appeals he makes for her, there is no cringing, sensual adoration, only a reasonable and noble justice. She is a human being like himself, with the same wide capacities for pain or pleasure. "Woman has all the rights that man has, and one more," he says, "the right to be protected."

Mrs. Wilcox, writing of Robert Ingersoll at home, pays tribute to his genius and his faultless home life, but, while granting that he has done much good, givs it as her opinion that he has also done "a great deal of harm;" and in the face of all the fine, tender, lovely, human, exalting, and beautiful things he has said to inspire men to nobler ways of thinking and better ways of living, to a purer loving and a more tender giving, accuses him of using his splendid strength more in tearing down than in "building up pedestals for truth." "If," she says, "he would say more about the need of fine principles and less about the uselessness of piety; if he would giv us two words for morality to one against hell fire, he would do more good in the world. He givs us too much blue mass and not enough tonic."

One cannot believe that Mrs. Wilcox has read, or, better still, heard as it fell from his lips, "What Must We do to be Saved?" She cannot hav read "The Gods and other Lectures," "Ghosts," or, "The Rights of Man, Woman, and Child;" and can it be that she has read his reply to Mr. Field?

For everything he tears down Mr. Ingersoll substitutes that which is better. For the narrowness of dogma, generosity, good-fellowship; for the selfishness of creeds, deeds of kindness; for the cold, exclusiv religion of orthodoxy, the warm, all-embracing religion of humanity. "What Must We Do to Be Saved?" contains more "fine principles" than any other writing of the same length in the English language, the Sermon on the Mount not excepted. By "simile and comparison, by epigram and metaphor," by ridicule and pathetic appeal, Mr. Ingersoll in this lecture declares his belief in love, justice, and mercy, and plainly shows that it is the lack of these in the orthodox creed that makes him so bitter against it. He says: "They say, 'What do you propose? You hav torn down our hope; what do you propose to giv us in place of it?' I hav not torn it down. I hav only endeavored to trample out the ignorant and cruel fires of hell. I do not tear away the passage, 'God will be merciful to the merciful.' I do not destroy the promis, 'If you will forgiv others, God will forgiv you.' I would not for anything blot out the faintest star that shines in the horizon of human despair." Further on he says: "I believe in the gospel of cheerfulness, the gospel of good nature, the gospel of good health. Good health! I believe the time will come when the public thought will be so great and grand that it will be looked upon as infamous to perpetuate disease. I believe the time will come when men will not fill the future with consumption and insanity. I believe the time will come when men will feel under obligations to put the flags of health in the cheeks of their children. Even if I got to heaven and had a harp, I would hate to look back upon my children and see them diseased, deformed, crazed—all suffering the penalty of crimes that I had committed. I believe in the gospel of good living, good cooking; in the gospel of good clothes, good houses; in the gospel of soap and water. The school-house is my cathedral, the universe my Bible. I believe in the gospel of justice. That we must reap what we sow. I do not believe in forgivness. If I rob Mr. Smith and God forgivs me, how does that help Smith? If I by slander cover some poor girl with the leprosy of some imputed crime, and she withers away like a blighted flower; and afterward I get forgivness, how does that help her? If there is another world, we hav got to settle. No bankrupt court there. Pay down. For every crime you commit, you must answer to yourself and to the one you injure. And if you hav ever clothed another with unhappiness as with a garment of pain, you will never be quite as happy as though you had not done that thing. God cannot hate anybody who is capable of loving his neighbor; so I believe in this great gospel of generosity. Ah, but they say it won't do. You must believe. I say no. My gospel of health will prolong life; my gospel of intelligence, my gospel of loving, my gospel of good fellowship, will fill the world with happy homes. My doctrin will giv us health, wealth, and happiness. That is what I believe in. Giv us intelligence, and man will find that he cannot steal without robbing himself; he will find that he cannot murder without assassinating his own joy. He will find that every crime is a mistake He will find that only that man carries a cross who does wrong; and that for the man who does right the cross changes into wings that bear him upward forever. He will find that intelligent self-love embraces in its mighty arms all the human race."

Even these few words I hav quoted contain the new gospel that is to regenerate the world, and yet how small a part of all the fine, touching, and tender things he has said! I wish I could quote him entire; but it is enough to prove that for every rotten timber of doctrin Robert Ingersoll tumbles down he substitutes one that will endure while man has need of a faith; for his timbers all fit into the doctrin that love must rule the world. Intelligence, liberty, kindness, love, justice, mercy, and charity—these are the virtues he requires of men—these are the materials with which he builds.

He tells us again and again to make our homes so full of joy that there will be some to spare for our neighbors, and he tells us how to do this. He tells us not to waste the precious years of life in fruitless wrangling about eternity; not to let slip every opportunity "to scatter joy" by an absorbing worship of a God who is utterly deaf to our cries, since he has never manifested any interest in our affairs, or interfered in the least to change the course of events. Mrs. Wilcox believes in prayer. So do Frances Willard, Anna Gordon, Hannah Whitehall Smith, and a host of other angelic women, who prayed for Michigan, Texas, and Tennessee, in their recent struggle for Prohibition. But those states said, "Giv us whisky," and if God lent a hand on either side it must hav been to the saloon-keepers. Every Woman's Christian Temperance Union opens its meetings with prayer and praise; yet in every Union perhaps there are some women who hav been praying for half a lifetime for a drunken husband or son, beseeching God to giv the loved one strength to keep the pledge, and be saved; with breaking hearts they are praying still, but ah! God does not hear. The loved one goes on to his ruin, and will not be saved unless by the help of a man. And this is what Mr. Ingersoll would help us to see. If all the prayers that hav gone up from the heart of one mother over an erring son could be recorded, they would not only melt but break the heart of any good man; and if he had the power he would make that son the joy of his mother's heart. Yet in what instance hav these prayers ever had any effect upon an omnipotent God? Mr. Ingersoll would hav us reject the old superstition of a selfish God pleased by the suffering of poor, weak creatures who come they know not whence, and go they know not whither, and worse still, of a God appeased by the sacrifice of innocent creatures. Mr. Ingersoll would help us to see that it is better to build school-houses than fine churches; and all his teaching is to the end that a man's daily life is the only religion worth fostering. But for lack of time and space I cannot tell all the "fine principles" Mr. Ingersoll lays down; and who shall imitate his manner in urging their adoption by his fellow-men?

For what Mr. Ingersoll has said to elevate man and to do away with worn-out, pernicious creeds, I am profoundly grateful; but I am only human, and am therefore still more deeply grateful for what he has said in the cause of woman. It is impossible for me to express the deep indignation, the just scorn of all human justice, that I felt when the fact first dawned upon me that, on account of the mere accident of sex, I belonged to a degraded half of the human race. Nor is it possible to express the divine jealousy, and still more divine despair (that despair of which resistance to the death is born), with which I was seized, when, young and ardent in the cause of learning, I found that the acquisition of knowledge was so far considered the male prerogativ that all college doors were locked against women.

Later on, when I learned the pathetic story of my sex from history, through all the mournful past down to the civilization of the present, did my heart break—not quite, but almost. Bought and sold in marriage; refused the right of divorce; disqualified from holding property; hung and burnt for witchcraft; nearly every avenue not only to honor, fame, and culture, but to an honest livelihood, closed against her; subject to the law, but deprived of the ballot—these are the outlines of the sad history. My heart did not break, for my spirit rose in rebellion. I said it was not right; it is not right; it never can be right; and, in my humble way, I hav protested, and still protest, against any law or custom that tends to degrade woman. But I believe that the battle is nearly over, and that woman will win her freedom as man has won his; and for her vantage-ground to-day she has none who more deserve her thanks than Robert Ingersoll. Looking into the past, realizing and comprehending as few hav done the grand struggle of man against tyranny and oppression, he saw, also, as no man has seen, and only one woman—George Eliot—the pleading face of woman looking out from the horrors of wars and persecutions. And his plea for woman's advancement is as manly, honest, and earnest; as practical and full of good sense, as his plea for man. This is my excuse for attempting to defend one who needs no defense.

*Chester, Neb.*, Nov. 14, 1887. EMILY BURTON.

## Concerning the Times, and the Signs Thereof.

The capitalistic press depicts the sufferings of the white slaves of the mines, and of those of the metropolis, and yet insists that this is the most glorious country on the face of the earth, and that the social condition of things is a thing of beauty and a joy forever; something too sacred to be touched upon or questioned. For the troubles of the toilers, the only panacea which the *World*, with other capitalistic papers of the Democratic stripe, offers, is, in effect, this and nothing more: "Join the Democratic party and be happy. If you can't be happy then, you don't deserve to be."

The capitalistic press is continually prating of the glories of the ballot, and that, too, in face of the fact that ballots are bought at every election at from, say the price of a drink, up to dollars, more or less. Now, we hav had the ballot here in this country for a hundred years, and what is the upshot? Industrial white slavery, crushing monopoly, with hideous corruption in every governmental department of the country—national, state, and municipal. Where does the saving grace of the ballot come in? The writer fails to see where. Even if ballots were not merchandise, men would be coerced to vote as their masters, the monopolists, wished, and the ballot beaten. Were there no trading or coercion, and voters were not bound to the Juggernaut of machine politics, but voted according to their convictions, they would be betrayed, as they are to-day, as they ever hav been, by those they elect. Office appears to be the destroyer of honor and honesty. A man, never a more honest and honorable one before taking office, becomes therein a corruptionist. The ballot is a failure, and ever will be until all men are honest; as that time will never come, the outlook is not encouraging for those who put their faith in ballots.

### "THE PUBLIC BE DAMNED!"

Thus the coarse, purse-proud millionaire, William H. Vanderbilt, who never made an honest dollar in his life, blatantly expressed himself one day to a reporter. "Them's my sentiments!" is the cry to-day of every overgrown capitalist, monopolist, and plutocrat in the land, and about every office-holder as well. Well, the public is a patient, long-suffering ass, but possibly it may, some time or other, kick; then the the plutocrats, *et al.*, will hear something drop.

### THE REAL ANARCHISTS.

It would seem that "sassiety," the classes generally, with the Goulds—embracing all those, and their name is Legion, who, though not the possessors of tens, scores, and hundreds of millions, are abundantly supplied with the disposition to become such by the dark ways and sharp tricks that hav characterized the career of the Mephistopheles of finance, and filled his coffers to overflowing with ill-gotten gains—are doing all in their power to bring about a change of government in this country, a change from republican to monarchical form.

In the eyes of millionaires there are millionaires enough in this country now, and they want what they term a "strong government" to protect their stolen hoards; and with "sassiety" and the classes at their back, the plutocrats are aiming at the empire. The empire is the heaven to which they are looking, and they are willing to go through the purgatory of despotism in order to reach their heaven. In every imaginable way they are working to bring about this despotism, and when they hav goaded the people to some tremendous overt act of blood, the "man on horseback"—say, some such man as "clubber" Williams—will spring to the front and, proclaiming himself dictator, inaugurate a despotic reign of "blood and iron," the empire coming later on, when the way is thoroughly paved with the skulls of the people.

The Anarchists to be feared in this country are the plutocrats, the classes generally, and "sassiety" itself. These are the real Anarchists, and not that little body of men that knocks the press silly. And if these real, Simon Pure Anarchists do not shortly bring about the condition of things that shall open the way for the "man on horseback," then the signs of the times are false and appearances only deceptions.

### "THIS GLORIOUS REPUBLIC."

Why is it that this "glorious republic" requires so much bolstering? Every post-prandial gusher and every spread-eagle orator seems to feel in duty bound to iterate and reiterate that "this is the most glorious country under the sun!" And daily the diverse editors all over the land are impelled to utter like panegyrics.

If it be so "glorious," why does it need so much puffing? We don't paint the lily, neither do we gild refined gold. Why the need of so much paint and gilding for this "glorious land?" There would be no

need, of course, were it half as "glorious" as it is painted, but it isn't. It is in a decidedly bad way, and growing no better very fast; hence the need of paint and gold-leaf liberally laid on; of bolstering praise and bloated panegyric. A look over this "glorious land" discloses conditions as follows:

Millionairism rampant.

Monopolies crushing the people.

"Combines"—by courtesy "trusts"—that rob the masses right and left.

"White slavery" in the mines.

"White slavery" in the cities.

Corruption on the bench, in every governmental department, and at the polls, the alleged "palladium of our liberties."

Ballots as merchandise, bought and sold.

Men coerced to vote by their employers.

"Corners" in the necessaries of life, and the masses suffering in consequence.

Government exacting taxes to the amount of $100,000,000 to $150,000,000 over and above its yearly expenses, and the people forced to pay the same.

Ten-million-dollar cathedrals rising here and there, and tens of thousands of poverty-stricken wretches sinking in despair.

Instead of trying to make things easy as possible for the people, the government racks its "brains" to discover methods by which to annoy the people. Vide the late asinin order of the post-office department.

Laws for the rich, and laws for the poor.

Justice travestied in every court in the land, when the culprits are rich men, or policemen.

But a big book might be written of the things that are teetotally wrong in this "glorious republic," and damned little good the writing of it would do, I imagin. The people seem to be mired in the slough of apathy, and their "servants" are in high feather on high ground. Will the fountains ever burst? Will the vials of wrath ever be opened? Not to-day, some other day, perchance.

"IS OUR PROSPERITY DANGEROUS?"

This conundrum was put forth the other day by the *World*, after remarks published in some Western paper of one Dr. Parker, an English gospel sharp, over here in the cause of Christ, ostensibly, but with an eye to business; shekels for himself. The D.D. thinks our prosperity is much too previous, as it were, and therefore dangerous. "Me too." The D.D. says we are going at too fast a gait. I agree with him—agree with a D.D.! Yes, I believe that this republican chariot of ours is rattling along at a pace that threatens a smash-up, with any ruts and rocks in the way, and we all know they are plenty. The running gear is sadly out of order, and the danger of a smash-up is imminent, and not far away, in the humble opinion of the writer.

The English D.D. fears a "collapse." Others do, among them the writer. Not because the D.D. does, but because he can't help it. When the Centennial was celebrated, the writer predicted that the American republic would never liv to see its bi-centennial, and still predicts to that effect. "There will be," says the English Bible-boomer, "a great collapse or a great disciplin." It will be "collapse," not "disciplin," in the humble opinion, etc. The republic is a great, big, overgrown abnormity—a giant that has grown altogether too quickly and loosely. It has a "big head"—the most pronounced case of "big head" on record, "imperial Rome" in its palmiest days not excepted—broad shoulders, indifferent arms, splendid torso, but wobbly pins. The superstructure is too much for the underpinning. Still, as a giant the giant is immense, albeit an abnormity. When it comes to "disciplin," he will not take kindly to it, having had all he means to put up with. He will kick, and that which may come as "disciplin" will not prove such, for in the end the giant will be dismembered, and so not "disciplined."

Clubbing the life out of a fellow, or shooting it out, is not "disciplining," except in police ethics.

No, this giant republic, weakly pinned and top-heavy, will not stand to see his bi-centennial within seventy-five years. If he does, I will cut any number of watermelons for those of my readers who may be on deck when the "bi" is celebrated. The writer believes that, by the year 1900, or 1910 at the farthest, the giant will hav "gone to grass," or be in a state of "grogginess" that surely will, sooner or later, send him there. Then, the giant republic having "collapsed," there will rise in its stead three empires, the western, greatest of all, and the eastern and southern. In time the western, by process of arms, will absorb the southern empire, the consolidation, in time, again, and by the aforesaid process, absorbing the eastern realm, when will blaze forth the greatest and grandest—power and splendor considered—empire the world has ever seen! Will it be for the welfare of the masses? Oh, no, Simple Simon! it will be wholly and particularly for the glory of the classes, who, as I hav before remarked, are doing all they can to bring about a consummation most devoutly wished by the majority of them.

Such are the views of a nativ American from way back, and one who, albeit a pronounced Pessimist, has not always been "left" in the matter of prediction. Don't forget to remind me, in 1976, of those watermelons—if I lose.

SI SLOKUM.

## What Is the Use of Theology?

Theology is a pretended science—the science of the "incomprehensible." Hobbes rightly characterizes it as the "kingdom of darkness;" for he who would try to understand it must first put out his eyes, ignore all experience, and banish his reason forever; for in the realm of theology impossibilities are credible, absurdities are truisms, and reason is madness!

The theologian undertakes to explain this mysterious science.

Relying upon the credulity and fear of the ignorant, he comes forward and with the arrogance of a charlatan proclaims that to him all the mysteries of the universe are plain—unraveled—and the whole realm of heaven open to those who believe.

All the phenomena of the universe he declares to be due to a being whom he designates—God.

But while he pretends to know all about this mysterious personage, he informs you that you can never know anything, because God cannot be understood by a finite being, to whom the problem of deity must forever remain inscrutable. To the rational mind, this would be enough to demonstrate the uselessness of belief in such a being. For what evidence can man ever hav of the existence of a being who acts upon none of our senses? But to the credulous faith is sufficient.

Without faith, difficulties and doubts beset the human mind; but with faith all obstacles are removed.

Now, it is pretended by the theologian that, though no man can comprehend God, nevertheless every child born into the world is born with an innate idea of this "incomprehensible" being.

That this is not true, however, experience clearly demonstrates to any person who takes the trouble to examin the subject.

If every child has an innate idea of God, the Atheist's child, as well as the Theist's, should be born with an idea of deity; but it is found, upon investigation, that unless the child is instructed in the subject, it has not even the faintest shadow of an idea of the meaning of the word God.

Not only is this true, but eminent travelers, like the late Drs. Livingstone and Moffatt, hav reluctantly testified that they hav come across races not only wholly destitute of any idea of God, but with such a limited vocabulary of words as to be absolutely unable to express an idea of a supreme ruler of the universe. But I go so far as declaring that all men are without idea of God—if by God is meant an infinit being who exists in addition to the universe. The very idea is a contradiction in terms. If the universe is finite, whatever exists besides it must be finite also. In that case God would be a finite being.

If the universe is infinit—that is, without limit—the idea of the existence of God is excluded. On the other hand, if God is infinit, everything is God, and there is no universe, or the universe and God are one.

It is thus clear that we must hav either a finite universe and a finite God, or an infinit universe and no God, or an infinit God and no universe. There are no other alternativs.

Now, all our ideas are but the representation, through the medium of the senses, of objects that are believed to exist extraneous to the individual. Man receives certain sensations from objects, and these sensations he interprets in words. Of the real existence of these extraneous objects man cannot be positivly certain; but when, by constant examination and verification of his sensations, he finds that with like conditions like results always follow, he has the best of all grounds for believing that the phenomena of the universe are material, and not mental only.

Our daily experience teaches us that our intellectual life begins with the development of our senses, and becomes of service to us in forming a sound judgment in proportion to the cultivation of the brain.

A person born blind has no idea of color, nor has a deaf-mute an idea of sound; and since all ideas we hav are of the phenomena that are perpetually taking place about us, we hav and can hav no idea of anything that does not form part of these.

If it is still alleged that man can hav an idea of the supernatural, what is the faculty whereby such an idea is to be apprehended?

Man has no innate ideas. All his ideas are got from his surroundings—from his perception of phenomena, and from reflection on those perceptions. Martin Luther was quite right when he wrote the memorable sentence, "God is a blank sheet of paper upon which nothing is found but what you hav yourself written," and Xenophon supplemented this by saying that, "if horses and asses were to depict their gods, they would depict respectivly horses and asses."

The truth is, man sees his own image in the mirror of his mind, and before that image he bends the knee in adoration.

Now, theologians say that God is an infinit being and quite incomprehensible to man. Yet they affirm that it is man's highest duty to continually think of God, and not only this, but he is to base his conduct upon certain relations that are alleged to subsist between God and his creatures. But unless man knows something of the divine nature, how can he possibly base his actions towards his fellow-creatures upon it? Unless man knows that God is good, it would be folly to worship him; unless he knows that deity is wise, it would be madness for him to base his conduct upon any supposed relationship toward him.

If deity were an evil being, the man who acted up to his commands would act viciously, unless we can suppose goodness as emanating from an evil power.

On the other hand, it is pure assumption to say that "God is good" without evidence either of his existence or of his goodness.

Again, if God be infinit, what relation can the finite hav with him? If God is everywhere, God is everything. In that case man is a part of God, or God is a limited being in proportion as man is something.

The finite can hav no communication with the infinit. Man's duties therefore are toward finite creatures, namely, his fellow-men, and not toward an infinit being, who can very well do without his assistance.

ARTHUR B. MOSS.

## Still Harping on My Daughter?

*From the Galveston Daily News of November 24th.*

The New York TRUTH SEEKER continues to belabor the *News* with untrue charges. "It upheld Sunday laws *per se* as just and right." "It forced its own employees to work on Sunday morning . . . and all day Sunday." "It took the ground of the Sabbatarians that Sunday laws are righteous because religious." "Texas law permits the sale of papers on Sunday, but not their manufacture." These are all misstatements. THE TRUTH SEEKER asks of the *News:* "Why did it go into court when the law applied to itself?" Answer: The *News* did not seek a court till its manager was arrested. It thought that the action of a constable was not necessarily "law." It then showed, by counsel, to the satisfaction of the district judge, that newspapers are exempt, as is ice-cream. Does THE TRUTH SEEKER ever take ice-cream in summer? Would it be well understood that one may sell ice-cream on Sunday, but that under such permission one must manufacture it on Saturday? THE TRUTH SEEKER, though worshiping majorityism, becomes philosophical when it distinguishes that "if the people will insist on arming Christians with laws against their liberty they must expect tyranny." That is to say, THE TRUTH SEEKER becomes superficially philosophical. The people do not insist upon any such thing specifically. But if THE TRUTH SEEKER wishes to get at the root of its own trouble as well as of the Sunday law trouble, it will not stop there. All results of legislation and administration by authority are contained in the grant of powers, including the opportunity to assume powers, in government. THE TRUTH SEEKER approving a Sabbatarian judge as a scourge to giv people a lesson unconsciously reproves THE TRUTH SEEKER complaining of a New Jersey anti-heretical judge, another scourge to giv Freethinkers a lesson—the same lesson. Does it protest that it is against all laws to distinguish and punish heresy? That is only one remove of the question. It is in favor of the general arbitrary authoritativ power which can take upon itself to make such laws. The people get Sabbatarian laws without knowing precisely how. A "balance of power" element may make them, for where the people most vaunt themselvs that the majority rules it is the few who convert the minority into a majority by selling out and going over, or taking advantage of indifference in representativs. Thus a minority generally rules. This fact fails of its proper effect upon THE TRUTH SEEKER. Its lesson plainly is that majority decisions are a choice of evils; that rulership, as a principle distinguished from voluntary participation, is ever to be avoided where it is possible to giv to each the separate control of his interests and his destiny, merely preserving the peace between the units. Interests, where inextricable, may conveniently be resolved by majority vote of those concerned. But the political sphere of a general arbitrary control defies all effectiv limitations upon power; hence people are constantly contributing to the arming of their oppressors, and this will naturally go on until government is reduced to the theory and practice of a defensiv agency emanating from the will of its self-constituent citizens, intelligently assuming its cost for its value to them in maintaining necessary conditions of order and protecting them against criminal aggressions.

*From the same paper, of November 30th.*

The New York TRUTH SEEKER hoped that there would always be judges with the temper to enforce obnoxious laws upon people who advocate them. It gratuitously assumed that the *News* advocated the continuance of an obnoxious law, and ignored that the *News* specifically pointed to an official responsibility upon sheriffs and other peace officers simply as officials. Nemesis reaches THE TRUTH SEEKER in an unexpected manner. It is a firm adherent of the government plan, which in fact has resulted in blasphemy laws and their enforcement. When Freethinker Reynolds was tried for blasphemy, THE TRUTH SEEKER was cruelly reminded that the judge had acted under the law. THE TRUTH SEEKER may claim to intend justice, but so do the persecutors, perhaps, as they understand justice, or think that they do. THE TRUTH SEEKER is in this trouble, that, "the state legislatures and courts and the general government pay no attention to the limitations put upon them by the national charter." That is to say, in the opinion of THE TRUTH SEEKER. They don't hav to. Now, if somebody had hoped that there would always be judges to administer blasphemy laws against THE TRUTH SEEKER so long as it is in favor of a system of rulership which is the source of blasphemy laws, it would hav got just the reply it merited. THE TRUTH SEEKER says that it goes in for justice. If it goes in for putting into men's hands power by which they can do injustice, how is it but sentimentally in favor of justice? The best means of obtaining justice may be a matter of opinion, but for all the results of a given system its advocates must stand responsible from the moment that, basing their action upon their opinion that it is the best, they force it upon others. Ought not the blasphemy laws to hav taught THE TRUTH SEEKER a lesson? Is it not taxed against its will to pay for the agencies of such men as Comstock, who may at any time interfere with its freedom

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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## Destruction and Construction.

When it is laid to our charge, as it often is, that our labors as Liberal workers tend only to destroy, and not to build up; that we are removing the foundation of faith in which our ancestors found support, and on which they erected the present system of society, and suggesting nothing in its place, we are simply told that we are doing our duty. We are reminded that we are performing the task required of us, and carrying on the work of our generation.

As truth seekers we are not attempting to explore the heavens beyond our reach, as others hav done before us, to meet only with disappointment and failure. We are searching for knowledge on earth, digging for it beneath the surface of the world we liv in. And as, before you can erect a city, you must clear away the forests, and level the rocks that occupy the ground, so must you, ere you can build habitations in which mankind can dwell in comfort, freedom, and equality, sweep away the dense mass of ignorance and error that encumber the earth, and blast the rocks of superstition on which the churches hav been built.

Men whose ideas are in advance of the time they liv in, whose love and pity for humanity are touched by the woes they see around them, and often, maybe, hightened by the wrongs they feel themselvs, sometimes frame in their minds systems by which they imagin these evils can be remedied. They map out plans of improvement. They giv their ideas to the world, and the sick, the poor, and the suffering eagerly grasp at that which givs them hopes of relief. Who can blame them if they sometimes indulge in hopes of bliss they were born too early to enjoy? If they find consolation in the thought that, when their tongues hav been stilled in death and their hands hav crumbled into dust, their visions shall be realized, let them dream on happily and peacefully. Let them, in the silent hours of their night, behold the future that is not yet, and rise refreshed for the struggle that is here. But let them not neglect the labors of the day on which that future depends. He who plows the ground knows that in time of harvest the waving grain will await the reapers. We know that when we pluck up the rank weeds, and cut down the tall trees of false religions, we clear a space. To those who follow us it belongs to utilize it for the common good.

In the brain of man a thousand systems may be evolved for the benefit of his fellow-man. Those who preach such systems are like the husbandman in the parable. They cast forth the seed indeed, but how much of it is lost! Some falls upon stony ground, upon hearts petrified by superstition, that humanity cannot soften. Some falls among the weeds of absurd religious dogmas, and when the fresh sprout of truth just appears above the surface, the weeds grow up and choke it. Some falls by the wayside, and the birds, the black flock of hungry priests, pounce upon it, and convert it into food for themselvs. Only that which is cast upon good ground produces fruit. Let us first tear away from the world the noxious growths of religious systems. Let us root up the churches, and burn them in the fire of reason. Let us by the dynamite of logic blast the rocks of superstition that make the earth a steril soil. Then shall we find good ground, where we may sow, and plant, and build as our necessities require.

There was never yet a movement started to benefit mankind but the teachers of religion opposed it until it became too strong for them. Then they grabbed it, and, claiming it as an offspring of their own, did their worst to convert it to their own purposes.

Will the population of the earth, in times to come, be divided into social republics, where the state will care for all, and all be equal as brothers in one family? Will individualism be so developed, and our natural love of justice and right so extended and purified, that each man may be safely trusted to govern himself, and will govern himself to the best interests of the whole community? These are speculations that may at times amuse or cheer us. But to carry them out to a practical result is not the object of our time. There is destructiv work enough for generations yet. At present we can labor for human advancement best by removing the greatest obstacles it encounters, and these are the religions that infest society. When the rubbish has been burnt to ashes and blown to fragments, there will be clear ground. Then we may construct. Then we may erect a noble building in which humanity may shelter. Then we may sow seed which will bring forth fruit on which humanity may feed.

## We Wonder.

We wonder if the Galveston *Daily News* knows where it is going to land in this controversy with THE TRUTH SEEKER over its action in regard to the Sunday laws of Texas? We wonder if the *News* knows that the doctrins it is teaching are the doctrins of the Boston Anarchists? We wonder if the *News* —the organ of the Texas Democracy, the friend of a president, the biggest newspaper published south of Mason & Dixon's line—knows that for trying to put into practice these Anarchistic ideas four men were hanged in Chicago? We wonder if the *News* knows that the logical result of its reasoning is the abolition of all government and all laws—even those Sunday laws so dear to its managerial heart and precious to its proprietorial pocket as affording it a practical monopoly of Sunday recreation? Yet that is the exact effect of the reasoning in the two articles we quote on another page.

The *News* also deviates from cold facts in one or two instances. It denies that it upheld Sunday laws *per se*, when the fact is the *News* deplored "continental" Sundays, and said in substance that if the Texas Sunday law was repealed civilization would go backward. If the *News* will set one of its reporters to searching its files, it will find this is so. We hav not, we regret to say, preserved our copies. The *News* denies, too, that it forces its own employees to labor on Sunday, against the statute in such case made and provided. If the *News* will explain how it can publish Sunday and Monday issues without labor on Sunday, we will accept its denial. Otherwise not. The *News* also calls our assertion that "Texas law permits the sale of papers on Sunday, but not their manufacture," a misstatement. How can it be when the law reads this wise: "The sale of newspapers shall be permissible?" But "any person who shall hereafter labor, or compel, force, or oblige his employees, workmen, or apprentices to labor on Sunday, shall be fined not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars." The fact is, the law does prohibit the manufacture of merchandise on Sunday, but Judge Cook has *interpreted* the law for the benefit of newspapers. The higher courts, however, may reverse this decision, for the opinion of one judge is no more law than the action of one constable.

But what we wonder at most is that the *News* persists in claiming that our opposition to blasphemy laws is parallel to its own action in resisting the enforcement of Sunday laws upon itself, while clamoring for their enforcement upon others. And it raises a fog-bank of words, strikingly resembling the Anarchistic sophistry of Dr. M. E. Lazarus, to prevent its readers from seeing the wide difference. If Freethinkers had ever claimed the right to suppress any person's religious utterances, then the *News* might chuckle when a Freethinker was hoist on his own petard. But Freethinkers deplore all interference with free speech, and denounce all suppression of it, holding that unless material mischief shall directly follow free speech, and as a consequence, such suppression is unjust. Therefore there can be no possible parallel between the words of THE TRUTH SEEKER and the action of the *News*.

Another source of wonderment is that the *News* reproves us for upholding government. Is the *News* willing to go the whole length of its logic? If so, it lands in Anarchy, and becomes an ally of those who would remove all government. Is that a position the great Democratic journal of the South is willing to take? The *News* says: "All results of legislation and administration by authority are contained in the grant of powers, *including the opportunity to assume powers*, in government. THE TRUTH SEEKER approving a Sabbatarian judge as a scourge to giv people a lesson unconsciously reproves THE TRUTH SEEKER complaining of a New Jersey anti-heretical judge, another scourge to giv Freethinkers a lesson—the same lesson." Now, our contention is that no delegated authority has the right to *assume* powers. It can exercise only those specifically delegated to it, and we claim that the United States and New Jersey authorities are both forbidden by their constitutions to punish heresy. And we also claim that the New Jersey legislature usurped a power not granted it by the people when it passed the blasphemy statute. The state legislature can exercise power given it by the state constitution when not in conflict with the federal Constitution. But it has no right to assume powers. Therefore our denunciation of the law and its enforcement is perfectly logical and consistent with our principles.

But how is with the *News?* That paper called upon the officials to enforce a Sunday law. The officials did so, and arrested the manager of the *News*. Then the *News* wanted to be exempted from the action of the law, and the judge obligingly allowed the claim. But the *News* went further, and upheld the law. We well remember, though we hav no file of the *News*, that it quoted the words of a religious advocate of Sunday laws and added, in substance, that the abolition of the Sunday laws would play the very devil with this country. With great solemnity the editor showed how the poor laborer would be robbed of all opportunity for recreation by hard-hearted employers, and immediately turned round and ordered his subordinates to prepare the Sunday and Monday issues of the *News*. Now, THE TRUTH SEEKER never asked for the enforcement of the blasphemy law. We never upheld it. We never wanted it enforced even on the Christians. We never argued that the law is good. If we had, then the cases would be parallel. As it is, they are not, and all the sophistry of all the Anarchists in the country cannot make them appear so. We uphold legal officers in exercising the powers really delegated to them; we oppose them when they assume powers and act unjustly. We believe, with Thomas Jefferson, that the best government is that which governs least, and we believe in holding our officers to a strict accountability when they they exceed the powers given them by our Constitutions. But we are not Anarchist enough to believe that republicanism is a failure, nor that the necessary and well-defined delegation of authority "defies all effectiv limitations upon power." We admit that the *News* has been voluntarily "contributing to the arming of its oppressors," but we deny that we hav voluntarily done so. We support the Constitution, but we deny that that instrument "includes the opportunity to assume powers." On the contrary, it restricts the government, and is designed to protect the people against the tyranny of strength that would inevitably follow its removal.

We wonder when the *News* will publicly proclaim its conversion to the Anarchistic philosophy.

## Modest Ministers.

On the 28th ult., the clergy of the various Protestant denominations of Chicago held a meeting to consider the very general "Sabbath desecration" of the times. One of their number had prepared some brief papers, which he read, to be presented to the coming Washington conference, and by that body to be submitted to the persons appealed to. One paper is addressed to the House of Representatives, and says:

"The telegraph is now used to transmit all important news, and, therefore, there is no absolute necessity for run-

ning mails on the Sabbath. Consequently, the running of mails on that day is in violation of state laws."

The next paper is addressed to the directors of the railroads in the United States, and says:

"The increased rate of speed of travel and transportation, as compared with that used in the days of our fathers, has so multiplied the facilities of dispatching business that there is no necessity of running trains more than six days in a week; and that, therefore, all work done on Sunday, except of necessity or mercy, is in violation of our state laws; so that if a community of capital openly ignores statute laws, we need not be surprised when a community of laborers follow their example."

A paper to the directors of telegraph lines says:

"The electric forces, now utilized by our telegraphs, hav brought the people of the world into close proximity, and therefore there is no more necessity for transacting business by telegraph on the Sabbath than there is for people to keep their stores open."

The last paper is addressed to the proprietors of the public press of the United States, and says:

"The Sabbath is the dividing line between Christianity and heathenism; it is the bulwark that shields our Christian civilization against Anarchy, and every influence that tends to weaken the power of the Sabbath over the public conscience endangers the stability of our republican institutions. The business of publishing and selling newspapers on the Sabbath is in open violation of our state laws. We therefore respectfully request you to discontinue the publication of newspapers on Sunday."

About the time the ministers obtain all these demands, look out for the millennium, some darkness for the space of half an hour, and a general rustling of wings as the population of the United States goes upward.

## Indignant Mr. Miller.

It is due to Mr. J. M. Miller, of Bay City, Mich. to print his letter on this editorial page. The reason will be seen on perusing the letter:

"BAY CITY, MICH., Dec. 5, 1887.

"EDITOR TRUTH SEEKER, *Dear Sir:* My attention was called to an article in your paper of Nov. 12, 1887, under the head of, 'Prohibitionists the Priests' Last Hope,' in which you refer to Herman Raster's explanation of one of the resolutions in the Republican platform, and speak of J. M. Miller, the correspondent to whom Mr. Raster wrote that letter, as 'a distiller.' Now, I, the said J. M. Miller, wish to say to you that I never was in a distillery in my life, and for more than forty years hav not drunk of the accursed products of the still. On the contrary, my purpose was to get the truth before the people, that all well-wishers of good order and morality might see where our political parties were drifting to. It seemed to me to be an effort to import the beer-garden of continental Europe, with all its deleterious effects, and plant it here among us.

"If you were the truth seeker you profess to be, you would hav learned who and what J. M. Miller was before you tried to fasten a burning disgrace upon my humble name.

"I do not expect you to publish this; but I hav a right to expect—nay, demand—that the explanation be made as public as you hav made the slander—yes, I say *slander*.

"I shall remain, not a distiller, but a reformer, on the broad gage. J. M. MILLER."

We apologize to Mr. Miller for having said that he was a distiller. But we obtained our information from a letter written to a paper published a few score miles up the Hudson by a gentleman evidently as strong a Prohibitionist as Mr. Miller himself. We had, of course, no means of knowing where Mr. Miller lived, and feel greatly obliged to him for having disclosed his whereabouts, that we may do justice to all.

But the gist of our editorial, "The Prohibitionists the Priests' Last Hope," was not a discussion of Mr. Miller's vocation, but the fact that from neither of the present political parties could the priests hope for aid in restoring the puritanical Sunday laws, and they must, therefore, look to the Prohibition party. This view is strengthened by Mr. Miller's letter. He unmasked the Republicans, and drew from a member of the committee which drafted the resolutions the important information that the party fully and explicitly discountenanced all so-called temperance (Prohibitory) and Sunday laws. And as the Democratic party has always done the same; as the Henry George party wants to tax the churches; as the Union Labor party and Greenbackers of the West are heretical to a pleasing degree; as the Socialistic party of the East is composed principally of German Infidels and American Agnostics, we feel that we are fully justified in our conclusion that only in the ranks of the Prohibitionists will the priest find aid and comfort.

And here, perhaps, it may be proper to digress a little to answer Emily Burton, of Chester, Neb., who disputes our statement that the Protestant church is at one with the Prohibition party, and immediately proves us right by saying: "It is a well-known fact that the churches were dumb in relation to the crying sin of drunkenness until there was a temperance element in the country so strong that they were compelled for very shame to cease their lamentations over the shortcomings of the Jews, their eulogies upon Isaiah and St. Paul, their admiration of Job and Solomon, and to stand for the earnest, honest, practical need of the hour." She adds, also, that it was two thousand years before the church took hold of the temperance question. Exactly. We did not say that the Protestant church *originated* the Prohibition question. What we said meant that to-day the Protestant church furnishes the orators, the writers, and the voters for Prohibition. This is strictly true, as everyone knows who follows the movements of the different political parties. The Prohibitionists of this state are all pietists, and only pietists. The measure is inextricably mixed with the Sunday laws, and supported almost solely as a religious measure for preserving the Protestant Sabbath. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is a Protestant organization entirely, which has lately widened—or narrowed—to aiding in keeping the Bible in the public schools. The God-in-the-Constitution party has adopted the Prohibition issue, and the Prohibitionists of the East hav promised aid to the God-in-the-Constitution crowd. No matter what the state of affairs used to be, this is the condition now. Even the woman suffrage movement, at least here in New York, has been captured by the church. Its meetings are opened with prayer, and men with "Rev." before their names are about the only speakers. We repeat—and Emily Burton will agree with us if she studies contemporary events instead of ancient history—that Protestantism and Prohibition are one, united and inseparable. The churches hav adopted the temperance issue to aid them in enforcing the Sunday law in cities.

In conclusion, we assure Mr. Miller that we had no intention of doing him an injustice, and Mrs. Burton that we try to be sure of our facts, and to speak only the literal truth.

"My heart laments that virtue cannot liv
Out of the teeth of envy."

## Converting the Hebrews.

The London Christian Society for the Conversion of the Hebrews held its annual meeting lately, and reported the purchase of a few Jews at about thirty thousand dollars each. The society professed to be encouraged by this showing, and as it probably knows as well as anyone the difficulty of getting Jews to swap their souls for cash, we cannot say that its cheerfulness is unwarranted. But, at the same time, thirty thousand dollars seems a big price to pay.

We hav in New York also a Society for the Conversion of the Hebrews, which is about equally successful with its London prototype, but lacks that society's frankness in stating the cost of its converts. Its last annual report shows that only seven New York Hebrews were in the religious market, and purchasable by the society. The society has a church in St. Mark's Place, with the Lord's Prayer over the pulpit in gilt Hebrew characters; it publishes a paper called the *Hebrew Christian;* it supports a salaried secretary, and a higher salaried agent, who poses as a converted rabbi; and Howard Crosby, D.D., Presbyterian, is the chairman of the advisory board which directs its affairs. The Rev. Mr. Freshman, the combined agent and minister, is a peculiar mortal. His enemies, who still are Jews, assert that he cannot read the prayer over his pulpit, though he certainly can write a report well calculated to draw ducats from the pockets of the faithful. But the society never reports to the world what is done with the ducats, and the charge is made that many of them go to support the converts, who are Christians for revenue only.

Mr. Freshman tells two stock stories illustrativ of the protectiv care of the Lord for those Hebrews who supplement their ancient by the newer Christian superstition. The society hired a room in Cooper Union unfurnished. How this deficiency in comfort was to be met Mr. Freshman did not know, but finally he determined to ask the Lord, which he did, per prayer. Scarcely had he arisen from his knees when a van backed up to the curbstone loaded with just the furniture desired for the room. Such exemplary promptness on the part of the Lord, intimates Mr. Freshman, is due to the fact that he is a converted Hebrew. On another occasion, fifty dollars were sadly needed to carry on his work. Again did he sink upon his knees, and rose to meet the postman bearing a letter inclosing a check for just that amount. After this, if we may believe Mr. Freshman, who shall say that prayer is not answered?

We met the other day a Jew who has paid some attention to the affairs of this society. This Jew has little confidence in Mr. Freshman, in his methods, or in the genuinness of the seven conversions reported. He has been, he says, to see Howard Crosby, to convince him that Mr. Freshman does not understand the Hebrew language, and is so far an impostor. He has visited the *Independent* office and seen Dr. Ward, to whom he explained that the society for the conversion of the Hebrews costs a great deal more than it is worth to the church. He has also visited the *Christian Union* with the commendable purpose of setting forth what he thinks about the society and its agent, but none of these parties will do more than listen to him—they will not investigate his charges, for fear, he says, of exposing to the world the poverty of a faith which has to buy its converts from a race upon whose miraculous career that faith is founded. This Jew thinks there is something wrong with a church which supports such sham institutions as societies for the conversion of the Hebrews.

## Editorial Notes.

THE autographs of C. B. Reynolds and J. E. Remsburg adorn the same page of a Missouri hotel register. Both hav been at work in that state for several weeks.

A BOSTON jury has decided that a cigar is a drug, and therefore that an apothecary can sell one on Sunday without violating the law. This is one way to evade an odious law. A more manly way would be to repeal the statute.

THE American Society for Psychical Research has gathered some interesting statistics regarding the proportion of superstitious people to be found in a community possessing a fair amount of culture. It is found that one man in ten has a tendency to superstition, and that two women in ten are affected the same way. Judging by the comparativ number of men and women in the church, we should hav placed the proportion of superstitious women to superstitious men much higher.

THE new president of France will probably prove very acceptable to the church, as he is an ardent Roman Catholic and his wife is devoted to the church. Carnot was elected over stronger men as the result of intrigue. But if he undertakes to hand France back to Rome, he will find the Radicals very strong. It is significant, however, that the papal nuncio has received instructions from the Vatican to pay an early visit to the president, and to establish friendly relations at the outset with the new administration, by explicitly declaring the good-will of the holy see toward France. The good-will of the holy see is the good-will of the hungry wolf for the fat lamb.

THE Evangelical Alliance is in session at Washington, presided over by Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court. One of the subjects discussed was "family purity and perils." Among the dangerous agencies at work overthrowing morality the clergy named the public schools, novels, the daily press, art, in painting, sculpture, and music, and the saloon. Nothing was said about the preachers, though they are the cause of more family immorality, and a greater peril to family purity, than any other agency named, except, possibly, the saloon. But the Evangelical Alliance is a council of fossilized hypocrits, dissatisfied with everything that does not make to their own glory and power.

AT the church of St. Vincent Ferrer, in this city, four infants were presented for baptism on Sunday, the 4th instant. One of them was a son of Edward L. May, of 301 East Sixty-second street. "What do you wish to name this child?" asked the officiating priest of the father. "Robert Ingersoll May," responded the proud parent. "What," askcd the priest in astonishment, "is not that a peculiar name to giv a child in this age? Can you not find another more appropriate?" "No," replied the father. "I like the name and I like the man." All present, says the *World*, had been very interested listeners of the colloquy, and wondered what would come next, when the priest, without another word, christened the baby "Robert Ingersoll May." When the friends of Colonel Ingersoll are found even in Roman Catholic churches, who shall say that the signs of the times do not indicate that the kingdom of man is at hand? Mrs. Ingersoll has bought that baby a mug which will make him the haughtiest of all infants; and Colonel Ingersoll has written the father a letter which ought to make him the proudest of all parents. The occasion, too, is worthy of an encyclical from the pope, for who can believe that Robert Ingersoll May will grow up a Catholic? The faithful should be warned.

W. F. JAMIESON is now bombarding orthodoxy in southern Colorado. The clergy began the fusilade, although Jamieson remained quiet all summer. They were not even willing that a Freethinker should liv in their neighborhood and be silent. He has just closed a course of six lectures in his own town, Monte Vista, the first ever given in the history of the place. The Christians labored with each other, and with other weak-minded persons, to keep away from the lectures, which were successful in spite of the efforts of the godly. We will soon hav a letter from the seat of war. Address Mr. Jamieson at Monte Vista, Col.

# Letters from Friends.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Nov. 24, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I charge that the churches having a bishop attached to them, wherever they may be, hav nothing more nor less than the pope's agents in disguise, and the people should understand this and treat them accordingly. I also charge the president of the United States with breaking our Constitution in support of these churches, utterly disregarding all others, which has and will cost the people their life's blood. Also, the queen of England has more faith in the pope than she has in the Protestant religion, of which the Church of England is only an assumed name to deceive the people. How could any church make a holy church out of an unholy one? It is nothing but the pope in disguise. I take this plan to inform the people, as the press is more or less dishonest and cannot be relied upon to serve them.

CHARLES SACH.

SOLDIERS' HOME, WIS., Nov. 15, E.M. 287.

MR. EDITOR: Find stamps, and send me "Bible Morals," and "Crimes of Preachers."

Extract from the Milwaukee *Sunday Telegraph*, Nov. 13, 1887: "A Yankee Chaplain's Plain Talk.—I feel sure that all hatred, and bitterness, and animosity of revenge should be forever banished, if any still remain. These sentiments belong to devils, not men. [Right here this fool should hav stopped, but he did not, he continues] 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.'" Thus, after turning over all these evil sentiments to the devils, alas! he must bring his "Lord" in for a share of them also. It seems impossible to keep this contumacious Lord out of bad company. Cleveland's orthodox messages prove to a certainty that he would not veto a bill, approved by Congress, to put his "almighty God" in the Constitution. Nevertheless, Blaine had his Burchard, and in 1888 Cleveland may find his also.

NELSON HUNT.

MARTINSBURG, W. VA., Nov. 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Find inclosed $7, for which please credit to John C. Hutzler $1.50 for six months' subscription, and 50 cents for pamphlets sent me; the balance ($5) is sent by Mr. H. Bohda for the benefit of the American Secular Union for the Propaganda Fund in the distribution of Freethought literature, and books, etc. You will oblige me by forwarding the same to E. A. Stevens, Secretary, 750 West Lake street, Chicago, Ill., with the request that if he has any literature to send, please mail the same to my address.

I desire to say to Brother Swan, of Kent, O., that he is a very lucky man, and that he need hav no fear of anyone ever attempting to take away his home. I am a poor man myself, and never wear but one shirt at a time, and no paper collar attached to it. If every man is as easily satisfied as he seems to be, we would all be willing slaves, for no man can go out West and take up goverment land unless he has some money, or help from somebody; if they could, there would not be so many failures as there hav been.

Yours respectfully, LOUIS WOLFES.

REDDICK, ILL., Nov. 29, 287.

MR. EDITOR: I am happy to state to the thinking world that Mr. Charles Watts, of Toronto, Ont., commenced a course of three lectures at the city hall, Saturday, Nov. 26, 287, to a well-filled hall. His lecture for Saturday at 7 P.M., headed, "Unbelief," was delivered in a masterly manner. It would hav been a thing of impossibility for an audience to be more quiet and orderly thoroughout. The clergy of the city were invited to ask questions or answer, but failed to do so. One of our pious townsmen made an attempt to reply to Mr. Watts, but sat down with mortification on his narrow head. Mr. Watts's description of Unbelief was grand in the extreme, and filled with sound logic, good sense, and deep thought. His delivery and tenor of thought convinced his hearers that he is a Secularist from careful study and education; and until evidence is furnished showing that he is wrong he will be one of the peerless. I can heartily indorse Mr. Watts to our friends wishing a good live worker and a course of thoroughgoing lectures, and am certain that should they secure his services they will be delighted with his efforts. To Mr. Watts and his *Secular Thought* are attached the best wishes of the people of Reddick and vicinity.

C. B. HUNTER.

BELLEVUE, IDA., Nov. 19, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Your kind and considerate note just received. I hav suffered such sad reverses in the last year or two that my mind has been diverted from the progress of Liberalism.

Having first the misfortune of being burnt out of a fine, new residence, my husband then sold out and went to the mines in Idaho, and two years thereafter he returned and brought me here last spring, when he failed in his mining operations and sought to find a better location in Nevada, while I remained here. Not hearing from him for some months, I wrote letters of inquiry and was informed of the sad news that Mr. Hutchinson had gone insane and been sent to the asylum at Stockton, Cal. He had expended all his money, and I am left here destitute, dependent upon my friends. I would like if some of THE TRUTH SEEKER friends will try and aid me by selling copies of my book, "Beyond the Veil," retaining enough of the sales to pay for expenses. I could not sell any of them here; not enough Liberals. I shall be glad to hav THE TRUTH SEEKER sent to me at this place, as I shall probably remain until spring. Please publish this letter and call attention to it, as I wish the friends to know that I hav not deserted the Liberal ranks, only fallen out by the wayside from press of adverse circumstances. I had hoped to hav heard Mr. Putnam when in this vicinity this fall, but only saw the cars that bore him on to Salt Lake city.

I hav seen but two or three copies of THE TRUTH SEEKER for over a year; hav just had one handed me with the good news of the honorable acquittal of our Aunt Elmina.

Three cheers for liberty of speech and triumph of common sense over despotism and barbarism.

MRS. LUNA HUTCHISON.

STANLEY, IA., Nov. 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The book you sent me, "The Devil's Pulpit," came to hand. So you see I hav a pulpit of my own, and am not obliged to go to an orthodox church to borrow one. It is handy to hav one's own pulpit in the house. I hav not only "The Devil's Pulpit," but hav the *Independent Pulpit* of J. D. Shaw.

On the 20th of this month I went to West Union, twenty-five miles, to hear Charles Watts. He had a very fair and attentiv audience. On the 21st he lectured at the same place to a much larger audience, and they were well pleased; so much so that they tried to hav him stay over another night, but he, having an engagement at Maynard, could not do so. He also gave a lecture at Maynard on the 22d to a large and enthusiastic audience. On the 23d he lectured at Oelwein to a large concourse of people. Mr. Watts always invites discussion, but none came forward except at Oelwein. There he had some opposition, but they never touched his lectures. There were some persons at Maynard who came seventy-five miles to hear the lecture.

WM. REICHFIELD.

OSHAWA, ONT., Nov. 27, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In THE TRUTH SEEKER of November 12th is Colonel Ingersoll's reply to Dr. Field. I am very much pleased with it, and so are all my friends that I hav shown it to. Among my friends is a Methodist minister, and he says that the colonel is a very smart man, and that if there are any flaws or inconsistencies in the Christian religion, he is just the person to discover them.

I hav been reading Father Lambert, and also Mr. McGrudder's "Notes on Ingersoll," and think that Lambert must hav been studying McGrudder, as there are several parts the same. McGrudder's "Notes" was published in 1882, and Lambert's in 1883; hence my conclusions. Lambert thinks he has made a great point against the colonel where the colonel says that water does not run up-hill. I would like to see Father Lambert make some of his holy water run up-hill. In Lambert's work, page 115, he says that the devil is a damned liar. Will he please giv us a couple of places in the Bible where the devil has told any lies? On page 156 he says that Matthew givs the ancestors of Joseph, while Luke givs the ancestors of Mary the mother of God. I hav read both, and I cannot see that Lambert is right. If I am wrong, will he please put me right? In McGrudder, page 60, he says: "Let Mr. Ingersoll understand that there is not a single text in the Bible that, fairly interpreted, affords the least countenance to the revolting doctrin that he [the colonel] discards [the doctrin of eternal torment]; that it is unscriptural, and borrowed from the pagan mythology." Now, if Mr. McGrudder will only throw overboard a little more superstition he can join with me in singing:

(*Tune: Coronation.*)

All hail the power of Ingersoll's name!
Let Superstition prostrate fall!
Bring forth your Calvinistic creed,
And he'll expose it all.

G. F.

BRISTOL, WISCONSIN, Nov. 20, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I am mad clear through, but just whom to be mad at, I don't know. My TRUTH SEEKER has failed to reach me three different times this fall, while the other subscribers received theirs with great regularity. I look forward every week for my TRUTH SEEKER just as I expect my meals from day to day. I am wondering what the pictures are to be, or what the Editor will hav to say on the many exciting subjects of the day, or what your many friends of all shades of opinion will dilate upon, or what George will report of the sayings and doings of the Liberal Club—and now to be cut short of the reading of poor, persecuted Elmina's law-suit makes me mad, and I don't care who knows it. Anathemas sit on the scoundrel who steals my best of all papers, the wide-awake TRUTH SEEKER. I am glad beyond expression that Elmina went scot-free, even if it was brought about by a technicality. The judge seemed only too glad to unload so unsavory a case. Had he been a Benedict, I fear she would not hav escaped so easily. If the good Lord would only giv Anthony the medicin he gave Ananias and Sapphira for keeping a little of this world's goods back from the church, I know of one that would not shed a tear. But don't let this get out, for some fanatic might shoot the cuss, and then, under Judge Gary's rulings and the law of Illinois, I would be held equally guilty and go the same road the five men lately traveled in Chicago. I wonder if the great state of Illinois won't some day in the future be ashamed of the record she has made in this matter. But I hav occasion to rejoice that my paper containing Ingersoll's reply to Field reached me all right. It is a complete reply to Christian orthodoxy—a reply such as only Ingersoll, the best of reasoners, can make. Hoping you can explain, or, what is better, that my TRUTH SEEKER will always reach me, I remain, as ever, Yours, A. D. CORNWELL.

ONEIDA, KAN., Nov. 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I notice that some of the newspaper publishers are being exercised over the probability of the annexation or admission of the territory of Utah as a state, which would, of course, giv us what we never hav had before, an ecclesiastical state despotism in one state, and the assumed "saintly" frauds would submit to anything Congress might impose on them, even the prohibition of polygamy, as a "ruse" only in order to be admitted. Then there would be a state religion in Utah, and that state religion the abominable foul institution that Mormonism is, and the national government could not prevent it, under the Constitution. A question it has found so difficult to deal with in a Mormon territory would be beyond a possibility of solution in a Mormon state, as no one would dispute. But why so exercised over our danger, to the neglect of another of such formidable magnitude comparativly? Has not the Romish church been clamoring for a hierarchy or ecclesiastical despotism throughout the whole United States for many years, and is not that sect increasing very rapidly? Is it not the most potent political "machine" or power in the country? It seems like straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, does it not? Is not the locating of that "grand" propaganda university at Washington city a precursor to the establishing of a nuncio there also? "Cardinal" Simeoni, who is denominated the prefect of the Vatican propaganda, would, perhaps, be the chap who would require credentials from the old man who a short time ago arrogated to himself the title of Pope Leo XIII, *Pontifex et Rex*—that is, supreme pontiff and king; which was engraved on some medals to be presented at his show jubilee, which the Italian government seized, not being able to bear so much arrogance and pompous lordliness. They had not lost sight of Garibaldi yet, it is evident. These credentials he would present to the secretary of state, and if Mr. Bayard should accept them (which he certainly could not with any kind of good policy refuse), then he would be doing an act which commits this country to a recognition of the Romish church as a temporal power. If Romanism is to be admitted to recognition in the diplomatic councils of this country, a new feature would arise which would prove very detrimental to our boasted freedom. If a nuncio is admitted here, the religious prejudices of the people would be aroused, and there is no antagonism equal to that of religious differences, which all history verifies. Hence, would it not be as laudable for the press to wake up a little thought on Romanism? It is increasing so rapidly, and expending such vast amounts of money in building monasteries, convents, nunneries, etc., surrounded by such impenetrable parapets, walls into which poor, ignorant, weak-minded women are being allured by the 743 sacerdotal celibates telling them that it is for the greater glory of God, etc., that they should be kept imprisoned in those places among such a lot of bachelors as Bishop John Joseph Hogan describes in his diocese in a letter published on the 19th of last June. While being so exercised over Mormonism, why not at least divide interest with Romanism? If Mormonism is bad enough in its tendency and intent to establish a hierarchy in Utah as soon as possible, how is it with Romanism all over the land?

"AMERICA."

CHESTER, NEB., Nov. 23, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: A writer in THE TRUTH SEEKER for November 12th says: "The Prohibition party, the God-in-the-Constitution party, and the Protestant church are one!" and declares Prohibition to be the priests' last hope. It would be just as fair to claim that Christianity and civilization are one as that the Protestant church and Prohibition are one. It is a well-known fact that the churches were dumb in relation to the crying sin of drunkenness until there was a temperance element in the country so strong that they were compelled for very shame to cease their lamentations over the shortcomings of the Jews, their eulogies upon Isaiah and St. Paul, their admiration of Job and Solomon, and to stand for the earnest, honest, practical need of the hour. For long, very, very long indeed, nearly two thousand years, ministers of the gospel utterly ignored the question of temperance, refusing to desecrate their pulpits with anything so modern; refusing to lower their standard of priestly sanctity by anything so much of the earth, earthy, as drunkenness and its accompanying sorrows, miseries, and crimes. They preached Christ and him crucified; faith or hell-fire to the sinner; and quoted St. Paul to the women; but to the sleek guzzlers of their flocks not an offending word; to those guzzlers so far along as to be no longer sleek, but seedy, not a word; for the poor women who supported these seedy individuals and their children not a single plea. It was their part to act as if there were no guzzlers, within sound of their voice, at least. Their flocks, of course, had their failings; but guzzling was not to be tampered with. So far is it from the truth that the Protestant church and Prohibition are one that just the reverse is true; for the church did not demand Prohibition of the people, but the people demanded it of the church. To the last possible moment preachers shirked the burden of anything so practical and useful, so sorely needful, as the fight against intemperance. Being paid for the light work of choosing from the ancient history of the Jews a text sufficiently vague, from which to deplore a lack of faith, or urge a generous contribution for the wants of the church, it could hardly be expected of them to enter into the real fight with real evils.

Hitherto the church has opposed itself to every upward step that science has taken; but science has gone up notwithstanding, and pulled the church up after it; and been astounded time and again to hear the church claim all the credit. The church accepts now the theory that the earth moves; that volcanoes and earthquakes are the effect of inexorable law; and is almost ready to embrace the Darwinian theory of evolution. Indeed, the church has about concluded that discretion is the better part of valor, and hereafter will hardly set itself against the verdicts of science until after due consideration. But because of this shall we say that the church and science are one? All the past of man mingles with the present in shouting one grand "No!"

The progress of society, the circulation of the newspaper, the spread of enlightenment, are all demanding of cities, communities, states, and nations "sweeter manners, purer laws;" and Prohibition is only an effort on the part of the people to meet this demand. The movement is world-wide and confined to no one country; and if the churches are at the eleventh hour, from whatever motiv, identifying themselvs with the temperance work, it is the noblest, grandest effort

they hav made since Christ went about making the blind to see, and the lame to walk. EMILY BURTON.

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Nov. 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: One of your subscribers for THE TRUTH SEEKER loaned me some of the numbers of 1886 and 1887. They are rich in scientific facts and sound logic, that are doing much to liberate the priest-ridden people from ignorance and superstition.

Its Editor, and its scores of contributors, sound reasoners on Freethought and free expression, are the 999 true apostles of modern times. They are the saviors that light up the darkness of blind theological faith.

I see in my wandering life but very few Liberal papers in the homes even of professed Liberals. Neither THE TRUTH SEEKER nor any Liberal paper is kept on any newsstand in this part of the country. The Gods rend the people through the mouth of Sam Jones, Talmage, and hosts of Bible-pounders.

In reading books about martyrs cruelly tortured and put to death, innocent women and babes murdered by Christian armies led by ministers as generals at God's command, I do not wonder at D. M. Bennett's sledge-hammer blows hurled at the Gods and the priestcraft all along the way of his editorial life. I am glad, Mr. Editor, to see you took up the cudgel when he laid it down at the ebb of his noble life.

You are giving telliug blows at the stories of the inspired saints, writers of the Bible, by taking your readers every week into Mr. W. Heston's art gallery. Won't Jesus's followers smile at the vivid scenes of the holy Bible as they pass through this art gallery?

The clerical cloth should giv thanks for the new name you hav so appropriately applied to their reverences—"sky-pilots."

Some of the Christian Liberals cry out with fear and indignation at the blows you are dealing through your paper. "Why, it will call down the wrath of the popular class upon us!" Christians hav always used the heretics as targets for spite and revenge, and feel they are doing God's will. Must the Infidel keep silent while they hurl their false anathemas at the people called heretics for their liberal sentiments? Nay, nay, beard the lion in his den.

Five of the Anarchists hav satisfied the demands called legal of twelve apostles (jurors) and judge, and now moss-covered people breathe easier and shout: "We've hung them up there in the name of the people!"

Hav they destroyed the seed of Anarchy by victims stretching hemp? These men hav been crucified upon the gallows. Does this settle the bill by legal murder? The command is: Thou shalt not kill.

The people are struggling to obtain justice. They may be mistaken in the wisest way to obtain it. Right and justice are seldom gained except by war and bloodshed.

Roll on, thou progressiv car, till dogmatic religions shall sink into sheol's sulphur vat, never to be resurrected! All hail to Eugene Macdonald, Watson Heston, and the army of laborers for free expression of thought, and to the noble and outspoken Robert Ingersoll, C. B. Reynolds, and S. P. Putnam!

I would like some of your free tracts to distribute among the faith-loving people. MRS. E. J. STOUGHTON.

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KENT, O., Nov. 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: To my mind there is no better proof of the advancement and civilization of our people than to know there are now more turncoats than formerly. Thirty years ago a man who changed his political or religious views, from whatever cause, was looked upon as weak-minded and unstable—a boy must think and vote as his father did. No neighbor of an opposit party, if ever so good a man, was worthy of the least known office. Now nearly everyone can read the daily papers, can hear the issues of the day discussed from all standpoints, and, after deciding which is right, vote according to the dictates of his own reason. Then a Democrat or a Republican was a Democrat or Republican still; a Methodist or a person of any other denomination was the same forever, and held the same ideas as taught his fathers before him.

Now we see at least a few who dare trust themselvs to hear some other side of the story. Even the Infidels are now allowed to call themselvs white Americau citizens, and their voice is heard throughout the land. While we rejoice to see such an age of progression, yet we regret to see the superstition and bigotry in the majority, for it is the majority that must rule our land. It is not among sectarians alone that we find people who are wont to stick to their former beliefs, but many of what we term Freethinkers are joined to some idol, and truth seems not to affect them. I hav tried to learn the teachings of nearly all the isms of the day, and fail to find any one that has not some noble and good ideas, even in the much-talked-of Anarchism. Where can be found more pure, happier, and endearing sentiments than in modern Spiritualism? The question is, Is it true? Let no one say nay until every means of proof has failed to demonstrate it either true or false.

This age is one of great advancement, and what we thought to be true yesterday we can hardly think true to-day. Science is struggling with the occult forces of Nature, and we are finding new laws and new methods of using them. Let this light shine forth in all truth, to elevate the spirit and moral worth of man. While I cannot fully agree with Mrs. Freeman, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of November 26th, as to the guilt of the Chicago Anarchists, I can see plainly the popish arm of power moving in our land. The worst enemy of our American citizenship and of our great republic is popery and priestcraft. The Old World has, in ages past, given us such a picture of priest-taught superstition that it cannot be forgotten. The cry of the martyrs has been made indelible in the blood of innocence.

In many instances we find the serpent's head has been crushed, and justice made to prevail; but, alas! the venom of the viper has shot forth to poison the virtues of other lands. America is a new land; its avenues are unprotected, and the Jesuits' cunning finds many weak places to plant the upas to poison the minds of the weak and innocent. It is here, on American soil, they intend to fight to the bitter end the separation of church and state. They are fast controling the legislativ, judicial, and executiv departments of state, and will make a determined stand to annihilate free schools and Freethought from our land, and substitute parochial schools instead. I feel that there is but one savior and hope whereby we can free ourselvs from the popish chains. I see Freethought and free schools expanding all over our noble land, and see many seeds of parochial schools blasted in the germ. Children drink in the sunlight of freedom, and wish to think for themselvs. I find the majority of our business men are sectarians only in name, to please their wives and to be on the popular side. We can look to them and the more enlightened part of Christians in the time of need.

We shall gain the battle, but the enemy is strong, and we must not be caught napping. Truth must and will prevail. Let everyone with honesty of purpose who wishes to see our country saved from the tyrannical control of church read and consider the great underlying truth at stake, and come out as a propagandist to awaken the great mass to a sense of their duty. No resistance of law, no force, until all peaceful means shall hav failed. To me, law is the sympathetic tie that binds each American citizen to the one great family known as the American republic. The God of Nature does nothing by force, but by his great laws he controls the universe. A. D. SWAN.

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ON BOARD SPANISH STEAMER, MIGUEL M. PIVILLOS,
Sept. 29, 1887.

FELLOW TRUTH SEEKERS: This gloomy, damp, foggy 3 P.M. finds us seated at the table on board an ocean steamer, slowly and smoothly steaming down New York bay. I suspect that, so soon as we may hav crossed the bar and reached the bounding billows of the Atlantic, things may not be quite so smooth with us as they now are—though a good stirring up of the stomach may redound somewhat to the welfare of the passengers, of whom there are very few on board.

We, myself and son, George Samuel, expect to arrive at Barcelona, Spain, on or about the 25th prox., from which point we, under the vigilance of our noble pilot, Eugene, propose to let you all hear from us. We are somewhat sad on embarking again from the shores of our nativ land to know that we leave you all again writhing under the direful effects of another spell of hard times, with a bountiful supply of herds, flocks, and crops on every hand. Shylock has again fastened his fangs upon your prosperity by cornering $653,000,000 of your circulating medium, money, in our treasury at Washington, which is equal to about $11 per capita, leaving only about $7 per capita in circulation among you.

Uncle Sam has the bone (the soil), the flesh (the laboring people), and the circulating medium, or life blood (the money), which, were it all in circulation, would amount to about $18 per capita. Now, if a man hav eighteen drops of blood for every ounce of bone and flesh in his body, and if, under such condition, his health and vigor be just medium, and then if eleven drops of that blood for each ounce of that bone and flesh be, through the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lower part of the leg, let out into his boot, leaving only about seven drops of blood, for every ounce of bone and flesh, circulating throughout his body, I fancy he must stagger just as Uncle Sam must stagger, financially or commercially, till that money that is locked up in our treasury at Washington may hav again been put into circulation among the people.

I fancy that I now perceive that the Republico-rebel wing of the Democro-Republico-rebel party, the G. A. R., are going to endeavor to plunge the people into another horrid and bloody war. That wing of that party, through treason to its adherents, elected Grover Cleveland to the presidency in 1884, and on the 4th of March, 1885, they surrendered the reins of government into the hands of treacherous, traitorous, unconstitutionally pardoned rebels. Those rebels will, in 1888, as they did in 1860, permit that Republico-rebel wing to elect the president, and then, to be even with them, count him out eight to seven, and then, if it becomes necessary, use that $653,000,000 of our money that is in our treasury to fight him out, while the G. A. R. will rally to his support and try to fight him in. The only difference that I am able to discern between our last war and the one now approaching is that the other was sectional while this one will be neighbor against neighbor throughout the entire country, and our towns and cities will smoulder in ashes, and then, when the smoke may hav passed away, the surviving poor people will be industriously at work, at good pay, rebuilding. Now, is that the way our affairs should be managed? Remember that the most efficient weapon ever wielded by man, the ballot, is in the hands of the poor people, and, if they will but consider and vote for the laboring man's candidate, they will so effectually chop up both wings of the Democro-Republico-rebel party, and throw them into such confusion, that they cannot precipitate the people into a war. Will we do this, or will we suffer ourselvs to be driven about like a lot of geese, nay, buffeted about like a foot-ball between the two wings of the old party? Time alone must reveal the sagacity of the average American citizen.

In 1860 there were 303 electoral votes in the United States. In order to elect a candidate to the presidency his party had to concentrate upon him 152 of those electoral votes, which would hav been a half-vote over half of the whole, a bare majority, and not a vote to spare. The states in which slavery was tolerated had 120 electoral votes, and when they assembled in convention at Charleston, S. C., in April, 1860, they well knew that they must nominate there a man as candidate for the presidency who, besides carrying the "solid South" as a unit, could command, at least, 32 electoral votes in the Northern states to be added to the 120 of the Southern states, and thus complete a majority, the number of votes requisit to the election of the president. They also knew that it was generally conceded that when Mr. Stephen A. Douglass withdrew from the canvass in 1856, at Cincinnati, and cast his influence in favor of James Buchanan, that influence amounted to about 45 electoral votes in the Northern states; and that if Mr. Douglass could be nominated, harmoniously, by that Charleston convention in 1860, he would carry the Southern states as a unit, and wield an influence among the so-called Democrats of the North to an extent much greater than 45 electoral votes, because many of our fellow-citizens do not regard right or wrong when voting, if they can only be sure of voting on the winning side. Thus the Democro-rebel wing of the Democro-Republico-rebel party had a positiv certainty in the election of the president, had they only desired to do so. But no, they desired only to create an excuse under which they might succeed in leading the gawky element of their section into a bloody war that might, and did, afford ample fun for the bedbug element of that section of our country. In its incipiency the Republican party was honest, but the capitalistic tricksters managed to throng its ranks with such Buchananites as were the Grants and the Shermans, and then hav them to so manage military matters as to prolong the war, and increase the public debt to the end that the capitalistic element might levy a withering, blighting tribute upon the industries of our people in the form of interest upon money which the capitalist had loaned to the government to aid it to protect his own life, liberties, and property, so that it soon sank to the level of the Republico-rebel wing of the Democro-Republico-rebel party. The rank and file of this party hav been and now are honestly inclined, but they were such veritable gawkies that they never beheld the vast trickery that was concentrated, at the beginning of the slavemonger's rebellion, in that executiv order of Mr. Lincoln, calling out 75,000 men for ninety days to suppress a rebellion of 650,000 well-armed rebel troops fighting within their homes.

My fellow-gawkies, permit me to say to you that a Union that is not worth preserving promptly would far better be dissolved, and that the continual study of the capitalistic element is to the end that they may enslave the wealth-producing element.

By permiting rebels to vote, and by "removing disabilities," ha, ha, ha! *ex post facto*, unconstitutionally, and, therefore, in anarchy, the Republico-rebel wiug of the Democro-Republico-rebel party cheated and defrauded the rank and file of its members, and stung itself to death, as did the Democro-rebel wing of that party in 1860, and for the same purpose—war and bonds.

Whenever a political party stings itself to death wilfully, it should never again be reinstated; the new party's candidate should be sustained by the people, as they should hav voted for the grand old hero, Peter Cooper, in 1876.

In this letter I propose to try to attract your attention to a very fatal defect in our United States Constitution, and so important is it that I am at a loss for language in which to impress that importance upon the minds of the poor and the middle classes of our citizens. It is this: I think that Section 9 or 10 of Article I. of that document provides that no state shall emit bills of credit. According to the standard law lexicographer, Bouvier, a bill of credit is a promis to pay, emitted by a state, intended to circulate as money, bearing no interest, and redeemable at a future date. If the state were permitted to emit bills of credit whenever the money-changers might prevail upon our Congress to permit them to corner the money as they hav now done in our treasury at Washington, the state could emit bills of credit that might be made receivable for taxes, and, while not a legal tender, to circulate as money, and thus, in her sovereign capacity, she could throw the mantle of protection around the industries of her people, and save them from the blighting effects of a money panic. But, it was held by the framers of that Constitution that, were a state permitted to emit bills of credit, although it might alleviate the sufferings of her people while writhing under the effects of a money panic, she, in her consequent prosperity and happiness, might, unmindful of consequences, go on emitting bills of credit, and thereby hand down to posterity a great indebtedness in the form of bills of credit, and that thus generations yet unborn would be compelled to writhe under an onerous and burdensome taxation for the purpose of liquidating a debt with the contraction of which they had nothing to do, which would be a flagrant trespass upon the grounds of equity and duty to posterity.

Now, if those framers of that Constitution intended to prohibit the state from emitting bills of credit, and at the same time permit her to emit bonds—a kind of double and twisted interest-bearing bills of credit not intended to circulate as money and alleviate the sufferings of the people on account of any stress in the money market, but, on the contrary, to be locked up in the coffer of some shylock in Berlin, London, or New York, that, like a leech applied to a man already staggering from loss of circulating medium (blood), he may, by way of interest on those bonds, levy a withering, blighting tribute upon the withered prosperity of the people of the state owing the money under those bonds—then, it seems to me that the people could hav had no greater enemies than the framers of the Uuited States Constitution. But, my fellow truth seekers, I don't believe it. I don't think they ever intended that a state should emit a bond. I hold that all our state bonds are unconstitutional, null, and void, and should be repudiated by the people of the states, though I would never advise them to repudiate a just and lawful debt. GEORGE NEWTON.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## The Farmers' Wives.

We hav sung of the joys of farmers' boys,
And the beauty of farmers' girls;
Of the farmer, too, in his overalls blue,
Dark eyes, and chestnut curls.
It's the strangest thing that none will sing
Of the wasted, martyred lives,
Of the pallid face, of the worn-out race
Of the weary farmers' wives.

When we recollect that the sad neglect,
And the ceaseless war and strain,
Giv a big per cent to the mad-house sent
With a worn-out spine and brain,
It's time to think of woman's ills,
As constantly she drives;
It's time to sing with a doleful ring
Of the pale-faced farmers' wives.

She is the first who wakes when daylight breaks,
And the last to sleep at night;
No noon-day hours, no rest through showers—
The weather is always right.
Like a blind horse bound to a ceaseless round,
No matter how hard she strives,
She is never through—there is lots to do
For the busy farmers' wives.

The brawny boys, through toil and noise,
Grow up to man's estate,
And one by one, toward the setting sun,
Pass through the old farm gate;
And the rosy girls, with smiles and curls,
Pass out to brighter lives,
And leave behind, with tear-drops blind,
The hopeless farmers' wives.

While the farmer's health and the farmer's wealth
Hav grown, he cannot tell
For his very life what ails his wife—
She is never of late quite well.
To his great surprise "she up and dies!"
He into his coffer dives;
In a rosewood box her form he locks,
And she sleeps with the farmers' wives.

Now, wouldn't it be financially
(Forgiv me if I ask it)
More wise to giv, while your wife doth liv,
A rest, than a rosewood casket?
Let her get out-doors when the sunshine pours,
In happy walks and drives;
You will find it worse to hire a hearse
For your worn-out farmers' wives.

And do not laugh at the epitaph
That I for her would write:
"O holy judge! what killed this drudge
Was keeping her milk pans bright.
For years she strove with a cooking stove,
With poor health long oppressed;
To her weary soul, even this poor hole
Will seem a heavenly rest."

## "Ah-Goo."

Vot vas id mine baby vas trying to say,
Vhen I goes to hees crib at der break of der day?
Und oudt vrom der blanket peeps ten leedle toes,
So pink und so shveet as der fresh blooming rose,
Und twisting und curling dhemselvs all aboudt,
Shust like dhey was saying, "Ve vant to get oudt!"
Vhile dot baby look oup, mit dose bright eyes so plue,
Und don'd could say nodings; shust only:
"Ah-Goo!"

Vot vas id mine baby was dinking aboudt,
Vhen dot thumb goes so quick in his shveet leedle mout,
Und he looks right avay like he no understandt
Der reason he don'd could quite shvallow hees handt;
Und he digs mit dhose fingers righdt into hees eyes,
Vhich fills hees oldt fader mit fear and surbrise;
Und vhen mit dhose shimnasdic tricks he vas droo,
He lay back and crow, and say nix, budt,
"Ah-Goo!"

Vot makes dot shmall baby shmile vhen he's ashleep?
Does he dink he vas blaying mit some one "bo-peep?"
Der nurse say dose shmiles vas de sign he haf colic—
More like dot he dhreams he vas hafing some frolic;
I feeds dot oldt nurse mit creen abbles some day,
Und dhen eef she shmiles, I pelief vot she say;
Vhen dot baby got cramps he find somedhing to do
Oxcept shmile, und blay, und keep oup hees
"Ah-Goo!"

I ask me, somedimes, vhen I looks in dot crib,
"Vill dot plue-eyed baby, dot's pooling my hair,
Know all vot I knows aboudt drouble und care?"
Dhen I dink off der vorldt, mit its pride und its sins,
Und I vish dot mineself und dot baby vas twins,
Und all der day long I haf nodings to do
But shust laugh und crow und keep saying,
"Ah-Goo!"

—*Charles Follen Adams.*

## The Moon and Potatoes.

"In what quarter of the moon do you plant your potatoes?" asked one farmer of another. "I plant my potatoes in well manured and well plowed soil, and not in the moon at all or any part of it," he replied.—*Exchange.*

## Correspondence.

WARRENSBURG, Mo., Dec. 1, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write you a letter to let you know I am a little Freethinker boy, eight years old. My papa takes THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I read the letters in the Children's Corner. Papa is going to hav Mr. Reynolds here to lecture next week; we are all going to hear him. If you can read this letter, I would like to see it in print. This is my first letter to anybody. Good-bye for this time. JOHNNIE BOLTON.

FOWLER, O., Dec. 4, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I hav been reading in THE TRUTH SEEKER, and I see there is a column for children, so I thought I would write you a few lines. I am ten years old, and never wrote very much. My mamma and papa do not take THE TRUTH SEEKER, but my grandpa does, and I like to read the papers. I think the pictures are nice; the monkey is too funny for anything. Well, I guess this is long enough for the first time. I hope there will be space in one corner for this. I remain,

Ever your friend, SELIA WALKER.

DENVER, COL., Dec. 3, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I enjoy our Corner so much that I often wish there was a Free-thou.ht paper all Corner.

But I havn't yet seen a letter in which mention is made of the books which our boys and girls read.

This may not seem such a great omission to all as it seems to me, to whom the very word "read" is fascinating in itself.

Just at present we are journeying through Europe with Bayard Taylor, as all must who read his "Views Afoot."

I often think that they who travel "on nothing certain a year" can appreciate what they see better, and tell us more about it, than they who travel at ease, and pretty often, I guess, only "to pass away time." For, as Bayard Taylor says, "the difficulties and inconveniences are soon forgotten, while the many pleasures are ever pleasant memories."

Then, there are Nathaniel Hawthorne's "True Stories" of Bejamin West, the great Quaker artist; Isaac Newton, the scientist; our own Benjamin Franklin, and a host of others who hav done so much to make this century what it is.

I am sure every boy and girl must love these stories, and also Hawthorne's "Wonder-book," "Great Stone Face," and "Snow Image." And there are Emerson's "Oracles." Was ever anything more true and beautiful than this stanza from his poem "Each and All?"

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough.
I brought him home; in his nest at even,
He sings the same song, but it pleases not now.
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear, they sang to my eye.

And these are but a grain from the inexhaustible mine which so many great men hav been preparing for us for so many years, and where I hope much "prospecting" may be done and reports made in our Corner.

LAURA PRICE STEWART (15 years).

[We would call particular attention to the above from one of our best, and, we would wish, more frequent correspondents. We trust her hint may arouse our boys and girls to write and tell us just what books they are reading. Books treating of travels, biography, history, poetry, are good reading for these long winter evenings, and, with pleasant, instructiv stories of standard merit, will help to while away many a weary hour. Let us hear from others of the books they are reading.—ED. C. C.]

ROBERT F. BELL, Sydney, N. S. W., Australia.—We know of no regular lesson-book for the use especially of Secular Sunday-schools. There are few such schools in the United States. The Truth Seeker Company has for sale a Liberal song-book that might answer your purpose, price 25 cents. Send to them for catalog of Liberal books. Mr. H. W. Smith, of Greenwich, Mass., has of late published a book of selections and songs for use in Liberal Sunday-schools. We hav not seen the book, but think it might be what you require for your classes.—ED. C. C.

## The Indian and the Feather.

An Indian who had always been accustomed to rest his head on a stone, as he slept at night, heard that white men used pillows made of feathers, and that they were far better than those on which he and his father had been wont to sleep. He was very doubtful about this statement, but decided to try it for once in a small way. As night came on, therefore, he caught a bird, and plucking a feather he laid it on his pillow of stone. But his one night's experience with his one bothering feather decided him against the white man's rest, and he went back to his old method of sleeping with his head pillowed simply on a stone.

# Science Column.

## About the Porpoise.

And so you thought it was a fish. Why did you think so? Because it livs in the water?

But you must know that not all creatures are fish that find a home in the water.

But you say the porpoise has some ways like a fish. That may be, but he is an animal, nevertheless.

How do we know that?

Well, instead of gills, the porpoise has lungs, and he wants air to breathe in them. Fish hav gills simply, and can liv upon the oxygen gas that is in the water.

But you say the porpoise can liv beneath the water, the same as a fish. How is that?

I'll tell you how he does it.

Right on the top of his head there is an opening shaped like a half-moon. Coming up to the surface of the water, Pop! flies open this aperture, and out comes the air from the creature's lungs, and in rushes the new air, the cover closing over the "blow-hole," as it is called, so quickly that no water can come in, and down goes Mr. Porpoise again beneath the water, swimming along by means of his muscular tail, never stopping his course at all in his queer way of breathing.

Then, he belongs to the order of mammals.

You know the meaning of the word mammal, of course, for you hav been told it before.

Our sweet word mamma is derived from it.

The mother porpoise givs birth to her little ones the same as cats, dogs, and other mammals on land. The young of the fish, you know, are born from the egg or spawn. The porpoise nurses her babies, and only one is born at a time, while a great many fish babies are hatched from fish eggs.

The porpoise mamma has nice, sweet milk for her little ones, while baby-fishes eat insects and small grubs and mites.

So, by these differences, we know the porpoise is not a fish. It belongs to the family known as Cetacea, to which order also belong the various kinds of whales.

The porpoise has a large, round head, a good brain, and is said to be highly intelligent. It has a large jaw, and as many as eighty or ninety teeth. The oil extracted from the jaw of the porpoise is valuable.

What does it liv upon?

Fish mostly, as its home is in the water. It is fond of the fat fish, like mackerel, salmon, herring, and can eat twenty or thirty at one meal.

The flesh of the porpoise is very rich as food for man, and resembles that of the pig, and it is sometimes called, from a fancied resemblance to that animal, the hog-fish, sea-hog, puffing-pig, etc., and in the water they look like black pigs.

They are good-natured, merry creatures, and I hav heard my father tell many times of their playing in the water like children, and running races with the vessels. Quantities of fine oil are obtained from the porpoise, and its skin makes a nice kind of leather.

Porpoises like being near the shore, and on the European coasts, where they are quite common, are often seen rooting near the water's edge, with their odd-shaped noses or snouts.

S. H. W.

QUESTIONS.—State the difference between the porpoise and the fish. By what means does the porpoise breathe? To what order does he belong? What word is derived from mammal? Do porpoises nurse their young? How are fishes born? What is the family name of the porpoise? What other water animals belong to this family? Describe the porpoise. What of its food? What is it sometimes called? For what is the porpoise valuable to man?

## Words of Wisdom.

Nothing shows greater abjectness of spirit than a haughty demeanor toward inferiors.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or bind so fast, as love can do with a single thread.

Many men claim to be firm in their principles when really they are only obstinate in their prejudices.

Ingratitude is, of all crimes, what in ourselvs we account the most venial—in others the most unpardonable.

The strongest friendships hav been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

Polish is easily added if the foundations are strong; but no amount of gilding will be of use if your timber is not strong.

Sir Thomas More wrote in his journal: "I make it my business to wish as little as I can, except that I were wiser and better."

They who are most weary of life, and yet are most unwilling to die, are such as hav lived to no purpose, who hav rather breathed than lived.

As the sword of the best-tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.

Marriage is the strictest tie of perpetual friendship, and there can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity; and he must expect to be wretched who pays to beauty, riches, or politeness that regard which only virtue can claim.

Ah! when a man is dead, and you are sure that he is out of the way, you can afford to praise him. It is when men are living that we are not charitable. I hav not the least particle of prejudice against the thistles that were on my place last year. It is those that are there now that I don't like.


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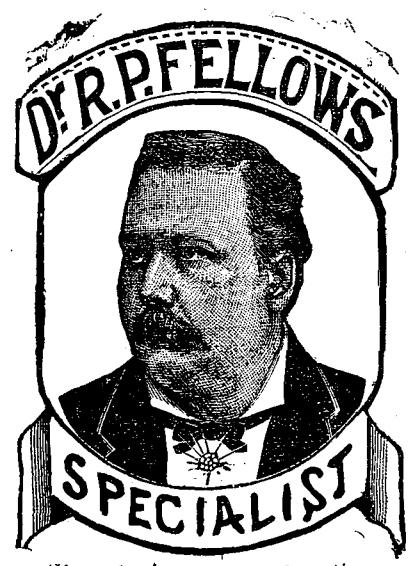
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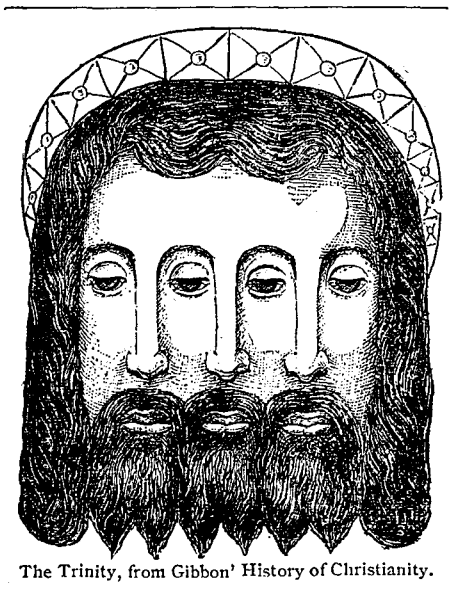
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## Obituary.

*From the Boston Investigator.*

Died, in Fall River, Mass., Nov. 20, 1887, after a long illness, Capt. Lemuel Hall, aged 69 years.

Captain Hall was a man of sterling character, whose loyalty, integrity, and upright conduct was acknowledged by all who knew him. He was a nativ of Cape Cod, and during his earlier years was a well-known sea-captain.

Naturally of a reflectiv turn of mind, he carefully examined the various creeds and dogmas of the world, and early arrived at the conclusion that myth and miracle were unnecessary for the advancement of humanity. For many years he has been known as a fearless, outspoken Liberal.

He was a great admirer of the principles advocated by the *Investigator* and TRUTH SEEKER, and was a long time subscriber to those papers. He was, also, a stockholder in the Paine Memorial Building. He had no sympathy with priests or churches, with hypocrisy or shams of any kind, and it was his well-known and frequently expressed request that Miss Susan H. Wixon, whom he held in high esteem, should be the speaker on the occasion of his funeral services. This wish, however, was disregarded, and a clergyman who could not voice the sentiments of the dead Liberal was employed in her stead.

His voiceless lips can never speak again, but his entire life is a perpetual reminder of the principles of truth, honor, and goodness.

Captain Hall was thrice married. He leaves a widow and two sons, besides a large circle of relativs and friends, to regret the loss of a noble man and most worthy and respected citizen, who faithfully and honorably filled every relation or position in life that he was called to occupy.

An honest man has gone to rest,
To rise or sleep, as heaven thinks best:
The staff of age, the guide of youth,
The friend of man and friend of truth.
Few hearts like his with tenderness so warmed,
Few heads like his with knowledge so informed;
If there is another world, he livs in bliss;
If there is none, he made the most of this.

## Parochial and Public Schools.

*From the Banner of Light.*

From the movements that are openly making at the present time in and around Boston, and in other parts of Massachusetts as well, to establish parochial schools that shall draw away the pupils of the public schools and substitute an ecclesiastical for a purely non-ecclesiastical system of instruction, it is evident that there is a concerted plan on foot on the part of the Roman Catholic authorities to undermine the existing common school system, from which such beneficent results hav flowed, and to supplant it with one that owes its direct allegiance to the Roman hierarchy. From being secret and subtle the work has become open and avowed. The plan professedly is to empty the public schools of all the children of Catholic parents in attendance on them in localities where they are sufficiently numerous, and to set up in their place schools that are under the immediate and direct government of the Catholic priesthood, thus paralyzing the public school, and openly assailing the very principle of its establishment. In the adjacent city of Malden a school has been so much drawn upon in this way that the local Catholic priest has even rented the public school-house of the aldermen, and converted it into a parochial school.

It may be as well to remind the parents of children who are enrolled in the Catholic church, that while they are taxed for the support of the parochial school, they are by no means for that reason released from their obligation as common citizens to support the public school. This is a tax that is levied on all alike, rich and poor, the parents of many children and those who hav none. Education at the public cost, in which all alike bear a part without any exemption, is the corner-stone of our free system, and has long constituted one of its chief glories. If any holy father in the Catholic church undertakes to set up the claim that the support of a parochial school saves his followers from the support of the common schools, by parity of reasoning the rich childless man may set up his claim for exemption also, on the very same ground that he sends no children to the public schools, and therefore cannot be held for their support. Thus will be seen the insidiousness of the present attempt to break up the existing system of free schools entirely, and in their place to put an educational system for the young that is in no sense whatever free, that is governed and directed from Rome, and unrepublican to the last letter. And this is to be done in the name of religion exclusivly.

Of the threatening character of this deliberately concerted attempt to destroy our present public school system, which has wrought such excellent results for the principles of liberty, few persons of ordinary reflection need to be apprised. Those who are engaged in it are of course intelligent enough to know that the public school system is an established one, and cannot be supplanted by any other system whatever, religious or non-religious. It is as much a part of our republican system of government as the air we all breathe is a necessity to our physical existence. And these men, therefore, know that those parents whom they tax for the support of parochial schools are nowise absolved for that reason from the support of public schools. The latter are a responsibility imposed, as we hav already said, on all citizens alike. If it were possible to release one man from his share of the common obligation because of his religious belief, then another man might with equal justice be released from his share for precisely the same reason, thus putting Protestant against Catholic, and inevitably working the speedy destruction of the existing system of free schools. Doubtless that is what is aimed at, since no other result is possible. A war of sectaries is likewise certain to be precipitated.

Do the Protestant ministers and their followers realize the situation? Do they comprehend the fast-growing magnitude of the issue? Do they understand that by their insane determination to put God into the Constitution—as if they could put him into that instrument any more than he is in it already by formal declaration and consequent legislation—they are playing directly into the hands of the Roman hierarchy? If they do not know it without having it pointed out to them, they confess themselvs without common intelligence and perception. For if they are ready to set up a religious test for our existing free government, which now leaves all such tests to the individual conscience alone, they will find the Roman Catholics equally ready to set up the same test, first in reference to our system of public schools, then in reference to the legislation required to sustain their claim, and finally in reference to the general system of our free government in state and nation. A warfare will then hav been opened on purely sectarian grounds, miscalled religious, that will not end until it has shaken the foundations of our free government. What particular institutions will go down in the wreck which such a warfare will result in need not be left to conjecture. If anything of real and lasting value to the freedom of the human mind is left, it will only be because the Romish dynasty has itself grown liberal.

Is it a picture which our orthodox zealots like to contemplate—so much that is permanently precious risked and lost merely that they may erect a professedly religious rule within the bulwarks of our free constitutional system, of which opposing sectaries will only be too glad to avail themselvs? Even supposing that everything sought is gained to religion by the experiment, is it not palpable that the loss to human liberty is certain to be far greater than any religious gain can possibly counterbalance? And it seems but the blind fury of fanaticism to persist in this course, when nothing can be plainer than that the precipitation of a war of sects for the possession of our free government is absolutely sure to work the destruction of all real religion among our people, and thus make the last state of the case worse than the first. This stupendous risk the zealots of orthodoxy are willing to run, for no better and more sufficient reason than that they are determined to giv to our fundamental law a religious character and coloring which they fancy it lacks. As if every sincere and honest action of man were not inspired to a greater or less degree, and is thus indubitably religious. As if it were possible for men to do their highest and best work, as in the case of our matchless civil contract which we call our Constitution, and at the same time fall short of the truest religious requirements.

Prof. W. T. Harris, of St. Louis, well and widely known in connection with the public schools of that city and with the Concord School of Philosophy, recently read a paper before the Congregational Club, of Boston, on "The Part of Church and State in Education," in which he greatly clarified a much confused subject. From personal experience and studious observation he may be supposed to possess a thorough knowledge of it. He speaks of the existing tendency of the public school to emancipate itself from ecclesiastical authority, and thinks that the spirit of the school should be the scientific spirit, believing that all attempts at education would prove abortiv if made subject to church authority. Investigation is not to be controled by the church. The parochial school professedly represses inquiry. And, on the other hand, the attempt of an opposit Protestant party to keep the Bible in the public schools is hardly less dangerous, because it raises a side issue which is magnified far beyond its merits. The several branches of the Christian church are plainly severing their connection with the public schools, and the feeling is rapidly gaining strength that church and school should not be affiliated.

But this does not necessarily imply, in Dr. Harris's opinion, that the schools shall be godless, according to the unreflecting apprehensions of many people who exclusivly profess to be religious. The influence of the public schools is more activ to-day for morality than it ever was before, but instead of being a merely professional morality it is of the kind that shows itself in character and conduct more than in separate religious acts. The union of the church with the school is not in the church's line of business, which is at liberty to take up the best work which the school can do and proceed with it according to its ideas of a higher moral and spiritual education. The schools were established, not to teach morals, although a healthy morality is to be learned in them; not to inculcate religious ideas, although in no sense can they be called irreligious; but to educate young minds preparatory to their assuming the duties of citizenship. And therefore nothing could be more unfortunate than to thrust in the side issue of the Bible, which only givs the Romish priesthood the very pretext they need for appearing on the field in the name of their church.

That the sectarian issue is hastening to a final conclusion should be obvious to almost everyone. And orthodox zeal and sectarian bigotry are helping it on by undertaking the very work which its opponents of another sect would wish to hav them perform. The two parties, though professedly opposed, could not more effectually coöperate if they marched together under the same banner. Their purpose is certainly a common one, and therefore in the large sense they are united. They may appear to be contestants at the beginning, but they will not proceed far before it will become plain that they are practically working to the same end. Only let Protestants pause and reflect on the matter, if they will. This parochial school question is but the opening of the struggle. The next effort on the part of the Roman priesthood will be to control legislation in order to hold their position by escaping taxation for the support of the public school. In the balanced state of political parties, they hav calculated their chances to a nicety. And with their final control of legislation through party delinquency and corruption, it ought to be easy enough to see that the work which orthodox Protestantism is at present striving to perform for them, by changing the Constitution into an engin of religious authority, will be gladly accepted by Rome as having been performed on its behalf, when it finally comes into possession of political power by the balance of parties and turns its battery on constitutional freedom on this continent.

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—*Boston Advertiser.*


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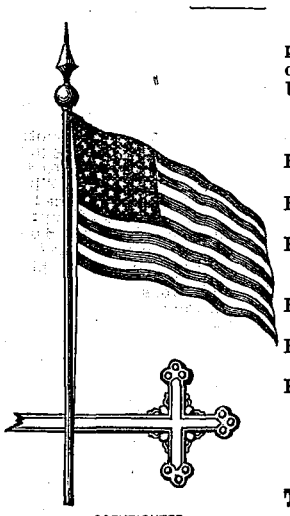
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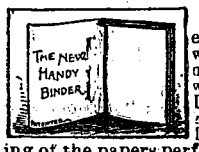
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## News of the Week.

It is reported that the sessions of the common council of Philadelphia for the last three months hav been marked by flagrantly disgraceful proceedings, an utter indifference to business being shown and the time devoted to ribaldry and rowdyism.

The Knights of Labor are preparing to make a strong demand for the nationalization of the telegraph lines.

A revolt in the Knights of Labor, arising from dissensions of its leaders on many and varied matters, is reported.

Entertainments for the benefit of the families of the dead and the imprisoned Anarchists are being given by their fellow-believers in New York and Chicago.

Courtlandt Palmer addressed the Anti-Poverty Society of this city last Sunday evening, saying that the remedy for the present wretched state of the workingman lay in coöperation.

The Federation of Labor, a powerful trade union organization that has sprung to gigantic proportions within a year, opened its first national convention at Baltimore on the 13th.

The Rev. J. Grumbine, a Syracuse, N. Y., clergyman, has been requested to resign, on account of his connection with the United Labor party and his starting a periodical called *Justice* in support of George's doctrins.

The Republican national convention for 1888 will be held in June, at Chicago.

"Coal or blood!" is the cry of the farmers in western Kansas. The fuel famin is charged to the cupidity of the railway officials.

The European nations, already vast armed camps, are rapidly augmenting their armies. Austria now seems menaced by Russia.

Chas. L. Webster, a New York publisher, has been knighted by Pope Leo XIII. as a reward for the publication of a flattering life of the pope.

The negroes of the South are lately much exercised with superstitions similar to those that produced the Puritanical witch-burnings. At Minden, La., they secretly lynched Andrew Edwards, a negro 70 years of age, accusing him of being a "voudoo" and working them evil by his spells.

The Rev. Hugh Pentecost has awakened such indignation among the members of his Newark, N. J., congregation by preaching Anti-Poverty doctrins, pleading for the Chicago Anarchists, and reprimanding his rich hearers for departing from the teaching and practice of Christ, that he is forced to resign. He declares that he "is no longer in sympathy with the church as an organization, or even with evangelical Christianity."

President Cleveland devotes his annual message to a strong appeal for tariff reduction. Republicans are protesting hotly and enlisting on their side workers in such industries as would be immediately affected. Believers in Socialistic and similar radical measures for the relief of the wage-workers scoff at the measure as a thing of no real benefit to laborers whichever way it goes, and as a mere device to serve party ends, and to occupy the workers' minds and divert their attention from real issues.

A bill is to be introduced in the House of Representativs by Mr. Adams, of Chicago, providing that "when any district attorney of the United States shall hav information in writing from no less than three reputable citizens that any alien has aided, advised, or encouraged the destruction of property or murder of any officer of the law, or has attempted to overthrow the laws, or to excite domestic violence in any state, such information shall be transmitted at once to the president," who shall issue an order expelling the offender from the country.


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## Gems of Thought.

Protestantism is not a religion of progress, except so far as it is compelled to be by the advancement of science. Its warfare upon science has held the same ratio to that of the Catholics as hav its persecutions. Coming later by centuries into the world, it has not had the same opportunities, but the chances it has had it has not been slow to seize.—*D. M. Bennett.*

Religion, with good men, in modern progressiv nations, seems mostly to consist of two temporarily united elements—a gradually decaying supernaturalism based on myths and legends, and a continually developing morality deeply practical. Concerning the former, the bitterest strife and uncertainty hav always prevailed. Concerning the latter all agree, at least on all such elementary points as would be taught to children. Honesty, truthfulness, kindness, courage, and persistence in systematic right-doing, are taught by no one sect exclusivly. Why not, then, make your school religion as truly unsectarian as you claim it is, and teach only a wise and genial human morality of which all can approve?—*Religion in Schools.*

There are heroes and heroins in every walk of life who are making sacrifices daily, because they are faithful to the truth which is in them. They are unwilling to adopt the too prevalent custom of repeating words in which they hav no belief, and, moreover, they are earnestly desirous of helping onward the day of freedom from the narrow, bigoted dogmas which enslave so many minds. The question with them is not, Will it pay me in dollars and cents, or in social position and popularity, to be thus true to my own convictions? That question must, for the present, certainly be answered in the negativ. Bnt there is a higher motiv, that of devotion and loyalty to the truth and the hatred of error and superstition, which impels them, not only to reject dogmas no longer tenable, but to aid in ascertaining and disseminating truth and light.—*Stoddard's New Faith.*

In the year 1663, Galileo, now seventy years old, being brought before the Inquisition, was forced solemnly to disavow his belief in the earth's motion, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment, though the sentence was afterward mitigated and he was allowed to return to Florence. The court of Rome was very careful to publish this second recantation all over Europe, thinking, no doubt, that it was administering a complete antidote to the belief of the Copernican system. The sentence, indeed, appears to hav pressed very heavily on Galileo's mind, and he never afterward either talked or wrote on the subject of astronomy. Such was the triumph of his enemies, on whom ample vengeance would hav long ago been executed if the indignation and contempt of posterity could reach the mansions of the dead.—*Prof. John Playfair.*

From the sixth to the sixteenth century Roman ism [the sole representativ of Christianity during those long thousand years] was in the ascendant, its power was absolute, heresy of any kind barely disturbed it. Surely, then, these ages, all moving under the influence of the tiara, were ages of unrivaled glory, and Europe was a garden of wondrous and beautiful creations? Alas! human nature never sank so low. "The Dark Ages" is a feeble description of the state of things that then prevailed. Hildebraud, in a letter to the abbot of Cluny, says, "The Romans among whom I dwell are worse than Jews or pagans." King Alfred complained that there was not a priest from the Humber to the Thames who understood the liturgy in his mother-tongue, or who could translate the easiest piece of Latin; and that from the Thames to the sea, ecclesiastics were, if possible, more ignorant than their brethren in the north. —*Dr. Cumming's Romanism Not the Patron but the Persecutor of Science.*

Life is a mystery, death is a mystery. I am like the Chinese philosopher, Confucius, who, when he was asked, "What is death?" answered, "Life is such a mystery that I do not seek to know what is beyond it."—*Whittier.*

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light of aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—*Sir Walter Scott.*

It is high time to break away from the old customs attending death-beds, death, and funerals, and substitute more rational ones. Not, as some rabid iconoclasts hav already occasionally attempted, by replacing one set of absurd ceremonials by another set equally absurd, but by obeying the plain dictates of common sense in doing away with all ceremonies not required by sanitary precautions, and by daring to lead the way in making it possible for the friends of the dead everywhere to consult their own feelings and wishes in the matter of burial, and thus make it possible in the future for private grief to be kept free from public intrusion, and mourners safe from merciless comment and criticism in consulting their own feelings.—*Mrs. Sara A. Underwood.*



GOING TO EGYPT AFTER CORN.

And Joseph's ten brethren went down to buy corn in Egypt.—Gen. xlii, 3.

## Odds and Ends.

One of the leading lights of the Roman Catholic church is the proselyte.

Comstock's version reads: "*Anthont soit qui mal y pense.*" In deference to Mr. Comstock the word nude will hereafter be printed n—de, and naked will appear as n—k—ed.

Colonel Ingersoll will always be in the minority. The trouble with Agnosticism is that there are too few men in the world who are willing to admit that they do not "know it all."

We expect to hear every day that Edison has introduced the electric spark into courting. It is doubtful, however, if it proves to be more satisfactory than the old-fashioned sparking.

A correspondent who is connected with the pound writes to say that Mr. Comstock endeavored to hav him drown a dog last August, because the poor beast had been seen on the street without pants.

"Now, isn't that a burning shame?" said Mrs. Seldom, as she pushed her spectacles up on her forehead and laid down the morning paper. "What's that, ma?" asked her youngest son. "Why, Emperor William gave an audience to Prince William yesterday. Think of that, my son—a whole audience given away like so many cattle. Its awful."

GETTING ON BRAVELY.

Citizen (to railroad official): "What has been done in regard to heating the cars with steam?"

Railroad official: "We hav been considering the subject in its different aspects."

Citizen: "Ah, that's encouraging; cold weather is almost here, you know! What result hav you reached?"

Railroad official: "Well—not any yet. You see, we havn't quite finished with the aspects."

The principal of a public school in Pennsylvania recently wrote to Nathaniel Hawthorne, asking for his autograph. He said that they proposed to hold a literary fair to get money for a school library. They evidently need a library. The ignorance of this principal reminds one of the society lady in London. "Who is this Dean Swift they were talking about?" she asked a friend. "I would like to invite him to one of my receptions." "Alas, madam," replied the other, "the dean did something that has shut him out of society." "Dear me! what was that?" "Well, about a hundred years ago he died."

CAPTURING THEM UNAWARES.

Mr. Longhair: "Are you the gentleman who writes reading notices which begin with something of startling interest and end up with a patent medicin advertisment?"

Writer: "I do work of that sort, occasionally, sir."

Mr. Longhair: "Well, I wish you would get me up something about a prize fight, or a trunk murder, or a church scandal, or anything the public are especially interested in, and then spring on them: 'Are you prepared to die?' 'What will you do to be saved?' 'Lay not up for yourselvs treasures upon earth,' etc. I'm a tract distributor."

THREE FOLLIES OF MEN.

The wise old Comtesse de —— used to remark that there were three follies of men which always amazed her. The first was climbing trees to shake fruit down, when if they waited long enough the fruit would fall of itself. The second was going to war to kill one another, when if they only waited they would all die naturally. The third was that they should run after women, when if they refrained from doing so the women would be sure to run after them.—*Voltaire.*

A LETTER TO ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 21, 1887.

*Dear Sir:* I wish you would come and look at my art collection. I hav inaugurated a new departure, so to speak, which I cannot help thinking will meet with your hearty approbation.

The statue of Mercury standing in my hall, with his right hand extended as though he had just let go a curve ball, has hitherto been unclothed to an exaggerated extent. He has not even, until this winter, worn a coat of paint. Now, however, I hav procured for him a pair of trousers, of the wide, influential brand affected by our dudes. His new ulster is of the latest pattern, with a latitudinarian band around his waist.

It would make your eyes water to see my Apollo Belvedere in evening dress, with knickerbockers. A mackintosh is thrown loosely over his left shoulder, and his feet are encased in silk stockings; a great improvement over the air of openness with which he was formerly clothed.

But the new wardrobe of the lady members of my collection will delight you especially. As you doubtless know, the Greek Slave has hitherto not even had a porous plaster in (or on) her trunk. In fact, she has stood through all weathers in full dress carried to extremes and then thrown away. Now she rejoices in a tailor-made suit of exquisit workmanship, and a chest protector with pongee embroidery is covering a portion of her superficial area. Her hose is of the striped variety, and her feet wear the cutest little shoes you ever saw.

The Venus of Milo is another statue of the female brand which has hitherto had nothing to wear. I had some difficulty in providing her with clothes, owing to the unfortunate accident whereby she lost her arms. I hav, however, clothed her with an opaque Mother Hubbard, which will meet the requirements of the most fastidious. I would like you to look at her, though, and if you think best, I will get Dr. Mary Walker to construct a pair of trousers for her, or purchase a No. 6 bloomer.

Several other women works of art look quite trig in their new garments, provided with bustles, passamentaries, false hair, and other articles of feminin garmenture. Come and look at them any evening this week when you happen to hav leisure. Yours sincerely, Wm. H. Siviter.

P.S.—I forgot to state that I hav placed a pair of pantaloons on the limbs of such chairs as infest the art gallery. W. H. S.—*Life.*


*SING, BROTHERS, SING.*

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# THE TRUTH SEEKER

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THE EVIL RESULT OF SACRAMENTAL TEACHING.

## Notes and Clippings.

Isn't it about time to organize a society for the suppression of the Society for the Suppression of Vice?—*Life.*

European nations are adopting an international copyright law, and efforts are being made by American authors to effect its adoption here.

The *Universalist* thinks Colonel Ingersoll's article in the *North American Review*, in reply to Dr. Field, is "an excellent looking-glass for orthodoxy," and says the use he makes of the Westminster Creed is crushing.

The pastor of an impoverished Dakota church addressed his congregation last Sunday as follows: "There is not a cent in the treasury, not a pound of coal in the bin, and we are several dollars in debt to girls for janitress work. Salvation and chills are a poor combination, and the camp-fires of holiness cannot be started with promises to pay."

The attempt to force upon the public schools of St. Louis an obligation to giv special instruction in the German language at an annual expense of $60,000 was recently voted down by a majority of 4,000 in a school board election. The platform of the majority was: "No language but the English should be taught at public expense in the schools."

The English Board of Trade has made a report in which it alleges that the number of paupers in the country now are only 24.7 to the 1,000, while in 1870 there were 40 to the 1,000, and that the total number has fallen from 900,000 to 697,000, while the population has increased by 5,700,000. In London, it is alleged, there are now only 21 paupers to 1,000 inhabitants.

The New Jersey *Unionist* says: "Among those who petitioned Governor Oglesby to let the Anarchists hang was the Rev. Dr. Hildreth, pastor of a Methodist church in Cleveland, O. It is sad, very sad, to be obliged to note the fact that the Rev. Hildreth is now under indictment for immorality, his accuser being the Rev. R. B. Pope of the same denomination."

There is a little negro in Macon named Barry Bowden, aged about twelve years, who has a most remarkable mouth. When fully open, the distance from the corner of the mouth to the lobe of the ear is less than half an inch. He puts his fist in his mouth with ease, and can hold two eggs in the mouth without any difficulty.—*Savannah News.* What a Methodist preacher he'd make!

In the diocese of Hartford, according to the latest statistics, there are thirty-four parochial schools for both boys and girls. Some fifteen thousand children receive therein a Catholic education under the charge of four hundred and fifty religious women. And when the children graduate they know how to read the catechism, count out money to giv to the priests, and that is about all.

The Boston *Herald* says: "Nothing could possibly be more pointedly against the spirit of Christ than the spirit of a protectiv tariff." The New York *Sun* comments: "What insufferable cant, irreverence, and moral snobbery it is to try to found Cobden on Christ!" It looks as though the tariff question will be as provocativ of bad blood and hifalutin writing as a sectarian discussion of religion.

It is reported from Illinois that the railroads of the state hav, after a fair trial, found it very bad policy to continue the excessiv local traffic rates that hav heretofore prevailed, and which were diverting jobbing to outside points. So they hav voluntarily begun to lower local rates within the state from twenty-five to forty per cent.

The book reviewer of the *Herald* thus philosophizes over Lea's "History of the Inquisition:" "By the way, speaking of the Inquisition, did you ever think that the excess of faith—that is, fanatical faith—is the cradle of intolerance and cruelty? If men had been indifferent about religion there would hav been no Inquisition. Agnosticism never builds such an institution. But when a man firmly believes that you will go to hell unless you accept his views he is bound to make you accept them, even if he uses the thumbscrew to do it. He does it because he loves you and wants to save you from the lake of fire and brimstone. That seems very queer and odd, and rather ludicrous, too, but it is true."

The National Women's Christian Temperance Union is circulating for signatures three petitions to Congress to be presented this month, asking for national legislation on the Sunday question. The *American Sentinel* says: "It is under cover of the demand for Sunday laws that this nation is to be put under the tyrannical heel of the national reform church and state movement. If you want to help establish church and state, and a man-made theocracy, here, then sign these petitions. If you don't want to engage in that enterprise, then giv these, and all similar petitions, the widest possible berth." There is some reason for the agitation of the *American Sentinel.* It has been reported as a fact that in the procession at the centennial celebration of the Constitution at Philadelphia last September, the National Reform Association asked to carry a banner with this inscription: "The Fifteenth amendment secures the rights of man. Let us hav another securing the rights of God." If this is not blasphemy it is pretty near it.—*Galveston News.*

The *Interior* (Presbyterian) says: "The logical antics of the disunionists North and South are as good as a circus, and also as bad. Here in the *Presbyterian Quarterly* (Atlanta) is a stately and prolix article by Dr. Vaughan, showing that reunion means Infidelity! and that it also means sin against the Holy Spirit! 'Organic union with the Northern church is also prohibited by a positiv command of the Holy Ghost, until that church can unite with us in the testimony which we are commanded in 1 Tim. vi, 1-5, to bear on the relations of masters and servants.' That is to say, the Holy Spirit forbids the union till the Northern church pronounces a high doctrinal eulogium on American slavery as it was, and lifts its voice in sweet accord with Dr. Dabney in mourning its untimely end. . . . Dr. Vaughan is matched in absurdity by his fellow-disunionists of the North—the *Evangelist*, *Independent*, and others. 'No color-line in the churches!' they cry. And how do they propose to effect that object? By making the color-line a line of sectarian division. By dividing the white and black Presbyterians of the South not only into separate churches, as now, but also into separate denominations. Both wings of the disunionists, North and South, unite in this demand."

# Communications.

## Religious Problems.

There are moments in life when men say great and good things, and there are moments when the world feels the power of a noble speech, of a beautiful thought, and softens beneath its power or rises to lofty action under its influence. These moments are not to be weighed in the scale of common things, nor determined by the rule of ordinary measurement. They hav a rare and peculiar value. They are occasions for love and justice; they make the poetry of the heart and the poetry of the world.

I know full well that we cannot hide the hard, cold facts of life by covering them with pleasing disguises; but because human existence is mostly made up of dull commonplaces it does not lessen the effulgence nor dim the glory of those bright thoughts and fancies that go singing through the mind, leaving a trail of beauty behind them.

The personal charms that win us fade beneath chemical analysis, yet the declaration that "beauty is only skin-deep" cannot destroy its subtle power. So, the beautiful sentiments that will not fit our sciences or our philosophies, but shine above them like stars above the earth, still lead our hearts into places of deepest peace and move our hands to deeds of richest charity. Those words that admit of no scientific definition are still potent in their influence upon the human mind. Those terms are best that stand for the best things, and it matters little what name we giv our faith providing it makes us good and just.

You know what curious caricatures of objects may be seen in their shadows. Like these grotesque figures are man's attempts to define the objects of his faith. He has added the wings of a bird to the form of a woman and called it an angel, and has annexed the horns, hoofs, and tail of a beast to himself and called it a devil. There is a hint of the infinit range of human character in the vast distance which lies between the two pictures of angel and devil which man has, with unwitting fidelity, painted in his own image.

I admit that there is a great deal of exaggerated sentiment in the world that the world is no better for, but without the idealizing power of the imagination life would be but a barren existence. Reason might direct us to the hights of rational living, but fancy would strew our journey thither with flowers. I do not deny that facts hav their place and use, but we are in danger of putting a false value upon them. There are times when they are the dullest, most uninteresting things possible or imaginable, though at other times we must hav them to walk by or we may stumble and fall. It is not knowledge alone that is needed to develop the life of man. It may be desirable to know that the earth revolves on its axis, that the atmosphere is forty-five miles high, that the heat increases as we approach the earth's center, and it may answer some demand of our nature to hav revealed the secret of our origin, but the mind does not find its highest satisfaction in these things. The scientific probabilities which are offered as solutions of natural phenomena are not what men most need for happiness or peace. A breakfast of geology, a dinner of chemistry, a supper of botany, and a night's rest of astronomy will not insure the perfect man. Humanity livs on dreams, on hopes, on fancies and longings, as well as on knowledge, on facts, and truths. I do not believe in man's trying to get above the earth, but I do believe in his trying to get a little higher on the earth.

The mind is not satisfied with the solutions of the religious problems which the church offers. It rebels against the patents of ecclesiasticism, and refuses to accept a thing as divine because it bears a label of divinity. The endeavor to make of earth and heaven a two-volume treatis on orthodoxy, and to pass off upon the world the products of the animal and vegetable kingdoms as Christian tracts, must be given up. The attempt to issue the universe in a pocket edition is a failure.

When we realize that there are more stars in the heavens than there are human beings on the earth, and think of the immensity of these heavenly bodies and the vast distances which they travel through the realms of space, we hav to smile with a broad accent when we read the sixteenth verse of the first chapter of Genesis: "And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night; he made the stars also." A fiat creation would be like a boy blowing bubbles without any soap in the water. It would be an eternal addition of nothing; an infinit zero. But the intelligence of the world has ceased to read the biblical account of creation as a scientific treatis. It is not the action of the deity as a creator, but his deeds as a ruler of the earth, that offend our ideas of right and wrong.

The moral objections to the Christian idea of deity are graduated in the scale of condemnation from poetical blasphemy to downright Atheism, but because we decline to accept "the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob" as the correct solution of the problem of divinity, are we therefore blasphemers? Because we cannot honestly climb up the thirty-nine rounds of the Christian ladder of faith, does it make us thieves and robbers if we find peace some other way? The old notion of fear of God presupposed a belief in a God that was to be feared. This belief has gone from the rational mind. All there is left of this faith is illustrated in the answer of the boy to the question of his Sunday-school teacher if his father lived in fear of God. "Yes'm, I guess so," replied the boy; "he never goes out Sunday without he carries a gun." Those people who fear God do not know what they are afraid of. The more we know, the less we fear. You cannot frighten knowledge.

Superstition is ignorance afraid of its own shadow. Fear is like a bat; it comes out in the dark. Ghosts always walk at night. Old Nick was never seen in the daylight. The wizard hour does not fall at noon. Fear is born of falsehood; courage, of truth. Enlightenment clears up mystery, and investigation shows the ghost to be a scarecrow.

The foundation of the popular system of religious faith is the word "God." That we may not be misunderstood in our use of this term, we will say that we find the word "God" defined in Webster's Dictionary as "an object of worship;" also as "a being conceived of as possessing divine power, and to be propitiated by sacrifice, worship," etc. And again, this word is defined as "the supreme being," "Jehovah." It is worthy of comment that the learned compiler of this dictionary says, in reference to the word "God:" "As this word and 'good' are written exactly alike in Anglo-Saxon, it has been inferred that God was named from his goodness, but the corresponding words in most of the other languages are not the same, and it is believed no instance can be found of a name given to the supreme being from the attribute of goodness. It is probably an idea too remote from the rude conceptions of men in early ages. With the exception of the word Jehovah, the name of the supreme being appears usually to hav reference to his supremacy or power, and to be equivalent to lord, or ruler." We do not deny that the word "God" has to-day a moral and religious meaning which is derived from his supposed beneficence, but this idea is not the one that we find at the bottom of the Christian faith. I object very seriously to the attempt, which is being made by certain interested parties, to represent the God of Christianity better than he is. This word loses its terror when we realize that it stands for an unknown quantity. It is the attempt to account for what we cannot understand; the effort to explain the universe. The word "God" is a definition of human ignorance. It represents what we do not know. This word does not stand for a person, an object, or a thing. It is an idea of what we can hav no idea of, a thought of what one cannot think. People who use the word "God" do not know what they are talking about. This word fits nothing that has yet been discovered. Theology is the science of what no one knows anything about. It does not belong to the family of knowledge. When the hands of theology are laid on a man's head his brains are consecrated to do nothing. Every time a minister is made, a man is lost. Nothing disgraces American civilization more than the theology preached in Christian churches. It is worse than childish; it is old-womanish. The Dark Ages cast their shadows across the bright skies of the nineteenth century, and the relics of that benighted time, the priests, are still walking the streets like ghosts of bad deeds.

Every theology ends in a creed. A creed is the night-cap of religion. It is a sign that the intellect is asleep. When faith is in, sense is out. A man with a creed has bought the coffin for his mind. The rest of his life will be a funeral service for the dead. A creed is the grave of thought. When a person subscribes to certain articles of belief, he has no further use for his brains. It does not require any mental exercise to believe. Belief does not signify any process of intellectual assimilation or digestion. When a man joins a church, he makes his last will and testament. When reason abdicates in favor of credulity, crime becomes a saint, and folly a martyr. Too much faith makes a Pocasset tragedy. The foolishness of trying to make God intelligible to human understanding is shown in the creeds of Christendom. The dogma of the trinity ought not to pass to any further generation. It is not the "likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth."

This Christian doctrin of the Godhead is a sort of Fifteen puzzle. Everyone thought he could do it until he tried. He then found out what a fool he was to think that he could solve it. This is the way with believing the dogma of the trinity. You can believe it just so long as you do not try to understand it. The moment you undertake to give it a rational explanation you cannot make head nor tail of it. One needs to be entirely ignorant of mathematics to successfully grapple with this stupendous problem. You start by saying that God is one God. This is intelligible; but when you try to add two more Gods to one God and make the three Gods only one God, you end by saying, What a fool I was for believing such stupid nonsense! I pity the person who seriously believes the dogmas of the trinity. How he must hate the multiplication table! The Holy Ghost is another gem puzzle. It seems perfectly easy to tell what the Holy Ghost is until you begin, and then you commence to wonder what it can be. Until some one asks what the Holy Ghost is, you feel as well acquainted with him as though he had boarded in the same family with you for years; but this question sends him to the remotest parts of the earth, and he at once becomes a total stranger to you, and you think of the name as you recall a name that you hav read in some half-forgotten story.

You think that his photograph can be found in any library of Christian theology, but when you search for it there is nothing that bears his name, and when you are forced to tell what you know about this Holy Ghost you are obliged to confess that you know nothing; and, after a candid examination of the subject, you must also confess that you do not believe in any such thing. The Christian church tells us that the Holy Ghost is a mystery, and cannot be comprehended by the human mind. Here is one truth that the church has told. What is too mysterious to be comprehended by man is too profound to be of any benefit to him. Every holy mystery in this world is a fraud, and where the Christian church has taught that anything was too sacred to be touched by the hands of honest investigation, you may rest assured that some pious trickery was concealed. We want nothing to do with a church that is afraid to show its hand; that will not do things aboveboard. Truth does not need to be told in a dead language. When the church admits that its dogmas and rituals are mysterious, it confesses that they are intended to deceive. The church is a falsehood standing on a fable. There is no mystery about honesty. Truth, though naked, would call no blush to the brow. We should be ashamed of falsehood, no matter how richly she is dressed. Profession is not piety, any more than a cosmetic is complexion. When anything is too holy to be criticised, you may rest assured that it is paste and not a genuin diamond. What will not bear examination fears exposure. The salesman shows poor goods in a feeble light. No wonder churches are built to keep out the sun. It is thought to be blasphemous to speak of ecclesiastical idols with other than solemn speech, as such things are regarded as holy, and if we show up the absurdities of superstition we are said to be making fun of what is sacred. You cannot make fun of what is serious, nor can you ridicule what is true. The fact is, a great deal of the Christian faith is nonsense, and we cannot treat it seriously without being hypocrits. We name our locomotivs and snow-plows after the Greek gods, and there is no protest from the piety of this age against calling them Jupiter, Mercury, or Hercules. Some future generation will doubtless pay a similar compliment to the Christian divinities. Let us recollect that Socrates was put to death for showing less disrespect to the Grecian deities than we manifest toward them. What saves us from a similar fate is that the whole world stands to-day where Socrates stood two thousand years ago. Perhaps the race will catch up with Ingersoll in two thousand years more. It is not blasphemy for Christians to name a trotting-horse Mohammed, and yet three hundred million human beings look upon this name as the holiest name of earth.

The Christian objects of worship are no more sacred to us than the Moslem's prophet is to Catholic or Protestant. The mythology of Jew and Christian which is still reverenced by men and women is destined to be buried in the cemetery of literature with a book for a monument. Let us not be afraid to discuss religious questions, and examin into the faith of mankind, nor be surprised if we discover that man is not always as good or as bad as his religious pretensions would make him.

Men and women go to a church and say to the world that they hav faith in the God of the Bible who caused all the first-born of Egypt to be slain, and then go home and take their children to their hearts with a love and tenderness that show how much better they believe than they profess to. Men may keep the Christian theology in their churches, but they cannot take it into their homes. The God men obey is better than the God they worship. The family altar is the truest; the household deity the one most reverenced. I can see no sense in human beings saying in this age: "I believe in the fall of man, in total depravity, in vicarious atonement, and in the resurrection of the dead." They ought to be ashamed of such a faith. The attempt to save the Christian theology is costing the world not only its labor and its money; it is costing it its manhood and love of truth. It is not merely robbing the world's pockets and tables; it is robbing its heart and soul. A theology that is open to ridicule may as well be abandoned first as last, for it is sure to fall. Nothing can be kept sacred that the world laughs at. To call sacred such foolish fables as the creation of Adam and Eve, the Garden of Eden, the flood, and kindred stories would kill any religion where people were not

too stupid to appreciate the ludicrous or too solemn to treat it with laughter. How loth men are to confess their ignorance! Let us all be honest, and acknowledge that we do not know whether there is a God or not, and that we use this name to represent the force in nature which we cannot understand and which is inscrutable to the human mind. L. K. WASHBURN.

## Who Are the Christians?

The definition of the word Christian given by Webster is: "One who believes in the divinity of Christ; or one who inwardly and outwardly conforms to the doctrins of Christ." The latter clause of this definition is the one principally relied upon by our Christian adversaries when in a discussion upon the respectiv merits of Christianity and Freethought. Not long since a religious journal elaborated upon this definition, and said that, "in order to be a Christian, one must not only believe what was written concerning Christ in the New Testament, but must also obey his commandments; be a cheerful doer of his will," assuring its readers that it is a "very easy thing to be a Christian."

Knowing what was written concerning Christ, which one must believe, but considering that too great a demand upon my credulity, I knew I could not be a Christian so far as belief was required. But, being assured that it was a very easy thing to be a doer of Christ's will, I went diligently to work searching the scriptures to learn just what Christ willed for us to do, thinking it might be possible for one to be a practical Christian, if not a theoretical one.

I turn to the Sermon on the Mount—that discourse which is said to be the grandest ever delivered—said to contain the purest and noblest principles for the guidance of mankind in their daily life—and read from Matt. v, 34–37: "But I say unto you, swear not at all. . . . But let your communication be Yea, yea, and Nay, nay; and whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil." Right here I find that Christian practice does not conform to this injunction of their teacher.

All over Christendom it is the practice to administer oaths; believing that a witness is not competent to testify, or a juror to decide, or an officer to perform the duties of his office, until he has taken an "oath unto the Lord." And in many cases in our own "free America" the witness who does not believe in the phantasm of a God is debarred from giving testimony in a court of justice.

The Christians believe it would be unsafe to abolish the oath, and in its stead place the simple affirmation, as that is an Infidel doctrin, thereby neither believing nor doing what Christ says to do.

"But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." "And if any man will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, giv him thy cloak also. . . . Giv to him that asketh thee, and to him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away" (Ibid, 39–42).

"Giv to everyone that asketh of thee; and of him that borrows of thee ask not thy goods again;" hope for nothing in return. The doctrin of non-resistance which Christ here enjoins has been taught for eighteen centuries, and for more than a thousand years it made kings and priests tyrants, and the great masses of mankind slaves—a slavery from which even now the most enlightened nations are not freed.

To resist not evil; to offer the other cheek if smitten, would be paying a premium upon crime and insolence. The willingness of Christians to let evil go unresisted is seen in the abundance of penitentiaries, jails, and workhouses all over Christian lands.

If you are sued and your coat taken, you must giv your prosecutor your cloak also. The result of the thousands of lawsuits in our country proves the readiness of Christians to do their master's will. The submissivness of Christian nations to insults from another Christian nation is seen in the millions of men kept ready for war in Europe, and the ingenuity diplayed in the invention of improved means of reducing one another to atoms.

To be a Christian, you must giv to every beggar that asks alms; and if a robber takes away your goods, you are not to demand their return; you are to lend, hoping for nothing in return. What a grand place a truly Christian nation would be for borrowers, beggars, and thieves!

Is the professed Christian willing to be guided by these rules of action? By no means. He knows that they would license all manner of vices and crimes. Christians declare Christ's ethical code the purest and noblest given for the guidance of man; and yet they know that his teaching could not be carried into practice without reducing society to a worse state than anarchy would. If any Christian should attempt to practice these precepts—be a doer of his will—he would be taken by his brother-Christians and placed in a lunatic asylum, just to show him there was considerable difference between the theories of the lowly Galilean and the practice of the nineteenth century.

"Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat and the body more than raiment? . . . Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. vi, 25–34).

The Christian who thinks that for his righteousness he will hav food, drink, and raiment added unto him will soon find himself very hungry and ragged.

Take no thought for the morrow; make no provision for the future, and let famin and pestilence once again devastate the earth. Care nothing for the things of this world; this life is not worth living for; do not beautify this earth, or contribute to the happiness of mankind, but cast all your thoughts upon the mansion in the skies; make no provision for this life, but prepare for the next. Fortunately most Christians seek first the things of this world, and afterward the kingdom of God. But were they true to their master they would depend upon God's bounty for the necessaries of life, and then they would be in a fit condition to sympathize with him who "had not where to lay his head."

"Lay not up for yourselvs treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up for yourselvs treasures in heaven" (Matt. vi, 19, 20). The way Christians conform to this text is remarkable. None of them hav their thoughts on the carnal things of this world; none of them are struggling for wealth or political power. It is so easy to be a follower of Christ that the pursuit of these things is given up to the ungodly.

The good minister preaches entirely to save souls; but the most precious souls are where the salary is the largest; and unless worldly treasures are sufficiently supplied to let him liv in luxury and ease, the dear souls would be in danger of perishing from lack of spiritual sustenance. The church, whose record is so consistent, carries to its full extent the precept to giv to him that asketh, but she is the one that expects to do the asking, always begging and giving nothing in return—owning millions of dollars' worth of untaxed property—whose practice is in such strict conformity with this text that she is ever ready to "swap off treasures in heaven for cash down."

"But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you" (Matt. v, 44). No person can possibly love an enemy. We can only love one who is lovable to us; and certainly one who hates and persecutes us is not the person to excite love or admiration. It is impossible for us to force ourselvs to love anyone, and no follower of Christ can love his persecutor or enemy.

We should not harbor hatred; nor should we seek to revenge an injury; yet there is no reason why we should return benefits for injuries. To return good for evil, to return benefits for injuries, would be directly rewarding and encouraging wrong-doing. The hopes of forgivness and reward for injuries given would never prevent the commission of a crime. In every case where we are injured we should return justice unmixed with the spirit of revenge.

Is it not strange that you are commanded to love your enemies, and yet ordered to sever all family ties; to hate father, mother, brother, sister, to be a disciple of Christ's?

"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them" (Luke xiv, 26). This, the only truly grand and noble rule of action found in Christ's Sermon on the Mount, is constantly ignored by professed Christians. In the scramble for position and profit it would seem that Christians hav never heard of the Golden Rule. The history of the church shows plainly that this rule is not, and never has been, regarded. The frightful massacre of Christians by Christians; the outrages practiced upon heathens; the persecution and ostracism of Infidels; the imprisonment of D. M. Bennett; the prosecution of C. B. Reynolds at Boonton, N. J., and the outrage upon Aunt Elmina show how Christians love their enemies, and that they do unto others as they would be done by.

Where is the believer that can stand these tests of his "outward and inward conformity to the doctrins of Christ?" Where is one who is a cheerful doer of his will? Alas! there is none; and if there ever were any, they hav sunk into obscurity like Lazarus and the "wise men of the East."

But these are by no means all the tests by which the true follower of Christ is to be tried. The true believer can do all the works Christ is said to hav done. In the sixteenth chapter of Mark, Christ speaks to his disciples, and says: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every living creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

Now, these are the works Christ says those who believe in him shall do. When any of the faithful can do these things, then we may know Christianity is true; but, unfortunately for them, the miracle-worker has degenerated into the juggler, who performs his tricks for the amusement of a pleasure-seeking audience.

Where is the Christian that can cast devils out of a modern Infidel? Where is there one that can drink down poison and not be hurt? It is certainly quite difficult for one who sees in nature an orderly sequence of events, an unbroken chain of affairs—who knows that every cause must produce a certain effect—to believe that by merely being "born again" the Christian is made proof against noxious serpents and deadly lotions. Where is there a follower of Christ that can lay hands on the sick and they recover?

There was a time when the Christian, if overtaken by accident or disease, hastened to the nearest monk's cell, and there, through the influence of the bones of some departed saint, expected a miracle to be performed. But now, when the Christian is overtaken by disease, he at once summons a physician, proving to the world that he does not believe in the words of his redeemer, and that he has more faith in physic than he has in prayer.

The modern Christian defender says that Christ was addressing the disciples, and that he only intended to giv them (the disciples) power to work miracles to prove to the world that he was the Christ. But anyone who will attempt such a construction of the plainest and most direct language, is either very ignorant, or guilty of wilful deception. For Christ speaks in the third person, and in terms that include all mankind. It is "*he* that believeth shall be saved," not *you*; it is "*them* that believe shall do these things," not *you*; as it should be if he intended to confer the power of working miracles upon the disciples only.

It is the hight of absurdity to try and explain away the difficulty of this text in this way, for the disciples already believed. The power of working miracles was no more intended for the disciples only than it was intended for them only when he said, "He that believeth not shall be damned."

It may seem unnecessary to comment upon such plainly constructed sentences, but modern theologians are making such ingenious attempts to explain away the difficulty of these texts that they deserve more than a passing notice, and I wish to reenforce the argument with a passage from St. John xiv, 12: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my father." Where is the man who can say he is a doer of Christ's will; who inwardly and outwardly conforms to the doctrins of Christ, and can prove his faith by his works? Where is one of the faithful but breaks all of these commandments? And still they expect to receive the reward of never-ending joy, and sing with the redeemed in the New Jerusalem. According to the definition of Christians, and the tests as applied by their own standard, it is impossible to be a follower of Christ. It is not enough to conform to the ceremony of worship, and support the preacher; for "he that breaketh even the least of these commandments, and shall teach men so, shall be least in the kingdom of heaven."

Another inspired writer (James xi, 10) says: "For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." And anyone who pretends to know Christ and be a Christian, and does not obey his laws, is a liar, for 1 John xi, 4, says: "He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him."

*Pittsville, Wis.* GEO. H. DAWES.

## Free Trade and the Workingman.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRUTH SEEKER, *Sir:* In an article on the "Federation of Mankind," published in your last week's issue, Mr. Holland says that the industrial prosperity of Great Britain during the past few years has been the result of her free-trade policy. Then, sir, how is it that at the present moment the working class all over England is suffering from starvation to such an extent that British statesmen are earnestly discussing the point whether it would not prove beneficial to the country to return to a moderate protection? If free trade is such a benefit to the country adopting it, why are so many men starving and so much dull trade prevailing? Goods are manufactured more cheaply upon the continent than in England, and in consequence of the latter's free trade, British markets are flooded with foreign goods to the exclusion of the home trade.

Something has to be done at the present crisis. Free trade has seemingly proved itself impotent; for as long as free trade can only number one champion, while the rest of the nations maintain a protectorate, that one nation will suffer in its trade. At least, so it appears to me. A BRITON.

# The American Secular Union.

SAMUEL P. PUTNAM, President.

E. A. STEVENS, Secretary, - - - 750 West Lake St., Chicago.
CHARLES ECKHARD, Treas., - - 28 Lafayette Pl., New York.
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## Saint Cleveland.

Those restless Jesuits of the Protestant persuasion, the Evangelical Alliance, alias the National Reform Association, met in convention in Washington last week. Nearly two thousand of these oily-tongued, white-chokered, black-coated parasites were individually presented to the president, showing conclusivly that our age, our country, our government, are all assisting in bolstering up exploded beliefs, even with the prestige of their official positions. As custom makes it the duty of the executiv, in replying to deputations, to be diplomatic (otherwise, a convenient liar), more especially when a second term is being industriously "worked," despite the expiring efforts of the uncivil service, our great high priest Grover completely transcended the requirements of his office and party on this particular occasion.

Our would-be Saint Cleveland exhibits too great anxiety to pander to popular religious prejudice, by paying reverence to representativs of superstition, for one pledged to maintain and uphold the Constitution and laws of a country which the highest authorities, from Washington down, hav over and over declared is "in no sense a Christian nation."

When the Fifth Monarchy men of England proposed to overthrow Cromwell's protectorate and set up "King Jesus," an accomplished satirist wrote "Mercurious Pragmaticus," and in a single line laid down, it appears, the requirements of that and the present day, for verily

Our saints must rulers be.

The bald-headed latter-day saint who presides at the White House made a speech to the Alliance—prominent among whom was Felix R. Brunot, president of the *de facto* God in-the-Constitution party—the larger portion of which is what newspaper men denominate "hog wash." For instance, he spoke of their "noble mission," their "broad, undenominational fellowship," etc., and said he understood the purpose of the Alliance was the "application of Christian rules of conduct to the problems and exigencies of social and political life." Here is the cloven hoof! What has Christianity got to do with our "political life?" Would not politics and Christianity be the reign of church and state? Then who dares approvingly couple those diverse agencies, calling it a "noble mission?" Alas! for the realization of American liberty—the president of the United States. *Tuliter qualiter.* To represent this "broad, undenominational Christian fellowship," we shall expect to hear "Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove," the "Pater Noster," and "Te Deum Laudamus" chanted alternately in the White House morning mass, and Moody's gospel hymns for an afternoon diversion.

We had expected better things from Grover, believing he was far ahead of his party, but our hopes are shattered, when he bends so low as to cram four unmitigated falsehoods into one brief sentence. Hear our pious oracle: "All must admit that the reception of the teachings of Christianity result in the purest patriotism, in the most scrupulous fidelity to public trust, and in the best type of citizenship."

In the first place, Cleveland is well aware that "all" do not admit any such thing; that the world of scholars dispute and doubt the very existence of Christ, either as a man or as a divinity; that none of the so-called teachings of Christianity can be authentically attributed to him; that, in an ethical view, the teachings of the Talmud, the Koran, of Buddha, and others, are vastly superior to the majority of those incorporated in the creeds of Christianity. Knowing that the various sects of Christians hav been torturing in the past, and are willing to persecute in the present, all who differed from their sectarian dogmas, we are inclined to believe the president willfully misrepresents.

Secondly, the "purest patriotism" is represented by a name still honored by the public, used with pretended veneration by the president's party, and usually standing as a synonym for governmental reform—that of Thomas Jefferson; yet the sage of Monticello never accepted the teachings of Christ, he contemned them. Were there any purer patriots than Thomas Paine and Benjamin Franklin? Yet neither of these accepted the teachings of Christianity. To take a local illustration, we hav a lot of "boodlers," some in, some out of jail, but likely to escape merited punishment, as they nearly all are "good" church-members. They accept the "teachings of Christianity," of course they do, and accept bribes as a benefit to themselvs and the church; therefore they are purest patriots. They literally believe in "laying up treasures."

The third proposition, relativ to "scrupulous fidelity to public trust," is quite amusing, seeing that our Sunday-school superintendents, teachers, and Bible-class leaders are so rapidly engaging in their great Canadian colonization scheme. There is more Christianity in Canada, so their disappearance is excusable. Colonel Bolton, one of the leading lights of Christian laymen in this city, was recently retired to Joliet for systematically robbing the government while superintendent of a department in the post-office, by way of proving his fidelity to public trust. Will it not be remembered that certain persons who were so imbued with the "teachings of Christianity" that they were willing to risk their lives to uphold the divine institution of slavery, also robbed the United States treasury of all but fifteen cents in proof of their "scrupulous fidelity to public trust," and they happened to belong to the same political party as our president? It is known that Abraham Lincoln once wrote a pamphlet on the teachings of Christianity which would hav been characterized as ribald blasphemy, but his Infidel friend and partner, W. H. Herndon, prevailed on him not to publish it, as it would ruin his (Lincoln's) political career. However, "Honest Old Abe" was the cognomen he received for his "fidelity to public trust." The church, with its customary chicanery, has canonized Lincoln as a Christian martyr. Christianity having so few trustworty men to make a record, it claims all the prominent Infidels when they are dead.

As to the fourth and last falsehood, about the "best type of citizenship," we wish to respectfully refer the president to the statistical facts collected by Colonel Billings in his "Crimes of Preachers," for if acceptance of Christian teachings makes the average man a better citizen, the teachers should be the very best. Sad to relate, the figures show they are the very worst. This morning's paper (Chicago *Herald*, December 14th) reports two church rows in Cleveland (queer coincidence in the name). One is the Pope-Hildreth trial between two leading representativs of the Methodist pulpit. The report says:

A short time ago quite a sensation was produced by Rev. Mr. Pope's preferring charges of immorality against Dr. Hildreth. The trial is being held in the Taylor street Methodist Episcopal church, and the utmost precaution has been taken to keep the proceedings secret. There is a standing fight at each session between the doorkeepers and the newspaper men, but notwithstanding its secrecy, the result of the hearing each day is aired in the papers. The testimony of the prosecuting witnesses represented Hildreth as an accomplished male flirt. When witnesses for either side testify, attempts are made to vilify their characters and morals. The scandalous nature of the proceedings has incensed the members of the Taylor street Methodist Episcopal church, and they hav demanded that the investigation and trial be continued elsewhere. Their demand has not been granted, and the consequence is that the church has been split up into factions. Half of the trustees hav resigned. Pope has gained quite a reputation as a ministerial detectiv, and claims to hav a book of records dating back 114 years, containing all the misdeeds of ministers in the Methodist church. He has put forth every effort to procure testimony for the prosecution, and has scoured far and wide for witnesses, some of them having been brought from Canada. Since its commencement the trial has been adjourned several times in order to obtain more witnesses. The outcome is awaited with considerable interest. Hildreth is a pious-looking old gentleman on the shady side of life.

Another is a priest who is arraigned on sixteen specific charges of ministerial morality, which the report names "immorality"—not brought up by the unholy Infidels, but by his own congregation. A third is a Wisconsin Methodist minister who tried to defraud a widow out of a small property. Surely that is false. Ministers hav a reputation of caring for widows better than that. She must hav been very unattractiv. This is only one paper's record for one day, and it does not seem to be an extraordinarily good day for clerical scandals either. If Christianity produces the best citizens, how sad to contemplate that many become such just before they hav to forfeit their lives at the request of the law! What a pity that just as they are fitted for the best citizens they hav got to die! Perhaps it is best, to "save" them from backsliding.

Just imagin what a drop from the Infidel Jefferson in the White House to Grover Cleveland!

Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

When Liberals organize, contribute, and agitate, like the Evangelical Alliance, they will attain results proportionate to their efforts. They must learn that numbers are *respectability;* that our numbers are sufficient, if organized, to command respectful attention and stop this governmental cant; that "in union there is strength;" that evolution, physical and intellectual, is the result of energy. What we want is to spread the light of mental liberty; to rescue our country from the hands of priest and despoiler. For this purpose we need funds. Every cent contributed will be rigidly accounted for. No one is trying to get rich off the American Secular Union. All can do something. Come, instead of spending money in senseless presents to perpetuate what is now a Christian institution, learn to donate something to liberty. In former times, men had to lay down their lives that progress might reach its present altitude. We hav merely to lay down a few dollars. Then let us do that, in future, willingly and generously.

E. A. STEVENS, Sec. A. S. U.

## C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

SEDALIA, Mo., Dec. 2d, 3d, 4th.—The Liberals of Sedalia are of the genuin, energetic, no-half-hearted-but-do-your-best-every-time kind. The Opera House was engaged by a theatrical troupe, and could only be had for Sunday. The proprietor charged $63 rent, although it is a large and handsome house; on Sunday, and for a lecture, the charge was exorbitant. I really believe Dr. Wood should be awarded the leather medal, of pig skin, as the stingiest creature in the town.

Friday and Saturday evenings, Dec. 2d and 3d, the lectures were delivered at the Hall. Attendance was small, only about one hundred. Saturday evening the hall was crowded; over forty were standing during the entire lecture. Sunday afternoon the Opera House was well filled, and in the evening it was crowded. By direction of the Liberal friends I announced a collection for the benefit of the poor of Sedalia, and over $40 was contributed. The Liberals paid every expense by private subscription, and the committee of management made up the amount to $50, every cent of which was given to the poor of Sedalia. I hope the Christians who profess so much will do as much, in proportion, as the Infidels of Sedalia to relieve the poor and needy. Thatcher, Gardella, and Airola are the noble trinity—the leading and inspiring spirits of an intelligent host of Liberals, a band of jolly good fellows, whom it is an honor and delight to know. But that the times are not propitious, a very strong local Secular Union could be organized, Certain it is that the self-sacrifice evinced by the Liberals of Sedalia givs evidence that they will when organized be a mighty power for good.

WARRENSBURG, Mo, Dec. 5th, 6th, 7th.—The pioneers and leading Liberals of this place are the jolly veteran A. T. Bolton and his eldest son, Chris. Bolton. They are intelligent, earnest, devoted workers for liberty and progress. The Opera House being engaged, they obtained use of the court-house for the three nights. My first lecture, "Life's Duties," astounded the Christians, a goodly number of whom ventured out. They had been assured by the parsons that Liberal lectures were a tirade of denunciation of all that was good, a tearing down of every barrier from vice, and ridiculing everything pertaining to virtue. But to the intense disgust of the devout brethren many of the Christians who heard the lecture admired the principles Liberals advocate, and declared if life's duties were performed as I presented them greater happiness must result to all classes than Christianity had ever attained. This was gall and wormwood to the devout bigots and fanatics. The next evening, despite a popular, low-price troupe at the theater, an operatic concert at one of the churches, and an Episcopalian bishop at another—three attractiv shows running opposition—the court-house was packed with an intelligent and appreciativ audience. Next morning the Christian bigots were wild, furious. They waited on the venerable old fossil who was holding court (the poor old judge is rabidly orthodox), and he promised to help. He held court that night, so I could not lecture. This purpose was kept secret till late in the afternoon. I determined to await over, and deliver my lecture next evening, the sheriff and prosecutor assuring Mr. Bolton there would be no likelihood of the judge holding court the next evening, as he was aged and quite feeble.

The Christians, learning I was staying over, and that there was such intense desire to hear on "The Bible: From Whence It Came, and What It Really Teaches," held a meeting, rallied all their forces, and rushed around, insisting that every member of a church of any influence should see the sheriff and use every inducement to hav him refuse to permit me to again lecture in the court-house, and they made sure there was no other place available. The sheriff weakened under the pressure, and in the afternoon we learned the court-house would be closed against us. Mr. Bolton saw the sheriff, who declared the pressure was more than he could withstand. He was sorry, but must refuse us. After consultation with Mr. Bolton and his son, I determined I would return on Thursday and Friday, December 29th and 30th, for I did not propose to be so easily defeated. There would be no court in session then; no excuse to refuse us the use of the court-house, since it had always been used for all sorts of meetings. But the sheriff refused; and Mr. Bolton, with heart of oak and sturdy persistence, regardless of cost to himself, at once engaged the Opera House for the two evenings, December 29th and 30th. And I shall be there. The opposition—the mean, subtle methods resorted to to shut out free speech—has awakened thought, and created interest and a spirit of investigation, among very many who else had remained indifferent. Thus do the schemes of the enemy recoil on themselvs, and the glorious cause of human progress and Freethought, with irresistible impetus, marches on to victory.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

THE TRUTH SEEKER COMPANY'S Catalog of Freethought, Reform, and Scientific Books will be mailed free to any address upon application.

## Our London Letter.

Although now and again a very optimistic parson may be found to speak favorably of the advance of the particular creed he fancies he holds, the majority of the clergy appear more inclined to take an opposit view of matters, and generally deplore the decline of religious enthusiasm, which was so marked a feature before the spread of education had enlightened the masses. The orthodox but prosy occupant of the pulpit has now, in most instances, a very limited congregation, and were it not for the endowments on so many churches and chapels, the pastor would speedily starve unless he turned what abilities he might possess to some other means of gaining a livelihood. What is called preaching the pure milk of the word will not keep a congregation together; the day when a four-hours sermon would be listened to with rapt attention is past, and a parson to be popular must introduce a certain amount of buffoonery in the pulpit, and introduce concerts, bazars, and other entertainments in lieu of the old-fashioned week-night prayer-meetings, which I well remember were very dull affairs indeed. The Rev. Dr. Dale recently gave it as his opinion that a preacher might be eloquent, learned, kind, or pathetic, but was not a suitable person to direct his flock until he had received Christ, and been qualified for the responsibilities of his office by the inspiration of the spirit of God. Unfortunately, the reverend doctor omitted to state how it could be proved that the preacher had received Christ, for everyone who wanted to fill such an office must be ready to make a declaration that he was the happy recipient of such a desirable possession. The doctor referred to the revivals in religious life during the days of Luther, Whitfield, Wesley, and said the power of the latter movement appeared to hav been spent, and wondered how and when God would reveal his great power again. It must appear very strange to a man who has trained himself to believe in the "great and precious promises" to find how unlikely it is that they will ever be kept. Such neglect on the part of their deity would be more discouraging than it now is, if payment was only made in proportion to the carrying out of the promises, and in that case the whole business would speedily collapse. The fact undoubtedly is that the Christian religion is nothing but a matter of money, and unless this is forthcoming in sufficient quantities, the scheme of redemption, and the inspiration of the spirit and similar mysteries, would hav to shift for themselvs, for no one would care about troubling after such unprofitable possessions.

The criminal statistics serve as an excellent index of the power of Christianity; when the latter was most current, crime was most prevalent; as Christianity declines and education increases, so crime sensibly diminishes, though it would be rash to suggest that the two will expire together; but it is quite certain that the gospel of humanity will reduce crime to a lower point than has ever yet been recorded.

J. D.

## Chronology.

I am much obliged to Brother Hill for calling my attention, in his letter in THE TRUTH SEEKER of December 17th, to a proof of my position which I had overlooked. I did not consider the quotation which he makes (from the article Chronology in the Encyclopedia Britannica, page 619) as relevant to the issue, since it does not relate, as it struck me at the time, to the beginning of the era, or to the years after the beginning of the era, but wholly to the years before it began. It pointed out the difference between the astronomical mode of designating the years before the era and the common chronological mode.

Upon closer examination, however, I see that it is expressly stated that the year which astronomers denote by 0 is "the year which preceded the first of our era." This certainly cannot mean that it is the first year of our era which they denote by 0. On the contrary, astronomers and chronologers agree in calling the first year of our era A.D. 1; and the only discrepancy between them applies to the previous years. This very discrepancy furnishes one reason for introducing a scientific era, in the use of which there shall be no such interruption as the astronomers properly complain of.

So much for what has been, and is; but the adoption of the new era raises an important question as to what ought to be; and we are indebted to Brother Hill for raising the point squarely.

America was discovered in A.D. 1492; what year shall we call that? Surely we must not follow the chronologers' error of omitting the year 0. If we do not, and if we reckon backward, we shall hav to say Columbus discovered America on October 12, B.E. 108. What will that signify? That it will be 108 full years, after the completion of that year, before we reach the era. So the moment we go back of our era, we encounter the use of complete years, in relation to time that is not only not completed but not even begun.

My remedy for this would be to adopt the plan in universal use among mathematicians, of adding to negativ quantities a sufficient amount to make them positiv. Negativ logarithms hav long been disused. To provide for the wants of geologists and astronomers, we may add 1,000,000,000 years to the date, making 1492, 1,000,001,492, which will be 999,999,892 for the year of the discovery of America by the new era. For historical purposes it will never be necessary to write more than the four right-hand figures, making the date E.S. 9892. For scientific purposes, a prefixed 9 being understood to indicate past time, and a prefixed 0 indicating future time, it will only be necessary to write enough figures to distinguish between the two.

HENRY M. PARKHURST.

## Colonel Ingersoll's Tribute to a Dead Friend.

*From the New York World.*

Mrs. Ida Knowles, of Peoria, died in this city on the 15th inst. She was the wife of Howard Knowles and a daughter of Richard H. Whiting. Col. Robert Ingersoll, being an intimate friend of the family, was invited to say a few words over the flower-covered bier on the eve of its removal to the West for interment. In compliance with this request, Colonel Ingersoll made one of those eloquent utterances for which he is celebrated. He said:

MY FRIENDS: Again we stand in the shadow of the great mystery—a shadow as deep and dark as when the tears of the first mother fell upon the pallid face of her lifeless babe—a mystery that has never yet been solved. We hav met in the presence of the sacred dead to speak a word of praise, of hope, of consolation. Another life of love is now a blessed memory—a lingering strain of music. The loving daughter, the pure and consecrated wife, the sincere friend, who with tender faithfulness discharged the duties of a life, has reached her journey's end.

A braver, a more serene, a more chivalric spirit—clasping the loved and by them clasped—never passed from life to enrich the realm of death. No field of war ever witnessed greater fortitude, more perfect, smiling courage, than this poor, weak, and helpless woman displayed upon the bed of pain and death. Her life was gentle and her death sublime. She loved the good, and all the good loved her. But there is this consolation: She can never suffer more; she can never feel again the chill of death; never part again from those she loves. Her heart can break no more. She has shed her last tear, and upon her stainless brow has been set the wondrous seal of everlasting peace.

When the Angel of Death—the masked and voiceless—enters the door of home, there come with her all the daughters of compassion, and of these Love and Hope remain forever.

You are about to take this dear dust home—to the home of her girlhood, and to the place that was once my home. You will lay her with neighbors that I hav loved, that are now at rest. You will lay her where my father sleeps.

All I can say is:

Lay her in the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
Let violets spring.

I never knew, I never met, a braver spirit than the one that once inhabited this silent form of dreamless clay.

## Two Apothegms.

"Education consists in getting rid of prejudice" (Wendell Phillips).

"The martyred saints are but a handful compared to the martyred sinners" (O. B. Frothingham).

These two apothegms I heard from the lips of the speakers many years ago, and they made a lasting impression upon my mind.

BURR.

## Books and Periodicals.

Caleb S. Weeks requests us to say that the price of his "Response to Pope's Essay on Man" is 25 cents, instead of 50 cents, as we put it. We apologize. The price was not marked on the book, and we gave it as 50 cents, not understanding how so much Ciceronian elegance could be afforded for less.

G. W. Foote, of the London *Freethinker*, has written a thick pamphlet, solid long primer, called "Bible Heroes." In it he recounts the history of Mr. Adam, Captain Noah, Father Abraham, Juggling Jacob, Master Joseph, Joseph's Brethren, Holy Moses, Parson Aaron, General Joshua, Jephthah & Co., and Professor Samson. The pamphlet is wittily written, and calculated to bring the aforesaid characters into evil repute with respectable folks. Mr. Foote gets his facts from the Bible, and if he has fallen into historical error the fault belongs not to him, but to King James's scribes. The price in United States currency is 50 cents. In England it sells for a shilling.

The New York *Sun* says: "The talented, learned, and gentle young Hindoo, Amrita Lal Roy, who resided for some years in this city, and who left here last year to return to India, recently started a paper in the English language in Calcutta called *Hope*. Mr. Roy is what is known as a man of advanced thought, and he joined the Knights of Labor. His essay in the *North American Review* on 'British Rule in India,' was a vigorous piece of criticism." During Amrita's stay in New York he was a compositor in THE TRUTH SEEKER office, where he imbibed a large amount of heresy, and won the affections of all. His evenings were spent at labor meetings, and, though too modest to take the platform, he was more competent to discuss labor questions than many of the self-assertiv speakers. May he regenerate the Hindoo race by his vigorous western ideas!

We blush as we copy the following:

"120 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK, Dec. 17, 1887.

"MY FRIEND MACDONALD: Whether you borrowed George's pen, or he took a seat at your desk, the combined wit and wisdom of the Macdonald brothers seems to hav entered into the notices of books and periodicals in THE TRUTH SEEKER of the 17th. After laughing over one, I would return to the reading of something which had already amused me. THE TRUTH SEEKER is a live paper.

"Yours truly, E. B. FOOTE."

The delicate intimation contained in the foregoing, that the Editor of THE TRUTH SEEKER is renowned for wisdom, is duly appreciated, as is the admiration of Dr. Foote for George. We regret to be obliged to state that when the notices were written our brother was on his way to the limitless West, where he proposes, in company with Samuel P. Putnam, to start a Freethought paper and grow up with the country, or walk back to New York. San Francisco is his destination.

W. Stewart Ross, better known as "Saladin," editor of the London *Secular Review*, has sent us Part V. of his "Woman: Her Glory, Her Shame, and Her God," which in weekly instalments has been printed in his paper. Like everything of Saladin's, it is knightly, invincible, and scholarly. But beginning abruptly at page 257 the preceding parts will be found necessary to intelligent reading. This part is a white-heat indictment of the Christian civilization which permits the vilest degradation of women in the cities, sinking her lower than the beasts, while pretending to hav elevated her, and a brief history of marriage customs in Scotland. The latter shows that the high illegitimacy rate in the land of cakes proceeds from customs gray with age, which the church made no effort to reform, and that it is only since Christianity itself is going that immorality is going also. This series of articles is written to show that the claim that Christianity has elevated woman is false, and surely the attempt is successful. The parts now ready sell for 30 cents each.

We hav just managed to get printed John Peck's "Christian Absurdities," which excited so much favorable comment from our friends as it ran as a serial through these columns some months ago. Not since Remsburg's "False Claims of the Church" appeared has anything hit the Liberal hosts so forcibly as this arraignment of Christianity by Mr. Peck, the "Learned Blacksmith" of Naples, who is one of the most convincing and witty writers in the country. In this pamphlet the doctrins and practices of the Christians are held up to scorn, and bold will be the churchman who denies the truth of the impeachment. The book has a purpose—to rid so much of the world as the author can reach of superstition, and we think its homely, witty sentences are admirably adapted for the purpose. It is nicely printed and bound, and sells, single copies, for 20 cents. To those desirous of using it for missionary work, six copies will be sent for $1. About five thousand a day ought to be distributed throughout the country for the next ten years.

"The Reason Why" is the title of a printed lecture, by Mrs. E. H. Cobb, on the mind-cure. Mental healing, she says, relies on God instead of matter, as "what is the source of life must also be the source of health." Medicin cures only where mind givs it power, or where mind does the work. Mrs. Cobb, it seems to us, reasons from false premises, and we cannot advise her employment by the sick. In another pamphlet, which she calls, "Start Right," she affirms the demonstration of "the conservation of spiritual energy or life." And, "as we liv only by receiving life from the divine, this conservation makes us inlets to the whole great reservoir of life, thus flooding us at every instant with an overpowering, but modest, confidence and self-control." In his *Health Monthly* for January, Dr. Foote notes a strong tendency on the part of such disciples of "Christian science" as Mrs. Cobb to become practitioners and teachers, and wonders where they all find material to practice upon. If Dr. Foote had paid more attention to the statistics of idiocy, he would find that a fool is born into the world about every minute, which is the only reason we can see why such pamphlets are written. The price of "The Reason Why" is 20 cents; of "Start Right," 25 cents; sold by the author, 38 Concord square, Boston, Mass.

### C. B. Reynolds's Appointments.

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|---|---|
| Galena, Kan. | Dec. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25 |
| Liberal, Mo. | 26, 27 |
| Warrensburg, Mo. | 29 30 |
| Olathe, Kan. | Jan. 1. 2. 3 |
| Burlington, Kan. | 4, 5, 6 |
| Fall River, Kan. | 7. 8 |
| Leon, Kan. | 9, 10, 11 |
| Benton, Kan. / Andover, Kan. | 13, 14, 15, 16 |
| Dodge City, Kan. | 18, 19, 20 |
| Canon City, Col. | 22 23 |
| Delta, Col. | Feb. 7. 8. 9 |
| Hotchkiss, Col. | 10, 11, 12 |
| Utah (as Wm. Reynolds appoints) | 18 to March |

THE Religious and Benevolent Association of Waco, Texas, celebrated its fifth anniversary on the 11th inst. Celebration lasted two days. This association was founded by J. D. Shaw, who is the regular speaker and editor, and publisher also, of the *Independent Pulpit*, a first-class monthly Freethought journal. The celebration brought out a large number of Liberals, strengthening the organization considerably. Owing to Mr. Shaw's popularity, the Waco Freethinkers are at the head of local organizations.

WE regret to announce that Helen H. Gardener is too ill to respond to invitations to lecture, or to conduct correspondence. Her heart is in the cause of liberty, but her body is too feeble to bear her to the front. Her friends will please note this as the reason, perhaps, of seeming neglect, and be assured that when she recovers, her voice will again be heard throughout the land.

# Communications.

## Business Morality.

Business is occupation for gain—the employment undertaken to secure a livelihood or amass wealth. Such is the bad reputation at present of this department of life, that many think it is better defined in the words of the Dutchman: "Men goes about cheating each oder all day, and call dot pizness." Carlyle said we must all either toil or steal, by whatever name we may call it. Business may, therefore, be divided into two branches—toiling and stealing.

There are multitudes of honest toilers who make good and useful articles and perform valuable services to the community, and who can feel nightly, with the village blacksmith of Longfellow, "something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose." Their reward is usually only a bare subsistence. The laborer, the mechanic, the artisan, seldom amass wealth; a comfortable livelihood is, as a rule, their highest attainment. There are other toilers who use their brains for the service of man and occasionally secure wealth or competency. The stealers are those who get gain without rendering a full equivalent to society, or who receive compensation for their services by subterfuge. There is a large intermediate class who serve the stealers and toil, perhaps, honestly for them. These, as a rule, are better paid than the toilers not connected with stealing, but they do not secure wealth until they rise to be master-stealers. The latter are the men that amass fortunes and liv in luxury. They are not consciously dishonest, and do not deserve the names of thieves and rogues that are often hurled at them; but they naturally accept existing customs which society tolerates, by which they get more than they giv. Some of these customs may be described, and then the foundation principles of business that permit such methods may be discussed.

The following are some of the many modes of stealing the means of livelihood.

The merchant buys to sell dearer. If he performs a service in holding or distributing goods and adds only the cost of a comfortable living, he may be classed with honest toilers. But if he does no good by his purchase, or withholds articles from consumption till he can extort exorbitant prices from needy men, he is a stealer. The men who corner markets, and those who make fictitious purchases and sales, merely gambling upon the chances of the rise and fall of prices, these are stealers, though the latter hav the just perception to call themselvs "scalpers," and a man on the exchange will jubilantly boast, "I hav taken ten scalps this morning." One of the most eminent merchants in England, a noted Christian philanthropist, paid a large sum for a private wire by which he got market quotations fifteen minutes in advance of the public announcements. His partner rushed to the "flags" and bought or sold as extensivly as possible for that quarter of an hour, and was accustomed to say jocosely, "Sam does the praying and I do the lying." An immense fortune was secured, but no service in any way equivalent was rendered to society; so it was stolen. Some merchants fail, buy in their stocks at twenty cents on the dollar, and undersell their competitors. Others enter goods at the custom houses with false valuations and thus steal the duties. A large firm is now in liquidation for the ostensible reason that it is undersold by those who import goods without paying full tribute. Commission agents and brokers take discounts or double brokerages or invoice goods at false prices. One of the largest commission houses in the East Indies complained of an employee, "He objects to charge our purchases at higher prices than we paid."

The ship agent works for a fraction of a commission and recoups himself with percentages from all the ship's bills that he pays. The stevedore, ship chandler, butcher, carter, and blacksmith contribute to his support, while the confiding and penurious shipowner, who has robbed the agent of his fair remuneration, rejoices in his supposed economy. The sea-captain, if he has the chance, acts as does the agent, or gets his clothing bill added to the cost of a topsail, his horse hire put into the butcher's accounts, and his hotel bill paid by the stevedore.

The coal-dealer givs light weights and poor quality. One of these when discharging a vessel puts the heavy loads of coal in his yard and sends up the next light load to a customer with the public scale ticket of the heavy load. He contracts to supply coal at lower prices than the mine-owners can do. He begins by delivering good coal, but soon every second or third cart brings in an inferior and cheaper article.

There is one trade, however, that appears to be truly benevolent and self-sacrificing. The owners of spice mills buy pepper for 16 cents a pound, grind it, pack it in an attractiv box, and sell it for 8 cents a pound. But this apparent exception may, perhaps, be explained away.

A large class of stealers are those who adulterate goods and thus gain money by false pretenses. The devices are innumerable. A few are the following: Milk is mixed with water, chalk, fat, glucose, and mashed brains. Coffee with flour, beans, sawdust, tan, baked horse livers, and chicory. Chicory, again, is adulterated with acorns, horse-chestnuts, and roots. Tea is mixed with willow and other leaves. In 1843 there were eight factories in London for facing spent tea leaves with rose-pink and black lead. Bread is made with the aid of alum or sulphate of copper. Flour is mixed with meal, inferior starches, chalk, and plaster. Butter, lard, and oils are made from cheap fats, water, salt, and farina. Fruit preserves are composed of carrots, turnips, and apples. Sugar contains glucose. Vinegar, sulphuric acid, arsenic, and corrosiv sublimate. Mustard, flour and tumeric. Pepper, sometimes, has not a trace of the real article, but is made of gypsum, mustard husk, and starch, while Cayenne pepper may contain brick dust and red lead. Beer sometimes contains Indian hemp, opium, strychnin, tobacco, logwood, vitriol, molasses, copperas, or multitudes of other substances. The Encyclopedia Britannica says, "A great part of the wine of France and Germany has ceased to be the juice of the grape at all." It is hard to get a sample of genuin wine. Books are published openly to explain methods of adulteration, and dealers, called brewers' druggists, supply the articles. Seeds are dyed and sold for better qualities. The adulteration of drugs is endless. Woolens are mixed with shoddy or mingo, forty million pounds being made annually in Yorkshire alone. Cottons are made heavy with sizing and China clay. Profits are thus stolen by deceit.

Stock speculation is a favorit means of stealing a livelihood or fortune in a conventionally respectable manner—betting on the market quotations, or sometimes, in addition, aiding the desired turn, as when Jay Gould locked up thirty million dollars and compelled needy men to sell shares cheap.

Mining speculations afford a favorit field for the stealers. The great fortunes of the Comstock lode were not mainly the result of the produce of minerals, but of the sale of shares. When a good vein was discovered it was, in some cases, carefully covered up, armed sentries prevented entrance to the mines, dividends were withheld, bad reports circulated, and, when the shares dropped in price, the managers bought them up. The rich deposits were then worked, marvelous results were declared, and when the shares were inflated to a great premium, the managers unloaded them upon the eager public.

Tariffs offer another field for stealing. The men who hav influence or address induce a financial minister or Congress to protect their businesses from foreign competition, thereby often compelling their countrymen to buy inferior goods at higher prices. Enormous fortunes are thus stolen from the people, but in such small sums from each individual that the theft is not complained of.

Other stealers patent a slight improvement on a long course of invention and secure the toil of past generations, compelling the world to pay tribute to them. The telephone is an example. Contractors get rock prices for dirt cuttings by misrepresentation, or receive allowances for false claims adroitly made. Lobbyists get railroad charters, never intending to use them except for sale to men who will construct a road. We hav seen in Canada from eighty to a hundred million dollars' worth of public property given to a few influential men to build a railroad which they already claim is earning profits; and the railroads of the United States hav received vast amounts from the people's heritage.

Lawyers, doctors, and ministers are known to take pay for insincere utterances. Newspapers thrive on lying advertisments. So on through every employment may be traced dishonest practice and deceit. The old maxim, "Honesty is the best policy," is discredited, and on every hand we hear it said, "A man cannot be honest if he would succeed in business." Observation shows that the large fortunes are not often secured by the honest, generous, and fair-dealing, but they more frequently fall to the lot of shrewd, hard, grasping, remorseless, unscrupulous men. The men starting in life with high aims and pure intentions find it impossible to compete with such people, and after a hard and virtuous struggle the necessities of their families compel them to follow the fashion and join the stealers.

Why do these fraudulent customs exist? Do people prefer to drink baked horse livers, to spread fat on alum-raised bread, and smear it with carrot preserve? Do they demand the privilege of sprinkling their food with brick-dust and red lead, and of refreshing themselvs by drinking strychnin, logwood, and ether, and by smoking cabbage leaves, molasses, and lampblack? No; the evil arises from the foundation principle of business, which is, competition for individual gain, instead of work for the general welfare. Business as at present conducted is a selfish strife for gain carried on in such rude fashion that the success of one necessarily means the misfortune of another. It is a transference of the brutal struggle for existence to more refined spheres of means. The brute gains his prey with his teeth, the savage with his spear, the chieftain with his sword, the highwayman with his pistol, the capitalist with finance. But Attila, Hengist, Dick Turpin, and Jay Gould are merely illustrations of the effect of civilization upon the same instinct of selfish aggrandizement. Must man ever go on in this warfare against his fellows? May not living be made secure while exercising efforts for the general welfare? Must competition never giv place to coöperation, and coöperation not become extended to communities, states, nations, or the world? A widespread feeling of abhorrence of the present system of fraud, extortion, and deceit is pervading the world. Men desire to be honest and benevolent, but the present competitiv system forces them to exploit the labor of others; to misrepresent, plot, undermine, oppose, and injure in order that the comforts of life may be secured.

ROBERT C. ADAMS.

## To the Friends of Personal Liberty.

AN APPEAL FOR THE MORAL AND FINANCIAL SUPPORT OF AN ORGANIZATION ENGAGED IN RESISTING THE ENCROACHMENTS OF OUR CIVIL RIGHTS.

Mr. Chavannes, of Knoxville, Tennessee, lectured on the 2d day of December, 1887, before the Liberal Club of New York city. The subject of his lecture was, "Illegal Methods of Enforcing the Laws." The lecturer first stated that, while laws were a necessity of civilized life, it was of the utmost importance to the community that their scope should be clearly defined, and that they should be legally enforced.

One of our laws had been more abused in that respect than any other on the statute-book, to wit, the postal law, enacted to suppress the sending of obscene matter through the mails. This law is usually designated by the public as the Comstock law, and its illegal encroachment as Comstockism.

A new instance of Comstockism had come to the lecturer's knowledge, and he felt it his duty to make it known. A letter had been unlawfully intercepted, seized, and placed in the hands of the United States authorities.

Briefly stated, the facts were these: Mrs. Slenker, a woman well known as a faithful worker in behalf of humanity, and whose moral character stands so high that it enabled her, though an Abolitionist and an Infidel, to gain the esteem and friendship of all the inhabitants of her Virginia home, from the ministers of the gospel to the poorest negro, was engaged of late years in a private correspondence which Comstock believed to come under the meaning of the Comstock law. Decoy letters were sent to her, sufficient material was gathered to procure her indictment, and she was arrested and thrown into prison.

While in jail, her husband lifted her accumulated mail from the post-office, and, taking it with him unopened, started to bail her out. On the way he called at the house of Mr. Jordan, the United States marshal, who first asked him for Mrs. Slenker's letters, then asked him to open them, and next, deliberately reading the whole correspondence, he selected those letters which he desired, and returned the remainder to Mr. Slenker's possession. One of these intercepted letters, at least, is yet, to the personal knowledge of the lecturer, in the hands of the United States authorities.

Although the act was done by Mrs. Jordan, it was done at the instigation of Messrs. Barclay and McAffee, gentlemen who unite the position of post-office inspectors and of Comstock's coadjutors. Of this fact the lecturer satisfied himself by personal conversation with Mr. Jordan and Mrs. Slenker.

While the law was not directly violated, so as to bring the perpetrators within the easy reach of punishment, the intent of the laws enacted for the security of the inviolability of the mails was clearly violated, and it was done as a part of Comstock's methods of enforcing the law.

We might look upon it as a mistake or an accident, if it were not in keeping with all of Comstock's actions ever since he loomed into notoriety as the agent of the Society for the Prevention of Vice.

Mr. Knoedler's arrest is another case in point. The lecturer had no desire to defend art pictures. Before a refined and educated audience they need no defense. But he would state that according to his observations, whenever he visited homes where art pictures were found of the kind seized in Mr. Knoedler's store—that is, pictures of nude females, in artistic and not in lascivious positions, he always knew he was among refined and moral persons.

The animus of Comstock's methods was shown by his failing to arrest the owners of the pictures from which the photographs were taken, and only arresting those persons from whom he could make some capital for his own personal advantage. Comstock is not engaged in trying to enforce the will of the people, but in trying to turn certain laws, which he was largely instrumental in having enacted, to the advantage of the Society for the Prevention of Vice, and the pecuniary benefit to himself.

This unsatisfactory state of things, the lecturer argued, is due to two different factors. The first is the infinit wording of the law. This makes it impossible, whenever a case is brought to trial, to bring proof in court of the necessity of the work in hand, as in Mrs. Slenker's case, or in the case of medical

works, or of the purity of the intention, as in the case of works of art. As the law stands it is simply a question of facts, and a man could be sent to prison for five years for mailing a copy of Shakspere, if a jury could be found to decide that certain portions of Shakspere are obscene. The fact is that there are no publishers of medical works, no dealers in old classics, no importers of art pictures or of statuary in the United States but what are subject to punishment if Comstock or any other person should prevail upon the public officers to institute a prosecution, and a jury be found to render a verdict in accord with the literal wording of the law.

The law ought to be amended to except: All medical or scientific publications; all recognized works of art, or copies thereof; all private correspondence.

This is clearly the will of the majority of the people, and it is the duty of our legislators to see that the laws conform to it.

The other factor to be eliminated is the unlawful methods pursued by Comstock and his coadjutors, and that can only be met by an organized resistance to their encroachments.

The latent dissatisfaction to these methods which exists among the most intelligent portion of the community must be concentrated and made effectiv.

There is already in New York city an organization which has, so far, offered the only effectual barriers to Comstock's methods. This is the National Defense Association. Single-handed, they hav met Comstock before the legislature and before the courts, and hav defeated him. They should be supported both morally and financially by all persons who believe that the time has come to prevent the laws being made an engin of persecution, not for the moral welfare of the community, but for the satisfaction of a private corporation, and the pecuniary benefit of its agents.

The lecturer believes that there is, all through the United States, a sufficient number of persons opposed to Comstockism to support an organized defense against it. He knows that the National Defense Association possesses the will and the ability to make that desire effectiv, and he appeals to his hearers, and to those in whose hands this report may fall, to do their part to arrest the growing evil.

It is not a case for protest; it is a case for action; and, however numerous the calls may be from other sources upon the means at our disposal and upon our moral support, if we are interested in opposing Comstockism, let us show it by our work, and pledge ourselvs that henceforth we will do something till the enemy has been met and the victory is ours.

## Public Spirit as a Measure of Manhood.*

Was it not Plato who said, "The man who will discover the *one* in the *many*, him would I follow as a god?"

The loftiest minds of the world seem to be those who are most in love with the *universal*. There is a tendency in the human mind to seek the universal; the one in the many. All efforts at generalization are manifestations of this characteristic. The great generalizers of the word are its great philosophers. The great synthetic minds who originate the great synthetic systems of philosophy, whether in the world physical, psychical, social, or theological, or all these together, are the leading exemplars of this tendency, as also the true exemplars of the rest of mankind. Moses's universal Jehovah, Christ's universal love, Plato's universal model republic (for doubtless he so intended it), Humboldt's Cosmos, Newton's law of gravitation, Fourier's destiny proportional to passional attraction (which is the extension of Newton's law from the physical to the psychical and social worlds), and Spencer's universal law of evolution, together with the correlation of forces and the conservation of energy, are some leading specific examples. That Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, were great generals because they were great generalizers goes almost without saying.† Taken any particular domain of facts or phenomena, we classify and generalize them to find the law or principle which governs them, which constitutes science. Generalizing comes from reflection. At this point of reflection then commences a great difference between two classes of persons, namely, the uncultured and cultured. It is of vital importance to consider this divergence. As it is with the primitiv race and the primitiv man, the child, so it is the character of the undeveloped and untrained (uncultured and unreflecting) mind to deal in special facts and personal interests and to act from impulse and by "reflex action," and to be unplastic and unchangeable by individual experience; to be fixed in custom and given to imitation. (I am here using some of the language of Spencer.) Such a mind does not reflect; it cannot generalize or fix attention, or combine the action of faculties; it is without rational curiosity, has no notions of class abstraction, cause, uniformity, law, truth; and no proper sense of justice or sentiment of altruism. It is not impressionable, or expansiv, or progressiv. In keeping with this state of mind was the old conception of fixity in nature, of fixed types, as practical standards, with no notion of growth, evolution, extension; little of the historical method, and no notion that the law of evolution is the historical method extended. But the more developed, trained, and cultured mind acts in a freer, calmer, more reflectiv and deliberate, more systematic and rational way. It sees with finer eye, it understands with broader grasp. It is not only sensitiv to facts, but penetrates to their subtle relations, and seizes hold of the law thereof—sees the immutability of law, the reign of law. It is as grand and broad in synthesis as it is fine and penetrating in analysis. It arranges, it groups, it weighs, reflects, reasons, generalizes. It sees the one in the many and the many in the one. It has ideas of and understands the significancy of class, abstraction, cause, uniformity, law, truth—and recognizes progress with order in utilizing the historical method and in seeing what comes of it in the theory of evolution. Such minds hav, too, a keen sense of justice, of right, and duty, and of devotion; a love for the true, the beautiful, and the good; a sympathy for others, and an appreciation of the true spirit of altruism. In keeping with this class of mind are the new ideas of evolution and a perpetual—in the main—progress of life, superseding the old ideas of a fixed type. Especially is this true of politics and jurisprudence, for example, and it is now being extended to the question of conduct or ethics. And all this, on the one hand, to delineate the man of true public spirit, and, on the other, to point out where may be found the proper objects of his attention and care. The man of public spirit is one who is great enough to care about questions of truth and duty. It was men of public spirit who, upon reflection, seeing pauperism to be the cancer that it is upon the body social, hav attempted, and are now attempting, its removal by what has come to be known as "scientific charity." If, then, to do what is most needful to be done; if to do that which will result in the greatest good to the greatest number, is to be the standard of goodness, wisdom, and nobility, then is public spirit the highest standard as a measure of manhood. An Eastern proverb says:

They who gather wealth to giv to the poor,
Their memory shall be fragrant as roses;
But they who work with their fellows so that there be no poor,
All the perfumes of the garden cannot measure their sweetness.

### RATIONAL AND EMOTIONAL CHARITY.

Either the words artificial and natural, or indirect and direct, might, with equal propriety, be used here instead of rational and emotional, as above. But the word artificial is here used in the sense (and this is its true sense) that art is rational control of natural phenomena or laws for human advantage; and so, too, therefore, the natural (natural phenomena or laws) are the raw material, so to speak, for art or invention to operate upon or with. (I am here using some of the language of Professor Ward.) Nature's remedy is direct and comparativly inefficient, and produces only effects not greater than the cause, so to speak. The indirect method is art, invention, superadded to nature, nature's forces controled by invention. The natural savage man attempts ends by direct means, by brute force. He is on the road to becoming an artificial and civilized man when he invents a canoe, etc., and becomes an artist, and thus adopts the indirect method of crossing the river or navigating the ocean. From the canoe to the steamship, the bow and arrow to the Krupp gun, the wheelbarrow to the locomotiv and railroad train, the stone ax to the most improved machinery; from the sickle to the reaper, the flail to the threshing machine; the telescope, microscope, spectroscope, and their wonderful revelations—all come from art, invention. Nature givs us the power of steam, but invention and art giv us the steam engin and the indirect method. The savage becomes civilized, then, through invention, and art, and the indirect method.

Now, besides this physical world and its natural laws, where invention and art hav done so much, there is this human world—the mental, spiritual, soul or psychic, and social world—with its phenomena and laws, where invention and art, by way of rational control, hav done so little, almost nothing, as yet, and where the unreflecting and undeveloped class, above described, do not yet conceive or concede the desirability or possibility of any such rational control, and who, accordingly, hav been practicing, and would so continue (if not themselvs controled), the direct natural "brute force" method by which so little has been or can be accomplished. For, in this matter of charity now before us, they act from instinct, from sympathy, by impulse, by reflex action and not from reflection, and so their charity is direct or emotional charity, and not rational charity. The psychic forces, social forces, impulsiv forces, may be, and are to be, rationally controled, as are the physical forces. Nature's method is here, as elsewhere, the direct and "brute force" method, and life has been an open struggle; in lower life there are no rights or duties. Our present system of industry, from a moral or social standpoint, is the direct, "brute force," coerciv method. Direct charity is of this character. Sympathy is impulsiv force like hunger or lust. Even religious or moral persuasion fails to reform the world. And so, this other class (the developed), also above described, seeing all this, are essaying to apply the rational method also among these higher laws and phenomena, and to deliberativly organize charity, not only as a part of their duty to their less fortunate fellows, but for their own interest, their own salvation.

Count Rumford, who was the first to apply the rational method to the abolition of pauperism and the matter of charity, and who actually succeeded in its abolition in Bavaria, where he was afforded an opportunity, has set an example of public spirit which has been in part attempted to be followed in England and, more recently, in this country,* for which we ought to hold him in high esteem and tender to his memory our lasting gratitude. We, too, should be proud of him as an American citizen, as he was. As such he was plain Mr. Thomson. The little kingdom of Bavaria was being almost swamped by pauperism when Mr. Thomson undertook to treat it, and the king was so well pleased with his success and his public spirit that he conferred upon him the above title.

The writer, after twenty years of observation, study, and assisting in experimenting, trying to learn of and to understand all the advanced schemes, projects, and propositions relativ to labor, industrial, and social reform, is now of the conviction that this inspiration, this movement in the direction of organized charity, "scientific charity," if consistently, logically, and persistently carried out, is calculated to do more for the immediate need of society than is any other movement now known to him. Meantime, it will, of course, be inferred, from what has preceded, that he holds the cause of pauperism, and largely of crime, to lie in the want of the proper organization of industry, of scientific industry, scientific from an economic, social, or moral standpoint; that is, in the want of the rational control of the selfish instincts or forces—selfishness, pride, vanity, sexual appetite, ambition, etc.; of the emotional impulsiv forces—love, hate, fear, hope, despair, veneration, benevolence, malevolence, sympathy, etc.—and of the psychic and social forces; the rational control, through invention and art, of the physical forces being already attained sufficient for the complete abolition and prevention of pauperism. The degree of public spirit manifested in this movement shows a recognition, by those taking part in it, of the solidarity of society and of the conception or fact that society is an organism, a social organism, as the individual man is an animal organism, with its organs and systems of organs and their functions, the health, balance, welfare, and perfect condition of which are absolutely essential to the health, welfare, etc., of the organism itself, and that therefore every part or organ, every class of persons—nay, every individual cell of this social organism—must be in health and harmony with its fellows, else the organism itself cannot be sound and healthy; and contrariwise, if the organism is not well-conditioned, its parts, or any one of them, cannot be. Who, then, that has arrived at even an "enlightened self-interest" degree of development and culture would not join in this movement? Public spirit has a conscience or moral intelligence that concerns itself about relations of humanity—human needs and human wants, and in righteousness. Moral progress in society is correlated with scientific method. Leisure comes from work, reflection from leisure, science from reflection; therefore civilization comes from work,

'Till each man finds his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood.

The more we concern ourselvs in truth and duty, the more we will convince our fellows that

This world is full of beauty
As that other world above,
And if man would do his duty
It might be full of love.

There is nothing to which the whole of this brief essay is more applicable than to scientific, and therefore artistic, currency reform (as one means of abolishing pauperism and of organizing industry), especially that phase of it now up before the world, and known as International Bimetalism.

By "reflection" it may be seen that I hav *practiced* while I hav *preached* the "indirect method."

W. M. BOUCHER.

* An *indirect* argument (among other things) to persuade people to join in the work of scientific monetary reform, particularly that phase of it now called "International Bimetalism."

† Public spirit is allied with—when not the same as—the spirit of such men, sentiments, and accomplishments.

* No special reference is here made to the so-called "Charities Organization" of this city. The writer has reason to believe that the originating managers of this particular affair do not at all appreciate the significance and importance of the scientific charity here advocated.

"Is your husband a Christian?" asked the minister. "I don't think so. He won't join the church." "That is very sad. Does he giv any reason for staying out of the fold?" "Yes. He's an official in the bank, and he says he can't afford to risk his reputation."

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

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## The Museums.

The following correspondence passed last week between Mayor Hewitt, chairman of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, and the Editor of The Truth Seeker:

To the Board of Estimate and Apportionment of the City of New York, *Gentlemen:* We desire to call your attention to a matter of public concern of which you hav control, hoping that you will do justice between the parties interested, who are, The People of New York and the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History. Our desire is that you will, as custodians of the money of New York, refuse to grant any further appropriations for the maintenance of the museums until they shall open their doors on Sundays. Our reason is, briefly, that it is unfair to the people to use their funds to support institutions from which they derive, practically, no benefit.

About two years ago a petition for Sunday opening was sent to the trustees of the museums containing about twelve thousand names, mostly those of our German citizens. Two years ago another petition was addressed to the same gentlemen bearing nearly ten thousand signatures of the representativ men of the city—statesmen, politicians, judges, police commissioners, district attorneys, lawyers, Congressmen, preachers, workingmen, employers—in short, all classes of enlightened citizens. The daily press of the city was almost unanimous in favor of the movement. At the last election, also, the Hon. George F. Langbein asked the votes of the citizens of the Seventh senatorial district for the reason that, when assemblyman, "he passed"—we quote from his circular—"the bill to compel the opening of the museums in Central Park on Sundays, and appropriating $20,000 a year for that purpose. *This bill is now a law.*" And Senator Langbein adds: "This givs the poor man and his family, who work all the week, the enjoyment of the same benefits as the rich man in seeing the wonders and curiosities of these museums."

In spite of all this, however, these museums obstinately keep their doors closed on Sundays, the only day in the week when the laboring man can visit them.

We wish your honorable body would individually peruse the copies of the pamphlet we inclose to you, entitled: "The Museums in the Park. Why They Should be Open on Sundays." The arguments contained therein are, we believe, satisfactory to fair-minded men. By them you will see that two years ago the city was paying, in interest on bonds issued for the benefit of the museums and annual appropriations, $84,530. This has since been increased by several thousands of dollars necessary to pay interest on new bonds sold to enable the museums to make extensiv additions to the buildings. And the city is now paying over $100,000 annually to support two beneficent institutions which are rendered inaccessible to the people by a Puritanical obstinacy on the part of two or three prominent trustees. We appeal to you to right this gross injustice and to take such measures as shall either giv to the people what they pay for, or make those pay for the museums who enjoy them. If the museums are the private property of the trustees, let them support them. On the other hand, if the museums are the property of the people, they should be so managed that the people may reap the enjoyment to be derived from them. The buildings, at least, are the public's, and if the treasures therein are not, let them be removed, and museums under the exclusiv management of the city be organized. But we believe that some arrangement can be made with the present custodians of all the art-works the city owns when they find that you stand firm for fair play.

It is needless, we conceive, to enter upon elaborate argument as to the wisdom or unwisdom of this Sunday opening. That has been settled by the spirit of the time, the consensus of all liberal-minded men, and the benefits accruing from Sunday opening are acknowledged. New York is alone among great cities in having no museums of art accessible to the public upon the weekly rest-day. Even conservativ Philadelphia leads us in this moral reform, and Boston, Chicago, and other thriving cities hav long since passed Rip Van Winklian New York.

We ask you, therefore, to refuse further annual appropriations to these museums until their trustees shall obey the law and earn the subsidies they so eagerly receive.

REPLY.

Mayor's Office, New York, Dec. 16, 1887.

Eugene M. Macdonald, Esq., No. 28 Lafayette place, City:

*Sir:* I am in receipt of your favor of the 15th inst., asking me as chairman of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to refrain from giving to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History any further appropriations for their support. You do not seem to be aware that the law in regard to these institutions is absolutely mandatory upon the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, who are required to appropriate $30,000 per annum for their support whether they are open on Sunday or not. Your request, therefore, is that the Board of Estimate and Apportionment shall disobey the law. As a good citizen, you will hardly expect public officers to refuse to do their duty. In regard to the opening of these museums on Sunday, I hav always insisted, with you, that they ought to be open, and as a trustee of the American Museum of Natural History I hav always voted for the proposition. My sincerity, therefore, will hardly be questioned by those who know the facts. You quote from Mr. Langbein a statement that the bill referred to by him compels the opening of the Central Park museums on Sundays. This statement is not correct. The bill referred to provides for an additional appropriation of $20,000, provided it is asked for by the museums, in which case the museums would be opened on Sundays. No such application, however, has been been made to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. Therefore the condition to which you refer cannot be imposed upon the museums.

Yours respectfully,

Abram S. Hewitt, Mayor.

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This seems to settle the matter so far as the municipal authorities are concerned. The city must go on appropriating $30,000 per year and paying interest on bonds to the tune of some $70,000, and the fanatical Mr. Jesup can hav his way in managing the museums. If New York city could govern itself this would soon be changed, for Mayor Hewitt and his colleagues on the Board of Estimate and Apportionment are, we believe, fully and energetically in favor of Sunday opening. But in this matter the rural deacon who gets elected by his church to the Assembly has more to say than the city officers, and more than the people who support the institutions named. That is one benefit accruing to New York from its present form of government.

We congratulate Mayor Hewitt upon the stand he, as mayor, and a trustee of one of the museums, has taken. It is worthy of the son-in-law of Peter Cooper, the philanthropist and heretic. And having got the city authorities on record, and knowing how impossible it is to influence Christian bigots like Jesup, whose vote seems to count more than all the other trustees of the museums, we advise those who desire to visit the museums on Sundays to first make a trip to Albany.

## A Religion of Cruelty.

The advocates of Christianity claim for their religion that it is one of kindness and mercy. "God is love" is a text twice repeated by St. John, on which they delight to dwell. They preach divine goodness and tenderness, and insist that the highest development of these virtues upon earth is to be found in men where moral natures hav become most perfectly united to that of their divinity.

If "God is love," truly a strange record of his acts is that we meet with in the pages of the Bible which makes the assertion. A strange love it was which placed temptation in the path of those liable to err, and then barbarously punished their innocent descendants for all time because they fell. A strange love that sent his chosen people forth, a savage horde, among peaceful nations, to burn, to pillage, and destroy. A strange love that created man, knowing that sin would be a condition of his existence, yet attaching to it the penalty of everlasting torment.

If "God is love," in a wonderful way does he manifest it in his government of the world. We see it and feel it every day, every hour, of our lives. It is all around us and within us, that we may behold it, suffer by it, and worship it. By the couch of the sick, whose limbs are racked by pain, and lips parched in the agony of fever. By the grave over which the bereaved, the widow and the orphan, weep in vain. By the sad sea-wave, that seems mockingly to chant a dirge to the memory of dear ones lost beneath its surface. It is in the cell of the condemned, falsely condemned maybe, who watches the coming light as it steals through the iron bars of his prison, heralding the day that is to be his last. It is in the miserable hovel, where poverty makes life a burden. It is in the lonely chamber of many a just man who for his faithful adherence to honest principle is suffering for want of bread.

This is the love that Christianity offers us as the object of our adoration and imitation. This is to be our God and our model. No marvel if those who kneel at his altars become hardened in heart toward their fellow-creatures. No wonder if, instead of human kindness, mercy, and tenderness, we find among them Christian harshness, bitterness, and cruelty. We might expect it to be so, and it is so.

The man whose highest ambition and dearest hope is to win a place in heaven, where sorrow and pain are unknown, and from thence, gazing down upon a lake of fire, seeing there chained in eternal torments those who on earth comforted him in affliction, and relieved him in want, and seeing this to find in it a source of increased joy, has cast away the human love that should adorn every human breast, and placed between his heart and his fellow-men the cold, repelling armor of Christian cruelty.

Christianity is cruel, for it teaches its disciples to conform their natures to that of a cruel God. Men of naturally kind and gentle spirits hav sat in judgment on heretics, and condemned them to the stake. Such men sit in judgment on heretics to-day, and hav less pity for them than for a thief or murderer. If they cannot burn, they can ostracize; if they cannot stretch the body upon the rack, they can heap upon the head insult, abuse, and falsehood.

But it is not only the heretic and the Infidel that hav to suffer at their hands. "See how these Christians love one another." How the Christian employers cut down the wages of the Christian workman to the lowest point at which existence can be maintained. How the Christian ruler exercises his supremacy over a Christian people by depriving them of all the rights and privileges of manhood that might, by any possibility, prove a check to his authority. How the fat, sleek, well-fed Christian priest extorts from the hard earnings of his Christian dupes the means whereby he may enjoy increased luxury and ease. Then you may see how the worship of a cruel God hardens the heart of man.

There is yet a lower depth in the miry pit to which their religion drags them down. There is yet a meaner barbarism to which their barbarous deity has consigned them. There are on earth millions of creatures lower in the scale of intelligence, but sensitiv as we are. The God who commanded that these creatures should, merely for his own gratification, be slaughtered upon his altars, must take a savage joy in inflicting torment. The refinement of cruelty is exhibited in selecting the means of death most lin-

gering and painful. And although as men became more civilized and gentle the God they imagined became so too, there is still enough of the old savage left in both to cause the beast, and bird, and fish many a bitter pang. If we hav made laws to protect animals, they are human laws, without foundation in canons of churches, or precepts of scripture. We once heard a very little child giv expression to the idea that it must be as great a sin to hurt a harmless beast as to inflict pain upon a man. His argument was that the beast was not such by his own selection. He was looked upon with horror by his elders, and told that there was a vast difference between a cat and a Christian. Roman Catholics teach that cruelty to animals is no sin, because God has given all the lower creatures to man for his own use, to do with them as he chose. It is to be discouraged, as tending to generate an unfeeling spirit which, becoming habitual, might be extended toward our fellow-Christians, but it is not in itself even a venial fault. It is not surprising that such teaching should bear its fruit. The innocent and helpless dumb brutes suffer worst treatment where the religion of Christ has most sway. From the Mohammedan and pagan people of the East they receive kindly consideration. Among the ultra-Christian peasantry of Italy and Ireland, they are tortured in a way calculated to chill the blood of the beholder. In the city of Rome, during the temporal power of the papacy, live geese were constantly carried about by pedlars of pens, who plucked a quill from their quivering limbs for every purchaser. In villages in the south of Ireland, where the man who missed attending mass on a Sunday or omitted his Easter confession and communion would be shunned as a leper, there is witnessed the most barbarous inhumanity practiced on helpless beasts. As nations become humanized out of their faith, they advance in the great quality of mercy to those beneath them. Bull-baitings, bear-baitings, cock and dog fights, were common sports when Christianity held the upper hand. Every blow that Infidelity has dealt it has been a blessing to the suffering animals. Only in the realms of his most Catholic and most juvenil majesty of Spain, and in priest-ridden Mexico, are bull-fights still common. Even in Rome, since it has become secularized, a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals has been established.

To help make this world happy, we must show kindness, mercy, and pity to all who dwell on it. Our fellow-men are entitled to all we can giv them, irrespectiv of their agreement or disagreement with our opinions in religion, politics, or any other matter. Our dumb neighbors must come in for their full share. If some must be slain for food, and others destroyed on account of their noxious or dangerous qualities, let us rather deplore the necessity than take pleasure in the act. Let us seek, as far as possible, to rob death of its attendant pains and terrors. Thus shall we cultivate and refine the true human spirit, and purge it from the savage propensities that hav been too long fostered by the worship of cruel Gods.

## The Evangelical Alliance.

The Evangelical Alliance which met recently in Washington was a revelation to the country of the impractical but fanatical character of the Protestant clergy. The gist of the speeches made was that unless the people of this country submitted themselvs materially and spiritually, body and soul, legally and morally, to the Protestant wing of Christianity the nation would go direct to sheol, and that very soon. No more arrogant gathering has been held since the Council of Trent settled all past and future problems. The speakers seem possessed with the idea that in each individual paper could be found the sum of human wisdom and the philosophy which should tranquilize the world. Mr. William E. Dodge started in by saying:

"The times call for an applied Christianity that can meet all the needs and relations of man to man.

"Christian men understand that a religion worth the name must bring cheer into every home, hope into every life, bring into close touch and sympathy and mutual confidence all classes, must kill self-seeking and self-indulgences, and at any cost of time, money, or comfort, its followers must liv as Christ lived on earth, with the people and for the people."

Dr. Daniel Dorchester, of Boston, thus explained the source of evil:

"At least fifty-four per cent of the population of our fifty largest towns are foreigners of the first or second degree. There are, indeed, many who would be valuable material for any state, but making liberal allowance for these, the balance is heavily on the other side. They constitute the chief stronghold of political corruption, Socialism, Sabbath-breaking, and venomously Nihilistic aims."

Rev. J. M. Foster said:

"A Christian nation should hav a Christian government, and this would solve the immigration problem."

Simeon G. Baldwin said:

"I think the Greek and Roman, and ancient nations generally, were wisest in making the father the priest. In this respect the Roman Catholic church does better than others."

A voice: "I don't recognize it as a Christian church at all."

"I hav found in work I hav done in Connecticut in connection with Mr. Dike that the Catholic church has often given us most efficient help," responded Mr. Baldwin.

President Donge said:

"The Alliance has always co-operated heartily with the Catholic church for all that is good, although it has been obliged to protest against the ultramontane attack upon our public schools."

Rev. Dr. MacArthur said:

"The time is fast approaching when the advocates of the saloon will be ostracized from good society. They will be obliged to form a political party of their own, and the popular vote will be a political power that will crush them as soon as united action is taken by the best classes of our citizens."

President Angell said:

"It has been unjustly charged that the church is not a friend to the poor. Facts show her to be their best friend.

"The church is a mediator and teacher to rebuke the oppressor and instruct the laboring classes."

Ex-Mayor Low of Brooklyn said:

"Pools and trusts do not aim at the benefit of labor, but of stockholders, and they should not wonder at the hostility of labor and of society at large. There is here a great opportunity for the church to act as a mediator."

The Rev. Dr. Storrs said:

"I do not think there is any reason for thinking that Christianity has not divine and divinely directed resources adequate for the emergency. The great thing needed is to gather up and concentrate our power. This is an old and a wholly practical counsel. Every great political, social, and religious enterprise demands such coöperation. It is needed to keep us devoted, courageous, hopeful. The isolated are apt to become moody and acrid. The whole is greater than the sum of its parts in all warfare, and preëminently so in warfare for Christ."

Bishop Harris said:

"The Bible, the Sabbath, and liberty of conscience must be defended, with Christ as our leader indeed, but with our own activ coöperation as well, or we shall go the way of other nations whose early history has been fair and promising. We would be cowards and traitors if we did not recognize and fight the old but now freshly awakened forces of public and social disorder."

The Rev. Washington Gladden said:

"We must recognize the peril to our industries and to the government if the present widespread discontent develops into Anarchism. We must throttle that by law, but we must use prevention to keep it from coming to that. The unreasonable demands of the workingman must be, as far as possible, modified by reason and love, and this only the church can do successfully."

After getting off these smart sentences the Alliance adjourned to the White House and told President Cleveland how deeply affectionate was the regard of the Protestent clergy for him and his beautiful wife, and urged him to coöperate with the Alliance in the cause of Christianity. The president proved himself equal to the hypocritical occasion, and said:

"I am glad to meet so large a delegation from the Evangelical Alliance of the United States. I understand the purpose of this Alliance to be the application of Christian rules of conduct to the problems and exigencies of social and political life. Such a movement cannot fail to produce the most valuable results. All must admit that the reception of the teachings of Christianity results in the purest patriotism, in the most scrupulous fidelity to public trust, and in the best type of citizenship. Those who manage the affairs of government are by this means reminded that the law of God demands that they should be courageously true to the interests of the people, and that the ruler of the universe will require of them a strict account of their stewardship. The people, too, are thus taught that their happiness and welfare will be best promoted by a conscientious regard for the interest of a common brotherhood, and that the success of a government by the people depends upon the morality, the justice, and the honesty of the people. Your noble mission, if undertaken in a broad and generous spirit, will surely arrest the attention and respectful consideration of your fellow-citizens; and your endeavors, consecrated by benevolence and patriotic love, must exert a powerful influence in the enlightenment and improvement of our people, in illustrating the strength and stability of our institutions, and in advancing the prosperity and greatness of our beloved land."

And then the members of the Alliance went home satisfied that they were the saints of the Lord, to whom belongs the earth and its fulness.

## Sauce for the Goose is Not Sauce for the Gander.

The Rev. Justin D. Fulton, Baptist, formerly of Brooklyn, has written a book which he entitles, "Why Priests Should Wed." It purports to be an exposure of the infamies of convents and the confessional, and relates many noxious facts. The Rand-Avery Printing Co., of Boston, undertook to print it, but when the copy was given out to female compositors they refused to work upon it, and the Rand-Avery Company stopped work and notified the Rev. Mr. Fulton that they did not publish obscene books. This made Mr. Fulton angry, and he wrote to his friend Anthony Comstock. Mr. Comstock thereupon writes him in reply that, after an examination of the book, he believes Dr. Fulton's motivs and intentions absolutely honest and right, and that the facts collected are absolutely true, supported by living witnesses.

Now, we want to know what right Mr. Comstock has to take into account Mr. Fulton's motivs or intentions in judging of his book? Every United States court into which Comstock has inveigled a victim has decided that the intentions of authors are not to be considered by juries. No expert testimony has ever been allowed. D. M. Bennett, E. H. Heywood, and others hav been sent to prison in this way. Judge Paul, who tried Mrs. Slenker, would not allow her intentions to be weighed. The jury could only consider whether the "tendency of the matter is to deprave and corrupt the morals of those whose minds are open to such influence, and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall. It is within the law if it would suggest impure and libidinous thoughts in the young and the inexperienced." So ruled Judge Benedict, and he has been followed by all the rest. Now, if an exposé of the Romish confessional, written by a sensational and prejudiced Protestant preacher, will not excite libidinous thoughts in the young, we do not know what will, unless it be the Old Testament! We are willing to grant that Comstock is an expert in obscenity, though deplorably ignorant of general literature, and he undoubtedly knows the rulings of the courts. His letter to Fulton, then, exposes to the public his arrogant assumption of the office of literary censor, and his high and mighty character. His religious friends can print all the obscenity they want to, provided their motivs are good, but heretical writers and artists must not write valuable treatises nor exhibit classic pictures in which a word or painted line may possibly offend the good Saint Anthony! That is the sum and substance of his "decision."

If the general public like this sort of thing, it is just the sort of thing the general public ought to hav. But for one, we desire to enter an indignant protest against allowing Anthony Comstock, or any one else, to exercise this irresponsible power.

THE *Sun* of this city tells this joke on our esteemed Spiritual contemporary: "Luther Colby, the veteran editor of the *Banner of Light*, the oldest journal devoted to Spiritualism in this country, has recently spent several days in New York. Mr. Colby is a medium, and his attendant ghost is one Ocean Brave, a very large, powerful, but invisible Indian. Last Sunday morning an ex-judge, well known in New York, called on Mr. Colby at his hotel, and found him sitting on his bed in an apparently disturbed state of mind. 'I can't go out to-day, judge; impossible,' said Mr. Colby. 'What's the matter?' inquired the judge. 'Matter! Why, Ocean Brave has been up to his old tricks. He has stolen my vest again, and it's the second time.' Then Mr. Colby arose with a woebegone expression on his countenance—he bears a striking resemblance to the best likeness extant of Mr. Pickwick—and began to search through the bed-clothes for his lost vest. He turned down the blankets, shook out the sheets, looked under the mattress, but found no vest. Then he grew wrathy, and, shaking his fist at the point in empty space where Ocean Brave was supposed to be, cried out: 'D—n you, Ocean Brave! tell me where that vest is, or I'll never speak to you again.' Then he went to the bureau and pulled out every drawer, and pushed each one back with a bang. He searched under the wash-bowl and through a small closet. No vest. Then he sat down in a very sad sort of way and said: 'Judge, it's no use. I can't go out to-day. This is the meanest trick he has served me.' Once more Mr. Colby clenched his fist and shook it in close proximity to the place where the face of the playful Indian was supposed to be. 'Now, then, Ocean Brave,' said he, 'I giv you fair warning. Tell me at once where that vest is, or you and I part company forever.' A moment of intense expectancy, and then upon the face of the editor of the *Banner of Light* there slowly dawned the light of a broad smile. The smile was gradually eclipsed by the gentle withdrawal of Mr. Colby's shirt. The vest was there, put on over the undershirt, and all nicely buttoned up. 'I knew I could make him tell,' said Colby."

# Letters from Friends.

HAVANA, ILL., Nov. 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Having taken your valuable paper now over a year, allow me to say that I am well pleased with it, and the longer I take it the more I like it. I am glad we hav a man strong enough in principle and energy to show up the untruthfulness of Christianity. It takes a man that has respect for the truth and right, and my wish is that you may long liv to edit the grand old TRUTH SEEKER. And I hope Mr. Heston's store-house of pictures will never be exhausted. Was glad to hear Aunt Elmina is free again.

Yours, J. A. WEABER.

OPHIR, CAL., Dec. 5, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I hav neither the education nor the command of words to explain my feelings in regard to the Chicago tragedy which came to pass on the 11th of November last. I do not side in with Anarchy, but I do say that all people are entitled to justice, regardless of religious opinions, and that free speech should be better protected from Comstockism than it is at the present time. It appears to me as if Governor Oglesby has taken items or advice from the silent counselor, the Bible, in Deut. xiii, 6-9, and 2 Sam. xxi, 1-9, in regard to these helpless victims. We out here in California hav our opinion of such a governor, and especially of such a sheriff, who would not allow the condemned men a word from the gallows to their fellow-beings. It seems as though this was a step into despotism and intolerance instead of justice and humanity. I hope the time may soon come when justice and humanity will rule, instead of a Bible of intolerance and a persecuting God to do the ruling. Long may the grand old TRUTH SEEKER liv, for the grand work it is doing. And a Happy New Year to Watson Heston.

LEWIS KAISER.

ST. JOHNS, ILL., Dec. 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I send amount to pay up to first of January, 1889. It has been a long time since I wrote a letter to the good old TRUTH SEEKER, one of the best papers ever published. The illustrations are immense, as they convey instruction to the student of history and theology—a little too much for the health of the latter. There are many thoughts bolting into my mind that I would be glad to write, but, for want of time, must desist. I hav been of the opinion all the time that you take a proper view of the Anarchists' case. They were simply murdered.

We need not claim to hav a good government as long as capital punishment exists. There is nothing humane in taking the life of our fellow-being.

It is very interesting to read the travels of our Brothers Putnam and Reynolds; and as for Brothers Bell, Andrew, and Remsburg, I hav had the pleasure to hav them with us in times past, and those who cannot enjoy such company are not fit for this world; and if there should happen to be a future, they would be a poor acquisition over there.

WM. A. THOMPSON.

ABILENE, KAN., Nov. 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: This is the worst priest-ridden town in the state. There are some few Liberals here, but, with one or two exceptions, they dare not say their soul is their own. I see that in other towns they hav societies for the promotion of Freethought and hav lecturers visit them. There are Putnam, and Reynolds, and Remsburg, and several others who are making things red-hot in other towns. Why can't some of them come here and giv the old ship of Zion a shot or two? I had a letter from Remsburg some time ago, but had to be away from home at that time, and I would not hav known how to go to work to start the ball rolling if I had been here.

Will you please tell us how to start things along? There is nothing here but "Jesus! Jesus!"—three or four meetings hallooing every night in the week.

The Salvation Army has been in full blast for five or six months and no let up to it, and, last but not least, the Free Methodists hav opened up in the next room to me, and it makes me tired. Please to show us how to start something else, if it is only a Punch and Judy show—anything for a change. Every man has a preacher a-straddle of his neck.

Yours truly, A. G. ELLSWORTH.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Nov. 26, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I would like to ask our Materialist friends if evolution, after toiling for millions of years to bring us up to where we just begin to understand a little something, is going to stop short in her work long enough to drop us out of existence. If so, I think the whole business is the most useless work that can be imagined, the most stupendous nonsense that can be conceived. I think it would need a deity to hatch up anything so perfectly useless, so perfectly horrible, as to bring living beings into life to suffer as man and beast both hav to for a term of years, and then hav it end there. There is no language that I can use to express my contempt, if that is the case, when I think what I hav been through—and my case is mild compared with millions of others. A cyclone of suffering, of sorrow, and despair, and then let it end there, with no redress, only go to sleep and forget it! If that is all there is for me, I am afraid I shall be a blasphemer. And even that privilege will be denied me, I presume. Wall, so mote it be.

I am for knowledge, justice, truth, and mercy to all the human race; no putting anyone to death. Let nature do her own work; let barbarism be done away with; let the whole human race learn to be brothers and sisters, and love and care for each other, is the wish of

Your unworthy servant, C. C. HOLCOMB.

P.S.—Before the human race reaches better conditions, I think they will hav to learn to stop eating flesh of beasts. That keeps us savage and brutal toward everything. There are no wild beasts that ever destroyed each other as the human race hav their kind. The reason why is because we eat flesh and keep up the fiendish nature that is born in us. H.

EATON RAPIDS, MICH., Dec. 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Seeing in your last paper the letter of the Silverton Secular Society reminded me that ours should be noticed through your columns.

While C. B. Reynolds was here last March he organized such an association at our place, to be known as the Eaton Rapids (Mich.) Secular Society. He said to us that our first two months would be the hardest part of our work, but, thanks to him and the good members, we hav a society that we are proud of. We meet every two weeks, at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoons, at the homes of the members; hav readings, lectures, and good singing, also short speeches. We hav one dozen singing-books, "The Song Greeting," and as we hav two singing teachers we hav plenty of music.

Last Sunday we met at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Potter, and had a pleasant time. The Baptist minister of our place was in attendance (he is one of the ones that can see good among Liberals), and gave us a few minutes' speech; said he thought honest and earnest men and women were a good in society, and we seemed to be such; gave us good cheer, and hoped we would prosper in our gatherings. Now, I call this a good sign of the times.

We hav a roll-call of the members, and nearly everyone responds with a good quotation; last Sunday one little eight-year-old member responded with this, "The schoolhouse is my cathedral."

Sunday, December 18th, we meet at W. S. Henderson's, on Broad street, and we anticipate a good time.

The 29th of January next they will meet at A. Atwood's, Plain street. As this will be the birthday of one of our pioneers of Freethought we want to make it a day to be remembered; and I will say that the many readers of this letter are invited to be present, and especially Mrs. A. E. N. Rich, of Jackson, if this letter should fall in her hands. We would love to hear one of her beautiful poems recited at that time. Now, this is an invitation to all those within a hundred miles of Eaton Rapids. Yours truly, MRS. R. E. ATWOOD,
Sec. E. R. Sec. Society.

KENT, O., Dec. 7, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: In answer to J. K. Magie, in THE TRUTH SEEKER of December 3d, allow me to say that I feel obliged for his statements, as every lover of the truth wishes to hear both sides of a question. I think, however, the brother is a little off in some of his conclusions. I am only fifty years old, never edited a newspaper, nor gained a residence in Chicago, but I was there on business from March until July, during all the strike and Haymarket trouble. I was on the square or near it nearly every day while there, saw the crowd, the class of people, etc., but did not hear any speeches. If all who advocated the taking of the law into their own hands were Anarchists, there must hav been many times the number mentioned by my friend Magie. I saw a red flag mysteriously make its appearance in a shop where I was getting work done.

As I understand the law, it is not necessary for a man to be guilty of either making or throwing a bomb himself, but to advocate and advise the same makes him equally guilty with the more brave man (forgiv the term used) who does so throw it. Then the question is, Did the convicted Anarchists so advise? Not taking Webster to define Anarchy, but circulars now before me from Anarchists themselvs, I read: "What is Anarchy? Answer: It is a state of society wherein no one interferes with the action of his neighbors; where liberty is untrammeled by law; where license does not exist; where force is not the regulator of actions." It then goes on to show that no man should be held subject to law.

Consequently, as the Chicago convicts did not deny being Anarchists, and even hurrahed for Anarchy on the gallows, we know they must believe in doing away with law. But as there has already been much said pro and con about this affair, I do not wish to take up space in our valuable TRUTH SEEKER, but will say that without doubt the clergy, and especially Catholicism, had much to do in tampering with justice. I am glad Brother Magie is not one of the Anarchists (although they hav some good ideas), but an advocate of Freethought. I hope to liv to see the people so educated that we may not wish to break or do away with any law on our statutes, but until such time I for one shall say, disobey none of the laws of our noble country, but make better laws as fast as possible. The creator of all things works by laws, and takes time to perfect everything that is created, and can man do any better? A. D. SWAN.

KANKAKEE, ILL., Nov. 27, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: During the last twenty years I hav been reading the Bible, and I find so many difficulties coming up in every direction that I would be glad to find some person that could giv me a key that would unlock the mysteries in reading the so-called holy Bible. If I call on an orthodox Christian, he will ask me if I believe the Bible to be the inspired word of God. I tell him that I cannot believe that it is inspired. Then he tells me that he does not want to talk with me on this subject. I came into my office this Sabbath morning and commenced reading of an act of this Holy Ghost as recorded in the Bible that shows him up in a bad light to me. We read that a sin committed against the father or against the son can be forgiven in this world, but that a sin committed against the Holy Ghost cannot be forgiven in this world or the world to come, and no man can tell you what this sin is. He wants you to go it blind through this life, so that he can hav the exquisit pleasure of giving you hell in the next world. We hav had a few in our asylum insane that believed that they had committed this sin, and now there was no hope for them. All persons that really believe this doctrin will be sent to the asylum. Will some good Christian be kind enough to name some good acts that this Holy Ghost has done for humanity, if he knows of any?

We read in the Bible that Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are all one. Then I would like to know how the killing of Jesus affected the other two. How are we to understand the language Jesus used, if the three are all one, when he said, "O father! if it be possible let this cup pass. But not mine, but thy will be done," showing clearly they had two wills? The holy record says, Matt. i, 20: "Thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife, for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost." Then I would like to ask some one to explain to me why Jesus is called God's only son, if he was the son of the Holy Ghost. Ministers hav told me that I must read it in this way: Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, all being one, overshadowed the Virgin Mary, and Jesus was the result. Then I hav to believe that Jesus was his own father. Now, if these things hav a spiritual meaning, please giv us the spiritual. Fraternally, H. S. HALL.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 27, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Without any thought as to the guilt or innocence of Mrs. Slenker, I am constrained to take issue with one of your editorial comments on her trial. Why should any judge take a case from the jury? I am aware it is frequently done. Lately in this city a judge in a damage suit brought by a poor man against a rich company took such action, giving verdict in favor of the company. I know nothing as to the merits of the case, but the principle is wrong.

So in a great many other cases where the people think their rights are safe, even the poorest, they are mistaken. Take, for instance, our homestead exemption laws, lien laws, etc.—what value are half of them without legislators and judges who do not play into the hands of monopoly to nullify them? Take, for instance, a poor man who finds himself unable to meet his obligations; he finds on coming to settle up that his creditors can take his home from him without any trouble. The note he signs always contains a clause something like this: "We hereby waive all homestead and exemption laws whatever," etc. Of course, a man might refuse to sign such a note, but would find it hard work to get any credit if he did not. All blanks (in this state, at least) hav it printed on them in small type. If a man can sign away his rights and courts sanction it as legal, what guarantee of justice are they? In his distress he will sign them. Our usury laws also come under the same condemnation. Anyone wishing to borrow a hundred dollars pays, so the note says, six per cent—in reality, twenty-five to thirty; frequently fifty per cent—interest. The way it is done is probably too well known to need illustration, yet there are some people who go blindly along—like Christians—taking everything for granted that they are brought up to believe; they never learn till they are bit. They read the face of the law, but don't go behind the returns. They bear not one another's burdens. If they hav to take a hand at carrying some time, they may wish they had, especially when they would hav had to only exert a little mental work for the enlightenment of their fellow-beings, and their fellow-voters in particular; for what is the use of voting men into office that they may be enforcers of laws that they secretly hate and sneer at?

This is a discursiv letter, so let me air some more of my ideas. I wonder what is the Bible meaning of usury, and if ministers and their congregations know or care. Do they know when, where, and how it became changed from its primitiv meaning? I wonder how long the authorities and the press will watch and publish records of Knights of Labor assemblies and their constitutions, and let the Knights of St. John go, an *armed* treasonable organization.

And I wonder how long it will be before people get enough intelligence into them to know that a logical statement does not need the backing of a good character. This last idea is because the mass of fools, when you are dutifully trying to do your duty by beating some sense into their heads about religion or politics, if you giv a quotation from what they think a suspicious source, will say, "Oh, that's nothing, for that man was such and such a man." If it was a matter of veracity, there would be some sense in their usual objection.

How can this letter be better brought to a close (though I hav not said half that I would wish to) than by expressing my delight that our three principal newsdealers now keep THE TRUTH SEEKER on sale, and to find that my home town contains so able a Freethinker as John P. Guild, whose able letter in your paper gave me much delight? M. F. G.

CHICAGO, ILL., Dec. 5, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: To A. D. Swan, Kent, O., I wish to extend the right hand of fellowship. He voices my sentiments most admirably.

The object of this letter is to enter a vigorous protest against the teaching and preaching of Anarchism in the rooms of the Chicago Secular Union.

Some two or three weeks ago, Mr. Wallace, of Abingdon, Ill., delivered a lecture on the usury system, which was a clear, forcible, and logical lecture, instructiv and highly entertaining. Mr. Wallace is a fluent speaker, and handles this subject in a masterly manner, and, I judge, has made it a study for years, and is perfectly honest and consistent in his views.

Thus much for the lecture and the lecturer. To certain of the critics I beg to take exception. One critic jumped to his feet, and, with a wild flourish of arms, blurted out that he was straight on the road to the gallows—to which I heartily applauded, "Godspeed!" Among the thousand and one brainless remarks he made was this, that "this government was the most tyrannical of any government on the face of the earth." I brand that as an infamous lie, and a libel on

the intelligence of the members that compose the Chicago Secular Union. To this kind of blatant, brainless bunkum I, for one, object. Are we to confine ourselvs to the Nine Demands of Liberalism, or are we to use them as a cloak to cover, foster, and encourage the villainous doctrins of Anarchism? If so, I want to know it. I believe the Nine Demands to be broad enough and grand enough that every Liberal in the land can take an infinit pride in claiming them as his platform. If Anarchism is to be taught in the Chicago Secular Union, I predict for it a short life. Anarchism has ruined every organization that has been contaminated by its slimy touch.

The Henry George movement in New York that two years ago rolled up a grand total of 68,000 votes has fallen away to one-half that number. That noble organization, the Knights of Labor, that at one time could proudly show a membership roll of 700,000 names, has dwindled down to a comparativly small order. And just as surely as that infernal doctrin, the acme of madness, the consummation of all that is wild, visionary, and villainous, the doctrin of Anarchism, obtains a foothold in the Chicago Secular Union, just so surely will that Union be torn asunder and disgraced.

Yours for all true Liberal principles, LIBERAL.

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ORANGE CITY, IA., NOV. 30, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed please to find the sum of $3, for which send me your paper one year. I hav been taking it two years from a news-stand, but it seems that my Infidel paper never came on time, although the others did, and I suspected that the administration might be Christian. Well, I suppose it will come correctly now, if Comstock does not jerk you up for sending out lewd, obscene, or objectionable matter through the mail.

In all your attacks on various sects it seems to me that you never struck a blow at the Dutch Reformed church, and of all the sects I hav met I think them almost the worst, the Roman Catholic pest excepted. Here in this settlement of Hollanders we are favored with seven churches in which the Dutch Reformed Lord is addressed in the Holland language, and one where he seems be more civilized, and to hav got up to common English. This church acts as an immigration society, and you can understand what class they bring over—only the worst religious dregs. Ever since 1871 hav I lived among my countrymen in the United States, but must own that, taking them as a specimen of the people, I hav been ashamed that I was a Dutchman.

I hav admired your brave championship of personal rights and liberty in the Anarchists' case; and hav been much surprised that, in this so-called free country, none of the secular papers dared to speak what was right. However, in our civilization money is every time considered of more account than life, and that probably is the solution.

G. A. F. DELESPINASSE, M.D.

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LEXINGTON, KY., NOV. 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: "Gaih," of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, remarks that a "consensus of the competent" can be trusted to arrange matters for the people. Does he remember how long Samuel Adams pondered over the adoption of the federal Constitution, his profound judgment perplexed and unable to arrive at any decision? A glorious farmer, Jonathan Smith, gave his opinion, and the famous meeting at the Green Dragon tavern took place, where the question was discussed by workingmen, shipwrights, brass-founders, and mechanics. Matters then seemed to take a solid shape, and Samuel Adams was heard to say that the mass of the people understood their own interests. Thus the affair reached a speedy conclusion. Bold men were they, who believed that they could fashion and improve a government. They had good lungs, and were able to breathe the air of freedom.

We hav lately listened to fine discourses in the Catholic church in this place. The priests here hav a great and well-deserved reputation for piety and good works. Father Ward presented an able exposition of the doctrin of the real presence of Christ in the sacrament. Knowing that religious arguments would not sustain him, he planted himself on Materialistic ground, or rather, over the gulf that separates soul from sense. But as this has never been bridged—that is, we hear, we know not how; we see, we know not how, therefore we are required to believe that Christ's body is changed into bread, though the *modus operandi* cannot be made clear to us. Not to put too fine a point to it, a *reductio ad absurdam* is all that is left of Father Ward's fine-spun argument.

People are beginning to shun the Prohibitionists, and substitute simple temperance lectures. Miss Huffman has lately addressed us, a graceful lady and fluent speaker. She throws the whole work of reform into the hands of church-members, and secondly, complains that they are inefficient and not reliable, giving offices to liquor-dealers. What a charming statesman she would make! I think I could do better myself, for I know that most Infidels would keep their promises. The Christian heaven may be made of adamant and gold, but I prefer common sense and common humanity.

There is a feeble reason that outweighs all the grand arguments adduced in support of Christianity; that causes the learned to forget the rigid logic used on other occasions; that induces thousands to make long faces when total depravity is mentioned; that causes them to forget how shabby they look, kneeling, entreating God to transfer them to a beautiful place, when he makes up his jewels; that induces them to pray for rain, also that God will cure the small-pox and yellow fever, and save them from earthquakes while they are sinking into the bowels of the earth; that causes a widow to fling her soul into the arms of God (but the bank is the only sacred place where her money can be trusted, and then she only asks, "Are they honest men?"). What is it that makes a man a martyr to the church, the priest, the Bible; that makes the ashes of penitence, the dust of humility, the whine of the exhorter, the chant, the sermon, exercise a power over all his actions, faculties, and emotions? Why is the world given up to an assortment of notions discountenanced by reason, though placed often by the wise above sense and judgment? Why is religion a sort of ghoul that deadens with a spell all our better feelings? Why, oh, why? It is because the poor, mistaken mother puts this diabolical system of chicanery into the lullaby rhyme to soothe our slumbers; because before we were seven years old we were lost to common sense, decent regard for the truth; made to swallow the vilest poisons, sugar-coated.

No one will deny that the government does not manifest sufficient interest in education, which, of course, is all that saves the nation. It is a crime to withhold the money, allowing babes to work in factories. They should also be taught the principles of strict justice, for it is well known that unfair trials hav become a feature of the age; the judge being the man who should be condemned by the clergymen, for it is their business to improve the spirit of the law, and they hav the power to do this. Broad is the road that leads to the court of the Star Chamber.

Awake! arise! or be forever fallen!

ALHAZA.

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CLEOPATRA, MO., DEC. 5, 287.

MR. EDITOR: I want to say, first to all the readers of THE TRUTH SEEKER, then to all the world of humanity, that I am still coursing along the wave-washed shores of human wants and human woes. But I realize that I am failing; that I can not so readily reinforce my liberty-loving friends in their struggles against error's legions and bloated tyrants. Twenty-six years ago I was among people who sold women and children, and for the crime of saying it was wrong Christians spit in my face, saying, "You are a —— Abolitionist," with threats of tar and feathers and rope. Then I was able to go for them for four years. Years since that I hav met some of those Christians, and they would say they were heartily ashamed of their treatment to me. I hav often wondered why their God that they brag of as all wisdom and knowledge and power, ever present, could not giv them a better understanding of their relations to creatures like themselvs. But on investigation I hav found they were and are just like the God they worship, cruel, revengeful, and tyrannical. Truly, as friend Putnam says, the more Gods we hav the more woes we hav to combat. Oh, I so often think that you all can't help but say: What heathens we are, that we must hav a government that we must fight for, or about! What kind of government hav we that we should treat each other so about our government? Alas! are we not worse than the heathen? What should we all say now? 1887 has given us large experience. We hav had time in which to sum up testimony and the ruling of courts—to view the field of political and Christian tyranny.

I see the Chicago *Interocean* says Illinois has fourteen thousand convicts at Joliet, and on the 24th of November their chaplain ministered to them pretty much all the forenoon spiritual things; then came what the reporter called the substantial in the way of turkeys. And what a grand time they had with their convicts, and how they all rejoiced, I thought. Then I looked over again, and thought, there is one class of convicts bragging about how successful they were to take care of another class of convicts. Well, my friends, it is wrong to teach these intellectual children that the innocent must die to save the guilty. Yet we hire some seventy-eight thousand such teachers in our nation to instil into undeveloped minds and children that a perfect man-God, innocent, had to be put to death to save the guilty. Contrast such teaching with the teaching of so-called heathen nations and see if it suffers by the comparison. Oh! let us all say that such teaching is enough to bring the blush of shame on the cheek of the darkest heathen that ever lived.

I don't mind doing and working toward something better, but it is so hard to hav to wait. J. W. DAY.

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BRATTLEBORO, VT., NOV. 27, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Inclosed find $3. For one, I am particularly pleased to know that the illustrations are to be continued in THE TRUTH SEEKER. They are more potent than words. Let the good work go on. Do not falter. The wheels of progress cannot be blocked. Science is doing more to civilize the world than all the religions ever invented. Why, had Edison been alive one hundred, or even fifty years ago, and been able to do with electricity what he can to-day, he would hav suffered death either at the stake or on the gibbet, but, thanks to the general prevalence of Freethought, free schools, and a free press, that is impossible just at the present time. Still, there are other dangers to be considered, and, speaking from observation and personal experience, I should say that politics and religion are somewhat to be feared, from the fact that the clergy and politicians are mutually agreed so far as their own interests are concerned. Your editorial, "Giv Thanks," in a recent number of THE TRUTH SEEKER, is timely, and "hits the nail square on the head." It ought to be read by every minister in the land, for what more foolish customs are there than the observance of the two days commonly called Fast Day and Thanksgiving, when people are requested by the politicians and the clergy to starve on the former day and make gluttons of themselvs on the latter? Of the two days, however, poor people can better observe the first, for they can fast on that day more easily than they can "eat, drink, and be merry" on the other. Thanksgiving Day, or a day for thanks-giving and praise to the almighty, so-called, is an unmitigated humbug and an imposition on sensible people who hav outgrown priestly dictation and puritanical tyranny and superstition. As a day, however, for family reunion it is all well enough, but the silly, childish, heathenish idea that we are under any obligations to some imaginary up-in-the-air being for turkey, cranberry sauce, chicken pie, plum-pudding, etc., is the hight of absurdity itself; for who ever knew the Christian's God to provide a free dinner for poor people or anyone else? Poor folks go hungry that day the same as on other days. What hav they, then, to be thankful for? Through the efforts of the clergy and a few women, Thanksgiving has become a national holiday, and the sky-pilots can well afford to belch wind to their imaginary God for giving them the dupes necessary to carry out their imbecil plans. In lieu of Thanksgiving Day, I would suggest a day to be called Family Reunion Day—a day for the assembling of relativs and friends at home—for the purpose of visiting and talking over old times with those most dear to us. In order, also, to make it a day of comfort and joy, I would hav all the long-faced go-to-hell-sure ministers excluded, as their unwelcome presence would only cause a depression of spirits, and seriously interfere with the appetites of those lotting on a good square meal. Yours, etc., A. L. FRISBIE.

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NIDGETOWN, ONT., DEC. 3, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Mr. Charles Watts, editor *Secular Thought*, Toronto, delivered three lectures in the Opera Hall at this place on the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of the present week, the subjects being, "Secularism, Destructiv and Constructiv," "Unbelief: What It Is and What It Has Done," and, "Thomas Paine, the Political and Religious Reformer."

To your readers who hav heard Mr. Watts, I need not say that he is considered by competent judges here to be the ablest platform speaker who ever appeared before a public audience at this place.

The town being small, with a population of only three thousand, and the field being new in regard to Secular work it was thought that but little interest would be taken in the matter. I am pleased to say, however, that such was not the case. The attendance was large at the first lecture, and continually increased to the close of the series. Mr. Watts secured the sympathy and close attention of his hearers at the outset, and fully maintained his hold on their feelings to the end. He has done us a vast amount of good by exposing the worthlessness of the pretensions of priestcraft, and by showing conclusivly that all along, on theological questions, people's minds hav been crammed with myths and fables instead of sound information.

The clergy were specially invited to attend, but none had sufficient courage to come out and "defend the faith that is in them."

The good work commenced here will not be allowed to drop for want of earnest effort to carry it on. Your readers are therefore certain to hear more from this stronghold of orthodoxy in the near future. B. L. CHIPMAN.

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PITTSBURGH, PA., NOV. 23, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I accidentally came across your paper in a book-store, and was so much pleased with same that I concluded to subscribe. I bought a few back numbers here, and, after perusing same carefully, gave them to some of my friends, and hav the satisfaction of knowing that THE TRUTH SEEKER has started them thinking.

About six or seven years ago I heard Col. R. G. Ingersoll lecture here. He made a deep impression on me, as indeed he must on all who hear him. It was the first dawn of day to me; the first star in the heavens of truth and reason. I was unable to at once grasp the truth of a doctrin so vastly different from what I had been taught from childhood, but after thinking and reasoning for myself, reading the Bible carefully and knowingly for the first time in my life, having the aid of books by Ingersoll and others to brush away the cobwebs of superstition, fear, and sentiment, I hav become and will continue to be a stanch believer in the cause of liberty, reason, and humanity.

Moody, the evangelist, has commenced a course of lectures, which will continue for one month. He is drawing immense crowds, as it is a free show. Among some of the statements he made that struck me as rather absurd I append the following:

"Turn your business over to your sons, and spend your now for God."

"I hav always had a great admiration for those four men who carried the palsied man to Jesus in the house at Capernaum. As soon as I get to heaven I intend to look up those four men."

From the confident way in which Mr. Moody frequently expressed himself as to going to heaven, I hav no doubt that he, even now, can hear the flutter of wings and the jingling of harps. I suppose that, if the doctrin of Mr. Moody, the Bible, and Christianity are true, I am equally as sure of finding myself in the other place. If so, I, too, shall look up a "big four"—a four who not alone helped one man in case of distress, but a four to whom all humanity is indebted for light—a light that is slowly and surely dispelling the clouds of superstition and credulity—viz., Shakspere, Humboldt, Paine, and Voltaire. I might even meet Mr. Moody there, and in all probability I shall see Ingersoll there, although I hope not alone to see him but to hear him many times before journeying on that broad and well-trodden path that leads to that land where it never snows.

If Colonel Ingersoll intends to giv a series of lectures this winter, as I hav heard, I hope he will not overlook this lucky but old-fogy town of Pittsburgh. With all her natural advantages, her people are still in the hands of the Philistines; or, in other words, the Law and Order Society, which has complete control of the entire city.

Hoping for a better state of affairs in the near future, I am,

Very truly yours, J. A. GALVIN.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## A Problem.

Sandy and Ned were brothers;
Ned was older than Sandy;
And they were busy dividing
A stick of peppermint candy.

Ned was earnestly trying
To make the division true,
And he marked the place with a fish-hook
Where the stick ought to break in two.

But, alas, for little Sandy
And his poor painstaking brother!
It was a long and short division—
One piece longer than the other.

Ned gravely looked at the pieces,
And their quite unequal length,
And he wrestled with the problem
With all his mental strength.

And, at last, he said: "O Sandy!
I can make it come out right,
If I take the piece that's longest,
And bite off just one bite."

Their four eyes beamed and brightened
At this plan, so very handy,
Of disposing of the problem
And distributing the candy.

So Ned ate the pieces even—
'Twas the simplest way to do it;
And he cheated little Sandy—
And they neither of them knew it.

—*Bessie Chandler, in St. Nicholas.*

## Prize Essay.

WHY AM I A LIBERAL?

Before attempting a direct answer to the above question, I shall endeavor to outline the origin and growth of orthodoxy, Liberalism's opposing element. Orthodoxy is a dogmatic adherence to any fixed opinion—Christians call it "faith." Guided by it, you must not dare to question the existence of a God; you must not dare to dispute the inspiration of the Bible or the divinity of Christ; you must blindly, and without investigation, believe whatever the priest chooses to insist on your believing, or else incur the danger of eternal damnation and the rancor and hate of the adherents of the beautiful doctrins of the Nazarene soul-destroyer. For there is nothing which characterizes the average Christian more than bigotry and intolerance, the twin relics of the Dark Ages. With the rise of the Christian religion, we can also chronologize the growth of this fanaticism. It advanced with Christianity into power during the second and third centuries, reached its highest point about the sixteenth century, and has been, since then, declining, with the belief in the infallibility of the church. It has called Liberalism into existence. Had it never become dominant, there would hav been no need of opposition. Thus Liberalism, like the majority of great inventions and noble conceptions of humanity, was the child of necessity. When primitiv man roamed in company with savage beasts through the dense jungles and gigantic tropical forests of the prehistoric world, he was little better than these his ferocious companions. But, existing as he did in a form which had been endowed by nature with superior abilities, he survived the ephemeral period of his fellow-creatures' existence, and while their bones studded the rocks and filled yawning chasms and caves, the indomitable law that the fit will survive and the weak perish led him on through countless ages to the high state of civilization in which he now exists. However, during the early period of his existence upon the globe, as his simple mind and unsophisticated nature beheld the wonderful phenomena of nature he was moved in turn by curiosity and fear. This first induced him to inquire the cause of the earthquake, of the flood, and of all the multifarious evil and beneficent manifestations he witnessed and felt; while the second bowed his head and bent his knees in his worship of these mysteries which were so far beyond his understanding. And when the first gleams of science burst upon this primeval nature-worship, they were quickly seized by some desirous of gaining an ascendency over the minds of their fellow-men, and utilized to work miracles as proofs of their divine mission. This made the ancient temples the store-houses of all the scientific lore of the "olden time," and retarded progressiv civilization for at least two thousand years. It doomed the simple adoration of Nature and inaugurated instead the esoteric polytheism of India, Egypt, and Greece, which, like unto the "greedy rosmarine," absorbed the dew of scientific knowledge to further the promulgation of its own interests.

In order to fully comprehend the enormity of knowledge sheltered by the sacred altars, it should be known that the sciences of optics, hydrostatics, pyrotechnics, meteorology, astronomy, pneumatics, and acoustics were known to a large extent to the priests and magicians. Chemistry and alchemy flourished even until the latter part of the Middle Ages. The magnet, the air-gun, galvanism, and steam were all known to the priests, and with the aid of all this knowledge they kept for ages the human mind in bondage. When at last the age of reason was inaugurated by the Peripatetic philosophers, by the Academicians, by the Pythagoreans, and the disciples of Anaxagoras, Socrates, Zeno, Epicurus, and others, it was quickly strangled by the reincarnation of all ancient superstition, the anti-naturalism of the Galilean would-be reformer, and by the bigotism, hate, and cruelty of his fanatic followers. This new thraldom marked the death of all science, of all knowledge, for a period of over fifteen hundred years. It was opposed to everything which savored not of another world. Its rapid rise marked the decline of the once powerful Roman empire and the degradation and mental reaction of the Greeks, while the improvident doctrins it inculcated caused a period of never-ceasing famin and pestilence. The malevolent hate inspired by the meek Jesus and his disciples was the foundation-stone of numerous wars and persecutions. This gigantic imposition, which even now flourishes, is the cause of Liberalism. The murder of Hypatia, of Vanini, and Bruno all had their share in furthering the mental uprising which, execrating the detestable doctrins and practices of Christianity (in general, for the Protestant church, originally opposed to Catholicism, soon became as bad as the root it sprang from, and, in my opinion, the burning of Servetus, the persecution of witches, Quakers, and Catholics during its frondescence, were not indicativ of the pretended dereliction of intolerance) and looking forward to a period of mental liberty consistent with man's high nature, opposed the orthodox sentiments of the ignorant multitude and, pushing onward to a higher goal than an imaginary heaven, formed Liberalism upon the ruins of the glory and power of Roman and Greek civilization. Orthodoxy makes man its servant; Liberalism serves him. Orthodoxy upholds ancient superstitions as infallible; Liberalism holds high the beacon light of reason and recommends it as the only safe guide of man. The one is stagnant; the other progressiv. One is bigoted, while the other lauds tolerance as a virtue rare. One preaches secular truth; the other adheres to would-be-divine falsehood. Orthodoxy has given us lascivious popes and immoral kings; Liberalism, scientists and historians. Orthodoxy has laid waste the one-time paradise of southern Europe; Liberalism is fast retrieving it. And to-day everybody in favor of universal mental liberty, in favor of truth and progress, in favor of peace and the cultivation of the liberal arts and sciences, has renounced the dogmatic theology of the past and adopted the progressiv tenets of Liberalism. These are the reasons why I am a Liberal.

GEO. H. SIEBEL.

*Pittsburgh, Pa.*

## Counsels to the Young.

You were made to be clean and neat in your person and in your dress, and gentlemanly and ladylike in your manners. If you hav not been bitten by a mad dog, don't be afraid of fresh water. There is enough water in the world to keep everybody clean; but there is a great deal of it that never finds its right place. Take as much as you need. The people of the West boast of their great rivers—I would rather they would boast of using a large tubful of their water every day. Contract no such rule as chewing or smoking tobacco. So long as a man chews or smokes, though a very Chesterfield in everything else that pertains to his appearance, he can never be *quite* a gentleman. You were made to be kind, and generous, and magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry boy, giv him a part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him get his lessons. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgiv him, and request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is to hav a great soul than a great fist. You were made to learn. Be sure you learn something every day. When you go to bed at night, if you cannot think of something new which you hav learned during the day, spring up and find a book, and get an idea before you sleep. If you were to stop eating, would not your bodies pine and famish? If you stop conning, your minds will pine and famish too. You all desire that your bodies should thrive and grow, until you become as tall and large as your father or mother, or other people. You would not like to stop growing where you are now—at three feet high, or four feet, or even at five. But if you do not feed your minds as well as your bodies, they will stop growing; and one of the poorest, meanest, most despicable things I hav ever seen in the world is a little mind in a great body. Suppose there was a museum in your neighborhood, full of rare and splendid curiosities, would you not like to go and see it? Would you not think it unkind if you were forbidden to visit it? The creation is a museum, all full and crowded with wonders, and beauties, and glories. One door, and only one, is open by which you can enter this magnificent temple. It is the door of knowledge. The learned laborer, the learned peasant, or slave, is ever made welcome at this door, while the ignorant, though kings, are shut out.

*Nat Moore, N. C.* CHARLES CORBET.

## A Safe Bet.

It is the father of a precocious two-and-one-half-years-old who tells that the child was once watching a lady make her toilet. The old lady had removed her false hair and her false teeth, when the astonished small boy said, "Bet yer can't take yez neck off!"

## Correspondence.

BOSTON, MASS., Dec. 14, 287.

MY DEAR MISS WIXON: I desire to thank you for that excellent sketch of the life and services of the noble-hearted and liberal-minded Frances Wright which appeared in the last TRUTH SEEKER. Inclosed I send a children's article, written by a colored man down South, entitled, "Counsels to the Young," which I think will meet also with your approbation, as it does with my own, most unqualifiedly.

Hastily, but very truly, yours,

GEO. N. HILL.

[We thank our friend for his kind appreciation of our efforts, and agree with him so well in approval of the article mentioned that we copy it elsewhere. It is full of good sense and wise counsel, and Brother Hill will please accept our thanks for taking the trouble to forward it.—ED. C. C.]

CHICAGO, ILL., Dec. 10, 1887.

MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Dear Madam:* I am more than pleased with the result, and consider the essays to be far superior to anything I had imagined. I only wish that I was sufficiently well supplied with the world's goods, I would gladly make each competitor a suitable present; but, as my resources are limited, I am compelled to confine myself within my means.

I hardly know what to say in regard to the merits of the respectiv essays. They are all so good that it is difficult to decide in what order they should be placed. However, I will make a selection, subject to your revision, as I shall rely entirely on your wider knowledge of such matters: Geo. H. Siebel, Pittsburgh, Pa., first prize; Margaret Colvin, Omaha, Neb., second; Laura Price Stewart, Denver, Col., third; and to little Celie James,* Zaliski, O., I wish to tender my heartiest thanks for her noble little effort.

I trust you will rearrange this list in any manner you deem advisable.

I inclose herewith an express money order for $6, and hav forwarded by express to your address all essays I received. I am,

Yours respectfully, B. H. MARLETT.

[By the above letter it will be seen to whom hav been awarded the three prizes offered by B. H. Marlett, of Chicago, for best essays on the subject, "Why I Am a Liberal." The essays, seventeen in number, are all creditable, and show that we hav intelligent, wide-awake, and thoughtful children in our ranks. The essays will all be printed in their order, and we thank all who hav responded so nobly to Mr. Marlett's kind offer. And, in this connection, we would ask our children to write occasional essays for the Corner, on any topic interesting to them, such as Love of Nature; Why Should We Be Kind to Animals? The Value of Living; What is True Happiness? and similar subjects. We will cheerfully print the thoughts of the children, no matter how crudely expressed. Nobody expects a child to write like a grown person, but by thinking and reading the mind is improved.—ED. C. C.]

* Celie is the youngest competitor. Her age is eight years.


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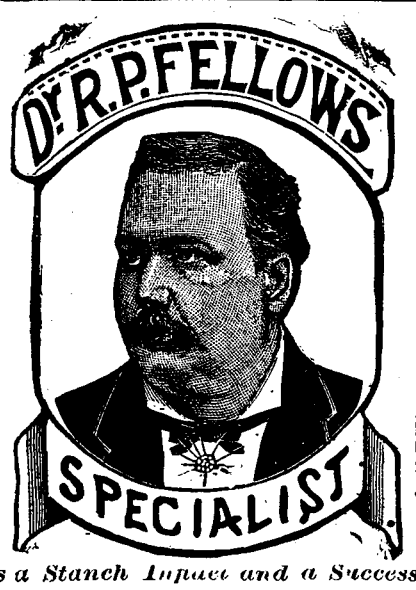
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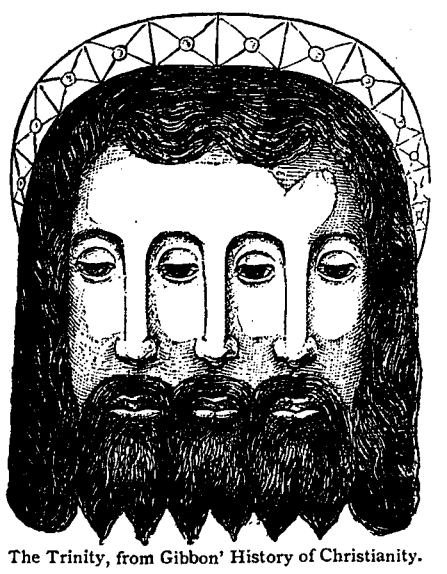
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Falls softly on the perfumed air,
And speaking eyes return again
A love that lips would fain declare.
There coyish maid and haughty dame
Display to roving eyes their charms,
And fluttering o'er love's garish flame
They eager list its fond alarms.
Presides with pride our finance king,
And there with dué humility
His courtiers sit, and to him bring
Reports of their servility.
The pulpit, press, the bench, the bar,
Outvie with each in servitude;
Great riches is their guiding star,
And poverty but turpitude.
The rotund priest recounts with pride
How freemen's rights to vote at will
Hav been by churchly power denied,
And pliant fools proved asses still.
"The press, O king! has boldly told
A thousand lies per diem for thee,
And well has earned thy shining gold,
Thou king of moneyocracy!"
"Ex parte decisions," shouts the bench,
"Hav shielded thee behind the law
To honest nostrils loud the stench,
Yet still supreme thy ravenous maw."
"Thou knowest, O great king! the bar
Are mute admirers of thy skill;
Thy gold they've scented from afar;
Command them at thy sweetest will."
The king of gold, with twinkling eye,
Now smiling rises to respond,
When objects strange he doth espy,
Which strike him with amazement dumb.
For, see! within an open door
A motley crowd are filing in,
With faces wan and raiment poor,
Victims of want, of wrong, and sin.
The miner grim, the factory hand,
And artisans of every trade
In mute appeal in silence stand,
By rank injustice paupers made.
"Out of my sight," ere yet he spake,
Or echoed through that lordly hall,
The stoutest hearts were made to quake;
For, see! from yonder paneled wall,
A figure of historic name
Emerges from its polished face,
Amid supernal light aflame,
Reveals the savior of our race.
A death-like hush falls over all,
And ashy lips and staring eyes,
As on that Godlike form they fall
In abject trembling, mute surprise;
And now, O wonder and amaze!
Is slowly lifted arm and hand,
And with a lightning glance of rage
He points with gesture of command
To tablets on the wall, which sprung
In human sight conjoint with him,
On which were words for ages sung
By Christian saints absolved from sin.

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE TABLETS.
"Feed my lambs."
"Ye cannot serve God and mammon."
"O ye hypocrits! ye can discern the face of the sky, but can ye not discern the signs of the times?"
"For I say unto you that, except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of heaven."
"What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man giv in exchange for his soul?"

And then his voice fell on the ear,
And bowed was every knee,
And fell the penitential tear,
But not in mockery.

"Ye vipers! and for thee I died,
For thee I suffered on the cross;
Your clan for ages hav but lied,
And deemed my love as worthless dross.
For, see! my father's children cry,
Are hungered, and ye feed them not;
They faint, they starve, despairing die,
And praise ye God 'tis not your lot.
Know, then, 'tis I that bend the neck,
And groan o'er unrequited task;
'Tis I your murderous course will check,
Tear from your face the Christian mask.
See! death is claiming every hour
The victims of unnatural greed;
And yet you revel in your power,
With not a thought for others' need.
Where is the love ye bear for me
Ye sing in song, ye mouth in prayer,
While millions liv in misery,
All children of my father's care?
I love them all; the lowliest one
My spirit bears through life's brief hour;
Offense to them is to God's son
The deadliest insult in thy power.
Your churches and cathedrals all,
Without my human love,
Your heavenly father doth appal—
Are cursed from above.
Then quick expel that primal wrong,
That rank injustice to the race,
That God's fair earth is for the strong,
And not for all a biding place.
Ye are but tenants for a day,
And love's the only current coin
Your father asks of you to pay;
Why from the weak will ye purloin?
Eternal justice reared the earth,
And ruleth through infinity;
The earth's for all that's granted birth,
Speak nature and divinity.
Expunge your laws that from the slime
Of selfishness uprose;
Though they hav stood uncounted time,
They're heaven's infernal foes.
And now farewell! This cowering mass
Cry justice, and from thee.
Giv it, as you hope to pass
Safe through eternity."

He vanished with the motley train,
And those who saw now deem
It but a mirage of the brain
And unsubstantial dream.

WM. ALLEN SMITH.

## Obituary.

DIED.—Oct. 28, 1887, Salem Lewis, Aged 50 years.

Just at the noon of life he has fallen asleep. But he has left behind something for us to admire, something for us to imitate—a noble, true manhood; an upright, honest life. Quiet and unassuming, though firm in his convictions, he believed in no future punishments and asked not for any future rewards, yet ever held that each one should bear the consequences of his acts.

He tried to pluck from this world all the enjoyment that he could, ever holding aloft the motto, "The time to be happy is now, and the place to be happy is here."

Fighting disease for seven years, yet his brave and cheerful spirit shone over the wreck and ruin of his body like morning on the desert.

Having done his duty as a citizen, as a son, as a brother, as a husband and father, he had no fears of death, because, to one of his belief, death is as natural as life.

Standing at his open grave I could but think: If death ends all with thee, it is well; or if it be the opening of a life beyond, thy noble manhood, thine uprightness of character, thine honesty of purpose, are by far a nobler passport than any church or creed can giv.

Farewell, Salem! May the record of thy life be to us a guiding star, and ever, as we visit thy grave, may we reverently feel, here lies one who dared to die as he had lived, a fearless, honest, upright man.

He liveth long who liveth well,
And, be his station low or high,
He who the most good deeds can tell
Livs longest, though he soonest die.

*Greene, N. Y.* J. H. LENDERSON.

RIVERTON, IA., Nov. 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I desire to inform our Liberal friends, especially our sympathetic and personal ones, of a sad occurrence—the death of my wife, whose confidence and love I was so fortunate as to possess. Some seven weeks ago she left our home to visit her parents, brother, sisters, and friends, and, through unforeseen events upon the route, became exposed to trials that aggravated an abnormal condition of the heart and by which she caught cold. As a result, a series of acute troubles followed, and death, that insidious extinguisher of life's light, came in to finish. The result to me is hard to express. I had prepared an address for delivery at her grave, but, my arrival being too late, I was not enabled to giv it. A. K. MOTT.

## A New Work on Lincoln.

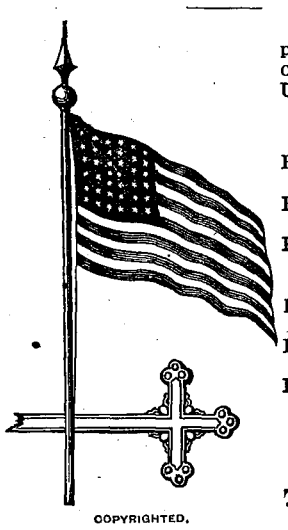
There is no name dearer to the American heart than that of Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln is especially admired by Liberals because he was wise enough and brave enough to discard the popular creed. Numerous biographies of this man hav appeared, but with the exception of Lamon's Life, all of them are grossly inaccurate in many particulars. The Life of Lincoln now appearing in the *Century* is probably destined to become the standard biography. It is a work of great merit, and is in the main a truthful record of the life of the great emancipator. But this work is devoted principally to his public career. Early in 1888 a new work, dealing chiefly with the inside life of Lincoln, will appear. It has been written by Hon. W. H. Herndon, and no man living is better fitted for such a task. Mr. Herndon was Lincoln's lifelong friend, and for more than twenty years his law partner; the partnership existing up to the time of Lincoln's death. Mr. Herndon has been most shamefully maligned and persecuted by the church for what he has already published in regard to Lincoln's religious opinions, and I hope the Liberals of this country will endeavor to counteract this opposition as far as possible by extending the circulation of the forthcoming book. J. E. REMSBURG.


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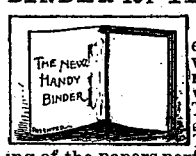
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THOSE dealers still handling oleomargarine are being apprehended.

BRAZILIAN planters owning 2,500 slaves hav resolved to free them.

BOYCOTTS are still continued with their former frequency and effect, but more secretly.

VIOLENT feuds and assaults, and in some cases murders, are numerous throughout the country between the Prohibitionists and the Anti's.

BISMARCK, while describing the support of the present vast army as an intolerable burden, calls upon the Reichstag for additional supplies.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the elevation of Pope Leo XIII. to the priesthood was celebrated at Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 18th by a monster parade.

THE English Tory ministry seems anxious to establish regular diplomatic relations with the Vatican, for the purpose, the Irish emancipators say, of "bartering Irish rights."

THE Pennsylvania law, just passed, levying high liquor license and requiring as sureties against law-breaking bonds so high that few can giv them, is lessening the number of saloons.

THERE is feeling in London against the Board of Works, excited by exposure of its corruption. It refuses an inquiry into the case of one Robertson, who keeps horses, carriages, and a splendid mansion on £400 a year, and whose malversations are proved and admitted by all.

BILLS hav been introduced in the new Congress providing that that body pass uniform marriage and divorce laws; that it prohibit the manufacture and sale of liquors; that it reject immigrants not having sufficient means to support themselvs and families six months, and that a postal telegraph be established.

THE Federation of Labor has hit upon the plan of extending the use of the union-label to goods of all kinds that can bear a label. This, they think, will accomplish their ends without strike or direct boycott, as it will cause a powerful demand for union-made goods, and non-union goods will not be sold.

THE book written by Parsons in jail is about to be published. An extract from Macaulay prophesying a contest between the rich and the poor in America is a text to the first part. The second part is prefaced by an extract from John Ruskin denouncing the capitalists of Europe as thieves and the cause of all wars.

LAST Sunday, in London, one Linnell, a member of the radical labor parties, who died from injuries inflicted by the police in suppressing the recent Trafalgar square labor demonstrations, was followed to the grave by an immense procession. The coffin was covered with a red flag, and violent Socialistic speeches were made.

A BILL has been introduced in the German parliament authorizing the expulsion of all Socialists who hav incurred penalties for violations of the Anti-Socialist law, or by belonging to secret societies, which is forbidden by existing laws. In accordance with the provisions of this bill most of the Socialist members of the Reichstag may be expelled from Germany. The bill also permits the punishment of any one taking part in a Socialist Congress.


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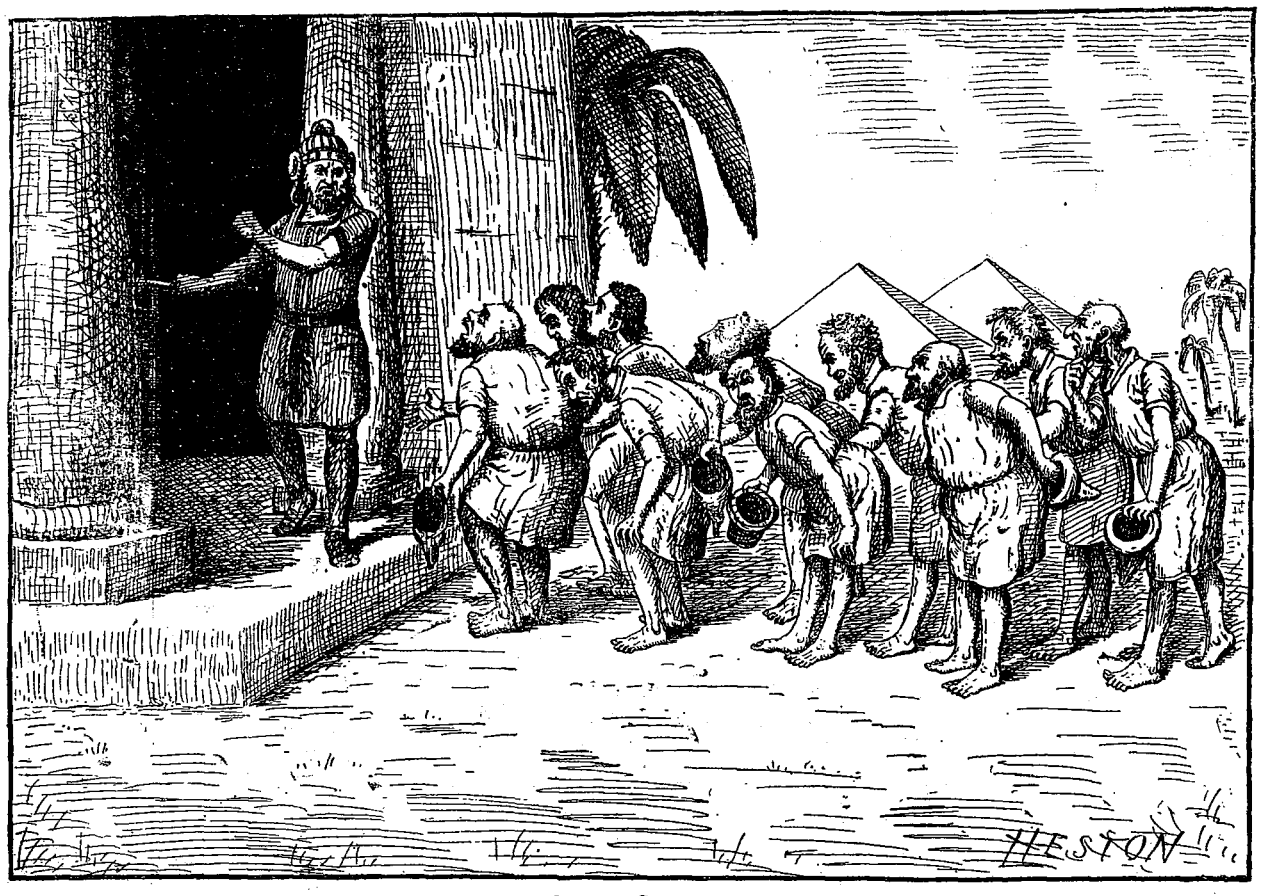
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And Joseph saw his brethren, and he knew them, but made himself strange unto them, and spake roughly unto them; and he said unto them, Whence come ye? And they said, From the land of Canaan, to buy food.—Gen. xlii, 7.

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ROBBIE: "Mamma, doesn't it make your hands warm to spank me?" Mamma: "Why, yes, Robbie, it does" Robbie: "Wouldn't it do just as well then, mamma, to go and hold 'em over the register."

"AH, my son," said the minister, "I'm glad to see you in the Sunday-school at last. Is this your first Sunday?" "Yes, sir." "How do you like it?" "Oh, guess I kin stand it until after the Christmas tree."

THE Boston *Transcript* believes the first mention of playing cards is found in the Bible, *i.e.*, "when Neb euchred Nezzar." An impression prevailed that it was when Satan played the deuce in the garden of Eden—beat a pair, as it were.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer-Sun* says: "A Baptist minister brought suit against the membership of his church for the amount due him as pastor, and was defeated. He now makes a criminal case of it by having the parties arrested on the charge of getting religion under false pretense."

"IF I should tell you, dear," he said, "that my love for you had grown cold; that I had ceased to care for you, and that the happy time when I shall claim you as my ownest own will never, never be, would it really be a trial to you, darling?" "Yes, George," shyly admitted the girl, "it would be a breach of promis trial."

WIFE (returned from church): "You should hav heard Mr. Goodman's sermon this morning, my dear. I don't know when anything has made such a profound impression upon me." Husband: "Did you walk home?" Wife: "No, I took a street-car; and do you know, John, the conductor never asked me for my fare. Wasn't I lucky?"

PROHIBITIONIST: "There, sir, Mr. De Wine, look at that man. Did you ever see such a rum-soaked specimen?" De Wine: "I never did. He's a wreck, sure enough. Been a hard drinker all his life, evidently. See here, my good man, hav you any home to go to?" Dilapidated specimen: "No, sir, I'm a stranger among strangers." "Where did you come from?" "I just come from Maine."

"WHAT curious substance hav you in that vessel?' asked Society, meeting a stranger coming out of the dissecting room. "Brains," replied Truth. "Brains which I hav just taken from a poor dead scholar." "Let me look at them," said Society, eagerly. "I never saw any before. Let me look at them; how are they worn?" "In the head," replied Truth. "Ont of sight?" asked Society. "Entirely." "Take them away; I hav no use for such ornaments." And so Truth went on into the college with her brains, and Society went on her way without any.

THE Boston *Post* says that Governor Taylor of Tennessee recently told of a colored clergyman who preached a sermon on the text: "And the multitudes came to him, and he healed them of divers diseases." Said he: "My dying congregation, this is a terrible text. Disease is in the world. The smallpox slays its hundreds, the cholera its thousands, and the yellow fever its tens of thousands; but, in the language of the text, if you take the divers, you are gone. These earthly doctors can cure the smallpox, cholera, and yellow fever if they get there in time, but nobody but the good Lord can cure the divers."

THE MAN HE WANTED.

"Do you suspect any of the clerks?" asked the detectiv, who had been called in to investigate a robbery.

"Decidedly not," replied the merchant. "The only one who has the handling of the money is above any suspicion. He is such an exemplary young man that he curtails his time for luncheon so as to be able to read the Bible he keeps in his desk."

"Point him out to me," cried the detectiv, rubbing his hands with delight; "he's the very man I want."

"FATHER," said Rollo, "why do baseball pitchers get so much larger salaries than preachers?" "Sh!" said Rollo's father (who is a deacon), cautiously, "come here into the back room behind the door. Sh! Sometimes—only sometimes, mind you—it is because the pitcher trains longer, always finds his sermon in his text, never pitches for political effect, never tries to pitch when he and all his congregation are morally and physically satisfied that he can't; and, in fact, if he can't pitch, there isn't a church in America that would giv him a place in the battery, even if he offered to come without salary and pay his own expenses. See?" Rollo said that he thought his father had got some of his technical terms a little mixed, but, on the whole, he caught on. Sometimes, you see, Rollo is a little slow, and Rollo's father does not always express himself very clearly. But still. However. Nevertheless.

A LOT of people were staring yesterday forenoon into the sunny window of a curiosity shop on Clay street. The attraction was a lot of little nuts spread on a sheet of paper. They were popping about like things of life. "What are they?" asked an Eastern lady. "Chestnuts," ventured an old Californian. "The proper name for them," said a member of the Academy of Sciences, "is spirit beans. They're also sometimes called electric beans. There is nothing mysterious about them. They grow in Mexico and Central America. A variety of the ichneumon pierces an almost microscopic hole in the nut with its oviposator and deposits the eggs. From the egg comes a grub that feeds upon the interior of the nut until a space is formed. It is the convulsiv motions of the grub which produces the action that astonishes you. Until revived by the heat, the grub lies dormant. If allowed to develop naturally, it would eat its way out and become an ichneumon fly, a sort of winged beetle." "Any charge," inquired the old Californian. "None," said the member of the Academy of Sciences. "Some time, however," he added, "you might like to drop round and see me," and he handed the old Californian a saloon card.


**THE TRUTH SEEKER ANNUAL.**
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## Gems of Thought.

LET us regard the men of science, teachers of Nature, the expounders of her laws, the demonstrators of her forces, those who show us the danger in violating her exactions, as our best friends. Let us learn their lessons, let us study their works, let us studiously seek all the information they hav to impart.—*D. M. Bennett.*

THE highest and greatest commandment laid on man is to endeavor to obtain right and justice for all—which means happiness for all. This endeavor—this obtaining right and justice for all—the standard of whose world-wide and resistless progress will ultimately be the utilitarian era alone—not as caricatured by mockers of imagined pigs, but as continuously improved, verified, altered, and elevated by rational, really benevolent, far-seeing minds—this aim, this tendency, it is that renders worthy of highest honor the patient search for truth, and, when truth is found, the determined struggle against all tyrannies and lies, whether grossly obvious in fire and chains and murder, or more dangerously concealed in bad social usages and beliefs.—*The Ten Commandments, by W. P. Ball.*

WHEN Moses told the children of Israel that he received the two tables of the Commandments from the hands of God, they were not obliged to believe him, because they had no other authority for it than his telling them so. The Commandments carry no internal evidences of divinity with them; they contain some good moral precepts, such as any man, qualified to be a lawgiver, could produce himself, without having recourse to supernatural intervention.—*Paine's Age of Reason.*

THOUGH it should turn out that the ascent of man has been not only from the lowest savagery, but from the lowest animal forms, I see not how that would abate our reverence for him one particle. Hav we not always more respect for those who rise in the world than for those who remain stationary or who decline? "The fall of man"—that was a degradation. The rise of man—no matter from what original condition—that is an honor. Resentment of Darwin's theory, as degrading to mankind, comes with an ill grace from those who hold the Calvinistic creed, the purport of which is (I quote the words of Calvin himself) that a man is totally depraved, "entirely despoiled and destitute of everything connected with eternal life, so that even our natural faculties are all depraved and contaminated."—*Chadwick's Higher Reverence.*

FOR to him that is joined to all the living there is hope; for a living dog is better than a dead lion. For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not anything; neither hav they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten. Also their love and their hatred and their envy is now perished; neither hav they any more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun.—*Ecclesiastes* ix, 4 6.

MAN is so constituted, the Materialist [Freethinker, Secularist, scientist, Agnostic, Infidel, etc.] holds, that he has faculties and powers, by the exercise of which he can acquire knowledge and better his condition, without any book revelation to guide him. The disciplin and development of mind that result from his efforts to get knowledge are more valuable than his mere acquirements. Man has become what he is, we hold, by the use of his powers to better his condition. It is evident to us that all the wisdom in the Old Testament was learned by man's observation and experience. Man is more advanced now than formerly, and while he accepts what a larger experience and a more enlightened reason approve, he rejects as erroneous and foolish much that was cherished in ancient times. Observation, experience, and reason, and not a book-revelation, embodying the errors, as well as the wisdom, of the past, are the highest and best guides for man.—*Underwood's Materialism and Christianity.*

SERENE will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
—*Wordsworth.*

DR. PATTON, the prosecutor and persecutor of David Swing—one of the most talented and most forward-looking of American divines—writes, in the *Independent*, on "The Responsibilities of a Creator." This is a moral aspect of the universe that has often been overlooked by Calvinistic writers. And the trouble is that, when the question is fairly faced, Calvinism, as a system, goes to pieces, and the truths which it contained must find other form. "At the judgment day," says Dr. Patton, "God will submit his own conduct to the judgment of his rational universe." [Here Dr. Patton has surely stolen Colonel Ingersoll's thunder?] But we need not wait for that visionary and improbable day to arrive; for the conduct of the creator is daily submitted to the judgment of the rational universe, and human education consists in the double task of learning what that conduct is, and then in adjusting life to its beneficent laws.—*Christian Register.*

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HOW SOME OF THE SAINTS AMUSE THEMSELVS.

FIRST ANGEL: "Look, sweet saint, yonder lies my father in the flames!"
SECOND ANGEL: "Yes, and there is my little babe."
BOTH ANGELS IN CHORUS: "Oh, isn't this bliss? Hallelujah!"

## Notes and Clippings.

AT the recent Methodist conference in Danville, Va., when it came to appointing committees, a motion was made to appoint one on temperance. "No, sir," said Bishop Key, of Georgia. "We do not appoint committees on temperance. We hav passed temperance down in my country, and now call it Prohibition." A committee on Prohibition was appointed.

THE eternal damnation of those who hav not accepted Christ is not an unsettled question with the Baptist *Watchman*. "It is a question," it says, "of the most tremendous practical moment, and one to which the scriptures giv a plain and decisiv, though a fearful, answer. 'For as many as hav sinned without law, shall also perish without law.' . . . While I was musing the fire burnt—and while so-called Christian teachers are musing about possibilities of future probation, the fire of death burns on."

THE Rev. Dr. D. C. Kelby, of Nashville, whose remarks in connection with the Emma Abbott episode were construed to be a defense of the theater, was so beset by his Methodist brethren that he has published a card in which he "regrets and withdraws" previous statements and declares that he is "opposed to any attendance at theaters by members of our church, and upholds our ministers in the correction of this evil by public and private admonition, and by patient but firm administration of disciplin."

"THE little child familiar with the Christian catechism is really more enlightened on truths that should come home to every rational mind than the most profound philosophers of pagan antiquity, or even of the so-called philosophers of our own times. He has mastered the great problem of life. He knows his origin, his sublime destiny, and the means of attaining it." This utterance, remarks Mr. B. R. Tucker, is not from *Puck*, but from an article by that gifted amateur humorist, Cardinal Gibbons, in the *North American Review*.

WM. W. JORDAN, a faith doctor, has been living in Selma, Ala., for twelve months, and has in that time acquired great influence over the negroes, whom he told that he had come to redeem the Jews. He arranged for a Passover feast at the house of two negro women in the outskirts of the city this morning, and told them that a sacrifice was necessary. Frances Driver said she was willing to offer herself as a sacrifice, and laid her head on the table. Jordan thereupon took a sword and struck her several times on the neck and stabbed her a number of times, killing her instantly. The body was then dragged out into the street by the two other women. A white woman witnessed the affair and gave the alarm. Jordan and two of his disciples hav been arrested.

ONE morning last week when Cleveland, O., was being showered with little slips of paper on one side of which was printed in red ink the single word, "HELL," and on the other side in black letters, "Go TO Music Hall to-night," a prominent Christian gentleman crossing the square on his way to his place of business was accosted and shown the "Hell" side of one of these dodgers, and it made him talk right out. Said he: "A man who will get out such an advertisment as that ought to be arrested for blasphemy. It is an outrage on decency." The good man was then shown the reverse side of the paper, when, after a moment's pause, his words were as follows: "Ahem—well—I don't know—possibly allowance must be made—Munhall & Towner, good men—little late—good morning."

THE Boston *Budget* says: "There is, after all, a good deal of satisfaction in being superstitious. To be able to charge all puzzling and inexplicable occurrences to invisible superstitious agency is a convenient method of getting rid of troublesome doubts or wearisome inquiry into hidden causes. A poor solution of a difficulty may not, to a profound thinker, be better than none, but it is infinitly more comforting to ordinary human beings. Men feel, moreover, that in acknowledging that there may be truth in astrology, charlatanism, and all the rest, they hav been in a manner brought into a mystic brotherhood, and most people hav a certain secret notion that the very confession of faith is in some way a sort of propitiatory offering to unseen powers. Mystery has always a fascination for man, and almost any scheme of deception can succeed if it can but veil itself into a semi-obscurity and pique the awe-struck curiosity of the ignorant. A very small basis of truth serves as a sufficient basis upon which to erect a very substantial structure of delusion, as the history of innumerable quacks and impostors has testified through all the centuries since civilization began. It is not so much that men like to be deceived as that they enjoy deceiving themselvs under the pretense that they stand in the presence of some inscrutable mystery before which, since human reason is sure to prove unavailing, it is foolish to attempt to be reasonable or logical at all. To be freed from thinking is, after all, the delight which ensnares more of mankind than any other temptation." Does the *Budget* offer this as a theory to account for the prevalence of Christianity?

W. H. BENSON, 1225 Filbert street, Philadelphia, announces that he is about to found a Socialist church, the members of which will believe in God and a life hereafter. All members will be requested to take the following oath: I hereby solemnly swear that I will not rob, cheat, strike, tell lies about, communicate disease to, nor injure in any way a fellow-member of this church. I also swear that I will drink distilled and fermented liquors with great care and moderation. I also swear that I will not lend money to, nor borrow money from, a member of this church, except as a regular business transaction. I also swear that, as far as I am able, I will keep my body, clothes, and dwelling in a clean and healthy condition. I also swear that I will giv to this church, every year, one per cent of my income, provided said one per cent is not more than $50

# Communications.

## Religious Problems.

The religious problems which demand the attention of man to-day are those which relate to humanity more than to divinity. The religion of the dead which worshiped gods is outgrown; we want the religion of the living which helps man. Men will cease to build churches and temples when they learn what they are built for. They will cease to believe the creeds of churches when they learn to trust their own reason and common sense. When men cease to fear God they will cease to worship him. We want no more objects of worship. We have thrown away our offerings; we have wasted our libations by pouring them upon altars. The world has lost much and gained little by worship. If what has been done for gods had all been done for men, I dare not say how fair our world would be. I care not with how tender thoughts we remember the dead, nor with what lofty words we reverence the world's heroes, but I would not have our thoughts led by superstition, nor our reverence employed to arrest the world's progress. There has always been a tendency in humanity to worship, which is only a desire to stop. The world, as it stands worshiping God to-day, is like mankind grouped around a statue or a picture in stupid wonder. Our force is not to be spent in admiration, but in the race for the admirable. When men stop to worship they seem to say in their action, We give it up.

Let us not forget that the altar was first a tomb—a place for dead men. It is no place for live men to-day. We should not know where to find God if we wished to ask his help. He is never where he is wanted. He is always too late to prevent an accident. He is only a coroner. We are told that "God will wipe all tears from our eyes." We can do that ourselves. How much better it would be to prevent our tears than to dry them—to stop the train before it takes its leap of death than to go to the funeral of the victims! Faith in God is good for nothing when there is a flaw in the bridge. I do not know whether it is Atheism to say that man has no other power but his own to depend upon, but I know it is a fact. Faith in God is a continual disappointment. It ends in despair, or in faith in man.

The world is turning away from worship. This is the assurance that a nobler duty is to be undertaken. Man can still bow his head in veneration of worth, but he does not care to be kept on his knees to a mummy.

When a nation bears a great man—one whose soul refuses to walk in the old ruts of custom, and whose nature is too large to be bound by the creed lines of the popular faith—it generally sees a particular divinity in such a man, and pronounces him either a prophet or messiah, and sets up his words as the commands of God. This has been the great error of the world. Every nation erects the effigy of some great life at the threshold of its territory, and nails a pious horseshoe over its every door to protect it from the spirit of reformation. It demands that all men shall worship its idol. How Arabia and Turkey cling to a festering corpse! How Europe and America still hold the cold hand of human idolatry! How China and India strain to their bosoms the dead form of a dead faith!

The world will never throb with new life until the spell of worship is broken. Nothing holds mankind down so much as veneration for its idols. Shake off the lethargy that worship has brought upon the soul. Live like men, and you need not worship gods. When we live true to the soul we cease to ask for anything. Worship is denial of self. Let us have no disputes about divinity. Let God take care of himself. The light of the stars proves their existence. The universe needs no counsel of defense. That which is evident need not be explained.

The great question for us to answer is not what God wants, but what man needs. Let us live to ourselves. Worship is interruption. Let our life satisfy. Worship is apology. If we are doing our best, what need to excuse our work? What good does it do to praise God? That is the truest love which obeys, not that which adores. We want willing hands, not lifted ones. Worship is superfluous. It adds nothing to the soul. It increases our cares, not our virtues. The test of everything is, Does it help man?

I challenge the church to prove its claim to man's support. It throws a shadow upon the earth, instead of letting more light upon it. The priest is in man's way. Worship is a compliment to the deity that he does not need, and a burden upon man which he is not able to bear. Nature does not worship. She grows. Worship is opposition to reform. It palsies the world's thought. It means stagnation. It is difficult to get advocated what will correct society, because mankind spends so much time in the church that it has no time to spend in the theater of improvement. Worship is hypocrisy's disguise. What a train of splendid deceit marches up the aisles of the church! What a mask is worship, but the world can see through it. When falsehood kneels in praise of truth; when extortion and cruelty call God father; when meanness and vice are the disciples of Jesus; and when crime and sin say, "Thy will be done," the name of religion is a blush on the forehead of the world.

The world's deeds are better than the church's faith. The layman's knowledge is ahead of the minister's sermon. The virtue which the noble soul is striving to attain makes the salvation offered to the believer mean and contemptible.

The institution that pretends to be the guardian of religion is a reproach to our enlightenment and a stain upon the age. The Christian scheme of saving man is a priestly device to trade upon immorality and sin. The church keeps the world ignorant, and hence sinful, for the sake of ecclesiastical plunder. There is nothing more in the way of religion than the church. If the church had persecuted only vicious men, ignorant men, immoral men, and those opposed to knowledge and liberty, we might frame some kind of excuse for it; some half-decent apology might be made in its behalf; but to persecute upright men and women, those who were moral and true, who were educated and earnest in their desire to spread the blessings of knowledge, and who lived to make the world free and fair, obliges us to denounce it as the foe of knowledge, truth, and liberty. Be it known and remembered that the pilgrims who came to these shores preferred facing icy waters and a wilderness to the fierce hate of the church; that they dreaded the red savage less than the white Christian, whose terrible deeds of persecution could make the heart of man quake with fear. The person who lives to please the church will not do much to benefit the world. The world and the church make different demands upon humanity; they pull in opposite directions. Man is seeking to know more that he may improve the earth he lives on, but the church teaches that faith is better for man than knowledge, as knowledge will only help him here, while faith will save him hereafter.

I should not want to bet much on a man being saved by faith. Faith is a way for a man to escape paying his debts; it is offering three cents on the dollar. A salvation of this kind is cheating somebody. In the scales of justice the smallest act of kindness weighs more than the largest confession of faith. Theological faith would get no rating by any commercial agency in the land. It would be marked N.G.

Theology can be run on a smaller capital than would be necessary to fit out a traveling tinker. It is the only business that can live on faith. There is something wrong somewhere, when faith can do so much for us in another world, and so little for us in this world. It looks as though somebody was lying. Eternal happiness to be purchased by faith, but not a Christian on earth would exchange his goods for it. Faith may make man an angel hereafter, but it would make him a tramp here. Work may not be accepted at the door of heaven, but it is honored on earth. The priest lives on the faith of others, not on his own.

This word has made too much noise. Faith is to be seen, not heard. Whenever faith has met a fact, it has gone down before it. This word has been the face of every imposition.

The gospel not according to Matthew says, Have faith that anything will be done, and it will not be done.

The man that reckons on being saved by faith is going to get left. You cannot pass yourself for more than you are worth. You cannot make the bottom stay on top, any more than the Irishman could have his cellar upstairs.

There is not one real, true, live word in the Christian vocabulary of salvation. Eden, the stage on which was performed the tragedy of original sin, is a dead word; devil, the name of the scaly gentleman who took the leading part in this tragedy, is a dead word; hell, the abode of all those who descended from the original sinners, is a dead word; Christ, the title of the man who offered to ransom the human race and save men and women from hell, is a dead word; atonement, the word that stands for the expiation to be made by Christ, is a dead word. These words that the Christian church uses in its exhortations to mankind have no heart of truth in them. They stand for no facts; they represent no realities. Take away these dead words from the Christian preacher, and you take away his powder, shot, and wads. Let the Christian be held to facts, and obliged to tell the truth, and his lips would be dumb. There never was such a place as the Garden of Eden; never such an individual as the devil. There is no such place as hell. There never was a Christ, and no atonement made, for there was no necessity of any being made. If there were no such thing as faith, Christianity could not make a convert on the earth. If ministers were obliged to furnish the proof of their statements, there would be no preaching.

I know that those who are outside of the Christian church are looked upon as having a mere vagabond religion, or none at all, but we need not be afraid of unjust opinions. America needs to-day a thousand men who dare to speak the truth. We want the courage which will face the fate of saying what is true, and of doing what is right.

We best serve the purpose of life by doing whatever lies within our power to make life true and beautiful.

In the eyes of orthodoxy a Liberal is a revolutionist, a Communist, a violator of law, and a destroyer of all religious things. He is regarded as a dangerous character, as seeking to overthrow human government on earth and the divine government in the skies. But the Liberal is maligned. He is a reformer, not a revolutionist; a preserver of peace, not a destroyer; an advocate of law, not a transgressor. He is an innovator, not a violator. He attacks nothing that is right, nothing that is true. Though he has no reverence for what the church calls holy, his would be the last hand raised to strike the sacred things of the heart. Though he has no belief in the popular superstitions, his would be the last voice to decry the influence of moral ideas. Though he has no worship to offer the church's Gods, his would be the last soul to refuse assistance to man, or honor to a noble humanity.

The Liberal would put life for belief, action for acting, and sincerity for pious pretension.

It is no uncommon thing for men and women to attend a church where are taught the Christian doctrines who do not believe what they hear. It is a fact that a large number of people go Sunday after Sunday to a Christian church who regard Christianity as irrational and untenable as a special revelation. It is the popular hypocrisy of society to go to church and believe nothing of what you hear. There is an easy and agreeable way of excusing such dishonesty by saying they go for the music and singing. A good choir covers a lot of bad theology. I do not blame anybody for denying that they go to church to hear orthodoxy preached. That music has greater charms than the average sermon I can well believe, but it strikes me that a person that will go to an orthodox church for the sake of hearing the singing must agree with the boy who was punished for eating the jelly, "that he got a good deal of licking for a mighty little jelly." One of the saddest sights in society is the hypocrisy in religious matters, the apparent absence of all respect for one's own religious opinions.

Freedom is the one condition necessary to the solution of those religious problems which relate to human welfare; and for man to reach his natural destiny, the whole world must be free to his hands, to his feet, to his mind, and to his soul. That part of the earth that the light of liberty has illumined is the brightest spot on the globe, and man is happiest, noblest, manliest, where he is freest. There is nothing more needed to-day than a Declaration of Religious Independence. We need to assert with the force of full faith in man: We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created religiously equal; that they are endowed with certain religious rights; that among these are the rights to believe what is reasonable and to disbelieve what is unreasonable; to hold such ideas of the universe as accord with our knowledge, and to reject such notions as seem absurd and childish; to oppose all that tends to keep man in ignorance and fear; to teach whatever is calculated to improve the physical, mental, and moral state of humanity, and to make life bright with joy and hope. We need to declare that we are free from all the creeds of Christendom. To be free is all that man can ask for; he must do the rest.

We demand freedom from all priestly authority and control. We want no pet dogma, no pet man. We have no faith in a cross for human wrongs, or a Christ for human sins. No man is wise enough to tell everybody how to live, nor good enough for everyone to follow. We do not believe in salvation after death.

The time to learn to swim is before we get drowned. The time to save man is when there is something to save. It is our duty to so arrange the conditions of life that man cannot get lost. Safety is what we want, not a savior. We must subjugate circumstances and make every soul master of its own destiny. The knowledge to determine events is the power to control them. The world must be taught how to direct the issues of life. The religious necessity is not a revival of interest in the Christian doctrines, but an education that shall enable man to prevent what brings disaster to himself and misery to others. We also need the wisdom of conscience. It is well to heed what starts a pain in the body or mind. Conscience is the needle of the moral compass which points toward the pole-star of right. It indicates the fixed north in the heavens of endeavor. A great many people are wrecked and ruined because they do not know that there is any way to live and enjoy life and avoid wreck and ruin. They must be told better.

The tree of the knowledge of good and evil ought to be set on every man's estate, and its fruits be free to all, and the old trees of ignorance and superstition, whose timber has been used in the building of churches, should be uprooted and burnt, root, trunk, branch, and leaf. It is time knowledge was made a saint, and ignorance a demon. The old notion that

man does not need to know much if he only has religion, does not tally with the ideas of this century.

Religion is a good thing for man, but man can be religious without being tied by some sectarian halter to the feed-trough of a denomination and fed on the creed of a church. He must accept no substitute of belief for the right performance of duty; no trick of worship or delusion of prayer for those religious actions that are necessary for man to show and man to receive, and which, in their nature, are like the falling dews of heaven upon the dying grasses of earth. We want a religion that encircles human life with an atmosphere of moral sweetness, as the flower is surrounded with the perfume of its own loveliness.

I take it that religion, if it means one thing more than another, means work, higher and better work for a higher and better life on earth; work of head and hand, of heart and soul; for head and hand, for heart and soul; work to lighten the burdens of the world; work for human emancipation, for human happiness, for human elevation; high work and noble work, to do the best that our natures call for, to answer our longings, to defend our rights, and to defeat vice and wrong-doing. L. K. Washburn.

## The Golden Rule in Trade.

There is a general admission that business morality is not what it should be. To outstrip competitors in the strife for wealth men resort to numberless methods of artifice and deceit. The ancients praised poverty, but, as Mr. Macgrawler said to Paul Clifford, "that was the poverty of other people." The dread of poverty now impels men to get riches—honestly if they can—but get riches. A remedy for this state of things would be found in the application of the Golden Rule to trade. 500 B C., Confucius, when asked if there was one word which would serve as a rule of conduct for all of life, replied, "Is not reciprocity such a word? What you do not want done to yourself do not do to others." In its modern form, "Do unto others as you would hav others do unto you," this maxim is called the Golden Rule; but it is better expressed in the words, Do unto others as it is right you should wish others to do unto you. The adoption of this principle would banish injustice from the world.

Why is it not more generally applied? It has been inculcated by all sages and teachers for two thousand years, and yet selfishness predominates in every sphere of life. Thales, 600 B.C., instructed men to love their enemies, but to-day the nations of the world are armed for battle, men enact revengeful strife in trade, and few enemies are loved, except such as the Indian told the missionary that he loved —rum and cider.

The Golden Rule has failed of adoption because the inducement has been insufficient. The rewards hav been promised in a future life, and too slight assurance has been given of present welfare. Honesty has not been proved to be the best policy to gain wealth. Grasping, unscrupulous men, or those whose businesses are benefited by tariffs, bounties, and exemptions at the expense of other occupations, are the ones that thrive the most, and those who are deprived of these and other inequitable advantages are incited to get even by immoral means. The old theology teaches man's depravity, but it is false. Men, as a rule, desire to be good, but necessity makes them bad.

In order to insure well-doing it must appeal to self-interest here and now. It needs to be shown that the truest selfishness is promoted by a regard for others. It must become necessary to do right in order to secure good in the present. But the prevailing system of unrestricted competition in trade, and of engaging men for wages, to produce goods for the profit of employers, is opposed to the idea of reciprocity, and while it lasts the Golden Rule will not bear sway. It is not enough to preach morality and giv education; prosperity must be assured to the well-doer. The great Chinese sage was asked by a disciple, "Since the people are so numerous, what more is needed?" Confucius replied, "Make them well off." "After that what else?" "Instruct them." This is the great truth that needs to be revived. Economic reform must precede political and moral reform. A good living must be assured to all industrious men before they can be cured of dishonesty and undue selfishness. It is useless to preach to distressed people. First giv them a chance to supply their needs, then educate them, for necessity knows no law. An equal opportunity must be given to everyone to get food, shelter, clothing, education, and health; differences of natural capacity will determin the degree to which opportunity is used, but the inequalities will depend on ability and character, not on artificial restriction, as is now the case.

But how can this opportunity be given to all? How can the people be made well off? Equity demands that a man's work shall be for his own benefit, not for the profit of an employer. The system of slavery gave a living to the worker and took all the produce. The wage system givs enough of the produce to the worker to let him pay for a living and keeps all the rest. The change that is needed is to make the people their own employers and let the full proceeds of labor go to the workers. This is the coming system, the abolition of employer, monopolist, and private capitalist; the change from competition to coöperation by municipal, national, and universal combination. This seemingly far-off day may be hastened by some of the following measures: Universal adult suffrage, male and female; free secular education; the destruction of all unwholesome dwellings and the erection of sanitary and comfortable houses; short hours of labor; the abolition of monopoly and privilege in connection with land, transit, production, and distribution; and this last must be first and greatest. Let the people seize every opportunity to take to themselvs the control of industries; as they now work the post-office, let them acquire, one by one, all other serviceable occupations, so that they shall no longer be run by individuals competitivly for their own gain. When this is done, the workers can receive the equitable results of toil.

We cannot expect this change to come in a day. We must recognize the methods of evolution and work in the line of natural progress; be hopeful and patient, believing that the average condition of men has been equal to their knowledge and character; but let us be prepared for the revolutions which will come "in the fulness of time," when men are wise enough to know what they need, intelligent enough to secure it, and good enough to preserve it.

The Golden Rule can never be applied to trade while its object is individual profit. The competitiv strife for gain not only leads to immoral practices, but is immoral in its essence. Selfishness is its principle, extortion is its method, and its success involves injury to others. It is civilized brutality and refined barbarism; force and slavery in newer forms. How is it possible for the brute chasing its prey, or the master governing his slave, to exercise the Golden Rule? It would mean sparing the victim and freeing the servant. Two dogs competing for a bone cannot do as they would be done by; but two dogs coöperating in hunting and dividing the result can exercise the Golden Rule toward each other. So, merchants struggling to get the best of a bargain, employers beating down the wages of the producers, or speculators "booming" a market, are necessarily opposed to the spirit of "reciprocity;" but let them combine for mutual aid and benefit and they can act in harmony and good-will to each other.

This stage of coöperation is fast being consummated. The strife of competition has become so fierce and disastrous that there is a general tendency to combine operations, and let each industry be controled by a central "trust," that shall operate it for mutual benefit. But this is coöperation, reciprocity, the Golden Rule spirit, among employers only. Their object is to wring more wealth out of the rest of the community.

Another step will be taken; let workers and employers coöperate in profit making and sharing. Then the Golden Rule will be practiced among the members of each occupation; but they will not be able to exercise it towards those from whom they are always trying to extort higher prices. A final step remains to be taken before we can do to all men as we should wish them to do to us. It is reciprocity between producer and consumer; competitiv business for the profit of an individual or a class must be changed into coöperativ effort for the mutual supply of needs. No longer must the cry be, "Every man for himself," but, "Each for all and all for each." Until this change comes it will be useless to preach morality. Men may be exhorted to love their neighbors, and exercise generosity, helpfulness, and consideration; but, while the earning of support for their families depends upon supplanting their neighbors in business, the advice will be futil. Men cannot be good while competing for gain. A system must be adopted which will change strife into reciprocity. Economic measures must prevail which will remove the possibility of getting gain unfairly, and make the path to prosperity a way of rectitude. The savior of mankind will not be a preacher of righteousness, but a social economist, who will show how it is possible for men both to liv well and do well.

Robert C. Adams.

## God.

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.

The Bible says, "God came from Teman, and the holy one from Mount Paran." This sentence limits God and makes him finite. It circumscribes him and makes him a person, an entity, and, therefore, a nonentity; for if he is a person he is confined to a body, spiritual or corporeal, it matters not. Who introduced God to the earth? The apostles said: "Jesus Christ, the only begotten son, he hath declared him." And yet over two thousand years before Moses talked to him face to face, as a man talketh to his neighbor, and, on one certain occasion, God only permitted Moses to see his hinder parts. Admitting this to be true, how did Moses know that he was talking with God? Who introduced them?

For four thousand years millions of hired attorneys and special pleaders hav been trying to prove there is a God, and the churches to-day hav them by the hundred thousand endeavoring to prove something above nature, and, so far, hav utterly failed.

If Jesus Christ declared him to the world, who declared Christ to the world? Why the silence of historians who wrote at the time of Christ, and were contemporaries with him—Suetonius, Pliny, Tacitus, and Josephus, writing history in the first century? If Christ made the stir that is claimed for him in the gospels, healing the sick, raising the dead, walking on the sea, tried by the Jewish Sanhedrim, condemned, tried before Pilate, condemned and crucified, rising from the dead, and many of the saints rising with him, and coming into the city and showing themselvs—if all these things took place, why did all these historians pass over it in silence and devote whole pages to the cutting of a ditch through Jerusalem?

A saint just said to me, "Josephus speaks of Christ." Let us look at that passage. It is found in none of the copies of Josephus before the fourth century. It contains the whole church creed. It teaches the fatherhood of God, the sonship of Christ, the eternal procession of the Holy Ghost, the resurrection of the dead, and the life everlasting, besides stating that Jesus was the Christ, and yet there is not more than twenty lines in the account as we find it in Josephus. The forger was Eusebius, who condensed the Athanasian creed, formulated in 325, and adopted by the church, into this passage.

I hav read a book called, "The Christ of History," but there is not a solitary quotation from any history that such a man ever existed. Even the author was too wise to quote the forged passage in Josephus. There is no Christ of history. It is the most astounding thing in all the world that such a being should liv and die in our world, rise again; meet with his disciples at fish-bakes on the sea of Galilee, upon the mountains, and walk the streets of Jerusalem; meet in upper rooms, where he showed his pierced hands and side; walk out in the country on a Sabbath day to Emmaus; lead the brethren out to Bethany, three miles east of Jerusalem, five hundred in number, and ascend into heaven, and nobody write it up till two hundred years after.

And this is the man Christ that revealed God to men. My opinion is that no such being as Jesus Christ of the gospels ever lived in our world.

Archimedes said, giv him "whereon to stand and a lever long enough, and he would move the world." Imagin Archimedes out on a lever 200,000,000 miles long, with the moon for a fulcrum, lifting the earth. By this he demonstrates an eternal law. Imagin, if you please, a bodiless God—a spirit without body or parts—handling and controling a boundless, endless world, full of millions of suns and countless millions of planets, like our own, without even a lever. Archimedes needed a lever to move one, but a spirit cannot only control an endless universe, but made it in the beginning out of nothing, not using even a lever, but he spoke, and it stood fast. He said, "Let there be light, and there was light," and a sun appeared 1,000,000 miles in diameter and 90,000,000 distant. It came from nothing, of course, and can be reduced to nothing; that is, if orthodoxy is true. Imagin the deity, dressed in the latest style, on a cold winter night, handling such levers as Archimedes needed, lifting worlds out of their sleepy ruts, and wheeling and bowling great suns here and there.

But the moral part of the argument is, if there is a God, he is not a good being, but a bad God. Jesus his son said, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Let us judge the almighty by this standard. All churches admit that God is almighty; that he made the universe out of nothing.

If this is true, evil did not exist in the beginning, and God made it. He could hav made a world without evil and without death in it. Man could hav been made with eternal life and eternal happiness just as well as to let him liv awhile and then kill him. But, instead of making a world full of sunshine, love, happiness, and eternal life, God preferred to get up a world full of sorrow, sin, shame, and death, and eternal damnation to follow. He could not help, according to the law he made, damning the whole human race, and, as he did not want to damn a few of his favorits, he deliberately committed adultery—or incest, for Mary was his daughter—became the father of an only son, and then murdered him on the cross to save the sweet-scented elect, leaving the sinner without excuse so he could damn him with a good grace, and as the smoke of their torment ascends upward forever, the saints in heaven can look over the battlements at the lost and sing: "Hallelujah! hallelujah!" "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God Almighty!" "Lord of Hosts, just and holy are all thy judgments!" According to the church God made a portion of the race on purpose to damn them, and the few on purpose to save them. I do not see how they can trust such a God. If he preferred a world full of liars, deceitful beings—"none good, no, not one," says the Bible—a world full of murderers, thieves, cut-throats; jails, penitentiaries, and churches; poorhouses, asylums, and soldiers' homes; preachers, politicians, and priests, lying about each other and cutting each other's theological throats about questions of which it is utterly impossible to find a solution, or

to even know anything of the why and the wherefore, the beginning or the end—if God preferred this kind of a world now, what kind of a world will he prefer in the next stage of existence, or second scene of the first act? If orthodoxy is true, the next world must, of necessity, be an unjust world, composed of two departments, a vast and eternal penitentiary, and an eternal palace.

Is it possible that there can be no joy without sorrow; that no mirth can exist without tears; that God and his happy heaven must be built on the widows' and the orphans' homeless condition; that heaven's foundation must be the prison walls of the lost; that an eternal penitentiary, where hope is shut out, is necessary to secure happiness to God's elect? Oh, shame!

But let us accept the truth. There are but three things in existence: *space*, *matter*, and *force*. These are eternal. Space is boundless and endless; matter is eternal, and force is never at rest.

From these three sisters come everything living and dead, and a prophecy of all to be. In these are the giant and the dwarf, the Shakspere and the Sweet Singer of Michigan. Nature knows no friend, no foe, but goes on with her eternal work. Without beginning and without end her work goes on forever. But our work is to make this world better and fit to liv in, and to fill it full of flowers and song to hide death and sorrow from our sight.

*Burlington, Kan.* GEO. H. BETHARD.

## Another Letter to Dr. Field.

*From the North American Review.*

MY DEAR MR. FIELD: With great pleasure I hav read your second letter, in which you seem to admit that men may differ even about religion without being responsible for that difference; that every man has the right to read the Bible for himself, state freely the conclusion at which he arrives, and that it is not only his privilege, but his duty, to speak the truth; that Christians can hardly be happy in heaven while those they loved on earth are suffering with the lost; that it is not a crime to investigate, to think, to reason, to observe, and to be governed by evidence; that credulity is not a virtue, and that the open mouth of ignorant wonder is not the only entrance to paradise; that belief is not necessary to salvation, and that no man can justly be made to suffer eternal pain for having expressed an intellectual conviction.

You seem to admit that no man can justly be held responsible for his thoughts; that the brain thinks without asking our consent, and that we believe or disbelieve without an effort of the will.

I congratulate you upon the advance that you hav made. You not only admit that we hav the right to think, but that we hav the right to express our honest thoughts. You admit that the Christian world no longer believes in the fagot, the dungeon, and the thumb-screw. Has the Christian world outgrown its God? Has man become more merciful than his maker? If man will not torture his fellow-man on account of a difference of opinion, will a God of infinit love torture one of his children for what is called the sin of unbelief? Has man outgrown the Inquisition, and will God forever be the warden of a penitentiary? The walls of the old dungeons hav fallen, and light now visits the cell where brave men perished in darkness. Is Jehovah to keep the cells of perdition in repair forever, and are his children to be the eternal prisoners?

It seems hard for you to appreciate the mental condition of one who regards all gods as substantially the same; that is to say, who thinks of them all as myths and phantoms born of the imagination, characters in the religious fictions of the race. To you it probably seems strange that a man should think far more of Jupiter than of Jehovah. Regarding them both as creations of the mind, I choose between them, and I prefer the god of the Greeks, on the same principle that I prefer Portia to Iago; and yet I regard them, one and all, as children of the imagination, as phantoms born of human fears and human hopes.

Surely nothing was further from my mind than to hurt the feelings of any one by speaking of the Presbyterian God. I simply intended to speak of the God of the Presbyterians. Certainly the God of the Presbyterian is not the God of the Catholic, nor is he the God of the Mohammedan or Hindoo. He is a special creation suited only to certain minds. These minds hav naturally come together, and they form what we call the Presbyterian church. As a matter of fact, no two churches can by any possibility hav precisely the same God; neither can any two human beings conceive of precisely the same deity. In every man's God there is, to say the least, a part of that man. The lower the man, the lower his conception of God. The higher the man, the grander his deity must be. The savage who adorns his body with a belt from which hang the scalps of enemies slain in battle, has no conception of a loving, of a forgiving God; his God, of necessity, must be as revengeful, as heartless, as infamous as the God of John Calvin.

You do not exactly appreciate my feeling. I do not hate Presbyterians; I hate Presbyterianism. I hate with all my heart the creed of that church, and I most heartily despise the God described in the Confession of Faith. But some of the best friends I hav in the world are afflicted with the mental malady known as Presbyterianism. They are victims of the consolation growing out of the belief that a vast majority of their fellow-men are doomed to suffer eternal torment, to the end that their creator may be eternally glorified. I hav said many times, and I say again, that I do not despise a man because he has the rheumatism; I despise the rheumatism because it has a man.

But I do insist that the Presbyterians hav assumed to appropriate to themselvs their supreme being, and that they hav claimed, and that they do claim, to be the "special objects of his favor." They do claim to be the very elect, and they do insist that God looks upon them as the objects of his special care. They do claim that the light of Nature, without the torch of the Presbyterian creed, is insufficient to guide any soul to the gate of heaven. They do insist that even those who never heard of Christ, or never heard of the God of the Presbyterians, will be eternally lost; and they not only claim this, but that their fate will illustrate not only the justice but the mercy of God. Not only so, but they insist that the morality of an unbeliever is displeasing to God, and that the love of an unconverted mother for her helpless child is nothing less than sin.

When I meet a man who really believes the Presbyterian creed, I think of the Laocoön. I feel as though looking upon a human being helpless in the coils of an immense and poisonous serpent. But I congratulate you with all my heart that you hav repudiated this infamous, this savage creed; that you now admit that reason was given us to be exercised; that God will not torture any man for entertaining an honest doubt, and that in the world to come "every man will be judged according to the deeds done in the body."

Let me quote your exact language: "I believe that in the future world every man will be judged according to the deeds done in the body." Do you not see that you hav bidden farewell to the Presbyterian church? In that sentence, you hav thrown away the atonement, you hav denied the efficacy of the blood of Jesus Christ, and you hav denied the necessity of belief. If we are to be judged by the deeds done in the body, that is the end of the Presbyterian scheme of salvation. I sincerely congratulate you for having repudiated the savagery of Calvinism.

It also gave me great pleasure to find that you hav thrown away, with a kind of glad shudder, that infamy of infamies, the dogma of eternal pain. I hav denounced that inhuman belief; I hav denounced every creed that had coiled within it that viper; I hav denounced every man who preached it, the book that contains it, and with all my heart the God who threatens it; and at last I hav the happiness of seeing the editor of the New York *Evangelist* admit that devout Christians do not believe that lie, and quote with approbation the words of a minister of the Church of England to the effect that all men will be finally recovered and made happy.

Do you find this doctrin of hope in the Presbyterian creed? Is this star, that sheds light on every grave, found in your Bible? Did Christ hav in his mind the shining truth that all the children of men will at last be filled with joy, when he uttered these comforting words, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels?" Do you find in this flame the bud of hope, or the flower of promis?

You suggest that it is possible that "the incurably bad will be annihilated," and you say that such a fate can hav no terrors for me, as I look upon annihilation as the common lot of all. Let us examin this position. Why should a God of infinit wisdom create men and women whom he knew would be "incurably bad?" What would you say of a mechanic who was forced to destroy his own productions on the ground that they were "incurably bad?" Would you say that he was an infinitly wise mechanic? Does infinit justice annihilate the work of infinit wisdom? Does God, like an ignorant doctor, bury his mistakes?

Besides, what right hav you to say that "I look upon annihilation as the common lot of all?" Was there any such thought in my Reply? Did you find it in any published words of mine? Do you find anything in what I hav written tending to show that I believe in annihilation? Is it not true that I say now, and that I hav always said, that I do not know? Does a lack of knowledge as to the fate of the human soul imply a belief in annihilation? Does it not equally imply a belief in immortality?

You hav been—at least until recently—a believer in the inspiration of the Bible and in the truth of its every word. What do you say to the following: "For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they hav all one breath; so that a man hath no preëminence above a beast." You will see that the inspired writer is not satisfied with admitting that he does not know. "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away; so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more." Was it not cruel for an inspired man to attack a sacred belief?

You seem surprised that I should speak of the doctrin of eternal pain as "the black thunder-cloud that darkens all the horizon, casting its mighty shadows over the life that now is and that which is to come." If that doctrin be true, what else is there worthy of engaging the attention of the human mind? It is the blackness that extinguishes every star. It is the abyss in which every hope must perish. It leaves a universe without justice and without mercy—a future without one ray of light, and a present with nothing but fear. It makes heaven an impossibility, God an infinit monster, and man an eternal victim. Nothing can redeem a religion in which this dogma is found. Clustered about it are all the snakes of the Furies.

But you hav abandoned this infamy, and you hav admitted that we are to be judged according to the deeds done in the body. Nothing can be nearer self-evident than the fact that a finite being cannot commit an infinit sin; neither can a finite being do an infinitly good deed. That is to say, no one can deserve for any act eternal pain, and no one for any deed can deserve eternal joy. If we are to be judged by the deeds done in the body, the old orthodox hell and heaven both become impossible.

So, too, you hav recognized the great and splendid truth that sin cannot be predicated of an intellectual conviction. This is the first great step toward the liberty of soul. You admit that there is no morality and no immorality in belief—that is to say, in the simple operation of the mind in weighing evidence, in observing facts, and in drawing conclusions. You admit that these things are without sin, and without guilt. Had all men so believed there never could hav been religious persecution—the Inquisition could not hav been built, and the idea of eternal pain never could hav polluted the human heart.

Yon hav been driven to the passions for the purpose of finding what you are pleased to call "sin," and "responsibility;" and you say, speaking of a human being, "but if he is warped by passion so that he cannot see things truly, then is he responsible." One would suppose that the use of the word "cannot" is inconsistent with the idea of responsibility. What is passion? There are certain desires, swift, thrilling, that quicken the action of the heart—desires that fill the brain with blood, with fire and flame—desires that bear the same relation to judgment that storms and waves bear to the compass on a ship. Is passion necessarily produced? Is there an adequate cause for every effect? Can you by any possibility think of an effect without a cause, and can you by any possibility think of an effect that is not a cause, or can you think of a cause that is not an effect? Is not the history of real civilization the slow and gradual emancipation of the intellect, of the judgment, from the mastery of passion? Is not that man civilized whose reason sits the crowned monarch of his brain—whose passions are his servants?

Who knows the strength of the temptation to another? Who knows how little has been resisted by those who stand, how much has been resisted by those who fall? Who knows whether the victor or the victim made the bravest and the most gallant fight? In judging of our fellow-men we must take into consideration the circumstances of ancestry, of race, of nationality, of employment, of opportunity, of education, and of the thousand influences that tend to mold or mar the character of man. Such a view is the mother of charity, and makes the God of the Presbyterians impossible.

At last you hav seen the impossibility of forgivness. That is to say, you perceive that after forgivness the crime remains, and its children, called consequences, still liv. You recognize the lack of philosophy in that doctrin. You still believe in what you call "the forgivness of sins," but you admit that forgivness cannot reverse the course of nature, and cannot prevent the operation of natural law. You also admit that if a man livs after death, he preserves his personal identity, his memory, and that the consequences of his actions will follow him through all the eternal years. You admit that consequences are immortal. After making this admission, of what use is the old idea of the forgivness of sins? How can the criminal be washed clean and pure in the blood of another? In spite of this forgivness, in spite of this blood, you hav taken the ground that consequences, like the dogs of Actæon, follow even a Presbyterian, even one of the elect, within the heavenly gates. If you wish to be logical, you must also admit that the consequences of good deeds, like winged angels, follow even the Atheist within the gates of hell.

You hav had the courage of your convictions, and you hav said that we are to be judged according to the deeds done in the body. By that judgment I am willing to abide. But, whether willing or not, I must abide, because there is no power, no God, that can step between me and the consequences of my acts. I wish no heaven that I hav not earned, no happiness to which I am not entitled. I do not wish

to become an immortal pauper; neither am I willing to extend unworthy hands for alms.

My dear Mr. Field, you hav outgrown your creed —as every Presbyterian must who grows at all. You are far better than the spirit of the Old Testament; far better, in my judgment, even than the spirit of the New. The creed that you hav left behind, that you hav repudiated, teaches that a man may be guilty of every crime—that he may hav driven his wife to insanity, that his example may hav led his children to the penitentiary, or to the gallows, and that yet, at the eleventh hour, he may, by what is called "repentance," be washed absolutely pure by the blood of another, and receive and wear upon his brow the laurels of eternal peace. Not only so, but that creed has taught that this wretch in heaven could look back on the poor earth and see the wife, whom he swore to love and cherish, in the mad-house, surrounded by imaginary serpents, struggling in the darkness of night, made insane by his heartlessness —that creed has taught and teaches that he could look back and see his children in prison cells, or on the scaffold with the noose about their necks, and that these visions would not bring a shade of sadness to his redeemed and happy face. It is this doctrin, it is this dogma—so bestial, so savage, as to beggar all the languages of men—that I hav denounced. All the words of hatred, loathing, and contempt, found in all the dialects and tongues of men, are not sufficient to express my hatred, my contempt, and my loathing of this creed.

You say that it is impossible for you not to believe in the existence of God. With this statement I find no fault. Your mind is so that a belief in the existence of a supreme being givs satisfaction and content. Of course, you are entitled to no credit for this belief, as you ought not to be rewarded for believing that which you cannot help believing; neither should I be punished for failing to believe that which I cannot believe.

You believe because you see in the world around you such an adaptation of means to ends that you are satisfied there is design. I admit that when Robinson Crusoe saw in the sand the print of a human foot, like and yet unlike his own, he was justified in drawing the conclusion that a human being had been there. The inference was drawn from his own experience, and was within the scope of his own mind. But I do not agree with you that he "knew" a human being had been there; he had only sufficient evidence upon which to found a belief. He did not know the footsteps of all animals; he could not hav known that no animal except man could hav made that footprint. In order to hav known that it was the foot of a man, he must hav known that no other animal was capable of making it, and he must hav known that no other being had produced in the sand the likeness of this human foot.

You see what you call evidences of intelligence in the universe, and you draw the conclusion that there must be an infinit intelligence. Your conclusion is far wider than your premis. Let us suppose, as Mr. Hume supposed, that there is a pair of scales, one end of which is in darkness, and you find that a pound weight, or a ten-pound weight, placed upon that end of the scale in the light is raised; hav you the right to say that there is an infinit weight on the end in darkness, or are you compelled to say only that there is weight enough on the end in darkness to raise the weight on the end in light?

It is illogical to say, because of the existence of this earth and of what you can see in and about it, that there must be an infinit intelligence. You do not know that even the creation of this world, and of all planets discovered, required an infinit power, or infinit wisdom. I admit that it is impossible for me to look at a watch and draw the inference that there was no design in its construction, or that it only happened. I could not regard it as a product of some freak of nature, neither could I imagin that its various parts were brought together and set in motion by chance. I am not a believer in chance. But there is a vast difference between what man has made and the materials of which he has constructed the things he has made. You find a watch, and you say that it exhibits, or shows design. You insist that it is so wonderful it must hav had a designer—in other words, that it is too wonderful not to hav been constructed. You then find the watchmaker, and you say with regard to him that he, too, must hav had a designer, for he is more wonderful than the watch. In imagination you go from the watchmaker to the being you call God, and you say he designed the watchmaker, but he himself was not designed, because he is too wonderful to hav been designed. And yet in the case of the watch and of the watchmaker, it was the wonder that suggested design, while in the case of the maker of the watchmaker the wonder denied a designer. Do you not see that this argument devours itself? If wonder suggests a designer, can it go on increasing until it denies that which it suggested?

You must remember, too, that the argument of design is applicable to all. You are not at liberty to stop at sunrise and sunset and all that adds to the happiness of man; you must go further. You must admit that an infinitly wise and merciful God designed the fangs of serpents, the machinery by which the poison is distilled, the ducts by which it is carried to the fang, and that the same intelligence impressed this serpent with a desire to deposit this deadly virus in the flesh of man. You must believe that an infinitly wise God so constructed this world that, in the process of cooling, earthquakes would be caused—earthquakes that devour and overwhelm cities and states. Do you see any design in the volcano that sends its rivers of lava over the fields and the homes of men? Do you really think that a perfectly good being designed the invisible parasites that infest the air, that inhabit the water, and that finally attack and destroy the health and life of man? Do you see the same design in cancers that you do in wheat and corn? Did God invent tumors for the brain? Was it his ingenuity that so designed the human race that millions of people should be born deaf and dumb—that millions should be idiotic? Did he knowingly plant in the blood or brain the seeds of insanity? Did he cultivate those seeds? Do you see any design in this?

Man calls that good which increases his happiness, and that evil which givs him pain. In the olden time, back of the good he placed a God; back of the evil a devil; but now the orthodox world is driven to admit that the God is the author of all.

For my part, I see no goodness in the pestilence —no mercy in the bolt that leaps from the cloud and leaves the mark of death on the breast of a loving mother. I see no generosity in famin, no goodness in disease, no mercy in want and agony. And yet you say that the being who created parasites that liv only by inflicting pain—the being responsible for all the sufferings of mankind—you say that he has "a tenderness compared to which all human love is faint and cold." Yet according to the doctrin of the orthodox world, this being of infinit love and tenderness so created nature that its light misleads, and left a vast majority of the human race to blindly grope their way to endless pain.

You insist that a knowledge of God—a belief in God—is the foundation of social order; and yet this God of infinit tenderness has left for thousands and thousands of years nearly all of his children without a revelation. Why should infinit goodness leave the existence of God in doubt? Why should he see millions in savagery destroying the lives of each other, eating the flesh of each other, and keep his existence a secret from man? Why did he allow the savages to depend on sunrise and sunset and clouds? Why did he leave this great truth to a few half-crazed prophets, or to a cruel, heartless, and ignorant church? The sentence, "There is a God," could hav been imprinted on every blade of grass, on every leaf, on every star. An infinit God has no excuse for leaving his children in doubt and darkness.

There is still another point. You know that for thousands of ages men worshiped wild beasts as God. You know that for countless generations they knelt by coiled serpents, believing those serpents to be Gods. Why did the real God secrete himself and allow his poor, ignorant, savage children to imagin that he was a beast, a serpent? Why did this God allow mothers to sacrifice their babes? Why did he not emerge from the darkness? Why did he not say to the poor mother, "Do not sacrifice your babe; keep it in your arms; press it to your bosom; let it be the solace of your declining years. I take no delight in the death of children; I am not what you suppose me to be; I am not a beast; I am not a serpent; I am full of love, and kindness, and mercy, and I want my children to be happy in this world?" Did the God who allowed a mother to sacrifice her babe through the mistaken idea that he, the God, demanded the sacrifice, feel a tenderness toward that mother "compared to which all human love is faint and cold?" Would a good father allow some of his children to kill others of his children to please him?

There is still another question. Why should God, a being of infinit tenderness, leave the question of immortality in doubt? How is it that there is nothing in the Old Testament on this subject? Why is it that he who made all the constellations did not put in his heaven the star of hope? How do you account for the fact that you do not find in the Old Testament, from the first mistake in Genesis to the last curse in Malachi, a funeral service? Is it not strange that some one in the Old Testament did not stand by an open grave of father or mother and say, "We shall meet again?" Was it because the divinely inspired men did not know?

You taunt me by saying that I know no more of the immortality of the soul than Cicero knew. I admit it. I know no more than the lowest savage, no more than a doctor of divinity—that is to say, nothing.

Is it not, however, a curious fact that there is less belief in the immortality of the soul in Christian countries than in heathen lands—that the belief in immortality in an orthodox church is faint, and cold, and speculativ, compared with that belief in India, in China, or in the Pacific Isles? Compare the belief in immortality in America, of Christians, with that of the followers of Mohammed. Do not Christians weep above their dead? Does a belief in immortality keep back their tears? After all, the promises are so far away, and the dead are so near—the echoes of words said to hav been spoken more than eighteen centuries ago are lost in the sounds of the clods that fall on the coffin. And yet, compared with the orthodox hell, compared with the prison-house of God, how ecstatic is the grave—the grave without a sigh, without a tear, without a dream, without a fear! Compared with the immortality promised by the Presbyterian creed, how beautiful annihilation seems! To be nothing—how much better than to be a convict forever! To be unconscious dust—how much better than to be a heartless angel!

There is not, there never has been, there never will be, any consolation in orthodox Christianity. It offers no consolation to any good and loving man. I prefer the consolation of Nature, the consolation of hope, the consolation springing from human affection. I prefer the simple desire to liv and love forever.

Of course, it would be a consolation to know that we hav an "almighty friend" in heaven; but an almighty friend who cares nothing for us, who allows us to be stricken by his lightning, frozen by his winter, starved by his famin, and at last imprisoned in his hell, is a friend I do not care to hav.

I remember "the poor slave mother who sat alone in her cabin, having been robbed of her children;" and, my dear Mr. Field, I also remember that the people who robbed her justified the robbery by reading passages from the sacred scriptures. I remember that while the mother wept, the robbers, some of whom were Christians, read this: "Buy of the heathen round about, and they shall be your bondmen and bondwomen forever." I remember, too, that the robbers read: "Servants be obedient unto your masters;" and they said this passage is the only message from the heart of God to the scarred back of the slave. I remember this, and I remember, also, that the poor slave mother upon her knees in wild and wailing accents called on the "almighty friend," and I remember that her prayer was never heard, and that her sobs died in the negligent air.

You ask me whether I would "rob this poor woman of such a friend?" My answer is this: I would giv her liberty; I would break her chains. But let me ask you, did an "almighty friend" see the woman he loved "with a tenderness compared to which all human love is faint and cold," and the woman who loved him, robbed of her children? What was the "almighty friend" worth to her? She preferred her babe.

How could the "almighty friend" see his poor children pursued by hounds—his children whose only crime was the love of liberty—how could he see that, and take sides with the hounds? Do you believe that the "almighty friend" then governed the world? Do you really think that he

> Bade the slave-ship speed from coast to coast,
> Fanned by the wings of the Holy Ghost?

Do you believe that the "almighty friend" saw all of the tragedies that were enacted in the jungles of Africa—that he watched the wretched slave-ships, saw the miseries of the middle passage, heard the blows of all the whips, saw all the streams of blood, all the agonized faces of women, all the tears that were shed? Do you believe that he saw and knew all these things, and that he, the "almighty friend," looked coldly down and stretched no hand to save?

You persist, however, in endeavoring to account for the miseries of the world by taking the ground that happiness is not the end of life. You say that "the real end of life is character, and that no disciplin can be too severe which leads us to suffer and be strong." Upon this subject you use the following language: "If you could hav your way you would make everybody happy; there would be no more poverty, and no more sickness or pain." And this, you say, is "a child's picture, hardly worthy of a stalwart man." Let me read you another "child's picture," which you will find in the twenty-first chapter of Revelation, supposed to hav been written by St. John, the Divine: "And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

If you visited some woman living in a tenement, supporting by her poor labor a little family—a poor woman on the edge of famin, sewing, it may be, her eyes blinded by tears—would you tell her that "the world is not a playground in which men are to be petted and indulged like children?" Would you tell her that to think of a world without poverty, without tears, without pain, is a "child's picture?" If she asked you for a little assistance, would you refuse it on the ground that by being helped she might lose character? Would you tell her: "God does not wish to hav you happy; happiness is a very foolish end; character is what you want, and God has put you here with these helpless, starving babes, and he

(Continued on page 845.)

## A Strange Tale With a Yard-Long Moral.

*Washington Correspondence of the New York Herald.*

The story which is sent you herewith is one of the strangest that can be imagined, and one which no American can read without pride in his countrymen, who, wherever they go, know how to set up an orderly society and maintain peace and the security of persons and property.

There is a tract of land lying south of Kansas and Colorado, and between the Indian territory and New Mexico, which has been known for many years as "No Man's Land." It has this name because by errors in surveys, by exclusions in acts of Congress fixing boundaries, and by general neglect and inadvertence it lies outside of any organized state or territory of the United States. It is really a "No Man's Land," for no courts hav jurisdiction within its bounds; no laws extend over or apply to it; its lands cannot be owned, because Congress has not authorized their sale. "No Man's Land" is simply a spot on the map.

A tolerably large spot, for it contains 3,687,360 acres, being 167 miles long by 34 1-2 wide. It is fertil, well watered, has valuable deposits of coal, a fine climate, and, being almost all good land, a government report says that it has the raw material for 23,000 farms of 160 acres each.

It was for years a huge cattle run. It contains at present 10,000 American farmers, who hav sent one of their number, Mr. O. G. Chase, here to ask Congress in their name to giv them a territorial government, with the laws and protection of the flag which they are so totally and singularly without. They hav agreed to call their territory Cimarron, from its principal river, and if Congress is as kind to them as their good conduct deserves, the present winter will see established the territory of Cimarron.

These ten thousand Americans went into No Man's Land, knowing that the land they settled on and cultivated they could get no legal title to unless Congress would act for their protection; knowing that no crime, not even murder, committed in No Man's Land could be punished, because no courts, no law officers, no laws, took cognizance of what was done in No Man's Land. They had no authority to form a government; no power to levy taxes for the simplest or most necessary purposes; no power to make laws which any inhabitant need obey. Chaos was their enforced condition.

Mr. O. G. Chase, the delegate they hav sent here to speak for them, is a well-built and intelligent man—a typical American, an old Kansas settler. His account of "Cimarron," which follows, tells what the people of No Man's Land hav done and what they hope for from Congress.

Q. How many people are there in the territory of Cimarron? A. About ten thousand, estimated.

Q. Mostly Americans? A. There is an unusual proportion of nativ-born citizens there; more than in any territory I hav ever been in.

Q. How long since they first began to go in there to settle? A. Not exceeding two years. A year ago there were not over four or five hundred people there.

Q. Before that was it entirely uninhabited? A. Before that it was only inhabited by cattle-men. Two years ago most of the stock was frozen out by an excessivly cold winter.

Q. In the two years hav your people built houses, churches, and schools, in the American fashion? A. Only within the last year. There were not people enough there to build schools and churches two years ago. The people are nearly all farmers. Those living in the towns own land, and are arranging to cultivate the same next spring. When a farmer goes in there with his family and picks out a piece of land he takes 160 acres.

Q. How does he know he has taken 160 acres? A. The territory has been surveyed into townships, and from those corners we can stake out the sections.

Q. What do the people do to liv? Simply sell their grain and stock? A. They hav not been there long enough to sell anything. Not fifty farmers were there early enough last year to raise crops. But wheat grows excellently, and fine crops of corn are raised, and it is a fine country for other cereals, such as oats, canary, and millet. Canary is a very good crop—worth more than wheat. It is generally imported to this country, but we can raise it out there abundantly.

Q. Are the people living in houses or dug-outs? A. In good log-houses in the country. In the towns the houses are mostly frames.

Q. Of course nobody has any right to the land? A. Nothing but a squatter right.

Q. And there is no government? A. Only a provisional government, known there as a territorial council; it is hardly a government. In November, 1886, we got up a petition calling for a mass meeting in Beaver to take steps looking to the organization of a council for the purpose of beginning some shadow of government, as we were entirely without any law. The result of that mass meeting was an election called for February 22d last for the selection of nine members to a council, three from each meridian district, to meet in Beaver on March 4th. We had no printing office in the territory at the time. The tickets were all written, and the poll books were written. The election was held in an orderly manner. About eighty votes were cast in Beaver. Nine good, representativ men were elected. O. D. Chase was made president, and Merritt Magann made secretary.

Q. Then what did you do in this council? A. The first act that was passed was an act to regulate the rights of matrimony, authorizing ordained ministers within the territory to marry persons upon a certificate obtained from the secretary of the territorial council, who was Mr. Magann, and the ministers were requested in solemnizing the rite of matrimony to return the certificate to the secretary for record.

Q. Has that act been taken advantage of? A. Yes, they hav tried that with beneficial results. The second act was legalizing mechanics' loans on buildings, and the third was an act relativ to chattel mortgages, so that the people might obtain money, which I hav myself tried and found successful. We could not borrow on the land, because, of course, we hav no titles. The fourth act was in reference to opening and protecting public highways and bridges.

Q. Hav you any criminal code? A. We hav, of course, no laws at all. We can only act by general agreement. For instance, we hav agreed on a regulation for squatter rights. It is this: If a man undertakes to hold a claim—the squatter claim is 160 acres—he may do so, but any one person claiming or controling any more than 160 acres shall forfeit both claims to the first families coming into the territory wanting such land. We also adopted a resolution calling for another election to be held Nov. 8, 1887, for nine senatorial councilmen and fourteen delegate councilmen. We retained the name "councilmen" so that it might not be thought we were assuming the duties of a strictly legislativ body. The territory was divided by the same councilmen into three senatorial districts by meridian lines, and seven delegate districts by township lines. That election was held on the 8th of last month, and twenty-three good, representativ men were elected, who met in Beaver December 5th, and are now in session. At the same election O. D. Chase was chosen a delegate to represent the territory in the fiftieth Congress, and I hav accordingly come to Washington to do what I can to get territorial government for the ten thousand people who liv in that territory. There will be fifty thousand people there next year, because if territorial government is organized for us it is anticipated that at least fifty thousand people will go in there within another year.

Q. You hav not made any attempt as yet to frame a constitution, I suppose? A. No, sir. We took an oath that we would support the Constitution of the United States, and we thought that was enough for a beginning.

Q. Is there general peace and order among the ten thousand people? A. Yes, sir. So far we hav been fortunate enough to maintain peace and good order, and our families feel as safe there as they would in Washington city. We hav had horse-thieves among us who undertook to locate there and run our horses into Kansas and sell them. I believe one-half of the horses hav been stolen from the farmers during the last year and taken into other states and sold.

Q. Hav you caught any of those fellows? A. Yes. Last March two of them were caught and shot down. There was a coroner's inquest held over the bodies, and it was decided that they were bad citizens and were removed for the public good, and the law-abiding people then breathed easier. You could hear that remark all over the territory. The bodies were boxed up and sent to their friends. Another gang assembled in the territory last October and a quarrel arose, between the horse-thieves and the gamblers. The gamblers began to kill the thieves to save their own lives, but in their efforts to do that they only succeeded in getting one of them. They shot him on the street, and the others fled from the town. That night the gamblers left, for fear the thieves would return and kill them, and in that way we got rid of them. Since then we hav had perfect peace—hav never had a quarrel or fight in our town. We hav a city marshal by the name of Mundell, located in Beaver. We pay him $50 a month.

Q. How do you raise that money? A. The business men pay it. The merchants pay $2 a month, and the saloons are taxed $3 a month each. We hav disarmed everybody except the marshal. We make it a penal offense to carry weapons. Mayor Thomas presides over a council that was elected for Beaver in August.

Q. What do you pay the mayor? A. Only his fees. He acts as probate judge.

Q. Do you find it easy to collect money enough from the people to defray the small expenses of government throughout your territory? A. Yes, sir; they are all willing to contribute. We hav a school also, for the support of which we tax the saloons $2 a month, and the business men generally pay $1 a month for that purpose. There is an average of fifty scholars in Beaver. What I say of Beaver is true with respect to the whole territory. We very seldom hear of a fight anywhere in the territory between individuals. The only crime that is likely to be called to the notice of the people is the squatting on too much land, or on other people's land. That was first attempted to be settled by arbitration. Those arbitrators were selected from neighbors, and either party, being dissatisfied with their decision, has an appeal from the first arbitration by paying $5 into the public treasury, for five arbiters, each party selecting two and the four selecting a fifth arbiter. That is the highest court we hav. The decision of the five arbiters is final.

Q. Has there been a case on the part of a man to resist a verdict that has gone against him? A. I do not think there has been a case reported. We hav settled a great many troubles.

Q. How do you collect debts, or do you do that? A. Well, take for instance the case of Mrs. Pockingburgh. She came to Beaver last March, having in her possession notes to the amount of $900 against a man living in the vicinity of Beaver for borrowed money. She saw him several times. He sent her to the hotel in Beaver, telling her he would pay her board until he raised the money for her. The landlord boarded her one week and then refused to take this man for the board bill. She then applied to the citizens for redress, producing the notes as evidence of his indebtedness. The citizens met and appointed a sheriff, who seized five tons of barbed wire that this man had just imported from the United States, and advertised it for sale. It was sold and the proceeds turned over to the lady. It did not pay the debt in full, but she, being satisfied, gave up the notes to the man and returned to her home in the States. The citizens of Beaver afterward received letters from people in the state from which this man came asking for a copy of the laws of No Man's Land under which this debt was collected, on the ground that under their laws they had failed to collect of this man for twenty years.

Q. Hav you any lawyers in the territory? A. I do not think there is a lawyer in the territory. We hav no use for them at all.

Q. What mail facilities do you get in No Man's Land? A. There are two mails carried from the Santa Fé road about eighty miles into the territory, one making its stop at Beaver and the other at Optima, a weekly mail to Optima and tri-weekly to Beaver.

Q. What do the people of the territory do to get their mail? A. Some of them go a hundred miles to get their letters. We hav organized a private mail service east and west, but it is not regular. It is paid by private subscription. We need a mail route from east to west clear through from Anglewood, Kan., to Madison, N. M. That is from railroad to railroad on each side, which would accomodate the largest number of people.

Q. How did the settlement of No Man's Land come about? A. No Man's Land was originally a part of Texas, but in 1850 it was ceded to the United States, and the act ratified by Congress and legislature of Texas.

Q. How does it come that this little corner of the world has been left without the jurisdiction of any of the states or territories surrounding it, and without law? A. The peculiarity of the case is that from that time to this no action has been taken by the Congress of the United States extending the jurisdiction of the government over it.

Q. How many acres has No Man's Land? A. Three million six hundred and seventy thousand six hundred and forty acres. At least ninety degrees of it is agricultural land without irrigation. The climate is excellent and the altitude about 2,500 feet on the average. It is watered by the North Canadian or Beaver river, as it is known there, taking its rise in the Rabbit Ear mountains in New Mexico and flowing entirely through the territory, nearly in the center; also by the Cimarron river on the north and its branches, which runs from west to east along the Colorado border adjacent to the territory. The Paladora river flows from Hansford county, Texas, into the center of the territory of Cimarron, entering the Beaver about forty miles west of the eastern country. The upper parts of our streams are deep and narrow, filled with plenty of fish and clear, cold, running water, and any quantity of never-failing springs along the banks—soft, fresh water. We hav beds of bituminous coal, building stone, sandstone, marble, and chalk quarries. The marble is broken on the surface, but no doubt as you go down in the quarry it will be solid and good. Cattle are rolling fat all winter without attention, running on the range. The cattle running on the ranges giv just as good beef as you hav in this city.

Q. There was a bill passed by both Houses of Congress last winter annexing you to the federal district for judicial purposes only and fixing a land office in the state of Kansas and opening the land to settlement under the general land laws of the United States, but the bill was not signed by the president. How was this measure received by your people? A. That bill was not understood by our people. Some claimed that it placed us under the state laws of Kansas; others, that it would giv a United States court within the territory, and others, that we would

hav to go to Topeka, a distance of about three hundred miles, for judicial purposes. But when the bill was thoroughly understood, all the people, except those who had private interests to subserve, were thankful that the bill had not been signed by the president. It would hav afforded no substantial relief, and only placed us in the same condition as the Indian territory holds to Kansas, Arkansas, and Texas at present. It did not establish the right of the settlers. The effect of that bill, if it had been signed by the president, would hav been to drive out of the territory one-half of the present population, because it furnished no protection to their rights, but would hav given an opportunity for capitalists holding scrip purchased for that purpose to obtain the land in large tracts without occupancy or inhabitancy, or without ever having seen it, for that matter. Our people want territorial government, with the privilege of electing their officers the same as other territories hav, because we want laws established, not now having any lawful government. And we want such a law for the settlement of land titles as will protect our farmers and settlers in their 160-acre holdings, and keep land-grabbers away from us. One hundred and sixty acres is enough for any family; and, under our own regulations, no one can hold more. Nor can one hold less, unless he livs on it or cultivates it. We do not want land speculators to hav the upper hand with us.

## What Can Be Done?

The infamy has been consummated. Liberty is strangled. Justice is travestied; hope of legal protection crushed out of the hearts of thousands, while the ruling classes are jubilant, or at least would be, were not their cowardly, craven souls the abode of constant terror of what they imagin will be perpetrated upon them; fears born of their own guilty deservings.

The brave men that went to their fates with a sublime courage that has no parallel in history—two to their living grâves, and the five to their terrible deaths—call loudly upon other workers for the amelioration of the condition of the despoiled millions to gird on their armor anew and with greater energy and zeal carry forward the work they were compelled to lay down at so unseasonable an hour.

These men, our brothers, were convicted in advance of trial, were condemned against evidence of innocence, the petitions of hundreds of thousands of their fellow-citizens for commutation of sentence unheeded, the poor privilege when standing upon the trap with manacled limbs and haltered neck to say a last word to the ungrateful world before leaving it—a privilege never in the history of our nation denied the vilest criminal and one that a lynching mob or horde of savages would grant its victim before compelling him to take his exit from life—this privilege denied.

Spies spoke truly when from behind his cap he said, "The time will come when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle to-day."

Cowardly state that would thus throttle free speech, even on the gallows, hang men for opinions, outrage justice, and make our country a reproach to the very name of republic!

Where were the senses of the judges, jurors, and sheriffs that they did not know that the spirit of unrest under the injustice perpetrated upon the despoiled classes could not be stilled by adding another and more outrageous wrong upon them in the cruel murder of their friends and leaders?

Socrates was compelled to drink the hemlock, but his philosophy survived him. Galileo was forced to retract his heresy to save his life, but a few years after the people said he was right, that the world moved. Bruno was burnt at the stake, and now we are to build him a monument. Joan de Arc died for her convictions at the hands of those she had risked her life to save. John Brown was hung, but his death, instead of stopping, hastened the day of deliverance to the slave.

But the pages of history fail to furnish an instance—the state of enlightenment considered—of such gross injustice and thirst for blood as characterized the ruling classes who strangled on one sad day four men innocent of any crime and sent two others to the penitentiary for life; at the same time incarcerating a wife and two innocent children in a noisome prison cell because demanding a last interview with their loved one, as had been promised them by the officials.

Their moral heroism and unfailing courage sustained them to the last. The Nazarene is said to hav cried out, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" but the last words heard from them were, "Let me speak! O men of America—— May I speak? Sheriff Matson, let the voice of the people be heard! Oh——" and that inhuman wretch, Matson, whose name should be handed down in history branded with eternal infamy, stopped his breath and satiated his love of vengeance by watching the lingering deaths of these victims of hate in their purposely prolonged agony for fourteen minutes, almost a quarter of an hour, when no reason existed, except a desire for torture. Why were the arrangements not such as to hav made death instantaneous?

O my country! your crimes hav been great, but in cold-blooded cruelty this last outrage exceeds them all.

It is not enough that you hav taken from the people the free gifts of nature and transferred them to soulless corporations whom you hav given the power and means to rob manhood of its independence and fasten fetters on the limbs of labor; to steal from the people their homes, driving them into dark and filthy abodes, into whose grim and damp apartments no ray of sunshine ever enters; to grind the flesh and bones of men and women and children and convert them into palatial homes and bank accounts. You hav condemned the masses to pay taxes in support of hypocritical priests who mouth prayers in every department of governmental affairs. You hav exempted hundreds of millions of church property from paying its just share of taxation for the support of the government it demands protection from, thus entailing a greater burden upon the poor. You hav placed the mothers of the nation on the same political plane with criminals, lunatics, and idiots, taxing them to help support the infamy, at the same time flaunting the infamous lie in their faces that "this is a government of the people, by the people, for the people."

You hav set spies upon the track of every honest investigator of new truths in the most important domain of thought, and woe to the individual that discovers a fact not already indorsed by the church and Grundies.

With obscenity laws, blasphemy laws, conspiracy laws; with fines, imprisonment, and death as penalties; with Comstock the vicious to supervise the mails; with ignorant policemen to judge what is proper to be uttered at a public meeting, or whether one shall be held at all; with Pinkertons to protect the interests of the rich and shoot at their pleasure men, women, and children; with private detectivs on hand at every occasion to interfere with citizens' rights, you trample under foot the fundamental principles upon which we hav achieved all that is of worth, and which rights are guaranteed by our Constitution—"freedom of speech, of the press, and the right of peaceable assemblage."

With all these wrongs by you inflicted, you ask us to worship at your shrine. Can you expect it? What will the harvest be? JULIET H. SEVERANCE.

*Milwaukee*, Dec. 13, 1887.

## Some Thoughts on the Penal Code.

IN THE TRUTH SEEKER of December 10th I find the following section of the penal code under which John Most was indicted, found guilty, and sentenced to the penitentiary:

> Whenever three or more persons assemble with intent to commit any unlawful act by force, or assemble with intent to carry out any purpose in such a manner as to disturb the public peace, or, being assembled, attempt or threaten any act tending toward a breach of the peace or an injury to persons or property, or any unlawful act, such an assembly is unlawful, and every person participating therein by his presence, aid, or instigation is guilty of a misdemeanor.

I did not read the proceedings of the trial, and hence cannot tell whether the two others were found guilty under this section or not. I hav seen no account of the trial or reference to the same which mentions any other person as guilty except John Most. Under the section quoted, I should hold that there must be three guilty men or none. In law one man cannot make a riot or form a conspiracy. It must be proven that one or more other persons were unlawfully engaged in the riot or conspiracy in order to convict. In this instance the statute made it necessary to prove that at least three persons were present with intent to commit an unlawful act by force. Most was convicted by reason of his speech. If no other speeches were made by which unlawful intent could be proved, then Most stood alone, and the meeting was not an unlawful assembly under the law. To be unlawful, the fact must be established that at least three persons were guilty of intent to commit an unlawful act.

The section also declares that every person participating in the unlawful assembly by his presence is guilty. If the meeting in question was an unlawful assembly, then the reporter and two policemen, by whose testimony Most was convicted, were also guilty.

Being a temperance man, I sometimes attend temperance meetings. I hav frequently heard in such meetings violent harangs, going so far as to justify the burning of saloons, and suggesting the destruction of liquors by pouring them upon the ground. If I should happen to drop into such a meeting in your state, and listen to such talk, how could I hope to escape the penitentiary, being a temperance man, especially if the jury loved their grog?

In other years I was an antislavery man, and am none the less so now. I hav attended hundreds of meetings protesting against slavery, when to hold such meetings was to "disturb the public peace." Under the law quoted, if I had been convicted of every offense, I should end my days in the penitentiary.

I am a Republican, profiting by our wholesome tariff laws. The Democrats, as I understand, propose the coming summer to get up meetings which threaten to interfere with those laws, and thus injure my property and the property of my Republican neighbors. It makes us mad to hear them talk, and I am inclined to think, if they should hav the audacity to hold a public meeting hereabouts, it would provoke a breach of the peace, and if your law prevailed in this state we could send them all to the penitentiary.

Now, there may be some who think my interpretation of the law and my illustrations are not correct or fair. If so, I differ with them. It would be a very easy thing under that law for temperance men to suppress saloon men, or saloon men to suppress temperance men, or for Republicans to suppress Democrats, or Democrats to suppress Republicans. The law was designed to place in the hands of existing authorities the power to suppress all meetings designed to overthrow or change existing laws or institutions. It is only a question of which power is in possession of the government machine. History is full of illustrations going to show that whenever "the powers that be" see a rising or growing sentiment, looking to a radical change in the existing order of things, they are ever prompt with laws to suppress it. My paternal ancestor was banished from Scotland two hundred years ago because he was a Presbyterian. He was convicted of treason, and his life was spared only because of his youth. In the church troubles of that time an archbishop was assassinated, and it was proven on the trial that the young man, upon hearing of the news many miles away, expressed satisfaction. This was enough. The real assassins were never caught, but more than five hundred persons were convicted for sympathy with the act. But with all their hangings and banishments Presbyterianism was not suppressed. THE TRUTH SEEKER has done as much to suppress it as any influence I am aware of.

Some forty-five years ago my mother had a cousin who was a young divinity student at a college in Illinois. A slave escaped from Missouri with a knowledge that this young student would aid him on his way to freedom. The young man was enticed over into St. Louis, and he was arrested, convicted, and sentenced to twelve years in the penitentiary for aiding this slave to escape. It was in vain that his counsel pleaded that Missouri had no jurisdiction of an offense committed in Illinois. He served four years, and, a new governor coming in, he was pardoned. But, strange to relate, his imprisonment did him no good, any more than the many imprisonments of Herr Most hav benefited him. He became an antislavery lecturer, hating slavery even more than before his imprisonment.

It is lawful, I believe, to abate a nuisance, and it seems to me it would be more in harmony with law and precedent for some grand jury to declare Most a nuisance and then for some policeman to abate him, rather than convict him under such a law as is quoted. Some thirty years ago or more, when the Democrats were in power, some pestiferous Abolitionists from Massachusetts armed themselvs with Sharpe's rifles and went out to Kansas, where they started a town which they called Lawrence, and erected a hotel which they called the Free State Hotel. All this was calculated to disturb the peace of the loyal citizens of Missouri, something less than a hundred miles away. They went before the grand jury and had the hotel declared a nuisance, and the marshal of the territory was ordered to abate it, and he did it. It was built of stone and would not burn, so the marshal procured a cannon of sufficient size and knocked it to pieces. Where there is a will there is a way.

There is nothing that this country needs just now more than a recurrence to the principles upon which this government was founded. Our fathers had a lively knowledge and appreciation of the bloody struggles through which their fathers had fought and suffered to establish what they called religious liberty. In earlier days it was treason to think evil of the king, or to train for heaven except in accordance with prescribed forms. Our fathers repudiated the arbitrary methods of ancient governments and religions and endeavored to giv emphasis to the idea of extreme toleration in difference of opinion concerning politics or religion. It was thus that they declared in the Declaration of Independence that the people had the right to alter or abolish their government as they should see fit. It was thus that they put it into the Constitution that treason should consist, not merely of words or thoughts, but of some overt act. It was thus that they declared that the right of the people to peaceably assemble, to bear arms, and to write or speak should not be infringed. These fundamental principles are the surest and safest guarantee of the strength and perpetuity of the government. The South denied the right of free speech, which hastened the loss of their power and of their pet institution. Let the people of this country beware lest by an unwise and arbitrary restriction of the rights of free speech and free thought we pervert the government and breed Anarchy. J. K. MAGIE.

*Duluth, Minn.*, Dec. 12, 1887.

# THE TRUTH SEEKER.

FOUNDED BY D. M. BENNETT.

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## Why?

In considering the results of the recent controversy arising from Canon Taylor's assertion that Islam, as a missionary religion, is more successful than Christianity, the *Sun* of this city finds that these very interesting facts hav been incontestably proved. "It has," it says, "been abundantly proven in this debate that Islam, in Africa, is an aggressiv, conquering force that now dominates half the continent, and is constantly advancing in a large part of the remainder. It has also been shown that the religion of Mohammed is a great blessing to the nativs of Africa, eradicating, as it does, the practices of cannibalism, human sacrifices, and intemperance, destroying the belief in witchcraft and fetichism, and rearing schools, mosques, and manufactories in the large cities of the Soudan. In the vast region south of the Sahara, in which Islam is now supreme, there are sixty millions of water-drinkers among whom the rum question can never arise."

The *Sun* adds: "The energies of Christian missions should now be exerted to securely plant their truer and higher faith in all the new fields which Mohammedanism has invaded, in order that they may not only vie with Islam in contributing to the welfare of man, but also overcome such evils as slavery and polygamy, which Islam encourages."

With all due respect for the limitless wisdom of Mr. C. A. Dana, we should like to be told why the Christians should endeavor to convert the Mohammedans. A theologian, of course, would say that it is because the Moslems cannot get to heaven without recognizing Christ as the true savior, but that opinion can scarcely be held by a secular newspaper, which considers the material advantages only of religion, the same as it considers the benefits of a railroad, or a patent fertilizer. The spiritual side is secondary, and of small importance.

Why, then, should Christianity be superimposed upon the nativs of Africa? Why should the Bible be substituted for the Koran? Mohammedanism has destroyed sacrifices; the Bible will carry to the negroes the examples of Abraham and of Jephthah. The Koran prohibits the use of strong drink; the Bible commands it, and, in dealing with heathen, Christianity has always sent rum and religion together. And the mixture has destroyed thousands upon thousands of simple heathen. Why must the sixty million of sober water-drinkers receive missionaries from lands filled with drunkards holding the very faith of the missionaries themselvs? Islam has destroyed the belief in witchcraft; why, then, should its converts be pestered with the emissaries of a religion baptized in the blood of witches? Think of a missionary from Boston reading to a civilized African the eighteenth verse of the twenty-second chapter of Exodus! And if the destruction of fetichism is a good thing, why send to people who do not believe in it missionaries of a faith which givs charms against all sorts of accidents and diseases to its devotees? Open the vestments of the Roman Catholics of the world and see if the Bible has done for them what the Koran has for the sixty million of water-drinkers in Africa.

Ah, but Christianity must be taken to Africa that slavery and polygamy, which Islam encourages, may be overcome. The Christian who could write that, with the history of Christian countries before him, and Utah just back of him, must be insensible to progress. Mormonism points to the Bible as authority for plural marriage, and every Christian preacher in the whole South, and three-quarters of those in the North, supported slavery as a divine institution, and justified their sermons by Bible texts. England abolished slavery in her colonies as a political measure, without reference to religion; and the Abolitionists of the United States were heretics. Civilization, not Christianity, overcame slavery.

The fact is, the people make the religion, not the religion the people.

## Comstock and the Baptist Ministers.

Anthony Comstock has received what he called a "cruel stab" from the Baptist ministers, who refused to pass a resolution containing the words, "we believe in Anthony Comstock," and substituted therefor words indorsing only the objects of his society. This is indeed being wounded in the house of his friends, for Soapboiler Colgate, Comstock's backer, is a fierce Baptist, and shows his humility by serving on Sundays as usher in a Baptist church at Orange, N. J. Therefore he might, with reason, expect that the Baptist clergy would uphold him and his henchman.

The occasion was the Baptist Monday Conference, at which Anthony was invited to address the preachers on "Art and Morals." "The necessity for discussing this subject," said Anthony, as reported by the *Herald*, "is apparent to most of you, from the gross misrepresentation in the press about the action of the Society for the Suppression of Vice in bringing certain pictures into court under due process of law. That was a matter of necessity. I am here to make no special defense of our action in that matter. I simply desire to present some questions of law." He continued:

"Art does not stand first; morals stand first in law and in importance to the general welfare of the community. It was held as long ago as 1726, in England, that whatever tends to corrupt morals is indictable. Prior to that time obscenity came under the ban of ecclesiastical law. In the case of the Queen against Hecklin, whose book on the Confessional was avowedly written in the interest of the Protestant religion by a member of an anti-Romanist society to expose the outrages of auricular confession, the courts declared the book obscene, and Chief-Justice Cockburn, in his opinion, said: 'The tendency of the matter published is to deprave the minds of those by whom it is read, as its suggestions are of a lewd and libidinous character.' Every test of obscenity has been coupled with the words 'tend or tendency.' The matter need not be absolutely against morals. Is the interest of those who import and sell lewd French photographs paramount to your homes? Better that artists take back seats than your children be debauched. I believe the very artists who protested against the action of our society did it in ignorance, and that not one of them inquired before he condemned." Mr. Comstock then proceeded to cite decisions and rulings by the courts in his favor, and he said these decisions must be respected. "I may hav no judgment and no discretion, according to the newspapers, but the law is plain."

Comstock then cited further the case of the state of New York against Mueller, and of the United States against D. M. Bennett, the founder of THE TRUTH SEEKER, and quoted the decision of Judge Blatchford, which defines as obscene "anything which tends to deprave the minds of those open to such influences." From this it will be seen that Comstock and Colgate intend to take society back to 1726, and destroy everything which they think may tend to immorality. And inasmuch as the Protestants of that period were severe, sour, dried-up bigots and fanatics, what they would object to would include about all the luxuries of our present civilization. It used to be thought by them that ribbons on a woman's bonnet, or ornamentation on her dress, unduly excited the men, and tended to corrupt their morals. The women, therefore, would hav been indictable, and indeed, under the sumptuary laws many were indicted. Colgate and Comstock seem to be relics of that age.

However, we must congratulate the Baptist ministers for not indorsing Comstock. Had they known more of the inside working of his society, we imagin some of them would hav hesitated before indorsing that.

## A New Association.

The Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association, whose doings are so graphically reported in the "Pickwick Papers," has a rival association in Chicago, calling itself the "Christian Conference," and holding anointing services corresponding in a marked manner with the tea-drinking of its English prototype. The Christian Conference advertises to heal the halt, the lame, and the blind, without medicin, without money, and without price. Its divine healing is not metaphysics, nor is it Christian science. What it is may be inferred from the following card, which is a ticket of admission to an anointing service. It was surreptitiously obtained by a Chicago *Herald* reporter, as the tickets for himself and Samivel to the meeting of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association were obtained by the elder Mr. Weller:

CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE—ANOINTING SERVICE.
"IS ANY SICK AMONG YOU?"
That is certainly addressed to ME. What shall I do?
The answer is clear and definit.
Hear and obey.
"Let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he hav committed sins they shall be forgiven him. Pray one for another that ye may be healed."—*James* v, 14-16.
"He healed ALL that were sick. He healed them EVERY ONE." "Jesus, moved with compassion, said, I WILL."
"THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOREVER."
Praise his name.
"I BELIEVE GOD, that it shall be even as he said unto me."—*Paul.*
FULL SALVATION, COMPLETE REDEMPTION, JESUS ONLY.
"Jesus saves even me."

The reports made at this meeting are fully as encouraging as those made by the committee of the aforesaid temperance association. We condense from the Chicago *News:*

"The Rev. Dr. Lyman Palmer related an instance of a young man who was suffering from a pulmonary affection. His life was despaired of, and in renouncing medical aid he resorted to prayer for restoration. The Lord healed him instantly (cheers). Besides restoring health, an insatiable desire for strong drink that had ever been the bane of the young man's life was taken away (great applause)."

"Peter Peterson is a ship carpenter. He was severely wounded in the leg by an ax missing its mark. He immediately knelt, and prayed to God to stop the flow of blood and heal the wound. He was instantly healed (appreciativ movement in the audience). His wife, who had suffered eighteen years, was also instantly cured (tremendous cheering)."

"Mrs. Stevens, of Oshkosh, had suffered two years from a severe case of scrofula. All aid from medical sources was despaired of. She was unable to feed herself. One day she read James v, 14, 15. From that moment she believed the Lord would heal her (this attestation of sublime faith was received with bowed heads by the audience)."

"Curvature of the spine confined Miss Minnie Smith, of Dayton, O., to her bed for eighteen years. She was unable to move her limbs, but was inspired one day to call in a number of believers to pray for her restoration to health. While the earnest petitions were ascending heavenward, Miss Smith heard a voice. It said, 'Stretch forth thy leg.' She put forth the withered limb (this announcement of Miss Smith's indelicate exposure was received with a sigh by an elderly spinster, who soon recovered, however), arose from her bed, and walked. Exceptional health has been her companion ever since (tremendous applause)."

"E. W. Jenney, of Oak Park, prayed to be delivered from a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. Although unable to sleep, he refused all medical attendance, and relied solely on prayer (loud manifestations of approval of his heroism). He was restored (triumphant cheers)."

"'I suffered for two years with a complication of diseases,' said Mrs. H. A. Weber, of Austin. 'I was under medical care (deep sighs, and a groan from a man who owed his doctor), when I decided to put my case into the hands of the Lord (enthusiastic approval). In March I suffered from a severe hemorrhage. I prayed to God to heal me. "According to your faith be it unto you," came the reply, and since then I hav continually gained strength and health (cheers).'"

"An Orchard Beach woman had suffered for three and a half years with a disease in the limbs. She was unable to walk without crutches. An abscess had formed on the hip, and one limb was several inches shorter than the other. She had implicit faith in the Lord. While the audience was singing a song of praise, she sprang from her seat, threw aside her crutches, and exclaimed, 'I'm healed!' (whirlwind of cheers). Her limb was restored instantly to its natural length (this case was considered so remarkable that the report was closed at once)."

The speaker of the evening, the Rev. Mr. Simpson, then announced that he would answer questions. "What do you think of Christian science?" The speaker, says the *Herald*, fell upon the doctrin as heavily as Jake Kilrain fell upon Jem Smith in their

recent effort to find the pugilistic supremacy of America or England. He dealt it blows that will take at least two more pamphlets by Mrs. Cobb and Mr. Swartz to efface. In response to further queries, Mr. Simpson said he never used mustard plasters; with the help of the Lord he could do three times as much work as formerly, which shows the Lord to be equal at least to two day-laborers; that he wouldn't get married twice to the same person, once being generally enough, and sometimes too many; that God can whiff directly into a person's lungs the breath of healing and rest; that the Lord can cause an amputated finger to grow; that the Emperor Justinian relates that some martyrs in north Africa, whose tongues were cut out, were subsequently enabled to converse without the organ of speech; and that the crown prince of Germany should hav faith and entire reliance in God. He refused to humiliate his prophetic insight by telling what he thought of Mr. Blaine, or whether Mr. Cleveland would be reëlected, or whether local Will Turpie would stay in the senate "for keeps," or whether (what is of great importance to that bustling town) Chicago would get the Democratic convention. Eighty-eight believing Christians were then anointed with ten cents' worth of oil, "in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," after which they hobbled out of the building in the same condition physically, but more spiritually exhilarated than when they entered it.

It seems to us that in these reports of the Chicago papers we detect a trace of levity, but we trust they hav set nothing down unbecoming to the noble character of the services. The afflictions of the sick and the exalted value of Christianity should not be trifled with. If miracles were performed in the time of Jesus, why not in the time of Simpson?

## More Testimony to Faith-Cure.

The following experiences in faith-cure are related by a daily paper of this city:

"Charles Mason Squier was a bookbinder in the employ of the American Bible Society. He lived at the Berachah Home, Fourth avenue and Sixty-first street, this city, eighteen months. The Valley of Berachah, beloved readers, was the place Jehoshaphat and his people assembled at to thank the Lord that he had made their enemies destroy each other, thus enabling them to strip the dead bodies of riches and precious jewels. Mr. Simpson, the head of the institution, is the Chicago preacher. Mr. Squier was pointed to as a shining example of the faith-cure power. Sunday night, December 18, 1887, Mr. Squier hanged himself to a hook in a closet in his room in the house named after the valley where Jehoshaphat thanked God."

"A girl living at Rutherford Park, N. J., was placed in a faith-cure "home" at Grenville, N. J. She soon became insane. She took poison and died."

"Miss Violet Hopkins, of Jersey City, became convinced that faith would cure sickness. When attacked with pneumonia some months since, she insisted upon going to a faith-cure establishment in Bergen county, N. J., to be cured. She has now been taken back to her home with an incurable consumption, and will die soon."

Following immediately after the establishment of a faith-cure "home" in Chicago, these testimonies partake of the nature of the invaluable.

## Systematic Theology.

The subjoined paragraph, which is the conclusion of an article on "Christian Perfection," by Daniel Steele, professor of systematic theology in Boston University, in the *Christian Advocate*, should, says the editor of that journal, be read twice:

"A theological error in deadly antagonism to purity of heart is rapidly spreading in England and America. It is the doctrin of imputed instead of imparted personal holiness, together with the necessary co-existence of the flesh and the spirit, the old man and the new, till death. An intellectual assent, without previous repentance, to the fact of the condemnation of sin on the cross, gains a perfect and inalienable standing in Christ, irrespectiv of the grossest subsequent sins."

That is to say, Christ's personal holiness does not necessarily giv, or impute, holiness to believers in him, but it must be imparted to each one separately; and whomsoever says otherwise, let him be anathema by the Rev. Dr. Steele, professor of systematic theology of Boston University. And further, whoever says that when a Methodist is born again, or suffers regeneration, he still has left in him any of the old man, let him be likewise anathema by direction of the aforesaid Professor Steele. And still further, whoever asserts that by merely believing that Jesus died for sinners he can, without repenting, get to heaven, even though he commits other sinful acts, let him be debarred from the true fold—which is, of course, the Methodist—by order of the professor of systematic theology of Boston University. No man shall hav a perfect and inalienable standing in Christ on any such terms. It's preposterous to think it. Unbelievers must not only believe, but they must repent of their unbelief, put the old Adam—which is the flesh—away entirely, and be filled with the spirit, before they can make their calling and election sure. Any other scheme would not be of John Wesley, and consequently must be of the devil.

Everyone must cordially agree with Dr. Buckley that the paragraph should be read twice. We read it four times before grasping its immense significance, though we are something of an expert in Methodism, having in years agone seen three different and distinct Methodist girls home from prayer-meeting in one evening.

## Irreligion at the National Capital.

The Rev. Dr. Hershey, of the Sixth Presbyterian church in Washington, wants not only to hav the Bible read in the public schools, but to hav chaplains appointed. The necessity of this he urges because he has been told that only one-tenth of the teachers in the public schools of Washington are Christians!

Four years ago our correspondent "Antichrist" made the startling statement that eight of the nine judges of the Supreme Court of the United States were Infidels. The allegation was controverted by the religous press. Parson Talmage's paper, the *Christian at Work*, said that Chief-Justice Waite was an Episcopalian, Justice Blatchford the same, Bradley a Dutch Reformed, Gray a Channing Unitarian, and Field a true-blue Presbyterian.

"Antichrist" in rejoinder said that the allegation that eight of the nine judges were Infidels applied to the court as constituted before the retirement of Justice Strong; and he presented evidence to support his allegation in regard to three of the above-named Christian judges which would hav been sufficient to exclude an ordinary man from church-membership. The other two judges had been appointed to fill vacancies since Justice Strong retired.

Exactly how the court now stands religiously may not be easy to ascertain; certainly not quite eight to one, as before the retirement of Judge Strong, because one of the Agnostics, Justice Woods, has died. And now if the *Christian at Work* will canvass the public school teachers of Washington, the result may be that nearly as large a proportion of them are church-members as of the judges on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. But, anyway, we presume Dr. Hershey would not withdraw his motion, because the mover of the resolution would expect to receive the first appointment as chaplain to the public schools of Washington.

## The Iron-founder's and the Judge's Troubles.

Because Courtlandt Palmer wrote to the New York *Tribune* that the Chicago Anarchists did not deserve death, Mr. Andrew Carnegie and Judge Barrett resigned from the Nineteenth Century Club, of which Mr. Palmer is the president. Mr. Carnegie is the millionaire iron-founder of Pennsylvania, and Judge Barrett has achieved distinction on the bench in this city. Mr. Carnegie took occasion, when invited to address the club, to make Mr. Palmer's views a subject for discussion, and said many unpleasant things in a personal way. Mr. Barrett is the judge whose decisions in the Sharp case hav been reversed by the Court of Appeals.

Mr. Palmer's views upon the Anarchist cases is that they were executed far more because they were Anarchists than because they were murderers. He considers them as laboring for a good end—the abolition of poverty—and that from their standpoint they were honest thinkers. He does not commend their means nor indorse their standpoint, but believes they were martyrs to their principles, and says that if the Supreme Court of Illinois had possessed the courage of the Court of Appeals of New York, it would hav acted in the Anarchists' case as the latter did in Sharp's. Mr. Palmer considers, too, that his private views are not the business of the club, nor of Mr. Carnegie, nor of Judge Barrett. The motto of the club is, Toleration, Courtesy, and Courage, and, he says, just as Mr. Carnegie has been lacking in the second of these, so Judge Barrett has been found wanting in the third.

The daily papers hav been devoting much space to this dispute in the upper-ten-dom of heresy, and thus far the honors are resting with Mr. Palmer, the former president of the American Secular Union. Mr. Carnegie was rude; Mr. Palmer was gentle, and heaped coals of fire upon the great iron man's head by refusing to accept his resignation. Judge Barrett was afraid to be identified with a club whose president did not yield to popular clamor; Mr. Palmer was sorry, but could not yield his convictions to even so distinguished a judicial officer as Judge Barrett. And the club itself moves to larger quarters, and prospers in membership and influence, educating swelldom in something besides germans and the proper way of disposing of a napkin at the dinner table.

One interesting fact brought out by the discussion in the newspapers is that the lecture committee of the club is searching for a minister of reputation possessing sufficient courage to meet Col. Robert G. Ingersoll on its platform. If Archbishop Corrigan, or Cardinal Gibbons, or Dr. John Hall, or Howard Crosby would accept, what an event it would be! Future chroniclers would begin a paragraph in their nineteenth century history something like this: "From the date of the meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club, at which R. G. Ingersoll and —— debated Christian theology, Christianity perceptibly declined. In about a decade it was extinct."

## Editorial Notes.

THOMAS S. RANDALL, of Chicago, says the seceding element in the Knights of Labor of that city hav been "captured by and are now in recognized subordination to the Secular Union." E. A. Stevens has been elected foreman of the assembly.

THE Marlboro (Mass.) *Times* has an editor who doesn't fear God. Commenting on a petition circulated in the town for a strict enforcement of the Sunday laws, the editor says: "The Sabbath which the Jewish God commanded to be kept holy is not the one our statutes refer to, being at the opposit end of the week, and being intended to commemorate the rest God took after his great six days' work, the first work he ever did in his life, and which naturally rather knocked him out."

THE Rev. Mr. Waddell, Methodist, preached a sermon on Bible temperance at Mt. Forrest, Ont., on the same day that the Rev. Mr. Macdonnell, Episcopalian, preached one at Toronto on the same subject. Mr. Waddell held that the Old Testament forbids the use of strong drink; Mr. Macdonnell took the opposit view. Therefore, those Canadians desirous of knowing just what the Old Testament does teach must procure E. C. Walker's pamphlet on the subject.

THE Kirksville, Mo., *Journal*, of November 24th, has this item: "A. J. Huffman, living ten or twelve miles southwest of this place, was arrested on information charging him with violating the Sunday law by digging a well. He was tried before Justice Richey, and fined one dollar and costs, amounting in all to about eighteen dollars. He went to jail." This is one of those outrages which every fair-minded man must vigorously denounce. Some Freethinker near there should look into this matter, and if Mr. Huffman is not yet liberated, see what can be done for him.

MRS. M. A. FREEMAN is making a lecture route through Iowa and Nebraska, and is anxious to correspond with individuals and societies desirous of having one or more Liberal lectures in their town. Mrs. Freeman is a very agreeable woman and a talented lecturer, General Trumbull, of Chicago, holding that there are not in this whole country three women of equal genius. Mr. Stevens, the secretary of the American Secular Union, speaks of her with words of highest praise, to which we may add our own encomium, having had the pleasure of listening to her at Cleveland. Her address is 175 South Halsey street, Chicago, Ill., and her terms are reasonable.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Religious Herald* (Congregational), George Thompson, writes from Ohio that there is the same decay of religion in that state that has been noted in rural New England. He speaks particularly of that garden spot known as the Western Reserve. He says he has been largely over it in the last seven or eight years, and notes remarkable changes even in that time. "In many places," he reports, "the people work on Sunday as on other days—plowing, cutting, and drawing in hay and grain, etc. And Sabbath-visiting is alarmingly common. In places where were churches well sustained fifty years ago, there are no religious influences, no preaching, and the people are largely Spiritualists, Universalists, Infidels, Atheists, and blasphemers, etc. In many places very feeble churches are struggling to keep up the appearance of life, while worldliness and pleasure-seeking run riot. Many who once went to church go no more. In a number of places I saw Congregational churches turned into barns, and no organization remains. In one section are four small Congregational churches in four towns adjoining, and all without a pastor. It makes my heart ache to see and say these things, but they are true. I hav seen them." He notes that the Baptists and Methodists especially hav lost, and declares that it is only a matter of time when both these churches must become extinct in that section, which is encouraging, if true, and shows that the people are awakening to a sense of duty toward this world. But what kind of an Infidel or Christian is a "blasphemer?"

# Letters from Friends.

VICTOR, Nov. 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I was raised a Catholic, but that was knocked out of me by reading of the massacre of the French Huguenots. I hav been a Liberal ever since. I hav a tussle with the preachers every little while, but they go away and say, "You go to hell!" I would rather go where our best men all went than to go to heaven where all good Catholics go. Yours for truth, M. KERCHNER.

FORT ANN, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I would like to get up a club, but as I am the only person in the place that reads Liberal literature, I could not help you any in that direction.

We each and every one of us ought to get up a vote of thanks to Heston for his pictures. If I do laugh but once in the week, it is the time the paper comes. I am what you would call a backwoods woman, living ten miles from a post-office, but hav been in New York once, and called at THE TRUTH SEEKER office with Mrs. Burnz. Keep up your paper by all means, even if you meet with discouragements. The fact that it has penetrated such a back place as this ought to be encouraging, even if it is poor, humble me that reads it. As the Christians say, Another precious soul won—another convert to the god of Truth.

I shall want your ANNUAL for 1888.

MRS. EMERY GIBBARD.

LAFAYETTE, OR., Nov. 31, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: It is with pleasure I inclose $3 for the renewal of my subscription to THE TRUTH SEEKER. There is no paper I take the reading of which givs me more pleasure.

I came to Oregon in 1853, from Clay county, Mo. I brought the *Investigator*, and Paine's, Voltaire's, and a number of other Liberal books with me to this country. I circulated the works through the county, and got quite a number to subscribe for the paper. The sky-pilots of the country set up the cry that I was an agent of the devil, and would hav taken my life had they dared.

I hav always preached Freethought, and taught my children to read and think for themselvs.

Samuel Putnam gave a number of lectures in this vicinity last fall. It was quite a treat to the Liberals here.

I hav just finished reading Helen Gardener's book entitled, "Men, Women, and Gods." I think it one of the most valuable and interesting contributions to Liberal literature.

Success to your grand paper. May it liv long, and spread the gospel of humanity throughout the world.

Yours truly, L. P. YOUNGER.

GOLDTHWAITE, TEX., Dec. 15, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: This is one of the most thriving little towns on the G. C. & Santa Fé railroad—the western branch of said road. The town was mapped out, and lots sold two years ago, amounting in the aggregate to $25,000. A depot and round-house loomed up, and Goldthwaite became by the voice of the people the county-seat of Mills county. She now presents to the world a magnificent Methodist church, and almost within kissing distance stands a Baptist church. From the pulpit of each edifice orthodoxy oozes out in full blast. Each denomination is willing to allow the younger and feeble branches to come in and cast their sins on Jesus. Old debtors come in to worship and glorify God because the statute law of Texas is about to bar and shield them by limitation, and they are jubilant through the magnetism of shaking hands, etc.—so much so that a few of the most impulsiv hav been endowed with an inspiration that some kind of a musical instrument is required to attract the attention of the God they worship. A subscription is in circulation for that purpose. Cannot you sign about $15 now?

GEO. WHITAKER.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 10, 1887.

BROTHER MACDONALD: Can it be possible that a reader, subscriber, or a correspondent of THE TRUTH SEEKER should want to know anything about the old Cincinnati Materialist, Thos. Winter? And yet I perceive in the issue of Dec. 8, 1887, "Letters from Friends," that one level-headed and right-minded man of the Buckeye State wants to know a little of the old Infidel; and right here I will say, I deal not in politics or hangings, murders, or crimes of any sort, but all my thoughts, words, and efforts are concentrated in the downfall of superstition, I care not by what name it is called. If it be founded on anything supernatural, it is opposed to naturalism or Materialism—which words hav one and the same meaning—and I for one do use all rightful power and method to neutralize or destroy the widespread and evil effects of priestly frauds imposed on the multitudes of credulous people. Every promulgator of what is anti-natural is a deceiver, a crank, or a willful and intentional plunderer. All such take advantage of the weak-minded and unthinking public. Sir, Materialism is truth, and truth must and will triumph over all superstitions and false statements, whether ancient or modern. There is no religious fanaticism or spookism in the Materialistic philosophy; all is clear, all is sound, and free from deceit or lucre. Its grand and noble principles will be an established fact when all superstitious rubbish called religion is swept from this planet, together with all the ignorance thereof. The time is coming when the millions of intelligent persons who must and will supersede the short-sighted, dismal, and miserable Theists will laugh loud and long when they think of the past folly and absurd creeds and mummeries of this and past ages. How they hav been gulled and humbugged by the swarms of idle drones, and pedlers of lies and glaring deceptions, and unblushing cheats!

Dear readers, I shall not liv to see this wondrous change of wisdom and glorious sense of the people. I am approaching the age of eighty years. But come it must. In lapse of time ignorant superstition must pass away, and solid Materialism will prevail, filling the earth with joy, love, prosperity, and general happiness. THOS. WINTER.

SHELBY, MICH., Dec. 12, 287.

MR. EDITOR: I hav a question to ask, and maybe two. If every subscriber to THE TRUTH SEEKER should add one to his own subscription, would the subscription list reach ten thousand? Please do not think I am meddling with that which does not concern me, because no true Freethinker can feel other than deep and honest concern for such a cause, and a desire to learn all he can in reference to it, and I hav been a subscriber long enough to make me feel as though I had a large investment in a child that has fought as hard for life and received the rough handling THE TRUTH SEEKER has. I do hope the young one may grow up to be a man, and a sturdy one, and if every present subscriber would add one each year, and a paying one, how long would it be before there would be a propagandist establishment so large that creed, bigotry, and tradition could not and would not undertake its annihilation? Judging by my own neighborhood, if all others are like it, the good time is quite a way off yet, and Catholic ignorance and Protestant intolerance show a deal of hard work in the future of Freethought. Your wood-cuts are each one a Liberal lecture of itself, and, oh, Lord! doesn't Rome howl with holy horror? The whole pack of religionists are becoming constitutional grumblers. Now go on with THE TRUTH SEEKER.

Respectfully, J. M. LOGAN, M.D.

BAY VIEW, FLA., Nov. 25, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Please send me pamphlets according to the inclosed list. The reason that I hav chosen these pamphlets is that I am an outspoken Infidel, as the Christians call me, and hav had an argument with several, and I wish to giv them something to think about. One, a Sunday-school superintendent, said that we Infidels had no institutions of learning, and had no halls of our own to hold our meetings in, so I want to hav more facts, and postponed any definit argument to a stated time so as to meet his statements. If you will be so kind as to send me the names of such schools, or any institutions of learning conducted by Freethinkers, and state where they are situated, I shall be more than obliged.

J. H. KINSMAN.

[Freethinkers own a number of buildings throughout the country, in which meetings are regularly held—a splendid one at Boston; a good one at Waco, Tex.; also, at Liberal, Mo., and Silverton, Or. In this city and in many other places throughout the country Freethinkers do not believe in putting thousands of dollars into a building used only one day in seven, and consequently they hire halls for Sunday which are used on other days. There is a Freethinkers' school at Liberal, Mo., but no other distinctivly Infidel one that we know of. The public schools are good enough for us, and every scientific college in the land is turning out Infidels by the score.—ED. T. S.]

MT. PLEASANT, TEX., Dec. 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The following from the Hartford *Courant* is worth comparing with some of Ingersoll's sayings, to show the truth of them: "So long as Grover Cleveland is president, he is entitled by every respectable citizen to receive personal respect. Not to accord it to him is to lower our own dignity. The demonstrations made by hot-headed Western members of the G. A. R. in regard to the president's visit to St. Louis were disgraceful, and the slight to the president at Wheeling is lamentable." Compare it with this: "The trouble with most people is, they bow to what is called authority; they hav a certain reverence for the old because it is old."

I think the latter expresses the cause of all our troubles. Even Infidels object to Anarchists, Freelovers, writings on the sexual relations, Communism, Watson Heston's pictures, that "hurt the feelings of the Christians," etc. If we would allow everything to run its course freely, the good would come to the front and the bad would run in narrow channels.

And another thing. Is it not time the Liberals of this country were going into politics? When such cases as Reynolds's, Aunt Elmina's, the Harmans', and hanging Anarchists, also confiscating Mormon property, are transpiring, shall we, with the Secular Union as a nucleus and the Nine Demands as a platform, stand idle and see the liberty the good old Infidels made it possible for us to hav trampled under foot, and laws passed that it will take years to hav annulled? We hav Ingersoll, the fittest man for the position of president there is in the United States, and Putnam, or some of our good women, if they can hold the office, for vice-president.

Friends, let us not fail to hav a candidate in the next contest, and you will be surprised at our strength.

E. E. PARK.

BRADFORD, PA., Dec. 6, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Your correspondent from Georgia thinks it a pity the world must be cursed by a bigot, when referring to the persecution of Aunt Elmina. The good people of New York are cursed with a great reformer. The writer inquires how long it would take for a number like him to kill or imprison the Freethinkers of this free country. Our laws need remodeling for the sake of humanity. The idea that *law* will stuff people with morals is simply ridiculous.

A good man was persecuted almost to death. No one ever enlightened the world as much by a journey around the earth as Bennett. The information given by him was a marvel.

The great informer can't be confined to the metropolis, but his emissaries must invade Jersey and Virginia, seeking whom they may devour. Will the people of New York indorse his doings? I ask one and all, without regard to sect, faith, or belief, to stamp their seal of disapprobation on this hypocritical informer. I fancy he would hav us believe that a man and his darling bride should retire without changing their clothes to avoid obscenity and to promote good morals. What nonsense! Let us study the perfections of nature, and the more beauty we discover the better.

I cannot do justice to a vilifier of character. Please don't bring him before me. I will send him up, sure, as a nuisance, if the evidence warrants it. His idea of obscenity is preposterous. I hope better men will do him justice while agitating this subject, until New York, at least, is relieved of one who is filled with hate, and whose malice would reinstate the Inquisition again.

I circulated Ingersoll's "Reply" to Field in order to procure subscribers. His masterly production is worth the subscription price for any intelligent reader.

Sincerely, O. H. WHEELER.

PUGET SOUND CO-OPERATIVE COLONY,
PORT ANGELES, CLALLAM CO., W. T., Dec. 5, 1887.

MR. MACDONALD, *Dear Sir:* It may be of some interest to you to know that, while you are working in the interest of humanity on one line, we are making a practical demonstration of, or working out the solution of, the labor problem, and showing the feasibility of integral co-operation and the equitable distribution of wages. We hav been incorporated since May, 1887. We are satisfied that the principle upon which we hav based our enterprise is the correct one, and we hav one very excellent reason for knowing that this is a fact, which reason or test is, that we hav the enmity of the Associated Press and of the religious press. We deprecate the judicial murder at Chicago, hence we ought all of us to be hung. We are nothing but a nest of Infidel Anarchists anyhow, and other like complimentary names are given to us. We cla'm that universal mental liberty shall be the rule of government in our commonwealth; that public halls, open at all hours during the day and evening, in which the discussion of any and all subjects may be had, shall be free to all. We hold that buildings set apart for use only a few hours of each week are a fruitful source of waste and a great cause of poverty, and one which we cannot afford to support. We are trying to demonstrate, and I believe we shall succeed in doing so, that the moral character of a Christian and an Infidel are based upon precisely the same principle; that honesty, integrity, humanitarian principles and uprightness of character and all the better attributes actuate both classes exactly alike.

We find the class of Christians in whose hearts really rests the love of humanity are broad enough to accept our universal mental liberty creed, and put their shoulder to the wheel alongside the Infidel, to help to better the present-life conditions of the people, and by that means, perhaps, giv them a better opportunity to fit themselvs for the higher life when it comes to them. We are banded together, Christian, Infidel, Catholic, Spiritualist (but not a bigot), in a commonwealth, to insure to the laborer the product of his labor; the man who builds a carriage shall not be compelled to walk; the shoemaker's children shall not go barefoot; the seamstress shall be clothed; the equitable distribution of labor and a just compensation therefor shall giv all a chance to liv. A few capitalists shall not control capital, nor a few laborers crowd aside the rest. The world moves and "the people's advents are coming."

Fraternally, and for U. M. L., LAURA E. HALL.

WAVERLY, WASH. TERR., Dec. 4, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: We see on the top of our court-houses the emblem of justice represented by a female blindfolded, and holding a pair of balances in her hand. I think the emblem might now be called a mockery, and discarded as insignificant of any meaning. Men can be tried, found guilty, and hung for the honest expression of their thoughts. Can such be justice? I was a firm believer in the majesty of the law when the same did not interfere with the individual happiness of anyone. But now men can be called Anarchists if they advocate equal justice to the poor as well as the rich, and accused of throwing bombs when the act might hav been done by their enemies. Why not catch and hang the one that did the deed, and not sacrifice innocent life, perhaps, to satisfy a howling monopoly? O men! when will you learn to be honest, and not hang every reformer that may advocate a right or a theory that would benefit the masses? In your frenzy you hav persecuted every reformer that ever tried to benefit the masses. You hung Christ, the son of God, on a cross; you burnt Servetus; you kindled the fires in Smithfield; you banished Roger Williams, and hung John Brown; and last, but not least, you hav swung into eternity five men that you called Anarchists. Why was it done? You say, as a warning to others that might hav their ideas. What fools you are, to be living in this nineteenth century, and think you can hang an idea! How often hav you tried that, and history has told you it was a failure! Men in Palestine thought if they would crucify Christ that they could blot out and destroy his teachings, but it was like throwing oil on the fire to quench it. You were sure when you hung John Brown that you had put out the fire of Abolition, but then you only kindled it, and the blaze that it made took in nearly all the Union. Yes, that hanging made bloody work for years, made many homes desolate. I hope you hav made no mistake this time, but I fear, for the innocent never suffered for naught. If we err, it is better to err on the side of mercy. If these five men that are now lying in their cold and silent graves killed the policemen, then right was done in taking their lives, for the Bible says, "A tooth for a tooth and an eye for an eye." I despise Anarchy as a bad thing, but I despise it no worse than the cause of it. If the cause was removed, Anarchy would die an easy death—die without hanging. But what is the use of punishing effect while the cause remains unmolested? These men are hung, and future generations shall judge of the wrong that has been done—of the mistake that was made. I had a man

say to me the other day, "Why, the Methodist ministers even petitioned the governor not to commute their sentence!" But were they afraid that the governor would be more merciful thau they? O wolves in sheep's clothing! is tbat your sympathy for your fellow-men? What a pity there is no hell! Sometimes I think there ought to be a short one, say for a few minutes, so that these hypocrits might receive a small dose. Yours truly, MAGGIE HOPE GRAHAM.

PELLA, IA., Dec. 12, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: It is with reluctance that I attempt to address you, knowing full well the marked ability of your many correspondents. But never seeing anything from this priest-ridden community, I thought perhaps it would be well to let the world know that there are a few stanch Liberals in our Calvinistic town, but we lack organization. In our present scattered, go-as-you-please condition we are compelled to battle with the dogmas of superstition at a great disadvantage.

We hav been trying to get some of our many able orators to come and help us to organize. I think we could muster twenty-five as stanch men as could be found, besides many others that are strongly inclined to Liberalism.

If there is any place where superstition reigns supreme it is here. Our town has a population of about twenty-seven hundred; supports fifteen kid-gloved insurance agents, who present the blood of the carpenter as a balm for all the maladies that humanity is heir to both here and hereafter; also, thirteen temples dedicated to some supposed deity, who delights to sniff the blood of bulls and goats, but has finally concluded that the blood of the mythical son of the much-slandered Virgin would atone, and therefore retires, leaving his business exclusivly to the aforesaid agents, who from the rostrums of their respectiv joss-houses breathe forth their infernal anathemas upon any who dare oppose or differ with them; teaching, or rather scaring, little children almost to lunacy by their tales of hell and horror, and thus swell their numbers.

I greatly fear that Liberals do not realize the necessity of organization. Our present system of doing business or propagating our system amounts to but little, for the simple reason that we fail to reach the young. They are firmly held in the meshes of the church by their system of Sunday-schools and many other devices of their crafty priests; thus the damnable superstition of the Dark Ages is indelibly written upon their young minds. A certain priest has said, "Giv me a child until it is ten years old, and I will risk all future consequences." They understand this matter, and govern themselvs accordingly.

Unless we arouse from our lethargy, and contribute of our means as well as talent toward organizing our forces, we will find to our disgust that we hav been idly beating the wind. Again, so many tenderfoot Liberals dare not assert their principles for fear of courting the calumny of the priesthood, and thus lose their influence as well as their individuality, and, we might add, their manhood. J. W. FISK.

LEBO, KAN., Dec. 5, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: "N. S." mistakes, or knowingly misrepresents me, in the last TRUTH SEEKER. Perhaps he is a neophyte, or but lately converted from orthodoxy. If so, he is pardonable. He says I "called him a crank, silly, crazy, and held him up to the public gaze as a warning," etc. Whatever I may hav thought of him, I did nothing of the kind. I used the word "crank" but once, and then not referring to him. I told him that since, from his own statement, his case was in some respects a duplicate of one with which I was acquainted that had gone crazy, he should take warning, and go under treatment at once, if not too late. I said, "If he will hug his phantoms he will, in time, serve as a warning, as a stranded ship," etc., and by his last I am convinced he will do both. His declaration, that he "did not wish to be cured," renders a bad prognosis unavoidable. Some time since I heard a poor little preacher who could not understand a logical syllogism when explained, who would not admit the inevitable sequence of his own assumed premises, vehemently declare, "If these positions be erroneous, let me liv and die in error, for I will not giv up my faith." What could be done for him but to let him alone? We can only pity such stupidity. If in error, we rejoice to make the discovery, and thank him who aids us in this. I did not call him silly, but said, and still say, it sounds silly in a man to set up marvelous claims unless he can demonstrate their truth. His spleen seems disturbed, and a spirit of acrimony is displayed that I will not notice. I did not propose to bet, but offered to make him a present of $100 for his trouble in case he or his spirits are able to do as he claims before me, and I shall esteem the price reasonable, but I will waste no more time foolishly, and he must guarantee he is not a humbug by the deposit in bank to my credit of a like sum, if he fails to giv me the evidence desired. Of course I cannot use the distributed major premis and say *all*, for I hav not seen all, but I say I know many mediums are pitiful frauds, and shall protect myself against their impositions, as I do with all other mountebanks. I am simply Agnostic, but desire to learn, and expect to pay my tuition fee. My teacher must understand his alphabet, however, or make me believe he does, and, if he does not, he shall pay me for the time he caused me to squander by his false claims and pretensions. I mean business, simply business, and shall heed no babbling. I think my offer a fair and gentlemanly one.

He "fears I am so far advanced I can learn nothing more." I am not so far advanced, nor yet so old, that I do not learn daily, and I was hoping to learn somewhat of him, but the prospect looks gloomy at present.

I am unable to giv any reliable statistics as to the relativ number of insane among Spiritualists and Materialists, so I will not dispute his statement that there are less of the former, but I do not believe it, and call for his proofs.

He says, "Spiritualists hav a cheerful doctrin founded on phenomena, while Materialists occupy a melancholy position," etc. I reply, that depends on the status of the person. At the Centennial I saw a boy of perhaps twelve years looking very cheerful and happy with a penny rattle, while he neither heeded nor cared for the mighty Corliss engin which filled many with admiration akin to awe. The rattle was, no doubt, best adapted to his mental status. I am no contemner of things cheerful, but let them ever remain subordinate to the grand truths and principles of the solid material universe, and the sciences relating thereto.

He asks, with an air of innocent triumph that awakens pity, "Can he [I] demonstrate that my statements of September 10th are false?" I am happy in having better business on hand than demonstrating negativs. He made assertions that I did not believe, and I called on him for the proofs, and offered to pay him for them, but he comes at me with a spleeny, pueril effort at wit and sarcasm. He speaks of himself and spirit friends with large assurance, but with little of that modesty characteristic of true ability. He says, "Theology is a perverted child of Spiritualism!" Ha! ha! ha! I am ever so glad he told us that. I never could get its pedigree from good authority before. I always supposed such a monstrosity as theology must hav had a she God for a female and a horned devil for a male progenitor, but this detracts sadly from the supposed notoriety of its parentage. Tell him for me not to weep, for no Materialist wishes to "drive him from his positions." S. F.

KENT, O., Dec. 10, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me to say to Mr. Hoffman, of Georgia, and Mr. Vogler, of Home City, that, while they seem to take offense at my article of September 28th, and think me opposed to Freethought, and more especially to free speech, I do say that I am opposed to such freedom of speech as they advocate, and I am glad we hav men of more solid thought to control our country. One of them says if "I knew more about the men who died in Chicago on the 11th of November," etc., I would not talk as I do. While this may be true—and I wish I knew more—I will say I know as much as either of them, who think me so ignorant, as I was in Chicago during the strike and the Haymarket trouble, and tried to learn all I could as to the true inwardness of the question then being agitated; also, I hav read pro and con since that time.

Mr. Hoffman says the right of free speech has no limit; if you put bounds to it, it is no longer free. I will leave this question for the calm consideration of more solid Freethinkers, and only suggest that there must be a limit to everything to make it useful. Fire and water, two of our most useful elements when our servants, are the most destructiv when our masters.

As for capital punishment, I said nothing in my article referred to indicativ of my personal views on the subject. As long as capital punishment is the law of a state, criminals must be punished by that law, and anything I might say against the law could not change it. I am opposed to such law.

He also infers that I think all will be well in the sweet by and bye. Not so, brother, for I know nothing of such a time, and a wrong once done can never be undone. But haste often makes waste. I am no more in love with religious superstitions than you, but we hav many great and good men who believe and love their old Bible fables, and we are bound to respect them with their belief, or we cannot ask the same of them.

I am sorry to hear Friend Hoffman talk as he does of our policemen, as we put them into office to protect our lives and our property, and should stand by them when they need help. I am sorry to see them in the control of the church, as they should enforce justice only. If you condemn our policemen, who keep peace, what do you think of men who advocate no law to make peace? What freedom would there be for an unprotected female, were there no law or officers to protect her?

To Mr. Vogler I will say that I am a reader of THE TRUTH SEEKER and like it very much, although its Editors and I do not agree on all questions, and am also a reader of several other periodicals and an occasional copy of *Lucifer*, and in them I find many good and valuable thoughts; also many that I cannot accept.

He also says, "Mr. Swan, come out here on these cheap lands," etc. Why, bless your ignorance, I lived seven years in Kansas, from 1873 all through the grasshopper years, and think it a beautiful country, and that it has some as good people as liv. I am sorry you hav a railroad so near you, for were it not so, you could draw the products of your farm hundreds of miles to market, buy coal and team it home free of cost, and I advise that you do so now and not pay the monopolies one cent. While you in the West are crying, "High rates on transportation!" to the East, our Eastern farmers are growling because the rates are so low. They can't compete with you, and their farms hav depreciated forty per cent in value. If it were in my power to please you both, I would do it. On the whole, gentlemen, I think you are throwing stones at the horse you would catch in the pasture, for I cannot see how you are going to revolutionize our country for the benefit of the poor man by the course you are pursuing. The majority must rule, and the majority of our American citizens feel proud to think they liv in America.

No one is more willing to tolerate free speech than I, until it is carried so far as to jeopardize the welfare of our country and individual rights. When a man says, Hats off, to those who claimed to be Anarchists and hurrahed for Anarchy on the gallows, and then says he is not an Anarchist, I think he would best either chew his gum or take it from his mouth. I hav just read the editorial on the trial of John Most, and I heartily approve of what is said, so you see I am not entirely dumb to the opinion of others. I will gladly giv countenance to every sentiment that will giv freedom to our people, and especially to the poor man, but cannot condemn the best government on earth because I see some laws I do not like. It is utterly impossible for any country to make laws to please everyone, and especially those who wish no law.

Our government givs freedom to the foreigners; givs them land, a home, and a chance to help make our laws. Why growl because everything is not to your liking? I am for the Nine Demands of Liberalism, and will do all I can by peaceable means to get them. I think we are gaining ground. Our churches are becoming more Liberal, and free discussion is the spirit of the day. Let Freethinkers discuss, while the churches pray.

Yours for the best mutual interests of mankind,

A. D. SWAN.

DES MOINES, IA., Dec. 1, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: The people of Des Moines hav again received the benefit of a series of able lectures on Liberalism, this time at the instauce of Dr. J. L. York, whose name has become a household word by reason of his vigorous efforts here. But to-day he started for the West, his next point being that of Denver, Col. We miss him already. We pass the entrance of the hall, we climb the stony steps perchance, and see the vacant rostrum. It is a sad sight.

I would that every man and woman, endowed with reason and intelligence enough to grasp the scientific truths that he advances, would, candidly and honestly, listen to the doctor's lecture on "Evolution or Creation—Which?" and, were it possible for such men and women to lay aside their prejudice and receive the profound reasonings of which his mind is a fountain, people would withdraw support from church and creed, and, instead of having the idle tales of ignorant prattlers preached in aimless dashes from their pulpits, we would replace the undeserving structure by education and reform.

As one of our Des Moines Liberals, I must say that I am proud, very proud, of the able lectures that hav been given us by Dr. York. He is what would seem to some of our Christian friends, perhaps, a little too radical or outspoken. But the spirit of earnest desire to please his hearers which in every instance characterizes his efforts givs the candid thinker no room for any shock at the boldness of his expression. They simply ask themselvs whether or not the old man has told the truth. Consequently, the audience giv expression to their degree of satisfaction by frequent applause and continued attentivness. At each of his lectures here he held the audience with increased interest and enthusiasm for over two hours. But occasionally he was interrupted by the Christian "flip-floppers," who naturally would fill up quicker than the rest, and prance out of the hall. However, we got along just as well without them. One old woman told me that the reason she left the hall on Sunday evening was that she didn't like to attend such places on Sunday, but that if it had been any other day, she would attend. I informed her that the doctor would giv another lecture on Monday evening. He did, but the old lady didn't come. She went to the bull-fight.

The quaint delivery, the clear, deep voice and ringing tone, the earnestness of his efforts, the pleasing address, the refined but blunt expression, the logical arrangement of his thoughts, the powerful magnetism, his art of mimicry, and his desire to do good, are only a few of the extraordinary qualifications that are brought together to form the noted personage that we are proud to own as "the Ingersoll of the West."

The weather was very cold and disagreeable, but the fact that we had larger audiences than we usually see at our Liberal meetings here goes to prove that the good seed scattered in Des Moines by our noble friend and co-worker, Charles B. Reynolds, is bearing us a rich harvest. It is hardly time yet to reap the harvest of Dr. York. But the fact that steps were taken at his lectures to organize an Independent or Liberal Sunday-school and Childrens' Progressiv Lyceum bespeak for us a good result from the efforts of the doctor.

I earnestly hope that the appointments which hav been filled by Dr. York, and those which are yet to come, may prove as beneficial to humanity as hav his efforts here. He has inspired us with a new hope. He has bettered the channel of our thinking. He has transplanted the thinking minds of our city to a new sphere. And, above all, he has given us the cause for a resolution to strive to do good in every way possible. Indeed, I never before so truly realized the benefits of mental freedom, and the pure happiness that comes from a knowledge of the truth, as eloquently explained by Dr. York.

I hope that everywhere he may go he may open the eyes of the people, and awaken their sleeping talent which now is smothering within the walls of ignorance and superstition.

The doctor and his better half were entertained at the pleasant home of D. H. Cross and wife, and every effort upon their part, as well as our other Liberal friends of Des Moines, has been extended to make it a pleasant sojourn for them here. We can but hope, therefore, that he has left our city with as good an impression of us as we hav formed of him. And I voice the sentiments of the greater portion of his large audiences here when I say that he has given our cause a mighty push onward. And our best wishes follow him to the end of all his efforts. WARNER LOVELL.

P.S.—In reply to the many pleasant responses I hav received from Liberals all over the country, as a result of a former letter to THE TRUTH SEEKER, I would say, in addition to the personal attention I hav devoted to each one of these encouraging epistles, that I am very thankful to find so many warm friends in a field wherein I am a comparativ stranger. And I am glad that I can come out upon as pure a platform and put my name under as pure a motto as THE TRUTH SEEKER, and hope that it may be the means of informing my acquaintances that I am decidedly a Liberal, the opinions formed from reading some of my previous writings notwithstanding. Liberals, I am always pleased to hear from you, and shall giv your communications due attention. W. L.

# Children's Corner.

*Edited by* MISS SUSAN H. WIXON, *Fall River, Mass., to whom all Communications for this Corner should be sent.*

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."

## Our Pet.

I know a pretty pussy
And she is very wise.
Her name is Mistress Zaidee
And she has yellow eyes.

Her fur is soft and silky,
The prettiest silver-gray;
There's not a white hair in it,
She's perfect in her way.

She is so shy and cunning
And hides away so well,
That she wears a pretty collar
With a little silver bill.

She'll hide behind the table,
She'll sit up in a chair,
But when you turn to catch her
She is no longer there.

When it is her bed-time
She's quiet as a mouse,
And hides in some dark corner
While you search the whole house.

She'll not move a muscle,
Though you call her by the hour,
But a tinkle soon betrays her
And she's quickly in your power.

Then she lays her pretty ears back
And shakes her dainty head;
Scolding and sometimes scratching
As you take her off to bed.

She is so cross and funny,
I'm sure that you would smile,
But she's the nicest pussy
You will find for many a mile.

—*A. M. H.*

## The Snow Angel.

The sleigh-bells danced that winter night;
Old Brattleboro rang with glee;
The windows overflowed with light;
Joy ruled each hearth and Christmas tree;
But to one the bells and mirth were naught;
His soul with deeper joy was fraught.
He waited till the guests were gone;
He waited to dream his dream alone;
And the night wore on.

Alone he stands in the silent night;
He piles the snow in the village square;
With spade for a chisel, a statue white
From the crystal quarry rises fair.
No light, save the stars, to guide his hand,
But the image obeys his soul's command.
The sky is draped in a fleecy lawn,
The stars grow pale in the early dawn,
But the lad toils on.

And lo! in the morn the people came
To gaze at the wondrous vision there;
And they called it "The Angel," divining its name,
For it came in silence and unaware.
It seemed no moral hand had wrought
The uplifted face of prayerful thought:
But its features wasted beneath the sun:
Its life went out ere the day was done;
And the lad dreamed on.

And his dream was this: In the years to be
I will carve the angel in lasting stone;
In another land, beyond the sea,
I will toil in darkness, will dream alone;
While others sleep I will find a way
Up through the night to the light of day.
There's nothing desired beneath star or sun
Which patient genius has not won.
And the boy toiled on.

The years go by. He has wrought by might;
He has gained renown in the land of art:
But the thought inspired that Christmas night
Still kept its place in the sculptor's heart;
And the dream of the boy, that melted away
In the light of the sun that winter day,
Is embodied at last in enduring stone,
Snow angel in marble—his purpose won;
As the man toils on.

—*Wallace Bruce.*

## Prize Essay.

WHY I AM A LIBERAL.

I. I am a Liberal because, as I understand it, Liberalism may be called the religion of Nature. It teaches obedience to natural law, and maintains that each individual must suffer the consequences of his or her own actions, and that the penalty for each and every violation of the laws of Nature must be paid not by an innocent being, but by the violators of the law themselvs.

II. That form of religion known as Christianity claims to be a divine revelation, but furnishes no proof to support the claim, and the pages of history inform us that it has always been a cruel persecutor of those who dissented from its views. Catholics and Protestants hav frequently persecuted each other with extreme cruelty, and some Protestant sects hav tortured and put to death members of other Protestant sects for upholding opposing creeds. Liberalism has never persecuted anyone for being against its views, but allows the utmost freedom of thought and expression of opinion on all subjects whatever.

III. Liberalism knows nothing of supernaturalism, because the sublimest truths and grandest discoveries hav been found by scientific men within the domain of the natural. Nature forms the hills and the valleys, the lakes and the rivers, the seas and the oceans; and, in fact, everything in the boundless universe, from the unseen atom to the ponderous globe revolving in space, is alike subject to natural law.

IV. It was not by means of a supernatural revelation that Copernicus discovered his system of astronomy; it was not a heavenly messenger that informed Bruno of a plurality of worlds, and Galileo obtained no divine aid in the invention of his telescope, with which he viewed the starry heavens; but it was believers of a professed divine revelation who tortured and put to death in the most horrible manner those noble men for teaching the great truths of nature, the results of their own discoveries and investigations.

MARGARET COLVIN (age 13 years).
*Omaha, Neb.*

[Winning prize of $2.—ED. C. C.]

## The Story of a Handkerchief.

It was on a cold winter eve the night before Christmas when along through the rushing streets of one of our great lake cities a tall young man overloaded with packages was running to catch the street-car, which already was in motion, to get home. Home! He had no home, as he was a foreigner, but his boarding-house, where he had been living for nearly two years.

Christmas eve! Whoever has been alone in a foreign country, without friends or relativs, can imagin the feeling of our hero who will play the main part in this story. But he was going to hav Christmas, too, and so he bought some oranges and other little things for a few little friends he had and a book for the lady of the house he was boarding with. There was still something, perhaps a stranger could not hav made out, he was carefully holding when sitting in the car. It was all wrapped up in paper, and seemed to be breakable, as he handled it very carefully.

It was no work of art; it was only a picture of an Indian camp, made by himself out of scrap-pictures, moss, etc., but it was made out of friendship, for two little girls nine and ten years of age. After he arrived at the house, he put his things up and then sat down near the warm grate and recalled his past. He thought of a little house far in the east, in Europe, on the barren coast of the wild sea, where he was born. He thought of the time when he was a boy and going to school, and at Christmas getting presents from his parents and friends. He then thought of the incident that had occurred and the time he became an Infidel, and the day he left his home and country to hav peace and to worship his own religion, the Religion of Science and Truth; of the time when his mother bade him good-bye, and the time he landed on foreign soil without having a person he knew in the other country. He did not pray to God to giv him luck, nor did he ask Jesus to help him along; no, he simply trusted himself and depended his future on his hands and brain. All this he realized, and then a tear touched the paper he was writing on—a letter to his mother. He had no Christmas. Nobody would giv him something, as he expected, and so he went up to his room and went to bed to forget for a night that perhaps nevermore should he see his dear old mother's face again on a Christmas day.

It was noon the next day when he came home to dinner after having done some shopping, and when the dear little girls I spoke of before went to his chair and handed him a little package, containing a common little handkerchief. It is not the value of an article that is given; it is the way it is presented. And so this little handkerchief, worth only a few cents or a dime, made him more happy than any valuable piece of jewelry or a check on a bank could hav done. A tear again was in his eye, but this time a tear of joy. Yes, he had friends, too, and if he even had no place he could really call his home, he knew now that he would always find somebody that would care a little for him, and when Christmas comes again he perhaps will hav somebody again that will make him a present and make him forget that there is no place like home—especially on Christmas eve. The handkerchief he did not use, but he took a piece of silk paper and wrapped it up and laid it away for another time, to show perhaps to a friend who feels downhearted and illustrate how little things can make a person happy.

But, you children who may read this, you may take the lesson out of it that you should each exert all the favor you can, that you may never forget how happy you are in your youth, and how thankful you ought to be to your parents for all the good things they are giving you, and if you meet a person you think is in need of something, if only a kind word or smile, or if a poor tramp comes to your back-door and asks you for a cup of coffee or bread, oh, don't send him away. Ninety-nine may be guilty of not being willing to work, and just that one you send away perhaps would hav done any kind of work before going out to beg. Be kind to everyone, and don't let one feel that you are better off than he is.

UNCLE LOUIS.

## A Brave Marquis.

From an old history of Delaware we gather the story of a young French nobleman, which may interest our readers:

Among the French aristocrats who escaped the guillotin, in the days when it was a crime to hav been born with a title, was the Marquise de Sourcy, who fled to England, and thence to this country, with her son, a boy of fourteen. Her husband having been executed, this boy, Pierre, inherited the title; estates there were none.

His mother landed penniless in Wilmington, Del., and found refuge in a little cabin on Sixth street. The influential people of the town called on Madam de Sourcy, and offered her aid. Many houses were opened to her, but Pierre refused all help.

"We are poor, but not beggars," he said proudly. "I hav hands. I will support my mother."

He had no profession, trade, or capital. In the garden attached to their cottage grew a gourd vine. He cut the smaller gourds, and made of them boxes, which he stained and decorated with black figures, drawn *en silhouet*. These boxes sold rapidly at high prices. He then invented an ice-boat, which drew large crowds to the banks of Christiana creek, when it was frozen over.

There the young marquis was waiting with toy boats which he had made for sale. When pring came, he had several small *bateaux* ready to dispose of.

In the garden, he raised poultry and vegetables enough to supply his mother's table.

Two years passed. Pierre had wider ambitions. He built, after many failures, a boat so large that in it he was able to cross the Delaware, and to bring from New Jersey sand, which he sold for building purposes. He had from this a steady income, and began to look with contempt on his toy boxes and boats.

But one day the poor little marquis, weighted with his cargo of sand, was overtaken by a storm on the Delaware, his boat was capsized, and he was drowned within sight of his home. His mother sank under her trouble, and died the next day.

They were buried together in the old Swedes' churchyard; and the grave is still shown to strangers of the little nobleman who played his part in the world, in the midst of cruel misery and pain, more bravely, perhaps, than any of his ancestors.—*Our Own Paper.*

## Nursery Rhyme Interpreted.

Here is a nursery rhyme I should like to draw attention to—one in common use in Cornwall—which is certainly of great antiquity, and has even the reputation of being of Druidical origin. It runs as follows:

Ena, mena, mona, mite,
Pasca, laura, bona, bite,
Eggs, butter, cheese, bread,
Stick, stock, stone, dead.

The first two lines are said to be a phonetic representation of the incantations performed by the Druids before the immolation of their victims; the third has reference to the fattening process to which the victims were subjected in anticipation of their immolation, and the fourth of course shows the ordinary mode of immolation to hav been either by beating them to death with sticks or stoning them with stones.—*Notes and Queries.*

A GOOD mother undertook a little religious instruction among her children on Sunday, and began to read the parable of the sower. A little six-year-old girl promptly interrupted with: "That's a chestnut, mamma! That's a chestnut! I've heard it in Sunday-school lots of times."—*Taunton Gazette.*

WHEN one thinks of the real agony one has gone through in consequence of false teaching, it makes human nature angry with the teachers who hav added to the bitterness of life.—*General Gordon.*

## Correspondence.

DENVER, COL., Dec. 17, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: Received the $1 yesterday for essay, "Why I am a Liberal." No, I hav never received Mr. Cozine's prize-money. He probably thought he did not get his money's worth, and perhaps he didn't.

Very truly, LAURA STEWART.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Dec. 15, 1887.

MISS WIXON, *Dear Madam:* I received your letter and inclosed postal-note this morning, from which I learn that my essay on "Why I Am a Liberal" has taken the first prize. Accept my thanks for your compliment, and the assurance that I will strive to mend the fault you hav observed. The Corner will probably hear from me in January. Closing, I remain,

Yours truly, GEO. H. SEIBEL.

SCANDIA, KAN., Dec. 13, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: I thought I would write a few lines for THE TRUTH SEEKER. I go to school every day. I went the first three months of our school, and got a prize. The prize was a box of writing-paper, with a flower on the top of the paper. I wish some of the members of the Children's Corner would write to me. I am eleven years old. I hav two sisters and one brother. I wrote to Aunt Elmina some time ago, but hav not seen it in the *Investigator* yet. Please excuse bad writing. From your friend.

LULIE DE TAYLOR.

OMAHA, NEB., Dec. 11, 1887.

DEAR MISS WIXON: It is quite a long time since I wrote to the Children's Corner. I go to school every day. I am in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Fannie Maxwell; she is very kind. The Salvation Army has been arrested once. A lady friend of ours went down to their hall one night with a Methodist lady, and when they asked her whether or not she believed in God, after some little parley she said, "Prove to me that I hav a soul, and I will join." But they could not, so she is a Liberal yet.

Papa is a true Liberal. There is a Presbyterian church next door to us. Sometimes I go there with a little girl, a friend, and it makes me go to sleep. Rev. Harsha is the minister. I am learning the song, "There's One More River to Cross," and a piece, "The Children's Hour."

I am twelve years old, and would like to hav some correspondents about my own age. As my letter is getting almost too long—

Yours with love, MAGGIE GRIFFITH.

Wednesday, Dec. 14, 287.

DEAR MISS WIXON: My father has taken THE TRUTH SEEKER for a long time; and I hav often thought of writing to the Children's Corner, but as yet never hav. But I hav heard "it is better late than never," so I thought I would defer writing no longer.

I am going to school now. My two sisters go also. We hav as teacher a kind and considerate lady, Miss Stella Jackson by name. I disobey but one school law, and that is the repeating of the Lord's Prayer. Each scholar is expected to stand, look sanctimonious, and repeat it. But as for myself, I must say I can scarcely endure to hear it every morning during an entire term of school, much less repeat it. We are also expected to sing gospel hymns. Some of the hymns are, I think, worth singing, and convey to one much that is very instructiv and pleasant to think of. When these are sung, I generally join in the singing of them.

The church-going people of our vicinity are too poor to build a church in which to worship, so our school-house is used for a church; and, from the appearance of the several scholars' desks and books on Monday morning, one has a right to conclude that all do not go for the express purpose of worship. All this causes the scholars to grow very much disgusted at times.

My brother, my sisters, and myself can always find a more profitable way in which to spend our time than in going to a country church, where there is not even good singing to listen to.

I will close, as I fear I am writing too long a letter to see it in print.

With best wishes to the Children's Corner, I remain, Your friend,

MAUDE MONTAGUE MORRISON.

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(*Concluded from page* 837.)

has put this burden on your young life simply that you may suffer and be strong. I would help you gladly, but I do not wish to defeat the plans of your almighty friend?" You can reason one way, but you would act the other.

I agree with you that work is good, that struggle is essential; that men are made manly by contending with each other and with the forces of nature; but there is a point beyond which struggle does not make character; there is a point at which struggle becomes failure.

Can you conceive of an "almighty friend" deforming his children because he loves them? Did he allow the innocent to languish in dungeons because he was their friend? Did he allow the noble to perish upon the scaffold, the great and the self-denying to be burnt at the stake, because he had the power to save? Was he restrained by love? Did this "almighty friend" allow millions of his children to be enslaved to the end that "the splendor of virtue might hav a dark background?" You insist that "suffering patiently borne is a means of the greatest elevation of character and in the end of the highest enjoyment." Do you not then see that your "almighty friend" has been unjust to the happy—that he is cruel to those whom we call the fortunate—that he is indifferent to the men who do not suffer—that he leaves all the happy and prosperous and joyous without character, and that in the end, according to your doctrin, they are the losers?

But, after all, there is no need of arguing this question further. There is one fact that destroys forever your theory—and that is the fact that millions upon millions die in infancy. Where do they get "elevation of character?" What opportunity is given to them to "suffer and be strong?" Let us admit that we do not know. Let us say that the mysteries of life, of good and evil, of joy and pain, hav never been explained. Is character of no importance in heaven? How is it possible for angels, living in "a child's picture," to "suffer and be strong?" Do you not see that, according to your philosophy, only the damned can grow great—only the lost can become sublime?

You do not seem to understand what I say with regard to what I call the higher philosophy. When that philosophy is accepted, of course there will be good in the world, there will be evil, there will still be right and wrong. What is good? That which tends to the happiness of sentient beings. What is evil? That which tends to the misery, or tends to lessen the happiness, of sentient beings. What is right? The best thing to be done under the circumstances—that is to say, the thing that will increase or preserve the happiness of man. What is wrong? That which tends to the misery of man.

What you call liberty, choice, morality, responsibility, hav nothing whatever to do with this. There is no difference between necessity and liberty. He who is free, acts from choice. What is the foundation of his choice? What we really mean by liberty is freedom from personal dictation—we do not wish to be controled by the will of others. To us the nature of things does not seem to be a master—Nature has no will.

Society has the right to protect itself by imprisoning those who prey upon its interests; but it has no right to punish. It may hav the right to destroy the life of one dangerous to the community; but what has freedom to do with this? Do you kill the poisonous serpent because he knew better than to bite? Do you chain a wild beast because he is morally responsible? Do you not think that the criminal deserves the pity of the virtuous?

I was looking forward to the time when the individual might feel justified—when the convict who had worn the garment of disgrace might know and feel that he had acted as he must.

There is an old Hindoo prayer to which I call your attention: "Hav mercy, God, upon the vicious; thou hast already had mercy upon the just by making them just."

Is it not possible that we may find that everything has been necessarily produced? This, of course, would end in the justification of men. Is not that a a desirable thing? Is it not possible that intelligence may at last raise the human race to that sublime and philosophic hight?

You insist, however, that this is Calvinism. I take it for granted that you understand Calvinism—but let me tell you what it is. Calvinism asserts that man does as he must, and that, notwithstanding this fact, he is responsible for what he does—that is to say, for what he is compelled to do—that is to say, for what God does with him; and that, for doing that which he must, an infinit God, who compelled him to do it, is justified in punishing the man in eternal fire; this, not because the man ought to be damned, but simply for the glory of God.

Starting from the same declaration, that man does as he must, I reach the conclusion that we shall finally perceive in this fact justification for every individual. And yet you see no difference between my doctrin and Calvinism. You insist that damnation and justification are substantially the same; and yet the difference is as great as human language can express. You call the justification of all the world "the gospel of despair," and the damnation of nearly all the human race the "consolation of religion."

After all, my dear friend, do you not see that when you come to speak of that which is really good, you are compelled to describe your ideal human being? It is the human in Christ, and only the human, that you, by any possibility, can understand. You speak of one who was born among the poor, who went about doing good, who sympathized with those who suffered. You hav described, not only one, but many millions of the human race. Millions of others hav carried light to those sitting in darkness; millions and millions hav taken children in their arms; millions hav wept that those they loved might smile. No language can express the goodness, the heroism, the patience, and self-denial of the many millions, dead and living, who hav preserved in the family of man the jewels of the heart. You hav clad one being in all the virtues of the race, in all the attributes of gentleness, patience, goodness, and love, and yet that being, according to the New Testament, had to his character another side. True, he said, "Come unto me and I will giv you rest;" but what did he say to those who failed to come? You pour out your whole heart in thankfulness to this one man who suffered for the right, while I thank not only this one, but all the rest. My heart goes out to all the great, the self-denying, and the good—to the founders of nations, singers of songs, builders of homes; to the inventors, to the artists who hav filled the world with beauty, to the composers of music, to the soldiers of the right, to the makers of mirth, to honest men, and to all the loving mothers of the race.

Compare, for one moment, all that the savior did, all the pain and suffering that he relieved; compare all this with the discovery of anesthetics. Compare your prophets with the inventors, your apostles with the Keplers, the Humboldts, and the Darwins.

I belong to the great church that holds the world within its starlit aisles; that claims the great and good of every race and clime; that finds with joy the grain of gold in every creed, and floods with light and love the germs of good in every soul.

Most men are provincial, narrow, one-sided, only partially devoloped. In a new country we often see a little patch of land, a clearing in which the pioneer has built his cabin. This little clearing is just large enough to support a family, and the remainder of the farm is still forest, in which snakes crawl and wild beasts occasionally crouch. It is thus with the brain of the average man. There is a little clearing, a little patch, just large enough to practice medicin with, or sell goods, or practice law, or preach with, or to do some kind of business, sufficient to obtain bread and food and shelter for a family, while all the rest of the brain is covered with primeval forest, in which lie coiled the serpents of superstition and from which spring the wild beasts of orthodox religion.

Neither in the interest of truth, nor for the benefit of man, is it necessary to assert what we do not know. No cause is great enough to demand a sacrifice of candor. The mysteries of life and death, of good and evil, hav never yet been solved.

I combat those only who, knowing nothing of the future, prophesy an eternity of pain—those only who sow the seeds of fear in the hearts of men—those only who poison all the springs of life, and seat a skeleton at every feast.

Let us banish the shriveled hags of superstition; let us welcome the beautiful daughters of truth and joy.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

## C. B. Reynolds on His Western Tour.

LIBERAL, Mo.—All Liberals are natural kickers, and more or less cranks—*i.e.*, advanced thinkers. Their independence of character makes them prompt to resist anything like dictation, and to regard with contempt any theory that does not commend itself to their reason, or that cannot pass the ordeal of rigid investigation. Each and all who invested in Liberal had their own peculiar notions of just what a Liberal town should be, and how to make it so. Each and all wanted their own way, and were more or less impatient at the mere suggestion of any other. No wonder, then, that Liberal has passed through many serious dissensions and sad tribulations! It was very necessary that the various specimens of ore thus promiscuously thrown together should be tested. This has been done, and all are rejoicing to discover the pure metal far exceeds the dross, although for a time each to the other seemed a mass of rough, jagged edges, that was sure to cut and lacerate all who did not handle them most cautiously. Having now passed through the crusher, the genuin metal greatly preponderates, and there is a glad admission of the many excellent qualities of each other.

Liberal is now on the direct road to progress and permanent prosperity. Very handsome stone buildings are being erected in the place of the frame shanties first put up. A general spirit of enterprise prevails that only needs centering in the right channel to insure most rapid growth and brilliant future. There are now two main lines of railroad running through the town, and in a few months there will be a third, making Liberal a railroad center.

Liberal is not the place for a poor man. There is at present no industrial enterprise, no manufactories, nothing to giv employment to the laboring classes. Liberal is just the most desirable of places for people with a few thousand dollars to go make a home, and invest their money, and inevitably grow wealthy with the progress of the place. The best business men of the town are now fully aroused to the need of establishing manufactories. A stock company will shortly be formed that cannot fail to wonderfully enhance the value of every acre of land for miles around Liberal in every direction, and giv constant employment to hundreds of operativs—women as well as men. Everything is favorable for the enterprise. All the residents of Liberal will be enabled to participate, and success is assured, because the spirit of true Liberalism is now prevalent. All realize that mutual concessions, mutual forbearance, and mutual kindness will insure mutual prosperity.

I enjoyed a delightsome visit. How could it be otherwise with such a host of congenial spirits—real, genuin Liberals? I enjoyed the hospitality of the genial, jolly Charles Webb, and his good wife, who are devoted to Liberal and Liberalism. The Women's Freethought Educational Union gave a supper and reception at the Universal Mental Liberty Hall in honor of my advent, on Saturday evening, Dec. 10th. The newly organized brass band discoursed cheering melodies. Prof. M. D. Leahy made a most earnest and eloquent address. Several of the university scholars gave admirable recitations, and all enjoyed a glorious, good time. The financial proceeds were devoted to the university. I hope every local Secular Union will speedily organize a kindred society of its own ladies, and help on the noble work of affording to the children of Liberals—members of their local Union, who cannot afford the expense of sending their children to college—the advantages of a course at the Freethought University, thus helping members of their own home society, as well as the university. For full particulars address Mrs. L. H. Greeley, corresponding secretary Women's Freethought Educational Union, Liberal, Mo.

I delivered two lectures at the Universal Mental Liberty Hall on December 11th and 12th. The *American Idea*—and a very excellent Idea it is, and one to be cordially welcomed by every Liberal interested in the Freethought University—said of my lectures: "Mr. Reynolds is such a representativ of the great cause of Liberalism as must necessarily call forth the support and admiration of every earnest Liberal, and command the respect of every fair-minded Christian. His lecture on 'Life's Duties,' delivered Sunday night, was a treasury of the richest food for thought, and cannot fail to make better everyone who hears it. It teaches a high, pure, practical Liberalism that must commend itself to Christian and Infidel alike. His lecture, 'Why I Left the Pulpit,' is touching and instructiv, and bespeaks the genuinness of the man. His visit here is an occurrence long to be remembered by every citizen of Liberal."

I am preparing an article on the Freethought University, and hope to find time to forward it next week.

C. B. REYNOLDS.

W. F. JAMIESON has just closed a very successful course of lectures in Alamosa, Col., five nights and Sunday afternoon, to increasing audiences. The Alamosa people gave him a cordial welcome. He is engaged to giv a series of six lectures in Salida, Col., Jan. 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23d, and 24th, and will lecture in towns adjacent to Salida, and throughout Colorado, during the months of Febuary and March. Address him at Monte Vista, Col.

E. A. STEVENS writes: "If there is any one person to whom the Chicago Freethinkers feel indebted more than another—for years of patient, arduous unpaid toil and talent freely contributed—that person is Mrs. M. A. Freeman. And among its brilliant host of lecturers, few can fill a house like our eloquent vice-president, and none is so general a favorit. As Mrs. Freeman is going to make the Liberal lecture-field her future life-work, and is to start about February 1st through Iowa, having secured engagements at the following places: Fayette county, Shenandoah, Charles City, Perry, Leon, Ottumwa, Rockport, Mo.; Helena, Neb., those who wish to hear this brilliant lady lecture should address her immediately—all those on or near these places especially."

### The Privileged Choir.

*From the Chicago Tribune.*

"And now," said the parson, at the close of his sermon, "I will ask all those in the congregation who are endeavoring to lead a better life, or who desire or expect ever to do so, to remain a few moments after the benediction has been pronounced. Members of the choir," added the good man, looking benignantly in the direction of the organ as he spoke, "are also cordially invited to remain."

### How the Clergyman Became Tired.

*From Truth.*

Tammas walked home with the minister after service last Sunday, and the latter complained of exhaustion.

"Tired out, eh?" said Tammas.

"Yes," sighed the reverend, "completely done up, mentally and physically. I actually strained my back getting up this morning's sermon."

"Oh," said Tammas, musingly, "you must be very near the bottom of the barrel."

## Mormon Property Seized.

*From the Sequatchee Sun, Jasper, Tenn.*

United States Marshal Dyer, as receiver of church property, seized all personal property in the temple block and tithing-office. This property is claimed by Angus Cannon, president. This estate was turned over to him before the passage of the law.—*Salt Lake City Dispatch.*

We are not a Mormon, nor a friend to the Mormons, yet we are in favor of strictly carrying out the Constitution of the United States, having served in the army nearly three years in order to preserve the Constitution in its purity. We can remember the time when a Methodist circuit rider was not looked upon with any more favor than the Mormons are now. Meeting-houses were closed against them, and they held their meetings in private dwellings or in the open air. It has not been many years since the Pilgrim fathers landed on this continent exiles on account of religious persecution. They had not been on the continent long before they began to persecute those who differed with them religiously; they even went so far as to hang the heretics. We are opposed to persecutions of any kind on account of political or religious opinions. The act of Congress authorizing the confiscation and seizure of Mormon property is an outrage upon our constitutional liberties that will hav a bad effect, and will react upon the people in the near future in such a manner as will shatter the foundations of our social system. It is no argument to say that the Mormons hav violated the proprieties of social life by having a plurality of wives. According to their law they had no illegitimate children, or women ostracized on account of lost virtue. How is it in our monogamic society? Look around and you can see upon every hand the work of the seducers in our fallen women and illegitimate children. Canting hypocrits cry out against the Mormons, and turn around and destroy the happiness of their next-door neighbor's daughter. And, according to numbers, preachers seduce more women than any other class. You can scarcely pick up a paper that has not a scandal in which a preacher is mixed up with some other man's wife or daughter. And, while his crime is condoned, the poor woman is kicked out of decent society, and pushed from pillar to post until she ends her days by suicide or in the poor-house, and is buried in the potter's field. The scoundrelly preacher still holds his place as pastor of the fold, and is permitted to enter society as if no innocent girl or wife had been duped by his villainy. Seeing that we practice that which we persecute the Mormons for, and leave our victims to battle through life against the sneers and persecutions of those who are more fortunate, we think it would be better to attend to our own business, and let the Mormons do the same, lest a reaction should set in that would knock the props from under our own rotten and corrupt institutions.

Consistency is said to be a great jewel. Are we consistent in persecuting the Mormons for what is practiced and perpetrated under our own noses? Sweep before your own door, and let him that is without sin throw rocks at the Mormon church. Wipe out the filthy, vulgar passages in the Bible from which the Mormons as well as yourselvs claim to found your several doctrins, and giv the rising generation a decent book to guide their course through life, before you cry out against those who are guilty of no worse crimes than you practice yourself, and are taught in your Bible.

## Religion in the Schools.

*From the Evening Post of November 24th.*

SIR: Under the head of "Religious Opinion," in your last Saturday's paper, is an article from the *Observer* (Presbyterian), from which I extract the following: "The Roman Catholic authorities are now fighting the [public] schools with a vigor and ingenuity worthy of the darkest ages. They seek to break up our [school] system, by asking for a portion of the public money to use in educating children in their own way."

Who is responsible for this? I answer, the very church, and those allied to it by a common, Protestant, orthodox faith, which is represented by the *Observer* itself.

Anyone familiar with the history of the question of the Bible in the public schools knows that it has been an agitated one for half a century; and why? Because the Protestant church (being in the majority) persisted in inculcating the Protestant version of the Christian religion in the minds of the pupils of the public schools, against which the Roman Catholic church with equal persistence has "protested," as they had a right to, and as the Protestant church would, of course, hav done had the Roman church (if it had been in the majority) persisted in inculcating its version of the Christian religion. The consequence of this persistence of the Protestants is that the Roman Catholics hav "struck!" They hav tried in vain to hav the "bone of contention" (the Protestant Bible) taken from the public schools, and to hav secular instruction only permitted. Failing in this, they now ask, as a matter of right, that as the state contributes to the support of schools where the Protestant religion is inculcated, it should also contribute to the support of schools where the Roman Catholic religion is taught.

If our school system is destroyed, if the principle of secular education is abandoned, if these nurseries of citizenship are broken up, the Protestant church must be held answerable for the calamity which will ensue.

While I thus speak of the Protestant church as a whole, I must make exceptions in favor of the liberal-minded members of that church whose zeal for their religion has been tempered with justice—who, while tenaciously adhering to what they believe to be true in their religious teachings, deny, from principle, the right of any church to intrude itself into any of the departments of the state. If the advice of such Christians of the Protestant church as the Rev. Drs. Shipman of the Episcopal, Crosby of the Presbyterian, King of the Methodist, Tiffany of the Baptist church, had been taken, no Protestant, or Roman Catholic, or any other religious book would be allowed in our public schools, and consequently the present attempt to "break up our school system" would be without its inciting cause.

There has been a change of sentiment and a rapid growth in favor of the views here expressed. Dr. J. G. Holland was willing to "confess to a change of conviction on the matter of the compulsory reading of the Bible in the public schools. It is to the Catholic, Jew, and Atheist, a grievance, a hardship, an oppression." The *Independent* recently said: "If the religious views of some form of paganism were to be taught by the state, and believers in the religion of the Bible were to be taxed, these believers would complain bitterly and justly. The principle, however, is the same, no matter what religious views are incorporated into a system of popular education at the public expense." The rector of Christ church in this city has said that "Protestants are wrong in claiming a right to hav the Bible read [in the public schools]," and relegates religious education "where it properly belongs, to the family and the Church." A writer in a daily paper recently said: "Our public schools were founded for the purpose of making intelligent citizens, and not to talk about the saving of souls."

But what does the law say on this subject? I quote therefrom: "No school shall be entitled to receive any portion of the school money in which the tenets of any Christian or other religious sect shall be taught, inculcated, or practiced."

Ought not that to be sufficient either to stop appropriations for the schools or take the Bible from them? If so, I ask, which shall it be? H. M. T.


## Robt. G. Ingersoll's

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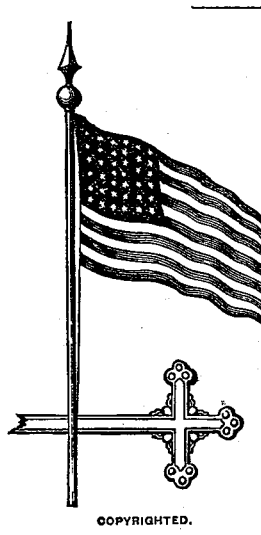
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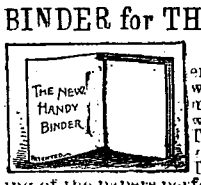
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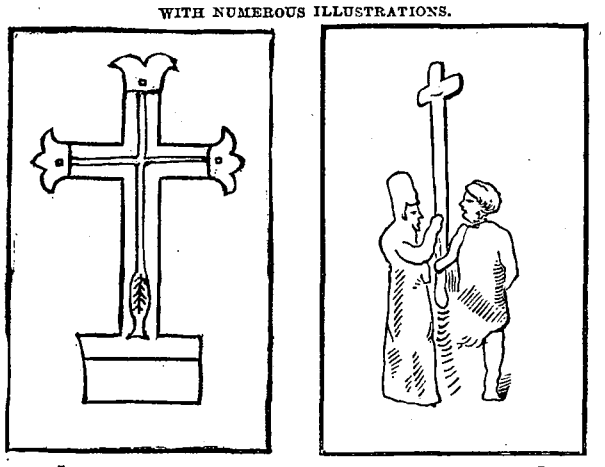
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## News of the Week.

ALARM has prevailed in maritim circles for some days over the loss of a huge lumber raft in that part of the Atlantic forming the ocean way of most European steamship lines, where it would be extremely likely to cause many collisions and wrecks.

EX-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY MANNING died on the 24th.

THE government is moving toward a strengthening of our coast defenses.

EUROPEAN scientists hav discovered the bacillus of cancer, and are experimenting with it.

AMONG the immense number of Christmas presents the pope has received from the faithful are 50,000 bottles of champagne.

ON the 21st, an accidental discharge of 14,000 gallons of naphtha into a sewer of Rochester, N. Y., and its explosion, caused the loss of several lives.

THE advocates and the enemies of easy divorce continue to agitate the question and struggle for the support of laws favoring their respectiv sides here and in England.

THE authorities in Ireland continue to make arrests of whoever wants Home Rule, of whoever wants land reform, and, in short, of whoever wants anything that they don't wish him to hav.

ABOUT 40,000 employees of the Reading, Pa., railroad struck on the 24th.

THE Socialists in the German parliament sternly oppose the war measures and ask for international peace and movements toward a universal brotherhood of man.

AN attempt to make a little honest retrenchment in the expenses of the Boston customhouse is meeting with furious indignation from the circles benefiting by the maladministration.

LATE discoveries expose the deepest corruption in the London public boards. Unsafe buildings are passed by inspectors through bribery, and blackmail is levied wherever practicable.

A VERY extensiv movement to organize the working-women of this city is in progress. The revelations made of the long hours, meager wages, and sufferings of sewing women are shocking.

IT is reported, perhaps with questionable accuracy, that the Knights of Labor hav diminished from 723,000 in October of last year, 500,000 last July, and 300,000 last October, to 200,000 to-day.

THE Federation of Labor at its recent convention favored the making of eight hours a day's work, and recommends that each trade work for reductions of hours until the eight-hour day is reached.

FROM reports of the workings of what is called the "green goods swindle," by which city sharpers advertise and sell to countrymen pretended counterfeit money, we obtain the sad information that among the would-be purchasers of bad notes the most prominent class is that of deacons of country churches.

DR. GATLING has invented another gun, which he calls the "Police gun," and which is designed for use in riots. It is brass, weighs 78 pounds, is mounted on a tripod with a universal joint, works very much like the Gatling gun, and will deliver one thousand shots a minute in any direction—sideways, up, or down.

FROM the reports of John L. Sullivan's triumphal progress through England and Scotland, setting forth the flattering attentions, private interviews, and elegantly inscribed and costly presents tendered him by the prince of Wales and other dignitaries, may be obtained edifying ideas of the pursuits to which those ornaments of the English nation devote their time.


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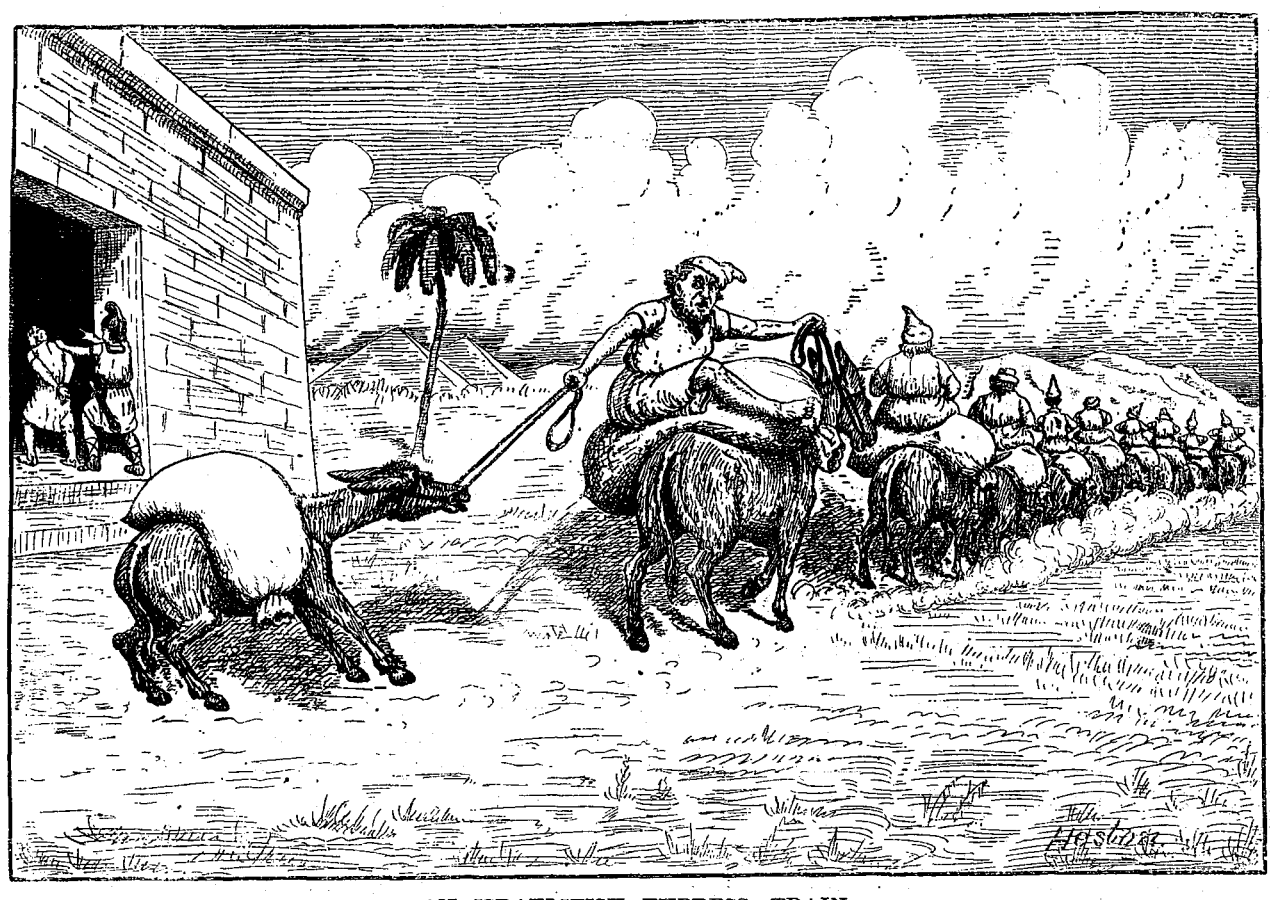
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And they laded their asses with the corn, and departed thence.—Gen. xlii, 26.

## Odds and Ends.

AN oculist doesn't want an eye for an eye, and a dentist doesn't want a tooth for a tooth. They want dollars.

PROUD father: "I believe, my dear, that that baby knows as much as I do." Mother (gazing at the infant): "Yes, poor little fellow."

JORKINS: "That's a good move of Comstock's to put an end to nudity in the park." Barker: "How so?" Jorkins: "He's arrested the bear."

BOSTON mamma: "You mustn't speak of your legs, Flossie, when you hav company. It isn't polite." Flossie: "What should I say, mamma—drumsticks?"

LONG-HAIRED man (to bartender): "Can I leave a few tracts in here, my friend?" Bartender: "Yes, you can leave a few tracks in here, and I want the toes to point toward the door."

BROWN: "What makes you look so sleepy all the time, Robinson? You ought to get to bed earlier." Robinson (yawning): "I know I ought, but to tell the truth, Brown, I'm courting a widow."

OLD CHRISTMAS (to children blowing horns): "You young imps! Why do you disturb a holyday this way?" Chorus of small boys: "Yah, yah, old fossil! We spell it holiday now."

A DRUGGIST, who thought that a drachm
Was equal in weight to a lachmb,
When charged by the boss
For causing a loss,
Replied, "I don't care a dachmn."

YOUNG Mr. Sissy (on board of the Fleetwing): "Yesh, Miss Maude, thish is a (hic) centerboard yacht. Didn't you (hic) know that?" Miss Maude: "No, I was under the impression that it is a sideboard yacht."

YOUNG man (to jeweler): "You can only allow me five dollars for the ring?" Jeweler: "That's all." Young man: "But you charged me fifteen for it a month ago." Jeweler: "Exactly." Young man (sadly): "Well, giv me the five dollars. I s'pose I ought to be thankful that I got the ring back at all."

A MINISTER of Farmington, Me., after preaching a sermon of great length, died from exhaustion. This should be a warning to ministers who are in the habit of preaching long sermons. Usually the congregation suffer the most, but there are times when the minister takes a dose of his own medicin.

HUSBAND (to wife): "Do you believe in the theory that the greatness of a father often proves a stumbling-block to the advancement of his son in life?" Wife: "I certainly do. Thank heaven, John, our boy will never be handicapped in that way. But what are you looking for, my dear?" Husband: "My hat."

ENGLISH eulogists of American deceased come high, but it seems that we must hav them. The terms of an eminent divine, recently in this country, are said to be as follows: Simple exposition of deceased's career, with an appropriate moral deduced therefrom, £150; laudatory sermon, exhorting the hearers to follow in the footsteps of deceased, accompanied by tears, £200; all-wool-and-yard-wide praise, with complete dissolution of speaker in grief for the departed, with tearing of hair, rending of garments, and other accessories, as desired, £300-500.—*Life.*

"SPEAKING of mushrooms and toadstools, gentlemen," chimed in Dumley, "a friend of mine not long ago gathered a quantity of what he supposed were mushrooms and took 'em home. His wife cooked 'em, and the whole family ate heartily of 'em." "And did they all die?" inquired the crowd, very much shocked. "No, they happened to be mushrooms, you see," replied Dumley, with a far-away look in his eyes, "but it was a narrow escape."

THE occasional contributor dropped into the sanctum wearily. Seated at the desk was a beetle-browed tramp printer. "Are you the mule editor?" softly inquired the visiting contributor. "Nay," answered the apparition, poising a proof-slip in his delicately discolored digits; "I am the calf editor. Do you wish to be edited?"

"CAN'T you say something pleasant to me?" said a husband to his wife as he was about to start for his office. They had had a little quarrel, and he was willing to "make it up." "Ah, John," responded the penitent lady, throwing her arms around his neck, "forgiv my foolishness. We were both in the wrong. And don't forget the baby's shoes, dear, and the ton of coal, and we are out of potatoes; and John, love, you must leave me some money for the gas man."

"LAST Sabbath, the members of the Bible class,' says a Montana paper, "made a very neat and appropriate present to their pastor, Elder Sniff, of a handsome slungshot, extra weight, covered with elegant stamped leather, to be used as a paper weight in his study. The good man was quite overcome by the unexpectedness of the gift, as well as the new evidence of the esteem in which he is held by the class. He suppressed his emotion with difficulty as he thanked them for the gift and complimented them on their choice, assuring them that it should grace his study as long as he should remain in the ministry. After the close of the formal exercises, he facetiously remarked, as he slipped the slungshot up his sleeve and started home, that he would certainly hav no trouble in putting heads on the different parts of his sermons now."

"NATURALLY I hav had some queer experiences since I hav been preaching out in Wyoming," said a minister to a lady friend whom he happened to meet on the train. "I suppose so—the people must be so strange out there." "Yes, very. I remember when I first went there the mayor of the city came to me and said: 'Elder, goin' to start a church?' 'I hope to lay the foundations of one here,' I replied. 'Correct,' he continued; 'layin' for members, I reckon?' 'Well, of course, I want as many members as possible,' I replied. 'I'll tell you what I'll do, parson,' went on the mayor; 'I'll go out here on Grand Central avenue and run you a foot-race, and if you beat I'll join your church; if I beat, you pay me $10.'" "Why, the very idea—how absurd!" exclaimed the lady. "Yes," replied the minister, as he moved his grip back and propped his knees up against the seat in front, "it was ridiculous under the circumstances—he was six feet four, mostly legs; but I'll tell you what it is, if he'd been just an ordinary man, I'm a sinner if I wouldn't hav taken $10 out of the foreign missionary fund and gone out and tried him a whirl just for luck!"

## Gems of Thought.

WHEN told that twice two make four, that two halves are equal to a whole, that a part is less than the whole, we are compelled to believe it, because it is sustained by evidence and our own experience, and we could not doubt it if we tried. But to believe without evidence, to accept without investigation, to admit apparent impossibilities without a vestige of proof, is not a virtue; it is not conduciv to morality. Strange and unnatural things should not be believed until unmistakable evidence is forthcoming.—*D. M. Bennett.*

THOUGH it is not a direct article of the Christian system, that this world is the whole of the habitable creation, yet it is so worked up therewith from what is called the Mosaic account of the creation, the story of Eve and the apple, and the counterpart of that story, the death of the son of God, that to believe otherwise—that is, to believe that God created a plurality of worlds, at least as numerous as what we call stars—renders the Christian system of faith at once little and ridiculous, and scatters it in the mind like feathers in the air. The two beliefs cannot be held together in the same mind; and he who thinks that he believes both, has thought but little of either.—*Paine's Age of Reason.*

FOSTER not the hostilities, the sectarianisms, of the world, its mythical and legendary supernaturalisms, but rather its far simpler and grander agreements, its universal moral instincts, its brotherly sympathies. Teach lessons of universal application, universally appreciated, universally needed. Teach the one and only universal religion of doing good, of being just. Why teach children theories of creation rejected by men of science, and doctrins outgrown by enlightened clergymen? [Why could not the author (who is evidently a very clever fellow) hav contented himself with writing "men," leaving out the "clergy?"] An honest man is a higher title than clergy-man, and it still holds good that an ounce of common sense is worth a pound of clergy.—*Hylax.*] Why feed the curiosity, the truth-hunger, of the child with fabulous world-histories, with acknowledged ethical and historical falsities, which the more able and thoughtful must afterward unlearn with bitter pain, and with deep indignation at the fraud practiced on them during the trustful years of childhood? Why imperil morality by intimately, if not inseparably, associating it with fragil untruths, and with delusiv doctrins emphatically opposed to common sense and justice?—*Religion in Schools.*

YE good distressed, ye noble few,
Who here unbending stand beneath life's pressure,
Yet bear up a while and what your bounded view,
Which only saw a little part, deemed evil,
Is no more. The storms of wintry time
Will quickly pass and one unbounded spring
Encircle all.—*Thomson.*

THIS is the aim of the new faith—to promote the welfare and to aid the progress of the race; to inculcate purity and honesty of life; to diffuse everywhere the spirit of charity and love; to stimulate, in every way, by music, sculpture, painting, literature, and poetry, the growing culture of the race; to place before man constantly higher models of excellence; and to cheer and comfort drooping, saddened hearts. For the time when these blessings shall be widely diffused must all disciples of the new faith toil. The time has come to emerge from politic concealment and to declare our views. Already the air is full of the tremor of a hastening change. The mists are lifting. The ugly forms of once potent superstitions are growing fainter and fainter and are fading steadily from view. The promis of a better day is dawning on the race. We may not see its glory, but we can help its advance.—*Stoddard's New Faith.*

TRULY the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun; but if a man liv many years and rejoice in them all; yet let him remember the days of darkness; for they shall be many. All that cometh is vanity.—*Ecclesiastes* xi, 7, 8.

THE old universe is made of pretty strong material. For ages men hav prophesied that it would quickly go to pieces; but it keeps on all the same. Every now and then, something happens which seems utterly disastrous to its existence; but it still endures, and it will probably continue to do so till our little fears hav subsided.—*Christian Register.*

NEXT to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it. Many will read the book before one thinks of quoting a passage. As soon as he has done this, that line will be quoted east and west. Then, there are great ways of borrowing. Genius borrows nobly. When Shakspere is charged with debts to his authors, Landor replies: "Yet he was more original than his originals. He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them into life."

AH! thought, I say, is always thought. No great man livs in vain. The history of the world is but the biography of great men.—*Carlyle's Hero-Worship.*